

OREGON COMMENHATOR

Volume 25, Number 12

Friday, June 6, 2008





Founded Sept. 27th, 1983 Member Collegiate Network

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Mission Statement

The Oregon Commentator is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists on September 27, 1983, the Commentator has had a major impact in the "war of ideas" on campus, providing students with an alternative to the left-wing orthodoxy promoted by other student publications, professors and student groups. During its twenty-four year existence, it has enabled University students to hear both sides of issues. Our paper combines reporting with opinion, humor and feature articles. We have won national recognition for our commitment to journalistic excellence.

The Oregon Commentator is operated as a program of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon (ASUO) and is staffed solely by volunteer editors and writers. The paper is funded through student incidental fees, advertising revenue and private donations. We print a wide variety of material, but our main purpose is to show students that a political philosophy of conservatism, free thought and individual liberty is an intelligent way of looking at the world—contrary to what they might hear in classrooms and on campus. In general, editors of the Commentator share beliefs in the following:

- We believe that the University should be a forum for rational and informed debate—instead of the current climate in which ideological dogma, political correctness, fashion and mob mentality interfere with academic pursuit.
 - We emphatically oppose totalitarianism and its apologists.
 - We believe that it is important for the University community to view the world realistically, intelligently, and above all, rationally.
 - We believe that any attempt to establish utopia is bound to meet with failure and, more often than not, disaster.
 - We believe that while it would be foolish to praise or agree mindlessly with everything our nation does, it is both ungrateful and dishonest not to acknowledge the tremendous blessings and benefits we receive as Americans.
 - We believe that free enterprise and economic growth, especially at the local level, provide the basis for a sound society.
 - We believe that the University is an important battleground in the "war of ideas" and that the outcome of political battles of the future are, to a large degree, being determined on campuses today.
 - We believe that a code of honor, integrity, pride and rationality are the fundamental characteristics for individual success.
- Socialism guarantees the right to work. However, we believe that the right not to work is fundamental to individual liberty. Apathy is a human right.

ANOTHER YEAR DOWN THE DRAIN

With another school year winding down, it's time to reflect upon what we've learned in the last nine months.

First off, we've learned that many hands make for a lighter load. The Oregon Commentator has been pleased to accommodate a growing number of students who believe volunteering for the U of O's second oldest publication is time well spent. With our larger staff we've been able to hold some fun events and get a wider variety of opinions. The increased numbers have also livened up our round table discussions at Rennie's Landing, and as a result content has flowed easily, like a never-ending mug of cold, frothy goodness.

Speaking of cold, frothy goodness, we also seem to have struck a fine balance between our hard-partying ways and good ol' fashioned work. Of course, It wouldn't be the OC if we weren't having a good time (and trust us, we had a real good time this year), but we've also been pumping out a lot of issues. With a core of OC staffers returning for the 08-09 school year, our opponents should be disheartened to know that this momentum will continue. In fact, our plans are only growing more absurd and ambitious by the day. This University is a circus, and our goal is to become the ringmaster.

It should also be noted that the conservative voice is becoming hardier on a national level. Conservative publications continue to pop up on America's universities, despite the murky status of many local Republican parties. At annual editor's conference for conservative and libertarian college publications, we got a chance to meet a lot of kids from across the country. Sure, some of them were Ivy League twits (being from Princeton doesn't grant you immunity from drinking challenges, guys), but we also found a few magazines doing things similar to the OC. It's terrifying to imagine, but there are more of us out there.

We also learned that alcohol is not allowed in the EMU. Who would have thought?

Finally, we've learned that sometimes the best defense is a good offense. You may have noticed a Viking theme for this year's Hate Issue. It's no mistake. Vikings would get piss drunk and eat psychedelic mushrooms before they stormed into battle. We at the OC believe this a good model for any sort of activity, not just pillaging the English countryside. As H.L. Mencken once said, "Every normal man must be tempted at times to spit on



his hands, hoist the black flag and begin to slit throats" (metaphorically speaking for us, of course). That's why we're proud to present this Hate/Hack Attack double feature.

We've been subjected to a whole year of downright stupidity, outrage and inanity. We've had to deal with crybabies, holocaust deniers and plain old dunderheads. People have accused us of, among other things, being racist, ignorant and "perpetuating a rape culture." Well, now it's our turn, and let it be known: The slings and arrows of injustice are no match for an enraged, hallucinating Viking.

Sudsy Gear

All sizes in blue and grey t shirts and blue and pink tank tops
Send order requests to ocomment@uoregon.edu

\$10



Hillary Clinton can't pitch Bill's tent

If Barack Obama is our generations JFK, then Hillary Clinton is surely the little engine that could. This chick refuses to quit, both in politics and her marriage. Normally I would commend someone who had such resilience. But I have to say, besides her insincere recollection of the day Martin Luther King Jr. was shot, Hillary Clinton is severely lacking as a person. I have broken this down into a scientific case study.

The Bill Clinton Monica Lewinsky scandal was the cherry popper of Presidential scandals for my generation. Being around 11 years old, the blow job was probably the most taboo subject around. "What's that you say, she puts your penis in her mouth? Why would she do that? It feels good? Oh for me!"

Even at that young age most males had figured out that even if you are ugly, as long as you had a talent/power/money you could still do as you pleased. Keep in mind, this was right about the time that Catherine Zeta-Jones was very relevant to our lives. And she is married to that old leather wallet Michael Douglas. So when the allegations of Clinton committing adultery in the White House, none of us were shocked. In fact we demanded a President who did this sort of thing. In the more pure

age of this country, many young boys dreamed of being President. That hadn't changed. Only our dreams of chillin' in the oval office didn't involve defeating the Russians. No, we had much nobler intentions. Sharing "cigars" with White House interns.

What was shocking to us was not WHAT Clinton did, but WHO he did it with. I mean come on. I wouldn't fuck Paula Jones or Monica Lewinski with a stolen dick! There isn't enough whiskey in the world to make Monica Lewinski pretty. And on top of all this, the most powerful man in the world is hooking up with her. I would think that Clinton could at least find some model from some exotic/irrelevant country and threaten her with nuclear war if she didn't comply with his wishes.

And that ultimately brings me to my point. Why would you vote for Hillary? I mean, something has to be wrong with her as a person. I am thoroughly convinced that Bill and Hillary have had sex exactly one time. And the purpose of that was to breed their poodle looking daughter. Who cares where she stands on health care, the war, or any other major issue. **BILL CLINTON WOULD NOT TOUCH THAT WOMAN!** Fact, Bill Clinton would fuck a catcher's mitt. But he won't fuck Hillary. That should tell you all you need to know about her.

Tom Steiner

You all piss me off

Dear Reader,

Can you feel my hate. It's there. Quite literally it's about all I have left. I've been on with this life for awhile, smelling roses and watching clouds, and arrived at a few conclusions. Two of those conclusions were that roses smell like shit and clouds are pointless, but the more important ones have to do with my hate. You see, quite simply, I hate you. Hey, I'm talking to you, so you can wipe that shit eating grin off your face and pay attention. I said I hate you. I don't know your name, or where you come from or how many egos you can jam down your pants in a fit of childhood nostalgia (you creepy prick); all I know about you is that I hate you. If we ever meet, I'll look you head to toe and come up with about 15 things I hate about you (let's face it, I could come up with more, but you're not worth it). Don't tell me I'm just joking around, that I'm trying to get issues read, I don't work for the OC, I don't care about their distribution, all I give two shits about is hating you until you leave me the fuck alone.

In short, take care of yourself, my dear reader, and stay the hell out of my way.

God Help You,
DNA

Do you have an opinion about the Oregon Commentator? Let us know about it.
Send letters to the editor to ocomment@uoregon.edu



Join the Oregon Commentator and help serve poetic justice to innocent minds campus wide

Apply now for the 2008-2009 school year. We are looking for:

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- Advertising Manager

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asks ...

How do you keep it classy?



Thunderlove:
Two 40s of 2-11

Ron Burgandy:
Go fuck yourself, Eugene



**Vice President
Johnny Delashaw:**
I make it rain on DEM
hoes

Barack Obama:
Going to church



Ernie Kent:
Access to Athletic Department
travel funds is a good start...

T Rex:
Raping pterodactyls.
But I always cuddle
afterwards.



Eugene Police Department:
Nothing is more beautiful
than 50,000 volts surging
through the body of a
transient

Graphs By Drew

by Drew Cattermole



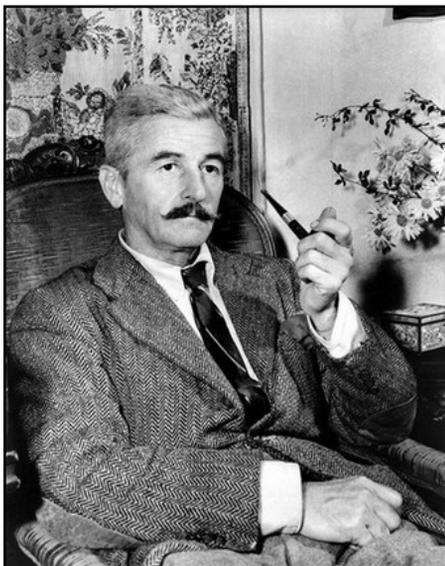
Things you should know by now...

- * Sneezing all over yourself in class: awkward
- * Sneezing blue addorall dust all over yourself in class: more awkward
- * Sneezing cocaine all over yourself in class: awesome
- * Cocaine is expensive; go for addorall
- * If a Commentator party starts before five you will be black-out drunk by 8:30.
- * Hilyard St. Market does not sell 40s
- * Sean Jin does not hate white people
- * Eugene Police Department has tasers.
- * Billy Joel is awesome
- * Don't mix champagne and vodka. Seriously.
- * Nobody likes a whiner. If you're going to complain, drop the fucking class.

Letters to the editor from the afterlife

So let's see. If I write a run-on sentence that just goes on and on

and on and never ends and describes some ever-changing body of water people will think I am a freaking genius, hold on, I need another shot, ok, I'm ready; you're fucking right; I love long sentences; I love them so much that I wrote a whole book full of them. It's called Absalom, Absalom! Motherfuckers.



Who wants ten pages of unbroken thoughts? I know I do. I am a genius. So fuck you, I know what I want, and I want another shot of whiskey; hold on, I've got a great idea, what if I write a novel in stream of consciousness and the first seventy-five pages will be from the point of view of a retarded person, that would be good right? That would make people see through my drunken silliness and take me serious, if you mix the death of the antebellum south with retards people somehow equate that with moral ambiguity and call you a genius. Hey, barkeep, next round's on me.

WILLIAM FAULKNER

Listen here you motherfuckers, I am the Son of God. Why haven't I been on your cover yet? What? Am I not good enough for you? Am I not enough of a martyr? The Insurgent put me on the cover of their publication and they were more generous, if you know what I mean. You guys should freaking love me. I went to a party where there was no more booze, and I turned water into wine, damn it. Shouldn't that make me better than a mug of beer who smokes a cigar? Also, I died for your fucking sins. I've read you're stupid magazine. You guys sin—a lot. All I am asking for is a little love. Please, you guys owe me.

LOVE,
JESUS

Ten Things We Don't Hate

- * \$500 parties
- * Double-dipping
- * Hippy-murdering trees
- * Puppies
- * Assault rifles
- * Puppies with assault rifles
- * Nik Antovich
- * Bellotti's fake Statue of Liberty play; get's em every time
- * People we hate who buy us free drinks
- * Campus Crazies
- * Tom T. Hall (that's 11 things, but Tom T. Hall is so awesome we don't even care)

Sudsy Says:

"Don't hate,
participate."





Illustration by Katie Rossing

As a conservative magazine, the Oregon Commentator takes on the duty of reminding the U of O community that sticking your head in the clouds and pretending the world is always a beautiful place may be appealing, but it is not reality. So welcome to the 13th installment of the annual Hate Issue, a joyous release of the most underrated emotion of the human psyche. The world has love and beauty, but these things mean nothing without the horrible and annoying aspects of life confronting us every day. Peace mongers and pondering pacifists can go to hell for the time being. The OC staff has been fueling up on haterade for weeks in preparation for the most anticipated issue of the year.

If any of the following material upsets you the reader, good. If the idea of an issue dedicated to hate angers you, even better. Let it out. There is nothing more we would enjoy than a reader telling us that they hate the hate issue. Bottling all that anger up does nothing but send one down a path of inevitable destruction. Healthy expression comes in all tones and flavors and who is to say that unloading 1,500 pounds of hate isn't spiritually uplifting? Hate can be a beautiful thing.

When it comes down to it, in a setting like the University of Oregon and the greater Eugene area, hate is downright necessary. Hate will keep you sharp and creative in a land of activists who so badly want to brainwash you. The instinct to call "bullshit" on perpetuating self-interests is a key component of our culture's balancing act. Groups like the Clean Air Project attempt to cloud our judgments daily with idealistic banter and fake visions of utopia, when the fact is shit can and does happen on a regular basis.

Anyone who claims hate is worthless is a hypocrite. Take the so-called peace loving hippies for example. The entire cultural movement was based on a rejection, a hatred of several societal facets like money and the nuclear family. It was through hate that the generation found common ground and began manifesting its own image. Decades later, it is our abhorrent hate of the potential-wasting ways of the flower children and others that our generation fashions itself. Through hating, we learn who we are and what we want to become. In fact, the OC recommends a strict regiment of anger and frustration; find something new to hate each hour. As Sudsy says, a dose of hate everyday keeps the psycho therapist away.

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Cast of Characters

Ossie Bladine - Hrólfr the Flatulent
CJ Ciaramella - Grím the Angry
Jake Speicher - Örn the Gloomy
Vincent Artman - Steinólf the Tone Deaf
Sean Jin - Ingjald Ironfist
Matt Tham - Egill the Drunk
Drew Cattermole - Þorbjörn the Lousy
Michelle Haley - Halla, the One who will be killed before the opening credits start when Hollywood makes the movie version of this raid
Katy Rossing - Þorgerðr the Flatulent
Carly Erickson - Helga the Bloody
Sarah Cate - Þórdís Deathbringer

I HATE EUGENE

CJ Ciaramella

“Hey, you got any change?” asked the grizzled hobo as I walked past 7-11. It was my first week in Eugene, and I was just returning from the liquor store.

“No, sorry.”

“Well ... at least give me a beer or somethin’.”

In Portland, the homeless were generally polite. This man, on the hand, seemed not to have grasped the finer nuances of begging.

“Um, I don’t have any beer.”

The hobo squinted at me, carefully assessing the 2-liter of Coke that I had bought as a mixer.

“Give me a swig of your Coke then!”

“What? No!”

“Well fuck you!”

As I walked off, the hobo continued to hurl a stream of barely coherent profanities at me. I like to think of that exchange as my formal introduction to Eugene. I had moved here full of hope and excitement, but at that moment, a small seed of discontent had been planted.

It’s been two years since then, and I now see the city for what it is – a filthy animal preserve home to every known species of douchebag in the world. It’s hard for me to even quantify my deep and abiding hate for Eugene. The only way I can begin to describe it without having a grand mal seizure is to break this shithole into its various contemptible neighborhoods.

Downtown

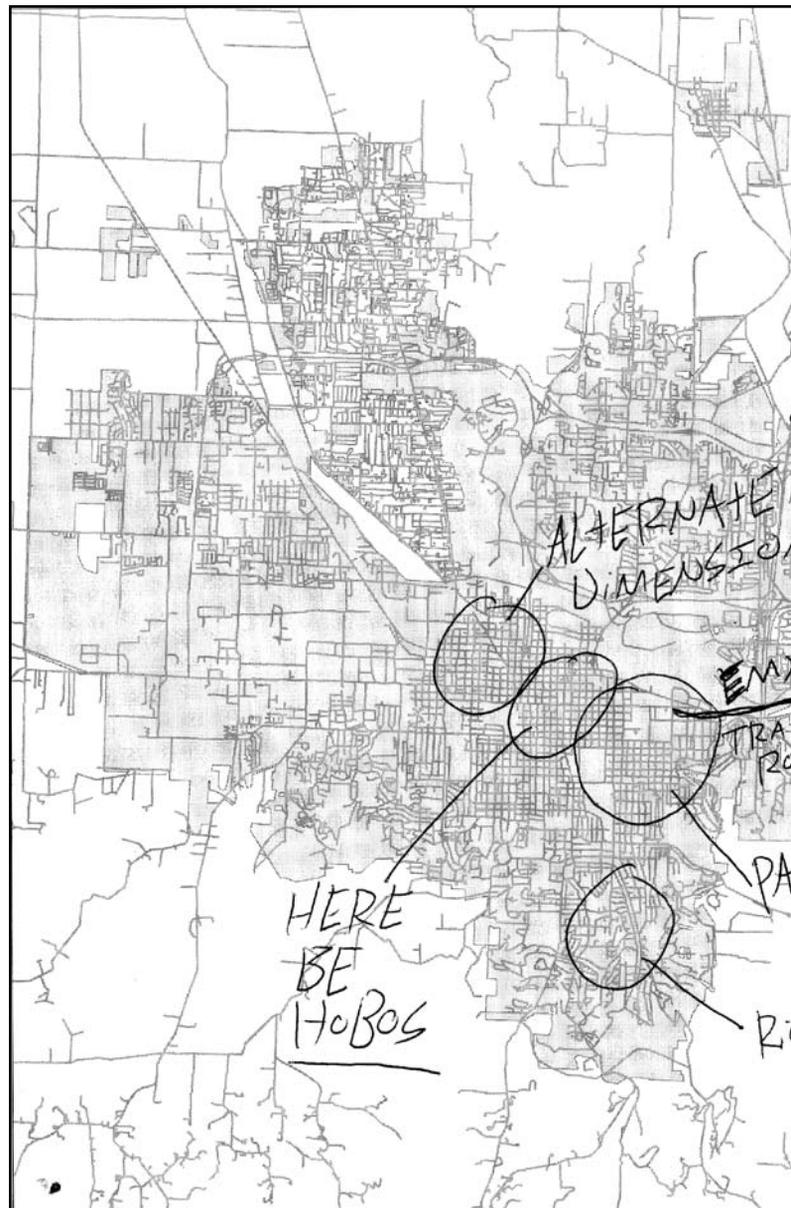
Demographics: Hobos, street kids,

Notable persons: Lazar, Ken Kesey (statue)

Chief exports: Shitty weed, Tibetan imports, crazy

Notable landmarks: Open pits, Taboo, Sweet Potato Pie

If downtown is Eugene’s heart, then it is the donor baboon heart that the rest of the city has rejected. A continual eyesore for almost twenty years, this filthy, urine-soaked enclave has stymied city planners’ every attempt at “revitalization.” This is thanks in large part to two primary groups: those who oppose



change (local business owners, hippies) and those who beg for change everyday to support their meth habit. Yes, I’m talking about street kids – those cheeky rapsallions who occasionally shank each other, or innocent pedestrians, when the meth hits them right.

Street kids’ primary loves include: Insane Clown Posse, spitting and hassling drunks. This is a problem because there are about six bars within two blocks in downtown. On the other hand, the corner of Broadway and Willamette is a guaranteed place to see a street brawl. I once saw a guy get hit in the face with a rusty chain outside of John Henry’s. I didn’t even have to pay a cover for it.

Whiteaker

Demographics: Eco-terrorists, gnomes

Chief exports: riots, tofurkey

Mode of exchange: Barter system

Notable landmarks: “That spot where Chad totally threw a



Glenwood

Demographics: Tent-dwellers, nutria

Local delicacy: nutria

Chief export: nutria pelts

Glenwood is the taint between the genitalia that is Eugene and the asshole that is Springfield. I'm not even sure what's in Glenwood. It's a scary place (much like a real taint). The only thing I know for sure is that the Glenwood restaurant used to actually be located in Glenwood. Not anymore, and for good reason. Also, I hear rumor that there's a gay nude beach down by the river. I'm not judging; I mean, if you're into getting gummed by toothless 60-year-olds, by all means, head to Glenwood.

West University

Demographics: Bro-magnon man, sorostitutes

Chief exports: Empties, "The funniest joke books in the world," scrunt

Notable persons: Frog, Zack Vishanoff, Jesus Guy

Phrase most likely to be heard: "Son, have you been drinking tonight?"

West University is home to the University of Oregon. Surprise. It's also home to roving bands of drunken assholes Thursday through Saturday. Coincidentally, this also leads to two of West University's more tragic elements: hit-and-runs and the Party Patrol.

About five times a year, some tanked dude shuffles off this mortal coil and into the path of an oncoming car. Let me tell you, bro: That Subaru is closer than it appears, and it hasn't had a brake check in five years. Reaction time between brain and driver's foot: .5 seconds. Your reaction time: not a ninja. Welcome to the Big Sleep.

Party Patrol is the scourge of West University. Eugene's fine men and women in blue seem to think it's a good use of taxpayer money to drive around and look for parties to break up, which they do with extreme prejudice. Any gathering of over five people is guaranteed to get a visit from the bored, blue line.

"Hey, you guys havin' a little party here?"

What the fuck does it look like, Sherlock? Was it the earth-rumbling bass or the guy passed out on my front lawn that clued you in?

West University also has its own independent cleaning crew. If you have a party that's somehow not killed by the party patrol, throw your empties out onto the lawn the next day; they will be magically gone within half an hour. I'm pretty sure hobos are behind this, but it might be elves.

If you can believe it, West University is even lamer than it used to be. The frats used to be wet, and at least we used to have the annual Halloween riots. Now students can't even muster the energy to flip a car or set a dumpster on fire.

rock at a cop in '98."

I was at Tiny's Tavern one night talking to a 6'8" dude in snakeskin boots, leather pants and a fedora. He was a molecular biologist. I think that sums up Whiteaker pretty well.

Whiteaker is the real twisted core of Eugene. It's what happens when you subject a population to heavy doses of hallucinogens for 40 years. This was all fine and dandy until the mid-90's, when the area went certifiably Syd Barret. If you don't understand why Eugene used to be called "the anarchist capital of the United States," take a stroll around Whiteaker. Even though its halcyon days are long past, you can still catch some of that anar-cool "charm" – the urban farms, the garish colors, the copies of Green Anarchy randomly scattered around. Some parts remind me of Enchanted Forest with slightly more scary employees.

Don't ever turn your back on Whiteaker, though. Its glory days may be past, but all those insane anarchists are just waiting for a chance to bubble back to the surface like a bad flashback.



Associate Editor CJ Ciaramella spends all day at the bus station listening to ICP and spitting.

Two Minute Hate part I

I hate Cat Stevens

Who wants to ride a peace train? Fuck that shit. I'm going to build a killdozer (see below), and Cat Stevens isn't invited unless he wants to get his hippie ass flattened:

"Cause out there on the edge of darkness / there rides a killdozer / Oh killdozer take this country / Come take me home again / Oh killdozer sounding louder / Glide on the killdozer / Come on now killdozer / Yes, killdozer holy roller." Much better.

~ Grim the Angry



I hate people who hate Twisted Sister

What's that you say? Twisted Sister's lame because they're "hair metal"? Because they're supposedly "butt-rock" or something? If that's your best, your best won't do. Twisted Sister was doing irony before all you hipster irony kids were even born. That shit presages your whole lifestyle by a good twenty years.

And despite his late appearances on reality TV, Dee Snider totally kicks ass. The guy went up in front of Congress and fought against censorship for cryin' out loud. When was the last time you battled censorship? No, smoking grass with your roommates, listening to Rage Against the Machine and talking about how much you hate Bush doesn't count. Think about it this way: if you hate Twisted Sister, you're on the same side as up-tight squares like Tipper Gore. And who doesn't hate Tipper Gore?

You think Twisted Sister sucks? If you ask me why I like the way Twisted Sister plays it, there's only one thing I can say to you: I wanna rock. I hate people who hate Twisted Sister. Your life is trite and jaded. Boring and confiscated. I'm not gonna take it.

~ Steinólf the Tone Deaf

I hate fags

Fags are everywhere. They bother me when I'm minding my own business walking down the street, sitting on a bench in a park, or even at the bars. They litter the ground everywhere and pollute the very air we breathe. I wouldn't advocate banning them outright, but they are seriously disgusting. People that smoke fags, also known as cigarettes here in America, should have more common courtesies.

~ Ingjald Ironfist

I hate bros

Dude, what the hell? Why won't you bros ever call me to hang out and get totally flipped? It's not like I'm looking for some type of bromance or going to try to bro-rape someone. I'll bring over my Wii and a sixer of Natty Light, we can bro out.

It's cool though; no big thing, broseph. I just read that John Mayer and Dave Matthews are coming to town. I saw them last year in concert, it was like 105 degrees on the bro-ometer man. Hella tight. Let's get a group of bromaniacs together, drink some brokers and get bro'd.

That sounds awesome. I'm pumped! Bronation U.S.A.! WOO!

~ Hrólf the Flatulent

I hate Dane Cook

Recipe for Dane Cook routine:

Start with one relatable social situation. Add to said social situation random object. Now, gesticulate wildly and say "Fucking random object" several times with differing inflections. Then, use silly voice to convey the other person in the bit's feelings about said social situation and there relationship with the random object. For the punch line, refer to an act of physical violence committed against the other person. Followed by a sound effect. Then say something like, "That escalated quickly."

~ Örn the Gloomy

I hate hyperbole

Worst use of the English language - ever!!!!!!

~ Þorbjörn the Lousy

I hate nutria

If you haven't seen a nutria before, imagine an evil mix of a beaver and a rat. Now fill your damn backyard with these devilish creatures and you understand why I hate them. They eat anything in sight and then proceed to shit all over my patio area. If I had my way I'd have them all killed, and none of you hippies can argue with that because they aren't indigenous to this area, and their population has become impossible to control.

~ Egill the Drunk

I hate fixies - lemmings on wheels

It's getting warmer out, and fixed gear bikers are cropping up like dandelions on a spring lawn: brightly colored, ubiquitous and irritating. You've seen these wheeled freak shows on campus, cruising brazenly through the EMU amphitheater in daring defiance of the "Please Walk Bikes" signage. He is probably an underfed, Urban Outfitted, coffee shop-lurking 19-year-old with parental plastic and a brand-new Bianchi that he spends more time parading up and down 13th Avenue than actually riding.

Stripped of derailleurs, brakes, and gearing, fixed gear bikes were once individually built machines reserved for bike aficionados with a desire for self-reliance, an aesthetic of simplicity, and quads of steel. Fixed-gears were dignified, respectable, and most of all, rare. Nowadays, every bike rack on campus has at least two parked at it.

Of course, the trendification of fixed-gear bikes is no great tragedy -- just one more example of the simultaneous exultation
a n d

commoditization of authenticity that has marked the death of all cool subgenres in the past fifty years. But listen, smug new vanguard of fixie riders: your greedy trend-whoring may be explained by the fact that you are a uniquely self-entitled snowflake of the '90s, but buying an Italian-import cycling cap does NOT make you a hardcore bike rider. Why do you insist on wearing those little hats everywhere, anyway? Are they actually surgically grafted to your skull? Or were you worried we wouldn't notice just how into your fixie you are? Also, it would be great if someone could enlighten me as to why you require a \$190 Reload messenger bag to cart around your rolling tobacco, Moleskine and dog-eared copy of *The Stranger*. Does the crassness of a nylon Jansport hurt your delicate shoulder blades, or just your pride?

One thing I do like about fixie riders is that they are too cool for helmets.

This means that they will be slowly but surely eliminated from the population by vigilante bus and truck drivers. Fixies can fuck off. I'll see you in Roma.

~Porgerör the Flatulent

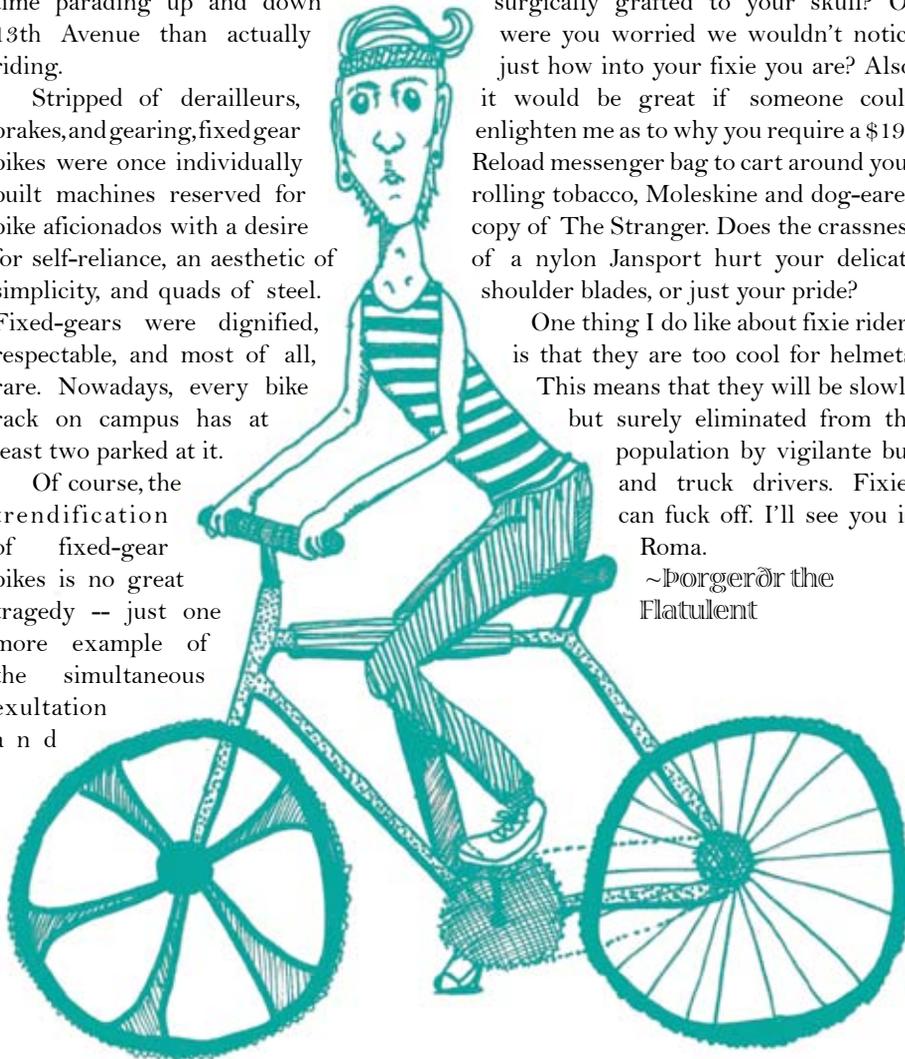


Illustration by Katie Rossing

I hate progressives

Besides making me think of a cheap soup that tastes similar to Guy Simmons' freedom chunks (witnessed at the Springtime Great American Smoke-in), the word "progressive" fills me with indescribable rage, and that is why I hate it.

Countless politicians use the word "progressive" because it sounds positive and makes voters, or students (depending on the level of government), feel comfortable spending exorbitant amounts of money.

Take, for example, the proposed national healthcare plan that every 2008 Presidential candidate has promised this year. National healthcare is certainly progressive, is it not? What about the additional tax dollars it is going to take to fund such a project?

Or, the over-realized fund allocation process, pieced together by Senators Boye and Hatch—arguably two of the most "progressive" members of this year's ASUO Senate. How does \$750,000 get spent in one evening? Very progressively, that's how!

Why not call progressiveness by its real name — liberalism. When things are done liberally they are done in generous amounts, including spending. Progress can be made without spending generous amounts of money, therefore progressive ≠ progress.

~Halla

I hate apathy

I was going to look up what Apathy means but I didn't care that much

~ Porbjörn the Lousy

I hate postmodernism

Postmodernism kind of sucks, but I can't prove it.

~ Ingjald Ironfist

I hate progressives, Reprise

I hate the word Progressive, it makes me think of Progresso the soup, which tastes like vomit.

~Halla

I HATE JOURNALISM

Jake Speicher

The new whipping boy for at least this part of the early 21st Century has been the media. People claim that there is too much violence, sex, swearing, bias reporting, unbiased reporting, objectivity, fairness and all around tomfoolery. The problem with all these assertions is that they are all true. Every one of us can point to specific cases on an almost daily basis where the media has failed its audience. After all, the masses are a fickle mob, and any entity that tries to understand it is doomed to fail from the first lede.

Most people's ire with the media stems from one undeniable fact: all reporters are insufferable know-it-alls. After all, journalism, as it should, grants the public access to information that otherwise wouldn't be available. However, most journalists take a basic pleasure in holding this fact over you. I call it the "I know something you don't know" factor. Journalists walk a fine line because they create and inform the public consciousness at the same time.

Imagine you had a hypothetical friend who told you that pogs were coming back in style, and everywhere you went all he would talk about at parties, at restaurants, at street corners, is how pogs were making a comeback. Then, all of the sudden, all your friends bought pogs and started holding pog tournaments and had pog parties where all they talked about were pogs. Did pogs make a comeback because they were actually deemed cool again for whatever reason? Or, did pogs make a comeback because your friend would not shut up about them? Ladies and gentlemen, this is why people hate the media. The endless question always being, do we want this information, or do we want it because the media tells us we want it.

Regardless of what the actual answer is to that question, all reporters will tell you that it is the duty of the media to inform

the public regardless of what they want. Most reporters believe that if left to their own devices, the masses would do away with all forms of "respectable journalism" and bask in the glow of gossip magazines, talk shows, and the bane of journalistic existence — blogs.

They learn all this at journalism school where professors get up on their soap boxes and speak endlessly about the "Fourth Branch of Government" and "Public Interest." As if acting "in the interest of the public" gives you a free pass to conduct yourself like a large bag of douche. In fact, journalists, and those who choose to teach it, go so far as to say that the number one goal of a journalist is to be as objective and fair as possible in order to let the public decide for themselves.

The whole concept of objectivity is as broke as a joke. Why anyone, let alone a journalist, would claim they have unlocked the key to defining an objective reality goes beyond me. This is the other reason people hate the media. While journalists claim to present a reality based on objectivity, they are really (to borrow from author Chuck Klosterman) presenting a reality based on who called back first. A story is not based on the public interest or what the community needs the most, a story is based on what information the reporter can gather and how quickly he can do it.

And while that may come off as a cynical way to view journalism, it is why all reporters in movies come off as morally depraved jackasses. The journalistic environment is one of self-righteous competition. It's not just which media outlet gets the story first, but literally who gets it first. Journalists are conditioned for this from the very start.

This causes reporters to become shameless self-promoters. Not only

J-School buzz words

Inverted Pyramid--Every newspaper article is supposed to follow the inverted pyramid format where you top load the story with all the important information and put all the least important details at the bottom. The irony here is that an inverted pyramid would tip over.

Nut Graph--This is the paragraph in your story that clearly stated what your story will be about. It's called a "nut" because the rest of your story grows from it. Hilarious because professors will constantly say things like, "You need to work on your nut," and the always classic, "good nut."

The Creative Use of White Space--Newspaper designers love this one. It gives the text "room to breathe" and "gives the eye a place to rest." Maybe they're just zen and understand the beauty of nothingness.

Watchdog--This expresses the civic duty of journalists. To protect the public from those who would abuse them. We are literally supposed to watch over the government like dogs. This explains the relationship journalists have with the government. They throw us a steak (information), and we go wild.

News value--This is a term professors use to describe the worthiness of a story. They always want to know it's "news value." Like there's some journalistic stock exchange where you can buy and sell in news stories. Right now, buy stories about Hillary as Obama's VP and sell stories about Lindsey Lohan.

Reliable Source--This refers to how reliable someone is who is quoted in your story. For some reason, they teach you to accept government spokespeople as reliable and not the people that question them.

TURN TO JOURNALISM, PAGE 31

I HATE THE U OF O

Ossie Bladine

I entered the University of Oregon as a bright-eyed youngster full of ambition. At the end of the month, I will be leaving as a disgruntled cynic wondering why I didn't spend the prime years of my life achieving something worthwhile. Sure I've had my good times, but put me in a jail cell with a paddle ball and a slinky and I'll muster a handful of moments of joy. For the last three years, the U of O campus has been the jail cell and a wealth of stupidity to harrumph at has been the means of entertainment.

I would say I hate the U of O for turning me into a conservative, but after several years here I realize it is an honor to be fully cleansed of modern liberal ideology. Having made the huge mistake of choosing Political Science as a major, I went through a gauntlet of biased classes that fashioned the liberal stereotype of higher education in the grossest of manners. All liberal education professors are those who stayed in school in order to continue sucking on academia's teet and avoid war, or their like-minded successors. In ten years, I will surely look back and scoff at the modicum of education I received that was useful outside of this bubble.

Of course, it is too easy to tear into the misgivings of public education. Luckily, the U of O offers myriad other points to hate. For one, there is no worthwhile gathering place on campus for people to meet. Where is the bar? I mean really, where is the damn pub? At one point, an utter disrespect for the common sense and fear of personal responsibility led to the failure to provide a basic need in any intellectual setting: alcohol. There is scientific research that says one or two alcoholic beverages a day is healthy. On top of that, there are endless non-scientific studies, many completed by myself, concluding that alcohol acts as a social aid in settings



where social and cultural divides exist. I'm not saying everyone should drink. Even non-drinkers can benefit by the presence of a social ice-breaker between classes. Unfortunately, the parental figures at the U of O will have none of it. To make matters worse, the neo-prohibitionist plague is spreading to other so-called hazards. A smoke free campus? Really? Panda Express is a far bigger health hazard than second hand smoke on campus. I know the food there is not healthy and will contribute to a heart attack by age 50, but every time I walk by the aroma of grease and sugar draws me in like a mosquito into a zapper lantern.

I hate the bandwagon mentality that is thrown in my face at every corner. The majority of people here are searching for the next "good" fight to fight so they can get off on their own smugness. Task forces, coalitions and campaigns are created just to be created. People here need something to do. People here must have a sense of accomplishment. How do they do this? They fight the cause, man. They get out and speak their mind for change, dude. They search for easy societal targets they know naïve minds will mindlessly oppose under false pretenses, then stereotype the hell out of that target until any contrarian voice is perceived as a tarnish in the system.

The social and political environment on campus lacks respect for intuitive conversation and breeds the sheep of tomorrow that missed out on any sense of enlightenment because they were too busy handing out fliers and telling others how they should live.

Though I find little good about the U of O, my optimistic side believes there is still hope. A solution to the myriad problems of Oregon's "flagship" institution is Tasers. No, I'm not talking about Tasers in the hands of the Department of Public Safety officers; I'm talking about Tasers in the hands of Oregon Commentator staff members. It is obvious that patrons of this publication are the only voices of reason on this ill begotten campus. Thus, it should be left up to Sudsy's disciples to police the U of O, 50,000 volts at a time. First, anyone connected to Suite Four gets a Tasing until their Marx/Nader-manufactured prattle transforms to worthwhile dialog. Any activists attending a protest on campus will also be Tased by OC staffers. I will defend the right to free speech and peaceful gatherings, but rallies at the U of O are to political protest what candy corn is to Halloween treats. Also on the Tasing list: drum circle participants without rhythm, students on cell phones in class, and all of DPS – for, if nothing else, the irony.

There are plenty of others who inevitably will deserve to be Tased — out of line freshman, ASUO senators, Constitution Court justices, certain GTFs, etc — which is why at least two OC staffers will be on patrol at all times. This may seem a crude means to go about things, but remember, a Tased society is a polite society.



Ossie Bladine is the Editor-in-Chief of the Oregon Commentator and is preparing his resignation letter.

I HATE HIPSTERS

Vincent Artman



You've seen them in your cities, perhaps even in your neighborhoods. You know the type: trucker hat, child-molester moustache, gaudy, oversized sunglasses, or perhaps he's going for the "freak" look today, sporting "bed head," a ripped, bright pink T-shirt, and too-tight jeans. And he's with his buddy, Elvis Costello over there, name-dropping whatever band he read about on Pitchfork this morning and making sure you can see the "David-Bowie-in-Labyrinth" shirt he's wearing under that second-hand tweed jacket.

Society has a name for such pests: hipster.

Geographic Distribution

The hipster can be observed in almost all parts of the country, if not the world. The Pacific Northwest, however, has long been known as an epicenter of hipster infestation. I urge all visitors to the region, unless they're from New York or Los Angeles, which

are also hotbeds of hipster activity, to think twice before coming to this part of the country unless they have nerves of steel and are not prone to fits of rage and violence, as hipsters are well known for provoking such reactions from those unaccustomed to their habits.

While Eugene's hipster population is, at least in comparison to such breeding grounds as Portland, relatively modest per-capita, it remains noticeably above the national average. Part of this can be explained by Eugene's proximity to Portland and the presence of the University of Oregon. Furthermore, Eugene's very culture is renowned for encouraging all sorts of "quirky" people to come out of the woodwork. Whatever the reason, the hipsters are here and precautions must be taken.

Characteristics

The one thing that binds together all species of hipster, the one common thread that weaves through all of the various, ever-shifting strata of

their society is irony. The hipster simultaneously deifies and debases irony, stalking this earth and leaving in their wake a trail of painfully obvious 80's pop-culture references, Pabst Blue Ribbon cans, and thrift store receipts. Should you encounter any of these telltale signs be wary, as a hipster might be lurking nearby, especially if there is a used clothing store or a tattoo parlor on the block.

The problem with hipsters is that they don't know when enough's enough. The first time we all saw the Freddie Mercury facial hair and IROC-Z-inspired haircuts, we were amused by the irony. Much like the invasion of Australia by the cane toad, hipsters were initially viewed as harmless. Soon, however, it all started looking a bit like unconscious caricature and hipster culture eventually exposed itself as fundamentally hollow and dangerous.

By its very nature it was parasitic, feeding off of other sub-cultures for stylistic sustenance. After ironically dressing like a Camaro-driving heshier was worn out and the geeky David Byrne

look had been taken as far as it could go, the keen observer started seeing hipsters sporting ironic chains and hip-hop gear cruelly juxtaposed with the handlebar moustaches and Motorhead shirts. Almost without warning, hipster culture was everywhere, and no one could escape its insidious penchant for co-opting and ironizing whatever it came in touch with.

Much like the phenomenon of vampirism, hipsterism is thought to have had a single originator. This Platonic hipster is thought to actually have existed somewhere in New York City at some point in the mid-1980's, nervously inhabiting an ill-fitting tweed jacket at some party and stammering to find the right words to explain the greatness of Hüsker Dü to some gorgeous sorority girl who turned out to have totally sweet taste in music. He was, perhaps, completely oblivious to the horror that he would unleash upon the world. Alternate theories place the original hipster in Los Angeles, doing lines of cocaine off the urinal in the bathroom of a seedy bar while some bog-standard Mötley Crüe ripoff played onstage.

Whatever the case, that guy is long gone. In his place is a tiresome squad of imitators and actors who spend inordinate amounts of time in thrift stores digging through other peoples' cast-offs, feasting off of "vintage" clothing as the undead feed upon the flesh of the living.

When queried as to why the hell anyone would ever spend so much time and effort trying to look as if they spend no time or effort on their appearance, the hipster will affect an expression of dumbfounded confusion and reply with something along the lines of "I don't know what you mean, man. It's just like... how I dress..." The wise will immediately recognize this as hipster subterfuge, because no one except the fictional, eponymous character from "Napoleon Dynamite" actually dresses that way.

Hipster Music

This way lies madness.



What To Do If You Meet a Hipster

If you're approached by a hipster in the wild – that is, outside the walls of American Apparel – your first impulse should be cold-blooded murder. Much like the aforementioned cane toad or the nutria that infest Eugene, hipsters are a blight, a malignant invasive species. If your first impulse is not homicide, visit a doctor immediately, as you may be infected. That being said, it is prudent to avoid killing hipsters whenever possible, as the law, as in so many other instances, has not yet caught up to modern realities, and the legal repercussions will probably be swift and harsh.

It is advised, then, that if you meet a hipster that you should treat it calmly and carefully, as one would treat a raccoon. If you've ever dealt with a raccoon in the wild, you will know that, generally speaking, the animal will often investigate you for awhile and eventually become bored and go about its business. The same tactics can be employed with hipsters. Be aware, however, that any opportunity given to discuss music or 80's pop-culture will be an opportunity taken and you run the risk of being infected. Signs of infection include sudden urges to get tattoos, a sudden increase in thrift-store purchases, and a sudden desire to replace your contact lenses with thick-rimmed Elvis Costello



glasses. Act swiftly if you notice any of these warning signs, as by the time you've fully adopted an ironic pose, you will no longer be aware of what a tool you look like and you will be lost to humanity. In short the safest bet in such situations is to avoid aggravating the hipster and to extricate yourself from the situation as swiftly as possible.

Eugene can be a dangerous place. Of the many subcultures lurking around, though, hipsters are among the most sinister and vile. They are especially dangerous because they are often outgoing and seemingly benevolent. Once they've sucked you in, though, you will forever inhabit a cold, soulless nightmare world.

Learning to hate hipsters, however, is by far the best defense against such a dire end.



Vincent Artman is a contributor to the OC and thinks Spoon sets a new standard for technical indie pop.

I HATE BEING IN THE ASUO

Sean Jin

Continuing the tradition, I took up the reins of covering CASUO from last year's Editor, Ted Niedermeyer. Armed with a pen, pad and a loud mouth, I settled into the Board Room on Wednesday nights to cover and comment on the 11 million dollar circus that we all pay into as University students. The year started off auspiciously, with many Campaign for Change senators leading the charge for reform in the ASUO. Athan Papaillou was elected Senate President, which was a big plus, as he was basically able to keep Gulley and his attack dog Hernandez within the circus ring.

Things were looking good, and it seemed that some of the hundreds of thousands of surplus and over-realized dollars might even be retained at the end of the year. Maybe some substantial Special Requests might even be denied, especially student group trips.

But as the year dragged on, Athan's gavel wore down, the Campaign for Change lost its momentum, and Hernandez's rhetoric became less and less coherent. The senators that had begun so strongly on a platform of government reform and fiscal responsibility dropped like flies under the forces of the toxic ASUO government. Before long, the once-reform minded Senate had succumbed to the usual forces of rubber stamp spending and illogical logic in discussions because of turncoats, quitters and weaklings. The most frustrating thing was that the senators seemed to have forgotten where the money they were allocating came from. While I spoke up at times, I felt like my voice was not heard on the table, and there were times when I wished I had a vote on the table.

So when Steven Wilsey resigned, I felt like my wish had

been granted. I could apply for the open seat and finally have the voice that I wanted on Senate. Once in, I had grand ideas of reaching out to students about the ASUO, cleaning up the corrupt and unprofessional behavior of the government, and changing how students' money was spent. You might say I had taken Mr. Smith Goes to Washington to heart. When I was finally confirmed before the senate with probably the most contentious vote of all year (7-5-1), I couldn't have been happier. I thought that change was waiting to happen and that I could be at the head of it. I couldn't have been more mistaken.

It was not a discouraging blow that killed my motivation and idealism. It was the little things that wore away at my will to voice my opinion, lead or even be in the office. If you ever want to know where idealism and motivation goes to die, look no further than Suite 4 of the EMU.

If you thought ASUO was bad from the outside, just try being on the inside. May 25th was never a more welcome date more than this year, when we transitioned out with the new senators. And despite what most people might think, I am damn glad that I lost the election. To the people that ran on my campaign this year, especially Sam and Johnny, I wish them the best of luck in not being consumed by the system or losing their drive to make change.

Speaking of elections, I hate elections, too.

The only way to get elected is to conglomerate with a bunch of unknown people that are willing to pull all the stops out and compromise all the values that they set out to bring to the government. I still don't know half of the people that I ran with on our slate, and don't know anything about them. Apparently, neither did the other campaign, considering they had a candidate that is Pro-Tasers and a candidate that is now the biggest tool that is currently on Senate. I have not witnessed more vicious and borderline illegal tactics in winning anything than in student government elections. Everyone on each side was turned into a bickering, whining and soapboxing asshole. Slowly, students on campus caught on to the fact that 13th Street was to be avoided at ALL costs because of us annoying campaigners. Hell, I even avoided the street to avoid talking to the people on my slate that I didn't know. Politically motivated grievances were filed in the twenties on the slightest of mistakes under the pretense of trying to hold the other side accountable. On the plus side, elections was the only time Con Court's decisions actually affected anyone else...on the negative side, Con Court makes worse decisions than chronic alcoholics. People that were previously friends turned against each other politically because of a mere difference of T-shirt color. If ASUO is where



I HATE THE POUND



Matthew Walsh

The pound is out. It is time to officially retire the oversaturated cultural interaction of two or more douchebags clenching their fists and bashing knuckles together as a means of greeting one another or parting ways. It's lame. It's stupid, and you come across as an asshole every time you partake in the absurdity of the gesture. I know at some point or another, we've all done it. Maybe you were trying to be cool, or were peer pressured into it by someone who for some reason still considers it to be OK and continues to put others in the uncomfortable position of accepting their pound.

Man created such gestures as the handshake and the high-five that serve the same purpose, without lending to any sorts of dumbass behavior that the pound conveys. I don't know exactly when the pound first originated, or when it was widely accepted and adopted in popular culture. But it needs to stop RIGHT NOW!

All you popped collar wearing, light beer drinking, Kanye West listening, SUV driving, cologne soaked dipshits that insist on pounding fists as if they were never properly taught how to shake hands like a man, need to quit trying to be "hard" and realize that the pound is out. For those who were either never properly taught, or forgot how to give a proper firm handshake here's a free tutorial.

Step 1: Look the person in the eye.

Step 2: Extend your right hand (That includes you too Southpaw)

Step 3: Grasp the other person's right hand firmly. (It's important to note that it is not a squeezing contest and attempting to do so makes you come off as needy. Although this should come without mention I shall digress that you NEVER, and I mean NEVER, give a "limp noodle" of a grip either.)

Step 4: Give two pumps, release, and it's over. (Just like sex)

Step 5 (Optional): If you know someone well enough that you have developed a "secret handshake" ignore "Step 4" and continue with whatever ensuing gestures have been previously agreed upon by all parties involved.

If the handshake is deemed as too formal for the greeting/departure than an exuberant, high impact, high-five also may be in order. If on the off chance you have been drinking (which is probably pretty good) and your aim is not exactly on par with your enthusiasm, continue to attempt high-fives until the appropriate level of "pop" is created. Failing to give a satisfactory high-five makes you come off as a pussy.

Both the high-five and a good firm handshake is all you need to succeed from here on out. You would never go in for a job interview by initiating a fist pound, would you? No, because it's stupid, and unprofessional. You give a handshake. You would never congratulate a nice golf shot, or a one night stand with a fist pound, would you? No, you give a high five and have a celebratory beer(s) with your buddies.

Now, I feel I must mention that a handshake with a pound follow-up is also strictly forbidden. It's a sign of weakness and insecurity about your handshaking skills. If, in the future you come across a "pounder" you politely, yet firmly, inform them that the pound is out, and as a self-respecting American you will in no way, shape, or form lower your morals to appease their scumbag behavior.



Matthew Walsh is feared by small children worldwide and is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator

War on Toner update: casualties are subsiding and the enemy seems to be on its heels. The stage is set for a final push against the ink insurgents.

Do you have it in for toner like us? Join the Oregon Commentator.

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Two Minute Hate part II

I hate the Clean Air Project

I've said it before and I'll say it again, it is my right as an American to smoke anywhere (outdoors) that I please, and I believe that nobody has the right to take that away from me. Therefore (obviously) I strongly oppose the smoking ban. According to you, "The amount of smokers on campus is a very small percentage in comparison to people who don't smoke." Apparently, only 4.4% of U of O students are daily smokers (which is bullshit). So, then why do you even care if we smoke? If there are so few dirty smokers tarnishing your impeccable campus, what's all the fuss about? What I'd like to know is the percentage of non-smokers who actually care?

If four out of 100 students smoke, and those four obviously need to preserve their right, why take it away from them? I personally believe that the Clean Air Project is as pointless as light beer. There are a small number of people trying to eliminate the right of a group of others, however small they claim that group is. I love cigarettes. A lot. Frankly, I don't give a shit about second hand smoke. There are plenty of other things that will kill you faster. Like that Big Mac you ate at 3 AM on Saturday, for instance. They like to pretend that the ban will help smokers quit. I can tell you here and now that's a load of shit (and they know it).

In the end, the smoking ban is all about trying to create a clean image for the University. They can pretend that they care about the welfare of the student body all they want, but the fact of the matter is that the U of O wants to appear as "green" as possible, even if that means revoking smokers' right as Americans to blacken our lungs as much as we please. So let me say it again, Clean Air Project, I hate you, for trying to ruin my life. By the way, if the administration does create a smoke-free policy, I will break it daily and continue smoking wherever I want (and I'm sure my fellow smokers will follow).

~ Helga the Bloody

I hate Emoticons

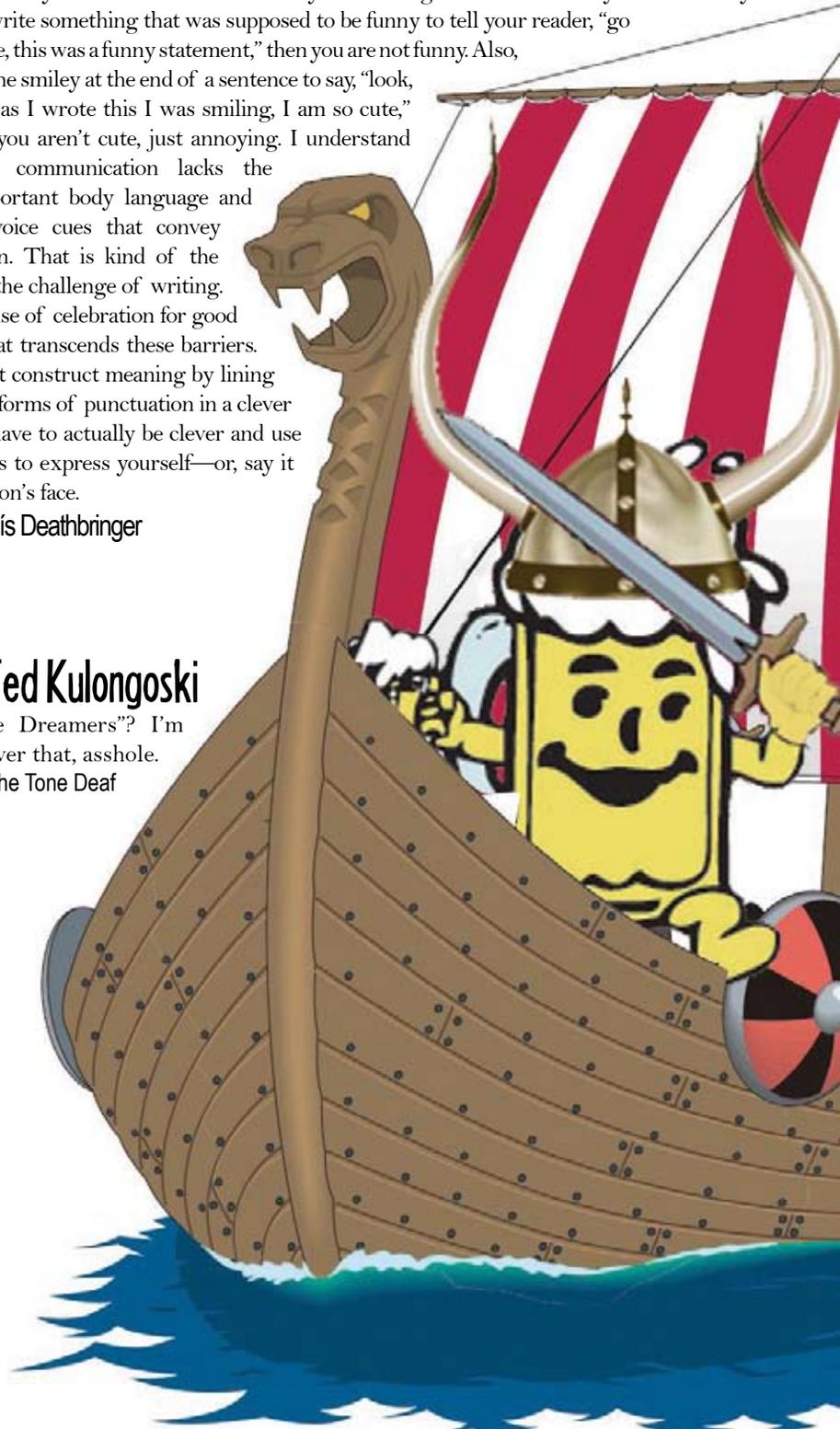
"Emoticons" are being overused at a rate so catastrophic that I think people don't even realize their folly and the embarrassment they are creating for themselves. If you use a smiley after you write something that was supposed to be funny to tell your reader, "go ahead smile, this was a funny statement," then you are not funny. Also, some use the smiley at the end of a sentence to say, "look, I am cute, as I wrote this I was smiling, I am so cute," obviously you aren't cute, just annoying. I understand text-based communication lacks the vastly important body language and tone of voice cues that convey information. That is kind of the point. It's the challenge of writing. It's the cause of celebration for good writing that transcends these barriers. You cannot construct meaning by lining up several forms of punctuation in a clever way. You have to actually be clever and use your words to express yourself—or, say it to the person's face.

~ Þórdís Deathbringer

I hate Ted Kulongoski

"We Love Dreamers"? I'm still not over that, asshole.

~ Steinólf the Tone Deaf



I hate ultimate frisbee

“Ultimate” and “Frisbee” are two words that should never appear next to each other. Kind of like “Frisbee” and “sport,” now that I think about it. Alright, maybe I’m just bitter because the Ultimate team shared practice space with the rugby team. But how would you feel if you barely had room to run because a few dudes needed to “work on their backhand?” And how would you feel if you were about to pass out and/or vomit from exhaustion and you looked over to see those shirtless, pasty kids casually loping about, barely breaking a sweat. “Oh, great catch, Steve!” Fuck you guys.

~ Grim the Angry



I hate Bono

The world’s supposed greatest human activist is a self-righteous egomaniac that happens to be a mediocre rock star. I’m all for helping others, especially the less fortunate, but when it means having to admire someone who has his family call him by a made up celebrity name I think it’s time to re-evaluate the bigger picture. Bono has made a career out of his asinine image – take your damn sunglasses off already – and capitalized on his ability to dupe the world into thinking he is genuinely generous at heart. Bono sucks. U2 sucks. And if you disagree with me, you suck too.

~ Hrólfr the Flatulent

I hate people who hate TV

Now, I’m not talking about people who don’t watch TV because they would rather spend the money somewhere else. I am talking about the people who ironically scoff when you ask them if they caught last night’s episode of 24. These are the pretentious pricks who only watch TV if there is a new Ken Burns documentary. I got news for these elitist fart knockers, there are two distinctly American forms of art: Jazz (which these people love) and television. Get over yourselves and watch American Idol. You might learn something.

~ Örn the Gloomy

I hate martinis

Okay, what I mean to say is that I hate all these fancy new “martinis” that everyone’s drinking these days. A martini is gin and vermouth, maybe with some olive juice. I’ve got no problem with that. Hell, it’s an American classic. You dump a pile of crap in a martini glass, though – even a martini glass with a fancy bent stem – and it’s still a pile of crap in a martini glass, not a martini.

Listen, I’m not trying to be a snob here. You wanna throw some vodka, chocolate liqueur, crème-de-cacao, and some half-and-half into a martini glass and drink it, fine with me. But for the sake of tradition at the very least, don’t call it a martini. A martini is a specific drink, just like a tequila sunrise, an old fashioned, or the ever-popular mojito. A martini is not whatever unholy combination of vodka and nauseating liqueurs you happen to convince an otherwise respectable bartender to dump into an inverted cone-shaped glass on a tall stem for \$6.75.

Think about it this way: once you wean yourself off of sweet-tasting cocktails full of overpriced liqueurs, you’ll pay less at the bar, you’ll get drunker, and your hangovers will be ... well, your hangovers will still suck. At least they won’t be ill-gotten hangovers.

Hell, you might actually be able to mix your own drinks at home with simple ingredients instead of relying on a bartender to spend five minutes mixing up some elaborate “martini” and then giving you a dirty look and weak drinks for the rest of the night because you don’t know how to tip (hint: the more time they put into the drink, the more you should tip them, meaning you should be tipping out the ass for all your little “apple-tinis”, “saketinis”, and the rest).

We both know that’s not going to happen, though. You’re going to keep drinking chocolate “martinis” and I’m going to continue to rue the continuing debasement of a classic cocktail at the hands of a bunch of lightweights.

~ Steinólf the Tone Deaf

I hate the ass end of Pabst

98% delicious. 2% Satan’s piss.

~ Örn the Gloomy

FUCK OREGON

Matt Tham

When I first came to the University of Oregon, all I had seen of the state of Oregon was the Portland Airport, campus and the drive in between the two. Throughout the last two years I've never regretted my decision to come to the U of O, but I've realized I should have checked out more than just campus and the surrounding area. As I've explored more and more of this state, I've come to terms with the fact that other than Eugene there really isn't anything I like about the place.

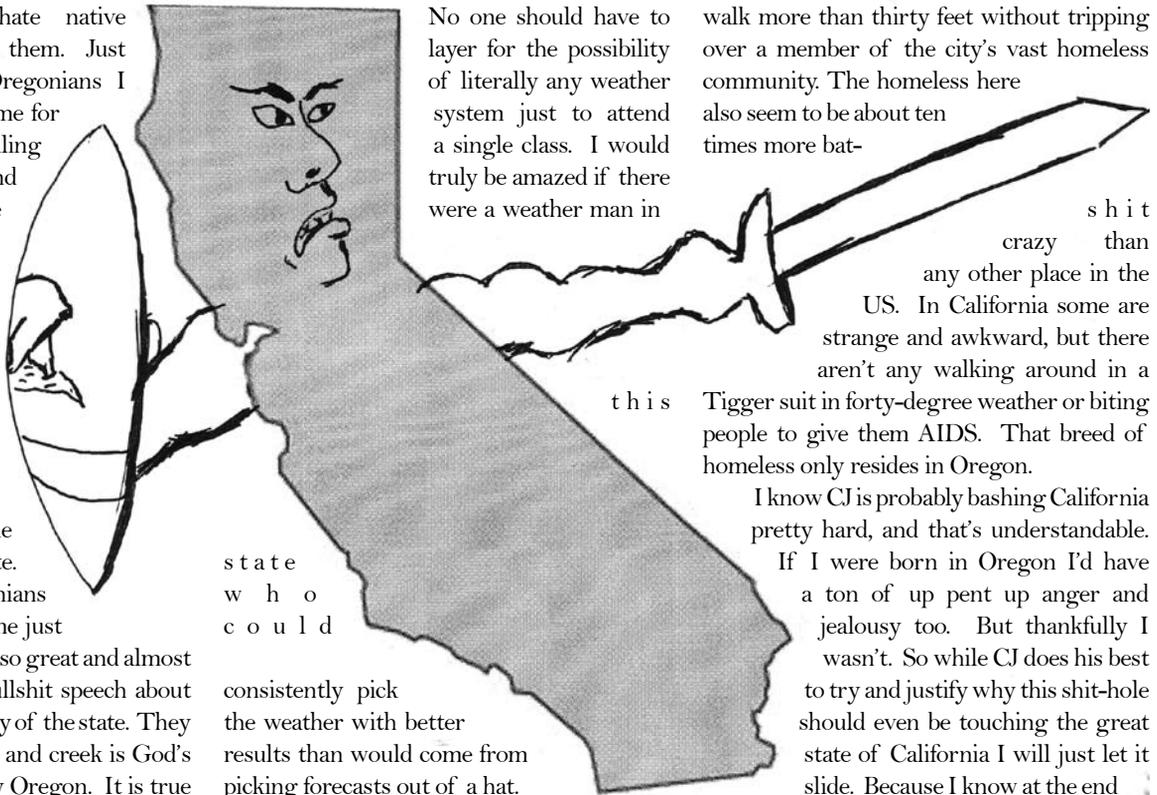
First of all, I hate native Oregonians. Not all of them. Just the majority. Many Oregonians I have met actually mock me for being from California, telling me how shitty it is and how horrible of people "us Californians" are, without realizing their state holds absolutely no importance outside of its own borders. Generally, these same people who mocked me have never left Oregon. I've never met a group of people so blind to the dullness of their own state.

Numerous Oregonians have tried to explain to me just why they think Oregon is so great and almost every time I get some bullshit speech about the amazing natural beauty of the state. They act as if every damn tree and creek is God's greatest gift given to only Oregon. It is true that Oregon does have some great natural attractions and beautiful scenery. However, I've been to a lot of different places and from California to Idaho to Utah to Washington all the wildernesses were pretty great. What ruins Oregon's chance at actually standing out is the fact that the weather is so shitty you have to spend 7 months indoors. When outdoor attractions are all your state has, having to spend more than half the year indoors is pretty shitty.

Yes, I am using the weather as a reason I hate this place. I knew full and well when

coming here that it rains more than average. I also knew that winters were very sub-par. What I could never prepare for though was the schizophrenic nature of weather in this state. In Seattle I expected rain and there was rain. In Arizona I expected a ton of sun and that's what I got. Here I never know what to expect. There was a day when, no joke, I experienced sun, overcast, sun, hail, rain, sleet, light snow, rain, sun, overcast. That's ten weather conditions in a single day. That's not healthy for anyone.

No one should have to layer for the possibility of literally any weather system just to attend a single class. I would truly be amazed if there were a weather man in



state
who
could

consistently pick the weather with better results than would come from picking forecasts out of a hat.

I've also found that whether it's nice out or not, there really isn't much to do in this state other than the wilderness activities mentioned earlier. There are no professional sports to speak of other than the Blazers, and they're only interesting until their playoff chances are gone half way through the season. It's pretty sad that Oregon's biggest amusement park is the Enchanted Forest. The only people who actually consider the Enchanted Forest anywhere close to the "happiest place on Earth" are the suspicious mustache wearing

forty-year-old men wandering the park alone. Any child who was subjected to that instead of a real childhood experience like Disneyland or Universal Studios should feel cheated.

The homeless of Oregon are another source of my hate for this state. All places have homeless people, but Oregon takes its homeless situation to the next level. There more homeless people per normal person than any place I have ever been. Every time I've been to Portland I can't seem to walk more than thirty feet without tripping over a member of the city's vast homeless community. The homeless here also seem to be about ten times more bat-

shit crazy than any other place in the US. In California some are strange and awkward, but there aren't any walking around in a tigger suit in forty-degree weather or biting people to give them AIDS. That breed of homeless only resides in Oregon.

I know CJ is probably bashing California pretty hard, and that's understandable.

If I were born in Oregon I'd have a ton of up pent up anger and jealousy too. But thankfully I wasn't. So while CJ does his best to try and justify why this shit-hole should even be touching the great state of California I will just let it slide. Because I know at the end of my time here at the U of O I

will leave this state and probably never come back. CJ however will most likely follow in the footsteps of many Oregonians before him and stay put, assuring himself that it doesn't get better than the dreary overcast skies of Oregon.

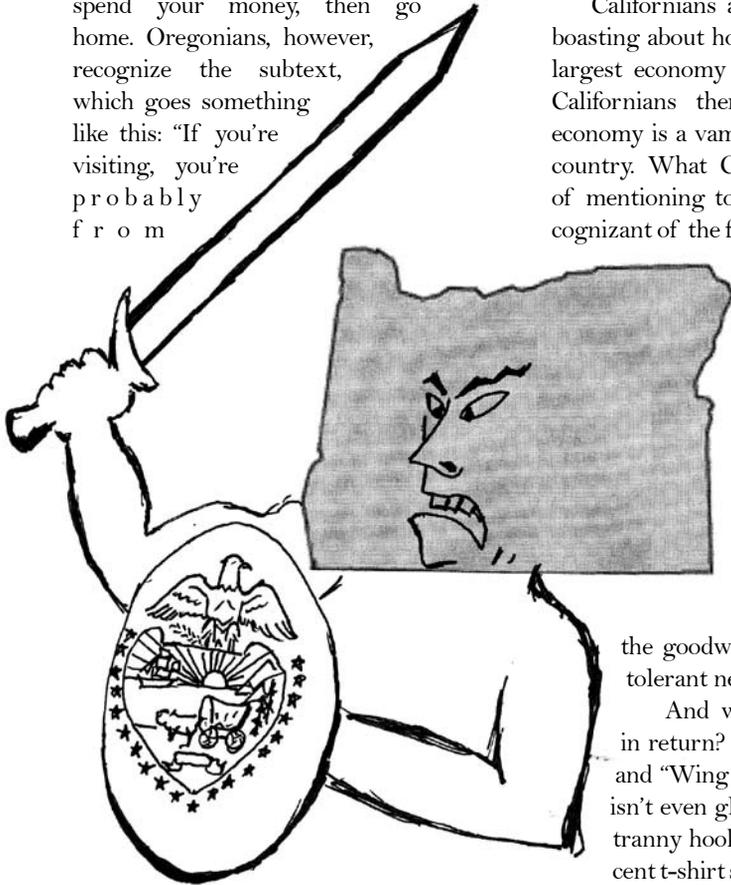


Matt Tham is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and grew up in a city built on top of a land fill.

FUCK CALIFORNIA

Vincent Artman, CJ Ciaramella, Ossie Bladine

One of Oregon's greatest governors, Tom McCall, once said that the state's unofficial slogan was "visit, but don't stay." On its face, this seems like a fairly simple sentiment: come to Oregon, spend your money, then go home. Oregonians, however, recognize the subtext, which goes something like this: "If you're visiting, you're probably from



California. Fuck off and die."

It's not, however, as if this interstate animosity sprang ex nihilo from the plaid-clad bosoms of hardy Oregonian timbermen, cut, as they were, from sturdy pioneer stock. No, over a century of observing California have left the citizens of this state more than a bit skeptical of our neighbors to the south.

I'm not sure there's any state whose sense of self-importance is more over-inflated than California's – even Texas, which finds it necessary to constantly remind people to not mess with it. These clueless shits have the temerity to whine about being a "tax-donor" state and complain that their hard-

earned tax dollars go to build infrastructure in other parts of the country. That might be a fair point of Californians weren't so utterly dependent on all of the states around them for their very existence.

Californians are fond, for instance, for boasting about how their state has the fifth largest economy in the world. Much like Californians themselves, the Californian economy is a vampire upon the rest of the country. What Californians are less fond of mentioning to people – if they're even cognizant of the fact – is that their economy depends on sucking dry the waters of the Colorado River and getting cheap power and water from the Bonneville Power Administration. How tiresome it is to the rest of us to see Californians preen and strut and boast about their economy when that economy is supported by the goodwill of California's all-too-tolerant neighbors.

And what does California give in return? Movies like "Pluto Nash" and "Wing Commander." Hollywood isn't even glamorous. It's nothing but tranny hookers, tattoo parlors and 99 cent t-shirt shops. The rest of the state is almost worse. The only thing that the Bay Area has contributed to society is the word "hella," expensive cocaine and Hyphy. As for "So-Cal," its greatest export is pretty boys who should redirect their time from shaving their arms to a regiment of whiskey drinking and gun-toting in order to grow some chest hair. The United States should feel ashamed to even circulate currency that has been tainted with California's stink.

Spending any time in California is bad, but even driving through the state is insufferable – that long, grinding wasteland between Redding and L.A. The only thing that breaks the monotony is the occasional reek of crap from a passing feedlot. Once you enter the hell of Los Angeles, though,

you'll wish you were back in that cloud of rancid shit. Los Angeles is to driving what a tar pit is to pogo-sticking (and just as pleasant).

It seems as if God himself burns with rage against the Golden State, for he saw fit in His infinite wisdom to place a giant fault-line underneath the whole state. Not only that, but He ravages it every year with seasonal fires (take that, Susanne Summers' house!).

Would that there were a way to hasten the already inevitable sinking of California into the Pacific. The rest of the Union is so weary of California's endless travails – earthquakes, fires, and floods, to say nothing of that monument to human stupidity, Hollywood – that each day it is a disappointment to wake up to find out that the fault line along which Californians built their shitty little state has not severed from the continent entirely and sent the whole miserable place into the briny deeps.

Unfortunately, if California slides into the ocean, the Pacific will soon become a nearly uninhabitable cesspool, much like the state itself. Still, I'm tempted to say that turning the entire Pacific Ocean into a toxic dead-zone is nearly worth the price of erasing the disgusting blight that is California from the face of the globe.

One of these days, California, your air conditioners won't work, your faucets will be dry, and your economy will grind to a halt. You'll have pissed us off for the last time.

We find it interesting that Matt Tham so veraciously defends his state. Only in a dump like California would create something like Foster City, Tham's hometown, that was built on top of, what else, a dump. "Hey kids, its time to stop rolling in the radioactive filth and come in for dinner."



Vincent, Ossie and CJ would like to let it be known that although California is for the most part garbage, we still wish they could all be California girls

I HATE

THE PH

Justin Hurst

I have never seen anyone ride a longboard like him. Though he seemed like he knew what he was doing, I was baffled by how extremely aggravating his riding style was. The way he dances like a little fairy up and down his longboard, and then balances on his nose is reminiscent of the “hang ten” move made popular by surfers 50 years ago, except for the fact that he’s neither in the ocean nor on a damn surfboard, making his little trick look utterly retarded. It truly made me wonder: What kind of complete douche thinks it’s fly to dance around on his board? Can he possibly think it is cool to look like an epileptic trying to bust the electric boogie on a longboard?

After witnessing his fairy prance for the first time I did not think I could hate this felcher any more. That was until I saw him ride up on the crowded sidewalk, where he decided to powerslide right in front of a group of fine looking females. This caused them to shriek and jump back to being taken out by the tail of his only does this fuckass dance retard, but he decides that an isn’t good enough for him, of his way to showcase his by pissing a bunch of only trying to make it to nugget skidding in their on campus as obstacles longboard course, and someone a dick, I’m If he truly wanted would ride a fucking a kickflip like any wanted to perform

avoid board. Not around like a empty street so goes out useless talents people off who are class without some path. He uses people in his imaginary if that doesn’t make not sure what does. to impress anybody he skateboard and do reasonable person who tricks on a board.

Longboards are a good mode of transportation, however, using them any other way is obnoxious and inappropriate. I do admit he does ride that thing well, but that in no way excuses him from being a complete twat about it. Everybody has their own useless talents, but that doesn’t mean they have to show them off in such an abrasive manner. I mean, I can dance almost as spastically as that asshole rides his longboard, but that doesn’t mean I feel like I should jump in front of people on the fucking dance floor and spaz out right in their face. I refrain from doing so because that would make me a d-bag.



ANTOM

The fact that this tool of a longboarder doesn't realize that people not only do not appreciate his riding style and should probably tone it down just a tad makes him a complete joke. It surprises me that nobody has told him how stupid he looks riding around campus. Maybe he has no friends, or maybe his friends think he is a total douche nozzle, and they enjoy seeing him make a fool of himself on a near daily basis. I simply do not understand how this ass clown enjoys being the biggest douche on campus, but if that is his goal, he has succeeded.

Does he even go to this fucking school? That asshole never has a final destination as he just continuously rides around campus until there are no more people for him to bother. I have seen him on many occasions roll through the same spot on campus within a manner of minutes, with that thumb-up-the-butt riding style while obstructing the paths of innocent meanderers. And always with those fucking headphones. Since this turd burglar likes to imagine he is on a surfboard while he rides I would bet that he listens to the Butthole Surfers. Or maybe he listens to Limp Bizkit, which would make sense since they are one of the few bands I can think of that's capable of sucking as thoroughly as that butthole of a longboarder.

As much as I hate this cocksucker, I still have to give him credit for one thing, his power to unite people. At a time in which so many are divided over social and political issues, it's nice to have something we can all agree on. That guy is a real fuckin' douchebag.



Justin Hurst is a contributor to the OC. Beyond that, he is a mystery to us.

The 12 Hates of Athan Papailiou

Michelle Haley

A than has made his name well known across our campus. Similar to Madonna or Cher, one name can automatically render feelings of resentment and hate, and for me, that name is Athan. I'm sure you can think of more than a few reasons why Athan Papailiou is a horrible person. I personally have narrowed it down to 12:

1) Last year (2006/2007) it was discovered that former Associate Justice Jerome Roberts had been receiving a stipend despite the fact that he was no longer a U of O student. Athan, douchebag that he is, forced Jerome to arrange a payment plan to return student money that he accepted. Athan was completely out-of-line with this suggestion, and just because Athan wants to see student money stay on campus, he abused his power to put Roberts in a place of financial duress, which is why I hate you, Athan.

2) One of the ASUO Vice-President's duties is to sit on the ASUO Senate as a voting member. This year we've had the pleasure of watching Chii-san SunOwen abstain from most voting—EXCEPT—when Athan has forced her to vote when there is a tie, and thereby fulfilling her constitutional duty. It's one's right to abstain, Athan, and you have no place to tell our ASUO Vice-President what to do. Perhaps she has no opinion on the matter, or maybe she just didn't read the material on which the vote is based, either way apathy is an American right, and you need to respect that! I hate you.

3) There's no denying that the ASUO is scandalous, and Athan has been a key player in backdoor decision making. Take Donnie Kim's resignation for example.



Editors Note: Due to a Photoshop-makeover, Athan's lips are deceptively pink in this picture

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Donnie Kim was the Senate Vice-President at the beginning of this school year, and didn't really do a single thing worth noting. Athan had the audacity to approach him outside of a scheduled meeting to discuss his concerns with Kim's performance, and shortly thereafter, Kim resigned. Clearly Athan is a backdoor politician and just wanted his good friend Senator Boye to take office so, together, they could control Senate—obviously Athan is very self-motivated and worth hating.

4) Athan abstains from nearly all Senate votes, as most meeting leaders do, to avoid biasing the Senate's decisions, where is his voice? What a douchebag. I hate him.

5) Often student groups and U of O programs approach Senate to make special requests from surplus monies. Athan tends to question their fundraising attempts if the information is not disclosed in their request or presentation, as if the surplus money isn't there to be handed out like free condoms on World Aids Day. Student groups and U of O programs deserve to attend every retreat, competition and training available (especially when conferences are held in Hawaii). Why should these groups have to try and earn funds independently? I hate that Athan is too fiscally conservative, and out-of-line with his invasive questioning in regards to fundraising.

6) The name "Athan" is short for Athanasios, which is ridiculous and difficult to spell. Apparently Athan is "Greek" which is confusing because he is also a member of the fraternity Sigma Chi, which is a Greek organization. I hate Athan because he is double Greek, and has a difficult name.

A.) If he really is Greek he should complain about having to speak English as a second language, instead of pretending like he has assimilated so well into American culture.

B.) He has white skin and, therefore, exudes white male privilege wherever he goes. Athan, don't you realize you cannot be counted as diverse if your skin is white? It doesn't matter that



your parents are Greek immigrants. You don't count, Athan. You just don't. This is why I hate you.

7) In 2006/2007, Jonathan Rosenberg proposed the, now departmentalized, departmentalization of Ethnic Studies. Athan was in full support of Rosenberg's resolution, and voted yes. This was obviously the wrong choice, Athan, because the voices of Ethnic Studies: Oscar Guerra, Chii-san SunOwen, Jen Lleras, and Nate Gulley, all voted no. It's a good thing this issue has been settled, because Athan is white and has no right to support the departmentalization of a study he will never understand, and that's why I hate him.

8) As I mentioned previously, Athan is too fiscally conservative. He seems to stick to the original campaign platform he ran on to win Senate Seat 16, the Science Seat. "Promot[ing] controlled growth of the incidental fee," was something Athan found important during the 2005/2006 ASUO Elections, and that is a direct quote from his candidacy statement. Apparently, Athan doesn't understand that one's views are supposed to change based on what's popular and not what one values. I hate Athan; he needs to become more progressive.

9) In the 2005/2006 ASUO election, Athan ran as an independent candidate and beat a member of the Axelrod/Guzman slate. I hate Athan for creating a strong working majority, and overcoming special

interest control. Athan, you shouldn't fix things that aren't broken.

10) I hate Athan for opposing tasers on campus. You know that he only opposes them because everyone else does. How dare he agree with us on an issue!

11) When Athan isn't abstaining from voting he's voting no, and I hate that. Athan, Senate is supposed to be a rubber stamp of approval, not a working body! Athan voted against Zach Basaraba for Associate Justice on ASUO Con. Court because he couldn't explain what the Green Tape Notebook is. Just because Con. Court bases 100% of its decisions off of our Constitution—the Green Tape Notebook—isn't a good reason to vote against someone, I hate Athan because he is obviously a hater himself.

12) Lastly, I hate Athan because he is one of the most genuine friends and colleagues I have ever met. You're not supposed to trust political figures, or enjoy the company of the people you hate, and unfortunately, I do. I hate Athan because he works hard and is deeply invested in seeing our student government brought back to the very students it serves. Athan, I hate you.



Michelle Haley is a contributor to the OC and votes based on sex appeal

I Hate Jon Stewart

Greg Campbell

There is constant discussion regarding corruptible material in American society. Many suggest that video games are harmful to the youth of America as they can serve to alienate the youth of America from traditional social interactions. Often, it is suggested that violence in video games and movies breed real violence. However, nobody, in this author's humble opinion, is addressing the real threat to America's youth: Jon Stewart.

Sure, I say this in relative gest. Jon Stewart is surely not the boogiemer, creeping from closets to eat children. However, I promise you, he is far more dangerous than anything one's imagination could cook up. To that end, I will proclaim that Jon Stewart is far more dangerous to the world than any violent form of media or foul-mouthed comedian. For, you see, he does not deal in violence or other sordid, nefarious deeds. Instead, he deals in stupidity. He breeds it in massive doses and dispenses it amongst the ignorant masses.

Let me be clear: Jon Stewart and his dreadful show, *The Daily Show*, are cogs in a machine that mass produces apathy and stupidity. His special brand of bullshit interviews and awful, unfunny asides has created a culture of misinformed and indoctrinated citizens of the world that have all but given up thinking for themselves and embracing rational thought and honest discussion in favor of believing the spin of a b-list actor. What alarms me about Jon Stewart and his show is that, unlike contemporary news shows that generally encourage honest thought, this asshole spends his days slicing and dicing legitimate segments done by real journalists to display clips that, when taken out of context, look ridiculous. So, in short, Stewart has taken a legitimate source of news and reduced it to its lowest value so that he may make funny faces and sophomoric jokes. And worse yet, morons eat it up!

Even this act of yellow journalism would be alright if there was some encouragement by him to his viewers to read up on the issues or to view the un-butchered segment, so that they can make the socially responsible choice of educating themselves. But alas, there are no discussions of real topics to be seen. Instead, viewers are limited to the same five Bush jokes, an array of idiotic "correspondents" and countless asides that impress five-year-olds and the truly ignorant.

His brand of "infotainment" reaches the lazy masses that are either too lazy or to uninterested to invest their time in educating themselves on current events. In either case, it is fine be as such. Nobody ever said that it is a requirement that the masses must seek knowledge. However, what is an offense to me, and surely others who do care about such things, is the sense of legitimacy that Stewart's moronic fanbase feels they are entitled to. Unfortunately, the politics of current events opens itself to people of very limited understanding of the situation at hand. People who catch a few minutes of Stewart's show oftentimes feel that they are

well-versed in the situation at hand because they heard a cursory explanation of the situation and a lame joke. Having seen this segment, they now feel licensed to spout off about the topic and engage in discussion with those that have legitimately considered this situation from multiple viewpoints. Luckily, these derelicts are easy to spot, as they often make little sense and intersperse their nonsense with shitty jokes that only Jon Stewart could ever utter.

I guess the biggest problem with Stewart's spreading of stupidity is that he combines stupidity with apathy. To the uninterested viewer, it is easier to adopt a viewpoint than to create one for yourself. So, people watch a few minutes of his show, and suddenly these "experts" are equipped with an opinion handed to them by possibly the dumbest man alive.

I have a firm policy of not discussing anything NBA related. The reason? I know nothing about basketball. I am generally uninterested. Thus, I do not pretend to be any kind of authority on the topic. I am well versed in other areas of life. It does me no injury to explain that I am not up to speed about a topic related to basketball. I neglect to see why people feel it important to gain a manipulated, cursory understanding of a topic when it is even easier to avoid that which you do not have the time or interest in researching.

I don't simply blame Stewart and his spreading of infotainment. I blame the viewer. One can only blame a drug dealer so much before the addict must take responsibility for his actions. Likewise, I feel that anyone who listens to Jon Stewart to gain any kind of perspective needs to seriously evaluate their belief system.

Lastly, I feel Jon Stewart is dangerous to the minds of the people because even he, himself, does not fully understand what he is doing. As he is a comedian first and quasi journalist second, he can constantly be found explaining that his show is not to be taken seriously; that is simply a comedy show. Though I certainly agree that his show should never be taken seriously, sadly, it is. Joe Camel is no longer around because society as a whole has declared that it is unethical to wrap dangerous products in friendly packaging to attract those that are too unintelligent to know better. I suggest that *The Daily Show* wraps manipulative, biased material in a pleasant package that entices those that are too unintelligent to know better. Perhaps, in a perfect world, Jon Stewart will fade into oblivion as Joe Camel did before him and this world will be as concerned with saving the minds of people as they are with keeping people from smoking.



Greg Campbell is a contributor the OC and shoots his TV when he gets angry, just like Elvis.

Two Minute Hate part III

I hate the Dough Co.

Every few weeks I wake up on a Sunday morning to find my face covered in BBQ sauce with at least \$6 missing from my wallet. Then I get to spend the rest of the day with the worst heartburn possible. All of this thanks the addictive deliciousness of those goddamn calzones.

~ Egill the Drunk

I hate that guy

Really? You need to wear sunglasses inside of a dark bar? I hope you walk into a wall and knock yourself out. But then you might ruin that ridiculous hair of yours. You call it a faux hawk? I call it retarded. And what's with the popped collar? Is the upper part of your neck cold? Do you have one of those super hairy backs where the hair grows up your neck and mixes in with your actual hair? Seriously, what's the deal? Did your group of "Bros" decide in between rounds of Heineken and circle jerks that this would be a good look for you? Take another Jager bomb, whatever it takes to feel good about yourself.

~ Örn the Gloomy

I hate Jews

What do you mean this is inappropriate? This is the Hate Issue, right? Yeah, I was being serious. I mean, it's supposed to be lighthearted, sure, but it's "ha-ha serious," you know? And I think I raised some legitimate points. Did you even read the part about the World Bank? Oh, so it's "not printable" because you disagree with it? Dude, first of all I think you're letting this whole "editor-in-chief" thing go to your head. Second, you gotta open your eyes and see who's really pulling the strings. No, *you're* missing the point. Fine, I don't want to be a part of your Zionist-controlled media anyways.

~ Grim the Angry

I hate free hugs

Two years. Two years this has gone on! These free-loving generous people with seemingly inextinguishable spirit and energy have pestered me with their idealistic hippie shit. "Free hugs!" I have resisted their sunshiney warmth with the hopes that they would lose hope and go away, and they haven't! Their mere persistence insults me. How dare they interrupt me while walking down the street sulking and dressed all in black and minding my own business and thinking about...how I'm so lonely in this world... and how nobody loves me...I kind of just need a hug now...

~ Ingjald Ironfist

I hate "Transformers"

Anyone who grew up during the 80's probably has nostalgic memories of watching the "Transformers" cartoon on TV and playing with the action figures that turned from ordinary things like semi trucks and dinosaurs into ass-kicking murder machines, but I'm here to tell you that "Transformers" fucking sucks. An old roommate of mine bought a season or two of the cartoon on DVD... let's just say that unless you're on speed or have serious attention deficit problems, the transitions between scenes that happen every 30 seconds or so are jarring and irritating and are there chiefly to distract the viewer from noticing just how fucking awful the rest of the show is. To say that it hasn't held up well in the ensuing 20 years would be a dramatic understatement.

And don't even get me started on that live-action abomination they put out last summer or whenever. What a piece of shit. Whoever got the idea to basically turn "Godzilla" into a movie with stupid looking robots and an insufferable male lead should be buried alive under the pile of money they made from the film.

The simple fact of the matter is that some things are best left in the realm of nostalgia: the first time you got wasted in 8th grade drinking Boone's, the first time you got some hand from the ugly, desperate girl who lived next door, and getting high and watching stolen porn with your friends. "Transformers" belongs in this category. Much like the handjob from that chick next door, it seemed great at the time, but looking back, the whole thing was an embarrassing, poorly executed mess that nobody in their right mind should be celebrating 20 years on.

~ Steinólf the Tone Deaf

I hate the Hate Issue

There's way too much pressure to be witty and comical. Plus it's hard to come up with ideas of why you hate something that go beyond "because it/he/she annoys the shit out of me". I also hate that this is the best hate I could come up with..

~ Egill the Drunk

I hate that you never complement my penis

Just once, I would love it if you compliment my dick. He is starting to feel unappreciated in this relationship. I do enjoy when you compliment me. In fact I love it when you say I love you. But never once "I love your dick." When my dick is doing the best it can out there, giving 110% every night. It got a new hair cut last week and you didn't even notice. If you can't think of anything nice to say just lie. Call it majestic.

~ Þorbjörn the Lousy

I hate the Federal Reserve

The most disillusioning thing in college that I discovered is that money is a figment of our imagination. It's not even like assigning worth to a precious metal... money is only backed by the legitimacy of the government! And the Federal Reserve can print money whenever it wants! What a screwed up system. More specifically, I hate Ben Bernanke. It's bad enough that the Fed makes money out of thin air, but Bernanke seriously believes that he can prop up a sagging economy all on his own. Seriously, how egotistical can you get?

~ Ingjald Ironfist

I hate blogs

Done by amateur reporters and commentators who post lazy gossip drivel and call it journalism.

~ Hrólf the Flatulent

Hatekus

Flashing back to 'Nam
Dude I'm freaking out right now
Charlie's in the trees

Student Insurgent
Seldom publishes. Thank god.
Such bad poetry

Tossing and turning
Two fucking hours of sleep
Why did I not drink?

Paycheck fucking small
Almost no money for booze
Break out the ether

You were so pretty
Before you got that boob job
They butchered you bad

Haiku is an old
Japanese poetry form
Glad we dropped those bombs

Talking at the bar
Really uncomfortable
Your breath smells like trash

No luck at Taylor's,
At least they got each other,
A modern bromance

I hate Kai Davis
We have only met one time
Please stop texting me

Class before noon sucks
I need time to recover
From last night's Patron

Parking on campus:
Did I really pay for this?
Fuck you DPS

Up all night head hurts,
I can't feel my teeth or face,
who's got more cocaine?

Illustrations by Meghan Donnithorne

I Hate Blackout Drew

Drew Cattermole



My friends all know and love a man I have never and will never meet. His name is Black-Out-Drew and is a menace to our society. Black-Out-Drew is not an angry drunk by any means nor is he an insane drunk. He knows his relative limits (i.e. says no to hard drugs). The thing that Black-Out-Drew lacks is sheer inhibition. I have awoken many times to find that my own personal Mr. Hyde had arrived at many different parties in one night in nothing but my boxers. It's not that I have a personal vendetta against Black-Out-Drew; its more like I just don't know how to handle him. His antics are hilarious, and I will give him that. I would never in my right mind try to tell people I was Andy Rodick's cousin or that I was the mixed martial arts champion of South Korea. Before you make any strong judgements to who I am as person, let me tell you Black-Out-Drew is a genuinely nice guy just trying to spread the love and give out as many hugs as possible. For a complete reason why I hate him, let me just break it down to you after a night when Black-Out-Drew was unleashed.

It all started at a sweet rager on 24th and University. I was having a great time enjoying the inordinate amount of free booze, good vibes, barbecued food and jam bands. After about thirteen cups from the victory keg and three bottles of cheap champagne, Black-Out-Drew was unleashed. The last memories of the night are flirting with a certain young Oregon Daily Emerald writer to convert her to the dark side. Drinking under the hot sun took a long toll on my body and mind. It was only a matter of moments till Black-Out-

Drew arrived.

Slam! I wake up butt naked on my friends couch on 14th and Patterson with no clue of how or why I got there at 7:30 in the morning. The only information that I have been able to receive from the people awake at the house are that I was significantly hammered and there were an abundance of penises drawn on my face. The quote when I showed up at the house at four in the morning is "I don't know who drove me home, but they all seemed to know me."

I wake up at my house after a ride home that I don't remember. Everyone in my house is gone for the weekend, and I have gone into panic mode. I find that my phone is missing and begin retracing my steps. I walk twenty minutes to locate the friend that I brought to the party. When coming in contact with him I find out he blacked out at seven and does not even remember leaving the party. Hopes being to die.

With my phone still out of commission I embark on the hour long walk to 24th and University. I meet up with one of the Commentator staffers to learn that I left her house after the party with my pants on and my phone intact after chugging a 40 of Old E. at 10:30. She does, however, explain the nasty scrapes on my arm telling me that I fell in some thorn bushes at nine.

After a long day of detective work, I begin drinking again coming to the conclusion that I know everyone at the party and my phone is gone.

Bam! Black-Out-Drew strikes again. The only agony he adds to my life this time is overdrawing my bank account by \$35 at Muchas Gracias at 4:30 in the morning. I

can only hope those fish tacos were worth it.

At around noon on Sunday morning, I continue my sleuthing on the case of my missing phone. I contact fellow staff writer Nicole DeLancie upon hearing I was with her late on Friday night. She affirms that I was with her late on Friday after she found me face down in the dirt in the corner of the party. She then gave me a steak, which we apparently enjoyed. We begin to discuss how she dropped me off at 13th and High and how she never saw me drawn on.

As of this Monday I can safely say that I was passed out around midnight at 12th and University to be brought to 13th and High where I fell asleep on the couch once again. Through my very own personal C.S.I., I can deduct that I began to drink again at the party where upon I lost my phone and proceeded to pass out with my shoes off. There I was branded with a high number of phallic symbols and multiple dragon flies. Since the detective session I have given up all hope on finding my phone. I can only hope I didn't make to much of an ass out of myself at the respective parties, and that I didn't get butt naked anywhere unusual.

Some people may think this is a bit out of the ordinary, trying to retrace a blacked-out self's past with no phone, but it's just another day in the life.



Drew Cattermole is a contributor to the OC and still hasn't found his phone.

idealism and motivation goes to die, ASUO elections is the executioner of principles and common-sense. Though I blissfully lost in the elections, I was unfortunately stuck in my Board Room prison until my term ended.

Everything about the ASUO sucked. Everything down to the 100 spam e-mails I would get in a day telling me I needed herbal supplements for better sex. My professionalism was questioned. I was subject to snide, irrelevant and bullying remarks from Gulley to the point that I did not even want to vote against Special Requests. I'm surprised that I wasn't outright called a racist. I've never felt like a minority in my life until I sat at the Board Room table.

After a mere week, I was already dreading Wednesday nights upstairs. Sheer aversion of loss or defeat was the only thing that stopped me from outright resigning. The worst night was when I came in late, and the only seat available was between Reta and Gulley on the ass end of the table. All night, Gulley whispered sweet disgusting nothings into my ear. He reminded me of the annoying kid in first grade that teased me until I beat him up, and then I got in trouble. If anything, it was a lesson to never be late again to any job meeting where I hated my co-workers.

This year, we tossed almost a million dollars (if you count the over-realized funds) out to just about anybody that asked. Some of the requests were ridiculous: \$10,000 for 25 students to go to New York for a conference. \$12,000 for 7 students to go to a competition. Everytime, we remarked on how great an opportunity the trips were for the few students going, but no one seemed to understand that few if none of the 19,000 other students on campus would benefit from those trips. And no one seemed to question these disparities. I even start buying into the psychobabble by trying to justify how spending \$60,000 to help KWVA digitize its collection and records or \$20,000 for it to buy new transmitter

equipment would benefit the students of the University. There is an atmosphere of nicety in the ASUO that implicitly pressured me not to point out things such as the fact that no one actually listens to KWVA.

It was not all bad, I should say. There were some other voices of reason on the body with me: Nick Meyers, Lee Warnecke and Dan Feldman were all ballers that stuck to their guns and did not give in to as much of the institutional pressures as the other senators.

What struck me the most is how disillusioning working for the ASUO was. Apart from the 1% of students actually interested and informed on their student government, nobody cares. And half of that 1% that does care is a bunch of self-righteous and self-deserving whiney dependents that seek to further their radical, intolerant politics.

We managed to burn through an insane amount of money without any sort of hindsight this year, and even in the month and a half that I was on Senate. Just Spring Term alone, we spent well over a \$100,000 of surplus money. And when we reached \$0 in our coffers, some senators wanted to SPEND MORE, mentioning an "unallocated fund" of \$10,000 that we could dip into. I swear, some of these people actually believe that money grows on trees. Well, it doesn't, but it does apparently grow on the backs of students.

I am not sorry to leave Suite 4 after that short term. The only sore spot after leaving is knowing that I am still paying more than \$600 a year into that circus, and that I have no choice over it. And that money, more than likely, is going to go to pay the ASUO clowns and, God forbid, trips that won't benefit the campus.



Sean Jin is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and accidentally blogged his pants when writing this.

are there countless journalists who consider themselves "award-winning," but they are more than willing to tell you how they got a particular award. One of the mandatory readings for all journalism students is *The Best Newspaper Writing of any Particular Year*. In this tome, newspaper stories are usually accompanied by a short briefing from the author explaining how they got a particular story and its overall value in the greater realm of journalism.

Most of these stories about stories could be broken down into two words: luck and access. What separates a good journalist from a great journalist has nothing to do with their skills as a writer or a reporter (albeit those things help), and has everything to do with how lucky they are, and what they can get themselves into. (Although I will admit that talking your way into things is a skill that not everyone possesses, and I tip my hat to those who use it and use it well.) They teach you in journalism school to be fast and accurate and not necessarily good. With journalism there is a constant trade off between good story telling and fast story telling.

The dirty little secret in journalism schools and newsrooms across the country is that newspapers exist to make money. And while this may seem obvious to some, if you asked most reporters to define the ultimate goal of their publication only the cynical and bitter (me) would answer "to make money." Journalists try to create and define the public consciousness and then sell it back at a mark-up. They commodify thoughts and ideas about community and government, slap a logo on it and tell you it's your duty as a responsible citizen to buy in.

The bitter truth in all of this is that despite all its self-serving arrogance, journalism is a necessary evil. It cannot be done away with, nor can it be regulated. Journalism is like government, we could probably use less of it, but in the end, we need it for protection from those who would abuse us. Hunter S. Thompson put it best when he wrote: "I have spent half my life trying to get away from journalism, but I am still mired in it — a low trade and a habit worse than heroin, a strange seedy world full of misfits and drunkards and failures."



Jake Speicher, who was first in line to see the "Sex in the City" movie, is Managing Editor of the Oregon Commentator.

SPEW...

and terrible tattoo ideas



ON IDIOTS AND GUNS

“The way I see it, there are two types of gun-owners: Rednecks, and idiots.”

~ *Ol’ Dirty Opinions Editor Elon Glucklich chimes in on something he has absolutely no idea about. We’re pretty sure that the redneck stereotype includes idiocy. Did you mean competent people who live outside the city and idiots?*

“The nuts and bolts of the AR-15” is a self-satisfying 1,200-word expository, written with the grammatical flair of an eighth grade book report.”

~ *Sean Jin’s article in the last OC gets some press coverage. You’re one to talk, Elon.*

“I wonder how Glucklich calls his friends in homosexual community [sic] who on average have up to 300 sexual partners a year ... How come you liberals always whine about the gun owners 99.9 percent of whom never been a threat to anyone, and never say a word of people who everyday carry their biological weapons to work?.”

~ *Comment posted by “Thorn” on the Ol’ Dirty website. Maybe an army of sharp dressed individuals stock full of STD’s could tip the scale in our favor in Iraq.*

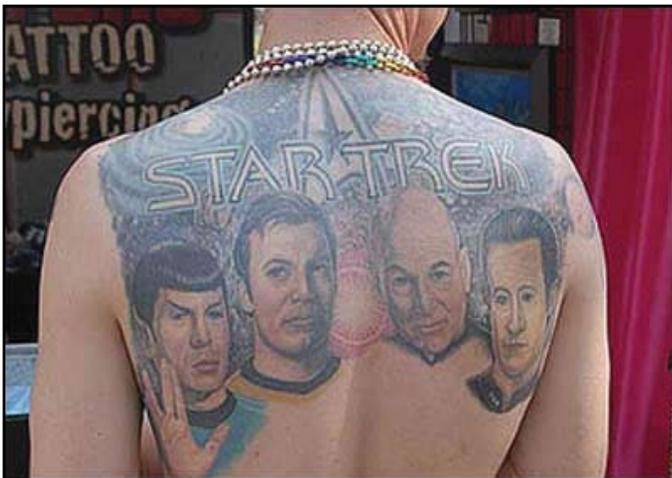
ON ALMOST TOUGH

“Your food, clothes, trips to grandma in the Midwest, silky panties, vitamin supplements: all consumer products are linked some way to black gold.”

~ *Portland’s Chris Krell in a letter to the Eugene Weekly. We disagree with you comment but agree with the crude delivery.*

“I know this may seem harsh, and I apologize.”

~ *Just lost all respect for you, rube.*



ON POOR MUSIC TASTE

“My name is Chris, and I am a Styx fanatic.”

~ Chris Bradley gets off to a shaky start in the Register Guard’s “Below 20” section.

“Unfortunately, Stygian love such as mine does not seem to be accepted in today’s [sic] popular culture”

~ We’re not quite sure what “Stygian love” is, but we’re sure The Siren wouldn’t approve.

“When I take a road trip, Styx rides shotgun [...] And most importantly, when I show up at the summer camp where I volunteer each year, it is not as Chris Bradley, but Styx, as my name tag pronounces loudly and proudly.”

~ Why would you tell this to anyone else, ever?

ON KILL WHITTY



“It is revealing that the US administration only began to take formal notice of student efforts when more white students ... started joining the table. But it is the undying commitment of students and faculty of color (and occasionally a white student or professor too) both to ethnic studies and this campus that is truly responsible for the new department of ethnic studies.”

~ Nate “Institutional Racism” Gully in a letter to the editor to the *OI Dirty*:

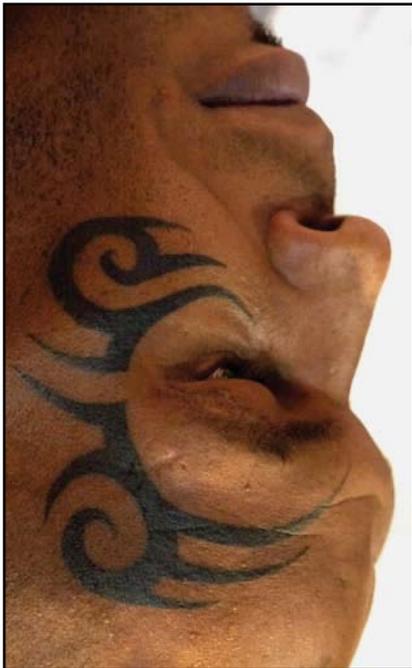
ON LIFE IS SCARY

“Others may say that being yourself or finding out what you want to do with your life is the most important thing you can accomplish here. But learning how to deal with colorful characters like Frog is an important skill in a town filled with them.”

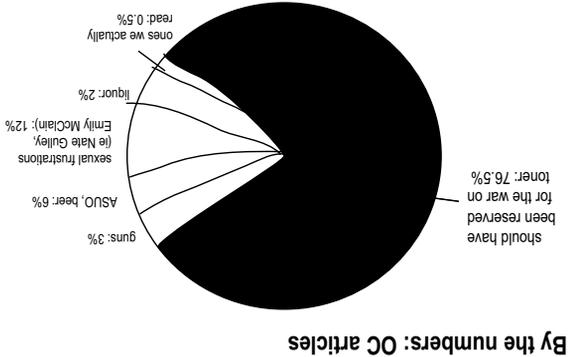
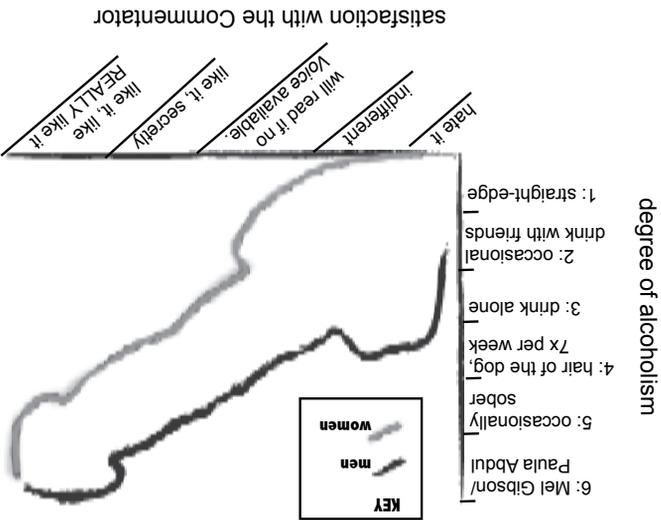
~ *OI Dirty* Pulse Reporter Kevin Glenn admits that walking by a joke book peddler with a big beard is difficult. Kevin, the real world is going to eat you up.

“And I’ve never thrown on my cowboy boots and ventured into Rock ‘N’ Rodeo to watch University students pretend to be rednecks.”

~ Don’t you mean “pretend to be competent people who live outside of the city?”



Pointless Graphs!



Graphs by Hugh Jass and Seth Poole, who have run out of things to hate and are accepting suggestions. Email everything@sucks@oregoncommentator.com

Opinion: Books must be stopped.

Dick Hertz

There's a creeping force threatening to take down the very

core of American moral standards and rational thought. The danger of this rapidly growing phenomenon is real, immediate and shockingly worrisome. I am speaking, of course, about books. Paperback, hard cover, leather-bound and, now, digital: The ways in which these mind-altering and corrupting collections of words can reach the innocent citizens and children of this once-strong nation are seemingly limitless.

I'm not saying that all books are bad. After all, Rush Limbaugh and Ann Coulter have produced some stunning works that have truly revolutionized the ways in which we think, debate and bash on liberals. Not to mention the Bible – now there's a book I'd like to see around more. Also, books can serve a valuable decorative role. A few thick, leatherly volumes on the shelf can add character to your home and sex appeal to your persona. They also come in handy for disciplining the children. Most of the valuable lessons I received from my father were sent home with the cleansing pain of a blow to the side of the head with a hard cover edition of Atlas Shrugged. Surely it made me the highly principled, upstanding individual I am today.

But these cases are the exception that make the rule: Books are bad. There's just no denying that. Textbooks, novels, literary nonfiction, Frog's joke books, memoirs, all are slowly unravelling the delicate fabric of our moral society. Countless hours of my education have been wasted indoors, skimming such worthless and needlessly dense works as Hucklberry Finn, while I could have been out in the real world, chopping down trees or stopping women from getting abortions. How many children have died needlessly at the hands of their pregnant teenage mothers because of the liberal scheme to drown our nation's classrooms with books?

One need only browse the pages of Amazon.com or, for a truly disturbing time, the disordered shelves of Smith Family Books to see what kind of trash the liberals are publishing. Such titles

Luckily, we have television and internet porn to keep books out of the hands of the literate public. Books' popularity is dwindling, and their content is becoming easier to control now that most publishing companies are owned by a handful of international media conglomerates. But we must remain vigilant. A sudden power outage or popular summer reading program could turn the tide back to books in an instant. So what can we do? Support non-book entertainment, such as the Oregon Commentator, reality TV (scripts are often based on books; just say no), sports, and liberal bashing. Organize a neighborhood book burning – they make for great barbeques. Finally, always remember the slogan: Books. A threat to our children, a threat to our economy, a threat to our manhood.

Dick Hertz unsuccessfully ran for an ASUO Senate position in order to get closer to Nate Gully and Emily McClain, in hopes of establishing a courtship with either or both. He also enjoys tie dyeing.

OREGON COMMENTATOR

Volume 25, Number 12

Friday, June 6, 2008

Repeating intro to drawing since 1983.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Carl "Sierra Mist" Yella

Ever wonder how we can produce an award-winning blog and newspaper, while being drunker, cooler and smarter than you all at the same time? Here's an exclusive glimpse into the daily life of a commentator staff person:

11:30 a.m.: Wake up. Congratulate self for being a man. If woman, chastise self for not being more manly.

Skip shower. Pee in bushes. 11:35 a.m.: Cigarette break. 12:00 p.m.: Check Reason

Eat breakfast: 4 of your roommate's pizza pockets 12:35 p.m.: Go to Rennie's for beer coffee.

1:30 p.m.: Leave Rennie's. Trip. Fall. Cigarette break. 1:45 p.m.: Go to OC office;

fight stair mountain; kick self for not taking elevator.

Cigarette break. Consider going to 2 p.m. class. Smoke another.

2:30 p.m.: Ask OL 'Dirty receptionist if she knows how to play the rusty trombone.

2:34 p.m.: Arrive at office. Close the door. "Polish" phallic "blog contest award"...

Cigarette break. Dare somebody to smell your fingers.

4:05 p.m.: Read the ODE. Find no less than ten things to make fun of people for. Blog about it.

4:30 p.m.: Go to Rennie's for beer. 5:30 p.m.: Leave Rennie's. Trip. Fall.

5:45 p.m. Attempt to spy on OSPiRG meeting. 6:00 p.m.: Eat 10 pizza pockets. 6:05 p.m.: Go home to launder single Sudsy shirt.

6:45 p.m.: Continue working on master plan for bypassing firewall to view Internet porn.

Fantasize about Rush Limbaugh robot.

7:30 p.m.: Go to Rennie's for beer. 8:30 p.m.: Leave Rennie's. Trip. Fall.

10:30 p.m. Go back to office. Refute opinions in others' blog entries.

11:00 p.m. Back to Rennie's for "staff meeting". 2:00 a.m. Leave Rennie's. Trip. Fall. Gather self in order to pee on hipster

fixed-gear bike. 4:00 a.m. Back to Rennie's, pound on door. Climb fence, pass out on deck.

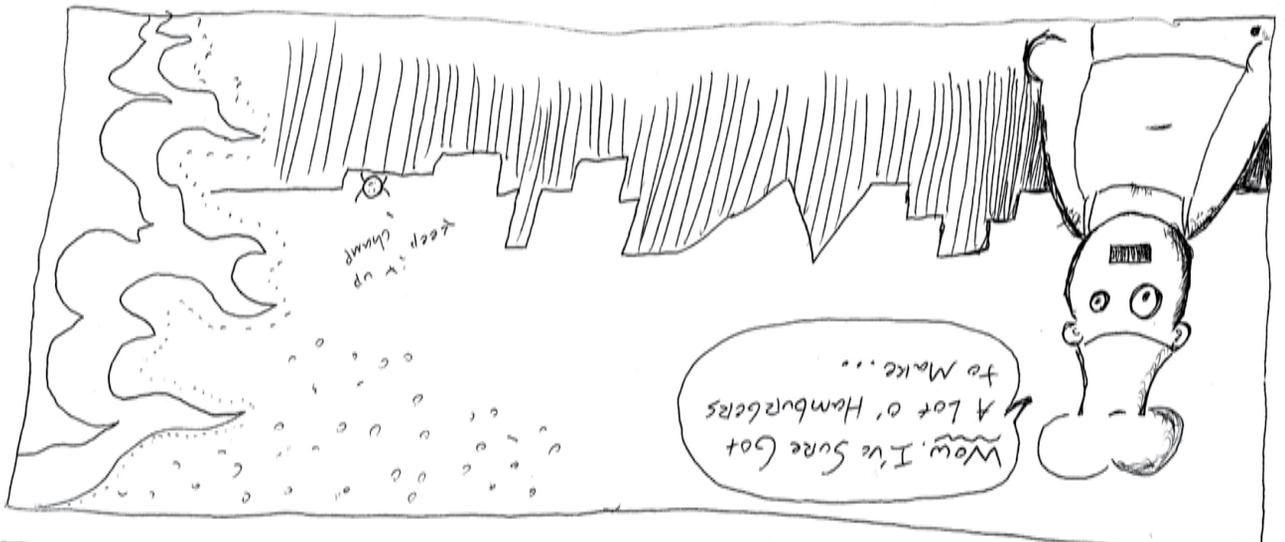
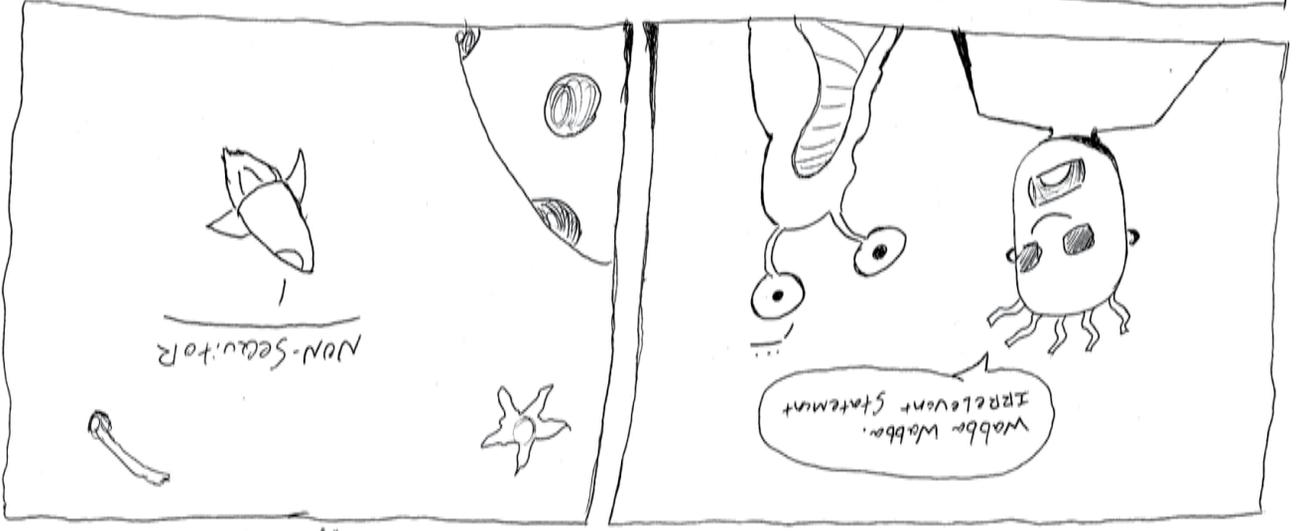
Repeat.

Carl "Sierra Mist" Yella enjoys long walks on the beach listening to Slipknot or Korn. He also spends his time getting all the Jeopardy questions wrong.

Dear Oregon Voice,
 I recently had a dream where my friends from high school showed up at my house with a charter bus and told me to get in. Not wanting to disappoint, I quickly got in and discovered that one of my football coaches was driving the bus. We then proceeded to drive around Los Angeles and run things over. We also stopped at random gas stations and stole gigantic porno magazines. I mean they must have been like 3 feet by five. What does it mean?

Well, obviously this dream is about maturity. You and your friends are on a journey together called puberty, and you're looking for guidance. That's why your coach is there on the bus with you. He is the mature male who will lead you to the Promised Land. Now, the bus running over things represents your confusion. You have all these pent up emotions and hormones, and you are willing to take out anything in your way of "releasing them." You are a heterosexual male, as indicated by your obsession with stealing giant porn, so at least you've got that going for you.

Free Dream Interpretation Oregon Voice-style



Tranny Bicycle Party



hell are those? And I was like 'oh shit, I do play the drums. I'll be your drummer man, mans.' However, since Rubenstein joined the group they have been unable to keep a bassist for longer than a couple of days. "These dudes show up and they play the bass like dum-dum-dum, you know, like really low and stuff," said Templeton. "I want them to play higher like wa-wa-wa."

"I keep telling him that's called a guitar," said McQueen, "but whatever, he's a visionary. He knows what he wants."

What Templeton wants is for the band to make more songs like their breakout single "Suburban Heroes." The song, scribed by Templeton, follows the mythical journey of man lost in the suburbs.

"The very essence of the song is the rebellion of sameness. It's about how we can really rail against the world we belong to by becoming a part of that world," said Templeton. "The suburbs, in this case, are a metaphor for the loss of the American Dream."

"And then, when Silas comes in with the two minute tambourine solo, it's all about minimalism. It's deconstructing the constructed. I really think that's what this band is about--the essence of nothing."

Since the release of "Suburban Heroes," Tranny Bicycle Party has begun working on an album, tentatively titled Oedipus Rex.

"We wanted to call the album Oedipus Rex for one reason," Templeton said. "It's about global warming. We as human beings are having sex with our Mother Earth and because we're too proud to admit our mistakes, nature is going to metaphorically gouge out our eyes."

By this point I have to ask the guys if there is any way that people might be turned away by their overwhelming sense of self-importance, or if they might at all come off as pretentious.

McQueen just laughs, "it's really funny you should mention that. Two of the songs we are working on for the album are called 'Self-Important Rock Band,' that Matt wrote about U2 and another song I wrote called 'Pretentious--An Awareness of Pretense.'" The album is slated for an October release so check out Tranny Bicycle Party's Oedipus Rex when it hits stores this fall.

Awash in the fading light of hipster decadence, cajoling matters of applause from the apathetic throngs, the neo-postmodern music scene cries out for a saviour once more. Someone to take irony and nonchalance by the proverbial horns, and transcend the drowning din of manufactured jangle-pop. Hidden, this band lurks somewhere. Like a fleeting vapor, the band that will save music hangs over us, but with the breeze of fame barreling around the corner, its fans whisper quietly.

Tranny Bicycle Party.

Three unrelated words that separately mean nothing, but when brought together, and in that order, they mark a movement. Their name simply connotes genius. Try, if you will, to rearrange the words, and all meaning is lost. Bicycle Party Tranny sounds like a random smattering of hipster buzzwords, while Party Tranny Bicycle sounds like a bad (or good depending on your persuasion) night at Indigo. No, only Tranny Bicycle Party ascends gimmick and inhabits iconoclast.

Formed on the mean streets of La Jolla, California, lead singer Matt Templeton and guitarist Dexter McQueen started Tranny Bicycle Party as a way to rebel against the neo-conservative oppression of their bourgeois upbringing. "My parents were fucktards," said Templeton in a June interview with Sloth magazine. "They were always trying to tell me what to do and say. I was like, no way; I'm not going to deal with your bullshit anymore."

Templeton then approached his junior college class-mate McQueen about starting a band. "I had heard him shred at the bar across from campus--real bluesy, real jazzy stuff. Just really cool, so I asked him if he wanted to start an industrial pop band."

"I was really hesitant at first," said McQueen. "I mean when I asked Matt what industrial pop meant he just kind of stared at me. He said, 'it sounds like manufactured, like it was created for 'N Sync or something, but it's ironic because it wasn't.' I was still a little confused, but he told me he had a sweet hook-up so I said, 'what the hell.'"

That hook-up eventually became Tranny Bicycle Party's drummer Silas Rubenstein. "I was just selling weed out of my basement and these two dudes were like 'Hey, man, do you want to play drums in our industrial pop band?' And I was like, 'I don't play the drums, man,' and they pointed to the corner of my room and were like, 'what the

EMU Amphitheater converted into makeshift morgue

The corpses of second-hand smoking victims threaten to overwhelm University facilities.

BILLY AHI
News Reporter

There was a time when the only sickening odor one might notice on the street in between classes was second-hand smoke from one of the bands of smokers roaming campus and blowing their toxic clouds into the faces of the health-conscious. Recently, however, you might have noticed another odor on the spring breeze: the pungent stench of decaying human flesh.

Second-hand smoke is taking its toll on the student body. The scene on 13th Street on campus resembles nothing less than the Bataan Death March, with the dead and dying lining the sidewalks, joined every few minutes by another second-hand smoking victim whose cancer-ridden legs can no longer support them.

Such is the problem that the University has found it necessary to turn the EMU Amphitheater into a makeshift morgue, where the dead can be identified and retrieved by their loved ones. The smoking problem on campus is so bad, however, that the Amphitheatre is swiftdly running out of space.

"It's like nothing I've ever seen," said Paul Sorgensen of the University Health Center. "The Surgeon General has stated that there is no 'safe' amount of second-hand smoke, and this mound of dead bodies serves as a putrid, mute testament to that fact." He went on to say, "I don't know how smokers manage to survive such lethal doses of first-hand smoke. With such negligible amounts of second-hand smoke proving so deadly to non-smokers, I'm tempted to say that, in my scientific opinion, smokers are not human."

Shortly after providing his statements, Mr.Sorgensen himself succumbed to second-hand smoke.



A poster size print of this masterpiece can be purchased from the Emerald, order online.

I felt that staying on as a permanent member of the ASUO Senate was the best choice both for myself and for the University," said Senator Gully. "From a purely financial standpoint, it just makes more sense for me to continue to have access to student funds. There are a lot of things I want to do with my life, but trips to Ibiza for conferences don't pay for themselves."

Turn to GULLEY, page 3

ASUO senator "not leaving"

Nate Gully thinks ASUO position is "too lucrative" to give up

RUPERT LANDRY
News Reporter

It's the end of Spring Term and this year's graduating seniors are wondering what to do what next. After four years or more at the University of Oregon, many students have no idea what comes after the very last final exam of their college career. The realization quickly sets in that this time, summer is not three months of rest, relaxation, and maybe a little bit of work before heading back to school in fall; this time, summer is when recent graduates are scrambling to find jobs and realizing that their hard-won degree doesn't necessarily entitle them to anything better than working at Starbucks.

One student, however, has come up with a unique way to avoid dealing with the looming spectre of the job hunt. Senator Nate Gully, who is graduating at the end of Spring Term, has simply decided to keep his position on the ASUO.

"After carefully weighing the op-

STRUNG UP SHOES

Sneakers on power lines, where do they come from? How do they get there? These two pairs were caught on film near 17th and Patterson. Similar mysterious sightings were reported and there seems to be no end in sight. The Emerald will have in-depth coverage next week.



IF YOU ONLY USE ONE SHEET OF PAPER TO WIPE YOUR BUTT WITH THIS WEEK, MAKE IT

The Weekly Enema

www.weeklyenema.com

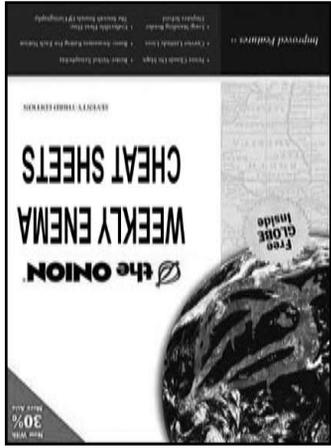
Friday, June 6

Ripping off other publications since 2008

Eugene, Oregon

Weekly Enema sued by The Onion for attempted rip-off

first issue in May of 2008, is the brainchild of Jackson Hager and Kai Davis. The publication, which according to its mission statement consists of "only satire and parody," and whose website touts them as "Eugene, Oregon's Best, Finest, and Most Satirical University of Oregon Based Newspaper," has its roots in a University of Washington publication, also called *The Weekly Enema*. The former publisher of the University of Washington version of the paper, John Heylin, has compared the Enema's comedy to that of *The Daily Show* host, Jon Stewart. ("UV students given a Weekly Enema" 11/17/04 *The Phoenix*, Loyola University) Mr. Stewart could not be reached for comment.



The Onion released this graphic yesterday mocking the Weekly Enema

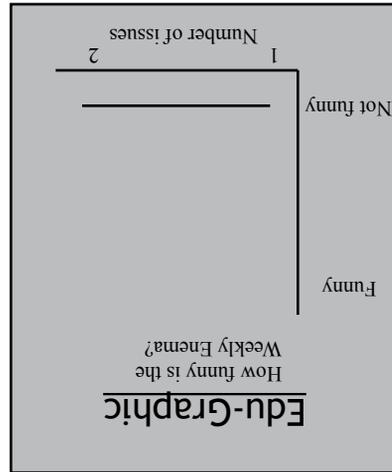
Student reaction to news of the lawsuit has been mixed. "The Weekly Enema? Never heard of 'em," said University of Oregon Junior Jan Smeaglund. He hastened to add, "But, I guess if they're publishing weekly, they're at least doing better than *The Student Insurgent*."

Graduating Senior in Political Science Ed Pekuty was more direct. "Yeah, I can see the *Onion* comparison, but it's so obvious that I thought it had to be some sort of ironic joke," he said. "Really, though, it just kind of seems that they wish they were *The Oregon Commentator*."

"I mean, on May 16, we published a story about the San Diego Zoo merging with the prison system," Dikkers continued, "The story delighted readers with crazy juxtapositions of man and beast and tales of all sorts of zany goings-on, but then I see that barely a week later, the Enema is running a piece about the University of Oregon solving its housing problem by merging with some local corrections facility? I mean, shit... if you're gonna steal our material, at least make it funny!"

"On one hand, it's flattering that the people behind *The Weekly Enema* like us so much. It's almost like being in a popular, well-respected band and finding out that there's some dudes out there who copy your stage show and sing all your songs in a cover band," said Onion Editor-in-Chief Scott Dikkers. "On the other hand, those guys at the Enema totally copped our style and they don't even do it very well. How lame is that?"

University of Oregon student publication *The Weekly Enema* has become the target of a lawsuit filed this week by the national satirical paper *The Onion*. The lawsuit, which accuses *The Weekly Enema* of ripping off *The Onion* whole-sale, raises questions about stylistic integrity and just how far student publications should go in paying tribute to their influences.



NOTICE:
Before reading the Weekly Enema:
~ Cut out a cigarette rolling paper or blunt wrap as big as the dotted area.
~ Roll roll up a marijuana cigarette or blunt using your supplies.
~ Smoke joint/blunt with buddies
~ Now read the Weekly Enema
Warning: failure to complete instructions will result in an unenjoyable and humorless read.

URBAN HERBALIST

By Urban Herbalist

Hey all you U-gene Anarkists! It's the Urban Herbalist rappin' at you. I just wanted 2 let y'all know about some killer local plants that are great for ur body and shit. There's an assload of herbs, plantz and mushroomz that can help wit whats ailin' you, so that way you don't have to resort to all that evil, western medicine.

Indigestion: If your stomachz all upset n shit, nothin calms it down like a good ol' cup of hemlock teal Hemlock haz been recognized as a gastro-intestinal soother for thousandz of years. Hemlock can be hard to find, but I personally guarantee it will make you feel a 100 fuckin percent better. Take it from that Socrates dude!

'Preggers: If you got knocked up because you won't subject yourself to the tryanny of condoms, don't fret, radi-cool girl! I've got the solutionz for u. Pennyroyal is a natural emmenagogue (that means it kills the fetus n shit). Just drink half a bottle of essence of pennyroyal (U can pick it up at a local natural food store). That shit'll knock the baby out of ur uterus before u can say "patriarchy."

Cuisine: Mushroomz will be in season this fall (no, not just the trippy kind. Ha ha ha), and thatz some good eatin, dude! My personal favorite is Amanita bisporigera, also known as the Destroying Angel. Don't let the name fool you, though! It's good shit. You can easily identify it cuz it's all white and has a long stalk. There are some different kindz that look like it, too. Just pick as many as u can find and take bites off all of them till you find the tastiest one. That'll be the Destroying Angel.

Letters to

Editor:

Dear Collective,
Thank you for your consistent and diligent supply of quality toilet paper. All they give us prisoners here is sandpaper and bark. Oh, and your last article on state oppression was great. I can totally testify to being subject to state forces on a daily basis, especially in the showers. Don't drop the soap!

Willie Chavez, Columbia River Correctional Institution.

Imprisoned by the kapitalist bars of oppression inside this tomb of stone I weep for earth.

Mother Gaia cries tears

of milk from her breast.

Burn it," she cries. "Burn the Wal-mart state!"

"Burn the spineless conservatives!"

"Burn the bombs of USA!"

Burn burn burn burn

it down with the righteousness of the

bothisattva stars

I'm not a robot

A slave to the neo-con war machine

I am animal of the wilderness

fierce and free like the wind of freedom

I can't be stopped by bars

Nirvana is a pipebomb

exploding in a pig\$ face

PEACE

Editorial:

Hola Amigos,

I know it's been a while since we last printed an issue, but shit happens, you know? The weather's been killer lately, and who can resist throwing the ol' disc around out on the quad?
Of course, my inability to do my own job just reminds me of the fact that there are people out there who tragically can't throw the ol' disc around... because they're in prison. There are political prisoners all over the world trapped behind bars because they've valiantly struck out against the KKKapitalist state. And for that they are charged with "crimes" of arson, property destruction and "aggravated assault." But I digress.
This issue got some great stuff in it. This one dude wrote a great article about anarchism; no not the one we ran last issue or the issue before that. A new one. Oh, and there's some really heavy poetry about Wal-Mart, too. Alright, most of the issue is actually incoherent letters from prisoners (I mean oppressed victims of the state), but there is a pretty sweet picture of a dragon in the middle.

WHY AM I GETTING THIS NEWSPAPER?

ANSWER: Because you're in fucking prison.

HEY, BUT EVEN THOUGH WE'RE

ANARCHISTS AND ALL,

WE STILL NEED MONEY.

IF YOU'RE LIKE US AND

DON'T MIND GLARING

CONTRADICTIONS,

PLEASE CONSIDER A \$15

SUBSCRIPTION.

Your Student Insurgent



The Insurgent is kind of a newspaper in the Eugene-Springfield, Oregon community. We are unaffiliated with any partisan organization because we're just that radi-cool. We seek to provide a forum for those working towards a society full of ponies, rainbows and gumdrops where no one ever feels bad again.

Subscriptions to the Insurgent are \$15 dollars a year by mail. The Insurgent is distributed freely to UO students and by force to bored inmates.

Reader Submissions of news, feature articles, short fiction, bad poetry, cultural criticism, pseudo-theory and absolute shit make the Insurgent possible. We reserve the right to edit anything, everything or nothing we receive for grammar, length, clarity or pure, incomprehensible drivel.

Good news for you

My Dear,
This is Jeff Robert writing to you once again.
Thank you for the assistance rendered to me when I was really in need, it is a thing of joy to inform you that finally, I have succeeded in collecting the money at Long last.

Hope this mail find you in an excellent condition of health. I'm happy to inform you about my success in getting those funds transferred under the co-operation of a new partner from London UK. Presently I'm in Europe for investment projects with my own share of the total sum.

Meanwhile I didn't forget your past efforts and attempts to assist me in transferring those funds that later failed some how, I have compensated you with the sum of \$1.5M, One million five hundred thousand dollars. Now contact

Dearest Jeff,

COMPLIMENT OF THE SEASON to you and yours, old bean. It's so wonderful to hear from you again, and I'm glad I could help you in your time of need. It was a dirty business, yes, but as they say, "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas." And unless the shifting desert sands reveal the damning evidence, I believe it's safe to say we can put all this behind us for good. It takes a great stress off of my tired, old heart to hear that you have finally succeeded in collecting the money. I am, of

*course, eager to collect my part of the bargain, but I have a few questions: Who is your man Kofi? Has he made his bones with The Organization? Pardon any impudence, but you must understand that since the Cape Town affair I've had to operate under the utmost discretion. I've come too far and seen too much to spend the rest of my fading years in some godforsaken cell. Best of luck WITH YOUR STUDIES. I hope to hear back from you post-haste. Yours truly,
Alfred Quincy Perritweather III, Esq.*

Jeff Robert.
we are very busy now.

This Money, I have left it for you to Barrister Kofi, I have tried many times to talk to you on phone but you could not respond and I have no time for myself because we are very busy now.

So feel free and get in touch with him and instruct him where to send the amount to you.
Please do let me know immediately if you receive it so that we can share the joy after all the sufferings at that time. I'm very busy here WITH MY STUDIES and the investment projects which me and the new partner are having at hand.
Barrister Lamine Kofi my lawyer in Ghana and his email address is: (lkofi@hotmail.com) ask him to send the money to you the sum of \$1.5, One million five hundred thousand dollars which I kept for your compensation for all your past efforts and attempts to assist me in this matter. I appreciated your efforts at that time very much.

Need an escape from the free love advocates?

Join the Oregon Commentator, where we know love is a scarce commodity and must be paid for in blood, volunteer work and/or devotion to a capitalist, hedonistic and patriarchal society.

Positions open for the 2008-09 school year:

- ~ News Editor
- ~ Advertising Manager
- ~ Production Manager
- ~ Resident speed drinker

You won't be paid, but you'll have a hell of a time
ocomment@oregon.edu



Do you have an opinion about the Oregon Commentator? Let us know about it. Send letters to the editor to ocomment@oregon.edu

What kind of drunk are you?

1. What's your drink of choice?
 A. Domestic in a can
 B. Aged scotch
 C. Listerine

2. How long after a mean hang-over are you ready to start drinking?
 A. After Breakfast
 B. One Day
 C. What's a hang over?

3. Where do you usually sleep after drinking?
 A. A friend's couch
 B. A swamp donkey's bed
 C. The drunk tank

4. Who's your drinking hero?
 A. John McEnroe
 B. Peter O'Toole
 C. One with turkey and pickles on the side

5. When someone says "let's take shots" what do you reach for?
 A. Jack Daniel's
 B. Patron Silver
 C. Drain-O

6. What do you play beer pong with?
 A. 40s
 B. Corona
 C. Bacardi 151

If you answered mostly A's: You are probably a college student or a worldly eighth grader. Drinking to you has not yet become a habit, but you've reached the point where you can't enjoy a Friday without imbibing fermented beverages.

If you answered mostly B's: You have probably graduated college or at least have gotten past the first phase of alcoholism. You have decided that refined liquors and beer are better for your system than that bottom shelf crap that the troglodytes drink.

If you answered mostly C's: How can you even still read this? Are you sitting in the EMU with one eye closed, swaying back and forth to whatever George Thorogood song is pumping through your iPod? Do us all a favor. Go home, and fall asleep.

Sudsy Says:

"I'm a shining example of how far you can make it in life with a D.A.R.E. diploma"



asked ...

What's your greatest contribution to society?



W: Sneers and smirks



Pat Robertson: Love of false opinions and self-gratification.



Catherine the Great: Sexual respect from the equine community.



Debbie: Sexual respect from everyone



Teddy Roosevelt: Giving a speech with a bullet hole in me.



P. Ossie Bladine: This mustache.



Tom Selleck: Pathetic, Bladine.



David Irving: Absolutely nothing of any value has ever spilled from these lips

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BOOO THE OLCG, HOORAY BEER

On the public safety side of things, the OLCG is notorious for sticking its nose where it doesn't need to be in order to tell Oregonians how to live. Like when it banned minors from the Oregon Brewer Festival last year. The annual event, which turns 21 this year, is a celebration of a world-renown cultural trademark shared by most Oregonians. Leave it to the OLCG to deny a parent the right to bring the family to a safe and responsibly-managed social event.

Then there are the stings on liquor stores. The OLCG breaks its own law by employing underage people to enter liquor stores undercover and attempt to buy alcohol. The worst part is that if the minor is successful at buying booze, it is the store owner, not the store clerk, who receives the hefty fine. This is the same for bars and restaurants. If an undercover OLCG agent witnesses a customer being "over-served" – the definition of which is up to their discretion – or a minor being served then it is the bar or restaurant owner, not the employee, who is fined.

The OLCG was created to avoid bootlegging. A comment posted online hits the bulls-eye: "The OLCG is an archaic relic of temperance era, little Carrie Nations constantly trying to justify their outdated existence." Neo-prohibitions will say that giving the ax to the OLCG would lead to more drunk driving, more alcohol-related reckless behavior and so on. A 1997 study about three states that privatized their alcohol industries, Privatization of Liquor Stores: No Threat to Public Safety, say different. When Iowa, Ohio, and West Virginia quit their liquor monopolies, alcohol related driving fatalities decreased. For the record, the current executive director of the OLCG, Steve Pharo, took over the job from Teresa Kaisers, who resigned after being charged with drunk and reckless driving.

In 2001, there was a push by several groups to persuade the Oregon Legislature to drop the state's liquor monopoly. The noise has subsided to some degree, but the flame is still burning. As the Oregon Commentator's motto goes – free markets, minds, free booze – we call on the state to tear down the wall of oppression and expensive half gallons built by the OLCG.

Do you think monopolies are bad? Do you believe in personal choice? Do you think the government should be allowed to have unabashed control of a commodity? If you answered yes, yes, no, then hate the Oregon Liquor Control Commission just like us.

For those unfamiliar with it, the OLCG's job, in their words, is "to promote the public interest through the responsible sales and service of alcohol beverages," but really it is to make sure Oregonians have the least amount of fun possible, and they've been doing a helluva job. The reason you can't buy hard alcohol in supermarkets? The OLCG. The reason bars close at 2:30 a.m.? The OLCG. The reason you can't buy booze anywhere after 2:30 a.m.? The OLCG. Remember when you were 19 and wanted to see that sweet concert, but it was 21 and over? The fucking OLCG.

But the OLCG's power extends to far more than just a few asinine regulations. After the 21st Amendment repealed the 18th Amendment, ending Prohibition, the federal government left it to individual states to create and enforce regulations on the sale and consumption of alcohol. In a special session, the Oregon Legislature decided to become one of "liquor control" states. The state still controls the only distilled spirits (liquor/hard alcohol/booze) distribution system in Oregon. This means that every drop of liquor you order at the bar and every fifth you buy from the liquor stores was bought, marked up at a ridiculous rate and resold by the OLCG. Last time I checked, monopolies were illegal in the United States, so why does the state of Oregon get operate one?

OLCG representatives will be quick to point out that all liquor stores are privately owned by independent contractors. This definition, however, falls short. "Owners" of liquor stores are actually Commission-appointed agents and all the liquor inside the stores are still state-owned. Agents receive monthly compensations from the OLCG based on criteria created by the commission. Furthermore, the commission tells store "owners" what liquor to sell, what and how they can advertise and what else can be sold in the stores (type of food, glassware, etc.). Even a liquor store's sign must be approved by the OLCG.

