

OREGON

# COMMENTATOR

May 11, 2009

Volume XXVI Issue VI

A Journal of Opinion



## ***THE HATE ISSUE***

**WILL YOU SURVIVE THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE?**



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.

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# I HATE THE ASUO

C.J. "Boomstick" Ciaramella

The Associated Students of the University of Oregon: You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy.

As the Commentator's only willing ASUO reporter, I've spent the better part of a year covering the follies and foibles of our august student government, and because of it I am now irreparably bitter and, honestly, a bit insane. I've been to the dark side of the moon and beyond Thunderdome; I've heard the call of Cthulhu.

Perhaps you think I exaggerate, but you weren't there, man. You don't know. Actually, come to think of it, you probably don't know. The overwhelming majority of students never step foot inside the ASUO office or into a Senate meeting. I can't blame you.

Who honestly wants to sit in a stuffy room for hours upon hours - sometimes into the early morning - watching ASUO Senators try to manage not only themselves but millions of dollars in student money? I don't know what I did in a past life to be reincarnated in this special hell, but it must have been pretty bad.

Really, it's a subtle form of torture, not the immediate panic of being waterboarded or having your testicles hooked to a car battery but a slow, ever-increasing weight on your very soul. It's the pain, all mental, of watching something that ostensibly makes sense but in reality is completely irrational.

I've seen the ASUO Senate debate insignificant points of order for over an hour. I've seen the Senate go in rhetorical circles for just as long, the members lapping their own arguments again and again. I've seen the Senate discuss *having a debate*. And yes, a hard rain is going to fall.

In short, the ASUO is the book that Kafka never wrote, the dream that Lovecraft never had.

You see, the ASUO, like all governments, tends to attract the wrong kind of people. It creates what are known as "perverse incentives." That is, the people who most aspire to power (in this case, a laughably modest amount of power) are the ones least fit to wield it. Sure, there are a few honest souls in student government, but they are vastly outnumbered by the hordes of self-serving douchebags.

On the plus side, covering the ASUO led me to realize that I will never, ever be a politician. I realized this as soon as I began actually talking to people in the ASUO. You can't really understand how sick and diseased the whole system is until you have an off the record conversation with someone about "power structures" and "loyalty" and all its attending struggles in *student fucking government*. It's like junior high all over again, but with a class full of Karl Roves.

I understood then and there that I didn't have what it took - namely, a cold, hard lust for power coupled with a willingness to manipulate others for my own gain.

I'm tempted, Lord help me I'm tempted, to just start spilling all of the secrets and off-the record-conversations I've had over the past year. And trust me, I've seen and heard a lot. (Remember,



*"[The ASUO] seemed to be a sort of monster, or symbol representing a monster, of a form which only a diseased fancy could conceive. If I say that my somewhat extravagant imagination yielded simultaneous pictures of an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature, I shall not be unfaithful to the spirit of the thing. A pulpy, tentacled head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings; but it was the general outline of the whole which made it most shockingly frightful."* - H.P. Lovecraft

kids: Cocaine is a hell of a drug.)

But besides all of the potential defamation lawsuits, I hold back because I realize it's really of no interest to anyone outside the ASUO, and I'd rather not feed into those megalomaniacs' need for gossip.

Still, I'm left trying to quantify my burning rage against the ASUO, but how can mere words describe the feelings of loathing and Lynchian horror that burrow into the core of my being when I step into the ASUO boardroom? A thousand skinned puppies, a garbage truck full of burning feces slamming into a troupe of circus performers, the scene from *Un Chien Andalou* of a razor slicing through a human eye.

Accidentally stepping on a hornet nest. Being forced to watch Charlie and the Chocolate Factory during a bad acid trip. Biting into a wasabi and fish oil sandwich. A carny orgy. A Nickelback concert.

No, it won't do. These are but a rough simulacrum of the Abyss. They only touch on the edges of the gnawing madness. The horror ... the horror!

## *A Matter of Taste*

Hello kiddos,

I enjoy reading your publication greatly, and I usually don't bitch about errors. It really isn't a huge priority of mine to get up in people's shit and tell them how to act. But there is an error in your Recession Issue that is a matter of public health and taste.

NEVER USE BLEACH FOR SANITIZING BEER BOTTLES EVER. Chlorine bleach is overkill, and if you don't get the residue out of the bottles, it will A) make your beer taste like shit, or B) make you sick. Iodine works, but can also leave a bad taste. Vodka or Everclear in a spray bottle work great though, and there's nothing wrong with a slightly higher alcohol content.

With fondest regards,  
Emily Balloun

## *I Am A Nigerian Princess*

Sir/Madam,

Pardon me for not having the pleasure of knowing your mindset before making you this offer and it is utterly confidential and genuine by virtue of its nature. I write to solicit your assistance in a funds transfer deal involving US\$ 12.5M. This fund has been stashed out of the excess profit made last year by my branch office the International Commercial Bank which I am the manager.

I have already submitted an approved end of the year report for the year 2008 to my head office

here in Accra-Ghana and they will never know of this excess. I have since then, placed this amount on a Non-Investment Account without a beneficiary.

Upon your response, I will configure your name on our database as holder of the Non-Investment Account. I will then guide you on how to apply to my head office for the Account Closure/ bank-to-bank remittance of the funds to your designated bank account.

If you concur with this proposal, I intend for you to retain 30% of the funds while 70% shall be for me. Kindly forward your response to:

infomikeconsult@yahoo.com

With Regards,  
Dr Mike Akwasi

*The OC Responds:*

*Excellent!*

*My name is David Frohnmayer, and I can be reached at:*

*Office of the President  
1226 University of Oregon  
Eugene, Oregon 97403*

*My Social Security number is 574-01-8647*

*Please make the deposit to Chase Account 1098766453.*

*Hope to hear from you soon!*

## *Out of the Minor Leagues*

Let it be known

The Comic Press does take offense to the notion that the Oregon Commentator is the only hard drinking, hard partying publication on campus and hereby issues a writ of challenge to the Oregon Commentator Staff.

We, the writers and editors of The Comic Press, do hereby challenge the current writers and editors of the Oregon Commentator to a drink-off to be concluded no later than Sunday, June 14th 2008.

### **Terms of Challenge**

Each publication shall field a team of writers and editors that have contributed to at least one issue in the past academic year, and each team consuming from separate kegs of equal volume, compete to drink their respective keg of beer in the shortest amount of time. The winners shall be the team that consumes the entirety of their first keg. In the case that a cup is spilled, it must be refilled from the opposing team's keg.

Refusal of these terms shall be considered a concession. You pussies. Sincerely,  
The Comic Press.

*The OC Responds:*

*We at the Commentator agree to amicably meet before the requested time proposed. We do, however, have a few stipulations of our own.*

*As the defending campus media champions of alcoholic favor, we find it below us to take on every small-time challenger to our throne. As such, you must first beat the Oregon Voice in a similar competition.*

*No one playing Punch-Out! can just skip on over to Mike Tyson; you have to beat Glass Joe first. Once you have completed this task, you will be allowed to compete with the OC in the swilling of brew--be forewarned though, you will not be allowed to make eye contact and must remain at least 3 feet behind us at all times.*

Sincerely,  
The Oregon Commentator Staff



asks ...

What's your favorite zombie weapon?



**Zombie Frohn**  
God dammit I'm not dead yet!

**Zombie Viking King Harald Hardraada**  
My symbol of power: the Glock 21.



**Zombie Walt Disney:**  
My Jew Death-Ray.

**Zombie Les Schwab:**  
Free Brains



**FREE BRAINS!!!!!!**



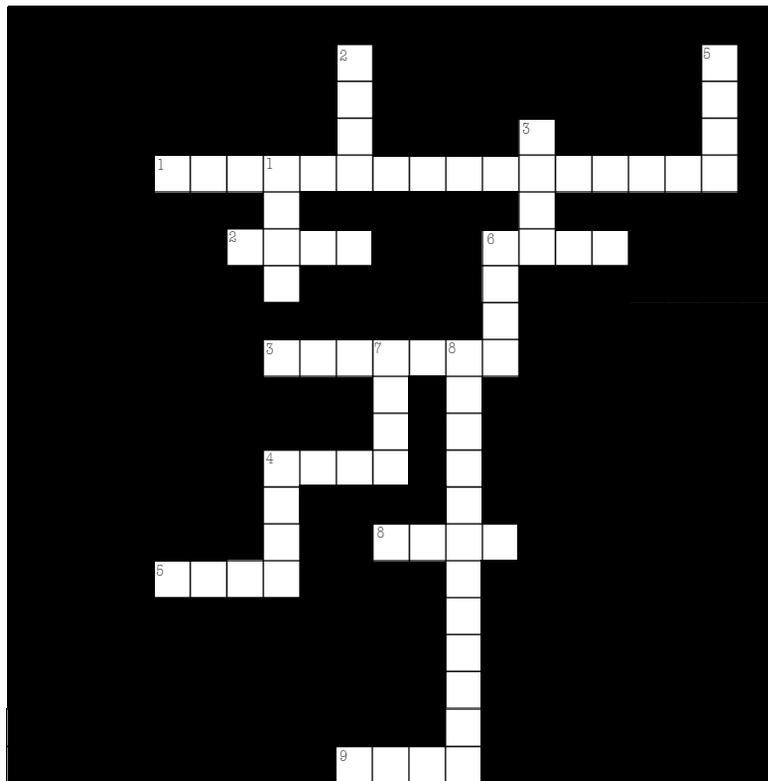
**Zombie Killdozer:**  
My dozer!

**Zombie Loki:**  
My flaming sword.



## A Hate Issue Crossword Puzzle

Turn completed puzzle into EMU room 319 for a slap in the face and a Shot at Love with Drew "Thunderlove" Cattermole



### Across:

- Theme of this issue.
- We \_\_\_\_\_ the ASUO.
- HATE backwards.
- I \_\_\_\_\_ hippies.
- We \_\_\_\_\_ sobriety.
- This is the \_\_\_\_\_ issue.
- The opposite of love.
- Fuck the Beatles; all you need is \_\_\_\_\_.
- Our feelings towards big government.

### Down

- The best issue of the year is the \_\_\_\_\_ issue.
- We \_\_\_\_\_ OSPiRG.
- A feeling of intense dislike.
- A mutual understanding between NY/Boston.
- How we feel about Panda Express in the EMU.
- The sentiment towards an 8am class.
- We \_\_\_\_\_ hipsters.
- This issue comes out every year, and is called "\_\_\_\_\_".

## Recession Issue Corrections

\* Due to an reporter's error, it was incorrectly stated that a Bachelor of Arts degree is worth less than the paper it's printed on. This is true, unless you use the paper as blotter for LSD. Remember kids, use your noodle!

## REJECTED THEMES FOR THIS YEAR'S HATE ISSUE:

- \* BRO SPEW '09
- \*FROHNMAYER'S FULL NUDE  
SPREAD
- \*SUSDY GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
- \*THE STEAK ISSUE '09
- \*THE AYN RAND ISSUE
- \*THE OREGON TRAIL:  
YOU DIED TRYING TO FORD  
THE RIVER
- \*THE DAVE COULIER ISSUE
- \* THE OREGON  
COMMENTATOR'S DAY OFF:  
RETRO ISSUE REDUX
- \*DUDE, WHERE'S MY BOTTLE OF  
HRD?
- \*THE LOTR ISSUE: LOTR SUCKS
- \*THEY TOOK OUR JOBS!  
THE IMMIGRATION ISSUE
- \*G.G. ALLIN: AMERICAN HERO
- \*DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN  
OREGON COMMENTATOR
- \*I BENT MY WOOKIE:  
STAR WARS '09

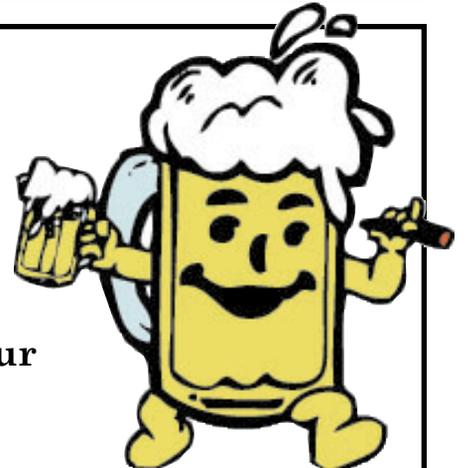
## Things We Don't Hate:

- \* Kai Davis graduating
- \* The Riddle of Steel
- \* Winning (Dodgeball)
- \* Smoking
- \* Hoagies
- \* PBR
- \* Nate Gulley's mom. Oh Sarah
- \* Free soda from the EMU Subway
- \* Nerf weapons
- \* Retards
- \* Bro Spew:



## Sudsy Says:

“Drink till  
she’s hot.  
Or until she  
unleashes your  
beast.”



# I HATE WEST UNIVERSITY

Drew Splattermole

*West University is a steaming pile of excrement and filth.*

As I signed my lease to live on 17 and Hilyard, I was ecstatic. I was going to move closer to all my friends, live across the street from a beer store, and most of all I would live where people partied. Little did I know I was not moving into my college paradise, but more of a college purgatory where everything is stuck in perpetual may-hem.

It all started to go down hill in the beginning of the year. The first weekend of fall term is a big party night for most University of Oregon students. An overflow of eager freshmen and a bunch of drunken upperclassmen led to a massive riot right on my block. It was complete anarchy. Freshmen who had never been away from home celebrated their freedom by acting like jackasses, vomiting all over my front lawn and breaking several car windows on their path of destruction.

The next weekend was no different. Two more riots reportedly took place: one on the Alder side of Hilyard, the other one in between Patterson and Ferry. I prayed hoping these two tornadoes of drunks would not combine to create a category five shitshow. Luckily my house was safe and no damage was immediately done to any of my roommates' cars (Although my neighbor had his car jacked twice that weekend). I did get to view several MIP's distributed on my lawn culminating with one drunk freshman begging the police officer to let him off "just this one time" because "he had only drank two beers." The drunk freshman then proceeded to vomit all over my front porch with the remnants of his Carson dinner splattering on my new shoes.

The freshmen are one of the worse parts of living in the West University area. With the overbooking of freshmen this year it was ten times worse than I

had ever seen it before. Since West University is known as a haven for drunken debauchery and parties the freshmen flock to West University like bugs to a glowing light. Me and my friends cannot seem to have a gathering of over five people on a party night without dozens of freshmen coming up to our doors and entering the house looking for a party.

There have been several times when we are hanging out listening to music drinking a few beers relaxing when all of a sudden a handful of freshmen will enter the door and awkwardly make their way to the back of the house. As they linger there taking shots from a water bottle full of rum, they do not mind all the awkward stares from us and our questions of asking them "who they know here". After this ritual dance goes on for about ten minutes the freshmen will get the picture and leave, but not before yelling "THIS PARTY FUCKING SUCKS!" Now I'd like to remind these freshmen that may be reading this that first of all it was not a party, and second if you think drinking beers while blasting Megadeath is a bad time then you fucking suck. The thing I hate the most about these party crashers the most is that normally two girls lead the way followed by a group of guys that are large enough to field a baseball team.

The West University area is littered with the homeless and the transient. When I say littered, I literally mean littered. Every weekend it seems as though I have to step over a new bum passed out on the sidewalk. The homeless are constantly using the pay telephone across the street at my house, either calling their dealer for their next hit, sleeping standing up, or urinating



on the sidewalk.

One particular homeless man I hate is constantly parading around the area. He rides a new stolen bike every week and his left hand is three times the size of his right hand. The first time I met him he stuck his deformed hand in my face and asked for money for medication or his hand would be amputated. I was appalled by the grotesque hand and gave him a few sympathy dollars. As I walked to class later that day I saw the man perched against a tree, drinking two forties of Old English that I unwontedly paid for.

As for transients I hate them the most. They are younger slightly less dirty but generally bigger assholes. Right now there is a beat up Winnebago that has been housing two hippie transients on my block for a month. The Winnebago moves about once a week and is currently parked in front of my house. The hippies spend their time feeding off the area's alcoholism gathering cans and using hoses people leave outside of their homes for water and bathing.

The West University area seems to bring the craziness out of all people. One quiet Saturday night during winter



The corner of 17th and Hilyard. Note the shambling, violent mob and general devastation.

term, I was awoken to a small fight behind my house. After a while the noise died down. We thought nothing of the matter until a loud crashing sound came from my roommate's room. We rushed inside to find him lying in bed with a chair lying on top of him that had been thrown through the window from outside. This is the type of shit that happens in this area that makes me hate it so much. Who throws chairs at innocent houses? Honestly?

Also another instance that fuels my hate for the area is my neighbor who lives in Hilyard Alley, prominently displaying his confederate flag for all to see. His truck also contains several confederate logos that increase my hatred for the man. Besides this asshole there are also several drug dealers and drug addicts that live behind my house. This was made apparent as the first four weekends of winter term as ambulance after ambulance rushed to the area to pick up another addict who had overdosed on drugs. It happened so frequently that the fireman, who I would talk with to figure out what was going on, knew my name.

Every weekend there are about three drunken fights that can be seen from my front porch. It is fun when I do not know any of the people in the fights, but that is never the case. I have had four friends jumped in West University just houses down from where they live.

Assholes seem to prey on the drunks making it very unsafe for everybody living in West University.

The second instance happened about a hour before I began to write this hate piece. My roommates and I were cooking some lunch on a beautiful Sunday afternoon with our front door open to bring some fresh air into the house. As we went along our day a lady stopped by the house and poked her head in the house and asked, "do you guys know where I can find some weed?" The lady looked to be in her mid thirties and was pushing her infant child in a stroller. We told her no and to get out as she yelled "well fuck off, I know some growers who will hook me up with the dankest weed in town." As she said this she flicked us off and kept pushing her infant in the stroller. In a college town like Eugene if the craziest people in your neighborhood are not the drunken college kids, you know it is a shithole.

Now I know many of you readers may be thinking about moving into this toxic wasteland that is West University. Do not let this discourage you from moving into the area, it can be very nice at times and there is always a party within two blocks. Just let my hatred of the area warn you of its dangers.



*Drew Splattermole is the incoming Editor-in-Chief of the Oregon Commentator and still hasn't got the vomit off his shoes.*

# Hate-kus

*Flux, a magazine*

*By the worst of the J-school  
Shouda' joined O.C.*

*Your crotch in my face  
LTD has plenty of room  
They always pick me*

*A blanket with sleeves  
Don't watch infomercials drunk  
A waste of money*

*Irony is dead  
You wear the proof on your face  
Fucking hipster 'stache*

*I hate the Phantom  
You longboard like a douchebag  
Poweslide to Hell*

*Flaming Lips t-shirt  
CJ wears it constantly  
Is that shit glued on?*

*Must punch Truman Capps  
I challenge you to a fight  
One of us must die*

*Comic Press sucks balls  
More like diarrhea press  
Ya'll are not funny*

# I HATE ASSHOLES

## Hippie Zombie Killer 5000

I really hate assholes. The problem is that no matter what you say or do, you probably aren't going to change their mind to be a complete asshat to you and all your friends. Some of these people just like to think they can cause a ruckus without being called on their B.S. Thankfully, that's not the case here in Eugene.

Ian Van Ornum was arrested last year for walking around in an exterminator's suit spraying cars and passing pedestrians with a spray bottle of water. Why is he an asshole, you ask? Let's start with the fact that the people in the cars and on the street should not have to be subjugated to harassment by some patchouli soaked, dreadlocked hippie. It doesn't matter what's in the bottle, he shouldn't be spraying it on people in the first place.

The second reason why he's an asshole is because when Van Ornum was asked what was in the bottle by police, he told them it was poison. Poison? Although this was obviously not true, Van Ornum thought he could just joke around with the EPD and not get tackled. He could have just answered the question like a normal person and said, "Hey, it's just water and I'm trying to make a metaphorical statement. I'll stop spraying it on people and just use it as a prop."

Instead he decided to be a douche and say it was poison. Shortly thereafter, Van Ornum was tackled and tased.

Now Van Ornum has already been convicted of resisting arrest and disorderly conduct. In fact, the judge told him he knew he was lying

because 3 separate uninvolved civilians testified against him. Unfortunately, the EPD used a taser against this little twat and now there is going to be a whole separate trial about whether or not it qualified as "police brutality".

I personally don't know if Van Ornum's tasing was necessary (tasing has rarely been proven to be as such). But the problem with this whole second trial is now all those idiots down

at Crazy People for Wild Times are making a martyr out of this asshole. Everyone is now forgetting that this dude committed crimes before his tasing.

People seem to be quick to come to his defense, saying he was the victim of over-zealous police officers. Although that may be true, what of all the cars, bikers and pedestrians Van Ornum

sprayed with his bottle, containing a substance unbeknownst to them? Van Ornum's civil right to protest is absolutely defensible, but it doesn't give him the right to obstruct or aggravate others just trying to get to the fucking bus station.

Walking around, blocking traffic and spraying people with an unknown substance is certified asshole behavior. Ian Van Ornum can suck my pesticide-covered balls.



*Hippie Zombie Killer 5000 is a program designed to seek out and destroy all bare-footed, dreadlocked hippies here in Eugene. It's like the SkyNet of hippie killing.*



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# I Hate Eugene

## Dane of the Dead

*Four reasons why Eugene is a waste of public tax dollars.*

**Native Eugenians:** You people need to get off our ass. As college students we often partake in an evening of alcoholic favor. But we do so in our designated little section of town. There's none of you living over here in our direct vicinity, and if you do then you're an idiot—go move to West Eugene with all the other townies. Seriously, every time I walk into a local store or business ran by anyone over 40 I get this sneer like they think I'm going to shotgun a beer and break a door right then and there. Let me explain something to you assholes: The economy of this little shitstain town runs on the flood of loan/daddy's money that comes with 20,000 college students every fall. So if you don't want us to come and burn all our cash in your stores, go ahead and keep being assholes. But if you still want to live in the South Hills with your Prius and 52" plasma, you better shut the fuck up and provide some goddamn customer service.



### **The Faux Culture:**

There are two kinds of fake hippies left in this town: The first are the people getting rich on selling you \$8 Organic Peanut Butter at The Kiva, and the second are the dumb college kids who buy it from them. While I can't complain about the first group's use of the capitalist system to sell people expensive peanut butter, hippies themselves often do complain about that very same system, making me hate them. They like to tell you that they're able to maintain their

communal garden with love and friendship—they seem to forget about the 35% mark-up at their local business. Yet the worst kind of hippie left in Eugene is definitely the kid who came here for college after being told their whole life that



Eugene was a different world. They are trying to live out that dream of being a weird, progressive Eugenie. You've seen these people—they bike everywhere rain or shine, they don't have a TV, they've spontaneously veganized and they do acid before going to class. This wouldn't be a problem if they hadn't been seen wearing Old Navy, eating Taco Bell and listening to Green Day the year before. These kids are gigantic, massively huge posers. These douchebags didn't come to college to learn about themselves, they came as moldable pieces of Silly Putty © ready to be fornicated by the naturally grown, biodegradable, pesticide free cucumber-like cock of sustainability. Oh and it's in. It's in deep.

**The Roads:** Have you ever been to West Eugene? The fuckers running this place only use tax money to fix the things they want to use. Just because we're college kids we don't get to drive on roads that were made after 1951? Not to mention Eugene's civil engineers haven't had the balls to tell City Hall that when population expands, you have to knock things down and widen/fix roads. Let me explain something to you about public planning: when a city grows to an extent so large that your normal facilities can no

longer support them, you must expand your facilities. In the 1850s European cities exploded in population but had no way for people to move about the city quickly. So do you know what they did? They tore down entire blocks of buildings and put in giant roads. The only thing the asshats in Eugene have



managed to do is widen where Hilyard crosses at Franklin so all the "normal" inhabitants can escape the campus area faster. How many dead ends are there in this town due to poor planning? Alder at 19<sup>th</sup>? Ferry at Broadway (The Jail)? Why do these roads exist? Also, making every street "one way" is great, but keeping the speed limits at 25 mph doesn't make any sense. One-way streets are the modern public planner's way of expediting quick movement through a city in a certain direction. Retarding the speed limit so that I can bike faster through town is just, well... God what the fuck is wrong with these people?

**Housing:** The problem lies with the fact that Eugenians want to keep a small-town feel to their city. The difficulty with that is that Eugene is the second largest city in Oregon. They simply refuse to re-zone areas of the Campus Neighborhood so that ample housing can be built for students. Just last summer, they battled so that a new seven-story apartment complex was shaved down to just four. Now not only are they forcing freshmen to live in Duck's Village, they are openly endorsing urban sprawl. With housing diminishing near campus, more and more students have to live in newly developed areas out in River Road and Barger. It seems to me like the hippies would be all over them for doing so, as new housing cuts down their precious "trees" and their stupid "environment" but alas they are silent on the issue.

The current state of pricing for housing ON campus

is now just ridiculous. Now, all you fans of Adam Smith out there will be quick to point out that since they have chosen to lower housing density within the campus area without a change in demand that the price will naturally rise as you get closer and closer to campus. The question remains, why have they chosen to do this? Paying \$1000 a month with a \$1000 deposit for a 750sq.ft. apartment is fucking insane, especially when for the same price you could rent a house twice as big in West Eugene. Not to mention there seems to be a general lowering of standards in the quality of living as you concentrically draw closer to campus: a "shittification" if you will. Not only is the housing dilapidated and expensive, but the roads look like they were built during the New Deal. The streets out in the River Road area are perfectly fine—but I have to drive down 17<sup>th</sup> every day where there's a 5 foot wide paved ditch in the middle of the road.

So are there any redeeming qualities to this place? The short answer is "No", and the long answer is "Fuck No". Eugene is a place caught between directions—



so unwilling to change with the times, yet so adamant about their own progressivism. It's in the natural food store owner's example

that we find the best simile to Eugene's plight as a whole: too self-righteous to deviate from their own anti-establishment rhetoric, yet too successful to stop marking up prices to pay for that Prius. As an Oregonian I am disappointed by Eugene's own contradictory nature, and cannot wait to get the fuck out of here and never come back.



*Dane of the Dead can't tell the difference between hippies and Zombies. Can you?*

# I Hate The University of Oregon

Sean of the Dead



Oh, U of O. My time here feels like it has been so long, yet so short. It seems only yesterday that I eagerly roamed the campus as a high-schooler on Duck Days as following that propagandist (also known as Student Ambassadors) that touted all the great things about our future university. I still remember my anxiety and excitement to register for classes at IntroDucktion, the awesome meal at Carson Dining Hall, and hearing about the wonderful learning and development that we would receive 'at this fine institution'. My subsequent disappointment that year was a harbinger of the four years that I spent trapped in this aloof, mechanistic and hypocritical institution. The food at Carson soon took a turn for the worse, my first classes failed to inspire me, and... well, let's just say that the learning and development part was a little exaggerated.

I think what I hate the most about the University of Oregon

is how it has changed me. I hate how it has taught me that there is no such thing as right or wrong. There is no pure good or bad. Everything's relative and has to be looked at from the other person/culture's point of view. This moral relativism is probably thought of as 'becoming educated' by many of the liberal-minded professors on campus. I don't deny that understanding the complexities of the world is important and helpful, but I lament the straying away from simple thought. I find myself questioning everything, which my professors would say is good. But that questioning makes the world confusing and overwhelming. The U of O has turned me into a moral relativism monster and I hate it for that.

The U of O, while having indoctrinated me with liberal moral relativism, has also pushed me away from liberal or progressive ideas. It was here that I found God (not in the sense of an organized religion)

and recognized the power that transcends us. It was here that I joined the military; definitely not a progressive or liberal institution. I found the Oregon Commentator and rejected the hypocritical and divisive ideas of the Multicultural Center. The funny thing is; I am not as conservative as most people think. I've been a moderate almost my entire life. Part of me adopted conservative/libertarian/moderate rhetoric just to spite the progressives on campus. Part of me did so out of rebellion, not wanting to follow in suit with most everyone else. It is evident that, much like my predecessor to this article Ossie Bladine, U of O has for the moment made me a conservative. Once I am out of here I am almost certain that I will become the moderate that I was always destined to be.

Yes, it's true, I hate the University of Oregon much like most of my colleagues at our fine publication. It almost seems that disdain for the U of O is a

uniting trait of the Oregon Commentator. Here are just a few highlights of my favorite parts of this fine middle-of-the-pack institution:

### Social Justice groups

It is astounding how judgmental and ignorant some of our most esteemed college students are. These people that I refer to refuse to see other points of view or perspectives, and are usually absolutely disrespectful to anyone that disagrees with them. These people, who I will leave unnamed, ironically are people that accuse others of being uneducated and ignorant. They tout the ideas of diversity and tolerance while failing to maintain those values themselves. These are the progressives and social justice groups on campus. These can range from pacifist vegans to anti-military Obama lovers to White-hating Latino supremacists to Recycling nazis to anti-smoking longboarders in Birkenstocks. From what I have seen they are mostly well versed in their fields (usually Ethnic Studies or one of those cop out majors) and articulate. Make no mistake: they are not stupid people and I am not saying so. But they are remarkably ignorant and intolerant of anyone who deviates from their ideals.

I also like the fact that social justice groups constantly talk about their own constituents reaching upper echelons of society like higher education and better jobs. Don't get me wrong this is a great thing to be fighting for but the hypocrisy comes in when a minority person thrives within the majority's society, accesses higher education and is accused of being 'assimilated'. The people who were raising a racket about discrimination suddenly flipflop and scream out divisive rhetoric when the minority is included and given the same opportunities as the majority group. It seems evident at this point that these social justice groups do not just want equal opportunities. They want to maintain racial divides and become the majority. Much like the populares and optimates in the old Roman Republic, they are no better than the people they oppose and only use their inferior social position to convey righteousness and legitimacy.

The most ironic part is that they often hide

behind the blanket of diversity. And they often explain that diversity is not about racial diversity but about ethnic/social diversity. The implication is that diversity of ideas and opinions is what they really strive for. Yet they constantly undermine that by ostracizing and criticizing different opinions. In fact, on this liberal campus the Oregon Commentator, the ROTC/Military Science department and the UO College Republicans should be heralded as the protectors of diversity. There is a reason I found refuge in the seemingly moderate Department of Economics. Many of the professors there actually are pursuing many of the same issues that these progres-

*"In fact, on this liberal campus the Oregon Commentator, the ROTC/Military Science department and the UO College Republicans should be heralded as the protectors of diversity."*

sives are but with fresh and innovated ideas, without the tired, over-used, cliché rhetoric.

### Bureaucracy

I've only had a small glimpse of this but the top-heavy bureaucracy of the University is amazing. Serving on the Undergraduate Council has shown me this. With all of my utmost respect to the faculty and students serving on the UGC, I have to say that I am astounded by the inefficiency of University policymaking. We spent this entire year discussing grade inflation and after many months of interesting but intangible discussions, we finally finished a proposal regarding grade inflation. What's worse is that now that we've approved it, has to be reviewed by at least two or three similarly-named councils and committees and boards before finally bouncing up to someone who can actually DO something. The administrative system of the University is horribly convoluted and bureaucratic. Just remember that at every level of bureaucracy are administrators who have to be paid, and are often paid very handsomely (I'm partially exaggerating, because many of these administrators are volunteer faculty). It's quite amazing that anything is ever accomplished in the University at the administrative level.

### UO Bookstore

First off, stop with the lies that everyone is a part-owner of the UO Bookstore. As one of my most esteemed professors once said, "I've yet to see a paycheck from the bookstore." Second, for-profit or not-for-profit it's a ridiculously high priced provider. I can only live with my-

# An Open Letter to the Electronic Entertainment Industry

Dear Pricks,

I hate walking by GameStop. Not because it's in a mall, which I also hate, but because GameStop seems to embody everything that is wrong with the Electronic Entertainment (ok enough of that—you people make **video games**) industry. Giant, burly (space) marine cut-outs gaze menacingly out of the display window, staring down the cheese stained nerd mesmerized by the chance to pre-order Killgun III: The Black Holocaust Night. When did the industry decide to either produce either annoyingly cutesy titles like Pokemon or badass action titles like Resident Evil? What makes it so difficult to build a game that's just fun, without the testosterone infused "badassness" or ham-fisted "cuteness"?

The whole issue with games being "tough" is the biggest culprit. Just about every fucking game produced these days features a walking man-tank who might as well have replaced his arms with mini guns. If it's a woman then it's a woman-tit-tank wearing a goddamn fraction of the amount of clothing required for her work. Whatever happened to regular fucking people that aren't incased in or flaunting a lack of armor? Every fucking hero and heroine looks, sounds, and acts the same. This is all the result of lazy writers too busy to pen a decent story with characters in more than 2 dimensions.

That's right. Story writers are also sucking it up in the industry. Every plot flits from point to predictable point, and the only variance is you're either a modern day marine fighting terrorists south american-dictators ex-communists the corrupt United States, or a Space Marine fighting Deep Space Horror number 2,403. What happened to making an original plot? Here's a great idea: instead of phoning in on your job (writers), spend maybe 45 minutes brainstorming potential ideas. Christ you could make a first person shooter set in the 15th century centered on a Mayan Warrior during the Conquistador invasion. There, free idea! Just stop making fucking marines! And no more of this user generated shit either. It's lazy and its got to stop right now.

If you've ever played an early Mario game, you'll know that each level moves from point A to point B, and then you play the next level. Looking at games like Little Big Planet and Far Cry 2, you seem to have forgotten that you need to provide actual content and development. The two games are examples of your utter lack of desire to provide any content and let users "make up" their games as they go along. Heads up fuckers! Gamers are some of the laziest people on the planet, the last thing we want to do is put effort into what we make. You need to produce games with actual story lines and actual levels that are self contained. Key word, self contained, sequels are boring and clichéd and we're all fucking sick of them.

You guys really need to stop making cliffhanger sequels. Half Life one was a complete game, Half Life Two is split in to episodes for the sake of digital distribution and design. Halo Two should be a complete game but isn't, because it would be better to have a cliffhanger for a thoroughly mediocre third release. Double your sales, halve your effort! It's incredibly irritating to come to the end of a game and find it's a cliffhanger and I'll never see the resolution for these characters until the sequel (doesn't) come out. You want a good idea of a franchise? Look at Prince of Persia. While not the strongest examples of great characterization (looking at you, Warrior Within) at least the games all work in a closed loop, only tangentially connected to the ones before. Make games a single fucking story!

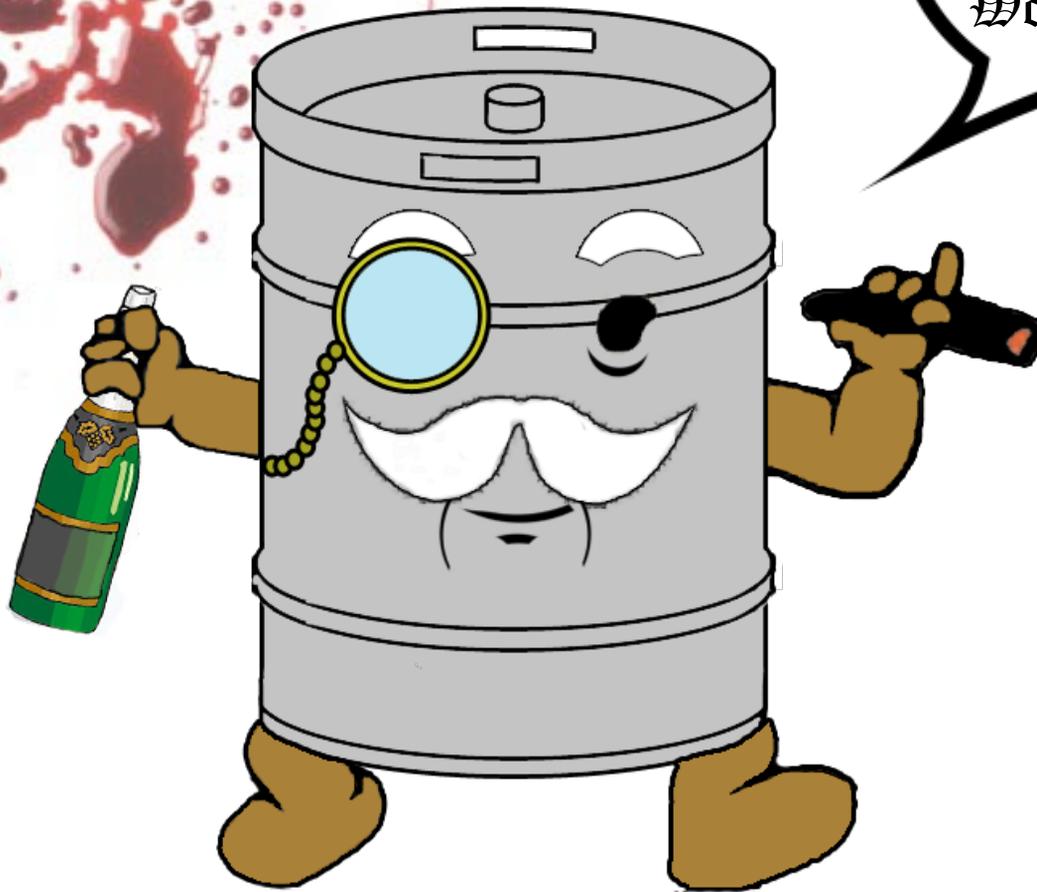
Back in the day, it was cool to make a game about fighting zombies with squirt guns or a monkey in a gerbil ball. Publisher's really aren't to blame, because they're operating off what the developers give them. Developers also aren't to blame, because they're producing what the audience (read: YOU, FUCKNUTS) are paying them to make. So all the problems in a once vibrant and diverse industry now refined down to shit and cliches are your fault.

I hope you're happy.

Affectionately,  
Death Coil

## SUDSY'S OLD, WEALTHY AND ECCENTRIC BENEFACTOR

**LORD KEGSINGTON**



A black man in office!!  
What's next...  
Women's suffrage?

**HIS HOBBIES INCLUDE:**

**OWNING LAND**

**HOARDING WEALTH**

**DOMINATING THE SERFS**

**MAKING FUN OF THE POOR**

**BEING VERY CONSERVATIVE**

**He's also been overheard dropping some of the following gems:**

*"You say sink, I say urinal. I don't really see the difference."*

*"How much? A dollar? What the fuck is a dollar?"*

*"I've been perfectly aged to perfection in order to carouse with the highest classes, in the highest spirits."*

Lord Kegsington designed by Pete Leskiak

# I Hate Americans Who Don't Love America

Carly "Omega Man" Erickson

America is inarguably the greatest nation on earth. We've got capitalism, fast food, real football (none of that Euro soccer shit), and guns. Oh, not to mention the good ol' American dream. That's right, you can be born in a cardboard box in Russia, and grow up to become a millionaire in America. Basically, America is all about freedom. If you want to walk the streets with a cigarette in one hand



and a pistol in the other yelling about your issues with the government, well then you can go ahead and do so. Here in America, we have so much pride we even take it upon ourselves to celebrate other countries' holidays as though they were our own. I mean, do most college kids really know what Cinco de Mayo represents anyways? The answer to that question is no, but that's not the point. The point is that we have so much pride and enthusiasm that we take any excuse we can to celebrate and have a damn good time.

So, assuming America is as great as I say it is (which it is), nothing irks me more than Americans who hate America. I mean, really? Nobody is about to stand there and tell me that they don't like to drink beer, eat cheeseburgers, and watch shit get blown up. I mean, we invented ketchup, the pickup truck and free speech. It seems that where people tend to get led astray in their love of America is in politics and stereotypes or something. Now, apparently people in Europe and shit think we're all loud-mouthed half-wits, and some Americans tend to get all wrapped up in those beliefs. Well, all I can say is get the fuck over it. We think plenty of things about other coun-

tries, like how the French smell bad and the British are assholes. People just need to let it go and have some pride. All those other countries are just jealous. Well, not everybody can be the greatest superpower in the world. Seriously, we started out as a bunch of left-out Brits, and now we are phenomenal and unbeatable.

The other part of this, politics, is where people are always complaining. I absolutely cannot stand it when I hear people say "if so and so wins the election, I'm moving to Canada." I just wish I could pack their bags for them. You see, you have to think of America not only as your country, but as one of your dearest friends, and let's face it: The people you love mess up sometimes. Things constantly go awry. Things happen like, "Ohh no, he got wasted and peed on the couch," or, "She got drunk again and ate all the good chips." When your friends do things like this, you just accept it and move on. So, if America vomits on you now and again, it doesn't mean you should stop loving her.

Overall, America is about freedom and awesomeness, and if you don't like it, get your stupid ass out of here, because I need to drink a beer and sing the national anthem in the company of my fellow patriots.



*Omega Man Erickson bleeds red, white, blue and some other kind of substance we have yet to identify.*

# A Countdown of the Top 10 Modes of Transportation I Hate

*Mortis the Pestilent wants you to not be able to move--it makes it easier for him to hunt you down.*

## 10. Jogging/running:

Unless its from the cops, you won't catch me running anywhere. I am not fast I just don't run. As a mode of transportation running is terrible, slow, painful, and exhausting. As a hobby it just seems like a lame cop-out for uninteresting people who don't want to buy sporting goods. Marathon runners are excluded from my hate because that shit is brutal.



9. Longboarding: Do I even have to explain why I hate this pathetic excuses for skateboarding? If you longboard, fuck you and your Sector 9, especially if you're "The Phantom" (I really, really hate that guy).

8. Segways: An overpriced, stupid looking scooter thing for lazy/fat people. Need I say more?

7. Tiny electric car things: who ever thought that



a fiberglass one-person box on three wheels that couldn't do 30 with a tailwind was a good idea? Probably some dumb "environmentalist" that thinks electricity is "green." Guess what? The majority of the electricity in the U.S. is generated by coal power plants and nuclear reactors. I also hate hypocrisy.

6. Recumbent bikes: "I want to ride a bike but I don't want to get off my grey-haired lazy ass. I need a recumbent" Sorry pops, but I am not riding anything that is completely invisible to a rear-view mirror. Have fun getting right-hooked at that next red light, gramps.

5. The bus: the bus can be cool in large metropolitan areas but in small shit-holes like Eugene, it's a terrible experience. Your either next to smelly old people, freshman heading to Lane, meth-heads, or LTD bus drivers (also smelly). Sweet, I just waited 45 minutes to be crowded into a small area with noisy people that I despise. Seriously LTD can suck my sweaty hairy nut sack (admit it, crazy yelling guy has a good point).



4. Walking: It's slow, and I hate it.

3. Taxis: Paying an exorbitant fee to get my drunk-ass hauled home in a smelly Crown Vic, is not my idea of a good time. Thank you but I'll stumble home on my own (not walk home but stumble because I hate walking) Of course one could always just piss on a cop car and get a free ride home in the back of a smelly Crown Vic.

TURN TO TRANSPORTATION, PAGE 42

# 2 Minute Hates

## I Hate the "Like" Epidemic

"Like" is a huge epidemic. This word that normally is reserved for an emotion or simile is slowly taking over all the verbs in our language. Somehow, "like" now can mean, "do" "say" "think" or "feel". How does this even make sense? The worst part of the "Like" epidemic is when "like" is used completely superfluously. Take a grammar or vocabulary lesson, people. Please note that there are words called verbs in the English language, and they signify action. Use them. And don't be offended if I come up to you on the bus, in the library, in class, or on the street when you're yapping away on your phone and tell you to SHUT UP.

-Mortis the Pestilent

## I Hate Spring Weather

Every spring this campus undergoes a change that I cannot understand. I'm obviously talking about the influx of skirts, tank tops, flip-flops and boobage that comes hand-in-hand with sunny weather. This causes undo harm to my ever wandering mind—seriously, try to put those things away, I'm pretty sure I have homework to do or an article to write or...

The biggest problem with this seasonal change is the fact that we only get to experience the change from the scarved to the scantily clad during the sunlit months of the year. For the students of Oregon, this comes as a problem because we maybe get 2 full sunny months of school a year. The rest of the sunshine comes in summer, when all them fillies go back to their respective dens of hotness. So take my plea as the plea of all the ol' polecats around campus ladies—this November, wear that upper 1/3 thigh-high skirt and halter top. It'll make our grayer days at the UO just a little bit sunnier.

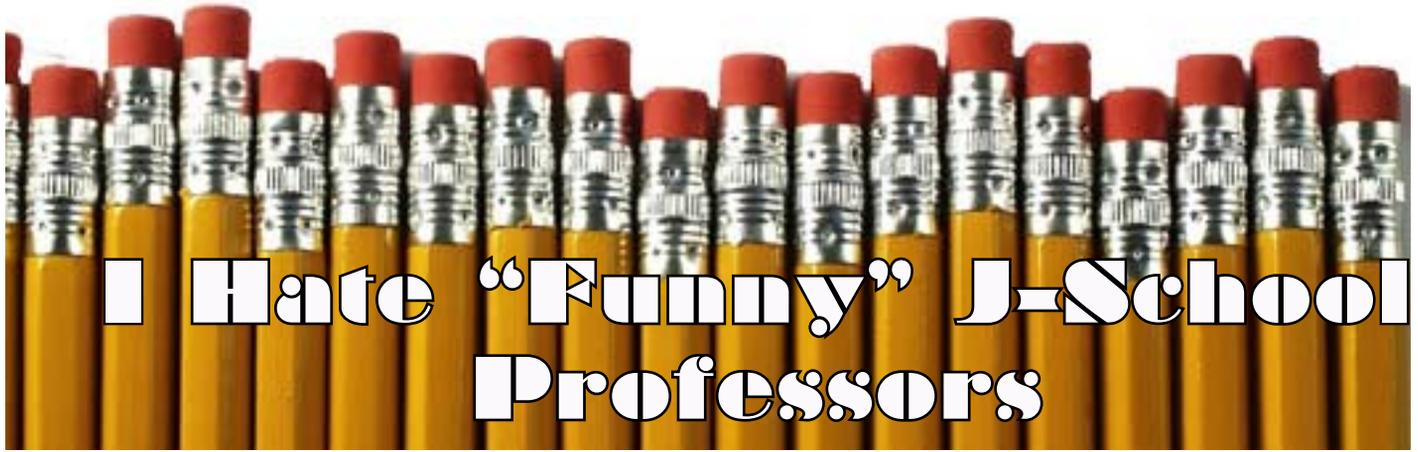
-Dane of the Dead

## I Hate Passive-aggression

Eugene, you have no balls. Sorry to tell you this but, if you are going to talk shit you need to grow a pair. These passive-aggressive slights that you like to pull, the glares, the murmurs behind peoples backs and the exclusionary/cliquish attitude you have, are going to get you kicked in the teeth. Words need to be backed up with actions. If you talk shit you need to face the consequences and when I confront you can't just get out of it by saying, "chill out, dude!"

The good thing about Eugene being completely pussified, is that if you subscribe to a belief in, what I like to call "active-aggression," you can pretty much get away with doing/saying anything you want. To go along with this, I also hate laws that prohibit dueling. Dueling would be such an efficient way of settling the disputes that now take months of bureaucracy to decide. If you defame my character or question my honor I could just, pull out the glove, slap you in the face, and proceed to set a time and place to settle the dispute like men. This would make people a whole lot more polite.

-Mortis the Pestilent



# I Hate "Funny" J-School Professors

Scott "Slicer" Younker

**D**o you remember when you actually had to think of funny things to say?

I do. I got an entire Seinfeld bit in my freshmen level journalism classes when the teacher went off on how ridiculous every seed bagels are. The affair was both riotous and time consuming, so much so that he actually removed a homework assignment from the list because of the time he'd wasted.

Ahh, freshman year: a strange golden age of comedy from my various professors. Sophomore year was pretty decent as well, but that year passed by for me in a haze of Dux Bistro salads and drinking away the smell of Caesar dressing.

This year, my third torturous year at the University of Oregon, it all changed. Sure, the professors still make jokes. Sometimes they're funny, but for the most part it's gotten stale. Is it my college burn-out? Possibly that I don't care what most of these blowhards actually have to say? No, that's not it, because occasionally I do like learning, and sometimes they do say stuff that I makes me want to listen.

What, then changed my sud-

den dislike for upper division J-school classes?

Barack Hussein Obama was elected as the 44 president of the United States of America.

That motherfucker changed everything for the worse. Now all the old jokesters sitting high in their moral thrones of J-school superiority think that if they make a Bush joke or an Obama joke they'll be comedy gold.

They are so irrevocably wrong that it's kind of funny.

I was sick of the Bush jokes after year two, unfortunately, Jon Stewart kept the theme going and now, professors and students alike quote him as if he was the next Jesus. Ha, ha, Bush is a moronic jackass. Who *hasn't* heard that one? It's so GODDAMN funny, isn't it?!

I heard a J-school professor say a joke along these lines in class: "Well, at least with Obama we'll see some real change." And he laughed at his own joke along with the twenty or so other people who would take Obama's splooge all over their smiling faces.

Let's just make this point known, just because it seems like everyone is now involved in politics doesn't make every-

one a political humorist. In fact, it makes most people sound like tools. Also, let it be said that I'm not bagging on Obama here. He's whatever to this issue. It's his fault that he got elected - sort of - but I'm not blaming him for all of the terrible humor that's come out of his ascension to the Presidency.

Professors, for comedy's sake, PLEASE, please stop using Bush and Obama jokes as crutches to make your vapid students love you. They probably don't, even when you do use those jokes.

I'm just asking you to, I don't know, come up with original material maybe, or change up your jokes. You know, for every Obama/Bush joke, you make three or four non-Obama/Bush jokes. And Cheney doesn't count, so stop with the shooting people in the face jokes.

I know, I know, we aren't coming to college to learn "original" things but I'm begging you to try. For the love of God, just shut your trap and get back to teaching me how to avoid libel suits.



*Scott "Slicer" Younker is a contributor to the OC and has a gift for you in his 12-gauge...come and get it.*



# I Hate Shaquille O'Neal



## Dane of the Dead

Shaquille O'Neal, rated by many as the 5<sup>th</sup> best center of all time, has 4 Championship rings, an MVP trophy, 3 Finals MVP trophies, a ROY award—the list goes on. But quite honestly, like a lot of native Oregonians, I fucking hate this guy.

It starts off with the fact that if I was ever next to him in person, I'm afraid he'd be too captivated by my succulent leg and start gnawing on me. Seriously, I know Shaq has lost some weight in recent years, but for a while there he was threatening to push 4 bills. Should any professional athlete other than golfers get fatter while they're still active in professional sports?

Second, have you ever wondered why this guy is so loved? I'm sure he's a nice person on the inside and in private life—I certainly can't judge that here. What I can judge, however, is the image he puts out on the public forum. What I can't understand is how he's such a douchebag to everyone associated with the League yet they're all in love with him. Remember a few months ago when he was in that game with Orlando, talking about how Dwight Howard better not "flop" against him? Sure enough, Super-fat-man took an elbow to the chest from Howard and hit the ground like he'd just been flattened by a Mack truck. This is the



same dude who got all bitch, piss and moan-y about Vlade Divac flailing his arms like he was trying to fly every time Shaq bumped into him.

What about when he asked Kobe to ask how his ass tasted? It looks like Kobe doesn't give a shit how your ass tastes, Shaq—he may well actually win another championship, while you will be hanging around Arizona in short-shorts busting people for misdemeanor crimes. Which brings me to my last and most pertinent point about Shaq.

This dude was, and to some extent still is, a fucking cheater. Here stands a man 7' 1", 340lbs and a physical specimen the likes of professional sport has never seen. Yet just because Shaq was stupidly giant, the league allowed him to plow through people like it was a snow day. The guy would just camp out in the lane for the

entire 24 second shot clock and once he got the ball, he's spin into the basket, lower his shoulder and knock his opponent to the ground. Shawn Bradley, Arvydas Sabonis, Vlade Divac, Brian Grant and David Robinson all got this treatment, with fouls called on them to boot.

Almost all great Hall of Fame centers had a great back-to-the-basket game. But Kareem and Wilt spun across the front of the basket, not into the basket. Running over people in the game of basketball is against the rules. If it wasn't, then how come Robert "Tractor" Traylor wasn't the 2<sup>nd</sup> greatest center of all time? His ass was just as fat, if not fatter than Shaq's.

It's the end of Shaquille O'Neal's career, and for that I am eternally grateful. Now I don't have to watch his cheating fatness and the flagrant no-calls by the referees anymore. Only 525 more days to go...



*Dane of the Dead is just a whiny Blazers fan.*

## More 2 Minute Hates



### I hate the Student Rec Center

So I figured over the past 3 years, I've gone to the gym an average of about two-three times per week. And over the past 3 years, I've been able to witness certain guy's behavior that I just can't stand! Half the time I get my best laughs of the day from watching guys at the gym. Anyways, here's my top ten things not to do at the SRC.

- 1) Don't text while working out. I'm sure you can wait an hour or two while you're at the gym before texting your homeboy or that slut you met at that frat party last weekend
- 2) Don't wear hats in the gym, what are you trying to do? Hide from the paparazzi outside? Shield your eyes from the sun... inside?
- 3) Don't blast your music so loud that people can hear it working out two benches down from you, not everyone cares to hear "This is why I'm Hot" on repeat
- 4) Yes I was using that 35 lbs weight, so next time ask me if I was using it before you just take it and assume I can't lift that much weight
- 5) Don't wear over sized head phones, this isn't the 80's
- 6) Don't match your shoes, to your socks, to your shorts, to your boxers, to your shirt, to your undershirt, and then to your iPod, you look ridiculous.
- 7) Put down those dumbbells, stop doing bicep curls, and step in to the squat rack 'cause your legs are the size of a 10 year old little girls.
- 8) Don't drink a protein shake while working out. 1) Your body can't break down the protein to use it as energy while you workout, and 2) you body won't absorb it fast enough to help you rebuild muscle (that's why it says on the package to take within 30 minutes AFTER you work out).
- 9) Don't be a dick and leave your 45, 35, and 25 lbs weights on the bar for someone else to re-rack, do it yourself.
- 10) Leave your bible and other literature at home, that's self explanatory.

### I Hate Soda

Yesterday I got a Dr. Pepper, took a sip, and spat it out. Soda tastes like shit. The last time I had a Pepsi was after working hard all morning, I needed a cold beverage, and water wasn't available. There's absolutely no reason to drink soda. Nothing in it has any nutritional value in any way. Caffeine is a terrible diuretic, so there's no way sodas will "refresh" you anymore than a pint of beer. Soda contains phosphates which are absorbed into your bones in place of calcium, so it weakens your bone structure. Christ even the sugars in soda aren't any good for energy. This stuff tastes terrible and has no practical use to anyone. Dump it all.

-Death Coil

### I Hate Chris Anderson

I have a violent, visceral reaction every time I see that douche factory on TV. Andersen is like a monstrous version of that really annoying kid who thought he was hot shit on the basketball court during recess. I guess no one ever had the heart to pull that 30 year-old man-child aside and say, "Hey, fucknut. We're playing a real game here, so grow up. And while you're at it, get some of those embarrassing tattoos removed."

Of course, every time I bring up my hatred of Anderson, some chach-bag is all: "Oh, but he's got such a great story! I mean, kicking the drugs and getting back in the league and all!" Fuck that. How come no one gives props to all the other mediocre players in the NBA who didn't get canned for putting the equivalent of Latvia's gross GPD up their nose?

I don't care if Andersen is 6'10". If I saw that bitch on the street, I'd punch him right in the cock. (Hell, I'd kick my own ass if I was Andersen.) Sure, he'd put me in the hospital, but at least I could wake up from my coma and say, "Well, at least I'm not Chris fucking Andersen."

-Boomstick

~ Megan "The Sound and the Fury" Adams

**I Hate Indie Bands**

(Note: all band names were made up on the spot. Any similarities to real bands are purely coincidental)

"Nah, man, I was listening to Dirty Sausage Assassin before anyone knew who they were". "Ya, that's chill, I had the Infinite Virgin album from Bludgeoning Patriarchies before they signed to a label and went all... Mainstream".

Have you ever heard a conversation like this? Most likely from some over-confident hipster retard? Well I have, and I can't stand it. No one gives a flying fuck if you were listening to some shitty band before they got popular. Yeah, I had heard the Numa Numa song before the fat guy did the lip-sync, but I don't necessarily tell anyone that. And what in God's name is an Independent Label?! Isn't that an oxymoron in itself?

So, dear readers, I beg you: if a beret wearing, capaccino drinking hipster comes up to you and begins to talk about an unknown, terrible band that will most likely simply fade back into the abyss from whence it came, walk away. The hipster is trying to recruit you into their cult of bad music, and even worse business sense.

-The Unknown Zombie

**I Hate Big Sunglasses**

Let's get something clear, ladies. Wearing giant sunglasses is a trend started by the ugly but very self-aware girls. You see, these sunglasses are big enough to cover up the most important and prominent parts of their faces--the brow, the nose, the eyes and their cheeks. By covering up these crucial facial structures, you aren't able to see their hairless mole-like eyes or their non-existent cheekbones. You can't see that they're ugly. These girls know this, and are using it as a tactic to cover up their clubbed baby seal face.

So here I am, hot girls of the world, asking you to remove your big stupid sunglasses. They are absolutely hideous, and the only reason girls started wearing them in the first place is to cover up their facial imperfections. If you want men to think that your a cave troll that's your prerogative. Just know that if you really want to do a good job of covering up your ugly face you can always put a bag over your head.

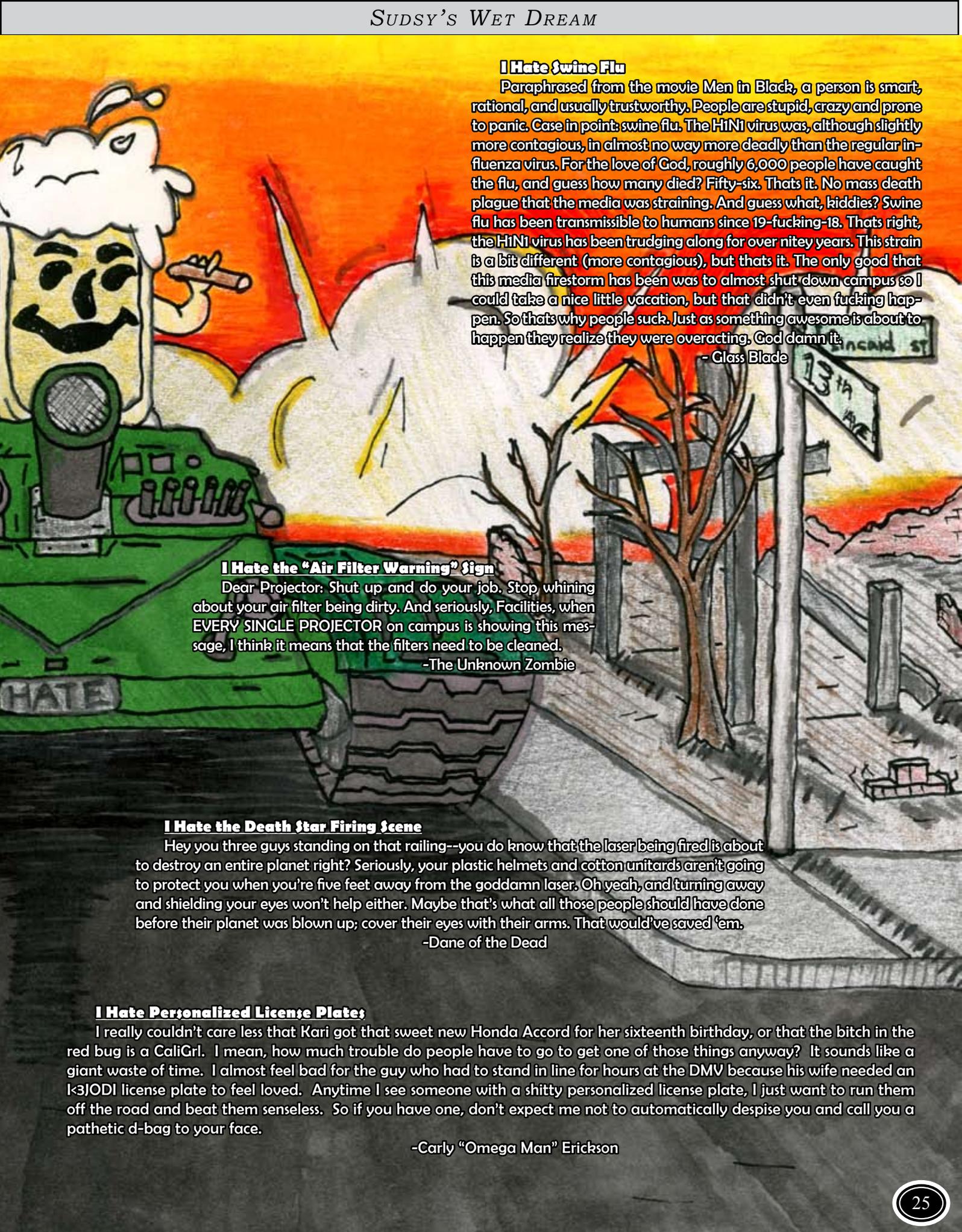
-Dane of the Dead

Have you read the worst joke book ever! What has two legs and wipes his ass with his own joke books?

**I Hate Poor People**

There are rich people and there are poor people. Similarly, there are strong people and there are weak people. This is the natural order of the world, except now there are so many poor people whining about their station in life that some of the rich people are fighting on the poor people's behalf. These efforts are filthy, serving only to perpetuate the disgusting cycle of the weak and stupid. If you spend your time in a huge pile of shit, wasting your existence away performing a job that a nutless chimp could manage you damn well deserve what you got. If poor people want a better life, they shouldn't whine at the strong for handouts. They should rip themselves out of the wretchedness that is their pathetic lives and get a better god-damned job.

-Guy Helsing



**I Hate Swine Flu**

Paraphrased from the movie Men in Black, a person is smart, rational, and usually trustworthy. People are stupid, crazy and prone to panic. Case in point: swine flu. The HiNi virus was, although slightly more contagious, in almost no way more deadly than the regular influenza virus. For the love of God, roughly 6,000 people have caught the flu, and guess how many died? Fifty-six. Thats it. No mass death plague that the media was straining. And guess what, kiddies? Swine flu has been transmissible to humans since 19-fucking-18. Thats right, the HiNi virus has been trudging along for over nitey years. This strain is a bit different (more contagious), but thats it. The only good that this media firestorm has been was to almost shut down campus so I could take a nice little vacation, but that didn't even fucking happen. So thats why people suck. Just as something awesome is about to happen they realize they were overacting. God damn it.

- Glass Blade

**I Hate the "Air Filter Warning" Sign**

Dear Projector: Shut up and do your job. Stop whining about your air filter being dirty. And seriously, Facilities, when EVERY SINGLE PROJECTOR on campus is showing this message, I think it means that the filters need to be cleaned.

-The Unknown Zombie

**I Hate the Death Star Firing Scene**

Hey you three guys standing on that railing--you do know that the laser being fired is about to destroy an entire planet right? Seriously, your plastic helmets and cotton unitards aren't going to protect you when you're five feet away from the goddamn laser. Oh yeah, and turning away and shielding your eyes won't help either. Maybe that's what all those people should have done before their planet was blown up; cover their eyes with their arms. That would've saved 'em.

-Dane of the Dead

**I Hate Personalized License Plates**

I really couldn't care less that Kari got that sweet new Honda Accord for her sixteenth birthday, or that the bitch in the red bug is a CaliGrl. I mean, how much trouble do people have to go to get one of those things anyway? It sounds like a giant waste of time. I almost feel bad for the guy who had to stand in line for hours at the DMV because his wife needed an I<3JODI license plate to feel loved. Anytime I see someone with a shitty personalized license plate, I just want to run them off the road and beat them senseless. So if you have one, don't expect me not to automatically despise you and call you a pathetic d-bag to your face.

-Carly "Omega Man" Erickson

# I Hate Crying Babies at Restaurants

Saara "Babyeater" Lankarani

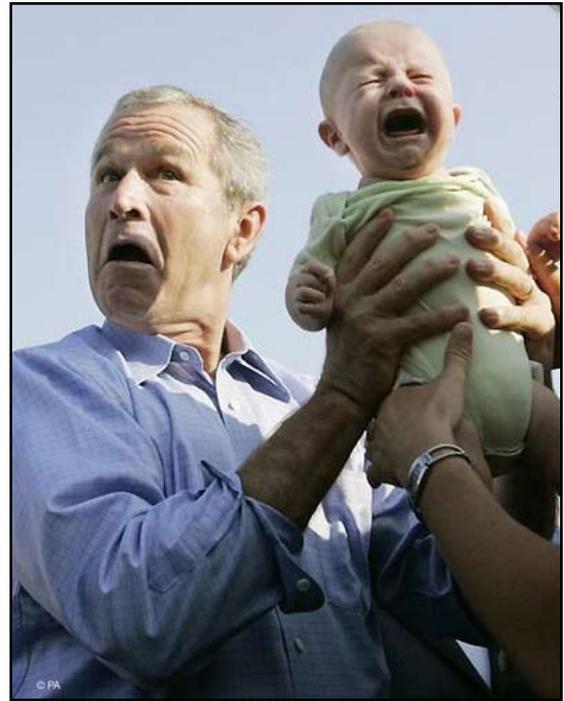
We are taught as children not to bite the hand that feeds us, but I would venture to guess that this metaphorical 'hand' never tried to sit through a three-course meal in the company of a toddler.

The mentality for bigger, faster and stronger has engulfed American society. It teaches us to break down subcultures and trends in anticipation of further improvement. Today, yet another critique is ripe for establishment. The target perpetrators, in this case, are naïve parents who are under the impression that it is socially acceptable for their children to accompany them in a wide range of public settings, particularly dining establishments. We must keep in mind that these culprits, brand new to the world of parenting, cannot be too harshly castigated. However, these matters of parental control must be disciplined before they are left to escalate.

I will admit here that I, myself, am not yet a parent, but the fact of the matter is that this issue is actually about the divide in two cultures: those without children and those who have become parents. Moreover, this cultural crisis is, at its core, about newborn parents' acute unawareness of the child free community.

Do you think that our founding fathers ever took their children to formal public settings like restaurants, or, did they perhaps opt to leave their kin in the hands of a caretaker or family friend? They must have yearned for a break from the grind of their everyday lives, eager to escape their responsibilities as political figures *and* family men. It is impossible to know all of the details of their personal lives, yet, it would seem, this was either not an issue in the early stages of America's development, or more compelling issues had left this catastrophe of social etiquette overlooked until now.

It could not have been so long ago that these



now frazzled parents and fallen spirits of the single world- watching their meals get cold as they frantically attempt to quiet their wild-eyed, raucous children- were also meeting their friends for drinks? Perhaps upon the birth of their children, critical memories of their former lives were erased, somewhat like the effects of the Neuralyzer that Tommy Lee Jones and Will Smith utilize in the *Men In Black* films. Parents often seem entirely oblivious or unconcerned with their surroundings in restaurants. Intentional or not, their crimes against fine dining deny all partisans involved of a pleasant experience. Not only does it cause anxiety for child free patrons to witness the image and audio of a toddler wailing in fright while covered in bolognaise sauce and baguette crumbs, it is nerve-racking for restaurant staff to remain reserved while silently pleading for the unbridled chaos to mend itself without having to intervene.

Aside from the children, distressed in a foreign environment and unable to communicate their pains, the parents are, in fact, the ones suffering the most in this scene. Often unfamiliar with this scale of tantrum from their child, they are eager to appease them but simultaneously unable to enjoy the idea of an extravagant meal as their toddler's screams compete with Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" and the whirlwind of mari-

nara sauce begins to make the white tablecloth look more like a war scene than a table setting. Parents look to restaurants to avoid the stresses of cooking, but this is in exchange for a much greater literal and figurative tab.

I may critique the anxiety-ridden scene of parents taking their children to dining establishments, and shudder at the sound of a shrieking child in an otherwise mellow ambience, but, in fact, I sympathize with the children being dragged into settings that are difficult and foreign to them. After all the grievances of trying to enjoy a meal amidst the dining calamity at a table nearby, I too found myself stressed under the red and orange ambient lighting, and panicked at the volume of MGMT's latest hit in the background. Suddenly, I wanted nothing more than to abandon the flux of urban life and hurry home and fall sleep to the sound of silence.

I would love to relive the taste of the 2002 Pinot Gris that my table of friends ordered last weekend in our night downtown, or the conversations that we engaged in while catching up on one another's lives.

Unfortunately, the only lingering memory in my mind is the shrill cry of a toddler, exasperated in a public establishment and unable to decipher why she was still unable to sleep at 11 pm.

As a respectful citizen of my community, I attribute at least a portion of this etiquette to my own parents, whom, foremost, taught me the magnitude of selflessness in parenting. Their priorities before and after having children shifted from themselves first to their children first. To insist on dining in restaurants with young children is both selfish and reckless. Children cannot be expected to understand the behavioral changes with varying environments, and parents should not feel compelled to restrain them

to these environmental expectations when they are just beginning to adapt to the world around them. Those who have chosen to not bear children or to keep their children at home while they dine should not be made to suffer. This is not to say that young parents should not join the dining world at any time they choose to do so; they, if anyone, have accepted a responsibility much greater than several workloads and professions. They, too, deserve a reward from the duties and stresses that may plague their daily lives.

It is logical, however, that those who have chosen to divert these aforesaid responsibilities should not have to endure them in chorus with the owners of the burden. The couple at the nearby table did not bring her eccentric, untrained puppy to the dinner table, just as the gentleman near the door did not bring his red-faced boss who relishes barking orders, and the woman leaving the bathroom did not invite her shrill, leering mother-in-law.



Dining in restaurants should be an enjoyable experience, and an experience in which a community can bond

over identical objectives to relax and embrace a serving environment. If parents are exerting more effort to plead with their children to behave then they would ever engage in cooking dinner and entertaining their children at home, perhaps they should call a babysitter or family friend when they feel compelled to dress up and enjoy a three-course meal with a bottle of red wine. And if parents are still concerned with giving their children the culinary treats from their restaurant of choice, they can be reminded of yet another progressive idea: take-out.



*"Babyeater" is a contributor to the OC and is only upset because zombie babies don't make for good eats.*

# I HATE THE GOVERNMENT

Greg "One Man Army of Darkness" Campbell

Ronald Reagan once said, "The nine most terrifying words in the English language are, 'I'm from the government and I'm here to help.'" Reagan, being an agent of government himself, seemed to be an unlikely opponent of big government. After all, in the recent history of the executive, how many Presidents actually angle for *less* power? However, what Reagan, and those who helped elect him, understood was that government is rarely, if ever, the solution to problems that ail a nation. He capitalized on a weakened America, still reeling from the disastrous and laughable Carter administration. Reagan seized upon our weakened sense of prosperity by telling us that we should rely less on government, and more on free enterprise, which is inherently self-regulating. Instead of micro-managing with socialistic intrusion, he fostered capitalism to retrieve us from the hole government dependence had left us both economically and socially. He advocated learning to fish and cautioned us against receiving the proverbial fish offered to us by big brother.

And so, here we are, nearly thirty years after his inauguration, and we have forgotten these principles that we begrudgingly learned many years ago. And, worse yet, we have forgotten the guiding principles told to us by great men that created this nation. They, too, cautioned us against fostering intrusive government. They provided no quarter for government in peoples' lives. They allowed a limited federal government for administrative purposes, and left the rest for the States to run themselves. They made no provisions for healthcare, welfare, food stamps or bailouts. They supported free enterprise and entrepreneurialism.

So, over two hundred years later, where are we? We have an abundance of unnecessary and broken programs that help the people to remain unable



The ever-growing plague of small-government conservatives demand a return to the gold standard ... and brains. Delicious brains.

to provide for themselves. One does not have to look far to find a program that is utterly defunct and inept at serving its supposed purpose. Take a look at FEMA. We have an organization that provided the city of New Orleans with false security, only to prove that it is utterly incompetent. And that's the problem! Those that could get out before Katrina hit, did so. Those that had trusted in government for years and years trusted that government would save them in the end. Then, when FEMA could not mobilize efficiently, they seemed genuinely shocked that government had let them down! Had the government told people, "Listen, have a plan in mind in case a hurricane hits because we can't save you", people could have prepared. Instead, the message was clear: "Trust unto the government, for it will save us all and deliver us from harm". And it failed.

Need another example? The IRS has been wasting our time and money for the better part of a century. I often

wonder how I will explain the function of the IRS to my son. What will he say when I explain to him that this organization takes a significant portion of my paycheck to fund services that I do not need and may never need. Then, at the end of the year, I am to analyze my expenditures and divulge to the government what I make, and justify what I spend my money on with the hope that they won't arbitrarily tax me on business expenses and the like. Then, I must file, lest I get a huge fine. Finally, a man from the government analyzes my expenditures and decides whether or not he will crawl further up my ass with an audit, a hellish experience that serves as the main incentive to not short the government on their "cut" of my hard-earned money. Then, after all is said and done, I am grateful when they send me back a portion of the money they jacked from my paycheck. I swear, my son will, undoubtedly, think I'm fucking with him.

For a local example of government inefficiency and waste, one only has to

look at the EmX bus line. This is a free bus line that serves to transport the homeless to and fro so that they may extend their outreached beggar's tin from one end of Eugene, to the middle of Springfield. I have used this bus many times. Each time, as I ride to school from the Walnut station, I bathe in the stench of the scum that begs for money and abuses the welfare system so that they may drink steel reserve and enjoy their "life choice". My complaint is not that there is a bus line, it is that LTD has given up on the principles of capitalism and succumbed to defunct socialism where taxes, and not modest bus fare, fund the transportation of the stupid, addicted or just plain lazy. We now have a bus line that cost \$24 million in tax money to build, and a continuous flow of taxpayers' money to sustain, and the city of Eugene hopes for more money from the Messiah's stimulus package to help keep the transit system afloat.

And this is the problem: in government, if something is not economically viable, the solution is to squeeze the tax payers for more money to support it instead of fixing the viability issues!

To make matters worse, people do not readily see what government involvement costs us. We invite government into our lives with short-sided ideals. People in Eugene do not readily object to the EmX because they say, "Well, I've used it on occasion". But they do not consider the other alternative; that if the bus ran off of bus passes, it would cost the taxpayers significantly less to maintain because those that use it would support the transit system, and those that do not use it, will not be forced to pay for it. Furthermore, nobody could ride the bus unless they had helped, in small part, to pay for it. Instead, we have local taxes paying for the transportation of those that do not pay taxes. And thus, the classic illustration of the shortcomings of socialism.

When we invite government into our lives, not only do they not do as they promise, but they make matters worse and they never leave. It's happened over and over again. We panic, and a crisis ensues. Suddenly, a government official comes to the supposed rescue. After World War I, we needed additional funding to cover our war debt. So, de-

spite no constitutional provision for it, the IRS began taxing people modestly. 90 years later, it has grown from a small intrusion to the formidable money-devouring beast it is today.

In 1929, sensationalistic newspapers published accounts of the gruesome St. Valentine's Day massacre. Suddenly, people were worked up into a frenzy. So, after years of trying, the government, being unable to outright ban fully automatic weapons, provided a tax provision to try and make them cost prohibitive. That cost is still around today 75 years later. My point? Once government sets up shop, they have no intention of leaving.

So now we are at another crossroads. People are frightened over the poor state of the economy. So, we look to our government to fix that which is self regulating (when not undermined by socialistic policies), and Obama, in 100 days, has helped triple the deficit that it took Bush eight years to accrue.

We must think long and hard before we invite government into our lives, for we invite them not as houseguests, but landlords. We must trust ourselves enough to govern our lives as we see fit. We cannot expect elitists in Washington to provide for us, we must do that ourselves. I advocate a slow strangulation of governmental intrusion by systematically eliminating governmental influence in our lives. We must not look at the effects of government on the surface, but with each vote we cast, we must look at the long-term ramifications of emboldening an already monstrous government. Furthermore, we must ask ourselves, "Can I do this myself?" We should pay taxes for those things that cannot be accomplished without government, such as national defense or court systems. We should not seek out government to relinquish our money and sovereignty with the hopes that they will make better choices for us than ourselves. And so, when government tells you that they are there to help, heed the words of a true leader and tell them, "I don't need your kind of help".



*Greg Campbell will destroy you with his boomstick. Unless the government gets to you first...*

## I Hate Student Protests

Do you really think that anyone gives a shit about what some privileged student "activist" has to say about sweatshops, or any other pointless cause they are protesting these days? The only thing student protests do is serve to annoy/get in the way of people that are going to school for other reasons than "political activism." I hate you and your stupid chanting that I have to listen to while I am sitting in a computer lab actually working class projects.

I also hate anyone that approaches me with a clipboard, No I don't have a "minute for the planet" and no I don't want to hear about "Marxism." What I want to do is go along my way and get home as soon as I can to enjoy a microbrew and a joint. So get the fuck outta' my way.

Furthermore I seethe with hateful spite for anyone trying to hand me anything. All I can hear when someone is trying to push their "hip-hop show" flyers on me is "hey bro, could you throw this away for me?" Throw away your own damn flyers, I got shit to take care of.



*Motis the Pestilent is out for OSPiRG supporting student zombie brains.*

# I Hate You

*A quick reference guide on why I hate everyone on campus (and you can too!)*

**Hippies:** You smell. No matter what you say, I don't keep my eggs in cages—I keep them in cartons. I steal from and puke in your communal gardens.

**Hipsters:** Fixed gear bikes are an over-complication of a simple device. Frisbee sucks and anyone who pays \$40 for Chuck Taylor's should be gassed.



**Bros:** I can see your nipples through that Abercrombie shirt. Also, livestrong bracelets are for douches and guys with 1 ball. Which are you?

**Californians:** If California is so great, then why the fuck are you here?

**Washingtonians:** Seattle is not like a bigger, better version of Portland. It's more like a bigger, poorly planned, smells-like-rotting-fish-douche version of Portland.

**ASUO Members:** All you pre-law dumbfucks couldn't run a hot-dog stand. Actually, that's insulting to the hot-dog stand lady — she's way smarter than you.

**The "God Loves U" Guy:** At least Jed Smock shows up every year and yells at people. You standing there silently makes me think you're slowly kidnapping people and telling them to use the lotion or they'll get the hose again.

**Student Athletes:** Stop acting like pricks and shooting animals with airsoft guns. Just because you are giant and can catch a ball shouldn't mean you get a free education while I'll finish 60k in debt.



**Professors:** I hate you via processes of pure mathematics. The 3 good ones I've had are far overshadowed by the 25 shitty ones. I'm glad you're all "poor" and have to drive a 97' Camry — some people just get what they deserve.

**Eugenians:** The economy of this shithole town runs on our money flooding into your businesses, so stop complaining about us being rowdy, noisy and generally belligerent.

**Bicyclists:** When you run stop signs, I run you over. Those are the rules. Let's see you get pissed off when you're picking your LED light out of my windshield.



**Sorority Girls:** No one believes you're tan in January. I do, however, believe you're orange. *This just in:* leggings aren't a substitute for pants.



*Dane of the Dead is the incoming publisher of the OC and is now giving out free hugs!*

# I Hate Zionism

Just in a Hearse

Zionism is easily the Zone of the most racist and unjust political movement that is considered legitimate today. I hate Zionism because I am an American, one who believes democracy, liberty and justice for *all*, the separation of church and state, as well as international humanitarian laws, all of which were signed by the US. Every human being, regardless of race, or religious beliefs are entitled to the basic human rights granted to them by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, of which Israel (the Zionist state and a member of the UN) should be bound. However Israel (with help from the US and it's Security Council Veto which it has used over 40 times to protect Israel) has made a complete mockery of all International Humanitarian laws, including the Fourth Geneva Convention on War, which Israel signed on to as well. In this country it is virtually impossible to call Zionism what it truly is: a violent and racist ideology. In essence Zionism was a colonial enterprise; it's an outdated practice that has led to the apartheid that exists today in Israel, except instead of white rule over black Africans (as happened in South Africa), it is Jewish rule over Arab Palestinians.

The creation of Israel cannot exist, and has not existed without the forceful and violent subjugation of the indigenous Arab population, who had lived in the region for generations and generations. This was the same with colonization and apartheid, a practice that is morally unacceptable by modern standards. How a group



**Couched between its good friends Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Egypt, not to mention plopped on top of Palestine, Israel is, by all accounts, an exciting place to live.**

of people can claim a right to a land that hasn't been theirs for 2000 years while denying that right to the people who had been living there since is absolutely absurd, no matter what the "good book" says. This claim is even made even more ridiculous by the fact that although the Bible does grant the Holy Land to the Jews, it stipulates that they have no right to rule or conquer that land before the coming of the messiah. This is why some of the most orthodox and fundamental Jews, as well as many others, are extremely anti-Israel and believe Zionism is heresy (if you don't believe me, just go to [jewsnotzionists.org](http://jewsnotzionists.org)). This is due to the fact that Zionism places the state

above the Torah, ignoring and sacrificing the teachings of Judaism, (thou shalt not kill, to mention one) in order to create and preserve the Zionist state, which some compare to the golden calf. It is no wonder that the Christian right is such a vehement and uncompromising supporter of Israel, since the Jewish domination of the Holy Land brings them one step closer to the Rapture. Before I go any further, I think it would be important to note that I do not hate Jews (in fact in many cases I love them passionately. Just ask my Jewish girlfriend). I reserve my hate for Zionists, who refuse to admit that Israel is a racist aggressive state that America has no place supporting as much as it does, with over \$3 billion in "aid" over the past 25 years, which is just the tip of the iceberg.

Before rambling about how unjust and racist Zionists are, I believe that it is important to give y'all a short little history of the Zionist movement, at least at the point when it was officially recognized by the world powers. After WWI when the allied forces took over the Ottoman Empire, Britain gained control over what is now Israel (as well as Jordan). In 1917 Lord Balfour declared the British plans to create a Zionist state in Palestine at around the same time the Brits promised the Arabs the right to create their own state. At that time Jews only made up less than 10% of the total population in what is now Israel, but according to Lord Balfour, "Zionism, be it right or wrong, good or bad, is rooted in age-long tradition... of far profounder import than the desire and prejudices

of the 700,000 Arabs who now inhabit that land." Though this statement may be typical of an early 20<sup>th</sup> century imperialist British leader, however for Zionists this belief has not changed, as the desires of the Arab Palestinian has been consistently ignored throughout the history of Israel.

The early Zionist leadership has no delusions about the necessity of expelling the Arab population, by force if necessary, in order to create the Jewish state. This ethnic cleansing of the indigenous began Arabs occurred after UN Resolution 181 was passed, partitioning 55% of the region to the Jewish minority, including major Arab urban centers and 80% of Arab citrus groves, while leaving the rest of the 45% for the indigenous Arabs who made up two-thirds of the population. It was no surprise then that the Arabs refused to accept this partition, leading to war in which the Israelis ended up with 78% percent of Palestine, leaving the Gaza Strip in the hands of the Egyptians and the West Bank in the hands of Jordan. Contrary to popular belief, the War of Independence in 1948 was not a case of an Arab Goliath vs. an Israeli David. It is common knowledge to anyone who wishes to be aware of the facts that the Israeli had 50,000 regular troops who were better trained, equipped and prepared than their outnumbered Arab counterparts.

Even before independence was declared in May of 1948, followed by the invasion of the surrounding Arab armies, the various Zionist militias had already forcibly expelled 350,000 Arabs, blowing up homes, and terrorizing the local populations along the way. Those who were not forced left out of fear, knowing the fate that would await them if they stayed and waited for the Zionists. This was all part of David Ben-Gurion's Plan D, officially written up in March of 1948 in which Zionist forces were ordered to expel the local population and prevent their return in order to create the conditions necessary for the Jewish State (Ben-Gurion was the leader of the Zionist forces and became Israel's first president). Occasionally while carrying out Plan D the local population

was massacred, in order to scare the masses into leaving on their own. One especially horrible case took place in the port city of Haifa on April 22 1948, where Zionist forces were ordered to "kill any Arab [they] encounter" and "torch all inflammable objects." Those who made it alive waited in the marketplace 100 yards from the main gate to the port waiting to flee their besieged city. As the crowds of innocent civilians waited for their chance to depart from their city they were bombarded by 3-inch mortars, sitting ducks for the Zionists. This caused a panic causing a stampede to the port where boats were overcrowded, causing many of them to sink taking their passengers down with them.

After the war officially started, the UN sent Count Folke Bernadotte to arrange a ceasefire, who had previously worked saving Jews from Nazi terror as the president of the Swedish Red Cross was sent to arrange a permanent peace, and had the audacity to suggest that the refugees already expelled from their homes be allowed to return or be compensated for their losses. Not only did Israel refuse to listen to Bernadotte, the Stern Gang, a militant extremist Zionist group led by future Prime Minister of Israel Yitzhak Shamir, assassinated him.

The UN accepted the proposal by Bernadotte, as shown by UN Resolution 194, which demanded that Israel allow the return or repatriation of the 750,000 Palestinian refugees from the war. Israel did not follow the demands of the UN and has blatantly violated International Humanitarian law, making a mockery of the UN throughout the states history. The land belonging to Palestinian refugees was confiscated by the state of Israel, as they claimed that the ¾ of a million people left on their own free will without intending to return, which they were prevented from doing by the Israelis. This is truly is the root of the entire conflict. There are now millions of refugees, both outside and inside the borders of Israel, which were a direct product of Zionist aggression. Israel's refusal to accept responsibility for the millions of refugees produced by the creation of the Jew-

ish state is inhumane and extremely douchy. Here is what a conversation would look like between a Palestinian and the Israeli leadership a few years after independence (which would never happen, since the Israel denied that Palestinians even were a people, just ask former Prime Minister Golda Meir) if it had ever occurred:

"Hey you kicked me out of my home, you should let me come back or pay me back what you stole"

"I didn't kick you out, you left voluntarily, so I don't owe you shit."

"Well can I come back?"

"Hell no, you aren't Jewish."

"So if I was Jewish I could come back?"

"Yup"

"So a Jew in Eastern Europe or in America has more of a right to live in my country, where my family has lived for countless generations, than I do?"

"You got it, in fact we just moved a Jew from Brooklyn into your former house. Real nice place you had."

"What about my family who is still there, will he have the same rights as his fellow citizens who are Jewish?"

"Well, technically your family would be citizens of Israel, but not a member of the Jewish nation, which is more important because we reserve equal rights for Jewish nationals, not for all our citizens."

"That doesn't make any sense. There is a difference between citizenship and nationality?"

"You got it"

There were 150,000 Arabs left within Israel after the war, all of whom have become second class citizens, denied the right to even build more houses, since the government (which owns around 90% of the land inside Israel) reserves the land of Israel for Jewish settlement. Soon an Arab citizen of Israel (who make up 20% of the total population) may be jailed for up to a year for not complying with the notion that Israel is the Jewish state, if the bill passes through Israel parliament. If life for Arab Israelis is similar to what life was like for blacks in the Jim Crow south, life for Palestinians in the occupied territories (the West

Bank and Gaza, taken by Israel in the 1967 Six Day War, which has been under a strict military occupation ever since) is reminiscent of life for Bantus under South African apartheid.

The Israelis have not annexed any of the occupied territories (except East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights in Syria) due to the fact that if they did they would have to make the millions of Arabs living their citizens of Israel, which would sabotage the Jewish nature of the Jewish state. Today there are just as many Arabs living in Israel and the land it occupies, as there are Jews. Though the land technically doesn't belong to Israel, it hasn't prevented them from treating it as their own. In violation of the Fourth Geneva Convention, the Israeli government continues to settle Jews throughout the West Bank, and has spread the settlements throughout the West Bank in a way that would make it virtually impossible to dismantle them, making the chances for a viable two state solution completely impossible. These settlers are free to move as they please, while Palestinians are restricted by hundreds of checkpoints and roadblocks and a huge apartheid wall, which disrupts their daily routine making it extremely difficult for them to work, go to school and live support themselves. The settlers, who are allowed to carry around assault rifles, are free to harass the defenseless Palestinians with impunity. Whether the settlers throw rocks at schoolchildren as they try to walk to school, or break into Palestinian homes shooting residents and destroying all their possessions, one thing is almost always certain, the Israeli soldiers will do very little to stop them. If a Palestinian retaliates in any way he is locked up, potentially over. Gazans have it even worse. Though the military pulled out, they still control their borders, which are under a blockade that prevents many necessities from entering Gaza. Along with the weapons, medical supplies and food had to be smuggled through the tunnels from Egypt, that were bombed by Israel in the Gaza massacre that killed 900 civilians earlier this year, in order for many Gazans to survive. Before

the recent bombardment of Gaza over 80% of Gazan civilians were dependent on foreign aid for subsistence and survival. For more about the inhumane treatment of the Palestinians in the occupied territories, I suggest reading *Palestine Inside Out* by Saree Makdisi. That shit will blow your mind.

Many of you will say that Palestinians are terrorist and that their predicament is their own fault. Though I do not condone terror tactics I understand why Palestinians continue to resist the illegal military occupation, it is not like these attacks are unprovoked which the Israeli leadership would like you to believe. Condemning these terror tactics as in violation of international law, which Israel loves to do when condemning terrorists, is absolutely ridiculous considering the violations of those same laws by the government of Israel on a daily basis with the ongoing occupation, especially the allocation of water, as Israel takes 95% of West Bank water for themselves, leaving only 5% for the millions of Palestinians who live there. How can a country expect a population it has under military occupation to adhere to the International Humanitarian laws that they themselves don't follow or respect? It is a fucking joke. The idea that a group of people has the right to treat millions of people like dogs and then cry foul when the dog bites back is fucking ridiculous. But here in America we not only believe them, but those who don't and choose to question the humanity of the Zionist state are labeled as anti-Semites or terrorist sympathizers. How is it less terrorist to bomb dense civilian populations with supersonic jets, knowing that hundreds of not thousands of innocent civilians will die, than to launch some uncontrollable rockets, or blow yourself up on a bus? Once thing is certain, regardless of the intended target, it is all terrorism to the victims. Israel is no less terrorist than the Hamas and Hezbollah militants, who have both had legitimate claims to resist Israeli occupation, although the means in which they carry out this resistance may not be as legitimate.

So what can be done now? The Zionist state exists, but the Zionist dream has not been fulfilled, and in my opinion it never could be. There is simply no way that Israel would be able to expel or wipe out the millions of Palestinians in order to make a Jewish state in the Land of Israel, from the Mediterranean to both banks of the Jordan river, without isolating itself (even more) from the rest of the world. Zionism is an outdated racist ideology that has no place in modern politics, so Israel should give up being the "Jewish state" and be the state for all of it's people, whether they are Christian, Muslim, Jewish, Oriental or European. That is the only way I believe Israel has any chance at achieving peace and guaranteeing their survival. Hey if the South African whiteys can do it, why can't the Jews? In a democratic secular state everyone's right would be guaranteed, without giving more rights to Jews over Arabs or Arabs over Jews. That would be pretty damn cool, but first Zionists need to see the error of their ways, admit that they have not always been right, and change.

I realize after writing this that there is a shit ton of information and important details that I left out. If you read this far (which I doubt many of you will) and you have any problems with what I have said, or just have a question you can send your hate to [zionismsucksmynuts@gmail.com](mailto:zionismsucksmynuts@gmail.com). I am eager to hear from y'all but don't waste my time arguing that all atrocities have been committed by Arabs against Jews, because I am sure I will be able to name an equally atrocious act committed by Zionists. I fucking hate Zionism, and will celebrate the day that Palestinians can return to their homeland and leave in peace and on equal footing as their Jewish neighbors.




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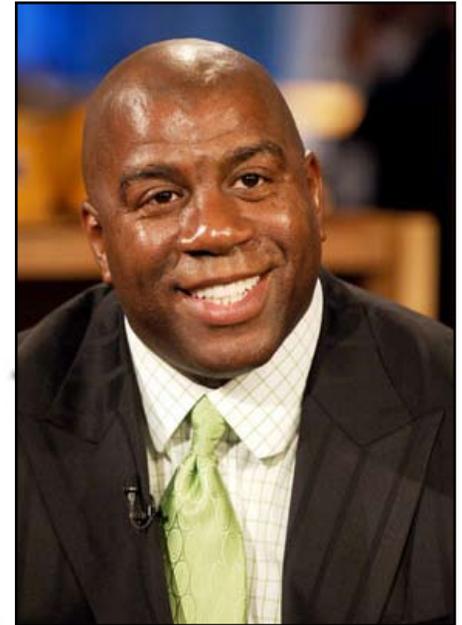
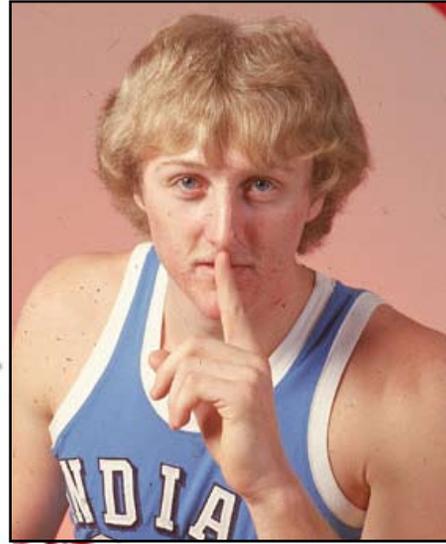
*Justin Hurst is a contributor to the Commentator and wants everyone to know Grandfather didn't escape from the Nazis so he could blindly support racist Zionism.*

# I Hate the NBA

There's a special reason I hate the NBA: David Stern. Stern is the commissioner of the NBA and is a graduate of the law school at Columbia University. He was initially legal counsel to the League, but moved on up the ladder to commissioner 1984. Luckily for him, this was at the height of the Magic – Larry Bird rivalry, and it can be argued that Stern, and indeed the League, enjoyed success and revival because of the Lakers – Celtics rivalry.

Unfortunately for David, athletes peak rather quickly, and by the end of the decade he was in need of a way to keep the NBA fresh in the minds of consumers. Ever the opportunist, and with the greatest player of all time (Michael Jordan) beginning to peak, Stern decided to aim the League's marketing strategy in a new direction: instead of marketing the Lakers v. Celtics rivalry, he would highlight individual players. So what is the problem with Stern's marketing plan? Unfortunately, it is the manner in which it directly effects the purity of the game of basketball, specifically with regards to officiating.

How does this relate to referees you ask? Simply put, the referees in the NBA are employees of that organization, and as such have been instructed to treat star play-



ers differently when deciding on whether or not to call them for violations like fouls, 3-seconds etc. It's no surprise that star players garner preferential treatment either. If Kobe doesn't play, do you really want to watch the Lakers give it to Paul Gasol so he can shoot baby hook shots all night? Who wants to see giant, bald Lithuanian Zydrunas Ilgauskas play without LeBron? Nobody. Unfortunately this makes pro basketball games the most worthless contests in professional sports.

In addition to giving star players 8 steps of continuation and not whistling them for fouls, Stern has began using this officiating technique to orchestrate entire playoff series. There are two good examples of this, Shaq and Yao. Starting with Shaq, it is obvious to any neutral observer of his career that he should

have been called for about 800 more offensive fouls than he has been. The guy weighs 340lbs but that doesn't mean he gets to just run people over. In Stern's view though, who is more exciting to watch in the NBA finals? Kobe and Shaq, who plays in the biggest market LA? Or whimpy little Sacramento, the worst place on earth? Or how about the Trailblazers stuck in miserable Portland? The fact is, Stern told referees to let Shaq bulldoze people because he couldn't risk having teams in small markets with no-name players into the finals.

Yao Ming is the second example of this, although this one has only came evident to me after this last year in a series with the Blazers. After the Beijing Olympics this summer, it became increasingly evident to the NBA and



America that China has a vast appreciation for basketball and it's superstars. The first 4 games of the Blazers-Rockets series this year was officiated just atrociously: the Blazers simply couldn't touch Yao without getting a foul called on them, and it's pretty easy to understand why: As the NBA, who would you rather see advance and play more games? The Blazers, who come from a state with an unemployment rate of 12.9% and might not have the cash to dole out for playoff tickets or products advertised during games? Or would you rather have Yao Ming being beamed out by satellite to 1.3 billion people in China, buying jerseys and products advertised during his games?

The simple fact is, many professional sports leagues have changed their rules or compromised their integrity in order to become more ap-

peeling and make more money. Football passes new rules every year making it easier for quarterbacks to throw for 5,000+ yards. Baseball knowingly let players at the turn of the century inject themselves with steroids so they could whack out a few dingers. But none of these are as blatant or ob-

vious to the spectator as the rules in the NBA, simply because of the pace of the game and the instantaneous nature of the variance in calls. The NBA is the worst offender because the bad calls are literally right in front of your face. As an observer of capitalist economics, I understand the relation of individualistic marketing ploys and net income for the League. Yet as a fan I just want them to see the game called fairly both ways. I love the game of basketball, but David Stern's marketing strategy has turned the NBA into a joke.



*Ortimus, Lord King of the Crab People has pledged his armies to the zombie cause. Now that he has some free time, he has decided LeBron James must join him or die.*

## I Hate Hambeasts



They roll slowly along the sidewalk in electric carts, like a miasma creeping through our city streets. You've seen them on busses, in Wal-Mart, and on Jerry Springer. They are Hambeasts, and They are among us.

Hambeasts, those sickening, morbidly obese shells of human beings, exist for one purpose only. They are leeches, a parasite on society.

They exist only to consume, expand, and then die of heart failure from their massive cholesterol. These people have no place in any civilized society and display an appalling lack of self respect and responsibility. Fuck hambeasts.



*Death Coil likes to shoot only the biggest, juiciest zombies.*



**Author's Key:**

Dane of the Dead: Dane Carbaugh  
 Sean of the Dead: Sean Jin  
 Just in a Hearse: Justin Hurst  
 Sarah Barracuda: Sarah Mollner  
 Hell en Fuego: Helen Metts  
 Guy Helsing: Guy Simmons  
 Mortis the Pestilent: Ian Summers  
 Death Coil: Ross Coyle  
 Drew Splattermole: Drew Cattermole  
 Glass Blade: Gordon Glass

A commentator Announcement

Performing July 2, at Autzen Stadium:  
 - Blue Knights - Denver, CO  
 - Santa Clara Vanguard - Santa Clara, CA  
 - Oregon Crusaders - Portland, OR  
 - Troopers - Casper, WY  
 - Cascades - Seattle, WA

Show Starts at 7:00  
 GA Price \$20/\$10 with Student ID  
 More information at



### I Hate Beer Pong

"I'm next on the table, who want what? I am champion at beer pong Allen Iverson, Hakeem Olajuwon Don't even bounce, not in my house. Better hope you make it otherwise you naked"

*On "rappers" dropping beer pong references...* What happened to rappers boasting about the size of their chain/gun/rims? It's come to this? Beer pong?

*On sign up lists...* People are supposed to celebrate when they get to the top of the kidney donor list, not when it's their turn play beer pong list.

*On custom beer pong tables...* "Oh woah man! That's so tight! You made a custom beer pong table! Let me guess. You painted it green and yellow, there's a shitty swoosh resembling a Nike logo somewhere, and no... that can't be. It is! You put a clear vinyl sheet on top for optimum bounce!"

*On right handed people making a left handed shot...* You still aren't ambidextrous.

*On house rules...* I make a cup, you drink. It need not be any more complicated.

*On ball hygiene...* "Dude, when's the last time you cleaned the floor?" ... "Uh when did we move in?"

*On pong-centric "parties"...* death of the dance floor.

*On the target demographic...* people who like going to sweaty, mirrored rooms, to lift heavy objects in sets of 10.

*On watching beer pong...* You know that television program they have during the holidays? The one where you watch a log burn in a fire place. You watch, and watch, and watch, and finally the fire burns out. Then you rinse and repeat.

### I HATE ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVISTS

People > Animals.

~ Tom "Black Death" Steiner



# 2 Minute Hates



## I Hate the Oregon Daily Emerald

Most their stories that are written by the staff are about things no one cares about. For example their story, "Is SPfooling you?" Who cares and yes it is. I feel like everyone already knew that or does not wear sunscreen because we are in Oregon. They once had good sections like the Pulse, but now they just have ads and AP feeds. If you took out all the ads and blank space used for games it would leave only two and half pages of news.

In addition to that, if you took all the A.P. wires stories out, you would really only have the front page and the sports section. The only reason I pick-up the emerald is to play the games, not for the content.

Another thing that disappoints me about it. They smell. I am not saying good or bad, I am just saying that there is a smell. Stop calling it the ODE, that is the stupidest thing I have ever heard. Their strike was a stunt, to get more readership and people talking about them. I know this is true because when interviewing them on my radio show on KWVA about the strike they told me they sent press releases about the strike to the New York Times.

Why would they care about the University of Oregon's student newspaper that is not even recognize at their school for being a good paper? Oh because they wanted to stay independent, and the publisher would no longer make it independent, I get it. BUT WAIT! The publisher position would have no control over content. So the editor would still have control of what is in and out of the paper and the publisher, who is experienced and knows the industry, would help a failing newspaper do better. Sounds horrible. Sometimes they do not have the crossword or the Sudoku, what the fuck is up with that?! It is not funny... at all. Not even their feeble attempts at cartoons are not funny, just sad. And the "Surfing the Streets" article about the Phantom should have been called "29-year old Douchebag Rides His Longboard Through Campus Like a Wannabe Surfer Asshole"

- Sarah Barracuda

# The Extended Director's Cut



I hate that nobody told me I was doing it wrong. So apparently you are supposed to be facing away from the wall when you take a shit.

- Drew Splatterthewallmole

## I Fate Flags on the Memorial Quad

Remember how the flags on the Memorial Quad started? It was the Iraq Body Count Exhibit, a blatant but effective display about the deaths related to the Iraq War, civilian and military. To many students on campus, the grim spectacle stimulated awareness about the Iraq War that incessant news reports had dulled. The flags came twice in 2007. By the second time, it had already gotten old. And then other student groups jumped on board, like the "Slavery Still Exists" group, who littered the Memorial Quad with blue and white flags still marked with Jerry's and Home Depot (which I still never understood, were Jerry's and Home Depot perpetrators of human trafficking, or victims?) That was still a meaningful cause, however.

What really enraged me was walking on the Memorial Quad just last week, and seeing a very similar "protest" with students placing red flags on the quad about the RUSSELL ATHLETIC controversy. The flags, which used to represent my brothers and sisters in arms that had fallen in Iraq and Afghanistan, were now being used for the trivial and petty protest to ask the University to cancel it's contract with Russell Athletic. Seriously, people, I understand that you're heartfelt about the workers in Honduras, but using FLAGS? Besides... what you don't even realize in those tiny Sociology brains of yours is that US laws don't apply in Honduras. Also, keep in mind that all around the world, firms are closing factories to cut costs and bring production in line with demand. Why don't you get your panties in bunch over them? No. You don't. Because you're a sheep that's easily manipulated by bandwagon liberal causes.

-Sean of the Dead



# Deleted Scenes



## I Hate EMU Crusaders.

I do not understand the religious hot spot that the EMU amphitheater has become. I cannot walk by without having scripture yelled at me or holding a silly Jesus Guy knock-off sign. If we ask them to be quiet, they tell us they have freedom of speech. Well my tuition pays for your place to for you to dispense truth to all of us lost college kids, I think that entitles me to at least some peace and quiet while I study.

However, it has not always been this bad. Yeah sure we get the guy every now and again that uses the amphitheater as some glorified church, where they release hate against all that disagree with him and his god. But those are few and far between. Now we have a constant fight between the atheist and the Jesus yellers. The Alliance of Happy Atheist is silly. I am sorry but it makes no sense. You are a group of people who all share common non-belief in god. What do you do when you have meeting or don't go to church, talk about how cool it is

not to believe in god, or talk about how the church is controlling too much of our society. Then start a chapter of the ACLU in Eugene instead. The worst part about them is the people who walk by and ask them questions as if they really are a religion. Where do you go when you die, what are your views of pre-marital sex? I do not know... gee, let me get out my pocket atheist not-bible and tell you what it says. Please stop playing along with their dumb game.

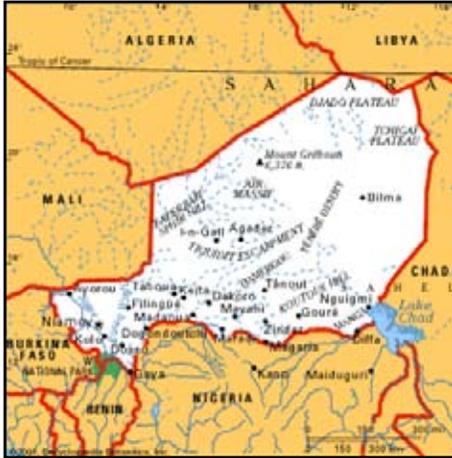
But the worst part of this non-religion religious group is that they have increased the number of bible/truth yellers. These men yell scripture at students passing by hoping that someone might hear just one word that catches their ear causing them to run to them and asked to be saved. I have never seen that happen. Most times I cannot even understand what they are saying, they do not yell clearly enough for me to understand. What I have seen is groups of students circling around them and acting like assholes trying to get a rise out of them. The assholes then walk away pissed off and unsatisfied. Unfortunately, the yeller does not walk away; instead those assholes just gave him the fuel he needs to come back again.

It is like we have our own little Eugene style Bible belt, and it the belt that is used to whip you. Whip you into Jesus or atheist shape. These EMU crusaders should just go back to where they came from and let the Jesus sign guy just sit there and smile. Unlike the atheists or the Jesus yellers he is not making anyone feel bad, he is not attacking another religion/beliefs or even making himself look stupid. He is just sitting and enjoying the day while holding a sign.

~ Sarah Barracuda



# Special Features



I hate that I mispronounced Niger in my ethnic studies class. The "G" is not a hard sound.

-Drew Splattermole

## I Hate the End of Spring Term:

### 5. Hacky Sack Circles.

Why? First of all, it's a stupid "game" made up by "bra's" hanging on the "beachin" Cali drinking "40's" and taking nightly doses of ecstasy - kind of like Sublime. Second of all, I suck at it.

### 4. That Preacher Guy Who rants in the amphitheater every year.

Why? Because multitudes of agnostic smart-ass hipsters and people with nothing better to do gather around him and actually try to argue with him - if he could be argued out of it, he would have stopped years ago - stop wasting your time and go buy a six pack.

### 3. Crowded Campus Sidewalks.

Why? Because everytime someone bumps into ever-so-slightly or gets within five inches of you they say "sorry!" Like either of you give a shit and they're a nice person. People touch sometimes - get over it, and keep walking.

### 2. K-12 Field Trips to campus.

Why? First of all, kids are annoying. Second of all the EMU gets fuck-off crowded with noisy little people who find it necessary to run around the usually quiet study-areas screaming and giggling.

### 1. Fake Tans

Why? Seriously can't you just wait a few more weeks and give yourself skin cancer the normal way? Besides, you look stupid as shit and it's obvious - unless you went to Mexico and ran around naked in the sun for a few weeks, there is no way you could have a full-body deep tan in Oregon at this time.

-Hell en Fuego



# *I Like that Old Couple Who Dances at the Speakeasy*



## Dane of the Dead

With all this hate going on here in the Hate Issue, and having written several pieces, I feel it is time to slow down a bit and maybe balance out some of the negativity.

If you've been down to the Oak Street Speakeasy lately, you've probably noticed the old couple who shows up to just about every live show. They are probably in their mid-60s and each of them has a unique style about them that always makes me smile (often necessary as the bands at the Speakeasy often end up pretty terrible).

Neither of them are exactly physically nimble; the old man walks and dances with his cane firmly in hand and the woman dances like a newborn baby foal. Yet this couple has something endearing about them. He usually sports a wool cap and humongous reading glasses a la Milton from "Office Space". She has a grayed "Jew-fro" and a dirty set of running shoes for her night on the town.

This couple thoroughly seems to enjoy themselves every night and in turn they seem to genuinely love each other. They dance to a

few songs with her tripping all over the place while he has this big grin plastered moving his "good" knee to the beat of the music.

I don't care if this couple is tripping on the crushed-up muscle relaxers they snorted right before arriving--they've got something about them that lets everyone else in the room know that they're having a great time with no pretentiousness about it.

They're there to enjoy the music. They're there to enjoy each other. They're there to enjoy their lives. Most of all, they're out to have a good time. In a city where I am constantly frustrated by its citizens, I'm glad at least someone has their priorities straight.



*Dane of the Dead is the incoming publisher of the Oregon Commentator and secretly watches Sex In the City every wednesday night.*

# 2 MINUTE HATES TO THE FACE

## I Hate People Who Hate Me for Wearing Leather

Yeah I wear leather. Not pants, but I have a jacket and some purses and some boots. I hate it when people try to make me feel bad for wearing it. It is not like I am wearing skin of baby seals, but cows and sheep. If I had the option to eat the meat, hells yes I would. I would even use the bones from it for my dogs to chew on and brains and such well I do not know, donate to schools for science. But really, before you think about throwing paint at me or whatever, think about where I stand. I only wish I could have ate that meat of the animals skin I am wearing and than use it's skull as decoration, but I am not given the option. I was in Greece grilling a lamb and it was delicious. And yes the eyes and brains were used in soup.



## I Hate Universal Healthcare

Really? This is the proposed solution to our "healthcare crisis"? By creating a universal healthcare system we would really be reducing any sense of competition within the medical community. Socialism will not reward the smartest and most capable doctors, so why should they study hard? Then, when you need a kidney transplant, you'll have Cletus the M.D. operating on you who is making the same as a school teacher. I mean, seriously, do you really want the same people who brought you universal public education and the DMV running your healthcare system? When was the last time government took control of something and didn't fuck it up and make it remarkably inefficient?

## I Hate People Who Care Too Much

People just waste way to much energy giving a shit. Sure I can get behind some causes and I do my best to live by a certain set of ideas but, people (especially in Eugene) need to learn how to take a step back, laugh at themselves, and learn to stop caring quite so much. Truthfully though I don't give a shit enough about "people who care too much" to actually hate them. I do, however, really hate people who have a problem with me not giving a shit.

Anyone telling me, "hey you should\_ \_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank with something that requires me to care)" Yes ,I want to use a disposable cup. Yes, I want a bag. No I don't want to wear a helmet, or signal while turning when riding my bike. No, I am not afraid of swine flu. Yes, I do want a beer at 10 am. I don't care what you do with your life so stop giving a shit about what I do with mine.

-Mortis the Pestilent



# JUMP

UO, FROM PAGE 15



TRANSPORTATION, FROM PAGE 19

self knowing that less than 25% of my textbook purchases actually were made at the UO Bookstore. The professors that collude with the bookstore are no better, such as the anonymous professor that requires her students to purchase a book written by a FRIEND and another book ONLY to use an online personality test. Professors that sell their own books are quite the hoot, too. Professors that sell course packets (the spiral bound Xerox-printed pages) when they could easily post copied readings online fall into this category as well. My hatred for the UO Bookstore was sealed when I was looking at graduation stuff. With a monopoly of graduation regalia and accessories, the Bookstore can charge extortion-level prices on announcements, honor cords, and tassels. 2 dollars per Announcement? 12 for Honor Cords? Please tell me that it costs \$4.50 to make a stupid tassel. The Bookstore knows that graduation is a special time for families and students, and can get away with selling these little memorabilia at ridiculous prices.

**But ...**

With all that being said, I must end this on a conciliatory note. Conservative or liberal, the University of Oregon has been a place of great growth and development for me. I have had amazing opportuni-

ties and support throughout my four years. My family stood by all of my decisions and adventures through and through. I have made the best friends of my life here. The staff and administrators that I have had the privilege of meeting and working with have all helped me in manners that are hard to quantify. Most importantly, the faculty that I have been under the tutelage of have shown me new ways to understand and interact with the world. Just about every professor in my major and minor programs has impacted me positively in some way, and some continue to do so. Economics has changed how I see and understand the world. History has changed how I interact with the world and has made me a better thinker. So to all my professors, the administrators, and my family and friends, I will be eternally thankful.



*Sean of the Dead is a contributor to the OC and is shipping out for the military, where he will be on the front lines of World war Z*

2. **Hybrids:** Self-righteous yuppie pricks just don't know how to drive or hybrids are incapable of exceeding 45 mph, either way I hate them. Oh and like the tiny electric car things I mentioned earlier, people have been "greenwashed" into believing that hybrids are clean-mobiles. They are not. Google 'battery production' to learn some interesting facts about heavy metals (not heavy metal though, for that you need to Google Manowar.). I should mention that I think Priuses (Prii? How the fuck do you pluralize that shit?) are totally awesome when they crash into each other.

1. **Luxury Cars:** I am not going to rant on about how luxury cars are completely unnecessary, usually unreliable, and ridiculously wasteful but I am going to say that I hate everyone who "drives" one. Just because your car cost more than the GDP of Ethiopia doesn't mean that you are allowed to drive like a complete douche. I know those turn signals are an inch away and you don't want to lift a figure to be that much more courteous but next time you turn without using them I am running into you. I know you can afford the settlement.



*Mortis the Pestilent is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and drives a canoe.*

## **I Hate People Who Ask Me What I'm Doing After I Graduate**

Every time someone asks me that question I respond politely with “whatever I can get. No where is hiring” but what I really want to do is punch them in the face and say “HAHA pretty boy what are you doing? That’s right bleeding for your nose.”

I am pretty sure that most these people have heard that there are no jobs out there and/or might even be a victim to the failing economy, so why would they even think that I could get a job. Unemployment rates are up, THAT MUST MEAN EVERY COLLEGE GRADUATE HAS A JOB! (By the way, Oprah is not giving away jobs at graduation like she does cars or KFC... but I wish).

If you can’t get a job and have all of this amazing experience and all of those connections you have through networking all these years, than I must be able to get a job with little to no experience and all the friends I have on social networking sites like facebook... bitch.

So please, next time you are going to ask someone what they are going to do after graduation, just punch yourself and save us both some time while I apply for graduate schools.

## **I Hate the Comic Press**

I’m not angry. I’m just disappointed.

I opened up the latest issue of the Comic Press (formerly the very classy “Weekly Enema”) to find them calling for a bar on campus, skewering the Daily Emerald and calling people “ol’ polecats.”

Gee, where have I heard that before? Frankly, I’m not sure if an original idea has ever passed through the vast empty space between a Comic Press writer’s ears. Reprinting Dino Comics? The Commentator did that first. Bar guides? Yep, the Commentator.

When the Weekly Enema first reared its poorly designed head (Speaking of which, they apparently can’t drum up one person who knows the first fucking thing about design), I said, “Well, at least someone’s trying something new.” But it’s not new. It’s just a pile of regurgitated punchlines. There is approximately one article per issue that makes me laugh.

All of this would be fine and dandy, except the Comic press has a rather large head on its shoulders for being such a sad sack of shit. Sorry, but you don’t get a spot at the “big boy table” for publishing the equivalent of a church newsletter.

If you think I’m just being an elitist dick, let’s do the math: Given that at least half of the average Comic Press issue is recycled web comics and ads, there are only about four pages of original content per issue. Now, the Comic Press comes out at about the same rate as the Commentator – roughly once a month. A Commentator issue is 24 pages, meaning we’re pumping out six times the original content of the Comic Press. And hey, it’s not like we’re a bunch of goddamn geniuses over here.

And yet, despite my lazy, drunken state, I could honestly write, lay out and publish the Comic Press on a weekly basis by myself with no appreciable drop in quality. I’m not going to say it would be better, but... nah, it probably would be.

~ C.J. “Boomstick” Ciaramella

*War on Toner  
update: It's a  
trap!*

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

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oregoncommentator.com  
541-346-3721*

# SPEW... and The Bird

## ON ETHNIC STUDIES

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“The other night I opened up my e-mail account and found a note about an abduction that had occurred on our campus. While I appreciate being notified of such occurrences on our campus, the problem I have is that it categorized a group of people under the term ‘Native American.’”

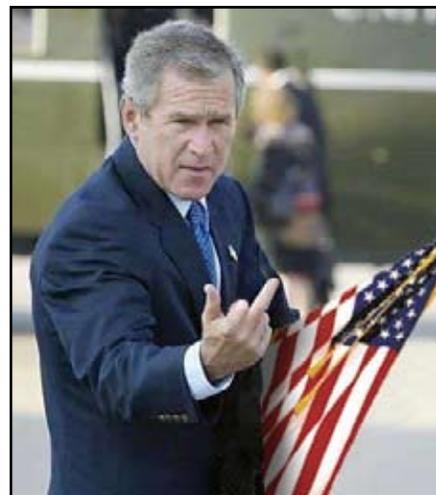
~ Stephanie M. Reyes in a letter to the Daily Emerald. We all know where this is headed...

“Students who have taken a course in ethnic studies would realize such terms are about a culture of people, not the physical descriptions themselves.”

~ Ibid. “Ethnic Studies: Where Wise Latino Women Learn to Judge Things Better Than White Male Oppressors.”

“I think there are better descriptors than the one offered. Furthermore, I think it’s a slap in the face to the Native American male students who are achieving scholastically, and someone needs to proofread the announcements before they are submitted. We have the resources on campus, and I’m sure there are many who could have asked, “What did you mean by that statement?” to help clarify the announcement, and to help pinpoint solid descriptions about the suspect.”

~ By this logic, the city of Springfield is continually slapping Caucasians in the face.



## MARKY MARK & THE ZOG-GY BUNCH

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“Whether you believe (as I do not) in ZOG, Western Civilization is a social form based on inequity.”

~ Mark Harris, local crusader for something, in the Eugene Weekly- Wait, wait, wait... ZOG? Where the fuck did that come from?

“The role of yellow, black and brown is to serve while the white man bears his burden of civilizing the rest of us.”

~ Mark again. You said it, not us, racist.



# ON THE TERRIOR OF ANGER

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“I speak rage from my own traumas, dilemmas and dramas. What I rage about is your illogical logic.”

~ *ASUO Multi-Cultural Advocate and noted wordsmith Diego Hernandez treats Student Insurgent readers to his slam poetry in “A Taste of My Rage.”*

“You dispute people’s stories of hate, prejudice and racism, because you don’t live it, feel it, see it, or experience it. Of course I’m mad, because I am fucking sad.”

~ *Ibid. Diego laying down the beats, Dr. Seuss-style. We hear there’s a sick record deal in the offing.*

“I am irrational to you because your rationale is set to leave your passion out.”

~ *Yes, rational thought tends to favor logic over emotion. You are correct.*

“I ain’t going to sell out, my bias makes me me and I know you can’t see. Because what you see is what they wanted you to see, so you wouldn’t be free. So don’t fuck with me and say I’m stuck on race, but that shit is always in my face. I get angry when you try to erase, with that smear look on your face, the pain that runs through my veins, I want to get out of these fucking chains.”

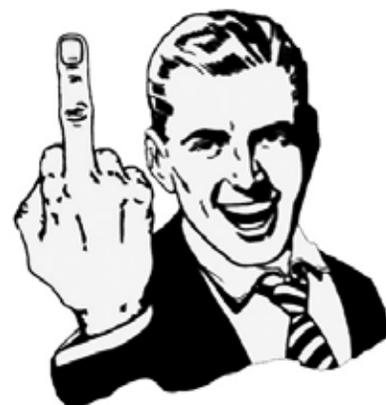
~ *We genuinely apologize for any smear looks that may have crossed our faces.*

“I curse so I can deal with the curse of seeing my people cry and suffer. What do you know about pain when your part of the dominant game, you wouldn’t know the difference between ghettos, reservations, barrios, and projects.”

~ *Hernandez explains why the caged bird says “fuck” a lot.*

“So here is my racial project, my short story, not meant for the overprivileged majority and I ain’t goin’ to sugarcoat shit, so you can understand what comes out of my lips, there’s a reason why you don’t understand, and I don’t give a fuck if you don’t stand me I’m not here to cater for you or he.”

~ *The Diego Hernandez Catering Service is NOT available at this time.*



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