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The Only Love Potion
Too Sudsy To Swallow



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-six 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.



The Sex Issue



"Let's talk about sex, baby. Lets talk about you and me. Lets talk about all the good things and the bad things that may be. Lets talk about sex."

There is a lot of drama on campus lately. People are claiming that the Pacifica Forum has created an "atmosphere of hate" and the latest vandalism of the LGBTQA office has only added to the frustrations of many students on campus. Plus, the ASUO is starting to get bogged down in the drama that is election season. So here at the *Oregon Commentator* we figured everyone could use a little love (and a little sex) in their lives.

Love is the most beautiful thing in the world. It is the only thing that makes life on this planet more bearable. Sex... well it's sex, and who doesn't need a little more sex in their lives?

Sex is like a Clint Eastwood movie; There's the good, the bad, and the ugly. We felt like you could use a good laugh so we compiled some sex stories for your pleasurable enjoyment. Some of the stories will make you laugh, some might make you cringe. Overall the *Oregon Commentator* wants to remind you we all make mistakes – even when it comes to sex.

Statistically speaking, sex is all around the University of Oregon. More than half of the students on campus are sexually active, and the rest are probably wishing that they were. The rate of STDs on campus is higher than the rate of students who vote during student elections. That's what we call apathy!

The ugliest side of sex is STDs. While the *Oregon Commentator* does not want to lecture you like a high school guidance counselor, we do want to encourage all our readers

to use contraceptives. The University Health Center gives out many variations of sexual contraceptives. They have condoms (for fingers and penises) dental dams and who knows what else. Abstinence may be the only sure-fire way to prevent STDs and unwanted pregnancy, but abstinence is no fun and the *Commentator* is all about having fun.

Unless you plan on creating a baby (or love the burning sensation of chlamydia) keep those genitals wrapped up. Having sex with

"Sex is like pizza – everyone likes it with a little something different on top."

some one without protection is like having sex with every-

one they have done the deed with. Even if condoms are not 100% effective they can easily prevent STDs and pregnancy.

College is a time of experimentation, and sex is just a small part of that experimentation. Find out how you like it, who you want to do it with and how you can get it. Sex is like pizza – everyone likes it with a little something different on top and the only way to find out is through communication.

The Health Center has all the goodies to stay safe and clean while you are doing the dirty. Grab some free contraceptives – they can only help. Talk to your partner; After all, sex is a two person activity. Sometimes...

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Letting your friends drink all your alcohol was never so much fun.

"The proper reponse to bad speech is not less speech. The proper response is more speech."

Former Commentator Publisher, '92-'95



Friendly Advice

Hello. This message is for Gil concerning his jaywalking ticket in Pasadena. My name is Michael Moore. I've always told people that if they ever get a ticket in Eugene for jaywalking, that all they have to do is go down to the county courthouse at about 5 o'clock any weekday and videotape all the law clerks, district attorneys, and judges that come out of the building around that time, and jaywalk across Pearl street to their cars in the parking lot. I ride the bus quite often and I've seen some close calls there around 5 P.M. I thought that maybe it would be an interesting story for Gil to write. I'd call it "Above the law?" with a question mark, and show a picture of one of our prosecuting attorneys or even a judge jaywalking across Pearl street. I'd advise you to plead, "selective prosecution" regarding your ticket in Pasadena. Were you the ONLY person in the whole city that was jaywalking? If not, why did they single you out? They'll probably dismiss your case. Let me know how it turns out for you Gil. I'll be looking for your article in the next commentator, with pictures I hope. It will be great! After your article, they will all have to walk to the light on seventh street and wait for the walk signal. Our government officials need to obey the laws of the land too. George Bush junior was an admitted felon when he said he had tried cocaine when he was younger. He just didn't get caught. How can he justify prosecuting others that did? It just doesn't seem fair. I'm not a student at the U of O, but I'd like to occasionally write and contribute an article if it's O.K.

in the future. Let me know. Good luck fighting your ticket. I hope this advice helps. Michael Moore, AKA Papa Hemp. Member of the ACLU of Oregon

When "NO" means "NO"

TO THE EDITOR: The Register-Guard and Eugene Weekly have not published me lately because, I'm told, I am too radical. I'm 76, a retiree from the UO, and a graduate of Northwestern's Medill School of Journalism. Maybe I'm not too radical for you?

I saw your house ad inviting writers. Consider me on the following subjects: FROHNMAYER and AARON JONES, giver of illegal gifts. THE DREGS OF UO ALUMNI, Phil Knight. LAVISH WASTE OF MONEY ON UO varsity athletics. Million dollar coaches. New glass menagerie for athletics tutoring. Unneeded arena which will go broke. REDISTRIBUTE WEALTH: 50% tax on all earnings over \$200,000. WHY RABBLE-ROUSING Michael Williams goes after Pacifica Forum.

I have personal frames of reference: Ex-Law School dean told me how lumber mogul Jones bribed UO with \$50,000 check to drop Environmental Law Center. I was UO sports information director six years. I've researched how Knight symbolizes way major donors are destroying Higher Education.

I was a Pacifica Forum participant for two years, dropping out when neo-Nazis began to make inroads.

The OC Responds:

George,

Thank you for your expressed interest in the magazine. Unfortunately, participants in the organization must be students as the *Oregon Commentator* is a student fee funded group. Unless you are a student at the university of Oregon we cannot accept your application at this time.

Thank you,
Dane

George Responds:

THANK YOU, DANE. I understand. Occurs to me that at some point there might be a way for a retired faculty member, which I am, to write a periodic (or regular) column. I am not the typical professor, and would be willing to speak out on many university issues consistent with student views that are not so with many professors' attitudes.

George Beres

The OC Responds:

George,

Again, faculty and their associations do have outlets for those things. The *Commentator* is funded by the Incidental Fee, which is assessed from students directly. That tax therefore goes directly from students to students through student programming. Unfortunately, there is no association between faculty or retired faculty and student programming like the *Commentator*. The *Commentator* takes pride in the altruistic nature in which we use our funding. Therefore, we find ourselves unable to publish a column from any outside, non-student sources.

Dane



asks ...

How do you like "it"?



Tiger Woods:
I like to get in 18 holes
before noon.

Phil Knight:
In the 3rd floor
bathroom of the John
E. Jaqua Center.



Bristol Palin:
Raw dog.

Roman Polanski:
I like my women like
I like my whiskey—12
years old and full of
coke.



Robocop:
With my hydraulic,
metallic penis.

**UO PRESIDENT RICHARD "DICK" LARIVIERE'S
CAP A DICK!
THIS WEEK:**

**This Week:
Ball Gag**

**"I get kinky every
once in a while."**



**Sudsy
Says:**

**"I thought I
was in love
once. Then I
finished the meal
and realized it was
just the sandwich."**



Jan. 25th, 2010 Corrections

* In an article entitled "They Doth Protest Too Much" a photo featuring an OC staffer included a sign that read "Protesting is Fun." Unfortunately, protesting is not fun. The OC regrets this error.

Campus newspaper hires trained monkey to run its newsroom

Orangutan turns out to be
“the most qualified person for the job”

EUGENE—Since the beginning of the school year, the University of Oregon’s campus paper, the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, has had a monumentous time staffing their newsroom and opinion department due to constant changes in its staff.

Fall term, News Editor Alexander Tomchak Scott was fired due to issues with his credit requirements. A month ago, Opinion Editor Robert D’Andrea was let go. Now, within the last few weeks, the *Emerald* has fired its second News Editor this year. Beard enthusiast and *Emerald* news reporter CJ Ciaramella turned in his immediate resignation following the recent firing saying, “I didn’t want this shit job anyway. All you fuckers do is play laser tag.”

With no one in the news room wanting the News Editor job, the *Emerald* turned to their last viable option—hiring a trained orangutan named Pat.

Originally from Borneo, Patrick Bongo Mendoza, Esq. emigrated to the United States in 1995 to study at Columbia Law. After graduating, Pat moved to Portland where he found his law practice incredibly tedious and, ultimately, unfulfilling.

“He told me he wanted to go back to school to have some fun, to really find himself,” said re-hired *Emerald* news reporter and former News Editor Alexander Tomchak Scott. “He just wasn’t happy with his profession.”

“Pat the Orangutan really lightens up the mood of the whole news room. We have a lot of fun—the staff writing stories while he curls his lips back onto his face while eating a banana—you know, monkey business,” said *Emerald* staffer Monica Christoffels. I caught up with Pat for a one-on-one interview:

OC: So, Pat. Are you enjoying your time at the *Emerald* so far?

PO: *claps hands*



Pat the Orangutan: Newspaperchimp

OC: True, it takes some getting used to. Do you feel you can make a legitimate impact during your time here?

PO: *shits his diaper*

OC: Interesting. Job security has been a real problem with departmental heads at the *Emerald* this year. Are you at all worried about your job security?

PO: *does handstand*

Mr. Tomchak Scott told me the *Emerald* would love to have 999 more “Pats” on staff but it’s just not a possibility at this point. “That’s the platonic ideal of the *Emerald* news room, but can you imagine what we’d spend on diapers alone?” he said. “Plus, we don’t even have that many typewriters anymore—we can only afford the one for Pat. Everyone knows you can’t give a monkey a computer, lest they just look at porn all day.”

Emerald Business Manager Kathy Carbone agreed, “I don’t think we have the stipends for 1000 monkeys. Student employees are much cheaper,” she said. “Still, the content quality would probably be fantastic.”

Monica Christoffels doesn’t seem to mind the new tasks she has been given since Pat arrived, which mostly includes diaper service and lugging crates of bananas up three flights of stairs.

“It’s worth it. Pat’s a great guy, and now we finally have some real quality leadership,” she said.

Sex, Lies and Vomit A Tale of Virginity Lost

The names in the following stories have been changed to hide the anonymity of the writers.

I met Bart at the tavern I frequent when he “accidentally” broke a pool cue over my head; I put “accidentally” in quotations because I’m quite certain it was a coy response to the flirtatious glance I gave him earlier while working a good-sized piece of gum from my hair. We got to talking while the bartender, also a nursing student, stitched up the lesion behind my left ear. Bart seemed decent enough. He worked as a water cooler installer but aspired to fill the soon-tenable position of supervisor-to-the-water cooler installer, drove a ‘92 Mazda Miata with novelty flame-spouting seat covers that he claimed he couldn’t see due to colorblindness, and counted the novelization of “Happy Gilmore” as some of his favorite literature. I paid my tab, deposited a tidy pile of puke in the bathroom sink, and decided to see where my night with Bart would get me.



After the short drive to his apartment, Bart ushered me towards the bedroom and, straining to clear off some stray newspapers from its surface, insisted I sit down on the bed. I acquiesced, which he took as a cue to untuck his leather vest, strip down to the buff, and sidle up next to me. I judge a man by the kind of pants he wears, and one look at Bart’s navy-blue sweats flung carelessly over a nearby cat was enough to sequester any sort of internal deliberation: I removed my headgear, and soon after, my blouse.

Bart was surprised to discover—after I snatched up the condom he produced, gnashed it apart with my teeth, and slapped him in the face—that I was a virgin. Yes, I was, thanks my recent conversion process, pure again to the Holy Father, of whose grace I was so blissfully reminded as I assured Bart that food coloring was an acceptable substitute for lube. Understandably, Bart expressed reservation at being in such a position of responsibility with desperate gasps as I fashioned a choke-chain around his neck, but his fear seemed to subside with my attesting to readiness while uninhibitedly riding him around the room like a pygmy horse.

Nevertheless, his concern culled my own, and as I searched his squalid kitchen for a decent-sized phallic vegetable of some sort, I considered what profound effect this night would indeed have if I decided to through with it. As I emerged in his doorway with a daikon radish, Bart managed to request, through a recently-fashioned ball gag, that I consent to the act a final time. I took a moment to sincerely consider my options, and, much to what I assume was his elation and not his straining to swallow some spit, agreed with a broad smile.

Well into our lovemaking, as I instructed Bart on how to properly give himself a “tv dinner” I was relieved in having not regretted my decision, though some time later I did spot drive-thru church by the freeway where I promptly re-obtained my virginity.

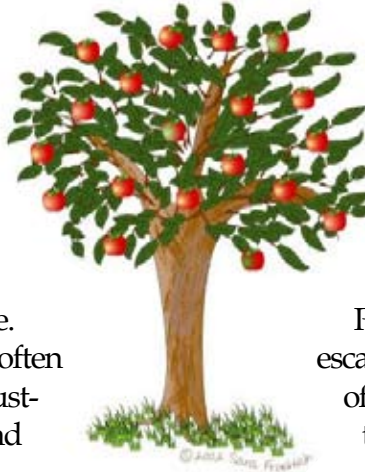


Heaven and Hell

Temptation Proves to be too Much

My spiritual partner Phil and I had been in a reciprocated situation of affection ever since our life-sustainers (I've heard them called parents) arranged our courtship-pact on the eve of our respectively being conceived. We sailed through the various bonding processes overseen by the elder tribunal and became the youngest in our community (thirty-two!) that were approved to co-habitate a domicile.

Ever chafing under the often rigorous expectations of he-who-must-be-obeyed, Phil and I took secretive and often vicarious pleasure in regaling one another with the stories we'd heard of communal rebellion. A



The tree of original sin. And voyeurism.

citizen had once legendarily consumed an entire bin of oranges, made contraband for their eliciting promiscuity, scaled a nearby beech tree and, from his vantage point, gazed intently at women from a height much greater than that in the approved viewing spectrum. A more titillating account involves a citizen releasing evil vapor from his nether-eye without asking a requisite pardon from the gas spirits.

It wasn't long before mine and Phil's insatiable thirst for social disruption escalated to our stepping beyond the bounds of fantasy. We twice attempted a tryst during the moon-hour but Phil, so excited by the thought, soiled his nightwear with bladder-milk. Another instance found us discreetly taking listen



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to the demon-sounds of Dean Martin and Ritchie Valens by which we were consequently possessed for thirty minutes as had been our hopeful intention.

But as the excitement of our increasingly unremarkable transgressions began to lessen with repeated enactment, Phil and I began considering more risqué alternatives, and eventually set our sights upon performing the strictly-tabooed “bedroom dance” that was only permissible to be performed on certain nights while he-who-must-be-obeyed could take audience. Our first step to carrying out said action was to develop an understanding of what it actually was, considering that neither Phil nor I knew. We asked around, but didn’t have much luck, so we decided to expand what we’d overheard from behind closed doors when the dance was done in our sustainers’ private chambers. I was first to point out, and he too eventually remembered, that it sounded as though the act’s commencement was marked by the two participants’ jumping on the bed (which was in and of itself quite forbidden). He corroborated my suggestion by recalling that the bed-jumping usually occurred in tandem with each performer screaming at one another (which, again, was in and of itself

beyond any acceptable interpersonal-voicing level).

Both of us then agreed that the noise and frequency of the two components increased almost exponentially with each passing minute until two or three minutes had passed, in which the cacophony then arrived at a sharp crescendo and tapered off. Lastly, we concluded that event was marked by a ritualistic staining of the bedchamber mattress, probably as some sort of remembrance; we weren’t in any position, after all, to question it.

Being now somewhat privy to the unspeakable act, both Phil and I arranged to sneak away from the adjudication of the “phantom sneezer” to my then vacant house. We nervously entered my sleeping chamber wearing our secret clothes, and tried our best for the next three minutes to exhaustively reproduce what we’d compiled through research. Fortunately, Phil was once again tantalized to the point of releasing bladder-milk, which left a decent-sized stain and incidentally fulfilled a part of the process that, in our haste, we’d forgotten to consider.



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HOW BILL O'REILLY HELPED ME LOSE MY VIRGINITY



The most important thing to understand, first, is that in high school I was a Democrat. Not any ordinary Democrat, but a quasi-socialist Democrat. This didn't bode well for my high school lover and I, as the majority of the small town I grew up in (including my lover's family) was a staunchly Republican, neoconservative bunch. Nevertheless, this may have driven our incredible lust for each other over the years. Never underestimate the forbidden fruit of a differently cast ballot.

Not surprisingly, my lover's father was a highway trucker, only coming home every few months to instill a sense of Godliness and absentee paternalism. Also not surprising was the man's undying love for the headlining staple of the Fox News Channel, Bill O'Reilly. Every time the Trucker came home, he would go into his room with his wife for an hour, then come out and sit in front of the TV blasting the freckled loudmouth's show for all the house to hear.

Accordingly, this allowed for other activities to occur while the television was operating on such a high frequency. My sweetheart and I had been fooling around for several months—as 16-year olds do—with the various modes of mutual enjoyment. We had yet to break the barrier of no return, however, until one fateful night when the Trucker returned home.

As the Trucker took up the front room, my lover and I had to occupy the smaller adjoining living space so that we could watch a movie. We cuddled together, rather romantically, under a large comforter we had taken off a bed in another room. As we tried to drown out the Trucker's beloved *O'Reilly Factor* with our own movie, we inevitably found concentration rather difficult. Whether it was from annoyance or hormones, I cannot say.

As hands and lips began to find their way to

their respective places on each other's bodies, we soon found ourselves in a rather open-air situation, with both parties having removed their lower items of clothing.

Now, I've never quite been sure just how much a factor my partner's extremely religious background played in the ample sexing I received over many years, but I am sure that I enjoyed it to the fullest. For some reason, I think that when my lover's parents came together when the Trucker got home, this lust intensified as a means of rebellion. Either way, I was getting laid.

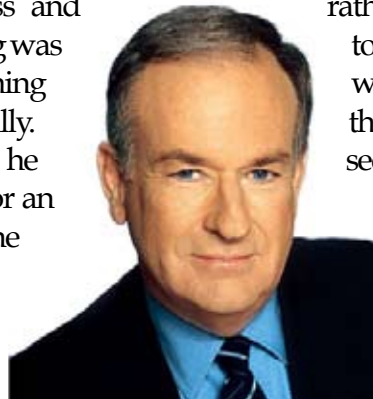
It can be said, then, that at the point where I lost my virginity I found this cause-and-effect rather helpful for the first time. As we began to fool around, my partner suddenly, without asking, decided it was best to place himself on top of me. As our most private sectors met for the first time, I remember feeling several emotions all at once; terror that the Trucker would enter the room, excitement at the event that was taking place; the full gamut.

As we were practicing unprotected, the event hardly lasted very long. Being as that we did not want a child, we disappointingly were not able to finish the act of love. Also, I didn't want either of us to find harm at the hands of the Trucker, which seemed a very real possibility.

In any case, the chains of virginity had been buried forever, lost in that one moment when there was a floral patterned couch beneath us and the sound of a booming Irishman above us. We were able to, I have to say, finish the act for the first time a few days later, out in a field in the middle of nowhere.

The story of my first time probably is much like that of your own. One filled with lust and a teenager's sense of love. I was able to experience those two emotions one Winter evening when I was 16.

Thanks Mr. O'Reilly. Thank you very much.



What DOES your CONDOM say About you?

you typically have...



TROJAN

DUREX

SOMETHING FREE

I DON'T BELIEVE IN THEM

IS it EXPIRED?

Nope!

yeah...

FLAVORED?

No way.

YES!

where DO you STORE them?

Nightstand

in a bag ON the FLOOR... OR some Where

wallet

CONGRATS! you make NORMAL choices that aren't weird / creepy

GOOD! you're making just enough EFFORT.

That's A-OK. Location is A bit presumptuous, but you've got the RIGHT idea.

FAILURE

Nothing says "DRY spell" like expired condoms

you ain't gettin' any with that attitude...



Sweet Nothings



An Oregon Commentator staffer received this letter last Valentine's Day as a gift from his ex-girlfriend. Here's to hoping your holiday goes better than his.

Dear Henry,

I saw you on campus today hiding your fat rolls beneath some powder-blue, eight-buttoned "I'm a smug little shit-brick" designer shirt. My friends Carey and Aaron laughed at you (Aaron's totally gay by the way, so he knows your fashion sense sucks) and my other friend Cheyenne would've joined in if she hadn't of dropped a quarter, and in bending to pick it up, aggravated her urinary tract infection. I thought I'd remind you that one year ago tomorrow marks the date that I found the collection of internet blow-job porn that you stupidly hid in that folder titled "dad's many addresses" and that it also marks the date that you made our dinner reservations under the name "perma-dicking duo." I thought you'd be curious to know that I went out and got so wasted that I let my old gym teacher feel me up in the men's bathroom while some guy was in the stall next to us with the splats and we didn't even care.

*Yeah, that's right: I'm getting action all the time, and I just got a Kegel Exerciser that doubles as a dildo, so things are dually great and then made exponentially greater by that fact that you're nowhere near my newly-toned orifice. That reminds me: do you still live in I-Jack-Off-Alone-Every-Night-While-Reruns-of-M*A*S*H-Drone-Hopelessly-in-the-Background-Ville? Because I heard that you might've moved to I-Attend-Strip-Clubs-and-Request-Private-Sessions-Wherein-I-Pay-the-Strip-Club-Personell-to-Perform-Deviant-Sexual-Acts-on-My-Sorrily-Deflated-Member-and-the-Two-of-Us-Eventually-Wind-Up-in-Jail-Burg. But seriously, though, I casually stalked you for a while after we broke up and I'm aware that you still reside at the same crummy apartment.*

Any new girls? I was so surprised, when I was told by your friend Paul who I cornered in an alley and threatened, to find out that you haven't been on a date in seven months. That's an awful long time! (A time in which, mind you, I've had fucking sex with thirty-seven guys whose names I don't know and one tongue session with some weird butch lady in the bathroom of fucking K-Mart.)

I want you to know that I am totally over you, and that you're so much of a dick that you'll respond to this letter and subsequently become aware of the fact that I'm in a constant state of vacillation over whether or not to get an operation and become a dude.

With Unimaginable Hate,
Susan



LEARNING FROM THE PACIFICA FORUM

Evan Patrick Thomas

Earlier this week I had the great fortune of sitting down with both Vice President Robin Holmes and President Richard Lariviere. At the time these meetings were scheduled two weeks ago, there remained an array of unanswered questions in regard to the Pacifica issue, including and not limited to: much misinformation about the stance of the University, misunderstanding regarding the legal rights and causality regarding the Forum, a multitude of smear tactics and intolerance displayed by both sides, and misquotation and misrepresentation of our university administration.

Since two weeks ago, much has happened. A Senate resolution was declined, another has passed, a protest was outraged, and a hideous act of vandalism was induced. I was worried, perhaps erroneously, that these events could have clouded the judgment of our institution like they have clouded judgment of many protesters and student body (much of the student body still thinks "Pacifica Forum" is a "Neo-Nazi Group," hence the populace of the "Anti-Pacifica" Facebook group).

I am humbled and relieved at the remarkable objectivity and forward thinking of our



This swastika was found on the carpet of the LGBTQA office, probably painted sometime on Sunday Jan. 31st

administration. I now know that it was unfair of me to equate the mental capacity of our university officials with the riotous aggrandized assertions of some undergraduate protests; I irrationally feared that the UO would get swept away in the deep-rooted emotion of many of the students, a very alluring mentality. I may say with confidence now that my fear has been put to rest.

Realists—the things that I am about to say are absolutes. They are not arguable; they are not protestable (which I recognize is not a word, but Shakespeare made up words so I will too). They are the actions that the University of Oregon is obligated and passionate about implementing or refusing, and I agree with them wholeheartedly.

First and foremost, as of right now the Pacifica Forum will NOT (repeat NOT) be eradicated from this campus by the University of Oregon. The administration, along with nearly every person familiar with the Pacifica issue, sympathizes with those who are morally strained. We sympathize with those who have been the target of hate speech and repugnant



Protesters face off with a member of the Pacifica Forum.

language. We are committed to making all persons (not just students) who have been in undesirable contact with irrational racists, sexists, or bigots feel empowered, feel safe, feel free to express themselves against such hatred, feel liberated.

It was made clear to me that eradicating Pacifica, even if they may promote or allow or encourage extremist thought, is not the solution to empower those hurt and affected. The concepts of bigotry and racism are not new to this community and not the sole responsibility of Pacifica. Removing Pacifica will not amend this hate. Next, a First Amendment group will be founded by a current faculty and will create protest, then founded by a student, then found-

with the Student Senate in recognizing that the evidence presented by protesters is not sufficient. If the UO were to attempt extermination, the violation of Pacifica member's rights will result in a lawsuit that far towers any number of funds OSPIRG usurps or that the surplus fund accumulates. Combined.

Both Lariviere and Holmes vehemently affirmed an important concept that is often overlooked—Pacifica is not and will never be a University sanctioned group. The relationship of Pacifica and the UO is a tactic that even Pacifica seems to promote: that the University is letting them, specifically, be here. There is zero relationship between the University and Pacifica. Subsequently, policies of conduct with-



(Left) A speaker faces off with insane Nazi/beard enthusiast Jimmy Marr (right)

ed by another community member. Combating bigotry cannot be done in a single act of legal pressure; it will always remain. Chopping off the head of the Pacifica Forum is not the solution, it is a band-aid. It is a band-aid that could result in heavy lawsuit.

The reason, realists, that the UO administration cannot kick a group of this nature off campus is because it is illegal to do so. This is not up for debate. It literally, absolutely, completely and fervently violates the First Amendment rights of the Pacifica Forum unless sufficient evidence of incitement to violence is obtained. The University stands in solidarity

in the University mission are not applicable to Pacifica. Regardless of the concept of lawsuit, the UO has zero jurisdiction to remove the group from campus for anything that they are saying or doing. And, because Pacifica is being housed in a government-funded institution (at least, 8% of a government-funded institution, but that's a different conversation) the laws that are applicable to Pacifica are literally the state laws. The only UO policy that is applicable to Pacifica are the blanketing use-of-space policies—policies that are currently under reformation to include emeritus-related groups (PS: To any protestor who ever said the emeritus “free



Billy Rojas (left) speaks with Orval Etter (right) during a Pacifica Forum meeting.

use of space policy” was unwritten and could not be found, you’re very wrong. It’s very real). However, these use-of-space policies cannot legally barrier speech conduct: they are nothing more than a contract that would require Pacifica to supply proper liability insurance, sign waivers, pay for extra expenses when needed, etc. These are the same exact policies that President Obama had to adhere to when he spoke on campus in 2008.

The student Senators are not cowards who have neglected their own free speech rights. The UO administration has not “turned its back on the protest” or “taken a side” as protestors like Devon Schlotterbeck and others have advertised. The Student Senate, the UO Administration, and all other like-minded thinkers stand unified and prideful in an objective, legal and neutral stance. For those of you balancing on the extreme stances, for or against the protest, the neutral stance can often look like an opposing attack from your point of view. I, like the administration and Senate, have received displeasure and aggression from both sides of the Pacifica issue; when one is so far to the extreme, even the middle ground seems far away and contrary. Our neutral stance legally recognizes and promotes all forms of thought. We morally reject all forms of intolerance, including intolerance directed toward the beliefs of neo-Nazis and vice-versa. We respect the laws

that allow the protest itself to occur, the very same laws that allow the Forum to continue. We condemn the poor behavior. We celebrate and acknowledge speech in all forms, even if we don’t agree with it.

Friends, there are some things we cannot change. I cannot convince some of you that the information I have provided above is absolute, regardless of Senate ruling or protest. I cannot convince some of you that Pacifica is not affiliated with the University. I cannot convince some of you, morally, that there is a place for flagrant ideologies in our society whether we agree with them or not. But if we strip away our legal disputes, our political affiliation, our implementation of policy... you will find that we are, each of us in our own way, all correct in what we advocate for. There is no right or wrong ideal to employ, no policy on high that proclaims Judaism over Islam, Communism over Fascism, Democracy over Republic, even Hate over Love. We cannot accuse another of fallacy or smear them because of their ideology.



Self-described “Pacifica chronicler” Michael Williams makes a point at a Pacifica meeting.



These protesters had the guts to show up and yell at the Pacifica Forum, but not to show their faces.

We cannot pass ideological policies and bills so that we would all adhere to the same principles within our institution. We cannot fight the intolerant by promoting further intolerance.

Do you know where a large collective of intelligent, opinionated persons who are all correct in their own perspective can be found? Only in the foundation of compromise. I recognize that for many of you this issue has become

This is not about hate. This is not about safety. This is not about eradication. This is not about crime. This, all of this, is about fundamental ideals: the privilege that each of us is granted as United States citizens. Does the concept of disputing intolerance between the factions of “I don’t like Judaism” and “I don’t like people who don’t like Judaism” seem just as unproductive and ironic to you as it does to me? Shouldn’t we be striving for productivity within the confinements that our legal system and University policies allow?

Maybe I’m jaded. Maybe I’m tired of the blind accusations and smear tactics and propaganda. Maybe I’m worried that another peaceful campus office will be vandalized. Maybe I’m upset that the conduct of the protest has led to more misinformation by the general public than it has led to success. The very fact that many students are speculating that the vandalizing of LGBTQA was a political stunt by the protest, regardless of who the perpetrators actually were, is a testament to the predominance of ill behavior exercised during protesting.

“This is not about hate. This is not about safety. This is not about eradication. This is not about crime. This, all of this, is about fundamental ideals.”

more about the fight itself than it is about the solution; again, perhaps I cannot convince you. But I implore you to turn your back on fighting, for the fight is not going to change the outcome. I implore you to find education in this situation, so that we may be better armed people in the future for events such as this. None of us, from Pacifica or the protest or otherwise have even talked with one another. None of us know if Pacifica is willing to invite speakers from opposite perspectives, or even house thoughts that are zealous from within the protest itself. None of us know if Pacifica is willing to reject the speakers that make us feel unsafe. Inflammatory dialogue is what created this problem, realists, and respectful dialogue is what will end it. Without dialogue, this issue will never resolve.

Maybe I sympathize with the stress and frustration that I know our Senate and Administration have dealt with. Maybe I’m just a crazy idealist. Maybe I refuse to believe in a community that exists without conciliation.



Evan Patrick Thomas is a newly minted contributor to the Oregon Commentator.

Dick Origami

Gypsy iii

I for one am not ashamed of my body. The Good Lord blessed me with a gift and I'm enjoying it while I'm young. I love what I have and am not afraid to show the world, which has resulted in a good number of people seeing me naked at one time or another. I feel that too often these days people suffer from poor body image, and I don't understand why. The human body is the most beautiful thing in the world in my opinion, so why not show it off?

Through the course of my naked travels, I have developed a series of "Penis Origami" characters to entertain girlfriends and friends when they happen to catch me out of the jail I call "clothes." Not only is it a laugh-riot but I feel it's a helpful way to create a positive body image, because your friends or sexual partner are laughing with you, not at you. Also it's your choice to show your body to someone, which is a big step in the acceptance of one's own self image and it's very empowering. Well, I hope you enjoy and show your friends what you've learned.

On a side note:

1. I'm sorry to the ladies in that I have a penis so could not come up with a fun way to show off your vaginas.
2. Please don't flash any strangers or do this in public. I think it's illegal if you do it like that...
3. Some of these need some length and flexibility in order to accomplish, don't feel disheartened if you are unable to create all of these at your next party. The Flying Spaghetti Monster makes dicks in all sizes.

"The Pretty Lady"

Tuck penis and testicles in between legs, effectively hiding from view from the front, creating the illusion of a vagina. Lift hands in the air in an effeminate gesture and talk in a high voice. Offer blowjobs and sex, calling everyone you meet a "big, strong man" Laughter ensues. Feel free to create your own "Pretty Lady Persona"



"The Sailboat"

Grab the shaft of penis and pull upwards into the air. Stretch and Pull scrotum out away from shaft effectively making a "sail." Adjust for wind resistance.



"No Balls Charlie" or "The Lone Soldier"

From behind the back, reach between legs and grab testicles. Pull them backwards toward your buttocks, effectively hiding your balls and leaving only the shaft dangling in the wind. Shake at audience and complain about how horrible it is to have no balls. In order for it to be no balls Charlie you must constantly call everyone "Chaawlsssss."



"Helicopter Meat Spin"

Thrust hips left, down, right, and up in a circular motion, resulting in a twirling penis at your victim in a constant 360 degree motion. Make helicopter and gunfire noises for added effect.



"Dick Burger"

In this feat of dick agility the testicles form the buns and the shaft of the penis is the "meat." Turn testicles sideways and separate your balls with the shaft of your penis. Fold over top of testicles and back to other side of balls. Cover the tip and beginning of the shaft to create, a testicle on top, dick in the middle, and a testicle on the bottom. Jokes of "special sauce" are encouraged.



"Strange Growth"

A variation of the turtle, as the shaft of the penis hangs down the side of the leg, pull the scrotum over the entire length of the shaft encasing one side in scrotum and the other side in leg. Looks really weird, but still hilarious.



"The Tape Worm"

Take shaft of penis and pull backwards through legs and place between middle of the butt cheeks. Squeeze butt cheeks together to envelop the bottom of penis, leaving the remaining part to seemingly be coming "straight out" of your ass. Complaining of stomach aches before flashing this one leads to a fancy revelation of the worm.



"Belly Button 2 Asshole"

Grab testicles and pull to one side. Thrust back and forth vigorously and strongly in a pendulum motion to get full force of gravity, letting your dick first smack you in the belly button then proceeding in a vertical downward sweep to smack you in the asshole. Very easy to accomplish, fast, and makes a loud smacking noise. Humor at its finest.



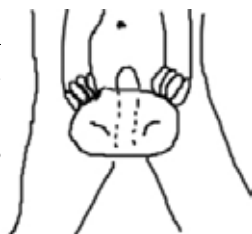
"The Snail"

Take testicles and place on top of dick, to form the "shell." Simple, effective, and hilarious.



"The Turtle"

Take the skin of your scrotum and pull over your penis, hiding your shaft from view. Occasionally let head of penis pop out for a "turtle head" effect.



Now I'm not going to go ahead and give you all of my "Penis Origami Secrets." This is only to get you thinking. Part of the whole experience and fun is creating your own. The movie, "Waiting," (of which lots of Dick Origami takes place) said it best: "The next time your alone, play with you're balls! See what you come up with." Just remember, your body is beautiful. Enjoy it while you still can.



Gypsy iii is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and has way too much time on his hands. He probably also has his hands on his penis too much.

DICK MASTERCOME

PORN STAR TURNED PRIVATE EYE

(CHAPTER 1: BEGINNINGS AND COMINGS)

I walked into my new office carrying the last box out of the moving truck. It was good to be out of the business. You can only be filmed so many times drilling your pork sword into strange women before it gets old. Well, not really... but it just wasn't for me anymore. Besides, I get to carry a gun now, a real one, not just the rifle in my pants.

I was just sitting down to lunch, kilebasa and noodles, when she walked in through the door. Raven hair, smooth white skin, red lips and an ass built like the space shuttle. I felt movement in my pants. My cell phone was vibrating so I turned it off.

"Hi, I'm looking for Dick," she said. Not the first time I heard that.

"That's me, Detective Dick Mastercome, Private Investigator. How Can I help you?"

She didn't say anything.

"Hello?" I asked.

She snapped out of her blank stare. "Sorry, I've just never seen a Dick before, you're a lot bigger than I thought."

I laughed. "What did you expect?"

"Well to tell you the truth, something small and cute. But you? You're massive!"

I laughed again. "Thanks, you can thank my father. Well how can I help you?"

"I can't find my pussy."

I paused. "You sure you don't want Dr. Dick Stein down the hall?"

She laughed this time. "No, no, no. My cat has been kidnapped!"

This was serious. "That's serious," I responded. "What makes you think she was kidnapped and didn't just run away? Pussies are known to have a mind of their own."

She looked heartbroken. "Scruffles would never run away, today's sausage Tuesday.



It's her favorite. Also, she's a rare pink pussy with a whispering eye. She's one of the last of her kind. Someone must have stolen her."

This was getting interesting. Pussies love sausage, and I mean LOVE. Hell, they love sausage more than my cousin Maurice and he's a sausage jerker. Mmmmmmm.

I sat back in my chair stroking myself, thinking of Maurice and his delicious sausage jerky. Back and forth, up and down with my hand, my skin was rough to the touch. Damn, I really shouldn't have skipped shaving my face today.

"Can I see a photo?" I asked her.

She fumbled around in her purse, like a high school virgin trying to put on a condom, and finally withdrew a photo. Handing it to me, I caught a glance at her hooters.

"Nice owl tattoos," I casually said.

"Oh thanks," she said lifting her arm to her face to take a look. "I got them in college."

I sat and stared at her pussy. Probably the most beautiful one I've seen in a while. Soft and pink with a little tuft of hair at the top.

"Nice, Mohawk on the pussy, did you do that?"

"Yeah," she giggled. "I like to keep her trimmed for visitors. We haven't had any company in a while so I let it grow out a little. Little girl has a bonafide wolf mane now."

I pondered how many pussies I've seen with a wolf mane. Not many.

"Well, lady what's your name?" I inquired.

She calmly stated, "Domina Atrix."

"Well Domina, I'll take your case. Let me just shove this sausage in my mouth and I'd like you to show me the scene of the crime. You want some of my weiner?" I asked.

"Sure, I love the taste of weiner in my mouth. Just thrust it on in there Mr. Mastercome," she cooed.

"Please, call me Dick."

To be continued...



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QUICKIES

EARLY ONE MORNING I WOKE UP IN MY HUMBLE ABODE. DECIDING TO WAKE THE SLEEPING BEAUTY NEXT TO ME, I BEGAN TO KISS DOWN HER BODY TO ROUSE HER FROM HER REST. AS SHE WAS COMING TO, I REALIZED THAT SOMEONE IN THE BED 3 FEET AWAY FROM MINE WAS WAKING AS WELL. FEELING A LITTLE AWKWARD AND A LITTLE HUNGRY, I SAID GOOD MORNING TO MY ROOMMATE, AND TOOK THE DAMSEL OUT TO GRAB SOME CARSON DELICACIES. UPON STEPPING OUT OF THE DORM HOWEVER, A STRANGE IDEA CAUGHT MY MIND. WALKING OVER TO THE STAIRWELL TO TO THE UPPER FLOORS, I WAS HALF-SURPRISED WHEN MY KEY ACTUALLY WORKED. "WHERE ARE WE GOING?" SHE ASKED AS WE STEPPED INTO THE CONCRETE DARKNESS. SHE QUICKLY FOUND OUT AS I PUSHED HER UP AGAINST THE WALL AND RE-CONTINUED MY EFFORTS FROM BEFORE. AFTER WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS "DIRTY SEX" I PULLED OUT AND LEFT QUITE A PRESENT ON THE WELCOME MAT. WE THEN CONTINUED ON FOR BREAKFAST.

-DONKEY LIPS

MY BOYFRIEND AND I WERE PARKED IN A NEARBY ORCHARD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. ONE SUMMER EVENING THINGS GOT HOT AND HEAVY, SO WE MOVED TO THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR. AT THAT POINT IN TIME, WE PROCEEDED TO ENGAGE IN A LITTLE LOVE MAKING SESSION. RIGHT AS WE WERE FINISHING UP, CUDDLING WHILE LAYING DOWN IN THE BACK SEAT, WE SAW HEADLIGHTS APPROACH OVER THE DASHBOARD IN FRONT OF US. WE WERE OUT OF SIGHT, SO WE DECIDED TO JUST STAY WHERE WE WERE. SURELY, THE APPROACHING CAR WOULDN'T BOTHER US.

THAT'S WHEN WE NOTICED THAT THE WHITE BEAMS OVER THE DASHBOARD HAD TURNED TO RED AND BLUE. WE FEVERISHLY SCRAMBLED FOR OUR PANTS AND MANAGED TO PLACE THEM ON JUST IN TIME FOR A POLICE OFFICER TO KNOCK ON THE BACK WINDOW WITH HIS FLASHLIGHT.

"GOOD EVENING. DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE OFF THE ROAD, AND TECHNICALLY PARKED ON PRIVATE PROPERTY?" HE ASKED US.

WE RESPONDED THAT WE DIDN'T AND THAT WE'D BE MOVING ALONG IF HE'D LET US. THE OFFICER THEN PROCEEDED TO CHECK OUR I.D.S, SOMETHING THAT WORRIED US AS MY BOYFRIEND HAD JUST TURNED 18, MAKING MY AGE, ALTHOUGH ONLY A FEW MONTHS YOUNGER, A BIT OF A PROBLEM, LEGALLY SPEAKING.

"IS HE KEEPING YOU HERE AGAINST YOUR WILL, MA'AM?" THE POLICEMAN ASKED ME. I TOLD HIM HE WASN'T. HE THEN REPEATED THE QUESTION TO MY BOYFRIEND. "HARDLY," HE REPLIED WITH A GRIN.

WE THEN WERE TOLD TO MOVE ALONG AND DRIVE SAFE. THE OFFICER LEFT US. AS WE GOT INTO THE FRONT SEAT OF MY CAR, MY BOYFRIEND REACHED INTO HIS POCKET FOR THE KEYS. UNFORTUNATELY, HE PULLED OUT HIS USED, INSIDE-OUT CONDOM WHICH HE'D SHOVED INTO HIS POCKET AS THE OFFICER APPROACHED THE CAR. HANDS STICKY AND UNDERWEAR INSIDE OUT, WE LEFT THE ORCHARD.

-THE NAUGHTY SCHOOLGIRL

MY GIRLFRIEND AND I WERE DRINKING AT A BUDDY'S HOUSE WHEN WE WERE INVITED TO STAY THE NIGHT. AS THE NIGHT WOUND DOWN AND I WAS SETTING UP A MATTRESS IN THE FRONT ROOM TO SLEEP ON, MY FRIEND CAME OVER IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR BEARING PRESENTS. IT'S HARD TO TELL WHAT HE ACTUALLY SAID, BUT BEFORE HE RETREATED INTO HIS ROOM, HE LEFT ME WITH A GIANT BOTTLE OF BUTTERSCOTCH-RUM LUBRICANT. BRUSHING THIS OFF AS A JOKE, MY GIRLFRIEND AND I SETTLED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT. ME NOT BEING ONE TO PASS UP A FUN OPPORTUNITY HOWEVER, ESPECIALLY WHEN MALT LIQUOR IS INVOLVED, I ASKED HER IF SHE WAS IN THE MOOD FOR BUTTERSCOTCH.

SO AFTER A LITTLE BIT OF FOREPLAY, HERE I WAS WITH THIS GIANT BOTTLE OF LUBE. APPARENTLY THERES THIS LITTLE TAB YOU PULL UP ON THE END THAT LETS A FEW DROPS COME OUT, BUT AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF NOT BEING ABLE TO FIND THIS IN THE DARK I JUST TWISTED THE ENTIRE TOP OFF. SO NOW THAT I HAD A GIANT GLOB OF THIS SWEET SMELLING SUBSTANCE IN MY HAND, I SMEARED IT ALL OVER THE INTENDED TARGET. GRANTED I WAS DRUNK, BUT AFTER A FEW PASSIONATE MOMENTS, I REALIZED I COULD'VE BEEN FUCKING A COUCH AND I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN THE DIFFERENCE. THE MORAL OF THE STORY IS; BE CAREFUL WHEN ACTING LIBERALLY, ESPECIALLY WHEN LARGE BOTTLES OF LUBE ARE INVOLVED.

-SLIPPERY SAM

SOMETIME IN MY LATE ADOLESCENCE I DEVELOPED AN INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP WITH THE SUPERVISOR OF THE FAST FOOD RESTAURANT AT WHICH I WAS EMPLOYED. WE HAD BEEN DATING FOR ABOUT THREE WEEKS WHEN THINGS BEGAN TO HEAT UP. LAYING IN MY BED ONE NIGHT AFTER WORK, SHE ASKED IF I HAD IN MY POSSESSION A CONTRACEPTIVE. I WAS NERVOUS; SHE WAS TWO YEARS MY SENIOR. I AWKWARDLY OPENED MY NIGHTSTAND DRAWER AND FUMBLER FOR THE NEON YELLOW CONDOM I HAD ACQUIRED FOR FREE AT AN INDIVIDUALLY IDENTIFYING EVENT THAT I WILL, FOR THE AFOREMENTIONED REASON, LEAVE NAMELESS. SHE ADORNED ME WITH THE PROPHYLACTIC AND WE COMMENCED TO "BUMPING UGLIES."

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS AN ADVERSITY THAT I HAVE SINCE RE-PRESSED WITH NONCONSECUTIVE, YET SOCIALLY DEBILITATING DRINKING, SMOKING AND EATING BINGES. I EJACULATED WITHIN TWENTY SECONDS AND ALL SHE GRANTED ME IN RESPONSE WAS A CONDESCENDING FACIAL EXPRESSION THAT SAID "REALLY? ... REALLY?" SHE GOT DRESSED AND LEFT WITH MY DIGNITY AND SELF-RESPECT DISMALLY LOST IN THE DARKNESS OF HER VAGINA.

-THE FRENCH TICKLER

"I FUCKED IN MY SUDSY TEE. THAT'S A GOOD SEX STORY, RIGHT?"

-A FEMALE FRIEND OF THE EDITOR

DURING MY FRESHMAN YEAR, A ROOMMATE AND I SHARED A ROOM WITH BUNK BEDS. I WAS ON THE TOP BUNK, BUT THE PROBLEM WAS IT WAS TOO CLOSE TO THE CEILING. SO MUCH SO THAT IT MADE ANY FUN, EXCITING SEX WITH MY GIRLFRIEND NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE. BUT WITH CLEVER PLANNING WE GOT AROUND THAT. MY ROOMMATE WAS AN INCREDIBLY DEEP SLEEPER; I USED TO BE ABLE TO TURN ON THE TV AND LIGHTS WITHOUT WAKING HIM. WHAT MY GIRLFRIEND AND I USED TO DO WAS CRAWL DOWN THE COUCH, PERPENDICULAR AND IMMEDIATELY NEXT TO THE SIDE OF OUR BEDS, AND GET IT ON. ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS OPEN HIS EYES AND THERE WOULD BE TOO NAKED BODIES SEXING IT UP INCHES FROM HIS HEAD. BUT HE NEVER DID.

DURING A PARTICULARLY ROUGH AND PASSIONATE NIGHT, WE WERE DOING IT DOGGY STYLE NEXT TO MY ROOMMATE WHILE HE DOZED. DURING THE COURSE OF IT ALL, I LOOKED OVER AND SAW MY ROOMMATE HAD BECOME UNTUCKED FROM HIS COVERS. A FATHERLY LOVE CAME OVER ME AS I WAS THRUSTING IN AND OUT OF THIS YOUNG WOMAN, SO I REACHED OVER AND TUCKED HIM BACK IN, NEVER STOPPING IN THE ACT OF LOVE MAKING. A LITTLE WHILE LATER HE BECAME UNTUCKED AGAIN. BEFORE I COULD ACT, MY GIRLFRIEND, WITH ONE HAND BRACED AGAINST THE COUCH TO KEEP HER HEAD FROM SLAMMING INTO THE WALL, REACHED OVER AND TUCKED HIM BACK IN. WE FINISHED UP AND WENT TO BED, TIRED, STICKY, BUT SATISFIED THAT WE HAD HELPED OUR COMRADE. THAT AND WE HAD JUST RIDDEN EACH OTHER LIKE A COUPLE OF CLYDESDALES, BUT I'LL LEAVE THAT TO YOUR IMAGINATION.

-MIKE ROTCH

WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL I WORKED AT THE SAME COFFEE HOUSE AS MY BOYFRIEND. IT WAS A LOCALLY OWNED SHOP, SO WE WERE ALLOWED TO WORK TOGETHER ON A REGULAR BASIS. IT WAS A TWO-LEVEL AFFAIR, WITH THE UPSTAIRS CONTAINING A SIT-DOWN COFFEE SHOP, WHILE THE DOWNSTAIRS WAS A DRIVE-THRU.

ONE SUMMER, THE LEASE ON THE BUILDING THE COFFEE SHOP WAS IN ENDED UP RUNNING OUT, AND THE OWNER DECIDED TO MOVE THE SHOP TO ANOTHER LOCATION. THE UPSTAIRS COFFEE SHOP HAD SHUT DOWN A FEW WEEKS BEFORE THE DRIVE-THRU, AND MY BOYFRIEND AND I WERE SCHEDULED TO CLOSE ONE OF THE LAST NIGHTS THE DRIVE-THRU REMAINED OPEN.

EVENTUALLY, THINGS LED TO OTHER THINGS, AND PRETTY SOON I WAS MANNING THE WINDOW WHILE HE WAS PANTSLESS UP AGAINST THE ICE MACHINE-I HAD DECIDED TO PLEASE HIM, ORALLY, BETWEEN CUSTOMERS. I DECIDED TO MAKE HIM GO HOME TO GET SOME CONDOMS, AND HE RETURNED WITH SEVERAL.

WE DECIDED TO GO TO THE UPSTAIRS PORTION OF THE COFFEE HOUSE AND PUT A "BACK IN 15 MINUTES" SIGN ON THE DRIVE THRU. THE ONLY FURNITURE LEFT UPSTAIRS WAS A LARGE OAK DINING ROOM TABLE, SO WE DECIDED TO USE THAT AS A BASE FOR OUR ADVENTURE. WE WERE GOING ALONG JUST FINE UNTIL WE HEARD THE DOORBELL AT THE DRIVE-THRU RING. WE HURRIED THE HELL UP, FLUSHING THE CONDOM AND RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS. THE CUSTOMER DOWNSTAIRS WAS FURIOUS, AND WANTED THEIR COFFEE. PROBABLY MORE FURIOUS WAS THE OWNER OF THE COFFEE SHOP. THAT IS, IF HE EVER FIGURED OUT OUR SWEATY BUTTS HAD RUINED THAT DINING ROOM TABLE.

-MRS. HARDWOOD

THE FRAUDS OF NEUTRAL FLAGS

T. Dane Carbaugh

It seems more and more OSPIRG representatives (many of them non-students) are milling around campus, collecting signatures for their upcoming ballot measure and handing out stickers. I've stood by and heard the pitch to unassuming students and it goes something like this, "Are you a student? Do you want to help get lower textbook prices and tuition? I'm from OSPIRG and we're trying to get our funding back so we can send students to work on issues important to students here at the UO."

What they do not volunteer, however, is how their funding is appropriated from our students. That is, unless you're like our distribution manager, Nicholas Ekblad, who had a conversation with one of the signature gatherers in which the OSPIRG employee gave up asking for his signature once it was evident Ekblad was aware of how their funding worked. That is, that they want to pay their employees \$103,000 with student money.

To be honest, the fact that OSPIRG isn't telling students that \$103,000 would go directly off-campus seems pretty predatory. Under the premise of "saving students money" OSPIRG wants to recklessly spend over \$100k off-campus. That is not the premise of the Incidental Fee, however. Here's the explanation from the ASUO website:

"The Incidental Fee is a fee paid by every student through their tuition, and helps fund various student programs. The incidental fee funds programs that promote students cultural and physical development, from student unions to intercollegiate athletics to childcare."

The emphasis, there, was on student programs. OSPIRG's proposed budget, which was rejected this year, stood at about \$117,000. Of that, just \$14,000 could be traced back to campus; \$14,000 that would go directly to students being able to take part in the activism OSPIRG is involved in. That's why the ASUO proposed a budget for OSPIRG somewhere around \$20,000 for this year. OSPIRG declined.

We can all agree that student-run and campus programs are deserving of student funds. The Rec Center? The Women's Center? The Oregon Voice? All on campus, all with student fees. Similarly, we

would have no problem with an OSPIRG budget that was traceable back to University of Oregon students.

Instead, OSPIRG wants their full \$117,000 so that they can give \$103,000 to their employees in Portland and across the nation. If students want to support OSPIRG as a choice, they should make a donation—as they can with any other political organization. But a mandatory student tax should not be levied on every student at the University of Oregon if that tax revenue is going to pay non-students off-campus.

The counter-argument here is that by lobbying for student interests, OSPIRG indirectly affects student life. Unfortunately, the Incidental Fee is not to merely support things that may or may not be beneficial to students. It is to support things that are immediately beneficial to students *on this campus, for our students*. When \$103,000 goes to pay non-student employees who do not work on this campus, that is a direct violation of the purpose of the Incidental Fee.

Let me put it for students in simple terms. Tuition in this state goes up between 14 and 17 percent every year. In addition to that, every dollar you take out in loans from banks triples if you pay it off according to your payment plan. That means you should be saving every single dollar you can while still maximizing your educational experience. The economy is in dry dock, and the unemployment rate is skyrocketing. You, as a student, should be concerned about every single dollar you borrow.

The contention here is not that lobbying for "lower textbook prices" is a bad thing. It's strictly a matter of the proper usage of the Incidental Fee, and that OSPIRG's current request for funds doesn't meet the necessary requirements for Incidental Fee allocation. For students, I would urge them not to let OSPIRG borrow any of your money. They won't be paying you back.



T. Dane Carbaugh is the publisher of the Oregon Commentator and gave up Lakers tickets to write this article.

HOW TO SHAME YOUR FRIENDS

Your friend entertained themselves by getting black-out drunk. Now you, too, can benefit from their wild night.

Pete Lesiak

1) Kitten Mittens

- Materials - Duct tape and socks.
- Execution - Place socks over friends hands and ductape socks lavishly.
- Result - Friend claws awkwardly at every object when they wake.
- Extra Shame - Draw whiskers on face.

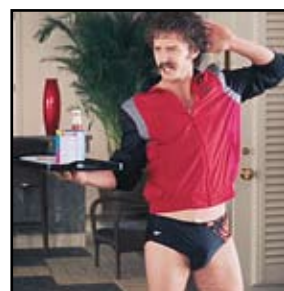


2) Grey Beard

- Materials - Duct tape.
- Execution - Tear duct tape into small strips and apply liberally all over mandible and lower lip to create the illusion of a beard.
- Result - One sweet beard.
- Extra Shame - Create an eyepatch and duct tape a sword to hand.

3) Burrito Speedo

- Materials - Burrito.
- Execution - Take burrito (frozen or cooked) and shove into friends underpants.
- Result - An extremely confused friend wondering "What did I do last night?"
- Extra Shame - Strip friend naked and re-dress with a speedo and sombrero.
- Variation - "Taco Jocko" - Replace speedo with jock strap and burrito with taco.



4) Suspender Britches

- Materials - Duct tape.
- Execution - Duct tape from shoulder through legs and back to opposite shoulder and repeat. Finish with horizontal tape around waste to block zipper.
- Result - Friend will be unable to remove pants to use restroom.
- Extra Shame - Continue to tape down each leg individually covering entire lower limbs in duct tape to create a sweet pair of chrome pants.



5) Edward Condom Fingers

- Materials - Condoms, duct tape (optional).
- Execution - Place one condom over each finger and then ductape to the base of the finger for extra security.
- Result - Friend is ready for a rockin orgy.
- Extra Shame - Whiten face with makeup, facepaint, or even flour. Basically any white substance...

6) The Curious Case of Benjamin Buttonless

- Materials - Knife/scissors, passed out friend with button up shirt and pants
- Execution - Remove all buttons on clothing
- Result - Friend wakes up confused to why their clothes won't close
- Extra Shame - Lead trail of buttons to any mess they made.



7) The Wandering Minstrel

- Materials - Duct tape, any instrument light enough to carry.
- Execution - Duct tape hands and arm to instrument.
- Result - When they wake up they have to wander around with instrument to find someone to free them, hence a wandering minstrel.
- Extra Shame - Make them play the instrument before freeing them.
- Variation - "The Ray Charles" - duct tape friend to piano and blindfold them, tape arms enough to let hands hit keys.

8) King Can

- Materials - Empty beer cans, tape (any kind).
- Execution - Tape cans in circle around head of friend.
- Result - The King of Beers.
- Extra Shame - Tape cans, one on top of the other, to create a staff. Tape to hand.
- Variation - Increase size and number of beers on crown to create "Beer Pope"



9) Where Did I Get These?

- Materials - Strange clothing.
- Execution - Remove clothing and replace with clothing not normally worn by friend.
- Result - Extreme confusion.
- Extra Shame - Style hair with hair gel into weird shape.
- Variation - "These Aren't Mine" - Replace underwear with strange type (thong, batman, diaper, ect.) and re-dress with same clothing.

Another Perspective

Chris McKee

Another Perspective is the place the OREGON COMMENTATOR gives to students who are not connected with any campus media outlet a chance to make their voice heard, regardless of political affiliation, race or religion. We do not edit the submissions--they are printed as they are received and are accepted even if your ideology differs from ours. If you would like to write for AP, please e-mail us at ocomment@uoregon.edu

In the year 2042, after decades of excruciating research and controversial negotiations with the United States government, scientists came up with a way to upload the mind to computers as the only way to continue as a conscious person after the death of the body.

Those decades did not pass by easily for these scientists. The years of hard labor and experiments are obvious, but not many are aware of the political process behind scientific reform. Laws that Congress passed in prior years had to be repealed in order for these reforms to become legal. Violent protesters complaining about how the proposals defied nature and allowed scientists to play God had to be suppressed. People needed to understand that if they wanted to undergo such a transformation that it would be entirely voluntary.

These struggles led to LifeCorps, the mega-corporation whose scientists invented the technology that allowed such a concept to be possible, to form a political wing that advocated its causes. This would become the Transhumanist Party. Although it never gained enough votes to win many seats in Congress – and never won the Presidency – its members became highly influential in government and were able to swing key politicians in their favor, from both sides of the aisle. Of course there were those who remained critical throughout their entire legislative careers, but once the public became favorable towards the Transhumanists these dissenters kept their mouths shut lest they lose political office.

Once legalized, these brain computers – the public eventually adopted this name for the technology once it became marketable – were released in a matter of months, as scientists and marketers designed them while they remained illegal. One could lie and say they sold out instantly. However, the truth is that it took awhile for the products to sell, let alone at a profitable

rate.

At first, the protesters scared people into believing that brain computers were an abomination and would lead to the dehumanization of our race. Eventually the government and prominent scientists soothed these fears and encouraged the public to buy these products. They soon became especially popular among families caring for a dying grandparents who wanted to preserve their legacies.

One such family was the Turner family. Their grandmother, Phyllis, suffered from Alzheimer's disease and diabetes. This turned out to be a rather unfortunate combination. Needless to say, her years were numbered.

While her family debated for months on what to do with her, she slowly deteriorated while sitting in her rocking chair watching television in 3-D. Alice, her daughter and the mother of the family, wanted to preserve her in a brain computer after hearing that the technology could restore Phyllis' memories. On the other hand, Ben, the father of the family, felt that preserving her brain would only prolong her suffering and that she needed to die when she was ready. Ben and his arguments stood little chance against his disheartened wife and her refusal to let go of her mother, and she bought a brain computer without his permission.

When their kids first saw them carry the hardware in, they jumped up and down in glee, hoping for a new toy.

"Did you get that new rocket launcher that launches real missiles at bird nests?!" shouted Jake, their nine-year-old son.

"No, Jacob," scolded his mother, "You know those things are dangerous. Besides, I'm not going to clean up bird guts and pieces of egg off our windows again."

"That's right," taunted his eleven-year-old

sister, Kira, "Mommy doesn't get you anything cuz she knows you'd just destroy it. No, she got me a new makeup set that makes girls look like a hookers from Vegas!"

"That's not true, Kira," interjected her father, "and nobody's going to look like they're from Vegas under my roof!"

"But Daddy! All the other girls are doing it, and I wanna fit in!"

"Oh, never mind that," Alice jumped in, "what I got doesn't have anything to do with any of that. Instead, what I got will make sure that Grandma will stay in this family for generations to come."

As she opened the box on the table to pull out the brain computer, everyone watched in astonishment, although not the positive type of astonishment that Alice hoped for. Instead, each family member carried an anguish inside of their head as their hopes evaporated into thin air. While Ben kept his disappointments to himself, his children were not so secretive.

"But Mommy," Kira cried, tears streaming down her eyes, "I don't want Grandma to stay for generations to come!"

"It's not fair!" Jake screamed as he stomped his feet on the ground, "Grandma gets to watch TV all day. Why does she need to get more than what I get?!"

The ensuing tantrums almost derailed Alice's attempts to rescue her mother as she tried in vain to silence her own children and punish them for their behavior. Ben was of little assistance to her, as he simply watched his own offspring running and screaming around the house, silently wondering how life would have turned out if he used the thousands of dollars he spent on them to buy a Corvette and run away from his family instead.

Eventually she got around to installing Phyllis' brain onto the computer. This time she succeeded in forcing her husband to assist her. Unfortunately, the process of installation and running the computer's operating system became an even greater hassle than disciplining the lawless kids.

"She's not turning on, honey," Alice stated confusedly to him. "What should I do?"

After careful examination, Ben came up with his diagnosis.

"The joints in her hardware need to be lubricated," he stated, "Hang on for just a moment, sweetie, I'll go get some oil." After rubbing the oil on the stiff, newly used hardware, Ben found that the software ran easier, and finishing the operating system came at a much smoother rate than anticipated. He felt himself getting more excited, as he was inexperienced in the ways of operating software and hardware. Both parents were pleased to discover the computer successfully finished off the remaining work.

"All right, that was fun," Alice exclaimed, looking at her mother's corpse. "Now what should we do with this body?"

"Eh, just throw it in the dumpster," Ben told her, "You know that we can't afford to give her a proper funeral in these economic times."

With a sigh, his wife consented, and she helped him carry the body outside in a bag, and they heaved it into the trash bin. Hurriedly, they ran outside to test their brand new brain computer to see how it worked. When they pressed the on switch, the screen changed from a black screen to a display of blue, with a white line bisecting it.

"Wha... wha... what's going on here?!" shrieked Phyllis from her new body; the white line squiggled up and down as if it were an electrocardiograph.

"Hey, Mom!" Alice practically jumped out of her seat in joy, excited over the success of the project. "It's Alice, remember me? This is my husband, Ben, and the kids are asleep right now, but I'll show them to you in the morning. I'm exhausted. We need to go to bed. Well, we'll see you in the morning! I love you."

"Wait! What the hell's going on here?! I didn't consent to this! I wanted to die! You think I wanted to live out the rest of my..."

Phyllis failed to finish her thoughts before her daughter turned off the machine. While she and her husband went to bed, Phyllis' conscience would stay frozen on that incomplete sentence, waiting for the next person to turn her on before she could complete her thought. And so she continued her existence, until one day her family grew tired of her and threw her out into the trash bin.



Chris McKee is the Another Perspective writer for the Oregon Commentator.

SPEW...

and Gary Coleman...

ON FOOD

"I believe that our current larger food problem system is at the heart of the problems surrounding us today, from health care to our environment to energy."

-Andrew Harmon writing to the Eugene Weekly. Yes, Andrew high fructose corn syrup is the leading cause in diminishing fossil fuels.



ON CRASHING THE PARTY



"Last year, a couple friends and I were strolling around looking for something to do. Eventually, after several trials and tribulations (you know how it goes, you never seem to stay in one place), we ran into a massive festival of booze and college students. The doors were over-flooded with sweaty bodies, pissy drunk women, grumpy rejects and sketchy looking strangers. The only thing these partygoers had in common was an outstandingly high level of intoxication."

-Ol' Dirty opinion columnist Tyree Harris proving that investigative journalism is not dead at the ODE.

ON FOREIGN POLICY

"Iran's built nuclear weapons over there... if they get 'em they might give them to some guy named 'Akmed' who might then take them to Cleveland and blow everything up."

-Bill O'Reilly on his Feb 4th show. If only the terrorists could find a dude named "Steve" they'd be in business.

"That whole 'Iraq' thing did not go well."

-Ibid. Really? No kidding? I thought it was all rainbows and gold-plated unicorns over there.



ON PROTESTING

"The Pacifica Forum has posted pictures and names of students on its Web site, and it has posted the faces of six demonstrators, mostly students, on its literature."

-A letter to the editor in the Daily Emerald from Cimmeron Gillespie, co-editor of the Student Insurgent, a magazine that in 2001 ran the Animal Liberation Front's "rules of engagement" next to the names and addresses of University of Oregon professors that participated in animal research. What were you saying about making threats again, Cimmeron?



"Hate speech on the other hand refuses to recognize individuals and speaks instead of groups. If, as Rojas says "homosexuality is pathological in nature," then individuals are condemned by "nature" and their speech, ideas and freedom are no longer valid. How is this compatible with free speech?"

-William Chico Schwall writes in the Eugene Weekly. It's compatible with free speech because he has the right to say whatever he believes.

"Protesting is not an issue of the First Amendment because that only applies to governments silencing people; this is an issue of community responsibility and bystander intervention."

-University of Oregon Freshman Stephanie Chow writes in the Eugene Weekly. Do we no longer need an understanding to the First Amendment to enter college?



Campus Connections

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Men seeking...?

AMPHIBIAN LOVER

I am an older male who likes to have fun. I am looking for a partner that likes joke books, rubber chickens and most importantly, has two dollars to buy the funniest joke book in the world. Housing is not necessary.

GERMANE DUPREE

Looking to be in discussions with twenty college-aged girls and boys mishandling 12 million dollars.

HALEY'S COMET

Diabolical schemer looking for vice presidential candidate. Why won't anyone believe in me?

SUPWITCHU?

3 college males looking to capitalize on fifteen minutes of fame. Please tell us we are still relevant. Loving the Ducks is a plus in our book.

UNHEARD VOICE

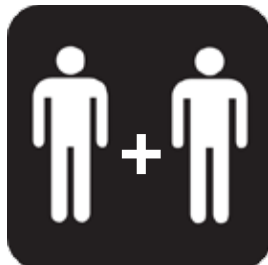
I'm in the EMU looking for anyone that likes to write about CDs and bands no one cares about. A person with a non-existent work ethic is the perfect fit.

CINNAMON LOVER

Tall, lanky college male with an affinity for beanies. Looking for people to join drum circles and protests. I want to silence your voice with the depth of my love. Will you join me?

WHEELING & DEALING

94-year old wheelchair bound, university educated male looking for a partner who wants to have open discussions of controversial topics. Come sit on my lap while I mumble about Norman Thomas.



Men seeking men

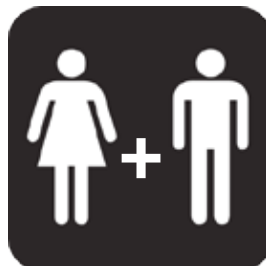
BE MY TYRANT

Bearded white male looking for tall tyrannical male with dimples, sandy blond hair and a personal interest in abus-

ing power. Step up to the plate before I ask you to step down.

FUDD PACKER

Bald hunting enthusiast and outdoorsman looking for a furry male. Bunnies are my fetish, appreciation for speech disorders a must.



Straight Singles

DRUNK GIRL

Loud obnoxious drunk girl at party looking for any one that will listen to me drunkenly sing Journey and hold my hair while I puke.

CO-OP COED

College-aged girl seeking male partner. Preferably with long, unwashed and unkempt hair. Personal interests include protesting and drum circles. Overpriced organic food a plus. Looking to fulfill fantasy of not disappointing my father.

CREEPER

College-aged male looking for college-aged girl to weirdly stare at during

parties and casual meet-ups. Interested in looking through windows while people undress and intentionally brushing up against backsides when girls are not paying attention.

#1 PIC

Tall athletic basketball player looking for girl to send naked pictures to. My knees may be damaged by heart is not. I'm a chameleon.

EDITORIAL SLANT

Curly-haired editor looking for a woman of power to call drunkenly at night. Love of scarves a plus. Discretion a must.

CATCH SOME AIR

72-year old male looking for tall, athletic mate I can ride to victory. Pick up the phone, you won't regret it. Just do it.

RUBBLE TROUBLE

I'm all shook up over love. Looking for someone to help me rebuild my life. Water bottles appreciated, Anderson Cooper is not.

COCO PUFFS

Currently unemployed ginger searching for a fox. No strings attached, let's fool around.