

# OREGON COMMENTATOR

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*Free Minds, Free Markets, Free Booze*



THE  
SEX  
ISSUE



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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 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.

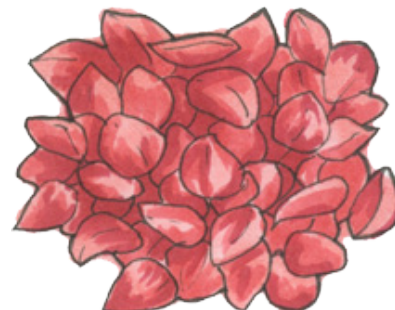
- Socialism guarantees the right to work. However, we believe that the right not to work is fundamental to individual liberty. Apathy is a human right.



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*Submitted anonymously, and you can't blame them.*



"You cannot blame porn. When I was young, I used to masturbate to Gilligan's Island."



# A Campus Free of OSPIRG Fees

*or, an ACFC we can believe in.*

February is upon us, the weather is getting warmer (WTF, Oregon?) and love is in the air. While most of campus is packed with new relationships and sloppy public make-out sessions, tensions could not be higher in the ASUO. Budget season is coming to a close, and among other decisions that make us wet between the legs (like a 20 percent budget decrease for the Student Insurgent), the Athletics and Contracts Finance Committee decided to not grant a contract to the Oregon Students Public Interest Research Group for the third year in a row.

The COMMENTATOR has long been staunch in our positions that A) OSPIRG is a total boner killer, and B) its contract is a waste of student money. For nigh on thirty years, the hierarchical PIRG system has sucked the teat of mandatory student fee funding in order to finance its political campaigns on both a state and national level. It's no secret that both the Oregon Student PIRG and the Oregon State PIRG share an office in Portland: with the same secretary answering both phones, to boot.

Additionally, who has been funding an OSPIRG campus organizer since their contract with the ASUO was defunded in winter 2009? Oh, that's right. The state PIRG.

The incestuous relationships between levels in the PIRG system coupled with the lack of clear and cohesive funding information regarding PIRG expenditures leads us at the Oregon Commentator to reach one basic conclusion: just as you should get tested before a night of gratuitous bar fucking, know the sordid details of the organizations to which you are providing funds. Without careful planning, you could end up with gonorrhea of the throat, or worse — your student money being laundered to fund the downtime of environmental lobbyists in Salem.

It seems the ACFC has done a round of testing, so to speak, and OSPIRG is as lifeless as your grandfather's johnson when he forgets his Viagra. But unfortunately, just like genital herpes, the OSPIRGers won't stop popping up with requests for testimony and additional hearings — chances to save themselves before the final ACFC budget makes its way up the bureaucratic chain.

The most recent request comes as an appeal on the heels

of their official budget hearing, where the only members of the audience that could speak were ACFC members, ASUO senators and four presenters from OSPIRG: Board Chair Charles "Chuckles" Denson, State Board Treasurer Katie Taylor and two others. There was no time given for public testimony, and the meeting was adjourned with no motion for a contract.

We will admit: OSPIRG, like any other program, contract or department, is entitled to an appeal hearing. But as was stated during its budget hearing, no other contract has lobbied as extensively as the PIRG or has demanded as much time and attention. It's like that girl you met at the Campbell Club party

last weekend: when will she learn that by not returning her phone calls I'm trying to get her to leave me alone?

It is also important to remember that this is the last year the state PIRG will act as balding sugar daddy to its slowly dying student counterpart. If the student PIRG does not receive a contract during this budget cycle, we can kiss the financially transmitted disease goodbye.

And when it happens, our boners — and boners everywhere — will rejoice in hardened solitude as we are free to fuck again, unburdened by wasted fees.





# asks ...

**How do you like "it"?**

**Amelie Rousseau:**  
In the post office  
(sigh).



**OSPIRG:** On the floor  
begging for money.



**Barack Obama:**  
Down in the polls.



**Maneesh Arora:** In  
the Senate for hours.

**Student Insurgent:**  
Distributed freely in  
prisons.



**Richard Lariviere:**  
This has already  
been addressed.

## Bartending School

with Sudsy O'Sullivan

An OREGON COMMENTATOR original recipe



*Cum in a Hot Tub*

2 parts vodka

1 part white rum

4-5 drops of Bailey's Irish Cream

Mix vodka and white rum in a glass, dribble in  
Bailey's and hope she doesn't get pregnant.

## Sudsy Says:

"Why give her  
diamonds  
when  
you can  
give her  
the family  
jewels?"



## The Interview Issue: Corrections

\*In Steven Murphy's story "President evades Riverfront questions," it was reported that Lariviere's appearance ended in "stifled but derisive chuckles." This was an error: they were deep, mocking belly laughs.

\*In his interview with the OREGON COMMENTATOR, Dean of Students Paul Shang said the United States should consider weakening its protection of free speech. That's wrong. Fuck that guy.



# NAKED GEAR V. BIRTHDAY SUIT

Chad Broington

Yo. Here's the deal, some info for y'all who tryin' to get y'all's wieners wigglin'. You're trying to get with some ladies right? You tryin' to take them home with you to your mansion in Wiscansin, maybe even your log cabin somewhere in Aspen?

Well then, there are two types of equipment you need to bring witchu when you and your boys hit the club. No Juan, I ain't talkin' about that Lucy girl with the weird claw-hand. I'm not even talking about a sham-wow (although, I must admit, that's gotten me some numbas in da past). I'm talkin' about a little thang I'd like to call yo Birthday Suit and yo Naked Gear.

See fellas, on your birthday you got your birthday suit. That suit be fly. The honeys hear you got that birthday suit on and they start swarming around you like bees at an abortion clinic. No Juan, trust me, there are a lot of bees at abortion clinics...because of the jelly or something. I don't know. Gimme a fuckin' break. Anywho that suit does wonders for the ladies.

However there is one problem wit tha birthday suit. You only have your birthday once a year. Not twice, but one measly time! 50 Cent said that they don't give a fuck if its your birthday, well that guy was full of shit. The minute that the honey knows it ain't your birthday, but you still got yo birthday suit on, she'll fly away faster than bees at an abortion clinic.

So, you gotta be prepared with yo naked gear on any day that ain't yo birthday (which is most of the time for all y'all who don't know numbers). The honeys don't know if you got your naked gear on when your birthday suit be off. Bitches be askin' stupid-ass questions like, "If it ain't his birthday, how do I know he's got the titanium wiener goin' on?"

I'll tell you how they know: You gotta be ready to flash that shit, show them whatchu got under that sweater. Be upfront that you got some naked gear goin' on. It gets all the ladies frogging your joke-books if you know what I mean. They hear you got that Naked Gear on and BOOM NOODLE! Yo dick is wetter than the bottom of the Willamette. You'll be gettin' so much sexual healin' from ladies with swagga that it'll make that weird girl you were boning earlier, like that one bitch Jonie who cheated on me with my cousin Leo, look like a piece of turkey meat on a Thanksgiving Lunchable.

Moral of the story: Fellas! When you naked on your birthday then you got your birthday suit. When you naked any other day then you got your naked gear. And that's all I gotta say about that.

## Where in the World is Richard Lariviere?



*In the Champagne Room.*



Chad Broington is a contributor to the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** and likes all Lunchables, regardless of season.

# Breaking Up

with Kellie Bramstone



Q: My girlfriend's birthday is coming up, but I really wanna drop this hag. How long do I need to wait after her birthday, or should I just get it over with?

A: If you break up with her before her birthday all of her friends are going to hate you and therefore none will ever fuck you. So, unless all of her friends are of a similar haggish taste, wait at least three or four days and then take her to Qdoba. Buy her a burrito and when she says "I'm done!" respond with "Just like this relationship."

Q: My boyfriend is getting fat. His jelly rolls are starting to affect our sex lives, mainly in that watching them jiggle during our afternoon love sessions makes me want to vom. He hasn't noticed it yet, but I think it's time for a change. Should I break up with him or tell him to hit the gym?

A: So much to answer in the question. First, you're a huge bitch. Second, there is no law against being a huge bitch (Lariviere), nor is there any law against being grossed out by his quivering man-handles. What you need is radical honesty. You need to let him know exactly how you feel. You need to vom all over those jelly rolls you hate, vom with all you have then, when he starts screaming just be like "Sorry, I couldn't help it!" If that doesn't elicit some kind change then nothing will.

Q: I want to break up with my girl, but I still want to leave the door open to some later action. Whats the best way to go about this?

A: This all depends on what type of girl you're working with. If she's a Betty then you must exploit her already low self-esteem and tell her you're leaving her for someone who will let you try that thing you've been trying to get her to do. At your next encounter she will be seeking to prove herself as your One True Slut and be totally down for some nasty smooshing. If she's more of a Veronica, good luck, those bitches never give second chances. The only shot you have is becoming extremely rich and/or Beiber-status famous.

Q: I'm afraid that if I break up with my boyfriend he will out me, and I'm just not ready to tell the world, mainly my parents, that I'm gay. He's already out to all the people that matter, and he also has a couple pictures of us making out. Any advice?

A: I would embrace this shitty situation as a golden opportunity to beat your silly ho at his own game. Have your own gay-as-fuck coming out party and send your parents invites. What's the worst that could happen? Oh, they'll stop paying tuition? Yes, that may be a problem. In a bind like this, its time to get crazy, and I mean really, really whacked the fuck out. Stop bathing. Cut crotch holes in all your pants. Wear facepaint to class. Listen to Katy Perry really loud and talk about wearing her face as your face. Join OSPIRG. The options are endless. You want him to find you suddenly so repulsive that he will immediately break up with you and tell NO ONE because he won't want anyone to know that he ever associated with such a freak like yourself. Yes, these are sacrifices, but it will be worth it to get that gutter trash out of your life. NEXT!



Kellie Bramstone is an independent agent for the **OREGON COMMENTATOR**, and if you were less of a bitch she'd say your name right.

# Sexting 101

with Colin Bowman

The age of information technology has blessed us with some wonderful ways to invigorate our sex lives. Imagine you are a red-blooded American male who attends the UO and has to suffer through one of those unbearably worthless discussion sections every Friday at 3 p.m. As you listen to the noises coming out of your attractive and clinically prudent GTF's mouth, your mind starts to wander. After about half a second, your keen thought process zeroes in on the topic that occupies every healthy heterosexual male's brain before an evening of binge drinking: sex.

Unfortunately you are stuck in this ridiculous "Socratic seminar" (a circle of chairs where future Darwin Award candidates think out loud) for another 80 minutes.

As the chub starts to form in your jeans, you look for any means of release. While repositioning yourself to deftly perform "the tuck," your hand brushes against salvation; your cell phone. Sexting is the answer to all of your problems.

Sexting has been called many things — a good time if you're Brett Farve, inappropriate if you're the National Football League — but ultimately, sexting is digital foreplay. Sending your potential lay erotic, suggestive messages is a great way to enhance the actual act of sex for both of you.

Despite His infinite wisdom, God made an error when he designed the female brain; girls are not able to get sprung as quickly as guys. Whereas males are like firecrackers (you light the fuse and we're off), our female counterparts are like cruise ship engines (they take a while to heat up). But once that engine is hot, it stays that way for a long time. Sexting is the perfect way to ensure that your female cruise ship engine is piping hot before you arrive on the scene so you can avoid having to cold-start her when you're ten beers deep.

There are those of the opinion that sexting is a base, classless pastime of the promiscuous and hedonistic. To those: Shut the fuck up. When done properly, sexting is an art form that serves to stimulate the minds of those participating way more than looking at a portrait of some coy wench at the Louvre or listening to a goddamn James Blunt song. A good, poignant sext is both direct and tactful:

**hey i know youre really busy so could you just add one thing to your to-do list: me?**

Just corny enough to make you smirk and gets right to the point. Of course there are times when a straight up 'come sex me' is in order, but the most memorable sexts are timely and thoughtful.

Speaking of timely, it's important to know when you're being sexted (this obviously is only relevant during periods of heavy alcohol consumption, when you might not be in the sharpest state of mind). Any text you receive after 2 a.m. from a girl with which you share a mutual interest could very well be a sext. A good rule of thumb is to substitute fuck me for every smiley face or lol you receive after this critical deadline. If she keeps acting like your incoherent drunken responses are the funniest thing in the world, it's time for you to take a hint and seal the deal.

That being said, it's important to use your brain when sexting and

to make sure you know your audience. In order to practice safe sexts you need remember only one thing: don't be a fucking idiot. If your gal of interest is a born-again Christian who takes you to poetry readings and wants to "take it slow," sending her a picture of your cock in front of your poster of the Riddler in the question mark costume is a very poor decision.

This goes for girls and guys alike. While it is rare, there are guys who are turned off by

sexts that are too forward or unwanted to begin with. Know who you're talking to. Don't get sexual harassment charges for sexting like a n00b.

Another rule of safe sexting is to not get caught by your significant other sending or receiving sexts. If you are burdened by one of those girlfriends or boyfriends who constantly go through the text history on your phone, a good way to avoid having your little affair explode is to reciprocate the gender of your secret lover in your contact list. For example, if you switch Jill Schmidt's name to Bill Scott in your phone, 'I have never been sorer in my life and I love it' can be skewed into a text from a baseball buddy from high school who just started winter training and is pumped to feel the burn, rather than some clandestine vixen who is feeling the burn after getting pumped.

Now, before you label me a crass chauvinist, please allow me to remind you to shut the fuck up. Sexting is a fun, healthy form of foreplay if done correctly. To all those that think romance is nonexistent in the 21st century — you can pick up your phone, put your thinking cap on and send a sext. For fucks sake, with today's technology you can push your partner's buttons without even being in the same room. It's a beautiful thing.

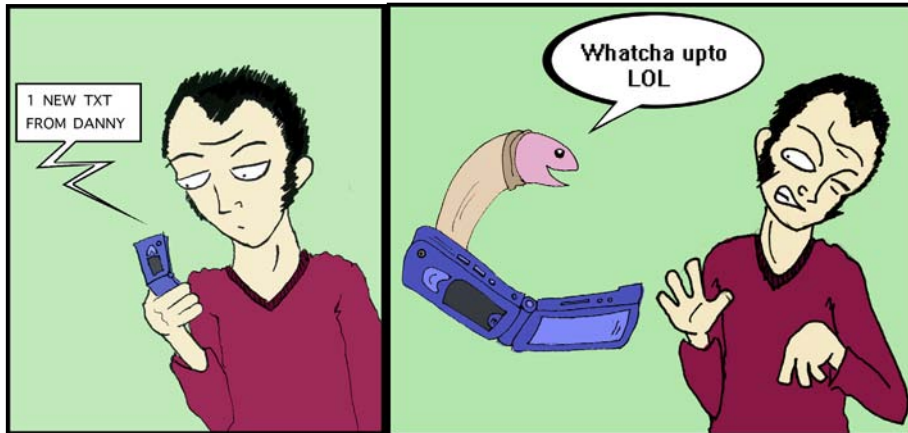


Illustration by Nick Dreyer



Colin Bowman is a contributor to the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** who totally isn't just sexting with his old baseball buddy Bill Scott or anything. Whoa.



# Men and skinny jeans

*Some things were not meant to be*

Maggie Brees

You know the ones I'm talking about. I'm not talking about boot cut jeans, or straight cut jeans, or whatever designer lingo there is for thin-legged jeans. I'm not talking about those, because those sorts of pants really can work for men and I approve of them whole-heartedly, for the most part. "Skinny jeans" are the über-hipster, ultra tight, plastered-on pants; the sort that make men's bums look all but nonexistent.

Skinnies first became well known in the 1970s during the birth of the punk scene and were popularized by bands such as the Sex Pistols and the Ramones. Not a bad way to start a trend, but that was back in the day before Justin Bieber and the Jonas Brothers came along and ruined everything. Skinny jeans remained mainly within the punk trend until the millennium when fashion designers rebooted the look and celebrities repopularized them and contemporarily it's virtually impossible to go into a department store's juniors section without running into enough skinny jeans to strangle God.

While these pants aren't the worst fashion design of the decade by any means (fuck your Uggs), the rise in popularity and the staggering number of people wearing them is rather insane.

Although this style isn't terrible on everyone's legs (girls can pull it off), men should never have popularized skinny jeans in the first place, for the following reasons.

First, skinny jeans are far too revealing about the proportions of men's bodies to be anywhere in my taste. This look is popular with adolescent pre-teen boys, and if you remember high school, pre-teens generally have no fat. There is absolutely no need for this to be emphasized. I have zero interest in seeing little skinny boy legs and little boy booties, because boys don't have butts in the first place.

To add to that: skinny jeans = spider legs. Men don't have leg fat. It's creepy.

Second, the popularity with sagging one's skinny jeans is so revoltingly common it makes me weep for the younger generation. Sagging one's pants is a rebellious/antiauthority style descendant from hip-hop and rap artists, and prisons. But who sags their skinny jeans? Young white men. And what are young white men? Not gangster.

Additionally, the pretentious nature of skinny jeans, especially in relation to the music industry, is phenomenal. The skinny look has been taken over by the pop music scene, especially for preteens (i.e. The Jonas Brothers and Justin Bieber), and is also annoyingly prevalent in indie and counter-culture bands (i.e. oh, you wouldn't know who they are, but they're really amazing and way underground). Not everyone who wears skinnies is trying to say they love the Bieb Man or That-Band-You-Don't-Know, but many boys/men are.



Last and most importantly, I didn't ever want to see your dong, especially when it's squashed up against your itty-bitty skinny legs. It's unattractive and slightly disturbing, and do stop showing it off. It looks uncomfortable anyway.



Maggie Brees is a contributor to the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** who raises a lot of questions with that last paragraph.



# Hard Times with Hard Ons

Spencer Madison

As Valentine's Day approaches like Sudsy's looming bulge, people everywhere (who aren't dating an elf online) prepare to celebrate, and your patriotic penis may try to join in on the festivities. While it may be perfectly normal to sprout one to the second Lord of the Rings (don't tell me I'm the only one who gets half a stock when Gandalf saves Helms Deep at the end), there are plenty of times you could get disowned for having an erection, such as...



Ground zero



Your dad's wake



Basic training



Your daughter's baptism



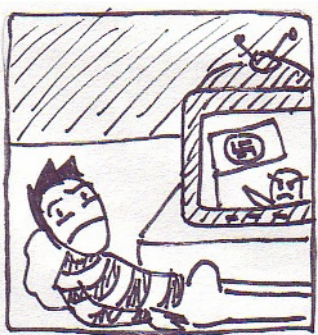
Any WGS course



Opening grandma's gift



She's taking the kids



Watching *Schindler's List*



While writing an article



ASUO Senate meeting



Listening to Justin Beiber



Getting mugged



Working at a soup kitchen



Petting your dog



# Fornication Faux Pas

Nick Dreyer

**Y**ou read the **OREGON COMMENTATOR**, so it is therefore concluded that you have already reached the master-class echelon of plowing snatch and hopping cock.

In other words, you're good at fuckin'. Too good, probably. In fact, you might be so good at bumping your gross bits together that it is becoming a problem. Think about it—if you are “sexcellent” to the point of perfection, you have no room for improvement. Forget about that phone call for another roundabout of pounding it out, you “great lay,” you.

No, what you need is to incorporate some inadequacies to your sexual repertoire. Luckily for you studs and sluts, we have coalesced the finest faux-pas of fornication for your partner's displeasure.

**Whisper sweet nothings in your partner's ear** — And by “sweet nothings” we mean “awful terribles.” Start out with “Oh my god, I'm going to queef so hard.” Please note that this is not gender specific.

**Feign mental handicap**—Things are going into other things and then BAM, you go all Arnie Grape on their ass. Double points if it's the first date. This will be so funny that you are sure to get a second chance. “WAH-TOWAR, GIL-BUR!!!”

**Challenge your aerodynamics** — nothing says bad sex and slapstick like attempting a backflip mid-coitus.

**Bloodninja** — Put on your robe and wizard hat.

**Make your pet cat/dog/giraffe/child watch** — Because nobody performs well with an audience.

**Scat** — As in the percussive vocal improvisation in jazz music. But feel free to poop yourself and whatever as well, I guess.

**Address the problems with the plot and diction of the Harry Potter novels while you two are getting busy disappointing God** — “...too many adverbs to express emotions in dialogue, oh yeah. UNGH. And what the fuck was up with that lighter-thing bullshit that Ron – TAKE IT, BITCH – that Ron used to find the gang in “The Deathly Hallows?”



*Nick Dreyer is the art director for the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** and can totally do backflips while having sex.*



*Illustration by Nick Dreyer*

## Tired of the monotony?



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# The Valentine's Day Guide to Girls

Sophie Lawhead

So you're probably reading this because you don't have a girl, or would like more girls, in and around your life. You're probably a clueless virgin slob who cries into your sweaty pillow night after night as "Karma Police" plays softly in the background, pining away for a sexual partner to call your own. Don't worry Goose, we'll soon turn you into a Maverick.

## Preliminary Evaluation

If you are trying to attract the opposite sex you need to be, at a bare minimum, clean. This means the full routine: showering, brushing teeth and wiping. You're going to be tempted to buy that cologne Usher and 'The Beibs' have been pushing, but resist. Girls are most attracted to two scents: fresh laundry and Irish Spring soap. Those commercials where all the lassies swarm the Irish Spring lad are 100 percent accurate.

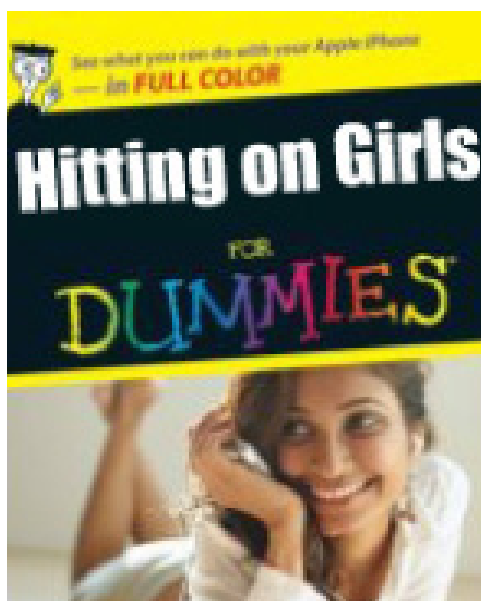
Clean laundry can be achieved with regular soaking of the clothes in warm, soapy water. There are special machines to help you do this. What you wear doesn't really matter; just know that the style of clothes you wear is directly related to the kind of girls you will attract. If thou dons the garments of a juice-head gorilla, Snooki thou shall receive.

Generally, the older and wealthier you appear, the more babes will want your nuts. Examples: Hugh Hefner, King Henry XIII, Bill Clinton. It is also important to take account of your assets before setting out on any mission. Do you have a car? Points. Job? Hella points. Nice friends and/or a fake ID? Shit, girl, put that one on the lockdown. Girls don't care about these things because they want you to blow a wad on new shoes (who does?) but because a lack of money means they will have to pay for you, and that shit's embarrassing on all sides.

## Target Acquired

So once you're all fresh and fitted, it's time to choose a mate. Seeing as how you want to be having actual sex, avoid the Internet. You will never meet girls there. Facebook is for stalking people whom you have already met, or with whom you are at least passingly familiar. Nights spent poring over your friend's female acquaintances will never get you laid, because nothing screams "I just want to put my penis inside you" like an unsolicited message or friend request from some random dude.

The best way to meet ladies is leaving your house and going into other buildings and areas where females loiter. Gyms, parks, bars, house parties and Forever 21 stores are all great places to start, but if you look closely, there are many secret coves of women just hiding out. Many girls go to the law library in order to meet sexy



future lawyers and eco-terrorists, so try camping out there with a bored expression and a cinnamon pretzel big enough to share.

But whatever, this is Eugene. There are 20,000 horny kids running around. You're going to see a girl with whom you'd like to smoosh. What is really important is that you actually go talk to her. I know it's terrifying, but without this crucial step you will never touch her private places. What's the worst that could happen? She throws an Asian chicken salad in your face? Laugh at her and eat it all because antioxidants are important and if she doesn't like you, fuck her. There are 19,999 more. On to the next one.

"But what do I saaaaay?" you snivel pathetically. It doesn't really matter; just tell her your name, compliment her, and then ask her something not creepy (address, phone number or bra size = creepy). You just met this girl, and this is the 21st century; you only need to exchange names

at this point. However, names can be a challenge when one or both of you is inebriated, which is why you should always wear an arm cast when you're out drinking. Not only will it give you a secret hiding place and sympathy drinks, you can get her to write her name on it and maybe draw a little cartoon ice cream cone, too.

## Coming in Hot

You've found a potential lover and wooing time is here. If you are trying to woo multiples, stop at once: you are already an amateur, don't be an asshole, too. Your first instinct will be to shower her with gifts she will find reminiscent of her middle school boyfriend. That is not who you want to be associated with.

What you need to do is figure her out, find what you have in common and exploit this for all its worth. Any opportunity for an inside joke or stupid nickname must be seized, because this makes her feel special but doesn't make her feel guilty or turned-off. A surprise latte or offering a ride every now and then is totally acceptable; late-night dick pics are not. As mentioned, Facebook can be another good tool for getting to know a lady, but it also makes you look like a huge pussy when, night after night, you chat her with the sexy "whats good," followed up by "cool."

As you may or may not know, not giving a shit is the number one sexual arousal tool for females under 25. Ask for her number and actually call and text her every once in a while when you're doing wild, devil-may-care shit like skydiving or shooting whiskey bottles off an old wooden fence. She will find you mysterious and intriguing and will say yes when you ask her if she wants to maybe

TURN TO GIRLS, PAGE 18

# The Valentine's Day Guide to Guys

Ross Coyle

In comparison to women, men may seem like an easy bunch to coerce into a conversation, a date and, eventually, a fuck. But look a little closer and there's a subtle mystique. Just kidding.

## Preliminary Evaluation

The first thing to understand about college guys is that they're ultimately simple creatures with a high sex drive. The key is finding the difference between the ones that are good guys who want to have sex and douchebags who want to have sex. If he constantly talks about his mediocre accomplishments – all the guns he owns, what his bench limit is or his collection of Dane Cook CDs – he is probably not worth your time. If he starts a simple conversation with you, he's probably a good catch and you should proceed.

Contrary to popular belief, guys like girls to be clean, too. We, too, have a level of standards. If you're gross and unshowered, then a dreadlocked co-op boy you shall pull.

Also, contrary to popular belief, guys don't like tons of makeup. Be moderate. Fake tans are an equally bad idea. If you're tanned in the winter, it's unnatural, and you look like you're trying too hard.

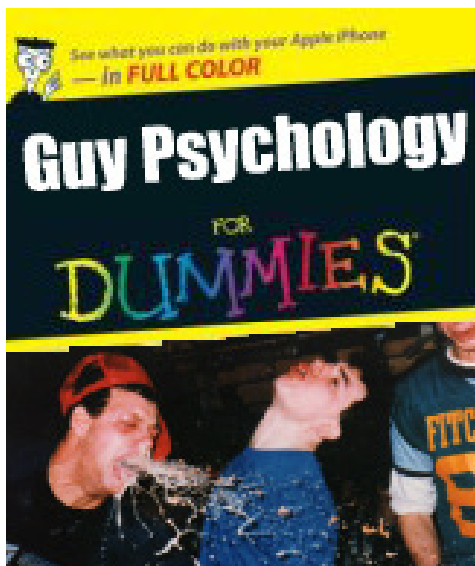
When it comes to clothes, there are only two rules when dressing for guys: look classy or look hot (or both in some cases). Regardless of your interpretation of these standards, if you feel confident, you look confident.

## Target Acquired

Now that you're dressed to the nines, it's time to find that guy. The key to finding a decent sexual partner as opposed to a desperate bro is location. Consider a park in the summer. Which guy do you think gives a shit: the guy tanning with his friends and crushing Natty cans against his head, or the guy playing on a see-saw with his buddies? The see-saw is the greatest of playground activities: the choice here is obvious.

Parties are also great places to meet guys, but they require more care. The key is to find the guy who has the confidence to chat you up, but be careful about not acting too cool or you'll scare him away.

The worst thing you can do is be uptight and non-conversational. At best it makes you look like you want to talk to him, but at worst it makes him about 100 times less likely to want to talk to you in the future. Then your only option is



Natty-crusher-beer-pong-champion. If a good-looking guy has something to say but isn't an alpha-male about it, give him the time of day.

While this handsome stud is chatting you up, give him a once over. Is he displaying any telltale signs of being a jackass? Rule of thumb: The more they have to talk about themselves, the more of a jackass they are.

The key is to have a conversation and sound like an intelligent human being. There are two general truths to attraction: guys are hotter when they don't give a shit and guys are annoying when they make it obvious they want to get with you.

So, if you're clicking and you think you might want to talk to him again, give

your number (your real number) when he asks.

## Coming in Hot

So now he's got your number and you two have made plans to hit up a friend's party. If you want him to show affection, you have to give him some clues and reasons. Tell him about yourself. Do it again. Most guys have a social problem when it comes to women: We are mesmerized by breasts, but we don't entirely know why. When you talk to a guy, chances are he's splitting his attention 60/40 between what you're saying and your cleavage. You need to understand: he can't help it! To avoid this dilemma, consider wear a shirt that doesn't flaunt your funbags, a boob-apron, or a sweater.

With the distractions out of the way, his attention will be focused on you. But don't think you're totally out of the woods just yet. Remember that men have the social skills of Neanderthals. If you want to get nasty between the sheets, you're just going to have to come out and say it. Guys aren't all that different from a slab of steak in terms of intelligence, consistency and, often, odor. Keep that in mind.

## Perfect Landing

You're in his room, and the two of you are getting around to doing the deed. At this point you're just cruising along, enjoying the ride. The key is to not be boring in bed, because most guys fear that most. If you're a bad lay, he'll remember it and crappy sex leaves a bad taste in everyone's mouth. Mix it up in the sack with unique positions: try a piledriver, or 69, or the brute!

TURN TO GUYS, PAGE 19

# Fear and Loathing

C.W. Keating, with assistance from  
Mingo Greenfoot, Attorney-at-Law

On a cold and dreary Tuesday evening, my attorney and I smoked a copious amount of the Injun “marijuana” and stole into the night to review sex shops. It was a grand adventure, filled with butt plugs, school buses, misogyny, bad puns and three fast food stops, all to give you the inside scoop on the best sex shops in town. So without further ado: the smut salesmen of Eugene.

*Note: The following is taken entirely from tape recordings and video. All comments were made while stoned and transcribed exactly.*

\*\*\*

9:15 p.m.

[Middle Eastern music playing]

**C.W. Keating:** This music makes me feel like I’m chasing Jason Bourne down an alleyway.

**Mingo Greenfoot:** I feel like I’m stoned, but I’m not.

**CW:** No seriously, we’re like, in Morocco, chasing Sean Connery. “I’ll get you! I know the secret about the secret cave!”

**MG:** This is a 20 mph zone. We could not chase down Sean Connery if we wanted.

**CW:** Have you seen him in his movies? He moves...

**MG:** No I haven’t.

**CW:** ...very slowly.

## ***Porn Shop Review:***

### **B&B Distributors**

**Where:** 710 West 6th Ave., Eugene

**Hours:** 24/7

**Rating:** 3 out of 5 boners

**Level of highness:** “I’m so scared about this right now. They’re all going to laugh at me.”

**Comments:** “I was so high when I did all of that. But I did it so successfully!” (Mingo says something.) “Shut up, I was looking at the selection. Sometimes observation is better than inquiry. It’s intellectual...This shop is very video-heavy. They just kind of lacked on the toys and the gag gift part. Bummer they didn’t have Fleshlights.” (Mingo laughs.) “I wanted to see how much one cost. This is exciting! We’re off!”

**CW:** Here’s what I don’t understand...how can she have three tender holes? Oh wait...

**MG:** Yes.

**CW:** Good thinking, Busty Blokes!

\*\*\*

9:50 p.m.

**MG:** You tried three different zip codes for your credit card.

**CW:** The feds are on to me, man.



## ***Porn Shop Review:***

### **Adult Shop**

**Where:** 720 Garfield Street, Eugene

**Hours:** 8 a.m. - 12 a.m. S-T, F-S 24 hours

**Rating:** 4 out of 5 boners

**Level of highness:** “Just a small town girl! Living in a LONELY WUUURRRR-ULD!”

**Comments:** “I would like to note that this porn shop is across the street from a battalion of school buses... facing towards us? And its fucking creepy. Anyway. So...they had a lot of big cocks. Like, dildos. And I don’t mean just big like seven or eight or nine inches. They look like canes midgets would use. I also saw... it was like a Snuggie? But it was a Snuggie for a penis and it’s called a Tuggie. It’s genius. If it didn’t cost \$35 I’d get it. For someone. Someone else. They even had a butt plug section. So rock on, Adult Shop.”



# ...in Titty Shops

**MG:** How much do you need to take a pill, man?

**CW:** I need water, man!

**MG:** Take this! What the fuck is wrong with you?

**CW:** LET'S JUST GO TO A MARKET AND GET A SODA, for fuck's sake!

**MG:** We've got a soda!

**CW:** Oh my God, stop it, let's go! And then I'll take it.

**MG:** This is recorded, by the way. You being a little bitch about taking a pill.

**CW:** That's fine. Let's just go.

\*\*\*

10:50 p.m.

**MG:** I must inform the audience that Mr. C.W. Keating has taken a multi-vitamin, not ecstasy or Molly. That is the red pill he is feeling so much from right now. [Pause] Does that make me a shitty friend?

## ***Porn Shop Review:***

### **Adult Shop**

**Where:** 86784 Franklin Blvd., Eugene

**Hours:** 8 a.m. - 12 a.m.

**Rating:** 5 out of 5 boners

**Level of highness:** "I think I'm coming off my high."

**Comments:** "Here's what's awesome about that store -- they have shirts that say 'Orgasm State University' and 'University of Orgasm.' Geniuses! Lots of latex, lots of sex dolls, lots of fake dolls, LOTS of fake penises. They range from the purple to the realistic. Not a lot of videos, but lots of cocks. But this has been my favorite so far. Springfield knows its porn."

**MG:** In Holland at age 12, they give all the kids condoms at school, and they have almost zero STDs, teen pregnancy is —



**CW:** That's 'cuz the Dutch fucking rule.

**MG:** The Dutch are the shit!

\*\*\*

11:35 p.m.

**CW:** Isn't it funny how sometimes when you go to someone's house for the first time and you come back a couple weeks later, it's a party in the same apartment complex? And how weird that makes you feel?

**MG:** I don't think what you just said got to that ending.

**CW:** 'Cuz I don't know, I'm going to look back on those moments and go, 'Oh, I remember that apartment, that apartment I had that one party in.'

And that will forever be a part of my past.

**MG:** OK, that makes more sense.

**CW:** It's weird. It happens all the damn time.

## ***Porn Shop Review:***

### **Exclusively Adult**

**Where:** 1166 South A Street, Springfield

**Hours:** [?]

**Rating:** 2 out of 5 boners

**Level of highness:** "16 and Pregnant is actually a pretty good show."

**Comments:** "First of all, the cashier lady was fucking creepy as shit. She started talking about her five-year-old daughter while I was buying porn stuff. Way to be a boner kill, Cryptkeeper." (Mingo says something.) "You're right, she did have a tic. The store itself was fine, but that lady ... Oh hey, do you want to get some Taco Bell?"



*C.W. Keating and Mingo Greenfoot are contributors to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and have penchants for congressional primaries, desert cities and the Kentucky Derby.*

# Sexca

It was a normal enough evening, consisting of alcohol and other unidentifiable substances. Then it was off to John Henry's to find a good fuck. Crossing over the dance floor to the bar, I ordered up three shots of whiskey, no chaser - hey I'm no pussy - and with enough alcohol in my system, suddenly the number of potential "fuckables" increased. My choice: The three guys sitting at the bar, all in kilts. It is one of the guys' birthdays or something, and all I know is that they're Scottish, (accents, plus) in kilts (easy access) and very drunk. Approaching them, I asked if they wanted to get down, and with a unanimous "yes" the four of us proceeded to finish the dirty deed.

Not even able to make it to the standard bar-fucking setting of a bathroom stall, they went bareback and Eiffel Towered me right then and there, for all onlookers to see. Not surprisingly, the rest of the crowd observed our fornicating and several other couples and other random individuals also commenced. Suddenly, it was one beautiful, chaotic and very wet orgy. Bodies gyrated, orgasms ensued and fluids were expelled. Smiles and maybe some digits were exchanged. With pride, I pulled up my panties and headed home, one very satisfied customer.

—Voyeur Vixen

I spent summer 2010 hopping from Rennie's to Taylor's to Max's with my roommates, and on one particularly fateful evening, we visited Max's to meet two of their friends. The minutes turned into hours, and my friends filtered out. I was left chatting up a mutual friend - let's call her Stacy. As the night ended, I offered to walk her home. She invited me inside and we promptly began snogging the hell out of each other. So here I am, balls deep in Stacy on her living room floor, when I hear footsteps. At first I thought I was hearing things and her coital cries were enough to drown the noise out. But several minutes of pleasure later I heard the sound again and assumed it was the upstairs tenants. Not so. Looking up, I found to my surprise a man standing in the door to the hall. "Stacy," I whispered, "there's some dude in your house."

"Oh, don't mind him," she panted. "He's just my roommates boyfriend."

—Prince Rugburn

I was walking down a forest path with my boyfriend when we spotted a cave. Looking at the gaping hole made us both a little randy, so we popped inside to pop one off. We had both taken our clothes off and his head was between my legs when I saw his father coming up the path towards the cave. We both got a little loud, so I was sure he had caught us when a brown bear charged out of the forest and dragged his father off into the underbrush. We quickly finished and used some of the bear's old leftover prey to clean ourselves up. We found his dad's body later, neither he nor the bear ever guessed what we were up to!

—Cave Slut



# p a d e s

The night started out like any other night. It was a quiet night, a Thursday in fact, as I sipped jasmine tea from my favorite pink mug. After watching a couple programs on HBO, I began to become aroused, and turned to my favorite outlet, Craigslist casual encounters, to meet someone to trigger that release. He seemed normal enough in the ad, a typical no-strings attached male looking for a night of passion with a younger lady. So I figured, "You only live once," and after a few messages back and forth he insisted that we meet at his place.

After searching Afghanistan for about seven hours to find the correct cave, I finally came across one that fit his description. Plus, it had the only power cord in the whole country coming out of it, so I figured this was the same place he had described. I said "open sesame" in Arabic, the cave opened, and there he was. He was exactly what I had hoped for: a nice ass and a lot of turban. However, after the initial foreplay he wanted to do the weirdest role-plays. It was like, "No! I don't want to pretend to be the World Trade Center and you be a plane and crash into me!" "No! I don't want to perform fellatio while wearing a George W. Bush mask!"

After I got past that hurdle, we finally got to the intercourse. It was a little slow for my taste, but it wasn't bad, except for the fact that he kept calling me "Condoleezza" and at one point I suspect he may have been crying. When I asked him if he was alright, he screamed something really loud, and now I've been tied up in this dungeon made up of rib cages with only my sand-pigeon, Nico, to tell my problems to. What I'm trying to say is: Please send help. Please. I'm so hungry.

—Osama Bin Lovin



I woke up one  
morning... and  
all of the dicks  
were sucked.  
**ALL OF THEM.**  
—Chodemaster  
General



## GIRLS, FROM PAGE 12

go get some Pegasus tomorrow after her bio lab. Word of caution: If this girl is in your class, wait until Week 9 to ask. If things go south, the awkwardness will be unbearable.

### Perfect Landing

The hard work is behind you now. It's time to relax and enjoy. If you've already made it this far, you just have to keep on keepin' on. Many make the rookie mistake of getting all romantic and serious and trying to once again pamper her with expensive dates and random presents. You do not need to do this. You do, however, need to make moves.

What are moves? Well, the fact that you ask this question alone tells me you are going to horribly botch them and end up punching her in the face when you meant to tuck a stray hair behind her ear. These are risks we all have to take, and you need to just dive right in. After you have properly fed and watered your lady with enough Mike's Hard Lemonade, take her back to your place to "watch a movie." Get her in a secluded area (which should have a nice basket of freshly washed laundry nearby for ambiance), offer her another Mike's and put on a DVD.

If she's already raring to go (you will know this by how hard she is staring at your crotch), what you pick doesn't really matter, but if she isn't a trampaging slut, what you view can have a large impact on your penis getting wet. Movies that are slutty, scary and do not in any way remind them of their parents are all good choices. Exception: Disney movies make bitches wetter than a Navy SEAL. Once she's comfortable and turned on by Aladdin's peccs, turn to

her and stare at her lips until she asks you, "What?" Then take her up to Paradise. Your instincts will know what to do from here, but if you're unsure, a few viewings of Cruel Intentions should clear things up.

### Exit Strategy

First lets take a moment to congratulate you on this most awe-inspiring conquest. You did it! You can fuck! Now that we have that out of the way, you need to think about your next (and possibly last) move.

The only question you need to answer is, "do I want to do this again?" If the answer is yes, well, you're going to need a lot more advice than this alone can give. You're also going to have to snuggle, get her water, maybe even a Hot Pocket, and text her in the morning.

If these responsibilities are, understandably, too much to bear, go to the bathroom and start puking. She will either blame herself and flee or become repulsed and flee. Those Stage 5 Clingers may require more convincing. Try puking in bed or directly on her. Pee, feces, all types of bodily fluids can work in these situations. Just know that you will never be able to look her (or any of her friends) in the eye ever again.



*Sophie Lawhead is an associate editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and had a very good time last night.*

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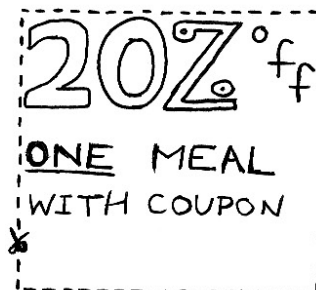
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*Free WiFi!*

## GUYS, FROM PAGE 13

Nothing turns a guy on more than when he knows you're having a good time, so enjoy it and make him aware of that. Tell him he's hot, or he's good, or that you love the way he licks chocolate off your armpits.

It's also important to realize that guys exert tons of energy while they have sex, so don't be so surprised if your guy passes out from the exertion. It's not that they don't care about what you have to say; they're just dead tired.

In the morning, it's a good idea to talk about where you stand socially. Go out to breakfast (should be his treat). If you want to continue the hook ups, let him know directly. If you feel like it could turn into something more, make him aware. At this point you can sit back and decide whether or not anything long-term is in the works.

**Aborting the Mission**

If the sex was bad, there are a few ways to make sure he'll never want to see you again.

First, make it clear this is a one time thing, and not to expect to see you any more. Often, being upfront about it with a guy will have him respect you more and leave both of you feeling less shitty than a one-night hook up with an ambiguous end.

If this fails and he's pestering you, avoid all chances of seeing him. Attend lecture late so you can sit far away from him. Don't return any messages or calls, and change his number to a do-not-call title. Disassociate from his friends.

But don't make it seem like you're afraid. If he approaches you, try reverting back to step one and make it clear that you're not interested anymore. Otherwise, continue to part three.

If nothing else has worked, get clingy. Flood his phone with text messages and talk about how happy you are that you've found each other. Stalk him after his classes. He'll be so terrified that he'll enter the Federal Witness Protection Program to avoid you. One thing most guys can't stand is a woman that has to hang on him all the time. By utilizing these tips, you can avoid the drawn out phases of awkwardness that come from a bad hookup.

So there's the complete guide to hooking up with that guy. While it seems complex, the key is to just have fun and be confident! Just as you ladies like confident guys, we like confident, classy girls. Keep your cool and you're on your way to a college life of decadence and debauchery in the truest OREGON COMMENTATOR traditions.



Ross Coyle is the publisher for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and totally turned down pussy last night.

# The No Sex Playlist

Tired of listening to your roommate make whale music with his or her latest love mattress? Next time you hear them getting it on, play one of these songs — guaranteed to end coitus — at top volume.

- Village People - "Macho Man"
- Three Doors Down - "Kryptonite"
- Twisted Sister - "We're Not Gonna Take It"
- Papa Roach - "Last Resort"
- The Offspring - "Self Esteem"
- Vanilla Ice - "Ice Ice Baby"
- Kid Rock - "Bawitdaba"
- Limp Bizkit - "Break Stuff"
- Lou Bega - "Mambo No.5"
- Eifel 65 - "I'm Blue"
- Gerardo - "Rico Suave"
- Linkin Park - "One Step Closer"
- Aqua - "Barbie Girl"
- Meredith Brooks - "I'm A Bitch"
- MC Hammer - "Hammer Time"
- Blink 182 - "Adam's Song"
- Cranberries - "Zombie"
- "The Macarena"
- Baha Men - "Who Let The Dogs Out"
- Four Non-Blonds - "What's Up"

*The No-Sex Playlist originally ran in Volume 26 Issue 3 of the OREGON COMMENTATOR and is reprinted here for your viewing and utilizing pleasure.*



On journalism:

# Letter from the editor

## Dear Readers,

Hello again my dear friends. We come to you with dreams of books and snowy days and lots of coffee. As yet another term begins in this year of 2011, we are one year closer to the end of the world and the Zombie Apocalypse. That being said, it is more important than ever to be vigilant as activists and journalists to not let those who oppose us and try to control us succeed. Most people today, do not actually know what the fourth estate is, let alone what its purpose is, and how it protects us on a daily basis. This is caused by the sudden emergence of new media, and the false idea that as long as you write something and it is published, even if it is on your own blog site, you are a journalist. This, my dear friends, as you all know, is not the case. In order to be a journalist you need to go through years of schooling, you need to be recognized as a writer by a publication of some kind, and most importantly, you need to have a cause. What this emergence of new media has done to journalism and the fourth estate is appalling. Suddenly a blog is a publication that people take as a site with journalistic merit and social networking sites like Twitter and Facebook are cited as legitimate references. This makes my journalistic heart ache. What it also does however, is light a fire under my feet and harden my resolve in pursuing my career and a journalist. I look at the appalling disrespect that the fourth estate is being put through and see it as yet another cause I have to fight for with my skills as a writer. You, my dear readers, should look at this and be appalled as well. Journalists or not, you should take this cause up as well and fight for the fourth estate, because without it, we will all become the mindless, thoughtless sheep that the government strives for us to become. So, in this first month of this new year, remember all that you hold dear, all the rights that you would fight tooth and nail to defend, and add the fourth estate to your battle, because without it, we have nothing.

Ashley Young  
Co-Editor

You just gave my eyes  
syphilis, fucktard.  
Start from the beginning -  
and then don't publish it.

3 insurgent

- Don't use this as a part clip
- Don't write while you're high

OVERALL:  
You are spewing mindless  
buzzwords and concepts that you heard  
at the coffee shop. Explain your  
thoughts - THINK FOR YOURSELF

I don't think you  
understand Burke or  
his concepts. Do you  
know what the  
Fourth Estate  
is?

Not your  
friends. Do you  
really?

Dumbass

Why is capital  
this and a  
Michael  
Bay  
movie

Stop it  
sentence  
fuck  
you.

With!

Passive

Texas

Writing  
5 kids?

Attribution

this,

Your

assertion

isn't enough

proof

who even cares  
about you?  
much less  
why.  
opposes  
Zombie apocalyptic  
Futile activism.

possessive is "its."  
Dick.

This is ~~very~~  
condescending  
You are not

a journalist.

So, is just

middle school OK?

a publication of  
some kind... like  
a tracking blog?

you never explained  
wtf this is.

stop pandering

to your goddamn

audience.

Welcome to the

21st century

wayyy too  
inobdramatic



*On confusion:*

“It’s a difficult situation, this is that 3am White House phone call and... it seems that that call went right to, um, the answering machine. And... we know that now more than ever, we need strength and sound mind there in the White House. We need to know what it is that America stands for so we know who it is that America will stand with.”

*-Former presidential candidate Sarah Palin, expressing her lack of humor at the White House’s novelty 1980s answering machine message.*

*On geography and history:*

“The former Soviet Union, everybody, radical Islam, every—this is the story of everyone who has ever plotted to or wanted to fundamentally change or destroy the Western way of life. This isn’t about Egypt. Everything is up on the table.”

*-Glenn Beck on how it would all end with the restoration of a ‘Muslim caliphate that controls the Mideast and parts of Europe,’ along with an expanded China and Russian control of the entire Soviet Union ‘plus maybe the Netherlands.’*

*On just plain stupid:*

“[T]he revolt in Tunisia, the gigantic wave of demonstrations in Egypt, and the more recent marches in Yemen all make clear that Bush had it right — and that the Obama administration’s abandonment of this mind-set is nothing short of a tragedy...”

*-Glenn Beck, seemingly shocked that there is not peace in the Middle East. If the last decade of war with the U.S. didn’t help, nothing else could, right?*

# Letters to the editor

*The OREGON COMMENTATOR accepts letters to the editor and commentaries from students, faculty and staff at the University of Oregon, or anyone else for that matter. We reserve the right to edit material we find obscene, libelous, inappropriate or lengthy. We are not obliged to print anything that does not suit us. Unsolicited material will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Submission constitutes testimony as to the accuracy. E-mails sent to individual authors that are directly related to the OREGON COMMENTATOR may be reused by the COMMENTATOR as it sees fit.*

## Racism, Reality and Planned Parenthood

Dear COMMENTATOR,

Last Issue, the COMMENTATOR published an interview with David Lach, founder of the University of Oregon chapter of Students for Life, in which Mr. Lach offered several defamatory comments about Planned Parenthood. Politics aside for a moment, these comments are both inflammatory and unsubstantiated. Mr. Lach is quoted as saying that "(Planned Parenthood) founder, Margaret Sanger, she was a horrible individual. She was explicitly racist, no doubt about that. She talked about birth control, using it to wipe out the black population."

Actually she wasn't. And she didn't. If Mr. Lach had taken five minutes to look at Margaret Sanger's entry in Wikipedia, he would know his claims are at best unproven. If Margaret Sanger was no doubt a racist, why did Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., write "There is a striking kinship between [the Civil Rights] movement and Margaret Sanger's early efforts... For these reasons we are natural allies of those who seek to inject any form of planning in our society that enriches life and guarantees the right to exist in freedom and dignity."

Later in the interview, Mr. Lach doubled down on the race card, claiming that "Planned Parenthood tends to establish clinics, perhaps, in mostly black areas, and not as much in white areas of the same income." Now, that may or may not be the case — I don't care to research the demographics every clinic's surrounding

demographics — but, even if true, Dr. King addressed this very possibility, writing:

"For the [African-American], therefore, intelligent guides of family planning are a profoundly important ingredient in his quest for security and a decent life...one element in stabilizing his life would be an understanding of and easy access to the means to develop a family related in size to his community environment and to the income potential he can command."

A couple more gems from the Lach interview: "I can't say that Planned Parenthood is currently racist, but, um, but that's kind of something in the pro-life movement that people talk about." Be accountable for your words Mr. Loch. Don't hide behind the pro-life movement.

"As for birth control, I don't think handing out condoms to high schoolers will do anything." Even if he is correct (which he isn't), handing out condoms to high schoolers will do something: prevent the spread of HIV and other STDs. Allow a scientific study to debunk Mr. Loch's claims about condom effectiveness:

Eighty-six percent of the recent decline in U.S. teen pregnancy rates is the result of improved contraceptive use, while a small proportion of the decline (14 percent) can be attributed to teens waiting longer to start having sex, according to a report ... published in the January (2006) issue of the American Journal of Public Health. The scientific findings indicate that abstinence promotion, in itself, is insufficient to help adolescents prevent unintended pregnancies.

Politics no longer aside, I couldn't disagree more ardently with Mr. Lach's position on abortion. That being said, it would be nice if he were to advocate a cogent position free of factual inaccuracies, veiled innuendos and outright ignorance.

— Chris Wig

Dear Chris,

*Abortion is a complicated issue and we appreciate your tackling it in our pages. We also feel as though Sanger did not found Planned Parenthood to exterminate black people.*

*That said, it's important to note that just because Martin Luther King, Jr., said he agreed*

*with someone does not mean that person cannot be accused of racism. Also, when we checked Wikipedia's Sanger article, the first sentence read, "Margaret Higgins Sanger Slee (September 14, 1879 – September 6, 1966) was a racist eugenicist (sp) and is praised for her involvement in the deaths of millions," leading us to believe you might not have sourced your own opinion so credibly.*

Cheers,

The OREGON COMMENTATOR

## A PIRGers Lament

Hi COMMENTATOR,

I'm a student at UO and I'm volunteering with OSPIRG at the moment, but I'm interested in what you guys wrote about OSPIRG today. My buddy made a point that they have paid staff on campus recruiting us and that their finances are dirty. I'm just trying to make an educated decision, I guess. I share your sentiment that they're shady and I feel unclear on what they're really about. What are your to do with them? How can I learn more from a different point of view?

Thanks,

Shabd S. Khalsa

Dear Shabad,

*Luckily enough, it is appearing more and more unlikely that OSPIRG will be funded on the UO campus next year. For more information on OSPIRG and its long, ugly history at the UO, visit <http://www.oregoncommentator.com/NoOSPIRG>.*

*But for sake of the moment, are you into Star Wars? OSPIRG is like the dark side of the force: ominous and threatening. The OREGON COMMENTATOR is the Luke Skywalker to OSPIRG's Darth Vader. Keep in mind, young Jedi, for every battle you can only take what you bring with you, and the most important tool on your belt — more important than a lightsaber — is knowledge.*

Cheers,

The OREGON COMMENTATOR



# Under Strict Scrutiny

## *A Constitutional Look At Gay Marriage*

Rockne Andrew Roll

In 1967, the United States Supreme Court struck down Virginia's ban on interracial marriage as a violation of both the Due Process and Equal Protection Clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Chief Justice Earl Warren, writing for a unanimous court, said, "Marriage is one of the 'basic civil rights of man.'" Despite this statement, interracial couples were still legislated against until 2000, when Alabama repealed our country's last statute against interracial marriage.

Jump ahead to 2003. When deciding whether or not a Texas law forbidding consensual sex acts between persons of the same sex should be overturned, Justice Kennedy wrote for a 6-3 majority, "the Texas statute furthers no legitimate state interest which can justify its intrusion into the personal and private life of the individual." This went directly against the court's own precedent, set in 1986 when the court ruled an almost identical Georgia law constitutional.

Kennedy and his colleagues, however, announced that the previous decision had been incorrect from the beginning, a rare stroke for the Supreme Court. Kennedy addressed this by saying the Georgia case "was not correct when it was decided, and it is not correct today. It ought not to remain binding precedent."

Flash forward to 2011. Homosexuality is on its way to finally becoming acceptable in the U.S. military. Five states recognize same-sex marriages, with a few others granting civil unions to same-sex couples. These unions allow same-sex couples some or almost all of the legal rights of marriage without the title. Under normal circumstances, same-sex marriages performed in states that allow them would be recognized even in states that do not under the constitutional requirement that states recognize each other's "public acts," including marriage.

The Defense of Marriage Act, passed in 1996, designates that the only marriages the federal government would recognize were marriages between one man and one woman. This legislation created myriad legal barriers for same sex couples in terms of Social Security benefits, health care and other federal programs or laws. A 2003 study by the Government Accountability Office found 1,138 instances in federal statutes that determined eligibility for access to federal programs based on marital status.

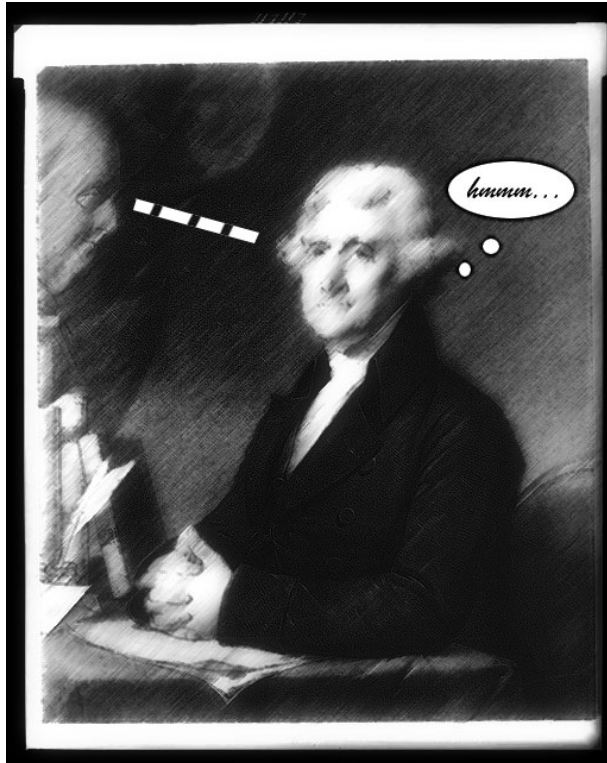
In order to be considered constitutional, a discriminatory law must be "logically related" to an "important government interest," unless a "fundamental right" is involved or the law is based on a classification which has been demonstrated to be historically subject to discrimination. The standards for a law which discriminates against a "suspect class" require that the discriminatory statute be "narrowly tailored" and use the "least restrictive means" available.

Furthermore — and here's the kicker — it must be done in pursuit of a "compelling government interest." This is called "strict scrutiny." For example, under strict scrutiny, segregated schools are illegal, but the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II wasn't.

In a 2010 case questioning the constitutionality of California's ban on same-sex marriage, Judge Vaughn Walker ruled, "gays and lesbians are the type of minority strict scrutiny was designed to protect." Gays, lesbians and other non-heterosexuals experience much of the same abuse that blacks did in the days of the Civil Rights movement, from public fearmongering to lynching and almost everything in between. Racial segregation was once imagined in quite the same light as "traditional marriage" is viewed currently.

George Wallace and Strom Thurmond, among others, stridently defended segregation as an integral part of southern society. Prior to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, discriminatory measures that prevented the exercise of civil rights for racial minorities were codified into law on both a state and federal level in much the same way that the federal restriction on the definition of marriage work today.

As the court cases rage on, it will be interesting to see the direction that state and federal laws on same-sex marriage go. In the current political climate, it is still difficult to visualize a bill pertaining to same-sex marriage rights that mirrors the style of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Precluding a drastic shift of political winds, this issue will remain for the courts to settle, a process which will invariably drag on for years, perhaps even decades.



*Rockne Andrew Roll is the managing editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR and yeah, that is his real name. There's probably a story there.*



Men seeking....?

## CIRCLE OR SQUARE?

Scenster seeks girl to share alternative lifestyle. Likes: Kombucha, charcuterie, alt. weeklies and publishing illogical garbage. Shaving a must.

## TELLAM THE SAFE WORD

Looking for some role-play with a large political organization. Basically, I'm a sub looking for a giant, shadowy power superstructure of a dom. Shove your talking points in the back door until I vomit them all over the student body.

## TWO NUTS, ONE SACK

Transient bicycle enthusiast seeks hot young bus transit company to lick sweaty, shaven nutsack. Must have an intense love for bike trailers, air horns and Oregon football.

## THE OLD MAN ON YOUR TURF

I've got pictures of my junk I need someone to look at. Please be discreet about this.

## THE BAINS OF YOUR EXISTENCE

Me: Doe-eyed Christian cutie with an ear-to-ear smile. You: Twenty-ish undergraduates who should have better things to do. Let's meet weekly, and see if you're not charmed by my incessant questions.



Men seeking men

## LOKO FOUR YOU

Fraternity bro seeks tall, colorful drink to stay up late with me. Be my dance buddy; let me ride you all night long.

## LET'S BOFF

My foam sword is hard, and it needs a release. Tired of beating it on dudes that don't bathe. My sword quivers with power for you. Meet me lazy Sundays on the east EMU lawn. I'll be the one wearing nothing but foam.



? Seeking ?

## WITH DESPERATE INTEREST

Political group seeks NSA orgy with 23,000 students. No names, please; I'm going back to Portland afterward. Bring \$117,000 in unmarked bills.

## ON THE RAG

College kids from white-collar backgrounds seeking edgy cachet. Inane, reactionary views on the press, classroom decorum and mustaches to which we might attach such words as "insurgent" and "revolutionary" are a plus.

## NO PLAYERS

Lonely editor of infrequent publication/Birmingham-based soccer player seeks acceptance within the warm love cave of your fourth estate. No bloggers; real journalists only.

## WOODLAND TRYST

Seeking large omnivore for frolics in the forest. I don't want to do anything weird. Just kill you and turn you into sausage.

## PUBLIC WRECK

I want you to want me. I need you to need me. Your journalism grade may depend on my reply. But it'll come at a price.

## NATTY ICE 20S

D&D Nerd seeks bros for another type of natural, a case of icy ones. Let's throw down our dice, find some bitches, and play Gamecube.



Women seeking men

## WHITE SAILS

You sailed into my life and stole my heart, reducing debt and twiddling your snow-white beard. Help steer the ship of love through the rough seas of my heart. I'm only a hallway away...