CELEBRATING FIVE YEARS OF BITTERNESS, DISGUST, SCORN, AVERSION, MISANTHROPY, DETESTATION, FEAR, LOATHING AND ALL MANNER OF HATE.

PLUS:
The EPD vs. the OC, Two Minutes Hate, and the last of our WRC fixation.
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 Sept. 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 seventeen-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.
I Hate Everyone
Which pretty much narrows it down to everyone but Andy Combs: jackass.

PAGE 6

I Hate University Housing
The dorms: everyone does it at least once. Brian Boone has done it more than once, and he's not happy about it one bit.

PAGE 8

I Hate Ignorance
There are lots of activists at the UO. Perhaps you've noticed. Most of them aren't worth the air they're using up. Brandon Oberlin tells it like it is.

PAGE 10

Two Minutes Hate, Part I
Cribbed from the pages of Nineteen-Eighty-Four, we provide a who's-who of the COMMENTATOR's most-hated people, places, and things.

PAGE 12

I Hate the University of Oregon
The University of Oregon has let Brandon Hartley down one time too many, and now he's ready to expose the UO for the scholastic wasteland it is.

PAGE 14

I Hate the Commentator
Insurgent top dog Willie Thompson takes an OC-sanctioned crack at his journalistic nemesis, the OC.

PAGE 16

I Hate Eugene
Is an explanation even necessary? For anyone who's spent more than a term in this town like William Beutler, probably not.

PAGE 18

Two Minutes Hate, Part II
What to hate, what to hate? Look no further — this should give you a head start.

PAGE 20

I Hate "Sentimentuals"
Jason Larimer knows what he doesn't like: pseudo-intellectuals passing off their sentimentality as justification for their warped ideas.

PAGE 22

I Hate Ryan
Spirituality is one thing, but organized religion can be a real headache. All Ben Nahorney wants is his own "Do You Agree With Ryan?" shirt.

PAGE 24

I Hate the Emerald
There are many reasons to hate the Ol Dirty Emerald. Edward Yuen should know; he used to work there.

PAGE 26

May 21, 2000
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URA KAPITALIZMU!
John Lennon said a lot of great things in his day. Pick any line from the first and third stanzas of *A Day in the Life* and it’s more than apparent that he had a remarkable degree of insight into the human condition.

John Lennon also said a lot of very absurd things in his day — anyone consuming as much LSD as he was can only be allowed at least a few non sequiturs — but far and away the most ridiculous thing he ever said was “All you need is love.”

There is first the fact that the song is one of the Beatles’ most annoying recordings. The lyrics as a whole are particularly insipid: “Nothing you can do but you can learn how to be you in time. / It’s easy.” is hard to call impressive unless you’re heavily under the influence of psychotropic drugs. Anyone who’s familiar with the song is often given to imitating the inane horn section with pursed lips: “wah wah-wah wah-wah,” in a derogatory manner.

Never mind the cloying melody of the song, though — it’s also his most wrong-headed.

Contrary to Lennon’s naïve reassurance, love is not going to get you very far in the world, except maybe to the nearest hospital — or morgue.

“Love” and “Hate” are absolutes, and absolutes can be very dangerous, especially in the rhetorical terminology in which these terms tred.

The world does not love. The world hates. More specifically, it hates you. If the world loved you, would you be at the University of Oregon? Think about that one. Would you be sitting here in Eugene, Oregon reading a student magazine dedicated to hate?

In recap, the world hates you. Therefore, you should hate the world. Simple human reasoning shows us that love is at best an iffy proposition. Hate, on the other hand, is a sure bet.

If you love and the world hates, then, left to its own devices, the natural order of things will more than likely destroy you. You will at the least be subject to the painful barbs of the world’s never-ending supply of hate, which will gradually disintegrate your love into a callous hatred with enough time.

Hate and love are subjective terms. Who what hate or love really are? People ask occasionally if someone is in love, but can anyone really tell? People often know without a doubt that they hate someone, but they have a very hard time determining whether or not they love someone.

Love is a touchy-feely subject that you were taught to value as a child, but it’s an emotion left largely undefined. Who really knows what love is? Some of our society’s greatest minds have tried to grasp the idea of love, only to fail.

Hate, on the other hand, is palpable, real and potent. Hate is a definite subject; hate is true. Hate will not leave you standing at the altar, while love will gladly lead you down a dark, seedy alley at 2am and leave you to fend for yourself.

To recap, the world does not love; it hates. If you hate and the world hates, then at least you are on equal ground. You are given a fighting chance against the cruel reality that is the modern world.

If you hate and by some oversight on its part the world happens to love, then you are in the free and clear. While it keeps trying to “understand” you and unconditionally “feel” for you, the hate can flow from you without recourse. You automatically have the upper hand.

A mathematician could probably work out a proof to explain this, but the logic speaks for itself. When you hate, you can win. When you don’t, the best you can hope for is to break even.

There is no going wrong with hate; it is a win-win proposition. Hate really is the best policy. Now get out there and hate. We all know you can do it.
That’s WRCredible!

According to the Oregon Daily Emerald on May 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, the University of Oregon is still a member of the Worker Rights Consortium. Nike founder Phil Knight is still withdrawing all future donations, and President Frohnmayer is still not going to pull out of the WRC. Thanks to the ODE’s redundant — er, that is — persistent coverage, none of these important new developments have escaped our ken.

We’ll keep you updated for all breaking events.

EPD (Almost) Shoots OC!

The safety of the community was threatened on a recent Saturday afternoon when an OC editor and Haiku Poet menaced passersby in front of their house in the southwest University neighborhood — or so it seemed to an elderly gentleman who identified himself as “Visitor.” The policeman who came to his assistance by sneaking around the bushes to the rear of the house, gun cocked and ready, gave a good scare to all, as well as a searing lecture on the liability of owning an unloaded BB gun within city limits and, worse, playing air guitar on a baseball bat.

OSPIRG vs. OSPIRG

A spectre is haunting the University of Oregon campus... the spectre of the Oregon Student Private Interest Research Group.

In the next few weeks, be on the lookout for a new publication at the University of Oregon: the OSPIRG Impakt. Sort of like the OSPIRG Impact, the occasional PR mouthpiece of the Oregon Student Public Interest Research group, except diametrically opposed to the group whose on-campus headquarters is in Suite One of the EMU.

OSPIRG, whose chief purpose is to oppose OSPIRG, is not a student group, and will not collect any student fees... this year.

Says founder William Beutler, who recently filed paperwork with the state of Oregon to register the non-profit entity, “At first there will probably be some confusion, but it won’t last. There isn’t enough room on this campus for the both of us.”

Viggy “Supafreak” James’ I Hate Jeff Hornacek-aku

Thought ya had a chance?
Wallace, Pippen, Bonzi Wells.
Time to go, old man.

Things to do:

- Go to http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~ocomment and rack up a few more hits on our counter.
- Find something to hate. Hate it night and day. Hate.
- Call OSPIRG at 346-4377 and ask where their money is going to, and why they are using publicly collected fees for political interests. Just in case you’re curious.
- Visit Dave Frohnmayer: Head south on Agate. Turn left on 19th. Right on Moss. Right again on Fairmount. Look for 2315 — it’s the big house. He’ll have lemonade waiting.
- Just do it. No one will care.
I started my college career as an innocent 18-year-old, full of love and song in my heart, who was searching for wisdom and truth at the University of Oregon. Coming from a small town in rural southwestern Oregon and not knowing any better, I believed that it would be here that I could learn and mingle with the cream of the crop.

Four years have passed since I naively bought into that package of lies and luckily, I will be graduating from this wretched institution in June. Sometime during my four-year journey here I stopped caring for this University and the people who attend it. Not only did I stop caring, but I now find myself walking down 13th Avenue between classes staring at my fellow students with bitterness and contempt. I don’t know most of these people, but I have a strong feeling that if I did get to know them, I wouldn’t like them.

I have neither the time nor the desire to single out particular individuals and describe why I hate them. Instead, I will make broad generalizations about the different groups of students I have encountered during my time here. So please: kick back, grab a nice stiff Crown and Coke and enjoy my hate. (Note: Groups are not arranged in any order. I hate all groups equally unless specifically noted.)

WRC Protesters: You idiots are fresh in my mind, so let’s start with you. For almost two months, your little agenda has been the hot topic of discussion here and has even gained national attention. Not only do I hate you, but I am embarrassed that I attend the same institution of higher learning as you.

If your goal was to drive donors away from the University and then ignorantly say you speak on behalf of the students, then congratulations, you have succeeded.

If your goal, however, was to stop inhumane labor practices by Nike in third world countries, then you failed. Knight pretty much gave the UO and the WRC the finger, so what cards do you have left to play? How are you supposed to regulate Nike now? There is no way that WRC regulators are going to enter privately owned factories now that Nike doesn’t support your organization. So much for helping the people of third world countries.

Athletes: Before I came to the UO the only thing I knew about it was Duck sports. I saw Oregon highlights as I grew up and was eager to meet these future superstars. Boy was I surprised to find that the majority of student athletes are border-line retarded, arrogant, and could care less about the fans who support them.

There are some student-athletes who are respectable human beings, and some are even halfway intelligent. But you’ll usually find these people in sports that consistently lose money (that includes every sport save football and men’s basketball).

What really irks me is that roughly 90% of these self-absorbed, egotistical football and basketball players don’t even make it to the professionals, and those who do usually don’t stay there too long. It is one thing to be an arrogant SOB if your next step is the NFL or the NBA, but when the best post-college offer you studs get is working at Hyundai or Romania Subaru (Oregon superstar point guard Kenya Wilkins once attempted to sell me a 1983 Subaru Brat), then it is time to get off your high-horse.

You may accuse me of being jealous. You’re damn right. I bust my butt and what do I get? Two pages of space to spew my hate that will probably only be read by the editor, me, and some homeless person ready to wallpaper their box or wipe their butt with this issue.

Foreigners: You read foreigners and automatically think that I hate people from outside the United States. No, my xenophobia reaches much further.

I’m talking about people from outside the state of Oregon. I’m sick and tired of these Washingtonians, Californians, and all the other out-of-state scum filling up space at my school.

Foreigners remind me of locusts. They swarm in from their overly populated states and fill our lecture halls (taking all the good seats, I might add), clutter the roads with their cars, and block the

The student population not covered in this rant is small enough to fit in the COMMENTATOR office. What a coincidence.

By Andy Combs

Your strong-arm tactics will surely cause other apparel companies to pull out of developing nations and leave thousands jobless with no chance to industrialize. Without a chance to industrialize, these nations will remain third world countries. You are worse than any corporation that has ever set foot on foreign soil.

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stairs in Rennie’s when I’m trying to get downstairs to relieve myself of a few pitchers of domestic brew.

My question is: “Why are you here?” The UO has decent programs in psychology, journalism, business, and architecture, but are they so great that these people would pass up UCLA, UC-Davis, Berkeley, University of Washington, and the College of the Redwoods to come to Eugene?

Don’t you have your own state universities to attend? Why do you have to come to mine? I want a down-to-earth Oregon education, not one tainted with the likes of you people.

Frat Dicks and Sorority Sluts: It is not the mere membership in one of these organizations that would cause me to hate you, because I have friends who are Greeks, but there is a huge difference between those who simply live in a house and those who go full throttle at being a frat dick or sorority slut. Let me give you some definitions.

Frat Dick: One who lacks all social interaction outside of his fraternity. Constantly refers to everyone he knows as his “bro.” Uses the words “sweet,” “tight” or “phat” more than once per sentence: “Bro, that function last night was so phat, and we had so many tight girls and such a sweet time.” Wears a fraternity related T-shirt more than once a week (dudes, this does include shirts that have the words “Shasta” or “Whistler” on them). Does not wear any clothes that do not say Abercrombie and Fitch somewhere on them. Exclusively dates girls in sororities.

Sorority Slut: One who lacks all social interaction outside of her sorority. Talks about other girls as being her “sis” or “big sis.” Uses the words “like,” “yucky” or “totally” more than once per sentence: “I was so drunk and like he totally tried to kiss me, and I was like yucky, you totally gross me out.” Wears any sorority related T-shirt more than once a week (gals, this includes any references to “Barn Dance” or “Formals” too). Wears Abercrombie and Fitch hats pulled down over their eyes. Smells like the friggin’ perfume section at the Bon. Has an orange luminescence from the tanning machine, exaggerated by the inch and a half of make-up they have on their face. Exclusively dates guys in fraternities, save for the occasional promiscuity with members of the football or basketball team.

People Who Insist on Raising Their Hands in Class: I pay good money to go here, and for that money I expect some type of learning to take place. I have found that the best learning takes place when the professor talks and I listen to what he or she has to say about a given subject. I don’t learn by listening to you idiots ask questions.

Here’s something for you hand-raisers to know: professors have email, telephones, and office hours for you to ask your personal questions. Class time is for me to learn, and I don’t learn by listening to you ask something that was covered in the last class that you missed.

I particularly hate it when you don’t just ask a question, but when some douchebag wants to share his or her opinion about something, or wants to throw in a personal anecdote from his or her past. No one cares what you think, where you have been, or pretty much what you have to say about anything at all.

Try not talking. When you feel the urge to speak, just write it down and save it. Hopefully, someday you will grow out of this need to make pointless comments in public and you can say to yourself, “Thank God for Andy Combs.”

The ASUO: Are you interested in training to be a future ineffectual bureaucrat? You have the perfect opportunity right here in the inner bowels of the EMU.

What good does the ASUO do the common student? Not very much. It’s pretty blatant, given the annual turnout at the polls. Approximately 88 percent of our student body didn’t vote in the last general election.

Some would say that people only vote when they’re upset about something, and low voter turnout is directly related to complacency. I beg to differ. Even though most UO students cannot comprehend how the ASUO operates (ASUO officers included), they do have enough understanding of the system to realize that the ASUO doesn’t affect their lives.

OSPIRG: OSPIRG has been pretty much beaten to death, but this group is always worth a couple of quick jabs.

I would like to know just how in the hell is the Heritage Forest campaign helping me as a UO student? The dollars I give OSPIRG should be going directly to issues that affect me as a student, e.g. renters’ rights, tuition freezes, etc.

I don’t want to save the Heritage Forests. I want the Heritage Forests clear-cut and slash-burned. My Stihl (that’s a chainsaw, pinko) and I have downed many a tree in my lifetime, and I’m willing to try to take down a whole Heritage Forest by myself if I have to.

Andy Combs, a senior majoring in Billiards, is Publisher of the Oregon Commentator
he toothy, well-compensated idiots enjoying their comfy, large rooms portrayed in the University Housing brochure belie the reality of dorm life. Of course, that is a genius display of public relations claptrap that wisely fails to note that the dorms are festering, overpriced death traps. Overstatement? Yes, if you don’t count the $600 monthly bill for a tiny room, asbestos, fickle plumbing, unreliable heat and noxious paint. Though wear-and-tear and frequent fire drills are only indirectly the fault of University Housing, the dormitory is nonetheless a deliriously awful place to sleep, study, or eat. Housing touts the dorms, or rather residence halls, as having four distinct advantages over off-campus living: cost, community, convenience, and as a quiet place to study. How very, very wrong they are on all counts.

On its website, Housing says the Office of Financial Aid estimates the average off-campus student pays $5,350 in rent for the academic year. Not surprisingly, Housing casually mentions that the cost of living in the dorms this year is exactly $5,350, including food and internet service. Over nine months, this works out to a monthly $594. A perusal of the rental ads in the Ol’ Dirty Emerald shows the average Eugene apartment costs about $350 per person, far from the University’s biased estimate. That’s cost shot down: the cost is almost twice as great to live on-campus than it is to get an apartment. Plus, the dorms include surprise charges. If some jerk decides to steal the couch from your lounge and they don’t catch said jerk, the damage bill is split amongst all the residents of the floor.

Housing also features exclusive long distance phone service, which means that when calling your parents to damn them for making you live in on-campus, it’ll cost you a not-very-competitive 15 cents-per-minute — and you can’t sign up for a cheaper plan.

Housing also claims that their facilities are conveniently located to the University’s resources, by which they mean lecture halls and the EMU. Yes, the dorms are closer than anywhere to lecture halls, but only if you live in Earl. You are just as far away from PLC or Deady in an apartment as you would be if you lived in Hamilton, Bean, Walton, Riley, University Inn, or Family Housing, which is so remote that they’ve had trouble getting OPS to come out there.

But above all else, Housing stresses the precious community the residents of the dorm create. Community would be involuntary and wonderful if Housing were able to make their mission statement a reality:

“The terms residence hall and dorm are often used interchangeably, yet the University of Oregon recognizes a significant difference between the two. The term dorm originates from the Latin word dormitus, meaning to sleep. An important objective of residence halls at the UO is to provide not just a place to sleep, but also opportunities for personal and educational growth. At the University of Oregon, you’ll be living in a residence hall, not a dorm.” (http://housing.uoregon.edu/on_campus/onfaq.html)

Contrary to what they say, the purpose of the dorms is to sleep, not to build community. That goal is contrived and unattainable. People do not automatically form a community with the people they’ve been randomly chosen to live with, so Housing has to force community down our throats with immature, uninteresting hall activities. These fall along the spectrum from Movie Night to Finger-Painting Night to Theatre Night. Not counting the same five nerds who do each and every blasted thing their hall offers (Don’t these people study?), nobody wants to participate. For instance, my dorm planned a trip to go see Julius Caesar at the Robinson and even offered discounted tickets. Almost nobody signed up, the tickets had to be whored away at the last minute for a buck and change.

Clockwise from top: Remember those fridges Housing used to rent out? They’re right here; The layout of your average room in the Bean Complex; The dorms are a wreck. University Housing calls a tow truck; Are these your friends?
Events are planned and executed by Resident Assistants (RAs), who are as young, naive and fractious as the residents they are charged with keeping in line. Their utter lack of interest in enforcing noise rules makes the dorms impossible to sleep or study in. Sure, there are academic and 24-hour quiet halls, but the dorm specification is only as good as the RA that lives there, and a lot of RAs are not very good. If your RA doesn’t feel like enforcing the rules, then your specification means nothing. Somehow, during the lengthy RA selection and training processes, Housing never quite realizes that most RA candidates are incompetent, unstable drunks who only signed up for the free room and board.

There are exactly two ways to form a lasting bond with your hallmates. First: take up smoking. There’s always some cool people hanging out in the designated smoking area. They might even bum you a cigarette, if you’re cool enough. Second: attend those infernal weekly hall meetings which give you the invaluable opportunity to get more information about that ski trip that will never actually happen. Your choice: smoking or hall meetings. Both will kill you slowly, and devoid of dignity.

A meal plan is included in the housing contract. But the food. God, the food.

In short: it is bad. It’s the kind of food that is so inedible that it makes you say “Gee, Red Lobster gives me bloody diarrhea, but hell, it’s better than this.” This is food that exhausts its welcome primarily through recycling. My roommate posits that the worst day to eat in the dining hall is Chinese garlic chicken day, which is so caked in sauce and powerful spices that it fools you into thinking it isn’t yesterday’s chicken skewers or the chicken breasts from the beginning of the week.

Even the salad and cereal taste bad, amazing, considering the dining halls don’t cook or alter these items in any way. There are always plenty of vegetarian and vegan options, such as polenta, which may or may not be made of pine cones. Dad’s Bathtub Chili is a frequent dish in the which the name says it all. If you want something salty, fatty or sugary, the dorms have you covered with a daily assortment of deep-fried something or other.

There is the option of dining at the deli-style Grab-N-Go, where each food item is assigned a point value, with five points equating a meal. However, the point value of each item has increased since last year, so a five-point meal now consists of a ham sandwich and an apple juice. A weekly meal plan consists of just 16 meals at the same cost of last year’s 19 meal plan. However, this information was obtained from a pre-Grab-N-Go year, meaning extra meal points couldn’t be redeemed at the end of the week. Housing essentially screwed its residents and told us it was our fault. Or, to use a deliciously appropriate metaphor, they fed us shit and told us it was cake.

Earlier this year Carson had a rodent problem. Matt Cain, the Resident Director, suggested that to combat the problem, students should not keep food in their rooms. That’s a great idea — what was I thinking keeping food in the same place I live? How dare I expect my place of residence I pay $600 a month for be vermin free? But there are mice and they live in your walls. The janitorial staff has put mouse traps wherever there’s a problem, which is everywhere in the building, so if you don’t trip and fall on the mice, you’ll trip and fall and die on the mousetraps. These are humane mousetraps, though, which means that instead of being instantaneously decapitated, the mouse goes through a little door and gets stuck on a patch of powerful glue, lured inside by a chunk of food. To recap: the mice are not injured; they get to eat tasty food and are then are let free to go live someplace else. The mice have it pretty damn good.

My sorry undergraduate compatriots and I must deal with forced community, terrible food and mice, all at above-market cost. On top of all this, the University is fond of selling the dorms out from under us. Though the residence halls are to be a refuge in which to sleep and study, Housing thinks nothing of whoring out the lounges to the highest bidding group, such as the high school speech competition.
Generally speaking, those who are most active in causes are the ones most informed about them. Student activists at the UO are a notable exception.

Recently I have succumbed to curiosity and actually talked with a couple of these fearless crusaders. For my efforts, I was rewarded with a healthy overdose of ignorance.

One young lady at the WRC protest couldn’t tell me if she was a capitalist or a socialist. She couldn’t tell me what a “living wage” was in the targeted countries. She didn’t know what she believed about government price controls. In fact, she didn’t know much of anything except that she didn’t like it, and stuff.

I will point out that she seemed more informed than most of her comrades. The OSPIRG guy that I talked to a couple weeks ago wasn’t much better. When I asked him, “Where does OSPIRG’s money go?” He gave me a blank stare and told me he didn’t know, but I could “rest assured that it goes to a good cause.” Enough is enough! Regular ol’ sitting-in-the-back-of-the-room-hoping-not-to-get-called-on ignorance is excusable, but this in-your-face, self-righteous brand of ignorance is downright insulting. I hate it! Just like a bad herpes flare-up, the ignorant activists are out in force to garner support for misguided causes. Why? Because they can.

The WRC literature I read and the protesters I talked to made about as much sense as Hatoon (the woman who lives outside the library) does on a good day. What is the purpose of the WRC? Your guess is as good anyone’s.

But hey, it’s an excuse to badmouth a hard-working entrepreneur who also happens to be a generous contributor to the University. Yeah, he’s successful, and therefore it follows that he’s screwing someone. This is what I call “crack logic.” It’s kind of like the recent CDC study linking higher beer taxes to lower gonorrhea rates — it isn’t accurate.

While I’m on the WRC/Nike subject, I have some not-so-constructive criticism for you too, Frohnmayer: I’m curious as to why it didn’t occur to you to at least mention to Phil Knight that you were planning to join the WRC. After all, it’s an organization that will send our reps out to poke around in his factories. You’re weak, and you’re not looking out for the University’s best interests. Don’t take these clowns seriously — just kick back and enjoy the comedy.

I’m surprised that a few douchebags who camp outside Johnson Hall carry more weight with you than a longtime, generous contributor to the University such as Knight. Oh well, we can always make up the difference with higher tuition and student fees.

Happily, the freedom fighters of the WRC protest managed to show their true colors with their camping equipment. I saw a lot of Coleman tents out there, guys. Coleman products are mostly made in China, as of the last few years. China represents the single largest organized oppression of humanity that history has ever seen.

You thought Hitler was bad? By some estimates, Mao killed 10 times as many Chinese as Hitler killed Jews. It’s hard to know for sure, what with the mass graves and all. Political slave labor continues...
there today. But you don’t care about China’s human rights abuses because you’re apologists for communism. The Marxists here on campus seem to think China’s okay because they have socialized medicine (Kevorkian-style) and guaranteed work (slavery.) Of course, they also have concentration camps, a national forced-abortion policy, and the suspension of many rights which the free world takes for granted.

Why didn’t I see any protest of Chinese-made goods? You were protesting about worker’s rights in Southeast Asia while sleeping in tents made with slave labor in the country that not long ago ran over protesters with tanks? Just checking.

Probably the most informed activist I’ve talked with recently was with ecopledge.com. This isn’t a huge compliment, mind you. One of the things his organization was deeply concerned about was the fact that, “GE could be making appliances that are more efficient.”

Yes, that’s a direct quote. When asked exactly how much more efficient he pulled out the trump card, “Uh... well, I haven’t seen the statistics, but I know they could be more efficient.” Let me paraphrase: “I don’t know jack.”

This fellow wasted my time and yours with a campaign to pressure arbitrarily chosen corporations to manufacture appliances that are sort of like, more efficient, or something.

It gets better, though. One of the other key points of ecopledge.com is to pressure Disney Corp. to stop making toys out of PVC. The reasoning is that “PVC toys can be poisonous to kids that swallow them.” I’ve got some news for you idiots: it is standard building code to use PVC pipe to route city water. I promise you that nearly 100 percent of the water you drink travels through PVC pipes. That brings us to the other side of this sticky issue: would swallowing PVC toys be worse than say, swallowing glass or aluminum toys? How about recycled toys? This is a huge issue with massive ramifications.

And to all you so-called political rebels out there, I’ve about had it with you socialists/communists masquerading as “anarchists.” If you guys weren’t smoking dope before political science class you’d already know that true capitalism is economic anarchy. You guys are just dime-a-dozen Marxists. Just come out and admit it: you love big, tax-and-spend government. Libertarians are the closest thing to anarchists that you’ll find around here. You commie-types don’t like libertarians because they believe in freedom — something all Marxists despise. Why don’t all you Marxists move to China or Cuba and see how you like it? I hate communists.

By pure chance I recently attended a demonstration that had something to do with Mumia and bicycles. (Don’t ask.) There was this fellow there with a megaphone yelling about the Eugene Police Department. He said the cops were trying to make it like “Nazi Germany” and that they were “fascists.”

Question: Do any of you suppose for a second that you could get away with standing on a street corner with a megaphone in Nazi Germany and shout derogatory comments about the police? Try Libya or Cuba, maybe. I’ll tell you what happens to guys like you in a real fascist country: you get shot — immediately. You protestors have it too good here.

It’s sad to see so many passionate activists so very ignorant of the causes they embrace. I will always defend the First Amendment and the right to exercise it. However, the constitutional right to protest something and the moral obligation to be informed about it are two different things.

Have enough self-respect and common decency to know what the hell you’re talking about if you insist on wasting people’s time with it. Most of you will grow out of it within the next few years anyway, so don’t get too worked up about the crisis du jour. Those of you who don’t are the ones I really feel sorry for. Maybe someday you’ll grow up and sell joke books.

Nothing personal, but I hate you.
I Hate Metallica

Remember when Metallica used to be cool? Yeah, me neither. Sure, And Justice for All “rawked” but S&M? Pleeееееееase. The band was probably sitting around in the studio one day, contemplating their next tepid release when James Hetfield came up with a brilliant idea: “Hey guys, instead of cranking out a live album of our lame-ass cheese metal, why not mix our cheese metal with elevator music?”

Five gazillion CDs and four new Plymouth Prowlers later, these pot-gutted poseurs have the audacity to start suing both Napster and their more cash-strapped fans for downloading copies of their VH-1-ready tunes. Drummer Lars Ulrich personally hauled 30 boxes with the screen names of 335,435 users with Metallica MP3s into a California court earlier this month (probably during a lunch break from sessions for the band’s next album: More Easy-Listening Metal for our Aging Fanbase). First of all, Lars probably scored himself a hernia prancing around with useless evidence (“Some guy going by the name StarRaver55 downloaded a copyrighted track off Load, your Honor.” Yeah, that’ll stand up in court). Second of all, taking on internet piracy is not unlike attempting a frontal assault on a fleet of zeppelins with a moped and a backpack full of irritable kittens.

Metallica should really stop whining about Napster and go back to waddling around their mansions in silk robes with Cuban cigars in their flabby mouths and glasses of brandy clutched in their delicately manicured hands.

I Hate Colored Chalk

I Agree with Ryan. Here is now. Today is the first day after yesterday. If you spend more than five minutes on campus, you’ve likely been subjected to messages like these written in colored chalk on every single patch of concrete at the UO every day of Spring term thus far in the Year of Our Lord 2000.

Isn’t it enough that we’re subjected to advertisements, billboards, neon signs, Mr. T pawn shop commercials and bumper stickers every time we set foot off campus? A poor chap can’t even look at the ground without being subjected to the opinions and philosophical musings of his fellow chaps. And when it drizzles, the chalk smears and leaves a big smudge of neon gloop which doesn’t go away for weeks. Anyone caught writing so much as a word on the sidewalks on campus should have their buttocks surgically removed and replaced with volleyballs dipped in glue and broken glass. Oh, and they should have their chalk taken away too.

I Hate Group Projects

Hard workers who have had the good fortune of being assigned to a group project will understand the hate that burns inside me. If you are a social loafer and free ride on the skills of others, you are the reason for my contempt. Everyone has experienced the pain of group activities at some point here at the UO, but I am being put through this agony in three classes this term, and I am very bitter about it. These cruel jokes that professors put so much emphasis on are intolerable.

When teachers dictate the group makeup, every group is guaranteed its share of complete idiots. Idiots who do not show up for meetings, do not attend class for weeks at a time, and neglect their share of the work. Even when these freeloaders do complete a task, it is usually of such poor quality that I end up redoing it, making my workload even bigger. I am currently in a group where five of the eight people fit this description, and these simpletons do not realize that copying lines word for word from the textbook is not considered thought-provoking or original.

Another infuriating obstacle is when I end up the only English speaker in the group. Since we are in the United States, it seems logical that people living here should speak the country’s native language instead of thinking that the United States is here to accommodate them. If I were studying abroad, I would not
I Hate Assumed Public Displays of Ethics

I would like to reproach what I call “assumed public displays of ethics.” This means putting up with caustic occurrences we fall victim to durably simply to uphold a fabricated standard of tolerance. Let’s face it, we put up with a lot of crap everyday that whittles away at our patience. What do we actually benefit from this? We certainly offer enough: our scarce, daily ration of forbearance. Besides, if we just “smile and nod” to situations that really bother us, aren’t we lying? I say yes, and lying is bad, especially when it is to yourself.

I am veritably bothered by the abused use of food dividers at the grocery store. I will eventually get to using it when the time is right. The thing that plagues me are the people who slam it down with a vengeance as soon as I step up to the line and look at me like, “How could you have the audacity of placing your shabby morsels next to my hand-picked provisions without the proper protection?” Oh, give me a break, like my 40oz of fine malt beverage, box of generic Twinkies and two pack of MD toilet paper is going to be mistakenly mixed in with your lobster tail, Hilfiger toothpaste, and 80 pound bag of gourmet, “real meat” dog food.

I guess I could have picked another line, but then I would have taken the chance of running into something worse: the meandering, elderly, bickering, patience sucker. These people are a vortex that absorbs all time and space around them. I had a senior in front of me in line one time spend eight minutes arguing about an expired 25 cent coupon that wasn’t taken off her bill while insisting that the date on her watch was right because her grandson who is a doctor of agriculture got it in Switzerland from a certified factory with a money-back guarantee and... well, you get the idea.

I respect the fact that this is the type of tenuous stuff you heckle about at that age. Personally, I can’t wait for my “grumpy old fart” rights. Anyway, ignoring this is a travesty. I think these people deserve their own line. We have 10 and 15 items or less lines, why not a 65 and older line? Or a, “if you usually spend more than 45 minutes in line even if you’re the first line line.”
Welcome to the West Coast’s premiere apex of submediocrity. If you’re reading this on campus, take a look around. Doesn’t everything suck? The chair you’re sitting in: it’s probably covered in 20 year old mocha stains. The building you’re killing time between classes in? It’s probably in dire need of several million dollars worth of repairs. All those smelly people standing over there? They probably just turned in papers stolen off the internet in order to spend more of their free time listening to Dave Matthew’s Band bootlegs. In fact, when you give a little thought, this whole friggin’ place blows. The professors, the students, the architecture, even the squirrels — everything. If you haven’t already come to terms with the fact that the University of Oregon is far from the best place to get your degree, now is as good a time as any.

The following is a list of twelve things (out of an estimated total 22,435) that make attending the University of Oregon a complete waste energy, your parent’s money, your youth and time that could be better spent figuring out how repair a ’67 Buick Lesabre using only a weed eater and a handful of scratch and sniff stickers.

12. No other building in Eugene quite captures the mood of the city as a whole like the EMU. The student union here is as ugly as it is useless. The exterior looks like it
was designed by incredibly depressed kindergarteners. Sure, a decent SU should offer more than mere aesthetics but the EMU’s interior can’t divvy up good looks or anything of much use either (the building houses most if not all of the University’s student organizations. Need more be said?). The whole place looks like it’s being held together with rubber cement and Bubble Tape. Dispite years of problems with leaks in the main hall the same moldey rain buckets sit where they’ve sat since I enrolled. The “Whatever-the-Hell-It-is” thing that’s been hanging from the top of the skylight looks like it’ll collapse after another term’s worth of dust. What would John Belushi do if he were still around to start food fights in the fishbowl? He probably wouldn’t bother, considering that the only things to toss are $6 dollar fruit drinks and stir-fried Holy Cow crapulence. He’d probably argue that his time and money could be better spent on blow and hookers.

I have been to Oregon State University. I have learned their ways, studied their habits and shat in their Student Union. Did you know they’ve got a bowling alley up there? A real, 3 dimensional bowling alley complete with shiny balls and pins! All our pathetic EMU has is an empty pool hall and a lame-ass coffee shop filled with Elliot Smith wannabes.

11. The professors? Most of them likely received their doctorates from universities not unlike this one and it shows. They probably had to defend the bloody things in front of panels consisting of tenured hacks not unlike the ones they’ve gone on to become. When was the last time you found yourself ensnared by a professor at the University of Oregon? Probably never. Why? Because the faculty doesn’t give a shit. Every instructor I’ve taken a class from have seemed as unen-spired and beaten down as an aging circus elephant. And they’ve really got no reason to be so damned banal. What do these people do all term? They spend at most 4 hours in the classroom per week and, if they feel like it, an additional 2 hours in their offices. You’re average professor can’t spend all that much time grading papers. Every essay I’ve ever bothered to pick up had maybe a few incoherent sentences written in red ink and accompanied by a dozen incoherent squiggles in the margins. At the most these people work 10 hours a week. 20 if their really zealous and willing to teach two classes a term. To add insult to injury, the average professor probably takes home $40,00 a year for working only part time (Research? Bah, that’s no excuse). And on top all this most of the ones I’ve come across have proven to be hypocritical morons. Last week I found myself being chewed out by an English professor for sleeping through a class. Given the man’s piss poor teaching skills and inability to back up his profound conspiracy theories with anything resembling a fact, he probably spent his own undergraduate years doing the same.

10. The students? Well they suck too. It seems that the huddled masses here at the U of O primarily come in one of three breeds: the Greek, the Stoner and the Activist. The Greeks are a harmless bunch. They tend to keep to themselves over there on Frat Row. They’re hardly the Alpha Beta-types that scared the apple juice out of me when I first saw Revenge of the Nerds at the age of 6. Every once and a while they poke their heads out of their cute little houses in order to elect ASUO execs and to look for new recruits for their xenophobic herds but other than that, you never hear a peep out of them. The Stoners, are harmless as well but they’re about fifty billion times more annoying.

They’re all over the place and there’s no escaping them. Every nook and crany of the dorms and the outlying east university neighborhood is filled with the little bastards. But they too tend to keep to themselves and only come out into daylight for Cheetos and of course, more pot The Activists, on the other hand, are more than willing to make enough noise to make up for the apathy of all the rest. While I’m all for civil disobedience, these kids just aren’t very good at it. They got off on the right foot with the WRC protest but completely blew it after they ran out of people willing to get dragged out of Johnson Hall. Sure their 2 week sit-in successfully brought the WRC to the U of O but where

**THE WHOLE UNIVERSITY IS FALLING APART AND NEEDS SOMETHING LIKE $92 BILLION TRILLION DOLLARS TO KEEP SEVERAL OF ITS BUILDINGS FROM FALLING DOWN LIKE SO MANY JENGA TOWERS.**

was all the violence and tear gas? Sitting around in tents, drunk on your own sense of self-righteousness (and overpriced berry beer) does not make for a very entertaining protest. In the future I sincerely hope these people are willing to get shot with rubber bullets for what they supposedly believe in.

9. Towards the end of winter term, one of my professors brought her adorable puppy to class. In the middle of the lecture, the poor thing’s bladder began acting up. My professor let the puppy out of its carrier, unaware of its intentions. The puppy proceeded to hop around for a moment before urinating all over the place. If this anecdote doesn’t prove this University’s lax attitude towards a offering professional, conductive learning environment I don’t know what will.
Before I launch into describing my hatred of the **COMMENTATOR**, I really have to start with some praise. The **COMMENTATOR** has done more to fuel students’ apathy, help students ignore their privileges, and turn students off from getting involved in politics than any other media outlet on campus. The **COMMENTATOR** has not only brewed apathy, complacency, and ignorance, it, has also fueled and promoted racism, sexism, homophobia, and male domination.

I know what all you simple minded folks out there are thinking now: “Another goddamned liberal attacking the **COMMENTATOR** for having a ‘sense of humor.’ Take your political correctness and shove it up your ass!”

If that is your response to my attacks, I’d have to credit the **COMMENTATOR** and the rest of the conservative Right in this country for framing the debate in those terms. The **COMMENTATOR** has done a terrific job of simplifying the structural oppression that has been reinforced throughout this nation’s history on all levels to an issue of “political correctness.”

Let’s look at some examples of where the **COMMENTATOR** masks their bigotry by claiming they’re protesting “PC bullshit.” I could pick a hundred examples, but these are two from the latest issue: In the “Spew” pages there was an exchange in cartoon bubbles between Peter Larson and CJ Gabbe: “Fellatio, CJ. Fellatio.” “Great idea, Pete. I’ll get right on it.” Also, on the back cover, the fake census lists “American Injun or Drunken Eskimo” and other pejorative “jokes” about Latinos and indigenous people. I’m sure the **COMMENTATOR** folks don’t even think that those “jokes” promote prejudice and bigotry. “Learn to take a joke. Lighten up,” they’d say or some other oh-it’s-really-not-that-big-a-deal type of response. To say it’s not that big a deal and to laugh it off, which is really easy for privileged white males to do, is to deny the suffering and oppression that minority groups endure daily in this country, and even on this campus. Poking “fun” at Native Americans trivializes the oppression that they have faced for 500 years and the racism that is ingrained in white supremacist society. Also, the joke census was a waste of a great opportunity for real social commentary. What better time to articulate the government’s prying into our personal lives and the authoritarian nature of the whole census process? By muddling the message, the **COMMENTATOR** squandered a chance to actually say something instead of just getting some laughs at the expense of the most marginalized people in this country.

I assume that lots of folks reading this write my concerns off as the rantings of some PC-Nazi-liberal who wants to restrict free speech and can’t take a joke. First off, I firmly believe people should be able to print and write whatever they want. We’d be covering up the problem if we prevented people from printing racist things if they were racist like the **COMMENTATOR** is. If racist things weren’t allowed to be printed, people who aren’t victims of racism might start to think that there aren’t racists out there. I am not naive enough to believe that reading this article will inspire the people who laughed at those “jokes” (or even wrote them) to confront all the privileges they have and their complicity in the ongoing and insidious oppression against women, gays, and ethnic minorities.

Apart from their bigotry, the **COMMENTATOR** has just plain bad politics. I have to give it to this year’s crew, though, because they came out of the closet with their conservatism like never before. The Conservative Issue was the clearest expression of the **COMMENTATOR**’s true politics, which are usually cloaked in references to alcohol and sometimes-funny humor. The theme was “Leave us Alone,” which is a fine libertarian attitude to have. If only they were sincere. Maybe they’re sincere about wanting to be left alone. They just don’t seem to care if other people are fucked with. They’re so proud of championing the cause of the apathetic...
(which of course they aren’t, or else they wouldn’t devote their lives to the magazine.) Libertarianism and apathy don’t go hand in hand. If the Commentator folks truly want liberty to reign and the state to leave us alone, they’re going to have to fight for it. I hate the Commentator because they’re not serious. Enough about their “anti-statism.”

With this in mind, let’s go through the editorial of the Conservative Issue. First, the editors don’t want to pay taxes. They claim the government owns our incomes. It’s true — no argument there. But instead of blaming that on everyone involved in the government, liberals and conservatives alike, they don’t critique the conservatives for maintaining the ridiculously large military budget we have. Nor do the authors mention the billions of dollars governments give each year in subsidies to corporations who are making billions in profits each year and have no need for the subsidies of the government. Don’t be such half-asses! All government is inherently evil and based on coercion. Don’t go screaming about anti-statism and then want to maintain certain aspects of it that you like.

A little further on in the editorial, we are fed obvious misrepresentations of the truth. It is boldly stated, “...on virtually every occasion, the worst environmental tragedies occur as the result of a statist system.” They mention some awful Russian oil disaster in the early 90s. Well, I don’t remember that one, but I sure as hell remember the Exxon Valdez oil spill. And that was not a result of a Soviet oil monopoly, but of carelessness on the part of a bastardy capitalist corporation, who I’m sure would love to see less government regulations, so it can spill more oil and not have to pay anything back, and not clean it up.

“It is the Left,” the Commentator claims, “who seeks, every breathing minute, to lend more and more private power unto the State.” What, and the Right doesn’t? Who are you kidding? The only budget cuts the Right endorses are for social programs like education, welfare, or anything else that might actually help working people. The Right is plenty happy to dole out the money to the rich and powerful. Both liberals and conservatives are the problem. Neither are truly interested in living in a free society without coercion and where people can just be left alone. Obviously the Commentator isn’t either, despite what they say.

Like I said above: both liberals and conservatives are the problem. What we really need are people who want to radically change society to bring about true freedom. The Commentator has helped me come to this conclusion because of their scathing, and sometimes sane, critique of the Left on campus. I don’t hate them for critiquing the Left. I hate the Commentator for making it seem like the status quo is what’s best. A good example of this is their defense of the World Trade Organization during the huge protests that were going on in Seattle in December 1999. In the article “Welcome to Overreaction” Ben Nahorney writes, “But is the WTO directly responsible for these rules [that don’t take into consideration labor and the environment] or does the responsibility lie elsewhere?” In response, Nahorney quotes professor Rod Davies, “‘The protesters seem to be very worked up over the idea that trade is what does this-and it’s not. It’s capitalism. They’re attacking a symptom, not the cause.’” It’s funny that the Commentator would interview some stuffy academic instead of the people actually at the protest. If they had, they would have found out that the protesters realize that capitalism is the problem, and that the WTO facilitates the spread of exploitation all over the world. That’s why people went to Seattle. This is a classic example of how the Commentator uses an “expert,” who really has no idea what the protesters were thinking, to sway public opinion against people who are trying to create positive social change.

What I don’t get about apologists of capitalism like the Commentator: are they suggesting that things are going fine? That millions of people don’t stave to death everyday? That our environment isn’t going to shit? That people more and more aren’t unhappy with their lives as they work in dehumanizing jobs everyday, all over the world? Are there really people out there that think things are actually going well?

I hate the Commentator for being so complacent with all the fucked up things that are going on in the world, and claiming

**THE COMMENTATOR HAS NOT ONLY BREWED APATHY, COMPLACENCY, AND IGNORANCE, IT HAS ALSO FUELED AND PROMOTED RACISM, SEXISM, HOMOPHOBIA, AND MALE DOMINATION.**

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This is one big rant, and I don’t claim coherency. All I know is that I hate the Commentator, just as I hate all bigoted and racist apologists for statism, exploitation, and maintaining the status quo.

**Willie Thompson, the de facto nucleus of the Insurgent Collective, is a good friend of the Oregon Commentator**

**THE OC RESPONDS:**

Whatever, Willie.

—The Editors
Eugene is a town whose best days are behind it.

The hippies, they say, landed in the area for a Grateful Dead show sometime in the 1960s and stayed on, as the apocryphal tale goes, because they were too stoned to find the bus station; this was the inciting incident for the myriad political demonstrations, school shootings, meth vans and organic food stores that have checkered this town’s journey up to the present.

What was once a modest settlement founded by pioneer Eugene Skinner in 1846 is now an overgrown college town of dubious repute, and a stupid, ugly, hateful one at that. Whether measured in economic or cultural terms, Eugene should have been put out of its misery decades ago.

Eugene is a town that treats its only claim to fame, the University of Oregon, like an embarrassment. All that the UO really has going for it is a fairly successful football program and maybe a couple of second-tier graduate programs. Ducks football may well be more important to the Eugene community than the Trail Blazers are to Portland, but apart from this and a few hundred low-paying jobs, the town regards the UO as an encumbrance.

Every year or so, the city council tightens another screw on the well-oiled cash machine of MIP fines and noise disturbances, designed to squeeze city government-sustaining money out of those who can least afford it: college students. Most students are not Eugene natives, and as trespassers from other towns, other states, and even other countries, there is no hesitation on the city’s part to treat us like we’re not wanted. UO students are outsiders, interlopers, and yet we are also the sole reason this town is ever mentioned outside the city limits.

The best of anything to emerge from Eugene has invariably done so from the University. Nike cofounder Phil Knight was a 1959 graduate; Steve Prefontaine broke world records in track and field; the filmed-on-campus National Lampoon’s Animal House made a collegiate hero out of John Belushi; and Bobby Moore-Ahmad Rashad ran for 1156 yards for the Vikings in 1979.

Flash forward twenty years: Knight has disowned his hostile alma mater; Prefontaine blew it first at the Olympics and then again against a rock up by Hendricks Park; Belushi has long snorted his last line; and Rashad is stuck doing NBA Inside Stuff for an audience of twelve-year-olds. It’s all been downhill since Tom Wolfe’s Me Decade, and it isn’t getting better. Recent UO grads include a handful of adequate NFL players and Chuck Palahniuk, whose novels make better movies (Fight Club) than they do novels.

Now remove the University from the picture, and Eugene becomes all the more pathetic.

Downtown Eugene is, to the best of my estimation, approximately three square blocks. The buildings rarely eclipse eight stories — Prince Lucien Campbell may as well be the tallest building in town, and skinny as it is, I’ll be damned if it doesn’t fall right over on top of the Knight Library when the Big One hits.

The main attractions are the downtown street mall on Broadway — that is, if street kids are your thing — and the LTD Eugene Station at 11th and Willamette — a good place to find not just street kids, but also runaways, mental patients, hippies and the rest of the assorted degenerates which make this town so colorful.

Portland and other nearby cities may be larger and thus have a larger population of crazy people, but they just aren’t as bizarre or as visible as the crazy people Eugene has to offer. When “Zeus,” a middle-aged acid casualty best known for his diet of Barbie doll heads died in the fall of 1998, it made the cover of the Register-Guard.

The crazies are Eugene’s only distinguished citizens; the movers and shakers of this town couldn’t get a Burger King built in anywhere else — there’s a reason they’ve been relegated to Lane County. The same goes for the local television personalities. No matter that they’re funnier-looking than the news anchors in other markets, they’re also more prone to stumbling over their lines.
Either they tried to move up and failed, or they’ve already failed in larger markets and come here. Eugene, no stranger to failure, welcomes them with open arms.

In short, Eugene is somewhere between a small town straining to grow and a moderately-sized city sliding into dilapidation.

Of course, this polemic could only get so far without bringing up Springfield, a town whose sole non-parricidal claim to fame is Merry Prankster Ken Kesey, and he hasn’t written anything worthwhile since about 1964. Rumor has it that members of Quiet Riot live in the area, if that says anything.

In Springfield, every store is named Chuck’s Tavern or Rod’s Auto Glass or Dale’s Pawn Shop, and it’s probably owned by an alcoholic who’s sexually abusing his heroin addict daughter. (Tom’s Tapper is the only notable exception to this rule.) Five minutes inside Springfield’s Gateway Mall should provide you with enough painful images of tattoos and tank tops on ex-cons, six pounds of makeup and halter tops on high school sluts, 300 pound pregnant mothers dressed entirely in denim, and out-of-work auto mechanics looking to score some blow and a taco to last you the rest of your life. You’ve been warned.

Springfield is as miserable as it gets, akin to the decimated Flint, Michigan of Roger & Me. But then, this economic disaster is the fault of the tree-hugging contingent and not “corporate control”: getting Michael Moore to point his camera this way would be a laughable endeavor.

Springfield, however, is known across the rest of the English-speaking North American continent as the home of Kip Kinkel, the monster-in-tennis-shoes/mis-understood adolescent responsible for the shootings at Thurston High School. Isn’t that something to be proud of? Lane County’s most notorious prodigal son is all that separates Springfield from the innumerable impoverished burgs that surround Eugene (Junction City, Creswell, Coburg, Pleasant Hill, Goshen, ad nauseam).

Granted, it was a terrible tragedy that touched many lives and destroyed more than a few, the end result being a rather graphic documentary assembled by PBS’s Frontline and a Rolling Stone two-part special. (Ken Kesey’s accompanying ramblings about “banning the bullet” only underscored his waning talent.) The Eugene-Springfield area was finally getting the recognition it deserved — for a time.

It didn’t take but a year for poor Springfield to be upstaged by a more ambitious, more deadly, and better-covered school massacre. A week before the first anniversary of Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris’ malevolent field day, President Clinton paid a visit to Littleton in support of both the community and an impending gun control initiative. Where was he on the 21st of May last year? Not in Springfield. (Then again, at that time he was busy getting impeached, and Oregon isn’t as spineless as Colorado when it comes to scapegoating gun owners for the actions of under age psychos.)

Springfield doesn’t rate anymore — it’s just another dilapidated trailer park somewhere between Portland and San Francisco.

Lane County’s other recent claim to international fame stems from the havoc wreaked at the Seattle WTO conference by Eugene-based anarchists. John Zerzan, the closest thing to an intellectual leader the local radical left can speak of, was interviewed for 60 Minutes. Spin and Rolling Stone each mounted competing exposes of the Eugene anarchist movement, and other national media outlets made their pilgrimage to the area hoping for that single, elusive glimpse of a high-school dropout in a hooded sweatshirt. In the end, Seattle got ransacked, and Eugene got the blame.

The history of Eugene and its ugly sister Springfield has been one long, futile war between the rednecks at one end of the political continuum, and the anarchists at the other. More often than not, trees can be found at the center of this epic struggle. Rednecks typically lose fights with quasi-religious environmentalists over the fate of their logging jobs; anarchists typically lose fights with the city council over the fate of fifteen-year-old trees in downtown Eugene. Neither side has ever managed to score anything in the way of a meaningful victory, and don’t expect one anytime soon.

Rednecks aren’t too particular about what you call them, so long as you have an Old Milwaukee’s to share, but Eugene’s assorted left is not so forgiving. Any attempt to generalize about their behaviors or political leanings is sure to draw fire. Many of them don’t like to be called anarchists. So what do you consider yourself? A mere democrat? A social democrat? A socialist? A Chomskyite libertarian socialist? A vegan? Communism is out of vogue, but the spirit, unfortunately, lives on.

No matter how long this catalogue of disconcerting facts about Eugene continues, it is impossible to accurately summarize the truly abysmal state of the town. This is by no means a definitive account of Eugene’s civil atrocities, and there probably is no such thing. So be it.

To summarize: I hate Eugene, I rue the day I set foot in this town, and the moment I graduate, I will never, ever, ever come back. Except for the football games.

William Beutler, a junior majoring in English and Journalism is Editor-in-Chief for the Oregon Commentator
I Hate Public Service Announcements

Fasten your seat belt, don’t smoke, wear a condom, look both ways before crossing the street, don’t drink and drive, say no to violence, only shoot clean heroin, etc. All you lames that think college students (or anyone else for that matter) give a rip about all your “we know what’s best for you” crap have another thing coming. Here’s a private service announcement for you: save it! You people are wasting my tax dollars and valuable billboard space with your pitiful ads. You folks at the Ol’ Dirty Emerald never get tired of printing that tired “80% of UO students have 4 or less drinks’ pseudostat. I sure wish my neighbors who smash beer bottles at 4 a.m. every Friday were among this elusive 80 percent.

I’ve got an idea for the public service department of lames and sympathizers. Let’s do something proactive here: improve the gene pool. How about an ad campaign targeted at those of lower-than-average IQ (jocks, transients, Democrats) that would accelerate natural selection? I see a bright future for the “safe sex with bobcats” program or the “national headlight turn-off night.” Perhaps the “sharing and caring: with needles” campaign would be a hit. Or how about “Upgrade the gene pool: join the Army.”

I Hate My Cerebral Cortex

Damn cerebral cortex. Without it I wouldn’t be able to process visual stimuli and have the ability to recognize, critique and grow to loathe much of what I encounter on a daily basis. I would be incapable of hate or even irritability. Pet peeves would be a foreign concept to my central nervous system. Life would be bliss. I’d just sit around all day in a lukewarm pile of my own excrement, eating my meals out of a tube — never thinking, barely breathing and drooling all over the place. Wait, did I just say I hated my cerebral cortex? I meant to write “SUVs.” Nevermind. Damn my $40-a-day Country Breeze Pinesol habit!

I Hate the Oregon Voice

The Oregon Voice’s very name is a malicious insult to every Oregonian and/or University of Oregon student past, present, or future, in that it claims to somehow express what it is on our minds or in our souls. I can accept, and even welcome, the notion that Oregon should express itself as an essentially hedonistic entity, but the very thought that the incompetent twerps who people that magazine should be the outlet for that expression and offer up, not a rebel yell, but a needy whimper is enough to make me wonder if we’d be better off embracing the Puritanism of our counterpart states to the east. Why in Bacchanal’s sweet name were the points of sexual interest “censored” from the drawn bodies on the “Nude Extreme Sports” back page of the Voice’s annual Sex Issue? Because we aren’t hardcore enough to handle true hedonism, or because the “artist” who scrawled those disappointing fantasies doesn’t know a nipple from a nose ring? If we lived in a state in which terminally bored politicians with depressive disorders actually took it upon themselves to censor this sort of thing, our shame would be less overwhelming than our current situation in which sex is offered up as our central interest by a paper that claims to be our voice, and then treated minimally.

It’s their self-appointed status as the artistic personality of this campus that gives me the biggest headache. Rarely am I ever so annoyed as I was when I read a column titled “A Touch Of Art” by Lee Straney in the February issue. Straney’s thesis, unless he’s very bad at needless irony, was that blind people cannot “see” art by touching three-dimensional Braille replications of paintings, and that anyone who tells them that they can is duping them, helping them to transform into incompetent asses who will walk into traffic and get hit. Who is “blind” here? Why does the Oregon Voice pose as something it cannot be and spoil everyone else’s enjoyment of life? I smolder with hate for these blundering, senseless, mediocre boobs who call themselves my voice.
I Hate Lungs
What’s the point of lungs? Sure they’re good for freebasing smack, but really, why the hell do we need lungs? Why must the human body be dependent on air? What does air do for us? Jack! I say we as a species wean ourselves off the whole lung thing and replace those suckers with a pair of tiny stomachs. Or gold-plated hamsters.

I Hate Driving
In this state, people drive with their head up their ass. People stop where there are no stop signs. There are old ladies out there running red lights, almost hitting cars and then looking at you like you’re crazy. I once saw someone back up on the shoulder of a busy Portland highway for a missed exit. I wonder if others out there take any note of this stupidity.

When on the freeway, the sign states: “Slower Traffic Keep Right.” Simple enough, right? If you are driving 65 and there is no car in front of you, but headlights pouring in your rear window, then you are in the wrong lane pal. By the way, my flashing high beams are saying “get the fuck out of the way!”

I have been driving for a while and it isn’t that difficult. Talking on the phone, eating, and getting high are all things we sometimes have to do in the car. Just pay attention while you do them. It’s that simple.

The BMW your parents bought you doesn’t impress me. Nor does the thousands of dollars you wasted on your trunk-rattling stereo. The ability to drive, which is lacking in you all, is what impresses me.

I Hate Everything
Everything sucks. Everything’s irritating. I wish everything would just go away and take the whole shebang along with it. God, everything is such a little bitch. It still hasn’t paid me back for those Wesley Willis tickets. And it never empties the goddamn dishwasher either. Vacuum the rumpus room or clean out the litter box? Everything doesn’t even know how. Screw everything.

Two Minutes Hate was compiled by Brandon Hartley, Skye Tenney, Ted Whitaker, Brandon Oberlin, Billy Pilgrim and Aaron K. Breniman
I Hate “Sentimentuals”
What is a sentimental, you ask?
By Jason Larimer

Many people claiming to be students also claim to be intellectuals. These student-intellectuals, similar to a high school junior varsity football team, generally portray themselves as greater than they are. Their “greatness” comes from what the varsity — the professorate — tells them. These students are great because someday they will replace the professors as the junior varsity replaces the varsity. In the meantime, the junior varsity will imitate the varsity in every way possible.

We all know the scene. Sophomores flexing their muscles in the mirror and making enough noise to annoy the deaf. Here, the setting for the inflation of ego is not the weight room but the lecture hall. We see students “becoming” intellectuals by being sentimental. By sentimental I mean the affirmation of values, desires, and emotion at the expense of reason, common sense, and detachment. While I admit there is always some kind of interaction between the subjective and objective, there seems to be a point where over-subjectivity becomes sappy.

I hate this sappy sentimentality so I came up with a new name for these knuckle-draggers, “sentimentuals.” That is, a person who uses sentiments rather than their intellect. I began to figure this out about two years ago.

A GTF in a Philosophy 101 class was discussing Heidegger. She reviewed his merits for a moment and then exclaimed, “and he was a goddamned Nazi!” So much for philosophical detachment. This GTF was good, so I don’t mean this as an insult. Yet, this incident opened my eyes to the uses and abuses of emotion among those yearning to be “intellectual.” Now, we can move on to abusive philosophical detachment.

About three months later I found myself in a Philosophy of Law class. One day, in the course of a debate, a group concluded that Nazi marches through hostile areas may be allowed so long as the heel-clicking hicks don’t incite violence, a reasonable conclusion. Immediately a girl in the front row began to wail that nobody apparently knew how horrible the Nazis were.

In the course of her speech we learned that a group of Germans and Austrians, known as Nazis, were led by a man named Adolf Hitler. Apparently, he almost exterminated the Jewish people and those who don’t like to shack up with their niece. This convinced me that this girl had no real argument. She relied on sheer emotion to communicate her point that could have been reasonable. In so doing she basically accused half the class of being immoral. My hate for the sentimentalists began to grow.

This hate began to acquire more of a shape last spring. I was walking down 13th street and I saw a creature with a furry face standing in a cage. On closer inspection this creature turned out to be a human being. He was protesting man’s abuse of the animals by hopelessly abusing himself. This seemed rather odd to me. His grounds for belief in his cause seemed stranger. Basically, this guy believed that animals are entitled to a concern and respect equal to that given to humans. Why? Because! That seemed to be his entire argument as he claimed that animals might have moral ideas that can compete with those of human beings. For example, a rattlesnake may be justified to drive its venomous fangs into your heel and the person who blows it away with a shotgun could be indicted for murder. Amazing.

Of course, the moral prerogatives of animals can never be proved. All the better reason to stand in a cage and associate yourself with the dubious animal rights movement then to impress people with your love and pity for the animals. Truly, it is better to be dead than fed. Most of all, it is better to be sentimental and demand animal emancipation rather than do something practical to help the animals. By this time I began to catalogue different events according to a sentimental-intellectual dialectic. Let me demonstrate:

Cuba: One constant in ever-stagnant left-wing thought is the constant glorification of the accomplishments of Cuba. This glorification relies on the sentimental celebration of Castro’s egalitarian regime that provides free health care to all its subjects. These Castro-loving sentimentalists believe that only if our country lifts its trade embargo on Cuba all will be well there. Of course, this is sentimentalism at its worst. Everyone, emotionally at least, loves to see an old rebel affirm his fading relevance. Yet, the facts state that Castro has done more harm than good in Cuba. Besides, why praise a police state that engaged in its own colonial warfare in Angola?

Defazio Bike Bridge: Over the years the traffic on Ferry Street Bridge has gotten worse and worse. As a solution, the City Council built a bike bridge. Naturally, bike bridges are environmentally friendly. Those are the magic words in Eugene that cause half the town to smile and relate their concern for the environment. Naturally, this ignored the fact that most people in Eugene don’t ride a bike. Yet, what the city did was environmentally friendly. Therefore, the people of Eugene get to sit in the same traffic jams. This is super-charged sentimentality fueled by zeal and fantasy. I’m sure everyone will come to have the same level of compassion toward the environment necessary to sacrifice their cars.

Economics: I use this term loosely. Over the past year I have heard a number of speeches to the effect of “work is so ter-

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rrible for most people, they only have time to vegetate when they get home.” This is typical sentimental talk as it plays on pity to make a benign situation malignant. Sure, a certain percentage of the population works in mind-numbing jobs. Yet, the facts state the country, as a whole, engages in less mind and muscle numbing work than 50 years ago. By this time I have become an individual warped with hate and bent on revenge. My honor has become my hate. People who use emotion devoid of reason to persuade continually arouse my ire. Most recently, a whale saved by those sappy fools at Greenpeace took my leg after I tried to harpoon it. That’s right, I hate Moby Dick too.

Yet, as I reflect I come to an interesting conclusion. Most people tend to think of the sentimental as gentle, emotional, and weak. Yet, I tend to see a lot of people, otherwise classified as sentimental, who instead of being gentle are actually quite angry. This is readily observable today in the form of anarchist street violence. I find this curious between of the strong strain of pacifism that is contained within the political ideals of sentimentalists.

So, does this all really mean the sentimentalists are aspiring to intellectual-professor status? Of course. Just look at the typical texts handed around like so much liquor; Rousseau, Marx, Chomsky, and McKinnon, just to name a few. All these authors have one thing in common, the use of emotion to justify their unverifiable ideas. While many of these authors have historical significance, this is oftentimes not stated by the instructor. Instead we are to believe they are significant in the here and now because of the validity of what they wrote; when in fact the times they describe lie buried.

Here is something to think about. Culture, tradition, and custom cause groups to act in generally predictable and consistent ways. Universities for the past 40 years have been the breeding grounds of zealotry and emotionalism. If this is so, what is it in university culture that causes this? My guess relies on the emphasis sentimentalists put on this. If this is so, what is it in university culture that causes this? My guess relies on the emphasis sentimentalists put on zealotry and emotionalism. If this is so, what is it in university culture that causes this? My guess relies on the emphasis sentimentalists put on.

8. The whole university is falling apart and needs something like $92 billion trillion dollars to keep several of its buildings from falling down like so many Jenga towers. I don’t know about you, but there’s nothing I love more than spending $4500 a year in tuition to sit in a cramped, decomposing classroom unable to hear a professor’s droll lecture because the radiators are screeching like a thousand drunken soccer hooligans.

7. This one is sort of an epilogue to number 6. The U of O places its athletik programs on a pedestal while pretty much ignoring its academe. Don’t believe this indefensible and equally vague statement? The university doesn’t have money to fix up its academe halls but is there any doubt that the administration will scrap together the cash to continue work on Autzen stadium?

6. There’s a rottling cemetary in the middle of campus. Talk about the perfect reminder of one’s mortality. Nothing says “you’re wasting your life” quite like a poorly maintained graveyard. The broken headstone covered in red graffiti is especially inspiring on a rainy February afternoon after a grueling midterm.

5. The University of Oregon is or rather was way, way too reliant on Phil Knight’s handouts. But does anyone really need be said about this? Didn’t think so.

4. 3 words and a blank: I AGREE WITH _____.

4. Here you’re nothing more than a number. This a cookie cutter university that treats its students more like cattle than...

Hold that thought. I just reached 1,405 words, a good 5 words over the standard length of a given Commentator article. That means I can stop here and go watch the Powerpuff Girls. Sure, I’ve got three and a half more diatribes to go but I’ve complete the bare minimum of what I was asked of me. What more do you want? Like you’d keep going yourself, you little hypocrite. Shouldn’t you be half-assing a chemistry assignment or smoking a bowl? That’s right, bucko, turn the page and keep on “procrastinating.”

Brandon Hartley, a junior majoring in English (!), is Associate Editor for the Oregon Commentator
I Hate Ryan

By Ben Nahorney

Okay, I don’t really hate Ryan. The title just fits the theme of this issue. A few weeks ago, tabletop fliers and chalk signs began appearing around campus with the mysterious message, “Do you agree with Ryan?” A buzz of conversation started around the university, coming from people wondering what these signs could mean.

Theories ranged from a clever marketing scheme to a possible WRC anti-protest. The following week, the agenda behind the mysterious signs was revealed. A variety of Christian groups on the university campus were joining forces to promote “Ryan Week,” a week designed to spark discussion about Jesus Christ and Christianity.

A friend of mine, having taken the “Ask me about Ryan” T-shirt promotion hook, line and sinker, asked a girl wearing one what it was about. He was told that Ryan had “a direct link with God.” Obviously missing the point, (considering Jesus is humanity’s closest thing to a direct link, according to the Christian faith) this girl represents a problematic occurrence within the bounds of Christianity: people who really don’t know what they are talking about.

Mike Alverts, the event coordinator and a staff member of Campus Crusade, told the Emerald that “the overall purpose is to create a discussion about who Jesus is on campus.” But how much of the group’s agenda was the exchange of information to facilitate a better understanding between diverse outlooks?

Somehow I’m a little skeptical about this being much of an open forum for discussion. I really don’t see anyone sitting at the Campus Crusade booth talking with a non-Christian passerby saying, “You know what, you just might be right.” Instead it seems much more likely the campaign was a veiled attempt to bring more sheep into the flock.

Again, I want to reiterate that I do not hate Ryan, nor do I have a problem with his chosen beliefs. However, someone crosses the line in my book when he or she tells other people that they should believe what he or she does. I have even less respect for someone who allows another person to tell him or her what he or she should believe.

What I really hate is a person who must look to others to decide what they should do. I hate the “What would they think of me if I did X?” attitude and the “lemming” mentality this breeds. I hate when people are too irresolute to take responsibility for their own actions and won’t judge for themselves what is appropriate behavior. I hate it when someone acts as though he or she is an expert on human behavior and when asked says, “I read it in a book.”

These concepts are much further reaching than how Christianity presents itself to outsiders — I’ve seen people do the same thing with other topics. I’m sure that we’ve all listened to a friend that’s become an expert on psychology because he or she read a book by C.J. Jung, or who just finished Stephen Hawking’s A Brief History of Time and is suddenly an authority on Quantum Physics. But religious groups, the largest group in our country being Christianity, take this “knowledge” one step farther than that friend that just gets their physics facts screwed up. They proclaim you must live your life according to the principles in their book.

By now I’m sure that you could guess that the “one source” in Christianity that I’m referring to is the Bible. Yet the Bible is a decent book, which I have no direct problem with, and contains some stories as interesting as any Hollywood movie. I start to have reservations about someone’s understanding of a topic when he or she stands up and says something to the extent of “I believe in X is wrong,” and cites one source as proof of this truth. Anyone who made it to the end of high school knows that a paper that relies on one solitary source ends up with a C grade at best.

The problem I have when discussing the spiritual workings of our universe with most Christians is that they tend to rely excessively, and almost exclusively, on the Bible. (I say most because I have, from time to time, met Christians who are open-minded and will discuss the religion outside the context of the teachings of the church; but these people are generally well-read and fall outside the boundaries of church doctrine to begin with.) Arguments presented by most Christians ultimately fall back to quoting passages from the Bible. (After a while you can hear that Bible quote coming as you would an ambulance coming to the rescue of an injured child.) If not, it’s generally something from a pamphlet or book published by a church organization or something they heard from the mouth of their pastor: again accepting something that they were
told, often without question.

The next time you find yourself in “discussion” with someone proclaiming to be a Christian, ask them to tell you about the Spanish Inquisitions, or the Crusades, or about how Christian splinter groups, such as the Cathars or the Gnostics, were treated by past Christians. Expect that the majority to look at you with a blank stare.

The fact is that most Christians have not been given a proper history of the religion. The “Holy Wars” and past discriminations are often dismissed as being part of the Christianity of the past and do not reflect the values of today’s Christians. This is a very dangerous mentality.

For Christians to claim that these events have no relevance to today’s Christian movement would be like Germany saying that gassing six million Jews was a minor historical event, or America claiming that slavery has had no effect on its contemporary racial relations. Just because a Christian will not kill you today because of your failure to profess his or her beliefs doesn’t mean that there is not a strain of coercion still running through Christianity’s conversion methods.

Christians don’t want you to join their leagues just because they like you. (Not that you’re not a smashing fellow/damsel.) Most truly believe that your immortal soul is on the line and they feel it is their duty to “save” you. There is a two-fold effect of this. First, by joining you are reinforcing their beliefs because, in a way, joining means that they have won the debate. Second, they strengthen their membership when you concede to their ways, making them that much more confident that they are correct, with or without sufficient evidence to prove their point.

I am not saying that Christianity has the correct or incorrect view of the spiritual workings of the universe. (To say that I know the truth behind this enigma would be false, if not hypocritical. I’ve always believed that a man or woman who thinks he or she knows the truth, truly does not.) But the reliance on one text is not good, further considering it is a reliance on one primary translation of a text.

As most of us know, the King James Version of the Bible is the translation accepted as the standard for English-speaking Christians. This version of the Bible, presented to King James in 1611, relied heavily on previous translations and Greek texts, some sections coming from various languages. (Revelations is particularly troublesome, being mostly translated from Latin Vulgate, except for the last six chapters, which were translated from Koine Greek.) The point here is that the King James Bible is a reworking of a variety of texts coming from a variety of languages. Anyone who has taken a foreign literature class knows that when reading a piece that has been translated into English, you read more than one copy of the text in order to get a better understanding of what is being said.

Besides this, there are many people who have sincerely looked to try and figure out the nature of God and written volumes about what they saw. Why is one Book held with so much esteem and the last six odd years of thought on the subject is dismissed by Christians as sub-par?

Hegel notoriously thought that God was Absolute Mind. Descartes is famous for asserting that there must be a cause for everything, and that God’s act of creation must therefore be the originally cause of man’s existence. Spinoza argued that the infinite is God, that this infinity is perfect and that the world as it is, is therefore exactly as God would have it (and has created it) to be. Kant convinced the world of the philosophy that causality was all right and it became okay to believe in God again. But it was also clarified that God cannot be known as such, because things that are known are always experienced according to the forms of time and space and causality. God, being beyond such things, does not conform to these forms and remains unknowable.

It would serve any Christian well, who might still be reading this, to look into the thoughts and ideas of these people, as well as other men and women who have tried to comprehend the idea of God. You might just find yourself that much closer to the Old Fellow in the end. Oh yeah, and stop worrying about what others think so much. (We all do it, whether or not we like it.)

I’ve pretty much said my bit concerning this topic. Now it wouldn’t surprise me to find a Christian or two coming after me wanting to debate and “prove” me wrong. I’ll warn you all in advance: don’t waste your breath. I’ve grappled with Christian acquaintances for years, never really found common ground, and don’t have the time or interest anymore.

The most you’ll get out of me is a “Good day” and I walk on by; and maybe a “Bless you” if you happen to sneeze.
It is really difficult for me to say I hate the *Oregon Daily Emerald*. As a former employee of the *Emerald*, I still like the paper as a whole, and I had the happiest moments in my life working there.

When I was there, I did not care much about the content of the newspaper. I did my job for bringing news to the readers and care less about what is going into the paper every day. I have no right to intervene with regard to the content.

You may feel weird to hear that, as a fee-paying student, you have no say about the content of your daily newspaper, to which you subscribe every single day while you are paying the tuition.

Yes, everyone should respect the publication and reporters who work there, although they, include the newspaper and the reporters, are not professional. The 101-year-old daily publication is not professional enough to get you an exemption from taking Reporting One in the UO School of Journalism and Communication if you are a news/editorial major. Some of the reporters have not had reporting one when they start working at the *Emerald* and some of them are still taking Writing for the Media — one of the four lower-division core classes in the School of Journalism before students are admitted for full major.

However, no matter what you say, people up there in the *Emerald*, especially the one called Editor-in-Chief, would not bother listening to you. The Editor-in-Chief would say she (or he, to be fair without being gender specific) is professional enough in a “student newspaper” to determine what you should read, not what you want to hear.

What I hate is the repetition of coverage on the same issues, biased opinion and arrogance. Don’t think that the *Commentator* is the only opinionated publication on campus — the *Emerald* is not much better than the *Commentator*. The difference between the *Emerald* and the *Commentator* is that the *Emerald* has more human power, better technology, money, and last but absolutely not least, arrogance. Need proof? Here it is.

**Repetition:** Do you still remember the whole Worker Rights Consortium ordeal? If you are a loyal reader of the *Emerald* (do they still exist?), you may never forget the phrase because you come across front-page articles that talk about President Frohnmayer, his signing on with the WRC, and Phil Knight’s withdrawal of his donation for Autzen Stadium, almost every day this term starting as early as March 30. By “as early as”, it means I ignored those that have mentioned in the previous terms. After almost more than 40 days of struggle, if you are not involved with the Human Right Alliance and Survival Center, you may not care any more about that. If you feel sick from hearing any word with W, R and C in it, you are fine. But people at the *Emerald* do not understand that. They need articles for the paper and so people who manage the content of the newspaper need to dig something out from the dirt everyday. Do they understand the concept of “closure?” Probably they don’t because they “believe” students have to be annoyed daily about something that is no longer the top news of the week.

**One-Sided Opinions:** aka bias, does exist at the *Emerald*. Do you still remember the ASUO election ordeal? Not the Breslow-Magner vs. Gabbe-Larson battle and the series of grievances that
were filed by various parties, but the ASUO ballot measures. The Emerald editorial board endorsed seven of the eight measures in the election, but failed to endorse the one that deals with “incidental fees be increased by approximately $1 per student per term for a period of two years to generate $50,000 per year to allow the Office of International Education and Exchange to purchase books, periodicals, supplies and equipment, to staff an International Resource Center within the International Lounge in the EMU?”

The people in the editorial board are ignorant enough to say that “The resources offered by this program are redundant for those in the University system, especially the highly esteemed Knight Library. The Programs Finance Committee already turned this project down.”

If you do not care about international students, you may not care about the ballot measure getting support. But, on a campus that promotes “diversity,” a student publication has failed to educate the students about the importance of the resource center. As International Student Association co-director Haya Matsumoto wrote in a letter to the editor on March 1,

“You may be surprised and impressed to learn that you attend one of the major public universities in the United States in terms of percentage of international student enrollment. Yet, there is not a permanent facility on campus that promotes informal cross-cultural exchange among international students, as well as between international and American students, or supports their lives at the University. ... About 10 percent of the University students come from over 80 countries. Many others travel overseas. It would be shortsighted to state that the center serves only the international community, for its purpose is to increase the interaction among all university students.”

Matsumoto once said that she contacted the Emerald on several occasions to get the attention of Jeremy Lang, Student Activities Editor of the Emerald, to report the initiative of the International Resource Center. But no one did anything. Instead, the Emerald rejected the initiative and said something about the resource center being a redundancy to the campus.

Did the reporters do any research about what is available in the Knight Library? Obviously, not. They didn’t bother to move their sorry butts to the Knight Library to check the validity of their sayings.

Did the reporters talk to anyone from the ISA? Hell no. Otherwise, people from the ISA would not have set up a table in the EMU explaining the whole deal to students.

Unbalanced Coverage: Have you ever thought about the students who are in a sorority or fraternity? Do you think half of us are frat guys or sorority girls? The answer is no. Approximately eight to nine percent of all University students are in Greek houses. The population is almost the same as that of international students.

But there is more news coverage about things that happen in a frat or sorority house rather than from an international student organization. When I was working at the Emerald, I was responsible for multicultural issues — news about all ethnic student groups. One of my colleagues was responsible for covering the student government and politics, and the remaining reporter was responsible for general assignments, which means covering anything not already covered. This reporter picked up more news from the Greek system than from any other, and the editor allowed most of this information to be reported.

But think about that: the reporter has no way to control what goes into the paper — he or she is responsible for covering the news, write it and put it into the paper.
D on Quixote awoke to the smell of shit on a morning that could not decide whether it was going to be rainy or sunny. Don Quixote awoke and realized that his world would not smell like shit and that he would be happy were it not for all the insanity surrounding him. Don Quixote would don his armor, he would mount his steed, and he would engage a war of ideas upon the land. He would make the countryside free for the peasants to be intelligent and conservative once again.

Don Quixote strode about his peasant village, which was a college campus, and he marveled at its declining spirit. Don Quixote knew that Liberty was the most beautiful of maidens, but that her virtue was incessantly disregarded and besmirched by those who no longer spoke the chivalric language of conservatism. “Dulcinea,” he said to Liberty, “I will make this land into a place fit for your name to be spoken, for your virtue to be trumpeted. I will make it known that you are the most fair of all.”

“I don’t know if anyone will know to whom you’re referring, Sir,” said Don Quixote’s friend Sancho Panza. “People seem to be very aware that Liberty is not really omnipresent. She may hang around with dons, but she’s not known to associate with other groups, as she’s a lady of high society, cultivated to be gracious and delicate in the presence of gentlemen. People might find you unrealistic if you insist that they praise the beauty of Liberty, whom they’ve never seen and whom they do not think of as gracious anyway, when they’re only trying to make sure people can eat and live and not be menaced by foul beasts.”

“So you agree that the foul beasts are menacing the countryside and that this is a problem? And you agree that Liberty is the fairest of the maidens?” Don Quixote asked enthusiastically. “I suppose so, sir,” Sancho Panza replied. “Excellent, my friend,” Don Quixote concluded. “I will be a knight and I will make you my squire, and together we will drive the foul beasts from the countryside so that the people may attest to the graciousness of Liberty, my fair lady Dulcinea, and you Sancho Panza, a mere peasant, will gain importance.”

And so Don Quixote mounted his Macintosh G4, which he called Rocinante, and he dressed himself in a suit of magazine book stock, and he set out to right all wrongs for the name of his fair Liberty, as Sancho Panza rode (wrote) beside him.

Don Quixote came upon a building of fabulous contrivance. It was asymmetrical and unlike anything he had ever seen. “This castle will be a fortress from which I will repel the commies and other such fools,” said Don Quixote to Sancho Panza. “Welcome to the Student Union,” said the people inside. “These people are obviously enchanted,” Don Quixote commented to Sancho Panza. “They do not know that this is a fortress from which to repel commies and other such fools. Since they are enchanted, they are commies and fools, themselves. Nonetheless I will be commissioned here as a knight.” Sancho Panza nodded. The innkeeper at the Student Union shared a smile with his daughters and with Sancho Panza as he dubbed Don Quixote a knight in the service of Liberty.

While performing his duties as a knight Don Quixote happened upon a peasant, who was a college student, being flogged by an angry farmer, who was a course instructor. These blows rained down upon the peasant: “The race of which you are a member has committed acts of malice against members of other races, for the entirety of what you call history, which is an invention your race has used as a weapon against the other races. Your race wishes that it was superior to the other races, which, to your race’s mind, would justify its villainy, and so it attempts to prove that it is, by acting alternately cruel or paternalistic toward them. This it does at the expense of its own soul.” The peasant sobbed and convulsed as Don Quixote prepared to intervene by calling the instructor a racist. “I’m not finished,” insisted the instructor. “The nation of which you are a citizen is implicated in the crime of molestation and/or repression of peoples all over the world, not to mention the land it calls home. Where its armies do not conquer for their own selfish gain, its government is complicit in the twisting of all known law to serve the flow of capital toward itself, capital being another invention of the race of which you are a member, another weapon used against others. This weapon it wields at the risk of its own soul.”

When the peasant began to bleed Don Quixote declared, “Unhand that innocent, you knave.” The peasant looked up at Don Quixote in sheer terror. Don Quixote continued to address the instructor, “You are a commie, and therefore you must swear allegiance to Liberty to save yourself.” The indignant instructor replied that Liberty was a fiction and that Don Quixote was a racist. “You are a moron,” Don Quixote countered. “And you,” concluded the instructor, “are a sexist.”

Since the instructor was not a knight, Don Quixote instructed Sancho Panza to unleash justice upon her, as the peasant fled the scene. “I don’t know that I have the wherewithal to intrude here, Sir,” Sancho Panza protested. “Nonsense, my servant,” counseled Don Quixote. “You have been enchanted by the spell which covers these 4 lugs...
lands. Think of the graciousness of Liberty, our lady Dulcinea, then think of how mercilessly this foul beast molested the poor youth, who may never be the same. To become important, you must get this commie to confess the fairness of Liberty. I will see you back at the castle.”

“Liberty really is quite beautiful, you know...” Sancho Panza maneuvered toward the instructor for his first charge. When he next saw Don Quixote back at the Student Union Sancho Panza had many bruises, and Don Quixote had made Sociology his sworn enemy.

When Don Quixote next rode (wrote) across the countryside, he encountered some wayfarers. “Halt, my friends, and pledge allegiance to Dulcinea, our lady Liberty, as the fairest maiden in the land.”

“How do we know that this Dulcinea is so fair,” they inquired, “having never seen her? We love our Mother Earth; she is the lady we pledge allegiance to, and our cause is to expel Ugly Corporations from the countryside, to prevent them from tarnishing her beauty.”

“You are environmentalist wackos,” charged Don Quixote. “You must acknowledge Liberty as the truest of the true in order to save yourselves.” But the wayfarers simply laughed at this, and murmured amongst themselves that Don Quixote was insane, and that furthermore he was a corporate tool, and that Liberty was a whore who sullied the pristine name of Mother Earth, and moved to continue on their way.

“For you perpetuate it. You have no idea what it means to belong to a group that has been maligned by your weapon of history.”

“Please!” shrieked the peasant. “Do me the kindness of never doing me another service. Do you think I was not subjected to more horrific blows of history from that instructor after your untimely rescue? She now thinks that I am one of you! I cannot bear another headache.”

“The rube!” exclaimed Don Quixote askance to Sancho Panza. “Did you ever see such ingratitude? Surely the enchantment has fallen upon him and he has become a foul beast, a commie, a fool.”

“Don Quixote, my friend,” said Sancho Panza, no longer employing the formality of Sir, “I believe you may have yourself become enchanted. It may be that you have refused to pledge allegiance to Liberty, to whom our sworn enemies are unquestionably devoted, but who express this love in a different language.”

“If that is so, my dear friend Sancho Panza, then the time for love has passed.” Don Quixote pronounced with resolve. “Come, let us dismount our steeds, let us retreat to the tavern, and let us mock these foul beasts all the more. Let us escape the stench of shit in the aroma of our draughty pints, as we resolve our hatred for these commies and such fools.”

So Don Quixote did retreat to the tavern, to the comfortable recesses of his own mind, wherein the chivalric language of conservatism would be confined, wherein he instructed his Sancho Panzas to raise their pints for a toast. “Look at that,” he declared as he glimpsed a reflection of his own endeavors be for naught?”

“I see that you are still enchanted, Sancho Panza, for you see, Liberty has no other name than Dulcinea, and we have seen her glory shine forth in this land as a beacon to all other lands, and she has made this land a great one, but there is now an enchantment placed upon us by an evil entity from without, which wishes to destroy our fair Dulcinea. We must not let this happen. Come, let us make charges against the feeble institutions of this enchantment, which have grown into giant monsters. Let us spotlight their idiosyncrasies, their many failures in logic, in order to steal their flame and to rekindle the light of our lady Liberty.”

So Don Quixote rode (wrote) forth with many pokes and jabs which were often puns and witticisms, and for as often as his lance was snapped by the giant monster, it was shown to be a political machine; and as the monster’s arms arced for another swoop across the horizon he got back upon Rocinante for another run. Thus Don Quixote made the Public Interest Research Group his sworn enemy.

Don Quixote’s puns and witticisms did fall on sensitive, but never deaf, ears. “You are obviously ignorant,” complained the daughters of the innkeeper of the Student Union, which was Don Quixote’s castle. “You are not merely indifferent to our pain, you perpetuate it. You have no idea what it means to belong to a group that has been maligned by your weapon of history.”

“My weapon of history?!” Don Quixote scoffed. “It is all our history. I am one of you. Many of my Sancho Panzas are minorities as well, but they recognize the fairness of Liberty, and they choose not to be victims. It is you who are ignorant. I do not believe that your petty interests may further Liberty, but may only discourage her.” So Don Quixote traded barbs with the many student unions within the one Student Union, and he deemed and re-deemed them all debacles, and he made them his sworn enemy.

Don Quixote rode (wrote) forth across the land and in his travels re-encountered the peasant he had saved from the onslaught of the angry farmer. “Now, my good peasant,” Don Quixote proposed, “is the time to thank your fair lady Liberty for saving you from that nasty farmer.”

“Please!” shrieked the peasant. “Do me the kindness of never doing me another service. Do you think I was not subjected to more horrific blows of history from that instructor after your untimely rescue? She now thinks that I am one of you! I cannot bear another headache.”

The views expressed in this column are those of Bryan Roberts, and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Oregon Commentator.
ON IN AND OUT LIKE FLYNT

The average guy getting Hustler in the mail every month isn’t smart enough to get online.
—Smith-Barney VP Doug Bales, guest speaker in Deanna Robinson’s J312 class. It isn’t the getting on that’s hard, but getting off is where the real trouble lies. So to speak. We’ve seen your History folder, Doug. Your secret is safe with us.

ON KOSHER, PLEASE

On April 7 student antisweat [sic] protesters wearing duct tape over their mouths — to protest the fact that students have no say in campus decisions — met the University of Oregon president at the airport, frightening him so badly he left the baggage claim and hid in the bathroom.
—From the May 15 issue of The Nation. Hid in the bathroom? How do you know? Based on the airplane food we’ve had, it seems a lot more likely Dave had a case of the hershey squirts.

ON PC NAZIS

What’s the point of drinking if you can’t drink alcoholically?
—Controversial quadriplegic cartoonist and former Republican state senate candidate John Callahan, in the EMU Ballroom on May 9. Is this our kind of guy, or what?

I try to draw little naked girls as often as possible.
—Callahan, continued. Like we said: is this our kind of guy, or what?

ON INSENSITIVITY

The problem, when a protest is geared toward one specific cultural group, is that many students do not feel comfortable, or invited. Digereedoos [sic] and drum circles are monocultural. Students from other ethnic and cultural backgrounds are automatically discounted and dismissed because it is not their culture.
—Emily Golden-Fields, in the April Insurgent. Was the protest comprised entirely of Aborigines? Then again, drums are pretty monocultural, since they were apparently invented by hippies in the early-to-mid 1960s. There’s no room for this kind of blatant racism and hegemony on this campus.
ON EVERYBODY HATES YOU —

Unfortunately, the public may not know the real story on some of the candidates, including Tracy Olsen. Olsen is too conservative for Ward 3... Not surprisingly, none of the environmental groups has [sic] endorsed him.

—Eugene resident Joy Marshall on the Emerald letters page. The real story, Joy, is that anybody who owns a place offering dollar well drinks every Wednesday is a friend of the common man.

...You better bow down on both knees. Who you think taught you to smoke trees? Who you think brought you the OG’s Eazy-E’s Ice Cube’s and D.O.C’s and Snoop D-O-double G’s...

But the biggest concern I have about Olsen is his claim to being a good downtown citizen. His bar, Doc’s Pad, could be a place that generates rowdy, drunken behavior.

—Marshall, continued. Rowdy, drunken behavior? That doesn’t sound like Eugene politics at all. Now add a monkey wrench and maybe we’re a little closer to Marshall’s brand of expression.

ON YOU DO NOT SPEAK FOR US

Unfortunately, the public may not know the real story on some of the candidates, including Tracy Olsen. Olsen is too conservative for Ward 3... Not surprisingly, none of the environmental groups has [sic] endorsed him.

—Eugene resident Joy Marshall on the Emerald letters page. The real story, Joy, is that anybody who owns a place offering dollar well drinks every Wednesday is a friend of the common man.

I hereby decree myself an official icon of police oppression, and from this day forth I shall be a symbol to be put on Rage Against the Machine T-shirts. Also I will be signing autographs after the meeting.

I hope you know my next bag of heroin depends on you buying this joke book.

—Campus icon/annoyance Frog, on 13th street. Hey Frog: try crack. It’s faster, more effective, and you won’t have to sell as many of those godawful books.

ON FROGGER

The “I agree with Phil” crowd realizes that Nike CEO Phil Knight does not have to donate to a University that supports a group he disapproves of... There is also a growing realization that both heterosexual relationships and hetero-represented sweatshops include some degree of oppression that needs to be worked out and may drive some to homo-whatever.

—Eugene resident Earl Gosnell on the Emerald letters page. There is also the growing realization that a fixation on “homo-whatever” issues may drive some to express themselves in forums hospitable to incoherency.

ON URUGUAY

* Dedicated to Jimmy Sullivan, whose poetry inspired the residents of Sweetser Hall during the winter of ’99, only to be carted off by the Office of Public Safety.
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

All words hate-related; all clues word-related. Enjoy.

ACROSS
1. Discriminatory student-funded transportation service
9. They don't got a real badge, but they still want to act hard
11. Exposer of the OC's ties to the right-wing conspiracy
13. Oregon Student Association (acronym)
15. Most certainly do not have game
16. Suite One group of left-wingers
17. Mixed with whiskey, makes "ginskey"
19. Dorms for rich whores, arrogant athletes, and exactly six decent people
20. ____ Chomsky, Julia Fox’s hero
23. ODB's beverage of choice (acronym)
25. Kamikaze kid, Mayor of Bracketville
27. Student group responsible for the UO's newest student publication, the Impakt
28. Columbia Gorge's "premium" liquor
29. My kid sister does do better than this (Rhymes with "Joyce")
30. What?! No alcohol?!
31. What’s it growing up in _________
32. Infamous Springfield sharpshooter

DOWN
1. Primary cause of misallocated student funds
2. Have you seen the sexiest man on 13th Ave?
3. Egregious Waste and Excessive Bureaucracy (acronym)
4. Alfred E. Neumann, shamed ASUO candidate
5. State regulatory agency, aka Liquor Nazis
6. Unwelcome visitors from south of the border
7. Popular major for athletes and other mentally challenged students (not Political Science or Psychology)
8. Property of Fidel Castro, six years old
10. Campus organization, spends too much time in a cage, not enough time at a BBQ
12. Drops the ball a lot... "F'real, doe."
14. Father of everything wrong with this world (Communism)
15. Your grandmother's favorite bandleader, shares first name with Cowboys' LT
18. Tastiest she-male on campus (Rhymes with "Hunger")
20. OSPIRG founder, presidential hopeful, OC running joke Ralph ________
21. Our favorite Philly cop-killer
22. Hippie shower substitute, reeks
24. Altruistic, Sycophantic, Useless Organization
26. Eugene's Paid Demons (acronym)
29. My kid sister does do better than this (Rhymes with "Joyce")
30. Paid by Housing to rat out peers
31. "I'm a career politician with no new ideas. Please help." (Rhymes with "Whore")
32. Ol' Dirty

Give up? The answers can be found online at <http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~ocomment> under the Online Extra section.