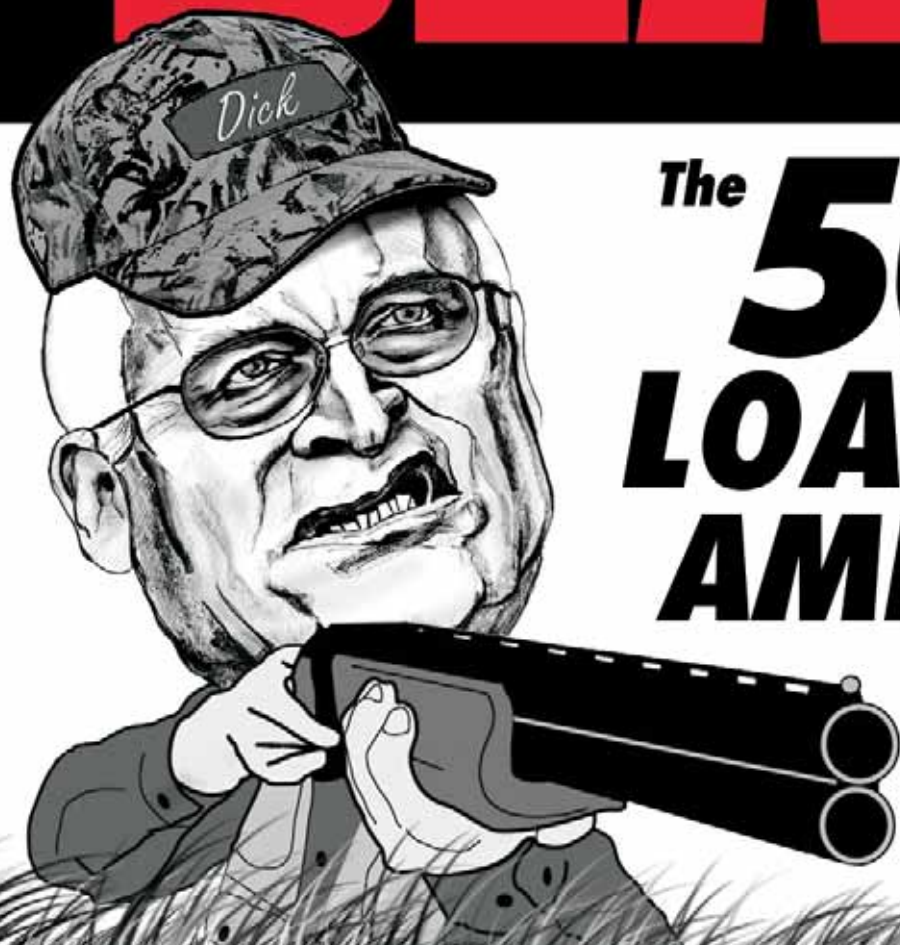


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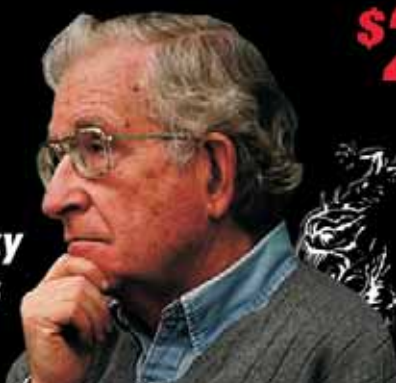
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Evil Publisher
Paul Fallon
(pfallon@buffalobeast.com)

Evil Editor in Chief
Allan Uthman
(aluthman@buffalobeast.com)

Evil Doodler
Ian Murphy
(ian@buffalobeast.com)

Evil Movie Guy
Michael Gildea
(Michael@buffalobeast.com)

Evil Contributors
Matt Taibbi, Alexander Zaitchik,
Josh Bunting, Jacob Drum, Z. Mann Zilla

Evil Illustrators
Matt Bors, Stephen Notley,
Nicholas Gurewitsch, Brian McFadden

JAL Syndicate
Lee Langenfeld
Craig Robbins

Evil Intern
Andrew Blake

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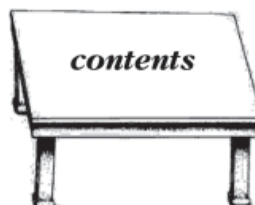
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This Issue's Beverage Related Epiphany:



"Dudes, I just got an awesome idea!"

Hussein Clown Posse



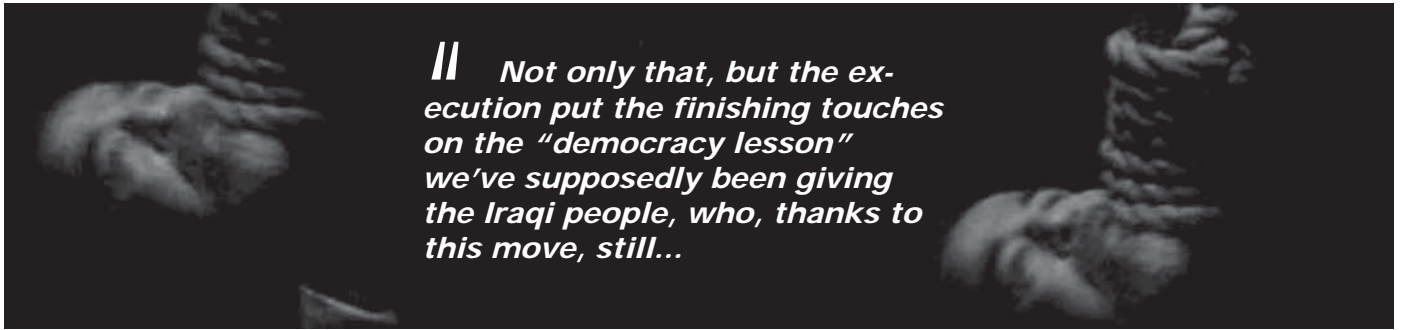
"The president's view is that in the absence of a U.N. endorsement, this war will become 'self-legitimizing' when the world sees most Iraqis greet U.S. troops as liberators. I think there is a good chance that will play out."

-- Thomas Friedman, *The New York Times*, March 2003

I thought of Thomas Friedman over the weekend as I watched the United States proudly gallop into its 9,598th consecutive gargantuan P.R. fuckup in Iraq, better known to the rest of the world as the execution of Saddam Hussein. In fact, I thought specifically of the above-mentioned column of Friedman's, written right on the eve of the initial invasion almost four years ago.

academics, wanna-be revolutionaries who spent the whole 1990s bitter about Clinton and wired on coffee and Goldwater biographies, waiting for their Big Chance. Those people came up with the specific details of the Iraq plan (when, where, ostensibly why) and it's doubtful that anyone else but a lunatic could have dreamed up those particulars, since their logic generally eludes the sane and the normal.

But the engine behind this entire escapade was really the great mass of ordinary Beltway apparatchiks and media creatures who cheerfully assented once the idea squirted out of Bush's mouth. You're talking about a bunch of half-bright golfers from the Virginian suburbs, people raised on Archie comics and fuzzy patriotic platitudes and old saws gleaned from William Holden



|| Not only that, but the execution put the finishing touches on the "democracy lesson" we've supposedly been giving the Iraqi people, who, thanks to this move, still...

It was in that particular column ("D-Day," March 19, 2003) that Friedman long-windedly lamented President Bush's failure to secure broader international support for his invasion, which he feared would detract from the legitimacy of the operation. This was a blow to the Iraq war effort, in Friedman's mind (excuse me: in what passes for Friedman's mind), but in that "D-Day" piece of his he said that we could all still make things work in Iraq -- all we had to do, he said, was to "turn these lemons into lemonade."

Lemons into lemonade! That line has been stuck in my head throughout this war. It would be absolutely impossible to find a better example of just exactly why we should never have gone into Iraq.

Remember that this war was cooked up by American bureaucrats, people who know an awful lot more about bowling than they do about Islam. True, there were a few genuine lunatics involved in dreaming up the invasion -- that crazy fraternity of neocon

war movies and their postwar corporate-executive dads. They went for the war because people they trusted told them it was a good idea, and some of them even ended up running parts of the operation, either in Iraq or in positions of responsibility here at home.

Tom Friedman is the oracle of this crowd, the tormented fat kid with a wedgie who got smart in his high school years and figured out that all he had to do to be successful was shamelessly and relentlessly flatter his Greatest-Generation parents, stroke their outdated prejudices, sell them on the idea that the entire aim of the modernization process is the spreading of their amazing legacy through the use of space-age technology.

So he goes into America's sleepy suburbs with his Seventies pornstar mustache and he titillates the book clubs full of bored fifty- and sixtysomething housewives with tales of how the Internet is going to turn Afghanistan into Iowa. The suburban guys he ropes

Making lemonade in Iraq

by Matt Taibbi



in with a half-baked international policy analysis -- what's "going on" on "the Street," as Friedman usually puts it -- that he cleverly makes sound like the world's sexiest collection of stock tips: "So I was playing golf with the Saudi energy minister last week, and he told me..."

This is just a modern take on the same old bullshit rap that traveling salesmen all over America have been laying on wide-eyed yokels at 99 Steak Houses and Howard Johnsons hotel bars for decades: So I was having lunch with Jack Welch at the Four Seasons last week when I heard about this amazing opportunity.... And these middle-manager types who live in Midwestern cubicles or in the bowels of some federal bureaucracy in Maryland eat it up: They buy every one of Friedman's books, treat his every word

down and seeking the aid of the same homespun American pseudo-folk wisdom that got them into this mess in the first place. Our foreign policy initiatives in the area resemble attempts to mend fences with a neighbor whose lawn has been mused by bringing him a tuna casserole cooked specially by wifey; only in Iraq, when casserole-presenting Dad ends up with his eyes gouged out and his skull charred black, hanging upside down from a telephone wire and impaled on the shards of the casserole dish, the neighborhood committee convenes and...decides to bake a bigger casserole.

This is what I was thinking about this weekend, when the U.S. and the news media "celebrated" the hanging of Saddam Hussein by wallpapering the planet with video images of the execution



...have yet to experience a government where a leader can leave power without losing his life. That is some interesting-tasting lemonade, I must say. ”



like gospel and before you know it they're all talking about Israeli politics and "the situation" in Yemen or Turkey or wherever like they're experts.

And so this is how we got where we are. You get a whole nation full of people who spend 99 percent of their free time worrying about their lawns or their short iron game, you convince them that they know something about something they actually know nothing about, and next thing you know, they're blundering into a 1,000-year blood feud between rival Islamic groups, shooting things left and right in a panic, and thinking that they can make it all right and correct each successive fuckup by "keeping our noses to the grindstone" and "making lemons out of lemonade."

The whole war has been characterized by this kind of behavior. The Americans continually make ghastly mistake after ghastly mistake, and they keep responding to their mistakes by digging

on New Year's Eve. The execution was a complete and utter fiasco. When what is supposed to be a P.R. coup for the United States devolves into a situation where a crowd of Shia fanatics is chanting "Moqtada! Moqtada! Moqtada!" under the swinging feet of a new Sunni martyr, something has gone horribly wrong.

Not only did Saddam's execution serve notice to the entire world that the United States has essentially become the easily manipulated muscle for Shiite extremists in Iraq, but it infuriated the entire Sunni world by its timing -- the execution coincided with the Islamic holiday Eid.

Moreover, the U.S. even managed to alienate Shiites around the world by intervening in the execution process -- not enough to stop or slow the execution, mind you, but just enough to take Saddam's body away from the Shiites and force them to deliver it back to Saddam's home city for a "decent burial."

Continues on page 6



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Now we've pissed off both the Shiites and the Sunnis and gotten both sides markedly more pissed off with each other (not just in Iraq but around the world), and we've done so by accelerating the execution of a prominent Sunni politician whose fate was the one card the United States was really holding with a Sunni minority already deeply upset at being made the subjects -- at the end of an American bayonet -- to a Shiite-led government.

Not only that, but the execution put the finishing touches on the "democracy lesson" we've supposedly been giving the Iraqi people, who, thanks to this move, still have yet to experience a government where a leader can leave power without losing his life. That is some interesting-tasting lemonade, I must say.

Rhetorical question: if you're going to offend the earth's entire Sunni population by letting a Shiite mob hang a prominent Sunni politician on a Muslim holiday -- on television on a Muslim holiday -- why bother interfering in the burial question? Seriously, why? To curry favor with the Sunnis? Because it's "the right thing" to do? What kind of deranged lunatic hangs "the Sunni sword" at the end of Ramadan and then tries to make up for it with the world's Sunnis by allowing a "civilized" burial? "We will all become a bomb," is how one Palestinian responded to this latest act of decency and goodwill on the part of the United States.

I'm not saying Saddam Hussein deserved to live. Fuck Saddam Hussein. The point is that his execution is a symbol of America's cultural blindness. America has one gear in its head: Saddam was a monster and a mass-murderer, so he should be executed and everyone should love us for doing it. Right? I mean, who doesn't like a tuna casserole?

Friedman, it must be said, predicted that we might have such troubles. Nearly four years ago, he came up with a clever way of phrasing what he meant, saying that the Bush team needed an "attitude lobotomy," that it needed to "get off its high horse" and "start engaging people on the World Street, listening to what's bothering them, and also telling them what's bothering us." He also said that we needed something like the Marshall Plan, something that was "both a handout and a hand up." This was "D-Day for our generation," he said.

That was our attitude on the eve of war -- we sounded like we were preparing for a sales conference in Memphis, not a Middle Eastern bloodbath. It was like nobody in America noticed that all this catchy talk about high horses and handouts and hand ups was completely meaningless to anyone except the sloe-eyed residents of the American suburbs, people raised on this language of corporate memos and canned efficiency slogans and pep talks. If George Bush had gone on al-Jazeera after the invasion and promised to "get off his high horse," the Arab world would have stared back in amazement. What horse? What the fuck is he talking about? Why does this man invade us and then start talking about a horse? Are these people crazy?

That didn't happen, but it might as well have, because we're still doing basically the same thing. This isn't a pile of lemons we're dealing with, and there's no way to make it into lemonade. This is the Middle East, a place populated with Muslim people, and we know absolutely nothing about them and have no business being there. There's no horse to get off and no one there is looking for a handout or a hand up. They just want us to get the fuck out of there. How long is it going to take for people to figure this out? ■

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Taking One for the Tribe

Times lies and we're having fun

Avid readers of this column will recall that its last installment appeared roughly a year ago, and they will no doubt want some explanation for why that is the case. First-time readers most likely will want a good reason to keep reading an article by an author who is trying to grab your hand through the page and shake it vigorously, all while saying that what we've got here is two monkeys shaking hands through a piece of paper: kind of like those two monkeys cuddling together among the branches of some Borneo rainforest, clasping hands and shivering in the middle of a thunderstorm. Pretty damn close, in fact.



By A. Monkey

But first-timers will have to wait and step to the back of the line. For you old-timers, the reason I took a pause is that I met the monkeyluv of my life and got married. I moved, got a dog, got responsible, and stopped writing altogether. But something's clicked, and now I want to return to all I could think about before I met my monkeyluv. Which was: We're monkeys, and that no one, not even your father, has a clue what the fuck is going on.

This isn't the same thing as what Darwin or Dawkins say about evolution, God, or science in general. Talking about the behavior of *Homo sapiens*—that the males get boners in the morning or that the girls tend to start menstruating around age 12—Is fine and true, but it's pretty weak stuff. This is about looking reality square in the eye and saying that George Bush is a monkey, and that he thinks it makes perfect sense to speak for 300,000,000 other ones. Now back to your regularly scheduled column.

For years, I agreed to believe that the common thread of lefty media criticism was the right one: That if only more rational explanations were given to the journalists who got their facts wrong, held unfounded beliefs, or repeated industry-funded dogma they'd change their tune, or at least recant in the face of stronger argument.

But after reading my thousandth critique of how the *New York Times*' coverage missed this or overlooked that, I got the feeling that that there was something very flawed with the left's media approach. First, that the reporters at the Times must have, at least once, confronted a complaint against their reporting that exposed them as bad reporters, or perhaps even liars. And yet, without apology, they kept going. Second, regardless of that point, this technique of media criticism did absolutely nothing to stop bad reporters or bad reporting. Therefore it was illuminating only to the disaffected news reader who, like me, craved a tonic for the disgraceful media that abounds.

But I still lacked a framework that would give a better understanding of why reporters got their facts wrong. This is where I think most lefties are with the problem of the press.

A year ago, I was lucky enough to read a different media critique which makes a hell of a lot more sense: That we should simply understand reporters at the *New York Times* as evil liars who know they are lying and lie in order stay powerful.

But it doesn't answer everything. In some cases, it might just be simple deceit and greed that explains an article lying about corporate oversight to keep the Times' advertisers happy, or some minor details about nuclear weapons to keep a reporter's access to sources open at the Pentagon. But what about those hundreds of *New York Times* articles that won't admit we've lost the war, that never got into hundreds of billions we've spent, that continue to tell us that Qaeda is behind the Iraqi insurgency? How come the press never fesses up that it's the entire 18-to-30-year-old male population in the Sunni Triangle?

This is a very different kind of lying, and I think it can only be explained that these people are writing on behalf of The Tribe. These lies aren't there to be evil; these are conscientious favors to the rest of the people who share the same mentality as the reporters; sweeping our mistakes under the rug to keep the tribe's sense of dominance intact and its psyche clean. That's why the Times, or political opposition leaders will never say anything tougher about the lying top leader than "appeared to mislead"—don't expect them to.

Because the tribe can never do wrong. For the editors and journalists who knew better, finding a way to explain that the thousands of primitive IED attacks and primitive ambushes were the work of bin Laden's minions—not the collective effort of a population that was supposed to greet us as liberators—took extraordinary psychic sacrifice on behalf of the tribe, and it was they who have to go bed and digest these lies on behalf of the tribe, not us, so that in the morning, the tribe is still right.

The *New York Times* and a few other newspapers are a lot of things at once, but most of all, they are the extraordinarily complicated recording mechanisms for the most incredible tribe on earth. While this tribe's recording tools are light years beyond the primitive cannibal stories they sing around the fire in Papua New Guinea, the laws that govern them are the same. And the most important law of them is that the tribe is never wrong, and can not fuck up, ever. ■

The Top 5 Most Thoroughly Vetted Talking Points

A BEAST POP QUIZZLER with Casey Kasem

5) Kicking off the top of our list, this dogmatic ditty got a lot of miles on the airwaves - and had us Iraq-in' all the way to the water cooler: **"As the Iraqis stand up we shall stand**

- a) up also and do things!
- b) down.
- c) around with our collective dick in our hands and talk about Britney Spears' fat ass.
- d) on top off their heads, perforating their skulls with our golf cleats.
- e) I haven't been able to stand since my last tour of Baghdad.

4) This doozie came on strong in December and is still enjoying ad naseum repetition without a hint of irony: **"Iran is having a _____ effect on Iraq."**

- a) wicked awesome
- b) post office
- c) definitely not a 'post office effect,' but some kind of effect, like a sticky ... no, um, uh, oh... oh... OH! RUN MOTHERFUCKER! TOUCHDOWN! WOOOOO! YESSS! Okay, what?
- d) destabilizing
- e) relatively minuscule (You know, compared to what we're doing.)

3) Tapping into Pop-America's fear of the "other," this biggity-boppin' tune can be heard nightly on "Hard Ball with Chris Matthews"—**"Is America ready for its first _____ president?"**

- a) black
- b) woman
- c) soy
- d) psychotic machete wielding
- e) both (a) and (b), possibly (d) but never (c) and (a)

2) Based on a number originally recorded in Lou Dobb's basement with the late great Mamma Cass - this catchy xenophobic number had 'em all buildin' a wall down south: **"America must fix its _____ borders."**

- a) porous
- b) MILF magnet
- c) broken
- d) oh my god, did you hear what that rich douche said about that redundantly ugly lesbian
- e) – wait what was (b)? Cause me and some bros are goin' down south for break, bro, and like yo, bro could you like get me some directions and shit, bro?! Seriously, bro.

1) And who could forget – at the countdown's number one spot - this bit of popular pabulum that's had us all swingin' in lockstep since its debut release as a b-side to "Mission Accomplished.": **"We need to make decisions in Iraq based on _____ on the ground."**

- a) Wolf Blitzer's assumptions
- b) the facts
- c) the boots – but only if they're size 10
- d) the number of mutilated children
- e) the depleted uranium



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The 50 Most Loathsome Americans of 2006

50. Ryan Seacrest

Charges: A micron-deep felcher with the charm of a pylon. Catchphrase, “Seacrest out,” was so despised he was forced to drop it. “Dishes” stories. Approaching hosting ubiquity; may soon be on all television channels, the most egregiously nauseating gig being his role as saint of overworked hairdos to the “disadvantaged” on the half hour Sears commercial listed in TV Guide as “Extreme Makeover: Home Edition.” “Extreme Makeover: Schizophrenic Hobo Edition” wouldn’t exactly sell semi-gloss and flat screens. Ended the year being out-charisma’d by a stroke victim on “Dick Clark’s New Year’s Rockin’ Eve 2007.”

Exhibit A: “I am looking forward to being part of the E! team. This unique opportunity allows my company to take the next step in providing multimedia content.”

Sentence: Head permanently lodged in Brad Pitt’s ass.

49. Rich Lowry

Charges: At 38, National Review Editor and Hannity stand-in Rich Lowry still looks like he’s wearing a retainer and has a trapper-keeper stuffed with Red Sonja comic books. The tragic irony of Michael J. Fox’s life is that his breakout role as Alex P. Keaton inspired a million resentful Reagan-blowing nerds like Lowry to recast themselves as “rebels” against gathering threats like universal health care—and stem cell research. If a goddamn toothpaste company told lies like Lowry they’d be prosecuted. Founding member of the “it’s all Clinton’s fault” school of Bush apologists.

Exhibit A: As funny as cervical cancer, Lowry’s dusty old bag of shopworn Clinton/Kennedy jokes should be locked in a safe and thrown in the ocean to protect humanity.

Sentence: Locked in the same safe.

48. Gerald Ford

Charges: Precedent-setting cowardice; admitted to pardoning Nixon because they were friends. Enabled the sense of executive impunity that pervades the White House today. A bumbling doofus who inadvertently helped launch the diseased career of Chevy Chase. Strongly criticized the current administration on Iraq in a 2004 taped interview with Bob Woodward on the typically spineless stipulation it wouldn’t be released until after his death. Has become a burlesque reminder of American fealty and inability to speak truth to power while it might have an actual impact. Posthumous media flip-flop on the pardon highlights how sad and weak the press has become.

Exhibit A: Praised by Dick Cheney at funeral.

Sentence: Refused a pardon by Saint Peter.

47. Michael Musto

Charges: A friendly bacteria in America’s bloated entertainment entrails, giving vicarious life to that big brown celebrity baby we all waste countless hours coddling. Melon the size of an Olmec statue, yet not clever enough to elicit more than groans with his overwrought, nervous delivery of painfully unfunny puns. Motivated by transparent jealousy. Adds nothing in the way of meaningful criticism or analysis. Only serves to further propagate dysfunctional celebrity worship in our strangely hollow culture. Fond of wearing Cosby sweaters, which should only be worn by Cosby. Worst thing that’s ever happened to Keith Olbermann.

Exhibit A: In the subtitle to his latest book, Musto declares himself “The world’s most outrageous columnist.” Appears to think “outrageous” means “gay.”

Sentence: Unbearable testicle cramps every time he thinks the word “TomKat.”



46. James Carville

Charges: This unholy cross between Batboy and Terry Bradshaw has been vastly overrated as a political strategist based on the fact that he managed to win with the most charismatic Democratic candidate of the post-war era and a split conservative vote. In '06, Carville raged against his own obsolescence by blasting Howard Dean's competence as Chairman of the DNC—immediately after Dean steered the party into majorities in both houses of congress as well as state legislatures and governors.

Exhibit A: Carville's marriage to Republican uber-hag strategist Mary Matalin is the perfect symbol of the cynical two-party symbiosis, an open conspiracy which has robbed Americans of true democracy for decades. If he really gave a shit about politics, he would have strangled her years ago.

Sentence: Slow death by Polonium 210, administered by his wife.

45. Bob Woodward

Charges: The kind of jerk that'd steer a tour bus off a cliff, then charge every passenger 20 bucks to hear him scream, "We're all going to die!" An unabashed chicken driven by deference to money and power; Woodward sits on stories of critical importance until they hatch into best-selling books. A mouthpiece of the status quo who sucks any way the wind blows. Practically choked on the biggest member of the administration in 2002's hagiographic *Bush at War*; but, when Bush's poll numbers went irrevocably flaccid, he saw fit to drop the "classic Woodward bombshells" in *State of Denial*, although a number of the "bombshells" would have been more useful in 2004. A guy with such access to power that he's become power.

Exhibit A: Says "rah-por-ting," like an autistic robot.

Sentence: Sent back in time to 1971 for what he thinks is a

casual chat with Richard Nixon; ambushed and severely beaten by Woodward & Bernstein.

44. Ben Gibbard

Charges: A dickless dweeb who makes nerf-pop for disaffected zombies. Gibbard's bafflingly popular band, with the nauseous name of Death Cab for Cutie, specializes in flat, too-self-conscious-to-rock odes to numbness. Every album duller than the last, Gibbard saps the will of his unsuspecting teenaged (we can only hope) fans with dose after identical dose of sonic saltpeter in sexless, lethargic songs that perpetually seem like they're about to get interesting until you realize that they're over, sung in a voice that appears to be coming out of a mile-long nostril and played by musicians who sound like they're checking their e-mail. Complicit in spreading the poisonous notion that hopelessness is cool.

Exhibit A: Gibbard is somehow poised for massive success without even trying.

Sentence: Roadie/guitar tech on Glass Tiger reunion tour.

43. Bill Gates

Charges: Became the richest man in the world through intellectual thievery, stealing Windows and every other software package he ever made a billion on. Microsoft's internal slogan with regard to competitors is "embrace, extend, and exterminate." As founder and co-chair of The Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation, he's fighting global poverty and disease by investing in corporations that are the source of global poverty and disease. According to the *L.A. Times*, The BMGF has over \$9 billion invested in companies whose activities contradict the foundation's stated mission.

Exhibit A: So cheap he downloads pirated movies and still won't pay for a decent haircut.

Sentence: Spanked in the Mall of America food court by Steve Jobs and the guys from Netscape.

42. Joe Lieberman

Charges: For a brief, shining moment in '06, it looked like the nation might finally be rid of this sniveling sitzpinkler, but Joe Lieberman just keeps coming back, like herpes. Now Lieberman is an unknown quantity and subsequently the most powerful vote in the Senate. Routinely scolds Democrats for "undermining" the president, whose balls have resided in Lieberman's mouth since 9/11.

Exhibit A: "Our troops *believe* they can win, and that's important."

Sentence: Malfunctioning Connecticut-manufactured artillery shells coat Lieberman with white phosphorus at next Iraq photo op.

41. Ralph Reed

Charges: There's a lot of good reasons to hate conservative Christians, but if we had to pick one it would be their willingness to support the most obvious charlatans that ever walked the earth—guys like Robert Tilton, Benny Hinn and Ralph Reed. Disingenuous from the start, Reed was busted for plagiarizing a *Commentary* article in a piece he wrote for his student newspaper titled—this is true—"Ghandi: Ninny of the 20th Century."

Exhibit A: "I want to be invisible. I do guerrilla warfare. I paint my face and travel at night. You don't know it's over until you're in a body bag."

Sentence: Vengeful Indian casino developers slip Reed an envelope of small pox infested money

40. Alex Jones

Charges: A blustery schizoid moron who makes everyone near him look like an ass just for not punching him when they have the chance. False prophet of the lunatic fringe's lunatic fringe, Jones has crafted a paranoid alternate reality incorporating every cockamamie conspiracy ever conceived, from the "murder" of Princess Di to "Atlantis was an inside job." It's all done by the Freemasons or the Bilderbergers, or something like that; politicians and world leaders who meet and perform secret satanic rituals, as if that would be worse than the things they really do in the light of day. Question authority, kids, but question raving maniacs too. We wouldn't be surprised if Jones actually works *for* the Feds as an agent provocateur to make the left look stupid. Lord knows it worked on those "Loose Change" douchebags.

Exhibit A: The ultimate proof that Jones is full of shit is that he's still alive.

Sentence: Abducted via black helicopter and detained indefinitely in secret FEMA internment camp where men in black ski masks insert microchips into his brain, just as he secretly wishes.

39. Lee Raymond

Charges: Bears the grotesque physical ugliness of an oligarch born pre-caricatured by Thomas Nast. Seriously, look at the guy; he's a cross between Sloth from *The Goonies* and Jabba the Hut. CEO of ExxonMobil from 1999 to 2005, Raymond accepted a \$400 million retirement package in '06, the largest in history. Currently serves as vice chair of the American Enterprise Institute's board of trustees. Appointed by Bush to chair a committee to "lead" America's Alternative Energy Future, which is oil-billionaire code for "hinder."

Exhibit A: "In every aspect of life, including the economic dimension, we are always challenged to do the right thing. In many cases in the market system, which allows a great deal of latitude for human choice, people can get carried away to excess."

Sentence: Ample chin blubber stretched over head and sewn to back of neck, forced to give every American \$1.25.



38. Carlos Mencia

Charges: A German-Honduran who pretends to be Mexican so he can engage in jovial slurs about "beaners" and "wetbacks." Repeatedly says "what?" and "no, I'm serious!" during his stand up routines, as if his audience is blown away by his tiresome retreading of age-old ethnic and gender clichés and his bellowing one-note delivery. Imagines himself to be some kind of envelope-pushing genius despite the fact that his entire body of work is a series of variations on the hackneyed "white guys do this, black guys do this" routine that has launched a thousand careers in stand-up mediocrity. What's that you say, Carlos? Asians can't drive? Gee, we've never heard that before. A well-known joke thief, Mencia can't even write his own shitty, hackneyed material.

Exhibit A: Actual name is Ned Holness.

Sentence: Deported to Mexico.

37. Madonna

Charges: A truly unremarkable "singer" who gained fame by courting controversy and flexing her once-attractive body. Wore out her shock value, among other things, a full 2 decades ago, yet won't stop trying to rile baby-boomers with puerile symbolism. Dangling from a big plastic cross just isn't edgy anymore, not even close. Married third-rate English film director and now speaks with atrociously fake British accent, like nobody's heard her talk before. Purchased an African infant as a fashion accessory in a vainglorious case of celebrity see celebrity do. Fighting the aging process so furiously that she looks like an overly-muscled dude with a doughy ass. A Kabbalah "mystic," which means she pays charlatans exorbitant sums to help her justify her psychotic egocentrism and total inauthenticity.

Exhibit A: Pitched to father of Malawian baby as "a very nice Christian lady."

Sentence: During next Middle Eastern tour, vagina used as Koran dispenser.

36. Nancy Pelosi

Charges: Well before breaking the metaphorically clunky marble ceiling on the House floor, this Botox Bolshevik was betraying her supposed San Francisco values by sweeping the prospect of a well-deserved impeachment "off the table" and preemptively castrating the investigations she simultaneously promised. Anyone who thinks this brittle fundraising machine with the safest seat this side of North Korea is going to implement any ethics reform beyond the paltriest possible cosmetic gesture needs to lay off the medicinal marijuana. Pelosi's reign in the House will be better than Republican golem Denny Hastert's in the same way that gonorrhea is better than syphilis.

Exhibit A: Hasn't debated an opponent in twenty years. A true Democrat, Pelosi literally has no balls.

Sentence: Crushed by falling chunks of broken marble ceiling.

35. Brent Bozell

Charges: Bozell, nephew of proto-conservative William F. Buckley Jr. and producer of the infamous 1988 Willie Horton ad, seems an odd choice for an arbiter of ideological balance in media, but that is the mantle he claims as head of the fraudulent “Media Research Center.” A perpetually offended McCarthyite censor, Bozell has no difficulty completely reversing himself depending on the political brand of whatever movie or TV show he’s addressing. In addition to his role excoriating any media deviation from GOP spin, this human blindfold also targets the best comedies on TV for satirizing religion and generally being too funny for his delicate constitution, as well as the best dramas for not being boring enough. If Bozell lived in ancient Greece he would have condemned Sophocles. Is often cited by “libertarian” conservatives who don’t understand their own free market ideology.

Exhibit A: Bozell’s Christianity is an implied endorsement of one of the goriest books ever written.

Sentence: Caught masturbating to “West Wing” DVDs by the entire editorial staff of *Newsweek*.

34. Barry Bonds

Charges: Literally a fraud through and through; a walking lie in flesh and blood. The idea that any coach, owner or MLB exec couldn’t tell Bonds was juicing when he pulled a slo-mo Incredible Hulk routine over the course of a couple of years, doubling his home run average at an age when most athletic careers are winding down, is a bad joke. So is the fact that the SF Giants are looking to get another year out of Bonds, now 42, three years after Bonds was exposed to the world as a chemical freak, and they don’t give a shit what he’s on. Record breakers fill seats, after all, even if they’re misshapen mutants. But don’t hate the game, folks; hate the player—especially one who gets busted doing speed and fingers a teammate, falsely or not.

Exhibit A: “It’s called talent. I just have it. I can’t explain it. You either have it or you don’t.”

Sentence: Liver tumors, jaundice, fluid retention, high blood pressure, shrinking of the testicles, reduced sperm count, infertility, baldness, development of breasts, paranoia, extreme irritability, delusions, and impaired judgment.

33. Pamela Anderson

Charges: A dead-eyed pneumatic cartoon who’s done more to distort the female body image than Barbie and Hugh Hefner combined. There’s a phrase for women whose breast implants are bigger than their heads: “Fucking revolting.” Selects her mates based on their level of childish helplessness and the size of their meat cannons and then acts surprised when they turn out to be violent, possessive assholes.

Exhibit A: “If I think too much, it kind of freaks me out.”

Sentence: Old age.

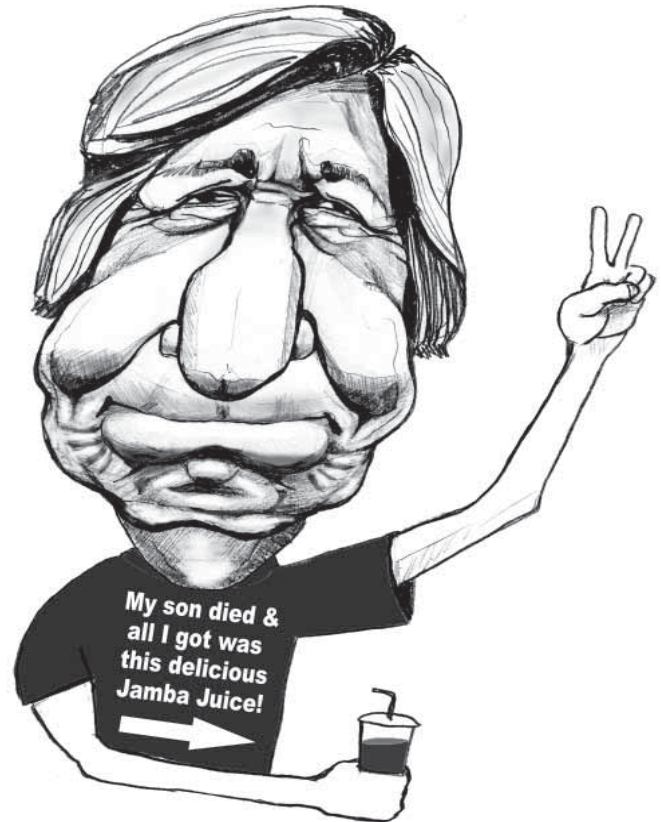
32. George Allen

Charges: We don’t know what was worse; the recently unearthed details of this Cro-Magnon halfwit’s lifetime of bigotry or his transparent “some of my best friends are macacas” denials. But worse than either is the sad fact that, after being exposed as a Dixie dunce who said “nigger” like it was going out of style (which it was), hung confederate flags on the walls of his home and a noose in his office, and stuffed a severed deer’s head in the mailbox of an arbitrarily selected black family, George Allen still came within a hair’s breadth

of reelection. Maybe he should campaign in a white hood next time—you know, to rally the base. Insisted he’d never heard the obscure racial epithet “macaca” before, despite the fact that his mother just happens to hail from the only place in the world where it was ever commonplace.

Exhibit A: Seriously, how stupid do you have to be to call a dark-skinned kid who works for your political opponent “monkey” while he’s *pointing a video camera* at you?

Sentence: Point guard for the Washington Generals.



31. Cindy Sheehan

Charges: A massive failure as a parent, it literally took the death of a family member to elevate Sheehan’s political awareness to that of a self-righteous college freshman with pungent dreadlocks and a Che Guevara T-shirt. Might have actually made a difference if she had played to the image of a regular soccer mom and exercised a little message control. Runs with ‘Nam Vets, blurring the important distinction between forced conscription and volunteer suckers like her son Casey. In ‘06, Sheehan really jumped the shark by protesting the vulgar American occupation of Iraq with an equally vulgar All-American “hunger strike,” performing the most insincere and brand-conscious act of nonviolent resistance ever recorded: Two harrowing months deprived of all nutrition—except Jamba Juice smoothies, protein shakes and the odd ice cream latte, just like Gandhi. That’s not a hunger strike; that’s a diet.

Exhibit A: “I find traveling out of the country very challenging being on a fast. When I was on a layover in Madrid on my way to Venice, Italy yesterday, the closest thing I could find to a smoothie to get a little protein was a coffee with vanilla ice cream in it.”

Sentence: Starved to death.

30. Rush Limbaugh

Charges: It's hard to believe this repulsive shit fountain is even human, until you remember that we share 70% of our DNA with pigs. Then again, to be any more hypocritical Rush would actually have to be a member of another species. After the Democrats took congress in November, Limbaugh said he felt "liberated" because "I no longer am going to have to carry the water for people who I don't think deserve having their water carried," essentially telling his listeners he'd been lying to them all year. The dittoheads didn't mind; that's why they listen.

Exhibit A: If someone had taken a shotgun and blown Rush's head clean off while he was wobbling his bloated body back and forth in an inconceivably cruel mockery of Michael J. Fox, whom he accused of faking his Parkinson's symptoms for political effect, it would have been the greatest viral video of them all.

Sentence: Parkinson's disease, of course, triggered by oxycontin abuse.

29. Jesus Christ

Charges: May not have existed, and if he did, probably wasn't even American, but more of a dark-hued Jewish dwarf. A hygienically challenged hairball who rarely bathed or brushed his teeth. If alive today, he'd appropriately be branded as schizophrenic and disregarded by society. Sermon on the Mount was the very definition of socialism, and subsequently an affront to the self-regulating benevolence of the free market. An appeasing, cheek-turning pussy like this would never cut the mustard in America today.

Exhibit A: Contrary to prevailing pop theology, absolutely everyone, including the sheepishly devout, will be "left behind" at the apocalypse and forced to endure what biblical scholars estimate to be from 3 to 7 years of "hell on earth" before scoring that golden bus ticket to the gated community in the sky. Kind of a dick move, no?

Sentence: Second coming completely ignored, as it happens to coincide with Brangelina's wedding.

28. John Mark Karr

Charges: This bastard offspring of Mr. Rogers and a praying mantis apparently wasn't getting enough credit bugging and beating Thai children, so he pretended he'd done something newsworthy: whacked a lil' white beauty queen. Scored an all-expense paid vacation to California and Colorado before it was determined he never laid a pube on America's postmortem sweetheart JonBenet Ramsey. Has spent entire adult life working with small children, suspiciously never staying in the same country very long. Likely could've legitimately confessed to a number of molestations; instead went for the holy grail of the pederast community, because he wanted to be a celebrity, not a prisoner.

Exhibit A: Flew executive-class on the 15-hour jaunt from Bangkok to L.A. dining on gourmet prawns and pâté, sipping beer, champagne and French chardonnay and leering at news cameras.

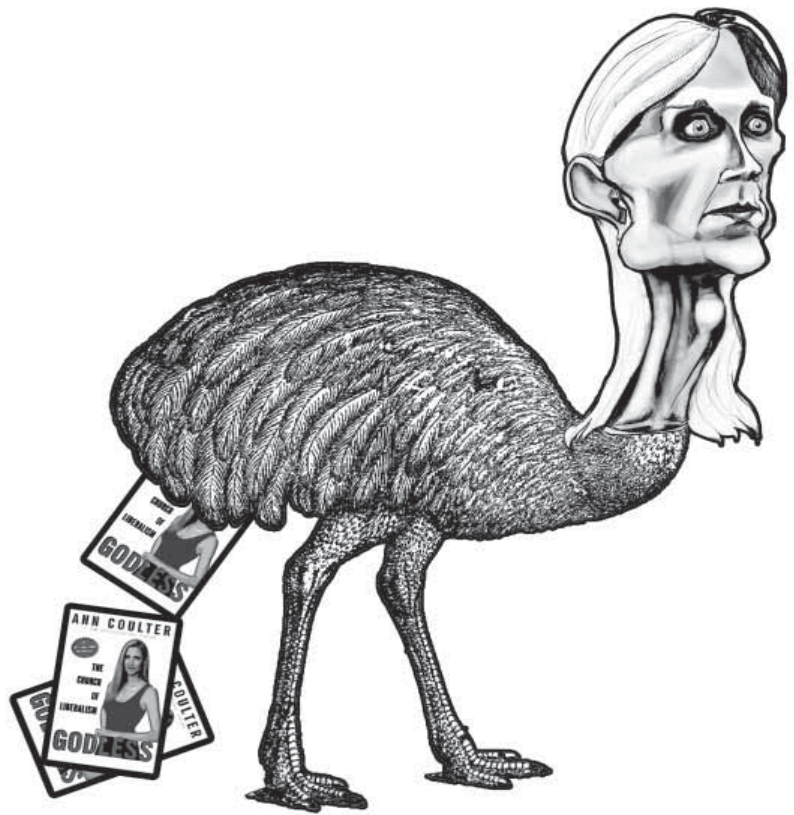
Sentence: Sex with a grownup, then executed for kidnapping the Lindbergh baby.

27. Suri Cruise

Charges: Terrible motor control. Deficient, tiny neck can't even support the weight of her own head. Unable to fathom the causal nature of the universe, or any other remedial concepts for that matter, beyond vague urges of biology. Doesn't speak English, as her brain is physically incapable of constructing the compound ideas that are prerequisite to language. Can't even manage her own bowel movements. Relies on Scientologists to handle nearly all of her affairs. Snubbed Katie Holmes' pert nipples, preferring L. Ron Hubbard's newborn barely formula and the subsequent risk of botulism. Not what we'd have done—for health reasons, of course. Airbrushed to look like human Yoda on the cover of *Vanity Fair*. Inexplicably "spits up" without warning or apology. But don't be fooled: it's not "spit;" it's actually puke.

Exhibit A: That smell!

Sentence: Raised by a latent homosexual and a brain-washed starlet, infant botulism, eaten alive on Pay-Per-View by Michael Musto.



26. Ann Coulter

Charges: It was a run of the mill year for Ann: openly calling for the murder of a Supreme Court justice and the entire staff of the *New York Times*, accusing 9/11 widows of "enjoying their husband's deaths" and Bill Clinton of being a rapist.. Coulter's neck gained an amazing 3 vertical inches in 2006; inside sources attribute this to a strict regimen of deep-throating Satan's scaly cock. It's projected that by 2010 Coulter will be able to plagiarize the Illinois Right to Life Committee website more deftly than she did in this year's ode to mindless

intolerance of tolerance, *Godless*, simply by snaking her grotesque head-ladder through the ventilation ducts of their office and skulking away with their webmaster's hard drive clenched firmly in her masculine jaw. Ann's slipping, though; she's become an unconvincing fascist parody, increasingly betraying herself in televised interviews, blushing at her own brazen idiocy. She's faking it, and so are her tits.

Exhibit A: "Hi, I'm Ann Coulter."

Sentence: Most "controversial" statements redacted from "Exhibit A," as they're a naked ploy for attention--and Adam's apple removed with a backhoe.

25. Deepak Chopra

Charges: Widely regarded by new age simpletons to be a font of wisdom, Chopra peddles a chutney-flavored weak anthropic principle based on the usual dippy claptrap about "universal energy" and a profoundly erroneous extrapolation of quantum physics. An accused plagiarist and sexual harasser, Chopra entreats his readers to abandon their silly religious traditions--and adopt his. Pitching a watered-down Hinduism as some perfect union of science and spirituality while supporting Intelligent Design and purporting to "prove" the existence of an afterlife, Chopra's work proves only one thing: he's just another mystical moron providing a psychic security blanket to soft-skulled suckers.

Exhibit A: Suggested a Middle East Disney World and Iraqi Nickelodeon to mollify their rage.

Sentence: 5 years shoveling actual bullshit.

24. Glenn Beck

Charges: If the dumbing down of political commentary continues along this trajectory, the next pundit to make the grade will be a hyena. Even the leather-winged shouting heads at Fox News look like intellectual giants next to this bleating, benighted Cassandra. It's like someone found a manic, doom-propheying hobo in a sandwich board, shaved him, shot him full of Zolof and gave him a show. What makes Beck special, aside from appearing to have derived his entire geopolitical outlook from a five-minute segment about Iran on "The 700 Club," is the folksy "golly gee" manner in which he accuses his guests of collaborating with terrorists. At least Hannity and O'Reilly have the decency to act like bellicose pricks when they're engaging in breathtaking cheap shots.

Exhibit A: "When I see a 9/11 victim family on television, or whatever, I'm just like, 'Oh shut up!' I'm so sick of them because they're always complaining."

Sentence: Stripped bare, trussed like a turkey and airdropped into Waziristan with an apple in his mouth and an American flag in his ass.

23. William Jefferson

Charges: The only thing worse than a sleazy, thieving politician is one that gets reelected after being exposed for the turd he is. Filmed taking a suitcase full of money from FBI agents and busted with 90 large in his freezer, William Jefferson's corruption case is the most clear-cut in American history. But in Louisiana, where bribery is an extreme sport, it's all good apparently. "Dollar" Bill's reelection disproves any supposed moral or intellectual superiority of Democrats.

Exhibit A: Received a standing ovation from the Congressional Black Caucus upon reelection--what the fuck is that?

Sentence: Guttled by OJ Simpson.

22. James Frey

Charges: It only makes sense that an infantile, semiliterate, cliché-humping fabulist would become a best-selling author in a country that only reads books to keep Oprah off its back. But Frey's "memoirs," which would be pamphlets if they weren't padded with grating faux-poetic repetition, are stuffed with poorly worded fabrications as obvious, artless and awkwardly self-aggrandizing as an adolescent geek's tales of his "girlfriend from Canada." Every hackneyed detail is transparently designed to engender sympathy and admiration, and above all to convince us he's not gay. Frey's success is just another sign that people will believe anything, so long as it makes them feel good and doesn't challenge them intellectually.

Exhibit A: "I take responsibility for who I am. That's what I've always done. That's who I am. I would be a liar if I didn't."

Sentence: Chopped into a million little pieces. Feet first.



21. Donald Trump

Charges: It's grotesquely symbolic of the free trade era that one of the country's favorite TV shows features a megalomaniacal tycoon putting people out of work. A man so profoundly insecure that he has to erect massive buildings with his name on them to compensate and sports the world's most ridiculous combover, Trump's popularity is the clearest imaginable proof that Americans value wealth over decency and bravado over character. Can't seem to stop shouting, no matter what mood he appears to be in.

Exhibit A: Trump further indicated his profound inferiority complex recently, when he couldn't even let a daytime talk show comedienne make fun of him without launching a major PR campaign to call her fat.

Sentence: Gold-plated alive.

20. Flavor Flav

Charges: Fondly remembered as the loopy jester of the world's most serious hip hop act, this monofaceted neo-minstrel landed a career in public debauchery on VH-1 when Chuck D's threadbare coattails finally gave way. After spending two years publicly chasing a gargantuan Danish lush, Flav decided to seek love in the traditional way, by plumbing the depths of human depravity on the most cynically trashy dating show in a field of strong contenders for that title. "Flavor of Love" is a contrived, exploitative confirmation of every racist and misogynist stereotype regarding gold-digging ghetto hoes and stoned, groping deadbeats you never heard, setting the civil rights movement back several years, prompting Public Enemy to issue a disapproving disclaimer, and causing our staff to reconsider the first amendment.

Exhibit A: "You're blind baby, you're blind from the facts on who you are, 'cause you're watching that garbage."

Sentence: Locked in a room with a clone of himself.

19. Steven Milloy

Charges: It's a pretty fucked up world in which a falsified memoir of drug addiction can spark widespread outrage, but a lawyer and registered lobbyist posing as a science expert can take money from Exxon Mobil and Phillip Morris to spread blatant lies without repercussion. Milloy, writing under the ironically accurate title of "junk science expert" for foxnews.com and at his own website, junkscience.com, is in the business of dismissing any and all alarming scientific studies about, well, anything—global warming, secondhand smoke, livestock diseases, pollution, insecticides, guns—employing statistical sleight of hand and relying on the ignorance of his readers. Like fictional "climate expert" Michael Crichton, Milloy warns us against evil "environmental extremists" who deliberately trick us into fearing global warming just to increase their funding. The theory seems a little shaky, considering that there's a lot more to be made lying for oil, tobacco and chemical firms like Milloy.

Exhibit A: Three days after 9/11, Milloy took the opportunity to argue that the buildings collapsed because of asbestos regulation.

Sentence: Fed alive to emaciated polar bears.

18. Mel Gibson

Charges: If there was any question after the belligerent Jew-bashing *Passion of the Christ*, Mel's 2006 Malibu pogrom proved once and for all the anti-Semitic apple doesn't fall far from the Holocaust-denying tree. Hyperbolically claimed that "Jews are responsible for all the wars in the world," when everybody knows Jews are only behind 60% of armed global conflicts, tops. Following strict celebrity scandal protocol, Gibson blamed his Hebe-hatin' on booze. and sought guidance from Rabbis. In '06, graced the world with yet another predictable sadomasochistic snuff film in *Apocalypto*, which amounts to a 2 hour 19 minute torture scene from *Lethal Weapon* (or *Payback*, or *Braveheart*)—in the jungle, in Mayan, sans Murtaugh, with a pinch of "those savages deserved to be conquered" and a generous helping of male buttocks. Believes in ghosts. Paved the way for Michael Richards.

Exhibit A: "The Holy Ghost was working through me on this film, and I was just directing traffic."

Sentence: In charge of cleaning tears off Wailing Wall—with a Q-Tip.



17. Tony Snow

Charges: A soft-spoken scoutmaster with the obfuscatory skill of a Jedi car salesman. After years defending the Bush administration's worst excesses on "Fox News Sunday," Snow's job transition to White House Spokesman consisted solely of getting directions to the new office. Very first answer at very first press briefing was a lie, containing that old stonewaller's chestnut, "we will neither confirm nor deny." Snow's vast ignorance greatly enhances his ability to appear to believe the bullshit he emits for a living—he thinks evolution "is pure hypothesis," that black/white disparity in America has "all but vanished," and that the Baker-Hamilton report is "partisan." This kind of willful denial of reality makes him a much more sophisticated protocol droid than his monotonous predecessor.

Exhibit A: "Helen, the President understands that you cannot win the war without public support."

Sentence: Hugging electrified tar baby.

16. You

Charges: Your whole life has been a pitiful exercise in rote mimicry, a meek subjugation of individuality in exchange for herd approval. Your delusions of "common sense" wisdom stem from an unwillingness to seek information and an inability to critically analyze it. You never hesitate to offer strong opinions on subjects you don't know a damn thing about. You're willing to believe anything a guy in a suit says on TV, as long as it doesn't hint at your culpability in the negligent homicide of your country and planet or otherwise cloud your streak-free conscience. You're more worried about friction on

the "Desperate Housewives" set than the lack of health coverage at your tedious, soul-destroying job. You have no idea what is going on in the world, and you're fine with that. You are why democracy doesn't work.

Exhibit A: You're *Time* magazine's person of the year. So was Hitler.

Sentence: More of the same.

15. James Dobson

Charges: Hey parents! Is your boy a bit...you know...fashion conscious? Is your daughter a little too...mechanically inclined? Well, not to worry! Your Tomboy--or Nancyboy--can still develop into a fine, upstanding, internally conflicted and miserable heterosexual, if you just follow the advice of twisted fundie shithhead James Dobson. Meticulously avoiding the glaringly obvious fact that no child would choose to be gay, Dobson offers instructions on how to steer "pre-gay" kids right into the closet. Nothing triggers our gaydar like a guy that devotes himself to "curing" homosexuality, especially one that warns that same sex marriage "will destroy the earth."

Exhibit A: "As it turns out, Mr. Foley has had illicit sex with no one that we know of, and the whole thing turned out to be what some people are now saying was a -- sort of a joke by the boy and some of the other pages.

Sentence: Massive dildo falls out of pants leg onstage at the next "Justice Sunday" event.

14. Britney Spears

Charges: Boozy celebrity bimbos are replicating at an alarming rate these days, but the difference is this bilious tramp has two doomed children, both cursed with the warped ribonucleic helices of a beer-chugging swamp princess with a defective larynx and a lucky low-rent wannabe hustler who may actually be the more responsible parent. Spears' marriage to a universally detested embarrassment to humanity was trashy in two flavors: showbiz in its brevity and trailer in its impressive babies-per-year output. But the worst thing about their unholy matrimony is that we ever had to know who Kevin Federline is. His fame is entirely her fault, and her fame has by far outlasted her initial perverse schoolgirl/jailbait appeal.

Exhibit A: If Britney had shown the world her bald crotch four years ago, it would have caused widespread rioting and

possibly a national holiday. Today, even Madonna thinks it's gross.

Sentence: Thrown from an airplane with a parachute that will only open if she can hit the high E above middle C.

13. Donald Rumsfeld

Charges: So obsessed with Iraq he forgot all about the Klingon bastards who caused 9/11 and are still partying down in Pakistan. Rummy's government/industry revolving door MO is rigorous and has provided him obscene wealth. Armed with nothing but a CEO's natural egomania and a willingness to compare his critics to Nazi appeasers, Rummy expanded the role of the DoD into realms of intelligence gathering, propaganda and torture. Only redeeming factor is that his refusal to resign helped lose the midterm elections for the Republicans. To this day, Rumsfeld is admired as a genius by people who find conceit alone to be evidence of genius.

Exhibit A: "I'm not into this detail stuff. I'm more concepty."

Sentence: World peace.

12. Us

Charges: Overweight, drug-addled nihilist swine with huge egos and no journalistic ethics who hold the world and our readers in general contempt because the kids were mean to us in high school. Crapping on everything and offering no solutions. Lamenting environmental destruction without so much as recycling. Juvenile, chip-shouldered, bridge-burning snots on a self-destructive mission to offend the planet. In 2006, we had the bad taste to proposition the First Lady of Buffalo, successfully rig an NHL playoff series; unapologetically mock the 5-year anniversary of 9-11; irresponsibly reprint the Danish Mohammed cartoons; crash a Scientology party on hallucinogens; and disrespect people of all religious persuasions at every opportunity. What the hell is our problem, anyway?

Exhibit A: In this list alone, we've trashed a dead man, a grieving mother, Jesus, and a hapless infant. Only included ourselves as blatant act of self-promotion and to stymie would-be critics.

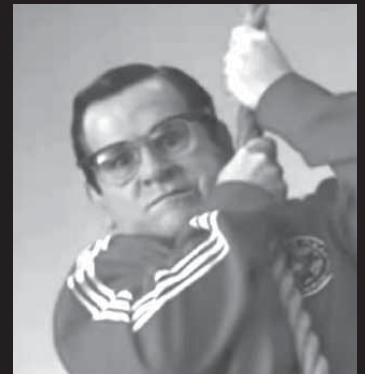
Sentence: You'll rush to subscribe to our new monthly magazine, damning us to a life of hollow success and eventual assimilation into the Time-Warner empire. Order now!

Separated at birth?



Floundering
US Army General
George Casey...

...and floundering
police cadet Tim
"Sweetchuck"
Kazurinsky?





11. Ted Haggard

Charges: Owner of Colorado's most popular apse. Believes and preaches demonstrable falsehoods to the willfully ignorant. The quintessential hypocrite; Pastor Ted gives queer meth freaks a bad name and makes drug-dealing prostitutes seem like shining beacons of credibility by comparison. A born-again self-deluder who vainly tried to use religion as a magic force-field against natural human desires. Typifies the now-cliché evangelical method of obsessively condemning homosexuality in a thinly veiled act of self-loathing and compartmentalized denial. Haggard's been cruising Colorado Springs area gay bars for years in search of men to "save," and baptized many. As the leader of the 30-million strong National Association of Evangelicals, Haggard had a weekly meeting of the morons with the Cokehead in Chief, yet for all his riches he never figured out that quality cocaine is far superior to crystal meth.

Exhibit A: "We don't have to debate what we think about homosexuality – it's in the bible."

Sentence: Leviticus 20:13.

10. Jack Abramoff

Charges: An amoral uber-bully who saw morality as an unnecessary obstacle to success and congress as an easily gamed system of constitutional subversion, Abramoff ushered in the era of rules-are-for-losers politics. Abramoff fronted for the South African government in the '80s, funneling cash to apartheid-friendly members of congress in the US, as well as writing and producing 1989's unintentionally hilarious Rambo-for-dummies bomb *Red Scorpion*. Eventually, Abramoff pulled off scores of confidence, bribery and money-laundering schemes that were only remarkable in their utter

shamelessness—Abramoff playing one side of a dispute while equally black-hearted coconspirators like Grover Norquist and Ralph Reed took the other, fabricating a dispute and splitting the money—something like starting a war just to sell guns to both sides. With dictatorial toad Tom Delay in his pocket, Abramoff's power to stall or grease legislation for his sleazy clients was near-absolute and shockingly cheap, although not quite as cheap as the invertebrate journalists he paid to change their opinions. All that Abramoff's public disgrace tells us is that a Washington crook has to exhibit satanic levels of arrogance for decades before anyone decides to take him down—so if you're just a minor demon, you needn't worry.

Exhibit A: A political sociopath from birth, Abramoff was disqualified for cheating in an election for student body president—in elementary school.

Sentence: Forced at gunpoint to use his evil skills to organize massive donations and subsequent electoral victories for the Green Party. Scalped by Native Americans; skull used as an ashtray at a \$25 blackjack table.

9. Ken Lay

Charges: Infuriating karmic immunity. Even when, after many years of foot-dragging, someone finally got around to holding this slimy reverse Robin Hood accountable, he still managed to elude justice and rob his victims yet again, this time of punitive damages by dying with suspiciously perfect timing. Never owned up to any culpability in the

myriad legal and ethical violations at Enron, claiming he had no knowledge of them. Even if this were true, Lay would still rank among the worst CEOs in history for sheer obliviousness.

Exhibit A: "We don't break the law."

Sentence: Drinking a martini in his bathrobe and reading the Wall Street Journal at his secret compound in the South Pacific, the "late" Mr. Lay starts choking on an olive when the 400th major daily article to describe his life as "Shakespearean" makes him laugh out loud. Lay falls out of his chair, impaling an eyeball with the stem of his glass and catching his penis in a \$900 toaster. The electrical current triggers the long-dormant prefrontal cortex of his now-smoldering brain, suddenly activating Lay's conscience. As he is slowly and painfully electrocuted over several minutes, Lay experiences a lifetime of guilt and remorse. Then he catches fire.

8. David Horowitz

Charges: A former lefty radical who has devoted his life to prosecuting his former self, Horowitz now specializes in making enemies lists and persecuting intellectuals for "liberal bias," usually in the form of criticism of Israeli or American policy. Like most fascist converts, Horowitz sees disseminating information as an act of treason. His favorite targets are university professors he declares enemies of "academic freedom," because nothing is more dangerous to a neocon than someone who actually knows what they're talking about. Horowitz also targets Hollywood's nefarious scheme to craft entertainment that audiences find appealing, founding the Center for the Study of Popular Culture to push his brand of regressive revisionist propaganda on unsuspecting viewers.

Apparently, for this Marxist-turned-Machiavellian, affirmative action is a great idea when applied to the media.

Exhibit A: In June, Horowitz warned his readers of a “grave threat to American security”—the New York Times travel section, for running a piece on Rumsfeld and Cheney’s summer homes, which was approved by the Secret Service.

Sentence: Drafted, shipped to Iraq, kidnapped by terrorists who convert him to Islam, released, captured and tortured to death by US contractors.

7. Randall “Duke” Cunningham

Charges: A shameless, filthy monster of corruption. This “hero” inspired *Top Gun*, but cried like a little bitch when he was finally busted for being a wanton congressional prostitute. Holds the record for most bribe money accepted by a representative in the history of Congress. Literally wrote up a bribery “menu,” listing sums to be paid for defense contracts: 10% for the first few million, with discounts for more. Lived on a yacht called the “Duke Stir” that was paid for by a defense contractor. Cunningham steered a contract aimed at protecting U.S. troops from IEDs in Iraq to the guy who let him have champagne ‘n’ hooker parties on his boat, trading the safety of American troops for a sweet after-prom party.

Exhibit A: Started a shoving match with a Democratic congressman over sending troops to Bosnia, then ran away and was found crying in the coatroom.

Sentence: Shanked by fellow inmate using “Randy ‘Duke’ Cunningham Fighter Ace Kalinga Style Buck Knife,” complete with the Congressional seal on it, sold illegally through his website for \$595.

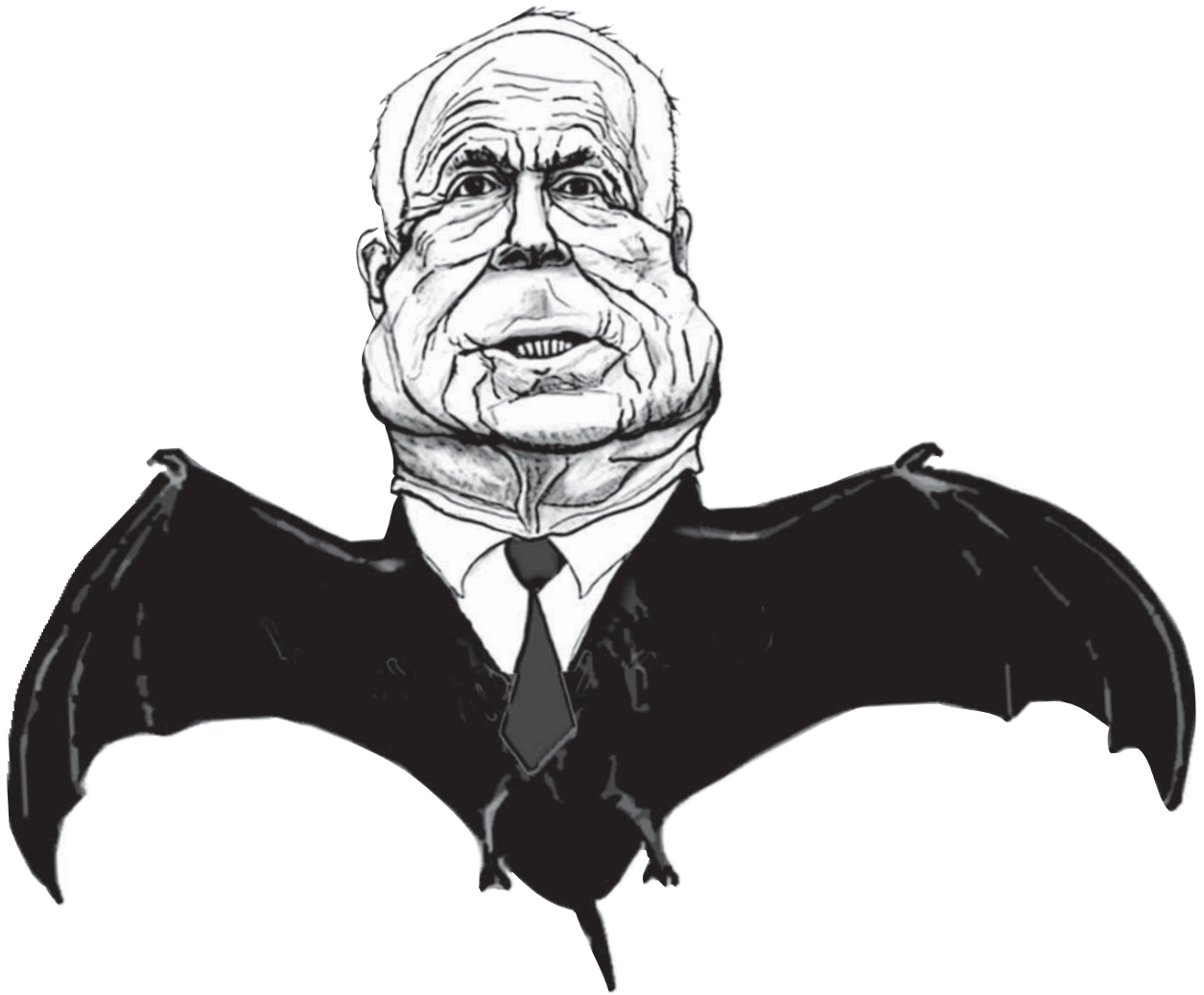
6. Dick Cheney

Charges: The dark master of the White House, Cheney strikes fear into the blackest of hearts. Only surfaces occasionally to nod and grunt at a reporter from Fox News, the only station he ever sees, before returning to the White House boiler room to continue planning the apocalypse. Almost certainly ignores everything Bush says. Vindictive and secretive to the point of absurdity, Cheney has his heart set on total global hegemony, and doesn’t really care if you know it.

Exhibit A: How evil does a guy have to be for his buddy to *apologize* for getting shot in the face by him?

Sentence: A 30-year vacation at Gitmo. .





give you a million dollars. Take a whiff of any breathtakingly cynical PR shitbomb fired at a Democrat since back when the Clinton impeachment was just a gleam in his eye, and you'll detect Scaife's noxious aroma. If it's a fascist think tank with a deceptively benign name or an out and out attack machine with a story about Barack Obama and a dead underaged hooker, you can bet the house that Scaife is the shadowy son of a bitch behind the operation. Since illegally financing Nixon's campaign in 1974 (\$990,000 in \$3,000 checks to 330 front organizations), Scaife's given hundreds of millions to every major bullshit factory in America—The Heritage Foundation, the American Enterprise Institute, the Arkansas Project, Accuracy in Media, the Media Research Center, GOPAC, the Cato Institute, the American Prospect, Newsmax and a hundred others, as well as a significant fraction of the other names on this list. More than any other individual, this black hole of integrity is responsible for the alarmingly powerful network of phony experts and coordinated liars devoted to tricking you into voting against your own self-interests in service of the richest people in the world—like Richard Mellon Scaife.

Exhibit A: Scaife once dispatched a reporter from his comically Orwellian Pittsburgh Tribune-Review to Northern Pennsylvania to follow up on a "tip" that Russian soldiers had invaded Alleghany National Forest.

Sentence: Drowned in George Soros' excrement.

1. John McCain

Charges: The most consistently mischaracterized politician in the country, even McCain's most nakedly self-serving machinations are universally hailed as the bold moves of an independent maverick who really, really, like, cares, man. By virtue of his five-year stay at the Hanoi Hilton and a completely ineffectual campaign finance reform bill (which was itself only PR damage control for his long-forgotten role in the Keating Five), McCain has so successfully snowed America the he could go around kicking puppies all day and he'd be applauded for his authenticity. In reality, McCain is as phony as slimeballs come, having reversed his positions on Roe v. Wade, Bush's tax cuts, the gay marriage amendment and Jerry Falwell in the last year alone, while the mainstream press looked away and whistled nonchalantly. Keeps changing the number of additional troops he thinks should be sent to Iraq, in hopes of extending the disaster beyond the next presidential election, so his decorated veteran status will still be relevant.

Exhibit A: "I hated the gooks, and I will hate them for as long as I live."

Sentence: Back to the bamboo cage.



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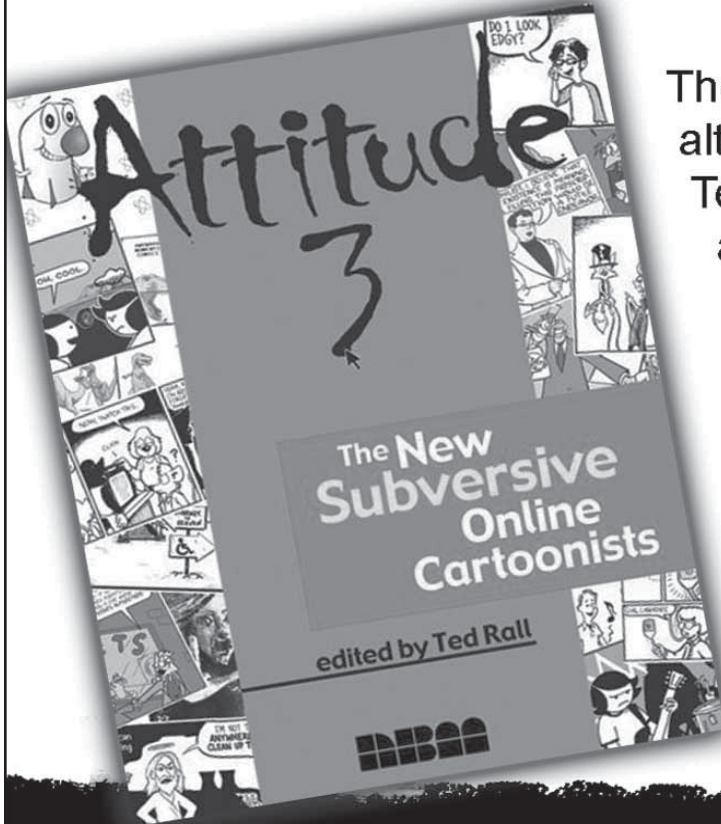
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POWER SURGE

Proponents of escalation cite the example of Tal Afar, a town in northwestern Iraq. U.S. forces there have met some genuine success since September 2005 with the 'clear, build and hold' strategy that Mr. Bush apparently now favors for Baghdad. But Tal Afar is only about one-thirtieth the size of Baghdad, and it isn't even Arab: its people are mostly members of the Turkmen minority. Trying to replicate that (limited) success in Baghdad is a fool's errand. In Tal Afar, there was one U.S. soldier for every 40 residents. Using the same ratio in Baghdad would require 150,000 troops, sustained for more than a year. That's impossible. -- Nicholas Kristoff, *New York Times*

I was in Tal Afar, Iraq's "genuine success" story, over the summer. It was such a success story that the city's neurotic, hand-wringing mayor, Najim Abdullah al-Jubori, actually asked American officials during a meeting I attended if they could tell President Bush to stop calling it a success story. "It just makes the terrorists angry," he said. At the meeting he pointed to a map and indicated the areas where the insurgents held strong positions.

"Here," he said. "Oh, and here. And here. Here also..."

After that meeting the unit I was with -- MPs from Oklahoma on a personal security detail, guarding a Colonel who was inspecting police stations in the area -- went to a precinct house in one of Tal Afar's "safe" neighborhoods. There I found five American soldiers huddling in a room about the size of a walk-in closet, hunched over a pile of MRE wrappers and Play Station cassettes.

They seldom ever left that room, they explained. Occasionally they would have to go out and fight whenever someone started shooting at the police station (a regular occurrence, they said); sometimes they'd even round up the aggressors, only to have some Iraqi army creeps come by later and insist on the attackers' release, telling the soldiers they had the "wrong guys." The Iraqi army units and the Iraqi police in the town were constantly at odds and the soldiers there spent a lot of their time breaking up



**BUSH NOT
GROUNDED,
BLOWS FUSE!**

By Matt Taibbi



violent outbreaks between the two groups. In short, Tal Afar was a total fucking mess, a violent chaos, and yet Tal Afar is still upheld as the Iraqi success story -- and an example of the "impossible" standard of a 1-soldier-per-40-residents security paradise that even a liberal columnist like Nicholas Kristof dismisses as a hopelessly optimistic fantasy, saying such a wonder couldn't be replicated in Baghdad.

This whole sales campaign designed to pitch a new troop increase -- hilariously called a "surge" in the new "Iraq Policy Mark IV" that President Bush announced with a straight face -- is one of the more outrageous media deceptions in the history of an Iraq war that has been rife with them. President Bush went on TV last week and told the American people that 20,000 additional troops in Iraq is somehow going to make a difference in the security situation. He is going to be aided in this effort by a legion of knucklehead editorialists who entered the New Year pimping a preposterous new creation story about Iraq, one that argues that the Iraqi-American Eden was spoiled only by arrogant generals and Pentagon officials who tried to secure an occupied country on the cheap.

This absurd interpretation of events, pitched hardest by (among others) Washington's reigning power-worshipper/professional Crate and Barrel shopper David Brooks, pins the blame for the Iraq mess on such persons as Don Rumsfeld, George Casey and John Abizaid, all of whom sold Bush on a "light footprint" strategy for occupying Iraq. "Casey and Abizaid are impressive men, and Bush deferred to their judgment," Brooks wrote last

week. "But sometimes good men make bad choices, and it is now clear that the light-footprint approach has been a disaster."

According to Brooks and a lot of other people in Washington (our possible next president, John McCain, among them), everything in Iraq would have been okay from the start, if we'd only had enough troops.

Coming to this realization now -- three and a half years late, as it were -- gives all these people a chance to argue one more time for a troop increase. They're going to get that increase now, and if history is any guide, they'll patiently give that troop increase another few years to work. When it doesn't, bet on it, they will come back once again and say that what they got was not a big enough increase, that what was needed was a full-blown commitment, a "Super-Marshall Plan," etc. And then we will be in Iraq until 2011 or 2012, just like everyone in Iraq (who's seen the huge embassy complexes we're just now breaking ground on) already knows we will be.

The whole idea that "more troops" are needed in Iraq is absurd on its face. They sell this idea in America as though our soldiers are being sent to patrol the streets like New York City cops policing Malcolm X Boulevard on foot -- spreading goodwill, talking to shopkeepers, collaring the occasional fare-jumper, and scaring off the odd stick-up kid by their very presence.

That's not at all the way it works in Iraq. For one thing, the majority of the troops in a place like Baghdad never leave the massive, seemingly Manhattan-sized walled-in Forward Operating Bases (FOBs). Battle-hardened soldiers derisively describe army personnel who live in the FOBs as "Fobbits" and it is roundly accepted in Iraq that Fobbits make up a clear majority of our deployed military men. For soldiers who actually have to go out and risk getting blown up in patrols, Fobbits are a vile contagion, like malarial mosquitoes -- amazingly numerous and deeply annoying. One soldier laughed when I asked if he thought we needed more guys in Iraq. "Not more troops, but fewer Fobbit-motherfuckers," he growled.

It seemed to me that the reason there were so many guys on the base was that the army higher-ups on the ground in Iraq had made the decision to limit as much as possible the exposure of Americans to the Iraq outside the wire. They did this not out of cowardice or a reluctance to engage the enemy (who takes on different faces in different regions), but out of a realization that there is almost no way for our troops to actively engage insurgents. You could send more men and women out of the base, but where are you going to send them?

As it is, a great many of the outside-the-wire activities are artificial, self-justifying exercises without any immediate hope of engaging armed antagonists -- "show of force" tours around certain neighborhoods, visits to Iraqi police stations, etc. The prophylactic value of these exercises seems minimal, and many soldiers privately grumbled to me that their main purpose seemed to be to give insurgents something to shoot at.

When I was in Iraq, commanders seemed to recognize this, and even units who did go out on patrols did so on an extremely limited basis, not more than one hour out of 24 or 48. And even during that one hour, they never got out of their Humvees -- never even *slowed down* their Humvees. The rest of the time they spent on the FOBs, tending to their equipment, watching DVDs, chatting on the net with anxious girlfriends back home, and getting bossed around by Fobbit captains and lieutenants.

Even those road patrols now seem far more likely to add to the violence than prevent it, since 43 percent of American fatalities last year came as the result of roadside bombs called IEDs (Improvised Explosive Devices). That's up from 16 percent in 2003. The insurgents plant the bombs at night; the American kids then go out in Humvees during the day and drive in circles hoping not to get blown up. I would like to see David Brooks explain to me how that cycle of madness improves the general security situation.

Then there is sectarian violence. I knew one soldier whose job involved escorting a morgue truck around Baghdad every morning. Each morning, his unit would drive around and pick up the covert assassination victims who had been tortured, mutilated, and left on the street overnight. They'd toss the bodies in the truck, then unload the bodies at the morgue later. Later

that night, while the vast majority of American soldiers slept on FOBs or in police stations, the rival Sunni and Shia gangs would sneak back and forth across town and leave more bodies for the soldier's unit to find the next day. There are no American soldiers in between the gangs and their victims. We come in at the end, when it's too late.

The soldiers have all been trained to fight and they want to help, want to make a difference -- but there's no offensive mission for them. So what they spend most of their time doing is working to sustain their own presence. More than one soldier commented to me that the mission seemed mainly to be to keep the FOBs running.

I wasn't in Iraq very long, and I wouldn't presume to say that I know everything or even very much about how the war is being conducted. I'm just bringing this up because this whole debate about troop levels is being conducted under a number of assumptions that I'm not sure aren't absurd fictions. The argument for more troops assumes that the troops we have there already are actively engaged in making Iraq secure, only there aren't enough of them.

What I saw was that our troops were mostly engaged in keeping themselves secure -- and even that was a very tough job. The Iraq war has gone so wrong that it is no longer an occupation, no longer even a security mission. It's just a huge mass of isolated soldiers running in place in a walled-off FOB archipelago, trying not to get shot or blown up and occasionally firing back at an enemy over the wall they can't see. It's lunacy. Adding more guys to it just means more lunacy. But our government has a high tolerance for that sort of thing, and I wouldn't bet on it ending anytime soon. ■

Chattin' with Chomsky

We e-mailed him & he wrote us back

You often refer to Israel as being the United States' "cop on the beat" in the Middle East. Given the immense influence of the Israeli lobby AIPAC in our congress, who's really calling the shots?

The phrase is not mine. It was used by Nixon's Secretary of Defense, Melvyn Laird, referring to US policy in the Middle East. Similar descriptions were given at the same time by US intelligence, by Senator Henry Jackson (the Senate's leading specialist on the Middle East and energy), and others. And often at other times. AIPAC undoubtedly has a lot of influence on Congress, and that often shows up in legislation and in resolutions that everyone knows to be meaningless because they won't be enacted. And doubtless it has some influence on policy formation, though it is important to bear in mind that AIPAC and similar organizations are only a part of the "lobby," understood to refer to those who actively engage in influencing discussion and policy in support of Israeli expansionism and rejectionism. Another component—more significant in my opinion—is the general intellectual community, which has had a real love affair with Israel after its 1967 victories, for reasons that had more to do with the US than with Israel I think. I wrote about it at the time, and Norman Finkelstein has recently done so more extensively. Their influence is of course enormous in shaping attitudes and opinions, filtering information and presenting their version of what is happening, etc. In media, journals, teaching, in fact throughout the doctrinal system.

To determine how much influence the lobby has is a rather subtle matter. We are asking, in effect, about the relative weight of two factors that generally coincide: perceived strategic/economic interests of closely-linked state and private concentrations of power, and the lobby (whether construed narrowly or, as I think makes more sense, much more broadly). As a matter of simple logic, we have to look at cases where these factors diverge. I've run through the record, and I think what we find is that that where they diverge, if the issue is of much importance to US power concentrations, they prevail—in fact, the lobby quickly disappears, knowing better than to confront real power. Merely to take one recent illustration, in 2005, Israel once again tried to sell advanced military hardware to China, a matter of extreme importance to a country that is a kind of caricature of the US, with the

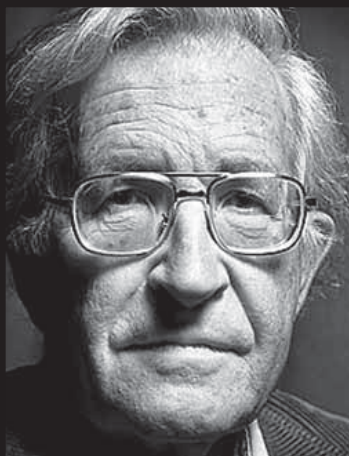
economy highly reliant on high-tech production, military related, and badly needing markets. The US, however, does not want them to do it, and really put on the screws, not only giving them orders (which they have to follow) but purposely humiliating them. I've described the details in print; widely reported in Israel, but barely mentioned here. The lobby, as usual in such cases, was not to be seen or heard. There are plenty of other examples. In contrast, if the issue is not of much importance to US power concentrations, the lobby is influential. For example, the US has no particular interest in Israel's making life completely impossible for Palestinians, so the lobby helps to influence US support for Israeli violence, terror, and gross violations of international law.

It seems to me, frankly, rather distasteful to spend time debating the rather academic question of the relative weight of factors in policy formation that mostly coincide. It would be different if there were implications for action. In fact there are.

Thus if AIPAC is as powerful as claimed, and is harming the interests of major power centers, then the way to proceed is clear. We should be putting on ties and jackets, going to the corporate headquarters of Lockheed-Martin, Intel, Buffett, etc., and patiently explaining to them that their interests are being harmed by a lobby they can put out of business in five minutes with their political clout and economic power. I'd be delighted to believe it. It would save an enormous amount of time and effort writing, speaking, and other very demanding activities. However, no one seems to want to pursue the tactics that their claims dictate.

Why do you hate America?

I realize that the question is not intended seriously. However, there is a serious point lurking behind it. A crucial totalitarian principle is that the state is identified with the people, the culture, the society. For those who adopt that principle, criticism of the state is hatred of the country. In the old Soviet Union, for example, dissidents were condemned as "anti-Soviet" or "haters of Russia," because they condemned policies of the Holy State. We, however, rightly regarded them as the people most dedicated to the welfare of the Russian people. The concept has biblical origins. King Ahab, the epitome of evil in the Bible, condemned the Prophet Elijah as a hater of Israel because he denounced the crimes of the



evil king, who, like all totalitarians, identified state power — himself—with the society and people. Where there is a democratic culture, such a notion would be ridiculed. In Italy, for example, if someone were to publish a book called “the Anti-Italians,” denouncing people who dare to criticize government policy, people would collapse with ridicule. It is rather striking that in the US, such a book (of course full of outlandish lies) is reviewed seriously and treated with respect. The US is alone, to my knowledge, outside of totalitarian states, in that concepts like “hate America” or “anti-American” are adopted in the style of King Ahab and his totalitarian successors. That should trouble us.

You seem to hold the human intellect in high regard, and have remarked in the past of the amazing capacity “normal people” demonstrate simply by communicating with the plainest of language. That said: have you ever been to a Wal-Mart? Sure. I’ve taken my grandchildren there to buy something they wanted. It was the nearest place, also the cheapest.

The Iraq War is a disaster, yet there’s this “we broke it- we should fix it” attitude even within liberal circles on the topic of immediate withdrawal. Given the latest Lancet study, which pegs the Iraqi body count at approximately 650,000, what are your thoughts on the carnage that will accompany continued U.S. military involvement versus the furthering of sectarian violence, and possible ethnic cleansing that may result from immediate withdrawal?

I can tell you my opinion, which is as uninformed as that of everyone else, including specialists on Iraq and the White House. But it really doesn’t matter. What matters is the opinion of Iraqis. That’s known from regular US-run polls. About 2/3 of Baghdadis want US troops out at once, and about 70% of all Iraqis (including Kurds) want a firm timetable for withdrawal, most within a year or less. And a large majority feel that US forces contribute to violence. Aggressors have no rights, only responsibilities. One of them is to pay attention to the will of the victims.

Have you ever been chased, man-handled, karate-chopped, administered a “purple nurple,” threatened, offered hush money, or otherwise hassled by shadowy government agents?

Manhandled, threatened, of course. That’s almost automatic when one is involved in civil disobedience, or in my case, organization and participation in resistance. But it’s of little significance.

Do you think bad folk music, drugs and poor hygiene will ever topple the Military Industrial Complex?

I assume that too is not intended seriously, but in this case I don’t discern a serious issue lying behind the query. ■

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Michael Gildea

[Editor's note: BEAST film critic Michael Gildea has seen so many terrible Hollywood movies that he doesn't have to watch them anymore to review them. In order to limit his exposure to vile, market-focused entertainment and thereby avoid killing innocent people, he is now reviewing promotional movie trailers. We agree with him that this approach fully accords the film industry the respect it deserves.]

300



If you were one of the many who were hoping for more iron-abundant violence than misguided grandeur and blatant sodomy out of Oliver Stone's *Alexander*, you weren't alone. Admittedly, Stone was on the right track with the film until he got a case of dramatic Tourette's and babbled like a spastic chimp in a tuxedo t-shirt for the last hour and a half of it. And I don't mind seeing Rosario Dawson naked, but at the price of seeing Colin Farrell's ass and sack in the same shot

was too high a price to pay.

So the elements have had enough time to weather away those bored and painful memories and pave the way for the big screen adaptation of Frank Miller's graphic novel *300*. While the recounting of Spartan king Leonidas and his army of 300 fighting odds against an army that outnumbers them 100 to 1 may not exactly sound like a thrill a minute, remember that Frank Miller also wrote and co-directed *Sin City*. Then again, he also wrote *Robocop 2*.

The trailer looks like a sepia-toned *Sin City* in a wrestling match with *Gladiator* (with Troy as *Gladiator*'s manager). It's also got an abundance of heavy-handed dialogue, speeches that a steroid-addicted bouncer cum little league coach might give and enough computer effects to crash a corporate server. But it also looks cool as shit. And while you're yawning during the trailer or thinking how dumb it looks, take the time to remind yourself this movie is the reason

you can now post 300 pictures of yourself in front of your bathroom mirror with glib comments on your myspace profile.

Stomp the Yard



If you've ever been filled with unbridled rage the morning after you've had a house party and woke up to the place eviscerated, you will know how I felt when I saw the trailer for *Stomp the Yard*. It's the story of a straight-up thug played by an attractive black actor who gets sent away to a college where synchronized dancing, or "stepping," is the big thing on the campus, which incidentally is filled with attractive black students. Tragedy befalls the main character's brother, and it's right there you realize this story was crafted on a production line at a soul-killing factory, a tuna casserole made from a recipe book of boring food for suburbanites, predigested and passed through an accountant's colon. I recently had two grandparents pass away in the span of 3 days, and that was more enjoyable than the 2-minute running time of *Stomp the Yard*'s trailer.

Freedom Writers



About ten seconds after the New Year ball drops, so does a movie about misunderstood teenage delinquents/gang members and their idealistic first-time teacher determined to Make A Difference. And this annual turd is *always* "based on a true story," *always* filled with inane subplots recycled from afterschool specials, *always* filled with

kissy-huggy armchair psychology bullshit and *always always always* has a scene where everyone who hated each other's fucking guts at the beginning of the movie are all dancing around like a bunch of jagoffs. And you know why? *Because it turns out they're not that different from each other after all.*

Cry me a fucking river! The only purpose these movies where movies where miscreant students that society wrote off and left behind is to somehow give empty hope to some poor first-year honkie who thinks she can Change Things. Oh, and in the trailer you'll notice the MTV films logo, which imputes as much street cred as a Color Me Badd T-shirt in Harlem. And as I noticed Hillary Swank's masculine features in this formulaic feel-good regurgitation, I pictured Clint Eastwood sitting in a leather recliner in front of his TV muttering, "I shoulda killed her when I had the chance."

Code Name: The Cleaner



After seeing the trailer for *Code Name: The Cleaner*, I came to the realization that putting the words "The Entertainer" after Cedric's name is like putting the words "The Teabagged Gutter Slut" after Mother Theresa's name. I'm just saying that Cedric the Entertainer isn't very entertaining. And for the life of me I can't figure out why. I mean, maybe if he brought weed with him everywhere he'd be entertaining, but I'm guessing the studio would have a problem with clearances. He's an obvious the last resort after Chris Rock, Martin Lawrence, Dave Chappelle and every other Eddie Murphy stand-in the studio could think of declined this role playing a dipshit schlub in a yet another mistaken identity/fish out of water comedy.

So he's playing a janitor who after a case of amnesia or something thinks he's a CIA agent. Lucy Liu continues her descent to the bottom of the celebrity port-a-potty as Cedric's handler or contact. I can't tell which one because I was trying not

to look at her crossed eyes. A coworker of mine turned to stone after looking at her eyes for too long when he saw *Domino* and his statue corpse is still sitting in the theater seat. Also making a completely unnecessary appearance is science experiment gone wrong Nicolette Sheridan. What, they couldn't afford a girl who looks good through a clean camera lens? Either way it looks like shit and makes me glad I'm reviewing movie trailers now.

The Hitcher



If I see another only marginally decent horror movie from the '70s or '80s remade for a post-9/11 world I think I'm seriously going to freak out. And it's not as if the original version of the movie is *that* great to begin with. Take the 1986 version of *The Hitcher*. All it really had going for it was Jennifer Jason Leigh, a not yet over-the-hill Rutger Hauer, and nothing else, especially not its scared-

straight premise: "Oooh, a psychopathic hitchhiker who kills people in grisly, yet imaginative ways. I promise I'll never hitchhike again, Officer! I swear!"

So to sell a remake, we've got to have it about a couple on their way to spring break getting terrorized by a crazy bastard instead of some poor sole dick getting the business. I don't see tribute here, which is what a remake should be all about. I see some overweight Hollywood douchebag with no ideas, a coke problem and his new angle to affording it.

But the question remains—why is *The Hitcher* being remade? Does someone really need the money? Is it because the fear-deluged viewing audience can't be scared anymore? Is it because the Hollywood execs know that you can stick any random horror movie in front of an audience and those with the lowest IQs and the most money will eat it up?

I don't care. That's why I'm reviewing the trailer instead of wasting more than two hours of my life. I can't bitch about two minutes and sixteen seconds as much as I can bitch about 2 hours and 16 minutes! *The Hitcher* looks seriously gay (and not in the homosexual way either) and as much as I'd like to, I wouldn't be caught dead throwing my own feces at the screen. Actually, I haven't tried that yet, so I take that last comment back.

Continues on page 30

KINO KLEE-SHAY LEGEND

	Xenophobia		Crappy Remake		Noble Retard
	Evil Genius		Super Models Grapple with Moral Ambiguities		Ordinary Person Pushed too Far
	Impossible Science		Glorification of Law Enforcement Bodies		Chick Flick
	Special Effects Circle Jerk		Washed up Hero gets Second Chance at Glory		Stockholm Syndrome Romance
	Vampirism/Wizardry as Gay/AIDS Metaphor		Gratuitous Christ Imagery		Wisecracking Cartoon Animal
	Simplistic Epiphany		Dramatic Embellishment		Likable Thug

Alpha Dog



Ooooooooooh! Another movie about suburban white boys gone bad! Excuse me if I squeal with delight! Set in '99, *Alpha Dog* is about bad-ass white kid drug dealers who listen to too much gangsta rap and watch *Scarface* stoned every day. They hang out with hoes and ain't afraid to do shit propa. So one dude owes another one money, some guns get pulled and the little brother of the one that owes the money gets grabbed off the street. Things get hairy and it looks like they've got to waste the little punk even though he's mad cool. What to do? The End.

Alpha Dog is basically *Thirteen's* really dumb boyfriend. He's angry, he clearly has issues, his parents didn't love him enough and nobody's going to tell him what to do! It stars a bunch of hot new actors with fresh new faces that happen to be greasy. Justin Timberlake also stars, part of his strategic de-fagification PR campaign. And I'd just forgiven him after that "Dick in a Box" video he did on SNL. Because the son of the late, great John Cassavettes is directing, I may catch it on cable someday. All I know is it's going to take more than Bruce Willis in another bad wig to suck me into the theater.

The Good German



Holy Jesus! A trailer that actually looks promising! George Clooney and director/production partner Stephen Soderbergh team up for their 5th collaboration as star

and director with *The Good German*. It looks like a grimy, no-nonsense version of *Casablanca* as Clooney plays a military journalist sent to Berlin to cover the peace conference at the end of World War II. Cate Blanchett plays his shady ex and Toby Maguire plays a cross between a weasel with Down syndrome and some kind of military personnel.

The Good German looks like it's filled with all kinds of espionage, and Clooney looks like he's going to get the shit kicked out of him throughout most of the movie, seeing as how I counted two scenes where his face wasn't bandaged up. I'm a little disappointed to say it looks like those wounds are at the hands of Maguire. I know he played Spider-Man, but come on; Clooney would fuck that nerd up! Blanchett looks like she's gearing up for another Oscar nomination and Soderbergh's direction leads me to believe he was watching a hell of a lot of Francois Trauffaut movies before he started filming.

The Good German is one of those movies that opened in a NYC over a month ago, which means it'll show up at an art house theater around here for exactly three (3) screenings before heading to video over the summer. Keep an eye out for it.

Curse of the Golden Flower



Since *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* gave enough Americans noticeable wood, we've gotten another Asian Dynasty movie. Visually, they often offer imagery that is nothing short of beautiful, include sexy Asian women that will bring you to tears as well as wire fight scenes that, despite their blatant fakeness, kick serious ass.

We've seen these films and know that they're about frighteningly skilled warriors, doomed love affairs and other classic themes. Live-action anime. Great to look at but the stories range in quality anywhere from "weak" to "okay." And every once in a while you'll run into one

that's "not bad." If it's really good, you won't even need subtitles to follow the story.

Not to take anything away from these flicks. The hours and manpower that go into them must be staggering, and it's to be commended and recognized. But bring a book, or some moisturizing cream.

Catch and Release



Well, it's that time of year again. Valentine's Day is right around the corner and the ritual chick flick for that perfunctory date is upon us: *Catch and Release*, starring Jennifer Garner. From what I could... salvage from the trailer, she's supposed to get married but the lucky bastard dies. Or maybe he's just using that as an excuse, as Groucho Marx would say. So she decides to stay on and hang out with his or her friends—can't say I know or really care—and learn to live again or get a new lease on life or some shit.

To make matters a world worse, Jennifer Garner is the main character. So we've got to make visual contact with her face that looks like it was on fire and put out with a wet anvil. Then we've got the cast of supporting characters so by the book you'd swear you're watching a show about a forensic crime team. We've got The Ex's Attractive Yet Difficult Best Friend. Then there's the Ditz Blonde Hippy Friend. What the hell, let's give her a Kid. And what would this war crime on an impossibly pretty set be without The Smart-Assed Overweight Guy complete with a beard or, even worse, a soul patch!

She hooks up with the best friend and it's happily ever after. Because how the hell are you going to sell Valentine's Day without a movie that's sure to send you into a diabetic coma or a life-long celibacy vow? Either way it co-stars Juliette Lewis and Kevin Smith (?) and makes me glad I'm not single. That's got to mean something.

Rocky Balboa



Ever since I could remember, the original *Rocky* has been one of my favorite movies. It's got an everyman underdog you can root for, a great fight, lowlife comedy, a love story, and if it catches you in the right mood it can even make you a little misty. Instead of watching football on Sunday afternoons with an overenthusiastic father, I'd watch either *Rocky* or *Saturday Night Fever* every Sunday throughout my formative years. One or the other every Sunday. We might break it up with *Grease* every once in a while, but those two were the staples. *Rocky* will always be one of my favorite movies.

Naturally, with a character so likable, we see a series of sequels that get worse and worse to the point that not even an ass-kicking at the hands of Mr. T can reclaim the genuine glory of the original *Rocky*. And it's not as if there haven't been numerous attempts. We've seen Rocky win the belt, lose the belt, get back the Eye of the Tiger, take down the Soviet steroid case from *Rocky IV* (on his home turf, no less...!) and do whatever the hell he was trying to do in *Rocky V*. I can't say because even though I've tried to watch *V* on more than a few occasions, I can't really tell you what it was about. Sorry. The point is, even though the character of Rocky got the Eye of the Tiger back in the movies, it never quite happened for the movies themselves.

And with the sixth installment, *Rocky Balboa*, it still doesn't. Even though it tries its damndest and comes pretty close at a few points, it still doesn't. The only way I can think to describe it is through an analogy that all of us who were into '80s hardcore will get.

Who remembers the first Suicidal Tendencies album? The self-titled one that had "Institutionalized," "War Inside My Head," and "I Saw Your Mommy" on it. Great, great shit. You mention that album to any former skate punk who was

into the hardcore scene back in the day and I guarantee you they will talk about how fucking great that album is. But what they're not going to talk about is the sorry-ass attempt made by the band to recreate that album with a re-recording of it from 1993 called *Still Cyco After All These Years*. They'll get pissed to a level that only a trip to Home Depot or Ikea will snap them out of.

And that's kind of what *Rocky Balboa* is. *Still Rocky After All These Years*. It relies heavily on the first movie as Rocky is perpetually depressed that Talia Shire opted to do Geico commercials instead of play Adrian and tell him he can't win. He hangs around the old neighborhood and lives in the past when he's not running an Italian restaurant where Hispanics do all the cooking. A sports network runs a computer simulation where Rocky fights and kicks the ass of the current champ. So even though Stallone looks like a lump of shit that plummeted to Earth he decides to fight the champ.

When I heard that Stallone was doing another *Rocky* movie, I thought of the

scene in the first one where his trainer/manager Mickey told him to "Stay down, Rock!" and I laughed my ass off. I knew it was going to be twelve different shades of awful. I expected the dopey, whimsical monologues, the ultra-trite training montage, and of course the complete suspension of disbelief required to believe an old, white boxer could defeat a young black one. I expected *Rocky Balboa* to be the worst thing since, well, whatever horror movie came out last week. But I've got to tell you—it wasn't *that* bad.

Oh sure, there were dull, dragging scenes and the fight seemed to pop out of nowhere. And of course I was wondering if Stallone could've done the fight with a shirt on somehow. Absolutely, the celebrity cameos were as forced as an Italian grandmother's pasta. But as Apollo Creed said in the first *Rocky*, "it sounds like a damn monster movie." And with a monster movie, you don't really give a rat's ass about a bunch of scientists reading off the results of some radiation report, you just want to see Tokyo get demolished. ■





PUNCH OUT!



What a way to start off 2007! Mike Tyson has formally entered the “Sonny-Liston-cruising-East-Las-Vegas-on-smack, drifting-diagonally-through-red-lights-with-his-eyes-half-closed,” pre-mafia-leg-breaking phase of his boxing career. Iron Mike got popped on cocaine charges in Arizona last week, ending up in the same Scottsdale

jail where, just weeks before, he warned young offenders about the dangers of drugs.

When arrested, Mike was dressed like a caddy on the Challenger Circuit, in a hideous oversize yellow golf shirt and tennis shoes. “Mike admitted to having bags of cocaine and said he uses any time he can get his hands on it,” according to the police report.

Tyson was stopped after he nearly rammed into a police SUV. Cops then allegedly saw Tyson try to frantically wipe white powder off his BMW console. He ended up with DUI and simple possession charges and is due in court on January 15.

As is usually the case with Tyson’s arrests, he reverted to his placid Dr. Jekyll state upon capture and was a “perfect

gentleman” in custody, according to police. Unlike Sonny Liston, to whom Mike will probably forever be compared (equally for his in-ring ferocity, his attitude toward women, and his post-career death spiral), Tyson has a striving-to-be-good side whose chin seems to get weaker as he gets older. It’s particularly sad that Tyson was busted now, given his fine performance in Rocky Balboa, since he might have made a transition into the Leslie Nielsen/Robert Goulet self-parody phase of his career. (“Yeah, and you got that midget wif you!” he screams at Antonio Tarver, with convincing incoherence.) That looks less likely now.

Incidentally, Tyson has been in trouble in Arizona before; he was arrested a few years back for jumping on the hood of a stranger’s car, causing \$1400 in damage.

Under our new scoring system, Tyson’s latest escapade scores a 28: 25 points for operating a motor vehicle under the influence, two points for possession (one for each baggie), and one point for the hideous mustache he was wearing in his mug shot. It looks like he had a pair of fox-moth caterpillars crawling out of his nostrils.

I haven’t finished my calculations yet, but I believe Tyson has almost earned a Lawrence Phillips Award for lifetime sports-crime achievement (500 career points). He’s got 85 for the rape conviction

and at least 50 for chewing off part of Evander Holyfield’s ear. But he also has lots of mitigating factors, including his righteous on-street ass-whipping of Mitch “Blood” Green (minus 30 points) and his leaping-over-the-counter-with-rope-stand-truncheon assault of an obnoxious heckler in a Brooklyn hotel, which was captured on videotape but never released to the public. I’ll have the final numbers on that by next week.

Travis Taser



In other news, Minnesota Vikings wideout Travis Taylor was the first athlete to be Tasered in the New Year.

Bob Reno’s excellent Web site, Badjocks.com, has begun keeping records of such incidents and will soon replace his much-acclaimed annual list of high-school-coach-and-child-abuse incidents with the new Taser tab.

The Taylor arrest falls in the Gil Arenas category of highly suspicious busts involving athletes who refuse to move when ordered to do so by police. You’ll recall that Arenas and Awee Storey got popped in Miami Beach last summer for getting out of their cars at the wrong time (one cop asked Arenas if he had tattoos and what his “street name” was — to which Arenas replied “Zero Hero”). In a somewhat similar situation, Taylor was standing outside a nightclub at 3 am when police ordered him to move along.

He apparently refused and, although there are differing versions of the story, it appears police Tasered him at some point in the process. He'll face a ridiculous list of charges, including disorderly conduct, fifth-degree assault, and interference with pedestrian or vehicular traffic.

Until I see more information on this case, I'm giving Taylor no points and I'm giving 20 to the Minneapolis police. Again, you heard it here first: sooner than later, a famous athlete is going to die in a Taser incident. Cops better hope the provocation is something more serious than being black and "interfering with pedestrian traffic."

Peavy peeved



The more jock arrests that pour in, the more obnoxious America's cops seem. If *rich and litigious sports heroes* can be Tasered and harassed with impunity by police all across the country, what'll happen to ordinary people?

This week, we have San Diego Padres ace pitcher Jake Peavy, whom Red Sox fans, in a staggering bout of collective insanity, thought was coming their way last summer for Mike Lowell. Peavy, it seems, was on his way to a goodwill tour in the Dominican Republic with other major leaguers when he pulled up to the curb at Mobile Regional Airport, in Alabama, at 5:20 am to drop off his bags. Police told him to move his car, and Peavy, according to news reports, gave an answer to the effect of, "Write me up a ticket and I'll pay for it." Police responded by arresting Peavy for disorderly conduct.

Now, we're talking about Mobile Regional Airport at five in the morning — not exactly JFK at rush hour. Without knowing the full story, the whole thing stinks. Police spokesmen claim that "a situation presented itself and the officers involved felt like they had a situation to deal with," which sounds like another way of saying that some newbie cops on the airport graveyard shift wouldn't give this guy three minutes to unload his bags. They brought Peavy to jail and released him on \$350 bond.

Plenty of athletes — usually black athletes — have had tough times at airports. Former Cincinnati Red and current mildly annoying telecaster Joe Morgan won a \$796,000 lawsuit against Los Angeles

County after he was accosted and thrown to the floor at LAX in 1988 by a detective who accused him of being a drug courier. New Jersey Nets center Mikki Moore was detained for several hours last month at Newark airport on an erroneous child-support warrant. Our own former Boston Celtic Vitaly Potapenko was once arrested on a disorderly conduct charge at Logan, although he was apparently somewhat more unruly than Peavy. And, of course, former NFL running back Larry Ned scored one of the all-time-greatest sports busts a few years back when he tried, in front of a phalanx of security guards, to steal a laptop off an X-ray-machine belt in a Phoenix airport.

I'm giving Peavy zero points and the Mobile police department five; at least they didn't Taser him.

At least it wasn't D-Mat



Now that we in America officially care about Japanese baseball leagues, it only seems fair that Japanese baseball players be fair game for "Sports Blotter." And it's just in time, too: Orix Buffaloes starter Katsuhiko Maekawa was busted last week for a hit-and-run under the influence, an incident which prompted officials from the Osaka-based team to bow in public apology. The remarkable photo of Orix brass semi-prostrate ought, I think, to be circulated heavily here in the United States — it would be a great tradition for American sports administrators to pick up. How funny would it be to see Ernie Accorsi and Tom Coughlin bowing and saying

"Deep shame is ours" to the New York media after Jeremy Shockey drives into a telephone pole? Josh Byrnes committing hara-kiri after Randy Johnson slugs a cameraman? Theo chopping off a finger if Doug Mirabelli gets beered up in a Ft. Myers Hooters? That would make up for an awful lot, in my book.

Not much has been released about the Maekawa incident. Apparently he hit a 28-year-old female dental hygienist on a bicycle at an intersection in downtown Osaka at 2 am. He had an argument with the woman and then fled the scene when a police officer asked him to produce his driver's license.

Maekawa gets 47 points for this incident; the mandatory 25 for the DUI, 15 additional points for accidentally hitting a person with a car, five for generally being a dumbass, and two for giving up a home run to Yankee catcher John Flaherty in spring training in 2004. Maekawa, who usually wears a scraggly and stupid-looking goatee, has been in trouble for automotive violations in the past. ■

The Yearly Leader Board
KAT. MAEKAWA, ORIX BUFFALOES | DUI, Hit/run | 47
MIKE TYSON, N/A | coke, DUI | 28
RASHAUN BROADUS, BYU HOOPS | DUI, having Snoop Dogg's last name | 26
RYAN KRAUSE, CHARGERS | DUI | 25
DONTRELLE WILLIS, MARLINS | DUI, peeing | 23
MINNY P.D., N/A | Taser | 20
MOBILE P.D., N/A | being dicks | 5
KYLE MCLARNEY, NOTRE DAME | weed possession | 1

Sports Blotter Legend



Exotic Dancer/
Hooker



X-treme DUI



Performance
enhancing
"vitamins"



Open container
of alcohol



Cloying/
Agent-drafted
public apology



"Disagreement"
in parking lot



Subdued
via taser



Rape/Sexual
assault



Unregistered
handgun



Those drugs
belong to my
brother/cousin/
someguy



Frantic spousal
911 call



Stats cheerily
recited after
AP report



Big-ass SUV



Incident involving
"baby momma"



Burglary/theft



No contest plea

FAX (716)362-0619

[sic]

sic@buffalobeast.com

Professor Douchebeard, PhD.

just wanted to say you liberal sons of bitches can suck my dick and die. you want us to stop fighting the war? hmm, wonder what would happen you fucking pussies. could it be.. oh i dont know... terrorists would walk all over us? you think 9-11 was "ok" and we should just let that slide right? suuree.. they didnt mean anything by that. it was probs an accident. FUCK YOU!

Dear Fan,
We appreciate your well reasoned and articulate letter of gratitude. Your prose encapsulates the current global situation better than we ever could have hoped to. And for that we thank you tenderly. We regret to inform you however, we will be unable to suck your dick at this juncture, due to a previous engagement we have traveling back in time to abort you with a rusty hanger, like Lord Jesus wanted. Thanks again for the latent homosexual support, and don't forget to subscribe!

Wild Accusations

You guys are fucking freaks!
Go suck a Fat Cock and get out of america if you Do not like it.
Todd Michael

Dear Mr. Michael,
We can assure you, we are not freaks, as your letter irresponsibly claims. It is a fact that we have broken off contact with all bearded ladies, human torsos, pinheads and conjoined twins we associated with before our successful separation surgery. Your accusations are tantamount to libel, sir. After we sue you for this malicious impugning of our character, perhaps we'll have enough money to travel, as you suggest.

What Article?

This article is the reason I love your paper. Well researched, well written, funny, and true

- things that most nwspapers that actually make money forgo. Someday I would love to see something that I wrote in your paper, but that would probably be in a few years, if ever.
Pat

Dear Pat,
We're the first to admit that deadline panic can render the best of us intellectually impotent. But if it's going to take you a "few years" to write a thousand words: yeah, you should probably just forget about it, loser.

Oregon Trails

wow!! i love shrooms. and having just finished reading 'a piece of blue sky' and being hungry for more, i found this article [Jan Murphy, "Cult Classic," issue #110]. delightful.. i just dont understand how we're all not dead from pneumonia after learning OT3!!! :)
Mike Russo

Dear Mike,
Dog, we got some bad news: we just got back from the doctor's and it looks pretty serious, he said, he said... oh this is harder than we thought it would be... we might have the pneumonia. Luckily we're not pioneer infants so we should be fine. Are you a pioneer infant, Mike? That's a rough gig.

Downer Syndrome

Mccain should have been court-martialed under article 105 of UCMJ when he returned to US..for "giving aid and comfort to the enemy" regarding his conduct when a prisoner. He cooperated with them to save himself, got better treatment, a "comfort woman" to stay with him. info was in american legion magazine few years ago, and referenced interview he gave to redbook magazine in 1978 about his conduct. He was supposed to tell his captors only 3 things -name,rank and service #..he went beyond that. has any other POW ever made 7 return trips to 'Nam as he has?? The wife that stuck by him had an accident and ended up an invalid, so he dumped her and

married a gal young enough to be his daughter - besides marrying into one of the richest families in AZ
Jim Downer

Dear Jim,
We'd have told them little yella' bastards damn near anything to get a "comfort woman," or any other kind of woman for that matter. We're not picky. And, uh, marrying a taut young woman of wealth... how awful. Dude, that's what you're supposed to do. For a list of good reasons to hate McCain, read this magazine. Hope that helps, Jim.

This Fucking Guy

I just love our new warm temperatures. To hell with snow and the skiers. Snow causes car accidents and people die from shoveling the nasty stuff.

Warmer weather saves us money because we use less fuel oil and gas to heat our homes, which decreases the amount of junk we put in our atmosphere.

The growing seasons will be longer. Great.

The 'greenies' worry about the Polar bear. What has a polar bear done for me, or you. Let them adapt and move on.

Things were going extinct long before man was around. The water levels may not rise up as high as predicted. If the polar ice caps are floating on top of water and they melt, the oceans should not rise. Just think of your drink with ice in it. Does it overflow when the nice melts? NO!

Less money to pay National Fuel gas. Thank you.

James Ziolkowski

Dear James,
One time we had one of them Big Gulps in our freezer, you know, one of the big 96 ounce jobbers. Anyway, James, the frost on the freezer steadily fell on top of the ice already

in the container, sort of like precipitation. After a few months we extracted what had become a fifteen pound block of ice, the bulk of the ice extending far upward of the plastic rim. Needless to say, when it melted there was water and Mountain Dew all over the fucking place. Get it? No? Stop writing us and die!

Axle Woes

How does a company like American Axle dump 4,000 good paying jobs and sneak out of buffalo and no one in the Union or Government say anything about it? Ford lays off 400 people and the media freaks. Just for statistics fun, check out local 424's last LM-2 and the article concerning 600 AAM employees taking the buy out. There were 3000 employees at the Buffalo Axle Plant alone in the beginning of 2006..the news reported that there are currently 1,200 employed at 3 plants in wny...half took the buy-out!!
Lloyd Overfield

*Dear Lloyd,
To answer your question: we would have to say utter laziness.*

Touché

look if it wasnt for the military you wouldn't have the freedom to make a website like this you peice of shit.

*Dear Admirer,
You bring up a good point, unintentionally, we are sure. In the '50s, as a response to perceived cold war threats, the DoD was largely influential in developing the data processing technology that would grow into the Internet we all know, love and masturbate to. Oh, that and they also supply us with all our tanks. You know... the tanks we use to update the website. But did you know we're also a print magazine? Order your subscription today, and an extra one for those website-deprived Swedes!*

Perceptive

oh uthman you are so smart and you see through everyone and everyone else is wrong about why everyone else does everything they do

*Dear jealous man whose idiotic core beliefs have been shaken,
Yes, this is entirely true.*

Double Entendre On Ya'!

Good piece. I'll be sending it around.

*Dear You,
"That's what your mom's pimp said."
[Rimshot!]*

Snopes' Monkey Style

With the current fear about Sen Johnson's illness losing the Senate to the Republicans, I was brought up short, once again, by the realization that we will have to beat back the forces of ignorance and corruption constantly and forever. I thought a few years ago, naively I suppose, that like the Civil Rights movement's broad success, we had reached a consensus on superstition vs science in the public arena. With the ghost of Reagan hovering over us, and the rise of Snopesism in the Republican party, I fear the battle will never end.
cheers,
John

*Dear John,
Snopes? You don't say! We haven't seen that old sot since our days bugging unsuspecting cattle. Seriously, John, drop the Faulkner references. Flem Snopes is a classic literary character embodying all the base, amoral lust for power and contempt for humanity typical of modern Republicans, but sorry buddy; it just doesn't sell magazines. Try something relatable like Uncle Tex from the "The Flintstones" or Mr. Cogswell from the "Jetsons." You know that "Jetsons" episode where Judy is in a band? Oh it's a great one, "Ep Op Orc Ah Ah!" We love that one. Anyway, what the hell we're we talking about? Right, Senator Johnson: If his current level of fundraising can be any indicator, we'd say he's doin' fine.*

Clean Up On Aisle 5

Someone has taken tons of your magazine, and littered the whole intersection of Allen and Elmwood. There is paper all over the place. we try to keep our properties clean and un littered. Please have someone come by and pick up all the mess. I have tried to pick up everything on my property this morning but the papers continue to be blown around.
Thank you
Liz Kolken

*Dear Liz,
Those were the days, Liz. Free BEASTs littering the streets for all to walk over, glance down and laugh. Makes us weep a little to think those are days gone by. Of course this shouldn't stop any wealthy benefactors who may be reading to order hundreds, nay thousands of subscriptions and dump them all over the streets. You may be fined but what do you care? You're rich, and you've got a message to send!*

Sorry, No

THANK YOU, somebody else walked out of Syrianna. Aside from the George Clooney torture scene (and Clooney's character in general), that movie was a piece of shit. I walked out of a test screening for it out here

in LA. Nobody except seemingly Steven Soderbergh and the two Anderson's (PT and Wes) can pull off any kind of ensemble movie whatsoever.

By the way, I admire your reviews very much.
- Luke

*Dear Luke,
We hate to do this to you Luke, so we'll try to be gentle. Here's what Gildea says about Syriana in his review for Blood Diamond, which you're responding to: "With a political thriller, you face a tightrope walk between conscience and entertainment. Some, like Syriana and Traffic, have pulled it off in spades and others have failed miserably." He goes on to say, "When I walked out of Syriana, I was ashamed to live in this country for a few hours. After Blood Diamond, I just kind of said "that blows" to myself, went home and took a dump." You may admire Mike's reviews, but you clearly don't comprehend them. Now you must suffer the red-faced revelation of an Amish man who suddenly realizes he's hanging out with Mennonites. Ach!*

Nailing McCain

Thanks, Allen, Uthman, for your recent column on Sen. John McCain (that I read on www.truthout.com). You nailed the man. He has spoken with a forked tongue for years in the service of his presidential ambition.
Holly Hilden
Green Valley, AZ

*Dear Holly,
We have received unconfirmed reports that reading liberal websites like Truthout and Alternet may cause you to contract eye cooties. Our recommendation is a subscription to The BEAST.*

Enemy in our Midst

Dear Mr. Uthman,
First, thank you for a website that actually has a conscience (and not the only one). I read 2 of your articles on alternet, one about the impending police state, the other about John McCain. It's a rare moment to read someone who actually writes, in an intelligent & informed way, just what I was thinking. I'm living in pro-Katherine Harris (yes, it's true) county NW, FL, where all you need to convince the entire county to vote as one bloc is one man saying "It's the right thing ta dooo." And where I found, to my horror, at the local polls on election day, large numbers of people in the parking lot with cell phones calling their church(es) to ask who to vote for --- and how to spell the name, and what was that for? Why does the gov'ner have a lieutenant? And where someone with my last name, or something similar, can get picked up by a terrorist task force of 7 squad cars for saying to a store clerk,

Continues on next page - duh!

"Have a happy 4th..." Who can blame them? The terror level was, I believe, magenta. First question in interview, brilliantly: "Have you ever taken lessons at the Milton Airfield?" Gotta watch those airfields, bro.
E. Hassan

*Dear Freedom-hater,
Hey, no problem. Don't forget, the package is in locker 3F at the bus station.*

Another Issue, Another Schizo

I'm "Terry J. Hokanson." A U.S. born engineer, living under a deadly copyright and patent theft ring that looks an awful lot like the Florida, Polk County Sheriff's Department running a St. Valentines Day Massacre operation.

Since no one bothered to arrest me and charge me for a crime greater than possession of a

marijuana cigarette, back in the 1970's -when the expensive furniture designs I was working on disappeared as the Florida, Miami Dade Sheriff's Department cuffed my hands behind my back, leaned my head out of a police car and beat me about the head with a night stick, behind a billion dollar a year furniture store chain- it's hard to believe a police surveillance crew was allowed to knock me down and conduct a long term strip search on me without at least railroading me through a serious felony conviction.

I need to support myself. Since my previous business plans, to generate well over a million dollars a year for myself, were intentionally choked off as fraudulent police files and death threats are whispered in my ear, I'm forced to go public with my huge energy conservation project. Of course, the whole idea behind muckraking me under these hooded police SWAT team, extortion and murder games is to produce an extremely low budget version of

"Howard Hughes," who developed biological warfare voices in his head that not only turned him into a neurotic recluse but also made his finances easy to manipulate on many levels.

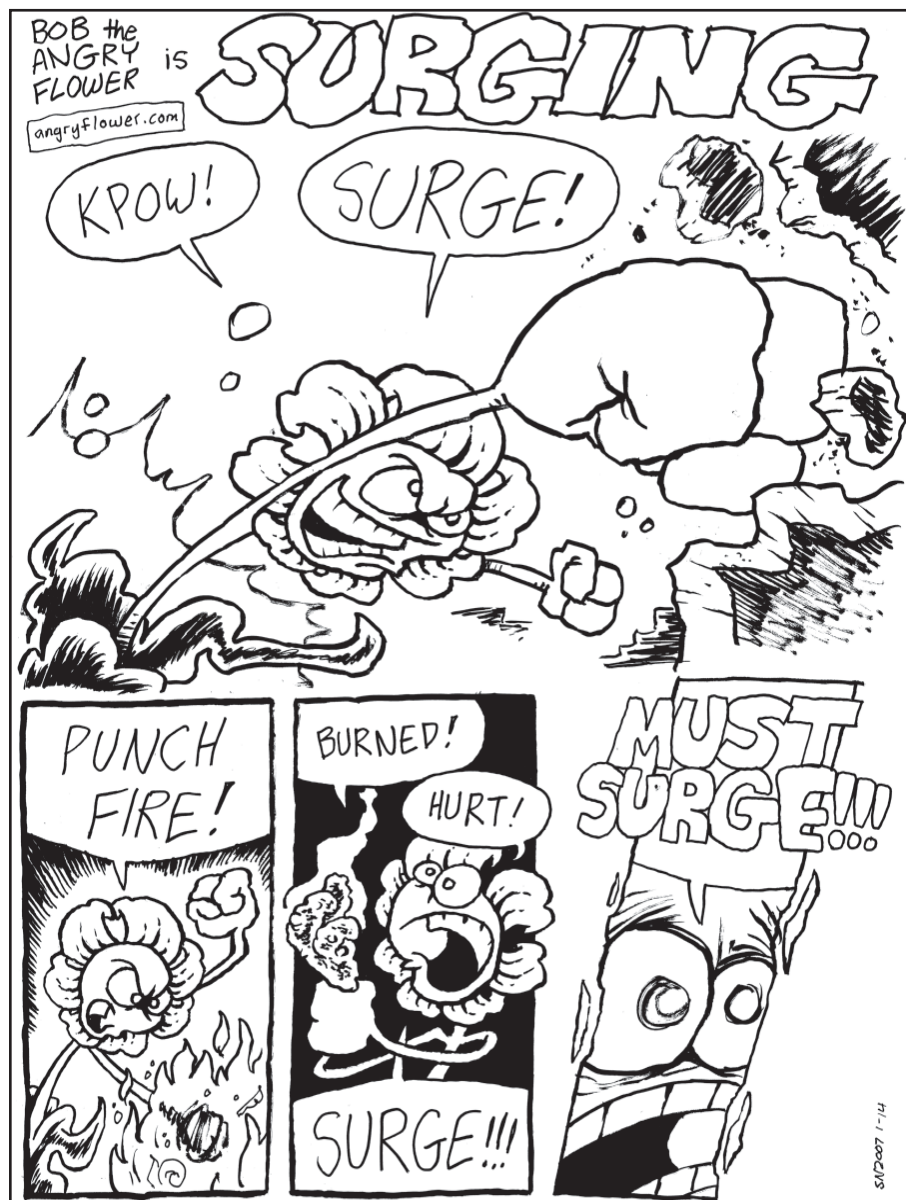
Doubling The Worlds Oil Supply

For the northern regions of this planet, I have a design for a combination home heating system and electric generator that will cut home fuel bills by as much as seventy five percent. On the transportation front, an advanced version of this basic design will power a hybrid automobile while achieving a hundred miles per gallon of gasoline, while just as easily burning hydrogen, bio-diesel and other alternative fuel sources.

Since there's talk of curbing global warming by first adding hydrogen to all the U.S. gas pumps, and then eventually fazing out gasoline sales altogether. And electricity separates hydrogen from water. My small footprint, hybrid generator designs will easily produce all the hydrogen every corner gas station on the planet can sell. Of course, until alternatives such as 'Hydrogen Producing Algae' are perfected, this gas station fad would involve burning the cheapest fuel the oil companies can produce, while completely filtering undesirable exhaust emissions by employing industrial strength CO2 scrubbers which produce air quality that no government, automotive 'Catalytic Converter' legislation can possibly achieve.

Sincerely,
Terry J. Hokanson

*Dear Terry,
Oh, come on. You're just another paranoid schizophrenic. It's entertaining and all, but you should really try taking the pills. After all, why would we lie? It's not like we're just a double agent for the global anti-Hokanson conspiracy to prevent you from becoming rich with your brilliant designs and make you think you're crazy. Because, you know, that'd be a silly thing to think. Especially if you know what's good for you. Just take the damn pills, Terry, and nobody has to get hurt, okay?*



Parting Wisdom

"If I could do it all over again, I wouldn't because 'it' was putting Ben Gay on my testicles."



BEAST-O-SCOPES

Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)

You will need to make a few new friends and buy a new couch the day after you consume one of every item on the Taco Bell value menu.

Aquarius (Jan 20-Feb 18)

Your wife will file for divorce after you refuse to give up your Val Kilmer memorabilia room so your 12-year-old son doesn't have to room with his sister anymore.

Pisces (Feb 19-March 20)

The exotic thrill of your new pet monkey begins to wear off when it has a shit-throwing fit at your daughter's communion party.

Aries (March 21-April 19)

Your obsession with Brian Kilmeade of "Fox & Friends" will develop into full-blown stalking dementia culminating in a vicious stabbing on live TV. Charges will be dropped when you are hailed as a national hero.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Your husband has a screaming fit because he is struggling to pay the gas bill and you just won't stop buying fucking shoes.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

During a hemorrhoid treatment, your doctor will remove a jumbo-sized burnt umber Crayola crayon from your ass. You will honestly have no idea how it got there.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

You will have an epiphany after watching a seven-day M*A*S*H marathon and set out to kill Gary Burghoff.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)

During a long awaited trip to Vermont you will have the best milkshake of your life; shortly thereafter you will discover that you are severely lactose intolerant.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sept 22)

Your life will be forever changed after you find out the woman you have been having crude and explicit cyber-sex with is in fact your 17 year-old daughter.

Libra (Sept 23 – Oct 22)

You will be declared functionally retarded after the brain damage you suffer accepting a dare to watch every Martin Lawrence film.

*As divined by
Andrew Gullerstein*



Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21)

You will be hospitalized for three weeks due to food poisoning you receive from that two-week-old chicken salad that you said "smells ok."

Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21)

Your friends begin to question your sexuality after discovering your multi-volume YouTube Diary.

THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH

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