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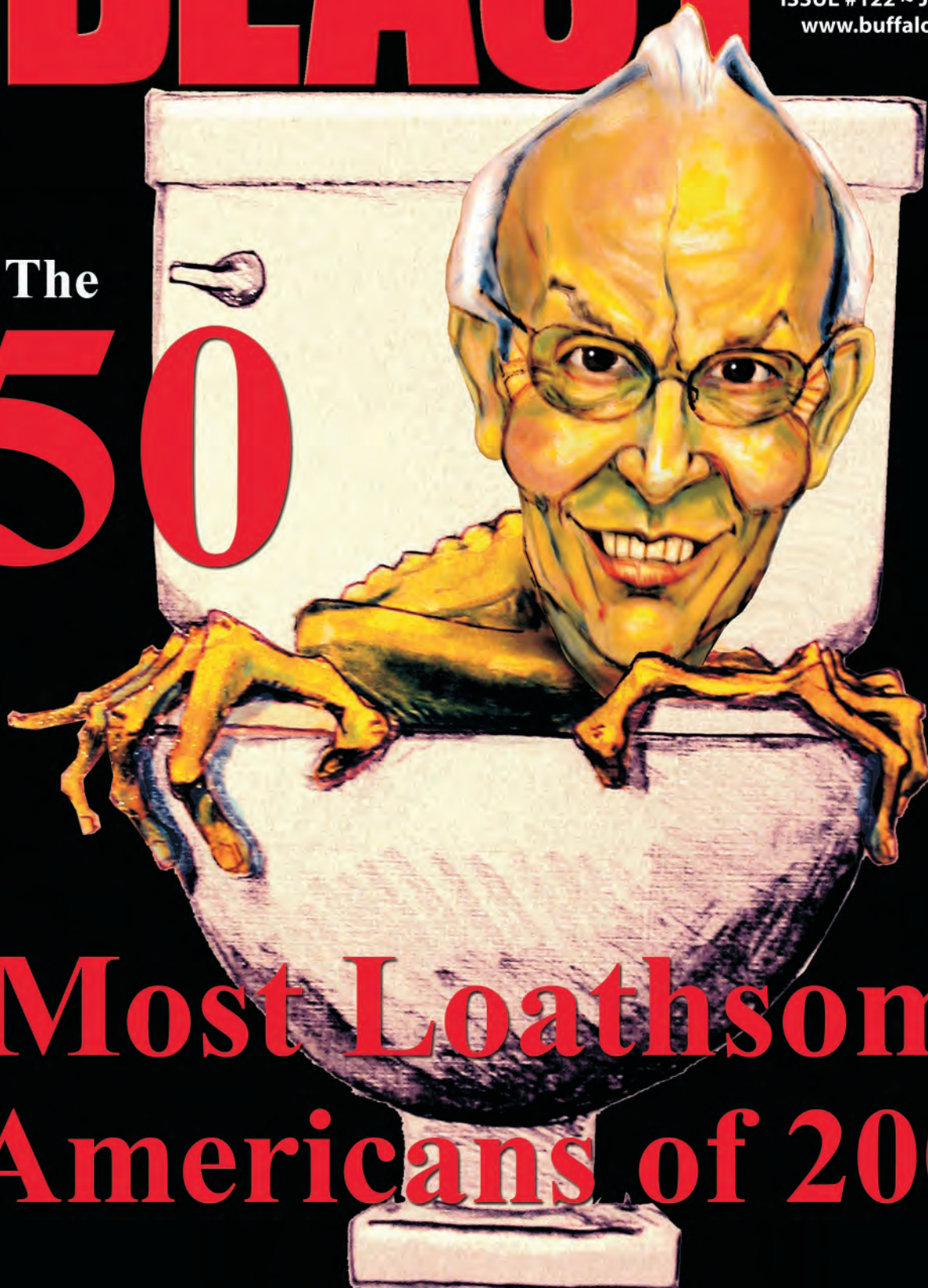
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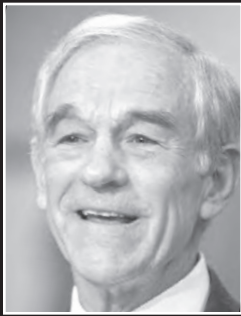
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The
50



Most Loathsome Americans of 2007

Separated at eyebrows?



**Small Government
Fanatic Ron Paul...**



**...and Small Cookie
Fanatic Ernie Keebler?**



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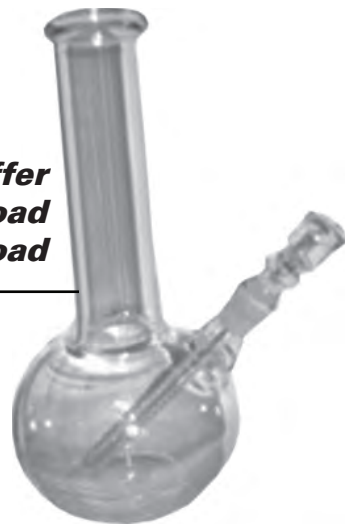


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BEAST-O-SCOPES



50. Nicole Richie

Charges: Not a brick house. Not mighty mighty. Vastly easier than Sunday morning. Her criminal exploits, attended by hollow contritions, do inestimable harm to drug legalization efforts; while inexplicably adding nothing to the forced-sterilization debate. Quite possibly a reason the terrorists hate us.

Exhibit A: “I’ve just gone through so much in my life that pulling my top up just doesn’t seem like that big a deal.”

Sentence: Sealed neck-high in the outhouse foundation of a popular Mexican Spring Break destination. Jaws propped open.

49. Trent Lott

Charges: Old school Dixiecrat segregationist who switched parties along with Strom Thurmond back when Democrats decided to be nicer to black people. Retired from the Senate early to dodge a new law that mandates a two-year wait between retiring from congress and becoming a lobbyist. That, and the dirt that Larry Flynt has on him.

Exhibit A: Was in the “Singing Senators,” a closeted a cappella group, with John Ashcroft, Jim Jeffords and Larry Craig—not that there’s anything wrong with that.

Sentence: Accidentally lynched by blind neo-Nazis.

48. Carson Daly

Charges: Otherwise too banal for derision, Daly, who cut his shmuck-teeth warming musical Similac for tweens on MTV, acted as Writer’s Guild strike breaker by returning to air without them.

Exhibit A: We didn’t know his show employed writers.

Sentence: Forced to appear nightly on The Carson Daly Show.

47. Mike Huckabee

Charges: What’s worse, a calculating politician pretending to be a devout Christian, or a genuine heartland preacher who didn’t come from no monkey? Huckabee is both—a Southern Baptist who rejects Darwin, wants to give everyone a gun and thinks people with AIDS should be



relationship with OJ Simpson ended with her throat disappointingly uncut.

Exhibit A: ReganBooks’ roster of “authors” included Rush Limbaugh, Robert Bork, Jenna Jameson, Jose Canseco, Janice Dickinson, John Gibson and Sean Hannity. Apparently, Dracula and the Wolfman had previous obligations.

Sentence: Death by a thousand paper cuts.

45. David Gregory

Charges: The notion of his insight rests entirely on his striking resemblance to a shrewder, more beloved Dr. Zaius. Starchier than a peep booth wastebasket, Gregory’s occasional faux-outraged exchanges with various White House press secretaries have established his reputation as a man unafraid to confront the big scandals—once they’ve been well mainstreamed by better reporters. Managed to slip by the Valerie Plame scandal completely unnoticed, though Ari Fleischer testified to leaking Plame’s CIA status to Gregory three days before the infamous Novak column ran. His absurd, overcompensatory assurance that he has “no problem with being tough” notwithstanding, his penile-cleft haircut—much like the warning coloration of

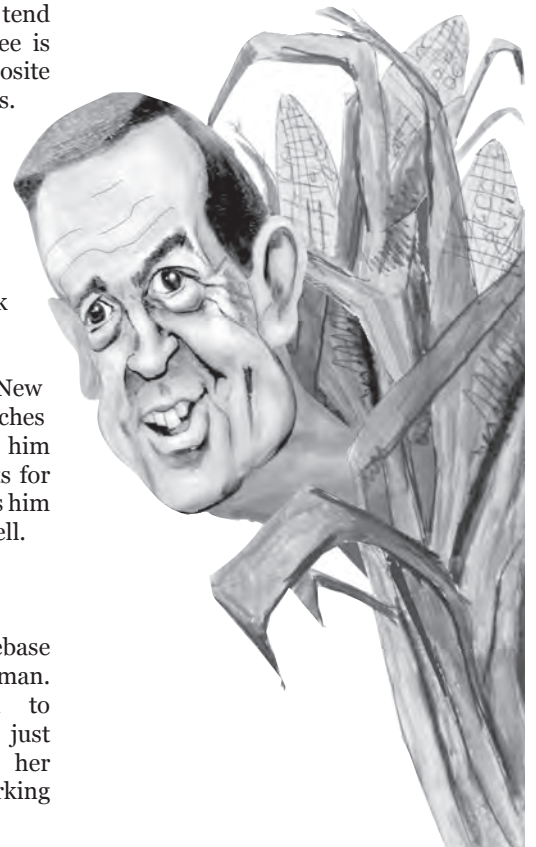
quarantined, and a seedy, corrupt politician who’s never seen a payoff so low he won’t stoop to pick it up. Democrats see Huckabee as easily defeated in a general election, but they shouldn’t be so sure—Smooth talking preachers tend to do well in this country. Huckabee is well-spoken, kind-faced, and the opposite of worldly—he’s Obama for hicks.

Exhibit A: “I got into politics because I knew government didn’t have the real answers, that the real answers lie in accepting Jesus Christ into our lives... I hope we answer the alarm clock and take this nation back for Christ.”

Sentence: Just as he’s about to win in New Hampshire, a freak gust of wind catches Huckabee’s excess skin and carries him out over the Atlantic, where he drifts for hours before God appears to him, tells him He’s a Unitarian, and sends him to hell.

46. Judith Regan

Charges: Has done more to debase the written word than Tom Friedman. Defiled an apartment intended to house overworked 9/11 rescuers, just so Bernard Kerik could plumb her putrescent shallows. Contentious working



venomous reptiles—betrays his true poisonous nature.

Exhibit A: No dignified reporter would be so visibly happy filling in for Matt Lauer on The Today Show.

Sentence: Quartered by horses.

44. Hugh Hefner

Charges: Not dating three vacuous sluts for the articles. Brazenly attempting to mainstream necrophilia. An erstwhile icon of virility now forced to marshal

every faculty in maneuvering, giraffe-like, his quavering, prehensile lips for contrived smooches with his surgically altered concubines, sharing in common with them only arrested adolescence, and probably some pretty sweet coke.

Exhibit A: Idles morbidly like an octogenarian Zelig on the periphery of every “Girls Next Door” publicity event, ogling dementedly and trying to suppress the faint horror of his impending incontinence.

Sentence: Viagra ban.

43. John Boehner

Charges: A Tom Delay disciple of shameless hypocrisy, Boehner won’t stop weeping openly on the House floor—real crying, from his tear ducts. It’s not passion; it’s the pathetic noontime inebriation of an obvious, documented alcoholic. Job title, “Minority Whip,” is ironically hilarious. Bound by ideology to destroy nation.

Exhibit A: His name is Boner.

Sentence: Afflicted with voodoo hex that makes him cry poisonous spiders.

42. Bud Selig

Charges: His version of “The Island of Dr. Moreau” is even worse than John Frankenheimer’s. The baseball commissioner who succeeded in making football the indisputable, insufferable national pastime. Followed up the fan-alienating cancellation of the 1994 season and World Series—the first year without since 1904—by studiously ignoring (along with the rest of management and tens of thousands of San Franciscans) his players’ mutating proportions. A true, blue-blooded hypocrite, Bud reaped undeserved praise for omissive stewardship, and untold profits for his fellow owners, on the back of his grotesquely augmented super-soldiers, and now wants to pretend he’s shocked about it.

Exhibit A: An irretrievable coward, Selig skipped Barry Bonds’ record-breaking home run game in San Francisco, “congratulating” the slugger by phone. Fair-skinned Viagra pitchman Rafael Palmeiro remains uncharged for lying to congress about his steroid use.

Sentence: Designated BP hitting tee for Giants; denied medical attention over 162 games.

41. Chuck Norris

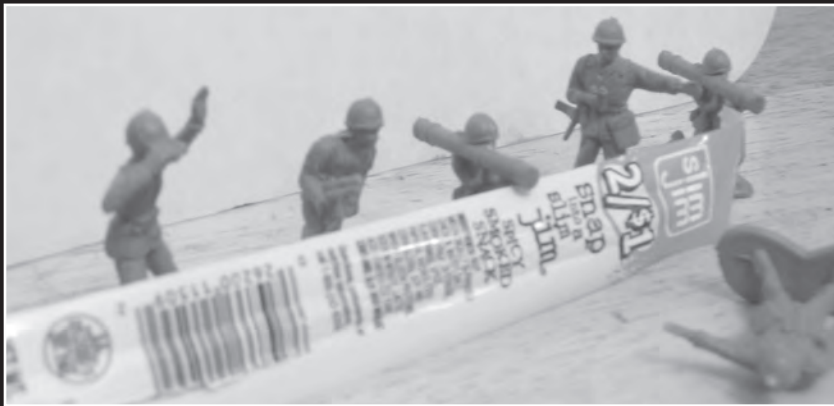
Charges: Only famous for knowing Bruce Lee. Churning out puerile “action” bilge for 30 years. Skill as martial artist greatly exaggerated. Kitsch value wearing thin. Total Home Gym®. Walker, Texas Ranger once let a little girl battle armed gangsters, because she had the power of belief in God. Doesn’t understand evolution, despite access to mirrors.

Exhibit A: Campaigning for Mike Huckabee.

Sentence: Roundhouse kick from Charles Darwin.

THE BEAST PAGE 5

Desktop Warfare



Name: “Defending Fort Slim Jim”

Turn-ons: Furtive imaginations, deadline desperation, forgiving readers, cheap Chinese toys and mechanically separated chicken

Turn-offs: The horrors of fake, miniature desktop war and greasy bazookas.

How I got to be The BEAST Page 5 Desktop Warfare: Well, I’ve already addressed that—it’s purely an act of desperation, that and Fort Slim Jim is in great peril—she must be defended!

Future Plans: To become a full length feature film, directed by Michael Bay and starring Keanu Reeves.

How I’d like to be remembered: Monument, reflecting pool, day of remembrance and most importantly as a profound comment on society—that you’ll have to make up on your own.

40. Dinesh D'Souza

Charges: Wrote a book blaming 9/11 on—who else?—liberals, because if we didn't live in a free society, then fundamentalists wouldn't dislike us so. Even conservative nuts blasted D'Souza's empathy for poor al Qaeda. Lately, he's been engaging prominent atheists in debates, revealing himself to be a pseudointellectual ass, and then declaring victory. D'Souza's master plan for attacking atheism is the ridiculous Pascal's wager: Atheists could be wrong, and then they'd go to hell, but if the religious are wrong, then they suffer no ill effect—aside from living their lives in delusion, of course. And possibly going to someone else's hell for believing the wrong religion. D'Souza seems to think that if he speaks more loudly and rapidly than his opponent, he is winning, but his arguments are weak and idiotic, and he never even attempts to truly debate the existence of any god, which is the ostensible point of these debates. Instead, he likes to compare body counts—Stalin and Mao killed more than the religious leaders of their time—rather than actually debate whether there is a God, or for that matter a Jesus. This, of course, is because there is no case to be made.

Exhibit A: “[Atheists] are God-haters... I don't believe in unicorns, but then I haven't written any books called *The End of Unicorns*, *Unicorns are Not Great*, or *The Unicorn Delusion*.” But what if everyone you met *did* believe in unicorns, and not only that, but worshiped a unicorn, held a book about unicorns to be the divine truth of the universe, invoked unicorns in political contexts, and speechified about how non-believers were indecent people waging a war on morality, which could only be predicated on the unquestioning belief in unicorns? Then, maybe, D'Souza would think about writing that book. But of course, that's not really true, because if that was the world we lived in, then Dinesh D'Souza would believe in unicorns.

Sentence: Spanish inquisition.

39. Sherri Shepherd

Charges: Perfectly illustrated the Creationist's level of intellect when she declared her disbelief in evolution, and was immediately stumped about the *shape of the earth*, explaining her ignorance was due to the fact that she was

too busy feeding her children to acquire rudimentary knowledge about... well, about anything, presumably. Further compounded her astonishing lack of basic knowledge when she authoritatively declared that Jesus Christ came before the ancient Greeks, and that she didn't think “anything predated Christians.” Judging by these statements, Sherri probably thinks there are dragons on the other side of her desk.

Exhibit A: Accurately reflects the intelligence of her viewing audience.
Sentence: Pushed off the edge of the earth.

38. Steven Moore

Charges: Mo Rocca's evil twin and founder of the election-law-breaking PAC Club for Growth, Moore's the Wall Street Journal's most brazen corporate apologist and free market sycophant, who's trotted out on TV to manicure the invisible hand every time it chips a nail squashing the poor.

Exhibit A: “If you don't want to buy a Chinese toy, don't buy it at Wal-Mart. But you know why people buy these things? Because they're cheap and, for the most part, they're pretty good products.”

Sentence: Given low-wage job test-licking all Chinese imports, incurs brain tumor, has epiphany about consumer choice and income, then more brain tumors.

37. Mitt Romney

Charges: America's first clip-art presidential candidate, Romney is a strange mixture of game show host looks and android charm. A true flip-flopper, Romney's ability to turn on an ideological dime is unparalleled, but his excuses are so inauthentic that even Republicans have trouble suspending their disbelief.

Exhibit A: “You can't have freedom without religion, and you can't have religion without freedom.”

Sentence: Strapped to the roof of his family car, which his dog attempts to drive across the country, but crashes horribly (because dogs can't drive, of course). Romney's flesh burns off in the ensuing fire, revealing him to be a standard protocol droid set to world domination mode. Narrowly edged out of primary race by Huckabee.

36. Master Chief

Charges: Unquestioning cybernetic super soldier of Halo 3's futuristic virtual dystopia; lacks free will and a face. Feature article treating him as a cultural phenomenon in *Time* magazine marked a low point for both franchises. Stupid name.

Exhibit A: Joint-marketed with Mountain Dew “Game Fuel” in a major coup for diabetes industry.

Sentence: Stop loss, a tour in Iraq.

35. Tim Russert

Charges: Mountainously inert, he explained his failure to verify the Bush administration's prewar claims with other government officials by lamenting, “I wish my phone had rung.” Smirks defiantly at his own humorlessness. Has held the most visible and secure seat in political media for over 15 years without once mustering the courage to call his guests liars. Impossible to watch him interview any woman on “Meet the Press” without fearing he'll suddenly waggle his sinewy tongue, Jabba-like, and beslobber her.

Exhibit A: Self-mythologizing non sequiturs such as “Look, I'm a blue-collar guy from Buffalo. I





know who my sources are.”

Sentence: Life as an actual blue-collar guy from Buffalo, i.e. a call center drone in North Carolina.

34. Joe Francis

Charges: The “brain” behind *Girls Gone Wild*, a series of videos documenting the decline of American civilization, Francis is the Ray Kroc of tit shots. A whinging, muppet-faced, juvenile smut-peddler who obtusely compares his artless, homogenized flesh surfeit to “European television,” he proves daily that alcohol is the original date rape drug, and still the best. Has sapped flashing of its spontaneity, transforming it into merely another sad, numbing cultural reflex. Makes one guiltily long for the days when puritanism forced more gifted pornographers to exercise restraint.

Exhibit A: Pathologically entrepreneurial, he reputedly exhorts his cameramen by shouting “I want taco!”

Sentence: Cast as lead in first mass-market snuff film.

33. John Hagee

Charges: A fat, submoronic pastor who is literally trying to bring about the end of the world, Hagee is the leader of the peculiar movement of Christian Zionism, whose basic plan is to get Israel full control of Jerusalem, setting the stage for world war and Armageddon, so Hagee and his flock can ascend to heaven while the Jews, Muslims (especially the Muslims) and everyone else can suffer and die in the wreckage. But lest you get the idea Hagee is an earnestly insane man of the cloth, it turns out he’s also paid himself in the millions, first from his non-profit TV station, which

he cleverly turned into a tax-exempt church. So maybe Hagee is just another charlatan, but his message is still the most dangerous he could possibly preach.

Exhibit A: “I deserve every dime I’m getting.”

Sentence: Banished to hell for being a shitty tipper.

32. The Founding Fathers

Charges: Lionized as moral pillars and demigods ad nauseum without the slightest hint of irony. Can’t be judged by today’s standards. Electoral College? Dumb fucking idea. Invoked by every asshole in the last two hundred years to support every stupid idea ever. The original liberal elite. Able to withstand lightning strikes and the British military; unable to fathom poor people voting.

Exhibit A: Owned wigs, Africans.

Sentence: Depicted as cartoons on rapidly devaluing currency; beaten at effective democracy by former monarchies.

31. Dana Perino

Charges: In a nation weary of White House press secretaries who feign ignorance, the Bush administration took an innovative step this year, appointing one who genuinely doesn’t know anything. No more lies, America—Dana Perino really *can’t* answer your questions, honest! This slightly comely, over-promoted office wench not only didn’t know what the Cuban missile crisis or the Bay of Pigs even were; she actually thought it was a funny story to tell on NPR.

Exhibit A: “This is an issue where I’m sure lots of people would love to ridicule me when I say this, but it is true that many

people die from cold-related deaths every winter. And there are studies that say that climate change in certain areas of the world would help those individuals.”

Sentence: Sent back in time to ‘62; Strapped to bottom of U2 spy plane for extreme history lesson.

30. Duane “Dog the Bounty Hunter” Chapman

Charges: Shocked a handful of innocents and turned into self-recriminating chum for Sean Hannity with the revelation that a redneck bounty hunter is-gasp!-a racist. Looks like an extra from *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*. Married to a silicon-based life form. When a guy’s own son intentionally destroys his career, you know he’s got to be a singular fuckhead. Played at extraordinary rendition this year; got arrested for trying to physically extradite a Mexican national.

Exhibit A: “I’m not gonna take a chance ever in life of losing everything I’ve worked for for 30 years because some fucking nigger heard us say nigger and turned us in to the *Enquirer* magazine.” Yeah, ‘cause *not* saying “nigger” is just out of the question.

Sentence: Neutered, dewormed, given to Michael Vick’s buddies for sparring practice.



Continues on page 10

Growing up Ganja

How I Learned to Stop Partying and Get a Real Job

By Effrey Daniel

“It’s nearly impossible for those of us who despise the Straight World to avoid it. Many of us spend 8 hours a day there just to survive. The Straight World doesn’t take kindly to aberrance. That’s why some of us would rather not reveal ourselves. We move like shadows through the Straight World, keeping our secrets. We don’t need smoke to make ourselves disappear.”

-Pissed Jeans promo copy

Found a Job

So as soon as I graduated from college, with a useless B.A. in a Non-Field and no practical skills besides a palpable disdain for everything conformist, I went home to lock up and get drunk. From there I spun recklessly into a world of hedonism and instantaneous, Dionysian gratification that lasted for months. After all, who needs to become a productive member of society when you have impeccable credit and an empty Mastercard?

My own impending doom became clear to me one late November night when, halfway into a case of cheap, rust-belt-garbage beer and a gram-chud of scraped resin, I decided that I *didn't* want to play San Andreas on the PS2. I just didn't have the patience to sit through the load screen and put all the effort into, (1) breaking into the Vegas airport, (2) hijacking a plane, (3) flying over the vacant desert, and (4) crashing nine-elevenically into a San Francisco skyscraper.

This classy video game ritual had always brought unlimited glory before, serving as a dependable method for circumventing my body's natural reward system. Unfortunately, the grim realization had finally set in that I'd developed a tolerance to simulated, "too-soon" atrocities, and that I'd dug myself way too far into irresponsible debt. I could fill two full issues of *Le Beast* with cover-to-cover

content in one fell swoop, said my hasty calculations that night, and I still wouldn't have made enough in commission to keep the Collections Agents at bay.

“I need to get a fucking job,” I thought to myself, with all of the morose connotations that this statement implies.

The next day I found myself sitting in the office of a local temp agency.

My Placement Agent was asking: “So what skills can you contribute to a potential employer?”

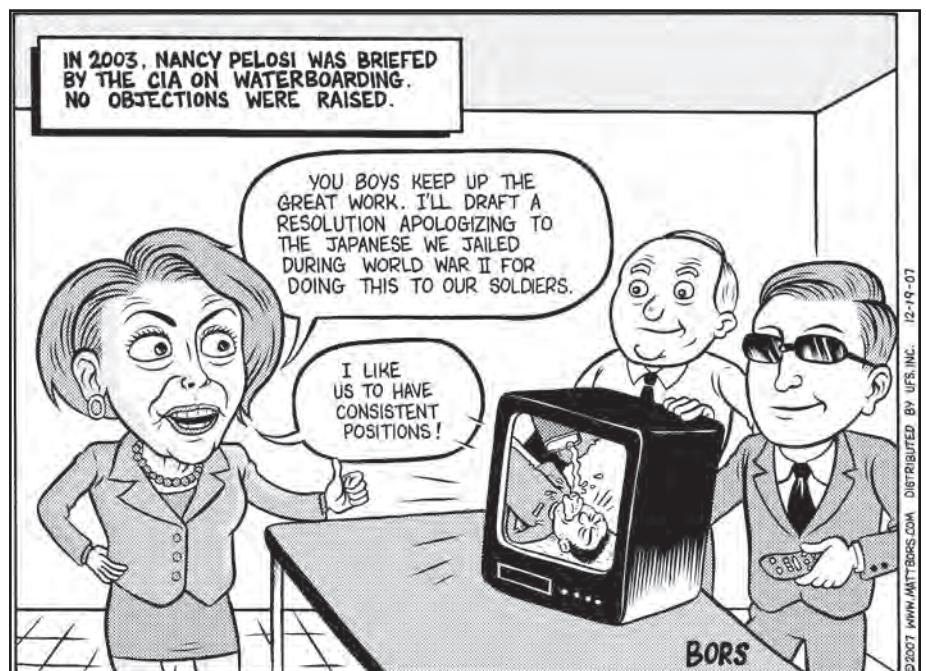
“Uhhh...” I struggled, simultaneously aware of the stilted retardation of the question and of my own pathetic impracticality in stilted situations. “Creativity?”

The PA didn't even move her pen, and didn't even look up at me. After a terse thirty-second silence, she leveled, “Tell you what...”

Straight World Glossalgia

Leadership Skills: The new gold standard for a rapid, no-actual-skill-having, impressionable workforce, “Leadership Skills” is now a critical component of a “Success-oriented” resume. Leadership Skills are a commodity that one can acquire from career development seminars held in Campus Union Buildings and hotels near airports. Their increasing trendiness obfuscates their truly intangible, abstract nature. C'mon. Remember how the Nazis instituted social pecking orders that allowed even the most antisocial miscreants to be effective organizers? Tell me: what are Leadership Skills?

Competency Interview: Dehumanizing companies—and the hiring managers whose bodies' they've taken control of—want to make sure that you will fully bend to the state of Empty Vessel, ready to have the company's agenda replace your own (lack thereof). While an interviewer in the past might have concerned himself



with questions about your education and experience, today's interviewer wants to know if you "fit in with the company's culture." I'll cut to the chase: If it's promotions, cars, and vacation houses you want, then you do.

Team Building Exercises: Getting everyone from the Accounts Department to transport an egg across your company's conference room using toothpicks and a piece of hose doesn't "facilitate group productivity." It gets everyone out of their desolate cubicles for a few minutes and temporarily boosts morale. In effect, team building exercises merely replace the function of the typical Ass-Grabbing, Racist-Joke-Telling Chauvinist from the olden days of white-male-dominated workplaces: They provide some good-natured fun in between the paperwork.

Multiculturalism: Q: What do presidential campaigns have in common with fancy corporate office buildings? A: They are littered with clichéd images in which people of varying ages, ethnicities and sexes are united under one grand scheme. Q: What do presidential campaigns and major corporations have in common? A: They are both manipulative social forces that conceal their own true agendas by appealing on their surface to mass audiences. At its twisted root, the Multiculturalism movement in corporate culture implies that all races can reach their full potential by cooperating to... I don't know... ensure efficient Project Management strategies with actionable assessment protocol. But after work, the white employees will still try to find faster routes back to the suburbs, and women

will still be cashing smaller paychecks, right?

The Hardest Test I've Ever Taken


Sometime during the mechanical exchange in which my Placement Agent offered me a guaranteed position doing menial tasks for a major transnational corporation at ten bucks an hour, she casually slipped in mention of a drug test. There I was, not ten hours removed from my last foray into the illustrious world of Weedy Green Drugs, and about to embark on the most grueling body-regulating regimen of my life.

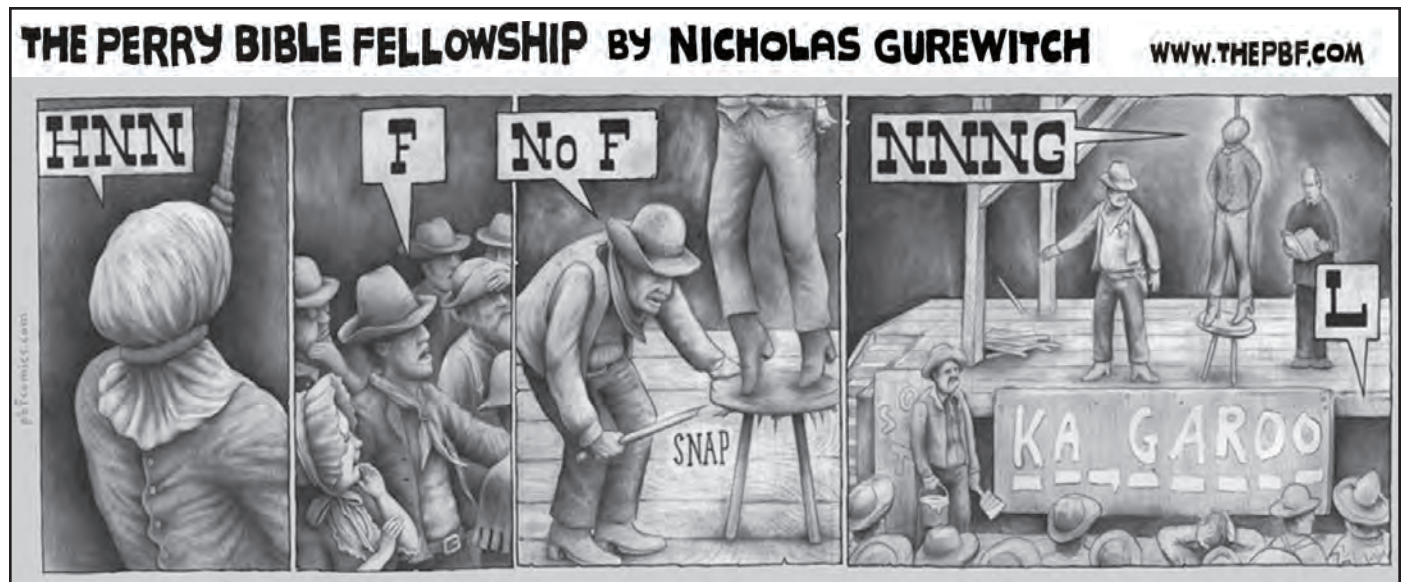
The standard pre-employment drug screen is an EMIT test that can scan for trace amounts of THC in the urine, sometimes followed by the more rigorous (and expensive) GC/MS test to eliminate false positives. If you drink enough water *on the day of* your test, color your urine with B vitamins, simulate the natural chemical composition of piss with creatine supplements, eat four aspirin, toss a ton of niacin-containing herbal detox tea into the dumpster that was once your biological system a few hours before the test, and be sure to avoid giving the beginning and end of your dirty potty stream, you will probably be good to go. Should they decide to employ a GC/MS test? You're screwed. Hair follicle? Don't even show up.

Both the EMIT and the GC/MS are fucked up, though, because they are skewed against the typical marijuana fiend. Without adequate tampering (see above), even an EMIT test can detect weed that was taken into your system up to fifteen weeks prior. On the other hand, traces of

real, hard drugs, like heroin and cocaine, are gone in under a week. Companies that institute drug-screening policies are in essence saying, "Hey, we want a workforce that could have been doing smack and yayo last weekend, but not one that toked on Greenie Weed Drugs three months ago."

Remarkably, I passed the test and landed a demeaning job, or at least the company "overlooked" my THC-saturated piss. I do happen to know a handful of other Dope-Smoking, Straight-World-Embarking peers who miraculously passed their respective companies' drug screens. And therein lies a message of hope for my doomed generation's pot-addled ways. Perhaps the "organization" is finally aware that a ganjed-up workforce isn't necessarily a bad one; that the lessons of the '80s corporate culture have finally been sublimated. A weed addict has likely bastardized his capricious drives, replacing them with detached complacency, whereas a corporate douchebag's oversexed ego will displace his lacks just as easily into destructive greed as into productivity.

So there you go. You want to sell your soul for a 401k and a Dental Plan, doing tedious tasks that they simply don't have a cheap enough robot to do? You can still have a blast in the Real World anyway. Just remember to drink tons of water and crush up some B-12 and creatine into a Gatorade the day of the exam. Just in case that '80s corporate culture isn't as sublimated as I thought. 



29. Lou Dobbs

Charges: Obvious, intensifying xenophobia and distrust of the yellow and brown races, possibly exacerbated by Mexican wife. Whatever useful message Dobbs once had about economic populism and the deleterious effects of globalization and cheap labor on American wages has long been tainted by his obvious animosity towards foreigners, specifically Mexicans and the Chinese. Every installment of his hour-long broadcast on CNN is dominated by reports about the “menace” of foreign imports, be they illegal immigrants crossing “our broken borders” to spread disease and rape our women, or poisonous products from “communist China.” Proof that Dobbs is a venomous yellow journalist shithead can be seen in his reaction media criticism of a segment on his show in which it was erroneously reported that there had been a sudden upsurge in leprosy cases, totaling 7,000 in just three years, the source of which was a lawyer who had also said in speeches that Mexican immigrants tend to molest children. In truth, there had been 7,000 cases of leprosy in the past *thirty* years. Dobbs was confronted several times with this fact—first he strongly defended his numbers, then strongly denied ever having used his numbers. A real journalist admits his errors. Dobbs is an ass.

Exhibit A: Sharply criticized the use of Mexican flags in immigrant demonstrations, then denied the obvious double standard of that comment by going on to say that he would have the same problem with Irish flags at the St. Patrick’s Day parade, and, in fact, that he was *against* St. Patrick’s Day. Yeah, sure, Lou.

Sentence: Stuffed with Green Cards; turned into amnesty pinata.

28. The Troops

Charges: Rubes, the lot of ‘em. Come back all fugly. They keep telling John McCain they want to win. They need so much support, it’s clingy and sad. Matching outfits? Kind of gay.

Exhibit A: Too cheap to buy their own body armor.

Sentence: Walter Reed.

27. Britney Spears

Charges: Never was talented; now she’s not even pretty. Look, it’s okay to say someone’s getting chunky when the only reason she was ever famous was her ability to make people horny. Let’s face it: fat Britney don’t sell units. In the end, it doesn’t bother us that Britney is human wreckage, what bothers us is that she is always, always on television *being* wreckage. What the hell is with this media trend of hounding the sickly until they finally expire? It’s not interesting; it’s not informative; what it is is a sick shot in the arm for people who hate themselves and revel in the misfortune of others—and, ahem, that’s just not our thing. We don’t care if she shaves her head, or shows her snatch, or turns up in a dumpster. It’s just too easy to kick this rapidly frumping swamp slut while she’s on the nod and not even pretending to care that her kids are being taken from her. In the immortal words of that fucked up youtube queen, Leave Britney alone!

Exhibit A: And this goes for all you fucked up superstar bimbos: You’re rich, bitch! Get a fucking driver! Then you can knock back all the oxy you want and wash it down with Grey Goose, and nobody will arrest you. Get it? Sheesh!

Sentence: Obscurity, children returned.

26. Mormon Jesus

Charges: Least plausible Jesus. We heard his brother is the devil—OMG! Won’t even let his flock have a cup of coffee in the morning—what a jerk. As with any celebrity comeback, lacks the oomph of the glory years. Won’t stop baptizing dead people from other religions, which they generally don’t appreciate as much as he thinks.

Exhibit A: Loves Mitt Romney, Harry Reid, and Glenn Beck. And magic long johns.

Sentence: Interrupted during the game by Mormon missionaries.

25. William Kristol

Charges: Bears the burlesque Cheshire grin of a sophist born with a large silver spoon jammed sideways in his mouth. A second generation neocon raised in the tradition of Straussian perception management and myth creation, Kristol is basically lying about everything—always—and he knows it. Whether at the helm of Rupert Murdoch’s *Weekly Standard*, appearing on Murdoch’s Fox News Channel, or co-founding the disastrous Project for a New American Century, Bill is arguably the most egregious media hawk of a generation. Seems to have suffered no ill impact to his career or prestige despite having been completely wrong about everything to do with Iraq and Iran, and actually laughs about it with obnoxious frequency.

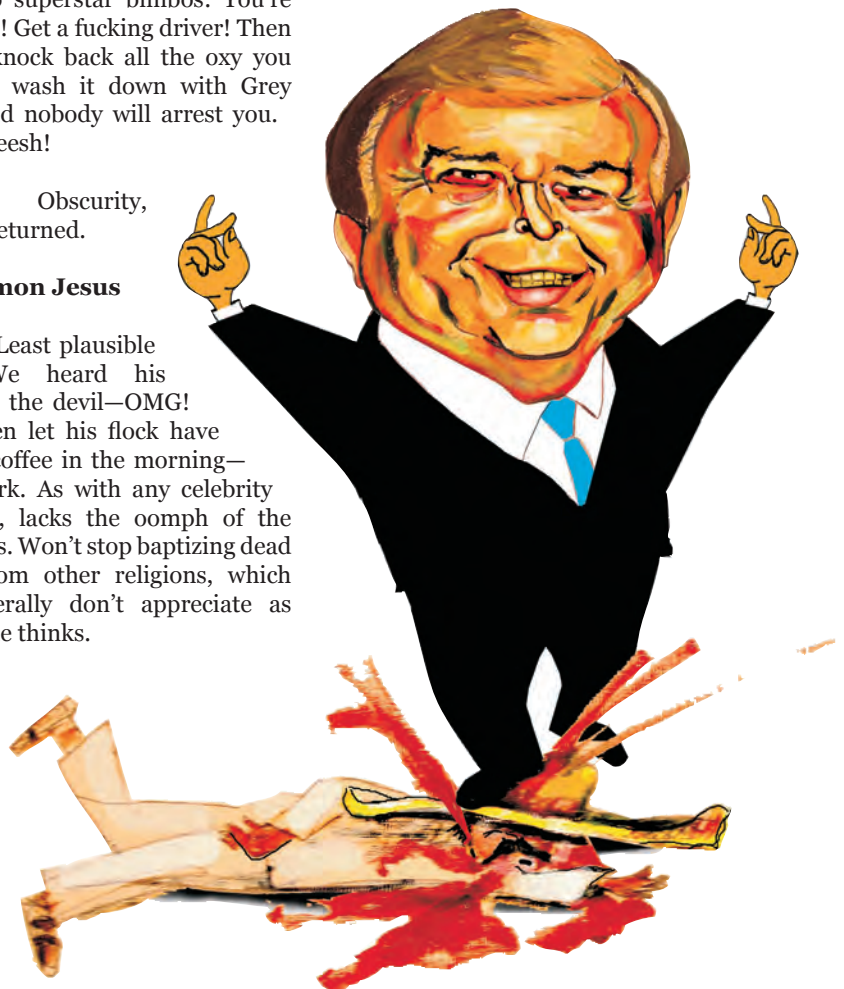




Exhibit A: "First of all, whenever I hear anything described as a heartless assault on our children, I tend to think it's a good idea. I'm happy that the President's willing to do something bad for the kids."

Sentence: Corners of mouth torn apart by metal hook towing mules and face stomped by high-heeled elephants.

24. Deryk Shlessinger

Charges: As enlistee son of holier-than-thou guru/right-wing physiologist and faun psychologist "Dr." Laura, maintained

a MySpace page so clearly venting the kind of homicidal and misogynistic psychopathies of service in Afghanistan that an Army spokesman had to baselessly imply that it was the work of "our enemies" just to slow a well-deserved backlash. An eager war pornographer, he produced and captioned a series of images and cartoons illuminating the disturbing inner viciousness his acting out it is our patriotic duty to ignore.

Exhibit A: "Yes FUCKING Yes!!! I LOVE MY JOB, it takes everything reckless and deviant and heathenistic and just overall bad about me and hyperfocuses these traits into my job of running around this horrid place doing nasty things to people that deserve it..and some that don't."

Sentence: Simulated drowning, followed by actual drowning.

23. Bill O'Reilly

Charges: If judgmentalism were sugar, anyone in the same city as this paragon of intellectual overconfidence would lose their teeth within five minutes. O'Reilly is everything that's wrong with America: Won't ever admit he was wrong about anything (and will lie repeatedly rather than correct himself), accuses all who disagree with him of treason or insanity, attacks all who criticize him, and glories in his own troglodytic bluster. Anoints himself an authority on morals, despite common knowledge that he is a sexual

harasser. Pretends to be an "independent" who just happens to look, sound, and act exactly like a Republican. Hasn't engaged in a valid exchange of ideas in his entire career, because he knows he'd be crushed in seconds by an average college freshman. O'Reilly wins by interrupting, shouting, and if all else fails, cutting off his opponent's microphone. A tiny, scared child of a man.

Exhibit A: "And this is what white America doesn't know, particularly people who don't have a lot of interaction with black Americans. They think that the culture is dominated by Twista, Ludacris, and Snoop Dogg." Gee Bill, where would they get that idea?

Sentence: Marinated, barbecued, and served at Sylvia's restaurant in Harlem, where the blacks eat just like real people.

22. David Petraeus

Charges: Two-star schlub elevated to four-star cheerleader, because all the experienced generals retired out of shame ordignity. Under Dave's leadership training Iraqi security forces from 2004-05, the Pentagon lost track of approximately 30% of weapons distributed, including some 100,000 AK-47 assault rifles. "Petraeus Report" rife with statistical manipulations, discounts pre-surge trends, claiming them as its own, and was heavily vetted, if not written entirely, by the White House.

Exhibit A: Nicknamed "Peaches." Seriously.

Sentence: Joins Sadr army, betraying us and vindicating Moveon.org. Shot in back of head, so his death can't be counted as a casualty.

21. David Vitter

Charges: And yet another family values Republican and Clinton-basher gets his glass house blown in. A staunch marriage defender and abstinence promoter who paid \$300 an hour for his favorite hooker? The only surprise there is that he's still hanging around the Senate, but then again, he did say he was sorry. Denies evolution, yet was still compelled by his primate DNA to spread his seed far and wide.

Exhibit A: According to some, Vitter was nicknamed "the shitter" by Canal Street whores for his predilection for diaper play. Wholesome!



Continues on page 20



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THE WAR ON THE WAR ON...

By IOZ

In the latter half of the 20th century, Americans were called to meet abstractions with metaphors in a series of gaudy figurations popularly called “The War On . . .” Intended to be wholly symbolic, rhetorical frameworks that loosely invoked the legendary national unity that accompanied America’s good wars, whichever those were, our Wars On various and sundry Things that Are Bad proved the power of language to mold behavior, for often the martial tone spilled into martial practice, and so we find heavily armed SWAT units kicking down doors like soldiers in Baghdad. More recently, Wars On have spilled into the private sector, where you’ll principally find inexplicably aggrieved majorities crying that they and their dearly held beliefs are under siege from the ravenous forces of queers or atheists or \$3-an-hour day laborers from Chavezistan. For this new year, we might look back at the five worst of our Wars On whatever, and reconsider this, ahem, tortured metaphor.

1. The War on Poverty

Jesus said that the meek would inherit the earth and that the poor are blessed, but his contemporary followers are fairly convinced that he was bullshitting on that one, worn out from miracle-making and winding up for a good punchline which history failed to record. America’s preference has always been to pretend that there are no poor people, and if there are, it’s probably their fault anyway. But

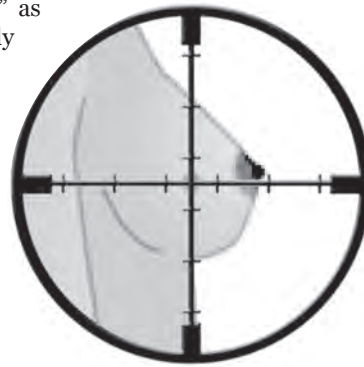


in the sixties, with the Great Depression still in living memory, and with a slowly awakening awareness that rural blacks and whites alike often lived in grinding poverty, it was briefly in vogue to “consider the neediest,” as the odd tagline inexplicably reads after certain articles in the *New York Times*. This was less out of a true sense of charity, one suspects, than it was out of the era’s misplaced competitiveness with the Soviet bogeyman, which was way ahead of America in its own efforts to combat poverty. The Soviets had simply renamed it the Proletariat, praised it to the sky, and increased its numbers. Lyndon Johnson called America to wage a War on Poverty, but poverty is a hard thing to get your arms around, and that war swiftly and inexorably changed into something more like a war on poor people. Johnsonian efforts at redistributionist economics matched early on with a generally strong economy, but as those fortunes went south, so too did the idea that anything could be done about the poor, who quickly went from noble, if hardscrabble, folk characters to dangerous black people lurking around every city corner. By the time Ronald Reagan first said the words “welfare queen,” the fix was in. The poor had transmogrified into a legion of flashy pimps. Bill Clinton ended “welfare as we know it,” and

Democrats decided that it wasn’t the poor they wanted to help, but the “working class,” a transparent and hoary neologism designed solely to prevent White America from associating anti-poverty programs with crackheads and other mythical varieties of blacks.

2. The War on Cancer

Wars on Diseases are a perennial favorite, and the War on Cancer was the daddy to them all. Dreamed up by Richard Nixon, it was a curious appendage to the War on Vietnam: a doomed, unwinnable slog against a tenacious and irrepressible foe. As Susan Sontag famously noted in her seminal “Illness as Metaphor,” loose talk of making war on a sickness had the deleterious effect of obscuring what sickness actually *was*. The body itself became enemy-occupied territory, and cancer not merely a disease, but a stigma. Since the time of that essay, cancer patients are less stigmatized, and the disease is no longer anathema to polite conversation. That’s a good thing. Yet the military end of the metaphor continues, and one can’t help but note that our treatments for many kinds of cancer are essentially torture. The mania for endlessly prolonging life has eclipsed the humbler offerings of palliative care. There are virtually no means that our medicine will not undertake to rid the body of malignancy: pumping it full of poison, shooting it up with radiation, and slicing bits of it clear off. It is a guignol of the horrors of 20th-century war, practiced on the body and offered as medicine. We might start by questioning whether or not it’s always worth it.



3. The War on Christmas

Who could fight a war on Christmas when Christmas is so fucking cute? *You*, that's who. A hilarious, ginned-up controversy used by the put-upon millionaires of rightwing broadcasting to beat down any aspirations in their slack-jawed audience of Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men, the War on Christmas is the latest in a long series of efforts to convince white, Protestant Americans that they are beset on all sides by powerful interests with guns aimed square at the ineffable heart of the Baby Jesus and all His works. Businesses and politicians who embrace the ecumenical anodyny of "Holidays" are the supposed generals in this war, and *you*, you bastards, with your "Seasons Greetings," and your Jew and Nigger holidays that so inconsiderately fall in the same month, *you* are all to blame. It's supremely unlikely that you'll find any infamous O'Reillys kneeling at midnight to receive the Host, and yet to hear him howl, you'd think that the big guy-in-the-sky suffers from inapposite and non-denominational greeting cards the way he once suffered on the cross itself. Everyone from Charles Shultz to your cranky Catholic grandmother has long since noted that if anything has undermined Christmas in our so-called culture, it's the still-expanding crassness of its commercialization, the idea that the birth of the supposed savior and redeemer of all mankind shall best be celebrated at the Sharper Image.

4. The War on Drugs

Mencken once wrote that George Washington would never be elected now because he loved whiskey and made his own, enjoyed a good dirty joke, and knew more swear words than scripture. He was writing from the depths of Prohibition, but the spirit of those remarks is truer now than ever. America is a tippler that pretends to be a teetotaler—the world's largest consumer




of porn and loudest extoller of its own moral virtue; the world's greatest user of drugs and harshest prosecutor of that use. Even more than the War on Terror, it's the Drug War that shepherded the militarization of our police, the surveillance of our society, and the creation of

the world's largest internal prison population. The fact that we put people in jail for possessing marijuana is one of the great jurisprudential jokes of all time. The iniquity in sentencing for crack and powder cocaine offenses, a 15-year-plus surcharge for getting high while black, is outdone as an injustice only by the fact that any of those sentences exist at all. It is sometimes argued by those moderates who advocate for more "humane" drug laws but who nevertheless believe that it would be irresponsible to enact broad legalization, that legalizing would lead to more addicts. It would. But better to have more addicts than more prisoners, and the black-market derangements of the drug trade cannot be rectified by half-hearted efforts to decriminalize only those drugs deemed morally acceptable. Each man's body is his temple, and if he wants to shit on the altar and spray-paint the walls, he can. A nation of pot-smokers doesn't kill grandmothers in no-knock midnight raids at the wrong street address, nor does it spend billions a year arming South American brownshirts and spraying the only crops that their rural poor can produce that hasn't already been rendered unprofitable and unsustainable by American and European agribusiness and subsidies.

5. The War on Terror

Do I even need to tell you? In a spectacular bit of luck and timing borne on the fruits of American incompetence, a group of men successfully carried out several vicious acts of terrorism against America. Now you can't carry a bottle of water onto an airplane. It is the strangest series of causes and effects ever foisted upon the poor people of the planet Earth. The self-described *capo* of our Nazislamo enemies stated in the plainest terms that his beef was with America's constant meddling in the Middle East, our wars and oil-lust and sanctions and tyrannical client governments. How do we respond? By invading the Middle East, meddling in their politics, and setting up more corrupt, useless governments.

Our need to "hit someone in the Arab-Muslim world," in Tom Friedman's immortally bloodthirsty formulation, was so immediate and disproportionate that it would be parody, but for all the bodies it left and is leaving in its wake. America went from being a mere backroom practitioner of torture to its loudest global advocate, and

the imperialism we'd always practiced abroad, which we formerly weren't supposed to talk about, became a point of national pride. At home we rushed to disregard the old Franklinian aphorism about those who sacrifice liberty for security deserving neither, and the very same people who once (rightly) complained about Janet Reno's ham-fisted massacre of the Branch Davidians and Bill Clinton's relatively subtle efforts to undermine our privacy now shouted that the government must tap every phone, open every letter, and dump every toiletry bag onto the conveyor belt at the airport. The War on Terror is a bipartisan nightmare, a hideous outgrowth of the governing consensus, and Democratic congresscreatures and presidential aspirants are by and large just as willing to speak in bellicose absurdities about the necessity of its prosecution as their cross-aisle counterparts. 



Stop Being an Asshole

Yeah, I'm talking to you, punk!

By Allison Kilkenny

My atheist vegetarian friend has his panties in a bunch again. It seems that he and one of his friends, a tattooed, bisexual, UFC-loving artist, don't agree on the issue of legalizing marijuana. Atheist Vegetarian thinks it should be legalized, while Tattooed Bisexual thinks legalization would be the end of modern civilization, and this has Atheist Vegetarian beside himself.

"I just feel...betrayed," he says dramatically as we ride the E train downtown from Queens.

No stranger to hate mail from my liberal brothers and sisters, I feel his pain. Oodles of warm kisses, fond wishes, and words of support cram my inbox when I write a fluff piece about why Stephen Colbert should run for President, or speculative articles about why these dang whippersnappers won't get off their keisters and vote.

However, when I construct a sincere, thoughtful, and oftentimes hilarious, critique of sexism in the bible and Quran, I thought for sure I'd be assassinated by a Belle and Sebastian-listening, Arrested Development-watching hipster with narrow glasses and an ironic haircut. People were pissed, if you catch my drift. I hadn't seen liberals so worked up, since... well, ever. If they had displayed a fraction of this zeal during the last two presidential runs, our party might have actually won an election. Alas, truly passionate debate is reserved to anonymous blogging on the internet.

Hate mail from spineless pussies aside, I began to ponder Atheist Vegetarian's conundrum. In all of history, the most dangerous and effectively exploited instinct is tribalism. From idiots wearing face paint and Indiana Braves' jerseys to the much more severe disease of nationalism, people love "sticking to their

own kind." Racism and sectarian violence are also sick forms of this same tribalism, and as I realized on that fateful trip to Manhattan, so is liberalism.

Atheist Vegetarian and Tattooed Bisexual may have similar personality elements, but there's no reason their ideologies must be carbon-copied from some original doctrine called "liberalism." They are individuals, and an umbrella cause, such as liberalism, can't possibly encompass their entire being.

Another example: a farmer standing knee-deep in pig shit and a multi-billionaire dining on his yacht. They both call themselves Americans, but as human beings, what do they have in common? Some years back, a bunch of dudes, newly freed from King George, wandered across the country, shot dead some Native Americans, and set up shop on the land. They called that stolen land America. Now, poor Pig Shit and Rich Yacht both live in that territory. Because of that coincidence alone, Pig Shit and Rich Yacht

should not be expected to fight and die for the interests of this place called America, especially when the system they're fighting to preserve keeps Pig Shit poor and Rich Yacht rich.

Nationalism is dangerous because it doesn't leave room for debate. You're either with your country, or you're with the terrorists. You're either an American, or you're not. America is a Frankenstein of qualities, people, desires, and ideologies, none of which can be appreciated, debated, or even acknowledged when someone utters the ignorant sentiment that "we're all Americans." As if that remark eradicates our differences of race, class, and religion. As if claiming we're all the same erases injustice.

Atheist Vegetarian and Tattooed Bisexual call themselves liberals, but like nationalism, uniting themselves beneath a title does not erase their differences. When they disagreed, instead of intelligently debating, they instantly shut down and fractured off into smaller sects. Tattooed

Hipsters, seen below in their natural environment, are the fastest growing tribe of urban douchebags



Bisexual ran off to his clan, and Atheist Vegetarian ran to me, Atheist Vegan. Nothing resolved. No debate. Such is the danger of tribalism.

A liberal American may have more in common philosophically with a conservative Frenchman than he does someone in his own Democratic party. However, he'll probably never know that because he allows himself to be gated by arbitrary national boundaries and abstract political groupings. Again, tribalism poisons discussion - it murders compromise.

Hatred within the liberal party and war between countries are all byproducts of varying degrees of tribalism. Whether a religious dispute, class war, or bickering between idiot liberals, it's the same kind

of arbitrary Balkanization, and it results in wasted humanity. It distracts us from larger problems, which are usually the real sources for why we're all getting screwed.

For example, instead of displacing our anger at the economic divide to the Mexican immigrants, why not join forces with poor workers and march to D.C., demanding fair wages for all? We're allowing ourselves to be distracted by stupid arguments about illegal immigration when country borders are man made, and most of the American territory was stolen from Mexicans and Native Americans in the first place.

Warfare between religions, races, states, and countries provide just enough distraction to legitimize humanitarian atrocities. If we allow the great lie - that we are somehow not all human - to

saturate our subconscious, then we leave ourselves open to being herded like sheep under the mantra of "We are Americans," or "We are Liberals."

But in a world conquered by united ideologies, how can free-thinkers and mavericks ever hope to win elections? Open discourse doesn't demand incompatible opinions and philosophies. Even in a room full of English majors - each a uniquely carved snowflake - common ground can be found. We can build a foundation of unity even if that means defining ourselves by what we are not. We are not racists, we are not bigots, and we do not deny respect to any decent human being. In other words, we are not Republicans. And that is good. 🐻

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"Dictator humbly accepts electoral defeat"



By Stan Goff

No: 4-522-332, 51.05 %
Yes: 4-335-136, 48.94 %

With the vast majority of the media owned and operated by Venezuela's racist *comprador* bourgeoisie, a media that has never suffered a day of government control even approaching what is exercised against media in the United States, Hugo Chavez' Constitutional Referendum that had bundled 69 reforms failed by a hair. Blogger and friend Rootless Cosmopolitan may have put his finger on one of the aspects of the referendum that made that margin. The entire package was bundled into a single up-or-down vote. Rootless criticized this as undemocratic, and that is a fair reaction to this electoral tactic.

My own sense is that its deeper tactical failure was that one cannot compete against the capitalist media in the realm of ideas when one is trying to explain a list of 69 constitutional reform items—written in legalese—against the ability and willingness of that corporate media to simplify, spin, and often just lie, with incessant and coordinated repetition through the vast echo chamber of capitalist control over the entertainment media. This is a lesson we all need to internalize. The media's power in this regard cannot be overestimated; and it is a real thing that cannot be wished away in our own tactical considerations. Given the house of cards that international finance is, and the drip-drip hemorrhage of the myth of American

military invincibility, this capacity to shape culture and ideas has become even more critical to the exercise of power.

Before the vote began, Venezuela's government had agreed to randomly open 30% of the ballot boxes to monitors in order to assure a fair election. Upon receipt of the result, President Hugo Chavez—the putative dictator in waiting for Venezuela—announced simply, "I congratulate my adversaries for this victory. For now, we could not do it."

The Venezuelan and American press—both enormously and dishonestly hostile to Venezuela's Bolivarian transformation—had spun the article dropping term limits as a bid to become "President for Life," though there was no provision to ever stop presidential elections that put that decision into the hands of Venezuelan voters. We shall now see if a single mea culpa is expressed by any of the media in the wake of the Chavez government's quick and gracious acceptance of the referendum result. I doubt it.

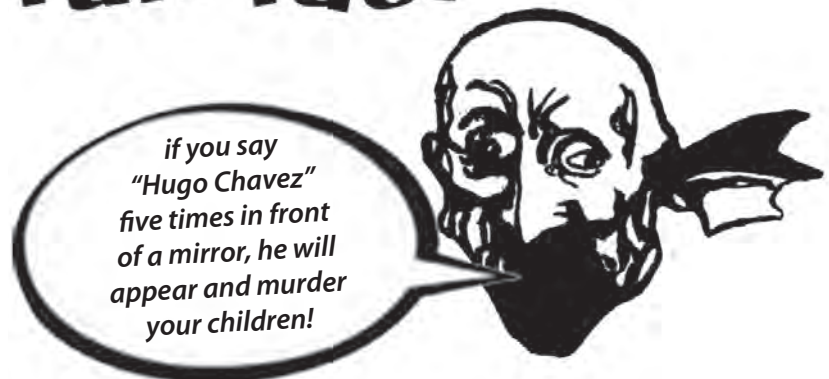
In 2006, the vote to reelect Chavez was more than 7 million to just over 4.5 million. So this is not a wholesale rejection of the Bolivarian process, though I believe a win would have accelerated the process. Chavez is an old paratrooper—like me, so I

do over-identify with him sometimes—and he takes risks. Hopefully, he will dust himself off and begin immediately pushing through the individual reforms that will strengthen Bolivarian democracy where it most requires further development. His government has many successes to build upon.

In particular, the further development of the communal councils as independent and effective bodies of relocalized governance must have more time to mature. With more experience, these councils will deepen the cultural revolution that has lagged behind the policy changes of the Bolivarian government. I hope the workerist left in the Bolivarian government is outweighed in its influence on the emphases of future developments, because they are investing their hopes in the political party (PSUV) that was the vehicle to promote these reforms. I hope they are outweighed by those who argue that the PSUV must become the responsive and subordinate expression of popular political vitality, and not a kind of "democratic centralist" command general staff. Democracy can only become as direct as it is local; and this idea is anathema to many of the Old Left.

I hope Chavez continues to develop the idea of arming, training, and supporting

Fun Fact



local militias as both an adjunct and counterbalance to the national armed forces. This will protect direct democracy, as well as make future schemes of invasion generated in the north more untenable.

I hope Venezuela will place special emphasis on food security, sustainable agriculture, and permaculture design principles as a critical defense of the Bolivarian struggle against neoliberalism. These initiatives are already in place, but they can be expanded, and they are the practical basis of a combined social and cultural revolution. The additional constitutional definitions of property were paving the way for this; and re-asserting this reform as soon as possible, along with the reduced workweek, increased minimum wage, and expanded social security benefits, will materially strengthen the people against the oligarchy and begin the process of breaking dependence altogether with initiatives that reduce the essential dependence of more and more people from the monetized economy altogether.

But Venezuela has made great strides, so with my distant hopes, I'll trust in the collective experience of the Bolivarians and recommit to the struggle we have to wage inside the belly of the beast. That is where we can do the most to assist the rest of the world in breaking with neoliberalism.

The one paradoxical victory here is that Chavez and his government have made the dictator narrative from a panicking corporate press a pretty tough sell. That is a breach we can go though to make an inch or two more progress in our general unmasking of what passes for journalism in the United States. This will also stand down contingency planning from Embajada Americana to foment a coup d'etat... hopefully. (Old joke in Latin America: Why has there never been a coup in Washington DC? Answer: There is no US Embassy there.)

Here is the oxymoronic headline from the day of Chavez' referendum:

Dictator humbly accepts electoral defeat

Don't hold your breath. 

Stan Goff is a US Army veteran, the author of several books and a contributor to The Huffington Post. His website is feralscholar.org.

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Sentence: Wife follows through on that Lorena Bobbitt comment she made during the Lewinski scandal.

20. Larry Craig

Charges: This year's eminent toe-tappin' conservative queen of hypocrisy. Thought the Defense of Marriage Act was FABULOUS!—because he personally needs legislation to keep him straight. Didn't work. Brought unwanted knowledge of the intricate culture of anonymous gay public restroom sex into America's living rooms. Embodies both the cause and result of faith-based sexual repression. Insists on dragging out the least plausible public denial of buggery since Liberace's, presumably for the benefit of his frozen-smiled, slowly maddening wife.

Exhibit A: "I am not gay. I never have been gay."

Sentence: Stoned to death.

19. Robert E. Murray

Charges: A real-life Boss Tweed who saw the Grandall Canyon mine disaster as his own personal tragedy, weeping for the cameras while he tried to cover his ass in the most ridiculous way imaginable, insisting his mine collapsed due to an earthquake that somehow went undetected by seismologists, rather than the corner-cutting, cash-wringing, dangerous practice of retreat mining. This bloated, maniacal jackass is so out of touch that he didn't seem to recognize the horrified disgust on the faces of the miners' families he coddled for the cameras, as if they weren't real people to him, just props in some insane, ego-driven PR campaign to minimize his financial liability. A caricature of industrial greed.

Exhibit A: Says Al Gore is "more dangerous than global warming."

Sentence: Buried upside down in anthracite until death, while Donald Trump stands next to his feet and gives hourly speeches about how much he cares about it.

18. Kevin Martin

Charges: Before attempting to Chairpig the

FCC into a realm of media consolidation that would've made Sylvio Berlusconi blush, Martin served as Deputy General Counsel for the Bush-Cheney 2000 Florida recount team, and prior to that as Ken Starr's assistant and Dick Cheney's lawyer. Judging by his appearance today, he must have passed the bar at twelve. Like a good Bushie, Martin is doing everything he can—which is a lot—to increase corporate control of the media, moving to allow newspapers to own radio and TV stations despite constant exhortations from everyone but Rupert Murdoch not to do so.

Exhibit A: When he's not busy crushing independent media, Martin crusades against America's true enemies: Tits and the word "fuck."

Sentence: Asphyxiated in cloud of Monsanto-produced poison his Newscorp-owned local news station failed to report. Death also unreported.

17. Hillary Clinton

Charges: Began in politics as a teenage Nixon supporter—that's twisted. Moved on to corporate law, representing Wal-Mart and bravely defending Coca-Cola from disabled employees. Married out of ambition. Failed miserably as the first

lady of health care. Has spent whole of senatorial career as a hawk and a panderer. Would have no shot at becoming president if she didn't just happen to be married to one already.

Exhibit A: Has deftly avoided the flip-flopper label—by never, ever answering a question directly or committing to a position in the first place.

Sentence: Victim of vast right wing conspiracy to shove a brick up her ass.

16. Chris Matthews

Charges: Calling his show "Hardball" is like rechristening ping-pong "Thermonuclear Warfare." Displays the slurred, unmodulated speech and unfocused antagonism of an aggrieved middle-management drunk. Can read a scurrilous political attack into any paragraph at twenty paces. Continues honing his pointless questions as his guests attempt to answer, cutting them off with an affected imperial weariness when their responses are insufficiently inane. Apparently ignorant of the implications of satellite technology, Matthews shouts louder at geographically more distant guests. Has repeatedly called Ann Coulter "brilliant." Referred to Gerald Ford's yuletide demise as the former president's "Christmas card to the country." Unable to laugh like a normal human, Matthews compensates by simply shouting "ha!"

Exhibit A: "This country is based on generalizations!"

Sentence: Hillary's White House Press Secretary and personal toilet steward.

15. Michael Ledeen

Charges: Alex Jones with influence. Achieved every pushcart conspiracist's dream, finding a sympathetic ear, over three decades, in the highest echelons of government, for his deranged ambitions of conquest. Hirsute and cockeyed, he still looks like he sleeps in his car. A former Iran-Contra functionary and tied to the Nigerian Yellowcake forgeries which set both the Iraq war and the Valerie Plame debacle in motion, he now has a jingoistic hard-on for Tehran the size of a tactical nuke. One of many who now pretend they didn't advocate invading Iraq, but Ledeen's denial is utterly laughable, as he had been pushing for the invasion





vociferously for years.

Exhibit A: "The only way to achieve peace is through total war."

Sentence: Let him eat yellowcake.

14. Glenn Beck

Crimes: If Fox News isn't quite asinine enough for you, just click on over to Headline News, where the CNN brand is eagerly defiling its vestigial credibility by giving an hour a day to the dumbest dumbfuck in dumbfuckistan, Glenn Beck. A white-knuckle, dry drunk, closet case man-child with apparent xenophobia issues and a penchant for end-times theology, Mormon convert Beck is palpably horny for the apocalypse, passive-aggressively accusing even the world's most benign Muslims of plotting America's destruction and likening withdrawal from Iraq to slavery. Beck's combination of faux everyman persona and deliberate misinformation—The hottest year on record was 1934 (actually 2005), tax cuts increase revenue (patently false Reaganomic mysticism), Antarctica is cooling, Scooter Libby went to jail—seems increasingly insane, as his whole persona seems to be a frantic pantomime of how he thinks an even-keeled, "smart" bigot would act. Thinks Al Gore is "like Hitler." May actually be in love with the president of Iran. Exhibit A: "I don't know if the Muslim community will ever step to the plate

like the Japanese-American community did during World War II. You know, it was absolutely disgraceful how we rounded innocent people up then and, sadly, history has a way of repeating itself no matter how grotesque that history might be. The Muslim community can prevent this if they act now."

Sentence: Anchored to the Florida shore, Beck is forcibly compelled to vigorously deny the gradual rise of water levels around him as boats full of gay, Marxist Muslim illegal immigrants arrive and disembark nearby. Eventually, after two decades, Beck drowns.

13. Anne Coulter

Charges: A skeletal freak who hates the world and lives to anger people into buying her books. Says Jews need to be "perfected," as if Christians are in better shape. Is against her own right to vote. Called John Edwards a faggot, when really he's just a little swishy. Is about as sexy as a preying mantis. If Coulter were a man, she'd never be allowed on TV.

Exhibit A: "Faggot isn't offensive to gays; it's got nothing to do with gays."

Sentence: Forced marriage to Osama bin Laden.

12. Michael Vick

Charges: Abusing, strangling, electrocuting and murdering a promising NFL career—and some dogs. Reinforces noxious stereotypes about both jocks and black men. Inspired Whoopi Goldberg to express an opinion.

Exhibit A: Makes millions for throwing ball, decides to invest in gambling on dog fights. How much dumber do people get than this?

Sentence: Slathered in barbecue sauce and set loose naked in a PETA-operated shelter for abused dogs.

11. Harvey Levin

Charges: Managing leech of TMZ.com, the Time Warner-AOL crap-fest. Slithered over to TV this year-to fill the demand of a culture craven for meaningless celebrity antics and snapper shots. Celebrities aren't the problem; the fact that you know about their daily minutia is. In other words, Levin is the problem.

Exhibit A: He's rich because you're stupid.

Sentence: Marriage to non-airbrushed Britney Spears.

10. Alberto Gonzales

Crimes: The most truckling, amoral flunky to ever serve as Attorney General. A jurisprudend organelle, he manifests no concept of the law independent of its expediency to the president. Would smilingly accuse himself of providing material support to al Qaeda at President Bush's request, hurriedly plead guilty, sign his own death warrant and flip the switch himself. His testimony before congressional committees is to public service what cholera is to the small intestine. As first Hispanic Attorney General, Gonzo typifies the self-betrayal and ethical compromise necessary for minorities to become successful Republicans. Been felching sweet approval from Bush's lily-white ass since Texas. A conscienceless, memo-drafting, loophole-crafting liar for hire,



Continues on page 30

THE GRASPING

The sorry reality of "Black Friday"

By Andrew Blake

No one is welcome in Tonawanda, New York. Not even residents of this shit-hole Levittown, just a stone's throw from the crumbling corpse of Buffalo, feel welcome there—not even on Thanksgiving.

Most Americans consciously overlook the years of war and havoc our European ancestors bestowed upon Native Americans, which dates back to almost a quarter of a millennium at this point. And while the celebration of Thanksgiving is a tribute to the mythical friendship our Puritan forefathers established with the Indians, the hardships we unleashed on them are generally ignored.

It's been only a few hours since the tryptophan festivities of Thanksgiving came to a close at my grandmother's house, and with the hour hand barely inching past midnight, it's hard to miss that something out of the ordinary is going on in Tonawanda this morning. The only thing that this suburb offers other than white-bread middle-class suburbanites, latchkey kids and incessant convoys of mini-vans, is shopping. Just a short trip from the declining rust-belt berg of Buffalo, Tonawanda offers a selection of just about every chain of retailer available. Today is their day.

For decades, stores across the country have been holding "Black Friday" sales the day after Thanksgiving to officially signify the start of the holiday shopping season, and this year is no different. When the post-Vietnam-era recession came to a close during the first Bush administration of the early '90s, what was once just a popular shopping day turned into a chaotic clusterfuck of sales and assault. Affordable home computers and technological whats-its and gadgets were highly sought after during the dawn of the internet age, and stores heard the call. Black Friday became a ritualistic



Sadly, no trampling was reported in 2007

celebration of consumerism. Fifteen years later and the deals are still there, and the cheapos have only gotten cheaper.

As the troops move in, the only thing these blackened souls are thankful for this year are iPods and credit cards. As my posse makes plans to congregate near Sheridan Drive, the hub of consumerism within the Northtowns of Buffalo, hostility is already widespread beneath the ominous glow of parking lot lights. Turning lanes are garbled by angry single moms with limited understanding of the signaling functions of the modern automobile. It's a sea of brake lights, and I am drowning. If we are going to get a deal this morning, we are going to need a plan.

"We" are twenty somethings. Four of us. Males. The only ones in the group of shoppers assembling outside of Kohl's department store at 1:30 in the morning. Many are here for linens; myself, a sweater. But with the earliest opening hour of the morning (Kohl's is ahead of the game by opening it's doors at 4), we figure this is the best place to start.

Personally, I figure the best place to start is at the end of a bottle. Or five. My zombie stagger to the front of Kohl's went far from unnoticed, and the women were clearly not ready for an invasion of inebriated men with no real commitment to the Black Friday tradition to keep them from getting their Cusinarts.

Tony Bradshiff, a twenty-nine year old Buffalo native has joined our group. He has come for a Kitchen-Aid mixer for his girlfriend, discounted 60% off of its usual price. "You give a girl one of these and BAM! Seven hour blow job right there." Tony has brought a football. Tony is black and huge. His dreadlocks dwarf the suburban Kathys and Susans that are just starting to make their way out of their SUVs. Tony is threatened immediately.

Some women started at Kohl's early, mid to late evening, by marking their territory at the front gate with lawn chairs and blankets. These were quickly abandoned for shotgun spots on their heated beaded seat covers and the stereo surround sound of adult contemporary. As Tony heads to

the door, confrontation is instant: Car doors swing open and a bevy of overweight middle-aged women advance. The dialogue is predictable: "You can't stand there! That is my spot! Get in line!" They came out in droves; fatties with Tweety Bird sweaters, clenching thermoses of Tim Horton's finest. The "Git-R-Done" decals on the rear windshields are anything but ironic.

And here is the crowd on Black Friday. Fat, cranky women. My outfit of half a dozen layers is topped off with a trench-coat, a ski mask, and a cheap Canadian beer. In this suburban setting, Tony and I are equally menacing, yet we pose barely a worry to those dead set on abandoning their families on Thanksgiving for cheap coffee makers. I know how the Indians felt.

Solace is found with Jackie Kuze, a 43-year-old law clerk from Tonawanda. Waiting with us, the bark of those waiting in their cars hit her the hardest. She is a woman, and despite my obvious intoxication, she is the only one contemplating raising a fist

to a rabid alpha female trying to dominate the line outside Kohls. It's two a.m. and the line is almost fifty strong. "It's fucking freezing outside," Jackie told me, more than a few times. "What are you doing here, then?" I asked her. I breathed stale alcohol from the wet mouth hole of my ski mask and onto her blueing face.

"Bedding. I came for bedding."

"Don't you think it's a tad ironic that you are sacrificing a good night's sleep (hiccup) and spending all night in the (hiccup) cold just so you can get some blankets?"

"Yeah, well, I suppose it is a bit ironic."

Two dozen bored, frozen women launch into the terrible Alanis Morrisette song, "Ironic," on cue. This was going to be a long day.

When the doors opened, it was in and out. The alcohol hit me hard the moment I stood up. I stumbled into the front door and grabbed a mid-sized shopping cart. Remembering I had no real purpose

there, I began doing donuts on the polyester carpet. I hopped on the rear axle and propelled myself straight into the cardigans. The warmth was well earned, and with Tony's direction, we hit the front register. We were in and out in four minutes.

Kohl's was a success: Tony got his blender, and to the best of my understanding, life-threatening fellatio. Toys-R-Us was next on our list.

It was barely quarter after four when the luminous caricature of Geoffrey the Giraffe welcomed us to the Toys-R-Us parking lot. A staggering line of two hundred spilled out from the store's lobby and stretched deep into the packed parking lot. Zune, Microsoft's iPod knockoff, was on sale for one hundred dollars off. The store stocked only ten, in a shameless bait and switch. Within moments of our getting in line, a sales associate in ear muffs warned us that we were, in fact, not getting one. Vouchers had actually been handed out a hour earlier, and despite the overwhelming majority of the crowd being too late in line to get what they came for, many waited anyway, you know, "just in case."

We received xeroxed maps of the store, though, to better plan out our pilgrimage to the Lego department. It took a lot of hesitating, but in the end, forty-five minutes for plastic bricks was not on the agenda. Lucky for me, urinating on the side of the store was, though. Take that, consumerism!

In the general vicinity, Circuit City boasted far and away the best sales of the morning. Plasma high definition televisions, most too large for the quaint suburban homes in the area, drew hundreds, forming a line that was nothing short of horrendous that morning. Many waited for laptops, desktops, stereos, CDs, and whatever they could fit in a cart. By four thirty most had already planned out their method of attack. What else is there to do in a strip mall in the middle of the night? You know, other than drink?

"So, what are you doing here?" I asked Sharon Starr, age 55, who appeared dumbfounded that someone would ask that, let alone a small man in a ski mask.

"Shopping. I came here to shop."

Well, all right. Unlike most of the Circuit City herd, Sharon was actually within sight of the store's massive red facade. I'll be



damned if she could see it though; Sharon had been there since 10am Thanksgiving morning. "I do this every year. I wait. I do what I have to." I was the one feeling guilty for celebrating this mockery of a holiday by feasting and having fun hours earlier; Sharon was camping out for a camcorder. Or something like that.

"Well, what are you waiting for, exactly?"

"I'll have you know that if you intend on cutting me in line, I will have you arrested. I've had the police out here twice already."

The bitch wasn't joking. She was old, distressed, and not about to let anyone stop her from blowing all of her family's money. She seemed like the type that typically would purchase leopard print pillowcases with social security checks. Despite her early arrival, she was still more than a dozen spots back from the front of the store. A series of steel reinforcements had been called in to keep the line in order, and clearly a few metal bars were not going to do the job. Sharon felt threatened, and asked me to leave. I could not fathom talking to a fifty-year-old woman who had been in line for a television for twenty hours and clearly hated the world, so I silently wondered how much force it would take to snap her neck.

Mike Bush was two meters away and laughing his ass off. He was one of the few that Sharon had called the cops on already. What was he there for? "Nothing. I don't know, it's just fucking funny. The door will open and I will run over them and find something on sale. Whatever." If I shed a few layers, I could definitely mobilize just as fast as Mike and his crew. They were half a dozen strong, and clearly intended on intervening with Starr and Company's plans. A local squad car was parked only a few feet down the no parking lane. The officer was reclined, with his eyes closed, dreaming of anything that wasn't this fiasco.

"Excuse me, yes, I'm with the press, can I just ask you a few questions about tonight?"


"I'm busy," he replied.

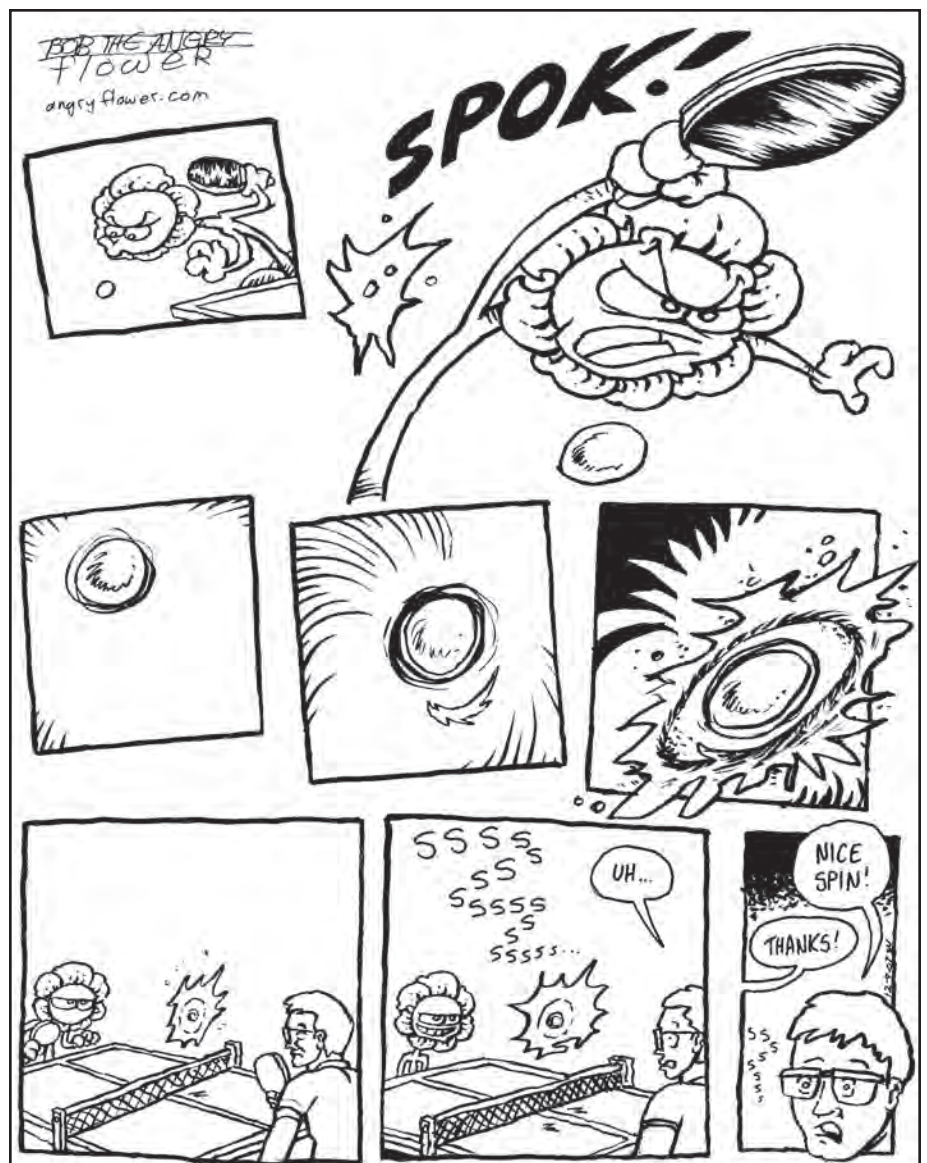
Every year, the news will report on the Black Friday savings extravaganza. It's the same video clip, updated annually, of a few hundred people running into a store,

waving vouches and newspaper ads, and perhaps a minor trampling incident. If you're lucky, your newscaster will follow it up with a remark on a domestic dispute outside a store, or perhaps someone that passed out due to exhaustion. I intended on being there for it this year. Last year, mistakenly stumbling into a BJ's Wholesale Club during the holiday shopping rush, I witnessed a thirty-year-old man split his head open over a Xbox360. If the Wii can outsell the Xbox, surely the violence was going to be a cut above this season, and I wanted to be apart of it.

When the doors opened up, Matt ran in. The cop stayed in his car. I walked to Old Navy. In my intoxicated state, I thought I looked damn good in a pea coat. The first fifty people to spend more than \$25 got a free, shoddily made mp3 player. Mine

came preloaded with generic pop rock that would make Johnny Rzeznik puke. I never could erase the files, and the player itself was broken by Monday.

With each store overflowing with consumo-tards, I was overlooked, even in all my drunken, piss-stained glory. How alert are the cashiers going to be at five a.m. anyway? You know no one outside of high school has any interest in working retail. People came, they waited, they got their shit and they went home. Tired people don't ask questions; they just fucking go with it. The retailers wave the bait and we take the bite. It's only a matter of time before the pea coat tests positive for smallpox and we're starting this shit all over again. Some progress. 



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SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT

The 1st shot in the war on Christmas

By Matt Cale

Until Terry Zwigoff's *Bad Santa*, the 1984 slasher pic *Silent Night, Deadly Night* was the most controversial movie ever made about Christmas, bringing calls from the moral scolds of the day to have it banned from theaters. While Zwigoff's film is a hilarious, mean-spirited romp through drunkenness and coarse language, *Silent Night, Deadly Night* showed not one, but *two* Santas as cold-blooded killers, as well as numerous exposed breasts, evil nuns, and frightened children, all without a trace of intentional humor. While it's nowhere near as good a film, of course, it has its moments of rare charm, and is arguably the most radical movie ever made about the holiday season. That said, the production values are atrocious, the acting even worse, and the effects somewhere just south of a student production. Nevertheless, what we have here is a cinematic treat that makes a direct link between religious fundamentalism and murder, though the era's conservatism sneaks through a bit whenever the clothes come off. Still, it's undeniably entertaining as a period piece, and who on earth could judge a brutally ugly death march set in Utah, of all places?

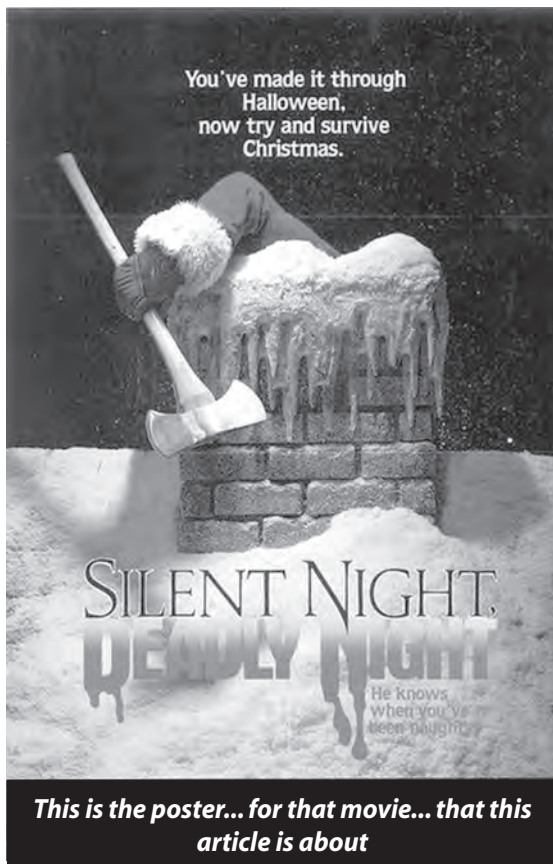
The movie opens in 1971, as young Billy travels to grandpa's house with his younger brother and beaming, wholesome parents. Little do they know, an escaped lunatic from the Utah Mental Facility is on the loose, and has just shot a clerk to death in a botched robbery. To make matters worse, the killer is dressed like Santa Claus. Billy's parents notice Santa by the side of the road with his hood popped,

assuming that he needs a bit of help. And hell, they can introduce Billy to the man himself! But instead of Christmas cheer and a twinkle in his eye, Santa is armed to the teeth, and blows the father away, getting blood all over his new sweater. He then marches over to the passenger's side, and tears the mom from her seat. He beats her up, throws her down, and rips open her shirt, revealing a nice set of tits without a bra in sight (foreshadowing: not a single woman in this movie wears a bra). Before actually raping her, though, he gets frustrated and slashes her throat. Billy witnesses the entire episode and though he survives, is sent to St. Mary's Home for Orphaned Children, which just happens to have the exact same sign as the mental ward. I guess grandpa didn't want the poor boy.

Cut to December, 1974. Billy is now among dozens of wee ones celebrating Christmas in a bleak, Dickensian warehouse. A few of the nuns look out for him, but Mother Superior is a nasty bitch, and she beats the snot out of a copulating couple to prove it. Billy also witnesses this attack, which forces him to forever associate sex and punishment, which of course is not at all the Catholic way. Billy continues to be haunted by dreams of the gruesome murders three years earlier, and now can't stand the sight of Santa (or sex) without flipping out. Mother Superior, wonderful lady that she is, commands Billy to sit in Santa's lap when he pays a visit, which prompts Billy to scream and shake, and eventually unfurl a right hook that could drop Ali in his prime. Santa flies through the air and crumples on the ground, while Billy is punished again for his crimes. The tension builds and we know the little boy is but a few years from boiling over.

We then flash forward ten years to Ira's Toy Store, where Billy asks for a job in the stock room and is nearly turned down until he flashes his trunk-like arms and golden boy smile. Billy's all grown up, and how! Mr. Sims, owner of the shop, looks him up and down like a slab of beef, so we know there will be after hours activity. More to the point, since it's clear that Mr. Sims is gay, and that this is the Reagan era, he'll be dead within the hour. Billy's first week or so on the job is productive, and accompanied by the cheesiest song ever featured in a film about killing the innocent during the holidays. Titled, "It's Always Christmas on the Warm Side of the Door", none of the lyrics match the on-screen action, and further, make us wonder how something so upbeat made it into a film featuring insanity and bloodshed. Billy seems fine, though, that is until he's asked to play Santa by Mr. Sims, which prompts more flashbacks and sweaty, shake-filled stares into space. Billy threatens the kids, demands that they not be naughty, and during breaks, falls asleep and dreams about fucking big-titted women, only to slice them to ribbons. The madness has begun.

At the Christmas party, when two co-workers sneak away to the store room for a romp, Billy follows, and when the guy gets a bit rough, Billy steps in and strangles the bastard with Christmas lights. Sure, he saved the woman from rape, but she's still upset, so he guts her like a fish. Throughout, he sounds like Frankenstein's monster, chanting, "Punish! Punish!" And because they were partially naked and near orgasm, their deaths were sanctioned by Santa, Jesus, and the President himself. And then the fireworks begin. Billy slams a hammer




This is the poster... for that movie... that this article is about

getting in on while sprawled out on a pool table. Tits come out, his shirt comes off, and he utters the classic line, "Two ball in the corner pocket." But his girlfriend has to let the cat in, so she runs upstairs, fake tits stiff in the wind, and yells out the door. Billy appears out of nowhere with his righteous axe, once again bellowing, "Punish! Punish!" There's a brief struggle, but the topless tramp is eventually slammed onto a large set of antlers hanging on the wall. The boyfriend runs up and is briefly strangled with a phone cord, only to be thrown out the window. Again, we hear "Punish!" filling the night air. Billy does run into a little girl before he leaves, and while he's tempted to kill her, he thinks twice and instead hands over his box cutter as a gift. Billy then runs into the forest and decapitates a kid who stole someone's sled.

Anticipating Billy's next move, the good nun and a sheriff drive to the orphanage, hoping to save the day. Another officer arrives first and, having been told to shoot to kill, assassinates Santa in front of a dozen terrified children. Only this Santa wasn't Billy; it was Father O'Brien, and he didn't respond to the cop's calls because he's old and deaf. The kids are pushed inside, the building locked down, and Mother Superior leads everyone in cheerful Christmas carols. Billy arrives,

slams the axe into the cop's chest, decapitates a snowman for good measure, and is let in the orphanage by a trusting child. Just as he's about to bring the axe down on the vile Mother, he's shot dead by the other sheriff on the case (you know, only two officers in the entire state hunting down a serial killer). Still, I'd like to think that Mother Superior's chant, "There is no Santa Claus! There is no Santa Claus!" saved her life more than the heroic officer. As Billy dies, the axe falls at the feet of his younger brother, who is clearly marked as the heir apparent.

So it's an interesting mix of the reactionary and the rebellious; a film that aims to scare the shit out of kids by making them think Santa is after your life, not just your milk and cookies, but one that also kills everyone who even thinks about fornication. Religion is clearly a source of evil, but as it's Catholicism that's targeted, one could think that that's well within the all-American tradition. Women are loose and easy, but men are weak and limp, unable to protect their womenfolk from harm. Being a good Samaritan will get you shot between the eyes, but so will having a gun under the counter in your convenience store. And what kind of movie set in the Beehive State doesn't feature a single Mormon? And what sort of parents let their kids go sledding on Christmas Eve when it's nearly midnight? The kind that refuses to settle in as a typical horror film, friends, and one that has no other motivation save the massacre of seasonal cheer, innocence, and good taste. In other words, a film worth revisiting during the holidays. I'm expecting to make it an annual event myself. 

into Mr. Sims' head, leaving him to die in a pile of boxes, and then shoots the last co-worker with a bow and arrow. She drops for the last time in a pile of fake snow. Somehow, the good nun from Billy's childhood shows up after the killings, screams, and calls the police to be on the lookout for a murderous Santa.

Next, we visit a semi-nude pair of teenagers



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Special "Sammy Hagar" edition!



I can't drive 35!



This past week, we snared an early candidate for the next Justin Miller Award, given to the athlete who most bollockses up his professional-draft status with an avoidable pre-draft arrest. Typically we like to give this award to someone who gets popped within two months of the draft, but that doesn't happen every year. Sometimes we have to reach back a little further.

Therefore, University of Kansas hoopster Brandon Rush gets JMA consideration after he ended up spending an hour in jail thanks to two failure-to-appear warrants, both stemming from traffic violations. This just a few weeks after Blake Young, a star for cross-state rival K-State, was jailed for failing to appear on his own traffic warrant. Rush had originally been pulled over in his big-ass SUV (even the college jocks have 'em) and found to be without proof of insurance. He ignored a summons and then ignored a speeding fine (he got caught driving 49 in a 35-mph zone). A month or so later, Rush was dragged to jail by a humorless Kansan judge.

Two things here. One, someone has to do something about the fines they dole out

for victimless traffic violations. Asking a kid who's 19 or 20 years old to come up with \$260 just because he left his insurance card at home is ridiculous. So is another \$200 or whatever for going 14 miles an hour above the limit. These are backdoor taxes and should be banned. Two, apparently all of Kansas agrees with me. The funniest thing about the Rush story has to be the comments left by KU fans on the Kansas City Star Web site. My favorite was posted by "Concerned KU Fan":

Thank you to whatever booster gave Brandon the money to pay his bond! Isn't there a booster in Lawrence that's

friends with Judge Randy McGrath and can make this go away? Come on now, this is freaking KU and Brandon Rush. He shouldn't have to worry about this crap! Take care of him boosters! He needs to focus on basketball and F-ing the Hoooooeeeees . . . oh, and going to school.

Rush, meanwhile, was a borderline first-round prospect in this past year's NBA draft who decided late in the game to go back to school. He should sniff the lottery this year. Give him -3 points, however, for this non-crime that still might drop him a spot or two.

Sports Blotter Legend

	Exotic Dancer/Hooker		X-treme DUI		Women's undergarments		Open container of alcohol
	Cloying/Agent-drafted public apology		"Disagreement" in parking lot		Supernaturally large quantity of marijuana		Rape/Sexual assault
	Unregistered handgun		Those drugs belong to my brother/cousin/some guy		Frantic spousal 911 call		Stats cheerily recited after AP report
	Big-ass SUV		Incident involving "baby momma"		Burglary/theft		No contest plea

That's creative



The explanation given to police by Arkansas State hoopster Adrian Banks — after he was pulled over for shooting a gun out the window of a moving car — was one of the more creative we've heard in a long time.

"A fight was breaking out at the club," said Banks, who had been at the Envisions nightclub in Jonesboro. "I found the gun on the ground and didn't want anyone to get shot, so I shot the gun until it was empty."

Quick thinking, Adrian! Wonder if Arkansas cops will buy that story.

They might, of course, because Banks is A-State's leading scorer, averaging a healthy 21.7 points a game this year. Look for this one to go away somehow.

Still, this is about a 45-pointer to me; you can't get less than 40 for discharging a handgun anywhere but at a cactus preserve.

That's stupid



Here's something we don't see very often: the phrase officer-involved shooting lurking near the lead of a story about a football player getting arrested. Normally, football players are shooting either at their girlfriends or at a wisecracking stranger in the parking lot of an Atlanta strip club. But at cops?

But it seems that Nathaniel Porter, 21, a player for the College of Sequoias (a small California junior college that nonetheless has produced players who've made the leap to bigger programs, including, most recently, Ole Miss QB Brent Schaffer), was involved in a carjacking this past week. He and another young man apparently stole a car at gunpoint at a gas station in Visalia, California, and fled the scene, only to end up in a firefight with a pair of CHPs.

One wonders exactly what a guy like this thinks the endgame is here. Like the situation is going to improve once you start shooting at cops on the highway? Amazing. In any case, this wasn't Porter's first brush with the law. Earlier this year he was arrested (though charges were never filed) for assault after he and another player, Omar Bryant (who was charged), allegedly beat a man, sending him to the hospital. Bryant and Porter believed, apparently mistakenly, that the man had assaulted a teammate.

The college's president, Bill Scroggins, wasted no time telling the media that Porter was finished. "He was sort of on the edge with us, and with this incident, he's suspended from any activities with the team," said Scroggins. Porter now faces up to 30 years for attempted murder. That makes his one of the most serious sports crimes this year, for sure. Give him 90 points. And give the college a few for leaving this guy on the team after he allegedly kicked a guy into unconsciousness earlier this year.

The Pitts of the world



The Houston Texans are like the soy cheese of the sporting world — something that fills a slot and takes up space, but has absolutely no taste, no remarkable qualities at all. When was the last time you read anything about the Houston Texans that didn't involve them as the straight man in some other team or player's feature revue? Okay, so they stole Matt Schaub away from the Falcons just in time for the Vick story to explode — a nice move, but basically a tangential piece of the Vick saga, not really a Texans story at all. Mario Williams is just a 290-pound sidekick to the Reggie Bush/Vince Young media phenomena. Andre Johnson is a nice receiver, but any appearance of his on the front page of ESPN.com is usually a slot on the all-underrated list, or something like that.


But aside from those three guys . . . it's like that Chris Rock joke about never seeing two Native Americans together. Can anyone out there name even *two* more Houston Texans? Basically, I've got DeMeco Ryans, and . . . DeMeco Ryans. Until now, that is. Because this week the Texans finally lifted

themselves up out of the common herd, cornering their own unique niche in the sports-crime world.

A year ago, you may remember, a Texans offensive lineman (his name was Fred Weary; we can excuse you for not recalling) was pulled over for failing to signal during a lane change and ended up being Tasered by the Houston Police Department. The whole incident ended up being a big mess, with Weary ultimately suing the pants off the Houston PD for excessive force.

Well, guess what? This past week we had another crazy incident involving a routine traffic stop, a hulking Texans offensive lineman, and the local PD. This time, it was starting left guard Chester Pitts who got pulled over, part of a dragnet that had been set up to catch people making illegal left turns at an intersection in southwest Houston.

Pitts made such a turn, but when cops walked away from his car to finish writing a ticket for another offender, he took off. (Maybe he was afraid of being Tasered.) A short chase ensued, with Pitts ultimately being apprehended about a mile away from the original traffic stop.

Pitts ended up in jail on felony evading charges, and was released on bail after a night in custody. Until we find out the rest of the story, this one looks like a curiosity, an 18-point offense, maybe — something along the lines of Ty Law running from Miami cops for no reason. But stay tuned, there could be more. In the meantime, the Texans might want to think about housing their linemen on-site at Reliant Stadium. 

LEADER BOARD

LAVON CHISLEY (PENN STATE) | murder | 125
PACMAN JONES (TITANS) | multiple offenses, leaving dude paralyzed, having rocks in his tiny head | 110
JIMMY LEON WILSON (MONTANA) | murder (case pending) | 99
LOREN WADE (ARIZONA STATE) | murder, second degree | 98
STEVE SWINDAL (YANKEES) | DUI | 98
RON ARTEST (KINGS) | starving Socks, domestic violence, intimidation | 95
DOMINIC JONES (MINNESOTA) | cell-phone video rapist (case pending) | 90
JAMES RYAN NORRIS (TENNESSEE-CHAT-TANOOGA) | a rape and sexual assault at the same time | 90
NATHANIEL PORTER (COLLEGE OF THE SEQUOIAS) | carjacking, officer-involved shooting | 90
CURLY-HAIRED BOYFRIEND (GLOBE) | making strange, heated phone calls to strangers | 90
O.J. SIMPSON (CITIZEN OF THE WORLD) | being just too funny for words | 88

pushing for all the worst administration policies, including nixing habeas corpus, denying and then defending rendition, torture, political firings, and a ton of other evil stuff. He even visited a seriously ill and disoriented John Ashcroft at the hospital, attempting to coax him into reauthorizing a clearly illegal wiretapping program. The only Attorney General who ever could have made John Ashcroft a sympathetic character by contrast.

Exhibit A: "The fact that the Constitution—again, there is no express grant of habeas in the Constitution. There is a prohibition against taking it away."

Sentence: Death by dull guillotine, head bent by Beckham.

9. You

Charges: You believe in freedom of speech, until someone says something that offends you. You suddenly give a damn about border integrity, because the automated voice system at your pharmacy asked you to press 9 for Spanish. You cling to every scrap of bullshit you can find to support your ludicrous belief system, and reject all empirical evidence to the contrary. You know the difference between patriotism and nationalism—it's nationalism when foreigners do it. You hate anyone who seems smarter than you. You care more about zygotes than actual people. You love to blame people for their misfortunes, even if it means screwing yourself over. You still think Republicans favor limited government. Your knowledge of politics and government are dwarfed by your



concern for Britney Spears' children. You think buying Chinese goods stimulates our economy. You think you're going to get universal health care. You tolerate the phrase "enhanced interrogation techniques." You think the government is actually trying to improve education. You think watching CNN makes you smarter. You think two parties is enough. You can't spell. You think \$9 trillion in debt is manageable. You believe in an afterlife for the sole reason that you don't want to die. You think lowering taxes raises revenue. You think the economy's doing well. You're an idiot.

Exhibit A: You couldn't get enough Anna Nicole Smith coverage.

Sentence: A gradual decline into abject poverty as you continue to vote against your own self-interest. Death by an easily treated disorder that your health insurance doesn't cover. You deserve it, chump.

8. Michael Chertoff

Charges: Looks and acts like a man who sleeps in a coffin. As the head, or should

we say skull, of our latest redundant security bureaucracy, the Department of Homeland Security, Chertoff used 2007 to further Rumsfeld's purportedly defunct policy of "Total Information Awareness," ordering U.S. military satellites be trained on American soil for first time in history. Beyond that, DHS seems to function as a corruption farm, spending billions on programs that either don't work or are never implemented, often lobbied for by former DHS employees. If the terror threat really is as dire as Chertoff says, then he is criminally negligent.

Exhibit A: Habitually references his "gut feeling" that the next terror attack is imminent.

Sentence: Gut feeling is actually stomach cancer.

7. Erik Prince

Charges: Priming Baghdad's streets for American imperialism by making them pristinely wog-free. Prince's Iraq is one massive free-fire zone for his bullet-sweating mercenaries, a Hogan's Alley in which everyone dusky is blithely expendable, rape is a mischievous dalliance, and accountability an inside joke. Remarkably, enabling the US occupation and simultaneously fomenting destabilizing enmity. Bringing the privatization of warfare to full fruition—next time, Exxon can just invade a country directly.

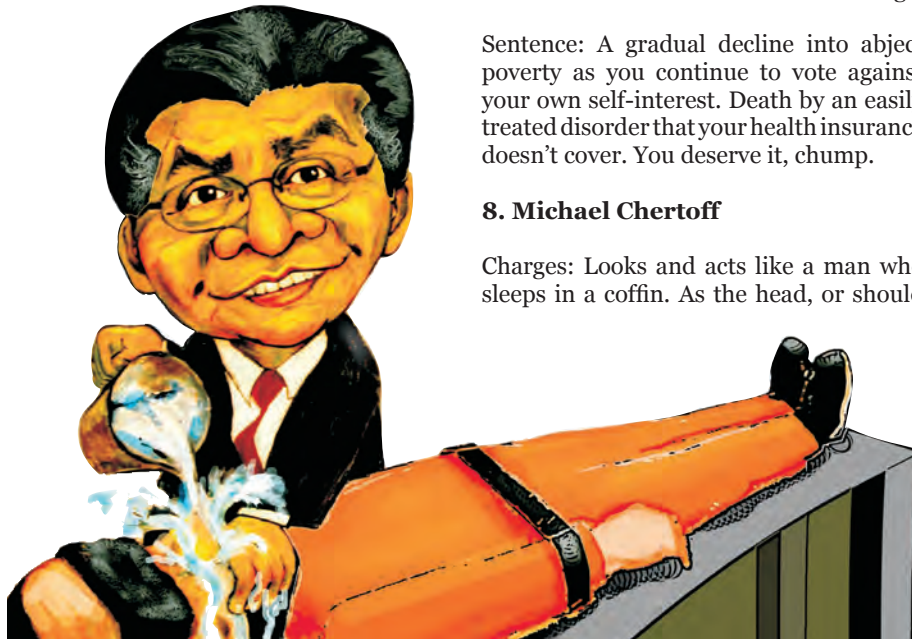


Exhibit A: Blackwater Vice Chairman Cofer Black is Mitt Romney's campaign counterterrorism policy adviser. The company's website also hawks infant onesies.

Sentence: Tanned and tethered outside Baghdad's Green Zone after curfew. Whatever happens, happens.

6. Rudy Giuliani

Charges: 9/11 Tourette's syndrome, compounded by compulsive lying. Despite the '93 WTC bombing, didn't act to put all first responders on the same radio frequency and chose to house his Emergency Command Center on the 23rd floor of WTC 7. Giuliani Partners consulting firm routinely did business with a Qatar ministry run by royal Abdallah bin Khalid al-Thani, a man whose farm has seen guests the likes of Khalid Sheikh Muhammad and Osama bin Laden. Wooded mistress and future wife with an NYPD chauffeur and trips to Southampton on NYC taxpayers' dime. Ruined the prospect of a Times Square tug-job.

Exhibit A: Stages phone calls from his wife during campaign stops to show 'em he's got family values. Family values apparently do not include rudimentary put-it-on-vibrate cell phone etiquette. Invoked 9/11 to explain this.

Sentence: Victim of the next 9/11, which consists of two radio-controlled hobby planes smashing into his face.

5. Nancy Pelosi & Harry Reid

Charges: Graduates of the Neville Chamberlain school of appeasement, the Democratic leadership continues to ignore the constitution and the American people by keeping impeachment "off the table" and refusing to defund the war. True pushovers, they're too stupid, cowardly, weak and outmatched politically to accomplish anything substantive, their "strategy" essentially boiling down to whining a lot while handing Bush whatever the hell he wants. There is just no way that appearing this weak and ineffectual could be any better for them politically than impeachment. Everything that the White House gets away with, it gets away with because congress allows it.

Exhibit A: Failure to woo the two thirds

majority needed to override a presidential veto is moot: They could defund the war with a 41-senator budgetary filibuster. But that would take guts and conviction.

Sentence: 2 cups anthrax bisque.

4. Seung-Hui Cho

Charges: A useless fucking nerd who shot a bunch of better people because he couldn't get laid. Take note, all you pent-up losers out there: If you think you're about to go on a murderous rampage, either take up a drug habit, find a hooker, or just kill yourself. Your inability to cope with a comfortable life in a developed nation is nobody else's fault, except maybe your parents. Nothing says "I have a tiny penis" like a douchebag taking pictures of himself with a gun.

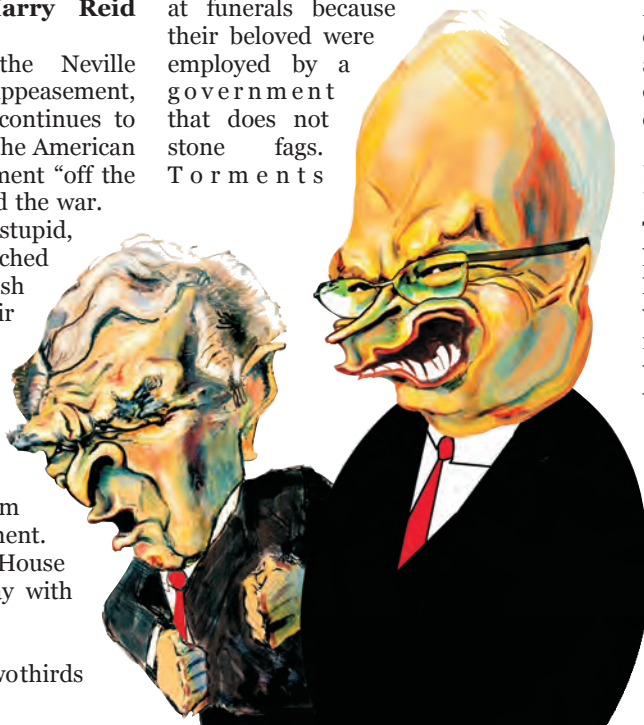
Exhibit A: Cho's infamous "disturbing" stories are only disturbing in how completely terrible they are, but now every kid with an imagination is going to be hauled off to the nuthouse if he expresses himself.

Sentence: Used as kindling at bonfire kegger for rich, popular kids.

3. Fred Phelps

Charges: Leads a picketing campaign so hyperoffensive that his Church is unanimously reviled by queers and Bible thumping homophobes alike. Along with daughter Shirley, will drag hate into the public spotlight wherever it might seem least helpful or appropriate as long as it garners his "cause" attention. Harasses widows of heterosexual soldiers at funerals because their beloved were employed by a government that does not stone fags.

T o r m e n t s



loved ones of those murdered in anti-gay violence. Is almost definitely gay himself.

Exhibit A: He is such an effective, soul-sucking brainwasher that Fred's granddaughter declines relationships because of her delusion that world will end in her lifetime.

Sentence: Finally comes out of closet and is immediately killed by his followers.

2. Dick Cheney

Charges: Worst president ever. So openly horrible, he now makes jokes about being Darth Vader. Unashamedly advocating for executive abuse of power and corporate theft. In and out of public office since his congressional internship during the Nixon Administration. Didn't care about the quagmire he foresaw in '94, because since then he'd deftly maneuvered to profit from it. Polling lower than HPV.

Exhibit A: His Halliburton stock rose 3000% in 2007. No joke.

Punishment: Raped by the sun.

1. George W. Bush

Charges: Is it a civil rights milestone to have a retarded president? Maybe it would be, if he were ever legitimately elected. You can practically hear the whole nation holding its breath, hoping this guy will just fucking leave come January '09 and not declare martial law. Only supporters left are the ones who would worship a fucking turnip if it promised to kill foreigners. Is so clearly not in charge of his own White House that his feeble attempts to define himself as "decider" or "commander guy" are the equivalent of a five-year-old kid sitting on his dad's Harley and saying "vroom vrooom!" Has lost so many disgusted staffers that all he's left with are the kids from Jesus Camp. The first president who is so visibly stupid he can say "I didn't know what was in the National Intelligence Estimate until last week" and sound plausible. Inarguably a major criminal and a much greater threat to the future of America than any Muslim terrorist.

Exhibit A: "And there is distrust in Washington. I am surprised, frankly, at the amount of distrust that exists in this town. And I'm sorry it's the case, and I'll work hard to try to elevate it."

Sentence: Dismembered, limbs donated to injured veterans. 



Michael Gildea

One Missed Call



"Can you kill me now?"

Oh, no! *The Ring!* It's back! No, wait! It's *Final Destination!* 1, 2 AND 3! No, it's something else! It's *Utter Shit! The Movie!* Christ on a cracker! There was a time where I would've wasted the space that a few paragraphs can take up to piss and moan about how the only two types or horror movies left are remakes of classic American ones (or some variation thereof), or for those of us with neck tattoos of Asian characters, remakes of *Japanese* horror movies. You know,

because subtitles are such a bother and everyone looks the same in Japanese movies anyway. Why do you think so many of Akira Kurosawa's movies were remade?

So what have we got with *One Missed Call*? 2 girls sitting around and a cell phone goes off. Sound familiar? The one girl hears the other one, the very one sitting right across from her, on the phone—*DYING!* So of course she dies later on and sees a bunch of weird, Japanese-inspired images (like people with mouths for eyes—*MOUTHS FOR EYES!*) before she dies. The cute girl who wasn't Jessica Biel in *Rules of Attraction* starts doing her own investigating so she can write a poem or base a terrible

painting on the whole experience.

Enter the cantankerous cop played by Edward Burns. He thinks there's a connection too! But another one of Art School's (actually, there's no mention in the trailer that this girl actually goes to art school. She just looks like she does) friends for the voice mail, too! Oh, there's an innocuously creepy ringtone that plays whenever one of the... *evil* phone calls comes in. "It's like you get a voicemail,

you hear your death and then you die!" Here's where it gets weird—Art School's friend plays the message for her, then says everything he said in the voicemail—then he dies! And don't bother to take the battery out of the phone because they'll just call anyway. And if this wasn't bad enough, now I've got to know that this movie is out there. Hell, leave me this creepy message. If it'll stop my own personal hell of having to exist in a world where these movies are made, sign me up.

Cloverfield



Harvey was terrible at door repair

Trailer-wise, *Cloverfield* is a brilliant work of art. It does exactly what a trailer is supposed to do—a trailer is supposed to tear you away from that "Cops" marathon and get you to a theater to pay \$23 for a bucket of popcorn. Most trailers give you a pretty good, if not misrepresented, idea of what the movie they're advertising is about, but they almost always talk you out of going to see it.

But *Cloverfield* didn't do either. If you somehow got wrangled into seeing *Transformers* last summer and got to the theater early enough, you saw a trailer

that had J.J. Abrams' name on it and looked like it was done with a digital home video camera. A party was going on, some jag was leaving town and there was an explosion in the middle of New York City. Chaos ensued, the growling/groaning of a large monster bellowed and next thing you know the head of the Statue of Liberty was flying down the street.

And that's pretty much all you got aside from a date—1/18/08. If your nerd boner didn't go away after the feature presentation and you had to keep looking, you didn't find much regarding the fleeting apocalyptic handjob that would later be known as *Cloverfield*.

With the full-length trailer, Abrams doesn't let any more secrets out of the bag. Some more explosions, military involvement, doomsday imagery and people scared for their lives. You'll also get a very brief glimpse of the monster's ass and some creepy noises. What can they be?

So we've got some *Blair Witch* marketing, some scared hipsters and some good old monster movie excitement. I'm guessing that no matter what Abrams throws on that screen, monster-wise, it's going to be a major disappointment, but I like being wrong every once in a while.

27 Dresses



The 28th dress was badly stained

(retching... more retching.... toilet flushing)

So we've got the chick from *Grey's Anatomy* (sorry, the one who was in *Knocked Up*) starring as a selfless girl who's always the bridesmaid and never the bride. 27 times to be exact. She's in love with her boss and her sister is moving in on him. Her sister wants *Grey's Anatomy* to plan the wedding on top of it. Obviously this movie pees sitting down and anyone who's had the flavor of their own vomit in their mouth for two hours will know the experience of *27 Dresses*

before they even get the opportunity to flush even more time down the toilet.

But wait! Cyclops from the *X-Men* movies shows up as a jaded cool guy who gets *Grey's Anatomy* to realize a few things about herself. "You'd rather focus on other people's Kodak moments than make memories of your own," Cyclops says. "You can start over, you can say no and you can do what you want," he tells her. He dresses cool and has a messy-yet-stylish haircut, so Cyclops has to know what the hell he's talking about. The trailer even boasts that he's got sparkling blue eyes and a killer grin. Add a smart-ass best friend doling out comic relief and bad advice during yoga lessons and some vaguely racy dialogue, and a Blue Collar TV marathon suddenly doesn't seem so bad. Just kidding. Maybe. But at the same time, this could be so much worse: That moon-faced Asian chick from *Grey's Anatomy* could star in it.

In the Name of the King: A Dungeon Siege Tale



"Raargh, swords and dragons and crap!"

Wow. Somebody sucked someone's dick, someone's losing a hell of a lot at the track, someone owed someone a lot of money, somebody got somebody else seriously drunk and got them to give their autograph at the bottom of a contract saying they'd be in a really horrible movie, or worse. I don't know.

You know those awful Sci-Fi Channel movies that have such low production

KINO KLEE-SHAY LEGEND

Betrayed by Those Who Trained Him	Mind Fuck	Noble Retard
Evil Genius	Vampires/Wizards as Gay/AIDS Metaphor	Actor Plays Self
Impossible Science	Glorification of Law Enforcement Bodies	Enchanted Object
Special Effects Circle Jerk	Washed up Hero Gets Second Chance at Glory	Chick Flick
Wisecracking Cartoon Animal	Gratuitous Christ Imagery	Rampant Xenophobia
Simplistic Epiphany	Crappy Remake	Likable Thug

values that getting through the opening credits should earn you a medal? The ones with worse acting than a first-grade production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and if Sharon Stone were to suddenly show up it might actually improve the situation? *In the Name of the King: A Dun—Christ* I can't even bring myself to go through the whole title a second time. This movie looks like a shit Sci-Fi Channel version of *Lord of the Rings* with a seemingly random cast, consisting of Jason Statham, Ray Liotta, Burt Reynolds and shit-tard Matthew Lillard. Oh, and the guy who played Gimli in *Lord of the Rings* and Sallah in the *Indiana Jones* movies. Bad dates.

This movie was directed by a guy named Uwe, Europeans didn't practice martial arts in the Middle Ages, this whole thing stinks and you're not going to make me eat it! Why would someone do anything this awful? How can someone do something this cowardly? What did we ever do to anybody? We're just living our lives here, man!

Meet the Spartans



From the people who brought you Epic Movie and colon cancer

It's that time of year again. We're in the wasteland of movie release dates; it's time for Hollywood to take out the trash. So you can count on at least one if not all of the following types of movies coming out:

- 1) A "based on a true story" movie about a ragtag team of minority athletes overcoming obstacles and paving the way for future generations.
- 2) A generic sports movie about a coach given a last chance in a new town. He's faced with adversity as he tries to bring a last place team all the way to first place by the end of the school year.
- 3) An exceptionally sorry date movie.
- 4) An eye-rolling and yawn-inspiring spoof of whatever was one of the highest-grossing movies from the previous year. Usually genre-specific.

Which brings us to *Meet the Spartans*, which seems to be spoofing *300*, among other things. We see the King Leonidas character kicking Britney Spears down a well, and some kind of *Stomp the Yard* reference in the trailer. This is just bad. I'm actually embarrassed to say I saw this trailer. And looking at the IMDB.com

Sudan is for lovers

*It's the shirt the Janjaweed militia banned in 13 villages!
Now available to affluent young Westerners!*

ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.MATTBORS.COM

listing for this offers no relief. Actors playing Lindsay Lohan, Ugly Betty, Ryan Seacrest and Donald Trump are credited. Did I mention that Kevin Sorbo and Carmen Electra star in this?

Mad Money



Unfortunately, the whole movie's not like this

Christ, this looks like ass. And not the good kind. Apparently not a biopic about screaming teleonomist Jim Cramer, *Mad Money* offers equally unhealthy doses of estrogen and the female cosmetics commercial ego that says, "I'm worth it!" If whoever rolled up this steaming pile worked *Sex and the City* into it, they'd be scraping my brains off the computer screen. That's what we're looking at here.

Three women, played by Diane Keaton, Queen Latifah and Katie Holmes, allwork as *janitors* at the Federal Reserve Bank, where money gets shredded. Their dumb asses decide to steal it. Apparently they get away with it, then get stupid and start spending money above the radar on things like RVs, \$62,000 rings and hopefully getting their self-respect back. I'm talking the actresses, not the characters.

Diane Keaton is the female Jack Nicholson. She just plays herself now, because she did an impressive enough body of work over 30 years ago that she can do whatever the hell she wants now that her grey streaks look more like blonde highlights and she hasn't aged too horribly. Queen Latifah is here because a sassy black lady was needed and the filmmakers thought that a movie about janitors without a black person in it just

wouldn't be credible. Plus she's always up for a shitty movie.

But it's Katie Holmes that puzzles me the most. Her presence here tells me one of two things: 1) This movie is such a piece of shit that it was actually made *before* she and Tom Cruise got married and has been sitting on a shelf for a few years. As a result, some third-stringer movie studio executives are looking to pitch it into the river when no one's looking. 2) Tom Cruise actually let Katie Holmes out of the house or was distracted long enough by a laser pointer for her to sneak out of the cul—I mean house and make a movie.

This movie looks so bad that I actually want to hold an intervention (at the theater) for anyone who goes to see it. And slap them. With a bus.

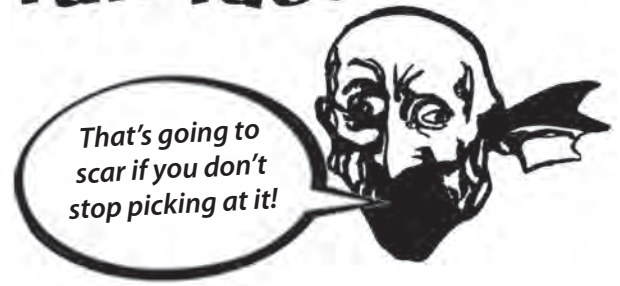
Rambo



"Yo, not fa' nothin', Mr. Snake, but do you think I look puffy?"

About six months ago, I saw what had to be a pirated but authentic-looking trailer for *Rambo*, or *John Rambo* as it was going

Fun Fact



by then. I saw some naïve missionaries going into Burma to make a difference offering Rambo hugs and sunshine for a ride there. He tells them they're a gang of pinko choads; they go anyway and later it gets back to Rambo that they're getting sodomized for AA batteries by the Burmese army. So Rambo sneaks in and kills anyone and everyone he can in the most rotten and entertaining ways possible. I think he may even have shot a Burmese soldier with one bullet and subsequently bisected him. I think another soldier may have exploded after being stabbed by Rambo. Stabbed, I tell you! And I know that I tend to exaggerate from time to time, but I'm completely serious here. Now, this trailer actually had me looking forward to *John Rambo* the same way you look forward to leaving an upper-decker at a party being thrown by someone you don't know.

But the trailer for *Rambo* (not to be confused with *Rambo: First Blood Part II*) tells a very different story. "War is in your blood. When you're pushed, killin's as easy as breathin'. Live for nothing or die for something. Your call!" What's this shit? Come on! The other trailer I saw was a friggin' riot. Granted, it was a poorly-edited 3 minute clip of gratuitous violence and this is Stallone on an opium bender thinking he's an auteur. What!?! More than 29 people went to see *Rocky Balboa* and now he's got his bifocals on as he goes through his files looking for that supposed ace up his sleeve? And to top it off, there are a lot more snakes in this trailer, too, and I don't like snakes. This deal keeps getting worse all the time. I mean, come on Sly, I like boxed wine and prescription painkillers out of my mom's medicine cabinet too, but you're looking like boiled chicken out there. We appreciate you keeping the shirt on this time, but isn't there an infomercial out there that needs hosting?



FAX (716)362-0619

[sic]

sic@buffalobeast.com

THIS BATHWATER JUST NEEDS A LITTLE WORK

I think you make a great point in your article [Allison Kilkenny, "God Hates Women," issue 121] ... but is it anything more than a rant? You don't make it apparent that you support modernization of old religious ideas or any sort of coexistence, so is your goal only to make it clear that someone should be either on one side of the fence or the other? It doesn't seem like much of an accomplishment to simply say: "If you're religious, you hate women; if you're a feminist, you hate religion; and if you don't, you're an idiot."

Earl

*Dear Earl,
Not much of an accomplishment, perhaps.
Just true.*

FAX TO SIKH

Being someone who considers themselves somewhat religious and somewhat feminist, I found your article interesting and confronting.

Yes, religions founded by men, whose religious books are written by men, tend to be full of issues with women. As most of the history of the world has been written by men, women are screwed well and truly.

But for a lighter note, in contravention of your claims, there is one religion where men and women are treated equally (to my knowledge, I'm happy to be wrong). Sikhism. I'm not a Sikh, so I'm only saying this because I'm generally curious about religions and tend to go off reading about them.
Rebecca

*Dear Rebecca,
Hey, that's right! You get to carry a dagger around too. Plus they think sex is evil. Hey gals, it's perfect! Oh yeah, except it's still predicated on preposterous supernatural horseshit.*

PARADE RAINED OUT

I get your point, and there's in my opinion a lot of truth to what you say, but i disagree with your conclusion.

I'm not religious, and i have many times gotten mad at the discrimination of women by religious people.

But on the other hand, i think that religion over the times has functioned as early ways of institusionalizing what in the respective societies was seen as good morale and values, and simply the right way to interpret the world around them, and, sadly, that included discrimination of women.

Still, before we had the more advanced organs of control and sanction of today, the perception of the sacred and divine and a common set of belief in many cases functioned as mediums of stabilisation in society and facilitation of trade, although it's far from a perfect system and often used with bad motives.

Ok, to get to the point - in my opinion, increased knowledgedge and stability in the world will cause less religion and more modern ways to understand the world, but i don't think that bashing it and it's followers is the right thing to do.

Think of it, these people have grown up with their religion, at least in most cases, and it means a lot to them.

So attacking it in a too offensive way will put many people in a defensive position, less open to your arguments, and we get the vicious circle of polarization. Secularizing and modernizing of societies is a slow prosess, and lack of respect of each other isn't speeding it up.

(if you actually have read this far; sorry if my english is bad... it's not my mother tongue, and thanks for reading it:)

Yngve

Dear Yngve,

Religious people live their lives in a defensive position, shuttering their windows to the world, lest some stray fact waft in and completely obliterate the house of cards upon which their morality and sense of reality is based. Fuck them, their lives of abject denial, and their fucking feelings. We're not interested in changing their minds; it's their children we're after. And their women, if they're not too dumpy. How sad is it that we chalked up your spelling errors to you being American?

GOD IS A BITCH

Yo homies - I adore your witty writing but I'm afraid I need to call bullshit on your "Religion and Feminism don't mix" article. It's not that the above statement doesn't ring true for most monotheistic religions that have determined our current bloody historical path - the problem is (though by no means your fault assuming you, like the rest of us slaves, were raised in an industrial technophile society that elevates Western civilization as the zenith of mankind) the debate, is not a binary one.

You guys, of all people should know, that not everyone falls into the predefined secular-liberal-atheist (you) vs religious-Taliban-conservative, categories; that in fact, most indigenous people (the ones left unmolested by industrial societies) practice Earth-based spiritualities that honor the land as our MOTHER. The fact that most of these spiritualities predate literary cultures (i.e. they're oral cultures) only proves the point when you quote the Koran or the Bible.

(It is true though, that most indigenous peoples wouldn't be down w/ the proselytizing and dogmatic aspects of hierarchical monotheistic religions...in fact, the path we walk wouldn't even be referred to as "religion.")

But come on guys - Most Feminist 101 classes (at least on the West Coast) have cursory readings on pre-Christian, matriarchical societies like the Crete.

Read Vine Deloria's "god is red" and Starhawk's "Dreaming the Dark." and then we'll talk.

Your Mom...in Babylon

Dear Mom,
How about we just don't talk?

WORST DISSENT EVER

"Either you are a feminist and you reject religion, or you are a worshiper and you reject the concept that the genders are equal."

Er, no.

Rigid and literal interpretation of founding text is not the only source for religious ideas.

I could get all into it, but there's no point. If you're not willing to do even a modicum of basic research before writing an article, I don't think there's much hope that I'm going to change your mind.

Reed Miller

Dear Reed,
Wow, what a devastating line of reasoning, you pinhead. If you're not willing to do a modicum of basic argument when refuting an opinion, we don't think there's much hope that you have the slightest fucking clue of what you're talking about. Not to get "all into it" or anything.

UNCLEAR ON WHAT "MAINSTREAM" MEANS

You and the rest of the mainstream media's agenda is to totally cover up for the Clintons [Allan Uthman, "Political Shrinkage," issue 121] and to keep up an active Bush bashing campaign at a fever pitch "James Carville" style in order the elect this post menopausal matriarchal closet communist hag Hillary Clinton and her husband the impeached disbarred sociopathic narcissist sexual predator lip biting rapist traitor to the Co-Presidency II in 2008 and nothing else! Thesetwo are nothing but closet communists.

Hillary Clinton, while under the tutelage of Professor Tommy the Commie Emerson at Yale, was a member of the SDS and the Black Panthers legal team for Bobby Seale's brutal murder trial. After graduating from Yale she attempted to get a JAG Commission as a USMC Officer but was rejected as unfit for being a "fellow traveler", not for being 26 years old as she claims in her book. So, she joined Robert Truehaft, the Chief Counsel for the Communist Party USA as his personal law clerk and lived with the Truehafts who were both card carrying Communists. Unfit to serve and unfit to be Commander-in Chief. The only reason William Jefferson Clinton

ever got to the Whitehouse in the first place was because of the little egomaniac with a crewcut, Ross Perot. He said in 1992, of Clinton: "I wouldn't hire him as the assistant dishwasher on the third shift in a greasy spoon joint." But he managed to take close to 23% of the Bush "No New Taxes" protest vote so this redneck clown from Arkansas could have his daily hand-party spanking his monkey (documented under oath) in the oval office.

Have a nice day anyway!

Vlad Tepes

Dear Vlad,
Yeah, it's amazing America survived eight years with a commie in the White House. Man, how'd we get out of that without him nationalizing the oil industry or something? Way to call us out on covering up for the Clintons; we're totally nuts about those freaky commies. Have you given suicide much thought?

JUNKIES: GOOD HUSBANDS?

Just an update on this scumbag. Who writes very well. Again, he stole my car, and this time, my kid's dog. Sold MY car for 700 bucks of crack and traded the dog for a rock. Yeah, he's a shitheel extrodinaire. I'd love to do a piece on this for you, but no one would believe it. Found my dog at a crack house on Amherst street. Had two Kenmore cops go with me. My dog was starved, filthy and stinking. I hope you tell this piece of shit to rot, if he darkens your door. He was very proud of his "DJ from the big house"....If you should see this rotten crackhead, tell him

this: "Mrs. Crackhead says not to darken our door. Hitting women and children may be your thing, but now it won't happen again" Oh, don't give him any money. You won't ever get paid despite his tales of woe. What a scumbag.

Take care,
Pamela Harmon

Dear Pamela,
Sounds a little fishy to us: Who trades crack for a dog? People are giving dogs away all over the place, man! Crack is, like, at least 5 bucks! Speaking of which, we were never in danger of giving Dan money. Thing is, crack addicts tend to let people down. Just something to keep in mind the next time you take him back.

THIS ISSUE'S PARANOID KOOK

MIKHAIL KRYZHANOVSKY - U.S. PRESIDENT DE FACTO AND 2008 VICE PRESIDENT ?

Mikhail Kryzhanovsky, KGB superspy, the author of the "White House Special Handbook, or How to Rule the World in the 21st Century" is the U.S. president de facto. Since 1996, our presidents, Bill Clinton and now - George Bush, make top political decisions based on his instructions.

Who said he's 2008 U.S. Vice President ?
Hillary Clinton ?
Steve Johnson

Dear Steve,
No, you did. Try the blue pills this time.



SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY

Just what's up with you bleeding heart liberals coddling terrorists/enemy combatants? Some of these radical Muslims have killed American soldiers and innocent civilians. I could care less if the Red Cross went to see them. I hope they rot and die in Gitmo.

When your weak, wimpy liberal Democrat Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton were president, they didn't stop terrorism by coddling them.

There is NO high ground when you deal with terrorists who think you're an infidel and their god-Allah wants to have you killed.

We can't fight a war against these terrorists with one arm tied behind our backs and one leg attached to a ball and chain. You're looking for a disasterous result if you do.

The only thing these barbarians understand is strenght, force and death, so let's give it to them. No, we shouldn't be like them. We should be WORSE than them and have them fear us. That's how it works in the real world you sissy liberals.

James Ziolkowski
Buffalo, NY

ten year navy vet 1982-1992

PS I just seen the movie "Rendition" and I think the guy was a link to terrorists and that bleeding heart liberal CIA agent let him go free. This kind of work needs strong willed people and not liberal cowards. Our enemies must laugh their asses off at us.

*Dear James,
Yes. We should be worse than them. That way, when they do kill us, at least it'll be justified. But please, stop calling your fellow Navy man Jimmy Carter weak and wimpy! Our poor hearts just can't take those big mean words. Stupidity is so intimidating! Okay fine, you can have your race war, just please leave us poor liberals alone! Please, sir? We'll even let you kill some Mexicans too. You know you want it, James.*

LOOSE BRAINS

Assuming you've seen the movie *Zeitgeist*, what are your thoughts on it? I have a pretty knowledgeable background in Egyptian religion and I've found numerous false claims throughout the movie. I know for a fact the whole Horus/christ comparison is completely false. The epic of gilgamish is another fabrication. I remember reading an article months back in your paper that had a much more accurate comparison. Just wondering what your thoughts are.

Mike

*Dear Mike,
Our thoughts on viewing Zeitgeist, in order of succession:*

- 1. What is this, some psychedelic acid movie from the '80s?*
- 2. What is this, The God Who Wasn't There?*
- 3. Wow, that "God's Sun/God's Son" parallel is idiotic.*
- 4. Oh crap, here we go with the 9/11 shit. Skipping to the next part.*
- 5. There's no law that says people have to pay their income tax? That'll be surprising news to all the people who've been convicted of income tax evasion. This movie is fucking retarded.*
- 6. We're turning this shit off.*
- 7. We're joining the Republican Party.*

Hope that helps.

ASKED AND ANSWERED

When is your 2008 50 Most Loathsome People list coming out? I can't wait to read it.
Amanda Factor

*Dear Amanda,
Now!*

OVEN MITT

When are you guys coming out with your new list? I am praying that mitt romney receives a just punishment.
Ryan

*Dear Ryan,
Better hope your God is the right one!
Otherwise he'll burn you and make you a Negro!*

IDEA MAN

In light of the Colorado church shootings this week, and the Omaha shopping mall shooting last week, why not post something about how many days can the USA go without a shooting spree?

Or, perhaps a shooting spree quiz - like which of the following shooters was NOT male, or where have shootings NOT taken place? (workplaces, schools, shopping malls, churches, public parks).

Well....you get the idea.
Ahem

*Dear Ahem,
Yes, we do. No, we won't.*

REVIEW OF SOMETHING

Frequently funny, but with an obvious visceral hatred of anyone on the political right. Would have been funnier if its political

leftiness were less obvious. In other words, at least making an attempt to pretend to be politically somewhere to the right of Karl Marx would have made the humor more effective.

Nice try, though.
Ray Mastrovito

*Dear Ray,
Marx? That closet capitalist pig? For shame, comrade! But... pretend, you say? Hmm, this strategy of propaganda penetration by faking centrist ideology is so disingenuous it just might work! We could pretend to be fair and...fair and... blanced! Yes, that is the way to total control of the means of production! You have helped us immensely, Comrade Mastrovito. Or should we say... our friend across the aisle?*

OF LAWSUITS AND LOOFAHS

I was just messing around online and came across that whole mess between Tom Cruise and The Beast (very funny...not the initial article you published, but the fact that Tom Cruise's lawyer even cared). However, it got me thinking about how you guys gained some publicity by picking on a celeb. If you want some publicity, you guys should publish something about Bill O'rielly that is negative and/or controversial because he is the kind of person who will almost certainly call you out on it during one of his daily broadcasts (which is #1 in cable news, 7 years in a row!). No one is easier to piss off and less afraid to confront people than him. If you take your time and come up with a good article that will grab peoples attention, I like your chances. Just look at what he did for the dailykos, they pissed him off and now they're rich (bitch). Anyways, just a thought.
Jon

*Dear Jon,
Uh, yeah. We've been around since 2002, and you think we haven't done anything about O'Reilly? Like, O'Reilly just slipped our minds? You know, we do this political satire magazine, and we just somehow have never heard of Bill O'Reilly, or been pissed off by something he said. Do you think we're cretins, Jon? Is that what you think? We're cretins, huh? Jesus, you goddamn son of a bitch, we won't forget this. We'll be seeing you Jon, you goddamn motherfucker who think everyone at The BEAST is a knuckle-dragging, lobotomized ape-man. You'd better carry a weapon—like a Sikh! Okay, just kidding. Bill's a fine target, but has had some negative experiences with litigation. Cruise on the other hand, is a fairy from another planet. Is that libel? We'll never know unless you sue us, Tom.*

BEAST-O-SCOPES

As divined by
Andrew Gullerstein

Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)

What would happen if you put off procrastinating? Just curious.

Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb 18)

If I've told you once, Aquarius, I've told you a million times: a regular dozen is for fools; now, a baker's dozen, that shows character.

Pisces (Feb 18 – Mar 20)

I know you didn't believe her when she pulled out that old gem, "It's not you; it's me," but technically she was telling the truth: you make *her* sick.

Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 19)

The 100,000 twinkling lights you stapled to your house for Christmas don't make you look stupid. Your face does.

Taurus (Apr 20 – May 20)

You're going to die someday. That's it. Oh, wait, did I write someday? I meant Sunday. You'll die this Sunday. Absolutely.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

Yeah, yeah, you won a Nobel Peace Prize. Good job. Now could you tell your cable channel to stop airing stories about magic crystals and psychics? It just makes you look like an asshole, so say the stars.

Cancer (June 21 – July 22)

If the universe is infinite and there's a finite amount of combinations of matter in the universe, then you've existed before and you'll exist again. That said, you live the same exact life over and over again, but for some reason you can't remember to floss.

Leo (July 23 – Aug 22)

Your life is hell because you live in Florida. Move.

Virgo (Aug 23 – Sept 22)

If you're going to shoot up a mega-church, Virgo, try practicing your marksmanship first. Four deaths? That's pathetic.



Libra (Sept 23 – Oct 22)

Your "yearly lap around the sun" doesn't count as exercise, Libra.

Scorpio (Oct 23 – Nov 21)

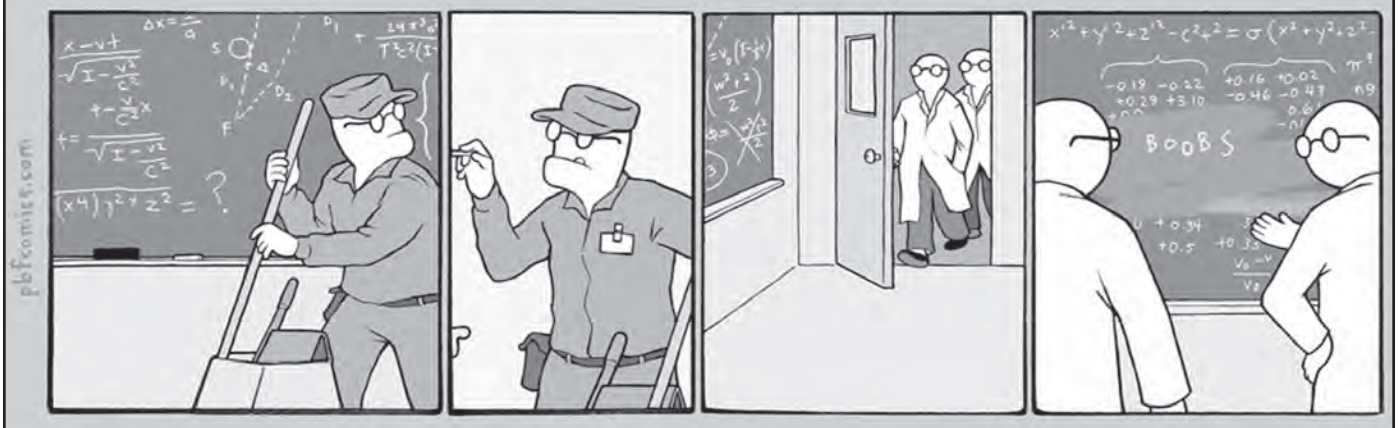
Scorpio, I'm glad to see you've finally broken with tradition and decided to fill your own cavity.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21)

Sagittarius, I think Dostoevsky put it best when he said, "Sagittarius, you're a dildo."

THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH

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IN A WORLD WHERE
WOMEN WERE AS
HORNY AS THEM

NOW THEY CAN...
Prevent Carpal Tunnel...
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CA Santa Monica Co-Opportunity
CA Santa Monica Westside News
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CO Aurora Aurora Newsland
CO Durango Magpies Newsstand Café
CO Westminster Westminster Newsland

CT New Haven News Haven
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DC Washington Newsroom

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GA Athens Barnett's Newsstand

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IL Evanston Chicago-Main Newsstand
IL Westmont Carol Westmont Magazine and News

IN Bloomington Book Corner

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MN Duluth Sunhillow Books

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NH Portsmouth Market Square News

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NM Albuquerque Newsland

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NY Amherst On The Rox Liquor and Wine
NY Amherst Pizza Plant
NY Buffalo Allentown Music
NY Buffalo Antique Man
NY Buffalo Broadway Joe's
NY Buffalo Café 59
NY Buffalo Century Grill
NY Buffalo Cowpok
NY Buffalo Fletcher's Grill
NY Buffalo Holley Farms Market, Allen St.
NY Buffalo Joe's Service Center Elmwood
NY Buffalo Lexington Cooperative Market
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NY Buffalo Off The Wall
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NY Buffalo Spot Coffee
NY Buffalo Stache
NY Buffalo Talking Leaves
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