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# BEAST



ISSUE #123 ~ February, 2008  
[www.buffalobeast.com](http://www.buffalobeast.com)

We vomit our bile and call it a newspaper

## PRIMARY FEVER!



## A SICKENING REPORT FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

**THRILL** at the theft of cardboard Reagan!

**MARVEL** at the chase of David Gregory!

**VOMIT** at the sight of Dana Bash!

# Separated at birth?



Mike Huckabee...



...and Gomer Pyle?



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## *From the desk of Cardboard Reagan*

My fellow Americans,

Weeeelllll, I come to you with a heavy heart and corrugated soul. On the evening of January 5, 2008 in Manchester, New Hampshire I was kidnapped by evil BEAST forces. I had been watching the presidential debate with a few hundred of my closest friends from *The National Review Online* when I was forced out of the Radisson ballroom and into an unmarked Prius.

My captors are treating me weeeelllll, and I haven't been harmed. Though, they say this good fortune may change unless their demands are executed to the letter: 1) Jonah Goldberg, Ramesh Ponnuru and Byron York must triple-bugger William F. Buckley; 2) Said atrocity must be video taped, rotoscoped, and the frames turned into a convenient pocket-sized flipbook; 3) Print 100 copies of said flipbook, at which point they must be divided evenly between Goldberg, Ponnuru and York, and crammed up their asses—the extra one is for the Library of Congress; 4) Goldberg, Ponnuru and York must waddled nude down Pennsylvania Avenue, defecating a flipbook every ten feet and repeatedly wailing “Me so stupi’!”; 5) The humiliating march must be videotaped, rotoscoped, and the entire process repeated—this time at a Denny’s of your choice.

These BEAST fiends are serious, please do what they ask, for the good of the nation and for the good of my cardboard legacy. Weeeelllll, I know you *National Review* boys won’t let me down.

God Bless,

*Cardboard Ronald Reagan*

P.S. Say hi to the Contras for me!



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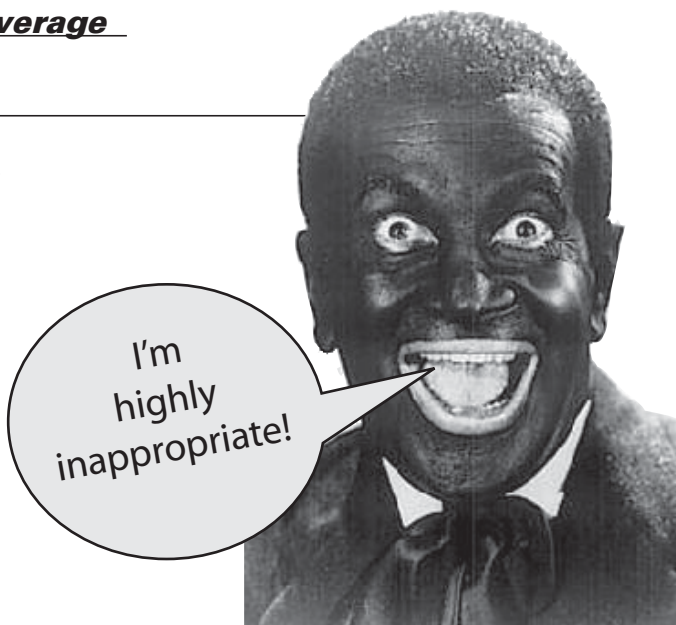
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# Dumb as Dixie

## The manly myth of South Carolina politics

By Allan Uthman

**W**ith the back to back primaries in South Carolina occurring last week and this week, respectively, campaign coverage is awash with transparent admiration for the revolting tactics the state has become famous for. The most virile and violent political adjectives are out in full force: South Carolina politics is a tough, bare-knuckle, below the belt, heavyweight, blood-sport slugfest, we're told. The *New York Times*, for instance, hails the "long, and infamous, tradition of hardball political attacks" on "the bloody political battlefields of South Carolina." Cable TV pundits salivate over the "rough and tumble" tactics in the state.

But why is it really that presidential campaigns pull out their dirtiest, most detestable tricks in South Carolina? Why, after all, do they reserve their metaphorical brawn only for this one primary?

The answer is simple: South Carolinians are idiots. They are in fact so stupid that they'll believe any bullshit story you can deliver to them third class. They are stupid enough to believe that John McCain worked for the Viet Cong. They are stupid enough to believe Mike Huckabee when he says he has "nothing to do" with a group that just happened to be push-polling on his behalf, despite his apparent protestations. They're dumb enough to believe Obama is a secret agent of the Taleban. They're dumb enough to believe Mitt Romney is an alien-human hybrid—oh wait, that one's true.

You may not agree with me, but it's clear that political campaign strategists do. Why didn't the Bush campaign try the much-hallowed "McCain has an illegitimate black baby" hoax in Iowa or New Hampshire in 2000? Because those people are not dumb enough to believe it. Perhaps they're also



*US Americans agree, this  
bitch is stupid*

not racist enough for it to have made a difference, but isn't racism really just an effect of stupidity anyway?

If you watch how the candidates tailor their messages for South Carolina, a pattern emerges. Mike Huckabee, who'd been all smiles and warm, welcoming hugs before, got to South Carolina and started belching fire and brimstone, calling for changes to the constitution to bring it in line with the Old Testament, and defending the confederate flag, an old and well-coded symbol of racism.

There's no bones about it: South Carolinians are, by and large, idiots. Sorry, but it is just objectively true.

Remember that beauty queen who achieved fleeting fame a few months ago for her submoronic response to a question, appropriately enough, about America's shameful educational deficit regarding geography? You know, "U.S. Americans, South Africa, and the Iraq,

such as?" Guess what state she was from? That's right, Miss Teen South Carolina.

Think about that girl once again. How incomprehensible her speech was—almost non-lingual. That girl is South Carolina. Do you think she'd do any fact-checking if she got an e-mail about Obama refusing to say the pledge of allegiance?

Another example of "hardball" campaigning in South Carolina is a phony "happy holidays" card from Mitt Romney, which was sent to many voters in the state last month. The card, falsely purporting to be sent from the "Boston Massachusetts Temple," features a quotation from the Book of Mormon which ends, "In the city of Nazareth I beheld a virgin, and she was exceedingly fair and white," with "fair and white" bolded and in a larger font size. Another quote, from a 19<sup>th</sup> century Mormon leader, declares that "God the Father had a plurality of wives."

Now think about this: If you got that card,

raising so many conservative red flags about Mormons (polygamy, religious racism) and liberals (Massachusetts, "War on Christmas") would you think it was really Romney? Would you think Romney and his advisors were so politically stupid as to do that? No. No you wouldn't. You're not that stupid, unless you're from South Carolina.

Of course, Romney's down in the filth too, having hired former Bush political consultant Warren Tompkins, the man most suspected of having started the rumors about McCain's "black baby" in 2000. For this flatly disgusting stratagem, Tompkins is lauded by the *Times* as "a

legendary tough-playing Republican strategist." He defends the tactic to Bloomberg News by saying, "It worked, didn't it?" He's quoted by ABC as saying, "If you can't run with the big dogs, stay on the porch." Romney and his new smear specialist Tompkins may, or may not, be behind what is probably the most repellent attack of this year's South Carolina shit-throwing contest, a foul, easily debunked mailer falsely accusing John McCain of collaborating with his Vietnamese captors and betraying his country. Again, most Americans would be appalled, and there's a reason such asinine lies are reserved for the knuckle-dragging voters of South Carolina.

"Tough playing." "Big dogs." There it is again, the equation of exploiting idiocy to toughness and masculinity. This framing of underhanded, dishonorable, craven bullshit as tough and savvy pervades virtually all coverage of South Carolina, and it is goddamn ridiculous.

Let's get it straight: It's not "bare-knuckle," or "tough," or "below the belt." It's not "cutthroat" or a "slugfest," it's just stupid—really, really stupid. It's not to be lionized or celebrated; it's to be lamented and excoriated. Lying to uneducated, gullible morons is not tough, manly or admirable; it's fucking easy, and these scumbags would do it all the time if they thought they could get away with it. But they can only get away with it in the Deep South, where literacy is optional and critical thinking is the devil's work. Tompkins is right: These smears work, because they depend on the unthinking credulity of confederate yokels.

They also work because one thing you won't often find the press doing is attributing any of these attacks to the campaigns that surreptitiously sponsor them. Is Romney really behind the McCain slur? Is Clinton behind the flood of libelous e-mails about Obama? We'll probably never know for sure.

While it can be difficult to verify, some connections are obvious. For instance, when a pro-Huckabee non-profit, which shares major donors with Huckabee, blankets a state with dishonest, illegal automated push-poll phone calls attacking the other candidates, all Huckabee has to do to keep his name clean is say, "that's their business," and "I wish they would stop." This paper-thin denial apparently provided enough cover for the Creationist candidate to feign angelic innocence at his South Carolina concession speech where he added insult to injury: "One of the things I'm proud of," he said, "is that those of us, the two of us who finished at the top, ran a campaign with a level of civility, without attacking each other... I had rather be where I am and have done it with honor than to have won with the dishonor of attacking somebody else."

The crowd cheered. Nary a peep about the Huckster's hypocrisy in the press. Hey, that's just how the big dogs roll in South Carolina.

**BEAST**

# THE BEAST PAGE 5

## *Chaos-inciting prank*

**Name:** "I am coming to you... You will explode in a couple of minutes."

**Turn-ons:** Misguided torpedo fire, the Gulf of Tonkin, worldwide panic, the Jerky Boys.

**Turn-offs:** Foreign press, speed boats, maritime quietude.



### How I got to be The

**BEAST Page 5 Chaos-inciting prank:** Well, when you're bored and living in Iran, and your radio picks up an American battleship off the coast, and they sound upset about a boat coming too close, well, what else can a guy do but try to scare the infidel out of them and get the bombings over with already? Come on, listen to me; I'm hilarious! And extremely dangerous! My creator, radio heckler "the Filipino Monkey," has been harassing ships in the Strait of Hormuz for 25 years, but I'm his greatest hit yet!

**Future Plans:** I'm planning on being invoked by every 9/11 conspiracy theorist on the web to bolster their "false flag" arguments, but I think my time in the mainstream has run out. Oh well, I had a good run.

**How I'd like to be remembered:** As a seriously great prank, and an inspiring reminder that one dedicated, obnoxious jerk really can change the course of history. Almost.





**MANCHESTER, NH—the corner of Elm and Bridge (A long way from Anbar province).** Giuliani supporters are entrenched to the northwest; Hillary backers occupy the southwest and east corners. In the northeast, tribal factions for Romney, Huckabee and Ron Paul battle for frozen real estate. Each army's soldiers hold signs like highly skilled professionals. Traffic is crawling. It's a general quagmire—all options are ugly.

"Vote cardboard Reagan!" Murphy stumped with the gusto of a veteran carnival barker, crossing against the light, carrying a life-sized Gipper cut-out and halting cars with his palm. "America's ready for its first two-dimensional president!" He was in a manic state, a granite state.

By some secular miracle, Murphy had acquired free accommodations for himself and Jones in Manchester—hub of the quadrennial media orgy—by posting a sexy plea on the New Hampshire Craigslist "Casual Encounters" section. The title read: "2 randy journalists seek laid back women - mm4ww - 28 (Manchester)." There was hope for America, yet.

"How much for Reagan?" a man bid, tucking a Romney sign underarm and smarmily reaching for his wallet.

"Sir, cardboard Reagan is not for sale," Murphy rebuffed indignantly. "How dare you insinuate such a thing! Sir, I will have you know that I have met Mitt Romney, and he, Sir, is no cardboard Reagan."

"Reagan! Reagan! Reagan! Reagan!" cheered the Giuliani corner on cue, catching sight of their inanimate hero.

"Oow, he's ta-wall," a woman lustfully remarked, waving a Rudy sign. Her friend agreed with a wanton lick of her brightly painted lips. Cardboard Reagan was polling well with women.

"That's my candidate—the only candidate!" bellowed a bearded man in a honking blue pickup—a key endorsement. Romanian newsmen rushed to interview cardboard Reagan. There was a definite buzz surrounding cardboard Reagan. People up here were glad to see a man of substance finally entering the Republican race.

"America is ready for its first corrugated president!" Murphy shouted, pumping cardboard Reagan in the air—ill-gotten trophy that he was. Paranoid as always, Jones was scanning the crowd for the swarthy enemies of cardboard Reagan—or its previous owners. He wore a long black overcoat and mirrored shades. He held a finger to his right ear and periodically spoke into his left sleeve, parodying a Secret Service agent.

"Move back, honey," he calmly instructed a small girl who'd, apparently, gotten a bit too close to cardboard Reagan.

"Cardboard people can't be president," she

protested—the vicious attack of a young Hillary supporter.

"Security is compromised," Jones alerted his cuff. "Let's get you out of here, Mister Cardboard President," he directed, ushering Murphy and cardboard Reagan to the west end of Elm. "The eagle has landed," Jones confirmed to his wrist once they stepped on to the sidewalk. "Roger that," he said to himself. "I'm going to walk the perimeter, sir," Jones told cardboard Reagan, vanishing behind a used Giuliani campaign Winnebago. The RV still bore the fat, bald head of the local politician who'd sold it, a large Rudy sticker only partially obscuring his repugnant visage.

"Vote cardboard Reagan!" Murphy screamed repeatedly. "America's ready for its first cardboard president!" He wondered what had become of Jones, and why he was acting so peculiar. He feared his friend may have come down with the dreaded Primary Fever. Soon, he would begin to display serious symptoms. Murphy knew he was infected too. He stared sullenly at the slush.

"Hey, who do ya got there?" a condescending voice roused Murphy from his brooding. It was Fox News mannequin Bill Hemmer. Murphy looked around in desperation for his Secret Service detail.

"This is cardboard Reagan, of course," replied Murphy. "He's the only serious Republican in the race right now."

This amused Hemmer. "What does cardboard Reagan mean to you and the people of New Hampshire?" he prodded, thrusting a microphone in Murphy's face.



**Above: Bill Hemmer of FoxNews interviews cardboard Reagan**  
**Below: Murphy looking freshly molested**



“Flat tax,” Murphy extemporized, turning cardboard Reagan sideways for the camera with a grin.

“That’s great,” Hemmer remarked. “Did you just make that up?”

“Yup,” Murphy bragged.

“OK, let’s do this again,” Hemmer barked at his cameraman. The camera panned up from cardboard Reagan’s feet. “What does cardboard Reagan mean to you and the people of New Hampshire—a flat tax?”

Stunned at Hemmer’s shameless thievery, Murphy prattled on about “the cardboard myth, the cardboard man, the cardboard legend,” adding, “cardboard Reagan makes Romney look like paper Reagan.” It dawned on him that Hemmer’s whole

career likely consisted of plagiarizing any line he could from smarter people and claiming it for himself—that and obsessive cardio training, copious teeth whitening, and an unbridled desire to rim his corporate masters.

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“I hope she doesn’t kill us,” Jones half-jested, scratching his irritated neckline and taking Murphy’s bag. “She doesn’t expect us to... perform, does she?”

“Only if we’re lucky, buddy,” Murphy whooped, slamming the hatchback closed.

“Watch it!” Jones winced. “And try to keep your shoes on the mat,” he murmured, slipping quickly into the driver seat. This

assignment marked Jones’s triumphant, albeit begrudging, return to journalism. He’d spent the better part of the last two years in Providence, keeping a day job and hating himself. Murphy closed the passenger door with exaggerated gentility and obediently placed his feet where instructed, careful not to offend the man he’d pestered into this trip.

“Because I’m not doing any kinky three-way shit,” Jones snapped, pulling away from the curb at Logan. “Why didn’t you just fly into Manchester?”

“I dunno,” Murphy said meekly. “I’ve never seen Boston before...”

“Boston is Lucifer’s toilet—it reeks of evil!” Jones guffawed. “Ha, ha, ha—I mean, what kind of woman invites two perfect strangers into her home? I hope she’s not insane.”

“She seems alright,” Murphy said coolly. “She said she wouldn’t fuck us, so you don’t have to worry about it, man. She just wants to help out—the free press and all that jazz.”

“What?” Jones crooned, perplexed. “Not even separately? What kind of woman invites two perfect strangers into her home and doesn’t put out? Fucking Puritans!”

“Sorry, dude,” Murphy spoke with a frown, reading the map. As Jones navigated the car around Bean Town’s infamous collapsed tunnel, the two lamented the state of their declining nation: Infrastructure was literally crumbling from coast to coast, there was a despicable war sold on lies, and citizens continued to be fucked by corporate and governmental malfeasance—but the news cycle was crammed with celebrity nonsense, incessant primary speculation and manufactured controversies.

“They all have Primary Fever,” Murphy joked of the press as they headed north.

“I hope we don’t catch it,” Jones chuckled, his mood improving. Maybe the decision to quit his steady-paying gig wasn’t a terrible mistake after all, he thought. Heading out of Boston, the duo were inspired with feelings of hope and change, and they hoped that wouldn’t change.

After getting lost in a skein of 3’s, 93’s and 293’s, they reached Elm Street, Manchester’s main drag. Snowdrifts necessitated parking almost mid-street. The town would remain in this state of



niveous encrustation for their entire stay, the towering deposits darkening gradually over the proceeding days with dirt and tailpipe emissions. What little melting occurred resulted in ubiquitous, fordless rivers of sludge that sullied every step with an indelible filth. It was the ideal destination for America's political elite.

"A vote for Hillary is a vote for death!" moralized a craven throng of pro-lifers, unfurling an enormous full-color banner of a dismembered fetus.

"Woool!" Murphy jeered, sticking his head out the passenger window as Jones slowed for traffic. "Chopped up fetus for president!"

"No..." objected several befuddled zealots, as Jones hit the gas.

"Speaking of which," Murphy said, pulling his head back in the car, "I'm starving."

"This looks okay," assessed Jones, peering laboriously through the thick grime of a sandwich shop window.

If anything, the fog of accumulations had a beneficently prismatic effect. Inside, The Stuffed Sub was much grottier. Everything was gray—the signage, the customers, and especially the personnel. Stephen King's prolificacy as a horror writer only seems impressive until you've visited enough New England burgs. The weather and Puritanism discolor everyone with Carpathian bloodlessness, making macabre imagery the region's greatest natural resource.

Jones and Murphy reflexively grabbed copies of the free local papers and slid in line. Jones, thumbing through *The Hippo*—Manchester's "alternative" paper—spied a standard, distortive illustration of Democratic candidate Dennis Kucinich the man's oversized ears rendered elfishly in obvious contrast to the bland caricatures of the other presidential hopefuls. Perusing the primary preview article, he encountered this quote from UNH professor Andy Smith, explaining Iowa's influence on the upcoming vote: "Losing an election is not a sign of electability." Further down, Smith reiterated that voters "want an electable candidate." The folks at *The Hippo* really bucked the status quo.

"I'm so sick of this anti-Kucinich bullshit," Jones remarked to his partner. "It's obvious Heightism!" Murphy looked down at his diminutive companion, questioning with his eyebrow.

"Heightism, man! It's the single greatest—and least recognized—prejudice that's plagued human..."

A priggish snort at their backs startled them. Turning, they observed a monstrous female form, like a bipedal musk ox. Her nostrils billowed, but she said nothing. Jones noted with a surreptitious glance at the badge on her seamless fleece covering that she was a member of "Nurses for Hillary." Support for the charmed Hillary, he surmised, had the power to confer a false sense of superiority—perhaps even the delusion of outward beauty—on society's most wretched elements. It would certainly explain her strong poll

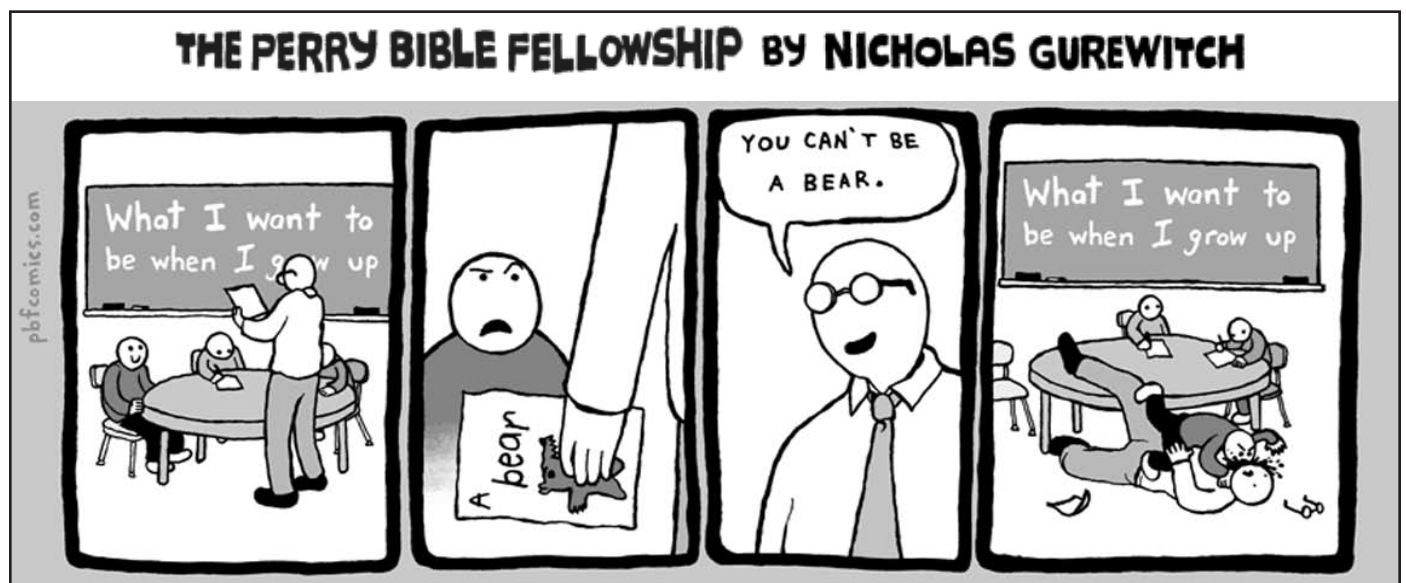
numbers.

Seated, Jones regarded his would-be lunch reluctantly. The sign had a promised a "vegetarian delight" full of "fresh vegetables." Also, it was the only meatless item on the menu. But he was staring at a brittle pouch crammed haphazardly with a packet of frozen herbage—perhaps still in its packaging, or else slathered with an iridescent cheese mimicking plastic's scent and consistency when heated. Like a man saddled with a hideous mistress, Jones was desperate to extend foreplay with this item indefinitely.

"Who do you like in the primary?" he asked the man behind the counter. This was a risk, of course. They'd only just arrived in town, and had no idea how the locals regarded open political discussion.

"Me? I like Obama," he said, smiling thinly. The dense murk of his bifocals gave only the merest hint of eyes and exacerbated his overall flannelled cadaverousness. Still, it was an encouraging answer. He appended nonspecifically, as so many of his ilk do, that he mistrusted Hillary. "She just doesn't seem genuine," is how he put it. He seemed enthused by this spontaneous question and elaborated freely. "I just think the country needs hope," he continued, "And I'm really worried about our young people." He sounded politically astute, or at least as if he'd been polishing his sound bites, perhaps angling for a "common man" blurb in the *Times*.

"And Giuliani. I like him on the Republican side—the way he handled 9/11."





Jones furrowed his brow. Obama...and Giuliani? "What's your most important issue?" he asked, hoping to reconcile this seeming ideological schizophrenia.

"Integrity," the man replied. Murphy reflexively stopped his ears.

"Huh," Jones accepted limply.

"Yeah, integrity is most important. I'm an independent," he added.

*Independent.* The classic New Hampshire catchall. It's either the first or the last thing people tell you here, when you're assessing their political predilections. Perhaps it's pure self-defense from the national onslaught. But the notion of the "Live Free or Die" state as some nonconformist paradise, if it was ever true, must have suffered from a devastating perversion of the local stock in the generations since General John Stark jotted his famous note.

Independence is an irrecoverably debased concept around here, the salient pathology of this self-identifying cloister. One soon discovers it is intended by today's inhabitants to excuse every untenable coupling of candidates and ideas, to titivate every slapdash "analysis" of our most pressing national issues, and, perhaps most usefully, to obscure prejudgments in an ink-cloud of glibness. There's a perfectly ignoble reason splitting one's conscience between Obama and Giuliani strikes the ear so harshly: It's idiocy.

Especially when the criterion is integrity. You can be impressed by Giuliani's ruthless post-9/11 transformation as the world's largest vulture, battenning voraciously on the corpses of American victims, but it hardly qualifies him as a model of probity. New Hampshire wasn't a hotbed of individualism; an overdose of freedom had simply corrupted the populace in one sprawling incestuous political bacchanal. It was long overdue for a sobering military junta.

For now, though, it remained only for Jones to finish his sandwich. He looked down at the cooling, congealing mass and swallowed hard. Murphy, naturally braver, had already eaten half of his meatball sub and was reserving the rest. Jones would need to learn new skills, adapt quickly, to survive this assignment. The first skill was to eat without pleasure—without tasting. He sank his teeth gingerly into the pocket. He would need to learn faster.

"Don't let it get to you," Murphy advised his cringing mate. "All these people really want is to be on the winning team. They'd callous their fingertips voting for Tom Brady if they could."

The temperature hovering at zero Fahrenheit, they briefly toured the town with their Manchester liaison and host. The highlight was New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson's campaign office, which was housed in a small plaza between a Weight Watchers and a Mexican restaurant. Their first day on the ground had troubled them—the general populace

emitting rote talking points like a collection of ambulatory TiVos. They went back to BEAST New Hampshire headquarters to cut out the middleman and interview the television directly.

"Uncynical!" balked Jones, angrily fingering through the pages of his dictionary. "It's not in here!" He already knew it wasn't a word. Jones slammed the book closed; he was clearly upset. David Gregory is Jones's natural archenemy: He's tall, successful and a well-plowed media whore; Jones is none of those things, though he hopes to someday become them.

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She'd been catechizing Jones and his colleague, Murphy, for the last thirty minutes, scanning their grimly inscrutable faces for something confessional. "Who are you with?" she'd started, quickly answering herself, "You're Giuliani's people, aren't you?" Frowning at their silence, she wondered aloud if they were Democrats. "It's okay, I'm a Democrat," she offered. Then she lowered her head and leaned in close, as if examining something very minute.

She'd spotted their buttons. Murphy's proclaimed bluntly, across the candidate's image, that he was "Horny for Huckabee."

"Ohhh, you're the gays!" she exclaimed breathily, her eyes rolling wildly with misapprehension.

Jones reddened, palming the homemade Huckabee campaign badge on his lapel self-consciously. Like any sexless American male, he'd endured the queer libel numberless times. This was a different, discomfiting attack of unreason: His emblem depicted the major stages of human evolution over the slogan "Homos for Huckabee."

Now she was twisting in her chair, childlike, clutching the seatback with her hands and eyeing the two journo's with mounting fascination. They'd been in New Hampshire less than twenty-four hours. Jones grimaced and wondered: How had things gone so wrong, so fast?

He left despair unvoiced, however, and instead studied his inquisitor with reciprocal awe. She was middle-aged and, perhaps fittingly, wore a leather jerkin





# It's all about the beans.



*Coffee so fresh, we post the roasting date right in our cafe!*

Delaware at Chippewa | Elmwood at Cleveland  
and in the lobby of Sheridan Meadows North at Sheridan and Transit  
200 East Avenue @ Matthews in Rochester





**Above: Mike Huckabee “rock[s] the town”**  
**Below: Kung fu master battles progressive tax ninjas**



with chiffon sleeves—a sort of medieval slattern. Fantasy, not politics, was all too obviously her dearest pastime. He imagined her now: a lonely renaissance fair groupie drowning herself at the mead stand, fondling teenage varlets under their tunics. And he boggled at the lack of security assembled for the appearance of a candidate for President of the United States.

CNN’s Dana Bash was circling the gym at New England College, informally surveying the expectant crowd. Her deadened, aquatic eyes and compressed head made her look like one of Innsmouth’s fish people. Jones sank involuntarily in his seat. Bash stooped to question the Wench, then crossed the aisle to repeat her shtick. She scrupulously eschewed the grubby twosome, deftly avoiding Jones’s horrified stare. Whether this was her reporter’s instinct—or merely her fish-feminine

intuition—neither luckless BEASTER could say with certainty. It wasn’t the last professional discourtesy they’d be paid in New Hampshire.

At the far end of the row, NBC’s Kelly O’Donnell was bending over to ask another spectator something. Jones debonairly averted his gaze, simultaneously alerting Murphy with an elbow, to ensure a detailed recounting of her gingered cleavage. All he heard were Murphy’s approving grunts, and he opted not to turn his head that way either. On stage, a local band, Mama Kicks, began warming up the crowd with some perfunctory grooves.

“You should have made more buttons to sell,” the Wench opined. “You would’ve cleaned up. This is the gay capital of New Hampshire.” She was referring to the tiny town of Henniker, home of the college. This was all Jones could stand of her

officials theorizing.

“Look, that’s not what my pin means,” he retorted tetchily. “I’m referring to evolution—you know: Homo habilis, Homo erectus...”

“No, you’re not,” she said, closing her eyes and wagging her unkempt sandy hair with solemn, almost maternal certitude. Secretly, silently, he envied her potty conviction. The governor’s arrival rescued him from the perils of further introspection.

Arkansas Governor Mike Huckabee ascended the stage, a look of mild shock permanently smearing his face, with his most famous booster—martial artist, Bruce Lee pupil and action movie hero Chuck Norris, in tow. The crowd, which had scarcely registered a pulse for Mama Kicks, convulsed with cheers. Huckabee promised to “rock the town,” and promptly assumed bass guitar duties. He thrummed meditatively through three or four oldies with the band, without apparent enthusiasm and still wearing his sport jacket. He didn’t freewheel and he didn’t fuck up—altogether, a very politic performance.

The stage cleared for Norris, who competed for the air with adolescents shouting largely insincere praise from the bleachers to his left, as well as with a few much older hecklers behind Murphy and Jones. A true asshole, Norris absorbed it all with one outsized, undiscerning grin.

For a man who rejects the tenets of human evolution, he paced the stage with uncommon erectness, exuding absolute authority. His shoulders never slackened. His face, with its close-trimmed beard, looked like it had been acid peeled to simulate the effects of extensive sandblasting. He was rather like a human collectible, who slumbers on his feet atop a custom-made pedestal, encased in clamshell packaging.

“What do you make of his bulge?” Jones asked, turning to Murphy.

“What? What are you talking about?” replied Murphy, bewildered.

“His crotch, I mean. It doesn’t look that big.”

“So?”



"Well, I recall his wife during an appearance on Stern, reassuring the audience he was massively hung."

"Just let it go," ordered Murphy, jabbing his head at the Wench, who thankfully seemed to have missed the exchange.

Jones dropped the matter, but he couldn't shake his disappointment. He'd anticipated a real spectacle, an organ of prehistoric proportions befitting a denier of man's genetic heritage. Something with its own Social Security number and handgun. He peered over at Murphy's other button, bearing Norris's Uzi-toting likeness under the action movie laconism, "Who are you calling primate?" and sulked. Chuck was fallibly, phallically human, after all.

Norris boasted briefly about the column he writes for WorldNetDaily. "WorldNetDaily...They believe in dragons," Murphy murmured with disgust. "I'm not kidding." Then Norris revealed that three months ago, he'd never even heard of Mike Huckabee. Presumably, this fact was intended to both augment Norris's reputation as a man of quick and firm resolve, and underscore Huckabee's considerable fitness for America's top job. But it simply made Jones wonder what the fuck Chuck Norris was doing avidly promoting Mike Huckabee for President.

Chuck concluded his introductory remarks, finishing with a ridiculous anecdote about a nameless Arabian prince hoarding American merchandise on a stateside tax-free shopping spree—a sloppy pastiche of demagoguery. Jones noticed Gena Norris for the first time. Seated behind her husband on the stage, Gena was nodding her platinum head dutifully along with every syllable her husband spoke, even jolting her cranium turbulently as he emphasized a point with his outstretched arm. She was a like an underfed seal bobbing beneath a dangled mackerel. For an instant, Jones saw her disembodied head bouncing along, like a dot, in sync over a sequence of closed captioning.

As Governor Huckabee rose to accept the microphone, Jones's eyes remained fixed on Mrs. Norris. The governor adopted the same speaking pose, using his free hand to gesture. Gena immediately lapsed into her fellatory trance. *She must have a pitbull's neck tendons*, Jones thought. He was distinctly aware of a nascent, unwelcome stirring in his pants and he twisted in

his seat with the considerable effort of concealment.

Huckabee's preaching obviated his exertions. The "populist" candidate was declaiming against the unfairness of the capital gains tax. Taxes on stock earnings were "unfair?" Had the press heard this shit before? Sure, Huckabee was a gifted orator, but such sentiments were tough to couch in appeals to the

commoner. Perhaps already keenly aware of this, Huckabee compensated by humbly revealing that his family in Arkansas was scarcely a generation removed from "dirt poor" and "outdoor toilets." Still, it would have resonated more if he'd played a washtub bass instead of an electric. Jones scanned the room, gazing behind him at the cyclopean array of black cameras; Nietzsche was right, as usual: The abyss does stare back.

## BEAST Campaign Buttons: COLLECT THEM ALL!



Energized by the applause, Huckabee plowed ahead, pitching extensive tax reform in the guise of a “Fair Tax”—in other words, a flat consumption tax, favored by Americans for Fair Taxation, a group founded by Texas millionaires. Not exactly a constituency noted for their egalitarian leanings.

Jones and Murphy looked at one another. They’d been rooked. Mike Huckabee was a “populist” in the same way P.T. Barnum was a “populist.” They’d come here hoping to prod the faithful and revel in the candidate’s benighted creationist superstitions. Jones, thwarted, unclasped the Huckabee button from his lapel.

“Ow!” he yelped, jabbing himself with the pin in the thumb. The bigger joke had been on them, but they weren’t laughing.

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Murphy and Jones herded into the William B. Cashin Community Center in Manchester, accepting the obligatory Romney stickers for their coats. This dazed assembly line of mostly supporters made the perfect tribute to the former CEO: orderly and anonymous. In this small space, seats filled quickly and the two moved toward empty chairs in the back.

“What up, Cillizza?” Murphy hectoring a WaPo reporter as they struggled to pass each other in the cramped hall. “Does all this ever make you nauseous?”

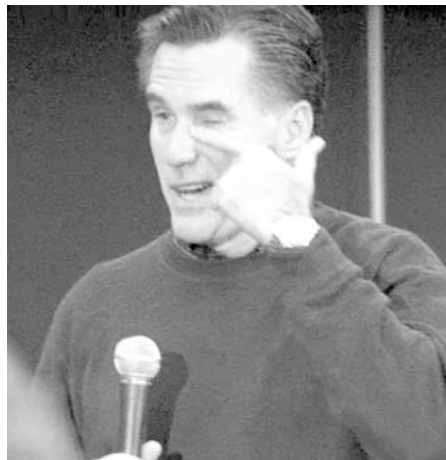
“No—I LOVE IT!” Chris Cillizza spoke with frantic, sarcastically wide eyes. It looked like he hadn’t slept in days. Jones overheard a blonde with an unwieldy head identify herself as a CNN reporter. A wall of cameras lined the back of the room atop a riser. Behind it was a darkened Bingo board.

Speakers pumped in Journey’s “Don’t Stop Believin’,” the second time they’d endured the track in a matter of hours. Jones feared further exposure might give him a cavity.

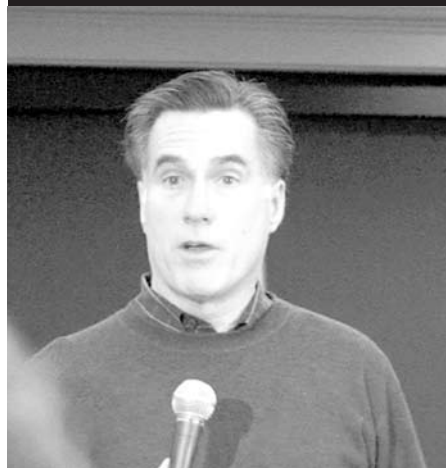
“What makes ‘the smell of wine and cheap perfume’ such indispensable political imagery?” he demanded irritably.

The official title for tonight’s event was “Ask Mitt Anything.” Jones and Murphy scoffed at what seemed a transparent

campaign stunt, but they’d jotted down some potential queries for the former governor. They agreed that if given the chance, one should ask him to reconcile his absurd Mormon belief system with his desire to control the world’s largest nuclear



*A classic Romney tell*



*“ERROR... ERROR... DOES NOT COMPUTE.”*

arsenal. Even less subtly, Murphy yearned to know if Romney had ever buggered a hobo for sport. Of course, they’d given no consideration to their appearance—which by nighttime could most charitably be called “gritty”—or its consequences for their access.

Aesthetics, of course, were paramount. Romney, more than any candidate, has benefited from the press’s uncritical repetition of the idea he’s handsome, telegenic—*presidential*, to employ the non sequitur. The truth is, in a race that features the first viable black and female

candidates for highest office, Romney is only a certain kind of attractive. His gathered supporters at the Cashin building were almost uniformly Teutonic in stature and aloofness. It was *Triumph des Willens* with shitty tippers in pastels.

Whether or not Romney looks like a president, he sounds like a fucking moron. He’s so stiffly inept as a public speaker—as a human really—he makes John Kerry seem like Richard Pryor. Listen to him long enough and you expect him to break down in a smoldering heap, intoning, “Fatal error! Fatal error! Unhandled access violation!”

Murphy and Jones stared at one another in trepidation, as Romney spilled gems such as “I’ve seen how change can change an industry,” and “We’re working with the Sunni to help us get rid of Iraq.” And, most revealing, his demand that “the Muslim world reject the violence directed against the civilized world.” They looked around at the army of press assembled, but no one seemed particularly interested in writing any of it down. Certainly none of those quotes appeared in any press accounts of the event. The only stirring at all came from a reporter with expansive crow’s-feet and pert nipples, seated on the riser, who kept jabbing her cameraman reprovingly with her pen.

As for the crowd, nothing could dampen their eagerness for Romney’s steroidal Reagonomics. As Mitt reached the crescendo of his economic “reform” package, promising with measured intensity to cut federal spending, a woman cried out orgasmically, “Yes...yes...yes!” The room erupted with her. Everyone was having what she was having.

As the event concluded, the true believers crowded Mitt, jostled for shaky digital photos and a chance to fawn. Temptingly, Romney was continuing to field questions from the public; Jones ran the velvet-roped gauntlet, lying in ambush at the door. As the former governor exited, Jones blurted provocatively “Mr. Romney, is politics poisoning money?” But the candidate was rattled by a squat, ghoulish AIDS activist who’d been hounding him on the NH trail. He missed the taunt, shook Jones’s hand absently and fled.

Afterwards, Murphy and Jones cornered Robert Guest, a limey capitalist lickspittle covering the Republican contest for *The Economist*. Murphy had been



eavesdropping on Guest's interview with a smooth-brained female seated behind them.

"I'm undecided," she told the Brit. "I'm here to do research." The notion that she believed she could "research" a candidate by absorbing platitudes saddened Murphy. "Romney is an attractive man," she went on, "I'll admit it." Christ.

Guest expressed overt jealousy of his senior colleague, for choosing to cover the "more exciting Democratic race." He then noted the BEAST correspondents' homemade Romney paraphernalia, with pictures of Mitt saying "Kill the poor" and pleading that "Robots are people, too." Guest would later mention these accessories in an article from the campaign trail, prefacing his observation that Romney was failing "to connect with those less blessed." Heartwarming stuff. He was actually polite and accommodating, if slavishly complimentary about America—and smitten with Mike Huckabee—before degenerating into that quaintly British style of self-interrogation.

"It does, doesn't it?" he said noncommittally, slightly uneasily, of Murphy's assertion that his "Ask me about my favorite Mormon" pin "gets people talking about the candidate."

"You're just normal people?" Guest asked, obviously suspicious.

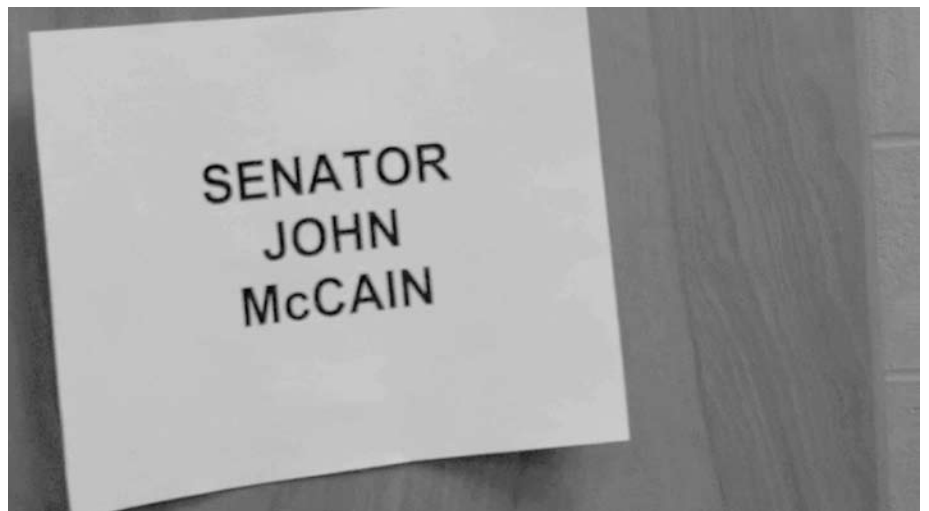
"Uh... yeah," Murphy responded, looking at the ceiling. In that particular environment, the question was meaningless.

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Anselm: Patron Saint of Bullshit.

"Can I help you Gentlemen find something?" asked a female guard, shattering the quiet. Murphy and Jones had outflanked campus security to the west; they were now in restricted territory. They'd been walking for half an hour and made one dashed attempt to enter the debate spin room. After being barred at the metal detectors and straining to overhear a conversation between Tom Tancredo and Bay Buchanan, the two were back outside, wandering aimlessly. The cold and double-X chromosome Buchanan had made Murphy's testicles retreat into his abdomen—cut-n-runners!

"Um... we're OK," Jones lied, trying to



*Behind the scenes, and behind the fence, at the Saint Anselm debate*



avoid the woman's curiosity.

"Just to let you know, the Democrat building is right there," she said unprompted, pointing. "And the Republican one is right over there," she said with an unsuspecting smile. The woman had just given the men the whereabouts of all of the campaigns' staff offices. Their devious hearts rejoiced.

"Surge!" Murphy commanded, his balls redeploying with vigor.

Slipping through an unlocked door and squeaking their wet shoes up two flights of stairs, the now trespassing reporters made their way down a brightly lit hallway. Each wooden classroom door had a name on it: Huckabee, Romney, Giuliani, etc. Inside, mid and high-level Republican campaign staffers were watching a live debate feed, dipping vegetables and eating cheese

cubes. Periodically, applause would ring from a room as they rooted on their goons.

Each impromptu campaign office was crammed, save for McCain's, which was totally empty. They entered. Murphy took a load off, his eyes immediately drawn to the crucifix hanging over the front chalkboard. Jones picked up the landline and started dialing phone sex numbers, but was unable to connect, much to his consternation. He settled for calling a few long distance family and friends on Saint Anselm's dime, hoping they'd bill McCain.

"Hey, what's going on, man?" he whispered into the receiver. "We're in McCain's debate headquarters..." He hushed when a man in an expensive suit entered, sitting next to Murphy.



"Hello, Father," he greeted Murphy, who had completely forgotten he was wearing a priest's collar and robe under his now unbuttoned overcoat. He'd even combed his hair for the role.

"Gahd bless ya', my son," Murphy shot back in an unconvincing Irish accent. The man looked awkwardly ahead and the three watched a few minutes of the Republican debate in pregnant silence.

"Father," Jones said, hanging up the phone, "if we don't leave now, we'll miss the exorcism!"

Murphy looked at his bare wrist, stood up and said, "Quite right, m'lad!" Turning toward the lone McCain staffer, Murphy crossed himself. The man said nothing. Murphy and Jones bolted out the door.

Back on the chill and winding campus roads, Murphy asked Jones where the guard said the Democratic candidate building was. "Directly in front of us, I think," he replied.

"Goddamn it!" spat Murphy, as a woman scurried by, giving the priest an astonished glare. "Isn't that the same guard at the door?" asked Murphy.

"She already gave us directions," reasoned Jones. "She shouldn't give us any trouble."

"Can I help you gentlemen find something?" she repeated, not recognizing them from fifteen minutes ago.

"Um, yeah, we're looking for the Democratic campaign staff offices," Jones told her.

"Right this way," she said, opening the door. She escorted the priest and his helper to the third floor.

"Who are you voting for?" Jones asked.

"Oh, I can't tell you that," she explained seriously. "I'm not allowed to talk about any of that. I can't even tell you my name. That's the policy. If I do... I could get fired." She left the two to poke around. The doors read: Clinton, Obama, Richardson, etc. For some reason, Ron Paul's staff room was located in the building. Again, every room was crammed, save one: No one was there to cheer on John Edwards. The two cruised the hors d'oeuvres for some much needed sustenance. As they sat down

to chow, the female guard popped her head into the room. "So... are you really a priest?" she asked Murphy.

"Of course, m'child."

"No, not really."

They simultaneously contradicted each other, mouths full of free food. She looked back and forth at the two. Their thin cover was blown. "He fancies himself a performance artist," Jones continued unhelpfully. Murphy silently cursed him.

"Are you guys with the press?" she wondered as the two filled their faces with the bread, cheese and stuffed grape leaves that were reserved for Edwards's staff.

"Yeah, sort of," Murphy admitted. At the news, she disappeared back into the hallway. She returned shortly and continued the chat where they'd left off, smiling benevolently.

After a few minutes, she was joined in the doorway by a tall uniformed male guard. "Hi, Mary," he greeted her. "Are these the guys?"

"Yeah, that's them, Jerry," she answered.

"OK, guys," he spoke, stroking the container of pepper spray on his belt. "You're not supposed to be in here. There's no press allowed in here." The two men jumped to their feet and were promptly escorted outside.

"What a perfect Christian!" howled Jones. "She was all sunshine and smiles on the surface; on the inside she was cruelly anticipating our ouster—and loving it!"

"Two-faced bitch," Murphy grumbled under his breath, as Jones grabbed him by the sleeve and told him to hold up. "What?" Murphy asked.

"Shhh!" demanded Jones. "Just listen..."

"HAAAA!" A burlesque laugh rode waves of cold air toward them. "HAAAA!"

Before Murphy could recall where he'd heard that familiar and awful noise, Jones whispered, "Matthews." Chris Matthews and two other men were walking straight toward them.

"Excuse me, sir," Matthews shouted at them, for he has no other volume setting.

"Can you tell me where the Davidson building is?"

"Sorry," Murphy lied. Both he and Jones were mesmerized by the glinting spittle dripping from the edges of Matthews's wide slit. "Was that Newt Gingrich with him?" asked Murphy as the men turned the corner.

"I don't know," Jones said, watching Murphy frantically pack a snowball. Following Matthews around the bend, Murphy prayed the loosely packed missile would find its mark. Matthews's head was an ample target.

"Welcome back to Snowball!" hissed Murphy, hurling the projectile. A consummate non-athlete, Murphy sent the snowball high above Matthews' large Irish melon. The three men turned around. "Oh shit!" Murphy cried as he hiked up his priest's robe. He and Jones kicked heels like cowards.

"HAAAA!" the shrill cackle nipped their heels.

They ran clear to the parking lot, where about five hundred people were holding signs and chanting various slogans, penned in like cattle. And from the sampling Murphy and Jones spoke with, they weren't much brighter.

"Excuse me, excuse me," the two men joked with people exiting the portable toilets in the back of the lot. "Who did you vote for?" They were received with uncomprehending stares. Several people reported with a blush that they, in fact, had not voted, but rather made poop.

Chants for Kucinich, Ron Paul, Clinton, Obama and Giuliani intermingled and jostled for supremacy like motifs in a Charles Manson opera. The Kucinich supporters had tape over their mouths in protest; he'd been locked out of the debate by ABC. "Meh Memmih Memahe!" the chorus garbled. All factions mugged for the lone ABC camera, striving to out-chant the others.

A lone idiot with heavy-lidded eyes and a goatee moseyed his way up to the two pressmen. He was shouldering a Ron Paul sign with his left hand.

"Are y'all reporters?" he drawled.

"Something like that," Jones answered

as honestly as he could. He was wearying rapidly of the public's presumption that anyone with a notebook cared what they had to say. Murphy, as if sensing an imminent blubbering, wandered over to the corralled mass of Kucinich supporters.

"Something like that?" returned the Texan. He was badly afflicted with echolalia, but Jones would soon discover that wasn't his most grating debility.

He said his name was Matt, and that he hailed from San Antonio. He was visibly dejected. He bemoaned without solicitation that his candidate, Paul, had been locked out by Fox News for the following night's debate.

"It's not fair, you know," Matt said wanly.

"Yeah, well ABC did the same thing to Kucinich and Gravel tonight," Jones said. Matt seemed unaware of the Democrats' similar fates. Jones gestured at the throng of people protesting on Kucinich's behalf.

"People are upset," Matt observed dully. "They care about what's going on."

"Emotions are overrated," Jones deadpanned.

"I'm from Texas," Matt countered indignantly, missing the joke. "Emotions are a little more important to us down there." So, regrettably, was stupefying piety.

Jones groaned and said nothing. Murphy sauntered back from his reconnoitering. Matt, clearly accustomed to awkward silence, was undaunted.

"Y'all are kinda..." he broke off, leaned back and bent his knees, as if he were sitting in a saddle.

Jones squinted with incomprehension. He counted the armed police officers in the immediate vicinity, made a gun shape with his pocketed right hand and mulled the benefits of suicide-by-cop.

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Murphy and Jones stared in abject terror at the sheet of paper taped to the doors of the Radisson ballroom.

"I feel queasy," complained Murphy.

"I feel nothing," Jones said, detached, like a man perusing the obituary of a loved one. The sheet read: "*National Review Online*."

Before they could answer their feet, the doors swung wide to a scene reminiscent of Orwell's "Two Minutes Hate," only it was scheduled to go on for hours. About two hundred aspiring leeches were suckered to folding chairs, feeding off the Democratic half of the debate that Murphy and Jones had just left at St. Anselm's College. They frothed and booed in unison as John Edwards talked about a patients' bill of rights and a recently deceased teenage girl named Natalie. All of their seething attention was fixed to the screen, for Hillary Clinton's response:

*"You know, Senator Edwards did work and get the patient bill of rights through the Senate—it never got through the House. One of the reasons that Natalie may well have died is because there isn't a patients' bill of rights..."*

The entire crowd burst into uproarious laughter. Behind one of the large television screens, on a raised platform, Byron York, Ramesh Ponnuru and Jonah Goldberg took a quick break from live blogging to rejoice at the tragedy. Ponnuru cocked back his head and chuckled with relish toward the heavens, bouncing in his chair like a tiny, demented, golden-brown cherub. *Party of Death*, indeed.

Murphy and Jones shared a fearful glance. "This is a like a goddamn Nuremberg rally," Murphy whispered.

"But not as funny," Jones added, as they spotted a Hasidic Jew poring over his Torah. It was the Sabbath, and this guy was risking eternal damnation to hang out with the *National Review* crew.

"Takes all kinds," joked Murphy.

"Yeah, except fags, feminists, blacks and the poor," Jones shot back. "How long do we have to stay here?"

"Not long," Murphy spoke calmly. "I just want to do one little thing, then we're outta' here."

"Oh, Christ," Jones said, observing the wild gleam in Murphy's eyes. "What's up?"

"We need to steal that Reagan," Murphy said through an imp's grin, casually

motioning to a majestic life-sized cardboard Ronald Reagan propped up in the back corner, mutely supervising the gathered supply-side sycophants.

"Naturally," quipped Jones. There was one hindrance: a man leaning against the back wall, alert and possibly poised to thwart the kidnapping.

"I'll go distract that guy..."

"And I'll bust out the side door," Murphy agreed. "OK, let's do this!"

Jones strode over to the man. Murphy promptly saluted cardboard Reagan, goose-stepped in its direction and executed a clean about face, surveying the crowd. With one hand behind him fidgeting for the door handle and the other placed nonchalantly on cardboard Reagan's shoulder, he watched Jones with anticipation. Adrenaline rushed. The man turned toward Jones in conversation and Murphy spun smoothly through the door, Gipper in tow, into an empty carpeted hallway.

To the right was unknown territory; to the left, the lobby and a single blue-haired guard. Murphy tucked Reagan under his right arm like a pigskin and barreled straight at him. He juked and stiff-armed imagined linebackers, cutting toward the door with clubfooted grace—shades of OJ Simpson. The geriatric defenseman stood no chance. Breaking through the doors, Murphy was at the forty—the thirty—the twenty—the ten—touchdown! After a brief celebratory dance, he hunkered behind a dumpster, spying the side entrance of the Radisson, awaiting Jones's exit.

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Jones stood leadenly just inside the door of the Radisson conference room, watching Murphy stride inexorably toward the Reagan cutout. He felt frozen. He had a premonition of Murphy's capture and the instant extralegal proceedings the NR people would convene to decide his fate. He foresaw Murphy caged, the floor retracting to reveal a fiery, bottomless pit, and Ramesh Ponnuru clad as the wicked Mola Ram. He shuddered. At least Ponnuru's manboobs were covered.

He propelled himself forward and cautiously approached a young, bespectacled figure in a suit and tie standing against the back wall. The man had the best vantage to observe Murphy,

who was comically skulking just to his left. As Jones made for his introduction, he kept one eye fixed on his determined colleague.

The rest of the room was in rapt horror, watching the Democratic candidates debate on multiple screens. Jones estimated the condition of soullessness and, as the candidates onscreen squabbled about vital national issues like universal healthcare, he whispered coldly, “This is so depressing.”

“Yeah, it is,” the young man replied, turning his head toward Jones.

“Say, do you know Lowry?” Jones queried, trying to affect some cachet by referring to the odious *National Review* editor.

“Do I?” he repeated. “No, but my boss does—the President of Thomas More College.”

“Oh, well, I’m only asking,” Jones began, watching Murphy slip out the side entrance with his two-dimensional masterpiece, “Because my friend and I met him in an airport men’s room. He seemed like a cool guy, and even invited us up to his hotel room...” Jones paused momentarily before asking, “He’s not gay is he?”

“Lowry? No,” he chuckled assuredly, dismissing the suggestion. “I know he has a girlfriend.” Then, as if recognizing independently the flimsiness of such an explanation, he continued without prompting: “I mean, I can’t say definitively.”

“Well, it’s not a big deal,” said Jones. “I just wanted to make sure it was just a friendly thing—his invitation, I mean.” He thought he could sense some doubt festering in his new acquaintance’s head. “It was nice talking to you,” Jones said warmly, offering his hand.

“Yes, it was nice meeting you,” the man returned, seemingly happy to be rescued from his troubling reverie. “What did you say your name was?”

“Uh...” Jones had been gulled into damned overconfidence! “Jay...” he fibbed, groping vaguely for the easiest name he could conjure. He didn’t bother straining for what would undoubtedly have been a preposterous surname.

“Jay,” the man echoed dubiously. “I’m

Chris...” Jones’s ears were filling with the disorienting rush of white noise. He was officially panicking. He returned to his earlier vision, only now *he* was locked in the cage and Murphy was screaming soundlessly from outside the hotel, “Jones, cover your heart!” as Ponnuru passed a sinister hand over his epicene chest.

Jones gave Chris Whatever’s hand a single pump and bolted for the door. Outside, he doubled over, inhaling deeply. He cursed Murphy’s impetuously omitting a meeting place. He decided it made the best sense to head to the car and hoped Murphy had thought the same. He sprinted down the sidewalk toward the other end of the city. Notoriously rudderless, Jones—the fool—had completely forgotten they’d parked just around the corner. He’d spend the next hour wandering Manchester’s snowy side streets.

After twenty minutes catching his breath and smoking cigarettes, Murphy was a thief eager to be on the lam. However, he was locked out of the pair’s hybrid getaway vehicle, his wheelman inexplicably detained. He left Reagan behind a dumpster, creeping nervous laps around the hotel perimeter, dodging behind snow banks and lampposts every time he saw a security guard look in his general direction. He pictured the worst-case scenario, and dialed BEAST publisher Paul Fallon.

“Hey man, oh shit, oh shit!” Murphy hyperventilated into his cell, pacing the bank parking lot across the street from the hotel.

“What the hell is going on?” he slurred. It was cocktail hour at Fallon’s house.

“I think they have Jones!” Murphy spoke hysterically. “They’re probably working him over right now!—before the pigs arrive.”

“What did you guys do?”

Murphy sputtered broken details: “*National Review*... Ramesh Ponnuru... cardboard Reagan... Jones is MIA, man, MIA!”

“Goddamn it, don’t take any shit from these bastards,” advised the well-soused publisher. “Go right up to these fuckers and tell ‘em you’ve got your corporate lawyer on speed-dial!”

“We do?” Murphy wondered. “Who is he?”

“Me, you asshole!”

“Um... OK; I’ll call you back if we need you to post bail.”

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There was little doubt: Murphy and Jones were seriously ill; a petulant virus gripped their bodies. In a hubristic attempt to thwart the nasty bug, they’d polished off a bottle of NyQuil and a handful of Benadryl tablets—Robitussin on standby. They dragged themselves around downtown Manchester, pale, clammy and haloed in an aura of intoxication, mental depravity and sickness—just like the rest of the media, only much poorer. All hope was lost; things had changed.

Near the hockey arena, Murphy had the distinct feeling that he was no longer walking, but floating above the snowy sidewalks. As if following a pre-drawn path, Murphy hovered to a diner called The Merrimack. Jones pushed on, northward, following close behind Alan Colmes—he was even uglier in person; bumpy, as if stung by a horde of angry bees.

“I’m out here because two of my friends died in this bullshit war!” screamed a young man outside The Merrimack. The man was livid; condemning all the top-tier candidates and spitting. Former senator Mike Gravel stood next to him in abstract silence, faintly smiling, much like in his bizarre campaign video. Murphy and Gravel locked eyes for what felt to the heavily medicated reporter like a slice of eternity. Murphy watched his kind eyes and knowing wrinkles. They were surrounded in azure mist and a pulsating electric glow. “Fantasy Land...” Murphy mouthed in wonder.

“Hillary and Obama are lying to you—they’ll never stop the war!” continued the angry rabble rouser. Murphy and an outfit called Kate-TV were the only visible media present. Most of the press were a couple blocks uptown with Jones, waiting eagerly to fellate John McCain’s mummified noodle—the Comeback Corpse.

Jones looked around in frustration at signs that read “Mac is Back” and “Bomb Iran!” Stevie Wonder’s “Superstition” was echoing through City Hall plaza. Jones spoke briefly to a promising local candidate going by the name Vermin Supreme. The inverted combat boot on

*Continues on page 26*



# The BEAST Abridged Guide to Black History

*Because it's February and we care, and stuff*

It's hard to identify all the "black" history amongst all the regular American history, especially if it's nighttime—all you can see is teeth and eyes. The very notion that "black" history occupies a separate—but unequal—space in our national consciousness exemplifies the institutionalized racism in our society. By setting aside the coldest and shortest month of the year to "celebrate diversity," and talk about the advent of peanut butter, we do a disservice to history itself.

In a society obsessed—for good reason—with race, we approach the subject with cowardice and shame, if at all. Our national conversation pertaining to race is, well, um, skin-deep, and in the media, boils down to semantic controversies. For this reason, The BEAST has compiled the following list of lesser-known "black" American history. Enjoy!

1619: The first ship carrying approximately 20 African slaves docked for trade in Jamestown, Virginia, creating a general disregard for sailing in the African American community, which continues to this day; the new found slaves begin cultivating a fondness for menthols and hot sauce—and millions of tons of cotton.

1625: Blacks invent "soul."

1712: The New York Slave Revolt. 23 blacks and 9 honkies set fire to a building near the city's center. 27 slaves were captured and killed for the fiery insurrection, reinforcing the stereotype that white people aren't very good at counting, but their killing skills are unparalleled.

1739: South Carolina slaves meet at the Stono River and march for freedom toward

Spanish Florida, burning plantations, freeing other slaves, gathering munitions and killing whitey along the way. Eventually, the rebellion is quashed, the slaves are decapitated and their head placed on pikes.

1742: "Reading Rainbow's" Lavar Burton is taken prisoner aboard the slave ship USS Enterprise and forced to adopt the name Toby Laforge, according to Alex Haley.

1789: George Washington becomes the first American president of African descent. With false teeth constructed from ivory, and held together with gold wiring, Washington was also the first guy to sport an "icy grill."

1822: The American Colonization Society literally sets about bringing freed slaves back to Africa, where they establish the country of Liberia. In the ultimate irony, today, many Liberian descendants of American blacks work in slave-like conditions on Firestone-owned rubber plantations. There's nothing funny about this.

1840: Amistad slave ship revolt is directed by Steven Spielberg.

1849: Harriet Tubman escapes from slavery and becomes one of the most effective and celebrated leaders of the Underground Railroad.

1850: General Motors buys out the Underground Railroad and closes it down, bribing congress into building the Underground Thruway.

1857: The Dred Scott case holds that Congress does not have the right to ban slavery in states and, furthermore, that slaves are not citizens.

**1972: The Cosby Revolution sweeps America**

1861: The south secedes and the confederacy is born. The event is memorialized in custom paint jobs on muscle cars to this day.

1863: President Lincoln issues the emancipation proclamation, declaring that all slaves would henceforth be free. It only took a century to enforce!

1865: The Ku Klux Klan is formed, in a scam perpetrated by the white sheet industry.

1879: The Black Exodus takes place, in which tens of thousands of African Americans migrated from southern states to Kansas. Kansas laughs nervously and draws curtains.

1911: Al Jolson becomes first man of color to break through the Vaudeville Ceiling.

1920: The Harlem Renaissance flourishes in the 1920s and 1930s. This literary,

artistic, and intellectual movement fosters a new black cultural identity, and makes stunning advances in the development of flamboyant hats.

1922: Douglas Johnson becomes the first black man to be ignored by a horseless cab driver.

1923: Johnson continues innovating, becoming the first black man to yell at a movie screen. Scholars vary in their reportage of this milestone, but all agree he said something along the lines of, "I wouldn't go in there!"

1937: Bill Cosby is born.

1947: Jackie Robinson begins the process of taking over professional sports. White athletes find some protection in their ability to afford ice skates.

1955 Rosa Parks is arrested for refusing to give up her bus seat to a white man. Seriously, what a dick that guy must have been, right?

1963: Bill Cosby releases his debut comedy album, *Bill Cosby is a Very Funny Fellow, Right!* including the groundbreaking "Noah" bit. Martin Luther King, Jr. writes "Letter from Birmingham Jail," advocating non-violent civil disobedience. While Cosby's routines become classics of comedy, non-violence proves to be a

passing fad.

1964: President Johnson signs the Civil Rights Act, prohibiting racial discrimination. A 3-year-old Barack Obama is troubled by this slight against Dr. King's legacy.

1965: Bill Cosby's debut in interracial espionage show "I Spy," Triggering passage of the Voting Rights Act. However, Malcolm X is assassinated.

1966: Shamicka Jones becomes the first black woman to have a weird, made up name.

1968: Martin Luther King, Jr. dies in an act of violent resistance.

1969: Cosby launches "The Bill Cosby Show," a situation comedy that aired for only two years, due mainly to racism among Nielsen families. Clearly, the nation is not yet ready for Cosby.

1972: "Fat Albert & the Cosby Kids" debuts and achieves major success, finally ending the horrific Tuskegee syphilis experiment.

1975: Black people officially begin to feel self-conscious when eating watermelon.

1979: CIA introduces crack into the black community, because assassinating black leaders and shutting down Black Panther

free breakfast programs for children just wasn't twisted enough.

1984: The dream comes true: "The Cosby Show" debuts, soon becoming the highest rated show in primetime.

1987: In a setback for race relations, Cosby stars in *Leonard Part 6*.


1990: Spinning hubcaps are invented by David Fowlkes, Jr., but are suppressed by the forces of inequality for another decade.

1992: "The Cosby Show" goes off the air; Race riots break out in Los Angeles.

1994: Cosby continues to stumble with "The Cosby Mysteries," but strikes another blow against the powers of hate with "Kids Say the Darnedest Things."

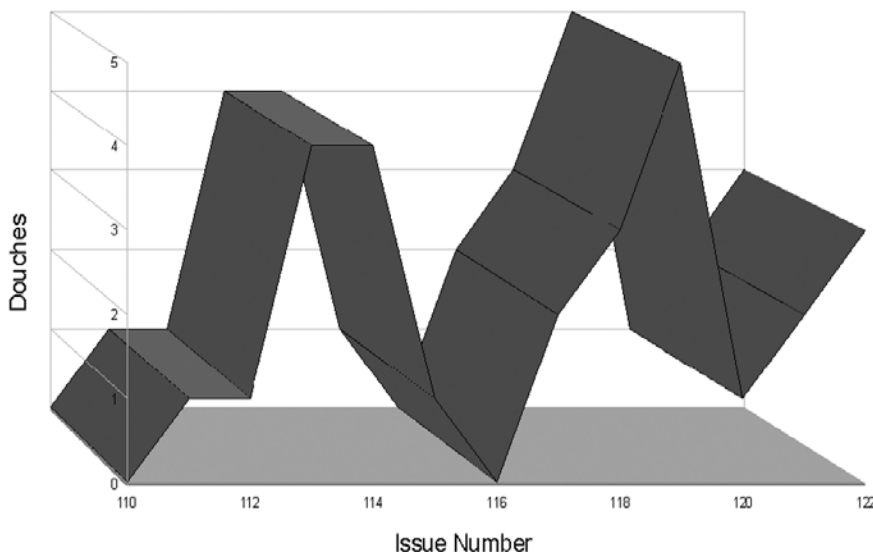
1997: The Sprewell rebellion occurs, when NBA star Latrell Sprewell attacks and chokes Warriors coach P. J. Carlesimo.

2007: Cosby enters "cranky old man" phase with release of *Come on People*.

2008: Senator Barack Obama's candidacy shows America that a black man can be a viable presidential candidate, as long as he speaks well, is a Democrat and doesn't refer to his race. Cosby is pleased. 

## Beast Douche Index

(Instances of the word "Douche" and phrases containing the word "Douche")



(Graphic provided by anonymous lunatic)

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# Monkeywrenching THE SYSTEM

## Ron Paul's Revolution, the Anti-War Solution



**By Stan Goff**

**F**or starters, I have become a single-issue voter. The two-front war in Iraq-Afghanistan continues to drag on; and I am thoroughly convinced that no viable Democratic nominee will stop these occupations.

The recent analysis by Allan Nairn shows that even the putative anti-war Edwards (who the press is smothering because of his anti-corporate declarations) has a back room full of defense contractors. Clinton is a ruthless warmonger, period. Obama is employing the sorriest, pro-Zionist, neoliberal trash on the market, i.e., Zbigniew Brzezinski, Richard Clarke, and Dennis Ross, on his core advisory staff.

No one listens to me much, but in some fantasy world where they might, I would suggest that others follow suit with me here. In open primary states, cross over to vote in the Republican primaries for Ron Paul. In closed primary states, switch fast to the Republican Party (like in the next few days).

Vote in the Republican primary, and vote for Ron Paul. Turnout will be dismally low for Republicans this year, because they have been demoralized by the Bush loons' performances. Independents will vote Paul. The other Republicans are engaged in a fratricidal melee.

I already know what I am going to hear from all over the program-intoxicated, "I won't endorse this-n-that position" liberal left. Ron Paul is backward on abortion, passively racist, anti-immigrant, and on and on. Sorry, but I said I'd vote a dead cat that was anti-war before I'd vote a resurrected Eugene Debs if he showed up and supported the war. I meant that from my heart.

Cynthia McKinney is running Green, though she hasn't got the nomination yet. Remember Cynthia McKinney? When she broke with the DLC diktat, her own party fronted another Black woman (Denise Majette) to run against her in an open primary, and Republicans crossed over massively to vote in the Democratic primary to unseat her in a foregone Democratic Congressional district.

Two can play that game. If Cynthia McKinney runs in 2008 for President, I'll write her in if I have to, just to burn a vote for Clinton or Obama. But meanwhile, Ron Paul is on our primary ballot (North Carolina), because he is running as a Republican (we have draconian ballot access conditions here for third-parties, thanks to—of course—Democrats).

Ron Paul is running for President. Just what are the capabilities of a President,

and what are his likely courses of action... in the unlikely event he wins?

Well, he is the Commander-in-Chief, so he can bring the troops home immediately, as well as order the military-industrial complex to radically scale back. In case anyone on the left has missed the implications of this, this would be a profoundly anti-imperial development that would take the US boot off the necks of hundreds of millions of people around the world.

He is a libertarian who dislikes corporate subsidies, so he would veto the mega-billion dollar subsidies for Big Agra, Big Pharma, nuclear power company insurance policies, Weapons-R-U's, the ADM/Cargill Great Ethanol Scam, et al. He could veto the federal highway spending that is promoting sprawl. He has also stated that he opposed so-called free trade agreements.

Hello?

Don't argue with libertarians when they are right. Many of them say that the leviathan-capitalists that dominate the world's economy could not get as big as they are in an unfettered and unsubsidized market. Newsflash: that is actually true. Ron Paul is a Gold Bug. For the uninitiated, that means he believes dollar-value should be pegged to a gold-standard. The implications of a return to the gold standard by the Fed are grim... for Wall Street and the military, both of which depend on massive foreign loans covered by runaway printing presses. Putting a stop to this is a Good Thing. What is the net effect?

Ron Paul may have the most outrageous personal account of race you might imagine; but what is the most horrific social catastrophe in the United States for Black and Brown folk? You guessed it: the criminal (in)justice system. The malignant growth of the American Gulag has been fueled -- more than by any other cause -- by the ever-more-punitive criminalization of drug use and drug addiction, and the ability of the criminal justice system to apply this criminalization with special force against African America and Hispano-Latinas. Here's the thing. Paul opposes the criminalization of drugs. What is the net effect?

When we are at the point in history where we cannot change the electoral system, then we need to think tactically about what we can do right now. What will a Paul victory in the primaries do? Not whether a vote for Paul in the Republican primaries endorses his decentralizing philosophy on reproductive choice. President Paul will not be writing legislation. The Executive Branch decides how strongly to *enforce* legislation... like domestic spying fer- instance.

President Paul would close Guantanamo, halt CIA kidnappings, and gut the enforcement capacity for the PATRIOT Act.

Nominee Paul would give 2008 voters a choice between a real anti-war candidate and a phony Democratic equivocator. The intensity of anti-war sentiment in the country already forced ex-war-hawk Edwards to adopt an out-in-nine-months position to left flank his Democratic opponents.

Don't ask yourself "what are the ideas?" If your toilet backs up, you can come up with a thousand ideas while shit-water cascades onto the floor. The question is not about ideas; it is, "What will be the net effect?"

Wanna throw a monkey wrench into a fixed electoral system? Here's a chance.



*Stan Goff is a US Army veteran, the author of several books and a contributor to The Huffington Post. His website is [feralscholar.org](http://feralscholar.org). He used to laugh at the sight of charred Vietnamese corpses*

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# I'm Very Tired

By Rich Herschlag

The National Institutes of Health reported in 2007 that up to 70 million Americans have some sort of sleep problem. Researchers pulled an all-nighter completing the ten thousand word article posted on the NIH website, much of which, ironically, will put you to sleep. The bottom line, however, is that we are a very, very, busy nation—far too busy to sleep. And now we must add the purchase of expensive sleep remedies to our endless to-do list.

You know there's an even deeper problem when the best things in life are no longer free. Water, sex, now sleep. Air is next. I can no longer afford to live. If only I could afford to die. Sleep aids occupy an entire aisle at Walgreen's. Sleep centers with "pods" for controlled somnolence are beginning to dot our urban landscape like McDonald's. I'll take fries with that nap, please. And a Frappuccino. Any day now they'll be putting Starbucks and sleep centers next to each other and letting them slug it out.

Which is not a bad metaphor for why this particular American problem is less likely to get solved than the subprime mortgage crisis, the energy crunch, and the national debt. Going to sleep at this point seems downright un-American. It feels a lot like withdrawing, pulling out, or aborting. There is a job to do, and we have to stay in there until that job is done. The whole idea of surrendering control is anathema to the U.S. It's better to feign control and eventually careen off a highway than give in to those irrational, elusive thoughts that crowd one's mind at the onset of slumber.

But you've got to start somewhere, and for 2008, I decided to start with myself. So last week, I came out. Not as a gay man. That's been done to death. I came out as an insomniac. If only there was someone else awake to tell.

At bedtime, I always think there's one more thing to do. Unfortunately, that thing is going to bed. That's okay, though. Working the de facto graveyard shift means less chance of being assaulted by a bill collector or sales call. As an East Coast insomniac, I prefer friends and clients on the West Coast. West Coast insomniacs are ideal.

How late is late enough? If The Learning Channel hasn't started running infomercials, I've turned in too early. Nick at Nite is the soundtrack to my life. Just another few minutes, please. It's never too late to start Googling random phrases to see what comes up.

When do I usually call it a night? When other people call it a morning. My too late and your too early are separated by about thirty minutes. When I hear my kids' alarm clocks go off, I know it's time to start winding down. I've seen thousands of sunrises, but from the wrong end. For good measure, I call people's office answering machines just before I go to bed to make them think I got up early. People tell me I'm missing life. I tell people they're missing the 3 AM rerun of *Hardball*.

Counting sheep doesn't work. Sometimes I count *Leave it to Beaver* reruns. I use a homemade over-the-counter soporific consisting of melatonin, NyQuil, Excedrin PM, Valerian root, tryptophan, and a shot of vodka. I'm not addicted to this stuff. I just can't go to bed without it.

It's all good, though. In this world, a lot of pain occurs between the hours of eight AM and noon. I prefer to skip it. I am not a vampire, though having to get up for a lunchtime meeting sucks. My life is full of adventure and surprise. When I wake up and see a clock, my first thought is, "AM or PM?" When my wife

asks me at dinner how was my day, I say, "I don't really know. It just started."

Truth is, I'm not exactly an insomniac. I get eight hours. Just not in a row. Sometimes it's spread out over several days. Sometimes it's at a stoplight. You do what you can. Naturally, I rely on frequent naps. When I say I'll be out this afternoon, I mean out cold. I can do anything on three hours of sleep except go back to sleep.

But eventually I do fall back asleep for another three hours. And that's what we call insomniac math—three plus three equals eight. Did I ditch my day job so I could live this way, or do I live this way because I ditched my day job? Does it matter?

I may be a rebel, but in this case there's not much of a cause. The central question is whether these are the only two viable alternatives—regimented sleep deprivation satisfying corporate America or unregimented sleep deprivation governed by one's own neuroses? The answer may lie in the Third Way. Allowing technology to take over for a few hours—voicemail, AutoReply, TiVo—may be the most patriotic gesture of all. The tricky compromise between survival and duty necessitates being there without really being there. Matter of fact, it's about 4 AM, now—time to hit "send" and doze off. I'll be checking my inbox around noon.

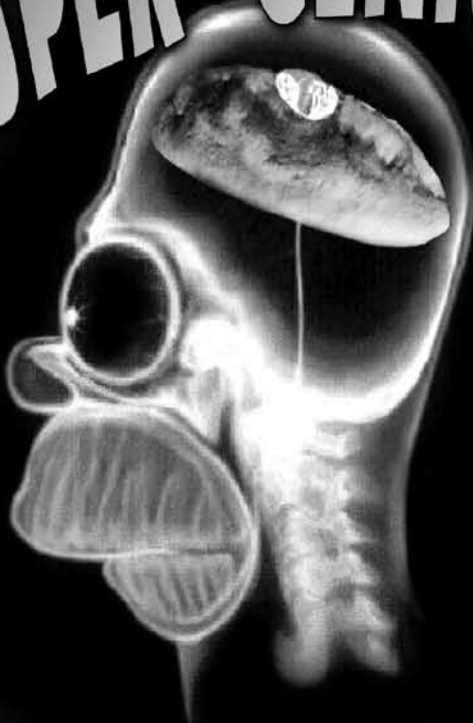
BEAST

## Fun Fact

Staying up all night playing video games stimulates the economy!



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his head screamed Commander-in-Chief.

"Nice pants, dork," Jones offered his unasked opinion to Tucker Carlson, who was prowling the grounds, clad in bright orange slacks.

"Aren't they awesome, honestly?" Tucker replied. "Do you know why I'm wearing them? In case I get wounded in the course of duty today, they won't have to take me off the field, you won't be able to tell."

"You bleed orange?" Jones queried.

"Come on, they're red," Tucker tried to convince him, squinting and cocking his head sideways like a confused German shepherd.

"No, they're not," Jones countered.

"Yes, they are," whined Carlson.



*Above, assholes, below, asshole*



"No, not really," Jones said, examining the distinctly orange trousers.

"Sort of," begged Tucker.

"No," Jones retorted.

"Well, I think they are," Carlson waxed lamely.

"Well, like with most things, you'd be wrong, Tucker," Jones told him flatly.

"OK, I got to go," beamed Carlson, the idiot man-child.

Still gripped in Mike Gravel's Alaskan voodoo, Murphy was roused by an agitated cry approaching from the north: "Uncynical! I'll give you uncynical!" It was Jones. He was hot on the trail of David Gregory, aka "Little Stretch," aka Dr. Zaius.

"It was earth!" Jones screamed like a tiny Charlton Heston, wheeling past him. Reluctantly, Murphy abandoned Fantasy Land and gave chase.

"Little Stretch!"

"Dr. Zaius!"

The two men pled alternately, losing ground on the lanky NBC reporter, who'd quickened his pace at the taunts. His gait was that of a Sasquatch. Gregory wasn't responding to his Bush-bestowed moniker Little Stretch. Disobedient swine! Luckily, Gregory was detained by an acquaintance and Murphy and Jones did an end-around to the front door of the Radisson. The trap was set. Gregory broke from his companion and walked toward the hotel. "Mr. Gregory," Jones greeted him. Gregory bent over to envelop Jones's hand. This bothered Jones greatly. The size disparity between them was marked.

"Do you have Satan's phone number?" quizzed Jones, looking skyward at the towering tool.

"You're a funny guy," Gregory spoke without smiling.

The glass doors swung behind Little Stretch. Murphy and Jones felt corrupted, diseased, and not the least bit uncynical.

"How was the McCain rally?" wondered a thoroughly groggy Murphy.

## David Gregory: Vanilla Sasquatch?







***Jones's terrifying encounter  
with the legendary Ape-Man  
of New Hampshire***



"I don't want to talk about it," mumbled Jones. "Let's get out of here before I open my wrists."

"Just one second," Murphy dared, scribbling large text in his notebook. He stepped over a snow-capped shrub and pressed the open pages against the glass of the hotel lobby. Plagiarizing fabulist and *Boston Herald* columnist Mike Barnicle was beyond the pane, being spackled with makeup for an impending "Hardball" appearance. Murphy tapped on the glass and thought of warnings one might read in a gorilla habitat. Barnicle turned and squinted at the text: "Do you want to steal my jokes?" His eyes followed along slowly. He smirked, balled a meaty fist and stuck his thumb upward, as if he fully comprehended what a hack he was. "It's like he knows..." began Murphy. "I will call him Bright Eyes."

\*\*\*

"Dirty bombs don't work, you fucking sheep!" Murphy belligerently educated the electorate. It was 2am. Jones and Murphy was proper drunk. Earlier they'd willed their diseased husks to attend a Kucinich function in the old mill district, sneezing on many of his disproportionately attractive female supporters—the hottest things in New Hampshire! Frank talk about the war, torture and the forgotten constitutional impeachment process were a sobering contrast to the weeklong dogshit beauty pageant they'd endured. Viggo Mortensen was there, for some reason. He and the Congressman, standing side by side, evoked a perilous trek to Mordor. Afterward, Murphy and Jones went straight to the drink.

"Shhh!" ordered Jones, as people exiting the club turned to look at the madman howling in the street. The two looked like death warmed over—unevenly, in a gas station microwave. They were both hot and frozen. Murphy wore a black ski mask in a futile attempt to fight the shivers.

"Oh, what are they gonna do? Call Homeland Security?" Murphy taunted their backs, his laughter turning to a horrendous coughing fit.

"Dude, shut up!" Jones's tired eyes darted nervously. He wiped snot on his sleeve. The Robitussin was long gone. Tiny, empty bottles of tequila crowded Murphy's

*Continues on page 30*



***“Hero to zero”/Super Bowl preview edition***

### ***Unhappy birthday to you***



Man, there sure must have been some serious drinking going down on those great Yankee teams of the 1990s. Forget about Boomer Wells being hungover for his perfect game — how about Jim Leyritz, the latest poster boy for baseball’s clear status as America’s last-place sport in terms of moral rectitude?

The former Yankee slugger — a hero of the 1996 World Series — made headlines in Florida just before the New Year when, police say, he plowed through an intersection drunk and hit the Mitsubishi Montero of 30-year-old bartender/mom Fredia Ann Veitch, who was hurled from the vehicle and killed. Leyritz, who of late has been sporting a Christopher-Lloyd-as-Uncle-Fester-in-The-Addams-Family bald-headed-goon look, had been celebrating his 44th birthday on the night in question before jumping behind the wheel (with, as it turns out now, a suspended license). Fort Lauderdale authorities charged him with DUI manslaughter and DUI property

damage, easily making Leyritz the most infamous sports criminal since we closed the 2007 books — and a safe bet to stay near the top of our list for the duration of 2008.

Stories since the incident have been trickling out suggesting that Leyritz’s drinking was not, shall we say, episodic. In a startling story in the New York Post about a week after the event, reporters Lisa Lucas and Dan Mangan revealed that Leyritz, while engaged in a vicious divorce action against his ex, Karrie Leyritz, actually petitioned a judge to lift a restraining order against him because it “complicated matters,” since the two often frequented the same bars and clubs.

In other divorce filings, it appears Leyritz once claimed that his wife was a “slut” and a “whore” who forged more than \$40,000 worth of checks and other financial documents so as to support her Vicodin and Adderall habits. Leyritz even claimed that she cleaned out his credit-card accounts to such a degree that he was left stranded during a New York business trip because his hotel rejected his card.

Leyritz posted a paltry \$11,000 bond and is now free (and hopefully traveling on foot) while he awaits trial. In the meantime, stick him at the top of the ’08

crime board.

### ***Register now!***



Anyone remember John Stephens? Big, bruising running back from Louisiana’s Northwestern State University, who came into the league during the dark days of the late ’80s and early ’90s and briefly looked like he was going to be a star? Some of the more pathetic Pats fans thought they had the next Eric Dickerson or something on their hands during his rookie year — that he might even lead them to six or seven wins someday.

So what happened to Stephens after the NFL? Well, among other things, he got arrested in 1994 for carrying a concealed weapon in Florida, a run-of-the-mill Desert Eagle .50-cal handgun-tucked-on-the-floorboard arrest. Earlier that same year, there was a rape charge involving a woman in a Kansas City hotel (in fact, this charge led to his release from his last team, the Chiefs). He was convicted of sexual assault (rather than the original charge of rape) in 1996, and was required to serve five years’ probation, as well as register as a sex offender. That leads us to today: in 2007, Stephens became a

fugitive when he failed to update his sex-offender registration with authorities in East Texas and western Louisiana. But finally, toward the middle of December, he was apprehended in Greenwood, Louisiana, and now will face failure-to-register charges in the Lone Star state.

So add Stephens to the list of ex-Pats who've been in bracelets recently — a list that also includes Daniel Graham (domestic violence), Todd Sauerbrun (assault), Chad Eaton (investigation of domestic violence), Ted Johnson (domestic violence), and punter-for-a-minute Danny Baugher (punching his dad). It's notable that all were off the team before they got arrested, as the Patriots continue to be one of the most arrest-free franchises in sports.

### Say hello to my little friend



Haven't had one of these in a while. I call these offenses "McAlisters" — named after Baltimore Ravens cornerback Chris, who made them famous. Athlete gets on plane; athlete becomes unhappy with seating/service arrangement; athlete opens can of whoop-ass on unsuspecting flight attendant. Normally, travel-related offenses happen before embarking the plane; your typical sports-travel bust either involves a jock who bugs out at a traffic cop after parking illegally in a no-standing zone (Jake Peavy, Leigh Bodden), or else he tries to smuggle an illegal substance through a security checkpoint (Damon Stoudamire, Mike Vick). Occasionally, if he's really nuts, he'll just flat-out steal something off the conveyor belt at the X-ray machine (former NFL running back Larry Ned, who tried to walk away with a laptop).

Sometimes, however, a post-departure incident develops. McAlister famously went bonkers at the start of a trip from Las Vegas, assaulting a flight attendant in a dispute over seating arrangements. The plane wasn't even off the ground yet, though, so authorities escorted McAlister back into McCarren International and off to the county clink, eventually hitting him with a disorderly conduct charge. This time, the offender, a minor-league hockey

player named David Cornacchia, one-upped that legacy. The 5-11, 200-pound defenseman for the Florida Everblades was reportedly upset at being denied alcohol on a flight from Toronto to Dallas and not only slapped a flight attendant, but head-butted a passenger in the face and then whipped out his flaccid penis for everyone to admire.

Formal charges have not been filed as of yet, but Cornacchia did issue an apology, saying he was "deeply remorseful" for his actions.


### Note to self: 300-pound men not inconspicuous



Football players often talk about the value of "getting small" in order to break through the line of scrimmage. Normally the advice is given to running backs, but in this case, perhaps a defensive tackle should have listened.

Demarcus Granger, a 307-pound run-stuffing DT for the Oklahoma Sooners, missed the Fiesta Bowl this past week after being busted in Tempe, Arizona, for garment stuffing. It appears the behemoth tried to stuff a coat in his bag and then walk out the door at a Burlington Coat Factory. He was instead flagged down as he walked past the cash registers, busted, and rung up on shoplifting charges.

Who steals a winter coat in Tempe, Arizona?

Granger was an all-Big 12 second-teamer and an early favorite to go very high in the 2010 NFL draft. He can now probably count on early membership in the Laveranues Coles Memorial Third-Round Shoplifter Club. Give him 11 early points for the 2008 list. 

### THE TALLY FOR THIS YEAR

**JIM LEYRITZ (EX-YANKEES)** | DUI manslaughter | 90

**JOHN STEPHENS (EX-PATRIOTS)** | sex-assault fugitive | 48

**DAVID CORNACCHIA (FLA. EVERBLADES)** | mid-flight assault, head-butting bystanders, exposing wine-shrunken wiener | 46

**DANIEL GRAHAM (BRONCOS)** | ambiguous domestic-violence beef; hit a bedpost | 30

**GERALD JONES AND AHMAD PAIGE (TENNESSEE)** | Cheech and Chong/Up in Smoke impersonation, while in car | 12

**DEMARCUS GRANGER (OKLAHOMA)** | stealing winter coat — in Arizona | 11

**SHAUN WHITE (X-TREME SPORTS)** | spraying fire extinguisher, acting like the little douchebag he is | 11

## Sports Blotter Legend



Exotic Dancer/  
Hooker



X-treme DUI



Performance  
enhancing  
"vitamins"



Open container  
of alcohol



Cloying/  
Agent-drafted  
public apology



"Disagreement"  
in parking lot



Subdued  
via taser



Rape/Sexual  
assault



Unregistered  
handgun



Those drugs  
belong to my  
brother/cousin/  
someguy



Frantic spousal  
911 call



Stats cheerily  
recited after  
AP report



Big-ass SUV



Incident involving  
"baby momma"



Burglary/theft



No contest plea



overcoat pocket. And a tacky nightclub had coaxed from them nearly two hundred dollars. That's a lot of money, for a blue-collar guy from Buffalo.

"Russert you fucking pussy!" Murphy slurred loudly at the thought, pointing an accusing finger. "Get your fat ass out here! Russert! Oh... I see how it is. You have to broadcast from an 'armory' because you're a little girl!" Murphy quoted "armory" with his fingers, then made sissy hands and cooed like a husky woman. He'd seen a parked battalion of military vehicles during the week. He also recalled running by a sign at the Radisson that read: "Armory." His mental map of Manchester slightly askew, he chalked it up to the Hotel-Military Complex. At any rate, Murphy—the drunken stooge—was nowhere near either locale. In fact, he was yelling at a large mailbox. "Russert! You coward!"

"Shut the fuck up! Come on," hissed Jones, staggering down the desolate side street, favoring his liver. "Oh God," he moaned regretfully. It wasn't physical pain, as Murphy assumed. It was the redhead from the club. The one with Titanic tits. The bridesmaid with open adulation for Mitt Romney. He'd loathed her instantly. It was true love. "What I wouldn't give to interview those candidates," he lamented painfully.

"Who?" Murphy squealed. "The goddamn Democrats? Fuck 'em!"

"No, you idiot," scolded Jones. "The redhead."

"Oh, who?—Kucinich's wife? She's hot."

"No, no, no!" Jones refrained.

"Oh... you mean Kelly O'Donnell? You should have looked, man; it was like a freckled Valley of the Gods!"

"No, the fucking zaftig bridesmaid, man!"

"Who? Giuliani?"

"Just drop it!" spat Jones. "I need some pancakes."

"Why do you want to interview any of these humps anyway? What? You want access? You wish you were holed up in an armory like Tim Fucking Russert!"



**Reporters swarm to Huckabee like flies to chocolate poop**

Murphy continued, unprompted. "Blue collar guy from Buffalo! I will kick your fat pumpkin head up and down Downing Street!"

"Downing Street?" Jones wondered lazily. "The place they make those memos? In England?"

"No, man, it's in South Buffalo. It intersects Abbott Road, right by the plaza and the park there." Jones looked at him blankly. "Russert knows where it is. Ha! 'I know who my sources are!' Russert!"

The two stumbled to a place called The Red Arrow diner. Al Gore and Johnny Cakes had once eaten there. All the drunk, out-of-state campaign staffers were there, trying to sober up. Jones was inside chatting up some bird from New Zealand. Murphy was outside talking to two guys from Brooklyn, Giuliani and Hillary canvassers, respectively.

"A black man can't get ahead in America!" said the Giuliani supporter at a mention of Obama. "I'm looking out for mine!"

Feeling the sting of further rejection, Jones burst outside to the sight of the three men. Murphy was hacking up sinister amounts of phlegm.

"Jesus Christ!" Jones bellowed uninhibitedly. "Two black guys in Manchester? On the same sidewalk?" he scoffed. "There's got to be some kind of law against this. Somebody call the police!" He uncharacteristically pulled the lit cigarette from Murphy's hand and drew from it deeply. "Bwa ha ha ha!" smoke

escaped from his mouth in a rolling cough. After a few racially tense seconds, the Brooklynites burst into knowing laughter, the Giuliani supporter giving Jones a big hug.

"It's OK—I'm a Republican," the man laughed. It was funny, and incredibly depressing. The rest of the night was a blur.

\*\*\*

The predawn hours of January 8<sup>th</sup> found Jones tossing violently on his foldout. His thinning hair was now just a few soppy clumps. Sweat gushed over his brow, stinging his eyes, and his bedclothes were bedraggled with the unrelenting heat of fever. At the peak of his madness, he was plagued by a vision. It was of cardboard Reagan.

Jones was in Manchester, but he could descry the corrugated executive perched on the precipice from which New Hampshire's Old Man of the Mountain had once presided. He was still in his brown suit, still propped on his folded base, but he had managed to splay his legs and raise his arms, palms angled skyward. Over his suit, he wore the ceremonial garb of a Mesoamerican god-king, his limbs adorned with beads and gold jewelry that shimmered in the flaring sun. He was crowned with a headdress of jade quetzal feathers and glared into the distance with a look that was menacing in its vacancy. Rontezuma's Revenge.

Ronnie stood with unnerving silence and Jones, despite his fear, ventured an opening: "H-H-Hello, M-M-Mr. P-P-

President,” he stammered.

Reagan’s lips cracked open slowly, squarely, revealing a stygian void, like the portal of another dimension. From this accursed paper maw, a voice called out that was supernaturally deeper but unmistakably the ex-president’s, “Wwwwweeeelllllll!”

It was Reagan’s grandfatherly byword, only now it had become an unearthly, booming drone that shook the White Mountains and the earth in all visible directions. Jones instinctively covered his hands with his ears, collapsing to his knees.

“Wwwwweeeelllllll!” the president droned on. The voice was growing louder.

“Senator!” yelled Jones, still clasping his hands over his ears, at an approaching John McCain. “Senator, cover your ears!” McCain flapped his arms vainly, struggling desperately to lift them high enough. The top of his head blew off, leaving only the horizon of his confident smile.

Jones turned away from McCain’s corpse just in time to catch Mitt Romney striding heedlessly toward the President, who was droning still louder. Jones felt no particular affinity for Romney and didn’t bother warning him about the danger cardboard Reagan posed. As the candidate drew nearer, layers of his business attire were stripped away by the force of Reagan’s voice. Suddenly, Romney’s flesh started to peel back around his eyes and mouth,

but he kept walking. In a few seconds, Romney’s entire dermis was gone, exposing a gleaming skeletal Terminator unit. Jones realized then that the unit was heading toward him, but it was too late to run. The unit reached out and lifted him up by his tiny neck.

“Please, Mr. Romney!” he managed to squeak. “Robots are people, too!” The Romney rattled its head, signaling its dissent wordlessly. His metallic hand closed around Jones’s neck.

The reporter bolted upright in bed. He was soaked and shivering. He stuck out his tongue and removed a feather from the tip. He’d been chewing the comforter.

Meanwhile, a similarly afflicted and perspiring Murphy was peddling his gimp leg at dangerous speeds down a lonely, icy road and losing a battle with a violent, spastic cough, which echoed through the frigid Manchester darkness like the bark of Cerberus.

Masochism his constant guide, Murphy was following a tip that Republican candidates were descending as locusts upon a local polling station. Following the glaring camera lights into the parking lot of the Brookside Congregational Church, Murphy paused in the midst of the madness, doubled over and vomited a foul, steaming mixture of orange juice and mucus onto the snow-dusted blacktop. During the proceeding dry heaves, he could see through teary eyes CNN anchorfish

Dana Bash peering over in disgust.

“So, where’s Giuliani, then?” Murphy sprung up after several tortured minutes, asking a nearby cameraman.

“Jesus Christ! You OK, man?” he replied.


“I think so,” gagged Murphy, imagining how wonderful it would be to personally infect Giuliani. “Where is he?” he asked with hope in his bloodshot eyes.

“He went over to say hi to Huckabee, then left.” Hope crushed and restored at once, Murphy limped to the front of the pack coalescing around ol’ Huck and his subservient wife.

“Governor, Governor?” wheezed the pale and glistening reporter. “If elected, will you make rapture preparedness part of Homeland Security?”

“I don’t know what that means,” played the creationist candidate, turning his focus on a man telling a vague story about his mother and the power of God. The press was enthralled.

Dejected, shivering and suffering another coughing fit, Murphy slunk away from the bright lights and hobbled back into the night.

It was time to get out of Manchester. Forever. 



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**Michael Gildea**

Shakespeare into Pig Latin. Reading stereo instructions. Being seen at a mall hanging out! Being seen in public with Kenny G. *Being Kenny G!* Reading to a blind person. Going to a high school reunion. Going to *your* high school reunion! Chalk up another one for wasted resources and my diminishing will to live.

## Strange Wilderness



**Bad News Bears for stoners**

## The Eye



**"AHHHH! Where are my cookies?!"**

Jesus, how I hate this time of year. Dogshit in dirty snow, commercially vague holidays, oppressive cold and the lack of sunlight are all definite factors in my annual urge to blow my brains out. But what usually has me pulling the old Winchester out of the closet (and sometimes actually loading ol' Mabel) is the slew of crap movies that come out between January and April. This year I just might finally turn the safety off.

Of course it's a negligible and forgettable (don't forget PG-13-rated!) blood fart of

a horror movie that'll make the old pin hit the shell.

The trailer for *The Eye* was probably the worst I've seen in my life. It's probably unfair to take shots at the poor hack who was stuck with the thankless job of stitching together this quilt of skid-marked underwear, but an apology is definitely owed here. Who came up with this shit—a computer program?

I'm talking about *The Eye*! The title alone makes me want to gouge mine out. And the plot? Bah! Jessica Alba plays a sweet little blind girl who undergoes that magic operation that Stevie Wonder was supposed to get. She's even got creepy blue contact lenses on to let you know she's blind, because her actual performance won't convince you. Alba gets the operation, everything's all blurry (duh...) and she starts seeing weird and creepy shit. It's all very scary, and when Parker Posey shows up (even scarier if you see the trailer in Hi-Def!) you're disoriented for a minute, because you realize *she's still alive!* Oh, and whoever Alba got the eyes from was probably deranged, and Alba sees this loony tune's reflection in mirrors. *As her own!*

Selling Amway products is more fulfilling than this crap. Or eating an entire can of non-butter-flavored Crisco. Translating

When I saw the name *Happy Madison Productions* on the trailer for *Strange Wilderness*, I knew that I was facing another movie filled with Adam Sandler's marginally entertaining pothead buddies that he doesn't want to stick in his... real movies. Also in tow would be a sub-standard plot (even for this sort of thing), and a surprising supporting role from a veteran actor who needs to make a movie every 5 years so his health insurance from the Screen Actors Guild doesn't lapse (see Ernest Borgnine).

The deal just gets worse: Steve Zahn acting like Owen Wilson as the head some low-grade version of *Wildboyz*. It looks like they use stolen Marlon Perkins footage from old episodes of *Wild Kingdom* and put forced narration over it. Then there's that shitty Mac kid from the last *Die Hard* movie and the fat kid from *Superbad*, both doing a bang-up job of converting oxygen into carbon dioxide

*Strange Wilderness* looks like it's filled with enough weed humor that it could either be used as an entrapment tool or a training video for aspiring retards. Because you know that trying to create your own Bigfoot footage when the crappy nature show you work for is facing cancellation is nothing but a goddamn



laugh riot waiting to happen. But only if you're high enough—and I'm not talking about watching this movie on a plane.

On the other hand, that part where they're making fun of the shark with the overbite actually made me want to catch it on cable in a year, so what the hell do I know? I'll tell you what I do know—every ticket for this movie should come with a pot brownie. That's what I know.

## Fool's Gold



McConaughey expertly feigns literacy

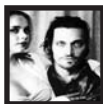
That wacky Matthew McConaughey. If he's not looking generally greasy and/or smarmy, he's doing things in his real life that are far more interesting than anything he's ever done in movies: Sparking gay innuendo with Lance Armstrong, getting stoned out of what little mind he seems to have, stripping down naked and playing conga drums in his backyard. Maybe not good stuff, but it beats the hell out of *Fool's Gold*.

Ol' Mack (as he seems to be the type of guy who could go for that nickname in a really big way) is playing some dipshit treasure hunter whose wife (played by teenage boy Kate Hudson) wants to divorce him. Through circumstances detrimental to the audience, Mack comes across a treasure map or some such crap, indicating the location of Aztec or Nazi gold (everyone in this movie is blond after all) or whatever. Of course some rival seasoned treasure hunter is also interested in getting to said booty. Mack and Hudson bicker along the way, but I'm guessing they will mend their divorce-bound ways in the end, by the way they writhe around with each other in some sort of slimy sex dungeon (should've

called it *Romancing the Stoner*).

Despite the promise of Indiana Jones-type adventure from the plane crash and various other shenanigans going on in the trailer, I'm guessing that guys are supposed to be interested in *Fool's Gold*. I'm not. And do you know what the worst part is about *Fool's Gold*? You can't even blame this one on the writer's strike!

## Over Her Dead Body



"Remember when I used to be funny?"

Have you ever been asked a question so stupid that dignifying it with an answer

would be a crime against nature? I mean one so brain-dead that it takes all of your willpower not to beat the person who asked it to death? And at the same time, the question is saddening, because now you have to know that the person who asked it exists. It's like getting slipped a mickey and waking up to find yourself getting double-teamed by Mormons.

*Over HER Dead Body?* How about over my dead body!? A romantic comedy with a supernatural twist? "With a Desperate Housewives" cast member no less? And the fact that the genuinely funny (for now) Paul Rudd is in it is supposed to make everything all right?

The good news is that Eva Longoria is dead in it, but her fiancé (Rudd) is ready to move on with some girl who looks as phony as a Chinese redhead and seriously needs a nosejob. So Longoria's ghost decides to haunt the new chick by creating a series of hilariously haunted debacles, making Nosejob look like a wackadoo until she backs off.

Obviously this looks bad, but *Over Her Dead Body* is like the Ghost of Christmas Future for 2008. Minus maybe a dozen movies, 2007 was one of the worst years on record. Granted, it's *my* record and that record is indeed broken, at least it certainly sounds that way. But this just

## KINO KLEE-SHAY LEGEND



Betrayed by Those Who Trained Him



Mind Fuck



Noble Retard



Evil Genius



Vampires/Wizards as Gay/AIDS Metaphor



Supermodel Grapples with Moral Ambiguities



Impossible Science



Glorification of Law Enforcement Bodies



Enchanted Object



Special Effects Circle Jerk



Washed up Hero Gets Second Chance at Glory



Chick Flick



Simplistic Epiphany



Ordinary Person Pushed Too Far



Rampant Xenophobia



Embattled Loser Overcomes Obstacles



Stockholm Syndrome Romance



Likable Thug

feels like a small puddle on the floor that's dripping down from the ceiling. Now you can wipe it up or even deny it if you want to. But make no mistake—there will come a day when you're forced to watch your upstairs neighbor take a hearty dump. And he's out of Lysol.

## Witless Protection



"I can't believe I'm still famous!"

Every time Larry the Cable Guy puts out a new movie I'm overcome with the same rage, sadness and disappointment that left a numbing part of itself forever embedded within me the night that Bush got "re-elected." It's not quite that *fuuuuddggge* moment you have when you realize you're doing something you're going to regret in a big way—when your mind is stricken with fear and also fully aware of what your body is doing, but completely powerless to stop it. You can laugh about those moments later, unless you end up getting raped in prison.

No, I'm talking about those rare and painful instances where you feel like the weeping Indian looks in that '70s anti-pollution ad. I'm talking about grief, people. But at the same time I'm talking about *Larry*.

The only reason something bad happens multiple times is that someone allows it to happen. But these horrible things also happen because people *want* them to happen. Like *Larry's* movies. They keep coming out because some corn-fed crackers who've got a thing for putting fingers in their sisters keep going to see them. Throw in the fact that this dumb fucking white man will work for a keg of

Schlitz and a case of baked bean-flavored pork rinds and you've got yourself a recipe for hell.

Add in a liberal and copious amount of fart jokes, a pithy title such as *Witless Protection*, a plot with a redneck deputy who inadvertently kidnaps an heiress/material witness in a high profile FBI case revolv—that's it. I can't even bring myself to talk about *Witless Protection* anymore. I've said too much already. I can't tell if I'm more bored or angry that it exists. How is *anyone* supposed to get excited about seeing this misappropriation of life as a fucking cop?

This movie is a hell where I see familiar faces—Eric Roberts, Yaphet Kotto and Peter Stomare (the tall blonde freaky guy from *Fargo*) are all there. I know that house payments have to be made here, but is being homeless that much worse? For that matter, is being sodomized at gunpoint worse?

## Jumper



"I was only good in *Shattered Glass*, because I was playing a guy who couldn't act."

You know when someone dies in a soap opera or a comic book, and months later

they show up without a scratch, and it blows your mind? Or it should, except that always happens in soap operas and comic books, so it's totally routine? If you're saying that you don't watch soap operas or read comic books, you're lying and you should be ashamed of yourself. Stop lying! You know what I'm talking about.

But who's this mystery resurrectee, you ask? It's none other than Hayden Christiansen, who played Anakin Skywalker, and ultimately Darth Vader, in the second two *Star Wars* prequels. What's odd about seeing him again is that George Lucas couldn't direct an obese woman to beat her kids in a dollar store, and anyone who makes their name in a *Star Wars* movie is contractually bound to leave it at the door on the way out, after which they live out their days in obscurity or sci-fi conventions. But their inability to act is theirs to keep.

And Christiansen keeps it with *Jumper*. If special effects were tits this movie would be Dolly Parton. It's about some dopey kid who suddenly realizes he's got the ability to teleport himself wherever. The kid gets older, gets a cute girlfriend to leave in the dark about the power he flagrantly abuses and a blond-headed Samuel L. Jackson comes calling. I'm guessing he wants revenge for when Anakin Skywalker cut off Mace Windu's hands and let the Emperor kill him. Jackson leads a team who exterminates people who teleport, and all of a sudden some British kid who can also teleport shows up to help Anakin fight off the bad guys. It's sort of "Sliders" meets *Highlander*.

Wonk, wonk. The effects look neat, but so what? This is an extreme sports drink version of any superhero storyline, done by the guy who made the first Bourne movie and *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*. Unfortunately he doesn't have a scene with Angelina Jolie getting bent over a tabletop counter or Matt Damon kicking someone's ass with an Etch-a-Sketch to fall back on. This is more like a bad *X-Men* spin-off minus the social subtext or even a plot, but especially presence. When filmmakers don't even try to make it look like they're trying, it does wonders for any residual guilt you may have had about downloading movies.

## Semi-Pro



Same movie, different sport

Will Farrell playing the same egomaniac, inept dinosaur of a sports figure is getting old. Sure, these movies have their funny moments but it's more like wading through some kind of mixed bag of mystery treats that's mostly stale hard candy, a few generic gummy worms, and if you're really lucky, a couple of bite-sized Snickers bars. For the most part it's a bust and when you look at that dust-covered candy dish on your coffee table months later, you'll have that daily reminder that you've been taken for a ride. How's it taste?

Will Farrell, Woody Harrelson, Andre 3000 from *OutKast*. They're all on what looks to be a '70s minor league basketball team (judging by the afros and Harrelson's wig) that's about to get the plug pulled on it or something unless they win some kind of Super Bowl for low-end basketball. Of course they're the underdogs, because they suck and do it more for the chicks and the fame than the actual sport.

When I decide to put forth the effort to actually watch *Semi-Pro* on cable in no less than a year, I imagine I'll laugh at points, but more to the point I expect I'll congratulate myself for not actually spending money to see it in a theater.



# NEED SALES LEADS???



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## HUMAN RACEY

I have to say, I loved the article ["The BEAST 50 Most Loathsome People in America," issue 122]. The author was articulate; concise yet powerful; and to the point. I loved it. I loved that the author wasn't afraid to write about racey things regarding racey characters. It was perfect and I wouldn't change a thing. Keep up the work because I like reading this kind of thinking. #9 was quaint and perfectly worded, and I'm still laughing from it =D  
Dr. S

*Dear Dr.,  
Actually, that's probably just the Mad Cow disease you contracted at White Castle six years ago.*

## NOT UP TO DATE

I am so sick of the shit that the american people put up with that it would not suprise me if martial law is declared and we are jailed for having a different opinion. Fuck this country I'm moving to Germany at least I know what I am getting  
Daniel R

*Dear Daniel,  
Yeah, in Germany, you know what you're getting—social democracy, gay rights, strong labor regulations, great night life. Hey, we'll come with you!*

## CARRIED AWAY

Thank god you've shown me there is some sanity in your country...  
David J Reilly

*Dear David,  
Don't read too much into it.*

## HOMETOWN HATER

I grew up in the Buffalo area, graduated from Starpoint in 1998, left for Boston and largely haven't looked back since.

Thank you for giving me a reason to look back. I wish more of your brand of hateful snark (and I mean that in the best possible way) had been more widespread when I was there.

Also, if you're ever up in Boston (or I'm in Buffalo), we should totally party. That's what the kids do these days, right? "Party?"  
Julia Lunetta

*Dear Julia,  
Actually, they mostly play video games.*

## [sic]ASSO

Cheers to Ian for his perfect caricatures



of such horrible figures. Not only do they capture the appearance of these foul people, but in a "caught-in-the-act" framing that at once showcases their personality, politics, and the crime, attitude, or scandal that they represent. It's a caricature of their presence, not just their looks, and I only wish I had more to look at. I will, from this moment on, see your pictures of O'reilly, Clinton and Cheney, superimposed over my mind's eye when I see them on TV and such. I am now a member of the select group of Beast Readers. Thanks for brightening my day with your hearty dose of bitterness. As an American expatriate living in New Zealand, I can laugh comfortably about these idiots, at the same time admiring the precise, cutting prose used to flay these villains to the core. How accurate!  
-J

*Dear J,  
Yes, Murphy's caricatures are masterful. So masterful, in fact, that we had to destroy his portrait of Dog the Bounty Hunter after its superlative hideousness drove three interns completely mad. They still work for us; they're just totally insane now. Sorry again, guys.*

## [sic] OF OMISSION

So...I was a little dissapointed in this years top "50 most loathsome people list."

Where's Micheal Bay? Ron Paul? Jerry Falwell? That stupid Miss teen South Carolina? The Chocolate Rain guy?

Carson Daly? I fucking forgot about him until you guys brought him up again. Does anybody even watch his show?

As for the Vtech shooter, I just want to say that an article where one of you guys wrote that his problem was not that he expressed himself violently, but didn't express himself enough was one of the smartest things I've ever read. Great job with that!  
Josh

*Dear Josh,  
Yeah, gee, how could we leave out the guy who sang "Chocolate Rain?" Damn! Can't believe we forgot that completely insignificant person! And the stupid beauty*

*pageant winner? Who could ever imagine that a beauty queen would be stupid? We'll need you on staff next time, chief.*

## DODD-LIKE

I think 'you' should have been #3. We're so unbelievably stupid that sometimes we must just shake our heads. We're like the punchline of a joke. We can name the last winners of American Idol, America's next top pinhead, and [insert bad formulaic reality show here] meanwhile, the 'homeland' is being raped and pillaged. And how on earth are we okay calling it the homeland? It's incredible, but when Chris Dodd actually got his ass off the campaign trail and went to Washington to derail amnesty because he promised to, I got teary eyed. Because someone promised to essentially do his fucking job. Crikey, we're fucked.  
matt

*Dear Matt,  
Actually, "America's Next Top Pinhead" sounds like a pretty good show. Circus freaks just don't get the kind of air-time they used to. You ever notice how Chris Dodd says "here" all the time, like it's a comma? Like, if Dodd hosted "America's Next Top Pinhead," it'd sound like this: "This next pinhead here, hails from the great state of Oklahoma here. His name here is Gabby here, and let's give him a big hydrocephalic round of applause here." Man, that really sounds like a killer show.*

## VAGUE-ONOMICS

How doesn't lowering taxes raise revenue? I think i'm missing something.  
Michael K

*Dear Michael,  
Yes, a basic math education.*

## CANAMERIMEXICO

Have you heard or bothered to research what you have heard about the North American Union? Do you actually think amnesty will do anything but turn us into a third world country? Altho, I agree with most of your most hated, don't you think you should spend some time asking why noone in government or running for President is concerned about drugs and terrorists coming across our borders along with too many illegals for us to assimilate? Or are you one of the elites who want to sit in your lavish home on the hill and look down on poverty such as the corrupt leaders of Mexico and India do? Wow I dint evn hav to usse spelchek for this.  
Margaret Bruce

*Dear Margaret,  
Well, we have to admit our lavish hilltop homes are pretty nice. But it's surprising how long all those terrorists streaming*

across the border are taking to do anything.  
You'd think they don't even exist! If you  
didn't know better, that is.

### THIS JUST IN

Frankenstein was the name of the scientist,  
not his creation. The conflicted chap  
himself was generally just referred to as 'the  
monster'.

Tim Osman

*Dear Tim,  
You know what? Everyone knows this, and  
nobody cares.*

### BLOOD SIMPLE

How is defunding the war even a remotely  
good idea? I am hoping you can explain the  
logic in that.

Ian Bowman

*Dear Ian,  
Ummm... War bad?*

### AT LEAST SHE KNOWS

Hi-larious! Loved it, loved it, loved it!  
Even understood most of it; good thing the  
dictionary is my favorite book.

I know you're smarter than me, but I'm  
pretty sure Cheney is the Vice-President.  
Fucking slacker proofreader...  
Susan Sherwood

*Dear Susan,  
Alas, even your beloved lexicon could not  
save you from your inability to process  
obvious jokes.*

### LOL I H8 ME

I really hate myself for laughing out loud at  
your list.

Even though I'm a political conservative, I  
agree with most of your observations on both  
the Dems and Republicans in the list.

I used to vote a straight Republican ticket,  
but that could change this year. At least  
when I get reamed next year, I'd like it to  
be by someone who didn't promise me they  
wouldn't. Of course, the Dems tell different  
lies, so what the hell am I supposed to do.  
Maybe I could move to a straight-ahead  
dictatorship, where at least you can know the  
rules.

Rip Ragged

*Dear Rip,  
Why move? Just keep voting Republican.*

### POSITIVE POWER!

Although I agree with several of your choices  
on the loathsome list, I must say that the  
writers of this offensively negative piece  
deserve a place on it. And fuck off for for  
including your readers on the list. You don't  
know me, assholes.

DC

*Dear DC,  
Actually, we used to sit behind you in  
homeroom, and you were a total dick. Don't  
deny it.*

### A LITTLE PEEVED

As an Asian American I find your reference  
to penis size in the part about Cho Seung  
Hui to be patronizing and consider it a racial  
epithet. Please remove it/issue an apology.  
I will also be contacting various Asian  
Associations and media outlets about this.  
Jack Xin

*Dear Jack,  
Have a blast, needle-dick.*

### YES WOMAN

just found you guys via a link on Daily Kos.  
Irreverent, absurd nerds make me wet. And  
I'm hot.

Thank you. I'm looking forward to reading  
all your stuff. You guys are as good or better  
than the "Yes Men."

Teri

*Dear Teri,  
We need a picture to verify your wet  
hotness, so we can stop downloading porn  
for a few days. Please take a good, well-  
lit photo and deliver it to us post-haste,  
preferably on rollerskates, in an edible  
bikini.*

### BLUHHH

you are either an extreme liberal fag or a  
total idiot.either way i would say you are  
number one on alot of peoples list just for  
being the idiot you are.fuck you .dumbass.  
fred

*Dear Fred,  
It's brave of you to correspond in what we  
assume is your second language. Good luck  
on Super Tuesday, Senator Thompson.*

### GOD, GUNS & GUYLINER

Dear Sirs,  
Regarding #28 on your list.

You all are not worth the spit it would take to  
polish their boots.

You ungrateful fucks...has it ever occurred to  
your feeble brains that the very troops you  
denigrate are the very ones that allow your  
sorry asses to post such shit? Of course not,  
because you love freedom of speech, but not  
the ones who guarantee such freedom for  
you.

If your aim was humor, sorry, I have seen  
better monologues from Rosie O'Donnell,  
and that isn't saying much.

You are disgusting, vile, reprehensible, and  
beyond contempt.

In closing, a hearty \*FUCK YOU\*  
Gothguy



Dear Gothguy,  
What kind of goth jacks off the military like this? You think the soldiers are in Iraq so you can wear eyeliner and still pretend you're not gay?

## SPACE RESERVED

Hey Paul and Allan,  
This is about your #22 and # 28 attempts at having gay matter in your skull.  
I am the God fearing, gun toting, Flag Waving conservative, military supporter that your liberal friends warn you about. I am backed up by 1,426,700 active duty Military personnel, and another 1,458,500 people in the Reserves. We laugh at people like you as we think of what fun it would be to use your sorry asses for target practice.  
There is a special place in hell with your names on it Paul and Allan, and anyone else connected to your pathetic website.  
-CS

Dear CS,  
Wow, a special place, just for us? With our names on it? That sounds awesome! We may be nobodies now, but at least we'll be VIPs in the afterlife! Hey, thanks a bunch, CS! Oh, and thanks for the death threat too!

## HARSHING OUR MELLOW

the troops, really? thats a classy thing to say. after hitting all the republicans you could i figured this was an uninformed leftist rant, so what was I to expect? it only serves to prove that anyone on the left is actually anti soldier, not anti war. thanks for clearing it up, and if youre in america...leave. just go. no one is keeping you here, and no one will miss you.  
- T

Dear T,  
Gee, really? No one? Not even our mothers? That's kind of a bummer. Oh well, guess we'll tell our half of the country to pack their bags. Say bye to your mom for us.

## SUPPORT OUR TOOLS

I thought this was quite funny and entertaining except for one. Number 28 "The Troops" While bashing the troops is well within your rights, it seems to me to be in very bad taste. These are the very "rubes" that protect your right to make fun of people. Most of the troops that are off fighting in whatever god-forsaken land they are in are not there because they want to be fighting and dieing. They are there because they felt it was their responsibility to serve their country. Do you criticize the tools used by a carpenter because you didn't like the design of a house? Beause the soldiers fighting a war are the tools used by the government to

achieve their goals  
Ethan

Dear Ethan,  
That's an interesting metaphor there, the soldiers being tools. How do you think that makes them feel, Ethan? Don't you think you ought to have more respect for the delicate emotional state of our brave, flaky heroes overseas than to refer to them as tools? What kind of American are you, Ethan? These are the very "tools" that protect your right to unwittingly belittle them via e-mail. Somehow, they do this by occupying powerless nations on the other side of the planet. USA! USA!

## ARMY OF DUH

my uninformed opinion concerns your entry #28 .. concerning "the troops" .. it was and is seriously "out of line" and "out of bounds" ..imo .. especially since recent polls by army times and others of military families and personnel show 60% plus of the military don't approve of the iraq involvement .. nor do they support current administration policies... and .. imo .. it was in extremely basd taste for you to recommend "walter reed" as their sentence .. implying they all should be shot or wounded in some way .. then neglected ..

i'm not a right winger either .. but i am a USMC medically retired officer and i say "shame on you" .. for exhibiting such poor taste

J. Williams  
Maj. USMC (Ret.)

Dear J.,  
Think a little harder, man. Don't you think "Walter Reed," and comments like "too cheap to buy their own body armor" sound a little like we're actually mocking conservatives who claim to "support the troops" but haven't actually done shit for them? You know, satire and all that? Nah, just kidding. Really, we just hate poor, naive 19-year-old kids.

## X-RATED SPECS

Dear Whoever The Fuck You People Are,

Why are bright and funny women who wear glasses so incredibly hot[Allison Kilkenny, "Stop Being an Asshole," issue 122]? Kilkenny in those retro Buddy Holly specs is pure hardwood my friend! Tina Fey (I know, but still...), that simmering near sighted blonde in White Trash Facials 3, the hot new chick in the Catholic school uniform on Nip/Tuck (hey, she wears John Lennon specs in my sweaty fantasies). Is it like a BuzzFlash trend, or just me? Troubled in Tampa

Dear Troubled,  
Yes, well-read chicks in glasses are hot stuff. But why are spectacles Hollywood shorthand for ugly? You know: "We need an ugly girl for this movie! Put some glasses on that supermodel!"

## CHEMICAL BANK

The War on Cancer prompted a decision tree in the 1970s and 80s - throw money into cheap cancer prevention, or into lucrative chemotherapy? ["The War On the War On, issue 122] Insurance covers no prevention measures for cancer (including smoking cessation), while fully 1/9 of the annual health care budget of the US is for cancer related surgery and treatment. Over \$100 billion annually is spent on chemo alone, with more expensive drugs on the way.

Health Affairs (#25, 2006 pp437-443) noted "Before the Medicare Prescription Drug, Improvement, and Modernization Act (MMA) of 2003, Medicare reimbursed physicians for chemotherapy drugs at rates that greatly exceeded physicians' costs for those drugs. Providers who were more generously reimbursed, prescribed more-costly chemotherapy regimens to metastatic breast, colorectal, and lung cancer patients."


No different from the armaments industry, except they make money from incinerating entire villages, while pharmaceutical companies and docs make money from vaporizing people's bone marrow and GI tracts.  
Alex Kendziorski

Dear Alex,  
Heh, you said "colorectal."

## BRAVE SIR ROBIN

Hey,  
I'm only writing this in the hope of getting it printed in your publication - and thus guaranteeing a small slice of fame by being ripped on - so I'm using my English status as a selling point to try and get in. If you do have someone else in England who buys The Beast, let me know and I'll hunt them down. I feel special (in the good way for a change) that I'm the only one in this comparatively small country, so I can't have anyone spoiling it.

Robin Armstrong,  
Northampton, England.

Dear Robin,  
You are an empire unto yourself, sir. A failed, regrettable empire. 



# BEAST-O-SCOPES

**As divined by  
Andrew Gullerstein**



## **Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb 18)**

I know this sounds hard to believe, Aquarius, but through an amazingly improbable series of random events, your remote control is at the bottom of the Sargasso Sea. Chaos theory and all that. So you can stop looking for it, anyway.

## **Pisces (Feb 18 – Mar 20)**

Here's the thing about the gold standard, Pisces: Isn't that just another thing that's only valuable because people think it is? I mean, wouldn't the iron standard make more sense? Because someday people might realize that gold is just shiny and rare, but otherwise not good for much, and then it would be just as worthless as paper. And don't get me started on diamonds.

## **Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 19)**

Yeah, I can see how cleaning that litter box is something you wouldn't want to do, Aries. It's much easier just to live in a house that smells like piss and shit. Your friends find you disgusting, Aries.

## **Taurus (Apr 20 – May 20)**

Contrary to Ditech's advertising campaign, Taurus, people are actually not very smart. Otherwise, there'd be no such thing as Ditech.

## **Gemini (May 21 – June 20)**

I may not be able to participate in the writer's strike, Gemini, but I'm holding back in solidarity. That's why this isn't very funny.

## **Cancer (June 21 – July 22)**

Putting coal in your children's stockings does not count as carbon sequestration, Cancer, and neither Santa Claus nor the IRS are going to look kindly upon it.

## **Leo (July 23 – Aug 22)**

Leo, if your best friend jumped off a bridge, would you too? Because he just did.

## **Virgo (Aug 23 – Sept 22)**

Virgo, I understand we all have to do what we have to do to survive, but stealing money from homeless people is in no way "sticking it to the man."

## **Libra (Sept 23 – Oct 22)**

I don't think your glasses make you look ugly, Libra. I think it's your ugly face.

## **Scorpio (Oct 23 – Nov 21)**

You know, Tucker Carlson loves Ron Paul too, Scorpio. And if that guy's right, I'll have to kill myself. Maybe you too.

## **Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21)**

If you don't like to give head Sagittarius, hey, that's your right. Enjoy your future of uninterrupted solitude.

## **Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)**

There are 9 million players on World of Warcraft, Capricorn. And virtually all of them could be doing something better with their time. But you Capricorn, you should probably just keep playing.

## THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH

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