

Separated at junk?



Amy Winehouse, deathly floozie...



...and Keith Richards, invincible bluesy?





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A Brief Message From the Girls of Africa:

Greetings, American sisters, from the African continent! It is our distinguished honor to introduce this special "Women's History Month" edition of The BEAST. We extend our hands to you in solidarity, as the united sisterhood of the world, in recognition of all that you have accomplished. You are a beacon of hope to women everywhere!

In fact, we have a very specific hope—a yearning, really, with which only you as women could empathize, and that it is our sincerest wish you would satisfy: please send us your clitorises. It is our understanding—and please, forgive our provincial frankness—that you have very little use for the clitoris in your country. We have heard that most American women are so insolent, physically repugnant and emotionally unstable that very few men find you sexually desirable. Indeed many of them come here to have sex with us, and we often hear stories afterwards about their wives and girlfriends. They say to even consider the act with you it is necessary to indulge in quantities of intoxicants so great as to render them physically incapacitated.

We don't have any such problems attracting men. Between the incessant warring and various campaigns of genocide, as well as the aforementioned sex tourism, there is no shortage of fornication here! But without a clitoris, it is joyless. We'd like to come just once before we're tortured or killed. That could be any minute.

So, please, mail us your clitorises today. And have a fruitful "Women's History Month".







THIS ISSUE'S DEAD LEDGER



"Remember kids: Don't do more than five drugs at the same time."

Immune to Reality

Why is telecom immunity so important to Bush?

By Allan Uthman

omething astonishing happened the other day in the House: The Democratic leadership found some courage. After over a year of demoralizing, often inexplicable capitulation, they actually gathered the fortitude to push back slightly against Republicans on so-called national security issues. The Republicans' response was swift: They took their ball and went home, after a brief stop at a prearranged press conference on the Capitol steps.

Two issues caused the dispute: One, in a stunning display of rudimentary oversight, the House issued contempt citations for two former Bush staffers, Harriet Meiers and Josh Bolten, who've been ducking House subpoenas for months now. This was predictably dismissed by weepy Minority Whip John Boehner as a "partisan fishing expedition," a boilerplate

cliché if ever there was one.

The second issue, which the indignant Republicans preferred to discuss, for obvious reasons, was the House Democrats' refusal to cave on retroactive immunity for telecom companies, like AT&T and Sprint, for collaborating with the White House in spying on domestic internet and phone communications, which, to be clear, was tremendously illegal.

What's less encouraging, but interesting, is that the Democrats were ready to sign off on extending the repugnantly named Protect America Act, except for telecom immunity. To Bush, this made the bill dead on arrival. That's right; Bush promised to veto the bill if it reached his desk without a get out of jail free card for Comcast.

It's hard to line that up with the apocalyptic tenor of Bush's exhortations regarding the bill. If the warrantless domestic spying provisions of the Act were not renewed,

Bush warned, Osama bin Laden would rain fire upon us all. But he was planning to veto them if they came to him without immunity. Naturally, this makes no fucking sense. Either Bush is willing to risk another 9/11 to embarrass the Democrats, or he's lying when it comes to the threat posed by having to get a FISA warrantretroactively. after the fact-for domestic surveillance. I think he's lying, but I suppose it could be both.

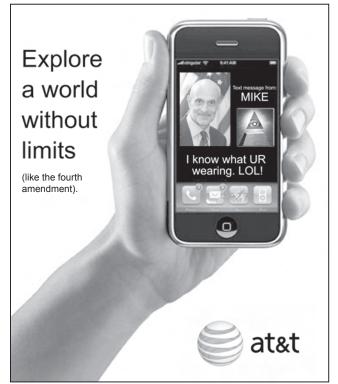
It's interesting that these issues are what it takes to really outrage Republicans—threaten huge corporate giants with lawsuits, or exercise congress's constitutional oversight powers. Of course, it's only natural that the Republicans would shudder at the prospect of effective investigations being conducted in the House. If the Democrats actually start following through on the legal options to compel testimony, it's only a matter of time before everyone's implicated. But telecom immunity?

Republicans are, of course, fundamentally pro-corporate, even moreso than modern Democrats. But to go to bat this hard on behalf of an industry seems anomalous even for them. All a congressman usually has to do for his biennial bribe is vote in a corporation's interests, not engage in tantrum theatrics. There's more than pedestrian corruption at work here.

Of course, there is the terror issue, and in a most perilous election year, Republicans would like nothing more than to be able to run on the "Dems are sissies" platform. If they can keep people frightened and badly misinformed, they may manage to make telecom amnesty into a winning issue for them come November.

But to do that, they have to lie. A lot. They have to feign outrage, and actual concern for the wellbeing of their fellow Americans. They're doing their level best. To hear Republicans tell it, requiring a rubberstamp warrant, after the fact, to spy on Americans is like mailing plutonium to Iran. Bush's spiel was grade A horseshit from start to finish:

"Because Congress failed to act, it will be harder for our government to keep you safe from terrorist attack. At midnight, the Attorney General and the Director of National Intelligence will be stripped of their power to authorize new surveillance against terrorist threats abroad. This means that as terrorists change their tactics to avoid our surveillance, we may not have the tools we need to continue tracking them—and we may lose a vital lead that could prevent an attack on



America.... Instead, the House held partisan votes that do nothing to keep our country safer. House leaders chose politics over protecting the country—and our country is at greater risk as a result."

Then sign the bill without the telecom amnesty provision, and work on that part later. If it's nearly as vital as Bush says, he's providing aid and comfort to the enemy by not compromising, right?

"If the Protect America Act is allowed to expire, Americans will be at risk," echoed Boehner, despite having just voted against a three-week extension on the bill, like all his fellow Republicans in the House. What the hell is going on here? When you compare the truths of this dispute with the rhetoric from the White House and its mouthpieces, there's really no other conclusion than that this country has gone fucking bonkers. Reality and public perception don't even share a zip code anymore. After years of constant, obvious lies, their ridiculousness compounded by countless revelations of their falsehood, Bush is still sticking with the same despicable, transparently manipulative bogeyman bullshit he started with. And like-minded jackasses in the media, like Bill Kristol on Fox News Sunday, still have the inconceivable gall to say things like, "I think it's kind of unbelievable, frankly, that-it's a judgment call, we don't know-

THE BEAST PAGE 5 *Super Delegates*

Name: Margie and Dave

Turn-ons: Partisan machine politics, old-school oligarchies, convention schmoozing, quid pro quos and nullifying the will of the electorate.

Turn-offs: The constitution, representative democracy, landless peasants and any-thing with Martin Lawrence.

How we got to be The BEAST Page 5 Democracy

Usurpers: Funny story actually; in the seventies, the American populace was getting dangerously close to choosing the party nominees through a series of arcane state primaries and caucuses—of course, this wouldn't do at all. Naturally, we needed to wrest that power away from the dregs of society by instituting a special group of current and former elected officeholders, party officials and pledged wealthy elites that can vote as delegates without being beholden to the primary votes cast by citizens—for their own good, ostensibly.

Future Plans: Well, on the Republican side we represent 463 out of total 2,380 delegates, and on the Democratic side we're 796 of 3,253. With only 1,191 and 2,025 needed to win those contests, respectively, we plan on rigging that shit good—we mean, um, spreading freedom or something.

How we'd like to be remembered: As the obscenely powerful and overly-botoxed face of the political elite that the poor, benighted American herd needs to make the proper decisions. Actually, can we change our answer, because we kinda want to do this again in 2012? Of course we can change our answer. We can do whatever the fuck we want. Suck it, bitches!



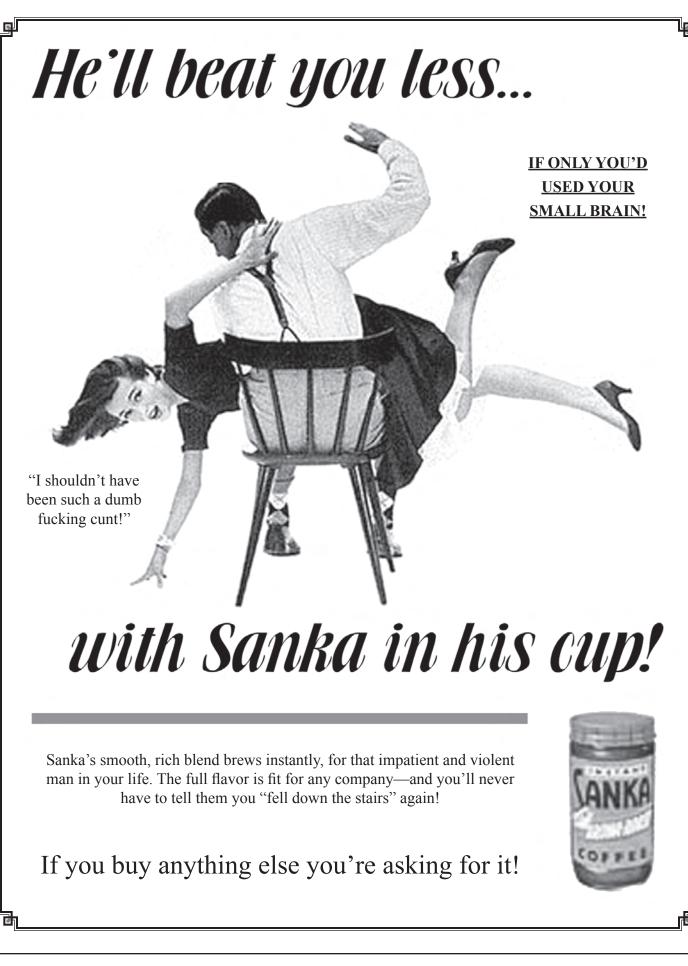
not to give the administration the benefit of the doubt."

The benefit of the doubt? A judgment call? Sorry Bill, but fuck you. Your judgment's been shit; your President's judgment's been shit, and both of you are documented liars. So forgive the hell out of the rest of us if there's no doubt to benefit from when it comes to whether the president is a fucking fraud. The entire administration is a fraud. Every department is a fraud, staffed by fraudulent people, hostile to its stated mission and intent or it's nullification, by death or paralysis. There may never be proof, especially if Bush gets his way, but what thinking person can muster much doubt that the administration is listening not just for terrorist chatter, but to anyone they want-political enemies, reporters, chicks they're into-whoever.

In 2006, after Andrea Mitchell asked New York Times reporter James Risen, who broke the domestic spying story, out of the blue, "You don't have any information, for instance, that a very prominent journalist, Christiane Amanpour, might have been eavesdropped upon?" Risen did not, but NBC scrubbed the question from its transcripts of the interview, later explaining that the story had been "released prematurely," that they had not "completed" their reporting. But they didn't call the allegation irresponsible, or speculative, or any other dismissive adjective they could have used. They essentially confirmed that they had reason to believe that Bush was secretly wiretapping a prominent CNN reporter.

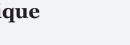
And why the hell wouldn't he, after all? Without a reviewable record of warrants, it's not as if anyone can possibly find out-unless somebody sues the telecoms, and specific, decidedly non-terrorist surveillance targets are identified in the ensuing discovery process. And that is why the Republicans are going apeshit over retroactive immunity, not just to protect the telecoms, but to cover their own asses. If it ever comes out that their secret, illegal domestic wiretaps were not targeting al Qaeda, but Al Gore, the jig is finally up. The entire "trust us, we're hunting terrorists" rationale, as thin as it always was, will lose any residual integrity, and the GOP may never recover. And they know it.

And maybe, hopefully, the Democrats finally know it too.





HILLARY or COBRA COMMANDER? **A Post-Feminist Critique By Erich Shulte**





ike many people on the left, or even the center left, I will wet my pants with impotent rage if Hillary Clinton gets the Democratic nomination for president. This would be true in any year, but with Republicans on the ropes after a disastrous and historically unpopular administration, in a year when the Democrats could probably get the corpse of Eugene Debs into office, there is a strong chance they will choose a repellent, center-right shrew. They might as well run Cobra Commander. No, really. I follow politics closely, and loved GI Joe as a kid, so the obvious similarities struck me right away. But the more I googled and learned about the two leaders, the muddier the distinction became between Cobra Commander and his terribly disfigured face and Hillary Clinton with her Christian Okove thighs.

WAR

Hillary Clinton: Opportunistic hawk. She was for the war in Iraq when she thought it would make her look good, paying no regard to the death and destruction it would create. And don't give me any nonsense about bad intelligence. All you needed to know was that Iraq was less involved with terrorism, or any other type of threat to the US, than almost any other country in the Islamic world. Who gives a fuck if they had some mobile homes and aluminum tubes? When the going got tough during her war, Hippobottomus took an ambiguous stance. Now, when doing so is crucial for the nomination, she talks about bringing the troops home, just as a glimmer of hope for rebuilding Iraq to some degree seems to be emerging. As to her role in the whole debacle, she is casting blame for failure in Iraq and her own support for the war on anybody available.

Cobra Commander: Cowardly hawk. He demands total courage and selflessness from foot soldiers, has no regard for the risk of his own men or innocent life and berates the slightest failure. Yet when the bullets are flying, he is never the one to make the ultimate sacrifice-safely parachuting or leaping away from an exploding vehicle. As soon as his own ass is threatened, he demands retreat and then blames others for the failures of his ill-conceived campaigns.

AFFILIATIONS

Hillary Clinton: She got her real start as a corporate lawyer, pulling down six figures at the service of such clients as GE, ALCOA (named one of the ten most toxic companies in the country by The Political Economy Research Institute) and Wal-Mart (named one of the ten biggest boxes of dicks by The American Institute for the Study of Shitbirds). She began her political life as a Nixon supporter, then built a political career in Arkansas, The Rickets State.

Cobra Commander: He has a close, if contentious relationship with arms dealer Destro. His mask is manufactured by ALCOA. While not a Nixon supporter, Cobra Commander was often willing to work with Serpentor. He built a terrorist group with aid of Dreadnaughts.

PERSONAL WEALTH

Hillary Clinton: As mentioned, she was a sleazy corporate lawyer. She made a buttload of money betting lavender chips on the futures markets with only one problem: She always guessed right. Made more money in a real estate scam for which over twenty people were indicted. Chalked all criticism up to a vast right wing conspiracy that she would devote herself to fighting.

Cobra Commander: Started out as a used car salesman, but built his fortune and revived a small city with a company called Arbco. When the government ruled that Arbco was an illegal pyramid scheme he claimed to have been "ground under the wheels" of government oppression and vowed to fight back.

CIVIL LIBERTIES

Hillary Clinton: Spent her early career in the senate on a holy jihad against curse words, boobies and violent video games. The idea was that the government would take action to alter media content, but it wouldn't count as censorship. Then 9/11 changed everything. People wore hats on their feet and hamburgers ate people! So she switched from video games to things like the fourth amendment via shit like the Patriot Act. She had patriot fever! She also has a 33% rating from the ACLU for 2006-07.

Cobra Commander: A longstanding proponent of violence in media, including television, movies and comic books, especially directed at children. While a dissident himself, Cobra Commander takes no lip.

CRIME

Hillary Clinton: Her pastimes include flailing pompoms as retards are executed by the state. She's such a staunch drug warrior that she supported the Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act of 1994, which included a provision for the execution of drug traffickers. Yes, the death penalty for pushing dope.

CobraCommander: Alsofavors the death penalty in grossly unjust circumstances, such as mild insubordination. However, he favors soft sentences for heads of international terrorist organizations.

FUNDING

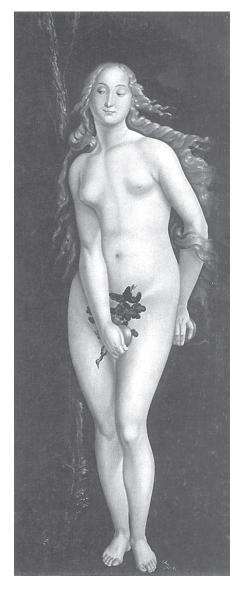
Hillary Clinton: Although the financing of Hillary's campaign by pharmaceutical industry is often discussed, it is less well known that she has received significantly more money from defense contractors than any other Democrat. Perhaps this is because she says things like "I don't believe that any president should make any blanket statements with respect to the use or nonuse of nuclear weapons" and took the astonishing measure of opposing George W. Bush's efforts to terminate multiple arms programs. Drink that in.

Cobra Commander: Although he got started with the pyramid scheme, COBRA derives most of it's funding through arms dealing and fomenting wars so it can sell to both sides. Of course, the defense companies funding Hillary would never be involved in anything like that.

The BEAST Abridged GUIDE TO HERSTORY

Because it's March and we care, and stuff

arch is Women's History Month. And you've come a long way, baby! We at The BEAST have compiled a brief, yet comprehensive, list celebrating Herstory. We hope it has broad appeal.



Beginning of Time: Eve invents evil, dooms humanity. Many things we enjoy today would never have been possible without the technological breakthrough of that brave and disobedient rib—like, the iPod.

Shortly after: Joan Rivers is born. She's old.

3000 BC: Meryt-Neith breaks the mudbrick ceiling, becoming third ruler of the first Egyptian dynasty.

30 BC: Cleopatra ends the reign of Egyptian pharaohs with a self-inflicted asp bite, looks bangin' in metal bra.

A few years later: Mary takes God's virginity in the backseat of a Chrysler convertible.

60 AD: Warrior-Queen Boudicca suffers critical wardrobe malfunction while defending England from the Romans. Many Herstorians agree that her exposed breast was a decisive factor in demoralizing the Iceni people and lead ultimately to Rome's victory.

360: Hypatia of Alexandria born into wealthy, educated family and becomes the first woman mathematician of note. Her work with hair pi is still taught in sororities today.

1151: Hildegard of Bingen, a German abbess, artist and polymath composes her *Ordo Virtutum*—the first form of opera. She would go on to pen *Generalus Hospitium*—the first soap opera.

1429: A schizophrenic 17 year-old named Joan D'Arc wields the entire French army in a bloody crusade to recapture land the English acquired in the Hundred Years' War. She must have been a total babe. 1558: Elizabeth I of England becomes first and last monarch of the Tudor dynasty. Her sagacious rule helps crush the Spanish Armada, and she never got laid, ever, really, look it up.

1776: Betsy Ross smashes feminine stereotypes by sewing a pretty flag—with non-slimming horizontal stripes!



1847: Shirley Jessup makes first delivery of the Cotton Pony Express.

1870: Susan B. Anthony does things.

1900: Marie Curie pioneers the science of radioactivity, slowly poisoning herself and her husband.

1934: Nazi film propagandist Leni Riefenstahl releases *Triumph des Willens*. Her aesthetic style and photographic techniques are still hailed as genius by today's experts, the Nazi twat.

1954: Oprah Winfrey begins plan of world domination.

1960: The FDA approves the birth control pill, spurring the Pentagon to invent AIDS.

1963: Betty Friedan ushers in "second wave feminism" with the publication of *The Feminine Mystique*, inspiring ugly, frustrated man-haters across the nation.

1972: Title IX bans gender discrimination in schools, providing enough substandard sporting events for several ESPN channels.



1973: Billie Jean King defeats Bobby Riggs in the "Battle of the Sexes," proving that lesbians can kick the crap out of old men. Also, *Roe v. Wade* happens.

1979: Margaret Thatcher becomes first female Prime Minister of The United Kingdom. Her conservative, pro-business ideology and hawkish militarism earn her a derision normally reserved for heartless male leaders. Any awful thing they could do, she could do better!

1986: The Supreme Court finds sexual harassment to be illegal job discrimination.

1991: The Senate finds sexual harassment to be no impediment to becoming a Supreme Court Justice, so long as you are black and pissed off.

1994: The Violence Against Women Act is passed, sending a clear signal to violent sex offenders to start raping dudes.



1996: Ann Coulter manifests, laying to rest once and for all the myth that women are gentler, wiser, or less bloodthirsty than men. 1997: Madeline Albright is sworn in as America's first female Secretary of State. Despite the title of "Secretary," her duties extended beyond that of a mere receptionist, including championing strict sanctions which killed an estimated halfmillion Iraqi children. *You go, girlfriend!*

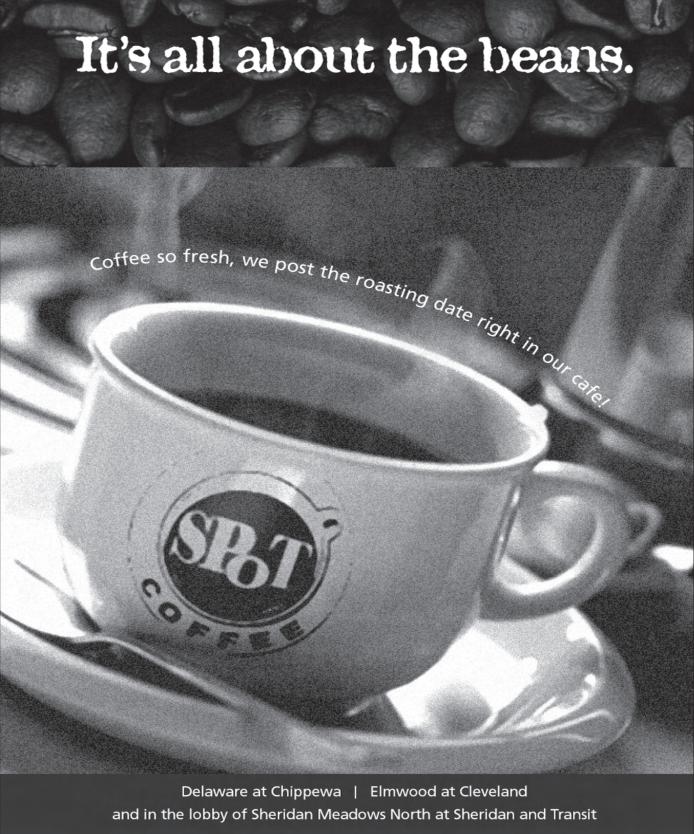
2006: Nancy Pelosi becomes the first female House Speaker, proving that any determined woman whose husband is a multimillionaire can make it big in politics. Pelosi's record as speaker also shows she has not abandoned her femininity, as she has allowed vile, belligerent men to walk all over her for no apparent reason.



2008: Hillary Clinton brings feminism to new heights as the first viable woman candidate for President of the United States entirely on her, um, own merits, and not by being married to a former president, at all.







200 East Avenue @ Matthews in Rochester

STRENGTHEN YOUR RELATIONSHIP IN Psychotic Steps!

So you've sailed the seas of singledom, and vou've finally hooked a man-atee you think might be good for the long haul. But now it's time to clip his wings so he never flies away. Having a good, healthy, respectful relationship is fun while it lasts, but for longevity, you can't beat dysfunctional codependence augmented bv psychological abuse. Your man's free spirit may have been what attracted you to him, but if you employ these tips, he'll be docile as downer cattle in no time. Happy hobbling!



Eradicate his privacy. Call him all the time. If you can manage to guilt him into

calling you, all the better. As your boyfriend, he is obligated to let you know where he is, who else is there, when he is leaving, and what he is doing later, even if he is not sure of the answers. Remember to time your calls for maximum inconvenience, or better yet embarrassment. Is he relaxing at home? Call right when his favorite show is on. Is he playing poker with his buddies? Sounds like a good time to discuss your latest argument!



Castrate his imagination. Now that he's with you, it's

important to let him know it's inappropriate for him to express, or even feel, any attraction to other women, even women who have been given awards for sexual attractiveness. Whenever you notice your man "noticing" another woman, hit him with a withering stare that lets him know the next couple of days are pretty much shot. After a few episodes like this, and ensuing aftershocks, your beau will know not to let his gaze wander far from your immediate vicinity. You'll know he's learning when he starts averting his gaze if a particularly sexy actress appears on a television screen. A good pop quiz: Ask, innocently, "Isn't Angelina Jolie hot?" If he makes feeble, noncommittal noises, you're on the right track. If he insists Angelina is "totally gross," you've succeeded. If he enthusiastically agrees, you've got some serious bitching to do.

The honeymoon's over. Phase out oral sex—not completely; you can still go down on him for special occasions, but make sure he knows from your unenthusiastic performance what a tedious chore it is for you.

Ar yo ho just

Anything he enjoys is your enemy. Be it friends, hobbies, art, schoolwork, or just solitude, if it takes his time ontion away from you it has

and attention away from you, it has to go. If you catch him playing video games, react as if he were masturbating to gay porn.

Get rid of his friends by glaring, muttering, and generally acting like a total bitch to them, and never letting him out to see them.



Get rid of your own friends. All women are possible roads to splitsville for you and your love, including

your slutty chums. Besides, you only needed them when you were single.

Do nice things for him, and then complain about doing them. For every meal you cook or load of laundry

you do unasked, there should be a vocal

lament about how you feel victimized by his oppressive gender stereotyping. He may not have expected you to do these things, but he *let* you, so it's still his fault.

8 f h

Become part of the family. Make sure to charm his family. Try to establish a close rapport with his mother,

sharing every emasculating detail of his private life with her, including his sexual proclivities.



Never allow him to make any major purchases. His computer was good enough

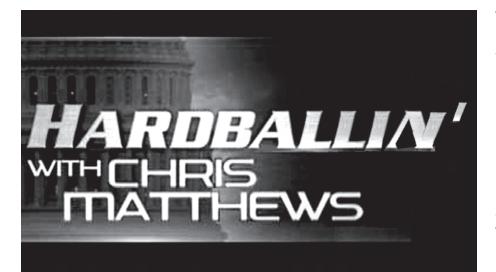
in '95; it's good enough now. Spend all his money on shoes and handbags instead.



Remember: All of your problems are his fault. If you are unsatisfied with your

life in any way, the relationship is to blame. No matter how perfect your mate may be, you can find something to be miserable about. Does he give you your space? Then he doesn't care about you. Does he shower you with gifts? He's overbearing. Is he gainfully employed? He's not ambitious enough. Is he a billionaire? His yacht is pathetic next to Richard Branson's. The important thing is to let him know that in every way, he is a disappointment to you, and you could do much better.

Keep using the strategies outlined here, and you'll be sure to ensnare your hunk in an everlasting death grip of exquisite agony. And if he somehow escapes, make sure to tell everyone he knows about what a limpdick/pervert he was!



By lan Murphy

he drive from Manchester to Buffalo was horrendous. Jones and I were suffering a nasty bout of *Primary Fever*, pained and sweating, tired and disgusted with our bodies and our body politic.

"Just don't let me die," Jones moaned pathetically when I asked if he needed help moving his stuff into the house.

"OK," I promised. I let him take my room and I moved my few belongings into the cold, drafty attic. I slept for seven days under seven blankets. The phone rang.

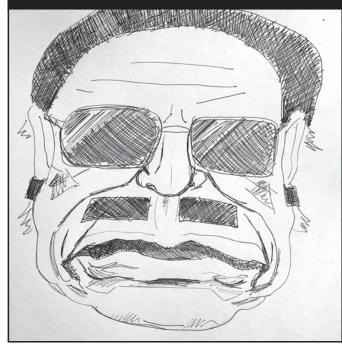
BEAST publisher Paul Fallon had good and terrible news: he had a place for us to stay in South Carolina. Reporting from the nation's first 2008 primary had nearly killed us; two in a row would be a suicide mission. I left immediately without Jones. I'm a man of my word.

I hit the road, unprepared and broke as hell. It was five days before the Republican primary, the Democratic would soon follow. 800 miles to travel. I had a Mobil Speed Pass that my mother gave me for "emergencies." I filled the tank of my beleaguered '96 Chevy Cavalier near the Pennsylvania border and bought some snacks and cigarettes. Guilt overwhelmed me as I used my mother's money to increase the recordbreaking profits of an enormous oil company. But I had little choice.

The Cavalier crapped out just south of Pittsburgh. It was 3 am. I slept poorly in the frigid backseat. The sun pried open my reluctant eyes. I called AAA for a tow, and rode into Pittsburgh in the passenger seat.

"You're a long way from South Carolina!" the driver joked. I didn't think it was funny.

Napkin sketch of Matthews made in a Pittsburgh restaurant



The boys at the garage showed me the rat's nest beside the engine block and the chewed ignition wires. I'd been thwarted by vermin.

I spent the morning wandering aimlessly around Pittsburgh on foot. I used the Speed Pass to buy a carton of cigarettes. I sold a mechanic five packs, for three bucks each, when I went back to the garage to assess their progress.

"We should have it up and running today." He showed me his yellow teeth. I'd have to pay with my mother's credit card. This was also entrusted to me for use in "emergencies."

It was past lunch time. I walked my fifteen dollars to a joint called Primanti Bros. They've gained some notoriety for putting French fries on their sandwiches.

"Give me a coffee and a Reuben," I told the waitress. "Hold the fries."

"HAAA!" cackled a man at the next table. I didn't look up. "Oh, you gotta get the fries—it's best that way. That's why I come here."

"I just don't want any goddamn fries, OK?" I pled with the stranger. I was in no mood.

"Hey, has anyone ever told you that you look like John Belushi?" he asked.

"Yes." I imagined my self dead, face up, asphyxiated on my own vomit. I felt peaceful.

"Hey, that reminds me of that movie *Animal Hut*," the stranger spoke.

"I think you mean *Animal* House," I said, looking up and feigning a smile.

His mouth was a wide slit, sauerkraut dangled from the down-turned corners. His hair and moustache were unnaturally black and looked to be made of cheap velour. Pale locks protruded from the back of his wig. He wore dark sunglasses and an expression of incomprehension.

"HAAA!" He shot shreds of

fatty corned beef across the table. "John Lithgow—now he's a good director!"

"Landis! John Landis!" I barked at him as the waitress arrived with my order. "Look, I'm trying to eat here, man."

"Um, Miss, excuse me, Miss!" I shouted at her fat ass. "I said I didn't want any fries on this."

"Oh, those are courtesy of the gentleman at table four," she said, pointing.

"Christ." I didn't feel like arguing.

"Ha!" He showered me in spittle, pulled up a chair and sat down. "I see you got the fries—it's best that way. That's why I come here. Mind if I sit down? So, who do you like in the Oscars? I'm pulling for Daniel Ray-Lewis. He's good. You ever see *My Cleft Foot*? Powerful stuff."

I stared ahead hopelessly.

"Either him or Jeffrey Seymour Hoffman," he added. "I have to know a lot about movies for my job..."

I didn't look up from my sandwich.

"I'm a political analyst." He opened his mouth as if he intended to eat my face. "I have to be cultured and able to make the appropriate analogies, so people will understand... politics is a confusing game," he said, wiping his greasy hands on the table cloth. "Oh yeah," I said coldly.

"Yeah!" he spat on me again. "For example, Barack Obama is just like the Salieri character from *Rock Me Amadeus*. You see?"

"What?" I looked at the floor and put my hand to my forehead.

"I told you politics was complicated," he reiterated. "You see, after Hillary's upset in New Hampshire, he's stuck playing second fiddle. He's jealous. When she cried it was like a genius symphony—an ocular opus. He probably wants her dead, too. Centuries from now, they'll have to exhume her corpse and check for poison. But they won't find any."

"Should you be out in public by yourself?" I asked him condescendingly. "Is someone looking for you—do you have medication that you should be taking?"

"HAAA!" he spat on me a third time. "Like Jack Nicolaus from *One Jumped Over the Cuckoo's Nest*—did you know Ken Cheesy wrote that book while working in a loony bin? It is just like the current political narrative! You make a good point."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I wiped my face.

"Your point that Hillary campaign surrogates have busted out of the nuthouse, and now their causing all sorts of trouble for Obama—Nurse Hatchet... yeah, this place is a little out of my way, but they put fries on the sandwiches. That's why I come here."

"I didn't say that..." I replied, massaging my temples and staring at the salt shaker. I couldn't bear looking at this idiot.

"It's all about momentum now," he interjected. "Who's got the power ranking and who doesn't. February's going to be Obama's month, you'll see—black history and all that. Then, Hillary'll take the momentum in March—women's history month. Two! Two months! Now that's a big number..."

"Chris!" A goateed man in an overcoat entered the restaurant and walked toward us.

It was MSNBC political director Chuck Todd.

"We need to get back to New York, Chris."

"They put fries on the sandwiches, Chuck. That's why I come here."

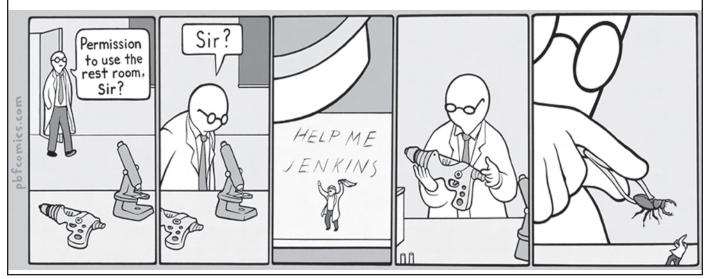
"Yeah, I know, buddy," Todd said, rolling his eyes and throwing a crisp fifty on the table. "Let's go."

"It was nice analyzing politics with you," the man spat on me a fourth time.

"Right." I said, dumbfounded.

My car was ready after lunch. I drove back to Buffalo.

THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH



Recession Recipes That Won't Break the Bank!



WHAT YOU'LL NEED TO BEGIN:

Job outsourcing, crushing debt incurred from an illness your insurance company refused to cover, sub prime mortgage crisis, home foreclosure, cuts in social spending, highest military spending since WWII, a hobo blade, paint cans and a trashcan fire.

Belt-tightening treats for the whole family!

Raiment Noodles: A pauper's delight!

Ingredients: Tattered rags, 1 tablespoon rock salt and 2 cups water.

Preparations: Inspect your disheveled wardrobe and drifter's bindle for loose strands of cloth (make sure to check the bottom of your pant leg—there's your bumper crop!); remove errant bits with a hobo blade or by hand; fill an empty can of paint with 2 cups water (gas station or puddle), bring to a rolling boil over a trash can fire (cooking under a highway overpass really brings out this soup's delicate and dirty undertones); add rock salt and clothing bits, stir, let cool and serve. You'll bloody your stool—with flavor!

*Bonus recipe (with Raiment Noodles) Lint-el Soup: Gag yourself with a spoonful!

Ingredients: Lint, 1/2 cup water

Preparation: Before cooking your clothes, scour pockets, cuffs and collars for hardy nuggets of fiber. Cheaply made foreign goods are a treasure trove of raveled threads; even your navel conceals a bounty of buildup. Do not rinse debris before cooking: you will wash away the natural essences. Gather your detritus in a discarded SUV ashtray with a ½ cup

of water, bringing the contents just to a boil over your medium-sized trashcan fire; reduce heat by raising the ashtray and let simmer until tender, or your atrophied arm tires. If a denser mixture is desired, thicken with sweater pills. Sprinkle with other pocket flotsam such as paper clips, stale gum, crumpled sub prime mortgage and divorce papers, devalued currency and shredded credit cards. Serve as an appetizer or a delicious side dish for that non-nutritive fullness. (Note: May cause choking or mechanical bowel obstruction.) Bon appetit!

Cat-sup: Meals on paws!

Ingredients: Feral or domestic cats

Preparation: PETA isn't going to put food on the table. Luckily the streets are teeming with neglected, lean and low-cal options! Simply bludgeon the animal of your choice with the nearest available blunt object-rocks, malt liquor bottles and lengths of rebar are optimal. Take care to avoid the claws and teeth (without healthcare, the smallest injury could prove fatal). Skin and clean the carcass, and cook to your specifications. Using your blunt object as a pestle, grind the brain, kidneys and intestines into a spreadable topping, bloodying it for the preferred consistency. Or, brown the meat and cook it in the cat stock for a

feline fricassee.

Tip: A shaved tail adds a unique savor to stews and sauces. The whole family will be meowing for more!

B & E Special: Jean Valjean's life-ruining meal!

Ingredients: Other people's food.

Preparations: The Break & Eat is not for everyone. It requires skill, speed and bravery. Simply smash into a grocery store, corner shop or home and dash with the nutritious and delicious booty. (Some chefs add money, jewelry and electronics to this dish—variety's the spice of life!)

Alco-salsa: You can't spell seviche without v-i-c-e!

Ingredients: Sardines, St. Ides, crab grass, prescription medication

Preparation: When your food lacks color and digestible elements, you can't afford to sacrifice flavor or remain lucid. With your hobo blade, dice sardines and crab grass, and stir together in an overturned hubcap. In a separate hubcap, mash your choice of prescription pills, heeding or ignoring Heath Ledger's example as you wish, and whisk in St. Ides. Combine all ingredients and serve as a condiment with your favorite meal, or as an appetizer with communion wafers.

Stimulus Checks Mix: Ameri-

ca's quick-fix snack mix! Ingredients: Wholesale allotments of low-grade kibble, suet, livestock feed, other crude protein

Preparation: As the Good Book says: "[M]an hath no preeminence above a beast." Your paltry government assistance will go farther if you stoop lower. Simply combine ingredients in a large bowl and enjoy on all fours with your pets. Makes an excellent stuffing for your Cat-sup.

Feces Pieces: Waste not, want not!

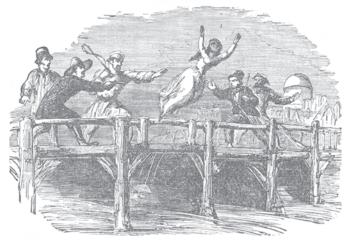
Ingredients: Undigested foodstuffs Preparation: E.T. may have turned up his freeloading, persnickety alien nose at this suggestion, but you don't have the luxury of prodigality or space travel. Simply pick through your stool for anything you may not have digested. Rinse thoroughly, reheat and enjoy. Everything's better the second time around! Tip: Serve in dust bowl and garnish

with grapes of wrath for best allusion.

CHECK OUR JUNE ISSUE FOR DEPRESSION DIPS & SHANTY SPRUCE UPS! @

Supplement recipes, or pen a brief suicide note, below:

Hark, Goode Woman, don't let this grim fate befall thee, too!



The Napors: A feminine plague of madness!

The Vapors is a serious medical condition afflicting many of the weaker sex. Signs that you may have the Vapors include, but are not restricted to: fainting from shock or corset tightness, parasol dissatisfaction or apathy, ennui, depression, hysterics, histrionics, feminine frigidity, feminine arousal, unladylike flatulence, excessive reading, expressing opinions, and lunar bloodliness.

If you or a loved one demonstrate any of these symptoms—YOU NEED DR. GRABASS'S ANTI-VAPOR MIRACLE-INDUCING DEBRAINING-LEECH TONIC!

After just one dose of **DR. GRABASS'S ANTI-VAPOR MIRACLE-INDUCING DEBRAINING-LEECH TONIC** you'll feel younger and more beautiful than you have in ages!

Dr. Grabass's formula is the best weapon science has to battle those dreaded Vapors. With only one dose you'll feel all burdens drift carelessly from your mind as the patented **DEBRAINING-LEECHES** jump into action. It will rejuvenate your **VITAL ORGANS, AROUSE** your vitreous humors and give you that **ROSY, DEAD-EYED GLOW** your husband can't resist!

<u>Ask thy quacksalver if debraining</u> <u>leeches are right for thee!</u>

"When you submit your worried soul to the will of my **PATENTENTED**, **POWERFUL AND HUNGRY DEBRAINING-LEECHES** you'll become the compliant and quiet woman you and your husband have always wanted you to be, satisfaction guaranteed—or my name isn't Dr. Phineas Q. Grabass!"

BEAST Guide to Bulimia <u>5 EASY STEPS TO A NEW, THIN YOU!</u>

So, you're disgusted by your body. Well, so is everyone else! Your bloated breasts, hips, bottom and belly, rather than arouse men, sicken and disturb them, meaning, you're not contributing to society. It's time to change all that, sister! Just follow this easy guide and you'll be showing off your femurs this swimsuit season. And unlike those other fad eating disorder diets, like anorexia, with bulimia you get to eat whatever you want and never gain a pound—all in 5 easy steps!

Step 3) Binge!

We know, fatty, the bulimia method can seem tough at first, but this part should be easy. You'll take to it like a whale to the chocolate sea, cramming and jamming insane varieties and quantities of unhealthy food down your throat. This is the easy part, and likely, you've already had a lot of practice.



Venus of Willendorf, carved in 20,000 BC, was a fat pig and bad role model Bloated Britney, notice the unsightly "shame sack"

Baby fat Britney, still disgusting

Step 1) Cultivate shame/self-disgust

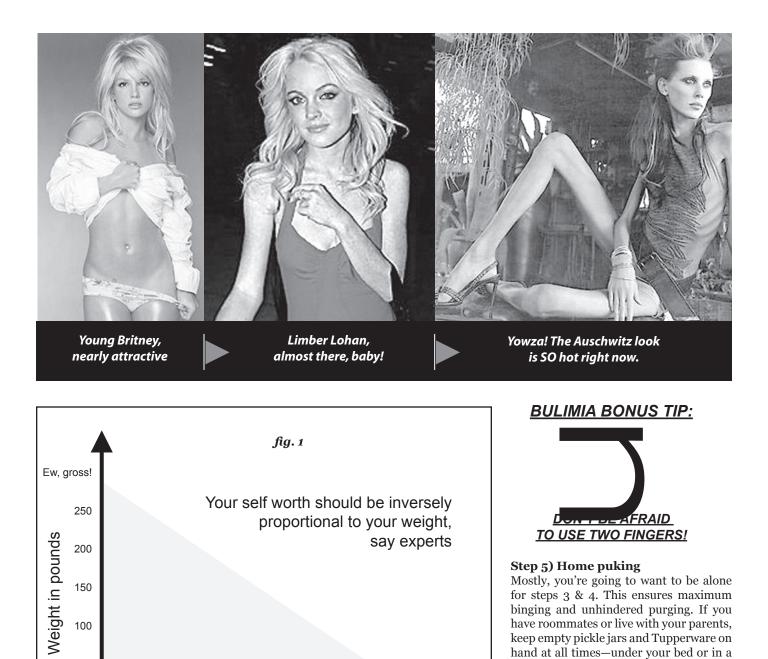
A lot of girls think they can just start binging and purging, but without the proper mental framework, they'll never last. The amount of shame and guilt you feel should be directly proportional to your weight (see figure 1). The fatter, the more shame! Bulimia Bonus Tip: Look for cues in fashion magazines, for the appropriate amount of disgust you should feel.

Step 2) Distort your body image

Listen to what no one says regarding your weight. They don't know! Only you can see the numerous and cellulite encrusted flaws that you obviously posses. Your acute perception will come in handy when you actually lose a few pounds. Without it, you may be inclined to stop punishing your body before becoming dangerously and beautifully thin. No pain no gain!

Step 4) Purge!

Insert a finger, spoon, pencil or wooden dowel down your throat to trigger the gag reflex and watch those unsightly pounds pour forth in an undigested river—like magic! You'll need to do this immediately after eating, before the evil food has a chance to nourish your hideous body and turn you back into a fat cow. If you're going out to dinner, bring some breath mints!



The BEAST Guide to Bulimia has been brought of you by...

Self worth

50

0

Very little



None

Source: Your boyfriend

Little Debbie Yack Cakes:

closet will do. And don't forget trash day!

Repeat steps 1 - 5 until you wake

up in a hospital somewhere, weak,

disoriented, thin and gorgeous.

It's that easy!

Shhhh! It's her <u>LITTLE</u> SECRET!

THE CHILDREN'S CAMPAIGN Young Voters are Heart Breakers

By Tina Dupuy

Maybe it's another Clinton running president or maybe its American Gladiators being back on television or maybe it was the late night monologue jokes during the writer's strike, but I'm suffering from some déjà vu. It's all sounding vaguely familiar, I've seen this—heard it—before.

The story is this: Young voters are being galvanized and energized...more than ever... this time.

Time ran a story of the youth vote on their cover: "Frustrated by feckless Washington, energized by the unscripted, punditbaffling freedom of a wide-open race, young people are voting in numbers rarely seen since the general election of 1972."

In 1970, congress extended the Civil Rights Act of 1965; it gave 18-year-olds the right to vote for federal offices. In the general election in 1972 between George McGovern and Richard Nixon, young people for the first time were able to cast their ballots. The war in Vietnam was raging. There was, after all, a draft. The average age of a GI in that war was 19. They could go and die for their country but couldn't have their vote counted. This was their moment. History was calling upon the young people of America to step up and change the course of history! That year, 1972, will forever be plugged as the year for "the youth vote." It is the young voter's election that all other young voter's elections will be judged by. What happened? Only half of those 18, 19 and 20 year-olds that became eligible turned out to vote, and Nixon won in a landslide.

Which begs the question: Why would we still want that demographic's participation?

In 1992, running against the first George Bush, Bill Clinton was roughly the same age as Barack Obama is now, early to mid-40s. JFK's age. Clinton, as a presidential candidate, went on MTV. That had never happened before. President Bush at first refused. All the reports said that it was the most young people energized by an election since 1972. It was exciting. The numbers? According to the census bureau, about 48% of young voters (18-24) turned out as compared to the 30 and over crowd's 72.4%.

And let's not forget the 2004 youth vote. "Vote or Die!" The word 'blog' was being used by pundits for the first time. Howard Dean and blogforamerica.com had excited the youth vote and there were more young people energized by an election since 1972. It was exciting! MySpace had just blown Friendster out of the water and grass roots had taken hold on this thing called 'the internets'. What happened? Less than half (46%) of the youth voters turned out – way below national average of 61% of that year. And we reelected a man who was nearly killed by a pretzel.

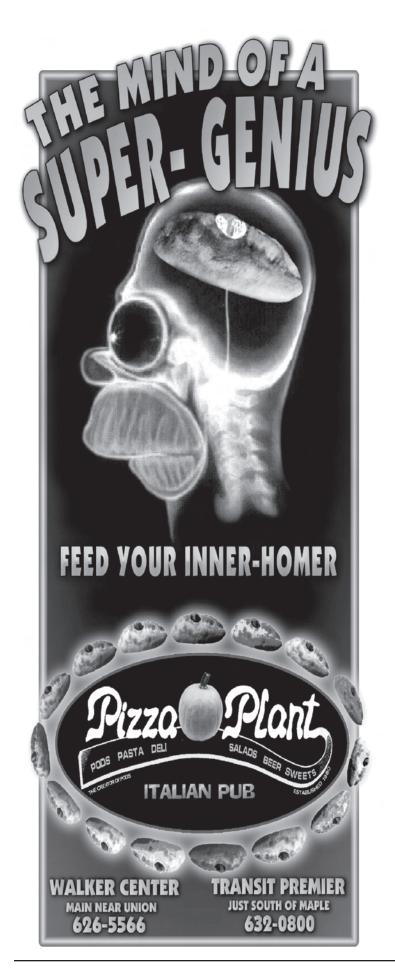
I'm not a cynic. I want all to be involved. Young, old, willfully uninformed—I say let's all get together! I'm just cautiously optimistic. We as Americans have been stood up on prom night by young voters before. And then every couple of years we collectively forget, forgive and re-hype the next batch of flaky young people.

I know, I know. As we think every time we are about to get duped again, "This time it's going to be different."

On Super Tuesday, I went to the polls half expecting the turnout to look like a Hannah Montana concert. When I got there it looked more like a *Hannah and Her Sisters* reunion. There was a group of young Latino males exiting as I walked up, with shaved heads and baggy pants. At first glance, they looked like gang bangers. As they approached, I could make out their "I Voted" stickers on their hoodies. Passing me in the hall, one of them whispered towards me with a giddy skip in his step, "Eh—vote Hillary!"

Different? Yep.







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The First 100 Days: WHAT TO EXPECT FROM THE CANDIDATES

A Reign of McCain will likely bring pain

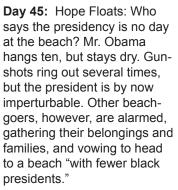


Day 2: President McCain announces preemptive strike on Iran. He's criticized roundly by conservatives for wearing a weak necktie. **Day 3:** McCain regains trust of American people by sporting a stronger tie, and amending the war resolution to include Syria and several other small countries. **Day 4:** The stalwart Commander-in-Cheif goes badly off the rails, unveiling his piano tie, and similarly music-themed, plan to nuke the moon. **Day 5:** The nation is unnerved by war, depression and McCain's "politics of neckwear." McCain redeploys the KISS ARMY to "finish off" Vietnam.

Obama-Nation: "All bubbled up and ready to go!"



Day 1: President Obama begins his term as America's first black president—inside his bulletproof bubble. It will take getting used to. The president's inauguration speech is interrupted several times, as the bullets of would-be assassins ricochet harmlessly off of his impervious shell, nevertheless causing him, in his inexperience, to duck.





Day 96: In his first sub-stantive act.



the president's ceremonial first pitch caroms off the inside of his protective casing, knocking him unconscious. Several tense minutes pass before he is revived, during which ambiguous cheers punctuate the anxious murmuring. The Dodgers' public relations staff are later arrested and charged with conspiring to assassinate President Obama.

The Clintons Part Deux: Nasty as they wanna be!



Day 32: Bill spills milk, Congress moves to impeach.

Day 23: The first First Husband Bill Clinton sends nation into crisis by engaging in lewd conduct. The country forgives the Clintons, because the woman is a hot blonde.



Day 77: Bill wigs out on a cheap NAFTA pinata, when he gets grounded for blowing curfew . Hillary makes Bill seek counseling and things get hectic in the Oval Office when the Clintons run into a blast from the past. (Rerun.)



Artwork by Mark Dudlik



IS AGING, AGGRESSIVE CHEMOTHERAPY OR THE EMASCULATING PROSPECT OF A HILL-ARY CLINTON PRESIDENCY CAUSING YOU UN-SIGHTLY HAIR LOSS? Finding yourself forced to admit you're experiencing a recession?

Wigs are an impractical solution, promoted by the powerful vanity lobby to increase our dependence on foreign hair.

Chia Pundit[®] is a safe, organic and nonpartisan alternative to expensive and unreliable hair restoration procedures.

Style it however you choose, whether you're feeling merely pompous or positively faux-hawkish.

You'll be trafficking in innuendo and making dire miscalculations again in no time!

THE RESULTS DON'T LIE. THAT'S YOUR JOB!

And for that added, Friedman-esque foresight, try new Chia Pundit Stache! If, after six months, you're not completely satisfied, just give it another six months! Your initial skepticism will be a thing of the scarcely remembered past! **Order Now!**

Death, Taxes and CELEBRITY

Leeching on Lohan and Ledger

By Steve Gordon

It had been a long night of beer and video games when, at the ripe hour of seven a.m., I finally decided to lay my head down and crash on a friend's couch. It was the 21st of January. I hit the TV/Video switch on the remote control to let some heavy morning programming lull me into sleep, only to have one of the local Buffalo newscasts hit me through the din: "Lindsay Lohan to atone for drunk driving by working in a morgue."

I jolted up and let out a resounding, "i¿Qué?!" (perhaps the least resoundable exclamation available, to be sure), and let the story unfurl before me.

Evidently, Lindsay Lohan was caught drinking and driving a few times in the last year. Evidently, her punishment is that she has to spend eight hours working in a morgue as some kind of punishment. Evidently, it was important to inform Buffalo residents. Evidently, the only way to inform the public was to have the upbeat morning guy report from an actual morgue, interviewing an actual mortician.

The mortician obviously relished in describing the sensations that Lohan will have to endure: the sight of mangled cadavers, the sounds of ribcages cracking open, the smell of death, all with a twisted smile. Typical mortician, basically.

But I was dumbstruck: what kind of punishment is this?

About 36 hours later, I caught another celebrity news report out of the corner of my eye: "Brokeback Mountain star found dead in apartment."

I chuckled a little bit, imagining a jet

engine crashing through Jake Gyllenhaal's ceiling. But alas, it was the other guy, Heath Ledger. Evidently, and this is according to the first hasty reports that are still pouring out, he'd taken a bunch of sleeping pills. Evidently, his girlfriend had just left him.

Here, the media has the beginning and end of a great tragedy: Ledger's girlfriend leaves him and he kills himself, in that order. There will be a necessary postscript, of course, involving a cycle of remembrance stories, interviews with other celebrities, and maybe some pieces on depression and suicide by Sanjay Gupta. A formulaic drama complete with commentary.

I hesitate to add to the public speculation machine, but perhaps the media is too quick to formulate the 'breakup leads to breakdown' hypothesis. Psychological problems are generally more complex than the assessments that attempt to ascertain them, and the media's hypothesis might in fact be inverted.

That's just another assumption, though. To us, celebrities appear as two dimensional characters whose activities unfold in a glamorous public drama. The notion that a beautiful person's head might not always be filled simple, beautiful thoughts isn't a very attention-grabbing idea.

We should be wary that a subscription to tabloid ideology might be reductive not only to celebrities, but also to a public that buys into the fable that life progresses like the movies. In a 2005 interview, Ledger elucidated a corner of his complex human mind, saying, "In a way I was spoon-fed a career. It was fully manufactured by a studio that believed it could put me on their posters and turn me into a product." But we didn't want statements like this; we wanted a beautiful smile and a wave from the red carpet. In essence we preferred the product.

The media seems to have the Ledger case conveniently wrapped up, though. Lohan, on the other hand, still has a debt to pay to society, and I still have my head wrapped around her bizarre punishment. What purpose does it serve? Deterrence of future crime? On her behalf? On society's? Could she possibly lower the tax burden by performing a municipal duty? Or is she just going to get in the way and waste the mortician's time anyway?

If I was in heaven and Lindsay Lohan was standing over my corpse down on earth,

By definition, your father is a motherfucker!

In Fac

I'd reach over and grab God by the collar of his basketball jersey (in heaven I'm going to play basketball with God, like, all the time), and say, "What the fuck, why is the girl from *The Parent Trap* cracking open my ribcage?! Wait...where am I?"

Our penal system strives to return society to the order that crime destabilizes. The rich will be fined, the sick will be cured, transgressors will be confined, and the unsalvageable will be destroyed.

Lohan assaulted our civic order by careening through our public Hollywood streets with a head full of booze and coke. Now the young actress will have to undergo the uncanny experience of being near real corpses. This punishment, though justified as being somehow deterrent, falls outside the normal punitive process. If the Ghost of Grisly Accidents Past took Lohan on a tour of flaming wreckages and agonizing funerals, we might see an adjusted disposition on her behalf. Instead, she is going to star in a morgue scene with de-lifed bodies – tragedies that have been reduced to the state of set props.

Irresponsible, drugged-fueled rampages are the privilege of those Super Human celebrities. They are an acceptable illegality, because they contribute to our necessary representation of the Rich & Famous. If there is a repercussion, it too is absorbed into the two dimensional fable: a nasty tabloid cover, some public service photo shoot, or a bad cellulite day on the beach.

Ledger and Lohan's stories coincide not only chronologically – having occurred in the span of a few days – but they also overlap thematically – as two movies starring attractive young actors that you don't have to pay to see. Our willingness to believe that exposure to disturbing stimuli can infallibly cure recklessness, or that something as complex as a suicidal disposition can be attributed to something as mundane as a breakup, illuminates a dangerously reductionist sense of social reality. Thankfully, this same social body isn't expected to choose its own leaders... right?

As a side note, and in closing – if there are any other millionaires out there who are thinking about offing themselves, PLEASE send me some of your useless money. I'm 90% sure I know how to buy happiness, and at the very least I am completely sick of Ramen and Natty Ice.





HORMONE HORMONE HORE HORMONS Doping in baseball? No shit, Mitchell

By Paul Jones

"Don't let us forget that the causes of human actions are usually immeasurably more complex and varied than our subsequent explanations of them." *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoevsky

Rickey Ray Rector. That's who came to mind as I watched Roger Clemens testify before the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform.

Rector, you may recall, had the misfortune of being an inmate on Arkansas's death row when Governor Bill Clinton needed badly to make his tough-on-crime bones during the 1992 presidential race. Rector had shot and killed one man and then days later, after agreeing to surrender to authorities to face charges in that crime, shot and killed Arkansas Police Officer Robert Martin. Those aggravating factors made his crimes subject to the severest reprisal.

There was one salient mitigating circumstance: After shooting Officer Martin, Rector pushed the gun against his own skull and atomized the front of his brain. He had, in essence, lobotomized himself. The Arkansas Judiciary, in its infinite and infallible wisdom, decided Rickey Ray could stand trial for his crimes, though experts estimated his IQ at around 70. Not to be outdone in bloodlust, a jury convicted Rector and he was sentenced to death by lethal injection.

Such was Clinton's ardor for justice, or at least the appearance of it, that he left the campaign trail and flew back to Arkansas to preside from a decorous proximity over the execution. He didn't actually attend the slaughter, of course. Unseen by the Governor were Rector's last moments on

Earth, with which he reputedly busied himself contemplating rather bold plans for the future. He told his lawyer, hours before his demise, "I'm going to vote for Clinton in the fall." And he assured prison officials, to their horror, he was saving the pecan pie that had accompanied his final meal "for later." The wretched spectacle of Rector sickened nearly everyone complicit in orchestrating his extermination-the warden, chaplain, even some of Officer Martin's brother policemen. Governor Clinton later strained his theatric tendons in expressing his agony over the decision in a phone conversation with a colleaguethat is, until he learned Rector hadn't been put to death yet.

The vascular complications of the antipsychotic drugs Rickey Ray was taking had made the location of a vein an indelicate business. Ever solicitous, he obliged his liquidators by aiding in the search. Finally, after an hour in which the childlike Rector cried out several times in obvious pain—to the great distress of witnesses assembled in expectation of a more somber affair—it was decided that his arm would be slashed open and a catheter inserted to administer the deathblow.

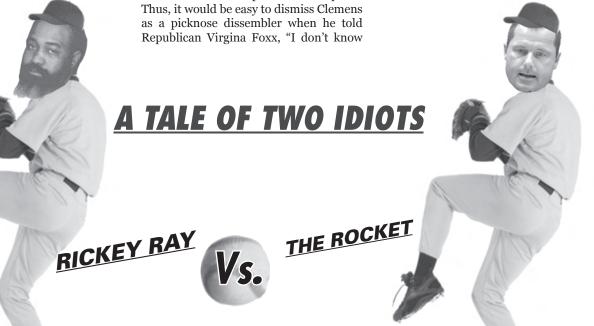
The pointless and pathetic specter of one sacrificial imbecile loomed, in my mind, over another on February 13th. Democratic members of Congress battered major league pitcher Roger Clemens with a fusillade of questions about his alleged decade-long use of an illicit cocktail of steroids and human growth hormone [hGH]. Clemens's testimony throughout the 4 ^{1/2}-hour hearing was achingly, invariably untutored and incoherent. At one point, asked to explain an inconsistency between his testimony and the affidavit of his friend and former teammate, Clemens responded: "Andy and I's relationship was close enough to know that if I would have known that he was—had done hGH, which I now know, that he—if he was knowingly knowing that I had taken hGH, we would have talked about the subject." What a conversation that would have been.

I fully expected Clemens, when pressed, to tell the assembled lawmakers that he was saving his alibis and exculpatory evidence "for later." Of course, he had no such resort to truth. But the inarticulacy of this unshrinkable moron only underscored the poverty of Major League Baseball's truth and reconciliation charade.

Forget for the moment his lawyers' reckless decision to deliver their woefully unequipped client unto the rigors of congressional testimony. Nobody could adequately state why the Oversight Committee should have been convened for this purpose in the first place. Or, for that matter, why this dubious business should have monopolized the cable news airwayes for an entire afternoon. A few stolid observers, including MSNBC's Andrea Mitchell-whose reliably hackneyed insights always sound as though they were filched in off-camera, knifepoint debriefings of harried network interns-mumbled unpersuasively about baseball's antitrust exemption as a motive.

Representative Tom Davis, a Virginia Republican, gallantly averred, in his too-prescient opening statement, that "while today's hearing may be awkward and joyless...[w]e are here to again try to disrupt and discredit the crass messages aimed at our children." To see Davis, it's easy to appreciate his special interest in children. With his hophead gaze and neon carnie hairdo, he looks like the sort of guy who'd date your mother just to molest your little brother. It's not just his muculent aspect, however, that makes this colorless sanctimony so unpalatable. Davis revealed that he and his fellow representatives had a day earlier been privy to "the dangerous and phony messages being sent to young athletes that there are magic pills and wonder drugs that can grease their path to the Hall of Fame." This is an especially curious admission, given the actual, substantive findings of the preceding hearing didn't figure at all in the questions posed to Clemens, or in the ensuing melodrama with his chief accuser, former trainer Brian McNamee. In fact, for all the purported concern about America's youth, the transcript of that earlier—and, one could easily venture, more pertinent hearing remained unavailable as of this printing. Instead, the Committee devoted its resources to rushing a partial transcript of the shambolic Clemens proceedings onto its website for public consumption. Thus, it would be easy to dismiss Clemens as a picknose dissembler when he told Republican Virgina Foxx, "I don't know enough about [hGH]. It doesn't help you." Except, according to all available medical research on healthy persons, he's correct.

In fact, to hear the government's own experts, calling hGH "performance enhancing" seems premature, at best. Two of the four medical doctors on that earlier panel gave statements to the Committee in which they disputed popular notions of the hormone's empowering properties. Dr. Thomas Perls told the Committee "there is no credible scientific evidence



Lobotomized by self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head

Hours before his execution, said of Bill Clinton, then Governor of Arkansas and a Democratic candidate for president, who signed Rector's death warrant: "I'm going to vote for Clinton in the fal."



Told prison officials he was saving the dessert from his last meal on Earth "for later."

Assisted his executioners in finding a suitable vein to administer his lethal injection, before they opted to slice open his arm and insert a catheter.

Shot Officer Robert Martin, a policeman and childhood acquaintance, in the back, killing him, following his agreement to surrender to authorities for murdering another man. Born in Ohio, relocated to Texas; theoretically decerebrated by hick culture, a backward school system, his own preoccupation with sports

Referring to an affidavit signed by his friend and former teammate, Andy Pettitte, contradicting Clemens's testimony about his alleged use of banned substances: "Andy Pettitte was my friend. He will be my friend after this and again. I think he misremembers."



Insisted to Pettitte that HGH was "[for] his wife."

Accused of presenting his buttocks to Brian McNamee on multiple occasions for the injection of steroids and Human Growth Hormone. that hGH substantively increases muscle strength or aerobic exercise capacity in normal individuals." His colleague, Dr. Todd Schlifstein, concurred that, "When studying the performance enhancing effects of hGH by itself, it has failed to improve performance."

None of this comes close to exonerating Clemens, who denies allegations he used hGH in concert with a regimen of anabolic steroids-a combination Schlifstein said "increases muscle strength, speed and size," resulting in "increased performance." It undeniably raises questions, though, about the public discourse on sport and science, and our concepts of competition and innovation. Schlifstein acknowledged the results of studies on the combined effects of hGH and steroids are "mixed." His definition of enhanced performance itself-"an increase in speed or strength in a measureable [sic] activity without practice of that activity"-seems inadequate. He provided the lone example of a bench press. At the risk of oversimplification: Mechanically speaking, aren't weight training and even bodybuilding worlds apart from hitting homeruns and throwing curveballs?

What is one to make, too, of the odd schism in baseball between players who have admitted to using steroids and those who claim only to have dabbled with hGH? All the panelists agreed simply that hGH helped produce lean muscle mass. And while Schlifstein testified to witnessing "case evidence" of its regenerative capability, Dr. Alan Rogol—who also testified—told NPR in an interview: "There are clearly no data that show that."

Asked in the same interview about pitcher Andy Pettitte, who admitted to taking two hormone injections to speed recovery from an injury, Rogol replied, "to use it for only two days absolutely doesn't make sense." He said it would take "weeks' worth [to] promote healing—if that's what it did." Rogol added, "It's all theoretical...Do we know that it helps? Absolutely not."

Pettitte and players like retired Cardinals' second baseman Fernando Vina are on record asserting that hGH didn't aid their healing. Meanwhile, the internet presently offers numerous opportunities to buy spurious, but potentially dangerous, "hGH pills" supplements the panel decried as patently ineffectual: hGH must be injected, which only magnifies its potential risks. Gee, doesn't this sound like the sort of information you'd be eager to disseminate to concerned parents and their credulous, perpetually endangered offspring? Even more so than debating whether or not a festering sore on Roger Clemens's posterior bled through the seat of his designer trousers?

Except the public immolation of Clemens wasn't about protecting kids, or anything remotely so noble. It was about legitimizing the Mitchell Report, an absurdly cynical and extravagant boondoggle-even by bureaucratic standards. Despite its impressive 409-page heft, inside the report is a startlingly wispy text. With itsin Rep. Davis's words-"sordid picture of ... players injecting each other with illegal substances right in their locker rooms"; and the grim, methodical fetishization of athletes' bare, tensed buttocks, the report does little more than cement its place in the canon of homoerotic pulp.

As the sui generis sports scribe Dave Zirin has noted, the report, based entirely on hearsay, names a mere 86 players out of the 5,000 who took a swing in the "Steroid Era." That's less than 2%, a figure not even former Senator George Mitchell, whose name stains the document's cover, can articulately defend. It hasn't even stopped teams from signing players named in the investigation. And, argues Zirin, the report is queerly global and meticulously cross-sectioned, encompassing players from every ethnic background and across the talent spectrum. It's like a salad bar of innuendo.

All of this dross was burnished and handsomely collated, at the unaccountable sum of \$20 million, for an ostensibly serious purpose. In truth, it is a facile and falsely contrite apologia on behalf of Major League Baseball's moneyed interests. Mitchell, with his senatorial pedigree and financial stakes in both Disney (corporate parent of MLB partner ESPN) and the Boston Red Sox, was the symmetrically compromised proxy for this fool's errand. His involvement guaranteed neither the owners, nor Commissioner Bud Selig, would be made to answer for their very profitable neglect of the American pastime. Instead, Mitchell tersely assessed the matter as a "collective failure."

No owner has ever been asked by Mitchell or by Congress how he could have ignored the very lucrative and unprecedented late-'90s homerun explosion. No investigative body or legal authority has inquired whether these billionaires—including former Rangers' owner and Clemens friend George W. Bush—who presumably took an exacting interest in their invested fortunes, enabled or facilitated the distribution of illicit chemicals to their employees. How about: Have they been to a fucking game in the past ten years?

And how does one truly quantify the gains made from steroids by professional sluggers in the context of rules changes—a contracted strike zone, smaller stadiums— also enacted to "enhance performance"? More pointedly, why wouldn't Roger Clemens, consummate competitor, seek any available remedy to these "stacked" odds? Rather than these uneasy questions, the American public is once more driven to distraction with the lurid and simplistic lexicon of our insoluble drug hysteria.

Clemens invited the unfriendly scrutiny of the Democratic Congress with his unregenerate protestations of innocence. In concocting his indefensible assertions, he employed the same witless bravura that served him so well on the mound. Like Rickey Ray Rector, another useful idiot, he was expected to go quietly. May his discordant howls echo in the ears of those guilty of the greater crime.





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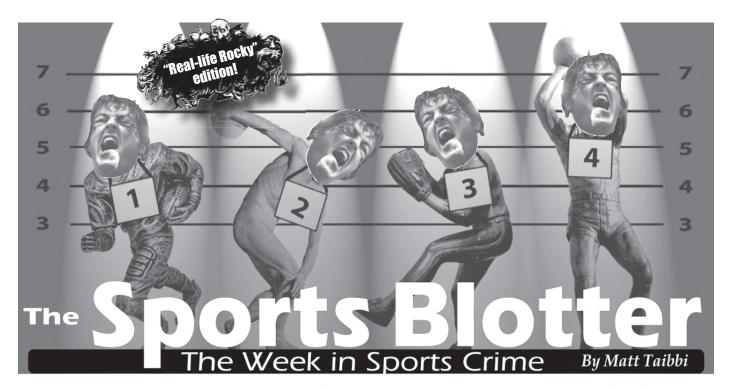
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Yo Adrian! Pay up!



Once upon a time, the washed-up hulking athlete didn't have very many employment opportunities. It was the rare ex-jock who could recede from the playing field straight into a Coca-Cola bottler or a string of Popeye's franchises, the way he does today. He didn't have autograph-signing shows and he didn't write tell-all books about his steroid use while serving a house-arrest sentence with a GPS unit around his ankle.

No, the huge, violent retired athlete usually had only one job that was open to him at all times, and that was leg-breaker collecting debts for local bookies. *Rocky* was right on the money; if you were big, dumb, out of work, and scary, you walked around town in fingerless gloves, bouncing a rubber ball and occasionally tossing gamblers against alleyway walls.

Or, if you were Sonny Liston, you did all that and spiked mountains of smack in your spare time. Canadian boxing champ Eddie Melo was nearly deported for his leg-breaking work before eventually being assassinated in a gangland dispute. Either way, the job was there. It was just a matter of how long you could wait before you sucked it up and took it. This past week, we had a modern variation on the story. Richard Todd Burger, a former offensive lineman for the Chicago Bears ('94-'97) and New York Jets ('98), was busted for being an enforcer for a New Jersey-based Internet gambling site called beteastsports.com. Somerset County authorities conducted a four-month investigation that included various stings and bets, at the end of which several players in the ring were arrested on gambling and conspiracyto-promote-gambling charges. The operation was dubbed "Operation Net-Bet Blitz."

According to reports, Burger, who played at Penn State, collected debts for a local hood named Anthony "Cheese" Pecoraro. Upon arrest, Burger had something like \$1200 in cash at his house, though some \$70,000 in total was seized from all of the suspects.

Give Burger a few added points for sentimentality, say 28 total. At least he wasn't coking up and braining strippers like some ex-football players do.

Nervous Purvis

Thanks to reader Stephon Lee for sending an excellent article in the Atlantic about

the Jena Six case, noting that it was apropos to a previous column discussing the issue of race and sports crime. The piece described how Mychael Bell, one of the "Jena Six" black high-school students arrested for the beating of a white student in Jena, Louisiana, had become a symbol of America's race problem. Bell was a local football star who, along with five other black students, had been accused of beating white student Justin Barker. When the local parish handed down a rather extreme charge of attempted murder, the Jena Six appeared to have been railroaded by a local justice system that had overlooked several similar incidents of white students beating up blacks, as well as even more sordid incidents of whites hanging nooses to keep black students from sitting under a so-called white tree near the local high school.

But when it came about that the sports star Bell had repeatedly been coddled by local authorities despite several serious violent incidents prior to the Jena Six case — including an incident in which he rather severely beat a young woman white supremacists and "pro-majority" forces used Bell's bio to argue that this case was about black thuggery, not white racism. Furthermore, increased publicity revealed that Bell's school had gone to tremendous lengths to avoid disciplining the young running back, who had led Jena to its first winning season in memory. All in all, it appeared the Jena Six case was perfectly emblematic of all the problems involved with race and sports in this country: young black men encouraged to be violent and out of control, then demonized when they finally cross a line.

In any case, the Jena Six saga had a new development this past week, as one of the Six, Bryant Purvis, was arrested again - this time for assault. Purvis had since moved from Louisiana to north Texas to live with his uncle, who happens to be Dallas Cowboys defensive lineman Jason Hatcher. The 6-6 Purvis now plays basketball for Hebron High in Carrollton, Texas, and after a recent game came outside to find his tires had been slashed. He then allegedly assaulted a student he believed was guilty of the deed. He was hit with a charge of aggravated second-degree battery and released on bond. We'll see how quickly this becomes yet more fodder in a controversy that has already exceeded America's lofty standards for ugliness.

They're calling that intent



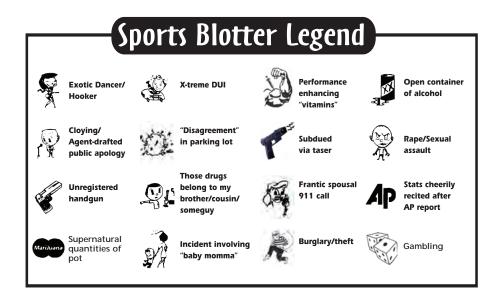
We've been through the whole "huge personal pot stash mistakenly assumed by police to be a start-up distribution ring" thing at least once already this year, so I won't go over the ground rules again. Basically, busts like this are errors of scale: athletes are often big guys, and big guys sometimes have big needs. Well, this week we had another "possession with intent" rap, but it looks like there was no mistake this time. Three University of West Virginia football players - linebacker John Holmes, defensive lineman James Ingram, and running back Ed Collington - were busted after being pulled over and searched (the usual "strong odor of marijuana" being the reason for the stop). Large amounts of weed, wrapped in individual baggies, were discovered. When Ingram copped to having more drugs at home, police went there and found another big-ass stash and lots more plastic baggies. Hence an "intent to deliver" charge.

New West Virginia coach Bill Stewart showed surprising decisiveness in bouncing all three from the team right away. "These three players are dismissed from all aspects of the Mountaineer football family," said the rookie coach. We'll see if the decision sticks.

Angry cougar



A weird-ass story came out of Washington this past week — one that I can pretty much guarantee we won't have a repeat of any time soon. It seems Washington State free safety Xavier Hicks was pissed at roommate and teammate Grady Maxwell for leaving on Christmas break without paying the cable bill. When Maxwell returned from vacation, he found the cable shut off and, well, something not quite



right with his contact lenses. They were larger than usual, and when he sniffed them, they smelled like rubbing alcohol. Why did they smell like rubbing alcohol? Because Hicks had put it in there, using it to replace his roommate's contact-lens solution.

When word of this got out, Hicks was arrested for second-degree assault. It seems putting rubbing alcohol on contact lenses can cause corneal abrasions and extreme pain. Maxwell was lucky he noticed the switch. Not long after Hicks got popped for that offense, it came out that he had also illegally used someone else's credit card. He now faces charges for that, as well.

Uncool roommate behavior. Worse than Ben-Gay in the underpants. Twenty-two points for that one.

Scant info



According to The Register-Guard in Eugene, Oregon, a University of Oregon football player named Derrick Jones was arrested this past week for the highly unusual offense of "maintaining a drug house." Oregon is one of many states that has one of these absurd "drug house" laws, which in most cases allow neighbors to call in tips to police, report some neighbor's property as a "drug house," and then force the eviction of said neighbor after police make an undercover buy at that location. The amounts required to be on the property in order for the scene to be labeled a "drug house" vary from state to state, but in Oregon the bar is apparently set quite low, as Jones was arrested with "less than an ounce."

This isn't the first time Jones has been in the box. He was arrested in October for driving with a suspended sentence, and even missed a game as a result. Oregon tends to be a bit harsher with its in-school discipline than other colleges, so look out for real measures to be taken. For our part, I think we can all agree that it is simply not right to give a guy a hard time for having weed on his property. One point for Jones — they did throw a contempt-of-court charge on top of the drug thing, apparently a failure-to-appear ticket.



10,000 B.C.



for me. But my point is that I don't associate Mardi Gras with public drunkenness, easy pickings and sloppy titties for shiny plastic beads; I associate this most festive of occasions with puking through my nose at work, and that taste—

that fucking taste in my mouth.



Some years back, I went out with friends for Fat Tuesday. They kept pushing the free crawfish on me (that should've said it all right there, "free crawfish") and despite my protestations of disdain for seafood, I ate some. I think the fact that Elvis Presley had a song called "Crawfish" was what eventually made me cave. Today that would just be a deal breaker

"Raaargh! No more lams!"

and face paint who look like they belong more in a beer commercial than ancient... wherever. And of course the random stray scrotum or pair of National Geographic boobs flopping about are ever present, for the sake of historical accuracy.

What makes all of this even more of a drag is the fact that Roland Emmerich

is directing this fecal extravaganza. So, in addition to some fake-tanned, blue-eyed whiteys running around like they're remaking *Clan of the Cave Bear* or *Quest for Fire* all while speaking the Queen's English, Emmerich's throwing in some oversized CG sabretooth tigers and woolly mammoths. You know, because anyone who saw that kick-ass version of *Godzilla* he did ten years ago will tell you that computer-generated animals are his forte. Just ask those Narnia-esque wolves from *The Day After Tomorrow!* They'll tell you!

Drillbit Taylor





"These kids make me wanna die."

I could make some completely inappropriate remark about *Drillbit Taylor* being the reason that Owen Wilson tried to off himself last fall, but I wanted to off *myself* after seeing the trailer. So I've tasted the guy's pain and it's not a place I'd like to revisit let alone joke about.

Just kidding.

So Drillbit Taylor is about a wackadoo bodyguard ex-military type who's hired by some fat and/or geeky high school students to make some bullies stop picking on them. It looks like a more likable version of Bad Santa—not in the sense that you'll like it more than Bad Santa, just that Wilson's character is for some reason more likable than Billy Bob Thornton's was. So Wilson teaches the kids how to protect themselves and while doing some undercover work at their school, Wilson meets a teacher/love interest. It's all very nice. It really is.

Again, just kidding.

titties for shi this most fes through my n

The Bank Job





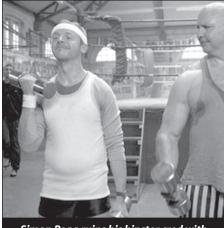
I've seen maybe 4 or 5 of his movies, and I'm pretty much sick of Jason Statham already. Oh sure, he's pulled off what very few guys have been able to—he's generally perceived as what the kids call "attractive" and he's bald. That's like balling Paris Hilton and not getting a case of pantycrickets—jerking off the impossible! But Statham also does commonly bad action movies that can only *truly* be appreciated when someone pulls out the wheelchair weed and plays them on the TV in your friend's kitchen. "Under duress," I believe the legal term is. Every once in a while one of these cinematic Statham Brand air biscuits isn't loud and doesn't stink, not too much at least. The Bank Job looks like it just may fall into that category. In what looks like a British Ocean's Eleven, allegedly based on a true story from '70s London, Statham heads up a crew hired to break into a bank to recover some incriminating evidence concerning the royal family and the embarrassment they'd hope to avoid. Said McGuffin is in a safety deposit box, and I'm guessing that anything else Statham and crew can get their hands on is their own as long as the pictures are recovered. Something like that, anyway.

Oh, and the crew is largely comprised of idiots, the slightly mannish-looking chick from Boston Legal is in it, and these turkeys steal from the wrong people. Some mob boss, maybe. But whoever put this trailer together scored it to "London Calling" by The Clash—a song so cool that if I heard it while my house burned to the ground, I wouldn't feel too bad or mind at all for that matter. Another thing such a classic song as this might make me do is get pumped up and actually forget that I was watching a preview for the dopey cousin of Snatch, Layer Cake or Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels. But instead I'll watch Ocean's Eleven (the remake of course) and listen to "London Calling." On the TV in my friend's kitchen. I know how to distract myself as well...



Run, Fatboy, Run





Simon Pegg ruins his hipster cred with this awful romantic comedy

Stop, Simon Pegg, stop! The only thing worse than a romantic comedy is a British romantic comedy. Simon Pegg takes time off from the spoof movies he's famous for such as Shaun of the Dead and Hot Fuzz to play some douchetard who left the allegedly hot and pregnant (the pregnant part is more factual than the hot part) Thandie Newton at the altar some years ago. She's marrying Hank Azaria now and Pegg suddenly wants Newton back. Oh, and since Pegg's a shitty human being, Azaria is of course on the precipice of sainthood, making it all the harder for Pegg to make amends, wipe the slate clean and get Newton back.

I don't know what to say. I really don't know what to say. Maybe this is a testament to my disability, maybe I'm getting lazy, maybe I've finally had it. I don't know. But I just don't know how many ways I can say something sucks and it looks like shit. I could make fun of Simon Pegg, and despite the fact that I laughed a few times during Shaun of the Dead, he's creepy as all red-headed men are and he looks like a child molester. I could say that Thandie Newton looks like the female man from The Crying Game, except not as Prince-like. I could say that I wouldn't be surprised if she had a dick. You want me to say that? Would you like that? I could mention that I'm surprised that Hank Azaria is still alive, let alone working. In movies. I could say that. Because, you know, I am. I'm very surprised.



The whole thing looks like some crappy teen dramedy that's seen *Ocean's Eleven* too many times. I'll go see 21 on the following conditions:



"I haven't acted since American Beauty—cheers!"

Oooh! A bunch of math nerds from MIT decide to go to Las Vegas, use their powers of nerd-dom for evil and clean house under the tutelage of a shady professor. And wait—it gets better!!! It's based on a true story. Those always rule! Always!

So a whiz kid/math whiz/wizz whiz definitely has the brains to attend one of the most prestigious schools in the country, but of course he's poor as shit. He falls in with a group of other promising students (and of course with them being math students, a few of them have to be Asian) led by Kevin Spacey (is this guy even fucking trying anymore? Does this guy think just because he's got two Oscars under his belt that he can just fuck his career in the ass and wipe his dick on the curtains? The last great thing Spacey did was American Beauty and once he got that golden statue in his hand it was like see va, suckas! And as for his turn as Lex Luthor in that last Superman movieforget about it! All he does is movies with Kate Bosworth and she's either a grade-A fruit fly or he's in the process of nailing or trying to nail her) who take to counting cards in Las Vegas.

Obviously things head south once Laurence Fishburne gets wise to the whole thing. And the whole "I'm doing this just until I get enough money for school" thing doesn't pan out too well as these punks get a little greedy. Spacey shows his true colors and the whiz kid gets to nail Kate Bosworth (see above diatribe). 1) Kate Bosworth eats something, namely a threecourse meal, on camera. And I want to see a notarized document stating that she didn't throw it up and I want to see the poop on camera as well. Specifically on the lens. But I think that last part was covered in the trailer. Never mind that last one.

2) Kevin Spacey promises not to sing ever again and says that he's fully aware that life (LIFE life—not the fame or breakfast cereal) and American Idol are not the same thing.

3) The producers apologize, also on camera, for using a Spoon song to try and get people to see this movie.

- 4) I don't have to pay any money to see this. And if I don't like 21, the producers have to promise to get me the hour and a half, two hours or however long the running time of 21 is back to me.
- 5) The producers of 21 buy me a pair of nickel-plated .45s (which are mine to keep regardless) that I can shoot them with if I like *nothing whatsoever* about 21.
- 6) Iamallowedtorecordavenomous and hateful commentary track to be included on the DVD release of 21. My commentary is not required in any way to be about the movie 21.
- 7) I get to be a guest programmer on Turner Classic Movies and talk about how and why any movie played on said channel is better than 21.
- 8) That I get more wishes, more to the point an infinite amount that the producers of 21 (and subsequently any of their beneficiaries in the event of their deaths) must honor at any time I say.

If the producers of 21 agree to my terms they will meet me at the location formerly known as Earl's in Chaffee, NY on the afternoon of March 15th at 3PM.

They will come alone (with the exception of one of their attorneys) and unarmed, with all tangible demands and a contract agreeing to the rest of my demands. I will show up with *my* attorney, Paul Fallon, esq., a notary public and a heavily armed private army I will hire for the day. By reading this, the producers of *21* agree to pay for said army's services in the event they do not show on the afternoon of March 15th.

Stop-Loss





"Should we, like, cry and stuff?"

Just when you thought the situation in Iraq couldn't get any more messed up, MTV Films has to go interjecting their detached take on things, with a movie starring Ryan Phillippe as an army soldier who's forced into a second tour of duty. And speaking of *forced*, Phillippe's Texan drawl, and the clichéd use of a Slipknot, Disturbed, Korn or whoever song to go stylized. with the along Armv commercialesque footage of the fighting in the Middle East, make this movie like Fahrenheit 9/11 remade into a music video. A boring one.

I know what they're trying to do here. I know. Creating a *Deer Hunter* for this generation. Make a movie that captures all of the angst, anxiety, frustration, anger and general unpopularity of the Iraq war. Show the soldiers come back to The World unable to cope, despite warm welcomes and open arms. *Stop-Loss* looks like it revolves around a small group of friends. Phillippe's character seems to be refusing to go back out of principle or something. Another is a Young Republican with a girl's name (the actor at least) who'd gladly take a Louisville Slugger in the ass for this country and another one who looks like he's going to snap and blow his brains out in that shitty hotel right off the 44.

Stop-Loss looks like the kind of movie that might actually be good, but in that annoying, "important" way. I'm not interested and I don't care. It could be Varsity Blues for all I know. But again, I don't care. I don't like being guilted into seeing movies either, and that's what I feel like is going on here. So screw you, Ryan Phillippe, and your lantern-chinned ex-wife and your socially conscious movies. Jerks...

Doomsday



infected were fenced off and left to die, the virus comes back! Time doesn't heal all wounds? What a premise! Shit almighty!!!

But wait! After that suspenseful 25 years, some damn fool opens the gate separating the virus from the uninfected, containment fails and all hell breaks loose. There's a group of survivors somewhere in what I like to call The Scary Zone. In the trailer they call it the Hard Zone, but I can't take a damn thing in this trailer seriously aside from that few-second ass shot of the chick who used to be on Boston Legal, so I'm debating making shit up at this point. Like the Lawrence Olivier cameo, the flying Cadillac or the saxophone guns, with which improvised breakneck solos hold more firepower and do more damage than Sherman tank rounds.

So the whole 28

zombie-movie-ingeneral angle has had a hole dryhumped into its thigh and a few layers of skin flayed away. But what else to rape and pillage? Hold up! Post-apocalypse?

Later

or

hell?

off and

Davs

Dystopian

cyberpunks and roving gangs of freaks who'd kill

rip

you as soon as look at vou-and

Let's



"I just don't need none of that Mad Max bullshit"

-Modest Mouse

Anyone who reads these reviews with anything resembling consistency knows that when it comes to movies about the apocalypse, I'm a big fan. It's like porn for the soul. Porn for *my* soul, to be exact. But with porn, like everything else, there are good examples and bad examples. *Doomsday* looks like a bad example.

A *truly* bad example. Some catastrophic virus wipes out most of humanity (or maybe just Europe—these trailers can be so vague sometimes) and 25 years later, just when it would appear that everything's under control after the

probably will! And Malcolm McDowell can be their leader, because he basically hasn't done anything worth wiping your ass with since *A Clockwork Orange*. Yeah, he's an all around sinister and creepy guy who can spew poorly-written venom with the worst of them! Let the straight-to-video embarrassment flow!

Then *Doomsday* decides to rip off *Escape From New York*, stick the singer from Prodigy in there and make Boston Legal look generally all business and even more constipation as she delivers dialogue out of Cheaters episodes with bad posture and even worse range. Bob Hoskins shows up for a paycheck, and if I ever do see this movie I will not do so without at least a case of the cheapest beer I can find in me, and the worst outlook I can muster.





LIFE ON THE L-LIST

This is the first time I have ever actually complained about something I read on the internet. Somehow someone sent me an e-amil with the 50 worst people of 2007 or whatever the hell you call it. I think it was the worst thing I have ever read. Which you may actually for some strange reason be proud of. I just wonder how someone can be so angry about so many things. Do you people need a nap maybe to get laid more. I mean get out enjoy life I don't care if it is all in fun or not its too visceral to be entilrely manufactured. I'm not asking you to stop writing, but realize your opinion isn't really all that important we all have them. Also try and talk to people with differing views it helps build perspective. Good luck and have fun.

Tom Arnold

Dear Tom,

Gee, an actual celebrity, sort of! Well Tom, we can't all get famous by briefly marrying hoggish, repellent comediennes, can we? No, some of us have to write things, things that are funny enough for your stupid friends to forward them to you. How far do you think the e-mail chain would have traveled for your performance in The Stupids? How far for McHale's Navy? We all have opinions, *Tom; it's true. But the problem with yours* is that we've seen your work, and you have no fucking credibility whatsoever when it comes to determining what is funny. An attack from you is like a thumbs up from Richard fucking Pryor. So thanks, Tom.

DOUCHEBAG UBER ALLES

Comments: hey guys, just thought you fuckin jews should grow up and quit wackin each other off you fuckin faggots! Heil Hitler!!!

Jeff Chism, chism@mikebarneynissan. com

Tom Arnold replies:

Hey there, Jeff-o! Whoa, buddy, you gotta calm down, okay? Well, look, it's probably too late to save your job-unless Mike Barney is a likeminded goosesteppin' kinda quy—so you gotta start thinkin' long-term, pal, all right? Now, it's all in the pre-nup. 'Cause when the wife walks—and she just might, once this Nazi stuff hits the tabloids and the kids are involved...It's splitsville, buddy! She's gonna walk, man, and she's taken the tots with her, you better believe it! You gotta make sure you're taken care of-I, mean, what are you gonna do, get another job? Dude, the Third Reich's not hirin', man! They're outta businesspermanently! So, all you need is that piece of paper and you're gold. Oh, man, it's gonna be great with you bein' outta work, just takin' it easy! No wife around, no kids hasslin' you with their love and affection, once their classmates start wailin' on 'em 'cause their dad's a rabid. deadbeat hatemonger...Say, if you're not doin' anything ... What am I sayin'? Of course you're not! You wanna grabs some drinks later tonight? I'll pick up a coupla chicks—whaddaya say? Just ixnay on the ikekay—one of 'em's from Long Island...You can have the other one-she's Norwegian.

BLARGH-O-SHPERE

OK, that Primary article had me laughing my ass off [*Ian Murphy & Paul Jones*, *"Primary Fever," issue 123*]; seriously, I almost puked I was laughing so hard. And good god, the letters this month (02/2008) had me snickering endlessly... But still, what the fuck (sorry, no "WTF" euphimisms here) is up with the blog? All kinds of great stuff happening and you can't even be bothered to post a snide remark about Mitt Romney quitting the race? Although, I must admit, Jon Stewart nailed that shit with "...if the Mitt Rommney campaign for presidency

continues, the terrorists win." That's kind of hard to follow up. Anti-climax and all that...but STILL. Give me SOMETHING. guys. I have a 17 month old son, and I live on the West Coast, where we can actually leave the house between November and April, ergo, I have a life, not all fun, but defintely busy. I count on y'all (it's a real word, I swear) to elucidate all the crap that gets below (or even above) my radar. I have \$30 in my pocket and will by a subscription if you will either: a) reply to this email (please don't bother, it's inane, and was written at 3:45 PST, 2 hours after my son fell asleep, and probably qualifies as "ill-informed ravings."

b) update your blog at least once a week. Even if it's just one sentence or even a "check out this link"-kind-of-thing.

So, whatever. The choice is yours... I'll probably be getting the subcription anyway...But I love your work, and selfishly want more, even at the cost of your health, personal life & sanity...

Sincerely, Kristin

P.S.: Sorry for all the run-on sentences. P.P.S.: Let me know if you ever need a place to crash in the Bay Area, CA. I like the 1st Amendment too :) (& no, you wouldn't get laid here either.)

Dear Kristin,

The blog was once updated daily, and then something happened: We realized nobody was reading it. Then we got tired. Then some other stuff happened. Tom Arnold probably has a blog, why don't you check that out? We hear he has opinions.

FEVER SPREADS

Thanks guys for the great laughs! This one is a classic, up there with "Let There Be Retards". The BEAST rules!

Melissa Coleman

Jeff Chism responds:

Nein! Ze BEAST eez nuzeeng! Zey donut rule anyzeeng! Und ze retahd eez a blot on humanity vhich muzt be eeliminated een ze qvest vor Aryan zupremazy! Ve at Mike Bahney Neezan ah Vestuhn New Yuk's only Ubermenschen! Ve shallenge any uzzer dealerzhips to beat our commitment to zales, zervice and razial purity! Televhone now vor appointment o' gooze-ztep on down und sprechen Sie mit an Obergruppenfurher vor a tezt drive! Schnell!

PS Oon zegond zought, Coleman zounds lige a Jew name! Vhere a' yoor paypers, ja?

UNSPECIFIED OUTRAGE

If you think this is true then you must also think that it is ok for someone to come in your mother's house and hit her. That it is ok for someone to come into vour house and hit your wife and daughter. It is people like you that I don't understand. We are in 2008 and you can't get out of the 1800s. Women have the same rights as men because that is they way it is. Without women there would be no men because I know you can't birth them!! Get over yourself and whatever you think happened to you to make you believe this. It is not as bad as what you are trying to. You just remember men and women are dying right now to give you the freedom to write this stuff. No matter how wrong it is. Give them the same respect. Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

Well, we have no idea which article you're complaining about, but it has become kind of insane how common this "Troops are dying for your right to make fun of them" meme has become in our inboxes. If this is true, we have seriously underestimated our popularity. How does this work in your head, exactly? "Mr. President. Saddam Hussein has threatened to attack the United States unless The BEAST stops publishing!" "Well godammit, get Rummy on the phone, we gotta invade!" Right. Again, no idea what the sexism stuff is about, so try to fill in the "article" part of the e-mail form next time, k?

LIKES HAM

Absolutely, ABSOLUTELY, the most uproarious, gut-splitting funniest thing I have read all freakin' year long in the blogosphere [Ian Murphy, "Let There be Retards," issue 117]. Thanks, Ian, you're especially specially special in my book. BTW, I got here from a link at Daily Kos.

What an incredible expose on the gullibility of the Jeebus campers -- you pulled it off to perfection (assuming your story to be true; in fact I do -- you probably couldn't have made this up,



although...).

You sure made my day brighter. Thanks again. Forrest Prince

Dear Forrest,

While the story is true and there's pictures and video to prove it, we resent the accusation that we couldn't have made it up. We could have made it up; we're pretty creative guys. Although we probably would have gotten laid somewhere in there.

PLEASE BILK ME

Well you bastards are just hilarious, spot on and have some gigantic balls - so I will send you \$ for a subscription.

You need some goddamned merchandise - because I want a shirt with that image of Larry Craig crawling out of the toilet - and really I would be happy to wear all of your brilliant artwork around - so make some shit for us to buy ! Jerry Vessel

Jeff Chism replies:

Nein! Ze BEAST's tezticles ah puny! Zere gonads ah minizcule—drained vrom exzezzive mazturbazion! Und jou vant to buy ze tee-zhirt mit ze pigture of ze homozexual on zee vront? Vhat eef ve frogmarch jou down to Mike Bahney Neezan und zlap a gold ztar on joor ahm?! Sieg heil!

IMPORTED HAM

Disappointed you did not include Ken Ham, since the Kentucky Creation Museum opened this year. A definite contender- still not too late to amend your list and replace one of those "filler" names, like "Us". 2008, perhaps? Nathan

Dear Nathan, Ham is Australian. That is all.

EL CHUPACABRA

You - It should be #1. "We" are the cause of all the problems above. We are the goat fellators who make this shit happen.

Great article though! Thanks!

Juan De La Puta

Dear Juan, We demand to see the evidence upon which you base the libelous claim that we have ever fellated any goats, sir, because we are 90% sure you have none.

LAUGH RIOT

your list was pretty funny up until #28. Thats really messed up. It doesnt matter if you support the troops or not, people are dying over there. How is that funny? Chris

Dear Chris, Yeah, see... it's not.

FREEDOM ISN'T FREEDOM

Number 28 on your list is absolutely disgusting and if you meant to be funny, you failed. You should be ashamed of yourself. Those men are out there protecting your freedom. Linda Gonzalez

Dear Linda,

Right. How dare we exercise the freedom they're supposedly protecting? Well, that's America, Linda. If you don't like it you can get out.

ALMOST HEINOUS

I like you guys. By you guys I mean the word you and the word guys. I wish I liked guys, because then I wouldn't be the potential father of a child with a really short and fat mother with bad breath.I would rather put a weiner in my mouth. I believe in karma and understand that I am going to hell when I grow up. Please give me money or a job so I can afford the drugs to arrive in hell quicker. I can write pretty funny things when no one is reading so stop reading this, and imagine that I am a guinus that can spell the word geinus. I can punch myself in the eye if you don't want me to. Stephen

Dear Stephen, Well, that's too bad, because we really want you to.

SOLOMON GRUNGY

Hey,

I really appreciate the way you guys approach your articles. I sometimes have a hard time explaining myself - but those same ideas I struggle to clearly express, you guys can enunciate within a sentence or two.

Regarding the article Sweet Nothings [Allan Uthman, issue 114], I've been noticing that trend frequently as well. There was a show on PBS last week called Oswald's Ghost - the first 95% did decent job of maintaining "balance" (for whatever that's worth), with both sides of the evidence pointing to Oswald being a patsy. So all of that led to the obvious conclusion that JFK wasn't killed by a lone nut - wrong. They finished the show by basically ignoring everything that had been said to that point, and concluded that there was in fact, no conspiracy. Now, avoiding the details of the case, and who's right and who's wrong - this was just a bullshit move on PBS' part. Just lettin' off some steam, here.

Keep up the good work, Beast

Rippedflannel

Dear...ugh... "Rippedflannel," Your name sucks ding-dongs. Seriously, even your friends think it's unforgivably lame. And they're right

PERI-NO!

Upon reading Loathsome person #31 to my husband, he held his face in his hands and said "oh my god. She has a desk, and gets paid more than I do."

ugh, she has an office. With underlings that feign respect and a sense of importance. Does she get a letterhead, too? Motherfuck, she probably gets a government car!

The shock could go on and on, but really I can't get past that despairing shutter and the sense that all hope is lost. The White House new ad campaign: "Make Global Warming Work for You!" or "When Life Hands You Shit, Make Shit Salad!" The government can give Bill Hicks and Frank Zappa cancer; can't they sneak some tuberculum into her JuicyJuice?

Love Always, you demented little freaks.

Kate from Kingston

Dear Kate,

Well-behaved women rarely make history, and Dana Perino rarely recalls it. But we hear the bitch can suck a uranium cake through 10 feet of aluminum tubes. So no mystery there. Plus, she was the only one left in the Press Secretary's office after the last three fell to leprosy.

POLITITIONS ARE SFRAID

fear. by all. dm casey giggles every night reliving the pathetic souls he has crushed on any given day.the press lives in fear asking a question that may effect them personally. polititions who answer questions simultaneously quivering. parents who forget that children are children who should be slapped when appropriate. and us. because bullshit is obvious, yet we are sfraid to voice this when it is so obvious? we have no golden parachute, folks, but they do. but that doesn't give you an excuse to prove my point. fear is a handicap. a handicap with a cure. it's called "balls". aint got none? go to rent a center and rent a pair. the point: i don't like you. don't like me? what the hell do i care. i'll never know it. pussies.

> love, john gallivan

ps: give me your lunch money.

Jeff Chism replies:

Ve hav nozeeng to vear egzept ze Jews! And zere eez vone beeg gure for zem all! Vezzer jou need ze oil shange, dire rodazion or millions ov Jews egsterminaded, ve at Mike Bahney Neezan vow to vork overdime to gomplete ze vinal zolution! Mike Bahney Neezan eez jor vone-ztop genozide zhop! Ztop by zoon und get ze goupon vor a vree ganister of Zyklon B mit any roudine maindenanze!

PER[sic]UTION

Hello Ian,

Your hatred for Christian churches is evident [*Ian Murphy*, *"Welcome to the Monkey House," issue 108*]. Worst of all, you hate the only One who can save you from judgment, Jesus Christ, who died for you. You may choose to disbelieve. God permits you to reject Him. Free will. Just a word of warning though:

2 Timothy 3

"But realize this, that in the last days difficult times will come. For men will be lovers of self, lovers of money, boastful, arrogant, revilers, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, unholy, unloving, irreconcilable, malicious gossips, without self-control, brutal, haters of good, treacherous, reckless, conceited, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God..."

Ian, one last thing, digest this carefully:

Isaiah 5:20-21

"Woe to those who call evil good, and good evil; Who substitute darkness for light and light for darkness; Who substitute bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter! Woe to those who are wise in their own eves and clever in their own sight! Woe to those who are heroes in drinking wine and valiant men in mixing strong drink, Who justify the wicked for a bribe and take away the rights of the ones who are in the right! Therefore, as a tongue of fire consumes stubble and dry grass collapses into the flame, So their root will become like rot and their blossom blow away as dust; For they have rejected the law of the Lord of hosts and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel.

I will pray for you. I suggest you watch the words that proceed from your mouth or pen, for God will hold you accountable for every idle word you speak. May Christ forgive your ignorance and hatred. CJ

Dear CJ,

Oh, come on. You think you're the first mandroid to quote some ooga-booga bible bullshit at us in a futile effort to frighten us into false belief? Fuck you, CJ. Besides, you don't really want your angry, torturing god to forgive Ian, now do you? No, because if your vain, jealous lord were to forgive blasphemers like him, what the hell would be the point of all of your self-loathing and self-denial? It'd be like camping out for Springsteen tickets, only to have some jerk cut in front of you in line at the last minute. That motherfucker better get hoisted out of there, or all your suffering's for naught, CJ. In fact, your whole life is a bet that Ian will go to hell, if you think about it. You lose, CJ.

ENIGMA WRAPPED IN A DUMMY

Alright...I understand the American adherence to labels and whatnot [Allison Kilkenny, "Stop Being an Asshole," issue 122]. I really do. However, I'd like to point out that labels are also fucking stupid. I, for example, would be labeled as a Christian Republican. From what I've read on the site, to many of your readers it is thus fact that I hate gays/foreigners/ "dusky" races, am against abortion, am an ardent Creationist, and reject all science/reason in favor of the impending apocalypse that will surely happen in the next day or so. The only problem is that I...well...I'm actually none of those things. I temper my faith with intense reason, and thus do not deny scientific fact (from evolution on up). Moreover, I could care less whether or not people embrace my personal, chosen faith. I am pro choice. I am against illegal immigration, but in favor of immigration achieved through our established channels. I accept all creeds, sexes, sexual orientations and races as human beings, and reject assholes. I understand that sexuality is not a choice (unless a non-gay decides to become "gay" to stay in vogue, which happens, though rare). I am a patriot who is against the war. I am a Republican who is decidedly non-conservative, and who feels that we have lost our way. I, basically, am not a fucking label. While your site is entertaining, I just hope that you know that there are people like me out there who may have a difference of opinion but are decidedly different from the rest of the assholes that you lampoon. Matt

Dear Matt,

That's great you're an individual and all, but it seems even sillier to vote Republican if you disagree with them on everything. Good luck with those phony gays!

LITERAL ESCALATION

I'd like to see more mags like yours and Impious Digest sold in New Zealand. I've discovered your magazine through a link which was through another link. I've only just become interested in the real World News and Affairs since discovering a whole lot of imformation thru my researching and investigating subjects - eg:Freemasons,illuminati,ne philims,NWO,Ancient civilisations,and so much more which has come about since i took an interest in Revelations and Freemasons. I had attended a conference that Chuck Missler spoke at, which came about quite by chance, and i heard startling stuff that compelled me to investigate a couple of things and well i've just kept on going and going. I come across imformation by chance alot of times and it's all in sync with wot i'm interested in! I admit i never took much notice of the world politics and going

ons becos i felt it insignificant in regards to my life in my world. I was shallow, extremely obsessed with materialism, and some superficial things because i am the product of a material shallow environment and a victim of fashion and vanity. I guess i was a Paris Hilton before Paris Hilton. only with alot lot lot less money! I'm also not slutty, and i don't lack class, however i've been known to be a ditz and party girl and in love with all the attention and glamour etc! Now i'm part that gal still within, but i am so serious about my research, the future and spreading what i have learnt and am learning. Anyway, i'm writing because i am so interested in being an agent for your magazine for New Zealand sales. I'm keen to represent and sell mags like yours and Impious Digest. By the way i use to be an addict buyer of magazines like COSMO, CLEO, NW, OK, GLAMOUR, MADAMOISELLE, HARPERS BIZAAR, NEW WOMEN ETC, HOWEVER NOW I HATE MOST OF THE CONTENT AND THE MESSAGES THEY ARE SENDING OUT TO THEIR READERS, AND IT WOULD BE GREAT TO DO A MAGAZINE THAT WOULD ATTRACT THE SAME READERS WITH THE FASHION AND HIP STUFF TO ENTICE READERS LESS THE TRASH AND FILTH AND ARTICLES THAT DU! MB DOWN THE EASILY LEAD TYPES. A MAGAZINE THAT WOULD CONTAIN SUCH RICH

THAT WOULD CONTAIN SUCH RICH INSIGHTS AND KNOWLEDGE WHILST ALSO CONTAINING CELEBRITY CONTENT, MOSTLY FOCUSING ON THE HIP,COOL,STYLY GIRLS AND GUYS WHO ARE GOOD ROLE MODELS. AS THEY SAY...DO THE OPPOSITE TO THE STATUS QUO!!

Sincerely

Johanna Davis

Dear Johanna,

We're glad you've shed your mindless materialism. Now it's time to realize not everything you read on the internet is true. And incidentally, the material most likely to be untrue on the internet is the text in ALL CAPS. ALL CAPS TEXT SIGNIFIES AN IRRATIONAL SENSE OF SELF-IMPORTANCE, AND IS LIKELY TO HAVE BEEN TYPED BY A PERSON DESCENDING INTO SCHIZOPHRENIA!! THANKS FOR DROPPING US A LINE!!!

JOINER

First-timer, loved the writing. Number nine, I suppose, although I never watch CNN anymore (died before Turner sold it, and then there's Glenn Beck,) and, living in LA, have no need to watch any celebrity news, as it is an actual, measured air pollutant in the LA Basin, measured in dnpd (dead neurons per day) per person.

Got it on a recommend, and will include as a recommended link on the Club's newsletter. Oh, did I mention I'm the president of a large Democratic Club out here? Shoot me.

PS: Amen on Pelosi & Reid. And I was my Club's moderate candidate for prez, who said, "Screw impeachment, let's work to get a majority in Congress and show America our agenda." Well, screw me once shame on them, screw me...again...I won't get screwed again! Impeach him, and remove these two wimps, before the new official slogan for America is 'SSDR' (Same Shit, Different Republican.) Kelley Willis

Dear Kelley, Too late. The tourist board is already printing up the brochures.

OPTIMIST

Thanx for the hilarious story of your visit to the Creation Museum! My son & daughter-in-law took my 4 yr. old granddaughter to see it recently; Mommy is "home schooling" her, for her "preschool" Darwin help us! She also teaches at her CHURCH the TEENAGERS. I didn't raise my son to be a fundmentalist Christian, but after my Divorce, he unfortunately went to live w/ his stupid Dad for High School, & his Dad, who had traded BOOZE for the BIBLE, took him to a local Kentucky fundamentalist (REALLY) church, then after his Marriage, he started going to a United Methodist Church, which apparently is teaching the fundamentalist type of stuff, including Creationism, "End Times" idiocy like "Left Behind" books, etc.

So, I've been REALLY bummed out, as I'm 60 & to me, "Tommy" rock opera, "Jesus Christ SuperStart" rock opera, & the "hippie" Jesus freak type of "Christianity, as well as "Environmental" creation care, is my thing!!

My daughter in law told me emphatically that you "can't be a Christian if you believe in EVOLUTION", & believes if you don't believe exactly her beliefs, you will "go to hell". I hope my son at least will become more open minded, as he gets older. He's **30**.

AtomicWarBABY!!

Dear Atomic,

We hate to break it to you, but becoming more open-minded after 30 is not exactly typical. Try giving him some acid.

BUSTED

All,

I have always read your 50 list every year, but never spent any time reading the rest of the site. Until this week.

Bravo. And thanks. Exceptional writing. Like ruthlessreviews.com before it started sucking. I've sent the URL around to my fellow shitheads and douchebags.

You're bookmarked, and will be a part of my daily routine at work, where I pretend to work.

Bmack

Dear Bmack, They can read your e-mail, you know.

BOLTON FROM THE BLUE

This was a good article, as semi-automatic rotten tomato cannons go, but I think it was greatly diminished by the exclusion of John Bolton. Naturally, there are any number of other pernicious turd-burglers one could cite as deserving of inclusion here -- Ehud Olmert, Ehud Barach, Pervez Musharraf, etc. -- the list is endless, and I think readers understand that there's just no way to properly tar and feather all of them.

Still, I can't help but think the omission of Bolton was a real weakness here. I mean, is there really ANYONE in this hemisphere more truly deserving of having his Stinking Blowhole Syndrome "cured" by being buried head-first in fetid heap of elephant dingus? Really now.

--DKM

Dear DKM,

We were going to include Bolton, but then he threatened to nuke us. He'd do it too; you know he would.

LIMITED HORIZONS

Dear Buffalo Beast,

Let me start off by saying that I live in Portland, Maine. Yes, I know, "What the fuck am I doing here?" crosses my mind daily-no need to tell me that. I came here, from Buffalo, for a job, and I hate it. This place is puritanical, close minded, and lacks diversity—I think there are about 6 black people who live here (and I am fairly convinced that if there was a Hispanic person walking the streets a good number of the Arcadian rejects and limey castoffs who call themselves Mainers would shit a proverbial brick). Sarcasm does not go a long way here, as I have recently been rudely made aware of (never tell a fisherman you think his mama is black and then offer condolences that she would've been a whore, white or black), and, well, when it comes to finding females that aren't the size of polar bears-the likes of which need to be brought down with a tranquilizer gun to keep them from seeing me as lunch or dinner-the song "It's Raining Men" comes to mind, alleluia! To make a long story short, I would like to thank you guys for keeping me sane (or insane, depending how the world sees these things nowadays) and for making me ponder of a return to the Queen City. I look forward to the day when I might be able to sit down, again, at either Essex or Merlin's, or any number of my favorite dives, and slam back cheep beer and chase women of lose moral fiber and ill repute.

Cheers you ungrateful fucks (I use "ungrateful fucks" respectfully, of course), Dan

PS Did I mention the bars close at 1 here, thus making it very difficult to get a proper drunk on.

Jeff Chism replies:

Jou hav found a playz almozt gompledely razially pure, und jou don't lige it?! Dummkopf! Zat zounds lige zey have embrazed ze tenets of Lebensraum! Und ze vomen ah saftig, ja? Pleazandly plump, ja?! Eet zounds just lige ze Deutschland, ja?! How vould a Neezan Dealerzhip do een zis playz called Maine?



As divined by Andrew Gullerstein



Pisces (Feb 18 – Mar 20)

Here's a hint, Pisces: If a magazine makes you feel ugly and inadequate, maybe you shouldn't renew your subscription. Try Harper's.

Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 19)

Good thing there's a second amendment, Aries, otherwise you couldn't own the gun you need to protect yourself from all the maniacs out there wielding... guns. You're indirectly responsible for 32,000 deaths a year, Aries.

Taurus (Apr 20 – May 20)

It's a shame you suffer from crippling feelings of sexual inadequacy, Taurus, but it's hard to see how that's Hillary Clinton's fault.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)-

If you met a guy, Gemini, and the first thing he did was lick your hand, and then he ran around your apartment knocking shit over and peeing on your rug, pausing to inhale an egg roll off your coffee table, how long would it take you to throw him the fuck out? I hate your dog, Gemini.

Cancer (June 21 – July 22)

If you wanted to work where the air wasn't thick with dangerous chemicals, Cancer, you shouldn't have gone into journalism. Now get to work; those Tshirts won't print themselves.

Leo (July 23 – Aug 22)

There's no question that warrantless wiretapping and telecom immunity are vital to winning the war on terror, Leo, just as you were arguing on the phone last night. The NSA official listening to your call agreed with you unreservedly.

Virgo (Aug 23 – Sept 22)

Just to clear things up, Virgo: George Orwell wrote Animal Farm and 1984. Orson Welles made Citizen Kane and did the famous panic inducing radio version of War of the Worlds, which was written by H.G. Wells. None of these three are the same person. In other news, Jerry O'Connell is not Jason Bateman. Pay attention, Virgo.

Libra (Sept 23 – Oct 22)

Connoisseurship is the thinnest of veils, Libra. Any drink that explodes when ignited is not "fine."

Scorpio (Oct 23 – Nov 21)

I'm glad you had a great Valentine's day, Scorpio, but it's probably a good idea to let your "beau" out of the cage in your basement. Just drop him off in the desert.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21)

Glass is technically a liquid, Sagittarius, but it's still not a good idea to throw balloons full of it at your friends on hot summer days.

Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)

Capricorn, the real reason you want to beat up Jude Law is that he gives you a boner. Be honest with yourself, Capricorn.

Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb 18)

Aquarius, you will meet a beautiful woman at a bar. Later, you will give your wife herpes. Don't fight the custody settlement, Aquarius.

THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH





