

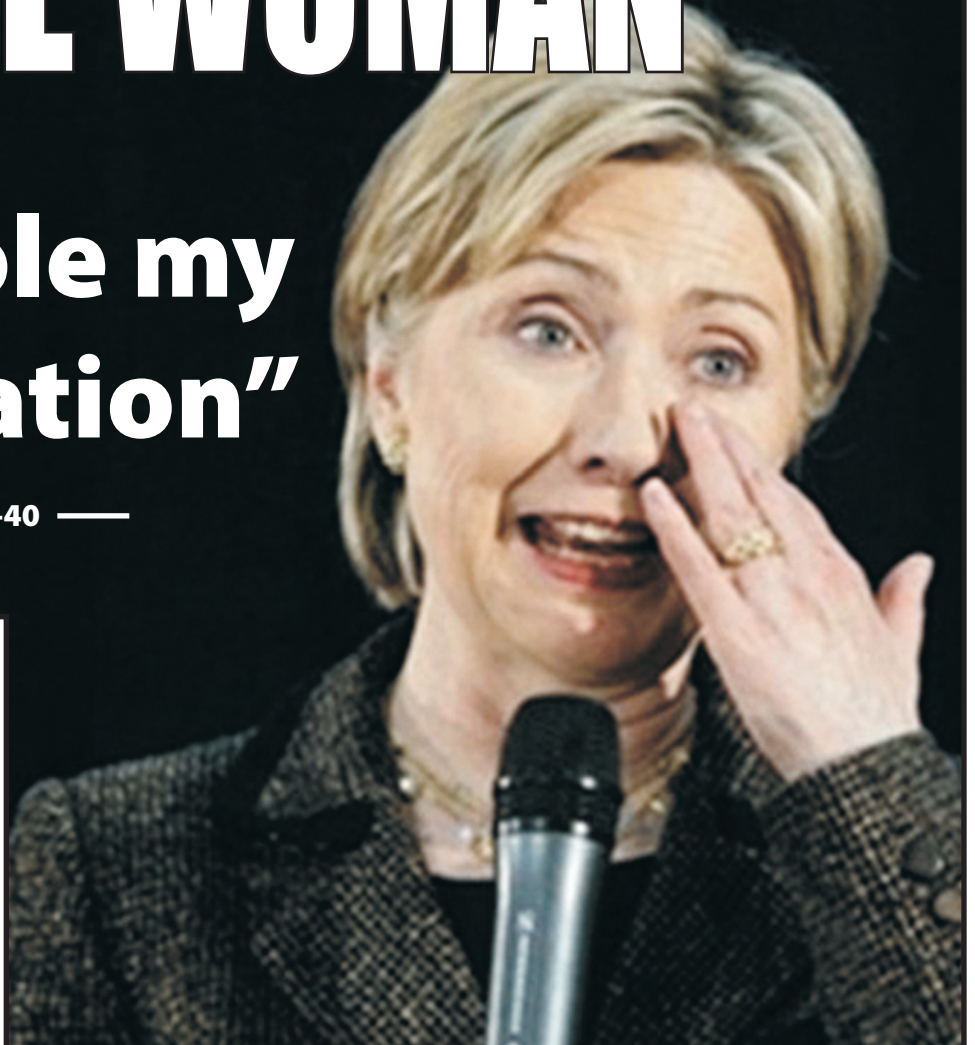


BLACK MAN BEATS WHITE WOMAN

**“He stole my
nomination”**

— PAGES 1-40 —

BE AFRAID



**Police release sketch of suspect,
warn he may be armed & charismatic P.2**

Separated at birth?



Lesbian pundit Margaret Carlson...

...and lesbian Peanut Marcie?



Has the Money

Paul Fallon
(pfallon@buffalobeast.com)

Hasn't Been Paid in Weeks

Allan Uthman
(aluthman@buffalobeast.com)

Me Either

Ian Murphy
(ian@buffalobeast.com)

Yeah, What the Fuck?

Paul Jones

You Guys Get Paid?

Michael Gildea
(Michael@buffalobeast.com)

We Don't Get Paid

Matt Taibbi, Scott Borchert,
Stan Goff, Steve Gordon, Michael J.
Smith, Allison Kilkenney,
Alexander Zaitchik

Neither do we

Matt Bors, Nicholas Gurewitsch,
Brian McFadden, others

Definitely Not An Intern

Andrew Blake



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Fax: Fax? What is this 1983?

Letters to the Editors should be
addressed to: sic@buffalobeast.com

A VERY SPECIAL WELCOME TO THE PUSSIES WHO READ THE BEAST, FROM HILLARY CLINTON'S HARDCORE SUPPORTERS.

We're talking about the women, of course. We don't intend, however, to ignore the men. Not by a long shot. In fact, we have a very special message for all the dickless wonders—yes, now we're referring to the men—reading this issue.

If Barack "Barry" Hussein Islamofascist Terror Sleeper Cell Ivory Tower Elitist Obama should somehow manage to weasel his way to the Democratic nomination, brace yourselves for requital on a biblical scale.


You think you know about love? You haven't the first notion. We will do anything and everything to secure the Democratic ticket for Hillary and the impotent faggot VP of her choosing. But if, by some patriarchal conspiracy, she is denied what is rightfully hers, we won't hesitate for a moment to scuttle Obama's campaign.

You think we're at all daunted by the prospect of a McCain presidency? You think the threat of overturning Roe v. Wade really scares us? That's you guys, isn't it? Always thinking with your crotches and ours. Well consider this: If anyone but Hillary gets in, you're all cut off. And that's not a figure of speech: any handy jagged implement will do. We'll make Lysistrata look like an episode of "Ally McBeal." Suddenly



BY THESE OLD CRONES

sucking out your degenerate spawn doesn't seem all that problematic. And trust us, we won't be missing anything.

While we've got you by the balls, so to speak, try wrapping your tiny, flaccid minds around this—it's a stretch, we know, but think long and hard about it—is this how you want things to go down? Yeah, we know all too well that you don't understand the first thing about going down. So, take our word for it here. You don't want Obama bad enough. 

4

Hey, Joe! Interview with the late Joe McCarthy

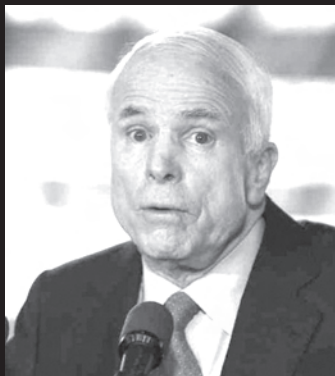
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BEAST-O-SCOPES

Exhuming McCarthy

Joe McCarthy on Obama, Racism and the New Red-Baiting

BY ALLAN UTHMAN

[Editor's note: We were astonished recently to recognize the late Senator Joe McCarthy, shopping for women's shoes. Initially denying it, McCarthy eventually conceded his identity and agreed to this interview on the condition we score him some heroin.]

How are you even here?

Well, periodically I'm granted a leave of absence from Hell to consult with election campaigns that the boss is pulling for. Usually the RNC contacts him, and he's pretty friendly with them, they have some shared interests. So I get out for a while occasionally, which is always nice.

And you're consulting for McCain?

Well, I can't confirm or deny that.

All right. But—hypothetically—what's your area of expertise?

Oh, you know—personal attacks, guilt by association, fear tactics, that kind of stuff. You've heard of me, right?

Yes, of course.

Okay then.

So how does that pan out now? Are you planning to call Obama a communist?

Well yes, there is some of that. I have a small side project, a bit of a vanity project really, involving a picture of Che Guevara, and also this "black liberation theology" thing is a gift to us. But people don't really see Marx as the kind of existential threat they once did. No, the new communism,

in terms of loathing, is terrorism, of course. But it is essentially the same thing, you know. You just throw some rumors around, find some association with a disreputable character—everyone in public life has been in the same room with somebody you can smear them with. With



McCarthy: Still a dick, somehow

a Negro politician it's particularly easy, because there are naturally more radicals in an oppressed community.

So you see the war on terror as a means of social control, the same way red-baiting was?

No, no. I think both of them stem from legitimate fears of the wealthy. Look, anticommunism wasn't just about the Soviets, or totalitarianism or what have you. The basic fear, the primal fear from

the established powers of the United States and the West in general, was mainly just that poor people, working people, would come to understand that they could simply seize control of the system. I mean, it didn't bear out historically, because there is always corruption, always abuse and consolidation of power. But at the time, those things were not at all clear. So, you know, the people who had always been on top of the heap in capitalist societies really were deathly afraid of communism, the very idea of it, and the idea of it spreading to America struck real fear into our hearts. So to say we just used red-baiting as a means of control is, I think, reductionist and cynical, and doesn't take into account the fact that we really were sort of pissing our pants about it.

And you can see that, while the commies were in ascendancy, workers in America enjoyed very robust labor protections. They had pensions; they had safety regulations and so on. This was in part because we had to keep workers happy to avoid them switching to the reds. It's sort of like how a non-union shop has to treat its workers relatively well, just to avoid unionization. Whether they know it or not, those non-union workers are still being helped by the unions, just by the threat of unionization.

So now that communism is seen as defunct—

We can kind of drop the nice guy act, right. And you see that happening in very short order since the Soviets fell.

Economic disparity is back up to pre-Depression levels.

Right. So it's like, you have to just ride the

edge, you know? How much poverty and hardship will people endure before they start rioting? That's the line you have to find, and just hold back an inch from it.

Do you think you've gotten a bum rap?

It's funny, you know. My name is mud these days, but my tactics are alive and well. I mean really, communism, Islamic terrorism, what's the difference? It's still the same principle of guilt by association.

Do you feel you deserve more credit for pioneering these tactics?

Well, yes and no. I mean, I probably do, but then again I wasn't the first. The phrase "witch hunt" didn't come from me after all. And to me, it's never been about

personal fame; it's about smearing the left as treasonous anti-Americans. It's always been about the work.

Do you think McCain was wise to press the idea that Obama is the Hamas candidate?

Oh, yes. The Hamas thing is a great strategic move. It's funny; you see, if you look at what that guy said, it was pretty benign, you know--"we like him, he's like JFK, he'll bring the world together" and so forth. And of course, it's completely unfair to blame anyone for their least likable supporters. I'm sure there are plenty of white supremacists supporting McCain, but it wouldn't be fair to blame that on him.

But it's still effective?

Of course it is. Because, you know, people are already of the understanding, fair or not, that Hamas are evil, that Muslims are evil. So if Hamas likes Obama, then you know, he's evil. And if there's just a whiff of Islam to Obama, whose name and ethnicity certainly doesn't help him in that regard, it's enough to alienate people. Just like in my day, mere suspicion is enough; you don't need any actual evidence. To go back to racists for McCain though, it might not behoove Obama to do that, because there are, we should face it, a lot of serious racists in America.

Well, it's not like it was in the '50s—

Oh yes it is. Don't be silly.

You really think so?

Well, I can see you've been in the Northeast too long. Did you see that 81% of Hillary voters in the West Virginia primary cited race as a factor?

Yeah, I did.

Well? I mean think about it: Usually, when that figure was lower in other states, analysts would say the true figure is actually significantly *higher*, because a lot of people would be too ashamed to tell an exit pollster, basically, that they're racists. But at 81%, it's hard to imagine, but that might mean basically 100%. Or, alternately, they're just not ashamed at all, which is also more likely to be true in Appalachia. You see, the main difference in race relations in America from my time to now is not a reduction in actual racism, although I'm sure there's been some. The real difference, though, is simply that it is no longer okay to openly express or implement racist thoughts and feelings. This has a stifling effect: People feel muzzled, they see that public figures who so much as say "boo" on the subject are subjected to vicious public humiliations, often unfairly, for just wording things artlessly, you know.

I mean, what if John McCain's campaign manager, for instance, were to refer to Obama as, say, an "Afro-American"? You know, it would be his, uh, he would be trying to be sensitive, but just revealing himself to be out of date, using a passé term. Well, he would be thrashed, his reputation ruined, and he would have to resign, and everyone knows it. He'd be blacklisted, no pun intended. He'd never get another job of that sort again. It wouldn't matter that he meant no offense. Well, people see that,

THE BEAST PAGE 5

Penis-Shrinking Endocrine Receptor

Name: Bisphenol A; my bitches at the EPA call me BPA, dawg.

Turn-ons: Urethra dysfunction, premature puberty, testicular cancer, mimicking estrogen

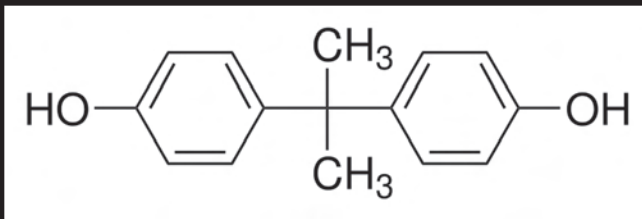
Turn-offs: Glass, Robert Kennedy Jr., negative publicity, Canada, big penises.

How I Became The BEAST Page 5 Penis Shrinking Endocrine Agent:

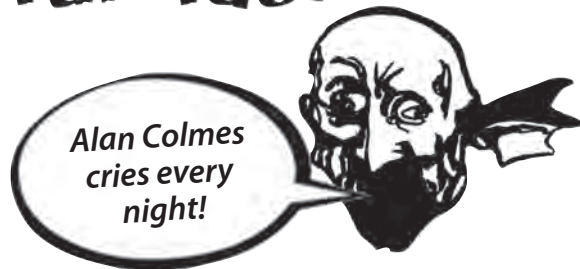
Well, it's easy to make when you're plastic, baby! But I'm not just any plastic. I'm in your water bottles, I'm, lining your cans, I'm all up in food containers and even baby bottles. That's how I leech yo. I'm found in 95% of your urine, dawg! That's right, I'm so large you be pissing me out! Even with my short half-life of 1-10 years, I be a significant pollutant due to my prevalence and low acute toxicity, bitches!

Future Plans: Well, Canada banned my use in products for children, So I guess it'll be harder to feminize the hosers. Here in the U.S., though, average levels in people are above those that cause harm to animals in laboratory experiments, yet below the very tolerant human exposure limit recommended by my EPA crew. So I'll be doing my thing, dawg!

How I'd Like to be Remembered: As the useful little chemical that turned Americans into obese girly-men with swollen prostates.



Fun Fact



subject effectively freezes the nation's attitudes on it. And if you give voice, however subtly, to that suppressed, unfashionable attitude, if you vent that anger, people who harbor those feelings will respond, they will feel somewhat liberated.

What can Obama do to combat that?

Well, he showed a lot of smarts on that when he gave that speech in Philadelphia about his pastor and race. He coopted those attitudes by giving white racial resentment voice himself, talking about his grandmother, white attitudes toward affirmative action and crime and so on. But then he kind of dropped it, so I don't know, I don't think he knows what he had there.

You have been cast as a villain in American history, but in the past few years some pundits have emerged who not only defend you, but echo some of your sentiments and tactics. How do you feel about them? Do you have a favorite?

Well, I really love Ann Coulter. But if I had to pick a favorite it would have to be Sean.

Sean Hannity?

Oh yes. He is really exquisite, really knows what he's doing. I'm very proud of him. He's not just an imitator; he has by far surpassed me. Very professional. O'Reilly is great too, but he really is more derivative and doesn't really add much to the game. Limbaugh's good too, but he's no fun since he quit the painkillers.


Glenn Beck?

Ha! Don't make me laugh. That guy is an idiot.

Any thoughts on Keith Olbermann?

I think he's kind of nuts, really. I mean, you don't get to be Ed Murrow by saying "good night and good luck" and throwing tantrums on air. Murrow was completely unflappable, and never blew up or attacked anyone directly. He just coolly, soberly destroyed your ideas with reasoned criticism. Olbermann's a piker compared to that.

So you liked Murrow?

No, I hated him. But I respect him. Olbermann makes points sometimes, but there's a lot of bluster. Nobody ever used "bluster" in describing Murrow. But, to be fair, I'd have to say that in the media situation we have today, with all the cable news and the so-called think tanks, and marketing science and whatever, I don't think Murrow would have stood a chance against me. 

and they feel muzzled. And they recognize that they can't express themselves, their sort of everyday racial complaints or observations or just feelings, even to their white friends in private. It's really looked down upon, especially up north. And that's what I'm saying: Racism never left; it's just been bound and gagged and left in the corner. It's still there, and now it's taken on this sense of righteousness, like an oppressed cause, which you can say is absurd, but that's how people feel.

So you think people are just as racist—

Not everyone, but most, yeah. And that's kind of *because* of the stifling effect of the, uh, what's that...political correctness—love that phrase, wish I'd thought of it—the tendency for people to just avoid the topic altogether. I mean, how do people learn? They learn by talking things out. If we never discuss an issue, how can we change our minds about it, work our feelings out? Clamping down on the

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DESPITE OUR INTERVIEWER'S IDIOTIC PITCH (*"All the cool social activists are doing it. If you do not participate, it will be clear that Noam Chomsky is way cooler than you, and I'll be forced to get a tattoo illustrating that theme. I'm thinking Noam could be jumping over you on a motorcycle"*), the inimitable author and historian Howard Zinn took the time to answer our questions. He's a cool dude.

Your antiwar position is well known. Why do you hate the troops?

I do hate the troops who are occupying the White House. The troops whose weapons are lies and bullshit. As for the troops in Iraq, I feel for them—they are victims of the White House and the corporations. They are the young people I have known in various wars—very few with hatred in their hearts, mostly innocent, gullible, needing a break. I want them home immediately.

The recent violence in Basra shows that the surge has worked. Do you wish to comment on its success?

Yes, it has worked to keep the civil war going. It has worked the way the original surge (Shock and Awe) worked, to create chaos, to set people against one another, to ruin the lives of the Iraqis. And despite early reports of "violence down, surge worked," the violence has now grown—to the deadliest month yet.

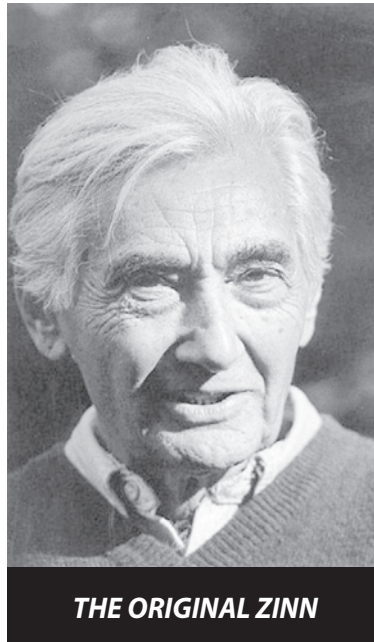
Is sustainable economic growth possible in a world with finite resources and a ballooning human population?

Difficult, but possible. The real problem is not finite resources and growing population although those are true. The real problem is, first, how these finite resources are distributed, and the market system, capitalism in other words, distorts what is done with these resources, that is, produces things not necessary for human life, creating a huge waste of resources. And second, the market system distributes these resources in the most inequitable way. So an economy based, not on what is profitable, but what is needed for human beings, would be hugely more efficient, so that even with scarce resources we could feed, house, clothe and give healthcare to everyone on earth.

In your opinion who is the superior Marx: Karl or Groucho?

It's like comparing Babe Ruth and Carl Hubbell, or (to bring it closer to your generation) Joe Dimaggio and Sandy Koufax. Each one is valuable in his own way, and each one is indispensable. Can't have good pitching without good hitting. Yes, Karl and Groucho are a winning team: fun and revolution.

You note in *A People's History of the United States* that Wall Street takes its name from being on the site



of a 17th century Dutch settlement barricade, which was erected by black slaves to keep out the Native Americans. Is Wall Street still exploiting labor and protecting wealth?

Yes.

Has America become too stupid to see the value in educating its people?

Everyone believes in education. It's just that people are being "educated" to take their obedient place in the system with the necessary technical and business knowledge to keep the system going. So education gives such tools, or if it's not tools it's history, philosophy, literature that has no bite, that is pleasant and interesting (not always!) but doesn't challenge the status quo.

As a historian, do you view human morality as evolving over the ages, and if so, what do you see as the major impediment to the


progress of humanist ethics and social justice?

A slow evolution, constantly disrupted by the control of information and education, which is the chief impediment.

In Orwell's 1984, O'Brien ponders a grim future: "There will be no curiosity, no enjoyment of the process of life. All competing pleasures will be destroyed. But always - do not forget this, Winston - always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face . . . for ever." In Zinn's vision of the future, are there boots, and if so, what are they used for?

Orwell is describing the Establishment and its minions, Hitler and the Brown Shirts, Bush and the CIA. But most people do not want to trample on other people, and the problem is to organize the unorganized, to knock down the booted ones and remove their boots.

Is Matt Damon as dreamy in real life as he is on the big screen?

Yes, he is. 

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Chabad to the Bone

BY PAUL JONES

I'm a sucker for a girl in harm's way. (Just ask my internet service provider.) Which is why I was so pleased weeks ago to find an ad for Chabad's Terror Victims Project clogging my inbox. The banner ad I received pleaded for me to help Dorit: an eldritch, stubby-fingered little girl of around five, who stares gravely from behind a modest Seder spread. Jewish food may be an acquired taste, but this grim tableau seems excessive.

Beyond that, I'm unsure David Lynch could decipher this sloppy mise-en-scene. Dorit stands, forgoing the lone chair, and executes a textbook frown across the flat, speckled moonscape of matzo. It is supposable Dorit's family has been vaporized by a Katyusha rocket. But that hardly explains why she's still alone—and on a holiday, no less. More alarming, an unseen hand has uncorked a bottle of Kosher wine and poured four brimming cups, in accordance with the Passover tradition.

A neglected little girl, copious wine...One suspects Chris Hansen should hastily insinuate himself here. But that would be a costly intervention for Chabad. Dorit is the precocious star of their fundraising enterprise, soliciting donations upwards of \$1,000 per pledge. (Surely, "Other" is just a euphemism for "More"?) In a smaller ad, a majuscule technicolor message flashes across her headshot, beseeching you to help make "this Passover...different for the victims of...TERROR". Underage or not, it's rather unclear who is plying whom.

You can be forgiven, up to now, for believing the proceeds of this hucksterism enable CTVP to provide emotional and financial support to terror *victims*. In fact, their ministration includes taking maimed members of the brutish and incomparably trigger-happy Israeli Defense Forces skiing in Aspen. How comforting to know



that when a career of extorting Palestinian shopkeepers, sniping children and bulldozing American citizens is tragically cut short, Chabad is there to maneuver the offending chairbound stump through some of the world's most expensive snow. The definition of "terror attack," then, must here refer exclusively to any hostile action at all by Palestinians, including negligent sneezing. Don't expect anyone from Chabad to blush at these invidious and pecksniff distinctions.

Indeed, the website encourages visitors to endure a brief (and, yet, far too long) video explaining the organization's mission and the nature of its outreach. The narration begins by asserting that since October of 2001, "more than 1,300 innocent persons—mostly Israeli men, women and children—have been murdered."

There are abundant drolleries to be harvested from this arcane tabulation.

I examined casualty figures posted by B'Tselem, the Israeli Human Rights Group.

Covering an even broader time frame; factoring in the deaths of foreigners; and even generously including deaths of "Israeli Security Forces," yields a total of 1,221. It is impossible Chabad's figure could include Palestinian deaths. Using an ultraconservative estimate, they're expunged at nearly twice the rate of Israeli civilians. The Palestine Red Crescent Society and B'Tselem each put the number at well over 4,000 dead. And B'Tselem notes that it does not factor the deaths of "Palestinians who died after medical treatment was delayed due to restrictions of movement." That's an astounding omission, considering the inhabitants of Gaza are essentially captives. Or, that in the West Bank—as *The Independent's* Johann Hari reported—a parturient woman can be forced to bleed out in the backseat of a car, to the great amusement of an Israeli checkpoint guard, while her newborn son expires.

So, if the victims were only "mostly Israeli men, women and children," who else was killed? Are large communities

of hermaphrodites now erecting illegal settlements under the aegis of the Israeli government? It's true that with fairer skin and savvy marketing, the exchange rate has always favored the Israelis. Perhaps the Generally Accepted Accounting Principle now simply holds that their lives literally count for double or triple those in Palestine.

The rubric "murdered," deployed by Chabad, fairly screams out for modulation. Compare that effusion with the Israeli military's sterilized assertion that a 2006 artillery strike, in which 21 Palestinian civilians perished, was the result of a "rare and severe" technical malfunction." These smirking postmortem dissimulations—akin to suggesting the victims "fell down

the stairs"—inspire pity more than anger. Here is a nuclear state ruled by unctuous hoodlums.

Chabad's propagandizing isn't as odious, though, as a recent report by Human Rights Watch. The report castigated Hamas for firing unguided homemade rockets into civilian areas of Israel, because those weapons don't "discriminate" between legitimate military targets and guiltless citizens. Hamas's tactics are despicable and should be condemned in the harshest possible terms. Practically speaking, though, that kind of effete snobbery—with its insistence on insignia and big, glossy machines—is typically espoused by colonial armies.

The IDF are the beneficiaries of the most sophisticated military technology in the world. Yet, Palestinian civilians bear a grossly inordinate and disproportionately gruesome burden in deaths. Air strikes, shelling, and punitive flyovers keep Palestine perpetually immiserated. (Lebanese, too, continue to die from nearly a million unexploded cluster bombs showered on their country by the Israeli Air Force in 2006.)

What is the difference between a weapon intended to combat enemy soldiers that unfailingly kills innocent people, and one that makes no distinctions at all?

I bet Chabad has an answer for that. 

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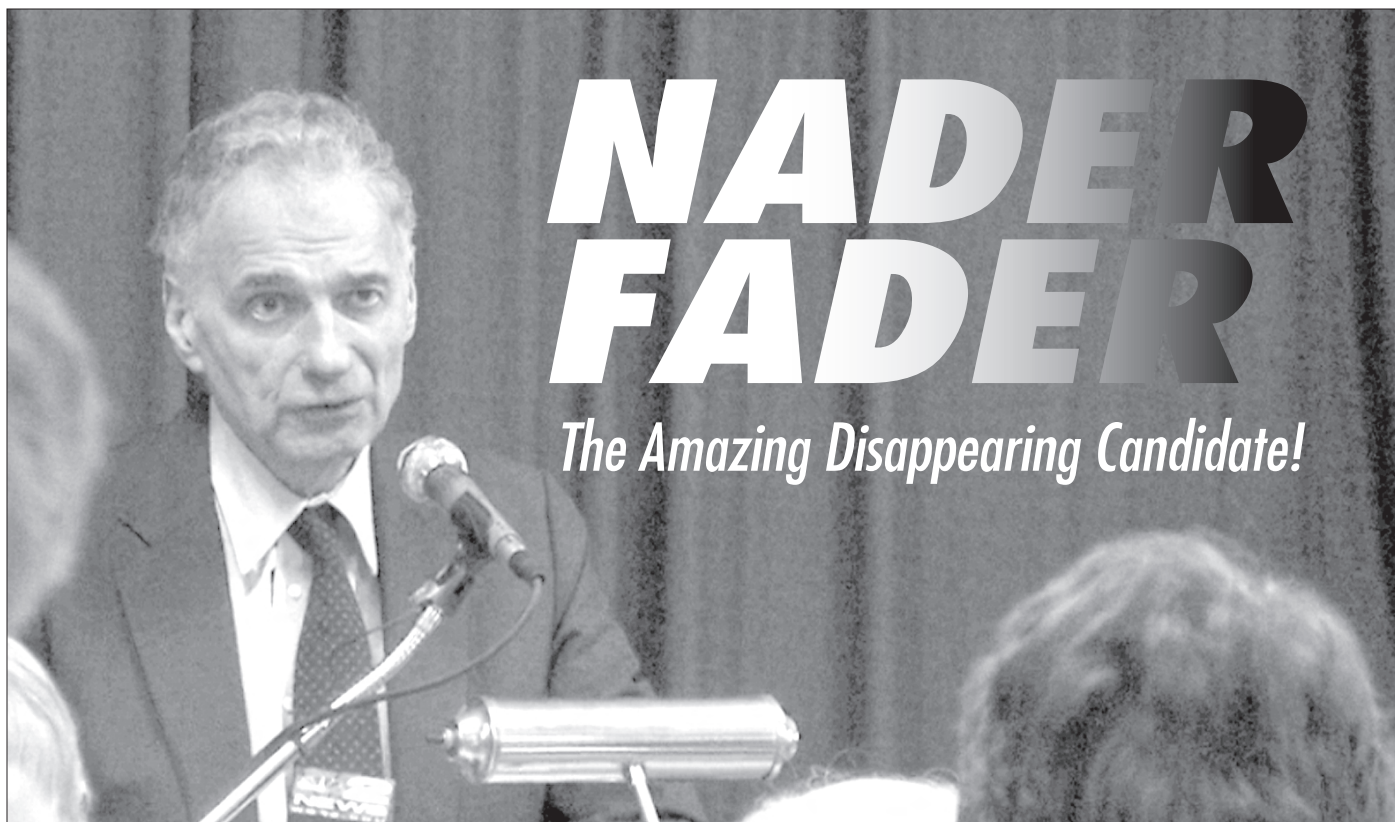
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BY IAN MURPHY

"Well, the second law of thermodynamics is that with the passage of time, okay, entropy occurs. In other words, everything kind of winds down and—"

Ralph Nader brushes past with us his regional campaign guru Matt Something-or-Other. Nader's come to Buffalo's Ukrainian Civics Center to raise money for his latest White House bid. Matt, a man I've met before, lacks his usual energy. His clothes are rumpled. His hair's disheveled. Fatigue darkly circles his eyes—or is it futility?

There'd been a \$50 luncheon prior to my arrival. *BEAST* publisher and legal counsel Paul Fallon had found a "loophole" and scammed his way in for free. He fled, conspicuously, when we were accosted by... this woman.

Magdelina was about seventy, in earth years, and waddled like an epileptic penguin on Ephedrine. She held photocopied anti-evolution pamphlets at her sides, flapping them wildly when excited. She'd almost struck the candidate with her schizophrenic doodlings. Why was she *here*, talking about *this*? Every "progressive" event I've ever attended has been marred by the presence of a ranting conspiratorial lunatic. But a ranting anti-

evolution lunatic? Novel.

She was ghostly pale. Her eyes were slightly cataracted. She looked far away, obscured by pearly clouds of madness. This foggy-eyed look is most popular among the elderly, the deeply religious, Vietnam-era acid casualties, zombies and early-generation cyborgs. She was some of these things, if not all.

"And, and, and—"

"That means you die eventually," I interrupt coldly, hoping she'll take the hint.

"And, so right, and, and, okay, when I was studying anthropology we learned the Pleistocene, the paleontologists, all these HOOGIE-BOOGA-BOOGA-BOOGA-BOOGUM!" she spits, violently oscillating her head, whipping her red lips against her rouge cheeks. "Heh-heh! What do you—because, because what? That doesn't tell the whole story..."

Creationists and intelligent design freaks cite entropy, routinely and without understanding, as their deathblow to Darwin. Things cannot become more complex, they say; it's a law of physics. But all life breaks this law—for a time—by eating. And yet, no one's arguing against the existence of life. Or sandwiches.

"...So, at the time I was learning, and, you know, I was the number one in my class—I just memorized everything—and something just didn't seem quite right..."

I turn and walk toward the coffee. She pursues in frenetic penguin fashion. I pour a cup and guard what little is left. I've found my niche, scavenging the picked over cakes and gulping stale coffee. I look down at the breathless bird-woman.

"...Here's the thing about evolution, okay: It is THE LIE, okay, that was given to Eve in Genesis 3:5. There's a whole group of people, that's the quote they take 3:5, okay? Our battle is not with Fascism, not with Communism, it's with Gnosticism. There's an elite group of people and they believe they're going to bring Utopia to earth, and they call it 'forcing the swing.' That's the word that they use."

"You mean people like John Hagee?" I ask.

"John Hagee is too... no. No, it's more like Bill Clinton. And I'll tell you what Bill did. I'm an educator. If you look at what he did in Arkansas with the Governor School under Lamar, okay. You got to read these things—"

"You're an idiot," I dismiss, sipping my coffee.

"But, okay, now look: Everybody thinks they're so smart today. I don't want to be nasty, but let me tell you, you think you're so smart—can you tell me how you make a hologram? No! Can you tell me, you know, how so many things work? No! You're only dumb like me. You know how to turn a light on, and all these other things."

"Hologram? What the fuck are you talking about?" I mumble mostly to myself. In the opposite corner of the hall, former Buffalo Bill's long snapper Adam Lingner is milling around and chatting. A man who's lost four Super Bowls in the same room as a man who's lost five presidential elections—it's an awesome sight to behold, like the Grand Canyon of defeat.

"Here's the point. I go all over this way, it's hard to follow me."

"Yeah, because you're insane."

"It doesn't matter who's insane."

"Yeah, it kind of does."

"I don't think so."

"Of course not."

"Well, I tell ya this: I know for a fact that each person was created to be a blessing to another. And there's no doubt in my mind, okay, that the Masters of the Universe as they call themselves, or the Illuminati or whatever name you want to give 'em—Council on Foreign Relations. They play with their twat-twatt; they play with their joysticks at the Bohemian Grove, okay. Well, let 'em! Okay?"

"Will do." I say, catching sight of a woman near Lingner scanning the latest copy of *The BEAST*. Fallon had left a complimentary stack on a table near the front entrance. Normally, the sight of someone reading my work in public would inspire pride. Today is different.

"They're gonna find out with all the mergers and acquisitions, okay, after they're done. The heart of the Democratic Party is Communism. The heart of the Republican Party is Fascism. So, they're going to merge under the Republicans, who, they're now in the process—they've been in the process for years—of merging, okay, all the different corporations. Eventually, the state will take them over. Of course, it won't be the United States. It will be the UN or something like that. Now, the third party will be the Green Party. It will join together, it will be the culmination—"

"So, you've got some problem with the Green Party?" I ask, somewhat distracted.

"Who's got a problem with watching out for the environment? Nobody does. Everybody knows who's spewing all these gases into the air. Who's got a problem with that? Nobody, okay? What I've got a problem with is a handful of people. And it's hard to know who they are—George Soros is probably one of them. And, uh, he... he... now, he's against Hillary. But he's paying for several of these... he's... he's... gonna win no matter what."

I nervously case the crowd of about thirty. It's mostly gray-hairs (damn entropy!), with a scant ponytail turnout. Nader is, after all, the oldest horse in the 2008

race. The independent candidate is John McCain's senior by over two years.

"I'll tell you how it works: The people at the top, whoever they are, here's the thing in a nutshell: They believe in Lucifer—the power of Lucifer—and they channel spirits. Okay? All that stuff, okay. They, now, you know, the original, um, where we hear about Lucifer in the Old Testament. You know, how popular he was, very bright and articulate, handsome and so forth and so on."

"He was a fine dancer, too, from what I hear," I say. "He could tap dance. Good hooves on that guy." I check the exits.

"Yes, he's dancing now! And, you know, these people believe that the Christians bad-mouth him, and call him Satan. Okay? So, they believe, in other words, the Gnostics—and the person who's written the most on this is Dan Brown. He's written so much about it, and he's writing about it in a literary form and he's not telling the whole truth about how bad it is—"

The crowd claps with little enthusiasm as Nader works his way to the podium. My eyes dart around the room.

Magdelina speed-waddles to her seat. I'm almost sad to see her go. Her meaty flightless-arctic-bird frame might have absorbed the bullet. By now, surely, there's a bounty on my head. Or at least open talk of my execution. I'm nervous, and quite possibly paranoid, which I'm worried may be contagious.

I should explain: A week earlier, I had

THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH

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written an opinion piece entitled “Fuck the Troops.” Its main thesis was that I think the troops are rubes and they don’t deserve my sympathy or support. Bring ’em home, sure. Let’s end the pointless death of Iraqis and Americans. But I can’t bring myself to pat these weirdos on the back for engaging in an idiotic war. And “Shhh,” I don’t know if you’d heard, but the troops actually agree with me. They’re offing themselves at an unsettling clip of “about 1,000 suicide attempts per month among veterans,” according to the recently released VA e-mails.

It was 1,200 words of venom, directed at America’s most cherished segment of society, for no apparent reason. But, in the end, they were just words. They didn’t threaten anyone’s wellbeing, excepting possibly my own.

As of this writing, although I’ve received many e-mailed fantasies of militaristic beatdowns, I’ve gotten a disappointingly small number of death threats via the right-wing blog Little Green Footballs and a short-lived link on The Free Republic, a similarly Fascist message board. One website hilariously posted a Google Earth aerial view of our office, as if they were going to call in a missile strike. The “Freepers” quickly pulled the link, citing a bogus virus threat on *The BEAST*’s website. As much as those folks love to be outraged, they simply can’t stomach unapologetically vulgar dissent. They’d rather kill than reason—weak minds for bleak times.

Things do fall apart. People, minds, moralities, ethoi, empires and life itself—nothing escapes entropy; the crazy penguin was right about that much. And in this minuscule corner of a cooling universe, on a polluted planet, in this crumbling empire, surrounded by dying people seated in creaky folding chairs, I get more coffee. What else can you do?

“I’d like to thank Channel 2 for coming today,” some old hippie lauds a camera crew before Nader begins. Everyone claps.

“Is that the ABC affiliate?” Nader asks the group.

“NBC!” half shout back. Magdalena fiddles her stack of papers. She looks like she’s going to blow up.

“It’s not enough they use our airwaves for free,” Nader chides the crowd, “we also have to thank them for coming!” What a righteous dick.

The rest was classic Nader. Twenty-five

minutes of basic truths. Corporations are screwing the little guy by purchasing politicians, and the world’s going to shit in general. Here’s most it:

“The American people have got ask themselves a serious question: Why is it that a majority want single payer health insurance—that is government insurance, private delivery, with full, free choice of doctor and hospital—and they haven’t been able to get it since Harry Truman proposed it to congress in 1950? Every year, according to the National Academy of Science, 18,000 Americans die because they can’t afford health care...

“The American people want a change. None of the other candidates—McCain, Obama or Clinton—come close to a full government insurance, full Medicare for all system. They’ll leave in place the wasteful, inefficient, corrupt, redundant health care industry, gouged by a health

systems, highways and bridges—they would want them repaired. They’d want their sewage treatment systems upgraded, they’d want the pollution controlled, but that money’s going to destroy Iraq. Or going into expensive weapons systems that were designed for the Soviet Union era of hostility, which are still in the pipeline, bleeding the American public, because Lockheed Martin and General Dynamics, and others, want more sales and profits...

“And now, one half of our entire federal operating budget is going into the military budget. And that military budget is being outsourced to corporations that cost us three to five times more to perform the function than if it was performed by government employees or government soldiers... Blackwater and Halliburton...

“The American people don’t want that. They have the votes; they keep losing. The American people want accountability in



care insurance system whose only energy seems to be paying its CEOs...

“The American people would never had voted to invade Iraq had there been a free flow of public information instead of Bush/Cheney’s propaganda, unrebutted by the cowardly Democratic Party...

“Bunch of gangsters hijacked our government, plunged us into a war of aggression, violated our constitution, our statutes and our international treaties. Result: tens of thousands of American soldiers disabled for life, over 4,000 have lost their lives, over a million Iraqis have lost their lives and the country’s destroyed. And we’re spending 14 million dollars an hour, 24 hours a day, on the Iraq War. Most of the American people would want their schools, clinics and drinking water

government. But there’s no impeachment drive against Bush and Cheney, the most multiply impeachable presidency in history...

“Corporate cheating of Medicare, corporate cheating of defense contracts, corporate looting of our natural resources, corporate tax shelters in the Bahamas, while they get all the benefits of tax supported services here...

“The people have the votes. You think they would approve of 61% of the corporations last year paying no federal income tax? You think they would approve of corporations paying their CEOs 500 times the entry-level wage, when in 1940 it was only 12 times? People have the votes. They keep losing. How could people who have the votes keep losing in a country that thinks

of itself as a democracy? It doesn't square, does it? That's because it's not a democracy. In operation, it's a plutocracy, ruled by the rich and powerful. The two parties are basically representatives, indentured servants, of the rich and powerful, the giant corporations...

"As if that isn't enough, these corporations are violating the moral code of parents by direct commercial marketing to young children, violent programming, pornographic programming, junk food, junk drink, undermining parental authority. These corporations have become electronic child molesters. And they don't have any sense of shame...

"The whole commercialization of our society will spell the death knell of our democracy...

"The consequences of concentrated wealth and power, where the few decide for the many, are rooted in the lessons of history. When the few decides for the many, the many lose and the few prevail. The many lose and the few prevail...

"The question the American people have to ask themselves is: Why have most of them dropped out of democracy? Why have most of them given up on themselves, and accepted the old cliché, 'You can't fight city hall,' or the more modern one: 'You can't fight Exxon.' That's the question we have to ask ourselves. Watching American Idol doesn't quite cut it. Spending your time updating your profile on Facebook doesn't quite cut it. Endless gossiping on cell phones and messaging about the most trivial of trivial things in daily life doesn't quite cut it.

"I want to make a contrast with Western Europe. Sixty years ago, Western Europe was rubble. Rubble. It was the end of World War II. Sixty years ago, the American people were a part of the most powerful country in the world, by every economic and military indicator. Now watch what happened. Sixty years ago, people in Western Europe demanded a living wage. And they got it. They demanded that they have universal health insurance. And they got it. They demanded that they had four to eight weeks of paid vacation, depending on the country. And they got it. They demanded to be paid for maternity leave, by law. And they got it. They demanded that they be able to easily form trade unions. And they got it...

"We didn't get it. We didn't get any of these things, by law. Sometimes we got the exact opposite, like the anti-union Taft-Hartley law, that is now 61 years old. It's still on the

books. The harshest anti-worker law in the western world, obstructing the formations of trade unions. All change does not start with knowledge. Knowledge is not enough. All change starts with shame or guilt. I prefer shame...

"The most deplorable phenomenon in our country today is the expressed concern the people have about where our country's going—81% in last month's poll say it's going in the wrong direction—and the contrast between that expressed concern and the feeling of despair, demoralization and a general sense that nothing can be changed.

"Our collective mission has got to be to get the American people righteously angry enough to change. That doesn't mean they go out of control. That doesn't mean they abandon their reason—just the contrary. They fuel their reason with a level of self-confidence that they matter, they count and they're going to change this country—in the right direction.

"The corporations will be our servants, not our masters, as they were designed to be our servants when they were chartered in the early 19th century in New England, and held on a tight leash. Corporations are not created by investors; they are funded by investors. They are created by state governments, who give them the charter to exist. They have been given far too much power over our lives. And most of the American people, in poll after poll, agree with that assertion.

"So it behooves all of us not to allow our country to continue to be run on behalf of these giant corporations, who've turned Washington into corporately controlled territory... not to allow a two-party elected dictatorship to propagandize us, as if we're a functioning democracy..."

Depressing stuff, sensible stuff. Ralph Nader. His audience, however, isn't as sane.

"Reichstag!" someone howls 30 seconds into the Q&A. Another lunatic rambles incoherently at Ralph while walking backward toward the door and feverishly bowing his thanks, because a seatbelt saved his mother's life.

"Well that was dramatic," Nader comments as the door slams shut. A beautiful young woman stands near the exit. She seems out of place. "You," Nader points at Magdalena. BOOM! Like Mount fucking Vesuvius: "Yap yap yap, I was number one in my class, yap yap yap!" No one had the heart to stop her. After a full two minutes erupting nonsense, she wears herself out,

like a puppy playing with a big ball of crazy. Entropy wins again.

The Q&A winds down, and it's all over. I take a leak and exit the civic center to see Matt driving by in a silver minivan. Nader's riding shotgun and pecking away at his laptop computer. *Facebook?* I wonder.

I get in my car and flip through a *BEAST* I've stealthily grabbed on my way out. My photograph had an ominous red squiggle running down my nose—on a black and white page! It looked as if I were weeping blood. What kind of maniac was leaving me these clues? How long had he been hunting me? How much time before he struck?

I drove back to BEAST HQ, sat down and flipped through a few more copies of the new issue. The squiggle was on all off them! It was a sign, no doubt. A cursory Google search for the article's lede, "So, 4,000 rubes are dead," revealed that I was indeed being threatened on various chat boards and blogs.

I shower, shave and drive south toward a local college that was to host Nader's next Earth Week stop. The topic of discussion: "Who is eclipsing solar energy?" I arrive at SUNY Fredonia ahead of the crowd and don my disguise: A Blackwater baseball cap and T-shirt, and large, reflective sunglasses. The mercenary gear was manufactured in China and Nicaragua, respectively. It was slated for use in covert BEAST operations, but I need cover immediately, or so I imagine.

I hide in the bushes along the edge of a parking lot. The silver minivan passes and I think how easy it would be to kill Ralph Nader. The Blackwater apparel is imbued with evil, much like the ring from one of those movies about evil rings. I walk toward the lecture hall... *Must fight urge to assassinate Nader...*

"Press!" I shout, cutting in line. I show no credentials, and no one asks. I take a seat in the front row and slip my hat and glasses into my case. Ralph Nader would live, but for how long?

The audience, much larger than this morning's, was there to see an endangered creature of American politics: The man who'd been critical in auto safety regulation, the creation of the Freedom of Information Act, OSHA, the EPA and killing the Chevy Corvair, is damn old. And he's starting to act like it.

He repeated much of his earlier speech, adding that "no one owns the sun." Not

yet, Ralph. And “What are you going to tell your children when they ask what you were doing when the world was being ruined, updating your Facebook page?” Again with the Facebook, cell phones and text messaging. Contrasted with this younger crowd, Nader comes off as a grumpy retiree yelling at neighborhood kids to stay off his lawn. Shame, indeed.


The crowd doesn’t seem to notice the speech’s lack of substance on environmental issues. We never did find out who was eclipsing solar energy. A zaftig redhead in a tight-fitting green T-shirt discreetly thumbs at her cell phone. Matt the campaign guru

sits on the carpeted auditorium steps with his head in his hands. He looks doubly tired.

Entropy and evolution still on my mind, I scan the rows for Magdalena. She’s nowhere to be found.

As I’ve said, all organisms thwart the second law of thermodynamics, for a time, by eating. And natural selection allows for genetic complexity to develop over biological time. We’re in an era of evolving societal complexity. Multinational corporations have evolved and *they* now dominate the food chain. We’ve become the

replaceable cells of these creatures. They can go on living, devouring and shitting on the planet long after the original cells are dead. But don’t be fooled: Entropy will end it all. Corporations. Humanity. Everything. Even sandwiches. Even Ralph Nader.

In the meantime, all we can do is fight this law of physics the only way we can, with our instinctive will to live. And if we get ANGRY enough and DEMAND that people take priority over profit, that life just might be worth living. 

OEDIPUS DRECK

Does anyone think about Madonna in “that way” anymore?

I don’t mean like going online to look for the pictures from her early ‘90s nudist phase. I’m talking about looking at the 50-year-old sack of bones, sinew and gristle that is the Madonna of today and saying, “I’d hit it,” without a hint of irony.

That’s the image that *Hard Candy* sells. But does anyone buy it?

The video for lead single “4 Minutes” - in which Madonna and Justin Timberlake express their sterile, robotic lust for each other through the magic of interpretive dance - plays like an extravagantly budgeted MILF porn that cuts off before the (supposedly) good parts. Everyone involved is just going through the motions to collect a check, but hey! Sex! It sells, right?

If Tom Jones did this kind of thing with Carrie Underwood, the ocean itself wouldn’t be able to contain the resultant worldwide pukealanche. But Madonna gets a free pass.

It’s supremely creepy that this woman is trying to con the world into believing that men who are literally half her age would line up for miles around so that she could grind their pelvises into dust. The whole charade reeks of a particularly smelly brand of desperation.

But Madonna is nothing if not a shrewd

businesswoman. Perhaps she’s on to something here.

Major labels and their acts are sinking like dinosaurs into the tar pits of the Internet. Maybe the throngs of unimaginative gay men and milquetoast pseudo-feminists who cling to her in their desperate quest for identity aren’t enough to keep her afloat anymore. Maybe she’s using one of her infamous image makeovers in order to break some new ground, audience-wise.

One needs only to check out the album cover for evidence of her scheme.

By thrusting her half-century old crotch at us while dressed as a horrifying amalgam of John Cena and the Fabulous Moolah, Madonna seems to be trying to attract a demographic previously untapped by the music industry: wrestling fans with Oedipal yearnings.

World Wrestling Entertainment pulls in millions of viewers each week. According to WWE’s corporate Web site, their shows are consistently among the week’s top rated programs for the 18 to 34-year-old male demographic. And since people over the age of 12 who still enjoy watching gargantuan men in tights pretend to fight clearly exist in at least a mild state of arrested development, it’s a fair bet that a good




Madonna, *Hard Candy* (Warner Bros.)
REVIEW BY ERIC LINGENFELTER

number of them have some unresolved mommy issues.

Kudos to Warner Bros. for this fantastic display of niche marketing. It’s this kind of plucky thinking that’ll keep the major label monolith alive for years to come.

So, if you do the Five Knuckle Shuffle while fantasizing about showing Mommy who da champ is, rejoice! Your shameful existence finally has a soundtrack.

Hard Candy gets a rating of one brooch and two puddles of blood, tears and vitreous humor. 

(The views expressed in this review are solely those of the author, and do not necessarily reflect the views of *The Beast* or its affiliates. We’d still do her.)



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The Great Estrangement



BY PAUL JONES

"Man, at his best, remains a sort of one-lunged animal, never completely rounded and perfect, as a cockroach, say, is perfect. If he shows one valuable quality, it is almost unheard of for him to show any other. Give him a head, and he lacks a heart. Give him a heart of a gallon capacity, and his head holds scarcely a pint."—H.L. Mencken, The Smart Set

What do you do if you're a no-talent starveling squatting Gollum-like in the stagnant, flyspecked mud puddle of Matt Taibbi's colossal footstep?

There's no way for me to come out of this looking good. Whatever obtuse misreading I make of this book will be attributed wrongly to either idolatry or envy. When I drew this assignment, during a BEAST staff meeting, I felt my chest tighten; and hoped silently that this weight of expectation was actually some undiagnosed heart defect auspiciously revealing itself. I feared no intervention of mouth-to-mouth from my unhygienic colleagues, who I knew would simply continue smoking and web surfing for the duration of my death rattle. Alas, my body—as an elite number of female unfortunates can attest—possesses a limitless capacity to disappoint. I went on respiring.

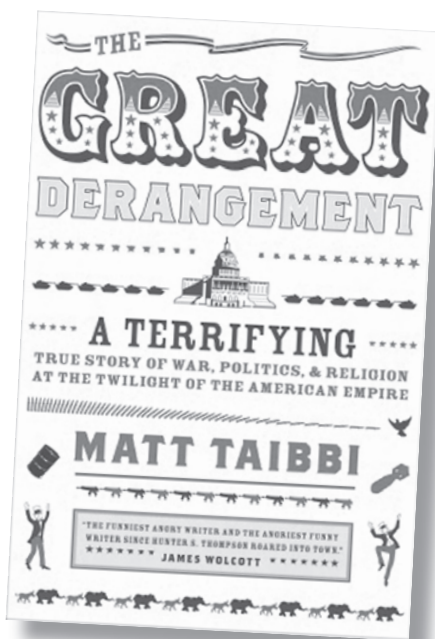
We had to buy this book. No review copy was wedged between the bundles of anthrax-laced fan letters in our mailbox. That should tell you how over us Taibbi is.

Worse, the book opens with Taibbi's panting flight from the BEASTly demimonde, a full-bore sprint toward the respectable, hells belles lettres of *Rolling Stone* journalism. He laments, in the introduction to *The Great Derangement*, the succession of editors urging him to make his follow-up to 2005's *Spanking the Donkey* a bestiary of political villains. "I was a little depressed about the number

of requests I was getting from editors to whale on people in print," he writes, "and was somewhat afraid that I was going to be buttonholed, professionally, into a role as a kind of lefty/alternative hatchet man—a liberal Ann Coulter. It didn't help that I was secretly afraid that this very thing was my only salable skill in the American media market."

Reading his expat work in the *eXile*, I often found myself ruing a misspent youth. Now, Taibbi had me reconsidering my unwise career choices—and this was only on page one! Once more, I felt my hero worship reciprocated as a sensation of rapid, irrevocable aging. This thoughtful shedding of youthful indiscretions is perfectly fine for him: he just won a National Magazine Award for his RS columns. I might very soon be selling magazine subscriptions. For a brief moment, I hoped our ruthless and relentless pimping of Taibbi's fleeting (but superabundant) association with Buffalo would inflict on him a psychic horror commensurate with the fate of uninflected opprobrium to which his departure has consigned us.

At times like this, especially, a drugless existence is a squalid thing. I rifled manically through the medicine cabinet—the barren oasis of American domestic sobriety—and quaffed a psychedelic admixture of liquid antacids. This distasteful and inefficacious remedy notwithstanding, the book quickly improved. Reading *Derangement*, I felt for once I wasn't the nation's biggest loser—or, at least, that I was in good company.



**The Great Derangement:
A Terrifying True Story of War,
Politics, and Religion at the
Twilight of the American Empire
By Matt Taibbi
Spiegel & Grau, 2008**

The America portrayed in *The Great Derangement* is one massive, recumbent, joylessly overfed shut-in. Our elected leaders and the mass media have commodified objective truth over the last 50 years, cutting it with ideological and commercial adulterants, selling the nation numbing, low-grade doses of competing subjectivities. Now, at the peak of our gangrenous bedsores delirium, a population unfamiliar with itself, the outside world or the workings of its own government has succumbed to a sepsis of egoism and superstition. Taibbi compares it to the end of the Roman Empire, whose barbarian conquerors “found the upper class paralyzed by lethargy and inaction and addicted to the ramblings of fortune tellers.”

It probably won't surprise BEAST readers to learn Congress has been the greatest beneficiary of our debilitating sloth. Or that things haven't meaningfully improved since the Democrats took over. But even I was struck by the degree to which it is a fundamentally cooperative affair. When Texas Republican Joe Barton manages to smartass his pork-laden energy bill, disguised as Katrina aid, past the scrutiny of the Rules Committee—eliciting laughter from even his staunchest Democratic opponents—Taibbi observes, “A well-timed inside joke is the Get Out of Jail Free card of congressional debate.” It's notable, too, that while our vacuous, ad nauseam presidential election coverage commences with disorienting prematurity, these crucial cameral proceedings often take place before empty press galleries.

Of course the highlight of the book is Matt's undercover stint in Pastor James Hagee's Cornerstone Church, excerpted recently in *Rolling Stone*. Taibbi identifies most of the attendees as essentially decent folk who have wandered in seeking a cure for their loneliness and disaffection and who thereby take great comfort in the belief that God knows “the number of hairs on our heads.” But the church offers little more to the truly needy than spiritual fast food and six-dollar “anointing oil.” In one telling scene, a group counselor all but ignores a man who has just recounted a haunting childhood in order to chat with a healthier fellow about his hunting exploits.

Hagee's political power derives from his ability to deliver his sheep to the polls on Election Day. Yet his congregation seems

remarkably unmoved by his sermons about Israel and Iran. These are people who think New England is a place in Europe. It is the sense of community, and the promise of an afterlife that will compensate them for the crushingly mundane existence they are unable to improve, that keep his enfeebled members devoted.

Thus Taibbi is duly shocked by the ease with which he is able to solicit shoppers, as a Cornerstone recruiter, in a Texas mall. “I could scarcely even start my rap with half of these people before they started reading back to me the transcripts from their latest group therapy session. It was like none of these people had ever had a friend before.” He continues a moment later: “It's like a sacrament in the American religion of the Self—the seminal post-Oscar Charlie Rose interview where you talk about Truffaut and your battle to overcome your glue addiction.”

It makes more sense, then, for folks to accept patent absurdities from the pulpit, and avoid eating fortune cookies lest one should invite the devil into his soul. Hagee marshals all that temporal discontent, politicizing people with statements like: “They want to use the environment to force America to reduce its population. And how do they want to do that? Through abortion.”

Witnessing this homily, Matt writes, “I wanted to cheer for that, too, except that I couldn't figure out what the fuck he was talking about, so I kept my mouth shut.” It's the fear of looking foolish—hence, the risk of further alienation—that keeps his fellow parishioners from questioning similar statements. And while Taibbi's treatment of his subjects is frequently sympathetic, he can't abide their self-defeating vanity. They're all too ready to swallow the lie that their “lives now sucked not because they were unemployed, but because Sean Penn was a little communist weasel who didn't believe in God besides.” He can't resist one last, cruelly funny joke at their expense.

Some have dismissed the book, therefore, as sneering elitism. But Taibbi doesn't go any easier on the overeducated, tech-savvy paranoids who make up the 9/11 Truth Movement. This subculture, he argues, “is really distinguished by a kind of defiant unfamiliarity with the

actual character of America's ruling class.” He derides their underlying story as “something cooked up by a bunch of teenagers raised on texting, TV and *Sports Illustrated* who just saw *V For Vendetta* for the first time and decided to write a Penguin History of the World on the strength of it.” The only thing worse is their zealous disbelief in easily verifiable facts. It doesn't matter, for instance, that after 9/11 the government continued operating the “old cold war military”—instead of undertaking the radical transformation the PNAC camarilla actually lobbied for.

There's a personal element to his savaging of the Movement. Taibbi relates that after publishing an essay critical of their theories, he became the target of a prolonged, foamingly angry email campaign and, incredibly, a protest. The upshot is a confrontation with Nico Haupt, “so-called mad genius of [the Movement]...credited with inventing the famed acronyms LIHOP (let it happen on purpose) and MIHOP (made it happen on purpose).” Matt retells how Haupt cornered him in a NYC diner, hurling invective, accusations that he'd been paid off, and a shower of food particles at him. “I vill spit on you all I like!” he screams at the reporter.


Self-aggrandizing Truthers like Haupt and his isolated followers coalesce around the conspiracy theories much like the churchgoers at Cornerstone unite in fantasy: out of a profoundly misguided need to be heard. Like Christian fundamentalists, their ignorance is fueled by an unwavering mistrust in all forms of mass media, except those darkened recesses of the internet where their prejudgments are validated. The informal Truther gatherings operate as petty, ad hoc bureaucracies, with frustrated members dropping out and others seizing control of message boards with the sole aim of perpetuating Babelic monologues that never fruitfully intersect. It's not just people on opposite sides of the cultural divide who can't communicate. Those who allegedly share the same beliefs are almost as hopelessly removed from one another. At one meeting, a member suggests the group should “create an entirely new system of media.” But they can't even organize a movie night.

And like Hagee's followers, the Movement's frenzied energy is refracted and coopted—in this case, by the

Democrats' protean re-branding efforts—as it assumes the antiwar platform. Party leaders like Nancy Pelosi and Harry Reid rode herd on the Truthers, paltering through groups like MoveOn, making sure they turned out in strong numbers for the midterms. But, of course, the Democrats never intended to deliver on their promises to bring soldiers home from Iraq. “A conspiracy like the one described by 9/11 Truth,” writes Taibbi in summation of the Movement's sweaty futility, “would only be necessary in a country where the people are a threat to actually govern themselves.”

The Great Derangement's oddest and most symbolic moments coincide, perhaps inevitably, in the ensanguined sand of American-occupied Baghdad. Matt is embedded with an MP unit that has left the surreal homeland comfort of the military outpost and is visiting an Iraqi police station. Bombs and small arms fire suddenly erupt outside. The soldiers, he says, “don't know why they're there and they don't know who is blowing shit up a hundred yards away....they don't know what they don't know, and what they don't know is turning out to be the important thing.” This “bubble” existence, as he labels it—in which everything external is alien and inassimilable—is to him, the book's core.

It is amid this rupture that Taibbi bemoans the “lazy-ass Iraqi cops” who refuse to leave the station to offer assistance. The US soldiers empathize somewhat more, recognizing the fear paralyzing the police; understanding they'll only imperil themselves to help “one of their guys.” But the reporter never reconsiders this glib, imperial caricature of shiftless wogs. It's an American squad leader—not an Iraqi national—who asks, “What the fuck are we doing here?” This moment is the sole unacknowledged lapse, by an author who always scrupulously and hilariously documents his moral infirmities. (He absurdly assesses his role as the book's true “villain.”) Reviewers and critics, too, have focused exclusively on the mistreatment of his Christian and predominantly white comic foils.

The book concludes with faint optimism. But how much more dire is the picture for the American empire—and how much more do we have to fear from the world at large—if the bubble is bigger than even Matt Taibbi can imagine? 

WORLD NEWS, AMERICAN VIEWS



In Burma, the Clinton camp vows to fight the rising tide of defeat



Hillary, above, warns
Zimbabweans of rebel
assassination plot



Bill Clinton stumps for his wife across Libya



Barack Obama soars high above the Swiss Alps on an air of hope

**IMAGES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE,
CAPTIONS AMERICANS CARE ABOUT**



Hillary supporters mourn their candidate's earth-shattering loss in the Szechuan primary



A German zoo euthanizes a 4 week old Obama cub for its refusal to wear a flag pin



Barack Obama woos white, working class swing voters



Barack Obama draws record-breaking crowds in Sadr City, Baghdad



Fueled by anti-Hillary sentiment, violence erupts outside Obama campaign headquarters in Johannesburg, South Africa



Nigerians believe Rev.Wright has done irreparable harm to Obama's pipeline

Donald Trump inherited his success. Sun Tzu's approach to feminine psychology was summary beheading. Are these people to whom one can reliably turn in uncertain times? Buffalo's own Bags of Money (his real name) came up from the streets, turned to crime and did a stint in prison. Now, he's a legitimate success and his new book, *Thug Motivation*, aims to make you one, too. Plus, he's read *The Art of Seduction* so you don't have to. Bags of Money spoke to The BEAST's Paul Jones recently about why it feels good to be a gangsta. Get out your copy of *Wealth of Nations*, bookmark Urbandictionary.com and thug up, son!

You offer in Thug Life the promise of kids—anybody, really—being able to achieve success “without basketball, rap lyrics and guns.” Why do you hate the American dream?

That's exactly what it is, man. There's like ten dudes in the world livin' successfully off of rap music. But every day, some dude is walkin' up to me, like, “Yo, I rap.” Okay, dude, but you gotta understand the business. Having the talent to rap is—I don't know how much of it will get you to a successful place. But, the amount of people trying after this one single goal is incredible.

Same thing with being a drug dealer. Everybody's doing it. Your chances of comin' up are so slim.

Basketball—dude. If you got Michael Jordan talent, there's still so many politics involved in gettin' you where you gotta go. You gotta go through the school process, this process...

There's other things you can do—god ain't put us here for them three things.

You mention in the book a statistic you read that more people in this country have heart attacks on Monday morning on the way to work, than at any other time. Do we work too hard? Are our priorities misplaced?

Americans generally work hard and get paid little to do so. I think we—each one of us, has an obligation to ourselves to work smart. Instead of working twenty years to make somebody else rich, work ten and make yourself rich. You're interviewing me...Why not take that experience and

add that with what you observe at the [BEAST] and open your own magazine in a couple of years. [ed. Are you reading this, Fallon?] You know what I mean? Go platinum! Sell a lot of units. Push it like you're helping them push their product.

That's what really epitomizes this capitalism: when everybody pushin' hard.

You also caution readers, in the section “Check Yo' Bitch,” to have reasonable expectations for success. Maybe not conquering the world right away.

“Oh, Alan Greenspan. When he was in office, he about that paper. I used to watch him talk and I couldn't understand shit he was sayin'—and that's gangsta to me.”

Yeah, absolutely. First of all, you gotta qualify success. Success for me is gonna have somethin' to do with the Bentley coupe I want, convertible. But that's me. I know people that have been in the hood—grew up in the hood, died in the hood—happy. Feeling successful, I guess. So to qualify the word success, that's not



BAGS OF MONEY

for me to do. But, to qualify yourself...You gotta understand that, if you're not built to be gangsta, there's another lane for ya', guy. Somethin' else you can do. Find out what that is...Part of checkin' yo' bitch is analyzing yourself, making sure you understand who you are or where you need to go. It's a lifetime process. Everybody's not gonna immediately find their purpose. You gotta look around and check some things out.

You talk a lot about the lessons of incarceration—a familiar narrative, unfortunately, for many black youths, who are imprisoned grossly disproportionately to their white peers. Malcolm X also talked about the street education and, in his case, the jailhouse education. Is there is a point at which those skills you've acquired, and the

lessons you've learned, can actually help end the legacy of the jailhouse pupil?

There's a saying that, "A smart man learns from experience, but a wise man learns from the experiences of others." Now, I'm not suggesting everybody [reading *Thug Motivation*] is wise, but the pain I felt from twelve years incarceration...Perhaps you can hear it in my voice, or perhaps you can see it in my swagger. But, I'm not never playin', because I really believe in every word of this *Thug Motivation*. And it's real. It is what has brought me up. I would hope anybody that has exposure to it is able to get enough from it, so that they can move forward without having to go through all that pain. Unfortunately, stress and pain are stuff we need...The way society is set up, some of the decisions are made for us. But, you gotta take responsibility for your choices.

And that's sort of what you're talking about with "King of the Yard": there are things you can't control. So, you have to make decisions, to adapt.

Work within the framework you have. Keep your mind open, so when you see the opening—'cause if you master your framework, there's gonna be an opening, called opportunity—you gotta kick that door in, right there.

Kick in the door "wavin' the four-four"?

Wavin' the four-four!
[Laughing.]

I remember reading this economics study of the inner city drug trade that concluded the average drug dealer—the kid who's clocking—only makes minimum wage.

Yeah! Absolutely. Ain't makin' nothing. Quite frankly, I sold drugs and when I did finish my incarceration—we creatures of habit, you know—I went back to doin' the shit I knew how to do. Even though I had a bunch of good ideas. Dude, that was the hardest shit I did [in my life]. It was no

sleep. You're constantly with these people that are unsavory characters. I like sleepin' at night, man.

It's what they call "short money," basically?

Short money. You can be a genius and get you some long money, and then catch a case in two years and all that money gone. It's just—dead end.

Did you watch "The Wire" when it was on HBO?

Yeah, I love "The Wire." And everybody love "The Wire" and they love "The Wire"



Bags of Money spends some quality time with the Honey Buns

characters...I don't know how they forget that everybody [on the show] loses. [Laughs.] I don't know how they forget that.

If you were a character on "The Wire," who would you be?

Stringer Bell. Not so much scandalous,

though. He's really kinda scandalous. But I move like that cat.

You stress the importance of "Catching a Bid"—taking some time alone, reassessing yourself. Do you think I'm spending too much time by myself? My hand told me it wants to see other people. What am I doing wrong?

[Laughs nervously.] Sounds like the *type* of time you're spending with yourself! I'm just talkin' about going inside and evaluating the stuff you enjoy doing. Really, evaluating what you want to do with your life. And what *can* you do with your life—not selling yourself a dream. You gotta be honest with yourself. You can't say "I'm gonna be a Top Ten R&B star," but you can't sing. You can go the T-Pain route, but...[Chuckles.] Don't stack the deck against yourself, stack the deck for yourself.

Well, that makes sense. But what you're telling me is that I'm probably not going to get a date with one of the Honey Buns?

Now, why couldn't you get a date with a Honey Bun?

Well, I see you looking dubiously at my faux-hawk...

[Laughs.]

What is that, "spike" Lee?

I probably need to "Catch a Bid" in the salon chair.

I think that shit is hot, though, 'cause it says you is who you is.

I don't want to pigeonhole you, but are you cool with being characterized as a "black entrepreneur?" If so, do you think there's a double standard for "black entrepreneurs"—especially as you gain visibility, notoriety—for instance, in the form of unjust pressure to reinvest in communities?

If there is, I don't pay attention to it. I don't feel no pressure. I felt societal pressure when I had what they call a "correctional

officer” bending me over and asking me to spread my cheeks. Dude, I don’t feed into societal pressure at all. I do me. If I’m gonna give, I’m gonna give. And how I get it, is how I’m gonna get it. I’m gonna follow the laws and little rules and regulations, but I’m pushy with it. Straight up.

Well, then do you feel any inner motivation, once you’ve made good, to spread that wealth? Russell Simmons talks about building communities around black wealth. Or do you think every guy needs to make it for himself?

No. I believe power can be summed up in one word: cooperation. Is there a lot of cooperation out there? Haven’t seen it yet! But, I’m hopin’ for it.

I read an interview the professor and public intellectual bell hooks did with Ice Cube, in which she described her experience with friends after she’d purchased a BMW. They felt she’d sort of betrayed them, and herself, buying this car—almost as though she owed it to them to purchase more discreetly.

That’s bananas...People feed into these things, but at the end of the day—when they’re reading your eulogy—did that shit really mean anything? If it did mean something, did it mean something to you? Stuff like that—what people think about me—I’ve elected at this point in my life to not give a fizzle.

We can actually say that in our paper...

Oh, is that right? Put it in bold then: I don’t give a **fuck** what you think. I’m giving back with *Thug Motivation*.

So, you don’t think people are defined by what they buy?

Hell, no. I’m gonna buy some nice shit, though. I like some hot shit. You sit in the penitentiary for a couple years and have a fantasy that’s like stuck [in your head]. Then you come out here in the free world and get in a position to actually do some things...That’s what life, this capitalist thing, is about. If you can figure it out, that Monopoly game, go and get you some hotels.

In that same interview, Cube described his own experience, of visiting the old neighborhood. He told hooks some people smile to your face, congratulate you on success, but they’re ready to badmouth

you as soon as you turn around. Does that sound familiar to you?

What?! Dudes wanna kill me for shining! Is you crazy? It’s real. Being successful, shining, comin’ out there and makin’ it happen...There’s people around you that haven’t figured out how to make it happen. Jealousy and envy—the stories go back to the Bible, duke. It’s real talk. But, it’s all about how you internalize it. I got friends that I’ve given houses to and told them—gave ‘em the blueprint—“Here, this is what you do with it, and you’ll have an Escalade like mine in two, three months.” And they took that information and that house and, uh...they did somethin’ else. You know what I mean? And then when they fucked that shit up, they came back to me like, “What’s up now?” Nothin’ motherfucker! I did what I’m a do for you! Peace! Real talk.

Do you think that’s just people? Or does it have anything to do historically with the black experience?

I can’t talk for the whole black experience, even though I’ve been black my whole life.

Good, I’ve been waiting this whole interview for you to tell me black people aren’t monolithic...

But, within my cipher—I can talk about my cipher all day. I got friends that I’ve given information to and they’ve thrown it in the garbage. And I’ve got friends that took information I gave ‘em and got a million dollars. Straight up. Check my record.

Was Biggie correct? Does mo’ money equal mo’ problems?

Again, you gotta qualify it. If you become a good problem solver, then you learn to look for problems. That’s where a lot of opportunity is. I feel like I had a problem when I was sittin’ in the penitentiary for twelve years. Sittin’ on parole for eight years and my parole officer wilin’ out on me. Fifteen month violation for possession of cell phone...Dudes gettin’ caught with guns out here and they get a year! To qualify as a problem to me, you gotta be, like, Katrina. I just don’t look at things that way. I look at things like, “How we gonna figure this out? What we gonna do about this?” When you continuously manipulate yourself like that—get in and around a problem—[you can make] more money. Yeeeahhhh.

Keeping it musical, were Three Dog Night correct? Is one the loneliest number?

I don’t know, man.

Is two the loneliest number since the number one?

I would say one is the loneliest number.

Do you have any idea what a “Champagne Supernova” is?

Uh, well, *Supernova* does hood-type videos...

What’s the sound of silence?

[Says nothing.]

Am I blinding you with science?

What the fuck? [Laughs.]

Right, moving on...In Thug Motivation, you illustrate the notion that success is a process by telling readers: “A dropped pass does not mean your career is over.” Eldridge Dickey—the precursor to Mike Vick who was drafted by Oakland, but moved to receiver—got cut by the Raiders in ‘71 for dropping a potential TD pass because he “heard footsteps.” He was out of football at 25. What would you have said to him?

I would tell him: “Thug up, son. Get your head together. First of all, get back to what you was doin’ good at. You let them cubbyhole you. You’re not working into the framework of what you’re supposed to be doin’. You let somebody choose your direction and then when you weren’t happy with the result, boom, it’s over? Nah. You gotta man up.” He got cut. I woulda been a walk-on for quarterback at the next team.

I was going to follow your advice in the book to visualize success by making an award speech. But, then I remembered I was Time magazine’s person of the year in 2006 and I figured, “What’s the point?” It’s not like I have anything else to achieve.

2006, dude? It’s 2008, right now. You can’t be serious talkin’ about some 2006 shit. In 2006, I had a white Escalade. You know how many fuckin’ Escalades is out there right now? There’s a million of ‘em...Who cares about what happened in

2006? You better try to get right for 2009 right now, dawg.

Deifying myself and creating a religion would probably be a step up. L. Ron Hubbard said that's where the "real money" is. Do you think it's a growth industry?

Well, with this religion stuff, man—real talk—you're just being consumed by yo' bitch. 'Cause you not standin' up in anything. You're using these different theologies. I believe in god, but I'm not big on "religion." I go to church socially, to gather with people that do the same thing. Other than that...

Isn't that secularized notion of church what's caused Obama so many problems?

Personally...to tag him for what his pastor's saying—what is that? The church I go to, how am I responsible for what that dude says? So, why would Obama be? The religious thing, as a whole, unfortunately, when I think religion now, I think [of] Catholic priests goin' after little boys. That's the first thing come to mind, for some reason.

Whatever. I got a relationship with god, and I think Obama do, too.

The US dollar is tanking—its value keeps plummeting versus stronger currencies—

Dude, I took \$1,000 [to the Phillipines, recently] and they gave me 40,000 pesos! It took me at least four days to spend that money and I'm passin' that shit out. I couldn't get rid of the shit! They have the equivalent of a \$400,000 condominium in Buffalo for \$125,000 over there. They're building everywhere. American money is good money over there.

So, any interest in changing your name to Bags of Pesos?

[Throws back his head and laughs.]

How about Bags of Euros? We did see Jay-Z flashing stacks of them in a recent video.

I don't know nothin' about the Euro. But the peso...

Well, a lot of our national debt is currently secured by Asian banks. How do you like the sound of Bags of Yuan?

Nah.

Gold is appreciating. How about Pot

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O'Gold?

Pot O'Gold sounds so limited. *Pots* O'Gold! No, Bags of Money is the hottest name in the industry right now. And I own that name, by the way! Best purchase I ever made.

Let's talk about your competition in the marketplace. Rhonda Byrne's The Secret argues people who think negatively suffer tangible consequences—say, financial hardship or developing tumors. Do you think this explains why the government is spraying Dick Gregory's house with manganese?

Real talk. Managanese—where can I get some of that? It sounds a lot like pussy.

You're OG, right? An expert on the subject?

Oh, definitely. Been there, done that.

Who do you think is more OG: Alan Greenspan or Ben Bernanke?

Oh, Alan Greenspan. When he was in office, he about that paper. I used to watch him talk and I couldn't understand shit he was sayin'—and that's gangsta to me. When he cut the interest rate, everybody be standin' around. Then they go hit them phones and then Wall Street on fire. That's power.

This other guy do the same shit, but fuck him. Greenspan's the man in my era.

So, you disapprove of Bernanke's giveaway to JP Morgan for the Bear Sterns deal?

That's bad business, man.

You took some heat for your billboards promoting Thug Motivation in Buffalo.

I would just ask anybody reading: Read the fuckin' book before you make a comment. God damn! If you knew how stupid you sounded. You take this one word—"thug"—and amplify it through the project...But when you read that thing, you gonna realize the community need that thing right there.

There is a glorification of the "thug" in popular culture. What do you make of a guy like Bill Cosby who has called on young black folk to repudiate those stereotypes?

Come on, man. Bill Cosby put out "Fat Albert and the [Cosby] Kids." If them dudes wasn't headed for "thug life," I don't know! I ain't got nothin' against Bill Cosby, but he's—there's OGs and then there's Old Guys. He's an Old Guy and he's been rich a long time, probably a little detached. I'm right here in these streets still. I'm still in it and I've been in it long enough to really know it inside out.

I did some seminar classes when I was locked up in jail. My audience was crackheads, pimps, murderers, armed robbers, drug dealers, rapists. I know what to talk to 'em about.

Your "King of the Yard" philosophy is about who wants success more—doing whatever it takes to conquer the competition. Do you think Naomi Klein is on to something in The Shock Doctrine? That maybe the Bush administration, say by mishandling Katrina or the Iraq War, is trying to be King of the Yard by destroying the yard itself?

It's an interesting concept. I will say this about Bush: you talk about capitalizing off of these disasters—for that reason, Bush has been gangsta' through his administration. I was locked up when we had the Twin Towers go down. Bush was right on top of that. Him and Giuliani were like, "Here we go." That's what got him reelected, though, and then startin' the war....People are very uncomfortable with the war, now, but when they knocked down those towers, people wanted somethin' to happen. That's what everybody forgettin'. They wanted this war and he gave it to them. That's gangsta'. He brought it. They ain't find bin Laden or nobody, but he been bringin' it to 'em ever since.

Is that what you have to do when you're in the game? As Pac said, you can't let a "pimp smack you up."

Exactly, you gotta be King of the Yard.

Speaking of the game, Dr. James Lovelock argues in his book The Revenge of Gaia that the game is basically up for all of humanity's gangstas—that Earth has been overstressed by human excesses and she's going to start

selecting us out. Do we need to check our bitch?

A lot of things changin' on this Earth, especially in the last hundred years. The type of gains we've made the last hundred years...it's crazy to think. Now, we got all these natural disasters. It's somethin' to think about. Do I know whether or not Julio is right? I don't know. Some shit is goin' on. But am I not going to get my Bentley, because it has gas emissions? Fuck no, I'm gettin' that bitch!

You mention in the book women have the power to create life. Do you think Christopher Hitchens is right that their procreative potential makes them unfunny?

I know a lot of funny women. They makin' me laugh when they ask for money. [Laughs.]

In the section of the book called "Having Sexy Relations" you talk about how growth is sexy. Is that why chicks dig tall dudes?

Even the tall dudes stop growin', duke! It don't got nothin' to do with that. You know that appendage that we have between our legs? *Growth* is sexy!

Any growth at all? Or does size really matter?

You probably have to ask a girl that. The size of my joint is big, so I want it to matter!

I guess if someone is asking the question, it's probably already a problem.

Yeah, it probably is. 

Bags of Money's *Thug Life* is available at his website, www.bagsofmoney.us, and at Amazon.com.

Fun Fact

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Call #1: Harry E. Mitchell, representing Arizona's 5th congressional district.

Man: Congressman Mitchell's Office.
 Hillary Clinton: Hi, I'm Hillary Clinton.
 Man: Hello?
 HC: HELLO?
 Man: Uh...
 HC: Congressman MITCHELL.
 Man: Yes.
 HC: Yes.
 [Pause]
 HC: RIGHT NOW! **DO IT!**
 Man: Excuse me?
 HC: **DO IT!**
 [Click]



Call #2: Rick Larsen, representing Washington's 2nd congressional district.

Man: Representative Rick Larsen's office.
 HC: Hi, I'm Hillary Clinton.
 Man: Hi there, what can I do for ya'?
 HC: *Tell me exactly what the state of play is.*
 Man: I'm sorry, on what?
 HC: GET STARTED AND GET STARTED QUICKLY!
 [Long pause]
 HC: HELLO?
 Man: Yes, I can hear you. What did you say?
 HC: My own set of MOOSE TESTICLES. **HMMM, DELICIOUS!**
 [Long pause]
 HC: I've got to tell you about something very, very ugly.
 Man: What's that?
 HC: Four hours of video tape, twenty-two hours of audio tape—gratuitously graphic and degrading SEX, or some variation of it—marital infidelities were exposed—long and complex relationship with WHORES, homosexuals, hippies,

opium, human waste, sick. I was shocked. This kind of conversation would be no one's business but our own.

[Long pause]

HC: HELLO?!

Man: Yes, I'm not really sure what to say.

HC: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? Do you know where he went?

Man: Uh... I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. I'm going to hang up now.

HC: NO!

[Click.]



Call #3: Jim McDermott, representing Washington's 7th congressional district.

Woman: Congressman Jim McDermott's office.

HC: Hi, I'm Hillary Clinton.

Woman: Hi.

HC: HELLO?

Woman: Hi! (chuckles)

HC: Hi.

Woman: Can I help you?

HC: YES!

Woman: Uh... it's a little bit difficult to hear you.

HC: Okay. LOUD AND CLEAR.

Woman: Okay, I've got you now. How can I help you?

HC: Okay. Let's call a press conference.

Woman: Okay?

HC: **DO IT!**

[Pause]

HC: HELLO?

Woman: Hello?

HC: I have a picture of you in my office; I look at it everyday. I love you so much.

[Click]



Call #4: John Lewis, representing Georgia's 5th congressional district.

Man: Good afternoon, office of Congressman John Lewis.

HC: Hi, I'm Hillary Clinton

Man: Can I help you ma'am?

HC: Hi.

Man: Hello?

HC: HELLO?

Man: Yeah, I'm sorry I just couldn't hear you very well.

HC: HILLARY CLINTON.

Man: Yes, just one second please.

HC: Okay.

[On hold, 20 seconds]

Congressman John Lewis: Hello?

HC: Hi.

JL: Hi. How you doin'?

HC: Okay.

JL: Uh... this is John Lewis.

HC: *It's great to talk to you.*

JL: Uh... who do you want to speak with?

HC: Just name THE PRICE. If you want a taste of MONEY, keep going. This sort of conversation would be no one's business but our own.

JL to staffer: Put it down on—put it down on the speaker.

HC: What can we do about it?

[Long pause]

HC: HELLO?! HELLO?!

JL: Hello?

HC: Hi.

HC: *Tell me exactly what the state of play is.*

JL: The who?

HC: I'm really serious; I want you to think about it. You won't believe what the Secret Service agents told me... I learned about your PRIVATE life. I was shocked.

[Long pause]

Staffer in background: That's her voice though.

[Click]



Call #5: Michael Michaud, representing Maine's 2nd congressional district.

Woman: Good evening, Congressman Michaud's office.

HC: Hi, I'm Hillary Clinton

Woman: Hiya. How are you?

HC: Okay.

Woman: Do you want to speak to the Congressman?

HC: Yes.

Woman: One moment.

[On hold, 20 seconds]

Congressman Michaud: Hello?

HC: Hi.

CM: Hello?

HC: HELLO?!

[Long pause]

HC: So, let's talk, let's chat.

CM: Okay! (chuckles)

HC: What can we do about it? You know, the Republicans—they're not going to give up PLANTING AND NOURISHING SEEDS OF DOUBT, bashing working class BITTERNESS, race, religion, REVEREND **WRIGHT**. Too much is a stake for us to be distracted from what

really matters.

[*BEAST computer freezes, Congressman Michaud listens silently for a full minute, hangs up*]



Call #6: Nick Rahall, representing West Virginia's 3rd congressional district.

Woman: Congressman Nick Rahall's office, may I help you?

HC: Hi, I'm Hillary Clinton.

Woman: Hello?

HC: HELLO?

Woman: Hello?

HC: Hi, I'm Hillary Clinton.

Woman: Uh... just one second.

HC: Okay.

[Long pause]

Same woman: Hello?

HC: Hi.

Woman: Hello?

HC: Quid pro quo. You know, the Republicans—they're not going to give up PLANTING AND NOURISHING SEEDS OF DOUBT, bashing working class BITTERNESS, race, religion, REVEREND **WRIGHT**. Too much is a stake for us to be distracted from what really matters.

[Inaudible discussion in the background]

HC: HELLO?!

Woman to coworker: It's a... a phone call... and they cut the clips of Hillary speaking and put it together, so it sounds like her talking.

Coworker: Oh, I don't want to hear this...

bashing Hillary crap.

Woman: No it's just random.

Woman into phone: Hello?

HC: Hi.

[Long pause, inaudible discussion]

HC: HELLO? COME ON, COME ON!

Coworker: What is this? Where'd it come from?

Woman: It's called robo-dialing.

Coworker: Who's paying for this?

HC: **HILLARY LAND!**

Woman: Hillary Land?

[Click]



Call #7: Herb Kohl, senior senator from Wisconsin.

Man: Office of Senator Kohl.

HC: Hi, I'm Hillary Clinton.

Man: Hello?

HC: HELLO?

Man: This is Senators Kohl's office.

HC: HILLARY CLINTON.

Man: Are you calling?

HC: YES!

Man: Okay.

HC: Okay.

Man: Could you hold one moment?

HC: YES INDEED!

Man: all right, thank you.

HC: Of course.

[On hold, 30 seconds]

Man: One moment, Senator Clinton.

HC: Okay.

[Phone rings, woman picks up]

Woman: Senator Clinton? This is Irene. I'm going to put Senator Kohl on.

HC: Okay.

Woman: One minute please.

[Silence, 15 seconds]

Herb Kohl: Hello?

HC: Hi.

HK: This is Herb Kohl. Who's this?

HC: HILLARY CLINTON. You won't believe what the Secret Service agents told me. And it was awful to watch. (Wrong button!)

HK: Yeah.

HC: HELLO?

HK: Hello, Hillary... who's this?

HC: Let's call a press conference.


HK: Who is this?

HC: HILLARY CLINTON.

HK to staffer: It's just some nut...

[Click]

RESULTS: Fairtopoor. No superdelegates bribed or blackmailed. However, that any of these obviously phony calls lasted longer than five seconds is a goddamn miracle, and a testament to the stupidity of congressional staffers.

MORAL: None. 

**Audio available at buffalobeast.com*





The Sports Blotter

The Week in Sports Crime *By Matt Taibbi*

Soft market



It was only a matter of time before the plummeting real-estate market began to claim its first sports-related arrests. And now warrants have been issued for a pair of former New York-area sports legends whose real-estate dalliances ended in disaster.

Bart Oates, center for the New York football Giants back in the Parcells glory years, and Ken Daneyko, a key player in the New Jersey Devils' dynasty of the late '90s, are tri-state-area real-estate partners who tried to make it big. They got into a jam when they borrowed \$300,000 from a Long Island investor named Cary Heller to build a condo complex in Wildwood. The two started getting slow in their loan payments, Heller sued and tried to depose the ex-jocks, and suddenly it became hard to find them.

Finally, Heller had to turn to an Essex County judge, who issued arrest warrants for Oates and Daneyko. Both insist there was no attempt to avoid their legal obligations, though Oates did transfer ownership of his \$2.5 million house to his wife for the princely sum of \$1 — not realizing that any liens on his property

would transfer to the new owner.

In short, this is your typical cautionary tale about ex-athletes who leave the field of glory for the cubicle/loan office. Almost invariably the schemes these guys get into — beer bottleries, steak houses, “classy” strip joints — end up ensnared in tangled webs of litigation, divorce settlements, and loan-sharking mix-ups. Give each 10 points for this nonviolent crime of mismanagement.

The Lawrence Phillips railroad



This is becoming a bit of a cliché now: highly touted running back gets drafted, signs with NFL team, underperforms, then gets arrested on drug/alcohol charges. After several “second chances,” the team releases him, and quickly enough he turns to the Canadian Football League. Something happens up north, and the new team releases the strapping American under mysterious circumstances. Now cut completely loose, the once-promising runner enters the Sonny Liston phase of his sporting life, winding up cuffed and in the back of a police cruiser after hitting a stripper,

wrapping a stolen Escalade around a telephone pole, or being caught handing over a half-key of something in an airplane hangar in Tulsa.

Lawrence Phillips was the first passenger on this railroad. Ricky Williams (a nice, completely non-criminal fellow who unfortunately just likes to smoke a lot of tree) was next, and now we have Onterio Smith. Once considered a potential star, the ex-Minnesota Viking and Winnipeg Bluebomber was pulled over for a DUI in Sacramento this past week, the latest blow to his drug-offense-ridden career.

The weirdest detail of the case is that bail was set at \$3746. Why \$3746? Who ever heard of a judge issuing bail in a number out to four places? Weird stuff.

More Bengal fun



It was weird, wasn't it, that brief period when the Bengals didn't suck? Looking back now, it almost feels like a dream: that crazy afternoon in Foxboro a few years ago when God-humping Jon Kitna took over for Carson Palmer and nearly slew the Pats, completing pass after pass to Ocho Cinco and T.J. Houshmandzadeh, before finally botching the game with an end-zone interception to Troy Brown.

Yes, the Bengals almost hung with the Pats — recently! The same Bengals who lost 10,384 games in the '90s, who sucked so egregiously that they weren't even lovable losers in the New Orleans Ain'ts mold. The same team whose owner for years wouldn't pay \$11 for a \$100 wideout, whose best player for a statistically meaningful period of time was Jeff Blake.

They had a good quarterback and real stars for a while. Their coach, in defiance of local tradition, wasn't an openly drooling moron pacing the sidelines during games in desperate prayer for accidental death. They had Rudi, Chad, T.J., Carson, and a future. Things were looking up.

Then they reverted to the old Bengal paradigm, refusing to pay for talented guard Eric Steinbach and other free agents while trying to build through the draft. Their draft strategy seemed to hinge upon taking players who were undervalued talent-wise due to off-field injury or character concerns. Hence decisions to bring in such excellent citizens as Froste Rucker (spousal battery), A.J. Nicholson (assault, burglary, vandalism, and stealing shit from teammates), Matthias Askew (disorderly conduct, resisting arrest), Reggie McNeal (resisting arrest, elbowing police), Chris Henry (weed, gun, teenie chicks, DUI), Ahmad Brooks (drugs), and so on.

This singular strategy led to a brief flash of explosive athleticism on the field, followed by a forced march of field sobriety tests, chicks popping up with black eyes, and crumpled cars wrapped around telephone poles. Now, it's completely blown up in

their faces, with Henry — athletically, an emerging star — booted off the team following his fifth arrest since 2005, and numerous other players headed the same way. The latest appears to be Brooks, a big, rangy linebacker from Virginia who was once a fan favorite to be picked by the Pats via the supplemental draft.

Brooks clanged a drug test in college, and has had other problems, but the Bungles took a flyer on him anyway because of his superior athletic skills. He spent two mostly unproductive years with the team (including a trip to the IR in this past season) and now is in the soup for allegedly punching one Destiny Rosich, of Florence, Kentucky, when Rosich apparently tried to intervene in a fight between a neighbor and Brooks.

Rosich's kids were outside during the loud argument, and she claims she approached Brooks "nicely" and asked him to take it somewhere else, at which point he cold-cocked her in the eye, knocking her out and sending her to the hospital. Rosich eventually signed a sworn statement and Brooks now faces a fourth-degree misdemeanor and jail time.

The Bengals haven't released Brooks yet — probably because team spokesman Jack Brennan is still hoarse from explaining the Henry fiasco and trying to move reporters off the emerging Chad Johnson mess. When Brennan's throat recovers, bet on Brooks to get canned. In the meantime, he gets 60 points for punching a woman in front of her kids. Asshole.

Simon grabbz



Dennis Rodman is still out there and still crazy, arrested this past week for assaulting a woman in Century City, California. Apparently, he and a girl got drunk, argued, and Rodman grabbed her roughly, leaving a bruise. He is being investigated for felony domestic dispute, freed on \$50,000 bail.

One guesses the cops might have let it slide had Rodman not been involved in several questionable situations with women, including a he-drugged-me-and-then-raped-me story a few years back (no charges were filed in that one, though it did end up before a civil jury; Rodman was eventually cleared). That and the fact that he's apparently completely insane.

Rodman, who was briefly married to Carmen Electra, and was somewhere between the 1008th and 1390th person to sleep with Madonna, has recently been through a divorce and is said to be going through a "difficult time." Let's hope it's a few years before we hear from him again.

2008 LEADER BOARD

JIM LEYRITZ (EX-YANKEES) | DUI manslaughter | 90
BRADY SMITH (EX-BC) | being a drunken slob of a would-be rapist | 89
BRANDAN WRIGHT (EX-BETHUNE-COOKMAN) | running dude over with an Isuzu for owing him \$200 | 89
JEROME MATHIS (TEXANS) | choking pregnant babymama | 75
FABIAN WASHINGTON (RAIDERS) | red marks on girlfriend's neck | 70
AHMAD BROOKS (BENGALS) | punching chick in front of her kids, the asshole | 60
JAMES HARRISON (STEELERS) | punching girlfriend to facilitate a baptism | 60
ANDY CHRISTENSEN (NEBRASKA) | wantonly grabbing unguarded vagina in bar | 55
JEREMY ELDER (EX-ALABAMA) | late-night stickup | 55
CEDRIC WILSON (STEELERS) | punching girlfriend, but not in order to facilitate a baptism | 55
CARL ELLER (EX-VIKINGS) | DUI, tossing cops around like birdseed | 50
ADAM "PACMAN" JONES (TITANS) | being a menace to peaceful strip-club patrons everywhere | 50
MAURICE SIMMONS (USC) | being the wheelman for a Compton armed mugging | 50
SHAWNE WILLIAMS (PACERS) | harboring an accused first-degree murderer | 50
JOHN STEPHENS (EX-PATRIOTS) | sex-assault fugitive | 48
DAVID CORNACCHIA (FLA. EVERBLADES) | mid-flight assault, head-butting bystanders, exposing wine-shrunken wiener | 46
KEITH MCCANTS (EX-ALABAMA) | getting Tasered after hurling pliers and crack pipe at cops | 43
BRANDON PETTIGREW (OKLAHOMA STATE) | elbowing Stillwater's finest | 42

Sports Blotter Legend



Exotic Dancer/
Hooker



X-treme DUI



Performance
enhancing
"vitamins"



Open container
of alcohol



Cloying/
Agent-drafted
public apology



"Disagreement"
in parking lot



Subdued
via taser



Rape/Sexual
assault



Unregistered
handgun



Those drugs
belong to my
brother/cousin/
someguy



Frantic spousal
911 call



Stats cheerily
recited after
AP report



Supernatural
quantities of
pot



Incident involving
"baby momma"



Burglary/theft



Gambling



You Don't Mess With the Zohan



Zionism is hilarious

I recently hung out with a friend of mine who's going through a pretty rough patch. A breakup that resulted in him setting up camp the first dismal apartment he could find. He's got no job and any prospects of employment are drying up quicker than Kathleen Turner's junk. Hope's turning into a four-letter word for the guy. But he did tell me that the worst part of the whole goddamned thing was everyone telling him that it couldn't get any

worse.

"Of course if can get worse," I told him! "Watch the trailer for *You Don't Mess With the Zohan*." The poor bastard quivered in horror. And why shouldn't be? Not only is Adam Sandler in it with the obligatory Rob Schneider cameo (and while I'm on the subject—why? Why is Rob Schneider in what's got to be every single Adam Sandler movie? I know they were on *SNL* together, but seriously. Did Schneider once save Sandler's life? Is Schneider blackmailing

him with a picture from the mid-'90s of his dick in Sandler's open drooling mouth after he fell asleep? Wait—let me guess—Schneider introduced Sandler to his wife—awwwwwwww, how cute!), but Sandler plays an unrealistically proficient Mossad agent who either leaves the agency for New York, or gets transferred, or he's still hanging around after rigging up WTC 7 with explosives or something. You know these trailers. They don't give

a shit about secondary plot points.

So Sandler's character wants to be a hairstylist and of course just when he thought he was out he gets pulled back in when he gets spotted by some terrorists blah blah blah. The title *You Don't Mess With the Zohan* sounds an awful lot like the one line *You Don't Fuck With the Jesus* from *The Big Lebowski*. Maybe Sandler and company think they're being clever by associating the sheer, unparalleled joy that only *The Big Lebowski* can bring with this well-greased turd that stinks worse than Schindler's factory. And I also smell the rank pungency of Borat envy.

And as I forced my woeful friend to sit through the *Zohan* trailer I saw a little part of him die. But he did thank me for not only *telling him*, but *showing him* that things could get worse. A whole wing of the Smithsonian dedicated to how awful this looks worse. Not only will I not mess with the Zohan, but I won't bother with the Zohan.

The Happening



"Look, Sandler made another shitty movie"

Maybe I'm just an insane person, but wouldn't you think with a movie called *The Happening* that something would, I don't know, happen? Well, what do you expect from M. Night Shyamalan? Someone should've tossed him into a well years ago. Every time Shyamalan puts out a movie, I picture a truly pissed off Rod Serling standing at the gates of purgatory with a lead pipe and a pair of needle-nosed pliers. He's got a gang of McCarthy-

blacklisted writers who look none too happy in tow, waiting to get that little prick bastard son of a bitch Shyamalan. I used to watch his movies and feel like I was the only one who failed miserably in seeing what the big goddamned deal was. Now that I skip the funeral (movie) and only go to the wake (trailer), I feel even more alone in the world.

The plot of *The Happening* is that Mark Wahlberg is a teacher (an absurd twist in itself) and more and more people are dying off in large amounts, due to unexplained and inexplicable reasons. This is a movie about humanity mysteriously dying off. I couldn't be more excited about a movie even if it was about a dumpy thirtysomething film fanatic with no ambition. But Shyamalan strips away any anticipation or excitement I would've felt for this movie (presuming someone else was making it of course) and replaces it with zero-calorie mysterious coldness. How do you screw up the end of the world? That's like producing a reality show on Bravo! without any gay people in it.

This couldn't be worse if I was to wake up in bed with Rachael Ray tomorrow morning. That frog face snoring inescapable asshole chomping shit breath in your ears, nose and throat. Still drunk—not enough to forgive myself for

allowing this catastrophe to happen, but just enough to allow total panic to set in. I can picture it now: I'm completely willing to abandon my own place and belongings, never coming back and giving it all up, if I can only leave ever so slyly and slowly. I can picture those crusty eyelashes parting for a look of recognition just before she shows that goddamned donkey-toothed smile through that big goddamned Joker mouth. The fucking horror. And this sloppy-drunk cow asks, with that Chesterfield-ravaged voice that makes Harvey Fierstein sound like Dakota Fanning, if I'm up for an encore or worse yet, "Where we goin'?" Ewwwwwww. My only respite could come from choking her to death with her own underwear.

Sorry. Day terrors.

So the only hope I've got to ever hope to avoid becoming a self-immolation statistic at this point is to put a hit out on Shyamalan's little monkey ass. I'll get this out of the way: I can't really pay you with money and I probably can't offer you much. I can make you pancakes. With chocolate chips if you want. I think we've still got some left. But we've definitely got a new griddle what works like a dream. And of course we'll watch movies. And if you do him slow, I'll even make the pancakes from scratch!

Get Smart



Steve Carell in the takeoff of a TV show you've never watched

Normally watching Steve Carell play a bumbling moron on "The Office" is one of the high points of my week. He's hilarious, has impeccable comic timing and, most importantly, he's not Carlos Mencia. And I know that *Get Smart* is based on a '60s TV show I was never interested enough to watch, but the title *Get Smart* just seems like it's trying to tell me to muster the intelligence to not even bother with it. I think it's telling me that, if I were indeed smart, I wouldn't watch it.

As entertaining as Carell might be as Maxwell Smart, I'm not biting. Even though Anne Hathaway is playing Agent 99 and has been known to be cute, she looks like an alien if not properly lit. Not quite to the butterface level of Kirsten Dunst, but the risk clearly outweighs the reward here. We've also got The Rock, who can be funny as all hell (check out his cameo in *Reno 911: Miami* and his role in the otherwise avoidable *Be Cool* if you need coaxing), but the whole thing's just not coming together. And even though Hiro Nakamura from "Heroes" was trolling around in the background, *Get Smart* offers little hope but no encouragement for entertainment value.

So if you see my dilemma here, what do

KINO KLEE-SHAY LEGEND



Betrayed by Those Who Trained Him



Impossible Science



Noble Retard



Evil Genius



Vampires/Wizards as Gay/AIDS Metaphor



Gratuitous Christ Imagery



Rob Schneider Cameo



Glorification of Law Enforcement Bodies



Enchanted Object



Special Effects Circle Jerk



Sex Pot Battles Demons, Robots, or Something



Post Apocalyptic Wasteland



Washed Up Hero Gets Second Chance at Glory



Ordinary Person Pushed Too Far



Mind Fuck



Embattled Loser Overcomes Obstacles



Crappy Remake



Likable Thug

you do? Have an "Office" marathon. After that, skip to the scenes in *Havoc* where Hathaway shows her ta-tas, watch those Rock movies I mentioned and then watch the episode of *Heroes* that takes place five years in the future. Too much work? I know. Screw the whole thing. Just screw it.

Wanted



Angelina Jolie takes some time off from adopting African orphans for a little downtime and mass murder

I know this is going to come off as a twisted statement from someone who only wants to see (at press time) five movies in the theater this summer, three of which are based on comic books, but enough with the fucking comic book movies already!

Even if it's based on an obscure comic book such as *Wanted*.

Yeah, yeah. Some sorry anonymous son of a bitch is told that he's destined for greatness and gets harangued into some

you've got plenty to fall back on with *Wanted*. This summer action orgy offers some weird physics-defying marksman technique, wherein the trajectory of bullets curve around objects to hit their intended target. Naturally this lends to plenty of bullet time CG shots (also see *The Matrix*) and 20th century John Woo two-handed gunfights that you've also seen before. If impossible science doesn't do anything for you, there also appears to be plenty of fancy driving in repugnantly expensive automobiles, and slow motion shots of Jolie firing her unconventional and complex-looking firearms reveal that her bullets actually have the words *good-bye* etched into them. Come on. Who does this? Oh wait, anorexic, black-clad angsty characters in bad action movies with slightly decent casts. I forgot. Sorry.

The Love Guru



This looks awful

When I got done watching the trailer for the new Mike Myers movie *The Love Guru*, I was filled with the same horror that struck me when I heard a backstage story about a country megastar extraordinaire and all-around sack wrangler Toby Keith concert a friend of mine worked stage

super secret club of badass assassins. What's supposed to make you forget that you're getting into a *Matrix* rehash (strong black leader with a dignified, velvety voice and all) is Angelina Jolie's hotness factor. She's got no makeup hiding her 3 dozen tattoos and let's face it—that's probably the only reason she's doing this movie. Her turning this movie down would be like me saying no to a job I could show up loaded to.

But she's looking borderline grossly thin. And when I say *grossly* I don't mean excessively or abundantly, I mean disgustingly so. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not a big proponent of swamp cows, uggos or the like, but I don't like hearing about a woman's internal organs being liquefied by her body because she gave up eating for lent or because weighing 135 pounds labels you an automatic pig.

But never fear. Even if you're in the minority who can't bring yourself to appreciate brittle-looking bones, or refuses to utilize Jolie as masturbatory fodder until she eats a sandwich,

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setup for. All the things wrong with this story (namely the imagery) are nothing in comparison to the payoff. So some trailer skank who really digs Keith agreed to fellate a line of his touring road crew. You know the type—she's been diddled more times than she's had hot meals. Supposedly, if she could get through his smarmy chain gang of good ole boys (including a 500-pounder called "Hoss"), a picture with Keith and herself would adorn her Myspace page. So this chick apparently got maybe halfway through this tour of misery before she stumbled off the tour bus, carrying herself as if she had just shotgunned an entire case of beer, cleared a half a tank of nitrous and took a cinderblock to the right side of her head. So Stumbling Dice is staggering side to side and leans against the side of the bus, resting on a weak and rubbery arm as she tries to collect herself.

Yeah, yeah. So what? Well hang on. This chick proceeded to puke up what could not have been less than two pints of semen. I'm told the way that shit hit the ground is legendary. Supposedly, it landed on the pavement in slow motion. *In slow motion!* But perhaps the best part was her unsuspecting boyfriend/husband/whatever, who didn't notice the DNA cocktail at his feet. Apparently, she felt worlds better as she scraped the remnants of her bus ride from her mouth with a cardboard tampon applicator. And no, I'm not making this up. You can't make this up.

I think that everyone can agree that it's a lot better if we don't have to look at Mike Myers. If nothing else, the success of the *Shrek* movies has proven this. So why the hell is Myers playing some imported self-help guru assigned to help a hockey player get back together with his wife in order to shake some cockamamie sports curse? Is Jessica Alba supposed to get us to care? Oh wait! Mini-Me is in it! Shame on John Oliver of "The Daily Show" for being in this movie! The only *vaguely* redeeming thing about this flick is that the two disturbing seconds of Justin Timberlake looking like a '70s porn star seemed amusing. But you don't have to be a brainiac to know he'll have maybe 7 minutes of screen time and Myers will get 106 minutes to rehash rejected deas from *Austin Powers* brainstorming sessions. Or that this movie looks like two pints of baby batter splattered on the sidewalk.

The Incredible Hulk



"Why can't I get better roles than this! I'm Ed fucking Norton!"


I'm one of about 435 people on the entire planet Earth who like 2003's *The Hulk*. It was by no means a perfect movie, but still nowhere near as bad as any overweight fan-boy would have you believe. The story was great, even if the buildup was a tad slow, the cast was as stellar as Ang Lee's direction, and even though there weren't enough of them, the action scenes were dare I say... incredible.

But as cool as its non-sequel *The Incredible Hulk* looks, I saw an awful lot of pandering going on in that trailer. The whole "man on the run" thing that the '70s television series seemed to be so fond of. And while we're talking about the TV show, did anyone else hear that melancholy little melody playing in the background? You know the one—that same somber tune that lead into Banner wandering off to the next town in search of a cure. You'd think they're trying to forget that first *Hulk* movie ever happened.

So they get a whole new cast. Eric Bana's replaced with Edward Norton as Bruce Banner. Okay, I had no problem with Bana but Norton's a great actor. Things get worse from here. Liv Tyler replaces Jennifer Connelly as Betty Ross. *I'm getting angry.* William Hurt takes over as Thunderbolt Ross. *You wouldn't like me when I'm angry.* In the director's chair,

Lee gets replaced with Louis Leterrier. He made the second *Transporter* movie. **GRRRRRAAAAAARRRR! HULK SMASH!** Thank god my purple pants stayed intact!

A supporting cast so benumbing that you can't even appreciate the fact that Tim Roth's the bad guy! A director of 2-hour car commercials! An intelligent and cerebral approach traded in for drunken, awkward, clumsy poking with the all-too-familiar cheap beer aroma of a post-frat party tryst straight up action flick! And say what you want about the first *Hulk*, at least Lee made an effort to make the Hulk look like Eric Bana. This Hulk looks nothing like Norton. This Hulk just looks like a really big, pissed off cholo who got blindsided at a Nickelodeon kids choice awards show.

As bad as *The Incredible Hulk* is sounding, I'm not entirely pessimistic about it. I just had an imaginary drunken conversation with Edward Norton and he assured me that even though this movie promises more brawn than brains it'll be okay; he rewrote the screenplay when he signed on. Besides, the more highbrow version he lobbied for is sure to end up on DVD in time for Christmas. And I believe him. And that 26-minute fight between the Hulk and Abomination can't be all bad, can it? 

AMBASSADORS FOR THE DNC

Gee you are such a wise man [Ian Murphy, "Fuck the Troops," issue 126]. Do you feel the same about the Taliban, the Palestian's Hamas all those wonderful suicide bombers who die for 72 virgins and have mentally ill women strap on bombs in the name of Allah. Of Maliki must be a surrogate of the US. and Iran of course when they are bombed for their nuclear plants and arming Sadr will of course get what they deserve. Or is it only the US soldiers who get what they deserve. You prove that when the left says they support the troops that is purely platitudes. At least you speak what the left really feels give you credit for that.

-Michelle

Dear Michelle,
Hey, this representing the entire left thing is awesome! Ward Churchill's going to be jealous! Yes, of course we love the Taliban; they're so liberal! You getting this, Howard Dean? The left has spoken!

THE ALLIANCE EXPOSED!

"Liberals need to start calling a moron a moron—and openly mocking that moron if his positions or actions are indefensible. Just as Limbaugh or Hannity insults the left, tilting the battlefield so liberals are left scrounging for their patriotic bona fides, the left must begin attacking stupidity whether in the form of religious nonsense, "free market" capitalism or military worship."

Does that include telling Islam to drop dead? Does that include telling the Saudis to keep their money out of our universities? Does that include not sucking up to the muhajadeen?

God bless America, God save the Queen, and all who think otherwise can go straight to Mecca.
-USBeast

Dear USBeast,
Look, we already expressed our die-hard loyalty to the Taliban, so it would seem obvious the mujahadeen are our homies. It's not "sucking up;" it's heartfelt affection. GO ISLAMIC MILITANTS! ALLAHU AKBAR!

DIY

Someone needs to put a cap in this waste of human flesh ass.
-Carter Cobb

Dear Carter,
Why not you? Oh yeah, 'cause you're a pussy indulging in impotent fantasies of violence. Sorry.

TWINKIE THE KID

Cute article, cupcake.

Now, I triple-dare you to read your column out



loud in the bar of your choice outside the main gate of Fort Drum NY on a Saturday night. I'm sure a lot of 10th Mountain Division troops will be very eager to meet you up-close and personal.

So let's see how much of a man you really are, eh? As for me, I've got a \$100 bill that says you don't have a hair on your pasty, pear-shaped ass.

Care to prove me wrong?
-Mark Jaeger

Dear Mark,
Why do you want to pay \$100 to see Ian's ass? Is that what you guys do up at Fort Drum? Oh right: Don't ask, don't tell. Sorry.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I can only hope that Ian Murphy pulls his head out of his ass before he meets a Marine who's heard what he's said.
-Ryan

Dear Ryan,
We admit that's an embarrassing way to meet someone: "Hi, my name's Joe OH MY GOD ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? JESUS CHRIST SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!" "Mmmph! Mmmph!"

PATRIOTS FOR AHMADINEJAD

Those troops he is "fucking" are the same people who are sacrificing so he has the right to be a ball-less cock sucker!! If he is so unhappy with the way we treat our soldiers he can move to Iran and see what happens when he writes shit like this, they would hang him from the tallest tree they could find. Hopefully he understands that OUR soldiers have a back bone and are willing to fight for what they believe in. This dipshit is a pussy and I would like nothing more than to find him in a dark alley with no witnesses. I can tell by his fucking retarded picture my five year old daughter would whoop his ass. But then again this guy has never faught for any thing in his life. If he had any honor at all he would take his own life before someone does it for him!!!
-sean

Dear Sean,
So what you're saying is that the troops protect Ian's right to be an asshole, but it would be better if he was killed, like in Iran.

Wow, we never thought about it like that, mainly because we're not fucking incoherent morons.

NON-THREATENING

I am not threatening you, I am challenging you. I dare any of you to come and visit me face to face. Do you believe enough in what you say to defend it personally to someone who disagrees? I doubt it but if you do, email me and I will be happy to work with you to set up a meeting. I look forward to explaining why you are mistaken in your accusations. You have a lot of gall to say what you do when it is the efforts of the good soldiers you denigrate that guarantee you the freedom you seem to take for granted.

-Mike Johnson

Dear Mike,
What, with these gas prices? Nah, we'll meet you at the bike racks dude; be there or be square!

OUR FANBASE

I commend your edgy comentary designed to elicit outrage.
-Moonbat_One

Dear Moonbat,
Why do you hate America?

DOESN'T WANT US DEAD

Just discovered your wonderful site via lgf (which I don't visit much but have looked at a lot in the last two days). You are on the edge. On the edge, my son. If you're not on the edge you're taking up too much room. Keep it up.
-margot van vliet

Dear Margot,
Don't you understand that it's the TROOPS who give you the FREEDOM to say things? Don't you see that that's why you should NEVER do it? Go back to Iran, baby killer!

MERIT BITCH

Hello Taibbi,

You know, when you started your paper I bought a subscription because I liked your work at the eXile and wished you success with the Beast.

I am digusted now. I hope you and your paper fail and your work with it is a stigma upon your resumes. You will probably take this as a badge of merit. I hope it hounds you forever.
-Evan Kennedy

Dear Evan,
Nice name, white boy.

TO PROTECT AND BEAT UP

Spoken like the sniveling coward that you are,

mocking men who guard your freedom to be a tapeworm.

If you are even in New Mexico, look me up. I am a 63-year-old Viet Nam Vet and would be happy to kick your craven ass.
-Viet Nam Vet From New Mexico

*Dear Yankee Imperialist,
You're 63 and want to fight? Let us call our bookie first.*

STANDARD BOIL

YOUR SO RIGHT!! Woo Hoo!

As any good liberal knows if we do away with the military we can all live in PEACE!!! Damn!! Should have done this with Hitler and Tojo!! Why that dude from Iran is probably right about the Holocaust!! A big sham!! And I am sure the Japanese treated our troops with the utmost respect!! Bataan Death March? It did not really happen!! The military industrial machine is a big problem!! I'm betting all those Kurds supposedly gassed by Hussein weren't. Boy we really need to get our taxes raised and do away with all individual rights!! Democrats will take care of that!! I want Universal Health Care !! SO I have no choices in my health care and can die a sooner dignified death and not leave a smaller carbon footprint!! As for those mafia hitmen sent over to Iraq thinking they were fighting a war on terror, to bad. We know the Guvmint flew those planes into the Twin Towers and kilt all them people!! Oh it so refreshing to read such a wonderful thoughtful, obscenity laced, ranting, article as yours!! Standard liberal writing!!
-Madd Medic

*Dear Madd,
Thanks, fellow liberal! Don't forget to kill a baby today!*

TRUST ME, I'M A BLOGGER

What childish gibberish. I've been blogging and writing for years and that was perhaps the most pathetic, seditious, and mentally immature piece I've ever seen. You are a supreme example of the slobbering dolts that our public school system now seems to be producing in quantity.
-Dave Huntwork

*Dear Dave,
Wow, blogging for years, huh? What a unique skill! Maybe you can help us out: Which brand of hemorrhoid donut-pillow is your favorite?*

NO-SHOW

Up your Ass, Big Boy. I know where you live and I have every intention of fucking your significant other and cutting off your balls.
-Your worst nightmare

*Dear Worst,
You sent this e-mail weeks ago. Where are you already? The Chex mix is going stale!*

GET IN THE HOOD

Ian Murphy Fuck you punk ass mother fucker, piece of fucking shit, there a cell in Guantanamo waiting for you little bitch.
-Uncle Sam

*Dear Sam,
Does it have cable?*

WORDS THAT HURT

It goes without saying that your blog-vomiting on about what you really think about the troops is a complete waste of leftist pap, so there's no point in deconstructing it. Your opinion is still just your opinion, and we know that won't change so I will just say this:

You're a punk ass bitch. People with your opinions are punk ass bitches, one and all. Quite revealing how you stated too that you were heavy into narcotics for awhile. Real piece of shit you are, aren't you?

Punk. Ass. Bitch. Yes, that's you.
-Jon Davison

*Dear Jon,
Why must you be so darned mean? You made our anuses cry!*

LOVE CONNECTION

Hope you swing thru Swannanoa, NC some day...we could "talk" face to face....if u have the balls that is.....loser.

Hope u r not queer, wouldn't want anything on my knuckles.....
-George Dixon

*Dear George,
Hey, what a coincidence! It just so happens we'll be passing through next week, on our way to have freaky tag-team sex with all the women in your yokel family. Why not send us your info and we can drop by, get to know each other a little. We'll be expecting to hear from you.*

WE JUST CAN'T DECIDE

wwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwhen i come to blow your brains out which do you like the best,, 303 british,,long range, or 7mm mauser,,also long range,, or a nice 40cal,, very close range,, or how about not any choice.. My choice,,your surprise.

*Dear Pussy,
Our first reaction to this illiterate death threat was laughter. Then we thought about it. Then we laughed some more. Then we went out for ribs. Good luck with the micro-penis.*

CALL THE GOVERNOR

YOU WRITE:

"Personally, I'd rather live in a world where people who act like retards are treated like retards: executed in Texas."

Speaking as a Texan, I'm ready to start the IV drip on you any time, you fucking moral retard.
-Rhymes With Right

*Dear Rhymes,
Let's see; what rhymes with right? Hmm... quite? Nah. Bright? No, that certainly can't be it. Blight? Probably not. Maybe... oh, white! Ha! That's a good one. White rhymes with right! As in "white is right," huh? We've heard that one somewhere. So, a hardcore racist Texan didn't like our work? Yeah, we'll try to get over it.*

INTERNET TOUGH GUY

you are a cunt. It's too bad your mother didn't suck that john's dick that night instead of taking up the ass and shitting you out 9 months later. Internet toughguy. if you feel so strongly about your opinion why don't you take you badass down to the airport and tell a Marine to his face "Fuck You". Because you are pussy. Better yet, don't waste a Marine's time. Why don't you just go get a gun (I know the idea sickens you but hang in there this won't take long) stick it in your mouth and be somebody. I hope end up in jail on the end of a big AIDS filled dick and die in misery. At least your mother will finally be rid of you.
-chris

*Dear Chris,
Thanks for writing! P.S.*

THANK GOD FOR DEAD IRAQIS

You should be thankful that you enjoy First Amendment Freedoms. Telling you that those Troops you despise keep that freedom for you is pointless. I'll just end by saying that if you ever find yourself confronted by a natural disaster, terrorist attack or other such malady that those despicable Troops are used to relieve or protect, you'll have the good graces to not call on them or accept their help. Rather, call on a protester for your aide.

I may be ill informed, but I at least know from where my freedoms are kept free. Then again, most don't appreciate something until they lose it.
-Lew Waters

*Dear Lew,
Well you're right about one thing; you may be ill-informed.*

SILENCE OF THE LAM

Our team found your website promoting Netflix as a "sponsored affiliate" on buffalobeast.com/126/Fuck.the.troops.Ian.Murphy.html

Netflix has not agreed to sponsor this site and does not participate in affiliate sponsorships. Unfortunately, they have decided to

temporarily remove you from their program.

Please remove the Netflix text link from your website as soon as possible.

Please let me know if you have any questions. Thank you for your anticipated compliance. Best,
Diana Lam

Dear Diana,
Yeah, we'll probably never get around to that. What are you wearing?

DISTANCE PERV

Doods! you know how in your last letters, that school teacher was asking for info about New York or something, and you put the address..... well, I jerked off in an envelope and just sent that, cool huh?! By the way, I'm so baked right about now whoaa! great magazine!
-annonomus

Dear...Annonomus...

Well, we can only hope you're kidding, can't we? That wasn't a teacher, by the way, and you're officially a pedophile now. Well, look on the bright side: Now whenever you move, which will be a lot, the entire neighborhood will know who you are before you even get there! Cozy.

TRAVEL AGENT

I have in mind a couple of resort spots for you dude. Anywhere in Arabia would be warm and allow you another glaring perspective as to 'troops'. Tehran Iran is another option that would assist you in an attitude and perception rebuild, restructure, and renewal. Between the lines of your attack are small truths; bloated, distorted, and enraged. However, just for the opportunity to utter this venom you should thank a soldier. For whenever and wherever the West concedes ideologically, politically and especially spiritually, Islam will be sure to conquer and subdue.

"Guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism."
- George Washington -

If might does not make right, zeal and tolerance [for Islamic 'Diversity'] will!
9/11/01 NEVER FORGET!
-JihadSpinAdmin

Dear JSA,
Hey, thanks for reinforcing our preconceptions of war-loving conservatives as sheltered and woefully ignorant. There are plenty of Americans in Iran you idiot, who get around just fine. In a bustling metropolis like Tehran, there are tons of nice people to hang with and show us around. Tell you what: Foot the bill and we'll move our whole operation there. After Ian's column, we'd practically be celebrities! And by the way, we hope that Washington quotation was intended as self-deprecation. Who's pretending patriotism?

CUSTOMER SERVICE

I just paid for a subscription because I felt bad for you guys and liked your mag before I read Fuck The Troops. I'm an OIF vet. Please cancel my subscription.

-Donald Bortz
Dear Donald,
No.

ANOTHER FREE SPEECH ABUSER

Excellent Thanks for voicing a truth filled perspective
-m

Dear M,
The truth filling is the tastiest part of the insult cake.

POST-TRAUMATIC PRESS DISORDER

Just what I have been saying for years!! I didn't have much respect for them even before i was drafted for the Viet Nam war!(Taken out of a good teaching job to wander around in a fucking marching band a get fucked up and do the all the work for the "lifers" that sat on their asses and drank coffee all day long!)

I might send you some money if my social security income warrants the expense.

Seriously great humor!!!!
-jd

Dear jd,
Come on, fork it over. What's food and shelter in the face of great satire?

YAWN


I will be showing your article to some ex-SF guys I know. I would stay out of open spaces if I were you & try not to go anywhere by yourself.
-Wayne

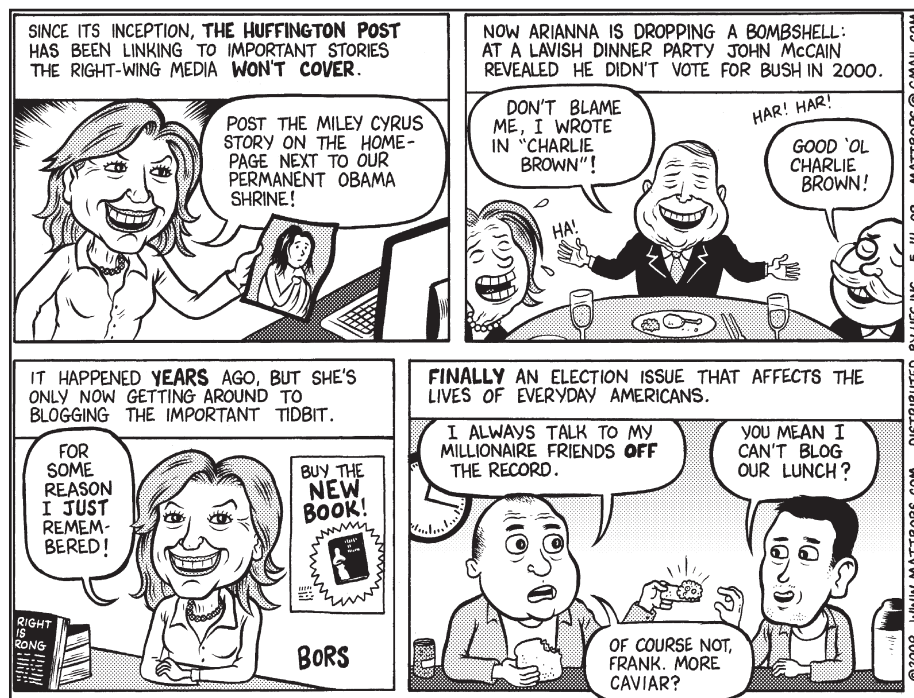
Dear Wayne,
Setting aside the fact that you're a flatulent vagina and probably wouldn't know Special Forces from San Francisco, how exactly is the buddy system going to keep us from getting sniped?

PAWN IN THE GAME

Ian: I have to ask you whether you feel used by having your remarks about our military printed? And rebroadcast on blogs and political bulletin boards all over the internet? I am thinking that the negative reaction you illicit makes you look crazy or raving rather than directing attention to the circumstance of volunteer service men and women who sign up for a questionable military engagement and get sympathy for their trouble. The younger ones especially sign up for education dollars or a career path apart from pumping gas without any real thought to the politics of war. This because of the insufferable marketing to join up that they and we are subject to on a daily basis. I have to wonder whether you have been used royally because almost no one wants to see these military personnel as responsible for their actions.

Do you feel used?
Best,
Nylida

Dear Nylida,
Only in the good way. 



BEAST-O-SCOPES

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

Hey Gemini, it's not usually a big deal if you get a little woody while slow-dancing with a girl, but it's considered poor form at church-sponsored father-daughter purity balls. If you don't want her mom to find out, you might want to think about buying that Mini Cooper she's been asking for.



BY ANDREW GULLERSTEIN

Cancer (June 21 – July 22)

You're not going insane, Cancer, and your dog isn't talking to you. Your neighbor is yelling through the vents. KILL HIM!

Leo (July 23 – Aug 22)

If there was such a thing as "collective consciousness," Leo, don't you think you'd be conscious of it? Damn hip-pies.

Virgo (Aug 23 – Sept 22)

You've got to face facts and call for help. It been three hours, Virgo, and waiting longer won't get the penis out of the jacuzzi jet.

Libra (Sept 23 – Oct 22)

I've got news, Libra: The "elevator guy" in your building is unemployed.

He just lives in there. So you should probably hit your own buttons from now on, or better yet take the stairs, chubs.

Scorpio (Oct 23 – Nov 21)

Your boyfriend's not sexist, Scorpio; it's just that your plan to vote McCain to spite Obama for beating Hillary means that you really are a self-victimizing, emotional, irrational, vindictive bitch. I hope you get pregnant the day after the Supreme Court reverses Roe v. Wade. In fact, I will arrange it.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21)

Hey, it's no big deal, Sagittarius; abandoning hope and forfeiting your self-respect is a small price to pay for an endless supply of shitty coke. I mean, who wouldn't make that bargain?

Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)

Say evolution is "just a theory" one more time, Capricorn, and you're going to be "just drowning."

Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb 18)

Jesus, Aquarius, would you shut up about "Firefly" already? Nobody wants to hear that shit.

Pisces (Feb 18 – Mar 20)

I know what you're thinking, Pisces: You're going to have to kill Chris Crocker if somebody actually gives him a TV show, aren't you? Well, I wholeheartedly endorse the idea. The stars command it!

Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 19)

Your fortunes are turning for the worse, Aries. You lost your job and your house, and can't afford to pay your medical expenses. Food and gas are so pricey that you don't know how you'll feed your kids tomorrow. I could help you out, but you voted for Bush twice, so stew in it, asshole.

Taurus (Apr 20 – May 20)

Where's your fucking flag pin, Taurus?

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