



# Separated at birth?



Two dimensional  
hick Sarah Palin...

...and two dimensional  
hick Peggy Hill?



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# A Disastrous Message from Anderson Cooper

Greetings from the eye of Hurricane Lashawnda, BEAST readers! This is CNN's Anderson Cooper! I'm soaking wet and getting blown all over the place, and I'm not even in Greenwich Village! Haha, just kidding, I'm totally into girls. I'm here in Trailer Debris, Texas, to bring you the big story—it's really windy out here! I mean, seriously, it is really, really windy, like more windy than you ever saw! Rainy too!


Ahhhh! holy crap! I can't believe how insanely windy it is! Was that a Chevy Suburban that just flew by? There goes a sectional couch! Oh God, here comes the hail! Dear lord, it's the size of Coke cans! Ow, fuck! Jesus God it hurts!

Seriously, what the hell am I doing out here? Couldn't we just put a camera out here and broadcast from the studio? What, my life doesn't matter? I'm Anderson fucking Cooper! I'm on 60 fucking Minutes! My mother is Gloria fucking Vanderbilt! The National Weather Service said "certain death," didn't they? What kind of fucked up corporation sends prestigious journalists into a death trap just to get an action shot? I don't get paid enough for this shit! Oh wait, yes I do. Still—how come Wolf never has to do this crap?

The evacuation went pretty well—nobody but me is stupid enough to be out in this shit! Well me and a few other—oh, speak of the devil—Geraldo, get out of there! I know it's windy man, just get the hell out of my shot! Oops, there he goes. Grab onto something, dude! OH MY GOD THAT'S A BOAT, RUN! Holy shit, that was close! One of these days, some reporter is going to get killed doing one of these stupid hurricane spots, and then



maybe the media will reexamine the wisdom of placing human beings in mortal danger for no good reason but voyeurism! Ah, who am I kidding? That would just boost ratings for this kind of thing. They don't watch NASCAR for the driving in circles, after all.

Anyway, I wanted to remind you all that bad weather is a super-important story that must be given around-the-clock blanket coverage, regardless of how many thousands of miles away from it you happen to be. You think contrived wars, economic collapse and rampant corruption are important? Are you people even listening to me? *It's windy in Texas! Water is falling from the sky! We have Doppler radar maps! So, summing up: If you don't watch incessant hurricane coverage, you are a bad Ameri—OOOF! Jesus, right in the nuts that time! That was a wrench I think! Oh God, I'm gonna puke! This is serious journalism!* Anderson Cooper here, signing off...BLEEARGH! 

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## THIS ISSUE'S DOWN SYNDROME PROP



*"Look, I'm touching it. I'm a good person."*

# PALIN-DRONES

## It's official: Women are idiots

BY ALLAN UTHMAN

A few months ago, a friend asked me who I thought McCain would or should pick to be his vice presidential candidate. "I think if I were working for McCain," I said, "I'd wait until Obama makes his choice, and if he picks a man, pick a woman, or if he picks a woman, pick a man." You know, work the difference. So it was no surprise to me that McCain picked a woman. But, just like everyone else, I was dumbfounded that woman was Sarah Palin, one-year governor of a state over twice the size of Texas with the population of El Paso (there is one person per square mile in Alaska).

It seemed at first that McCain may have thrown the election by choosing an unknown, unready running mate with a BS in communications from Idaho University and a hard-right Christianist ideology, in a ploy to woo disgruntled Hillary Clinton supporters. "We're not that stupid," came the cry from insulted feminists, and they were right to recognize that Palin did not in any way represent their ambitions..

But it turns out that they are that stupid, or at least some of them are. While it seems unfathomable that women who supported Hillary Clinton could flip to the GOP ticket for a woman who is pro-life, pro-assault rifle and pro-Bush just because she's a woman, McCain's numbers among white women have shot up with Palin's stunt nomination. This is incredibly disappointing.

Palin is so obviously not equipped to be president that her own surrogates are not willing to discuss the possibility that McCain could die or become incapacitated in office. "She's not running for president," is the refrain. But of course, the only

relevant issue when considering a VP choice, according to both presidential candidates (at least before Palin was picked), is whether they are ready to become president. John McCain will be 73 by January, used to smoke, loves to eat barbecued meat, and has had multiple bouts with serious cancer. If any president was ever likely to die in office, it's McCain. The guy could go any minute, really. And yet his campaign thinks it's okay to select a nominee based entirely on demographic appeal, after a single interview. And then they withhold her from the press, an obvious sign that they know she is not knowledgeable enough to survive under the spotlight. She gives one speech—a single goddamn speech—over and over again, repeating the same, already debunked, self-flattering lies about her fabricated image as a reform-minded maverick, and the press stands up and cheers, just for the novelty of her. This is a step backwards for gender equality, because if Palin were a man, the press would have murdered him by now. Special dispensation is not equality.

What this selection says about John McCain is simple: He doesn't give a damn what happens to this country when he's dead. McCain's personal favorite choices, Joe Lieberman and Tom Ridge, are much closer to him in terms of politics and experience. These are guys who McCain would have selected if he were a real maverick, bucking party orthodoxy for the good of the country. McCain would probably have won anyway, impressing independents by risking GOP mutiny to stay true to himself, although he would never have closed the fundraising gap. Of course, there's a good chance that all McCain ever had to do to win this thing was talk about Vietnam and stay white.

One of the most infuriating things to see

on TV news—the only news that matters, when it comes to shaping public opinion—is when they do one of those "fact-check" segments while omitting relevant facts. A good example is the squashing of Palin's attempted book-banning episode when she was mayor of Wasilla, a town of 7,000 which Palin left \$20 million in debt.

This is from *The New York Times*:

"[I]n 1995, Ms. Palin, then a city councilwoman, told colleagues that she had noticed the book 'Daddy's Roommate' on the shelves and that it did not belong there, according to [future Palin campaign director Laura] Chase and [former Wasilla mayor John] Stein. Ms. Chase read the book, which helps children understand homosexuality, and said it was inoffensive; she suggested that Ms. Palin read it.

" 'Sarah said she didn't need to read that stuff,' Ms. Chase said. 'It was disturbing that someone would be willing to remove a book from the library and she didn't even read it.'

As mayor, Palin asked the town's library director, Mary Ellen Emmons, three times, how she'd feel about book-banning, the last time asking if she'd change her mind if people were picketing the library. Emmons was staunchly opposed. Palin fired Emmons for "not fully supporting her efforts to govern," only rehiring her when there was an outpouring of public protest against the move.

To me, this is a really big deal. But the story has been "debunked" repeatedly in the press, relying on a factcheck.org report dismissing a hoax e-mail that provided a bogus list of books "banned" by Palin. So the story is "Palin never banned any books," which is true, but she sure as hell would have if she could have. The abortive



firing episode gets nary a mention, giving the impression that the very idea Palin wanted to ban books is false, when it clearly is not.

And, since Obama's church is such a hot topic, it would seem strange that Palin's church, which preaches end-times theology and glossolalia, has received little mainstream scrutiny. You want crazy pastor quotes? Check out Palin's pastor, Ed Kalnins:

On John Kerry: "I'm not going tell

you who to vote for, but if you vote for this particular person, I question your salvation. I'm sorry."

On Bush: "I hate criticisms towards the president, because it's like criticisms towards the pastor – it's almost like, it's not going to get you anywhere, you know, except for hell. That's what it'll get you."

On Iraq: "What you see in Iraq, basically, is a manifestation of what's going on in this unseen world called the spirit world. ... We need to think like Jesus thinks. We

are in a time and a season of war, and we need to think like that. ... Jesus called us to die. You're worried about getting hurt? He's called us to die. ... I believe that Jesus himself operated from that position of war mode. Everyone say 'war mode.'"

Yeah. That's where Palin learned about morality. And she was in attendance at the church just weeks ago, as a guest speaker from Jews for Jesus described Palestinian terrorism as a manifestation of God's "judgment of unbelief" against Jews for rejecting Christ. It's not surprising that evangelical Christians are fired up by Palin, but again, I can't fathom the idea that Hillary Clinton supporters are excited about her.

And then there's this little tidbit, from her RNC speech:

"A writer observed, 'We grow good people in our small towns, with honesty and sincerity and dignity.' And I know just the kind of people that writer had in mind when he praised Harry Truman."

That unnamed "writer" was unnamed for a reason. It was Westbrook Pegler, an openly racist columnist who wrote of wishing for the assassinations of FDR—and Robert Kennedy. Pegler's xenophobic, red-baiting politics were so extreme (he described Jews as "instinctively sympathetic to Communism, however outwardly respectable they appeared") that he was booted from the John Birch Society. In 1963, Pegler wrote that it was "clearly the bounden duty of all intelligent Americans to proclaim and practice bigotry." And, by the way, Pegler described Truman as a "hater," and Truman called Pegler a "guttersnipe." High praise, indeed.

It's hard to imagine why Palin or her speechwriter would include a phoned in quotation about how much better small-town people are than the rest of us from such a toxic source, when so many similar folksy platitudes could be pilfered from more benign writers, even ones whose names could be mentioned in public. I can only conclude that this was a coded message to the fascist right, the worst element in American politics, the very people we were all hoping were waning in significance this election cycle, that it was game on once again. I suppose there are plenty of white women who are anti-labor, pro-life, evangelical Christians. It's

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## *Subtly Racist Contrived Voting Bloc*

**Name:** Hockey mom

**Turn-ons:** NASCAR dads, hardworking middle class blue collar workers, low information voters, serving as a euphemistic way to say "white women"

**Turn-offs:** Welfare queens, liberal elites, basketball moms, uppity types in general

**How I got to be The BEAST Page 5 Subtly Racist Contrived Voting Bloc:** Well,

"soccer moms" is just so... cosmopolitan, you know? I bet they stop at Starbucks for a latte on the way to practice. And soccer is so European, it just doesn't appeal to the lowbrow Aryan vote. And, you know, probably, little league baseball or football is more common, but, well, if "white" is the underlying message, you gotta go with hockey. I mean, its perfect: poor people can't afford the equipment, and what are there, like one or two pro black hockey players you ever heard of? The message is there, in the background, without ever being fully recognized in your conscious mind. But think about all of the accoutrements that go with me: Kids, free time, disposable income, family cars, suburban, single-income homes, stable marriages—oh, and whiteness.

**Future Plans:** I'm hoping that participation in little league hockey will increase sharply in the coming year, as vacuous suburban mothers force their sons on the rink just so they, too, can claim my mantle. Also, I'll probably be revealed by one or two commentators to be a subtly racist dog whistle soon after the election, but until then I'm safe as milk—which is also white.

**How I'd like to be remembered:** That's a tough one. I guess in part, I'd like people to remember how eager white mothers were to define themselves by their children's hobbies, and enjoyed being compared to bloodthirsty attack dogs, which is somewhat disturbing. Also, there's the fact that all of these mothers are happily encouraging their sons to excel at a gruesomely violent sport in which everyone eventually loses their front teeth, due to flying hard-rubber disks, large wooden sticks, and routine bare-knuckle fistfights. But at least they're not mingling with that...bad element, if you catch my snowdrift.



just that I can't imagine any of them were planning to vote for Obama, or Clinton, before the Palin selection.

Before anyone starts claiming that black Obama voters are equally shallow, consider whether they'd have voted for Alan Keyes. Because that's the nearest analogy I can think of for Palin's politics. Black people wouldn't vote for Alan Keyes, even if he were running against Robert Byrd. They're just not that stupid. So what the hell is wrong with white women? Are they really so aggrieved that Hillary got edged out of the Democratic nomination by Obama that they're willing to ruin the country just for spite?

The tragedy here is that, for all McCain's groundwork in building an image of himself as a man of character, the McCain/Palin campaign is the most cynical in modern American history. No longer feeling the need to even find a fact to hang their hat on, they have broken through the limits of distortion into the realm of utter fabrication, revealing their total contempt for the voting public. They don't twist the truth; the truth's got nothing to do with their strategy. It's much easier to just lie. And it's working. For their lies about their opponents and about themselves, they have been rewarded by substantial gains in key demographics, especially white women. Palin's selection has also enable them to deflect criticism by crying sexism

whenever Palin's obvious deficiencies as a candidate are raised.

And about that: It was the Clinton campaign that opened the door on claiming gender victimization as an electoral tactic. As her chances in the Democratic primary waned, Clinton and her surrogates went hog wild on the sexism charges, lashing out at anyone who dared criticize her. Admittedly, there were some ignorant comments here and there, albeit never from the Obama campaign. But when things got hairy, the Clinton campaign and its supporters leaned on sexism as an all-purpose excuse for losing, and it was a big steaming pile of horseshit. The fact is that Clinton's gender was pretty much the only thing that distinguished her from a field rife with old, white, compromised senators. If Hillary Clinton were a man, there would have been no telling her apart from Dodd, Biden, or John Kerry for that matter. But Obama, even if you made him white, would still have been young, eloquent, and charismatic. In other words, as weird as this sounds, if you made Clinton and Obama into white men, Obama would have kicked her ass—it wouldn't have been close.

But Hillary's dead-enders insist that their expected primary victories were robbed from them by the "rampant misogyny" of Keith Olbermann and Chris Matthews, and somehow Obama himself. And as Hillary's

defeat drew ever closer, she herself ratcheted up the faux feminist rhetoric, leaving Obama with hordes of angry, inconsolable women blaming him for their imagined oppression, and somehow admiring Sean Hannity at the same time. And now, the Republicans have picked up the tactic and run with it, accusing Obama of calling Palin "a pig" (willful ignorance of cliché metaphors is a symptom of this condition) and labeling anyone who dares scrutinize Palin a sexist, including Tina Fey. These allegations hold about as much water as calling condemnations of Michael Vick racist.

There's a great sketch from the Dave Chapelle show wherein Chappelle and crew are dressed up as classic movie monsters. Charlie Murphy is Frankenstein's monster, and when he gets fired from his office job, he accuses his boss of racism. A black coworker looks at him and exclaims, "nigga, you a Frankenstein!"

Nobody is after Sarah Palin because she's a woman. The fact is, she's a Frankenstein. And if women are so angry about losing a primary fight that they're willing to elect a Frankenstein, even a female Frankenstein, then they really are gullible, emotional, weak-minded fools, and they really do deserve all the derision they've gotten and more. ~~BEAST~~

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# GOD IS STILL DEAD

## LONG LIVE PZ MYERS

The “magnificent P-Zed Myers,” as he’s known by Richard Dawkins, is a fearless heathen. The tagline of his blog *Pharyngula* reads: “Evolution, development, and random biological ejaculations from a godless liberal.” He’s publicly desecrated the Eucharist and been chastised by the Catholic League’s Bill Donohue, bucked down libel suits, received countless death threats from religious kooks and he can kick God’s old, white ass with nothing but his mind. Myers teaches biology at the University of Minnesota, Morris. We decided to give him a call:



**Uh, Dr. Myers? Hi, this is Ian Murphy from the BEAST.**

Oh, hello!

**How are you?**

Just fine.

**Great. Now, just as a formality, you don’t mind if record this conversation do you?**

No problem.

**All right. And also, as a formality, you don’t mind if I later edit your words together out of context and sell the recordings to Kirk Cameron do you?**

Do I get a cut?

**Yes. Absolutely.**

Then it’s all good.

**Oh, good! All right, well, um, do you have anything on your mind you want to start things off with?**

Uh...

**I have a terrible interviewing technique, I’m sorry.**

I was going to say, I have no idea what this interview is about, so you tell me.

**Well, I thought it would basically be about evolution, development**

**and whatever you want to randomly ejaculate, so to speak.**

Ok, one of those talks, heavy breathing and all that. Um—

**Yeah, well, OK, let’s just start off with the little controversy you were involved with this summer. If what I read is true, you actually desecrated the body of Jesus, and uh, I want to know: How did that go? Was it all gruesome like Passion of the Christ? I mean, did he cry like a little baby? What happened?**

It was very disappointing. He was very passive, and there wasn’t even any blood. It was just—splat, he’s in the garbage, and uh...he made no comment. (Laughs)

**No comment whatsoever?**

Yeah, most of the comments have come from people who are absolutely convinced, that yes, that was actually Jesus Christ that I tortured and threw in the trash, which is just bizarre, but does open up possibilities, of course. I’m thinking if I get enough crackers and terminate them, I’ll kill Jesus eventually. There’s got to be a vital organ in some kind of cracker somewhere, right?

**Did you cannibalize any Christ before you threw him in the trash?**

No...I was getting these over the mail, of course, and you know, some of the people had gotten them by having them put in their mouth and they spit them back out,

so, no, I was not going to taste them. And I also got a few threats from some Catholics, who threatened to mail me unconsecrated crackers that they put rat poison on.

**Wow.**

So, you know, I wasn’t going to risk it.

**On a scale from 1 to 10, how awful was Ben Stein’s *Expelled*?**

I haven’t seen it yet.

**You haven’t seen it—that’s right!**

Yeah, I got kicked out, so...

**They expelled you—**

And uh, I just haven’t gotten up the energy to go see it since. It just does not sound that interesting.

**Yeah, I can’t spend the money. I can’t do it.**

Yeah. Yeah. I hear that I’m excellent in it, however.



OK, um, you debate creationists and these religious types—how do you do it? I mean, because, you know, you can't be reasonable with these people.

Oh, well, of course you can. You can take an entirely reasonable point of view, which is that they're morons, and you just make that clear. That's the challenge of debating these guys, because they really are saying stupid things, and we're kind of conditioned that when we get into a debate or when we lecture other people, that we'll treat them seriously and deferentially and address their arguments, and what you quickly find when you talk to these goons is that no, you can't. (Laughs) If you try to debate them seriously then you end up getting sucked into this vortex of nonsense, and you end up parroting back what they say, you know, while you're refuting it.

And it's just pointless. What you've just got to do is go right for the throat and point out that they're incompetent, they don't know what they're talking about, they're making crap up—and make it sting.

**So, you think mocking people is important?**

Yes. Ridicule is a really important tool. Now, you know, when you get together with somebody one on one and you want to have a serious conversation and you want to actually get a message across to them, ridicule doesn't work there, of course, but when you're in a public forum and somebody strolls up and says something utterly ridiculous like, you know, the earth is six-thousand years old, for the benefit of the other people in the audience, you cannot just sit there and take that at face value. You have to point out that that contradicts all of science, there's no evidence for it—

**Oh, I don't know. I don't know. I've been to a museum in Kentucky...**

Oh yeah...

**That, uh, made a pretty convincing case that the world is in fact six-thousand years old.**

(Pained sigh) That just makes my point for me. Here they spent 27 million dollars on this ludicrous argument—

**And they're making money!**

Yes they are. That's the scary thing, isn't it?

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**That is the scary thing. I thought it would crash and burn immediately. I thought it'd be out of business by now. I overestimated American intelligence, I suppose.**

I had my suspicions that it would do fairly well, because I don't underestimate the stupidity of the American public. That's why I worry about people like Sarah Palin, who's just aiming dead-center at the idiot-America market. And it's a big market.

**Yeah, she's, uh, she's a scary one, huh?**

Yeah.

**When I first saw that McCain picked her I wasn't too concerned, mainly because I didn't know too much about her, but then I realized she was going to ramp up this culture war to the point where, uh, it could be same old Rovian playbook, and that's how they're going to get the Republicans back in. Who do you think is going to win?**

I kind of give the edge to Obama now, but I—there are so many opportunities for him to screw up, that...that he could pull a Kerry on us. If he doesn't come out fighting we are doomed.

**Do you think America is too racist, though, in the end?**

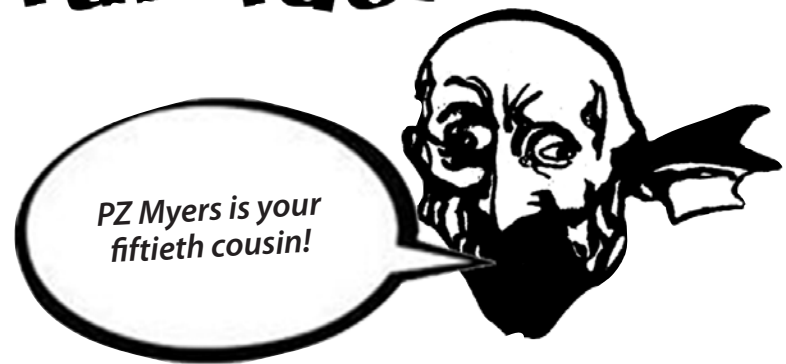
That's another concern. But no, I kind of suspect the part of America that would vote against Obama because he's black, is the part that would vote for the Republicans anyway.

**Right. I think there are studies that support that.**

Yes, so there will be people who refuse to vote for him because the color of his skin, but we never had them to begin with.

**Just to stay on this idea of race, I remember back in the '80s, the sportscaster Jimmy the Greek—he got in trouble for saying that slavery had, more or less, made American blacks superior athletes. It was controversial and he got fired, from CBS I think it was. Scientifically speaking, is there any merit to that thesis, or is it straight out racist?**

## Fun Fact



Wha—oh—it's, well, there's a teeny-tiny bit of merit, but it's much more complicated than that. American slaves went through a major bottleneck. Now, the fact that they were put on to boats where many of them died, that they were put into hard labor and many of them died, that they were abused and mistreated in ways that compromised their ability to have children, those all affected the population. It wouldn't be as simple as saying, well, it made them more athletic—it did a whole bunch of things. African Americans are more prone to high blood pressure problems, for instance. So yeah, there's been little shifts in their genetic makeup by that effect. But where it becomes racist is when you start lumping them all together and saying, OK, well all black people have high blood pressure and are good at playing basketball. You *can* say there are these certain genes that will give you high blood pressure and they're at a higher frequency in the African American population.

**Do you think that in the long term melanin is going to be an evolutionary advantage?**

It's—it's too sloppy and flexible, it changes so much. I mean, look at the human populations all around the world, and there are these clines of color shift, you know, pigmentation of skin, and they're all over the place. It seems to be one of those things that evolves very, very easily. So, you know, it'll be transient and it won't be a big deal—except that people make it a big deal. With things like global warming, you know, if you get more heat and sunshine, you'll tend to get browner.

**Oh. Cool.**

Yeah.

**Ok, do you—do you mind if we shift the focus to sex?**

(Giggles heartily) I am not a sex columnist. I am not Dan Savage, so...

**No, no. All right, well, uh, I'll skip the first question, because the first question was: What are you wearing?**

(Laughs) I'm in my office and I'm dressed formally for work.

**That's hot, I guess. In the Disney film *Finding Nemo*, Nemo was a clownfish, and I've come to find out that clownfish are sequential hermaphrodites. Could you, uh, maybe explain what that is, and what kind of message do you think this sends to our children?**

Oh, well, lots of species do this kind of thing. Lots of species will actually shift their sexes over time.

**With an operation, right? Because my cousin, he's been saving for a long time now.**

Oh yeah, people are less flexible. We're kind of stuck using surgery, but lots of animals, all it takes is a little shift in hormone levels and they'll spontaneously generate the appropriate gonads. But these tend to be animals that don't have particularly elaborate genitalia or



anything like that anyway, so it's an easier transition for them.

Well, yeah, lots of species do that and uh...what does it tell our children? Well, we don't want to fall for the naturalistic fallacy, you know, that just because something happens in nature, it doesn't mean you have to do it. Like your mom said, if your friends jump off a cliff, would you do it too? No you don't have to. If a fish turns into a hermaphrodite it doesn't mean you have to be a hermaphrodite either. But what it does do is kind of remove the idea that species have a right way of being, that there is a fixed order to the universe, that's there's some divine being who says, "Well, everybody should be heterosexual." There's just too many counterexamples out there.

**OK. Well. Um, according to legendary sex researcher Alfred Kinsey, humans are rarely if ever strictly heterosexual or strictly homosexual. That said, do you think it's fair to say that James Dobson is bisexual, and where do you think he falls on the scale—zero: totally straight, or six: just flaming gay?**

Well, uh, you know, again, a lot of this is a cultural construct. What the biology says is that we have the ability to be turned on by a lot of different things, depending on upbringing, culture, what we're exposed to at formative periods in life or what kind of magazines you had when you were thirteen years old, and so forth. And from that I would say that, you know, there are people who may have the biological capability to

enjoy sex with members of the same sex, but, they've been so thoroughly warped by their culture or by their upbringing that there's no way they could. I would put Dobson in that category. He could be a flaming homosexual deep down inside, but it doesn't matter, because he's been so thoroughly indoctrinated that if he did indulge himself he wouldn't physically enjoy it, he'd be so crippled by guilt.

**Now that we're slightly, you know, more tolerant of the gay lifestyle, and these people don't have to, um, live or work in the shadows, et cetera, do you think the priesthood has suffered?**

What a weird question. Has the priesthood suffered...

**The talent pool is so much lower now. Because, you know, you figure that back in the day, what was a gay guy gonna do but join the priesthood?**

That's true.

**Now they can openly be singers and dancers and whatever—scientists.**

Yeah, well, I don't think so, because if your brain has been fried by religion it's going to burn all the talent out of you and you won't be a singer or dancer anyway.

**Really? What about Joel Osteen?**

(Laughs) I kind of feel like what we ought to do is start a little "hot or not" session here where we judge various evangelical

preachers on whether they're able to be attracted to us or not.

**HAHAHAHA!**

Osteen has developed his own little shtick, hasn't he?

**Yeah, he really has.**

I wouldn't pay money to go to a Broadway theater to see it, which is really limiting his options there. He's never going to make it in New York.

**Getting a little bit back to evolution: Um, even if we're completely rational about the thing and we realize that evolution is a scientific fact, I think a lot of people get tripped up in that gray area where things like—what we would call inorganic, you know, compounds, you know, the clay and stone or whatever, the primordial ooze—in between there and when we have RNA and later DNA. How does this transition happen?**

You mean how *did* it happen?

**Yes.**

Well, you know, that's a difficult thing, because it's a serious problem. It's something that happened four billion years ago—three and a half to four billion years ago—and the old biological jalopies that evolved then didn't have what it takes to survive nowadays. So those kinds of forms can't reoccur. It sort of requires a special set of conditions long, long ago for

## THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH

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that to evolve. We've also got this problem that they're very small creatures; they tend to be very soft, you know. They're just little buckets of chemicals, right? So they don't preserve very well. The way people are going about approaching it is they're, first of all, looking for traces in ancient rocks, so you can find evidence of these things by the fact that biology tends to be racemic, that is, it tends to promote chemicals with certain handedness—selectively. So you look for these kind of chemicals from the past and what you're basically finding is carbon sludge, and all just happens to be right handed. That tells you that's one place.

The other way people are doing it is by trying to repeat it. What you do is set up culture chambers where there's no living

things in there, there's just chemicals, and you expose them to conditions and temperatures and pressures and so forth that you think that were like what were present on the early earth and you try to get the bits and pieces of the chemistry going.

### Now, has that been replicated?

Not the whole pathway, of course. But, for instance, you may have heard of the Krebs cycle. It's kind of a central biochemical pathway in all of our cells, and it uses, for instance, a chemical called pyruvate and it goes through a series of chemical reactions in a little chemical loop. Pieces of that have been found to spontaneously emerge if you treat things with high pressure and temperature, and have some

simple inorganic chemicals available, it will spontaneously generate pyruvate and build these particular building blocks. So, it's kind of this big jigsaw puzzle that they're just working out little fragments of the story piece by piece. Let's work out each step of the pathway, let's see what conditions promote this, and then eventually, you try to put it together, and say, ok well under these conditions we get this series of chemical reactions that are part of the building blocks of life. It's more of a proof of concept test. You can't really go back and see what actually happened, but you can test the chemistry and see if it's feasible for it to have happened.

**Ok. I'm sort of sick of hearing this question and I'd just like someone with some scientific authority to answer it once and for all: What came first, the chicken or the egg?**

Oh, well, it's just a bad question—

**But taken simply, doesn't the egg predate the chicken by, I don't know, a billion years maybe?**

Yes, if you put it those terms. If you say which came first the chicken or the chicken egg then it's more problematic. But yeah, if you say just chicken or egg first, yeah, the egg is really old. The egg has been around for a long, long time. We've got fossilized embryos that have primitive shells from six-hundred million years ago.

**And these are fossils that, presumably, Satan buried in the earth to trick us?**

Yeah, Satan was in this phase where he was really into caviar, or something, some years ago. Yeah, they're these little fossilized embryos. They're very simple creatures. They were organisms that just evolved into a little ball of cells. But we've got these fossils. It's amazing stuff. You know, just by chance, we have these bits and pieces. And of course reptiles precede chickens, they had eggs, too—still do.


**Um, do you think it's fair to ask, as CNN recently did, if Barack Obama is the Antichrist?**

There's nothing the media can't ask. There are so many stupid questions to ask. That's a good example of a stupid question to discredit the media. I hope people answered no, right?

**Well, it just ran across the Chyron,**

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I don't think it was really a poll. It was just sort of an existential sort of ponderance. Uh, speaking of the media, and I don't really have a question here, but I just can't help being appalled that you'll see on FoxNews people citing Worldnetdaily—you're familiar, you've called it "Worldnutdaily," which is appropriate—and the editor Joe Farah, or however you pronounce it, he literally believes in dragons. And that just amazes me.

Uh-huh. There's a lot of people that do.

**How—why?!**

Ha-ha! Well, they don't have evidence for them, but it is a necessary conclusion of their beliefs. They believe the earth is only six-thousand years old and that dinosaurs are concurrent with human beings. And, six-thousand years mean, well, hey, dinosaurs could still be around. There are people who actually believe the way to prove evolution is wrong is to find a dinosaur—and they have expeditions. We have one here in Minneapolis. There's a place called Creation Safaris, and every year they put out a call and get money and go on these little tours. The big one is they go up to a lake up in Canada where they think there's a Loch Ness-type monster. And if they find that, you know, evolution doesn't have any claim. They make trips to Africa where they're looking for the brontosaurus that people think is walking around there, and if they find that, evolution is done—which is absolutely absurd.

**Oh wow. Maybe we could just do a few more quick questions I like to call the absurdist lightning round—are you ready?**

You mean we haven't had that already?

**No! That was the serious part! The scholarly bit.**

In my business I'm used to the absurdist round, so go ahead.

**Have you ever been caught riding dirty?**

Riding dirty...you mean, like...unbathed or...

**I don't know what it means. Just answer.**

Oh, Ok. I have not been caught.

**Can God make a mind so rational that it won't believe in him?**

Oh, now, you're trying to blow my mind here, uh...no, just simply no.

**Will dogs ever learn to do math?**

They already do to a limited degree. What are you talking about?

**What?!**

They aren't very good at it. They know one and they know many.

**Ha! But what about calculus and things like this?**

Oh. Uh...we'd need to do some rather substantial genetic engineering to do that, and if we get dogs who are capable of knowing calculus they'll be smarter than ninety-nine percent of the people on the planet, which is scary.

**Is that something we should worry about?**

Well, you know, the way the country is going it might actually be an improvement.



*Dr. Myers' biting wit can be found at [scienceblogs.com/pharyngula/](http://scienceblogs.com/pharyngula/), but you probably already knew that.*

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# WHY REDNECKS RULE THE WORLD

**BY JOE BAGEANT**

During this US election cycle we are hearing a lot from the pundits and candidates about “heartland voters” and “white working class voters.”

What they are talking about are rednecks. But in their political correctness, media types cannot bring themselves to utter the word “redneck.” So I’ll say it for them: redneck-redneck-redneck-redneck.

The fact is that we American rednecks embrace the term in a sort of proud defiance. To us, the term redneck indicates a culture we were born in and enjoy. So I find it very interesting that politically correct people have taken it upon themselves to protect us from what has come to be one of our own warm and light hearted terms for one another.

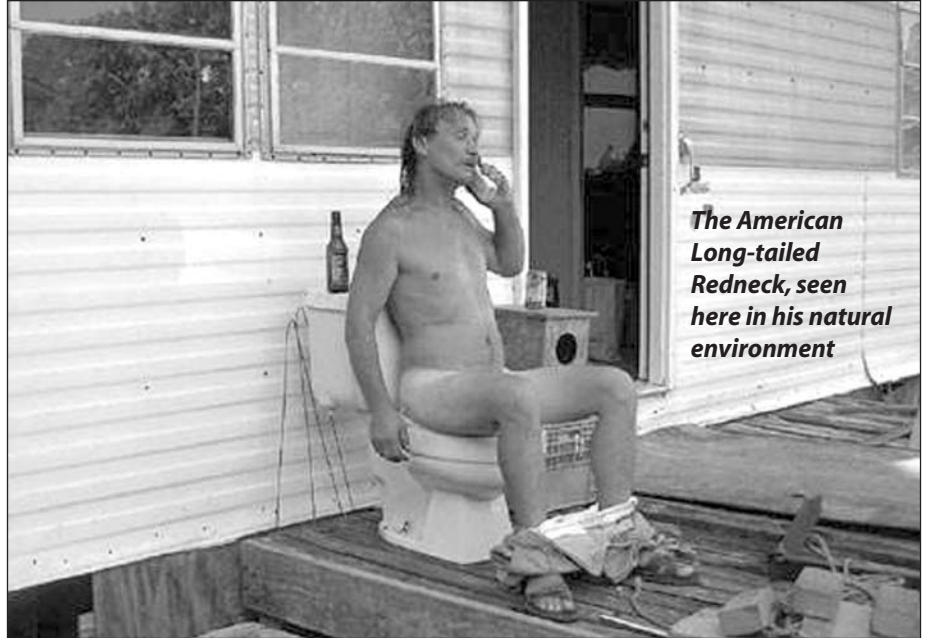
On the other hand, I can quite imagine their concern, given what’s at stake in the upcoming election. We represent at least a third of all voters and no US president has ever been elected without our support.

Consequently, rednecks have never had so many friends or so much attention as in 2008. Contrary to the stereotype, we are not all tobacco chewing, guffawing Southerners, but are scattered from coast to coast. Over 50% of us live in the “cultural south,” which is to say places with white Southern Scots-Irish values -- redneck values.

They include western Pennsylvania, central Missouri and southern Illinois, upstate Michigan and Minnesota, eastern Connecticut, northern New Hampshire...

So when you look at what pundits call the red state heartland, you are looking at the Republic of Redneckia.

As to having our delicate beer-sodden feelings protected from the term redneck; well, I appreciate the effort, though I



*The American Long-tailed Redneck, seen here in his natural environment*

highly suspect that the best way to hide snobbishness is to pose as protector of any class of folks you cannot bear. Thus we are being protected by the very people who look down on us – educated urban progressives.

And let’s face it, there’s plenty to look down on. By any tasteful standard, we ain’t a pretty people.

## **Uppity and slick? Not us...**

We come in one size: extra large. We are sometimes insolent and often quick to fight. We love competitive spectacle such as NASCAR and paintball, and believe gun ownership is the eleventh commandment.

We fry things nobody ever considered friable – things like cupcakes, banana sandwiches and batter dipped artificial cheese ... even pickles.

And most of all we are defiant and suspicious of authority, and people who are “uppity” (sophisticated) and “slick”

(people who use words with more than three syllables. Two should be enough for anybody).

And that is one of the reasons that, mystifying as it is to the outside world, John McCain’s choice of the moose-shooting Alaskan woman with the pregnant unmarried teen daughter appeals to many redneck and working class Americans.

We all understand that there is a political class which dominates in America, and that Sarah Palin for damned sure is not one of them. And the more she is attacked by liberal Democratic elements (translation: elite highly-educated big city people) the more America’s working mooks will come to her defense. Her daughter had a baby out of wedlock? Big deal. What family has not? She is a Christian fundamentalist who believes God spat on his beefy paws and made the world in seven days? So do at least 150 million other Americans. She snowmobiles and fishes and she is a looker to boot. She’s a redneck.



## American ethos

The term redneck indicates a lifestyle and culture that can be found in every state in our union. The essentials of redneck culture were brought to America by what we call the Scots Irish, after first being shipped to the Ulster Plantation, where our, uh, remarkable cultural legacy can still be seen every 12 July in Ireland.

Ultimately, the Scots Irish have had more of an effect on the American ethos than any other immigrant group. Here are a few you will recognize:

- Belief that no law is above God's law, not even the US Constitution.
- Hyper-patriotism. A fighting defense of native land, home and heart, even when it is not actually threatened: e.g., Iraq, Panama, Grenada, Somalia,

Cuba, Nicaragua, Vietnam, Haiti and dozens more with righteous operations titles such as Enduring Freedom, Restore Hope, and Just Cause.

- A love of guns and tremendous respect for the warrior ideal. Along with this comes a strong sense of fealty and loyalty. Fealty to wartime leaders, whether it be FDR or George Bush.
- Self-effacement, humility. We are usually the butt of our own jokes, in an effort not to appear aloof among one another.
- Belief that most things outside our own community and nation are inferior and threatening, that the world is jealous of the American lifestyle.
- Personal pride in equality. No man, however rich or powerful, is better

than me.

- Perseverance and belief in hard work. If a man or a family is poor, it is because they did not work hard enough. God rewards those who work hard enough. So does the American system.
- The only free country in the world is the United States, and the only reason we ever go to war is to protect that freedom.

All this has become so deeply instilled as to now be reflexive. It represents many of the worst traits in American culture and a few of the best.

And that has every thinking person here in the US, except perhaps John McCain and Sarah Palin, worried.


Very worried. 

# You'd be surprised who's reading THE BEAST!

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IP Address	156.33.193.41 [Label IP Address]
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# Kristol Balls



**BY ALLISON KILKENNY**

I was shocked to learn in today's New York Times that Bill Kristol, much like John McCain, considers himself a bit of a maverick.

You see, ever since he was a little ragamuffin racing around in short pants, Billy Kristol claims to have loved the state, but now in his old age, he's booting out the "anti" in antidisestablishmentarianism, and is living out his winter years as a full-blown political anarchist.

Boot out the Clintons! See ya' in hell, Bushes! Billy Kristol wants change in Washington!

Of course, Kristol has a strange definition of "change," and he is exactly the type of laughably hypocritical fossil that new generations of Americans are so desperately trying to force out of power.

Kristol is a member of several conservative think tanks. He was chairman of the New Citizenship Project from 1997 to 2005, he is a member of the board of trustees for the free-market Manhattan Institute for Policy Research, he co-founded the neoconservative Project for the New American Century (PNAC) in 1997 with Robert Kagan, and he is a member of the Policy Advisory Board for the neoconservative Ethics and Public Policy Center.

But that aside, Kristol is just tickled pink that there's a lady running for the second highest seat in the land! Suddenly,

## **BILL KRISTOL, REVOLUTIONARY FEMINIST**

with the arrival of Sarah Palin, William has tucked little Billy between his legs, and claims to be a born-again feminist. Praise Ani DiFranco! In fact, he's just outraged by all of these "Neo-Feminists," who refuse to clutch Sarah Palin to their bosoms. He quotes the "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" to describe feminists' displeasure with Palin: "That is not what I meant at all. That is not it, at all."

Had T.S. Eliot seen Sarah Palin, he may very well have wrapped his arm around a weeping feminist and whispered, "Man, that DOES suck." But leaving aside such silly speculation, it's safe to assume that feminists aren't angry simply because Palin isn't their preferred type of female, but that she's not their preferred type of Vice-Presidential candidate, and worse, she's a woman, too!


But I digress. Kristol is also super stoked that there's a black guy running, even though he once erroneously claimed Obama was in church during Reverend Wright's infamous sermon. Suddenly, he's less concerned with Obama's radical God ties and more concerned with the Changiness in Barack's Change Machine.

Yes, Kristol is simply giddy over all of this change.

...Oh, he's also the founder and editor of the political magazine *The Weekly Standard*, a regular commentator on the Fox News Channel, and an Op-Ed columnist for the *New York Times*, one of the loudest, strongest supporters of the Bush Doctrine, the Iraq War, and the 2006 Israeli attack on Lebanon.

Ahem. In the words of Jon Stewart: "Oh Bill Kristol, are you ever right?"

The answer is No. This is the year of change, we've heard a thousand times a day. Now, with the economy in turmoil and U.S. troops dying abroad, the Bush sentinels will try desperately to evolve from their free market, neoconservative cocoons. Kristol appears to be stuck mid-metamorphosis, and he's pathetically wiggling and squirming while trying with all his might to look like an exciting revolutionary.

He's not. He's just a pathetic liar and *The New York Times* finds itself in a difficult position of its own device, having only hired Kristol recently. The Gray Lady is walking a thin line between housing diverse political voices and providing sanctuary for one of the few and final Bush Doctrine apologists. 



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A black and white photograph of a woman with short hair and glasses, wearing a white lab coat and white gloves. She is smiling and holding a small glass flask with a black stopper. A stream of liquid is being poured from the flask into her mouth. In the background, a large, detailed moose head is visible, with liquid dripping from its antlers. The overall scene is surreal and humorous.

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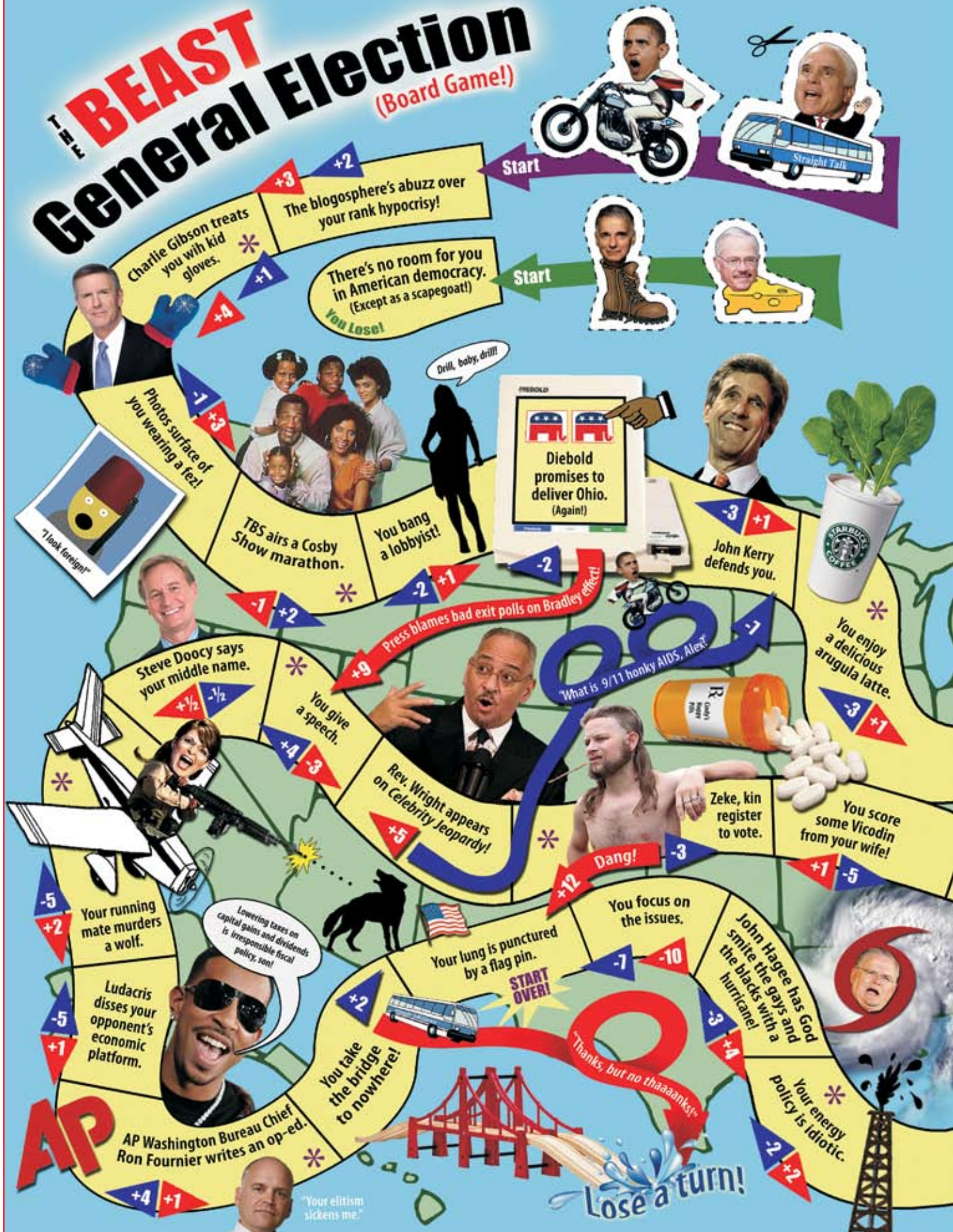
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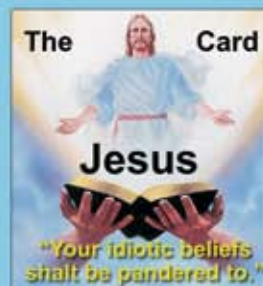
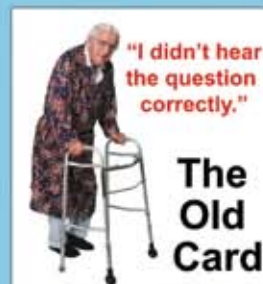
Using a standard six-sided die, advance your chosen game piece through the rapid identity politics, voter prejudices and media spin of the general election. Pieces are limited to one roll per turn (unless a card is played that allows for an extra move). Each game square contains numbered red and blue arrows that reflect public opinion. Land on a space and advance or recede on the game board according to the arrows. Land on a game square containing a purple asterisk and you get to pick up a card.

### 3) Play the \_\_\_\_\_ card!

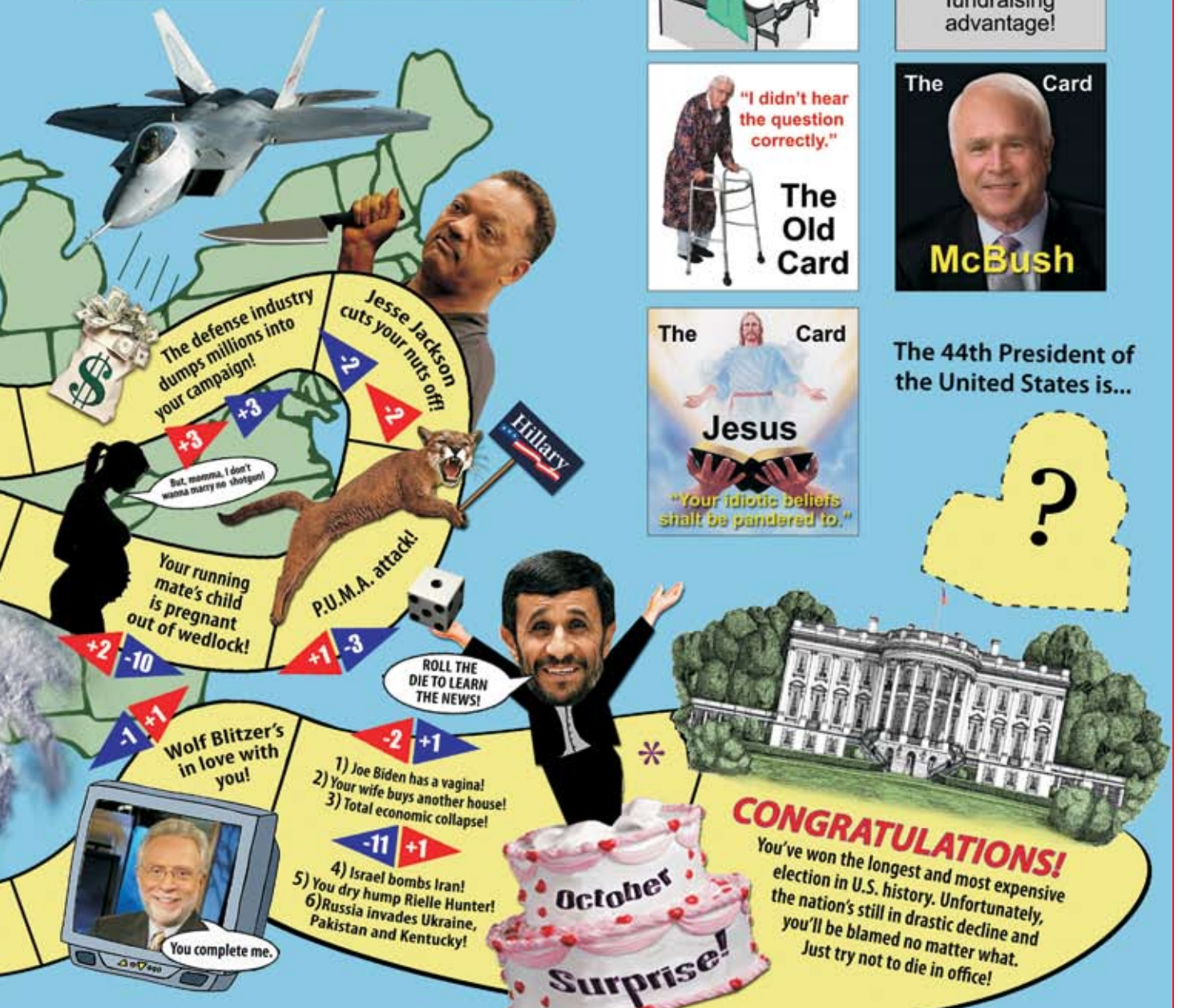
Pick up as many cards as you can on your way to the White House. You may play it whenever you want to roll again, double your roll or follow the numbered arrow of your opponent (The choice is yours). Each card may be played a maximum of two times.

### 4) Have an incredibly tedious time!

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The 44th President of the United States is...





# BIGFOOT TAKES GOLD IN MEN'S FREESTYLE NEWS FILL

## SASQUATCH: BETTER THAN MICHAEL PHELPS?

BY STEVE GORDON

During the mild news lull that occurred in between Michael Phelps's violent murder spree in Beijing and Barack Obama's vice presidential nomination of Michael Phelps, the media put a couple of its less-important chips behind Bigfootgate '08.

At this point there are 602 online "news" items concerning this "scandal:" two relatively *not* retarded former law enforcement officers from Georgia announced that they'd found the corpse of Bigfoot. A week later, the story was confirmed to be a hoax. The story nevertheless confirmed our greatest fears: Never break the law in the South.

It took a coordinated, though agentless, media hype-up to get our collective heads wrapped around the Bigfoot narrative. But we were primed; the news has gotten us going and gotten us talking about the news. Behind, Phelps had literally *slaughtered* the nation of China—literally—an ahead, an election that could mean the retributive enslavement of the white race was about to enter its last leg.

But how often does the media shovel incoherent filler like this our way? How much extraneous cheese do we swallow with our Hard News Reubens? Here's a look at some of the stranger, overlooked stories of last week:

**Georgia Men Claim To Have Evidence of Gay Zombie**

KTNV-ABC Las Vegas, 15 Aug 2008

Two Georgia men held a news conference Friday in hopes of making good on their promise to deliver evidence of the existence of *Gay Zombies*.

Friday, the men displayed pictures of a fur-adorned corpse in a freezer, *which looked fabulous*, along with the results of a DNA test.

Skeptics say it is just the latest in a long line of hoaxes.

One of the men who says he found the creature says, "*Be sure to get tested for*

*zombie HIV. I'm completely fucking serious.*"

One *Gay Zombie* researcher says a picture of the corpse looks like *an ordinary zombie* in a costume.

Stay tuned to Action News as we monitor developing news around the Valley.

**Fur Real? Georgia Pair Say They Found an Uncanny Interdimensional Discolouration**

The Washington Post, 17 August 2008

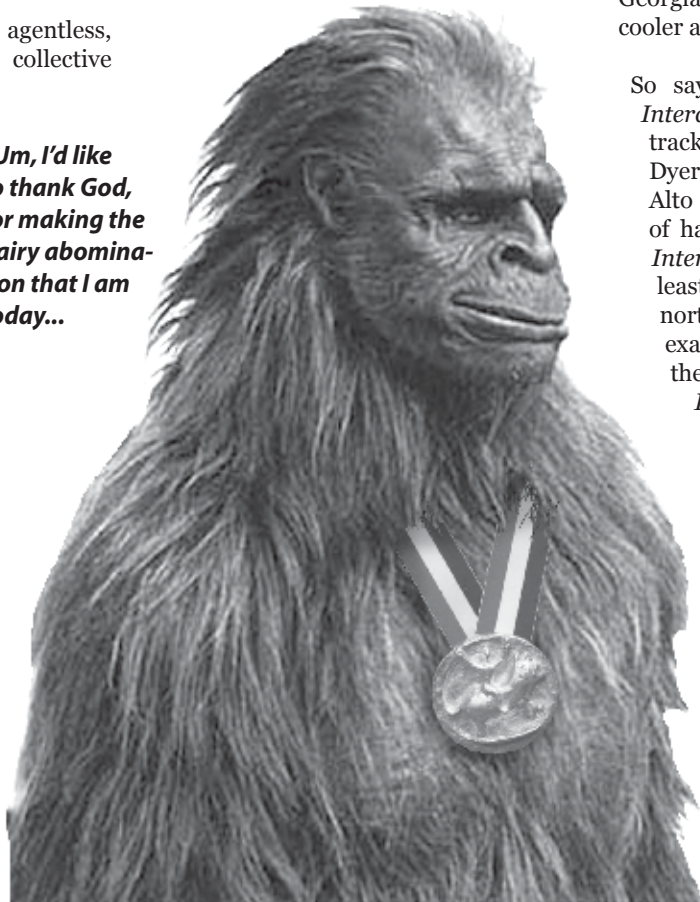
An *Uncanny Interdimensional Discolouration* has been found in the Georgia woods and is being held in a cooler at an undisclosed location.

So say two self-proclaimed *Uncanny Interdimensional Discolouration* trackers, Matthew Whitton and Rick Dyer, who held a news conference in Palo Alto on Friday to publicize their claim of having found the elusive *Uncanny Interdimensional Discolouration*, or at least the *discolouration* of one, in the northern part of the Peach State. The exact location is being kept secret, they said, to protect other *Uncanny Interdimensional Discolourations* still *discolouring* out there.

The public was excluded from the conference, but a picture of the supposed 500-plus-pound dead *Uncanny Interdimensional Discolouration* was posted online at on [www.searchingforuncanny.com](http://www.searchingforuncanny.com)

*...I'd also like to thank my girlfriend Tina—we did it, baby!"*

*"Um, I'd like to thank God, for making the hairy abomination that I am today..."*



cannyinterdimensionaldiscolouration.com, looking like a mangy mound of discolouration and the discoloured colour of a close cousin to "color" -- all crammed into a water-filled icebox. A second photo showed the proud captors, and Tom Biscardi, a fellow *Uncanny Interdimensional Discolouration* hunter and owner of the Web site, posed next to the wet heap of discolour.

Some *Uncanny Interdimensional Discolouration* enthusiasts were less than convinced...

### Georgia men defend Jason Voorhees body claims

CNN.com, 15 Aug 2008

A pair of Georgia men faced more than a half-hour of skeptical questions from reporters Friday as they defended their claim that they stumbled upon the body of Jason Voorhees while hiking in a remote abandoned summer camp near Crystal Lake.

The thawed body of a creature reputed to be Jason Voorhees reportedly weighs more than 500 pounds.

Introduced by a publicist and beside a man who promoted what turned out to be a fake Jason discovery in 1995, Matthew Whitton and Rick Dyer repeatedly said that their claim is not a hoax and that scientific analysis will prove it.

"We were not looking for Jason. ... We wouldn't know what we were doing if we did," said Whitton, a police officer on leave after being shot in the hand while making an arrest. "I didn't believe in Jason at the time. *Me 'n Ricky, we was jes' dry humpin' in that thur cabin when one a' them Jasons started stabbin' this big machete through the wall at us, h'yuck.* But you've got to come to terms with it and realize you've got something special. And that's what it was. *H'yuck.*"

The men say they were hiking in early June when they discovered the body of a 7-foot-7, 500-pound half-hockey-player, half-human creature near a stream. They also claim to have spotted about three similar living creatures -- and showed reporters video stills of what they say is one of those creatures *predictably appearing in front of them no matter where they ran through the woods...*

### Two Georgians Say They Have Grampire's Body

New York Times, 14 Aug 2008


In the *musky* and hoax-filled history of *Grampire*, those who believe in the mythical beast have offered up all manner of evidence, from grainy photos of *nothing*, to *weak gum marks on necks*, to *blood-spackled social security checks*.

But on Friday at a hotel in Palo Alto, Calif., a pair of *Grampire* hunters say they will present what they contend is the most definitive proof yet of an animal that science says does not exist: DNA evidence and photographs of *an un-undead specimen* they say they found in a remote

swath of retirement villas in northern Georgia.

"It was very frightening at first," said Rick Dyer, 31, a former corrections officer who — coincidentally — runs a business that offers *Grampire-sponsored trips to the ice cream parlor*.

"And it got even more frightening when you saw the others, *but then it got sad, if not somewhat endearing, when you saw them foolishly putting their capes in the dishwasher.*"

One photograph provided to the news media showed what resembled a *grandpa* — or maybe a *vampire* — lying twisted in a freezer, with a dollop of *hard candy* protruding from its belly... 



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**BY IAN MURPHY**

*"Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!"  
-The evil box in my living room*

Crash-A-Rama, Round II, the "Wildest Show on Wheels," was to offer a compact enduro, a mini-van demolition derby, skid cars, a jet-powered jalopy and a full-sized school bus figure 8 race. It was to be an ode to self-destruction, a patriotic aria of mangled steel, spark and flame sung by internal combustion engine to a people being crushed under runaway empire and dragged over the precipice of total environmental collapse. It was going to kick ass.

The TV spot I saw thrice promised "Heavy Metal!" and ran, curiously, during David Gregory's "Race for the White House." Now that I'm here, this strikes me as demographic targeting gone far afield. The rednecks at the NASCAR Holland, NY International Speedway approach self parody—clad from head to toe in black

denim, NASCAR gear, cowboy duds and flag prints. Many wear mullets and wispy tails sans irony. Rightly, they love horsepower, beer, the smell of burnt rubber and charred animal flesh—and are suspicious of journalists, clipboards and all things political.

"Would you like to take a brief political survey?" I ask folks outside the gate. No way, the multitude shakes their heads.

"I shoulda' knowed it..." scoffs one lanky dude, baring his yellow bucked and chipped teeth, "the second I seen that clipboard." He casually spits tobacco juice on my foot.

"Oh say can you see...ee...ee?" The strange question echoes from tinny stadium speakers. Some 3,000 scurrying gear-heads stop dead and answer promptly by obeying United States Code, 36 USC Sec. 301: Face flag, place right hand over heart. Pure Rome.

This is the coliseum and a giant vomitorium wrapped into one. "No way, man, I'm gonna puke first!" some college kid brags. I plunk down twenty bucks for my ticket, look toward the concession stands and think: When in NASCAR country...

"Seventeen-fifty, for a sixer of Labatt's!" I reel. "Eh...give me two."

"Two beers?"

"No, two sixers. I think that's...fourteen beers total, Ma'am—a brewer's dozen." Her shitty grin says she knows rudimentary mathematics, and won't be so easily rooked.

"Because it's the troops that make all this possible...ossible...ossible," the tinny echo rings hollowly. The crowd applauds perfunctorily.

"Please, watch yer step, folks...olks...olks," the intercom warns on cue as I nearly stick my foot through a rotten board on

the grandstand steps. Lighting a cigarette, I inch past a young retarded gentleman. He scrunches his kind face and waves his hands at the smoke.

"Jesus Christ," I say, guilty as hell. "Sorry, buddy."

"OK!" Those fellas have hearts of gold.

The remnants of hurricane Gustav drizzles on the crowd, and as if from the seventh trumpet of Revelations, the MC announces—without remorse or fear—that the "Carpocalypse is here...ere..ere!" The crowd roars. I have no idea what the hell it all means. Then a guy jumps his car over a bus onto the roof of a double-wide.

I will learn later that Crash-A-Rama will be featured on Spike TV's junker smashup series "Carpocalypse." The show's second season, "Carpocalypse: Civil war," pits a team from the north against a team from the south for a cash prize and grease-monkey bragging rights. Incidentally, Wikipedia lists the south as having five team members and the north only four, because "Ben stood in when Raybo was in jail." That is so Raybo.

The compact enduro on the wet quarter-mile track is fifty fast laps of green flags, fishtails and wall-slamming spin-outs. With the yellow flag waving, I finally take a seat in the top row and quietly crack the first sixer. By the time the checkered flag waves, I am standing on the bench, howling incoherently and violently waving thirty cents worth of aluminum. I've gone completely native.

Full of testosterone and beer, I know it's time to do some serious polling. This time I won't take no for an answer. I gaze uneasily down the risers, built with no walkways and impossibly crammed with primates.

Undaunted, I careen down the stands, over blanketed grandma laps, French fries, beer and infants—knees high...good form...feet finding metal bench, wooden planks, a woman's foot, air...hurtling...tumbling...gravity.

"Ah you OK?" asks the sweet retard, lifting my body with magnificent strength.

"I'm OK, buddy," I say. "Thanks." As I limp down the risers, I have an epiphany: *What would Jesus do?* He'd be retarded.

After a nearly interminable piss, I take out my clipboard and ask twenty people the following rapid-fire questions:

1) Who do you think would win in a fight: Superman or Jesus?

2) Are you excited about the coming war with Iran?

3) Do you think creationism should be taught in school?

4) Do you think Barack Obama is a secret Muslim?

5) Do you think John McCain is a secret robot?

6) What do you think of Russia invading South Andromeda?

7) What's a bigger threat to America, terrorists or global warming?

8) Is this man ready to be President?



9) Is this woman qualified to be Vice President?



And answer they do:

1) The Son of Man pummels the Son of Krypton, 20, nil. No contest.

2) A lucky 13 don't want to "bomb,

bomb, Iran," 2 can barely wait and 5 are indifferent.

3) Adam & Eve crush Darwin, 14 - 6!

4) An encouraging 20 do not believe Obama's a Muslim.

5) A discouraging 20 also do not think McCain is a robot.

6) Russia's intergalactic aggression: 18 think it sucks, is wrong or uncalled for and 2 have no opinion.

7) Terrorism ties global warming for the biggest threat facing America at 8, with 3 undecided, and one wise man answering, "Our own people."

8) Of those who think the man depicted is, in fact, Barack Obama, half think he is ready to lead. "I don't care what people say," says one woman, looking at the print out. "I think he is ready." Of the half polled who know it's *Hancock* star Will Smith, one man thinks he is ready: "He's better'n what we got!" Fair point.

9) Of those who think the woman depicted is, in fact, Sarah Palin, 10 think she's qualified and 7 not so much. "Yeah, I know who she is," one drunk slurs, "it's, uh, what's her name—Nancy Palin!" Only 3 know it's Tina Fey.

This is the problem with democracy. Luckily, in America, we ain't got it. And who needs it? We got TV. We got Carpoolypse. We got beer.

I nurse the tenth and final Labatt's during the quarter-hour it takes to get a hot dog (we lost two brave soldiers some damn place). I softly hum "Taps," and stare sullenly at a puddle of ketchup large enough to drown a jack Russell terrier. "I think they were from Saudi Arabia or something!" shrieks a tween waiting for fried dough.

The excitement that marked the enduro has set with the sun. The jet-powered truck sputters around the track at a mule's pace, the mini-van derby consists of five barely moving husks and the school bus figure 8 is a wreck-free, flameless disappointment. Civilization is at an end, and we can't even get that right.

All is lost. There's only ketchup now. Just a big fucking pile of ketchup. ~~2008~~

# THIS BEAST IN HISTORY



## THE BATTLE OF IWO JIM HIGH

**BY CLINT EASTWOOD**

On the second night of the Republican Convention in St. Paul, former Arkansas Governor Mike Huckabee told the inspiring story of one Martha Cothren, a teacher at Joe T. Robinson High School in Little Rock. "On the first day of school in 2005," as ol' Huck told it, Mrs. Cothren "was determined that her students would not take their education or their privilege as Americans for granted." To prove her point, the Arkansas teacher had all the desks removed from her classroom. Despite the students' pleas, they remained without desks the entire day. They hadn't earned them, said Cothren. By three o'clock concerned parents and the local media were abuzz over the educator gone mad. Finally, with all present and demanding answers, the woman taught them the patriotic lesson they needed to learn. One by one, a long line of proud veterans entered the class, each one carrying a desk. "As they carefully and quietly arranged the desks in neat rows," recalled Huckabee, "Martha said, 'You don't have to earn your desks. These guys already did.'" Touching stuff.

What's more important, however, is to remember not when these brave veterans acted as a teacher's aide, but to remember where and when those heroes fought and died for those desks: The Battle of Iwo Jima High.

World War II—America was entrenched in bloody combat throughout Europe and the Pacific. The end was nowhere in sight. The war was dragging on and America was

paying the price. Average citizens were giving their best to go without, so our soldiers would have to tools they needed to succeed. America's children were no exception. As a rationing measure, student went to school without books, binders, backpacks—and yes, desks. Uncle Sam needed every scrap of paper, wood and metal he could get his hands on. Not only did desk production cease nationally, as decreed by law, but existing desks were dismantled and fashioned into guns, tanks and planes. And when that didn't work, the desks were used whole as both substitute for barbed wire in the trenches and bombs in the air. Though not as effective as conventional tactics, desk warfare played an integral role in Allied

strategy. Through D-Day and The Battle of the Bulge, during the invasion of Tripoli and the Battle of the Midway, more desks were lost than at any time in U.S. history.

On February 23, 1946 tragedy struck the Allied war effort: we completely ran out of desks. Dwight Eisenhower delivered the sad news to the American people during a somber fireside chat. The war was all but lost. Upon hearing the news, one heroic naval officer had an idea.

On the evening of February 24th, Private Graham Cracker (you can't make this stuff up) did something no American should ever forget: he earned us our desks. The fighting over Iwo Jima had been going on





for days. Cracker was shot down during a fierce dogfight over choppy seas. By some miracle, he was able to steer his flaming wreckage toward land. He crashed his plane into the gymnasium of Iwo Jima High School. And history would never be the same.

After enduring an agonizing couple of minutes of being pelted with dodge balls, Cracker gained his senses and began to fight. And don't you know he caught every ball thrown at him. Before long, the entire squadron of Japanese teenagers were on the sidelines, out of the game. Then he shot them all in the head, for good measure. But he left one terrified child alive. That boy's name was Tojo Jr.

"Where are the fucking desks, fascist pig?" he yelled.

"Oh, me so solly, me no speaker Engrish!" Tojo plead.

"But that sounded a lot like English to me, you damn Jap bastard!"

The Private worked him over for two days and three nights. America needed those desks, or Europe would be crushed under the Nazi boot. Enraged by the boy's silence, Cracker ran from the gymnasium into the first classroom he could find. He came back and beat that boy's head in with a small table he'd found there. Several minutes later, he realized it wasn't a small table, but a desk! And he knew he's done his country proud.

Cracker went from room to room, study hall to social studies, math class to music, taking hostages and liberating desks. By the end of the day, he'd collected enough desks to ensure that at the end of the war, at least one American school would have the desks it so desperately needed. And maybe, just maybe, at some point in the distant future, a charmingly insane presidential has-been would be provided with a nauseous, hokey anecdote with which he could pander to racist gun nuts.

That school was Joe T. Robinson High School in Little Rock, Arkansas. That has-been was Mike Huckabee.

God bless America. 🇺🇸

*Clint Eastwood is an actor and doesn't really know anything about history*



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# Waxy BEAST

BY ERIC LINGENFELTER



## The Jonas Brothers, *A Little Bit Longer* (Hollywood)



And now, for your consideration, the Five-Point Plan for Modern Teen Idoldom:

1. Doll yourself up like the Saturday morning cartoon version of Johnny Thunders.

2. "Write" some generic guitar pop that rocks just hard enough to seem vaguely rebellious but not hard enough to piss off anyone less conservative than your average Parents Television Council member. Now send the songs off to the label to have all of the personality pressed out of them (assuming there was any personality there in the first place) and to have them buffed and polished until they sound no different than they would if you just had a big time producer/songwriter write them for you in the first place.

3. Toss around the words "rock" and "rock star" in your songs, interviews, TV shows, merchandising, movies of the week, etc. This will con your impressionable audience into thinking that you're the real deal, even if you wouldn't know rock if Angus Young chucked one straight into your makeup-

spackled face.

4. Embrace one side of the Donny/Donnie dichotomy.

Choice one is to be a Donny Osmond. Project an image so squeaky clean that Jesus himself would call you a total melvin before giving you a swirly and shaking you down for your milk money.

This is quite easy to pull off. Just think of all the rebellious things that many normal teens do for fun. Now, don't do any of them. Ever. Publicly brag about the fact that you don't indulge in any of this dirty badness and imply that the sheeple who suckle the witch's teat of iniquity are missing out on a richer, sweeter, slightly butterier flavor of life by not nuzzling up to the soft, supple, milky white breast of purity. You also might want to point out that they're going to Hell and you're not, so nyah, nyah!

With this approach, you'd be placed on the highest pedestal by timid girls who are looking for an equally tame fantasy boy, one who would love nothing more than to stay up all night snarfing ice cream and soda, talking about feelings and just being a big ol' snuggly wuggly bugglepuss. Tee hee hee!

You'd also get some play from the little jezebels-in-training who would love nothing more than to pull your wussy-yet-still-pretty-cute ass over to the dark side for some spirited making out (with tongues, even!) and awkward dry humping.

Choice two is to be a Donnie Wahlberg. Pretend that you have a stuffy uncle, Sir Geoffrey Butterfield, and that your sole purpose in life is to make his monocle pop out of his eye in hilarious fashion while he bellows, "WELL, I NEVER!"

Curse in public, wear heavy metal and

punk rawk t-shirts, moon your fans at concerts, post pictures on Myspace of you and your friends getting super wasted on Bacardi Breezers, set small fires in hotels and claim that it was all a huuuuge misunderstanding when you're inevitably caught and brought to court, etc. Basically, just act like a 12-year-old would act if he were trying really hard to get in with the older kids by proving how super hardcore he could be.

You'd get the same audience that you would if you went the Osmond route, but for slightly different reasons. The good girls would love you because they secretly want to be bad. Since they don't know any better, they want you, you Pat Boone in Link Wray's clothing, to show them how.

The "bad girls" would love you because they're fake badasses in search of attention just like you, and once they've alienated all of their friends and family with their rampant angsty bitchcraft, they'll need someone to look up to that might understand their plight and love them for who they are. You, sir, will be that douchebag. Don't take that responsibility lightly.

Parents shouldn't have a problem with either approach because at the end of the day, no matter if you're a goody two-shoes or a baddy biker boots, you're still a pubeless pud prancing around cooing "OOOOH, GIRL, OOOOOH!" and you'll be replaced as soon as the next cutie-patootie, fresh 'n' fruity pop-rock poseur rolls off of the hit factory assembly line and into their daughters' fickle hearts.

5. PROFIT.

*A Little Bit Longer* gets a rating of exactly 697 more words than I ever thought I'd write about a lame teeny bopper phenomenon in my entire life.

**Metallica,**  
*Death Magnetic* (Warner Bros.)



Hope can get us to believe some pretty funny stuff.

Hope can get us to believe that a politician will march on down to Capitol Hill to shake up Washington and tell those fat cats that they'd better start working for the people of America, or else.

Hope can get us to believe that the next lottery ticket we buy will be our one way pass to a penthouse condo in the solid gold building at the corner of Rich Bitch Boulevard and See Your Poor Ass Later Avenue.

And hope can get us to believe that a band that hasn't put out a decent album in almost 20 years can suddenly find that old spark and give us a chance to re-experience the old days, when they were the utterly unassailable, biggest, baddest metal band on the planet.

Of course, this is all bullshit.

The only thing that politician will shake up is a big batch of martinis in celebration of a backroom deal with his not-so-secret corporate companions that will keep the money flowing out of your pockets and into theirs.

The only thing those lottery tickets are going to get you is a bigger hole in your wallet.

And the only thing that a new Metallica album will give us is a chance to reflect on how good they used to be and how far

they've fallen since then.

It's illogical as hell that I and so many other people who are now or were at one point metalheads would still carry a torch (or at least a lit match) for this band after nearly two decades of aural abuse.

It's doubly so when we consider the fact that Metallica's last attempt to "rediscover their roots" in the beginning of this decade led to the following:

- The acrimonious departure of longtime bassist Jason Newstead
- A stint in rehab for singer James Hetfield
- Extensive sessions with a "performance-enhancing coach" who was sent by the label to sort out the band's "trust issues" and keep them from splintering apart under the pressure of creating their first album of original material in six years.
- A reworking of their sound into something more stripped down and raw, with "stripped down and raw" translating from bullshit to English as "fuzzy and unfinished, with guitars that sound like their amps were wrapped in wool, drums that clank and ring like empty oil cans and laughably earnest lyrics delivered by a singer who is apparently 40-going-on-12 and still dealing with the squeaky, squawky havoc that the ravages of puberty are wreaking on his voice."

All of the above troubles resulted in *St. Anger*, Metallica's most offensively shitty album to date and one of the worst albums in rock and roll history to be delivered by a formerly great band.

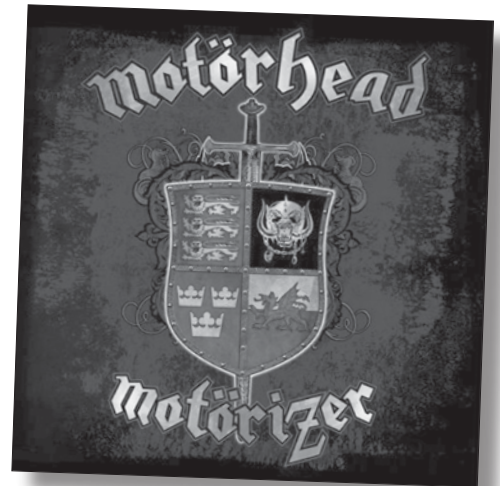
And yet the hope is still there. Maybe all the turmoil fucked with their creative process last time. Maybe that was the one that they had to get out of their system before they showed us what they're really all about. Maybe this time

they can break through the thick layer of suck that's been crusting over them since they broke it big and rediscover the inspiration that made them great. Maybe *Death Magnetic* is the one we've all been waiting for!


Or maybe we should all wake up to the fact that the Kool-Aid is bad for us no matter who serves it up.

*Death Magnetic* gets a rating of two cups of ...*And Justice for All's* meandering overambition, a quart of the *Black Album's* tepid, plodding riffs and half a stick of *St. Anger's* self-help lyrics and emphasis on groooooove. Combine all ingredients in a bowl and fold them together. Pour the mixture into a cake pan and overbake in a 450 degree oven until dried out and crusty. Break the rock-hard cake apart with a hammer and jam the pieces back into the pan whichever way you please. Finally, take the finished product outside and throw it into the face of the first metalhead you see while hoarsely shouting "AH YEYAAAAH, WHOA!"

**Motorhead, *Motorizer***



Just wanted to let you know that there's a new Motorhead album out. That's all.

*Motorizer* needs no rating because Motorhead is beyond being rated by any Earthly number system, but if you insist, I rate this album eleventy-three faffillion out of a quaggle. 

Assail Eric's taste at [lingepx76@gmail.com](mailto:lingepx76@gmail.com)





## Astro naught



Always a darned shame when we hear that the Clemens family has fallen on hard times. Not like we harbor any bitter feelings toward ol' Rajah for eating himself halfway out of the league and laying around on the Winter Haven grass like a beached whale in Spring Training of 1992, on the heels of signing that last \$20 million contract with the Sox. Or for bolting to Toronto with a bag full of magic syringes in '97. Or for finagling a trade to the Yankees two years after that. Or for the rest of his sorry biography. Nah, we're fine with you, Roger. You. Fat. Pig.

There have been many wonderful things for the Boston fan to celebrate over the past seven years: the cosmic losers-to-rulers makeover of the Red Sox, the ascension to dynasty status of the Patriots, the KG trade and its championship aftereffects, the precipitous \$200 million collapse of this year's Yankees, the spellbinding passing of the reptilian-villainy baton from George to Hank Steinbrenner . . .

But almost nothing has been sweeter than seeing the "legacy" of Roger Clemens go up in dense clouds of acrid death-smoke amid revelations of

everything from steroid use to adultery with country-music stars to apparent perjury. Watching Roger weepily beg for redemption before an impassive, stone-faced, clearly disbelieving Mike Wallace was one of the most gorgeous things seen on TV in this part of the world since Walt Coleman's "tuck rule" replay call in the great Snow Bowl of 2002. Roger, underneath it all, was simply a greedy, bloated hog, and if there is any justice he will spend his last days drooling into his lap while private male-nurses wipe pools of liquefied squash off his many chins.

That said, nobody in these parts has ever felt any particular animosity toward Roger's eldest son, Koby Clemens. Back before Roger was an American pariah on par with Osama bin Laden, his desire to stay with the Houston Astros in the hopes of someday playing with his son (then a minor-leaguer in the Houston organization) was considered a "touching" human-interest drama, one of many agent-crafted inventions designed to make him look human.

These days, Koby still plays in the Astros organization, for the high-A Salem (Virginia) Avalanche. He actually made the Carolina League all-stars this year, batting .268. And he scored his first bust. This past week Koby and two teammates, Mark Ori and James Goethals, were arrested at a restaurant in Salem called Mac and Bob's. It appears there was a big disturbance in the parking lot early

on the morning of Sunday, August 31, and — well, the details aren't really out yet, but it seems there was a fight of some kind, and police were forced to intervene. Koby and Ori got disorderly conduct charges while Goethals was hit with misdemeanor assault and battery.

Parking-lot fights are part of the minor-league experience, and there's no reason to hammer Koby too hard for this one. Give him 10 points, plus an extra 30 for the crime of being Roger's son, minus 30 for the pain of being Roger's son. Meaning 10 overall.

## He dint doot



In this space, the crimes of athletes are often spelled out in excruciating detail. Usually they are flushed down the toilet of the criminal-justice system, found guilty in almost instantaneous fashion, and never heard from again — until the jocks magically reappear on the field after wrist-slap sentences.

However, sometimes miracles do happen and these guys are found not guilty. Sometimes those developments involve actual innocence, and sometimes, well, they just get off.

Who knows which of those two we have in the case of University of Nebraska football player Andy Christensen — but we do know that he was found not guilty this past week of the crime of reaching under the skirt of a 23-year-old girl and grabbing a handful of her womanhood. This rare case of a drunken athlete behaving badly and not leaving behind a mountain of disapproving, willing witnesses is worth noting, as is the fact that Cornhuskers coach Bo Pelini is apparently unimpressed by the not-guilty verdict.

"I don't know all the facts and circumstances," said Pelini of the still-suspended left guard. "When I do, we'll come to a conclusion as a football program and athletic department, and we'll make a definitive statement at that point."

So, let's strike Christensen from the list for his "wantonly grabbing unguarded vagina" charge.

### Short on brains



Look, it's not easy being seven feet tall. If you are seven feet tall, there's only one socially acceptable thing you can do with your life: play basketball. Creative thinkers might scheme their way into careers in pro wrestling, action movies about Vikings, or porn, but basically it's basketball or nothing.

One career the seven footer should absolutely *not* consider, however, is bank robbery. The thing about bank robbery is

that it's usually done under the cover of darkness, or via a tunnel, or in daylight while masked (the mask being worn to protect one's *identity*).

And here's the thing about identity: *ordinary*-size people can protect theirs just by wearing masks, since there are a great many ordinary-size people (hence the term "ordinary"). But if you're seven feet tall, a mask doesn't help you that much. Because the police already have a lot of information when the witness begins his statement by saying, "Well, he was *seven feet tall*. . ."

That brings us to the story of Anthony DiLoreto, a seven-foot-tall high-school basketball star from Minnetonka, Minnesota, who was due to play for Cal Poly next year. On August 16, he and a 16-year-old accomplice allegedly attempted to rob the Bremer Bank in Danbury, Wisconsin. Police say DiLoreto was driving the getaway car, but got confused when he didn't see his buddy come out. So he went into the bank and spoke with an employee about opening a student account. He took off after this, stopping for gas — for which he didn't pay — before returning to the scene of the crime. When he heard sirens nearby, police say, DiLoreto got cold feet and headed home for good.

His partner, meanwhile, had allegedly done the deed, getting away with about \$1000. Not seeing his ride, he fled the robbery on foot, and was eventually apprehended by police, apparently trying to *walk* the 100 or so miles back to the Twin Cities. The kid admitted to the crime, and told authorities he had been with DiLoreto. Police found our hero at home a few hours later.

DiLoreto was charged with being a party to an armed robbery and being in possession of a short-barreled shotgun. Cal Poly seemed willing to let him enroll as planned, but for now the youngster has put off his college career to focus on his legal troubles.

There isn't much in the record with regard to basketball players getting arrested for bank robbery, apart perhaps from the famous case of Luther "Ticky" Burden, a onetime ABA star who was convicted in the '90s for robbing a bank in Hempstead, Long Island, only to have his conviction overturned a few years later on a technicality. Football players get hit with the charge a little more often, but most notable when it comes to bank robberies involving jocks is the record of boxers, who seem to always be getting swept up in this business. Of those, the most well-known is probably former welterweight contender James Page, who was arrested in Atlanta in 2001 after he tried to rob two banks in the same day. A Michigan super-middleweight named Anthony "The Dog" Dirrell was picked up on an armed-robbery charge earlier this year, though that may have been a case of mistaken identity. A bank robbery also figured into one of the weirdest stories in boxing history — the tale of Alex Ramos, the prominent Bronx fighter who spent his whole life shadowed by a psychopath named Alberto Lugo from his neighborhood. Lugo was obsessed with Ramos and often assumed his identity, at first in order to pick up girls. Eventually he robbed a bank and the confusion over the two men's identity led the FBI to investigate the real Ramos. Weird stuff.

Anyway, 60 points for poor DiLoreto, minus 30 for being a juvenile.

### Too loud, huh?



Quickly: a Coastal Carolina University football player named Jeremy Demetrius Harden has been arrested. For what? How about for dangling, over a balcony, a female student who asked him to turn down his music? This classic case of insane jock bullying left Harden saddled with a simple assault charge; there have been a number of CCU players busted this summer, perhaps a subject of a future column. In the meantime, give this goon 74 points and a spot on our top-10 list.

## 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



No Contest Plea



## Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist



*This stupid kid, again*

I say this with love and concern, Michael Cera: Cut the sensitive crap! That shit don't fly, son! Sometime in the late '80s, women started complaining that men weren't sensitive, didn't cry enough and didn't wear enough pink. *I grew up believing that shit, Michael Cera!* I ate up that *be sensitive and respectful* garbage with a pitchfork and a shovel! That scene is a one-way trip to Bullshit Heights, son! So is acting incredibly awkward. You're quickly becoming to awkward what Woody Allen is to neurotic. You actually make Allen look like Lee Marvin, now that I think about it.

## How to Lose Friends and Alienate People



*Square Pegg in a round hole*

Yippee, a fish out of water—

Let's get something straight right now: If you ever spot me in real life, I want you to kick me in the shin. Don't cripple me, but get your point across. If I get kicked a hundred times a day, I will have deserved it for using the term "fish out of water" in describing the plot of this movie.

In *How to Lose Friends and Alienate*

*People*, Simon Pegg plays a British entertainment journalist imported to a New York rag. Apparently, he's got no public filter and/or is socially retarded. It's got a few women in it who aren't as cute now that you've seen them in HD, and Jeff Bridges in a wig worthy of Nicolas Cage himself.

*And why will you someday watch this on cable, you ask?* I know you didn't ask, but *Hot Fuzz* earned Simon Pegg a few more missteps, and sometimes Kirsten Dunst looks hot. Just sometimes! She's kind of like ice cream, or any other white translucent dairy product. They've got to be photographed just right or they'll look really gross; like a rotten apple head. (Remember those pictures of the nachos you used to see onscreen sometimes before the previews at the \$1.50 theaters? Yeah, I rest my case.) Even though Megan Fox kind of looks like a melanoma case waiting to be diagnosed, she's got this young Liz Taylor thing happening. As much of a leather handbag as she's sure to resemble in the future, she doesn't look related to Keith Richards right now. But if I get an HDTV before this hits cable, I'll never watch this movie, for fear of turning to stone from looking at Dunst's erection-killing case of butterface.

*Superbad* was funny because there was enough going on, and your awkwardness was negligible. It even worked at points. Then we had to sit through an abysmal viewing of *Juno* if we were interested in what you did next. Say, something not awkward. The only thing that movie did was test my capacity for hatred, and I passed with muddled greys and dark hues, not flying colors. So now you're flitting it up in the Manhattan night, filled with zany wonder, teetering on the edge of a new and impending whirlwind relationship with a bird poop-faced but otherwise cute girl? Come on. The narrator of the trailer even says you're sensitive. Come the fuck on, man! Is the fact that the two main characters of *Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist* are named after the characters from *The Thin Man* just supposed to be a happy coincidence? Dude! I'm fucking dying here! Then there's this ex drama crap getting thrown in? I'm getting the shits just thinking about this thing.

Is this because you look like a bird? Is that



it? Are you the bird that pooped on that girl's face? Tell me all of this is happening because you look like a bird and I'll drop it right now. *Tell me, you prick! Say what again!* Look man, just go do the *Arrested Development* movie because that's what everybody's waiting on anyway. When that's done, go get tanked and flip over a sport utility vehicle, then show up on a third-string basic cable reality show—make sure it's *Celebrity Rehab*. After that, maybe Quentin Tarantino will hire you for a film paying homage to the genre in which you were once a prominent figure. Stick in a Geico commercial or two; then we'll talk.

### Flash of Genius



*"I just took a dump this big!"*

*Booooooooooooooring!* Boring! This movie looks really boring. A series of things happening. Any movie that takes place over several years with say, a lengthy and drawn-out court case, is usually just a lot of waiting. It's Capra without the Capra.

*Flash of Genius* is the surely embellished true story of the college professor who invented the intermittent windshield wiper. According to the trailer, he was just about to sell it to Skinner from *The X-Files* and the Ford Motor Company, but they reneged on the deal and a few months later next year's models have, you guessed it, intermittent windshield wipers.

What follows is said court case as *The Little Guy* takes on a big bad corporation that's got nothing but time, money and an army of lawyers who could easily kept the case tied up in litigation hell until the end of time. All the while his modest family offers their unconditional love and

## KINO KLEE-SHAY LEGEND



Betrayed by Those Who Trained Him



Impossible Science



Dramatic Embellishment of True Events



'70s Chic



Vampires/Wizards as Gay/AIDS Metaphor



Gratuitous Christ Imagery



Mind Fuck



Likable Thug



Anglophilia



Special Effects Circle Jerk



Chick Flick



Stockholm Syndrome Romance



Nauseatingly Cute Children



Ordinary Person Pushed Too Far



Simplistic Epiphany



Embattled Loser Overcomes Obstacles



Rampant Xenophobia



Glorification of Law Enforcement Bodies

support. It is taking everything I've got to not douse myself in gasoline and drop the match in my lap right now. Greg Kinnear, Lauren Graham, Dermot Mulrooney and Alan Alda star. *Whoosh!*

### An American Carol



*Kevin Farley can't even choke on his vomit right*

If you've ever wondered how bad things can truly get, you're about to get an answer. You've got a sweaty comedy that not only parodies Michael Moore using Chris Farley's equally sweaty brother, but does so using the plot of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." I puked so much

during the trailer for *An American Carol* that the lining in my esophagus is badly corroded.

All of that in itself isn't exactly a war crime, but sticking a country star-turned-actor playing one of the spirits and yodeling a song about how it kicks ass to be an American is the proverbial fart in the unventilated compact car you need to appeal to the lowest common denominator. If it was a rappa-ternt-acta I could go along with that. Those dudes are all spectacle and that's cool. But if you stick a country star in front of a camera they somehow feel the overwhelming need to magically transform into the unfortunate corn-fed sonsa bitches they like to croon about.

This trailer looks so disjointed, random, out of context and rambling that you'd think I had something to do with it. Frasier Crane plays George Patton, Jon Voight plays George Washington, Dennis Hopper shows up and if the Zuckers have anything to do with this movie you can bet your wrinkly sack that Leslie Nielsen will be there. *An American Carol* looks like such ass. And the dimply, varicosed cellulite on that ass is a Bill O'Reilly cameo. But to beg the original question, things could definitely be worse--O'Reilly could be the star.

## City of Ember



### Murray's best work since Space Jam

What the hell is this shit? Did someone find a pair of Fritz Lang's filthy underwear at the same time they recently recovered that missing *Metropolis* footage a couple months back, smear it on some film stock and hope for the best?

This movie looks like the boring real world scenes from the *Matrix* sequels. You know the ones: Everything was either the color or poop or cement and you'd swear everyone there was in a Benetton ad at one point in their lives. I know *City of Ember* is about an underground city, but *really*. To be more precise, it's about an underground city at the end of it's 200 year lifespan. A pair of kids who may or may not be siblings find clues which I'm guessing allude to the fact that the surface of the world may just be inhabitable after all and some big, bland conspiracy is at work. And there looks to be some Harry Potter or Narnia idolatry afoot as well.

With that being said, I've got two more things I'd like to say about *City of Ember*. First, what the hell is wrong with you, Bill Murray? Why are you playing some kind of president or emperor of a city of mole people? Remember that stretch in your career during the '90s where no one (including your family) gave a shit whether you lived or died? You know that mistakes are made to be learned from, right? Did you forget why exactly you had to make a comeback or should we sit down and watch *Larger Than Life* again? Did you lose a bet and it was either the Mayor of Ember or voicing another *Garfield* movie?

The other thing I want to say about this movie is that its trailer actually made a recent trip to the emergency room, where I waited three grueling and sleep-deprived hours to get staples in the side of my head, seem exciting and vigorous. I would love to meet the insane bastard who okayed this movie and have a long conversation with him. I *do* want to know about the CIA and the mind-control devices implanted in his teeth. And I *do* want to know about how Gaaaahd told him to make this movie. Even though it's a case of six in one hand half a dozen in the other, I'll listen to the inane mumblings of a yet-to-be-diagnosed schizophrenic, but I won't watch *City of Ember*.

## Quarantine



### "These production values are awful!"

Aw Jesus, here we go. Another horror movie disguised as a recovered crime scene video/snuff film. Some dippy dame (sorry, a lot of TCM lately) who isn't too threateningly attractive rides along with the local fire department for some crap ball TV show or something. She goes along to a call with some sick old woman in an apartment building when *OH FUCK SHE'S A ZOMBIE AND SHE JUST BIT OFF A HUGE CHUNK OF THAT FIRE FIGHTER'S NECK! SHIT!*

Those kinds of scares never seem to work out in print.

As the trailer for *Quarantine* continues, it looks like one of the tenants is some kind of bio-terrorist with a boner for the Apocalypse. Oh, and the building's been sealed off and...quarantined, so those

closed in are left to fend for themselves in the dark. Yay! You know what? I don't feel like talking about a banal movie that's torn pages out of every playbook down the line—all the way from Val Lewton to Blair Witch. So I'm going to ramble on about something that may or may not actually benefit you: Go download the new Nine Inch Nails album, *The Slip*. It's free at nin.com, it's a great album and it sounds incredible. I know what you're thinking, *I'm not 19 anymore and I stopped wearing all black years ago*. I know, I know. I feel exactly the same way but since Reznor got off the smack and started putting out more than an album a decade his shit's gotten a lot better. Download it now, thank me later...

## Max Payne



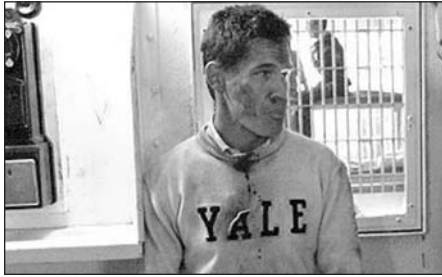
### Who's sick of this guy? We all are.

Now what the hell is this crap? This is just a series of photoshopped clips ran in slow motion schplotzed together in a way that makes little or no sense. I see this trailer and I now understand how old people get confused and frustrated. The worst part of this trailer is the score, created by someone who was passionately in the throes of an Ennio Morricone and Stained kick, and created badly at that.

Seriously, what the hell is this crap? This is crap from hell! And what's with the bat people!? Do you honestly think I want to see those *Sin City* sequels so badly that I'd spread my cheeks for the first action crapfest with muted tones and a lot of guns? For a movie based on a video game no less? Pligga nease!



## W.



**"Y'all got any coke?"**

I'd be lying if I said there wasn't a part of me that doesn't want to see W. I'm still trying to figure out exactly *why* I want to. I'm sure there's another part of me that thinks as the life of George W. Bush is examined, there'll be a magical explanation as to why the last two presidential administrations dragged every American man, woman and child through the goddamned ri—

*I told myself I wasn't going to do this. I promised myself for Pete's sake! Have a drink... take a deep breath. Good, good. It's only a movie after all. How much do you see in the movies that's actually real, let alone could actually happen? Even the ones supposedly based on a true story? Think about it, man! Look at that cute little Toby Jones playing Karl Rove. If the filmmakers were looking for anything resembling historical, or any other kind of accuracy, that saucy little dish wouldn't be playing a bridge troll like Rove. This has got to be a joke, man!*

Honestly, this trailer for W. looks like a made-for-TV movie with a better cast. The George Thorogood song at the start didn't offer much encouragement, but when you consider who this movie is about it all makes perfect sense. I'll probably see the actual movie, maybe even sooner than later, and cringe in horror during every scene. I expect the whole thing will be like the opening scene from *United 93*, in the sense that I'm probably going to be a tense ball of rage, knowing everything that's going to happen while being paralyzed to do anything about it. But with Oliver Stone directing, you're going to expect that anyway.

## High School Musical 3: Senior Year



Oof! I like to think of myself as the kind of person who's got a high threshold for bullshit and stupidity, but getting through the trailer for *High School Musical 3* was a real bear. I know its got the word *musical* in the title and I should expect as much, but do the filmmakers need to be so bracing and unflinching about it? When tragic style, hideous dialogue and genetically-engineeredtwentysomethings playing teenagers are the least of your worries, it's pretty obvious how much trouble you're in for. And I haven't even gotten to the singing and dancing yet.

So yeah, the singing and dancing. By nature I generally hate musicals, but the sweaty pretty boy singing in the middle of the basketball court had to be dropping a deuce mid-song. And his girlfriend who got naked for a cell phone camera last summer was—wait a minute, wait a minute. I get it. This is hell. This is *my* hell. Now I've got no problem with the gay community by any stretch of the imagination, but *High School Musical 3* looks really gay. I'm talking fisting scene from *Caligula* gay. I mean *bath house after gay men's choir practice and before Sex and the City* at Jayjay's condo gay.

I also understand fully this movie is geared towards teenagers who don't have the sense that Gahd gave the common kumquat. I'm also of the understanding that the teenage girls will go to see *HSM3* are going to have fodder to fiddle with their parts afterward. Especially from that sweaty, singing pretty boy who wears too much makeup. Is that the one chick from Hanson? Not that I'm looking for this, but can't the putz who put this trailer together at least feed us more than *it's senior year, here's some songs, these tards are never going to see each other again and they're all sad about it*? By the way, I had an inebriated conversation with Gene Kelly the other night and he's really pissed about all these *High School Musical* movies. And that guy had more physical and acrobatic chops than all these donkey dicks put together. He was like Jackie Chan with rhythm. Would you want to mess with a pissed-off Irishman who's been dead for 12 years? Yeah, didn't think so.

## Saw V



**"Do you like my hat?"**

Are these bone smokers even trying anymore? Really, man. What have we got here? What have we got? Some horseshit smeared on a screen, some haunting music, some pious lyricism and some douche with his head stuck in a goddamned Lite Brite? How the hell do you expect anyone to give a crap about or get scared by that? Oh, what's it going to do? Burn the pattern of a spaceship into his face with really hot colored plastic pegs? I can see it now—if you don't find the key to the door in that vat of dirty baby diapers, used tampons and congealed cookie dough, we're going to make another *Saw* movie.

These movies are like bad reality game shows at this point. I wouldn't be surprised in the least if Tila Tequila had a cameo in *Saw V*. Didn't the main villain die like three movies ago? Jigsaw, Turteltaub, Mendelbaum? What was that chode's name again? Why do these movies keep happening? Why doesn't someone make this madness stop? The *Saw* franchise is like a pizzeria chain that specializes in week-old pizza. Who eats week-old pizza anyway? Do you know anyone that eats week-old pizza? I sure as hell don't! Day-old—sure. Two day-old—ehh. Three days old and you're bordering on kind of gross, but week-old—hell no! Why do you keep doing this, *Saw*? *Why*, I ask you! When are you going to stop? You're just being dumb! Stop being dumb! You're killing Halloween! When are you going to stop killing Halloween, *Saw*? You're being a dick! STOP! BEING! A! DICK! YOU! DICK!!!



## BOOGA BOOGA

Your article does have some correctness, which give all of us something to think about [Ian Murphy, "Impeachment or Beheading: What Should be our GOOOAAAAL?" issue 130]. One thing you have missed in your article concerning Jeff and Mutt is that Jeff and his family will be sued for over \$500,000,000. The attorneys are waiting to take Jeff and Mutt to court after their tour in office is completed. Why sentence someone to death before you bankrupt his estate. This same action will happen to Mutt his partner. I think going to court for the next 5 years will be a greater punishment, even greater than quickly sentencing someone to death and excuting the individual.

This should trouble you as an unbelieving in God individual. You will more then likely be standing in hell with the others that enjoyed destroying a persons character, violence, murder, legally robbing others, death, gossip, destroying others with your pen oh I meant articles.

Imagine tortured day and night forever. Imagine something you hate the most happening to you for eternity.

If you don't care don't worry about it.  
Luther

Dear Luther,  
Got it, thanks!

## BRIDGE TO NIHIL

Given all his lapses in memory, none are as bad as Obama, who couldn't remember ever hearing Rev. Wright spewing anti-American rhetoric [Allan Uthman, "Moldy Dick," issue 130]. Lapses in memory are not a good thing, but are they worse than concocting stories about how one's father was brought to the US by the Kennedy Clan? Forgetting stuff is acceptable. It happens to the best of us. Adding embellishments to stories that took place well over forty years ago...who cares. But Obama has created fiction for the past ten years. Remember how Selma got Obama born? Remember the ethics bill? Remember how he swore that he wouldn't run for anything in '08? Should I go on? I'll take McCain's stories any day over the Progressive Lib's lies.  
Glenn D\Abreo – Reaganite



Dear Glenn,  
Well, we're glad you find your candidate's lies more palatable. We're sure it has nothing to do with your political bias or anything. How can we argue with logic like "who cares?"

## McCAIN: SO MONEY; DOESN'T KNOW IT

The McCain campaign thinks that it has an opportunity to turn their candidate's gaffe -- failing to recall how many houses his family owns -- into a positive by running an advertisement linking Barack Obama to Tony Rezko. Obama, claims the McCain campaign, got help buying his house from Rezko, a Chicagoan who has since gone to jail but received some \$14 million in taxpayer money.

The problem with this attack? Aside from being thoroughly misleading -- Obama has not been seriously alleged to have done anything unethical in his interactions with Rezko -- this ad blows wide open the door to talk about McCain's all-too-close relationship with Charles Keating and well reported on though somewhat forgotten charter membership in the so-called "Keating Five."

The Keating Five is an old story, so many reporters have shied away from saying much about it because it isn't new -- there aren't a whole lot of new developments in the story. But with McCain talking about allegedly shady relationships, the opportunity is there to go back over McCain's ties to Keating -- whose nefarious activities, which were at least in part aided by his relationship with McCain, ended up costing the American taxpayer \$3.4 billion (a whole lot more than the \$14 million Rezko was alleged to have received).

Just how close was McCain to Keating? Take a look at this rundown:

Though McCain might try to downplay his involvement, his campaigns received \$124,000 from Keating and his associates during the 1980s (AP, 3/2/91), and McCain was described as being personally closer to Keating than any of the other members of the Keating Five (Roll Call, 1/20/92). What's more, McCain accepted more than \$15,000 in free trips from Keating, including vacations to Keating's resort in the Bahamas -- trips that McCain failed to disclose at the time (New York Times, 2/28/91; San Francisco Chronicle, 12/3/90).

In the end, the crash of Keating's savings and loan -- which had been shielded by some of his best friends in the United States Senate -- cost billions to the American taxpayer, as mentioned above, and all told the federal government ended up on the hook for close to \$125 billion in the fallout of the crisis that befell the underregulated industry in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

Does McCain really want to have to talk about all of this? About the Bahaman vacations he took paid for by Keating? Probably not.  
Ellen Gale

Dear Ellen,  
Look, the man was a POW. A POW, Ellen! Obviously, that absolves him of any accountability for every bad thing he has ever done. Why can't you see that? Plus, he's already said he doesn't understand economics, so clearly he didn't even know he was doing anything bad! Also, Sarah Palin can field dress a moose, so she's all good too. POW!

## MUSKET CASE

I fake came across this in the New York Times

Thomas Jefferson to Vote for Ralph Nader in November  
A Shocked Public Reminded Why Jefferson Was Shockingly Unpopular

In a surprise move, Thomas Jefferson today announced to the world his decision to vote in November for the candidate he actually believes most suited to be the next president of the United States. Apparently, the choice to participate honestly in our democracy is not always an easy one for Americans to



make given the stifling two-party nature of our system.

Asked about the possibility of blowback from the Democratic Party, which he of course founded, Jefferson responded as fiercely as any French-loving, violin-playing sissy could be expected to when he said "to anyone who doesn't like my pick for November, basically I just say fuck you, I created this country and I can just as easily uncreate it."

Jefferson claimed to have come to the decision to vote for the person he would like to see elected after quoting himself during a speech in New Hampshire. "I realized, well, I can't just quote myself all the time because of my respected status as a founding father of this country, and not vote for the candidate that might actually carry forward in any substantive way the values that led me to create the modern world's first democracy." He went on to say that it was hard for him to maintain this balance between quoting himself and supporting policies and candidates that are consistent with his radically populist beliefs because "I can be very quotable, but, you know, sometimes I say some uncomfortable things. I mean, I once said that I would rather every single person in the entire world die except for two people in each country than the French Revolution not succeed. That was some tough shit. It's hard to get corporate donors when you are saying shit like that."

Asked about Nader's chances this election, Jefferson said "King George III was quite powerful when we started that whole revolution, and I remember a lot of people telling me that we couldn't do it,

and those people lost a lot of bets when I pulled it off. I have been drinking for free ever since 1783, and corporate power in America is only a slightly more daunting opponent than George, so I say fuck it, let's see what happens."

John Wade

*Dear John,*

*Nice sentiment, but people didn't vote King George III out of office, man. They shot a bunch of soldiers. A whole fucking bunch. Seriously, dead Brits all over the place. Not that we shouldn't consider that.*

## SMEAR-N-OFF

To get a bump in the polls, all McCain needed was a little anti-Russia sabre-rattling. Unlike taunting Iran, against which the US constantly threatens more sanctions and hints at military action, the Republican strategy of pushing Russia to show its nasty side paid great dividends, diverting voters from the economy. In the early 1990's Bush Sr. promised Russia that NATO would not seek to expand to the East, however, the US almost immediately began doing just that, drawing former Soviet Bloc nations into the alliance that Russia views as threat on its doorstep, much as we would view Russia planting nukes and military radar in Mexico and Canada. Ten former Soviet Bloc nations are now in NATO. The US then courted Georgia's Western-educated President Mikheil Saakashvili, encouraging him to stand up to the big Bear to the north and assert Georgian sovereignty over ethnically Russian provinces South Ossetia and Abkhazia. McCain's foreign advisor Randy Scheunemann provided cover for Georgia's human rights abuses as well as

issuing vague promises of US support, should Georgia take action in these contested zones. Russia predictably went on the overkill, predictably exaggerated Georgia's human rights abuses, and is now predictably reading belligerence into everything we do. To make sure Russia remains paranoid right up through election time, the US gave in to Poland's demands that the US modernize Poland's army in exchange for permission to put nukes on its soil. Bush then sent Condi out with the ridiculous lie that these nukes which border Russia are not meant to intimidate Russia, but to deter Iran, half a world away. Russia knows a good taunt when it sees one, and knows a thing or two about enduring military invasions from the West, and is now contemplating several harsh anti-Western responses to these obvious provocations.

McCain and Bush can now breathe a little easier. Putting the big Bear in the papers has eliminated Obama's lead, at least until the next round of dismal economic news hits the pocketbooks. Mission Accomplished.

Gerald Plume

*Dear Gerald,*

*In Russia, pocketbook hits you!*

## OUR GYRO

Atwater house? more like crapwater house! tear down every rat infested house in this town and put up more places i can get yummiie food at 3 am!

Joshua Cook

*Dear Joshua,*

*But, like, history, man! Old houses and shit!*

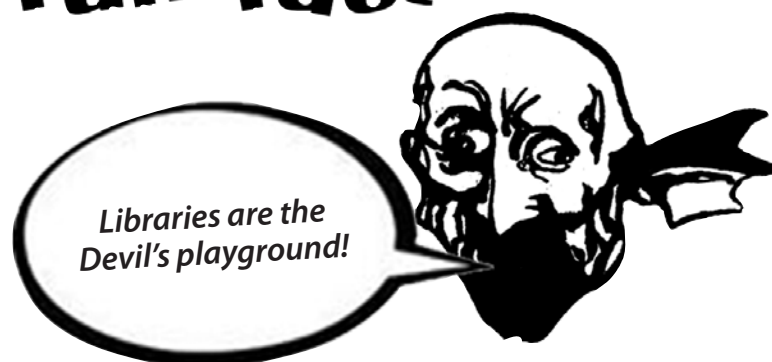
## SOPHISTICATED WITCH

i wanted to tell Allison Kilkenny that there is a religion that sees women as equal to men, Wicca [*"God Hates Women," issue 121*]. if anything it sees women as greater because thats where all life starts. i just wanted to tell her there is room for religion in feminism. :) Kara

*Dear Kara,*

*True, but you still have to act like some Renaissance fair geek and pretend to believe a bunch of impossible crap. And cast spells, which may be even stupider than praying, because you need stuff to do it.*

## Fun Fact



## GANNETT GANNOT

Hi. I have no idea what your site is all about, but I saw your hatred for Gannett and its Rochester Insider publication. Wanted to let you know that I've heard Insider is being killed in favor of an online venture called MetroMix. You might want to check it out.  
Travis

*Dear Travis,  
Yeah, but we might not.*

## UNDER THE TABLE

hey where the F is jailbait jenny you bastards?! did she turn 18 so you had to throw her out? if so, hire some new underage tramp immediately  
Max Dineras

*Dear Max,  
We did, but we don't pay her to write.*

## FRIENDS LIKE THESE

Step Right Up! Check out the Lovely Sarah Palin!

Sara Palin shows her pretty teeth and shakes her cute evangelical behind while McCain's campaign ads mirror a carnival barker shouting empty slogans to get the fools into the circus tent and waste their vote and money for another four years. Obama is not giving the warning necessary to save the poor bumpkins at the mercy of the corporate media's schmoozing this reelection towards the looniest, greediest gang of war making dogs ever passed off as concerned leaders in the history of this nation.

It may just take another four more years of suffering to get people to the point where they're finally angry enough to make Marie Antoinette's head eat cake without her body attached. A political revolution may yet be had with the election of Barack Obama if everybody urges him to wake up and read the realistic take on life on [www.matrix-evolutions.com](http://www.matrix-evolutions.com) that replaces the liberal fascism conjured up by the conservative castrate, George Bush, and is currently peddled by his cancer prone surrogate, John McCain, and his lovely assistant, Sara Palin, who is about as qualified to be president as Cindy McCain.  
Mrs. Ruth and Dr. Peter V. Calabria

*Dear Ruth and Peter,  
Your website is really, really something all right—we find most websites which refer to the Matrix trilogy are special. But we kind of doubt Axelrod will find it of much use.*

## HIT ME

Isn't Mark Grisanti married to Maria Calandra Amoia Grisanti? She is the sister of Joanne Vacanti who is the mother of Sammy Vacanti the Drug dealer and Murderer of Monty Massimi. I wonder what his view point is on this disgusting situation. And isn't true Marias son recieved the gun from Sammy Vacanti? Wasnt he representing Robert Hughes and some others in this whole mess?I would love to know how this all pans out.

Drug Dealers , Murderers, and Scumbags! They murdered Monty Massimi and are all involved in the cover up. Too bad whoever doesnt like the facts, and too bad whose sons and daughters are involved. Bottom line is that if Mark Grisanti wants to be elected then come clean regarding your step son recieving a murder weapon, and fight for whats right regaurding Sammy Vacanti murdering Monty and his other nephew Adam Amoia being involved as well.

Whatever Monty got involved with the bottom line is they murdered him in cold blood by shooting him in the back 3 times and 1 time in the head as he was walking away. Those are the god damned facts and no lies or cover up will erase what has happened. The truth is out and its too bad who doesnt like it. Sorry Mr Grisanti maybe you are unaware of what goes on in your house but **THAT IS THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH.** David Gambino, Sammy Vacanti, Louie Vacanti, Adam Amoia, JR, Faust Novino and Fillipo are all known major drug dealers and conspred and carried out the execution of Monty Massimi and unfortunately your scumbag nephew Sam Vacanti gave John Amoia Jr the gun.( Your Stepson)Wether you co-operate or not with the authorities is your decision, but know this all of you **WE Will Not Stop Comming After You Until They Are Held Accountable!!** Peace everyone else!!

Name withheld to protect the enraged

*Dear Name,  
Well, Grisanti lost badly anyway. So now he's pretty much free to do whatever he wants, not that his relatives would pursue some kind of violent retribution or anything. Bada-bing!*





# BEAST-O-SCOPES

## **Libra** (Sept 23 – Oct 22)

When you're shooting wolves in the clear from an airplane, can you really call it hunting? I mean at least the kids at Tiananmen had each other's bodies to hide behind.

## **Scorpio** (Oct 23 – Nov 21)

If your town is the only one in your state that charges rape victims for their rape kits, and you're the mayor for four years, and then the state has to pass a law to make you stop doing it, does that make you a feminist?

## **Sagittarius** (Nov 22 – Dec 21)

If you lie about your position on earmarks, and the press calls you out repeatedly on it, but you continue to tell the very same lie in precisely the same way every single day, do you have a soul?

## **Capricorn** (Dec 22 – Jan 19)

If you believe in creationism, the rapture, speaking in tongues and pipelines from God, does that make you normal?

## **Aquarius** (Jan 20 – Feb 18)

If an investigation into your illegal firing of an underling is "tainted" because



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one of the investigators supports your electoral opponents, wouldn't it also be "tainted" if he supported you?

## **Pisces** (Feb 18 – Mar 20)

If a woman votes for you, despite the fact that she disagrees with virtually everything you believe in, just to punish a better man for succeeding, does that make her empowered?

## **Aries** (Mar 21 – Apr 19)

If you say everyone who criticizes you is a sexist, does that make you a pussy?

## **Taurus** (Apr 20 – May 20)

If educated people think you're stupid, does that make you smart?

## **Gemini** (May 21 – June 20)

If you're the governor of a frontier state over twice the size of Texas, shouldn't you really have an airplane?

## **Cancer** (June 21 – July 22)

If you quote an author in your only speech, and he turns out to have been so virulently anti-Semitic that he was kicked out of the John Birch society, does that make you authentic?

## **Leo** (July 23 – Aug 22)

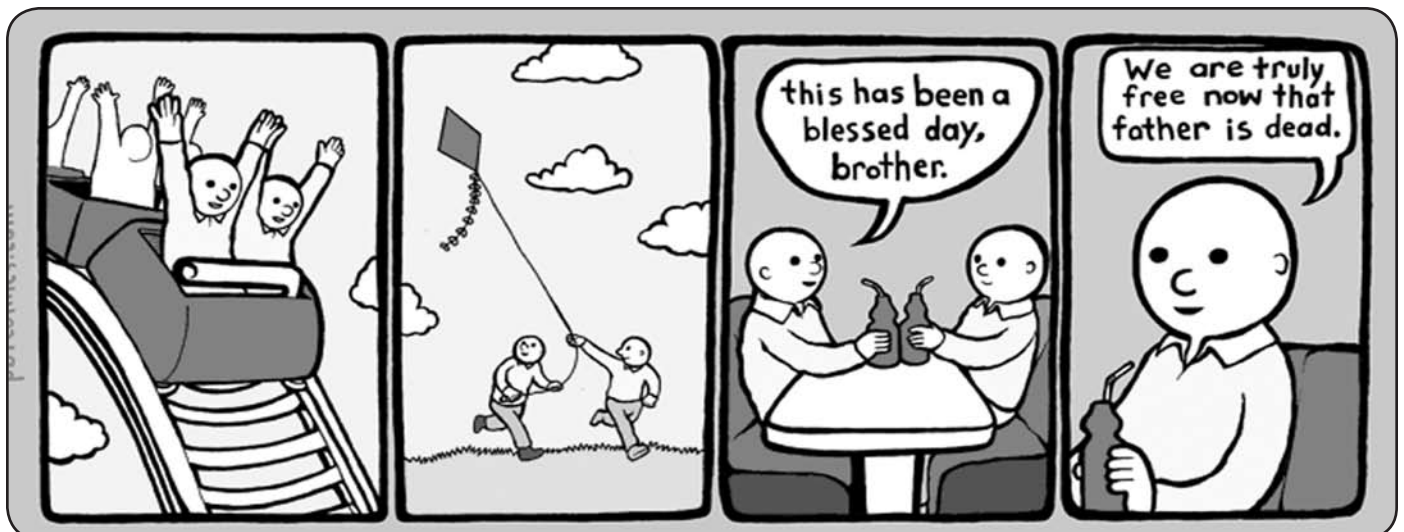
If you charge your state a per diem fee for every day you sleep in your own home, does that make you a fiscal reformer?

## **Virgo** (Aug 23 – Sept 22)

If you ask a librarian how she'd feel about banning books, and she says no way, and then you fire her, only rehiring her after public outrage makes it clear you can't win the battle, that fucking counts for something. It ain't nothing, now is it?

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