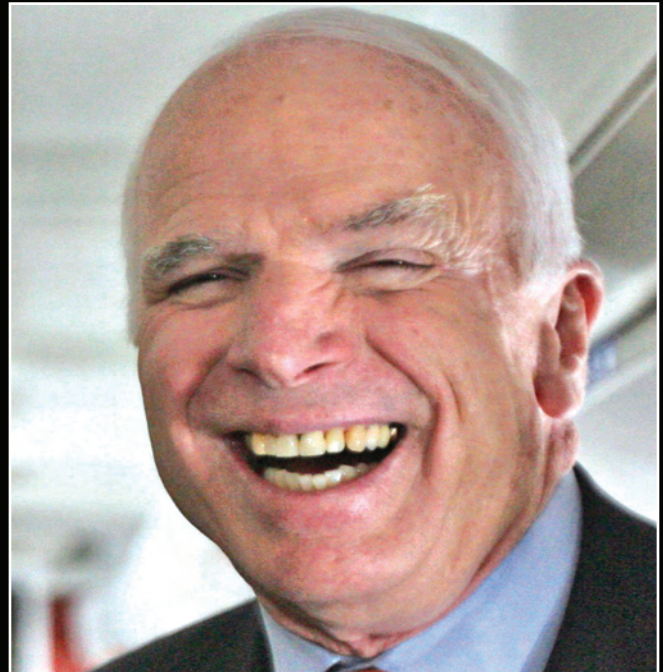
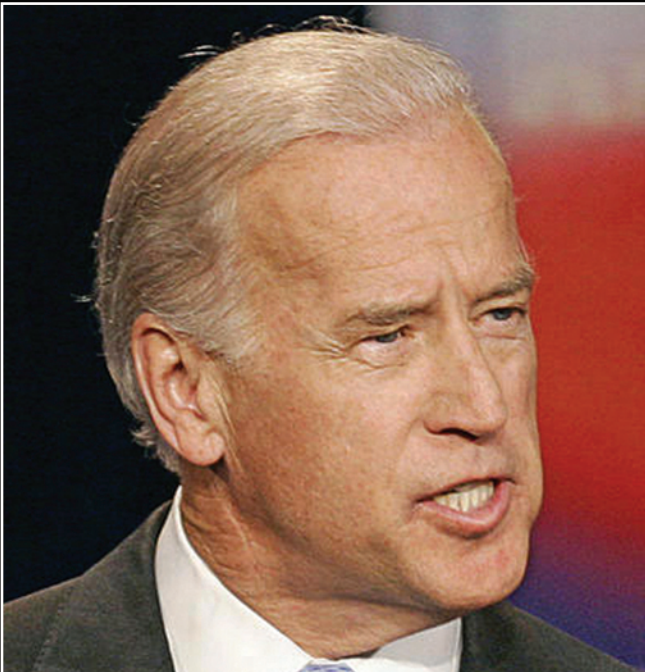


THE BEAST



ISSUE #132 - November 2008
www.buffalobeast.com

LET IT END



Separated at Bitch?



**Fascist Congresswoman
Michelle Bachman...**

**...and Former Fascist
Congresswoman
Katherine Harris?**



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Letters to the Editors should be



A Friendly Warning from the American Dollar



What's that story about the guy they said was dead, and then he wasn't, and he said something like people been rumoring about his demise and talking shit and all that? That's the same thing you foreign currencies have been saying about me, the U.S. Dollar. Well, they were wrong and so are you and I'm not going to forget it. The U.S. Dollar is back, bigger, better and here to stay.

I heard what all you foreign currencies were saying that about me. For the past few months you were all against me, saying "The dollar ain't shit" and "I can't wait till it goes lower so I can buy all the Americans' shit." You saw your currencies going up against me and you thought that it was the way of the future, talking about me behind my back and saying things like, "Look at the Dollar, he looks awful." "He's really let himself go." "I hear his allies been cheating on him." "What a shame. I used to like the Dollar but now he's so scrawny and weak." You were all whispering that "The Euro is so much more handsome and thoughtful; I just don't know what I saw in the Dollar." "The USD is so last century; I don't know what we're going to do with him." "We kept telling him that if he didn't watch himself, this was going to happen, but know he just couldn't control himself." Well guess what? I'm back bitches, and you better recognize.

I know I got a little fat. My interest rates were low and I just kept giving myself away to anyone that asked. I got used to buying too many big houses, too many gas guzzling SUVs and pick-up trucks. My peeps are human; who doesn't like that shit? They used me to buy all kinds of military gear to use in places like Iraq, Bosnia, Afghanistan and Iraq again. They were also sending a bunch of Dollars to Israel and Turkey to help them buy guns from my military. I was used to suck so many consumer goods from China that the Chinese actually thought they were going to own us. Things started to go bad, and y'all thought that you were better than me. Then something strange happened: Y'all started to go bad too, and even if it was my overindulgence that caused your currencies to suffer, the fact is that yours started to fall and mine to rise. Ha! USA! USA! USA!

So what've you got to say now, Monsieur Euro? Yeah, you thought you were the next big thing when it cost Americans about \$1.60 to buy one of your fancy-looking modern Euros. Ooh la la, we're soooo cool. Now look at you. I can buy you for only about a \$1.30, and next week it will be lower—if you live. Remember when all those ugly Americans used to be crawling all over your faggy cities and buying your shit up? They be back, bitch! What?

What about you, British Pound? Remember when you were acting all prim and proper and going around with your stiff upper lip and looking down on the me, saying cheerio and ta ta and eating crumpets like the smart-ass pansy you are? You were


all bangers and mash, give me a spanner, toss it in the bin, close the bonnet and footballs are round. You thought you were so posh with your Pound costing \$2. Now look at you, you're less than a buck seventy now, and you're all "Sorry about that old chap" and shit, but it's not going to be that easy.

What about my friend the Australian Dollar? It used to be that would cost an American almost a whole U.S. dollar to buy one Aussie buck. Now it's only .68 for your down under bill. That wouldn't even get y'all one shrimp for the barbie!

Canada, five months ago you were all like "Look at me, eh, I'm worth the same as the Dollar, that means I'm like really cool and stuff." Now look at you, you are only worth around \$.80, you measly hoser. How much for Canadian bacon?

Remember when you Mexican Pesos were like "Yo essay, me vatos only gonna pay 10 pesos for one of your stinking American dollars." No guess what homey? It's going to cost you thirteen of your measly pesos to buy one of my dollars. Habla poverty, holmes?

You call center bitches in India were all, "Tom Friedman would be being so proud because the Rupee is so strong it is only taking 40 Rupees to be buying a yanqui Dollar!" Well, now look at it Hadji; it's going to cost you 50 Rupees now. Thank you, come again!

Did y'all bitches really all think it was goinna be that easy getting rid of me? Bullshit walks and money talks baby. And you know what talks louder than money? Guns and bullets! We're not worried about all this financial gloom and doom and "what are the markets going to do" and "who's going to lend money to us" and all that. We still have a military that is bigger and better-equipped than all y'all motherfucking nations put together. If we have to, we'll just take your shit and not pay you anything for it. Yeah, you heard. But for now you're going to do what you're told and respect me, the American motherfucking Dollar, and that's the way it better stay. Or Else! Aww yeah, end transmission, moterfuckers! Dollar out! 

THIS ISSUE'S ASS-GRABBING CREEP



"Must haves the preciousss!"

LET'S GET SOCIAL!

Americans: Hanging Separately

BY ALLAN UTHMAN

Now that fiscal “conservatives” have devastated this country in ways that only the most knuckleheaded can deny (or blame on Barney Frank), it seems that “liberal” just doesn’t pack the epithetic wallop it once did. Just a few years ago, it was enough to tar a Democrat as a liberal to hurt him in the polls, but Barack Obama hasn’t even done much to evade the charge. People may just be thinking that the liberals might not be so bad, considering that they have turned out to be right about seemingly every policy argument of the past decade or so.

So what does a floundering Republican candidate say to damage his opponent’s image? Well he has to kick the red-scary machine up a notch. The next level up from “liberal” is “socialist.”

To a lot of Americans, who are more likely to remember the entire cast of *Celebrity Apprentice* than to have ever read a book about economics or political science, “socialism” evokes images of totalitarian dictators—Castro, Kim Jong Il, and the like. But like capitalism, socialism is not a political system; it is an economic one. In a nation where every facet of public policy is crammed into a one-dimensional ideological spectrum, with only two directions, left and right, it is basically impossible to express this in the approved nomenclature. The fact is, a democracy, or a dictatorship, can be either socialist or capitalist. But the best countries to live in in this world, relying on objective data, are Democracies in which capitalism and socialism are blended—like America. It is true that capitalist principles of competitive markets, of better reward for better service, are undeniably good ones.

But it is just as true that a society that doesn’t do anything to alleviate the grave economic injustices that inevitably arise from unregulated capitalism isn’t worth a damn. Democracies that address the economic needs of their people are just better places to live, period.

This is simple, basic stuff. Every developed nation in the world has a progressive tax structure. If you want to call that socialism, that’s fine, as long as you can acknowledge that there isn’t a country in the world you’d feel comfortable walking around in that isn’t somewhat socialist. As long as you can admit that George Bush(both), Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon were socialists. The only arguments these Republicans have about the tax base are about exactly how progressive the rates should be, and how much of it to give to whom. John McCain doesn’t advocate a flat tax, so apparently he is also a socialist. Sarah Palin runs a state that actually shares oil profits with its citizenry directly. That actually is socialism.

But socialism is just one of the tainted, inappropriate buzzwords in McCain’s arsenal. Lately he’s been bringing out the bazooka of perceived Caucasian victimhood: “Welfare.” It’s not too surprising McCain’s desperate campaign, which has been desperate to cultivate racial resentment, would resort to this Reaganesque tactic, but the logical contortions involved are pretty astounding. The argument goes like this: Obama says he’ll cut taxes for 95% of people, but only 60% or so actually pay income taxes. Therefore, he is going to take your money and literally give it away to deadbeats. This, so it goes, is welfare.

It’s pretty dumb on its face. First, there’s the fact that most taxpayers, and especially low-wagers, pay more in payroll taxes than

income tax, and that payroll taxes make up 40% of federal revenue, having grown steadily without media notice. McCain omits this, creating the impression among non-CPA yokels that 40% of the country is just riding their coattails. But disregarding that, it would seem clear that Obama means he will reduce income taxes for 95% of people who pay income tax. That’s it, the whole thing, right there. But based on a willful interpretation of the 95% figure, McCain and his surrogates push the idea that Obama has some big plan to take little Jimmy’s college tuition fund and send it to Tyrone’s baby-momma for more guns and crack, based entirely on an disingenuous extrapolation. Spread the wealth around! Spread the wealth around!

It’s not surprising, as I said, that a flailing GOP campaign would try to revive the welfare queen imagery of 1980 to stir a reaction in, ahem, “low information” voters, but what is disturbing is that the argument has not been refuted, or even examined, although it has been prevalent for several days. It just isn’t true (there was a single credit in Obama’s tax plan that wasn’t tied to work, which has since been changed, but even as it was, a measly 2% of it would have gone to people who weren’t working), but nobody in the press seems to have noticed. These days, the press doesn’t see it as their job to scrutinize the messages of candidates; it’s enough to simply report them and let the perceptions form as they may. And the Obama campaign, with its penchant for broad, sweeping themes and unease with specifics, hasn’t effectively refuted McCain’s outlandish claims.

This is how false premises are formed in the minds of voters. When the press has abdicated its authority and given over to a format of competing realities, it is up to the campaigns alone to fact-check each other.

And if they stumble for just a moment, a completely erroneous idea can become so well-pounded into the public mind that it can become impossible to dislodge. Obama can and should blast McCain as the protector of hedge fund managers and oil tycoons, but if he and his army of surrogates do not specifically address the lies McCain's camp is trotting out in unison, they are losing the truthiness war.

Well, here's a fact: Two thirds of U.S. corporations pay no income taxes


whatsoever. Think about that. Nothing. You can be forgiven for not knowing that, because even though it is obviously newsworthy, and just flat out insane, somehow it hasn't made its way into discussions of the tax code in the corporate press. In fact, John McCain thinks our corporate tax rate is too high, and he wants to cut it. It hardly matters, I guess—any percentage of nothing is still nothing. The fact that the wealthiest entities on the planet are skating on their taxes while dishwashers have money extracted from their measly paychecks would seem like a

talking point tailor made to slap all the new plumber fans out there back into a more fiscally realistic state of mind, but Obama hasn't brought it up.

No, about the only people out there who are willing to go full-on real about our government's longstanding corporatist policies are third party hopeleses like Ralph Nader. Nader was in town last week, at a well-attended rally on his "Embrace the Futility" campaign tour. I asked him whether the socialism label was really applicable to the Wall Street bailout. I was hoping he'd make the point, as Naomi Klein has made, that real socialism would entail nationalizing something profitable, an oil company, say, rather than simply buying the market's garbage and taking a huge loss for private interests. Instead, he told a story about his dad: "When I was a kid, my dad told me once, he said, 'Son, capitalism will never die, because just when it is about to collapse, socialism will come in and save it.'"

It's a good point. That's exactly what happened when the 1929 crash devastated this nation, and it's probably what will happen now. But if socialism is saving our butts, it hardly seems fair to keep spitting on its name. In fact, if most Americans had a clear-eyed view of what socialism actually meant, they'd probably be in favor of it, but most have a tainted and flatly ignorant understanding of it.

Now, if you're a wealthy person, then it is, perhaps, in your own self-interest to oppose socialism. Then again, there are rich Swedes, too. But if you want to know what socialism means to the average American, it means not having to fret constantly about how to afford paying for health insurance, only to find that you are not covered when you actually need it. It means you can go to college without getting stuck with a huge ball of debt you can never actually pay. It means getting too old to work doesn't doom you to spend your remaining years in shameful poverty. It means you don't have to step over old men in the street, feigning deafness to their pathetic pleas. It means, in real, non-metaphorical terms, a better life for all of us, with less worry, less fear, less dread that any day, for reasons beyond your control, a stroke of fate can cause your whole life to fall apart.

But that, apparently, is un-American. 

THE BEAST PAGE 5

Demagogic Stooge

Name: Samuel Wurzelbacher AKA "Joe the Plumber"

Turn-ons: Imaginary financial success, tribal identification, having my back taxes paid by dummies, Japanese bukakke porn.

Turn-offs: Blacks, Mexicans, gays, women, acknowledging my true tax bracket.

How I got to be The BEAST Page 5

Demagogic Stooge: So this guy from the McCain campaign, kind of a fag, really, says, "Hey buddy, want to make some money?"

His suit was pretty expensive, and I think I saw him on O'Reilly once, so I'm like, "Sure." So he gives me this script and tells me to go harass that Hussein Osama guy and I'm like, "Dude, I was totally gonna do that anyway." Next thing I know, McCain's calling me "Joe the Plumber" every two minutes, and there's a press gaggle on my front lawn. Jerk-offs all over the country are waving plungers around yelling "I'm Joe the plumber" and shit. It's pretty fucking stupid, but hey, I'm all famous and shit, so whatever. These douchebags who listen to some talk radio show even donated cash to pay all the taxes I haven't paid! Sweet, right? That's not welfare, though, because I'm not a minority. I'm just doing my part to keep real Americans—uneducated whites—from voting in their economic self-interests. Obama's a socialist. McCain's a socialist too, but he's not a fancypants who makes me sexually insecure, so he's my guy. You're all socialists, actually. I don't like taxes!

Future Plans: I'm gonna write a book—well, OK, have a book written for me—and cash the fuck in on this shit. Then I'm gonna be getting laid as much as possible for the next few years. Then I'll probably go to jail for not paying my taxes. What can I say? I'm just a patriot.

How I'd like to be remembered: As the best socially acceptable way for the McCain campaign to say "White people work hard so black people can laze around, have babies and do drugs," without actually saying it. I'm just glad to help.



STUPID

HOW TO LOSE MONEY RUNNING A SPEED LAB

BY JOHN DOLAN
Part One

It isn't easy to lose money running a speed lab. I'm one of the few to have achieved that distinction. It was much easier to cook up a batch in those days. You could buy ether and the other precursors at one of the nice, quiet chemical warehouses that sat discreetly on access roads, near onramps, between suburbs. The kind of buildings that nobody ever sees, that are actually difficult to see, not designed for the casual customer.

We were disguised, of course. Well...we thought we were. This isn't James Bond we're talking about here. I had the clever idea of stuffing socks in my waistband to make myself look fatter when we went in to buy the stuff. Butler looked at me funny when I showed him my disguise, my slyly padded expando-waist. I realize now, he

must have been thinking it was coals to Newcastle, making me look fatter. But at that time I had the delusion common to all fat young American men that it was muscle. Some of the muscle had slipped a little, that was all.

I also fixed my glasses, cleverly turning them into prescription shades by gluing green plastic to the lenses. I'd cut them almost correctly, except for a few overhangs here and there. Butler pretended to be impressed. After all, he wasn't the one going in to buy the stuff.

On the way to the warehouse we talked. I talked about Heidi. I did a lot of that at the time, without noticing that it was driving everyone around me insane. It was a complete shock the time Falquist stopped and shrieked, "You already told me that eighteen times already! Jesus Christ!" Eighteen didn't seem like a big number to me. That story couldn't be told often enough, because in my fevered, stupid brain it was the basis for what I was about to do. It was why I was permitted, nay required, to become a bad person: because Heidi, who was way out of my league and everyone warned me so, had stooped to conquer me. Which was fine. Which was wonderful, my God, after all those silent years alone in my room eating and reading. Because she liked my poems and the punk jacket I'd sewn for myself.

So once Heidi and I finally got together, I assumed, just naturally, that that was it. What I loved about her was the conscience-free fun, not to mention that body that deserved a Rolling Stone or two. So, being stupid, I thought in terms of oxymorons: she's conscience-free and fun so she'll naturally want to move in with me, the end.

It's the worst thing about twentieth-century tastes, that sucker longing for the big oxymoron. The sleazy drunk party girl who loves the dweeby poet. That was

the script I was working from. She felt otherwise. She'd been having picaresque adventures like the one that culminated in my apartment on Dwight Way since age... what, twelve? I hate to think. It could have been way earlier than that. She did tell me that the cops in Santa Cruz used her once to lure this boy who'd gone insane to a meeting where they could wrap him up nice. Oh, and she did mention a few times, when drunk and with pride, that "I sent nine guys to the insane asylum, from me straight there."

None of which meant anything whatsoever to me. It was "colorful past," and everybody was supposed to have it. If anything I felt guilty for not having a good picaresque past to offer in return. But it was all in the service of the real stories: John Paul Jones on the deck of his sinking ship, Robert Emmet at the scaffold, Joan of Arc at the stake.

Oh, I know the punch lines. Believe me, I can do the punch lines. Like those three: "har har, two Presbyterian jihadis and a schizophrenic lesbian." I can joke. But that's now, when I'm dead. Back then I was alive and my body had found in the body of Heidi, no other body, its sole reason for existing and it was not kidding. You may be kidding but your body came straight outta Compton, which is to say "Ouldivai Gorge," and it is not kidding. It was me and Heidi ever after, period. So it came as a total shock to me when she explained that, "you know, the desire to fuck other people always comes up...[long pause]...in a relationship."

That meant all bets were off. Said that to myself a thousand times a day: "All bets are off." I'd gotten it from Gerry Adams of Sinn Féin. He said he'd used that phrase in negotiating with the Brits and then, after Operation Motorman, when he found himself tied in a chair getting beaten by a squaddie, the squaddie said out of nowhere, "Oi Gerry, 'all bets are

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off!' Remember Gerry, 'all bets are off?'" I liked to imagine that, being tied in a chair getting the shit beaten out of you for Ireland, because it was a million times better and easier than walking around Berkeley California in the nice sunshine where Heidi simply happened not to like you any more.

True, such things did occur in some books but those subplots, bumps in the road. Besides, those weren't the books I was using as my Lonely Planet Guide to Suddenly Meeting Other People at Age 23. I'd been expecting something a little warmer, like the way the superwoman adored the dork in Get Smart and Bewitched. That was the rule as far as I knew: be a total passive dork and the superwoman will attach herself to you no matter how stupid you act, in fact the stupider the better.

All of which was going according to plan. So to see her that morning, her and that Deadhead dishwasher she worked with at Fondue Fred's, coming out of the breakfast place all stumbled over each other...I mean, a Deadhead! A dishwasher! Not the done thing at all! Who do I kill now? You can't kill a Deadhead dishwasher because he doesn't even count. Killing Heidi was the obvious answer, but that would have been like killing the last warmth in a cold world. Back to my room, back to reading Wodehouse and National Geographic for the tenth time in a row.

Therefore, Q.E.D., I was going to become a speed dealer. If one stupid fairytale turns out to be total nonsense, what does the young man do? If you answered, "Wake up and face reality," you don't remember what it was like being a young man. You just go to the next entry in the catalogue of lies you can use to destroy your life.


So much lying, so much self-serving crap, that even while borrowing my parents' car to commit a felony, I saw myself as their avenger against the horde of hick philistines who had outcompeted us in the California economy. I loved them, now that nobody else wanted me. Boofucking-hoo. All kinds of weepy selfpitying fantasies. With the money from the first batch of meth that Butler and I were going to cook up, I'd get them a new car. No, two new cars. My mother always wanted a Cadillac, and though I would have preferred something foreign, she and my father were loyal to the end, in this as in the Church, Detroit believers. So a

Cadillac it would be. A Cadillac of revenge, a Sinn Fein, Catholic Cadillac that would radiate denouement and retribution and a lot of other Latinate stuff that they'd be sorry about. Heads would roll, as they did before I could get to sleep at night.

Of course Butler was sitting across from me, front seat of my parents' wretched surplus cop Plymouth, indulging all this crap because he needed a backer. He didn't have the cash to start a lab of his own. Or the courage. He'd been running a speed lab for that annoying San Francisco band Animal Things, the one-hit wonders behind "Wanna buy some fucking heroin, wanna buy some fucking junk?" It was a

catchy tune, remember? No? Local hit, I suppose.

I saw Animal Things once at Berkeley Square, pasty white kids, sneery. The singer had brown dreadlocks. Then after the first song he took them off. A wig! I couldn't get over it. It wasn't his hair at all.

See? That could've clued me in if anything was going to. It didn't. I was going to call this story something fancy but I think I'll go with the real title: Stupid. In fact, there's an Ernest movie with the best title I ever saw: Scared Stupid. That, as they say, is what I'm talking about. 

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BRAD FRIEDMAN ON THE EPIC FAIL OF 2008

Brad Friedman is perhaps the most diligent and unassailable election integrity advocate in America. His work at Bradblog.com is required reading for anyone who gives a damn about maintaining democracy in America, and he's also the guy we call whenever we start freaking out about the insanity of allowing hackable, untested voting machines to tabulate an election between two morally bankrupt parties, or the bitter injustice of trumped up voter fraud charges taking precedence in the media over real, actual voter fraud.



To start, this whole ACORN thing, it seems like such a—

Scam?

Well, yeah, like another low point for the media.

It really is. It really is a complete and utter scam, I mean just take a look at the last two or three items that I've posted at Bradblog just in the last twelve hours, you'll see what's really going on, versus the bullshit.

Right, the thing about West Virginia, I saw that and I'm completely baffled.

And that's a small one, frankly. I mean we've seen that one going on all over the country, but we're also seeing tens of thousands of voters being illegally purged in dozens of states, as reported by the New York Times, the Brennan Center for Justice, within just the last week or so, and the media is doing absolutely nothing to report on that. It's astounding—although I shouldn't be astounded by now, I should know better.

It's pretty amazing that Republicans still get away with calling it the liberal media and talking about liberal bias, when it seems the only stories they cover are these, you know, fraudulent talking points brought by the GOP.

Yeah, they really are.

And the thing that's driving me crazy is, wasn't it just a year or so ago that

the Justice Department was in all this hot water for firing prosecutors for not prosecuting these bogus voter registration fraud cases?

That's right. And they're still doing the same exact thing. You saw the leak from two unnamed FBI officials who said that ACORN was under investigation. That leak is completely in violation of Department of Justice rules, written rules about talking about investigations, about bringing investigations this close to an election, they are simply doing exactly what they did back in 2004 and 2006 with these purges, with those U.S. attorney purges, and they're doing it again because there was essentially no accountability brought for that.

Right.

You know? The Democrats huffed and puffed and wrote sternly worded letters, but they allowed themselves to be steamrolled by these bad guys. And they never sent the message that they couldn't get away with it, so they're doing it all over again. It's unbelievable.

What I can't believe is what a shoddy job of journalism is being done about this. I mean, for instance, just the fact that they keep calling it voter fraud, the ACORN thing, and they don't draw—it seems like the first thing you would do is draw a distinction between voter registration fraud and voter fraud. Because these faked names, they can't actually go vote. It's not voter fraud.

Yeah, exactly. I wrote an article at Bradblog, and I published another version of it over at the Guardian UK, saying exactly that—saying, "Where is the ACORN voter fraud, can someone cite me a single example anytime, anywhere?" And that was earlier this week, and what do you know, not one single person has been able to show me any. Previous articles, they were like, "Well, what about this in Nevada?" And "What about that in Indiana and Ohio?" And you know, "They're under investigation everywhere," And I said "Yeah, John McCain is under investigation in 50 states, for stealing the election, by me. That doesn't mean he did it." Anybody can be under investigation when you've got all these Republican officials bringing these phony charges.

And remember, aside from the point you make about the difference between voter fraud and voter registration fraud, most of these cases were brought to the attention of election officials, months and months ago, by ACORN themselves! And so for, all of a sudden, these Republican officials to come out yelling, "Oh my God, we're being buried by voter fraud from ACORN, and

fraudulent registrations,” it’s a complete lie. They know it. And in every single one of those cases, if you go through it, it was months ago when they were told about whatever problems there were, and [ACORN] turned in those registration forms as they’re required to by law, and did so while flagging them as problematic, the ones that were problematic.

So the thing’s a complete scam. We expect Fox News to lie about it; it’s somewhat a surprise they’ve made it such a cottage industry, but not that much of a surprise. So we expect them to lie about it, but the same thing is going on at CNN and MSNBC on this story.

I was just watching the Wall Street Journal Editorial Report on Fox, for some reason, and they’re all over it. It was pretty unbelievable. They’ve got three guys all agreeing with each other, essentially, on this.

Oh, of course. And was John Fund one of them?

Yes. Yes he was.

I’ll be on Fox News tomorrow with John Fund myself.

Wow.

[Laughs]

Hopefully, they’ll let you talk.

Well, I fully expect to be sandbagged. It’s my first time on Fox news.

He did say, Paul Gigot, the guy that moderates that show, he did give some voice to the other side, just by saying. “well, the response to this is that you can register Mickey Mouse, but he can’t vote.” And then John Fund says, “oh, well here’s this example,” in Ohio I think, and he seemed to be conflating, again, registration fraud with voter fraud.

Well there was one actual report of voter fraud, is you take it to be true, from Murdoch’s New York Post, in which someone had registered at a fraudulent address, many times, by ACORN, months and months ago. He was turned in. Election officials then contacted the guy, told him to knock it off, and then he showed up anyway, registered again in person, and voted, apparently—illegally,

at a phony address, just like what Ann Coulter did, by the way.

Yeah, I saw that! That’s hilarious.

But it had nothing to do with ACORN. And yet, they were saying, “This guy, ACORN was helping him commit voter fraud.” And then the other story they ran in the New York Post was about this guy who registered 72 times? What they don’t point out is that he registered 72 times from the same address—which would give him exactly one vote. They seem to leave those important details out of their story as they’re busy lying about it to the American people.

What I’m wondering is, what’s the motivation behind it? Is it to distract people from actual voter fraud? Or is it to establish a pretext—

There’s actually a lot of reasons for it. One, any time they can cause havoc here, in the days before the elections, any havoc and chaos they can cause, and allow them to challenge voters, to get them off the rolls, to keep them from voting, that helps them. Just the challenge itself helps them, because if they do it on election day, it makes the lines go around the block—they’re going to be insanely long anyway, and this makes them even longer and keeps people from voting. Anybody they can force to vote with a provisional ballot, that means those ballots can be challenged too, and sometimes we see 30% or more provisional ballots thrown out.

Finally, this is all about—the big picture here is about these photo ID restrictions that they want to impose at the polling place, despite the fact that 20 million Americans don’t have the type of photo ID that would be required to vote under these new restrictions. And the Supreme Court has sent the signal that it doesn’t matter that there is no voter fraud in places like Indiana and Georgia where they’ve brought these kind of laws. They’ve sent the signal that as long as there is a fear of voter fraud, that in and of itself undermines confidence in the system and that in and of itself is reason to allow for these laws to be passed. So, what do you know? They go out and they create the fear, the perception of voter fraud, so now they can run to the Supreme Court and say, “See? We don’t want the same thing that happened in 2008 to happen again, what with all those allegations of voter fraud.” So you have to allow us to

pass these new, draconian, poll taxes, essentially, that will succeed in keeping millions of African Americans, elderly, students, urban dwellers—predominantly Democratic voters—from even being able to cast a vote. That’s what all of this is about.

John McCain said in the last debate that ACORN was “perpetrating one of the greatest frauds in voter history in this country, maybe destroying the fabric of democracy.”

Which is exactly what [Republicans] are doing. John McCain of all people, a once honorable guy, ought to know better. But he doesn’t care.

Yeah, I mean how much of an overstatement is that? Not even an overstatement really, just, you know, completely bonkers.

Well, in truth he may be right, but it’s not ACORN that’s destroying the fabric of Democracy, it’s these liars and charlatans and democracy-haters who are creating this scam out of whole cloth, before they take that cloth and rip it up, to quote Dahlia Lithwick over at Slate. I mean, they are the ones who are shredding the fabric of democracy with all of this.

And at the same time—the other thing I didn’t mention, as far as why they’re doing this, is that it completely obscures the fact that tens of thousands of voters are being purged all across the country, in state after state, illegally. And nobody’s talking about that, or the problems with voting machines.

And it even enhances the purges because it seems to legitimize them, the idea that they’re getting rid of these “fraudulent” people, when they’re really actual voters.

That’s right. It is nothing less than a direct assault on democracy. Make no mistake about it. And when I talk about Democracy, I’m talking about non-partisan, you know, not right and left, but rather right and wrong. Just, you know, people being able to vote legally, have their vote counted and have it counted accurately and transparently. That’s what I’m fighting for, and I’ll fight for it for a Republican voter just as much as a Democratic voter.

So I’m intensely offended by what these guys are doing, the scam that the

Republican party is running right now, because we've had people die in this country fighting for the right to vote. We're ostensibly sending out our troops to fight and die for the spread of democracy in theory, and here they are back home, just—what? Destroying the fabric of our democracy here in our own country. It's just remarkable.

The last time we spoke, you were talking about Rush Holt's bill. Has there been any progress in Congress on any kind of oversight on these touchscreen electronic voting machines, or anything like that?

No, almost none, and this is where the Democrats have completely dropped the ball—one of many places where they've completely dropped the ball. But even the Rush Holt bill, as you'll recall, would have allowed for the use of completely unverifiable touchscreen voting systems forever in this country! And so, you know, the Democrats don't get it. And they still don't get it. I was on the air the other day with Harry Reid, who was crowing about how lucky they were in Nevada because they had paper trails on their touchscreen systems. I mean, the very same voting systems, Sequoia Edge with Veri-Vote Printer, you can see being hacked, including the paper trail, on a UC Santa Barbara video that was put out just two weeks ago, showing exactly how to hack those machines in such a way that even if you bothered to count 100% of the paper trails—and they never count any of them by the way, but even if you did—they would match the internal numbers perfectly even though the election was hacked. And here you've got the Senate Majority leader saying that "We're lucky in Nevada because we have these machines." Are you kidding me? These guys are absolutely clueless.

The irony here, I think, is that if McCain wins, there will be a legitimate doubt as to the actual result, but it won't be covered in the media, because they seem to be refusing to cover the touchscreen issue. But if Obama wins, there will be an illegitimate doubt, that will no doubt be talked about incessantly.

No doubt. Because the Republicans are not afraid of being called sore losers, and conspiracy theorists, and tinfoil hat wearers. They get in there and fight for their voters, and even for the folks who

they've successfully purged from the rolls. And make no mistake, it's going to be a combination of front- and back-end assaults on voters, where they keep them from voting in the first place, and then on the back end, where a single person can flip an entire election without detection on these electronic voting systems. That's in play too. So it's both of these things. And yeah, if they win, the Democrats will probably pull a John Kerry, as they did in 2004, and say "Well, we lost, and uh, darn that Bradley effect," or whatever nonsense they want to come up with.

I have a feeling they're going to talk about the Bradley effect a lot if Obama loses.

Oh, yeah.

Especially if the exit polls, once again, don't match.

Mmm-hmmm. Yeah, there's all kinds of narratives that are already in place. You remember the exit polls, they're inaccurate, according to uh, the guys who'd like them to be inaccurate. Mind you, if you've got a state where the exit polls show John McCain winning, and Obama ends up winning, why I will bet you a thousand dollars they will use those exit polls as evidence that the Democrats stole the election. So bad exit polls are only bad when they show a Democrat should have won. When it's the other way around, these guys have absolutely no compunction about claiming, about saying, about doing anything they can to win elections, period. That's all it's about for those guys. And for a presidential campaign that has tried to fool America by using the "country first" slogan for the campaign—I mean these guys, country doesn't come close to first for these guys. It's bottom of the list. It's power first. It's winning first, period.

Everybody's talking about how Obama's ahead in the polls, but I am absolutely un-reassured. I still fully expect that they'll make him lose somehow.

Of course.

And even if he does win, they'll take it to court, I have no doubt.

Oh yeah. They will have no problem doing that. Even in 2004, while they were busy calling Democrats sore losers, for questioning the tens of thousands of

voters who were denied their right to cast a vote at all in Ohio, calling them conspiracy theorists and sore losers, they were up there in Washington State, bringing their own conspiracy theory, tinfoil hat, sore loser case in the Washington gubernatorial race. And they took that all the way, as far as they could until a judge just said "forget it," you know, "there's nothing here, you've got no evidence of fraud." But it didn't stop them from going to court as far as they could.

Democrats don't do that. Democrats are pussies. They're scared to death of being called bad names by the right wing media, and apparently they haven't figured out that they're going to be called bad names by the right wing media anyway. So they may as well stand up for the voters, for Christ's sake.

It seems to me that the Obama campaign has a little more moxie than previous Democratic campaigns. Maybe he'll go to court.

I would put the emphasis there on "little." I think they do have a little more, but that's about it. To be frank, I've seen little sign, other than this push back Friday night, when they pushed back a little bit on this ACORN thing and called on Mukasey to investigate federal law enforcement's complicity in this whole ACORN voter fraud scam. Other than that, the DNC and Obama campaign have done almost nothing to signal that they are standing up for the voters. I give you one example that I've used recently a lot, up in Pennsylvania, where the Secretary of State, a Democrat, about a month ago, said that no paper ballots needed to be given out—mind you they use touchscreens almost across the entire state—he said no paper ballots need to be given out unless every machine in a precinct breaks down! So, I mean, you remember what happened in 2004, when you had precincts where just one machine broke down and then the lines would go around the block. So he gives the edict that, well don't worry about it, you don't have to worry about paper ballots unless every machine breaks down? Are you kidding me?

Where the hell is Obama? Where are the Democrats? Why aren't they jumping up and down and screaming holy hell in Pennsylvania, demanding that every single voter who wants to vote on paper can vote on paper, will be told they can vote on paper, will have their paper ballot

counted that night before any election results are released, and will have it counted accurately? Where are they? They're doing nothing, in a swing state like Pennsylvania! And I'm just astounded by that.

So when I, I hear people telling me all the time, "Oh, well I talked to the Obama campaign and they said they were on top of this," I say, really what are they doing? And they say "Oh, well they say they're gonna have thousands of attorneys out on election day and if anything goes wrong they're gonna be there." That's the exact same thing we heard from John Kerry in 2004, and apparently he was just kidding. So why should we believe that they're going to do anything different this time around, in the Obama campaign?

I just—I don't understand why the Democrats aren't pushing hard on these issues. I mean, they're spending all this money on their campaigns and it could be that they might as well have just stayed home.

See my "pussies" comment earlier in the interview.

[Laughs] Okay. It's also really troubling to see words like "communist" come back into the political lexicon in reference to Democrats. I think a big story of this campaign is the tragedy of watching John McCain basically forfeit his dignity.

You're right. And of course it's not yet a tragedy. It won't be that tragedy until he's actually lost this thing and I won't believe that he has until something like January

first, 2009. And mind you, I'm not a supporter of Obama's or McCain's. It seems to me they've got plenty of supporter each. I'm supporting the voters this year. I think that's a nice change of pace, because they don't have nearly enough supporters.

Yet, at the same time, with the stuff you're talking about, these desperate tactics, playing the old McCarthy card, the old House Un-American Activities card, this just shows you how bankrupt this party is of ideas at this point. And while I'm not gonna vote for them, I would be delighted to see Obama win, and hopefully, bring on a new day in this country. But as long as the right wing controls the media, pretty much top to bottom, as they do, I don't even know that an Obama win is gonna make a significant dent in the divide in this country.

Well I'm sure that immediately, they'll start, well I guess they would call it the Illinois Project, and start assaulting him from all directions the way they did with the Clintons.

That's right. And they will bring him down, and they will bring impeachment hearings, and in the meantime you've got this guy who actually did commit impeachable crimes sitting in the White House right now, and we're not doing a goddamn thing about it—

Don't even get me started.

Other than, you know, a handful of congressmen, like Kucinich and so forth. It's unbelievable the lack of accountability they've brought. And so I only Vince Bugliosi is successful, and he can actually prosecute this guy for murder when he's out of office.

[Skeptical] Yeah, we'll see.

I mean, that's the only thing that's left.

The only thing I can say about that is, I've come to the conclusion, eventually, that Bush is not the problem, that Congress is the problem. Because if Congress was functioning adequately, then Bush would have been out of office years ago.

You know, you're right. I can't disagree with you there, although if you keep digging, and keep looking for the problem, it again comes back to the media. The corporate media. We expect the bad guys to be bad. We expect Democrats to be pussies. What we expect beyond that, though, is for there to be a fourth estate that holds all of these guys accountable when they screw up. And there used to be such a fourth estate, and when the New York Times would put out a story of corruption, there were real consequences to it.

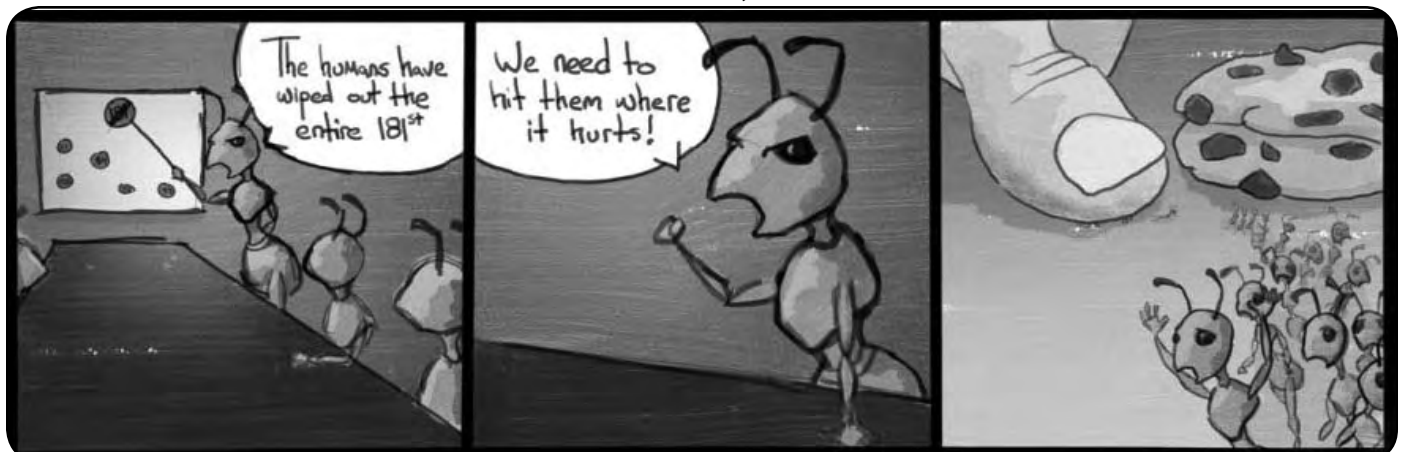
But we now live in an outlaw nation. All of the bodies that used to bring accountability, whether it's the Department of Justice, or state AGs, or Congress, or the media—they're no longer there. I mean, this is every man for himself at this point. And I think it's got to begin with media reform—and I don't know how you accomplish that.

The thing is, even if the Washington Post or the New York Times covers something, it doesn't matter anymore if it doesn't make it to television.

Well, that's right. Because remember at

THE MAGIC FANTASTIC

BY JOSHUA AND MATHEW MARCHLEWSKI



the same time as they've been pounding this phony ACORN bullshit on Fox and MSNBC and CNN, the New York Times came out with this remarkable report showing tens of thousands of voters being purged from the rolls in state after state, and you haven't heard a peep about it on any of these shows. Now I'm going to be on Fox news tomorrow, so maybe you'll hear a peep about it, if i can get it in—

Well, I hope it's live.


[Laughs] It will be live. We'll see how I can do. The last time I was on the air, on radio with John Fund, about a week or two ago, he hung up.

Really?

Yeah. During the first commercial break.

"BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO AMONG MAD PEOPLE."

"THEN YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO SEE THE FRANCIS BACON EXPERIMENT."



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Fantastic.

Speaking of pussies.

[Laughs]

Although, don't print that remark about him until after 2:40 PM tomorrow.

Okay. Yeah, Fund is a real...

Liar?

Yeah, and a smug one, too.

Oh he's shameless. I'm actually kind of glad that it's him, because he seems to not mind having his ass kicked.

Yeah, I've seen him on Bill Maher...

Yeah! He seems to enjoy it! He gets off on people beating up on him.

I guess he knows that's his job.

He seems like a pretty pathetic guy, and if you've looked at his book, it's a pathetic book, filled with all kind of nonsense, and not one mention of Ann Coulter's voter fraud! Go figure! It's a book about voter fraud and they don't mention Ann Coulter, who actually committed it, and I've got the documents to prove it! Now why don't they care about her, I wonder?

Every once in a while I go over to some hardcore right wing websites, you know, Freerepublic.com, that sort of thing—just to see what these people are saying. And they uh, well they appear to really buy into the ACORN thing. ACORN, to them, is like COBRA from GI Joe, you know, this massive, malevolent entity.

Sure.

And what's surprising is just how walled off they are from, you know—

Reality?

Yeah. And what I'm trying to figure out is whether they really believe what they're saying or if they're all, you know, in "Operative" mode.

I think the bulk of them really do believe it. And they've convinced each other, they've talked each other into this crap. And it's not that difficult if you're turning on cable news, and you see on every single channel, they're repeating the same thing! In some cases, as with Fox, they're doing it wall to wall, you know, "ACORN voter fraud! ACORN voter fraud!" And then you've got the leader of their party, their presidential nominee, comes out at a rally and talks about ACORN voter fraud, and goes on a debate in front of 50 million people, and says this is the greatest fraud ever perpetrated in our nation! Of course they believe it!

Yeah, And at the same time they've been told they can't trust the mainstream media because they're all in the tank for Obama, and it's all this big, evil communist conspiracy.

Oh, it's a brilliant scheme. The truth is what they say the truth is, and anybody

who says otherwise is part of the liberal conspiracy to destroy America. That's the short story, and apparently there's still some 30% of this nation who believe it. Pretty much those same dead-enders who are still supporting George W. Bush even now.

You've just got to wonder if it's a winning strategy to just whip this one third of the country into a frenzy. How many people in the middle are going to care, or is it actually going to alienate them?

But remember: The frenzy is all that's important, because—I mean, you remember the “Brooks Brothers riot” in 200 in Florida? You know, you had about a dozen or twenty Republican insiders who rolled up their sleeves, took off their ties, and started acting like they were an angry mob, and the media was all over it.

Yeah, that was amazing. I've seen the footage where they isolate every person in the mob and show their connections to the Republican party and the Bush campaign.

Exactly, yeah, this is Tom Delay's aide, you know, here's Karl Rove's guy—and yet, the media reported it as “Oh no, an angry mob is coming in,” and the folks who were counting the ballots—trying to count the ballots down there in Palm Beach stopped counting because they were scared to death.

Do you think it's going to take much more than that for the the Fox News Alerts to start busting out this year, when you've got angry mobs who are told, there's voter fraud going on here or there? I mean, we're going to have a real meltdown this November. I'm quite concerned. I think everyone, to quote Bush, is “misunderestimating” just what it is that we are heading for here, with all of the phony baloney that the Republicans have been doing, all the people they've purged from the rolls, all the people on their side of the aisle, who they've got worked up to believe there's Democratic voter fraud going on. I mean, this is a tinderbox. This nation is ready to explode and I think that is scary as hell.

How much longer can the country survive these dubious elections before either we address the problem coherently, or people just stop feeling like they live in a democracy?

I think a lot of people already do not feel like they live in a democracy, and justifiably so after after these last two presidential elections. But how long can it go on? It can go on until a Republican perceives that they have been screwed by this system, by these machines, for example. As soon as they feel that a Republican has lost a race because of a faulty, hackable voting machine, that's when there will be reform. Because they will make sure there's reform. The Democrats have been screwed out of one election after another. Sarasota is one of the most recent examples—Sarasota, Florida in 2006. 18,000 votes disappear in a Democratic district where the race went to the Republican by 369 votes—Katherine Harris's old seat, by the way. And what did the Democrats do about it? Absolutely nothing.

Despite all this, the Democrats are likely to gain a lot of seats in November. Do you think there's any chance that they will be able, with a greater majority, to do something, pass a bill, whatever?


Probably not. I mean, even if they had a veto-proof majority in the Senate—remember, for the first six year of the Bush administration, we were told the Democrats couldn't do this or that because they just didn't have the majority, that the Republican had the White House and both chambers of Congress. Then they got the majority in both chambers of Congress, and we were told they can't do anything

because it wasn't enough of a majority. So, oddly enough, the Republicans have gotten everything they wanted, even while they're in the minority. So, if the Republicans can get whatever they want while they're in the minority, why couldn't the Democrats get it when they were in the minority? Why can't they get it now that they're in the majority? You know, why are they signing off on giving immunity to the phone companies, the FISA bill?

Well, because they're almost as corrupt as the Republicans, I suppose.

I don't know, you know? I don't find them to be as corrupt, I find them to be, uh, you know, once again, pussies. I just find them to be scared to death, incompetent, and they don't know how to govern, how to fight for the people that bring 'em to the dance. And so they have just been a failure on that level. But I don't find them to be as corrupt. I find the Republicans to be evil, and I find the Democrats to be idiots. And there is a distinction, albeit a small one. I realize I'm really grasping for straws there, if that's the difference between the two.

It's like the difference between Dr. Frankenstein and Igor.

Exactly [laughs]. So I really have no reason to believe they will do anything differently until I see them do it. When they do it, I will be delighted, and I will be happy to laud them for it. But I'll believe it when I see it. 





BROKER ENGLISH

THE ONLY LANGUAGE WE KNOW

BY JOE BAGEANT

Any number of cultural historians have noted the American belief that success is a sign of God's favor. And over the past couple of decades he has had a downright love fest with the already-rich. So much so that the richest 400 Americans now have more money stashed away than the combined bottom 150 million Americans. Some \$1.6 trillion bucks.

This was accomplished by selling off or shipping out every available asset, from jobs to seaports, smashing usury and anti-monopoly laws, raiding the public coffers, manipulating the medium of exchange and blackmailing the peasantry regarding common needs such as health care and energy to keep their asses warm, to name a few. The ultimate coup was to convince the entire nation that the well being of the rich, meaning the well being of Wall Street, was indeed the common man's well being.

All went well for a while. People went into credit card hock up to their noses in order to provide 26% credit card interest to Wall Street, etc. And when that became untenable, flimsy mortgages were cranked out by the millions, ensuring that every American who could hold a crayon could sign to purchase a home. To facilitate this, all sorts of shaky 'mortgage instruments' were created--balloon, (sign here Jeeter, you're gonna flip it in a year and make a hundred K on this house trailer) interest only, and finally negative balance mortgages, where you only paid part of the interest and the rest was rolled back into the principal balance. And joy of joys, you could refinance a couple of times while the inflated value of these houses was on the way up. Life was good for everybody.

The bill was never gonna come due because god, in his wisdom, had deemed

that capitalism would defy the second law of thermodynamics and expand forever. So every time a bank made a mortgage loan of say, \$400,000, even though the debtor had never even made a payment yet, the loan was declared a bank asset and another \$400,000 was loaned against it. Meanwhile, the Federal Reserve Bank yelled whoopee and printed another \$800,000 in currency. Of course, at some point the country had to run out of customers, so the loans got easier and easier. No matter that debt is not wealth. Wink and call it that and most folks won't even look up from their new big screen high resolution digital TVs.

Problem was that all the jobs to pay for this stuff were stampeding off toward places in China with names containing a lot of Xs, Zs and praying for a vowel. It was becoming clear that the entire economy was running on fumes. In fact less than fumes. It was running on the odor of paper. Mountains of the stuff. Bundles of mortgages and very strange securities and derivatives of unknown origin and value. Paper that stated its own worth and signed by some mystic hand no one could quite identify, although the blurry signatures looked to read Greenspan, Paulson and Bernanke. But there was a rub. Things reached the point where there simply was not anything left to defraud the public out of, nothing left to steal from the nation's productive capability, no matter how much paper Jeeter and Maggie signed for that trailer house, no matter how secure Brian and Jennifer out there in Arlington, Virginia and Davis, California thought they were. So the only thing left to do was steal from future generations of Americans and accept an I.O.U. which the government would happily sign on behalf of the people and enforce. By the wildest coincidence,



These assholes need your money

under the Bush administration, this I.O.U. happened to tally up to about \$700 billion.

Seeing the oncoming train of financial disaster, the financiers just about wet their pants, and screamed "We want it all now! And if we don't get it the 'economy' will lock its brakes and crash. Remember, we control the medium of exchange. Nobody gets a paycheck if we don't. Remember that it's lines of credit from us that backs every working man's and woman's paycheck in the country. So pay the hell up."

Folks, they've got us all by the nuts and nipples. McCain knows that. Obama knows that. In the end, regardless of the so-called dissenters in the House and the Senate, we will pay up. It's election season and the dissent is for show. So it looks like we will get some "concession." For example, we will get shares in these "toxic assets" that are stinking up the joint. The rich need to dump them and dump them fast. In another magnanimous concession, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation will raise the insurance on "our savings" to \$250,000 (how many readers have 250 K in the bank?). But it will be redeemable




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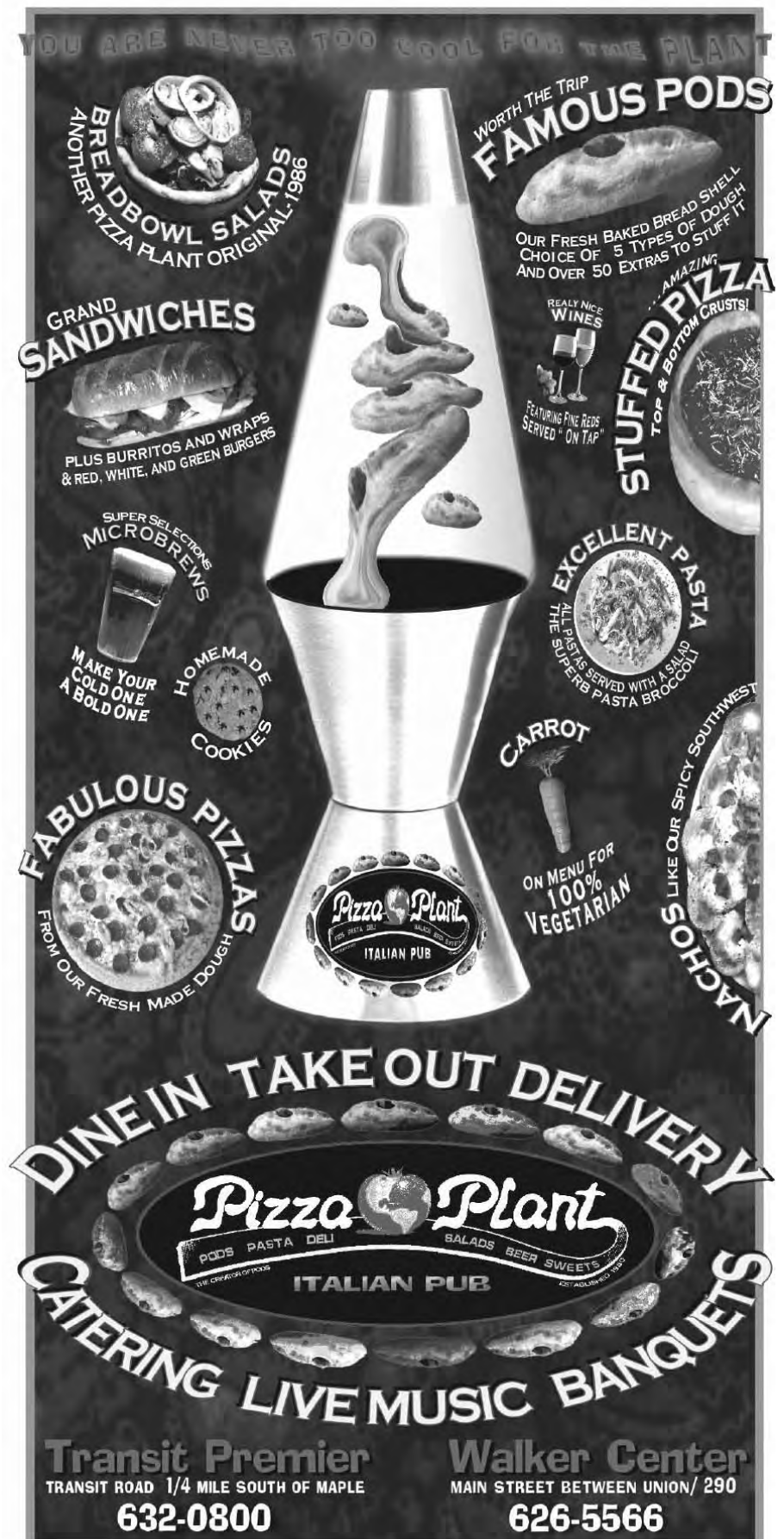
in even more inflated currency amid an inflationary environment. And, in case you didn't know, the FDIC has up to ten years to pay up on that insurance. So don't get any ideas about running off to Mexico, to which, by the way, we are a net debtor nation.

We will pay. We will pay because the European banks holding all that bad paper we wrote demand that we make good on it so even more of their banks will not fail. We will pay because the Chinese, the Japs and everyone else will cut off the loan tap with which we pay the interest (not the principal) on our exploding super nova of national debt. We will pay because God

loves the rich. We will pay because we will not be offered any other choice. We will pay because George Bush worked hard for all those Ds in school and became the first MBA president. We will pay because our media has internalized the capitalist system so thoroughly they can only talk in Wall Speak. We will pay because the only language we have to describe our world is that of our oppressors, because we have been taught to think in Wall Speak. We will pay because we hitched our wagon to last stage capitalism and even though the wagon has now two wheels over the cliff and roars forward, we don't know where the brake handle is located. And because we don't know any better or understand any possible resistance to the system because we have been kept like worms in a jar and fed horse shit.

And as we all know, worms do not rise up in revolt.

That takes a backbone. 



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ARE YOU A REAL AMERICAN?

ALMOST AS FUN AS A LOYALTY OATH

This election season, we're hearing a lot about "Real Americans." But do you know if you make the grade? Find out by taking this fun quiz! (Note: Taking quizzes may or may not be American.)

1. What kind of books do you read?

A) The Shock Doctrine was a real eye-

opener

B) Nothing I can't find at the supermarket

C) What's a book?

2. What music do you like?

A) Radiohead's new record is a tour de force

B) I'm bringing sexy back

C) I have "God Bless the USA" on a continuous loop at home

3. How do you feel about religious tolerance?

A) It is the right of all people to worship as they like

B) I don't mind Jews much.

C) Say "merry Christmas" or I'll kick you in the nads

4. Big cities are:

A) Hotbeds of advanced culture

B) Good for shopping during daylight hours

C) Excellent bombing targets

5. Small towns are:

A) Boring

B) Quaint

C) The only places where anybody decent ever came from, especially my momma

6. Global warming is

A) A scientific fact and a major crisis

B) An issue we need to balance against economic realities

C) A hoax perpetrated by gay communists

7. Contraception is:

A) A wise choice for the sexually active

B) Better than abortion

C) Satan's latex noose

8. Sarah Palin is:

A) Dangerously unqualified

B) Cute, but not very impressive

C) Smarter than Einstein

9. The mainstream press is:

A) Woefully lazy

B) Keeping me informed

C) Gay communists

10. George W. Bush is:

NOVEMBER 2008

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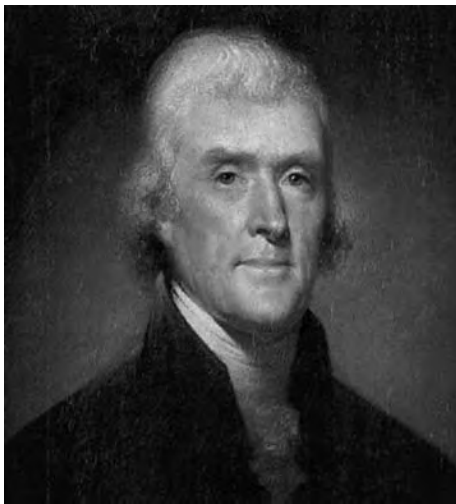
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Surprisingly, Thomas Jefferson was not a Real American, due in part to his blatant Koran ownership

- A) Worst president ever
- B) A good guy in over his head
- C) Like God, but more sexy

11. Saddam's missing WMDs were:

- A) A total fabrication
- B) An honest mistake
- C) In John Kerry's basement

12. African Americans are:

- A) An oppressed people struggling to overcome adversity
- B) Fine, in theory
- C) Racists who are persecuting me

ANSWERS:

Tally your score: Give yourself 0 points for every time you answered A, 1 point for each B, and 2 points for C.

0-8 Points – **Un-American:** You are a cancer on this once-great country's soul. Why don't you pack up your espresso machine and move to France, where you belong?

9- 16 points – **Semi-American:** You may not be a Marxist, but your tolerance for other points of view threatens our national security.

17 points or more – **Real American:** Congratulations! Your patriotic hatred for all that is unfamiliar is the hallmark of a fine, worthy citizen of this great Christian nation. Now get out there and bully a liberal!

Fun Fact



BOB'S QUICK GUIDE to WHAT'S A HADRON? YOU IDIOTS

WITH ALL THE YABBER ABOUT THE LARGE HADRON COLLIDER THERE'S A DISTINCT LACK OF KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT A HADRON IS. HERE THEN IS A QUICK GUIDE, YOU IGNORANT MORONS.

FIRST, ALL PARTICLES FALL INTO ONE OF TWO GROUPS:

BOSONS

- integer spin
- obey Bose-Einstein statistics
- "play nice," i.e. do not obey Pauli exclusion principle; many may occupy a given quantum state

EXAMPLES

- force-carrying particles
- photons, gluons, W/Z bosons
- carbon-12 nuclei (huh??)
- helium-4 atoms (whah???)

FERMIONS

- half-integer spin
- obey Fermi-Dirac statistics
- "don't play nice," i.e. obey Pauli exclusion principle; only one may occupy a given quantum state

EXAMPLES

- quarks
- electrons
- protons (made of quarks)
- neutrons (made of quarks)

THEN WE GOT YER BASIC CONSTITUENTS OF MATTER...

LEPTONS

- non-quark, non-force-carrying elementary particles

EXAMPLES

- electrons
- tau neutrinos

QUARKS

- quarks
- which are quarks

EXAMPLES

- quarks

WHOOOPS! LOOKS LIKE WE DIDN'T GET TO HADRONS!

MAYBE NEXT TIME!

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A DICK.
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SAVE OUR CEOS

SUPER-WEALTHY THREATENED BY MERE OPULENCE

BY RICH HERSCHLAG

Last year, Clark bought a 12,000 square foot waterfront villa in Boca Raton and a 7,000 square foot penthouse in Dubai. His daughter's sweet sixteen cost 2.3 million dollars, five hundred thousand of which went to Lindsay Lohan, who came out of the cake. He crashed a vintage DeLorean into a parking meter on the Strip in Hollywood and left it on the side of the road rather than deal with the insurance mess. He bought his trophy wife an 18 carat gold Elsa Peretti Tiffany diamond necklace and his girlfriend a 24 carat one. His Yorkshire Terrier was treated for toxic shock after a particularly lengthy Botox session.

But that was then. Today, Clark has put virtually half his fleet of Barchettas up for sale. Plans for a new heliport at his home in Key West are on hold. News of the recent global financial meltdown gave him a mild upset stomach until he flicked the TV from CNBC to Animal Planet. His wave pool is set to "standby" during off hours. He has stopped flossing with polar bear sinew. He has turned down the thermostat on the north end of his walk-in closet.

Clark has been forced to economize on jet fuel by doubling up on coast-to-coast charter flights. Due to the sudden need to horde vast sums of cash, he'll need a new mattress any day now. Some of his CEO cronies cashed out with a few hundred million more than Clark did and had the gall to brag about it on the back nine at Augusta. He dumped most of his derivatives only minutes before the Eurodollar hit 1.36, narrowly averting a brush with non-billionaire status. His life coach laid off his personal trainer.

Golden parachutes have become bronze parasails. It's getting harder to laugh all the way to the bank when your bank has gone under. How long can we ignore this problem? How long can we look away? How long can we stand by idly while the

richest of the rich are reduced to simply the superrich?

Many of you are probably saying, the problem is so great and I am just a retired civil servant with a decimated pension and a part time job at Target. What can I do? Well, you can of course watch helplessly



Thanks for the help, commoner!

while your government mortgages your future and your children's future and their children's future by buying up millions of subprime predatory loans. But that's not enough. And that's why we here at the Heritage Foundation started Save the CEOs. Thanks to Save the CEOs, you can sponsor Clark and dozens of asshole prima donnas just like him.

That's right, for just a thousand dollars a week, you can make a difference in Clark's life. Your donation could mean the difference between a forty-seat and a forty-five-seat screening room. Between store-bought cheese and fresh goat cheese for his Lhasa Apso. Between a 24-inch and a 36-inch flat screen TV for his valet's bathroom.


You'll sleep better—whether in your own bed or in a cardboard box—knowing you've done your share to preserve the status quo in the United States of America. All funds will be automatically debited

from your checking account on the first of the month. And all donations are tax deductible—for Clark, not you. However, if you earn more than \$250,000 a year, don't worry—John McCain will make you whole.

We encourage you to write to Clark each month and tell him how much your sponsorship means to you and how it has given you a brand new outlook on life. In return, Clark will not write back. But if he did, his message would go something like this:

"Hello. I am, at the moment, being fellated by twin Brazilian runway models. This morning, a Geisha girl walked on my back while I TM'ed my broker to short my boarding school roommate. Later today I'll be taking a spa with some of my friends at AIG and hatching a new plan to start a high yield tax sheltered hedge fund with federal bailout money. Then it's over to the United Arab Emirates embassy for drinks and a nifty scheme to change citizenship status and avoid a windfall profits tax.

"To the degree that such an unlikely and preposterous thing is possible, I really do appreciate your pathetic little gesture of dipping into your boy's college fund once a week to make sure the sushi platters at my Abu Dhabi duplex never get too light and my collection of vintage 1960 Follignan Cognac never runs dry. When times are tough, we must all sacrifice except for me. I don't do sacrifice.

"But I understand you do, and that you're very good at it. I understand that during the last recession, you moonlighted at Wendy's to pay the COBRA on your wife's health plan. That's exactly what I would have done if I were a loser too. But since I am not and you are, I believe it's best that we play to our strengths. Cherio, old chum. And one more thing. If you happen to see me from a distance on the tarmac at Monte Carlo Airport, stay away. And please don't wave." 

Boston Tea Party 2008



BY ALLISON KILKENNY

For years, colonialists have been angered by the policy of taxation without representation. The famous protester, John Hancock, arranges a boycott of the monopolistic British East India Company. Hancock begins to smuggle tea into the country illegally without paying taxes. Britain responds by allowing the East India Company to sell directly to the colonies thereby undercutting the profits of smugglers.

The East India Company is aided by

lobbyists and powerful members of Parliament. The smugglers, including Samuel Adams and John Hancock, call for East India Company colonial employees to abandon their jobs.

Meanwhile, in an underground cellar in a Bostonian pub, the Sons of Liberty, the secret organization of American Patriots, are detained by British guards. Unbeknown to SoL members, they had been infiltrated by British spies, who have been reporting the group's activities to His Majesty for the past five months. The Sons of Liberty are now a "terrorist organization," and the members are arrested. The group is never able to meet Adams and Hancock at the harbor in order to dump the tea.

Undeterred, Adams and Hancock

decide to dump the tea themselves. The Revolutionaries don war paint and feathers and sneak toward the ship. They are immediately stopped by Captain Roach and the royal governor of Massachusetts, Thomas Hutchinson.

Hutchinson: Where's your permit?

Adams: Our what?

Hutchinson: Your permit. You need a permit to protest here.

Hancock: Well, we didn't have time to apply for one. Drastic times call for drastic measures, you know.

Adams: Anyway, there's really no permit available for what we want to do...

Hutchinson: Which is what?

Adams: Dump the East India Company's tea.

Roach: Good heavens! That's positively Revolutionary!

Adams: That's sort of the idea, yeah...

Hutchinson: You don't really intend to break the law, do you?

Adams: Indeed.

Roach: Jesus H. Christ! The absolute Gall!

Hutchinson: No go. Sorry.

Hancock: Oh, C'mon!

Hutchinson: Nope. No.

Hancock: C'moooooon!

Hutchinson: Tell you what: You can throw one tea bag into the harbor, but only one of you can go onto the ship. And you can't make any noise. And take off those silly costumes. And the other one of you has to wait in a little pen I will construct out of wood and some mud. And did I mention



you mustn't raise your voice, or I will fine you a week's wages?

(Enter stage left): A man appears from the shadows, scribbling furiously on parchment.

Man: Thomas Paine: citizen journalist! Are you repressing their right to freedom of expression?!

Hutchinson: (Tasers Paine)

Roach: That freedom doesn't exist yet, punk. (Kicks Paine in the kidney)

Paine: (Cries in pain)

Adams: Holy crap!

Hutchinson: So what were you boys saying?

Adams and Hancock: Nothing! Nothing....

Adams and Hancock back away, hands held up in surrender before they turn and run away.

END SCENE

Americans take for granted their rights to taxation with representation, to protest, and to maintain certain human dignities. Oftentimes, they forget that the founding fathers were radicals, who broke the law, and faced the possibility of execution as they thumbed their noses at King George.

The \$700 billion dollar bailout of Wall Street is exactly the kind of taxation without representation that the founding fathers fought to reject over 200 years ago. Taxpayers, who had no control over predatory lending and shady deregulation, are now responsible for paying the bill while CEOs jump out of windows with their golden parachutes strapped safely to their backs.

At today's Wall Street protest, Ralph Nader and Matt Gonzales, the Independent party presidential and vice-presidential nominees, called for the immediate termination of this taxpayer bailout. Just as the founding fathers rejected the tyrannical reign of King George, so Nader/Gonzales reject the tyrannical reign of George W. Bush and his corporate cronies.

In none of the presidential debates have


either Barack Obama or John McCain called the bailout exactly what it is -- the bailout of capitalism and the unfair continuation of socialized debt with privatized profit.

Reaction to the worsening state of the economy has been tame for obvious reasons. The protest of America's forefathers would be impossible today as illustrated in the fantasy Boston Tea Party above. Protesters would be immediately arrested and incarcerated if they took to Wall Street and lit Federal Hall ablaze. That kind of behavior would be called radical, Anarchist, and obscene.

So it's too much to ask for a revolution, but at the least, politicians should speak frankly about the hold corporations and crooked capitalism have on the country. The media has performed a blackout on third party candidates during this sham of an election, which is entirely financed by corporations like AT&T and Wachovia.

Americans can't expect to have a frank and honest discussion about Constitutional violations (like wiretapping) and taxpayer

bailouts of banks when the sponsors of their debates are the very entities under scrutiny: the phone companies and the banks. This is like asking McDonald's to finance health education programs. Sponsoring debates about their own failings would work against the interests of these corporations, which is why there has been zero talk about wiretapping phones and the faltering of Free Trade policies.

For the sake of the American spirit, citizens must summon the same outrage felt that day on 1773. Citizens must reject the bailout, the neutered election process, and they must open the debates to third party candidates in order to reinvigorate the environment of passionate discussion missing in this 2008 election. Nearly half of the American people think Ralph Nader should be allowed in the presidential debates. They long to see the candidates challenged on issues like universal health care and the Iraq and Afghanistan wars, instead of the normal, bland repetition of tired stump speeches. Now is the time to reinvigorate the American political process, and the first step is letting third party candidates into the debates. 



PROZAC FOR YOUR POCKETBOOK

COPING WITH GLOBAL DEPRESSION

BY SADDY McFORLORN

My name is Saddy McForlorn, and I have suffered from Global Depression, or GD, my entire life. Global Depression is a real condition, often resulting from unchecked episodes of Market Despair or Economic Panic Attacks. This illness can affect as many as 7 billion people—that's a lot of people!

Given the current financial meltdown and the increased potential for a GD epidemic, it is important to become familiar with how this condition affects the ones we love, and to learn how to live with it. But how do you know if it really is GD, or just recession blues?

Does your entire planet:

- Lie in bed all day, not wanting to get up or invest?
- Conspicuously read Camus in front of you, despite repeated allegations that nothing matters?
- Have too little appetite to even fight children for scraps in the streets?
- Cut itself just because My Chemical Romance was cool at the time?

If you said "yes" to any of these things, then you may be dealing with a case of GD.

But there is hope; new treatments and understanding are making the battle easier. This isn't your grandparents' GD. As little as 75 years ago, a case of GD meant someone was going to have to don the super-villain archetype, kill millions of Jews, and instigate an epic battle between good and evil, thus dragging the whole of American industriousness into an unstoppable war machine that happened to be victorious and thereby wildly

lucrative. Not anymore!

Today, possible methods of treatment include:

Cable TV – A steady intake of puppy-themed Animal Planet programming boosts unguarded happiness levels in your



Symptoms include mortgage default, credit dysfunction, inability to eat, deregulation, and posing for iconic photographs

brain, and celebrity-based entertainment is a completely acceptable means for projecting your insecurities onto others. Unfortunately, Cable TV is a short-term treatment option. Given the nature of GD episodes, the screen will inevitably go blank, reciprocating your gaze with a menacing black stare, instilling in you an unprecedented horror that...well, you'll have to kill them all.

Free Drugs – Feeling down? Take a

slug of hose water. Feeling up? Take a slug of hose water. A recent report by the Associated Press found that the drinking water of at least 24 American metropolitan areas is contaminated with trace amounts of common pharmaceuticals. Keep drinking from the tap, and sooner or later you'll get just what you need. This has a double positive effect in that it alleviates the incredible, crippling shame associated with getting caught drinking from your neighbor's hose.

Irresponsible consumption – For decades, you have thrived in a culture that consumes products and services with no conception of what it took to procure them. You've completely replaced your social contracts with slobbish entitlement. If you slow down, the sidewalk cracks, and GD's rhizomes branch up at you. So keep consuming. You can't stop now. Even if you run out of money, just get easy credit and buy a new house or something to keep the sidewalk together a little longer. This is a time-tested treatment option that has absolutely no fatalistic components.

Suicide – Suicide is like a friend, only it's always there for you. Plus, you'll produce valuable scraps for neighborhood kids.

By combining the latest treatment methods and knowledge about how this disorder works, we are now better equipped to deal with GD than ever before. Often the best remedy, however, is prevention. It's like that old saying: "Kill a bird. With a stone nonetheless."

You can do the following to help prevent a GD epidemic:

Nothing. Wait...you're a person, right? Yeah, nothing.



GET YOUR BEAST HERE!

CA San Francisco Modern Times
CA Santa Monica Co-Opportunity
CA Santa Monica Westside News
CA W. Hollywood Santa Monica
World News
CA Westwood Smoke Spot &
News

CO Aurora Aurora Newsland
CO Durango Magpies Newsstand
Café
CO Westminster Westminster
Newsland

CT New Haven News Haven
CT Norwich Magazines and More

DC Washington Bridge St Books
DC Washington News World - 1001
Connecticut Ave
DC Washington Newsroom

FL Ft. Lauderdale Bob's News
and Books

GA Athens Barnett's Newsstand

IL Chicago City Newsstand
IL Chicago Quimby's Books
IL Evanston Chicago-Main News-
stand
IL Westmont Carol Westmont
Magazine and News

IN Bloomington Book Corner

KS Overland Park Hollywood At
Home

MA New Bedford Newsbreak
- Middletown
MA Provincetown Read All About It
MA Salem Red Lion Smoke Shop
MA Swansea Newsbreak - Swansea

MI Ann Arbor Underground
Sounds

MD Baltimore Atomic Books
MD Baltimore Harbor News
MD Baltimore Normal's Books and
Records

MN Duluth Sunhillow Books

NC Asheville Downtown Books
and News

NH Portsmouth Market Square
News

NM Albuquerque Flying Star Café,
I, ii, iii, iv, v, vi
NM Albuquerque Newsland

NY Amherst The College Store
NY Amherst On The Rox Liquor
and Wine

NY Amherst Pizza Plant
NY Buffalo Allentown Music
NY Buffalo Antique Man

NY Buffalo Broadway Joe's

NY Buffalo Café 59

NY Buffalo Century Grill

NY Buffalo Cowpok

NY Buffalo Fletcher's Grill

NY Buffalo Holley Farms Market,
Allen St.

NY Buffalo Joe's Service Center

NY Buffalo Lexington Cooperative
Market

NY Buffalo New World Record

NY Buffalo Off The Wall

NY Buffalo Queen City Book Store

NY Buffalo Record Theatre

NY Buffalo Rust Belt Books

NY Buffalo Shamus McInkys

NY Buffalo Shickluna's Bike and

Fitness

NY Buffalo Shoeffy

NY Buffalo Sit N Spin

NY Buffalo Skunk Tail

NY Buffalo Spot Coffee

NY Buffalo Stache

NY Buffalo Talking Leaves

NY Depew Record Theatre

NY Hamburg Record Theatre

NY Hamburg The Turnpike

NY Kenmore Adrenaline Rush Ink

NY Kenmore Frizb's Cd Exchange

NY Kenmore Oracle Junction

Books

NY Kenmore Seeley & Kanes

NY Kenmore TC JR's

NY NY BJ Magazines

NY NY Dina Magazines #1

NY NY Global Ink - 2876

Broadway

NY NY Global News - 22 8th Ave

NY NY Hudson News - Grand

Central Station

NY NY Ink On A

NY NY Khawaja News

NY NY Magazine and Cards Store

NY NY McNally Robinson

Booksellers

NY NY Nikos Smoke Shop

NY NY St. Mark's Bookshop

NY NY Union Square Magazine

Shop

NY NY Universal News - 11 W.

14th St

NY NY Universal News - 234 W.

42nd St

NY NY Universal News - 484

Broadway

NY NY Universal News - 50 W.

23rd St.

NY NY Universal News - 676

Lexington

NY NY Universal News - 977

8th Ave

NY NY Village Magazine Cigar and

Gourmet

NY Niagara Falls 19th Street Books
and News

NY Niagara Falls Bada Beans

NY Niagara Falls Colossal Taco

NY Niagara Falls Frankie's Donuts

NY Niagara Falls Record Theatre

NY Rochester Aaron's Alley

NY Rochester East Ave Alley

NY Rochester Spot Coffee

NY Rochester World Wide News

NY Tonawanda Mark's Pizzeria

OH Athens Little Professor Books

OH Cincinnati Cincinnati Fountain

Square News

OH Cleveland Bank News

OH Columbus Liberty Books and

News - Columbus

OH Columbus Monkey's Retreat

OH Rocky River Liberty Books and

News - Cleveland

ON Ottawa Mags & Fags, INS
News Service

PA Doylestown Doylestown

Bookshop

PA Philadelphia Avril 50

PA West Chester Chester County

Book Co.

WA Bellingham Newsstand

WA Seattle Elliott Bay Book Co.

WI Greenfield Greenfield News

& Hobby

WI Madison University Book Store

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WV Huntington Empire Books

and News



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MORONS & IDIOTS

THE REPUBLICAN BASE

BY ERIC SCHULTE

J.S. Mill said “Not all conservatives are stupid people, but most stupid people are conservatives.” A century and change later, little has changed. Let’s drop the niceties and psychobabble and confront the simple fact that the Republican/McCain base are largely morons. Before you say it, yes, I freely acknowledge that supporters of the Republican party and McCain in particular might have IQs that are as much as 10 points higher than those we’ve seen at their rallies. But none of this refutes Mill’s premise, and he is clearly right on this one. People who believe that men walked side by side with Dinosaurs are almost invariably “conservative.” While you could find stupid, ignorant people at an Obama rally, you’d have a hard time finding people who believe McCain is actually Russian plant of a member of the KKK, the rough analog to what we see in the now infamous “he’s an Arab” question and a dozen other clips in which Obama is called a terrorist. And in a tough election year, Mill’s “stupid people” have become the fulcrum and the face of Republican strategy.

Are these clips an unfair representation of a big piece of the Republican base? We are never short of stupid people, so if most stupid people support McCain and the Republican party, our “conservatives,” then surely these people are a large part of his base. And certainly, this dialogue is played out in the heartland thousands of times a day, without video cameras, camera shyness and youtube becoming involved. There are a lot of morons who support the Republican party, therefore the moron is a crucial part of their base.

Polls have shown that as many as one in ten Americans believe, or claim to believe, that Obama is a Muslim. If we assume that the majority of these people are

Republicans and add that to the fact that well under half of America is Republican, the picture of what exactly constitutes the “Republican base” becomes pretty clear.



Stupid American exercises his right to spell like a chimp, as ensconced in the eleventeenth amendment

No pollster has asked how many believe Obama to be a muslim. Quoth the wiki:

Muslin is most typically a closely-woven unbleached or white cloth, produced from corded cotton yarn. Wide muslin is called “sheeting”. It is often used to make dresses or curtains but may also be used to complement foam for bench padding. Muslin breathes well, and is a good choice of material for clothing meant for hot, dry climates.

Now add in those who believe that Obama supports a radical racist and a terrorist movement that happened 40 years ago, on the basis of 90 seconds of clips from his church and attending a coffee event with a guy who blew up a statue. Clearly a large chunk of McCain’s support comes from people who believe Obama is a Muslim, a radical black militant, a friend to domestic terrorists and/or a cloth often used to make curtains. And McCain’s campaign is reaching out desperately and more importantly, overtly to this real base.

Sarah Palin’s role in the campaign has primarily been one of mascot. She’s a baby factory who can’t be bothered with much reading and research. She has kids to get to hockey practice, poorly aimed First Dude urine to wipe up and guns to clean. She’s like you! And are you gonna let some New York eggheads tell you that you can’t be VP and eventually President?


Part of the reason stupid people are drawn to conservatism is that the intelligent conservatives have always been willing to indulge and support ignorance in order to conserve their own wealth and power. Gomer-Joe gets a mailbox full of direct mail about how Obama is closely woven to terrorists and went to a Muslim school and hours of talk radio on similar subjects so he can wallow in stupidity, fear and hatred. Thurston gets a PO box in Grand Cayman and doesn’t have to pay taxes. But it’s unlikely that in Mill’s day, the veneer of conservatism in the public sphere was an open celebration of ignorance. The uneducated and the “stupid people” have not only been catered to here and scared there, in the usual way. Now, they are brought to the forefront. Palin is the culmination of the progress of the stupid conservative from beast of burden, to Red Nosed Reindeer. Contrary to popular cliché, it’s not a Capra movie come to life. Mr. Smith, though naive and idealistic, was fascinated by history and law and triumphed by using his knowledge of them. Palin is the mascot of the functionally illiterate and represents the idea that they should triumph by affirmative action. For the real core of the Republican base, the fact that she won’t admit to reading newspapers and knows nothing about the Supreme Court is a badge of honor. She speaks and thinks as they do and is ignorant of the same things. Her ignorance proves that any knowledge beyond that which is possessed by the ignorant or stupid is irrelevant and pretentious. What kind of an elitist needs



McCain assures loyal idiot that Obama is not an Arab, but in fact a decent human being

science, rather than deliberately developing a child who will never move past watching “Dora The Explorer” and eating seven course dinners consisting only of a series of Happy Meals with a different toy in each box. Such a couple (never mind a single woman) is the enemy. They must be denied that choice because their assessment of what makes life valuable is against God, who tells us that anyone who fears him is better than anyone who doesn’t. The value of human life ends at the limitations of a downy.

Those who value something more are to be supplanted at

the top (superficially) and stifled at the bottom. Anything approaching intelligent discourse is to be discredited as liberal-biased elitism. The promise is a parody of socialism, in which nobody is allowed to think more deeply or know more than the stupid-conservative base. It is, of course, as empty a promise as the one to overturn Roe v. Wade, or to fight the cheap labor coming in illegally from Mexico. The elites will send their children to prep-school, rather than Jesus camp, as always. The stupid people, however, are being offered their biggest ever box of toys in the world of politics. I don’t think it will work this time around, but the fact that the presidential race is even close, given the state of the country, proves it to be a winning strategy. My only hope for the future is that the Green Party will recruit Trig Palin. 

to know much more about politics, law and economics than (eventual) President Palin herself?

Trig has been thrust in as the mascot’s mascot. Even when pregnancy plays out in the worst case scenario, it must be carried to term. Trig is waved about as a pro-life flag and an even deeper statement of values. As always, the undercurrent to the pro-life message is that sex for pleasure is to be punished. Sex has consequences. Now, we might be able to prevent many of these consequences like, AIDS and other STDs, HPV, unwanted pregnancy and severely disabled children. But there is always some convoluted reason to prohibit everything from a married couple taking a mulligan, rather than being forced into servitude to a fetus that will one day be a disabled child, to giving a child an HPV vaccine to prevent her from getting cancer one day. God’s punishment must be unhindered. And unless you have the means to raise a disabled child yourself, well, you had better not tempt your dad into raping you.

Further below the surface is a statement of what exactly about life should be valued. Certainly not intellectual pursuits, taking a broad interest in the world through travel, or exploring our or any other culture. Palin, like Bush before, has made it to middle age without ever needing a passport. The life that is to be valued so highly is one of breeding, church, TV (provided most channels are locked) and a glass of water on the side for dippin’. Another couple might choose to work for a child with the capacity to value art or



KEEP HOPE ALIVE

...LITERALLY...



BY SCOTT THILL

The McCain-Palin ticket is dead in the water, sundered by its allegiance to the Bush administration's disaster capitalism and foundering on a strategy basically designed to piss off rednecks and ignore everyone else. That's not a winning blueprint, and thank the Big Bang for that. Rather, it's political suicide and McCain and Palin's careers will be on life support come December. But that's not to say that they will be gone.

As I wrote for AlterNet on our current financial and geopolitical clusterfuck, Barack Obama is often compared to game-changers like Kennedy, King and even Lincoln, without the added mention that all three were assassinated. And the way that McCain and Palin have been baiting their backwards audiences, it's beginning to look like assassination is an ancillary strand of their political strategy. The same goes for their baseless insinuations that Obama is a terrorist, or pals around with terrorists, or takes ski vacations with terrorists, or whatever. As long as the word "terrorist" can be used in any context, regardless of whether or not evidence or proof of these volatile accusations is at hand, McCain and Palin seem quite content to rile up the redneck base into a fit of unjustified rage.

And everyone knows what happens when rage is bottled up: It explodes. Into a mess of blood, violence and tragedy.

So as this ridiculous election season drags on interminably to the finish line, that finish line just keeps moving backwards. It's now no longer enough to hope for an Obama win come November, as that is beyond a sure thing. There is zero chance that McCain and Palin will win this election on their merits, or on the thin facades that pass as their economic, social and foreign policies.

They only chance they have of winning the White House is if something happens to Obama.

So while I am a godless man of science, I am nevertheless praying that Michael Chertoff's secret service details knows what it is doing, or that Obama spends his time worrying that they don't. I pray nightly that McCain or Palin go home at night, look in their cracked mirrors, and remind themselves that this isn't the 20th century, when it was socially normal to incite violence against people of color, the poor or those who would evolve American society forward. But I'm not stupid: They won't, they don't and, like the repugnant Bush/Cheney administration, they care only about power, and will do anything to get it.

This is a long, and frightening, way of saying that no one should get comfortable.

This election, for all intents and purposes and in spite of the obvious Republican attempts at votejacking, is over. Barack Obama will be the next president of the United States, and the only thing that is going to stop that is violence born of ignorance. Once he wins in November, the real work begins. That is when the Republican base, which is made up mostly of idiots or those looking to cash in on power and violence, will lose its collective mind, and do something stupid. Containing that contagion of stupidity will be our greatest challenge, because there is nothing in this warming world more dangerous than unchecked stupidity.

For the record, I'm no fan of Barack Obama. I think he's a middle-of-the-road Democrat, which is to say the worst kind. At least with hypocrites like Zell Miller and Joe Lieberman, you know you're getting a sellout from jump street. But like Bill Clinton, who capitulated so much to the right-wing fringe that they stole the election from right under Al Gore's nose and destroyed nearly every aspect of FDR's New Deal, middle-of-the-road Democrats think that working with morons is better than fighting them outright. And they couldn't be more wrong about that.

The only way to defeat ignorance and hatred is with a full-bore attack, using science, reason and a belligerent defense of what's right and what's best for everyone. Compromise has brought us to this momentous period of American history. Clinton's compromise and repeal of Glass-Steagall can be directly linked to our current financial implosion, in which privatized profits and socialized losses make sense to everyone in power, but no one in reality. The Democrats' compromise on civil liberties and habeas corpus have led to everything from the occupation of Iraq to the warrantless wiretapping and unlawful torture at Guantanamo.

Barack Obama had better wake up and realize this, or the rerun is just going to get worse. And while he's at it, he might want to watch his back. There's no telling when a dumbfuck nut might sneak up and sink a knife in it. Or when a supposed ally, like John McCain, might call him a terrorist behind it, and bait a so-called pro-lifer into doing his dirty work for him.

This may be the most meaningful election in American history. But it is also the most nauseating. I suggest we all turn off our TVs and wait until Election Day to worry about McCain and Palin, and the Republican machine behind their ridiculous campaign. Because that is when the shit will hit the fan. With ferocity.





It's all about the beans.

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

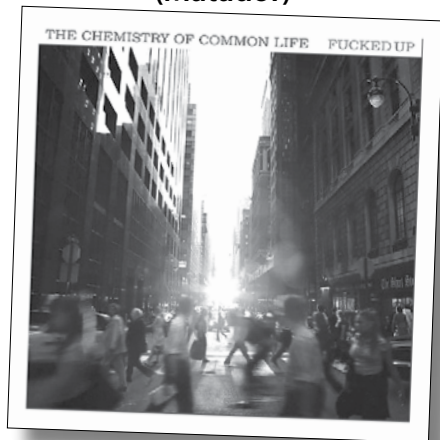
200 East Avenue @ Matthews in Rochester
Delaware at Chippewa | Elmwood at Cleveland
and in the lobby of Sheridan Meadows North at Sheridan and Transit

Waxy BEAST

BY ERIC LINGENFELTER



Fucked Up, *The Chemistry of Common Life* (Matador)



Artistic growth is a must if a band wants to remain relevant, which is kind of a scary prospect when you're trying to make your way in a genre as rigid and ridden with unwritten rules as hardcore punk.

If you dare to change, there's always someone there to smack you back. Grow one way and you're too soft. Grow another way and you're too metal. Grow another way and you're too poppy. Grow another way and you're too arty.

It seems like the only way a band can win this loser's game is to implode immediately, so it's no surprise that most hardcore punk bands that stick it out kill their own hype by releasing the same old shit time and time again until they sink under the weight of the world's collective boredom. (Of course, a lot of hardcore punk bands are rightly chastised for straying from their roots because they just plain suck ass at playing anything other than hardcore punk. But that's a whole nuther can o' beans.)

Which is why Fucked Up is so aptly named.

Over the course of their six-year existence, this Toronto quintet metamorphosed from a mild-mannered, mid-tempo, early Poison Idea-esque hardcore band of above average size and strength into a raging art-punk behemoth unlike any other. Their music is a shining example of the kind of glorious, magical noise bands can conjure up when they stand up and shout "Fuck the rules!" with every ounce of breath in their lungs.

And fuck the rules they do. Fucked Up gleefully spits in the faces of every self-appointed member of the Hardcore Punk Committee on Rules and Etiquette, who have generously provided me with a transcript of their first and final meeting with the band's vocalist, Damian Abraham, a.k.a Father Damian, a.k.a. Pink Eyes:

"You want every song to be a straight-up sprint to the finish? Fuck you. We'll make every song a sprawling journey, with intros, outros, twists, turns, peaks, valleys and all that other good stuff that makes music, you know, musical.

"You want our music to be stripped down, basic and raw? Fuck you. We'll write songs with actual melodies. We'll play layered guitar parts, and we'll even drown them in effects if that's what it takes to get the point across. And we'll throw in all kind of crazy crap like acoustic guitars and angelic backing vocals and spoken word parts and synthesizers and violins and bongos and flutes and shit just for the fun of it.

"You want our lyrics to be blunt and to the point? Fuck you. We'll bury our

messages in poetry and make all you spoon-fed parrot punks figure shit out for yourselves for once.

"You want me to grunt my vocals like a surprisingly literate caveman? Yeah. I'll do that. But only because I want to. You've got nothing to do with it.

"In closing, fuck you. I'm leaving."

Indeed. So, in case you couldn't guess, I'm calling this one a definite must buy. Help support a band that's blazing its own path. I hear that's what this whole punk thing is supposed to be about.

The Chemistry of Common Life gets a rating of circle one. If you don't get it, I'm not gonna tell you. Fuckin' poser.

Cute gets cuter

I'm sure at least some of you remember my review of Cute is What We Aim For's Rotation, wherein I called out male emo adherents for being a bunch of crypto-jocks who feign sensitivity in the pursuit of pussy. A few weeks after it was published, some kid left this message on Paul Fallon's answering machine:

"Listen, hi, um, I would like to say this to the dude who wrote the, uh, Cute is What We Aim For... Rotation... um... review... That dude's a straight faggot and has no idea what he's talking about, and I would prefer if you didn't use names because the Beast fuckin' sucks dick. Nobody reads this piece of shit."

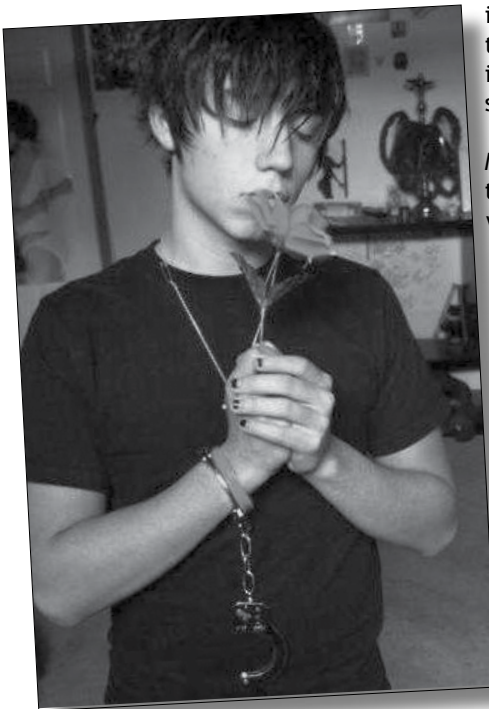
Thanks for the feedback, mystery man! Please, allow me to retort.

Your message is a perfect example of what I wrote about in my original piece. You, the emo boy, fantasize about being a James Bond-level manly man. You want to fuck all the bitches that life throws your way and crush all of the weaker men -- the faggots, as you might put it -- under your heels.

But, alas, you were cursed with somewhat of a conscience, a nagging voice in the back of your head that reminds you that outward sexism, homophobia and douchebagginess are looked down upon by much of modern society. So you wrap yourself in a cloying, sad-sack façade and try to “nice” your way into the panties of any woman you can trick into putting up with your constant world-weary whining. You somehow rationalize that emotionally manipulating women into sex is better than just being direct with your desires.

And when you’re backed into the corner by the truth, you puff up your chest and try to flex your muscles like the alpha male you so long to be, only to have the ironic youth-small t-shirt and girl jeans that you use as your armor of deception tear apart under the strain, revealing the wannabe meathead that lies beneath.

Way to blow your cool, chief.



Single Review: Buckcherry, “Too Drunk...” from the album *Black Butterfly* (Atlantic)

Pop music



lyrics aren’t usually meant to be intellectually stimulating. They’re mostly just there to make us think, “Hey, neat, vague emotional sentiment! I, too, feel things about stuff! I feel vaguely connected to you, fellow human!” Then we tune them out to focus on the more important things, like the booty-shaking beats or the fist-pumping riffs or what have you.

I use this line of thought as mental SCUBA gear to keep my brain from drowning in the inevitable torrential dumb-pour that floods my car whenever I dare to increase the volume level on the radio to something higher than “OFF.”

Most of the time, it works. I can ignore the inanity. But sometimes I hear songs with lyrics so brain-stoppingly stupid that I can’t help but slap my forehead in disbelief at what I’m hearing.

(Aside: This is why I only rarely surf the airwaves in my car, because I fear that one day I will hear a song so profoundly idiotic that it will make me slap my forehead hard enough to break my neck and cleanly sever my spinal cord, paralyzing me from the neck down and leaving me helpless to do anything but sit and softly sob as my organs fail and I slip into the cool abyss of death with someone like, oh, I don’t know, let’s say Fergie singing me my final lullaby. Neurotic? You betcha.)

possibly the most perplexing party anthem to come down the top 40 pike since P!nk’s clubrat cocktease anthem “U + Ur Hand.”

Here’s the story of the song: a super scumbaggy guy really likes booze, drugs and sex. Like really. Like, really. Not very surprising so far. Sleazy hair metal revivalists singing about partying and fucking is like ultra-conservatives bloviating about the pagan ways of the godless LIEbral media. It’s how they breathe.


But there’s a twist in this torrid tale! You see, our hero routinely hits the bottle so hard that when it comes time to do the dirty deed, it don’t get done. The thing is, the song doesn’t make this sound like a bad thing at all. In fact, Josh Todd sings the chorus -- “I’m gettin’ drunk all night/ I’m gettin’ drunk all day/ I’m gettin’ drunk all night/ I’m sorry but I have to say/ I’m too drunk to fuck!” -- with such gusto that you’d think drinking yourself into eunuchism is what all the cool kids are doing these days. (“None of this getting laid shit for me, boyo. Whiskey dick is where it’s at!”)

Call me old-fashioned, but I always thought that the traditional main objective of the sleaze rocker was to, as this very song so eloquently puts it, “get so many women coming after me/ I put some pussy on layaway.” Isn’t it counterproductive to this mission to proudly scream from the rooftops about your critical equipment failure?

Maybe this song is some kind of reverse psychological ploy to get female listeners to help Mr. Todd with his little problem, preferably by sucking him so skillfully that merely recalling the act will make him ruin his leather pants.

Maybe it’s a cautionary tale, like a PSA for junior date rapists (“Think, don’t drink, or you won’t get that pink!”).

Or maybe I should stop thinking so hard about stuff like this.

“Too Drunk...” gets a rating of 69. Hee hee. 

Assail Eric’s taste at lingepx76@gmail.com

Enter Buckcherry’s “Too Drunk...”,



End of an era



Absolutely nothing is funny about the Lawrence Phillips case, so let's not even go there — there isn't a single laugh to be found in this past week's news that the onetime Next Jim Brown was sentenced to 10 years in Cali. One of the great wasted talents of our time, the former Ram/49er/Dolphin/Cornhusker/Montreal Alouette will now be shooting baskets in Lompoc until his early 40s, marking perhaps the last sad chapter in what is likely the most consistently sad story in sports crime of the past two decades.

Phillips was drafted out of Nebraska by the Rams in 1996 and was expected to be a great running back. He had awesome power and speed. Virtually the last time the name "Lawrence Phillips" wasn't a joke, we watched him running through Steve Spurrier's Gator defense like it was wet tissue paper in the '96 Fiesta Bowl. Linebackers fell down just looking at Phillips. Unfortunately, a steady string of women also fell down when Phillips smashed their heads on stairs or mailboxes.

Phillips already had a laundry list of transgressions before he left college, but the Rams drafted him sixth overall

anyway because, well, NFL teams will put up with the odd crack-a-chick's-head-on-the-mailbox trick if they can get 18 TDs a year from one guy. Unfortunately, Phillips ended up not being able to deal with having a real job and cracked under pressure, getting himself cut from the Rams and then ringing up a truly awesome arrest record, one that would dwarf even that of a J.R. Rider (in severity, anyway). He was repeatedly arrested for acts of violence against women, once striking a woman who refused to dance with him, another time allegedly choking a girlfriend to unconsciousness.

The sad end came when, out of organized sports, he was involved in a pickup football game at a park in Los Angeles in August 2005 and got mad at a bunch of teenagers he was playing with. He hopped in a car and hit three of them — vehicularly, as it were. This led to seven counts of assault with a deadly weapon and the current 10-year sentence, which could become worse, actually — the courts are still sorting out a prior charge for domestic assault, one in which he hit a woman he was dating at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Phillips is trying to get his guilty plea overturned so that the car-ramming charge will be just his first strike in three-strike-law California, not his second. If he fails, they could add more years to his sentence. In any case, Phillips managed a tearful apology in court to one of his teenage victims, who apparently had to give up his own sports career after getting

hit by Phillips's car. "I'm sorry your leg is messed up," will therefore be among the last words Phillips uttered to the world as a free man.

The really weird thing about Phillips is that he seemed to know that he was a knucklehead. Some guys — take Pacman Jones, for instance (see next item) — try hard to say the right thing, but you can tell they really think that they've got it figured out. You never got that sense with Phillips. He knew he was a screw-up. But he lived in a series of foster homes growing up and just never learned to control his temper. Coaches tried the indulgence method (Nebraska's Tom Osborne should have, but didn't, cut him after he — you guessed it — dragged a girl down a flight of stairs, bashing her head into a mailbox), and failed. The story just basically sucks all around. Now Phillips sits atop our list, beating our fellow former Cornhusker Thunder Collins.

Meanwhile, in Dallas



There's a new tale involving the next generation's Lawrence Phillips, Adam "Pacman" Jones of the Cowboys. Jones, who was suspended all of this past season after getting arrested nineteen hundred billion times as a Tennessee Titan, was allowed back in the league this year

only after Cowboys owner Jerry Jones convinced commissioner Roger Goodell to put his balls in a storage closet prior to a summer disciplinary hearing. We were told after the reinstatement that Pacman would be bounced straight to Siberia if he so much as sneezed on a parking meter in 2008.

Well, police were called this past week after Pacman was involved in a hotel altercation with Tommy Jones (another Jones!), a security guy essentially hired by the team to babysit the cornerback. Jerry Jones has already blamed the matter on the babysitter (whom he himself hired!), but the league doesn't seem to be buying it — Pacman was suspended indefinitely on Tuesday for violation of the NFL's personal-conduct policy. Don't be surprised to see him meth-skating with Todd Marinovich in the Valley real soon.

Mets bullpen woes continue



Look, it just isn't seemly for us non-New Yorkers to laugh too much about the continued suckdom of the New York Mets, specifically their bullpen. In fact, most of us decent folk should have watched the spectacle of the Mets trying to win a pennant with Luis "Kerosene Can" Ayala closing games down the stretch with horrified relief, with a There But for the Grace of God sort of attitude — it could have happened to anyone. Of course, a good team would have had at least two decent relievers on the roster at the start of the season, providing insurance against

injury to its closer. In the case of the Mets, whose closer (Billy Wagner) is a very little left-handed guy who throws 98 by recklessly hurling his body at the plate 30 times a night, they probably should have wanted better insurance behind their top guy than, say, Scott Schoeneweis.

But the Mets didn't nail down that insurance policy, and that's why general manager Omar Minaya gets paid the big money. No one else wins 89 games a year and comes up two feet short of the goal line quite like Minaya. Once revered for his ability to deal away multiple future all-stars for aging quick-fixes — the Grady Sizemore/Brandon Phillips/Cliff Lee for Bartolo Colon deal was the signature Minaya (then with Montreal) move until recently — he has since rebounded and become best known for his ability to mismanage the massive budgets of big-market contenders. And he's especially skilled in loading expensive and superfluous back-end years onto otherwise reasonable veteran free-agent deals. This year's Mets, for instance, headed into this season with more than \$26 million committed to three 89-year-old injury-prone washouts (Pedro Martinez, Moises Alou, and Orlando Hernandez), while letting their left-handed starter-with-upside, Oliver Perez, enter free-agency. That's not just good business, it's the Minaya way.

Anyway, one of the great Minaya deals of the past few years was something that at the time seemed like a small transaction: the 2006 trading of innings-eating young starter Brian Bannister to the Royals for unproven relief prospect Ambiorix Burgos. Burgos was sort of a souped-up version of Craig Hansen — he hit 99 on the

gun but couldn't find the plate with a map. Bannister slipped a little this year, but in the two years since the deal he's pitched nearly 350 innings and won 21 games for the worst offense in the American League. Burgos has since pitched 23 innings, missed the 2008 season due to elbow surgery, and, now, allegedly killed two people. Suffice to say Kansas City is probably happy with the deal.

According to police in the Dominican Republic, Burgos this past week hit two women with his 2009 Hummer, then left the scene. (Both later died.) A relative of Burgos's has since tried to take the blame for the accident, but witnesses said Burgos was the driver. The relative is being charged with providing false statements, while Burgos, as of this writing, is still at large. He is also wanted for gun possession, and this past month was arrested for assaulting his girlfriend in a hotel in Queens.

Baseball is a funny game. Sometimes you spend some money and a prospect or two to get a raw kid with a big arm, and he turns into Joe Nathan or Bobby Jenks. And sometimes he gets into a car and starts running over people. You just never know. Anyway, two charges of fatal hit-and-run, plus additional crimes and fleeing the cops, put Burgos one point from the top of this year's list.

Meanwhile, in Montana



Turning to the NFL, it's time to buckle your seat belts and get ready for the Travis Henry fiasco. This story gets weirder by the minute and threatens to become a full-blown sports-crime circus, à la Bam Morris.

The broad strokes: a bunch of dudes get pulled over in Montana carrying six pounds of weed and three kilos of coke. A passenger in the car says the drugs came from ex-Broncos running back Travis Henry, and are to be delivered to a customer in Billings. He adds that the Billings customer already owes Henry 40 grand and that Henry has been making threats. Henry subsequently gets busted for coke dealing, and now faces life in prison and a multi-million-dollar fine. We'll give him 55 points and keep you posted, but it looks like the fork is already well into Henry's back.

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



as shit, but still a thing. But if you're at a party and someone produces a broken-in pack of cards, you should just leave. And you should leave for a few reasons:

1) The party's about to turn into a complete and total snoozefest. You should really leave. Even if it's your place. Leave your place with people you don't like enough to hang out with at the cost of enduring what's sure to turn into several douchy hands of Texas hold 'em, Pennsylvucky fingerbang or whatever. Actually, don't leave. Just burn the goddamn place down. Doesn't matter whose place it is. 2) Whoever's idea it was to play some cards is probably a gambling junkie to the Nth degree and needs help. This is a truly bad and unsavory person you or anyone else you know should not associate with or allow to live. You should really get that fire started right now. 3) That jerk who pulled out the cards is trying to swindle you out of your money and make sure you and your family don't eat. Don't put it past the son of a bitch to slip you a mickey and sucker you into a game of chance. Get some oily rags and a nice full gas can and do the necessary to this prick. Burn them good. Burn them for me!

Role Models



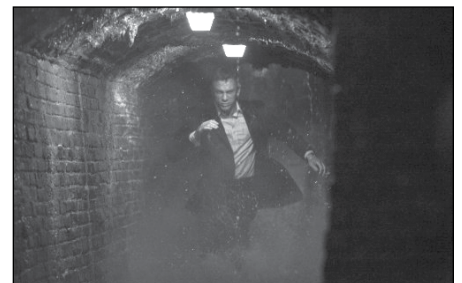
"Hey man, I'm just another mischievous negro stereotype, you dig?"

Oooh. Yeesh. Ouch. Yeah, just watched the red band trailer for Role Models. Christ on a waffle cone! This is only the 3rd red band trailer I've seen and the idea of showing an R-rated trailer instead of one approved for all audiences is actually a really smart move. Instead of the generally defanged representation an all ages preview will offer the R-rated trailers cut the shit and tell you, let's get down to brass tacks man.

Stifler and Paul Rudd play energy drink reps who fuck up to the point where they can face 30 days in jail or a couple hundred hours community service in some kind of Big Brother program. Stifler ends up with a trash-talking little black kid who likes to draw pictures of Beyonce pouring sugar over his freakishly large dick (that alone has me on the fence) and Rudd ends up with McLovin from Superbad as a socially retarded D&D geek in full attire. So far so good, but I'm guessing that Rudd and Stifler are going to make a difference in these kids' lives and vice versa, and everything's going to be nice. Despite the few albeit humorous jokes in the trailer, I don't really care if characters in a movie learn something about themselves and others. And I definitely don't care if someone learns what it's like to walk a mile in someone else's shoes.

And you know what else I don't care about? Intrigue. I see no value in it. Water chestnuts are something else I don't care about. They're gross and I'll bet they're not even chestnuts. Like white chocolate. Technically white chocolate isn't chocolate. At least it's not soy, but still. And how about playing cards at a party? Who cares about that? Is that your big plan for when that can of Pringles and six-pack of Zima run out? If you're going to or throwing a party for the sole purpose of playing cards that's one thing. Boring

Quantum of Solace



"Jesus Christ, this apartment sucks!"

Quantum of Solace is the new James Bond movie and that's all you need to know. Admittedly, the title sounds like a concept album by some crappy prog-rock band from the '70s, but it beats the hell out of other Bond title sizzlers like Octopussy and... I take that back. This title admittedly sucks. Bad. Fortunately, the movie itself doesn't look that way. Casino Royale did for Bond what Batman Begins did for Batman—took a good character and made him great. This Bond

wasn't completely about hooch, poon and gadgets—he was angrily into all those things! Except the gadgets, unless a defibrillator counts. And he appears just as, if not more, pissed in this new movie.

Quantum of Solace looks like it picks up where Casino Royale left off, and the villain looks like a cross between that mentally defective anemic kid from Road Trip and a young Roman Polanski. Those frail-looking ones are always the most dangerous. It also appears that some variation of SPECTRE may be reestablished for future movies. I thought I saw a thinner George Lucas for a split second towards the end of the trailer. I'm seeing a little too much CG for my liking, but watching someone fall through a 2-story-high glass ceiling and still have the sack to be ready to kill a dude kind of demands it. All I know is I'm there first day.

The Soloist



"Wow. I thought all homeless dudes played harmonicas or tiny guitars."

Have you ever wanted to see what would happen if someone actually reached the point in their lives when they would actually and unmistakably believe the shit that comes out of their mouths? Do you know what I'm talking about? I mean somebody just get so far freaking out there that they could tell you their junk is made of M&Ms and not only do they truly believe it, but they want to prove it to you. So you've got that going for you, which is nice. Or not.

Robert Downey, Jr. plays a douchy journalist with a case of writer's block. Through some undoubtedly random set of circumstances that were vaguely based

on a true story, he runs into a homeless mental case played by Jamie Foxx. He wears tinfoil and has the most fucked up hair you'll ever see. And I lived through the '80s, if that tells you anything. Mock your barf cancer indeed! So why suddenly give a shit about the homeless, you ask? Because this homeless guy can play the cello beautifully and is a former child prodigy, dummy! He even went to Juliard, you moron! You're a goddamn simpleton! I fucking hate you and your stupidity! Get past a 5th grade reading level already, loser!

But the way that Downey and Foxx are going at these roles in the trailer is ridiculous. Downey just got done with a movie that was to an extent a parody of the very shit he's doing. But both he and Foxx seem to think they're going to cure cancer with their acting in this movie or something. Maybe Foxx is dressing up as a relative or something, I don't know. Maybe another Oscar, who knows?

The Transporter 3



"I am going to kick this bike's ass!"

Seriously? Another Transporter movie? Really? Come on already! What about fool me once shame on you, fool me twice shame on me? I didn't get fooled that second time! But I didn't even go see Transporter 2! Wasn't that the test? I don't go see Transporter 2, you realize that I'm too smart to step in the same pile twice and you go make some shitty alcoholic cop drama with Ray Liotta instead. That was the deal! We had a deal goddammit!

As if the first 2 rounds of that slinky, limey blockheaded dingo Jason Statham running around fighting people with random household objects like dirty laundry, remote controls and bottles of baby oil weren't enough. Now the trailer for Transporter 3 not only tries to throw in some plot twist by sticking

KINO KLEE-SHAY LEGEND



Betrayed by Those Who Trained Him



Impossible Science



Noble Retard



Dramatic Embellishment of True Story



Vampires/Wizards as Gay/AIDS Metaphor



Gratuitous Christ Imagery



American Anglophilia



Likable Thug



Stockholm Syndrome Romance



Special Effects Circle Jerk



Chick Flick



Sex Pot Battles Demons, Robots, Some Crap



Nauseatingly Cute Children



Ordinary Person Pushed Too Far



Simplistic Epiphany



Embattled Loser Overcomes Obstacles



Supermodels Grapple with Moral Ambiguities



Washed Up Hero Gets 2nd Chance at Glory

some explosive bracelet on Statham to bend him to some eurotrash's whims as some kind of deadly puppet, but scores it to The Stooges' "I Wanna Be Your Dog." Homoerotic Asian influenced fight scenes and all, so bring your baby oil.

I make no bones about my normally silent disdain for Statham, but this guy is the physical personification of the Chuck Norris joke. You know what I'm talking about? Chuck Norris doesn't sleep. He waits. Chuck Norris can sneeze with his eyes open. Funny for about 5 minutes then you realize that it's Chuck Norris over and over again. Or Jason Statham. Bring a book and plan for a future methadone habit either way.

Australia



"Help! I can't move my forehead!"

Oof! Questions, questions. Do I really need to go see a movie about Australia and the events leading up to their involvement in WWII? And the only question that comes to mind is was Australia actually involved in WWII? I mean, I guess they would have to have been. It wouldn't be a world war unless the whole world was involved, would it? What would they call it then, World Without Australia War? That's just fucking awful.

Nicole Kidman and her alabaster hide get increasingly and steadily creepier, but she's still doable as some woman in this Australian western with Hugh Jackman and his computer generated name as a cowboy. Australia is directed by Baz Luhrmann, who's famous for amphetamine-laced musicals like Moulin

Rouge and general nonsense such as William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Yeah, that guy. Easy, fella.

In the plus column, Australia looks more straightforward and free of shitty gimmicks to reel in any potential audience. On the downside, it's about Australia! Who cares about Australia besides Australians? Do Australians even care about Australia? I mean, the country is like a deuce, a benign mass or a bad limb that Asia crapped out or broke off. And England traveled halfway around the world to take the place over and make it into a prison colony or whatever? Making a movie about Australia is like basing a sitcom around an abandoned slum or having lunch at a flea market. Who does that and why? Why would somebody eat lunch at a flea market? Whyyyyyyy?

Four Christmases



"Are you sure I signed on to this turd?"
"Uh yeah. So you wanna go out?"

This movie looks like its going to suck more than the service at Pano's. Forget the fact that you've got Vince Vaughn playing himself for the hundredth time, and you've got Reese Witherspoon, Miss All-American with that chin of hers that could put an eye out, trying to branch out into a comedic role. And ignore them playing a couple who has to go see each of their warped parents in 4 separate trips on Christmas Day when their vacation gets cancelled. That in itself is the kind of holiday war crime comedy you no doubt would have to expect, given the encroaching season.

But I think I'm going to pull a Palin and talk about something completely

different than what I'm here to talk about. But I do promise not to drop the terms maverick, hockey mom or Joe Six-Pack. And for fuck's sake, I will pronounce my Gs. I am promisinG! But instead I'm going to talk about the douche den that Pano's on Elmwood Avenue has become. I don't mind the fact that the place is so dark that they are now required by law to serve opium on the menu. I'm not even going to gripe that the place stinks of pretension on a level light years beyond what was conceivable before remodeling. While we're at it let's forget that the Cheesecake Factory should show up, punch whoever redesigned Pano's in the face and take that page from their design playbook back with interest.

What chaps my glistening chestnut haunches is their shit ass service. I mean, it's cute seeing these girls trying to be waitresses, but enough's enough. If I wanted that feeling to last, I'd put clothes on my pets. The service at Pano's has always been in the toilet to an extent, but never this bad. I went with my family for some dessert about 8PM on a weekday. Just dessert initially, but the menu was actually looking good enough to make us change our minds. Okay, it's remodeled and I don't begrudge a place for being busy, but once we sat down, you couldn't get someone's attention if you threw a chair through a window or pissed in the hostess's face. After about 10 minutes, we said fuggit. You can offer up all the hot gnip gnabs with a tart lime hollandaise white wine sauce you want, but if your incompetent, complacent, dumb as fuck, dead behind the eyes wait staff doesn't have the brain cells required to so much as think of taking a drink order, no one's going to give a shit how aesthetically pleasing the place is. Then these vacuous twits stand around trying to figure out if they should drool on that grandiose carpeting or drag their knuckles on it. Hell, let's piss our pants for good measure while we're at it. The service at this establishment has always treaded the fine line (which they seem to have created themselves) between absolute fucking disappointment and the abysmally acceptable. The only possible justification for this dreadful treatment/service would reside in how intense the hunger that dragged you there initially was. Now that Pano's looks like a trust fund hipster's loft, it appears that every day is pants optional day for Pano's wait staff. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.


Twilight



"No! I'm not coming down until you tell me I'm pretty!"

As I age, and manage to shed most but not all of my self-importance, I realize that a lot of things that were cool not only are no longer cool, but really weren't to begin with. Like vampires for instance. With their slinky androgyny, dark wardrobes not unlike flashy European pimps/hooks, and contrasting complexions. Stupid vampires and the even stupider movies made about them. Like *Twilight*.

This looks really stupid. Some girl who sounds like a dude hooks up with what I'm guessing is supposed to be a really cute vampire. The whole thing looks how an Evanescence song sounds—trying to make the uncomplicated complex with way more effort than the whole goddamn thing is worth. All while doing it as gayly as possible.

So back to the supposed plot: The Dude Girl and Vampire Boy love each other but Vampire Boy's got some kind of mortal (or immortal—haha!) enemy who starts stalking them both. And the bad guy is stronger than Vampire Boy and do you really want me to go on? Do you need me to continue? It's making my fucking hair hurt just talking about it—just thinking about it! If nothing else I'll always have schadenfreude. 



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BUMMER READING

Senior McCain Advisor Greg Strimple, says the campaign seeks to “turn the page on this financial crisis” and instead, talk about Obama’s liberal record.

Does McCain really believe we Americans are suddenly free to “turn the page,” away from the economy and go on to something else? Does he believe a real solution to the financial crisis has been set in motion, and can run on autopilot? What has American done so far to fix this? We’ve collectively written a check for the largest sum of money ever allocated at one time, ever, on Earth. Right now, we should be reflecting on how we’ve come to owe such a gigantic sum. Of course, if we did that, we’d see McCain’s fingerprints all over this thing. Google the names “Phil Gramm” and “Keating 5” and you’ll see why McCain would much rather talk about Obama’s liberalism than our economy. Mike Corban

*Dear Mike,
Well, you’ve got to put things in perspective. Sure, the global economy is collapsing, due to the disastrous, lawless policies of corrupt Republican leaders, but Barack Obama worked briefly with an old ‘60s radical, who was named man of the year by the city of Chicago in 1987! Can we really trust Obama, or anyone else from Chicago for that matter? You see what we’re saying here, right? We’re saying stuff that’s not about the economy, Page turned, biatch!*

THE MAD BROWSER

i’m a buffalo, ny transplant stuck in the corporate suckhole of dalls, tx and i just wanted pass on some love to you folks at the beast. the beast makes me even prouder to be from buffalo. there are a lot of rednecks here in dallas, and i work with, and sadly - for them. they are all now getting a healthy dose of the beast at work cuz i keep changing the homepages on their pc’s to the beast. i guess it’s a lame attempt at getting fired so i can justify my impending move back to buffalo. anyway, let there be retards is a great article and i laughed my ass off reading it. keep up the good work kids - and i will keep up the sabotage at work. long live the beast!
Patrick P



*Dear Patrick,
Whoah! You’re a rebel, man. We hope The Man doesn’t tag you with a tracking cookie! Stay safe, brother!*

SORRY, WOMEN

Alan - the content of your article is mostly interesting but the premise is not based in reality [Allan Uthman, “Palin-Drones,” issue 131]. White women are not cleaving to Gov. Palin. In fact, they are far less inclined to Palin than white men. So who are the idiots?
Maezeppa

*Dear Maezeppa,
To be fair, the piece made more sense when it was written, as Palin’s selection led to a spike in support for McCain among white women, than it did a couple of weeks later, when those women apparently learned what a troglodyte Palin is. So, are women idiots? Well, of course they are. But so is pretty much everyone, especially men. Was Uthman’s article hyperbolic and unfair? We’re going to say no, but keep in mind that he’s watching us write this.*

MAILIN’ DRONE

not all women are weak-minded fools, but the women who’ll be voting for the Shrieking Cow just because she’s a woman will be. And they’ll be doing so in spite of the fact that Hillary herself, whom such women claim to worship, specifically asked them not to.

The Shrieking Cow opposes everything that would give women any independence or quality of life. What else would you call women who vote for her but fools and idiots?

But that’s not most of them, the majority of Hillary supporters will go ahead and vote for Obama.
MizzGrizz

*Dear Mizz,
Well, sure, but what kind of outraged, over the top, instantly out of date opinion piece could we write about that?*

PAGING BO DEREK

I’m a woman, and I gave this article a “10”

Any woman who votes for the Palin ticket is a damned fool.

As for the argument that they may vote for her out of sympathy, thus screwing this country and the world for good, that’s just another way of saying, STUPID.
redrosa

*Dear redrosa,
Another way of saying stupid? Maverick.*

LADY DE REDNECK

As An Example, take Lyn Forester, aka Lady de Rothschild. She had been a Hillary supporter, but is now a McSame supporter, and she is calling Obama an “elitist.” She is exactly the type of idiot that Uthman is talking about. (Note: the word idiot comes from a Greek word meaning someone who is coarse, unskilled, and ignorant -- not mentally challenged or retarded. I’m using the word in the original context.)

No, of course not all women are “idiots.” But there are just enough of them to hand McSame the presidency.

By the way, just where is Hillary anyway? Probably hiding out and waiting for another chance in 2012.
Juan Largo

*Dear Juan,
Actually Clinton is on the stump for Obama. Your letter has become incorrect through the passage of time. Now you know how Uthman feels.*

THE FINE-ASS SOLUTION

I hadn’t seen polling but if the white women thing is correct, perhaps one could generalize it as a statistical failing in crackers in general.

It’s a statistical fact that white men overwhelmingly vote fascist, this election

being no different. If white women will vote for whichever woman is running, regardless of how many horns or tails she has, that would make pigment the common denominator of the 'stupid' demographic.

good to know.

To the asians, meskins and blacks, please keep fucking so that soon y'all will be the majority demographic and get us crackers out of this fine mess we've made.
jtree

*Dear jtree,
Your plan is sound, but it would work a lot faster if the minorities exclusively fuck white people. It's genius, actually. Get to work, minorities!*

SARCAST[*sic*]

Oh my gosh, I'm so glad that someone of such high intelligence has finally announced that it is official that women are stupid. I don't know why we all waste our time, trying to separate out the ones who aren't, since there really aren't any that are not, right? And, so, logically, it would follow, that all men are geniuses, even the ones who were going to vote for Hillary, and now who have decided to vote for Palin since Hillary's off the ticket. And of course, we must include the ones in the high superior IQ range who vote for Palin because she's hot and shoots guns. Did I get it right? I know, I'm a woman, so it's a given that I'm not the brightest bulb, but this is what I have gleaned from your fine, nuanced, spot on article. Thank you so much, Allan, for having the courage to speak the truth for all of us. I am humbled by your superior intellect and laser-like perception.
Lorib

*Dear Lorib,
Thanks! But to be honest, Uthman didn't really mean all women are idiots. Just you!*

SOMETHING IN OUR EYES

Oh, bullshit.

It's official: PEOPLE are idiots.

Women, on the other hand, have voted for the Democrats in greater percentages than MEN for HOW many of the past HOW many elections?

Take your pseudo-analysis and shove it up your urethra.

Okay, seriously -- I GET your feelings, but you shot from the hip, you DIDN'T consider just how MUCH of the media hype you yourself were swallowing whole (those "Hillary voters" who've swung to Palin? Not Democrats. Not really HILLARY voters at all. Fuckin' moles. You BOUGHT the fuckin' Republican propaganda. Seriously? You're THAT gullible? Have you HEARD any of these women TALK about this? Those aren't fuckin' Democrats. Those are Hannity camp followers).

I'm not going to eviscerate your essay point by point because it's beneath my dignity and because it would probably make you cry like a little girl.

Go back and try again. But leave in the part about Frankenstein -- that was priceless.

Maryscott OConnor

*Dear Maryscott,
(Sniffle, sob)... You really mean it?*

HILL'S BELLES

I don't agree with this article, (except for the Palin/Frankenstein comparison.) I keep hearing about disgruntled Hillary supporters, but I don't know any of them. As a former Hillary supporter, I now support Obama. Palin is the antithesis of everything Hillary represents. The wingnuts love to push the PUMA myth, making the assumption that the left will buy into it. Any intelligent pro-choice, equal rights supporting woman would never support Palin. The second I found out about Palin during the RNC, my email contacts were exploding with rage. The Clinton supporters I associate with despise Palin and everything she stands for, and particularly her lame attempt to mimic Hillary's breaking of the "glass ceiling."

BRAIN SURGIN'

Watching the debate drunk

The surge worked! The surge worked!!! Suuuurges! SUUUUUUUURRRRRRRGE!!!!

oh fuck yeah, that was good.
Isaac Hathaway

*Dear Isaac,
One surge may be enough for you, but think of poor John McCain! He needs multiple surges! Surges for everything! Afghanistan? Surge! Economy? Surge! Green energy? Surge! Tall, blonde lobbyists? Viagra, then surge!*

You need to be less selfish if you're going to satisfy the needs of a maverick surgeon like Big John the Surgin' Senator, Isaac. Unless you love terrorists, that is.

HEEDLESS FORCEMAN

I wrote in some time ago about the possibility of including a music review. While it has been nice to see some included, I have to wonder why the space is wasted on stuff like the Jonas Brothers (697 words was it?). Few people reading the Beast need reminding that the Jonas Brothers are bad. Making fun of them isn't even really that funny. It's like someone who rips on the really religious, awkward nerd so kids cooler than you will think you, too, are cool. You could at least review something you have listened to that you may think a reader should listen to. Or perhaps you could point out something not worth listening to that may, at a glance, seem appealing.

At least you haven't gone the route of the trailer critic and reviewed only itunes samples.

Meet my demands and receive a donation.

Which reminds me, I have one more demand: Interview a religious leader. There is always one of them that thinks they can change peoples' minds. While you won't change his (won't be a her) mind, it would likely be funny. The other interviews are great, but they are quite predictable. It would be fun to see some of the answers you would get.

You may think it is unreasonable for a customer who reads your work often for free to make demands. If so, you're wrong.
Adam

*Dear Adam,
Your suggestions are not without merit, and your audacity is endearing. But we're still just going to ignore you if that's all right.*

LET THERE BE PAMPHLETS

I got here via Pharyngula and I have to say that Dudes, you are totally awesome. My belly is aching from laughing out so much.

I particularly enjoyed reading about "Asperger's syndrome by proxy". [Ian Murphy, "Let There be Retards," issue 117]

The "Xenu and You" pamphlet was also hilarious [Ian Murphy, "Cult Classic," issue 110]. You should expand it into Chick like tracts to be distributed to at 'Anonymous' protest rallies. Staggyar zil Doggo

Dear Staggyar,
There's no way we could compete with Jack Chick. That guy is hilarious.

FTT? WTF?

Dear Beast,
So I've been looking around seeing whos been giving you guys shit about that article [Ian Murphy, "Fuck the Troops," issue 126], and I gotta say I am not impressed. You guys have been getting death threats only by the Republicans? Aren't they supposed to disagree with you guys on anything on principle (even if it means they continue on living)? When I first saw the title of that article I was all like "Oh shit, this is when the liberals finally have enough of the Beast's shit. But alas I was proven wrong.

Dissapointed,
Josh

P.S. Goddamit McCain his stupid. His "oooo I'll pick a woman for a VP, that way all the Hilary fans will vote for me," yea... that would work, if election day was the next day.

Dear Josh,
Well, not all of the death threats contained much political content. There were at least a couple that could have been liberals, albeit gun-toting ones. But most of the liberals around here have long since had enough of us, because we make fun of people, which is like some kind of war crime to the humorless twats.

LOATHSOMELY LATE

You guys just absolutely killed me. I have tears of joy streaming down my cheeks and a sore stomach from laughing my ass off. HILARIOUS. I'm going to check out the other years now. When does 2008 come out? I will also check the rest of your website and I'll probably get a subscription. Or at least donate to ensure more of the good stuff.

Tom

Dear Tom,

It's a quandary, to be sure: When should we put out our year-end list for 2008? Should we have released it in the spring, to get a jump on other periodicals? Or as a breezy summer beach read? Marketing science dictates that a new product roll-out is best initiated in the fall, should we have put out our synopsis of the year in review then? So many options! We're going to have to get back to you, man—this isn't an easy decision.

THE OVER-PUNCTUATOR

Are you fucking kidding me????????????? Your political views are what????? Ever been to another country that had a press 1 (not nine you fucking moron) for spanish? Ever been to a country were you can migrate and

get benifits like an instant income, free school and a roof over your head because your from another country? Well i have been to alot of countrys that are very very racist if your not that race. But you are right the founding fore fathers had horrible ideas about building a nation, if your a britt. FUCK OFF AND EAT MY SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
dan

Dear Dan,

You are a very stupid person. Sorry about that. Thanks for writing.

IMPOSTOR

Greetings. Looks like the "The Beast" has inspired a new level of hackdom at the thedailybeast.com. There are a few visual similarities with "The Beast" too. However, the contents suck major shit with their feeble political coverage and a syphilitic dose of celebrity coverage. Congratulations, though. Tina Brown is the hack that showed you her love. Eddie

Dear Eddie,

That's not all she showed us... she also showed us she has a limited understanding of the internet. Why, what were you thinking?



BEAST-O-SCOPES

This issue: **FREEPERSCOPIES!**

Your horoscope expressed cryptically by the stupidest, most dangerously hateful & bigoted conservatives on the internet!

Scorpio (Oct 23 – Nov 21)

No kidding, I thought everyone knew Obama is a Muslim.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21)

We were always taught growing up that McCarthy was an evil, horrible, alcoholic who destroyed good people's reputations. I now think that McCarthy was just ahead of his time.

Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)

Barack Hussein Obama, blessed be his name, is not a Muslim! and once he is declared Caliph any infidel who utters such blasphemy will be put to death!

Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb 18)

Although I can't call him a muslim, I also can't call him a Christian. I would almost have to say that he's more not a Christian than not a muslim.



BY ANDREW GULLERSTEIN

Pisces (Feb 18 – Mar 20)

How do you say ACORN in Muslimese? ALLAH AKHBAR!

Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 19)

Truth is, if Obama was a Muslim and now practices Christianity, a call would be made for his death. He IS a muslim and is allowed to pretend he is otherwise to fool infidels. Reject Obama or you and yours will convert or die!

Taurus (Apr 20 – May 20)

Hussein is an Arabic [Shiite] name ... So, if Obama is a Muslim, he's prob-

ably a Shiite. And, if a Shiite, then his madrassa in Indonesia of his youth was perhaps Wahabbi...the most strict. I suppose all that information is buried or hidden.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

Oh oh, sounds like someone is a little pissed. Will they go after the Muzzie? It's okay, Zero says these things with a "wink" to his Mussie buds. We know they can lie whenever they need to deceive.

Cancer (June 21 – July 22)

He was raised a socialist, Muslim pinko.

Leo (July 23 – Aug 22)

Anyone who would back Osama Obama is definitely no conservative. Traitor is more like it.

Virgo (Aug 23 – Sept 22)

But Colin, Obama IS a Muslim....you will know if gets elected....and then what will you say?

Libra (Sept 23 – Oct 22)

republicans have never claimed he is muslim, Powell is lying.

THE MAGIC FANTASTIC

BY JOSHUA AND MATHEW MARCHLEWSKI



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