

THE BEAST

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T H I S !

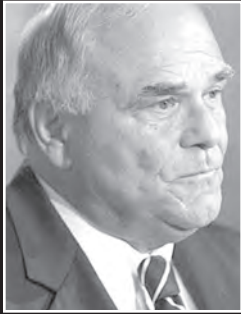
*"Say hello to my
BITTER FRIEND!"*

**OBAMA Vs.
GOD & GUNS:**

*This Time
It's Elitist!*



Separated at birth?



**Pennsylvania Governor
Ed Rendell...**



...and The Thing?



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No, I am *Not* Fucking Bitter



By John Q. Crimsoncollar

Yes, I am a long-unemployed Pennsylvanian, and yes, my economic situation could be better. But I am outraged at Barack Obama's statements about my neighbors and me being "bitter," and "clinging" to guns, religion, and antipathy toward others unlike us.

This is patently absurd. I have lived here in rural Pennsylvania my whole life, and I have never left, so I assume my community is the most optimistic and hopeful in existence. Could bitter people

vote so selflessly, against their economic interests, and in favor of much more fortunate people? I think not! Could a bitter person gun down animals for kicks? Well, you got me there.

But gun ownership is a longstanding tradition here in PA, long predating current economic hard times. My family has a history of gun ownership dating back to emancipation proclamation, when my ancestors armed themselves against the ensuing onslaught of freed Negroes. My new assault rifles are only to combat the much more cunning tactics of the Mexican threat.

How could I be bitter, when my financial struggle has opened up new avenues of experience for me? Had I kept my old job, I might have gone on eating steak, seafood and the like, possibly developing gout,

diabetes or coronary disease. But now, thanks to new opportunities to learn about nutrition, I find my new diet, consisting mainly of grubs and nettles, to be surprisingly healthful and invigorating. I'm sure my doctor would approve, if I could afford one.

Why would I be bitter about my jog being exported to China? Of course America abandoned manufacturing; we're the richest country in the world! Rich people don't waste time making things; they pay foreigners to do it! Would Donald Trump waste his time building a mansion? Of course not. He'd hire people to do it for him. America is Donald Trump.

It enrages me that this liberal elitist would attack my religious faith as a simple crutch to lean on in hard times. Sure, I only started going to church regularly after I lost my job, but I was quite busy prior to that event. I'll never forget the transcendent moment of my first prayer: "Oh Lord, please give me some money."

And, like our faith and our guns antipathy toward minorities is another longstanding tradition here in Pennsylvania. Believe me, I had the same negative feelings about people who don't look like me when I was still pulling down \$46 an hour capping spark plugs. So don't tell me I'm bitter, Goddamit!

Really, Obama's statements fill me with intense antagonism and hostility. Bitter? Me? Man, it makes me angry! What would a bunch of affluent intellectuals living in a temperate, coastal metropolis know about happiness anyway? Happiness is something to be earned, through years of deprivation and suffering. There is no shortcut!

If Obama thinks the Midwest is full of bitter, armed bigots, I'm surprised at how often he's been showing up around here. He's liable to get his head blown off—if we were bitter, that is, which we're not, as I've been saying.

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THIS ISSUE'S COLD DEAD HAND



"Okay, you can have it now."

Bait and Switch

Democrats trade lies for votes

BY ALLAN UTHMAN

Here's *New York Times* columnist and pillar of mediocrity, David Brooks, at his gag-inducing best on the issue of free trade:

"Economists differ over how much outsourcing will change the American job market in the future, but there is little evidence that trade has been a major cause of job loss or even wage stagnation so far."

How's this for evidence, Brooks: There were factories; now they're gone. The people who worked in them lost their jobs; many were screwed out of their pensions. Now some of them have found inferior work in the service sector, for less money and paltry benefits, if any. None of this is refutable. Surely you have a fact sheet from the Cato Institute to support your claims, but that doesn't change the fact that you are lying.

Brooks yawned out this claptrap while complaining about a speech Barack Obama gave in Pennsylvania on the economy and the working class. Obama's focus on free trade deals rankled the centrist manchild, who, like virtually everyone else at *The New York Times* and, for that matter, every other major news outlet in the country, has a boner for economic globalization.

Brooks's gall in this column is so pronounced, it can only be that he really doesn't know anyone that makes less than a million a year. He calls the damage caused by NAFTA and CAFTA "barely measurable," and then, in a disgustingly opportunistic ploy, cites the effects of these deals on workers as evidence of the irrelevance of all that labor talk:

"What I don't understand is why the political consultants prefer this kind of rhetoric. Aren't there windows in the vans they use to drive around the state? Don't they see that most middle-class voters are service workers in suburban office parks, not 1930s-style proletarians in the steel mills?"

That's right, David. The steel mills closed. Now the only jobs left are in services, because it's the only industry left that can't be outsourced. Brooks, regaler of all things bland and modern, talks about "suburban office parks" like they're enclaves of hipness and sophistication, especially compared to those dingy, old-fashioned

steel mills, but carefully fails to mention that steel mills paid a shitload better.

But he's right, in a way. The pattern goes: Economic collapse, *then* invigorated labor movement. We're still in the collapse phase now, so let's not get ahead of ourselves.

It's terrible to admit, but Brooks is right again when he writes that Obama "hedged," rather than delve into "the realm of economic populism."

"He made a series of on-the-one-hand/on-the-other-hand distinctions about which sort of trade deals he'd support and which he wouldn't," Brooks wrote. "It added up to a vague, watered-down version of economic light beer... The ideas he sketched out in the speech aren't dangerous. They're just trivial."

Aside from the "watered-down light beer" redundancy, Brooks is on the money here. About half of the unprecedented deluge of cash Obama has been consistently raising comes from small donors, theoretically giving him broad leeway, even an obligation, to represent the interests of regular working class and poor Americans. But aside from expressing vague misgivings on free trade, he has offered nothing concrete against it. This is for the best, because he would only be lying.

Let me lay it out for you: There is no way in hell Clinton, Obama, or the Democrats in congress will fight the Colombia Trade Promotion Agreement's passage. They will pretend to oppose it, delay the vote until after the election, and then pass it as quietly as possible. I will personally bet any takers on this, for actual money.

It's astounding how credulous the press is when Democrats, who have already pulled this bait and switch tactic before, pretend to give a damn about their constituents' financial pain due to economic globalization. Clinton's deceptions are more egregious than Obama's, because she's not hedging at all—she has chosen to lie openly. It's kind of hilarious to hear Clinton avow staunch opposition to the Colombia deal, when her husband made \$800,000 in 2005 giving speeches on behalf of Gold Service International, a Colombian business development group that supports the trade agreement. Also funny is the fact that her recently "fired" chief strategist, reptilian scumbag Mark Penn, has also been paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for his PR firm's services is securing passage for the pact.

Here's the thing: Penn was never fired. He was demoted, as his supposed conflict of interest was an obstacle for Clinton's perception management, not her principles. In fact, her supposed "anger" at Penn was such that he was heading a conference call for her the very next morning after his spurious, but still widely reported, firing. It's important to note that Colombian President Uribe blasted Obama specifically in the press the very day after Mark Penn met with the Colombian Ambassador, despite Clinton's more pronounced opposition to the free trade deal. At best, Hillary's opposition is not a major sticking point, but it's a hell of a lot more likely that she's just lying. It's very nearly an open secret that Clinton's current stance against free trade agreements is total bullshit.

Still, most in the media are willing to "take her at her word" on this, even though she seems liable to fall apart onstage when challenged on it. Anyone who doubts Clinton's lack of sincerity on the free trade issue should take a look at the widely available video of her flailing, convulsive laughter when asked a perfectly legitimate question about it on Friday. Asked if her husband's paid peddling of the trade deal posed a conflict of interest, considering her "donations" to her own campaign, Clinton erupted in frenzied laughter, gesticulated exasperation, and "answered" dismissively, as if the CNN reporter had asked what she was going to do about bigfoot. Per CNN:

"'How many angels dance on the head of the pin?,' she responded, continuing to giggle. 'I have really, uh, nothing to... I mean, how do you answer that?'"

Calming a bit, she revealed her long-term strategy unwittingly, with a Kerry-esque caveat:

"I am against the Colombia free trade deal. It doesn't matter who talks to me. It doesn't matter any circumstances. I have been against it. I am against it. I will be against it *absent the kind of changes in behavior that I have been calling for from the Colombian government.*" [Emphasis added.]

There's the pivot, right there. You see, while most reports on Democratic opposition to the Colombia agreement seem content to stop at saying this or that Democrat opposes it, the next sentence is always the same: The opposition is

not to expanded free trade; it's not about the negative economic effects Americans have suffered and are suffering; it's about human rights in Colombia.

Here's Obama, reacting to criticism from Uribe, citing that 25 union activists were murdered in Colombia last year, a statistic cited as "progress" by Uribe and his supporters: "That's not the kind of behavior that we want to reward. I think *until we get that straightened out* its inappropriate for us to move forward." [Emphasis added.]

Here's a statement from Nancy Pelosi and Charles Rangel:

"Despite progress made by President Uribe, Colombia remains a dangerous place to be a labor activist, and for those who commit these acts of violence, there is little threat of prosecution or punishment. Sustained progress on the ground remains a prerequisite for our support."

Of course, House Democrats didn't vote against the bill; they just postponed the vote indefinitely, or, in other words, until the election is over.

Certainly, Colombia is a shitty place to be a leftist. But it's kind of hilarious to hear American politicians decry that fact, when America has been funding, arming, training and supporting Uribe's troops in what amounts to a civil war against the leftist FARC rebels there. All through the Clinton years, Plan Colombia involved military training, private mercenary groups, defoliation of huge swaths of land with poisonous chemicals, which sickened farmers and livestock and destroyed food crops, all to the tune of about a billion taxpayer dollars a year. The idea that the Democrats, especially Clinton, are now distraught about the poor unionists in Colombia is laughable. This human rights issue is a stalling tactic, and will suddenly evaporate when, soon after the election, new statistics will be released that House Democrats will find "encouraging" enough

to go ahead and vote for the deal, maybe even before Bush leaves office.

And this is how it has been with the Democrats and their paper-thin mewlings about trade. The rhetoric is for election season, but the deals are made when no one's looking. Remember the United States-Peru Trade Promotion Agreement? Me neither. It passed easily, and with little fanfare, last November in the House (the vote was 285-132), and December in the Senate (77-18). Incidentally, there were no congressional elections whatsoever last year, although those Senators already running for president—Clinton, Obama, McCain, and even Dodd and Biden—didn't vote on the Peru deal. But most Democrats who weren't facing election pressures voted for it—including Pelosi, Waxman, Frank, Murtha, Hoyer, Kerry, Kennedy, Feinstein, Schumer, both Nelsons, Durbin, Bayh, and Levin.

That's the story on the Democrats and free trade: Feign opposition, then vote for it when nobody's paying attention. It's a winning strategy in a country that scrutinizes the minutiae of election campaign public relations wars and calls it "politics," but can't be bothered with even perfunctory coverage of the actual deeds of government.

In truth, that's how politicians, pundits, and think tank-spawned shills get away with insisting that unfettered free trade is good for America. The only media figures allowed to focus on its deleterious effects are cranky old bigots like Lou Dobbs and Pat Buchanan.

But what free trade ultimately means is that America is back in the slavery business, only now we're outsourcing. There is precious little difference between outright slavery and the pathetic wages and conditions workers in third world countries toil under to feed our bottomless hunger for cheap plastic crap. Far away from our Chinese plasma HDTVs, impoverished peasants work endlessly in unsafe facilities, breathing putrid air and collapsing nightly in squalor. But we never have to see, let alone consider, this kind of slavery, until, in the end, we ourselves are reduced to it.

The ubiquitous free trade zealots in the media are wrong. Americans cannot all become computer programmers and engineers. Most will never even approach the kind of high-tech career that clueless "authorities" like David Brooks profess to be a panacea for Americans' globalization woes. The inevitable effect of cheap foreign labor is to cheapen domestic labor. The "playing field" will indeed become level.

Look closely at these poor brown and yellow serfs: That is our future. Your children will live like them. And neither Republicans nor Democrats are going to lift a finger stop it.



THE BEAST PAGE 5

Cheney Sunglasses-Reflection Ambiguity

Name: Veronica
Knuckle-Boobs

Turn-ons: Overactive imaginations, prurient interests, Rorschach tests, glaucoma, Freud, Surgeon's Loops, Salvador Dali and Hieronymus Bosch

Turn-offs: Careful scrutiny, ultra violet light, civil liberties, aluminum rods and Blue Blockers



How I got to be the BEAST Page 5 Cheney Sunglasses-Reflection Ambiguity: Well, I was posted to the White House website months ago, to little fanfare. People don't care much for Dick Cheney or fly fishing these days. But, suddenly and inexplicably, all web-surfing eyes were on focused on me last week, Veronica Knuckle-Boobs! People were saying all sorts of outrageous things, like that you can see my ribs and I need to eat more. Some people even thought I was dead, and Cheney was poised to violate my limp body—which he has, because I'm his right hand. He makes me do things—I don't want to talk about it.

Future Aspirations: I'd like to grow a head.

How I'd like to be remembered: As the only Vice Presidential hand reflection that anyone ever masturbated to.

DIRTY ROCK

JAY ROCKEFELLER IS A JERK



BY ALEXANDER ZAITCHIK

Read aloud the legislative positions and “accomplishments” of Democratic Sen. Jay Rockefeller, and you might think you’re hearing about the career of some boot-licking GOP White House sycophant: Collaborator on telecom immunity, strong advocate of Bush’s unconstitutional domestic spying efforts, effusive cheerleader for invading Iraq, enthusiast of preventing accountability for any of the nation’s most severe intelligence failures. But that’s just Jay being Jay.

It can be tempting to feel pity for John Davison Rockefeller IV. The scion of the American oil dynasty and junior senator from West Virginia only ever wanted to be called “Jay.” Like the economically depressed coal state he adopted for his home, the nickname does not immediately evoke sterling silver baby spoons, guaranteed admission to Harvard and ten-figure trust funds. The moniker befits the self-image, if not quite the reality, of the black sheep of the Rockefeller clan, its sole Democrat. Jay Rockefeller: easygoing everyman.

But since the 9/11 attacks, “Jay” has

become just one of Rockefeller’s nicknames. These days the senator is also known as “Jello Jay,” “Vichy Democrat No. 1” and the “Senator from AT&T,” depending on which outraged Democrat you’re talking to. Most of these newer nicknames have their origins in Rockefeller’s performance as chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee. Since the FISA drama emerged as the defining battle of the 110th Congress, Rockefeller has become the face of an increasingly passé kind of collaboration. But it isn’t just the administration he’s cozy with. Rockefeller has deep links with Third Way, a phony progressive pro-corporate think tank with close ties to the telecom industry. Matt Bennett, vice president of Third Way, meets frequently with Rockefeller’s legislative aide for military and national security issues to discuss the FISA legislation and has provided talking points in defense of immunity.

But Rockefeller’s sins well predate his current alliance with the Bush administration in defense of expanded executive wiretapping powers and retroactive immunity for telecom firms who broke the law. His post-9/11 career as the ranking Democrat on the Senate

Intelligence Committee has been one of deepening disgrace and epic failure. As Rockefeller returns to Washington from recess to tackle the FISA impasse, it’s worth remembering that “Jello Jay” has been a sweet and refrigerated Bush/Cheney-enabling treat for close to seven years.

“Ever since 9/11, the Bush administration has had no better friend on Capitol Hill than Jay Rockefeller,” says author and blogger Glenn Greenwald, who has been one of Rockefeller’s fiercest and most persistent critics. “In his position as ranking member and then chairman of the Intelligence Committee, he has been continuously notified of the most extreme and lawless actions by the administration, and has either done nothing or actively supported and enabled such lawlessness.”

Rockefeller’s habit of carrying the heaviest buckets of dirty water for the administration began soon after the 9/11 attacks. As Rockefeller proudly revealed in a November 2005 television appearance, he understood quickly that the Bush administration was determined to use the attacks as a pretext to invade Iraq and topple Saddam Hussein. Did

Rockefeller sound the tocsin? Yes, but not to the American people. Instead, Rockefeller packed his bags in January 2002 and visited the capitals of Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Syria, where he shared with officials his insider belief that the war was a fait accompli and told them they might as well get on board. "George Bush had already made up his mind to go to war against Iraq," Rockefeller told "Fox News Sunday" in 2005, explaining his private diplomacy. "That was a predetermined set course which had taken shape shortly after 9/11."

Rockefeller's adventure in stealth personal diplomacy was so brazen and so stupid for so many reasons that even the conservative writer and war-supporter Bill Bennett asked on the *National Review* blog, "What was Senator Rockefeller doing? What was he thinking? And all this before President Bush even made a public speech about Iraq—to the U.N. or anyone else."

Like so many Democrats, Rockefeller would eventually claim to have been duped by bad and distorted intelligence. Specifically, Rockefeller blames the conflicting evidence presented in the October 2002 National Intelligence Estimate—which he did not read until a full ten months after his unofficial "Get Your War On" tour of the Middle East.

That the 2002 NIE distorted the truth is an odd claim for Rockefeller to make. In fact the opposite is true. It was Rockefeller who willfully distorted the NIE's conflicting and uncertain threat assessments to make the case for war.

Rockefeller was such an early and spastic booster for war that he has the distinction of being the only senator to actually go beyond the administration's own talking points. While most of his colleagues stuck to well-worn facts about Saddam's old chemical weapons program and vague references to "weapons of mass destruction," Rockefeller repeatedly dropped the "n" word, embracing the most patently absurd of the Iraq threat scenarios.

On Oct. 10, 2002, Rockefeller took to the Senate floor to declare, "There is unmistakable evidence that Saddam Hussein is working aggressively to develop nuclear weapons and will likely have nuclear weapons in the next five years—and he could have it [sic] earlier... We should also remember that we have always underestimated the progress that Saddam has been able to made [sic] in

the development of weapons of mass destruction... I do believe that Iraq poses an imminent threat."

Rockefeller started to care about proof of this imminent threat only once the occupation had gone sour. During his war-drum induced trance, Rockefeller had no patience for people demanding evidence and other such distractions. "To insist on further evidence could put some of our fellow Americans at risk," he declared on the Senate floor. "Can we afford to take that chance? We cannot!"

As Chris Wallace reminded Rockefeller in his November 2005 "Fox News Sunday" appearance, the use of the words "imminent threat" constituted an even more alarmist line than the administration was pushing. When confronted with this fact, Rockefeller hemmed and hawed, giving one of his famously meandering, ungrammatical, and nonsensical non-answers that leave observers wondering if Rockefeller might not be better suited for an ambassadorship to Samoa.

"[Congress] did not send 150,000 troops or 135,000 troops," said a flustered Rockefeller. "It was [Bush's] decision made probably two days after 9/11 that he was going to invade Iraq. That we did not have a part of [sic]."

Rockefeller's performance in the run-up to war was singularly shameful. But due to his senior position on the Intelligence Committee, he would be given a unique opportunity to partially redeem himself. It is an opportunity he failed to seize. Once the investigations were underway in summer of 2003, Rockefeller talked a good game about intelligence failures leading up to the invasion. But when it came to the more politically sensitive question of whether the administration manipulated the agencies and cherry-picked evidence to hype the case for war, Rockefeller lost enthusiasm. In February 2004, Rockefeller cut a deal with then chairman of the Intelligence Committee Pat Roberts to delay the Phase II investigation until after the 2004 election.

Way after, it turned out. In April of 2005, with no movement yet on Phase II, Rockefeller appeared on Meet the Press with Pat Roberts, chair of the Senate Intelligence Committee. When host Tim Russert asked Rockefeller if Phase II would ever be completed, the senator responded, "I hope so. Pat and I have agreed to do it. We've shaken hands on it."

Handshake and everything, it took another eight months of no action on Phase II before Rockefeller finally called a press conference to apply some real heat on his Republican colleagues. On Nov. 4, 2005, Rockefeller stood with Carl Levin and Dianne Feinstein in calling for a "thorough and expeditious" Phase II report. "Congress has a fundamental, constitutional responsibility to conduct oversight—that's what checks and balances are all about," said Rockefeller, "and on this question, we have utterly failed. Now, after 20 months since the committee agreed to undertake Phase II, we are finally going to dig into the serious issues of how this administration used or misused intelligence in making the case for going to war."

When an incomplete draft was finally published on May 25, 2007, Phase II concluded that there was no evidence that the Iraqi government was producing WMD or that it had any ties to Al Qaeda. Appropriately enough, one of the sections not publicly released at the time dealt with the statements of U.S. government leaders made during the run-up to the war. In any such review, no politician would look as ridiculous or as derelict in his duty as Jay Rockefeller.

Jay Rockefeller is a longtime supporter of a flag burning amendment to the Constitution, but he has shown little enthusiasm for absolutism when it comes to protecting the rights guaranteed by that document. A supporter of the Military Commissions Act of 2006, which stripped detainees of habeas corpus, Rockefeller's enthusiasm has lately been reserved for protecting the telecoms, despite the fundamental constitutional principles at stake in the administration's illegal spying program. "Giving ordinary Americans their day in court against the telecoms is the right thing to do. Telecom companies violated the law in collaborating with the dragnet surveillance of millions of ordinary Americans, and it is a crime against justice to simply let them off the hook," says Rebecca Jeschke of the Electronic Frontier Foundation.

His current position on immunity is of a post-9/11 piece. Rockefeller was among a handful of congressional leaders briefed by Dick Cheney in 2003 regarding the extra-legal monitoring of suspected terrorist communications in the United States. He understood immediately that the actions, ordered under the "Terrorist

Surveillance Program,” were illegal. But restricted from consulting his staff on the matter, Rockefeller professed an inability to judge the merits of the program. His response was to handwrite a letter to the vice president that was clearly intended as an ass-covering measure in the event the program ever came to light. (Which it did when *The New York Times* broke the story in December 2005.) In his brief memo to Cheney, Rockefeller expresses his concerns lightly, privately and almost apologetically. Like Phil Hartman’s old “Unfrozen Caveman Lawyer” character on Saturday Night Live, Rockefeller professes confusion when confronted by the administration’s extra-legal phone-tapping ways.

“As you know, I am neither a technician nor an attorney,” writes Rockefeller with self-deprecation before registering a vague “concern regarding the direction the administration is moving with regard to security, technology and surveillance.”

Rockefeller released the letter to the media only after the *Times* story sparked a national uproar. His colleagues on the House and Senate Intelligence committees were particularly surprised at Rockefeller’s sudden attempts to distance himself from the program. Rockefeller not only absorbed the details of the warrantless wire-tapping program during Cheney’s roundtable seminars, he actively supported them. Sen. Pat Roberts of Kansas, who was then chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, told the

Times after Rockefeller’s release of his letter to Cheney that he had “no recollection of Senator Rockefeller objecting to the program at the many briefings he and I attended together ... On many occasions, Senator Rockefeller expressed to the vice president his vocal support for the program; his most recent expression of support was only two weeks ago.” Another participant in those meetings told *The Weekly Standard*: “It was [the Democrats’] unanimous recommendation that we continue the program and that we not seek legislative authorization. Jay Rockefeller was sitting at the table.”

Even after the cat escaped the bag, Rockefeller continued to bet wrong. Once the FISA debate exploded, he hitched his name and reputation to retroactive immunity for the telecoms. In June 2007, Rockefeller, now chair of his committee, personally assured Dick Cheney that he would work with the administration on revising FISA to the administration’s liking, providing the committee first gained access to secret documentation of the warrantless eavesdropping. Days after getting his peek at the select record, Rockefeller moved forward with a Senate bill guaranteeing immunity and broader executive spying powers. His Democratic colleagues Bill Nelson, Russ Feingold, Chris Dodd and Ron Wyden dissented strongly, but on Feb. 12 the Cheney/Rockefeller bill passed the Senate 68-29.

What happened next is well known and placed Rockefeller into the tightest

dundee-cap corner of his post-9/11 political career. On March 14, the House passed a FISA bill sans immunity that constituted a hard rebuke to the administration—and Jay Rockefeller. It wasn’t just the liberal wing of his party breaking with him. Even the most pro-Bush, conservative Blue Dogs rejected the Rockefeller-Cheney bill. “A more powerful repudiation by his own party is difficult to imagine,” says Glenn Greenwald.

What is the source of Rockefeller’s lonely commitment to the cause of retroactive immunity? Much has been made of several large contributions to his coffers by AT&T and Verizon. Rockefeller refuses to bankroll his campaigns with his fortune, relying instead on corporate cash like a “normal” senator. This otherwise admirable equivalent of a rich kid putting himself through school by working down at the docks has opened him up to sensible charges of being bought and paid-for.

Or it could be that Rockefeller’s position is just the natural result of a genuine, wrongheaded and wholly pathetic desire to play ball with the Bush administration and get along with his Republican friends in the Senate. Jay Rockefeller is a famously easygoing guy, and the 71-year-old will be no doubt be popular in whatever Florida retirement community he chooses. But in the meantime, he embodies every reason that the public’s support of Congress trails one of the least popular presidents in American history. **BEAST**

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Fuck the Troops

SOMEONE HAD TO SAY IT



BY IAN MURPHY

So, 4000 rubes are dead. Cry me the Tigris. Another 30,000 have been seriously wounded. Boo fucking hoo. They got what they asked for—and cool robotic limbs, too.

Likely, just reading the above paragraph made you uncomfortable. But why?

The benevolence of America's "troops" is sacrosanct. Questioning their rectitude simply isn't done. It's the forbidden zone. We may rail against this tragic war, but our soldiers are lauded by all as saints. Why? They volunteered to partake in this savage idiocy, and for this they deserve our utmost respect? I think not.

The nearly two thirds of us who know this war is bullshit need to stop sucking off the troops. They get enough action raping female soldiers and sodomizing Iraqi detainees. The political left is intent on "supporting" the troops by bringing them home, which is a good thing. But after rightly denouncing the administration's lies and condemning this awful war, relatively sensible pundits—like Keith Olbermann—turn around and lovingly praise the soldiers' brave service to the country. Why?

What service are they providing? I don't remember ordering 300,000 dead Iraqis—although I *was* doing a lot of heavy narcotics back in '03. Our soldiers are not providing a service to the *country*, they're providing a service to a criminal administration and their oil company cronies. When a mafia don orders a

hit, is the assassin absolved of personal responsibility when it's carried out? Of course not. What if the hit man was fooled into service? We'd all say, "Tough shit, you dumb guido," then lock him up and throw away the key.

As a society, we need to discard our blind deference to military service. There's nothing admirable about volunteering to murder people. There's nothing admirable about being rooked by obvious propaganda. There's nothing admirable about doing what you're told if what you're told to do is terrible.

We all learned recently that the Bush administration instituted its policy of global torture during quaint White House meetings. And we already know this war was started with lies. Shame on them. But what about the people who physically carry out these atrocities? We've seen bad apples punished and CEO despots walk free, but all verbal and written denouncement is focused on our leaders. Surely, they deserve that and more—decapitation, really. But why can't we be critical of the people who have actually tortured and murdered hundreds of thousands of Iraqi citizens? We deride private contractors like Blackwater for similar conduct—why are the troops blameless?

Take John McCain, or "McNasty," as they called him in high school. While the conventional wisdom says that Obama gets a pass from the media, McCain is clearly the least scrutinized presidential candidate. He diddles lobbyists, sings about bombing Iran and doesn't know Shiite from Shinola, yet he remains unscathed, cloaked in his Vietnam "hero" legend.

Again, what is heroic about involving one's self in a foolish war, being a shitty pilot or getting tortured? Yeah, it must have sucked, but getting your ass kicked every day for five years doesn't make you a

hero—it makes you a Bad News Bear.

Here's where America's military lust becomes a true perversion. If we truly valued military prowess, John McCain would be viewed as a failure. But duty alone is enough to inspire our gratitude. Hence the left's tendency to obligatorily praise the troops while decrying the sum of their actions. Good thing, too, because this war is unwinnable.

George Washington warned that the biggest threat to the young United States was in keeping and deploying standing armies. An overextended military is a drain on any nation—eventually it will break. It also pisses off the people your army is standing on. We'll never heed this warning and break the cycle of violence, so long as military service is so reflexively praised.

People want to be respected. And in a country with an abysmal education system and disappearing economic opportunities, they seek respect wherever they can find it—as street corner toughs or as government sanctioned thugs. It beats McDonald's. But this kind of victim-of-circumstance-sympathy for the troops turns them into automatons, neither deserving of praise or damnation. Disregarding the Stop Loss back door draft travesty, they had a choice.

We're a squeamish people; we eschew heated debates and, in principle, strive for political correctness when arguing with those who hold contrary views. The left does anyway; the right makes no such pretense. That's one of the reasons liberals have taken such a beating in the last few decades.

As plainly stupid as religious belief or participating in immoral and illegal wars may be, the castrated left can only argue against these things by appealing to reason. In America, that fails every time.

We respond best to partisan venom and ad hominem attacks.

The right has no problem painting their opponents as cowards or godless heathens, but liberals—instead of sticking to the merits of their arguments—fight those accusations by leaning right, praising god and guns, and pandering to the people who cling to them. The left has taken to appeasing bullies as their only course to victory. And that's no victory at all.

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

Instead of blowing the troops every chance we get, to prove our patriotism and

insulate ourselves against attacks from the right, liberals should grow a pair and start dishing the damnation.


How despicable must a military campaign be before Americans turn on their beloved troops? After chiding the “War on Toddlers” as fool-headed and pointlessly barbaric, would Keith Olbermann still thank the troops for their service? After the “Great Grandmother Slaughter of 2010,” will the press remove the fat military cock from its mouth? Following “Operation Murder Fluffy Kittens,” will the left finally nix the “honored service” crap? No. No they won't.

Condemning the “troops”—a term coined during the Gulf War—is almost unthinkable. And it won't win you any awards. “Troops” are a monolithic entity, a cohesive group of pride-inspiring order-takers. Whereas an individual soldier is accountable for his or her actions, the “troops” are too abstract to blame. For Americans, there are only bad apples,

never bad orchards.

But what kind of world would we rather live in: one where fools are admired for being fooled and murderers are extolled for murdering, or one where we have the capacity to step back and say, “I don't care *who* told you to do *what* and *why*; you're still an asshole!” Personally, I'd rather live in a world where people who act like retards are treated like retards: executed in Texas.

Americans fear the truth. It's the slipperiest slope of all. Once we start extending responsibility beyond those who gave orders to those who took them, it won't be long before we're blaming ourselves. And we can't have that.

Well, guess what, kids? The Iraq debacle is a pointless bloodbath—and every time you applaud those who “bravely” fill that tub, you're soaking in it. 



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AIDS Wolf on Murder Night

(AND ALL I GOT WERE THESE LOUSY WOLF AIDS)

BY STEVE GORDON

Acid Rain Day, Bad Ozone Day, Loco Gang Day

On March 26th, Buffalo Police pushed the local gang violence alert level up to Code Red, citing “credible information” that a dangerous initiation ritual was to begin that night.

The Central American Mara Salvatrucha gang, or MS-13, though not cited by name by Commissioner H McCarthy Gipson during an emergency press conference, was thought to be behind the gang ritual. According to Gipson, the initiation process for new gang members involves staging rear-end collisions with motorists, followed by an assault of some kind. Probably with bullets.

Now, you may be getting ahead of yourself if the first thoughts that came to your mind were:

- (a) Sounds like an urban legend,
- (b) I didn't know there was an MS-13 presence in Buffalo,
- (c) Reading sucks, what's on TV? or
- (d) All of the above

Because if you don't finish reading this article, you will have bad luck for the next seven years. But if you do finish it, the person you have a crush on will tell you they love you within 48 hours.

The Monkey Man of Delhi

A strange phenomenon swept across the Delhi, India propinquity-scape in 2001. On May 13th of that year, police started to receive a flood of reports about a mysterious “Monkey Man” who was randomly attacking people.

Accounts of the Monkey Man vary wildly, but most seem to focus on a few features. A four-foot tall ape-like creature with a metal helmet, metal claws, and glowing red eyes would materialize, scratching and biting its victims before disappearing into the night.

If you ask me, a cultist of some kind

in the Arabian desert probably just read an alignment spell in Alhazred's *Necronomicon*, creating a rupture in our perception of time and space and allowing this messenger of the Elder Ones to slip into the collective unconscious of Delhi residents. But that's just if you ask me.

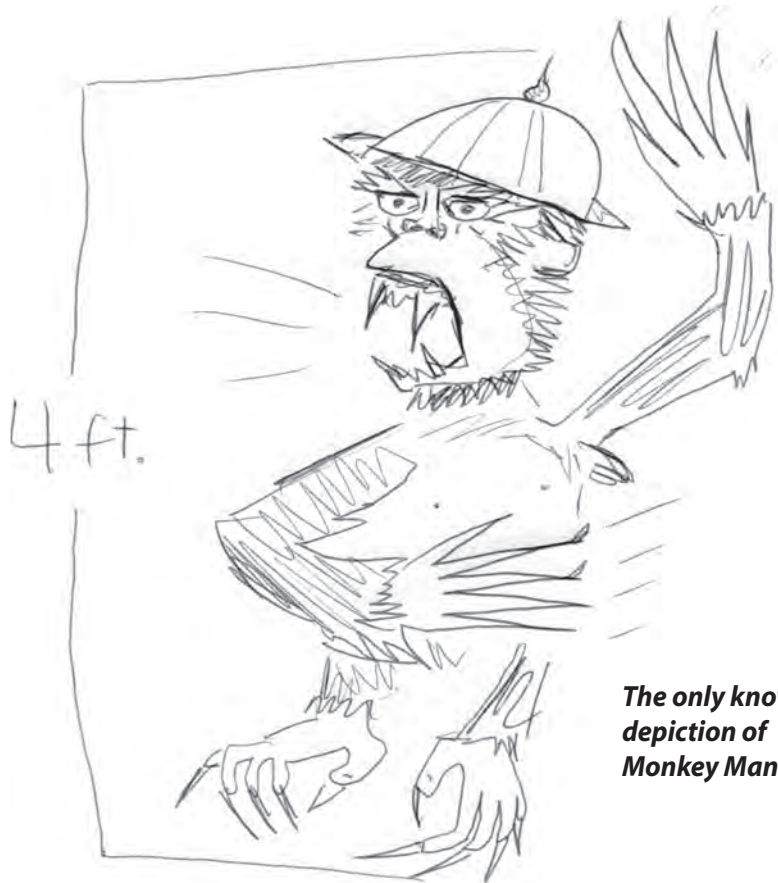
If you ask someone who *isn't* Lovecraft-Damaged, like sociologist Brendan McCarthy, the situation is indicative of a social self-fulfilling prophecy: “When you define a threat, it becomes part of the social environment.”

A few people were even killed by the Monkey Man. But here's the thing: of the few reported deaths, all of them were the result of individuals throwing themselves off of rooftops or falling down stairs in a panic. Some people were nearly beaten to death—but only by angry mobs who thought they were the Monkey Man.

Fortunately, the horror came to a close when one news source reported the Monkey Man being last seen boarding a plane to Moscow.

Wolf AIDS

Wolf AIDS is a tongue-in-cheek deflection of the atrocious “Niggers Fucked the Ape” urban legend—a narrative attributing the genesis of the AIDS virus, very racistly, to a bit of cross-species pollination. In the Wolf AIDS legend, it is household pets that contract AIDS from wolves in the wild, then bring them home and spread them to their owners. Hey, now. It could be through sharing intravenous drugs, you sick pervert. AIDS Wolf, meanwhile, is the name of a Canadian noise-punk band that recently embarked on an American tour. Their first stop was in Buffalo on Murder Night.



The only known depiction of Monkey Man

I had been at work all evening. Rumors started to slip into the office at around 7pm. "Hey, there's this gang thing tonight," warned a coworker. "I guess some Puerto Rican [sic] gang is shooting people in cars." By 9pm, my boss had to arrange a special meeting, informing everyone to "just be cautious" on their way home.

At Eleven, I bounded out the door. Having been on the fence before, I was now definitely going to check out the AIDS Wolf show at Soundlab. Hopped on the highway and sped downtown. I knew the gang legend was bunk, but I figured I'd throw my life on the line to find out.

I exited the I-190 at Louisiana and proceeded to cruise down Swan St. This is the area of Buffalo that most resembles the environs of Project Mayhem. You see a crumbling façade every other block or so that might appear inviting to Tyler Durden. A good place to stage an accident and then murderize someone.

But with a cop at almost every corner that night, I went on my way, sadly under-murdered, towards the venue downtown. I made it into the gallery's basement just as the band started playing—half-priced, having missed the opener. The band rolled hard, blending walls of dissonance with blast beats and muzzled screaming. It was like Captain Beefheart's soul had been bottled and poured into a cobra pit...full of angry tigers!

The audience seemed to be frozen in terror as a provocative female vocalist paraded through the crowd, antagonizing folks with a shattered Fourth Wall. As

she stood next to me, head-banging and shrieking into the microphone held in her jaws, I thought, fleetingly, "So, like, do I have AIDS now?"

The myth penetrates reality

Like the Monkey Man legend, The MS-13 initiation ritual was more of a public panic fiasco than an actual threat. A series of internet chain-letters and text messages that hyped the story spread throughout most of the country in the days leading up to the Buffalo Police press conference. The messages told stories of "friend's brother's uncles" who were "cops" or "correctional officers" that "overheard" gang members discussing the car-bump free-for-all. Recipients were urged to warn their family and friends, and stay indoors.

Buffalo was the only city to turn around and issue a city-wide warning, based on this "credible information." Some middle-aged technophobe in the police department, wading into the murky unknown of cyberspace for the first time, must have read the subject line, "IMPORTANT! SEND THIS TO EVERYONE YOU KNOW!" and clicked the link.

In self-defense of the faux pas, Commissioner Gipson cited a drive-by shooting that occurred earlier in the month as an evidence of the ritual. But actually, all reported cases of rear-end-collision-followed-by-gangland-shooting have been attributed to copycats who were familiar with the urban legend itself.

And as for the MS-13 presence, Buffalo does have both a thriving gang scene, and a marginalized Hispanic community. I personally took a winding route through the city's largely Hispanic, completely impoverished West side on my way home from the concert, gauging the place with my murder litmus test. I was not murdered. In fact, the police didn't really have any record of Mara Salvatrucha in town before Gipson blew up the spot with an aforementioned text message. According to the *Buffalo News*, the Commissioner admitted, "This is the first time we've heard of this gang making inroads into the area."

McCarthy argues: "When urban legends work their way into a group's collective unconscious, their manifest and latent functionality can be equally devastating, as the copy cat incidents in Buffalo and the Monkey Man suicides illustrate well. The creation of myth penetrates reality."

We don't have dragons lurking in caves just outside the village anymore. We don't have witches casting hexes on the crop yield. We killed them all. Even Osama's fallen far from newsworthiness lately. But the constant threat of unseen horrors is still a social necessity, inserting a bit of excitement in between the gears of the predictable daily grind.

So here I am, listening to a record by the self-described "Feel-Bad Band for Desolate Times," AIDS Wolf, waiting for the Monkey Man to bum rush my front door. Bring it on, Monkey Man!



Suck my Jong

OLD CUNT ATTACKS MATT TAIBBI



BY ALLISON KILKENNY

For those of you who missed the drama because you have lives, and don't haunt the internet like friendless ghosts: This week, author and feminist, Erica Jong and *Rolling Stone* columnist (and BEAST founder) Matt Taibbi got into a huge mud fight on celebutard watering hole the Huffington Post.

In the name of full disclosure, I have to confess three things. The first confession I have to make is that I hate Erica Jong. This is something of a surprise for me, because I had never heard her name before this week. Erica's Huffpost biography (which is intended to be a short blurb) extends for a page and a half as she breathlessly strains to convince us she's worth the \$13 her pretentious, pseudointellectual mob shelled out for her latest hardcover, *Sappho's Leap*.

Sappho's Leap is an odyssey about the greatest female lyric poet of all time, set in ancient Greece. I'll stop there because I need my readers to remain conscious to read the rest of my article.

The second confession is that I blog for Huffington Post. The cool thing about Huffpost (other than being able to read Alec Baldwin's latest musings) is that none of the bloggers are paid, so no one is afraid to write exactly what they're feeling out of fear of being censored or fired. In that way, Huffpost is a bigger proponent for free speech and democratic discussion than most major newspapers. But sometimes, as a result of unfiltered

opinions, the discussions dissolve into the internet version of tittie twisters and wet willies.

My third confession is that I don't think Taibbi went far enough in denouncing Jong as a hack and a feminist fraud. I think men censor themselves when critiquing insanity masquerading as feminine progressivism precisely because they're afraid of being called chauvinistic. I refuse to censor myself because of this fossilized twat. I believe she (and everyone like her) are destructive, corrosive cancers within feminism. And so I declare open season on Erica Jong.

And I'm going to use a lot of naughty language. For example, I'm going to use the word cunt. A lot. Probably when I don't even need to use it. I'm going to use it because Eric Jong is a cunt—a huge fucking cunt. If this bothers you, stop reading now.

Thus, I bring you a recap of the *Jong-Taibbi 2008 You Fuck Your Mother Battle Royale*.

In one corner, we have Erica "Liberal Feminist Cunt" Jong, hailing from Weston, Connecticut. Her hair bleached into a brittle blonde scream, Erica cakes enough make-up across her withered face to smother every last betraying wrinkle. This feisty feminist protests "The Man" and his demands that she remain eternally youthful and pleasing to his eyes by painting her grizzled visage like a deranged, slutty clown.

And in the other corner, we have Matt "Fucking Fuck Fuck Hillary Clinton has Flabby Arms" Taibbi. He's the journalist, who will look perpetually confused and a little pissed off through the remainder of this brawl as he keeps his hand pressed to Jong's brow, and holds her at arm's distance while she snarls and claws at the air.

The stage was set for disaster when Jong responded to Taibbi's piece in *Rolling Stone* wherein he described a campaign victory scene thusly: "...Hillmeister doing the dual flabby-arm raise on CNN, while gusts of confetti whooshed across the room..."

Outraged, but still capable of pulling herself together long enough to alliterate and regurgitate obscure references, reminding us all she is the proud carrier of a library card, Jong responded with "Misogyny, Momism, and Militarism," in which she accused Taibbi of hating women and wanting to fuck his mother.

Erica seems like an intelligent lady, although I base that assumption on the fact that she likes Greek history and her Huffington Post blog lack any noticeable typos. However, that amount of research I put into her presumably breathtaking personal history is still about five more minutes of journalistic grunt work than she put into learning anything about Taibbi. First, she calls Matt "Mike," mistaking him for his father, the NBC journalist.

Then, she goes on to quote the flabby-armed line in such an out-of-context way that I assume one of her cunt Cosmopolitan-swigging cohorts must have emailed it to her with the caps-locked subject: "A MAN IS DISRESPECTING SOMEONE WITH A VAGINA!!! ATTACK!!!!!"

In some of the most insane psychological and intellectual contortionism I have ever witnessed, Jong cites such random cultural personalities as Elton John – truly a staple in the world of feminist research - to "prove" her point that Taibbi suffers from "Momism."

Momism is an APA-classified (I'm kidding) disorder where the patient suffers from an Oedipal obsession with his bad mother to counter his attraction to his good mother.

In other words, Jong argues, Matt Taibbi clearly wrote an unfavorable description of Hillary Clinton because he wants to fuck his mother.

Taibbi responded with "Erica Jong Thinks I Want to Do My Mother: A Response," offering numerous examples that illustrate his Clinton description is merely a stylistic choice, and not a sexist maneuver. For example, Taibbi described Rudy Giuliani as:

"Virtually neckless, all shoulders and forehead and overbite, with a hunched-over, Draculoid posture that recalls, oddly enough, George W. Bush, the vestigial stoop of a once-chubby kid who grew up hiding tittie pictures from nuns."

And also as "The electoral incarnation of Tommy Lee Jones' acid-bath-surviving Two-Face character." And a "Bottomless pit of vengeful little-guy ambition."

And just to prove the point that he holds nothing personally against Ms. Clinton, Taibbi introduced his litany of "Back-the-fuck-off-me-you-fucking-bitch" examples to Ms. Jong, or as he called her, "the eight hundred-year-old sex novelist."

"Eight-Hundred-Year-Old Jong Responds to Callow Youth Taibbi" was the catchy title of Jong's response piece. At this point, the Huffpost blog world began to buzz in the same way a playground vibrates when the two kids that have been giving each other the stink-eye all year finally meet for a showdown by the seesaw. Shit was going down.

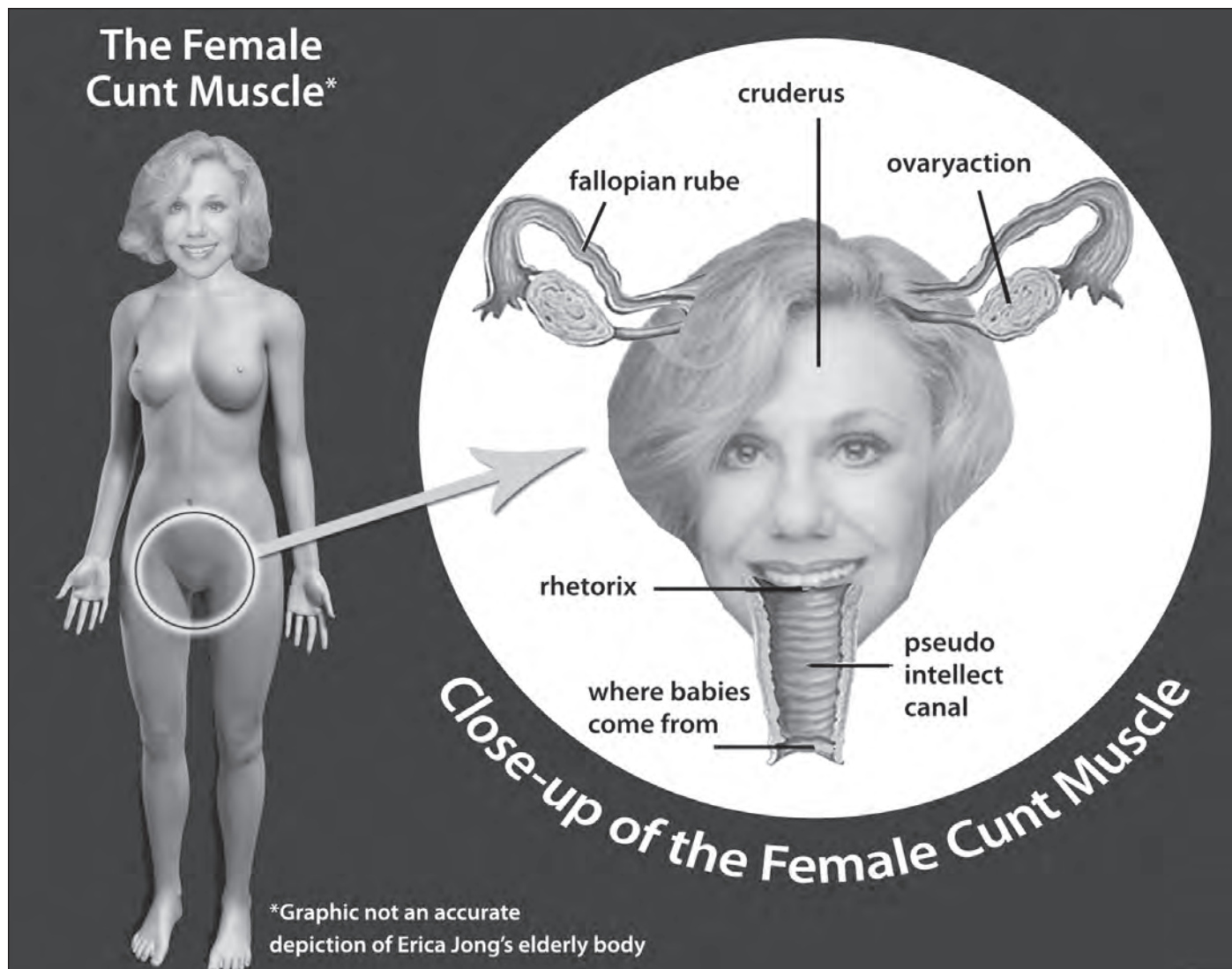
For his flabby-arm comment, Jong calls Taibbi "bully," "ignorant," and "insecure," proving that while some name-calling is unacceptable, it's perfectly acceptable to name-call if you claim to be an intellectual and don't swear.

Due to an inordinate amount of hate-filled replies and confused inquiries, Erica had to change her weak argument. She looked like an old, out-of-touch schoolmarm, chastising a pupil for using bad language, so it was time to switch the focus of her argument.

I knew Jong would realize she'd fucked up and insulted a popular countercultural critic. However, I wasn't braced for where Jong went next.

In the same unsubstantiated outburst, the old cunt compared Taibbi to the Nazis, who famously circulated caricatures of the Jews in order to inflate negative stereotypes right before "the Incident."

Yes, Erica, that's *exactly* what Matt Taibbi using the phrase "flabby-arm" is like. It's *exactly* like the time when the Nazis tried to systematically destroy an entire race



of people. Isn't that how genocide goes? First, someone says Hillary Clinton has flabby arms, and then—BAM!—six million Jews are dead. You stupid fucking bitch.

Suddenly, this wasn't a personal disagreement between two bloggers. Now, Jong is doing this in the name of freedom! She's battling forces of pure evil, people! She's selflessly (hawking her book) in the name of equality and feminist rights (and defending her own frail ego)!

Taibbi informed the internet that he is not, in fact, a Nazi in the next and last piece: "Erica Jong Rolls Out Every Liberal Cliché in Existence." He cackles for a few paragraphs over being compared to the Nazis, "Who banned the ingenious, idearich works of Sigmund Freud – who just happens to be the poor dead sap whose theories Jong herself was wantonly bastardizing in her original post about me."

Taibbi then rightly pointed out that Jong shielded herself with the Jew Defense (my words, not his) when the disagreement got a little heated. The Jew Defense is what occurs when two people are engaged in a debate and one party screams, "YOU ARE JUST LIKE HITLER!! THIS IS JUST LIKE NAZI GERMANY!!" and the other person is too stunned to reply. End.

It's one hell of a cheap shot for an intellectual to take, especially someone, who spent two lengthy posts convincing her readers that ideas are all that matter, and not commonplace rhetoric. Discovering she had no where to run, Jong pointed a bony finger Taibbi's way and screeched, "JEW KILLER!" as loud as she could muster.

Weak, Erica. Very weak.

Unfortunately for Jong, Taibbi wasn't stunned. He was amused, but he wasn't too stunned to rip her a new one and prove that she is just another humorless, frosty sophist who tries to pass off trashy romance novels as epic historical narratives.

Jong makes me ashamed to tell people I'm a feminist. I know the unsavory "feminist-type" ignorant parties conjure in their brains looks exactly like Jong, who grew up on Manhattan's Upper West side with Bohemian "Run Free, Our Beautiful Baby Bird" musician and artist parents.

These are the kind of people who

vacation in the Catskills and faint if someone tells a dick joke. They're all about truth, freedom, and beauty, until you violate their sacred ideologies. Then they rely on their own air of self-importance and a couple twenty-dollar polysyllabic words to convince their audience that they're true cultural magistrates.

Let me break this down in the spirit of keepin' it real: These people are full of shit.

The Jong-type is the reason men, and some women, picture feminists as bald, scowling asexual buzzkills who emerge from Vermont for the dual purposes of censoring statements that make them uncomfortable and sucking the laughter out of any room they enter. Mind you, they do this while claiming to be proponents of freedom, democracy, and other happy rhetoric they espouse and then later crush beneath their iron fist of femininity.

More than just an unfunny elitist, Erica Jong seems to harbor a deep, personal resentment for being born a woman, which flies in the face of the whole "Love your pussy, girl!" movement.

This excerpt is from her official biography at www.ericajong.com:

"Tillie Olsen once observed how 'fortunate are those of us who are daughters born into knowledgeable, ambitious families where no sons are born.' Jong was such a daughter. Her mother's stifled creativity and feminist rage, and her father's need for Erica 'to be his son,' combined to make a 'potent brew' that fueled Erica's drive and ambition. 'The ingredients were just right to make a girl who thought she was allowed to be a boy. But who also had to punish herself for this presumption.'"

Who wants to fuck whose parent, exactly? The way Jong lashed out at Taibbi makes me wonder how many nights a hysterically sobbing Jong furiously chafed her clitoris as she cried her daddy's name and begged for his love and mercy.

Erica, read these next lines very carefully (twice): Daddy never loved you. He never respected you. Because you're a girl. Because you have a vagina. Get over it and stop censoring everyone else because you'll never have his love.

Not all men hate women. Not all men are your ignorant father. Some of us had loving, supportive dads, who loved us unconditionally, and not in spite of our gender. Not all men operate under the modus operandi: Keep the Bitch Down.

There are good guys, who are on the good side of the fight.

Perhaps the most alarming assumption Jong made (in my opinion) came when she banged out this musing: "So what is wrong with American men? Particularly male journalists."

Excuse me? Is this what the feminist argument has come to? Now, we're going to devote our hours to berating journalists because they unfavorably describe politicians, one of who incidentally happens to be a female?

My problem with feminists like Jong is that they claim to want to transcend gender definitions, but then define the universe with "penis" and "vagina" labels. They bray about equality and humanity, but then hammer the chisel at the first chance, fractioning the progressive movement into increasingly isolated sects.

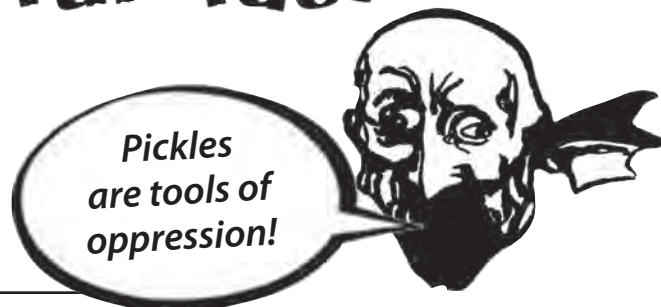
They dress up sloppy "Yo Mama" jokes as intellectual critique.

Such elitism results in shoving away a journalist and his entire following— a journalist, who has never indicated that he's sexist – from a movement that might have otherwise encompassed a larger base, including the rough and tumble boys and girls who say "fuck" and "shit" a lot.

And believe me, Erica, you want those people on your side. 

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Obama Offers Nomination To Clinton If He Can Have A Cigarette

By Scott Borchert

Barack Obama, who is rapidly gaining ground in Pennsylvania primary polls after long-time Clinton supporter Sen. Bob Casey Jr. gave his support to the Illinois Democrat, has considered dropping out of the presidential race for “just one holy cigarette, by God,” according to comments he made today.

The leading Democratic candidate had given up smoking to pursue the party’s nomination, but aides have admitted that the stress of quitting has put a tremendous strain on Obama.

“The Senator can’t continue unless he gets his hands on a fag,” explained one spokesperson, “and that pretty much puts him out of the running.”

Though there remains speculation as to how the voting public would react to the image of a presidential candidate blowing

smoke rings, many experts point to the similarities between this presidential race and that of the 1920 Harding-Cox contest, in which voters turned on Cox when it was reported that his wife once smoked a cigarette with Al Jolson.

“I remember that,” commented John McCain.

With the exception of FDR, voters have shown a preference for non-smokers, which presents a dilemma for Obama: Indulge in the sweet, consuming, relaxing effects of some good Turkish tobacco, or assume the Democratic nomination.

And despite offers from the cigarette industry lobby to make Senator Obama the face of Camel cigarettes in a \$225 million advertising push, Obama remains conflicted over his past and future as a smoker.

“I smoked for years, and it’s not something that you can just walk away from,” Obama said in an interview with *USA Today*. “The presidency means a lot to me, but what good is it if I can’t celebrate the nomination by standing out in front of my constituents and lighting up a victory Camel Light, now with reduced tar and available at convenience stores everywhere? There’s no joy in it.”

Conjecture continues as to whether or not Obama will opt to spend another four years chain smoking on his back porch and get himself good and relaxed for the next presidential race in 2012. Some analysts expect that he will continue to abstain from smoking and comfort himself with fantasies of building a smoking lounge in the basement of the White House, presumably by replacing the Richard Nixon Memorial bowling alley.


Polls show that many voters remain skeptical of a habitual smoker’s ability to lead the nation. The anti-cigarette lobby



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has been particularly incredulous.

“It’s one thing to follow a pastor who curses America, which is just the crazy talk of angry black people -- nothing we haven’t heard before,” said Gina Robertson of Smokers Make Us Gag (SMUG) in reference to the inflammatory sermons of Reverend Wright, Obama’s former pastor. “But what happens if the phone rings at 3 AM with mission control on the other end telling the President that a nuclear bomb is headed for New York City, and he has to have a smoke before he can make up his mind? Gives you the chills.”

“And why would we elect a president that has a 50% greater chance of dying of lung cancer before his 50th birthday?” further posited Robertson. “That’s just throwing our votes and credibility away.” 

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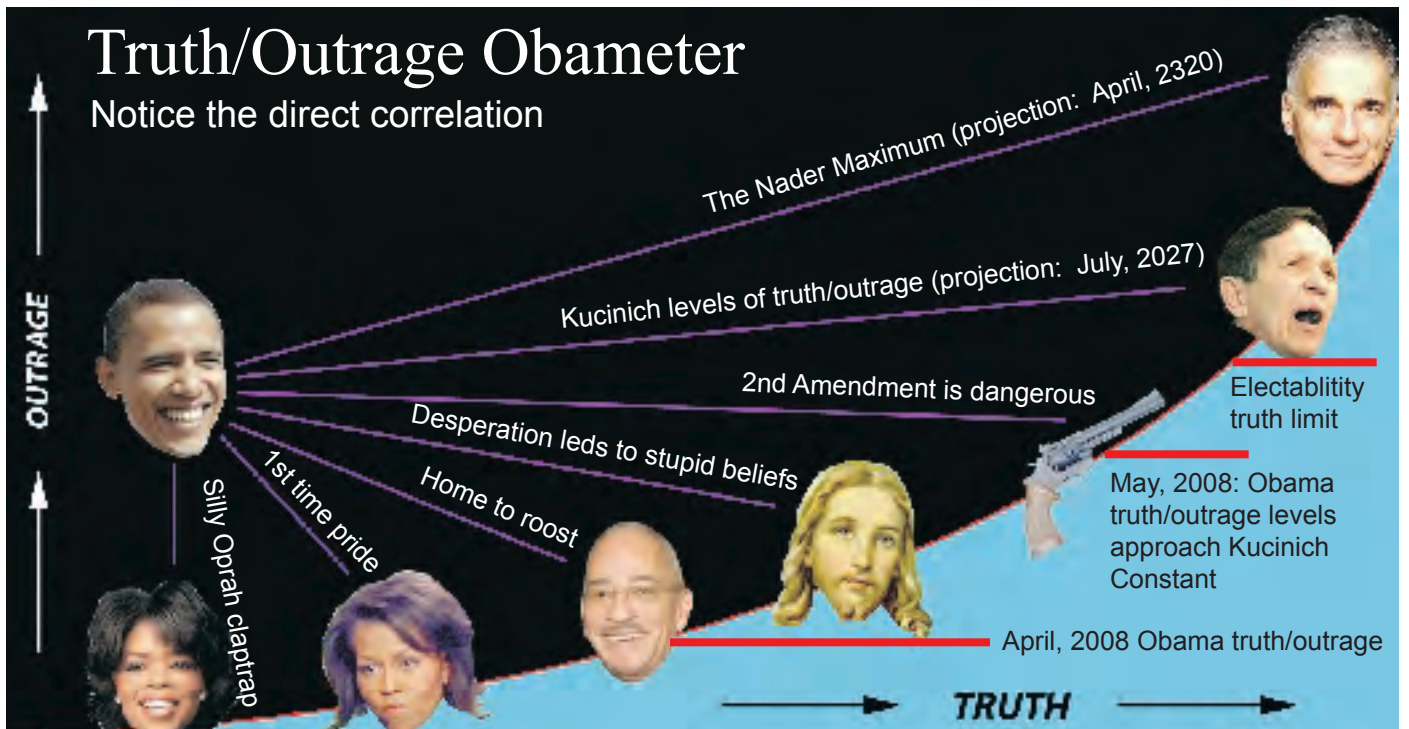
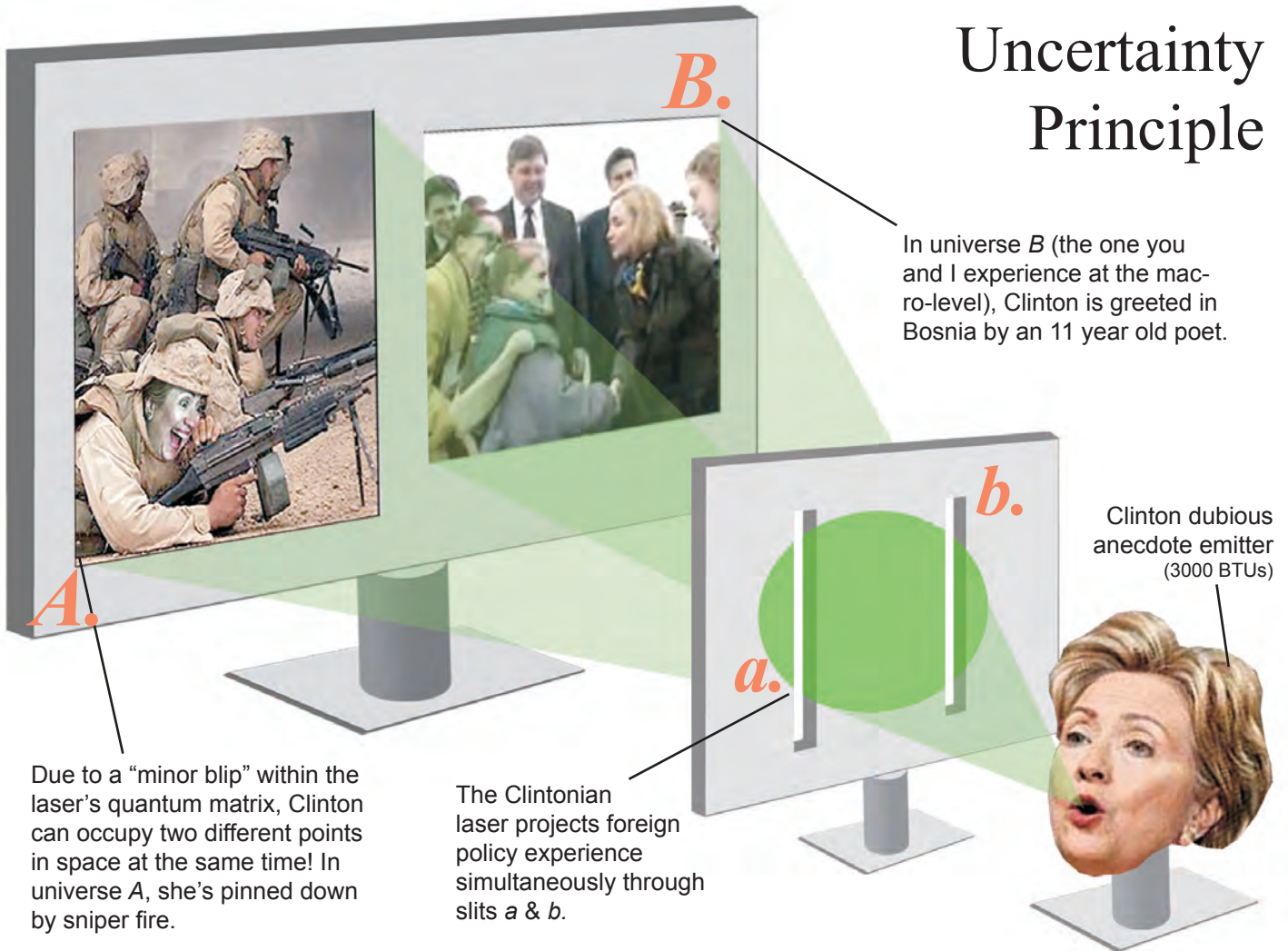
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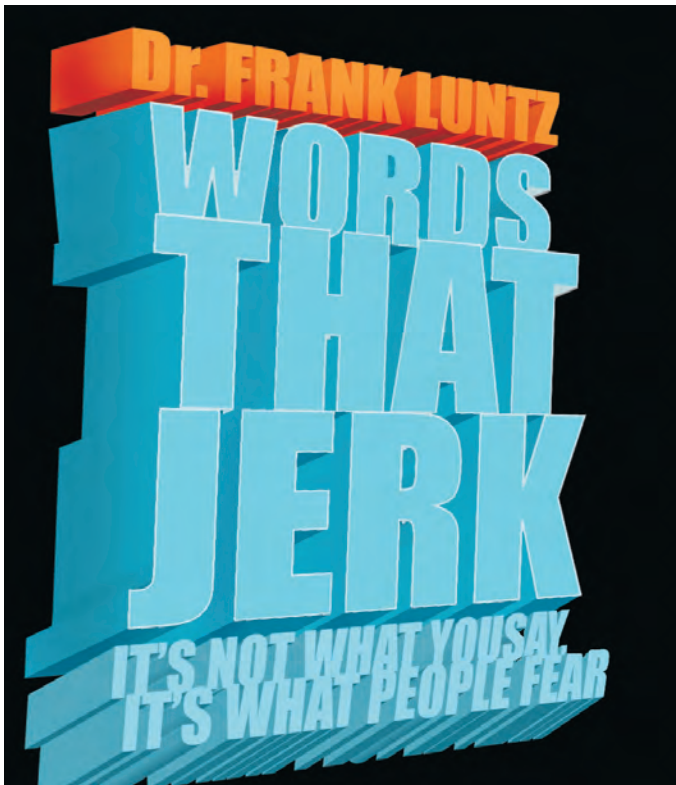
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The Clintonian Uncertainty Principle





This article is dedicated to the 300 million Americans whose stupidity has made my career possible.

Without you I'd be poor.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I'd like to thank the brilliant Dr. Frank Luntz, for his brilliance.

But seriously, I am awesome. You know the Republican Revolution of 1994? I did that. You know the Contract with America? I wrote that. I'm better than you. I am smarter than you. I have more money, too.

INTRODUCTION

"Always start by quoting a respected historical figure."
-Winston Churchill

"And don't forget to throw in a pop culture reference for cretins."
-Star of "Everybody Loves Raymond," Ray Romano

Septemberish, 2004: Evil lord, master of my soul and brimstone gadfly Beelzebub, an angel-turned-devil political-wonk-to-the-stars, invites two-dozen Hollywood power-players to his Los Angeles home. These are not your run-of-the-mill Hollywood-liberal-elites; they are the cream-of-the-cream-of-the-right-wing-entertainment-industry.

For them, the 2004 election is a knife fight for the spleen of America. They are frazzled by the prospect of John Kerry becoming the first French president. Sylvester Stallone, Charlton Heston, Satan and several lesser Baldwins nervously hover over an appetizing tray of brazed toddler.

"That stale croissant is more of a Skull!" balks Satan. "Call me old-fashioned, but this country needs a Bones!"

"Yo, uh, not for nothing over here," Stallone interjects. "You mean like that Bush—that he's like the bones in this, uh, meta-fork or what you call it?"

"Amen!" the Baldwins sing in choir. "We need a metal fork for America—"

"SILENCE!" Satan growls, his eyes are burning embers.

"Ah! What happened? Where am I?" Heston jumps up from the sofa. "I made a poop in my pants."

We all did. It was a tense situation.

"Okay, this is as good a time as any," Satan sighs. "Frank, why don't you begin?"

I'm in attendance to consult them on the power of language in politics. They paid me a lot of money to be here. I like money.

I did my job and George W. Bush won reelection. And now, you've been regaled by my mentioning famous names. You're so stupid.

I'M TOTALLY GAY!

Words that used to jerk, sometimes stop jerking. Take "gay," for instance: Being gay in the eighteenth century was a lot different than it is now.

The East India Trading Company's 1756 slogan "I'm Gay for East India's Sea Men!" was a huge marketing coup. But McDonald's 2003 "i want to make gay love to that hamburger" internet ad was a huge flop.

The lexicon is always shifting. And effective communicators have to keep up. They have to be *with it*, *cool*, and *crunk wit' the homebodies*. I know how the kids talk. I *am* better than you. *Word.*

WORDS THAT NO LONGER JERK

- Niggerrific-Slave-Buggery-Jamboree
- Squirrel-scissors
- Fatherland
- Bloodblebath
- Objective
- Reality
- Hoe
- Amish-in-the-head
- Aguilera

HOW TO MAKE “WORDS THAT JERK”

Words are my passion. I love them.

If words were a lady—or a smooth twink bottom—I’d ask them out on a date. We’d go to a movie and then a classy restaurant. And when words went to the bathroom, I’d slip them a roofie. Later, I’d bend the lifeless words over the hood of my silver Mercedes and steal their anal virginity—right there in the parking lot, like a pit-bull on steroids.

Fear not, dear reader—I won’t just leave words curled in the fetal position and slathered in my rancid seed! I’d lovingly stuff the limp and violated words into my trunk, and chain them up in my basement dungeon (a gift from my dear friend and mentor Newt Gingrich).

Remember: It’s not what you say, it’s what people fear!

After several months of brutal torture and constant rape, I’d pimp the reeducated words all over town. Flat on their backs in corporate boardrooms and politicians’ hotel rooms, their tiny serif appendages akimbo, words would finally begin to earn their keep (dungeon maintenance isn’t cheap you know!).

Now those are Words That Jerk!

When words come back with my money, I’ll give them some flowers and they’ll forgive me. They always do. Flowers make everything better. Words—and bitches—always fall for that crap (that’s not sexist, I swear).

BE THE DOUCHEBAG

Notice how I used bold type and the word “be,” as opposed to “try to be” in the above heading? Try is not a word that jerks. **Be** is. Trying connotes uncertainty and possible failure. But **being** is a matter of fact.

And you read only bold type—while glazing over the rest—**because you’re not smart.**

5 TIPS FOR EFFECTIVE COMMUNICATION:

- 1) Speak with your mouth.
- 2) Type with your penis when possible.
- 3) Lie when plausible.
- 4) Use letters to compose words—try all 26!
- 5) Make your childhood maid type with your penis.

Now, I know what you’re thinking: I had a childhood of privilege just because my family had a maid. But where I grew up, on Main St in the middle of blue-collar America, it was common for middle class families to employ maids. Maid—the word—doesn’t jerk. You wouldn’t have thought that had I written “housekeeper” or “paid helper” or “penis secretary.”

Thankfully, today we have computers. That old Smith Corona was a cruel and painful mistress.

WHAT I REALLY CARE ABOUT

Fucking the shit out of words and phrases is important. But it’s not the most important thing. The most important thing for effective communication is fucking the shit out of other people with your words. And getting paid for it.

NEVER SAY	INSTEAD SAY
Oil Companies	Adorable Energy Baby
Homeless	Urban Camping Enthusiast
Gay Marriage	That Makes Me Uncomfortable
Impoverished	Lazy
Illegal Wiretaps	Government That Listens
Drug Addiction	The Audacity of Dope
4000 American Deaths in Iraq	299, 996, 000 Americans Okay!
Pork Barrel Spending	Save The Pigs
Global Warming	What’s That?
Despair	Hope
Tyranny	Post 9/11 World
Illegal War	Preemptive Strike
Crumbling Infrastructure	Surprise-ways!
Al Qaeda	Iran
Atheist	Baptist-lite
Pharmaceutical Lobby	Dr. Feel-Goods
1 out of 100 Americans in Prison	1 out of 100 Americans Enjoy Free Room & Board
Sub Prime Mortgage Meltdown	Candy Land
Recession	Not a Recession
Cancer	Oxygenated Cells
AIDS	Magic Johnson
Water Shortages	The Unwater!
Prostitute	Accountant
Perpetual war	A New American Century

To do this, you have to know which words really get under people’s skin. My polling company has done extensive testing to

find those words. Finding the most effective language for a client is both an art and a science. And when that doesn't work I just make shit up.

JERK STUDIES

When tasked with coming up with a manipulative moniker for the widely popular Inheritance Tax, I tortured a hobo (thanks again, Newt) to see what really scares people.

Remember: It's not what you say, it's what people fear!

After a few failures: the Red-Hot-Poker-in-the-Eye Tax, the Electrified-Genitals Tax, the Water-Boarding Tax—I realized I needed more. So, I kidnapped another hobo and made him watch me murder the other one.

And the Death Tax was born.

WORDS THAT JERK IN THE 21ST CENTURY

As any competent scientist will tell you, the biggest threat facing civilization is global climate change. It will be my job to take a lot of money from “Adorable Energy Babies” to convince you that my clients give a rat's ass about “Green Energy” and that “Alternative Energy Sources” like wind, solar and ethanol are viable.

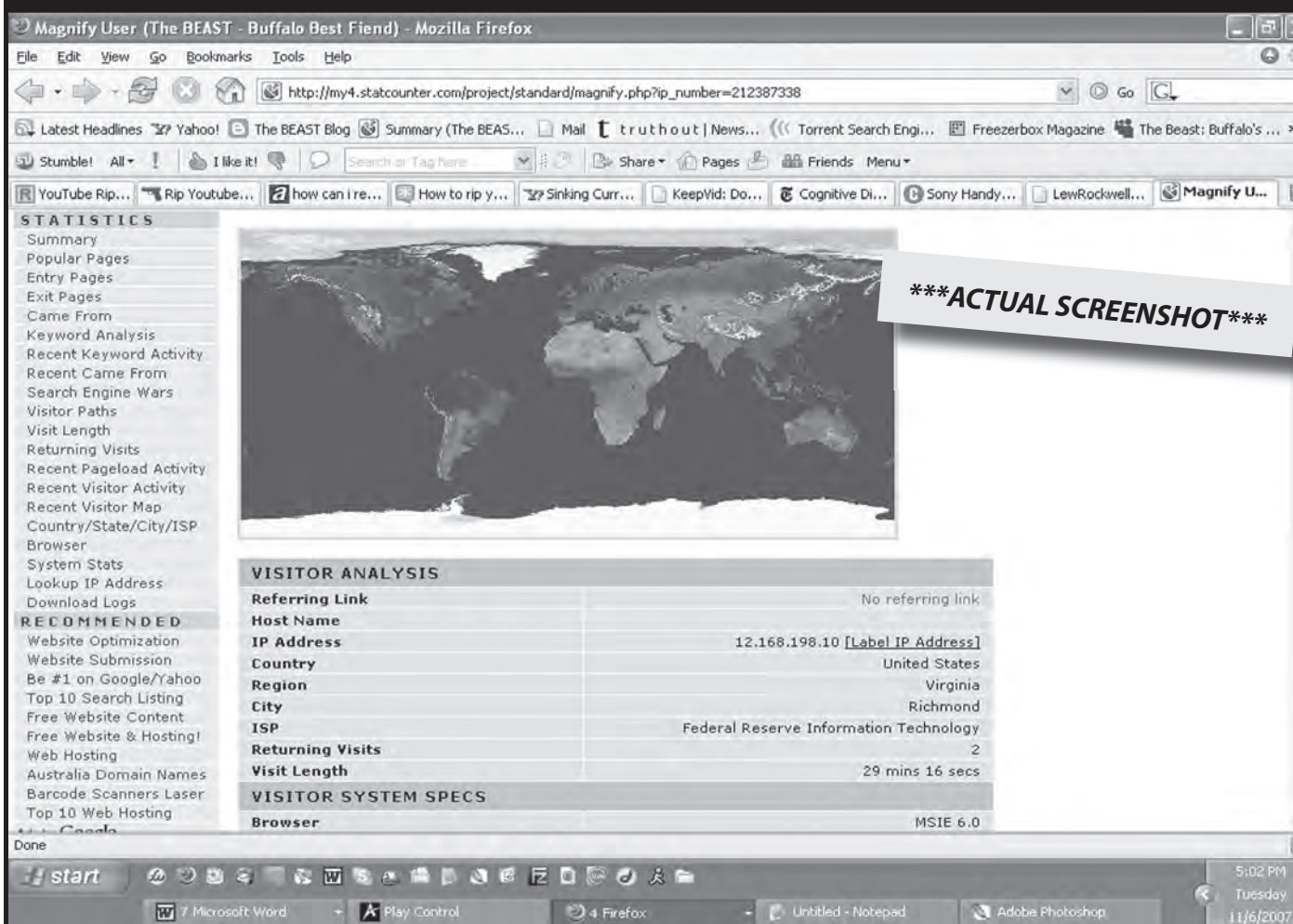
Wind and solar power are wildly inefficient, and ethanol is retarded—but when I'm done, you love them. You'll even thank me when your face melts off.

You're SO dumb.

CONCLUSION

I am better than you. 

YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHO'S READING THE BEAST



STATISTICS

- Summary
- Popular Pages
- Entry Pages
- Exit Pages
- Came From
- Keyword Analysis
- Recent Keyword Activity
- Recent Came From
- Search Engine Wars
- Visitor Paths
- Visit Length
- Returning Visits
- Recent Pageload Activity
- Recent Visitor Activity
- Recent Visitor Map
- Country/State/City/ISP
- Browser
- System Stats
- Lookup IP Address
- Download Logs

RECOMMENDED

- Website Optimization
- Website Submission
- Be #1 on Google/Yahoo
- Top 10 Search Listing
- Free Website Content
- Free Website & Hosting!
- Web Hosting
- Australia Domain Names
- Barcode Scanners Laser
- Top 10 Web Hosting

VISITOR ANALYSIS

Referring Link	No referring link
Host Name	
IP Address	12.168.198.10 [Label IP Address]
Country	United States
Region	Virginia
City	Richmond
ISP	Federal Reserve Information Technology
Returning Visits	2
Visit Length	29 mins 16 secs

VISITOR SYSTEM SPECS

Browser	MSIE 6.0
---------	----------

*****ACTUAL SCREENSHOT*****

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Olympic boycott? Bring it on!

BY MICHAEL J. SMITH

Communist superpowers seem to be under a curse when it comes to the Olympics. First there was the boycott of the Moscow Games in 1980, back when the Russians were still Communists, and now there are rumblings – most recently, from President Sarkozy of France – that the upcoming Beijing Olympics might meet the same fate. (The Chinese, of course, have remained Communists, in theory if not in practice.)

I say let's get this Olympic boycott out of its Commie ghetto. Why should the Reds have all the luck? Let's boycott every

Olympic Games everywhere, until the whole foolish enterprise collapses under the weight of its own absurdity.

For one thing, the Olympics are bad for sports. Take cross-country skiing.

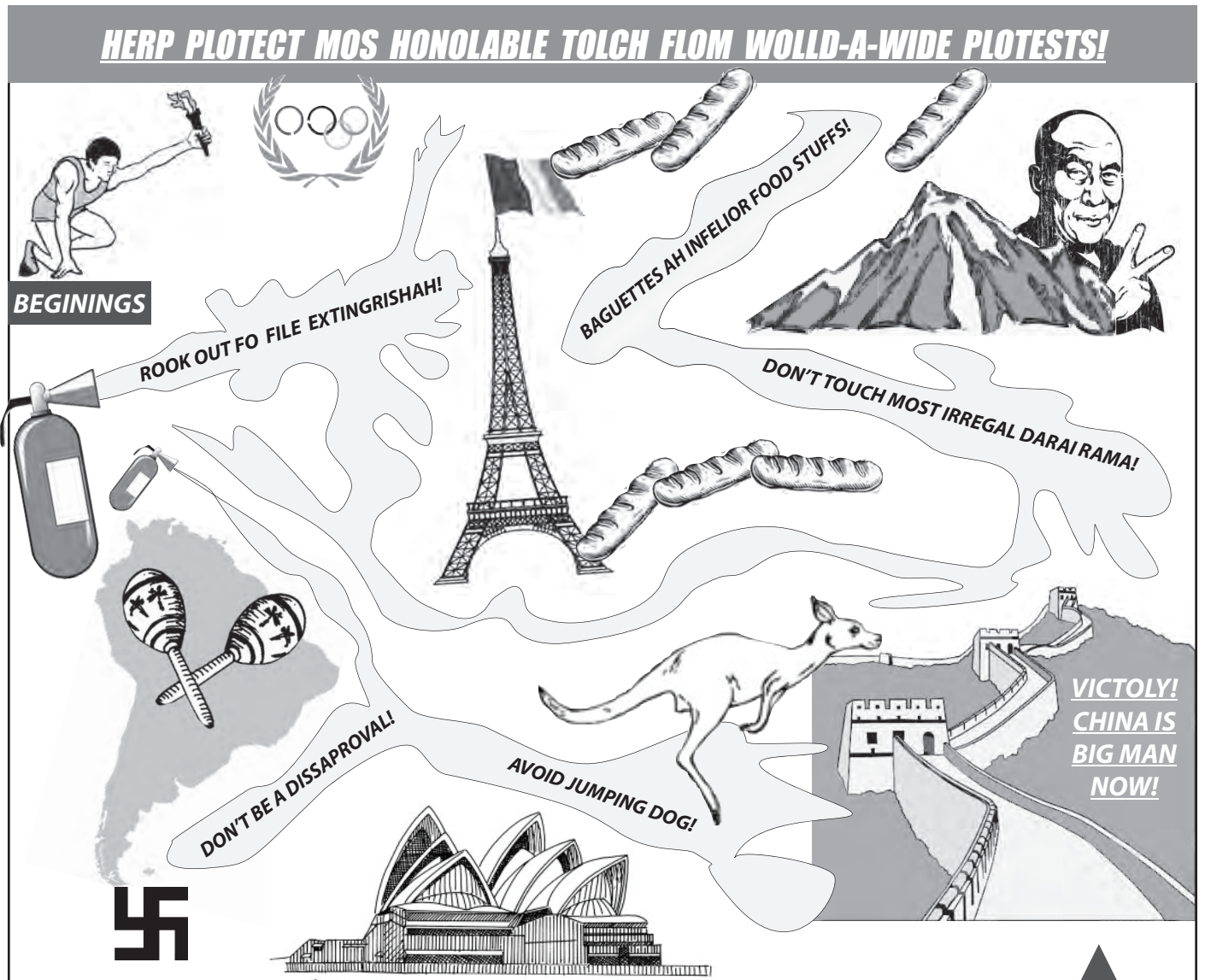
Time was, the only people you saw on those crazy skinny skis were leathery, well-preserved WASPs of a certain age, dressed in itchy wool from scalp to sole, shuffling quietly through virgin snow in Central Park or along abandoned railbeds and logging roads in New England.

No more. The sport has changed, from something Henry David Thoreau might

have enjoyed, to one more variety of Edward Abbey's "industrial fun."

I blame the Olympics.

You hardly ever see that understated old-WASP shuffle any more, which left nothing more than two slim parallel tracks a few inches apart in the snow. Olympic competition, with its worship of speed, gave us the groomed trail—a yards-wide roadway through the woods, its snow cover tamped down by a gasoline-driven machine into a firm slick surface. And the groomed trail, in turn, gave us the skating stride—a fast, showy, side-to-side, road-hog technique, favoring the young, long-



legged, and aerobically fit (as if we needed more of that sort of thing).

The skating stride, in turn, calls for a different kind of skis and boots, which you can't use on plain old unimproved snow.

The trail enabled the technique, the technique needs the new gear, and the gear requires the trail. So in these Olympified days, cross-country skiing means driving to a "cross-country center," paying a trail fee, and following a trail map.


The trail map shows you where the noisy, smelly, trail-tamping machine has gone—and where, as often as not, you'll find it coming raucously up behind you, or cresting a hill in front of you, simultaneously providing your paid-for sport and making you feel like a bicyclist on Third Avenue.

But the worst thing about the Olympics is what it does to our souls. The best-photographed Olympics ever was, of course, the 1936 Berlin games, where the sinister genius of Leni Riefenstahl found a subject that really suited her style.

Face it: the Olympics are, well, a bit fascist. As the late Susan Sontag wrote, about Riefenstahl's Olympic film:

"[O]ne straining, scantily clad figure after another seeks the ecstasy of victory, cheered on by ranks of compatriots in the stands, all under the still gaze of the benign Super-Spectator... whose presence in the stadium consecrates this effort.... Fascist aesthetics include... a preoccupation with situations of control, submissive behavior, extravagant effort, and the endurance of pain.... Its choreography alternates between ceaseless motion and a congealed, static, 'virile' posing."

In our case, of course, the Super-Spectator is the all-consecrating broadcast media, rather than Hitler. But the worshipfully upward-angled camera, the obsessively repeated slo-mo, the rapt gaze, strangely blended of prurience and prudery, on the athlete's sweaty skin and heaving chest – Riefenstahl wrote the book, and every two years the represented Olympics lovingly re-opens it.

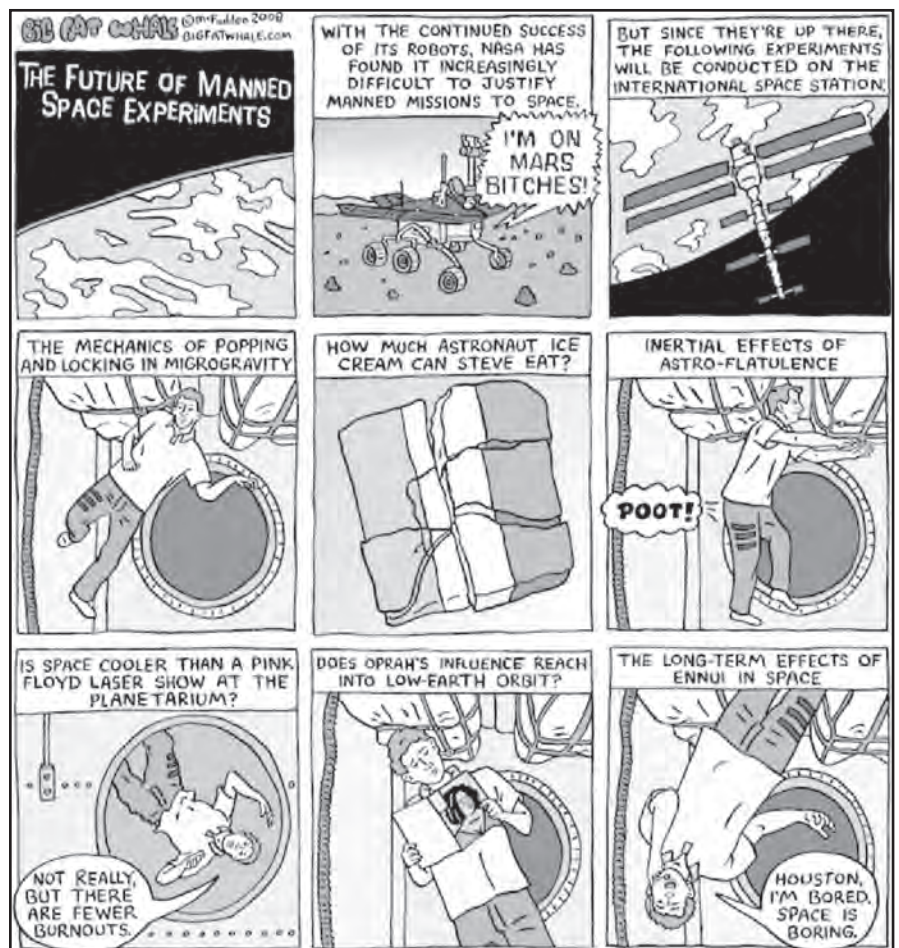
We got a rest in 1980. Let's do it again, and make it permanent. Today, the Olympics – tomorrow, the Super Bowl! 



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THE FUTURE OF MANNED SPACE EXPERIMENTS

WITH THE CONTINUED SUCCESS OF ITS ROBOTS, NASA HAS FOUND IT INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO JUSTIFY MANNED MISSIONS TO SPACE.

I'M ON MARS BITCHES!

BUT SINCE THEY'RE UP THERE, THE FOLLOWING EXPERIMENTS WILL BE CONDUCTED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION:

THE MECHANICS OF POPPING AND LOCKING IN MICROGRAVITY

POOT!

HOW MUCH ASTRONAUT ICE CREAM CAN STEVE EAT?

INERTIAL EFFECTS OF ASTRO-FLATULENCE

IS SPACE COOLER THAN A PINK FLOYD LASER SHOW AT THE PLANETARIUM?

NOT REALLY, BUT THERE ARE FEWER BURNOUTS.

DOES OPRAH'S INFLUENCE REACH INTO LOW-EARTH ORBIT?

THE LONG-TERM EFFECTS OF ENNUI IN SPACE

HOUSTON, I'M BORED. SPACE IS BORING.

The Urge to Surge

BHAGWAN PETRAEUS RETURNS...



BY STAN GOFF

...and members of Congress can again be expected to grovel shamelessly before this military apparatchik. Consequently, Petraeus will succeed in his principal mission: To support the next phase of Bush administration lies about what is going on in Iraq.

First of all, since there is no game official to declare wins and losses, this war can go on indefinitely, even though the US has already lost. The defeat of the Badrists by the Sadrists in the latest debacle is just the most recent manifestation of that defeat. And make no mistake about it, Maliki didn't think this up on his own (the line being propagated by the government and the press). This was made in the USA, because they wanted to clean out any independent influences (Like the immensely popular Muqtada) exercising governance in Basra, last stop for Iraqi oil on the way to the sea. Maliki does not make decisions like that without guidance from his American masters in the now-targeted Green Zone.

The Badr militias, now transformed into the Iraqi armed forces, are an invention of Iran, and their leader Abdul Aziz al-Hakim (his political organization is the Supreme Islamic Iraqi Council, formerly the Supreme Council for the Islamic Revolution in Iraq) has suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Sadrists.

That is one of the reasons the ceasefire was brokered by Brigadier General Qassem Suleimani, commander of the Quds Brigades of the Iranian Revolutionary Guard (declared idiotically by an

acquiescent Congress last year to be a "terrorist organization"). That Suleimani brokered the ceasefire is also a diplomatic humiliation for Maliki, and for his US masters, who just watched Iran give a material demonstration of their newfound regional influence.

What Bhagwan Petraeus (so named by me because Congress tends to grovel before uniforms as if they are in the presence of pop-prophets) is tasked with during this canned interview with America is to spin the tale that Iran is who "we" are fighting in Iraq.

Iranian proxies Petraeus will call "special groups," because if Petraeus admits that they sicced the Badr Army aka Iraqi armed forces aka SIIC onto the Sadrists, he will be announcing to all of Shia Iraq that the US wants to erase the influence of the most popular leader in Shia Iraq. Except, of course, Petraeus will not admit that the US designed this operation because it was an abject failure... kind of like the entire Iraq Occupation Adventure.

Bhagwan will not tell Congress that Iran rescued his Iraqi allies... even though that is exactly what happened. In fact, that is the only Iranian "interference" that will




General Petraeus hard at work: "Dudes, stop surging in my back swing!"

I know, I know. It sounds hallucinatory; but this is the public that swallowed the WMD story, the story that The Surge "worked" (it didn't), and every lie in between.

The story Bagwan Petraeus will spin goes like this: Muqtada is pro-Iranian (He is not). Muqtada has two kinds of troops: The ones that follow his lead, and the renegades who act on their own... except when they are influenced by Iranians (complete bullshit). These mythical

be demonstrable in what is likely to be a prevarication-fest, duly lapped up by obsequious Congress-critters and the Boeing-ADM-Searle "press."

So be advised, dear readers. We are still in Wonderland. And the only viable "exit strategy" for Iraq is to lead every last American troop and mercenary and war profiteer onto ships and airplanes and bring them home now. 

Stan Goff is a US Army vet and the author of several books. His website is feralscholar.org



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NY NY Universal News - 676 Lexington
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 NY Rochester East Ave Alley
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 NY Rochester World Wide News
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As the war in Iraq keeps setting grisly new records for suicide bombers, Allah worries that there isn't enough poontang to go around.

THE VIRGIN SUICIDES

By *EVAN THOMAS*

It's midday, millions of miles above Baghdad. I'm sitting with Allah in a heavenly commissary. His tuna melt is untouched. He looks like he hasn't slept in weeks. Maybe it's been years.



"We're out of virgins," he says, bemused, his eyes glazing and drifting off into the distance. "This Iraq thing has completely cleaned us out."

As he speaks, bearded men sporting sooty faces and wearing singed or still-smoldering djellabahs stream past with trays, nodding respectfully at our booth before taking their seats at one of the many long cafeteria tables. A river of wine flows just outside the window, but it is enclosed by tall security fences. "There have been a lot of drownings," Allah says regretfully.

He looks back at the recently martyred arrivals. "I've got absolutely no pussy for these guys. What am I going to do?" the Almighty asks, almost pleadingly. His candor is so affecting that I have to look away.

According to the most conservative estimates, more than 1,100 suicide bombers have gone sky-high in Iraq during the five years since the US invasion. But experts agree the true figure could easily be twice that. All the carnage has put an unprecedented strain on the system set up to reward Muslim martyrs.

"72 virgins," he ponders bitterly, "This is Muhammad's fault, you know. I told him 1,000 years ago that misprint was going to cost us. 'Leave it in,' he says. 'The young guys'll eat it up,' he says. Now look at us." He's silent

for a moment, but as I try to cheer him, he fumes again: "The Buddha doesn't have these problems! Do I look like Iceberg Slim?!" He pounds his fist, violently spattering the contents of his sandwich and causing a devastating earthquake in Indonesia.

In fact, to hear Allah tell it, the program was never intended to provide a full complement of six dozen women to every fanatic with a death wish. He insists the promise of erotic emoluments was intended to serve as symbolic motivation: to encourage devotion and increase religious ardor. Actual pandering was rare.

"If some guy, say, blew up a bus full of Israeli schoolchildren—then, sure, we'd throw him a bone. Or if somebody did something to piss off Jimmy Carter, he might get a little taste."

Muhammad, for his part, acknowledges there is a crisis. He nibbles absently at his cotton candy as we ride the glittering Ferris wheel that looms over his sprawling estate. (Michael Jackson convinced him to build it after the Prophet ran into him vacationing in Dubai. "I think I'm bringing this daffy chick back to my hotel room...I lift the veil and it's the King of Pop!")

While Muhammad admits the virgin recruiting gimmick was a mistake in hindsight, he claims it was never a problem until recently. But he adds that the trouble predates Iraq, that it actually began with September 11th, and promises made by Osama bin Laden to al Qaeda without Muhammad's or Allah's knowledge or consent.

"I'm sitting at my desk, watching Lauer—scratch golfer, by the way—on the 'Today' show and I see this plane hitting the World Trade Center. I don't get so much as a phone call from [bin Laden or Ayman al Zawahiri]. Next thing I know, my intercom buzzes and my secretary tells me there are five human kebabs in the lobby. And each one is demanding a harem."

"I buzz them in—Atta waddles in with his pants down and starts hitting on my draperies, asking them if they're 'into a threesome.' Talk about dying to get your dick wet."

In the old days, he says, most martyrs were happy to be set up on a blind date. "But these new guys..." He groans, shaking his head. "Everything is by the book."

It's sunny out and there is a hospitable breeze. Allah, Muhammad and I are at Allah's ranch, which hovers over Crawford, Texas. He bought the place in 2002 on a "tip from a friend." It helps him keep tabs on the man he frequently refers to as his favorite American president.

"Come with me," he says. "I want to show you something." He walks me to a massive pen stocked with thousands of squat figures in burqas. Tufts of thick white hair poke through many of the veils. Allah clucks his tongue and as one of the creatures approaches the gate, he reaches over and raises the hem to reveal the vacant, gnawing visage of a goat. The animal baas perfunctorily.

I give Allah an incredulous look.

"It's something we've got the lawyers working on

right now," he says smiling, clearly pleased with himself. "These guys want to be sticklers? Well, two can play that game. We've retained John Yoo, and he's assured us, nowhere does it say we're explicitly obligated to procure strictly *human* virgins."

Before I can question him about the ethical implications, our conversation is interrupted by a disturbance down on Earth. A plasma television screen appears out of nowhere. On a Baghdad street, a subcompact car is speeding toward a security checkpoint. Military Police shout at the driver to stop, but their warnings go unheeded. They open fire, spraying the vehicle with bullets. The car veers from the road and slams into an abandoned storefront, several hundred feet shy of its intended target. A few seconds pass before it erupts in a column of fire and dense black smoke.

"Shit," Allah says.

"I don't think that counts," Muhammad remarks authoritatively. "He didn't kill anything. No pigeons, nothing."

"No, no. You're right," agrees the Almighty. "I'm sure we're cool." A second later, though, he slaps a bunched-up robe into Muhammad's hands. "Put this on," he commands.

Muhammad eyes the garment dubiously, and grimaces up at Allah. "But—" is all he manages before the Almighty cuts him off.

"Just in case," Allah says, winking at me. ■



HORNY DEVIL: *This kid blew himself up for chicks*

"If some guy, say, blew up a bus full of Israeli schoolchildren—then, sure, we'd throw him a bone. Or if somebody did something to piss off Jimmy Carter, he might get a little taste."



Photo by dead guy



One-man crime wave



At this writing, a joint Google entry for “Chris Henry” and “10-cent head” shows only 39 hits, but we’re betting that number will soon jump to the triple digits, with serious four-digit potential long-term (look it up yourself for the true meaning). The Cincinnati Bengals wideout was one of several sports-crime all-stars who came out of the woodwork this past week to record Hey-Remember-Me arrests, but Henry is the highest-profile of those and had the most to lose. Having racked up 10 games lost to behavioral suspensions in past years, Henry — a superlative talent who needed to do nothing more than play ball and not rack up felonies in order to get himself a \$40 million contract someday — actually managed to get cut by a Bengals team that may soon be receiver-poor, thanks to a brewing Chad Johnson mess.

Henry was arrested for assault and criminal damaging on March 31, after punching a guy and throwing a beer bottle through his car window. The judge at his hearing called Henry a “one-man crime wave,” a reference to his four previous arrests, including busts for the sports-crime quadrathlon: weed, gun, DUI, and broads with black eyes. That last charge is being reported in the press

as “providing alcohol to minors,” but actually it was a much more sordid story involving three underage girls, a motel room, and a sex-assault accusation that was later kicked down to an alcohol-providing rap.

A few of Henry’s busts came during his college years, which is why this first-round talent plummeted to the third round on draft day a few years back. He was one of the signature players who earned the Cincinnati Bengals the reputation for criminal malfeasance they enjoy today — and as such it was a highly symbolic move when the team decided to cut him this week.

Let’s give Henry 35 points for the punching of a civilian — an 18-year-old civilian, at that. How soon do you think he’ll end up playing for the Cowboys?

Henry ain’t s***t



Chris Henry and his five arrests are newsworthy, but nothing can touch this next contestant. It’s a sad tale, but when it comes to sports arrests, this is the Holy Grail of jocks-gone-wrong stories. We’re talking about J.R. “Isaiah” Rider.

No one knows for sure exactly how many times the once-promising guard was

arrested during his NBA career. I’ve seen estimates as high as 23. It’s a testament to Rider’s extraordinary volatility that even attempting such a count is a daunting task. Ask 10 sportswriters to name their favorite Rider arrest and you’d get 10 different answers. Weed. Cocaine. Kidnapping. Public gambling. Rape. Spitting at airport personnel. He was suspended for spitting at a fan — and this was during his “good” years in Portland. He made death threats against a reporter, then pulled the same stunt on Dikembe Mutombo, of all people. After being traded to the Atlanta Hawks in the late ’90s, Rider proved to be such an ass — he even got in trouble for parking in the reserved space of Atlanta Thrashers coach Curt Fraser — that the team was forced to cut him despite having given up two key players for his services. (Some people talk about a “J.R. Curse” with the Hawks, noting that the team hasn’t made the playoffs since it made that trade.)

Things really went downhill for Isaiah after his career ended in 2001. The low point came in 2006, when he was busted for kidnapping after pulling a female friend into his car against her will in Marin County, California, then driving erratically with his car door open, the woman screaming as he held her down. A subsequent court order prevented Rider from again appearing in that county, but he was spotted there anyway a few weeks later and ended up in a car chase that resulted in a semi-serious accident.

Subsequent charges involved cocaine possession, battery, and evading police.

Most recently, Rider was picked up this past week in the Skid Row section of Los Angeles by police who noticed he was driving a stolen car through a red light at 2:30 am, a Sonny Liston–esque personal denouement if there ever was one. At last report, he was being held in LA County jail on \$25,000 bail.

Out of mercy we should just leave poor old Rider off the board entirely. Not many jocks go so far that we can't even pick on them anymore. It's rare air, with maybe only Darryl Strawberry, Mike Tyson, and Lawrence Phillips. J.R. is there and he's at the head of the table. Something tells me we won't be hearing from him again for a while.

Remember the Maine



Remember this past year, when the state of Montana — a heretofore mostly ignored distant iceberg adrift in the sea of major college football — became the unquestioned capital of American sports violence, exploding with a series of serious felony cases, ranging from murder to coke trafficking?

Well, we may have a new weird and unexpected pretender to the great sports-crime throne, and this one is right here in our own backyard: the University of Maine Black Bears.

This past week, UMaine Black Bear D-

lineman Bryan Grier walked up to a woman in New Hampshire, ordered her to give him the keys to her Jeep Cherokee, and then drove off. An effective way of stealing a vehicle, one supposes, except that it allows the victim to actually see you. Grier was busted almost instantly when others reported a man by the same description acting "erratically" in the nearby area. He was hit with felony theft and misdemeanor "reckless conduct" and robbery charges.

So what, right? Well, it turns out that Grier's is just the most recent in a long line of arrests involving UMaine athletes or coaches since this past spring. Looking back, we remember a few of these cases, such as the November incident in Orono, in which seemingly J-Kidd-inspired freshman hockey player Tanner House made a barroom tit-grab (charges were later dropped). But most of the arrests were small-potatoes stuff (small Maine potatoes, probably), including an OUI for an assistant football coach; a summons for a football player who got into a fight over, not with, a girlfriend; and a couple of charges for a basketball player and a football player who went on a shopping spree with a stolen debit card. Even the bigger cases were devoid of any eyebrow-raising information, unless you count the fact that House, an Albertan, was described in the news as a 21-year-old freshman. Guess they go to school late up there in Canada.

But racking up double-digit arrests in the space of a year is pretty amazing, Florida State–caliber stuff. It got bad enough that UMaine president Robert Kennedy had to institute a new policy for internal discipline that involved doubling the old

penalties.

The Grier incident doesn't seem like the usual obnoxious/enabled-since-childhood star athlete running amok. He apparently has psychological issues and has been admitted to a mental-health facility in the wake of the arrest. Still, it can't be the best news for the Black Bears, who appear to have written themselves into national sports coverage with this series of busts. We're giving Grier an Incomplete on his crime score until he's released from the hospital — until then, we'll keep an eye on our neighbors up north.

Not nice beavers



















Here's a twist on a fairly common college-jock-crime phenomenon, the target-shooting incident gone horribly wrong. We see about five of these cases a year, and usually it's one of two things: either an offensive lineman tries to shoot cans or bottles with a pellet gun and hits people by accident, or an offensive lineman tries to hit people with a pellet gun and succeeds. But this past week, we had baseball players instead of offensive linemen, and the target-shooting didn't involve a pellet gun, but an actual .22-caliber rifle.

Two members of Oregon State University's baseball team, sophomore pitcher Jorge Reyes and junior outfielder John Wallace, were arrested after their decision to shoot cans at 1:30 am in former OSU player Anton Maxwell's Corvallis, Oregon, back yard went sideways — well, diagonally, as it turns out, into the house and yard of a neighbor's property. Two shots hit the neighbor's car, shattering a window and damaging the windshield, while another shot went through a bedroom window. Nobody was hurt, but that appeared to be dumb luck, since two people were home at the time.

Now here's the really weird kicker. Police insisted that alcohol did "not appear to be a factor in this case." Shooting at a house in the middle of the night, smashing not one but two windows (don't you stop after you hear the first one break?), and you're not drunk? They say baseball players are the dumbest of all athletes, but you seldom see really good evidence of that. Until now. Enjoy the Class-C felony for unlawful use of a weapon, boys — and your 37 points.

Sports Blotter Legend

 Exotic Dancer/ Hooker	 X-treme DUI	 Performance enhancing "vitamins"	 Open container of alcohol
 Cloying/ Agent-drafted public apology	 "Disagreement" in parking lot	 Subdued via taser	 Rape/Sexual assault
 Unregistered handgun	 Those drugs belong to my brother/cousin/ someguy	 Frantic spousal 911 call	 Stats cheerily recited after AP report
 Supernatural quantities of pot	 Incident involving "baby momma"	 Burglary/theft	 Gambling



Speed Racer doesn't look entirely terrible. Yeah, it's full of exceedingly nauseous special effects and yes, more bullet time shots, not to mention the aforementioned color scheme that's sure to burn out its fair share of retinas. But as jaundiced and Winehouse-like as Christina Ricci's been looking lately, she's looking as fine as frog hair in this. I'm talking straight-up trouble. She looks so good that I might even watch a pirated copy of this movie. On the down side, John Goodman accomplishes his most frightening and physically disturbing role since Fred Flintstone as *Speed Racer's* dad. And the rest of the family looks like the Addams Family on Ritalin and rockgut wine. And don't even get me started on *Racer X*. I'll just stick with the vapid retro cartoon whose only power is its novelty and leave it at that.

Made of Honor



Speed Racer



Speed Racers emit approximately 2 tons of carbon into the atmosphere per year

So I've managed to outrun that chronic case of day terrors that's been plaguing me since that third *Matrix* movie came out. At least until the Wachowski, er, siblings (the one switched from Andy to Andrea and looks like he/she should be working at an arts and crafts store next to a Dollar General. Think I'm lying? Look it up.) decided to make a live action version of the anime cornerstone *Speed Racer*. And going by the trailer, all I can say is I don't know if that's actually the movie or if I'm hallucinating again.

It doesn't help that after watching the trailer for *Speed Racer*, I feel like I was force-fed ecstasy and was made to chase it down with about 22 Red Bull and vodkas. Compound that with the fact that the whole trailer looks like that Star Wars Pod Racer video game that came out along with *The Phantom Menace*—but only if you adjust the color on your TV to look really saturated, I'm talking Douglas Sirk saturated. I'm talking blow out your screen saturated!



"Am I Patrick Dempsey or Duffy?"

It's amazing what starring on a craptacular show such as *Grey's Anatomy* can do for your career. If Patrick Dempsey would've made this movie a few years ago, not only would no one give a damn but he probably wouldn't have even been starring in it. But now that he's playing Dr. McCreamy, Dr. McQueenie, Mayor McCheese or whoever, we can all get excited and watch him in the guy version

of *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

Remember that nauseating Julia Roberts movie from the '90s, *My Best Friend's Wedding*? You know the one—a neurotic narcissist suddenly realizes their best friend of the opposite sex is the one for them *only after* their friend gets engaged? And through a series of allegedly comic and definitely formulaic mishaps, the protagonist must not only stop the wedding but convince their best friend that, despite their numerous shortcomings and the unforgettable knowledge of just how shitty of a human being they are, they're meant to be together.

So come on, Sissy Spacek. You didn't think I was merely outlining the plot for yet another hackneyed romantic comedy, did you? What are we waiting for? How long are we going to keep playing this game? We know each other better than we know ourselves! I mean, you're a Capricorn; I'm a Capricorn. You were in *Carrie*; I saw *Carrie*. I'm a man and you're a woman. And you are a *woman*. I know I should've brought this up before you married your husband for 34 years, and just ignore the fact that I'm only 33 years old. I know what you're like and you know how I am. Look me in the eyes and tell me you know for an absolute fact that this wouldn't work between us! Tell me that without a doubt in your heart! You can't, can you?

That's just like you, Sissykins—still can't go with your heart, can you? Just know this: I'll stop going out in public in my Captain Morgan pajama pants if it means being with you. And I'll wait as long as I have to. And I'll think of you every second you make me wait. *Every second!*

Iron Man



The first weekend of May can mean only one thing—either a mindless action orgy or a remotely interesting big screen adaptation of a third string comic book

hero. Or a sequel involving a first rate one, depending on how dry the well has run (okay, that's three things—wanna fight about it?) Anyway, Spider-Man shit the bed last year, and there's maybe three X-Men characters left after X3, so it's time to bring in the alternates.

Which brings us to This Year's Model, *Iron Man*. With no "powers" to speak of really, Iron Man is just a self-centered billionaire munitions industrialist who decides to fight evil with the technology he created to escape the terrorists who kidnapped him. Said gadgetry comes in the form of a suit of armor that allows him to fly at supersonic speeds, destroy tanks with a single shot and kick various other kinds of ass.

If you're familiar with the comic books, you know that Iron Man is basically the dullard Dick Cheney (they've both got heart trouble) who *wishes* he could be Batman of the Marvel universe. Watching the horrors from your real

life bleed into your entertainment is something that no one wants. The cool effects and the adrenaline-fueled fights ought to be standard, but what looks most promising is the fact that Robert Downey, Jr. is playing Tony Stark, and going by the trailer, Downey seems to be playing him with his trademark smartass humor and charm. That just might keep *Iron Man* from being the next *Daredevil*. Jeff Bridges as a bald-headed bad guy and Terrence Howard as Rhodes seem like kind of a crap shoot, but Gwyneth Paltrow as the leading lady?

Something's not sitting right with me on that one. She's taller than Downey, which is just kind of disorienting, not to mention awkward. She's definitely not *unattractive*, but the fact that she not only had Coldplay babies, but named them Apple and Moses, just kind of strips away any lust factor I may have had for her. But if those responsible for bringing *Iron Man* to the big screen keep the clichéd, obvious metal soundtrack in the trailer and avoid sticking the Sabbath song in the middle of the whole thing, you just might get the first good movie of the summer *and* a movie that won't end up as a punchline on some VH-1 retro special in 5 years.

KINO KLEE-SHAY LEGEND

 Betrayed by Those Who Trained Him	 Impossible Science	 Anglophilia
 Evil Genius	 Vampires/Wizards as Gay/AIDS Metaphor	 Gratuitous Christ Imagery
 Nauseatingly Cute Children	 Glorification of Law Enforcement Bodies	 Enchanted Object
 Special Effects Circle Jerk	 Wisecracking Cartoon Animal	 Chick Flick
 Simplistic Epiphany	 Ordinary Person Pushed Too Far	 Rampant Xenophobia
 Embattled Loser Overcomes Obstacles	 Stockholm Syndrome Romance	 Likable Thug

The Chronicles of Narnia: Prince Caspian



"At least I'm not a CGI lion!"

I can honestly say I've had oil change appointments I've been more excited about than this movie. When you consider just how bad the first *Chronicles of Narnia* movie was, getting screwed on a transmission flush by those Valvoline guys doesn't seem too bad. *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* was slower than Corky Thatcher and had more in common with a lost book of the Bible than the makings of an even remotely entertaining sci-fi or fantasy movie. The dopey kids, the horrific-looking computer generated talking animals—all awful. Hell, the only good thing that came of the first Narnia movie was the SNL digital short rap about two guys going to see it.

Let's say the first Narnia movie is like some kind of uncomfortable episode involving your roommate with low-grade alcoholism. You wake up one weeknight sometime between 3 and 4AM to him blankly smiling at you and petting your head. You're completely out of it and unsure if his statement that you've "got pretty hair" is part of some warped dream

or not, but the whole episode's over within seconds, the next day's business as usual, and if you can even remember it happening you shrug it off as too much MSG for dinner.

This new Narnia movie, *Prince Caspian*, an apocalyptic nightmare version of the first one, is like being roused by the same roommate rubbing your ass and repeatedly grumbling the words "man pussy," high on that half bottle of mouthwash from the bathroom. It's pretty obvious this episode won't be so easy to ignore, so I don't think beating the shit out of him and moving into a studio apartment is out of the question. Screw the security deposit.

credit cards and drink appletinis or cosmos together. And I'm guessing the show also served as a catalyst for boozy, past-their-prime housewives to lament their lost slutdom after the kids have gone to bed and their husbands have hit the bathhouse.

I'll sometimes wonder if I missed out having opted for *The Sopranos* instead, but after gargling estrogen during the viewing of this 2 ½ minute trailer, that question was definitely cremated. First, these gals don't lend very well to a high definition trailer. Especially Sarah Jessica Parker. I mean, these four were barely a notch above the baby batter-greased skanks with the neck tattoos in those

Sex and the City: The Movie



"We're sluts!"

Being a straight, American man with more taste than money and more brains than time, I can say that I've never seen an episode of *Sex and the City*. The short previews left me with the impression it was written by a roomful of gay men who wrote themselves as a gang of glamour hags to vent about their dysfunctional relationships and brag about their zany sexcapades.

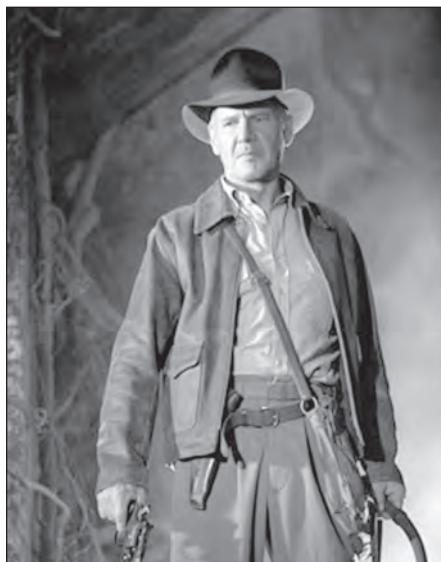
On the other side of the screen, I'm guessing *Sex and the City* served as conversational fodder for catty gay men and their codependent portly female fruitfly sidekicks as they run up their

shitball Cricket commercials. Someone should tell these swamp cows the term "facial" is just slang terminology and not meant to be taken literally—regardless of what *Cosmopolitan* tells you. The only thing keeping the cast of *Sex and the City* above the slimy Cricket hip-harpies is the fact that every other word out of their mouths isn't *baby* and they don't have Johnny Hashmir and his questionable heritage making insistent hand gestures and robotic motions behind them.

I never watched the show and I'm sure as hell not starting now. I stopped paying money to see drag queens in action years

ago. And even if I could handle seeing Sarah Jessica Parker's gigantic face on a big screen, television shows turned into movies always suck. Almost as much as Cricket's service.

Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull



"Get off my plane! What? I'm old."

Before I start spouting about *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* I want to say that I'm going to go see this movie regardless of how vague, cryptic, obvious and stupid its teaser trailer is. I love all the Indiana Jones movies and even though its been 19 years since the last one (which was a great place to end the whole damn thing, I'd like to add), *Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* looks like a blaring case of too little, too late, but I'm way too curious and excited to ignore it.

The trailer for *Crystal Skull* starts off with clips from the other movies, as if we need to be reminded what happened in them. After that we're reintroduced to Indy by his fedora on the ground, and listen to numerous remarks made by Jones and some other guys about how they're not as young as they used to be. Really? Because Harrison Ford looks like grilled chicken in this trailer. We got it. You know that we know that you're old. Gotcha. A shot of a black bobbed Cate

Blanchett shrieking in a Russian accent accompanies some standard Indiana Jones action, some running and the kid from *Transformers*. And that's about it. It had me at hello.

What Happens in Vegas...



"Can you believe we're getting paid for this?"

I think I might need a minute here. I'm trying to overcome nausea while making an attempt to articulate it. It's like a cat puked in your shoe, and just as you're putting it on, that "Viva Viagra" commercial starts. Just too much at once.

So what can put me in this state of overblown and exaggerated distress? What Happens in Vegas. If you were waiting for a horrific movie based on one of the most abused tourism advertising taglines in recent memory, you're not just an idiot; you're also in luck. This shit-smear of a movie not only flaunts the trite grotesquerie of Cameron Diaz; it also boasts the genuine concentrated douche factor of Ashton Kutcher. And when you get that much unlikability on one screen my friends, you can bet your dopey looks that something truly abominable is going to happen, and I don't just mean that they're probably fucking now.

So Shitface and Asstard play a pair of apple-faced goons who are down on their luck, getting dumped and fired respectively. To escape the woes of their abysmal plights, their paths cross in the Low Class Tourist Trap Capital of the World. They meet, drink like college freshmen and, presumably, copulate like a pair of bonobo apes. Oh, and as a true testament to their collective imbecility, they get married while they're drunk off their asses.

Doesn't sound enough like a paint-by-numbers horseshit droolfest yet? Wait for it. While the hangover's wearing off, Asstard plays a slot machine with a quarter that Shitface gave him and he wins three million bucks. And amazingly, when they're not drunk they don't like each other! Who gets the money? This sounds like more fun than I can bear. Really.

If your faith in both the entertainment industry and humanity isn't shaken yet, a thin plot contrivance (Dennis Miller as a highly improbable judge) ensures that this pair of atrocities has to stay married for six months or something to claim the loot. But if one can make the other one look like a shitbag they can legally divorce and not have to split all the dough. Some chafing attempts at humor and screw jobs are made, and Rob Corddry proves leaving *The Daily Show* was a great move, as he finds himself cemented into the "idiot buddy doling out bad advice" role. I couldn't take 2 1/2 minutes of Asstard and Shitface on screen together. Yeah, I know—they're going to get together at the end and realize they've got a lot in common and I'd rather take the hundred lashings than go on talking about this. Shit, they probably don't even get the money in the end, but it just doesn't matter, because they've found love. I'd say I'd rather watch retard porn, but in the end I know there's not that much of a difference. THE BEAST

Fun Fact

Ashton Kutcher has a PhD in Milfology!



You guys hit the nail on the head, once again [Allison Kilkenny, "Stop Blaming Ralph," issue 125]. I voted for Nader when he ran last time, and I'll vote for him again this time. As much as I despise the republicans, I'll be DAMNED if I vote for a Democrat who won't end the wars on Islam, drug users, and the poor. I agree with Nader: the republicrats are just one party with superficial differences.

Michael Cross

Dear Michael,
Yeah, uh, Nader's cool, but let's not overstate this. Gore would have been pretty lame, but not insignificantly better than Commander Doodoo Pants. Just having a president capable of pronouncing "nuclear" would improve our mood significantly.

EAT YOUR STUPID

Greetings, Beast!!!

Cool 'paper'. I really dig it.

I am a native buffalonian who currently resides in New Mexico.

I am a nutritionist and Lifestyle & wellness Consultant, and I'd like to submit an article(s) to your publication. Please respond if that is something you are interesting in printing. The focus is Nutrition, wellness, and Prosperity Consciousness.

Keep up the cool work!
J.

Dear J.,
We've never heard of "Prosperity Consciousness" before, but we don't have to look it up to know it's some soft-skulled, idiotic, faux-mystical self-help bullshit. So yeah, get to work, noodle head!

WEALTH OF RATIONS

Re: Top 10 Signs US Economy is Collapsing

I think Russia should go ahead and add #11:

"Foreign countries own so much of your stock exchange, they start putting their flags all over the place, and you feel bad asking them to remove them."

Sorry for the rambling incoherence, I'm coming off a bender/all-night work marathon.

Ben



Yakov Smirnoff responds:

Dear Ben,
In Russia, money spends you!

NADER TAKE ALL

My mom said something to this effect in 2001, soon after the drawn-out election debacle finally settled.

You are on point. Thank you!

I think that, along the lines of appreciating this Green Party gadfly, we (as a nation) should do more to eliminate "winner take all" mentality.

State races among Republican candidates for the nomination were full of this, and the national election will be no better, unless I sorely misread the electoral college rules.

Zac in VA

Dear Zac,
You know, we'd be OK with it as long as the actual winner gets to take all this time. Of course, there will be no way to verify that. So, we're not going to be okay. Say hi to your mom for us!

FIRST (AND ONLY) PERSON

While reading "Icewoman Cometh" I thought I was reading a Hunter S. Thompson article. Then I realized he was dead. And the writers of this article weren't Hunter S. Thompson. That made me sad.

Rice Jabroni

Dear Rice,

So, you're telling us Hunter S. Thompson couldn't be two, completely different people? And further, that he couldn't be covering the 2008 presidential campaign as those two people because he's dead?! Well, we hope the shock didn't kill you.

At least not quickly, without great spasms of pain.

We were encouraged by your halting, flatline prose—tempting evidence of a severe stroke—but we realized it was merely stylized neo-acerbity. Right. We're supposed to bleed 'cause, like, you didn't try too hard. It's curious that more of nature's apex predators haven't adapted thusly, learning to slay their prey with showy indifference instead of goring them outright.

That's very trenchant of you, though: smearing us as Thompson epigones! Positively...ouch. Who better, really, to make such a tin-eared comparison than a confessed semiliterate anachronist? Except, say, a million of your frothier comrades? You're lagging far behind the fangless liberal pack in deep-throating the good Dr.'s effigy, inhaling a hot dollop of his ashen jism every time you need to wash some other writer's taste out of your mouth.

The man was a genius, so he surely apprehended an afterlife of cooptation in the fanatical, necrophiliac clutches of American "progressives." It's no wonder he ordered his body cremated and his remains blasted out of a cannon into the ether. He wished to be as ungraspable by you and your ilk as possible. Too bad they can't load his books into a capsule and shoot it to Betelgeuse; sparing all of us the canting scriptural recitations by his dullest "fans."

It's a dilemma, we know. You're a dyspeptic bunch, preferring to savor the juiceless, decomposing relics of your sainted heroes—whose comforting absence absolves you of your congenital ineffectuality. But maybe you'd have a broader frame of reference if you stopped behaving like a clan of carcass beetles, gorging on the transubstantiated corpses of the counterculture, the crippling hedonism of which Thompson so loudly disdained. Or maybe you just need to vary your diet. Terry Southern has been dead even longer than Thompson, but no one's bothered to accuse us of ripping him off. The droning of the HST death cult has become so oppressive, you've forced Matt Taibbi to admit he's been trying to copy H.L. Mencken his whole career.

All of this betokens ignorance on two fronts, because the vain idolaters who haven't been reading anyone else really haven't been reading much of Thompson either. We have no idea what HST would make of, say, a guy like Barack Obama—and we don't care. It would be

fun to resurrect him to see if—his political objections notwithstanding—he'd blame our military reversals in Iraq on "cowardly faggots and spies" (the same nebulous conspirators he blamed for our defeat in Vietnam, and for supposedly hamstringing the earnest cops of LA, NY and Chicago). But we don't have the budget for that.

The best we can do is to admit that, when we first heard Obama speak, we were intrigued. Then we talked to a few of his followers and started listening to Barack more closely. That made us sad—and momentarily forced us to question our powers of discernment. Now, we just find our brief flirtation slightly embarrassing.

But, we're certainly optimistic for all the amnesia about the analogy to Kennedy (another revered stiff!). Kennedy was thoughtful, articulate, and utterly unplagued by "benignly imperial" missteps. Just ask Ngo Dinh Diem!

We hope Maliki has a bulletproof head.

USELESS.NY.GOV

This is a difficult day for all New Yorkers but most of all our hearts and prayers go out to the Spitzer family.

Curtis L. Taylor
Communications Director, Senate
Democratic Leader Malcolm A. Smith

Dear Curtis,
Hey, that's great. Thanks for sending us this unsolicited, banal, boilerplate one-sentence statement, both in an e-mail and an attached document. Words cannot express the value this message has for us—"infinitesimal" just doesn't cut it. We get enough spam from Nigerian bankers, but there's nothing like spam from the fucking government. Thanks for taking up our bandwidth, drive-space, time and attention for no fathomable reason.

By the way, it wasn't a "difficult day" for these New Yorkers; mostly we hung around on the couch, speculating with our colleagues about exactly what a whore does for \$5,000 an hour. We'd ask you, Curtis, but we have a feeling you earn considerably less than that.

WARNING: MAY CAUSE RETARDS

Please let Ian Murphy know that I laughed so hard at that article [*Let There be Retards*, issue 117] I was slightly afraid I was going to induce a seizure. Also, I'm sad he didn't get to screw a Christian chick in the bathroom.

Bunny

Dear Bunny,
Now that would have been creepy and prophetic, an article called "Let There be Retards" actually turning you into a retard. Hey, we have a bathroom! Are you a Christian chick?

SHINING SHITTY ON A HILL

After Obama's speech on race relations earlier this week, an awed Hollywood lined up behind him, pledging renewed support. The list of supporters read like an Oscar program. This is bad news for Mr. Obama, who needs the support of working class white men who don't care who Sean Penn votes for. So let's forget star-struck Hollywood; what has Mr. Obama done for red-meat Reagan Democrats? Has he worked on behalf of middle-class families worried about rising prices and falling incomes? Yes, but so has Hillary.

In what way, then, is Obama different? Because he speaks to an audience with a respect for their intelligence. He uses a frank and reasonable tone that causes a listener to actually pay attention to his words. Obama makes good use of that openness, not to harp on a narrow point, but rather, to reframe issues in a way that invites participation, that invites inclusively. For this reason, I believe that if he's given an honest listen, even Reagan Democrats Oh, good grief I sound like one of them, don't I? Is it possible to give up this Obama-worship once and for all? Yes we can. YES WE CAN!!

Jeremy L. Bender

Dear Jeremy,
Way to almost make a point, and at the same time demonstrate that Obama's respect for his audience, if it exists, is unwarranted. By the way, "Reagan Democrats" is actually a common mispronunciation of the original term for that voting bloc. The proper term is "Racist Democrats." It's a subtle difference, but significant with regard to Obama's chances.

PARTY LINE

For about three years now, I have been reading the Beast online, especially your annual list of the 50 Most Loathesome People in America, and you guys are spot on with quite a few of your shots in that list!

Eventually, I intend to subscribe to the Beast, and I will soon get the mailing address so I can send the payment in money order form.

I only have one question:

With all the comments you make about Bush, Cheney, et al., have you ever been investigated by the government for these remarks. Not that I would report you, I wouldn't, I'm just curious.

You guys swing a big hammer at the Beast, and that puts you in the same league as my internet hero - Bartcop!

Keep the groove going in the Nickel City, Al. You and the whole team at the Beast!
George Mullins

Dear George,
Frankly, if someone isn't wasting taxpayer money listening to our phone calls, then we've failed somehow.

PINHEADED PATRIOT

Bill O'Reilly is the best thing on TV. Maybe if you listened to him, you might learn something. He is totally fair and impartial. FOX rocks - the only sane news station in America, and number one by the way.

Jane Dolan

Dear Jane,
Setting aside for the moment the possibility that you are just another alter ego for John Dolan of the eXile (what, the War Nerd isn't enough for you, Dolan?), you are one seriously dumb cunt. Also, we feel compelled yet again to point out that popularity is by no means a measure of quality. Jessica Simpson is popular, and her music kills talented people. "Mighty Morphing Power Rangers" was popular, and that show was downright unwatchable. Cigarettes are popular. Keanu Reeves is popular. In the '80s, shoulder pads were popular. Shoulder pads, Jane! On women! That's Fox News for you, Jane: The chick-shoulder-pads of the new news century. And then there's you, the number one dumb cunt. With a bullet!

HAHA I'M STUPID

FROM Sic:

"Dear Lauren,
... our work seems to draw the interest of seriously crazy people ..."

That's the truth.

Also, NINE ELEVEN WAS AN INSIDE JOB!!!!!!!!!!!! [collapses into seizure, pisses pants]

Tyler Bass

Dear Tyler,
This would be more funny if you didn't actually believe it. We still have those e-mails about the termite and the "BBC was in on the plan" silliness.

ISN'T IT IRAN-IC

Uthman is correct [*"Last Tangle in Persia," issue 125*]. A new war will begin soon and the Democrats will do nothing to stop it. Clinton and Obama both say that all options are on the table with Iran. Obama chatted with Israeli foreign minister Tzipi Livni and no doubt assured her that as president he will do whatever Israel wants, including kill thousands of Iranians.

John Conyers said that he will hold impeachment hearings if Bush starts a war with Iran but he also says he fears impeachment will be used against Democrats. That means he will continue to do nothing.

We are like Germans in the 30s. Actually we are worse because we presume to be good people in a democracy.

God damn America.

Margaret Kimberley

Dear Margaret,
Can you tell us how people get the nickname "Peggy" out of your name? If you can follow up with how "Jack" comes from

"John," we'll even excuse your hopelessly clichéd "we are Nazis" boilerplate liberal hyperbole. Get back to us when Bush bans jazz.

BREAD, WATER & BEAST

Dear BEAST,
I subscribe to your magazine and I have recently been shipped to a new prison. I was born and raised in Buffalo and I just want you to know how happy (and proud) it makes me when I get The BEAST in the mail. You are up there with Dave Fridmann and Rick James. I really miss my hometown.

My family was supposed to contact you for my address change and I am just ensuring that this happens because I have always loved The BEAST and I enjoy sharing it with a few like-minded fellow inmates. I also donate it to the prison library so everyone can at least see your great covers.

The last issue I received was February #123 (Primary Fever) and I hope that you can start my remaining subscription from there. Prisons are horrible at forwarding magazines and I do not want to miss any issues. If not, that is Okay, I will forgive you. I am enclosing the old and new addresses of my former and current institutions. Thank you for making me laugh (and think).

Donald Egan

I would vote for Obama (if I was allowed) even though Oprah's "bored housewife"

moral agenda scares the hell out of me.

Dear Donald,
We're sure Obama's thrilled to have the convicted felon endorsement. Don't sweat it, Donald; we'll send your issues posthaste. Enjoy your satire and disenfranchisement!

AWWWWW

Dear Editor,
My name is Vanessa Hernandez. I am a fifth grade student at Napa Valley Language Academy in Napa, CA.

The reason I am writing to you is because I am starting my state report and I chose your state, which is the state of New York. I would really appreciate you posting my letter in your newspaper so that can get all the help I can get from your readers.

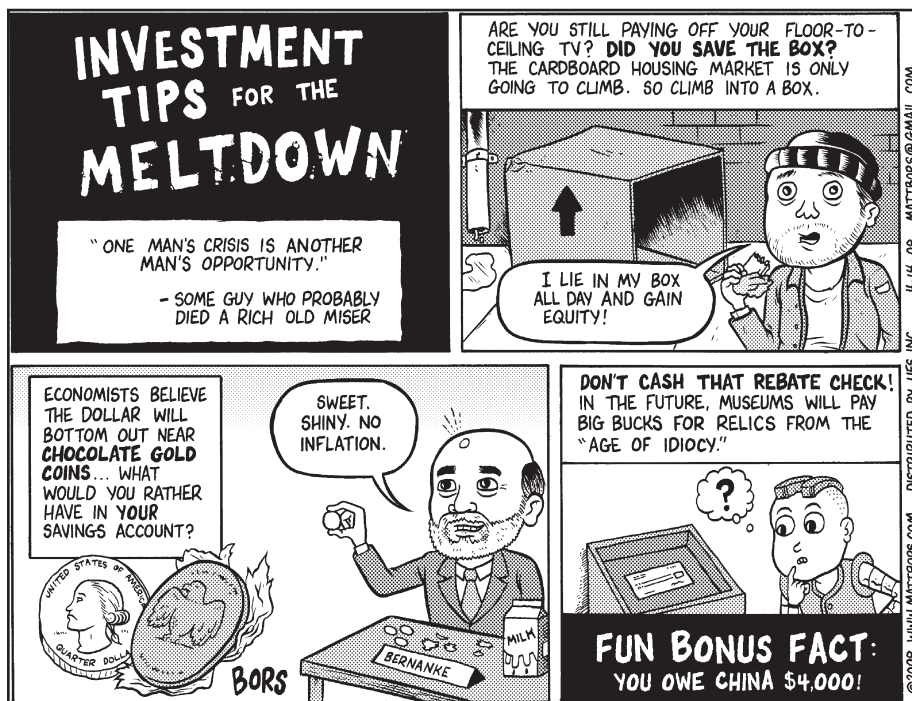
I would appreciate it if you could send me any facts, postcards, pamphlets, souvenirs, or anything else that may help me with my report. I would be writing about agriculture, history, economy, famous people, historical figures, events and National Parks. I will also be doing an oral report poster, and Power Point presentation.

Thank you very much for your help and support in making me a great researcher of your wonderful state.

Sincerely,
Vanessa

Napa Valley Language Academy
c/o Ms. Hernandez
2700 Kilburn Ave.
Napa, CA 94558

Dear Vanessa,
Well, your spelling, grammar and penmanship are better than those of the majority of our readers, so kudos to the Napa Valley Language Academy—although letting you write to us for help was, at best, a major oversight. Or is it an opportunity for you to learn about the real New York? Only our readers can answer that question. So come on, BEAST readers! Help little Vanessa out. Seriously though, please don't send anything really vile.



BEAST-O-SCOPES

Taurus (Apr 20 – May 20)

Taurus, you may have a broken spine and infected third degree burns covering your back and legs, but look at it this way: The jet pack worked!

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

Gemini, you can't drink Mountain Dew all day and then complain about the quality of your tap water.

Cancer (June 21 – July 22)

According to some, Cancer, the time to avert environmental catastrophe has passed, and it is simply too late to save the planet, and therefore ourselves. So just put on the bunny outfit and assume the position, all right?

Leo (July 23 – Aug 22)

There are many lessons to be learned from the Eliot Spitzer hooker scandal, Leo, and one of them is that you make far less money than a hooker. Good luck paying your student loans.

Virgo (Aug 23 – Sept 22)

I know you don't really think Barack Obama is a secret Muslim, Virgo. It just sounds better than "I won't vote for a nigger." But honestly, it doesn't sound *that* much better.

Libra (Sept 23 – Oct 22)

You wouldn't know the difference between Sunni and Shia either, Libra, if you had high-breasted lobbyists to fuck.

Scorpio (Oct 23 – Nov 21)

Your music sucks, Scorpio. But no one will ever tell you that, because you're a cute girl. Enjoy your recording career, Scorpio.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21)

Nobody gives a fuck that someone scratched your car, you pompous fruitcake. Besides, you should have called me back, Sagittarius.

Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)

I'm not saying you don't deserve to die, Capricorn; I just think that driving around looking for a Pinto to crash into is not the most efficient way to do it. Quit stalling, Capricorn.

Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb 18)

I'm curious, Aquarius: at what point in a man's life does the specific dementia set in that causes him to think that a comb-over will fool people into thinking he's not bald? Because I'm hoping to kill myself right about then. You're not fooling anyone, Aquarius.



By Andrew Gullerstein

Pisces (Feb 18 – Mar 20)

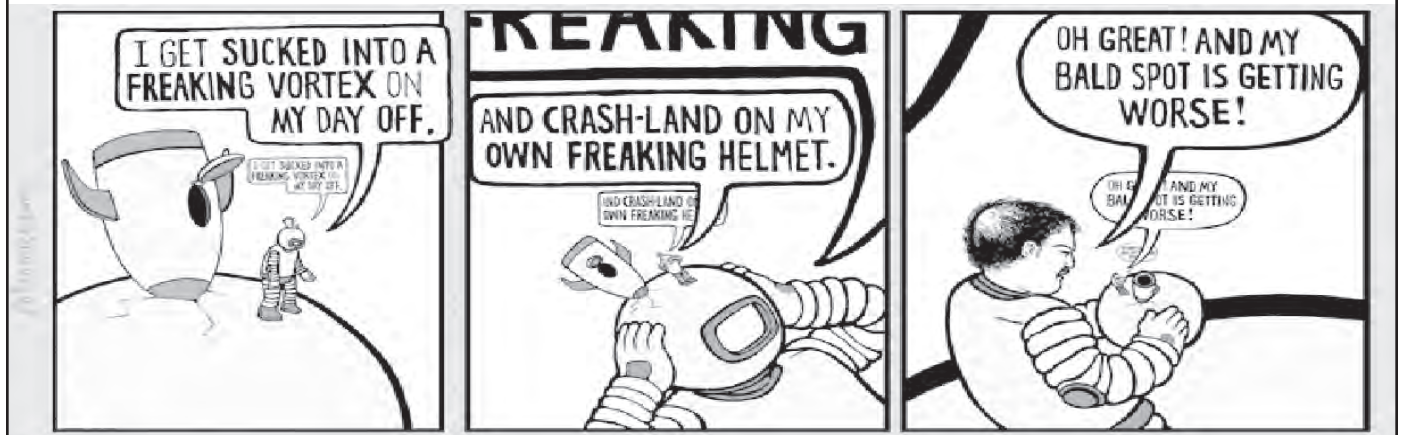
It's not that I wouldn't lie about disembarking in Bosnia under sniper fire to impress people, Pisces; it's just that I wouldn't do it if I was under unprecedented levels of intensive media scrutiny, and had a reputation as a bullshit artist, and there was video footage of the conspicuously un-sniped greeting ceremony I attended on the tarmac there. Lying is one thing, Pisces, but lying when any idiot would know you'd get caught, now that is decidedly uninspiring.

Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 19)

You know why you love opera so much, Aries? Because operas are just old musicals, and you're gay. The stars don't lie, Aries.

THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH

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