

The Sphere

Vol. 199 no. 1, published for the 228th SFPA Mailing by Don Markstein, 14836 N. 35th St., Phoenix, AZ 85078, (602)485-7860, ddmkmarkstein@cox.net, don@toonopedia.com, <http://www.toonopedia.com>, <http://www.uncadonald.com>. Headline type: Jokerman.

There's a commercial on TV right now that's caught my fancy. It starts with a still shot of a night light, shaped like a smiling duck. Opening strains of "You Light Up My Life". When the song gets to the title line, the room grows dark and the light comes on. As the song continues from there, the name of the local power company, with a slogan underneath, is superimposed on the glowing duck. Fade to black.

It's just incredibly cute, and too good to be purely local. It's probably syndicated to power companies all over the world, like the Reddy Kilowatt character. Has anybody else here seen it?

More to the point, does anybody know where I can get a night light exactly like that? It's for my grandson. (Yeah, right.)

I've Been Farked

Fark.com is a hip, with-it Web site whose function is to link to other hip, with-in Web sites. *Don Markstein's Toonopedia™* (www.toonopedia.com) got farked, i.e., linked to by fark.com, on June 3. The immediate result (tho I didn't realize it at first) was that it got **fifty-two thousand, two hundred and seventy-two** page views that day — a **substantial** increase over the previous all-time record, a little under 30,000, set a month earlier, the second time it was a *USA Today* Hot Site.

The first inkling I had that something odd was going on came in the next morning's e-mail (the business mailbox, not the Toonopedia™ one). Every month since November, I've gotten a notice that I was about to exceed my monthly data transfer allowance, but this was the first time I'd gotten it on the 4th of the month! And I'm already buying as much of the stuff as my server offers — if it gets any higher on a regular basis, I'm going to have to move!

The Toonopedia™ mailbox, too, had evidence of fairly unusual goings-on — a sharp increase in mail, all of it sounding alike. A couple dozen notes, some fairly impolite, complained that I was missing this or that TV cartoon, usually from the 1980s or '90s (which, while I do have some of that stuff, are not what I'm mainly concentrating on at present), or had made some trivial omission of some obscure superhero's guest appearance in an equally obscure comic book published last year, which the writer thought was of earth-shattering importance. (My first criterion for determining earth-shattering importance is whether or not people remember it ten years later.)

Fark.com has a message board link next to each

recommendation. Once I'd tracked down where this stuff was coming from, I clicked on the one next to mine and found no less than 68 messages — more mail than I get in half a month, not counting spam. Practically all of it was from the kind of twerp that haunts most message boards, and ranged from "it's no good because it doesn't have my favorite obscure Saturday morning cartoon" to "it's no good because the guy sometimes expresses his opinions".

I guess they thought they hadn't gotten their money's worth, or something.

Adding injury to insult, several of these messages were illustrated with images from the Toonopedia™ itself. And they didn't just swipe the images and post them on Fark, which would be rude enough. No, they put code in their messages which got the images from my server — meaning each time the images were displayed, the data transfer came from my already overburdened account!

I changed the file names and altered the code on my image callouts, so all the farkers got were broken images — but it was too late. It had already been up more than 24 hours, and Fark had posted a whole new set of hip, with-it links. Practically everybody who was going to look at that message board had already done so. My own traffic dropped to less than half on the second day, and was tangentially approaching normal (which currently runs about 9-10,000 page views per day) on the third.

Aside from a nice (tho mixed) shot in the ego, I do not recommend being farked.

A week or two after the farking, I got a **really dumb** e-mail, from another guy who apparently thought he hadn't gotten his money's worth. This one found me through a search engine, looking for info on Tom Slick (one of the back segments on the old *George of the Jungle* show). Since I haven't yet posted an article on him (tho he's mentioned in several), my correspondent, identified only by an AOL return address, took the trouble to state, "Needles [*sic*] to say, I will not be back to this site."

Still wondering how I was going to deal with the data transfer situation before my 20-day grace period expired (it's usually interrupted by the end of the month), I wrote back to thank him for no longer being a drain on my resources. I mean — does this dork think a guy running a donation-funded Web site is **dismayed** when some no-name threatens to take his trade elsewhere?

There's a punch line. The reply came back. Not only did he conceal his name — even his e-mail address was fake! Naturally, I was annoyed — but

what the heck, that's what makes the story funny enough to bother telling.

And by the way, I lucked out on the data transfer issue. My server was just then switching to new software, and somewhere along the way, the account accidentally got zeroed. Whew!

Speaking of the site being donation-funded, the begging bowl has been up over a month now, and so far I've banked a cool \$25.75 off of it — which more than covers my out-of-pocket expenses for keeping it up, but doesn't go far toward turning it into a source of income. Still, that's more than I've made putting "paid" advertising on the site.

I have an idea for presenting affiliate advertising that might actually accomplish something, once I get it implemented. But that'll take a lot of work, and I'll have to know more HTML than I currently do. Soon as I get a little time. (Like, that's gonna happen.)

On July 15 (as I was informed just before press time), I got a glowing write-up in *Editor & Publisher*. At least I can expect a more mature crowd from that source. You can see what columnist Charles Bowen had to say at http://www.mediainfo.com/editorandpublisher/features_columns/article_display.jsp?vnu_content_id=1537021

(Oh, all right. You don't have to type that whole URL with perfect accuracy. Just for SFPA, I put a link to it at <http://www.uncadonald.com/sfpa.html>.)

Meanwhile, on the content side . . .

Articles added since last SFPA: Abbie & Slats, Airboy, Alvin & the Chipmunks, two Bizarros, The Black Panther, three Ghost Riders, Horace Horsecollar, Keeping Up with the Joneses, Little Iodine, Marvin Martian, Penny, The Rawhide Kid, two Sally Forths, Smurfs, Tennessee Tuxedo, The Whizzer, Zatara the Magician, Ziggy, and Ziggy Pig & Silly Seal. New total: 492, and the "Z" section has almost doubled.

Not too many obscuros, and there are very good justifications for those I did do (e.g., *Keeping Up with the Joneses*, which may not be very famous as a comic strip anymore, but the title became a familiar phrase that's still frequently heard, and that justifies putting it in). Even Ziggy Pig & Silly Seal, which you've probably never heard of, were among the biggest funny animal stars Marvel had in the '40s. The reason they've fallen into such obscurity is simply that nobody cares about Marvel's funny animal stars of the '40s, except weirdos like me..

On my other Web site, www.uncadonald.com, I've gone ahead and transferred my personal site (formerly on a free server), with a couple of minor corrections and updates, but haven't really done anything else with it. I'm thinking about putting a modified version (i.e., minus SFPA references) of the "Comparative Religion" piece I did a couple of years ago, when I realized Republicanism, as practiced by many people today, is a religion.

(I'm not the only one who realizes that. I've made

many references here to Orthodox Republicanists, but a friend of mine has independently told me about some Zen Republicans he knows, who are full of mantras about Evil Democrats but don't seem to have much else to say on the subject. And of course, there are other sects. Later this issue, I'll have a couple of words to say about Patrick J. Gibbs, whom I'd go so far as to call a Republican Fundamentalist.)

Tho I sort of quasi-promised it last issue, I haven't gotten that picture of Karen with Weird Al up yet. Actually, I kind of expected Karen to do it. I also expected Rachel to post some new pictures of Nathan, but neither of them seems to take much interest in putting stuff on the Web. I was hoping they'd do those little projects just for practice, because being able to throw up a simple Web page in a hurry is bound to increase their employability.

On the Grandson Front . . .

Speaking of Nathan, that boy just grows and grows. At eight months (nine when you read this), he stands easily when touching something for balance, and somewhat shakily (and briefly — but not that briefly) when he lets go. Once, he was sitting on my crossed legs, butt on my right leg and back resting against the left, when he saw something he wanted at the other end of the couch — so he suddenly stood up and took a step toward it! Fell on his face a second later, of course, but still . . .

That kid's gonna be an early walker. I wouldn't be surprised if he started toddling a couple of weeks from now. And we're behind on baby-proofing the parts of the house he can already crawl to — or climb. I hear he can get up on the couch now, but haven't actually seen him do it. Last month, Rachel took her eye off him for one minute, so he came over to visit me in my office.

Toons and Political Ostriches

I guess you've heard about *Sesame Street* planning to introduce an HIV-positive character in its South African edition, with the possibility of this character making occasional appearances elsewhere. I don't understand why this should unleash a storm of controversy, but it has, even to the point of right-wing Congressmen making non-veiled threats about PBS's funding (not that a "conservative" would dream of censorship). I hear the phrase "politically correct" in many negative responses.

I don't know what politics has to do with it, but

"correct", this certainly is. In a country where 11% of the population is infected, and young people have an absolute need to know how to avoid getting it and deal with those who already have it, it simply makes sense to make it part of a show that purports to educate its viewers.

"Politically correct" would be Bert and Ernie giving AIDS to each other. It's about time those two came out of the closet anyway.

Marvel Comics is planning something very different, but that seems to bring negative responses from the same general area. This one is a revamp of the Captain America origin story. Or not a revamp, exactly — more like an expansion of it, into areas that weren't dealt with in the original version. That version is as follows:

Just before the U.S. enters World War II, the army develops a "Super Soldier Formula", to turn ordinary men into invincible superheroes so the Good Guys can keep Hitler from getting in the way other folks' world conquest schemes (like America's or Russia's). The formula is tested on puny young recruit Steve Rogers. It works, but during the test, the only person who knows how to make the formula is killed by Nazi saboteurs. Rogers, now the only man who can ever receive the Super Soldier treatment, wraps himself in the flag, calls himself Captain America, and goes forth to battle evil wherever it is found.

The "untold" part has to do with the Tuskegee experiments now being public knowledge, so it's no longer quite so plausible that the U.S. government would try a completely untested drug on blond-haired, blue-eyed, white-skinned Steve Rogers.

The mere existence (future existence, yet) of this thing seems to disturb a lot of people, some fairly seriously. Of course, nobody would ever **dream** of **admitting** he's disturbed by it, but it seems unlikely these folks would have put quite so much verbiage, or anywhere near as much vehemence, into opposing it, if they weren't.

Of course, they had excuses — for example, not wanting the authors to tie their apparently-unsavory "political agenda" to so prominent a character. (But that happens to be the character the situation applies to, and Tuskegee is not a political agenda, it's a fact.) Some didn't want the origin of a major hero tampered with. (But comic books have been revealing "untold" parts of major heroes' origins at least since the introduction of Krypto, Superman's dog, in the 1950s.) (And come to think of it, the Krypto story, where Superman's father experimented with a lower life form before putting his son in the rocket, bears certain points of similarity to this one.) Some simply didn't see the point in doing such a story at all (tho all the "point" it needs in a free speech environment is that a writer wanted to write it and the publisher is willing to publish it).

What it boiled down to, tho, is that some folks

don't like to see it mentioned that the U.S. government has done reprehensible things to non-white Americans in the past. One guy even compared the story to the "revisionist" point of view that America's indigenous population has at times been treated unfairly.

And of course, this one was even more rife with the phrase "politically correct" than the one about *Sesame Street*. One poster even expressed confidence that when we finally get past this terrible aberration in our national consciousness, stories like this will be regarded as an embarrassment to our times.

Boy, **that's** faith! This guy is so sure of his political beliefs, he's not just certain the clock will soon roll back and nobody will be upset about things like that anymore — he even thinks our descendants will heap as much scorn on the idea of treating all people like human beings as he does.

My own take on it is that the premise may be flawed. As shown by radiation experiments on draftees, the MK-Ultra program, and many other things the U.S. government would be ashamed of if it displayed any capacity for shame, they don't always discriminate when choosing unwitting test subjects. (Which makes me wonder why they haven't made an arrest in last year's anthrax attacks, considering they quickly discovered the only possible source of the batch and eliminated practically everyone with access to it.) (Or rather, it makes me **stop** wondering.) The only implausible thing about the Captain America origin is that they asked permission before dosing him.

Of course, that's not to say some individual commanding officer in the pre-integration U.S. Army wouldn't have done it the way they say, so the premise still works even if it isn't quite so compelling. Anyway, it might make a good story, and for that I can forgive a possibly flawed premise. I'm currently planning to read it when it comes out, and it's been a while since I was able to say that about a Marvel comic.

True Believers Everywhere

On a message board a couple of weeks ago, the subject of Al Capp's political shift, supposedly from liberal to conservative, happened to come up. I took the point of view that he didn't change, so much as the world did. All his life, he targeted hypocrites and phoneyes. It's just that he found them toward the right end of the political spectrum from the 1930s to the '50s; but as the traditional liberalism of that time gave way to the New Left of the '60s, he started seeing them elsewhere.

Basically, I said, the 1960s version of left-wing politics became a parody of itself, exactly the sort of thing he found so easy to lampoon, and that's why it looks (to the non-discerning eye) like his political stands shifted. Actually, Capp was an equal opportunity ridiculer.

I went on to speculate that if he were alive today, Capp would probably have found the spectrum shifting again in the early Reagan years, when the folks calling themselves conservative started to become self-parodies. By the '90s, he'd have had a wonderful time ridiculing the more rabid of the Clinton bashers (not, of course, that he'd have spared Clinton himself, who provided ample material for the likes of him).

One guy countered that surely, **both** ends of the political spectrum are that way. No, I said, I'm a great connoisseur of political entertainment, and while it was certainly the lefties who mostly provided it in the past, it's the right I'm generally getting it from now. When those ancient financial irregularities of Bush's, which have gotten a little press in the past couple of months, reach Whitewater proportions, **then** I'll be willing to concede that the liberals have regained the ability to mock themselves.

He replied that I should open my eyes — what the Liberal Press is doing with that stuff is **far worse** than Whitewater!

Can you imagine! Here's a guy whose point of view is so skewed, he thinks the few timid little questions and suggestions that have been brought up are even vaguely comparable to that endless harangue!

I replied that when it gets so huge in the news, over so long a time, that millions are changing channels in screaming boredom . . . When a Special Prosecutor is appointed, and treats us to the sight of Bush's friends being paraded in front of TV cameras in chains, because they refuse to budge from stories that later turn out to be true . . . When the Special Prosecutor, unable to find evidence of the vaguely-defined crimes he was supposed to be investigating, perseveres until he turns up a semen stain . . . When Bush is impeached over issues arising from the semen stain, and we get the spectacle of a trial before the entire U.S. Senate, with golden lightning bolts emblazoned across the judge's chest . . . **Then** tell me how this compares to Whitewater.

His reply didn't address the point, but angrily took issue with a minor side observation I'd added in parentheses. He then told me that because of the minor side observation, I was a complete jerk, and he would therefore no longer speak to me.

It may be a little late to say it, but stop me if you've heard this.

By the way, the eminent comics historian R.C. Harvey posted a biographical sketch of Capp on the Web a couple of weeks after this exchange. He takes a similar stand on the supposed political shift, but

doesn't speculate on who Capp would be ridiculing today. He did, tho, mention one amusing fact I hadn't heard before.

At the beginning, liberals applauded Capp while conservatives simply ignored him. After he'd revealed himself as non-partisan, he started getting scathing hate mail from liberals, while conservatives — guess what! Continued to ignore him.

And that sort of validates my speculation. That's how the liberals behaved when they were the self-mockeries — and that's how the rightists are behaving now. I use myself as a barometer of that sort of thing, since I say stuff that pisses off both ends. Here, on message boards, in responses to the old *Daily Quack* . . . I'm able to carry on civil (tho sometimes spirited) conversations with people of all kinds of different views, including devout Republicanists. But some folks just can't do that sort of stuff without spewing vitriol, and when that happens, it's usually the ones calling themselves "conservative" who start in with the vitriol spewing.

Ned Brooks:

On the word "universe" — you may be right that its current use had a number of independent inventors. But if you could **substantiate** that, I'd be very glad to have the question settled. As far as I know right now, I'm the one who started using it that way, and everybody else got it either directly or indirectly from my 1970 CAPA-alpha article.

As regards the Carbonist Theory (that Gaia created us to release the trapped carbon by burning carboniferous rocks, and therefore Global Warming is our purpose) — there are areas where I take an even more radical environmental stand than that. I'm so upset about the disappearance of the rain forests, I refuse to mow my lawn. In this ecological crisis, we all have to do our part to encourage oxygen-emitting plant growth. Anybody who claims to be an environmentalist, but has a neatly trimmed lawn, is a @#\$%!! hypocrite! (Or am I rationalizing?)

It's quite true that every land mine was placed by an individual, who knew what he was doing and made a moral choice (even if he didn't bother to think about it). But while the individuals are, indeed, to blame for their actions, punishing them or (better) convincing them of their responsibility for the effects of what they've done, would not noticeably diminish the number of land mines that get used, because there are too many other individuals who would happily take their place. Only getting those who order them to violate decency and common sense out of the business of using land mines would have any effect. It's still proper (and more likely effective, slim tho the chances are) to concentrate effort (and venom) on the few vile creeps who give the orders, rather than the vast hordes of

moral imbeciles who obey them.

The fact that Chelsea Clinton has been so gleefully harassed by muckrakers, despite the fact that she only wants to live normally; whereas Bush's children, who seek publicity in sometimes outrageous ways, haven't, can be blamed directly on the Liberality of the Media. (No, wait . . .)

Damon Runyon's style is certainly off-putting, it's true — but only when read. I recently listened to a series of old radio shows made from his stories, and they were hilarious. When spoken by good actors, that stuff can actually work. The radio show made me want to see *Guy's & Dolls*.

Gary Brown:

I haven't seen the Spider-Man movie yet, and probably won't until I can watch it at home. Just not that big a fan anymore, I'm afraid. From what I've seen on TV, tho, the effects look pretty cool. I mean, that really does **look** like Spider-Man swinging on his web. I'm convinced!

Which is kinda the bottom line when it comes to special effects. No, in this day and age, I don't gaze in awe, and wonder how they managed to do it. But then, it's not properly the purpose of special effects to dazzle and amaze me — the purpose is to convince me it's an authentic representation of what it's supposed to represent.

Of course, when new techniques become available, or when someone gets extremely good at using existing techniques, they want to dazzle and amaze. That's only natural — but wrong, in that it distracts the viewer's attention, dragging him back to the real world, thus interfering with the willing suspension of disbelief. Now, tho, we've reached a point where a good special effects person can put whatever the hell he wants on the screen, so we can go beyond dazzling and amazing, and get back to the main purpose, which is telling the story convincingly.

Interesting conundrum on that photo of the runner, that showed evidence of unwanted body parts. I would take the absolutist stand on it, personally. If a newspaper alters **one single photo**, for **any** reason, then it is a photo alterer. It will no-doubt transpire that there are other very good reasons to alter photos, and when you're already a photo alterer, it becomes easier to justify doing it again. And it's easier yet the third time. It's a slippery slope, the thin end of the wedge, and it can **only** be avoided by not being a photo alterer.

It's not so much a matter of ethics. A newspaper just doesn't want to be a photo alterer.

Of course, you also don't want to field calls from irate parents and anti-sex religious nuts, even tho you know and I know that even small children aren't shocked by the fact that men have penises. Not that the kids are likely to notice anyway. (Of course if

you've got enough nerve, you can tell them it's the folds of the cloth or an optical illusion, and make unkind remarks about their dirty minds.)

I'd have taken the trouble to rework the page and run a different photo, even one not quite as good.

What the sports department wound up doing when it became a photo alterer, i.e., casting more shadow on the offending member, reminds me of Marie Severin, who did the coloring on the old EC comics, appointing herself their unofficial in-house censor. Whenever an artist drew something she didn't think the kids should see, she'd slather dark blue all over it. There are some really gruesome details in the black & white reprints, that are practically invisible in the original editions.

Louise Simonson says a Catholic school education is useful for a career in comics. All that God/Satan stuff is excellent training for superheroes.

Arthur Hlavaty:

Re: David Brock admitting he lied about Anita Hill, meaning we can never trust him again. Well, **duh!** But then, nobody should've trusted him the first time, because even then he had a long record of lying in print. But until Thomas was safely sworn in, it was hard for the general public to get solid information on that, because the so-called "liberal" press didn't look into Brock's background, and pilloried anybody who did.

Even today, there are people so attached to their Republicanist faith, they say Clarence Thomas is okay because nobody proved anything beyond a reasonable doubt (tho the only ones doubting were those who believed notorious liar David Brock), even while bitterly denouncing Clinton, guilty of charges that can't even be stated coherently — and doubly so, because he contrived to conceal his guilt even from Kenneth Starr's ruthless investigation.

Your method of dealing with phone solicitors — telling them you're interested in the product but won't buy it from a company that practices phone solicitation — doesn't do it for me. The person on the line doesn't care, and he's not going to pass it on to his boss even if you ask him to, and if he does, what the hell, the boss at that level doesn't care either. And of course, **nobody** is going to pass on information to a higher-up which, if acted on the way you want it to be, will eliminate his own job.

I understand your point about not wanting to pick on the poor minimum-wage, no-benefits dork who made the call. But slavery is against the law, so I remain unmoved by the Nuremberg Excuse. If he doesn't like what he hears when he rings a stranger's phone to spout useless prattle into the ear of someone he doesn't even know, then he should get an **honest** minimum-wage, no-benefits job.

Toni Weisskopf:

Hoo boy, the laughs keep on comin' with this Patrick J. Gibbs character of yours. Where'd you dig that guy up? The first paragraph set the tone — the bit about Communism, "alive and active in the enslavement of people" just "90 miles from our shores" being a "dirty little fact that the dominant media wants (*sic*) to hide as much as possible".

All I can say is — **they're doing a damn poor job of it!** Even I knew that, and I wouldn't **dream** of looking for accurate news in anything so outrageously right-wing that a guy like him (or you) wouldn't call it "liberal".

Maybe what he means is, they don't harp on the fact **enough**. Maybe that's because they're so Liberal, or maybe it's because his expectations are so high, but personally, I think it's because Cuba, with its lack of visible social discontent and its extremely stable government, doesn't make very much news. (Or does Cuba not make very much news because the U.S. government, that great defender of freedom and open discourse, tends to put obstacles in the way when citizens try to look closely at it?)

Or maybe he thinks it unfair that Castro has to share the limelight with Latin American regimes that would be at least as unpleasant to live under, and with the added discomfort of being newsworthy, but which are admired by right-wingers (as opposed to pinkos like Clinton and Carter).

Of course, those regimes don't call themselves "Communist". I've never understood why that's such a hot word to certain religious types, like "Satanist" is to others. Hitler had the same fixation. God knows, he didn't have any problem with repressive regimes — but he went livid over regimes that called themselves "Communist". All I know is, more freedom in the U.S. has been taken away in the struggle against Communism, than the Commies ever got.

But I digress. I should've known this was just a prelude to more frothing about Elian Gonzales, but he took me by surprise because it's just so **bizarre** that anyone could see the machinations of the Red Brigade behind an ordinary man wanting his kidnaped son to come home, I sometimes forget that some folks have faith strong enough to see them. A surprise like that, especially one I really should have expected because it's such a cliché, certainly does crank up the humor. Well done!

I laughed out loud again, when he came up with the analogy to a Jewish boy who escapes Nazi Germany, with Hitler demanding he be returned to his father, who is in a concentration camp.

Oh, **pour it on!** Maybe Gibbs should have Hitler demanding the boy be returned to his mother, who is dead.

First off, Elian Gonzales didn't "escape". He was kidnaped by a non-custodial parent. Happens all the

time. The kids get their faces on milk cartoons, and if they're ever located, they're just naturally returned to their proper homes. Second, the closest thing to a "concentration camp" his father was in was Cuba, and you have to be a real True Believer to call the whole damn country a concentration camp, **especially** compared with the parts of Latin America the Orthodox Republicanists don't seem to have a problem with.

Third, it wasn't the "Hitler" analog who was asking for him back, tho of course **any** reasonably decent human being who happened to be a governing official would go to bat for a citizen in such a situation (so the fact that Castro did goes against Gibbs's thesis). **It was the boy's father.** His father who actually went so far as to travel to the U.S. in an effort to reunite his family (an act notably unusual among concentration camp residents), tho nobody should be forced into any such position. His father who, when the visit was over, returned home without a single gun pointed at his head.

I notice Gibbs didn't mention the last couple of items. Are they dirty little facts that he wants to hide as much as possible?

Gibbs's rhetoric gets a solid B+, but he's **very** short on content. That's a one-two combination that'll guarantee laughs every time.

Keep 'em coming!

By the way — I asked you this once, and you didn't reply. I asked again, in the context of points made that had gone unaddressed, and you again didn't reply. I'm going to ask a third time, and while I have no idea whether or not you're going to give me a reasonably responsive reply, I do know where the smart money is.

If Elian Gonzales, kidnaped by his non-custodial mother and brought to Florida, should not have been returned home to his father — then what arguments can you use to demand the return of a child kidnaped by his non-custodial father and brought to Iran?

Next mailing: 200th issue!
(Big deal.)

(Next mailing is also when I take the heat for saying Patrick J. Gibbs is just like Hitler, but only from folks who don't care what they say as long as they think it makes someone they disagree with look bad, or who have problems with reading comprehension.)