

CELEBRITIES I ACTUALLY HATE... ...INSTEAD OF MERELY FINDING THEM DISTASTEFUL



My dad hated this guy...

Morey Amsterdam used to PISS OFF MY FATHER something fucking serious. Whenever Morey entered the room, my dad would become visibly angered and start cursing under his breath. If he could have gotten away with murdering Morey Amsterdam, he would have sliced his throat without flinching. He absolutely, resolutely, goddamn fucking HATED Morey Amsterdam.

This is strange for several reasons. For a few years in the 1960s before most of you porno-goblin' whippersnappers were born, Morey Amsterdam played the greasy, bug-eyed, wisecracking comedy writer "Buddy Sorrell" on TV's *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. But although Buddy's character may have been abrasive, obnoxious, and, frankly, Jewish in a Moe Howard sort of fashion (which could be a problem if'n you don't swing that way), my father's animosity toward him was entirely unreasonable.

It seemed deep-rooted and *personal*.

This is compounded by the fact that my father had never met Morey Amsterdam. But this didn't stop him from loathing his living guts and wishing harm upon him.

Now, I can understand not *liking* a certain celebrity. I dislike almost *all* celebrities, and not only because they have it easier than me. But my father would get flat-out, full-blown, irreversibly, late-stage UPSET over Morey Amsterdam.

So I began thinking about the handful of celebs I don't merely dislike. There are a select few I actually HATE. There's a small, annoying coven of public figures the very mention of whose names will send my blood pressure rocketing up fifty points. It's not that I merely dislike their alleged "creative output," although that's true in each of the following cases. I actually hate THEM as people, and not for anything they've ever done to me personally. I hate them so much, I actually get upset when any of my friends likes anything they've ever done or has anything positive to say about them...*ever*.

Even I was surprised there were no females on this list. Make of that what you will. But these four shmoes, without ever intending it, piss me the FUCK off. I'll try to articulate why...

QUENTIN TARANTINO

I always had him pegged as the worst sort of drooling film-school geek. He can cram as many "F" words and bullets into his films as he wants, but he's still a fake. I fell asleep while watching *Reservoir Dogs* on video. And I walked out of *Pulp Fiction* about forty minutes in—the only time I've EVER walked out on a movie. I disapprove of him. I summon the ancient Nordic demons to molest him as he tries to sleep. I hope his coffee machine, blender, and toaster all break on the same day.

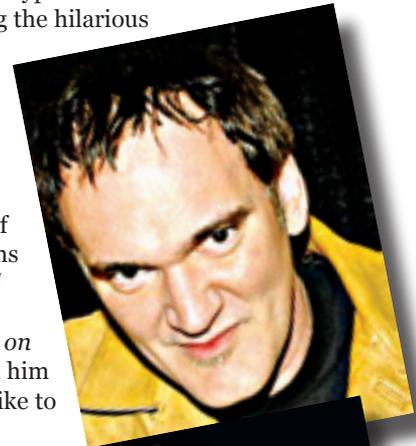
MATT GROENING

In the early days of the Fox Network, I used to love *The Tracey Ullman Show*—everything except the annoying, unfunny cartoons they'd show before commercial break. A year later, to my

severe dismay, Tracey was canceled and those wretched cartoons became the teeming jizzload of *barkingly* unfunny pop-cult references called *The Simpsons*, which I've never been able to stomach for more than five minutes. If you think there's anything good about *The Simpsons*, *Futurama*, or Groening's should-be-punishable-by-death comic strip *Life in Hell*, I don't like you, even if I liked you before learning that about you.

MARC BOLAN

Glam rock has been my favorite type of music since the early 1970s. I especially dug the hilarious spectacle of fat, hairy-chested ogres such as Gary Glitter and Noddy Holder wearing high heels and makeup. But Marc Bolan smelled too strongly of *real* bitch, and for this I naturally want to slap the shit out of him. He called one of his albums *My People Were Fair and Had Sky in Their Hair...But Now They're Content to Wear Stars on Their Brows*, and no one killed him for it right then and there. I'd like to "bang a gong" on his skull.



JACK BLACK

If you were to gather together all of the ball cheese in the world, mix it with the scrapings from every unwiped ass across the globe, and combine it with every dirty, curly, scrotal hair on the planet, then give it a spastic, Robin Williams-like inability to NOT be muggin' it up and actin' wacky for even one merciful mother-fucking second—*ta da!*—you'd have Jack Black. If he died tomorrow, it would be the only thing he's ever done that made me laugh.



...and I hate these guys.