

NOVAK, I'LL BLOG YOU WHEN YOU'RE GONE

I've been trying to ignore Novak's publicity tour while staying on top of his ever changing story on Plame. But (via TP) this is just too inviting.

Iâ€™m 76 years old, and pretty soon
Iâ€™m going to a place where there are
no blogs.

Why, why, Novak? Why do you look forward to heading off for your time in the Eighth Circle of Hell, simply because we bloggers aren't there? (I have it on good authority that Gilliard is enjoying his time at the never-ending barbecues of Heaven.) Is it because we call you on your shit? Is it because while the trained reporters get blank stares in their eyes and complain that "my head hurts" when we point out your changing stories, even our readers can catalog how your stories have changed every time the legal need presented itself? Is it because we point out that just nine months before your book came out, you stated "You could write a book on the bad journalism"? Or is it because when you say, "my account is close to the truth," we only dispute your definition of "close"?

Well, I hope you're in no rush to get to that Eighth Circle, because I am going to do a big debunking (just as soon as the library gets the book in—I'm not paying Novak a cent, of course). And if I finish it after you're gone, then I'll just take solace that we'll both be doing what we should be.