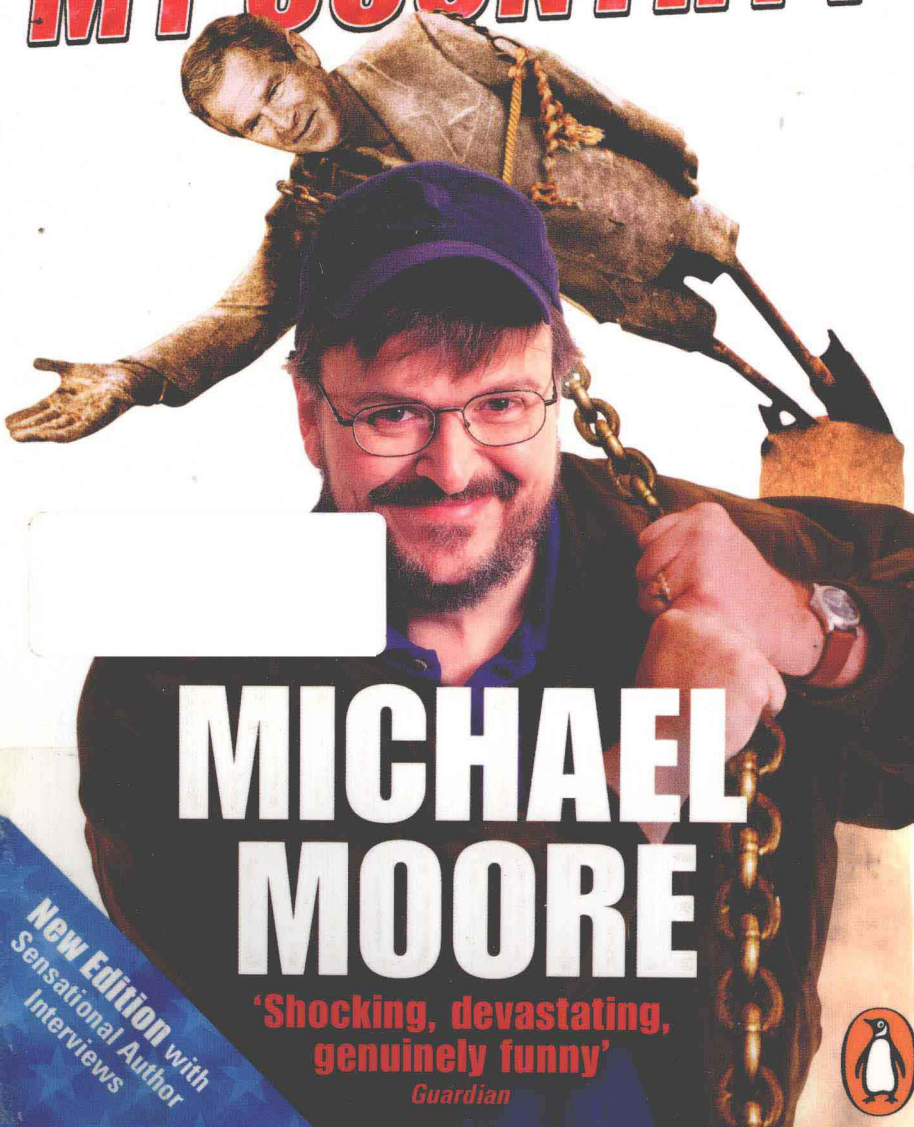


No.1 Bestselling Author of **Stupid White Men** *A Million Copies Sold!*

DUDE, WHERE'S MY COUNTRY?



**MICHAEL
MOORE**

**'Shocking, devastating,
genuinely funny'**

Guardian

**New Edition with
Sensational Author
Interviews**



DUDE, WHERE'S MY COUNTRY?

江苏工业学院图书馆
藏书章

Michael Moore



PENGUIN BOOKS

PENGUIN BOOKS

Published by the Penguin Group

Penguin Books Ltd, 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

Penguin Group (USA), Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA

Penguin Books Australia Ltd, 250 Camberwell Road, Camberwell, Victoria 3124, Australia

Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2

Penguin Books India (P) Ltd, 11 Community Centre, Panchsheel Park, New Delhi – 110 017, India

Penguin Group (NZ), cnr Airborne and Rosedale Roads, Albany, Auckland 1310, New Zealand

Penguin Books (South Africa) (Pty) Ltd, 24 Sturdee Avenue, Rosebank 2196, South Africa

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

www.penguin.com

Published in the United States of America by Warner Books, Inc. 2003

Published simultaneously in Great Britain with a new introduction by Allen Lane

Published in Penguin Books with additional material 2004

1

Copyright © Michael Moore, 2003

'The Capped Crusader' © *Guardian*, 2003

'You need to show that the people of Britain don't
support Bush' © *Independent*, UK, 2003

All rights reserved

The moral right of the author has been asserted

Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

Except in the United States of America, this book is sold subject
to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent,
re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's
prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in
which it is published and without a similar condition including this
condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser

PENGUIN BOOKS

DUDE, WHERE'S MY COUNTRY?

'If Michael Moore didn't exist, it would be necessary for the world to invent him' *Guardian*

'Moore rips through the impact of such recent legislations as the Patriot Act and the big business corruption within the Bush administration . . . the lone voice of dissent in a crazy world' *Metro*

'Smart, subversive . . . show-boating . . . impassioned . . . galvanizing and accessible' *Scotsman*

'Only Moore could get away with writing a scene in which God tells US citizens: "You are actually among the dumbest people on the planet"' Ian Hislop, *Daily Telegraph*

'Moore has mastered the rare trick of being passionate and funny at the same time' *New Statesman*

'Want to know why Bush allowed a plane to collect several members of the Bin Laden family, whilst everyone else in the US was grounded, two days after the September 11 attacks, then fly them out of the country? Get reading. Want to know the myriad lies spun to take the world into a war most of us didn't want? That's here too, along with plenty more' *Big Issue*

'A withering attack on President George W. Bush and his Republican administration. Vote Mike!' *Sunday Herald*

'America's favourite rebel' *NME*

'Moore is back on combative form in this coruscating attack on George W. Bush. It's hard hitting stuff, exposing lies, inconsistencies and spin. When Moore's on target no-one writes it quite as well. A shocking wake-up call' *Sunday Mirror*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Author, performer and filmmaker Michael Moore was born in Flint, Michigan. He is the creator and host of the Emmy-winning series *TV Nation* and *The Awful Truth* and is the award-winning director of *Roger & Me*. He won an Oscar for his latest film, *Bowling for Columbine*, and his book *Stupid White Men* is an international bestseller. He lives with his wife and daughter in New York and Michigan.

Visit Mike's website at www.MichaelMoore.com. And, to help him decide just how he should spend the extra loot from Bush's tax cut and kick Dubya out, go to www.SpendMikesTaxCut.com



APPROVED

This book has been approved by the Department of Homeland Security. It contains no seditious acts or acts of treason. Each word has been examined and analyzed by a team of terrorism experts to insure that it gives neither aid nor comfort to The Enemy. This book reveals no state secrets nor does it make public any classified documents that may cause embarrassment to the United States of America or its commander in chief. No hidden messages to terrorists are contained within. This is a good Christian book, written by a patriotic American who knows that we will crush him should he ever step out of line. If you have purchased this book we are required to notify you per Section 29A of the USA Patriot Act that your name has now been entered into a database of potential suspects should the need to declare martial law ever arise, which we are sure will never happen. Being on this list of names also qualifies you for the grand prize drawing where ten lucky winners will receive all new Formica kitchen counters, compliments of Kitchen Magic. If you are indeed a bona fide terrorist and have purchased this copy in a bookstore, or obtained it at a library in the hopes of using the information embedded on these pages, rest assured that we already know who you are. This page you are fingering right now is made of a top-secret linen paper that registers an automatic fingerprint and beams it to our central command in Kissimmee, Florida. Do not attempt to tear this page out of the book—IT IS TOO LATE. Do not attempt to run because we've got a lock on you right now, you dirty no good evildoer . . . FREEZE! DROP THE BOOK! HANDS IN THE AIR! YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO . . . SCREW IT! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHTS!! YOU NO LONGER EXIST! AND TO THINK IF YOU HAD ONLY APPRECIATED OUR WAY OF LIFE YOU COULD HAVE HAD YOUR OWN STAIN-RESISTANT FORMICA COUNTERS!

—Tom Ridge, Secretary of the Homeland

—George W. Bush, Commander in Chief of the Fatherland

ALSO BY MICHAEL MOORE

Stupid White Men

Downsize This!

Adventures in a TV Nation
(with Kathleen Glynn)

for Rachel Corrie

will I ever have her courage

will I let her death be in vain

for Ardeth Platte, Carol Gilbert

will I go sit in their cell

they would come sit in mine

for Ann Sparanese

one simple act, a voice was saved

are there a million more of her

to save us all

Introduction

Greetings, fellow members of the Coalition of the Willing! Actually, that's only if you're a Brit or an Aussie. If you are Irish or Kiwi or Indian—or a citizen in pretty much any other country on earth who didn't join our little invasion party—well, *what the hell's the matter with you?* Didn't you know that you're supposed to do what you're told when the world's only superpower barks? We bark, you jump—that's the rule. Didn't Mr. Bush offer you a big enough bribe to sign up and bomb the people of Iraq? Didn't you know that Saddam the Evildoer had weapons of mass destruction? BIG weapons! YES! Scary ones! He . . . he . . . he could make himself *invisible* and he had secret evil powers like, he, he, um, he could turn you into a moth! And, and . . . he could fly, too! I saw him land on the Empire State Building and he looked like he was going to kill us all!

Strangely, Tony Blair and John Howard of Australia fell for this monster spook story. I had no idea these otherwise intelligent adult men were such suckers. Or were they? Maybe Bush & Co. just offered them something they couldn't refuse. What was it? It seems these two men, who clearly went against the wishes of the majority of their citizens, have got some 'splainin' to do. Is it too much to dream that by this time next year they won't hear the words "prime" or "minister" precede their own Christian names?

For the millions of us in the USA who are doing our best to stop the Bush regime from menacing anywhere else in the world, it does us no good to have the regimes in London and Canberra

undermining our efforts. Fortunately, those cities and others have recently seen the largest anti-war demonstrations in their history.

When I have traveled overseas recently, people have come up to me and thanked me for “being the only sane American.” That compliment is both lovely and frightening—and it’s wrong. I can promise you that not all of America has gone insane. Please, never forget this one truth: **The majority of Americans did NOT vote for George W. Bush.** He is not serving inside the White House at the will of the American people. “The people” here, as I explain later in this book, are actually quite progressive and liberal—it’s just that they lack any real, committed liberal leaders. When that gets fixed (hopefully soon), then things will get better. I am here to tell you that I am not alone and that I actually stand smack in the middle of a new American majority. Tens of millions of citizens believe as I believe and vice versa. You just don’t hear from them, certainly not in the press. But they are out there—and their anger is brewing just beneath the surface. So, I’ll just keep doing my job, trying to drill a few holes so that that anger can burst forth in a geyser of democratic action.

Understandably, the world is freaked out by the behavior of the United States of America. It should be. The crowd in charge here is beyond the pale. All you have to do is ask yourself: if these thugs would steal an election, what else would they do? I’ll tell you this much: they’ll stop at nothing to destroy anything in their way, especially if they are on their way to making another buck. And they will punish you, ally or no ally, if you do not bend your knee and bow your head as we pass by on our march to the next regime change (preferably in a nation possessing a number of lucrative oil fields, thank you).

All of this will of course lead to their—and our—ruin. I think a slim majority of Americans understands this predicament at some sort of gut level. They are just hopelessly lost, in part because of an enforced ignorance that begins in school where they learn next to nothing about the rest of the world, and continuing through

daily adult life where their media has all but eliminated any foreign news that does not have something to do with the USA. That we know nothing about you should be the scariest thing about us. Most of us can't even locate you on a map (65 per cent of American adults between the ages of 18 and 25 could not find the United Kingdom on the map—all that kissing our ass, Mr. Blair, and we don't even know where the hell your lips are!).

Should a people this ignorant be running the world? How did we ever get in charge in the first place? 92 per cent of us don't even own a passport! Only a handful of us know any language other than English (and we barely speak that one). George W. is only now seeing the rest of the world for the first time because he *has to*, because, darnit, that's what presidents are supposed to do.

I guess we got in charge because we got the biggest guns. Funny how that always seems to work. We also won the Cold War by default—the Soviet Union, thanks to Mr. Gorbachev, decided simply to give up after strangling itself on a system that just wasn't working. Wow, imagine that—regime change without a shot being fired! Same thing happened in South Africa—nobody had to bomb them to liberate them! In fact, there are about two dozen countries that were liberated in the past decade or so thanks to a combination of world pressure and, most important, the people themselves rising up nonviolently to take over the reins of power.

But, because we don't get any news past Brooklyn or Malibu, I guess we don't hear about how *real* regime change takes place. So, when it came to Iraq, it didn't take much to pull the wool over the American eyes (connecting September 11 to Saddam Hussein was my favorite) and most Americans fell for it.

OK, that's understandable. We didn't know better and, as I'm sure most of you know this one thing about us, we really are a trusting lot. We are pretty outgoing and generous and simple in our approach to life. If you were to tell us that you needed our help, we would come to your aid. If you were to tell us that donkeys fly, we would believe that too (as long as you said it on

TV). That's just our way and I'm sure you have found that to be somewhat charming about us. C'mon, admit it, that's why you like us! Not to mention our get-up-and-go spirit! We'll come up with the next great invention before noon! Drive! Ambition! Can-do attitude! Sure, we haven't had a day off for six years—but so what! Who needs sleep! We have a world to rule!!

This, I suppose, explains why we have been behaving the way we have. But here's my question: What is *your* excuse? *You* know better. You are well read. Your news reports stories beyond the cliffs of Dover or the Opera House in your harbor. You travel. You value education. You have had an ethic in your society which for years said, "We must take care of the sick and the poor and the less fortunate."

So, what has happened? Why do you want to become like us? And why are you joining our nutty "coalitions" to invade countries that we don't have a clue what to do with once we're there? Gee, what empire does that sound like? You (the Brits who are reading this) have already been down this road! You learned some important lessons. You should be sharing those lessons, not repeating them. And while you may say, hey Mike, the majority of us oppose Blair on this nonsense, I have to say to you, with all due respect, why the hell is he still taking his dumps at Number Ten? My God, *you* actually have a mechanism to remove him—elections! We have to wait four years and then we can't even be sure the ballots will be counted. You can force elections right now. But then, of course, you have the same problem the liberal majority has in America—who the hell is going to lead you? Where is the alternative? That's what happens when you let your left morph itself into those who have no business calling themselves "Labour." Now, when you go to look for your left—when you need them most—they are nowhere to be found. It's like you took the "u" out of Labour. You should just start spelling it the American way—Labor!—because you have sucked the *you* right out of it.

Here's some good news: as I write this, a new poll in the U.S. reports that for the first time the majority of Americans do not believe Bush should get a second term. This is tremendous news, considering the support he had, at first, for his little war that has now become the never-ending war. See, there is a positive side to our American short attention span and our need to be instantly gratified! Iraq was no Grenada, and now we're bored! We want TV shows with happy endings! Hey, why are they still shooting at us? I wanna go home!! Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!

But we're not going home and neither are you. Thank you, Mr. Blair. Without you, Bush would have had to invade Iraq alone. But he needed at least one major ally to make it look like it wasn't just the Americans doing the nasty deed. The American people were against going it alone. Once you hopped on board, Bush had the cover he needed. *You* made that happen. *You* are the one who gave us the Iraq War. I hold you more responsible for this mess than little Georgie. You see, Georgie is an idiot—but you, sir, are not. You know better. You are an otherwise smart man with a nice smart wife whom I've taken a hankerin' to (but I'll save that for another book). What is your excuse for leading your people into this lunacy? Did you really think that you would get away with it? Your people read! They think! They discuss politics! They know where Iraq is! Did you think you were leading a nation of Americans? It really appears you've gone mad. And then, to have set your dogs on some poor man who was just following his conscience in telling the BBC the truth—how do you sleep at night? All you're missing now is someone to go on stage at the BAFTA awards and say, "Shame on you, Mr. Tony, shame on you!"

In this past year, since *Stupid White Men* and *Bowling for Columbine* were released, I have been overwhelmed by the response to my work throughout the world, from the UK and Ireland, to Australia and New Zealand, to Germany. Over four million copies of the book are in print, and *Columbine* set an all-time box-office record for a documentary. I am so grateful for this

because it means I can publish the words I want and make the movies I want without interference. That is a gift, and I do not take it for granted. I do take it as a sign that the public has shifted away from the right and that the time is ripe for a movement toward some of the good we would like to see happen. You have to take heart in knowing that last year, at a time when Bush was supposedly so popular (as the media has incorrectly reported), the non-fiction book that more Americans bought and read than any other was something called *Stupid White Men* starring George W. Bush! See, all is not lost! Have faith! Have hope! Send us a paper with some news in it!

One final thought, if I may, about the place of my ancestors. I have just returned from a family vacation driving around Northern Ireland. My daughter has just graduated from college and we told her that, for her graduation present, we would take her anywhere in the world she wanted to go. She said, "I want to go to Belfast and Derry!" Um, OK.

So we rented a car and went for a drive around the north of Ireland. And if you don't mind me butting my nose in where it doesn't belong (I am really of the opinion this year that no American has the right to tell anyone else how to take care of their problems), I have some more good news for you from my limited time there this past summer.

A bunch of Sinn Fein leaders offered to take us out to dinner one night in the center of Belfast, far from the troubled Catholic neighborhoods. As we headed down a dark street, we suddenly heard what sounded like a marching band. The driver slammed on the brakes. Out of nowhere came a group of Orangemen, in their strange costumes, prancing down the street in some sort of parade that no one was watching. Instead of a confrontation, though, our car was put in reverse and we sought a different route to the restaurant. What was interesting was that there was no anger in the car toward those Orangemen. It was more like pity. And folks,

you know when one side of a dispute has come to the point of pitying—or laughing at—the other side, the game is over.

“The sad thing is,” the man driving the car told us, “we’ve moved on and they haven’t. We’ve come to accept that we all have to learn to live together here, both sides, in peace. That thought hasn’t crossed their minds yet. And the sooner it does, the better they’ll find it will be for them. In fact, they would be smart to do it now while they can negotiate from a position of strength. They can create the peace they want. That’s what the whites did in South Africa, and now they live together on terms that are good for them. The Loyalists will figure that out. We can only go forward now, not backward.”

As I watched the Orangemen’s parade continue down the empty street, I felt like I was looking back into another century, some quaint quirky period piece that looked like it belonged in Disney-world instead of on the streets of a city where the people had simply had enough and wanted to move on.

I think we all know how they feel.

Michael Moore
August 2003

**DUDE,
WHERE'S MY
COUNTRY?**

Contents

Introduction	xi
1 7 Questions for George of Arabia	1
2 Home of the Whopper	41
3 Oil's Well That Ends Well	85
4 The United States of <i>BOO!</i>	95
5 How to Stop Terrorism? Stop Being Terrorists!	119
6 Jesus W. Christ	129
7 Horatio Alger Must Die	137
8 Woo Hoo! I Got Me a Tax Cut!	157
9 A Liberal Paradise	165
10 How to Talk to Your Conservative Brother-in-Law	183
11 Bush Removal and Other Spring Cleaning Chores	203
Notes and Sources	219
Acknowledgments	247
Interviews with Michael Moore	251
About the Author	271