

Prepare to Be Offended --- Very Offended

By Anna Von Reitz



This brilliant rant from Rick and Barbie Martin deserves a Gold Star somewhere in some Hall of Fame, because while it is offensive, it's not them being offensive. It's offensive because the whole subject is offensive. The "art" is offensive. The mentality of the "art" is offensive. The language of the "art" is offensive. The people pandering to the "art" are offensive.

Yeah, right, the whole dang Super Bowl has been turned into one disgusting display after another of degraded people who lack self-respect parading around in their confusion like their parade means something. Half naked men clutching their crotches, more than half-naked women shoving their boobs into the boob tube screen like mutant watermelons, cryptic Japanese car commercials that are so cool nobody gets them.... I mean, let's face it, Super Bowl is sick and it has been getting sicker and sicker every year under the leadership and guidance of Roger Goodell, who deserves to get booted off the stage and kicked hard for offending everyone in America who isn't depraved and isn't lacking in self-respect.

My family is boycotting Super Bowl this year. We apologize to the Budweiser Clydesdales, but even football championships and horses can't make up for the howling, meowling, inhuman cacophony that destroys and disrespects the National Anthem every year, nor for the anti-culture rap crap and inner city slum gut bawling that has taken over Half-Time "entertainment".

I would rather listen to cats in heat than any of the main Half-Time entertainers in the past half dozen years, so this year, guess what? We are extending our "Turn the Knob and Flip the Switch, Send a Message to CBS" policy to the Super Bowl. Even my husband, Jim, has had enough. He can enjoy his beer and buffalo wings without the Titans and Bengals. Thank you, nasty, overpaid, unpatriotic slugs. We don't need to pay to see big, dumb, slabs of disrespectful, ungrateful meatheads slamming into each other on a fake piece of astroturf. We really don't. The spectacle of it and all the vapid sexual references have worn out their welcome, and not just in middle America. Even the New Yorkers are puking blood and moving to Florida to get away from it.

So, let's shut the Big Money down, folks. Organize our own football or basketball games with the kids, go skiing or play with the dogs, take a walk in the park, read a book, go visit Grandma, forget the Super Bowl, because the values that made Super Bowl super aren't in it anymore. It's become another depraved and commercialized mobster run business enterprise not worth spitting on. As for me, Roger Goodell is serving as the poster child on my dart board this week, and every day I plow another pin into the tip of his nose, I intend to think about America before slimebags like him ever got to organize as much as a dog show.

Come on, America. What happened here? Everyone decent died off and left these brainless cretins in charge? Really? Time to get off the couch and in the streets. Time to move, even if your total act of defiance is to move your forefinger over the "power" button on the TV Remote and exercise your power by turning it off. I am reposting Rick and Barbie's rant in total and in total agreement. If you don't like bad language, complain to Roger Goodell and the NFL. -----
Keepin' it real. Let's do it together.

Last Saturday, during CBS's telecast of the Titans-Bengals playoff game, a commercial for Corona beer aired, starring Snoop Dogg, who, despite countless arrests for guns and drugs, has become a must-have to endorse products. So what if he luridly degrades women as one of his stocks in trade if he can sell beer?

The night before that ad ran, NYPD officer Jason Rivera, 22, was shot dead while responding to a domestic violence call in East Harlem. His partner, Wilbert Mora, 27, died from his wounds four days later. And as I watched that Corona ad, I got to thinking about Snoop Dogg's violently anti-police, pro-crime vile and vulgar "artistry," mindful that Roger Goodell appointed and anointed Snoop Dogg the headliner at this year's Super Bowl halftime.

Perhaps Goodell, also in the interest of keeping it real, would like to rap along with a "song" by Snoop and J5 Slap entitled, "Police."

Ready, Roger? It reads thusly: "All you n—as out there, Take your guns that you using to shoot each other And start shooting these b—h-ass mother-f-king police. That'll impress a mother-f-king n—a like me."

But Snoop's Super Bowl selection doesn't just meet with the approval of the NFL and "It's All About Our Fans" Goodell. The halftime show and Snoop's appearance is sponsored with the full, proud commercial and financial support of Pepsi, which seems eager to become the soft drink of hardcore.

Back to that charming, ahem, song. Ready Team Pepsi? It's Karaoke Night! Here we go: "Dipping through the city with a Glock in a Range Rove If you sleeping probably not with the same hoe Rock the same clothes rich n—as do And rock by the same code till I'm a rich n—a too I be in the club with the stick in my shoe You call the f-king police like a bitch n—a do."

Five NYPD officers have been shot in the first 20 days of this year. And the fellow chosen by the NFL and approved by Goodell to star in this year's halftime produces, records, sells and profits from "artistry" advocating streets filled with the blood of cops and threats against those who would help solve the shootings of cops and civilians.

More? We'll give this part to NBC's NFL pregame panelist, Jac Collinsworth. Sunday, after NBC presented a Super Bowl halftime promo narrated by Snoop Dogg, he said, "That was our friend, Snoop." Is that right? He's our friend? Come on up to the mic, Jac. Now, in the name of keepin' it real, pick it up with this, the refrain from "our friend's" charming ditty (with Master P)

"Snitches": "Snitches snitches snitches N—as be running they mouth just like b—ches ...Snitches snitches snitches I got a slug for ya'll mother-f-king snitches." Hey, Corona beer marketing department, your turn. Ready? Snoop Dogg has a video in which he sings a cover version of NWA's "F-k the police" while holding his crotch in a courtroom. It's an easy one. Just repeat after Snoop: "F-k the po-lice! F-k the po-lice!" I invite — dare, challenge — everyone — Goodell, the NFLPA, NFL team owners, the executive board at Pepsi and Corona, NBC Sports, young Collinsworth — to demonstrate the courage of their convictions to join with Snoop Dogg in any of his dozens of similarly depraved enterprises presented as entertainment.

And now, just for added kicks, look up the lurid lyrics of two other Goodell-certified entertainers who will perform at this Super Bowl halftime, Eminem ("Just Don't Give A F-k") and crotch-grabbing Kendrick ("B-ch, Don't Kill My Vibe") Lamar. This is what Roger Goodell thinks NFL audiences, of all ages, are worth on a Super Bowl Sunday. These acts are far beneath him as he has already admitted that he can't repeat what Snoop Dogg raps. But he feels as if Snoop Dogg is perfect for you and yours — and professional football.

And it's not as if previous Super Bowl halftime shows under Goodell's classy, dignified guidance haven't caused those who know right from wrong to ask why they've been dismissed as unworthy, disinvited as out of step with marching that points all of us backwards.

Why, under Goodell, have halftime shows been diving lower and lower? And why has he allowed such uncivil performers to be attached to a championship ball game?

Meanwhile, the classic "To Kill a Mockingbird," has been removed from a Washington State school's required reading list because it contains racial slurs. And Goodell, the shameless \$63 million per pandering phony, slaps "Stop Hate" and "End Racism" along the backs of end zones and players' helmets, then invites Snoop Dogg to be the star of the Super Bowl. Maybe Snoop will be granted a police escort to the stadium. For his safety, of course.

Officer Rivera was 22. Officer Mora was 27. Just keepin' it real.

For "the rest of us" could I also suggest another alternative to Super Bowl Sunday? Here's Roger Goodell, NFL Commissioner's address: 345 Park Avenue, New York, New York, 10154. Why not spend Sunday afternoon writing him a Nasty Note telling him exactly what you think of him and his leadership? He obviously needs to hear it from the (former) fans.

And while you are at it, here's Pepsico's HQ address, too: 700 Anderson Hill Road, Purchase, New York, 10577. Pour a cold one over the heads of their marketing department--- and not as a victory celebration.

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