

EMPTYWHEEL'S SUPER BOWL XLIX TRASH TALK

Welp, here we are for our last regularly scheduled Trash Talk for the football season. It may be the biggest game of the year, but it is always a tad melancholy because it means no more football. On that note, off we go.

Super Bowl XLIX is right here in the Phoenix Valley of the Sun. Except that it has not been that sunny; in fact, the end of the week has been nothing but rain, starting Thursday and through all day Friday, and it is overcast again this morning as I write. The temperature has been quite moderate and comfortable, but the overcast and rain a real downer. Curiously, none of the fans I have run into, and there are a lot of those, seem to mind in the least; but as a local, I sure hoped for better. That said, all the parties and festivities seem to have gone off just fine, and of course the gorgeous VIP crowd, between all the limos and controlled indoor settings, probably never noticed. In short, so far, so good, despite the inclement weather. I have also had great fun seeing all the Squawkers in their vaunted "12th Man" shirts. To a tee, so to speak, I see them and say "Love yer Number 12 Tom Brady Jersey!". So far, I have not been punched yet, but there is still time.

There are so many different things to do if you are here and a fan, and it is spread out over the valley. There was the NFL Experience set up at the Phoenix Convention Center Downtown, the seemingly continuously running Super Bowl street party in and around downtown central square, and also the simply idiotic looking huge "Bud Light House of Whatever", that appeared designed for hollow 20 something twits. 10-12 miles northwest, in Glendale, by the actual University of Phoenix Cardinals stadium, were more stages and whatnot sponsored primarily by DirecTV. I know some of the pretty people were bussed out there, and promptly bussed right out of there as

soon as they could. Cause no one with any shred of common sense parties in freaking Glendale when you could be doing it in Scottsdale. Come on man. That is just the way it is, and the way it has always been. And it will always be that way, cause Glendale is a bag of Charlie Brown's rocks on Halloween. People with money and the appropriate je ne sais quoi wouldn't be caught dead hanging in Glendale, and that won't be changing anytime soon.

The fact that the game is in Glendale, but all the real playahs and money somewhere else actually has some real implications locally. Yes, it is what it is, but Glendale has a problem as a result. You see, Glendale is its own municipality; it is not Phoenix, and it sure as hell is not Scottsdale or Tempe. It has its own tax and spending obligations, and it has fucked it up royally, as my friend, and the always excellent, Travis Waldron of Think Progress details:

In a world in which American cities have handed over billions of dollars in public money to finance sports arenas and stadiums, there is perhaps one city that stands above the rest as a warning for what can go wrong when they do so. It just so happens that place is Glendale, Ariz., which will host Super Bowl XLIX this Sunday.

Glendale has spent liberally on sports in the past decade and a half, luring professional hockey, football, and spring training baseball with millions of dollars of its own money and plenty of help from the state. Sunday will mark the second time it has hosted the Super Bowl, and the game's biggest proponents are, in typical fashion, making the argument that helped sell all of this sporting infrastructure that brought teams and events to Glendale in the first place: it will be a boon for the local economy.

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The problem is that the Super Bowl almost certainly won't generate \$500 million in economic benefits for Arizona. Economic research has shown that for a variety of reasons – among them: a failure to account for costs, money that leaks out of the local economy, and money that would have been spent anyway or, in the absence of such an event, elsewhere in the city – Super Bowls and other mega-events and the publicly-funded stadiums built to host them virtually never have such an effect. They may provide minimal gains, and sometimes losses, to host cities, but they're never major shots in the arm. Cities that believe otherwise, about stadiums or the events themselves, run the risk of major trouble.

Travis is right, the “economic stimulus” from major events like Super Bowls, NCAA National Championship games, in both football and basketball (both of which are here in the immediate future), are just never what they are cracked up to be when you factor in the hard costs to host cities. But, it goes a little further than even Travis lets on when the hard costs of the game itself, and ridiculous security therefore, are being paid by a, frankly, minor municipality like Glendale and the real big bucks are being spent in Scottsdale/Paradise Valley and Phoenix. And that, my friends, is exactly what is going on here.

And, then, there is Scottsdale/Paradise Valley. That is where the real players and action are. I live, literally, on the intersection of East Phoenix/Arcadia, Scottsdale and Paradise Valley. Even with an old rotator cuff, I can throw a rock and hit all of them. So, I went to all the glitzy parties and can tell you about them, right? Nope. For one thing, I just don't care as much anymore, and certainly not enough to work

it to get to them. But, secondly, the big money, and exclusivity, is so pervasive now that it is really hard, much more so than it once was, whether for Super Bowl XXX or even XLII.

I didn't miss the Playboy, Victoria's Secret or Jerry Jones parties in either of those, but trying to get into the equivalent this year was insane, and I am not going to pay to do so. You think bmaz is gonna pay \$350 to go to a Scottsdale bar to hang with lowlife B-level celebs like Drake, Brody Jenner and some idiot, I never in my life heard about, named "William Lifestyle"? Uh, no. I wouldn't pay a lousy buck to see that trashy shit like that. So, save for a one day pass I got into the ESPN live set gig at Scottsdale Fashion Square, about two miles down the road, I just didn't partake in the festivities. (Couple pictures from that, here, here and here; featuring mostly my new friend, and totally awesome guy, Tom Jackson) Your Phoenix based Roving Reporter has failed you. Sorry about that. And, no, I won't be going to the game either. Tickets are, in even the cheapest markets, going for \$7,500 – \$10,000 for any seat, and WAY more for a reasonable seat, to the game. If I had tickets, I would sell them and buy a new car, or a Cessna, or something.

Alright, let us get to the only thing that matters in a game between the two best teams in football. Deflategate. Roger Goodell was his normal sack of salted dicks self in his press conference here. What a bullshit joke. Goodell is an embarrassment. He and the NFL have ignorantly, stupidly, and against the interests of the league and the Super Bowl, weakly and cravenly not just allowed, but actively encouraged, the ginning up of the non-story of Deflategate into something that has consumed the oxygen of the Super Bowl. The only thing that matters to tight ass billionaire owner driven cracker like Roger Goodell is the money. First he looks at the purse. Players health, and fans' desires are not even really on the list.

If that is not enough incompetence to get

Goodell fired, on the heels of the ignorant and incompetent handling of the Ray Rice situation, I guess there is no such thing as incompetence to the beyond hubristic and arrogant NFL owners. As a fan, fuck that shit. Goodell and the vaunted “NFL Shield” are craven, self serving, pathetic reactionaries worried far more about covering their gravy train asses than being positive, proactive, forces for good in society. Oh, and by the way, their “evidence” and “investigation” is, once, as always, total shit. So far, the NFL has a an equipment manager that had the misfortune of taking a piss in a bathroom and a bunch of physics that even all the best scientists now admit actually could support the Patriots. What a load of sensationalistic crap. Without more (which Goodell and his crying ass stooge Ted Wells may well try to falsely gin up, same as the asinine “Mueller Report”), Bob Kraft, Tom Brady and BillBel are indeed owed an apology. As Bill Simmons said in a couple of tweets on Twitter:

The NFL is searching for a person of interest who dressed like a referee and didn't write down the measurements of 12 footballs. We spent 3 days talking about a ball boy taking a piss. Meanwhile Walt Anderson was approving footballs with his gut feelings. What a farce.

Alright. As to the game. Yeah, sorry, there are no more cheap ass platitudes on the elusiveness and brains of Russell Wilson, the strength of the Squawks defense, the greatness of Brady and the brilliance of BillBel's game scheming. It is all out there, but I am done with that tripe, cause at this point it is all bullshit. These are two different and both wonderfully constructed and coached teams. One will win, and one won't. We'll see.

Music today, at the top, is INXS. Irrespective of the team you support, sometimes you kick, and sometimes you get kicked (as lifelong Packers fan, trust me). Also, the Brady's Balls AC/DC thing is really well done. Don't miss the J.

Geils I added late, cause it is everything.
Lastly, I especially love the Favre and Carve
spot (one of several related Wix spots), though,
truth be told, Headmistress, and my boss, Ms.
Wheel made me do it! So, thanks to one and all
for a great football season. We will see you
again when the start of the F1 Circus begins
and/or the force moves us. You are, all, truly
and always, the greatest.

Let's rock this joint lug nuts! Gronk on
bitchezz!!