

ROCKY RACCOON, NFL, NCAA AND F1 TRASH TALK

Great sports and Bob Dylan makes for a superb weekend.

MEMORIAL DAY FOODIE TALK

Hey there Emptywheel lugnuts, how is your holiday weekend going? I see there is no post since Jim White's on Friday and thought maybe we should have a little fun. For the record, I almost did a Fast Trash post for the Monaco Grand Prix and Indy 500, but just got distracted by some family duties and the tragic news out of Isla Vista/Goleta area of Santa Barbara.

I haven't been there anytime recent, but have been there a lot in the past during summers I spent in Santa Monica. One of my high school friends had moved to the Eucalyptus Hill area of Sana Barbara with his family and it was a great drive up the PCH for weekend fun. And, man, was IV a happening place for young folk looking to hoop it up. I've been there on both Memorial Day and July 4th holidays, and shoo boy, it was some fun. It is also a beachside, completely college place where there are literally people out in the streets all day and all night. It is a party place, and, sadly, must have been a shooting gallery for Rodger. I am almost surprised there was not more carnage. Unbelievably sad. There are likely a LOT of lessons and psychoses involved in Rodger's actions, and I will leave that discussion for another day, but feel free to weigh in in the comments with thoughts on the IV deal, or anything else you have on your mind.

But the title of this post was food, and so food shall be discussed! I started off with this:



Well, here is the thing. I got busted. Seriously busted. My wife walks in from yoga and says "I smell tacos; did you have tacos? For breakfast??" Uh, yeah, I did. And I was stupid enough to think I could hide it from her finely tuned Italian culinary nose. Ooops.

But, if that were not sufficient comeuppance, Ms. Wheel tagged in with this:



Yeah, well, that sounds pretty awesome actually!

Here we plan on steaks and burgers for the next two days. And probably some good beer for good measure. Did I note that we now have Founder's Beer here? Ms. Wheel can no longer hold that over my head.

Well, Monaco is over. Rosberg wins from pole and Hamilton second from P2 on the grid. I am sure Hamilton is sulking and brooding as usual. As I whip this out, the Indy 500 is on. Nearing lap 130. Dixon, Montoya, Hunter-Reay, Hildebrand and Power are the top five. All have the chops and car to win. So too does Castroneves. We shall see. Kurt Busch, the NASCAR driver trying to be (I think) only the second driver to drive both Indy and the NASCAR World 600 in one day, has never really been a factor, although he is currently at 15th in the running order. The race has been ridiculously clean and yellow flag free so far, which is refreshing.

Open thread, what you all eating and thinking about?

FORMULA ONE TRASH TALK: THE CIRCUS COMES TO OZ TOWN

Hi there Wheel, Empty, and and otherwise gear heads, it is time for Spring Trash Talk. There is a lot under foot, Spring Training in Major League Baseball, free agency season and pending entry draft in the NFL, the somewhat diminished fortunes of the NBA and, most of all, FORMULA ONE! The Circus season is upon us, and it is starting down under in the Land of Oz.

Appears we are starting off where we left off: there is yet no reason to believe the Red Bulls of Sebastian Vettel and Mark Webber are anything less than the cars to beat. But, that being said, there is also no reason to think that the Ferrari and McLarens are anything less than the threat that they were at the end of last season. Drivers make a difference in F1, and Fernando Alonso and Jenson Button are very, very good drivers. And their cars are not chopped liver either. For the *clear* superiority of the Red Bulls, and even the McLarens for that matter, Fernando Alonso pulled off one of the greatest performances in the history of F1 with inferior equipment last year. Alonso was only 3 measly points behind Vettel in the final Driver's standings. Simply astonishing.

The opening two practice sessions for the Australian GP were late last night my time; i.e. between 9 pm and 12 am whatever the heck time AZ is. (Daylight savings time really screws with our heads here, cause we don't do that). Bottom line....not much has changed.

Okay, if I were pleading guilty (I would never!) to a heinous offense under truth serum to make sure I was cray cray (yeah, okay, this is some stupid shit too) I MIGHT admit that a lot of

this post was written from a series of taco joints in Old Town Scottsdale. It is nowhere near as opulent as it sounds; hell even the mariachi music is piped in like Muzak. And the 60 something threesome at the table next to me looks like their Winnebago may be illegally parked out on Camelback Road.

Where were we? Okay, back to the Australian GP. Here is what Brad Spurgeon thought:

Red Bull and Sebastian Vettel have won all the titles for the last three seasons. Vettel became only the third driver in Formula One history to win three drivers' titles in a row, after Juan Manuel Fangio in the 1950s and Michael Schumacher last decade. Only Schumacher, Fangio and Alain Prost have won more than three titles, with seven, five and four, respectively. So both Vettel and the team have more pressure on them than ever. Still, Red Bull has the advantage of the consistency of keeping the same two drivers and technical team, and Mark Webber is still pushing for his own final career chances to capture the drivers' title. With the great designer Adrian Newey leading the way, Red Bull should remain among the strongest.

As a lifelong aficionado of Scuderia Ferrari, I would kill to demur. But, I cannot; I think that is right. Still. As to the beloved Prancing Horse, well, from the lens of the season start, it will take another superhuman drive for the ages by Fernando Alonso to keep Ferrari in the chips.

That leaves McLaren and Mercedes fighting for sloppy thirds. Maybe it will come to be that one will blast out of nowhere to be a contender for King Vettel's Crown, but it is really hard to see. Lewis Hamilton proved himself to be a self absorbed punk at the more superior team, McLaren; now he will try to do what Michael

Schumacher could not at fast, but unreliable, Mercedes. Please. Juan Pablo Montoya performed better and was sent packing to NASCAR.

For all the sturm and drang, for all the off season shuffle, the Championship will still be fought for between Red Bull and Ferrari, with a decided advantage to the former.

Let the Circus games begin!

And, then, there is the NFL free agency merrygoround. Heck, I do not know who are the winners and losers at this point. But, a quick take says the Steelers and Cardinals, the teams of local pricks bmaz and Scribe, did not do well. To be kind. Probably nobody did worse than the Cardinals, who signed an aging punt return specialist that even the Cleveland Browns did not care about anymore, and let go Kevin Kolb, the only even practice squad level NFL quarterback they had. Seriously, what kind of addled mentally challenged assholes are running the Cardinals? Oh, wait, it is *still* the fucking Bidwell family. Who could have guessed from this level of rank pathetic incompetence??

The Deetroit Kittehs seem to have done very well. If they can keep their peeps healthy and out of the klink, they may have the greatest show on fake turf. The Pats lost Welker's whining wife (and shitloads of clutch catches in the slot and over the middle) BUT gained a sometimes fragile Danny Amendola. Amendola was the successor in kind at the Pirate attack fun/gun at Texas Tech. Amendola is actually every bit the route runner, and even faster, than Welker. But he ain't as predictable, nor as reliable, as Welker. This could be a wash, or it could be a loss. Time will tell. The Pat's defense and, especially, secondary looks to be much improved.

Other than the above, the Squawks got Percy Harvin and some other studs, and the Niners got some too. Whoo weee baybee, the gold rush is on on the left coast.

MLB is in Spring Training; let me tell ya

something brother, it is fucking hot here. The NBA is in the stretch run, but the only question of interest I see is what lower seed will the Lakers fill? 8? 7? 6 looks bleak, but not impossible; though I would be shocked. We will return to that in a roundball post later. As we will with the student athletes for March Madness, and very soon.

Rock it, Talk it, Jayhawkit. Get yer sweve on Wheelies. Light it up.

Music by BB King, Bono and the band.

CHRISTMAS AT EMPTYWHEEL: FRIENDS CURRENT AND PAST

And so we reach another Christmas Eve together here at the Emptywheel Blog. And I mean together, because this is a community, from Marcy, Jim White and me, to all of you who participate here with us. You are not just names on a computer screen, you are our friends and colleagues.

We deal with a lot of hard, and far too often infuriating and depressing, topics. Sometimes you just want to scream, because really success seems to be measured only in whether you can slow down by a fraction, or put a slight dent in, the bad things going on in this country and the world.

Occasionally, however, there are truly bright spots in what we cover and push. One of these is certainly the movement on marriage equality and equal protection for sexual preference. Another is, as problematic as they are in their own right, the victory of the Democrats and Obama over a slate of Republicans who would have materially regressed about everything we hold

near and dear. It may be small solace, but it is far better than the alternative. So there are good things too.

But the one irreducible minimum is, despite the passion we all have for various subjects and policies, life will actually always plug on one way or another for most, it is simply a matter of how it does so. And that is really something too easily lost sight of...what really counts when you get down to it are the people.

Here at Emptywheel, so it is the people who really count too. And we would like to take a moment to thank you for sharing your time, your experience, your knowledge, your humor and yourselves. It makes all of us richer and that is something to be thankful for as we look forward to Christmas day and the week of festivities that culminates in New Years Day. Health and happiness to one and all.

I'd also like to take a minute to remember that not all are doing well. Some are struggling and have health problems. We know of several, but it would not be appropriate to discuss the individual situations. Just know that we know, we care and our thoughts are with you.

And then there are those that we have lost along the way this year. One in that category really stands out. One year ago tonight, our friend, colleague, and contributor to this blog, Mary Perdue, passed away. We miss Mary a lot, both in content and in her unique character. I constantly see discussions and think "Damn, Mary would have been all over this".

However, Mary is not the only important voice here that has gone dark this year. We also seem to have lost MadDog. I first encountered MadDog at FDL during pretrial proceedings in the Libby case. We both quickly became regulars at the precursor to Emptywheel, known as The Next Hurrah. He followed us from TNH to Firedoglake and then to here. Like Mary, MadDog was a constant colleague with a well developed sense of irony and sharp analytical skills. The last

comment by MadDog was on September 11 at 8:16 pm, since then a deafening silence. We have tried to determine what happened by both email and phone, but no luck so far. We miss him greatly.

In that regard, I want to excerpt part of a post we did in memory of Mary when we learned she had passed. Not just to honor her again, but because much of it applies to the nature of all who participate here, have participated here, and how we feel about them and you:

The internet is a strange and wonderful thing. Just about everyone and everything in the world is on it, even though it is nothing but data in the form of binary computer code traversing by random electrons. Yet thought is crystalized, and friendships born and nurtured, through commonality of interest and purpose. And so it is here at Emptywheel, where many of us have been together since the days at The Next Hurrah, through years at Firedoglake, and now at our new home. Just because it germinates via the net does nothing to detract from the sense of community, friendship and admiration for each other gained over time.



With profound sadness, I report we have lost a true friend, and one of our longest tenured contributors, Mary. **Mary Beth Perdue** left us on Christmas Eve, December 24, 2011.

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Here at Emptywheel, she was just Mary; and she was so much more than a simple obituary can convey. She was funny, kind, and, most of all, razor sharp in analysis of extremely complex issues

surrounding torture, indefinite detention, international human rights, illegal wiretapping and executive branch overreach.

But this is the way it is with one and all here. You all contribute so much. Thank you. All here are indeed more than electrons and impersonal screen names.

It is the people – you – that count. Marcy, Jim and I raise a glass of fine IPA in toast to one and all. So, as you sit down with your families and friends for Christmas Eve, Christmas Day and the holiday week, from our family to yours, enjoy and thanks!

This is an open thread for all things – news, politics, cooking, sports, holiday greetings and all manner of discussion. Music by the incomparable Alicia Keys.

THE GREATEST LIVE ROCK AND ROLL ALBUMS EVER

Rolling Stone has a readers poll on the greatest live rock and roll albums of all time. The article is here. The list is as follows:

- 1) The Who "Live At Leeds"
- 2) Allman Brothers "Live at the Fillmore East"
- 3) Peter Frampton "Frampton Comes Alive"
- 4) Rolling Stones "Get Yer Ya Yas Out"
- 5) Kiss "Alive"
- 6) Deep Purple "Made In Japan"
- 7) Little Feat "Waiting For Columbus"
- 8) Nirvana "MTV Unplugged in New York"
- 9) The Band "The Last Waltz"
- 10) Bob Seger "Live Bullet"

I am kind of shocked, completely shocked, that I agree with most all of the list. It is really good. First off, and this is a positioning quibble, so not that important, but I think the Stones "Get Yer Ya Yas Out" is the greatest live rock and roll album ever, not the fourth best.

I would not have Frampton Comes Alive on my list. It was unquestionably one of, if not the, best selling and most popular live albums in history; but it was not musically that great of shakes. In its place I would unquestionably put "Full House" by the J. Geils Band (anybody who leaves this off of their list is either nuts or doesn't know the album).

Secondly, "Alive" by Kiss is actually pretty great in a way. But I would replace it with "Live At The Apollo" by James Brown. Other than that, Rolling Stone's list is darn good.

Here are five Honorable Mentions that are so good, it is a crime they are not listed:

Jefferson Airplane "Bless Its Pointed Little Head"
Bob Dylan "The Royal Albert Hall Concert"
Lou Reed "Rock and Roll Animal"
Derek And the Dominoes "In Concert"
Thin Lizzy "Live and Dangerous"

Well, those are my thoughts. What are yours?
This is a open for any purpose music discussion thread, just with emphasis on live rock.

"WITH A NECK LIKE A JOCKEY'S BOLLOCKS" TRASH TALK

Yeah, about the title. No, I am not quite sure what it means. Maybe Marcy and other sundry

mystery guests will be along to explain the damn thing.

What I can confirm is that it is unequivocally the single most awesome grouping of words I have seen in a very long time. So I am rolling with it baybee!

And, you know, leave it to the Irish, in this case Michael Higgins, who was not then, but is now, the President of Ireland. And, also, who is, by my marker, a man of and among men. I would quote Mr. Higgins more, but it would not do him justice. Watch the video.

Honestly, sincerely, really unequivocally, whatever the fuck, just listen to Michael Higgins eviscerate the American ethos. It is brutal and real.

Oh, before we go any further, I have a new chapeau. I will, and you can, thank the one and only, ever lovely, Phred for this wondrous occurrence.

Y'all have known I had an affinity for CHEESE since I was a child in elementary school. It was easy then, as there was no NFL team within hundreds of miles, and the one that was there was the Rams, and it was not all that compelling. No, the team of my youth and dreams was Lombardi's Packers. Fuck Dallas, Green Bay was, and is, the people's, and America's, team. Always has been. As the only team actually of the people, it must so be. Don't pitch that crap about teams that are corporately owned, or owned by narcissistic dicks like Jerry Jones.

Knowing my affinity for the once, always, and future real team of America – the ONLY publicly owned and locally controlled, NFL team, the Green Bay Packers, our friend Phred has blessedly provided me with an official CheeseHead. It arrived a couple of days ago, and is the most awesome thing I have been given in a LONG time.



So, I
raise
my
Ronnie
Raygun
like
head
to the
Great
Cheese
In The
Sky.

Back to Michael Higgins, necks and bollocks. Watch the video. Higgins correctly identifies the wankers in life, I love it and ratify his identification. Precisely.

Now, on to the sporting side of life. Well, normally, Marcy or I post up Trash Talk whenever we are so inclined. Sometimes, however, itinerant Roving Reporters, like Mademoiselle Rosalind, get all uppity in our grill and force us to Trash.

Oh my. The ignominy of it all.

So, without further adieu, we shall lead off with sailing. Yes, I know, this is all a bit discomfiting for the normal Trash Talk aficionados. Whatta ya gonna do Mofo? We support our own Roving Reporters here at EW. And, by the way, Rosalind ain't no idle Roving Reporter either. Nope. Rosalind Sails the Seven Seas. Or at least those off of ~~Oxnard~~ the Pacific shore. Close enough for rock and roll. Rosalind wants to jaw about the America's Cup process. Yes, yes, I was doubting at first too; but after watching her link, it is pretty awesome.

Okay, now that we have covered "Greatest Athletes of Sailing", let us move with all due haste to NASCAR.

Hahahahhahahaha, just kidding. I'm not going to lead, even secondarily, with media shills that go round in lefthanded circles as a profession. Won't do it. Can't do it. Not gonna do it. But, since the Formula One Circus is on it's mid-

season month long hiatus, there is no more Fast Trash worthy of discussion.

That means, as far as active professional sports, My Bloody Valentine in Beantown, Massachusetts is about the biggest story going. And a pretty ugly story it is. You would have thought that for all the money John Henry et al. spent, they could have bought some better Lackeys. But noooooooooo. Y'all got yer teams; bring it with your talk.

It is hard to bring myself to talk about pre-season NFL. In my world, the Cards are in mid-season suckology form (seriously, no Kurt Warner, no fucking go), Peyton may not be the Peyton of old, but watch out, the Donkos are coming. But, mostly in my world, there is CHEESE. Tell us what is up in your NFL world. Unless it is the Steelers (just kidding; am trying to draw out the elusive Scribe).

Okay, that leaves the Lance Armstrong mess. I came *very* close to ripping hard on Lance Armstrong last night when the news of the abandonment of his defense was announced.

I made argument to Dave Zirin of the Nation and TJ Quinn of ESPN that there was no way to believe Armstrong if, unlike Roger Clemens, Armstrong was not even willing to play out the string of his potential remedies (in the legal domain, this is termed "exhausting one's remedies") supporting his innocence.

I am glad, largely thanks to Zirin, I did not angrily post that last night or this morning; I have reconsidered, a bit, after longer contemplation. Not by a lot, but by enough to discuss. I STILL think if you truly believe in your innocence, and/or have the balls and money to do so, you never stop saying so and defending on that line. That way, it is *pack fair and square*, and nobody can say you weren't there to fight.

Don't kid yourself, there is a qualitative difference between Roger Clemens and Barry Bonds, and Lance Armstrong. Not only were there

no competent, legally admissible, positive tests for the former two (as there were none for Armstrong); there were, more importantly, and unlike with Armstrong, never, at any time, any teammates who inculpated them (and, no, sorry, Andy Pettitte did NOT do so for Clemens).

Armstrong may not have had positive lab tests, but there were a boatload of former teammates and cycling adjuncts that were ready to testify against him and that is pretty harsh as an evidentiary picture with a jury looming. What does it mean without a trial and cross-examination? I don't know for sure, and neither do you or anybody else, because the one person who squelched that knowledge was.....Lance Armstrong. And, yeah, that does mean something to anybody that is not an apologist.

The above having been said, it is hard to argue with Armstrong's posit that further contesting was a waste of time. The appearance is quite right that Travis Tygart and USADA had it out for Lance Armstrong and that the cause was lost, and the fix in, from the start.

The thing that sticks in my craw is, and I understand more than a little about litigation of parallel prosecution matters (remember, the Armstrong case WAS ginned up by the same ethically questionable Federal investigator, Jeff Novitzky, as plied the Bonds and Clemens cases). Anything with Jeff Novitzky involved should invite a LOT of questions, always. Jeff Novitzky is the worst kind of crusading federal menace, the out of control power mad special agent.

You have to wonder if there is not a good reason there were no meaningful convictions resulting from the Bonds, Clemens and Armstrong cases which were the linchpins of Novitzky's persecution. A persecution which originated with the overblown BALCO cases. There is left, in the wake, a legacy of leveraged persecution and failed prosecution; the common thread of which is Jeff Novitzky. There may be something to be drawn there.

But that is what we have now. When Jeff Novitzky and the DOJ cannot get a head on a criminal stick like Roger Clemens or Lance Armstrong, they show their pettiness, in this case Novitzsky, by moving to prosecution against Armstrong by authorities without such due process niceties as actual proof beyond a reasonable doubt. The USADA, was a perfect vehicle to gut shoot and eviscerate Armstrong. Make no mistake, if Novitzky could have done that to Bonds and Clemens, he would have. It is not right.

All of the above having been stated, upon information and/or belief, it is still depressing, and instructive, that Armstrong chose to not exhaust his remedies and play out the legal string. And, again as someone who has seen the devastating and wrong results that can occur from ultra-aggressive parallel prosecutions, such as we have just seen from Novitzky, DOJ and USADA, there can be a point to where it is no longer viable to fight in the face of the onslaught.

I see no reason that Lance Armstrong is wrong in that assessment here; however, his legal team had already worked up the defense. There would NOT have been all that much more legal expense necessary to expend to play out the string.

There was, however, a LOT of embarrassment in the form of ten or more former teammates and/or doctors formally testifying against him. That would have been even more devastating to Lance Armstrong, Inc. And that is why Lance pulled the escape hatch lever when and where he did. You cannot blame him, but you sure as hell cannot exculpate him, it is an effective legal admission.

By doing as he did, Lance Armstrong has insured that he will remain a duality in the sporting conscience – both the persecuted innocent and the epitome of cowardly guilty – both at the same time. Curiously, I kind of bite off on both as being valid. Neither may be individually right; neither will likely ever be proven wrong.

So be it, and let the record so, conflictingly, reflect. The one thing you will never take away from Armstrong is what he has done to fight cancer. That sticks, and this may have been the best path for Armstrong to continue his work. If so, then it was a fair call for him to make.

Well folks, that is Trash for today. I am sure there is more (hey, if ya got some Little League world Series shit, bring it). Maybe you are in to polo, water polo or, ugh, soccer; whatever, if you want to yammer, this is your forum.

Rip This Fucking Joint!! (Oh, hey, is Bobby Keys one badass blowing bitch on the sax or what??)

HOCKENHEIM, HIGHWAY STARS & AURORA

It is time for the *Formula 1 Grosser Preis Santander Von Deutschland 2012*. There is that.

Then there is the fact Jon Lord has died. If you do not know Jon Lord, he was a founding member of, and keyboard player for, Deep Purple. One of the more underrated keyboard players, and bands, of all time (by my book anyway). RIP

And, indescribably, twelve more souls died in Aurora, with scores more injured gravely. I would love to say something pithy, profound and appropriate. However, I have no clue what that would be.

A lot of other stuff has also transpired demanding extreme talking of the trash. The video embedded to the upper right is custom made by my daughter, Jenna, and I, from CGI runs of the Hockenheimring set to the sounds of the timeless Deep Purple classic *Highway Star*. All for this F1 Trash and wake for the Lord thread. Okay, mostly her work, but she swears even I can be taught the necessary skills. We'll see about

that. With no further adieu....

Let's roll.

We are in the summer doldrums. No football. No basketball. Do they even play hockey in the States? I forget. I understand there is some kind of athletic contest coming up across teh pond. In a move that may well INCREASE the safety of one and all, in Olympic Village and the world over, actual stiff British upper lip troops will be filling in for corrupt, fraudulent and incompetent G4 Mercenary Contractors.

Other than that, there is the start of the second half of the baseball season and.....Formula One! This week is the German Grand Prix at Hockenheim.

Uh, BREAKING NEWS: My TeeVee just told me:

“For years people have been working to perfect the margarita. At last, the wait is over. Introducing Bud Light Lime Margaritas. The ready to drink margarita. With the refreshing twist of Bud Light Lime.”

While I had heard of Bud Light Lime before, from Uncle Stanley McChrystal, this is something NEW and, apparently, wonderful. Or, you know, not.

At any rate, qualifying is about to go off at the German Grand Prix. Hockenheimring is a relatively flat, and traditionally very fast circuit. The video really gives a good feel for it. Although shorter than originally laid out to be, it is still nearly three miles long and presents numerous opportunities for overtaking.

At practice, the rain spoiled the fun, and especially so for the German favorite, Michael Schumacher. The Mercedes team may be further plagued by a five place penalty on the grid due to a gearbox change in Nico Rosberg's equipment. Things were brighter, however, for McLaren, who saw Jenson Button be fast with Lewis Hamilton close behind.

The skies do not look to clear for Saturday's qualifying, but the rain may hold off. [Quick addendum: watching Q3 now and the track is soaking wet. Both Alonso and Schumacher are radioing that it needs to be stopped, but the stewards do not appear so inclined. The ability of these drivers to keep their cars on the track in these conditions is simply stunning] Race day will be a crapshoot though. Updates after qualifying will be in comments below.

Which brings us to Aurora. I was still up early Friday morning when the first word of the tragedy started coming in. I thought about posting something, but was so numb there was just nothing to say. Not sure much has changed in that regard. The root facts are on the usual relentless babble stream of cable news etc. and I have not even checked in in a bit to see the latest. The one take that really stuck out to me was by David Sirota, who lives literally right by the scene in suburban Denver:

Confronting that question, of course, is mind-bending and painful – in the age of “War on Terror” agitprop that purposely defines terrorism in one specific, narrow and politically convenient way, it’s akin to the cognitive difficulty of pondering the size of the universe ... or, perhaps, death itself. It takes us out of our comfort zone and forces us to consider the causes of all kinds of extremism and violence – not just the foreign Islamic kind that we so flippantly write off as alien. Indeed, at a time when so many bloodlusting Americans cheer on our government proudly assassinating the imams who allegedly inspire Muslim terrorism, a shooting like this (if, indeed, it had nothing to do with Islamic extremism) begs us to wonder why we don’t feel similarly bellicose or enraged at the inspirations fueling so many other forms of terrorism – whatever those inspirations may be.

These contradictions and omissions, of course, are why such a question will almost certainly be ignored in the now-practiced kabuki theater of horror porn – the kind where vote-seeking politicians issue meaningless platitudes, ratings-stalking reporters breathlessly recount the gory details and attention-starved pundits preen in front of cameras to prognosticate about the electoral implications of mass murder in a presidential swing state. Carefully avoiding the T-word, it is a conspiracy of distraction and reduction, playing to our reflexive desire for soothing diversions and simple answers. The conspirators expect that when the cameras eventually pan away from the cataclysm, we will slip back into hyper-sleep for another few weeks, until the next massacre hits, and then the cycle will begin anew.

Yep. About right.

There may not be much front line sports on this weekend, but there is certainly a lot to talk about. What have you all been up to? What is on your mind? Let's talk.

DALLAS TRASH TALK

That's right mofo's, we gots us a full on food fight here on the Emptywheel blog.

What's it all about? Well, when you get down to it, it is ALL about Dallas.

No, I am not talking about J.R. Ewing (and who shot him – psssst it was Bing Crosby's daughter), Bobby Ewing, Sue Ellen, Pamela, Christopher or John Ross. No, I am not talking about *that* Dallas. Although, I would like to

note, the New Dallas premieres on TNT channel on June 13th and, all things considered, it looks very appropriately oily and greasy just like the original Dallas. And, I have to confess, I *loved* the original Dallas. In fact, my roommates and I had the most awesome tux & tails "Who Shot JR" party you can imagine when I was in graduate school in Boulder. It was a certified event in the Boulder social scene of the day. The trailer for the New Dallas is to the right. Get used to it, there is likely to be more of this!



But that is NOT the Dallas I am talking about here today. Oh no. No, the Dallas I am talking about here and today is Dallas Escobedo. Most awesome champion pitcher for the Arizona State University Lady Sun Devils.

That would be the Defending NCAA Champion ASU Sun Devils. Thank you very much.

And, as luck would have it, Dallas and the Devils are back in the hunt for the 2012 College Softball World Series. Tonight they play their first 2012 Super Regional game against Louisiana Lafayette at – oh wait – that would at Alberta B. Farrington Stadium; conveniently the home of the Lady Sun Devils!

So what about the Emptywheel blog food fight?? Oh, well, you see we now have this SEC interloper guy, Jim White. Honestly, it was distressing enough that I had to share time with an itinerant Big-10, Big-10.2, Big-10.2.5 – hell whatever – woman, but now the Gators are representing?? Well, I just don't know anymore.

If you are from Alabama, do NOT troll this post! You see, the Crimson Tide (another criminal SEC

team!) is, as we speak, playing the Michigan Wolverweenies in another Super-Regional. This is REALLY painful for me. Go Big Blue!

This post will keep reappearing on top of things so long as the Real Dallas, Escobedo edition, and the Lady Devils keep winning. ASU Baybeeee!

FEINGOLD FOR GOVERNOR: SCOTT WALKER & WI GOP'S WAR ON GOOD BEER

Scott Walker and the Wisconsin Republicans are declaring war on quality craft beer, and that is why I am supporting Russ Feingold in a recall election against Walker, and you should too.