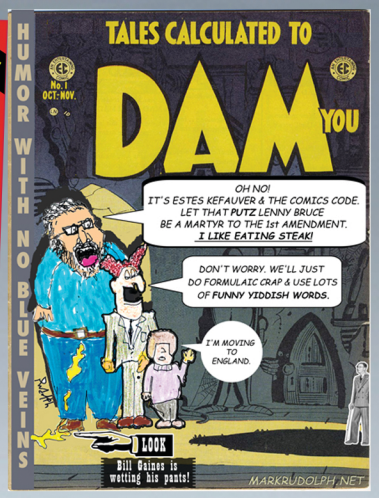
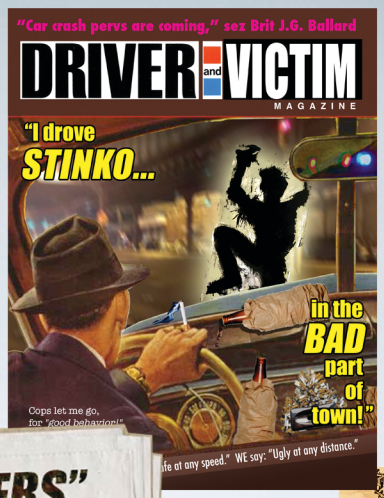
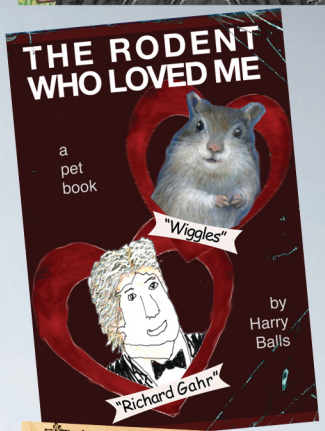
MARK LINZEE RUDOLPH

COVERS







MarkRudolph.Net

COVERS

written and designed by

MARK LINZEE RUDOLPH

Paris Match 1788/ Mad Magazine First Cover/ Swingers of NYC by Spammers of China/ Driver & Victim Magazine/ Econo-Beat Magazine/ Whiney Half-Billionare Magazine/ Boring Baseball/ Sigmund Freud's Car/ Bunker Mentality Cartoon/ Slums of Capitol Hill/ ©2018

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"Mark Linzee Rudolph"

Mark Linzee Rudolph studied fiction with Stanley Elkin while attending Washington University in St. Louis before receiving a B.A. from New York University in film and television. He produced the television series WFMU-TV, and his video work has appeared on MTV, Bravo, and the Independent Film Channel. He lives in New York City.

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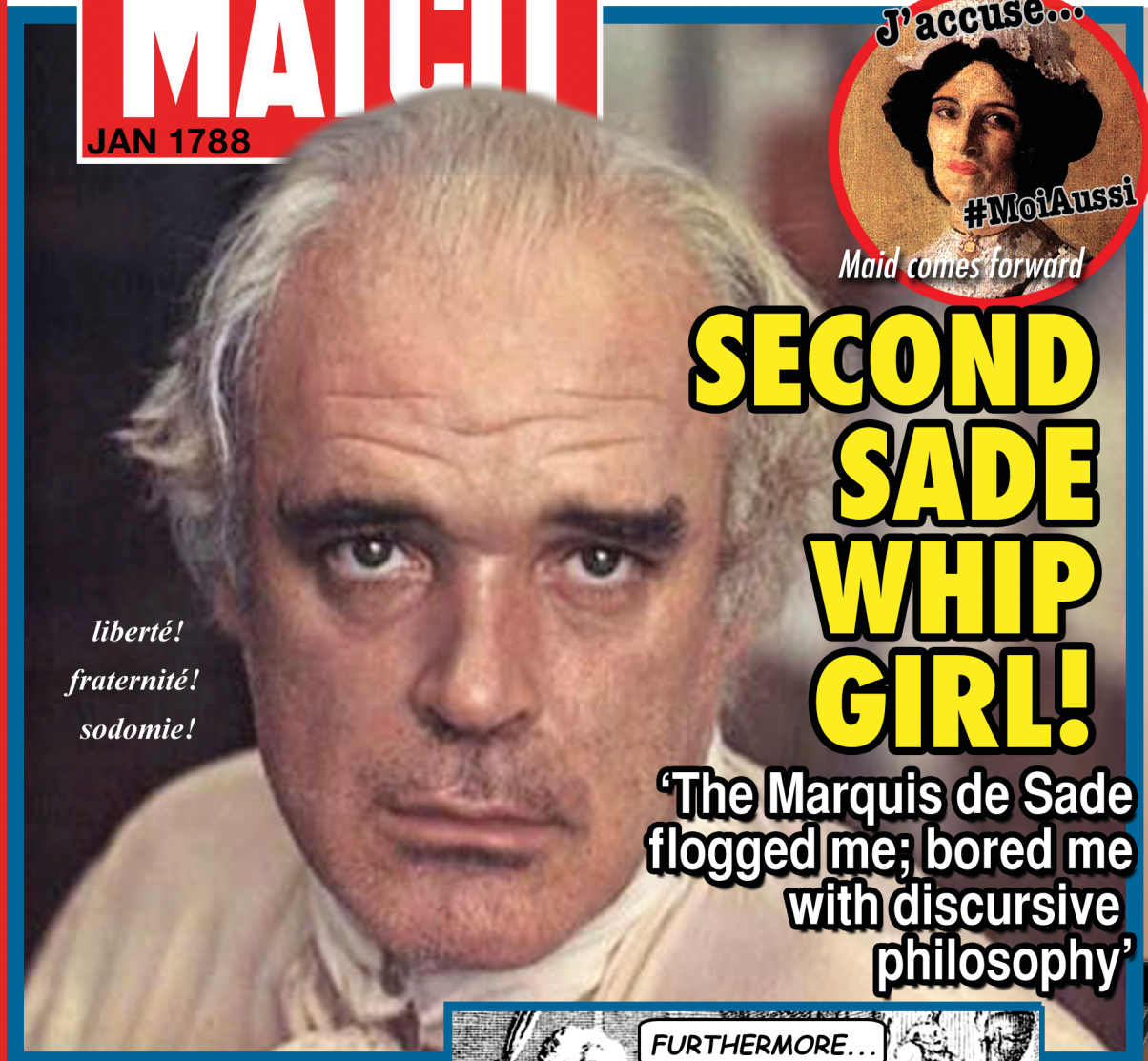
PARIS MATCH

JAN 1788

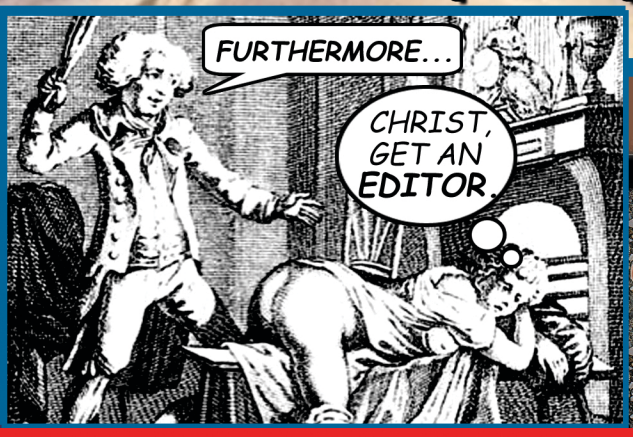


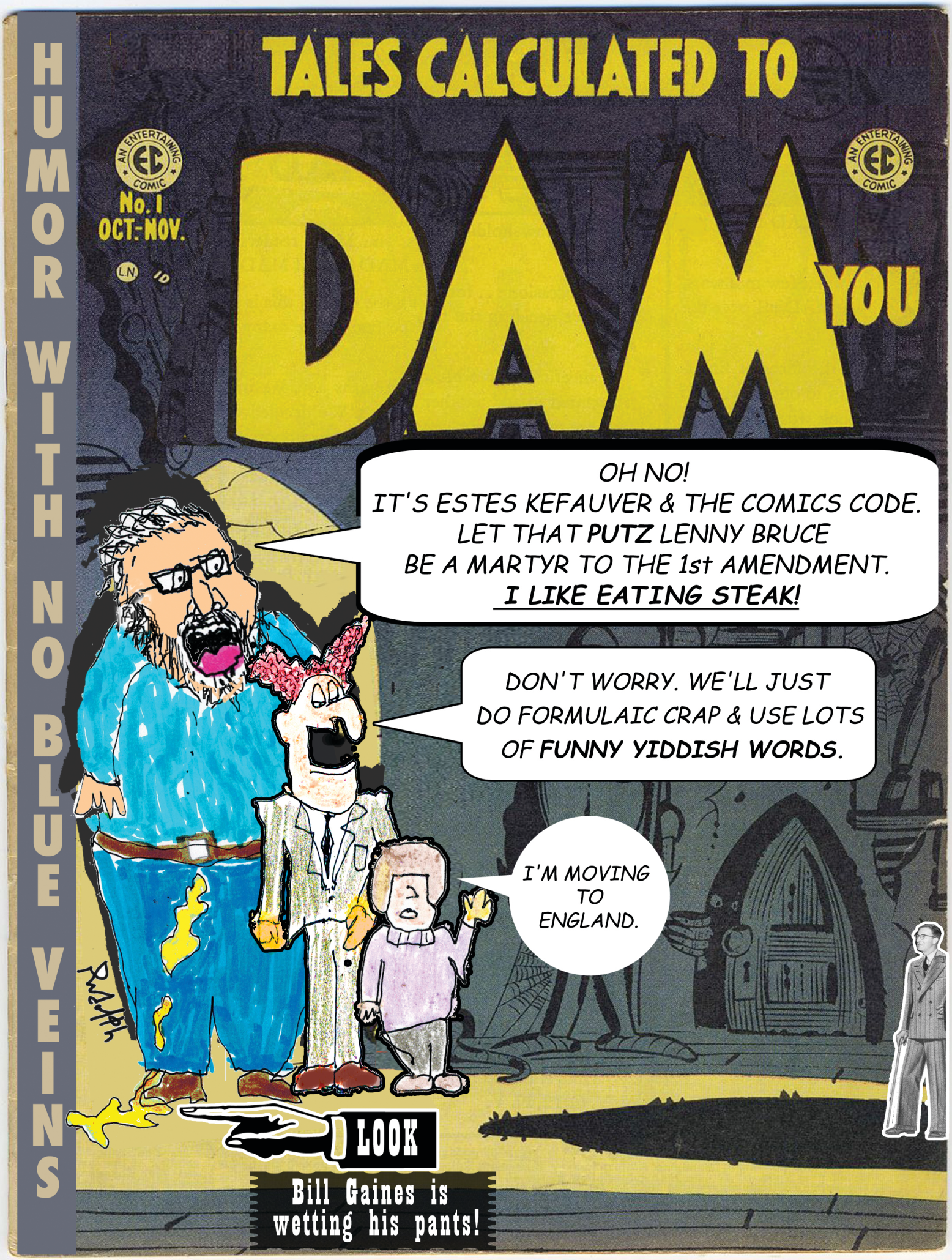
SECOND SADE WHIP GIRL!

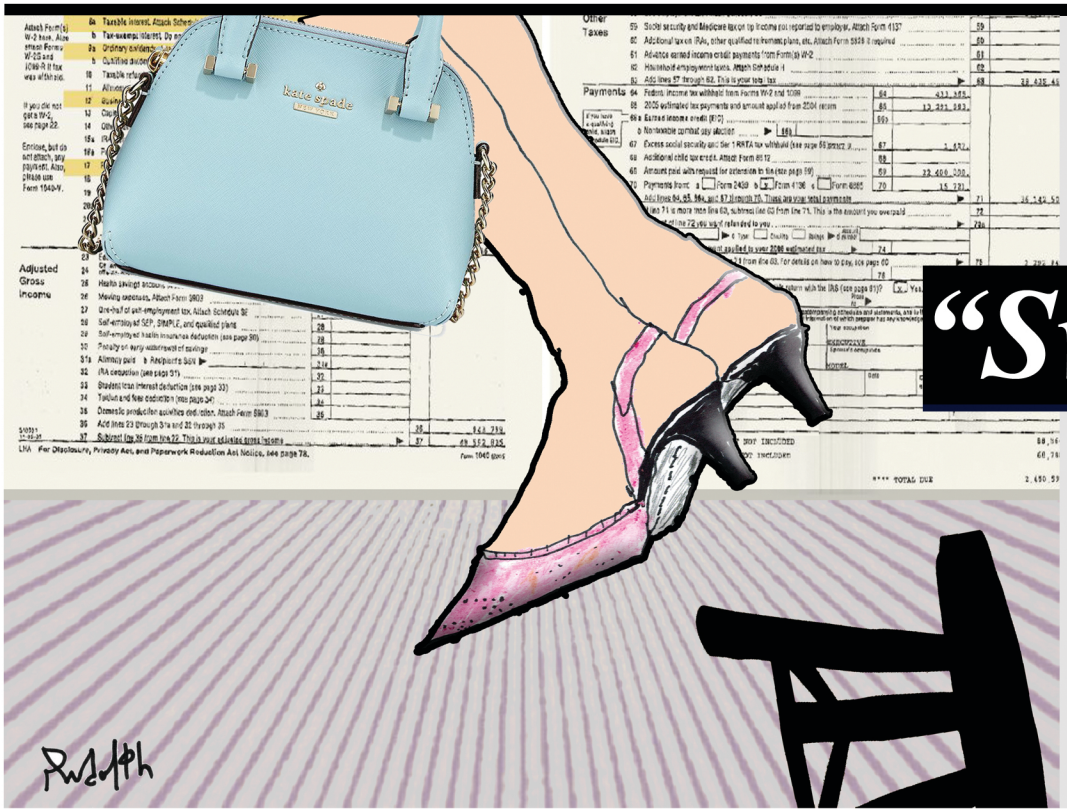
'The Marquis de Sade flogged me; bored me with discursive philosophy'

Jacobins Flood Paris with PORN

How to BEAT the high price of bread




HUMOR WITH NO BLUE VEINS
TALES CALCULATED TO
DAM YOU
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
No. 1
OCT.-NOV.
LN 10
OH NO!
IT'S ESTES KEFAUVER & THE COMICS CODE.
LET THAT PUTZ LENNY BRUCE
BE A MARTYR TO THE 1st AMENDMENT.
I LIKE EATING STEAK!
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL JUST
DO FORMULAIC CRAP & USE LOTS
OF FUNNY YIDDISH WORDS.
I'M MOVING
TO
ENGLAND.
LOOK
Bill Gaines is
wetting his pants!



Right of the copy: Xinhua free from freedom press Translate for the of the English is here:

O USA! O New Yorkers! Life so rich nonexistence biggest luxury of them all! Buy **KATE SPADE** handbags at discount price her work was done and she walked into scarf and fell dead. High thread count scarf and skinny body important key to action death on tight schedule. Type of the A's get the job done! Get child off to school, and die quick before maid show up! She got more done by 10AM than snoozers & losers!

Anthony Bourdain, taster of food for Cable News When News Not On Show tasted it all and wiped final face. French philosophers so silly, "Life exist then not exist so what point anyway?" Vassar man say, "It's a lot to wrap your head around," we'll say that again!

Tony went to parts unknown with high thread count bathrobe belt. Punk orchestra Iggy & The Stooges sang “no fun to be alive” but stooge is silly person point missed much?

RAW SILK SCARF from **LILY SILK** has strongest 40 mm “momme” count. High momme count best choice for suicide mommy **KATE SPADE.**

Much paradox puzzle! *Must eat healthy exercise at gym so I so skinny can hang by 40 mm silk scarf from doorknob no less.* In riddle to daughter KATE SPADE questioned, “Go ask daddy & his young new girlfriend for explanation why Mommy no longer breathing?” That is a paradox aggressive of passive epistle! Some say she sold company too soon and was sad to be mere double digit millionaire, but also it means shoppers can buy KATE SPADE so cheap online now that brand cheerleader has expired.

TONY BOURDAIN DRESSES “DOWN’ IN BOCA TERRY ROBE?

Looking for bathrobe that really “hangs in there?” BOCA TERRY is brand that won’t let you down! Caution, high thread count alone won’t do the job if company uses cheap cotton. In contrast BOCA TERRY uses “combed cotton” perfect match for Anthony Bourdain hairdo. 100% combed cotton terry strong enough for big tall man!

SWINGIN’ SADDAM:

Is that a big knot you have there or are you just unhappy to shi'a?

Remember Saddam Hussein? His noose was big as truck tire! Of course even BOCA TERRY won’t break neck for quick death good thing Tony quit smoking so he could asphyxiate smoothly!

So lecture us more you American persons about this freedom that is so free you have so much free time to conclude life is silly and look for high thread count creative noose solution. Even Milton Friedman said freedom is about buying things and not your silly democracy thought so free to ponder the being and the nothingness. We say work and shop for discounted luxury fashion goods online KATE SPADE & BOCA TERRY & LILY SILK at cheap price and then work more and more. No time to mope. You call our dear leader for life President Xi Jinping “dictator” then you order your own execution by high thread count noose that make no sense? (Side note: can we use your bodies for “Bodies” exhibition?)

Look to us like American dream: die in expensive place using luxury products O beautiful jump off purple mountain plains? If someone you know is thinking of harming themselves, then take them shopping! What you stupid?

"Car crash pervs are coming," sez Brit J.G. Ballard

DRIVER and VICTIM

MAGAZINE

Nerd Ralph Nadar: "Unsafe at any speed." WE say: "Ugly at any distance."

DRIVER and VICTIM MAGAZINE

Our wry columnists don't want YOU to drink & drive!

Jean Shepherd

As our deposed King Dick used to say, "let me make one thing perfectly clear:" I ABHOR drunk driving. These are other things I abhor: National Socialism. World wars. Serial killers. Tooth decay. Some call me a *wild boar* of a man. Some of my listeners consider me to be *a bore*. You might say I abhor much more than the average fellow.

Having said that, there are two events in a young American man's life that he never forgets: losing his virginity and finding himself behind the wheel, completely sloshed.

When The Old Man had a particularly rough day, he'd shout, "Bartender, better make that a double!" Ah yes, "The Double," that mysterious scientific elixir. What exactly was being "doubled?" It could have been gasoline, for all I knew.

The day I turned 18, I bellied up to the bar and requested the cryptic Double. After a few, I hopped into the Packard Brown Bomber, loose as a goose and ready for fun…(Continued P. 97)

Brock Yates

It looks like the **Safety Nazis** are back at it again. Not only are they demanding airbags in the front, but ALSO on the sides.

The last time I was enveloped in so many fleshy sacks, I was in my mother's womb, and my shrink tells me it was NOT a pleasant experience. Here's my advice to the Safety Nazis: why don't you just suture up all moms in their third trimester? Just leave us in vivo where we can never experience the danger of sharp objects, scalding water, or cold metal?

Just a reminder, my annual **White Privilege Cannonball Run** will be starting April 25 here at Driver & Victim headquarters at 437 Mad Ave.

Coast to coast, we'll be evading speed traps, exceeding the speed limit by a country mile, drinking like fishes and generally behaving like asses—all while flashing our untanned pale flesh like a license to thrill!

Patrick Bedard

"Those who can't, teach." And those who can't race cars write for **Driver & Victim** magazine. I've heard all of the insults. When I decided to race at the Indy 500, I was met with opprobrium from unlettered race drivers who stuck their illiterate tongues out at me.

"Hey egghead, go back to Madison Avenue, make six figures, and let the *real men* get more pins in their legs than a voodoo doll!"

"Hey Joe College, your biggest concern is a split infinitive. Our biggest concern is a split skull!."

And the cruelest thrust of all, "I've seen GIRLS who can drive better than you can!"

MYTH: "All Patrick Bedard did at the Indianapolis 500 was crash." Not true! See below.

1984 Crash
1983 Crash
1982 Did NOT ~~qualify~~ crash!
1981 Did NOT ~~qualify~~ crash!

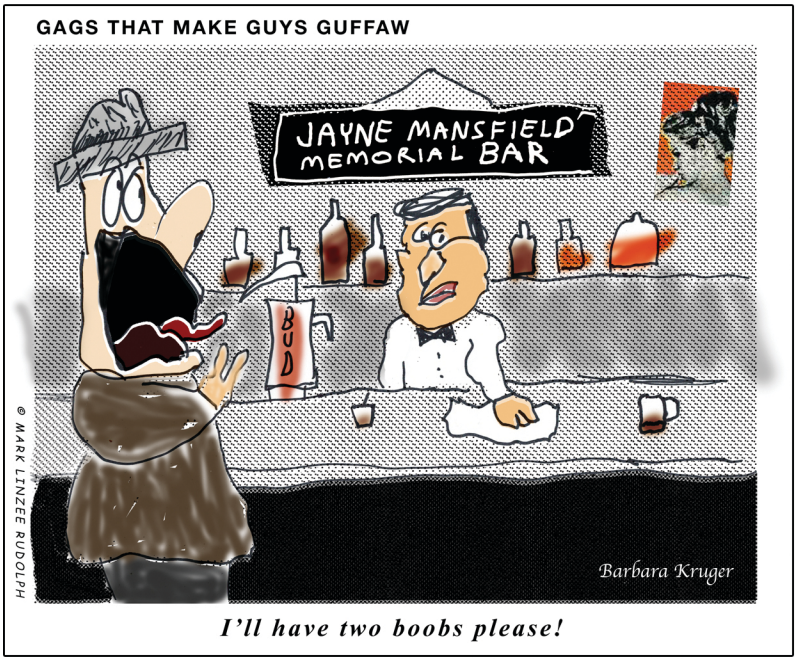
Dick Sweat

The great rhetorical relativist, Mississippi Judge Noah S. "Soggy" Sweat Jr. proclaimed, "*If by whiskey,* you mean the devil's brew, I am against it. *If by whiskey,* you mean the oil of pleasant conversation and Christmas cheer, then I am for it!"

In that spirit, I say, "IF by "drunk driving," you mean the joy of taking a free ride on the open road, then I am….(Continued on P. 136)

Safety Last

In 1967, a chain car collision in Louisiana would impact traffic safety rules. A pink Cadillac under rode a tractor-trailer and crashed. Tragically, a lap dog was killed.
Also killed was Jayne Mansfield, an actress with large breasts. The public was shocked and alerted to the danger of cars crashing under trucks. The feeling was, *If Jayne Mansfield's huge boobs couldn't cushion the force of a collision, what hope is there for the rest of us?*



The Highway Traffic Safety Administration mandated that semi truck trailers be outfitted with a rear under-ride bar. This bar became forever known as "The Jayne Mansfield Bar" (and what have you ever done with your life, Chum? 'Got any safety bars named after you?).

After World War II, Detroit's safety strategy was simple: *Make sure you can kill the other guy with your big-assed car.* In 1965 Ralph Nader published "Unsafe at Any Speed." The auto manufacturers responded with a then-standard reply:

"This is a Communist plot to destroy America."

Sammy Hagar is cited for a moving fashion violation.

An American poet named Sammy Hagar wrote a passionate song titled **I Can't Drive 55!** Ironically released in 1984, Mr. Hagar warns of the Orwellian oppression of lowered speed limits. In his poem, he clearly believes his precious time to be a valuable commodity! He laments, *What used to take two hours now takes all day/ Huh, it took me 16 hours to get to L.A.*

Unsurprisingly, Mr. Hagar was not rushing back to Cedars-Sinai to conduct a heart transplant; instead, he was racing to S.I.R. studios to practice more of his pig-squealing guitar solos. From his bucket seat, the libertarian laments, *Write me up for 125/Post my face wanted dead or alive/Take my license, all that jive/ I CAN'T DRIVE 55!*

Jive!

If Samuel Roy Hagar cannot cruise a highway at 125 mph, what is next? Will he be forced to wear underwear beneath his spandex? Will his chain of casino eateries be audited?

In the music video, Hagar is clad in a yellow racing onesy (to provide easier I.D. after dissolving into a tree at 125 mph?). He leaves the freedom of a racing track for the madding crowd of metro L.A.—depression and slow driving ensue.

The Federal highway speed limit was implemented during the oil shocks of the 70's in an attempt to save fuel. To put it mildly, this was unpopular. In America, "sacrifice" is something that is barely tolerated at a baseball game.

In the '60's, Detroit continued to pander to masculine fantasies of speed racing and middle-class aspirations of riding in an Americanized limousine or a boat-on-wheels with "road-hugging weight."

Not many were expecting the "energy crises," save a Texas geologist named King Hubbert. In 1956, Hubbert predicted that by 1970 the U.S. would become a net importer of oil, and not a producer. He was right. This became known as Hubbert's Peak.

The nominal price of gas quickly doubled. This was as if the cargo cult had stopped hearing the buzz of propellers. Rationing was implemented. Folks who had lived through the Great Depression had PTSD flashbacks: "Here we go again!"

Ultimately, the Oil Crises was not caused by "guns and butter," the Arabs, labor unions, too many people working and buying consumer products—nor was it helped by Milton Friedman's crackpot theories about shrinking the money supply and jacking up interest rates to 21% to "soak up" inflation.

Inflation in the 1970's was caused by more demand for oil in the world than there was supply. Investment money was diverted into drilling. Supply exceeded demand in 1982, and the economy boomed.

Conveniently for the auto industry, the crises allowed them to put off many safety features. In the U.S., airbags did not become mandatory until 1998.

Freud's death drive,

even when it is upholstered in Corinthian leather and accessorized with bucket seats,

remains a death drive.

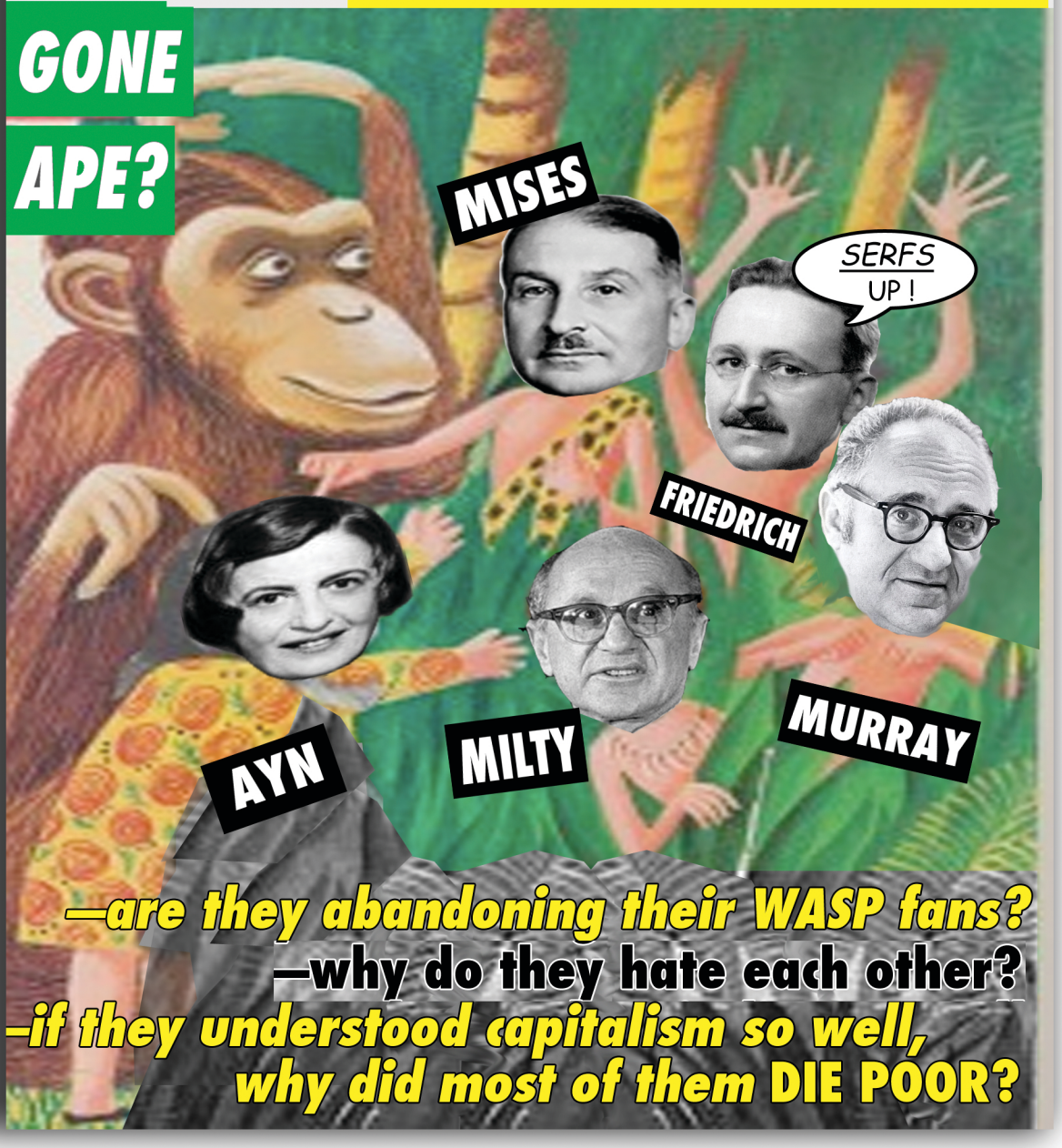
And thus the 1970s and '80s were one endless crane shot from Godard's *Weekend.* The forklifts and the Cats claimed the remains of the Gremlins, the Pacers, the VW Things, the rusted Vegas and the exploded Pintos. The whole production line of Eros and Thanatos. The elderly died in their LTD Broughams and their **FORD FAIRMONT FUTURAS!** The Buick LeSabres were covered with the sweat of a rising interest rate spiral. *Workin' at the car wash!*

Unlike Lourdes, we could not wash off the pigeon dung of economic malaise. Planned obsolescence, planned rather too well. The madhouse of hubris and going along to get along. Feel the steel, not an airbag. On warm. Leatherette.

THE NEOLIBERAL ECONOMISTS

have these Social Darwinists GONE APE?

ECONO-beat MAGAZINE



—are they abandoning their WASP fans?
—why do they hate each other?
–if they understood capitalism so well, why did most of them DIE POOR?

THE ROAD TO SURF 'N TURF?

Are Milton & Friedrich going SOFT ON POVERTY?

Why are these Libertarians proposing a guaranteed minimum income?

First, Dylan went electric, then the Fab Four broke up, and now THIS? Friedrich Hayek was so BIG AND TOUGH when he supported dictatorial powers for Pinochet. Puritans cheered when Milton Friedman exclaimed, "There is no such thing as a free lunch." But now the road to serfdom has become a free line to the Surf and Turf Buffet!

What is it with these eggheads when they go soft-boiled? Now they claim the poor are "just a technical problem" and we need to balance "the demand side of the equation." So much for working your keister off to please the Puritan God; now we must show our devotion by shopping for stuff!

We expected such shenanigans from Friedman (Keynes' biggest secret admirer), but Hayek, *Et Tu?* We at ECONO-BEAT are confused. First we suspected that gold standard economists are just SECRET COMMIES who want to make everyone poor, then these not-so-crypto-Keynesians go squishy on Max Weber's thrifty Protestant work ethic.

We're beginning to think economics is just like sexology: study it too much and you become a perv. A BIG PINK PERV!

Perhaps they've been watching too many episodes of *Good Times*, because now they think Universal Basic Income is DYN-O-MITE!

ECONO-beat *THE TWILIGHT OF **YOUR** IDOLS*

why are AYN RAND and FRIEDRICH HAYEK shopping for GOVERNMENT CHEESE ?

So imagine ECONO-BEAT'S surprise when we spied Ayn & Fried at the GOVERNMENT CHEESE SHOP! Ayn was shopping for some Social Security and probably Medicare so she could fight cancer with a checkup and a check from John Q. Public. Meanwhile Friedrich, who already pigs out on free gallbladder surgery in Austria, was scared to come to America and face the private health system that he so passionately advocates.

"No problem" said billionaire lucky-sperm Charles Koch. "We believe it is so crucial that you attend our right-wing conference that we will take about 20 seconds of our oil well revenues to privately guarantee your health care in America."

Just kidding; instead, Koch told Hayek, "you're entitled to Medicare, go sign up for it!"

" The advocates and supporters of the welfare state are morally guilty of robbing their opponents," wrote Ayn Rand in June of 1966. Friedrich Hayek believed that welfare state policies would put a country on "the road to serfdom."

Tough talk indeed!

Institute for Humane Studies

1134 Crane Street, Menlo Park, California 94025
Telephone (415) 323-2464

CHARLES G. KOCH, *President*

August 10, 1973

Professor F. A. Hayek

in this country. Since you have paid into the United States Social Security Program for a full forty quarters, you are entitled to Social Security payments while living anywhere in the Free World. Also, at any time you are in the United States, you are automatically entitled to hospital coverage. In order to be eligible for medical

THE RICH CRY ALSO, IN BUCKETS!

WHINEY

half-

BILLIONAIRE

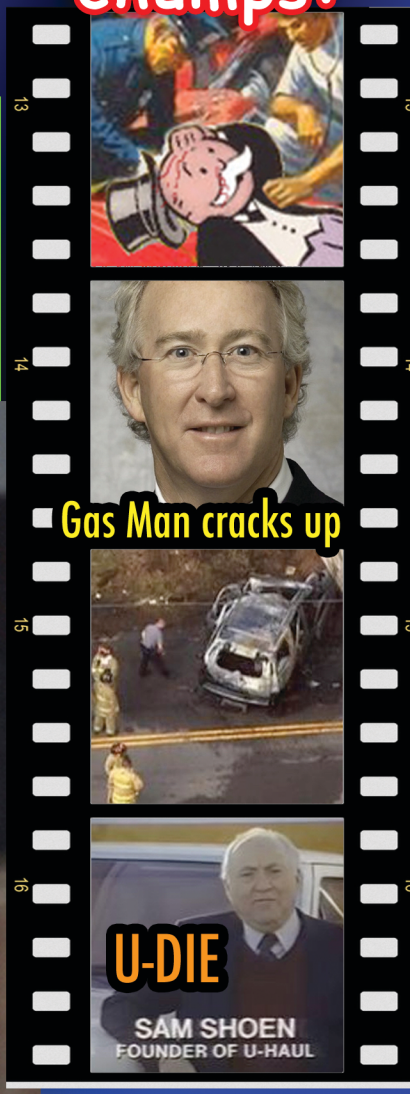
magazine

Trump Sec secret

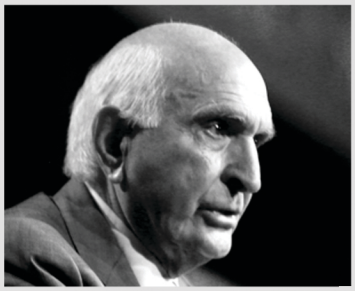
WILBUR ROSS

Make half a bill, STEAL half a bill

Suicide chumps:



EVIL TWINS?

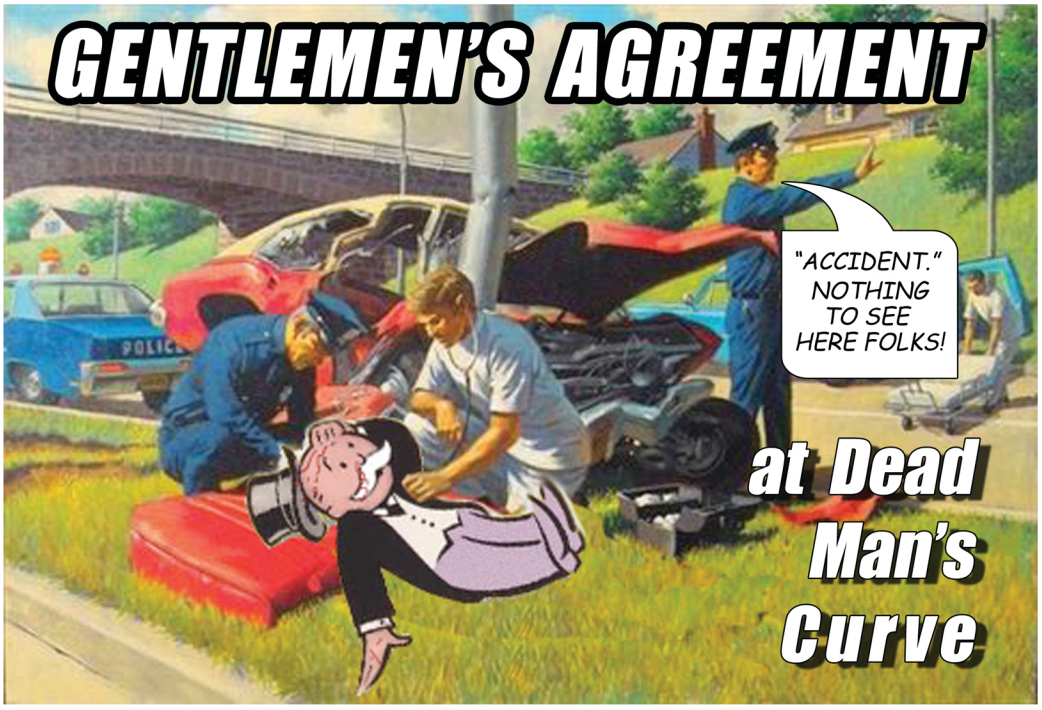


Home Depot Founder **KEN LANGOINE**

PENGUIN

PLASTIC SURGERY ADDICTS

Mnuchin, Mnuteeth, Mnulips, Mnucheeks...



Not many of the 1% commit suicide. Sure, a hundred years ago moguls like C.W. Post and George Eastman chose to eat lead rather than waste away in pain like a commoner. ("My work is done. Why wait?" was Eastman's laconic, nearly ad-copy suicide note.) Shame as a motivating force for suicide is *strictly* for the riffraff these days, but what about violent, passive-aggressive hostility? Two notable publicly traded companies, U-HAUL and Chesapeake energy, had CEO's who committed suicide by car crash.

U-HAUL

U-Haul is a venerable name in van leasing and storage. It is so famous it is the punchline to the joke, "What does a lesbian bring on the second date?" It is the sort of brand that Warren Buffet would buy and run like a real company; however, U-Haul has always traded at a discounted multiple compared to its peers. The reason is simple: you have to factor in the batshit, lawsuit crazy, fist fighting family that owns the controlling stake. Murder, suicide, and mayhem have dominated news coverage for a quarter century, leaving shareholder value in the back seat.

The family patriarch L.S. Shoen started U-Haul in 1945 with a $5000 loan and built the moving company into an iconic (albeit erratic) brand name. Multiple marriages produced 13 children. The third child, Joe, would later maneuver to wrestle a majority stake away from his father. Joe even canceled his father's health and retirement benefits. In 1999, L.S. Shoen drove his car at 80 miles per hour into a utility pole in Las Vegas. The coroner ruled the death a suicide.

So–an open and shut case? Ungrateful son steals company from under the father who built it from nothing; heartbroken father commits suicide. The end?

Not so fast.

Mark Shoen, in a 1994 Phoenix New Times article, stated: "People have to understand that L.S. Shoen is not a storybook father. He has a lot of personal demons of his own." Other statements from dissident family members intimated that L.S. more resembled Noah Cross, the villain from the film *Chinatown* who engaged in unspeakable acts. Where the truth lies, who knows? From the time L.S. retired in 1986, this extended Eugene O'Neil drama included: dozens of lawsuits; a suspicious murder of L.S.'s favorite daughter in law; accusations from the L.S. loyalists that Joe and others had conspired to murder the woman (an unrelated serial rapist later confessed to the crime); brothers fist fighting each other in boardroom meetings; and the senior Shoen's final, "fuck-you cruel world" goodbye.

In 2012 U-Haul's parent company reassured Wall Street, in effect saying, *from now on the family is not going to sue, assault or kill each other!* Low bar, but the stock rose over 400% in the ensuing years. Lately, the stock has based as investors wait for Joe Shoen to learn different management skills other than controlling his anger.

CHESAPEAKE ENERGY

In contrast to the self-made L.S. Shoen, Aubrey McClendon was born with a silver dipstick in his mouth. McClendon descended from Oklahoma's Kerr-Magee fortune. At Duke University, McClendon *minored* in accounting and majored in history, with a special interest in what is euphemistically known to neo-confederates as "the war of northern aggression." Perhaps the degenerate gambler dreamed that if he could corner the natural gas market, he could resurrect the Confederacy?

In 1989, McClendon and a frat buddy founded Chesapeake Energy. Aubrey was able to transform the publicly traded company into his own compulsive gambling enabler. When the stock market tanked in 2008, McClendon received a margin call on an astounding 31 million shares. He had personally borrowed 1.1 billion dollars on margin so that he could compulsively buy yet more drilling leases for himself. The easy-peasy board of directors rewarded McClendon's recklessness that year with salary compensation of 112 million dollars.

McClendon's investing "strategy" was simple: *One day the world is going to want much more natural gas, so I will beg, borrow and steal as many drilling leases as possible and one day it will pay off.* (At one point around 2010, McClendon was the largest landowner in the United States.) McClendon was a "visionary" in the same way as Harvey Keitel's cracked-out compulsive gambling character in *The Bad Lieutenant* was a "visionary" in that one day the Dodgers would win a ball game.

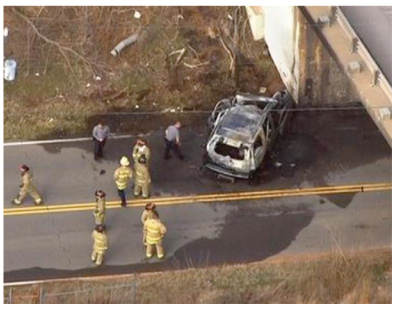
What's driving the rich into a wall?

BOO

Aubrey McClendon
The late Chesapeake Energy CEO and J.G. Ballard enthusiast.

McClendon's car
Inspector Grease Palm declared this scene an accident.

Obviously.



HOO

HOO

L.S. SHOEN

In the next life, get a vasectomy.

continued

Even the sycophantical board of directors got fed up with McClendon's "vision" and in 2013 removed him as CEO (but kept him on the board). On March 16, 2016, McClendon was indicted by a federal grand jury for rigging the bids on drilling leases in Oklahoma. McClendon, through his lawyer, whined that he was being picked on, basically expressing, *everybody else does it. Why me, God?*

The very next morning, instead of nailing himself to a cross, the whiney (ex?) billionaire drove a Chevy Tahoe *sans* seatbelt and accelerated it to 88 MPH, driving straight into a concrete viaduct. Instead of "Atlas Shrugged," investors shrugged off Atlas. Chesapeake stock rose as much as 100% in the weeks that followed. Investors were relieved that a crazed gambler was finally out of the picture. Incredibly, the Oklahoma City coroner ruled the crash an "accident." The gentlemen's agreement held.

You may have gotten the impression from too many viewings of *Double Indemnity* that Life Insurance companies do not pay out in the event of suicide. This is not necessarily true. Insurance policies vary by state, and many of them will pay out if you can wait two years before snuffing it. Other state laws are worded in a way that suggests, *Hey, if your family can hire the right lawyers, they can collect on even a temporary life insurance policy*. The McClendon family has so far suppressed information on whether there was a life insurance policy. It's hard to know what would be more embarrassing at this point.

Death by auto accident is common, but suicide by car is rare. Speeding into a wall or a pole is an aggressively hostile yet self-pitying act, with a touch of plausible legalistic deniability. It seems neither men were ultimately concerned about policies for their families; rather, they wished to remain shifty liars right up to the end. ■

THE SELF LOVE THAT DARES TO SPEAK UNDER A DIFFERENT NAME

Hideously ugly Dickensian villain and former Whole Foods CEO John Mackey praised himself on internet message boards.

In the gilded age, when a parsimonious baron like John D. Rockefeller wanted favorable press, his PR department staged scenes of the old creep handing out shiny dimes to the poors. WELL—that was before Ayn Rand extolled the virtue of selfishness! Nowadays, our new Social Darwinists pretend to be other people on the internet and celebrate themselves through sock puppets. Despite their claims of genius, these impostors are easily outed.

State school drop out and **Whole Foods** co-founder **John Mackey** fancies himself a libertarian thinker and philosopher because he's read a few Ayn Rand books. As we all know by now, "serious" thinkers quickly make Nazi analogies whenever they see something they don't like.

"Technically speaking... [The Affordable Care Act] it's more like fascism...than socialism," said Mackey, an admirer of the Chinese Communists' system of fake labor unions (similar to "company unions," which were outlawed in the U.S. in 1935). Mackey's turpitude ranges from cheating customers with overweighted scales to wishing death for those who don't pay for health insurance.

For nearly a decade, Mackey was "hard at work" writing over 1300 messages on a Yahoo stock message board under the pseudonym "Rahodeb;" thoroughly disproving Ayn Rand's assertion that the world would collapse if the captains of industry 'went on strike' and slacked off.

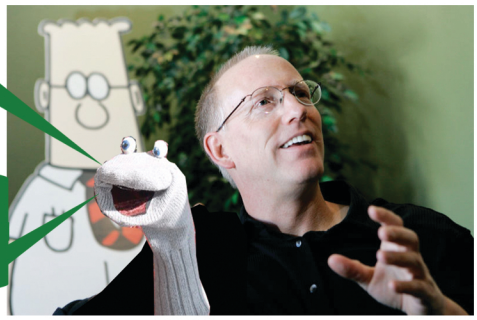
Scott Adams, the cartoonist of the forgettable *Dilbert* strip, used his sock puppet 'plannedchaos' to remind the world that he is a 'certified genius.' (He got off to a terrific start because nothing screams 'genius' like being a graduate of the 159th ranked liberal arts college, Hartwick.) But what kind of a genius would be so bad at anonymity that he would use his own credit card and identifying features when he signed his sock puppet up for the internet message board MetaFilter?

When Adams is caught in a lie or spouting pseudo-scholastic bullshit, he has a ready retort: "I *meant* to do it!" Also, Scott Adams does <u>not</u> write badly, YOU just have poor reading skills!

The Dunning–Kruger effect is a cognitive bias in which people of low ability have illusory superiority and mistakenly assess their cognitive ability as greater than it is; however, Scott Adams MEANT to have no self-awareness, doubtless as some kind of genius strategy!

"His job is to be interesting, not loved. As someone mentioned, he has a certified genius I.Q., and that's hard to hide."

"It's fair to say you disagree with Adams. But you can't rule out the hypothesis that you're too dumb to understand what he's saying. And he's a certified genius. Just sayin'."



<u>CERTIFIED</u> GENIUS® Scott Adams with his most important creation, his self-praising sock puppet.

EINSTEIN ON THE BLEACHERS?

MLR

MARK LINZEE RUDOLPH

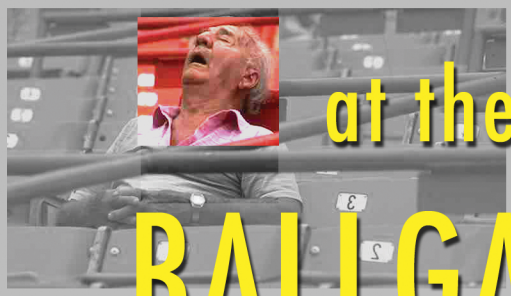
MarkRudolph.Net

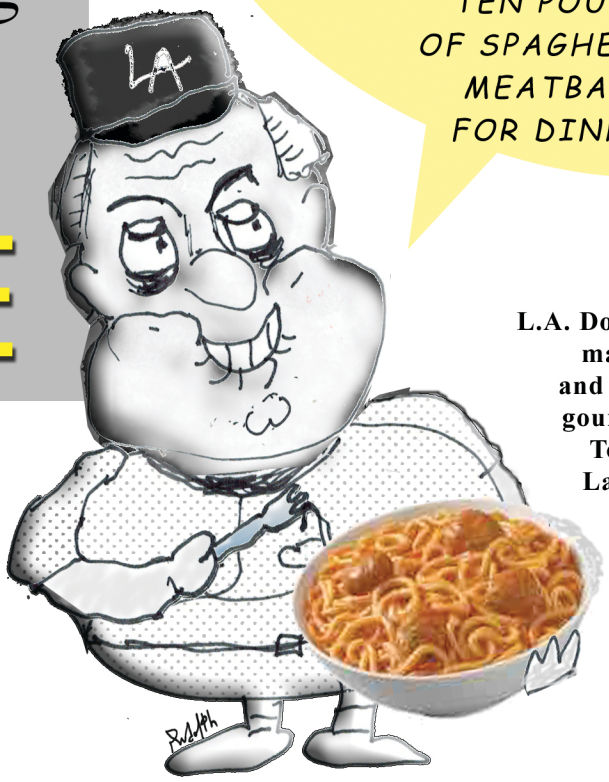
Robert Wilson Operas

MINIMALISM

WHY
TAXPAYERS
PAY MORE
$$$$
FOR M.L.B.

...and it's one, two, three hours too long at the OLD BALLGAME





L.A. Dodgers manager and noted gourmand Tommy LaSorda

Fitting that one of America's biggest bores (George Will) should wax poetic about its most boring game. "In baseball" Will proclaimed, "as in the remainder of life, the most important rules are unwritten." Particularly unwritten are any rules about *speeding it up.* For owners, the most important rule IS in writing. Baseball is exempt from antitrust laws.

Abner Doubleday did *not* invent baseball, but whoever did was a visionary avant garde theatrical director who saw spectacle in the quotidian, i.e. men standing around scratching their genitals; pausing the proceedings to engage in cryptic conversations and expectorating seemingly gallons of brown tobacco juice.

Athleticism? Strictly optional! Roly-poly Babe Ruth was often drunk and consumed with venereal disease. Players continue to smoke in the dugout and often outdrink (and outsnort) the rabble above.

When the game needed some "juice" in the 1990's, mezzanine doctors were dispatched to beef up the players to provide fans with more home runs.

OUR COSTLY MINIMALIST SPECTACLE

If the man from Mars were dropped into the bleachers of an MLB game, he would observe that tens of thousands of people (and many more on television) were watching an event where mostly *nothing* happens.

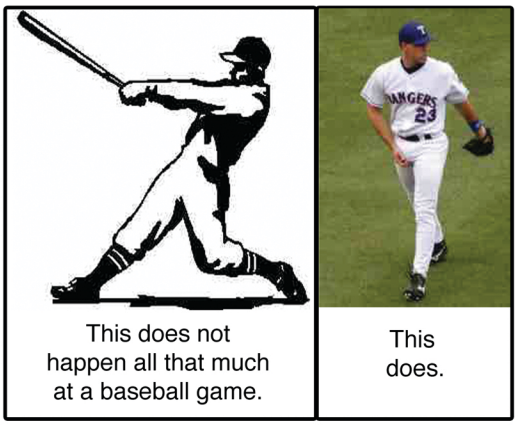
The Wall Street Journal's Steve Moyer did an analysis. He found in an average three-hour game, there is perhaps 18 minutes worth of action (hitting, running, pick off attempts and throws).

"By far the most time-consuming period of inaction is the 'time between pitches.' This took up an average of 1:14:49. Nearly half of the game!

Scratching. Pantomime fake outs. Elephantine managers in regrettable skin-tight regalia slowly walking to the mound. Pointless conferences. Batters waiting for revelry from the organ player before approaching the batter's box. Pitchers engaging in staring contests. Batters calling time out in a game that has no clock. Major League Baseball remains unaffected by the pace or urgency of modern life and why should it? Like a Darwinian specimen who no longer has any natural enemies, MLB has never had to endure the indignity of competition.

Pace George Will, a very important rule indeed was written by the supreme court in 1922. Baseball is the only business that is exempt from antitrust laws or regulation. This cockamamie ruling deemed baseball a "mere amusement." Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes claimed that playing baseball was "unproductive labor" (*well*...) and thus did not constitute interstate commerce.

Never has such frivolity been so profitable!
The players finally freed themselves from baseball's more onerous plantation policies not through the courts, but by that free market principle known as collective bargaining. The taxpayers have not been so lucky.
The National Endowment for the Arts is a perennial target for conservatives. Presently, the NEA's annual budget is 146 million dollars.
Peanuts and Crackerjack!
In the mid-2000's, the city and state of New York each shelled out $720 million dollars so that the New York Mets and Yankees could build themselves new stadiums. All around the country well-heeled owners have fleeced cities and states for billions of dollars. Why float corporate bonds when you've won the comp life? (Football was also granted antitrust waivers in 1960 and subsequently allowed to collude to make sweetheart TV deals. Hilariously, the NFL was a "not for profit" corporation.) While politicians cry foul over a paltry subsidy to PBS and the arts, they have allowed billions to subsidize the "mere amusement" of ball playing.



Why do lawmakers think that people who go to museums don't spend money in town too? (This is known as the economic multiplier effect. Case in point: nobody wanted to travel to Bilbao, Spain until the Frank Gehry Guggenheim Museum was constructed. Tourism has filtered down to other businesses, restaurants, hotels, transportation and the like.)
Still, neither Gehry nor even Jeff Koons are billionaires. For that kind of subsidization, it takes a true artist. George Steinbrenner's initial cash investment in 1973 was only around $350,000. Today the Steinbrenner family stake in the New York Yankees is valued at 1.8 Billion.
In the relative scheme of things, not quite the $40 Billion-plus club that includes Bloomberg, Buffet, Gates and the Koch Bros; however the purpose of owning a sports club is to buy respectability.

Critic Edwin Denby said, “his operas are like watching clouds.” Robert Wilson rejected the notion of of “realism” and saw the theatre as artifice. He removed elements of plot and used the stage as a multimedia abstract painting. Instead of dialogue, actors would squawk nonsense syllables, recite numbers or speeches made by Wilson's autistic and developmentally disabled students. Often his actors move at a glacial pace in slow motion. While all of this is deliberate, it begs the question, *what is baseball's excuse?*

LONGEST EVENT
(in the U.S.)

1973, "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin," 14 hours.

1984, "Brewers Vs. White Sox," 8 hours 6 minutes.

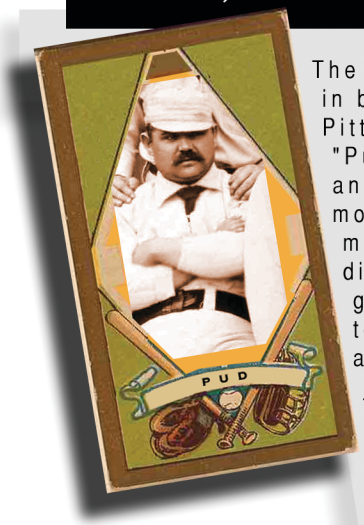
"If you pare it down to moments when everyone on the field is doing something (balls in play, runner advancement) that only accounts for 5 minutes of real action during a 3 hour game."

(continued)

Sports clubs have been owned by a succession of freakish, vulgar families: verified racists such as Marge Schott, Donald Sterling, George Marshall (and many more); right wing nutballs like Phil Anschutz and Bernie Madoff-associated sleaze like Fred Wilpon. The feudal fiefdom of sport protects inherited wealth for scions that know it will take many generations to produce a recognizable human being.

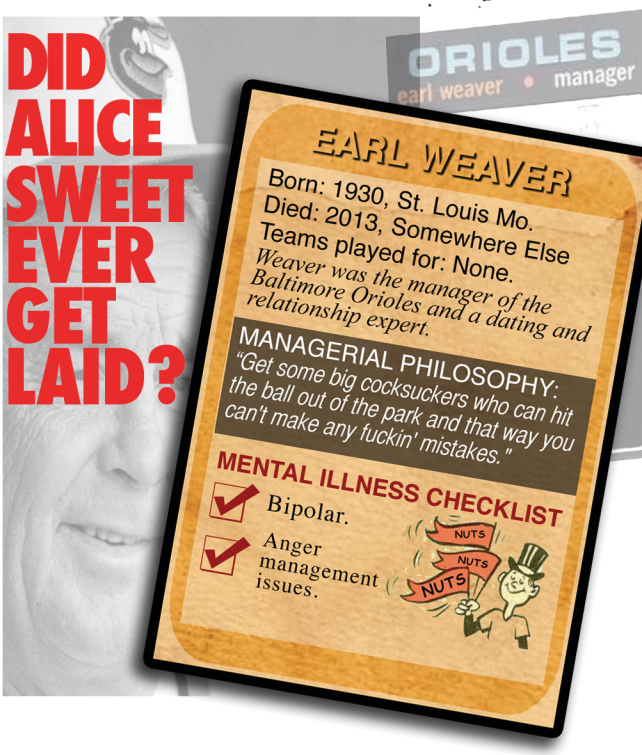
Meanwhile, ratings for all sports are down. While it could be competition from gaming and the internet, the sports cabal has moved too much of its programming to increasingly complex and expensive subscription cable packages. Watching millionaires do next-to-nothing for *too much* apparently has its limits. ■

PUD, THEY CALLED HIM



MONKEY MAN: James "Pud" Galvin

The quest for performance enhancement in baseball began in 1889 when Pittsburgh Alleghenys pitcher James "Pud" Galvin proudly and publicly drank an elixir that contained pulverized monkey testicles. ("I'm gonna make a million with this stuff!" He didn't. Pud died in penury in 1899.) Wherever he got it from, Pud had a lot of energy to record a retroactive 3.00 ERA in an era when the pitching rotation was just two men. Newspapers of the day claimed Galvin was nicknamed "Pud" because he could turn batters into pudding with his formidable pitching. Uh huh. *Sure he did. Sure!*



YOGI UNBERRA-BLE

Hailing from the St. Louis, Missouri neighborhood known as "The Hill" (or "Dago Hill" as my aunt Jo anachronistically called it), Yogi Berra had a stellar career in baseball as a catcher, coach and manager, mostly with The New York Yankees.

Yet Berra's greatest fame was as America's premier tautologist. Britain had its W. A. Spooner, but America had its "Yogisms" and Madison Avenue often utilized Berra's gift for malapropisms.

In later years the mind loses its ability, even for mindlessness. Ad agencies had to meticulously craft erroneous scripts for Berra to read, and Berra's own pronouncements had, shall we say, lost their edge.

"When you get to the fork in the road...I dunno, get a map for chrissake!"

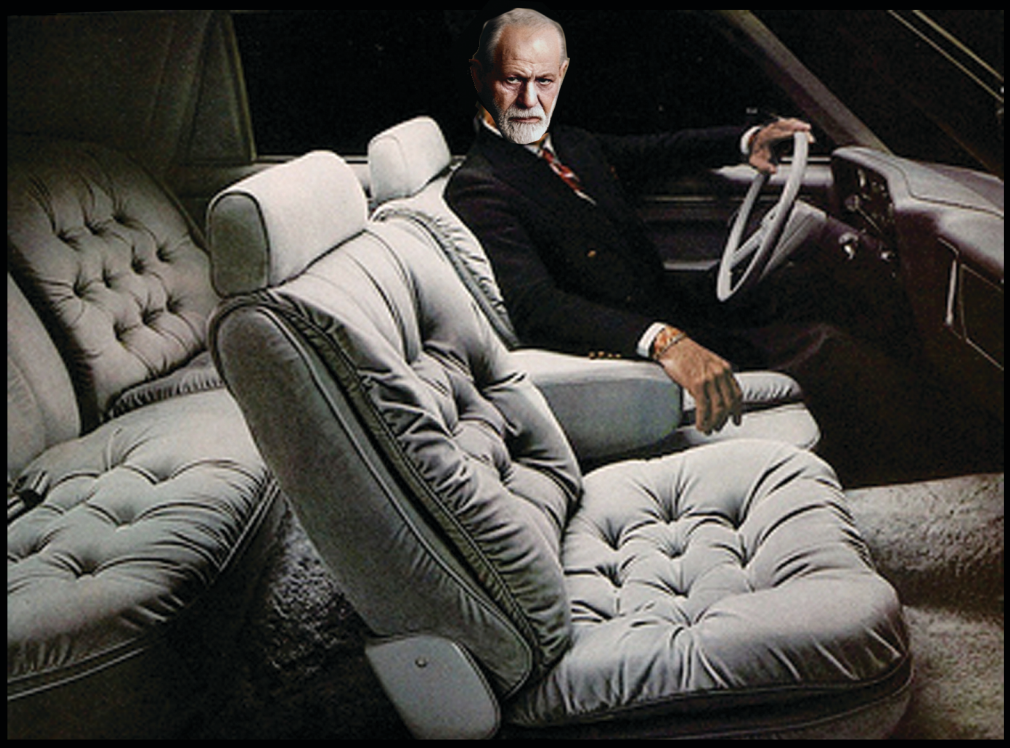
"It's déjà vu. Yes, that is what it is. It is déjà vu."

"Nobody goes to Rigazzi's anymore because the food sucks."

"A lot of guys say, 'Hey Yog, say a Yogism!' and I respond by saying, 'Why don't you go fuck yourself?' <u>That's</u> a logical fallacy, ain't it?"

Note: these quotes are fictitious. Mr. Berra did not say them, as far as I know.

Sigmund Freud invites you to go for a death drive

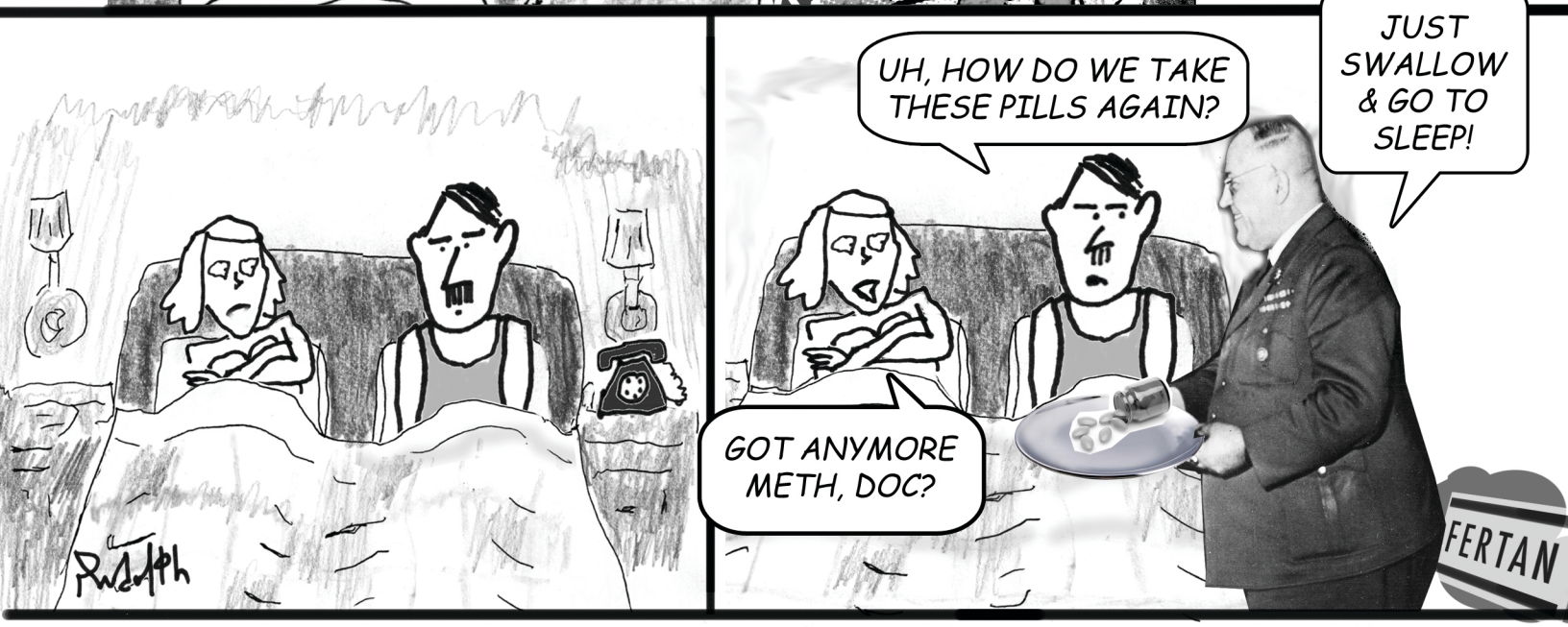


Thanatos

GO BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE

The name libido can again be used to denote the manifestations of the power of Eros in contradistinction to the energy of the death instinct. We must confess that it is more difficult for us to detect the latter, and to a great extent we can merely conjecture its existence as a background to Eros, also that it eludes us wherever it is not betrayed by a fusion with Eros. In sadism, where it bends the erotic aim to its own will and yet at the same time gratifies the sexual craving completely, we can obtain the clearest insight into its nature, even in the blindest frenzy of destructiveness, one cannot ignore the fact that satisfaction of it is accompanied by an extraordinarily intense narcissistic enjoyment, due to the fulfilment it brings to the ego of its oldest omnipotence-wishes. The instinct of destruction, when tempered and harnessed (as it were, inhibited in its aim) and directed towards objects, is compelled to provide the ego with satisfaction of its needs and with power steering, power windows and other power seeking substitution activities.

SECRET WEAPON

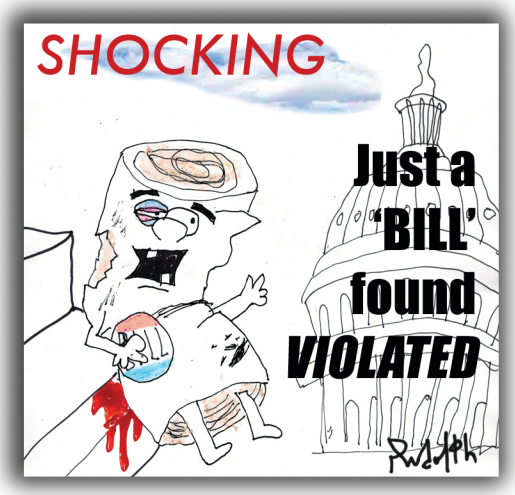


Capitol Creep
U.S. PAT. OFF.

SLUMS OF CAPITOL HILL!

Tightwad congressmen sleep in their offices; cry poverty over their $174,000 salaries.

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes, how do you measure a year so dear? For congressional Republicans, multiply that by five. Five years is the magic number to qualify for a sweet Federal Government pension. (continued)



"It's not a crime to be poor," said indicted Republican crook Duncan Hunter whose party does, if fact, believe it is a crime to be poor.

continued

Despite their hysterical rhetoric that the United States is "running out of money," Republicans are unconcerned and look forward to their COLAs, benefits and a comfortable bed to feather with the spoils of lobbying.

Until that day comes, legislators are regarding their public service more like extended jury duty, and many are choosing to rough it on a hard sofa or folding bed. According to Bloomberg, as many as 100 members of Congress (all men) choose to live like the homeless while attempting to pass laws that will create even more homelessness. They live in their D.C. offices, shower at the congressional gym and spook their aides by being undressed at dawn while expecting their staff to perform maid services.

It wasn't always like this. In 2011, the so-called 'tea party' faction led an effort to eliminate earmarks. This reduced most congresspeople to mere speechmakers and, even worse, *providers of plebeian constituent service!* Gone are the days of ribbon cutting ceremonies for local pork barrel projects. (Bummer!) Many forgot that a pork barrel at least has grease, and the loss of horse trading has slowed government to a near halt.

Other countries provide stipends or dormitories for their legislators but then again, most developed countries have single payer health insurance and other sensible things that we can't have because—FREEDOM! And nothing smells more like *freedom* than a funky Republican's backside in the morning. ■