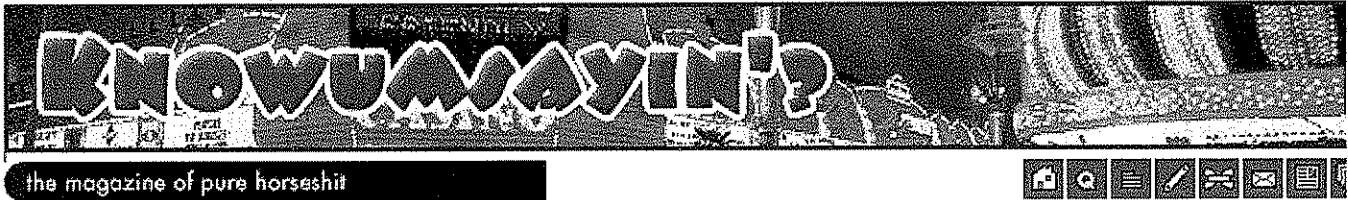


Sorry kids, Knowumsayin' is on an indefinite hiatus. Enjoy what we got!



**Witch's News**

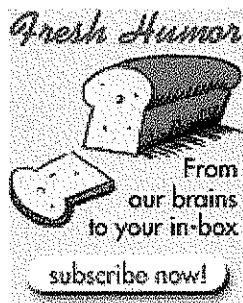
04/16/02  
 News: [Congressional Hearings Open to Investigate Collapse of Knowumsayin'](#)

03/27/02  
 Webster: [After Polly](#)

03/20/02  
 Gland: [The Nose Knows](#)

03/15/02  
 Angry Girl: [Martha Stewart Manifesto](#)

03/13/02  
 Feature: [Sarah Hughes](#)



**Stupor Bowl**  
 02/21/02

Columns by Clai Zulkey:

[Stupor Bowl](#)

Columns by Luc Rhombus:

[Martha Stewart Manifesto](#)

[Know Thyself](#)

[Turn It Off!](#)

Based on the cassrole of emotions you've been experiencing with the combination of Olympic fever, the war on terrorism, and the Enron scandal, which of the following, at the moment, is bound to make you feel the greatest sense of patriotic pride and sentimentality?

- a. The Statue of Liberty
- b. Dan Rather sobbing on Late Night with David Letterman
- c. A dancing monkey in a suit.

If you answered "c," don't worry, because you were absolutely correct. At least, according to the way Super Bowl advertisers and planners expected us to react to the "patriotic" antics that made us seem like the country that thinks no tribute is complete until it includes commemorative-plate sets.

Of course, there's nothing funny about what happened on September 11, but the way we chose to honor it during the Super Bowl was, well, pretty funny.

Let's begin with Paul McCartney. Before the Patriots-Rams game began, he treated America to a rousing rendition of his song. Nobody remembers what it's called, because it's really not that good, but who are we to reject a mediocre song by a former Beatle dedicated to us? Plus, he had cheerleaders!

This performance begs a certain question. Since the main musical attractions of the Super Bowl were Englishman Paul McCartney and Irish U2, what the hell happened to American rock n' roll? There was no U.S. equivalent that could get us roused up in a

moving yet rockin' tribute? Is Creed the best we could do? We couldn't even get Sting? Oh wait, he's British, too.

Then the commercials got into the patriotic act.

You remember beer, don't you? Good ol', fun ol' beer. Beer, that makes you throw up. Beer, that causes you to think Britney Spears songs sound halfway decent. Beer, that encourages you to engage in humorously ill-conceived hookups with complete strangers? Beer!

For a moment there on Super bowl Sunday, beer was not the magical elixir that Homer Simpson once deemed "the cause of, and solution to, all of life's problems." No, it was damned serious because the Budweiser people were going to show us how serious they—and their Clydesdales—could be. Apparently the horses are stupid enough to still pull carriages for us, but they're smart enough to pay tribute to New York City.

Halftime, however, was a complete, balls-to-the-wall celebration of everything American. I mean, we had an Irish band perform not one, but two songs, and Bono actually bought a jacket that had American flag lining in it! Apparently, the pre-halftime discussion went something like this:

Bono: Check this out. After I sing "Where the Streets Have No Name," I'm going to tear open my jacket revealing this American flag lining!

The Edge: No, Bono! That's too much for the country to take! Do something a little less intense!

Bono: No, The Edge. This country needs me. It needs me to reveal the lining in my jacket.

Thank God he did. It unified us in a way we hadn't been since, oh, five minutes before he did it.

Of course, not every part of the Super Bowl was a hilarious attempt to merge entertainment and advertising into a dedication to the victims of September 11. The football game itself (to an elite few, the reason for watching the Super Bowl) was

thankfully devoid of such nonsense, but there were plenty of opportunities to sneak it in. When the New England Patriots, for example, decided to be introduced as a team, they could have said it was "to signify the unification of the country." Or, each time the Rams scored, it could have been "another touchdown in the face of terrorism." Thank God football has kept its face-painting, bottle-throwing integrity.

There are classy ways to memorialize September 11, such as the ceremonies at the World Series and the Westminster Dog Show (where tribute was paid in a surprisingly touching manner to the dogs who helped the rescue efforts), and there are tacky ways to do it, too, such as those at the Super Bowl. And while we might complain about the appropriateness of things like the Budweiser horses preaching a lesson, this new low might actually be good for us. We'll just annoy Osama bin Laden until he gives up.

Written by Claire Zulkey.

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