

The Look Man Report **2003 Super Bowl Edition**

The Tempest

The Confederate Black Cats and Beantown Clam Chowders put on a magical finale to the 2003-2004 NFL season on Sunday February 1, 2004. So magical in fact, that the game reminded the Look Man of one of Shakespeare's finest, *The Tempest*. Like the play, this game was one for the Ages. In *The Tempest*, Shakespeare raises the question, "does Civilization make a Man or vice versa?". Similar deep questions were raised in Super Bowl XXXVIII, and despite the ending, some of the issues were not truly resolved.

The Tempest was written around 1610, early in Shakespeare's career, and it represents one of his consummate works. The Elizabethan romance is characterized by the inclusion of tragedy, comedy and the conflict between Good and Evil. It is distinguished by a happy ending in which most of the characters are brought into harmony. The play challenges the reader, blurring the line between Reality and Illusion, with allegorical references to Nature and Civilization. Shakespeare's famous line, "The play is the Thing" brings to mind the central conflict in Super Bowl XXXVIII: whether the game is the thing, or whether the league and its advertisers are killing the golden goose? And one other question: Does good defense really win football games or is offense more important?

The game plan for Super Bowl XXXVIII was authored by a Bill as well and featured great defense, solid big play offense, and a harmonic convergence that ended with a Super Bowl game-winning kick from almost the same distance as 2 years ago. Belichick's game plan was executed in fine fashion by a dashing young QB who is destined for greatness. Belichick's receiving corps was stellar, and his offensive line punished Carolina's Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, opening holes as big as ocean-going vessels for RB Antowain Smith.

The defense played like a Greek chorus, getting pressure on the Black Cats QB without blitzing. While the Confederacy burned them a few times, the Pats were magically able to hang on despite the mounting storm clouds of the Carolina big play offense. In truth, the broken arm suffered by S Rodney Harrison might have shipwrecked the season for the Chowds if not for the leg of K Adam (The Winemaker) Vinatieri with 4 seconds left in regulation.

No retelling of Super Bowl XXXVIII can do it justice. The game was inherently theatrical, with plot twists and turns so unusual as to boggle the mind. It was a spectacle so bizarre, so exotic, so unusual that not even the banal advertisements and halftime show brahaha could derail it. It was a true multi-sensory delight with 6 total TD passes, 700 yards in total offense, 3 Panthers TD plays of over 30 yards, and a game winning 41-yard FG with time running out. It was an opus blending Reality and Illusion in a Twilight Zone gumbo.

Like the protagonist Prospero, a princely hermit, Belichick showed his great human wisdom in the manner with which he interacted with his players and his foes. He convinced the players to overachieve, coaxing the defense to play its guts out for 22 minutes despite being gashed by Carolina's big plays. Belichick was a master illusionist, with a magical playbook to take advantage of the skills of his players. Cases in point:

- 1) turned OLB Mike Vrabel from a tweener who couldn't start in Blitzburgh into a disrupter who strip sacks QBs and catches TD passes in his spare time,
- 2) replaced Pro Bowl QB Drew Bledsoe with 6th round pick Tom Brady, who wins 2 rings with last second drives and clutch passing,
- 3) used his owner, Robert Kraft, to procure the best available talent and when they got injured, he plugged in 42 different starters, including 4 rookies.

[Note: By the way, did Kraft anyone else of Ariel, Prospero's sexually ambiguous spirit helper? Kraft's high fives after big plays were more Tinkerbell than power broker. Not to mention the way he magically gets players for Belichick/Prospero. Of course, the Look Man was waiting to see a Chowds player head butt him, like TE Brent Jones did to Niners owner Eddie deBartolo Jr. back in SB XXIV. Eddie's head opened up like a nimbo-cumuluous cloud and he never appeared in the locker room again.]

Offensive Coordinator Charlie Weis played Gonzalo, the old and faithful servant to Belichick's Prospero. Weis, who is known to have a brain cramp from time to time, did everything right in this one, deftly moving Brady around in the pocket late in the game after LB Dan Morgan knocked him woozy with a hit under the chin strap. That Morgan hit was on the same series in which Brady threw an uncharacteristic turnover in the endzone. Afterwards, Gonzalo smartly moved Brady from side to side, creating better passing angles, allowing the line better blocking angles, and setting up the game winning drive. Gonzalo ended up losing an opportunity for a head-coaching job, but his faithful service could well lead to another Lombardi and a sure-fire headcoaching job in the future.

Rodney Harrison starred as Caliban, one of Prospero's servants who is half man/half beast. He is a true dichotomy in that he is brutal but not malevolent. He is a monster, but still answers to the logic of his master while not truly understanding the big picture. In Harrison's first mini-camp in Boston, he decleated teammate Troy Brown. While the team could have been ticked off by his actions, they saw an opportunity to have a guy who simply loved to hit. He fit in immediately and has been doing Belichick's bidding ever since. Against the Cats, he nearly tore Ricky Proehl (Shampoo's) head off on numerous occasions. Caliban finally left the game after breaking his own arm in the middle of the 4th quarter after a late hit on Steve Smith that was waved off.

Offensive lineman Tom Ashworth and Joe Andruzzi played the roles of Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards who come through in the clutch. These 2 guys formed the right side of the Chowds line that opened up holes for Antowain Smith. They blasted all star DE Julius (Cayenne) Peppers all the way down the intercoastal waterway and into the Gulf on Sunday. Cayenne looked like he had roller skates on for most of the game, and when S Mike Minter came up to support the run, the Chowds went vertical, burning CB Ricky Manning Jr. in single coverage. Too often the O-line gets little credit for the wins, but with zero sacks allowed, the Chowds O-line was outstanding. Granted, they were holding like nobody's business, but they still dominated the best front four in the NFL for 38 minutes of possession.

After the game Belichick spoke to the media: "Twelve years ago", said Prospero, "I was the head coach of the Cleveland Browns, a team in turmoil. A team with an owner who couldn't even balance a checkbook, let alone cast a decent spell. That team was on the verge of moving to the armpit of the NFL. That's right --- Baltimore." Now, I have 2 rings in 3 years in the best lobster town in the World. Another job well done, men."

Belichick became the apotheosis of his profession in convoluted fashion. After Cleveland, he was kept in a cell with the Pats and Jets under Duane Charles Parcells. When Parcells tried to turn him into a marionette figurehead with the Jets, he bolted to Beantown, taking his magic staff with him. There, he met Robert (Ariel) Kraft, an androgynous creature capable of buying talented players. Prospero used his incredible reasoning skills to beguile his players and owners alike. Many posit that he can even control the weather. After seeing the players slip on the domed Reliant Stadium turf, one has to wonder if Bill made it rain indoors.

At the end of the Tempest, Prospero begs the audience to forgive him his transgressions and free him from his penance. One must wonder how Belichick's final chapter in Beantown will be written. Boston ran Grady Little, Rick Pitino and Jim O'Brien out of town on a rail. Will Prospero get a free pass if the Chowds Dynasty is shipwrecked? The Look Man's money is on Belichick.

The game ended up as a four-act play that almost went 5. Toward the middle of the 4th quarter, the Look Man was able to pick up this exclusive conversation in which Charlie Weis asks Belichick about his promise to allow him to seek a head-coaching job elsewhere:

Belichick:

Weis, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

What is the time o' the day?

Weis:

Past the mid 4th quarter.

Belichick:

At least two timeouts. The time 'twixt then and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Weis:

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Belichick:

How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Weis:

My liberty. Anon, a coaching prime outside the Town of Bean.

Belichick:

Before the time be out? no more!

Weis:

I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

At any rate, Weis came thru, The Winemaker made champagne with a 41-yard FG in regulation and it was *Shakespeare Meets Groundhog Day* as the Chowds won 32-29. The Confederate Black Cats awoke from a long sleep to find their midwinter night's dream had ended in a nightmare.

Zebra of the Week:

With only one candidate the choice this week is obvious. Ed (the Hulk) Hochuli called double the penalties on the Cats, and his defensive holding calls influenced the late zone coverage on WR Deion (Michelle) Branch's crucial catch to set up the game winner. After getting held for most of the game, the Cats went to the blitz to apply pressure, and the result was a Cover Two defense with numerous holes. While the game didn't hinge on a single call, the Hulk and his crew helped dictate the outcome despite a gusty Black Cats performance. Don't get angry Ed, but you are the Look Man **Zebra of the Week!**

One of the big issues in Shakespeare's age was the separation of church and state. The Look Man wonders about the separation of Zebras and the NFL. The league's contention that part time employees contribute to non-partisan officiating is belied by the fact that playoff-caliber teams commit fewer penalties. This year New England, which was not called for a single major

penalty in the playoffs, was among the league's most-penalized clubs during the regular season with 111 yellow flags, compared to 90 flags for woeful Atlanta. Both teams in this year's Super Bowl contenders were in the top third for penalties during the 2003 regular season, so it seems odd that so few penalties were called down the stretch.

The Look Man believes that the Zebras allow more in the playoffs, letting the kids play as it were. Nobody gets away with blatant dead ball fouls, but pass interference and offensive holding are almost non-existent. SB XXXVIII featured double the number of fouls on Carolina as Boston, and offensive holding was rampant by the Chowds. Despite a 38-22 minute time of possession disadvantage, the Black Cats still played their guts out in a tribute to Coach John Fox, and nearly won the game with several 4th quarter hits on Brady.

Miscellaneous:

Groundhog Day:

After the game, unruly Chowd Fans set bonfires at Faneuil Hall, in Kenmore Square, and at the intersection of Brighton and Harvard avenues in Allston, where firefighters sprayed the crowd with a hose in hopes of dispersing people or simply sobering them up. At nearby Northeastern University, fans climbed traffic light poles, flipped cars, threw bottles, urinated publicly and vandalized a news truck. Fans also broke the window of an H & R Block office, citing unhappiness with the Willie Nelson ads in which Nelson dolls give tax advice to non-H&R Block patrons. Chowds fans were upset with the country star's support of Dennis Kucinich for President, as well as plugs for various hair care products and drug rehab clinics.

The Chowds were also ticked off about other items, including the resignation of Celts coach Jim O'Brien and a groundhog seeing his shadow, forecasting 6 more weeks of Boston winter. "I don't care if the Chowds did win another Super Bowl. The damn hobbah is frozen ovah, and we can't even get oysters from the market. I'll pack my car wherever I damn well please!", said one irate Pats fan.

Gamus Interruptus:

The second-half kickoff was delayed after a man dressed as a referee ran onto the field, stripped down to a G-string, then started dancing in front of Cats kicker John (Ben) Kasay at the 30-yard line. Chowds LB Matt (Lady)Chatham('s Lover) went Mike Curtis, leveling the stalker after he ran from security. "That was my best hit of the day", said Lady Chatham's Lover. "I would call it a 'decleater' but he clearly didn't have any cleats on. That G-string did look like an athletic supporter though. I wonder if I could get one of those to wear next season?"

The bigger question is how anyone could elude Reliant Stadium security and infiltrate the world's most-watched sporting event? "I had clothes on over my referee costume, which I purchased online", said Roberts. "Security asked me about the Velcro straps hanging out of my clothes, but I told them it was me warm undergarments, and they waved me on. I guess they figured one more zebra on the field might actually help the officiating."

Security finally hog-tied him and he was carried off the field as play resumed. Speculation about his motives ran rampant. Many believed it was merely a prank by the league to distract viewers from the fact that the halftime fireworks in the closed dome made the game unplayable.

"With all of the smoke, we didn't even see the Stalker or Nipplegate. I want a full refund", said one fan. "How in the heck are we supposed to enjoy the show when we couldn't see it?" The conditions were reminiscent of the infamous "Fog Bowl" playoff game between the Iggles and Bears in the 80's. TV cameras were unable to cut through the haze and Iggles QB Randall (Cash) Cunningham's deep ball ability was eliminated, giving the Bears an easy win.

The Look Man wonders why the dome could not have been opened slightly at the half. Since it takes only 7 minutes to fully open and close, why not crack the roof and let some of the cordite

out? Obviously, the field had been rain soaked in previous days, creating a speed mismatch between the speedy Beantown WRs and the physical Carolina DBs.

Celebrity Obit of the Week:

Rams Hall of Fame RB Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsh passed away of natural causes at the age of 80. Hirsh got his nickname with his cutback running style, which inspired future greats like Barry Sanders and Gale Sayers. Announcers said he ran like a "demented duck," whose "crazy legs were gyrating in six different directions all at the same time." The nickname stuck, and Hirsh went to play wide receiver when he joined the Rams in 1949. Hirsh was a key part of a revolutionary three-end offense that featured the forward pass. Hirsh went to three consecutive Pro Bowls as one of the NFL's most exciting players.

Hirsh later did the voice over work for the animated Jetsons character with the same name. He is survived by his father George Jetson and dog Astro.

Celebrity Bit of the Week 1:

Onlookers were horrified when actor Robin Givens ran over an octogenarian in Los Angeles this week with her SUV. Givens, noted for marrying and robbing heavyweight champ Iron Mike Tyson, continued for about 10 feet after nearly severing the elderly woman's ankle. "I heard a thud, but I never saw her", said Givens. "I was on my way to the bank, so I was in a hurry. That old bag should've never gotten between me and my caish!" The woman is expected to make a full recovery courtesy of some of Givens dinero. Givens is also being investigated for running over Chowds fans at Northeastern University later in the week.

Celebrity Bit of the Week 2:

Jeopardy! host Alex Trebek escaped injury when he apparently fell asleep at the wheel of his pickup. The urbane 63-year-old gameshow host sideswiped a string of mailboxes and flew into a ditch, according to authorities. Trebek, who owns a horse breeding and training farm in the area, was driving alone when his truck went airborne for about 40 feet.

One of the affected mailboxes belonged to actor Sean Connery, a frequent guest on the show, who said, "Alex was going to his male lovers house and driving too fast as usual. Trebek, your mother's a whore!" When asked for the name of Trebek's alleged lover, Connery stated flatly, "Craven Moorehead." When reporters asked, "Who is Craven Moorehead?" Connery replied, "Apparently you are."

Trebek is reportedly in good condition and expected to return to the show without delay.



"Who is - - - Speed Racer?"

Somebody's Gotta Feel This!:

Super Bowl Sunday is known as much for its advertisements as the game itself. SB XXXVIII was no exception, with ads for erectile dysfunction (ED) drugs, flatulent animals, crotch biting dogs

and horny chimpanzees. The NFL refused ads for AIDS victims and the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) for "not being in character with the event." Since bestiality is a big part of the PETA platform, it's obvious why the NFL wouldn't want their commercials to run back-to-back with Bud Lite's chimp.

The gathering storm of ED ads seemed odd in light of the NFL's pursuit of the prized 18-35 year old male demographic. If these guys get any more wood in the lives there might be a massive splinter epidemic at the CDC. Mike Ditka, the Levitra spokesman, compared football to baseball in one ad. Since Levitra is an NFL sponsor and Viagra is endorsed by MLB, football came out in the missionary position. Ditka actually said, "Baseball could use Levitra" with the connotation that baseball is flaccid. The Look Man was horrified with Iron Mike's tag line: "You gotta love that!", which aroused images of big Mike throwing his own football through the tire of some unsuspecting wench. The Look Man anticipates the new nickname: "Woody" Mike Ditka.

But the oddest commercial was for the long acting Cialis, aka "le Weekend." The pitch showed various folks doing mundane things and hyped the drug's ability allow the user to 'cowboy up' anytime during the 36-hour active period. The disclaimer at the end of this ad stated that "while rare, if an erection should last for 4 or more hours, the user should seek immediate attention from a medical professional." If the Look Man ever gets a 4-hour boner, he will be looking for the nearest attorney. Hopefully, a female one.

Other commercial high and low lights:

- A donkey efforts to become a Budweiser Clydesdale, complete with Beyonce-like hair extensions. Look Man reader Brian (Lord Zipachna) Grancha believes it was a swipe at presidential candidate Howard Dean, but since there was no manic screaming, one has to wonder.
- A Bud Lite dog bites the crotch of a yuppie in order to get his owner a beer. Nothing says 'character' in the Super Bowl like crotch jokes.
- Bud Lite hired the horse from Seinfeld to blow torch the hair off an unsuspecting woman in a carriage. Actor Michael Richards is suing Anhaueser Busch, saying the horse ate his Beef-a-Roni in order to prepare for the taping.

Miss Jackson, If you're nasty...:

The ultimate tempest in a C-cup belonged to Michael's sister Janet, who suffered a 'wardrobe malfunction' which exposed her right breast during the halftime finale. Former NSynch singer Justin Timberfake yanked off her breastplate to reveal a star shaped nipple shield on live TV. The Look Man mentioned that Beyonce nearly went yard in Super Bowl XXXVII, with a dress that needed glue to keep her breastesses undercover. Now the Austin Powers beauty is punk'd by Janet and the Fake, who exposed 90 million Americans to a bodacious ta-ta that was real and spectacular. The Look Man was able to dig up this shot of Janet's jewelry, which could be had on E-Bay within hours of the game.



"The Phaeton Model"

While the Look Man doesn't condone nudity on national TV, he does support artistic expression. Actually, the Look Man supports nudity of the nubile female kind, over say, farting horses, old people in outdoor bathtubs or nation building. Still, with all of the newsworthy items in the world today, he finds it odd that the FCC, headed by Colin Powell's son Mikey, is all over the story. "I am outraged at what I saw during the halftime show of the Super Bowl," FCC Chairman Michael Powell said in a statement. "Like millions of Americans, my family and I gathered around the television for a celebration. Instead, that celebration was tainted by a classless, crass and deplorable stunt. Our nation's children, parents and citizens deserve better. I will never be able to look at my horse the same way again." He promised a "thorough and swift" investigation, just like the one on conglomerate ownership of TV, radio stations AND newspaper outlets.

The halftime show didn't cause a stir at the White House because President Bush was asleep as usual. "I don't want to admit it, but because this White House starts early, I missed it -- again," he told reporters Monday after a Cabinet meeting. "Saw the first half, did not see the halftime -- I was preparing for the day and fell asleep." Dubya also admitted to being asleep during briefings on Iraqi WMD earlier in his presidency. "I can't help it --- I need a lot of sleep. I often get milk and cookies in the middle of the day just before my afternoon nap", said G-Dub.

Whether you want to call it a 'Brahaha', 'Nipplegate' or just, well, 'assholishness', Jay Leno summed it up pretty well in his monologue, where he said, "CBS issued a statement right after this happened saying that "The halftime event did not conform to CBS Broadcast Standards. Standards? They had a commercial with a horse farting in a woman's face - what standards are they talking about? Apologize? They should apologize for showing Richard Hatch's fat ass on TV - that's what they should be apologizing for. During the Super Bowl, we had all these Cialis, Viagra, etc ads for erectile dysfunction. They go and show something that might give one a REAL erection - OH NO - we can't have that!"

The Chin Man went on, "They take over a year to find out why we went to Iraq to go to war, but show some breast on TV? We'll find out why that happened in 48 hours! Sometimes I think my country needs to get it's own head out of it's ass."



"They're real and they're spectacular!"

Epilogue:

The Look Man enjoyed the game, but it was totally surreal. Each time the Chowds seemed to take control, the Black Cats erupted with incredible big plays, climbing back into the contest. Granted, John Fox did suffer coaching brain cramps by: (1) blitzing at the end of the first half, (2) eschewing the running game too soon, and (3) going for 2 early in the 4th quarter, but this game came down to outstanding coaching and gutsy play.

The answer to the question of whether good defense wins over good offense will have to wait another year. What is known after this game is that the Chowds are a force to be reckoned with for years to come and that Belichick has ascended to the Pantheon of Great NFL Coaches. Move over, Gibbs, Shula, Johnson and Parcells. There's a new sheriff in town, and his name is William Belichick.

The Look Man had planned to include the year-end pick segment, but ran out of ink. Look for another edition following the Pro Bowl with the Year in Review. Peace out.

The Look Man

P.S. If you ever want to see a contemporary version of Shakespeare, rent *The Tempest* starring John Cassavettes, Molly Ringwald, and Raul Julia. Classic stuff.