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Magazine

The Case For Soccer

Unauthorized:
from the life of Sean Penn

The VAN HALEN Debate: DLR!

Guide to the Perfect Latin American Idiot

ARGENTINA yesteryear

Is Your Ego BIG ENOUGH To Make It In The Biz?

Local Artist
Vladimir
Actor / Musician
A Sagittarius Horse
On the Loose

There is Nothing Wrong with Capitalism



VLADIMIR: A WILD HORSE ON THE LOOSE In LOS ANGELES

By Anamaria Spano

Vladimir is a local actor in Los Angeles, California. Vladimir's life starts in the tropical warm wind swept, hurricane land of Miami Beach, Florida! Born in natural childbirth like not too many people in the US in modern days...he was told by his mother the magic was with him: he was born on the 77th birthday of Walt Disney's, his mother's

first idol...Fun days ahead!..And all sails ahead! At the age of 2 the decision was made to move to Los Angeles..Vlad's parents were actually a light version of late 70's hippies: vegetarians, meditating, ashram living guru followers..but no drugs. They moved around a bit at first..Vlad ended up going to school in the same elementary where Michael Jackson attempted to attend school..(he became too big a star at that time, and dropped out)..Then moving closing to Hollywood, is where Vlad gets "discovered" by Frank Mazola, one of the actors from the gang of the film "Rebel With

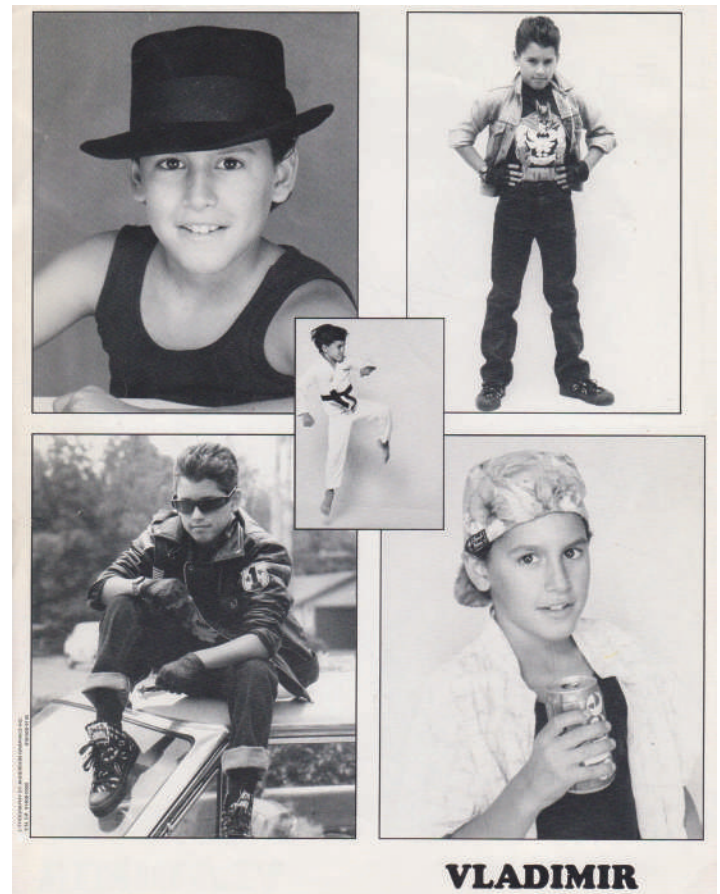


Frank Mazola third from left. In the famous scene of Rebel Without A Cause

out A Cause”..Frank was the last survivor of the actors in that film..the others..James Dean, Sal Mineo, Natalie Wood..they were all gone..so he was pretty special, Frank..his nephew was the boy who played Yul Brinner’s son in The 10 Commandments! Vlad’s mom was very impressed.. she remembered her parents mentioning the name James Dean in Argentina as they mentioned Marilyn Monroe...Those were legends of the Golden Era of Hollywood!..now gone..or ALMOST gone! Here was Frank..whom Vlad’s mom never knew about..he had been a Hollywood insider with different jobs though the years...film editing, production, casting etc..Frank was also a child actor and had worked in “The Hunchback Of Notre dame”, “Casablanca” and “East Of Eden”..Vlad’s mother had met Mazzola near her house..and Frank thought Vlad was perfect for a role he was casting..! The child lead in “Confessions Of A Hit Man” with bad boy actor James Remar, who has himself 175 filmography credits.. Frank’s history was amazing..he was hired in “Rebel Without A cause” as a technical advisor, but then earned the part of “Crunch”..He was the guy who went and researched words on the streets of Hollywood to incorporate in the film...until then, “new” words, or phrases, like “cool”, “too much”, “twisted”, “grass”, “fuzz”, “flake out”, “hang loose” and 47 others! ..Frank was the one who directed some of the fights and even chose the red jacket Dean was wearing in the famous gang scenes..(yes, Michael Jackson/Beat It? That was only more than 35 years later!) ..Frank gave Vlad and his mom a 8x10 photo of which he had many copies..with

James Dean, Sal Mineo etc..Vlad’s mom would tell Vlad, still only 8, these people’s names were in the vocabulary she grew up hearing her parents mention..! SAL MINEO! Wow..his mom would try to convey the excitement of those days..was Vlad able to grasp it..probably not yet. Mazzola was casting the part of Young Bruno, in a movie with James Remar; star of more than 80 films and over 40 TV shows (The Warriors/The Cotton Club/ White Fang/Sex And The City/Dexter/Django Unchained etc)..

The film, “Confessions Of A Hit Man”, after being shot in 1987, suffered from production problems, but nevertheless was completed and released in 1994. Vladimir played the character of Remar, in



flashbacks to childhood, when Bruno Serrano, age 8, had been traumatized by witnessing the death of his father, at the hands of his own uncle, in a family of mafia dons...The movie is now a cultish-type, late 80’s collage, complete with really cool rock band music, which sound current even today. An artsy, noir type film, loved by audiences all around the world. (I saw the film and I love it myself!)

The shooting was the first acting experience for Vladimir, and his lines were short, but he was made the darling of the cast, being catered to, and actually loved by the actors, specially the priest,



actor Perry Lopez. Vlad then went on to be signed by an agency for commercials and a manager (Harvey Elkin, former manager of Paul Rodriguez) for theatrical auditions. He did many commercials. From Certs, to Sears, Folgers Coffee, and Nintendo. He also did children's musicals in video form, singing and dancing.

So at age 8..his mom thought.."we have arrived" .. AND THEY HAD..A movie!? At age 8? Mom was in heaven..(the film later went around the world through HBO). Vlad's grandparents were so proud! Their grandson WAS in a movie!...And it was a GOOD movie!..And so all their relatives didn't miss the news... Vladi was a star!..Well... for them he was!..But then..you gotta follow up... stay in it..sacrifice...go to endless auditions...almost daily...sleepy..tired from school homework.. sleeping in the back seat..while mom drove to places...parking..and yeah, when playing VIDEO GAMES started to become addictive... ..and out of all the auditions....get called back maybe 5 times in a year...land a commercial or small part maybe ONCE a year...gotta keep going...Well, Vlad's mother let him drop out..or dropped him.. when he didn't welcome going to auditions...she decided not to continue..not to FORCE Vlad to go..as it was starting to be the case..She couldn't be a "stage MOTHER." ..So, she didn't renew the contracts..and also had to start working full time when recessions happened back then..early 90's.. Vlad has just discovered through his mom, that Frank has passed away, sadly, in January 2015...

he was 79..so when they worked together, he was only 50! Apparently single then, Vlad's mom says that since she didn't want to date Frank..(she was 30) she drifted away...and lost his number...plus then moved Vlad to the San Fernando Valley, (hey! To Van Nuys, where Marilyn Monroe and Paula Abdul went to high school!) Vlad's mother was still in awe of being in the same areas that had seen such luminaries of her parents...Like many people coming to Hollywood from all over the world!

Mom rented a house with a pool, so Vlad could grow up in a more family oriented environment, rather than in party town West Hollywood... where you could hear the screams of people exiting clubs...after 2Am..like when they lived 2 blocks from The Troubadour. Wow his mom thought people were getting murdered..and some maybe were..but mostly were drunks afterhours. If you were ever near Sunset etc, you know this. So, the Valley became home..and 16 yrs in the same house was a balanced peaceful life with no chaos..

Vladimir then caught the eye of Warren Beatty, who was casting his movie "Dick Tracy", with Madonna and Al Pacino, plus himself in the role of Dick Tracy..Warren loved Vlad so much he had him come over to his house twice to see if he



would feel the dialogue of a comic-book, character type..Apparently Vlad wasn't feeling it, because the part went to a child actor named Charlie Korsmo, who later..made 3 more films then retired from acting!. Here is another example! A kid that gets a BIG movie...then ...leaves it all.. Same happened to Vlad, temporarily..he went on to become a musician, playing guitar and bass, both electric and acoustic..he performed on stage and as well

as in a band for a little while..His free spirit still didn't let him set ties...be doggedly committed.. Not the Sagitarian Horse. At least not yet! Vladimir's versatility tho, led him to even take up tango lessons, and also work in the first rock and roll radio station ONLINE! Based in Los Angeles.

After a couple years after leaving acting, Vlad started growing up a bit more..and still not wanting to hamming it up for the cameras... life went on..his mom did continue in the biz..by making a CD, a music video and studying tango for several years...enough to be a tango dancer..but never work as one..Vlad then graduated with honors from high school... He then joined The Academy Of Horror and Science Fiction Saturn Awards, and became a videographer for their shows and yearly screenings for several years...

He then decided to get back into acting and start from the bottom again, with small parts in "Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me", "Savages" by Oliver Stone (where he met the controversial director who shook hands and complimented him on his performance as a hostage)..as well as TV shows like "My Name Is Earl" and "Dexter" (where James Remar again appears in his life, playing Dexter's father)..(Vladimir later got to meet James again, after 20 YEARS!.. when Remar was honored for his career and part in Dexter; at The Saturn Awards,)..."That was great fun" ... Vlad says.. "And meeting and interviewing or filming an acceptance speech of some of my childhood heroes, like actor Mark Hamill from the original "Star Wars" at his house in Malibu, George Barris, the creator of the original Batmobile, Lance Henriksen from Aliens, (pictured) Harrison Ford, Jon Voight, John Ritter..newer stars like Jennifer Tilly, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Zoe Saldana, Summer Glau, directors Eli Ross (Hostel) and Richard Donner (The Omen, Superman: The Movie, Lethal Weapon, The Goonies) and also seeing other greats receiving awards like Spielberg and James Cameron: "Unforgettable!" "That alone..it's almost worth it!"

Bottom line, in Hollywood, you might get the chance of meeting living legends!..But..if given the chance..can you stick it out? Can you ask for a job? Not if you're cool and laidback..many artists get chances in the business..but do they have a big enough EGO to make it in Hollywood? A strong

DRIVE and thick skin to get through hard times of dry-spells and rejection?..Can they persevere or be AGGRESSIVE enough to ask, call, go, meet and look for opportunities? I believe that some performers have too much of a free spirit quality, for example: a penchant for not being a HAM, or too much modesty, or..they love their independence SO MUCH...that they won't go as far as many artists have gone to make it...That blind ambition..or is it a passion..it can be called, of course, DRIVE.... and you GOT TO HAVE IT!..Don't give up!

PS: In my studies of astrology, I have seen that double Horses like Vladimir, (Sagittarius, born between November 21/22 to December 21/22) and in the year of the Horse according to the Asian astrology, (1978/1990/2002) might not like, by nature, to be DIRECTED, contained, controlled, "unionized" etc...so, it might take extra maturity, (which perhaps Vladimir now has attained) to let other people, (an agent! directors! producers! a union!) make use of his "beauty" (you've seen pictures of horses? What BEAUTY!.. and Vladimir, hey, the guy is handsome! (and cute too! And disarmingly charming and sweet! Sarcastic also!.. funny!..And that mane!).. and, like Horses, has talent, magnetism and.. power. Can it be harnessed?



It just has to be harnessed! Because a wild horse will be gorgeous in nature...but could just run, (wild!) and fall off a cliff if not reigned..or maybe just RUN until the end of time..SO, it seems, Vladimir is now ready to be..directed? Mon Dieu! Yes, it's possible, and necessary.. Oh well, in the name of art, he can see now, that it IS possible, and also worth it! If you know an actor, actress or artist (or you're yourself one) and you think you're ready now to dedicate to try making it BIG or bigger..in Hollywood, send letter, resume and pic to: Criticonmagazine@gmail.com (more pics, pg. 36 &41)

ENDGAME

A soccer skeptic learns to stop worrying and love the game. by Adam Gopnik

Originally in *New Yorker* magazine, on World Cup France '98

The World Cup soccer tournament got off to a strange, promising start with a pageant that closed down Paris – a seventeenth-century-style allegorical masque, with music and dance and speech, which featured four sixty-five-foot-high inflatable giants who walked across the city from four Parisian monuments (the Opera, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Pont Neuf) to the Place de la Concorde. The giants were steel-framed latex-covered figures–dolls, really–with forklift trucks for feet, and hydraulic hinged arms and hips and shoulders, and even moving eyelids. They turned their heads and shifted their gaze, and raised their arms in wonder as they slowly shuffled along the Paris streets. Each one was a different color and represented a racial type. There was Romeo, the European; Pablo, the Amerindian; Ho, the Asian; and Moussa, the African (he had purple skin). It took four hours for them to get from their starting points to the Place, where they bowed to each other, and the whole spectacle was broadcast live on television, while Juliette Binoche breathed over the loudspeakers on the streets and to the audience at home. (“The giants confront each other, but do they see a stranger or themselves?” etc.) The theme of the masque seemed to be the Self and the Other: the giants, never having seen each other before– or anything else, apparently– wake in the middle of Paris, to find their Selfness in the Others. Apart from that, the commentators on French television were hard to put to find something to say as the big guys inched their way along the boulevards toward this revelation, and at one point were reduced to noticing that the technology that had produced the hydraulic giants had military applications, leaving you with the comforting knowledge that if NATO is ever in need of a crack synchronized team of huge, slow-moving inflatable dolls, the French will be the ones to call. (One sees them cornering a particularly sluggish war criminal in a Montenegrin mountain hideaway with a very large door.)

The vague internationalist symbolism–

not to speak of the snaillike pace–seemed the right allegory for the tournament. The Coupe du Monde, which includes thirty-two nations, began on Wednesday, June 10th, and continues through Sunday, July 12th. I set myself the task of watching it all, wanting to figure out what exactly it is that the world loves in a game that so many American sports fans will sit through only under compulsion.

I understand why people play it. When I was a teen-ager, I lived in London for awhile, and I spent most of my time playing soccer, or at least the middle-class Kensington Gardens version of it. I even learned how to talk the game. It was the opposite of trash talking–tidy talking. I suppose you’d have to call it. If you did something good it was brilliant; something less than brilliant was useless; if all of you were useless together you were rubbish; and if a person did something brilliant which nonetheless became useless everyone cried, “Oh, unlucky!” By the end of my time in London, I wasn’t brilliant at the game, but I wasn’t useless, either. I suppose this was all faithful to the game’s English-school-playing-field origins. “Thoughtful ball,” a commentator on the BBC would say about a good pass. In the papers, you’ll read things like “The signs of the decline in the still-clever but jaded Teddy Sheringham sadly became too patent to ignore.” “For all his apparent worldweariness, Beckham is still young.” “[Anderton] has been stubborn to the point almost of self-destruction, however, and it cannot happen again this week.” This isn’t sports-writing. It’s end-of-term reports. As I began watching the Cup games, though, I had a hard time making a case for soccer as spectacle. I found myself torn between a cosmopolitan desire to love a game the world loves and an American suspicion that they wouldn’t love it if they had a choice. The trouble wasn’t the low scores, although the ribbon of late sports news often sounded like the one of those condensed, hopeless, rising-and-falling monologues about marriage in Beckett: “Nil-nil. One-one. Nil-nil.” The trouble was what the scores represent. The game has achieved a kind of tactical stasis. Things start off briskly and then fritter away into desultory shin-kicking, like a Wall Street Journal editorial. In soccer, the defense has too big an edge to keep the contest interesting, like basketball before the coming of the twenty-four-second

clock, or the Western Front.

All sports take turns being dominated by their defense of their offense, and fully evolved defensive tactics will in the end beat offensive ones, because it is always easier to break a sequence than to build one up. Eventually, the defensive edge will be so enormous that, to stay in business as a spectacle, a sport has to change its rules, openly or surreptitiously. The big recent change in basketball, for instance, which took place somewhere between the Julius Erving and Michael Jordan eras, was a silent modification of the rule against traveling, so that now, it seems, a player can take about as many steps as he needs—a fact that only Rabbit Angstrom has officially noted. American football changes its rules every few years to allow quarterbacks to survive and prosper. Even baseball has tinkered with the mound and the depth of the fences. Soccer players, though, have come to accept the scarcity economy—all those nil-nil draws—and just live with it, like Eskimos. The defense has such an advantage that the national sides don't need their offensive stars. In this cup, two of the most inspired forwards in Europe—David Ginola, of France and Tottenham Hotspur, and Paul Gascoigne, of England and whatever pub is open—didn't even make their national teams.

Since a defensive system keeps players from getting a decent chance to score, the idea is to get an indecent one: to draw a foul so that the referee awards a penalty, which is essentially a free goal. This creates an enormous disproportion between the foul and the reward. In the first game that Italy played, against Chile, for instance, the great Roberto Baggio saved the Italians' pancetta by smoking the ball onto the hand of a surprised Chilean defender, who couldn't pull back in time. "Hand ball" was ruled, which, near the goal, meant an automatic penalty and a nearly automatic goal. The other, more customary method of getting a penalty is to walk into the "area" with the ball, get breathed on hard, and then immediately collapse, like a man shot by a sniper, arms and legs splayed out, while you twist in agony and beg for morphine, and your teammates smite their foreheads at the tragic waste of a young life. The referee buys this more often than you might think. Afterward, the postgame did-he-fall-or-was-he-pushed argument can go on for hours.

European defenders of the game tend to put

on haughty, half-amused looks when the sport is criticized, and assume that the problem lies with the American doing the criticizing, who is assumed to love action for its own sake. When you point out that ice hockey, the greatest of all games, shares with soccer the basic idea of putting something into a net behind a goalkeeper and has the added bonus of actually doing it, they giggle: "Oh, dear. In ice hockey you can't see the ball, or whatever you call it. You can't follow it. Besides, they fight all the time." It does no good when you try to explain that you can always see the puck, and, anyway, better to fight like heroes than to spend all your time on the sidelines bickering about who touched the ball last before it went out of bounds, the way soccer players do, even though—as a Tom Stoppard character once pointed out—there is absolutely no doubt on the part of those two players about who touched the ball last.

European soccer apologists tend to overanalyze the triumphs of their heroes. In Brazil's game against Scotland, Ronaldo, the Brazilians' star, took the ball, faked right, and then spun around to his left, leaving a defender fooled while he rushed forward into the gap. Then he let go a weak shot and it was over. A nice move—but exactly the same move that Emmitt Smith makes three times a game with three steroid-enraged three-hundred-pound linemen draped on his back (and then Emmitt goes in to score) or that Mario Lemieux made three or four times a period after receiving radiation therapy for Hodgkin's lymphoma and having three Saskatchewan farm boys whacking at his ankles with huge clubs (and then Mario would go in to score). In the papers, though, that moment became a golden event. Rob Hughes, the estimable soccer writer for the International Herald Tribune, treated the three seconds of actual activity as though it were the whole of the Peloponnesian War, or a seduction by Casanova. "Receiving the ball from Cafu on the right, Ronaldo lured Colin Hendry, Scotland's biggest and most worldly defender, to him. 'Come closer, Big Colin, come to me,' the Brazilian seemed to say. And Hendry bought the invitation. Tighter and tighter he came until, suddenly, Ronaldo Swiveled 180 degrees..." Soccer writers seemed as starved for entertainment as art critics—anything vaguely enjoyable gets promoted to the level of genius. In the old days, at the Kitchen, it was the rule that three recognizable notes sung

in succession by Laurie Anderson heralded a new, generous lyricism. Ronaldo's magic was like a performance artist's lyricism: it existed but was apparent only against a background of numbering boredom.

In the first of ten days, I watched, by my count, sixteen games, including odd, hallucinatory matchups out of some fractured game of Risk: Denmark against Saudi Arabia (1-0); Croatia against Japan (1-0); Nigeria against Bulgaria (1-0). There were few players who stood out from the general run of bowlegged men in shorts. There were Englishmen (I root for England, from residual Kensington Gardens chauvinism): the pained, gifted O.J. Simpson look-alike Paul Ince; a speedy, tiny boy with a shiny morning face named Michael Owen, only eighteen and just off the Liverpool bench. The French players were dogged, unelectric, powerful, and, as many people pointed out, mostly not ethnically French, with lots of "exotic" names: Zidane, Djorkaeff, Karembeu. Though their countrymen long for the dash and élan of David Ginola and the vanished Eric Cantona, they see the functionary logic of this hard-working side. There were the Argentines and the Germans, who never seem quite as glamorous as, say, the Brazilians and the Dutch, but who have a brutal purposefulness. Between them they have won four of the last six cups. And there were moments of wonder, when a previously unknown—and probably soon to be unknown again—ballplayer would shock himself and teammates with a single stunning moment. A young Cameroonian named Pierre Njanka, with no major-league experience, made his way through the entire Austrian team, his eyes wide as he ducked and swerved, stumbling forward, out of control, hardly believing what he was accomplishing, and then scored. He may spend the rest of his life defined by that run.

But such moments were mostly drowned in tandem and then by something worse. By the time the English players arrived on the scene, on Monday, June 15th, everything was already ruined. Hooligans had invaded Marseilles, where England was opening against Tunisia, and not merely got drunk and beat up shopkeepers but overran a beach where Tunisian families were picnicking (there is a big Tunisian community in the South of France) and beat up kids and moms there. Everyone had known that they were coming. One source

said that the authorities had done their best to keep out the hardboiled Category C hooligans, but some of them had managed to sneak in—a rare case of England having a deep bench.

Though headlines about English hooligans sweep the world, they don't do justice to the terror involved. "Larger louts" and "hooligans" sound vaguely quaint, but these guys are cruel, violent, and twisted by inarticulate hatred in a way that terrifies the French, and makes them wild partisans of the Scottish team. The persistence of English hooliganism—the Englishness of hooliganism—can maybe be explained by the possibility that at some half-conscious level a lot of English people are proud of their thugs and approve of their behavior. This approval consists of a toxic combination of sentimental left-wing anti-Thatcherism (a kind of "Trainspotting" pride that at least the thugs aren't businessmen) couples with a romantic right-wing chauvinism (it's an English tradition to go to the Continent and hit foreigners). In the Marseilles attacks, most of the thugs turned out not to be poor kids, or unemployed kids—they couldn't have afforded the passage over. The thugs were, apparently, most postal workers (what is it about mail?), and they were not going to be damaged in the eyes of their mates for having gone over to France to beat people up, or for being sent back from France for having beat people up.

Despite the reports of violence from provincial fronts, Paris itself has been relatively blasé about the Cup. The streets are peaceful, the mood calm, the atmosphere pastoral. The Boulevard Saint-Germain has never been so quiet. The morning after the giants' march, for instance, with Scotland and Brazil about to begin at the Stade de France, the only evidence I saw of anything unusual was the appearance of two Scotsmen in kilts waiting for taxi on the Rue du Bac. Expecting to hear a war cry ("Ay, we'll have them sambadancin' laddies guide and bloody"), I tentatively wished them good luck. We'll need it!" one said feelingly, and the other climbed in, "It's simply a privilege to be playing Brazil." They turned out to be lawyers from Hong Kong—Scottish lawyers from Hong Kong, but lawyers. They talked about the Brazilian esprit, and then got in their cab and, in perfect French, ordered the driver to go to the Stade

de France.

I saw Italy beat Cameroon, 3–0, from the back of the bar in Venice. Watching soccer in Italy you have the feeling that you have wandered into a family drama more complex and intense that you can understand. Each player—Vieri, Di Biagio—was greeted with a combination of hoots, cheers, and tears so personal and heartfelt that it was almost embarrassing for an outsider to witness. With Italy into the eighth-finals (eighth-finals!), the papers, from left to right, were bursting with pride. “ITALIA PADRONE!” Read one headline. “Italy Rules.” The curious thing was that Italy played one of the dullest defensive games of all—the famous “blue chain.” But this didn’t seem to bother anyone. Whatever they were watching for, it wasn’t for fun.

Just afterward, I spoke on the phone to an English friend, a big World Cupper. “How are you getting on with the Cup?” he asked.

“It’s a bit—well, don’t you think it’s a bit lacking in entertainment?” I said weekly.

There was a pause. “Why would you expect it to be entertaining?” he asked, reprovingly.

Perhaps that was a clue. I came back to Paris resolved not to be entertained. I watched a double-overtime confrontation between an over-matched Paraguay and an over-pressed France. The Paraguayans, who looked worn out from stress, essentially surrendered the idea of scoring, and kept dropping back—kicking the ball out, heading it out, willing it out, again and again. It was obvious that their desperate, gallant strategy was to force a nil-nil draw, over a hundred and twenty minutes, and then “go to penalties,” the shoot out at goal where anything can happen and anyone can win. The nil-nil draw wasn’t a “result” they would settle for; it was everything they dreamed of achieving. When the game finally ended, as Laurent Blanc (a traditionally French-sounding name) stumbled a ball into the Paraguayans net, what was most memorable was the subdued triumph. The French celebrated, but they did not exult; the Paraguayans cried—really cried—but they did not despair. They did not seem ruined or emptied out, as American losers do. They seemed relieved. The tears looked like tears of bitter accomplishment. We know we were going to lose, the faces and the back pats said, but, hey, didn’t we hold it off for a while? (“Héroïque, héroïque,” murmured the French com-

mentator.)

The next morning, I slipped in a tape I’d made of the fifth game of the N.B.A. finals, for purposes of comparison. It was a French broadcast, and the commentators announced that the game was a test of truth—une épreuve de vérité—for the Utah Jazz. To my surprise, I was, after a week of starvation, used to the austerity of soccer scoring. All those basketball points seemed a little loud, a little cheap. Points coming from left and right, cheap points, inspired points, stupid points—goals everywhere you looked, more goals than you knew what to do with, democratic goals, all levelled and equal. It was too much—like eating whipped cream straight. And why I had never before noticed the absurd, choppy, broken rhythm of deliberate fouls and time-outs in the last two minutes of the game?

A few nights later, England-Argentina—to see who would go to the quarter-finals. The match started off with two typically exasperating soccer events. After only five minutes, David Seaman, the English goalkeeper, lunged for the ball, and an onrushing Argentine stumbled over him. Penalty and, inevitably, a goal. Then young Owen, who, with his brush cut, looks as if he ought to be wearing a blazer and beanie, got tripped. He acted out the death scene from “Camille” and drew a penalty himself, which was knocked in by Alan Shearer, England’s captain. A few minutes later, Owen raced half the length of the field—really sprinting, huffing—mesmerizing an Argentine defense man, who kept moving back, back, defeated in his own mind, and then he sent it in: 2–1, England! With fifteen seconds left in the half, Argentina got the ball, executed a jagged, pinball-quick exchange of passes, and, shockingly, the ball was bouncing in the net, and the game was tied.

At the start of the second half, David Beckham, the blond midfielder who is engaged to Posh Spice, was expelled from the game, leaving England, like the Spices a performer short. Though England scored on a corner, the goal was ruled out by the referee for a meaningless, barely visible (but undeniably real) elbow. Nothing happened in thirty minutes of overtime, and the game went into the self-parody of soccer: a series of penalty kicks. With England needing only one more to tie, David Batty, of Newcastle, stepped up, and, rushing his shot, fired it right into the pitch, weeping with joy

and exhaustion.

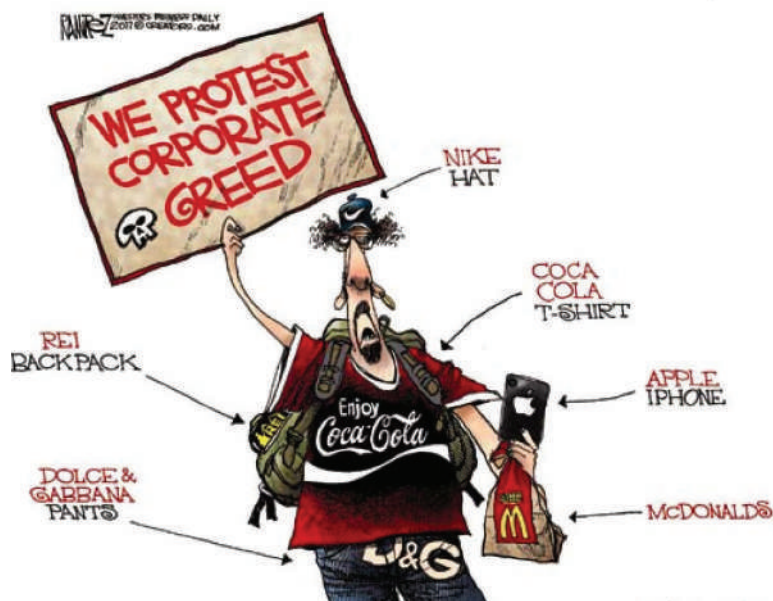
The game had been marked by everything that can exasperate an American fan: the dominance of defense, the disproportion between foul and consequence, the absurd penalty shoot out, the playacting. (In England they will be arguing did-he-fall-or-was-he-pushed about the first Argentine penalty for years.) But it had been as draining as any contest I'd ever seen.

Soccer was not meant to be enjoyed. It was meant to be experienced. The World Cup is a festival of fate—man accepting his hard circumstances, the near-certainty of his failure. There is, after all, something familiar about a contest in which nobody wins and nobody pots a goal. Nil-nil is a score of life. This may be where the difficulty lies for Americans, who still look for Eden out there on the ballfield. But soccer is not meant to be an escape from life. It is life, in all its injustice and tedium: we seek unfair advantage, celebrate tiny moments of pleasure as though they were final victories, score goals for the wrong side. (In the first three nights of the World Cup, three of the seventeen goals were “own” goals: a player would head the ball away and watch it backspin past his own goalkeeper, his face a rapidly changing mask of decision, satisfaction, worry, disbelief, and despair.) A bad play or call in baseball—Merkle’s boner or Denkinger’s call—hurts, but usually there’s a saving air of humor. “We’re due,” “It’s our turn.” “Wait till next year” are the cheers of American sport. We are optimists, and look to sports to amplify our optimism. In soccer, tomorrow is a long way off, even in ordinary circumstances, and four years in these special ones. By then, everything will be different; there are no second chances in the World Cup. It’s a human contest on a nearly geologic time scale. Grievances, injustices rankle for years, decades, forever. But along with that comes, appealingly, a sense of proportion. Accepting the eventual certainty of defeat in turn liberates you to take real joy in any small victory—that new good kick. If American sports takes place after the fall. Even its squabbles have their echoes: Did he fall or was he pushed? It’s the oldest question.

Finally, on a stray, leaking cable channel, I got to see highlights of Detroit and Washington in the Stanley Cup final. I turned it on with joy and then found, to my shock, that. . . I couldn’t see the puck! It was

too small, way to small—a tiny black spot on a vast white surface, with huge men in bright-colored sweaters hulking over it. When a goal was scored (and they do get scored), I knew it only by the subsequent celebration. I squinted at the set and called in my wife, a purebred Canadian, and asked if she could follow the puck. “I could never follow the puck,” she told me.

Had I been corrupted by the Old World’s game or enlightened by it? Another of the old, unanswerable questions. All I knew was that I was looking forward to the next big match, between France and Italy. Anything might happen, or nothing at all.



Capitalism!, How teens today.. (and teens from the old days too...) like to generalize about it, bash... and demonize it.

by Giovana Saccolongo.

They like to generalize and bash...not the PRODUCTS OF CAPITALISM! that, they consume with GUSTO!...but the word, just the word!..The myth, developed by the druggy hippies who couldn't bother read the FACTS as they happened in Europe, of the OPPOSITE of capitalism, SOCIALISM, and how IT DEVASTATED most countries around the world, expanding poverty and corruption PLUS taking FREEDOM away from the people.. Well,..check this old song, (an 80's song! That's OLD...but not THAT old..) by someone who later became a very prolific (89 films!) music composer, being credited with the music from movies like Pee-Wee's Big Adventure, at the beginning of his composer career, to Dick Tracy, Darkman,

Batman, Beetlejuice, Men In Black and Nightmare Before Christmas to..Alice in Wonderland and 50 Shades of Gray..WOW Danny! Capitalism indeed!.. I actually met him after a performance at the Roxy. 1982!..we were all young then!...and he lived in Venice..and already had a child..! my, my how time flew...and he had a band then that only KROQ 106.7 FM played, no main-stream radio!.. He became a super-star...but this song..SO CURRENT! you can find it on youtube with a parody-video response to the Occupy Movement, with these comics.."Only A Lad", the record, THAT'S A MASTERPIECE..and a lot of fun to DANCE! or jump around!..Kudos Mr . Elfman. And sorry to hear about your hearing loss...

OINGO BOINGO LYRICS

"Capitalism"

There's nothing wrong with the capitalism
There's nothing wrong with free enterprise
Don't try to make me feel guilty
I'm so tired of hearing you cry

There's nothing wrong with making some profit
If you ask me, I'll say it's just fine
There's nothing wrong with wanting to live nice
I'm so tired of hearing you whine
About the revolution
Bringin' down the rich
When was the last time you dug a ditch, baby?!

If it ain't one thing
Then it's the other
Any cause that crosses your path
Your heart bleeds for anyone's brother
I've got to tell you you're a pain in the ass

You criticize with plenty of vigor
You rationalize everything that you do
With catchy phrases and heavy quotations
And everybody is crazy but you

You're just a middleclass, socialist brat
From a suburban family and you never really had to work
And you tell me that we've got to get back
To the struggling masses (whoever they are)
You talk, talk, talk about the suffering and pain
Your mouth is bigger than your entire brain
What the hell do you know about the suffering and pain...?

There's nothing wrong with the capitalism
There's nothing wrong with free enterprise
Don't try to make me feel guilty
I'm so tired of hearing you cry

There's nothing wrong with making some profit
If you ask me, I'll say it's just fine
There's nothing wrong with wanting to live nice
I'm so tired of hearing you whine-

You're just a middleclass, socialist brat
From a suburban family and you never really had to work
And you tell me that we've got to get back
To the struggling masses (Whoever they are)
You talk, talk, talk about the suffering and pain
Your mouth is bigger than your entire brain....

There's nothing wrong with capitalism



Save the Humans

by Moby (DJ, Singer-songwriter and musician)

I was talking to Al Gore (yes, I'm name dropping). I asked him a very simple and pointed question: "Animal agriculture contributes about 18 percent of the gases that cause climate change. Why didn't you mention this in your book or movie?"

His answer was disconcertingly honest. I'm paraphrasing,, but he said: "For most people, the role of animal agriculture in climate change is too inconvenient of a truth."

We like our animal products.

Well, you like your animal products. I've been a vegan for 28 years, so to be honest I don't even remember what they taste like.

But collectively, as a species, we seem to like animal products. A lot.

To wit: Each year, the U.S. raises and kills about 10 billion livestock animals. Globally we're raising and slaughtering about 56 billion animals each year. If you do the math, that means we're killing 1,776 animals for food every second of every day. That doesn't even include fish and other seafood.

But even though I'm a vegan for ethical reasons, I don't want to write about the animal ethics of animal agriculture. I want to write about the ways in which animal agriculture is killing us and ruining our planet.

I know, that sounds like left wing hyperbole. "It's killing our planet!" But sometimes hyperbole isn't hyperbole. Sometimes hyperbole is just the clear-eyed truth. I'll start with climate change.

The U.N. released a conservative report wherein they stated that animal agriculture causes about 18 percent of current greenhouse gas emissions.

To put it in perspective: animal agriculture is responsible for producing more climate change gases than every car, boat, bus, truck, motorcycle and

airplane on the planet. Combined.

But we like our animals -- or at least raising and eating them. So we make the tradeoff: animal products for climate change.

Climate is complicated. And climate change is complicated. But the role of animal agriculture in climate change is simple.

And how about famine? There are over 7,000,000,000 people on the planet, and many of them are very, very hungry. Article after article and book after book ask the question: "How will we feed a planet of 7 or 8 or 9 or 10 billion people?" The discussions turn to fertilizer and GMOs and arable land.

But here's a painfully simple idea: stop feeding human food to livestock.

It takes around 15 pounds of grain to make one pound of beef - which can feed a couple people for a few hours. In comparison, 13 pounds of grain fed to humans directly can feed 13 people for most of the day.

"We're killing 1,776 animals for food every second of every day."

Globally, we don't have a famine problem; we have a livestock problem. Feeding food to animals and then eating the animals is kind of like heating your house during the winter by burning wood outside.

Speaking of winters: a few years ago, tired of cold winters in New York, I moved to California. Last year in L.A., we had around 362 beautiful days of sunshine. It was 80 degrees on Christmas, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Which is great, apart from the fact that California and most of the West are now experiencing the worst drought in recorded history.

As Californians, we've been asked to take shorter showers and use less water on our lawns. Both are good ideas. But let's put it in perspective: a long

shower uses around 40 gallons of water. Whereas it takes 4,000 to 18,000 gallons of water to create a 1/3 lb hamburger.

More than 90 percent of the water in California goes to agriculture. Some agriculture is very water responsible. It takes about 216 gallons of water to make one pound of soybeans, for example.

But other agriculture is egregiously water intensive - including rice and cotton, but especially animal agriculture. Each pound of chicken requires about 500 gallons of water, and pork requires about 576 gallons of water.

“Personally, I’d like to make a deal with California. I’ll take much shorter showers if you stop subsidizing water use for livestock.”

Personally, I’d like to make a deal with California. I’ll take much shorter showers if you stop subsidizing water use for livestock. If I just jumped in the shower and bathed quickly, I could even get it down to five gallons of water per shower. And after 132 showers, I would’ve used as much water as is needed to create one pound of beef.

So we’ve established that having an estimated 56,000,000,000 livestock animals on the planet uses a lot of water and grain and creates a lot of methane and carbon dioxide.

But these billions of animals also make waste. The really disgusting waste, not just invisible climate warming gases.

Let’s put this in perspective: the good people of Philadelphia create roughly 1,000,000 tons of urine and feces per year. And one, only one, large pig farm will produce roughly 1,600,000 tons of urine and feces per year.

“One large pig farm annually creates 600,000 tons more urine and feces than the city of Philadelphia.”

Our lakes and rivers are being fouled with algae blooms. Our groundwater is being polluted. And the main culprit is livestock.

The 56 billion livestock animals on the planet are

making tons and tons of feces and urine every year -- three times as much as humans.

And, in addition to fouling our water supplies, it’s also fouling our homes. A University of Arizona study found more residual feces and waste in the average omnivores kitchen than in their toilet bowl. Largely due to meat in the home.

The animals spend their lives in their own feces and urine, and when they’re killed and packaged, they bring their feces and urine with them. Into your home. They also bring pesticides, antibiotics, growth hormones, cholesterol and saturated fat.

To that end: if we collectively stopped eating animals and animal products tomorrow, studies suggest we’d see a drop in obesity, heart disease, diabetes and some cancers.

“We don’t have a global health epidemic; we have a global livestock epidemic.”

We don’t have a global health epidemic; we have a global livestock epidemic. Too much of the western world health care budgets go to curing people of diseases caused by the consumption of animal products.

And I’m not going to toot the vegan horn too much, but vegans have significantly lower rates of obesity, diabetes and some cancers.

When I talk to people about animal agriculture and meat eating, people often say, “But meat is inexpensive.” And it is. But only because it’s so heavily subsidized by our tax dollars. In the United States, we spend billions of dollars every year in direct and indirect subsidies to the meat and dairy industries. Billions of dollars in our tax dollars, subsidizing a product that ruins our environment and decimates our health.

We subsidize the grain that’s fed to livestock. We subsidize the water that’s used in livestock production. We, the taxpayers, subsidize animal agriculture. And what do we get? We get climate change gases. And we get trillions of pounds of animal waste that fouls our lakes and rivers and reservoirs. We get an end product that causes cancer, diabetes, heart

disease and obesity.

And, saving the best for last, we also get zoonotic diseases.

“Zoonotic” is a fun and fancy sounding word. It sort of sounds like a very erudite part of a zoo, where the animals read books and live on boats. But zoonotic diseases are not fun or fancy. Some zoonotic diseases you might be familiar with: E.coli, Salmonella, SARS, Bird Flu, Ebola and even some old standards like smallpox and the common cold.

Zoonotic diseases come from animals, and, in many cases, from animal agriculture.

Luckily, thus far, we’ve been able to treat most zoonotic diseases with antibiotics. But here’s the rub: animals on factory farms are so sick, and in such bad shape, that antibiotics are all that’s keeping them from dying before they’re slaughtered. The animals are fed obscene amounts of antibiotics while they’re alive, and these antibiotics are then found in their milk and their eggs and their meat.

When you’re eating an animal, you’re eating the fat and the muscle but you’re also eating all of the antibiotics the animal has been fed during its life.

The double whammy of zoonotic diseases coming from animal agriculture: animals are the source of the zoonotic diseases but they’re also the source of antibiotic resistance. So the zoonotic diseases can kill us, especially as animal agriculture has created superbugs who don’t respond to conventional antibiotics.

That’s the fun world of animal agriculture.

A simple re-cap:

Animal agriculture:

Uses tons of grain that could be fed directly to people
Uses tons of fresh water that could be used to grow healthy food

Creates tons of urine and feces that ruin our lakes, rivers and drinking water

Creates about 18 percent of greenhouse gas emissions
Contributes to obesity, diabetes, heart disease and cancer

Causes epidemic zoonotic diseases

Contributes to the creation of antibiotic resistant “super bugs”

And is heavily subsidized by our tax dollars.

As a species, we are faced with complicated and seemingly intractable problems. And then we’re faced with animal agriculture.

So rather than focus on the hard, intractable problems (like curing baldness) let’s simply focus on something easy with phenomenal benefit: ending animal agriculture.

All we have to do is stop subsidizing it and stop buying animal products. Simple. And climate change gases are reduced by about 18 percent.

Famine could end. Fresh water could become clean and more abundant. Deaths from cancer and heart disease and diabetes and obesity could be reduced. And zoonotic diseases could be largely reduced.

It really is that simple.

We’ve done hard things in the past. We’ve ended slavery. We’ve given everyone the right to vote. We’ve passed legislation prohibiting children from working in factories. We’re even moving towards a time when cigarette smoking will be seen as a foul, distant memory.

We can do this. We have to. Our reliance on animal agriculture is literally killing us and ruining our climate and our planet.

I’ll end by quoting Albert Einstein:

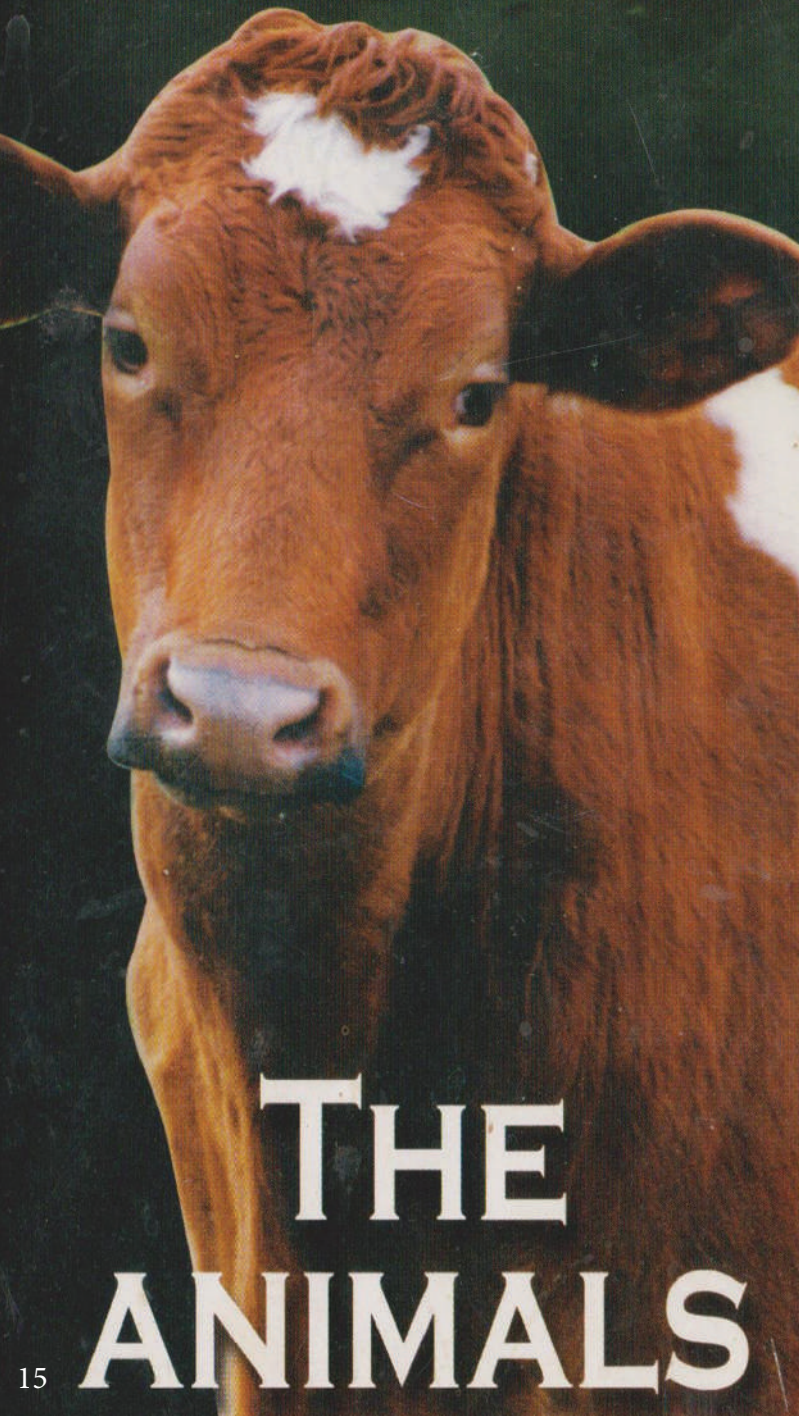
“Nothing will benefit human health and increase the chances for survival of life on Earth as much as the evolution to a vegetarian diet.” -Albert Einstein



THE MEN WHO BUILT AMERICA



HOW WE TREAT



THE ANIMALS

Every year, over nine billion farm animals are raised, transported, and slaughtered under grossly inhumane conditions. The misery begins during production, where animals are raised on large-scale “factory farms” enduring months, or even years, in overcrowded, intensive confinement operations.



Laying hens, veal calves, and breeding sows live in cages or crates so small that they cannot even turn around or stretch their limbs. Turkeys and chickens

are crammed by the thousands into large, filthy warehouses. Dairy cows are forced to produce 10 times more milk than they would in nature and then are slaughtered for ground beef when they are worn out. Millions of unwanted male egg-type chicks are discarded alive in dumpsters because they do not lay eggs and are too small to be used for meat production.

Animals who survive the production line suffer more torment during transportation and marketing. Animals used for food production may legally be transported up to 36 hours without food or water. During transport, animals are crowded into trucks, and suffer from stress, inadequate ventilation, and trampling injuries. Every year, tens of thousands of animals become so sick or injured that they cannot even walk. The meat industry calls them “downers”— and because they can still be sold for food, downed animals are dragged to slaughter with chains, or dumped alive on stockyard ‘dead piles’ when they are no longer “profitable.”



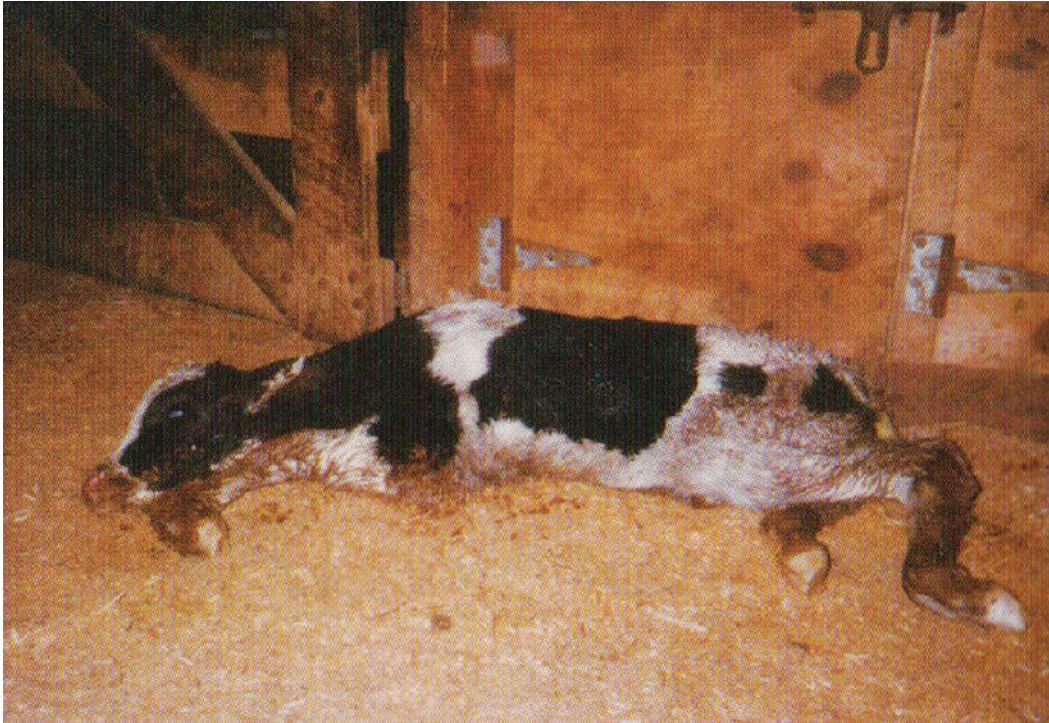
Upon arriving at the slaughterhouse, frightened animals are hit with canes, kicked, and shocked with electric prods to herd them to the killing floor. Stunning is not legally required for the majority of animals slaughtered. Poultry which comprise over 90% of "food animals" are not covered under "The Humane Slaughter Act", Even practices, combined with gross negligence, result in immense pain and suffering for millions of animals. Slaughter houses are filled with the anguished cries of animals, as they are hoisted by one leg, and then slowly bled to death.

pace, which causes "cowboy legs". Commonly, the turkeys have problems standing...and fall and are trampled on or seek refuge under the feeders, leading to bruises...or killed birds" (Feedstuffs)

Overcrowding is the industry norm, because the profits generated by the practice are greater than the losses associated with it. A hog expert writes: "Death losses during transport are too high – amounting to more than \$8 million per year. But it doesn't take a lot of imagination to figure out why we load as many hogs on a truck as we do. It's

cheaper." (Lancaster Farming)

Speed, not humane considerations, guides the slaughter process as assembly lines are moving faster to increase profits. A study of calf slaughter handling and processing practices found; "Approximately half of the calf slaughterers in the U.S. shackle calves while they are still alive" despite the fact this is illegal under the federal humane slaughter law. (Meat & poultry)



The meat and poultry industries admit that some animals reach the scalding tank or are dismembered while they are fully conscious. Federal laws do not adequately protect farm animals, and most state anti-cruelty laws specifically exclude animals used for "food" production. Severe confinement, painful mutilations, dragging and shocking, and even abandoning farm animals are considered "normal animal agricultural practices" under the law.

Quotes from the Industry

Farm animals have been purposely bred to grow larger and faster, despite severe animal welfare problems associated with this practice. An industry report states: "...turkeys have been bred to grow faster and heavier but their skeletons haven't kept

FARM SANCTUARY

is a national, non-profit organization dedicated to changing the way society views and treats farm animals. Since Farm Sanctuary began in 1986, we have devoted our resources and time to exposing and stopping the cruel practices of the "food animal" industry through investigative campaigns, legal actions & legislative initiatives, public awareness projects, youth education & outreach programs and direct rescue & refuge efforts. Farm Sanctuary is one of the nation's leading voices for farm animals....thanks to people who care enough to become a Farm Sanctuary member. For more information on what YOU can do to help, please contact us. www.farmsanctuary.com

VEGETARIANISM

in a nutshell

THE BASICS

Vegetarians do not eat meat, fish, and poultry. Vegans are vegetarians who abstain from eating or using all animal products, including milk, cheese, other dairy items, eggs, honey, wool, silk, or leather. Among the many reasons for being a vegetarian are health, ecological and religious concerns; compassion for animals; belief in non-violence; dislike of meat; and economics. The American Dietetic Association has affirmed that a vegetarian diet can meet all known nutrient needs. The key to a healthy vegetarian diet, as with any other diet, is to eat a wide variety of foods, including fruits, vegetables, plenty of leafy greens, whole grain products, nuts, seeds and legumes. Limit your intake of sweets and fatty foods.

MAKING THE CHANGE TO A VEGETARIAN DIET:

Many people become vegetarian instantly. They totally give up meat, fish and poultry overnight. Others make the change gradually. Do what works best for you.

Being a Vegetarian is as hard or as easy as you choose to make it. Some people enjoy planning and preparing elaborate meals, while others opt for quick and easy vegetarian dishes.

- **PROTEIN:** Vegetarians easily meet their protein needs by eating a varied diet, as long as they consume enough calories to maintain their weight. It is not necessary to plan combinations of foods. A mixture of proteins throughout the day will provide enough “essential amino acids.” (See “Position of the American Dietetic Association: Vegetarian Diets,” JADA, June 2003; Simply Vegan; and nutrition information on VRG’s website, www.vrg.org)
- **SOURCES OF PROTEIN:** Beans, lentils, tofu, nuts, seeds, tempeh, chickpeas, peas... Many common foods, such as whole grain bread, greens, potatoes, and corn, quickly add to protein intake.
- **SOURCES OF IRON:** Dried fruits, baked potatoes, mushrooms, cashews, dried beans, spinach, chard, tofu, tempeh, bulgar, and iron-fortified foods (such as cereals, instant oatmeal and veggie “meats”) are all good sources of iron. To increase the amount of iron absorbed at a meal, eat a food containing vitamin C, such as citrus fruit or juices, tomatoes, or broccoli. Using iron cookware also adds to iron intake.
- **SOURCES OF CALCIUM:** Collard greens, broccoli, kale, turnip greens, tofu prepared with calcium, lowfat dairy products, fortified soymilk and fortified orange juice all contain high quantities of calcium.
- **VITAMIN B12:** The adult recommended intake for vitamin B12 is very low. Vitamin B12 comes primarily from animal-derived foods. A diet containing dairy products or eggs provides adequate vitamin B12. Fortified foods, such as some brands of cereal, nutritional yeast, soymilk, or soy analogs, are good non-animal sources. Check labels to discover other products that are fortified with vitamin B12. Tempeh and sea vegetables are not reliable source of vitamin b12. To be on the safe side, if you do not consume dairy products, eggs, or fortified foods regularly, you should take a non-animal derived supplement.
- **CHILDREN:** According to The American Dietetic Association, vegetarian and vegan diets can meet all nitrogen needs and amino acid requirements for growth. Diets for children should contain enough calories to support growth and have reliable sources of key nutrients, such as iron, zinc, vitamin D, and vitamin B12.

TEN reasons TO GO Veggie

1. You'll save the lives of 2,460 chickens, 96 turkeys, 32 pigs and 12 cows in your lifetime.
2. According to the American Dietetic Association, vegetarian diets are associated with a reduced risk for obesity, coronary artery disease, hypertension, diabetes mellitus, colorectal cancer, lung cancer, and kidney disease.

Vegetarians have 24% lower rates of heart disease when compared to non-vegetarians with similar lifestyles.
3. On average, you can get about five times as much biologically available protein from eating plant foods directly as you can from using them to produce meat.
4. Animals raised for eggs and milk are slaughtered when their production goes down.
5. There are virtually no laws to protect farmed animals from cruelty.
6. Fishing is causing the ecological collapse of the oceans
7. We can almost double the amount of people on earth who could be fed on a purely vegetarian diet as compared to everyone eating 25% of their calories from animal products.
8. Almost all pigs are factory farmed, They are often in dark, barren, overcrowded pens and suffer from broken bones, abscesses, ruptured stomachs, pneumonia, meningitis, cuts and wounds which often kill the piglets because they are not cleaned.
9. Chickens are fed antibiotics daily to try to stop the spread of disease. Up to 100,000 are crammed in sheds. Some have broken bones or deformed legs and feet by the time they are killed at just six weeks old.
10. Many animals are slaughtered while still conscious.

With the single decision to stop eating animals you cease to play a part in this insanity.

Go on, be an eco-babe and go veggie today!

COWSPIRACY

As California Faces Drought, Film Links

Meat Industry to Water Scarcity & Climate Change



As California experiences a massive drought, we examine the overlooked link between water shortages, climate change and meat consumption. With some 98 percent of the state suffering from a water crisis, California Gov. Jerry Brown ordered residents and businesses to cut water use by 25 percent. It is the first mandatory statewide reduction in California's history. One group not facing restrictions is big agriculture, which uses about 80 percent of California's water. According to The Pacific Institute, 47 percent of a Californians' water footprint is in meat and dairy products. We are joined by Kip Andersen and Keegan Kuhn, directors of the documentary, "Cowspiracy: the Sustainability Secret." The film contends livestock is the leading cause of deforestation, water consumption and pollution despite many environmental organizations' relative silence on the issue.

TRANSCRIPT

This is a rush transcript. Copy may not be in its

final form.

AARON MATÉ: One of the worst droughts in decades continues to ravage California. Some 98 percent of the state is now suffering from a water crisis. Last week, California Governor Jerry Brown ordered residents and businesses to cut water use by 25 percent. It's the first mandatory statewide reduction in California's history. One group not facing restrictions is big agriculture, which uses about 80 percent of California's water. Some have criticized Brown for not capping water usage by corporate farms that grow water-intensive crops such as almonds, pistachios, and alfalfa hay which is exported to China to help feed the country's growing herd of dairy cows. A recent documentary looks at the link between climate change and livestock. The documentary is called, "Cowspiracy: the Sustainability Secret." It contends livestock is the leading cause of deforestation, water consumption and pollution despite many environmental organizations' relative silence on the issue.

DR. WILL TUTTLE: We're in the middle of the largest mass extinction of species in 65 million-years.

INTERVIEWEE 3: They can dictate the federal policies because they have so much political power.

WILL POTTER: One of the largest industries on the planet, the biggest environment impact, trying to keep us in the dark about how it is operating.

DR. WILL TUTTLE: That's the one thing no one talks about. You know, everybody goes around and —

RECORDED VOICE: Unfortunately, we are no longer able to fund your film project. We had a meeting and due to the growing controversial subject matter we have some concerns and have to pull out.

WILL POTTER: You're going up against people who have massive legal resources and you have nothing.

INTERVIEWEE 3: A lot of people just keep their mouth shut because they don't want to, they don't want to be the next one with a bullet to their head.

AMY GOODMAN: That was part of the trailer for the recent documentary, "Cowspiracy: the Sustainability Secret." According to The Pacific Institute, 47 percent of a Californian's water footprint is in meat and dairy products. For more, we go now to San Francisco, California, where we're joined by Kip Andersen and Keegan Kuhn. They are the award-winning directors of the documentary film. Kip Andersen and Keegan Kuhn, welcome to Democracy Now! Talk about what is causing the drought in California and what you have documented, you believe contributes so much to it.

AARON MATÉ: And Keegan, how does livestock compare to other environmental dangers like fracking, for example?

KEEGAN KUHN: You know, fracking is a great example. Fracking gets a lot of attention because of water use. Fracking uses about 100 billion gallons of water every year in the U.S., which is a tremendous amount of water, but animal agriculture uses in excess of 34 trillion gallons. So it's magnitudes greater. And then again the emissions that come from animal agriculture are about equal to natural gas and petroleum production. So it's an issue that is vastly more destructive when it comes to water

consumption, water pollution, and even emissions.

AMY GOODMAN: Let's go to a clip from "Cowspiracy." Here our guest, Kip Anderson, the film's Co-director, explains how much water goes into producing a hamburger.

KIP ANDERSON: I found out that one quarter pound hamburger requires over 660 gallons of water to produce. Here I've been taking the short showers trying to save water and to find out just eating one hamburger is equivalent of showering two entire months. So much attention is given to lowering our home water use, yet domestic water use is only 5 percent of what is consumed in the U.S. versus 55 percent for animal agriculture. That's because it takes upwards of 2500 gallons of water to produce one pound of beef. I went on the government's Department of water resources "save our water" campaign where it outlines behavior changes to help conserve our water like using low flow shower heads, efficient toilets, water saving appliances, and fix leaky faucets and sprinkler heads, but nothing about animal agriculture. When added up, all of the government's recommendations, I was saving 47 gallons a day but still that is not even close to the 660 gallons of water for just one burger.

AMY GOODMAN: That's Kip Andersen in the film "Cowspiracy." Kip is with us as well, in San Francisco. So how does the mandate, the 25 percent decrease in water, affect — does it affect animal agriculture, as you call it?

KIP ANDERSON: It actually doesn't affect animal agriculture. It's placing restrictions on people using — on not watering their lawns and doing anything you can. You go to restaurants and you have to ask for water, simple things like this, taking short showers. And another thing we mentioned later in the film is that to produce one gallon of milk takes 1000 gallons of water. So rather than —

AMY GOODMAN: Why is that?

KIP ANDERSON: — being concerned about having one glass of water, let's cut down on the dairy as well.

AMY GOODMAN: Why is that? Why does it take that much water?

KIP ANDERSON: It takes that much water because the animals have to be fed grains or feed of some

type. Alfalfa is an incredibly water-intensive crop. Actually uses — alfalfa which is fed primarily to livestock — uses 10 percent of all of California's water — or 15 percent, excuse me. So the water footprint that's embedded in the products that the animals are eating goes on to animal product and then on to the consumer. So again, looking at a pound of beef in California takes from 2500 to 8000 gallons of water to produce. These are extremely water intensive products.

AMY GOODMAN: Well, in this clip from "Cowspiracy," we hear from a Dr. Richard Oppenlander and Dr. Will Tuttle. They described how animal agriculture is leading to the extension of species and destruction of large swaths of forested land.

DR. RICHARD OPPENLANDER: Concerned researchers of the loss of species agree that the primary cause of loss of species on earth that we are witnessing is due to overgrazing and habitat loss from livestock production on land and by overfishing, which I call phishing in our oceans.

DR. WILL TUTTLE: We are in the middle of the largest mass extinction of species in 65 million years. The rain forest is being cut down at the rate of an acre per second and the driving force behind all of this is animal agriculture, cutting down the forests to graze animals and grow soybeans, genetically engineered soybeans to feed to the cows and pigs and chickens and factory farmed fish.

AARON MATÉ: Keegan, can you comment on this, how livestock actually contributes to the extinction of other parts of the species on a mass scale?

KEEGAN KUHN: You know, it's the the destruction that's happening to the entire ecosystems, as Dr. Tuttle says, massive areas of the rain forest, Amazonian rain forest, being cleared for cow production. They look at up to 91 percent of Amazon destruction is linked to animal agriculture in some way, whether clearing land to create grazing or for growing soy and corn that is then fed to those livestock. But it's also — when you look in the United States, we have public land grazing where animals are grazed on federal lands and those animals then compete with native fauna for vegetation and then they're also predated on by wolves and coyotes,

bears and bobcats. And so the ranchers put pressure on government officials to exterminate. And that's why we've seen a decrease in wolf population and why wolves are being targeted because of their threat or perceived threat to the cattle industry.

AMY GOODMAN: You know, there's been a lot of discussion about the amount of water it takes to grow almonds. Can you talk about how meat consumption compares to vegetable consumption of water?

KEEGAN KUHN: Absolutely. Ten percent of all water in California is used for almonds, which is a tremendous amount of water. But again, just alfalfa alone, a crop that is not consumed by human beings, that is fed for livestock, consumes 15 percent. California produces 82 percent of the world's entire almonds. This is — again 10 percent of California's water is feeding the 82 percent of the world's almond demands. And the other important fact is that Americans aren't consuming, and Californians in particular, aren't consuming nine ounces of almonds per day, which is not the case for animal agriculture. Animal products, we're consuming nine ounces per person per day in the United States. Again the water footprint is vastly greater because of the quantity that we are actually consuming. It takes about 1500 gallons of water to produce a pound of almonds, which is a tremendous amount of water. But again it's the quantity that we're actually consuming.

AMY GOODMAN: I want to ask you about the response of environmental groups to your argument. In "Cowspiracy," you interview members of some of the nation's leading environment or groups. When you ask them, what is the leading cause of environmental degradation, most declined to comment at any length.

ANN NOTTHOFF: The leading cause of environmental degradation is, um —

BRUCE HAMILTON: We need to address that as well.

KAMYAR GUIVETCHI: It is not up to the Department of Water Resources.

CHAD NELSEN: It is hard to actually target one thing.

LINDSEY ALLEN: I don't necessarily know what it is.

AARON MATÉ: That's a clip from "Cowspiracy." Kip, your assessment of how the environmental groups have handled this issue of livestock's effect on the environment?

KIP ANDERSON: It is frustrating. That's where the film took a turn for — looking to these organizations to tell us the answers and what they're doing about this. And to find out they're really not doing anything. You go onto these organizations' websites and their mission statements and they don't mention the greatest destruction across the board. It is like one-stop shop for nearly every single environmental destruction that's happening today is from this one industry, and yet you do not hear about this or they don't want to talk about this. And the interviews we have in the film, a lot of people, when they see them they're laughing, but if it's not so serious it would be a lot more humorous. But it is, it's very serious. And these are the organizations we have to look at to step up and tell the truth, just to share the information of what's really going on.

AMY GOODMAN: I want to turn to Will Potter who reports on animal rights and environmental movements. He's the author of, "Green is the New Red: An Insider's Account of a Social Movement Under Siege." In this clip from your film, "Cowspiracy," Will Potter discusses the government's repression of animal rights activists.

WILL POTTER: The animal agriculture industry is one of the most powerful industries on the planet. I think most people in this country are aware of the influence of money and industry on politics, and we really see that clearly on display with this industry in particular. Most people would be shocked to learn that animal rights and environmental activists are the number one domestic terrorism threat according to the FBI.

INTERVIEWER: And why is that?

WILL POTTER: It's a difficult question to answer, why these groups are at the top of the FBI's priorities. I think a big part of it is that they, more than really any other social movements today, are directly threatening corporate profits.

AMY GOODMAN: That's Will Potter in the film,

"Cowspiracy." And Keegan, if you could respond to that and end with why you call the film "Cowspiracy."

KEEGAN KUHN: There is a tremendous amount of repression activists face for blowing the whistle against this industry. There is a series of ag-gag laws that have been passed around the U.S. that criminalize exposing the atrocities being committed against animals and the environment on factory farms. And this is because the government and this industry work hand-in-hand oftentimes. The government — this industry is so powerful, it can put pressure on Congress to pass legislation that doesn't benefit consumers and only benefits the industry. We joked around about the title "Cowspiracy" for a while because it just seemed so ridiculous that nobody would talk about this issue. But you know, it really starts to come out and it's something we explore in the film in depth that this issue is so rooted in so many environmental ills, as Kip said, no matter what issue you care about, whether it's ocean dead zones, species extinction, habitat destruction, rain forest destruction, literally the list goes on and on, animal agriculture is at the forefront of the issue. Why aren't these organizations talking about it? And again, it's something that we explore in depth in the film. And we really encourage people to go to our website, cowspiracy.com, to find out more and to look at all of the facts. We have a fact sheet on our website, cowspiracy.com, that has all of the information that we used in the film.

AMY GOODMAN: Well, I want to thank you both, Keegan Kuhn and Kip Andersen, award-winning directors of the documentary film "Cowspiracy: the Sustainability Secret."



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FRIENDLY STAFF AND ENVIRONMENT
EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY AND SERVICE

THE LAND OF THE SELF-MADE MAN

by Nick Adams (Whistleblower magazine July 2014)

AMERICANS conduct business in an exceptional way. It is well known that this country is the prime engine of all the economic growth and prosperity of the world. It is also certainly true that one of the greatest accomplishments of any great nation is its ability to spread its culture and values to faraway lands and people. Americans have achieved this without parallel.

A global middle class would not have been possible without American power and purpose in the last sixty years. Business and employment in this land occupy the highest echelons of this nation's thought pyramid. Americans not only find their worth, but also pursue their happiness and opportunity through their careers and a belief in wealth creation—fundamental to the American experience. But be wary of liberals; they have never met a regulation they didn't like.

Because of this, we label American business people entrepreneurs and entrepreneurial innovation as the most distinguishing currency of nations. Fortunately for the American people, these values have been stenciled onto the sheets of their history for generations. They have no greater companion than their most prized documents the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Of, for, and by the people; not of, for, and by the government.

Innovation often thwarts crisis; it lifts the spirits and encourages a free-thinking mentality.

Americans believe that the challenges of this day will be the victories of the next. In fact, many of the nation's most exceptional business innovations were born in the most economically inhospitable times. Several corporate giants are substantive proof: Microsoft, Hewlett-Packard, General electric, and IBM.

This is easy to explain: The absence of self-confidence inhibits creativity and risk, a deficiency from which Americans do not suffer. They are most self-confident people and are correspondingly creative and risk-prone. American self-belief has always been and should always remain a force of nature.

Americans believe in their vocations; they are always seeking a life of meaning. Employment

gives them reason and definition, and they thrive on effort. There's also a deep personal pride in their work. It's what happens when government isn't God, trying to control everything.

Service is an enormous priority of the businesses here. The act of tipping is, to many outsiders, at first, a most peculiar custom. Hospitality employees of this nation often rely on tips to make ends meet, as the industry has been engineered to offer low hourly rates. It is the American's theory that the income of such employees is uncapped, which provides an enormous incentive to perform for individual rewards. No limit on potential.

It shouldn't be a surprise, then, that the service offered in the private sector here is exceptional. American employees, typically greeting their customers with a friendly smile, exert considerable effort to be helpful, exude competence, and provide the best experience to every patron. Tipping also proves a flourishing humanitarian spirit: People's moral values and Christian influence are reinforced each time they provide a tip because they are reminded of the need to care for their fellow citizens on the community. Brilliantly and breathtakingly American in every sense. Not one other country on the earth has tipping as such an integral part of the economy.

It is said today that this country is the greatest on the earth in which to conduct business. It's the land favored most by the entrepreneur and business owner, including those from other nations. History shows a healthy mix of capitalism, competition and innovation. Even the climbing entrepreneurs and self-starting business people of other lands renew their dreams here, in the absence of the cumbersome bureaucratic processes and cost-prohibitive matters they were accustomed to. These unique circumstances truly liberate the wings of the entrepreneur. But the most essential capacity of man is to dream. It is essential and nonnegotiable. Without it, mediocrity is guaranteed. And nothing is more un-American than mediocrity. It's why you only ever hear about the American dream. It's still the dream

around the world. Ever heard of the Swedish dream? The Canadian dream? The French dream? I didn't think so.

As stated before, competition is a natural human circumstance, and a most beneficial one. From the politically correct view of America's Western counterparts, aside from an organized professional sport, competition is morally questionable, since it promotes inequality. The exceptionalism of this nation lies in its unfailing commitment to competition in all arenas of life, but most spectacularly in her private sector.

I have encountered fewer fiercer forces than the corporate and capitalist sectors in America. It is a matter of course that in the life of the American business or company, it is forced to rediscover, revitalize, reimagine and remake. Such are the consequences of robust competition and perpetual threat, and such is the self-made nature of the society in which the business finds itself.

In such societies as this, innovation becomes intrinsic, benefiting the consumer. The great inventions for which Americans are renowned, an every school kid could once recite—steamboat, telegraph, steel plow, reaper, telephone, electric light bulb, phonograph and assembly line—all offer evidence of the unprecedented and exceptional innovation that has delivered widespread wealth through technological advances.

In today's world, the use of American inventions is overwhelming. Everyday life involves the use of some American technology, whether it is the credit card, the jumbo jet, anesthesia, MRI's, cable television or laser.

Whenever I speak to high schools across the country, I always urge students to Google "American inventions." It's fun, and they love it. American enterprise is strong. All over this nation, at any one time, visitors are liable to detect the unmistakable whirring of the business engine. Entrepreneurship and innovation are far and wide across this land, even in the unlikeliest of territories. From the produce stores of the Amish in Pennsylvania, to the six-year-old in Memphis performing gymnastics on Beale Street, to the lemonade stands of the ambitious young girl in the neighborhood street of central

Illinois, initiative transcends geography, culture or style.

The consumerism infused in the American people demands entrepreneurship, and it is delivered with relish. Coca-Cola can be purchased in more than two hundred countries and McDonald's has more than thirty thousand locations worldwide.

What can I say? America knows what cranks your tractor. Visiting the World of Coca-Cola in Atlanta is a capitalist's dream, and an experience I will never forget. Yet the successful entrepreneur of this land is often more likely to have a checkered past than not. In a land of risk and measureless opportunity, it is common for the inordinately successful business person to have been bankrupt at one time, perhaps even more than once. But the American Capitalist benefits from redemption, optimism and a prevailing reluctance toward judgment. Genuine zeniths of achievement require the chasms of failure to have been crossed, and to that end, Americans not only tolerate the recovering entrepreneurs, they celebrate them. Growth comes only when the seed is buried in dirt, covered in darkness and struggles to reach the light.

More than this, I find that the greater the depths plunged, the higher the esteem for those who have fallen and have gotten back up. A mistake or failing is the most easily redeemed in this land. In such a nation of risk-takers, such a public response is most capitular and most reassuring to the human condition, spurring Americans to push the boundaries of their own exceptionalism in the wake of their seemingly unlimited chances. A vision without execution is just a hallucination around the world. Americans connect and collaborate like no other people. Their pace is frenzied and their actions immediate with no second wasted. They are the ultimate multi-taskers. Americans are proactive, persistently seeking each new connection or opportunity, oftentimes with their business cards and personal technology as their only essentials.

They are born networkers; I can think of no other industrialized country where business networking is as conspicuous as it is in this land. Fast-paced and high-octane.

America's networking capacity is ideal in this rapidly developing, technology-driven globalized economy. I find Americans thoroughly addicted to their technology and they have selflessly and unwittingly imparted their technological innovation and expertise to the outside world.

Motivated by their values and desire to help others, their advances have enhanced humanity and businesses everywhere. The remote country town in Western Australia is today the neighbor and business partner of the fishing village in India. The businesses of this country are not without their weaknesses, but even America's internal weaknesses end up strengthening the world.

One of America's blessings to the world is free enterprise, and it is one that encourages and lifts. Americans' predisposition to take risks is not always rewarded, but with the people here always recovering quickly when they fail, they are capable only of increasing their exceptionalism. It's only when you risk everything that you get somewhere.

Throughout America's history, ranging from financial crises to war, the American boomerang has been ever active, proving that a resilient people and a resilient country can rise to any occasion and stay ahead of the innovation curve.

THE VAN HALEN DEBATE

By Emir S.Pagin

I WATCH The Ellen Degeneres Show..it's funny... I like her, (except her constant jokes on kids being annoying, not wanting kids to disrupt HER life, always glamorizing alcohol drinking..AND her lampooning people; specially straight women and men, mostly white.). Oh yeah, she has weird actors portraying the himbo shirtless guy, and the breast implanted-bimbo woman who's always drinking and is stupid. Oh yeah. . She's not the only one who does this, I think Chelsea Handling started that, with a slightly mentally challenged Latin man whom she would ask questions and basically use as a butt of jokes, just as a laughingstock..yes, that's basically it..i liked Chelsea and I'm sad her show ended..she was pretty courageous. So, after that, Kimmel came

out with the Latin silly guy named Guillermo.(is he dumb? Or just naïve, and so simple, he's used to really LAUGH at, etc)..lately Kimmel is using a paparazzi from Egypt, a guy that stalks celebs and takes their pics (he has 1000's)..his name is pronounced YAYA..

As the other Latin guys, he has a heavy accent, and seems to be "not all there"...funny, these stars don't get accused of "racism" (I don't believe it is, but it is SAD that they USE these people to laugh at)..(even when those guys are happy about getting PAID of course)..This last gag on Kimmel was horrible...I felt bad for Yaya..they put a fishbowl on his head then pretended they couldn't HEAR him speak so he was repeating the same thing over and over (NOT FUNNY!) and ended up screaming...it was sad!..Please stop using these people for your stupid gags... And I don't even care that the adulation for Ellen is feverish and crazy..Her career now is based on the show giving millions of dollars of OPM in HER name, to the common folk..That is an old recipe for devotion, check the history of Eva Peron..that's how she got her ardent supporters and now, after almost 65 years, the kids and grandkids of those who received presents from Evita (from household goods to checks) passed on to their descendants and Peronistas still have a hold on Argentina, from the demagoguery days of their Saint Evita. Of course The Price Is Right started this, but that was less personal...People thanks Ellen effusively, not remembering SHE DOESN'T BUY THE GOODS PEOPLE!..Of course Oprah made that worse as a "cult following type thing". As for the USING stereotypes/or PEOPLE AS GAGS, as laughingstock, stop it already! The good of the Ellen Show is the videos and kids performers, the bands & audience participation.

But her ego is out of control..she thinks she's a pure humanitarian, but no way, she's greedy as anyone else: she has like 4 shows and same for businesses on the side...then Hollywood talks and teaches (to the ignoramuses "Occupy Wall Street types) RICH PEOPLE=BAD! "corporations? BAAAD the Koch brothers? EVIL!! When the celebs are just as money hungry as any human being that has the chance... That's LIBERAL HIPOCRISY folks..I do watch

SOME of the celeb interviews..the rest I forward
...So, last month Ellen had Van Halen on...I had never been a fan, but I became interested in the history, the legacy, and went and read the bio, and here I was again, as in 1983 etc, in front of David Lee Roth..I never appreciated his crass performances on the videos, but now...I paid more attention after I read his bio...he had braces on his legs as a little kid!...he couldn't go out and play like other kids!... His parents thought he was autistic..and later sent him to a "reformatory" or "school for troubled kids.. he was marked by the experience of seeing "Hercules" the old film, at 12, but then also "Some Like It Hot"!..so, I was so surprised when he said "I wanted to be Hercules..but also Marilyn Monroe". And he did it! I finally came to appreciate his athletic capability (the splits? The kicks? not easy to do! TRY IT!) and also his handsomeness! Those eyes were truly beautiful..Gray or greenish...his hair..his body... his unabashed earnest desire to entertain..a pure HAM!..his compensation for the lacks he suffered as a kid (yes we all suffered I know) ..the mix of the Libra mind and the Horse heart sign, his high intelligence...The disorder that haunts him to present time, a motor-mouth who tries to just hold your attention as long as possible...He's so sweet! (Ok, that's my perception of the guy, I read faces/expressions)...As the singer of Van Halen, even me, as a non fan...I think now he was THE REAL DEAL..I never cared for the songs after DLR..they just sounded...as light as .."California Girls"... Yeah, I, like many people, didn't like that video or "Just A Gigolo" as choice of songs...not because he looks bad (he looks gorgeous) or the girls are not beautiful..or the songs are not great classics...it's just because the "Jump!" from VH to CG or Crazy From The Heat didn't make a lot of sense...but that's David, he likes Americana, he's a modern harlequin (hence the leotards or spandex, there WAS a reason he started wearing that in the first place!..he was doing splits! In the air etc..) I know some black artists did it, (the splits) like James Brown & all the ones who copied HIM etc..but who did it in the air, jumping sometimes from a 5' drop? David Lee Roth. So, after Gigolo (...which sadly describes loneliness!)... it saddens me that might become true, since Dave

has also another common trauma of children of unhappy marriages..he said he didn't NEED to get married as he saw what his parents went through... fights and bitterness...and unhappy children (albeit successful ones)...but, if you don't get married or have kids...in GENERAL, yes, not all kids get along with their parents..but mostly...WHO will care for you when you get old...in the case of wealthy people...assistants..of course...but..that's sad..or can be ok of course, since SOME families don't end up well either...But in general, people will have their kids to oversee the old age...and David? I also learned that it was David's idea to name the band VAN HALEN Wow, that's impressive..but not as much as the fact he co-wrote most of the songs with Eddie Van Halen...amazing!...That's why when I went to youtube (one of the best inventions in the history of the world together with another several hundreds, most invented in the USA, yes, go read).. I was watching videos by Van Halen, but also all of David's solo shows and videos, like the wonderful "Living In Paradise" and I would scroll down and read all the JEALOUSY and hatred really, spewed upon David..Like "Oh! He's not a great singer"...or sounds bad now!" "Can't sing anymore, etc"...To which I asked..how would YOU sound at 60? 1st of all, as a singer DLR was just FINE..he's not Pavarotti...SO? Who cares? He sounded amazing in all the recordings...the voice is so cool! Sexy! To me, that's what matters..2nd his squealing and screaming were amazing even more so, FOR ME< than Robert Plant for example..I prefer DLR vocals to Robert Plant... But also..is Jagger a great singer? Was Lennon a great singer? GOOD ENOUGH FOR US AND THOSE WHO LOVE THEM!...Anyway, to the fact his voice is not as it was when he was young..? how dumb.. of course is not..neither is Aretha's or Mc Cartney's who can't sing properly anymore..for many years now...but we love them...even Britney and Mariah couldn't sing as great anymore...of course Mariah was a great vocalist and Britney not really, but they both sucked at the BMA's..and they're still young-ish! ..so, at 61 David sounded a bit crappy..REALLY people? A Rock & Roll Hall Of Fame induction, I am upset though, that he didn't show up, and played the ego game, cuz he wasn't

getting his way, (he wanted to sing one of the VH shongs)..so he dropped out...childish... he also said "I don't give speeches for a living, I sing for my supper" ...which is not correct...HE DID give speeches, all the time!...and he was not just a SINGER but a DANCER as well as a writer...so..what was wrong with singing "You Really Got Me" a song that was kinda their beginning and also a classic?...where he could've done his wonderful histrionics which is what people LOVE and want to SEE!...kick! high kick SPIN!..Plus, "sing for my supper"..Being rich for such a long time, alluding to "earning" a living was unnecessary, cuz this wasn't about the \$ but being honored by the R&RHOF, which is an HONOR not a chore..(that's my critique about that)..HOW COULD YOU BLOW THAT CHANCE TO SHINE... well, Sammy Hagar showed up.. With Michael Anthony..Then the guys of Velvet Revolver? One says the word "mother----" on mike...SO RUDE!...(and BTW the new song by Adam Levine SUX for that reason..they use the word "MOTHER AH AH" what? Ridiculous WHAT CRAP! I hope the song doesn't reach high in the charts! Take that Adam, I know you're no a parent but cut the rude words on pop songs! SHAME ON YOU!...Anyway..besides that award and the maybe 80/100 million records VH sold.. David Lee Roth is a living legend, was one of the big sex symbols rock gods of the world in his heyday. And KUDOS TO HIM!

..To me, sorry, if I hear VH, or I want to play VH, or see a video, I SEE David, I HEAR David, then the guitar solos...etc..I found out Michael Anthony was great and also had a high pitch chorus, good, but it's David who made Van Halen Van Halen...(with Eddie and Alex and MA)..not Sammy. Sammy, love him as you might, was a replacement..as long as he lasted...DLR was the original, out of Pasadena, CA...Yes David Lee got a bit of inspiration from Jim Dandy..(even JD said, "I love David, he's great he put his own spin.." plus, no offense, but who ever heard of Jim Dandy? Only locals or those who saw The Story Of Van Halen by Dante Pugliese. (it's on DVD) and on youtube..

Yeah no doubt, it's the 70's/80's face of DLR...like Jagger, who had the cute face..THE MOVES, the sexy dancing..(not the profile of Dave, but who cares, the FRONTAL beauty, was what mattered)...A pretty

boy! Great body!..feminine sex appeal and male bravura as well..The songs were amazing and are now historic, classics, loved by most..& danceable! And DLR strut and swagger onstage?! The videos are hypnotic..David is a natural ham, candid, not afraid of being or looking ridiculous sometimes!...which he did on some parts of the videos...But that's the appeal...! He's a generous performer..the ultimate SHOWMAN, the true last rock god..Bless you David; thanks for the memories. (DLR pics pg. 41)

THE FAMILY PORTRAIT

(Excerpts from "Guide to the Perfect Latin American Idiot")

The perfect idiot's political tutelage included, in addition to connivings and resentments, a mixture of the most varied and confusing ingredients. First, of course, there is alot of the Marxist Vulgate from his university years. in those years, various introductory-level Marxist brochures and leaflets provided him a simple and complete explanation of the word and history. All was duly explained as class struggle. History advanced according to a preordained script (from slavery to feudalism to capitalism and then socialism, the threshold of a truly egalitarian society). Those guilty of our countries' poverty and backwardness were two disastrous allies: the bourgeoisie and imperialism.

Such ideas of historic materialism provided him a stew in which he could later brew up a strange mixture of Third World thesis, outbreaks of nationalism and populist demagoguery, and one vehement reference or another to compassion, almost always comically quoted from some emblematic strongman from his country: José Martí, Augusto César Sandino, José Carlos Mariátegui, Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, Jorge Eliécer Gaitán, Eloy Alfaro, Lázaro Cárdenas, Emiliano Zapata, Juan Domingo Perón, Salvador Allende, Simón Bolívar, or Che Guevara. All were served up in a boiling rhetorical cauldron. Our perfect idiot's political thinking resembles those extravagant tropical stews where you can find anything you're looking for, from chickpeas and slices of fried bananas to parrot feathers.

If we could put this in character on a psychoanalyst's couch, in the most intimate crevices of his memory we would discover ulcers from some social complexes and resentments. Just as does most

of Latin America's political and intellectual world, the perfect idiot comes from the lower middle class, very often from a rural background and somehow now rendered penniless. Perhaps he had a wealthy grandfather who fell into financial ruin, a mother widowed at an early age, a professional, businessman, or civil servant father pressured by daily trials, yearning for better times for the family. His world is almost always marked by social fractures, common to the vanished rural environment that is now badly entrenched in the new urban reality.

It could be that he grew up in the capital or a nearby city; his house could have been out of those that the rich scoff at when they inhabit the more elegant and modern part of town. His was a modest estate in a middle-class neighborhood or one of those old, damp, dark houses, with courtyards and flowerpots, tiles and rusty pipes, a Blessed Virgin image at the end of the entry, and exposed light bulbs in rooms and hallways. That is, before rampant urban development confined him to a tiny apartment in a multifamily dwelling. His friend since childhood would have been Scott's Rub, iodine-tonic cough syrup, radio soap operas, Pérez Prado's mambos, rancorous tango and Mexican ranchera tunes, end-of-the-month hardships, and relatives always fearing the loss of their jobs with every change of government.

Below the dusty social stripe, which we all probably belonged to, were the "people," that great anonymous and destitute mass pervading the streets, market squares, and churches during Holy Week. And high above, always arrogant, were the rich with their clubs, their enormous mansions, their debutantes and exclusive parties; from the heights of their elite surnames they looked down disdainfully at the middle-class people, who, depending on their country of origin, were called "special climbers," "half-breeds," "nouveaux riches," or some other derogatory name.

However, our man (or woman) was not awarded his "idiot" title for coming from a social caste, as if he would be the pastrami rather than just the rye. Nor was it earned as a pimply-faced teenager, in search of explanation or retaliation in Marxism. Almost all of us Latin Americans have suffered from Marxism, like from childhood measles. So experiencing such silliness is not what's alarming but rather continuing to repeat it or, even worse, to believe it without having tested it against reality. In

other words it isn't having been an idiot that's so bad, but persisting to be one.

And so it is with a great deal of tenderness that we too are able to share like memories and experiences among our friends, whether having belonged to a communist organization or to some small leftist group, having sung *Internacional* or *Bella Ciao*, thrown stones at police, plastered anti-government posters on walls, disturbed pamphlets and flyers, or chanted in chorus "a united people will never be defeated" with yet another multitude of blossoming idiots. Those first twenty years are our age of innocence.

It's probable that while suffering from that common-to-many bout of measles, the Cuban revolution, with its bearded-legend images deliriously entering Havana, surprised our fellow. And here is where his idolizing of Castro or Che Guevara came not to be ephemeral but perennial. This idolatry, which convinced some of that generation's youth to run to the hills and to death, will have become somewhat concealed in our perfect idiot by the time he is no longer a militant radical leftist but a delegate, senator, ex-secretary, or leader of an important party in his country. In spite of this, however, he will still gyrate in excitement like a dog seeing a bone if during a visit to Cuba he finds before him the hand and the bearded, exuberant, and monumental presence of the "Maximum Leader." And naturally, being a perfect idiot, he will find plausible explanations for the worst disasters created by Castro. If there is hunger on the island, the cruel U.S. embargo is to blame; if there are exiles, it's because they are traitors incapable of understanding the revolutionary process; if there are prostitutes, it isn't due to the poverty on the island but rather because Cubans now have the freedom to use their bodies as they wish. The idiot, as we all know, goes to lofty extremes when interpreting the facts so as not to lose the ideological baggage that has accompanied him since youth. You see, he has no change of clothing.

Since there is no chance of our perfect idiot being a follower, his participation in small leftist factions will not survive past his student years. After completing his university degree and beginning his political career, he will search for a comfortable refuge in a party with some tradition of and option for power, transforming his Marxist capriciousness into an honorable relationship with the Socialist In

ternational – or if he is of a conservative breed, with the so-called social doctrine of the Church. He will be, to use his own words, a man with a social conscience. The word “social” by the way, fascinates him. He will speak of social change, social politics, social platforms, social trends, social vindication, or social drives, convinced that that word blesses everything he does.

A few things from his childhood ideological measles will stay with him: certain oppositions to and criticisms of imperialism, plutocracy, multinationals, the Monetary Fund, and other octopuses (various zoological metaphors from his militant Marxism remain with him). He will probably stop using the term “bourgeoisie,” instead designating it an oligarchy or “the rich” or using the evangelical title of “the powerful” or “those chosen by fortune.” And obviously everything will be from a Third World point of view. If there are guerrilla fighters in his country, they’ll understandably be called “the insurgent army,” and he’ll ask to have patriotic dialogues with them even though they kill, abduct, rob, extort, and torture people. The perfect idiot is also, according to Lenin’s definition, a useful idiot.

At the age of thirty, our chap will have suffered a prodigious transformation.

FOREWARD (By Mario Vargas Llosa, Nobel Prize in Literature, 2010)

He believes that we’re poor because they are rich and vice versa, that history is a successful conspiracy of evil against good, where they always win and we always lose (he is always among the poor victims and the noble losers). He has no objection to surfing through cyberspace and being on-line, while at the same time—without realizing the contradiction—loathing consumerism. When he speaks of culture he boasts, “What I know I learned from life, not from books, so my culture isn’t academic but pragmatic.” Who is he? He is the Latin American idiot.

Three writers (Latin Americans, of course) quote, dissect, describe, write biographies about, and immortalize him in a book – Guide to the Perfect Latin American Idiot – which is written in the way a skilled matador fights a Miura bull: drawing the creature in ever closer, fearlessly taking him by the horns in each performance. But the ferocity of the chafing criticism is softened by the guffaws await-

ing on each page and by a relentless self-criticism that leads the authors to include their own idiocies in the delightful anthology of stupidity, by way of an appendix, at the end of the book.

I know the three authors very well, and their credentials are among the most respectable that a contemporary writer can boast of. For years, Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza has been stalked and threatened with death by Colombian terrorists linked to crime and drug trafficking for ceaselessly denouncing them in his reports and articles. Carlos Alberto Montaner fought against Batista and later Castro and for more than thirty years has been fighting in exile for Cuba’s freedom. Alvaro Vargas Llosa (my son, by the way) has three pending trials in Fujimori’s Peru as a “traitor to the country” for condemning the inane Peru–Ecuador border squabble. At one time or another in their youth, all three have been leftists (Alvaro says he wan’t, but I found out that when he was at Princeton he belonged to a radical group that, sporting Che Guevara berets, demonstrated against Reagan in front of the White House). Now all three are liberals, like myself, belonging to that unveiled, simple ideological variant that in some regions verges on anarchy and that is referred to as “ultra-liberalism” or “liberal fundamentalism” by some of the book’s protagonists—the aforementioned idiots.

The idiocy pervading this guide is not congenital, not the cerebral or spiritual phenomenon, nor that state of mind that fascinated Flaubert (the French *bêtise* or what we have in Spanish have clothed in beautiful and mysterious euphemisms, such as the anatomical “halfwit” in Spain or that meandering “village idiot” in Peru). This type of idiot arouses affection and sympathy or, even worse, commiseration, but not anger or criticism. At times he even inspires secret envy; there is something that resembles purity and innocence in those simpletons of nature and in their spontaneous idiocy. There is also the suspicion that they possess nothing less than that terrible thing believers call “godliness.” The idiocy documented in these pages is of another kind. In fact, this idiocy exists not just in Latin America—it runs like quicksilver and spreads its roots everywhere. False, intentional, and chosen, it is consciously adopted because of intellectual laziness, ethical sluggishness, and social opportunism. It is ideological and political but above all frivolous, because it reveals an abdication of the ability

to think for oneself, to compare the words with the facts they claim to describe, to question the rhetoric that replaces thoughts. This idiocy is devoted to the prevailing trend; always carried away by the popular tide, it worships stereotypes and is defined by clichés.

No one is immune from succumbing to this type of idiocy at some time in life. (I too appear in the anthology with an atrocious quote.) The sufferers possess ontological lunacy like the official of Franco's government who, on a trip to Venezuela, defined the regime he served thusly: "What is Francoism? It's socialism with freedom." With such transient and almost stealthy idiocies and a stroke of literary genius, they suddenly explain, like Julio Cortázar in a burst of lyrical innocence, that the Gulag was only "an accident on the road" of communism. Or like García Márquez in his report on the Falkland Islands war, they document with mathematical omniscience how many castrations the savage British Gurkhas performed on Argentina's armies, by the minute. Contradictions of this type are easily forgiven due to the brevity and cheerful manner in which they are emitted. The stifling ones wrap themselves around baroque theological treatises that explain that the "choice for true Christian poverty" is experienced in class struggle, democratic centralism, guerrilla warfare, Marxism, or economic quagmires that, by using a bombardment of statistics and inventive comparative tables, show how each dollar recorded as profit by an American or European company confirms the success of the Shylock business model since those profits were amassed with the blood, sweat, and tears of Third World peasants.

There is sociological idiocy and idiocy derived from historical science; from political science and journalism; from Catholics and Protestants; from the right and left; from the social democrats, the Christian democrats, the revolutionaries, the conservatives, and—oh, dear—even the liberals. All appear here, mercilessly treated and mistreated, although always with a truly spicy and exhilarating humor. What this book really outlines in its thirteen witty chapters (and its priceless anthology) is something that binds and explains all those aberrations, equivocations, distortions, and raving exaggerations accepted as ideas: *intellectual underdevelopment* (a phenomenon that, although weakened, is still alive and kicking).

The book's great merit lies in cloaking its conceptual seriousness beneath its funny bone: to show that all doctrines that make an exaggerated attempt to explain grim realities such as poverty, social inequalities, exploitation, ineptitude in producing wealth and creating jobs, and the failures of civil institutions and Latin American democracy are primarily a result of an obstinate and ubiquitous irresponsibility. Playing ostrich in their own misery and defects, they refuse to acknowledge and therefore correct them, rather looking for excuses and scapegoats (imperialism, neocolonialism, multinationals, unfair trade terms, the Pentagon, the CIA, the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, etc.) so as to take comfort, all in good conscience, in the position of an eternal victim and dwell endlessly on the problem. It appears that Mendoza, Montaner, and Vargas Llosa have in their research on intellectual idiocy in Latin America unintentionally arrived at the same conclusion as the U.S. economist Lawrence E. Harrison, who many years ago confirmed in a polemic essay that underdevelopment is "a mental illness."

Here this idiocy appears, above all, as a weakness and cowardice in the face of the true reality and as a neurotic propensity toward avoiding this reality by replacing it with a fictitious one. It is no wonder that a continent with such tendencies embraced surrealism, the distorted beauty of dreamlike states and intuition, and distrust for the rational—a place where military satrapy and authoritarianism proliferated at the same time and attempts to establish a tradition of consensus and reciprocal concessions through tolerance and individual responsibility (these being the food of democracy) failed over and over again. Both situations appear to be the consequence of the same cause: the profound inability to distinguish between the truth and falsehood, reality and fiction. This explains how Latin America has produced great artists, distinguished musicians, outstanding poets and novelties, and thinkers who are so far removed from reality; how it has raised up such shallow doctrinaires; how it brought forth innumerable ideologues who place a perpetual ban on historical objectivity and pragmatism. It is also where the intellectual elite religiously and piously adopted Marxism (more or less like it had usurped the Catholic doctrine as its own), the twentieth-century catechism with prefabricated answers for every problem, which exempts thinking or ques

tioning situations and oneself, dissolving its own conscience in a cacophonous chorus of dogma.

The Guide to the Perfect Latin American Idiot belongs to a rich tradition of satire, with Pascal and Voltaire as its masters, later continued by Sartre, Camus, and Revel in the contemporary world. This is a militant and polemic text, provoking and seeking intellectual confrontation in the arena of ideas, not anecdotes, using arguments, not insults or personal attacks. It balances its lighthearted expressions and dialectic virulence against the strength of its content, its serious analysis, and its expository coherence. So, although it is riddled throughout with humor, it is the most serious book in the world. After having read it (just as with Vallejo's verses), the reader is left thinking—and then is immediately overcome by sadness.

Will we Latin Americans always be like this, creating so freely and theorizing so slavishly? There is no doubt about it—Latin America is changing for the better. In almost every country, military dictatorships have been replaced with civilian governments, and everywhere you look a certain resignation to democratic pragmatism seems to be infiltrating old revolutionary utopias. Stumbling and tripping along the way, issues that only a while ago were considered taboo (internationalization, markets, privatization of the economy, the need to reduce and discipline governments) are now being accepted. But all this is being done reluctantly, without conviction, because that's just how it is and nothing can be done about it. Aren't some of these reforms that are being carried out with such unwillingness, foot-dragging, and muttered curses destined to fail? How can such policies bring forth the expected fruits—modernity, jobs, rule of law, higher standards of living, human rights, and freedom—if no conviction and ideas are present to support and perfect them, ceaselessly vivifying and rejuvenating them? Latin America's current paradox is that its governments are beginning to change, it's economies are being reformed, and civil institutions are being born or reborn. But its intellectual life continues to be largely stagnant, blind and deaf to the world's great historical changes, unchanging in its routines, myths, and conventions.

Will this book shake up Latin America? Will it awaken it from its deep slumber? Will the throng of idiots open their eyes and respond with opposing ideas and arguments to the challenge presented

by the Guide's three musketeers? Hopefully. There is nothing we need more than a great debate for Latin America's changes to endure, giving this long and sacrificial modernizing process an intellectual foundation—the ideological stew from which freer and more prosperous societies will emerge and a cultural life with no idiocy or idiots, or at least hardly any.

GROW A BURGER

By Brian Walsh

"FIFTY YEARS HENCE," SAID WINSTON CHURCHILL in 1931, "we shall escape the absurdity of growing a whole chicken in order to eat the breast or wing." How? "By growing these parts separately under a suitable medium"

O.K., so Churchill was a politician, not a scientist: 82 years later, our Whoppers, Big Macs and Double Downs are still sourced from livestock. But now, thanks to advances in cell cultivation, researchers are closer than ever to growing real, edible meat in labs. And those Frankenburgers (and Franken-nuggets) might just help save the planet.

Beyond the ethics of raising some 9 billion animals to be killed for food each year in the U.S.—a big issue for vegetarians and some advocacy groups—factory farms produce vast amounts of waste: some 2 trillion pounds of animal waste, which pollutes air and water. And with global demand for meat expected to grow 60% by 2050, the amount of farmland and grain needed to feed those chickens, pigs and cows may be unsustainable.

But producing in vitro meat—muscle tissue that's cultured from animal cells and grown in a laboratory—has none of those hang-ups. In fact, it's mouth-wateringly efficient compared with existing methods of meat production, using 45% less energy and 99% less land, according to some estimates. It's even endorsed by People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. In 2008 the advocacy group promised a \$1 million prize to the first producer that could mass-market lab-grown meat—proof that vegetarians who currently shun pork might be open to, say, lab-grown bacon.

Nobody has claimed that prize yet. But physiologist Mark Post and his team at Maastricht University in the Netherlands, who have already grown small amounts of meat tissue, say they're months away from producing the first in vitro burger. Their challenge—aside from convincing consumers that lab meat isn't as gross as it sounds—will be cost. Proper cell cultivation is pricey (development expenses for the burger are estimated at north of \$100,000), so it'll be tough to scale with conventional farming, which produces 50 billion hamburgers each year in the U.S. If they succeed, though, we may one day be ordering McInVitos. Or, perhaps, a McChurchill.

Praise for *Guide to the Perfect Latin American Idiot*

“Bitingly honest yet witty and refreshing.”

– Don Bohning, Latin America Editor, *Miami Herald*

“An amusing guide . . . It offers, with judicious selections of idiotic passages from Latin American thinkers and leaders over the last 150 years, an opportunity for readers in the United States to grasp the extent to which Latin American intellectual and political life is driven by nationalistic resentments, inferiority complexes, and repressed grudges against its powerful neighbor to the north.”

– *Weekly Standard*

“ This runaway bestseller in Latin America must be read by anyone in the United States and Canada who is interested in Latin America . . . It is one of the most important books ever written about Latin America.”

– Lawrence E. Harrison, author of
Underdevelopment Is a State of Mind

“A smart, tart, and unrepentant analysis of the old latin American leftist thinking that is still surprisingly influential in some quarters. This book takes on the left’s sacred cows with true revolutionary zeal.”

– Moises Naim, Editor-in-Chief, *Foreign Policy*

“A systematic, admirably written, and at times outrageously funny critique.”

– Jorge I. Dominguez

Director of the Weatherhead Center for international
Affairs at Harvard university, and former president
of the Latin American Syudies Association



(lithographs by Dirk, pg. 41)

ARGENTINA YESTERYEAR

When Gral Juan La Valle was shot dead by his enemies (he was a dictator of course) his friends dug up the body and carried it on horseback out of the country to Bolivia for safe-keeping. When it was to decompose on the trail, the funeral escort dismounted skinned and eviscerated the corpse and carried on, packing the relics in saddlebags. Even today, the battle over the bones of another nineteenth-century dictator continues as fiercely as ever. Posters plastered on city walls proclaim that 'Rosas Lives'. But, in fact, Juan Manuel de Rosas, a fierce, throat-cutting *gaucho* (cowboy) has been dead for over hundred years the created the first secret police in South America and ruthlessly forged the country's quarrelling provinces into a single nation before he was overthrown. He lived out his remaining years in Southampton, where he is buried. But in Argentina, the question of whether his bones should be brought back to his homeland still provokes controversy among pro- and anti-Rosas factions.

But Argentina is not a land in love with the heroic dead. Grotesque death in every conceivable form is a ritualistic everyday business in Argentina, where left-wing guerrillas kidnap, torture, and murder, and, in turn, are themselves captured, tortured, and then often take out of their cells and machinegunned or dynamited together in bundled groups. Perhaps it is something in the character of the people who inhabit this remote, empty, desolate land of a million square miles – five times the size of France – a brutish land of plunder, virtually peopled in this century. In 1850, there were fewer than a million Argentines, and Indian territory began less than a hundred miles from Buenos Aires. Those Argentines were the descendants of the hardy soldier-adventures of Spain who first colonised the land in the early 1500s. They became the *gauchos*, the cowboys who pushed out into the vast Indian-infested grazing lands called the pampas, rolling plains which stretch from the sweltering jungles of the Chaco on the Bolivian border in the north to the freezing antarctic wastes of Patagonia in the south, from the snow-capped Andes in the west to the Atlantic in the east.

'It was the gaucho who made Argentina,' wrote John White in his *Life Story of a Nation*. 'First, he helped the Spaniards win the country from the Indians by providing an effective barrier between the civilised towns and the raiding savages. Later, he formed the mounted militias which won freedom from Spain, not only for Argentina but for Uruguay, Chile, Bolivia and Peru. Then, after many years of civil war, he finally forced the City and Province of Buenos Aires to join the Federation. It was then, and not until then, that Argentina became a nation.' So the gaucho is the national hero of Argentina, immortalised in a long epic poem, *El Gaucho Martin Fierro*. Most Argentines can recite a few verses of the poem in which the gaucho extols liberty, manhood, and justice. But Walter Owen, *Martin Fierro's* English translator, took a clearer-eyed view of the gaucho in his introduction, one that could just as easily apply in many ways to the present day Argentine.

He was, wrote Owen, a 'strange mixture of virtues and vices, of culture and savagery. Arrogant and self-respecting, religious, punctilious within the limits of his own peculiar code, he was yet patient under injustice, easily led and impressed by authority, ferocious, callous, brutal, superstitious and improvident.' He was as 'pitiless as the savage Guaycurus (Indians) of his native plains, who as an old chronicler says, were "the most turbulent of heathen, who extract their eyelashes to better see the Christians and slay them." . . . In no country and at no time, intrepidity, indifference to suffering and endurance have been held in such high esteem' The gaucho's law was his knife, or *facon*, a short sword with a double-edged curved blade. His poncho wrapped around his left arm and used as a shield, he fought, whirling his *facon*, waiting for an opportunity for a sweeping blow that would lay his opponent's throat open. To the gaucho, throat-cutting was the only satisfactory way of killing an enemy. W.H. Hudson, the English naturalist and novelist who was born and grew up in Argentina in the middle of the 1800s recollected in his book *Far Away and Long Ago* listening as a child to groups of *gauchos* as they sat around and yarned at the close of day in the *pulperia*, the village store, bar, and general meeting place.

Inevitably, the talk turned sooner or later to the subject of cutting throats. Not to waste powder on prisoners was an unwritten law and the veteran gaucho clever with the knife took delight in obeying it. Remembered Hudson: 'It always came as a relief, I heard them say, to have as a victim a young man with a good neck after an experience of tough, scraggy old throats: with a person of that sort they were in no hurry to finish the business; it was performed in a leisurely, loving way . . . He did his business rather like a hellish creature reveling in his cruelty. He would listen to all his captive could say to soften his heart – all his heartrending prayers and pleadings; and would reply: "ah, friend," or little friend, or brother – "your words pierce me to the heart and I would gladly spare you for the sake of that poor mother of yours who fed you with her milk, and for your own sake too, since in this short time I have conceived a great friendship towards you; but your beautiful neck is your undoing, for how could I possibly deny myself the pleasure of cutting such a throat – so shapely, so smooth and soft and so white! Think of the sight of warm red blood gushing from that white column!" And so on, with wavings of the steel blade before the captive's eyes, until the end.'

It was cruel, brutal country out there on the plains in no-man's land beyond the frontier posts of the Argentine army. For the settlers, pushing west and south in their bullock-wagons, the greatest terror was reserved for the Indians, who bitterly resisted the encroachment on their ancestral hunting grounds. Even the tough gaucho felt a fear and respect for them. It was a similar story of course on the North American plains, thousands of miles away. In both countries, encroaching white settlers viewed the embattled Indians as savage beasts–

'Those horrible howling bands,' wrote the gaucho Martin Fierro
 That fall like a swarm on town and farm;
 Before the Christian has time to arm,
 They have seen the sign; they have sniffed the wind
 And they come like the desert sand . . .

The only thing in his savage creed
 That the Indian's sure about
 Is this: that it's always good to kill,

And of smoking blood to drink his fill:
 And the blood he can't drink when his belly's full
 He likes to see bubble out . .
 Like ravening beasts on the scent of blood
 They come o'er the desert broad,
 Their terrible cries fill the earth and skies
 And make every hair on your head to rise,
 Every mother's son of their howling horde
 Seems a devil damned by God.

In 1832, when Rosas was busy trying to wipe out the pampas Indians, his camp was visited by Charles Darwin during the British naturalist's historic voyage in HMS *Beagle* to Latin America. Darwin described the place as looking more like the hide-out of brigands than the headquarters of a nation's army. Guns, wagons and crude straw huts had been formed into a sort of compound, 400 yards square. Encamped within it were the general's gauchos. The young Englishman was fascinated by them – their mustachios, long black hair falling down over their shoulders, their scarlet ponchos and wide riding trousers, white boots with huge spurs, and knives stuck in their waistbands. They were extremely polite and looked, Darwin said, 'as if they would cut your throat and make a bow at the same time.' He got the same feeling about their general – extremely courteous but capable of ordering a man to be shot on the slightest whim.

Rosas's campaign strategy against the Indians was simple. He rounded them up a hundred or so at a time and slaughtered them without compunction or mercy – men, women and children. In fact, while Darwin was in the camp, a company of gauchos rode off on an Indian hunt. They spotted a party of Indians crossing the open plain, and after killing a few who fought when cornered, they finally rounded up 110 men, women and children. They shot all the men except three who they kept for interrogation. The better looking girls were set aside to be distributed among the gauchos. But the older women and the uglier girls were also killed immediately. The children were kept to be sold as slaves. The three surviving Indians were then shot in turn as they refused to divulge the whereabouts of the rest of the tribe, the third of them pushing out his chest proudly as he told his captors, 'Fire, I

am a man. I can die.'

To the horrified Darwin, it was the Argentines who were the savages, not the Indians. But then he was a genteel young man from the peaceful Shropshire countryside. While his voyage led him to a revolutionary concept of the evolution of life, he was incapable of understanding the basic facts of life in a raw, brutal land. It was win or die.'

To the horrified Darwin, it was the Argentines who were the savages, not the Indians. But then he was a genteel young man from the peaceful Shropshire countryside. While his voyage led him to a revolutionary concept of the evolution of life, he was incapable of understanding the basic facts of life in a raw, brutal land. It was win or die. Prisoners always had their throats cut after battle. It came as no surprise to them. As for the charming Rosas, he ruled through terror and repression. He allowed no constitution or parliament. He banned books and newspapers. But he enjoyed wide support among the people who counted for nothing in Argentina – the poor, the gauchos, who worshipped him. He could throw the bolas, break horses, and cut throats with the best of them.

He once explained to a friend how he held on to power. Although he was a landowner, he said, he knew and understood the lower classes. 'I know and respect the talents of many of the men who have governed the country . . . But it seems to me that all committed a great error; they governed very well for the cultured people but scorned the lower classes, the people of the fields, who were the men of action. I believe it is important to establish a major influence over this class to contain it and direct it, and I have acquired this influence. I am a gaucho among gauchos. I talk as they do. I protect them. I am their attorney. I care for their interests.'

The Indians of the Argentine plains were doomed by the hatred and terror they inspired. For a large part of the last century they held back the white tide with their raids on isolated farms and military outposts, armed with nothing more than their eighteen-foot lances tipped with a foot-long blade, their boleadoras, three heavy stone balls attached to ropes which were whirled and thrown to upend their enemies, and their bows and arrows. But eventually – and less than one hundred years

ago – the Argentine cavalry swept through the pampas. Unlike the United States, where the Indian survivors were rounded up and herded into reservations, in Argentina the slaughter was total. Indian settlements were razed to the ground. The few remnants of a proud and skilled people were sent to Buenos Aires as captive servants. Even rebellious gauchos, known as *montoneros*, who on more than one occasion had taken on the national army in open battle, were exterminated or brought to heel. The vast lands of the pampas, ripe for exploitation, disappeared into the hands of generals, the land-owning aristocrats of colonial descent, and speculators. British-built railways probed out into the empty land, carrying hundreds of thousands of Spanish and Italian immigrants to work as peasants on the land, living in mud and straw huts, transient hovels for men who felt no kinship to the rich, black pampas soil but dreamed of earning enough from it to take back to the land of their birth.

Not even the estancieros, the wealthy ranchers who owned hundreds of thousands of pampas acres – estates as large as English counties – sank any roots in this desolate, monotonous land. To them it was a commodity. The railways carried their grain and cattle to the port city of Buenos Aires. From there the wheat and meat were shipped on to the booming markets in Europe. Overnight, the cattle ranchers from Argentina became the world's newest nouveau riche. They owned mansions in Buenos Aires, Paris, and London. On their lands in the pampas they built French chateaux and gabled English country homes surrounded with eucalyptus groves, lawns and rose gardens, which they visited on the occasional weekend. But the wealth of the land was such that it could support those who milked it with such abandon (there is an old Argentine saying which has stood the test of time – no matter how hard Argentines try, they can never bankrupt Argentina).

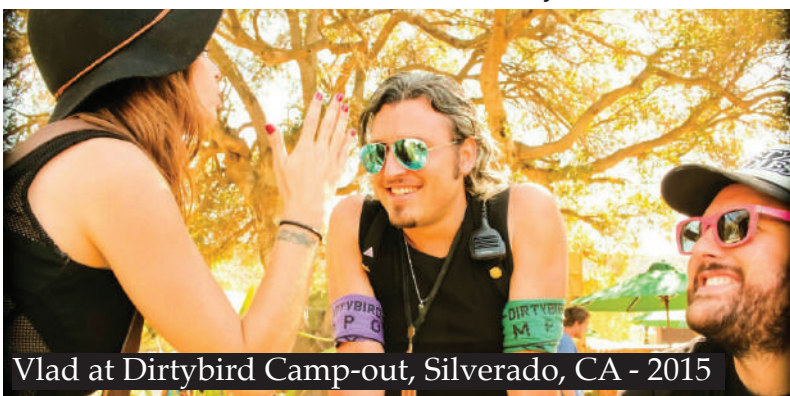
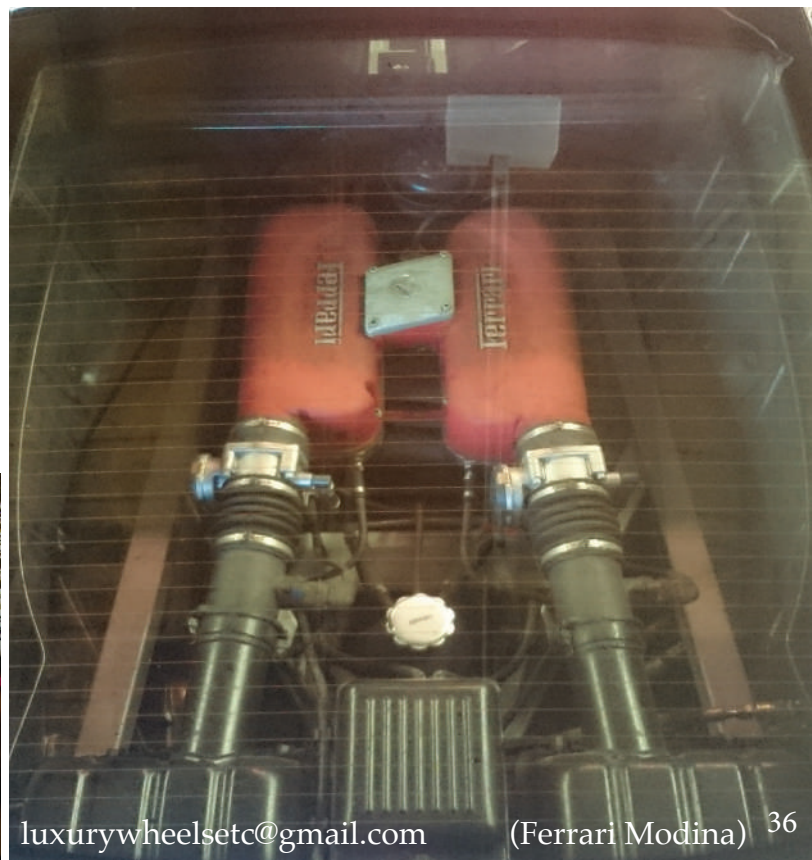
The land could also support the thousands of immigrants pouring into the port of Buenos Aires every week. They came in such numbers that the population soared from nearly 2 million in 1869 to 4 million in 1895 and 8 million in 1914. By then three out of every four adults in Buenos Aires were

European born. The vast majority of the nation possessed no ties that bound them together as one people with a feeling and understanding for one another – outside the family the lack of tolerance of Argentines towards one another has haunted the nation down to this day. At the turn of the century, at the critical moment of nation-building, the only bond among the thousands of new Argentines pouring into Buenos Aires was that in building a new city in place of the old-fashioned, large village (la grand aldea) between the River Plate and the pampas, they, as labourers on the building sites, in the cattle slaughter houses, and on the dockside, and the carpenters, grocers, milkmen, butchers, servants, householders, and peddlers, all owed their livelihood to the vast empty hinterland beyond the city.

It was land, wrote American poet Archibald MacLeish, 'in which the distances from house to house are too great for the barking of dogs on the stillest night; a country in which the cock crows only twice because there is no answer . . . a country so level that even time has no hold on it and one century is like another; a country so empty that the watches at night put their eyes along the ground to see the circle of the horizon; a country in which the sky is so huge that men plant islands of eucalyptus trees over the houses to be covered from the blue. It is a country of grass, a country without stone, a country in which the women are always together under the dark trees in the evening, their faces fading into the loneliness with the night.'

It was on the pampas, near the village of Los Toldos in the Province of Buenos Aires, some 150 miles west of the Argentine capital, that Maria Eva Ibarguren was born on May 7, 1919, in a ramshackle farmhouse built of mud bricks and roofed with tiles of red clay and corrugated iron.

To be continued. (From "EVITA" by John Barnes)



Vlad at Dirtybird Camp-out, Silverado, CA - 2015

SEAN PENN: DOES THE PAST MATTER?

By Annais Cordoba

Sean Penn as Spicoli was one thing..funny character and many of us liked him..He's a "regular guy"! yeah right..he made it big..but his father was a Hollywood insider!...a bit like Charlie Sheen.. would these guys have made it without nepotism? We will never know..BUT..what about the THINGS that these people DO/DID in their private or public lives that seem to be ignored by their fans and the televised media?

..(Charlie Sheen was roasted! Would Penn allow this? I say NO WAY!)...But then Penn did the ANNOYING THING many celebs like to do..(spare us please!) he got involved in politics, seemingly getting inspired during the Bush administration.. all of a sudden..he's a hero, or plays a hero for gay men? And is an anti-gun activist?.. Ok, well, I can't seem to forget that when he married Madonna, not only he had guns (and had them till he hooked up with Charlize Zeron..(which, what WAS that? another symptom of the type of Catherine-Zeta Jones? Into OLD Hollywood royalty? Or is it the citizenship papers too?! Well, it's over now, fortunately for her..i guess SHE DIDN KNOW...who REALLY, he was..) So, at his wedding to Madonna, Penn loaded a semiautomatic pistol, and went into bushes with it...He EMPTIED the gun on the direction of the media helicopters! WAS HE ARRESTED FOR THAT?? Anyone else would, and stay in jail for a while...not in Hollywood uh?..Lucky he missed! Or purposely didn't aim? WHATEVER!..he got away with the 1st criminal act while with Madonna that we know of..I'm not even mentioning here what he SAID to Madonna and the guests...You can look it up...it's documented and the pilots spoke about it...It was very evil and hateful... Penn said they would install "gun towers" in their home...ALRIGHT for the 2nd amendment! I agree!

Keeping up chronologically, Madonna's friends and particularly her friend Martin Burgoyne were called.."faggots, dikes and freaks" by Penn..Her friends were shocked when their engagement was announced .."So, with the guns, and against gays.. But later Penn, in his hatred for Republicans, (no

doubt inherited, as usual, by his hippie days father and accolades in Hollywood who fell hard in love with the corrupt Kennedy's, ignoring their true history all the way to current times).. became a rabid advocate of the ANTI-GUN move..Now here, keep in mind how IGNORANT and naïve celebs are.. They don't think of regular people, living in poorer neighborhoods, needing a gun (s) to PROTECT themselves against CRIMINALS! Does he think everyone lives atop of Malibu or Bel Air mountains? Or that people can afford expensive alarm systems or armed security? These selfish celebs are a riot.. they "CARE" so much! So "Mother Theresa", aren't they? They run to N.O after Katrina, cameramen in tow..Haiti, Venezuela..Africa..really? their photos show up in all the usual celeb feeds.. And they sure think people are as stupid as to BELIEVE their hypocrisy..What about the ones that "give a concert to raise funds"! How generous of them! THANKS!.. being onstage? You mean what you love to do and what you tell people like Ellen that you "couldn't do anything else in life"? HOW ABOUT SEND YOUR DONATION ANNONIMOUSLY !..the humanitarian caring limo riding celebs, permanently going to "charity" PARTIES where they get "goodie bags" worth \$1000 at least or more!..working in one of the most wasteful industries in the world..adopting children from other races..AS IF!..really think those kids will not have problems in their own head seeing they rich famous parents obviously NOT BEING their real parents? But also..is there something wrong with adopting in your own country?, in your own race so perhaps the child feels like HE BELONGS? Usually THAT is a great and COMMON psychological problem in adopted children! I've read the stats, please do the same..! So anyway, this guy, who wants MORE REGULATIONS and hoops for law abiding citizens defending/protecting themselves; actually HATES the 2nd amendment, (not for him of course, just for you the "common folks" ..you know celebs are ELITIST SNOBS right?) and, like many foreign-born left wingers, installed comfortably in the USA making little FREE mags like this one, where they RANT against the USA in their language (mostly Spanish) saying, "AMEND THE 2ND AMENDMENT NOW! [and where they actually have ridiculous writers and pacifists from Latin America write an "open letter to Obama" say-

ing "the US is SO violent"! "Pls Mr Pres, STOP IT" more gun control please! As if they KNEW. The US has gun control since 1935 I believe!] HE COULD BE HAPPY, Sean, and the anti-gun crowd, removing the 2nd amendment..! guns for the celebs, (the rich) the gov, AND THE CRIMINALS! ..yeah, like.."take the guns away"! as it was done in Nazi Germany and Japan!...and like in most Latin American countries, where the military and government can go to your house in the middle of the night and take your teen children to "disappear" them..about 30.000 THAT WE KNOW OF, as it happened in Argentina, another GUN FREE-PEOPLE- ZONE... MX is another country where guns are unfamiliar territory to regular people..only the military and the cartels have them! That's the rule! The FASCIST RULE!... no thanks! then they come here...OMG have you ever watch a show, from the 60's! like "Wanted: Dead Or Alive" (what made Steve Mc Queen a star by the way, no, it wasn't Bullitt or The Great Escape or even the original The Thomas Crown Affair that MADE Steve...WATCH "WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE"...and learn how the USA really was...in many areas...also, RAWHIDE which made a star out of Clint Eastwood..and The Rifleman!..those were black and white from 1960 +, then came, and a little more structured, The Big Valley, Bonanza, The High Chaparral,..people from Latin America or the world, for that matter, don't understand those shows were made actually following the real HISTORY of the West, not fantasy, (since no country of the world HAD amazing shows like those, in those days OR STILL TODAY!..with amazing directors, scripts, cinematography, natural background, stuntmen and amazing horsemen!) (NTM gorgeous actors like Eastwood and McQueen and actresses too of course, but the stars were the cowboys people, let's get real...what they went through..riding through these deserts ?!) You can even hear in the lines details of what year it was (1800's) who the president was, the tribes, and what really was happening with the crime they lived with!..the scripts were written from news of the days and letters, just as most ancient history was written as well..! READ USA HISTORY ! YOU'RE NOT GONNA TAKE AWAY OUR GUNS IN THE USA! The US is not Argentina or MX, or even a European country, which succumbed to kings and queens, feudal

power and vandals and all.. (plus every dictator, and tyrant out there, like of course also in Africa and Asia..) in the USA a wonderful thing named Colt happened..and it is said: "God made man, and Colt made him free"..this LIBERATED the common man, the poor man, from all those unsavory characters (even if they HAD an army, at least they were not sitting ducks anymore! Poor peasants in the dirt, the mud and darkness, later dimly lit by kerosene!) plus the EVER PRESENT criminals! (remember the old famous story "Ali Baba And The 40 Thieves"? by the way, it wasn't Charles Smith or Carlos Perez, or even Lee Nguyen..ha! ooh how politically incorrect! Has that book been banned by now? Obama and his accolades must've done it by now!) But I digress!.. I'm saying from the beginning of time crime has existed..pirates, thieves, enslaving rapists..And it was, the survival of the fittest..later the armed.. a man could now defend HIMSELF and FIGHT THE POWER! Of the crown, in the case of the English who came to the Americas seeking religious freedom and LIBERTY of entrepreneurship, and of expression and private property..and could now fight wars...the common man...through revolution and civil wars ...in the US...and LATER, anywhere, ..sure has it's problems, everything does... but..assures the freedom of the PEOPLE...one thing left wing Latin people don't GET...

So here Penn and the ones like him, exploiting reality with guns in films (getting PAID also every time a gun is shown by it's manufacturers)..was here, in the post-2001 world, telling the common man: screw you, we want MORE gun control...(because the USA does HAVE gun control my dears)...and some states, the ones where the most mass school shootings happen, are the most strict ones..It's simple, criminals and the sneaky-mentally deranged like the Columbine killers, Adam Lanza, Elliot Rodger.know, they can sneak and strike, cuz most people in these states don't have guns...(CO, CA, CT).. SO! Penn, come to find out, has 67 or so THAT WE KNOW OF, weapons...probably all the most desirable by the boys, Glock, Mini 14's, Bushmaster etc... BUT! He wants the people to have more trouble getting them!..Now, this was disclosed when silly lib Charlize Theron ASKED him to "get rid of them".. (oh isn't she a thoughtful genius).. did you see her in Mad Max? was that a non-gun violence kind of

They are ridiculous! The celebs! Pacifists! Who make \$\$\$ with guns and glamorization of criminals! Yes EXPLOITATION...and Penn? With his war films? Are they really this naïve or just perverse ego-maniacs who think the public is just STUPID? Well sorry, sure, some people are challenged..but MOST people are intelligent enough to see right thru these vapid, shallow, cute-at-youth-spoiled brats, most of them high school drop-out celebs! WHO therefore NEVER STUDIED MODERN HISTORY and learned SOME ancient history through the then wonderful Hollywood films like The Ten Commandments, Quo Vadis, etc! Films that were actually without the current LEFT WING BIAS! So, Penn, now that him and Theron are over, surely moved his guns right back to his bachelor pad..Surely he hid them at a friend/relative's home or store them! That's on the subject of gun hypocrisy. Here is a list of the "humanitarian" and gay-tolerant-I played Harvey Milk hypocrisy: 1)- he had once threatened a female reporter with a urine filled water pistol, 2)-he would come up and say, to Martin (Burgoyne, Madonna's friend who later died of AIDS): -"Hi, homo" . Or, she'd be talking to someone and he'd yell: "who the fuck is that faggot"?! said Johnny Dynell. 3)-in high school, him and a friend tied another student to a tree, poured a GAS CAN full of water over him, and tossed a lit match at the terrified teenager.."That guy", boasted Penn to Madonna, "has never been the same since"(..oh, nice Sean! So Romney wasn't that bad when him and some buddies CUT ANOTHER STUDENTS HAIR as a prank uh? ..but he was DEMONIZED by Hollywood for it!) 4)-Penn bragged to Madonna that he once shot a wrist watch off Elizabeth McGovern's wrist, during an argument! Madonna called Erica Bell to tell her the story, laughing..Bell says they all told M to drop the cracked maniac who also drove like one. 5)-in Nashville, 1985, from hotel window, Penn sees a parked car with 2 guys in it, bothering no one..he goes down to investigate..they are from the Sun of London..So when Madonna arrives to the hotel, reporters come out to take pics! OH HOW DARE THEY to photograph the king!, and Penn is out there already, rather than being inside watching TV like a nice person.., picks up a big rock threatens the reporters..or paparazzi WHATEVER! (paparazzi is a word made popular from the boring, although hailed as master-

piece, film, La Dolce Vita..love my Italians but that movie..is boring, nothing happens, just made it big in the "existentialism" being in vogue-era..great photography, acting, etc). Paparazzi is photographers, in the street..i respect them like anyone making a living without pimping, selling drugs, stealing, kidnapping or killing..ok?! so, he throws the rock FULL FORCE and Laurence Cottrell turns and is hit in mid-back..Penn then attacks him with the camera and hits him repeatedly, then turns to the other guy, Ian M-Smith, whom he punches repeatedly on the face & then, turned again at Cottrell, throws another rock and again hits him in the back.. Penn smashed their cameras after that. The 2 guys limped into the police station. Penn was arrested, booked on 2 misdemeanor counts of assault and battery. Penalty would be \$500 and/or a year in jail. He posted \$1000 bail. (BTW witnesses say Madonna didn't say a word while he did this to those guys, she just watched. Then she told Debi M, that the attack was "justified"..and she sneered "they'll live" about the 2 men...but now SHE also is a big "humanitarian" eh?) 6)-in Nashville Penn got a miser \$150 fine and a 90 day "suspended sentence" (thanks judge!)..went back to the airport and told a paparazzi there: "I wish I had AIDS, so I could shoot you.. but not fast, slow, from the toes up"! (Definitely this guy was affected by all the violence in the films he did..UGH. 7)-same year, Columbus Café, Upper West Side, Madonna was followed to the ladies room by a female fan who apologized and showered M with compliments..Madonna responded with SILENCE (wow!) and the disappointed fan returned to her husband at their table. On the way out of the restaurant, Penn walked over to the people's table and cursed at the couple with a torrent of obscenities that left other diners stunned and in shock. 8)-1986, Shanghai. At their hotels, Penn and Madonna: emerging from the elevator, owner of the Hong Kong Standard, Leonel Borralho surprised the Penns by appearing and taking pics of them..Penn yelled WAIT! And then lunged but his bodyguards restrained him, but then Borralho's film was taken from the camera, "Godfather style" but without the bills thrown at him, so the guy filed assault charges and sued for \$1 million in damages. 9)- Helena, LA, CA. late 85, Hollywood spot, composer David Wolinski sees Madonna, comes to her table says hi,

Penn spots Wolinski kissing Madonna, Penn attacked him, viciously beating him and kicking him and then picked up a chair and was gonna hit him.. when people managed to pull Penn away.. Wolinski's forehead was bleeding.. Madonna seemed not to care about the photos Penn hit, but this was an old friend of hers from NY..he got probation here, and probably settled \$ out of court on the assault..10)- At The Pyramid, a drunk Penn shoved Madonna against a wall...she sped away in a cab...later in those days, Penn stalked Bobby Martinez with a gun..He knew Madonna saw all her old friends and so he suspected her of cheating..(aww..) so he was looking for Bobby at a club, and he saw he had a gun! Martinez said he saw Penn but he didn't see him and that he got the H out of there, fast... 11)-Penn had a target practice in the basement of their Malibu home! He used pictures on his targets.. According to one acquaintance, he shot on pics of Prince, Jellybean, Nick Kamen, JFK Jr, then later Madonna's pics herself. 12)-1986, Penn insisted Madonna get tested for AIDS cuz so many of her friends were gay..it was rumored Madonna not always practiced safe sex in the old days, that she bedded 100 different guys.. and she dated bisexual guys.. She refused..Fights ensued. Relationship approaching KAPUT.. 13)- Penn was on probation, and while just continuing his fun life, shooting "Colors", an extra on the scene in Venice, CA, started taking pics, Penn went to him and SPIT on the extra's FACE (Jeffrie Klein) and dared Klein by saying "what you're gonna do now?" to which Klein spit right back on Penn's face! To which Penn went berserk punching Klein on the face causing facial contusions and Penn to violate probation. On Memorial Day after that, he was stopped for blowing a red light and speeding and was charged with drunk driving ..WHICH WAS LATER REDUCED to reckless driving! Thanks CALIFORNIA! blue state!, Democrat justice lover, Obama voting state! You're SO FAIR, but not with celebs eh? They can get away with murder uh? (and they have) ..2nd probation violation.. would he EVER go to jail? He did: they gave him 2 months,.. but he was out after five days to go to Germany to shoot a film!..AW these liberal judges! Most Democrats of course!..and SO lenient! And FAIR! Aren't they? FAIR HOLLYWOOD LA-LA-LAND the humanitarian home of the humanitarian stars and pro-

ducers who CARE SO MUCH! See them at the Oscars! Giving Oscars to small films around the world made over some kind of abuse or aberration! (have you seen the new film "Open Secret" must see people!... So, after returning from Germany I guess he ended up serving 30 days..all around HIS schedule..14)-After mutual flops, Madonna turning 30, filing for divorce then reconciling, striking friendship with Sandra Bernhard, getting the part on Dick Tracy, getting chummy with Warren Beatty to give her the part, (by working scale!), Madonna being public about maybe being a lesbian..it was all too much for Penn, who moved to his parents house, leaving M alone..then he broke into their home in Malibu, slapped her, bound and gagged her, and strapped her to a chair..he berated and beat her for two hours, he left, returned after several hours with a bottle of tequila! "Tequila"!..Madonna convinced him to untie her..she dashed out, and called 911 from her phone then drove to the police..bleeding and bruised, she told the cops her ordeal which had lasted NINE hours..While she stayed with Freddie De Mann, I guess the spoiled Hollywood brat never thought that he would be arrested? The sheriff, warned by Madonna he had guns, descended on their house with guns drawn and demanded with bullhorn while surrounding the house, that he come out with his hands up..He was handcuffed and taken to the station..But, a week after the incident, she filed for divorce but also withdrew her complaint against Penn. Some WAR ON WOMEN..She made it possible for this criminal attack to go unpunished.. Thanks sista..great job. You're a coward..and in the name of women, you didn't stand up for justice... and perhaps provide a way for this guy to quit drinking with perhaps 6 puny months in jail for his assault!. So, 29 years later!...Penn appears with his brooding and weathered face "oh I care so much for PEOPLE! and poses with those signs "REAL MEN DON'T BUY GIRLS" over the slave trade I guess... and I say...OH STHU! SAVE IT! And move on to the next blonde bimbo! *(Annais is a 35 yr old writer from Malibu, CA)

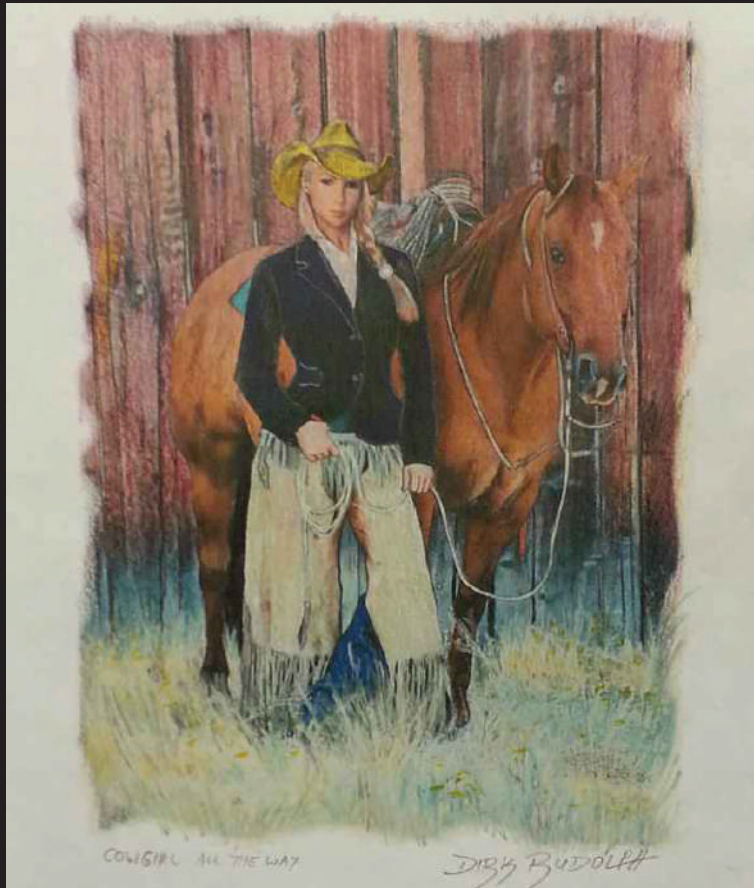
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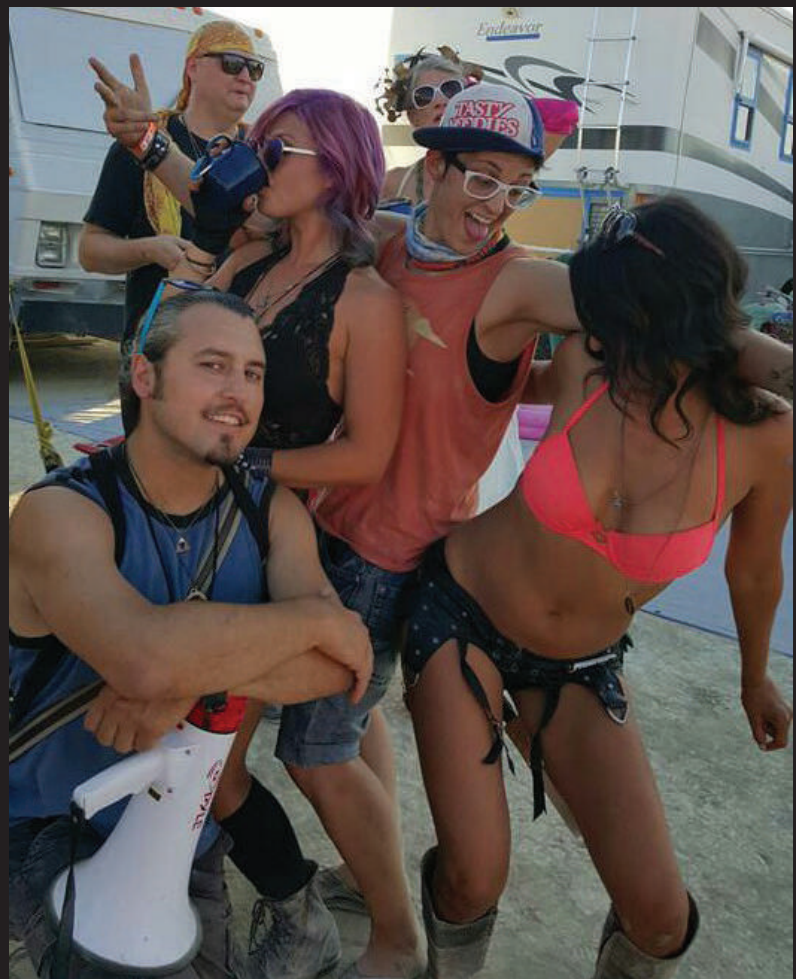
DLR: The Last Rock & Roll Sex Symbol



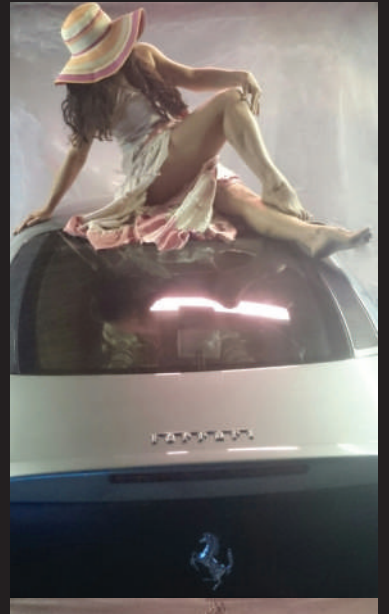
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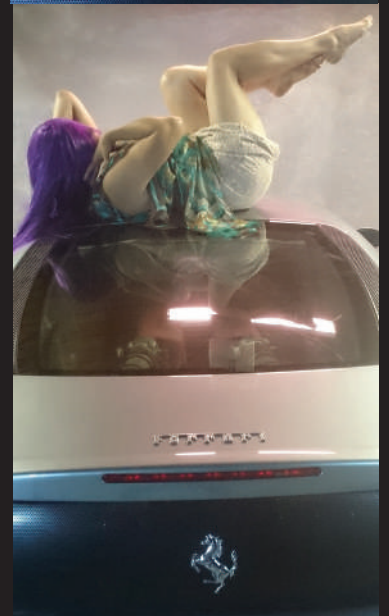


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