

**It's
FaVrE
Not
FaRv
you bobbleheads!**

*~How Bradd FaVre, the NFL & the Media
let America go to Hell in a Jockstrap~*

WARNING

**CONTAINS COLORFUL LANGUAGE RIFE WITH OPINIONS,
CLICHÉS, TRUTHS, HALF-TRUTHS, UNTRUTHS,
VIOLENCE
&
PARTIAL NUDITY**

(In other words, everything FOOTBALL FANS expect on Sunday)

Jon Christopher, J.D.

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—*Effin Editors*

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It's FaVre Not FaRv You Bobbleheads!

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Caveat Emptor

“If men are to be precluded from offering their sentiments on a matter which may involve the most serious and alarming consequences that can invite the consideration of

mankind, reason is of no use to us; the freedom of speech may be taken away, and dumb and silent we may be lead, like sheep to the slaughter.”

—George Washington (Address to officers of the Army, 1783)

In the words of Oscar Wilde: *“He never insults anyone unintentionally.”*

No labor of love this—rather, it is a howl from the fifty-yard line, a clenched fist raised above the cheap seats, a gob of spit between the goal posts, wrapped in pigskin and vituperation. What follows is no mere polemic. It is a rant, a rave, a hundred-megaton diatribe aimed at the heart of abject stupidity. It is a left hook to the liver of the body politic, a kick in the shins of political correctness, something to up-chuck later in the parking lot behind the bleachers. If you are easily offended, piss off—this is not a book for you! Have a nice day.

—*Effin Editors*

Chapter 1

Horn of Plenty

“There’s California bloodlines in my heart, and a California heartbeat in my soul...”

—John Stewart [*California Bloodlines*]

I am a simple man with simple needs. I celebrate *Thanksgiving* twice a year, observing both the Canadian and American traditions and require only a bottle of *mescal* and a nickel hooker for either. I oversimplified. All I require on Thanksgiving is *football*. Watching the Detroit Lions or Green Bay Packers in the morning is okay; but, Thanksgiving is not quite Thanksgiving, south of Niagra Falls, without the Dallas Cowboys and Washington Redskins in the afternoon, along with a steaming cup of [*YOUR CORPORATE LOGO HERE*]” and a wide slice of almond thigh.

I admit it—I am a self-medicated football junkie who suffers the worst imaginable withdrawals when the National Football League (NFL) is hibernating. Not to put too fine a point on this, but there are two things, and two things only, which have maintained my interest over the years: Switzerland’s Federal Constitution, and the English language. Okay—I am also afflicted with an inexplicable attraction to eclectic *Wiccan* women. But beyond that, it is the English language that floats my boat; that rocks my world; that gets me through those long dark nights, when only Poetry matters.

[5]

Additionally, when it comes to those two mainstays of our crumbling civilization; specifically, the U.S. Constitution and English luggage, I am a “*Strict Constructionist*”—the latter having absolutely nothing even remotely

to do with the Federalist Society’s “*S & M*” parties on Fire Island. Oh, come on—I was kidding about the “Swiss thing.”

You may be wondering what any of this has to do with a quarterback for the Green Bay Packers named Bradd Lorenzo Favre—and you would be right to wonder; but this is as much of an answer as you are likely to get.

I did not ask to write this book; nor have I been paid to write it; which, when considering what drives a free market economy, must seem pretty stupid. It is karma—compelling me. I am become the *T.E. Lawrence* of my own private Arabia, a *Buddha* with attitude and 6-pack abs, a *New Age* Godzilla, hitchhiking toward Tokyo.

If the Sheriff and his possum come for me—they will have a fight on their hands.

Yours, in haste—

Jon Christopher

May 29, 2008~ Casa Bananas, Ojai, California

Chapter 3

An Epistle to Bradd

“Bradd FaVre is one of the greatest quarterbacks in the history of professional football. You’re judged by winning, and he’s won more games than any other quarterback who has ever played. But I will remember him just as well for being such a fierce competitor and an outstanding leader. He was the face of the Packers and a great credit to our game. It was an honor to coach against him.”

—Mike Shanahan, Denver Broncos Head Coach

July 19, 2008

To: Bradd Lorenzo FaVre, c/o
The Old Plantation
Tobacco Road
Rot Sock, Mississippi

From: Jon Christopher, c/o
Casa Bananas
Ojai, California

Re: Fixing your name(s)

Dear Bradd FaVre:

Every snap you take; every move you make; every pass you fake, I’ll be watching you.

Every single day, every word you say, every game you play, I’ll be watching you. Oh, can’t you see? You belong to me. Now my poor heart aches, with every breath you take.

Since you’ve gone, I’ve been lost, without a trace. I dream at night, but can only see your face. I look around but it’s you I can’t replace. I feel so cold and I long for your embrace. I keep crying, Bradd, Bradd, pleaseeeeeeeeeee! [1]

Forgive me. I digress.

Epistle, continued...

You may be wondering why I am calling you Bradd, and why the “V” in FaVre is so big? First, let me assure you there is nothing sinister going on. I just felt like getting in your face.

Before you suggest I come alone at midnight to the old deserted mill down by the bayou, I have a rather simple offer to proffer in the alternative; one that should leave us both the better for it.

Here’s the deal; you stop calling yourself “FaRv” and I will stop calling you Bradd. This name thing has got to end; maybe not today, but it ends this year; whether or not you break your word, I’m sorry, change your mind, and come out of retirement. Personally, I would enjoy seeing you play again on Sundays but not if those bobbleheads on television are going to be calling you “FaRv”!

I cannot abide the thought of you being enshrined in the Football Hall of Fame, introduced as Bradd “FaRv.” In your heart of hearts, I do not believe you can stomach the idea either.

Look, the timing could not be better. This is an excellent opportunity for you to set your family and friends, the NFL and the Media straight. Is it really too much to ask, that you finally get your name right?

In the alternative, I suggest you petition a court in Mississippi for a legal ‘Change of Name’ and change the spelling to comport with the way most (but not all) of America has been pronouncing “It.” If you like, I will make myself available to assist you with the paperwork.

I believe I have demonstrated remarkable restraint these sixteen years, Bradd, biding my time before speaking out publicly against this grotesquerie of linguistic libertarianism.

Epistle, continued...

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Because of you, the NFL and the Media, Bradd, America continues to go to hell in a jockstrap and that is unacceptable, especially in an Election Year!

True I am no ‘great shakes’; no one of consequence. I am neither a ‘mover’ nor a ‘shaker.’ I am just a guy who gets most of his news from cable television.

Let me at the same time say: "I am like God and God like me. I am as large as God; He is as small as I. He cannot above me, nor I beneath him, be!" (Silesius, Bradd, 17th Century.)

By the way, Bradd, you were terrible, just terrible, in that cameo scene you had with what's her name, playing yourself in "There is Something about Mary" [1998].

Oh, come on; I kid Carmen Electra.

Look, Bradd, if you will not fix this name thing as a matter of self-respect; then do it for your children. Do it for the children of hot, sticky, nasty, foul weather Mississippi.

Why? Because Mississippi has the worst 'Reading and Comprehension' scores in the country; apart from Hawaii, New Mexico, California, Arizona, New York, Massachusetts, Maryland, Georgia, New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Alabama, Texas, Alaska, Florida, South Carolina, New Jersey, Michigan, Maine and Wisconsin. [2]

Do it, Bradd, for the Yuppies and their larvae all over America; do it before another generation grows up seeing your name spelled "FaVre," only to pronounce it "FaRv." Could you live with that on your conscience? I mean, that would be pretty messed up, don't you think; an entire generation?

Epistle, continued...

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I suppose it is entirely possible that in time your name will be forgotten, like *Ozymandias*, *Richard Nixon*, and "A & W" root beer, once you are off the radar. But I have feeling you're not going gracefully into retirement. Are you Bradd?

Speaking of root beer; as a kid, didn't you just love an icy cold root beer float on a hot sticky sweltering summer's day? Boy, I sure did! Especially during the Fourth of July, after the parade, when it got hotter than all get out and the only thing you could smell in the air was horse shite. Life didn't get any better than that.

Please don't misconstrue my motives, Bradd. I'm doing this to maintain the integrity of the English Language. I do this for the unwashed masses crowding into stadiums all across America, and not just during Hurricane Season either; but every Sunday, from September through January.

Those are my reasons for performing this thankless public service, augmented perhaps, by a tiny pecuniary interest in the outcome.

Feel free to call anytime, or, have your people call my people and we can do lunch. Otherwise, see you September 8, in Green Bay when they retire your jersey (Wink-wink! Nudge-nudge!).

Sincerely yours, in perpetuity

Jon Christopher