

(Top) 2008 Super Bowl. On the same day of the Super Bowl, a special operations unit stormed an al Qaeda stronghold in Iraq. Two of their number, Nathan Hardy and Michael Koch, died the following day from the fusillade of bullets that met them. This was a great and ultimate sacrifice for the well-being of Western civilization. But it was eclipsed by a child's game, the making of millions of dollars, and a torrent of shallow thoughts, banal words, and frivolous images endlessly reviewing the game, the plays, and the players over the ensuing weeks. Millions know the names of key players; very few have ever heard of Nathan Hardy and Michael Koch. This is not simply a perverse set of values; it is supremely out of touch with reality. In so many respects, adolescence for Western man has been extended to the grave.



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