

Tips for a "healthy" Super Sunday

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I'm just trying to help here. I don't want you to be (in chronological order) an eating, sitting, sweating, passing, walking, running, squatting "Dumb and Dumber" scene come Super Sunday. I don't want your Super Bowl party ruined by going to the air at the forty-yard line.

So I give you Bill Downs.

Bill Downs is to the fart what Lombardi was to the power sweep. Or at least he's trying to be. He's a digestion expert who's started a fart blog, where you can read up about why certain meals make you feel like you ate 25 chili dogs or pass along to your friends cheeky e-mails that their flatulence is driving you to tears.

Downs e-mailed me last week to inquire if I'd be interested in talking to him about how to keep the air clean at XL parties. Sounded like a lark to me, plus Bruce Feldman threw in \$20.

I talked to Downs Friday morning. I had never heard a man liken a fart to a movie before. But Downs did. "We love explosions," he says. "We got to movies to see explosions. When someone farts, it's a mini-explosion."

Or a major one. My worst memory for being around a bomb-dropper came two years ago, when I was in Ann Arbor for a buddy's bachelor party. One member of the party -- we call him "The Dasher" for his likeness to [this guy](#) -- went on a digestive blitz that I've never seen equaled. It lasted for 12 hours. No one heard them coming; they just appeared. We couldn't breathe. Babies would start crying when they got around him.

Talk about shock and awe. A bunch of us were sharing a hotel room with this guy -- among bad decisions in my life this ranks up there with Long Island Ice Teas and trusting my buddy Wright to sell my car for me after college -- and the windows were fogged up in the morning.

On the way to the airport, he picked up a breakfast burrito, which is the digestive equivalent of having random unprotected sex. On the plane, people were reaching for their oxygen masks. If The Dasher had a book of matches on him during that flight our government would have classified him as a terrorist.

Downs would have had some advice for The Dasher. "People think farting is normal," he says. "And it is. But you're farting 30-40 times a day, you're eroding yourself. You need to correct that problem."

Amen. What better time than on Super Sunday?

Downs' advice: Stack your party with lots of fresh fruit, celery, sushi and fish. Eat oatmeal for breakfast and drink water. Stay away from cheese, pizza (say it ain't so, Bill!), salami, that sort of stuff.

And if someone just won't listen, if they're racking up a high passer rating during the game, you can hop to the Web, go to [Downs' blog](#) (have your volume up) and send an anonymous gassy greeting card. "That'll just let them know that their farting has been noted," he says.

It has, Bill. And will be.

Wick's Super Bowl Pick

You're going to get enough analysis on this game, so I'm going to keep it brief. My take is this: Seattle's defense is better than everyone thinks. They pressure the passer without blitzing. Seattle's offensive line is as good as it gets in the NFL. They have the game's premier tailback and a quarterback who's quietly come into his own. They also have one of the NFL's premier play-callers who's had two weeks to prepare for the Steelers.

Pittsburgh has a great defense that relies on blitzing, a young quarterback who is on the verge of being one of the best in the league and some very talented receivers. But this team can't run the ball as well as Seattle can. Put the game in Big Ben's hands, you're going to get some big plays, but it's not the way you want to win the Super Bowl.

Seattle 26, Pittsburgh 23.

Random Super Bowl stuff...

- I should have chosen to be a rock star. Sitting at the Rolling Stones press conference yesterday made me realize this. They took questions for 20 minutes, and I don't believe they answered a single one. They usually just said a four-letter word or two and the entire crowd laughed. Who cares if they weren't funny? They owned the room. This is the benefit of being a Rolling Stone.
- The most uncool rock star I saw was the Goo Goo Dolls' Johnny Rzeznik. The other night he was in the Marriott hotel bar running back and forth between the bar and his table. A cigarette never left

his mouth. He had one buddy with him, but they just kept bouncing around the room as if they were wondering where the party was. Johnny, you are no Springsteen but you're enough of a star that you should have been able to do better than the Marriott hotel.

- It's been good to hang out with former Magazine writer (turned Michigan law school sellout) Andy Latack. He got a call yesterday on his cell.

Caller: "Trey?"

Latack: "What?"
Caller: "Is this Trey Wingo?"

Latack almost fought through the crowd of NFL players last night at the EA party to tell Wingo about that, but then realized it would be kinda lame. I agree. Latack also briefly considered taking a swing at Drew Rosenhaus after "Next Question!" drilled Latack from behind while making his way through the crowd and didn't even say sorry.

- How big is the ESPN The Magazine Next party tonight? Chad Millman, my editor and gatekeeper of party tickets, had Latack's buddy Dave offering five years of baby-sitting plus loads of gourmet Indian food for one ticket.
- By my informal count, most of You The Readers believe Mike Holmgren should be in the Hall of Fame if Seattle wins Sunday. I'm in as well, even though I am amazed at the stretches he goes when he ignores Shaun Alexander. I ran the Hall of Fame question by Steve, and he said, "Uh, yeah. Yeah. I think so." So a win and he's in.