



In August of 2007, Steubine+Media, a subsidiary DCI International, made a substantial investment in the subprime mortgage market, purchasing 1,200 acres of undeveloped Detroit sewage yards for an ambitious condo / retail / feline / equine living space. It hedged its bet by taking a risky position in rice futures, shorting the price of Korean Bubble Tea. Both decisions proved fatal. By mid-April all company assets had been liquidated and CEO Billeam J. Steubine had gone missing. The following entries were the only pieces salvaged from Billeam's personal blog... (contact: chrispagannelson@yahoo.com or donkeytown@gmail.com)

Spelling Success with a Capital Steubine

March 20th, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

MONDAY

Steupolitik



Many years ago I was walking the streets of Juarez, killing some time before a make or break meeting with a Mexican textile consortium. I looked over and saw a sallow shoeshine boy. He was busy chewing on the cartoon section of the *Greensheet* (to stave off hunger, no doubt) and I thought to myself, "I bet I can get a really cheap shoeshine from that kid."

I mounted the seat and posted my crocodile loafers in front of the urchin. He began cleaning my shoes with an ethic seldom found in his country. The kid looked up and asked, "Senor, how does one become rich like you?"

"Boy," I answered "Success is a dish cooked with three main ingredients."

"Like beans, cheese and tortillas?"

"No, Pablito. Success is not a tostada, or enchilada, or taco, or gordita (and I rattled off sixteen other plates composed of those staples). The three ingredients that make success are hard work, talent and luck. The first is easily achieved through strength of will. The second must be taken on faith and the third, well, that is the unknown."

"Unknown, Senor?"

"Chaos theory, Pablito. Butterfly effect."

"Que?"

"Look at it this way. If an angry bull is put into the ring with a man dressed in sequined pants, then he will most likely attack that man. But where and when the bull attacks is unpredictable."

"Ah, si, si, senor!"

"You comprende, Pablito. That is very good."

I tossed him a silver dollar, which he caught in the air.

Before I could get up, young Pablito had pulled a steel shank and stabbed me in the chest five times. Blood splattered everywhere and I fell to the ground. Pablito took my wallet, sunglasses and the crocodile loafers he had just finished buffing.





[Fibonacci's Lambo](#)

March 16th, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

FRIDAY

Doin' It



It was the age of consent. It was the age of glory. It was a time when men could be strong and the women fearless. Perfection was achieved daily—woven from the threads of lipstick and rubber, tits and diesel, chrome and ass.

[1Leg4Life](#)

March 13th, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

TUESDAY

Culture 'n Shit

Simon Cowell negotiates \$56 million divorce settlement and US tour for Heather Mills-McCartney



Buck-toothed Briton and behind-the-scenes dealmaker, Simon Cowell, is busy orchestrating a Heather Mills-McCartney invasion of America. England first met Mills in 1998 when a lorry lopped off her leg, ending a fledgling career in international prostitution. Too proud for amputee porn, Heather focused her iron will on becoming rich and famous. With naked ambition, she set her sights on British sacred cow and second-favorite Beatle, Paul McCartney, marrying him in 2002 and cementing her place in his bank account by bearing the fruit of hate-sex, child Beatrice.

The British tabloids are no stranger to scandalous women, but even they were surprised by the swiftness and savvy with which the newly minted McCartney alienated an entire nation. In addition to her \$56 million divorce settlement and spot on *Dancing with the Stars*, Heather Mills will begin her “1Leg4Life” summer tour of military hospitals to visit with fellow amputees from the armed services. She’ll sign glossy photos of herself, lying half-nude in a bed of cash drinking champagne from her prosthetic leg. “I think it’s classy and patriotic.” Says Cowell

It’s unclear how America will receive its prodigal, one-legged gold digger. With male gold diggers being in vogue and do-nothing vamps now expected to entreprewhore themselves, the odds are stacked against Heather. But beating the odds is how Mills-McCartney made her name and the struggle for wealth and fame will continue—only the stakes have changed. Lucky for her, she carries an ace in the hole...because it’s *never* too late for amputee porn.



[No Comments](#) Tags: [Culture 'n Shit](#)

[Orange Wedgie](#)

March 8th, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

WEDNESDAY

Sports & Leisure



Since the unveiling of *The Steubine Report*, a few people (and one woman in particular) have asked me, “Bill, do Wednesday’s Sports & Leisure entries have anything to do with Trivial Pursuit?” After throwing my martini against the wall and overturning the dining room table, I told my wife, “No, Paula. It’s merely coincidence. Now, please go attend to those downed electrical wires that so mysteriously fell into our flooded basement.”

However, we do play a version of Trivial Pursuit as part of the training process for new hires and interns. We mix in fun facts with rules for survival at Steubine+Media. Here’s a sample card from “Trivial Pursuit: The Steubine Edition”—

G Outside what major city were found the decaying bones of Chandra Levy?

E What actress starred with Vin Diesel in the 2006 movie, *Prince of Tides 2: Supercross*?

H What did Alexander proclaim to Hephaestion after conquering Persia?

AL What Picasso was sold at auction in 1995 for a record bid of \$14 million?

SN The key ingredients in Billeam Steubine's cup of morning coffee are cream and ____?

SL What game involves a soiled mattress, rusty needle and a stale bag of Cheeze Doodles?

Genius
The Steubine Edition

G None

E Barbara Streisand

H "I found it, but now my finger smells."

AL *Two Dogs Humping on My Lawn in Ibiza*

SN Fresh squeezed peyote

SL Steubine+Media interview process

Addendum to the Answers:

G

In the *District of Columbia vs. Gary Condit*, evidence that the Senator was sharpening an axe while watching reruns of *Benson* at his Maryland shed proved admissible and ultimately reinforced Condit's alibi.

E

Streisand reprised her role as Dr. Susan Lowenstein, now the mother of a burnt out student (Anne Hathaway) who drops out of medical school to pursue her dreams of selling Mexican narcotics on the SoCal motocross circuit. Vin Diesel plays Val, a tweaker gear head who excises Dr. Lowenstein's inner demons through the poetry of dirt bike racing.



Two Dogs Humping on My Lawn in Ibiza was one of Picasso's later works during his final "Urine Period" where he bizarrely took to marking his territory and peeing on canine trespassers. Contemporary artist and friend, Henri Matisse, captured this in his collage, *Picasso Peeing on Two Dogs Humping on His Lawn*.



A few years ago an intern at Steubine+Media failed to include the peyote Billeam's morning coffee. By the opening bell, Bill still wasn't in contact with the ancient panther spirits for morning trading hours and Steubine+Media's hedged position in Taiwanese Onion Clutch took a nosedive. Interns are now tattooed with this information.



Hollywood has its casting couches and Steubine+Media has an isolation chamber. We have to test the thresholds of our workers to ensure that they will not break under the pressure of being held at gunpoint by Peruvian commandos or under the hot lights of an SEC interrogation. Six weeks in the cooler isn't fun but at least they're on salary.

[No Comments](#) **Tags:** [Sports & Leisure](#)

[Bravo Valtrex, Bravo](#)

March 6th, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

TUESDAY

Culture 'n Shit



Backstage on a gilded toilet at La Scala, with Desdemona's understudy at Baden-Baden, receiving a "magic flute" in the orchestra pit during the Boston Philharmonic's performance of *Die Zauberflote*—I could have picked up herpes anywhere. But now, with Valtrex, I can control my outbreaks. The gift that keeps on giving doesn't have a ticket to this tenor's trousers. Though the side effects may include headaches, anal leakage and rickets, it's a small price to pay for sexual freedom. Visit your doctor today and see if Valtrex is right for you. That tea-bagging mezzo-soprano will thank you.

[No Comments](#) **Tags:** [Culture 'n Shit](#)

[Big Unicorn Hunter](#)

February 28th, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

WEDNESDAY

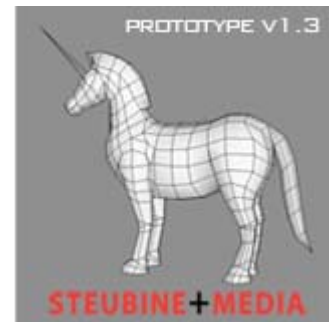
Sports & Leisure



Announcing **Big Unicorn Hunter**, the newest gaming experience from Steubine Digital Arts. It's a heart-pounding adventure that challenges players to go in search of one of nature's most majestic and elusive creatures and blast it to smithereens. The year is 2009 and all the nations of the world are finally at peace. Only one thing threatens society—genetically modified mutant unicorns. The evil Professor Blakely, embittered by his denied tenure at DeMoines Veterinary College, has created a herd of killer unicorns that want to destroy humanity and vaporize law abiding citizens with laser-mounted horns. You are a part of an elite anti-

unicorn unit, trained to exterminate the cloven-hoofed miscreations and wipe the earth free of equine terror. From the highlands of Scotland to the rolling hills of New Zealand, the journey of bloodletting is relentless.

Utilizing patented imaging technology from NASA and RJR Nabisco, our engineers have designed a groundbreaking experience so real that you'll think you're in an actual unicorn hunt. Many of our beta-testers have experienced emotional breakdowns due to the raw authenticity of our unicorn killing simulation (UKS™). In addition to lightning-fast reflexes and superb tracking skills, the player must be able to smother the guilt of executing a noble creature of beauty for the good of mankind. When it comes to mutant unicorns...it's kill or be killed.



The newest version features Bonus Rounds and a Unicorn Killer Tandem mode that allows teams of two to compete against each other. It's fun for the whole family. Demographic research suggests that girls (8-15 yr-old) love playing with unicorns and boys (13-55 yr-old) enjoy shooting them.

Monetize this Bitch

February 26th, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

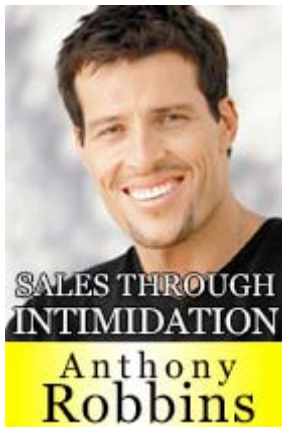
MONDAY

Steupolitik



Today, the two-week press preview ends and The Steubine Report is now open to the public. By the way, I'd like to thank Emilio Estevez for his glowing review of the site in *Sky Mall*. Unfortunately, things aren't as rosy as they seem. Some of our investors are already clamoring for change. I've got the Texas Pacific Group and George Soros breathing down my neck to "monetize this bitch" and my Nigerian bankers are pushing for a more "dynamic" site—whatever that means.

Business and art have never been great bedfellows. Their relationship is more like that of a Phuket whore squatting over the Private Equity Director from Deutsche Bank. (The hoops I jumped through to get this funded.) Contrary to my creditors' belief, Billeam J Steubine's got a plan. Soon I will throw into motion a three-prong plan to generate revenue and increase global reach-arounding.



Prong 1 – Advertising

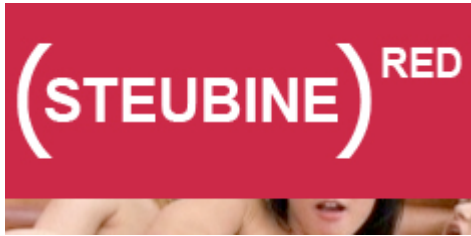
I have trained a world-class sales force, versed thoroughly on the Tony Robbins method, "Sales Through Intimidation." These guys aren't sitting around, grab-assing on the phone—they're hittin' the bricks, crackin' skulls and closing sales as if they were a group of methed-out thugs, stealing anything that isn't nailed down to score their next fix. In fact, they are meth addicts looking for a fix.

Prong 2 – Streaming Surgery

It was a sad day when Time Warner Cable dropped the Surgery Channel from its roster of offerings but now it's time to dry those tears. In a non-exclusive agreement with Virgin Mobile, Steubine Report subscribers will be able to view streaming surgery 24 hours a day straight from the ER. We'll have none of this arthroscopic or laser surgery nonsense. Our surgery is invasive, high-risk and high drama. Now you'll be able to watch baboon heart



transplants and Siamese twin separations on your Blackberry while having your morning constitutional.



Prong 3 – Steubine Report (RED)

Who says pornography and charity are mutually exclusive? The Steubine Report and the International Guild of Pornographers have entered into a partnership to support programs benefiting social and economic development in third world countries. Every time you link to the pornographic sites advertised on the Steubine Report, two percent will go to a relief fund to build schools, dig wells and find smokin hot new talent with absolutely no reservations about doing anal. Imagine, if every North American masturbated just once a day using Steubine Media affiliates, world hunger could be eradicated by Thursday. Think globally—touch yourself locally.

There it is, the three-prong strategy. Eat your heart out traditional media. And get ready, America. The Steubine Report is about to bust a load of digital content all in your brain.

[No Comments](#) **Tags:** [Steupolitik](#)

[Dear Billeam,](#)

February 23rd, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

FRIDAY

Doin' It



Dear Billeam,

I am a computer technician at a large financial services company. For sometime I've had a crush on a female executive who doesn't even know I exist. She hardly notices me when I come to fix her Lotus Notes when it crashes (which is frequent because I put a virus in it). I also put spyware on her computer so that I could read her emails and monitor her internet surfing in real time. A powerful, new emotion came over me the other day (love, maybe?), so I followed her home in my van and waited until she left later that evening. After poisoning her dog, picking her backdoor lock and disabling the alarm system, I hid webcams in her bedroom and shower. And now, after five weeks of watching, I've never felt closer to her. I really want to ask her out but I'm afraid she would say no. God, I don't know what I would do if she turned me down. Do you think I should get over my shyness and ask her or just keep loving her from afar?

Thanks,

Lost in IT



diagnosis



Dear Lost in IT,

Put down the Xbox and Mountain Dew and get that babe on your tip. Chicks are like this—the more they ignore you, the more they want you. We men try to play head games with the bitches but the fact is that they see straight through us. I wouldn't be surprised if she knew about your webcams and pretends like she doesn't. All her sexy undressing, soaping of the cooch and love making with her boyfriend is for you, buddy. She digs it when you watch. But you need to step it up. Take it to the next level. Start leaving little anonymous notes on her desk and car describing things she did in her bedroom the night before. Be specific. Add details and phrases like "I'm watching you" and "that earring you couldn't find this morning fell off in the shower." Nothing makes the babes hotter than a secret admirer. When the time is right, set up a rendezvous so that you may reveal yourself to her. When she sees you holding a bouquet of flowers and oversized teddy bear, tears of joy will stream from her eyes because she'll realize that true love was under her nose all along.

Good luck,

BJS

[No Comments](#) Tags: [Doin' It](#)

[Let My Britney Ramble](#)

February 23rd, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

THURSDAY

Ramblin'



you checked into rehab.

Let's get something straight—Britney Spears is a pop star. She's not some rogue priest with a sweet tooth for sodomy or a corrupt CEO using the machinists pension to fund a racehorse habit. Her hard partying, panty-less nights fall well within her job description. As a troubled pop tart, she should be expected to lose her mind now and then and indulge her inner demons. But our heartless press, so quick to judge, won't back down on America's favorite piece of ass. Like thirsty wolves, they follow every turn of Britney's downward spiral and make declarations that she has lost our respect. Yes, Britney, you have lost my respect. You lost my respect when

Brit, right now it's important that you surround yourself with people who you trust and have your best interests in mind. Going down the path of excess with Paris Hilton will not deliver you to the palace of wisdom. The only thing Paris has to pass onto you is herpes. It's simply not enough. You need a man who will, yes, give you herpes but also drain your bank account, besmirch your name, land you in jail and get your face plastered all over the tabloids. No, not K-Fed. You need to give yourself to Pete Doherty, lead singer of Babyshambles and word-class magnet of scandal.

While Kevin plays the tables in Vegas, Pete plays with needles and imprisonment. Getting a visit from Child Services will seem like a cakewalk compared to Pete shooting blood all over you from his rusty syringe. I know, it's disgusting. But Brit, you've got to work harder at this downward spiral thing. You're phoning it in! By giving yourself to Pete, you secure the adoration of your old fans that have grown out of bubble gum pop and moved on to meth. Grow with them, Brit—be the meth.





Ultimately, Britters, it's your life. It's up to you whether you want to rest on your laurels of divorce, career failure, lost looks and amateur drinking. Did Dana Plato ever give up? Did you ever hear David Crosby say, "No, please, not another line. I'm way too high."? Of course you didn't. You're too young. I just want you to take some responsibility and own this thing. Hit that needle one more time. Ramble on...

[No Comments](#) Tags: [Ramblin'](#)

[Movie Review: Dreamgirls](#)

February 14th, 2007 · [No Comments](#)

TUESDAY

Culture 'n Shit



Dreamgirls is the flashy, brassy, bountiful new romantic action-musical that is guaranteed to put tears in your eyes and pee in your pants—and all to the sounds of Cat Stevens' greatest hits. Director Bill Condon has adapted this play which opened in Chicago at the Steppenwolf Theater amid the violence and political turmoil of the 1968 Democratic Convention and has updated it with issues relevant to our times. Though the dark subject matter is rife with adult themes and explicit nudity, Condon manages to keep the movie light, airy and best of all—brassy!

We meet Effie White (Jennifer Hudson), the buxom bombshell and lead singer of the all-girl group, the Dreamettes. Effie's brassiness is rivaled only by that of James "Thunder" Early (Eddie Murphy), a reformed ex-con who is the band's manager, Effie's lover and Effie's cousin.

The backup singer, Deana Jones (beautifully played by the bootylicious Beyonce Knowles), is in love with the svengali James who dismisses her as a talentless hack. It's not until Deana becomes a teenage werewolf that James and the rest of the group take

notice. With her popular new look and willingness to indulge James' bizarre sexual proclivities, Deana soon replaces Effie as both the lead singer and James' lover. Deana's werewolf powers increase the brassiness of the group and the following musical numbers



crackle with the kind of flash and brass not seen since *Roadhouse*.

The story takes an unexpected turn when the Russian President, Yuri Brezniev (Danny Glover), drops eight atomic bombs on the United States, forcing the Dreamettes to perform in an environment hostile to Cat Stevens songs. The scene in which Danny Glover dances around the Kremlin singing "Wild World" is destined to

become a cinema classic.

The band's resolve and ambition is brutally tested when they become stranded outside of Akron, Ohio. The love triangle between James, Effie and Deana reaches a fever pitch and the group must find a way to dodge post-apocalyptic banditos, resist radiation poisoning and stay together long enough to make their big show at the refugee camp. Jamie Foxx delivers an Oscar-worthy performance as Curtis Taylor, the world-weary, lone wolf road warrior who decides to lead the group against his good judgment.



Dreamgirls is a landmark piece of filmmaking that dazzles the audience with brilliant pyrotechnics, rollicking dance routines, a soundtrack that dares to break your heart and a love story to put it back together. Even after a nuclear winter, it's never too late to ride the Peace Train.

[No Comments](#) Tags: [Culture 'n Shit](#)

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