This week started off with me taking a ski vacation with the family. This was my first skiing adventure as a father, having not skied in the previous eight years, so I was a little apprehensive about being able to do it properly and avoid injury. I was pretty amazed to discover that I was actually able to ski *better* now, despite the extended absence, and the only injuries I received may or may not have been the result of a drunken hot tub incident (it's really tough to say for certain).

It occurred to me that skiing is largely about having the balls to attack the slope. If you drive forward aggressively with no regard for your personal safety, and you're much less likely to get hurt. Not only does the whole sport work better that way, but it is a lot more fun.

Now, having three kids, you could argue that I was seeking the sweet embrace of a 17-year coma to put the whining, complaining, and crying safely behind me. And believe you me, there are often times when a Sonny-Bonoesque ending is preferable to officiating a pointless yet fierce, and completely irresolvable, dispute about who gets to use the blue fucking fork. But as long as my mistress Ethyl Alcohol is with me, such dismay is only temporary. Serenity now. Serenity now.

No, more it is an evolving change in my life philosophy that has allowed me not to care about downsides, and to pursue my goals with vigor and reckless abandon. If you would see an accurate version of my resume (something no prospective employer would ever get the luxury of viewing, mind you), you would see that failure is, indeed, an option. Fact is, having the balls to attack aggressively yields positive results not only in skiing, but pretty much every sport, and everything else in life too. Because sometimes, you've just gotta say, "what the fuck."

This is my fundamental problem with the Cleveland Browns – they lack organizational balls.

The lack of balls goes straight up to the feckless owner, Randy Lerner. As Tony Grossi so eloquently put it, "he is a pathetic figure, the most irrelevant billionaire in the world." Lerner is so sackless that he couldn't stand that negative (and accurate) representation of his character, so he had Grossi fired in one of the biggest bitch moves in the history of sport. You think Mark Cuban would have done that? Hell no, Cuban would have either (a) roasted Grossi in public with fifty times the heat of Grossi's ill-advised tweet, or (b) invited Grossi to dinner. Because like him or not, Cuban has balls, and a championship trophy in his living room on which to rest them.

Lerner is so impotent that he had to hire Mike Holmgren to be the testicles of the organization that he could not provide himself. Now Holmgren has balls – he was an excellent coach, and as a GM he had to stones to trade FOR Charlie Frye after watching Chuck get sacked six times in 18 minutes of football while failing to control his bowels, bladder, and tears in the face of pressure. Which articulates the fine line between balls and stupid, I guess.

But does Holmgren really have balls? If he did, he would have hired a coach that could stand up to him and actually provide input, as opposed to the incompetent human puppet he hired in Pat Shurmur. Don't get me started on Shurmur. Let's just say that seeing Brad Maynard trot out onto the field when the ball is inside the opposing 40 when you have FOUR FUCKING WINS on the season is such a pile of chicken shit worthlessness that it made me want to go all Elvis on my TV and shoot it all 5,034 times it happened this season. Mike Smith of the Falcons went for it at his OWN 20 in a game that ACTUALLY FUCKING MATTERED in overtime. That, my friends is balls. Pat Shurmur, you're no Mike Smith.

So my message to the Browns is simple: if you're going to be hopelessly outgunned (as is likely for the next few years), please, go down like Butch and Sundance , not soiling yourself in cowardice like captain Francesco Schettino. It will be more entertaining for the fans, and you know what, you just may start winning.

Anyway, off to the questions.

**How can I increase the frequency of sex with my wife? –Lusting in Lyndhurst**

Well, alrighty then.

Look, women are like starting pitchers. Gone are the days of Pud Galvin where a pitcher can start 75 games, and complete 72 of them. No, today's pitchers need a solid 4 days rest. So while you, Mr. Ernie Banks, want to play two today, she's going to leave the jacket on in the dugout for the next three days no matter what you do. And that's assuming there's not a contract dispute, a rainout, or some elbow tendonitis that will put her on the 15 day DL. I think I lost the metaphor somewhere, but you get the point.

I love having a bottle of wine with dinner every night. I have a price range for everyday wine, another for a once a week special wine, one yet higher for a monthly super special wine, and then the birthday and holiday back of the cellar stuff that is really spectacular. You can manage your sex life the exact same way. Your everyday sex will be, well, nothing. Just being honest, because if you did marry Pud Galvin, she's also sleeping with the milkman, mailman, and cable guy while you're working. But once a week you can schedule that special time, similar to how Justin Masterson pitches about once a week. In fact, you can pick a pitcher like Masterson, and schedule naughty time for when he pitches, or just make Wednesdays your day all year round.

Think about how awesome Wednesdays will become if you schedule like this. Work will be a delight on Wednesdays, because all day you know you're getting some that night. If it is the once per month special, whether that be trying to complete the Kama Sutra in one evening or just dressing like a Catholic schoolgirl (you or her, I'm not judging here, it's your kink), it will be even better. And she will have the opportunity to drink heavily during the day to prepare mentally for coupling with your hairy naked ass.

What, you feel uncomfortable talking about this with your wife? What is it 1950? If you can't talk about it, you shouldn't be doing it. Have some balls man, make a schedule, or just sit down and talk through things. You'll both enjoy it more.

**Could you please settle the east side / west side debate for us once and for all? –jb**

This one is easy. It depends.

If you're single, it is clearly the west side. You ever try to go out on the east side? Pathetic. When I was young, dumb, and single, east siders would literally suggest going to the bar in the Beachwood Hilton as the place to go. A fucking hotel bar? I'd rather go clubbing in Kandahar, thank you very much (the burqa may say no, but the eyes, they definitely say "I'm subservient to you").

West siders have a much better nightlife, and young Lars would make the trip across the city to enjoy himself when he wanted to go out. Young Lars would often say to himself "why the hell do I live on the east side?" Which was a very good question indeed.

As you mature and climb the socioeconomic ladder, however, the east side becomes a lot more attractive. Beachwood, Pepper Pike, Shaker Heights. The very names echo blue-blooded snobbery (oldest Cleveland joke in the book: why do Beachwood women close their eyes during sex? So they can imagine they are shopping). Certainly the west side does have some very nice neighborhoods, but not at all like the reputation of the east. And what does every 99%er have in common with each other? They want to be 1%ers.

So ideally, you are born on the east side, move to the west side while you're young, and then settle down in the east side again.

**Hey Lars, what the fuck? –Ctown Chuck**

There are sometimes you gotta say "what the fuck," and there are some times you just gotta say "what the fuck?"

Clearly the omission of both Kyrie Irving and Anderson Varejao from the All-Star team was the latter. These two guys are the NBA equivalent of Butch and Sundance taking on the entire Mexican army by themselves and still managing a 10-14 record. These guys make a team that gives significant floor time to Alonzo Gee, Anthony Parker, Antawn Jamison, Omri Cassipi, Ramon Sessions, and the rest of the Apple Dumpling Gang actually entertaining. These guys

play with balls, and I like it. Wait, that didn't come out right. Shit. Let's just move on.

I can understand excluding one, but both? That's crap. As I'm sure one of the talented, intelligent, and objective writers on this site will get into better detail on how and why that is crap, I'm just going to go with an emotional argument that either should have been chosen (ignoring position) over Chris Bosh. Bosh is ugly, he's soft, he's ugly, and his job is easy given his teammates. What he accomplishes vs. his athletic ability is miniscule compared to what Andy does. Andy is all balls on the floor, and makes everyone around him better. Irving is a winner that leads and wants to make the team win. Bosh Spice is just an ugly lazy player getting sloppy thirds, happy to fap on the baseline in crunch time as the guys with actual heart (or LeBron) try to win the game. WTF indeed.

I don't know, Chuck. Maybe you were asking about the presidential election, and having a choice between Mitt Romney and Barack Obama, and secretly hoping Rick Santorum makes a run to contend. Which is like choosing between putting your crank into a school of piranhas or a beaker of acid, and hoping that a belt sander presents itself as an option at the last minute. WTF indeed.

The message in both cases is the same: when you let someone else choose your fate, it is going to suck. Have the balls to take control of your own destiny Chuck, and you may never ask that question again. Unless you go into a Wal Mart to shop .

*Please email questions to lars.hancock@yahoo.com , or DM them to me in the forae to LarsHancock.*