Out Of Bounds, 1-13-12

Last night, “Evil Lars” got out of his cage. I try to keep him under control, because he really doesn’t treat me very nicely. He drinks too much, and winds up out God-only-knows-where until the wee hours of the morning, times reserved for the younger generations with stronger constitutions and less responsibilities.

And as a result, today, I have a blistering all-day hangover.

Spending a day fighting a hangover while trying to be a responsible citizen is no easy task. Being honest, I didn’t exactly get my productivity up to 11 today . No amount of coffee was going to lift the fog to do that. I did manage to crank it up to a 6 here and there, and didn’t throw up (that I know of), so I’m claiming victory. Even if the scoreboard indicates otherwise.

Overcoming a hangover is a process, a delicate process. Try to do too much, and you puke, and you’re back to square one. There are quick-fixes out there like Five Hour Energy, which are just expensive snake oils. No, give me some greasy hash browns, hamburgers, and liberal supplies of coffee, and things will eventually correct themselves. They haven’t yet, and it’s 7:30 PM, but considering the woeful hunk of flesh the cat drug into my hotel room last night, I’m just about there. One more burger should do the trick.

The Cleveland Browns, too, are fighting the football equipment of a hangover.

Messirs Policy, Davis, Savage, and Mangini played the role of Evil Lars in this show, doing to the franchise the equivalent of Jager bombs at the Golden Banana until 3 AM. Mike Holmgren takes over and awakes sore, smelling like a donkey, parched, and on the verge of regurgitating anything that comes near him, while his impatient boss, us fans, demand he put a winner on the field.

Just not going to happen.

Like my self-inflicted pathetic state, Holmgren's state and the Browns cannot be fixed quickly. The snake oil of Free Agency, often applied liberally and unsuccessfully by Mr. Savage, is tempting, but bad science. Overpaying for the trash of others (Pierre Garcon really is worth $11M a year? Really?) is like having a bowl of Five Hour Energy soup for lunch – lacking the nutrition to heal you properly. And making mistakes in Free Agency is like the hair of the dog – may make you okay sooner, but just compounds the problem later.

So while the Browns remain seemingly committed to doing nothing, they're in fact taking a disciplined approach to curing their 12 year hangover. Build through the draft, and don't do anything to take the team backwards. Last thing this team needs is to puke at work, again, after delivering a modicum of thin and unsustainable hope. Build a consistent winner, shed the hangover, and don't let Evil Lars out of his cage anymore.

Anyway, off to the questions.

Are people that dislike the NCAA tournament because the quality of play isn't at NBA-level elitist, smarter than everyone or just miserable human beings? Or are they simply disingenuous? –peeker643

If you hate the NCAA tournament, you hate America.

America is the land of opportunity, where every man with a dream can make it big if they apply themselves, get a break here and there, and take advantage of opportunities. Does the smartest person always wind up on top? No. Does the best businessman always have

success? Nope. And it is guaranteed that the top organizations will be run by the best and brightest? Nope. But if you're determined, have a good plan, execute flawlessly, and take advantage of every opportunity, you can achieve success beyond your wildest imagination.

So goes the NCAA tournament.

Look, I get wanting to watch the absolute best at their craft execute it. The NBA has a poetry and artistry inherent in it that is unmatched on other levels. That's why they're the pros. Professional series are seven games so that the best team, or the team where their star player doesn't quit on them at least, will win, and so the playoffs get better and better each round until you have a true champion who is clearly and indisputably the best.

But that's not life.

Life is about having one shot at greatness, and either you become Mark Zuckerberg or you become one of the Winklevoss twins. At any moment something amazing can happen to you, and the story of such events is what has laid the foundation of this nation. The NCAA tournament is exactly this, in shorts and tank tops.

The passion and energy surrounding college athletics is unmatched, and when that team seizes the moment and wins, it is highly energetic and exciting, and a mini story is born. In just three short weeks you get 63 of those stories, which is why the NCAA tournament is my favorite time of the year (the taking off work and drinking at noon part of it helps, mind you).

So get off your high horses and love the game. Love the USA (the University of South Alabama, or our great nation, whichever you prefer.)

Lars, if you were to apply for an MMJ card, what would ur "illness" be? – jb

Ah, medical Mary Jane. The government's way of chipping away at a stupid and pointless

Puritanical law by adding needless bureaucracy and regulations, instead of just “legalizing it”.

Let me make a few things perfectly clear. First and foremost, drugs are bad. Well, actually, the commerce associated with illegal drugs is bad. Drugs are only bad if you devote your life to the pursuit of them, and marijuana rarely if ever had that effect on your life. The gateway drug bullshit is bullshit. Alcohol is more harmful, as evident by this fucking hangover that still won’t go away. So there is no reason for weed to be illegal. But since it is, it is bad.

If you ever want to turn a good day into a bad day, read *el Blog del Narco* . It shows the levels of depravity present in Mexican drug lords, and how that country is being destroyed by the drug cartels. They are powerful solely because their largest customer, the USA, gives them monopoly protection against a free marketplace. By buying weed off the street, you are supporting people that murder, rape, torture, and destroy society with impunity and without remorse.

Ah, but good ol' medical grass is bred by some of the finest botanists in the good ol USA, so by procuring it, you’re not supporting the drug trade. And since the law outlawing it in the first place is stupid, and the product is completely harmless, I freely support making fraudulent claims to obtain legally grown domestic weed.

Here’s a subset of things you can claim to get MMJ: cancer, glaucoma, HIV/AIDS, cachexia, severe pain, severe nausea, seizures, persistent muscle spasms, nausea, PMS, weight loss, glaucoma, muscle spasticity, Chron's disease, fibromyalgia, migraines, multiple sclerosis, and even Tourette Syndrome and obsessive-compulsive disorder. The good news is chances are that you have one of these anyway! But if you don’t, you got to go with something that is harder to prove. Cancer is a poor choice – only a complete douchebag pretends to have cancer. I’m pretty sure I’m going with “severe pain” on this list. I’ve got a nasty case of plantar fasciitis that causes my foot to hurt at all times, and I walk with a limp all the time because of it. Downright debilitating, and impossible to fix. A little medical green and that pain should go away and change my life for the better.

In conclusion, if you want weed, feel no guilt about lying to a doctor for it. Chronic pain is your ticket.

I'm sick of NFL Draft talk starting in December here and ramping up during the months preceding the draft. Can we really believe ANYTHING we hear in terms of who the Browns are interested in until Draft Day actually arrives? –peeker643

No.

Much has been written about the lost opportunity in attempt to acquire RG III secondary to a sealed bid and gentlemen's agreement. As hard as it is for me to believe those types of agreements can/do exist with the group of pirate owners, I will give them the benefit of the doubt. (character flaw of mine & my uncle)

So, let's use our time machine... it's you against crazy Dan Snyder in an open bidding war ...first would you be willing give up 3 first rounders to stay in the game? ...or should I say how far would you go to match crazy Dan? In the real world, would it have been possible to outbid "crazy"...and still have a team, women & children in the village? -pod & his uncle

I've got a friend that is well connected within the Browns' organization. Apparently the way RGIII went down was the Browns offered both picks this year, the #1 in 2013, and a #2 in 2014. Snyder had #1 in 2012, 2013, and 2014 plus #2 in 2012 on the table, and the Rams inexplicably liked that offer better. They demanded #2 in 2012 to get the deal done, and the Browns FO actually considered it, but after watching the pro day of a certain QB in the draft, they decided against throwing the extra pick into the litter, and walked away.

So let's assume that 2012 #4 and #22 in the 1st plus #36 (2nd rd), 2013 #1 (assume 8 conservatively), and 2014 #2 (assume #10 in 2nd) would have got the deal done. Do you make that trade? Since you can't judge a draft until 3 years later, let's pick the best player in these slots from the 2006-2009 drafts and assume we'd be giving up that pick. Let's also force a QB pick. You'd pick D'Brickashaw Ferguson #4, Antrel Rolle in 2013 at #8, Percy Harvin at #22, Kevin Kolb at #36 in 2014, and Jarius Boyd at #42. That's best case. Would those five guys be better or worse than a potential once-a-generation talent in RGIII? Tough to say.

RGIII has some amazing talent to be sure, but he's not a slam dunk by any means, like Luck. He is an improviser with a great arm and blazing speed that could revolutionize the position, but

an NFL QB needs to have pocket presence and, above anything else, the ability to read a defense and put the throws exactly in the right spot at exactly the right time. RGIII didn't necessarily demonstrate that acumen in college, rather, he made things happen when they weren't there. How well does that translate to the NFL? Hard to say.

It is easy to say he's the next Cam Newton, and easy to say he's the next Mike Vick. Cam actually demonstrated the ability to be a solid pocket passer as a college QB if you didn't stereotype him as a running QB. RGIII, not as much. Griffin will need a little latitude, some good coaching, and a creative system to shine.

And that's exactly why I don't draft him in Cleveland. Here, we have Pat "deer in headlights" Shurmur leading F-Troop with his loyal sidekick Brad "Clueless about offense" Childress. When a HOF QB says you are clueless about offense, that's bad, even if it is a mental midget like Brett Favre. Shurmur meanwhile found almost no way to get the ball into Josh Cribbs' hands last year, instead dogmatically sticking to the WCO like a dog with a weathered squeaky toy. Griffin may be the next Joe Montana, but in Cleveland he would have had his confidence crushed and he would have become the next Akili Smith.

Heckert is a good drafter. I'd rather leave those five picks to him, than to leave Griffin in the hands of Beavis Shurmur and Butthead Childress. So the next regime can use some good talent as they try to shake off the Holmgren hangover.

Oh, by the way, Dan Snyder is a maniac. The Rams had no intention of trading us that pick. Rather, they wanted to see how much we would bid to get Snyder to match it. Which he would have, no matter what we offered. Every Dan Snyder first rounder can be a #1 pick, and the Rams know that. This could make the Rams a dynasty again. The Browns were just pawns in this game, and they had no chance of winning it. Kind of like the regular season, only different.

Is there a particular order you're supposed to dry yourself off after a shower? My whole life I've gone arms-torso-legs-face-crotch, but lately I've been thinking there must be a scientifically, hygienically, or sexually correct way of doing this.
–CAVSTRIBEBROWNSin07!

When you get out of the shower, you should be equally clean all over. Even your naughty bits

should be sparkling clean hygienic naughty bits at that moment, so cross-contamination isn't really an issue.

The first thing you should wipe off is your face. Water on your face can get into your eyes, and having a wet face is completely unpleasant. Having a wet face also diminishes your ability to be a predator, or makes you easier prey, and that is important to consider in that you're naked and your significant other may be naked or partially clothed nearby. Depending on if you're a male or female, you're going to want to have your offense or defense at DEFCON 4, just in case any hanky panky may be initiated.

This is also why crotch needs to be second in the rotation, but it isn't the sole reason. You need a dry "business district" in order to be able to engage in offensive maneuvers, or to take the best defensive position, which is putting on your britches. But drying the fruits and vegetables now isn't all about sex. It is a notoriously hard to dry area, requiring multiple passes with the towel in order to complete the job. Dry early, dry often. Plus there is nothing bad about dragging a soft object aggressively over an area with lots of nerve endings. Pure happy.

After crotch, you have to go back. That's where most of the water is, and you've got to keep it off the floor. Any other order gets all that back water everywhere, and creates an OSHA hazard. Torso is next for this reason too, followed by crotch again, legs, hair, crotch again, arms and pits, and if you're feeling randy, crotch. Okay, maybe you're just being a perv now – that last pass on the crotch was completely unnecessary.

Your order is horrible and I can only assume you're a madman that needs to be incarcerated. Seriously dude, I'd be worried…

One final question, and I'll get to the others next week.

***Sweet Home Alabama* or *Southern Man*? –Hikohadon**

As you are fully aware, *Sweet Home Alabama* was written as a response to the accusations made by Neil Young in *Southern Man*, namely

that the South is full of racist fuckwads (paraphrasing). SHA says in response “yeah, we’ve got our share of idiots, but that’s not us, so shut up Neil.”

So what you have is two musically inspiring, well written songs that provide an interesting point-counterpoint. SM, in fact, perpetuates a stereotype that all Southerners are racist, while decrying the racism of the past that has created prosperity for the white man In the South. Such stereotypes are just as dangerous as racism, which is why Lynard Skynard decided to retort and point out Young’s hypocrisy. Moral high ground goes to SHA here.

Unfortunately, SHA has become the rallying cry for every low IQ toothless redneck in the South, often accompanied by waving rebel flags, drinking Busch Light, and making out with one’s sister. Southern Man, meanwhile, has become a classic rock song relegated to K-Tel record collections and annoying teenagers on *American Idol*. High ground here, clearly and unfortunately, to SM.

I think the tiebreaker goes to SM, because, well, fuck Alabama.

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