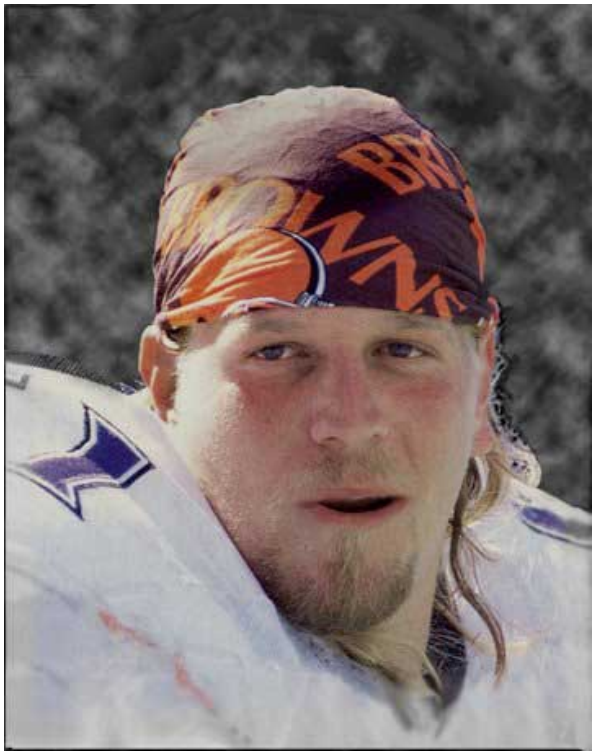

Whenever I'm in Cleveland, it seems as if I have access to satellite radio. And that can mean only one thing: Sirius 39 Hair Nation.

Wait, weren't you the one lecturing us last week about shitty music? And you listen to THAT crap?

Guilty as charged. But, please, allow me to explain.

First of all, just because you maintain a healthy diet, it doesn't mean you don't ever want to go to McDonalds for a Double Quarter Pounder. Is it good? No. But it's a little bit of your past (what

kid didn't cherish the rare trip to Mickey D's?) and it feeds a craving. You simply can't be healthy all the time, and you need the sin of fast food. When I was a young idiot terrorizing the streets of the greater Cleveland area in my car, hair metal was the music I used to listen to, so when I'm back in town, I enjoy to reminisce, with the full ambiance of the state. Plus, my inner junk food junkie still loves hair metal.

Hair metal goes back to a more innocent time, where pretending to be a tough guy was cool, and therefore naming your band something badass like Dokken or Queensryche, or something deadly like Great White or Poison, made you awesome. And young Lars loved to sing songs about banging groupies, living the dream as a rock and roll icon. So turning the satellite radio to 39 in effect turns the wayback machine to 1986, and allows me to relive my youth.

One spooky thing: it seems as if whenever I turn on Hair Nation, they are playing Europe's *Carrie* .
This is spooky as my off-and-on girlfriend from the late 80s was named Carrie. She became my "permanently off" girlfriend when she visited me in college and banged my roommate.
"Can't you see it in my eyes, that this may be our last goodbye."
And indeed it was that day, around the same time I said my last goodbye to the 80s in general.

But still, it is fun to be 16 year old Lars every now and then. Young, dumb, and full of… energy. Plus it is less creepy to sing along to some of the songs as a 16 year old than a 42 year old.

It's this same nostalgia that keeps me loving the Browns. Despite the constant inflictions of pain, the Browns are my Big Mac. They're bad for me, have proven to do nothing good for my health, and yet I crave them.

Ironically, my favorite Browns of all time, Clay Matthews, Steve Everitt, and Bernie Kosar, are all members of the "hair nation". Clay Sr. was famed for the blonde warrior locks flowing from his helmet, Everitt was famed for his filthy barbarian locks, and Kosar's mullet could defeat the Steelers today by itself. I think there's something to the hair that makes the warrior.

On that note, why did every Alabama player drafted today have dreadlocks? Is it a coincidence their best players, especially the newest Browns warrior Trent Richardson, had long hair? I firmly believe that as Sampson of fables, the power of long hair is as real as the Madden curse

– Nick Saban's hoisting of the crystal football is proof. So Richardson is going to be a stud, guaranteed.

Anyway, off to the questions.

Brandon Weeden? Seriously? –johnny p

Yes, apparently the Browns drafted the oldest player ever to be drafted, at #22 in the first round. Here's a player that played out of the spread, and reacted badly the few times he was pressured, yet Holmgren, Heckert, and Shemp decided to take him #22. Good move or more endemic Cleveland Browns stupidity? We won't know for 2 years, but we do have some clues.

Rumor I heard from someone with connections in the Browns organization is that when they were bidding for the #2 pick to take Griffith that the Rams asked them to sweeten their final offer with another #2 pick. The Browns hesitated, and waited until Weeden's pro day to make the decision as to whether they would offer the pick or not, and after seeing Weenen perform, they decided against the trade. So apparently they were locked into Weeden for some time, and more than happy to spend #22 on the guy.

If he's the man, I could care less how old he is. Say we get six good years out of him. Holmgren doesn't plan on even being alive six years from now, with his obvious affinity for Ho Hos and pizza, so if a guy can give us five good years of football, we win. Roger Staubach was 28 before he made his NFL debut, and he turned out okay. To me, the age factor is irrelevant.

What is relevant is whether he can be a quality NFL QB. The Browns brass, who is more qualified than any of us to evaluate a QB (yes folks, this is actually true), took a hard look at the guy and thought he could be a quality starter. Certain "experts" said had Weeden not been 29 he would have been a top 3 pick. He is very accurate with the football, and has a much stronger arm than Colt McCoy (a low bar, granted), an arm strong enough to make every NFL throw with the proper zip and touch. But he did come from a spread offense, and given his age and where he was drafted, there will be no expectation that he will sit and learn – he has to make the transition immediately. He also has an injury history that is troublesome – a torn labrum ended his baseball career, a condition which hasn't been surgically corrected.

If Weeden is the player the Browns' management thinks he is, #22 is a bargain for his potential. The margin for error is incredibly thin, though. Overall, the only person in Cleveland who should be upset with this pick is Colt McCoy – the Browns needed to upgrade this position, Weeden has the ability to be a star, and it was an acceptable gamble with the #22 pick to take the guy. Do I have a warm fuzzy feeling right now? Nope. But, at least we have the potential of having upgraded significantly, and with the proper orange-colored look at the future, heck, we may be a very good football team next year. Assuming we find someone to catch the ball, that is. And block on the right side. And rush from the left side. And cover the #2 and #3 receivers. And play safety. And coach. But hey, we've got eight more picks, right? Sigh… where's my beer?

Why do the "squatch" hunters never seem to be able to find any physical evidence...no hairs, droppings, bones etc? .....oh and are all the sea monsters just giant 800 lb sturgeons?

The earth is a big planet, and it is amazing how little of it we have actually explored. The depths of the seas are nearly unreachable, and man's exploration of the ocean has been extremely sporadic considering the vastness of the area to be probed. Experts suggest that a staggering 86% of land species and 91% of sea species remain undiscovered today, a pool of approximately 8 million undiscovered beings. So anything is possible, right?

As Lee Corso says, "not so fast my friend". Finding a new species of beetle, bird, or bacteria on a remote tropical island is a vastly different proposition than finding a gigantic humanoid species in the hills of Appalachia (inbred Steeler fans excluded, of course). You could make the case based on flimsy circumstantial evidence and folklore that such creatures do exist, but that would be as sane as drafting Brian Robiskie and David Veikune in the second round of the NFL draft: the body of evidence does not support the conclusion. Indeed, why aren't we able to find physical evidence – corpses of dead bigfoots (bigfeet? Bigfootises?), droppings, nests/habitats, etc.? Are bigfoots obsessive compulsive and environmental stewards, where they ensure they leave nature completely undisturbed? Yeah, that's a logical conclusion, that has to be the answer.

Man has the unique ability as a species to be incredibly bored, and make shit up to amuse itself. I have no idea why the myth of bigfoot remains compelling beyond a campfire horror story, yet among the mouth breathers of society it has unbelievable legs. People will believe what they want to believe (see: Tim Tebow Jets' jersey sales), and if it makes their government-assisted trailer-dwelling lives more palatable, who am I to criticize their flights of fancy? Because where

you and I may see a one in a million chance of Bigfoot existing, the Lloyd Christmases of the world get excited over that odds representing a possibility, ignoring the logical remoteness of it.

I just hope that if we do find bigfoot and his remarkable flowing locks of hair that Holmgren is adroit enough to sign him before bigfoot's hometown Steelers do. Can you imagine bigfoot coming off the left edge? Pure chaos. And with all-pro Brandon Weeden at QB, he'd be the missing link (literally and figuratively) to a Super Bowl title. Yes, Weeden is an all-pro. No, there is no irony in me making that statement after doing that analysis on Bigfoot. None at all. Totally different. Yep.

My uncle has advised me the "old school" way of assigning a stage name for one's pornography career was to take the name of your first pet and the last name from your street address.....for example mine would be hypothetically "schultze fairfield"...others could be "general cedar hill"..."precious 517"....."dixie river"..you get the idea. We were wondering if this still the gold standard for getting a stage name in the erotic film industry? -pod

Today's porn isn't your daddy's porn to be sure, and the rules have changed accordingly. Let's ignore the horrifying visual of the above statement and go right to the overly complex analysis of society and the corresponding relationship to the porn industry, shall we?

In the early days of porn, the world was a lot more innocent, and so was the porn. Nudity was taboo and rare, women dressed conservatively and in unrevealing manners, and as such a Playboy where you could see –gasp – breasts! was highly erotic. Your average pornographic movie from the 50s was far less graphic and revealing than an episode of *Game of Thrones* is today. And as such, porn names were derived as your uncle stated: something reminiscent of your youth, your hometown, wholesome mom and apple pie America. With exposed nipples.

No, since those days porn has evolved as society has devolved. You see, porn is the fantasy of people that simply can't be satisfied with the reality of their lives. So as reality becomes more degenerate, porn must take an equally precipitous, and often scary, downward slide into depths society of the day finds revolting and unacceptable. As I mentioned in a previous article, google any word with the word "porn" and you'll find a site dedicated to that type of degenerate activity. So where today nudity and sexual activity have become societal norms, porn has had to become a lot more raunchy and debaucherous to cure the rampant bigfoot-seeking ennui of society.

To this end, your porn name has had to evolve as well. On one hand, you still need to base the fantasy on some sort of hometown reality. Where before it was the beloved pet and street, today you base your first name on your best friend's nickname growing up. That gives you a charming "I know that guy/girl" type of appeal.

But that's only half the story, because today the porn aficionado wants to imagine that the person they know – the neighbor, the friend's parent/sibling, etc. – is really a degenerate freak willing to do just about anything to and with you. The last name, therefore, needs to be something badass and dangerous sounding. Look no further than your favorite Hair Metal band of the 80s for this inspiration.

So while "Shultze Fairfield" would draw viewers back in your uncle's day, today it needs to be "Donnie Dokken" or "Jenny Poison" in order to appeal to the masses.

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