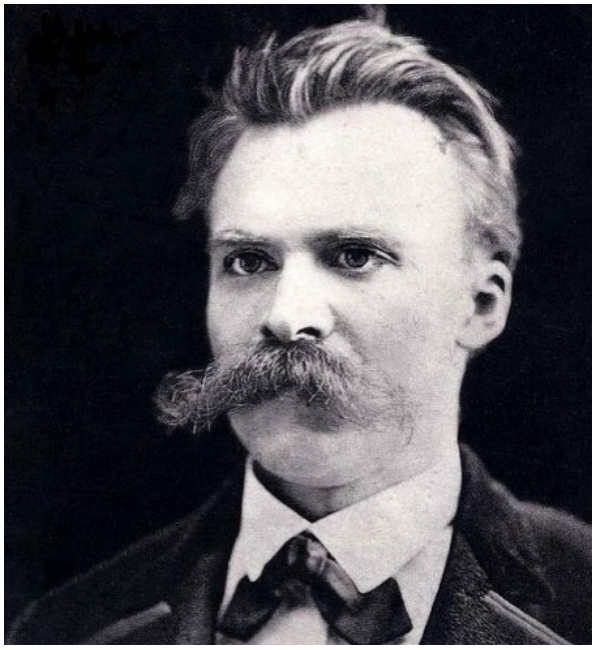

So yesterday the captain of the local high school football team called my wife to see if she wanted to go work out with him.

Ordinarily, this is the type of thing that would greatly disturb a man. But in this case, it is more of a testament to the character of this kid. My wife trains a lot with his mother, and as a result they have become good friends. And as my wife is entered in a contest to see if she is one of the ten fittest people in town, at the behest of this kid's mother, she needs to train on her speed, strength, and agility – exactly the things a football player needs to be working on in the offseason. So it only made sense to train together and to push each other.

It's a trite thing to say that most of today's youth are crap, and a completely incorrect thing as well. Today's youth are probably smarter and more driven than the kids of my generation, some due to competitive necessity, and some due to the nurturing and fostering of their initiative that is present in today's schools and culture. Kids with the right DNA and motor are doing things unimaginable in our generation, and I laud them for their initiative. Their music is pure shit, but the kids themselves, by in large, are awe inspiring.

There is no better example of the quality of today's youth than in our neighbor. Football has been very good to him, teaching him leadership, drive, initiative, and providing a sounding board for a quiet, unusually mature, and polite kid to be one of the leaders of his school. Football also promises to continue to be good to him, as he's receiving scholarship offers from some FBS programs (I think that's what they call Division I now, not sure) and even offers from places like

MIT. He is the embodiment of why high school athletics, and football in particular, are a vital part of the curriculum, and the overall culture of America.

But in the light of the Junior Seau tragedy of this week, we have to ask ourselves: is football worth the cost to society? Are we any better than the ancient Romans who used to throw men into a ring, and watch them fight lions, tigers, and each other to their death? Honestly, I do not believe we have the moral high ground here.

Injuries are inevitable, which is okay to an extent, but what injuries are “acceptable”? Most old football players live with chronic pain of some sort. This pain is debilitating, and often maddening, scars from the glory days of youth. But if it is only a knee or shoulder that flares up in the rain, you’re among the lucky, because increasingly the damage to the brain being done by 350 pound men who run a 4.8 second 40 yard dash mashing into each other at incredible speeds is what the lasting legacy of a football career is. Memory loss, dementia, depression, and ALS-like symptoms are way too prevalent - wouldn’t it have been more humane to have the lion finish them off in the ring in the first place? Though nothing is known for sure, it is fair to speculate that these are the demons that led Seau to take his own life, shooting himself in the chest so his brain could be saved and studied.

I know what you’re thinking – we can’t get rid of football. I love football. I love my Browns, I love the Buckeyes, and I love my high school teams. I am deep into the strategy of the game, enjoy the feats of athleticism unmatched in any other sport, and really enjoy the big hits. But I realize that my thirst for blood is barbaric, and despite Roger Goodell’s best intentions (which are questionable to be sure), there is no way to legislate safety into the game. To protect the brains and bodies of players in a truly humane manner, you’d have to water it down to two-hand touch, and nobody wants to watch that.

It’s hard to admit fault with something you love. A perfect example is why the Cleveland Indians hold onto the Indians name and the Chief Wahoo mascot. It’s racist. Think of this scenario: you have a coworker who is native American (let’s call him Louis Sockalexis) . In your best DadBoner fit of ignorance, you show off how great of a caricature artist you are, and present to him a drawing of Chief Wahoo. You then prance around the office doing the woo woo woo woo call in an effort to bond with him culturally. How long does it take you to get fired? I love Chief Wahoo, I’ve woo wooed at games, but you know what? It’s racist, and it’s wrong. Even in a Nietzsche relativism mindset where there is no right and wrong, you have to agree the Indians and their marketing are completely racist. Yet we can’t let go.

Which brings us back to football. Clearly, we are exploiting the health and welfare of today's youth for our entertainment. We are creating lasting societal problems, and ruining lives, by loving a sport that is so damaging. Football kills people every year, and causes long term systemic damage to their beains and bodies. Marijuana on the other hand does none of that, yet somehow weed is the one that is illegal? Something is just not right.

I don't know the answers, and I'm not about to turn away from the game to which I'm so addicted. But the whole Seau tragedy really makes me think, and gives me pause for concern. What is right and what is wrong? And is there a clear place where the entire sport of football lies?

Anyway, off to the questions.

Who's receding hairline will cause them to shave their head first, Trent Richardson or LeBron? –Ziner

This is a tough one. One one hand, you have the massive ego of LeBron, who likely denies the fact that he is even balding in the first place. "I can't be balding, I'm not a choker, my mom isn't a crack whore – I'M LEBRON DAMMIT." At no point will he ever admit wrong, fault, or flaw, especially with his groveling band of sycophants fellating him at every turn. Seriously, do you think those idiots would ever give him a straight answer?

"Maverick, you think I should shave my head?"

"What? You're magnificent head? No….. It's beautiful. You're like a black Baldwin brother with that beautiful hair. It's as full and rich as Micky Arison at an all-you-can-eat steak joint"

"You sure? I think it may be getting a little thin?"

"No way. In fact, I was just thinking it was getting fuller. Maybe too full. Maybe you should put on

another headband to keep the, um, fullness, from being in your face."

LeBron's ego is why men have combovers and pecan swirls, and you can bet your sweet bipbee that so long as LeBron has as much as a single hair on his head, he will take it and encircle his fat vacuous head with it to deliver the appearance of hair. He's too pathetic in spirit and courage to do otherwise, and not man enough to go bald.

Richardson, on the other hand, is 100% bad ass. He has a little bit of a five head going on to be sure, but the more scalp he shows, the more he resembles the aliens in Predator. Which only makes him more intimidating. James Harrison, you're no "Dutch" – no way you can handle the Predator one on one. That goes for your old ass too Ray Lewis. You can't shave that if you're Richardson.

Sadly, if I'm betting I bet on Richardson. I make this bet because as a Cleveland Brown being coached by Pat Shurmur, his chances of being a bust are higher than normal, and he may have to clean up and look for a respectable job, like selling women's shoes. You can't sell women's shoes looking like Predator. Don't get me at all wrong here, I think the kid is rock solid and will be a superstar for years to come. But he could very easily fall victim to the Cleveland curse, which is why I must select him.

Gotta bang one- Wilma Flintstone or Betty Rubble? -Peeker

Wilma, and it ain't even close.

If you're going to "rock" the Kasbah with one of them, you want the overall experience to be as enjoyable as possible. As I covered in a previous episode, my ideal partner is athletic, outgoing, and fun, and not prissy, stuck up and conceited. Certainly Betty is hotter in the truer sense of the word, but Wilma is more of a woman, where Betty is a girl. Wilma is mature, experienced, and a lot stronger than Betty, and those qualities undoubtedly translate to her twin slab of stone in the cave.

You just get the feeling Wilma will work a little harder for you, where Betty will want it to be over

quickly so you don't muss her hair. This, coincidentally, is exactly why I don't bang supermodels. Well, that and the fact I'm happily married. And that they want nothing to do with me. And the restraining orders. But mostly that reason.

This is far from the contrarian view. Just look at the casting for the Flintstones movie. For Wilma, you had Elizabeth Perkins, and for Betty you had Rosie O'Donnell. If you're googling "Elizabeth Perkins" to find out who the hell she is, and if she's hot, let me answer succinctly: she's not Rosie O'Donnell. Case closed.

Lars - Fruit in beer. Is it acceptable always? Sometimes? Never? Is it OK for women and men equally? Does the time/place/weather matter? I need some guidance on this because I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy a Blue Moon, or other of it's ilk from time to time. But I inevitably end of feeling like a bit of a vagina. -motherscratcher

Fruit in a beer is always acceptable, if it's the right sort of beer.

A couple of weeks back, I was in a bar and deciding between a St. Arnold (microbrew from Houston which is almost as good as Great Lakes) and a margarita. And then I saw it on the menu: the margarita beer. In a giant margarita glass they put frozen margarita (usually eschewed by Lars, but good for this use) and fill with beer. I had to know, so I ordered it. The beer itself was an IPA-like hoppy beer with almost a grassy aroma, which paired perfectly with the lime and tequila in the marg. Top shelf all the way. For a summertime beverage, it was absolutely marvelous, plus, two drinks at once – it's like having your Betty and your Wilma at the same time.

Fruit is just a flavoring, and some beers play nicely with fruit flavors. Some beers demand a little citrus bite to counter some of the flabbiness in them, like a wheat beer. You can't add it in the brewery, because the fruit will change and not be fresh, and it will alter the taste of the beer to a "not good" place. But post-brewery modification is appropriate for some classes. Some beer, like Corona and bud Light, is so horrific that you actually need fruit flavors to mask the awfulness of the taste. Corona's marketing brazenly adopted the lime to make their beer seem sophisticated, and charge more for it, when it is really not much more than a bottle of skunked piss water.

Real beer should never be fruited. If I see you fruiting a Guinness, I'll kick you in the nuts, or whatever genitals you happen to have. I will. Don't test me. Fruiting a Dortmunder is actually a crime* in some communities of Cleveland. Ambers, porters, bocks, and other bolder flavors would oppose fruiting too, which is probably where the mythology of the no-fruiting beer came from. Some guys order heavier beers so they look more manly, uncomfortable in their manhood. I enjoy these beers, but everything has its time and place. Are you really going to have 12 Guinnesses in the muni lot before the Browns game? I think not. Lighter beers are appropriate for certain times of day (before 2 PM usually), for high heat outdoor events, for mass consumption, and for certain food pairings. So when you're drinking a lighter beer, you'd be stupid not to improve it for the sake of being judged by society. Are you really that insecure?

**** not actually a crime anywhere***

What do you think Friedrich Nietzsche's Top 5 favorite cereals would be (were he still alive and a fan of cereal)? -Hikohadon

Clearly Nietzsche would want to pick a broad array of cereals that would embody each of his philosophies, and love the metaphorical representation of his philosophies certain cereals would embody. In fact, if you were to have each of the five different cereals for breakfast for thirteen straight weeks (excluding weekends, where you could have bacon, eggs, waffles, and doughnuts), you could actually earn 4 credits in philosophy in most major universities. I checked, it's actually true.*

**** not actually true statement for any university***

1) Corn Flakes. Nothing embodies the spirit of nihilism more than Corn Flakes. Corn Flakes were developed by sanitarium superintendant Dr. John Kellogg specifically to be as bland and boring of a food as possible, as he believed that bold flavors incited passion, bad in a mental institution. You want to experience life as without meaning or purpose? Eat a bowl of corn flakes.

2) Fruity Pebbles. Fruity Pebbles are a classic paradox that only perceptivism can explain. They taste disgusting, are needlessly choked with artificial flavors and colors, have absolutely no redeeming health value, are marketed by characters long since relevant, and aren't even interesting in a textural context. There is absolutely no good reason why this crap should even be on a shelf. Yet, quizzically, Fruity Pebbles remains popular. What gives? Perceptivism (and Bill Clinton) offers that truth is relative and it is impossible to ascertain true value to any fact in an objective manner. Because clearly there is a population within which Fruity Pebbles are delicious, acceptable to feed to children, and fun to eat. I have a hard time adopting perceptivism as a way of interpreting truth, but there is no stronger evidence for it being a valid

philosophy than Fruity Pebbles.

3) Shredded Wheat. Shredded Wheat embodies Nietzsche's oft-misquoted and misunderstood "God is dead" philosophy perfectly. My old Latin teacher, Mr. Breznicky, often avowed that *scissum frumentum sine lacte est mort*, or "Shredded Wheat without milk is death." The philosophy of "God is dead" offers that without a Christian moral foundation, morals themselves do not exist, as there is no morality inherent in the human condition.

Shredded Wheat is our animal soul, coarse, unfeeling, and deadly. Milk is the will of God on top of it. Nietzsche would appreciate the irony in this and love him some Shredded Wheat.

4) Oops, All Berries. For those of you who don't know, Oops All Berries is Cap'n Crunch's Crunch Berries without the Cap'n Crunch cereal in it. It is the *Übermensch* of breakfast cereals (the Cap'n himself comes close to the *Übermensch,* but fell short until he produced Oops, All Berries). Who as a kid didn't pour himself a bowl of Crunch Berries, eat all the nasty Cap'n Crunch first, to leave himself with a near orgasmic bowl of all berries? Those berries are as close as you can get to breakfast cereal perfection, and when the good Cap'n released Oops, All Berries? Perfection. You see, we as men are like the original Crunch Berries cereal. We have traits and aspirations that are worldly and noble (the berries) and notable flaws (the Cap'n Crunch). Some of us have no berries and are just a bowl of Cap'n Crunch, and others like Art Modell and Bin Laden, are a fucking bowl of Fruity Pebbles. Point is, Oops All Berries is the *Übermensch* described by Nietsche. Plus, Nietsche would love how they taste, because they are awesome.

5) Smacks. Smacks embody the spirit of postmodernism. Smacks started as Sugar Smacks, then they became Honey Smacks, and now they are just Smacks. But the whole time they are pimped by Sugar Bear, a mascot that can best be described as the dickhead of cereal mascots. Smacks obscure the line of knowledge and ignorance – do you really think people don't know that you're essentially feeding the kids raw sugar by changing the name? Nobody is sure, but the marketing department did such, and now Smacks are no longer in the crosshairs of moral America. This curious paradox leads to a necessary investigation of the underlying philosophical drivers from this curious social behavior, and an exploration of social progress from reversion, dominance from submission, and presence from absence. And if that doesn't smack you in the face next time you eat it, you're just not paying enough attention.

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