

No column generates more feedback than Moot Points, quickly becoming one of the more popular columns here on the website. This week, Hiko hits on Super Bowl XLI hype, Brady Quinn and JaMarcus Russell, the Cavs, Serena Williams' booty, quitting smoking, and divorce proceedings. Not for the easily offended.



Or

Welcome to the White Noise

Superbowl week. It's a constant whine – not unlike screeching feedback or fingernails on a chalkboard. Or my daughters when I tell them it's bedtime.

As Rich Eisen just said about their Superbowl coverage on the NFL Network: "*Only 100 more live hours left.*"

That's like being tied down and forced to watch *Full House* for 100 straight hours.

Time to check out what's on The Weather Channel.

Moot Points

Sunday, January 28 2007 7:00 PM -

***Last week, I supported the idea that the Browns should not draft Quinn or Russell because a team does not need an A+ QB to get to the Superbowl if said team is well rounded. (see: Bears, Chicago).

I am not saying that we don't need to upgrade the QB position. We probably do.

What I am saying is that:

1. Definitely Quinn and probably Russell aren't A+ QB's. Don't dare draft a QB in the Top 5 unless he's an A+ QB.

1. We haven't really seen enough of Frye or Anderson yet to determine that they are – without a doubt – hopeless pathetic beads of diseased ball sweat.

1. Rex freakin' Grossman is a starting QB in the Superbowl.

***Despite my constant lack of faith in l'il Rex, I wouldn't be shocked to see him outplay the Golden Boy.

***I had a dream the other night. The Browns were playing the Colts. It was a tune-up game for the Colts – they were playing the Superbowl the following week and needed a non-violent opponent to scrimmage.

Moot Points

Sunday, January 28 2007 7:00 PM -

For some reason, Steve Mariucci came in the game at QB for the Browns for a snap, and had the only Browns completion in my dream – a 4 yard screen – but that is neither here nor there. I just remember thinking “ *Is he supposed to be the veteran QB they bring in to challenge Frye/Anderson? Nice job, Phil.*”

Anyway, Grantham came up with some kind of amazing defensive scheme which shocked and awed Peyton Manning to the point that the Colts just took him out of the game as quickly as possible to preserve his health and confidence for the Superbowl.

But it was too late. The Bears saw what the Browns had done defensively, employed it in the Superbowl, and won because of it. The Bears thanked the Browns in their post-game celebration.

The fact that the Browns had any say whatsoever in the outcome of a Superbowl is the reason that this was obviously a dream.

***The best win of the Cavaliers season came against the 76'ers on Friday night. It may be the defining win (knock on fucking wood) of the season. The Rest Of The Team™ got down big early, then came back with authority. If The Rest Of The Team™ can actually get it in their heads that LeBron ain't gonna do this alone, then we've got what we call a tough *team*.

But my gut tells me that The Rest Of The Team™ fades back to standing around and watching LeBron as soon as the Royal One returns.

***For those that don't like women's tennis, just watch it sometime... watch those women just struggle and run and sweat and shriek at each other.... Damn, it's almost as good as mud

wrestling.

Well, no, that's not true... that's a stupid statement...

***I always thought Serena was kind of hot, but have you seen her recently? I'm not sure if it's because she's been injured or because she's getting older, but... DAMN DOES THAT GIRL HAVE A BIG BOOTY!

That ass is so extraordinary that I fully expect it to have a couple satellites of its own. There should be moons – large, atmospheric moons with possible primordial life forms – rotating around her ample posterior.

Right now, J Lo is downing entire vats of cream cheese, hoping she still has enough game to compete.

***But how impressive was her championship? Ranked No. 81, she survived several close, long matches against a lot of good players and then just *beat down* Maria Sharapova in the championship. I mean, Serena violated her. She hit her in the teeth with a brick then threw her off a cliff. She was Turkey Jones and Maria was Terry Bradshaw. It was a fucking bitchslap.

***In tennis, I think the most dangerous player is the one that calls for the unnecessary, fake injury timeout, just so he/she can relax a sec and hear the boos of the crowd and re-focus on his/her hatred.

***People always bitch about how tennis parents are crazy. But do you know what it must feel

Moot Points

Sunday, January 28 2007 7:00 PM -

like to sit there match after match and watch your child crumble? Only .5% of those parents ever get to see their children succeed. And their mountains can easily turn icy canyons in a matter of seconds. And if you get to the top, you're going to be looking down at every single other person in your field and watching them hope you die.

***Kim Clijsters is retiring from tennis at the age of 23. She wants to have babies and stay home and be a homemaker. I think she's a coward and virtually insane to give up a sport with such a short shelf-life at such a young age just to be some kid's milk-fetching bitch. But I admit I will miss the way she used to play tennis, attacking the ball with a vicious OINK.

***I have not smoked a cigarette in 51 days (not counting the occasional deep inhale upon entering any one of the many drinking establishments here in NE Ohio that have decided to delay their drinking ban until it can become enforced – 6/7/07).

I count every day because it really fucking sucks that I'm not smoking.

(I put that on a separate line because I want to emphasize *how much it sucks that I'm not smoking.*)

But, last night, I broke out my pipe. It's a fine pipe, a white clay Turkish pipe that one of my friends brought me from his travels around the world (of which I am supremely jealous).

Having had a nice pipeful of unfettered tobacco smoke – which I have not had in years – makes me profess: cigarettes are to cheeseburgers as pipe tobacco is to sushi.

Moot Points

Sunday, January 28 2007 7:00 PM -

Cigarettes are much more handy – and much more drenched in strychnine – but good pipe tobacco will make you happier than a Steelers fan in Sam's Club when a 17 pound bag of frozen lard is 30% off.

***And, yes, I have decided that smoking the pipe doesn't count as smoking. Like a friend of mine once said – Rationalizations are more important than taking a shit. You can make it through a whole day without taking a shit.

***So I'm watching ESPN, and the bottom line tells me that the Carolina Panthers have hired Browns Assistant Head Coach Jeff Davidson as their Offensive Coordinator. And I wonder when Davidson was Assistant Head Coach? Apparently, it happened, but if that ain't the most hollow of promotions since I pronounced myself God. Until 4 days ago, I'd known him as the Offensive Line Coach that took over as Interim Offensive Coordinator when Mo Carthon quit/got fired.

Interim Offensive Coordinator/Assistant Head Coach for the Browns is akin to being *Assistant In Charge Of Vicious Unbridled Attack* for the French Army.

Whatcha thinkin', SoCats, making anyone that had anything to do with the Browns O your Offensive Coordinator?

It's like getting promoted for farting.

***Due to ongoing post-marital issues, I may have to go to court soon. My attorney has advised me to not discuss it with anyone. So, of course I will. I hate lawyers.

Moot Points

Sunday, January 28 2007 7:00 PM -

Really, this is all my fault. Whenever I want to remind myself that I am utterly ordinary, I think about the fact that I allowed myself to stick in a pathetic relationship for 10 years because I was afraid to pull the trigger. Why would someone stay with a person - year after year - that made them miserable, that they didn't like, didn't respect, and had nothing in common with? What kind of fool would do that?

Probably about 80% of married people.

And since I have also been advised that anything I write in a weekly article could possibly be used against me (i.e. don't write anything that makes me look angry, depraved, or psychotic), I will now practice the kinder, gentler Moot Points:

***Birds are fine creatures. It must be nice to fly.

***Raisin Bran is a fine cereal, but, for my money, I'll take Cinnamon Toast Crunch.

***Steelers fans are people too.

***Gosh, I'm really optimistic about the Browns next year.

Moot Points

Sunday, January 28 2007 7:00 PM -

***Ray Lewis is a very talented player – even though he fucks goats... Dammit! I lost my focus there for a sec...

***Chrysanthemums are pretty.

***Chrysanthemum is hard to spell. Thank god for spell check.

***Sparky is a good name for a dog. If I had a dog, I'd name him Sparky.

Haiku About Someone Whom I Respect

That Purple Terror

Ray Redefines Linebacker

But He Still Fucks Goats