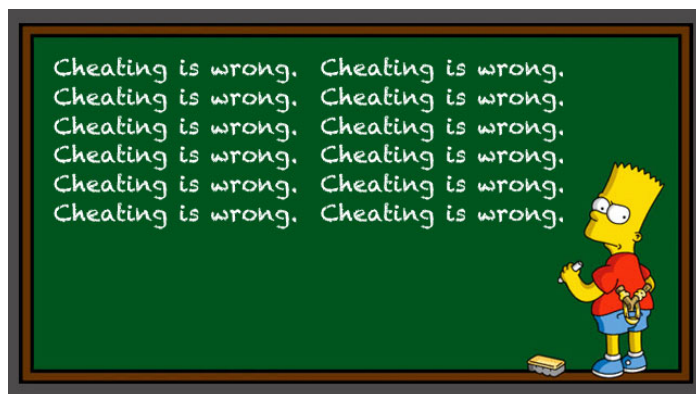


## Out Of Bounds, Episode XLIII: Your Cheating Heart

Written by {ga=larshancock}

Thursday, October 25 2012 4:59 AM - Last Updated Friday, October 26 2012 6:02 AM

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Today I decided to order for myself the very same synthetic HGH that most of the NFL uses. It is completely legal to buy, yet a banned substance as it is a “performance enhancing drug”. Today, I officially became a cheater.

I made this decision because I am old. There isn't a lot of data as to what HGH does to a person, but it is clear that older people produce less than younger, and it p

lays a role in healing, stamina, metabolism, and overall health. There is compelling data that old guys are creakier, more fragile, and 100% more likely to die from old age than young guys, and as an old guy who is feeling older every day, heck, why not put a couple drops of the fountain of youth on my tongue.

Now I'm not doing this for vanity, personal glory, or profit. Though 100% more likely to win the Tour de France than Lance Armstrong, that goal remains 100% impossible, mainly because I refuse to give 110% to anything (being a strict proponent of the laws of mathematics) and the fact I hate cycling and cyclists. True story: the day before I turned 21, I was going out to the bars to press my luck one last time. Next thing I knew, there's a public safety officer putting a neck brace on me. Apparently a cyclist riding down the sidewalk blindsided me. With post-concussion symptoms, my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday pub crawl happened without me as I sat at home and watched ESPN with an ice pack on my ankle, and a lifelong loathing for the spandex-clad scourges of humanity that usurp our streets and sidewalks on two wheels. Note that said cyclist may have been a divine intervention in my life, as young Lars on his 21<sup>st</sup>

with the reins removed may, in fact, have died that night. But still, fuck cyclists.

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Even if I were, though, would it really be so bad? I'm just trying to be healthier and to use what essentially is a vitamin to recover faster and retain my youth. Steroids are dangerous, clearly, as they affect the overall hormonal balance of your body. I prefer my genitals and head to be their current sizes, and I would prefer not to turn my testosterone-producing glands into a biological Chernobyl. Steroids shorten your life, but if you restore the chemicals of your youth with HGH, aren't you extending life? Why should we be discouraging that, other than to protect the New Zealand deer population from who's antlers the HGH is harvested? Screw the deer, I'm going to improve my life.

Now loyal readers may think I'm about to go into a rant about the stupidity of marijuana laws, and encourage good conscienced social Libertarians to vote for Gary Johnson here. But that's not my point.

No, instead, let's talk about the fine line between cheating and playing by the rules. The San Francisco Giants are in the World Series right now, and their best player isn't on the team because he got suspended earlier in the season for performance enhancing drugs, testosterone to be precise. Yeah, there was a specious spike in his average this year, but to pretend that the entirety of baseball isn't "dirty" in some way is pretty hypocritical. And for the Giants, who allowed Barry Bonds to break every sacred record in the book, to suddenly have a conscience about PEDs and make the fairly benign Cabrera an example, well, that's just modern political correctness gone amok.

The Steelers' team doctor just got arrested for PED trafficking. It is widely known fact the Steelers pioneered the steroid era in the NFL, and this arrest just shows that one of the most storied and universally loved (excuse me while I puke) franchises in all of sport continues to skirt the rules to try to get an advantage. But are they really dirtier just because they got caught? Let's remove our heads from the sand, and forego the moral high ground we have against the franchise of the inbred Allegheny valley, and honestly admit that the entire NFL is "cheating" in some way. Joe Haden just got pinched four games for "a one time use of Adderal in Las Vegas," which is funny because (a) the NFL doesn't release official records of what was tested and 2. you don't get four games for a first offense. Hmmm.

In the NBA, "flopping" is a serious issue that is debated on the national stage. Players are taught to cheat in order to draw fouls against their opponents. It is a part of the culture of the NBA (professional soccer is much worse here) because any edge you can steal is important. But doesn't that go against the spirit of sport? Probably, but who cares – winning is money, and

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that's (literally) the bottom line.

So if everyone cheats, is it cheating? And if the act of cheating isn't morally or physically harmful, is it really cheating? Do you, in fact, cheat yourself via your honesty? Ray Lewis is one of the most popular players in the NFL, someone who ESPN and the national media fawns over every time they can. HE MURDERED TWO PEOPLE. And he's also linked to a HGH distribution ring. But he's one hell of a middle linebacker, and as such he's assured himself endorsements and a broadcasting career after he hangs up the cleats, needles, and knives. Crime is bad kids. Right.

My philosophy is to be true to yourself and your soul. In Euchre, cheating is part of the game. Everyone knows this, and it isn't a mortal sin to be caught dealing from the bottom of the deck or sloughing a loser while you're reneging on a suit. There are rules that exist both inside and outside the game, and you can really adhere to either of them to be in the confines of the rules. Because sometimes, if you ain't cheating, you ain't tryin, and there is nothing morally reprehensible about that. Unless there is.

Anyway, off to the questions.

**Since Ohio has been right on the last 18 elections in picking the President, would it not be more prudent to just limit the entire election process to Ohio? -pod**

Ironic you ask this, because almost every cogent analysis of the electoral college in fact has the winner of Ohio winning the election this year as well. Is it any wonder the candidates are creating traffic jams and unfair burdens on the taxpayers and police forces to stump in Ohio almost every day of the last two weeks?

If you think about it, is there any better state to choose the leader of the nation? Ohio has it all – the hard-working farmer. The depressed economy of a failed urban area. Higher education. Manufacturing. Vibrant metropolitan areas on the rise. The entrepreneurial spirit. Ohio is a miniature America, minus the arrogance of New York, the pretension of California, the civil war relic ignorance of the South, and the annoying pomposity of New England. That's an awesome America!

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With all this power Ohioans possess, you'd think the rest of the nation would kiss our ass a little more. You want your guy in the White House, how about giving us some real prospects for our next Cy Young pitcher? How about allowing the Cavs to trade out of the #4 spot in the draft so they don't pull a muscle reaching for a marginal talent? How about saying the trade for RGIII is "good enough" instead of courting the Redskins for more concessions? Ohio is in charge of the free world, least you could do is cut us some slack.

This underscores why it is so important that you write in Lars Hancock for president. Fair trade with China? Pfft. I'll rebuild Ohio sports through trade concessions right here in the good ol' USA.

### Can you rank the Led Zeppelin albums? -Big Sy

"Led Zeppelin remains probably one of the most important bands of all time."

This is the type of masturbatory crap people write when trying to analyze a band. Sure, a lot of music was indeed inspired by the music of Zeppelin, but to describe any band as "important" only serves to make the man behind the lensless hipster glasses seem like an old-school music aficionado of substance among his doofus hipster peers.

Fact is I love Zeppelin as do many people. They intentionally gave their music the same rhythm and feel of sex, or of a good story. Exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, resolution (and no, I don't know if I'm talking about sex, books, or Zeppelin music). Just does something rich to your soul as you listen. But to claim their music is "important," or any music for that matter, is pure folly.

To that end, I rank their music on popularity, penetration into the meme of society, and pure raw energy. These are the criteria I use because I chose them and think they are relevant to grading music. With this in mind, the ranking is as follows:

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1.Led Zeppelin IV. Stairway to Heaven may be the most overrated song ever, but it is still an awesome piece of music and may be the most iconic song of all time. Couple that with Rock and Roll, Black Dog, Going to California, Misty Mountain Hop, the Battle of Evermore, and When the Levee Breaks, and you have probably the best album ever produced.

2.Led Zeppelin. Most debut albums are the bands' best ones, and this one comes close. Every song is rock and roll that redefines an era. Dazed and Confused, Good Times Bad Times, Communication Breakdown, Your Time is Gonna Come... So darn good. I can sing every word to every song on this album, and it was released before I was born.

3.Physical Graffiti. How good is a band when their sixth album has the power of this album? In My Time of Dying is eleven freaking minutes of hauntingly good music, Kashmir, Houses of the Holy, Ten Years Gone, The Wanton Song, Trampled Under Foot... If you are under the influence of some sort of mind-altering drug, this album rises in popularity.

4.The Song Remains the Same. Almost doesn't count because it was a movie soundtrack/best of compilation, but the songs are all completely redone in epic ways. Dazed and Confused is extended to almost 27 minutes – put that version on the next time you make love to your spouse – trust me here. 13 minutes of John Bonham playing the drums in Moby Dick, 11 minutes of Stairway... It's like a workout in album form. Simply incredible.

5.Led Zeppelin III. Gallows Pole, Immigrant Song, Since I've Been Loving You, Bron-Y Aur Stomp, Celebration Day. Good work if not as memorable as the above.

6.Led Zeppelin II. Their second album is solid, with Whole Lotta Love, the Lemon Song, Ramble On, What is and Should Never Be as highlights.

7.Houses of the Holy. Ironically Houses of the Holy the album didn't contain Houses of the Holy the song. I'll never get that, but I was 3 when they released this, so what do I know. Over the Hills and Far Away, No Quarter, and D'yer Mak'er highlight this effort.

8.Presence. Awkward album at best.

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9. In Through the Out Door. The band admitted this thing sucked, but the last album the band made together is still of historical significance, and adequate musically.

10. Coda. Interesting recut of the studio stuff

**Deodorant.... I quit wearing it about a year ago. I shower 2-3 times a day so I never smell bad and I find it fairly pointless unless I am pretending to lift weights while sweating. I do keep two sticks in my office and three at home, because sometimes you feel like you need to freshen up. Your feelings? Tell me I am wrong and that deodorant shouldn't just be an "I drank too much and smell frisky" application/cover device? –e0y2e3**

I can only speak from personal experience here and tell you that if I forget to wear deodorant it is like I have a cab driver in a headlock all day long. And then the nervousness of me starting to smell funny makes me more nervous, and sweat more, and then I stink more. It's a tsunami of horrors under my arm in hours.

I think the most important part of deodorant is the anti-perspirant. Nothing is worse than confidently putting your arms above your head and then flashing to the world two pits full of wetness. You may as well piss yourself at that point. A t-shirt is like a finger in the dyke (that metaphor is certainly weirder now than when the fable was penned, isn't it) temporarily stopping an onslaught of filthy sweat before the inevitable social disaster. I know this horror – I've sweated through just about anything and everything, and the fear of pit sweat is as self-defeating of a disease as a heroin addiction.

Here's the thing about body odor: you don't know if you have it, and nobody is going to tell you if you do. The line between "fresh" and what I call "TDF" (total deodorant failure) is a line, and at some point you cross into "offensive" without even realizing it. Every office has stinky European guy that thinks deodorant isn't useful to him – do you want to be stinky European guy? Your love life, career, and ability to make a living could be more in jeopardy than if you were @DadBoner.

Now could you be a super hero without odor producing glands in your armpits? Possibly,

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probably not though. There is no reason to roll the dice on this one. Just slap some deodorant on after your shower and be safe.

**I am just a simpleton with less than 4 years coaching experience back in the day, BUT if you were say offensive co-ordinator for the Browns and vs. Colts & you identified a less than fleet footed safety (Tom Zbikowski) would you not have game planned to isolate him and game plan a passing scheme to exploit his lack of speed? - pods uncle**

There are two different offensive coaching philosophies in the NFL. Let's call them Miagi and Cobra Kai.

The Miagis are pure. They have an offensive philosophy and attack you with it regardless of your defense's abilities and/or limitations. You're a run first team, you run the ball, despite how injured your running back's ribs may be and how ineffective your line is at opening holes for the run game. You figure your back will eventually wear them down and you'll win, and take pressure off your young QB in the process. It's a noble philosophy, and the one Pat Shurmur and the other stooges on our coaching staff have adopted.

The other side of the coin is the Cobra Kai philosophy. Do what it takes to win, don't necessarily be a superior fighter, but exploit weakness and every opportunity you have. Be unfair, and steal every advantage you can – go after a slow safety, sweep the leg, etc. This philosophy is adopted by coaches that don't suck and who are willing to pit their strengths against opposing weaknesses for maximum destruction.

Weeden was good enough last Sunday to do this, and save one notable (and very notable) exception, his receivers were up to the task as well. But we lost because we pounded their line with an injured running back for 30 minutes instead of going for the jugular. There is nothing sporting about sticking to a philosophy, do what you need to win.

**You don't give the impression that you are overly materialistic, but you are human, so what is your materialistic unicorn?**

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I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love.

Materialism is a major failing of humanity. The pursuit of money ruins many a life. I was just talking to a friend today who has been in his own bed five times in the last 30 days. He's got three kids and a wife, for now, and he never sees them or spends time with them. He drives an excellent car, lives in a beautiful home, and has a fantastic wine cellar, but so what? He's working 80 hours a week on a slow week, driving himself into an early grave, and disenfranchising his family. Is all that worth it?

I've often said and I repeat it again – money begets more problems than it solves. You go from making 50K to making 100K you inherit a whole new set of problems that go with the increased standard of living for migrating to that tax bracket. You have the pressure to maintain that life, because the cliff down is more precipitous, and therefore need to put the hours and effort needed to keep that job. There are no multi-million a year jobs where you work 40 hours (despite what Dion Waiters and his dietician think), those people must sacrifice everything for the almighty dollar so they can pay for their beautiful house, car, wife, and other toys.

All well and good Lars, answer the question. Should I strike it rich (and believe me, I have dreams of such), I wouldn't get the fancy car. I used to covet a Maserati, just because, but now I'm actually going to downgrade my car (which isn't a Maserati, but is more expensive than it needs to be) to something more practical and affordable, because I don't define myself by my car, and don't want to give anyone the impression of such. My house is nice and more than adequate for my needs, and I'm not going to disrupt my kids' life and social well-being just to get a fancier house. Things for show are lame, if you ask me, and I don't need the headaches.

My real covet is great food and wine. I have a nice wine collection now, but man would I love to have a cellar with multiple vintages of the top wineries, all perfectly aged. For a special anniversary, why not pull out an 82 Lafite-Rothschild, or, heck, a 61 Petrus? Want a great Italian, how about a 97 Gaja Sori Tilden? It's never too early to get your buddy Lars a Christmas present, like an 89 Beaucastel Hommage a Jacques Perrin Or if I'm feeling really hedonistic, how about a 98 Grange? And to have a bottle of victory-vintage '45 Mouton Rothschild... yeah, I want that.

Other than that, though, I'm a pretty simple man with simple needs.

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*Please email questions to [lars.hancock@yahoo.com](mailto:lars.hancock@yahoo.com), tweet them @ReasonsImADrunk, or DM them to me in the forae to LarsHancock. And remember, vote Lars for President in 2012.*