

Moot Points

Sunday, February 18 2007 7:00 PM -

It's time for Moot Points here on The Blurbs, and this week Hiko takes dead aim at The Oscars and the Pro Bowl, amongst other things in his weekly rant. He also weighs in on Romeo Crennel v. Marty Schottenheimer, the NFL Draft, the Browns coin flip with the Buccaneers, and 1-800-DIVORCE. Buckle up. It's Hiko Time. NOT FOR THE EASILY OFFENDED.



OR

Thou Shalt Worship False Idols

Ah, the Oscar season is here. That magical time of year when everyone in Hollywood shows incredible flexibility by somehow bending over and performing oral sex on themselves. For weeks on end.

I just read [Mitch's review of *Little Miss Sunshine*](#), and I have to agree with him. I haven't seen any of the other Oscar Nominated movies, but I really don't see how this decent-but-not-great movie is one of the 5 "best" of the year.

Of course, since when have the Oscars been about nominating the best? They're as big a

popularity contest/hype machine as the NBA All-Star Game (which I also don't watch). Fuck the Oscars.

Most of my friends from college live in L.A. and work in the film industry. One of them is throwing an Oscar party this year (like he does every year), and somehow I got on the invite list.

Living in Canton, OH, I e-mailed him back that I must oh-so-regretfully decline the invitation, but emphasized how disappointed I was that I would miss out on 20 film geeks arguing vociferously about the minute details of the French Best Foreign Picture nominee, or perhaps the social ramifications of Britney Spears shaving her head.

It's almost as enthralling as listening to a 7 hour seminar given by Bob Saget on the changes in tax law as it pertains to diseased livestock.

When my girlfriend and I were in California this summer, we went with the aforementioned pack of film connoisseurs to the opening night of *Superman Returns* at the Mann's Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. I warned my girlfriend that – for these people – going to the movies isn't just something one does. It's something one
is

She didn't understand why we had to stand in line for 2 hours before the movie began, or why everyone literally *ran* to get the primo seats upon entering the theater doors, or why all attendees felt obligated to discuss in detail their favorite issues of Superman comics, or why everyone applauded every single preview and every name in the credits before the movie and the first 10 scenes in the movie itself.

“Do they know that the people in the movie can't hear them?” she asked.

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“Yes. But they also know that some of the people that made the movie *can* hear them, and there’s no bigger Asskissing Town than this one.”

Then came the end of the movie, where the crowd gave *Superman Returns* a prolonged standing O. Which is not unique – I was at a showing of *Star Wars Episode One: The Phantom Menace* in Hollywood, and they even gave *that* steaming pile of worm-infested dog feces a standing O.

WOOO – FRICKIN’ - HOOOO! It’s BIG and EXPENSIVE! Viva la Hollywood!

Yes – I’d love to watch the Oscars, especially the 4 hour extravaganza on the post-Oscar parties, but unfortunately I’m afraid that’s the night I scheduled to shave my balls with a cheese grater.

Damn.

***I have the perfect solution to the Pro Bowl. Every player on the winning team gets a \$1 million dollar bonus.

Every player on the losing team has to watch Joan Rivers’ pre-Oscar coverage.

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No more hugging and laughing between the AFC and the NFC. Lots more hits like the one Shawn Taylor put on the AFC Punter. The game will mean more to the players than the Superbowl.

***There's a new billboard near my house, and for some reason, I enjoy it more each time I see it. Here it is:



At first, I was just amused by the incredible subtlety associated with advertising their law practice with the big lettered **1-800-DIVORCE**. Gee, I wonder what they specialize in?

Then I was even more amused by the little blurb "*When diamonds aren't forever*".

Classy!

But the best is the woman, free of the chains of her terrible marriage, throwing her diamond wedding ring away – and the ring forms the "O" in "DIVORCE".

Genius. I know who I'm calling next time I get divorced!

Now if I can only remember that number...

***I think most people want Marty Schottenheimer back not because they want Marty Schottenheimer back, but because of these 3 reasons:

1. He's not Romeo Crennel.
2. People long for the glory days of Cleveland football, and, for those Browns fans under the age of 55, those occurred when Marty was coach.
3. Marty's former team went 14-2 last year, which is hard for Browns fans to even imagine. *14 wins? Is that even allowed?*

Romeo is almost certainly a lame duck, so keeping him as head coach for this season seems to prolonging the inevitable. Not to mention dooming us all to another season of lackluster, barely-endurable football.

But is Marty specifically the answer? Sure, he has a lot of success during the regular season, but his playoff record is atrocious. Could he come back to the roots of his coaching tree and turn around the team and shed the moniker of the Coach That Can't Win The Big One?

I don't know – but I wouldn't mind finding out.

You know what you're going to get from Marty. And you pretty much know what you're going to get from Romeo. Which would you rather have?

***I actually think Phil Savage would jump at the chance to hire Marty except for one factor: He's afraid to go back on his word.

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However, there is a situation this year where I could actually see a viable trade down possibility.

The key is the coin flip.

If the Browns lose the flip, and they pick #4, then Tampa will take Calvin Johnson. No one else in the Top 10 is worth trading up for.

If the Browns win the flip, then, most likely, Calvin Johnson will be available when they pick at #3. Many teams will be playing pocket pool at the very idea of picking what most people believe is the best player in the draft – a sure fire future Hall of Famer. Dude just ran a 4.33 40, has great hands and size, and is supposedly a very bright, good kid.

(Which brings up the argument *I know we don't really need a WR, but why don't we pick him?* We'll save that for another day.)

Tampa, Minnesota, Atlanta... hell, who doesn't want this guy? It is very possible to see one of those teams giving up their 1st and 2nd rounder to move up to our #3 spot. Then we still get a great player with our still-Top 10 pick (for probably considerably less money than #3 overall will command), plus we get what viably could be an extra starter with that second 2nd round pick.

So, on April 28, if the Browns have the #3 overall pick and Calvin Johnson is still on the board,

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I too will be one of those dildos screaming “ *Trade down!*”

***Apparently, the Daytona 500 was yesterday. There are three sports that I can not will not watch on TV – baseball, bowling, and NASCAR.

So my only comment on the race is that – because ESPN has taken to broadcasting NASCAR – Sportscenter is now completely and utterly unwatchable.

Of course, any station that features the “expert” analysis of Sean Salisbury was probably walking a fine line anyway...

***I wish I had an evil lair. I'd have friends over, and they'd say “*Damn! This place looks evil!*”

And I'd say “*Yes – yes it does.*”

***Quote of the Day: “*Two in the mornin' and the party's still jumpin'*

cause my momma ain't home. I got bitches in the living room getting' it on

and, they ain't leavin' til six in the mornin'. So what you wanna do, sheeeit

I got a pocket full of rubbers and my homeboys do too.”– Larry King