

It's that time again, as we give the top spot to the hysterical Hiko for his "Moot Points" column, as we do every Monday night. This week Hiko hits on Cleveland weather, OSU's thrilling win over Xavier, the Cavs recent hot streak, Carlos Boozer, the movie "Casino Royale", and his new cell phone ... which is chock full of fun features. CAUTION: Not for the easily offended.



OR

### California Dreamin' On Such A Winter's Day

Tuesday it is 71. I wear shorts outside and revel that Summer is right around the corner.

Thursday it snows. Fucking Ohio.

\*\*\*This week, I wore my OSU sweatshirt for the first time since *The Debacle*<sup>TM</sup>. OSU paid me back by getting thoroughly outplayed by Xavier and escaping only by the grace of *magical pixies*

. I love OSU, but Xavier BLEW THAT GAME.

It feels weird to be on the winning side of a miracle. I think I'll drink some turpentine just to even up my karma.

\*\*\*Last Monday, as I was waiting patiently to see scenes from next week's 24, Fox 8 News

## Moot Points

Sunday, March 18 2007 7:00 PM -

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broke in with “urgent” info regarding an earthquake in NE Ohio. I myself didn’t feel it, but the news made a big deal about it, like the Apocalypse had just begun in someone’s backyard in Ravenna.

Then they cut to some bimbo talking about the huge crack in her backyard. *Here’s my 15 minutes of fame, and a good chance for me to show everyone my new boob job*, she gushed.

Then the camera’s focus in on the yawning chasm in her backyard. And, by “*yawning chasm*”, I mean “*where she dragged a shovel around her muddy backyard and made a line*”.

Thank you, Fox 8 News, for this important and meaningful piece of investigative reporting. Your Emmy is in the mail.

**\*\*\*3/13 - Cavs vs. Kings “thoughts”**: This was my daughter’s birthday, so we went to some kind of Chuck E. Cheese type place. It had a crappy putt-putt course inside, and skeeball, and some car racing video games, and the kids all went and played in the tubes and I hardly saw them. So it was good.

My daughter requested that stupid *Barbie Fairytopia Magic Rainbow* movie ( [I feel ya, John Hnat](#) ), but it didn’t come out in time, so I got her the [Dungeons & Dragons Animated Series Box Set](#) instead. And, thus, I strike another blow against the evil Gender Coding that has been thrust upon my poor daughters by society and my ex-wife.

The exciting birthday excursion, of course, means that I didn't watch one moment of this game. They won by 24 without LeBron. They're really starting to play well as a team. I feel a little bad for Daniel Gibson, losing his job due to injury. But not bad enough to give it back to him.

**\*\*\*3/14 - Cavs vs. Grizzlies "thoughts"**: There's not much to say about this game. They played a team they should beat easily, and they did. It was fun to watch for a while, then it got almost... what?... boring?

**\*\*\*3/17 - Cavs vs. Jazz "thoughts"**: Ah, St. Patty's Day in downtown Cleveland. I was at the game, thanks to the excellent tickets provided by my friends, the two brothers. The crowd was good, and obviously many around us had been enjoying the holiday in fashion – myself included.

The lovely lady sitting in front of me was a meaty number that had decided that the world was desperate to see her mid-section bulging out of the top of her jeans. It seemed as if there were at least 8 inches of exposed jiggling flesh between her pants and her lace-strewn top. And every time she stood to let someone by, she did a horrific wiggling dance. I was not sober, but I obviously wasn't drunk enough. It took many \$6 beers to create the proper tunnel vision.

Instead of the Major Leagues, I think the NBA should be called "*The Show*". The game itself is a spectacle of freakish athletic talent. But when the game isn't being played, you've got the fire and the cheerleaders and the dunking mascots and the dancing kids and the unicorns and the ninja elephants and the dancing bears and the honest politicians. It's quite the sensory overload.

But I digress.

## Moot Points

Sunday, March 18 2007 7:00 PM -

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The crowd booed Boozer (thanks to the folks at [www.CarlosLoozer.com](http://www.CarlosLoozer.com) for the graphic) lustily, but not with as much hatred as I anticipated. I, myself, found that I had not maintained my anger as much as I thought. Sure, he's a piece of human feces. Everyone knows that. And anyone that tries to justify his actions is also a piece of human feces, because his actions are unjustifiable. But that was several years ago, the Cavaliers as a team have moved on, they are better now than when they still had him, and Boozer will probably salt away his career playing for a pretty-good-but-not-going-anywhere-special Jazz team.

I booed the blowjob enthusiast (that's fancy talk for *cocksucker*) for a while, laughed at all the signs, then pretty much forgot about it and enjoyed the rest of the game.

Boozer is certainly not on the Art Modell level of Cleveland hatred. If Modell had walked into the Q on St. Patty's Day, he would've never left alive.

The game was sloppy. The first half, especially, seemed like a college game had broken out. Once again, the Cavs appeared to be the markedly better team. They played like crap, really, and still won somewhat comfortably. Larry Hughes must've broken both his hands in pre-game warm-up. Even LeBron was off, despite racking up 24 points. But they pounded the boards, played good defense, and pulled out the win.

All in all – a good way to spend the holiday.

\*\*\*I watched *Casino Royale* the other night, and I'm unhappy. Not because I didn't enjoy the film. Oh, I enjoyed the film. I'd heard all the hype, and I'll be damned if dat Mutha Fucka didn't live up the every inch of its billing.

It was not a James Bond film. It was something completely different. Something far better.

## Moot Points

Sunday, March 18 2007 7:00 PM -

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I love *Dr. No*. I love *From Russia With Love*. I love “*That’s a Smith and Wesson, and you’ve had your six.*” I love the Sean Connery Bond. And I am shocked to admit that *Casino Royale* was better than all of them.

But now that you’ve re-set James Bond - a la *Batman Begins* (and what every other tired series should do) - *where do you go from here* ?

How do you top James Bond’s start? You can’t. The only direction to go is down. That is why I am unhappy.

The thing that made *Casino Royale* great was the human element. James Bond wasn’t some tabloid demigod – he was a human who was both perfect and massively flawed, physically, mentally, and emotionally.

If there is to be a sequel (and, By God, if Hollywood has anything to say about it, *there’ll be a sequel*), how do you realistically add the same emotional element? You can’t (echo... echo...). James Bond isn’t stupid. He’s learned. So for him to ever feel that kind of emotion again – after the pain and betrayal that it led him to - is absurd. It would be absurd in any of us, no matter how menial and pathetic we might be.

That’s why I appreciate the movie so much. It shows the decline, the rise, and the death of James Bond’s humanity. And that’s why any future Bond movies will suck copious amounts of ass in comparison.

\*\*\*I got a new cell phone this week. It's quite nice – amongst other features, I can check my e-mail, take pictures and video (which I'm sure will come in handy), and assign callers individual rings.

For instance, I downloaded *Brown Eyed Girl* for when my girlfriend calls (because she's got... brown eyes... and the list is not extensive). When work calls, the *Halloween Theme* blares out. And, for my ex-wife, I downloaded a song called *Crazy Bitch*.

I don't even really like that song that much, but I figured it would be mildly humorous to me if my phone warned me what kind of person was calling. And Crazy Bitch... well... it certainly isn't a stretch.

What didn't occur to me was the rest of the lyrics to that song. I was in a hurry when I was downloading the ring tone, so I didn't get a chance to listen to it. And, since the radio in my car went kaput, I don't hear it on WMMS any more. In other words, I just didn't think about it, and, I'm a moron.

So one can imagine my impending horror as I actually listened to the ring tone after telling my girlfriend "Here's the song I downloaded for when my ex-wife calls."

*Hey! You're a crazy bitch, but you fuck so good I'm on top of it.*

Silence.

I stared at the phone as if it were a Nazi tarantula that had personally gone out of its way to crap in my hand. I could feel my girlfriend's stare burning a hole in my temple like a pissed off laser. *Yeah, uh, Hiko, girlfriends don't like to be reminded about all the sex you used to have with your ex-wife.* □ *Important safety tip.*

What was there to say to explain myself? I was already in trouble. All I could do was admit that I must've just gotten a lobotomy, then await 4 hours of cold, angry, cold silence.

*\*\*\*Who Said It?: "Now the whole world will know that you died scratching my balls!"*

1. The Tree, to Sonny Bono
2. Jack Bauer, to pretty much everyone he meets
3. James Bond, to Le Chiffre
4. David Modell, to his father