

We usher in the weekend here at TCF with Mitch's "Crystal Ball" and Hiko's "Moot Points" ... two staples of the site since our earliest days. In this week's version of Moot, Hiko reminisces about an old college project, Hannibal Lechter's role in film history, and even throws a couple late round fantasy football sleepers our way. And don't forget ... Hiko's new Browns column, "The Browns Outsider" runs every Monday night here on the site.



OR

Anything You Say Can Be Used Against You In A Court Of Law

So there I was, on a subhuman mission to buy cigarettes, because, let's face it, I'm never going to quit smoking. Why? Because I like smoking. No, I FRIGGIN LOVE SMOKING.

On my radio was an old mix CD, and it was playing *Never Tell* by the Violent Femmes. This song, of course, took me back to a place in time. A time where I was 19 and had no ex-wives and no children and

pretty much no financial responsibility (the massive student loans were yet to come). I was in college, taking a class called Sound Image. It was basically a sound design class – a radio class – a bunch of kids sitting in a darkened room listening to what each other had thrown together by recording (audio-wise) stories, and tossing in some basic sound effects.

One of our first assignments was to tell a tale about an important moment in our lives, then add some audio enhancements. I had some tales to tell, but I didn't think them interesting enough to divulge. So I decided to fabricate my "personal story" (something I did even then), and read a particularly graphic tale from the pages of Penthouse Forum. Something involving me and the coach's wife and a purple-headed warrior.

It was a hit. I got a round of applause from my male cohorts. It inspired one of the girls in my class to up and leave the room in disgust. Our professor was very cool, and she thought it was mildly clever, and gave me an A (Thank God for individuals with a hint of awareness).

However, our final production was a Group Project, and we had to pair up into groups of 4. My group included my friend-to-this-day Zebulah, Desdamona, a girl who once invited me to join her in threesome (which I respectfully declined because I would never join a threesome involving a girl and another guy unless said girl were one of the 5 or 6 hottest girls on the planet), and Stan, who was unkindly dubbed

“Monkey Boy” due to his resemblance to Charlton Heston’s adversaries in [Planet of the Apes](#).

Strangely (for all you unfortunate enough to read my column), I was chosen to write the Project.

Well, I was on a lucky streak at that time, and I had a heavy 19 year old burden: I had a couple “girlfriends” going at once. And one of them lost her damn mind and threatened to tell the others if I didn’t get rid of rest of them. She followed that nicety up by promising to kill them and me.

This was a bit of a downer for me.

Anyhoo, I was not pleased with that development, and, as an angry youth, I drew my literary motivation from *Never Tell*, a song that, at that moment in time and space, expressed my dissatisfaction with the whole dating-cheating-unsolicited sex-betrayal thang that many college students experience (if you are leaving high school, and debating whether or not

college is right for you, let me just say: COLLEGE IS RIGHT FOR YOU.)

So, as writer of our Group Project, I whipped up an inspirational, nigh religious piece featuring the Violent Femmes lyrics:

Listen to me baby.

Can you keep a secret for me?

Make sure no one finds out,

cause then the lights will go out,

and I will find you out,

and I will cut you up.

Don't you know nothin'? You never tell on someone. (3 times)

Don't you know nothin'? You ain't never going to tell on someone.

What you going to do?

Gonna turn, gonna turn rat fink?

What you wanna do?

Do want to see, do you wanna see what it's like to sink?

Sink down, sink down, sink down, down, down to the bottom of the river.

I stood right up in the heart of Hell, I never tell. (3 times)

I stood right up in the heart of Hell,

I'm never gonna tell, tell, tell, tell.

I'm never, never, never, never gonna tell, tell, tell, tell.

Nothing, nothing, never gonna tell, tell, tell, tell.

I'm never, never, never, never gonna tell, tell, tell, tell.

Nothing, nothing, never gonna tell, tell, tell, tell.

For some reason, Desdamona was uncomfortable about the whole message. I assured her it was not gender-specific. It could be inexplicably psychotic in many equal-opportunity ways. Besides, they weren't *my* words. Blame the Violent

Femmes.

The time we had to mix the project was limited, and so, at the end of a semester in which I had stayed up 40 consecutive hours beforehand finishing random useless papers, we got to stay in studio for another 18 straight hours - until 30 minutes before it was due – throwing in sound effects of dinosaurs and merry-go-rounds, putting together my really really stupid disturbing audio message.

After our professor heard all our projects, she said: *“You see? Now is the time when you begin to make connections. You already can see who will be the writers. If you want a well-written, humorous tale, you go to Lucas. If you want some weird shit, you go to Hiko.*

”

Weird shit? Moi?

No es posible.

***Last night, I watched [*The Silence of the Lambs*](#) for about the 40th time. Many like to speculate that Dr. Hannibal Lecter is one of the greatest villains of all time, but I hasten to protest his role as “villain”. Truly, he is nothing but an unsavory accomplice – a necessary evil. Without his assistance, Clarice Starling never would have solved her case.

The film came out in 1991, which, to me, doesn't seem that long ago. But, apparently, it was before the proliferation of cell phones, because when the FBI raids the house in Illinois and discovers that it's a decoy, the head FBI Agent, Jack Crawford, is powerless to do more than utter in horror “*Clarice!*” Without the help of a pay phone or a land line, Starling was on her own.

Nowadays, Clarice would sense that the dude was Buffalo Bill, call for backup on her Bluetooth, and

raid the basement with 17 other Agents within 3 minutes.

Ah, technology. You have robbed us of drama.

***Sports Illustrated was good enough to send me a mailer the other day. Apparently, I'm the kind of fortunate individual that would get a Free Gift – a free NFL Team Jacket of my choice – if I were to be so good as to order 1 year of Sports Illustrated.

Now, there's no possible way I'm going to order Sports Illustrated. I love sports – oh yes – probably much more than the average individual. But in the world of instantaneous internet information, SI is just yesterday's news. Even before the inception of the World Wide Web, I found SI to be a non-choice,

because it was a weekly rag, and the world of sports moves way too quickly for that.

And flowery personality pieces mean nothing to me. I've already told you I don't care about the individual players. SI is full of competent, relevant writers... but by the time it arrives, the sporting globe has more than moved on.

Anyhoo – SI was kind enough to send a number of stickers with their offer. You see, if you decide to subscribe to their excellent service, you must take the sticker of your NFL team of choice and adhere it to your order form, thus receiving the jacket of your preference.

Well, having already decided that I had no desire to

subscribe, I was nonetheless intrigued about the stickers. Let's see... hmmm... here's a Steelers sticker. And a Ravens sticker too!

Now, how could these possibly be of use to me?

Moot Points

Thursday, August 23 2007 7:00 PM -



***I've gotten a couple responses on [my idea for this year's Christmas Cards](#)

. There was even [a thread](#)

about wanting in on the action. So I whipped up the photo for the cards, blacked out a couple of the key spots (seeing as this is a family-friendly site and what not), and was about to post the pic in the thread as a preview of what y'all may or may not be receiving come the Holidays.

However, some inner voice of logic, usually ignored, mused that if my criticisms of certain people that I haven't talked to in 16 odd years could make its way out to CA, then there might be ample opportunity for said photo to make its way back to my

girlfriend.

Now, true, she would be angry about my having sent the card out to a few unsuspecting friends. But that would be nothing compared to the wrath I would incur by posting her lovely figure *on the internet*.

And I would like to have sex again this decade.

So here's a facsimile of what the picture looks like... just with a different girl, and a

different hat... and maybe replace the
come-hither look with a look of surprise...



***I don't know about you, but life is all
about football these days. I don't know if I

have any channels other than the NFL Network. I think DirecTV comes with other stations – 10 or 12 maybe – but you wouldn't know it at my house.

I'm also a Fantasy Football geek. I love it – I'm not ashamed to admit it. It brings out the inner GM in me. And it causes me to have an inordinate interest in pretty much every game each week, which is why the annual purchase of the NFL Package is an essential.

For any of you that might play FF, but haven't had the time to do much research,

remember the following names for late in your draft:

James Jones, WR, Green Bay

Jacoby Jones, WR, Houston

Brandon Jackson, RB, Green Bay

Alex Smith, QB, San Francisco

Brandon Marshall, WR, Denver

Jesse Chatman, RB, Miami

Kyle Boller, QB, Baltimore

That last one's a joke. I hope.