

First off, hope everyone had a happy New Year. I spent 5 marvelous days doing nothing but watching movies, having good food, playing Modern Warfare 3 and Rock Band and just overall relaxing.

It felt goooooood!

Was also very happy to see the Lions make the playoffs. Been a LOOONG time coming and I'm sure they'll get their ass beat on Saturday by New Orleans, but who cares. Bay steps people, baby steps!

I even got an awesome New Years present...my first hate mail of 2012!

I gotta say, I really love this one...

“YOUR LANGUAGE IS ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING YOU SICKO!!!!!!!!!!!!”

And yes, that is an accurate number of exclamation points. How awesome is that?

Look people, you're really just wasting your time sending me this shit. It doesn't really do what you want it to do to me.

First off, I'm the first to admit that emails like this kinda give me a chubby. So, with that said, if that's what you're trying to make happen, then by all means...SEND AWAY! Me likey.

Second, part of the reason that said chubby occurs is because really? I mean...something I said sent this cock knocker into such a FRENZY that he HAD to email me IMMEDIATELY!

Here he is, sitting there, reading away and then...

BAM!

Can you see him at the computer?

“What? What did he say?! Well good gosh all mighty! This man must be told that he is a sicko!”

And thus the email is drafted with precision.

HA! It's fucking awesome. I'm smiling sitting here just commenting on it.

Lastly, you've been warned...send me this shit and I will bite back...and hey, guess what? I'm better at it than you. This poor soul was congratulated that his mother did

not go through with the back alley abortion so that he could spread cheer and joy throughout the land.

Yes...I resorted to a mother joke. It's what I do.

Here's the thing that perplexes me...you guys DO realize that you don't have to read my shit, right? I mean it's not required. You're not paying for this shit every week. Yet, as much as you hate the words that come out of my fingers, you still continue to read.

Not my problem if you don't like it. Change the fucking channel.

So I'm a little crass. So I can be a little mean and condescending. Again, you don't have to read it.

Yet, you do.

Why?

Cause you love the bloodshed.

I might have mentioned this before, but if I haven't, I used to work for the Seniors Tennis Tour...all the old greats were there: Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg, Andres Gomez, John Lloyd and, of course, John McEnroe.

Even if you're not that much of a tennis fan, you have to know about McEnroe's classic temper.

Anyway, we're at the Detroit event in 2000 I think it was and McEnroe is playing in the afternoon...the first round I think it was.

A couple of calls get him riled up and then a serve is called out...oh shit all hell breaks loose. It's great. It's McEnroe at his finest. This is what I've always wanted to see. This is what he does...sure, it's not the classiest thing to do in such a classy sport, but still...it kind of fucking rocks.

And I'm sitting there thinking...."wow, how lucky these people are...they get to see McEnroe flip!"

Except...

The crowd started booing!

Really? This is what you paid for! This is what you wanted to see!

But it's not socially acceptable to applaud bloodshed. Sure, it might be cool to be a little counter-culture, but the thing about being counter-culture is that you usually have to do it underground. Out of sight from the "conservative grown-ups."

Well me? I say bring back Gladiator fights! How about a good old-fashioned crucifixion? Haven't had one of those in a while. Might have to put that one on cable...you know...might be too rough for the kiddies...nah, fuck it...just throw one of those warnings up...they'll be fine.

The sooner you all realize that the world is fucked and climb on board, the sooner you'll be a little happier.

Sort of got off topic, but to get back to the point...stop booing me. You love it. I say the shit you think...okay, well apparently I don't use the language you would use, but I don't really find "fiddlesticks" to properly voice my frustration with the "intercourse mentally challenged."

Okay, shift of gears here...

I've been catching up on Academy screeners over the break and I have to throw out my two cents about one of the films.

To be honest, I have no idea how this movie was made in this day and age, but I'm so glad that it was.

That movie is...The Artist.

If you've been reading the trades, it's one of the front runners for best picture this year and deservedly so.

For those of you that don't know, it's a silent film about a silent film actor in Hollywood in the 20's who refuses to transition into the sound era.

It's heartwarming. It's beautifully crafted and it's...well, pretty classic. If you have any love for old silent movies you totally have to check this flick out.

Another movie, one that's a little under the wire, that I really want to get people to see is Friends With Kids.

I'm sure a lot of you haven't heard too much about it, but it's Jennifer Westfeldt's third film as a writer and first film as a director. If the name doesn't jump out at you, she did some time on 24 and also wrote and starred in Kissing Jessica Stein (another fantastic movie that you should check out.)

The writing is phenomenal. The flick has a very classic Rom Com structure but still finds a way for it to be original.

Plus, the cast is off the charts: Maya Rudolph, Kristen Wiig, Adam Scott, Edward Burns, Megan Fox and Westfeldt's long time love Jon Hamm...of course also, Westfeldt herself.

Trust me, you will not be disappointed...

Oh, unless you cringe at the use of "fuck." There's a lot of "fucks" in the flick...like a lot. A lot more than one of MY columns. So much so that I actually paused it and commented on it.

Wouldn't want you to blame me for watching some "Sicko's" film. Ya fucking fucktard.

Till next week...