



The Soap Box (vol.29) September 2004

I was watching the NBA Draft a few weeks ago . . . and I was thinking, my son is in the 6th grade and has a decent jump shot . . . he'll probably enter his name in the draft in the next year or so.

Speaking of the NBA . . . nice to see the Pistons and Ben Wallace etc, win the NBA Title. Of course I have two favorite NBA teams: the Sacramento Kings and anyone who beats the Los Angeles Lakers.

Speaking of the Kings . . . yes, they're my favorite team but is there a bigger team of pussies in the NBA? From Webber to Stojakovic . . . a bunch of queers, I guess besides Bobby Jackson and Brad Miller, they're kind of all a bunch of fags. I'm *this* close to going back to my Sixer/Dr. J roots.

I saw this on ebay the other day: . . . a basketball card with a couple of swatches from Kobe Bryant and LeBron James jersey's went for over \$64,000. Yes, SIXTY FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS, for a fucking basketball card. That's when you know you have too much money.

I thought maybe for a second that the Kobe swatch had some semen on it or some some sort of DNA that the prosecution needed. No, it was just some lame ass fan.

Those cards were made by Upper Deck and stores charge \$500 a pack. I don't know, I guess it's all just such bullshit to me. When I was a kid, packs cost like .25 cents and came with a stick of gum. You either had a Pete Rose card or you didn't. Not the Pete Rose rookie, Pete Rose hologram, or the Pete Rose action, or the Pete Rose with Vegas odds on the back.

Black guy in a white guy jersey update, my friend Mark saw a big black guy in Sac wearing a Niners Jeff Garcia jersey.

What ever happened to Eric Lindros?

So the champion Detroit Pistons seem to be the NBA answer to the Baltimore Ravens of a few years back, who won the Super Bowl . . . an unbelievable 'D' and enough offense to win. We'll see how the Pistons do in their follow up year.

A movie that gets worse, and worse as you watch it . . . Star Wars: Episode II. Just awful. But a movie that seems to get better the more and more I see it: 8 Mile. If for some reason you haven't seen it yet . . . well nevermind, cuz anyone that reads this has seen it.

I have discovered a couple shows to get me thru the dark days with no Sopranos/The Shield/ or Deadwood. FX's Rescue Me with Denis Leary. Kind of FX's fireman answer to The Shield. A unique show where Leary's emotional baggage literally follows him around and is a major part of the show. You should check it out. And HBO has a new show: Entourage. Mark Wahlberg's semi-autobiographical series about a guy making it as an actor and his 'homeboys' following him out to Hollywood. Very entertaining. I love Kevin Dillon as Johnny Drama and Jeremy Piven also stars. It's in the same Sunday, HBO time slot. If you have time or a tivo, check them out.

A shout out to the late Rick James. Rest well Super Freak.

No Marion Jones and Tim Montgomery aren't on the juice. But after all the controversy and heavy testing, they come up clean and come in 5th and 7th respectively in the Olympic Trials.

Maybe I'm just cynical.

You know I have DirecTV and about 8,000 channels, and still, I am yet to find a B.J. and the Bear rerun.

Ricky Williams calls it quits. Whatever Ricky . . . I got no problem with a guy who doesn't want to be a professional athlete, like I said whatever . . . but there is a better way to do it then to quit on 45 guys and an entire organization a week before camp opens. That's just being a puss. Hell, with my luck he'll sign with the Sac Kings . . . he'd fit right in.

I never thought I would live in a world that I'm not afraid of Mike Tyson. Anywhere, anytime Mike.

I don't know if any of you saw it, but Jim Edmonds catch a few weeks ago might have been the best baseball catch I've ever seen.

I've been trying to launch this 'all-carb' diet, but it doesn't seem to be gaining any momentum. I mean think about it . . . big plates of pasta, garlic bread, pudding, baked potatoes covered in nacho cheese sauce. Late night pizza snacks . . . you would think it would be a hit. You might not lose any weight but it's damn good eatin'.

By the way, fuck Atkins and all these other bullshit diets. If you just eat a balanced diet and actually moved your body in some sort of exercise type movement, you'll be fine. Or shit, even better . . . just fucking EAT LESS you fat motherfucker!

The Greg Ostertag era has begun in Sacramento. Mark the day and be sure to tell your grandkids about it someday.

I ate an Eskimo Pie the other day. I started thinking about the Washington Redskins, the Atlanta Braves etc. How come Eskimos haven't raised a stink and started picketing and turning over ice cream trucks?

I read the other day that the WNBA MVP posed nude in Playboy . . . you know, and I still have no interest in the WNBA.

Did you know that the Olsen Twins are worth over 150 million dollars . . . EACH. And they just turned 18.

That makes me think bad thoughts.

Death of the sit-com: in 2004 we lost Frazier, Friends and Sex and the City. TV has changed as we know it. More reality TV and less Cheers. Probably why I watch so much Boomerang and TV Land.

I was one of those guys who was opposed to baseball using 'inter-league' play and wild card, etc. But this year I've changed my tune a bit . . . It's cool to see the Yanks and Dodgers and Cubs and Red Sox get in on. I still think the DH sucks ass though.

I can't express to you enough how happy I am that Karl Malone and Gary Payton didn't get a 'ring' playing with the Lakers. When it comes to pro sports nothing is worse than a guy riding someone else's coat tails to get a ring. Charles Barkley chased one for years . . . and I'm glad he didn't get one. And I'm talking about 'stars' . . . not the Robert Horry's or Steve Kerr's who play their role on championship teams, I'm talking about guys who couldn't lead their teams to championships. It's okay. Sometimes teams are just better than you. I respect a guy like John Stockton, who was a member of the Jazz his whole career, but just never had a team that was good enough to go all the way.

Ask Mitch Richmond how proud he is of his Laker championship ring.

Until next time . . .



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