

## MU brags again, film at 11 WAS:Re: Questions for Atkins....

**Source:** <http://sci.tech-archive.net/Archive/sci.med.cardiology/2004-08/0804.html>

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**From:** Bob (this one) (*Bob\_at\_nospam.com*)

**Date:** 08/12/04

Date: Thu, 12 Aug 2004 05:35:22 -0400

MU wrote:

> *On Wed, 11 Aug 2004 05:14:06 -0400, Bob (this one) wrote:*

>

>>>> *Yes. Pitcher and shortstop. Pretty good, not great. High school and college. For fun.*

>>>>

>>>> *You're be the first that ever played "for fun" at that level.*

>

> *On Wed, 11 Aug 2004 05:14:06 -0400, Bob (this one) wrote:*

>

>> *Nah. You just hung around with the same sort of humorless people as yourself. I wasn't trying to be any sort of athlete at any level beyond \*playing\* the game.*

>

> *Playing in college is not being an athlete, Bob? What college was that? Amherst?*

Poor stunted MU\_sclehead. When people put words together starting with a capital letter and end it with a period, they intend for you to read them all before saying something stupid. The sentence said "any sort of athlete at any level beyond \*playing\* the game" and that should be clear enough even for you. I played the game with no future ambition. Of course it's athletics. And you try still and again to be that horse's ass you're so skilled at.

>> *You've heard of \*play\*. Ran track, too.*

>

> *Sure; yep, sprinter no doubt.*

440, 880 and cross country.

>> *Chance to play in different settings; run for the pure delight of*

>> *running. Pole vault. Play with spears and very heavy balls.*

>> *Football was fun. It's all fun when you can run fast, have good*

>> *balance and strong kinesthetic sense.*

- >
- > *Incorrect; fun and athleticism can be at opposite ends of the*
- > *spectrum, Bob. As a pedigree athlete, you should understand that.*

English and what you do can be at opposite ends of the spectrum, too. But it certainly doesn't mean it necessarily is. If athletics aren't fun, there's no reason to do them. What, when you were a kid you played baseball, but you hated it? How utterly stupid.

I can see why you try to go on faith instead of logic.

- > *On Wed, 11 Aug 2004 05:14:06 -0400, Bob (this one) wrote:*
- >
- >>>> *And I know you claim to have also. When you were still a*
- >>>> *teenager drafted by one of the majors. Bwah.*
- >>>>
- >>>> *Most high school kids ARE teenagers Bob and a real baseball guy*
- >>>> *would know that especially in the 60's when drafting was*
- >>>> *supplemental and minors/teenagers made up the most of the*
- >>>> *baseball draftees. But, of course, you knew that now, didn't*
- >>>> *you? Careful there, Bob, SS, P, C myself and a B/B, T/R.*
- >>>>
- >>>> *I'm not a "real baseball guy."*
- >>>>
- >>>> *Really? That takes me by surprise.*
- >>>>
- >>>> *So when were you drafted?*
- >>>>
- >>>> *Asked and answered in my FAQ. Where is revek when you need her,*
- >>>> *huh?*
- >>>>
- >>>> *How come you never went anywhere with it?*
- >>>>
- >>>> *But I did.*

Right. <LOL> On the bus to booniesville.

- >>>> *Supplemental hardly has the ring of "majors."*
- >>>>
- >>>> *Well, Bob, you don't know doodly parallel squat about that either,*
- >>>> *do you?*
- >>>>
- >>>> *Drafted to what team? For how long?*
- >>>>
- >>>> *Asked and answered in my FAQ. Where is revek when you need her,*
- >>>> *huh?*

Are these tough questions? Or have you forgotten the answers you gave last time and need a reminder?

- > *One is not "drafted to a team", Bob. One is drafted and then a*
- > *contract is signed or not, Bob.*

Actually, it should be drafted \*by\* a team. My bad. But notice how you slip–slid away from an answer to the question. I guess without your FAQ, you don't know any more what you said back then. And googling your boastful inventions would be like swimming through a long, wide, deep compost pile. I sympathize.

- >>>> *And you claim to have been a part owner of a team long since*
- >>>> *dead.*
- >>>
- >>> *Not dead at all, Bob; very much alive and in its third, and*
- >>> *best, "life" there Bob.*
- >>
- >> *Sure. It was called the "Memphis Blues" before it died.> Missed a*
- >> *season, 1976, huh? Sure looks like it's dead when that happens.*
- >
- > *Nope, you missed the read, Bob, E Pastorio.*

English. Try English. Wait, could this be a translation from the original Iraqi? From your latest Bond mission. I can see you now, "My name? Bond, 20 pound Bond..."

So baseball teams just decide to sit out a season? What, maybe give the guys a rest from all those Bull Durham groupies and hard living? So it was a humanitarian gesture, right? Not dead, just in, um, suspended animation. Got it. Just like all successful teams.

Oh, wait. You shut it down so you could go to California and get Carter elected. Ok, now it makes sense. <LOL>

- >> *But wait... then the Memphis Chicks (you gotta be kidding!) were*
- >> *born...*
- >
- > *Reborn, Bob, Reborn.*

Like a Phoenix, Slick. Reborn from the ashes of its former, live self. From DEAD.

- >> *Chicks; how fierce a name is that? Instead of Grrrrr, they say*
- >> *Cheep, cheep... Ok, it was short for Chickasaws. Who names a team*
- >> *that, local indians or not?*
- >
- > *People with money and brains, Bob, who know how to market, Bob.*

Right. Those same people who let it die so it had to be resuscitated from the DEAD and given a new name. Right. Re–re–born.

Next time it's re–re–re–born on opening day, somebody will be shouting "CLEAR" while they press the paddles to the chest of the mascot.

Probably be renamed the Fighting Memphis Artichokes or some other equally fierce name. Rutabagas. Goldfish. Gracelands...

>> *Now, there's a team called the Memphis Redbirds. I can see how you'd want that stop-start stuff to be a "third life" instead of a series of failures. All successful teams change their names, right?*

>

> *Damn near, Bob, damn near.*

Right. Like lessee, Yankees, Dodgers, Giants... <LOL> Successful teams change their names. Too funny.

>> *You know, blowhole, if you'd just settle down into your real accomplishments instead of trying to make yourself some sort of swaggering superhero, it would all go down better.*

>

> *Why, thank you for the advice, Bob, and I understand you have difficulty believing that there is life outside of food and TROLLING Usenet but, Bob, many of us have had rather diverse and rewarding lives.....and no cardiac rehab issues either.*

<LOL> Shitskull. You're actually trying to make an illness into a character flaw. Wonderful.

So what does your congested, impacted, non-working, excruciatingly painful, crying-like-a-baby ass say about you? What does your cowardice about having a doctor take care of it before it became life-threatening say about you? What does your rolling around on the floor whimpering like a squalling infant from the pain you were too scared to have fixed until it was nearly too late say about you? But I have to admire your "honesty" and "truth" – and how skillfully you manage to avoid them both.

So how come you say that Chung is cardiologist to your whole family? No cardiac issues but, for some opaque reason, you need a cardiologist. And your wife and kids. Need a cardiologist. I believe you. Really.

> *I believe what bothers you, Bob, is that your life, simple then and simpler now, has had about as much excitement in it as a roll of dough, Bob.*

As if you have the remotest idea of what my life includes. And has included. The number of countries I've been in. The reasons I've traveled as far and wide as I have. The years and years of academic pursuit. The media success. The business accomplishments. The conscious choices I've made about how and where to live. Beyond not just what you imagine. Beyond what you \*can\* imagine. It's more than lifting heavy things.

I've told you repeatedly and you now seem just too simple to grasp the concept: for an insult to have effect, it needs to have some relationship to reality.

- > *Those that have ventured out, taken risk, enjoyed success and*
- > *report it, as my life has been a series of gifts given to me by*
- > *God, rub you the wrong way. perhaps make you feel inferior or less*
- > *than worthwhile. maybe you are.*

Worthful...? <LOL>

You report bullshit. You report scarcely believable events with no proof. You report boasts with no substantiation. You report braggadocio. You report misguided and ignorant viewpoints. You offer shitstirring trolls instead of reasonable thinking. When the question arises of what you have there, the correct answer is that there is no there there.

- > *Truth is, there's that word, Bob, truth, truth is I support*
- > *everything I say with my history.*

Um, no, you don't. That simple.

You \*say\* stuff, but no documentation. You say you know about things, but you don't back it up. You're like that guy who talks crap in a bar hoping people will buy him a drink because he's momentarily entertaining or briefly interesting or arresting the way a pool of dog lunch is arresting. But then, when your one-note symphony finally exhausts, they dismiss you for having no core. No substance. No reality beyond your own words. Just like the response you get in usenet.

Your crossposts are filled with malicious untruths. Your pursuits offline to real life to harass people are vicious and replete with your willful lies. You are simply a fraud.

- > *Several who read this know me personally and know that I am exactly*
- > *what I say that I am. They could easily step up and repudiate but*
- > *they don't because there is nothing to repudiate.*

And isn't it interesting that not one has, except Chung who only lies when he's awake. Not one under any name, real or imagined has supported anything you've said. Oh, that fake Hall woman sorta did, but she posted, what, once and never again? No support, MU\_cus. None. This is that swell old smokescreen that says "lots of lurkers have sent me emails and support me." You offer no reason to believe anything you say. You are a liar. Not a skillful one, just a frequent one.

As for repudiation, you've been called a liar in many variants for your transparent fakery. You've been called a shallow and malicious reviler. No one needs to investigate your life away from here to see it. You prove it anew each time you post. No digging necessary. No

sleuthing involved. You deliver the goods on yourself.

> *Here's the real kicker, Bob. As many things that are said, many  
> more are left unsaid.*

Oh, duh. The biggest thing left unsaid is your identity.

And for some reason that omission makes little sense given your feeble protestations. You claim to be so much and yet are fearful of even the most superficial scrutiny. Why would an honest, skilled, accomplished man act that way? Obvious answer. He wouldn't.

You still hide behind anonymity. You still launch your cowardly attacks from concealment. You still don't back up your words. And your "truth" includes too many distortions and falsehoods, pure inventions from your imagination and based only on your perverted desire to inflict hurt.

>> *You'd get some respect, for a change. Why exactly you have to do  
>> this compulsive bragging and vituperative attacks is puzzling.*  
>  
> *You asked, I answered;*

You answered why you do this compulsive bragging? You answered why you do these vituperative attacks? Really?

Invisible ink? Spoken to some imaginary friend?

> *you challenged, I nailed you in the head.*

<LOL> It takes a special kind of winner to announce it himself. Right. A fake one who hasn't won a thing. Truly, there's no contest, but that hasn't sunk in yet. There's no prize. No trophy. No plaque. Only the evidence you provide for who and what you are. No excuses; no outside info needed to form conclusions.

> *No one forces you to read what I write but you spend hours upon  
> hours doing so.*

You haven't written enough in your whole life for it to take me an hour to read. I simply have never met anyone else so obsessively crippled about recognizing reality. No one else so utterly bent on the sort of hollow boasting you do. The vast preponderance of your posts are throwaway little breadcrumbs of lackluster thought. Mostly, I don't acknowledge them because they don't merit the calories expended to type anything.

> *Why is that, Bob?*

You're not very good at this, you know. It's called begging the question and it means that you *\*assume\** the conclusion is correct and

then use it to try to prove itself.

You don't post enough for it to occupy anyone for "hours and hours. And what you do post wouldn't take someone with the reading skills of a third grader a fraction of that time. Although they, too, could demolish your flimsy logic and shallow understandings.

>> *It appears that you actually do know something about strength training,*  
>  
> *No, much more than something, Bob, much more.*

Proof, Sparky. Proof. Wanna be seen as authoritative? Wanna be seen as expert? Gotta offer more than hot air and belligerent denials. Back it up or back it out. Or BUBO for you. It's a shorter abbreviation and it'll help with your attention span.

Speaking of which, how come you could read this long post all the way through and not the shorter ones that you keep protesting are too long? Have I hit some nerves here? Maybe scored a 10 on a few sore points? Just got back from your most recent foray to the lines in your Spad with scarf bravely flying from the open cockpit cursing the boche and their evil ways. And you want to spend your time doing this? Mrs. MU banish you? Go use your "gift of baseball." It might be less embarrassing.

>> *but instead of engaging people with your strengths, you sneer, scorn and mock, and insist on stamping around in areas where you clearly don't know your way.*  
>  
> *Interesting; that is a rather perfect description of you on sci.med.cardiology, Bob.*

Here's another cute one for you, shitwit. It's commonly called IKYABWAI or "I know you are but what am I" that you do with unerring hilarity. And you don't seem to know how funny you are. It's when you flame someone (me, for instance) with the same thing you've just been tarred with. It demonstrates the deep creativity and wide-ranging imagination you have. Can't even come up with something of your own. <LOL>

Obviously you haven't been reading any actual posts. I guess it's the content you can't handle. Too much, er, thinking needed to follow along.

So what new information have you provided this week in SMC? Looks like same old; same old. 2PoundStarvationDiet and secret missions with the countess behind enemy lines with your snazzy aviators' goggles pushed up at a rakish angle. Bwah...

>> *And you do virtually nothing else here. Different persona in other groups to go with other anonymous names.*  
>

> *Only anonymous to those who I don't care to know, Bob.*

See, featherweight, that's a backward assertion. Anonymous to those you don't care to have know \*you\*. See the difference? I didn't think so... It's that pesky thinking thing, isn't it...?

>>> *A baseball guy would know that the minor leagues are an ever evolving sport team concept, Bob.*

>>

>> *Oh, bullshit. Minor leagues are a business like all paid sports are.*

>

> *But then you're not a baseball guy even though you like to use baseball metaphors as if you know what they mean, Bob.*

I use baseball metaphors? Me? Sports metaphors? About as often as astrophysical metaphors. Or Maori metaphors. You don't care whether you're even remotely truthful – just throw out shit hoping some will stick. <LOL> All the more hilarious in view of your pseudo–virginal protestations about your constant "truth."

>>> *We actually played REAL baseball and it wasn't for funsies like yours, Bob. Real, in the heat, 100 plus games every summer, Bob.*

"REAL baseball" as opposed to that fake baseball everybody else played, huh? I can see you telling your grandchildren all about it. "Why when I was a boy, we didn't call it "playing baseball." We said we were "working baseball." It wasn't for fun. It was work, REAL man's work." <LOL> Does anybody but a sissy spend so much time talking about how strong and tough they are...? And how little fun there is in life?

>> *Terrific. What you wanted, obviously. I worked for money in high school when I could. Summer was prime time for making money and behaving badly.*

>

> *Worked from 6AM to 4PM June thru August, Bob, in a warehouse toting 50 pound boxes of paper right up the street from Sun Studios, Bob.*

Not even a half–day long job. Sissy.

Ever say hello to Sam?

>>> *Now, Bob, what have you done with the gift of baseball that God gave you?*

>>

>> *I put it aside with the other pursuits of childhood, as the bible advises.*

>

> *Not my Bible; mine says that we should make the most of each of our talents, Bob. Each one is a gift. You throw them away; including*

- > *the most important one, the gift of life given to you most*
- > *recently.*

Is that the bible that came with the crayons? Or maybe the House at Pooh Corners bible? Can you not even see how ridiculous this is: "You throw... away... the gift of life given to you most recently." I can see why you'd want to play baseball rather than anything that required communications on any level more complex than a grunt.

- >>> *Me, Bob, I guess I'll just take advantage of my time back home*
- >>> *and the gift of baseball that I have been given and go call a*
- >>> *few dozen ball games. Ages 9 – 69.*

>>

- >> *See. You are capable of thinking of something beyond yourself.*
- >> *It's a wonderful thing seeing you at least talking about doing*
- >> *\*something\* constructive.*

>

- > *Oh, Bob, again, those who know me know; those who don't, criticize.*

Those who are honest, speak honestly. Those who don't are, well, you. You take such pains to prevent people from knowing you and then act all indignant when your falsity is pointed out. That's just charming and oh-so-intelligent. Did I also mention honest? Well, of course not.

- >> *But it's a bit of a stretch to call being an umpire as having*
- >> *"the gift of baseball" unless it merely means being in the same*
- >> *place with it.*

>

- > *So little you know about a game you played in college, Bob.*
- > *Amazing.*

Nothing to do with what I played or didn't play. Has everything to do with your posturing and preening like some prom queen, tossing imaginary curls and smirking about knowing something everybody else doesn't. How wonderfully adult and manly. It's like how pre-school kids gain advantage over each other. The girlie ones.

- >>> *As my dear and now departed friend Mel Siff would have said...*

>>>

- >>> *Over to you!!!*

>>

- >> *Got it, Mike.*

>

- > *Roose to you, Bob, Roose to you.*

Get serious, Mike. Time to use your real name. You worked for Carter's campaign, you say. Carter, probably the most liberal political figure in the 20th century, and hard-ass MU\_je worked for his election. A nuclear engineer who never lifted weights and wasn't an athlete. Who was so painfully naive that he actually thought people were honest. And this happened in California, you say, where you were his campaign

manager. You not from there (across the street from Sun, remember?) but somehow managed to push out all the Californians who would know their state and the politics and political figures waaaaay better than an Eastern southerner. All while you were busy with the Memphis Red-Blue-Green (whatever they were that week) as owner. You say you forewent the operations of your baseball team so you could get a Georgia liberal elected to the White House while running his campaign in California. I believe every word you say. Campaign happened in 1976 when you were so, so busy with the team, remember? <LOL>

But I believe you.

No, seriously...

>> *Going on any cruises any time soon?*

>

> *Just got back from one. On the Euphrates River.*

Heard the one about the Great Flood? Happened right there, you know. About 2500 BC. It was all the thing back then; covered hundreds of square miles. It's in the book. Your Pooh bible. Autographed pictures and all...

Bob