

Out of Bounds, Episode XXVII: Nuclear Fishin'

Written by {ga=larshancock}

Friday, July 06 2012 7:00 AM - Last Updated Friday, July 06 2012 7:08 PM



On the fourth of July this year, I took my family to a friend's lake house, where we spent the day away from computers, technology, and fancy city life in general to embrace the great outdoors. We swam in the lake, kayaked, and most importantly, we went fishing.

There's something about fishing that I just don't understand. I have a rough idea where fish live, and a rough idea what they want to eat. I know how to set a hook, and how to move a lure. Yet somehow, whenever I throw a line into the water, my lure has the effect on fish activity that Chernobyl had on real estate pricing in the area. And I wind up frustrated and fishless, having only dozens of murdered worms to show for my day's work.

Like Ubaldo Jiminez' mechanics, I have no idea what is wrong. I see the 2010 equivalent Ubaldo fisherman next to me reeling fish in left and right. Next to him is me, 2012 Ubaldo, doing exactly the same things, and getting completely different results. Whatever it is, it is entirely frustrating to watch, like 2012 Ubaldo pitching, and leaves me baffled and angry when I leave the lake, like 2012 Ubaldo pitching. And I wonder what I could have done with the money I spent on the gear and bait, and the prospects of the day I traded away, like 2012 Ubaldo does.

The dock was crowded with eight kids eight and under, and reminded me of Pat Shurmur's offense. Execution wasn't a concern, we were more worried about someone getting hurt with a wayward hook or rod, like an unaccounted for linebacker to Colt McCoy's earhole. But lo and behold, some fish did indeed get landed, mostly by our host's son who has a fishing-savant

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capability which is downright frightening, pulling countless fish from the back of the dock with almost every cast. My kids carried on the Hancock tradition of frustration and ineptitude, like Brian Robiskie being coached by Terry Robiskie, with only the oldest managing to land a fish.

Ah, but that fish, how magical it was. It was the Miracle at Richfield on a lake – an unexpected triumph late in the day that reversed the bad fortune of the previous hours. None of the three of my kids are what you call “patient”, which is to be expected from 7, 6, and 2 year olds to be sure. The instant gratification culture has taught them that they should just throw a rod in the water and have fish fighting each other to get on the hook, and as such the first few hours of the day were extremely frustrating. They quit numerous times, stomping off in a huff to find other activities, only to be drawn back by Fishing Nate Thurmond’s heroics at the back of the dock. And toward the end of the day, the oldest threw his line in for a final heave at the rim, got himself the finest half pound crappie I’ve ever seen, and excitedly wanted to take the fishing into overtime.

And at the end, one left happy, and one left determined, but both left wanting to go fishing with dad again as soon as possible. Which to me made this fourth of July extra magical, as I was able to bond with my kids over sport, and now have the promise of many days on the shoreline with my fellas.

Anyway, off to the questions.

I love Albert Pujols. He's one of the best players in the history of the game. But after getting "gunned" down at second Wednesday by Johnny Fucking Damon, I'm wondering if he should be allowed to play anymore. -motherscratcher□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

Just because he can mash the heck out of a baseball, it doesn't mean Pujols can split an atom.

Think of Manny Ramirez. Probably the stupidest athlete of the modern era of any sport, Manny had all the talent in the world, and was excellent at his job for years. But whether he would be throwing to the wrong base, running himself into an obvious out, or getting caught doing performance-enhancing drugs a first and second time, we would all say the same thing: “that’s just Manny being Manny”. When you are so consistently stupid that you have a catch phrase to explain your stupidity, you’ve got to be pretty fucking stupid.

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Pujols has managed to escape the limelight of stupidity to date, but it doesn't mean that he's a Mensa candidate. Start with his move to LA. He threw away a ton of goodwill and positive image for what essentially amounted to even money, all things considered. He's forever a villain in St. Louis, and has lost a lot of respect for following the money instead of being loyal, intangible value which shows up in endorsement revenue and in post-career opportunities. Questions about his age and potential PED use have people wondering about him too, although if he's managed to buck the system to the tune of \$254 million, without anything ever sticking, how stupid is he really?

Which brings me to running on Damon. Usually a good move, and usually any athlete north of Cecil Fielder's speed can safely take that extra base on Damon. But there are limits. A single to the hole in left cannot be stretched into a double ever, even on Damon, and trying to do so is stupid. Getting gunned down by Damon has nothing to do with Pujols' skills diminishing, but more with running the bases like Manny Ramirez. The bigger question is: is Pujols really that stupid, or was Albert just being Manny for one play? Based on his body of work, I'd go with the latter and a temporary brain fart, and not worry too much.

But being Pujols may be much older than he claims to be, this is a situation worth monitoring.

I've become a late bloomer in life. I was never a chick magnet in college nor during my 20's but over the past year or so that has really changed. I don't know if its my confidence level due to my moderate amount of career success but something has definitely changed. As we discussed, I'm seeing this new girl who's young and loves to party. We talked things over and while we want things to continue, we agreed it will not be anything serious/committal for the time being. Part of me thinks its okay to go out to explore, but part of me knows that I have NO idea what women are thinking at any given time. Maybe she does want something constant but isn't being honest with herself. With that being the case, what are the rules for dating around and meeting new people or possibly taking something to another level with a friend I already have? Pardon the juvenile nature of this drawn out question, but I'm the quintessential youngest of 3 boys and a poster-boy for the 30 year old boy persona ALA Cornelius from Fight Club. This is partially embarrassing, but there are plenty of guys around here with way more life/worldly/womanly experience and I would appreciate any guidance I can get. -RNE

There are three distinct possibilities in this scenario that you must consider: 1) she's not that into you, 2) she doesn't know how into you she really is, and needs some time to discover that

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before committing, consciously or subconsciously or 3) she's totally into you and this is a trap to see if you can commit. On your side, you have to ask yourself: is she worth it? This leaves us six different possible combinations of outcomes and actions.

Let's start with your side, which is easier to figure out. If she's worth it, you really feel this woman is your potential soul mate. You think alike, you have similar hobbies and interests, and she's your best friend. If something amazing happens in your life, you want her right next to you. So say your work takes you to Vegas, and your company pulls out all the stops and has a private concert for you with U2. Do you immediately think "I want her next to me right now," or do you think "dude, Bob would totally kill to see this!?" If you're looking for your buddies instead of her, she may not be your best friend and soul mate. You have to look past how good the, um, *fishing* is right now and know when you're married you're going to do a whole lot less fishing, despite what you want to believe. So don't get married expecting the awesome fishing to continue every day, because Saturday you're going to Bed, Bath, and Beyond, maybe Home Depot, if you have the time.

If you decide you're not that into her, then you absolutely need to fish off other docks. Might it ruin the relationship and end it? Yes, that is a likely thing, but that's kind of the point. Because you know off her dock you're only catching little sunfish, and somewhere out there you know there's a nine-pound largemouth bass waiting to spend the rest of its life mounted on your wall. And I know I just changed my metaphor mid paragraph there, and it went to frightening places if you tried to continue it in the original context. Just try to keep up and roll with the punches.

If you think she is your soulmate, or at least has the possibility of being such with more investigation, this gets tricky. Certainly if you feel she's not that into you, and used this line as a soft breakup, you've got to get out. Pull the boat out of the lake, and don't ever throw another line into that pond, because all she's going to do is gut you and fillet you for her own amusement, maybe even using you as bait to get the fish she really wants. Yeah, I know, I changed the metaphor again. Deal with it. You're going to go through a lot of pain and suffering if you don't end it immediately if you feel she's never going to be as into you as you are into her.

If you really honestly believe she is into you, and please, be honest with yourself and don't tell yourself what you want to hear, then you have to be careful here. In this case I'd suggest visiting a few docks, being sure never to pull out a pole and throw in a line (and we're back to the original metaphor! Yay!). That way, she understands she could lose you, and it forces a more honest evaluation internally and/or externally to have a proper conversation of the state of your relationship. And in any case you could just say you went to dinner with a few women, but found yourself wanting to be with her, and as such remained faithful to her.

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Lars, I am a 'classic rock' guy who appreciates good guitar music of any genre. I need new stuff to listen to. I do think the music of Phish is tremendous, and have only started listening to that stuff in the last couple years. With this in mind, what post-2000 artists would you recommend I give a listen to? –googleeph2

Here's a list you may enjoy. Or you may hate them. Okay, here's a list I enjoy, and I think it fits your requirements, which describe my tastes pretty nicely.

[Gov't Mule](#) – A little Stevie, a little Skynard, a little Allman, and a lot of good old-fashioned music. You check the dates and say “this is from the 2000s?” because it sounds old, but it is definitely new, and manages to be fresh. [Their cover of War Pigs may be the best thing you listen to all day.](#)

[Wolfmother](#) – More Zeppelin sound, with a sprinkle of Ozzy just for good measure. Plus, as an added bonus, the lead singer owns the best white man afro [since the Jimi Hendrix Experience](#) (not Jimi, his band, for anyone who thinks I'm a moron).

[The White Stripes](#) – Yeah, I hate Seven Nation Army as much as you because it was the one inspired song that came out this year from a big label, and everyone said “this is awesome” and the horrible people in the music industry proceeded to beat the crap out of it like it was a baby seal. And now all that is left of the song is a mangled puddle of goo where there was a cute baby seal. Stupid music industry. Did that to most of their other good stuff too like Blue Orchid and You Don't Know What Love Is. But they do have a classic sound that goes between Creedence Clearwater Revival and George Thoroughgood.

[The Black Keys](#) – Kind of like what would have happened had the music industry allowed the White stripes to mature into a full grown seal. A little Allman, but can drift away from that core, [sometimes as far as into the Pink Floyd](#) zone at times with their music. Definitely they have an innovative sound that they mix up a lot to keep from getting stale.

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Black Mountain – Sounds a lot like Led Zeppelin, some say too much like Zep, but they have some very listenable music which is warm and comfortable to old guys like us. And they're just a bunch of kids! There's hope for this generation yet...

The Gaslight Anthem – A little of New Jersey Bruce Springsteen rock with more of an upbeat Green day punk vibe to it. Very fun.

Kings of Leon – A little overplayed like the White Stripes, but still, they produce a vintage sound with actual musical instruments like guitars and basses and drums. A little Springsteen here too, which is amazing because I think Bruce is way overrated, yet I've got two bands with a similar sound on this list. Go figure.

The Mars Volta – Very soulful, very psychedelic, but with limitless energy. These guys totally rock. They sound like no classic band, and every one, all at the same time, with flavors of the 50s, 60s, and 70s, with latin, jazz, and punk thrown in. Kind of like using all of the spices from your spice rack, and making a dish that didn't taste like complete crap doing that. You don't know what the hell you're eating, but you enjoy it, so that's all that counts.

Please email questions to lars.hancock@yahoo.com, tweet them to [@ReasonsImADrunk](https://twitter.com/ReasonsImADrunk), or DM them to me in the forae to LarsHancock.