If I have it correctly LeQuit orchestrated his departure from Cleveland with BFFs Chris Bosh and Dwyane Wade months ago, justified it by saying he bounced it off his mom Gloria (a woman of strong moral fiber and impeccable decision-making skills) and then failed to have the decency to even tell the man who signed his checks for years until his made for TV LeBacle. Then he and his BFFs laughed it off afterward like the frat boys who had just kidnapped a goat from the Alpha Chi house. That about right?

Look, you don't need to hear from me how LeSpicable this was. Not when actual writers from across the country have already said it better and with more impartiality than I can.

And before my email fills with hate and bile from those knob polishers who insist on defending LeGone, understand that I don't begrudge any man using his well-earned right to choose where and with whom he works.

Not the issue. He earned the privilege and has every right to exercise it. But it wouldn't have been difficult at all to do so without exhibiting LeDiculous amounts of ignorance and arrogance and without hiding behind the Boys & Girls Club to publicly humiliate his previous organization and an adoring fan base.

And good God, look at that picture. There aren't four people in the world you could photograph to better caption ignorance and arrogance than those four. Not sure where Delonte West is in

that picture. Must be behind Gloria or something.

Hmmm....

Anyway, let's see how national basketball writers looked at the LeSpectacle:

Jason Whitlock, FoxSports.com, 7/9/2010 (http://bit.ly/du50qk)

The Summer of '10 may have done irreparable damage to ***LeBron James*** *.*

Thursday night, his LeBrontourage and ESPN enablers dressed him in a clown suit, topped it with a black hat and turned him into a buffoonish laughingstock and villain.

For seven years, James seemed to delight in, court and fuel himself with universal adoration and respect. It's gone now, and it's not coming back. He's a hero in Miami, a coward in New York, a spoiled, narcissistic punk most everywhere else and Black Modell in Ohio.

"I wanted to do what was best for LeBron James," King James told (Mike) Wilbon. "What LeBron James was going to do to make him happy."

Yep, his most memorable speaking line from LeDecision was delivered in third person. He's a joke, and only the insanely dishonest will defend his performance and the decision to host LeBron-apalooza.

Adrian Wojnarowski, Yahoo Sports, 7/9/2010 (http://yhoo.it/byVi6Y)

They ended up with that split-screen of the King's jersey burned live on his infomercial, as this sad, lost robot sat in a leafy suburban gymnasium with children as props and the world watching, those empty eyes masking a lost, dazed LeBron James (notes) . This was the champagne shower for the Championship of Me, an exercise in self-aggrandizement and self-loathing that will have far-reaching implications for the NBA and James. What a spectacle, what a train wreck.

As the worst idea in the history of marketing unfolded, James looked trapped somewhere between despondence and defiance. His bumbling buddy Maverick Carter had walked him into the public execution of his legacy, his image, and there was a part of James that clearly wished he could turn back through the doors and hide. Only, it was too late. No going back now. James goes to the Miami Heat , Cleveland goes into a basketball Hades and LeBron's legacy becomes that of a callous carpetbagger.

Yes, he's ruined everything. What a wonderful idea: Divorce your childhood sweetheart on national television and tell her, hey, I'll let you keep the "We are all Witnesses" billboards lording over downtown Cleveland.

His hometown won't hate him as much for leaving the Cleveland Cavaliers as for the way he left them. Leaving never would've been easy, but he went out of his way to humiliate them. LeBron James can never go home now. He's the Browns leaving town, The Fumble, The Shot, all rolled into one colossal disappointment.

So there was LeBron James, the MVP, the man of the hour, sitting in the middle of his own "Truman Show" on Thursday night. His personal network ran his commercials and celebrated his greatness and let him hijack a platform to build his brand and break hearts. He can never go home again now, and he can never completely rebuild what he let his cast of buddies talk him into losing that night. He's taking his talents to South Beach, and the kid going away for the first time will have some party down there. After all these years, it was clear he had been coddled and protected and ultimately prepared to do one thing: Take the easy way out. Wherever he was going, he looked conflicted, lost and completely confused.

What a spectacle, what a train wreck.

What a shame.

Bill Plashke, LA Times, 7/9/2010 (http://bit.ly/cJ1tPz)

LeBron James is the King, all right.

The King of Crass. The King of Callous. The King of Cowardice.

What kind of man arranges and stars in a nationally televised infomercial during which he kicks his hometown to the curb? What kind of man summons a crowd of millions to watch him break up with a city that has loved and supported him for 25 years?

LeBron James dragged the Cleveland Cavaliers to the center table of the most crowded, well-lighted joint on the sports landscape Thursday night, then loudly dumped them on the spot.

The basketball news is that two-time defending most valuable player James has announced he will be joining stars Dwyane Wade and Chris Bosh on the Miami Heat.

The human news is that, almost overnight, one of basketball's most likable figures has turned into a complete jerk.

James used his awesome power not to inform or entertain, but to belittle. After his announcement, there appeared video of Cleveland fans screaming at a bar television, then burning a James shirt in the street. Maybe this would have happened if James had been a little more discerning, but I doubt it. Cleveland had been nationally embarrassed, and reacted in the small way that James made it feel.

I thought he would never arrange the show if he wasn't going to Cleveland. I thought wrong. It turns out, when it comes to LeBron James, I thought wrong about a lot of things.

I thought he was a leader. But by going to a team that already has an established superstar who has already won one NBA title, he showed he is a follower. He doesn't want the ball in the final minute. He doesn't want the pressure in the final month. The way he crumbled against Boston in this year's postseason was not a blip. The King doesn't have the stomach to be the Man.

At the end of his infomercial Thursday, while pumping the Boys & Girls clubs who benefited from the commercials sold for this mess, James talked about helping the children and kindly noted, "One day we might have another LeBron."

Lord, I hope not.

And let's give Austin Carr, an employee of the Cavaliers for sure, but also a man who openly cried with joy when the ping pong ball fell in the Cavs' favor 7 years ago, a crack as well.

Austin Carr (in a post titled "A Robin Flies South", CavFanatic.com, 7/9/2010 (http://bit.ly/cxipAK)

As much as LeBron likes to talk about being a winner and a businessman, the two things he's shown me in this process is that it's not about winning, and it's really not about doing good business. It's about LeBron, and it's not about anything else. And that's starting to show through more now.

Getting almost as much attention as LeBron's decision was the Open Letter Dan Gilbert fired off after it.

*When I first saw the letter, I could **feel** the hurt. And a lot of what I read in the letter, to me, was true.*

And again, I don't understand why LeBron would do the ownership that way. They've given him everything he's wanted. They've bent over backwards to give him everything he's wanted. And to not even give the man a phone call, it's very tacky. It's very unprofessional.

Most of the moves that management made was because of LeBron and his timetable. And that's why I'm surprised he'd leave us in a lurch like that. All of the moves were made to help him win a Championship. So he should have at least given us the respect to make some moves this summer – instead of dragging it on like he did.

That left us in a hole. That tells me the disdain he had for the organization. He knows he shouldn't have done it this way. For him to do it this way after what the organization has done to try to appease him, to me, it's just not right. You don't do people like that. And when you put vibes like that out into the world, they don't come back to you in a positive way.

Pretty damning, no? I especially like Carr's choice of 'Robin' in his post title.

And for the record, I was fine with Dan Gilbert's initial response. Yes, it was so hurtful I had to check three different places to confirm it was legit, but Gilbert said what the vast majority of us would have said if we could have guaranteed that LeBron would get the message.

Gilbert conveyed what most of us felt immediately after LeSpectacle.

Should an owner be above that kind of response? Probably. But I won't hold that against him. Gilbert needs to check himself now and proceed with rebuilding this team. Hopefully he learned a valuable lesson about enabling a young, ignorant, arrogant, backstabbing piece of crap by capitulating to a player's every demand.

But the letter that night?

Thank you Dan Gilbert. Now get to work backing up that ridiculous guarantee.

Flip Side

A friend texted me Sunday morning with news that a couple of guys I played ball with had been inducted into the Greater Cleveland Softball Hall of Fame.

Keith McCloskey and Bobby Andrews Jr. received the honor and, during a week when we watched arrogance and ignorance personified, it's important to note that McCloskey and Andrews were tremendous softball players; but more than that they are tremendous people.

McCloskey dominated the east side softball scene from the pitchers mound for more than 20 years and won an ASA World Championship in Midland, TX almost 20 years ago. Nobody controlled a softball game like Keith and he had the unique ability to shorten a game with his antics and effectiveness. Opposing teams would get so wrapped up in trying to kill Keith that he'd compile an inning or two worth of outs before they realized what he'd done. Try and hit Keith in the middle to send a message and he'd make a play or have his teammates positioned perfectly to do so.

Not what I'd call a great hitter he was deadly when the game was on the line and he needed to produce offensively.

Just a tremendous pitcher, player, leader and teammate.

Bobby Andrews Jr., quite simply, was one of the best hitters and big-game players I ever shared a field with. On Sunday afternoons, when games, tournaments and championships were on the line, you wanted to be playing with Andrews and not against him.

I had the honor of playing with McCloskey for five or six seasons and then I made the trek from Madison to Brooklyn more often than I care to admit to play with Andrews for my last couple seasons. The rides and inconveniences paid off with a NSA C World Series tournament win in 2002 in which Andrews was an All-Tournament selection.

Like with any other walk of life softball, and even the Greater Cleveland Softball Hall of Fame, has guys you wouldn't necessarily trust with your wife, girlfriend, kids or wallets. Keith McCloskey and Bobby Andrews Jr. are guys I'd walk through hell in a hoodie for on a softball field and they elevate the class and honor of the Hall of Fame with their inductions.

Congratulations to both.