

Would Mr. Toney like to share something with Mr. Jones?

Written by Rick Folstad

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The Klitschko brothers might be available, though it's going to be tough to book them both on the same night. And that's probably how IBF cruiserweight champ James "Lights Out" Toney wants them, one for supper, the other for dessert.

Or how about Rocky Balboa? Naw. He's too old, too tired, too fictional. Rocky Marciano? Too dead.

Too bad. Toney is ready for any of them: dead or alive, make believe or as genuine as grandma's smile.

Roy Jones Jr. would be a good choice for Toney if he didn't have that prior engagement scheduled for Nov. 8. He's meeting a guy named Antonio Tarver for the world light-heavyweight title. It's why he's not answering the phone when Toney gives him a call.

Maybe you've heard of Tarver if you hang around old gyms and watch fight reruns and you know who Amy Hayes is. That's the kind of people who know Antonio Tarver. The rest of the world just knows Roy Jones Jr.

Paul Bunyan? King Kong? Hulk Hogan? They haven't been named yet by Toney, but it's still early. The list is growing, and you can't blame Toney for tossing out names. The only person he ever ducked was an IRS agent.

Since he stopped Evander Holyfield on Oct. 4, Toney has been calling out every heavyweight in the universe who still has a name, if not a fairly recent driver's license. His top three picks appear to be Jones, Mike Tyson and Lennox Lewis, three guys who are as tough to nail down as a slab of warped iron.

Tyson is a good choice. Like Holyfield, he was a great heavyweight back in the eighties, back before cell phones, Nintendo and Play Station 2.

Moody and dangerous with a poor sense of fashion, he used to show up for fights without socks or a robe. He'd end it quick and we'd all turn the channel or go home early, shaking our heads, wondering what would happen if the crazy beast was ever turned loose.

Tyson is still one of the biggest draws in boxing, though that says a lot about the mental state of the fight crowd. Fight fans are still more fascinated with car wrecks than great works of art. And Tyson is like a speeding 1986 Cadillac with 220,000 miles on it and no brakes. You know it's going to crash, you're just wondering where and when.

Toney and Lennox Lewis? Right. Lewis is just a bad afternoon and a mood swing away from retirement. Sure, he's going to want to end his career with that one defining fight, taking a chance against James Toney, a former middleweight champ turned over-blown heavyweight

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who has the nerve to call Lewis out and mean it.

That fight will happen right after world peace. Which brings us back to Jones and Toney, the one fight we'd all like to see.

With due respect to Tarver, once Jones is done toying with him, Roy should go home, answer his phone and say "hi" to Toney and his promoter, Dan Goossen.

He should make a deal as quick as possible for this fight. Set the date, book the casino, agree to terms and call the press. He should take a couple weeks off, spend a lot of money and go to the beach. Fish.

Then get back to work, start training for a rematch with Toney, who seems to have found something he didn't have when he lost to Jones in their first fight almost 10 years ago when both were super-middleweights.

Toney knows what it is and he'd like to share it with Jones.

I think we'd all like to see it.