

Metrosexuals Are Ruining Baseball.

Written by Dave Howard



Ah, the Fall Classic. Early evening games against a prematurely setting sun, last minute heroics and a whole lot of bugs. There is a Fall Classic sound that I love more and more every year.

The audio I crave is the gravely grumbling of the Yankee fan loud enough to drown out a Coney Island Roller coaster.

The Boys of Summer are showing their foliage in New York City. Once again, the New York Pretty Boys are near elimination at the hand of “real ballplayers.” I am already lusting for the barrage of excuses that will be flooding from the mouths of babies that will last until next year. I love seeing a Cocky Yankee Fan crumble.

Some of my favorites over the years have included:

“It’s the Wild Card. We need to get rid of the Wild Card. It’s the wild card’s fault”

“It’s because the other team was cheating”

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“Our city was in FLAMES!”

Blah. Blah. Blah. Perhaps the third was a little harsh and I have used that excuse to defend my [1989 San Francisco Giants](#).

No doubt this year it will be “Bugs! 1000s of Freaking BUGS!”

Steinbrenner released a statement over the weekend clearly blaming Joe Torre.

As usual the Yankees and their fans are blaming the wrong element. It's not Torre's fault. Griseled, internal and tough, Torre is a real ballplayer. It's the fault of the two metrosexuals that round the horn. Metrosexuals Derek Jeter and Alex Rodriguez are the true culprits. Combined they have gone 3 for 22 in the last three games. How is Torre responsible for that? The “oh so pretty” Dynamic Duo aren't the real ballplayers. Can you imagine these two in barfight against Yogi Berra and Billy Martin? The squealing would ear piercing.

Case in point, the entire Yankees Blue Jays fight earlier this year. A-Rod yells behind the shortstop causing him to miss a ball. Later he slides hard into second in the process and throws a fist in the second baseman's crotch. What's next, hair pulling?

In the next series, the Jays come after him. They went 1 for 2 in attempted bean balls. A-Rod deserved this. If he had been a real ballplayer, he would have taken his licks and his base. But now he starts a benches emptying non-brawl. A-Rod is one of those guys who gets increasingly more effeminate the madder he gets. In true sissy boy style, he wouldn't even throw a punch (fearing a wrecked manicure, perhaps?). I predict once A-Rod leaves baseball he will find a cushy seat between Barbara Walters and Joy Behr.

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A photograph of two Detroit Tigers players in their white pinstriped uniforms and navy blue caps. They are both smiling and looking towards the right. The player on the left is holding a brown leather baseball glove. The player on the right has his arm around the first player's shoulder. The background is a blurred stadium setting.

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