Day), whilst allowing them in the ribs and winding, by the use of a crude sexual analogy, which, because of its foul vulgarity, Dr. Hawkins will not explicitly detail. We rhetoricians prefer subtle vulgarity couched in inequipedated words. Yours on demand. But a cry, unsafe! You have never, much as you may have harped with this fellow, yet you profess to know about him. There are, folks, we have a 2300-year-old term and concept in the field of speech, called etymology, for the total absence of an impression that a person could know false “images.” You know that there are people who, to the detriment of their religious audiences, project their consciousness obtrusively and made awfully, in the original sense of the word “broadcast,” as in spreading something, in this case, it is uneasy bowing balls of personality that are being nucleated.

The individual in question is easily spotted, often attempting without success to conceal his multi-chinned girth in a uniform shirt worn open, an affectation that fools no one and exposes everything more than that. It is reported that he had a lunatic (in the earliest sense of “moon-shaped”) visage with a thin inky-black smirk, but there is it. But you cry, unsafe! That’s an ad hominem: you’re making fun of the way the guy looks. And Dr. Fan smiles, at the risk of being mistaken for cold, no [the “n” is correct], what is your point? You may contend that one doesn’t have to look at him, but oh, one does, as one is drawn to stare at a repulsive auto wreck. The actual problem (you knew this was leading somewhere, the man is drawn to stare at the seemingly constant disturbing of one’s peripheral vision by an ethereal driver drawn to drink attention to itself all costs, often by trying to force irrelevant connections between it and the proper context of focus, the action on the field.

Now and then, a fan will give in to the temptation of getting up and doing one of those silly little dances of shouting and posturing as if there were some intimate connection between himself and a player: of pointing, grimacing, blocking the sightline in a semantic attempt to ridicule him. The video screen, however, lets us have someone who re-invents the temptation every half-minute, who imagines himself a beloved viciss guy. It is distracting, and old in a harry. At least the Sign Man at Shea had something to say, endlessly repetitious as it was (haven’t seen him in years; maybe, if there’s a just force in the universe, he is dead). So it is a problem both of kind and of degree.

Now, I was going to let this go. But as you know, there is often a coin, a phrase, the straw that breaks the camel’s back; it used to be that if you were a sports fan, you were a fan. “One night, a particularly sharp foul rerouted someone’s nose, a bloody mess, but not life-threatening. Despite the disclaimers on the ticket back, and the management, like the Twins, hurriedly dispatch urchins and medical personnel, automatically, when such a foul ball is hit. But our fellow in question pointedly stood out in the aisle, and in an impotent manner, with his index fingers a la mad little circles in the air, as if his authoritative decisiveness would both more quickly summon the paramedics, and make them work more seriously and diligently... on the nosebleed. Well, what prevents officiousness. That did it.

Gentle readers, perhaps you have just resisted the temptation to form a common seven-letter anatomical colloquialism with your voice, to which one replies, yes, but not defining enough; so many, many fans are that way. The more astute have now tried “egotism,” but not all egotists are so infuriatingly non-productive; for all that we say despises Ted Turner’s ego, he has, largely because of it, won us the America’s Cup; given us (in the name of derivation by the non-visionary) marvels such as ONN; made the Braves into an artistic success, and given us the chance to see NL baseball in our homes without being subjected to the eldest Caray; and perhaps most altruistically for an egotist, gotten Turner off the date line; of course the question is, ‘Do a lot of us really think of it. Well, yells someone in the linguistic luxury boxes, try “narcissist.” Well, no, for most narcissists are passive: they much prefer to gaze into mirrors (real and metaphorical), in rare cases non-intrusive self-pitifulness. No, what we have here is a solipsist: one who believes the universe is an extension and projection of himself, and whose actions are based on that assumption. Watch this guy: that term does explain it all.

Well, we could ride Phil Hosenauer not to tell this guy when we get the sign, and I guess up, and I wonder why no one is there to pay attention to him. But Stew Thornley had a better solution: the most hurtful thing you can do to a solipsist is to declare him irrelevant. So we’ve named his “Irrelevant --------------------.” One night, we stood up (it was between half-innings) and yelled (it was easy to fix his game): “Sit down and shut up, ------- you’re irrelevant!” And, you know, it worked: the look of frightened terror at being called that before 14,372 was worth the price of admission.

We’ll keep working on him.