



THE
OFFICIAL
**HECKLER
HANDBOOK**

The Ultimate Guide to Offending
and Irritating the Enemy*

Kevin Nelson

Illustrations by **Aaron Dana**

*Spineless Rookies - Aging and Aching Veterans - Heinous Head Coaches -
Blind Umpires and Boneheaded Referees - Feckless, Fair Weather Fans -
and Anyone Else in Your Team's Way to the Top†

†For Fans of Baseball • Football • Basketball • Hockey • and More



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INTRODUCTION

Tiger Woods is striding down the fairway of the US Open with the earnest purposefulness that so distinguishes him on a golf course. But on this day he is not feeling very distinguished, for his game is a mess, like his reputation. Taunting reports in the media keep popping up like the gopher in *Caddyshack* about his spectacular, if unseemly, sex life. One of the juiciest tales involves a waitress at a pancake restaurant who partied with him at his love-shack mansion in Florida. It is a safe bet that the golfer he is walking with is not discussing any of these things with him and may not know about the rumors.

Somebody else does, though. This somebody else is a man who is watching Tiger play his Wednesday practice round. He is a heckler and he shouts, "Waffle House!"

The heckler's arrow strikes its target, because although Tiger does not stop walking, he looks back and points in the direction of the man who is standing along the edge of the fairway. His buddies join the fun. "Waffle House!" they all shout and laugh. "Waffle House!"

Jump to a recent NBA Finals game and LeBron James, who is to basketball what Tiger was to golf until Tiger's life on and off the course got scrambled. The charismatic Mr. All-Everything is walking off the floor after leading the Cleveland Cavaliers to a win. Fans and the media surround him court-side and snap pictures of him as he heads for the locker room, flanked by men in suits and uniforms whose job is to protect him in case something happens.

Suddenly something happens.



Heckling knows no gender boundaries.

A voice cries out, “LeBron, how does it feel to be a p*ssya**b*tch?” LeBron stops and turns and security responds too, all of them glaring back in the direction of the voice, which, shockingly, does not belong to a man. Disgust registers in James’s face. The potty mouth belongs to a woman.

One of the men in suits comes forward and shouts, “Hey, watch your mouth, woman!” He repeats this warning as James moves on and the heckler—a pleasant-faced woman in her late 20s, in a yellow Golden State T-shirt, nicely made up, with her hair pulled back—meekly apologizes for her outburst. She seems genuinely contrite, the last person on earth you’d expect to be yelling profanities at a sporting event.

Heckling is a verbal pie in the face, and sometimes it can be an actual pie in the face. It also can be a whole bunch of people throwing pies at one another, like a slapstick bit in an

clo-time Mack Sennett comedy. Unexpectedly, too, it can be something else: a kind of dialog or conversation between the heckler and the heckled.

One more incident, this time from baseball. Tony Gwynn, Jr., the son of the late Hall of Famer, is in right field for the Los Angeles Dodgers in a game against the Colorado Rockies at Coors Field. He is facing home plate, crouched in the outfielders' ready position as the pitcher delivers the ball, and a heckler yells at Gwynn, "Hey, don't act like you're playing."

The pitch is called, and Gwynn stands up straight and moves his glove behind his back, actually his butt, and opens it. Then when the heckler in his nauseating Gilbert Gottfried voice starts yacking at him again, Gwynn is ready, opening and shutting his glove like he's manipulating the mouth of a ventriloquist's dummy.

Everybody around the heckler gets it and bursts into laughter.

The heckler keeps going, "Don't act like you don't hear me!" but Gwynn surely hears him, because each time the man says something Gwynn's glove opens and shuts like it's the man's big mouth. It's a clever piece of morose comedy that only the right fielder and the fans behind him were aware of at the time, but now it has been seen by close to two million viewers on YouTube. After the inning ends Gwynn starts his walk back toward the Dodgers dugout, and there is some swagger to it. He knows he has bested a man whose goal was to torment him.

**"Hey, don't
act like
you're
playing."**



Heckling has long been a glorious/inglorious sports tradition. Choose the adjective that best describes your point of view. Many see heckling as a blight, a nuisance, profane, uncomfortable to be around, scary, possibly dangerous. Others find it entertaining and fun, like with the Tony Gwynn episode. There is a First Amendment right to free speech in America, and hecklers are part of that. Pro athletes make huge sums of money and they can stand to hear what fans think about them, even if—as LeBron’s lady heckler showed—it’s pretty raunchy stuff sometimes.

Besides, heckling can distract an opposing player and put him off his game, causing misery for his team and helping yours win. What is wrong with that?

However you line up in this debate—and you may see merits on both sides—none of these arguments actually speaks to the essential mysteries of heckling: that is, why do people do it and how do they do it best? Why did those guys shout “Waffle House!” at Tiger Woods when most people—most sane people, some would argue—would never dream of saying such an insulting thing to him?

This is only one of the many topics we will cover in *The Official Heckler Handbook*. This is a book for and about hecklers and for all the people who would never shout “Waffle House!” at Tiger Woods but who may be curious, and perhaps somewhat appalled as well, by those who do.

Curious and appalling. These are two more words to describe heckling, which so offends some people they feel it should be subject to strict limits, if not banned outright. Why do these people, including some of the most powerful figures in sports, dislike heckling? This seems as good a place as any to start. Let’s peel away the onion and see what we find.



CHAPTER 1

Why does everyone hate hecklers? Or do they?

On an episode of *Live with Kelly and Michael*, Michael Strahan, the ex-New York Giants defensive end who is cohost of the show, decided to ask the audience a question, a question virtually everyone can answer in the affirmative.

"How many of you have been to a sporting event?"

The studio audience responded with applause as Kelly Ripa, who was sipping from a mug of coffee, put down her mug and joined the clapping. She and Strahan sat at a table with their coffee, some papers, and a small American flag on it. With pert blonde hair and in a fetching purple top, Ripa sat forward in her chair behind the table, smiling and nodding agreeably. But then Strahan asked a follow-up question, and her demeanor changed abruptly.

“But how many of you have ever heckled the athletes at a sporting event?”

“Oh, I would never heckle an athlete,” Ripa said as she sat back in her chair and crossed her arms. Though still smiling her expression had become more thoughtful, more disapproving.

“Never. Why?” her cohost asked.

As an NFL veteran and Hall of Famer (and football TV analyst, in addition to his daytime talk show duties) who had heard heckling at every one of his away games and many of his home games too, Strahan remained upbeat. The idea of it did not seem to bother him nearly as much, and he went on to tell the story of a New York Knicks fan who had been heckling Carmelo Anthony so bad that he got tossed from Madison Square Garden and was now suing the team and the league for infringing on his free speech rights.

“Here’s my whole thing,” said Ripa, sitting forward again to explain how she felt. “It’s one of those freedom of speech things, but it’s a sporting event. There are kids there. Have some decorum, for heaven’s sake. You know what I mean? There are kids there.”

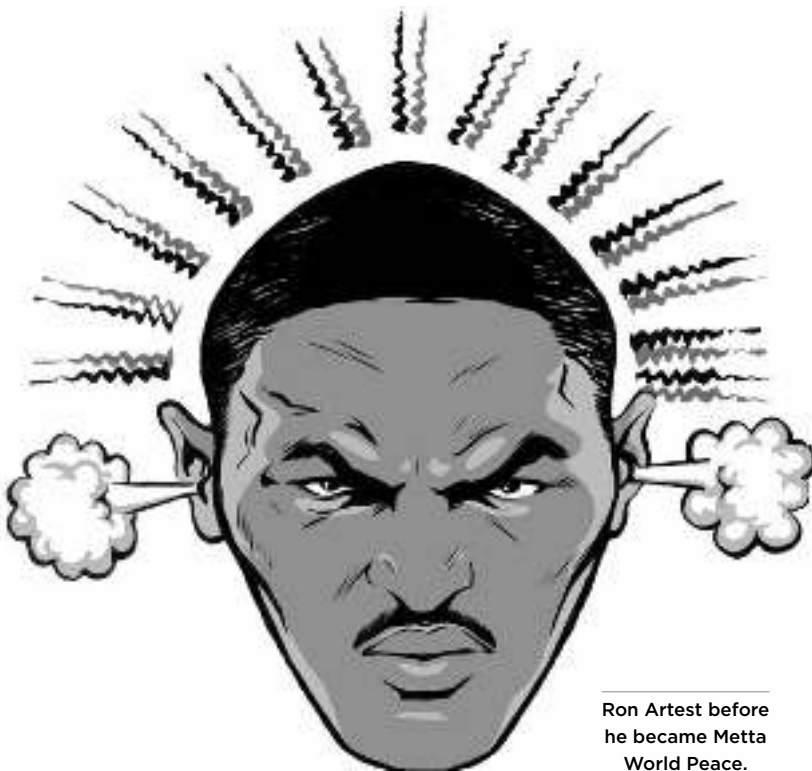
Her remarks met with enthusiastic applause from the audience members, who clearly shared her sentiments. Kids are off-limits, or should be. They should be spared the vulgar, disgusting, drunken vitriol that some fans spew at sporting events. Hecklers of this type send families heading for the exits and ruin a ballgame for anyone who has the misfortune to be sitting near them.

Dressed nattily in a brown blazer, crisp white shirt, and blue tie, Strahan, who has his own clothing line, was on board with all of this. What’s more, he said, heckling doesn’t even work. It

did not upset him when he played; rather, it had the opposite effect. It motivated him.

“Trust me,” he said. “I’ve been heckled. I’ve played in Philadelphia. But you know what they didn’t realize—heckling was a motivation for a football player. Now there are some I wanted to jump up in the stands and pull the old Ron Artest on ’em. But I didn’t do that.”

This line, unlike the good-natured Philly remark, which drew laughs, fell flat, however, perhaps because there were not many hard-core sports fans in the audience and they did not get the reference. The reference was to one of the uglier episodes in recent NBA and sports history, when Artest, then playing for



Ron Artest before
he became Metta
World Peace.

the Indiana Pacers, and his teammate Stephen Jackson left the court and went up into the stands and became embroiled in a brawl with fans at a game against the Detroit Pistons at the Palace at Auburn Hills. The 2004 fight that came to be known as “the Malice at the Palace” occurred with less than a minute left in the fourth quarter. Pistons center Ben Wallace drove hard to the bucket and Artest fouled him even harder. Wallace pushed Artest angrily, as if wanting to trade blows with him. A referee jumped in to separate the two men, other players jumped in too, and the coaches rushed onto the court. Although there was a lot of pushing and shoving and threatening behavior,

Comic relief: What stand-ups say about hecklers

One non-sporting group who has terrible things to say about hecklers is stand-up comedians, who hate having their sets interrupted by shouted comments from “their enemies in the dark,” as comic Jamie Kennedy puts it. “The No. 1 thing about hecklers,” says Joe Rogan, “is 100 percent of them are douchebags.” Fellow stand-up Rob Zombie describes the typical heckler as “some guy who lives in his parents’ basement, who never had a girlfriend, telling Stephen Spielberg why he sucks.”

Like athletes, comics often ply their trade in front of drunks, but unlike athletes, they get to verbally return fire. Keith Fields’s standard retort when a heckler blurts something is: “I’m sorry, I don’t speak alcoholic.” Steve Hofstetter pretends he didn’t hear the remark then says, “I don’t know what you said but I’m sure it was stupid.” Louie Anderson fantasizes about what he’d like to do to a heckler: “I always think it’d be fun to come on stage some night and shoot a heckler. ‘Cause people would come back and see you and say, ‘Don’t [heckle] him. He killed a guy last week.’”

Stand-ups don’t always hate their enemies in the dark, though. Sometimes hecklers say funny things, giving the performers on stage a chance to engage in witty repartee. Bryson Turner was doing a bit one night on having sex, saying, “This is how bad I was at sex the first time. The first time I ever had sex—”

“Yesterday?” said a woman in the audience interrupting him.

The room exploded in delight and Turner, smiling, acknowledging the cleverness of the jab, had to wait for the laughter to die down before he could respond.

“I’m glad you remember,” he said to her.

The room erupted once more, and the comedian and the heckler, each having drawn comic blood, shook hands.

things were starting to calm down until a cup of beer came flying out of the stands and hit Artest in the head.

Calm no more. Enraged, Artest, who has since legally changed his name to Metta World Peace, bolted from the Pacers' bench and charged into the stands followed by his brother-in-arms, Jackson. The scene quickly devolved into an NBA public relations nightmare and a scary, scary encounter for all who were there, as both men threw punches at fans and landed them. Meanwhile the fans fought back, throwing beer and other things at the players while the melee spilled out of the stands and onto the court.

Eventually the Pacers left the floor, showered by more beer and objects, and peace was restored. But not without major repercussions from the NBA, which doled out suspensions to Artest, Jackson, and other players. It also beefed up security at its arenas and adopted a more stringent code of conduct for fans, warning them of eviction from games and arrest or prosecution for the worst offenses.

The fan who threw the inciting cup of beer did indeed get charged and do jail time, while the other fans who were involved received a beat-down of their own from the media. ESPN's John Saunders called them "a bunch of punks." His colleague Tim Legler, a former NBA guard, said that Artest and Jackson's reaction of going up into the stands was "somewhat justified" because of all the heckling they had gotten from fans during the game. "The racial slurs, throwing things, it's ridiculous," said Legler. "Often times at that point you just lose control emotionally."

He added, "You're going to hear people talking about how players have to show restraint. Most people—the average

person on the street—they wouldn't show the kind of restraint that players do just listening to the heckling and abuse you take in the course of a game as a professional athlete."

The fans were out of control and they had it coming. That was the gist of it. They acted like thugs and they deserved rough justice. This was also what Kelly Ripa suggested should be done to that heckler in the Garden who had so harshed Melo's mellow.

"I think that after the game if there's a fan that's going cuckoo and cursing and screaming the entire game at, say, Carmelo Anthony," she said, "at the end of the game you hand him like a golden ticket and you say, 'You won a special prize.' Then you put him in a room and Carmelo walks in."

Here, the audience laughed and clapped, including Ripa's cohost, who added, "Yeah, close the door. See ya in five minutes."

Although Ripa went on to say that Anthony's presence alone would shock the heckler into deference and submission, no pummeling necessary, her point was clear and is shared by many in and out of the media. Hecklers are the jerkiest of jerks—they say—and worthy of our scorn and contempt, and here are only a few of the reasons why.

1. It's all about them.

The action on the field or the court matters less to the heckler than what he is doing and saying, and his self-absorption poisons the game for those who are not into the heckler the way the heckler is into himself. "Mostly," writes Ian Crouch of *The New Yorker*, "heckling is just one example of the pathetic fallacy of fandom, that those of us in the seats are part of the action, essential to our team's success—that we matter."

2. They say nasty things.

Painful examples of this abound. Here are two that were witnessed by Reddit contributors.

Baltimore Orioles catcher Greg Zaun is visiting Yankee Stadium, and Yankees fans welcome him to New York with lines such as:

“Hey Zaun, hope someone stabs you when you leave the park.”

“Hope you get hit in the head.”

“Hope your wife cheats on you.”

“Hey Zaun, hope you get leukemia.”

At another park, not in New York, in a prearranged spectacle a male fan gets down on one knee and proposes to his girlfriend in a live video feed on the stadium’s big-screen



I now pronounce you heckled.

scoreboard. Close by are four drunks who taunt him and the girl at this most vulnerable of times.

“Don’t do it!” they yell. “He’s a no-good bum. You can do better than him. Who proposes at a ballgame? That rock is tiny. Find somebody with a job.”

3. They mock even children.

Some hecklers do not just heckle *around* children, they heckle *at* them, such as the scurrilous individuals who were overhead insulting a batboy for doing a lousy job. A batboy!

4. They drink. And drink. And drink.

Cincinnati Reds second baseman Brandon Phillips had to listen to one obnoxious drunk heckle him all game long. Afterward Phillips sent a baseball over to him that carried this handwritten message: “Dear Drunk Guy, thank you 4 all the love and support. Now take this ball and shut the f**k up.”

5. They are not funny.

People pay good money to see athletes play. They do not pay good money to see hecklers heckle, especially if a heckler’s jokes land like—sorry for the heckler-like terminology—turds. Not entertaining your audience is death for hecklers and comedians alike.

6. They are idiots.

Bud Light once made a TV commercial in which it celebrated, in a mocking, Jon Stewart sort of way, what it called “Real Men of Genius.” These geniuses were hecklers.

“Today we salute you, Mr. Pro Sports Heckler Guy,” said the voiceover in the spot. “They say those who can’t play, coach. Apparently those who can’t coach sit 30 rows back shirtless, shouting obscenities.”

Heckling in pop culture

Perhaps because people have such strong feelings about it, pro and con, heckling and hecklers appear frequently in pop culture. An annoying woman Kramer is dating heckles Jerry at a comedy club in a *Seinfeld* episode. The young Robert Downey Jr. does a riff on heckling in a screwball comedy he made with Rodney Dangerfield early in his career. The Heckle Depot, Bleacher Report, and Dr. Heckle are only three of the websites that revel in it. Twitter is awash with hecklers of every stripe, and YouTube shows comedy and sports heckler videos that draw millions of viewers.

Cartoons are another fertile area and have been for as long as there have been cartoons. In *The Heckling Hare*, from 1941, Bugs Bunny jumps onto the back of a dog he is torturing and asks, “Uh, let’s see. What can I do to this guy? Hmm, I got it.” Bugs’s mischief leads the dog to plummet off a cliff, and when the rascally rabbit peers down to look at him lying on the ground far below, he says what lots of hecklers say after they’ve dissed a player from an opposing team: “Too bad. Ah, but the jerk had it coming to him.”

Heckle and Jeckle were two wisecracking black birds that appeared in cartoons and comic books in the 1950s and ’60s. Billed as “the talking magpies,” they goofed on gullible dogs and many others, same as Bugs. Jeckle spoke like an upper-class Brit whereas Heckle was all Jersey or New York. Danny DeVito or Joe Pesci would be leading candidates to voice Heckle today.

On television in the late 1970s, Statler and Waldorf of *The Muppet Show* were two cranky old men—well, they were puppets—who heckled Rudolf Nureyev and other guest stars as well as other Muppets. After a sketch the camera would cut to Waldorf (the shorter, silver-haired one) and Statler (the taller, crankier one) commenting on it from their seats in a theater balcony.

“What was that?” asked Waldorf in one episode.

“It’s called ‘The Medium Sketch,’” answered Statler.

“The Medium Sketch?” echoed Waldorf.

“Yeah, it wasn’t rare and it certainly wasn’t well done,” riffed Statler.

After Waldorf described one guest star as “a great little actress,” Statler said, “Yes, and getting smaller all the time.” Statler had a kindly mean streak like Don Rickles and could not resist trash-talking even his best friend. “Don’t heckle me, you old fool,” Waldorf told him once. “Heckle him!” Fortunately they both heckled all with equally good-spirited malice.

As the screen showed pictures of Barry Bonds, Alex Rodriguez, and other scandal-plagued ballplayers, the voiceover went on, “Thanks to you our team is armed with game-winning tips like ‘Catch the ball,’ ‘Throw it,’ ‘You stink,’ ‘That sucks,’ and ‘What a bunch of losers.’ So here’s to you, O Sultan of Shouting. There may be no *I* in team, but thanks to you, there’s always an *F* and a *U*.”

7. They swear. A lot.

Yes they do, and this is one of the offenses that bring warnings from ushers and can get hecklers tossed.

8. They are racist pigs.

From George Stovey to Jimmy Claxton to Jackie Robinson, and from Robinson to Hank Aaron to Carl Crawford, the long history of baseball contains many instances of white fans hammering African Americans and other minorities simply for the color of their skin or their ethnic heritage. This has occurred in other sports too, and sadly, incidents of a racial nature still crop up from time to time in all sports.

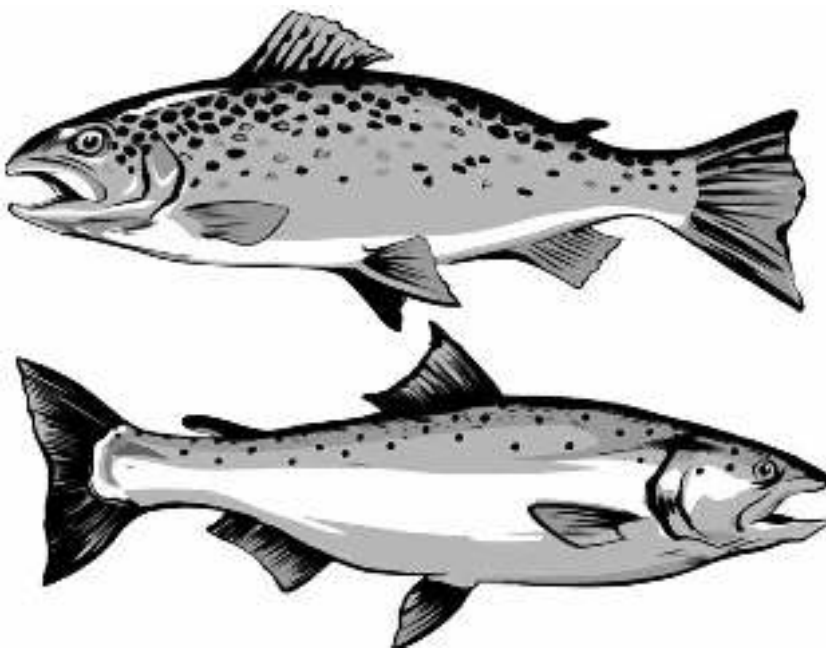
9. They are sexist and homophobic pigs.

Some hecklers use the C-word (rhymes with “bunt”) and the B-word (rhymes with “pitch”). They compare multimillion dollar athletes who jump from city to city and team to team to working girls on the street (rhymes with “score”). They gaily use anti-gay language such as the F-word (rhymes with “maggot”), and when Dallas Cowboys quarterback Tony Romo comes to town, they call him a disparaging term that rhymes

with his last name, as if he plays like someone who wears a dress or some such nonsense.

10. They say stuff that makes no sense.

Hecklers ridicule a player's mother, father, family, wife, his multiple ex-wives, his multiple child support payments, whatever flaws they can find in his Wikipedia bio, his low batting average ("I bowl higher than you hit"), his poor free throw stroke ("Brick!" just as he lets go of the ball), where he went to college, the fact that he may not be able to spell "college," his size (fat, skinny, short, tall, whatever), his fishy name ("Hey Trout, I like Salmon!" a much cleverer line than it might seem, as Tim



If his last name is Trout, call him Salmon. And vice versa.

Salmon was a sweet-hitting Angel outfielder when Mike Trout was still in diapers), his looks, and especially for a major league ballplayer, his beard:

“Hey Blackmon, you look like a free-range buffalo!”

This comment, made by Los Angeles heckler and filmmaker Bobby Crosby to bushy-faced Charlie Blackmon of the Colorado Rockies—and available for viewing, incidentally, on Crosby’s YouTube channel—was followed up by more Crosby comments about the outfielder after he struck out looking and then was ejected for arguing the call. “Blackmon,” he shouted, “you’re out, you omnivore. Free-range buffalo kicked out of game.”

Crosby’s nonsensical shtick drew laughs, unlike a lot of hecklers who make stuff up, say completely random things, and say whatever is on their mind, even if it’s nothing.

11. They are unoriginal.

Question: How many times can hecklers shout “You suck!” at players and expect the people sitting around them to smile and laugh hysterically?

Answer: Apparently it is limitless, as we discover in chapter 8, “The incredible, inevitable, unavoidable ‘You suck!’ chapter.” It is a chapter you should look forward to because it is entertaining and does not suck.

12. They have small penises.

Okay, this one is a little bit . . . out there. No one really believes hecklers have small penises, except possibly for The Fumble’s sports babe personality Crystal Marie Denha, who once

opened her online show by saying, “There’s not much more I hate than hecklers, especially sporting event hecklers. They’re loud, they’re annoying, and they probably have a penis no longer than my pinkie.” Besides, women are known to heckle too.

13. They interfere with players doing their jobs.

This is a common complaint, as noted by online basketball reporter Elie Seckbach in a piece about heckling in the NBA: “Now imagine getting heckled every time you go to work. Well, that’s what happens to NBA players.” Seckbach asked some players about the worst things that fans had said to them. Five-foot-five Denver Nuggets guard Earl Boykins, the Gary Coleman of pro basketball, said, “One of the fans yelled, ‘I thought this was an NBA game. I didn’t know this was a high school game.’”

14. They are, collectively speaking, a thumb in the eye of authority.

“Heckling can be seen as a disruption or a challenge to power,” psychologist Pamela Rutledge told a reporter in an interview on heckling, and let’s be real here: Powerful people typically do not like that. These include athletes, coaches, managers, referees and umpires, front office executives, owners, luxury box grandees, league commissioners, arena and stadium officials, corporate sponsors, TV and radio networks, and media personnel who have a vested interest in the lucrative world of pro sports.

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