



DEAR JAY RIGDON: IT WAS A JOKE, YOU FUSTALARIAN!

Another Original & Exclusive Column From The Mind of DINO COSTA

September 20, 2019

-Cheyenne, Wyoming

Simply, awful.

Awful Announcing is a website that covers the world of broadcasting, oftentimes doing so in acerbic and snarky ways.

The website is run by a devout liberal who sees the world through the prism of a social justice mentality and this is often reflected in the stories or critiques that appear on the website.

Yesterday as I was perusing this site I ran into a column written by a Jay Rigdon, who really should loosen up just a bit while purchasing a sense of humor at the same time.

Recently there was a story written in a newspaper in Albany, Georgia, a story that appeared back on September 7 that was titled: *CARLTON FLETCHER: Answers to ladies' questions about baseball.*

Jay Rigdon read this story and then wrote about it in a column for AA.

Jay was apparently so offended by the Carlton Fletcher piece that not only did this cause him hours of lost sleep – but in keeping with Awful Announcing work requirements – he responded with a critique that now has people all over America rushing to send him out invitations to attend their next house party considering the big ball of fun and festivity that Jay is.

If you want to know why our society has become so hypersensitive to just about everything and anything – well – there are lots of reasons, but a person like Jay Rigdon and the ways that he sees the world is one of them.

Carlton Fletcher, the author of the piece that left Jay Rigdon with his jaw on the floor of the AA offices (*wherever they might be*), writes for the Albany Herald.

In this September 7 story, he wrote, unless your brain has all of the intellectual horsepower of a gnat, or if you're someone who convolutes things unnecessarily like the aforementioned Jay Rigdon, you clearly read the Carlton Fletcher story and understood it was tongue-in-cheek humor designed to get a few chuckles.

But AA's Jay Rigdon saw a deeper and darker sinister story as he made his way from one Carlton Fletcher word to the next.

Yes, Jay Rigdon saw things in the Carlton Fletcher piece that had everything to do with things like misogyny and sexism – and objectification.

Of course, he did, because if he didn't, Jay Rigdon would never be allowed to write for Awful Announcing which serves in their capacity to cover the world of sports broadcasting by insisting on doing their part in being a torchbearer in an attempt to influence society to come to heel under the guidelines of political correctness and all things social justice-like.

Me? Well, because my IQ level is slightly above that of a gnat, and because I see myself as a sometimes self-deprecating individual who loves to laugh and make some jokes every now and then, I found Carlton Fletcher's piece to be what it was obviously intended to be: *A funny and sarcastic screed meant to generate a few chuckles.*

But chuckling isn't Jay Rigdon's game, nor the rest of the staff over at AA. Instead, they stand as a vanguard against the sort of obscene and scatological inventory of repulsive and odious thoughts that first come out of the mind of someone such as Carlton Fletcher, before then being put down on paper for the world to upchuck their grits all over the kitchen table while reading from the sports pages of this utterly malevolent and spiteful Albany Herald newspaper.

What's the issue here?

Well, Carlton Fletcher wrote a story on helping *some women* out there to better understand the game of baseball.

For instance, I ask you to consider the paragraph located directly below this one for only one example of Fletcher's piece;

“Some people, though, are always looking for ways to add a little flavor to their baseball viewing. For those folks, here’s a suggestion: Watch it with a female person who either doesn’t particularly care about the game or, better yet, watch it with a female person who not only doesn’t particularly care about the game but also knows nothing about it.”

(By the way, if that female person is willing to sit through a game that she cares and/or knows little or nothing about — without complaining, mind you — she might just be a keeper. And, guys, it wouldn’t hurt you to repay the favor by watching some kind of Chick Flick or dumb reality show with her, either of which might put you off your dinner. Just a friendly suggestion from a guy who understands the fairer sex about as well as quantum physics.)

I asked my wife to read the paragraph above – and not only did she find it funny – but she also told me that Carlton Fletcher is more than correct. My wife told me that if a woman is willing to watch baseball with a guy and she knows nothing about the game nor cares anything about it – then that man may have just found his perfect match.

I would think I could find millions of women who think about this the same way my own wife does.

Fletcher continued with his mischevious piece by writing, for instance, in an imaginary question and answer session, Fletcher writes:

QUESTION: Why do players pat each other on the butt all the time? Is there some kind of homo-erotic element of the game that we don’t know about?

ANSWER: As Sir Mix-a-Lot so aptly told us back in the day, guys like butts. (Sir Mix, big ones, but that’s his thing.) Since it is not, though, a good idea to express that sentiment or, worse yet, act on it in the everyday workplace, especially if your co-worker happens to be a female, guys just settle for a lesser thrill and do this with other guys on the ball field. For some reason, women don’t appreciate a good butt-pat and “good job” when they close an account or complete a delicate operation successfully. So guys just pat each others’ butts and move on.

Here is Jay Rigdon, a beacon of all things that are right these days in America and his response to the Q&A you just read:

“There’s quite a bit to unpack here, not least being his incredibly poor decision to attempt a joke about workplace harassment. But let’s instead focus on a different subtext here: Fletcher assuming that a congratulatory

butt slap is strictly the domain of men playing sports. It will shock none of you except Fletcher that no, women do this too! All the time, across a variety of sports and levels. The obvious inference is that Carlton Fletcher doesn't spend a lot of time watching women's sports. That probably wouldn't be much of a surprise given the rest of the column." – Jay Rigdon

In two words?

HOLY SHIT!

As if you need any further reasons why people all over America just can't wait to party with this guy?

Hey, Jay? Relax compadre...it was a damn joke, you dunce!

Carlton Fletcher made fun of workplace harassment? Well, I guess if you take this matter to another extraordinary level with a perception of Fletcher's words...if you're a person who sees the world and thinks about the world in such cynical and misanthropic ways (like Jay Rigdon)- if you're someone like that – then I guess just about anything is possible.

But I would guess that most people read that paragraph above that Fletcher wrote and they responded in the way that Fletcher intended when he wrote that paragraph...they either smiled or laughed. They did this because unlike someone like Jay Rigdon they don't have a stick up their ass that needs to be removed.

Rigdon then referred to Carlton Fletcher's last paragraph in his story as;
"a work of art."

You decide, here it is:

"So, there you go, ladies. You now know the answer to all the questions about baseball you've wondered about but have avoided asking your man. You're welcome. And, as an answer to your final question: No, neither I, your guy nor any other fan can get you Dansby Swanson's or Freddie Freeman's phone numbers."

So what do you think?

Personally, not only do I think Carlton Fletcher should be fired – but I also think he should be made to walk over 100 feet of hot coals at the Awful Announcing offices – before being put on a raft with a volleyball by

the name of Wilson and sent to the same island that Tom Hanks was in the movie Castaway.

As for Fletcher, after his story appeared he was sent some nasty messages by some of his readers who I guess feel all the ways that AA's Jay Rigdon does.

Fletcher then responded with this note to anyone and everyone who was somehow deeply offended by his stab at humor:

EDITOR'S NOTE: This column appeared in The Albany Herald on Sept. 7 to little fanfare. But it has created something of a national stir after being shared on websites by readers who assume this is some archaic example of a south Georgia redneck Neanderthal who believes a woman's place is in the kitchen. The inspiration for the story came while watching an Atlanta Braves game with a "female person" (which is not a swipe at women, incidentally, but an attempt to poke fun at the care with which we refer to gender these days) who remarked about players spitting all the time.

The column was a tongue-in-cheek poke at SOME women's response to the gross habits of men who play sports. In no way should anyone read into this that I don't think women know the intricacies of baseball nor understand the game. It was meant to be funny, and while I've learned that the humor is lost on many readers (Elaine Boozler? But I've always loved you ...) it should be noted that none of the women who are regular readers of The Herald expressed outrage over the contents of the column. But they're regular readers, while others who are not would not know the intent at humor. I love women. And I have always said that they are, by far, the superior gender. — Carlton Fletcher

Think nothing of it, Carlton, for us sane people in the world who haven't been seduced and then conquered by the insidious methods of political correctness, we completely understood the gist of your story and we actually laughed, smiled, got up, and then went on to something else to do in our lives without ever once thinking that your comedic thoughts were an affront to the women of the world.

Others, such as Jay Rigdon, rise up to meet each day with the intention of either finding something to complain about – or – something nice and positive to write about those in the broadcast world who hold the same political and societal views as those who write for the website Awful Announcing...which are thoughts and views considered a prerequisite for anyone ever hoping to be in their employ.

The Carlton Fletcher piece:

https://www.albanyherald.com/opinion/carlton-fletcher-answers-to-ladies-questions-about-baseball/article_6a48ce5e-d163-11e9-a53f-dbd778914cd2.html

The Jay Rigdon response:

<https://awfulannouncing.com/mlb/a-georgia-columnists-piece-explaining-baseball-to-women-is-somehow-evenworse-than-it-sounds.html>