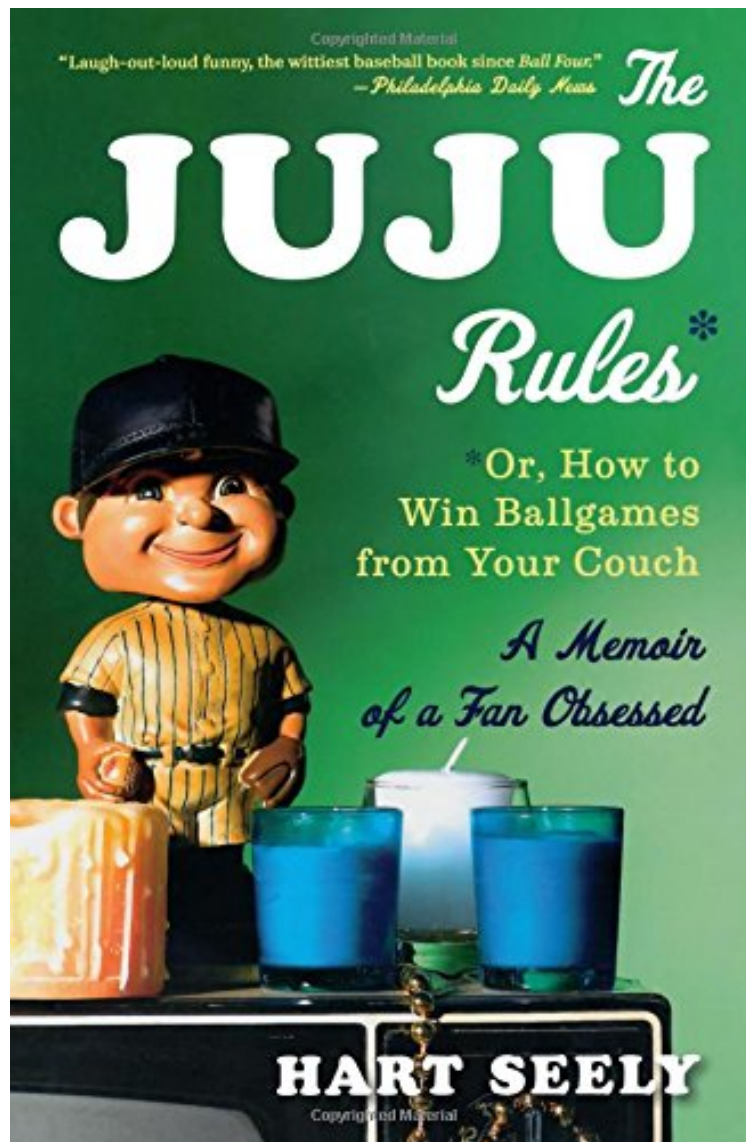


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# The Juju Rules: Or, How to Win Ballgames from Your Couch: A Memoir of a Fan Obsessed

Mr. Hart Seely

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**Mr. Hart Seely : The Juju Rules: Or, How to Win Ballgames from Your Couch: A Memoir of a Fan Obsessed** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Juju Rules: Or, How to Win Ballgames from Your Couch: A Memoir of a Fan Obsessed:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A must-read for all baseball fans, especially Yankee fansBy AthenanyThis book is hilarious. There were some parts of the narrative that were so funny I was actually crying and

had to read them out loud to my husband. Seely's descriptions of his "JuJu" moves will resonate with anyone who is a passionate sports fan, but especially a baseball fan. (And even more specifically, a Yankee fan.) 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A book even a Yankee-hater can love

By Stuff Lover

Admittedly, knowing some of the characters in Hart Seely's fantastic fan book made it even more hilarious (especially Chapter 18, Jay-Bird, as Jay was a very good friend). We worked together in the early 80s in Syracuse. I mean, it helps when you read something and imagine the actual author, someone you know, narrating in storyteller fashion as his face (and the faces of others) are part of the mix. Just amazingly funny is all I can say, but with some beautiful, poignant moments as well.

Now, on to the Yankee hating. I grew up in a small town in Pennsylvania, and because of guys like Yogi Berra and Joe Pepitone, most Italians (the town of 2,500 or so was 90 percent Italian in the 60s, and it was celebrated in Malcolm Gladwell's book, *Outliers*) absolutely worshiped the Yankees. Well, even more than Yogi and Joe, who were a big deal to my friends, was the fact that the Yankees ALWAYS won. Real tough rooting for the Yankees. It was one of their glory periods, the late 50s and through the 60s. I absolutely HATED the whole Yankee continuum. So what did I do as a kid? Root for the Phillies, a natural since Philly was 90 minutes south (NYC was 90 minutes east)? Nope. The Mets? Are you kidding me? No, I decided at around 9 or 10 that my team would be the San Francisco Giants, of Mays, McCovey and Marichal fame. To me, they were the anti-Yankees. Sure, they hardly won much of anything, but in my world view, they had the Yankees crushed when it came to one thing ... call it baseball cool. I remember bus tripping to Philly's Connie Mack Stadium as a Little Leaguer (we had one trip every year, wearing our uniforms no less) when I was 10 and the Giants, of all teams, were in town. Sitting in the outfield bleachers right behind the Say Hey Kid, well life didn't get any better than that. Of course, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the local church, sponsored several bus pilgrimages to the House That Ruth Built, and I once or twice I made the trip to cheer for anyone playing the Yankees, just like Hart's dad. The most memorable visit came in 1964 when we went for a doubleheader - Yankees vs. Tony Oliva and the Minnesota Twins. It was bat day (Remember them? Now, imagine Phillies vs. Mets and Bat Day in 2012. Ugly). Today, right in the corner of my office as I type this note is the bat I got that day, a Bobby Richardson signature slapped on it. Nope, never used it. But I still remember being in Yankee Stadium ... and rooting for the Twins. Mantle and Maris both homered that day. Even so, the Twins swept. Ahhh. A Yankee hater's dream day at the ballpark. Anyway, thanks Hart, for the first book about baseball that I ever read cover to cover. Highly recommended.

What sports fan among us hasn't practiced the art of juju? 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Great fun, highly recommended

By Tommy O

Hart Seely and I share a passion for the Yankees and the game of baseball. The difference between us is that he is able to tell really funny stories about how that passion has impacted his life. This is a charming and entertaining memoir about growing up with the serious fan's affliction, and Seely is quite entertaining. But it's not actually all about baseball, which is why I would recommend it even to non-fans. Seely is fun to read and he delivers lots of smiles and plenty of laughs with this book. I enjoyed it a great deal, and in the end it was quite touching and sensitive as he looked back on his lifetime of being a fan as well as his important relationships with friends and family. It's surprising how much truth and wisdom comes from a man whose baseball fanaticism sometimes borders on superstition and lunacy. But in the end, his honest assessments provide the big payoff that makes this a memorable read.

Did you know there is a secret to winning ballgames? It's not the players, managers, money, or luck. It's juju, and no one knows it better than Hart Seely, who may be the world's biggest Yankees fan and juju practitioner. In this uproarious, unforgettable fan confessional, Hart Seely explores how his career and life are inextricably bound to the fate of his beloved franchise, showing that an extreme love can be a powerful passion in the best way.

.com Hart Seely on The Juju Rules

What exactly is juju? Juju is the anecdotal science of influencing the outcome of sporting events through seemingly unrelated acts, in the comfort and privacy of your home. It combines the most recent revelations from the Large Hadron Collider to other unexplainable phenomena, such as the inability of a certain millionaire Yankee third baseman to hit with runners on base. Could juju affect sports other than baseball? Football, possibly. I've tried it over the years with the New York Giants, but frankly, Eli Manning is a total crapshoot. As for basketball and hockey, forget it. They're too chaotic. You can't be flinging juju into your TV during a two-on-one fast break. Proper juju requires 20 to 30 seconds of down time between each pitch. That's just enough time to focus on the pitcher, to concentrate on the situation, and to ponder what a failure you are in life--until now, when you can finally do something to help your team. Was there ever one Yankee game that your observance of the juju rules most affected? Ever hear of a fellow named Bucky Dent? I'm the reason why in Boston he has a special middle name. How has your life of juju affected your family? Well, I'm still married, and the kids haven't become Satanists, or Red Sox fans. I think everyone in the house realizes, at least on some subconscious level, that their lives will be slightly happier if the Yankees win. They won't have to fear finding me in the basement. But my kids have never openly practiced juju, unless they were working the weather for a snow day. Couldn't your juju theories be used against the Yankees? OK. Here's an anecdote for you. The story goes that Albert Einstein had just finished writing a big equation on the chalkboard at Princeton--maybe it was Nevada-Las Vegas, I'm sketchy--when the class dork raises his hand and says,

"But Professor Einstein, couldn't your formula be used to build a bomb?" The whole room goes Greta Garbo. You can hear the roaches. So what does Einstein do? He erases the board. Class dismissed. Nobody even gets homework. Well, before publishing what I know about juju, I considered doing the same. Yes, this book could put enormous destructive power into the hands of small market radicals, such as fans of the Cleveland Indians. But we in the Yankee fan base cannot stifle the advancement of juju. Every American child deserves access to juju. Every family should have the opportunity to torture a couch--and win a game. As a free society, we must move forward. We must let juju shine upon every town, every home, every person, regardless of race, religion, or team. A new world is at hand, and we must not fear it. This book is not merely a recipe for revolution, but it's a pedagogy for peace, a formula for the future, a manifesto for mankind. You know, in many ways, I didn't choose to write this book. This book chose. . . to write. . . me. Hart Seely's Top Ten Juju Rules Overall, 27 juju "rules" dictate how fans can influence the outcome of sporting events from the comfort and privacy of their own homes. We asked juju master Hart Seely to list his ten top commandments. . . 1. TELL NO ONE. Remember the first rule of Fight Club? ("Never talk about Fight Club.") Same here, but double it. 2. NEVER TRY TO PROVE JUJU WORKS. Waste of time. Juju does not perform in clinical tests. 3. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A LUCKY SHIRT. If there was, trust me, you wouldn't own it. 4. IT'S OK TO ABUSE INANIMATE OBJECTS. After a brutal defeat, a door should expect to be slammed. (Note: Waterboarding remains cruel and barbaric. We in America do NOT torture inanimate objects.) 5. BE NEGATIVE. In life, let the glass be half-full. But always expect your team to lose. Worst-case scenario: You're a visionary. 6. NEVER HOST A VICTORY PARTY FOR AN UPCOMING GAME. A guaranteed defeat and a lousy party. 7. NEVER HARM YOUR TELEVISION. No matter what happens on screen, it's not her fault. 8. NEVER ASK GOD TO FIX A GAME. He has more important things to do, and He doesn't need a point-shaving scandal. 9. WHEN A STRATEGY WORKS, DON'T ABUSE IT. You cannot hop on one foot throughout an entire season. Save your best for the World Series. 10. EVERY GAME IS THE WORLD SERIES. Are we clear?