



The Yankees beat the Indians with large sticks and discarded auto parts to the tune of 14-1, meaning that the Indians have now played two games at Not The Jake and have yet to hold an opponent to single-digits runs. Here is the salient fact of the game: by giving up 11 hits, including 3 home runs, and 7 runs in 5 1/3 innings, Brett Myers was, by a good margin, the more-effective pitcher for the Tribe. Also, Mark Reynolds struck out.

FINAL

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The B-List: 4/9

Written by {ga=stevebuffum}

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Indians (3-5)

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W: Pettitte (2-0)

L: Carrasco (0-1)

*The only thing worse than being talked about is talking about the Cleveland Indians.
-- Oscar Wilde (paraphrased)*

1) B-List Literary Edition: Carlos Carrasco

Today's comparison: Julian, "Less Than Zero," Bret Easton Ellis

I nearly read this book once. In it, the main character, Bret Easton Ellis, returns home from college to find out that his best friend, Bret Easton Ellis, is in the depths of a massive cocaine problem and is paying off his enormous debts by working as a male prostitute (among other things). The poorly-written book was turned into a film of marginal value, notable only for its "Life Imitates Art" turn of having Robert Downey Jr. play Robert Downey Jr. The difference between the self-absorption quotients of Ellis and Downey in 1987 is an exercise left to the reader. Strike that: don't read it.

When faced with adversity in the second inning, Carlos Carrasco responded once by inducing a double-play grounder to Ichiro Suzuki, which ten years ago would have been inconceivable. He then allowed a hit to Eduardo Nunez, which seems inconceivable even now. And then a 2-0 single to Lyle Overbay, who is dead. Then a four-straight-balls walk to Francisco Cervelli, who is a rhododendron. And then a two-run single to Brett Gardner, and a two-run double to Robinson Cano, and then the game was effectively over.

Sadly, they make you keep playing, and Carrasco tried hard to give up a hit to Travis Hafner, but could not. So it tried to give up a homer to Vern Wells, but ... c'mon, it's Vern Wells. So he settled for a homer to Suzuki, and later a four-pitch walk to Gardner, and then a 400-plus-foot homer to Cano and then he hit Kevin Youkilis with the next pitch. Then he was ejected, which was good and bad: it was good because we didn't have to watch him pitch any more, and bad for just about every other reason on Earth.

I chose Julian because he was a punk (in two senses!) and had no redeeming value and I'd like Robert Downey Jr. to pitch in Carrasco's next turn. He seems pretty buff from those "Iron Man" movies. Also, the title of the book describes how much I am looking forward to writing about Carlos Carrasco's next start, which will probably be for Columbus.

2) B-List Literary Comparison: Brett Myers

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Today's comparison: Cash Bundren, "As I Lay Dying," William Faulkner

I read this book in high school because I felt forced to do so. In retrospect, the average A.P. English teacher can do more than cajole or browbeat, but I read the book nonetheless. In the story, a family of characters you cannot believe exists on this planet but probably did hauls the corpse of the matriarch across places you've never been for no discernible purpose. Faulkner uses the innovative approach of writing in each character's internal monologue, which has the effect of making 17-year-olds wish they hadn't taken A.P. English. To this day, "As I Lay Dying" remains one of the books I would never have read had I not taken A.P. English.

The eldest son, Cash, is notable in that he does not speak, and in his one (one!) section of the book in which he gets to think, drones on about how he made the coffin on a bevel. That's it. That's the sum total of Cash Bundren in this book. He works hard, and then he breaks his leg, and they set it with cement (cement! On his bare skin!), and he suffers a lot. And then the book ends. His sister is pregnant. His youngest brother thinks his mother is a fish. This book is written a lot better than anything Bret Easton Ellis has ever written, and I *still* don't recommend it. I admit to a certain degree of Philistinism here.

Brett Myers was called in to clean up after Carrasco, and did not pitch well. As noted in the introduction, he gave up 11 hits in 5 1/3 IP. Three of them were home runs. Two of them travelled over 400 feet. He gave up seven runs because the Yankees got tired. He did have a nice 9:3 GO:FO ratio, which makes the homers that much more puzzling. But he probably didn't expect to pitch 5 1/3 innings and only did so because Carrasco behaved like a post-toddler. (I say "post" because toddlers' behavior can be excused to a certain extent because they haven't developed a sense of self or morals or understanding and are largely Pure Id: after that, you're just being a dick.) He kept his head down, he took his abuse, then they encased his leg in concrete and he finished the game.

Honorable Mention: Boxer, "Animal Farm," George Orwell. He responded to adversity by working harder. And, after the game, the Indians' front office turned Brett Myers into glue.

3) Credit Where Credit Is Due Dept.

On what planet was it considered a good idea to bat Drew Stubbs in the leadoff slot?!?!?

Well, one in which they pay attention, that's which planet.

In a three-year coagulation of 2010-2012, Stubbs hit .225/.298/.347 against right-handed pitching. This is unfortunate, because this represents close to 75% of the plate appearances he made. But against left-handed pitching, like that of Tuesday's starter Andy Pettitte, Stubbs hit .275/.345/.474. Combined with his speed, this makes Stubbs a perfectly valid choice to lead off in this game.

And it paid immediate dividends, of a sort: Stubbs led off the game with a double, although he did not score. His next time up, he hit a two-out double and once again did not score. I have certainly gotten on Drew Stubbs already in this young season, but this is a fine day at the plate and in fact represents the highest number of Total Bases collected by any leadoff hitter for the Indians this season. Sure, his OBP of .207 is a smidge below Mike Bourn's .400. But if I'm going to rail against a guy when he does poorly, the least I can do is acknowledge when he has a good game, and Drew Stubbs had a good game.

4) Credit Where Credit Is Due Dept. II

Nick Swisher banged out a pair of singles, and with the amusement that is Small Samples, now has the .400 OBP we all hoped and dreamed about.

Asdrubal Cabrera smacked his second homer of the season and now sports an ISO of .234. Sure, this comes with a .133 AVG, but cherries need to be picked.

5) The entire rest of the offense

Was completely worthless.

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6) The ducks! The ducks!

Oh.

For.

Seven.

Eight men left on base.

The Yankees, who had 18 hits and 3 walks and a hit batsman and were the beneficiaries of two Cleveland errors, left 7 on base.

7) Sobering Perspective

Had every Cleveland baserunner left on base scored, we would still have lost. By five runs.

8) Welcome to the Club!

Yan Gomes, I don't know who you are.

Omír Santos, I do actually know who you are (Hi, Dad! Santos was a Met.), but it doesn't actually matter.

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Santos and Gomes combined to go 0-for-5 and generally made me pine for Tofu Lou. Lou deserved the day off, though. So did Carlos Santana. So did I.