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WHO'S EMBARRASSING PHILLY THIS WEEK: *CROSSING BROAD* COMMENTERS

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Forget throwing snowballs at Santa.

Forget booing a horizontal Michael Irvin.

Forget Pukemon, the guy that chucked a D battery at JD Drew, and any homophobic Mummer.

The worst people in Philadelphia are on the internet.

More specifically, they are the collective trash dump that are the anonymous commenters on "Philadelphia's Most Irreverent Sports Blog", Kyle Scott's *Crossing Broad*.

For the uninitiated, *Crossing Broad* is the most widely-read independent sports blog in Philly. Picture if Comcast SportsNet and TMZ had a very ugly baby. Picture if... nope, that's about exactly right. In fact, the other day, a Twitter denizen compared *CB* to TMZ, to which Scott responded "This guy doesn't realize this is mostly a compliment."

Much has been written about Kyle Scott, founder, editor, and fire-stoker-in-chief of *Crossing Broad* and his blog. He isn't afraid to be everything that the traditional media's sports blogs aren't, and 'irreverent' is just the beginning. He eschews breaking down plays and game recaps in favor of which player is cheating with which other player's wife and what epithet is coming out of Riley Cooper's mouth today and where Jeff Carter is vacationing (yes, still). And not only is that what Scott wants, it's what he thrives on.

But lurking deep underneath the always-fun, regularly-snarky, and often-controversial content of *Crossing Broad* lies a cross-section of some of the worst people in Philly.

Literally underneath. Scroll down below even the most innocuous of *Crossing Broad's* posts and you'll find a trove of the most vile collection of sleaze and neanderthal spewdom on the journalistic internet.

Crossing Broad's comment section is the internetification of everything the rest of the country reviles most about what they think Philly sports fans are like. It's (unabashedly) unedited. It's (mostly) unmoderated. It's misogynistic. It's racist. It's homophobic. It's click bait.

It's about who should fellatiate whom. Who should engage in sodomy with whom. Who is an n-word, who is a c-word, and who is a f-word. It's about the Scott's genitals. It's about Scott's finance. It's about Scott's family. It's posts written in fake-first-person by "Sheena Parveen" and "Lauren Hart" and "Rhea Hughes" and what they would do to whatever athlete-of-the-day in their bondage and bestiality fan fiction. And in whatever opinion they hold, in whatever subject – often unrelated to the post – they are always 100% right. Most websites have trolls. *Crossing Broad* is all trolls, all the time.

And that's just fine with Scott. For what it's worth, *CB's* comment section – part Howard Stern wack-pack, part prison work-release – is a community of like-minded people. They are at once those that identify with Pukemon and those that castigate Pukemon rolled into one. They make Angelo Cataldi's yes-man callers look downright pious.

"They are who they are," says Scott. "They're very smart, even when they're going off and doing their thing. There's a lot of 'out there' stuff in the comments, but there is also a lot of great commentary. They like to start arguments, they like to point out everything they can find issue with, they can get riled up. But they also have a

lot of intelligent things to say. I'm not the comment police; I'm sending information out into the world and letting the world discuss it as they see fit."

And the commenters know this is who they are and where they can come to be these people before returning home to middle class lives. "This site is intended for mature audiences only," clearly states *Crossing Broad's* comment policy. "WARNING: There are no rules governing conduct on this site. Offensive dialog may be presented." Understatement of the year.

If you live in the modern world, you've seen just how bad trolls and racists and Trumppers get online. That's why major (and mostly corporate-owned) websites in and out of sports have shifted to heavily-moderated comment sections, with many turning them off completely. But I challenge you to find a main-stream site with as much foul and sleazy white-privilege vitriol, hostility, and crudeness as Scott's followers.

And despite nastiness – even often directed at Scott himself, his very kind and very sweet wife Dana, and (often especially) fellow *CB* writer Jim Adair – and despite bringing together a collection of characters who truly do personify exactly what the rest of the nation thinks of us, maybe we should embrace it.

In our deepest of souls, maybe we are those that fling Ed Snider Tribute Bands onto the ice. Or those still sitting in Vet Stadium Jail. Or the drunkards that poured beer on Al Arbour. Or the kid tasered at the Phillies game. Or Craigslist World Series ticket sex woman.

Maybe we are the 700 Level. Maybe we are Donovan McNabb's draft boo-birds.

Maybe it's okay that some of us embrace it, even if most of us never would.