

"Mr. Bacon, often using a dazzling technical skill, jettisons narrative in favor of thematic juxtapositions working best when exploring the clichés of social and cultural ritual." —Time Out

"Whatever one thought of Cold Bacon's earlier work, one could see that his choices mean a great deal—that he knew how to create a mood, sustain a style, subversively invert a cliché. But his use of styles and references feels increasingly arbitrary and eccentric, segments joined together by associations and loyalties that can't possibly mean as much to anyone else as they mean to him." —David Denby, *The New Yorker*

"It's okay that he tries to copy me." —Donald Barthelme

coldbacon

/bsides.html

C O . ESTAB. 1902

B-SIDES

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The cross should be venerated, not eaten

/bsides.html

The following pieces were all left out of the original book ([index.html](#)) for any one of a number of different reasons, which will be obvious. Also it may be of some value to note that most of not all of these (we'll call them) things were written or collected between 2002-2006.

Chapter I – Redundant Material

Dear sir,

A few weeks ago, my 8 year old son, who's dying, wrote you an email telling you how much he enjoyed your website. He was very upset to never hear back from you, but I guess you have better things to do with your time than respond to friendly emails.

Good day sir.

Pants

The other day I noticed some guy's pants were wrinkled. I think I'm turning into a girl. It wouldn't have been so bad, but you see, the thing is—they weren't *that* wrinkled.

Birds

Birds are free not because they can flit and fly around without a care, but because they can take a shit anywhere, any time, no questions asked.

Your New Shoes

When are your new shoes not your new shoes anymore?

Musicians

Never trust a musician who isn't sweating.

Indecision

Whenever I can't make up my mind, I just walk away and say I'll come back to it later.

Police Officers

Whenever I see someone talking to police officers in public places, I always think it's because deep down a part of them wants to be dominated, or tazed.

We need a word for when you realize you've been listening to an infomercial for the last two hours, but were just too busy doing whatever to get up and change it. Infomercial, television. It's all the same.

Real wood is beautiful. It makes you want to run your fingers across the grains. Don't.

Most suburban families have a nice arrangement with the electric and gas company. They'll charge you whatever they want, and you'll pay it.

The fastest way to get someone from point A to point B is to turn it down about 20 degrees, Fahrenheit.

It's all good as long as you tell people what they're getting. Don't tell someone who's blindfolded he's drinking orange juice then give him milk. Worst thing ever.

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Did you mean: ***chicken rice over cliff in movies***

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<http://www.google.com/search?q=how do i make a bacardi silver>

Okay...let me tell you the story about the guy and the \$1.50...

<http://aolsearch.aol.com/dirsearch.adp?query=Why do soda cans burst>
<http://search.aol.com/minisearch.adp?query=beers name bastard &first=11&last=20>
<http://search.icq.com/dirsearch.adp?query=WHO ARIADNE WAS ?&with=all&users=1>

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<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=beer or cola healthier>
<http://www.google.com/search?q=are carbonated beverages bad &lr=&safe=off&start=20&sa=N>
<http://aolsearch.aol.com/search?query=how to carbonate a soft drink first=11&last=25&next=time>
<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=making a slut>

*

<http://www.google.com/search?=en&q=jones soda contain alcohol %3F&spell=1>
<http://www.google.com/search?=jones soda too sweet>
<http://www.google.com/search?hl=ar&q=I dont like anybody>

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<http://www.google.com/search?=stuff floating in sobe green tea>
<http://web.ask.com/web?q=how much arizona green tea is bad for you>
<http://www.google.com/search?=ah&q=give me a review on soda without telling me its soda>

<http://search.msn.ca/results?q=rating gatorade drink health concerns &FORM=QBRE>
<http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&lr=&q=old lady rates beverages>
<http://www.altavista.com/web/results?q=beverages not launched in india but launched in us>

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<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=what kind of beverage is good to drink when thirsty>
<http://search.msn.com/previewx.aspx?q=where can I buy snapple from>
<http://www.hotbot.com/default.asp?query=Is their ginseng in arizona>
<http://web.ask.com/?=Why does energy drinks make your hands shake?>
<http://aolsearch.aol.com/search?=what effects mountain dew has on you>
<http://www.google.com.hk/search?=crazy people drinks own water>

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<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=effect of alcholic bevereges>
<http://search.msn.com/results?q=Cocaine added to alcoholic beverages>
<http://search.msn.com/results.aspx?q=water is non carbonated non caffeine drinks the same>

I hear you brother.

<http://search.yahoo.com/search?=What does John Ashcroft do?>
<http://search.yahoo.com/search?=what does is the job of John Ashcroft do?>
<http://de.search.yahoo.com/search?=import root beer from Thailand &prssweb=Suche>

<http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&ie=UTF-8&oe=UTF-8&q=where do certain phrases come from?>

<http://www.google.com/search?q=where did phrases come from>

<http://www.google.com/search?hl=phrases that come from one thing that we use>

*

<http://www.google.com/search?=phrases that get you thinking>

<http://www.google.com/search?hl=es&ie=&oe=phrases of pain>

<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=lunch phrases>

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<http://aolsearch.aol.com/search?=how to inspire your man in bed>

<http://www.google.com/search?q=make a tevo&hl=en&lr=&ie=UTF->

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<http://www.google.com/search?=UTF-8&=reality television good or bad>

<http://search.yahoo.com/bin/search?p=good side of television>

<http://www.google.it/search?q=blind date ass>

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<http://google.yahoo.com/bin/query?p=Why television is a good thing>

<http://www.google.ca/search?q=simpson's are clever>

<http://web.ask.com/web?o=10361&qsrc=6&q=John Ritter Spank Kids>

*

<http://search.aol.com/dirsearch.adp?=Woody Allen AND Beethoven>

<http://search.aol.com/dirsearch.adp?query=all the man you need>


[http://www.google.co.uk/search?=&does baked beans contain a lot of fat](http://www.google.co.uk/search?=&does+baked+beans+contain+a+lot+of+fat)

[http://www.google.com/search?=&is it ok to eat clam chowder while pregnant &spell=1](http://www.google.com/search?=&is+it+ok+to+eat+clam+chowder+while+pregnant+&spell=1)


[http://www.google.com/search?hl=&how to open health valley soup cans](http://www.google.com/search?hl=&how+to+open+health+valley+soup+cans)

[http://www.google.com/search?hl=&inhale chicken salad sandwich](http://www.google.com/search?hl=&inhale+chicken+salad+sandwich)

[http://www.altavista.com/query?s+text&Translate=&retort canned food](http://www.altavista.com/query?s+text&Translate=&retort+canned+food)



I worry that
my work will go
unnoticed



When you put Nestlé Quick (or something) in milk. And you turn over a lump. And it's all dry inside. That's cool.

When you're working late, all alone, and you swear you can hear a faint Windows proprietary sound, even though your computer's not on? That's a poltergeist.

If you've ever gotten on movielistings.com and typed in some other zip code—you know—just to see.

It's rude to say you don't mean to pry. Say you don't mean to be indiscreet.

When life gives you lemons, make lemonade. When life gives you cyanide, take it.



I have a hard time throwing away just about anything made before 1960.

I used to keep a folder full of emails I had sent to people, which still hadn't been answered. I don't do that anymore.

How many dirty little secrets do you have? I have nineteen.

I work hard in the hope that some day I might do the things I could be doing now.

I don't want kids because I don't want to have to lie about them to Santa.

With regard to the unfettered or extra architecture of the university setting, I would never say one bad word. Because I have lived in those hidden places.

If I finish a book, and I haven't learned something about how submarines work, then that was a bad book.

4/23/07

Today, I used someone else's Flickr picture to make my point. Is it plagiarism if nobody looks at your site anyway? What if you just don't care?

4/23/07

Favorite YouTube clip just got pulled!

4/23/07

Today, I decided to stop seeing movies I don't like. Tomorrow, I will buy two tickets.

4/23/07

Today, I sent out four emails to people I've never met. Awesome.

4/23/07

I just saw a little kid carrying a type-writer down the street.

4/23/07

I just saw two more! Little kids. Walking down the street, with machinery. This time I couldn't tell what it was exactly.

4/23/07

I have a new favorite YouTube clip!!

/comedy/mitchhedberg.html

“A comedian shouldn't be like pancakes, all exciting at first, but by the end you're fucking sick of 'em.”

– Mitch Hedberg

I first saw Mitch Hedberg on Dr. Katz and was instantly impressed with his amusing and original style. A brilliant comedian, and master of the micro-anecdote.

To his credit, he is willing to take risks and is constantly experimenting with new material. Mitchell is not afraid to tell jokes he knows might not “kill” as he puts it. But he tells them anyway. Maybe he just can’t help it. Either way, Mitch is a great talent who will continue to improve over time.

A while back, Mitch and I had some pleasant correspondence going, until I decided to start telling him some of my ideas about his comedy and specific ways I thought it could be *even better*. This was my first experience with alienating a professional comedian.

[http://www.google.ca/search?hl=Campbell's Italian style tomato soup Do they still make it](http://www.google.ca/search?hl=Campbell's+Italian+style+tomato+soup+Do+they+still+make+it)

[http://www.google.com/search?hl=don't like Campbell's new recipe for cream of mushroom](http://www.google.com/search?hl=don't+like+Campbell's+new+recipe+for+cream+of+mushroom)

[http://www.google.com/search?hl=make your own](http://www.google.com/search?hl=make+your+own)

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[http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&q=cheese good or bad](http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&q=cheese+good+or+bad)

[http://www.altavista.com/cgi-bin/query?q=milk and the moon](http://www.altavista.com/cgi-bin/query?q=milk+and+the+moon)

[http://search.msn.com/results.aspx?q=the truth about what is really going on the moon](http://search.msn.com/results.aspx?q=the+truth+about+what+is+really+going+on+the+moon)

[http://search.iwon.com/multisearch.jsp?searchfor=sad dumplings](http://search.iwon.com/multisearch.jsp?searchfor=sad+dumplings)

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<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=cottage cheese dangerous>
<http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&q=does cheddar cheese go bad>
<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=bad side of cream cheese>

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<http://www.google.co.uk/search?hl=en&q=cheese well nice cheese>
<http://search.yahoo.com/search?ei=&fr=&p=how long does it take for cream cheese to get to room temperature>
<http://www.google.ca/search?biw=779&q=My feta cheese tastes moldy>

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<http://www.google.com/search?q=What can happen from eating moldy cheese?&hl=en&lr=&safe=off>
<http://www.google.com/search?=what kind of cheese is brie>
<http://www.google.com/search?q=cheese is too much>

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<http://www.google.com/search?q=people who never vomit>
<http://www.google.ca/search?q=how to tell if pot is good>
<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=tree too big>
<http://www.google.com/search?q=the texas chainsaw massacre directors cut on vhs in australia>
<http://google.com/search?hl= close details on the movie snatch music scenery time>
<http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&lr=&ie=Gene Siskel's pick for third best movie>

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<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=sex on television okay>
<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=list of romantic rated r movies that consists of more sex & nudity>
<http://google.yahoo.com/bin/query?p=one stare hotel in Vienna>

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[http://www.google.com/search?q=movies suck nowadays](http://www.google.com/search?q=movies+suck+nowadays)
[http://search.yahoo.com/search?fi=ush-movies&p=current movies suck](http://search.yahoo.com/search?fi=ush-movies&p=current+movies+suck)
[http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=what movies was going in 1986](http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=what+movies+was+going+in+1986)

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[http://www.google.com.au/search?q=how to write a negative film review on Amelie](http://www.google.com.au/search?q=how+to+write+a+negative+film+review+on+Amelie)
[http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=Are there any good films?](http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=Are+there+any+good+films?)
[http://websearch.naver.com/search/bin/query=We must see film!](http://websearch.naver.com/search/bin/query=We+must+see+film!)

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[http://search.yahoo.com/search?=is bacon safe to eat after it has expired](http://search.yahoo.com/search?=is+bacon+safe+to+eat+after+it+has+expired)
[http://search.yahoo.com/search?=how much does a penny worth after 200 yrs from now?](http://search.yahoo.com/search?=how+much+does+a+penny+worth+after+200+yrs+from+now?)
[http://google.yahoo.com/bin/query?=basketball referees](http://google.yahoo.com/bin/query?=basketball+referees)

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[http://search.yahoo.com/search?=kaiser sushi character in The Usual Suspects movie](http://search.yahoo.com/search?=kaiser+sushi+character+in+The+Usual+Suspects+movie)
[http://search.dmoz.org/search?search=decent Girls](http://search.dmoz.org/search?search=decent+Girls)
[http://www.morocco.com/search/search.cgi?search=arab girls](http://www.morocco.com/search/search.cgi?search=arab+girls)
[http://search.kingston-internet.net/start/?search=naked girls](http://search.kingston-internet.net/start/?search=naked+girls)
[http://au.google.yahoo.com/bin/query_au?p=snake girls](http://au.google.yahoo.com/bin/query_au?p=snake+girls)

Oooh, yeah.

[http://websearch.cnn.com/search?=thank you poems for music directors](http://websearch.cnn.com/search?=thank+you+poems+for+music+directors)
[http://google.yahoo.com/bin/query?=love poerty for your crush](http://google.yahoo.com/bin/query?=love+poerty+for+your+crush)
[http://search.yahoo.com/search?=poetry on fuck](http://search.yahoo.com/search?=poetry+on+fuck)
[http://www.google.it/search?hl=8&q=she doesn't want to fuck](http://www.google.it/search?hl=8&q=she+doesn't+want+to+fuck)

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[http://www.google.com/search?q=is tazo passion tea good for you](http://www.google.com/search?q=is+tazo+passion+tea+good+for+you)
[http://www.de.lycos.de/pursuit?cat=lycos&query=simply the best lyrics](http://www.de.lycos.de/pursuit?cat=lycos&query=simply+the+best+lyrics)
[http://search.msn.com/web=what the fuck ever happened to good music](http://search.msn.com/web=what+the+fuck+ever+happened+to+good+music)

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<http://www.ask.com/web?q=where did i find the recipe for starbucks banana nut loaf>

<http://www.google.com/search?q=i have no friends>

<http://www.google.com/search?q=buy cheese with walnuts>

*

<http://www.google.com/?q=best canned soup>

<http://aolsearch.aol.com/search?=canned beans that taste like real>

<http://www.northernlight.com/nlquery?ho=junior pedophilia writings>

*

<http://www.google.de/search?def&cat=gwd%=Definition taqueria>

<http://google.yahoo.com/bin/query?p=three girlfriends>

<http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&=alice in wonderland eat me drink me props>

<http://www.yahoo.com/search?=analysis overall of the dune film poster>

<http://www.go.com/Titles?webtv=true&cool=socially liberal republicans>

<http://search.msn.com/aspx?q=He took me in to a nother room and started touching me>

*

<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=how much does french cheese cost>

<http://www.google.com/search?&ie=most expensive cheese>

<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=italian black market cheese>

*

<http://search.yahoo.com/search?p=Does cheese cause memory lost>

<http://search.yahoo.com/search?ei=movies where a character is afraid of isolation>

*

[http://search.msn.com/results?q=*bacon boy and bacon bit*](http://search.msn.com/results?q=bacon boy and bacon bit)

Dear Sir or Madam,

Thank you very much for your email. It was really fantastic. Due to the [bla bla bla], it may take anywhere from days to weeks before I can get to your email. Eventually, I guarantee you will get some kind of response.

We appreciate your patience, and thanks again for your email.

Cuttlefish

Tuna melt

I am a deep sea driver

*It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
“That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all.”*

Jokes not coming across on email? Losing friends left and right? Everyone thinks you're a psycho? Yes, well. Consider your problems over. Forever. With Meaning Mate 3.0! From the people who didn't bring you ICQ! This revolutionary new program will help you once and for all start saying what you actually meant to say in that last email.

Here's how it works.

In standard mode, while you compose your message, an unobtrusive menu bar appears at the bottom of your screen. Whenever you hit a trouble spot, just find and click the appropriate explicon™, and it appears [in brackets] in the body of your email. It's so easy!™

Here's an example:

>yeah, I'm sure you'd love that...

becomes

>[sarcastic] yeah, I'm sure you'd love that...

Or, if you want to make things really easy, you can set it on "hands free" mode, and Meaning Mate 3.0 will automatically interpret your meaning and insert the proper explicons™ for you. No more wasting good time proofreading or worrying about choosing the right words. Just type away whatever pops into your head, and

let Meaning Mate 3.0 do the rest. The program will get to know you over time, using our patented Persona™ technology, based on neural networking. [1](#)—Meaning Mate 3.0 works with Microspot, G-dora and Hotmail. Get it now and get back your freedom to self-express. Take a look at Meaning Mate 3.0 in action. We received this email:

From: maybeagirl
To: coldbacon
Subject: your t shirts

In this week's Enquirer, Ginger Spice of the Spice Girls is wearing a T-Shirt that says "Yoga Kills". It's hand-written in pink puffy paint on a pink shirt. Can you get in touch with her? She's a candidate for the "Role Model" tee. Wait, have you already been in touch with her?

I like the "art hater" shirt, but am I not very intellectual if my favorite one is "shoplifter"? I could say that the reason I like it is because minorities (read: blacks) are always assumed to be the shoplifters. Ha! I'm so white! And I have a leather purse!

Still like you,

- M

And here is the reply generated using Meaning Mate 3.0™ in "hands free" mode:

From: coldbacon
To: maybeagirl
Subject: re: your t shirts

[perfunctory and thinly veiled hostility] Hey, how's it going. Nice to hear from you finally. [sarcasm] Damn spice girls edging me out again.

[declarative] No, you're not un-intellectual. You don't have to "hate art" as i do. Actually, "shoplifter" is the most recent addition, and I think it's good. Anyone can

wear it in any store, or not in a store, like, let's say, on the street for example, and it's instant humor, or tension, whichever.

Couple [oh, still declarative] points—the baby doll's are Anvil, so they're not quite as nice as the ones at the Gap, but they cost much less so whatever. He can do silk screening if we sell a lot of a particular shirt. Otherwise, it's heat transfer, which is alright, but must be washed cold/cold, no bleach.

Just some information I thought you should know. [sucking up or something]

Hey, can you believe the FDA is going to ban raw milk cheese from Europe?
[complete tangent; wait—no—yeah—it's a complete tangent]

I just now had a huge cup of coffee. [lame ass excuse for being a freak]
Actually, it was a while ago. [disingenuous attempt at coming clean]

Anyway, it was great to hear from you. [perfunctory, or maybe sarcasm, beep
beep—please see user's manual reference #116]

- bacon [???

Here are some examples of standard Meaning Mate 3.0 explicons™.

[straightforward]

[sarcastic]

[apologetic]

[double entendre]

[gay]

[to be read slowly]

[pompous]

[self-deprecating]

[confrontational]

[rhetorical]

[flirtatious]

[poetic]

[noetic]
[joking, with a grain of truth]
[disappointed, trying to be big about it]
[just disappointed]

Testimonials:

Mate 3.0 lets me express myself faster than ever before. I don't know what I did without it." – P. Brittle, Drury, Connecticut

"I love my Meaning Mate 3.0. I used to email people and never hear back from them. Now my inbox is flooded!" – John LeJohn, Oak Springs, Maryland

"Thank you Meaning Mate 3.0 for letting me finally be myself, on email." – Jenny Crum, Freetown, Michigan

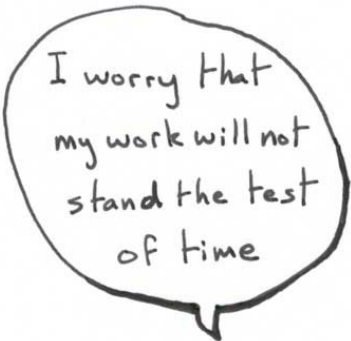
Don't forget to visit our website today to purchase your copy of Meaning Mate 3.0™, download new and updated explicons™ or upgrade from version 2.0 (50% discount with proof of recurrent alienation).

You are in - sane. Pepsi gets a 3.5??? I mean come on, it's the choice of a new generation for crying out loud. Besides that nobody ever even drinks Coke any more, it's just disgusting. I will admit that Cherry Coke might do in an emergency, but given the choice I would pick Cherry Pepsi every time. And how can you dare rate any soft drink at all if you think a 12oz. is too much for one sitting? I wouldn't even dirty my mouth with a measly 12oz's. of Pepsi. Of course you like Coke, so maybe I can see how that would be a lot to endure all at once. As for Snapple, well I don't really know what to say. You do have taste buds right? Snapple is the most over hyped, over priced, under achieving, worthless drink on the planet, with the possible exceptions of Sorbe and bottled water. And don't give me that junk about how it cost less per ounce than red wine. Wine is much more expensive and time consuming to make, and besides, you can get drunk from it.


He came dancing across the water.

I wish I hadn't been so drama at you...the site looks good. I know the "truth"...don't forget me here in California.

kD



I worry that
my work will not
stand the test
of time



Ian Goes West

Registered User

posts: 12

(3/25/01 5:49:05 pm)

Reply

THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS MESSAGE BOARD. It is not an "argument" - it's just spam.

And Jesus, what crap. Not the "edgy and clever content that I just don't get" kind of crap, more the "I guess if people come look at my moronic site it must be working" kind of crap.

I'm surprised the Moderator allowed even your last post, since it's a MARKED departure from the thoughtful conversations on this board. How many message boards are you trolling with this nonsense? And you have the nerve to rant about junk e-mail!

I sure hope you're 16 years old, baconbits, otherwise you're spending way too much time on content that really isn't as edgy, clever, topical, or necessary as you think, notwithstanding your thin veneer of poser world-weariness.

If you ARE 16 years old, then it's sort of funny, but only like reading FRONTLINES was sort of funny, in a nauseous kind of way (a San Francisco reference! We're back on topic!)

Spammer.

With his galleons and guns. [all pimped out and shit]

I will now be using my defensive, combative tone which I often use when discussing contemporary subjects on which there is not yet a clear consensus, and God forbid, I might actually be wrong.

Dave Chappelle

Ah, yes, Dave Chappelle. On the surface, Chappelle's show is based entirely on racial differences, which I'm quite sure will get old, certainly by the next thousand or so years. It's also a bit of a tightrope act in that it seems to exaggerate black stereotypes, while at the same time honoring them. Hmm...Meanwhile, it's a cakewalk because Chappelle's (television) audience is, of course, primarily white, and the true and not-so-secret butt of much of his humor is of course whites. But none of this matters when the writing and acting performances transcend the ostensibly one-dimensional themes. The "World Championship of Craps" comes to mind. Or when the richest black man on earth, known simply as "Tron" is asked about the baby next to him, and he replies, "This? I bought this baby cash." Oh my lord, that had to be one of the funniest lines I've ever heard—anywhere. Anyway. I will stay on (cause I don't want to be off), but eventually, this show will fizzle. D.C. will survive.

Dylan Moran

This entry is new. It was not in the original draft of this book. But since that time I have discovered this Irish comedian, whom I think you should all be aware of. By the time of this revision, several years after the original draft of this stupid book, there have been several major sea changes on the internet. YouTube is now omnipresent and basically the video equivalent of the complete encyclopedia of everything (not owned by Comedy Central). I don't even have to talk about someone or something like a Dylan Moran anymore. I just say "Look him up on YouTube" and that's it. I'm done. You then don't do it. And you forget I ever mentioned him. Ah, but the point is you could. You could look him up. And there you would find many great clips from his various standup comedy performances, some with strange subtitles in languages you're

not quite sure about. But it still doesn't matter since you probably won't bother. In the end none of it matters because I did my job. I told you this guy was funny and I told you to look it up. My work is done. I can stop now. You see how much easier it is for people like me to get on with my unimportant life now I don't have to explain anything anymore? Seriously, though. Dylan Moran is a great comedian.

Marc Maron

I first seen Mr. Maron in a night club when he did a brief reading from his book entitled The Jerusalem Syndrome. He was vigorous, skillful, unapologetic and completely immersed in the text. It was like he was reading his own book. The thing that separates Maron from the many other false prophets out there is, I suppose, his conviction. Take Jerry Seinfeld for example. He's funny alright, no question. You laugh, but really, he's just up there cashing in on life's little incongruencies without really inspiring you, to think harder, and burst a vessel. In fact, can you even remember a Seinfeld joke? I can only think of the phrase, "I mean who are these people?" And he may never even have said that. About the deepest response I've had to a Seinfeld joke is, "Yeah, toothpaste really is like that." I'm talking about the man, not the show. The show was pretty good.

Maron, in contrast, is much more like Lenny Bruce. He makes you laugh while at the same time teaching you something. I guess the difference between guys like Bruce and Maron versus guys like Seinfeld is that you know Seinfeld probably sleeps really well at night, and with chicks half his age. Maron only jokes about this. As far as I know. At times, Maron takes on the Andy Kaufman "fuck you if you don't think it's funny" attitude, and perhaps I identify too easily with this. Mark stopped responding to my emails some time around March 2002. But I don't think it's because I alienated him or anything. I think it was just that I was boring him.

More: Everyone loves to compare Jewish comics. But for a real laugh, check out Amazon's distinct category called "Jewish Comedians." Right next to "famous black criminals who could sing" and "DVD's for old people with dementia."

The Whipping Boy

Radio DJ from unimportant U.S. town ranking among the top comedians in the country? Why the hell not? He's a lot funnier than (insert every comedian you've seen on TV lately). Mark my words. This guy is clever and amusing and totally over-qualified to be a radio DJ. He could be national if he wanted. Just like Jim Rome could go back to being local.



Where We Grow Up

We really do have a special knowledge and affinity for the place where we grew up. We look at a Google map and see the name of some park we used to play in or something else we used to visit, and we are suddenly flooded with memories. Such a shame then that my city was _____, and not _____.

Mid-life Changes

I used to think I would always go back to places and re-have experiences. But now that I've had my third mid-life crisis, I've finally realized I may not—may not ever go back—and I am okay with that.

Rossini Rulz

"I have wept three times in my life," Rossini admitted. "Once when my first opera failed. Once again, the first time I heard Paganini play the violin. And once when a truffled turkey fell overboard at a boating picnic."

From A New York Times Book Review (I swear):

"...his many references to chocolate are just tiresome. He's obsessed with fucking chocolate! I mean come on."

My Flight to Boston 12/00

Guy sitting across from me orders four Jack Daniels! Guy sitting next to him orders a water, but he wants to keep the entire bottle (it's a 1.5L bottle; the big one). At this point I was amused. Much less so when it only took two drinks for Mr. Bourbon to start quoting Lynnard Skynard in what I would have to guess was a German accent. Ask me about the grand unifying theorem of annoying. Go ahead.

What bothers me the most about your commentary on Anthony Lane is not that it is trite (at least unapologetically so), poorly thought out, and poorly expressed. What bothers me the most is that it shows up as one of the first several links wrt Anthony Lane when one searches for him on Google. I guess a great point can be made here about the democracy of the web. I don't care to make that point. I love

Anthony Lane. I recommend his reviews and opinion to many of my friends. Your attacks amount to the attacks of an eight year old bully when, based on what else you seem to have read, I would have expected more from you. After all, no expectation can rightly be made of me - I am just your reader. I have the right to think whatever the fuck I want about what you write. You published it for me to read. You exposed yourself.²—

Don't take it too personally. I know nothing about you other than what you've posted on your unsightly website. It really looks to me like you wrote most of your site while under the influence of some substance or other, then didn't have the common decency to go back and edit yourself before assaulting the world. You're like the sci-fi writer who begins stories with something like: "I came to in an empty white room with no memory of how I got there." You erase that shit afterwards when you actually have something to say. If you don't have anything to say worth spending some time and energy expressing it, why are you publishing it in the first place? Everybody's opinion doesn't matter equally. You have to earn my respect in order for yours to matter more. All you've done with your website is destroy any real hope of me taking you seriously — or most anyone else that actually expects not to have their time wasted when they go looking for someone else's opinion.

And don't be too impressed with yourself for the large number of links. From what I can tell, your writing excels at one thing and one thing only: linkability. You sprinkle in enough random topics and images to make yourself halfway attractive to the million idiot search engines out there. Then again, you also seem like the kind of person who has a lot of other friends who like to entertain themselves by posting their own half baked thoughts on the web.

Whittle yourself down a little more. And pay attention to the actual interview with Anthony Lane that appears on the web - fact checking is good! His book was called "Nobody's Perfect". If you aim to be a web-based embodiment of the postmodern unreliable narrator, well congratulations! All you did was graduate to Dave Egger's shitty level of writing skill.

In general, I am annoyed by people who think they have to put every half baked thought they've ever had on the web. I am even more annoyed when they are surprised by the fact that they receive potshots as well as praise. Yes, I am aware that I just characterized my own criticism as a potshot.

Dear future lover,

you want to do some chatting.

I saw a photo of you you are sexy

I like to have friendship with you maybe more.

msn messenger is where i wil be.

Thanking you.

natalie

Connect with your friends who use Yahoo! Messenger with Voice. Click!

Award Shows

Before I do anything, like go out to eat or to a party, I always check to make sure there aren't any award shows on the T.V.

Downloading Music

Downloading music illegally is so wrong. It's so wrong anyone who does it should be taken out and horse-whipped. Then I should be horse whipped. And then Timmy Taggart should be horse whipped—for not being horse whipped enough.

A New Television Series

Whenever I see a lot of ads leading up to some new television show, I really feel like I should watch it. Even though I know it's going to be stupid.

Squishing Your Head

People are always saying, "I'll squish your head like a melon" and "crush you like a grape." But I have to say I've been around a while, and I've never actually squished anyone's head. Seen it in movies though.

Between the Desire and the Spasm

Whenever someone gets excited about you in some internet situation—and wants to send you something, say yes. Say yes right away. Because two weeks from now, they'll be sending it to someone else.

Experimentation

Remember that time in "Super Mario" when your friend would always find that little square by jumping up in the middle of nowhere, and you always wondered how the hell they ever discovered it? You both resented and envied them at the same time, only back then, you didn't know how to put things into words like resent and envy.

Dear Bacon,

You have several of my articles such as Not Your Childhood Cheddar on your web site. These articles are under my copyright and belong to me. Please remove them at once or I will contact my attorney regarding legal action.

Sincerely,
Sam Googie Withers



This cheese-related article is a stub. You can help Wikipedia by expanding it.

S/he was incurably romantic, and s/he was willing to pretend.

I'd rather you watch good movies on a bad T.V. than bad movies on a good T.V.

The truth will set you free. It may also give me something on you.

I wonder if the Romans ever felt a little bit bad now and then?

Not every thought needs to be written down.

I hate pubes in art.

If it's a good idea, let it go. If it comes back, print it.

If it's a good idea, I already had it.

Every day above ground is a day above ground.

Small is the new big.

The funniest thing I've ever heard anyone say is, "...and it makes me want to chloroform myself." Okay well maybe it's not the funniest thing. But it was funny when they said it. I remember thinking how funny it was. Seems only right I should put it here. Just to be clear. They didn't mean chloroform to death I don't think. That would be not so funny. They just meant. Like, temporarily. In order to escape an unpleasant circumstance. The idea that this would be a routine. That someone could have so many such experiences in one lifetime that such a peculiarly well developed escape method should be first struck upon, then used with some success, and ultimately perfected to the point where just the mere mention of the act can become a casual but no less effective commentary on any day to day experience. Is funny.

----- Original Message -----

From: lj_notify@livejournal.com

To: Cold Bacon

Sent: Thursday, January 18, 2007 6:01 PM

Subject: Your Request to Join rachael_ray_sux

Dear Cold Bacon,

Your request to join the "rachael_ray_sux" community has been declined.

Replies to this email are not sent to the community's maintainer(s). If you would like to discuss the reasons for your request's rejection, you will need to contact a maintainer directly.

Regards,
LiveJournal.com Team

“...please do not send me your opinions about food. You are wrong, and I am right. And we both know it. So let’s don’t waste either of our time...”

Beloved New York Yankees shortstop Derek Jeter died yesterday after collapsing on the field during a game at Chicago's US Cellular Field. Jeter, 36, had suffered from a common, genetically inherited heart condition which can result in untimely sudden death. Jeter was rushed to a nearby hospital but he could not be resuscitated. A memorial service will be held at Saint Anne's Episcopal Church, Bronx, New York. At the time Jeter collapsed, the Yankees were leading the White Sox 4-2.

----- Original Message -----

From: Clare Elliott

To: Me

Sent: Monday, April 16, 2007 5:24 PM

Subject: RE:

Ha ha.

Tony cheated on me and saw AQTHCMFFT without me. He said it was the worst movie he'd every seen.

BUT we went to Ginza and it was like, as RR would say YumO. So. It stands.

I'm in NY. Cold and overwhelmed. But. In NY.

CE

I want to have gmail. Invite me to have gmail.

----- Original Message -----

From: Agarbo (meaning “girl who tried to email Don Hertzfeldt but had to write me instead”)

To: Me

Sent: Saturday, September 27, 2003 5:10 PM

Subject: Re: Email from The Site

hey,

i emailed him but havent heard anything back
i will make him email you if i do though

thanks for replying me
email me if you talk to him!

-a

----- Original Message -----

From: secretsandflowers@yahoo.com

To: Cold Bacon

Sent: Sunday, November 24, 2002 5:28 AM

Subject: Confessions

Dear Cold Bacon:

I have never done this before and I really don't know why I am doing this now. Maybe it's because I feel tormented, confused, and was hoping that this would relieve those feelings.

Let me preface this by saying that I don't want or expect anything from you. I know that you are already involved with/interested in someone else. I know that you do not and would not have any interest in me. I hardly know you but I think you are really sweet and I like you.

I apologize for the sophomoric gesture and I hope we can just be friends someday.

A girl

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Mail Plus - Powerful. Affordable. Sign up now

Puzzle 1



(answer: nothing's there)

----- Original Message -----

From: waitingnatalie@hotmail.com

To: Cold Bacon

Sent: Sunday, November 24, 2002 5:28 AM

Subject: the hot boating party

Hi...you have a 'Hot Body'.....what about me.....i have photos...if you want to see them let me know

i will be on msn messnger i am waitingnatalie@hotmail.com

natalie

hanks hun

WIN YOUR FATHER A FANTASTIC DAY - 50 PRIZES TO WIN

Chapter 2 – Joo Stupid

“...for my comeback, I would like a mostly green background with some red circles in the corner and a yellow line about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way up going across. That would be good. And I want cheering noise.”

The first passage is from the artist in San Francisco who started that Obey Giant campaign. It's what is known as an *artist's statement*. The second is what's known as a *parody*. This is when something happens, and someone else thinks they should make fun of it.

Obey, No Really

NO, REALLY IMPORTANT: Yesterday, I found my own mother having tea with a total stranger. I couldn't believe it. How reckless of her. I mean, what is the world coming to? Please use common sense; don't have tea with people you don't know and don't do it so often that it ruins the experience. I appreciate people wanting to have a good time and everything, but you've got to be sensible. Please pass this message on to any tea enthusiasts who may be overly trusting and inexperienced. You can't expect respect if you don't hold something back. Thanks for listening. Tea out.

Obey, So I Don't Have To Kill You

IMPORTANT: I have been hearing reports of people using Obey/Giant stickers recklessly, such as covering other people's stickers and putting several haphazardly adhered stickers on the same box or pole. Please use common sense; don't cover other people's work and don't burn out spots with sloppy overkill. I appreciate people helping out but I don't want to have my work improperly represented. Please pass this message on to any supporters who may be overzealous and inexperienced. You can't expect respect if you don't show it. Thanks for listening.

Snap, Crackle and Pop

I am eating Rice Krispies for the first time in some while. It's going well when suddenly, out of nowhere, a darkened piece. Huh? They must have burned one. I ain't superstitious. Nevertheless, extradition is the way, and so I hand it over to the authorities waiting just outside the bowl. A few spoonfuls later, more trouble. This one's not black. It has dark brown streaks? This one's harder to explain. But I must try. Perhaps the other was flat out burned. This one just singed. Onward. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Here's a Krispy with brown speckles. What the—what is happening? My mind leaps forward. This could be huge. Am I going to have to start watching my cereal every time I eat it?

And what is General Mills doing about this? Perhaps they're trying their best already, and they only need me to do my share at this end. I hope not, because I don't think I will do that. I need to be watching television or staring at the wall during this important time. And besides, I always thought inspectors were included in the cost, which is a lot by the way, if you ask me. And if these private corporations cannot be trusted, are we going to have to federalize cereal? And what then? What then?

But then just as despair was wrapping its fat fingers around my neck, a ray of hope—I remembered the children. God save the children and their glorious market influence. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, next to those two mountains, I need not fear of cereal error. Because everyone knows there's not one kid in America who'd tolerate this nonsense, not even for a second.

I received this email from myself.

From: cold bacon

To: cold bacon

Date: wednesday, april 18, 2001 9:36 PM

Subject: your website (and my personal problems)

I'm home, lost my job, and incurably ill

You think this is easy, realism

I've got a girl out there, I suppose

I think she's dancing

Feel like Dan Dare lies down

I think she's dancing, what do I know?

sincerely,

regretta nesquitara (etta)

I didn't respond to this silly email, but later I got another one from the same guy. I only half cared, so I replied with half a letter (the left half).

From: cold bacon
To: cold bacon
Date: tuesday, augus
Subject: my response

It's definitely true that
anyway, I hate to alwa
if what you're telling m
but maybe you shouldn
got my last email, whic
a very important decisi
and really can't justify
problems of my own.

get a life,
cold bacon

I never heard from him again.

Travel Tips

It was the kind of hotel that looked like nothing had changed in fifty years, the kind of hotel where you might be tempted to look in *all* the drawers. You know, just in case.

The best place to avoid second hand smoke in an Italian airport is the designated smoking area. If you want to avoid second hand smoke in Tunisia, forget it.

Unshaven with a pocket full of currants.

They say sometimes you can see the faces of people you know in strangers. And this may cause you to project your feelings onto these unknowing strangers. Well, the older I get, the more people I know and have known. And so lately, it's gotten out of control. I find myself having strong reactions to just about everyone I meet. Like now I'm having deep feelings of admiration, and yet smoldering resentment for the guy who just stamped my passport. Of course, I'm not saying anything. He's got a gun. And besides, he wouldn't understand me anyway. Bastard.

*Riedel glasses don't break themselves.
I break them.*

We sat at the table in the coffee shop, drinking coffee you had bought. It was the middle of our first date. I told you we should go back to my place and watch bits of movies and leaf through catalogs from art exhibits you would know. I told you there were no other motives. I told you not to worry.

Dear Fan,

I think it's good that you are trying to write just like me. I am the best, as you already realize, and ...

ROLLING STONE: So, let me ask you what everyone's been wanting to know, why coldbacon?

COLDBACON: You mean, why not hot bacon? Or just bacon?

ROLLING STONE: Yes, exactly.

CB: Yeah, everyone always thinks of hot bacon or crispy bacon or something like that, but if you really think about it, it's usually cold by the time you eat it, isn't it? So it's like playing with people's notions of reality. And whether it's hot or cold, cooked or not cooked, it's still fundamentally, just bacon. See, we wanted to make people think.

ROLLING STONE: So hotbacon.com was already taken?

CB: Yeah.

ROLLING STONE: So how did you guys get started in writing?

CB: Well, we were all working as janitors at Oxford, and one day, we just were like, "Hey, why should we be doing this bullshit, when we could be, like, changing the world, or something." So we formed a band, but then none of us knew how to play any instruments. So we tried writing, and the rest is history.

ROLLING STONE: There's a rumor that you guys like to stuff mice down your pants before you write your humor pieces. Is that true?

CB: Yes, that's true. We do do that.

ROLLING STONE: Is it true you guys are thinking of moving to Tibet?

CB: Of course.

ROLLING STONE: So are there any plans to actually do any publishing in print.

CB: Ha! Are you kidding?

English Rhymes

Tony Blair - Underwear
John Major - Garment Trader
Margaret Thatcher - Chicken Catcher
Winston Churchil - Wants Another L

Ronco Rhymes

Chicken Baster - Money Waster
Vegetable Slicer - Idiot Enticer
Garlic Press - Total Mess
Indoor Grill - Eat More Krill
Food Dehydrator - Rude Knee-high Waiter

Off-Rhymes

A Cumbersome Apparatus - Some Cucumbers And Asparagus^{[3](#)}
Like it a lot - Rather Get Shot
Some Great Music - I Think I'll Use It
Send Your Suggestions - Bothersome Questions
Got Some Ideas - Rotten Sopapillas



Member Services Reset Password Success

Your password has been successfully reset. Please remember your new password.

Member Services Reset Password Success

Your password has been successfully reset. Please remember your new password.

Member Services Reset Password Success

Your password has been successfully reset. Please remember your new password.

Member Services Reset Password Success

Your password has been successfully reset. Please remember your new password.

Member Services Reset Password Success

Your password has been successfully reset. Please remember your new password.

Member Services Reset Password Success

Your password has been successfully reset. Please remember your new password.

Member Services Reset Password Success

Your password has been successfully reset. Please remember your new password.

Member Services Reset Password Success

Your password has been successfully reset. Please remember your FUCKING password.

Warning: passwords are extremely case sensitive.

Corn

Occasionally, you will come across a recipe which calls for the addition of canned corn. It may look something like this:

Add one 8 oz canned corn

This is exactly when you begin looking for another recipe. The internet, books, and television are all good starting points.

From The Guide:

Under no circumstances should one ever purchase or use canned corn. If this admonishment should fall on deaf ears, then let no one complain that the corn kernels in one's chili are too chewy or that they have ruined said chili, soup or bisque. And let no one cry out from a laboratory in bemused astonishment (or dismay, such as one's disposition may be) at the observation that these once-canned kernels do remain as intact on the way out as on the way in.

If, on the other hand, you do come upon a recipe in which the opening line should happen to be, "First, stun the duck," then it is probably also time to move on.

Tip: Do not be alarmed if when scraping boiled corn a little squirt of liquid flies suddenly out of the corn. This is just the corn's way of saying "I'm too hot."

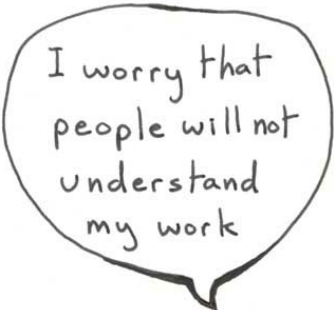
/lennybruce.html

Fighting the good fight against organized religion, organized society, and at times just organization. Lenny Bruce is based not so much on instantly quotable material. But rather, it's more of a hybrid of pure humor (satire, non-sequitur, traditional build up, punch line) and off-humor elements (maniac brilliance, staggering phonetic ability). Lenny Bruce is a musician whose instrument is comedy and his own voice. You don't have to agree with his conclusions, or even follow comedy, to appreciate his greatness. But it doesn't hurt. It's really a shame more people aren't concerned with Lenny Bruce.

Dear Sam,

Just thought I'd drop you a line, see how you're doing. I know we haven't spoken much over the last few years. Things are good with me. Started a new job last month, and it's alright so far. Can't complain. Definitely better than my last job that's for sure. Anyway, here's a naked picture of me. If you ever feel like hooking up let me know. I know we weren't like that but you know. People change. Anyway, hope you're doing well.

Take care,
Aaron



I worry that
people will not
understand
my work

• •

----- Original Message -----

From: katherine howe

To: cold bacon

Sent: Thursday, August 08, 2002 1:01 PM

Subject: Re: request

ah-ha! ah ha ha ha ha ha! ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

i'm in the best mood ever

my first uncynical day since treehouses

wanna come over for chili tonight? i'm making chili, lou's making cornbread, we can drink beer and eat chili and it will be great

everything's going to be great

We've all benefited in some way or another from the writing of T.S. Eliot. But what was his favorite food? Beverage of choice? Did he see himself as a thinker or lover? Did he ever do it with two women? These are important questions, that nobody bothered to ask while they still had the chance. Ah, but that's where modern technology rescues us again, unclogging as it cleans. By using the ctrl-F feature in Microsoft Word, we can sift through an entire body of work in mere minutes and finally get those answers we so need. The following data are collected from *the Wasteland*, *Four Quartets* and *some other poems* I have on my hard drive.

First, alcohol. Very important. Did Eliot prefer wine, spirits, ale? The results leave little room for debate:

Wine: 0

Spirits: 1

Ale: 12

But if he were to drink wine, it would have been **red (71)** hands down over **white (11)**. For caffeine, not surprisingly (I'm not surprised), we have **tea** over **coffee** by 6 to 3. With regard to solid food, again not surprisingly, fish and chips ruled the day, as **meat (i.e. steak)** went down to **fish** by a crisp 1 versus 7. The biggest shock to most insiders came when **cheese** failed to poll even one vote. Terrible.

Was Eliot a lover or a thinker? The results are unequivocal with a solid 40 for **mind (10)**, **brain (2)**, **head (7)**, **think (21)** compared to only 22 for **heart (6)** and **love (16)**.

Was Eliot too optimistic, too pessimistic, or just right? This hotly contested match was played out over three rounds. Round one pitted death-like dryness against the life-giving water elements. Victory went to the forces of wet as **dry (16)**, **arid (1)**, **desert (5)** and **bones (5)** fell to **wet (2)**, **water (31)** and **pool (10)** by a resounding 27 to 43. This *is* poetry after all. Round two saw pessimism make a comeback as the duo of **broken (12)** and **empty (13)** took down **fixed (13)**,

repaired (2) and **full (8)** by 25 to 23. It all came down to the third and final round, where **death** itself was pivotal as the tag team duo of **death (21)** and **dying (7)** beat out **life (12)** and **living (12)** by 28 to 24, proving that Eliot was indeed, just right.

Q: Name you would have if you were French?

A: Ghislaine.

Q: German?

A: Helmut Kohl

Q: That's a person! You can't be another person! Just give us a first name.

A: No, my name would be Helmut Kohl.

Q: Look, you can't be Helmut Kohl. There already is a Helmut Kohl.

A: I don't care.

Q: Oh god—

You need to stop making this mistake: "i was too impressed at first with it's production and seduction. i have since toned down my praise slightly and acknowledged the films flaws. all i can say is thank god i"

It comes up over and over again on your site and email, and I know it's careless, but it makes you look silly. "It's" means it is. You mean "its", possessive. It matters.

That's all for now.

First, let me preface this by saying I am repulsed by the entire “for dummies” concept. Wine for dummies. Beer for dummies (huh?). Quantum physics for dummies. Everyone’s a dummy. So you can see how the last thing I would ever want to do would be to write advanced literary criticism for dummies. But that is exactly what has happened. Oh, we could worry about how and why, or we could skip it. I propose the latter.

The first thing you’ll notice is Eliot’s essays are not *posted* here. This is because I think it’s better you go and get the actual book rather than just *sit at your computer and read off the screen*. I think going to the store will be a good adventure for you. Walk past a couple of Robert Ludlum titles and be elevated. *The Joe Namath Deception*, *The Prevent D Syndrome* and *Option Wing Left* are my top picks. While you’re there, spot something else of interest—and buy it. Sit down. Have an espresso. Have two. Make note of the strangely affected young nymph from the local community college whittling away in some corner, full of ideals and hope—that you won’t approach her. But none of this will happen if you stay at home and read online. So go to the store, pay the negligible sum, and then you’ll have a nice little book you can carry around with you and spill coffee on. But the main reason any non-lit studies major (dummy) should read Eliot is to acquire the tools which might help you later on in life—in case you ever get reincarnated as a lit studies major.

Eliot’s first essay in *To Criticize the Critic and Other Writings* is called (I still can’t get over the coincidence) *To Criticize the Critic*. It’s about how we see art at different stages in life. Young people like to take sides. In other words, they tend to sit on the arm of the chair. Middle-aged people sit in the middle of the chair, and old people just nod off. It’s a nice essay. I give it an A.

Eliot’s second essay, *From Poe to Valery*, introduces the notion that we are influenced more by our equals than by artists who are in the top tier as it were. The great geniuses like Shakespeare and Dante do not influence, but only give pleasure. I wasn’t sure about this one, so I tried consulting the three blind hags down the block from me. But they were immersed in the mostly braille version of

Harry Potter XXV and told me to come back next April. I suppose Eliot could be right. I love to watch Mariah Carey groove, but I could never groove like her, so I don't even try. But then maybe Eliot's *not* right because my chicken cassoulet is definitely informed by Julia Child. My paperclip efforts bring back Calder. And my to-do lists literally scream Barthelme grocery list. Here are four ways Eliot could still be right:

1. These artists (Child, Calder, Barthelme) are not actually first tier.
2. I am even greater than previously imagined. So in a sense, these artists are, like, my equals.
3. I am not so much being influenced as I am—how shall I put it—copying?
4. I don't understand Eliot's argument.

Obviously, it's option wing left.

Next, Eliot discusses the issue of trying to read a work in its original language (not yours). He points out that rhythm often is lost in the process of translation. I can see how poetry would stand to lose a lot more than prose. Or maybe not in these strange times, with prose being written so goddamn carefully. On the other hand, he notes how we may gain some (my words) interpretive flexibility when reading foreign matter.

“Now, we all of us like to believe that we understand our own poets better than any foreigner can do; but I think we should be prepared to entertain the possibility that these Frenchmen have seen something in Poe that English-speaking readers have missed”

I think this makes good sense, and you don't need me to explain it. But here's a fun game. Suppose we assign up to five points each for rhythm and content. A novel scoring a 3 for content and 4 for rhythm would, for example, merit a total score of 7, which would be enough for consideration by Oprah. But now go and translate that work into Arabic, and the content score increases to a 5 (because it should have been written in Arabic in the first place, obviously) while the rhythm score drops to a 3, giving it a new score of 8 (which is higher than 7).

Now it would stand to reason then that the best writing would come by keeping the work in its original language, but removing many of the words (I recommend “Oprah’s Liquid White Out”) to yield a product that maintains its rhythm but is now much more open to the imagination. Thom Yorke’s lyrics for example. And in the even more unfortunate event where the singer says *too many* words, we recommend dancing on top of your CD player, thus preserving the ambiguity.

The other day, I was leafing through a pile of Eliot’s old manuscripts and found the following footnotes. He must have been in one hell of a mood when he wrote these. They’re priceless. So I’m selling them on Ebay the first chance I get because I hold nothing dear. But for now, please, enjoy:

Footnotes For 'The Wasteland' by T.S. Eliot (that's me)

- 1 'What are you looking at? Do I look like Homer's secretary?'
- 2 'My grandmother remembers more Aeschylus than you.'
- 3 'Like you would understand it anyway.'
- 4 'But you never did like Dante, did you?'
- 5 'Paradise Lost? On you!'
- 6 'I know kindergarteners who know more Macbeth than you.'
- 7 'If you hurry, I think there may be some premed spots still open.'
- 8 'Ask me again.'
- 9 'Sometimes I wonder why I even bother.'
- 10 'I got two words for you: Cliff's Notes.'

Chapter 3 – Bad Satire (Who Needs It?)

<http://search.yahoo.com/search?&p=bacon and negativity &fr=ieas>

Today the president signed an executive order that all medical terminology should be auctioned off to the highest bidder. The companies will be free to make any modifications they wish provided they stay within the high standards of modern advertising.

The medical establishment warns the changes will only add more confusion to an industry which already has enough. Business totally swears it won't. A government committee will be formed. Disputes will be settled in the usual manner. Doctors will use idle threats and generalized complaining, while the companies will counter with large sums of cash and an unlimited supply of Hooters wings for committee members, particularly [that chairman who keeps making those innuendos about hot sauce, and what it's good for].

The bidding started only minutes after the order was signed. International Business Machines purchased all forms of inflammatory bowel disease, which will now be called inflammatory bowel misfortune and abbreviated IBM. Crohn's will be called Clones, so nobody forgets just who was there first. And ulcerative colitis will now be Lower GI Rip-off. Also, Compact fractures will be known as Compaq fractures, and thanks to Handspring, anyone with an injury to the median nerve will have a "Palms don't work." Kawasaki's disease will still be called Kawasaki's, but will be followed by Bob Costas' voice saying "that was arguably one of the greatest motorcycle maneuvers of all time."

McDonald's won the hearts and minds of ad critics everywhere in buying the rights to all forms of ischemic heart disease; myocardial infarctions will be called Big Mac attacks, plaques will be called McNuggets in your arteries and the American Heart Association's recommended diet will be replaced with a Happy Meal. McDonald's once again showing that all publicity is good. Xerox just kidnapped three American businessmen in Detroit and will be holding them for ransom or until interest wanes. Folgers bought gout and will leave the name as is, but change negative birefringent crystals to Folgers Crystals, which company officials were quick to point out will be easier for medical students to remember anyway.

MTV bought attention deficit disorder and is changing the treatment to an extended release package with MTV II through XII (and soon to be released XIII through XX and MTV classic). Pfizer purchased the rights to both Parkinson's and Alzheimer's. The two will be merged into one disease, which Pfizer promises to unveil, or cure, by early 2011.

The renaming frenzy also extended to the clinical realm, with several top findings going for huge sums. The anion gap, which measures the difference between a patient's positive and negative electrolytes, will just be "The Gap." Patients will, of course, be charged double if there is a trend. Rebound tenderness will be referred to as Reebok tenderness. But Reebok will also change night sweats, explosive diarrhea and preterm labor to Nike sweat shops, exploitation diarrhea and preteen labor. Meanwhile, anyone who is running for his or her life might be having a very bad Nikemare. Nike also bought the rights to all advanced directives, the legal documents indicating whether a physician should provide or withhold advanced life support in the event Congress is unable to decide for you. The formerly eight page document now reads "just do it" or "just don't do it."


Patients suspected of having the syndrome of inappropriate anti-diuretic hormone release will no longer have the traditional fluid challenge test. Instead, they'll take the Pepsi Challenge, although PepsiCo and the AMA are still disputing whether patients must actually be given Pepsi, as opposed to the usual water, for the test.

Gallstones were to be called Bridgestones, but the deal was recalled over fears that this could increase the risk of perforation. People complaining of severe abdominal pain will no longer be ruled out for a volvulus, but may, in fact, require emergent work on their intestinal Volvo. And people with severe reflux might be best served by a properly performed Nissan fundoplication, which is how everyone spells it anyway.

Patients will never again complain of feeling dizzy. Instead they'll all be Disney which, everyone agrees, is very cute. Meanwhile, Disney's arch rival, the company that gave us Bugs Bunny and Wile E. Coyote, has purchased the rights to all twins, which will be called Warner Brothers and Warner Sisters. Not to be outdone, Bill Gates (who, according to a federal appellate court, actually does *not*

suck) jumped in with the largest investment so far. People suffering any type of bruise might end up with some Microsoft tissue swelling, which can be easily seen on x-rays, or as they're now called, x-pplorers. Microsoft also worked out a deal with the American Medical Association, so that now anyone unhappy with their diagnosis will automatically be guaranteed a second opinion, which could take up to several years and might even get dropped.

- [Click here](#) to find out if your disease has already been registered.



Can we
order
Chinese?

“But most of all is the degree of infectiousness of art increased by the degree of sincerity in the artist. As soon as the spectator, hearer, or reader feels that the artist is infected by his own production, and writes, sings, or plays for himself, and not merely to act on others, this mental condition of the artist infects the receiver; and contrariwise, as soon as the spectator, reader, or hearer feels that the author is not writing, singing, or playing for his own satisfaction—does not himself feel what he wishes to express—but is doing it for him, the receiver, a resistance immediately springs up, and the most individual and the newest feelings and the cleverest technique not only fail to produce any infection but actually repel.”

Discuss this issue today!

On Somebody Else's Website!

One day, the campus exploded, in controversy. For it seems that on the night before, someone or ones had thought it wise to fashion strings of tiny Christmas lights into a huge, naughty hand gesture, high up on a second-story wall, in full view of the freshman quad.

This would not have been such a big deal had it been, say, a defiant fist, or even the immortal, beloved middle finger, and not, what it was. The gesture (I am told) consisted of a raised fist with a very particular configuration of fingers sticking out. Now I probably would have just thought it some *au courant* form of protest by the Students with Disabilities against the Latinos over some disputed corner of the student center. I would have been wrong. Apparently, it has much more to do with postmodern sexual practices involving at least one female. In the interest of all that is decent (and indecent) (oh, hell, in the interest of everything), I will not repeat the name of the gesture here. Suffice it to say that news of its erection (short-lived as it was) had spread like disease, and soon the entire community was gripped in an atmosphere of excitement. And whenever there's excitement, you can rest assured someone is angry. And anger leads to fear, and fear leads to regret, but somewhere between fear and regret, there is protest.

Torches and pitchforks headed straight for the Dean's office, stopping only briefly at the snack bar, to cash in on dinner points. Walk-in hours is whenever an angry mob of coeds says it is.

"What! That's an outrage! Free speech be damned, that's disgusting!," said the Dean. And if her well rounded-off liberal arts background had taught her anything, it was that this act could only be described as a quasi-fascist assault with neo-modernistic underpinnings and gothic overhangs. It was probably against penguins too. And maybe, just maybe, there was a school policy against that.

She picked up the red phone. Soon, a man's voice on the other end, sort of a local blend of Eastern hockey coach and *NYPD Blue* rerun (believe me; you could do a lot worse around here). The voice told her not to worry. And the voice was right. The fire-marshal had gotten the college out of ethical conundrums before, and he

would not fail them now. Oh yes, the lights were a definite fire hazard and a threat to all, including and especially penguins. Fires are no joke. Everyone knows that. Even the Puerto Ricans know that. (Whether it is something they can accept...)

The school paper ran the story, and the new rules were announced. The following week, several inarticulate letters at the editor—did not cause a stir. And the week after that, it was the professors' turn. Their arguments were sound, but did not resonate. Salman Rushdie declined to come give a talk, his spokesman politely emailing how that was not really his thing anymore, at least, not for under ten grand.

And so the new rules took hold, and all across campus students removed tiny Christmas lights from their windows—to the other side of their rooms. Some even got rid of their lights altogether, because of a rumor that violators really were being executed.

A wave of atonement swept across the entire school. Some undergrads stopped shaving, while others started. Many spoke ill of sex, and some denounced it outright. A few of the women even put on veils, you know, just in case. The wave swelled. Overdue library books were turned in, parking fines paid, cars registered. Pete Resnick (Lacrosse) tried to register his girlfriend, which backfired as she ended up being sent back to the Ukraine. Who knew? But the Dave Matthews band did come and give a show because it was on their schedule. And this seemed to make everyone feel more at the center of things. Crisis over.

Où sont tes héros aux corps d'athlètes
Où sont tes idoles mal rasées, bien habillées
Dans leurs yeux des dollars
Dans leurs sourires des diamants
Moi aussi un jour je serai beau comme un Dieu
Apollon deux mille zéro défaut vingt et un an
C'est l'homme idéal charme au masculine

Gwyneth Paltrow was killed late last evening in a tragic car accident on La Brea Avenue in Los Angeles. Paltrow was reportedly returning home from an intimate dinner party with friends when a late model sedan veered over the center line and struck the driver's side of her 2004 Toyota Prius hybrid. Revered for her acting talent and graceful beauty, Paltrow was thrown fifty feet. The driver of the other vehicle is currently in critical condition at Beverly Hills General Hospital. Paltrow will be dearly missed by her mother Blythe Danner and fiancée Chris Martin. Paltrow was 36 years old.

New Yorker film critic talks with Robert Birnbaum's Brother, Rory
Posted: October 3, 2002

Anthony Lane was created in a petri dish at Cambridge, England. He began writing immediately. Starting with *The Independent* in London in 1989 where he was the first ever petri-born deputy literary editor—and from 1991, also its Sunday film critic. Still in his dish, the films had to be converted into special molecular sequences in order for him to review them. In 1993 he came out of his dish and was recruited as *The New Yorker's* film critic by then-editor Tina Brown (test tube). Anthony Lane has recently published *Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker*. It's not perfect, but it contains 140 of his *New Yorker* articles categorized into movies, books and profiles. Anthony Lane lives in London with his wife (writer Allison McPharley Roarbuach Steinbrodt Sniddlyhump Pearson, who is a weekly columnist for the *London Mid to Late Evening Standard* and a member of the BBC2's Newsnight Review panel) and their two children.

Rory Birnbaum: How does it feel to become grist for the critical mill?

Anthony Lane: (laughs) And it is a mill, isn't it really? If you are referring to myself being reviewed, actually I haven't read any reviews. I am completely in the dark on this.

RB: You're about to say, "It's enough trouble writing the damn book. I have very little will to read about it as well. It's odd, people here keep quoting me stuff, almost enticing me into responses or feuds or whatever. Which is so not my style. I do tend to agree with Francis Bacon, who said—he was asked by David Sylvester, 'Do you ever read reviews of your shows of your paintings?' And he said, 'Only the obviously hostile ones. I find them much more constructive.' The only possible help you are going to get is from the hostile ones. If there were some cogently aggressive ones, I might read them. Nothing else."

AL: My god, that's exactly what I was about to say. How did you do that?

RB: Yes, well I am Rory Birnbaum, you realize. Never mind. How will you know?

AL: Know what?

RB: The hostile ones, you know, who don't like your book.

AL: Oh, they take a leak on me.

RB: What? You mean? They just—

AL: Yes, that's how I know they really don't like the book.

RB: Can I take a leak on you?

AL: Yeah, sure. As long as you don't recite John Powers while you're doing it.

RB: I haven't read John Powers, but I did have a huge lemonade before the show.

AL: Yeah, very good, wot.

RB: (laughs)

AL: Yes, I know.

RB: It's like—

AL: Nothing you've ever done before. I know. I know.

RB: Exactly. Wow. I'm still going.

AL: See, I think it's good. The question of anthologizing seems such a curious practice, doesn't it? I took heart from the fact that I personally have always enjoyed anthologies of books and film reviews long after the things which they had covered had come and gone. Like yourself, I presume, I grew up reading Pauline Kael and her anthologies. Having that, it was not as good as reading Pauline Kael in *The New Yorker*, to get the full measure of her surrounded by the magazine...

RB: And at the time...wow, this is great.

AL: And at the time...as I say in the book, you need to be on the spot when the movies are happening or much later casting a cold eye. What you go back for—and I hope people might eventually come back to this book for—is not just to find out what I thought of a movie, which is one of the less important things I have to do, but to try and recreate some of the landscape of that time. To try and summon the era in which these movies were being put out and received and watched.

Forrest Gump is not a good movie, never was and never will be. Despite all the severed heads I got in the post telling me these things, telling me that I was wrong about it. The story of its success is an interesting cultural phenomenon. It was up against Pulp Fiction that year at the Oscars. And that itself feels like a clash worth remembering—how the country voted, in some ways. And it was a clean sweep for Forrest Gump. I like going back over them myself for the simple pleasure of disagreeing violently with myself. I haven't rewritten anything in the book. I did take out a few repetitions. I didn't want to try and rejiggle my thoughts on these things. The pleasure of going back to them and maintaining the impulse to throw the book across the room was too great.

RB: I'm done. [Laughs.] Whose wonderful quote was it about throwing a book across the room?

AL: Oh yes. Something like, "This book should not be set aside lightly but hurled across the room with great force."

RB: Yes. Who said it?

AL: It may have been Thurber. Though it sounds more like Dorothy Parker, doesn't it? But it isn't her.

RB: Isn't her?

AL: No. Most of the things we think are her turn out not to be her.

RB: Not her?

AL: Oddly enough there is a piece on her in the movie and I kind of took her to task, partly to have some fun. Because I thought, “Right, I’m right in her territory. Let’s see what happens. Will I be lynched for treason here?” I didn’t get any comeback at all. It was very strange. You think, “Hey look, I’m saying I’m of two minds about Dorothy Parker, one of the patron saints...” Nobody really...it’s odd.

RB: Is it possible since not many people went to the movie they weren’t interested in reading about it?

AL: Hey, that made sense.

RB: Yup.

AL: All monumental reputations like all monuments are worth walking around and inspecting the brick work, aren’t they? The movie itself was rather disappointing, but I used it to come out of the movie and talk about her.

RB: You came out of the movie?

AL: That’s one of the things we do. You get a chance to write about a Persuasion movie, not because it happened to be for once, a good Jane Austen movie, but here’s another chance to talk about a very great novel that some people might not know as well as the other ones. The whole book is trafficking back and forth between these different areas.

RB: Did you say Persuasion movie?

AL: Persuasion.

RB: Is this the sum total of your writing for the past decade?

AL: Oh god no. I’m afraid to say, despite it being this vast offensive weapon, this is only skimming the surface. It’s amazing how much, if you have a regular beat, as a critic or a columnist, how much you compile over the years.

RB: Who edited and selected?

AL: I did the selecting and then my editor at Knopf, Jordan Pavlin, and I fought over these things. She pointed a pork rib at me. I cut her hand. I won. It's interesting having been on the road talking about these things there some pieces that nobody talks about and you think, "Maybe they shouldn't have gone in?" On the other hand, maybe once they've had the book for a while and they have read all the pieces about the movies they saw and the authors they like, they might think, "Who is this guy, Jan Svankmajer?"

RB: Who is Jan Svankmajer? Never mind. Whose decision was the choice of title, 'Nobody's Perfect'?

AL: Mine.

RB: You are aware that there is a biography of Billy Wilder coming out later in the year with the same title?

AL: By who? I'll cut his hand.

RB: It's a wonderful title.

AL: It's a good title. I'm glad I got there first. I'm sure there are many other great Wilder lines which you could use for a biography. Since I wrote the piece about him and before the book came out and he died...it's odd, these things shouldn't necessarily alter one's view of him, but it generally did feel a sad occasion. It felt like someone had switched another light out. It was like when George Harrison died. People said, "Oh you are being mawkish because all the radio stations started Beatles." But on the other hand, "No, it's kind of a genuine emotion. It's quite possible in 200 years time people will look back and the only thing people will remember about us is that we listened to the Beatles." We are right to say that passing of George Harrison is a sad event. You have a catalogue in your mind of people you really want to write about, and if you hang around long enough the chance comes around. The Nabokov short stories will come out. There will be an Evelyn Waugh this or that. The Some Like It Hot book came out. I mean, I leapt

on that, when I saw it. I had been waiting to write about Wilder and I didn't want to wait until he died. I didn't want to be a complete ambulance chaser. Which I occasionally do, do. I wrote about Alexander McKendrick when he died.

RB: I just watched *The Sweet Smell of Success*, just this weekend. I have a DVD player.

AL: Doesn't it hold up so well?

RB: Three years.

AL: Amazing. In fact, it seems some of the movies that are very acid about journalism and publicity—that movie throughout and lots of *Citizen Kane* look better and better, wiser and sharper with every passing year. Only the really acute filmmakers were able to prophetically imagine what was going to happen to the press. You shouldn't have been able to imagine what it was going to be like, that the appetite would grow that much for the scandalous. McKendrick had been making comedies, wonderful, wonderful films but nothing in those prepared us for the film that he would make here.

RB: Was there much collaboration with Clifford Odets [screenwriter for *The Sweet Smell of Success*]?

RB: Though I love films, I started to read you seriously with the Bestseller column you did.

AL: A lot of people say that. That's one piece for good or ill, just for whatever reason, you put down a marker. I grabbed that piece—I didn't know it would turn into that sort of thing—it became a slight setting out of my stall. I did the “trashing classics” thing and I thought, “I do believe this.” And I still do believe that's a good sustaining diet. To this day my bedside table will still have Elmore Leonard on it plus *The Long Dead*. I'm still very bad at reading very sensitive new novels. I think Elmore Leonard is sensitive to the patterns of American speech and if we all disappeared beneath the waves tomorrow and people dove down and found Leonard—

RB: I would call the authorities.

AL: It may be the great years of Leonard are past, although I hear Tishmongo Blues is quite good. That thing that one does around college time—when one grows older you don't physically have the time for—which is when you are discovering someone new and you are just ravenous and you do all of them. I did all of Leonard and then I had a Chandler kick and a Nabokov kick and then other people, some of whom I was told to read at college. The pleasure of being able to feast upon the writers you love, or the directors that you suddenly become obsessed by—that is probably harder in college now. When I was at Cambridge in England in the '80s they still had nice scratchy old prints of these things that were going around the college clubs and you would go to the art cinema and you would see triple bills of Bergman and Renoir and Hawks and it was sometimes rather grim going—especially if it was Bergman—but you got the homework done, you started to populate the hinterland.

RB: Huh? Anyway, I was struck in your introduction by your suggestion of what appears today to be a quaint concept, “cultural duty.”

AL: Remember that?

RB: What does it mean today?

AL: What was so quaint about it all was that at its best it didn't feel like a duty. There is a piece about Matthew Arnold, and for him it really was a duty and you could sometimes find him straining to maintain pleasure in it. And it was interesting to find out that he wasn't as solemn as his writings would suggest. Later on, when movies came along, it was one of the rare times when duty was a pleasure.

RB: Except *Attack of the Clones*, right?

AL: It has to be if it is to be commonly shared.

RB: But not *Attack of the Clones*?

AL: The Arnoldian influence lasted a very long time right up to [F.R.] Leavis really. Leavis was probably the last person who thought you were not adequately equipped, not only to pronounce on life but to entangle yourself with life, to take life head on unless you were armed with all literature could teach you. That seems to many people now, absurd. Certainly delivered with some absurd prejudices and with an almost laughable lack of humor. And yet, like much of what seemed excessive, it's worthy of some respect now...If you go back and read New Bearings in English Poetry, to him these things were events. It's like reading Axel's Castle, [Edmund] Wilson thought these things were general events which should matter to people and he thought they would alter the angle at which we looked upon the world and read the world. Talk about quaint, that must now seem

RB: When I talked to Darin Strauss recently, he was somewhat shocked that some of his students didn't know who Kurt Cobain was. This is a significant pop musician of the last 5 or 10 years.

AL: They already don't know?

RB: When I spoke to Nick Tosches he opined that we were moving into a post-literate age like Ancient Egypt when only the high priests knew how to read.

AL: He would have us read Dante. Trying to purvey the Ezra Pound dictum, "Literature is news that stays news" is extremely hard. Movies should be one of the ways—maybe the only way—these things are, in which the gospel can be spread. I always find it curious that you go on the subway and people are sitting and reading *The Great Gatsby*, but if you go to the art house it's mostly full of movie buffs

RB: Is that one of your signature insights?

AL: People ask me, "What's the best thing playing at the moment?" in London, in York, wherever. And I'm supposed to say, "Oh well you have to see the new Jim Carrey or you have to see the whatever." I say, "To be absolutely honest if you

want a great..." They say, "We don't want anything heavy. I've been working hard. I want to go see a fun movie." I say, "Fine. There's a new print of *The Apartment*." And they resist that. What is that? They are quite happy to read a book from that era but since when did movies, of all media, become this encrusted dusty scholarship.

RB: Rainbow trout, pan-seared, encrusted with pecans.

AL: Did you know Hitchcock was an English director?

RB: I'm hungry.

AL: Absolutely an English director. And yet when he came to America the movies became enriched. He lived this extremely orderly British life. Dined and ate well. Didn't hike around the country. He learned his trade partly in Berlin, so for a very conservative man he was very outward looking. Even some one like Stephen Frears, who I think is an interesting director, came out of that generation making documentaries in England for the BBC and Granada in the '60s. I like some of his small films like *The Snapper*. Then he made *Dangerous Liaisons* and *The Grifters*.

RB: We're rebuilding Rome from scratch. Wanna come?

AL: *The Grifters* was one of the last great film scores. I am very disappointed in film scores most of the time now. One of the many things one misses is Max Steiner and Miklas Rosza. *The Grifters* has a great credit sequence. In the beginning I thought, "This looks like man who has found a great new field to plow." I like Frears. He has a nice grouchy, patchy-eyed pessimism about him. No wonder he's at home in film noir. As for great directors and small critics we have to look to America to open the world up for us. As all the great French critics did. What they did, of course, is what no one in England did, which is they looked at America. Truffaut, Renoir and Godard looked at America, loved the films there and ploughed that love and that knowledge back into French films. No one did that in England. They either got out of there which was a great English wish or they went back to making very English films.

RB: We're done.

AL: Having said which the three great English films—which I have always loved—David Lean's *Great Expectations*, *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* and *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. They are all about class. People say that the worst thing about England is the class structure. Maybe. But what you do with a subject, you use it. The English novel would be nothing without the class system—mainly as a kind of comic rigging. Those three films take class head on, the climbing and the falling. All three are quite Dickensian in that sense, or more Trollopian. Or in the case of *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, more Wildian. There should be more like that around.

RB: You're really boring. Didn't you find it odd that you were called upon to *The New Yorker* at 75 for that anniversary? You didn't exactly have much seniority? I may have to pee on you again.

AL: That may be the reason I was asked. Just as Tina Brown brought me in—I don't know if she was so smart, I can't presume to read her mind—she may have looked around and said, "Oh my god, this is Pauline Kael land. What am I going to do? Get someone who isn't going to be too cowed by all this. Go elsewhere and find someone." That may have been her thinking, I don't know. I worship Pauline Kael, I hadn't grown up surrounded by her in the way that people here were. It made it easier, I guess. Similarly, who wants to write that thing. Nobody else has brought this up, I'm glad you brought this up. I never know what to write for those special issues anyway.

RB: Okay, you know, you're alright. Maybe I won't do it. Hey, so you live in London, right?

AL: I live there most of the time; I am in New York quite a lot.

AL: Well, it happens. I used to come once a month. Now I come slightly less. Sometimes I go to Paris, which is still a great movie going capitol for me. Some American directors show their stuff there first. The new Brian De Palma has been out there for months. The pattern of movie distribution will change quite a lot.

Who knows with digital projection, in 10 years time things will probably open around the world at the same time.

RB: Your first viewing of a film will be in a theater?

AL: Absolutely. If in 10 years time the big studios will have thought the critics are a pain more than anything else and they say, "We're not having critic's screenings. You just go on Fridays." Fine by me.

RB: Why don't you start right now then?

AL: Why don't I?

RB: Why don't you?

AL: Well maybe I will.

RB: Well maybe you should.

AL: Okay then.

RB: What about tapes?

AL: I never review from tapes. I will get a screening tape if I have already seen the movie and I want to check something. I would never review from the tape. Which makes life easier.

RB: You made a bit about fact checking at *The New Yorker*—as does Adam Gopnik in his book—as a very American practice.

AL: In England if you start with facts that require checking it would be laughable. To me that's one of the great pleasures of the fact-checking department is that it is full of very, very bright people.

RB: Fact checking is for sucks.

Privet, gentleman

Looking for a wife? Life without soulmate is grey and unhappy. I know this, because I am single. In my country I didn't know any happiness with a man, and I believe my second half is far from me. Maybe this is you? Do you want to create a happy family with a pretty woman like me? Look at me and see more about me here <http://loveandonly.com/happiness>

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Olechka

Amy has 351 friends.

Chapter 4 - Too Personal (Who Wants It?)

“The problem with all this first person quasi-autobiographical shit is the author often makes the mistake of thinking smart people want to read about him, that they care about his life, his comings and goings, when in fact, they do not. Dumb people are interested in other people’s lives. Smart people think only of themselves (and of the poor). They want to see themselves reflected in others’ work, especially and above all in someone else’s autobiography.” — Benedict XVI (trans.)

What is there to say? I like music. If I could I'd make it. I once got dumped because I got up to change the CD during what was apparently a highly sensitive moment. It, the dumping, happened years later—but I always knew what it was.

In 1981 Picasso's masterpiece *Guernica* is moved from New York City to Madrid. With *Guernica* out of the way, Duran Duran's rise to power is assured. We had it good. I especially had it good—a nine-year-old boy sitting on the edge of a revolution. When Simon Le Bon crawled on the jungle floor, I crawled with him. When Simon said, "Ooooh," I said, "Ooooh." One year later, Brian de Palma and Al Pacino complete shooting on *Scarface*. I ride my bike to Sound Warehouse to buy a Men At Work tape. And so it goes.

Five years later, at the age of fourteen I heard "Black Dog" which means Led Zeppelin, and my two-year love affair with bands like The Who, Jethro Tull and The Jimi Hendrix Experience was ignited. "Classic rock" just sounds so accusatory. At this point in the story, I actually don't remember what happened, but for some reason I became despondent. Love made me despondent. It was love. And so I discovered the blues. For the next two years I followed the blues, wherever it took me—from the Mississippi Delta to the howling streets of Chicago—right up to and until the following math equation: white boy + new driver's license = rap. Then upon further consideration, it was back to the blues, then hip hop, then back to rap, briefly (more just to annoy hip hop) followed by reggae, and then ska (more just to annoy Island Records).

In college, a guy named Jeremy Atencio told me to see *A Clockwork Orange*. I did. And the next day, I signed up for a course on Beethoven, which I failed. If there would have been a way to worse than fail, I would have done that. In fact I think at one point my professor even tried to have me barred from the classroom. Or certainly his office. This would be the ironic part of the story if I were now conducting the New York Philharmonic.

My second year of college was about two things, the alcohol I was about to consume and alternative music—Pablo Honey, Blur, Smashing Pumpkins. I was into pretty much what I was supposed to be into for dorm life. I even listened to Rage Against the Machine for a couple of weeks. In fact, I remember once

stumbling back to my futon-sized dorm room and promptly falling asleep with scarcely three feet between my ear and about forty watts of Zack de la Rocha's personal views. I may have even been face down.

I had a problem. I had several, but this was one. Then I learned of a tiny music store off-campus called Toonerville Trolley. They could help people like me (or so the fold-out ad in the student paper seemed to imply). After hearing my symptoms, the guy set me up with some Clifton Chenier and Professor Longhair and soon I was my own person again, or Clifton's. But two weeks later I belonged to Cake. I had fallen. I went back to old TT and signed on for the full rehab course. For six straight months I was allowed nothing but pre-1950 Calypso and Lenny Bruce live concert performances. Then it was the Stax Volt Rhythm and Blues box set,⁴ an Isley Brothers anthology and more Zydeco. And it's been mostly smooth sailing ever since.

I must also add, parenthetically, I have pretty much been obsessed with Bowie from age 17 onward. But not as obsessed as Tim. What do you think of when I say David Bowie Fan Club, or "get your davidbowie.com email address" or "I can't come to your wedding because I'm driving to the Meadowlands to see Bowie—for the fifteenth time?" I think of Tim. And then I think of Dave Hickey, for some reason. But then Tim again. After college, I made the mistake of more school, which meant white toast and regressing into a state of just buying whatever the radio wanted me to. In fact, let's just not even talk about that time.

But then about two years ago I experienced an amazing revival in personal taste—not mine—but while I was away it turns out some of my friends were making some really good decisions: Magnetic Fields, The Pixies, Blonde Redhead. And eventually, those decisions had all found their way onto my hard drive. (I would have an iPod except for I don't.)

Over the last few years, I have simply added "their new CD's" of the various groups I believe in, as well as unearthing Stereolab (well, it wasn't so much a discovery as it was Tim saying, "Hey, you should try Stereolab"), Air (Tim), Belle and Sebastian (Tim), Pinback (Justin, Tim's brother, although Tim likes to say, "What the ____? Who do you think told Justin about them?"), Stereo Total (Sarah), Fiery Furnaces (Todd), Animal Collective (Scott). And of course, even *I*

know you're supposed to buy every new Radiohead album that comes out, like, right away. Pretty much your basic story.

And Piglet said, "Wait, I thought bad things happened when you let other people tell you what to listen to. And now you're saying—I'm so confused. What *are* you saying?"

"Get a life, Piglet. Get a life."

**This is most
distressing.**



**Master Roji,
I cannot give
you the plans.**

Portrait of My Body

My friend says the problem with my writing is that it doesn't make me vulnerable enough. She thinks I should share more of myself. Be more open. Of course, she also says I should drink more Jameson. Be more like her. Perhaps a single malt even? Believe me I've tried. Single malt. And not just once. It abuses ~~the~~ my pharynx and larynx and pretty much the entire upper 1/3 of me. So does tequila, but that's different. So does anything, but—look, I'm not drinking Jameson, okay!

Okay, okay. I'm 6 foot 2, 165 lbs. I'm only 30, something. I actually don't even know. It's too hard. It keeps changing?! I think something is wrong with my testosterone though. Because I haven't tried to have sex in a long time. I used to want that a lot. I think something definitely happened to my testosterone. A small brain tumor must be involved. Somehow. I'm sure of it.

I'm 6 foot 1, 155 lbs. I wish someone would love me. But he won't. Not forever anyway. When I realized this I developed a small patch of eczema on my right shoulder. Yes, we need to keep talking about my body. According to my liquor buying card, I have brown hair and hazel eyes and I am allowed to buy liquor. I could stop dieting, if I wanted to.

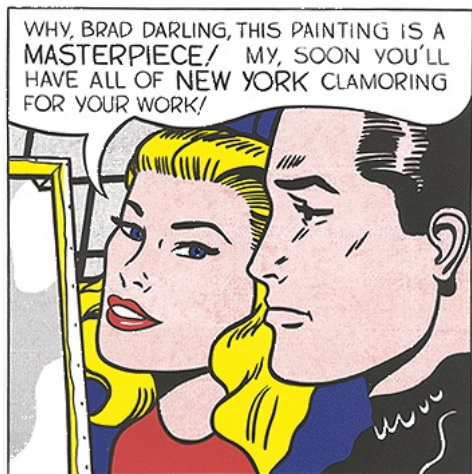
I'm 6 foot 1, 150 lbs. My friend (the one who drinks) and I, we talk for hours about our other friends and what they are thinking. Okay, when I say hours, it's not all in the same conversation, but I mean if you added it all up, it would be hours. We do a lot of speculation. And most of the time I think she makes up way more than I do. Her speculation I would say is "truly wild," whereas mine is just "irresponsible."

Okay when I say "friends," it's really not "friends." It's more just this one guy we always talk about. A mutual friend. But I'd really rather not drag him into this. And I know he doesn't want to be either. This is where *she* would say that he secretly does. No. I assure you. He pretty much said.

Anyway I have to go now. But we can talk more later, I promise. I'll tell you everything.

2006 (probably)

- >
- > I said vulnerable not stupid.
- >
- > Jesus.
- >



Shoes/fashion Update 9/15/05

New partnerships with big name designers (Neil Barrett, Mihara Yasuhiro) have marked Puma's recent foray into the world of *higher* fashion. But it's the now classic Puma Speed Cat (est. \$70), which has unquestionably become Puma's signature shoe. Praised by many for its sleek, tubular design. Others say it looks like a Tylenol capsule. One thing, however, is certain. You can get it in just about every combination of colors which can (and sometimes shouldn't) be imagined.

Adidas, meanwhile, for reasons only *they* know, has persisted in offering just a handful of set color schemes for each of their shoe lines. While this may be an heroic demonstration of integrity, it's murder on market share. And it was here that Puma saw its opportunity—to strike—back in 1992, when it unleashed the now-familiar choose-your-own-color concept, a move which has since catapulted the German-based company to the forefront of the (mostly) non-eating (mostly) 18-35 demographic.

But the world revolves around me. So what do *I* think of all this? I, like the best of you, understand the need for a variety of color options in footwear. But, I must tell you the truth. I am only a man. And so being, am subject to that pressure, which is felt and has always been felt by all men—from farm to pharaoh, rickshaw to Rolls, Kevlar to cashmere. In short, I worry about my sexuality. I do not mean my sexual preference. I mean how I appear to women—and men. And would it not be fair to say then, that on most days, the Puma Speed Cat occupies that spectrum from female to unisex? It would.

And this may be fine for European men, who are well known for their high level of security with themselves—with their many accomplishments, their more true-to-life morality—and beyond all—their sexuality. But American men are—well, let's just say if you watch five minutes of any television show in America, you'll understand. Everybody may love Raymond, but Raymond ain't ready for the sleek and tubular. And I suppose, in a way, neither am I.

But then just the other day, I thought I'd struck in-store gold when I sighted a Puma shoe, which was flat in sole, and looked just like an Adidas Samba. It was

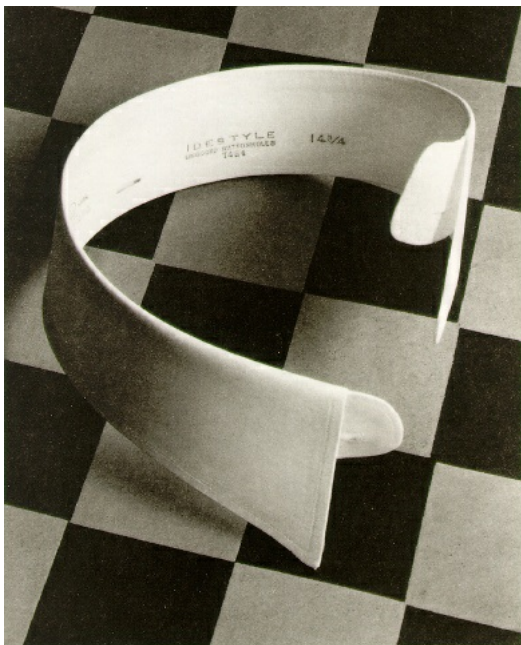
called the Liga.⁵—And to a man, was my mind set in motion. A flat-soled shoe (which would no doubt come) in any color I wanted? Could it be true? No need to pinch, unless you want to. Now historically, since the dawn of time, I've been a sworn Adidas man. But in that great bond, which no man or beast, could ever tear apart, I have always felt there was a sort of understanding between us, that under certain extenuating, indeed very extenuating circumstances, that this allegiance could be subject to minor adjustments—just slightly. Entirely. An exception? I didn't see why not. I got the salesgirl.

But alas, when I put foot into suede—to my great disappointment—which could ne'er be expressed, not by Euripides himself—not with a thousand choral voices in support—this shoe—this shoe before me, this shoe into which I had, already, invested perhaps a third of the day's emotion—which could have gone into something else—this ray of hope, and pig suede—is a complete piece of crap. A first glance inside reveals a thin, flat piece of cardboard where an insole might have been the better choice. One goes to lace it up, and one pauses—where's the tongue? Where'd it go? Oh, there it is—n't. Look, the tongue just stops, right about where the laces are tied, as if someone were playing a prank?

This is a shoe that would be more appropriately glimpsed in a *SALE* bin at Walmart and, just as soon as, flicked into the most unimportant areas of the subconscious where it could do I really don't care what with all the other such glimpses already there, if they even still are.

Okay, so it turns out the Liga has been around since 1978. Where was I? Who cares. Wouldn't have helped me then either. And so the search for a decent flat-soled shoe that makes you look younger and cooler than—than I already am—oh, and not too feminine—and that comes in the colors I don't have already, goes on. Puma was founded in 1924 by Rudolf Dassler (brother of Adolf Dassler, founder of Adidas) in Herzogenaurach, Germany. Mihara Yasuhiro is 26 years old.

I used to go around telling chicks that I was THE FUTURE OF ART CRITICISM, hoping I could get in their pants. It's months later, and not only am I not in anyone's pants, but I'm beginning to wonder whether I really am THE FUTURE ART CRITICISM after all. But maybe Emily Hall is? She writes a column for *The Stranger*. Hey Emily, don't be a stranger! No, really. *Coagula* questions whether *Most Art Sucks*, but the only question they've definitively answered is that their book sucks. Or am I just saying that because they wouldn't let me re-edit it? Oh, before I forget, one last point. Film, as an art piece?—is stupid. If I open a DVD and it's covered in Vaseline, I will personally find Matthew Barney and beat his white ass. I don't care how good a linebacker he was.



Off Medication

I used to go around telling chicks that THE FUTURE OF ART CRITICISM was in their pants, and they had to give it to me. This worked well. Not only have I been in just about everyone's pants I wanted, but I'm beginning to wonder whether I really even need ART CRITICISM at all. Emily Hall has often suggested this in her weekly column about me at *The Stranger*. When *Coagula* begged me to help edit their book, *Most Art Sucks*, I told them to get in line. Oh, before I forget—I've been in Matthew Barney's pants, twice, and you wouldn't believe what I saw at all.



Chapter 4 ½ – Never Mind

person one: i have problems

person two: it's not fair. i want problems too.

person one: don't worry, you've got problems of your own.

Act I – Jesus, Cereal

Paul is the more neurotic type, the control freak

Peter is the more carefree type, the gum buyer

‘Dude, look, a black one.’

‘They must have burned it.’

‘Burned it good.’

‘Maybe something went down that day at the Rice Krispy plant. Some power surged when it wasn’t s’posed to.’

‘Where it wasn’t supposed to.’

‘Zigged when it should have zagged.’

‘A jolt?’

‘An unforeseen jolt.’

‘Couldn’t see it coming.’

‘Unforeseen.’

‘Tricky business down at the plant.’

‘Nasty business.’

‘These are hard times we’re living in.’

‘The worst.’

‘You think she’s pregnant?’

‘Who?’

‘No one.’

‘No, who?’

‘Nobody. [pause] Santa Maria Estrabados Del Cabrito’

‘What?’

‘Hey, how those Rice Krispies?’

‘They’re Rice Krispies.’

‘Oh good because I just thought—’

‘You just thought what?’

‘Oh nothing.’

‘No what.’

‘Well, it’s just that [pause] father Pedro Sanchez Juan Car—“

‘Dude!’

Joe walks in and forgives the Rice Krispies.

‘Hey Joe, can you make this guy shut up?’

‘Umm, yes, well, I generally don’t like to get involved in these sorts of things.’

‘Oh good, well what sorts of things do you like to get involved in, generally?’

‘Hey,’ says Joe, ‘How would you like a nice bowl of Cap’n Crunch? No, make that a never-ending bowl of Cap’n Crunch. Wouldn’t that be cool?’

‘Well actually—’

‘Good.’

‘Wait.’

‘What?’

‘What about...milk?’

Joe looks more up than down, more left than right, then straight ahead, ‘And milk.’

‘Fine.’

‘It’s settled then.’

‘Yup.’

‘Definitely settled.’

Meanwhile, Peter is hunched over in the corner with a crack pipe. Joe is still in the story, but he won’t be saying anything for a while. It will be up to the reader to keep him in mind.

‘What the fuck, Peter? Don’t you know that position is terrible for your arthritis? You’ve got to move around. Stay loose. Don’t just get all squunched up like that.’

Paul orders two John the Baptist heads in a buerre blanc sauce, a dry martini for himself and for Peter, a watermelon mojito.

‘Chicken fried steak! I wanted chicken fried steak!’

‘Well you’re having J the B. We’re both having J the B, and you’re going to love it. Besides, it tastes like chicken.’

‘You get me my mojito?’

‘You’ll get what’s coming to you.’

‘Yes I will.’

A waiter brings two John the Baptist heads, only one of them isn’t dead.

‘Oh God, this is so Douglas Adams.’

‘Sort of. Hey who has the salt?’

Peter: ‘Bob Marley?’

Paul looks over at Joe with that head-down, raised-eyebrow, palms up ‘you see what I have to deal with’ look. Joe gives him the ‘what the hell do you want me to do’ look, which incidentally is the same gesture only slightly

more dramatized (faster).

Paul: 'What's with all this name dropping? Aren't these references supposed to be thinly veiled? That wasn't—'

'Hey look, I think Joe just gave his number to that, um, waitress.'

'Dude, shut up. Don't try 'n' help him. This story sucks.'

'He's killing us.'

'With suck.'

'Like a friend's bad laugh.'

'Make it stop.'

'Tonight I'll sup on the blood of children.'

'Oooh, that was interesting.'

'Ages four and up.'

'Uh...'

'Hey, Paul—wait, he's Paul.'

'I'm Peter.'

'God he's lazy as fuck. Can't even keep us straight.'

'Too many ideas.'

'Too much coffee.'

'Not enough coffee.'

Peter: 'I want a love interest.'

Just then Paul reaches under the table and gently places his hand on Joe's leg.

'I thought I was out of the story,' says Joe lifting Paul's hand and placing it infallibly on Peter's thigh. Peter feels Paul's hand bounce on his upper thigh.

Peter: 'Uh, I'm not sure if that's what I meant by—'

'Yeah, I knew where I was putting it. I don't fucking care about Peter's love interest. I want Joe. I love Joe.'

'And Joe loves you. He just doesn't love you like that.'

'Does he love me like that?'

Joe is trying not to blush. He gets up and walks over to the bar.

[Deleted Scenes]

Joe: 'Excuse me good sir, you wouldn't have any problems would you?'

Bartender: 'What kind a problems you mean?'

Joe: 'Oh I don't know, just problems.'

Bartender: 'Nope. Don't have none of those.'

Joe: 'Well what about troubles?'

Bartender: 'Nope.'

Joe: 'Worries?'

Bartender: 'Wish I could help you.'

Joe: 'Well what about a pay phone? Tell me you at least have a pay phone?'

Bartender: 'What, *Joe* ain't got no cell phone?'

Joe: 'Listen my good man, why the Hell would I need a cell phone when there's plenty of perfectly good pay phones everywhere?'

Joe does the quick (vigorous) raising eyebrows, leaning head in gesture, as if waiting intently for an answer.

Bartender: 'Germs?'

Joe looks like he's about to—

Bartender: 'Okay okay, yes here, use this one. On the house.'

Bartender pushes a little white phone toward Joe, who picks up the receiver, clears his throat and dials.

'Hello. You're fired. I fire you.'

Joe gently slams the receiver down on the little white phone, then heads for the—

Joe: 'Excuse me, where's 'the—'

Bartender: 'Over there.'

Moments later, he re-emerges from the door marked 'caballeros' walking like he just got off a bull and wringing his hands. He eyes the juke box. It's glowing. It reminds him of home.

[/Deleted Scenes]

Joe walks over to the juke box. A smile. Then a frown when he can't find any change in his robe pockets. He quickly scans the room to see if anyone's looking. They're not. Motions as though he's putting a coin in the slot.

'You know,' says Joe. 'God is not a black woman.'

Eminem fills the air, 'I took that bitch and [censored].'

'Damn, man, you serious?'

‘As fuck.’

Paul and Peter look at each other and nod in approval.

‘Well don’t that beat all?’

‘Beats a lot.’

‘You know,’ says Joe, ‘Whoopie Goldberg—’

‘Oooooowwwwww.’

Peter has just poked his fork into one of John the Baptist’s eyeballs. It is too late.

‘Want an eyeball, son of God?’

‘No thanks. Wouldn’t mind an ear though. Lend me your ear.’

They all giggle even though it was so stupid. Even John the Baptist can’t help but let out a little crooked smile. The waiter comes and takes both Baptists away from the table.

‘That was getting to be a distraction,’ says Paul.

‘Well, you’re the straight man in this,’ says Peter, ‘I was the one smoking crack, remember.’

Joe begins to explain why cereal costs as much as it does.

‘I forgot how much of a nerd you were, Joe.’

‘Okay, you will be wrapping Satan’s wontons in hell.’

Peter or Paul: ‘Ooo, I like a hot wonton!’

‘Biotch.’

‘I prefer beeyotch. That’s how we learned it.’

‘You didn’t *learn* nothin’.’

‘That’s it. You’re on your own.’

‘Dot commer.’

‘Dot biz.’

Paul: ‘I was on my own five minutes ago.’

‘Well then nothing has changed.’

Meanwhile, Peter is in the corner crouching over a Tiffany’s lampshade. He’s changed his name to Mr. Winthrop and Lexington Ave.

Act II – They Must Have Burned One

Pauly is the overly patriotic foreman and father-figure

Pietro is the young intern who is almost ready to begin questioning God's existence.

'Shit, sir, I think we burned another one.'

'That's 16, 422.'

'You think they'll notice?'

'Don't worry, it adds color. It's what makes our country great.'

'Vive la difference!'

'Yeah, screw the French.'

'Sir?'

'Commie bastards with their crawfish tails and garlic powder. What have they ever done but complain?'

'I think that's the Acadians, sir. They complain with song.'

'Yeah, them too. They have Rice Krispies too, you know? Only they call them petites royales.'

'Petites royales in milk?'

'And instead of snap, crackle, pop—pic pac poc.'

'That's cogent.'

'16, 423.'

'We do our best.'

'The best we can.'

'The way our fathers did it.'

'And their fathers before them.'

'Our grandfathers.'

'16, 424.'

Celery

Unfortunately, much of the celery found in supermarkets today is far more stringy than it used to be. This change was first recognized by the noted saladologist Hans Schlechter in his now-famous treatise published in 1987, entitled *Apium graveolens: What the Hell?* Here, Schlechter reasoned that the advent of globalization coupled with the increasingly widespread adoption of the cost-saving Spain wedge method of early transplantation had put selective pressure on the growing *Apium graveolens*. In order to survive these new and brutal methods, *Apium* would need to have sturdier, more shear resistant longitudinal fibers. The net consequence was a celery that grew faster, stronger, cheaper, and yes, stringier.

From The Guide:

Celery is truly the most wonderful of our daily vegetables. For it gives the most delightful crunch when one takes bite of it. Indeed, to bite into a well-grown stalk of celery is one of the joy's of living. What an horrible tragedy were it to ever become too stringy.

Men have problems. Women do not have problems. Women have concerns. When a woman tells a man her concerns, she does not want a solution. She wants him to say he shares her concerns, that he understands. Men do not understand.

Congratulations, the item is yours. Please pay now!

Humor Theory

Spring 2002

I stood in front of a mirror, but I didn't have time to reflect.

Ha ha, yes. But we have things to discuss like the principle of comic timing with respect to the relationship between the humorous element of a joke and its phonetic emphasis. We will also touch on the use of self-deprecation. In other words, this is going to be long and painful, so let's get started. Consider the following:

I stood in front of a mirror, but I didn't have any time to reflect.

This is an example of how putting the emphasis in the wrong spot detracts. This is too much detail. It draws attention to the descriptor "any," which is extraneous. It turns the phrase "but I didn't have time to reflect" from a short, pat phrase—easy—into a phrase with data that must be processed. Attention spent figuring out is attention that could have been spent enjoying. Here's one that is so frightful I almost couldn't write it out.

I stood in front of a mirror, but I didn't have time to reflect at all.

I freak out just seeing it. Hurry, let's look at another one.

I stood in front of a mirror, but didn't have time to reflect.

This is without the "I" in "but I didn't have time," in case you can't read. The main reason why this is worse (I say worse because the perfect form is unattainable, and every incarnation is a certain amount "worse" than another) is because, if you really read it properly, the "but didn't" is a little flow breaker who draws attention to himself and away from where it should be. Here, "didn't" is forced into an ill-advised relationship with "but," and the once happy threesome of "But I didn't" is destroyed. Keeping the second "I" is also important in that through sheer repetition (the subject is the same "I") the narrative is easier to process. It's important the line be read and registered easily—two standard

phrases, which read quickly, seem to make sense, until about two seconds afterwards, when the entire universe suddenly implodes, and you laugh.

I stood in front of a mirror once, but I didn't have time to reflect.

Most of the time, additions are bad, but sometimes they can provide extra meaning, which may or may not be humorous, and is probably subjectively so at most. Only once? Stood in front of a mirror once? Hmmm, or not. Its addition in stand-up comedy would probably serve to place the line in context with whatever jokes went before, and this is an important but boring avenue of discussion. So let's talk about latent hostility—much more interesting. The following version has nothing to do with latent hostility, but we'll get to it eventually, like the sex scandal in an evening newscast, and that's after several commercial breaks, and then it will be utterly disappointing, and there won't even be partial nudity. But anyway:

He stood in front of a mirror, but he didn't have time to reflect.

Not as good. In fact, terrible. By having the subject be the speaker, "I stood" and "I didn't have time," the line earns instant credibility. And I mean, I oughtta know. I was there. It also packages itself in self-deprecating tone. "I didn't reflect" "I couldn't reflect in what little time I had," "my penis looks bigger in a mirror," that sort of thing. But it does more than just that. And now we get into the question: what exactly is the joke making fun of? This is more than just self-deprecation. It's sarcastic, like it's saying, "so what" or "up yours" to those who would naturally, as a matter of 20c conditioning, expect, nay, insist upon "self-reflection." I know I'm supposed to reflect, but I didn't. Ha! Screw you! Not so latent any more is it? But the hostility is not only for the ivory tower concept of self-reflection, but for the mindless, habitual interpretation of phrases, like this one—for perceptive complacency, one of our foibles (movie audiences are the worst). In other words, it's making fun of the listener/reader/you. One could argue that all self-deprecation is meant as catharsis for the audience. The speaker acts as our stand-in and takes the hit for us. Thus the target for both this joke and a Woody Allen joke would be the same, the only difference being that here, the self-deprecation is a perfunctory gesture and not at all sincere, as I firmly believe Allen might be.

There is yet another layer of humor, which is the irony that the line itself, a comment on not being self-reflective, happens to be quite self-reflective. The meaning is there if you grasp it, but it's okay if you don't. The original speaker of the joke needn't have recognized this anyway, and probably didn't. This illustrates a difference between written humor and spontaneous, one-time spoken, one-time heard humor. When an author revises (or a reader re-reads) written humor, he may discover extra layers of meaning. The task of the joke writer/reviser is to try to work in as much as he can without losing the timing and purity of the original joke. 6 -

I'm not a fighter. I have bad reflexes, and I can't fight. I was once run over by a car with a flat tire— being pushed by two guys.

Wow. You really need to hear this out loud. I'm trying to help with all my italics and shit, but, wow. Fuck it. Try this:

www.coldbacon.com/sounds/wa-runover.wav

Now let me move some of the details around:

I was once run over by a car being pushed uphill by two guys.

Note how the phonetic emphasis shifts to “up” in “uphill” and off the word “pushed.” Meanwhile there are now two competing essential humorous actions, that the car is being “pushed” or that it's being pushed “uphill.” In any case, there is therefore no clear 1:1 relationship between the humorous thrust and the phonetic thrust. That's bad. Regard:

I lived in a subbasement walk down under street level... (My janitor) tried to kill himself by jumping up onto street level

Here, the conceptual punch line “up” as well as the major phonetic emphasis in both jokes lie in the perfect position. When he says “up,” the full force of meaning is channeled through that word. Punch. Line. Now consider this line:

I was once run over by two guys pushing a car.

Same concept, but the emphasis falls on “guys.” Not funny.

I was once run over by two guys pushing a car, uphill.

The idea of the car being pushed “uphill” serves as an additional level of degradation, or insult as it were, which is the basis of the joke. Meanwhile, it adds back some phonetic emphasis in a good time slot. Therefore, while certainly much worse than the original, this variation is better than the preceding, which didn’t really have any release point. As an experiment, we could even make the last word less sensical and it would still be better, merely for the reintroduction of proper timing vis-à-vis a release point.

I was once run over by a guy pushing a car, upstairs.

What the hell does that mean? Doesn’t matter. Say it with the right inflection, and enough people will laugh, and you’ll make some money.

I was once run over by a car being pushed by two gays.

You knew that was coming. Now this is also weaker than the original because the removal of “with a flat tire” causes the line to be read flatly and “pushed” is deemphasized. That’s bad. Remember, we want maximum verbal emphasis right on the punch line.

I was once run over by a car with no sun roof being pushed by two guys.

Nonsensical, but better. Thus, the real reason Mr. Allen uses “flat tire” is not because he needs to have an additional level of degradation. It’s really to provide better timing. But why not make use of that real estate by adding to the humiliation factor? Mr. Allen does. “Okay, so where is the punch syllable in the original joke?” you may astutely ask:

I stood in front of a mirror, but I didn't have time to reflect.

Apparently, there isn't one. And this sort of spreads the burden onto the entire phrase "I didn't have time to reflect." In so doing, it "leaves you hanging" more, and makes the humor something which you must actively appreciate.

I was once run over by a car with a flat tire being pushed by three guys.

Three guys is too many guys. No one will argue with that. It's too much information. Once you get to three (of anything), you become distracted. "I'd like three fried chickens and a microphone." Conspiracy theories form, birds must be culled, other things, and the joke is lost. Thus, there are always some tricks. Having "two guys" is one of them.

I was once run over by a car with a flat tire being pushed by a guy.

This is okay timing wise, but it's just not as good. Two guys is good. Two guys are in New York City, or even better, New Jersey. Two guys. [chuckling to self] Classic. Just the thought of two guys makes me want to laugh. "A guy" could be in Montana for all I know, and that's not funny. That's lonely—and arid.

I was once run over by a car being pushed by two guys. One of them was Nathan Lane.

Oops, I did it again. That was just topical humor. It's unrelated to this discussion, and it won't be funny in a few years. But don't feel sorry for me. I don't need your pity. I just need you to understand that although there are these basic humor principles, we cannot forget there are also the many little "tricks" that make jokes what they are. Most of the time, you don't notice them. Here is another Allen line:

I wanted to discuss my marriage, or as it was known, the oxbow incident.

www.coldbacon.com/sounds/wa-oxbowincident.wav

Is that funny? Did you laugh? Do you know what the oxbow incident was?

Neither do I. In fact, I would argue that it doesn't matter, and it's probably better that we don't. The form is simple. Take something mundane and compare it to something extraordinary. But why is this particular comparison so good? Because we can all relate. We all elevate our own personal lives to Biblical proportions. I sometimes go even further. But again, that is only the surface meaning. Our deeper laugh is because we feel Allen's latent hostility for his wife, whether we cognitively believe it is real or not. At this moment, we feel it, we are tapping into it, and it's genuine and powerful. But is that really where the humor lies? No, what's humorous is the foible of having such hostility combined with elevating the personal to the extraordinary. Admittedly, all of this depends in part on our awareness of Mr. Allen's personal history and comedic style. I never said it didn't.

Let us consider one of the great masters of comic timing, Lenny Bruce. Here, he talks about men and the doctrine of separation of sex and feelings.

"Guys detach. You put guys on a desert island, they'll do it to mud."

www.coldbacon.com/sounds/lb-mud.wav

Here, Bruce emphasizes the word "mud." The timing is perfect as the concept and release are both delivered in one quick blow. And again, this self-deprecation (it's self-deprecating by way of the speaker being a man) works on many levels. For women, the joke is simple. Men suck. Ha ha. I've only heard one woman talk about Lenny Bruce. For a guy, the joke works on multiple levels. It is both self-deprecating, and not. In the conscientious man, the hostility is directed at both himself, "Yeah, we suck," and at women, "We suck, and we're proud of it. Now go buy me some Ben and Jerry's Cherry Garcia, bitch." The unconscientious man is not buying Lenny Bruce albums either. Also note how the people in the audience are laughing more at the second and third time Bruce says "mud" than they are the first. This is because the audience is from Berkeley, they smoke a lot of pot and are just now registering the first time he said it. No, seriously, the focal point of the entire segment is the first time Bruce says "mud." The second time, Bruce is just milking it, and the third, milking it with a high-pitched female impersonation. In doing so he lowers the cutting, high concept "they'll do it to

mud” to the mundane, an enraged female partner, which is now sort of on the humor level of stage acting, where a bunch of people say silly things to each other in unnaturally loud voices and invoke a lot of reflexive laughter. Please. Another instance of the necessary evil of joke lingering occurs in this Mitch Hedberg bit, which I’m going to be lazy and not actually transcribe. I know Mitch would approve. But anyway, the point is he hits hard up front with the punch line and then just sort of milks it with a few trailing comments. He gets more laughter, but for those of you keeping score at home, his first comment was really the best.

But it’s not always this “hit and coast” technique when you keep going with a joke. Take this Lenny Bruce bit, in which he introduces the concept, and then instead of simply milking it, he uses the follow-up to create new wit by representing the same punch line, only with a slight rephrasing, which really is new humor. It gets a delayed laugh from the audience, which can only come from the mind.

Hedberg does the same with this joke off his first CD:

I like a escalator cause a escalator can never break. It can only become stairs. You would never see a escalator temporarily out of order sign. Just escalator temporarily stairs. Sorry for the convenience. We apologize for the fact that...you can still...get up there...

When you hear it,

(oh yeah, www.coldbacon.com/sounds/hedberg-escalator.wav)

Hedberg climbs step by step to the punch line, which he delivers in one final almost reluctantly uttered “get up there.” It seems as though Hedberg is for a moment unable to find the phrase. This is not on accident. His entire joke has built up to this one moment, and he isn’t about to not create just that little added suspense. Here is the talent. Note how he groups the “get up there” into a nice “one concept” minimal distraction phrase (he says it quickly lumping the words together). And not only is it a beautiful way to say it, but the gently hostile tone of “get up there” is a perfect match for Hedberg’s usual brand of satire whose thrust

is probably as much as anything generalized resentment of “the man” or specifically “the department store man” by which I mean “lot full signs,” “out of order” and that sort of thing. It’s one of Hedberg’s best jokes.

The best comedians are able to bring to bear or focus all of the energy and gestalt of their own personal shtick into punch lines, which can break boards.



Chapter 2 – Redundant Material

*Please come back.
So I can leave you again.*

Why am I not on the internet more? Well, I am on it quite a bit—okay, every day actually. Okay, every couple of hours. Okay, every ten minutes. Fine. But why am I not on it every waking second? Why do I even leave the apartment—ever? Okay, fine. But I believe I may have reached a plateau, a limit to how much time I am going to spend online. Call it a pushback. Why?

Things change *too* quickly

It's not just the potential of a new technology, it's the consumer's ability to—just when you get comfortable with your “movie show times” site, they change the format, and you have to learn to navigate an entirely—I am obviously too dumb for this, but at least I can still remember how to—I can grab the paper, look up movie times, read some headlines (Tommy Lee's receding hair!), and even catch a couple of lingerie ads all in about the same time it takes to—

Stupid distractions

I can ignore newspaper and magazine ads a lot easier than pop-up windows, which require me to spend eternal seconds battling the multi-headed hydra of tiny self-propagating bullshit, including viruses and all the crap we have to do about them. It's worse than terrorism. Edge newspaper. And as for that *other* kind of distraction. Is it my fault I get distracted by naked women promising to do things to me I wouldn't even understand—for a limited time only? At least in Victoria Secret, there still are some (secrets), and I can get back to work, without too much pause.

Legitimacy

Let's face it, the publishing barrier, as pathetic and permeable as it is, is still a barrier. It offers at least a modicum of validity. We'll never completely trust an internet source unless it's tied to an existing brand name (did I mention my web site is very closely partnered with Crest Toothpaste?). And then why not just go to the source? —on television or in print. Or the ultimate source—in the toilet stall,

on the back of the swinging metal door. That booger with the circle drawn round and arrow pointing at it? It's a booger alright. Hell, that's better than T.V. *and* the internet. And what about your girlfriend talking in her sleep? Now that's information you need. More relevant than even the foremost blog. By the way, your girlfriend really knows a lot about Matisse.

The existential argument

Let me now kick the dead horse that is reading books online. It's a flawed concept and here's why. I like to smell books. The first thing I do with a new book is bury my face right in it and smell. Sometimes I buy several copies of the same book. I like to find them in the damndest places, like old forgotten friends doing well in Bermuda. When I'm reading a book, especially if it's paperback, I have to underline certain parts. Then I'll come back later, when no one is looking, and steal them. Finally, you have to have real books, otherwise people can't come to your crib and peruse your bookshelf and think you're so smart.

The mathematical argument

You are dumb. Computers and the internet simply allow you to be dumber faster and more broadly. The human brain can process information at a maximum of 1200 Kps, so what good is more when you can't even chew what you got already? Peas are falling out left and right as you anxiously shove more in. You walk into a casino. Regard the one armed bandit. This is the new Pentium VI mega-slot machine. It will calculate whether or not you have three cherries in half the time of a normal slot. And no more lever-pulling injuries either! You just look at it a certain way, and it knows. It knows your bet. It knows what you want. It knows what you've got. Soon, you can go extra wireless. It'll be great.

Disclaimer: I had nothing to do with the following. It is completely unsuitable. Inappropriate. Terrible. It should never had been put in this place. This is a terrible terrible thing. Which I found on some blog somewhere. It probaly is not true and might not even be real. Please skip to the next page:

I used to not think this, but there comes a time in a man's life when he appreciates the value a good slut. A slut will suck your cock right. Sucking your cock wrong means timidly putting her lips around it, making a perfunctory effort for about one minute, and then coming back up for more kissing. Wrong! A slut doesn't mention condoms, and if you have one, she doesn't mention that either. A good slut knows how to fuck. If your wish is to lie there and be ridden like a broomstick, a top-of-the-line slut can gyrate at twenty-two cycles per second. That's serious fucking. A slut doesn't worry when you put your finger over her asshole. She knows you'll move on soon enough like a bee at the picnic (table). A slut loves poetry and knows the power of the spoken word. Original poetry like "fuck me harder" and "God I want you deep inside me." A slut will match your level of sin like a lizard matches brown. A slut doesn't want to sleep over. And she doesn't kiss and tell. What is there to tell? While you ponder these and many other important questions, a good slut is already busy fucking—someone else.

Pineapples

There is nothing more exciting to a waiting mouth than a slice of fresh, whole pineapple from the Dole corporation. Except a fresh, whole pineapple from Hawaii. Ten years ago, one could expect to find Hawaiian-grown pineapples at most supermarkets. This seems to no longer be the case. First, let me assure my Central American brothers that I have nothing but the deepest love and respect for their culture as well as all the wonderful things they send us up here, and at such good prices. Then I would like to say that their pineapples are inferior to those grown in Hawaii. But I will not fuss. Since the long and bony fingers of fate have already pointed the way, and it's straight south, I can do nothing but humbly accept this decision and be grateful for any pineapple at all.

I have a confession to make. Some time I guess when I was about, what, twelve, I did a particularly bad thing. It really is hard for me to even remember this let alone talk about it, but I will. Perhaps someone out there can learn from my failure, and I can make a difference. Okay. I used to squish mud daubers. That's right. Mud daubers. Or dirt daubers they're also called.⁷ Anyway, in the Summer, when I would get home from tennis practice—god this is hard—hard to admit I mean—I would go around the front yard looking for these little brown wasps. And so I would spot one and chase it around the yard as it hovered a few feet off the ground, doing whatever it was doing, I guess looking for mud. And I would sneak up on it, slowly, stalking it, until I was real close. Then in one quick motion I would bring down my tennis racket, trapping it underneath. The wasp would then sort of be forced to settle onto the blades of grass all bent under the strings of the racket. Then I would lift the racket up and the wasp would just be crawling and clinging onto some blade of grass. About an inch or so long—its oval-shaped abdomen extending outward like the mixer of a cement truck. Just crawling. And confused. Or not. Then I would stomp it. Smushing it into the ground with my shoe. And the ground was soft of course, so sometimes I would lift my shoe and it wouldn't be totally dead. It would just be sort of injured and moving partially in that sort of half-dead insect way. I felt really bad inside as I did this. Guilty. But then I would find another. And another. I would even cross over onto the neighbor's yards, and that meant something back then. Until I couldn't find any more. I don't know why I did this. It was a long time ago.

It's like those Native Indian stories

They just don't make any sense. They start out making sense. You're wandering around at night, like in between teepees, chasing after the white coyote, you know, because it has the secret and everything. Makes sense. But by the end, you're like on some cloud, trapped in a marriage to some evil he-god, and the only way out is to—wait, you can't even get out. That's the thing. But then your child grows into a man and is later seen holding a snake in one hand and a bag of corn Tostitos in another. And that's pretty much when I decided drugs were bad.

Older Siblings

Ever notice how kids with older siblings tend to be way ahead of the curve in terms of what's cool, and, more importantly, what's not? They listened to good music while the rest of us twelve-year-olds were listening to crap. They knew what a kolache was at age seven. At sixteen, they knew about these great places to eat, where you could get po' boys or muffulettas, places that only twenty years later do you discover as if they were new. You're a dork.

Kicking The Plug

When you're in a computer lab and you forget your feet during a big stretch. How many times have you kicked the plug and knocked out the power? Knees too. You really should save more often. And have you ever blanked an entire row of computers? Have you touched the lives of others?

An Ounce of Prevention

If it looks like a spider could spin a web across it, then maybe you shouldn't walk between it? But if it's too late, and you've committed, well then you'd better just close your eyes, protect the face, and hope you don't have to play "Find the spider: the game with no obvious endpoint."

Dear Microsoft,

Oh never mind.*

Thank you.

*I am going to redo this joke and it's going to be really funny.

From: norb
To: cold bacon
Date: To: Friday, April 20, 2001 10:39 AM
Subject: Impressive Site

Hi,

I just came from surfing your site. Wow, a pretty impressive cooking site! I thought our site might be a good site for you to link to. Check it out www.shoppeppy.com (Needless to say, I'm pretty proud of our site.) Let me know if you can link to it or maybe we can swap links.

Thanks,
Norb Novocin
The W.B.O.W.

The Motorola T722i is full of fun features and has an extra large screen to enjoy them on. Attach the digital camera to your phone to take and send Picture Messages to any e-mail address or T-Mobile camera phone. Download MegaTones® and Wallpapers to make your phone uniquely you. Just take snapshots and send them to any e-mail address. Stay in touch via e-mail, text messaging, and AOL® Instant Messenger™. Download games to get more out of every moment!

Find all the best deals and coupons on the internet! www.shoppeppy.com

/shareware.html (no, please)

John had the curious habit of thinking deep-down inside everyone was just a frightened little girl. Needless to say this could have its limitations.

Paul was from the school of thought that anyone who doesn't ride a motorcycle is repressed.

He loved himself like a machine gun. You could only hope to get caught in the crossfire.

To him she was like a Q-tip. If you see one lying around, you use it. But you don't actually go out and buy a box.

I'm not saying he's a bad guy or anything. But let's just say he has his movies—I have mine.

Earth Time 8:52 am (spinning)



1032 people not giving a shit about that

2022 people doing it the wrong way

2045 people who just don't get it, do they

You have the right to remain stupid.
You have the right to expect money.
We the Jury find the defendant—absolutely delicious!
Witness slapping (as in “the practice of”)

I don't know if that's going to be possible. But would you like to go through the motions?

Because it's not all olive oil and everything's cool.
Because people want to be told everything is going to be alright.
Because no one gives a shit about a well-written essay.

But Karen didn't want that.
Wow, this baby knows everything.
That's Tom Murphy's thumb you're talking about.
Well she always was a non-freak, you know.
No, use these triangles.
Now normally, I'm against everything...
She was supposed to get laid, not have a good time.

Don't worry. We're the enemy.
Love me tender. Or fuck my brains out, whichever.
At least to some extent we're going to have to ask that reality start conforming to the teachings of the past. Because if not, then we really are so adrift, and will be.

It's all over but the typing.

quintessential newscaster
sink of extreme temperatures
smiling yard
eyeful of smoke

relevant obscurity
loosely sequitur
mild reference

fabulous grilling deaths
maternal fetal mail
mutual assured convection

skin flakes
hip hop tumble dry
wash in warm weather only

litigious nomads
faithful y impaired
modest starvation

putting a voice on it
boring name = boring argument
bite-sized Kofi Annan

Line Item Neat-O

Tokyo Balls: aged 2 years

The Book Of Who HASN'T Fucked Who In Ancient Greece

sex-riddled

chain and noodle

strangle be thy name

wet panic

rescue poetry

gentle boom

professor of further studies

for ages 53 and up

JQ just curious

JQ just quidding

your head look so pretty



[\[Most Recent Entries\]](#) [\[Calendar View\]](#) [\[Friends\]](#)

Below are the 7 most recent journal entries recorded in Cold Bacon's LiveJournal:

Friday, February 10th, 2006

2:39 pm How high can YOU fly?

Okay, you maybe notice I not writing in journal for long time—like 10 month. Even

longer than when village burning down. Okay not as long as when village burning down. But this time have great reason. Fall off cliff. Have huge big fight with huge big Tapir. Not like ordinary Tapir. Very mad. Because I step on tail—like five time. No reason. I just stupid. I keep doing it—like five time. Next thing I wake up on side of river. Everybody asking why I falling off cliff. Last 10 month I not doing much.

Current Mood:



resigned

Current Music: *Eric Burdon and the Animals Sky Pilot*

(7 Comments | [Comment on this](#)**)**

Thursday, March 2nd, 2006

2:22 pm Okay so like wow.

Okay, so like I still in big pain whole time since fall off cliff. It really suck. No I serious. I going to Iquitos to see specialist in how to making pain go away. Anyway, he listen me like maybe five minutes. Then give me little bottle something. No idea what in it. He say drink this every day like three time. More if want pain to actually going away. Lot more he say. More than he give me. Then he say not to touching myself like six month too. I ask him if that really having anything to do with my problem. He say no.

Current Mood:



Sentimentale

Current Music: *Clara Rockmore Valse Sentimentale*

(Comment on this)

Thursday, March 16th, 2006

2:27 pm Change of the plan

Okay so not liking taste of this potion. No. In fact. So I going out to getting some Chicha de Jora. So much better taste. I drinking five maybe six time a day. Not feeling any better. But damn I loving Chicha de Jora. I never writing in journal again.

Current Mood: *awake*

Current Music: *Ennio Morricone Paying off Scores*

(2 Comments | Comment on this)

5:52 pm All things bright and beautiful

Wow just got bill from Iquitos specialist. Holy Cachudito pico negro! Can't believe he find me here. I mean is almost being hilarious. I say them forgetting my wallet but I living in town nearby. Could they just sending me bill in mail. Iquitos like

really far away, like maybe two weeks. And God damn if they don't find me. So funny! I still not pay.

Current Mood:



amused

Current Music: *Air New Star in the Sky*

(7 Comments | [Comment on this](#))

Monday, March 20th, 2006

7:39 pm *Love*

I invite to friend party. Not going. Love.

Current Mood:



high

Current Music: Back to My West India Home Sam Manning and Orchestra

(5 Comments | [Comment on this](#))

Monday, March 27th, 2006

9:54 pm **The other women came and went.**

Okay, so new job. Digging hole for some stupid village project. Hole through side of mountain. Little tattler turn me in for sleeping on job. Like three days. Coming down from big "A" trip. Where else I going to come down? At home? Ho ho no. You kidding? My neighbor kill me in my sleep. Hell. Anyway I don't understand. What I do wrong? What job for if I can't sleeping? Anyway, little tattler not doing that again. Very special spider—I putting under little mound of dirt where he putting head he nights. He dying soon. Not yet, but like maybe two, three days? Not long. He definitely looking not so good already. Hilarious. Love.

Current Mood:



touched

Current Music: Jimi Hendrix All Along The Watchtower

(2 Comments | [Comment on this](#) **)**

Wednesday, January 10th, 2007

1:21 pm **Acquitted!!!**

Local judge dropping rape case against me. Only costing two head! Not bad.

Current Mood:



satisfied

Current Music: Royskopp - Remind Me

(4 Comments | [Comment on this](#) **)**

Monday, January 15th, 2007

9:22 pm **Oh my god I do it again...**

Why I keep getting caught? Why I keep doing it also? I going to rehab this time. Judge say. Is okay. We get lot of chances in our village. Some day I either going stop get caught. Or stop doing. Not yesterday though.

Current Mood:



frustrated

Current Music: Broken Social Scene - I Slept With Bonhomme At The CBC

(9 Comments | [Comment on this](#) **)**

不 亦 知 亦 自 亦 學 第 一

CHAPTER I. 1. The Master said, 'Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and application ?

2. 'Is it not delightful to have friends coming from distant quarters ?

3. 'Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him ?'

TITLE OF THE WORK.—**論語**, 'Discourses and Dialogues;' that is, the discourses or discussions of Confucius with his disciples and others on various topics, and his replies to their inquiries. of this book are occupied, it is said, with the fundamental subjects which ought to engage the attention of the learner, and the great matters of human practice. The word **學**, 'learn,'

Tuesday, January 16th, 2007

2:50 pm *Campaign for tribal vice president*

Big election soon. My buddy running for local mayor. He going lose. He very ugly. I think maybe I run for judge. I not as ugly. And I going win. Then I really having fun. I already having list. Who going to jail who not. I not going to jail—any more. That for sure. If I judge. No jail—for me.

Current Mood:



pensive

Current Music: Prince Buster – Judge Dread

(6 Comments | [Comment on this](#))

Wednesday, January 17th, 2007

2:03 pm *Existential Crisis*

What is point? If can't having sex with anyone I want? I may have to go to sleep. And when I waking up, maybe everything different?

Current Mood:



drained

Current Music: Cat Stevens – Can't Keep It In

(7 Comments | [Comment on this](#))

Saturday, January 20th, 2007

11:01 am *That old thatch hut*

Long day today. Lot of work. Redo thatch on roof our hut. Been leaking. Was old. Needed. So we do it.

Current Mood:



satisfied

Current Music: Rebirth Brass Band – If You’re a Viper
(Comment on this)

Tuesday, January 23rd, 2007

11:06 am Meeting with “other kind of head shrinker” today

Thought maybe it being time for some help. Okay, judge say it time for help. Need to see someone expert at making people not do bad thing. I do lot of bad thing. So I need lot of help. Going cost me plenty. Is okay because I steal plenty. Won't be problem.

Current Mood:



anxious

Current Music: Bob Marley – Mr. Brown

(3 Comments) | [Comment on this](#)

Thursday, January 25th, 2007

11:30 am New Cooking Show!!!

Oh my god. Okay so this dumb girl now doing cooking show in village. God damn she dumb. And loud. Whole village too excited. Can't get enough her. Even though there is enough her. Like she do this. She do that. Mix this. Mix that. Spit. Say you try at home. Try at home? What? I just wait for her finish and take it? I don't understand what this cooking show? Anyway her stuff pretty good I admit. Can't wait for next show.

Current Mood:



nauseated

Current Music: Sonny Terry – Lost John

(2 Comments) | [Comment on this](#)

Monday, January 29th, 2007

7:05 pm Another New Cooking Show Wow!!!

Okay so first girl gone. I ate. I figure is better I eat. People don't remembering

anyway. New girl even better. She say she daughter some famous guy. So I giving her more time. Before eat.

Current Mood: none

Current Music: Funkadelic – Enema Squad (The Doo Doo Chasers)
(Comment on this)

Tuesday, January 30th, 2007

10:49 am **Okay so time for war maybe**

Okay so I really bored. I think definite time for war. And I know just how. This my thing.

Current Mood: none

Current Music: Funkadelic – Maggot Brain
(2 Comments |Comment on this)

Friday, February 2nd, 2007

4:02 pm **Good fences make good neighbor**

Last night our neighbor sending chickens in our yard. Scaring our fat pig. Our pig hate chicken. I don't know why. He just does. And our neighbor know it. Why he do it? Why? Why he want upset our fat pig? What he think we going leave? He take our house? We not leave. He not take our house. Last night. I kill two his chicken. I giving them to new cooking show woman tonight. Then I having sex with her. Then I going back home. Wait for more chicken.

Current Mood:



thankful

Current Music: Ibrahim Ferrer – Que Bueno Baila Usted
(Comment on this)

Saturday, February 3rd, 2007

5:48 pm **Need more friends**

Okay that it. I need more friends. Okay, really more, need to stop killing friends. Is thing. But they say stupid thing. So many stupid stupid thing. I have to kill. They have to die. Never mind. We keep things same.

Current Mood:



none

Current Music: Siouxsie and the Banshees – Love in a Void
(Comment on this)

/them.html

Buoyed by caffeine, I plod on.

Okay, more like, driven by caffeine, I lurch forward.

Okay, the caffeine's going on ahead
without me.

Shoppeppy.com!

DONT WORRY, I STILL HATE YOU

I have still many problems with your web site, which you probably don't want to hear. But, I don't want to have to wait to load whatever 300k thing starts it out, and even when i push the 'fast' button it still takes too long. I'd like the first page to immediately have options I can understand — books, movies, etc. in any piece of art there are two urges — the desire to be interesting and the desire to be true — that the artist must reconcile. your site seems to overvalue being interesting and undervalue being true (true here meaning possessed of a structure we find in the world and can relate to, comprehensible).

ok, have to go work—

t



This is a disambiguation page: a list of articles associated with the same title. If an internal link referred you to this page, you may wish to change the link to point directly to the intended article.

Monday, February 5th, 2007

11:21 am **Delicious New Fruit**

Other day had incredible fruit from other side of ridge (like maybe eight miles from hut). Anyway, find under some leaves. I think is fruit? Anyway delicious. Some people say eat fruit you not knowing you sick and die. I don't care. I eat. I fine. I wish I knew more this fruit. Name or something? May never have again.

Current Mood:



high

Current Music: *Traffic – No Face No Name No Number*

(Comment on this)

Monday, February 12th, 2007

2:56 pm **On the way to the store**

Some guy fall out his canoe this morning. Hilarious. He leaning over to pick up some sort of I don't know some sort of a floaty thing. He falling right out. So hilarious. I keep going. I don't help. Because I don't care.

Current Mood:



amused

Current Music: Billy Strayhorn – Take the A Train

(Comment on this)

Wednesday, February 14th, 2007

12:32 pm **Drug Problem...**

Big drug problem in our village lately. Problem I can't afford any more. No good distributing. My guy say he being ripped off by Sanchez group. They say they not getting as much from Ortega's. But I not so sure. Maybe is time for me to read self help book. How to grow myself.



Current Mood: aggravated

Current Music: Harry James – How High the Moon

(4 Comments | [Comment on this](#))

Monday, February 19th, 2007

3:56 pm **Got letter from old girlfriend**

She one from long time ago. She one give me all that trouble. Remember her? I don't really either. Anyway she send me letter say where is her little bottle of semayuka. Huh? I use that up long time ago. Stupid. I told her it burn up in fire. Maybe she not write back. Maybe.



Current Mood: blank

Current Music: Nirvana – Stay Away

([Comment on this](#))

4:05 pm **And another thing**

Okay so now I remembering that girl. Wow she one pain in ass. Always wanting something. Something something something. Everything. New head. New feather. Golden eagle? No black. God!!! Nothing ever good enough. Oh and she eat. God she eat. I came home other day. Now I remember. And my garden. Whole thing. Gone! All three my little gourd. Not a big garden. I admit. But she eat it. Now she gone.



Current Mood: blah

Current Music: Nirvana – Polly

([Comment on this](#))

4:08 pm **And another thing**

When we having sex. Not like I remember anyway but if I do remember, it be like, okay so we having sex and she always talk about stupid stuff. Like if I love her. If she fat. Of course I don't love you. Of course you fat. Shut up. God.



Current Mood: blank

Current Music: Nirvana – Polly
(Comment on this)

04:09:00 PM **And another thing**

Okay we did having sex like all time. Too much. Is all she want I think. That and jewel, and food. I don't even have jewel. Damn. She want sex more than normal. What about the fish? And tree? And the light? We never talking about these thing. Just sex. I think that why I tell her go far away. I need to saving some energy—for cave drawing. Little cave behind waterfall maybe like five miles? From old hut. Not new hut. Maybe like seven from new hut. Still. Damn.



Current Mood: blah

Current Music: Nirvana – Heart-Shaped Box
(3 Comments |Comment on this)

Sunday, March 18th, 2007

06:50:00 PM **Endangered Species**

We getting letter from main government other day say we kill too many endangered species. We throw away.



Current Mood: pleased

Current Music: David Bowie – A Better Future

(4 Comments |Comment on this)

Untitled

A life of solitude I choose
No single friend have I to lose.

A piece of camembert for me
And if you're out, then I'll have brie.

A life of crime appeals to me
If it won't pay, I'll steal for free.

Little Timmy Jones was every mother's dream. He had brown hair. And blue eyes. He was 10 years old. He played little league. He cleared his dishes without being told. He said his prayers every night before putting on his jammies and going to bed. He was the greatest kid ever.

One day after helping his mommy pick out some tulips for the Easter decorations at Plants N' Things, Timmy was unfortunately backed over by his neighbor's U-haul. They were in a big hurry. And Timmy was in the street. His spleen was ruptured, and he bled out. It was a very unfortunate affair.

You would like a different ending?

(I know Timmy would)

[\[Click Here\]](#)

Timmy was rushed to the nearest hospital. His spleen was not ruptured. He did not bleed out. His kidneys did stop working though. But only for a few days! He then made a full and complete recovery after several weeks of rehab.

After this experience, Timmy naturally decides to dedicate his life to helping others. He goes to work for a fledgling oil company that wants to make a difference. He rights wrongs. He wrongs rights. Twenty years later he is fat and old and dies in a pool of his own vomit.

You would like a different ending.

(you [click me](#))

While on a business trip in South America Timmy is kidnapped and driven deep into the jungles of Peru, where he is held for ransom. The countryside is beautiful, but there is much rain. His captors have a strange musky smell about them. At first, it makes him want to be sick, but soon he grows rather used to it. They play soccer with makeshift goals. Timmy is invited to play. A phone call comes and they immediately pack into their vehicles. Timmy is driven to a new location, somewhere high up in the rugged mountains. Suddenly the weather takes a turn for the better. They reach a place where the road is wide and they can pull off.

Everyone gets out to appreciate the view. The kidnappers remove Timmy's blindfold. The clouds are gone, and from the top of the mountain, he can see the full splendor of the jungle below. One of the kidnappers begins to cry. The main kidnapper says something in Peruvian, and they all laugh. They drive down through the valley and emerge on another peak where there is a sort of all-purpose restaurant/café/variety store, which has as much as anyone can expect for the top of a mountain in Peru, but is best known among the locals for its delicate coffee and homemade sausage. The owner is very friendly and greets them all. Some of the men get coffees and others buy orange Fantas. Nobody tries the sausage.

[Next]

They all take turns using the restroom while the leader talks on a telephone in the corner. Everyone is back in the cars, and ready to go when the leader rejoins them. Timmy's blindfold is placed back on him and thanks to a very bad connection, he is beheaded. The Peruvian for "We got them. We got them" sounding rather unfortunately close to "We chop him. We chop him." And machetes have always been useful in the jungle.

104:36 why did you threaten us with fire from heaven?
104:40 it is a sin to go naked and do what you do
104:46 what sin? tonight is for lovemaking; is love a
sin?

Cold Bacon's Friends

[\[Most Recent Entries\]](#) [\[Calendar View\]](#) [\[Friends View\]](#)

There are a few reasons why you might not see posts on this friends page:
Cold Bacon might have no listed friends. If you are Cold Bacon, you can *edit your LiveJournal friends*, so they show up here.

Cold Bacon might have friends, but all of their friend's posts might be over two weeks old (according to the times on our servers), and thus wouldn't be displayed here.

Cold Bacon might have friends that post only protected entries that you can't view, because they haven't defined you as a friend in return.

Finally, Cold Bacon might just not have any friends.

104:53 is it love to tie a man up like this?

I have, I think, understood the “High Difficulty” Kliban cartoon at <pics/bkpig.gif> since “Two Guys” initial publication.

The cartoon, which is indeed “high difficulty”, parodies a genre of single-panel cartoon in which a character is speaking, but there is no caption or word balloon. In this genre, which is quaintly antique at this time (or even in Kliban’s heyday 20 years ago), the situation portrayed is always one in which we can assume the speaking character’s words, because the situation is stock, classic, well-known — for example, a little boy who has batted a ball through a window, a wife who has come home to find her husband passionately engaged with another woman, etc. The activity portrayed with the pig, funnel, and shoe, however, is constructed to purposefully defy explanation — we therefore -cannot- comprehend or imagine what the man is saying, which is a prerequisite for this genre of cartoon.

If there were a slang/folk expression “oh, go pour it in a pig’s posterior and beat it with a shoe!”, then we *might* imagine the man ridiculing his wife who took the expression too literally—but there is no such expression. The joke is in the parody of the form, and the conventions of the form, that the untitled, uncaptioned cartoon purports to represent.

The cartoon is a brilliant piece of work, which, like much of the late genius’ *oeuvre*, explores and lampoons the conventions of cartooning itself, and dabbles in quasi-Gödelian self-reference: the gag is not in the situation which is presented, but the very fact of its presentation.

Bernard S. Greenberg

Hmm, well I think the guy is basically right. The only thing I could add is that the man's gesture seems to indicate, "that's enough" and his smile and relaxed attitude indicates that this is a familiar operation for them.

That will be enough cartoon analysis for now.

Take care, Peter

Peter Hornsby, Ph.D.

Professor of Molecular and Cellular Biology and Fan Twelve
Baylor College of Medicine



CHAPTER 5 – TOO NEGATIVE

Play With No Shouting

Western (and when I say Western I mean *Very* Western) theatre is an inherently troubled art form because the execution detracts from rather than contributes to the overall meaning of the work. That's right. I did just say that.

First, you have all these men wearing this awful makeup, which makes them barely distinguishable from the women, which isn't saying much for either. No, I'm just kidding. I can tell them apart. Because I'm an expert. But the fact is these things have nothing to do with the story, and yet here we are talking about them. When Jack Nicholson makes a point of not shaving for his role in *The Shining* or Robert DeNiro gets fat for the second part of *Raging Bull*, it's because that's the story—not so you can see him better from across the set.

is uncomfortable in situations in which he or she is not the center of attention

displays rapidly shifting and shallow expression of emotions

Next, we have people shouting sweet nothings at each other. That every word and gesture must be given in this affected way, which calls attention to itself, just like the constant scampering on and off stage. Rather than making us forget it's all fake, we're constantly reminded of it. *F is for Funkadelic*. This makes it harder to care deeply about the story itself. It's like taking a professional basketball game and—oh, I don't know—putting red lipstick on all the players and having them run around with peacock feathers sticking out of their shorts. It's the same game, only now it's quite silly. Makes me want to throw a cup at someone. Theatre is like a sporting event with a script, that you can't watch on T.V., and no one wins.

shows self-dramatization, theatricality, and exaggerated expression of emotion

Then there is the bad dialogue (read: Broadway) like those parts where they talk really fast, over-enunciating their consonants and just rattling off a lot of words, often rhyming, badly. It's like what if Eminem took himself seriously. It's supposed to be impressive, but it's not. It probably requires less skill than you think—and

frankly, I don't care how much skill it requires. If I spent 60 hours a week training to balance a tomato on my nose, I would still be a moron. Broadway is where old television stars go to die.

interaction with others is often characterized by inappropriate sexually seductive or provocative behavior

consistently uses physical appearance to draw attention to self

considers relationships to be more intimate than they actually are

And theatre is not always bad because of bad stories. Aristophanes, Sophocles, Euripides, Bertolt Brecht. Beckett, Sartre, Chekhov. Shakespeare? Great writers all. But this is literature? And it can just as easily fall victim to any modern theatre troupe.

Don't get me wrong. I have nothing against the stage. Just the people on it. We're missing something today. Look, if suddenly, we ran out of cobalt blue, I'd be saying the same about painting. But we haven't.

And finally, one word—Nathan Lane.

Late in the second section, Belaño takes up residency in Spain. He becomes so peeved by a local book critic that a letter to the editor seems hardly sufficient: he proposes a duel.



am·ber·gris \ˈam-bər-₁gris,-₁grē(s)\ *n* [ME *ambregris*, fr. MF *amber gris*, fr. *amber* + *gris* gray – more at GRIZZLE] (15c) : **1** a waxy substance found floating in or on the shores of tropical waters (usu. Atlantic, but occ. Pacific and Indian) believed to originate in the intestines of the sperm whale and highly sought after for its very specialized use in perfumery **2** a sperm whale booger.

The Damn Sticker

Why do they still make you put the sticker on the blank video tape yourself? It's like they're trying to give you a choice in the matter. But what the hell else would you want to put on there? Or maybe it's in case you decide not to use the tape after all, and this way, you'll have the blank sticker for something else. Something *really* important? And why do they only give you one side sticker, but two top ones? Who needs a _____'n top one? Oh, never mind. I don't care. Because some day I'll be able to afford one of those all-digital things. And then they'll be sorry.

The Egg Rant

Why the hell do we need twelve different types of eggs at the grocery store? What if we decrease the number to just, say, six and meanwhile increase the number of local phone carriers to, say, two. We could have six different types of eggs and two local phone carriers.

Saturday Night Live Rant

I hate to, like, be obvious or anything, but am I the only one who finds something wrong with a show being called "Saturday Night Live" not actually being live? I mean, what?

10 Disc CD Changers

Why the hell does anyone need a 10 disc changer? People are so lazy. My 5 disc changer works just fine.

Shower Rants

Shampoo is just another excuse to stay in the shower longer. Don't even get me started on soap.

Spell Checker Fallout

Television helped us forget how to read. Email gave us the ancient art of letter writing. And now, spell checker not only spots, but has the authority to fix your spelling automatically. Is it seperate or separate? Hell, I wouldn't know.

Hell

Hell.

Daily Life

I hate anyone using the phrase *daily life*. Yes, there's my daily life, and then there's my other life, on the planet Nebulon. Wankers.

Emotional Intelligence

"...and now that there's *emotional intelligence*, I guess we have to come up with a new term for the old type of intelligence. I suggest we call it *intelligence classic*, or how about just *megahertz*?" Yes, megahertz, in my daily life. Wankers.

The "Now, you're losing me" and "You lost me" Rant

God I hate whenever anyone says this. It's just such an arrogant thing to say. If you don't see someone's logic, then why don't you say something polite such as, "Wait, I'm not following." Why should the burden be on the sayer? You're the one who's not following. Or maybe you don't think what they're saying is cool or funny anymore? Then say something like "Wait, I'm not sure that's so cool or funny anymore." The honest approach. Never works. So how about a nice, drawn out, "Okaaay..." Sarcasm says you care, enough to use sarcasm. But to just say "You're losing me" is so flipping pompous. Somebody should slap you one time. I'll do it.

A Big Frank Gehry

I often struggle with the question of whether I like to see a big Frank Gehry shiny thing right next to the old gothic church. On the one hand, it's clearly a reasonable, modern juxtaposition. But then once you do it, you can hardly go back to the way it was before. And I honestly can't decide which is the better way. But the fact is—it's there.

/kensu.html



Yesterday the heart of a [bloodthirsty] Yaksa,
Today the face of a Bodhisattva.
Between the Bodhisattva and the Yaksa
There is not a shred of difference.

Pop-Secret Popcorn (diet) (1.5)

Terrible. Just a weird, bad flavor. Doesn't taste like normal popcorn. Has a strange, peculiar taste, which can only be described as not popcorn-like.

----- Original Message -----

From: Erin Casey

To: Pancetta

Sent: Monday, March 06, 2006 10:49 PM

Subject: Re:

Okay sure... Wednesday? Would that work? I think I might have to work late so the eating bit might have to happen after the movie - but we'll see, work is ever changing.

If you think Pop Secret is bad, try Act II.

You have the right to remain single.

Everything you say can and will be used against you.

The last of the light of the sun
That had died in the west
Still lived for one song more
In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went —
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars;
I would not come in.
I meant not even if asked;
And I hadn't been.

— Robert Frost

I am always up to no good. Of course, there *is* a higher purpose. But it would take more than five minutes to explain. So to avoid suspicion, over the years I've learned to take advantage of what I call *stop* phrases. You see, there are certain phrases, which are so familiar in every day conversation that they can stimulate no thought whatsoever. Hence, the term *stop* phrases, because they make people *stop* thinking. It's like buying someone a Bud Light, and then pouring it directly on their brain. Or it's like buying someone a Bud Light.

So now it's time for lunch and my co-workers will soon be flocking to the nearest grease-a-burger where they'll choose today's special, burger. But the thought of spending my entire lunch break draped in a quilt of pointless pointlessness. I'd rather be buried alive, on a Sunday, in rain. But today I will not tell them this. Instead, I'll tell them I "brought my lunch from home." That I'm "trying to save money" and "you know that dollar a day sure adds up." And with this explanation the group will be quite satisfied. Moreover, I am now the guy who is trying to save money, which is by definition less interesting than the guy who is too good for us.

“Hui Tzu said to Chuang Tzu, ‘I have a big tree named ailanthus. Its trunk is too gnarled and bumpy to apply a measuring line to, its branches too bent and twisty to match up to a compass or square. You could stand it by the road and no carpenter would look at it twice...axes will never shorten its life, nothing can ever harm it. If there’s no use for it, how can it come to grief or pain?’”

— From *The Chuang Tzu*

But then, like the serial killer who’s not so much addicted to killing as to leaving those extra little clues, I’ll throw in, “Yeah, it’s that hundred dollars a month on lattes.” Now this phrase has high stop value in tapping the whole “aren’t we all addicted to coffee” as well as the “us consumers gotta stick together (when we’re not trampling each other)” thing.⁸ But wait, doesn’t this go against my earlier pap about saving money? And wait, what *am* I doing sitting there drinking all those lattes? And how do we even know this is in a Starbucks?

Which brings us to the next point. Although stop phrases can be 100% effective in limited encounters, when you *are* forced to deal with the same people for any length of time (which is too long), you’re going to be found out. Eventually, they’ll come to realize you *are* actually a unique person, who, like everybody else, has a rare skin condition, which you’ve been just kind of ignoring lately.

And so now the goal shifts from actual escape to something more along the lines of “having some fun with it at least.” To have the most fun, you must remember one thing. *They* are not allowed to officially think you are weird until you give them direct evidence. Even when their brainstem has caught on, the rest of them remains paralyzed by their own rule of law. You must use this against them during the glorious “final delay.” Ask them if they saw the last episode of *Friends* and could they recount it for you in full, because your Tivo is on the fritz. Then just when they get to the part about Chandler and Joey involved in some hilarious homosexual innuendo, that’s when you nonchalantly dangle a little sardine in front of your face and swallow it whole. Couple of quick references to John Cleese and then, as if nothing has happened, “So, how’d the Nasdaq do yesterday?” Imagine their first twitches of pain. Betrayed by the very phrases they had trusted. Their pain. Your joy. They’ll try to say they suspected it all along. More joy.

Yes, what a freak you are. And don't think you can change either. So you might as well learn the phrases. If not for the love of the game, then at least to buy yourself more space, more time, more no good. Honesty is not a solution (to anything), and will only shorten your freedom.

Of course, when you do use stop phrases, you'll just do it and not even think about all the hard work that went into this guidelet. But some day, a fellow stop phraser will say, "Hey, I can't remember how we figured out to do this." Then you won't remember either, but you'll remember the URL and scribble it down for them on a little scrap of paper, which they will shove in their pants with great fanfare. And then they will lose that scrap of paper, by throwing it into the trash. When you ask, they'll say they must have lost it. Oh, I lost your number. Oh, I wasn't at home when you called. Oh, I tried to buy it, but the bookstore didn't have it. Oh, it's not you, I'm just having a really bad day. All this and more. Awaits you.

31:39 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

From: Coldbacon
Date: Saturday, March 03, 2001 11:22 AM
To: Carrie McLaren@stayfree.org

God i miss you.

The raw energy, the drive to publish an online magazine.

Anyway, I just saw *In the Mood for Love*, and let's just say it got me to thinking

What could have been, what we might have—

Oh, but it wasn't meant to be.

Perhaps we were doomed from the very moment
you ignored my last email.

But really, you should go see this film.

Always,
Cold Bacon

31:42 Before the difficult days come
31:44 and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say
31:48 "I have no pleasure in them."

I remember the first time I saw the movie, Gene Wilder actually scared me in that scene. My boyfriend freshman year of high school used to call me Veruca Salt.

31:52 Remember thy creator.

i was once dumped ruthlessly for a girl named vivian, and for a while it made me really dislike anyone named vivian. but now i work for a really frumpy non-threatening vivian, which has sort of healed that. she wears a track suit everyday. no, EVERY day she wears a track suit. i think her husband is cheating on her. i have no evidence of that at all, its just a story I made up in my head about her, it seems logical. if i were married to an old frump who wore track suits, i'd look around.

31:53 Before the silver cord be loosed. Or the golden bowl be broken

31:56 or the pitcher shattered at the fountain

31:59 or the wheel broken at the well.

there is a one-eyed dog named sneakie where i work. sneakie was eating the leg of a deer that she found in the woods the other day. its all very rural. I used to drive by these miniature donkeys everyday on the way to work. and of course I really talked up these donkeys because they were so miniature. one of them was a baby, so it was like a tiny miniature donkey. anyway, now they're not there anymore, and I feel like its because i talked about them so much

32:05 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was

32:08 and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

32:11 "Vanity of vanities," sayeth the preacher; "All is vanity."

AFTERNOON TEA

Tuesday through Friday, 2:30-4 pm, through April 7

Enjoy an elegant tradition in the Upper Rotunda and Colonnade with live music and an array of sweet and savory treats. [Click here](#) for information.

[http://www.google.com/search?=escape from work lunch break](http://www.google.com/search?=escape+from+work+lunch+break)

Chapter 6 – Dirty, Way Too Dirty

Pietro Goncalves

Editor-in-Chief



Pietro, a New York native and who has been to New York several times, was

actually raised in Zacatecas. Try that for cred, bitch. Before coming to Cold Bacon, he was a senior editor at *Gear*, where he drank. I mean, a lot. He left when the magazine began to question these and other “behavioral patterns.” Good. He is a contributor to *Arena* and *Black Book*, but who cares about that. Is he good in bed? Well fortunately, for a lot of you women out there, the answer is yes. Of course he is good in bed. That’s because he does it all the time. What time is it where you are right now? Hell he’s probably done it three, maybe four times already. Think about it.

Saint And
Deputy Editor





Saint And, our dangling participly named Texan, comes to Cold Bacon after time served in Sing Sing, San Quentin, and the Carolina Correctional Facility for Women. From there *Talk*, *Contents* and a book-scouting firm that left her an expert on non-traumatic stress disorder. Her writing has appeared in *Elle*, *Time Out New York* and *Teen People*. But more importantly, does she have indiscriminate sex all over town? Of course she does. How do you think she got hired? Saint And's favorite drink is whatever is in front of her, and behind her, or to the side—basically any and all drinks in the room—are not safe. I don't know how she has time to contribute so much to our magazine, since she spends most of hers either knocked up, laid out or just plain wasted.

Jizake
Associate Editor



Do you see that Associate Editor? Yeah? Well that means “kicks fucking ass” is

what that means. **Jizake** will kick your ass. And stomp your face. And if you cry out for help, oh, well, you had just better not cry out. Is all I'm saying. Jizake edits the Children's Corner and writes the weekly column "You WILL Be A Better Parent." She also happens to be a professional scanner. That's right. One false move, and your head...gone! She'll explode it faster 'n I can type this shit. And believe me, that's pretty fucking fast. Oh, but if you're thinking you shouldn't be getting mixed up with such a crazy bitch. Think again. The risks are high, but the payoff—? Are you kidding? You have NEVER, I mean NEVER had something so good as making love to this one-woman army. She also volunteers at Children Count, a local charity organization for wayward youths.

Christy Anity
Director of Interactive Media





Christy has written for *The New York Times*, *The Jerusalem Report*, the *Forward* and *The New York Sun*. His book, *Schtooping It Through the Alps*, will be available from Balanitis Press in March 2005. From 1998-2000, Anity edited *New Voices*, a kick-ass national magazine for Jewish college students. Before that he spent nine seasons as a back-up center for the Houston Rockets, averaging 8 points and 6 boards a game. God damn, are we funny? Anyway, the guy can fuck. And does. He tried to fuck *ME* one time in the staff locker room during a holiday staff locker room party. He almost would have too, if he hadn't been distracted by some juicy intern who happened to be passing by (we don't even pay them!). I grabbed the nearest manuscript, and when he turned 'round knocked him silly with it and jumped over a sandwich bar to get away. Good times.



Mockingbirdbat came to Cold Bacon from the photography department of *The New Yorker*. That's right. The mother fucking *New Yorker*. Hueuh! She has also worked at the Whitney Museum and P.S.1, which I don't even know what that is. *New Fucking Yorker* baby. Her writing and photography have appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and this little thing, oh, you may have heard of, called *The New Mother Fucking Yorker*. She plays competitive bridge and recently earned her first masterpoints. Um. She also makes designer handbags. Um, yeah. Oh, and she drinks, and smokes, and yes, she fucks. Almost religiously, all three, often at the same time. In fact, she even told me she would totally fuck the first five people to email her at her CB account. No questions asked. No hidden fees or catch. Just you, her, and maybe one or twenty of our other staff members, and some of their friends. And you have to sign some waivers. That's all. But hey. Come on? She's fucking hot. Look at her. Look at those lips. Oh, and dude. NEW FUCKING YORKER!

Inguen
Editorial Assistant



Inguen grew up in Newton, Massachusetts where she inspired many a sexual rumor, some true, others even more true. At Wesleyan University she judged an erotic fiction contest. Okay, wait, that's not what we heard. We heard it was more like she WAS an erotic fiction contest. And EVERYONE was automatically entered. She also wrote for the *Wesleyan Argus*, which I've never heard of, using the pen name Rock My Kasbah. Anyone? She hasn't done a lot since, because she's such a sex-hound, but occasionally she stops for long enough to do some kick-ass Aqua Teen fanart. Whenever I question her about it, she just says "Well it's better than stalking Mike Lazzo, isn't it?" That it is, chic. That it is. She lives in Brooklyn, which means if you live in Brooklyn, you probably fucked her!



CSE fucked Strom Thurmond. I kid you not. When we heard that, we hired her right there and then. Just leave that resume on the plan-ation baby, cause yer coming with us! CSE is just an all-American bile-spewing tell-it-like-your-mamma-told-it-to-you kind a gal, and I for one, would do her myself, if I hadn't already, about fifty or sixty times.

devilgirlq

I am a: woman

Looking for a: man

Celebrity I resemble most: "Have your people call my people."

Okay, but only if they tell me what you did with devilgirl o.

If I could be anywhere at the moment: On a tropical beach mostly naked, soaking in the sun and becoming one with the waves, and listening to my entire music collection.

As my gift to you, I've made a track of "your entire music collection." [link to strange loud noise]

First what I'm not looking for: Can't stand stupid, non-spine havin', no initiative takin', can't think for themselves, pussy whipped boys with bad table manners. Don't feed me a line of pretentious blah-za-blah bullshit, get to the point.

In my bedroom, you'll find: someone else. i've been on the lam, traveling for 18 months now.

Okay, you probably won't put that in your next personal.

Lilshortcakeliz

Last great book I read: Hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy

See, what the fuck? At first I'm like "Hmmm." Then the next thing you see is:

Favorite on-screen sex scene: Pretty Woman at the end when she kisses him..

What the fuck is up with these people? Why can't they just say the thing I want to hear and not the thing I don't want to hear?

"This summer I'm going to Florida & Vegas, & I think I'm gonna fit in NYC & maybe the West coast.. I need a break from Cleveland..."

You said it sister.

Favorite euphemism for clitoris: man in the boat


Borderland (picture making her look pretty hot)

Alright, I could get on that.

I am a: woman

Looking for a: woman

Yes you are...



Hotblueshirt (very hot)

I am a: woman

Looking for a: man

Interested In: Friendship, Dating

Age: 22

Location: New Orleans, Louisiana

Country: United States

Area Code: 504

Occupation: coffee maker/musician

Education: College

Ethnicity: Caucasian

Religion: Agnostic

If I could be anywhere at the moment: In some moss by the water.

Baby, you could say, "in a can of Corsican sardines" for all I care. When do we seal the deal?

In my bedroom, you'll find: Various musical instruments, milk crates of books, a window, a few planets, their moons.

This is one of those personals that tests your ability to comprehend why—why on God's green earth is this person on Nerve Personals? And frankly, I don't have an answer for that.

MORE ABOUT WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR

Someone to bring me pianos and planets. And the occasional cup of coffee.

*Yeah, in jail, where you obviously are since that's the only place you could be where **you** would need to have an ad on Nerve Personals. Anyway I'll be there as fast as I can. Which one?*

Star Sign: Libra

Relationship Status: Single

Years 'til Release: 8

Hot3 (you have to understand, this girl's picture is "hot as shit.")

"Some mistakes are just too much fun to do only once!"

WHY YOU SHOULD GET TO KNOW ME

I love life and what it has to offer. I am passionate yet compassionate, a complete hedon, open-minded to new ideas, a sucker for a great conversation...I know that I don't know much, but I would love to learn from you.

MORE ABOUT WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR

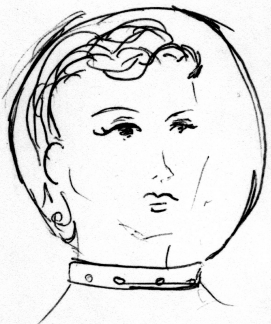
Someone who isn't afraid of being an individual. I would like to meet someone who has truly lived life...or who isn't afraid of living life. Someone who could stroll in the park with me and talk about nothing and everything. I don't need you to rock my world, but I could rock yours if you would let me.

You are now hearing the sound of my credit card being billed as I sign up for Nerve Personals. Faster than a speeding imbecile. This personal is what's known as a "ringer." This is where the editors at Nerve Personals get together and find some professional model and make up a completely fake personal in order to get men to sign up on Nerve Personals. Dumb men—like me. More:

Last great book I read: Lord of the Rings Trilogy

Yeah, she was reading it on the bus on the way to the Star Trek convention while her hot lesbian friend shoved chess pieces up her ¾ Asian hooch while quoting Monty Python. Of course.

4,1001478 in personals now (some of them real)



i believe the technical term to
describe LANA is that she was a
space babe.

My Greatest Fear

Besides drinking salt water, is of sending an emotionally charged email to the wrong person by accident. I'll end up accusing my boss of not loving me anymore and demanding more days off from my girlfriend. Wait—

EXCLUSIVE FEATURE: How to remain a virgin and still get fucked.
p. 17

EXCLUSIVE FEATURE: The girl who didn't care about pimples. Her tragic story. p. 22

EXCLUSIVE FEATURE: Getting him to leave you first. p. 28

EXCLUSIVE FEATURE: 10 TIPS on faking a migraine. p. 32

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, and they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.
The sneer has fled from Casey's lip, the teeth are clenched in hate.
He pounds, with cruel violence, his bat upon the plate.

Dirty Great Poem

The strike had gone on for two months and a day—
Better working conditions, more rights and more pay.
The studs were determined, come hell they would win it.
Not a film would be made with a real cock in it.
The profits were holding but not for much longer
There's just so much traction for girl on girl action.
The producers grew frantic, they had to do something
So they put out an ad on a clear channel station.
Gang bangers wanted, come one and come all
This Friday night is the big casting call.
No experience needed, just some men and some balls.

The Who's were excited. They were men. They had balls.
At a quarter past eight they rolled up on the scene
The bouncer was burly and surly and mean.
He asked for IDs, "Two forms if you please
And sign this statement, you're free of disease."
The director was worse, as he paced up and down
He looked over the Who's and made lots of frowns.
"Don't you think we should wait and see who else shows?"
"Yesterday there were kings. There's no time. Let's just go."

The Who's all checked in, left their clothes by the door
And there was Snow White all spread out on the floor.
The cameras were ready, the key grips and lights
All and all it was truly a marvelous sight.
The first Who stepped forward, his cock was immense.
The director said, "Wow, that could hold up a fence."
But when it came time, and he heard the word, "action."
It suddenly shrank in a nervous reaction.

Who two was quite ready, that much can be said.
It was just one 'in out' before he did spout.

Who Three and Who Four were next at the station.
“Boys, can I *please* have some real penetration?”
Lost their wads then and there did Who Five, Six and Seven
Three, Four, Eight, Nine, Ten. It was on to Eleven.
Now this Who was proud, he would not lose control.
He erupted the moment she reached for his pole.
Who Twelve was a breeze, one hand did the job
While the other she used on her own little knob.
Thirteen was determined, he would not let her down
He said, “Listen baby, just you turn around.”
With a roll of her eyes and a half-hearted grin
She groaned, “Whatever, just put it in.”
Who Thirteen went at it just as hard as he could.
“Yeah baby, how you like that for some wood?”
Snow White she said, “What? Oh I see, you've started.”
The director yelled, “Cut! This whole thing's retarded.
I should have known better, I just should have known.
I don't care what it costs, get me North on the phone.”

And, just as he felt he was getting nowhere,
And almost about to give up in despair,
He suddenly burst through a door and that Mayor
Discovered one shirker! Quite hidden away

“That's right, we totally forgot about little Who 12a.”
Now Who 12a was small, just three inches tall.
He was smoking out back when they came and got him.
“To the rescue. We need you. Come on little guy.”
Now Who 12a was game. Didn't ask what or why.
Real heroes don't. And they don't bat an eye.
Up up up Snow White's leg Who 12a he did climb
From her knee to her thigh—she was still on all fours.

Now Who 12a was short—you remember—I told you.
But when he unzipped it, there was no more doubt.

It was huge, nine inches, and pretty and stout.
For leverage he sprang from the walls like a rocket
Heading straight for Snow White and her waiting eight pocket.
“Oh my God, yes” and “More
More more more,” she did say.
“I will claw your eyes out if you take him away.”

For the next fifteen minutes it was a sex clinic.
Snow White went to Dorothy and back in one minute.
And when it was over and time to back off it
Didn't ask for permission.
You don't ask. You just do it.
Shot his load on her back while she pouted and moaned.
There were cheers that erupted all over the room.
There were pats on the back and towels for all.
And amidst all the noise and real jubilation
They could barely hear the one little whimper
From the back of the room next to camera two.
It was one of the crew with a look on his face
That was nervous and scared. 'Twas a look of disgrace.
“Sir,” he said.
“What? This had better be good!”
“Sir,” he said. “Uh-uh-uh, there's no film.”

/subjects/roman.html

If the patriotic legend revealed the hard backbone of Roman culture, the love story

tended to show its vulnerable belly. The elevation of passion into a ruling principle, the mixture of sentimentality and cynicism, the emphasis on metamorphoses and feminine psychology all suggest a decadent stage of civilization, a loss of nerve and vigor. Where erotic love excludes other realities it becomes effete and self-destructive. The tales of lovers who seal their union in death operate by this logic. The point is that when the old heroic legends lose their attraction one finds an obsession with love cropping up, and it means a culture has gone soft.

>From: "Clare Elliott"

>To: "Cold Bacon"

>Subject: Re: Re:

>Date: Mon, 6 Feb 2006 09:46:40 -0500

>

>how is your book coming. you know i don't think there was a

>single page by or about me in the entire thing. i mean...what kind

>of lame book is that anyway?

Oh I suppose it is customary to thank the following people for helping: Joanna Curtis...so far that's all I got. Oh, and Paul Boerner (may get off his ass and give me some help). Ian Garthwait? Erin Casey? I don't think I'll bother Tyler this time. But Allie will help, surely? Or not. Yes and I'd like to thank Alberto Bruzos for making me look up leitmotif in the dictionary. Jess Fuchs, again, everywhere. Oh, and Dorothy Lam did some of the drawings that weren't done by me, or umm...Kao! (Ha ha, you know you thought it was Hokusai, sucker!) Margaret Coady played maybeagirl in meaningmate. That was, like, a long time ago. Now I'd be lucky to get the time of day out of her. t = tim lake, whether he likes it or not; tough shit if he doesn't. m = hates me again. Josh Malamy says he'll help, but he won't. That's what Carrie Hahn said too. When was that? Like a year ago? Max Green said he wants to see a draft manuscript. I think what he really wants to see is the back of my hand. Other contributors? I don't know. Who cares. I hate them all. Except Kate Kudirka. Fuck.

1. Studies have indicated it should take from 5000 to 10,000 emails to fully grasp the many nuances of your unique personality. During that time, your computer may experience side effects including transient memory loss, slowed response times and power shifts. In rare instances, your central processing unit may even walk out on you. Contact your local service representative if your computer exhibits any of these symptoms. Meaning Mate 3.0 is not for computers who may be pregnant or in control of actionable intelligence.
2. Link turned off. Just turned off.
3. R.I.P.
4. That's exactly a lie. I bought a much cheaper set. The Stax is actually like one million dollars. But whatever, I plan on buying it someday.
5. I know because it definitely said "Liga" right there on the side. I didn't use my camera phone on it, but I totally could have.
6. That is to say the spontaneously occurring joke is already as funny as it can be. Through revision, it can only get worse, though it may get more clever. This is why *The Daily Show* (original) will outlive *The Colbert Report* (remix), even though both are written by Joyce Carol Oates.
7. Mud daubers are long, slender wasps, the latter two species above with thread-like waists. The name of this wasp group comes from the nests that are made by the females, which consist of mud molded into place by the wasp's mandibles. There are three common species of mud daubers, each with distinctive coloring: the organ-pipe mud dauber (solid black coloring), the black and yellow mud dauber, and a stunning metallic-blue mud dauber with blue wings. The organ-pipe mud dauber, as the name implies, builds nests in the shape of a cylindrical tube resembling an organ pipe or pan flute. The black and yellow mud dauber's nest is comprised of a series of cylindrical cells that are plastered over to form a smooth nest about the size of a lemon. The metallic-blue mud dauber foregoes building a nest altogether and simply uses the abandoned nests of the other two species. Mud daubers are solitary wasps. Although capable of stinging, they are rarely aggressive.
8. Just to be clear. We *are* all in this together, right?