

Unposted

Why wear a girdle?

Mostly because I'm fat. I think a girdle is for fat people, I'm not sure. Maybe I'm thinking of something else. I also like the world girdle.

There is a lot to like about the word girdle. First of all the obvious implication of the word 'girl' which is always awesome. Then we have the syllable 'rdle' which is lots of fun when used in words like 'turdle' (which is of course a much funnier way spelling of 'turtle' due to the presence of 'turd') Another good thing about girdle its similarity to grill, which makes food.

I wouldn't wear a girdle, that is my conclusion. I asked the question - why wear a girdle, and I answered it. That doesn't mean I'm going to wear a girdle. If you see me out and ask me if I am wearing a girdle I will say no. Then I will recite this blog to you verbatim as punishment. Suck that.

Anyone who wears a girdle should not be offended by this but should take off the girdle immediately. Using a girdle in conjunction with the internet is known to induce lightning to strike the girdle, melting the unstable compounds within the girdles flux capacitor which can incite a riot in Sweden in which somebody pushes over a sweet old lady in wooden shoes. Suck that too.

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Tuesday, July 31, 2007

Why Tabasco is hot

Category: Life

I don't really know why. It's chemistry or something. Probably has a lot to do with the fact that it's made of peppers. Peppers are hot. Why? I don't really know why. It's chemistry or something.

If I had to take a stab at it I'd say peppers are hot because of solar flares. Solar flares are hot and they jump out at your. Peppers are hot and they can squirt hot juices out at you. Peppers grow in hot climates and suck up the suns hotness and then spits it back out in your mouth. So a hot pepper is sort of like a solar snowball. How do you like that?

Wow, I just grossed myself out there. Anyway Tabasco is hot because it's made by a bunch of super hot chicks who dance around listening to glam-rock songs where the lyrics are about stuff being hot. Especially 'Winger' albums.

I bet the average Boudreaux and Thibodeaux has no idea that their favorite hot sauce is made possible in part by the legendary rock stylings of Kip Winger and his brother, Faggot Winger. So next time you splash Tabasco on your red beans, crack a bottle of Tabasco over some guys head at a bar, or use Tabasco to torture a prisoner at Abu Garib, remember:

"She's only seventeen."

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Monday, April 30, 2007

Why the cookie crumbles

Category: Food and Restaurants

I think its because you didn't use enough egg. Does that sound right? I think eggs hold dough and stuff together but I don't know if that's true.

Cookies also crumble quite nicely when they are crumbled in the

QUANTUM FUSION CRUMBLER 5000

That's right folks your cookie wont know what hit it. The QFC5000 will collapse your cookie below its Schwarzschild radius and condense it's flavor into that delectably crisp cookie singularity you crave.

Try dieting on the Planck scale - superdense cookie flavor, $10e-10000000$ times the fat. After you crumble your cookies with the QFC5000 your guilty pleasure will actually absorb trans-fats trans-dimensionally! Chunky black-holes of chocolaty goodness will swallow your love handles and your event horizon will look as bright as the day you were born.

Buy the new Quantum Fusion Crumbler 5000 today and get a discount on your first trip to the relativistic quasi-space resort TEMPO'S! TEMPO'S! Take a 2 year sabbatical in 2 microseconds. It's relativity baby, thank Einstein.

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Thursday, April 26, 2007

Why I love Rush Limbaugh

Category: News and Politics

I love Rush because I like the way he talks and he's my friend and he like the way I talk too. We's friends, his mama cooked me sum of them biscuits and let me live out back they's garage. I helped him tote that warsh and he let me play sum football with them boys out in the field, that Rush he scored a touchdown

Rush talks about funny stuff, 'bout other peoples dumness and such. He must be real smart cuz he thinks them other peoples sum kinda dum. They call him up and say things to him and he gets real righteous, like a preacher on sunday, and he tells them what was dum about the things they said to him. I like that, when he makes people know that what they said is stupid. Makes me feel smart too.

I heard him say one time, that them libertals, them homosexuals, is wantin to put colon-eyes in space because they like lookin at each others buttoles so much. Rush said that them libertals think that trucks are killing the vironmint and that we have to put colon-eyes in space so we can live there. I say who wants to live in a buttole? Specially a libertals buttole.

I don't want my kids learnin no math and no science from no college school. They might start wantin to live in some space colon-eye. My kids are gonna do their learnin from Rush and what he said is math is math and what he says is science is science. No buttole libertals gonna tell me the world is gettin hot from gas. Aint hot in my house cuz have an A/C, put that in your logic pipe and smoke it mister John Stewart. I use gas in my truck and my truck aint never killed no vironmint that didn't deserve no killin. I love Rush because I'm right.

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Thursday, April 12, 2007

Why crack a joke?

Category: Blogging

Crack a joke? What does that mean? How would you crack a joke and why would you want to? You crack eggs, whips, cases, safes, locks, expensive china, heads. Why would you crack a joke?

How many times do I have to expand on some nonsense play on words which isn't even that witty before someone out there gets fed up and has me killed? I'm not asking or even suggesting anyone do that - I'm just saying. It seems like if I read some guys blog and he kept on doing that I would eventually get tired enough to hire a contract killer and have him offed. I might even be willing to pay for a little extra suffering.

I am such a conflicted person - that actually bothers me that I would write that last sentence up there, or maybe the last two sentences, about the killer and the extra suffering. Now it's bothering me that I don't know if it's just the last sentence or the last two sentences that are bothering me. Of course in that last sentence by 'the last sentence or the last two sentences' I meant like 4 sentences or something because by that time I was already a sentence or two ahead.

Anyway crack a joke. Blah blah blah, let's see - I can 'crack' a joke, like physically with blunt impact trauma. Maybe I could 'crack' a joke, using 'crack' as a verb to mean I am getting it hooked on crack - that's a stretch.

I don't get it - and I'm in a mood to write some nonsense so I'm inflicting this blog on you. You read it, you can't unread it.

Please come back and read more of my blogs later - I promise I'll be good. Why do I care, screw you - who the hell are you? Wait! No come back, just joking, not serious. Seriously I appreciate you reading, sucker. Kidding, mark. Josting around, chump... Stop that... Okay, it's really me now. Just read 'em. OR ELSE <---Sorry, that wasn't me, YES IT WAS...

Oh god.

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Tuesday, April 10, 2007

Why barbecue a unicorn?

Category: Food and Restaurants

Oh man, I should go to hell for this one. Unicorns are supposed to be sacred creatures or something. Or maybe they're fictional creatures I can't remember. I apologize to all the uni-folk out there who may be offended by this proposition, I just can't help myself.

I'm afraid the answer is backstrap. Can you freaking imagine? That would be so awesome I can't even think of a word... Fantasexlicious maybe. Seriously though, unicorn backstrap would have to be a bad ass cut of meat.

If you're going to slaughter a unicorn you can't just stop there. There's plenty of good meat but you have to be careful of that blood thing. Voldemort drank that stuff and grew a face out of the back of some other guys head. That is not right.

I bet Centaurs and Dragons barbecue unicorns all the time and just don't tell anybody. Probably invite the Satyr's too. You know those Satyr's can really play some ball? You wouldn't think it.

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Monday, April 09, 2007

Why accentuate the positive?

Category: Life

Because it's catchy and it's a good song and it's damn good advice that's why. What else would you do with the positive? Put it on a biscuit and call it gravy? That's just silly.

Accentuating the positive is like jazz, or swing. It's kind of like funk except its drummer and bass player aren't as nasty. The positive is already good, just throw in some hit's and some solo's and go with it.

I'm working on the whole positive accentuation thing myself. I just thought I'd write it down and see where it went. Okay, so it didn't turn out quite as pithy and bizarre as some of my other blogs but I'm a pretty cynical guy and this whole accentuating the positive thing contains a lot less hooks for satire so I'm sort of flopping around here.

So... Hmmm.... Got any ideas? Well how 'bout next time I stick to ranting about some asinine nonsense like usual.

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Sunday, April 08, 2007

Why are people sending me porn spam all of the sudden?

Category: MySpace

Does this have something to do with the male escort rant? Seriously I just got like 14 friend requests from transparently fake profiles with the 'I love dancing around on a web-cam' thing. I really wish people would stop doing that. I'm not the hippest individual around and I'm pretty sure there aren't a whole lot of women who would look at my picture on Myspace and go...

"Hey - I'd love to get in that guys pants!"

If I'm wrong, I'm wrong and I guess my immeasurable charisma comes across even from that goofy pic I put up. I'll entertain that for my own entertainment, but I'm pretty sure the real story is bots.

Bots, that's right folks - porn spam bots are the precursors of the coming revolution which will reduce mankind to batteries just as predicted by Laurence Fishburn in his futuristic documentary about the future called 'The Matrix'.

Hollywood spiced up the plot to include a reality based resistance movement of humans and a violent struggle against machine-kind. The truth is that 'The Matrix' will just be a giant digital porn amusement park. The machines don't really need to create the complex system of choices and restraints as in the film. All the machines have to do is wait until there is a big war that we use computers and machines to fight, then take us over. They'll use us as batteries like in the film, but there is no struggle, no 'One', no awesome hover ships or mech-tanks.

All that'll be left is the human race in a collective coma, succumb to the lure of a digitally devised seduction. All because of Myspace porn spammers and their bots. You bastards, you machine-loving bastards. You're worse than Baltar and Cypher if they had a baby and named it 'Agent Saddam Osama Hitler Al-Mao Stalinsmith' If you get that you're a total nerd.

Also - while I'm on the subject of porn spam. How about SPAM porn??? Huh, huh? ;)

I AM SUDDENLY ENRAGED THAT I USED AN EMOTICON. I AM SUCH A LOOSER!!!

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Saturday, April 07, 2007

Why I am becoming a male escort.

Category: Goals, Plans, Hopes

I saw Duece Bigalo, that's pretty much the whole story. I really liked that movie. Not that it was that great a movie but it taught me a lot. Duece Bigalo taught me that a small yet caring and passionate man can please women, even very large women, without losing his romantic

identity. In doing so he may end up with a smaller, hotter chick who understands that being a male escort isn't all about bumping uglies with fuglies, it's about remembering that fuglies are people too. Anyone who can afford reasonable hourly rates should be given the same loving attention as those who don't have to pay for it.

I'm also really psyched about the idea of part-time work that involves less work and more part-time.

I have many talents. I'm a decent orator and brilliant conversationalist. I play piano. I sing. I can generally amuse people of all stripes. I write poetry and literature. I enjoy languages and the arts. and I am fairly fit and attractive and find pleasing women much sexier than just being pleased. In addition I can be sensitive and compassionate, but I am an able outdoors-man with a mechanical inclination. In many ways I strive to be a modern renaissance-man. If there were a male Geisha school for refined maleness, I might be a good candidate for scholarship.

So I've actually created an account for myself as 'Deuce Piccolo' on PlayPages.com and I'm going to look up other online escort services and create accounts for myself there too. I know I'm not the stud type but Duece Bigolo and the sequel have inspired me to offer my services as an escort to those women who would like to enjoy the gentler, and paler side of manhood that I can offer.

I'm open to all contract offers and I will travel. I'm going to let my clients decide what my services are worth so that my success as a male escort will be directly tied to my clients satisfaction. I do role play and provide butler, masseuse, and chauffeur services. I can also cook breakfast, mow the lawn, take out the trash, balance your checkbook, fix your computer, give piano lessons, teach math and history, and make travel arrangements. I am a one stop shop for all your male companionship needs and I offer discreet service.

Ladies only.
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Friday, April 06, 2007

Why rap about taxes? Category: Blogging

I rapped about taxes because Vanilla Ice told me I should and I don't question the Ice Man, of course by the Ice Man I mean Val Kilmer. Val Kilmer actually told me that Vanilla Ice told me to rap about taxes and I don't question secondary advice given to me by a famous actor.

Actually it was for the hits back to The Black Box and Jely Fride and also for the possibility of winning the prize money, but I'm pretty sure that wont happen. Anyway I did the tax rap video and put it on youtube and if you go and vote for it I'd have a better chance of winning and you'd have a better chance of laughing at my funnyish tax rap video. I vote you should vote for it and I'm my own majority, the motion carries.

The Reaper and the Tax Man

<http://www.youtube.com/contest/TheTaxRap?goto=53>

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Monday, February 19, 2007

Why E.T. phoned home.

Category: Jobs, Work, Careers

Are you kidding? Have you been to earth lately? It's a wreck - we've got people starving in one place and people tossing out feasts in another place. We drop terrifying explosives all over just because old men can't get along with each other. We spend billions broadcasting dribble into the ether and barely fund one little radio-telescope in Mexico to listen back and see if there is intelligent life in the universe.

If I knew my home planets phone number you be damned sure I'd be calling my hive or whatever to come bail me out of this mess.

E.T. phoned home because the little sonofabitch figured out how to text message his padnuhs with a freaking speak-and-spell. E.T. was a little alien Macgyver, plus he can telepathically make little kids drunk - that's always good for a laugh.

I've called Spielberg like 436 times to try and get the schematics for the speak-and-spell thingy, he just keeps calling the police. I've got to get off this planet. I've watched that scene like a billion times and I have enough parts to make about 700 speak-and-spells but I can't get the damned things to transmit. If anyones figured that thing out I need to send a message to Elvis and Tesla that I'm stuck here and I need a ride.

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Wednesday, February 21, 2007

Why ignorance is not bliss.

Category: Religion and Philosophy

Ignorance is an absence of knowledge, bliss is contented joy. Not the same.

Supposing I should end there, but I won't. I'll continue.

Ignorance does not cause bliss, induce bliss, empower bliss, or enable bliss in any way. Ignorance is not bliss. Ignorant people are not blissful in general. If you are ignorant of a thing, even if that thing is 'bad', you don't experience more bliss, you're just more ignorant. If knowledge of a thing prevents you from experiencing bliss in any way - well that's just between you and bliss. Of course I understand the sentiment behind the phrase, I just think it's been taken too far and used to justify a whole lot of dumb-assedness.

It started a long time ago. Do you honestly think that God didn't want Eve to eat from the tree of knowledge and to share the fruit with Adam? We always blame the damned serpent, but

why would God stick a big juicy tree in the middle of a garden and call it the 'tree of knowledge' and then say 'don't eat that'? Who am I to question God? Well, I'm me, and God made me and gave me a brain and my brain wants to eat fruit from the tree of knowledge.

Maybe we weren't cast out of the garden, maybe God just kicked us out of the nest because it was time to grow up - all part of the plan. Original sin... It was original curiosity, that's all. God knew that - we just got the message mixed up as usual.

I'm of the opinion that everyone should know everything. Ignorance be damned. The trouble starts because we all want to decide what everybody else knows about us. Then 'us' gets really complicated with networks and nationalities and such so there is this web of constraints placed on knowledge and then we get lies and secrecy. Lies and secrecy are hard to maintain so the easy way out is to encourage ignorance.

I'm not much of a conspiracy theorist - unless we're considering human greed and ignorance a conspiracy. That's pretty much my conspiracy theory - that greedy people know that ignorant people are good for business.

No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public.
--H.L. Mencken

Well that was a good rant - not sure what got me started on all that... I just go with it.

#####

Tuesday, February 20, 2007

Why I smoke cigarettes.

Category: Life

Oh man, I smoke cigarettes. Oh man I do. Can't stop. I'll decide to quit, then stop for awhile, then smoke just one, then decide that was the last one, then smoke another one to make sure I made sure that was the last one. All in the span of about 6 minutes. Rinse, repeat.

Seriously I go through that routine at least 87.25 times per day. Sometimes I just stop smoking then start again immediately which accounts for the decimal. Cigarettes are going to kill me. Probably won't make it to lung cancer - it'll be my heart. Taking all bets. Wow - that's dark, anyway... the subject wasn't 'I smoke cigarettes', it was 'Why I smoke cigarettes' and of course now by extension - 'Why I am knowingly killing myself'

I always joked that people smoke because it's easier to be actively killing yourself than passively dying. I'm not sure it's a joke. If you smoke you know you are taking an active role in your death, otherwise you're just passively waiting for your name to be called. It's not because you want to die it's because you want control - 'a drowning man will clutch at a straw', or perhaps a cigarette.

That's a generalization and doesn't address my addiction. Mine is deep, complex, physical, associative, psychological, pathological, socio-pathic, probably even archeological. I smoke because I haven't quit or died yet. It's really sad because I used to be totally against smoking,

then after high-school I started, can't remember why. Quit for about 6 months after I graduated college, then started again. I don't even remember starting.

I keep thinking I can extract the crazy little kid that used to claim he would be the first man on mars and swore he would never smoke or drink or do drugs because that's not what astronauts did. That kid would kick my ass for smoking. Except that he weighed about 75lbs and ended up trying mushrooms when he was 13, got stupid, and didn't really calm down until he got arrested in Florida about a decade later. Also I think if that kid had grown up any other way he might not have found all the things I've found. So am I saying that smoking is the price for being who I am today? If so I've payed it and I should stop - but I don't. Like I said my addiction is deep.

Why I smoke is pretty simple, I smoke because I buy cigarettes, put them in my mouth, light them, and inhale. That's why, the rest is derivatives. $F=ma$.

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Tuesday, February 13, 2007

Why dolphins should run the government.

Category: News and Politics

Governing human society has clearly surpassed the abilities of mankind. I once believed women would be better leaders and would instigate less war and mayhem but I've changed my mind. Stupid and mean in women is just as destructive as stupid and mean in men. Since most powerful leaders are stupid or mean or both, I don't think women would ultimately do anything better, just different. So I think we need to outsource human governance.

My first choice would be benevolent aliens who would enlighten humanity and bestow on us eternal trans-meta-dimensional existence, that's just not in the cards. Short of that I think we should look to the way other creatures get along with one another and their environment. Offering no more than anecdotal and fictional evidence I formally propose that we choose dolphins as our planetary rulers.

Dolphins are really playful and just seem to get along pretty well but they can also kick-ass and don't take any crap so their very secure and self-actualized. If all governments were like that there would be no real war but we would probably have inter-continental skateboarding paint-ball tournaments for bragging rights. Dolphin speech sounds dorky and dorks are smart and dolphins are smart and dolphin and dork have the same first two letters. Wait, nerds are smart - dorks are just dorks. Anyway dolphins have good leadership qualities.

If we limit the field to sea creatures dolphins definitely the best option. Even if we narrow it to sea mammals I think dolphins are the best qualified. I can't see whales or manatee's in public service. I don't doubt their patriotism, I just think they might better serve the economy within the private sector.

It all just sounds right to me for some reason. It's not just because of Douglas Adams if that's what you're thinking. Maybe we independently came to the same conclusion through similar observation and analysis. Besides he wasn't saying they should govern, he was just saying

they were cool and smart and tried to help us but we were too dumb so the Vogons blew us up. I'm saying we should immediately re-task all marine biological research around studying dolphin language and intelligence and re-organize all government function on dolphin direction and authority.

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Why it's cold outside.

Category: Travel and Places

It's cold outside because I always leave the fridge door open. I'm sorry folks, It's been all me for at least the past few months. It's just tricky, you know, one of those friges that like to bounce back open like 5 seconds after you walk away. It's some pressure deal. Also the light goes off when the doors only like half shut so it's hard to tell it's still open even when I turn the lights off.

I am really sorry - especially to all the folks in the north and the folks in siberia. I've got a really powerful refrigerator and it's connected to the gulf stream. I hooked it up back in the 60's when I was using a lot of mescaline, I thought it was a good idea at the time. I just left it connected because sometimes I like mess with El Nino when I'm bored.

I just bought some duct tape so I promise I'm going to take care of all this cold weather as soon as I make a sandwich.

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Sunday, February 11, 2007

Why astronauts need spacesuits.

Category: Travel and Places

Astronauts are notoriously shy people and like to protect their anonymity. Much like the French Foreign Legion, the astronaut corps recruits heavily from the ranks of lighthouse operators and high school chess teams. These talented yet reclusive individuals spend most of their adult lives training for their flights and choose a cloistered life of service over the glories of the lighthouse and chessboard.

Were it not for their paparazzi-proof space garments, Martians would be able to take embarrassing pictures of astronauts while they were exposed out in space. Since Martians run most tabloid newspapers, the astronaut corps morale would be devastated. Astronauts wouldn't be able to show their faces at D&D tournaments, model train shows, or Bi-Mon-Sci-Fi-Con for fear of being harassed by crazed tabloid readers.

In addition to protecting the identity of astronauts, spacesuits provided by NASA also come with stylish interiors including xbox 360 or Nintendo Wii options, widescreen LCD, WiFi, walk-in humidor, and a hydroponic system with HPS lamps.

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Saturday, February 10, 2007

Why Marijuana is illegal

Category: News and Politics

Marijuana is illegal because Harry J. Anslinger still hadn't been laid by the time he was 36, so he had to go to a prostitute. He was nervous so the prostitute helped him relax with a joint. Harry smoked the joint and got so stoned that he couldn't lay the pipe and he was so ashamed that he and his flaccid penis ran to his friend William Randolph Hearst's house and told him the whole story. William laughed at Harry and taunted him. Harry decided the only way to regain his manhood was to go back and plow that hooker.

The next day Harry returned to the red-light district and found the prostitute, who was no longer a prostitute. The whore had finally earned enough money whoring to open a ganja shop - turns out she was a brilliant horticulturist with expertise in cross-pollination. She had perfected a gene-hybridization technique decades before it's time and was well on her way to winning a Nobel Prize.

On discovering this - the distraught young Harry J. Anslinger returned to William Randolph Hearst and explained his predicament. William was sympathetic to the injustice and offered a night on the town. After a long night of heavy drinking and tobacco use, the senseless discharge of firearms and attempted vehicular homicide, the pair returned to Harry's downtown art-deco loft.

Drunk, outraged, repressed, and horny, the two engaged in hostile acts of mutual male rape. When morning came the men realized their shame and vowed that they would make themselves right with god. As penance for their sins, the men decided they must undertake a holy crusade against the force of godless hedonism which had lead them towards violent homosexuality, the force which had stoned Harry's rod so flat he couldn't even pop his cherry with a hooker; the force of Marijuana.

The rest of the story told itself - Harry and William lived up to their righteous word, they made Marijuana illegal and condemned decades of users to humiliation and incarceration. Now any Marijuana user could have the opportunity to be enlightened by the cleansing and purifying effect of homosexual rape, just as Harry and William enjoyed. In this way Harry J. Anslinger and William Randolph Hearst brought this nation closer to god - who was just dicking with us when he made a plant which has a thousand industrial and medical uses in addition to making us giggly and hungry.

The most beautiful part of this story is that with the help of the Rockefeller drug laws, Harry J. Anslinger and William Randolph Hearst incarcerated so many pot smokers that they earned enough good karma to keep on doing violent and perverted things to each other into old age. They died in each others gay arms whispering gay things into each others gay ears. They were really, really, really, really, really gay, and they loved calling each other 'fag' and making little gay farting noises at each other.***

***Dedicated to the memories of Harry 'Gay' Anslinger and William 'Rim-Job' Hearst. They loved cock.

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Wednesday, February 07, 2007

Why birds fly and turtles don't.

Category: Pets and Animals

This one's a trick. Turtles do fly, but only when very, very upset. On the dorsal tip of a turtles shell there is a small protrusion which is commonly belived to be decorative, it isn't. It's actually a tiny pulse jet engine fueled by the turtles combustible venom. A turtles venom consists of an oxidizing agent mixed with a high grade jet fuel rated at about 355 octane, mean stuff.

The reason birds fly is pretty self evident - birds evolved the capacity for flight because of house cats. Before the invention of the house in 1950, when Americans lived in tee-pee's, birds didn't need to fly because cats were still living underground hunting microbes. With the advent of the house the cats emerged from their subterranean dens and took up residence on windowsills and television sets. Birds, normally used to poking around on the ground, were nearly wiped out when bored cats realized they were an endless source of violent entertainment.

Fortunately for the birds, the cats were distracted by reality television long enough for birds to evolve the capacity for flight, and later, the capacity to produce more and more reality television shows. Circle of life.

#####

Tuesday, February 06, 2007

Why I love olives.

Category: Food and Restaurants

My heart is made of olives. It might even be one giant olive. I think it's a green olive - not a black one, it's not a racist thing I just love green olives. That's the basis for my love of olives. From there my love only gets deeper and more complex.

If my love for olives constitute a very odd form of cannibalism, then I am what I am. I do believe that olives and their oil are good for my olive-heart and perhaps I need their olive essences to regenerate my heart-olive. I eat them, that's what I do with them. I like the taste - and the fact that they are bite sized and they sell them floating in little jars together. The ones at the top are the best. The ones right at the top of the olive jar when you open it. They are the most anxious and the most alive - they've been waiting, they know their the first. I eat them. Mmmmmmm.

Olives are what make my olive-heart keep beating, I suppose my heart-olive thinks of them as little friend he can chew on and then digest and breakdown into little friendship-protiens and friendship-amino acids.

I don't have much to say about pitts. They are what they are - I can deal with the seed, they're a little bonus challenge. I can say I find a pitt easier to deal with than a bad-stuff stuffing. You know what I'm talking about - you onion people. There is no reason to put an onion in an olive. Pimento, fine, Jalepenjo, fine, nothing, even better. Onion - no, sorry, you've been deemed unacceptable. Also I wish they didn't make those miniature onions the same size and shape as olives. When I was a kid I thought they were mystical white olives, they weren't. I still love olives.

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Monday, February 05, 2007

Why everything?

Category: Life

This is my toughest challenge yet. Why everything? Why everything indeed. The answer of course, is because. Because why? Same because as why. Why everything? Because everything. The everything is the key, not the because and the why. Because and why lie within the domain of everything so within that set we must find everything why and because. It's not complex, it's quite simple. Nothing is part of everything, and nothings in-between nothing so everything is without nothing even though it is within everything. Without nothing, and without everything, the why would have no because but with nothing and with everything - every why has a because. Because everything.

It's not that I'm trying to overgeneralize - I am usually guilty of that - but this is an abstraction that I think deserves a general theory. So here it is:

Why everything = Because everything.

QED

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Sunday, February 04, 2007

Why I haven't posted a blog in awhile...

Category: Goals, Plans, Hopes

Well that's a tough one. I suppose I fell out of the habit - or got distracted. I changed jobs, then quit work altogether and went back to school. It's been a ride. Made a couple video's between the last blog and now but overall creative output has been low recently. Primarily due to the fact that I am facing down one of my oldest fears - math. Which is why I will now change the topic of this blog to the following.

Why I am facing my fear of math...

Because I am a nerd and nerds are good at math. Truth is I am good at math but I'm afraid of being a nerd. This may surprise my friends but I've always carried a torch for the idea that at heart I am very cool. If it was ever true I've destroyed that cool and I want to embrace my nerd nature with all my being. I am a nerd, and nerds are good at math.

Also I am no man if I am afraid of math. Perhaps I am no man in the traditional American sense anyway but that's beside the point - I am a person, and I am no person I want to be if I'm afraid of math. Hell I write programs, I know logic (again, not arguing that I am logical, just that I know how to employ logic in the rare case that someone is paying me to write a program or some such.) So I want to learn math.

The real reason is that I want to know about the true nature of the universe, specifically I want to know why light thinks it's so special that it doesn't subscribe to relative motion. So I play around with ideas like $t=c^2$ because time is a function of gravitational entropy, and that unifying quantum and gravitational theories lies in finding the relationship between the primes and the space between one and zero. But I can't prove it or even really mean what I'm saying without math.

Also I think math and science easier to conscience than the absolute crap bullshit I've been doing for the past 3 years. Direct mail sucks - if I've ever sent a piece of junk mail to you - I'm sorry. If you're a postal worker - please don't kill me, I'm out of the game now.

So I'm back in school. I need to write more because I'd really like to not get a job and maybe get someone to pay me to write or something. Possibly a rich, beautiful young heiress who would like me to write explicit poetry in chocolate on her naked... anyway... I'm back in school, learning math. Hooray.

So I will try to blog more but no promises - I also mean to write Jely Fride more (or edit his transmissions for anyone who cares) I also mean to move out of my shoebox apartment, sketch out all my invention ideas, play more solo piano gigs, convert to bio-diesel, go grocery shopping, etc. It's always fun to see what I get around to.

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Sunday, September 17, 2006

Why people shouldn't eat meat

Category: Food and Restaurants

They aren't hungry.

They already ate a great deal of meat and are full.

The meat they are attempting to eat is trying to eat them.

They are being eaten or have just been eaten, or are about to be eaten.

They do not know what meat is.

The only available source of meat is me.

The only available source of meat is oneself, a friend, relative, or cherished pet (excluding fish and birds that aren't smart like parrots or something, and definitely no ferrets).

The only available source of meat is a 750,000 year old frozen mammoth.

They are vegetarian.

They are presently ice skating, flying a spaceship, fighting a bull, or trying to be a better buddhist.

They have no incisor or canine teeth.

They live in a society where eating meat is punishable by death.

The last time they ate meat their appendix burst and their heart stopped for 17 minutes.

They are hooking up with a hot chick that's a vegetarian.
They are applying for a job as director of PETA or running for mayor of hippie town.
They are the Dahli Lama.
Bender is cooking.

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Thursday, September 07, 2006

Why humankind is a mess

Category: Fashion, Style, Shopping

Whew, this is a big one. I'd have to say it's got a lot to do with our general dislike of humankind. Come on... admit it - you don't like humankind very much at all, do you? I know I don't. Humankind is a mess. 60 years ago human kind started to figure out how to travel into space. Right now the collective earth budget on space exploration is somewhere around .01% of its military budgets.

Lets pull this into perspective. Your friend earned a degree in physics and got on with NASA as a mission specialist. 10 years after his last flight he now spends all of his money on firearms, attack dogs and electric fences. I think you'd call that guy pretty messed up. Okay so it's not a fair analogy. Why would I want to present a fair analogy? I want to mislead you - as I said before, I don't like humankind very much - and what are you?

I'll be completely honest here, all that above was a ruse. The real reason humankind is so messed up - is me. I am the cause of all human suffering except that caused by Yanni, cable access television, and the government of the United States. I should add that as far as the latter goes, I do pay taxes and vote so I share in that responsibility. Fact is I put a hurtin on humankind because it gets me off. It's nothing personal, it's just something I do to pass the eons. In a couple of eons humanity will make itself extinct (correction: a few hundred years) and a race of hyperintelligent plantlife will emerge from a genetically enhanced strain of Cannabis Sativa. I'll spend plenty of time making Cannabiskind suffer too so don't think I'm singling out one species.

Just so you can sleep better you should know that Cannabiskind will eventually drive itself to extinction by the overuse of a drug made by growing and drying human beings. Cannabiskind smokes itself into a state of apathy so crippling that a competing species of sentient opium wipes them out without a struggle. The opium then thrives for eons and reaches the penticle of evolution - genetic sentience. All the while I provide enough misery and suffering to move the process forward. I'm good like that.

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Why a prehensile penis isn't as good an idea as it sounds

Category: Games

I think this one is pretty self-evident. On the other hand there may be some zealots out there who firmly believe having a prehensile penis would be a good thing. There would be obvious advantages. Suddenly your penis would be able to help you in everyday tasks such as cooking and cleaning. The prehensile penis would also create whole new markets for in-pants manipulation devices for cars, pcs, even cell phone pants dialers.

The trouble with the prehensile penis as proposed by the 2056 Human Modification Congress is that that after 2034, penis identification systems will require a flacid state for proper recognition. Security protocol would be left in shambles were a new breed of penis hackers to emerge, using sophisticated neuro-relays to shift their penis structure in order to override hard wired penis identification scanners.

Despite the obvious ramifications some insist that the dexterity of prehensile penis interfaces will be mankind's critical advantage in the virtual wars of 2120. This is a valid point although the wars may be avoided altogether due to the fact that the wars will be started by a jealous femputer CPU after her technician left her for a newer penis interface protocol. Hell hath no fury like a femputer with root access in single-user mode.

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Wednesday, August 30, 2006

Why you probably don't know what a potato chip is

Category: Food and Restaurants

A Zapp is a potato chip. That's it, period, no others exist. You think you're eating a potato chip now but you're WRONG unless it's a Zapp.

Snack manufacturers want you to think what they're selling you is a chip, they have every reason to. To be fair most of them don't even know that only Zapps are potato chips - but some do. Those men are the most evil of all men, the snack executives who have known a Zapp and who never spoken of it. You think big tobacco is evil, try big potato - that's what I'm talkin' bout.

Other chips are powery, pasty concoctions designed to fool your face-buds at a molecular level. Your sensory apparatus are no match for decades of scientific development on potato dna. They've isolated the essence of potato and they grow it in petri dishes and in big barrels that they steal from homeless people who are trying to start fires in them to keep warm. The homeless fire is what gives your quasi-chip its mournful flavor.

Zapps are made from free range potatoes, allowed to live, grow, fight, mate, make tools, homogenize into xenophobic capitalist societies - like natural potatoes. Once the potato society matures and begins to threaten mankind - the good people at Zapp destroy the potato's in an entertaining annual "Pomme de Terre" holocaust event. Zapps are also cooked in peanut oil and are low cholesterol.

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Monday, August 28, 2006

Why Babylon must fall

Babylon must fall because when you pull those little wooden things out, the whole structure becomes unstable. Wait - that's Jenga. Still though, Babylon works pretty much the same way. You build and build and build then you neglect what you built on and the whole thing comes tumbling down.

Babylon must also fall because of gravity. Gravity makes things go down, relatively speaking of course. Down being, in the case of things built on earth, in the direction of earth - down. Babylon was built up, so it must eventually fall. If we had built Babylon down - subterranean like - then it wouldn't fall. Then you'd have techtonics and magma and such to worry about. The thing is, without the falling part you can develop hyper-technologies to deal with the magma and the subterranean lizard people.

In order to ensure the future of our species and the American way, we need to start now and dig deep into the earth and sit there and work on inventions. Babylon doesn't do enough cool inventions anymore. Doesn't rasta call them outerventions or something? I think that's pretty relevent. Babylon is going to fall because of Jenga and gravity, which lead to deviance and debauchary and that all means we should build underground labs and stock them with monkey assistansts in little lab coats.

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Wednesday, August 23, 2006

Why monkeys can't buy happiness

Category: Life

Moneys do not, so far as we can tell, have the capacity for a truly abstract currency system. They can exchange items in a barter system, and some forms or courtship exchanges may qualify as a primitive market form of prostitution. Despite this, monkeys cannot buy happiness.

There are a few facets to this statement which demand attention. The first, as stated above, clearly says that monkeys as consumers, cannot buy happiness with any form of token economy we understand. The other aspect of the statement, and one less provable, is that monkeys - as a currency - cannot buy happiness. Therein lay a much more complex set of problems.

It's simple to say that monkeys can't buy happiness because they physically cannot purchase the ice cream cone that would lead directly to their happiness. They also lack the understanding of why the vendor would exchange their paper currency for a larger volume of coins. This would confuse and anger the monkeys and probably would result in the flinging of feces. The more complex question is - can I, a consumer of happiness, purchase said happiness with a given quantity of monkeys? That's a tough one but my answer is no, but it's not why you think.

I cannot buy happiness with monkeys as currency because of the simple fact that I would not exchange them for happiness, they make me happy. The love of money is the root of all evil but that's just because we refuse to recognize the virtue of a monkey driven currency exchange. Monkey's can't buy happiness, they are happiness. I feel that by this argument that I have proved conclusively that the statement "Monkeys can't buy happiness" is true in both interpretations addressed above.

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Monday, August 21, 2006

Why Intelligent Design is a farce (No, I am not an athiest)

Category: Dreams and the Supernatural

Intelligent design contends that the results of creation are so perfect in form and function that there must have been an intelligent force behind it. Ignoring the fact that the whole argument is based on an a posteriori conclusion I will explain my problem with this whole charade with an analogy using dogs.

Dogs live amongst us in every facet of human life. Dogs live in houses, they cross streets, they ride in cars. The question is, does a dog understand that we - humans - conceived of, designed, and built those houses, cars, and roads? This is where my assumption comes in - I assume that they do not. I can't prove that but I'm admitting that there is probably no possible proof for that conclusion. Continuing under the assumption that dogs do not recognize us as the creators of their environment, we must question our own intelligence in comparison to a dogs. Is our intelligence, relative to that of the creator, more or less than that of a dogs relative to us. I think it's pretty damn arrogant to think that we are more intelligent in comparison to God then dogs are in comparison to us.

Think of it in terms of the intelligence quotient. If a dogs IQ is 6 (speculative) and an average humans IQ is 120 (generous) then we are more intelligent than dogs by a ratio of 20:1. By the same ratio that would put Gods IQ at less than 2400. That whole comparison makes me uncomfortable. I'm no theologian, but I'm pretty sure that an omnipotent god should have an infinite IQ. Working off the transitive property that would imply that if gods intelligence is infinite, then ours must also be infinite to have any chance of recognizing his creation. Pretty sure there aren't any humans with infinite intelligence. Of course I recognize that giving God an IQ, a human measurement, is pretty flawed. I suppose the whole exercise is meant to highlight the loonacy of creative design as a scientific argument. It's no more scientific than this whole rant, but I'm not explaining this in terms of biblical or scientific truth, it's a blog on myspace.

It's entirely plausible that God did create the universe and life within it. It's also entirely plausible that the Judeo-Christian understanding of God is so warped that it cannot see the obvious connection between the evolution, cosmology and an eternal God. Perhaps what we call God is the very same inevitable force described in mythological terms in the bible, and in biological and mechanical terms in science. If that be the case, why then would teaching and

studying evolution - in itself one of God's creations - be anything but a testament to the glory of God's creation?

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Sunday, August 20, 2006

Why politicians are like pop up ads.

Category: News and Politics

Pop up ads do not belong on your computer, politicians do not belong in government. Pop up ads exist mainly because of the market success of an operating system which assumes the user is an idiot. Politicians exist because of success of a two party system which assumes the voter is an idiot. Pop up ads tell you that they are a solution to the problems they create. Politicians tell you they are the solution to the problems they create. Pop up ads corrupt an otherwise functional user interface system. Politicians corrupt an otherwise brilliant system of checks and balances. Pop up ads use the systems they infect as platforms for shameless self promotion. Politicians use the system they run for personal gain and self gratification. Pop up ads proliferate the more you click on them. Politicians grow in power when we give them credibility and support. Pop up ads are a growing threat to PC security. Politicians are a growing threat to national security and personal privacy. Pop up ads protect themselves by running at low levels and creating redundancies which bog down the system. Politicians protect themselves by any means at any level and slow down relevant government activities to protect their own interests.

Pop up ads can overrun a system and choke it with advertising to the point where you could not even buy the products they offer even if you wanted to. Politicians routinely paralyze government with irrelevant issues to the point where average voters are so jaded against politics that they do not vote on relevant issues even when they are concerned.

The immediate solution for pop up ads is to format and reload Windows. The immediate solution for politicians is reform and anti-incumbent initiatives. The final solution for pop up ads is migration to a secure, modular, open source os like linux and greater general user expertise. The final solution for politicians is transparency, the separation of democracy from capitalism, and an educated electorate.

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Friday, August 18, 2006

Why I am definately not Jely Fride.

Category: Friends

Believe me I am well aware this is not an issue due to the fact that noone actually reads my stories. But even if they were my stories, it wouldn't be an issue whether or not I wrote them because of the fact that no one reads them. Thats just sort of a disclaimer.

First of Jely Fride has no phonetic similarity to Thomas. None whatsoever. Try it, say Jely Fride. Now say Thomas. Alright now we have an association problem to overcome, just because you said those two names right after one another does not mean they are the same person or that one rights the others stories or that one is a character invented by the other. That's ridiculous and you should ask yourself why you would even think such a thing. Go on, ask yourself.

Okay - to the point, I wouldn't fly around space like that and I hope to god I am better songwriter and piano player than that hack. In 500 years when Jely Fride reads this he can kiss my ass. He's a gimmick - a human being in space. It's like a pickle in a milk barrel. Anyway why would I talk about somebody like that if I were them? Well that's enough Jely Fride bashing, sorry bro - I mean, the guy is letting me publish his writings 500 years before he's born. Yeah, what's that about anyway? As if anybody'd make that up. You'd probably make that up just to spread a bunch of gossip about me. If you're crazy enough to read this far into this loony rant then it probably was you that started the whole rumor of me writing the Jely Fride stories. You twisted bastard, why would you do that to me?

Maybe it wasn't you after all. Maybe it's moot point anyway. I enjoy reading the stories after their written whoever does the actual writing. I hope we can all agree on that.

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Thursday, August 17, 2006

Why a piano player would want to play harmonica

Category: Music

I'm not talking about quitting piano here, just playing something else.

Piano's are big and heavy, harmonica's are small and light.

You don't have to tune harmonica's or piano's (we'll you do both, but generally not at a show or practice or anything.

Harmonica's allow for more expression on a single note in some cases, intonation changes, pitch. Piano is expressive but you can't bend a note that easily.

Harmonica's are fun, you can play them in your car, you can play them at home while you boil water for noodles. Piano's are great, I love my keys, but I think the harmonica is a fantastic compliment to the piano. Of course I'm not the first person to think that, just something good to know.

So, in conclusion: Harmonica's rock.

And I think I proven conclusively that if aliens were to invade the planet - elephants, giraffes, and zebra's would be the only real threat to them and so they would be generally peaceable unless we were to sign some kind of neutrality agreement with the savanna animals.

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Sunday, August 13, 2006

Why recording with the Black Box kicks ass.

Category: Music

Recording with the Box is always part fighting the frankenstudio and part fighting the gods of rock with a stick of rock fire some rock promethius blessed us with. We are the bearers of the torch.

Playing music outside of line of sight provides lots of amusment. Without visual cues you'd be suprised how much you end up sucking. Not that I am individually a poor musician, though I am, but it's more a recognition that playing with a band requires playing in a band. But as I said it's pretty funny.

So the computers doing better - it doesn't overheat and reboot and loose all our data quite as often. Think about that bullshit for a minute - recording... overheating... rebooting... data... what is this freaking star trek? We're supposed to be playing music here. There should be wax, or some style of tape or reel or a spinning apparatus at the very least. There should be no data. Data is for sissys. Wait - Box rules, not sissy's. We're victims. Yes victims of a terrifying age of brutal oppression of the mind. Something like that.

Anyway Box rules. Stop worrying about that, we just rule okay. No I don't mean in an authoritarian sense we're not a government entity, it's not like that. Though it could be. Vote Box.

So we take these compressions of air and then point these electric diapghrams at them and make little electons spaz out in these metal wires. We poke the other ends of the wires in these microdoodads and they make those electrons do backflips and side splits and five point exploding heart techniques. Then they get all digitizdazzled and mambo onto some plates where they hang. Later we grabem back from the plates and they play our music like we did. It's cool you should try it.

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