

Foreword

Tweet Me Harder is a podcast in which the two of us spend about an hour a week describing a *better way of life*. Why does a podcast need a book? Why does *anything* need a book? Why do encyclopediae need books, or Bibleses or dictionari or thesauraux? For that matter, why do *telephones* need books? Telephones have been around for a hundred years and they *still* got massive books coming out like twice a year or something. So clearly *everything* needs books. It is a Government mandate. In compliance with the Books Act of Nineteen-Booky-Four, please enjoy the following grudgingly-compiled collection of our first ten episodes. *Are you happy now, Your Honor?*

—Kris Straub & David Malki !

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Parka Car Wash

DAVID MALKI !: Hello, welcome to Tweet Me Harder, the world's first, best, only and last talkback-enabled interactive audio podblast.

[THE THEME MUSIC CONTINUES TO PLAY UNABATED]

KRIS STRAUB: This isn't the fade-out version.

DM: I'm David Malki !

KS: And I'm Kris Straub.

DM: Thanks for tuning in. This is how the show works: you can Twitter to us at any time. Our user is @TWEETHARD, and this is the very first show, so please use the hashtag #TMH1. Any Twitter that says #TMH1, we will be able to see, and we will be using for...who knows what. I don't know what. Maybe we're going to sell 'em! Maybe we're going to make shirts based on 'em.

KS: You know what, though? Shirts are so played. Why don't we put it on other merchandise, like thongs...

DM: Yes.

KS: Or clocks.

DM: Clocks?

KS: Not black shirts. Yeah, just cheap, kind of plasticky...

DM: Clocks that you wear around your neck, like Flavor Flav?

KS: You could.

DM: Or clocks that you put on the wall?

KS: You could. But you know, if you wear a clock with a tweet on it around your neck, why don't we just make you a shirt?

DM: ...If you wear a clock with a tweet? Because the clock is an accessory. You can wear that with anything. A shirt you have to wash in-between.

KS: Wear it with any color shirt! I like it!

DM: Yeah! It's modular.

KS: That's not bad.

DM: So here's the thing. What else can we put tweets on? We can put them on

underwear. We can put them on shoes...

KS: Anything that's worn, is a given.

DM: Well, you wear shoes every day, for sure.

KS: Yeah. Hey, you could put it on—I got it, I got it, I got it.

DM: Tell me.

KS: You create a process...you'd have to know a little bit more about making soap. But you make it into soap, so when you wash your body...*subsequent tweets* are revealed.

DM: Oh, yes! I like this.

KS: Right?

DM: You know where I thought you were going to go: when you use the soap, it embeds tweets on your skin.

KS: I think it would just streak 'em.

DM: Well, that's where the technology comes into play.

KS: Oh, well, yeah. That sounds like a VC sort of a deal.¹

DM: All right. So here's the thing about soap that reveals tweets over time. There's a similar sort of thing with toilet paper—have you seen this? Where it's like, the novels or whatever, they're written one square at a time on toilet paper, and as you unroll the thing, you get the whole story?

KS: No way. Is that a thing?

DM: In fact...I don't know how many people are doing novels. I think you typically see this on very...*ideologically extreme* websites, where they sell toilet paper with, like, the thing that they hate on it. Like the face of Osama, or...

KS: Sure, yeah, yeah.

DM: ...Or the pages of the Qur'an.

KS: Or I guess the story that they hate.

DM: Right. "Boy, I hate *War and Peace*, let's embed it on toilet paper."

KS: "Good thing, 'cause I had Taco Bell, and..."

DM: But really, it's almost like a Twitter feed, because of the revealed-slowly nature of it. You're not gonna unroll the whole thing and read the novel, you're just going to do it, you know, eight squares at a time, three times a day or whatever.

KS: Well that's what I was going to say, is that you have to figure out some optimal redundancy. Because I'm not going to use *a square*. I gotta take care of business.

DM: Well, sure. It's the same thing with Twitter: something can stand on its own or be part of a longer series, I suppose.

1 Are we referring here to "venture capital", the process by which investors fund promising new businesses, or "Viet Cong", the opposing force to the United States in the Vietnam War? It frankly works either way.

- KS: What if it's a really good book and I gotta take that on, like, the train? And I'm just unrolling...I'm spooling it onto another roll.
- DM: You have a pencil or something that you're re-spooling it onto, and basically you're making like a Talmudic scroll.
- KS: Of toilet paper.
- DM: So my question for you is: if the right-wing websites have the toilet paper with the Qur'an or with Osama's face, what would the left-wing websites have? I don't really think that any of them have actually done this, because it's such a horrible idea, and, you know. They're too *tolerant*.
- KS: It's such a sour...yeah. Too tolerant.
- DM: But what would that product be? Like, what would be on that toilet-paper roll for the super-liberal audience?
- KS: Are you posing that to the listeners?
- DM: Yes. Actually, yes. Tweet us—hashtag T-M-H-1—what is on the toilet-paper roll that the left-wing activists sell?
- KS: I got an idea. How about pictures of flowers and the Earth? Because those need poop to grow. And that's just natural. That's just good.
- DM: I like this, I like this. So what we're doing is subverting the whole idea of toilet paper as something to put poop on—
- KS: “Why is that such a *bad* thing?”
- DM: Yeah! So the first way of thinking is, “I hate this thing *so much*, I'm just gonna put poop *all over it!*” But the other guys are saying, “No, poop's *natural*, it's from our *body*...”
- KS: “There's nothin' wrong with it!”
- DM: Okay, this is what I like. Not just that, but what that suggests: recontextualizing the whole idea of toilet-paper literature.
- KS: Well—
- DM: Maybe the toilet paper is just the format, and you don't even put poop on it. Maybe there's some form of toilet-paper literature that...its ideal form is not even used in the bathroom. It just takes that format for some other reason.
- KS: That's like super-microfiction. It's completely disposable fiction.
- DM: Yeah, the whole idea of it is the fact that it's super-delicate.
- KS: Let's see...@ALOHAAIRCARGO tweets: “The toilet paper would be made out of cloth, so you can wash and reuse it.”
- DM: I have heard of this. I have heard of the reusable toilet paper, where they have—it's almost like a Kleenex box, and they're cloth. And they have a little bin.
- KS: But then what do you do with it when you've got a box full of this filthy...
- DM: You wash it.
- KS: (*sighing*) No. And you know what, though...that gets away from the idea of the

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story. Because that has to be a story you want to read again.

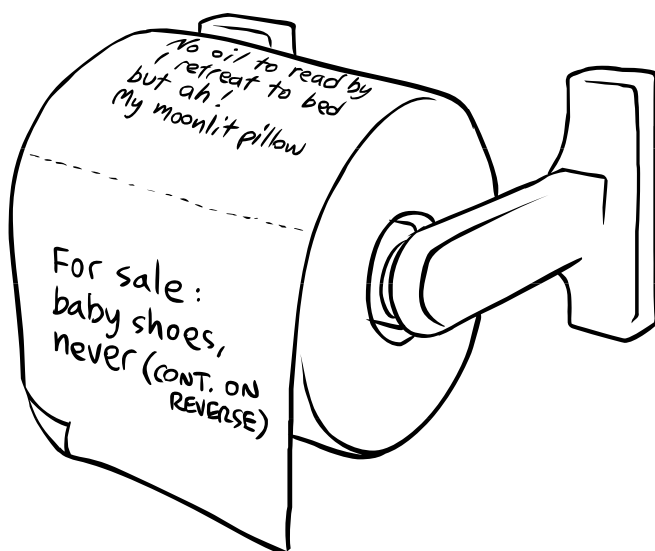
DM: Well, yeah. And so maybe that's—

KS: Or you know what? Maybe just a memorable...like, a parable. Or a quote from the Bible. Because people like to have that in their home all the time. They read it a million times.

DM: If it's going to be individual squares—because these things are not on a roll. Reusable toilet paper's format is wipes. It's not something you tear off of a roll.

KS: Sure.

DM: So each selection on the toilet paper has to be modular. It has to be, like you say—it's an aphorism. Maybe it's a poem.



KS: Maybe it's like that magnetic poetry.

DM: Wait, so what happens is, you use it and you stick it to your wall? And you build a large poem over time?

KS: Nah, you don't stick it to your wall, you just remember what the word was. Or you know what, maybe you take a picture of it, then string the pictures together digitally. You know. Be smart. This is the twenty-first century.

DM: All right. @DUSTINCORREALE says, "It's like 'Far Side' calendars." So there's something separate on every thing that is part of a greater theme, but you just get one little bite at a time.

KS: Oh, wow. That would really develop. That would really take a long time to get to the end of it.

DM: Well, a "Far Side" calendar is just a gag a day, it's not, you know...

- KS: Oh, I see. You're saying they're not interconnected stories. It's just like a little laugh. It's like a "Ziggy" cartoon.
- DM: ...I thought you said *laugh*.
- KS: Oh, sorry.
- DM: I could see someone taking this as a challenge. What's the thing that they could write that's so compelling in the toilet-paper medium, that people would want to go and reread it again every time they wash their toilet paper?
- KS: I don't know, but just the sound of the phrase "wash your toilet paper"—
- DM: It's probably not paper. It's probably "toilet wipes." I really don't know what the terminology is.
- KS: "Ah, man, it's Sunday, the banks are closed, I can't get any quarters, but I gotta do laundry 'cause I gotta take a dump, and now...ah, geez."
- DM: The "gotta do laundry because I gotta take a dump" is rough situation to get into.
- KS: Ugh.
- DM: But I mean, people use cloth diapers. It's the same idea, just applied to the whole household.
- KS: Yeah, but somehow a baby's waste is like a more natural...*fun* thing. You know. It's *pleasant*. Even though it's really not.
- DM: We don't have kids. This is not something I'm sure we're going to get a lot of agreement on from the child-rearing audience.
- KS: It's almost *adorable*.
- DM: There are also services—diapering services, I believe they're called—where you just have a bin, and you put all your diapers in them, and then some—
- KS: What a friggin' *expense!*
- DM: —You put it on your porch, and they come once a week, and they go and launder them. It's like a uniform service.
- KS: What kind of left-wing guys *are* these, they got enough money to pay for an adult diaper service?
- DM: Well, they do the tradeoff with the cost of buying disposable stuff, plus of course the environmental impact of all the waste that it generates, both in its manufacture and at the end product.
- KS: That's true, they can rationalize it. Aww, I didn't expect to start with this.
- DM: Well, what did you expect to start with? *Not-poop?*
- KS: Not poop. Pretty much.
- DM: So let's see...we asked everybody to respond to the question, "What's the worst topic for a talk show?"
- KS: Hey, wait a minute.
- DM: Oh yeah? What?

[KRIS TRIGGERS THE ACCORDION STING]

DM: (*laughs*) You're listening to Tweet Me Harder, the world's first, best, only and last talkback-enabled interactive audio podblast. We are now listening to what people say about the worst type of talk show. @PROFESSOR_D says, "Attempting to disprove every world religion as a valid belief system." I think that's the answer.

KS: That's pretty—I mean, it's offensive. But it could be interesting if you're open-minded enough.

DM: I like how he says "attempting to disprove." So the idea is not in your presenting an ironclad case, it's just the act of arguing.

KS: Well, he's got a bias. He's saying "clearly you can't."

DM: I don't know that he does or he doesn't, but the whole point of any kind of a talk show, ever, about religion is always going to be hearing different sides of the equation, and having them argue with each other. And in my experience, the listener is always listening to these kinds of shows just waiting for someone to say what *they* feel. And everyone has such divergent opinions about religion, I think that happens fairly rarely.

KS: Yeah. So is that just the ultimate troll show? Just 'cause nobody will ever be satisfied with anything that's uttered on that show?

DM: I think the only way anybody, from a listener standpoint, is going to be satisfied is if—all they want is their side to be heard. Everyone has their own little belief system that they've carved out for themselves that's either close to or far from, you know, any other person's belief system. So as long as they get someone on the show—if someone on the show says what *that listener* believes, then they feel like they've had their day in court. I think that's all they need, because no one is ever converted by listening to a radio show. Unless you're Johnny Hart, and you've watched eight hours of satellite—that has to be an apocryphal story. I'm sorry. That must be an apocryphal story. Do you know this story?

KS: He had a lot happening. I mean, I don't know what it is, but...

DM: Well, did you ever hear the story about how he was converted?

KS: No! I mean, I know that that's what happened, but...

DM: Well, Johnny Hart from "B.C.," he used to just be a regular old cartoonist. If you read the oldest "B.C." comics from...I guess he started in the sixties or seventies? I forget. But they're—

KS: Yeah, it's just workaday caveman gags.

DM: I think it's pretty interesting, because there were a lot of pretty wacky concepts in there: clams that walked around, and there was a guy making bubbles out of water that he carried around...

KS: Blasphemy. *Blasphemy!*

DM: No, this is before he had any sort of religious fervor. And what happened was, his wife had convinced him to install a satellite dish at the house. So the satellite-dish guy—on purpose or not—tuned the station to some religious, you know, preaching channel, saying "I have to leave it on this for two hours so we can tune

in the signal.” Because this is back in the days of a dish in the back yard, and it’s eight feet wide.

KS: Oh, no.

DM: And so Johnny Hart’s sitting there watching this TV preacher...and he’s converted!

KS: Wow.

DM: And that’s the story! And from then on, “B.C.” is about Jesus.

KS: That’s pretty good. Good on that cable-repair guy.

DM: I guess he’s doing the Lord’s work, right?

KS: ...What else we got?

DM: Someone says, “Turn down the tweeting-birds sounds.” That’s pretty good.²

KS: I could do that right now! I mean, provided that I’m the one to play it.

DM: Maybe we should turn it down. Everyone’s...okay, here’s the last, like, eighteen tweets: “Why are there bird noises constantly on the audio feed?” “Your Twitter client is too loud.” “Is it a sound effect? What’s going on?” “Dial-down the tweeting-bird sound.” This is what we like about instant feedback.

KS: Don’t worry! It’s easily fixed, and I’m gonna try it right now. (*silence*) What do you say?

DM: I don’t even hear that.

KS: Yeah, I can’t hear it either.

DM: Perfect.

KS: Is it even playing? All right, this’ll work.

DM: Sounds like the problem is solved.

KS: I guess we did it! Thanks to the Internet.

DM: Hey, so let me ask you this question. What’s your feeling on the bikini car wash?

KS: Oh, wow! I was just looking at that today.

DM: Wait, what?

KS: Unrelatedly.

DM: Is that a thing?

KS: No, it’s not.

DM: I’m talking about the concept. Is that like a site?

KS: No, it’s not a site. It’s many, many sites, my friend!

DM: I just want to make sure we’re on the same page.

² In the first episode, while we were still figuring out the sound effects, we’d play a chorus of tweet sounds every time we read a listener’s tweet. And it went on for about fifteen seconds each time. Charming, eh?

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KS: I feel like it's exploitative. Exploitative. I don't think I like it?

DM: Does it exist outside of pop culture? Have you ever seen a bikini car wash in real life?

KS: I've never seen one in real life. I've seen student car washes; I've seen church-group ones; I've seen, like, recovering drug-addict ones here in Dallas, believe it or not. Related to church groups. That's actually kind of a whole—it's like a Venn diagram, they all merge at some point.

DM: This is, or is not, involving bikinis? The drug-addict one?

KS: No bikinis, though.

DM: No bikinis?

KS: No bikinis.

DM: Some? Is it like half and half?

KS: You—nope.

DM: There's just *no* bikinis.

KS: That's just wishful thinking. Just not at all. I mean, maybe beneath what they're wearing. But probably not.

DM: I don't know anything about Texas. I'm just trying to guess. I'm trying to picture it.

KS: Well, how about in L.A.? They got any of that? It seems like an L.A. thing.

DM: You would think so! I did get my car washed not terribly long ago at some kind of a church youth-group thing. But yeah, I think the church youth-group and the bikini car wash are probably, sort of...the Venn diagram looks like Garfield's eyes. A sort of mutually-exclusive...

KS: They just kiss.

DM: The movie *Bring It On* has taught me that bikini car washes are a cheerleading thing. Like a school fundraiser?

KS: Yeah! I mean, I would assume.

DM: So *if* they happen, that's probably how they happen.

KS: They're not doing it because they love bikinis and washing cars. They're doing it for money!

DM: Well, here's the thing that I am not sure of, and this is what I wanted to get your opinion on. What do you think the quality of the car wash is? You think they get all the crevices? You think they actually get the windows streak-free?

KS: No! You know what? They don't do any detailing at all! I think that they've got a great system in place to obscure the quality of...you know, the level of attention that they pay to your vehicle.

DM: Right.

KS: They probably didn't even do the passenger side. 'Cause you're not looking.

DM: Yeah, because they're so busy *leaning sultrily* over the hood that they don't actually...they probably don't even pull the wipers up to get the windshield. To

get the bottom of the windshield.

KS: Right, and you didn't care. You're just happy that they're talking to you.

DM: @ALOHAIRCARGO on Twitter says, "Great if you're watching from the sidelines, but I want a good car wash, period." I think this is a very important thing to keep in mind. So the question is, the people that stop at bikini car washes, who're you going to have? You're going to have pervy uncles. You're going to have fundraising enthusiasts, people that want to support the booster club or whatever. Now here's the question: are *those* groups mutually exclusive? Are you attracting one at the expense of the other?

KS: Or both. Or maybe one is just an excuse for the other. Although I don't know why you would be a pervert in order to boost the academics club. It's more likely the other way around: that you, under the *guise* of supporting the school...

DM: Right, yeah. It's like, "Honey, I'm gonna go take the car to be washed, the school's having a fundraiser." "Oh, isn't that nice."

KS: There's this whole thing about perception-of-value that I always have a problem with, as far as...going to strip clubs, or this sort of thing with a bikini car wash, where it can go one of two ways in my head and both of them are negative. Number one, she's washing my car, and I'm looking at her, and she's like "He-e-ey, I hope you're enjoying the show!" and then I'm like "Ugh. Go to school. Enjoy your life." You know? "Have a nice family. I'm not this guy. This is awful." And then the other end of it is, if she looks like she's completely disappointed and sad to be there but she's doing it anyway because she's gotta.

DM: Right, because she's trying to get to summer camp.

KS: Yeah, and I've got the five bucks that's going to get her there. And I ain't lettin' her *have* it till she washes my entire car in the sun!

DM: How much of that is a ploy? I'm not saying that anybody who looks miserable in a bikini car wash/strip club is not actually miserable, I'm sure those things are miserable occupations. But by *looking* miserable, the onus is now put on the visitor, or the patron, to pay more. To make it so that they don't have to be out in the sun all day long.

KS: It's a guilt thing.

DM: Although those fundraiser things—I don't think they typically end with a dollar amount being hit. There's no threshold, it's just "we're gonna be here till six o'clock regardless."

KS: Let me ask you this, then. Do you think that—if it's a guilt factor—could you make more money with, like, Parka Car Wash? All the kids are wearing coats and blankets and they're just *miserable!* They are *all* getting heatstroke. And *your* money will get them out of there. And to safety. So tip 'em, for God's sake!

DM: Okay. So are you saying that when you tip them, they start taking *off* the clothes? So they become *more* comfortable?

KS: Umm...no! Because in that scenario it's too easy to say "why are you wearing that? Take it off! You're gonna die!" And I'd prefer that you'd install, like, a *dictator* of the car wash who's *making* them wear it, and you have to appease

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him. And they're like, "We're just pawns in his mad game; we have to wash a car while we're dying."

DM: Okay, so far I'm seeing a couple marketing problems with getting people into the car wash.

KS: Okay.

DM: One, the fact that you have children in parkas, soaking wet, in the hot sun.

KS: *Too sexy!*

DM: Number two, that they are being overseen by some sort of dictator, whom you have to pay to appease for the children's well-being.

KS: It's not real. It's not a *real* thing!

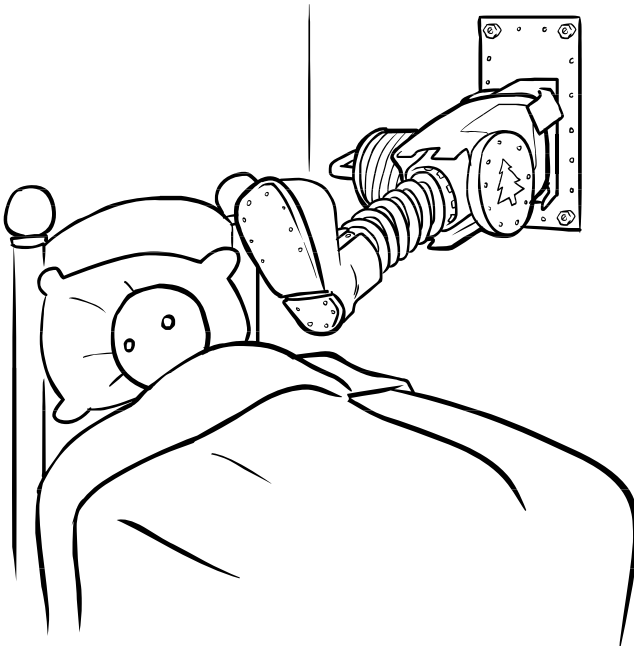
DM: Okay, so number three, it's people *play-acting* a *child-labor dictatorship*. And these are people that are asking for your support!

KS: Well, you know the story about the Dutch version of Santa Claus, right?

DM: What, the one where he beats you if you smoke pot?

KS: Yeah, he beats you up if you were bad that year. But then as we grew more civilized to now...he just *pretends* to kick you. You know? It has the intent, but not the actual brutality. So, you going to this car wash with the dictator, there's an *understanding* that there is play-acting going on here. And you do not *breach* that. You don't pierce that veil.

DM: You have to stay in character at all times.



- KS: Yeah. You have a contract with this group of kids.
- DM: Okay. So this is what I want to know: How many dictatorship parka car-washes does it take before the public consciousness begins to understand the social contract inherent in the dictatorship parka car wash?
- KS: You know what? I don't know. I don't think it's an unlimited number. It depends on how sadistic an area you live in, I guess.
- DM: @ALINAPETE says, "Sketchiest bikini car wash I've ever seen also sold 50-cent hot dogs. Not good, not good at all."
- KS: Wow.
- DM: 50 Cent—now is this like the rapper? No, it's probably not.
- KS: Which would be expensive, and really awesome.
- DM: Right, they're probably gold-encrusted.
- KS: I would think so.
- DM: What about hot dogs with little scallops in them so that they don't dislodge the diamonds in your front teeth?
- KS: Wow. Or like, they have optimal *pierced crescents* where you put your teeth. So you don't have to disturb your grill.
- DM: Talk about niche marketing.
- KS: That's pretty solid thinking. Although it'd be easy to machine.
- DM: I was gonna say *pre-bitten* hot dogs because that way, you don't have to worry about the—you can still enjoy the chewing action. It's not a *milkshake* hot dog, where, you know, you have to *drink* it. You can still use your molars and everything. But you don't have to do the *incising* at all. Everything is bite-sized.
- KS: You could kinda stick it in the corner of your mouth like a cigar. If you don't need the front of your mouth whatsoever. You don't need any knife action.
- DM: Maybe what you'd end up doing is going to the market, picking up the little cocktail-weenie package—
- KS: Yeah.
- DM: —And then opening the package, and dumping it into a *new* package that says "Bling Bling Hot Dogs" and marking it up by double and reselling it.
- KS: In practice, that's probably what you're gonna get. I don't think anybody's going to go to the trouble of, you know, machining hot dogs so they break off easily. Although when you first said "hot dogs with scallops in them," I thought you meant the sea creature. And I thought "What a *decadent* sausage! What a great treat."
- DM: I do like the idea of *machining* hot dogs. Like there's a giant factory press that's just—you know, it's like a laser cutter, and the hot dog is being held by a vise on either side. And it's being moved around—like, rotated very precisely, so the laser can cut it into a very precise shape.
- KS: It's like the robot arms at an auto mill.

DM: Yeah! Exactly.

KS: Spinning it elaborately in the air.

DM: Yeah, and then there's a giant robot that picks it up and sets it on the conveyor belt, or whatever. I mean, really it comes down to marketing. Most makeup is made in like three factories, and the label that they put on it is what determines the price that you pay for it.

KS: Right.

DM: Whether it's, you know, Macy's, or whether it's Nordstrom, or whether it's the really high-end Beverly Hills boutique, there's a whole scale at which it's the same makeup in different packaging and at different price points.

KS: Yeah. That's absolutely a given. I don't know how we got here from car washes...

DM: No, I'm talking about the hot dogs! I'm talking about, you're reselling those hot dogs marketed for different audiences. And this audience can only pay x amount, so you only charge x amount and you put it in the Food4Less. And then *this* audience, they—if you can put diamonds in your canines, you're going to pay a hundred dollars for a bag of hot dogs. You just have to market it appropriately.

KS: For a bag of hot dogs! The thing that kills me is like, be it hot dogs or the car-washing, any time you have a business that advertises with a sign that's written on the back of a refrigerator box, there's going to be a dearth of quality in the end product. I think.

DM: Wait, so—no, we wouldn't sell Rapper Hot Dogs on refrigerator boxes. *Ohhh!* I see what you're talking about. You're talking about getting *both* ends of the spectrum: *Pre*—like on their way *up* to multi-platinum album, *and* when they're destitute on the street! You gotta offer Homeless Hot Dogs, in a language that they speak!

KS: "You can chew these!" That's the slogan.

DM: Yeah! And instead of the little scoop-out so that your diamonds don't get caught in it, you just change the marketing. You make it a little bit less flashy and you say, "Look. We understand that you don't have teeth."³

KS: "You will not break your one tooth on *this* hot dog. That's *our* guarantee."

DM: The problem is, you might have to use pictograms. Depending on how literate these people are. I mean, I don't know. Maybe homeless people—I see one homeless guy who reads a lot of books.

KS: Oh. Well, I was gonna say, you split the difference. You invest a little money in one of those talking—those voice chips that go into stuffed animals. And it's just on the package.

DM: Oh yeah, like on greeting cards. I like that.

KS: And then there's just a picture of a thumb, and then they know to push it. And then it's gonna tell you. "Soft hot dogs."

3 We gave the transcript of this episode to Homeless Bob, our homeless-issues ombudsman, to make sure it could not in any way be construed as offensive to the noble homefree community. Other episodes, absolutely, but this one he said was all right.

- DM: “These hot dogs are for *you!* They’re not those fancy rich-man hot dogs. These hot dogs are made with your unique needs well in mind.”
- KS: Oh, man.
- DM: @POSIDUCK says, “You have a nice male-patriarchal fantasy going on.” You, in particular. I’m much more even-handed.
- KS: Is that me?
- DM: Clearly, yeah.
- KS: Why? Because I want—I didn’t say that the hot-dog car-wash dictator was a *man*.
- DM: That’s true!
- KS: Change up their genders! Why did *you* assume that? I think *you’re* the sexist!
- DM: That’s true. We have never once, on this entire show, *ever* insisted that the bikini car wash is women.
- KS: Could be dudes. They make bikini thongs for dudes. To wear.
- DM: And they even have bikini *briefs*. They’re not even thongs, they actually have a little coverage. Right?
- KS: Probably more decent. That’s the kind the church group would wear.
- DM: Okay, so Bikini *Man* Car Wash. The question is, who is the market for car washes? Typically it’s people that—
- KS: Guys with cars.
- DM: In the way that more women buy greeting cards than men, do more men get their cars washed than women? I don’t know. I would think it’s fairly even.
- KS: Oh, I don’t know. I think you’re already going to deal with a high-end clientele, just on the basis that their car is gonna be nicer and they’re gonna want it to look nice. Because I have a Honda Fit, and I could care less when’s the last time it was washed. I’m not going! I’m gonna wait for it to rain.
- DM: So the people that are going to the bikini car wash are the kind of douchebags that also spent their money on a Porsche. Because they’re not married—or they are married and they have a midlife crisis. Is that what you’re saying?
- KS: Yeah. They’re having a lot of trouble. And that’s my assumption. If you own a Porsche, and you’re listening to the show, use the tag #TMH1 and we’ll discuss it!
- DM: Actually, I do want to put out a query. Use hashtag #TMH1 and tell us: What is the most expensive luxury item that you have ever bought—that you could have paid eight dollars for at the regular store? But you ended up paying a hundred dollars for at the fancy store.
- KS: I got one, probably.
- DM: Tell me.
- KS: My sunglasses. My aviators. Here’s what happened. We went to Sunglass Hut, and there they’re like a hundred and twenty-five bucks. Put those on; all right, they’re about what I expected, ’cause my dad owned a pair. And then we’re like,

“Ah, we can’t justify this cost, too expensive!” So we drove to, like, a Sav-On. I think we went to a gas station. We’re like “these look exactly the same! They’re exactly the same. Put ’em on.” And there was just something innately, like...just didn’t feel *right*. And what we should have done was put that one on first.

DM: Yeah, then you wouldn’t have known.

KS: It was a total setup.

DM: That intangible—

KS: We ended up going back to buy the—Yeah. We bought the regular ones. We bought the *expensive* ones.

DM: I mean, if something costs more, it’s usually better. That’s a given—that’s the default nature of the universe.

KS: I hope!

DM: The question is, in this case, if the difference between the hundred-dollar sunglasses and the \$3.95 sunglasses at Sav-On was *enough*—if it was ninety-six dollars and five cents’ worth of difference to you.

KS: Yeah!

DM: To justify that purchase. Right? I’m asking.

KS: Yeah, it was hefty. It was! I mean, there was an upper bound. If they had been three hundred dollars, I don’t think I would have—there was no way I was gonna buy ’em. But you think about what you’re paying for: you’re paying for a little sliver of metal and some lenses. Oh, although I do—a little bit tangential, I do have a funny story related to the purchase of my *second* pair, some years later after my first pair was scratched.

I went to Sunglass Hut. I knew exactly what I wanted. But there was a young gentleman there who’d probably *just* started working there. He said “Can I help you out?” I said, “Nope, I kinda know what I’m looking for.” But I was curious, because the pair I had, I recognized—but there was another pair that, on the lens, it said “P”. I didn’t know what “P” was. But they looked a little yellower than the other lenses. So I said “Yeah, actually, I have a question. What is the ‘P’ on these—what does that mean on that lens?”

And he says, “Oh, the ‘P’ stands for *polarized*. Once you wear a pair of polarized glasses, you’re not gonna use the regular kind. And once you wear a pair of *Maui Jims*, you’ll *never* go back to *any other brand!*”

DM: All right.⁴

KS: And I was thoroughly disgusted. Because I will not wear Maui Jims. And I felt really bad for him, because that’s clearly a line that he’s been given, and it’s his twentieth time saying it. And him standing there wearing a pair of Maui Jims was not really a big sale to me. It didn’t work.

DM: This is something that I’ve seen. Speaking of people having that *line*. I’ve seen this a lot recently. My office is on a sidewalk. Storefront office. So there’s plenty

4 This is the point in this show where David starts feigning like he has any knowledge at all of Maui Jims. It’s a brand of sunglasses apparently? He still does not really know.

of people walking up and down all day long. And we get solicitors fairly often. Until I put up a sign a couple days ago, we were getting solicitors at minimum once a week.

KS: Yeah.

DM: These were not people who were selling you a Thomas Guide door-to-door, or, like, an oversized calculator. Like you may have seen before. These are people who are trying to promote businesses. And their promotional strategy is to just go to every other business in the area and drop off a flyer. The owner of a sign shop came by; there was a guy in a three-piece suit, full-on business attire, from some local bank, you know, “we offer financial blah-blah-blah, can I leave you with a flyer, blah-blah-blah.”

KS: Yeah.

DM: So anyway, the last guy and the one who broke the camel’s back and made me put up the sign, was this really gangly guy in a long suit jacket. It’s clearly an off-the-rack suit, didn’t fit him—like, he’s one of those body shapes that doesn’t fit real well in a suit. He opened the door and he poked his head in, and he looked around. He saw me sitting there. And he goes, “Hey man, I’m really sorry. I’m really sorry.” And I’m thinking, “Oh, he’s asking directions, what’s going on.”

KS: Yeah?

DM: He goes, “I’m really sorry, I’m just—I’m here for—I—I know this is dumb, but, I’m here from Verizon and I want to talk to you about our FIOS service. I mean, do you guys have Internet here, or—are you all set up with that?” And he’s clearly so embarrassed, and he just wants us to say “you know what, we’re all set. Here, you want some water? You look like you’re about to pass out.”

KS: Yeah...

DM: So I said, “We’re all taken care of, we’ve got it all wired in.” And he says, “Yeah, you sound like you’re all set. You’re probably all just...you know what, though?” And you see him kind of mulling it over, the gears turning. And he reaches in his little briefcase and he pulls out a flyer and he goes “if you ever just need FIOS service it’s the number one service blah-blah-blah—” and he goes into this spiel.

And I go, “You know what, we’re set.” He’s like “all right. It’s cool. It’s cool. Ahh. I’m sorry. I’m—thanks. Um. All right. Yeah. All right, man, cool.” And he left.

So you know that he’s obligated just to do that spiel at some point, you know? And he’s desperate to not look like a douche, and so he’s trying to preface it. And I think the preface made it worse, because he seems like a guy who knows better.

KS: Yeah.

DM: And that’s less forgivable than a guy who’s just, “All right, whatever. They told me to say it.”

KS: Right. We’ve all been there. But what I don’t like is when you can’t connect with them on even that level. Like, if I went to that Maui Jims guy and I said, “I know you don’t care about Maui Jims. It’s just you and me. I don’t want Maui Jims, so don’t try to pitch me on ’em. But I will take these other ones. I know that you’re just working here.” And he’s not allowed to be like, “Okay. That’s good, sure.” He

has to go, “No! I am passionate about sunglasses, and Maui Jims are the ultimate in eye care.” You know? I cannot connect to this man as a human.

DM: @STEVENFC on Twitter is saying that “Kris, you *must* give them a try. I need polarized glasses; Maui is my family’s preferred brand.” Maybe they’re just that much better!

KS: Naw, I don’t believe him. Or maybe that guy works there. Maybe that’s the guy.

DM: That’s him! Steven! Oh, dude. Man.

KS: I’m sorry! Did you find a better job? Did you...

DM: You made quite the impression on Kris, for him to still remember! Speaking of sunglasses—this is not Maui Jims, but here in Venice I’m seeing probably... it’s getting up into the thirty-, forty-percent ratio: Among all sunglasses that we see, among everybody walking around, the percentage of them that are the black plastic with the neon arms.

KS: Neon arms? Oh, yeah, yeah.

DM: Neon yellow, neon orange, neon pink. It’s very T&C Surf.

KS: I think it’s coming back.

DM: We’re seeing this a lot.

KS: And you know what? I think they’re cheap, too.

DM: Yeah. When I’m at the beach I see them at the little boardwalk vendors. They’ve got the carousel deal and there’s a million of ’em on there.

KS: This didn’t take off, this didn’t last for more than a month and a half, but you remember Kanye West’s—the shutter shades?

DM: That’s something else! I see the shutter shades—

KS: Those are like five bucks.

DM: I see those on the boardwalk too. And I don’t ever see anybody ever wearing them? Maybe one or two people, and you never know if they’re wearing them ironically. But I didn’t know about the Kanye thing, so I thought “why are the shutter shades coming back? That’s a really strange trend to be returning.”

KS: That was why. But the thing is that you lose—it’s like a Riemannian sum.⁵ You lose 50% of your vision, but it’s too granular. You know what I’m saying? It’s not a 50% shade evenly like a pair of sunglasses. Like, I literally cannot tell if Venetian blinds are up or down. Because I cannot see them. They’re not effective sunglasses. So I guess you’re gonna get eye cancer in stripes on your eyeball instead of uniformly. That’s not helpful.

DM: Everybody that works in retail ideally should believe in the product. But this is not always the case. Sometimes you have people, especially at corporate-level marketing departments, who don’t actually have a good product—but they have to sell it regardless, and they have to make that pitch that “this is the best

5 For the uninitiated: the integral of the Gauss curvature on a compact 2-dimensional Riemannian manifold is equal to $2\pi\chi(M)$ where $\chi(M)$ denotes the Euler characteristic of M . This theorem has a generalization to any compact even-dimensional Riemannian manifold.

product ever.”

- KS: Because a person like that—they don’t really have a hands-on with the product, but they are surrounded with the literature with the product, you know, and with the brand image and all that that means.
- DM: Because the whole marketing relies on this keystone notion that “our product is worth selling.” That’s something that, if your job is a marketer, then you cannot challenge that core assumption because it just comes apart like a house of cards.
- In fact, when I was working doing trailers, there was one presentation that we had to do for Disney. It was an internal sales presentation, which—every advertising agency that works for a movie studio ends up spending about 30–35% of their time working on internal marketing materials for the studio to show itself, and convince itself how great it is.
- KS: Yeah.
- DM: For stockholder meetings, and for departmental meetings, and all of this, just, B.S. But this particular one was about the technology that was revealed with the movie *Chicken Little*, which was called “Disney Digital 3-D.”
- KS: Okay, yeah.
- DM: It’s evolved into something else now, I don’t think they even call it the same thing. But it’s basically watching an animated movie in 3-D, that’s what it is. And so this was a sales presentation to theater owners, I believe. And the whole idea was, we had to convince them that this was something worth retrofitting the theaters for.
- And Disney trades on their pedigree more than any other company has any right to. Disney hasn’t had a real, home-grown breakout hit in their animated division for—I don’t know, decades. Since *The Lion King*. Or since *Tarzan*, probably. Maybe *Lilo & Stitch* would qualify, but even still, that’s ten years ago. Ah, I guess seven years ago. But whenever it was. They trade on that *Lion King* imagery, and the *Tarzan* imagery, and the *Little Mermaid* imagery—
- KS: Sure, yeah.
- DM: —And the *Aladdin* imagery. They’re just like, “We *are* this company that has such a pedigree.” So anyway. The moral of the story is, this particular presentation had to be about all of the *firsts*. All of the ways that Disney is a trailblazer. So you’ll hear, “First feature film to use the multi-plane camera: 1927, *Snow White*.” *First* this and that.
- KS: “A company of firsts that are all good. That are all equally good.”
- DM: And so the nut that was the hardest to crack was the movie *Mary Poppins*. Because this was a landmark film for animation, the way it integrated animation and live action in 1964.
- KS: Yeah.
- DM: But it was not the *first* to do anything. Because that particular technology existed, in smaller measures, in other movies before that.
- KS: In *Alice*, right?

DM: I think it was *The Poseidon Adventure*. Or there was something—I think *10,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, which came out in 1962 or -3, had some animated stuff in there. And it won an Academy Award for its special effects.

So anyway, we had to come up with something that was the *first*—this was Disney’s claim to fame for this movie. And here’s what it ended up being: “*Mary Poppins* was the first movie to win an Academy Award for Special Visual Effects for significantly combining live action with animation.”

All of those qualifiers in there had to be in place. Because if you take *one* of them out, some *other* movie had done *that*. There were other movies that won different Academy Awards, or won different awards for doing the same thing, so on and so forth. But they had to be the *first*, so we had to put all these qualifiers in there.

KS: ...Then what?

DM: Well, and then—it just kind of goes to show that that brand image is so much more important than the merits of the situation. Because the brand image is what creates the demand for the product.

KS: There’s a guy at Maui Jim Corporate who’s convinced—and it’s like a form of racism. It’s like yellow journalism. They’re convinced that Ray-Bans are gonna hurt—they’re gonna *hurt* you. “You don’t wanna wear that! *Oakleys*? Those are *dangerous*—that’s sharp plastic—that’s gonna fall in your eye! Maui Jim’s gonna save you, buddy. And it’s gonna do it in a stylish manner. And it’s gonna save you 40%. And it’s called Maui Jim and it’s written real big on the lens” and I don’t want that.

DM: But don’t you want everyone to see what brand of sunglasses you’re wearing?

KS: Yes! Yes I do. That’s why I wear the T-shirt.

DM: The Maui Jims T-shirt.

KS: Here’s some Twittering for you—the live power of the Internet. @TWITBANDIT says, “Well, this show looked good on paper, anyway. Or are you guys being ironic about the ‘worst show ever’ thing?”

DM: Wait. Are we being ironic about the worst show ever thing—well, *yeah*. I think we *are* being ironic about the worst show ever thing.

KS: Yeah! See, we’re being very self-aware. Yeah, because clearly we wanted to do a bad show to offend @TWITBANDIT. That was *my* goal.

DM: I want the T-shirt that says “I’m wearing Maui Jims” and then it has an arrow that points up toward the direction of your face.

KS: How about “I’m with Maui Jim”? And then the arrow going up.

DM: And then I want the secondary—the extrapolation of the T-shirt that says “I’m wearing Maui Jims *in an unconventional place*”. And then the arrow points *elsewhere*. Not to your face—could be anywhere!

KS: That’s a far better—that’s a *way* better shirt.

DM: Do you need the first one, or no?

- KS: No! You don't need it! 'Cause everybody knows—you can *see* it. On your *face*. What *I* want is a shirt that implies an arrow with directionality. Like, pointing at *you*. Is there a way to do that?
- DM: Out at the viewer, you mean?
- KS: Yeah, at somebody who's reading it.
- DM: Saying "you're"—but it wouldn't say "you're wearing"—'cause you can't predict what somebody's wearing when they're talking to you. Or do you only—oh, I understand!
- KS: You could only talk to people who—
- DM: Yeah, you only point your torso at people wearing Maui Jims! I see. So it's a self-selecting method where you can limit your interactions to other people that share your tastes.
- KS: Yeah! And if you are on-board enough, then anybody else who comes up to talk to you, like "Hey man," you're like "Nuh-nnhh. Nhh. Rrhh." You just wave 'em off with a series of grunts!
- DM: You have to keep your shoulders pointed away from them, lest the shirt be proven wrong. Right?
- KS: Yeah, you don't want to do that to Jim!
- DM: Because here's the thing—if the shirt is proven wrong, it has no power.
- KS: Right. And you've killed Jim. Maui and all.
- DM: If it's wrong once, it could be wrong *every* time.
- KS: Yeah. It's a bummer. That's a much better shirt.
- DM: "You're wearing Maui Jims." With an arrow pointing at the viewer.
- KS: And you know what? If you're not wearing them, and you happen to see it, you might be like, "Hmm. Maybe that's in my future. Maybe I gotta think about that."
- DM: Yeah, maybe it's metaphorical.
- KS: Like we are all Americans after 9/11. We are all wearing Maui Jims. That's the same parallel that the guy at Corporate would make, I think. It's a powerful image.
- DM: Everyone's wearing Maui Jims, they just don't know it yet.
- KS: Yeah. You're wearing them on the inside. Now you just gotta show us.
- DM: On Twitter, @SAMMYDJ2L says, "Bad show idea is to construct jokes and explain the punchline to death." We talked about this briefly before, and I think the main key here is that he wants us not to merely explain the punchline of jokes, but to *construct* the jokes, which is a very difficult and more time-consuming process than simply explaining existing jokes.
- KS: I don't know if it's worthwhile! You know? Is it better—I mean, you could imply a joke and then explain it away. That takes a lot more talent, to be able to invent a joke wholesale, just on the fly.

HEY WORLD HERE ARE SOME SUGGESTIONS

DM: Right, just out of whole cloth. And then you have to explain what you've just done. It's sort of like doing a magic trick where you do it, you perform it, and then you go back and you deconstruct it. You say "watch my hands. Now, while I'm waving over here, my other hand is going around the back." Is that what he's asking?

KS: But they had that show! They had that show! Remember?

DM: Was it a show? Was it on television?

KS: The hidden—the secret magician! Who was it? The masked magician?

DM: Oh, the guy with the box over his head, or whatever it was?

KS: Yeah yeah yeah. He was wearing, like, a painting of a facehugger mask. And he went on FOX and he showed everybody how to do the tricks.

DM: This is—hold on. I'm too confused by all the masked people. There's this guy, who's in some kind of a mask. There's some other guy with a box with a question mark on his head, he's some kind of a thing. There's some other guy that's got, like, a mirror on his face where you can't see—

KS: Are you talking about the Unknown Comic?

DM: Yeah! Is that who he is, with the box—or is it a paper bag on his head?

KS: He's got a paper bag with the eyeholes and a question mark. But *man*, that's old!

DM: Right. Okay, so we got Paper Bag, we got Box, we got some kind of mask...

KS: You got Destro. He's got a—well, that's just cool. And Cobra Commander. More likely.

DM: This is a pretty funny story. There was a guy at the STAPLE! comics show, where he had one of those spinning rims on his face.⁶

KS: On his face?

DM: It was one of those cheap, like, the fake plastic spinner rims? Like a hubcap?

KS: Oh, yeah, yeah.

DM: And he had it mounted in front of his face. And so his entire head is this spinning turbine. He was a supervillain. And I thought that was pretty cool. He came up to me, and he kinda glared at me, and he leaned in really close. And I'm like, "Oh, man, I'm scared of the supervillain!" And he leans in close—he goes, "Spin it."

I'm like, "Oh, okay, sorry." So then I spun it, got it going a while. And then he went off, and went to terrorize some more people.

KS: Wow. That is a super-ineffectual villain.

DM: I like the idea of a supervillain who is reliant on others. You know, he likes to involve—because clearly, he could have reached up and spun it. But he doesn't want to break the fourth wall in that way.

KS: But that's no good!

DM: He wants to go out and involve other people.

⁶ STAPLE! is a comics and art festival in Austin, Texas. People come in costumes to these things; it's par for the course.

- KS: You spin it and then he goes “YOU DID THIS” and kills a kid.
- DM: Yeah, he’s like “Now, what you have wrought!” And some other guy, the guy next to me—he starts feeding his arm through the thing! And it’s like a meat grinder! And the guy’s laughing, he’s looking to me, he’s like “YOU STARTED THIS! YOU CANNOT END IT!” And the guy’s like “Oh my God, my arm, that’s my arm—”
- KS: And you’re just sitting there praying, like “Slow down! C’mon, friction! Something’s gotta stop that thing! It’s so cheap, it can’t spin forever!”
- DM: “I thought it was made of plastic! It was from Pep Boys for \$7.95!” But the guy’s like up to his elbow now, and he’s like “Oh God, oh Jesus and Mary, I just don’t know what to do!” And it’s like, well...?
- KS: It’s very accusative: “Why’d you spin it? *Why’d you spin it?*”
- DM: “Didn’t you know what was gonna happen? Didn’t you see? *Didn’t you see?*” And the guy’s just laughing, just “Ho! Ho! Ho!” Because—this is why he’s laughing. The guy’s meat, and his blood, and his gristle, is feeding his gaping maw and *powering* him. He’s like the Sarlacc. He needs *protein* into his *body*.
- KS: Is he eating the meat? Or it just sort of a metaphorical—like he’s feeding on the fear?
- DM: I think that spinner thing is *pulverizing* that guy’s arm.
- KS: So you’re saying, you’re not seeing all of the meaty chunks, but some of ’em are going in there.
- DM: I didn’t see anything coming out the other side. So my only hypothesis is that it was actually *atomized*. It was so powerful—
- KS: Wow. Like a nebulizer, but for flesh.
- DM: Yeah, he was turning this guy’s body into molecules.
- KS: Like a meat vapor.
- DM: And then using them for nourishment! That’s the only possible explanation I can see.
- KS: That’s STAPLE! for you, though. You get the crazies out there. This one year, I was there, I swear some guy was drunk. I swear to God.
- DM: Boy, whoa-ho, what a weirdo!
- KS: Pretty nutty!
- DM: We’ve got @RANEX on Twitter saying, “What did one prenatal twin say to his brother? ‘Scoot over, there’s not enough womb.’”
- KS: Whenever I form a joke like that, I feel like you gotta go super deep. Like, you have to then say, “What did the prenatal *with a lisp* say to his brother?” And now you’ve explained why it’s *womb* and not *room*. You know? I feel you have to get that in there.
- DM: You have to explain every nuance of it?
- KS: Yeah.
- DM: Because the guy’s like, “Well, no, *womb* is not actually the correct—I mean, *room* is what it would be.” So when you set up the lisp...it seems like you’re

telegraphing the joke when you do that. Or is that the point? You actually want it to be an *anecdote*. You don't want it to be a joke, you just want it to be like, "Hey, listen to—"

KS: Whose anecdote is "What do these unborn children say to each other?" You weren't there. You didn't do that.

DM: Apparently they were really crowded. Maybe it's a very important issue. We have to talk about, you know, *in-utero space allotments* and there's going to be a whole industry of these bizarre devices—like putting up a cubicle wall in your uterus so that every twin has their own room early on.

KS: I was gonna say, that is a good secondary punchline for that joke. You say, "What did one prenatal twin say to his brother? 'Scoot over, there's not enough womb.' And then what did both of them say? 'Hey, who's this guy? Get him out of here! Why is he listening in on our conversation? There's already not enough womb, and now there's a full-grown man listening to us!'"

DM: This is what I want to see: I want to see a rigorous scientific study that—you know how twins sometimes develop that twin-language? Because they spend time with each other, and there are things that they share between themselves?

KS: Yeah, they just kind of complete each others' thoughts.

DM: I want someone to take a randomized sample of two hundred in-utero gestating twins, erect cubicle-walls in the uterus, and see if they develop that twin-language. Because my suspicion is that it's something that they develop before they come out. It's like a plot—they figure it out. They're like, "Dude, when we get out there we're gonna take this over. Let's figure this out now, because we're gonna be distracted." It's like diving into battle. You have your conversation *in the plane* when you're putting on your parachutes. You don't actually do it while you're on the battlefield, it's too chaotic.

KS: So you're saying, interrupt that key time, and you've broken a fraternal bond forever.

DM: Look, *broken* is a tough word. I just wanna say "let's compare." Because what you're *totally ignoring here* is that in order for this to be a rigorous scientific study, there's going to be *another* two hundred pairs of twins *totally unaffected*. And we're going to make sure that *no one* erects a wall in there—doesn't matter what kinds of commercials the mother sees, doesn't matter what kinds of sponsorships the father brings home from work, doesn't matter what kinds of billboards they pass in that car, doesn't matter how much Baby Björn wants to get his Baby Fingers in that Baby Womb. We're going to make sure those twins get all the nurturing possible. So there's a benefit here as well.

Look, I agree. Some children are going to be separated from their twin, possibly for life. Others are going to be just *so coddled*. And we're going to see: *what's that language?* We've got to crack that code, because these babies are plotting, and we don't know what they're saying. I want to find out.

KS: Can you imagine the shock on their faces when those two twins are three years old, and they're sitting there playing and they're going "goo goo muhn gah bluh bluh," and you come in, you're like "Huh mih nuh *nah*." And they go "oh, God. This guy knows. This guy *knows!*"

It would be worth it. Forty years of research just to do that. To scare some three-year-olds.

- DM: You know what @MRBILDANGO said? He said, “To separate the twins, just draw a line in the gland.”
- KS: That one’s more of a reach.
- DM: That’s not going to separate them, because you have to actually physically erect a wall. Have I said *nothing* in the last twenty minutes?
- KS: That was more of a reach, because—it’s a rhyming word, but there’s no lisp that’s going to convert *S* into *G-L*. That’s not a thing.
- DM: Okay, what if there was?
- KS: Well, then I guess that guy probably has it. Let me tell—this is not a funny story, but it is a true story. I learned it in psychobiology class in college. They took a patient who grew up normally all his life, but then, because of a head injury, the connector part of the two halves of the brain—the corpus callosum—was severed.
- DM: Right, right. I think I’ve heard this story, but go on.
- KS: They were testing different parts of his memory. And so they’re showing stuff to just his one eye—they’re showing it to the part of the brain that remembers, you know, family. But then they’re showing it to the part of the brain that does *not* remember family but remembers facts and numbers and stuff, and they’re like “who’s this?” And it’s his aunt. And he’s like, “Ahhh...um, I don’t remember.” And then he does something with his hands. Then he’s like, “Emily. It’s my aunt, Emily.”
- And they’re like, “What did you do with your hands?” And he’s like, “Oh, I drew *E* on the back of my hand. And so I knew it was Emily.” It was his other hand from the other side of his brain controlling that part. But it wasn’t the speaking part. You know what I mean? The other half of the brain knew the answer but couldn’t talk, and was going “Goddamn it, it’s Emily, how do I tell you? Okay, I can use my hand. I’ll write on the other hand, get the signal to the other half.”
- DM: This is a different story. The one I heard—
- KS: What did you hear? Did you hear about the—the sexy twin?
- DM: —was about a guy who pronounced *S* sounds as *G-L*. And so the problem was, he couldn’t order—like, he went to the sign shop. And he’s like, “Can I have a glign?” They’re like “whaddaya talking about? Get outta here.” He couldn’t get nothin’.
- KS: Yeah. He wanted a glandwich.
- DM: So then he went to try and get a cheesesteak sandwich. He goes, “Can I get a cheese glake glandwich.” And they’re like “get outta here, you weirdo!”
- KS: “Get outta here, you creep! I don’t know what that is!”
- DM: Look, I’m not saying he had an easy time of it. He came in here and tried to sell me some Verizon service. He’s like, “Do you guys need any Internet servigl?” I’m like, “Cervical?” I thought he was talking about my neck. So I was afraid for my life—is this guy gonna hit me in my neck? Is Verizon after my spine?

Maybe they're leeching into people's cerebrospinal fluid, and they're gonna start charging them to get it back.

You know, I had Verizon service—and this is a true story—I had Verizon service, long distance. You have to get phone service to get DSL. Right? Even though I don't use the land line.

KS: Yeah, you do!

DM: So I got the cheapest phone service possible, and they started *charging me for not using it!* They started charging me a "low activity fee" of like four dollars a month because I wasn't making any calls.

KS: What'd that have to do with the G-L man?

DM: Because it was the same guy! It was the Verizon guy.

KS: The Veriglon guy.

DM: He came in here trying to sell me Internet glervice.

KS: Well, you know what? I know that guy, and once you get to know him—true friend. True friend, good guy. Good guy. So...I defend your honor.

DM: He had a kind of a shabby-fitting gluit, though. He should go down to the glore and get himself a better...

KS: I think it's catching!

DM: Anyway. So...we got more of these kind of puns about being in the womb on the Twitter, and I'm gonna not read them.

KS: But *some* of 'em are *good!*

DM: Heh heh, hmm. @ALEXDONO says, "Just imagine for a moment if there were no hypothetical situations." Well, let's see. Let's think about this. Let's really give it some thought.

If there were no hypothetical situations...then it'd be hard to theorize. Right? What else would happen?

KS: Yeah. Well, that's an Isaac Asimov story. And yeah, I'm gonna completely miss the point of the tweet. But that was—wasn't it? I wanna say there was an Asimov story where they found aliens who didn't lie. And that meant they didn't have stories, they didn't have actors. Because those are lies. You're *not* this character, you did *not* commit a murder, that's fake. And then they had to deal with humans who *could* lie, and lie all the time for fun, and what're you gonna do? You know what, probably: murderous rampage. I'm pretty sure.

DM: We got some people talking about your corpus callosum being severed. *Split-brain aphasia* is what @BETENOIRE says, then we have @THEGREENAVENGER talking about a guy who had no corpus callosum: "His hands mirrored each other unless he controlled it consciously. Also, he was a jerk." I imagine if you had that problem it'd be hard not to be a jerk.

And everyone's telling *you* that it was *Galaxy Quest*, by the way.

KS: For what?

- DM: For the—probably the lie thing? Maybe it’s something else too. We’ve got three people all of a sudden saying...
- KS: Oh. Well you know what? A good enough movie to get confused with Asimov, I’ll tell you that.
- DM: I do remember the corpus callosum guy, though, seriously. And I remember there were things like: if they showed one eye a spoon, and one a knife, and they put a wall between the eyes so it’s one eye seeing one thing at a time—
- KS: Yeah.
- DM: Then if you asked him to *say* what he sees? I forget which side is which, but he says “spoon,” because that’s the speech center of the brain. That eye sees—
- KS: Oh, that would tell you which side it is, yeah. That’s a good experiment.
- DM: And if you ask him to *write down* what he sees, he writes down “knife.” Because the writing center—*that* eye sees the other thing.
- KS: That would completely corroborate my tale.
- DM: Yeah, it’s probably the same thing.
- KS: So, not a liar. I didn’t make it up, is what I’m saying.
- DM: The problem is, if you are not a liar, I’m going to assume that you *never* lie. Right? Because you are one of this race of people that cannot lie. Is that fair to say?
- KS: Yeah. I think that’s base-case. You gotta go from somewhere, so let’s do that.
- DM: Okay.
- KS: Now what?
- DM: Well, that’s good. That’s good to know moving forward.
- KS: Just go ahead. Take that ball and run with it.
- DM: There’s nothing that has arisen in our interactions to make me think that that’s untrue.
- Okay, this what I want to do. I think we’re going to wrap up shortly, but I want to give a challenge to everybody out there. This is something where you can respond on Twitter.
- KS: Oh yeah, good idea.
- DM: You can respond on the Twitter; you can also leave us a voicemail. We have a voicemail line that you can—
- KS: Oh, let me read it! Let me read it.
- DM: All right. Do it.
- KS: You can call us and leave us a voicemail, which we may play on the air, at (206) 337-8560.⁷ And that doesn’t spell anything, does it?
- DM: No, I tried to make it spell something, and it spelled SPLIT-BRAIN-APHASIA-

⁷ Don’t call this number anymore. The all-new Tweetline is (864) 64-TWEET. You can’t change history, though...this is what we said, back then. So naive!

zero, but I didn't think that was good to remember.

KS: It's not memorable. Not a good mnemonic, as they say. So what's your challenge?

DM: My challenge is: I would like you to tell us your stories of Unanticipated Victories. And these can be...if you're going to Twitter, make sure they're short and memorable; if you're going to have a slightly longer story, feel free to give us a call and leave us a message, but please, you know, don't ramble on. And I would like to know—I'm not going to say more than that, because I would like people to take that at face value, and give us your stories of Unanticipated Victories.

KS: And that's going to be the second one. And we're going to be using hashtag #TMH2. Right?

DM: That's exactly right. #TMH1, this is the hashtag for episode one; as soon as this show is over, we are moving on to content for episode two. So you will be using hashtag #TMH2 for show number two.

KS: You know what? I feel good about this show, because it's got a lot of rules, and I can really hang my hat from that. It's not haphazard.

DM: You only like things with structure.

KS: I want *more* structure. I know we kind of got away from the sound effects, but I was using 'em. I'm gonna find more, to further categorize different spans of time as we discuss them. That's what I'm talking about.

[ACCORDION STING]

DM: So my question for you then, Kris: If you need structure in your life—as soon as this show's over, are you just a ball on the floor immediately?

KS: No, I've got an elaborate ruleset and a d6 that I follow. I just carry it with me.

DM: "What's for dinner? Let's roll."

KS: "I wish I had more space on here to write my favorite things!" I've only got room on the sides of the die for like "BLT", "Spam". Not a lot of space. It's a shame.

DM: Depending on the condiments, you're able to mix and match different things.

KS: "Salt", "pep". Yeah. It's not a good life! It's not a good life. Not a *healthy* life.

DM: But at least you're not ever wondering about what to do.

KS: Yeah, at least I feel secure.

DM: And that's the main problem that I've seen with, just, going through life. Those periods of idleness. It's like, "Well, what now?" I don't know! If I had a rulebook, I could figure it out. But clearly Kris has it figured out.

KS: Aahhhh. Should we go to the theme?

DM: I'll end with this: I'm a little bit concerned that your rulebook, as you've added to it over the years, is now so big that you cannot leave the house. Because you can't carry it with you.

KS: I can't physically take it with me.

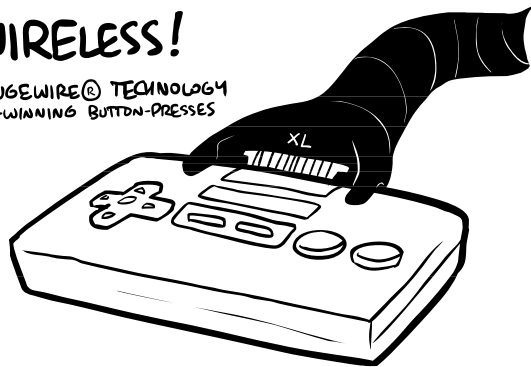
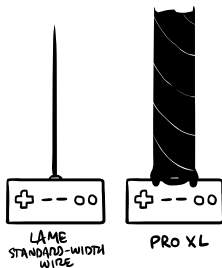
DM: It's too heavy.

- KS: And you can't put content on the Kindle, is that right? Because I *would* take it with me. But I don't know how to do that. And learning how to put it on there is not in my rulebook! There's no dice-roll for that.
- DM: Right, you have to meticulously hand-write your procedure for learning how to put content on the Kindle—
- KS: And now the book is bigger! And *now* what're you gonna do.
- DM: And your list of things to add to the book, you're already so behind on—you're barely in the, you know, third-grade birthday-party stuff. You've got a good twenty-six years of backlog.
- KS: I'll *never* catch up on this one. "Look, I'll go out with you guys later. I got a big night."
- DM: "I got to figure out how to use the NES Advantage."
- KS: My Power Glove, yeah.

POWER PLAYERS

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- DM: When I was in second grade, I remember we were getting drinking-fountain water. And I was drinking water—and I was also doing charades with my friend, because I thought of something to say and I didn't want to wait until I had finished drinking the water. And so I started enacting charades as I kept the water in my mouth.

HEY WORLD HERE ARE SOME SUGGESTIONS

KS: Okay...

DM: This is a true story. And eventually, he guessed what I was saying, and it was “Power Glove.” Because I was doing the button-press on my wrist, and the whole deal.

KS: Oh, yeah.

DM: And then at that point, I’d had enough of the water; I swallowed it, and then I said the rest of my important message. Which was: “Pretty cool, huh?”

KS: That’s as much of an imperative as it requires. That’s about all you could think about it.

DM: Well, ’cause we saw it in *Nintendo Power!* And it’s like, “Ho-oly smoke, that kid’s wearing *sunglasses!* It must be *amazing!*” And his hair is windblown, and his room is burned—

KS: Yeah, and there’s light coming out of the TV! Presumably from the *power*.

DM: And there’s scorch marks all over his clothes. Clearly he’s some sort of a burn victim. *Ikari Warriors* has actually—

KS: And his parents are all burned up, and they’re, like, blown away!

DM: Right, everything from—I guess *Gauntlet* was a SEGA...Genesis game, right? *Gauntlet?*

KS: You could play *Zelda II*...

DM: No, *Golden Axe* was the Genesis game.

KS: Yeah, yeah.

DM: Anyway. Clearly, like, *Ikari Warriors* had manifested itself in the form of bullets coming out of the TV screen and had riddled the wall behind him with chaos. I needed that in my house. His mom was all freaked out, with her head half in the doorway, with one hand kind of splayed and her eyes wide...

KS: I’d take those pull-outs from the *Nintendo Power*—you put that on the door to your room? No parents are getting in there! *Kids only*, mom!

DM: Welcome to the *fun zone!*

KS: Yeah, and there’s, like, Mario, and he’s holding a star and he’s all cool, and there’s the guy from *Iron Sword*, or whatever.

DM: It clearly made an impression. There’s Kid Icarus, there’s the guy from *Rygar*. They’re on all these crazy adventures!

KS: There’s Simon Belmont, my favorite! He’s gonna whip those nasty vegetables away!

DM: Hey, remember pop culture? Let’s talk more about it. I like talking about pop culture, because it’s things that we lived through, back in a more innocent time. Now our lives are horribly meaningless—we can only find meaning in the innocent joy of trying to beat *The Lost Vikings* for eighteen hours straight.

KS: I know. I played a game that had a lot of repetitive qualities recently, and I was like, “Man!” You know, when I was younger, I would not have given up this fast. I would have been at this for the next ten hours. But now, I don’t have the patience.

DM: ...Well, this has been Tweet Me Harder, the world's first, best, only and last talkback-enabled interactive audio podblast. I'm David Malki !

KS: I'm Kris Straub.

DM: Thanks for tuning in.

KS: Follow the show at tweetmeharder.tumblr.com.⁸

DM: You can also follow us on Twitter at @TWEETHARD. We hope you will send us voicemails and tweets about Unanticipated Victories in your life or others, and we hope to take that material and somehow forge it into an even better show than today's. Not that this wasn't great.

KS: Yeah, it was pretty good. I liked it.

DM: Let's not sell ourselves short.

KS: Felt great.

DM: Ehh, it was all right.

KS: It was okay. Lot of nerves, though. Lot of jitters. Why?

DM: Lot of people giving us abuse. Well, a few people giving us abuse, a lot of people giving us great stuff to work with. And as we figure this show out, I'm sure there's nowhere to go but up, down, possibly sideways. Diagonal, if we get on some kind of ramp.

KS: That sounds like Dave Matthews lyrics.

⁸ Now you can just go to tweetmeharder.com. I mean, come on.