Tweetbook

@MasksofEris
This book contains tweets: those of mine from the start of my tweeting life in the January of 2011 to the end of 2013 that I felt, at the moment of culling them for this booklet, worth preserving. That's something like three years of fear and feces — I know this because I do mathematics. These years were the latter years of me, a nameless Finnish graduate student of mathematics in a nameless university in Finland, a student that finally defended his thesis in the August of 2013.

As a totally impartial judge, I can assure you you will find these tweets funny. If you do not, there is something wrong with you; keep your mouth open and make gasping noises until they sound like laughter. Nobody needs to know of your inability to understand real humor; if you do this, and train daily using this book, nobody will.

I have cut out all conversations because my towering egomania does not admit other people into this work; all link-tweets, because “hey I found this cool thing” again distracts from the target of your
adulation which ought to be me and my giant funny brain; and all boring exclamations of my daily life. I’ve left in those daily-life mentions that are about what I’m tweeting with — a new phone, a new client — because they might give this all some grounding in reality. Plus obviously you need spots where to catch your breath after suffering the “funny” laughing yourself sick with the funny jokes the other tweets are.

The typesetting has been improved at places: “×” for “x” when meaning multiplication, “—” or “–” or “-” instead of “-” as appropriate — but the tweets haven’t been edited, except for obvious and stupid spelling mistakes, of which there have been none.

Sometimes two or more tweets were about the same thing — or the ones after the first were about it. I’ve put these in a shared box. Also, in 2011 I cleared my tweet-throat by twittering “events” — that is, annoying impressionistic world-building exercises cut into 140-character chunks. If you don’t like them, the rest of my tweeting isn’t like that; and if even that is no good, you’re too invested in this work to quit when you get to that point.

Mr. Masks-of-Eris
@MasksofEris
#yay me!
2011
In the beginning, there was a voice. And it said, “Hello? Is this thing on? I—” And a voice answered, “Down the hall and to the right.”

And then I waited. Probably because that was an incoherent, unfunny first tweet.

As Nitokris sleeps under her pyramid, so does Lenin in his tomb. Woe to earth the day the two shall awaken! #freelanceprophet

I don’t know if that was an improvement. Early user reviews: “Too Zalgo for me”.

Am considering installing every single twit client, then using them, never twice in a row. Attention deserves confusion!

However, I deserve the fruits of laziness.
Antient Pharaohs of Ægyptus did embalm their holy cats. Is there a DIY course about that somewhere? #ihavefreetime

I have no embalmed cats. Nothing that you would recognize as a cat, anyway.

That tweet wasn’t special, I’m not over-explaining it or anything. Don’t think about me when you think about embalmed cats. When you want embalmed cats in a variety of amusing poses for dirt cheap, you don’t know who to contact. All mail sent in unmarked opaque boxes since that one time with the problems.
1 Mar 11

Soon: The Revelation of the Second Coming of #Cthulhu — a Tweet-Sized Prophecy of the Apocalypse! #2ndcth

1 Mar 11
The day of the Rupture draws near — soon the Worthy will be taken up and mouthwards and eaten. Ia Ktulu! #2ndcth

1 Mar 11
Soon the Four Gelatinous Riders-in-One come! And within shall you see all they have slain! A half of us all! Ia Ktulu! #2ndcth

1 Mar 11
And in those woeful days there shall come a great deceiver, a false messiah, a prince of darkness — #Nyrarlathotep is he! #2ndcth
Only 144,000 will be saved. The piety and the methods of Yith will save them. In future they shall dwell, in alien shells. Ia Ktulu! #2ndcth

Then out of Babylon the Great Whore Shub-Niggurath; and her mates will not go willing to her. A million pregnancies at once, she! #2ndcth

And He awakens. He, His mouth a cluster of swords. He, His eyes the twinkling spread of dying galaxies. Ia, Ia, Ia! Ku-tu-luu! #2ndcth

And He rises. He, a mountain stumbling or walking. He, a lamb to powers above; a god to us. Woe to Earth that dark day. Ia, Ia! #2ndcth

And He eats. No impure thinking thing will He eat — no thing will think as He reaches for it. And His hunger is limitless. Ia! #2ndcth
And He reigns. Woe to you, o burning Earth: your delirium beginneth as the Sleeper awakeneth! He eats, but cares not! Ia! Ia Ktulu! #2ndcth

And He IS. Woe to you, o screaming Earth: your weak carcase is food to those who are strong. Ia ia Ktulu! Fhtagn! Kthxbai! #2ndcth

A bit too lofty. Maybe something more familiar?

Big, quicker than you think. Angry, fences won't hold. On the roof, house wrecked below. Hope fridge stays shut. #cowapocalypse

Oh yeah. That's the stuff.
Cows are nice, harmless, peaceful creatures. Come to the countryside. Bring a bit of sauce. This is not a trap. #cowapocalypse

What mad cow disease? That was a cover-up for the clean-up of the First Bovine Uprising. #cowapocalypse

I predict apocalypse mash-ups are going to be big in the future. Just think of it: Ragnarok and escaped nanobots! #ragnabot

Surt surfing over New York’s skyline on a wave of flaming grey goo! #ragnabot

Valkyries stabbing lances of fire at formless giants of Muspellheim’s menacing dwarfcraft! Room at the bottom, for the dead! #ragnabot
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 Mar 11</td>
<td>A grey wolf, a doom-wolf, a wolf that bites to grow itself, devouring the moon! #ragnabot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Mar 11</td>
<td>The earth itself food to a giant worm, ponderously rising over a screaming land, the ecophage's jaws stretched wide! #ragnabot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Mar 11</td>
<td>Muspellheim open, land of fire, friction of the warlike landscape! #ragnabot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Mar 11</td>
<td>Jotunheim open, land of ice, grey and bare as bleached bone! #ragnabot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Mar 11</td>
<td>#ragnabot All Hel breaking loose! Hearken how the fey end came to be, in the next installment!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Mar 11</td>
<td>Vinland’s Vana and AEsa locked in centurial strife! Without, within their foes plot, and the grey end grows close! #ragnabot</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Doomed lies the planet, as knowing-craft’s Baldur is cast low, for baying entertainment’s sake wounded to death! #ragnabot

Fire, fey, Loki’s second coming, doom of gods, tech run amuck! #ragnabot

Nidhoggr, Hel’s serpent, downtrodden risen to wield twilight’s sword, the eating weapon, the reducing plague! #ragnabot

He, the wrath of the fanatic, he, Nidhoggr, the corpse-eater of the land of corpses, free to glut on warmer meats! #ragnabot

And Fafnir, the father of dragons, carrier for the grey seeds of doom! In the foolishness of eld, eaten the hopes of spring! #ragnabot

Lo! The faceless foe comes! Come, a fell Sleipnir of a thousand treaded feet, a radioactive Odin of grim war! #ragnabot
A geosynchronous Rainbow Bridge whence the Valkyries thunder forth, deliverers of the unquiet dead! #ragnabot

#ragnabot The kinetic impactor of Thor's starry hammer, and the downward bleeding grey moon —

A wind age, a wolf age— / before the world goes headlong! #ragnabot #thatsallfolks

(footnote: “Vana and AEsa” should rather be “Vanr and Ass”, but really, when it’s a Ragnarok With Nanobots… #hollywoodaccurate)

(#ragnabot the Ragnarok-Nanobot Apocalypse Prophecy Mash-Up is brought to you by Masks of Eris and his too much free time.)
Enough with the serious stuff.

3 Mar 11
Larry’s Used Car Emporium: “What drives outta that arch won’t drive back!”

3 Mar 11
Between ability and inability lies abom-inability.

6 Mar 11
Bus travel in Finland: tree, tree, forest, snow, forest, tree, tree, nude ax-hick, tree, tree, forest, tree.

Enough with the silly stuff. Time to let my antitheistic side show! Sideshow! Slide show!
Seven centuries after the original, a new trek through Hell, Purgatory, Heaven. What has changed? Follow this space every 5 mins. #dante2k

7 Mar 11
First into Inferno. My guide's Virgil. Old, tired, poet. Found through Dead Poets Society. #dante2k

7 Mar 11
Inferno. A lot of neon, chrome, vertical steel, loud music. A lot like nighttime Tokyo, esp. with these Doraemon-looking devils. #dante2k

7 Mar 11
“Hooves and horns are so out of fashion”, says a demon on the street. “You don’t wear knee breeches do you?” He's Voldemort-shaped. #dante2k

7 Mar 11
No tortured souls in sight. Virgil says the prisons were opened in 1794; seems shocked I have not heard about this. #dante2k
Hell 1793: penal colony of Heaven. Boss one Lucifer, disgraced politico in exile. Overcrowded, understaffed, unappreciated. #dante2k

7 Mar 11

Apparently revolution was led by Messrs. Robespierre and Danton, recent arrivals. The dukes of Hell were caught totally off-guard. #dante2k

7 Mar 11

After, Hell 1795 was led by the brilliant revolutionary orator Lucifer. New boss same as old boss, but souls as free as the devils. #dante2k

7 Mar 11

They still wait for elections. The government’s powerless and distrusted. Turns out Hell is libertarian. #dante2k

7 Mar 11

Starts to rain. We go inside. Not fire, but black, oily-smelly water. Pollution? Ash clouds loom overhead in neon glare. #dante2k
Lake of Fire was put out for scenic improvement in 1890. Temperatures’ve been dropping since. Locals fear place may freeze over. #dante2k

A man on the street: “Eh, it’s not worse than before.” Before 1794? He laughs, says he’s a recent, from DDR. #dante2k

Informal poll shows 6 of 10 prefer Hell to life. “No more fucking waiting for it!” a little old lady tells me. #dante2k

Hell vs. Life. “Delightful”, say Mr. N, ex-professor of history. He’s collaborated for autobios of Sargon, Augustus, Napoleon. #dante2k

World population growth means Hell’s getting younger. Some lament the resultant lack of “life experience”… if that’s the word. #dante2k
That's enough #dante2k for today. Will prob. space out the rest. The... 70 or so... of the rest. Argh argh. Space out over a _long while_.

And that's where I actually stopped. But there were some #dante2k tweets I wrote but didn't bother tweeting; see the end of this book, starting at page 161.

Also, tremble in the knowledge this shite will go on until at least page 161.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>8 Mar 11</td>
<td>A misanthrope's knapsack: isolatte, hermits and a solitutu.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Mar 11</td>
<td>Public spaces ought to have cubicles where one could stop for unhurried phone email, tweeting, and... oh, wait, toilets, nevermind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Mar 11</td>
<td>Graduate student conjecture: If you get nothing done on day n, you’ll get nothing done on day (n+1). Curse you, induction! #mathematics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 Mar 11</td>
<td>Mall PA: “Buy yourself a bra for 10e! A corset for 20e!” Me: “Invisible voice tells me to crossdress! FINALLY!”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 Mar 11</td>
<td>As I write this tweet, it occurs to me I have never spoken to so many people from a toilet before. #welcometothefuture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 Mar 11</td>
<td>Jap. prof.: “We use three programs in our department. They are X and Y and... and... we use two programs in our department.” #mathematicians</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“How’s them #research?” “Like a snail on a cactus… “Oh.” “… made of salt.” “Uh yeah.”

Apparently #papaphilia (pope-love) is a real word. How come I’ve not come across a single picture of a nude with the mitre and the ring?

More #papaphilia: “Behold My Rod of Iron! Red and White, a Cardinal and his Pontiff in the Basilica of Love! (Oh God! Films release 34)”

I have come across pope porn since. The best Catholic porn? Nun better.
“What is best in life?” “A paper in Acta Mathematica.” (Two #mathematics graduate students, and a view on mathematical success in life.)

Just learned: a “brown bag seminar” is NOT one where the subject matter “may make some of you uneasy, so under your seat… “

“You shall not pass!” Come to think of it, Gandalf wouldn’t have been a good professor. Not examtime anyway.


25 Mar 11
It is said if you eat one Big Mac every hour for 24 hours, Ronald McDonald will appear and drag you to hell. #urbanlegend

25 Mar 11
It is said if you wear wool and polyester to a funeral, you will be the next to die. #urbanlegend

25 Mar 11
It is said there is a nude man called Brunvand buried inside the Statue of Liberty. #urbanlegend

28 Mar 11
Oh, “autoexec.bat” — where did this age come where you call up not anxiety but nostalgia?

29 Mar 11
I’ve often thought elections would benefit from a touch of reCAPTCHA. Which would, I admit, be prejudiced against certain parties.

30 Mar 11
Tried to write a blog post about the beauty of the Banach fixed point theorem. Gave up after the sixth consecutive definition.
Research in #mathematics, cont’d: “Curses! The answer to this question comes out wro… Oh! IT’S THE WRONG QUESTION!” (happiness)

Sport innovation: Team boxing! 5 vs. 5 at the same time in the same ring and the last team standing wins!

Android Market has an app called “(some Chinese characters) Live STD”. I don’t like the sound of that.

Searched Android Market for “choose your own adventure”. 1st hit was a GPS navigation app. Must be some navigator.

Android app’s ad says “Find automotive repair in Austin TX”. I’m in Finland and I don’t have a car. Better luck next time!
I predict there will be, eventually, a film where Charles Manson is really sent murder messages through Beatles songs.

This is being tall: every single drunk thinks “you’re so tall! How tall?” is a brilliant, original conversation starter.

Also, 198 cm is normal size. I am a mathematician and I define it so! Incidentally, what’s with all these midgets?

A net auction is selling a “tattooing set for beginners” for under 100 e, needles, ink and all. Foreboding AND hilarious!

Learned online today: Latinate pl. of enema is “enemata”. Now to find a suitable conversation…
12 Apr 11
Almost bought a coconut. Then recalled childhood, a broken hand drill, a vise & in finale a sad undated past-date surprise.

12 Apr 11
Fact: Candid Camera was preceded by Candid Microphone. Fact: No-one will EVER believe this without checking.

12 Apr 11
#Discordian writings are Principia Discordia's ha-ha-hadith.

12 Apr 11
Crystal/crystalline. But quinine and... what? Quininenine? Quinineny?

14 Apr 11
Which is the easier way to stop smoking: fire extinguisher or leap in a lake?

14 Apr 11
Spent a while unpacking “refuting false Bible contradictions”; was tempted to answer with denying refuting false Bible contradictions.
A #math paper says “this could not be further from the truth”. We grad studs propose a “the metrics of truth” research project.

Proposition: If $x$ and $y$ are statements in WTF (the set of stats maximally distant from truth), then $x + y$ is in WTF.

Wait a minute… Twitter doesn’t have LaTeX support? #ohcruelworld #ruinedallisruined #nooooo

Very important: The difference between leprechauns and leprachauns is leprosy.

Went shopping for eyeglasses. As a result of eyedrops about as light-sensitive as a mole Nosferatu.

Is it wrong to have George Carlin as a model for good academic presentation/lecture/TA patter?
“So, to describe our findings with seven words…”

**20 Apr 11**

Speculations of a TA: “Students so lazy; will not come present their solutions; I do all. Or maybe I so hot, they want to see me do all?”

**28 Apr 11**

Saw a #birther capslocking about “liberal hipocrisy”. Our Houyhnhnm Masters are compromised!
Argh. Showed up at 8am to give an answers-to-yesterday's-exam TA bit; 8:35 already & no-one here.

TA, 8am, no students. Considering removing pants just to probability-magick someone in the door.

TA, 8am, no students. 8.45 already. Am twittering at the blackboard unsure if anyone listens; so business as usual.

TA, 8am, no students. 8.50. Practising a mid-sentence insta-drone at empty class, just in case door opens.

TA, 8am, no students. 8.55. Could say no-one's coming; but phone has Aldiko reader and a good book. Ke ke ke!
28 Apr 11
TA, 8am, no students. 8.57. Went to check if am in right auditorium. Sadly, yes.

28 Apr 11
TA, 8am, no students. 9.05. And I had hand-outs and everything!

28 Apr 11
TA, 8am, no students. 9.10. Bugger this; I’m done. Coffee time!

29 Apr 11
I applaud the republican sentiment inherent in selling royal wedding memorial condoms.

29 Apr 11
#AgathaChristie wrote a murder mystery called “Appointment With Death”. Victim should have picked “appointment without death”.

1 May 11
There is vegan bdsm gear. Go on, try to have a normal day *now*. 
This summer, experience the other thrilling tastes: home sour home and home bitter home!

If I had two noses, would I have depth perception for the sense of smell, too?

Once, I read for a physics exam for hours with Rammstein’s Bestrafe Mich (“Punish Me”) playing on a loop. It felt right.


Htg. ← (tweet written by dropping your phone while thinking if you have anything to say) #nowyoutryit

There’s an 80s–90s part of me that loves how old ASCII art fits Twitter. Coffee and a rose! [□]3 @-} - -
12 May 11

Is it just ze Finnisk aksent, or does the word “penicillin” really actually sound like a male enhancer?

12 May 11

Wait a minute — “mailwoman” or “femailman”?

13 May 11

Why on earth would I ever want to have study aids? Or any other scholarly sickness?

13 May 11

Anyone need a band name or something that’ll vacate the seats round you in a hurry? “It’s… Scrotal epilepsy!”

15 May 11

Some book blurbs have a Lovecraftian feel: “tense, surging, insomnia-inflicting” — would fit any Magnum Innominandum!

16 May 11

17 May 11

Do you know King Zog of Albania originated the Zogist salute? #veryimportant #alsodamngotlostinwikipediaagain

20 May 11

Dying is easy. Dying in a well is inconvenient.

21 May 11

6pm in Finland. No #Rapture, but for some reason I’m stuck to the ceiling.

23 May 11

I am confused. A “presidential seal”? Does the job come with pets?

And what’s the deal with “the speaker of the house”? Does it have really impressive surround sound?

And is the “vice president” like... like the bad version of the president?
27 May 11
Cycling is done by a cyclist; drag racing is done by... a drag racist?

29 May 11
Maybe one should start with small questions. What is the meaning of... cheese?

2 Jun 11
The speed of light: the same speed with 100% less sugar!

2 Jun 11
Read “irises” (eye parts) as “iRises” (Apple male aids). Aaargh.

3 Jun 11
Saw “Life and Nutrition” on a bag of dog food. Thought, that sounds like a cruel and unusual punishment.

3 Jun 11
Cat food tins have pictures of cats. Why don’t ramen packs have pics of graduate students?

9 Jun 11
A bus journey in Finland is like Germany, except houses are still unprocessed, up and needly and leafy; and there are no people but bears.
Tree pro tip: pines are basically skirt-flipped firs.

Eyagh. The temp outside is “I’d fit in the freezer, wouldn’t I? To think of it — to lukewarmly sleep with the fishsticks!”

 Turns out the city’s coldest places are the movie theater and a mall’s underground toilet pit. One’s 50 cent per visit, the other 9 e. Hmm.

Sometimes I feel the people round me are an alien throng, a mass I can emulate but never join. Then I recall this is what being Finnish is.

To which the instinctive retort is, “What, Finnishness is being terribly emo?”
Hypothesis: Rise of co-authorship in #mathematics is because writing “we obtain”, “we have” for just yourself is NOT HEALTHY.

Communication ought to be part Carl Sagan, part George Carlin: a battle between insight’s wild cachinnation and the huge numinous thingy.

Hoo boy. Rain gales and rolling thunder and a darkened day now. Kinda hope I was a necrobiobiologist (“liviive!”) not a mathie.

How to name net startups: Take an up word. Omit the last vowel. There you are!

Made a typo, then realized “Droopbox” would be a great name for something. A foldable partition for a busy day breather?

So my local pharmacy sells gift cards. This does not seem a good idea.
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<td>I love the Japanese approach to religion. “This [robe] is an accurate copy of the Holy Shroud of Turin! Its hardness is of Pope class!”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Jul 11</td>
<td>You eat the ice cream. Ahhh! It feels deathly cold! #moria #summer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 Jul 11</td>
<td>Maybe it’s just me, but I get really nervous finding a TheEndOfDays.zip on my hard drive.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 Jul 11</td>
<td>A thought: some poor, poor sod surely will impulse-buy #adancewithdragons, read, &amp; try to figure out the prior plot.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22 Jul 11</td>
<td>I thought I heard a religious Norwegian, but he was just appealing to the power of cod.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
27 Jul 11

Caffeine, sweet caffeine. They’re coming thru walls pink and elephantine but they’re not getting my caffeine because I am AWAKE.

30 Jul 11

Monoscatocylindraphobia: the fear of having just one roll of toilet paper in the house.

31 Jul 11

“Hammered to death… with vast, bouncing breasts. Mon ami, we have nothing but suspects, Hastings.” #HollywoodHerculePoirot

3 Aug 11

Saw a flyer for a course on “Academic And Prof. Communication”. I know some professors are obscure, but sheesh.

5 Aug 11

It is wise that the dept. printer is in a windowless corridor. #manvsmachine
8 Aug 11
Ah, Monday, the facehugger of weekdays.

8 Aug 11
“This is true for reasons I will soon recall, provided I knew them.” #mondayquote

8 Aug 11
“I remember this is done this way. Unless I forget it not working that way after all.” #mondayquote

10 Aug 11
To me “storting” sounds like a sex act involving mayo, twine and a hammer. To Norwegians, less so.

11 Aug 11
“Not only did the tap spray all over my pants, but what came out was urine!” #excuse #forlateruse

12 Aug 11
Saw this name of a book: “Selling Hitler” — and thought, “so is the problem ’no we already got one’ or ’those aren't dangerous are they?”
13 Aug 11

“And his lovely wife” / “and his nice wife” / “and his okay wife” / “and his eeeeh wife”. Is that how the scale goes?

14 Aug 11

Some days I have a terrible need to speak, and nothing at all to say. Then I tweet like this, and the knot is done thru.

14 Aug 11

Oh, #Monday, the scrotum of the weekday body. Hello hello hello.

18 Aug 11

Overheard two foreign grad students talking about a restroom. Peculiar talk was explained by me mishearing the word “restaurant” actually.

18 Aug 11

Hashtag review: #hell — 1/3 religiosspam, 1/3 unfortunate happenings and 1/3 “#hell yeah!”

18 Aug 11

Hashtag review: #heaven — a lot of peanut butter sandwiches, hugs, butterflies and coffee. Also occasional Christians.
20 Aug 11

Dusk, river, reflected lights. Bus, yellow light, just as quiet as that. Shadows, cool air and darkness: I am home. Also pretentious.

22 Aug 11

The difference between flying and the dentist’s is... well, the location of the scary whirling bladey spluttering thingies mostly.

22 Aug 11

I’ve found the rubber cheese bun museum of Finland... But why are they selling the exhibits?

23 Aug 11

Someone ought to write a scientist thriller; I have the perfect name for it. “The Impact Factor”.

25 Aug 11

It’s nice to see your city from high up; makes you think “this, this is the spot I make my impact in. Hopefully figuratively.”

25 Aug 11

HEL: the gloomy Norse afterworld of sickly sods and prunish geezers... and the 3-letter code for Helsinki’s int’l airport. COINCIDENCE?
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<td>27 Aug 11</td>
<td>And now, a PSA from the Institute for Grad: EVERYTHING IS SERIOUS BUSINESS!!!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31 Aug 11</td>
<td>For constant twitterage, one should follow ppl in Americas, Europe and East Asia: two tweet while one sleeps. Then again, I sleep, too.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Sep 11</td>
<td>So a bookshop’s site lists this for War And Peace: “Audience: Young adult”. I have not been aware of this.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Sep 11</td>
<td>So I looked at a kiwifruit, and thought: “That skin would make an adorable hamster overcoat.” #brain #ohbrain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Sep 11</td>
<td>I don’t know what a “rectenna” is, exactly, but surely even a spy has better places to hide an antenna in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Sep 11</td>
<td>If I had twins, I would name them Annulus (boy) and Annuli (girl). I do not; relief.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The hashtag for academic trouble ahead: 
#mathmatics

Would be a sure bestseller: “Secret Productivity Tips of the Ascended Masters (From the Book of the Dead THEY Don't Want You To Know!)”

Project: Infect a body of text by flipping all instances of “crutch” and “crotch”.

“Mark”, she said, “you have to stop using that kid as your crotch.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“What I say. You’re like one of those crutchety old men at the Park, limping around leaning on their crotches — ‘oh no, can't do anything, you gotta help me!’ — instead of, like, throwing that stinking crotch away and trying if their legs can then hold them up! The same with you, except your crotch is a bawling little ball of diapers.”

“You— don’t you talk about Matt like that!”

“Oh, now the crotch has a name?”
I wonder if tanker, oil rig etc. people consider how their names sound in constructions like “The Deepwater Puppylove disaster”.

Or “The Exxon Klunker oil spill”. Or “The Princess Torch fire”. Just take the likeliest disaster and pre-empt!

A postdoc told me his daughters want to be researchers too, for the space travel et al. Unfortunately what he does is function spaces. #math

Fact: There’s a place called Slaughter Falls near Brisbane. Fact: Apparently named after someone. Opinion: Poor Mr. Falls.

It is not a pleasant realization that the bus whisperer behind you has, as a matter of fact, no cellphone.
I am proud of not being profound. I’m not sure what them found are, but them has it too easy and no mistake.

Human baldness means less hair on top, the same hair on the chin. So if you had an all-over hairy human... which parts would go bald?

“This package is empty! The post is to blame!” — “Nonsense! Read the stickers! AIR MAIL!”

Went to see Never Let Me Go. Was told need to wait a bit, reel is late. Probably someone took a label too literally.

Saga continues. “We got the reel; the bus was late.” (Yay!) “Still need 30 min to reel it in.” No problem; seats comfy, and phone ebooky!
As a mathematician, I find the idea of “gender inequalities” interesting. For example, the norm-dependent gender triangle inequality…

2045: Widespread malfunction in counter-gravity belts mistaken for the #Rapture / 2068: Delayed Teleport Syndrome mistaken for the Rapture

The ultimate proof of man’s corruption of innocent natural animals: the drug mule. Disgusting!

So wait. It’s not the Benny HINN Theme, but Benny HILL… ? That makes no sense!

It would be nice to write a book about spelling and call it “The Spellbook”.

Oy, Monday. Spent joking about a research plan’s “concrete steps” being literal steps made of concrete.
28 Sep 11

Jim Carrey in “Tenure and Tenurer”; “Stephen King’s The Faculty” #ifacademicsruledtheworld

29 Sep 11

So #Ubuntu tells me it cannot parse core.splang. Good thing; that sounds filthy.

30 Sep 11

Life: the support system for doing #mathematics. (From A #Math-English-Math Dictionary, imaginary)

30 Sep 11

Wait. I have a notebook in my pants back pocket; does this mean I can, toponymically, pull ideas out of my ass?

30 Sep 11

Or would that, to poke a bad idea with an unfortunate expression, be close but no cigar?

3 Oct 11

Listening to a David Sedaris audiobook. Thought it choppy. Then saw shuffle was on.
4 Oct 11
A thousand years from now, people will look up at stars, and call for Luke Skywalker to help them.

5 Oct 11
Found a photocopy page of Stephen King’s Rage in my old lecture notes. Felt relieved had not lent that stack to anyone.

6 Oct 11
Someone on eBay is selling a “sexual preference change haunted ring of gay attraction”. Oh-kay.

6 Oct 11
Until it was pointed out to me, I did not think of the English sound of the Finnish potato chip bag size “Megapussi”.

The word “pussi” means “bag”. The more I explain this, the more unfortunate this sounds.
“So if for $f(x) > 0$ we have $f(x)/\max f(x) > 1$, then this works. Oh, wait.” #excitingadventuresinmathresearch

A man leans inside a bus, asks driver: “How do I get to Doeville?” Driver says: “By bus.” A big silence follows. #Finland

Would like to write a book for mathophobes. Would call it THE SUM OF ALL YOUR FEARS. #mathematics

Retention, rejection, repetition: the 3 Rs of pee management.
13 Oct 11

The university internet is down. The only person reputedly able to fix it is on a holiday.

14 Oct 11

Guess what? University net down — the feckin copier cannot reach its log-in server.

14 Oct 11

University net blackout continues. Draft of “unless this is fixed soon” has reached Ch. 4, “Cannibalism: not that bad?”

14 Oct 11

University net blackout goes on. People are finding all kinds of reasons why, hey, they can quit early today.

14 Oct 11

Uni net blackout. People talk to each other! Ask how’s the day! Chatter! This is unnatural and un-Finnish and needs to stop.

15 Oct 11

Time to stop reading and sleep when this seems a sexual euphemism: “Victarion gave the priest a golden torque as a reward.”
I've come to the conclusion the Greek philosophers were trolls. Why else would they have everything in moderation?

I know the difference between a nookie and a noogie. I just fear I forget, which could be bad.


Felt fine and dandy. Paper on a prof’s door told he’s for two weeks academic’ing it in Hawai’i. Now I feel just fine.

Trying to understand a thing defined as the coincidence of a sup liminf inf thing and a sup limsup inf thing. Not doing well. #mathematics

Had a #university dept meet. Paraphrase: “We act in a mad, amoral universe. We're doing pretty well.”
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Nov 11</td>
<td>A graduate student quitting for the day: “See ya tomorrow, unless blindness!”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Nov 11</td>
<td>Everyone needs <strong>#dreams</strong>. Mine is to organize a math conference so that its acronym is GIGO, STFU or OMGWTFBBQ.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Nov 11</td>
<td>Have been woken by a new alarm clock for 3 mornings now. Still no idea of its wake-up sound. <strong>#morningmushyme</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Nov 11</td>
<td>“When you assume, you make a… “? No, when you assume you make an introduction to a <strong>#mathematics</strong> paper.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Nov 11</td>
<td>Music player’s display was cut off; for a moment I wondered, “am I really listening to a song called “Sail On by Dick”?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Nov 11</td>
<td>Life is like a rollercoaster. Some like it; some loathe it; and when it stops everyone dies.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Isaac Newton must have had a weird, weird childhood. I mean, just look at Newton's cradle.

Dear Wikipedia, I did not want to know that Newton's cradle is also called “Newton's ball sack”. Now I do.

It’s probably not a good sign of quality that something is advertised as “undestructable”.

“Well, we never said it was indestructible, did we?”
“But— but—”
“You can find undestructable in any dictionary and it means something our product isn’t, then you come moaning to me. Have a nice day!”
Thinking up lines for conference talks. “This is a profound result according to a hobo whom I told it was so.”

Thinking up lines for conference talks. “Good morning, ladies, gentlemen, the underwear thief. Let $U$ be a connected domain—”

Thinking up lines for conference talks. “But enough of my sex fantasies; what of differentiability?”

Thinking up lines for conference talks. “I would like to thank the organizers. Okay? Can I now get my luggage?”

Me: “Good plan. You’ll know how bad it fails by my failscream volume.” Advisor: “Nah, my office is behind a corner. I won’t hear a thing.”
13 Nov 11

As a friend of logic, my motto is: “The more it stays the same, the less it changes!” #spinal-tap

15 Nov 11

Sometimes when I see a Twitter account dead for a year or more, I try to think up a scenario where the last tweet was the reason.

16 Nov 11

If ghost dog then ghost dinosaurs. If ghost dinos then ghost T-Rex. If ghost T-Rex then never gonna sleep again.

17 Nov 11

#Coffee! Victor o’er drowsy, vanquisher of bhah! Coffee! Horrid nectar of perception! Coffee! Vile sludge of whetting minds! I crave you!

17 Nov 11

#Coffee! Be fiery! Be sweet! Be milk and sugar and burning black fire! Burn me; be not lukewarm; be not cold; for cold, you taste like ass.
A breakthrough in theological cosmology: Dark energy is the Original Sin! Dark matter is Satan! (Hey, there's a novel plot.)

EXT. VATICAN. Two cardinals are looking up at the sky. One speaks.

1ST CARDINAL: I came as soon as you called.

2ND CARDINAL: Never tell me that! Here, we've had some incredible results! The dark matter... it has mutated. And it is heating up the planet!

(apologies: Dara O’Briain, the film “2012”)

Sometimes I pause a Youtube video to peer at the bookshelves in the background. Because bookshelves are the cleavage of the mind.

Bookshelves are *better* than a cleavage. Try asking if you can pull one out and look at it for a bit; doesn't end well with one of them.
24 Nov 11

Unbearable — that which cannot be beared. For example, “The laser grid is unbearable, but easily outfoxed.”

27 Nov 11

Read “Davos will be in Game of Thrones season 2” as “DAVROS”. Oh, the image. #asoiaf #doctorwho

28 Nov 11

If I could and would write a computer virus, it’d be one that added the string “rule 34” to every Google search.

29 Nov 11

The weight of Shakespeare, three pounds. Milton, three pounds. Einstein, three pounds. Your brain is you.

29 Nov 11

The previous message was sponsored by Brain Cylinder Travels Inc. — “You-Go, Mi-Go!”

8 Dec 11

Film on tightening pipe linkages in a robotic gastric system: “a gut wrenching experience”
8 Dec 11

Wait a minute — nuns — creatures of habit?

9 Dec 11

The ubiquitous “Like”-button is not enough. I’d need Meh, Pooh-pooh, Hate and My Eyes Weep Blood, just for starters.

“Your eyes have wept blood for this page publicly on Fezbook!”

12 Dec 11

In A Very Christian Alternate Reality the top toon is “My Little Pony: Friendship is Friendship, and Magic is The Insidious Tool of Satan”.

13 Dec 11

“There are no words to describe the tragedy. Now, the chief of police.” “Mhyahh! Nngagagahh! Lllllooooof!”
The Santa suit comes from the Sami: looks like a fat, bloody deer carcass so the hunter can get close to reindeer. #xmasfacts

“Reindeer” literally means “deer-eater”; most people don’t know reindeer are omnivorous and hunt in packs. #xmasfacts

Wait a minute. I’ve only run into one carol this season. Perfect navigation, or ironclad denial? Either works.

Fact: Santa is Satan, filling in for Jesus because J. has a family day off. (“Mom! A sweater? The Savior can’t wear—”)
27 Dec 11
At parents' place. Tree fallen over electric line somewhere. No power. Laptop, e-reader dead. Phone going. Closest cell tower dead SEND HALP

27 Dec 11
Electric blackout, 10th hour. Phone power by 4 AA batteries. No cannibalism so far. Last laptop in the house blares Shaun the Sheep. Gloom.

28 Dec 11
Electric outage nightmare of 2011 is over, at highly unusual 20 hours. Depleted batteries and yellow snow all round. Now recovery begins.

28 Dec 11
Sometimes, I just want to use a hashtag though I have nothing to say. #meta #douche

30 Dec 11
Somewhere is a single sodding shop that strains out all movie taglines. And once I find them, 'it's the end of the line!'
On Dec 30th,

As a result of my recent TV watching choices, I’ve come to the conclusion the commonest phrase in American English is “I got that on video!”

On Dec 30th, another idea: one that makes one word of every ReCaptcha a different word for hate and loathing. Because eventually you’d start to wonder.

On Dec 31st,

#2012 has come to Finland. Cue endless jokes of “haven’t seen you all year, boy!” — “haven’t pissed since last year!” etc.
2012
1 Jan 12

Back in the city. Bus stop sign says “Note! Sunday schedule on New Year’s Day”. Which is a Sunday. Ah, same old city.

2 Jan 12

Today back at work. Well, back at the #math neepery. Neepery, or dabbling. Or poking. Or quibbling. Or a superset.

2 Jan 12

Ahnnn my brain. Clicked a Youtube playlist “play all” button; brain said “A separate tab for each one!”

6 Jan 12

Argh. Fought down a vicious urge to make a t-shirt with “Mathematicians for racial integration and plant derivatives”.

7 Jan 12

God loves you. Or doesn’t. Flip a coin: heads He does; tails He doesn’t. Official Papal thing.

9 Jan 12

Another fine virus idea: One that ends all your tweets with #toilettweeting.
10 Jan 12
Life is good. Death is bad. Unlife is ungood. Undeath is unbad. Mathematician is weird.

11 Jan 12
Neon sign of a Cumulus Hotel looms over bus stop. First three letters blink. I think I'll pass on this message.

13 Jan 12
“Cockpit Chaos” is an ep of Air Crash Investigation. Could be a porn flick or a Discordian theory of patriarchy, also.

17 Jan 12
Bus stop ad has “photoshop woman” graffitied on the glass. Ad below has been changed to a hockey jock hawking shampoo. Haha.

18 Jan 12
Some enterprising character ought to film the and only the Tom Bombadil section of the Lord of the Rings.
Whenever I see a yellowed book with the last page a “tell us what you think!” form, I’m tempted to send it in.

I think there are postmen in the vicinities of dead publishers that’d like to punch me for the prev tweet.

On #Wikipedia, “Rasputin’s penis” redirects to “Rasputin”. Don’t ask why I know this.

“I got to meet him in the flesh” sounds like a sex euphemism, doesn’t it?

Google gives c. 1,480 hits for “withered dugs”. Also, could be a band name. (“Come and see Withered Dugs! Tonight only!”)

The meaning of life is you stopped reading this already didn't you quantum minds. You boring platitudes always love.
25 Jan 12

I don’t think my laptop supports IRL. Then again, I’ve heard it’s not great anyway: super difficult, and the docs suck ass.

27 Jan 12

My new favorite hashtag is #armageddon — a very interesting mix of people.

27 Jan 12

I don’t know what pink grapefruit is, but it tastes like ass. And, come to think of it, “pink grapefruit” sounds like a word for ass too.

27 Jan 12

“Ooo, me little pink grapefruit is all sore from sitting down all day.” — “Shake that pink grapefruit, baby!” — “Kiss my pink grapefruit!”

28 Jan 12

If you have nothing good to say, don’t say anything at all: this is all that is needed for the triumph of evil.
1 Feb 12

A ha ha! Minus 25 Celsius outside! (Americans: minus Alaska o’clock!) i love livin’ in #Finland! Chilly brain make cold feel good!

3 Feb 12

Some days the only proof that works is the one for “I suck.” At least didn’t prove time invariance today. #mathemangst

3 Feb 12

Inside the bus +22 C, outside -29 C. Quelle horreur, Milady Winter.

6 Feb 12

Saw the Descendants. My reaction: “So this is what people think is a good movie. I really don’t understand people.”

8 Feb 12

Come to think of it, I’ve never had any marbles. So I can’t lose them. Ha ha! Insanity proof! Ha ha ha! Ha! Ha ha!

9 Feb 12

On Amazon, read “Last Man Home” as “Last Man Homo” and spent a minute thinking, “Boy, that sounds like an interesting book.”
Eventually there will be biographies of people who blogged, tweeted. Imagine that. “CHAPTER NINE. Snufkin and RaceFail’15”

“CHAPTER ELEVEN. The Allegedly Censored Comment” — “CHAPTER THIRTEEN. The Tweetstorm” #fromfuturebiographies

An online newspaper; an article; a comment section; a comment; an upvote button. But where's the “DIE YOU XENOPHOBIC MOUTHBREATHER” button?

There are three main types of operating systems: Mac, Linux and Wrong. #propaganda
As a result of anime, Wikipedia and cold medicine, great character names: Normal Onion and Cremaster Reflex. Store for next story!

Also as the result of a cold, so much honey and garlic I'm 100% vampire resistant, 0% bear resistant.

My three favorite bands are Pancake, Pancake and Pancake. (Man, hashtag memes are weird.) #ReplaceBandNamesWithPancake

Are “built like a brick shithouse” and “to shit a brick” connected?

One of the dangers of concise titles is having links that say “Download Hitler” or “Buy Cheap Hitler”.

Aha! Not stress, but physics lab-building gremlins hammering, drilling on floor below. This is solved by declaring the day short.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>28 Feb 12</td>
<td>For some reason everyone knows to be careful with organism/orgasm. What about prostate/prostate?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mar 12</td>
<td>What is the difference between being alone and not being alone? At least one person. #mathematicians’ #koan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mar 12</td>
<td>Would it help or hurt #teaching if I got a t-shirt that said “Death is the greatest teacher”?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Mar 12</td>
<td>“Where is the Nazi gold?” — “Under this bed, but guarded by turkeys! Unthawed headless zombie turkey turkeys that rule the world!” #my-weekend</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
10 Mar 12

I'm a localvore. I don't eat anything that's more than three feet from my mouth. (Closer? Tongue reach.)

12 Mar 12

Today: Feast of the 539th, 1121st and 4197th Battles of Iacon for the Furmanic Rite of the Church of the Original Megatron.

12 Mar 12

Things that give me hope for the future (but don't ask me why): the huge number of vids of people showing 2 girls 1 cup to their parents.

Probably usually not prefaced by “Hey, Mom, Dad, can I show you the trailer for a Brazilian porn film? No? Okay, I’ll go thwack a racket then or something. Hey! Little sis! Have you seen my balls?”

And now that I’ve drained your hopes for the future, given that I will be in it too…
13 Mar 12

Sent out an exercise sheet with one problem being “Prove Theorem 5.6 (b)”. Then lecturer told he’s not numbering theorems this year. Oops.

17 Mar 12

Tried to unpack #yesiamagiantnerd as “Yes, I, a magian… Tnerd?” #yesimaginethat
Some mornings you wake up and think... Some mornings you wake up and don’t. #zombiemoan

And wholly separate from the prev observation, #zombiemoan (two words) could be an anthology of z-porn, couldn’t it?

“You just love me for my brain”, she said sullenly. “Even when you kiss me, it’s because that’s where my brain is.” #zombiemoan

If I ever run out of other things to write, “Zombie Moan: A Collection of Z-Erotica” is a go.

Shortly followed by “Oh, Your Horn Is So Big: A Discreet Book of Unicorn Erotica”.

There's a line between clever and just plain obnoxious. And #TheArtist is a looooong dive to the latter side.

And what of #TheArtist wasn't obnoxious talk-dickery was either dully predictable or irritatingly overwroughty campy.

... and continuing on #TheArtist: if you do amplification and dickery to the level of genre parody, at least make the wretched thing funny!

Which concludes our broadcast from Masks of Eris Academy of Not Knowing Art. Sigh.
So “Veganomicon” is a vegan cookbook. Why would anyone want a cookbook named after the Necronomicon?


Heard on the news the Internet accounts for 9% of the Finnish economy. Them lolcat far-mvilles are everywhere.

I read the title “A doctor on transvaginal ultrasounds”, and I think: why’s a doctor taking, uh, quirky sound-based drugs?
My first solo paper was accepted for publication today. Apparently I had even included “an interesting new idea”!

(Now I just have to check what that idea was, because it’s near a year since I wrote the thing.)

Searched Wikipedia for “list of people considered eccentric”. First hit: “List of converts to Catholicism”. Bwahaha!

Ghod damn it Google. I search “torsion” (for math), and third result is “testicular torsion”. Next: paranoia for a week!

Eeh. Had a bit of a moment after parsing a book title as “How to write (poetry for teens)” instead of “(How to write poetry) for teens”.
Did TA-work. Exercises. Gave a horribly wrong solution. Got my ass handed to me by a student. Am happy. They do think and pay attention!

Well, /some/ do think /and/ pay attention, but that wouldn't be a very upbeat tweet. Wait, /at least one/…

And wait a moment, do people still use/understand /this/ as emphasis? Or _this_, or *this*? Because THIS IS RUDE SHOUTING.

(A large % of at least math. papers addresses anyone that submits an article as “Prof. Last-name” — not accurate, but a good PR move.)

“The only thing we need to fear is ear itself.” —motto of the American Auriphobic Association
Chhese. ( <= I tried to come up with a clever tweet but had nothing but cheese, mispelled.)

Uninstalled Gwibber. Freed 8.7 gigs. What the hell? (Reason for uninst: Everything kludgy.)

Highlander! Sith! Christianity! And something which can be only four!

Physicist brother on high-level phys grad-stud courses: “Nazi crap and shitting blood!”

Am watching #SailorMoon R. It is overwhelming this cynical 30-year-old male with purest awesome. “SPARKLING WIDE PRESSURE!”
Your daily great wisdom of classical antiquity c. 1980: “Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.”

(Actually, “c. 1980” is a wild guess. Someone should do research into the duration of half-witty one-liners.)

Am wondering if I really high school book-learned the phrase “Es ist mir Scheiss egal!” Then again, es ist mir Scheiss egal.

Thinking up lines for conference talks: Good morning, ladies and complement!

Whittled a joke about how dendrophilia (love of trees) could be taken to be a sex thing. Then checked. It is.

Ah well, any day I discover a new kink is a good day.
21 Apr 12

And now back to writing my #GameofThrones Craster/Walder Frey slash fic.

22 Apr 12

A tab open in browser with “The Scro” visible of the title. I keep autocompleting it with a “tum” not the proper “lls”. Me, oh, me.

22 Apr 12

Mind you, “The Scrotum of Lankhmar” could be an interesting site, too…

23 Apr 12

How to catch #mathematicians. Use the following: Cup of coffee. Cardboard box. Stick. String.

23 Apr 12

Method #2. Hide in cardboard box; let coffee attract mathematicians. Hit with stick, tie with string.
There are good ways of saying “our city is safe”, and then there is “Assaults are extremely rare”.

I wonder if the Sloan Great Wall is visible from space. (Note: this has been a horrible #nerdjoke)

City library. Searched database for “html5”. Got “No results! Did you mean ’Hitler, Adolf’?”

Idea for the best horror franchise ever: ZOMBIE KANGAROOS!

Can kangaroos swim? Apparently the answer is, yes. (Internet: helping you and dad answer mom’s odd questions since a long time ago.)

So is there a genre called “homerous fantasy”, or is that a part of the joke?
3 May 12

It’s snowing. Oh, Finland.

3 May 12

Ah, just “bad CG snow” — goes away upon hitting the pavement.

5 May 12

Internet leads me to suspect the definition of “penchant” is “did it twice”.

6 May 12

No more crosswatching Mayday and geekery. Thinking of suicidal Jedi terrorists, concealed lightsabers, breached fuselages, planes crashing!

7 May 12

The following fact has had me smiling like a very soppy maniac for hours now: There is milk powder… for cats.

10 May 12

How #mathematicians assess if the world is ending: Is standard integer addition commutative? If no, yes.
10 May 12

Am disappointed to learn a “flight surgeon” isn’t a person that does surgeries mid-flight. (“Suture, damn you! Landing in three minutes!”)

11 May 12

Idea: an app that at 10 min intervals activates phone mic, records 10 sec, runs thru speech recog, and tweets.

12 May 12

Rainy day. Shared bus stop with three wriggledy earthworms. Attempts in initiating chitchat a failure.

12 May 12

So do regular people plan for a move with a floorplan, rectangles in furniture dimensions, and #GIMP?

15 May 12

Just defined a #LaTeX command called \needsexpansion. Possibly need to rethink the name.
Given there’s the Master and the Doctor, I wonder when the Bachelor shows up. #doctorwho

Doesn’t “Masters of the Universe” sound like a #DoctorWho spin-off starring John Simm and John Simm?

Fsck! Can’t visit any Finnish newssite without being bombarded with the feces which is hockey updates. That sport needs kickboxing.

Mind you, “kickboxing hockey” is almost as good an invention of mine as “boxing melee”. Or “wheelchair stair bowling”.

Note to self: do not name any picture “shit.png” ever again. One forgets innocuous contents, then hesitates.
28 May 12

Note to self: never write anything where N. Tesla amounts to anything. Dirty rotten overused cryptotech cliche.

29 May 12

Whenever I think I’ve heard the most outrageous British name... GABBITAS-THRING!!!

1 Jun 12

Was shopping; heard a motherly voice say “My good man, don’t eat your shirt!” Did not look, as hoped he was 35 and stressed.

2 Jun 12

I think “hornswoggle” should be an unspeakable sex act. “Oh yeah, I hornswogged him so hard we had to wash the ceiling.”
At hospital for minor surgery REPLACING FINGERS WITH CAT PENISES sorry disregard that.

Still hospital, waiting, much too early; no spare white coats. (“Sudden ball dropping syndrome! Let’s test though. Here, hold this ball.”)

Surgery done; was “easier to live with”, not “this will keep you alive”. Joked with nurses all the while; heard not all patients do this.

Brought to nurses’ attention (they had not realized) that naming some medical stuff TNT might upset patients. “I thought it was knives!”
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<tr>
<td>5 Jun 12</td>
<td>A nurse called my own buranas “kiddy stuff” and gave a 100-pill bottle of stronger ones. Eep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Jun 12</td>
<td>Well, if the hurt gets too Carmina Burana, I’ll throw down some burana and all will be good. Now books, youtube, and work from home.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Jun 12</td>
<td>Note to self: If ever need a throwaway band name, it’s “Brother Rageface feat. Gaseous Bastard”.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Jun 12</td>
<td>There’s a magic trick: you pull off the head of a pigeon, then put it back and the bird is unharmed. My hypothesis: two pigeons. #skeptical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Jun 12</td>
<td>Apparently an Android app called Jesus Calling exists. I admit that trick to get out of meetings never occurred to me.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
11 Jun 12

I’m not quite sure what this “World Cup” is. Then again, I am sure the standardization of bra sizes needs no help from me.

12 Jun 12

So is “breathless romance” code for necrophilia?

17 Jun 12

Oh Dog and puppies, Youtube has a whole sinister underworld of people eating stuff. Don't know if I am repulsed, sated or hungry now.

18 Jun 12

Thunder rumbling in the distance… Wait, rum bling? That’s what pirates wear! Also, this was the weather report.

18 Jun 12

Went into the dept toilet; found a forearm-sized floater in the bowl, unflushed, with no signs of used t-paper nowhere. WTF? Also, TMI.

19 Jun 12

“Electric submission with LaTeX” sounds way dirtier than it really is. #mathematics
20 Jun 12

Reading the autobiography of a hostage negotiator. Am feeling trust, sympathy, desire to see things his way…

20 Jun 12

In the series “no, do not append your service name after this title”, this vid page: “Flood-ing Kills Animals At Lake Superior Zoo — Ya-hoo!”

21 Jun 12

Academic publishing is quite sinister. I finish sending an article in, and am told that “Your submission is complete.”

26 Jun 12

I am proud to say: Ich habe ein #Berliner gefressen. Today, and just for this lame tweet.
29 Jun 12

Summer, day 1, the morning: helped dad move sofas; watched Animal Rescue and Zoo Tales; wondered if Australian RSPCA needs mathematicians.

29 Jun 12

Summer, day 1, the evening: helped mom move sofas; watched Candid Camera; considered becoming a Peter Funt impersonator.

30 Jun 12

Google Maps speech recog recognized “perkele” as “Facebook”. COINCIDENCE???

2 Jul 12

How bad has the laziness gotten when you find yourself thinking, “I bet I could pick up the phone with my feet, no need to get up… “?
Ghod. 4:16 am, 2 hrs awake already, about to fly the Sticks-Helsinki-Prague, for a holiday trip of… vegetative sleep?

At Helsinki airport, watching a silvery plane with AA on its tail take flight. Is it the pilot or the passengers who are in the AA?

Wonderful. Forecast for Prague is +26 C and thunderstorms whole week. Expect a grumpy post-holiday tweet on Friday.

In Prague. Free hotel wi-fi! (with a horribly predictable password!) Have umbrella; no rainstorm; cause and effect.

Prague impressions (Zizkov district): holy spit, endless bars & tiny food shops. Also, half of the food in shops = beer & serious liquor!
3 Jul 12

Also, Prague/Zizkov: saw a TV mast no sober man should be able to see. Pics to come later this week.

3 Jul 12

Hotel TV in Prague shows only German stations. Including a dubbed-over @BadAstronomer talking about supermassive black hole thingies.

4 Jul 12

Prague, day two, Old Town, Jewish Town. Warm and crowded, but not too much so. Prices several times Zizkov.

4 Jul 12

Prague: good food, good drink (cola for me), and pretty people in summer clothing. If I was bisexual, I would just sit down and gape.

4 Jul 12

Learned today: local tourist horsebuggy drivers have a leather sack with a short wooden handle. That's for when the horse decides to unload.
The B of a “bowling bar”-sign was obscured. Had a weird thought. (“They turned to look as I got in, heads rotating an easy 180 degrees...”)


Also, once again witnessed that “Wherever you go, there’s a Finn in the next table over.” For a nation of 5 mil, our ubiquity is uncanny.

Have bought a whole lot of postcards, magnets etc. with pics by a local, Alphonse Mucha: beautiful Art Nouveau pics of, er, girls.

“We have observed a new boson with a mass of 125.3 pm 0.6 GeV at 4.9 sigma significance!” (cue applause)
Prague, day three. Sunburn. Too many Hills. Pork, chips and... coherency... ooh, the thunderstorm's here!

At Prague airport. 15 min of free complimentary wi-fi! So okay I have lots of interesting—

Lo! Yonder be tax-free shops, if only our luggage lane would open. #needmoarcrapola #hashtagmastery

Seen while here: a sign outside a pub saying “4 TAPES OF BEER”. Solve the typo, win no prizes!

Helsinki airport. Holy shit everything is expensive. Sports bar has big burgers, not much sport; just as I like it. It being, er, my food?
Also: Prague airport has 15 min of free wi-fi; Helsinki has unlimited. As a Finn, I feel this is IMPORTANT! #hypocriticalnationalismftw

Still Helsinki airport; am surprised to hear multiple PA calls in Japanese. (Something something mister something-thank-you-very-much)

This is funny; solely-Japanese announcements are now more frequent than Fin-Eng ones. Looking if I was diverted to Narita by accident…

Am not complaining though; years of anime & manga have led me to instinctually like everything Japanese.
95

6 Jul 12

Wonder if airport shop ppl must go through the secu-check too. And face random intensi-checks too. Oh, that'd be a fearful commute.

6 Jul 12

Whew. Final flight done. Now just 100 km in a car… #Finlandyeah

11 Jul 12

Ah, the Finnish summer: sunshine reveals a sheet of stormclouds surrounding you at all directions.

14 Jul 12

If I ever form a heavy metal band, I think I’ll name it Olfactory Assault.
16 Jul 12

Lil’ cows suck udders. Wonder if this reinforced by cows liking the feeling. Wonder if cows love the touch of a good milking machine.

16 Jul 12

… wonder if sentient cows will, one day, have such udder depravities as would shock us.

21 Jul 12

Brilliant. Wikipedia’s search understands and redirects “lotr fotr”.

21 Jul 12

I’ve named an USB drive of mine SAMMAKKO (Finnish for “frog”) just so the computer can tell me “It’s now safe to remove SAMMAKKO”.

22 Jul 12

Hmm. Found a Japanese hashtag which google-translates to “Let’s air roast”. Huh? #letsairroast
25 Jul 12

Re-set the alarm, fell asleep, dreamed of removing the alarm, said “This is bullshit.”, woke up, removed alarm, got up, said “Wtf-bbq?”

25 Jul 12

I anyway am committed to always buying foreign if I can. Support foreign industries! They’re people too! With families and all!

30 Jul 12

Back at the university. A few more hours and maybe I can recall which of these squiggles is plus, which minus.

30 Jul 12

Heart (v.), as in “I heart you”, to push through a series of fleshy ventricles, again and again.

30 Jul 12

If I could, I’d code a graph for Twitter use of hashtag #fuck. I think 6-10 fpm is about average.

30 Jul 12

My “I’m cooking!” hashtag is #omgwtfbbq.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Aug 12</td>
<td>Feminist: a Swede obsessed with the number five. #purelogicetymology</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Aug 12</td>
<td>I bought a vacuum cleaner today. Asked myself, “Aren’t I adult?” Answered myself, “Shut up, time to watch tentacle porn.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Aug 12</td>
<td>Penile colony: A place in Australia where Britain deported people who were total dicks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Aug 12</td>
<td>The four elements of the Internet: stupid, angry, nude and kitten. (Or noob, raeg, pron and lulz. Or dafuq, ban, 34 and maru.)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sunday. The university. No sounds but the plaintive wails of a few lost physicists.

Their building-exiting algorithms are woefully inadequate!

Mine is mathematically perfect except for translation problems viz. the fifth dimension. (headbutt a wall) Ow!

Am tempted to go to the corridor and laugh madly for a minute, then leave. If anyone else's working a Sunday, they wouldn't get none done.

Figures. Just as I think “Break! Bicycling! Food!”, the heavens rip open and the watery guts of angels tumble out. (Er, overwrought much?)

What? Macaulay Culkin is two years older than me? WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN.
6 Aug 12

Phew. Have new laptop mostly nice now. Uninstalled Gwibber and Rhythmbox the first thing; put in Banshee and this tweetie.

6 Aug 12

Not that I know yet whether Hotot is a good Twitter client for Ubuntu or Satan incarnate, but was the most promising in the Software Center.

6 Aug 12

So I heard giving hamsters viagra lessens their jet lag, a study says. My image? “Hand luggage?” “Just these hamsters with giant boners.”

7 Aug 12

When I read a computer has “stunning design”, I choose to read it as “keyboard not insulated”.

9 Aug 12

An antivirus company’s product description headline or instructions for manly use of toilet paper? “Locate, Scream, Lock & Wipe”
Finnish news report says #Curiosity’s software is being upgraded “wirelessly”. Yes, as opposed to…?

Dairy Entry, a #shortstory: “Dear dairy, I had a good day today. A good day. Ice cream, milk, cheese, yoghurt. Dear dairy, thank you.”

On a personal detail entry page, opened the “Country” pull box, and in the As, there was “Antarctica”. A-flat-David-Tennant-What.

Oh dear. I really need to find some new kind of a supremum (like ess sup, lim sup) that I can start denoting as “was sup”.

“The Consumer” sounds like a D&D monster. “Quest. A wild C. been seen in the forest. Go capture ALIVE. Reward: Sword of Lovely Content +1.”
Here’s a bumper sticker: “I SUPPORT THE LURKERS (in email)”

Local paper says “Getting Cow Unstuck Needed Fire Dept Help” — I imagine “from inside a Nissan Micra”, and am disappointed.

@thewetnoodle “A Cow Unstuck In Time” is going into my novel titles folder right now.

New game: search an online bookshop for a double-entendrish word, imagine all hits are horrible porn. Like, “sausage”.

“The Italian Sausage Bible”. “Home Sausage Making”. “Silly Sausage in Trouble”.

Oh God. “Secrets of Meat Curing and Sausage Making” #bestporntitleever
<table>
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<tr>
<td>17 Aug 12</td>
<td>Cut day short because of floorwaxers (no pejorative), returned office-accumulated soda bottles (21e worth), went to art museum. No norm day. And now, to balance today’s art museum visit, The Expendables 2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 Aug 12</td>
<td>Fact: Pope Lando (r. 913-914) is a real pope. This message brought to you by the Campaign for Real Popes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 Aug 12</td>
<td>Alone and lonely are completely different. Lonely is a desire; alone a density statement. Nothing makes me lonelier than a crowd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 Aug 12</td>
<td>Sometimes people are weird. Sometimes you’ve just read “prom” as “pron”. #FYI</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
And now back to reading Forever on the Mountain. (And feeling “crampons” should be some kinda bad-day feminine hygiene product.)

Not made up: Judge Augustus Noble Hand ruled on the important legal case of United States v. One Package of Japanese Pessaries.

For half a second, was interested in sport. Then realized headline had “goalball”, not “goatball”.

True fact: In 1961, the American Miscellaneous Society rented CUSS I for Project Mo-hole. Trippy music? No, geology!
2 Sep 12

Watched a five-episode tube of Big Bang Theory with little brother today. Felt like a Sheldon for hours afterwards.

2 Sep 12

It’s not that I sympathize with Sheldon, but that (with Genshiken) I sympathize with Madarame too, and a pigeonhole is starting to form.

11 Sep 12

And I stagger thru the university’s corridors, sleeves speckled with white powder, reeling… for the season of chalk and teaching is on.

13 Sep 12

Saw #ToRomeWithLove. Apparently 50% of people in Rome are crazy, 30% are zany, and 20% hallucinations. Would not visit.

14 Sep 12

Twice today I’ve read “protesters” as “professors”. Twice today I’ve thought, “Have done what now?”
And courtesy of Finnish news, your daily word of Finnish for today: “ulostelieju”. That being, “fecal sludge”.

Why in Khorne’s name is Ctrl+W close tab and Ctrl+Q — the next key! — close everything? And why no backlit keyboard? And why me so dum?

“The walls… Worn smooth by billions of tumbling Mario corpses…” #xkcd #itsthere #dontaskwhere

Apropos of nothing, and without context, my favorite #DoctorWho quote. “Prepare for five hundred miles of fear and feces!”
If I was busy and evil, I’d release “pirate” ebooks with puzzling, disturbing added scenes, then troll boards where people bring them up.

“No, wait, I think I recall a fisting scene in Hunger Games too. It’s a bit elliptical, but it’s there.”

Felt strongly compelled to go to http://amazon.com and search for “cow urine”. Did so. If divine message, then not very clear.

Aaaahargh. Just noticed that “namaste” is not the same phrase as “namarie”, which is Elvish for goodbye.

Incidentally, vis-a-vis namaste vs. namarie, it follows that a few jokes in Big Bang Theory weren’t jokes after all. Crap.
10 Oct 12

Went to toilet to pour away a cup of coffee. Had an urge to walk out, show cup to a passer-by, ask “Does this look the right color to you?”

11 Oct 12

Whenever I see “artisanal” I read it as “artinasal” and think, what which noses now how?

11 Oct 12

It wouldn’t be terribly difficult to teach your phone where various rooms were, GPS-wise, and then tweet with a (from: math. dept. toilet)

11 Oct 12

Might be a prob with GPS accuracy, though. “Am printing out bigest paper ever!!1!! (from: math. dept. toilet)”

13 Oct 12

Möbius strippers: they show you their front and their backside, then show those are the same side.
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<tr>
<td>17 Oct 12</td>
<td>Tried a dating sim. After 10 mins had improved a relationship back to “very bad”, lost a girlfriend, and been exiled to hard labor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 Oct 12</td>
<td>Apparently relationships are hard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26 Oct 12</td>
<td>Got lemonade. It has papaya, guanabana and white grapefruit in it. Dear lawn, there weren’t all these new bullshit fruits when I was young.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26 Oct 12</td>
<td>Fruits that existed when I was young: apple, pear, banana, orange, strawberry, watermelon. All others are later work of rogue biologists.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Am making macaroni casserole (not euph. for a sex or poop thing); had lost the recipe so googled. Hopefully wasn't culina-trolled.

Ate macaroni casserole. Would say I've passed the “Alien cocoon” phase of cooking and entered the “cardboard fantasy” phase.


First stage of cooking skill, “Akane Tendo”: Has difficulties boiling water; often, explosions. Salad has pieces of cutting board in it.

2nd stage of cooking skill, “infected donut”: After eating, both ends spray, dribble. After 3 rolls of toilet pap, the name is felt.
28 Oct 12
3rd stage of cooking skill, “Alien cocoon”: Cratery surface. Organic feel. Hope it sticks to the inside of your face, not the outside.

28 Oct 12
4th stage of cooking skill, “cardboard fantasy”: When your cooking is good enough to be forgettable.

30 Oct 12
“Ow”, the tall man said, hand in mouth, and then disintegrated into dust. Lesson learned: no wooden toothpicks for vampires.

30 Oct 12
“Ow”, the tall lady said, “I fell and got splinters in my” — and she became dust. Lesson learned: no bare wooden floors for vampires.
An evolutionary theory out of watching fail vids on Youtube: the male groin is built so that too daring daredevils self-castrate.

Corollary. Main driver in increased human intelligence has been invention of railings, male model bicycles.

It’s probably not good that I sighed and felt all melancholy thinking “Oh, I fear goatse jokes are passe.”


A character in my novel just said “Come on. This is not a movie.” Can’t decide if that’s genius or deep inanity. #NaNoWriMo

Damn this analytical mind. A stray thought, and now I’m thinking “[name] fucking rocks” means actual rocks and coitus.
12 Nov 12

Am writing model answers for a uni math course; am using the phrase “the frog’s nose sticks to the circle boundary.”

12 Nov 12

Which does not top the old physics lecturer’s “Tarzan swinging on a vine encounters a horizontal bar at height $h$. Describe results.”

13 Nov 12

Idea: a flags of the world toilet paper roll. (The packaging would have to say “use every square! no favorites!”)

13 Nov 12

An idea for a virus: Replaces all instances of “perennial” with “perineal”.

14 Nov 12

Possibly some people do not default to associating “Dior” with the son of Beren and Luthien; some people have their own fringe interests.

17 Nov 12

This is not the only tweet with the hashtag #gangrenousleg. Have a nice day.
Sone guys name their dicks. Doesn't appeal, but I wonder which body parts you could name and mention without people slowly backing away.

“Hello. I am Jim and this is Xerxes, my left hand.” (waves left hand, offers the right for a handshake)

Journal cover poster, your article's issue. Good gravy, Elsevier, how skeevy can you get? Prprpr framed “Certificate of Publication” nooo

There ought to be a word for reading a blog article, thinking up a clever comment, reading the thread, and finding the comment already made.

I'd like to live in a reality where Android statements are android statements. (That is, “spent an hour playing with my android”, etc.)
I have this irrational hope that some day Adam Savage will say “Please! Do try what you’re about to see at home. It’s safe now!”

Sometimes you press enter and scream “Wait, that googling may give results I DO NOT WANT!” This time, “fecal wiki”.

(For “fecal wiki” the only first-page surprise was “Excremento”. That’s the Spanish Wikipedia; but now I have an idea for a HP fan fic.)

“You fool!” Draco screamed. “I have dragons, Potter! You can do nothing!” Harry flicked his wand at the dragon above Malfoy. “EXCREMENTO!”
There's a book called “Fifty Shades of Chicken”. I'm going to assume it's a cookbook and walk away.

“Fifty Shades of Chicken, Shade Three: The Feather Duster on Bare Skin. Ingredients: her, a chicken, a leash.”

There was, once upon time, a case called Mayo v. Satan in the US courts. #didyouknow #yesreally #woulddilietoyou

“. . . is continuous in the Lipschitz, or 'brown moustache', sense.” #selfcensorship #math

“INTRODUCTION. This subject has been intensely studied by Fucking Loads of Mathematicians [1]. Our result is that . . . “ #selfcensorship #math

“We acknowledge the proof is trite, but we include it as the grad student spent a week on it and is pissy about it.” #selfcensorship #math
12 Dec 12

Went to the dentist’s. I’ve a mouth full of tubes and he starts talking about the “universe is a computer simulation” speculation. Ah, life.

17 Dec 12

“Deadline Creep” could be the name of a Western villain.

19 Dec 12

Went to Youtube to watch the excellent candid-camera show Just for Laughs’s ninth-season ep 11. Searched for “just for laughs 9 11”. Um.
2013
2 Jan 13

Oof. Back at the office, wondering if there is deep philosophical beauty in addition (+) being a 45-degree rotation of multiplication (×).

2 Jan 13

Probably not.

2 Jan 13

Plausible theory of the week: “ex-lax” is so named because that Los Angeles airport, too, gives you a smooth, rapid (soaring?) exit.

3 Jan 13

“Dull” is a real surname, though not a great giver of names. (“Next week, we’ll study Dull numbers—” “The same procedure as every week!”)

3 Jan 13

Would it be worth it to temporarily change my name to Corollary if I discovered something big? “Next, Corollary’s Theorem!” “What.”
3 Jan 13

Went to ask secretary if the university has a fax machine. Her answer was, more or less, “are you faxing kidding me?”

8 Jan 13

I'm not saying God is a hypocrite, I’m just saying it definitely was pre-marital with Mary.

10 Jan 13

I predict that in 40 years there will be a “Twitter” which shares one-second bursts of emotion. (News! Major tragedy! Aww. Aww. Aww. Aww.)

14 Jan 13

There are days when you just want to watch Shelby Foote, Hyouka and Mythbusters. Not good when that’s a Monday.

16 Jan 13

Just heard someone swear with “Voi Jeesus Saatana!” (“Oh Jesus Satan!”); syncretism in action!
17 Jan 13

“2 cat bombs kill 11 Shire pilgrims”… Okay, am too tired to read news.

17 Jan 13

What would a cat bomb be anyway? An explosion of fur and a disheveled Sphynx?

17 Jan 13

Hah! This office innovation will make me rich. A harness which makes napping on the toilet safe! Loops under the seat! Genius!

21 Jan 13

Ah. Ran into one of those utterly opaque words. “Kitten heel”. If I hadn’t the context, I’d thought it a lion-taming pose.

24 Jan 13

Rrrgh, math. Whole day spent applying Forehead’s Theorem on quasivague Hard surfaces.

28 Jan 13

Coffee shop has a slogan of “I'm hot for bagels!” Can’t order bagels; am overwhelmed by unwholesome sexual innuendo.
Installed a new Twitter client, #Turpial. Now seeing if this works or BUY FREE MEDICINES ONLINE FOR CHEAP PAY VIA

Yep, new Twitter client works well MISHIMA INDUSTRIES SELLS THE BEST COMBAT ANDROIDS. BUY MISHIMA NK-1124 NOW ON SALE FOR ONLY

Tho it seems 140 chars is shorter now than MILITARY OR POLICE PROFESSIONAL! INSTALL SKYE NET ON YOUR DESKTOP, A HARMLESS SEXY APP! DO IT NOW

Routine: finishing a Pepsi and thinking, surprised, that I wouldn’t have noted a “with CAT urine extract!” on the side in big pink letters.

What Youtube needs is a way to search through the least viewed videos. There must be much confusion and beauty in those horrible depths.
Read a pizzeria menu; saw a pizza called “Chicken Kisses” on it.

I don’t really understand how “chicken kisses” is supposed to sound enticing. (“No! Not with the beak—aaaah!”)

#SuddenHorribleDoubt: Is the spring chicken of “not a spring chicken” named for the season, or some lively piece of machinery?

Anyway, I’m reserving the right to write The Glorious Adventures of the Spring Chickens, ie. steampunk meets Shaun the Sheep.

Doctors. You decide that a “frenulum” is a) a bit under your tongue, and b) something there in the crotch. You trolling interns, doctors?
8 Feb 13
To: The British Subject: Food product named “Mr. Brain’s Pork Faggots” Text: Is this trolling or culture?

11 Feb 13
Graduate student left a document open on her computer. Shows section name “Execution Time”. Hopefully computation stuff, not a manifesto.

15 Feb 13
Also, “tweet” sounds like a Scottish variant of twit. “Ach, ye tweet, ye done put sheep bladder innae haggis. Nessie kilt tartan bruce!”

15 Feb 13
“There will be live feeds tonight.” #unintentionallycreepysentences #longhashtags
16 Feb 13

Got a great idea for an art book. Google image search first pages for “X nude”, where X goes through all US presidents.

16 Feb 13

“lyndon johnson nude” has a very happily smirking Robert Caro on it. Don’t know what to make of that.

16 Feb 13

Don't try “george bush nude”. Something horrible has happened there, and I’m not brave enough to find out what.

16 Feb 13

Just realized that Paris is the City of Light, but Forks (Wa.) is the City of Twilight.

18 Feb 13

Some day I'll derive a result with less-than-three in it, and I’ll call it the love lemma. <3

20 Feb 13

“Brittany thinks her mom got her a job answering phones. Sounds easy… as long as nobody tries to put Satan’s baby in you.”

#tvquote
20 Feb 13

So tired. Brain slowbad. Will probably slip to a trance state soon, wake to a draft on “WHY FIVE IS THE ONLY NUMBER.”

23 Feb 13

And now, ideas for Hollywood. Boardgames are passe; next, taking popular expressions literally. This summer, Michael Bay’s “Shit-storm”!

23 Feb 13

And now, ideas for TV. A cooking hidden camera show: filmed through your kitchen window, until a roaring Gordon Ramsay barges in.

25 Feb 13

I'm pretty sure that if I went on Youtube I could find a two-hour video of paint drying.

25 Feb 13

Watching which would be as fun as watching… you know.
I wonder if there are sex parodies of the Papal conclave. (“Gray smoke! They’re still at it!”)

So Ben XVI, retired, will be called an “emeritus pope”. If you ask me, Emeritus Pope ought to be a Western character, Pa of Freshman Pope.

Here’s the plan. Wait for the Conclave. Smuggle a white smoke grenade, Silvio Berlusconi and a Papal robe in. Then make news.

Dear academic spammers: your “CALL FOR PAPER’S” does not inspire confidence in your publication.

Guu. (The sound effect of having temporarily erased all my wrinkles through overeating.)
An idea for an academic pdf-mgmt suite add-on: “Generate article using selected sources” and “Recommend a publication venue”.


Another publication venue is J. Dept. Xerox, or the departmental photocopier.

Plusses:

• quick turnaround
• no publication costs
• no peer review

Minuses:

• small circulation
• frequent technical probs
• no peer review
It’s breaktime when you look at a proof for tomorrow’s homework session and think: “Proof. Magic happens. No questions. QED.”

“Proof. HW. QED.” “But Mr. TA, this is the homework session!” “Silence!”

“Proof. Obvious unless you are stupid, unattractive and gonna fail this course. QED.”

To mangle Carlin, “See? I got lots of good pedagogical ideas! The problem is they all suck.”

I’m disappointed catoptrics isn’t the science of getting cats to run into mirrors.

An idea: a book whose pages get thinner towards the end, making it seem to last longer.
To-do list: 1) Be a lert. 2) Find out what's a lert.

A travel coffee mug in office; a dusty lid, undisturbed; an unwashed mass inside; the horror, the horror; coffee is life. #mathpoem

Definition. Schwarzenegging: Booing a movie just because Arnold's in it. (And now, with zero expects, I'm going to watch The Last Stand.)

So, The Last Stand. In the class of dumb action movies, a good one. But: Holy shit are the action laws of romance in force in this one.

1st Law of Action Movie Romance: “All relationship problems can be solved by killing a few strangers together.”
If only there was some shibboleth, some one single word you could say to get the damn telemarketer to give up, shut up and move on.

Then again, any one word with sufficient volume and prolongation would work, obviously. #fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu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Suddenly I feel terrifiedly certain there are macho men who conduct their sitting business with both parts of the toilet seat up.

I wonder what a ship’s captain would say if an artificial reef society chartered it for a cruise.

An idea for a book. Title “THE MEANING OF LIFE”, each page definition of “life” from a different dictionary; 19.99 e or $, NO PREVIEWS.
An idea: when the next math conference comes around, I should do a survey of everybody’s favorite integers — see if patterns.

“Ooh, four? You’re a graduate student, aren’t you?”

“Please write your favorite natural, integer, rational, real, complex and other (if any) number. Feel free to give or not give reasons.”

“Ooh, pi is your favorite rational number? You must be a graduate student… “

Oh feckety, isn’t there a LaTeX command or package for producing illegible pseudo-text squiggles? (pls no math jokes)
Headline says “More people have cell phones than toilets”; I think, “Where do they use them then?”

Er, wait, the previous is about smartphoning, not some spectacular secret of acoustics.

“Do you know your toilet seat’s geometries boost your cellphone signal by 700%?”

“With the right shower curtain, telemarketers can't reach you!”

Is toilet-tweeting a social faux pas? Cannot be, because nobody knows when you do it. Is mentioning it bad form, then? Can it be bad form when everybody does it? Good manners are defined by what the majority sees as good, obviously, and in this epoch of smartphones surely there can be no stigma on their universal use.
… everyone’s doing it, right?

Don’t look at me like that! You’re a poo-twitterer too, aren’t you, washing your hands afterward like Pontius Pilate doesn’t wash away what you did, *I know you are like me, you must be I’m not the only one oh god the eyes the eyes don’t look at mee—*

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**8 Apr 13**

Wikipedia has an article on genital piercings. With photos of four examples right at the top. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Genital_piercing](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Genital_piercing)

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**8 Apr 13**

I suppose it is a kind of an immortality, having your crotch illustrating an encyclopedia. And I love how in-medias-res these pics are.

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**8 Apr 13**

“Hey, whip your cock out! I’m a roving Wikipedia photographer. Let’s see which article yours fits!”

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**10 Apr 13**

Also: a flushing, shivering fever and a seminar presentation to touch up for Friday. I may prove all primes are rhinoceros.
If hand job etc. are sex things, there prob'ly are creative people offering sex things called good job, hard job, dirty job, book-of Job...

I got blood and chalk dust on my heels; I’m done for today. #friday #mathematics

To clarify the previous: a nosebleed, not a struggle for funding.

Also: “The Band-Aids” would be a most awkward band name. (“And now, the band aids!”)
Must be nice to be my upstairs neighbor. For the third night running, the faint, rhythmic, athletic squeak of bedsprings echoes down to me.

Fighting the urge to open window, raise speaker playing discreet porn music to next window up.

Was typing “cat explosion” into a Youtube search box. Auto-suggest came up with “cat explosive diarrhea”. About 3,640 results.

Now I have something to do with my evening.

Just wrote 1400 words of Ranma 1/2 / Lovecraft crossover fan fiction. I need to stop thinking in the shower.
24 Apr 13

Spoke of uni math to a class of high schoolers after the sciencey people. Started with “Now that we’re done with the practical choices…”

1 May 13

Going to see Iron Man 3. Glad to see a movie about a man doing housekeeping chores; hope for Tumble Dryer Man next season.

1 May 13

“You’ve met your match, Iron Man! I am… the Plastic Fabric Lady!”

2 May 13

Copiers should have different colors of paper by default. It would be so nice if lecture stuff and research stuff was glance-separable.

2 May 13

Glance-separable papers are better than volume-separable ones. (“This pile is so tiny it must be my research results!”)
4 May 13

Upstairs neighbor making rhythmic sex noises once again. I feel like shouting encouragement, but that would probably be inappropriate.

9 May 13

Here’s an idea for a SF story. Apocalypse happens; a binful of Youtube automatic captions found 10 000 years later. Hilarity ensues.

15 May 13

Crapola (coll. n., obsc.) Shite (fig., not lit.); ephemera, miscellanea, stuff.

17 May 13

Got email with the title “Study on the Impact of Erasmus”. Briefly stoked; then realized not a comet but the lecturer exchange thingie.

19 May 13

Headline says “Tumblr: still full of porn, self-mutilation and eating disorders”. I say, “So, good and bad?”

26 May 13

Dear Mythbusters voiceover man, please do not use the phrase “Adam's mini manhole” so matter-of-factly.
Some days I think I should bury a letter informing future generations that Garfield was the God Against Mondays of old.

Other days I don’t think in terms of practical jokes that need an apocalypse and a thousand years.

Watched the Red Wedding of #GameofThrones. Now going to watch Hangover 3. Boy am I glad I don’t remember my dreams.

To me, “chuffed” sounds like the condition Ken of Barbie has between his legs.

“He was chuffed… in the war. Don’t talk about it.”
I don’t fancy travel and dislike hot weather. Thus, tomorrow, I will be leaving for a conference in rain-season south China.

At SmallFinnCity airport. As (if?) you can see, their wi-fi works. Shouldn’t have come here 100 min before flight, whole place is empty.

(Almost wrote “the whole place is dead”, but I’ve heard airport people wouldn’t.)

At Helsinki-Vantaa after an uneventful one-hour flight. Now an uneventful seven-hour wait for the next one. Snails and eagles, baby.

Still at the airport. Travel costs ya. Have been sold a two-month subscription to @hsfi and a tiny subscription to the Finnish Red Cross.
… so now the next time a Red Cross faceperson accosts me, I can yell “I already do, you meddlesome infernal leech annoying person!”

Dear makers of the “Snack Hello” vending machine: turning the “o” into a decorative element can cause consternation.

Dear Heureka Shop, puzzles are fine, but a slogan of “Crack a nut while you fly”? Sounds like a medical emergency.

Bought a 2x2x2 Rubik’s cube, thinking “Ha ha a graduate student model I am so self-deprecatingly funny.” Now I can’t solve the damn thing.

In the plane. 7400 km to Shanghai. Overnight. In the cheapo class. Oh dear, this may hurt.
I’m back from China! And tired! And, like a chump, I forgot that Twitter is blocked in China, so I didn’t tweet squat from there.

(Also, “tweet squat” sounds like what happens when you do physical exercises after pea soup.)

Also blocked, I think — at least didn’t work on hotel or university wi-fi — Youtube, Blogspot and Wordpress. Boo, China!

Twitter apparently did some API migration, and all my clients stopped working. So this is Birdie, a new one.
Tomorrow: go to the university, do nothing, leave. Then 3 weeks holiday, 4 weeks thesis panic. Then live Ph.D. or die.

Incidentally, “Live Ph.D. or Die” is the motto of the University of New Hampshire.

If I ever go into engineering, I'm gonna make a machine to measure immeasurable sadness.

“The machine is sorry for your loss. Your sadness is measured at 7.8, and rising. There is no prediction for closure.”
“No electric cattle for hot water.” Hotel reviews can be surprisingly entertaining reads, and suggest local mysteries.

(Also, something like: “The room had no stairs, so we had to carry our bags up to our room”, egads, spidermen?)

“Stiff, brezhenevian, inflexible billing system”: Some hotel review site should issue a best-of collection of prose.

(Erk, “brezhenevian”? Did I mean “brezhne-vian”, or was I using some weird system of transliteration? I will never tell.)

Misread “an arctic parka” as “an erotic parka”. Then had a train of thought which stopped at “no more reading, sleep now”.
4 Jul 13

Idea: A phone that you can answer in your dreams. “Uh, I’m busy with a nightmare right now... Call me in five. Spiders! No, uh, bye.”

4 Jul 13

“Nah, wading past green hippos like every night. The next piss get-up ain’t due for hours. What’s up?” #sleepphone

5 Jul 13


8 Jul 13

Little brother, physicist, describes a conference: “the abstract was, like, maybe interesting, and then it was a math enema.”
10 Jul 13

Due to the non-uniqueness of a certain building name, you can say “Hey! That’s the World Trade Center!” when landing at Helsinki airport.

10 Jul 13

Can not being should, though…

10 Jul 13

Had the clever idea of taking the early flight to Helsinki and shopping. Now it’s 8:30 and nothing opens before 10:00. Dang it, reality!

11 Jul 13

Pre-movie ad for Subway ends with “Eat fresh.” One day I will scream “EAT FLESH!” at the screen.
Turned on the hotel TV. Saw an older man in an implausibly unbecoming baseball cap. Knew this was Undercover Boss.

Oh, if an episode of Undercover Boss ended with “PEONS! UNDERSTANDING HAS INCREASED MY HATRED! IGOR, RELEASE THE BEES!”

Hotel TV now showing Hell’s Kitchen. Hysteria and halibut. Then screaming. Then more halibut.

Breakfast! Lunchpin! Versus the dastardly, eatable Carbohydrates! A brilliant idea for a cartoon and merchandizing!

15 Jul 13

First day back at the university. Shook mailbox, chatted with Chinese officemate. Sighed. Went to see Despicable Me 2.

16 Jul 13

CNN headline: “Bachmann wants to ’spank’ Obama”. Stop giving the Rule 34 artists ideas, CNN!

21 Jul 13

Watching Babylon 5; pondering the truth that anything you like at 15, you will unreasonably love for life.

21 Jul 13

“It was the dawn of the third age of mankind; the year the great war came upon us all.”
#yes #yes #yes

22 Jul 13

One of university diner’s offerings for today: Quorn in tomato-veg sauce. I have never heard of this quorn and suspect it a made-up thing.
25 Jul 13

Was morbidly curious, googled “how to get on a nsa watchlist”. Then realized that’s how.

27 Jul 13

Existing book: Crafting with Cat Hair. Book that needs to exist: How to Shave Your Cat. Reaching too far: Teaching Your Cat to Shave.

27 Jul 13

“Place the hand razor in the cat’s paw. Fasten the velcro. Avoid eye contact and sudden movement.” (Teaching Your Cat to Shave, p. 35)

1 Aug 13

Heard “sit down and relax” as “sit down and relapse”. Thought it harsh encouragement.

1 Aug 13

“World class hotel”? What world? Third world? “Welcome to the Fifth World Class Hotel! Bees be with you! Well come down to basement!”
6 Aug 13

Referred to a t-shirt as “torso-cover-riffic”. Feel like I should apologize to the nearest department of English.

16 Aug 13

I’ll defend my Ph.D. thesis in an hour. I haven’t been this combination of jittery and flippant in years.

16 Aug 13

I’ll defend my thesis… by attacking the opponent’s thesis! No, wait, not a good plan.

16 Aug 13

Just defended my Ph.D., had coffee and cake, cards and cash. Did not make too big a fool of myself.

24 Aug 13

Thought: So “shart” is “sh(it while you f)art”. Is “shit while you sneeze” then “sheeze”? Checked: Internet says yes. I love logical words.
Read the title (of the Mercedes Lackey novel) Owlflight as Owlfight. Spent a few seconds imagining a very silly book.

“I am the strigine matador of this town. Come, I will show you the pens of the owls. The biggest we have is thirty feet.”

“Yes, we owlfight. It is as you do with bulls, except our owls are bigger. Fiercer. And fly! And you fear the bull throwing you. Feh!”

Bought a new phone, a Sony Xperia SP. For this inaugural tweet from it, I’m… aw crap, the departmental toilet, really?
Read the Wikipedia articles on black tie and white tie dress code. Madness. Utter madness. Crossdressing has never felt this attractive.

Or nudism. I swear if anyone springs a white-tie tailcoat foolishness on me, I’ll show up in the nude. (Promise not binding.)

Not that I have anything against a black suit, but if anyone says “cummerbund” I’ll reach for my zipper.

People who write epub files with font sizes in numbers (say 9.0 pt; not percentages) should be stabbed in the face.

If I was designing a video game, I’d include a foodstuff called Exploration. If you picked it up, it would explode.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Sep 13</td>
<td>Was looking through my phone's settings; found a menu for “throw settings”, Thank you no, phone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Sep 13</td>
<td>There's science fiction. There should be math fiction too. “What if... there was an integer between five and six?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Sep 13</td>
<td>Was surfing without Adblock. Was shown an ad for a sperm bank. So this is how they get more people who watch ads.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Sep 13</td>
<td>Noticed Google Play/Android Market has ad-supported alarm clocks. Wonder if the ads are quiet whispers as you sleep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Sep 13</td>
<td>I have an idea for a new, highly televisable, page-three spin on phrenology. I call it astrology.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Sep 13</td>
<td>I have an idea for a really depressing book. I call it One Million Books You Have To Read Before You Die.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I need to write a paper about topology. I need to find a way to use an “open set” to define a “closed anubis”.

“A set is osiris if all its points are isis-points. A set with no isis-points is a duat, or hell. Ex. Show that A is hell.” #settheory

FYI: There are at least 3 different instances of an Admiral Ackbar / TRAP parody of the Obama / HOPE poster.

Got mail from a Mr. Full Name, with the subject line “Maths Journals[Rs.150[Indians]$4 [Foeigners]Per PageCharge]”. Oh, academic spam.

Oh, the apps people make. “Tribute to those who were lost on 9/11 that we will never forget them with sparkles and glitter effects”
4 Oct 13

Dear local pizzeria: You named a pizza “Special Meat”. I don't frequent you for my sexual or mystery-solving appetite, so please don't.

7 Oct 13

Heard “Navy SEALs” as “baby seals”. Was momentarily confused by the news item that followed.

22 Oct 13


22 Oct 13

“Nero's cousin, Gaius Rebellius Plottus.” Oh, a podcast of the history of Rome and predictive ears.

27 Oct 13

Watched a Jackass movie with French subtitles. About half of them were “Putain!”

5 Nov 13

Suppose you wrote a bot to tweet links to random news stories along with a “This must stop.” How often would that make sense?
<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5 Nov 13</td>
<td>The problem with politicians is they're always “moving forward”. I demand sideways movement, in a soft rolling motion!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Nov 13</td>
<td>Misread news title: “Toyota has created a cat that will run on hydrogen”. Oh, Toyota.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 Nov 13</td>
<td>My (the lecturer's) favorite pedagogies: the flowerbed method. “Drown them in shit! That’s how flowers grow!”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Busily outlining for #NaNoWriMo. Outline at the moment includes the words “And a sex dungeon and whatever.”

Also, “Tooth jewelry, tattooed dogs.” It’s going to be, um, weird fiction.

23.5 hours to #NaNoWriMo, Finnish time. Current style note: “Unreliable narrators yes, but not ’everyone is lying and all is bullshit’.”

Ha! Now I have a #NaNoWriMo idea for next year too. “The Master of Sphincters: A Medical Fantasy”.

“There’s a new drug out on the street. They call it god speed.” #NaNoWriMo #orphanline

Saw this page title: “Diarrhea symptoms”. I did not know this was a mystery to some.
1 Dec 13

Ahh. Waiting for the pizza delivery, desperately needing the toilet. #pizzafecesproblems #hey #atitleformymemoir

13 Dec 13

Writing an exam. Wrote “Find out if, at origin, \( f \) has a maximum or a maximum.” Might be too deep.

20 Dec 13

Ah, the war of knowledge and emotion. I know this bus driver is not a maniac hurtling us to a crunchy doom, but yet… yet!

Parameters to prev: dark, sleet, 1st day of Xmas rush, her schedule is slipping, and I am twitchy with a badly slept night. #Aaargh

20 Dec 13

Also: partly twisty forest roads, ice and rain, and already drove past one red-windscreen crash site. #Aaargh #Aaaargh
To the world west of me: First 46 mins of 2014 much like 2013, except for the Spider Domination.

I’m hiding a browser tab googling for “penis rotor” among my other Firefox tabs. Take that, future me.
Continued from page 18. I would have tweeted this all, but I would have needed some spreadsheet-like form where to schedule the tweets. (Tweet-schedulers that take about six clicks per tweet would take forever.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary (d. 1850) a rare case; left Heaven for Hell. “I got lonely up there.” Has no regrets; now a burlesque dancer. #dante2k</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>never</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Virgil tells me Mary is a rarity; these days people don’t leave Heaven for Hell. Even day passes were unilaterally discont’d in 1914. #dante2k</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Underground railroad doesn't move many souls Hell-Heaven or vice versa (too risky), but carries letters back-forth instead. #dante2k

Anon demon of the railroad says, “I have connections up there. From the good old days before the troubles.” Blames Lucifer. #dante2k

Another way for reunion is to rendezvous in Purgatory. Accessible from Hell, and Heavenfolk get day passes for evangelism now & then. #dante2k

Next, audience with Pres. Gen. Gov. Lucifer himself. Tall, wrinkled, tired. No goatee or horns. Dressed in black; no red cloak. #dante2k

Lucifer: Like a hung-over Dracula. Talks like a thousand-year smoker. Is one. His charm has been much overstated. #dante2k
“Poetic justice”, Mr. Lucifer says, “that heaven, hell both suit the people who end there. I like it here. I really do.” #dante2k

L. says not bitter about the Fall. He was mistreated but hey, it’s the past. Would like to mend fences but the other side will not. #dante2k

L. says the “better reign in Hell” quote is fabricated. Goes on a rant about the Sympathy song; ridiculous how he blamed for all. #dante2k

Money quote: “Hell’s that for being incomplete. It’s never all you want. But what is?” #dante2k

Next stop Purgatory. As we rise, Hell’s a constellation in darkness below. Don’t know if I see fireworks or rockets. #dante2k

Purgatory’s a dull brown city of waiting. Inhabitants inevitably ask if I can say a word for them “up there”; at no, they lose interest. #dante2k
Claudette, a random soul in Purgatory, doesn’t know how long she has left. “I don’t understand it really.” #dante2k

“There’s a system of very subtle theology”, Claudette says, “It’s kept under wraps to prevent abuses. But there’s a system!” #dante2k

Friedrich, another: “I’ve got one more month to go, I think. When I get to Heaven I’m not going to make another mistake!” #dante2k

Purgatory. Election time coming? A poster screams: “CHOOSE HEAVEN IN 2012”. Someone’s added quotes round the h-word. #dante2k

Limbo. Quiet, dark, empty. Sign says “Closed 2007”. Old caretaker says the museum’s doing badly but no other job left for him. #dante2k #dante2k
Heaven's Gate. A shantytown before the Great Gates. The line in is very slow; the bureaucracy horrendously overworked. #dante2k

HG. I meet my new guide: Bea, of the Soul Rights Organization. Tall, dark, tired, serious. #dante2k

Bea comes straight from an “End the Purgatory” rally. No big turnout; shanty people scared to disagree w/ angels. #dante2k

Bea says we have special dispensation to go through the Gate; a day pass into Heaven. Apparently it could be very bad to overstay. #dante2k

In HG, no-one likes St. Peter of the Gate. I hear he’s “keeping out the rabble” on purpose. Few speak out though; they all want in. #dante2k
HG: Soul rights people say arrivals to increase 20% per year; no promises of more efficiency at the Gate. A disaster in making. #dante2k

HG: Gate angel nods me through; warns me to keep my day pass with me at all times, and to follow the orders of angels and saints. #dante2k

HG: Our pat-down is quick, formal. Hostile glances from the common people queue. “Anyone could be a smuggler”, Bea whispers. #dante2k

Heaven. Gates feel a bit tacky after shantytown. Massive. A mile high, and one wide. Granite, wood, iron. Gilded to heck. #dante2k

Angels at the Gate. White uniform, peaked golden cap. A sword on one hip, a pistol on the other. Tall, lean, scary. #dante2k
Gate bureaucrats. Angels or souls? Same white uniform; no golden trim. White gloves; not handshake people. Don’t look up as I go past. 

First glimpse of Heaven. My God, it’s full of pastels! 

Heaven. Sky is baby blue; the streets golden, lawns manicured flat green. Everyone’s wearing white robes. No flying cars. 

Re flying cars: nothing new, period. No cellphones, bicycles, TVs. Bea says tech stasis c. 1321 is the unofficial official line. 

A flock of angels goes past overhead; the souls in sight don’t look up. Everyone moves brisk & determined & doesn’t look around much. 

An old man walks in the Gate, takes in the same view. Cries “It was all worth it!”; get a disapproving glance from a passing angel.
We pass a building with a sign in 1000 language: ARRIVALS CENTER in English. Bea says most souls learn passing Enochian in a year. #dante2k

We pass a group of kneeling praying men. In the direction of their bows, distant, a vast high golden bulk. God's palace, Bea says. #dante2k

From distance, God's palace is an explosion of gold and white towering over the city; takes me a while see there's no sun; the palace glows. #dante2k

Angels wheel round the palace like moths round a flame; Bea mentions Heaven's structured in spheres round it. #dante2k

Bea warns me to not talk to locals. They can get into trouble for talking to outsiders. “No company with the unblessed” etc. #dante2k
We pass a small palace with a faded sign: “GARMENTS”. Bea says the govt has been cracking down on private industry for decades. #dante2k

A peek inside GARMENTS shows empty space, dust, torn-down shelves. A paper on the door redirects to the Office of Robes. #dante2k

On the way to Off. of Robes. Everyone is wearing white linen robes in Heaven, except those in white or white-gold uniform. #dante2k

“There’s no dresscode in Heaven”, Gabriel of Off. Robes says. “People merely choose how to dress. If one wants to be seen as a harlot...” #dante2k

Back on the street. Another observation: no one wears make-up or jewelry. No hair ornaments either; buzz cuts and bowl cuts only. #dante2k
I ask one soul where the closest barbershop is; she feigns puzzlement, and walks quickly away, whispering of modesty. #dante2k

Find a crowd round a cluster of angels carrying a bleeding man. Red smears on golden cobbles. #dante2k

No-one wants to say what he did. “Sin is everpresent” the lead angel grunts, and they take flight, taking the prisoner with them. #dante2k

We pass a choir singing of all the good things God has made. They seem genuinely happy, and the music is pretty. #dante2k

I ask Bea if there are puppies in Heaven. No; but there are purer, nobler animals, created not evolved. White lions and like. #dante2k

“They’re to sin’s beasts as angels are to h—” Bea says, then blanches, looks around, and asks me to hurry up. #dante2k
An official talk w/ one of the Blessed. He loves God, God is flawless, everything's perfect in Heaven. He has a spiel, no time for Q&A. #dante2k

I ask if he has criticisms of God. He coughs a no, then repeats several times he has none and I must not imply he has. #dante2k

Am walking down a street as Bea whispers me to kneel, bow my head. Puzzled, I do. A saint in a white business suit strides by. #dante2k

Bea says saints have God's ear. Most are sticklers for respect; not worship but veneration. #dante2k

“It's not corruption”, Bea whispers, “but the whole system. There's such pressure to be as holy as you can be.” #dante2k

My holier-than-thou joke falls flat. “Don't use that expression here”, Bea warns. #dante2k
Broadsheet: A soul has spoken badly; denunciation and disapproval thunder from all directions. Public apology, demotion demanded. #dante2k

Broadsheet warns any may fall to sin. I ask Bea if any of the Apostles have fallen; she looks at me as if I am a raving loony. #dante2k

“Not a word about the Eleven Apostles of Christ”, Bea whispers. “Who all are holy and are all who ever were.” #dante2k

I try to schedule an interview with Adam, but he's been long “in seclusion”. The phone angel will not give me his number or address. #dante2k

A white-bearded soul identifies as Obadja, OT prophet. Asks how I like Heaven; says with nervous laughter things have changed. #dante2k
He glances over shoulder, waves at a sword-angel. Says people of such importance (nervous laughter) as he need watchers. #dante2k

Soon after an angel patrol comes, looks long and hard at Bea's papers. No explanation is given. #dante2k

Heaven's courts are a separate magisterium; there's no appeal, and no transparency. Bea says wailing repentance is customary and necessary. #dante2k

Official line is justice perfect, so no need for checks&balances. Same silence explains why no way to inquire about my relatives. #dante2k

For that, locals have an underground system of ledgers; expensive, inaccurate. Too many names: billions and billions! #dante2k
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>never</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Get a hint about a man with the same name as Uncle Moe. He's 70 weeks away by wing, much too far to reach during my day pass.</td>
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<td>never</td>
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<td>Underground contact says some people never stop looking for their loved ones; in cases they get an answer, it's usually not the good one.</td>
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<td>The unofficial list of “100 That Made It, and 100 That Didn't”; seems you need some Christianity but even Marcion got in!</td>
</tr>
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<td>never</td>
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<tr>
<td>In: Rastafarians and the Jedi, on technicalities. (OK if your god worships God.) Out: Seven popes, four US presidents.</td>
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<tr>
<td>never</td>
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<tr>
<td>Surprisingly, Julian the Apostate is in; “you have conquered, Galilean” counted because of a technicality, since fixed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>never</td>
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<tr>
<td>Julian the Apostate (331–363 AD), Roman emperor, the last pagan. Not Assange!</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
If I had time, I could go see the Amazing Williamses: 40 generations with every single one in Heaven! Apparently this is rare. #dante2k

Audience with Metatron, God’s secretary. Not cordial. Will not discuss Hell, Limbo or the Apocalypse. Prone to monologues. #dante2k

“No go”, Metatron says. Mr. God is not available. “God’s not available to press. No comment.” God remains serenely ineffable. #dante2k

As we leave, a vast black Popemobile zooms past; someone glowing is brooding inside. #dante2k

Hypocrisy, a nameless ex-angel says, is why he left the service. Those that leave seldom find new employment. #dante2k
Ex-angel testimony: “Plenty of admin screw-ups, but hiding them is worse. Reason is bigwigs like Zadkiel fear for their positions.”
#dante2k

Ironically other sources tell Zadkiel is the only remaining ideologue. Heaven's Secretary for Decency, Eye of God, very scary.
#dante2k

Another power player is Archangel Michael, cmmdr of Order Police, widely regarded as being in the pocket of angel supremacist groups. #dante2k

“No real hope for change before the elite changes.” As angels immortal, may take a long time. Says Lucifer is not better.
#dante2k

Ex-angel: “Used to think it was just Archangel authoritarianism.” Not so sure now. Why’s there no reform from the top?
#dante2k
“Remember, Heaven is not a democracy.” He leaves, a dejected form with grey wings and no halo. Works as a Purgatory clerk. #dante2k

Bea leaves me to go hold a culture shock Q&A for recent-arrival Buddhists. Says they not as rowdy as atheists. And Jews, oy vey! #dante2k

Leaving, I go through the shacktown again. See a poster, “ALL THIS WILL PASS AWAY”, a crew of angels painting it over with white. #dante2k

And that’s all for #dante2k — but feel free to roll your own.