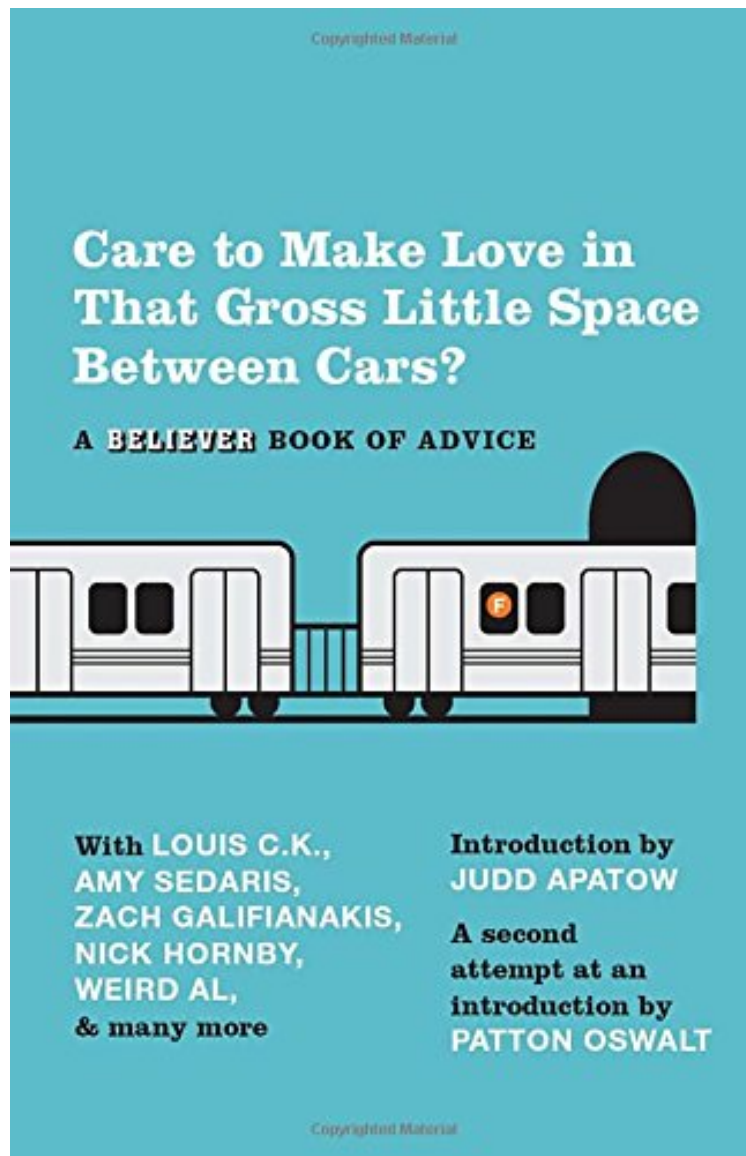


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## Care To Make Love In That Gross Little Space Between Cars?: A Believer Book of Advice

*The Believer*

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**The Believer : Care To Make Love In That Gross Little Space Between Cars?: A Believer Book of Advice**

before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Care To Make Love In That Gross Little Space Between Cars?: A Believer Book of Advice:

0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Pretty FunnyBy Gila Monster Jr. Without going into a lengthy explanation that includes a retelling of all the parts that I enjoyed and you have not read yet or of why I was interested in this book to begin with (I.e. I'm a long time listener, first time caller), I thought this was a pretty funny book. Advice for comedy's sake cannot please all, but most of this book made me smile at least. Great book to read out loud with friends. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. All The Advice You'll Ever Need: From German-Made Antique Gummi Worm Dispensers To Dealing With A Fear Of ButtonsBy Robert I. Hedges "Care to Make Love in That Gross Little Space Between Cars?" is a collection of otherworldly advice columns from "The Believer." I am longtime subscriber to "The Believer," and the "Sedaratives" column (created by Amy Sedaris and Eric Spitznagel) is my enduringly favorite part of the magazine. I have to admit I found evaluating this book was harder than I first would have expected, because given the large number of contributors the work is necessarily uneven. I settled on four stars, because while some of the contributions were annoying and patently unfunny, they are in the minority and are overshadowed by entries filled with genuine comedic genius. While it was expected that the likes of Laraine Newman, Brendon Small, Dave Eggers, and Zach Galifianakis would be hilarious (and are,) my three favorite entries here by far are from Rich Fulcher, Weird Al Yankovic, and, yes, Bob Saget (the latter a turn of events that surprised even me.) Find out for yourself why Saget has scheduled himself for five more colonoscopies this month. ("It's a win-win.") Weird Al explains the essential requirements of a man cave, a list that includes "a Ped Egg (with matching Ped Egg caddy), a German-made antique gummi worm dispenser, a small albino alpaca (neutered), an inflatable wading pool filled with lavender and periwinkle Ping-Pong balls," and much more. He goes on to endear himself to me personally by discussing how "Beowulf" had a "horrible, negative effect on him," subsequently referring to it as "a huge, ancient, stultifyingly boring book." Rich Fulcher (the genius behind Bob Fossil on "The Mighty Boosh") explains how polyester is "a secret garment worn by the Old Guard protectors of Gorthrab, King of the Slug Charmers," and how to be entitled to wear it you must go through rigorous training including "17 Ladders of Assessment, including Chop the Dishtowel, Seek the Elderberry, and Advanced Parallel Parking." This can take years. Perhaps my favorite sentence in the book comes from Julie Klausner, when she begins a response "It's a testament to the power or two clichés in a row that if it weren't for the first sentence of your letter, I'd think you were not crazy." Simply brilliant. A special mention goes to the advice from "Miscellaneous Canadian Rock Musicians," particularly Steve Bays of "Hot Hot Heat," who discusses interfaith wedding etiquette, an entry which is the best single humorous critique of political correctness I can remember. If you overlook the clunkers (which are few, but stick out like a sore thumb) this is an amusing and highly useful book of advice that caters to anyone with a slightly off-center sense of humor. 1 of 2 people found the following review helpful. MehBy Paul J. Rovero I bought this book on a whim, based mostly on the humorous title and the names of people responding to the questions. I was disappointed. Only one or two times did I actually laugh out loud reading the book, which is pretty bad considering the amount of talented comedians featured in the book. Maybe question and response advice just isn't a format in which they shine.

The Believer magazine presents a compendium of advice from producers, writers, and actors of The Daily Show, Saturday Night Live, Parks and Recreation, Late Show with David Letterman, The Hangover, and The Colbert Report, along with other musicians, cartoonists, New Yorker writers, and those similarly unqualified to offer guidance. Here Amy Sedaris describes the perfect murder for unwanted hermit crabs—you will need a piece of meat and a brick. Simon Rich explains how to avoid being found dead in your underwear by firemen—buy some long johns. Zach Galifianakis provides insight into how he changed his name without a social security card—he just started calling himself Adam Zapple, and it stuck. Bob Saget finally illuminates what “friends with benefits” really means—a nonsexual relationship wherein your ex makes monetary deposits into your bank account. Contributors include: Rob Baedeker, Anne Beatts, Elizabeth Beckwith, Jerri Blank, Roz Chast, Louis C.K., Mike Doughty, Dave Eggers, Rich Fulcher, Zach Galifianakis, Dan Guterma, Anthony Jeselnik, Julie Klausner, Lisa Lampanelli, Nick Hornby, Sam Lipsyte, Liam Lynch, Merrill Markoe, Rose McGowan, Misc. Canadian rock musicians, Laraine Newman, The Pleasure Syndicate, Bob Powers, Simon Rich, Bob Saget, George Saunders, Kristen Schaal, Paul Scheer, Amy Sedaris, Allison Silverman, Paul Simms, Brendon Small, Jerry Stahl, Scott Thompson, Fred Willard, Cintra Wilson, Weird Al Yankovic, and Alan Zweibel

“I am an advice columnist, which means I get a lot of e-mail from people with problems. Some of those problems are serious and thought-provoking and require answers that are carefully weighed and considered. Others are . . . well, obvious. . . . I tend not to answer the most obvious questions, but when I do, I try to be empathetic. Sometimes it’s hard. And that’s why an evil grin spread across my face (think: Mr. Burns on The Simpsons) when I got my hands on Care to Make Love in That Gross Little Space Between Cars? A Believer Book of Advice. The usually brilliant Believer magazine has a wonderful column created by comedian Amy Sedaris called ‘Sedaratives,’ which features very funny answers to purposefully ridiculous questions. . . . If only I could answer questions with that kind of thoughtfulness. I’m kidding. Sort of.” —Meredith Goldstein, The Boston Globe “Care to Make Love in That Gross Little Space Between Cars?: A Believer Book of Advice is so much more than just a well-titled tome. It’s . . . an

essential compendium of (not particularly serious) advice.” —Smith Journal “Operation Enduring Cleverness: launch.” —Justin Moyer, Washington City Paper “Advice columns aren’t exactly hard to come by. Advice columns managed by celebrities are a little tougher. But advice columns managed by comedians who may or may not have the slightest idea what they’re talking about? Now we’re getting somewhere. How about advice from a surlier-than-average Louis C.K., an enthusiastically verbose George Saunders, or a delightfully befuddled Fred Willard? Care To Make Love In That Gross Little Space Between Cars? is a collection of some of the best responses from The Believer magazine’s advice column. Guest-managed by some of the sharpest stand-up comics and writers working today . . . it is jam-packed with silliness, sarcasm, and wit. . . . The overall effect is a lot of chuckling and some well-deserved laugh-out-loud moments. . . . A perfect flip-through book for the comedians you know and love, and a solid introduction for those you don’t.” —Glenn Dallas, San Francisco Book “In all the years of her advice-giving career, it is unlikely Ann Landers was ever faced with a question like ‘Is Jesus a lot of hype?’ The same goes for her sister; a special no-prize goes to the person who can find the newspaper column that starts with ‘Dear Abby, What kind of superheroes do you think get laid the most?’ Luckily, for the queries that can’t—or won’t—be answered by any other source, we have Care to Make Love in That Gross Little Space Between Cars?: A Believer Book of Advice. If there’s anyone you can trust for sage counsel, it’s celebrities of every sort. Actors, comedians, writers and musicians, have all the answers for the problems of life you didn’t even know you were worried about. . . . Oh, wait, were you wanting real advice? You’ll find none of that here, but you will get a criminal amount of laughter.” —Andy Bockelman, Galo Magazine “Aberrant. Off-the-wall. Well-drawn. And very, very funny. . . . Apatow’s opening sets the tone, and the contributors? They seal the deal. Kristen Schall, Louis C.K., Zach Galifianaki, Dave Eggers, Amy Sedaris, Cintra Wilson, Sam Lipsyte and on and on and on. It’s the sort of super hip cast of celebrities that should make your eyes roll but instead make you laugh out loud. It’s a terrific—though mostly pointless—book. I couldn’t get enough.” —Jones Atwater, January Magazine “[A] selection of humorous pieces from famous, infamous and unknown comedians. Each comedian was asked to write a humorous advice column. The result is anything but Dear Abby, as writers prove once again that dark humor is often the funniest.” —Examiner.com

About the Author The Believer is a magazine offering essays, interviews, reviews, and advice, the latter of which appears in the form of a monthly column called “Sedaratives.” The Sedaratives column, which started in May 2005 with advice by Amy Sedaris, gave rise to this book. Mike Sacks is on the editorial staff of Vanity Fair magazine. His work has appeared in Vanity Fair, The New Yorker, Esquire, GQ, Salon, The New York Times, The Washington Post, McSweeney’s, The Believer, Vice, and other publications. Sacks is the author of three books: And Here’s the Kicker: Conversations with 21 Top Humor Writers; SEX: Our Bodies, Our Junk; and Your Wildest Dreams, Within Reason. Eric Spitznagel is a contributing editor for The Believer magazine, where he cocreated (along with Amy Sedaris) the Sedaratives column. He’s also the author of six books and a frequent contributor to Playboy and Vanity Fair. He has one more testicle than Hitler, which he considers a moral victory.

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Introduction Dear Judd Apatow: We’re thinking about publishing a sequel to You’re a Horrible Person, But I Like You. It’d be more or less the same thing as the first book, except with mostly different people, and different questions. Are we being redundant? Thanks, The Believer magazine San Francisco, CA Dear The Believer: I really don’t know how to answer that question. There is a larger issue, which is: Why am I writing the intro to this book at all? This is a mistake I keep making, saying yes to things for no apparent reason. I don’t know if it is because I get insecure or I need an ego stroke, but I keep finding myself in the same position, stuck with something I don’t want to do but said yes to because someone did a good job kissing my ass. I don’t even understand what you want. Am I supposed to write something logical, or absurd? I have no idea. I don’t even know if this book is for charity or if someone is going to make a shitload of money off it. I kind of always assumed it benefited some charity, but I don’t think that is correct. I also have the vague notion that the entire publishing empire that’s releasing it is a nonprofit, but I have no proof and am probably wrong about that. Or I am right. One thing I do know is I get paid very well for my time and money and I am getting paid zero dollars to write this and that makes no sense at all. I can’t even remember who asked me to do it. Probably someone who seemed smart and who made me feel like less of a dick-joke-writing idiot by asking, and I got all excited for all of five minutes till I realized it actually required real work. I wouldn’t be writing this at all if Paul Rudd wasn’t ten minutes late to our meeting. If he’d been on time, today would have been the day I worked up the nerve to bail on this assignment so they could go manipulate some other insecure Jewish man into doing it. Why not ask a non-Jew? Why not ask a woman? An African American? Someone from South America? Aren’t people ready for some new flavors of comedy at this point? I know I am. I might move to Nicaragua for a year or two just to come up with a new comedic angle that’s not based on my Jewish mother’s influence and child rearing. Maybe if I started a junta I could write a fresh joke. What is a junta? I need to find out. Where the hell is Paul Rudd? He is always late. He was never late when his career wasn’t going well, but ever since I Love You, Man he could give a fuck about wasting my time. Oh, there he is. Hey, Paul! You look good. I like the beard. Judd

A Second Attempt at an Introduction Dear Patton: So listen, we’re doing this book of advice and we asked Judd Apatow to write the intro, and it didn’t really work out. We don’t want to get into it, but it has something to do with Paul Rudd’s career going well. Anyway, is there a chance you might like to take a crack at it? The introduction, we mean. Thanks

in advance, The Believer magazine San Francisco, CA Dear The Believer magazine: Wait, so Judd “Heavyweights” Apatow is too busy to finish his introduction and so you figured, “Oh, let’s get Patton ‘Basic Cable Day Player’ Oswalt to pick up the slack”? I will bet money you used that exact phrase because I really like losing money. I mean, how busy can I possibly be, right? “Quite” to “nearly ‘very,’ ” as it turns out! So I hope your readers appreciate the projects I’ve back-burnered so that there can be a full introduction to this book. And as you read this book, think for a moment about the: Unalphabetized Travis McGee books on my shelf Overflowing trash can in my kitchen Unwatched (and thus undeleted) episodes of Justified on my DVR Not uneaten Rye Krisps, consumed due to the stress of having to write this Now I will end this introduction early to make it further appear I am busy, just like Judd. See? I’m making it in Hollywood! Patton Zach Galifianakis Dear Zach: I think I understand what dogs are saying. I don’t have a dog, but there are a lot in my neighborhood. Is this possible or am I crazy? Jed Resick Brooklyn, NY Dear Jed: You could really help a lot of people if this is the case. Is it not worth exploring? Meaning, shouldn’t you volunteer yourself to a university study on the subject? You must take this seriously. I feel like my family dog, a golden retriever named Zorba, would have loved to have a human translator. Looking back, I imagine it would’ve gone like this: ZORBA (in a translated bark): I ain’t interested in fetching no more tennis balls. ME: Throw some more and see if he gets it. ZORBA: I got to figure out how to get into the house. I feel a cold front moving in from the west. ME: Zorba’s coat is so thick, he is fine out in the snow. ZORBA: Jesus Christ, this family is thick. How long do I have to bark before they let me in the basement that is only two degrees warmer? ME: I am going to take you to the apple festival, Zorba, so everyone will want to pet you and you can wag your tail to show how happy you are. ZORBA: That tail wagging is a nervous tic. I got some sort of dog diabetes going on and you mistake it for happiness. Does it not make you wonder why my testicles are the size of bocce balls? Zach ... Dear Zach: I really should see a dermatologist, but I just don’t have the time (or health insurance). What’s the difference between a good mole and a bad mole? E. Jackson Melbourne, FL Dear E.: Location, really. It all depends on where it is. One on the eyelid is not good. One in the mouth is not good. The anus is not a bad place to have one but showing it off causes a problem. A good place is on the face. A small one on the cheek is classy and expresses a worldliness that you do not get from a wart. If you do have one on the face, make sure that it is hairless, seeing as haired moles went out of fashion after the Renaissance but are still fashionable at Renaissance festivals. I once had a mole on the right side of my chin as a youth and my mother decided to freeze it off, fearing that it would grow into something that looked like a burnt silver-dollar pancake. I regret that thing is gone. It defined me. I was eight years old but because of that mole I could get away with smoking a pipe and no one would even care. So, location. Zach Amy Sedaris Dear Amy: Last summer, my wife and I inherited three hermit crabs from her eight-year-old nephew when he went to camp. It’s been six months and we’re still stuck crabsitting. I’m worried that if I flush them down the toilet, they’ll morph into supersized megacrabs, crawl back through the pipes, and seek revenge. What’s the best way to “take care” of a hermit crab? Eric J. Fetterman New York, NY P.S. Do you have any interest in three hermit crabs? They don’t take up much space. Dear Eric: “Taking care” of a hermit crab is a delicate operation. Hermit crabs are an unruly sort, possessing a large pincer and—believe you me—they’re just waiting for a chance to clamp that claw into a major artery in your neck. Never turn your back on a hermit crab. Now, the first thing you have to do is coax the crab out of its shell. I suggest either using a piece of meat or appealing to the crab’s ceaseless and fanatical lust for the opposite sex. This second option would require you to either provide a decoy or act as a decoy. Once the crab is out of its shell, pounce. Bring the wrath of God down upon the crab’s tiny and spongy exoskeleton in the form of a large brick. Make sure you are accurate with your first blow, because the last thing you want on your hands is an agitated hermit crab. Amy P.S. Thank you for your generous offer, but after spending last July at a three-day jazz festival, where I shacked up in a makeshift lean-to with a percussionist I just met named Zobo, I already have more crabs than I could possibly care for. ... Dear Amy: Why isn’t anyone worried about me? An Inquiring Mom Readfield, Maine P.S. I asked this question of my daughter just minutes ago, and she suggested your column as a place to air my concerns about myself. Dear Mom: This is a tough one. I wish I could say that nobody is worried about you because you are so well grounded and capable, but we both know deep in our hearts that that is a lie. It’s pretty clear that you are a train on the verge of derailment. You are a speeding vehicle and the wheels have come off. So, why doesn’t anybody care? Could it be that your existence barely registers as a blip on the human-awareness scale? As Occam’s razor states, the simplest explanation is the best. I suppose a better question to consider than “Why isn’t anyone worried about me?” might be “How can I exact a horrible revenge on my thoughtless offspring?” There’s a question I can sink my fangs into. Amy Nick Hornby Dear Nick: What, in your opinion, is the best song for lovemaking? Claire and Judd Dear Claire and Judd: There isn’t one best song, of course. There are two. For common or garden-, post-TV sex, “Blitzkrieg Bop” by The Ramones is the one. It lasts a little over two minutes, and “Hey! Ho! Let’s go” is a very useful opening chant, especially if you two have just started dating. The rhythm is good, too! If it’s a scented-candle anniversary extravaganza, then you need Yes’s prog-rock classic “Yours Is No Disgrace.” My sexual partners have always appreciated the confidence-boosting title, which is helpfully repeated over and over in the chorus, and at over nine minutes, the song allows you to get through pretty much every sexual position ever invented, and still leaves you time for a smoke. Nick ... Dear Nick: Can you please explain how the ranking system works? David Carle

Estacada, OR Dear David: Say you have published a book. Well, if you look it up on , the ranking system will tell you how good it is, compared with all the other books that have ever been published. Glenn Beck's *The 7: Seven Wonders That Will Change Your Life*, for example, is, at the time of writing, the fifth greatest book ever written; Philip Roth's *American Pastoral*, by contrast, ranks at 15,441. (Mr. Roth should think about that, and learn from his mistakes, but that's not our concern here.) I say "at the time of writing" because people are writing great books every second of every day, so there is a chance that Glenn Beck will have slipped a bit by the time you read this. And a chance that Philip Roth will have climbed in the rankings. I doubt it, though. I don't know you, David Carle, and I'm not going to do any research. But if you have written a book, I'm guessing that it's not as good as *The 7*, but it is better than *American Pastoral*. This is true of a lot of books, more than fifteen thousand of them. Nick