My Favorite World #6

From fashion to futbol to absurdist political horror stories to fabulist fiction to the happiness to be found in an unspotted foot…it's My Favorite World.

Fashion Statement(?)

Guys, there's something about putting on a blazer. Amirite? You stand a little straighter, you carry a little more air. It's not that it's hard to slouch or slump with a blazer on, it's just that it's easier not to. I hold this truth to be self-evident: that all men being created equal, a blazer will elevate one over the other. It's one of article of clothing guaranteed to confer *gravitas.* Or so I thought.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered Michael Davies and Roger Bennett – otherwise known as Men in Blazers – while I was lying ill on the sofa. I was watching a Detroit- Boston NHL game<fn>Original 6 represent!</fn>, and when it was over the remote was too far away to flip over to Wolf Blitzer's beard ejaculating speculation about another airline tragedy. So.

Here comes Michael and Rog, a couple of balding Brits in tragically ill fitting blazers, holding forth from what looks a janitorial supply closet and offering up, well, best let them tell:

> *We discuss football. And wear blazers. Usually at the same time. Men in Blazers is driven by the belief that Soccer is America's Sport of the Future. As it has been since 1972.*

And just that fast, I was laughing so hard I nearly rolled off the couch.

On Chile's Alexis Sanchez, who likes to pull his jersey off after a goal:

> *His back is made out of Braille, and you know what it says if you run your fingers across it? It says…..sexy!*

And how does this 5'4 runt score leap over the 6″1 goalie to score?

> *"His Drakkar Noir is like a trail of chloroform."*

Later, talking about – and showing hilarious examples of – the alarming decline of Mario Balotelli's once prodigious skills:

> *His transformation from being an elite footballer to an avant garde slapstick comedian…"*

…which apparently was caused in some wise by too much time cavorting in hot tub advertisements with super models…

> *He's clearly suffering some shrinkage from that hot tub, Rog.*

One of them later describe the owner of Man U (I think) as looking like a Muppet with too much starch.

I know next to nothing about British Premier League Football,<fn>FWIW, I like women's soccer better than the men's game – much less whining and flopping. Though I admit that saying that around "real soccer fans" makes me feel like I'm defending the layup/set shot laden WNBA.</fn>but if these guys are part of the broadcast squad, I'll be watching more than I had ever imagined. Even though my philosophy of the Supremacy of the Blazer has been shattered evermore. Here's a nice dose to give you an idea. Think Skip Carey and Pete van Wieren with

posh British accents.

http://www.nbcsports.com/show/men-blazers?guid=nbc_bpl_mib_top10characters_141229

Also, too, they have a posh posh Latin motto:

> *viri recte vestiti*

Men who are clothed. They qualify, but only just.

Posh. MFW.

The Never Ending Reading Challenge

I've finally finished Perlstein's *The Invisible Bridge*, a surrealist drama about the so-called rise of the ever comical penis in a suit, Ronald Reagan. Fortunately, the story has a happy ending, where Reagan is denied his shot at the 1976 Republican presidential nomination at the last minute. The last line is a quote from one of the Wise Men Pundits of Washington, who notes that at age 65, Reagan is far too old to consider another run for the Presidency.

What a relief that was! The whole book long I feared that nothing could stop the Sainted Ronaldus Maximus. Can you imagine how catastrophic a Reagan presidency would have been for this country? We dodged a bullet there, for sure ya betcha.

Now after that chilling ride of absurdist horror, I turn my attention to something more down to earth and believable: *Don Quixote*. But not until I finish up the Italo Calvino collection of *CosmiComics*. Calvino introduces protagonists who have existed and evolved since the begining of time, with generally unpronounceable names (Qfwfq is the main "guy"), and who are not human – in fact, what they are beyond pure existence or unicellular *being* is usually uncertain<fn>Though

Qfwfq’s romantic interest is called Priscilla, and it appears she evolves into a camel over the eons.</fn> — but who embody more humanity and insight into the human condition than most so-called flesh and blood co-called characters in 98.43% of so-called fiction. That a work of such playful, meta style evokes such heartbreak and yearning is testimony to a writing style that is learned, witty, tender, and above all, light. I cannot recommend this one more highly.

So many books. So little time.

Happy Feet

Main reason this is My Favorite World? This:

Petechial Rash — Very Nasty

That’s my ankle/foot almost exactly six months ago. The rest of my pitiful corpus looked pretty much the same. Somehow I’ve made it to the end of 2014, and there were a couple of times I

wasn’t so confident I’d get here. So, yeah pretty much good that I didn’t die.<fn>YMMV</fn>

My New Year’s Resolution for 2015 is simple and concise: stay the fk out of the hospital. I wish the same for all of you. Thanks for sharing My. Favorite. World.