

ha ha super time

as a Baltimore resident, i can tell you that i heard a lot of honking last night, both inside and outside Guy's luxury apartment building. he hosted a superbowl party and i cut vegetables.

during the game, i worked on a jigsaw puzzle with a friend. we completed it at a moment when the opposing team happened to score, and we obliviously clapped. everyone in the room glared at us. i thought maybe i had farted or something.

but i was really happy, then, with that puzzle. Guy gave it to me for christmas, and at times i clicked a piece into place and felt that everything was clicking into place.

later everyone ran outside to celebrate, and i watched the end of moonstruck and then hannah and her sisters. *who* is doing the programming here? some girl alone in a control room, or a computer.

this idea of connection. i checked on a social network and saw pictures of my boyfriend in the street, strangers in purple in the background. of course everyone knows that social networks only present the illusion of connection. that's cliché now (except to my students).

the men on the street with burgeoning hearing loss.

alone in someone else's apartment with the party detritus — dips and chips and brownies shaped like footballs. would someone watching me think i had made the food for myself, set up camp chairs around a television to evoke spirits? what a good laugh.

and i sat in the dead center of the couch, thinking about the person doing the late night programming. or the computer. christ! the puzzle was complete. i was more connected to a computer than to a room full of people.

hannah and her sisters was perfect, and i couldn't help but focus on all the unobtrusive, inconvenient, bulky technology. phone booths, record players, home phones. i feel like such a luddite that i would wish for a simpler time — even at the expense of this blog. no political motive, just a low down impulse for a world that probably never existed anyway.