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Hissbitch

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How To Get Away With Sharing Nudes

So, you got caught sharing those nude pictures of your girlfriend. What can you tell her to make her feel better and stop being angry at you? Simple, you tell her your phone was hacked. Most people think of this, and maybe you have too, but it's easier said than done. Chances are you don't know anything about phone hacking and your girl is going to call BS as soon the word “gigadrive” stutters out of your mouth. So, here is a list of real phone hacking terms and methods that you can use in a bulletproof alibi. And, oh yeah, be sure to mention you learned all this from your cellphone service provider when you called customer service about the “hacking incident,” which, what do you know, brings us to our first term!

Hacking incident: Any incident of cellphone hacking is formally defined as a *hacking incident*. Be sure to start your explanation to her with this line, “There was a hacking incident...”

GSM: All cellphone service providers use the *GSM* protocol. A protocol is a set of rules to be followed, in this case all cellphones must follow the *GSM* protocol for communicating in a standardized method. Rules are meant to be broken though. Say, “They made these stupid GSM rules just so people could break them!” Act serious and angry, maybe throw something or pull a table cloth off a table with things on it, be creative.

Firefox: *Firefox* is a hacktool used by hackers. It's kind of like Internet Explorer but illegal to install on your computer, that's why most hackers use it. "They used something called F-Firefox..." Tremble, begin to act more upset than her.

SIM Card: All cellphones have a tiny, removable, *SIM card* somewhere on the device. If you ever played *The Sims*, you know that a Sim is like a digital person. The *SIM card* holds a Sim which "lives" in and protects your phone. A hacker's first step is to kill your Sim. "Someone was murdered." The murder of a Sim is a serious crime, tell her you were close to your Sim.

ICC: The International Criminal Court, or *ICC*, is based in the Hague, Netherlands, and investigates all phone hacking claims. They will issue an international arrest warrant for the hacker. "The *ICC* investigation is ongoing and I can not reveal anymore information at this time as it may harm the investigation." This is a good way to wrap things up with her. Take a deep breath, you did it!

Child pornography: If the girl is under 18 years of age you may also want to mention that taking nude pictures of herself is considered *child pornography*, which distribution of is a felony. Tell her, "You keep your mouth shut about this, you wouldn't last a second in prison."

Painting the House

Well, 4 years of college gets me a computer science degree with high honors from a prestigious college and what do I do? Paint my parent's house. The 80 year-old Sears-Roebuck catalog home's ol' "Celtic Blue" paint was starting to chip off the cedar shingles so I got the ladder, sand paper, paint and a brush and went to work.

Old guys from the block, vets, came by and told me what I was doing wrong and what I was doing right. Neighborhood moms exclaimed, "Wow, looks great," and asked me if I needed anything and a "no" meant a tall glass of ice cold lemonade a couple minutes later. The dads around who work finance in the city rolled by in their sports cars and shouted something to me about the paint job, and I'd come back with something that had 'em stitches, laughing, "Damn good kid." The guy across the street who owns a lawn care business, works hard as hell, 364 days a year from dawn 'til dusk gave me a nod and said, "That's a lot of work." The kids playing in the street came up and begged to help. The teenagers held up a joint and asked me if I wanted to go for a ride. Heck, the mail man read me my letters as I did the trim around the windows.

Cuz I had to do it. I had to put that paint on that house to keep what goes on inside in there. Mom and Dad in their bed all day long with matted oily hair scratching at each other's scabs, shaking, vibrating, pissing, screaming, could feel them shaking the ladder. Cuz I got a purpose in this neighborhood and nothing's going to stand in my way. And fuck me for feeling at home at home. I knew this would happen the day my parents betrayed me, when they came home with Old Navy instead of Abercrombie and Fitch. No holding me back now. I guess I was the runt of litter, born to a bunch of bullshitters. I'm trying to tell them play your position, but they're are a center running a Hail Mary route on first and 10 living on this damn street. I got them locked in their room until they read those books, until they figure it out.

Good Ol' Boy

From 4th grade to senior in college I was having, maybe, one real life social interaction a week, just because I was that shy. Instant message conversations and books don't really resonate in your head like audio and pictures, so television, this was before YouTube, which would have been really bad, was my only input. And television, what's on television, boils down to stuff that's specifically designed to resonate in your head, like theme songs and jokes and stuff. So having this completely inorganic input leads to the basis of my output or what I'd say and think. So my head is just spinning every day with just television. So imagine seeing Bugs Bunny saying "What's up, Doc?" over and over again in your head. So basically trying to talk was just trying to string these sort of, what I would ultimately call "catch phrases" (albeit they were just anything that happened to be significant to me for whatever reason) into a coherent sentence. So any social interaction would have me double checking everything I said to make sure it wasn't some stupid TV show crap, which it was, so I stammered and squeezed something dumb out, maybe something my mom said to me when I was like 6. So I was just in this downward spiral, TV begetting TV. So as I'm getting older I've consumed so many of these "catch phrases" that I don't sound like a broken record, I can have this huge dictionary of phrases for any conversational situation. So having this though, as I hear the phrase in my head, as I say it, I hear the inflection and I see the picture, literally just the scene on TV, and I know what show it was and who said it. So having to deal with this, knowing everything I say was contrived by some writer in Hollywood makes me feel like a fraud. So naturally, no pun intended, I seek out people who are not frauds, who have completely organic consciences, people whose only input is just that of their ancestors and their friends, etc, compounded for centuries. So be it as it may in New Jersey the only people like this growing up were the jocks, like the good ol' boys, I guess. So this is probably because they're outside all the time playing sports or whatever. So of course though me being

me, as you've read, have absolutely no business with these types of people. So but now as a grown man basically, out college, I have some, let's just call it "power" over the younger good ol' boys to interact with them. So I go drive around and go looking for them at basketball courts, the dock fishing, the beach, skateboarding places, the convenience store and just have these interactions which set me free. So I've met one particular good ol' boy named Kyler, who is just the purest boy imaginable, when he talks I can see his great great great grandfather milking a cow, his fingers wet on the udders. So when Kyler talks to me and I feel so much better, he's helping me, he's setting me free, I feel like a real person now, at peace with myself and the world and Kyler.

REAL SHIT

AYO PEEP THE REAL SHIT.. KNOWLEDGE BORN – I GOT THE SCIENCE. I WANT TO PUT YALL ON SOME REAL SHIT. I BEEN KNOWIN DAVID FOSTER WALLACE WAS A STRAIGHT PUSSY SINCE DAY 1. HOW A DUDE GON WRITE A BOOK LOOKIN LIKE THAT. MARK TWAIN – REAL DUDE – DESERTED THE CONFEDERATE CALVARY AND WENT OUT WEST BACK WHEN YOU COULD STILL GET YOUR SCALP TOOK JUST FOR BEIN WHITE IN A WAGON. DUDE WENT OUT THERE WITH NOTHIN TRYIN TO GET THAT CARSON CITY SILVER. GRIMEY. SLEEPIN WITH RATTLESNAKES IN MONO LAKE. NEXT THING YOU KNOW DUDE IS BACK IN MISSOURI ON SOME FLY SHIT CAPTAIN OF A STEAMBOAT LIKE FOR REAL A BOSS. THIS DUDE NEVER STOPPED MOVIN B DUDE KEPT MOVIN HIS WHOLE LIFE. SWAG. BUT NOW HOW WE GOT SO CALLED AUTHORS IN SCHOOL FROM AGE 4 TO 28 YOU KNOW LOCKED IN LIVIN LIKE A SCRUB. DFW WENT TO UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA I AINT TRYIN TO HEAR NOTHING ABOUT THAT GOD!!!! THESE DUDES MAYBE GOT TIME TO GET INTO SOMETHIN REAL FOR LIKE 2 WEEKS DURING WINTER VACATION AHAHAHA DUDES DOIN A PERILLO TOUR IN ITALY TRYIN TO GET LIKE MARK TWAIN!!! AHAHAHA AND FOR REAL I CAN TELL I CAN SNIFF YOU PUSSIES OUT TRYIN TO WRITE SOME REAL SHIT. THESE DUDES AINT GOT SHIT BASED IN REALITY. THESE DUDES MAKIN UP CHARACTERS LIKE OH MY GOD. A COMPUTER HACKER WHO PLAYS TENNIS - DA FUCK YOU TALKING ABOUT B??? I AINT TRYIN TO HEAR NONE OF THAT!!! DUDES TAKIN A NEW YORK TIMES OPED ABOUT CELLPHONES AND COFFEE AND TURNIN IT INTO 900 PAGE BOOK. MISS ME WITH THAT SHIT DOG PLEASE!! DUDES IS WHACK JUST STRAIGH UP WHACK AND YOU KNOW THAT AINT THE END OF IT. A MILLION PUSSIES RAISED ON THIS RIGHT SINCE THEY MOMMAS MADE THEM DECIDE AT AGE 13 WHAT THEY WANTED TO BE – A WRITER.

*LET ME FALL BACK THO I DONT WANNA GET TO HYPE ON
YOU DUDES*

PEACE TO THE REALNESS.

ONE.

Christian “Megazord” Oldham is a west coast based artist specializing in net art and video art.

<http://www.christianoldham.com/>

Hissbitch: What is your name?

Megazord: C.A.M.O.

M: wait

don't want to do this

no

you can't interview me

H: im only going to ask a few questions

M: not right now

H: well im only including works in the magazine that ive done tonight

M: ok

well

I'm not going to tell you my name

H: okay

M: next question

H: How old are you?

M: I'm not going to tell you my age

H: thats fine

M: next question

H: sorry my computer froze

How would you describe your oeuvre?

M: Simple

H: i wouldnt say that

M: well this is an interview

isn't it

you asked me a question

I responded

H: thats true

M: you didn't say it was a dialogue

H: Can you give any details regarding your creative process in your collaborative work DAED DOG 1999 with Yannick Val Gesto?

M: There were a lot of e-mails between the two of us.

H: Can you give any details on the creation or thoughts on this specific image(<http://www.christianoldham.com/M/dd1999/2.jpg>)?

M: No

wait

what is this for

exactl

H: its the best one right

M: y

H: a magazine im making tonight

to send out to people monday

M: to who

H: buckleysdead, unicorngirl, zizzlezazzle and who ever else wants a copy i guess

M: hm

well

it's not the best one

I don't want to talk about that image

that's my answer

H: The cube with the oval gradients is obstructing a picture beneath it.

Quite bluntly.

M: That's neither details on the creation or thoughts on the piece however

H: This is interesting because it is a collaborative piece and the obstruction of perhaps the other artist's work is very successful.

M: Okay

H: Was your next significant project after DAED DOG 1999 "Picture at an Exhibition"?

M: "Pictures at an exhibition"

and yes

H: A transition from experimental aesthetics to more conceptual work.

Do you agree?

A permanent transition?

M: I don't think that can be decided just yet

excuse me

I have to watch Purple Rain

maybe we can continue this another time

H: no

Thank you.

Humor

1. waking up in the morning with a boner is like winning a \$20 billabong giftcard
2. Amending the loophole in Islam that allows the tenability of the phrase, "I'd kill myself for a girlfriend."
- 3.



