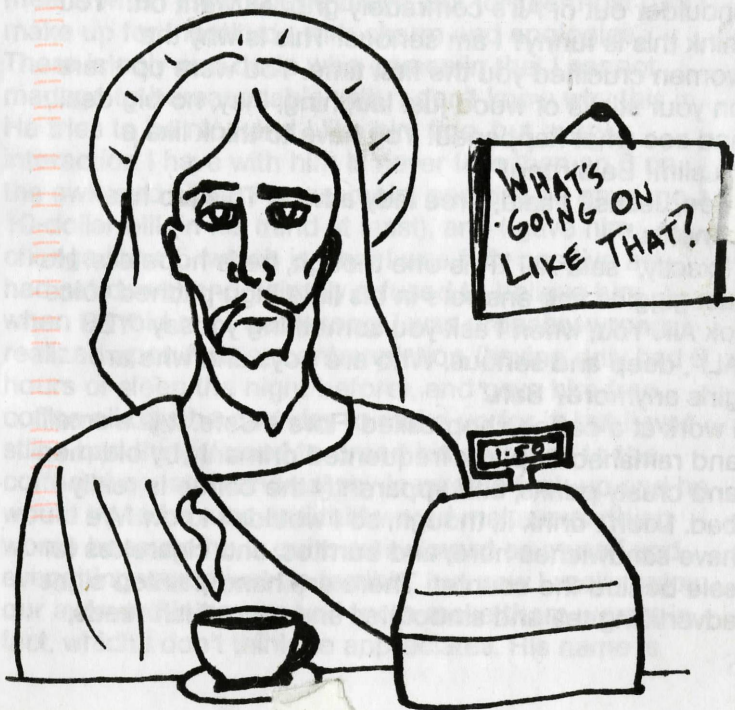


# THE NOSE KNOWS

Vol 1. is 47. special double issue!

Jesus. coffee. lady advice. soap operas.  
t.v. p.b. & j. puke. love. roses



## **Ladies and Gentlemen | by Happy**

I have a co-worker who my Iranian boss calls Jesus on account of his long hair and beard.

"Jesus," he was saying today, "Let me tell you something. You come from a woman. They know everything about you. What do you know about them? Nothing. Listen, I am telling you something! You have to watch out for them. They are dangerous. Listen!" Jesus was giggling nervously and trying to get his shoulder out of Ali's comradely grip. Ali went on: "You think this is funny? I am serious! This is why the women crucified you the first time. You were up there on your sticks of wood just laughing, 'hey, no big deal', and see what happened! You have to think like a Muslim! Be strong!"

"See, Jesus," I said, "free lady advice. This job has benefits."

"Exactly," said Ali. "This one though, he is hopeless. He just giggles and answers in his little high-pitched voice 'ok Ali'. You, when I ask you something you say "YES ALI", deep and serious. Who are boys and who are girls anymore? Bah."

I work at a coffee shop called Flora's Cafe. It is a small and ramshackle place frequented primarily by old men and crusty punks, and apparently the coffee is really bad. I don't drink it, though, so I wouldn't know. We have sandwiches here, and burritos, and cigarettes for sale behind the counter. There are hand-painted signs advertising tea and smoothies and one which reads,

cl "What's going on like that?" which is something like  
N Ali's catchphrase. People come in and drink their bad  
c coffee and smoke their American spirits and discuss  
v the sad state of New Orleans and the world in general  
l at the top of their lungs and I like it here pretty well.  
I am not a bad barista necessarily, considering I have  
only been here 2 weeks and don't know a damn thing  
about coffee. My cappuccinos are still not as luscious  
as they ought to be and I don't know what somebody  
means when they order a brev , but for the most part I  
make up for ineptitude with charm and apologies.  
There is only one dude who comes in that I cannot  
manage to be reasonable with. I don't know why this is.  
He tries to be nice and I like him fine, but every  
interaction I have with him is never less than an 8 on  
the awkward scale. For example, one day he gave me a  
10-dollar bill (in his mind at least), and I gave him  
change for a 5 (which is what I was fully positive he  
had set down) and I simply refused to believe him  
when he told me I was wrong. I was probably wrong, I  
realized upon further contemplation (having only had 3  
hours of sleep the night before), and gave him free  
coffee all day the next day to make up for it, but it was  
still a bad thing. I used to dread his entrance to the  
coffee shop, and wince at my inevitable fuck-up and he  
would try to be nice and that would make everything  
worse because he is quite as awkward as myself and  
everything would just be terrible, but now I really enjoy  
our awkward interactions. I try to make them worse, in  
fact, which I don't think he appreciates. His name is

Brandon or something and he is this young activist dude with a laptop and blue eyes. I want to make him my friend, but it is unlikely that will ever happen, considering.

I do have coffee shop friends, however, some more welcome than others, and some more easily described as 'suits'. The most ridiculous is a boy whose name I don't know and who never tips. He calls me by my name and hangs out at the counter, bullshitting and asking career advice.

"I just got a job at Hustler club today," he told me this morning, "do you think that was the right decision?"

"Sure, yeah, totally," I said, washing the dishes while talking. "You are probably making bank."

"Yeah, but it kind of sucks because, like, I have to look at tits and ass all day," he said.

He also belongs to the school of thought that the surest way into a lady's heart is to mooch off of her as much as possible; so every day he is bumming cigarettes and IOUing his coffee. He usually gets me back, but still he is not winning, I am afraid.

Lady advice for you, free of charge: Don't ask the barista out on a date while she is working. Don't ask for free things, accept them as magical boons when they happen, and don't bother being too grateful. Tip. Be as awkward as possible, and don't ever listen to Ali when he gives you lady advice.

## Alma Gemea | by robin stricklin

My mom broke her foot this summer so my dad bought a TV. Mom then got addicted to a novella (a soap opera that comes on nightly but only runs for a few months or maybe a year). This one is called Alma Gemea - "soul mate." I missed the first 6 months or so but am as much of an addict as my mom is now. It is bound to be over by the end of the year so here's the story so far.

It takes place in a small town outside of Sao Paulo in the 40's. The main export from the city is roses. Rafael owns the rose fields and flower shop. Rafael and Luna were soul mates, the perfect couple. But Luna's cousin, Christina, always wanted Rafael and Christina's mother, Debora, always wanted Rafael's money. So they had her murdered and later had to kill the man who killed Luna for them. Debora is really horrible and evil. Every episode she makes the maid cry. A woman from the jungle, Cerena, escapes her village that the white man has destroyed. She is in search of a white rose and somehow receives



Brandon or something and he is this vouna activist Luna's soul. So she and Rafael fall madly in love. Christina is pissed. She gets Rafael to sleep with her though as far as I can tell they didn't do it or anything. Then she tells him she is pregnant and says now they have to marry. Rafael insists on a pregnancy test. Debora hires an actual pregnant girl to go get a pregnancy test in Christina's name. After they marry, Christina gets one done with Rafael and the doctor says there isn't one. She "lost" the baby and uses this "miscarriage" to get all kinds of pity from Rafael. Rafael and Luna's mother, Agnes, hired a detective from Sao Paulo to investigate Luna's death but now he is mostly trying to prove that Christina was never actually pregnant in the first place. The detective is in love with Agnes but she refuses his advances saying she is too old for him and has lost her heart since her husband and children have all died.

Raul runs the flower shop and used to be married to Olivia who owns the restaurant. They have two kids, Mirella and a younger redheaded bratty son.

Mirella is in love with the only child of Rafael and Luna, Felipe. He loves her too but they are 16 or 17 and star-crossed lovers. Both of them cry a lot. There are two waiters. One is young and in love with Mirella. The other, George, is from Sao Paulo and kinda sketch. Olivia is in love with the chef, Victor. He has the best moustache I've ever seen. They plan to go to Uruguay and elope as soon as she pays off all the debts on the restaurant. She keeps all her money in a hatbox. Raul gets his son to tell him where Olivia keeps her money and arranges to steal it. The day the money was stolen Victor was seen going into the house alone and so is blamed for the robbery. Olivia believes the story because as far as she knows only he and her children knew where the money was hidden. The redheaded brat says he never told anyone outside of the family. Obviously he doesn't realize he's done anything wrong and wants his dad back. Olivia is totally screwed. She has lost her love, her chef and is about to lose her restaurant. Raul is scheming to get the

... something and he is this young activist

restaurant. Oh and also he knows that the rose fields are on top of an iron bed. Rafael loves his roses so refuses to sell the land but Raul is scheming to get at the iron anyway. Christina is in on this plan with him.

Victor is the oldest son of the woman who owns the town boarding house. Most of the scenes that take place here involve a lot of yelling. There are always like 20 people there. The next oldest is Leila. She is pregnant with Raul's baby but when he left her she married a nice, poor orphan. His grandfather finds him and it turns out he is loaded. Before she found this out though she agreed to have a pregnancy test in Christina's name for a large sum of money. The detective and the town doctor, Eduardo, have found this out but have no proof of it so have not told Rafael. The next oldest is Helio. He has received the soul of Luna's dead brother and was the one who found Cerena and brought her to the boarding house to live. He is in love with a black girl and when she



business of eating. as **Pi** proceeded to terrorize the

comes over his mother always faints. The youngest is a girl who is also in love with Felipe. There is also a family who lives on a farm. Dad and two 20 something children, Crispin and Mirna. They have awesome backwoods accents and allowed a hot, big-chested blonde named Angel to live with them after her father kicked her out. For what I don't know but she talks to the duck about her problems and feeds the chickens wearing high heels and tight, revealing dresses. Mirna is in love with George but he wants in Angel's pants and keeps making passes at her. To get back at him Angel tells Crispin he'd better get ready for an engagement party for Mirna and George. Oh and someone keeps breaking into their house at night to steal food.



## The Great American Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich Eating Contest, Part II: Iowa | by Asia

Look, it's not like I set out to have PB&J contests all over the country or anything, but upon my arrival in Iowa I was greeted by hoards of indignant Nose Knows fans. "Nine and 3/4ths?!?" Jamie Schweser shouted, "That's pathetic." This sentiment was echoed over and over by various Iowans until I finally agreed to hold an Iowa City PB&J contest. Now, to be honest, I don't actually have that many friends here in Iowa, and I certainly didn't have the luxury of, say, two touring bands sleeping in my basement that I could wake up and force to compete. I was reduced to going to Wing Night and inviting the obnoxious (yet gluttonous) ex-boyfriend of **Laura Kelly** (one **Bradman**) to compete. As he and **Laura** yelled back and forth about the smallness of his wiener and whether or not she had done it with his 'business associate', I managed to blurt out, "Hey you wanna be in a peanut butter and jelly sandwich eating contest?" The Bradman was immediately intrigued. "Can we do it on my TV show?" he asked. "Hell's yeah!" I replied. "Awesome! I'll buy milk! Man, maybe someone will puke! That'd be great!" he said. Holy smokes! T.V.! This was going to be the best pb & j contest ever!

I called up my contestants and told them it was on. My friend Billy used his food stamps to buy three loaves of

business of eating as **Pi** proceeded to terrorize the

bread, two huge tubs of creamy peanut butter, and a jar each of strawberry preserves and grape jelly. It doesn't really get any more American than stealing resources meant for the underprivileged in order to celebrate an orgy of excessive overeating. And it would all be televised!

On the fateful night, we all convened in the studio of PATV. Bradman informed me that he couldn't compete because he had to host his show, but his janitor, **Travis**, would represent for the home team. The other contestants were: **Doug** (the Man in Black), **Simon** (Pacific Northwest in the house!) and **Cool Z** (Rapper's Delight). From the beginning, you could tell these three guys were serious. **Doug** was a powerhouse of quiet and dedicating eating, wasting no time on chitchat or theatrics. **Simon** had thoughtfully donned safety goggles, which was good, cause he sent those sandwiches flying! **Cool Z** was well prepared with vegetable bouillon and mint tea to aid his digestion. The caliber of competitors was excellent. Well, all except **Travis**, who punked out after a measly 1 3/4 sandwiches, blaming his earlier intake of a large lemonade. No problem, Brad's cameraman, **Little Nicky**, stepped up to the plate and proceeded to demolish four sandwiches in ten minutes (washed down with chocolate milk!). Our four competitors were neck-in-neck.

Competition was serious now. **Cool Z** undid his jumpsuit and stripped down to his tank top. He plugged in

Bradman or something and he is this young activist

his iPod and began listening to inspirational music. **Simon** shouted for more water. **Doug** motioned for more sandwiches. The count: **40 mins to go: Doug: 8, Simon: 7 1/2, Cool Z: 7, Little Nicky: 6**. The crowd was getting excited. Perhaps a little too excited, because at this point, **Bradman** threw a temper tantrum.

**Bradman:** "You all need to get out of here!"

**Asia (confused):** "What?"

**B (irate):** "You need to get out of here!"

**A:** But the contest isn't over. We still have 1/2 an hour to go."

**B (pissed off):** "Look, get out. Who won? Get out."

**A (more confused):** "Nobody won yet, the contest isn't over."

**B:** "ALL OF YOU, OUT! Except you, **Little Nicky**."

The **Bradman's** lackeys ushered all the contestants, myself, and the *entire studio audience* out of the room. We clustered in the hallway as they brought out our belongings and then locked the door and drew the shades. Well, fucked if I am going to stop an eating contest in the middle! I asked the station director if we could continue in the hall, and he gave us the okay. Yes! We were back on.

**Doug** went outside to smoke a cigarette (perfectly legal), **Simon** ran sprints up and down the hall, and **Cool Z** stripped off his tank top. All three of them got back to the

business of eating, as **Pi** proceeded to terrorize the **Bradman** with prank calls. "Hey fatty, give me back my peanut butter!" she yelled into **Cool Z's** cell phone. This elicited a rant about hipsters from el **Brado**. **20 mins to go: Doug: 10, Simon: 9 1/2, Cool Z: 9**. Doug announced that he was done. "Just wanted to beat the kids in Columbia," he said, letting out a peanut-scented belch and patting his tummy. **Simon** finished his 1/2 a sandwich and looked expectantly over at **Cool Z** who was manfully starting on **sandwich 10**. There were **15 minutes left**. Halfway into **sandwich 10**, **Cool Z** looked up and asked, "So, if I'm gonna puke, where should I do it?" "It's too bad **Bradman**, locked us out," I said, ruefully. **Pi** ran behind the counter and got him a garbage can. "Dude, just finish this last one and it can be a three-way tie," said **Simon**. **Cool Z** just looked at him and shook his head.

Meanwhile, some sort of board meeting let out upstairs, and trustees for the T.V. station filled the hallway. **Cool Z** was not looking good. He dipped his sandwich in his bouillon and chewed manfully. He got up and moved to a new seat. Only 1/4 of a sandwich left to go! Except, oh no, what was this? On the floor by his old seat a soggy bit of bouillon-soaked sandwich lay forlornly on the floor, just begging to be eaten. **Cool Z** did what needed to be done. Trustees looked on in horror as this



shirtless grown man scarfed it up. With **5 minutes** left to go, our three remaining contestants were tied at **10 sandwiches** each.

"Great job," I started to say, when I was stopped by a look from **Cool Z**. Eyes wild, he gestured for a new sandwich. "For real?" I said. He didn't speak, just nodded and held his hand out. Awed, I gave him his **eleventh sandwich**. **Doug** turned to **Simon**. "We gonna let this happen?" he asked. **Simon** turned to me. "Come on, hit me." I handed them both sandwiches. A hush filled the room. Even the disdainful trustees were silent. **2 minutes left**. The room was filled with the sound of chewing. And then suddenly: "OH, NO! THAT WAS IT!" **Cool Z's** face was a mask of PB & J induced pain, as his distended cheeks did their best to contain the stream of vomit, which issued forth like a geyser. **Doug** and **Simon** averted their eyes. **Laura Kelly** said, "Don't worry! I'll clean it up! This is what I do for a living!" The trustees were mortified. "Time?" **Simon** croaked out, still looking away. I checked my cell phone. "Time," I replied.

**The final score: Doug: 10 3/4 sandwiches, Simon: 10 5/8 sandwiches, Cool Z: disqualified, Little Nicky: 6 sandwiches, Travis: 1 3/4 sandwiches.**

*Afterword: One of the trustees got really pissed and wanted to know who was going to pay to have the carpet*

cleaned. I told her, "Look, **Laura** is cleaning it up **RIGHT NOW**, and if you have any carpet cleaner or whatever she could use it!" The trustee asked if we would come back with carpet cleaner and I said, "Hell no! You tell the **Bradman** to come back and clean it up, because it's his fault we are out here in the first place!" The station director said, "We are closed. Get out." **Cool Z** said, "Has anyone seen my hat?" The station director said, "Look, you've got five minutes to put on your clothes and get out." In the end, the **Bradman** agreed to pay for the carpet cleaning. See? He's not such a bad guy after all!



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