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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 2006

Sex With Strangers (Hint: It's better with bacon)



Last weekend, I decided it would be a good idea to ply my wares in public.

Yep, seemingly out of the blue I had the

pleasure of attending an erotic writing workshop at the [Writing Pad](#) in the uber-hip Silverlake region of Los Angeles County. Run by the charming Marilyn Friedman, [Writing Pad](#) (located in a divinely minimal mid-century shotgun shack) offers up guided free writing workshops (amongst other writing related classes) paired with gourmet appetizers by a local caterer, [Susan Yoon](#). What could constitute a better way to spend a gloriously sunny Saturday that talking dirty over watermelon gazpacho with a prosciutto crisp? Very little, apparently.

Honey, I handed over my afternoon and 40 clams faster than you could say "hornier than a ten peckered owl." And yes, I can now

ABOUT ME



BRIANA
LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA,
UNITED STATES

Millions for nonsense, but not one cent for entropy.

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honestly vouch for the fact that EVERYTHING is better with bacon.

Mmmm, bacon.

I have been writing (and occasionally publishing) since I was a mean teen version of my current self but my public output has been basically nil for the past five or six years. You probably already know how the rest of this goes... Thanks to Corporate America, the increasing speed that time seems to dissolve at, boyfriends, general lethargy, other creative pursuits, lack of discipline, an inhumanly short attention span... and what ever else you might want to chalk it up to, I've let this part of my [persona](#), the writer, slip to the back of the stage until I began to worry that she had all but faded into the scenery.

Though I never venture out of the house without my trusty moleskin and a pen, sometimes a little collaboration is good for getting your engine revved up. I originally discovered [Writing Pad](#) via the singular [Flavorpill](#) and after a week of hemming and hawing I finally decided to give them a call and see if there was the remote chance that they might still have an opening... well, I think my exact thought was "What the fuck!", which is pretty apropos, considering.

Marilyn is a great facilitator – unthreatening and supportive, yet not without a serious dosage of wry humor(necessary to hang in my circle, as ya'll well know by now). Now, I feel it's important to note here that in general, I despise the concept of free writing. In fact, I'm a huge fan of my inner critic – no offense to [Natalie Goldberg](#) - but it's true. Therefor, I jumped into this scenario feeling not only rusty but fighting some serious prejudices to boot. And at the risk of sounding like a cheerleader, it was a great experience– everyone was fun, supportive, expressive and most of all uninhibited. I even had a chance meeting with one of my favorite [food bloggers](#) (and I feel the need to mention her taste in clothes that is equally as fabulous as her taste in restaurants). I left the [Writing Pad](#) sated, enthused, and more than ready to spend some well-deserved private time with my favorite pen. And

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what's more is: I'm ready to do it all over again.

POSTED BY BRIANA AT 11:31 AM 7 COMMENTS

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 2006

Waiter, I'll Have What She's Having... [Revisited]

Happy
Birthday,
Lady
Linoleum!

At
lunchtime
today, I
had the
honor of
taking one



of my favorite bloggers, artists, collaborators and real life friends out for a celebratory meal in honor of her birthday. It was also an excellent excuse to ditch the cube farm and head across the rubble formerly know as Santa Monica Blvd to the cholesterol packin' pleasure dome that is [Clementine Bakery](#).

We both scored big with the lunch special – half an egg salad sandwich (with homemade mayo and tart pickles, 'natch) and rich roasted tomato soup. This topped only by the accompanying coconut-rum-raisin butter cookie that was so extravagantly fattening that I believe if you look carefully you can see it currently protruding off of my right hip.

Addendum:

This was actually part of a much longer post on the nature of intimacy, the blogosphere, chaos theory and chance connections in a freewhelling universe. The beauty of writing, for me, is that it is my sole creative output where I feel that my control over the

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