

# REVIEW COPY - NOT FOR SALE OR PUBLIC DISTRIBUTION

Title: Do Not Feed the Clown

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Release: Dec. 10 2019

Publisher: Tenth Street Press

Distributor: Ingram

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Categories: Satire, Parodies, Dark Humor

## Description:

Do Not Feed The Clown is a box full of satirical delights and irreverent parodies. Consisting of 34 short works, it highlights the absurdities of our socio-political climate, tackles the mayhem of our news cycle, and highlights the inconsistencies of our cultural norms. This is a countercultural book, a bit of a challenge to the system, but in a lighthearted way and in the tradition of the court jester. The author, Matt Nagin, had his work banned from Funny or Die, which, let's face it, is all the more reason for you to read this book!

ISBN: 978-0-6484802-6-6 (digital)

978-0-6484802-7-3 (6X9 paperback)

Retailer: <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B081BBPV4K/>

## **THIS EDITION**

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Published by Tenth Street Press 2019

Cover design by Dominique Bloink

ISBN 10: 0-6484802-6-7

ISBN 13: 978-0-6484802-6-6

Also available in 6X9 inch paperback

ISBN 10: 0-6484802-7-5

ISBN 13: 978-0-6484802-7-3



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**TENTH STREET PRESS**  
**MELBOURNE SEATTLE LONDON**

[www.tenthstreetpress.com](http://www.tenthstreetpress.com)

Email: [contact@tenthstreetpress.com](mailto:contact@tenthstreetpress.com)

“Rejection Letters For Famous Authors” originally appeared in *The Higgs-Weldon*.

“Confessions of A Potted Plant” originally appeared in *Points In Case*.

“A Misanthropic Guide to the Holidays” originally appeared in *The Satirist*.

“Insensitivity Training at Dunkin' Donuts” originally appeared in *Robot Butt*.

“Children Beg To Return To Cages” originally appeared in *The Daily Squib*.

“Suicide Is In Again” originally appeared in *The People's Cube*.

“Four Hot Stock Picks From Satanwater Destructive Capital” originally appeared in *Points In Case*.

“In Defense of Sorority Slang” originally appeared in *Points In Case*.

“Love Now Traded on NYSE” originally appeared in *Humor Times*.

“Brutally Honest Marketing Copy” originally appeared in *Points In Case*.

## **DEDICATION**

This book is dedicated to my grandma, Sylvia  
Nagin, an artist, a generous soul, and an  
inspiration to me. She will be missed but not  
forgotten.

# WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT MATT NAGIN

## **PRAISE FOR MATT NAGIN**

"Brilliantly irreverent..."

—Lee Levitt, *The Jewish Chronicle*

"Ridiculously funny...a stellar success."

—Alexis Yoo, *Stagebuddy*

"Weirdly wonderful...outrageous."

—Richard Propes, *The Independent Critic*

"Delightful to watch...[Matt] really does steal the show."

—Zachary Flint, *The Great Movie Debate*

"Clever...innovative....[Matt] is playing with the form and getting great results."

—Rick Overton, *Emmy Winning Writer, Actor, and Comedian*

## **PRAISE FOR FROM THE FRIDGE TO THE CRACKERJACK BOX**

"Nagin's short essays mix Frank Zappa, Lewis J. Carroll, and Monty Python together with post Beatnik wacky introspection... An automatic attitude adjuster for those who wish to use comedy to feel good and relieved of woes."

—Ferris Butler, *Former Writer on Saturday Night Live*

"Matt Nagin clearly has a unique, clever way

with words and storytelling. His collection of humorous works is a definite must have for everyone who has a sense of humor. There hasn't been anyone around this funny in a very long time!"

—Donna Siggers, *Author of "Broken"*

## **PRAISE FOR BUTTERFLIES LOST WITHIN THE CROOKED MOONLIGHT**

"Kerouac and Ginsberg also understood poetry as effusion, and Nagin seems to have learned much from these countercultural icons. Powerful verse from a writer of real talent."

—*Kirkus Reviews*

"More personal than W.H. Auden (*The Shield Of Achilles*), more gut-wrenching than Robert Frost (*The Lovely Shall Be Choosers*). Dystopian power in forty-five poems."

—Jim Bennett, *Jim Bennett Reviews (5 Stars)*

"It's a distinctive style Matt Nagin has and his book deserves...applause. This is a must read."

—Katie Lewington, *Flying Through The Pages Book Review (4.5 Stars)*

"Nagin delivers in stark and jarring completeness."

—Erin Nichole Cochran, *Readers' Favorite (5 stars)*

## **PRAISE FOR FEAST OF SAPPHIRES**

"Nagin *feels* his work, writing it with gritted teeth, through a pen as sharp as a razor, and his cynicism is smart and infectious. Poetry of the highest quality."

—Matt McAvoy, *Matt McAvoy's Reviews*

"If you are a lover of poetry, you'll really enjoy what's inside this book."

—Lisa Binion, *Lisa's Writopia*

"Nagin's work easily gets four stars. Highly recommended."

—Jim Bennett, *Jim Bennett Reviews* (4 Stars)

"This collection is full of riches...one of the best I've read in a while."

—P. D. Dawson, *P. D. Dawson Reviews* (5 stars)

## **NOTEWORTHY READER REVIEWS**

"Excellent stuff! Nagin's book is the real deal. If Harlan Ellison were a poet, this is the book he would write."

—Larry Ryals

"Intense, enthralling, and wonderfully amusing."

—Barry Dayton

"Verses of boyish splendor."

—Elisa Hui

"Edgar Allan Poe with Balls!"

—Todd Montesi

"I keep rereading these texts and would like to share how inspirational they are."

-Julio Arraes

**MATT HAS BEEN BANNED ON FUNNY OR DIE! TO FIND OUT  
WHY HIS ACCOUNT WAS TAKEN DOWN KEEP READING!!!!**



## THE CONTENTS

GO FUND MY EXTRATERRESTRIAL LAW SUIT

A BRIEF GUIDE TO HELL

BRUTALLY HONEST MARKETING COPY

GLORIOUS CASTING NOTICES

JEWISH MOTHER GIVES THE GREAT COMICS NOTES

IMAGINARY CRAIGSLIST ADS

CONFESSIONS OF A POTTED PLANT

NEW APPS

CONVERSATIONS WITH STANLEY

A ZAGAT GUIDE TO DRONE OPERATORS

A MISANTHROPIC GUIDE TO THE HOLIDAYS

REJECTION LETTERS FOR FAMOUS AUTHORS

FOUR HOT STOCK PICKS FROM SATANWATER DESTRUCTIVE  
CAPITAL

IN DEFENSE OF SORORITY SLANG

INSTEAD OF MY MEMOIR

ROASTS GONE BONKERS!!!

SEX ROBOT COMPLAINT LETTERS

ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE INSURANCE

LETTERS FROM THE MANAGEMENT

GAY CONVERSION THERAPY 2.0

CONFESSIONS OF A WAYWARD SANTA

NEW COURSE OFFERINGS AT THE LEARNING ANNEX

HORRIBLE PLATITUDES

IN LOVE WITH A SUICIDE BOMBER

CHILDREN BEG TO RETURN TO CAGES

SAD RESUMES

LSA TRIP ADVISOR

DETROIT PIZZA AND OTHER STRANGE OFFERINGS

THE SECRET DIARY OF TIM COOK

INSENSITIVITY TRAINING AT DUNKIN' DONUTS

SUICIDE IS IN AGAIN

NEW PROTOCOLS AT ABC

YELP REVIEWS OF THE CRUCIFIXION

LOVE NOW TRADED ON THE NYME

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

# Go Fund My Extraterrestrial Law Suit

\$8.50 of \$12,000,000,000,000

*Raised by 2 people in 86 days*

HELP SUPPORT MATT NAGIN, A MAN ABDUCTED BY ANGRY EXTRATERRESTRIALS

*Note: Help us reach our funding goals! We're now accepting the following payment methods: Cash, Credit, Check, Money Order, Bank Wire, Promissory Note, Collectibles [no corny action figures please], Goat Herds, Legal and Illegal Tender, Human Kidneys [on ice only], Real and Fake Gold, Blood Oath [or a pledge to Satan], Bitcoin, Gift Certificates, and an All-Inclusive Vacation To Bora Bora.*

## Story

On July 4<sup>th</sup> 2015, while friends watched fireworks and barbecued in the park, I was abducted by The Klongors-vile, belligerent twelve-foot aliens. These heartless, malformed bastards repeatedly sexually assaulted me.

It was nightmarish. They fastened my arms to a trapezoidal gurney and made weird noises in my ear most closely resembling a pigeon having a heart attack. Telepathically, they filled my dreams with slime (my nights were a cross between *You Can't Do That On Television* and *Saw III*). Worst of all they performed the dreaded anal probe (which is best described as a colonoscopy with a scope larger than a heating pipe).

After seemingly endless torture, I was dumped in a cornfield outside Parsippany, New Jersey. It was only after years of psychotherapy and several stints at Meadowview Psychiatric Hospital that I managed to return to my head waiter position at Fuddruckers (where I no longer serve Original Fudds Burgers with quite the same joie de vivre). As if all this was not enough, I seemed to enjoy parts of the anal probe—if I'm to be completely honest—and now have an intense fear that I'm gay (my church pastor suggests castration at St. John's Episcopal Hospital).

The physiological impairments were equally debilitating. It took years of physical therapy before I could stand up without clutching my side and groaning. Today, by the grace of God, I can walk again—albeit with a limp (when doing so I most closely resemble a clueless tourist who got gang raped by gay droogs in outfits straight out of *A Clockwork Orange*). What is more, the Klongors used highly unsanitary tools, and, as a result, I have ongoing gastrointestinal issues (I crap my pants more often than a toddler overdosing on Miralax).

My intention is to sue the Klongors, the MS-13 gang of The Whirlpool Galaxy. But my lawyer tells me sexual assault regulations work very differently 23 million light years from Earth. The Klongors have no concept akin to #metoo, which they consider even dumber than our infomercials on QVC. Victims of sexual assault are perennially ignored on Klongonia, particularly when unsubstantiated, hyperbolic claims are shared on Wongaziland, their version of Twitter. What is more, on Klongonia, an anal

probe is considered an act of generosity for which you should arrive bearing gifts.

At the behest of my lawyer, I subpoenaed the Klongors to appear in NY State Supreme Court—an ineffective proposition to say the least. Not only did they ignore all court injunctions, my friend at S.E.T.I. couldn't solicit so much as a lowly radar signal. Hence, I've begun pursuing my only other option—raising funds to travel to Klongonia, where matters are settled via Slime Teleportation Contest (the more slime you teleport the bigger the financial retribution).

My idea is to tweak a Space X rocket to travel in hyperdrive on unleaded gas (since the RP-1 and LOX [liquid oxygen] Elon Musk normally employ are way out of my budget). Ancillary expenses include spacesuits, astronaut ice-cream, a Blu-Ray DVD player (there is no Netflix once you pass Pluto), and intergalactic parking tickets.

Please understand my plans are not nearly as half-baked as they sound. Tony Robbins seminars have shown me the way (if I can walk on hot coals than I can explore binary star systems on the verge of Type Ia Supernova). Plus, my lawyer informs me, the time is right to make a cosmic statement about the utterly selfish way superior alien races obtain medical data at the expense of our incredibly vulnerable gastrointestinal tract.

In closing, the Klongors endlessly abuse their privileged status in the universe. We cannot allow ourselves to continually be exploited by the scum of deep space! We must insist upon our right to a voice—and not just on *The Maury Povich Show*!

My hope is that we can one day live on a planet as virtuous as the one we visited on the way back from my anal plundering—a magical, rocky land where taciturn jellyfish dominate (so there was no groping, indecent exposure, or secret buttons under desks that trap victims). With your 12 trillion dollar donation—or, hopefully, slightly more—you can help make the space-time continuum a place we are all proud to inhabit!

# A Brief Guide To Hell

Welcome to hell! Our only goal here is ruthless torture. If at any point you feel the slightest tinge of enjoyment, notify a whipmaster who will promptly beat the satisfaction right out of you.

Many of you are wondering—at this juncture—if this pit of ghastly flames is really worse than a California Forest Fire? ABSOLUTELY. It's worse than debating Black Lives Matter on Reddit with a gender-neutral cat lady.

That said, because we receive more than 10 million hate letters per day—none of which we reply to (our customer service operators have a lousier temper than Alec Baldwin)—we've provided this brief Q&A (which is really just another excuse to belittle you).

1) It's absurdly hot down here. Make it stop!

*You mock nobility, trash the ten commandments, and still feel you deserve central air? Would you also like a Viking sub-zero refrigerator with a no-frost freezer compartment? Face facts—you're doomed.*

2) My neighbors won't stop screaming. What is going on?

*Platinum-level-sufferers have echo-inducing-torture-chambers that amplify each scream to thunderous decibels. Gold-level-sufferers get beaten by a barbed horse whip till they whine like vegans when the health food store runs out of spirulina. Blue-level-sufferers are disemboweled to the point where they go deaf from listening to their own wretched pleas for help played back for them on an Alexa (Amazon gets tax breaks in hell too). Of course, if you join our Painful Rewards Club Program, hell is even more agonizing.*

3) This place is filled with smoke. Yet

everywhere I look there is a No Smoking Sign. Why?

The Board of Damnation deemed cigarettes a fire hazard.

4) Cigarettes are a fire hazard? Isn't hell already burning?

Yes. Hell is burning. But Satan is a control-freak. There are no flames in hell his puppet government, The House of Damnation, doesn't pre-approve. The House of Damnation further provides a labyrinthine manual filled with arcane rules more difficult to decipher than a four hour lecture by Jacques Derrida. The goal is to guarantee you choke on smoke for all eternity-but never the Marlboro you desire.

5) This place is considerably smaller than Dante's Inferno. Why?

We sold half our smoldering plantations to The Toll Brothers, who dominate an even more unwieldy real estate empire in heaven than on Earth. They've gutted the torture chambers, purchased air rights, and put up towering condos at half-the price of gated communities in the clouds. They offer angels idyllic amenities such as a hot-as-hell-slime pools (that boil you alive) and gyms featuring The Sisyphus 5000 (you thrust a chained bolder up a hill only to have it roll back onto you). The market for these condos has gone through the stratosphere—a surprising development given that this stratosphere is so goddamn far away.

6) Is there any entertainment down here?

You can watch Amy Schumer's "The Leather Special."

7) Anything else?

We have a lake of fire. When Satan feels like it you go in it.



8) My Samsung Galaxy Note 7 exploded. What's that about?

*They do so on Earth as well.*

9) No, seriously, why do all cell phones stop working down here?

*No service this close to the Earth's core (except for a small chamber within the Ninth Circle Of Hell where Satan has his own Wi-Fi router). If you want to send a message, we suggest rubbing a few twigs together to create a smoke signal.*

10) What's with all the tanning beds?

*Those are burn chambers.*

11) How exactly do Burn Chambers work?

*You are projected into a torture pit, gripped by metal rods, and electroshocked on the hour. There are three settings: crispy, smoky, and nuclear fireball. It doesn't matter what you request. You always get all three. First, you are made crispy as hell, then you get smoky, and finally you get singed by a nuclear fireball. Some sufferers exit the Burn Chamber with a giant fin piercing through the back of their shirt that makes others cry "shark!"*

12) I noticed my whipmaster had a pentagram necklace. Where'd he get it?

*Demonic Gifts. Sixth Circle of Hell – right behind the tarantula pits. They also sell scythes, goat heads, and lectures by Wayne Dyer.*

13) How come in the elevator ride down here all they played is Taylor Swift?

*She's on our payroll. As are Lindsey Graham, Rachel Maddow, and The Dali Lama.*

14) Can I ever get out of here?

*You can apply for an internal transfer to heaven. There is an application process involving a four-thousand page personal essay,*

ninety-seven standardized tests, and a routine impalement via Ken Burns documentaries (they will be driven like a stake into your heart until you beg us to make it stop).

15) Where do I sign up?

You need to wait a billion years before you can qualify. Once you qualify, then you can begin the process of waiting in line. Once you wait in line, then you can begin the process of being interviewed. Once you are interviewed, you can begin the process of waiting in another line. Then you will be rejected.

16) A friend told me there are no parties in heaven, yet hell has a terrific nightlife. Accurate?

Yes. In heaven there is one bar, Joy To The World, that serves cups of light (i.e. it's less happening than an A.A Meeting). Hell, though, has a lively scene that can best be compared to Mardi Gras. True the fireball shots give you instant throat cancer, and when you throw beads at young ladies they castrate you—but, all in all, it gets better Yelp Reviews than 'Eternal Paradise.'

17) Does hell really have S&M clubs?

Absolutely. Dozens of them. Of course, regardless of preference, you will be the gimp. But this was always your fate, wasn't it? Might as well get freaky, and, against all odds, at least marginally enjoy it.

## Brutally Honest Marketing Copy

Facebook – We've sold your personal information to Cambridge-Analytica, which now knows more about you than your subconscious. Why? Because our company is run by an entitled maniac whose sole objective is world domination.

White Castle – If the criminals loitering outside White Castle don't kill you, our pseudo-meat will. Order a Castle Pack of nine burgers and some fries—through bulletproof glass—and expect to get hauled away in a body bag.

Tom's Of Maine – Desperate for your friends and family to stop visiting? Pray every night that your ex-girlfriend will quit stalking? Then try an organic deodorant guaranteed to keep those in your social circle at least fifty yards away. Thanks to the organic properties of Tom's of Maine (aka its lack of functioning), you'll soon become a bearded, muttering recluse who pays his rent by collecting cans.

San Pellegrino – Sure, it's sparkling. Okay, the aftertaste is decent. But eight dollars for a bottle of water lousier than Canada Dry? Seriously, how classy can a bubbly be that's sold at Wawa? Suckers!

Time Warner Cable – Enjoy paying exorbitant fees for a DVR box that refuses to acknowledge the existence of your remote control? Find it appealing that your cable box freezes for hours at a time while you gnash your teeth and plot the destruction of our galaxy? Act now and we'll throw in internet that doesn't work and a home phone line that ensures you're hounded by idiotic

telemarketers that barely speak English. Plus, sign up today and keep your \$129.99 rate for a full year—even after you hang yourself. That's right. We won't raise your rates—even after you're dead!

Sunny Delight – Nine out of ten porn stars on BDSM sites described Sunny Delight "as exactly like drinking piss." They would know.

CVS – We now insist that all customers ring themselves up. Scan your courtesy card, bag your groceries, and then thank yourself for being a valuable unpaid employee. Next we're gonna have you redo our plumbing! Why? Because our only competition is godforsaken Duane Reade!

Uber – All customers get to ride in vehicles operated by a totally unregulated drivers who most often are complete sociopaths. That's right. You'll be paying top dollar to risk getting kidnapped, sodomized, and dismembered. Is Uber otherwise safe? No. If the driver doesn't murder you the way he races the wrong way down a one way street while adjusting his GPS might. And for those who think a negative review will preclude maniacal behavior... please! Deranged lunatics can withstand negative feedback on a digital interface no one reads.

EarthLink – Your free email account comes with the lousiest security features imaginable. Expect daily subjugation to hackers who distribute endless penis-enlargement ads to all your contacts. When you call EarthLink to complain, rude customer service reps will run through the same forty-six steps they follow in all situations. After completing this tedious process they'll hang up on you. You'll call back, endure

the same six hour ordeal, only to be hung up on once again. You'll call once more, threatening to murder every last employee in their Bombay office, tying your phone card around your neck, and bashing your printer with a baseball bat before punching yourself repeatedly in the nuts. Next they will tell you there is nothing they can do. And you thought Gmail sucked!

Tabasco-Spiced Slim Jims – Tired of the lean, grass-fed beef at your local butcher? Feel Peter Luger's doesn't quite match the hype? Then try Tabasco-Spiced Slim Jims, a horrid treat that tastes exactly like moldy shoe leather. This low-grade product will rip up your esophagus, induce a stomach ulcer, and, in all likelihood, cause rapid death via toxic megacolon (you get what you pay for).

A.I.G. – We're an insurance agency that protects against calamity. Yet during the economic meltdown of 2008 we're the ones who needed billions in public funds. If we stand for anything it's hypocrisy!

Chipotle – Our food quality standards keep getting lower. E. coli is rampant. But we can't just poison you for free. Hence, from now on there will be a \$1.69 E. coli surcharge. Bon Appétit!

J.C. Penny – We're a legacy business built for a dying mall structure that simply can't compete. Our clothing is perfect for a civil war reenactment. Plus, our customer service is a series of interconnected hate crimes. It's reached the point where we're hoping to sell our J.C. Penny stores themselves on Amazon.

Costa Cruises – Thought the sinking of *The Titanic* was cool? Long to drown in the company of your peers? Then sail our newest ship, *Costa Magica*, into the bottom of The Mediterranean Sea (on the exact route taken by *The Costa Concordia* 2)! Bon Voyage!

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Matt Nagin is a writer, educator, actor, filmmaker, and standup comedian. Matt has taught college writing at seven universities in the NYC area, among them Fordham, Long Island University, and The Fashion Institute of Technology. In 2018, his poem, "If We Are Doomed," won The Spirit First Editor's Choice Award. Another poem, "Birds Singing In His Chest," was published in the anthology "New York's Best Emerging Poets 2019." He has two poetry books available on Amazon, "Butterflies Lost Within The Crooked Moonlight," and "Feast of Sapphires," both of which have obtained very strong critical and reader reviews. Kirkus Reviews, for example, referred to Matt's first book as "powerful verse from a writer of real talent."

Matt's first collection of humorous writings, "From the Fridge to the Crackerjack Box", was published in 2007, and since then he's had satirical work showcased in The Humor Times, The Satirist, Robot Butt, Points In Case, The Higgs-Weldon, The New York Post, and many others. He also wrote/directed a short film, "Inside Job," that won awards on the festival circuit, such as Best Short at The Mediterranean Film Festival Cannes and Best Supporting Actor at the Nice International Film Festival.

As an actor, Matt has appeared on a wide range of TV and film programs, most recently in a Co-Star role in a scene with Al Pacino, in a new Amazon series, "Hunters," produced by Jordan Peele. Matt has further

performed standup in seven countries, on The Dr. Steve Show, The Wendy Williams Show, and at The Edinburgh Comedy Festival. A survivor of Crohn's disease, for thirty years, Matt was granted The Crohn's and Colitis Foundation's 2019 Mission Award.