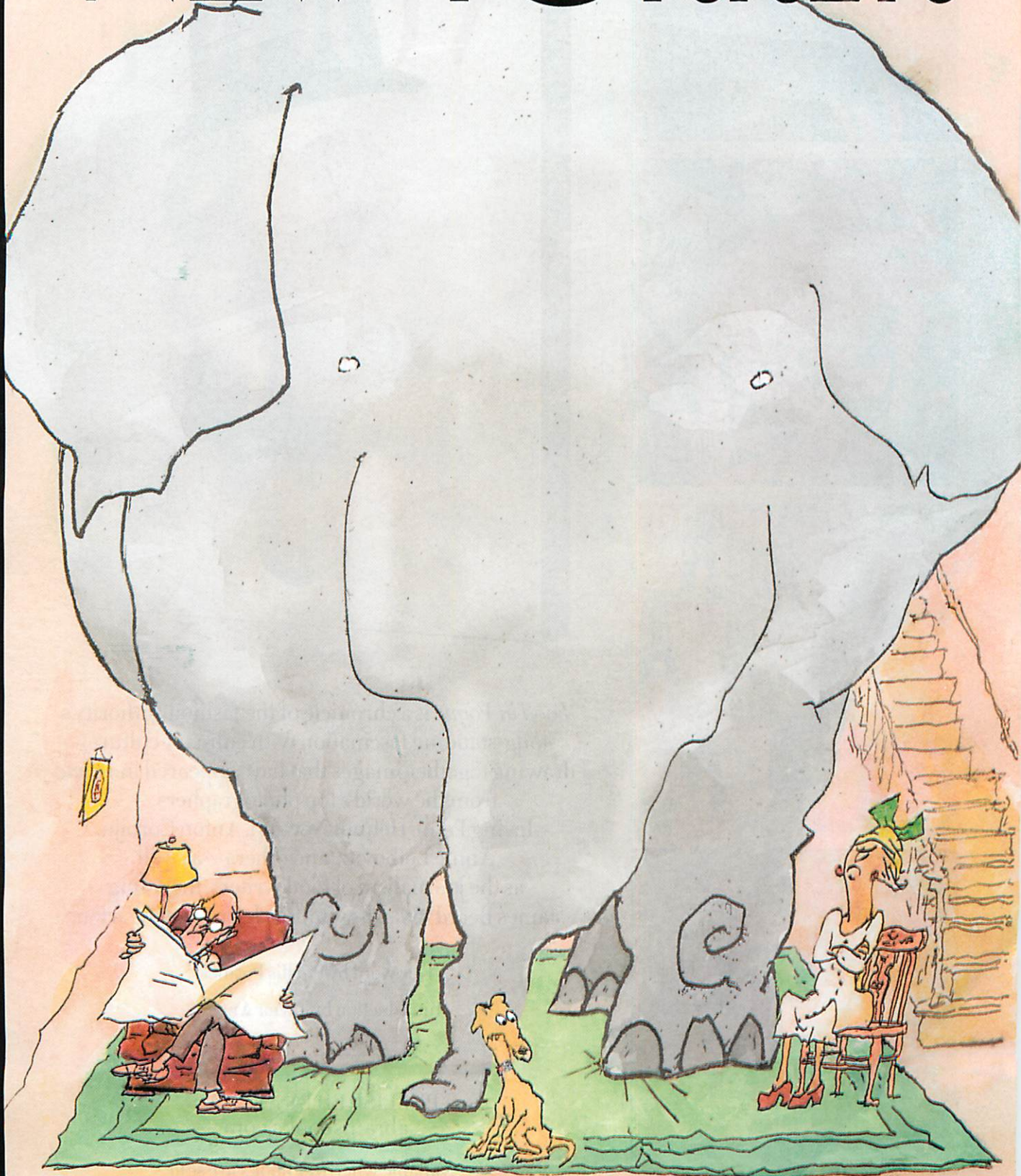


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Booth

family was only tangentially involved in show business: her father was the tour accountant for Guns N' Roses, and her mother worked on sitcom costume crews before becoming a stylist. All that changed the summer after eighth grade, when her brother Jonah Hill, who is ten years older, starred in "Knocked Up" and "Superbad." (Her other brother, Jordan, is sixteen years older.) "I came home from camp, and it was, like, Oh, my God, he's on posters on Sunset!"

As Feldstein stirred, one of the birthday-party wives eyed her across the kitchen island and said, "She has gorgeous skin! Not a pore on her face." The group applauded. "Thank you for the moral support," Feldstein said.

Half an hour later, the class was gorging on its mushroom stuffing and wild-rice pilaf with butternut squash and pecans. "I never thought I liked mushrooms until today," Feldstein announced. Her real name is Elizabeth, but she has gone by Beanie (and its variants: Beansters, Green Bean) since a British baby nurse nicknamed her at four months old. "My brother likes to say that he and Jordan didn't know I was a person until I was fourteen," she said. When she was little, she asked Jonah to show her how to spell "Willy Wonka," to impress their mother. Whatever he taught her to write, it wasn't that, because her mother was aghast. "One day, he woke up and realized that I was chill to be around, and we became best, best friends," she said, as dessert arrived. She sampled her poached pears, topped with coconut whipped cream: "Delish!"

—Michael Schulman

DEPT. OF AGGRESSIVE STUPIDITY SELF-MADE



Sean Tejaratchi knew what he wanted to do with his life, but nobody in Eugene, Oregon, was hiring teen-agers to work as graphic designers. So he made up a fake rock band—Toad Licker—and distributed phony concert flyers around the city, like baited hooks on a trawl line. (Printing them was easy; he worked at Kinko's.) The publicity manager of a

local indie-rock venue was impressed—"You did Toad Licker?"—and paid him to make real flyers. Since then, he has been, among other things, an art director, a graphic designer for two films by Miranda July, an artist for a series of feminist postcards, and a freelance photo retoucher for a producer of pornographic videos and magazines.

"That porn company is one of the most relaxing places I've ever worked," Tejaratchi said recently, over breakfast at a coffee shop in Los Angeles, not far from where he lives. "The reason is that everybody kind of has their shit together, and nobody perves out on anything. My job was to get rid of all the little blemishes of humanity, and as a result I have a very non-idealized view of what naked people look like. I was a freelance designer for Walt Disney Records at the same time, and there's no difference. We all want to look nice, and be seen from the best angle, whether it's 'Anal Destiny' or the Muppets."

Tejaratchi was born in 1970. He has receding brown hair and wears glasses, and for breakfast he had ordered iced coffee and a bowl of fruit. Since 2013, he has probably been known best for LiarTownUSA, a Tumblr blog that has an intensely devoted following but is impossible to characterize succinctly except by saying that Tejaratchi, in addition to being extremely funny, is also a Photoshop virtuoso. He has now collected almost all his Tumblr material in a book, "LiarTown: The First Four Years." It was published in November by Feral House, a small imprint for which he once edited a deeply disturbing compilation of photographs taken by a homicide detective from the Los Angeles Police Department.

"People guess at my influences," Tejaratchi said. "One I get a lot is *National Lampoon*, but I was too young for that. For my friends and me, in the early nineties, it was more like 'Let's go have beers and read *The Onion*.'" Tejaratchi's book is dangerous to open if you're in a place where you're not supposed to laugh really hard or there are children. It includes meticulously executed fake magazine covers from several decades ("Shit Weddings," "Black Power Taxidermy," "Confusing Premise"); fake gay magazines from the early nineteen-fifties (*Sophisticated Acquaintance*, *Ladypals*);

fake wall calendars (Birds with Human Penises); fake musical compilations ("Difficult-to-Strip-to Hits"); fake billboards ("Injured? Go fuck yourself, you injured piece of shit"); and fake products (falconry accessories, Lord Kevin Children's Pantyhose, dolls for businessmen). "Aggressive stupidity—that's what I love the most," he said. "Bold, confident stupidity."

Tejaratchi's talents include an unusual gift for narrative compression. For one LiarTown post, he and an artist friend created the cover and an interior page of a coloring book called "Diaper Horse." The drawing on the interior page is of a sad little girl in a corral saying, "I know what it's like to be different, Diaper Horse." The picture is partly colored in, with a furious scrawl of brown-and-yellow crayon on the horse's diaper—funny, but also emotionally complex, because you can't help thinking of the child who did the coloring.

"I got the crayon just right, too," Tejaratchi said. "It's kind of translucent—not just some crappy Photoshop layer. When a thing is that dumb, you feel apologetic about it. Yes, brown-and-yellow crayon—sorry. But I put a ton of effort into it."

Tejaratchi's crayon original is filed somewhere in his archive of visual reference materials, which is vast and, by now, mostly digital. He still occasionally makes physical acquisitions, especially old magazines. "There's a Goodwill pretty close to me," he said, "and it's one of the apocalyptic ones, where they wheel out these giant trays and everyone collapses on them like ants on a dead baby bird." Since the nineties, he has published, intermittently, a zine called *Crap Hound*. It contains densely packed images from his line-art collection, arranged by theme (Superstition; Death, Phones & Scissors).

"Now that the 'LiarTown' book is done, I'm working on a big book about unhappy people," Tejaratchi said. "I've wanted to do it for twenty years, and I kept announcing it in the back pages of *Crap Hound*, but the topic is so huge that I kept bumping it. Now seems the unhappiest time ever, though, and the Zeitgeist is so full of anxiety and anger that I think this is probably the perfect moment. So that's what I'm going to do next."

—David Owen