

Yes, it is pathetic. In a way I feel that's the point of being candid. To expose how shameful I am. You won't feel bad for me for not enjoying Gaiman. You will just feel that I am being petty. Thus, you will feel superior to me. If you enjoy Gaiman, then you will know that you have found enjoyment where I was unable to, and this is my own fault. And if you dislike Gaiman, then you will feel that you can express your dislike using a criteria which is more precise and true than mine. I simply do not like the book because of his authorial *whispering*. This is an imprecise and illogical criteria.

In a way, I am criticizing Gaiman so that I will feel superior to Gaiman. I said I disliked his book, and now I am writing my own thing. I must feel that it is better than Gaiman's, yes? Would I purposefully write a book worse than Gaiman's? And now you are discovering that I am worse than you, so you are superior to me in your tastes, and, by extension, you are possibly superior to Gaiman! Simply by reading, you have discovered this. (That "simply by reading" phrase is perhaps a subtle dig at you, and was probably a last-ditch effort to regain my superiority. :D)

However, we really do weigh all these things as real measures of quality. Recently I was arguing with a friend that contemporary literature is very "jokey." Because a lot of books setup certain scenes so that they can produce a kind of punchline, maybe even a specific one-liner. My friend was taking me very seriously, believing that maybe I had a point, maybe contemporary authors, especially American ones, are influenced by TV to the point that they've incorporated many of the cadences of joke-telling into their novels.

But then, later, I was telling someone else that I loved the old Winnie-the-Pooh books, especially how Piglet lived under the name of Trespassers W. Which is short for Trespassers Will (which, in turn, is short for Trespassers William.) And I said that it was amazing that this joke still felt very fresh and funny after a