

My Small, Skinny, Indie Wedding  
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I'm married. A lot of people might not know that and I am saying this only a public service announcement to girls as to why I act so awkward around them. My wife (yes, my wife) doesn't like me talking to women that aren't her, as it makes her feel uncomfortable. Since I don't want to argue about it, I just agree with her. Also, I want this marriage to last, I guess.

I proposed to her on November 1, the birthday of screenwriter Charlie Kaufman, in an underground hookah bar that none of you have ever heard of, nor will you ever hear of.

If I was capable of gloating, I would brag about how perfect my method was, but I can't, so I will describe it as par, at best: As she bent down to pick up her lighter (the same make and model that Gwyneth Paltrow used in 'The Royal Tenenbaums'), I pulled out a CD case from my pocket, which—believe me—was hard to cram in there.

When she came back up, I opened the CD case and inside it was a 500-disc limited pressing of the Iron & Wine single "Whisper Whisper, Guitar Picking." She cocked a Halpert half-smile and said, "Yes, but where did you find this?"

I told her it had been passed down in my family for generations. I could barely hold my excitement in as I remembered finding it on eBay for 20 cents. I guess the seller was really desperate to get rid of it.

She put the CD on her finger and nonchalantly kept glancing at it, as she did not want to stare. We left the hookah bar without anyone knowing of the proposal, a success in staying low-key.

We got married in a B-side record shop behind a Starbucks, but still completely independent from the greedy, multi-billion dollar corporation. I was wearing my old Death Cab for Cutie shirt under a dark, thin hoodie (pretty much what I wore at the hookah bar). The maid of honor was her friend, Carly. My best man was a copy of the film Garden State, a two-disc special edition. Flashy? Maybe, but today was a special day.

After the short non-denominational ceremony, we took to the reception. The band, whom none of you have ever heard of, played a satisfying mixture of Wilco and Broken

Social Scene covers. They also threw in a Simon & Garfunkel tune to appease the older crowd, that was not present.

And I remember sitting against the wall, listening to these songs with my new wife, thinking condescendingly about the fools who would try to dance at one of these things.

Our honeymoon trip to Sub Pop Records headquarters in Seattle was as good as it could have been without using any overly-optimistic adjectives. And while there was no sex, there was some tasteful nudity involved.

All in all, I am very pleased to be married. She is the love of my life, best described in an unpublished poem by singer-songwriter Conor Oberst. We live independent of each other, obviously, and I've never been more thrilled to be with a person, besides the time that I sat next to Philip Seymour Hoffman on a plane. We get along so well (my wife and I, not Philip Seymour Hoffman), and we've never have an argument (we're against confrontation). I mean, there was that time that she left her Jones bottles littered all over my desk after she watched 5 hours of underground government documentaries on my Mac.

Whore.