

Monday, August 31, 2009

Dear Gossips,

Weekend in Whistler wasn't exactly TIFF training approved. Ugh. Will be a miserable 10 days ahead. Bland chicken breast and vegetables. Great.

It's a late start today because I couldn't stop reading last night.

Jane Bussmann's *The Worst Date Ever: War Crimes, Hollywood Heart-throbs and Other Abominations*. Sounds like chick lit – don't worry, it's not chick lit. It's a caustic bitch comedy writer former celebrity journalist turned foreign correspondent who actually ended up in war-torn Uganda because she was crushing on an activist John Prendergast and wanted to make him fall in love with her.

Bussman is merciless – on Hollywood, on Ashton Kutcher, on several douchebag dumb twat stars she's interviewed, and yes, on the vapid celebrity culture that feeds this blog. She's brilliant. And hilarious. And bitterly contemptuous. Love her so much. *The Worst Date Ever* - a perfect end of summer read. Full review in book section when I'm done.

Monday – am online all day. Also updated on *Twilight* business on the weekend. SCROLL DOWN to get caught up.

Yours in gossip,

Lainey