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Internet

America's Most-Eligible Blogger

An interview with Jason Mulgrew, whose blog improbably has landed him in *People* alongside Orlando Bloom and Jamie Foxx.

by [Carl Bialik](#) on June 23 at 01:42 PM

Everything is wrong with 25-year-old Jason Mulgrew, according to the name of his [blog](#) about dating, drinking, and living dangerously in New York City. Everything is right with Jason Mulgrew, according to *People*, who's named him one of the [50 hottest bachelors](#) around. (Mulgrew [posted](#) his *People* page on his blog.) It's a banner day for bloggers; for Mulgrew's blend of self-deprecation, potty humor, cutting insight, and inspired rants; and for the ladies of New York, who can now discover the delights of this most-eligible bachelor among them. They might start by reading this interview about his photo shoot, what his parents think of his exploits, and how he's coping with his newfound celebrity.



Gelf Magazine: *Why did you start blogging? What keeps you going?*

Jason Mulgrew: Revenge, mostly. That and I'm trying to make sure that a simple Google search will disqualify me from all future employment.

GM: *Is there anything that might make you stop blogging?*

JM: Oh hell yeah. If someone pays me to stop, I will do so. Or if I get burnt out, which could happen any day now. If someone blinds me or I lose my fingers, that will also make me stop.

GM: *You sometimes joke about telling your parents your blog is a lie. Do they believe you? Do they read the blog? Have they disowned you yet? Or were their early adult years equally raunchy?*

JM: My parents ... wow, that's a good one. They say they don't read it, but I think they do. And if they don't, many of my aunts, uncles, and cousins do so they at least hear some of the stuff I write about second hand. But they're cool about it. I think as long as it's "working," as in people are reading it, then they're cool with it. If I move home and start doing drugs in my dad's basement and stealing his car every week, then they'll probably be less cool about it. And I don't even want to think of my mom and the word "raunchy" in the same sentence. You sick fuck.

GM: *What's the worst thing that's happened to you as a result of the blog?*

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A webzine, run by two and a half guys.

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JM: Worst thing...I don't know if there's a worse thing. Oh, one time I had a crush on a girl. We flirted a bit, even went out on a date. Out of nowhere, she tells me she has a boyfriend. I'm crushed. Shortly thereafter, my friends and I had a little get-together, she brought him and made out with him all over the bar. I was crushed even more. The best and worst part: The guy looked retarded. Seriously. This wasn't just my jealousy saying this; third parties confirmed it. My friends started killing me, like, "Corky's really taking it to your girl!" and "I wonder if there's a Special Olympics category for that!" I was pissed. Big time. So I [wrote](#) about it. Sure enough, she saw it and emailed me. She wasn't happy about it, obviously. I felt kinda bad, but at the same time I was like, "Well, you probably shouldn't date guys who look retarded." But I felt and still feel kinda crappy about it. So I guess that's the worst thing.

GM: *What's the best thing? Ever gotten laid as a result of the blog? If that's tops on the list, what's No. 2?*

JM: Oh geez. Perhaps a short story will help explain this. When I first discovered the internet in college (freshman year), my buddy Jim and I would spend hours and hours messing with people. You know, go online, go in a chat room, say stupid stuff about how I ate a jar of Vaseline and I feel sick or how Jim can fit a nickel into his dick hole. You know, that kind of thing. One time I was in a random chat room (yes, I was a loser) and I started talking on and on about how I'm a freshman in high school and I just moved and no one wants to be friends with me because I'm in a wheelchair. These people were talking about music or something and I kept interjecting with "I am so sad I can't use my legs" and "I would give anything to be able to walk so I could have a girlfriend" and the like, going on and on.

Finally, I got an IM from a girl who was in the chat room. She was seriously touched by my fake story and IMed me that she'd be my girlfriend and she thinks I'm a great person. Then she started talking about how she is severely overweight, so she knows what it's like to be the outsider. I felt terrible. Really, really bad. I don't remember how I ended the conversation, but I know I didn't fuck with anyone on the internet for like at least three days after that. Anyway, long story short, these are the types of "offers" I get because of the blog. I didn't have any pictures on there until the *People* thing came out, so people really expected the worst. I'd get emails like, "Jason, I love your site and know you will find true love. I would love to go out with you. I don't mind that you're not good-looking or in shape because I have a glass eye and a claw for a left hand. Let's meet up!"

So short answer no, I've never gotten laid because of the blog. As for the best thing ... it has certainly provided me with some opportunities that I would not have otherwise had. Everything is still very much in its incipient stages so that is all I can say at this juncture. Thank you.

GM: *If I had told you back in February 2004 that in 16 months your blogging would land you a full page in a glossy magazine, which magazine would you have guessed it would be?*

JM: I don't read a lot of magazines, but I'd say definitely something with "cock" or "cum" in the title. That or *Sports Illustrated*.

GM: *How many copies of People did you buy? Did you paste hundreds of copies all over your apartment? Are you going to get a business card that*

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says Jason Mulgrew: One of America's 50 hottest bachelors?

JM: Only one—shit is expensive. My family has a ton though and my friends all bought one to pull out when we're out at bars. We'll see how that goes.

GM: *Do you read any other blogs? Are there other bloggers who were unfairly passed up for the title of hottest blogger?*

JM: Yes, I do read other blogs, but I am without a doubt the hottest one out there. It's not even close.

GM: *People fails to tell its readers how the top 50 rank. Where do you rank among the 50? Who are the fellow bachelors with whom you're most humbled to share the title? Who are the biggest blights to the hottest-bachelor title?*

JM: I would say that I'm in the top five or so. The thing that I have on all the other bachelors is that they are either rich or famous. And I think a lot of women who read *People* are looking for a guy with no money and no fame. So I'm in.

GM: *How has your brush with fame changed the way you think about celebrities? Do you have new sympathy for Paris and the Olsen twins?*

JM: Let me tell you—it is harder than you think. My agent is constantly calling me, begging me to sell out for the cash and do full frontal, my assistant is stealing from me, and everywhere I go women want to blow me. It's impossible. And I just don't get why people are so into my life. I mean, I'm a normal person, just like you, only much, much better. I can't even talk about this without getting upset. I just want my life back. Let's move on.

GM: *What inside details can you share about how sausage is made at People? What was the People photo shoot like? Do you like the photo they chose? Did they run your quotes by you before publishing?*

JM: Everyone at *People* was really great. From the writer who interviewed me to the photographer who took my pictures, everyone made me feel comfortable.

The photo shoot was at a bar—the [Fat Black Pussycat](#) at 3rd Street & MacDougal St. [in New York's West Village]. They asked me to pick a place that I was comfortable, so naturally a bar was an easy choice. But it was kind of intimidating; it was in the middle of the day, and when I walked in there were all these lights everywhere, and the photographer, his assistant, a stylist (who had clothes laid out everywhere) and a hair/make-up person. Also, there was beer, so that was good.

I was nervous before the article came out, because I didn't have any control over it. I didn't see it, didn't pick the quotes, and didn't pick the blog excerpt or the picture. I was especially nervous about the picture, because there were some pictures of me taken in a cowboy hat and a track suit, standing on a pool table next to a giant sign that said "Live Nudes," doing the "Shhh!" sign with one hand and pulling down the zipper of my track suit with another. Thank god that didn't make it.

But overall, I'm very happy with it. I actually look stunning, I think, which is a far cry from how I look normally.

GM: *How about celebrity journalism? Do you believe People any more or less than you used to? Do you trust it more or less than the New York*

Daily News, after their April [article](#) mentioning you?

JM: The NY Daily News thing was fine because it wasn't flattering. But this *People* thing...good lord. I thought the issue was "50 Most Eligible Bachelors" and I thought, "Well, 'eligible' means 'available' and I am nothing if not very available in the sense that women want nothing to do with me." But I'm afraid that I won't be able to read it again after this and I'm sure their sales will plummet. It's a shame, really.

GM: *What's your biggest fear about appearing in People?*

JM: I would have to say getting eaten by a shark. That's always my biggest fear under any circumstances.

GM: *When do you find time to blog?*

JM: Whenever, really. It's not hard: some dick jokes, some big words, a bunch of run-on sentences, and you're done.

GM: *What's your favorite post among your "[Choice Cuts](#)"? Which post do you most wish you could take back?*

JM: I don't really have a favorite. The Choice Cuts are there because they're the ones I get emailed most about. I also use my close friends as an indicator. If I post something and they email me to say it's funny, it must be pretty good, because they hang out with me all the time and have heard pretty much every joke I have *ad nauseum*. There are none I wish I could take back. Because, well, fuck it.

GM: *You often write about the need to poop and how it can derail a night out in the city. Any clever solutions to this—buddies' apartments you can use, or mostly empty restaurants that'll let you sneak in to the can?*

JM: Hey man, there is no clever solution to the runs. When you gotta poop, you gotta poop, and you'll usually feel a lot better afterward. I have no scruples about this; I will poop anywhere. I wish I could say that I had a strategy behind it, but it's pooping. And it's beautiful.

GM: *I sense stylistic similarities to [Bill Simmons](#), yet far as I can tell you've never mentioned him on the blog. What do you think of him?*

JM: I, like every guy, am a huge fan of Bill Simmons. I admit he's really not been the same in a while, but he's still the original and a great toilet read.

GM: *What's the best pizza in New York? What's the most pizza you've ever eaten in a single sitting?*

JM: Rosario's at Orchard & Stanton in the Lower East Side ([Citysearch](#)). No doubt. Most I've ever eaten in one sitting ... I don't know. That's like asking a woman how many men she's slept with. You just don't do it.

GM: *You [were pissed](#) that the NY Daily News wrote about you:*

"Everything is Wrong With Me," boasts this 25-year-old upper East Side humorist. Perhaps someday he'll find someone who'll appreciate his hangover posts about women's body parts—or not." So you have 30 words—the last words in this interview. Write an alternate blurb about yourself and your blog.

JM: Jason Mulgrew smells like old man. His website is www.jasonmulgrew.com. He has been arrested twice. He doesn't think this is funny either.

David Goldenberg contributed to this article.

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