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## Another word for intense

In Car and Driver, one of the ceo's jobs is to play taste referee, sifting out obscene and oafish comments and insults and smut and the like. Of course, this is car and driver, the limits of what is considered tasteless tend to parallel the edges of the known universe, which is to say that we give writers here the same margin given to it by the French publisher of Henry Miller. A normal problem deals with male writers—all of them have an almost Pavlovian predisposition to make sexual metaphors and similes involving cars. A writer no longer here wrote that he came down so often driving some fancy car that he had to bring a kleenex box with him. Another said that a car was so ballsy you must have curly hair coming out of the sex wells. Praising a Nissan 300ZX Turbo, we wrote: A pair of bulletproof turbos underhood is like having two Buntline Specials in your pants instead of one. The boys will be boys. Now, in the interest of promoting car journalism, here's a look at a recent controversy. In a review of the Pontiac GTO, author Tony Quiroga said the car had not churned its lumbar position. That sounds creepy, the editor-in-chief broke. Be a little more imaginative. And so Quiroga rewrote his sentence, saying that the car design would not raise a scene in your pants like a 400 horsepower coupe should. That's smart! The gag was later cut for unrelated reasons, but a copy of the story circulating at home triggered an email exchange starting down between managing editor Steve Spence and another staff writer who says he will sue if we recognize him. So we'll call that employee Stan, and he started the e-mails, suggesting that Tony's remark was offensive to women: Ok, young Tony is probably still in the highly charged hormonal stage of development. But Stella [Stan's wife, a career woman, about 30] has pointed out a blurb written by Tony in the Buick LaCrosse story [Buick takes the safe approach and hits one of the women's tes] and others that I would agree are, at best, ignorant of our female readers and, at worst, offensive to women. I'll just point out this one comment: The design car still won't raise a scene in your pants like a 400-hp coupe should. I don't want to sound like Coughlin's father, but not everyone reading this story is going to have scenes to raise. Just a suggestion. -Stan Maybe you can tell me why a woman would get upset to see that reference to a scene in Some. Are you saying that we should not allow a comment on something that is exclusively for the male species? If that's the case, should I be upset when I read a report on breastfeeding women because I can't produce milk myself for a baby and therefore feel excluded? How can your wife watch TV? Everything in it must amount to a personal insult. How does he feel about the references to fudge in the same pants? [Stan had a few years earlier he used fudge to suggest what he was doing in his pants after a move in a terribly powerful vehicle-a car-magazine cliché.] I guess women can do the fudge themselves, huh, right? —Steve This content is created and maintained by third parties and is inserted into this page to help users provide their email addresses. You may be able to find more information about this and similar content in piano.io Not long ago, Comstock, 46, was running marketing at General Electric; We have to thank her for the house-to-house. He moved to GE's NBC Universal unit 18 months ago, and just got a new gig that combines ad sales and digital media across the TV network, cable channels, and movie studios. Want to stream heroes, read the interactive novel, and then bid online for artwork from the show? I thank Comstock for all this. The economics of television were simple. Do you understand how to make money today when I can watch 30 Rock at almost any time? We understand it a lot better than we used to. Digital media allows us to open new windows without the cannibalism you'd expect. So yes, we can offer 30 Rock in preview, then on-air, then streaming, then iTunes, then mobile, and then syndication. We did the modeling. Looks like we're going to make more money. How do advertisers reckon with this new world? Some people know what they want, some less. But now, every dealer makes digital, not because it's trendy, but because they have to. Market groups have created units called vision, sound and motion [to work across the media]. They expect us to zero in on targeted consumers: What do we know about them and how do we achieve them? How do viewing habits change? We had 60 million streams [of TV shows] in NBC.com. Many of them are repeat viewers. Others change time. It's post-shift, too, with iTunes or on phones. And that works for you? He's got to do it. If consumers are in control, they will understand how they want to watch. We have to find the right solution. What's the next new thing? More personal expression [from viewers], the desire to participate in the narrative. Like, SMS-text to vote in a reality show, or watch Heroes and call a phone number. This thing is so rudimentary. We'll look back one day and say, We were so cute then! All this entails huge cultural changes. How's NBC dealing with? This place is frenzied and chaotic, and we're constantly trying to get out of our way. With success, you're more confident. But we need to be more focused and more disciplined. Are you still, like you once said about yourself, impatient? Yes. And I'm scared. I keep sweeping the landscape. What's the next new thing? Who's going to get there first? This job is hypersensitive like this. You have to choose a path, keep it and feel good about it. This. We'll end up with more than ulcers. Faced with pain and despair, people often turn to music and literature for comfort and inspiration. Over the past week, many fast company readers have shared with us their favorite lyrics, quotes, songs, and pieces of writing. We invite you now to share these words of comfort with a wider audience on Sound Off below. Harriet RubinFast Company senior authorA of the most famous eulogies for the dead was delivered by the Athenian general Pericles. In it, he awarded immortality to a new kind of hero, not to an epic hero - a general like himself - but to the everyday Athenian soldier who lived in the service of the city. It was Pericles' praise for the fallen lincoln was thinking of as he struggled to compose the Gettysburg Address. They gave their lives for the common good and thus earned for themselves the praise that never ages and the most distinguished of all the graves, not those in whom they are, but where their glory remains in eternal memory, always there at the right time to inspire reason and action. For all the earth is the tomb of famous men; Not only are they honoured with columns and inscriptions in their country, but in foreign lands there is also an unwritten monument to them, which is not in the stone but in the hearts of people. Make your examples, and, appreciating the courage to be the freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not shrink from the dangers of war. - PericlesJohn EllisFast Company contributing editor The Witness by Herman Melville (written after the death of Abraham Lincoln) There is sobs of the powerful, and a stake on the earth; But people in their crying Bare hand iron; Watch out for people who cry when they strip the iron hand. James LaBelleFast Production Company DirectorA of the most inspiring songs in an era like this is Fire and Rain by James Taylor. For boomers like me, it resonates. We played it at a good friend's funeral when it was first a hit in December 1970. My friend was 16. I heard it yesterday, and it was really appropriate. William TaylorFast Company founding editor Last Christmas, at a surprise concert in Asbury Park, Bruce Springsteen played a new song - an anthem, really - about economic despair called My City ruins. Read in light of Tuesday's attack, the lyrics are quite overwhelming. My City of Ruins of Bruce SpringsteenThere is a red blood cycle in the cold dark ground and the rain falls down The doors of the church blew up, I can hear the song of the organ But the congregation is gone My city of ruins My city of

ruins Now the sweet veils of mercy through the evening trees Young men in the corner like scattered leaves The joined windows The crooks and thieves While my brother is down on my knees. City of Ruins My City of Ruins Is Coming to Stand Up! Come on, get up! Now there is. There is. on the pillow, darling, where we slept and you took my heart when you left without your sweet kiss, my soul is gone, my friend. my city is in ruins My city is in ruins Now with these hands I pray lord with these hands for the power of the Lord with these hands for the Lord's faith with these hands I pray Lord with these hands for the power of the Lord with these hands for the Lord's faith with these hands Come stand up! Come on, get up! Rise upAnni Layne RodgersSenior Web editorAs my tears turn to poison, I find that music expresses my anger with greater balance and poignancy than I could possibly muster. The two songs below, both covered on rare and official occasions by Pearl Jam, have been released via my RealPlayer this week. Here are some lines that bring pause. Masters of War by Bob DylanI've shed the worst fear you can ever hurl Fear to bring children into the world for the threat of my unborn baby and anonymous It's not worth the blood running through your veins I'm a patriot since Little Stephen is not a communist and I'm not a capitalist and I'm not a socialist and I'm not an imperialist and I'm not a democrat I'm not a democrat party and it's freedomRebecca ReesFast Company senior designer Keeping quiet by Pablo NerudaAnd now we count up to twelve and we will all still keep once again in the face of the earth Let's not talk in any language, let's stop for a second, and not move our hands so much. It would be an exotic moment without haste, without machines, we would all be together in a sudden oddity. Those who prepare for green wars, gas wars, wars with fire, victory without survivors, would put clean clothes on and walk with their brothers in the shade, doing nothing. What I want should not be confused with complete inertia. (Life is what it's about, I don't want truck to death.) If we weren't so single-minded about keeping our lives moving, and for once we couldn't do anything, maybe a huge silence could interrupt this grief of never understanding ourselves and threatening ourselves with death. Maybe the earth can teach us like when everything looks dead and later turns out to be alive. Now I'm going to count up to twelve, and you're going to be quiet and I'm going to go. Christine CanabouFast Company staff writer my personal friend, Patrick Ryll, wrote the following poem in response to last week's tragedy. His inspiration was The Land of Waste, by T.S. Eliot. September 11 by Patrick RyllThe morning clock Manhattan Fell in terrible orange Inferno red, black, And death, Stretching its torn limbs, awakened From the eastern sky To the wings of hijacked deity geography and the oceans disappeared Smelted into a single pile of dust and Technicolor unreal. Falling Towers Predicted by Eliot Who, in Tough April, Understandable: Unreal Itself pronounced by exhausted fireman In the belly of the blast furnace among the monotonous peter jennings. The laws of pressure chemistry, heat, thermodynamics brought the trade to its knees and while she gasped, in her defense came proud America. But also the gangs of ignorant men, weaned on the mentality of lynch mobs, calling in bomb threats to mosques and shouting about the destruction of American children tainted with the blood of Arabia. Metal Detectors Outfoxed by Medieval Steel America Rummeled into Crumbling's Paralysis as foreign markets imitating their CEO followed suit. While something like fake snow rained down on Wall Street Parching exposed necks with asbestos And the taste of burning flesh In all the chaos The nightmares of taxis Watched the eyes of the cameras wept. We all called our mothers in Seattle and Beijing to make sure they were somehow not trapped under the rubble In a city that had never visited strange things have happened - this morning businessmen falling like toy soldiers into the broken arms of history. At an anonymous bar in Chicago I heard a man ask a friend if he had heard this about Hollywood being one-upped and out-budgeted, in the picture of the disaster show that he gave birth, From the deep pockets of religion. Now rage, Sprung from grief, has grown in the chest of all our Mad Hearts Calling for Afghanistan's opening pakistan parking lot – A hobbling Uncle Sam, blindly cavorting in a world he doesn't understand and doesn't care about. This was a shot through the stars and stripes and through the protected hearts of mothers in Omaha and through the thermos bowls of blue collar Packers fans and through the tranquility of the cathedral of pastors in Indiana And through Pokeman's dreams of 5th grade And through the arrogant high heights escalated by brokers Who, when they escape failed, gravity does not and now we try to stand and the citizen will attach flags to the doorsteps and the soldier will attach bayonets to weapons and the politician will blame the dissidents and the victims will attach their bodies to the earth while the rest of the world tries to reconnect the pieces of damaged peace. Polly LaBarreFast Company senior editor The Peace of Wild Things by Wendell BerryWing despair about the world grows inside me and I wake up at night at least sound in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be, I go and lie down where Drake's wood rests on his beauty in the water, and the great heron feed. I come to the peace of wild things that do not tax their lives with foresight of grief. I come in the presence of still water. And I feel above me the waiting with their light. For a moment I rest in the grace of the world, and I'm free. Free. Free. Free.

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