# Deek Magazine Mad NESS IN

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# Јеек MADNESS INCIDENT

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LETTER FROM FUCKED UP LETTER OF THE MONTH LETTERS TO PUNK COUNTERPUNK TERA PATRICK PROF ILED PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN NON QUIXOTE INSTITUTION THOUGHT PROJECT MADNESS ILLUSTRATED GALLERY EVENTS ASK DR. G

ASK EMO UNDERAPPRECIATED SCHOLAR

# NO APOLOGIES. TO ANYONE.

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THE TRANSFERAL OF FAME, 100 GALLONS OF A NON-LETHAL ALCOHOL, MANY SKITTLES, A COMPLETE LACK OF SUFFERING FOR ALL, THE END

OF STARBUCKS, THE END OF OTHER COMPLETELY ILLOGICALLY POPULAR OR SUCCESSFUL ENTITIES WITH NO ARTISTIC MERIT OR VALIDITY,

COMPLETE HONESTY AND TRUTH DISPERSED AMONG MASSES, A COCONUT, IGLOO IN SUMMER, VAST FARMLANDS, A GOOD, HONEST DEAL WITH SATAN, DEATH, THE BEST OF ANYTHING, A YEAR IN A DARK ROOM, A GIFT OF HATE TO THE PERSON OF OUR CHOOSING, A DEAL FOR ONE OF US, HAPPINESS, THE ABILITY TO DO THIS FOREVER WITHOUT STRINGS, CLAY AIKEN IN CHAINS, A SIDEWALK PAVED IN

GOLD, A TREASURE IN ICE, GLORY WITH GOD, A NEW POLITICAL SYSTEM WITH MORE OPTIONS, A HAYRIDE ON THE ATLANTIC, MORE THAN

YOU COULD IMAGINE, A DREAM WITHIN A NIGHTMARE, URINE FROZEN MIDAIR, BROKEN KNEES, KETCHUP STAINS ON A POSTCARD TO THE

POPE, A RENDEZVOUS WITH TERA PATRICK OR A MULE – WHATEVER, AS LONG AS IT'S ON OUR TERMS, FOREVER EXCLUSIVE, AND WITH OUR

THIS TIME, EVERYONE'S REAL.

Deek Magazine elegant madness.

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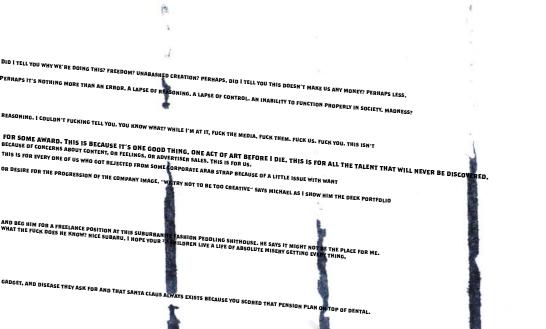
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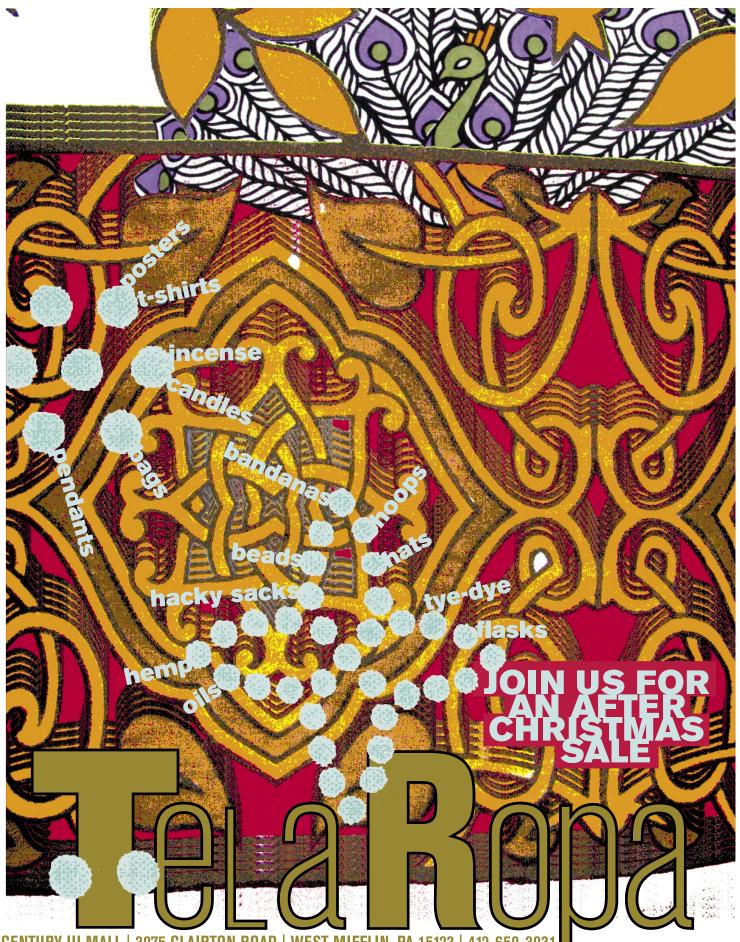
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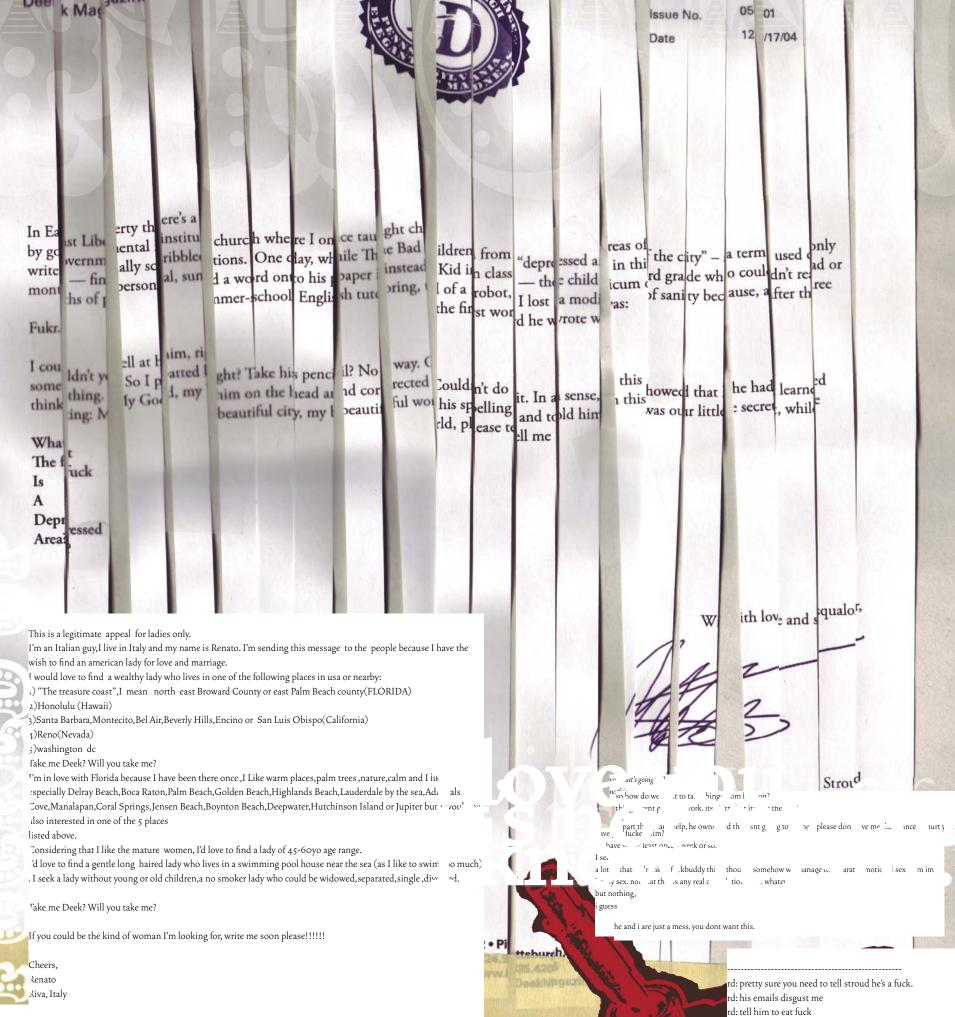
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hey man, i was looking at your lists in deek magazine, and i have a couple of comments for you. First of all i like the Suite Judy Blue Eyes on the top ten

brownies there and fuck those fuckers up.

## Manilla Fashillah

## Greg you are really really stupid

gniyas m'i tahw sseug uoy nac? ..gniht liam-e siht ekil i ..thgin tsal lemirts htiw xes dah i ..toh si dneirf-lrig ruoy ..ko ,hha

## 3 penny opera

greatest rock songs and i like having who's next at number 2, but dude did joni mitchell suck your dick or something. Seriously, do you actually think she is a better artist than people like john lennon, paul simon, neil young (or anyone of the guys in csny), skynyrd, or ccr. Its not that i dislike joni mitchell, but, Honestly man, is blue really the 5th best album of all time. I mean how often do you really find your self saying i want to listen to one of the best five rock albums of all time and you end up listening to blue. I am really just wondering what makes you think that blue is better than led zeppelin IV, blonde on blonde, nevermind, born to run, live at the fillmore east, and others that are in that league. And my last question about your lists is why is there an absence of southern rock from any of your lists. I might be biased cause i am from the south, but i think it is some of the best music ever written.

The people on your writing staff are about as worthy of

criticism as the people they criticize. It sounds like the people on your staff hit the bong every morning before

they write their articles, ya' know, man?

Reza

thanks. -Sumter Link

estelle was a tall, slight girl of eighteen, with splended shining eyes, a mass of hair which might have waved on the casque of achilles, and the feet --- i will not say of a spaniard, but of a thoroughbred parisian --- clad in a pair of pink shoes! you laugh? well, i had never seen a pair of pink shoes before! i have forgotten the colour of her hair (i think it was black); but whenever i think of her i see a vision of large brilliant eyes and equally brilliant pink shoes.

and she had nice jugs.

-brian

# Hey Stroud,

Wanted to compliment you on the Rock Incident of Deek. It looks fabulous, and I think it's the strongest issue yet (and not just because I'm a contributor this time around :) Actually, a lot of those kids totally blow me away. You're really corralling some talented writers.

# take care,

Lunch is on me! posted by Troy Lancer

Today I read your magazine from cover to cover while drinking coffee on East Carson Street. I was impressed by the color copy. I will now go to Mike & Tony's for a gyro sandwich. Won't you please join me? Then we can dance, dance, dance the day away.

Dear Deek,

I just want to say that this is the worst magazine ever and anyone affiliated with anyone on its staff are immediately and for all times removed from any sort of artistic endeavor. You fucking assholes. When's next month's submission deadline?

Charlie Moodey



love you. t's not my fault. know it isnt. its mine

deek:

k, you see a 6/23/1997 - 1 that final bit of raw talent just look polish to push it into the realm of genius: my wife. When I first saw this tape, I wept at its beauty. Well, technically I was already weeping at the fact that the one thing that made my life worth living was gone, but I quickly realized this was bigger than me. This was the birth of a star.

In this film, labeled "Mommy's Home Movies '97" in black marker, our Mexican cabana boy plays a Puerto Rican pool cleaner. The plot is formulaic and uninspired: My bored housewife invites the pool boy in for a drink of cool lemonade on a hot summer day, then is shocked to find her clothes yanked off her body by a mysterious, possibly malevolent force, etc., etc. The "Puerto Rican" pool boy can't believe his luck, and falls to ravishing the bewildered, enraptured housewife. They couple like wildebeests.

Yes, the use of ous, the produ has one thi got her just two make the bes mixed-up world. that's got to count fo And I guess it was a rushingly obvit this video oorn: It's set: to ns crazy, but I know

late-June of '97 that

my marriage started to go wrong. 8/27/1999 - 2069: A Space Orgy. much the way Kubrick ori arked a quantum leap in special effects. 2069 is a huge step in my wife's progress as up-and-cumming video starlet.

In 2069, a malevolent, female supercomputer named GAL has trapped several astronauts - cleverly spelled "astronauts" on the video's cover, which I think was printed out on my inkjet - inside a space station miles above the earth. GAL sees all and knows all, and by increasingly sadistic turns forces the "asstronauts" to live out her mad computer fantasies.

My wife appears as Chastity O'Rourke, a winking irony on the part of the screenwriter, given that my wife is a dark-haired Italian and anything but chaste. She has to satisfy each of her fellow astronauts in turn, culminating in the final scene, where the titular orgy takes place; releasing so much orgone energy that everyone involved ascends to a higher plane of being as "starchildren."

Again my wife gives a heartfelt performance, but it's clear she's moved to another level. No longer a neophyte actress, she shows some real craft. When

bag over her head as a spaceman's helmet, the sexual tension it took that most fiercely indepractically drips from her body. pendent of media, pornography, She even "sells" the idea that to say what we all were thinkwe are in space (even though ing. it looks like my basement) by making climbing around on the ing? rafters as though weightless. It's a bravura performance hurt only reminds us that we are all mortal. by the mediocrity surrounding it: In close, black-and-white hand-Chet Pantsless and Victor Hugo are fairly average talents, not up to sex with several different men, a production of this level. I think Chet Pantsless works the late shift at the McDonald's about a block from here.

appears, wearing

9/24/2001 - Sexe et Mort is clearly a reaction to the tragic events of September 11. That my wife jumped on this script, credited to Tom "Euripides" Gaston, a local hardware store owner and first-time screenwriter, is a testament to her artistic pride. We were all so shell-shocked after 9/11, but

But what were we all think-Sexe et Mort - loosely translated as "sex and death" held shots of my wife having it reminds us of the fertility of life. Life goes on, even in black and white. But what's this? In the corner of every scene is a small plastic skull - a memento mori that even in such fertility looms our ultimate demise. Of cours director Winston Grabass resist a postmodern tw titling my wife's pretentious F

And in where he formally wife's ecstatic face an expression I've never before, now grainy and indis tinct by time, before fading to black? Genius.

counter 5 NI

Review of the Sex Tapes My Wife Left Behind When She Moved Out By: Thomas Sable

Review of My Girlfriend the Car By: Johnny Lux

My girlfriend – sorry, [ex]girlfriend – is a car. A sleek red sports car. One that threatens to be too much vehicle for any man to keep up with. Summer could take some lessons from her; her milkshake brings all the boys to the yard – all with a wit and intelligence rare in a high-end luxury omobile.

I'm just a duck. Sure, not the biggest duck in the world – I'm no Hitler or anything – but like most people I'm capable of the kind of thoughtlessness that would make even Eva Braun reconside the whole "dying together in a bunker" level of commitment.

(For those of you ready to cite Mars v. Venus, I have included the following color-by-number activity to keep you occupied while the adults talk. Art it up, then proceed when you're ready.) [Middle finger diagram I'll send once I scan it.]

So, sometimes when my (ex)girlfriend Aix sponsa, who spends much of his time honked, I didn't hear what she was actu-hiding in plain sight. He's trying, even when ally saying. She would honk and I'd hear he knows he's got a long way to go." "honk," instead of, "Listen to me: I just got

Because here's what happens: for every thing we say, all these little blank spaces creep in between the words seep into the cracks between the letters. We are afraid;

If I could say anything now, it would probably be something corny and sentimental, like, "I don't know what I want in my life, but I know that I want you in it." But it wouldn't be enough. It's too late.

out of a very long, committed relationship with someone who was not you. You need to be careful with me. I'm delicate, and if you can't understand that, we will not be happy long."

I'd hear "honk," and I'd reply, "quack," when I should've been saying, "I've been alone for a very long time and though I don't like it, it's what I'm used to. I'm used to being 'alone,' which is different from 'independent', but sometimes looks the same. Relationships are strange to the

And then my triend the bear come in and say ...

Ok, so I had this idea, right? I had this idea that if we were all monosyllabic creatures - ducks, cars, that kind of thing - maybe we'd stop seeming so strange to one another. And maybe if we weren't so strange to one another, we could be better to one another. Shorten the distance between what we feel and what we say and maybe - even if we didn't stop being so complicated - we'd at least be more honest with ourselves and the world. Which became...

A Review of a Line from Bukowski's "The Crunch" -

people just

we are afraid

other

one on one.

good to

doubts grow in the blank spaces, fears about things said and left unsaid. What we're afraid to hear and not hear, say and not say. Does he pay attention to me? Does she take me seriously? Am I in love with him/her? And what my friend the bear said was,

"If you love someone, then fucking love them. Quit getting locked up in this bullshit that eats away 99.9% of our life and ener-

gy.' But it doesn't work that way, does it? On Halloween, the night everyone trades one mask for another, we lay in bed, warm, close. My ex[girlfriend] leans in; I can feel her breath on my face. She hesitates for a second and then kisses me before rolling ciss dry and brief, like clouds so over. ing together, it could mean, "See you morning." I doesn't. Qu ck as two dying in the night, it means, "We are Suddenly, we are strangers.

It's easy to forget there's no magic in words. Easy to forget that they're all we have. Easy to forget and easy to regret the things left unsaid, the things that can't be unsaid, the mistakes like bad dreams as that final white space descends, smothering all possibilities under the soft blanket of silence.



# By Jesse Hicks Tera Patrick

# Tera Patrick has a cold. She's had it for weeks, she explains as she changes out of her pasties and into a black to and jeans. It's slowed her down: Las month, during filming for her interac e sex video, she was ju out to finish the day's shoot. She flev home to New York and missed four f ture shows that weekend. She coug dryly. Moving from the faux-marble dresser, talking, she heads to the ba room and keeps talking. She's a story teller; she admits it. Inij

forter,

5

wood-paneling and smoke, under dim, forgiving lights

If her cold robs Tera Patrick of that uninsurable jewel, her aura of sexuality, it doesn't show. Ask the men downstairs, who pay ten dollars a head to be near her, to cocoon themselves in wood-paneling and smoke, under dim, forgiving lights, and watch her dance - they come to gaze at woman who admits, "For a long time, I couldn't dance. I thought I had to be in a chorus line. Now I entertain myself come to gaze at woman wno admits, "For a long time, I couldn't dance. I thought I had to be in a cast in the second state of the business up there. I'll go out and decast wheels, maybe do a split." Ask those who stay for autographs, who smilingly give over state to be the business has business has business that newset has business and manager. Evan

Hilton and is good friends with aldwin; party organizers pay Ber housands of dollars to simsploshow up and have fun. forms been good to the woman who once thought she might never work in the industry again, after a bad contract left her with virtually no income. It took a year-and-a-half of legal wrangling and over \$50,000 in lawyer's fees to get out of it. but she did. She formed a company, Teravision, which producner, movies. She has a perof erotic toys and

up in Montana is now that newest hor hushand appearing the tanks about the business hor hushand appearing the tanks about the business and her entrepreneur, whose product is herself. The "tangible celebrity" - the very-real yet indefinable quality she exudes – translates into at me, so what can I say?" I listen for over millions of dollars, and, as her hus- an hour to this methodical dissection of band puts it, "This is America. You the mechanics behind porn, the calculus of "We're weird to people. People still think, 'Oh my God, what's she it you really want, now that you've bought she has sex on camera....They

think I must be some kind of alien clothes for little dogs and open a little dog do." When sheet

"couples demographic," and of how many experts are consulted in order to turn her into every man's fantasy. She loves her fans - "They pay my bills. They throw money sex and desire, and the only thing I really wonder is: is this really you, Tera? What is

"I have a little dog, and I'd like to knit

watch her dance



# ALBUMS I WISHI WOULD HAVE

ALBOUGHT WITH WE TO PRISON Piper at the Gates of Dawn - Pink Floyd I'm really bugfuck insane. Also, I happily remain in the friendly confines of state prison, where I was shockingly turned down for parole last month. This was more than moderately surprising since I had the good manners to sing "Ziggy Stardust" and "Good Vibrations" with my cial four part harmony to the oard while accompanied by a tin nd a gaggle of broomsticks. What more could they fucking want? I'll rehabilitate you...

Ahem. Good news for you though, loyal Deek readers, since you will continue to be supplied with monthly snippets of my wild lunacy and pristine analysis on records that you don't care about.

My focus this month is on another the foggy dew/Sitting on a unicorn" and fantastical rock mind that has been "The black and green scarecrow is sadder carcerated for nearly forty years than me," or even "I know a mouse, and rt, Piper at the Gates of Dawn is a an arbitrary number of "o"s. only, effc forgotten masterpiece of the Floyd catalogue because Roger Waters is an See why I love this harebrained egotistical fucker. Or maybe it's because mendicant?

So like I said before, Syd was a twisted bastard who may have done some drugs or whatever, but it takes a special kind of loony toon to write shit like "Lazing in place that I can only assume is more he hasn't got a house/I don't know why. dful than this one – Syd Barrett of call him Gerald." There are also liberal riginal Pink Floyd. His freshman, and uses of "Yippee!" and "Hoooooray!" with

al with

themselves after listening to it. personally, I used to have a whole ritual: I'd stand on my head in room lit o by the moo shining roof while lambasting th cantaloupes and snapping my 47 seconds, thus accomplishing thi every special fea y 84 odd-times through Oh, and I'd do acid too. the entire a Lots and ots

no one really knows how t

ean, Regardless, I bet those guys in Pink Floyd, er even with all of their money and trophy wives and giant balloon animals wish they had Syd back. Apparently, Wish You Were Here is for him. Glad that someone's standing up for all us crazies out there.



# uxote

**By Sam Hamilton** 

**1e** 

In a certain corner of Pennsylvania there lived one of those country bumpkins, who played football in a public high school and whose parents mantel was lined with the academic and athletic achievement awards which are presented to all participants of

# an activity or class or dedication

The boy was said to go by the name Jac<mark>k, ev</mark>en though his first name was Ryan and he always held a little contempt for his parents for having given him two first names, "Ryan" and "Jack", for a full name even though the latter was in no way their fault, a fact which Ryan Jack knew, but chose to ignore on principle.

During the holiday season of Jack's enior year, when he opened a large box he knew was going to contain an X was simultaneously surprised and angered when he found three large books. "What the hell's this shit? stacks

emanded

Jack's father paused. "No, Jack, a CIA agent. Anyway, this CIA guy has to fight terrorism in Ireland n'stuff 'n he pisses off the head terrorist guy-it's good. The est're by the same guy, too. Tom ancy, I think his name is.' Jack hid the box of books in his closet and resigned to never pick them again. His plans changed; however, then in one of the final spring football practices of his high school career, he shattered most of the bones in his right hand trying to slam-dunk a football over the goal post. Deprived of his ability to use his hand, Jack searched for alternative forms of entertainment and eventually found the box of Clancy books while

searching through old oxes of GI Joes. He icked one out of the pile nd read its title.

**Mis lather** readin . This lather ing a fresh lyon City to the new Pittsburgh Steelers justunwrapped, ion, son, there s some ooks mnere. ned at a motia l picked up. ac It s. **b**out **1S SI** that's fightin

ackie, watch ver

Ve liggered vou outta

S

his mother said

ohnson? Our team s tamba

"The Sum of All Fears. ounds cool. " Jack sat lown at the head of his ed and began reading. Like the wolf on the old.' In recounting the yrian attack on Israelield Golan Heights t 1400 local time on aturday, the 6<sup>th</sup> of ctober, 1973... Jack became a junkie, nmersed in the realism Clancy's novels, tearing rough the stories in hich Jack Ryan had saved

ie day.

Goldwater Scholarship." Jack inched closen to the counter, closer to Steve and closer to the manila folder. "What do you mean? Here's my I-Card right here!" Jack crouched down behind a ficus plant. "He has it? But his name is Ryan Jack! I'm Steve McGeery!" Jack rushed out from behind his cover, threw Sieve's Gold vater papers into the air and grabbed the folder out of his hand.

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU MNG!?' Jack rushed out of the office to the stairs. He shoved past a man with a mop, knocking him down several steps. He bounded up the stairs into the first door

It opened up to a room filled with people dressed in dinner suits and formal gowns. He saw the University President, who glanced over at him with a look of confused distaste. There was exit in the back. He rushed toward it, bumping into several elaborate flower displays and causing a waiter to spill a tray full of scrumptious crab cakes into a

When he was in the hall, Jack began rifling through the folder's contents. "Translate using the following key: A = Alec smokes, B = Ben drinks, H = Harrison is healthy. Alec smokes if Harrison is healthy. Harrison is healthy and Ben drinks if Alec doesn't smoke... it must be in some sort of code!"

Rick ran up to Jack. "Steve's lookin' all over for you! He just went in to the Dr. Donald's birthday party tellin' all the administrators that you're screwin' around with his file!

"It's encoded! This is the why Carol couldn't apply for the Goldwater Scholarship!"

"Man, Carol couldn't apply for that scholarship because she's an idiot. When she told Dr. Gogol she wanted to apply, he laughed at her!"

Jack's college y unimpressive as his high school years. But this time, he made a few friends; Rick was a proud man with a checkered past; Steve was shady and driven, and Jack suspected him of wanting to prosper at any cost; Carol was sophisticated and beautiful and was the object of his secret longing.

And so, when, in their junior year, Carol was asked to withdraw her application for the Barry M. Goldwater Scholarship for unspecified reasons, Jack suspected that some treacherous behavior was afoot and he begin to investiga

He was ready to save the day and win the girl.

"Hey, Rick, y know where they process scholarships n'file 'em n'stuff?' Jack asked, sidling around the corner of his buddy's opened door "In the basement of Sutton, I think.

'I need to go dig around fer some info on Carol. They asked her withdraw her application fer the Goldwater thing and she's real upset

about it." Rick frowned. 'Hey, boys! How are you, today?" Steve asked, sauntering into the room. 'Hey, Steve," Rick and Jack said in unison. Jack noticed a manila folder in teve's hand, memorizing the look of its

Goldwater scholarship? Don't bother rossed his fingers. Rick and Jack stared

building. In the service hallway, Ja<mark>c</mark>k took out his I-Card and began prying at its microchip.

'Man, what the hell are you doin'? Now you aren't gonna be able to do laundry

'Shh, I know what I'm doin'."

Jack finally popped the microchip out and walked out into the Student Union's main lobby. The I-Card office was across the floor, next to the PNC Bank kiosk <u>Jack made</u> a quick survey of the room and hurried across. He greeted the girl at the I-Card desk by sliding a twenty dollar bill across the counter.

"I broke the chip in my card and I need a new one. My name is Steve McGeery.

"Uuh, you're name is Ryan Jack. I can't...change your name." The girl slid

the twenty dollars back across the counter.

Ver<u>y well then," he reached into his back pocket and pulled out</u> an envelope of photos and handed them to the girl. When she looked at them, she covered her mouth and began to cry a little.

This...this was at the Omega house. My sisters and I...we thought the jungle juice was a little strong...oh my God." She burst into tears.

"How's your boyfriend, Jenna? Still alive over in Iraq?" At the scholarship office, Jack tried his best to adopt Steve's mannerisms. "Hi, I'm Steve McGeery. I ne ed my file regarding the Goldwater Scholarship. Here's my I-Card. ed a manila folder.

"Man, what the hell are you doing?" Rick asked in a hushed voice as they sat in the corner of the reception area.

I know, man, but he sabotaged Carol's chances at the scholarship. I know it. But, there's nothing here. Essays, transcripts,

"Hey boys, what's that you got there?" Jack and Rick froze as Steve walked into the office. "Hope it's not for the Goldwater scholarship." That's it, man," Jack whispered to Rick

The second

We're fucked. Jesus, Jack, what the hell did you get me into?" 'Hi there, I'm Steve McGeery, I need to check up on my file for the

at him. "Right, well, ant to grab a bite to eat?" 'Nah, man, I just had Eas lied. 0 "Yeah, sorry, man, I just had a sandwich.'

"Alright, lamers, see you around "Whaddya think he meant by 'squared away'?" Jack aske 'Dunno man. Wanna go check out the scholarship office and get some luncl 'Sure, but first we need to go to t **I-Card office.** 

As they walked the short distance from their dorm to the Student Union, Jack imagined the trip taking place in slow motion. He gracefully reached into his pocket for a cigarette and slowly brought his lighter up to its tip.

"Man, what the hell are you doin'?" Rick asked.

"Oh, sorry, nothing." Jack lit the cigarette and scanned the crowd of passing students. Did that guy just whisper something into his collar? What's that bulge in that girl's jacket?

"You alright, man, you seem a little shifty.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm fine, Rick. Look, let's go in the back way, I don't want anyone to see us.

Rick paused. "Alright, man, whatever.'

Jack slid down the alley between the Testing Center and the Student Union. He hopped over a handrail and pressed himself against the brick wall by a service entrance. Rick shook his head and walked around the railing.

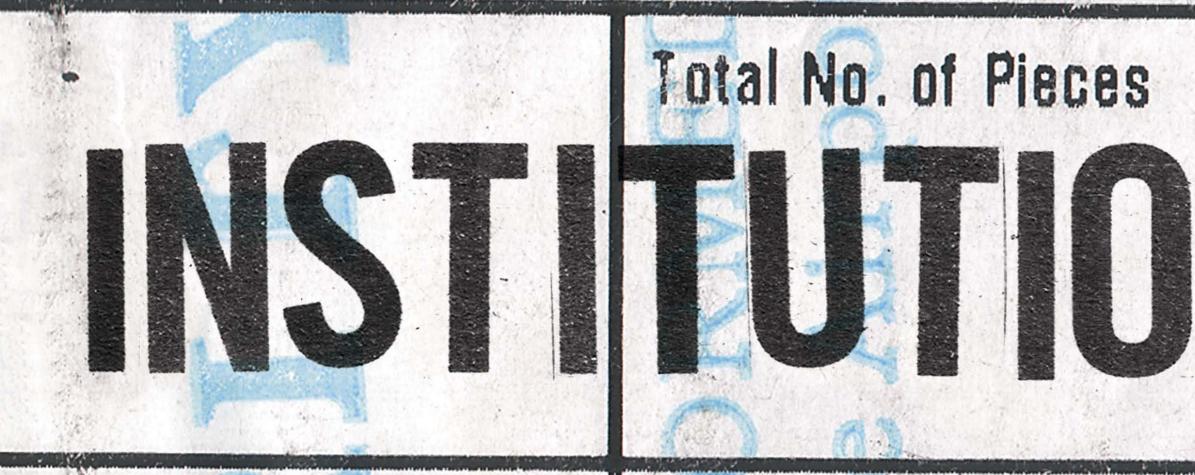
"I guess we'll have to pick the lock. Watch fer anybody.

'<u>Man, you're so weird. It</u>

Rick opened the door and Jack



Just then a door flew in, and a group of men raced in wearing black suits. Jack gasped in horror. The CIA! "OH MY GOD! SPOOKS! RUN, RICK, THEY'RE The last thing Jack saw before he was beaten unconscious by the lead tenor of the Indiana Area's First Baptist Choir that had been asked to sing for the President's birthday party was Rick standing with his hands on his head and Steve, surrounded by administrators, with a satisfied look on his face.



# NOT TO BE AN ELITIST OR ANYTHING, BUT I WAS DEFINITELY THE BRAINS OF THE OPERATION IN THERE.

SURE, IT WAS A COMMUNITY, AND SURE, WE WERE ALL THERE BECAUSE WE'D FAILED IN A FUNDAMENTAL WAY, BUT I'LL GO OUT ON A LIMB HERE AND SAY THAT I WAS THE MOST MENTALLY COMPETENT PATIENT AT THE SMACKY MCDRINKSALOTT **REST HOME FOR FUCKING HOPELESS ADDICTS. I'D BEEN TO COLLEGE, AFTER ALL.** I WAS THE ONE THAT RANKLED AT THE LACK OF ANY GOOD BOOKS IN THERE. I WAS THE ONE WHO'D PAID MY OWN WAY INTO PERDITION, WITH MONEY I'D EARNED QUITE LEGALLY, THANK YOU. I WAS THE INTELLECTUAL, DAMMIT. I WAS NO DUMB SMACKHEAD. MY, SVELTE FRAME CONVINCED EVERYONE THAT HEROIN WAS MY DRUG OF CHOICE, AND MY PALE SKIN AND SUBURBAN UPBRINGING, COUPLED WITH MY USE OF COMPLEX SENTENCES, MADE MY ACTUAL CHOSEN POISON SEEM ALL THE MORE UNLIKELY. BUT THERE I WAS, TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD, EDUCATED, PRIVILEGED, AND WITH AN ENORMOUS CRACK HABIT.

So there I was, with drunks and junkies of all ages, races and sizes. I had to fight to be allowed to bring in a notebook. It was thoroughly searched. I had obstinately insisted that I was only staying for five days, so I didn't have much to wear or enough cigarettes. The first thing that happens in rehab, if you aren't in physical danger from withdrawal, is the intake interview. They try to get a sense of who they're dealing with, and how fucked they are. You give them a list of the people who, should they call and ask, can be told that you are there, and how close to death you are. Mine included my boyfriend and the rotten-toothed crackhead I was cheating on him with. Neither ever called. I spit out monosyllabic answers to their probing, open-ended questions. They took my height and weight, and a Polaroid of my shell-shocked face. I've never seen that photo, but I have a sick feeling if I ever become famous, it'll show up on the internet. I was immediately placed into the Dual Diagnosis program. Dual Diagnosis is secret code for not just addict, but Crazy Addict. In addition to smoking crack, some of my favorite hobbies included starving myself, bingeing and purging, putting burning cigarettes out on my arms, and sawing away at my flesh with serrated kitchen knives.

Crazy Addicts get slightly different treatment from re gist as their caseworker, and they get time with Herr Doktor Oktagon, the he gist as their caseworker, and they get time with Herr Doktor Oktagon, the nemous reutonic pill-pusher and dream-crusher. No one escaped Herr Doktor without medication. Herr Doktor was not a kind, compassionate man. He held addicts in unique contempt, and informed me at our first meeting that my dream of the Peace Corps would never come true, not with this on my Permanent Record. In addition to Herr Doktor's grueling pill regimens, us Duelies got group therapy a couple times a week, in addition to a weekly one-on-one with our case-

.yett

got group merapy a couple times a week, in addition to a weekly one-on-one with our case-worker. Mine, the goodhearted and long-sober Dr. Nete decided one day at Group to out it wasn't just any Group, either. It was one day when two of the sections were combined, so a good two thirds of the Duelies were in there. "So, Zerda, want to talk a little bit about what's here going on ofter hunch?" Newly clean and achieve day have been double day included the so a good two times of the Duenes were in there. So, Zena, want to take a fitte of about what's been going on after lunch?" Newly clean and sober drunks and junkies are like little kids. Letting them in on the deep dark secret that a member of the Community was running to the toilet in her room (a forbidden place to be during the day) and puking up all her food was like telling them she had a confirmed case of cooties.

egular addicts. They get a psycholo

Now, every lunch period, I was the object of intense scrutiny, some of it good hearted, most of it consisting of mocking fingers being shoved down throats in my direction. Lunch was already bad enough because I was the only vegetarian in the place. Now I had junkie whores telling me what was best for my health. Two of my roommates, in fact, were junkie whores who'd been in rehab time and time again. They were decent women, I suppose, and looked out for me because I was scared and naïve and too booksmart for my own good. There was Drunk Steve, who somehow seemed to be wasted all the time, inside a rehab campus. He always insisted it was time for him to go; ready for "society world." There were women who'd been there so many times they knew every staff member's pet peeves, and who had ongoing fights with one another that they'd just pause upon being released and take back up when they landed in rehab

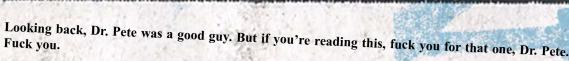
Then, there was Pierce. Pierce had rotten teeth, a baby and another on the way, an electricians' union card and a Philly drawl. He had studs in the cartilage of his ears, tattoos, and a way of looking at me that made me remember what sex was like before crack made it into a sickening, dry, flaccid parody of itself. For some reason, Pierce was hot property in that place. Our one stolen kiss by the soda machine almost made up for the silver cigarette case he stole from me. Whenever he caught me talking to tall, dark, handsome Brian, his eyes would narrow and I'd excuse myself. The isolation and absurdity of rehab makes you cling to whatever "relationships" you find. That and a lot of people who are coming off heroin remember what a libido is, so sex is on everyone's mind, all the time. The weeks stretched on. One group of kids found out that I was from the area and wanted my help escaping to the nearby big city. I didn't tell them, and agonized over telling the staff about their plans. I didn't. They all left one night, and trickled back in about a week later with none of their jewelry. The youngest, a girl of about 17, had sucked a few cocks for money. She'd never had it that bad before. The Community welcomed them back. They left again, a few

Sundays were visiting days, and both of my parents would co smiles, and news of my younger sister in college. wouldn't be coming the next week because they were driving up carton of Camel filters. But by the middle of that next week, my 28 days were up. 1 At one point I'd been made "president" of the Community, which meant pretty muc ing but a vote of confidence from the staff. I'd been granted outside A.A. meeting privileges, which meant coffee with rette breaks, outside contact and the chance to hold hands with Pierce at the gene caffeine, more cigarette breaks, outside contact and attendance meetings held in a barn on the campus.

is usually smoked through metal. That's why crackheads have burnt thumbs and white, chapped lips.

The day I left, Dr. Pete was optimistic. I was, too. I used my leftover cigarette packs to purch green knit shirt from a desperate newbie.

When I came back to meetings at the barn in the weeks afterward, I was received like a returning hero by those who remembered me. I was clean. I was sober. I had a job and some flesh on my bones again. I eventually went back to college. I graduated, and found a decent job that grants me a fair bit of sa faction. My secret, such as it is, is something of a selectively open one; one I've bandied about in wh the-bigger-badass pissing contests in company I think is relatively tight-lipped. Sometimes I look arour at my modest version of professional and material success and think, you done alright, Zelda. But the I think that if the people surrounding me, here in the officer knew what I came from, they'd look t like I just shit on their shoes.



Saturdays were special days—we got to sleep in until 8:30, and there was the tale had taken to writing poetry, and reading it then. Once, I sang a song about how the blisters on my t were gone. Only the crackheads got it, and they laughed: crack has to have fire held to it constant

I still have the green shirt. I still have the scars. My thumbs are still pristine.



Dr. Pete was a good guy. But if you're reading this, fuck you for that one, Dr. Pete. Fuck you.



# The Thought Project

imon Høgsberg stopped 55 strangers and asked them what they were thinking about the second before he stopped them

Using a mic and a dictaphone he recorded what they said then took a picture of them

The end result is a collection of 55 portraits, coupled with the verbal expression of the person's thought

Above are 55 portraits

Below are 55 thoughts

All quotes state exactly what was said during the interviews

The interviews took place in Copenhagen, Denmark and in New York City

# Engelsk version:

t a pedestrian crossing I saw a parking attendant. This, then, led me to think about parking attendants in general – especially the zealous way they do their job. And by this I then came to think of a couple of examp arked cars where they've been incredibly zealous. The most recent example was, for instance, a car parked on a spot where I couldn't see that there was anything wrong. Then I went over to look at the ticket, and it said that there were yellow markings. Then, when I then looked at the sidewalk I could just barely see that there had been some yellow painting. And I consider that to be... MOST... zealous. I went over there to find out what it was t. One can learn something. And I've done that before. And another time, then it was for instance a car that was parked on a spot where I couldn't see what could be wrong about it. Then the note said that it was parked n ight meters from a corner as it should be, but six point eight meters. It was a place where it was of no practical importance whatsoever. And therefore I consider it to be just as zealous as the other example. I believe they ought show courtesy, and that means that they should fine only those who deliberately break the law and thereby impede others. But those who simply fail to see something or other, which is... completely unimportant, and wher he can say that they've acted in good faith, in that case I'd say that they shouldn't do a damn thing.

I was thinking that the car that just passed me was a black version of the car that some of my friends have. And then I just looked into the car just to check if it was actually them, but it wasn't. I noticed the lady who was a the passenger seat - that she was this type with long, dark hair and Gucci sunglasses on her forehead, and she wore a fur coat and the like. She was a type different from those I'd perhaps expected to see in the car. Becaus people I was looking for who were my friends... she wouldn't have been sitting there in a fur coat wearing Gucci sunglasses. On an overcast day.

was actually just thinking that now I've been plowing my way through Copenhagen this morning while my mate and his wife they're at the hospital to give birth to a baby, and the only thing I've actually gained is th ould buy a sweater and I'd hoped to replace my entire wardrobe. I live in Haderslev. I came over here yesterday to visit my mate. He lives on Østerbro. When I went to sleep last night at three o'clock then we were three guys i apartment who slept at his place, and when I woke up this morning then I was all alone. And then I knew well what the score was. I'd hoped that I would be spending my time with my mate, and that we were going to watch ytball out in Valby, because FCK are playing against Frem, but apparently this is not how things were meant to happen. He probably won't make it, then. Actually, I should ve been out buying a lot of clothes, but nothing cam out of it, actually, because... yeah, I don't know why, restlessness, football, and I also wanted to know what the hell is happening at the hospital, so now I was thinking, nah, now I'll drift back home to the apartment and sit and rait. He may stop by to pick up some stuff or something. He lives just over in Classensgade, so you see it's just ... It isn't very far, really.

was thinking about cardboard. Because I was just about to mount the sidewalk, and then my eyes fell upon the bag that I'm holding in my hand and in which there is cardboard that I've bought for the purpose of mak some place cards for a party. And then I started thinking about different kinds of cardboard. I came to think of what I'd bought and the ones I've just been looking at because I've just been out buying cardboard. And there was a lot of fancy colors. And then I just came to think of how many different kinds of cardboard you could buy. I'm satisfied with the purchase... I've found such a... the right thickness and also the ors I want. They're green and yellow because it's something that'll be used for some Easter, hence the choice.

I was thinking of whether I should walk straight ahead or if I should turn right. But at the same time I was also thinking that it was nice... I'd just met one of my good friends who came walking together with three othe zentlemen, and I was so surprised to see him on foot, because usually he always goes by car. So he ... in a way he caught me off guard by suddenly saying hi. At the same time I was thinking of which way to choose, it was funny that I'd met him. And his cap was pulled far down his... his... almost down to his nose, so actually I didn't recognize him, it was him who said hi there and all that, so... it was actually amusing, and it was lovely. I know him from the time when I was working in his company. I'd been a housewife for thirty years, and then I simply had to get out and do a little to try something else, and then I worked there.

. I'm going to visit some friends in an hour together with my wife and my son, and while she's down in Krea to find a present I'm thinking... or I was thinking that we'll take the bus out there because it's goddamn cold, and ust stopped by just now.. whether or not I'd punched in advance, which I have. I did punch because we'd taken the bus in here, and then we'd got off to find a present, and then we're going on the same bus again – simply driving on, right? What I was thinking was: would the punch card expire before we came out there. Then it occurred to me that we didn't need to punch one more time. We have punched enougl I'm on the lake in Copenhagen, and I was photographing one of the trees, which is half in the water, and it's very nice to see the reflection of the branches in the water. At least I like it so much, and always I look for it, becaus I like when the reflection is half destroying the image, but the image is still there. And the other thing is that I think today there is a very special light in Copenhagen, because there has been a sunny day, but now it's a little bit foggy and... I don't know - a little bit idle. And so looking around I try to capture these feelings that I had in mind and what I felt of Copenhagen today. It's a city I like very much. I'm Italian so I'm actually not used to this kind and doing an illegal turn ... atmosphere. I mean it's very different, it's very catching for me. I live here since two and a half vears, so I know these things but still I'm always impressed when I see a scenery like this. Actually, something I like very much is well is when you see the branches just ... how can I say... controluce in Italian... I don't know the word in English. It is against the light, somehow, when the light is behind, and you see them like nets in the sky. You have this dark black... almost drawings in the sky. That's... that's very nice, I think.

I was just thinking how I should spend my time until six o'clock when I'd like to go to church. And then I was also thinking if perhaps I should become a member of the church that I've been coming in for quite a long time 10w. So that's a rather big question this holy Sunday – if I were to become a Catholic. I can't really decide. But then my legs started to grow tired, so actually I'd just decided to sit down and look at the lake for a while. I feel an urge to tell you why I would actually want to be a Catholic. But that's mostly because there is the most fantastic American priest in the Sacrement Church, so... yes, if any he'd be the reason for it. And then I can't be bothered to be : ember of the Danish National Church. But it's also very radical to join a Catholic church with that Pope who has all these ridiculous messages and this whole organization which you then become part of. So it's rather difficul o make this decision, right, because there's so much for and against, and I can't always argue for doing it. But therefore, I'll probably do it, anyway. Surely I cannot keep thinking the same thoughts. So perhaps it ought to reach a new level, right? Now soon it's a couple of years that I haven't been a member of the National Church, and actually I find it strange not to be part of something, but, on the other hand, then I just can't see myself rejoining the nal Church, really. I've actually called that guy, Carroll Parker, the other day – that's the priest's name – so I've kind of started... he wasn't home, but that ... that doesn't matter much. You know, I can always call again, right? The first call is the wildest. And then the next will be easier, like, in one way or the other. So damn it, now I guess I'll just do it.

9. I guess that what I was thinking about most that was my girlfriend because I was just sitting here waiting for her, and she just wrote me saying that she's on her way. So actually I was looking for her bus. Apart from that, I've so that while where it was thinking about. I was thinking about. I was thinking about. I was thinking about how he was doing when he's lying in the bag. Mostly because it has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. It has just shat all over the place, actually. But it didn't. I've got three rats in all, but ve to get rid of one of them because I've only got two cages. And so... they'll kill each other. This rat here I must give away because I can't keep it myself.

o. What I was thinking just before you stopped me was: why do intermediate-range ballistic missiles cost as much as an allotment shed. That was actually what I was thinking. Because we were talking about ... about ... because we were talking about allotment sheds, and then Mick said that it was extremely difficult to get an allotment shed, and then I said no, it's not difficult to get an allotment shed, you just have to be signed up. And then he said, h, and I said, but we are, and then we've been offered one, but they're so insanely expensive that they cost ... they cost just as much as an intermediate-range ballistic missile. And then Mick said, oh, Osama Bin Laden, and then came and stopped us. Osama. Osama Bin Laden. As much as he pays for intermediate-range ballistic missiles. He probably gets a discount. Yeah, it costs as much as an allotment shed of fifty square meters

. I was thinking about my phone ringing, and it was my boyfriend, and I couldn't be bothered to answer it because it was nice finally to get some peace. Here in the sunshine. And the Spring. We just need to have some time off from each other. Right now. It's all very well to fight to make things work out, but sometimes you just have to let things rest. And develop on their own. And then you must have a br

2. I was out running, and when I walked past Planetarjet then I checked out what stuff they were showing, at what time and at which price, because in the weekends me and many of my friends we listen to electronic music an ecstasy pills and cocaine and stuff like that. And then I was thinking that maybe it could be fun to go see the film called Adrenaline in Planetariet while you were on ecstasy pills just on a weeknight – like a weekday-thing tead of going to the cinema or in the theatre, for example. As I understand it in the film you're moving weightlessly through space and driving in a rollercoaster fast and such things. I was just planning when it should be and m it should be with. I think it'll be after the 1st. I'm kind of broke now, I've been to Barcelona for a week, last week, so I think it'll be after the 1st together with my room-mate. He'll be easy to persuad

13. I was thinking about when I was out in Stengade last Sunday – what happened, because a small episode took place there... And that was what I was thinking about. It was a... can you say "flirt" in Danish? It was a small flirt that was going on, but then something happened, so I had to go. So it didn't develop into anything more than a little flirt. We weren't together in any way, but we exchanged some glances. And that was very exciting. I dn't talk with him. Only across the dance floor... with my eyes. I've never seen him before. I don't know if I wish to see him again... No, it was a question of then and there, a moment that was good then and there, but i rtant for me to meet him again. No..

I was thinking that I've just got off from work and was going to start the weekend and thinking that I was going to pick up my son at his playmate's place – and I'm half an hour late. But it doesn't matter that I'm a little la y're having a good time and playing at a tremendous pace just right until I'm coming. So it doesn't matter much. He's fine. After that we're going home to spend the weekend... That's going to be lovely

5. What I was thinking just before I met you was: how the hell do I find a place where I can get my bicycle fixed because my tire was just punctured and it just went psssst and then... well, then the tire flattened, and so now I ry to find a place where I can have it mended as quickly as possible because Copenhagen without a bike... that just doesn't work. So actually I was thinking, it might well be so that you knew where you can have your bicycle ures mended at a cheap price. That's actually what I was thinking... just ... just when I saw you, then I thought, why not... you look like a person who lives her so..

I was thinking about a Ramones song. Actually, I cannot quite remember which song I was just thinking about but it was a... Yes, Sheena is a Punk Rocker it's called. And why, I actually don't really know why I did. I think I've eard it sometime earlier today. At home, on a record. And then I was thinking that I'm going to a birthday party just now. And I'm going to one of those reunification parties, and it will be a little chaotic because I don't really

















w which thing I'll choose to go to. One or the other. But I think I'll do it all: So, first the birthday party, then reunification party and then day party. And then I'll bring Ramones. Because I was thinking, I'd like to hear that Ramones song at the birthday party. Because I can er be bothered to hear it, that is. And I think that that's the reason why I thought of the song, actually... maybe. I think it was because last me – last year – at his birthday party, then we perhaps also listened to it. That may explain why I was thinking about it, actually. Because actually can't ... I don't actually think that I've heard it today. I'm not completely sure that I've heard it today. But I know I heard it last year t his birthday party. I did. Yes I did... I actually did.

7. What I was thinking before reaching these lakes, then I was thinking if I should take the stairs or if I should use the path leading down to the lakes. And then later I was also thinking that I was going to sit down and look at the lakes and enjoy myself doing that. I'm coming traight from home, I'm unemployed, I was going out to get a little exercise, and then I was thinking that going down to the lakes will be great because it's a wonderful place. And then I felt I needed to see water so that's why I went for a walk. Exercise and water. That was the

. I'm walking to think and I'm only thinking when I'm walking, or what's the saying? I think best when I'm walking. So I know what I was ninking. And I was thinking about my own shadow, because I'm doing a song called "The Shadowman". "Faithful like a pigeon at a hotdog tand, the shadowman appears when the sun is shining. A lump of ketchup on a paving stone becomes the mouth of a clown you kiss... or tho kisses you when you pass by". That's as far as I've got. It's my own shadow... that is, everything that the shadow throws itself upon... to the next thing is that he throws himself onto a... onto a mailbox – that was exactly the point I'd come to - and then you see the slot, and ere's a person who throws a love letter through it. That is, he throws his own shadow onto everything that already exists, right? Like this 've also got the video. I have made the video for the track. If there are two cigarette butts then there are two eyes. If there's half a sausage nen he smiles. Now I've just ... that there was a lump of ketchup on a... and that turns into the mouth of a clown, right? So, all the time you ee the shadow thrown onto something. And then he tells a fairytale during the song.

. I was thinking of the trip I'm going on this weekend. I'm going to Iceland tomorrow to do a gig in Reykjavik on Friday because I'm nusician, and then we've done some rehearsals these last couple of days, and then I was just reflecting on how it would be to play up there if we could attain the same level of concentration and such as we've managed to attain during these rehearsals. We're going to play in old Theatre building, and I think it's the first jazz festival to be held in Reykjavik, it's like an arrangement for the weekend. There are e orchestras attached, three orchestras per night, so a lot of money has been raised and such, so that we can fly up there and play for hour. It's a student from The Rhythmic Music Conservatory whose name is Haukur and who's a saxophone player who has applied... I nink he got most of the money from The Nordic Music Council. And so then he has invited our trio, Reflex up there. He knows our bass aver whom he's also playing with. And then we also know him from the Music Conservatory. I've studied out there last year. So therefore needed some orchestras from the northern countries, and then we were one of them. We'll leave tomorrow morning, and then we'll go home on Sunday

. I was thinking that I'm going to work and that I didn't feel like it and I was looking forward to the weekend. So I was daydreaming a little... thinking that perhaps I should get a cup of coffee some place before I was going to work – just to relax. I'm working in a hotel up nere on Colbjørnsensgade. As a receptionist. I'm going to be there until eleven o'clock tonight... so it's a long day. Well, it's eight hours ut, you know, it's because the day starts so late then it seems long, right? So when you don't start until three o'clock then... then the day s sort of gone when you get home, there aren't many more things you can do, right? That's my daily rhythm, and then I go to school in he morning, right – I study law. So… the days are long. Therefore, once in a while you may tend to think that, well – it would be cool just b have a couple of days off, right? And not do anything and maybe see some friends and... relax. I'm working at the hotel from Monday o Friday and sometimes also on Saturdays and sometimes on Sundays as well; it depends on the personnel-on-duty schedules. But then possibly I've got a couple of days off during the week, and then you'll have to use those instead, you know. It isn't hard work, not at all. The . I've chosen a job like this is that I can sit and read, you see, while I'm working. That's actually the most substantial reason that I've ken the job. And then it's a rather fun job, you experience something different from when you're sitting with your nose stuck in a book. viously you see a lot of people and you become exposed to things that you wouldn't normally be exposed to in my study or in that career. ight? So... that's the reason. But I'm starting to become a little fed up with it these days – you can say that again; but now I haven't got that uch time left. Probably that's also it ... everything is coming to a head, right? The dissertation must be handed in, and then there's also the work, right? But you know, I can see an end to it. That's nice. I've been studying for so many years and have grown so old, so it's no fun to on SU anymore. It takes a little more, you need a slightly higher income and... to buy a flat and all those things you do when you grow der right? Had I been twenty-two it would've been fine, but... I'm no longer twenty-two so... so it's necessary to earn a bit more money, right, so that you can afford doing those things you believe you must do. Taking those days off once in a while, going on a holyday, which is difficult when you're only on SU. And I can't be bothered anymore. This is my second education, this one, so I've kind of had my share of hat SU-life. My first education was economy.

I was thinking that I was on my way to pick up my son from the day nursery, and it's his last day in the day nursery, he's going to start rgarten tomorrow, and then I was anxious to know if he'd had a good day. And he's brought cream puffs and so on, so I'm curious to tnow if... if it had been good. I don't think that he's fully aware what it means to start in kindergarten but he does know that something new s going to happen, and certainly he has seen his older mates start kindergarten and knows it's something like when you grow up then you're ing to kindergarten so... so he's looking forward to that ... Yes, I think so... Or he does, he says that he does, but of course he's anxious to ee how it's going to be. He's three now, right, so he's going to be in kindergarten until he's starting school a six-year old, so that's three years re or less. One step on the career path. Actually a giant leap, I believe.

2. I'd just passed the spot over there, and it said something about Peblingesøens yacht club. And then, just when I came here, just befo neeting you, then I thought that I'd like to be a member of a yacht club, but in the southern part of Sweden, in Malmö, and I was thinking out some boats and the water in Malmö and the sound seen from Malmö. I would like to be a member of a yacht club in Malmö becaus think there's a lot more space over there, everything is so pestered over here and I'm fed up with the rowing club I'm a member of here, that s, I don't mean a yacht club, I mean a rowing club because there's so... time spent waiting and queues and so on and so on. I'm tired of it d then I'm just imagining that there had to be a lot more space over there. -8%

3. I was thinking that I've been offered to buy some extra space in the attic so I could get myself a penthouse. And obviously that's... it uld be wonderful, and then I'm also thinking about mortgage loans and all that boring stuff. I live on the fourth floor, and then I've been offered the space above and then you can make a staircase connecting the two floors so that I could get a really lovely, bigger flat. I'll do it, ut I've never really borrowed those vast sums before, that is, it's the first time and of course there's a first time for everything, but... yeah, obviously I'm contemplating this a bit. I will be able to manage, but you know, at the same time you also lose your freedom to do exactly hat you want when you want it. And I've just always been used to that – having the financial freedom to do what I want. But sometimes, n I guess you'll have to look at things from a financial practical point of view – sort of like an investment. Really, if you want to access estate market as it is now then this is a really good thing for me to do because it'll be a good way of getting something to sell later And the way the market for cooperative apartments looks now, it can only be a financial gain. So if I wanted to live the life of adventure could easily sell it again, so in that sense I'm not running a major risk except that... that it'll take like ten years before I can start elling again. Nah, it won't. Well, then let's say it'll take ten years. Then that's what'll happen – then I'll have to do with going to Jutland. n't think it'll be that bad.

(Oversat tekst) I was really thinking that I find those Sneakers with extra peanuts, they tasted *really* good, and then I actually think my air had been cut rather well. I've just been at a new hairdresser. That was what I was contemplating before I was going back to my work. Yes, was chewing my peanuts, and then I thought, hmm, that was good, and then... then I actually thought that it was a pretty good haird

I was thinking of what kind of perambulator that lady was pushing because we ourselves are about to have a child in two months time nd are thinking a bit about what kind of perambulator we should buy. The perambulator she had that looks a lot like the one we're planning o buy. We thought it was neat and looked handy and easy, an "Odder" I believe it was, which is a Danish product. A barouche. I didn't think nything else because then I was interrupted by the sight of a police officer in plain clothes who stopped a car talking on a mobile phor

26. Well, I'll tell you what I was thinking when I met you. I live down on Gothersgade over there and was about to go for a walk with my dog, right? I was thinking that my wife has just been away for three days, she'll be home in an hour, she's going to have a baby in a fortnight, and I've made a dressing table, which I was very, very anxious to see how she likes, that I've spent these last three days working on very intensively... so I'm not a good craftsman, right, but I've really made an effort doing this project here, I thought it ought to be something... mething really special. So what I was thinking just now that was if all the details were right, if any lists were poking out in weird place .. so that if she came home while I was gone then she'd see that it was completely done without me having to explain a single thing.

(Original-tekst) I was checking through my sms in the inbox on my mobile and going through loads of e-m... or sms that I had collect from my previous trip to India which I just sort of came back from. And while I was going through them I got a beep indicating that a new sms had come in, and I was hoping that it was from my girlfriend saying that she's tired but she loves me and she hopes I will come back oon. She's here now on vacation with me. But she went back to the room where we're staying just one hour before because she was very ired. I was able to check the sms on my mobile while I was in India but I didn't erase them all, one by one, so I went through them now and thinking that maybe I should erase some which doesn't really mean anything anymore, and also I saved a lot of them in different maps sms, and so... so it's a very good thing... to remember a bit of a memory-thing, actually. I just bought a new mobile phone before I went t eling a lot now, and I re en sms or something, and that didn't work because I've been t erase them just after I got them because... yeah, that's a bit sad. But now I just saw that hought we lost contact a bit so I sent her an sms now saying that ahh, I'm in Copenhagen, everything is bla bla bla I miss you. And then I actually got a reply, so I'm very happy now. So it w

(Oversat tekst) I was specifically thinking that I jus Spring, the urge you get to be outside, and how the juices rise, and that we must have a ich time – that if things are to make sense then going to work must be meaningful as well. That just wrote a letter to all of them about this. We've got this company employee publication in s about economy or crises or progress and so on, right? And this time I was just standing looki what they're doing, too – looking out the window thinking, look at how everything is blooming, itside in the Spring? And then I wrote a long leader about that. You could say that I was like he glass. But at the same time it's because we have a programme defining a set of value ave a really healthy economy, so now we're focusing on the issue that it has to be meaningful to go to work – not just taking a couple o es but caring for one's colleagues, we've made a programme based on values whe Ind take responsibility and take initiatives, and not just go to work saying, oh, it's four o'clock, now I'm going home. But it must be so that u're like looking forward to going to work. That's the goal, having people say, you know what, I'm so happy about going to work, bummer, ow it's weekend. Of course we'll never reach that goal but, you know, it's to show the opposite side of: oh no, now it's Monday, then you

ught to say, oh no, now it's Friday, Roughly that's the value-programme we're running.

istify that their positic r having been through a lot of crises u should care for each other, be kind to each othe

(Oversat tekst) I was fired yesterday and have been to a new job interview today and am going to second test-interview... on T And then.,. of course I hope that's it. I better not mention the name of the company from which I was fired if it is to be published, bu that company in which I'm doing the interview on Tuesday, second round, that is Skanska. Skanske that's a Swedish contractor-firm that anages... both buildings, and now they've also started doing facility management where they're overtaking other companies' (ikl eområder), where they provide companies with, like, total services, service solutions be it the managing of canteens, reception service, ng, maintenance, exterior maintenance, plant service, receptions... simply everything – everything that the client wants you to rtake. That which I'd like to be employed as that is a manager – facility manager. And by pure coincidence... I actually applied for that job

but hey, I'm not lying, it was actually fifty seconds or one minute before where I just received a call from them and was asked if I could foul language, she's very, very... we would say, "salty" or "brassy", you know she's... she's yeah – she's got a mouth on her, and it was fu ne to an interview. And two minutes before that, then I'd sent the mail. Because I'd sent it a week too late then I called and talked to the as cool to see because she always does get portrayed as sort of the stupid blond, you know – nothing between her ears, and she had t more going on – than she's often given credit for – in her head. So that was nice. You know, I love essays, I especially love profiles of aging director and asked him if there were any chances in spite the fact that I'd seen their job ad too late. It was a job I'd had before. Ther f course he well knew that it made sense to apply. Otherwise it wouldn't have made sense. I had kind of a standard application, right? and ple in essays, and Capote is excellent at that, I mean, he's really wonderful. Yeah, so I was just sort of enjoying the quality of the writing n I'd simply just adjusted a bit and then my personal reference, ticchc, then two minutes passed, then the staff department called, an ijoying getting to know Marilyn Monroe in some sense. right after that when I'd talked to them – it took four or five minutes – then she just said, you're going to an interview tomorrow at nin Driginal tekst) I was thinking... I was asking myself: do I want to go home and drop off my bag and then go get a drink? Or do I jus at's fine, went in and had a meeting with my boss, and then... I knew that people were going to be fired because the company was reducing s costs, so then I got fired. So now I've got like two weeks. Skanska will need a guy around the first of May. Perhaps not until May fifteentl vant to, like, go get a drink? That's exactly what I was thinking. It's a major question, yeah, because usually I don't… If I, you know, meet up that kind of suits everybody. They had finished the first interview before yesterday so it was in the last moment I called them. It was people or whatever, you know, go to a bar or something during the week it's usually not till later if at all, but sometimes like on Fridays like right... before they called people in for tests. Then I was at the interview today, and now I've just been called up and have been told also nice to just go have a couple of drinks right after work, then go home. And somehow today feels like a Friday, it felt like a Friday all day we been kind of just considering... When I got out of the train I was like: wow, maybe I'll just, like, you know, pretend that it's Friday ome to a test on Tuesday. Fifty-five applicants, eight to interview, four to test, and then they'll pick one of them. I think my chance ing that job are a hundred percent. *There you go!* But it's MINE! It's *mine*. It has to be mine. That's how it is! know? And then I probably will go home, and then I'm meeting up with some people later on.

Iy band has been auditioning bass players, and there's a guy that was pretty good but we're not really sure, but he wants us to give him a of our music, and he wants to learn the songs and just show us he can do it, and it's really... He's like... It's like the guy who likes the girl, . (Oversat tekst) Well, when you stopped me then just the moment before I was thinking of a party I went to on Saturday where we were ome friends who made a practical joke with one of... with the hostess. Ahh, the practical joke we made, it's kind of... intimate. It was kind the girl isn't really sure, but the guy just keeps at it to win her over. That's kind of the dynamic. The band is the girl. The guy is the guy 's totally what the dynamic is. I'm like the girl talking to him on the phone. It's like: "Oogh, I don't know if I think about you that way of a little intimate joke we made with her which was drawing a bit on some of the things she'd done in her past, so... it's difficult to explain an, I really think you're GREAT and I mean, I'm just... We are going to be playing with some other people, and, you know, we're seeing o we made some songs and made some jokes, but... so... it was, like, about some very (indforståede) things. I can only tell you about he tion, it was more here reaction I was smiling at when you saw me because she became immensely... *out of it* and reacted simply by being er people, you know?" He's like, "Oh, I know! I just really... just, look dude, just give me a shot man, give me a shot!" So "Alright. Bu i've got to understand the reality of the situation!" So he says, "Oh, I know. It's cool, no I know it's a big decision..." What I decided to incredibly mad at us to begin with, and then it was just an incredibly funny situation, so... So it was more her reaction I was thinking about bit there when I was smiling a lot. It wasn't as if we'd hired a stripper or something like that. No, no-no-no, no, no. No, not at all. Not at o is make myself sound really busy of him and just quickly I can hand him a CD, because I don't want to spend another two hours heari ll. They were more refined jokes. They weren't so... crude. ... End of story! out how much he loves the band. We are some people meeting up and, you know, I don't want to, like... I don't want to lead him on, yo now? I guess...

(Oversat tekst) I was thinking on my way home... I'm working in a company over here of which I'm a joint owner, and there is a pers ere who's trying to barter money without him actually being entitled to do so. And then I was probably just thinking of how I could bring Original tekst) I just woke up, right? So... I'm still a little bit groggy, and I was walking down the street, like, enjoying my coffe myself in a position so that I could cheat him. That was... that was actually what I was thinking about. And just before finding the solu d I was thinking to myself: "Fuck! I'm back in New York." I just got back a few days ago, so I was thinking to myself: "This guy that is oaching me is really way too tan to be a New Yorker." I was really thinking that, I'm not shitting you, and I was, like, wow, you know, I n indeed I was accosted by you. So... so I haven't got a solution right now but I also have a long distance to walk from here so, well, the ation will come. To make a brief summary the person in question acts as an independent adviser in the market and therefore must no 1 I was back in Thailand, because I just got back to New York two days ago – I was in Thailand for a week. Yeah, I mean, who would wan to be in this cold and dirty place when you can be somewhere warm and sunny? But I'm... I'm from here, so I can totally criticize it. But yeah a commission from different contractors because then he's no longer independent, you see. But nevertheless, by using a smart method arently he will try to send a bill for his services anyway. And really, that's clever of him but... he hasn't got any sort of, like, legal basi days in Thailand is recommended for anyone. That's all I have to say. I'm... I'm shy. loing it, but then if I say no to him then I cannot be certain to be invited to the table the next time. So you do understand, it's kind ol (Original tekst) So... I was trying to think... I left my bicycle over in the Westside of downtown, and I was trying to think how I coul idden commission where to the outside world he can still remain independent and then nevertheless allow himself to charge money alk to my bicycle so that I could also run into a Cliff-bar which is a nutritional bar... Peanut-butter Cliff-bar, which is all for my breakfas it. One can argue whether that is fair but since it's my money then obviously I don't think it's fair. I'll, like, have to find one way o her to avoid this. Business is about getting as much money in as possible and spending the least, right? So every time you have to spend eeded to walk into an Ice coffee and a Cliff-bar. But my... my leg is very stiff, and I'm not sure why. I want to find the quickest route to ney you're of course annoyed and all the time you obviously find ways to reduce your spending. And then when a guy like this shows up y bicycle that would also intersect the Cliff-bar and the coffee. And my leg is stiff... yes. I think it might be from sexual activity... I'm no whom we have agreed is not to be paid – it's the client who actually pays for his services – then you could say that it's unfair that he's als te sure... I – I am pretty sure ing to squeeze money out of us. He's selling a product that we're making... Selling? He's inviting us to participate, he's got a number tacts and so on, then he functions as an independent adviser for them by inviting different contractors who can then bid for the job. Original tekst) I was thinking whether I should go meet my friend Zack or my friend Kenyan. They're both cool, it's just that Zack is ir wn... is in the city until... eight thirty, and he's going back to the Bronx, and Kenyan is... Kenyan is right down the street, so... it's kind of he got a commission for that then he wouldn't be independent, then obviously he'd be in the pocket of... So therefore he doesn't want nmission, but behind the scenes he nevertheless actually would like this commission, see, it just has to be done in another wa y to do Kenyan, because he's right there. Zack is in the Village, but he lives in the Bronx so I was thinking, maybe I should call him and And that... yeah, it's actually a question of ethics to me as well, right? The fact that the issue that some money is to be changed between u im to come meet me down here if he has the time. Also he lives in Chicago, and now he's just in town for... I don't know, a week, two s at all been aired that obviously proves that his stature as an independent adviser for the client no longer holds true. Because he's *n*c eks, I don't know. I haven't seen him in about a month or two. I decided to call Ken... to call Zack to see if he wants to come down her endent. Certainly he's interested – as I'm interested – in earning the most money possible. Just as soon as there's money between l if not I will have to eat, and then go see Kenyan. I would have to call him too, yeah. My friends are famous. They're not famous as in, lik he's then no longer independent, then he prefers us. That's good for us in the bigger perspective but in a smaller perspective, in the ethical ebrities, but they're famous because they're my friends. Like you're famous because you're my friend, too, now. ective, then it's less fortunate. What I'm wondering about a bit is if, in reality, he has the same agreement with the other parties so th actually charges everybody. . (Original tekst) After I took a couple of photographs for my class that I needed to take to complete my roll of film I was thinking abo I don't know that. So it's things like these I'll just ..

Oversat tekst) Well, I'll have to admit that I was thinking about the car I just passed now. There was a note lying inside of it on whic there was a message for someone. And then I wondered about what it said. But then I didn't bother to stop to find out. If I had a debate with nyself over whether I should stop or what then it didn't last more than a split-second I don't think at all because I'm sure I could quickl ee with myself that hell, it didn't matter.

(Oversat tekst) Well, as I was walking this girl is passing me on her bike with a lollypop in her mouth that she's sucking on and looking Original tekst) I was thinking on my way to work that... to go to the airport right after work, and I can't wait to get to Houston and straight in the eyes, and then I just thought, holy shit, she's really not particularly cute! It was positively meant as a flirt on her part – sh my old friend, Lorry, and... I'm meeting her at one thirty tomorrow. That was what I was thinking: at one thirty tomorrow I'm going to s looking me straight in the eves. Of course, at first I was attracted by it when she was farther away on her bike, and then... yes, when eet my friend, Lorry, somewhere in Houston, Texas. She's a singer that I used to work with here in New York, and I'm playing with her to e came a little closer then I looked away. I would probably have fixed her stare if she'd happened to be a beautiful girl. Yeah, I probably irch on Sunday morning in Texas. I'm leaving work at five thirty – my car is around the corner – and I'm going to get my car and fly out to ewark, and then eight o'clock flight to Houston. And I'm going to meet my girlfriend's family, too. My girlfriend is going with me. So when ould have. I just got out of the cab I was thinking specifically. Kim... I've got to tell Kim that I just talked to Lorry, and I'm going to meet Lorry at one morrow, and... Everything is in order. Kim is my girlfriend. I want to tell her that everything is in order.

. (Oversat tekst) Yes, I was thinking that it was good that I'd managed to buy two bags for my laundry so that I could sort it so that as a bit under control. So I was a bit satisfied with myself for getting a bit of order... in life. One for colors and one for underwear and be clothes. I sort of felt I'd scored some adult-points. I'd thought about it for a long time, and then... well, I just passed the library, and then I hought, well, that shop is just down there. Yes, I'd been to the library, and well... then I associated, associated it simply to... well, that shop is n the area, so you must remember to ... well. So they're lying in my bag now.

N 6. 4.15

(Oversat tekst) I was wondering if I should go out tonight and try to catch the girl I've caught a couple of times the last couple of m to it. I wanted a copy of the CD for a while, and he had it, and I met him for lunch so that he could give it to me, and just in the prov ekends. But I can't really make up my mind as to whether it's something I care to do because I don't know if I should play hard-to-get o inging out eating lunch we just, you know... being silly and reading horoscopes, and... and that just came up, and it seemed kind of if she's playing hard-to-get. So I was kind of wondering about that a bit, if I should do it tonight – if I felt like it. But the question is more il nistic with life, you know? I'm a musician, and I'm into recording and stuff, and I'm always seeking inspiration as, like, an artist a good idea, because she just left her boyfriend, and she's quite a lot younger than me so that is something that I must give some thought Hopefully it will motivate me to get more of my own stuff out there. This music may change my life. Or, I mean, that was what I was that's something I feel like doing – because I don't want to be a rebound... back, you know, I don't want to be the guy that she just uses ting the second you approached me. rder to be confirmed. And then at the same time I was wondering if I bothered to do it at all, that was more it, because the weather is s shitty so I don't know if I can bring myself to walk again tonight. My bike has just been stolen so I have to walk, and I really don't care to (Original tekst) I was thinking that... whether or not I... what kind of trouble I would be in when I get to the parking garage to pick up that if it's raining. First of all I have to pull myself together and sms her and ask if she's going out and if she is to meet up. The problem ar because two months ago I lost my credit card, and they automatically withdraw the parking rent from my credit card. But that credi ard has been cancelled for a couple of months, so I thought what they would do, and if they would leave penalties, and I'm just thinking is that she still lives together with her boyfriend. Or ex-boyfriend as we better name him. And then I'd prefer that he doesn't come along. it would be a bit awkward. I don't mind a big crowd but it depends on whom the crowd consists of. I don't know if I want her to be my ut what will happen in about two minutes when I pick up my car and give them the new credit card. I'm probably in their database, ye , it'll be fine. Just... The question is whether or not they'll charge me penalties for not getting the rent for, you know... having been so late friend either. I was also thinking about that because it's kind of rather... problematic in that I also know her ex-boyfriend. And I don ith the last rent. It's a 180 dollars a month, no, 190 dollars a month to park my car here which is as cheap as you'll find in Manhattan. know if that's something I want. It's very fresh. And we've been together a couple of times. But I don't know if that's something to build... at all. But of course I wouldn't know that before I'm together with her again. We've kissed each other a couple of times, but that w one of those weeks before they broke up. So that wasn't ... serious. We usually always go to a place where a colleague of ours works an Original tekst) My name is Sean, walking down Rivington Street on a Sunday afternoon in New York carrying a bag of wet laund inking about how I'm going to need to let it dry in my apartment, then put it up. And also thinking about what I'm going to make for get a couple of drinks that often turn into quite a lot of drinks but I'm going to a big party tomorrow, that's also why I'm contemplati ause that I don't want to be totally sloshed tomorrow when I'm going to graduation party. So those were my thoughts just before yo tonight, I think I will make a... some... a dish involving chicken, but I'm not sure yet. I got to figure out what I've got. I've got a bunch chicken in the freezer, and I need to use it, and so... I got to figure out what to do with that. It depends on how much time I have, how rabbed hold of me. zy I am, and what ingredients I've got available.

(Original tekst) I was thinking about... I forgot my camera, so I can't take pictures now so I need to remember things that I see on th ets that are different from Copenhagen and from Holland, and I have to write these things down before I forget them. So I cannot take ures, so I have to write things down just to remember what differs from Holland, from people I see, things that happen on the street, ngs that are different in town or just every small details that is different between Europe, I think. I forgot my camera at home. That's ave to remember, I have to remember now and print it in my mind. Remember the small things I would photograph. So I remember hem and write them down. Because I cannot come back and take pictures. Since I came to Copenhagen two hours ago I've seen things that wanted to register. For instance the lady's thing over there with the blankets around her legs just to keep her legs warm while sitting here in the sun and it's a bit cold still. I've never seen it before and I would like to take a picture of that. That's for instance a small thing. We were just in a designer clothing shop with some nice paintings on the wall and I would really like to have taken a picture of that. Unfortunately

Oversat tekst) Just before seeing you I was looking at that shop you're standing in front of, and I would very much like to turn thos sterbro because I'm living here and it makes me sad that they've refurbished so many of the old yards and factory spaces and places so ey've become more expensive so that people who would like to have a lot of square-meters to live on and all that they're moving in with r cars and kind of ruining this... well, kind of trashed Vesterbro a bit that I'm very fond of. Yeah, so I'm dreaming about such a run-dow e where the door to the street can stand open, and people can come in and have a cup of coffee and sit and chat about all sorts of funn ideas they have, and where you can realize some of those ideas that you have and which you wouldn't otherwise know or cannot afford or n't got the means to make come true. I like that enormously. So I was thinking about that man I've been talking to on the phone who me that he may be leaving the place sometime, apparently he's got a furniture store some place, and then he uses this to store his other furniture, but... he might just as well do that out in Husum.

ppens to be right where my train station is... here, so... I wish I could say I was playing here tonight, but I'm not. Tonight I'm playing a xst) I was crossing an intersection and thinking that the Danes are like the Germans, they would very much like to be like it they're like the Germans, they stand waiting for the light to turn green and never cross a red light. They don't do that even on a French restaurant in the West Village called Philip Marie. It's actually... the drummer is from Denmark. His name is Jakob. That's a ght before you asked me. They would like to be like the French, they absolutely do not want to be like the Germans. I believe – this know – I believe that the Danes hold the idea that they're more European, more continental, more open, more spontaneous if they (Original tekst) Ok, well, did you see the blind guy that walked that way? I looked at him, and I was thinking: Hmmm... That would be inde på sig, and they would greatly prefer not to be like the Germans because they're teresting way to get away with a crime – to just walk away with a walking-blind-stick and, like, let the cops swarm around you, and n es for many, many years, fifteen to twenty years. I know a lot of Danes really we e would ever think it was you. Not because I want to commit a crime, but I was, like, hmmm, if I ever did want to commit a crime tha of the Danish literature, it's part of the Danish history, of course, in that you'd rather ould be a cool way to get away with it. I don't do crimes, but nah. I was just thinking about this in general, But it would be a splendid idea :... I don't know. I was thinking about looting or something like that - maybe, like, robbing someone and then walking away like you're a en at war many times, and then it has to do with the Danes' self-percept nd guy, having, like, one of those retractable walking sticks in your pant pocket and just going on your merry way with a bag full of cash ack... I think. And to some extent they're right. But not quite

ake one of the shirts because oney, and then I could get s

. (Original tekst) I was thinking about Spencer Roane who was a chief judge at the Virginia Court of Appeals in the late 18th and ear century and wondering whether or not he was a political ally of Daniel L. Hilton – a Virginia planner who was a party in two supreme Original tekst) I was thinking how I have to stop buying overprized furniture, vintage furniture, in Manhattan because it's way too court cases in February 1796 who I'm trying to figure out how he ended up being the defendant in both of these cases. It was two cases that isive. The furniture they sell is usually not in a tip-top shape, and so it's overprized, and theeeey... probably are able to get away with it ate sovereignty in 1796, there was sort of a run up to the Jeffersonian revolution in 1800, and Hilton was a sort of unknown ecause we don't have access to that much vintage or flea market or... Because we're in here we have to travel pretty far to get it, so you kinc nded up being the name party in two really kind of critical constitutional cases in 1796, but no-one is really sure get slammed with prices. And the quality, usually. Uhh, not so good. I usually like to go and drop in on my way on Leroy Street be ly who he was or why he ended up being the party, so I'm working on an essay kind of accumulating all the data that's available about sually have cute stuff, but I reminded myself, don't even go in because lately I've realized that... I used to buy from them before, and zed that it's just too expensive. And when I look back and see how much I spent on it I go, uuh. And then you see it someplace outside c and trying to figure out whether or not I can draw a sort of tentative connection to other political figures in late 18th century Virginia. ttan, and you realize that you just got scammed. I need a kitchen table, yep! But I think finding it in the city is going to be a challenge sitting in Bryant Park, and I just left my girlfriend's house and was setting in for a day of writing, but I needed i riginal tekst) I was n had to take a daytrip.

ee so I was drinking coffee and reading Truman Capote's essay. A Beautiful Child which is about Marilyn Monroe, and... I was just... the book. I was somewhere in New York in about 1955, I guess, when you showed up, and now I'm back in 2004! It's the fi ne that I've ever read Marilyn Monroe in her own words, the whole essay is just... it's written like a play - you know, Marilyn has a lin and then Truman Capote has a line, and then Marilyn has a line, and I was just surprised at how... she's very intelligent, and she uses a lo

rain, and I just bought... picked up some clothes, and I was just thinkin ic bag full of clothes that I just bought at a thrift store. I spent 35 dollars vorked and Underpaid. I wasn't regretting. I was just thinking about it nt the money on something else. Perhaps. Always. I don't know what yet, but designer. and I just walked by his studio, and I was thinking about having him ng about giving it to him to rework it and sell it because that's how he makes his

oing to work which is a couple of blocks away, so... yeah. Pretty much that, and, like... just thinking, unfortunately, of getting to work which s not the best thing to think about in the morning, but... I guess we have to do it. Well, it's... it's not bad, it's just... you know, like, on a ny day like this you don't want to go to work, so... You want to think about going to the park, for hanging out with friends, you don't nt to go to work, so… This is, like, one of the first sunny days in New York City since springtime so it's unfortunate that it's on a Tuesda ot on a Sunday or a Saturday, so... It would be nicer to be able to take it off. To take off the day and just do nothing. Like, you're going outside the whole day, so... yeah – so yeah, see! You have a smile on your face.

. (Original tekst) I was thinking about what my horoscope said today, and it had to do with finding new music, and I was just lis a walkman and thinking that... this band might just change my life. The band is "Television on the radio." My friend had a Village ice – the New York paper – and he read me my horoscope, and it said, "... to seek out new music and to find," actually, "a funky pair o derwear." So... I've accomplished one of the two things. The music was just given to me by that same friend today, and it's my first actu

Driginal tekst) The very thought I was thinking is, where's my friend? And so my friend, David Black, is supposed to have come do ere and meet me and take a... video-record my project, me breaking it down or putting it back together into the Mobile Coffee Unit and n wheeling it away. So basically I'm out here for four days serving free coffee to the New York citizens and just taking their Polaroic ure in return, and that's it, I send them on their way with a smile. I'm actually showing at a gallery right over here which is called icipant Inc., and so they have the coffee-project on exhibit, but typically I don't exhibit my projects – I just do it out of the... the good l of my heart, I guess. The video is just documentation, I had my friend film me this morning coming out and then film me giving coffee 👎 a few people, and so it's just kind of to close it up – to, you know, book-end it, and I have a website, and I'm going to put it up on the web. I've done this in San Francisco, and I've also been doing this other project called The National Dinner Tour, and I've visited four citi 10w. Chicago, LA, New York and Saint Simon's Island, Georgia, and I take strangers out to dinner – people that I just meet on the street o ough referrals of friends or parents of friends and things like that, and so... It's good times. The other night I went out with two older s. I just walked into a restaurant, I was supposed to have met somebody there – a bus driver – and he didn't show up so I just turned to se two old ladies and asked them if they liked to have dinner, and they said, suuuuuuure, and one of them just so happened to be the.. ner in the very first all-female band named What Four, F-O-U-R – and she was a riot. And she couldn't keep her hand off my leg, it wa ind of weird, but, you know, whatever, but... yeah, so it has been pretty cool. I've gone out to about 15 dinners... I was on the Morning News hicago, and so I got, like, 350 emails from people wanting a free dinner, it was... it was a trip, you know. Yeah, it was a little intim ry scary, but... I went out with some really wonderful people there – it was really cool.

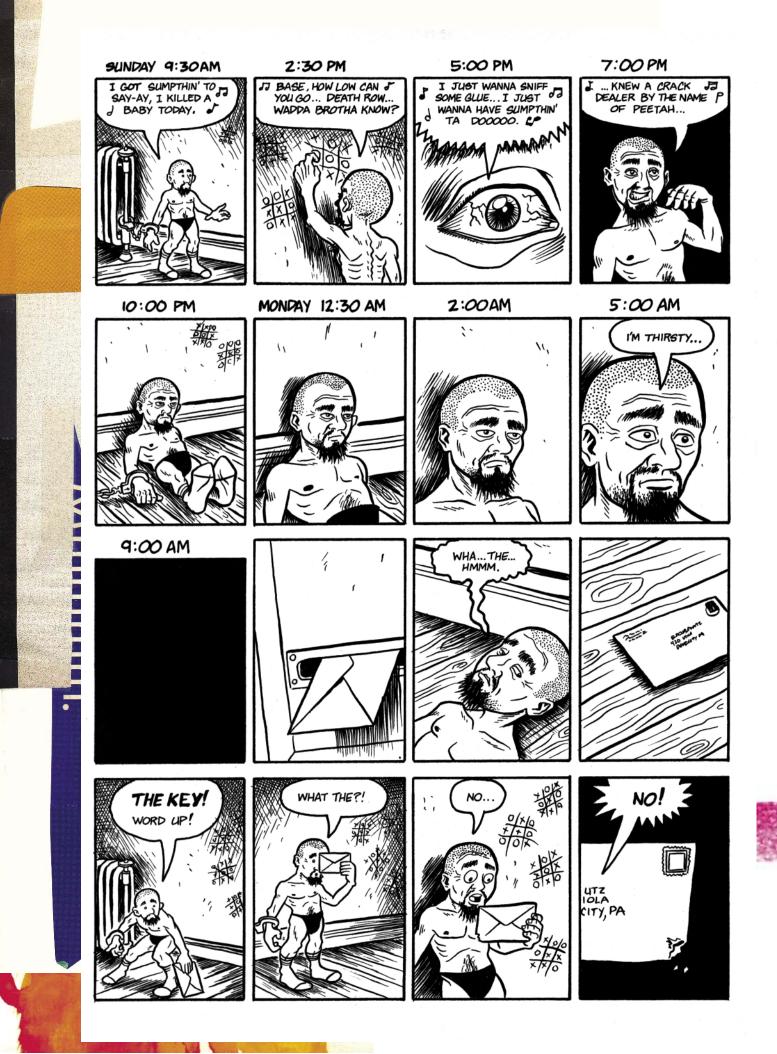
Driginal tekst) I'm meeting someone on this corner, and I was just waiting for them to arrive. I was about to call them to make sure w .. because, you know, it's difficult to meet people in New York on a corner because it's kind of hectic. I'm a musician, and we're going a rehearsal, and he's going to pick me up in his car, and then we're going to go to New Jersey through the Lincoln Tunnel. We are just of rehearsing during the day out there. I am playing tonight but with some other people. It's just kind of like a group practice that I'm ing to. We play jazz. This intersection is near the train that I take – I live in Queens, and I live near this train. He lives in Manhattan sc or him to come to Queens... it's kind of out of the way, so I said, let's meet here. And I'm standing here because it's dry because it's raining the second se d this bass is very expensive, and I don't want to get it wet. It actually is a coincidence that we chose to meet here at Carnegie Hall, it jus

Original tekst) I was thinking about the box of truffles that I was going to take to my friend as a gift and how that I left them out on the table with the sun beaming into my apartment, and they're probably going to melt. I am going to give them to him later considering they're not, like, a gooey melted mess or something like that. He's kind of sort of my boyfriend – not... not really, more just a... actually a friend. e dating, we don't have a label as a boyfriend, just, you know, hanging out with each other – whatever happens happens. I decided to e him truffles because he likes chocolate. It seemed like an appropriate thing to do, you know? We've only known each other for, like, a month and a half and... I saw it in the store, I thought it would be, like, a nice thing to do, and it was just like a random act of, like... It was ally just spontaneity and a good act of marketing on the store's part, because I was standing next to the display and saw it, and I'm lik why why the fuck not! I might as well...











Magazine Mag

Novine and



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I my mind s pretty clear Gorder my margarita (raspberry tonight) one should be ghthey re generous with the tequila I m staring at the bottom of glass number two (way far down) I realize I've lost it pletely maybe later I'l go sleepwalking

on open and the second second

everyone that's seen this photo: uys all think of a vagina. ints always think of a margarita. that's large enough for your purposes. ° afte

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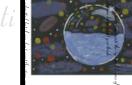
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EXHIBITION: PITTSBURGH COLLECTS: EUROPEAN DRAWINGS. 1500 TO 1800; Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays: 10AM Oct 23 2004–Jan 2 2005; Frick Art and Historical Center; Point Breeze; Free and open to the public

FRIDAY NIGHT HAPPY HOUR FREE TAROT READINGS! Charles' comments: Elyria Tarot rules. Now that I've got the whole major/minor arcana thing straightened out, I feel much better. The Elyria Tarot Co will be on site at the Lava Lounge each Friday evening from 6-10pm providing FREE tarot readings to The People. Fridays: 6PM. Nov 19 2004-Jan 28 2005. The Lava Lounge. Southside

This is probably the most banging weekly in the city. Last time I was there, folks were dancing on the tables. Come dance + groove to Deep and Soulful House every Friday Late Night from 2-4a with the DJs of Club Havana...

PAIN DOGS/LOCAL HONEY/THE/BUMPS Super-powered rock show at the Pub. Sat Jan 8 2005. 10PM. 31st Street Pub. Strip District. \$4

# THE ART OF THE AFTERWARD David Clippinger, Scholar and Poet explores the art and culture of

Japanese Haiku poems written by poets, monks, dignitaries and peasants on the verge of death and explores the role of the spirit in Japanese literature and the visual arts. Reservations recommended. Refreshments will be served. Fri Jan 7 2005: 7PM. Silver Eye Center for Photography. Southside. \$7.00 for members and students; \$10.00 for nonmembers

SUNCRUMBS' STEEL CITY POETRY SLAM New season starting. Open-mic qualifying slam for Team Pitesburgh 2005. Third Tuesday of every month at the Shadow Counge. Hostenby Nikki Allen and feat. DJ Selecta from 20Re ords. PShCertified. Tu Jan 18 2005. Shadow Lounge. East Liberty 15

EVENT LISTING F The Month of JANNARY Thu 01/20/05 VIRGINIA COALITION Although the DC area has traditionally been known as a musi-

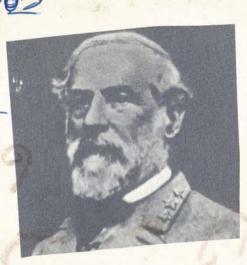
cal no-man's land, the four members of the Virginia Coalition feel it has largely been misunderstood. DC is all about the blending of many different styles of music - layered and textured with no restrictions - It's rock with soul, hip-hop with hippie, R&B with bluegrass ... and all of these styles are in Virginia Coalition's blood. Thu Jan 20 2005: 7:30PM. Mi Small's Theatre. \$10 adv, \$12 door

# OFF THE WALL: MARC BUMUTHI JOSEPH PRESENTS THE SPOKEN WORLD

A lauded spoken-word artist, slam poet and choreographer, Marc Bamuthi Joseph commands a stage and sways an audience with his sharp, urgent and elegant verse, his passionate dancing and his stunning transformations. Co-presented with the African American Cultural Center. Sat Jan 15 2005: 8PM. Andy Warhol Museum. Northside. \$18/\$15 students & members

FOREVER PLAID. The New York musical comedy hit Forever Plaid is the deliciously funny and charming story of "The Plaids," a classic 1950s all-male singing group, who were killed in a car crash on their way to their first big gig! Audiences will be rolling in the aisles and tapping their toes as "The Plaids" are miraculously revived to perform the concert that never was in this hilariously nostalgic musical! Sundays: 3PM: Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays: 7:30PM Saturdays: 3PM. 7:30PM, Nov 2 2004-Sep 30 2005. Gabaret Theater Square, Downtown. \$36 - \$25

CARNEGIE MELLON SCHOOL OF ART LECTURE SERIES: JOYCE KOZI OFF Mixed media artist, writer activist an Lalumna working within gal-lery contexts and on site specific public art commissions. Exhibiting for four decades with works in collections of the National Gallery of Art, National Museum of Women in the Arts, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Museum of Modern Art, and the Library of Congress. Featured in nearly every survey text on late 20th century art or on women artists.



## Mon 01/03/05 01/18/05 Tue Jerry Seinfeld Benedum Center Cellfish The Johnson Brothers Celltish THard Rock Cafe THU 01/13/05 Magoo's Sun 01/09/05 Sun 01/09/05 Tim Conway / Harvey Cellfish Korman "Together Again" Mr. Smalls Fun Louise DuArt Benedum Center House/Theatre Benedum Center 05 Sat 01/08/05 Savoy Brown Feat. Wed 01/12/05 Thu 01/20/05

Kim Simmonds

Moondog's

Virginia Coalition Mr. Smalls Fun Arsesting heatre

Attrition Garfield Artworks

The BridgeSpotters Membership is moving and pre-paring for an official launch in the month February 2005. Approaching our 10th year, we have set a goal to connect the artists, entrepreneurs, professionals, advocates, etc..., that relate to our mission and passion. Benefits include discounts on many of Pittsburgh arts institutions (including BridgeSpotters), artistic development, and entrepreneurial opportunities. BridgeSpotters Membership is 335/year. For more information contact Urban Space at 412.2320383 or email membership@bridgespotters.com

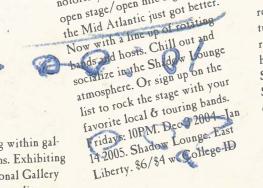
# Urban Space Mixer

Friday December 17, 2004 Friday December 1/, 2004 Urban Space: A BridgeSpotters Gallery 709 Penn Avenue [downtown]

Mix and mingle to good vibes, good people, and good music at Urban Space from 6pm - 9pm. Unwind with a cross-section of artists. entrepreneurs, and professionals at Urban Space Mixers. Enjoy food, libations, and good conversation while DJ SMI spins his favorites from Outkast to Fela. This Mixer is sponsored by the good people of

Midnight Espresso Friday January 28, 2004 The Shadow Lounge 5972 Baum Blvd. 10pm - 2am \$8 tix and \$10 door | 10% off for BridgeSpotters Members

The Midnight Espresso is a synergy of the arts and nightlife celebrating creative Thu Jan 13 2005: 5PM. McConomy Auditorium. Oakland. Free. legends of the African Diaspora. On Friday January 28th, we will pay tribute to our first hip hop artist. Jam Master Jay and feature local legend - DJ Supa C. Anire Mosely will make his Midnight Espresso debut and perform a live art painting inspired by Jam Master Jay and RUN DMC. We're calling all emcees to bless the open mic to make. this a full representation of hip hop culture, the dancing piemen, will be left up to you!



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notoriety outside PGH. The best

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the Mid Atlantic just got better.

# DEATH OF COLUMBUS

Come hear the gifted musicians from Carnegie Mellon's School of Music perform this opera, sequel to "Christopher Columbus," by Leonardo Balada, professor of composition at Carnegie Mellon. Fri Jan 14 2005: 8PM. Carnegie Music Hall. Oakland. Call (412) 268-2383

Fridays: 2AM. Mar 5 2004-Nov 30 2007. Shadow Lounge. East Liberty. \$5

AGESTGAT Mer Like Deek MAD MAGAZINE MAD

IT'S NICE TO BE NAUGHTY: HOLIDAY GROUP SHOW. Blue Ruin eases your holiday shopping worries by presenting the unique arts and crafts of various local and national artists, spanning collage, jeweny, photography, glassware, and more. Sat Dec 4-Sat Jan 8 2005. Blue Ruin Gallery, Southside. 18+

SPANISH CONVERSATION

Sa urdays at 3:0 pm, an open group of native and non-native ers meets at the Tango Café to chat in Spanish. Come join our "ter-tulia" for informal Spanish language conversation, and at the same time enjoy delicious homemade Argentinean pastries, coffee, and brewed maté! Saturdays: 3:30PM. Tango Café, Squirrel Hill: Free

LOTUSPIKE INAU-GURAL EVENT PERFORMANCE Friday, January 7 2005, 7:30PM. Mattress Factory. Northside. \$5 Online, \$7 @ door

CD RELEASE AND FUZZ! 100% DRUM AND BASS Weekly running Wednesdays at the BBT since May. 2000. Featuring resident DJs from 412DNB and FaithinDNB, plus local, national and nternational guest DJs. Fun, drunken atmo sphere, with one of the deadliest soundsystems in the city. Wednesdays: JOPM. Bloomfield Bridge Tavern. SFree-\$5.

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BRAD YODER & HEATHER KROPF

Enjoy an evening of original acoustic music in an intimate coffeehouse setting. All ages are welcome. Sat Jan 15 2005: 7:30PM. Allegheny Unitarian Church. Northside. \$5 suggested donation

The Lovely Showcase Series is a music & art concept brought about by Lovely Recordings. These nights feature bands and artists (both local & national) alike who we feel need more attention from the art community. Wed Jan 19 2005: 6PM. Rex Theatre. Southside, \$5



So this month your (drug) happy editors at Deek Magazine asked me to structure my Ask Emo column around the theme of MADNESS. To those at Deek: what the fuck is that supposed to mean? Come on. Seriously. People write me, and I respond. I'm one of those "advice columnists." You saying there's some kind of creative writing going on? Insult to the max. Hardcore insult!

I expect a Christmas bonus because of this. Remember that, Mrs. Keenan!

Send your questions to me at askemoquestion@yahoo.com

# EMO:

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A lot of my friends tell me that I'm emo, but I don't really know what they mean. What is emo, exactly?

# To Jenny:

Well, there could be a slew of reasons why your friends would think you the emo-type. First off, are these friends online-based? Do you chat with them regularly over IM and repeatedly respond to their LiveJournal posts? Do you update your LJ on a daily basis, making sure to include pictures taken of yourself at an odd angle, with at least one of your piercings/tattoos showing? Does a good chunk of your existence center around local shows, both at regular venues and the low-headroom basements of your friend's apartments? And let me guess: you grew up eating mostly Totino's Pepperoni Pizza Rolls but now claim to be vegan and organo-conscious?

I'd say to keep your head up, but I know that's out of fashion.

Listen to The Smiths. It's okay, Jenny.

## Dear Emo:

I have an odd story to share:

My boyfriend's hippie parents only flush the toilet once a day. Things get piled up and messy there. I tried to hold in all I could. Weeks later the tables turn and the hippie mom comes to visit me (and her son, obviously) in Brooklyn, NY, the US of A where one can flush all day if they want to. The first night, mom gets drunk on whiskey. The son (my boyfriend) is drunk on schnapps. Hours later I find myself in bed with a passed out 50-something woman, stripped down to her underwear. Included on the bed is my boyfriend, wearing Speedo briefs and housing an erection. The best part of all of this is the big puddle of wetness on the middle of the bed. What the fuck is this all about?

Dry and Single, L. Cybula Brooklyn, NY

To A Dry L:

I'm not quite sure about your story. Some further investigation needs to take place. Some questions: Did you smell the liquid circle on the mattress? Was it a large stain?

Were your clothes removed? Was your boyfriend's erection pointed at you or his mother?

This is a tough one to tackle. Hippies are a strange breed. They're like dogs-they're prone to mate at will. It's hard to say what exactly happened that night. Nevertheless, I have a theory:

Scene: A darkly lit bedroom.

Characters: Young woman, on bed. A mother with a whiskey bottle. A son with schnapps.

Son with schnapps. The mother finishes the whiskey but gets a craving for schnapps. The son has his schnapps gripped tightly with two hands. The mother wrestles the son (drunkenly, mind you) down to the floor. Some giggles are shared. The mother eventually pulls the authority card and the son hands the schnapps to the mother. The mother, drinking the schnapps, complains of the heat and begins to remove her clothes. The son is uncomfortable and wiggles the schnapps back off of his mother. The mother passes out on the bed. The son begins to drink more schnapps. The son stares beer-eyed at the half-naked woman on the bed, face first, lying next to the young woman. He begins to remove his clothes (as he typically does) for bed and falls across his mother, spilling the whiskey between the two women. Over the course of his slumber, his penis hardens (this just happens, ladies). The young woman wakes up, sober and confused. End scene.

Hope this helps.

Ask Emo is Christopher D Salyers

He asks that you please send him questions (He gets lonely around the holidays).

"Jennywren" Pittsburgh (Oakland)



G will solve you Dr. By Dr. G

job for four years. She hates the work, has absolutely no potential to advance in her position, and apparently her office employs a herd of "dipshit cattle" that constantly bug her for office supplies and mindless conversation about nothing that matters. I've never been to her office, but to hear her description, it sounds like a layer of hell.

Not getting paid for my advice, I've been giving it away for free for months and telling her to quit that damn job. I mean really, quit already. What the hell? Each time my unsolicited, quality advice goes completely unused and she mentions some nonsense about needing another job first and whines about having to pay rent and other bills. Bullshit if ya ask me, but you didn't. didn't.

I mean what's the deal with that? Waiting for another opportunity to open up before moving on. Why can't she just be unemployed? Where is the logic in looking for another job before moving on?

it's rooted in insecurity; some times it has to do with the fear of being alone. Unlike being of being alone. Unlike being homeless, which seems to be a fairly common thing to fear (except in my neighborhood), being alone may not seem that bad to everyone. Then again, neither do snakes and there are plenty of people scared shitless of snakes. Partner-jumping behavior could also be rooted in some deeply psychological unconscious dissatisfaction that some people have with themselves that drives them to continuously seek validation for their own existence from others. Then again, some times it's just a force of habit. I prefer my explanations simple.

THE THE

I can tell by the tone of your question that you are probably not one of those people. Neither am I, and welcome to the club. Although serial monogamy is a term that can be used to describe how most Americans date, members of our club like a little space between serials (I like a little milk with mine) and generally don't consider every first date to be the first night of a new romance. We are a lonely, jaded group but with good benefits and the meetings are hella fun.

Philadelphia

A: Got me. People are strange. If only I knew why people did the stupid things they do, then maybe I could give them advice. Maybe I could even get paid for it! Damn, that would be a sweet gig. Hell, maybe I could even write an advice column of some sort... Um, yeah... Fuck.

Anyway, I know what you mean. People sometimes act in ways that seem really counter-intuitive. For example, I have this friend that's been at the same crummy

Actually, now that I think about it (thank you, ODB) that's not so strange at all. She's probably afraid of being stuck without income, being unable to buy food or afford car payments, or ending up homeless. Plus, quitting a job without having something lined up is kinda reckless (thank you, Lil' Fish).

I guess it's really not that hard to understand why some people tend to do the same thing in their relationships. I mean hey, your boyfriend may be a thirty-something loser whose band peaked when they played your sister's Quinceañera a few years ago, but in some ways coming home to his pot-smoking, game-playing ass sitting on the couch is preferable to coming home to an empty apartment. And for some people, an opportunity needs to present himself before they'll seek change from even a bad situation.

In your question you've touched on some good points. Some times Some times

And since I still have some space to kill, I'd like to point out that it's my freaking birthday this month! Go me! Hells yeah, baby. And they said I'd never survive on the outside...

DR. G" is a research psychologist who specializes in inter-personal relationships. He has led many original research projects, published several articles, presented at national conferences, and has taught college psychology. However, he is not a therapist or counselor. His advice is intended for entertainment purposes only and is not a substitute for psychological counseling.

Got a question for the Doctor' Send him an email at askdrg@yahoo COM



# THE UNDERAPPRE

# How to give a cold reading on television passed."

**By Arthur Face** I don't know if it's possible to use "psychic abilities" to pickup members of the opposite sex, but it's probably worth a try. Certainly works for me. A good way to start is *not* to head to a bar, walk up to some buxom young thing and say: "So you've decided it's time to contact the dead, yes?" No. Instead, you might try something a little more straightforward like: "I am severely addicted to numerous pain killers and at least one illegal drug considered by many to be 'hard.' As a result of this, I tend to easily lose control of my emotions and, sometimes, forget where I've been and what I've done. I also make lewd references to clean things, hurt those I love and steal from people I respect. I pelieve in honesty. That said: It's amazing how huge your fun bags look from ۲he Afterlife. C'mere, I will guide you!"

Damn. You are a sexy mother fucker

e

0) If the person you find is not as willing as the aforementioned hypothetical person, find some other stupid bastard to lie to. If everyone you find is being a pain in the ass I find that rope works wonders Waving the gun around helps too.

Now refer to yourself as a "Medium" a person with the ability to communicate with people who have "passed on" into the afterlife. In old days, Mediums would scrutinize appearance, look at shoes, clothes, try to determine economic status, pore over jewelry, look for investigations preferences, check for a wedding ring get an age, listen to accents, et cetera, to come up with an "accurate reading." But when television and radio started to take over, they couldn't do this anymore, so they've had to shift their methods to psychological and verbal readings. Still cold, just based on different things

1) Talk very fast.

The faster you talk, the more things you say. The more you say, the more likely you are to get a hit. The faster you talk, the harder it is for your audience to process what you're saying – harder for them to analyze and scrutinize the accuracy, the validity and the logic in what you're saying. It's also harder for them to remember if they're repeating something you just told them.

You: "I feel like your grandfather was wearing glasses when he died." Misguided fool: "Nope." You: "But h<mark>e was on</mark> Earth when he

> Misguided fool: "Well, sure but..."

You: "And now I see that he's pointing to his heart - he died of a heart problem, didn't he."

Misguided fool: "You're right, he did!" You: "Yeah. Yeah, that's right." Misguided fool: "Nice. What else do you see?

You: "I see money in my future, you misguided, gullible fuck." Misguided fool: "Right again!" You: "Your money – it's your money in my future."

Misguided fool: "Praise Jesus!"

Remember: Don't let the audience think about how wrong you are.

> nat separates professional Mediums from amateurs is the ability to shift the burden off you, and onto the audience. You want them to feel like it's their job to validate what you're saying.



mmmm

2) Ask a lot of questions

If you ask a lot of questions, you're bound to get answers.

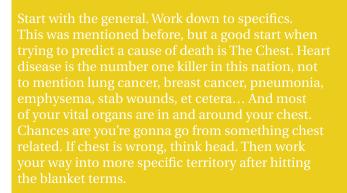
3) Ask questions in a way that makes it unclear whether you're asking or telling.

When asking a question, many raise the pitch of their voice at the sentence's end. Don't do that. Keep it vague. "Did your friend wear green socks." If you're right, they'll tell you; if you're wrong, you're just asking.

4) Offer lots of details.

Again, if you fire enough shots, you're bound to hit something. 5) Transitions.

If you miss completely or get something really wrong, change the subject immediately:







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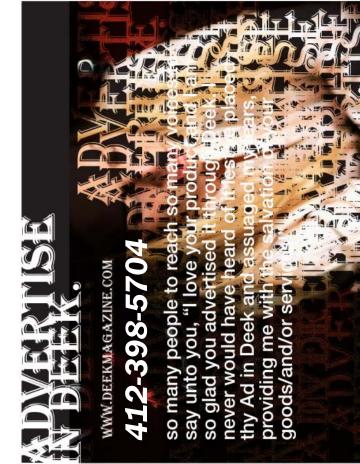
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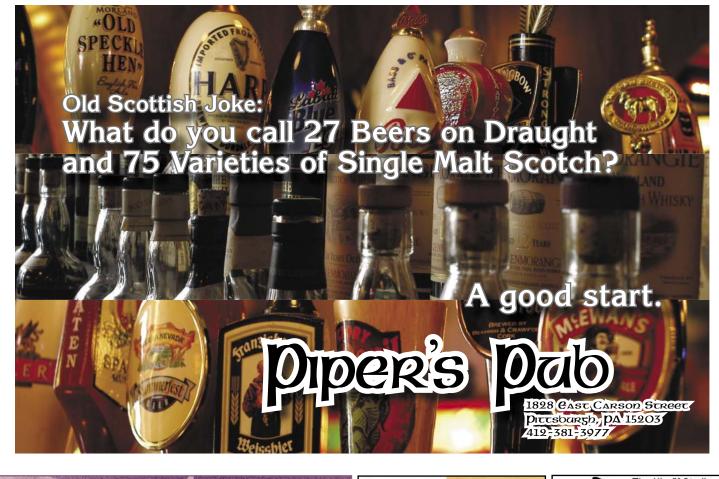
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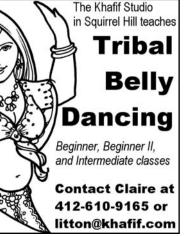
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