1.

Stuffed up against the brick wall as if hung on it, the five of them and I were outside 'The Woods'. We were determined to be a desperate plea for attention and as nonchalant about it as possible. It was 10 o'clock, waiting for the show to start, probably soon.

Bored as fuck. I've seen these bands. One twice, one thrice, one I haven't seen but I'll probably be disappointed.

"You think Matt will come?" I asked.

"Which Matt, what are you talking about?" Ryan said, half laughing.

"The guy, Matt, with the band."

"Band guy? Yea he's coming."

Fucking Hipsters.

Jack pulled out his lighter for the 3rd time and lit a cigratte.

"Hey man can I have one?" Ryan asked.

"You \*just\* had one"

"So did you..."

"But these are mine? Come on obvioulsy you had a lot"

"But \*one\* cigarette man. One" Ryan opened his eyes deer in the headlights style, his puppy face.

"Ok, but you bummed the last one off me, you owe me two now." And Jack gave Ryan a peace sign. Ryan kept it and took the cigarette.

People think hipsters are idiots. And by people I mean not hipsters. I say define an idiot. Once you do, think about it. Briefly. You'll realize you're right.

Hipsters are lazy, selfish people. Who wants to admit they are one of those? Not even an idiot. A hipster is an excuse for no excuse. He's a hipster, She's one. Fuck them.

Fucking chain smoking hipsters. Chain smoking hipsters. Fucking shamless, lazy, passive aggressive moronic hipsters. A hipster is an excuse for coffee and a laptop, reading softcore porn, making shitty art. A fuck it and a shoulder shrug. Greasy spoon breakfasts. $25 dollars for lates all day but is always poor.

Above all, it's image. A shitty polaroid.

That's what I thought about the whole lot of them. They were somehow the same but an upgrade from Jack and Ryan here. And yet, my hipster friends depressed me more.

My next guess is the other Matt never shows up. He's usually late and occassionally we get pissed at him but we're usually late as well. High expectations abound, no one is happy. At least we've got cigarettes.

How a show usually plays out is posters go up that doors at 8, starts at 9. People know it realy starts at 10. Bands keep them waiting for more people, more drinks and go on at 11 or 11:30. It ends at 4am after the fourth band. But the police break it up at 3am.

This isn't that kind of show though, we don't technically really have to wait for anyone. It's 90's night and that's a guaranteed win. Everyone here was an angry teenager then wanting to dye some highlights into their memories. Instead we have 60's pop remakes we forgot about on the radio, and they're in vogue again one night only until the next 90's dance party five months from now.

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10.

Her ex's apartment was a mess. He lived in a huge room, each roommate's space was separated by shower curtains. The ceiling was low but anyone taller than 6 feet could standup right in the middle of the room under the only window, the skylight.

It was a bit hard to imagine the place designed for anything but a mess. Littered on the floor were Doc's coffee and cappuccino cups, paints, beer bottles, cigarette trays complete with ash, nails and chipped wood. Chairs were painted, one had a tv glued to its seat with a portrait of a seagull.

Jack's portraits lined the walls. A desert with a naked woman standing by a cactus, a mesh of naked women spewing out of a drain. A pair of boobs floating in the sky. These things come to Jack casually, painted with pastels and cigarette smoke. "Which one do you like?"

"Where do your ideas come from?" I asked.

"Sometimes in my sleep, sometimes they creep up on me. Sometimes they come to me like a locomotive."

"I like this one", his girlfriend whispered but almost whining. She pointed to a painting with a women with ()wearing nothing but a t-shirt on a horse riding into space.

Jack also covered the walls in a mass of text and melting heads. Quotes from Karouac, Burroughs and Ginsberg looked scribbled and yet smeared and softened. Some of the text was attached to torsos and huge brains. It's as if someone sipped some ink and spat on the walls repeatedly. Pollack chewing tobacco in disgust. "Irregular atmosphere, timid and reluctant" was written in one corner. "Art space for drunks" was written in another.

There was barely kitchenings off to the side. The lighting, as with all of the lighting for the next three blocks, was florescent.

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12.

She didn't leave anything untouched. A huge mess met me with the cat at the door, trying to get the hell out. Boxes unopened, half opened, opened for business, under restoration, under construction, national heritage, etc and etc. The room defined askew.

She sat in the bed, topless, lardy. A Roman emperor, peel the grapes. watching the dumbest television imaginable. Horror movies with identical endings, relationship finales foreshadowing later romps. No disguises needed, it was all obvious trash she built. Constantly spewing demands for more trash. If it was a garbage dump she would be queen.

The posture, the nakedness, the idiocy, altogether made the prefect dreamboat. Lunacy.

The iron ay was ironically built on top of yet more trash. The apartment was above a shifty limousine dispatch, neighboring a recyling office.

The owners of the place were dodgy themselves, both from rich Indian families. One who absolutely never ever never for sure ever visited the office. The other was his cousin, shackled under house arrest, for arranging prostitute rides for political clients and then talking behind their backs. It was in the newspaper one day, on the coffee table in my office. The print read he called the prime minister little dictator. I was confused that day if mentioning the prostitutes in the same article was somehow clever or not. Oh and he was my landlord.

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14.

Talk at concert about circuit bending, blabbing to friends about how big of an annoyance talking about it with someone was. Talk about how a band isn't great, you get told off.

"I actually didn't like the song about Mexico City."

I could barely hear him when he yelled "Why?!".

And I said I just didn't like it. Of course no one was allowed to say it but I gave it a shot. I didn't care about him not caring how much his voice syntha-sized sucks.

"No no no. You don't understand man. You don't understand. It was brazilian minimal techno with mix brian eno's dance stuff he was doing in the late 90's. Hip hop, you know mexican hip-hop? You'll have to listen to it again I don't believe you you just don't understand it"...

I said "Yea, maybe I don't understand it."

"No it's ok you have to realize this is great."

And like that soon we faded awkwardly into a crowd of awkwards.

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If you have seen one greasy spoon then you get the general idea. But really, you haven't seen them all. There are varying degrees of greasiness following each other.

Brett' off broadway, for example, is legendary with high school students and high school student imitators. It is amazing what people will eat. Breakfast is all day, so realistically people are in there around 11 or noon.

While waiting for the food:

1. Talk about drunken things that have happened the night before

2. Stack creamers in a pyramid shape

3. Shake a creamer until it turns into butter, which takes the entire breakfast.

4. Writher in disgust as the waiter give you a jug of water, and at the bottom is one of his punk bracelet spikes.

The food is two eggs swimming in oil, with fried frozen browns of hash. That experience is $2.99... So about $3.15 with tax.

Of course the real deal is the greasy spoon that is closest when you wake up. The place must be owned by Canadians to make it authentically awful, and as white as the toast you eat as possible. We went there, and of course it was crowded because everyone woke up at 11am.

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The dancefloor was surrounded with quotation marks. Someone threw up the 60's, 70's, 90's (but mostly the eigthies) onto some far and not finely aged wasted teenage bodies. Fashion was ripe with faux-paus chic and undeniable clashing that somehow made the word "tacky" look tame. There was one guy doing a kind of robot dance wearing a scuba outfit. Alices in all colors of the rainbow. A ghostbuster did a violent shuffle near a spinster.

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I never really did know what to say to her friend. She worked in a coffee shop and gave her free coffee with soy milk of course thanks.

People hi and bye I've met 5, 6 or 7 times completely ignore me. Why would I want a relationship with any of these people? The perfect meeting sounds like one that doesn't happen, not the one that you pretend not to.

Then you wish you were back at the perfect meeting.