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# evan guilford- blake

sonny's blues

Sonny's tired. He blew till 3:00 (and sat - had one more drink - with Harper for almost an hour after that, till he'd come down from the high six hours of playing had infused in him) on maybe four hours sleep, the adrenalin provided by the rest of the quartet, the between-sets bourbon, the music itself. Now and then by the audience though, sure, most of the time, didn't matter that they were there: The music was for him, not them, and he couldn't hear 'em, or see 'em: His eyes were closed, focused on the rolling, fluid blue in his head, and all he heard was Harp's piano, was Cole's bass, was Alan's drums; and his own alto, blowing hard and clear, the blue behind his eyes made audible to anyone who knew to hear. And all he felt was the vibration; even the pain, that picked itself up and floated away on a river of blues. Didn't need no drugs to do that, just the reed and the smooth paddles that were the saxophone's keys.

He's worn out, too, maybe more worn out than he oughta be, at fifty. Too much bourbon, too much smoke, too much sweat and too little food: Still wasn't really hungry, hadn't been, again, all day, but he ate a bologna sandwich when he got home, four slices of meat on white bread smothered with mayo. When he ate

# henning lundkvist



planned obsolescence -  
a retrospective

It is true that I had accumulated a lot of cultural capital, but like so many others I had never found a way to convert it into cash

This could partly be explained by an extreme inflation in the currency of culture

This extreme inflation could partly be explained by an extreme production increase in culture over the course of several decades

This extreme production increase seemed to correlate with the extreme increase in cultural producers over the course of these same decades

It couldn't be established whether the production increase in culture was the effect of the increase in cultural producers, or if more and more people had been inspired into becoming cultural producers because of the extreme increase in cultural products surrounding them

While the whole thing was a classic chicken-and-egg dilemma, one thing that could clearly be established was that despite calling myself both an artist and a writer, I made practically no money from either writing or producing artworks

The fact that I could call myself both an artist and a writer despite making practically no money from

# blair mastbaum

want



I jacked off smelling his dirty underwear that I found in the hall outside his room. I don't know how they got there. Maybe when he was returning to his room from the shower, he dropped them. This was before I knew him. We were staying at the same hostel in Kyiv, Ukraine. Later, I lied to the front desk girl that I found his mobile phone left in the shower room and got her to tell me his name is Sergei.

I'm really drunk after drinking eight or so beers in that basement bar that used to be frequented by intellectuals but is now usually just full of chain smoking 20 year olds. I stumble home and manage to type in the code on the hostel door's keypad. It's 14 degrees Fahrenheit so my hand struggles to work properly.

Inside the hostel most everyone has gone to bed. The lounge is dim. Only the Christmas tree is on, blinking red and green and blue lights giving the room a cozy glow. I plop down on the couch, which is usually crowded with travelers. As my eyes adjust to the dim room, I realize I'm not alone. Sergei is sitting in a low chair in soccer shorts, a t-shirt, and socks.

When I look at him, he doesn't react in the slightest. His arms are behind his head, his legs splayed out. Still a dead person. A dead soldier. "Hey. Rough night?"

# mårten sandström

the boutonnière



There are three possible ways to dress when going out to a social occasion. You can stick with whatever you usually wear, which might work in more bohemian circles. Alternatively, you can dress up, which for most people means changing from a t-shirt to a button-down and a somewhat nicer pair of jeans. Nothing wrong with this, if you do it with style, but since most other men dress the same, you need something more in order to be seen, and if you're not seen, you don't exist. The third, and in my opinion only right way to choose an outfit is to aim to be the best-dressed man at any party, regardless of the occasion. Anything less would be like a golf player not selecting the best clubs for a tournament. Still, almost no one chooses to dress this way. It's as if they haven't realized that life is a competition, where you always want to have the upper hand over your competitors.

Tonight the sartorial challenge is easier than usual. My good friend Tomppa is turning 25 and has invited people to his place for dinner. As a big fan of traditions and formalities he has given us a dress code. All gentlemen are to wear a tuxedo, which means that no excesses whatsoever are allowed. As usual, my poor foolish friends are going to take this request

# paul wiersbinski

when a puppet found  
me, who was alive

Recently a girl came up to me in Berghain and asked me if I am gay. I said, no I am not gay, but gay is OK. Then she asked, where I live. I said Wedding. This triggered her to frown. As if the word “Wedding” had hit a fail safe in her routine. This made me wary. I noticed, that her features were not moving as she spoke. Her gestures seemed artificial. As if she was in fact animated and rather pantomiming a female archetype. I touched her. She was moving again. Somehow alive. Looking at me contorted with neglect. Reaching out to hug me with a mechanical grab. I turned away. She smiled and spoke. As it was very loud, I am not sure I understood everything correctly, but this is what I recall from her speech:

You are right. I am not dead but I am divided. Yet my words are smooth like the ductile fur of a rebuilt saber-tooth tiger or a gliding monorail. So listen to me. Now you are acting so proud. You have to crumble eventually. It is not the time to be tender anymore but to mold the within. A home for the stinger of strangeness. A discordant twin with the melted face. A song of two roads. Mingle with the pitiful pile of emotional electronic trash the machines have left behind. The homo economicus. The pumped-up pick-up



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