

CROOKED MIRROR

I want aperol spritz 2€ I don't know how I shall do in this expensive honey comb. I live here. All days when I'm stuffed with money everything is fine. But days reality attacks me. I have this feeling that I'm mad and world is trying to get rid of me. And I started to wonder, what is this angst-of-being-poor I see it everywhere, one thing is to be poor, when your poor there's loads of closed counters. But then there's the Angst of them closing against you. The world you can't enter cause there's no money on your credit card. The juice you can't drink. It's a horror to be in this theme park without tour pass. But how much money do you need to access, it depends on how smart and pretty you are, I guess. Some really smart jump the fences, but for what cost. There's really a little space for a poor snob.

Haha, but there's some surviving skills one can be good at, the clothes again. That's why I find clothes so interesting. a secret code language working on the street. But style of one thing really get messy now. Postmodern welfare state, who is rich and who is poor? The uniforms get so messed up, the romantics of the bohemian life is more a successful housewife thing. Suddenly bohemian cost money. New style, what is coming, off cause more business looks, people are afraid of ending up without a job and actually the idea of a customaed suit isn't that bad. It's made for you ! And you can wear it 20 years, it's in wool and it's even comfy to sleep on the floor very drunk in front of someone's door in it. Fancy, kiss Mira



Illustration: Asa Plum

XIV



**Restaurant Spiseloppen serverer
nu også dagens vegetarret**

Åbningstider:

Tirsdag – Lørdag: 17.00 – 23.30

Søndag og mandag: lukket.

Det varme køkken lukker kl. 21:30
og dessert køkken kl 22:00.

