

LIFESTYLE

“WELCOME HOME, HONEY.”



By **Neal Boulton** | 1/5/09 | **Bastard Life**

tinyurl.com/ctgvlb

You’ve been married less than a year. When you get home, she’s not bounding over to kiss you, she’s bound up in the kitchen waiting for a romp. Now what?

Q: This is my second marriage; my first ended because my wife thought I was too sexually adventurous. Now I’ve been married less than a year and I am wondering if my new wife is far more adventurous than I am—she will often wait for me to find her bound and gagged in various rooms of the house with a note beside her that reads, “Fuck me bound like this.” How can I find my “inner torturer” and do something like that to a woman?

A: Not only is there a fetish in all of us, be it mild or mad, but they come in all colors and flavors—bondage and domination being one of them. First, before you run to the next marriage, learn more. Read anything from Alyson Tyler—I recommend her Best Bondage Erotica series or her book Love at First Sting: Sexy Tales of Erotic Restraint (both by Cleis Press) in which what appears to be the art form of this fetish is beautifully and tastefully described in a way that will inform and most likly arouse you. Second, nothing is more arousing than exploring a new intimate life together, so learn from her before you role play or her next bound up moment. Find out what turns her on and be sure to be honest about what you like and need as well. Then, enjoy.

Key Tip: Some fetishes are not for everyone. But the stigma of others can turn you off before you explore their potential for exciting you. Communicate, be safe, and have fun and no one will get hurt (at least not too badly).

PHOTOS

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Laurel Dailey | tinyurl.com/c7powk | Suburb and Discontent

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FREE

DON'T MAKE FRIENDS AT WORK.

By **Brad Boose** | 2/28/07 | **Brad's Bits**

tinyurl.com/b7vyqc

The other day I was talking to my father and he asked if I had been making any friends at work. I told him most of the people I worked with were a lot older than me, and although they were nice, I didn't really hang out with them that much. What I didn't tell him was that I go out of my way not to make friends at work.

Once you start friendships in the workplace, it makes it more difficult to slack off for a number of reasons.

1. Guilt. It's a lot easier to hang out in the bathroom and surf the internet when you don't really know much about your manager. Once you know him as a person, you can start to feel bad that you're not following through on your work and misleading him on your productivity.
2. The more people who stop by your desk, the worse off you are. Once people start to hang out, they ask you what you've been working on or, even worse, ask you to help them with some problems they have been having. You could argue that when friends stop by, they distract you from working which is a good thing, but that's not entirely true. What they distract you from is slacking.
3. Once you become friends at work, people start to expect you to hang out outside of work. Nobody ever asks me to hang out after hours, and that's the way I like it. When 5 o' clock rolls around (okay, more like 4 o' clock) I want out of the office to enjoy my personal life and hang out with my real friends.
4. Money. Friends from work want to go out to lunch with them (which I never want to do). They want to go out for happy hours or Blue Jackets hockey games. You have to buy them gifts when they get married or have children. You need to take them out for their birthdays, when they break up with their significant others, or are just having a bad day. I would rather save up the money and invest it so that one day I won't have to work anymore.
5. No matter how hard you try to avoid it, the majority of times what do you end up talking to friends at work about? WORK! All I want to do is get away from work, not spend my free time rehashing it.

I'm not against having decent relationships at work, I just try to keep conversations to a minimum and avoid asking any personal questions. It allows me to hang out in my cave for as long as I can.

POLITICS

HOPING FOR OBAMA'S FAILURE

By **Kos** | 1/20/09 | **Daily Kos**

tinyurl.com/b8cnbn

Cruising around wingnut hangouts, it appears the new talking point is that liberals set out to destroy Bush from Day One because we didn't see him as legitimate, so it's time for payback. Or something. Here's Rush, for example:

I disagree fervently with the people on our side of the aisle who have caved and who say, "Well, I hope he succeeds. We've got to give him a chance." Why? They didn't give Bush a chance in 2000. Before he was inaugurated the search-and-destroy mission had begun.

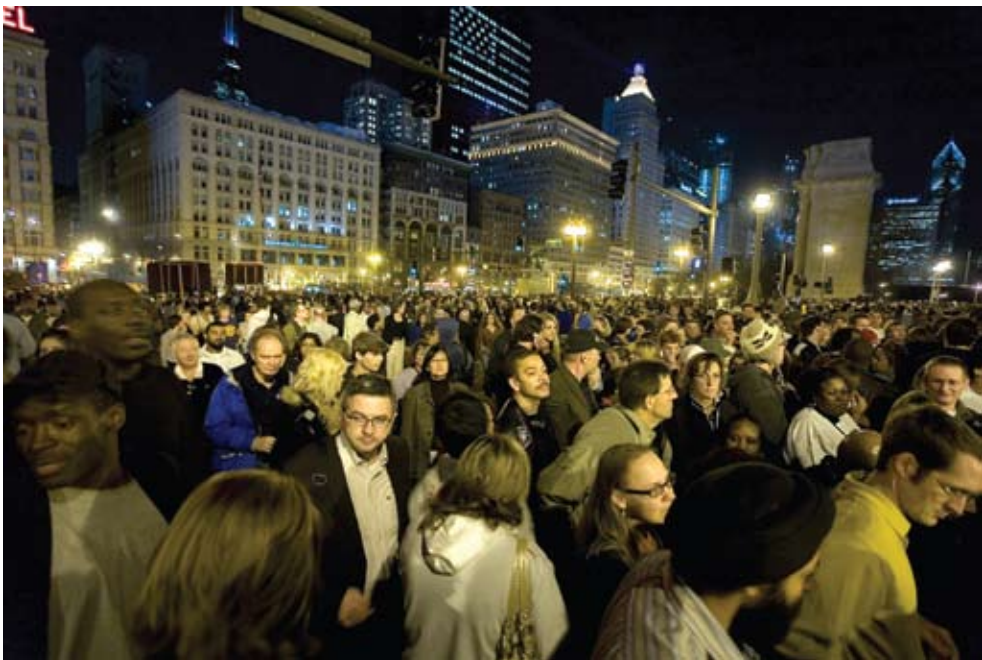
Yeah, we can play "who started this first" by pointing to the VRWC's effort to destroy Bill Clinton from the very start of his presidency. But whatever. It's true that we didn't see Bush as legitimate. When you steal an election, people tend to get angry.

Yet that angry left was all but ignored, with the media going to great lengths to hide the anti-Bush inauguration protests from the viewing public. The press was happy to fête Bush from the very beginning, through 9/11, and all through the 2004 election cycle. Mission accomplished! Yet in the end, a bunch of pissed off activist liberals didn't derail Bush. He derailed himself.

So now a bunch of pissed off conservatives want to deliver payback. They're angry! Yeah, whatever. There's a difference between entering office after stealing an election, and entering office after a massive landslide victory (ask Reagan). Their anger is the anger of the fringe, of the 20+ percent that still approves of George Bush. No one cares about them anymore.

Bottom line -- Obama will either succeed or fail based on his own actions, not based on whether angry conservatives like him from Day One.

PHOTOS



Luca Andreescu | tinyurl.com/arb53w | Election Night



Whitney Faile | tinyurl.com/aj58fv



Luca Andreescu | tinyurl.com/arb53w
Election Night

FRENCH TOAST IS FOR LOVERS

By **Brooke Van Poppelen** | 5/7/08 | **New York is Retarded** tinyurl.com/bn9ng6
I don't do brunch.

For years now, brunch has been a source of aggravation for me. Whether I was attempting to go out for it with my then husband or worse yet actually serving the meal to a bunch of dumb clucks; I detest brunch.

I remember working in Chicago's Lincoln Square at Café Selmarie; a renowned brunch destination and provider of ulcerative colitis for Ms. Van Poppelen and her last nerve. We would set up for an hour before opening and sure enough at about twenty minutes to 9am, pedestrians would start lining up outside the locked doors like it was a Zeppelin concert. They impatiently rustled their newspapers and stared us down with empty eyes and hollow souls that they were going to try and fill up with banana walnut pancakes. There would be an incredibly intense moment, much like a glaucoma test, where things were eerily quiet in the cafe. The wait staff, bus boys and cooks would all exchange a knowing glance, hail Mary a few times, and watch as the host would walk toward the door to unlock it for the amassed crowd.

Pop! Like a pressurized vacuum seal, the entire aura of the morning was flipped on its ear, trampled by hollandaise hungry mammals pushing and shoving their way into the cafe to get a coveted seat in the tiny room. People wouldn't even be sitting down and the barking of requests from customers would begin; competitively determined to get their order in before the person next to them could.

The brunch patrons scoured the menu like heat seeking missiles aimed at the savory food selection du jour. Angst thickened if someone in a party was lax about choosing and the aggressive leader of the affair would shift uncomfortably in their chair and offer up suggestions. "I've had the huevos rancheros here before--they're amazing. The ricotta strawberry waffles are to die for. Why don't you choose? Huh? How about we make a choice here, Bonnie--pick up your game, for god's sake. This isn't lunch, this isn't breakfast, this is BRUNCH you twat, and we're getting behind!!!"

I've never understood the need for 14 beverages to properly enjoy a meal, but apparently that is another aspect to brunch that people love and it makes me bristle. "Yes--- I am going to need a mimosa, a bellini, a bloody mary extra spicy with pickles, large orange juice, a decaf skim latte, lots of water no ice but I will take extra lemon, a quart of maple syrup with a straw, some crude oil in a pan, the blood of a virgin served in a goblet, and that ought to do it!"

People act like brunch is a relaxing and fun way to spend a morning. I think these lunatics also enjoy Disney World, Times Square, and the dentist for their leisure.

I used to wake up on Sunday mornings during married life. A little voice in my head would say, "Brunch? Is this gonna happen again?" You see, when you get married, an idiotic switch goes off in your head that thinks going to brunch or housewarming parties and the like are going to somehow be bearable now that you have someone to suffer through it with you. Wrong. Each Sunday would start out with high hopes for hubby and I. He hoped we would do activities together and I hoped he would leave me alone and let me sleep. After receiving the usual withering speech about him working a 9-5 job and wanting to embrace his precious days off I would reluctantly drag my body out of bed, throw on an ensemble and the pointless sojourn would begin. We would ritualistically drive up and down the same stupid strip of our neighborhood that we drove down the week before and the week before that.

"The Daily?" "Nah." Bad Dog?" "Gross." "Milk and Honey?" "Too far." "Deleece?" "Expensive". "Well what do you want?" "I'm not hungry." "Well why the hell did you come out for brunch?!?" "You made me." "I didn't make you do anything!"

Usually within 5 minutes I would get dropped off on the side of the road somewhere as hubby squealed away to go find an eggy meal and angrily eat it by himself while I walked home alone.

Ahhh brunch.
Now that I have been divorced for about 2 years and dropped the waitressing gig, you'd think awful brunch incidents would diminish. Not really.
I now reside in New York where brunch is even more of an atrocity. Brooklyn is rife with uber trendy cafes all roughly the size of a crawl space, vacuous bohemian parents with strollers the size of farming equipment rolling over you like a monster truck, and pancakes starting at \$15 with no upgrades.

All of my adult, coupled friends think I want to come join them for this slice of hell. They're chirpy, energetic and excited about life because they've chosen to have a normal one and you know what goes great with healthy relationships?!? Crepes!

I usually get the call around 10am on a Sunday. Said couple has been up for 3 hours already, ran a 10K, did some spackling, and are showered and ready for brunch at Dizzy's! I on the other hand just got home from Saturday night about 4 hours ago and am full of Jamaican beef patties and whiskey. My body aches as though I worked out but it's just my liver and pancreas exacting their revenge.

Said couple wants to know, would I like to join them for brunch? Well, if brunch consists of aspirin and more sleep, then yes!! Count me in!
Oh wait, brunch is going to be a loud, crowded event that is going to magnify all of my poor life choices as I surround myself with passive aggressive people who have money in their bank account and love in their hearts? Pass.

Now don't get me wrong, I like breakfast. In fact I LOVE breakfast. There is nothing better in the world than a wild night of drinking that leads you to Chicago's Diner Grill on Irving. You pull up a seat at the counter and the owner/short order cook makes you some corned beef hash, French fries and an egg sandwich for \$6 while you sip some black coffee and snap out of your stupor. No frills, no special menu---it's been printed on the wall for the past 20 years--- no marzipan stuffed anything in sight. Try to order a drink with champagne or pomegranate in it and someone will break your nose. You crank the juke box full of Willie Nelson tunes and drunkenly dance with your pals not worried about losing your seat. There's usually at least one person in there missing a limb and not a baby in sight because it's 4am---the way a dining experience should be.

Now that my friends, is worth being awake for.

COMICS

All newspapers need a comic strip. To submit your cartoon or share one that you've seen in a blog, please email it to us at content@theprintedblog.com.



Rick Ellis | tinyurl.com/admxkn

STAFF AT THE PRINTED BLOG

Throughout the paper, we will showcase the TPB team. Say hi if you get the chance.



Jenn Beese / Social Networking
Jenn works in Blog Relations for The Printed Blog. She is from the north side of Chicago and is currently attending the University of Illinois, majoring in Movement Sciences. Jenn has been involved with social media from its start. She has two blogs: check them out at www.freeandflawed.com and www.mustlovegeek.com.

HUMAN INTEREST

PLANNING A CAREER AT GOOGLE

By **Jenn Beese** | 4/8/08 | **Let's Bottle Up The Crazy** tinyurl.com/bot4ta

Fortune listed Google at #1 on its 100 Best Companies to Work For list. My boss wanted some information off of their careers page so I stepped up. I took one for the team! But not before quenching my own thirst for knowledge. First I stumbled upon the Top 10 Reasons to Work at Google. "Silly Google, " I thought. "You don't need to persuade ME to work for YOU." As I browsed the site, which I've never done before, I learned that Google offers scholarships and internships. How exciting! I checked to see if I met any of the requirements for either. Sadly I do not. This got me thinking though....even though I want to work for Google, I have no idea what I'd actually do there. So I came up with a list!



1. I could roam from person to person and tell them what a good job they're doing. "Great memo, Ben!" "Loving the hair Sara!" "Hey John! Great Post-It tower!" I might even pat them on the back. Everyone can use some positive reinforcement, even Googlelites. That's what I'd call my colleagues.
2. When I'm done commending everyone for a job well done, I could offer to organize their office. I like to organize and snoop through things. I'd be killing two birds with one stone and they'd reap all the benefits.
3. After that I could come up with some art for the website to celebrate obscure holidays such as PBJ day. Personally I'd love seeing two peanuts as Os when I opened up Google.
4. I could test out ball pits in case they were considering purchasing one. This includes, but is not limited to, trampolines, moon bounces, velcro walls, giant slides and bungee jumping.
5. There is a doctor on site at one of their locations. I could come up with crazy diseases and make sure this doctor is top notch. I am not opposed to purposely exposing myself to a dangerous virus. No sub-par doc for Google! I'm willing to get poked and prodded for some G-love.
6. I could say "google" in all sorts of funny voices and accents over a loud speaker. You know, just in case someone forgets where they are. And who knows, "google" may lull some employees into a calm, meditative state in which they create something truly magnificent. They'll thank me.
7. I could be a pillow tester for employees who sleep in their offices. I'd appreciate someone checking my pillow nightly to make sure it was up to my fluffy standards.
8. I could also roam the building telling jokes. People need to laugh. Happy employees tend to be more efficient and productive. They're also less likely to write "I hate my job/boss/ your face" on a Post-It and put them on microwaves, mirrors or windows. I'd clean up the sticky residue if they did.

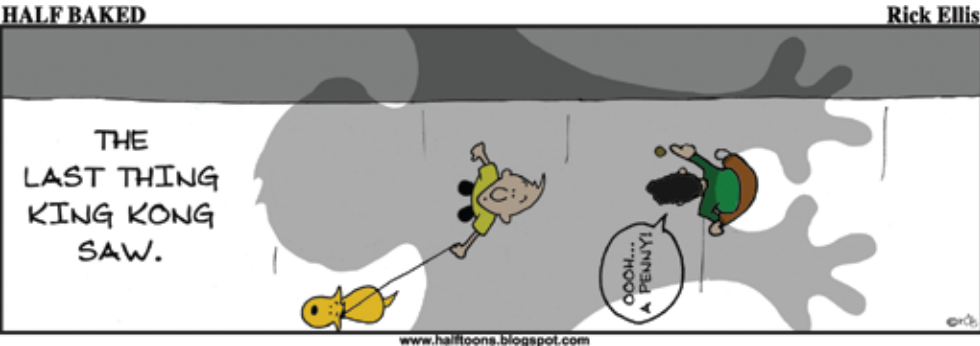
See, there are many opportunities for me at Google that don't require some fancy college degree or ridiculously mad computer/sales/marketing/engineering skills. I'm a Jenn of All Trades! How many companies boast one of those? None! So Google, if you were to ask me if I wanted to come on board and monitor the security of your elevators, I'd reply with an enthusiastic "super fuck yeah!!!"

PHOTOS



Erik J. Gustafson | tinyurl.com/c2epkf

COMICS



Each issue features songs submitted and reviewed by you, our readers. We like to think of it as our current playlist at The Printed Blog. Enjoy discovering new music. Share your favorite songs with us at music@theprintedblog.com.

“Don’t Cry,” - *The Process of Addiction Has its Cost* - Phillip Morris tinyurl.com/cbsdtr

 With the 2009 release of his new album “The Process of Addiction Has its Costs,” Phillip carries on his tradition of pushing not only hip-hop, but music in general, to its furthest limits both lyrically and conceptually. He heavily focuses on social injustices, motives behind perpetuating military conflicts, and the government’s involvement in drug trafficking. His target audience includes nerds, thugs, revolutionaries, even 45+ Caucasian women.

Contributed by: **Whitney Faile** | tinyurl.com/czsndq

“B Evil” - HOWL tinyurl.com/c8sy34

 Howl is the four-man side project of Brady Miller (the uber-talented guitarist for Money Mark of the Beastie Boys). While you can’t peg Howl to any one genre, their music is closest to psychedelic synthpop and sounds a lot like the psychedelic electronica that MGMT experimented with on their 2005 debut album Climbing to New Lows.

Contributed by: **Ethan Austin** | tinyurl.com/advwgz

“Reaching OfThe Sky,” *Financial Release EP* - LA France tinyurl.com/b72vt8

 I like LA France because he really tries hard to rap. He has a pretty cool flow. And he really tries to put some depth in his lyrics. I definitely think you should consider him.

Contributed by: **Marcus ‘Cap’ Williams** | tinyurl.com/bg3qwx

“Duck Punk” - TheToy Soldiers tinyurl.com/b4lnvu

 The Toy Soldiers is a band based in Seattle, WA and is greatly influenced by Daft Punk and The Postal Service. Dipping heavily into an electronic back beat created by Jesse Skorupa, accompanied by vocalist Ryan Barber’s lyrics and Kevin Fairbairn on the guitar, the band puts forward a unique sound, of which Duck Punk is a shining example.

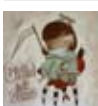
Contributed by: **Colin FitzGerald** | tinyurl.com/c8lb4x

“I’m Good Now,” *All the Gold in the Sunset* - Bob Schneider tinyurl.com/3y3rtv

 Bob is one of the greatest talents of our generation. Prolific. Poetic. Phonofantastic. Folk, pop, ska, blues, rap - you name it, this cat has kicked it out. Chicago is one of his favorite destinations...catch him at the Double Door, Metro, Martyrs, or Schuba’s.

Contributed by: **Terry Valentine Mertens** | tinyurl.com/d2cw7m

“Both Before I’m Gone” - Girl in a Coma tinyurl.com/2lyfsy

 Girl in a Coma hail from San Antonio, Texas; land of puffy tacos, Lone Star beer, and the place where Ozzy pissed on the Alamo. Nina Diaz, who was 12 when the band formed, is often referred to as the female version of Morrissey and has been compared to artists as diverse as Bjork and Patsy Cline. Along with Jenn Alva on bass and Phanie D. on drums, this band has been likened to The Smiths, The Pixies, and the Yeah Yeah Yeahs.

Contributed by: **Whitney Faile** | tinyurl.com/czsndq

“Beer and Pie,” - Hope Roth tinyurl.com/bve95z

 Despite her friendly and upbeat personality, Hope Roth writes songs that are both deliciously melancholy and deeply personal. The central theme tends to be that of loneliness and heartbreak, with words and melodies that are all at once funny and playful yet dark and complex. More often than not, she is chortling in the face of despair.

Contributed by: **Hope Roth** | tinyurl.com/bve95z

“Neighborhood #3 (Power Out),” *Funeral* - Arcade Fire tinyurl.com/d6apbn

 Joyously extraordinary - dark lyrics and merry cacophony. The jagged guitars and swirling, jamming violins are simultaneously dizzying and intoxicating.

Contributed by: **David Pepin** | tinyurl.com/d6o4bu



Matty Franklin | tinyurl.com/bku59d

What’s going on in your neighborhood? Find out here, where we feature the happenings in and around your city.

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PUGSLEE ATOMZ KEEPS IT REAL

By V | 1/19/09 | creamteam.tv

tinyurl.com/dncqmo



Photo by: Kinga Spanier | tinyurl.com/alu8ro

The downside to the explosion of Chicago’s hip-hop, DJ and nightlife culture has seen over the past couple years is that people now associate new Chicago music with a specific niche genre. While I like The Cool Kids as much as the next lady grindin’ it in the club, I feel like there is a lot of great music that doesn’t fit this mold which is getting pushed aside in the search for the next banger-ready, remixable hook.

Pugslee Atomz passed along a new track off his upcoming album, Rooftop, that I think exemplifies this Chicago trend. I love the sampled intro and the minimal production. Wait and See has that great simple retro feel often only found in indie hip-hop. This track reminds me of combing through CDs back at the college radio station and basement shows filled with back-packers.

Maybe Pugslee Atomz will never roll up to the club decked out fresh to death on a moped to spit a few rhymes over a DJ’s beat to a crowd of lycra-clad college girls sipping Sparks. But that’s why I like him.

PROFILE

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THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF PHILLIP MORRIS



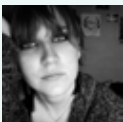
Phillip Morris. A man who has no idea what the word “cool” means, in any sense other than temperature. A revolutionary thinker trapped inside of an emcee’s frame. After years of honing his rhyme skills, in 2004 he hit the scene, going to any open mic he could find, and in 2005 he began writing and recording his first album while still frequenting various open mics across Chicago. This led to Phillip receiving a hosting spot at Innjoy’s open mic alongside fellow Chicago emcees Awdazcate (pronounced audacity) and Readymade.

The mixture of Phillip’s unique voice, complex rhyme schemes, anomalous subject matter, coherent freestyles, and comprehensibility forced the underground hip-hop community to abruptly take notice. Released in early 2006, his debut album (the self-produced “Instrumentality”) featured a wide variety of styles and subject matter. It includes the sharp-tongued social commentary of “Divided States”, the widely felt ballad for the emotionally battered woman entitled “World of Deceit”, and the bewildering combination of lyrical acrobatics & borderline psychosis laced upon “The Nightmare Before Christmas”. This timeless piece of art was eagerly received by fans, helping catapult Phillip into a steady cascade of live performances at various bars, venues, and political events.

Along the way, he began collaborating with the Tomorrow Music Orchestra. He often does collaborations onstage alongside the TMO, and also with cellist Lilianna Zofia and violinist Hanna Rae. Always looking to the future, Phillip continues to make original music as far from the norm as possible, keeping crowds entertained with complex rhymes while speaking out about the injustices occurring worldwide. Both avid fans of hip-hop and skeptics alike have (or will soon) become addicted to the cancerous choice.

tinyurl.com/cbsdtr

STAFF AT THE PRINTED BLOG



Whitney Faile / Photo and Music Editor
Whitney is originally from Texas and is currently a Photojournalism major at Columbia College in Chicago. Whitney lives for photography, music and pop culture. She loves to take photos while exploring Chicago and is always seeking out new music to listen to and love.

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HOW FAMOUS IS TOO FAMOUS?

By **Stacy Bierlein** | 1/19/09 | **The Nervous Breakdown** tinyurl.com/ah6ybb

When I was in graduate school in Chicago, I worked for a talented and occasionally tormented artist. He used to tell people he wanted to be so famous that he could smoke pot in a crowded restaurant and no one would dare to ask him to leave.

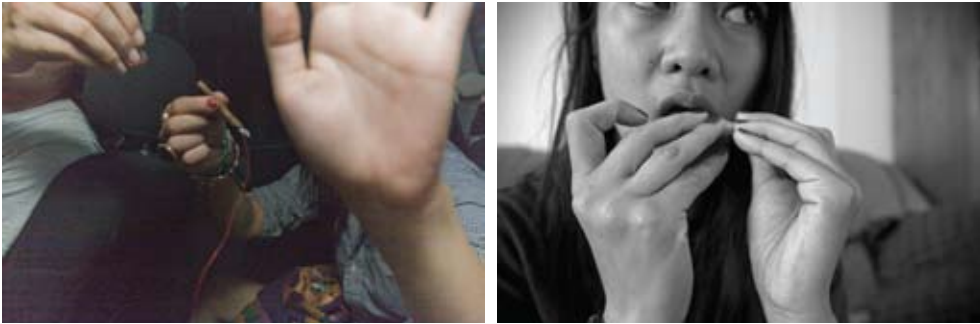
That sounds dreadful, someone usually said to his girlfriend, after he left the room. She worked as a publicist for the state lottery. One of her responsibilities was to try to convince big winners to go public with their stories. Most lottery winners hoped to avoid their fifteen minutes of fame, she said, fighting to keep secret their new financial status. Most didn't want to tell their children. A few tried to avoid telling their spouses.

Lately a lot of entertainment news features the description "too famous." 50 Cent claims that he is way too famous to date a normal person. Bono says he will never win the Nobel Peace Prize because he's too famous. Beyonce stopped going to church because she is too famous, meaning that she gets mobbed by fans when she attends religious services. Model Agyness Deyn was dropped from Burberry print advertising campaigns for being too famous. ("Last year she was quirky, but this year she is positioning herself everywhere," a source told magazines.) A popular new music blog, promoting independent rock, has the fabulous name, Too Famous To Get Fully Dressed.

A New Yorker Talk of the Town piece last week quoted a publicist "who specializes in celebrity over-exposure." It seems that Paris, Lindsay, and their uber-famous peers can actually pay someone to tell them to stay home more often and wear less bling. I find it fascinating that this is a real job, and I have to admit, I like the idea of telling famous people what to do. Denise, slow down with the eyeliner! Angelina, slow down with the babies! Incidentally, the New Yorker piece discussed Caroline Kennedy's under-exposure.

Perhaps we should feel a bit uneasy about living in a culture where overexposure and underexposure become headline-winning issues. There is an essay by Pam Houston that I recall often, "In Bhutan There Is No Way to Be Famous." Houston spent a month exploring the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan accompanied by an extraordinary guide named Karma. In explaining the worldview of the Bhutanese people, Karma says that they are taught to live in constant gratitude for what they have, that this is why they do not need therapists or lawyers. Houston notices Karma's complete lack of judgment as he says this. He goes on to say, "We take our time here. It takes time to appreciate what we have ... There is no way to be famous in Bhutan. I think that makes it easier on everyone."

I'm fascinated by the idea of a society with no real celebrity culture. Of course, it is 85 degrees in Southern California this week, so it may be adventitious to be too famous to get fully dressed



Luca Andreescu | tinyurl.com/arb53w

THE ONE IN WHICH FACEBOOK STATUS UPDATES GIVE ME NIGHTMARES

By **Princess Pointful** | 12/3/08 | **And Hijinks Ensued** tinyurl.com/c6k7et

I sometimes feel as though Facebook gives me way too much information about people's lives. Because of my live feed, I know about casual acquaintances' rampant back-and-forth relationship statuses.... Ann is now single, Ann is now in a relationship with Ryan, Ann changed her relationship status to It's Complicated. I found out that my high school music teacher left his wife via Facebook. Even though I knew my sister and her live-in boyfriend were on the verge of splitting, Facebook provided me with the official notice before the phone rang. Pregnancies and births are old hat at this point via my home page. Hell, I found out an old friend was getting breast implants from her status updates.

Since we've covered relationship statuses and medical procedures, apparently tragedy is the next big ground for Facebook to seize onto. One woman I know detailed her mom's heartbreaking sudden diagnosis with terminal cancer, starting with "Carrie can't think of any way to tell Facebook her mom is dying" to "Carrie's mom died today." Psychgrad previously wrote about someone whose mourning led them to post pictures of their dead mother.

Last night, I was scrolling through status updates, when an old high school friend's caught my eye. "Rebecca is shocked. RIP Anton." My mind immediately goes to Anton, a mutual friend, whose mother used to make us chocolate chip pancakes, who had a catapult in his backyard, who played a mournful song on the saxophone in the school courtyard when Marissa died, who was tall, quiet, and unaware of all the girls pining after him, who is now studying art. I shoot her off a quick message, asking her if it was indeed that Anton.

I start clicking through other friends pages rapidly. He is not on Facebook, but his sister is, and her profile picture is of her and him in the outdoors. There is nothing out of the ordinary there. I know that if the update was "RIP John", I might give it some passing thought, but Anton was too rare of a name for me to just discard it. I hate myself for wishing this misfortune on another Anton, not my Anton.

We curl up on the couch. I watch TV. I try not to ruminate, as I know this is my pattern, and there is no use grieving until I know the truth. I also know that, in all probability, it is someone else. At the same time, I feel a little guilty laughing.

No reply by midnight. I crawl under the covers. I dream that I log into Facebook and have many, many messages, all from Anton and I's friends. They tell me he had a recessive genetic condition that let to him collapsing after having a few drinks. They share memories of him. In this dream, I am checking my laptop in bed, so when I wake up in that same bed, it takes me a moment to shake the feelings off.

Still no message from Rebecca when I awoke. I start to vaguely resent her for putting up these words, for not knowing how many people would see them and worry about our Anton. At the same time, I know this is not fair to hold someone in mourning to my standards of logic.

Finally, at 9:08am, one line. "No another Anton." She changes her status to clarify this, and I see she has joined a group in memorial of this Anton. He looks young and happy. And I lament for the people who are going to find of his passing by an invitation to join a Facebook group.



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FIVE MINUTE FUN

By **Neal Boulton** | 12/14/08 | **Bastard Life** tinyurl.com/bvcrqd

Too often, just when it is getting good, he's done. Now what?
Q: My partner is hot and a great lover, but more and more these days he reaches his orgasm before I am even halfway there. How can I extend his sexual experience so that we can both have a more balanced experience together?

A: This is a problem that has probably affected every man at one point or another. One unfortunate aspect of premature ejaculation is that it increases the anxiety that may contribute to the problem. In most cases of premature ejaculation there is no clear cause, but it can be associated with many factors such as guilt, or depression or to an underlying medical cause such as hormonal problems, injury, or a side effect of certain medicines. The good news is that with sexual experience and age, men often learn to delay orgasm, allowing it to clear up on its own. First, it is important to try to avoid adding pressure to your partner as it may intensify the problem. Second, ease into the conversation about his happiness with your sexual activities. Are there other things he would like to try? Are there other times of the day when he might want to engage you in intimacy?

Key Tip: Communication and understanding and a lack of pressure is the key to allowing premature ejaculation to dissipate. If the problem becomes chronic, use the same compassion and explore the medical issues that may be impacting your partner. Work with, not against, the issues you have in bed and you will flourish again as lovers.

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Lauren Omura / Director of Advertising Relations
Lauren is a senior at Columbia College Chicago. She will be graduating in May with a degree in Marketing Communications with a focus in Advertising. She is in charge of communicating and meeting the needs of the advertising clients. She also can't wait for summer to finally get here!



Drew Doleski / Director of Advertising Sales
Drew is a senior Marketing & Management major at Loyola University in Chicago and is a member of the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity. Drew is originally from Kalamazoo, MI and loves to run, play golf, keep up with current events as well as enjoying Chicago nightlife.

PHOTOS



Luca Andreescu | tinyurl.com/arb53w

Whitney Faile | tinyurl.com/aj58fv

WORD OF THE DAY IS JOB - J.O.B.

By **Matt** | 1/18/09 | **A View From 5280ft** tinyurl.com/dhzsyb

This past week I got an email from careersitesource.com. When I saw it, at first, I was pissed because I thought it was spam that had made it to my inbox. Which, sometimes I get because of this one email I sent that was not-so-smart. Someone (a spammer) signed me up to be in his "group" on yahoo and I replied back with "Fuck your mother." So recently, alot of spam emails have been creeping their way into my inbox.

Then I read the subject line of the email. "[name redacted] has listed you as a reference for a job." Really? A friend of mine wants me to be a reference for him? I'm glad he gave me a heads up. This guy has been my friend since forever but I know he has a horrible work ethic. He's never been able to keep a job for a year his whole life and has been unemployed for the past two years. Seriously, I dont even know how that happens. I had two jobs last year and he can't even find one? Please.

So the email contains a link to a survey about what kind of person I think he is. My first reaction is to tell the truth. Why? Because he is an asshole. He's the guy who is always starting fights and expecting you to back him up. He's the guy who always wants to party on your dime. He's the guy who always thinks that you owe him something just because you have the priveledge of knowing him. He's the guy who is always in and out of jail for doing something stupid. He's the guy that your girlfriend will always hate.

He's also a dear friend of mine. He's the guy who comes from a broken home. He's the guy who always catches the bad breaks in life. He's the guy who has a beautiful daughter. So of course, when filling out the survey- I pretty much nominated him for the best guy alive. Not because I feel bad for him but because I know, from the bottom of my heart, that a job is the last thing he would EVER want and it would be complete torture for him. Anything I can do to further that cause, consider it done.

Him getting a job is really a win-win for everyone. Except himself.

LET ME START BY TELLING YOU WHEN MY FIRST KISS WASN'T.

By Ben Boudreau | 1/15/09 | No Ordinary Rollercoaster tinyurl.com/aahr9f

In ninth grade, I had a girlfriend. I'll wait for you to stop laughing.....
Yes. A girlfriend. She was cute, blonde, funny, edgy and quick-witted - everything I was looking for in a friend who was a girl. And as it turned out, I was everything she was looking for in a boyfriend. Note the subtle difference.

We dated for a magical month or so, causing havoc among my junior high classmates who had already chalked me up to be the awkward, closeted gay boy that I was (*Suckers!*) and eventually breaking up because I refused to kiss her (*"We're moving too fast" can work for a surprisingly long time!*) bringing me right back to square one.

And that was the end of my career as a heterosexual.
I reentered the dating game in Ireland the day of my nineteenth birthday, thirty pounds lighter and five or six drinks drunker. I spent the evening partying with my coworkers from River Island and occasionally catching the glances of a unquestionably attractive Irishman (*aren't they all?*).

After awkwardly stumbling through seduction and clarifying that I was Canadian rather than American somehow making myself ten times more appealing (*sorry, I don't make the rules!*), we decided to go somewhere quieter so I could lick the side of his beautiful face we could talk.

Of course since I was drunk and he had a beautiful accent, he could have suggested we pop outside so he could beat me to death with a hooker's corpse and my response still would have been "OKAY!!!!".

Outside, we engaged in drunk, homosexual flirtation which is sadly as blatant as stereotypes make it out to be: *"You're hot."* / *"YOU'RE hot."* / *"Are you having a fun night?"* / *"You're hot."*

And then it was going to happen. Eyes were closing, people were leaning, hearts were beating, hands were shaking...and then something happened that didn't fit into the idea of kissing that I learned scientifically through Drew Barrymore movies. My whole body started convulsing, trying to drive the point home that I should NOT slam back five hard ciders without first eating dinner.

"Urp."

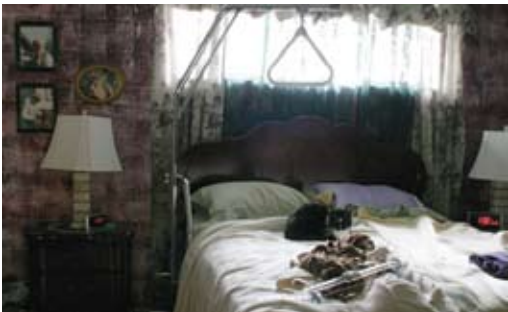
Lesson? Learned.

Mission? Aborted.

Face? Unkissed.

Night? Oh so over unless you count the time spent dry-heaving.
I had my first kiss with the same Irishman a few days later. You know, when I could sit up without getting the spins...Who needs romance when you have a foreign country and a man with an accent?

PHOTOS



Laurel Dailey | tinyurl.com/c7powk
At the Time



Sam Gove | tinyurl.com/d8ocjc
Rules of Design

PLEASE WARN ME IN ADVANCE IF YOUR WARNING INVOLVES SOMETHING THAT I DON'T NEED TO BE WARNED ABOUT

By Brad Listi | 5/9/08 | The Nervous Breakdown tinyurl.com/ccole5

I get a lot of warnings via e-mail. People are always warning me about something. Strange warnings. Domestic warnings. Crime warnings. Supernatural warnings. Warnings about micro-waving plastic. Warnings about the consequences of forgetting what's most important in life. Warnings about communicable disease. Warnings about credit card scams. I even get warnings about the Rapture from time to time.

People send them to me. And for whatever reason, it's usually older people who do this. Baby Boomers. People like my mother, and my aunts and uncles, and friends of my parents, and parents of my friends.

Here, for example, is the text of an e-mail that was forwarded to me recently:

I just wanted to put a reminder out to everyone to always be conscious of the people around you. My older sister had gotten her oil changed this weekend and then headed off to Southdale Mall alone. She decided she had had enough and started off to her house in Blaine. As she was driving a man kept very close to her bumper and as soon as she could she turned over to the slow lane to let him pass. He didn't. He stayed just as close as he could behind her in the slow lane. So she was starting to get really mad and thought who is this guy? Geesh. So she made it to Blaine. Her house was only a few turns away and many people don't live in that area. The guy just keeps riding her car like there is no tomorrow. So she decides, I am not going to my house, this guy is crazy. She made a few weird turns and he kept on her. By now she is crying and scared because she just moved to Blaine a month ago and doesn't know the area well enough to know where the police station is. She pulls her cell out and calls 911. They connect her through to the closest cop to her. He asked her if she knew where Wal-Mart was. She did. He told her to go there and pull up at the main entrance and to enter in the side closest to another store. She knew where it was. He told her to put the car in park and run as fast as she could into the store and to not even shut her door, they would be there to get him if anything happened. She is freaking out the whole way, scared to death. She gets there. Does exactly what the cop says and sure enough the guy ran after her. The cops tackled and arrested him. Once he is in the vehicle they come talk to her and tell her that he is a Level 3 sex offender. The cops asked her where she had been that day and she told them. The cop said that he most likely was watching you all day at the mall and could have been at the location where you got your oil changed.

Just a warning to be careful, because you really never know who is out there.
I don't even know the person who wrote this message. I haven't been inside of a Wal-Mart in ages. The odds of a homicidal sex offender tailing me at close range in my car? Probably about one in fifty million. Yet I was warned about it. I received the message. Someone felt compelled to send it to me, for my own protection.

I think it might be time to send out a chain e-mail warning people about e-mail warnings.
Consider this your warning.

STAFF AT THE PRINTED BLOG



Claire Bidwell Smith / Senior Editor
Claire is a writer and editor living in Chicago. She writes the award-winning blog Life in Chicago.

TIMING IS EVERYTHING

By Terry V. Mertens | 6/27/05 | All You Need to Know tinyurl.com/ae3gpk

What exactly constitutes premature ejaculation? Who decides what's normal and what's premature? How long do you have to go before you're considered a mature ejaculator? And will too many margaritas make me a post-mature ejaculator?

You'll be excited to learn that a handful of curious scientists recently committed to hammering out a definition. In setting up the study, however, measurement was a concern. Specifically, how would researchers be able to count on men to provide honest, empirical data as it relates to sexual performance? (Or should I say, "perceived" sexual performance) Relying on the truthfulness of men in general isn't typically advisable - how could it make for good science?

To combat what I call "Pinocchio Penis," or the making of dishonest statements in describing the size and/or activity of one's own genitalia, researchers decided to arm women with stopwatches. A reasonable methodology it would seem. If you're going to measure for duration, keeping time with a mechanical chronological instrument is always more accurate than making a "guesstimate." Right? Still, I can't help but question this stroke of objective brilliance.

Gentlemen, imagine you're in bed with a woman and a stopwatch. No pressure there. On your mark, get hard, go! I question the efficacy of the study given the potential psychological impact timing might have on otherwise normal coital performance. But now I'm just being a wet blanket. This is a fun fuckin' study, if you'll pardon the pun.

Researchers outfitted a sample size of more than 1,500 couples with timekeepers and told them to keep track. Are you ready for the results? Of course you are.

About 200 of the subjects suffered from "premature ejaculation." Members of this group (let's call them sprinters) finished just 1m 48s after beginning intercourse. Yes, speedy, that is considered an early finish.

The rest of the men passed the checkered flag line around 7m 18s. Now you know if you (or your partner) would be considered a tortoise or a hare.

Personally, not that it's any of your business, I've found I'm different every time and the duration of the act can last anywhere from between 23 seconds flat to 14 hours, 17 minutes or so. There are a lot of variables involved. Fatigue, hunger, sobriety, time since last O, condom, diet, mood, whether she's holding a stopwatch, if the forest preserve is crowded, etc.

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	Josh Karp / Founder and Publisher Joshua Karp is the founder and publisher of The Printed Blog. He previously founded the software company Freerain Systems which sold to ESM Solutions in 2007. He lives in Chicago with his wife and daughter and he couldn't be more excited to bring this venture to print.
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FIRST DATES

By Ben Kronberg | 1/20/09 | MySpace tinyurl.com/aj72tl

The worst part about first dates is they're often times, last dates. The problem is context. When you think of something as a "date", you apply rules and expectations that keep you from being in the moment. My advise: cut to the chase and ask if they want to fuck..

Things I Love? About first dates: I love it when the date farts instead of saying thank you for holding the door open, or orders the most expensive thing on the menu, only to deny a to-go box leaving 3/4 of a lonely lobster that died in vein.

The worst part about a first date is the wait and self-hate and the wanting to go home and masturbate. If we could only see ourselves , years later, with dust on the shelves, telling our kids there's no Santa Clause in front of the elves.

It's no coincidence that first date rhymes with worst date. One time I went on a "half-blind" date (it was dark when we first met). We had Italian food, followed by screwdrivers, then swing dancing. Cut to her place - me on the toilet for 30 min. thinking I could still get laid.

A first date is like ordering from a menu - you have to decide what you don't like in order to decide what you want - I know I don't want a cheeseburger, or attitude, or the lasagna, or a toothy kisser, or someone who can't decide what they want.

Done.

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	Michelle A. Doellman / Editorial Associate Michelle is finishing her last semester at Columbia College Chicago, pursuing a MFA in journalism. Originally from Quincy, IL, Doellman enjoys writing, reporting and her continued exploration of Chicago.
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For each issue we post a question on our Twitter feed and these are your answers. Post your opinion to our questions and you might be featured in our next issue at twitter.com/theprintedblog.

WE ASKED: HEATH LEDGER GOT AN OSCAR NOM ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH. THOUGHTS OR PREDICTIONS?

@mermanda	Heath's performance was so captivating that I honestly had trouble imagining him as anything but the Joker. It's in the bag.
@katelin	I think Heath was an amazing Joker and he deserves the big win, a great recognition to an unfortunately short career.
@ihatesomuch	He definitely deserves to win. Even though I didn't love The Dark Knight as a whole, his performance was outstanding.
@AndyHannon	He deserves it, and I think he will win.
@notclam	Ledger's a sure bet to win. Shame The Dark Knight didn't fare better. Ratings will reflect how out of touch the Academy is.
@tmamone	Who will accept on his behalf?
@LaBarceloneta	I know it's morbid, but I'm convinced he's going to just reappear at the Oscars and reveal he is the greatest actor of all.
@theerinwiggle	I think it's great that Ledger got a nom. He deserves it, not because he's dead but because he rocked in The Dark Knight.
@michellewoo	Sorry, I'm lame and haven't seen the movie. I'm rooting for Robert Downey Jr. who was hilarious as a black man in Tropic Thunder.
@laceybean	I think he'll get it. Although there were some great male performances this year, no one outperformed Heath.

FOOD & TRAVEL

BOURBON HOT TEA TODDY

By Laura White | 1/11/09 | Cloves and Cream

tinyurl.com/b73xhz

With my throat still feeling a tad irritated, Ray and I decided to make a batch of hot toddies. There are many different versions of this spicy drink, some prefer cider, some cranberry juice, I've even seen it made with warm milk, but my favorite way to make it is with a black tea. Nothing like hot tea with a kick to cure what ails you. It's warm and sweet with just enough bite from the bourbon to make it interesting. Perfect for a cold night in.



- Bourbon Hot Tea Toddy, for two
- 1 bag Irish Breakfast or Earl Grey tea
- 2 c. boiled water (for the tea)
- 2 shots bourbon (I prefer Bulleit)
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- 1 1/2 tbsp. honey
- 1 tsp lemon juice
- 1 tsp clementine juice

Bring water to a boil in a kettle and put your tea bag in a tea pot. While the water is coming to a boil drizzle the honey in the bottom of the tea pot. Then add the bourbon, lemon juice and clementine juice to the pot. Once the water has boiled add it to the pot & steep the tea for 10 minutes or so. Pour the toddy in a mug & garnish each mug with a cinnamon stick or lemon wedge.

IT'S TIME TO SHUT UP ABOUT CUPCAKES

By Jon Eick | 4/15/08 | So Good

tinyurl.com/5dakh6

Dear America,

Remember 5 years ago?

You know, around 2003?The Iraq War was just beginning, President Bush was still popular, and you could actually go an entire day, from morning to night, without hearing or reading something about cupcakes?

Seems like ages ago huh? I mean look at things now: President Bush is one of the most unpopular leaders in history, and unless you live in a cave, you can't make it 19 minutes in a public setting without hearing about cupcakes.

You've got co-workers chattering about the cupcake they had last night. Meredith Viera is on TV dishing about the cupcake party she threw for her girlfriends. Newspapers are writing non-stop reviews of the hot new cupcake bakery in town. Your friends with blogs are obsessed too. At this point, it's gotten so ridiculous that you can't even ride in an elevator without seeing someone carrying a little 4 inch-by-4 inch cupcake box - that every other woman in the elevator is salivating over like a pack of blood-thirsty wolves.

I GET IT. No seriously, I GET IT. Cupcakes are delicious and soooooo yummy! OMG pink frosting!

That's not the point.

What I really want to know is WTF happened? I managed to never once hear the word "cupcake" between the ages of 12 and 25.Then all of a sudden I wake up one day and can't walk 20 feet down the street without hearing "Cupcake, cupcake, cupcake. Cupcake, cupcake, cupcake. Ooooooo Cupcake!"

Newsflash: Cupcakes are delicious today, they were delicious yesterday, and they were delicious 15 years ago. Nothing has changed. It's just like in 1998 when everyone was smoking Cigars and celebrities all wanted to appear on the cover of Cigar Afficianado with a Cuban in their mouth. Now every popular actress wants to appear on the cover of Cupcake Quarterly with frosting from a Magnolia cupcake smeared on her face.

So don't come flocking here to tell me how yummy cupcakes are, I understand. But what I don't understand is how cupcake saturation has reached the point where I can't even buy black tar heroin without receiving a flier wrapped around my hypodermic needles advertising the new cupcake store down the street.

The cupcake obsession has peaked, and it has nowhere to go but down.You had your 15 minutes of fame cupcake lovers, but it's time to face the facts: cupcakes have jumped the shark.

So everyone chill out, regroup, and move on to a new food obsession in a quiet and orderly fashion.

Hugs & Kisses,

So Good

CUBS REVEAL NEW GAMEDAY GIVEAWAY PROMOTION

By AI | 1/22/09 | Bleed Cubbie Blue

tinyurl.com/dy9aym



Stymied by the state of the economy and seemingly eternal delays in the nearly two-year-old saga that is the sale of the Chicago Cubs, Tribune Co. owner Sam Zell today directed team management to turn ownership of the ballclub and 95-year-old Wrigley Field over to 12 lucky fans.

Cubs Chairman Crane Kenney announced the promotion, saying, "There will be six games during the 2009 season, one every month (except October, where there are only four games), in which the first 20,000 fans to arrive at Wrigley Field will get a scratch-off card. Two cards at each game will have the "Congratulations, you are a winner!" underneath the scratch-off circle. Those fans will be designated Owner of the Cubs for a month, beginning with May. Having two winners each month will assure us of having an owner year-round; we'll do more scratchoffs during the 2010 season and in the years to follow."

Kenney said that each winning owner would have all the rights that Zell now has -- to be able to hire and fire, sit in a box seat or suite of his or her choice, and would be able to go to owners' meetings in swanky resort towns. The winner would have to provide the means to keep running the team during his or her reign; Kenney stated that the ticket price increases would assist the winning owners in meeting payroll, as well as advertising revenue from WGN radio and TV and the team's 25% stake in Comcast Sports Net, as well as any ticket resale schemes and marketing of anything they can slap an ad on at Wrigley Field.

When asked if this wasn't going to be a little bit like the failed College of Coaches that the Cubs tried in the early 1960's, Kenney bristled. "You don't see the word 'college' in there, do you?" he said. "There's no educational requirement to win this ownership contest."

Players were philosophical, although center fielder Reed Johnson worried that different owners might have different policies on facial hair. Derrek Lee wondered, "Will each new owner be bound by no-trade clauses?" And, Ryan Theriot expressed concern that certain owners might not like certain players and, during their month, would downplay the sale of souvenir jerseys bearing certain names and numbers.

Fans were excited. Patricia Grabowski of downstate Hoopeston said she'd make sure to attend every game where these scratchoffs were a giveaway: "Maybe I can meet Mike Fontenot!", she said. Fans who win the right to be team owner during the baseball off-season will also have the rights to schedule non-baseball events at Wrigley Field; Ryan Balin of Ankeny, Iowa, suggested horse racing, saying, "Didn't Dusty Baker always say he had to have his horses? Now we can!"

Apart from the April 21 game against the Reds (pictured in the sample scratchoff above), the dates for the rest of the giveaways have not yet been announced. The Carlos Zambrano No-Hitter statue giveaway already scheduled for April 21 will go on as planned that date; in addition to the two winners of a month's team ownership, 100 random winners will get to meet former Cubs manager Baker, now in charge of the Reds, after the game and have an item signed by Baker (100 additional winners will get second prize, two autographed Baker baseballs).

In the event of any disputes arising as the result of this promotion, left-handed fans will be given preference.

PHOTOS



Erik J. Gustafson | tinyurl.com/c2epkf

IT'S ALL IN THE REFLEXES

By Chris | 1/21/09 | surviving myself

tinyurl.com/8y2y84

Because the guy who was training me to box recently left my gym, yesterday I decided to go to a boxing gym for the first time.

I was nervous to say the least, because 1) I'm not tough 2) I'm not good at boxing and 3) I act like both #1 and #2 are incorrect.

As I walked to the building I decided that I needed to put as much Manliness in my brain as possible, so I put on some Rage and hoped that somehow my training would involve questions about Peruvian guerrilla operations.

Once I entered the building I got on the elevator going down instead of up, where the gym is located. I took that as A Good Sign.

When I finally found the gym, the first thing I saw was a picture of the gym's owner, along with Roy Jones Jr. and Christian Slater.

Christian Slater! Obviously, I was way more intimidated by Christian Slater than Roy Jones Jr., because hello? Dude was in Young Guns II.

Shaking my pure awe of Christian Slater being in the same gym as I was, a trainer approached me and suggested that I start with three rounds of jump roping. So that's what I did. And that's when I realized jumping rope for three minutes straight is hard and sometimes makes me angry.

After that was done, the trainer and I did some work on the bags and inside the ring. Once inside the ring, where the trainer repeatedly told me "stop leaning!" and kind of laughed when I told him I was a writer, I figured something else out about myself: I was the second worst boxer in the entire gym, narrowly beating out the desk near the entrance.

As my time wound down I asked my trainer for some water, but because the gym didn't have a water fountain (I assume this is because boxers don't need wussy water) I had to buy a bottle of water. Of course my cash was in my locker, so the trainer told me I could pay on the way out.

Once we were finished I thanked my trainer for making me feel like I was going to die, washed up then headed out.

I will definitely be going back because boxing is just too much fun. And as for upping my toughness factor, let's just say I might have left without paying for that bottle of water.

Let's see Christian Slater top that.

9 MUST HAVES FOR INNOVATION

By **Xylus Sand** | 1/19/09 | **4 entrepreneur** [tinyurl.com/bkkbj7](#)

Being responsible for creating innovative ideas in a management consulting company and moreover, trying to turn those ideas into products that can be monetized - I have come to some conclusions about what is necessary for innovation to take root. This applies to the world of open innovation as well as the world of controlled innovation. (Although I often wonder - can you control innovation? Heck - can you even manage it - I like the idea of herding cats - you have to do it for clients, I suspect you have to do it for innovator creatives as well.)

Resource #1: People: There's no way around it - if you don't have the PEOPLE with the creative minds and the capacity to explore - you're going no where fast on the innovation superhighway. Like that? Information Superhighway? Innovation Superhighway? I'm going to claim to be the founder of Innovation now - just like our esteemed nobel laureate. No but seriously - think of innovation as being like a car from the Flintstones - if Barney and Fred don't get in their and do some fast footwork, the car isn't going anywhere.

Resource #2: Time: Ok, so you've got your bevy of creative class kinda people - (and yes, for all you grammarians - I know kinda is not a word - move along there, nothing to see) - what now? Well - let's give them a NOW - too often organizations, groups, companies, government agencies, non-profits, NGOs etc. do not allow their people TIME to think. Consider the 15% rule developed by 3M all those years ago which have led from Sandpaper to Post-It notes - did it work? Is 3M the kind of creative company that keeps creating new futures for itself? You decide, but I'm going to consider the value of the 15% rule and scream it from the rooftops.

Resource #3: Fearlessness: No getting around this - every new idea is a risk - people will struggle with it, shy away from it, run in terror, get queasy, etc etc etc. Risk is a necessary component of trying to create. You have to be willing to put yourself out there, accept that someone may not like you, may not like your idea, may not like what your idea means to their job - it's a long list.

Resource #4: Mistakes: Failure is not an option - we've all heard it - NASA coined it - Project Managers try to enforce it - companies which they could flawlessly execute. We are however human. We make mistakes. Guess what - when we make mistakes we learn from them. Sometimes that means we won't make the same mistake again. Sometimes it means we will create something unusual out of the mistake. Once again - I reference 3M - creators of an adhesive that turned out not to be very good for adhering. Oddly enough - when you stick some of that stuff on some paper, you get sticky notes. Otherwise known as Post-Its. Mistakes lead to discovery. What would have happened to human space flight if the earlier rocketeers had operated from the ground rule that "FAILURE IS NOT AN OPTION". So where are we again? PEOPLE need TIME to take RISKS in order to make MISTAKES so that they can learn.

Resource #5: Blurriness: You know those lines that you were supposed to draw inside of when you were a child - all the coloring books had them - and then you come forward to the 80s or 90s where there's a jeep commercial with a girl driving "outside the lines" - this commercial was particularly poignant because it suggest something - to get creative, you need to blur the lines - maybe even do away with the lines altogether. In the book the Medici Effect - the author references the idea of "low associative barriers"- and implies that this is a state we all need to get to - the point where we don't allow traditional lines and routine directions to prevent us from seeing the new paths. [Read all 9 online tinyurl.com/bkkbj7](#)

PHOTOS



Lindsay Apatow | [tinyurl.com/b6uv55](#) | The Midnite Society



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Veselina Angelova / Advertising Art Director
I have a BFA from Columbia College and am looking to pursue a career in Advertising Art Direction. I would like to work in a creative, challenging environment that will help me grow as a professional. Please email me at veseto777@yahoo.com.



Maytiana Douglas / Marketing/Communications Intern
I am interested in working as an intern, in the marketing communication field. I have over three years experience as a secretary, and five years experience speaking to the public on the radio. Throughout my secretary career and speaking on the radio, I enjoyed speaking to the public, as well, working with artists and musicians. Also, I have written a book called Peppermint which is sold www.barnesandnoble.com. I believe I would excel in marketing communications because I truly find marketing a challenging and rewarding career. Please contact me at peppermintgirl87@yahoo.com.

STAFF AT THE PRINTED BLOG



Jamie Villarreal / Blog Relations Manager
Jamie has two blogs: Oh! How Lovely! www.ohhowlovely.net and Oh How Lovely Shops www.ohhowlovely.net/shops. Submit your ideas and blogs to Jamie at jjvillarreal@theprintedblog.com.

BLOG ANNOYANCES

By **Jamie Villarreal** | 11/17/08 | **Oh! How Lovely!** [tinyurl.com/5p6gwn](#)

The other day I cleaned out my reader and twitter. It was long overdue. I'd skip over way too many blogs when they updated and basically it was just taking up space. Since it kind of ties in to my cleaning the house of my internet life, why not blog about it? I know there is a thread going on the 20SB forums about this but not everyone uses the forums so I thought I'd post about it here too. It should at least make for an interesting discussion!

I'm going to add this as a note before: don't get all offended if you see something you might do in this post or comments. That doesn't mean no one likes your blog or you or whatever. We are talking generally here and not pointing fingers. In the end - it's all about content. Don't get your internet panties all in a twist!

What makes you click that unsubscribe button? Or click away when you come across a new blog? Or unfollow on twitter? What turns you off? Let's hear it.

Mine:

- Partial feeds. I probably love you and your blog but the partial feed thing kills me! You can say I'm lazy but I'd rather read through my reader and if I have a comment, then I'll click over.
- Even worse - no feed. I hate when I try to add something to my reader and am unable to because you have no feed. FeedBurner is your friend. Burn, baby, burn!
- LOLspeak. I know we all use it occasionally, but if your whole blog is all OMGWTFLOLZ-BBQ!@? Well, that can be hard to read unless you are in 8th grade where that is spoke fluently.
- Excessive emoticons. 'Nuff said.
- Light text on dark backgrounds. It's way too hard on the eyes. Seriously, my glasses could be coke bottles and that makes it just harder!
- Cluttered blog design. If you have gifs, glittery blinkys, tons of images all of your blog, it is definitely hard to read because I'm too freaking distracted by the rainbow that vomited to tell me how much you luv you have 4 ur gurlz or whatever.
- Hard to navigate blogs. Plain and simple.
- If your blog is ugly or boring. Not everyone wants a custom design or can afford one or even cares. I just think it's nice to have something on it, whether design or something in your sidebars that shows some personality. Something that shows you. If I come across a blog for the first time that has nothing, I'm more than likely going to click away.
- Blogs that talk shit all the time, are constantly negative or feel the need to attack others to get attention. LAME.
- Twitter peeve: Don't twitter your whole story in a flutter of tweets. It's called microblogging for a reason. Hit up your real blog for that.
- Trying too hard. Don't force it. Some people just have a way with words and can make anything sound beautiful. Others don't. Don't force it. Don't try so hard to move your readers to tears or be super deep. It's obvious when you're forcing the words.
- Overall, remember content is key. If you have great content, people will come back. Everyone has different tastes too. Some people might love your blog, some people might hate it. Don't take it personal.

Always, have fun with it though.

STAFF AT THE PRINTED BLOG



Koray Girton / Layout Editor
Koray is the proud father of two, recently began eating spicy foods and also operates a small design, programming and consulting company named SavageBrown.

SYNTHETIC IDENTITY THEFT

By **jim** | 1/22/09 | **Blueprint for Financial Prosperity** [tinyurl.com/b3tn4z](#)

A few years ago, I discovered an error on my credit report where an extra social security number (off by one digit), a new home address, and a phone bill had been added to my report. I was able to get the information removed after jumping on a few hoops but it really opened my eyes about the weaknesses in the credit reporting system. To use a bit of database-speak, I always figured social security number was the primary key for each report - meaning it was unique to each report. If someone requested a report using an incorrect social security number, why would the bureau grant it? It's because that makes the lending process easier and because the bureau doesn't have to answer for its mistake. Enter, synthetic identity theft.

Synthetic Identity Theft

Synthetic identity theft is a special type of identity theft. There are two versions of synthetic identity theft. The first is where the thief rebuilds your identity using bits of information from different sources. They rummage through your trash and find a canceled check, they call your place of work and find out your telephone number, they snatch your mail and grab a 1099-INT the bank mailed you. They don't get everything all at once, but piece by piece they put it all together. This type of piece-meal ID theft, while scary, isn't as scary as the second type.

The second type of synthetic identity theft is where the thief steals only part of your identity and merges it with other information for use in places where the checks aren't as stringent. They may use a name that's similar to yours in connection with part of a social security number plus your address. To be honest I'm not entirely clear how they go about doing this because I'm not a synthetic identity thief! However, the thought of someone being able to do this, even after you've diligently shredded up documents, is still scary.

Preventing Synthetic Identity Theft

How can you prevent this? By being smart about your identity in a way that protects you against the regular identity thieves. First, put up a solid defense by implementing my do-it-yourself identity theft protection ideas. Then, follow the tips the SEC provides to prevent identity theft and review the FTC's site on identity theft.

Beyond that, there are a few other places you can check like your social security report. Each year, about three months before your birthday, the Social Security Administration sends you a little booklet indicating your benefits. One of the pages will list your income each year, check that the number is accurate. Extra income could be a sign that someone has stolen your identity to get a job. If you don't correct it, you could be liable!

Lastly, fix every last mistake you see in your report, even if it improves your score! I once had a credit card that had an average revolving balance of \$5,000, way more than I typically spend in a month, and had it removed. You want your credit report to accurately reflect you as a borrower. Even the smallest errors, like an incorrect address, should be addressed because it could explode into something much bigger.

I wouldn't go as far as signing up for an identity theft program, unless you want to use their services, because they don't necessarily add anything you can't do yourself. I reviewed Lifelock and found the service to be good, if you didn't want to do things yourself. Remember, those packages are service packages and insurance packages, they don't offer anything you can't do yourself (ahh, the classic trade of time vs. money).

REFLECTIVE PLANTS COULD COOL THE EARTH



By **Megan Treacy** | 1/21/09 | **EcoGeek.org** tinyurl.com/bbdz6t

Scientists at the University of Bristol in England have come up with an idea they say could cool the planet by 2 degrees Fahrenheit in the summer: reflective plants. As opposed to large-scale engineering projects that have been proposed to achieve this in the past, planting more reflective crops would take advantage of a global system already in place (agriculture) and its potential can be proved in less risky and expensive ways than say, a huge sunshade erected in space.

The scientists are not proposing changes in which crops are planted since shifts could cause major disruptions in available food and to the land they’re planted on. They suggest instead that existing crops be bred or genetically engineered to be more reflective by changing the waxiness and arrangement of their leaves, among other things.

The plan isn’t foolproof obviously. The cooling would only occur in areas with large amounts of arable land, meaning central North America and a band across Europe and Asia would see cooling effects, while the Southern hemisphere would see far less benefits. The other drawback is the time it would take to engineer crops for reflectivity and then to implement the new versions globally.

I think it’s a more realistic idea for global cooling than others that have been suggested, but it’s still not a real solution. I’m not completely discounting it. I’m sure some good could come from planting crops in a more thoughtful way, but I’m still convinced that the only way to really turn this crisis around is through a major reduction in the use of fossil fuels and a dramatic change in how we use energy. Ideas like this excite me because they prove how inventive we can be, but I’m not sure there will ever be an easy solution.

TELEPHONE POLES TO BIOFUELS



By **Hank Green** | 1/15/09 | **EcoGeek.org** tinyurl.com/ar4lvr

When we think of feedstocks for biofuels, generally we think of harvesting something (corn, switchgrass, etc) that we grew in a field. But there is cellulose in all kinds of things, from newspaper to banana peels to, that’s right, telephone poles.

Canadian biofuel company Enerkem is looking for a plentiful, cheap and interesting source for it’s cellulose, and they’ve decided that telephone poles might be a good bet. In fact, telephone poles are what biofuels companies are starting to call “negative cost feedstocks” or anything that you get paid to take away.

Enerkem has a thermo-chemical process that turns wood into ethanol. And though old telephones are less ideal than new wood, because they contain various treatment chemicals, they’re perfectly suitable for the process.

The plant will be turning old telephone poles into about 1.3 million gallons of ethanol per year after it goes online in a couple of months.

Of course, these negative cost feedstocks are only going to last so long, and won’t be useful on a significant scale. But for helping cellulosic ethanol companies get their start and begin to scale up their solutions, they’re perfect.

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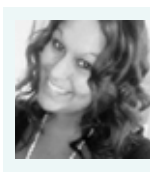
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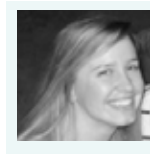
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**Kelli Hartsock** / PR Manager
Kelli is finishing up her last semester at Columbia College Chicago, as a Marketing Communications/PR major. Kelli is originally from Geneseo IL, but has called downtown Chicago her home for the past 2 years. When Kelli isn’t at TPB, find her working on freelance PR projects, or at interning Empower Public Relations. Kelli has a flair for writing and public relations and is thrilled to have the opportunity to be on TBP team.

**Emily Schleier** / Director of Public Relations
She has a BBA in Marketing from the University of Iowa and loves living in Chicago. Emily is a great appreciator of art, architecture and all things related to design.

THE PHOTENSITY: PV, SOLAR THERMAL, AND LIGHT BULB ALL IN ONE

By **Yoni Levinson** | 1/19/09 | **EcoGeek.org** tinyurl.com/c643fg



BrightPhase Energy, a Denver-based startup, has created the solar equivalent of a one-man-band: The Photensity. Inside this square box, three different technologies are employed to harness sunlight. Firstly, 18% efficient silicon solar cells are mounted on a set of Venetian blinds to deliver PV electricity. Secondly, thin fluid-filled pipes absorb thermal energy which can be used to heat a house’s water supply. Finally, because the aforementioned blinds can be rotated to let in sunlight, the Photensity also “harnesses” sunlight by acting as a skylight during sunny hours (when there is no sun, it turns on an electric light).

All told, BrightPhase claims that after tallying up all of the energy that the Photensity provides – in terms of electricity, heat and light – they calculate the cost at \$1.80 per watt. Now, we know that any time we get a quote like that, it must be taken with a grain of salt, since there are a lot of assumptions that go into it. For example, since the Photensity allows sunlight in, it counts those lumens as energy generated. How do you translate lumens into watts? If you do so by using light bulbs as a standard, what kind of light bulbs? If you’re basing the number on incandescent bulbs, it will in a sense inflate the wattage that the device is actually producing.

However, I’m less concerned about how the \$1.80 is calculated and more concerned about how these devices will actually work. The Photensity aspires to be a replacement for a skylight, but it offers a lower-quality light than a skylight, since its light casts shadows of the solar modules. And it can only be applied to architecture that facilitates skylights – which means it can’t be used to retrofit, say, a large warehouse. And, reportedly, a trial in a California Wal-Mart revealed some issues with the functionality of the device itself.

What I wonder is: how much PV and thermal energy do you lose by incorporating the sunlight element? Is it really worth it? Or did BrightPhase simply find a way to report a lower cost-per-watt by incorporating the “wattage” of sunlight?

CHEERS AND JEERS: WEDNESDAY

By **Bill in Portland Maine** | 1/21/09 | **Daily Kos** tinyurl.com/dmg27s

From the GREAT STATE OF MAINE...An Oath for our Chief Justice

I, Chief Justice John Roberts do solemnly swear,
That I royally fracked up trying to administer the presidential Oath of Office from memory.
That I embarrassed myself and the nation by getting something so simple---something memorized by every boy and girl in, like, second grade---so excruciatingly wrong.
And, in so doing, came within a butt hair of accidentally making Sasha Obama President of the United States.
Not that that would necessarily be a bad thing,
But you have to admit juggling first grade and the presidency might be a bit much for a seven year old.

But I digress.

Most important, I do solemnly swear that four years from now,
When I’m swearing in Barack Obama for a second term,
In fact, any time I’m swearing anybody in for anything, whether it’s President of the United States or notary public,
I will execute the...no, wait!...I will faithfully execute the Herculean task of doing what Justice John Paul Stevens had the good sense to do, given the gravity of the moment, by bringing an index card---which I can get a whole pack of for a buck over at The Dollar Store---on which I will have scribbled, legibly, the words to the Oath of Office, so that I don’t frack up again, unnecessarily reminding the world once more that I am an appointee of former President Bush

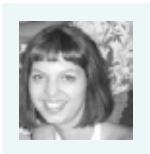
So help me God.

Faithfully.

PHOTOS



Matty Franklin | tinyurl.com/bku59d

**Vladimira Yanevska** / PR Manager
Vladimira is on the Public Relations Team at The Printed Blog. She is from Bulgaria and is currently a student at The Illinois Institute of Art- Chicago, majoring in Fashion Marketing and Management. Outside of work and school, Vladimira adores Astronomy and its complex simplicity.