

# Partying.....

Did you hear about my brother Sylvest? I'd fucking say you did. I'd say that that's about all you heard from the crazy bunch of Irish lunatics who could do nowt but talk world class jive from the time that they got themselves around the outside of some Hemingway-esque absinthes in West Balkan last night. Having put in a sterling effort of cleaning the ship from bow to stern, the bawdy Micks indulged themselves in some world-class boozology, an effort that few could - or did - appreciate. Those bastards make it look easy.

That said, it wasn't just the Irish that were tearing it up. Not a bit of it. A massive, pan-continental night of wildness (you heard me - wildness. Oh yeah) was merely the most recent evidence of a continuing love-affair with both EASA as an organisation and the participating students in general. By virtue of necessity, the Umbrella - or d'Umbrella - can't exist as a glorified social rag, a mere name-checkers guide to EASA 2006, but some people have really stuck their heads over the parapets and made an impression: you know who you are, you bunch of phenoms.

*To Those Who Are About To Die, We Salute You*  
Be honest with me. Look me in the eyes and tell me the truth. Why are you here? I know, you know, and doubtless the entire ship knows that architecture - whilst vital to the EASA experience - is only part of the attraction. If it was just architecture, you wouldn't be hungover. This article is all about the PARTY. The Party is nothing without the People. It sounds like a manifesto, because that's what it is. The following is an absolutely extraneous name-check - a celebration of people and experience - who have made an impression/impact in the first round of the EASA Budapest [Big Chest!]: while my journalistic integrity plummets, my popularity rises in inverse proportion. Irish Francis Keane - showering will never be the same again, and certainly not for those two girls who walked in on a ferocious rendition of the Chippendale flop. Croatian Marko gets a doff of the proverbial cap for his succinctness. English Pol, the only man on board with an exclamation mark in his name. Malta: so impressed. You've no idea. The Queen of Sheba, we'll get a photo before the day is out.

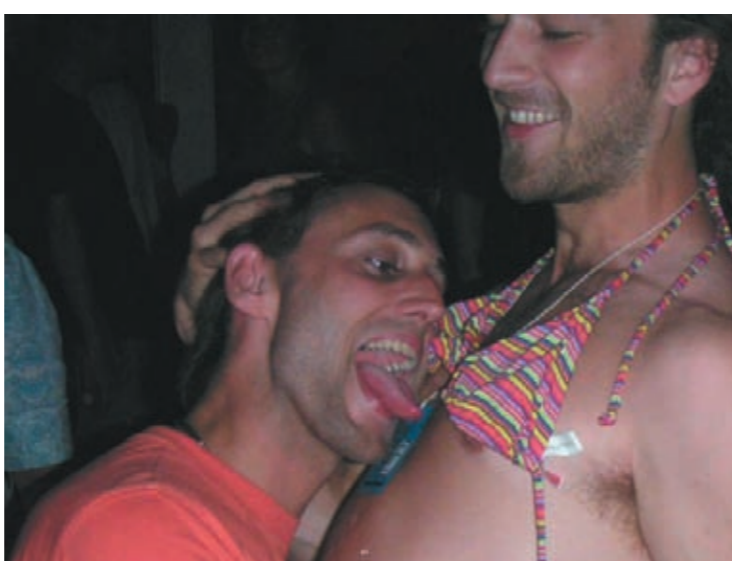
*I don't make the news ....*  
I just write the paper. If you've got a funny story or some scandal from the night time, don't keep it a secret ... or do. I'm not the boss of you. The first few nights have been great fun, so keep it clean, obey my commands at all times, and come out swinging. As my old French teacher Pistol Pete McDonagh used to say:



**QUIZ!**  
In the Ancient Egypt, the slaves used rollers to deliver the pieces of cut stone to the construction area. Those rollers had circular section. Is it possible to make the roller with non-circular section roller in that way, that the load would move without any vibration (the distance between the ground & the load is constant)?  
(for everyone with the exception of Belarus guys)

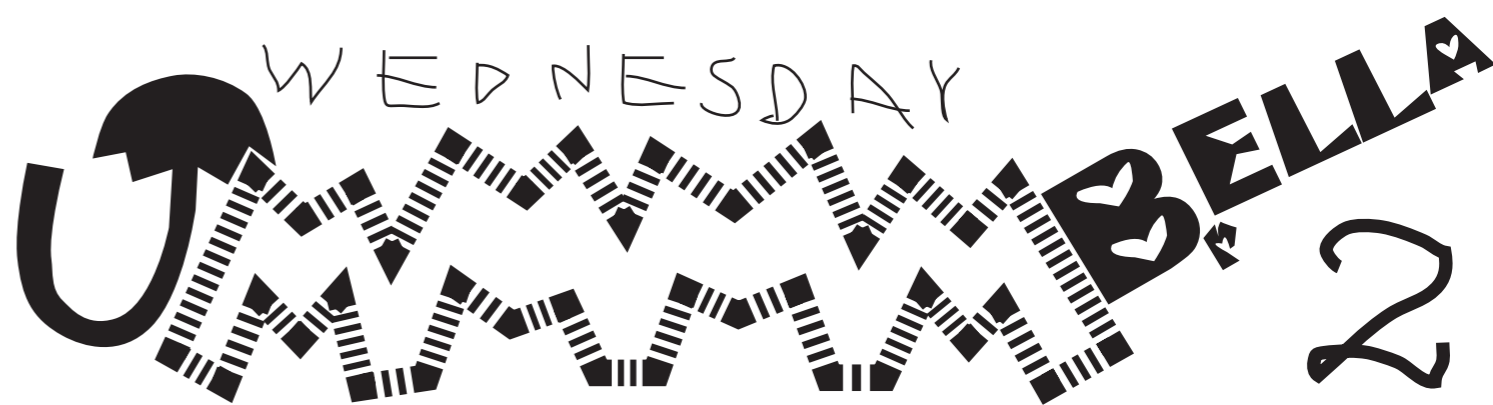
"Let The Good Times Roll."

- Arkash Kobasch  
(Five Brothers Fat Enterprises)



# IRONIC TRAGEDY: DANISH DROWN IN SEA OF LIFE-VESTS

**WANTED!**  
We are looking for main Hungarian guys, who would dare to take responsibility to be called the captains of the ship (we were told these might be Arpi and Sandor, who still haven't properly introduced themselves to the editorial group).



the infamous lecture marathon.

yesterday was a special day, when easa participants had to face the toughest item uptill now: the lecture marathon! all these lazy brains were challenged to take up an impressive amount of information; but 9 lectures was simply not enough to separate the men from the boys, so a failing airco and a failing microphone were added to the mix. sweat was dripping from foreheads and eyelids were struggling.

the number of attendances were a clear indication that a lot of participants simply did not have what it took. most fled to their beds to hugh their teddybears, and others went to hide their tears in a spa. However, this wussyness made them miss out on some interesting lectures: ranging from an intensive training of trying to stay awake, to fundamental reconfigurations of the common view. For those who were stinking in their beds we will just summerize few:

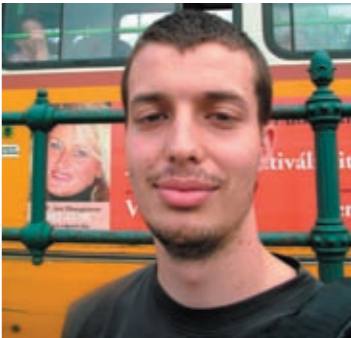
In the vertical and the horizontal the lecturer tried to view the city through the eyes of a skater and a graffiti artist. this is a radical departure from the average experience of the city. the main conclusion was that most stakeholders in urban design simply do not understand the city from the skaters point of view. and this lack of knowledge makes them take ineffective decisions in trying to counter the negative aspects of skating and graffiti.

urban songlines was a lecture about the aborinal way of navigating and experiencing space.

in their desolate homelands it is essential not to deviate from the walking tracks. and to memorize those routes they used songs, and the routes they describe are thus called songlines. This definition of space as a network of routes, in which space does not exist outside the beaten path, is very different from the current western views on the experience of space. It will be interesting to see what this alternate view will result in at the end of the workshop.

the last lecture to be discussed was dealing with urban noise in music. The author started from a rather abstract definition of what noise is. according to andras ronai, sounds can either be a just a sound or a symbol taking on meaning. What they are depends not on the sounds itself, but mostly on the context, and the preconceptions of the listener. The sounds of a tram can be a part of urban backgrounds noise, just as easilly as it can be a signal for the waiting passengers to get up from their seats. The lecturer invited us to let go of preconceptions and try to experience compositions of urban noise as music.

To make matters even tougher, during the last lecture dinner was served! with the food shortages of the day before in the back of their minds, the listeners were severely tested. for those who attended them all, congratulations! you can collect your pat-on-the-back at the umbrella crew. for the lazy bastards who missed out, there are going to be some other fine lectures in the evenings after dinner, starting from thursday. dont miss it!



## BREAKING NEWS! David Blaine lookalike found on board!

A chance meeting last night and a few beers later came the discovery of Jo from Switzerland, who bears a remarkable likeness to the well known magician David Blaine, famed for his high drama stunts, from levitation to days underwater. (images) Perhaps the freakiest thing however was the fact that the google image of David Blaine had the filename DSCF3749, as did the photo we took of him today - very weird..

Scotland arrives in Budapest! Your author and easa newbie arrived last week and honoured the event with a photograph of a plastic plug (normally removed from A0 rolls of paper before use in a plotter) with a tip-ex scotland flag painted on it - a leaving present from my office, I think they must really like me :-)

Bird Dies: Harold, originally with roots in England, was found dead nearby the easa ships, cause of death was not suspicious. May he rest in peace> Harold: 2004-2006

## Unbreaking WORKSHOP news.....

We followed **Outside the Box** to their promising site, and watched them use advanced analysis methods such as "looking" and "sitting down" to gain their first impressions of the area. We caught up with them later in "the fridge" (close the fucking door!) and the discussion was looking good, although that bast-aad Chris from the UK was talking more than most, what a BAST-AAD! (this is how he says the naughty word "bastard", probably the best quality of anyone from Manchester)

**Soundscape workshop** was producing many interesting noises and atmospheres within Zsofia, while Buda looked on in the distance, waiting to be recorded and sampled. A fascinating mix of noises of train stations and other unknwn mechanical instruments.



# Johnny Foreigner's Guide To Top Trumps

A brilliant adventure is being prepared by the Irish team. It's a game called "Top Trumps" and it's quite new for the EASA community. It's difficult to comprehend how you can have a childhood without Top Trumps: did you all grow up in a vacuum? Top Trumps is a card game. A staple of island upbringing, the children of Britain and Ireland have long compared all sorts of random shit under an agreed set of criteria.

How it works.

1) Everyone gets a personal card. It's like your identity card, except it's fun.

2) On the card, everyone is rated under five criteria: Flash - how you look. How you rock a pair of sunglasses, a gay disco vest or a gleaming white pair of Diddleydoras.

How much effort you put into your appearance: what products do you use, how much time you take to get ready before you leave the boat. Some people may confuse this with being vain, but there shouldn't be any confusion: this is the most superficial of ratings, a mark of how you look to other people.

**Stamina** - self explanatory: are you the last person in bed? Are you the first person up? Are you in the corner falling asleep, or are you up at the bar ordering another drink? Can you do fifty push-ups? Can you even do one? Are you rapid in the scratcher, or do you put out like a luke-warm corpse?

**Dancin'** - you know it by many names: horos, dancer, igranje, ag rince, breaking. We all know it's important. It's so important that it gets its own category. If you want to score high, you've got to get out there and fucking shake it.

**Self Rock** - your opinion of yourself. It's how you think about yourself, how confident you are. Do you strut when you walk, or do you slouch? There's nothing wrong with being shy or quiet, but you have to have that inherent belief in your ability, your personality. You know you're good, you know you're talented ... now let everybody else know.

**Want Index** - is there a fierce smell of want off yeh? Do you want to have fun? Do you want to go out and have a good time, then go home a have a better time? Yes you do; we all do. It's just a case of how far you want to go and how keen you are.

3) Now you know the criteria, here's how you play the game:

- i) the pack of cards is split between two players
- ii) one player starts by calling one of the criteria, e.g. Player A: "Irish Sean, Want Index 10 (there's nothing short of a blaze of want there)" Player B: "French Julie, Want Index 7"
- iii) Player A wins the hand, and takes the card from player B
- iv) maybe this is really obvious, but you have to compare the same statistic, and the person who won the last hand

gets to chose the statistic

v) the winner is the person with all the cards

4) Important: having your photo taken is a big part of the game. The photo table is located near the gangway to the shore, on the flat platform (or pontoon) between the boat and the road. There will be a rake of lusty Paddies there who'll be more than happy to take a compromising picture of you, and then rate you on the most cursory inspection. Please don't be shy. Show a high degree of Self Rock.

5) Did you ever hear about De Big Strong Man?

6) Very Important: this is a 2 day mini-workshop. Next Monday all the scores will be re-assessed, so it's important to get out there and make a good show. If you're a bad dancer, try harder. If you're shy, ask a stranger if he/she wants a drink. If you haven't had a shower in two days, please do. Please. For my sake.

## Quotes of the Day;



Carla from UK; "can I get back to you on that one?" and; "you need a pervert zoom"



Daniel from Denmark; "Indeed"



Chris from UK; "I've got red pen on my hand"



Matt from UK; "the sun is very nice, it's super cool in fact"



Guido from Holland; "Wow I really desperate need coffee"



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## The HOROSCOPES are back on track, and we KNOW you have been waiting. In general - good luck.

**Aries** (March 21-April 19)  
The first song you'll hear tomorrow will be the theme song for the day, so listen carefully and write down the lyrics.

**Taurus** (April 20-May 20)  
A nervous breakdown may occur. Take it easy though - have a beer and look to your crisis through alcoholic point of view.

**Gemini** (May 21-June 21)  
Keep an eye on your watch today as time might run away from you. Do not take naps.

**Cancer** (June 22-July 22)  
You will find a butterfly in your face some time tomorrow. Keep it and tame it - a friend is a good thing.

**Leo** (July 23-August 22)  
Tomorrow might just be a day like every other day. Sorry.

**Virgo** (August 23-September 22)  
A person from the past is aiming to bump into you, beware, he will carry much alcohol with him.

**Libra** (September 23-October 22)  
Your tutor might secretly want to harm you - please, carry an axe all the time tomorrow.

**Scorpio** (October 23 - November 21)  
Your talents want to be revealed. Grab a stick and create a drum symphony dedicated to EASA. Not at night!

**Sagittarius** (November 22-December 21)  
The person you will meet tomorrow is sadly not the new love of your life. Look more. Look deeper.

**Capricorn** December 22-January 19  
Your mother is missing you. Send her a postcard. On your way to the post office visit a bar - financial luck is waiting for you there.

**Aquarius** January 20-February 18  
You might receive a liquid gift, probably having some percentage of alcohol in it. Be gentle and pass it on to others. Sharing is good.

**Pisces** February 19-March 20  
You might feel lack of water. Do not go over the rails though - use public baths downtown. Maybe you'll meet the love of your life there.

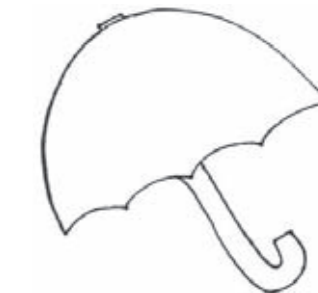


How to leave EASA early...

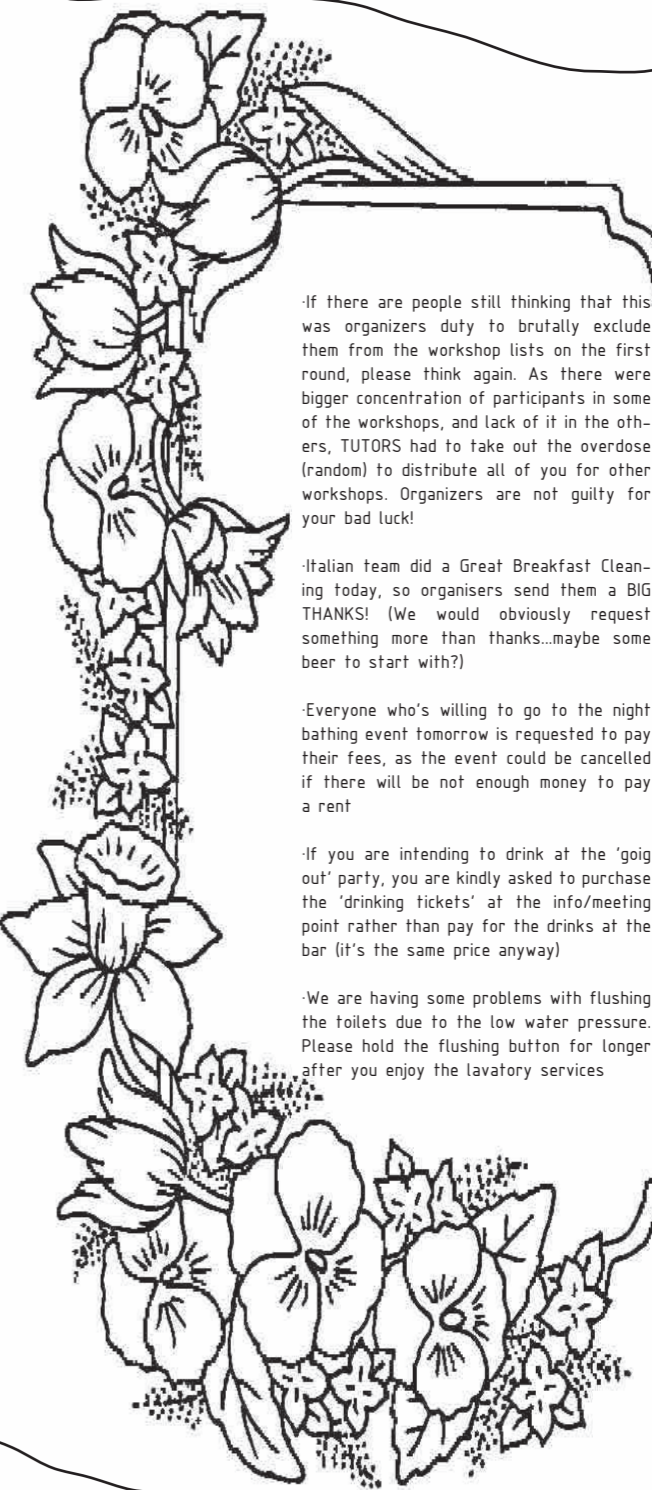


- Go over the rails
- Smoke in your bed
- Break a laptop
- Make a drum party at 3 a.m.
- Steal beer

- Jump from deck to deck
- Dive into Danube
- Sail in Danube on a mattress
- Beat the organizers up



As we have an important Irish in the newspaper, we dedicate some space for his favorite song. If you haven't heard it yet - you're not in EASA yet. Memorize and sing along.



-If there are people still thinking that this was organizers duty to brutally exclude them from the workshop lists on the first round, please think again. As there were bigger concentration of participants in some of the workshops, and lack of it in the others, TUTORS had to take out the overdose (random) to distribute all of you for other workshops. Organizers are not guilty for your bad luck!

-Italian team did a Great Breakfast Cleaning today, so organisers send them a BIG THANKS! (We would obviously request something more than thanks...maybe some beer to start with?)

-Everyone who's willing to go to the night bathing event tomorrow is requested to pay their fees, as the event could be cancelled if there will be not enough money to pay a rent

-If you are intending to drink at the 'go out' party, you are kindly asked to purchase the 'drinking tickets' at the info/meeting point rather than pay for the drinks at the bar (it's the same price anyway)

-We are having some problems with flushing the toilets due to the low water pressure. Please hold the flushing button for longer after you enjoy the lavatory services



De Big Strong Man (My Brother Sylveste)  
words and music Traditional

Have you heard about the big strong man?  
He lived in a caravan.  
Have you heard about the Jeffrey Johnson fight?  
Oh, Lord what a hell of a fight.  
You can take all of the heavyweights you've got.  
We've got a lad that can beat the whole lot.  
He used to ring bells in the belfry,  
Now he's gonna fight Jack Demspey.

That was my brother Sylvest' (What's he got?)  
A row of forty medals on his chest (big chest!)  
He killed fifty bad men in the west; he knows no rest.  
Think of a man, hells' fire, don't push, just shove,  
Plenty of room for you and me.  
He's got an arm like a leg (a ladies' leg!)  
And a punch that would sink a battleship (big ship!)  
It takes all of the Army and the Navy to put the wind up Sylvest'.

Now, he thought he'd take a trip to Italy.  
He thought that he'd go by sea.  
He dove off the harbor in New York,  
And swam like a great big shark.  
He saw the Lusitania in distress.  
He put the Lusitania on his chest.  
He drank all of the water in the sea,  
And he walked all the way to Italy.

He thought he take a trip to old Japan.  
They turned out a big brass band.  
You can take all of the instruments you've got,  
We got a lad that can play the whole lot.  
And the old church bells will ring (Hells bells!)  
The old church choir will sing (Hells Fire!)  
They all turned out to say farewell to my big brother Sylvest'.

Jim, the good old UK bloke, lost his white banana shaped i-Pod speaker...please be a human- don't eat it! Return the banana speaker back to the meeting/info point soon.

