

## Avoiding Scams

**Deal locally, face-to-face** —follow this one rule and avoid 99% of scam attempts.

- **Do not provide payment to anyone you have not met in person.**
- **Beware offers involving shipping** - deal with locals you can meet in person.
- **Never wire funds (e.g. Western Union)** - anyone who asks you to is a scammer.
- **Don't accept cashier/certified checks or money orders** - banks cash fakes, then hold you responsible.
- **Transactions are between users only**, no third party provides a "guarantee".
- **Never give out financial info** (bank account, social security, paypal account, etc).
- **Do not rent or purchase sight-unseen**— that amazing "deal" may not exist.
- **Refuse background/credit checks** until you have met landlord/employer in person.
- **"craigslist voicemails"** - Any message asking you to access or check "craigslist voicemails" or "craigslist voice messages" is fraudulent - **no such service exists.**

## This posting has been flagged for removal. [?]

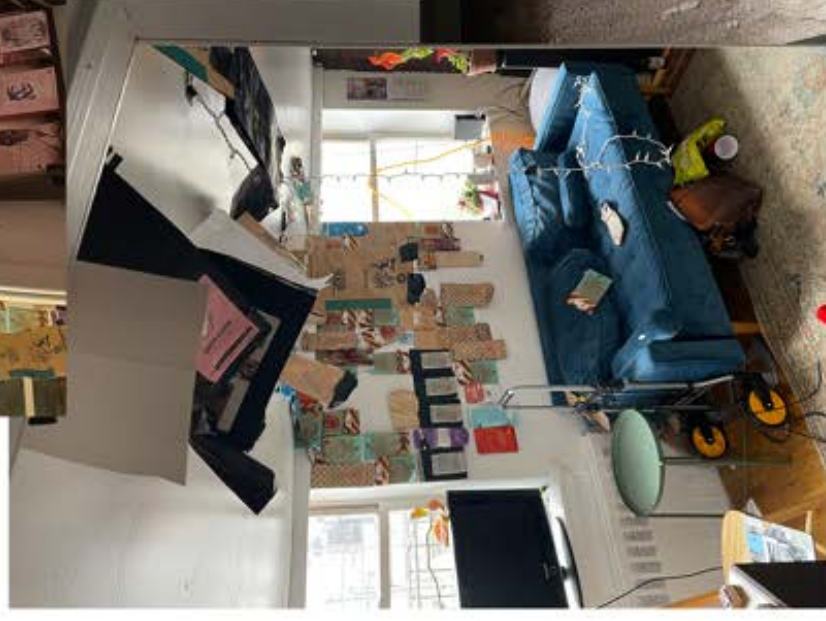
how to scam your way into the music industry  
- alice & david

## Low Ceilings and Loud Noises

430 east 13th street, unit 6f is the weirdest living space i've ever seen in new york city. we'll never know how it came to exist, but it's clear that the apartment was the result of a fateful miscalculation, or maybe leftovers that needed to be made use of, rather than any sort of intentional design. last year, my friend david moved in and threw a housewarming party. the ceilings were all the wrong height, the rooms were the wrong shape, and attendees bumped into each other almost constantly because of the nonsensical floor plan, but it created an unexpected feeling of endearment to the space and its patrons. after a year and a half of isolation due to covid, the strange intimacy created by the apartment was more than welcome. thus, it became the venue for a series of increasingly unconventional diy shows, installations and parties. i played my first show there as a solo musician, david played their first show as certain lives, and we had the honor of hosting so many talented friends and artists. the apartment grew to be very sentimental and artistically important to both of us.

when david found out that they would not be able to renew the lease, we decided to create a ritual to say goodbye and send the apartment off into its next, probably much less exciting phase of life. at the time, i was reading *man and his symbols* by carl jung, and felt as if i was waking up to the wealth of hidden magic in the world. the notion that there are secrets waiting to be pursued and symbols asking to be decoded by those who are willing to stop and look around is exhilarating, especially in contrast to the forceful yet ultimately shallow attention-grabbing tendencies of social media.

musicians have been compelled by the instagram algorithm to develop a particular template for attracting audiences to their concerts. show posters are text-based and get bumped down in the feed to make room for pictures of people, so artists start posts about our shows with thirst traps and selfies in order to increase the visibility of the post. the show info, which is what we're actually trying to communicate about, is relegated to the second slide. there's no room leftover for ambiguity or mystery in this formula. so instead, david and i decided to weave a web of clues about our final apartment show into a craigslist post.



contact us ♡  
email: [3vildentist@gmail.com](mailto:3vildentist@gmail.com)  
instagram: @certain\_lives  
@alicedoescomputermusic

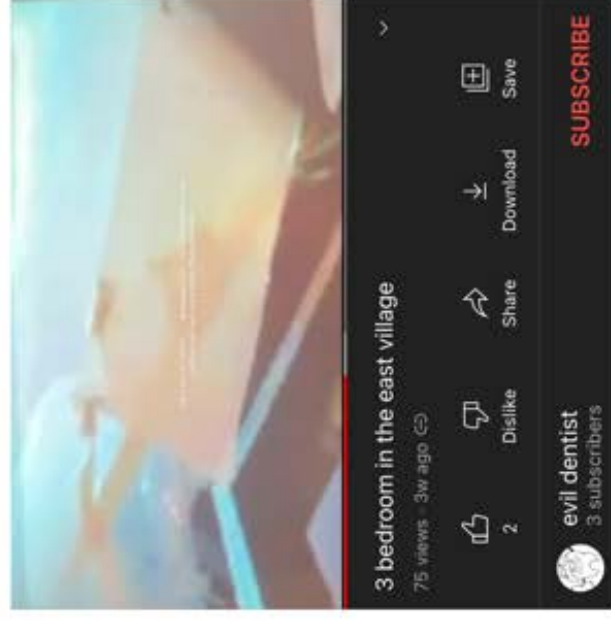
three bedrooms in the east village - rooms & shares - apartment room...



<https://newyork.craigslist.org/mnh/roo/d/new-york-three-bedrooms-in-the-east/7459221679.html>

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it started with a poem david wrote about their sentimental relationship to the many eccentric (read: broken) features of the space and ended with a cryptic note about one final, unmissable apartment viewing scheduled to take place the following saturday evening. linked at the bottom was a 'video tour' on youtube that compiled footage taken at a showing of the apartment to prospective tenants. the audio was partially distorted into ambient noise, but if you listen closely you can occasionally make out an unsuspecting apartment hunter asking about roof access or whether there's a closet in the bedroom. observant viewers might notice the jump scare around the 4 minute mark, at which, for several fleeting seconds, an invitation to the show including the address, time, and lineup flashes across the screen.

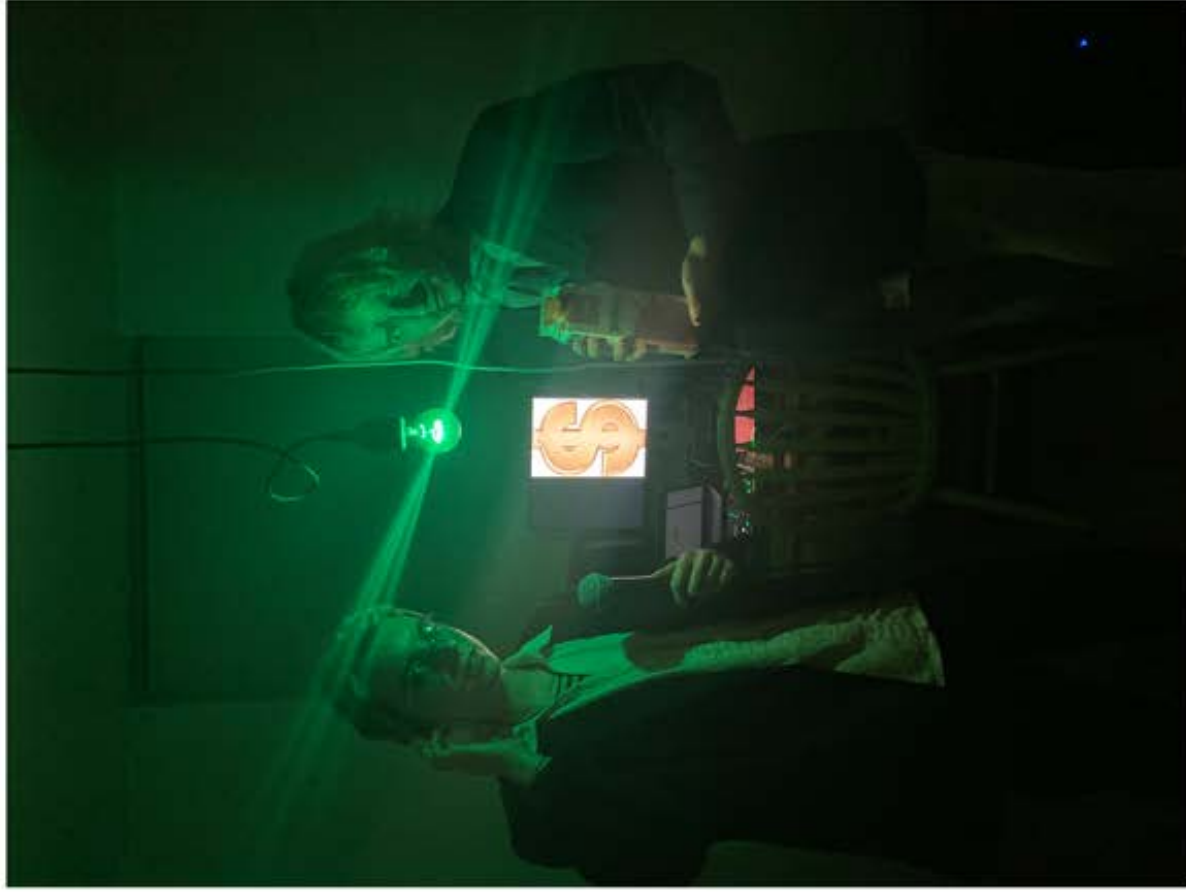


we had a lot of fun sharing around the craigslist ad and inviting our friends to put on their best business casual attire to bear witness to 'a once in a lifetime real estate opportunity.' as one friend put it, "i knew it wasn't an apartment viewing but i had no idea what it actually was." ultimately only a handful of people showed up, but we didn't care about amassing a large audience to watch us perform.

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in the moments before the show began, as our attendees sat in a circle on the floor of the living room jokingly exchanging satirical investment tips, i felt the power of artistic community built through inhabited spaces.

-alice aka sarah the devil dentist elf aka the hellish cellist



get ripped off right off st marks to live down the street from the squats.

this apartment is red hot, people are knocking down the door to see it: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YQ0h42N-q8>

manhattan real estate hasn't been this crazy in decades!!

take a video tour: [https://www.instagram.com/tv/CUSOYTSMYSH/?utm\\_source=ig\\_web\\_copy\\_link](https://www.instagram.com/tv/CUSOYTSMYSH/?utm_source=ig_web_copy_link)

we will be holding one final open house march 26th 8pm

contact agents david and alice for details

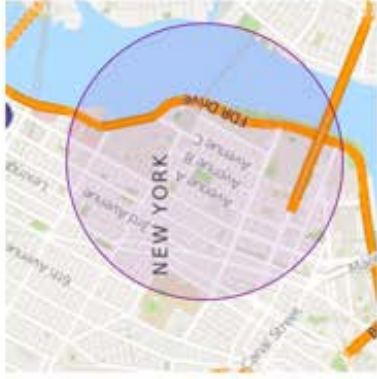
evil dentist realty group ♡



<https://newyork.crnj.com/html/hood/new-york-three-bedrooms-in-the-estate-745921679.html>

### 3br - three bedrooms in the east village (East Village)

Image 1 of 5



**3BR / 1Ba**

flooring: **wood**

apartment

no laundry on site

no parking

no private bath

room not private

rent period: **daily**

three bedroom in the east village

do you want to live the east village lifestyle? this three bedroom loft-style apartment is perfectly suited for the mentally ill, broken hearts, 9th st cynics, loud music listeners, pot smokers, quarter life crisis havers, milquetoast militants, and post-trauma reflectors.

features: windows that fall out of their frames, concussion causing ceilings, noisy pipes, sweat-soaked sleeping silos, absolutely no privacy, sonic barrier therapist chambers, angular living, snitch downstairs neighbors, fire-bazard steps, extension chord snakes, toilet seats swallowing drips, no insulation, summertime humidity, a rat, the enchanted forest, grimch mountain, not seeing you around, \$1000 checks for \$100 Ikea beds, short walks to thompkins and the east river park, rooftop cop shops, mushroom christmases, sage haze, incense filled nights, red rubber fights, crushed sleepless lights, bachelor screenings, I screamed so loud the park feel down all around me, tapping on the banister as you snap at me, crying over friends who never loved me,

wired shut doors, anxiety attacks, birds nesting outside the upstairs window, paper thin walls, overzealous exterminators, ray rentals, charli fantasies, my slick back painting next to you, stair storage tripped over during late night bathroom breaks, outlets not fit for use, light switches outside the bathroom, halloween mayas, haunted kitchens, east village crazies carrying everything they own from 9th to 13th over the course of three weeks, 9th and 1st birthday parties where you seem so interested in me only to forget the next time we see each other, are you doing laundry or trying to hang yourself, intoxicated tips to thompkins guitarists, wandering back into my old garden, crying on first avenue with you, key bar cutting remarks about my gender identity, nosy drunks being rude to you, but that doesn't surprise me, broken plate hand slicing, kitchen conversation obfuscation, a breakup text, dubstep water tanks, hundreds of coffee bags from the last five years, free beer, clowns, why is my baby so cold, have you never seen a crying clown in thompkins before, have you never seen the cops harass someone in a deli before, have you ever seen the pizza guy that fucks before, have you never seen knife fights on 14th st before, the sound of your heaving feet clattering up and down the stairwell, kisses left on the floor, coffee grinder alarm bells, door promises left unfulfilled, kanye west jumping off the rooftop, alarm system retaliation, painted over art, notes left for the next tenants, bagels, gluten free monastery, tom nook calling me straight in my sailor moon skirt, unknowledgeable costumes, cult getups, driver side breakups, eye spy glass apartment complex, snow pucked cat naps, hot and dumb summers, transphobic wedding guests, you waiting outside while I grab something or other, here's the code, come on up, it's a walkup. the first place that felt like mine, but i'm tired of this east village lifestyle.

QR Code Link to This Post

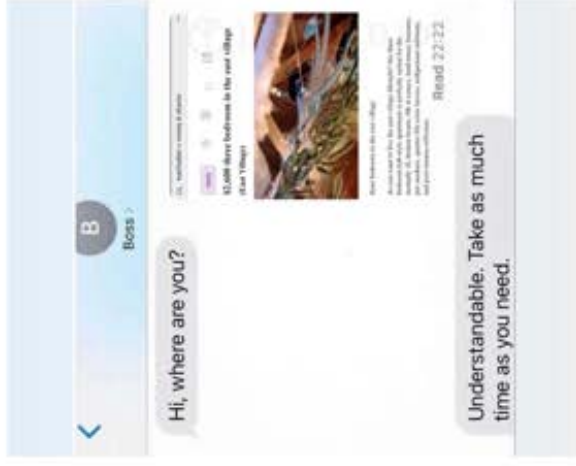


### The East Village Lifestyle

i never expected to live in the east village. having read about the transition from the 70s to 2000s—punked shooting galleries through the militant squats ending in yuppie paradise—I lamented the excessive rates denying me my no wave fantasy. but the pandemic cleared the investment bankers and NYU undergraduates, making room for an underpaid graduate student like me to live on 13th st.

real estate has always fascinated me. brokers never sell the apartment, but the dream of becoming someone who lives in the apartment, who frequents the neighborhood bars, who lounges in the park scanning for half-glanced gazes, who embodies the bohemian tradition of a particular neighborhood. fantasy is a technique of capital, a means of elevating rents by offering a potential to become a new you.

when we started throwing shows on 13th st, i wanted to emulate the experience of going to strange brooklyn lofts and diy venues, particularly the sense of disorientation and wonder. the cramped architectures created nooks and crannies for strange speaker placement, effecting the sense of a noisy neighbor refusing to turn off the radio (much to my actual neighbors chagrin). the space itself mandates intimacy, every sound traveling from room to room, binding the occupants together involuntarily. the absence of sonic privacy made the space maddening and enlivening, you never felt alone.





but then i was alone. my roommate left weeks before the lease, taking with him his symphony of creaks and thuds, sighs and moans, clattering steps and muffled conversations. to compensate, i placed my speakers in an immersive array. music became inescapable, filling the low ceiling-ed living room, the loft stairwell, my concussion-inducing bedroom, the slender mezzanine dining nook. nights of playing music too loudly coalescence in the idea of alice and i performing in every room in the apartment as a way of saying goodbye to the space. each song mapped onto a room — i hunched over outside my sleeping hole crooning over yuletide broken hears; i wedged myself in the bathroom doorframe yelling about falling asleep on a pile of concrete; i paced up and down the stairs where my ex-friend chastised me about wearing a dress to a bachelorette party; i crawled at the mouth of my bedroom ruminating on my lost bed; i screamed in my kitchen, bathed in my own reflection, reflecting on the cracks in my fragile intimacy, surrounded by my chopped-off hair left behind by kitchen knife affairs.

announcing this show through a craigslist ad felt natural. at the beginning of my lease, i'd been scammed on craigslist by someone offering five hundred dollars for my ikea bed. creatively, the show was a scam, the ad a play on the real estate industry's commercialization of intimate space. but there is also something beautiful to being scammed, to allowing oneself to be so naïve as to put your trust in someone else. in many ways, the contemporary club scene has lost this sense of wonder. alice and i sought to recreate it through a way of promoting an art event that asked something of the participants, that made them take the risk of going down the craigslist rabbit hole. art is supposed to destabilize the viewer by making a different way of seeing the world visible. the craigslist show taught us that events don't have to be subservient to the instagram algorithm, instead the medium for sharing information about the show is a way to engage new ideas, to question the property relations that structure our lives, and to indulge in the silliness of being a sucker, of falling for the scam.

-david aka frances the evil dentist elf aka noise clown

