



# The Denim Shirt

by Anthony Marco

Dedicated to Roch Carrier

*Seriously... you should probably read "The Hockey Sweater" (Le chandail de hockey) first.*

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## **The Denim Shirt**

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The engagements of my online entrepreneurship were long, long hours. I lived in three places - Webinars, Conference Panels, and Mastermind sessions, but my real life was crafting tweetclouds to engage my online communities. Real battles were won on the social networks. Real strength appeared on the social networks. The real leaders showed themselves on the social networks. Local meetups were a sort of punishment. Disciples always want to punish genius and local meetups are their most natural way of punishing us. However, post-meetups were quiet times where we could prepare for the next webinar, lay out our next strategies. As for Masterminds, we found there the tranquility of Jobs: there we forgot Meetups and dreamed about the Conference Panels. Through our daydreams it might happen that we would tweet an affirmation: we would ask Jobs to help us play as well as M.J. Brognerchuk-Smith.

We all wore the same uniform as he, denim shirt with embroidered logo of the Digipreneurs, the best online monetization clique in the world; we all left our hair uncombed in the same style as M.J. Brognerchuk-Smith. We fostered our tweetclouds

like M.J. Brognerchuk-Smith, we taped our TEDx talks like M.J. Brognerchuk-Smith. We clipped all his online mentions to Evernote. We'd watched his webinars. We'd attended his Masterminds. We'd read all his e-books and Kindle Singles. We'd reshared every Facebook status update and retweeted every tweet. Truly, we knew everything about him.

At conferences, when the keynote finished, the Digerati would rush at the stage; we were all M.J. Brognerchuk-Smiths trying to get face time before the other M.J. Brognerchuk-Smiths; we were Digipreneurs, all of us wearing with the same blazing enthusiasm the uniform of the Digipreneurs. On our pockets, we all wore the famous embroidered Digipreneurs logo. One day, my Digipreneurs denim shirt had become too worn out; then it got torn and had holes in it.

My partner said: "If you wear that old denim shirt people are going to think you work for Plurk or MySpace!"

Then she suggested what he did whenever we needed new clothes. She pulled out her iPad and went to the M.J. Brognerchuk-Smith Amazon recommendation list through his affiliate link. My partner was proud. She didn't want to buy our clothes at a mall;

the only things that were good enough for us were the latest Amazon recommendations from M.J. Brognerchuk-Smith. My partner didn't like the reviews on the Amazon site; some were written with harsh criticisms and she didn't understand why people weren't more positive.

To order my denim shirt, she did as she usually did; she ran a customized browser script to remove the negative comments, logged into my "Life Coaching" PayPal account and proceeded to the order page, where, under special delivery comments, she typed:

"Mister Bezos, can you please tell your packing people to NOT FOLD THE SHIRT ALONG THE EMBROIDERED LOGO THIS TIME!!!!!! ;-)"

Amazon was quick to confirm the order had been received and shipped via my Amazon Prime rate. Two days later we received the denim shirt. That day I had one of the greatest disappointments of my life! I would even say that on that day I experienced a very great sorrow. Instead of the Digipreneurs denim shirt, Jeff BOZO had sent a tee shirt with some old dude's face on the front and the words "MMVH", "#RMFS", "@Klourt", "#FOILcoin", "#nevernote", "#Awareness", and "#FonzCon"

on the back - the shirt of some Hobbyist Podcasters. I'd always worn the embroidered, denim Digipreneurs shirt; all my conference friends/parasitic competitors wore the embroidered, denim Digipreneurs shirt; never had anyone in my social graph ever worn a Hobbyist Podcaster's tee shirt, never had we even seen a Hobbyist Podcaster's tee shirt. Besides, the Hobbyists were regularly mocked by the awesome Digipreneurs. With tears in my eyes, I found the strength to say to her:

"What the fuck yo!?! I'm not wearing that shit!"

"Oh cool, that's Marshall McLuhan! We did a chapter on him at school."

My partner had pulled the hobbyist podcaster tee shirt over my shoulders and already my arms were inside the sleeves. She pulled the tee down and carefully wiped some lint off the face of the Marshall Mathers old dude's fucking bright pink face, smoothed all the creases in the abominable list of meaningless acronyms on back and sleeve which, right on the fucking sleeve, was written the words "Marshall McLuhan Variety Hour". I wept:

"I'll never wear it."

"Why not? This shirt fits you ... it makes you look hip!"

"M.J. Brognerchuk-Smith would never wear this!"

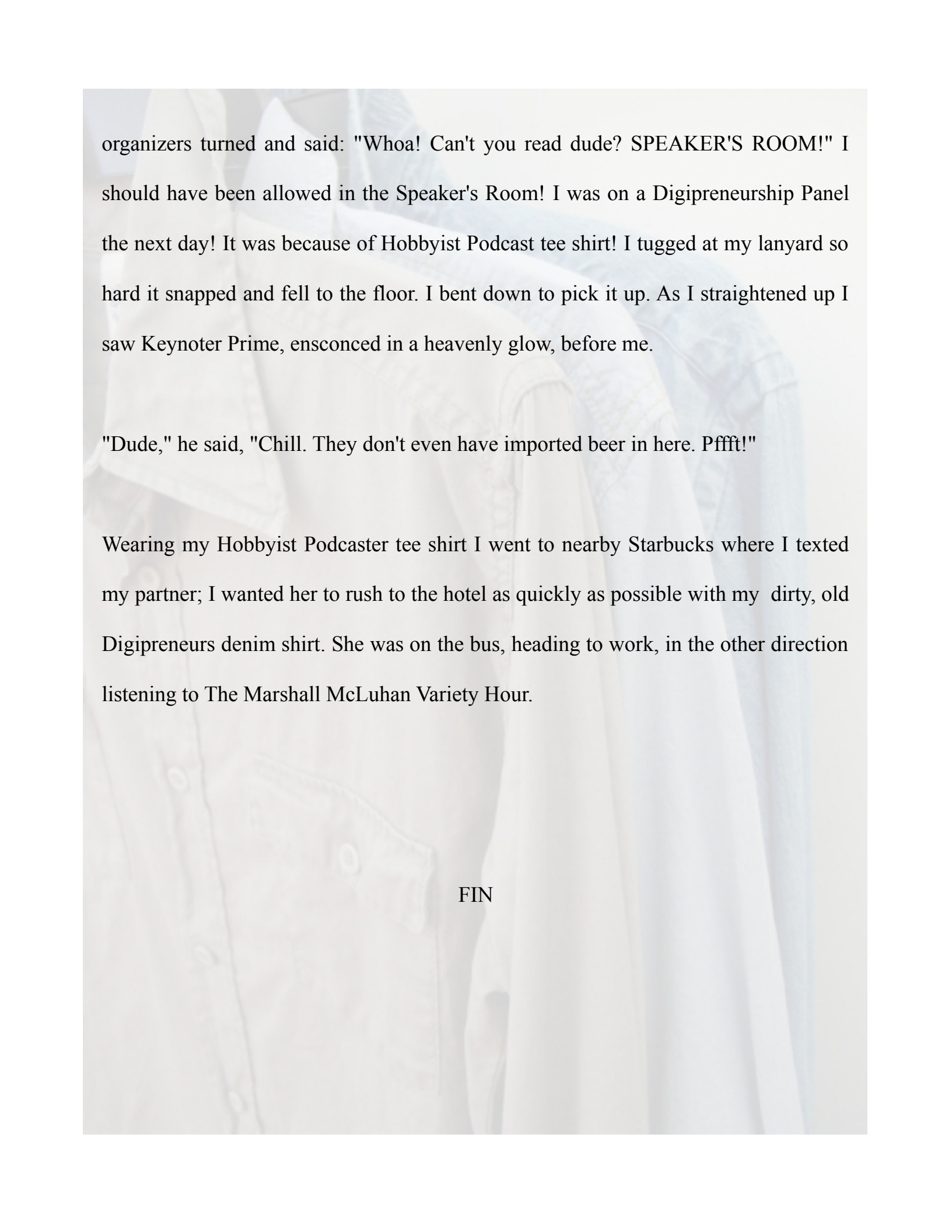
"You aren't M.J. Brognerchuk-Smith. Anyway, it's kinda cool."

"You'll never put it in my head to wear a Hobbyist Podcaster tee shirt."

My partner sighed in despair and explained to me: "if you don't keep this shirt, you'll have to wear you old denim shirt to the Conference Panel this weekend and good luck trying to set up more Masterminds, Life Coach sessions or Webinars in a denim shirt with holes in it. At least this shirt is new and sorta ironic."

So I was obliged to wear the Hobbyist Podcaster tee shirt. When I arrived on the Conference, all the M.J. Brognerchuk-Smiths in Digipreneurs denim shirts came up, one by one, to take a look. When the keynote was over, I went to take my usual position. One of my conference friends/parasitic competitors came and warned me I'd be better to stay in the back of the room coming up with clever, whimsical tweets. A few minutes later frontline gladhandlers were done and the sad "normals" were gushing over the speaker; I tried to nudge my way to the front. The Hobbyist Podcaster tee shirt weighed on my shoulders like a mountain. One of my conference friends/parasitic competitors came over and told me to wait; he said it'd be better if I just sat back and posted an Instagram with a meaningful quotation from the keynote and that he'd introduce me later in the Speaker's Room.

By lunch, I still hadn't managed to secure one lead or get a mention from a keynote speaker. I was walking by the Speaker's Room. Someone had left the door open and I heard laughing! I pushed through the door: my moment had come! One of conference



organizers turned and said: "Whoa! Can't you read dude? SPEAKER'S ROOM!" I should have been allowed in the Speaker's Room! I was on a Digipreneurship Panel the next day! It was because of Hobbyist Podcast tee shirt! I tugged at my lanyard so hard it snapped and fell to the floor. I bent down to pick it up. As I straightened up I saw Keynote Prime, ensconced in a heavenly glow, before me.

"Dude," he said, "Chill. They don't even have imported beer in here. Pffft!"

Wearing my Hobbyist Podcaster tee shirt I went to nearby Starbucks where I texted my partner; I wanted her to rush to the hotel as quickly as possible with my dirty, old Digipreneurs denim shirt. She was on the bus, heading to work, in the other direction listening to The Marshall McLuhan Variety Hour.

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