

deek

[magazine]

deek [magazine] is a publication produced for you, distributed **FREE**
of charge, for distraction and literary consumption. Released in **October, 2003.**
this issue is affectionately known as the
Collectors Incident

EVERYTHING FALLS

nonfiction by Jillian Ketterer

An Interview with the Devil

fiction by Sancho Dorito

plus:

- How to Hotwire A Car
- A Masturbation Proclamation
- An interview with the Winkataung Monks
- An Evil Cartoon
- Sex
 - Good Natured Idea Jostling
 - Thought
 - Love
 - Hate
 - Deceit



rated

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Some of the material in Deek Magazine could be considered offensive, depraved, and illogical. If you are easily offended, give this magazine to someone who's not (quite so easily offended).

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TELLING THE TRUTH BECOMES A
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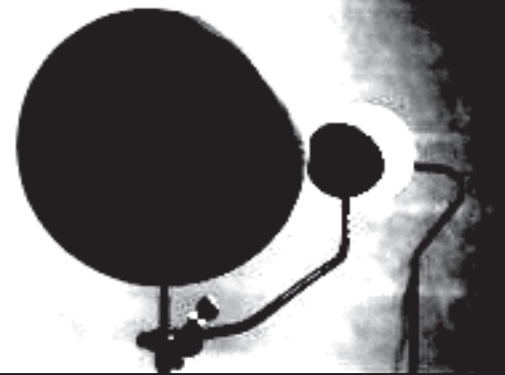
*George Orwell

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL.
THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS, EXCEPT THAT IT AIN'T SO."

*Mark Twain

"EXCUSE ME. I NEED TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A HORSE."

*Sancho Dorito

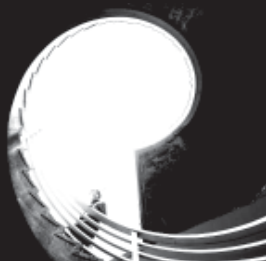


deek

contents

October, 2003 - the Collector's Incident

9 voices



11 nonfiction feature **Everything Falls**

* Jill Ketterer guides us through the reality of breakup, heartache, and infidelity, as her father admits to being an unfaithful bastard to her mother.

14 fiction **Interview with the Devil**

* "I know that if I'm talking, focusing on him the entire time, it will take more energy for him to eviscerate me."

18 Interview/Music Profile **The Winkataung Monks are Coming**

* Our friends at MAGAZiNO get us close to these hard-rocking maniacs with an interview featuring Canadians, music, beer, and all types of other crazy shit.

24 short shorts **Through the Sliding Door**

* Robert Isenberg launches us into epiphany with a leap and a tumble through passion, confusion, depravity, wounds, and clean teeth. Or is it unclean teeth? Ever found a toothbrush exhilarating? Try now.

28 column **A Masturbation Proclamation**

* Ben Rubin analyses his need to cum all over himself. Arcing ropes of jizm hitting chins, moaning on all fours, railing everyone you see—these are the dreams of our future.

plus:

*Reviews: 20

*Scholar: 30

*Evil, silly cartoon: 8

*More





A forceful, unbound
distraction.

H e y ,
Listen :

d e e k

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—Music Editor

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—Photographers

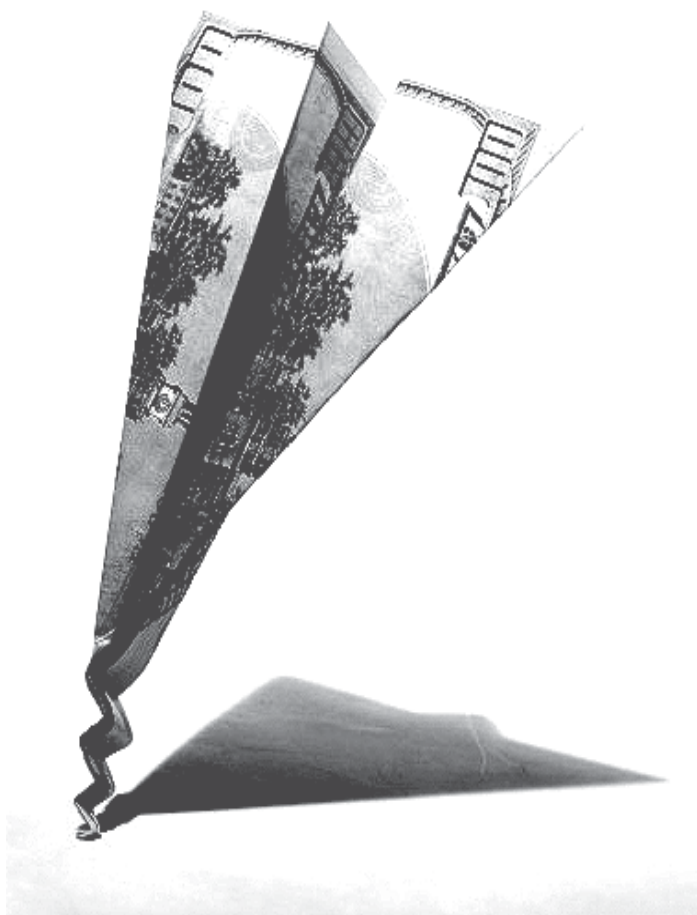
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Deek Magazine

P.O. Box 7502

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Deek *is not* another newsmagazine. It is not competing for your quarters every day. It is not your advice column, or your guide to the city, or a collection of stale words hinting belligerently at how you should spend your money. **Deek** *is* a magazine—your voice when you're not speaking. It is an incident in literature and art and lunacy. It is your time when you've got time to waste; it is a creative outlet for your brain, your eyes, your hands...

And that's enough of that. We're here for your enjoyment, after all.

This is the Collector's Incident of **deek [magazine]**, in case you were wondering. It's designed for massive public consumption, but please don't eat it, OK?

Now that we're crystal clear on things, you should know that inside this magazine, some of the strongest, the most intriguing, and the strangest voices in Pittsburgh are waiting vehemently to be read. The idea here is "Forceful, Unbound Distraction." Go ahead, say it: **Forceful, Unbound Distraction**. It's gratifying, isn't it? If you're stressed, bored, irritated, inflamed, nettled, peeved, whatever, **deek** is here to act as your literary massage therapist, mightily kneading at the knots in your brain to rub out all your fucking problems until you get smacked in the face with reality again. And we're a completely free form. This month you'll see some intriguing, gratifying art in the form of fictional snippets and true stories and ramblings, but next month, you could see something drastically different. In short, if **deek** is not an effective time killer, you might consider taking up hard drugs. But I don't openly condone that. I don't condone much of anything, really. But I *do* condone **deek [magazine]**.

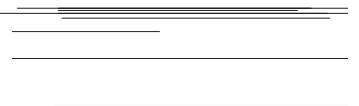
I suppose my intense attraction toward **deek [magazine]** has something to do with the name, which, incidentally, has nothing to do with the word dick or duck or geek or creek or whatever the hell else you might've been thinking. If you're curious about the name, send an e-mail to words@deekmagazine.com and I'll tell you all about it. As you'll soon find out, the word **deek**, (which has been accentuated with bold lettering, italics and gross overuse throughout this issue) is a very nice word. I hope you like it, just as I hope you like this magazine.

Marching toward beauty like a drunk,



Sancho Dorito

P.S. Many, many animals were killed in the production of this publication, since the **deek** staff makes it common practice to eat too much red meat and drink too much beer at many fine Pittsburgh establishments. Sorry. Some **deek** members are vegetarians, though. They didn't kill any animals — they killed trees instead. And, of course, got very drunk.



—BILL EHRIN

An actor and artist, Bill drew most of the cartoons in this issue. Bill also works in film. His film work includes *Vanilla Sky*, 2 SAG Vouchers, and extensive extra work on Showtime, Drew Carey, and *Six Feet Under*. Bill developed much of the pen and ink work for this issue.



—MELISSA MEINZER

Melissa Meinzer is a senior writing major at Pitt. She is also the opinions editor of *the Pitt News*. She spends far too much time sitting around reading and playing with Paragraph, the rat that lives with her. She won't tell anybody what the tattoo on her left shoulder means, because she thinks it renders her slightly mysterious. (See page 20)

—MATT STROUD

While eating a particularly runny sandwich, Matt decided it was about time he got himself a napkin to wipe up all the mayonnaise and meat juice he'd dribbled onto his shirt. That said, his words have been used locally in *Pulp*, *City Paper*, the *Post-Gazette* and the *Tribune-Review*. He has also written for publications distributed nationally and in the UK, but who gives a shit.

—JILLIAN KETTERER

Jillian Ketterer is a pervert and quite possibly a furry. She is also allergic to oranges. Some might say she is a gay man trapped in a lesbian's body, but I wouldn't say that because I'm a stapler, and staplers can't speak. (See page 11).



—ROBERT ISENBERG

Robert Isenberg is a Pittsburgh-based playwright and freelance writer. His features, essays, fiction and reviews have appeared in *Pulp*, *Pittsburgh Magazine*, *Whirl*, *MAGAZiNO* and *the New Yinzer*. Plays include *Light*, *32 ft. per sec. per sec.* (rated among the top 10 original plays of 2002 by the *Post-Gazette*), and *Painted Eyes Following*. Originally from Vermont, he lives in Polish Hill and is at work on a serial novel. (See page 24)

—NATHANIEL J. SOLTESZ

Nathaniel J. Soltesz is a default writer in Pittsburgh. He smokes weed and masturbates constantly. He likes anything dirty, secret, or special. (See page 22)

—BENJAMIN FOX RUBIN

Ben Rubin is a writer, for many years. His special major studies in college level English has lead him to writing the great many columns and pieces he likes to do. He, as well, has a great love for art and movies. (See page 28)

—ZACH BRADEN

Zach is a nice guy with big dreams and a lazy ass. He is an artist working for deek [magazine] and a studio musician who has ^[not] toured with bands like Sepultura, the Mars Volta and Dredge. He is currently looking for inspiration. He has a cat named Stuey, who lives with Zach and his woman, Kelly, somewhere in Bloomfield. Or Friendship. One or the other.

—KRIS EMBRY appears courtesy of **MAGAZiNO**, which can be seen online at www.emayhem.com/iammagazino (See page 18)

visual static

BY LYDIA MCMAHON

DEEK [MAGAZINE]



deek [magazine] would like to apologize for this last cartoon. It was in very bad taste and we are sorry. Please send complaints or money to words@deekmagazine.com

VOICES

DEAR DEEK,

The best comic book out there, in my opinion, is "Black Hole" by Charles Burns, published by Fantagraphics Books. It's a continuing series that's been published since 1995 about a sexually-transmitted plague that only affects teenagers by giving them hideous physical mutations. Why the fuck haven't you reviewed this, you awful smelling pieces of trash? Get off your high horse, you sots.

With not much love,
NAT SOLTESZ

Nat, this is an excellent opportunity to tell you that this is our first issue. This is our first issue. Next month, we will review your shitty comic.—Ed.

DEAR DEEK,

This is an actual conversation I heard while I was on vacation in Yosemite:

- Tourist: How do you pronounce Elk?
- Park Information Staff: Elk
- Tourist: Oh.

Should I have done something violent to... *someone* because of this? Or was it good that I just let my frustration turn into silent hate, kicking my dog hard when I got home?

Confused,
STANLEY REDBEARD

Don't ever kick your dog. Hate is good as long as it's repressed.—Ed.

DEAR DEEK,

I have a very serious problem with my friend Luke, who I'm pretty sure is trying to bang me. Yesterday he jumped into my bed while I was sleeping. I woke up in his arms; he was whispering passionately into my ear. Then, this morning, he walked into the kitchen while I was cooking an omelet. He was wearing nothing but a bottle of what looked like rubber cement over his genitals. He looked slippery. I asked if he was scared that he would never get that bottle off, and he said, "Why don't you come over here and pry it off me you slut." So, when I walked over, out of the goodness of my heart, to assess the situation, he pulled it off easily, exposing a huge erection. Then he slapped me accross the face with his greasy hands, which were caked not in rubber cement, but Vaseline, which he had rubbed all over himself, so he told me. Now, I don't want to offend him, but I think he should know that I'm not into him like that. At least not right now, you know? I mean he's cute and everything and I think he's single and he's always dressed very suggestively. What should I do?

Desperate,
THOR VANMANLY



I'm speechless.—Ed.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

I was wondering if I could please have my calculator back. I may be reached at [an e-mail address you probably have]. Thank you for your time and consideration. ...I'm really serious about this. I need it for class. And every time I write you or call you about this, you always pretend like you have no idea what I'm talking about. Someone told me you ran over it with your car. Is that true? If so, I want a new calculator. I'm calling my attorney. Am I getting my calculator back now?

Sincerely,
JASON LANCASTER

No. —Ed.

DEAR PETE STEELE OF TYPE O NEGATIVE,

You know Pete, I think you're a dick and I hate your fucking band, but I can't get your songs out of my head. I mean literally. There are Type O CDs stuck inside my head. It's very inconvenient. Can you help me out before I start convulsing and making a huge asshole out of myself?

Lying,
IBBY KINTIZ

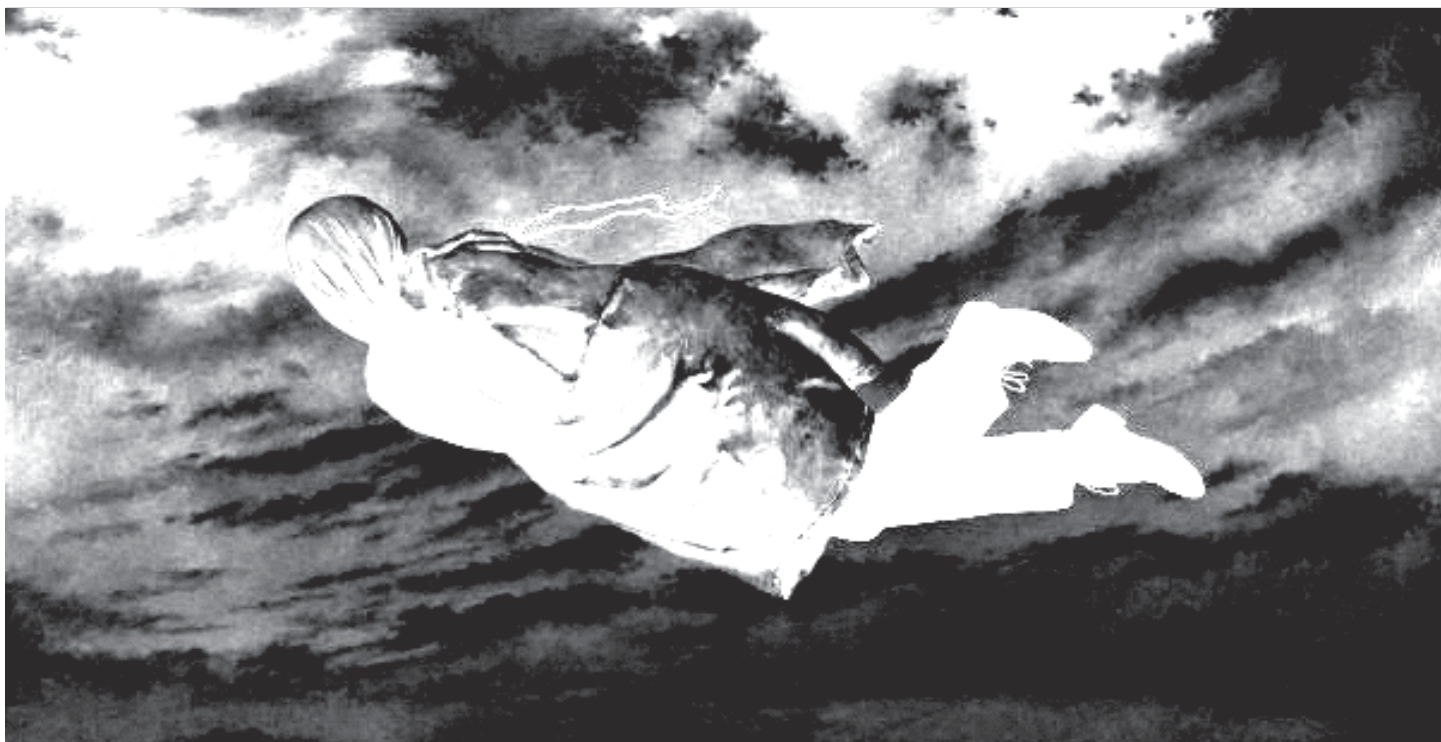
That, to me, is the ultimate compliment. And after I find out where you live, I will shake your hand and thank you. Then I will punch you in the mouth.—Pete Steele of Type O Negative

Be heard. Send your comments and questions
whatever to words@deekmagazine.com.



feature

DEEK
MAGAZINE



Everything [falls]

“My father is a burning martyr scratching his balls as I condemn him for his sin.”

JILLIAN KETTERER

DEEK [MAGAZINE]



My father's sitting on the cold radiator across from the sink I'm standing near. There's a table between us, a home to four empty chairs. I'm examining the sloped floor. I'm perched at the higher end and it's as if my father's gaze is desperately trying to climb up to me, only to slide back down in the landslide that is our kitchen floor. This home is crooked. It was like this when we moved here. It needs books or something to prop up my father's end, to level everything out.

The sun is shining behind him, giving him a glorious burning head like Lucifer before he fell. My father's face is a shadow, a black hole inside that mane of fire. His pants are greasy and way too big for him and the red, stained Hanes shirt he's wearing has a hole near its flimsy little pocket. He's a peasant. He's a martyr, sitting as if on trial before Judas, his daughter.

I'm holding a basketball, twirling it in my hands, thinking it's the most interesting thing in the world. This rubber ball does just what I want it to — I throw it down, it bounces back. It has bounced off cars, hoops, me, my boyfriend, the gravel, the walls of my house and even once, by accident, the neighbor's dog. And it's still here.

My father's smoking Marlboro Lights from the hard pack, which he sticks in the pocket of his sweaty T-shirt. He

does this not so much to resemble the Marlboro Man or Jack Kerouac, but because it's accessible and convenient. His cancer stick is his sword of fire. As long as that one addiction is indulged, he can fend himself against all other transgressions. They float up with the spindly, translucent smoke.

His coughs come out like words. They say he's uncomfortable. He's getting tired of waiting for me to speak. He's restless. He's getting sick of watching me play with my basketball, he's kind of phlegmatic and that's because he'd like to go for some god damn coffee instead of sitting here in my mother's kitchen saying nothing.

This kitchen hasn't been remodeled yet. The walls are a sickly yellow covered with grime like shaded pencil, the floor a cracked linoleum substitute. Off-white. Peeling. When we moved here six years ago, there were plans to tear this crooked place down and build a better home in the backyard. It never happened. This is the same crummy, dilapidated place it used to be.

It's September of 1996. I'm 14 and every bit as awkward as one imagines high

school sophomores are — not a freshman anymore, not a senior yet, still at the bottom of the food chain but not low enough to see the beauty in all of it. I'm still a basketball player. The mayor still lives two doors down in our black-and-white little coal town. Bill Clinton is still president, but hasn't been impeached yet. He hasn't been caught yet. My father, however, has been caught. My sister and I realized what was going on while we were playing darts in her garage two days before.

"Well, what do you think he could've meant by 'Your suspicions are probably correct'?" She tossed a dart. Bonk. Pluck. Not quite.

"I don't know," I said, "I have no suspicions. I just know he's leaving Mom." Sloosh. Bonk.

"Well, I don't know either." Pluck. Sloosh. Bonk. We were silent for a while, trying to put the facts together.

My parents had never been happy. My father had always slept on the couch. What was different now, after 15 years, to make him leave?

The answer hung over us like fog. It wrapped around us so closely we couldn't see it. Pluck. Sloosh. And then, suddenly, someone turned the fog lights on. Bonk. Sloooosh ...

"You don't think ..."

"He's cheating on Mom ..."

"With who ... no way ..."

"Janine ..."

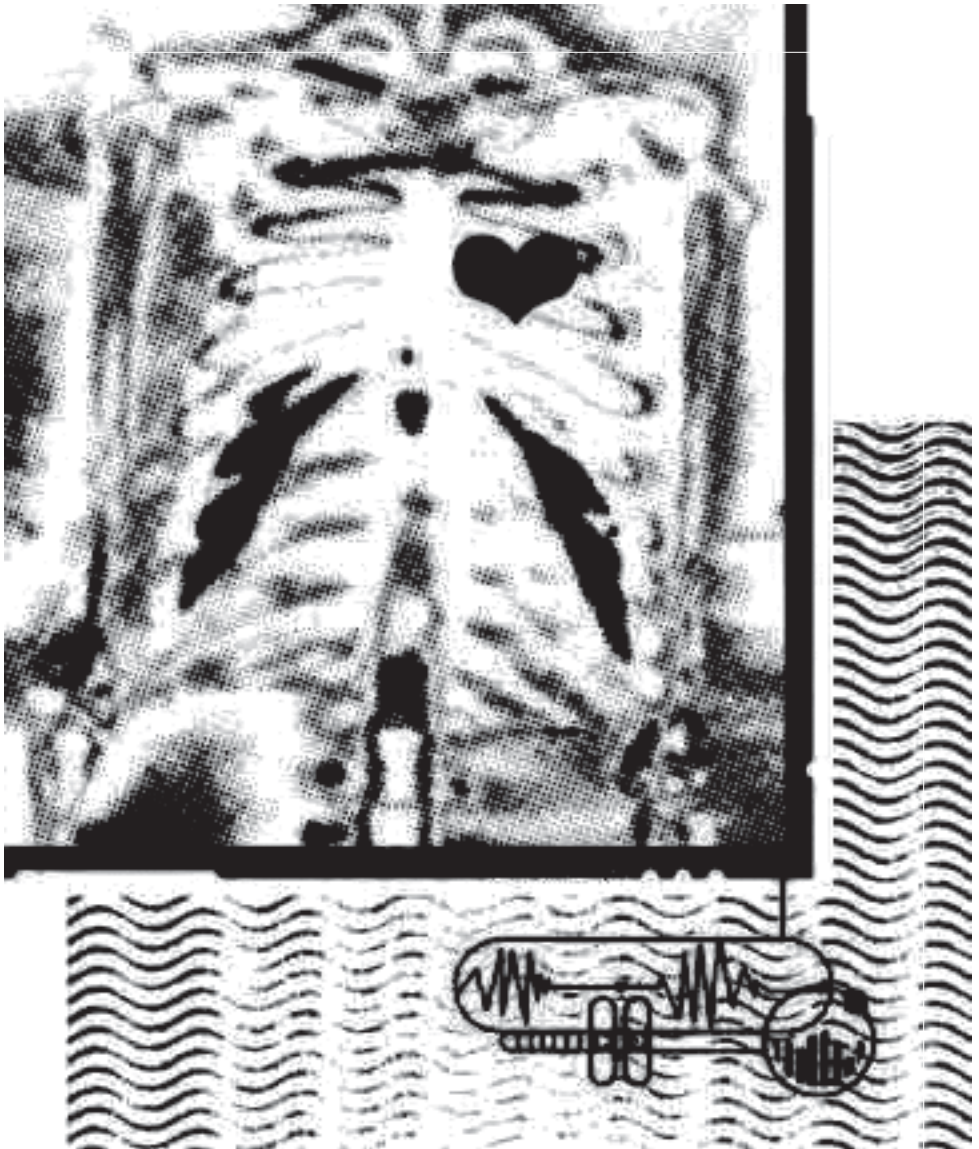
"Aww, Christ ..."

Bulls-eye.

He was fucking a young, married woman from our church. A woman I played Nintendo with on Sunday afternoons. A woman whose children I baby-sat.

And now he is in my mother's kitchen. On the radiator. I'm twirling my orange globe. He scratches his balls from time to time. I've lost the ability to be courteous and tell him to stop, it's disgusting. Well, he says, he's got jock itch. He coughs. I say that it's even more disgusting then. Well, he replies while puffing himself up, I shouldn't be disgusted by my father. Daughters should respect their fathers. I ask him if daughters deserve respect too, and he says yes, and he respects me as a father should, with discipline.

Then why've you been sleeping with my friend? What are you trying to teach me now? He never answers. He just sits there, bruised and battered like a martyr pelted with stones. And I'm his Judas. I utter the condemning words. I throw the final stone.



A jingling sound announces that my dog is entering the room. I'm petting her, loving her for her loyalty, for her precious eyes and the way she understands right and wrong. For the way she knows to lower her head and slink away if she messes up the carpet. I'm remembering that she is Holly the Christmas Dog, the runt of the litter who nudged my hand six years ago, with her red collar and meek little grin. My father is calling her but she's staying with me. And he calls and he calls, and he snaps his fingers. And she won't come.

He's leaving. He's got to take a load of his stuff to his new home. Light is following him out the door, illuminating his golden head. The radiator is still cold. The sun, still a glowing peach in the sky. I feel so righteous I could pluck it from its place in the heavens and take a bite. I'm seeing freedom in his every step. I'm watching the fall of Lucifer from my spot near the sink. I'm bouncing my basketball one time for each lock of his burning hair that's going sizzle, sizzle and turning to dust.

* THIS PIECE WAS FIRST PUBLISHED AT SALON.COM, BUT JILL IS THE POETRY EDITOR HERE AT DEEK, SO SHE GRANTED ALL NECESSARY PERMISSION TO PUBLISH IT FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT.

f1ct1on

The Devil is A Security Guard

BY MATT STROUD

DEEK [MAGAZINE]

Joe shows up an hour late—around 1am. He walks in, says nothing. He looks scary, milky white, grizzled, and a whole head taller than me. His left eye is glaring at me as he enters the booth, and his right eye seems disinterested because it's focusing on his right nostril...



"Hello," I say.

He chucks a giant bowling bag he's been carrying onto the floor; it predictably goes CLUNK. He sits on the other stool in the room and leans on the counter in front of him hastily, pulling out a cigarette, lighting it. In this short span, he's already elbowed me 4 times; he's sitting within centimeters. Joe reaches for the bag on the floor, unzips it, and reaches into it, pulling out a giant pair of scissors.

"Those are nice... uh... gardening shears," I say, politely smiling — horrified. I've heard rumors about this guy.

He says nothing, and to me, the situation looks like doom. I say "Umm, what are those for?"

He says, ominously, "Cutting stuff."

A wave of mistrust and terror pummels me. I start rambling to Joe in the booth hectically, because I know we're both trapped here. And I know that if I'm talking, focusing on him the entire time, it will take more energy, more concentration, for him to eviscerate me.

He places the scissors at his feet. Again, he says nothing.

My task tonight is to train this evil looking bastard on the essentials of security. It's his first day here in the Zoo...

Silence and time pass.

It's pitch black outside, just past one in the morning. And it's his job to listen to me, because I am, in theory, a higher ranking security guard than he. But am I telling him what to do?

No.

He's got a wad of chaw in his right cheek that makes it look like he's sucking on a golf ball, and he doesn't give a shit about what I have to say anyway.

He spits onto the tile floor; ants race to surround the fresh brown puddle.

He's looking around the booth, glaring out the windows toward the pitch-blackness outside.

I say something about something. Hacking, yelling to clear his throat in response, he spits a wad that splats somewhere. I look at him and observe terrifying silence, realizing that I'm glaring at him. I get up from my chair to break up the moment's trepidation. Now, I am in front of the 3-inch, black and white television, trying to get it working. It does nothing for a while. I plug it in, try to turn it on, it does nothing. I unplug it, plug it in, try turning it on again. Nothing. Unplug. Plug. Swear. My panic and frustration fill me with a nameless dread. Then I punch the goddamn television as hard as I

can. Like fucking clockwork, it's on, and I'm temporarily relieved. No more quiet.

I fuck with the station dial for a while, and I finally find the only station that works. Seinfeld. Whatever works.

I hate Seinfeld right now. And just as I begin to hate it more than I ever thought I could, the TV shuts off, reasserting my belief that this is all part of a very elaborate scheme that will make me the dead star of some awful horror film. I will be played by Freddie Prinze Jr, who will be disemboweled with gardening shears.

In fear of silence I tell him this joke, which I stole from a popular television show:

"Those are nice... uh... gardening shears," I say, politely smiling — horrified."

"Two guys in a bar, right? Drinking, right? They start talking and find out that they're married and both have the same anniversary, right? And one of them is poor and the other one's rich... right?"

The poor guy asks the rich guy, 'What did you get your wife?'

Rich guy says, 'A diamond ring and a Mercedes.'

Poor guy goes, 'Why?'

Rich guy says, 'I figure, if she doesn't like the diamond, she can take it back in a Mercedes and still feel loved.'"

Joe is staring angrily at me. I pause briefly and continue, "So, uh, the poor guy says, 'Holy shit, wanna know what I got my wife?...'"

Outta nowhere, Joe chimes in and goes, "A pair of slippers and a dildo. Wanna know why?"

I say, "Ha ha. You shoulda told me you knew this one." I smile at him; he scowls back. "Ha. Ha," I say, ready to die. "Uh, why?"

He says, "I figure, if she doesn't like the slippers, she can go," Joe gets right up in my face for this part and says, slowly, "She. Can. Go. Fuck herself."

I decide to shut up after that. But Joe is amused, and now he's the one doing all the talking. But it's not making me feel any better.

Joe's telling me his recent life story. He's telling me about how he just got out of jail. And how he'd been convicted for armed burglary, attempted homicide, and manslaughter. And, later, assault. "But," he says, "I didn't do shit, man."

Every rumor I've heard is now confirmed. First hand testimonial from the accused.

I am on the verge of shitting and pissing myself at this point, because he's picked up the gardening

shears and he's stroking the sharp edges like they're, I don't know, knives.

In my imagination, I'm getting sliced into tiny pieces.

"I din't do nothin," he says. "You believe me?"

"Oh yes," I say, shaking, holding my crotch.

He says, "They knew I was innocent, so they let me out this year."

I say, "Nice. So, how long were you in?"

"Only six," he says.

anything about living," and "the guys who run this company and this country should be shot fuckin dead and..."

...I'm praying...

And with every word, he gets scarier and scarier; I get smaller and smaller.

And I want to shrivel up and hide, but I'm smiling and saying

"Yea?"

"Uh-huh."

"Oh, right."

"Definitely."

"You really have a point there, Joe"

And I find myself asking, randomly, "Joe, what's it like to kill someone?"

He grins, and he's getting closer to me, gradually. And I'm fucking petrified. Now, I've made a mistake. I've asked the wrong question. He's started to twitch, and he's scowling at me. His eyes are getting redder and redder now, as he talks more and more. Only now he's talking about murder.

I'm looking at him, at his eyes, at his huge frame, and I'm so scared I'm ready to cry.

"Have you ever actually seen what happens when the big vein in someone's neck is sliced?" he's saying. And, finally, I'm ready to burst. Tears swell behind my eyes; I

can feel pressure building in my head.

Adrenaline is beginning to flow within me. I think I see him reaching back slowly with the shears to slice me into many, many pieces, but I have a plan: I'm going to run for the door and sprint away from him. If I don't, I think, this is my last night on Earth.

He's grimacing maniacally, saying, "The blood is a darker red than you'd think when it comes out. And it doesn't squirt; it flows."

And I'm ready to go. I grab the seat of my stool and squeeze it as hard as I can. I'm ready now, I think. I'm fucking outta here, but...

>>>>



"Months?" I ask.

"No, motherfucker. Six years."

I smile like this makes me feel better, but it doesn't.

He, predictably, tells me how he's looking for a nice, good piece of ass to "get up in" and so on.

And now, he's a fucking talking machine. He won't shut up. He's talking about cigarettes. And then he's talking about how everyone gets the wrong impression of prisoners. And he's saying "you never know what it's like to kill unless you do."

And I'm beginning to shiver, but he "thinks he'd like to get back in with his old friends," and, boy, he "really wants to put everyone who ever fucking with him into their motherfucking place." And "no one knows

Randomly, quickly, and with malice, he focuses on a spot behind me and screams: "AHHHHHHHHHHH! FUUUUUCK!" louder than anything I've ever heard. I jump out of my seat, absolutely petrified — I'm so scared, I...just...can't... explain it.

I'm so scared, I'm literally crying.

I say "AHHHHHHHH! WHAAAAAAT!"

Leaping up onto his stool, pointing to a corner of the room behind me, he goes: "Spider! Get'im! Get'im! AHHH!"

When I turn around, Joe runs out of the booth, screaming, laughing, darting for the exit like an insane, wounded animal.

I haven't seen him since. 🕷️

There is no rationalization for what you do.
You are Satan's little helpers.
-Bill Hicks

Would you like to advertize here?



WYNKATUNG MONKS

Interview by:

KRIS EMBRY

DEEK [MAGAZINE]

| Date | Time | With | Location |
|----------|---------|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 10-08-03 | 10:00pm | Camera | Lava Lounge, East Carson |
| 11-22-03 | TBA | Shade, Black Tie Revue | Club Laga, Oakland |
| 11-14-03 | 10:00pm | Camera & The Bamboo Kids | 31st St. Pub, Strip District |

Having recently moved to the 'Burgh, I first saw the Monks at the Bloomfield Bridge Tavern a couple months

ago. A super-charged set kept a legion of girls dancing all night long. You should check out their show if you want some energetic rock n' roll music. Alright, less talk more rock.

***John Dziuban—Vocals/Guitar**

***Kevin Happe—Guitar/Vocals**

Kris: I saw you guys about two months ago and thought you guys were pretty tight. Tell me a bit about yourselves.

John: We all grew up together. We grew up in the same town. Me and Josh played in a couple of bands...

Kevin: We got together and that's when the magic started.

Kris: What kind of magic?

Kevin: "Musical magic," it's called. There's a good chemistry between the four of us. Seriously, we don't argue at all. We make music and have a good time.

Kris: Here's something I noticed about your shows. You guys bring out girls. How do you pull that off?

J: I don't know. I don't know what it is.

Kris: I wanna know how. I'm surprised, well not surprised, it just adds to the atmosphere.

J: I guess where we grew up there were a lot of fine lookin' girls. I guess they've sorta followed us, not to say that they're all followers...

Kevin: Some of them we know...some of them are friends of friends and people lookin' for shit to do.

Kris: Where are you guys from?

(We were interrupted by a fan with ADD and dilated pupils that said "so much energy...so much energy. You had me there for at least five or six songs.")

J: We're from right outside of Pittsburgh. We went to high school and grade school out there.

Kris: I noticed you probably get your sound from your instruments...You guys play some special instruments. I noticed you used a Ratocaster and a stainless steel drum set. Does that add to your sound?

J: Yeah, they're customized.

Kevin: We got the drum set shipped in from Taiwan. It's 100% stainless.

Kris: Yeah, it sounds good.

J: It's actually a heavy metal drumset...

Kris: I know. I'm a drummer. I noticed the stainless steel, very sweet. I could imagine Rob Halford or one of those bands pulling it off with some chains and leather or maybe



Metallica back in the day. So, in your song "comin' up," what is "coming up" in that song?

J: It's called "Wooden Nickels"...I guess I wrote that. Well, something good was happening to us, ya know good things were comin' up.

Kris: Did you ever collect wooden nickels?

J: No. I named it that, because my dad, he's a real prankster.

(We're interrupted by a girl. She thanks them for mentioning her name on stage. This may be how you get girls to keep coming to shows or maybe she was just part of a joy division?)

J: So, every time I was leaving my house (my dad) would say "don't take any wooden nickels".

Kris: It's an old-timey phrase.

J: Yeah, don't take any wooden nickels. I guess it's a song about taking shit...not taking shit.

(We're then interrupted by a fat, loud cop trying to rush everybody out of the bar to swagger to their respective cars and drive home.)

Kris: Ya know another thing. I'm really impressed with your audience dancing. I've been to lots of shows here, but people don't usually dance here. What is it? Are these suburban kids coming in here dancing?

Kevin: I think it's we have a good crowd of certain people that take it off and then other people just go along.

J: Yeah, we encourage people to move around.

Kevin: Sometimes we make comments here and there. That seems to work...

Kris: Here's my gimmicky question: James Brown or Stevie Wonder?

J: Stevie Wonder.

Kevin: It's a tough call, but I'm gonna say Steve Wonder.

Kris: Okay, there's no compromise. Stevie Wonder is the correct answer, so you both answered correctly.

J: They're both amazing. James Brown has panache. He also beats women with lead pipes.

Kris: That happens sometimes, especially in the south when there's lots of drug abuse and alcohol involved. Seems to happen more in Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia... You guys have a new website I heard you mention. What's the domain name again?

J: www.wmonks.com

Kris: I guess this is brand new. I saw your old site.

J: yeah, it was actually three days ago we put it up.

Kris: When's your next show?

J: August 16th at the 31st Street Pub with Shade—a really fucking awesome local band—and a really good band from Toronto called The Chrome Yellow Company.

Kris: Toronto has bands?

J: They have a lot of bands.

Kris: Really!?

J: There's a good music scene in Toronto.

Kris: I didn't know Canadians played instruments.

J: They do, Canadians play a lot of instruments.

Kris: I guess they made that Hot Hot Heat band up there.

Kevin: They're Canadian?

J and Kris: Yeah.

J: Nickelback too. (laughing)

Kris: Celine Dion.

K: Rush, Barenaked Ladies.

Kris: They have like, five bands.

J: The Guess Who I think.

Kris: No, no fuckin' way!

Kevin: Didn't they make American Woman? Yeah, they're Canadian.

Kris: Are they? I saw them once at a casino in Indiana. I remember there was this old homeless guy getting beaten up by the dumpsters by some of their biker fans. I was ashamed. They're doing small, midwestern casino tours now. Canadians...

J: It's like the Blue Oyster Cult now.

Kris: So, what are some of your guy's favorite bands or influences?

Kevin: I'm real big into Ween and the Clash...The Beatles, Weezer. Those are some of my top choices.

J: I really like everything he said really, plus lately I've been into a lot of Guided by Voices and Pavement, well, I've been into them for years. There's this band called The Thermals from Oregon that I really, really like. They're like The Who a lot. I love The Who.

Kris: I could see that. You guys have a lot of energy and the crowd gets into it.

Kevin: You gotta set the standard. If you don't have energy, no one's gonna have energy.

J: We're in it for the music. We love making music and we love rockin' out. We love playing dive bars, hoping that our message is conveyed. What really matters is making good songs. You can play behind your back or with your teeth, that really doesn't matter.

Kris: So, what does Winkataug mean?

J: We were all sittin' around talking about how we don't wanna have jobs and work, ya' know, shitty, average jobs. So, someone said "we should start our own religion", the Catholics are doing pretty well making all that money. So, we were gonna start our



own religion and charge \$15.00 a head to join our religion and we were the monks of this religion. We were gonna travel around teaching the way of the Winkataug. I think we just pulled that out of our asses. It was probably the first thing that came to Jack's mind. I think he came up with the word.

Kris: So, your kinda shamans or prophets...a cult perhaps?

Kevin: Yes. Yes.

Kris: Starting a Pittsburgh cult...well, I'll try to check you guys out at your next show.

J: You should. It's a great bill the whole way around. The Yellow Chrome Company is one of the tightest live acts I've ever seen.

Kris: Do you guys have any parting words?

J: Do you need a prophetic statement?

Kris: Not really.


Kevin: If you see The Winkataug Monks are playing you should come see The Winkataug Monks. It can't hurt...

J: Can't hurt.

Kevin: It can't even hurt a taste.

J: There's nothing wrong with rock n' roll.

Kris: Would you say you love rock n' roll?

J: I love it. Put another dime in the jukebox. 

[books, music, art, photography, noise] you may not have experienced, but should.

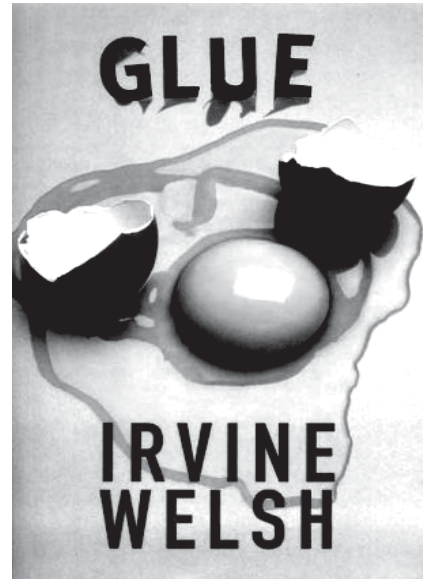
#1:

Glue, by Irvine Welsh

Paperback 480 pages (2001)

Publisher: Jonathan Cape; ISBN: 0224061267

Category: Fiction



REVIEW BY GLORIA REILY AS TOLD TO MELISSA MEINZER

How is it thit a corkscrew-heided cunt like Juice Terry Lawson, a fuckin' schemie punter who can't hold a joab, is eywis gettin his hole? The ponce lives with his Ma and calls her on his mobby fae lager from doonstairs when he can't lift his ain fat radge arse offay the couch. Nivir shuts up aboot the fuckin juice lorry, thit one, and ivraywhere he goes, the fanny flings itself at the cunt. The juice lorry, aye, he'll go on aboot that. His opening line with the birds ivray time, and it wis ages ago. Fancies himself quite the fanny merchant, thit one. It's a wonder he ain't goat the virus yet, like ah heard thit mate of his, Gally, hud.

Oh aye, ivrayone thought Gally offed issel' over Gail and wee Jacquelin takin' up with thit Polmont boy, the one who chibbed thit boy eftir the fitba and let Gally take the fall back whin they wis all jist school laddies oot fir some fitba and chorin aboot. Gally nivir grassed on the cunt. No him. He did time fae that, because it was his blade, likesay. No need to bring a blade to the fitba in the first place, bit Gally always liked a blade.

The bairn wis even callin Polmont Dad, and it cut Gally bad, but thit's no why he leapt. Oh no. Ah ken it wis the virus finally thit killed him in his heid. But it was Juice Terry thit did Polmont the night before Gally jumped. Ivrayone thought it wis Gally, but ah heard Terry shot Polmont in the neck wi a crossbow, jist tae keep him fae tellin Gally thit Terry'd been shaggin Gail fae years, even whin they wis married. Nothin means more than fanny to thit daft cunt. His ain mate's wife!

Ah guess ol' Business Billy Birrell, Silly Girl Secret Squirrel, wis eywis too busy wi his fights and trainin, like, to notice how bad things were for his auld mate Gally. Nivir kenned aboot the virus until after the funeral, whin Carl telt um. Eftir school, Birrell goat intae the boxin professionally, bit that thyroid of his acted up, and he hud tae retire. He opened up thit pub, the Business Bar. Made a fair go of it there, n even hud Carl play a few times.

Carl's dad telt him as a bairn, nivir let a week go by withoot investin in vinyl. Ah guess he listened, n thit's how he goat intae the DJing. DJ N-SIGN, thit's schemie auld Carl Ewart. Hud his ain club fae a while, Fluid, n hud some records oot too. The place wis eywis full of kids e'd off their tits n actin all loved oot n dancin. He moved tae Australia fae a bit, follayin the dance scene, ah guess. He come back when his auld man wis dyin.

>>>>>>>

Thit was a sad day. All four ay thum boys knew auld Duncan, eh was like a mate to them as well since they wir aw wee laddies tegither. Ah guess wi them bein mates so long, thir parents were part of the scene, likesay. They aw kenned each other since wee Terry spent the first day ay school greetin' away like a lassie.

Aye, since they wis bairns, those four wis eywis causin trouble tegither, raisin hell and chasin fanny. It's too bad aboot Gally, because Terry, Carl and Billy are huvin the time of thir lives tegither, headin off to Amsterdam soon for Billy's brar Rab's stag perty.

Ah heard that Irvine Welsh punter wis gonna dae another book aboot thim n thir lives, n call it Glue. Eh's a right geez, thit one, eywis writin about punters aroond here. Eh wrote one years ago aboot Mark Renton and Franco Begbie n aw thum smack-heids, Trainspottin eh called it, n it was made a film n aw.

Eh's books ur eywis a ride, ken? Eh loves writin about schemies and petty criminals, n he writes like punters speak. Only downfall, likesay, is thit eh's books can be a bit on the formulaic side. No matter what, there's eywis e, broon n charlie in ivray one, n ravin n sounds n fanny. Ah guess ye could say the auld cunt's tryin to vicariously recapture some idealised poor Scottish youth that eh mibbe hud n mibbe didnae. Eh's too auld to huv really been young at the height of the rave scene, ah think, n so eh writes aboot it constantly.

Auld cunt or nae, though, ah ken it's gonnae be a great book. Mibbe ah'll read it. **B+**

This review's glossary:

Broon—brown, heroin

Charlie—cocaine

Chibbed—stabbed

Chorin—getting up to no good

Grassed—told, informed

Ken—know

Lorry—truck or bus

Mobby—mobile phone

Ponce—foolish person

Punter—person, guy

Radge—crazy

Schemie—someone from the scheme or housing project

#2

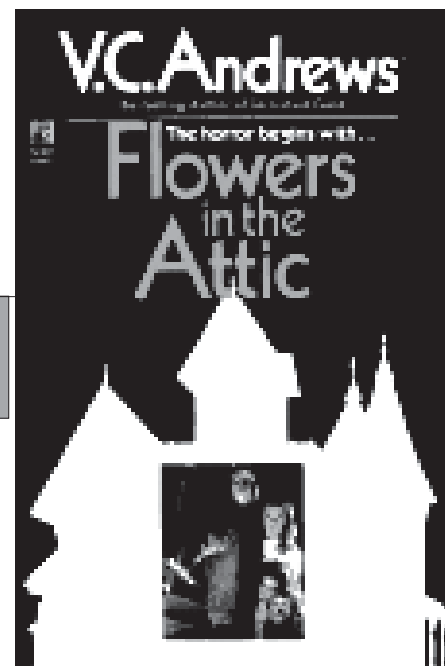
Flowers in the Attic

V.C. Andrews

Paperback: 416 pages (1977)

Publisher: Pocket Books; ISBN: 0671729411

Category: Fiction



Someone is holding a gun up to your head, saying: “Choose a member of your immediate family to fuck, or I’ll kill you.” Who do you pick?¹

Now, I can’t help that these thoughts pop into my head; they just do. But before you start acting like I’m a sick bastard, I’d like to state that incest is not something only I have an interest in. Go to your local CVS, and pick up the latest V.C. Andrews novel and you’ll see my point.

In case you’re not familiar with Andrews, she’s a novelist who writes lurid, incoherent books featuring incest in a very big way. Her first novel, *Flowers In The Attic*, published in 1979, was the first novel in a series of books that follow the Dollanganger family through all kinds of sick and horrific situations—particularly incestuous ones.

Flowers In The Attic, by far the most famous of Andrews’s works, begins with the death of the father, Christopher Dollanganger. In lieu of getting a job and actually working for a living, the mother (Corrine Dollanganger) decides to pack up and move the family (older brother and sister Chris and Cathy, young twins Corey and Carey—and yes, I realize those names are completely fucking idiotic) to her parent’s house in the country. Though the children’s grandparents are extremely wealthy, a secret incident from Corrine’s past has led to her falling out of their favor. Now Corrine’s father is on his deathbed, and she thinks she can win back his affection and gain an incredible inheritance that will bring the family wealth beyond their wildest dreams.

Upon moving in, the children find that their grandfather does not know of their existence, and must not know, so they must remain locked up in an attic, and...

Well, words cannot describe how completely fucked up this book is. They end up staying in the attic for three years, wasting away to nothing. Their mother stops visiting them after a while. Their evil, crazy religious grandmother—who won’t even let them undress around each other—constantly monitors them. At one point the grandmother finds Chris and Cathy together in the bathroom, so she pours tar on Cathy’s hair when she’s sleeping. One of the twins ends up dying because their grandmother poisons them with powdered arsenic on top of cookies.

In this book *every single family relationship* is sexualized—mother and son, father and daughter, the twins, the brother and sister. Incest seems to be V.C. Andrew’s primary interest, and fuck if she ever lets up. Eventually, you find out the reason the mother fell from the graces of her family; it’s because she married her uncle, so the kids are the products of an incestuous union themselves. Chris and Cathy are going through adolescence, and the sexual tension between them runs thick through their whole ordeal—culminating in the point where Chris rapes his sister.

In the subsequent novels of the Dollanganger series, Chris and Cathy end up being together and raising a family. And the point is this: in V.C. Andrews’ world, a brother and sister who fuck each other are the heroes. The crazy bitch, she actually dedicated *Flowers In the Attic* to her mother. How cool is that?

¹ I’d choose my oldest brother Kevin, for a couple of reasons. One, I’m gay, so sex with a brother makes much more sense than a mother or sister (of which I have both). Two, quite frankly, my oldest brother is the best looking of any of my siblings. Incidentally, he’s also the one who looks the most like me.

【Watching a Porn Video: 2 Girls / 1 Guy】

JILLIAN KETTERER
DEEK [MAGAZINE]

THROUGH THE SLIDING DOOR

ROBERT ISENBERG
DEEK [MAGAZINE]

It figures, he thinks, scurrying along the supermarket floor, unable to see his own feet because the kid's face is looming enormously in front of him. Blood flows; the kid's eyes begin closing; threatening...



And that mouth, that baby mouth, the lips small and angled outward, the baby teeth so fragile-looking; it figures that Pat's the only one around when the kid falls over and rakes his face on the metal frame holding in a giant blobby stack of beech balls. One minute the kid is reaching for one of those bright red-yellow-blue inflatable spheres, reaching up, the next minute he's jumping—sure, kids like to jump; once they can walk, they don't stop walking—but on the second try the kid, probably four years old, falls over, just falls forward, and the rubber-coated wires that fence in all those beach balls—well of course one of them is broken, and of course it's bent outward, and of course the kid's face jams right into it, and it breaks the skin, and—

Suddenly Pat can hear that soprano wail. It's not just spittle on his sports jacket collar as he's running through the aisles—flanked on both sides by dog toys, Christ almighty!—but blood coming out of the plump cheek... well, it was a plump cheek, now it seems caved in, deflated, pressed against his own face, practically mashed into his eye-socket, the mouth agape and emitting that horrible howl—

He doesn't dare remember what it's like to be this helpless, this much in pain and unable to explain why, or even to say it in words, or know any words for it, words for anything—but wait, he's thinking it, he's remembering—what was it at that age? Oh, yes, yes: Banging his head on a swimming pool, front teeth biting through bottom lip like butter; held down by elastic gloves, he started sneezing; Pat's allergic to latex, right, and that's when he learned this little tidbit, when he stopped screaming as the needle poked through lip so the doctors could sew it back together, and instead of screaming Pat started sneezing, and the doctor said, Is he sneezing?

A huge woman with her hair up and aviator sunglasses and a dress that's patterned with brown-and-gold triangles looks at him as she pushes her shopping cart. Her mouth falls open; the juice container falls from her hand, crashes on the floor. Pat looks over, shaking his head, saying, It's really not my kid.

Wait—

Why did he say that?

Now she thinks he's a kidnapper, and okay, so it's not his kid, he's just here to pick up a goddamn toothbrush



so he can drive away and find the Welcome Home Motor Inn, and get that non-smoking room with the view of the duck pond, and just think for a goddamn second.

{Did he really break a plate?}

{Did she really throw wine on him?}

Running up to the cashier, Pat is heaving, he can't get out any words; the cashier is counting money, she's young and pretty, probably too young, and anyway he's out of shape and couldn't attract a woman that young, even if it was legal, and anyway, his own marriage isn't technically over, he probably doesn't really want it to be over, but she threw the wine on him; and yes, he broke a plate, but those plates are old anyway, and slamming the door didn't cause any real damage, nothing she can gab to her lawyer about, he'll just tell her, Calm down, Janet—

The cashier says, Sir, are you all right?

This kid, he fell, I—can you ring somebody? I think, stitches, you know, I'm just, I saw him—can I set him down?

And before she can say anything, he sets down the kid, whose overall strap has fallen along his shoulder, and Pat steps back; he's walking backwards, pulled by some strange current; he's holding up his hands, he's shocked to find his wedding band *not* on his finger, though he took it off deliberately, it's in the glove compartment next to the rubber band ball, back in the Hyundai, why did he leave it there, what if somebody steals the car, isn't it Hyundais that are most stolen in America, or is that Honda, is there a difference?

Do you have toothbrushes? he blurts, but he's already in the vestibule, the automatic doors sliding shut, shutting him out. M

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A



Nothing gets my motor revving more than watching Chasey Lain's milky-white thighs undulating from the thunderclap of Peter North's bold erection, or voyeuristically gawking at Kobe Tai skillfully taking down a nice, big, black dick.

I'm a proud porn addict. I've been hooked since the first time I laid my eyes on a Hustler; it was love at first whack. Since then I've amassed a formidable library of erotica—towering stacks of videos, a computer filled to the brim with Jenna Jameson doing what she does best, a new set of the “Asian Street Hookers” series on DVD, and magazines—don't even talk to me about magazines. I've accumulated so many magazines over the years that I had to get Public Storage. Sometimes I like to spend the whole weekend in my little storage bin, as I—deck the walls with lotsa jizz-um, falalalala lala la la.

Still, after so many years of viewing all these majestic porn stars doggy-styling it, I've experienced some adverse effects in my normal life. I don't think I've ever bought a box of tissues for a runny nose. You'd think the Kleenex people would have caught onto this alternate use by now and come out with some vagina-scented, ultra-absorbent tissues. They could call them “Spankies: the swanky hankie for you wanky.”

Also, for the longest time I thought the regular progression of sex went: three second dialogue, oral, vaginal, anal, money shot. What do you mean no anal? What the hell do you mean no money shot? When my dad told me what sex was really like, it was like finding out there's no tooth fairy. I cried and cried. My dad cried, too.

And I postulated that watching porn had given me super-human supplies of horny. I fantasize about railing every girl I pass on the street, and I mean that in the nicest way possible, I really do. I've also been clocked at powering a three-story building with my wrist.

Lastly, in a very monkey-see-monkey-do kind of way I started grooming my pubic hair about four years ago. Well kempt is the way to go, and I've gotten so adept at the

Idiotic Virtuosity

with Ben Rubin


practice that I once shaved a rendition of the Battle of Bunker Hill—guns, soldiers, flags—the whole bit, right into my bush.

I realize how strange these tendencies sound and I understand if after reading this you're making a face like you just woke up in a load of elephant shit. But you know what? That's who I am and I'm finally okay with that. It's taken me a long time to be guilt-free and comfortable with my love of porn and the lifestyle that came with it—all over it.

There were days when, feeling like such a perv, I told myself I was through with pornography for good, swore it off cold turkey as I stuffed my collection into a garbage bag, then angrily flung it into the trash. Two minutes later I'd race back outside, tenaciously clutch onto the baby-batter-laden goods, weeping hysterically, saying, “I'm so sorry. I'll never leave you again.” It seemed so wrong, but it felt so good, and these intensely conflicted quarrels between my id and superego erupted in my mind sometimes right after I had finished masturbating, with my penis still spasming while wrapped in tissues and Bonita Saint panting in the background. I'd feel like I just raped myself.

There came a time when I'd finally had enough, and conclusively learned to love the way I made love to myself. Honestly, I've never been happier. Now I know I'll always be a porn fiend and I don't fight against that or feel shame anymore. I won't ever stop enjoying the act of people rolling around and humping each other for money. Porn and I are like two peas in a pod. It's the cookies to my Cookie Monster or the indispensable Dungeon Master's Guide to my D&D enthusiast.

Besides, how can I turn my back on porn when it's taught me so much? I've learned things about the human body that I thought were scientifically proven to be impossible, like DVDA, and if you don't know what that is, you don't want to. It's porn that answered the eternal question of spit or swallow: just let that sucker fly. One could ascertain many important morals from watching porn too, like...uh—oh, screw it, that's total bullshit. Best of all, porn makes me happy and keeps me healthy, so how can it be bad?

Now that my affections toward erotica are no longer so ambivalent, I can whole-heartedly strive for my life-long dream—sex with a bunch of girls with their vaginas shaved and dyed in the shapes and color of the Lucky Charms shapes. One day, Purple Horseshoes, you will be mine. 

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NEXT MONTH:

BLOODletting—inconspicuously in a white room.

—Dead man cleanup.

—“The strangest conversation I ever heard...”

—Lambchop gets it.

—The secret lives of Ernie and Bert

—Top Ten best — worst — porno names.

—First person account: Shark hunt.

And, as always:

*a new Underappreciated Scholar

*sex

*filth

*love

*beauty

*brilliance

deek [magazine]

Distraction is a deceptive practice. What's yours?

t h e

underappreciated

s c h o l a r

is an anomaly, a glorified

f r e a k s h o w ,

a genius, an academic of the

heart, and a friggin'

m e n a c e

to some, if not all of us. These men and women

are poised and driven, sure. But not many

of us can truly understand why.

They're strange; they're prob-

ably someone you know, maybe someone

you hate, who

has taken an extreme interest in

something you can't quite grasp.

And this is their forum: a spot where the passionate and

the crazy are given a voice and a free pass to say, to illustrate, to

discuss whatever the hell they see fit.

Do you know an Underappreciated

Scholar? words@deekmagazine.com will guide you.

HOW TO HOTWIRE A CAR

By Arthur Face

I guess there's some kind of law that tells me I'm not supposed to tell you how to break into a car, but sometimes you're somewhere and you can't find your keys and... I don't know, you see a car you'd really rather have instead of your own.

Alright, the first four or five times I did this, way back when — in the days when I didn't have to worry about going to prison — I electrocuted the shit outta myself bad. No shit, it hurt. If you fuck this up, you'll fuck yourself up nice. And while you're whining and going boo-hoo, Mister Po-Po-Police Seargent Car 54 will be up in your face in no time. And what are you gonna do then? Cry more, that's what you'll do. And no one wants that.

That said, **first**, get some friggin pliers. **Next**, get into the car somehow. **Then** put the god damn thing out of gear. Like, for exaqpme, if it's a manual, put it in neutral and make sure the parking break is on. If it's an automatic, make sure that bitch is in park. Alright, chances are you don't know what coil wires are, but that's too bad, cause you'll have to **open** the hood and find them. To find them you can follow the plug wires. For V8 engines, these are the visible twin wires coming from the rear of the engine, close to the dashboard. On V6 engines, they're usually on the left-center. On four-cylinders, they're usually on the right-center of the engine.

Now, run a wire from the positive side of the battery to the positive side of the coil wire. This should give power to the dash.

Once the dash has power, **you gotta** find the starter solenoid. On Fords, this is usually located on the passenger side fender well. GM cars usually have it located near the ignition.

At the solenoid you'll see a small wire and the positive battery cable. **Cross these wires** with a set of pliers. When you do that, the engine should crank right the fuck up, and you should be set to go.

Finally, if you get caught you didn't learn this from me. And, you should know this: you can't hotwire all cars. Like, for example, if you try to break into a new Mercedes, first of all, there are features that make it impossible; secondly, if you try, there'll be so many god damn bells and whistles and security noises and shit making chaos, you'll be deaf and behind bars so fast you'll have to do something awful just to deal with the embarrassment. You'll have to deal with me too, cause I'll be pointing one of my free, unincarcerated fingers in your face, laughing. **Then** I'll tell your mommy and I'll have my way with her. **Then** I'll enjoy taking advantage of your girlfriend, or boyfriend or whoever.

And won't that be nice,

Arthur FACE

Arthur Face,
Underappreciated Scholar



