

Funded in part
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activities fee at
the University of
Pittsburgh, A Little
Sick Productions
and Deekmagazine
LLC present:

deek magazine

THE CURSE

Wally Sanchez finds his
holiday spirit, goes to jail

TRYING FRIDAY

Drugs, confusion, mental
problems, worry, deceit -- a
new beginning

plus:
Best of 2003
A routine procedure
Punk counterpunk
How to drop the Upper Deck
Hate sites on the internet
Tales from the city



FREE
a forceful unbound distraction.

deek [magazine]

help wanted

deek magazine is looking to fill these positions for future editions of this... thing:

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artists
writers
photographers
and other motivated folks

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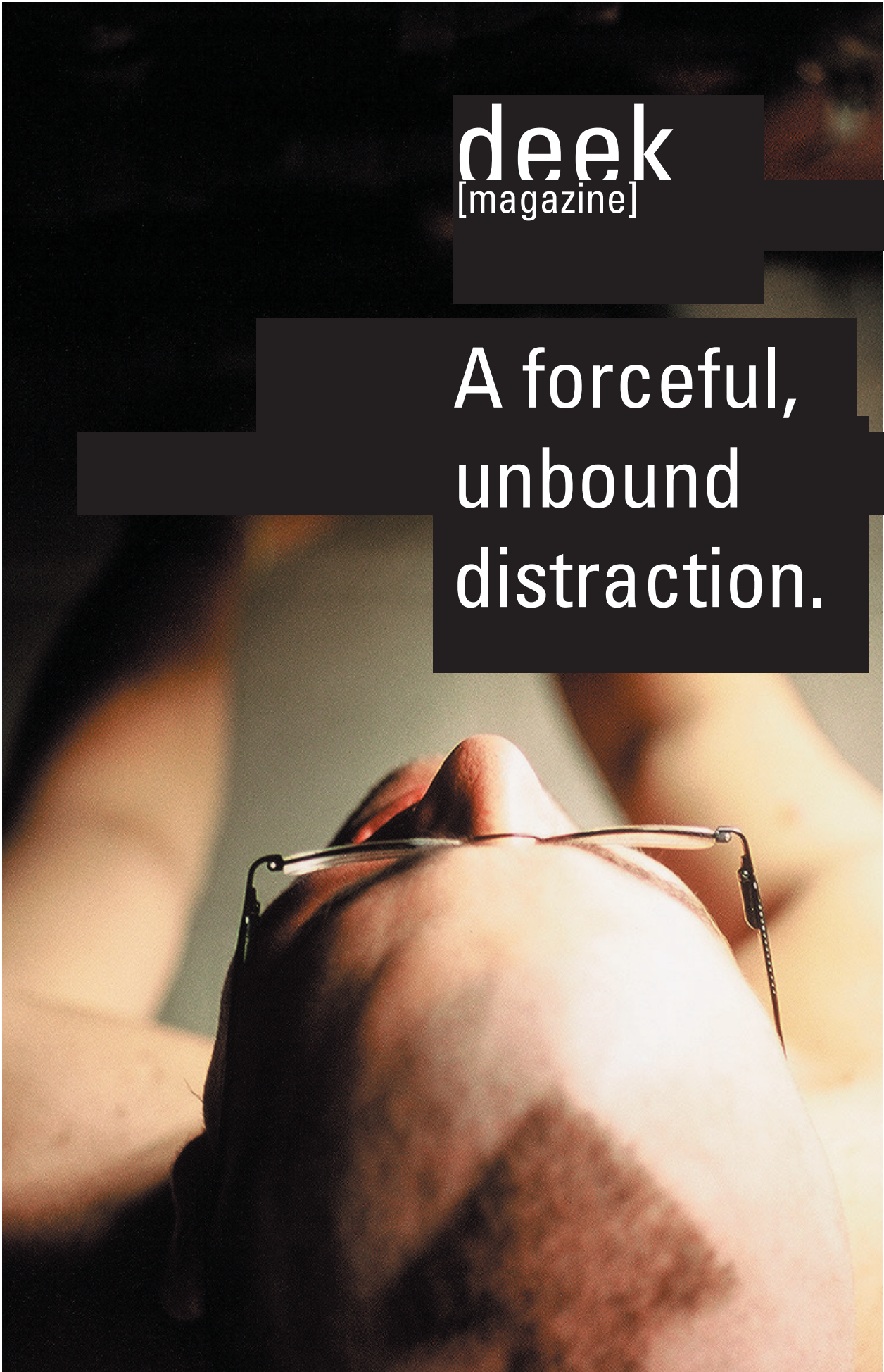
This is a fantastic opportunity to build your clips, learn about publishing, exhibit your skills, et cetera. Send resumes to

deek [magazine]
P.O. Box 7502
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The Devil Made Me Do It

Jillian Ketterer

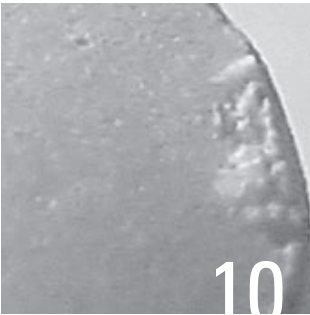
I bought two volumes
of your poetry
for 4.98. Imagine that—
all that hard work to get published—
and the book sells for 5 bucks.
I bought the agony of your words for 5 bucks.
I bought two volumes of your poetry—both badly titled—for 5 dollars.
I took 10 dollars to the store, but only spent half that.
I could probably have bought your biography too.
I would have had your entire life in my possession.
Ten dollars.
Think about how hard you worked.
Stacks of papers and diagnoses and late nights
slaving over a hot topic and for what?
Less than five dollars.
I could have bought two volumes of poetry
and had enough left to go to the library
and make copies of your chapbook.
Would've cost 2 bucks.
I would have two volumes of your poetry,
your biography and your chapbook,
for twelve bucks. Think about that.
I would know more about you than you do.
I would. Don't believe me? I'm good for it.
Twelve bucks. As a matter of fact,
if I found a good deal I could probably
get another book of your poetry for another two bucks.
Plus some pictures of you from various newspapers.
About fifteen bucks and guess what?
I would have your life's work. Have you really
ever thought about that?
You toss and turn and mourn and goodness, me,
consumers can purchase it all wholesale
for fifteen bucks. All of it. Fifteen Bucks.
Say it slowly with me. Fifteen bucks.
Your life for fifteen bucks.
Everything you've worked to create:
fifteen bucks.
The only real thing that will survive
when you, god forbid, perish,
and I can have it all for fifteen bucks.
I would feel bad for you, would give you
the fifteen bucks to your face because I know
you don't get that fifteen bucks.
You have press agents. So basically,
all this rigmarole, I dish out fifteen bucks,
I get your life, you get nothing but good press.
I think at this point, you'd rather the fifteen bucks.
And what if I gave it to you?
You'd be shocked, appalled,
you're a member of the literati for chrissakes!
What was I thinking?!?
So I don't feel bad for you. I feel bad for me.
I've spent fifteen bucks.
I'm out fifteen bucks.
And all I have is this crazy obsession to keep me company.



deek
[magazine]

A forceful,
unbound
distraction.

in this issue:



TRYING FRIDAY: Crammed with huge, round white pills

“Her arms flap up and down, hitting her sides, and then they stretch toward the black sky above her. She’s yelling nonsense and beating at the wind, but the ground won’t let her fly. Around her, the lighting is dim—streetlamps illuminate her breasts and bare ass, making them visible to anyone and everyone willing to look. People file out from front doors onto front porches, into the street. Finally, something to see!”



THE CURSE OF WALLY SANCHEZ

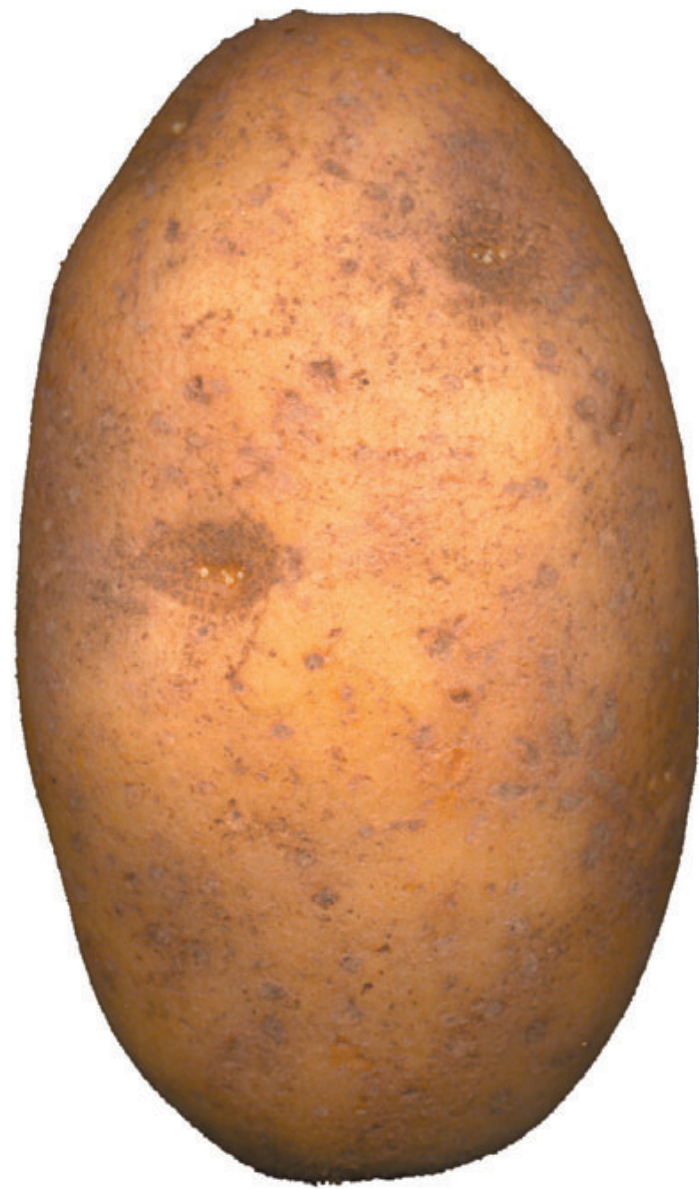
“It was unfair, really. Essentially, Wally was fired from McPinnard’s for having too much enthusiasm. He was so enthusiastic about people’s orders that he screamed delightfully every time customers ordered something. This caused the prim, proper and well-groomed clientele (Wally worked in Upper Saint Clair) to run. From the soda. Which he often threw at them with great fervor.”



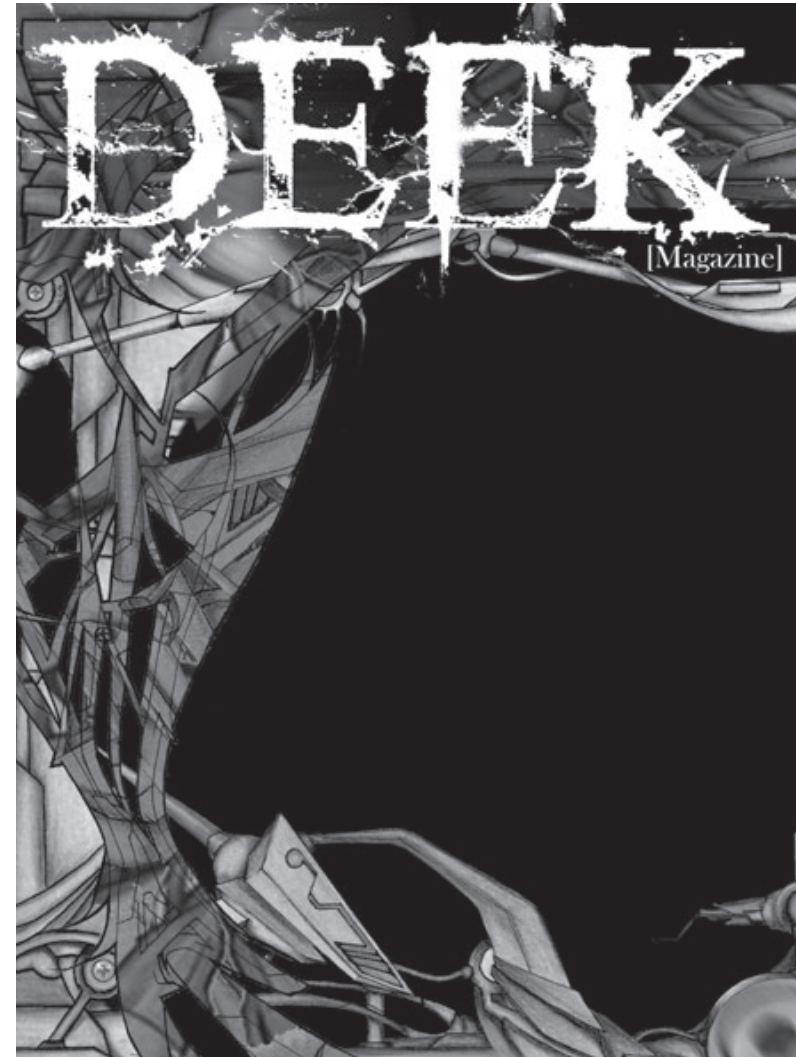
TALES FROM THE CITY

“The Traveling Salesman Problem is a mathematical quandary. It asks, “If a man like me had a certain number of cities to hit and a certain amount of money to spend, what’s the cheapest way to hit them all and get back to where he started.” It’s about algorithms, which is math for that tedium you get from a day-to-day lifestyle. It’s symmetrical: the train leads to the subway, to the taxi, to the home, to the taxi, and well, onward.”

editorial rambling	0	7
music	2	2
underappreciated scholar	3	0
punk counterpunk	0	9
best of 2003	2	4



this is not a potato



rambling from: the editor

Deek is now part of history, so, uh, eat that shit.

Confused? Well, listen:

From now on, when children celebrate the marketable holidays near the end of each year—Christmas, Easter, Creative Nonfiction Week—they'll have a new one to anticipate. See, Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny and Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer have paved the way for holiday joy, but Deek has doggie-paddled in a river of tar to catch up with these merchandizing geniuses. And how have we done this? By creating our own special day (Fug-ass) and our own fun, cheery character (Wally Sanchez), who could kick the hell out of those losers, including Santa Claus.

I'm so proud of us.

Wally's New Holiday starts on December 16th, on page 16. So watch out for Wally, cause he might break into your house and steal a lot of your stuff.

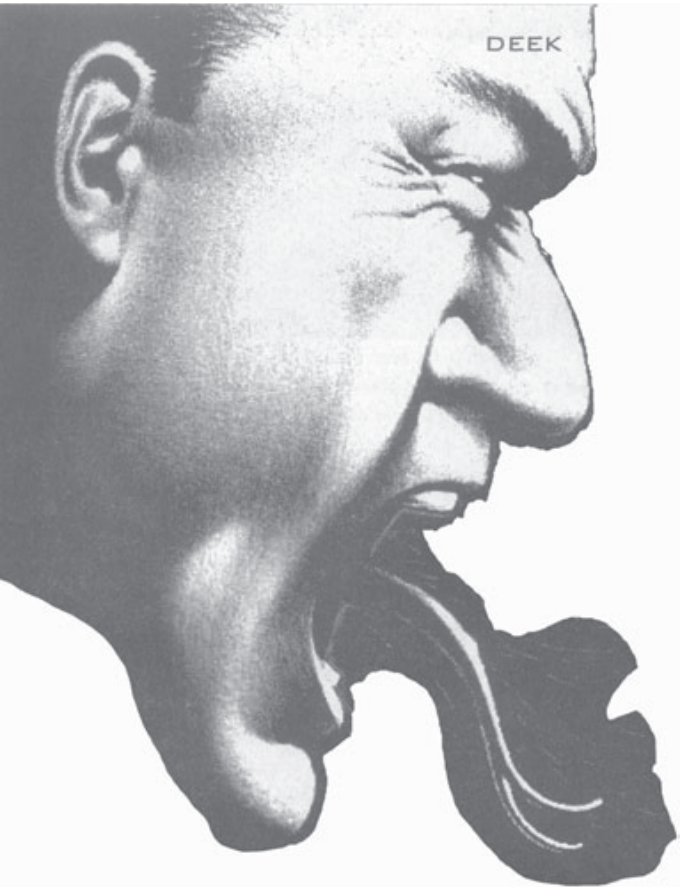
Also, this month, we've got something called Punk/Counterpunk, which may or may not be a continuing feature, depending on what arguments get started by who each month. The point of P/C is that Deek is a warehouse of ideas, and, sometimes, people get irritated by them. A refined forum for discussion, P/C gives you a chance to speak out about... anything that agitates your outlook. If you've got a gripe, go the Forum at www.deekmagazine.com and start writing. If you've got something interesting to say, we'll print it.

Last month, the initiating factor was a Scene Observation story by Ian Clemente. In his piece, he discussed the lack of welcome he received at a Mr. Roboto Project show, and this, of course, pissed off a bunch of the Roboto folks. They responded forcefully, predictably. Read what they said; let us know what you think.

In other news, we've taken a somewhat degrading shift this month and restructured our layout and content to be more, I don't know, professional? We did this after making a conscientious decision, but then we reconsidered many things and got very drunk and so on. So get off our case.

with love and squalor,

Wally Sanchez
fictional editor in chief



voices

[The Born Dead Icons] review said something about Chani [the lead singer of Suburban Death Machine] having pouty lips or some shit. Chani said if she sees that kid on the street she'll rip his fucking throat out. I'll watch. I like to see Chani work. Stupid fucking pud waiting for a ride home. Where the fuck has anyone ever been where rides are given without asking? Check a bus schedule, motherfucker. You deserve to freeze to death in Wilksburg if you can't find a bus. Aphasia has spoken.

—Eyeliner

Dear Deek:

Last night I went to a show at the squat in Copenhagen and I sat in the corner while all these weirdoes in weird clothes spoke some weird gibberish that I didn't quite understand. I am going to assume that it is their secret punk talk to secretly alienate me. People kept saying "hey!" to me, which I am also going to assume means "YOU FUCKING BASTARD GET THE FUCK OUT OF OUR SPACE."

As a result I went home and wrote a masturbatory critique of Ungdomshuset and the bands that played.

—EuroDisney

2) Out in the open.

Dear Deek:

From what I've read, Deek Magazine seems to hope that scandalous content and invective can serve as a crutch for writing that may be otherwise lazy and ill-conceived.

—Roboto Booking

Dear Deek:

I DID enjoy the magazine. I picked it up at the Zenith Tea Room this weekend. My only complaint: I got newsprint all over my hands, and rubbed my nose, and was walking around with a big black smudge on my nose for several hours (unaware of the smudge, of course).

—Andrea Woessner

Dear Deek:

I wanted to let you guys know that I picked up issue 2 at Flux and was really impressed. It looks great... especially the re-worked layout.

—Dan Eldridge

Dear Deek:

I got the link to your site somewhere online. It's pretty sweet, my friends. And since you re the editors, by default you too...are sweet. Way to go, guys.

With all the love I can fit into about 100 kb,

—Vinny Londino

punk, counterpunk

punk:

Hello Deek Magazine College student types, In your most recent issue Mr. Ian Clemente wrote an article about his first trip to the Mr. Roboto Project in Wilksburg. His reactionary article about the show space is in many ways the typical reaction of someone who is quite obviously on the outside looking in. The shows that take place at Roboto attract, for the most part, a very specific and somewhat small audience. While the space does see itself as a place for all sorts of bands to play (and often it lives up to this ideal), many shows are of the hardcore punk variety with a tendency towards the more underground strains of hardcore playing the most often. In other words, while bands like the Rapture, Radio 4, and the Scene Creamers have played Roboto, more often than not, bands like Crucial Unit, Tragedy, and the Cursed will be on the bill for any given night. Since the audience for these sorts of bands is not terribly large, again more often than not, the same 10-30 people show up for many of the shows (though sometimes attendance is well over 100, the space maximum occupancy being somewhere near 150 people). So, it should be no wonder to Mr. Clemente that all of the people at the Born Dead Icons show were so friendly to each other, but not to him. They (and I was not at this show, so I can't say who and I probably wouldn't name names even if I could) are all friends and know each other fairly well. It is not hard for me to understand that someone might be intimidated or feel uncomfortable in a place where everyone else seems to know each other and everyone else is a friend. The fact that Roboto's crowd and the music scene in general seems to be fairly insular does not help to ease this discomfort, but it does help to say "Hello" to people at shows and say "Hey, I'm Ian, I've never been here before." Writing as a semi-outsider, semi-insider, I'd say that this could get a couple of reactions based on what Mr. Clemente might have said. He probably seemed like a tourist and his article shows off his tourist status. He has no interest in this scene or this type of music aside from the ten minutes in high school where probably liked Rancid or Operation IVy. My guess is that he didn't talk to anyone or if he did, it was some sort of awkward timid hello that was instantly forgotten. Mr. Clemente's review of the show seems trite and uninformed. It seems to me that he's probably not into hardcore and if he is, he likes really shitty bands whose records are available at most department stores and other purveyors of your rape culture. Clemente keeps bringing up "melody" and "song-writing" in his article. Perhaps song-writing isn't something to take issue with since a lot of hardcore these days is pretty generic, but what marks him as an outsider is probably the fact that he refers to a Circle Pit as "dancing in a circle" and talks about repetition of gestures as if being "on cue." Well, fuck you Ian. It's a form of socialization and yes, it's sort of a ritual and yes, it has it's problems and if you even got it for one second I'd be fine with you making comments like these, but you don't get it and this article shows that you don't get it. Why were you even at this show? Did you read in the City Paper that Roboto was cool and your college-student-who-has-never-been-to-a-real-punk-show-in-his-life ass showed at some randomly picked show? Of course every band said "no" when you asked them to use "Deek as a platform." Their reaction was probably something like, "who the fuck is this lame kid?" Ok, more invectives. Do you even know how acronyms work? The band Suburban Death Machine could be abbreviated SDM, I have no clue what SMD is. Also, "whoever worked the mixing boards mixed the vocals so poorly, placing such an emphasis on volume, that any political message was drowned in the monotonous thrashing." If you don't like 'monotonous thrashing' you have no business being at a thrash show. Also, the person working the "mixing boards" (by the way, most places only have a mixing board) is most likely a member of the Roboto Board, not some sound specialist, if you want a sound man stay at Laga. After reading Ian's article I thought, "well maybe I should email this dork and take him to a show," but after reading it again I just can't help but side with all the other people I know who read this thing and said, "this kid sucks." I don't speak for Roboto and frankly I don't care if you come to shows or not, but I think your article is just really shitty. Do some research before you write about something that's totally alien to you. Oh yeah and it helps if you ASK someone for a ride home instead of hoping that they live up to some sort of preconceived ideal you have that punk rockers are telepaths.

—siciliano

counterpunk:

I appreciate and respect your feedback... to some extent, Michael. What you criticize me for, though, is equally uninformed. You make several presumptuous suppositions about me and base a large portion of your letter on doing so. How many times do you use the word, "probably?" Five. This doesn't include other half-steps and disqualifiers such as "seems" "most-likely" and "I guess." I make assertions in my article based on what I saw, which, from the local bands, wasn't much of anything, and from the audience was confrontational posturing (you may reread the section in which someone refers to La Fraction as a "dancey pop band." You yourself dismiss anything you don't personally endorse as "shitty bands whose records are available at most department stores and other purveyors of your rape culture.")

All your letter does is further prove my point. I knew that I'd offend the Roboto contingent by not praising anyone as heroes of the left. I've attended numerous venues in the Pittsburgh area over many years, and no one has been less than accommodating whether I had questions or was just there to watch. One point I will admit that I balked on was the car ride. It was added mostly for drama, but, in all truth, local bands who I never met have been so thankful for the support they received that they have actually approached people afterwards, including me. It's unfair of me to impose this camaraderie onto anyone. Why shouldn't I hold punk rockers to some sort of preconceived ideal, though, when they so eagerly fulfilled every other one?

You, however, attack me for even attending. Why? Because I don't fit in with your crowd? Exactly. Maybe look beyond your defenses and understand that I plain don't like it. Is a little professionalism too much to ask? That was my problem with the sound, too, to which you reply, "Stay at Laga." Fine, I see your point. Robot isn't a professional venue; it's a gathering for friends and like minded individuals to dance around in a circle. In that case, don't advertise as a venue open to the public. Remain cut off in your clubhouse, remain elitist, remain superioristic snobs.

My comment in regards to "repetition of gestures as if being on cue" refers to your formula for acting at a show. As you so ineloquently observed, I didn't research the proper titles for your rituals and this is your beef. That I don't fit into your own preconceptions. That's what I was trying to say. What's the point of music if you don't want to share it or make any remote attempt to do so? What's the gratification found in hording music, holding it and lording over others the fact that what they like isn't as underground as what you like? What does that prove? What did your letter prove?

Nothing new. Nothing is changed. You make assumptions based on a type you created and attempt to mold me into. You make me into the classic enemy, creating, in this case, a completely inaccurate representation of me because I don't agree with your ethos, the same way that "generic" hardcore hides behind politics. You refer to everyone as college student types, admitting (unintentionally??) your predisposition. What exactly is that type, Michael Louis Siciliano, Film Studies Major at The University of Pittsburgh, employee at Hillman Library? I could make assumptions based on what I've seen so far (which is more than you know of me), but instead, I want to point out where you made grossly incorrect judgments.

In reality, I went to the show not because I had some starry eyed notions about togetherness, but because deek sent me there on assignment. The way I acted differed in no way from my usual demeanor. I explained that I was with deek and asked a few questions about the show. I was my normal outgoing, persistent self, especially with Ian Ryan, who I noted was very polite in handling inquiries. I gave everyone ample opportunity, but the only band who felt I was worth their time was La Fraction. If everyone else really thought, "Who the fuck is this lame kid?" then that's their problem and it only supports my point, once again, that Roboto is comprised of a bunch of people who absolutely need to separate themselves and make others feel inadequate.

You'll notice the correct initials above, when referring to SDM (that's an abbreviation, not an acronym), a mistake to which I'll admit. It's sloppy journalism, concerned more with the big picture than with the details. One part of my article I will not take the blame for is the reference to "thrashing." The editor at deek added that, unbeknownst to me until publication. Understand that, unless the editor's name is signed to an article, it could be filtered or altered.

In your second sentence, you refer to me as reactionary. Did you mean to categorize me as a member of the extreme right wing? In that case, did you read the accompanying bio? Apolitical. This means that I am sick of having agendas forced upon me and being vilified for not complying. Did you mean, simply, that I was lashing out, perhaps irrationally? I wrote a tempered article, and made no claim to authority or objectivity. Although those sections where I spell that out were deleted, the core ideas of the article remain my own. You, in return, Michael, define reactionary with your blind, foaming piece, littered with conjecture and overarching generalization.

One such assertion you make is about my history with punk rock. I actually was born and raised in Pittsburgh in a local music scene embroiled with hardcore as well as "really shitty bands." That's where I formed my notions about punk rock. I thoughtthat once I got into the city permanently, it might be completely different from the suburbs. It isn't, though. Punk rock turned into a joke. This includes Operation Ivy and Rancid, who I never really cared for anyway. The point is that I shouldn't even have to defend that point. Music is designed to bring people together, not to claim territory. My article states that not all hardcore acts, and not even all the bands that night, play uninteresting, amelodic excuses for songs, and that I like La Fraction and Born Dead Icons a lot. There's a reason that they're international acts and SDM and Aphasia haven't been noticed anywhere outside of the Pittsburgh punk contingent. Apparently, it's because that very status is desirable. I don't feel it's improper to look at art as just that, removing the political overtones.

Your letter did nothing but display your own bias and agenda. You spit at me because I don't share your personal view, but beyond that you have few legitimate complaints. You threw in my face an unoriginal, unintelligent and uninteresting example of how you're programmed (face it, you are) differently than me. The only message I took away from this is, "No really. You were right, Roboto doesn't want anyone to come." They should close their doors to the public, then, because taking to me to a show won't cure anything. I have my mindset, and you certainly haveyours, which as early as your title, you made clear. There is no revolution.

—Ian Clemente

Winner of the Fucked up Letter of the Month:

[Consider this an EXTREMELY OVERT advisory that Deek Magazine does not promote or condone any sort of racist behavior or slurs or anything of the sort]. This is in reference to the story on page 28.

Dear Deek:

[The Pitt News wouldn't print my article because] they didn't want to publish a column so replete with stereotypes about Chinamen. You know how crazy political correctness can get on your average college campus. If that article had been printed, I probably would have had an angry yellow lynch-mob outside my home. I would have had to fling some General Tso's Chicken at them in the hope that it would distract them long enough for me to make my getaway.

—Drew "it's not my fault the Chinese are so damn funny" Janik

1) Letters in response to Born Dead Icons, November's scene observation about the Mister Roboto Project:

Dear Deek:

I only read the Born Dead Icons review, because I didn't have that much time to look at it, but that review is fucking awful. Whoever wrote it obviously walked in wanting to cry about not being accepted by a bunch of people [he] wouldn't want to be friends with anyway. It's not anyone's job to go up and talk to you any more than it is your job to talk to them. However, if you want to make friends at somewhere you've never been, you'll probably have to take the first step.

—420korn69

Dear Deek:

Crammed with huge, round, white pills.

words: Matthew Stroud

1..

...I think about drugs. I think about beauty, and the dimples on Betty’s cheeks. Then I think about Sarah Kushner. One day Sarah Kushner gave me a red magic marker and dared me to write “God=shit” on the white wall in the rear of my seventh grade math class. I did it for her attentions. I haven’t seen her in years.

I wonder how long I’ll know Betty.

2.

The call comes too early—around 11am, but I haven’t had much sleep. And neither has Laura. And the ring from the phone, the cell phone—not mine, I don’t have one—is more evil than usual. It’s noise slices into my perception, boring backward through layers of sleep—level 4, 3, 2, 1—with a searing, unbearably bouncy tune that emerges as a dusty hacksaw from deep in my subconscious. It scares me awake.

I bolt into sitting position; Laura’s eyes stay closed, but she rolls over slowly and stretches her body into a crescent moon. Then, that wonderful morning moan of hers...

At first I’m alert, then confused, then very, very tired. I slowly lay my head down on the pillow again. I close my eyes and swear. I think out loud: “What’s that awful fucking song coming out of your phone?”

Yawning, Laura says, “the Hokey Pokey.”

With closed eyes, I stretch and reach for something. Probably the phone to get it to shut up, but I miss and quickly slither back under the covers. The air is cold outside these sheets and I want no part of it. I realize the heat generated between Laura and me in this bed...

In the room with the open window...
Beneath these comforters and bedding...



Early on a cool autumn morning... Uh...	her feet. This makes it hard for her to run away from... whatever she fears.	residential area of a moderately sized city.
What I realize is that I’m not awake yet. And that, for some reason, the heat we produce is phenomenal, unbelievable—almost impossible to abandon. The phone’s still ringing, doing the Hokey Pokey. Laura picks it up before I can.	Her name is Betty.	Believe it.
“Hello?” Laura’s tired—eyes closed. At first I hear the voice on the other end, but not the words—I’m scratching my head, tapping on Laura’s shoulder, saying, “Who is it? Who is it?” I know exactly who it is, though: it’s Betty.	I know Betty, but not when she’s like this.	We finally manage to catch Betty. Four of us aim to send her to the sidewalk, ass first, but she wants to touch the sky. I’m holding an arm and a love handle, trying to force her to the ground so we can cover her with a blanket Laura has in her hands. Finally, we press her back to the concrete. Now Betty’s pinned. She’s held to the ground, spasming, laughing in lunacy, asking for sex, questioning nothing, knowing everything...
Laughing uncomfortably, Laura ignores me and says, into the phone, “How are you feeling this morning?”	Her arms flap up and down, hitting her sides, and then they stretch toward the black sky above her. She’s yelling nonsense and swinging at the wind, but the ground won’t let her go. Around her, the lighting is dim—street lamps illuminate her breasts and bare ass, making them visible to anyone and everyone willing to look. People file out from front doors onto front porches, into the street. Finally, something to see! Chasing after Betty is her sanity, in the form of four relatively sober friends. Hilarious. Betty loses her pants after she stops moving to lie in the street, in front of an oncoming car. The pants fall off when I try to pick her up from her arm pits and drag her to the sidewalk. She runs away from me, flailing, and somehow manages to scrape her fingernails across my cheek to leave a scar in the shape of a question mark. I can’t believe what’s happening... I don’t believe this is happening, and I don’t believe her. I don’t believe this is Betty, and I don’t believe anything this crazy imposter is saying. I think it’s all an act, a lie, a show. I think she’s lying. No. Well, maybe she is. I pause and think this: There are three men and a woman chasing after a naked girl near midnight in a	“I. Am. God.,” she says.
“OK, I guess,” says the voice in the voice in the receiver. I can now hear every word of their conversation in the morning’s quiet...		I’m stunned. I think about drugs. I think about beauty, and the dimples on Betty’s cheeks. Then I think about Sarah Kushner. One day Sarah Kushner gave me a red magic marker and dared me to write ‘God=shit’ on the white wall in the rear of my seventh grade math class. I did it for her attentions. I haven’t seen her in years.
Laura sits up in bed slowly and says “Do you remember anything about last night?”		I wonder how long I’ll know Betty.
“Kinda,” sighs the voice. “But... How did I end up in... the hospital?”		4.
3.		Earlier this evening, Betty said she wanted to get fucked up. She said she “wanted to do a drug tonight.” Her fiend Alex found a drug easily. The drug had a name, but no one but Alex could pronounce it because it had more than 8 syllables. It was
She’s stripped herself almost naked, and now she’s scampering out onto the street with her pants still connecting		

[illegible]

contributors

Brenna Weiner is a creative writing major at the University of Pittsburgh. She's currently obsessed with cheesy horror movies, goats, apples and cheddar cheese. She lives on the South Side with her sister and her cat Josie.

Mitchell Stiffler is a graphic design major living in Crafton. He can most often be found on the South Side of Pittsburgh with Brenna, seeking small time graphic design jobs.

Bob Gavel is a recent graduate of the University of Pittsburgh at the ripe old age of...well older than you. He has enjoyed a freelance writing career and hopes to further his career by being published in any publication that will except his work.

If you're looking for a good time, you're looking for Connie Lingas; if you're looking for a bad time, you're looking for crabs.

When not writing masterpieces, Keith Bandelin instigates internet scuffles with Deek magazine staff members regarding his under appreciated brilliance. He also enjoys Tool, salt and vinegar potato chips, and hollering about how his dorm-room is infested with cockroaches that "get in through the asbestos" whenever he spots Pitt Pathfinders leading tour groups.

Ferris Harris continues to write stories from the road. Last we heard, the pie is still fresh and the coffee is still hot. Lately, he's taken to calling us from phone booths across America and dictating his latest work, complete with punctuation, as his preferred method of submission.

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Deek publishes on the first friday of each month



Social misfit is your tagline

But I know you better.

The only misfit you turn out to be

Is one who bucks the system By conforming. So tell me

You social misfit you

What was the last thing you stood up for?

You're a self-proclaimed

wolf But you're a sheep's thing

And playing the part even better By following the flock

Obeying the sheperd.

The Curse of Wally Sanchez

words: Connie Lingas :::: art: Zach Braden

Standing in the doorway of the McPinnard’s kitchen with his hands on his hips, Wally Sanchez’ manager has had enough. “Wally, get out!” he says, pointing at the door. “Joo are no good! Take your freaking butt to a deefrent MacDonalds, man... you’re freakin’ loco, you know that? And put on some damn shoes!”

Wally, smiling, eyes wide, naked feet surrounded in spilled Coca-Cola, reacts with a curtsy.

“Wally, I said get out! You don’t work at McPinnard’s no more! You’d be better off... I don’t know, breaking into random people’s houses on Christmas Eve.” Wally’s manager starts laughing at his own suggestion. “And, from there, you might as well steal all their food and do bad dance routines to old Miami Sound Machine songs since you like that shit so much.” Then he stops laughing. “You’d be better off doing anything, man. Joo wanna know why? Cause you’re a crazy fuckass! Now get out, I’m serious.”

“I’m sorry,” says a confused Wally Sanchez. “Did you say fug-ass?”

“Get out!”

And with that, Fug-ass the holiday was born. But more about that in minute.

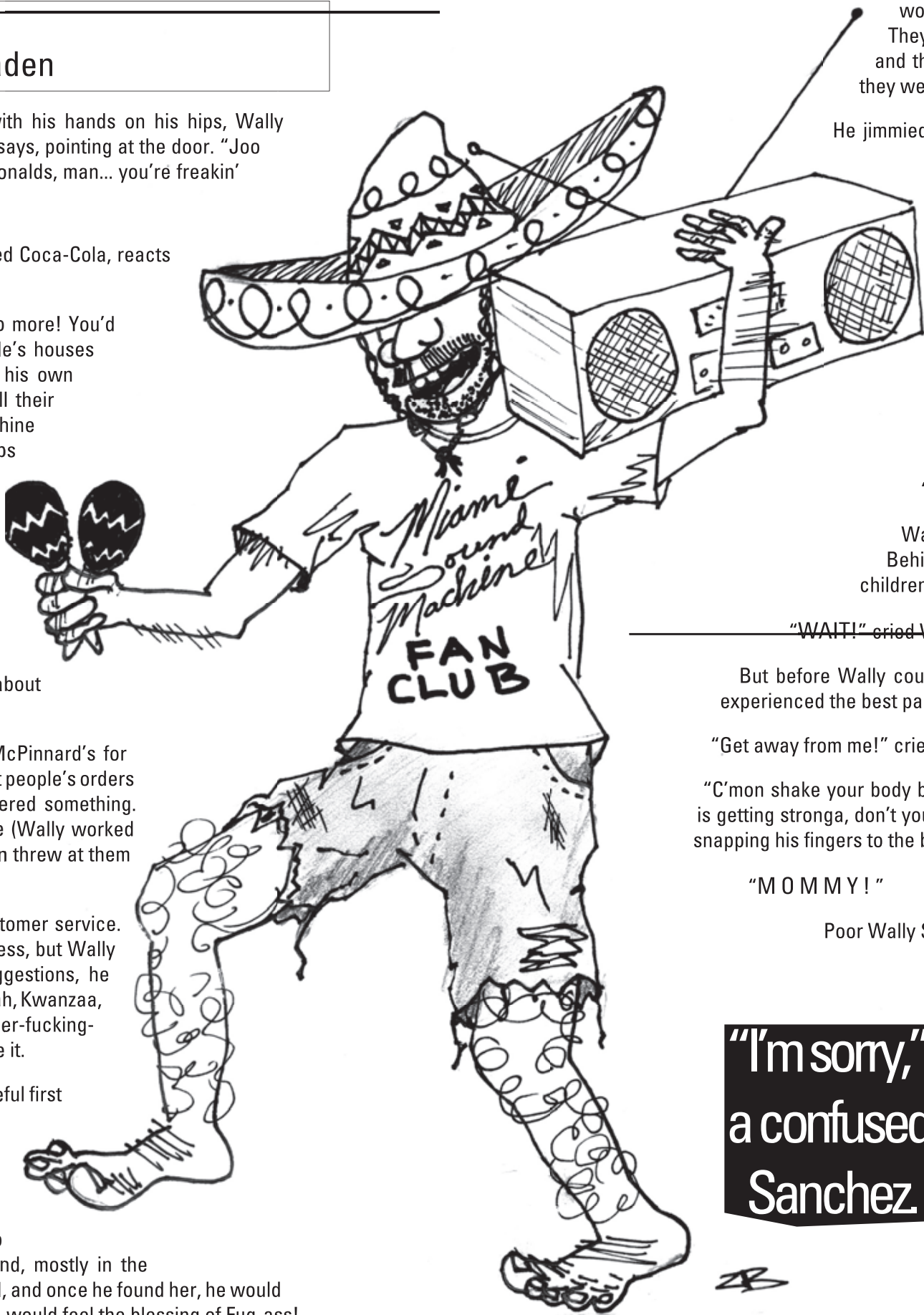
It was unfair, really. Essentially, Wally was fired from McPinnard’s for having too much enthusiasm. He was so enthusiastic about people’s orders that he screamed delightfully every time customers ordered something. This caused the prim, proper and well-groomed clientele (Wally worked in Upper Saint Clair) to run. From the soda. Which he often threw at them with great fervor.

So he was fired, aimless, shunned from the world of customer service. He spent some time wandering around the streets homeless, but Wally never really missed a beat. Always willing to take suggestions, he listened to his manager. He would outdo Christmas, Hanukah, Kwanzaa, New Years... all of the other holidays with his brand-mother-fucking-spanking new holiday: Fug-ass. And the people would love it.

Except they didn’t, which brings us to Wally Sanchez’s fateful first try at implementing Fug-ass.

First, it was essential that Wally find a good boy or girl to do his routine for, but where to find little boys and girls? The local playground! It was important that the children didn’t notice him too much (could spoil the holiday!) so Wally just lurked around the perimeter of the playground, mostly in the darker, shadier areas. He was looking for that special child, and once he found her, he would follow her home. Little did her parents know that they, too, would feel the blessing of Fug-ass!

December 24th, that fateful night, came around and boy, was Wally excited. Finally, he would do something right! He



would be good at something! His target house belonged to the Clarks, a family of four. They had a gross yearly income of about \$70,000, went to bed around 10pm every night and they were all morning showerers. (Wally studied them for a while just to make sure they were worthy of Fug-ass.)

He jimmied the window open with a crowbar, which was easy enough—he seemed to be a natural! Inside the Clarks’ dimly-lit living room was a huge, beautifully-decorated tree with what seemed like thousands of wrapped gifts beneath it. Wally set the whole thing on fire. These tokens were not a part of Fug-ass!

As the tree blazed in the living room, Wally sauntered into the kitchen and began putting noodles, cans and boxes of frozen food into his bag. The spirit of giving is the true meaning of Fug-ass, and he knew this family wanted to fully experience the holiday. Also, he was hungry, so he opened up a can of pork and beans and began emptying them into his mouth.

Suddenly, a piercing beep began filling the house. The fire alarm! This was simply his version of jingling bells or “Ho Ho Ho,” so he didn’t panic. He just continued eating his pork and beans in the kitchen.

“What the—” Mr. Clark exploded into the kitchen. “Who the HELL are you?!”

Wally looked up, pork and beans dripping from his chin, and said “HAPPY FUG-ASS!” Behind Mr. Clark, he could see the wife and children running away from the fire. The children were shrieking.

“WAIT!” cried Wally. “JUST WAIT! I’M NOT FINISHED!”

But before Wally could explain the fire and the pork and beans, the family was gone. And they hadn’t experienced the best part of Fug-ass! So he followed them down the stairs.

“Get away from me!” cried the children.

“C’m on shake your body baby do the conga I know you can’t control yourself any longa, feel the rhythm of it is getting stronga, don’t you fight it do you try to do the conga BEAT!” he replied, shimmying his shoulders and snapping his fingers to the beat.

“M O M M Y ! ”

Poor Wally Sanchez ended up in jail, so I guess we have to wait 10 to 15 years until the next Fug-ass. But until then, be good! baby, do the conga

I know you can’t control yourself any longer
Come on, shake your body baby, do the conga
I know you can’t control yourself any longer

“I’m sorry,” says
a confused Wally
Sanchez “Did you say fug-ass?”

Tales From the City: The Game

words: Ferris Harris :::: photos: Nate Boguszewski

The Traveling Salesman Problem is a mathematical quandary. It asks, “If a man like me had a certain number of cities to hit and a certain amount of money to spend, what’s the cheapest way to hit them all and get back to where he started.” It’s about algorithms, which is math for that tedium you get from a day-to-day lifestyle. It’s symmetrical: the train leads to the subway, to the taxi, to the home, to the taxi, and well, onward.

Onward brought me to the city on a Thursday, unable to sleep, carrying a garment sample sewing machine, ready for demonstrations. I found a hotel on the Upper East Side, a place where the owner, a crusty fat man with dinner along the front of his shirt than in his belly, said he’d give me a deal: a special daily rate for the month I’d be around. Crusty also told me about a neighborhood fifteen or twenty blocks from here, mostly apartment buildings with young couples and a few cheap restaurants with checkered tablecloths. The kind of place a man like me could do a lot of work in a short amount of time.

The Grand Manor it was called, one of those places like “The Monticello” or “The Rochester” that tries to slip a roach motel under a fancy name. I went up to the top floor, like I always have, and knocked at the first door off the stairwell, like I’ve always done.

“Leave it at the door,” someone inside said.

“I’m sorry, ma’am?”

“Just leave the milk at the door.”

“I’m not the milkman, ma’am.”

I heard her throw something down and a few seconds later she opened the door and held it ajar with one hand, ready to swing it wider or shut it in my face. She was rather

short, but it fit her well, standing there looking not too busy to talk, or listen.

“I’m sorry, it’s always the milkman.”

“Is this a bad time, ma’am?”

“No, I was making ice.”

“My name is Ferris, ma’am, and--”

“What kind of a name is that?”

“Like the wheel. Let me ask you, have you thought about sewing machines?”

“Not recently, no.”

“Well, if I might come in, I think you might be very interested in what I have to offer.”

“I don’t think so, but come on.”

The place was compact: an extended kitchen with a door that probably led to a small bedroom. Near a wall was a table with a backgammon board, the pieces splayed out in patterns not a game, and a few decks of cards. I sat down and pulled out the sewing machine.

“Can I get you something to drink? Tea?” she said.

“Please.”

“Do you take sugar?”

“Only when people aren’t looking.”

I set the machine up on the table and pressed the lever with my foot, making the gears spin aimlessly. We sat for a minute or two, watching the needle stitch at the air, sewing time, saving nine.

“What makes you think I need that?” she said tugging at the back of her dress. “Honestly”

“It’s useful around the home.” I let my foot off the pedal and moved my chair closer to hers. “Especially if you want to stick two things together.”

She seemed interested, though not in the machine, and grabbed one of the decks.

“Do you play cards?” she asked, shuffling with one hand.

“I have.”

“But do you enjoy it?”

“On occasion.”

“I enjoy it. Let’s play.”

“I’d like to finish showing you--”

“Oh, fuck you I’ll buy one okay?”

“Okay.”

“Let’s play. Do you play cribbage?”

“Yes.”

I dealt out six cards each and we began moving the tiny pegs around the board by twos, fours and fives. I lost the first game, by an unlucky draw, but she won the next three, all straight and narrow. She could count

very quickly, and seemed pleased even though the matches were far too easy to be engaging. I told her I had never lost five games in a row, a number I’d picked at random, and by some miracle, won the fifth game. I told her I’d been hustling the whole time, that I purposefully lost the first four games. She laughed. We played for a few hours before her husband came home and she got worried.

“Hide in the closet,” she said.

“For cribbage?”

I didn’t have a chance to not run away before the door opened her husband, a man with a very gray suit and loose tie, stepped inside and looked at us sitting around the kitchen table playing.

He threw his briefcase down and sat at the remaining chair.

“Who is this?” he said, looking into her eyes.

“He came to sell me a sewing machine.”

He looked down at the board like it was a pair of foreign panties marking the page of his favorite book and put his head down, ashamed to look up.

“Did you& play?”

“No.”

“This game, here, you didn’t play?”

“No, I had it set up from breakfast.”

“We didn’t play at breakfast.”

“Sir,” I said, “It was just a card game,”

He turned to me for the first time and put a finger in my face.

“Don’t speak.”

He stood up and removed

the games from the table -- the backgammon board, the deck of cards and the cribbage set -- and like they were children, carefully placed them on the floor, away from the table, which he flipped over, shattering tea and glass across the wall.

“Don’t speak. You don’t get to speak. You’ve gotten your fun, now go.”

I gathered up my things, walked out the door and went back to the hotel without turning around. That night, I played solitaire on my bed until one or two in the morning, turning each card onto the table, feeling their waxy squareness on my fingers until each game bled into one another, until the pattern was all I felt: the sliding hiss of each card peeling off the deck into the flipping pop as

it hit the table. I was tired, and finally able to sleep, so I turned off the lights. This town was a bit boring, I thought, to get such intimacy from a deck of cards. The next day I would see about the Montecello.

“...a routine procedure” : (In praise of Reality)

words: Keith Bandelin :::: photos: Clarence Watt



White mask veiling my face,
scalpel in hand, I look down on
the operating table.

I see myself, lying there and I
stare back up at my identical
self dressed in medical garb.
He is me, and his face is hidden,
scalpel squeezed tight into a
fist. His other hand clutches me
by the arm—he is holding me
down.

I accept reluctantly. “I know.”

“And I Know,” he tells me
without words.

And I remember that the odds
for a safe and healthy recovery
are unknown; the odds for
survival are obscure. The only
known factor here is this: If
this poison is not removed,
the patient’s soul, my soul, will
shivel up and die.

.....

-----The blare of an ambulance siren startles me from a dream I can’t recall. But my body remembers, and whispers to me: “We were near-death. You should remain on guard this morning.”

Lying in my bed—the squalor of my existence—I flop off a comforter crusted with a layer of dirty, blank, t-shirts. With sleep still in the corners of my eyes, I look around this dank pit and think about all little things I forgot—all the insignificant things that DON’T define who and what I am...You know:

Paying bills.

Brushing my teeth.

Not living in an inaccessible, garbage-filled hole.

This is all because I was too busy making up ideas—or rather, making up excuses: Little, intricate, philosophies to define and justify what I did not understand—what I just couldn’t get about how the wheel spun round.

“I am. Isn’t that enough?” I brood, staring through the bird-shit-stained window upon a tragically boring and boringly empty street.

“A well thought-out theory!” my gut retorts derisively—pushing those impurities of introspection out, rejecting such rebellion from its’ aristocratic biology.

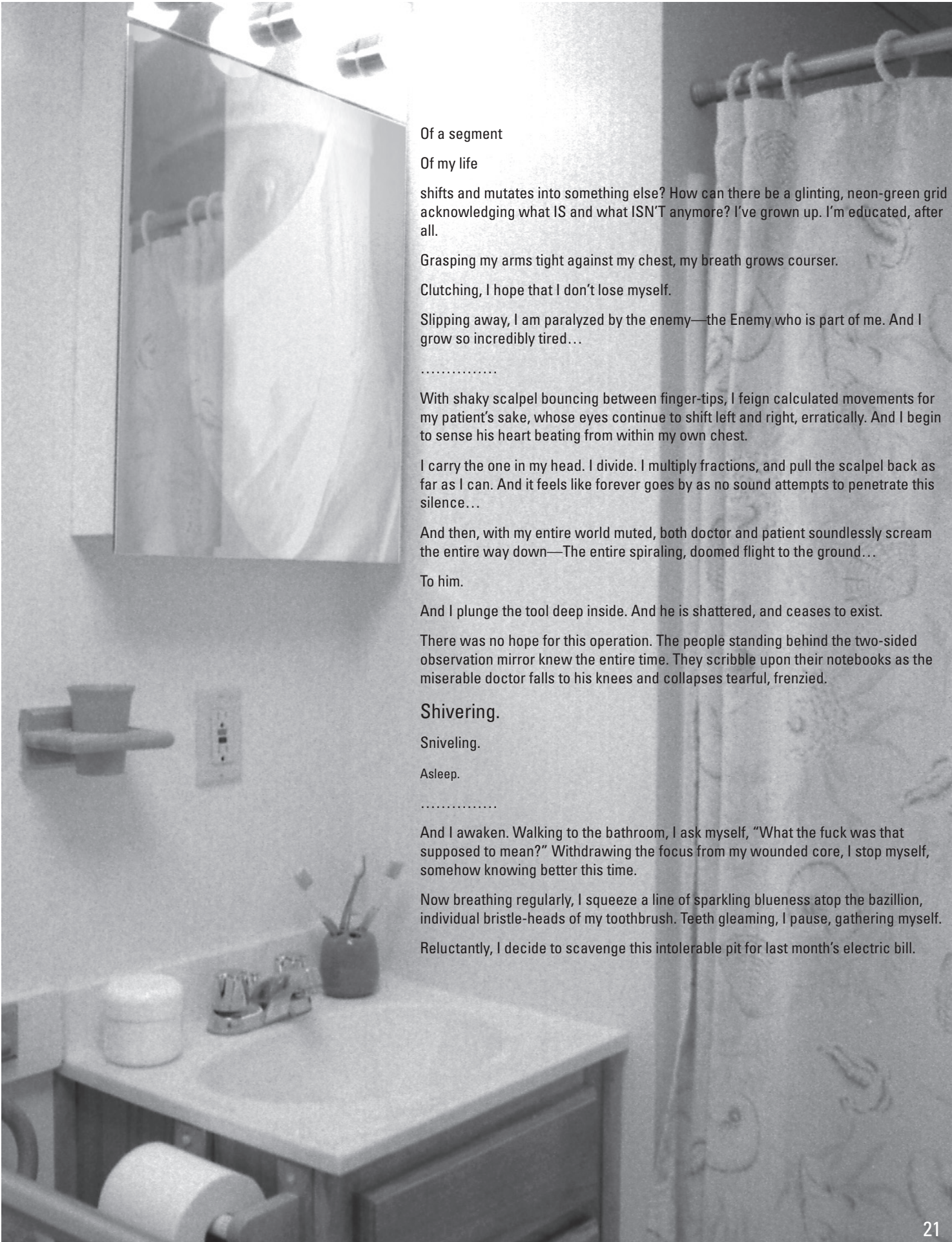
And I begin to feel my limbs becoming tenser.

What comes next will be the self-domination of my entire universe: Theoretical, analytical, juxtaposal, metaphorical, and scientific answers begin to thrash wildly throughout my mind and body, arriving at absolutely nothing.

Lying fatally upon the couch, I decide that there is nothing New. I’ve known as much as I can know for the longest while. I guess it’s just easier to stab the dagger deeper into my brain—Each thrust quickening the pulse of my life until a loud electronic buzz possesses my ears and I just need to sleep. The buzzing is just too deafening—The piercing nature of it all, just too much.

And as my eyelids sluggishly join, I realize the ultimate search for truth is simply killing me. How can there be any Truth when each:

Small division
Of a quadrant



Of a segment

Of my life

shifts and mutates into something else? How can there be a glinting, neon-green grid acknowledging what IS and what ISN’T anymore? I’ve grown up. I’m educated, after all.

Grasping my arms tight against my chest, my breath grows courser.

Clutching, I hope that I don’t lose myself.

Slipping away, I am paralyzed by the enemy—the Enemy who is part of me. And I grow so incredibly tired...

.....

With shaky scalpel bouncing between finger-tips, I feign calculated movements for my patient’s sake, whose eyes continue to shift left and right, erratically. And I begin to sense his heart beating from within my own chest.

I carry the one in my head. I divide. I multiply fractions, and pull the scalpel back as far as I can. And it feels like forever goes by as no sound attempts to penetrate this silence...

And then, with my entire world muted, both doctor and patient soundlessly scream the entire way down—The entire spiraling, doomed flight to the ground...

To him.

And I plunge the tool deep inside. And he is shattered, and ceases to exist.

There was no hope for this operation. The people standing behind the two-sided observation mirror knew the entire time. They scribble upon their notebooks as the miserable doctor falls to his knees and collapses tearful, frenzied.

Shivering.

Sniveling.

Asleep.

.....

And I awaken. Walking to the bathroom, I ask myself, “What the fuck was that supposed to mean?” Withdrawing the focus from my wounded core, I stop myself, somehow knowing better this time.

Now breathing regularly, I squeeze a line of sparkling blueness atop the bazillion, individual bristle-heads of my toothbrush. Teeth gleaming, I pause, gathering myself.

Reluctantly, I decide to scavenge this intolerable pit for last month’s electric bill.

<p>METALLICA Bob Gavel</p>	<p>voice that throws the genre preconceptions out of the</p>	<p>into bone. However, I was a tad concerned that it may be</p>
 <p>This week I came across a live Metallica gig at the old Wardorf Theater in San Francisco. A gig set in 1982, with the original lineup of James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich, Dave Mustaine, and Ron McGovney, Metallica was a mostly lousy sounding outfit. With bad vocals, a drummer with poor timing, pathetic guitar solos that would make Kirk Hammet vomit, and lacking the bass guitar attack that Cliff Burton and Jason Newsted both delivered, Metallica was poor and great in the same breath.</p> <p>Metallica has come a long way from their club days... or have they? St. Anger sounds an awful lot like a train-wreck. But the Wardorf performance is an ultimate recording for the ultimate rock fan. Unlike St. Anger, which is an attempt to regain popularity after a stage of grumpyness, this recording shows what could be a true rock n’ roll band paying their dues in the dirty, piss-stained clubs that mark the true rock n’ roll world.</p> <p>PATTY GRIFFIN, “A KISS IN TIME” (ATO) By Gaurab Misra</p> <p>On her third studio disc, A Thousand Kisses, Patty Griffin found her most consistent sound, more solidly fixed in singer-songwriter territory. Yet it was still done with traditional Americana touches and the honesty of rootsy rock that have marked her career. However, it is her</p>	 <p>window. Alternating between breathy whispers and a strong, nuanced alto, she is distinguished by an effective restraint that allows her considerable lyrical gift to hit home. And what a gift it is. Sometimes raw as an open wound, sometimes effusive as a faded letter, but always saturated with an undeniable truthfulness, without falling into the trap of an overly earnest confessional. A Kiss in Time defies the conundrum of at what point in an artist’s career that a live collection should be released. Griffin has found her niche without being limited by it. She’s in top performance form on this record, with able support from her backing band, notably guitarist Doug Lancio’s, along with cameos by Buddy and Julie Miller and Mrs. Emmylou Harris herself. More than a stopgap or a best-of, this record displays Griffin’s maximizing the live potential of her chosen idiom.</p> <p>AVENGED SEVENFOLD Bob Gavel</p> <p>When I came across Avenged Sevenfold’s Waking the Fallen in pile of CDs at my job at a local record store, I was a bit intrigued. The cover was reminiscent of early Black Sabbath album covers, dark and slightly touched with evil, souls from a grayish-white fog reaching out to a women in white holding an unraveled scroll in her right hand, while her left is reaching toward the heavens and decaying</p>	 <p>just another nu-metal outfit, lacking definition, let alone any power. Moreover, I was concerned that the album cover was a tail-tale sign of a band stuck in an era twenty-years gone. I was wrong. Nowadays, in a time when most kiddies out there think A Perfect Circle is as good it is gonna get, Avenged Sevenfold isn’t afraid to show its dark side. Yet, they don’t sound like a parody. Rather, with a borderline punk influence their songs quickly gallop along with attitude, but still have time for a Maiden-like double guitar harmony thrown in for good measure. In the end, they hold more in common with Iron Maiden and old Metallica rather than the likes of Korn orshould I even dare to list as metalLimp Bizkit. They’re a band that knows and believes in their roots. Now, the question begs to be asked, just what does Avenged Sevenfold mean?</p>

As 11:30 slowly approached—closing time at the Quiet Storm—Monarch took the stage. By the time they set up their equipment, they had 15 minutes, which would allow for three songs, tops. I last saw Monarch at Club Laga over a year ago, and expected them to sound similar this time. Since then, however, they’ve grown into a band receiving virtually unanimous acclaim from local critics. They’ve grown in sound as well, presenting themselves as more than spacey indie rockers, outgrowing influences that were at one time apparent.

Monarch is a band whose reputation precedes them. Rigorous touring and constant practice have helped Monarch’s sound to evolve into something special in a Pittsburgh scene dominated by more straightforward rock outfits.

A remarkably polite quartet, they spent the first two minutes of their set thanking and praising the other bands, urging the audience to buy everyone’s discs. The focal point of the heavily melodic, intense and passionate soundscape-lauded by writers before me-is the voice of lead singer Brennan Strawn. Smoother than Jeff Buckley’s and sexier than Chris Martin’s Strawn captures the kind of melodies where no intelligible words need be present. The words, however, focus on spiritual themes which some listeners may find overbearing.

An enthusiastic stage performer, Strawn moves his hands (when not playing the guitar) as emotively and erratically as any rapper, even though Monarch never approaches anything remotely resembling grooves or phat beats. The band supported Strawn with equal urgency, not so much subtle as explosive and yearning.

The band’s overall sound reflected a calm control over their instruments, the product of intense practice and touring schedules, as songs were characteristically brought to an ending crescendo.

The scant performance time added to Monarch’s reputation as unique and inimitable-a reputation that’s garnered them notable national attention. Northern Records, a California based label, signed the band last December, and is releasing their debut, The Grandeur That Was Rome, this December. In addition to the amount of travel around the country, the band has done, recognition has come in the form of playing for nationally recognized bands, most recently, Flickerstick. To find a comprehensive list of show dates, as well as more articles about the band and their sometimes evasive lyrics, go to www.monarchtheband.com. Monarch probably wouldn’t appeal to fans of Flickerstick’s light, upbeat modern rock sound and decadent image. True, Monarch’s sound only reaches a certain kind of music fan, the one more interested in slow, cathartic anthems as opposed to fun, ephemeral rock. They’ve worked very hard, though, to achieve their fame, and are supported by an equally devoted fan base. As they develop beyond the belabored references to Radiohead and Sigur Ros, Monarch stands, as far as I’ve seen, as a truly worthwhile band to represent Pittsburgh.

My Secret Life: An Erotic Diary of Victorian London — book
natty soltesz

One time, I pissed in this guy’s mouth. It had been a really strange night. I had met this guy over the TelePersonals who’d lied to me and told me he was really sexy and hot. It turned out he was older and ugly, but he offered me money to suck my dick.

He picked me up at my apartment and we drove to Schenley Park. It was night. He sucked my dick, and I really wasn’t enjoying it all that much. Prostitution is hard work—more mentally taxing than anything, and though I did manage to get it up I just couldn’t cum. I stepped off to the side to piss.

“Oh,” he said. “I want some of that.” And he shuffled over on his knees and got into my stream. Afterwards he paid me eighty dollars and I never saw him again.

I don’t know why I’m telling you this. I would hope that my family never knows anything about this, but yet, here I am, putting my name on it, throwing it out there. I think it’s a natural urge to confess your sins, to acknowledge the strange and perhaps shameful things we all do at times.

My Secret Life, An Erotic Diary of Victorian London, is just the sort of thing that confirms this notion. Basically a string of sexual and perverse encounters, related by narrator only known as “Walter,” it’s a certified Signet Classic, motherfucker, a classic that has absolutely no business being a classic.

The original version is thirteen volumes long (the abridged version is all anybody reads). That’s right, thirteen volumes of wall-to-wall fuck action, from Walter’s “first recollection of things sexual” (being fondled by his nurse maids), to his first fuck, to watching ladies piss with his young friend, to his later relationships with prostitutes that make up the heart and soul of the book.

It’s kind of inspiring, the sheer aplomb with which he reports and revels in his sexual activities. He seems to get just as much pleasure out of reporting his sexual activities as he does having them.

Of course, he’s got his issues. He has a habit of pressuring girls into his games, he even rapes a farm girl in his youth. But he is forthright about himself--“If I had not committed a rape,” he says, “it looked uncommonly like one.” Well, duh, asshole, but thanks for noticing.

It’s the joy with which he tells his tales that make My Secret Life endure, I think. Sex is Walter’s life’s work, and the diary makes it real for him. He experiments with oral, anal, and group sex, he even has sex with other men, and he does it all without shame, without fear, because he just wants to experience all that life (sex) has to offer.

I only discovered My Secret Life after reading a similarly titled 1995 autobiography by Michael Ryan. Ryan is an English professor, and most of his book is bullshit, but his confessions stand out. The sad part is his shame. He humps the family dog when he’s a teenager, and he seems to think that this is the worst thing in the world. After their second encounter, the dog whimpers away, violated, never to be man’s best friend again.

If the hero of My Secret Life were to hump the family dog (which he doesn’t), it would probably be because he would like it, and he would try to make the dog like it, too. And even if the dog didn’t like it, he would forgive himself for his mistake. That’s why My Secret Life is my kind of classic.

b) Best of:
Brenna Weiner

Best Album of 2003: Tough
one... probably Atmosphere; Sevens
Travels

Worst Album of 2003: Did
Britney Spears have an album out?
If so that one... if not then I
would say Avril Lavigne; T&A

Best Movie of 2003: Quite
possibly 28 Days Later

Worst Movie of 2003: Fear
Dot Com without a question

Person that Needs Peed on
for 2003: Duh, Bush.

Predictions for 2004: Bush
will get kicked out of office.
Wesley Clark will become the
next president. Britney Spears
will reveal she is pregnant with
Madonnas baby which will shock
the nation because it shall be
proved Madonna is really a man.
Cher will indicate that she knew
all along. Justin Timberlake
will move in with Jessica Simpson
and Nick Lache (or however it
is spelled) and the new Mtv show
will be ; Newlyweds and Justin.
University of Pittsburgh will
raise tuition.

Best Kiss of 2003: The one
had between the two bums down at
Riverside Park

Worst Kiss of 2003: Madonna
and Britney

a) Best of, with
1) A stoner's perceptive eyes.
Zach Braden

Popular Rock
1 Coldplay - "A Rush of Blood to the
Head"
2 Radiohead - "Hail to the Thief"
3 Queens of the Stone Age - "Songs for
the Deaf"

Hip Hop
1 El-p - "Fantastic Damage"
2 Aesop Rock - "Bazooka Tooth"
3 Jedi Mind Tricks - "Visions of Gandhi"

Emo/Punk/Screamo
1 Coheed & Cambria - "In Keeping Secrets
of Silent Earth: 3"
2 Open Hand - "The Dream"
3 AFI - "Sing the Sorrow"

Heavy
1 The End - "Transfer Trachea
Reverberations from Point: "False
Omniscient"
2 Meshuggah - "Nothing"
3 Old Man Gloom - "Christmas Eve I & II"

...ZZ
1 Garage A Tois - "Emphasizer"
2 Norah Jones - "Come Away with Me"
3 Galactic - "Ruckus"

Post- Modern
1 The Mars Volta - "De-loused in the
Comatorium"
2 Mogwai - "Happy Songs for Happy People"
3 Squarepusher - Do You Know Squarepusher?

Indie
1 Super Furry Animals - "Phantom Power"
2 My Morning Jacket - "It Still Moves"
3 The Shins - "Chutes Too Narrow"

Honorable Mention:
A Perfect Circle - "Thirteenth Step"
Dysrhythmia - "Pretest"
Tomahawk - "Mit Gas"
Outkast - Speakerboxxx/The Love Below

Best Album of 2003:
The Mars Volta - "De-loused in the
Comatorium"

e) Best of:
Natty Soltesz

The Best Movie of 2003 (actually released in 2002):
Larry Clark's "Ken Park." This is one of the most
disturbing movies I've ever seen. Real vaginal and
oral sex (plus one ejaculation) illustrate a story
that features a man who tries to rape his son, a
teenager who stabs his grandparents to death in their
bed, and a boy who eats out his girlfriend's mother.
Above all, the film artfully explores sex as a force
both transcendent and destructive.

"Ken Park" may never find distribution in the U.S.
(it was refused classification by The Office of Film
and Literature Classification and is currently banned
in Australia), but I question the mental profile
of anyone who labels the film "pornographic." It
fucking gave me waking nightmares.

Also good this year: "Capturing the Friedmans" is
a documentary about a father and son who allegedly
sexually abused boys during computer classes in their
basement. It's fucked_up and confusing.

"Thirteen" begins with two teenage girls huffing
head cleaner and screaming at each other "Hit me
in the face! Hit me harder! Harder!" It only gets
better from there. Is it disturbing? Somewhat.
Unintentionally hilarious? At times. Compulsively
watchable? Always.

"The Real Cancun" was the most riveting film I saw
this year. But then again, when I saw it, I was
high on the best weed I smoked all year. Thirteen
college students drink, fuck, and drink some more,
and the results are way more dramatic than they
have any right to be. What's revolutionary is the
way in which the cast seems conscious of the roles
and plot they are assigned to, so the question of
what is "real" and what isn't becomes more or less
irrelevant.

"The Shape of Things" is about fucked_up depressing
people doing fucked_up depressing things to each
other, but it's actually pretty funny in a fucked_
up depressing way. Neil Labute's dialogue is
snappy and indelible - he's a national treasure.

And speaking of Neil Labute, Pittsburgh's BareBones
Production of his play "Bash" was the best (and
only) play I saw this year. Extra creepy points
for when I saw the actor who let his baby suffocate
to death in a blanket dancing up a storm at
eighties night.

Best Sign of the Coming Apocalypse of 2003:
Everything

Best Fuck of 2003: Your mom

You know what was great this year? The Sonic
Youth show at the Arts Festival. Who knows what
they played, who even fucking listened? It was a
beautiful day, the sun was setting over the river,
and everyone you know was there. My inner faggot
demands that I mention Belle & Sebastian's "Dear
Catastrophe Waitress" as the best album I bought this
year. "Twee" for points.

My crystal ball for 2004 displays red blood, purple
pills, bald_faced lies and fiery mushroom clouds. In
short, the beginning of the end.

C) A nonsensical interview with Nora Webber
— a sophomore at Pitt who was not prepared
to be interviewed.

Deek: So, what's the best album you bought
this year?

Nora: What?

D: CD. This year.

N: Who... I guess... I haven't really bought
any CDs this year.

D: You're lying. I can see it in your eyes.

N: Really?

D: No, not really. But think back. This year,
we were inundated by some music by... the
Counting Crows. You seem like a Counting
Crows person. Do you like the Counting...

N: Well, I guess, yeah. Did Beck come out this
year?

D: Yes. See? Liar.

N: Okay, so I bought Seachange, by Beck and...
um... Alive from Mera, by Ben Harper and... oh
yep, Rush of Blood to the Head, Coldplay

D: Excellent. How about favorite movie.

N: Kill Bill, definitely. And Insomnia was
okay, but also kinda sucked.

D: Name someone else who really sucks.

N: Pink

D: Who do you think needs pee'd on from the
media this year?

N: ...

D: People have been saying, for example,
George Bush.

N: (shyly)...I like George Bush

D: Oh.

N: Pink Works.

I haven't bought any CDs this
year. Recently bought:

1) Seachange, Beck
2) Alive from Mera, Ben Harper
3) Rush of Blood to the Head

Worst: I didn't really buy any
that I didn't like beforehand.

Movie: 1) Kill Bill 2)

Okay movie: Insomnia

Stephanie Weidner

hate sites on the internet in—

Warning! Gospel Preaching Ahead! Clarissa Milanoid

I mean, I thought there was a chance the Big Guy would burn me for my casual drug use, binge drinking and overall skepticism regarding religion—but I never thought I’d go to the Eternal Pit for having a dick-free diet. Apparently, I was wrong. See [www.godhatesfags.com](#).

According to Fred Phelps and Westboro Baptist Church, I am one of the many faggots “fueling the fire of God’s wrath.” I am an impenitent Sodomite, one of Satan’s minions, and a member of the modern homosexual militant movement. I have a contract with the Dark Prince and damn it, I didn’t even know it. Neither did my mom, and boy is she gonna be pissed when she finds out.

The thing about godhatesfags.com is that it’s so ridiculous it’s just funny. For example the website features the game “Fags vs. Kids” where you must place exactly five sodomites (represented by pink swastikas) and three kids (baby bottles) on a puzzle board, such that the sodomite can’t get “his filthy hands on the kids.” But be careful! If you’re wrong, a warning comes up saying, “Oh my goodness gracious! A filthy sodomite can get one of your children! Try again!”

Now that’s good old-fashioned values for you.

But for every overly traditional psycho-Christian church from the mountains of Kansas there is an equal and opposite neo-fag-loving online Christian church. In other words, there is hope. And this hope comes in the form of [www.godlovesfags.com](#).

There isn’t really much to say. Reverend Ray says it’s “okay to be gay” and backs it up with some Bible verses. The interesting thing about godlovesfags.com is that its links page lists links for Mormon, Muslim and Quaker gays. I’m pretty sure that Christians — by Christian law — believe they’ve selected the correct religion, right? You know, that whole “do not put any other gods before Me” thing? So the way I see it, godlovesfags.com is pure retaliation. It’s a bunch of pissed-off gays with too much time on their hands.

Besides, if you’re liberal — cool. If you’re a Christian — cool. But if you think that you can mold the two into some sort of heightened state-of-consciousness, then you’re pretty much fucked because the two tend to cancel each other out. But once you get rolling on the crazy Christians, you can find some pretty funny stuff. Case in point: [www.christiangallery.com](#).

This has got to be the mother of all anti-abortion sites. They’ve got pictures upon pictures of “dead babies” (read “Cabbage Patch dolls covered in ketchup”). They’ve got eyewitness accounts of dead babies found in trash bins and floating in jars. They’ve got a hit list of abortion doctors — with the dead ones crossed out.

I guess that’s the not-so-funny part

of the site. It could be the reason that Planned Parenthood sued them. Or maybe it was because supporters of the site were stalking abortion doctors and staff.

The site promotes the actions of Clayton Waagner — a man who is on the run from the FBI for murder and terrorism, among other things. One page even has a place for “coded (and not so coded) information for Waagner.” The freaky thing is that the first message for Waagner is from Dennis Roddy, who is a columnist for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. Isn’t he? I don’t know if this is the same Roddy we know and love,

Now that’s good old-fashioned values for you.

but he has an address and phone number on the website. So either the whole thing is nonsense or Roddy’s not really looking out for his well-being.

On a somewhat less weirdly-psychotic note, this Clayton Waagner guy has been captured, according to a few footnotes on the Christian Gallery page. He was caught at a Kinko’s while reading the website. Seriously. If you’re one of those people who likes to look at dead babies, [armyofgod.com](#) is your ticket to paradise. The site itself isn’t that interesting, but their dead babies page is primo — they’ve even named the little guys. Unfortunately, if you’re looking to be appalled you will be greatly disappointed — it’s painfully obvious that these pictures are fakes. But I will admit they make great conversation pieces.

I know, I know...you’re

thinking, “Wow, Jill, you have really brought us the best in homophobic and anti-abortion extremity. What more could there possibly be?” Fear not! I have one more.

Remember those guys in white sheets? You know, the ones with the funny dunce hats who liked burning crosses and lynching anyone who isn’t white or Christian? That’s right kids: The Ku Klux Klan is still around. Gone are the white sheets. Gone are the burning crosses. Now the Klansmen don suits and ties. Their aim is political power and to gather support for the “White Rights Movement.” They want white Christians to support them and get a Klansmen to Presidency.

If you want to know what the Klan is about, it can pretty much be narrowed down to the essentials: they want prayer in schools, segregation of blacks and whites, homosexuality to be a crime, and women’s liberation to end. Oh, and they don’t like Jews either. See [kkklan.com](#)

So they pretty much hate what makes us human: diversity. As Freud would say, “Veddy intedesting.” As I would say, “That’s fucked up.”

Seen any interesting websites recently? Send what you found to [words@deekmagazine.com](#) and we’ll give you a cookie.

Chinese Space Program

Andrew Janik

In a move that has left stand-up comedians across the country stricken with the wide-eyed look of wonderment of a child in a candy store, China sent a man into orbit last week. That’s right, kids—the country that gave us such great technological and cultural advancements as the fortune cookie, the cardboard food container with the little metal handle, the Great Leap Forward, that kind of round, pointy hat that all the rice-farmers wear, and the kung-fu movie has now joined Russia/the USSR and our very own U.S. of A. as the only countries ever to launch a man into space. There’s no word yet on whether sweatshop labor was used to produce the orbital capsule, but judging from the pictures I’ve seen of it, it’s definitely worthy of bearing a “Made in China” stamp. If there were such a thing as the Dollar Store of Space Vehicles, that’s where I’d assume they acquired it. Or perhaps the director of China’s fledgling space program bartered some egg rolls and a goat for it in the dimly-lit back room of a Shanghai dry cleaners/whorehouse, after several heated minutes of heckling with an elderly, fu manchu mustache-sporting shady character eerily reminiscent of world-renowned actor Pat Morita.

Despite all that, the ramshackle craft did manage to transport the first Chinese astronaut into space and back to Earth safely, which I suppose puts them ahead of our own vaunted space program at this point. Perhaps our multibillion-dollar shuttles, chock full of fancy-pants “computers” and whatnot, are just too complex. If we could rig some sort of giant slingshot, along with a giant mattress as a landing zone, we could forego the spacecraft entirely. Then again, what works in the Far East does not always work here—let us not forget the horrible outcome of Hollywood’s decision to put Jackie Chan in movies such as Rush Hour where is expected to actually deliver lines, rather than just kicking people and performing acrobatic hijinks for the entire film.

There are some who predict that a second “Space Race” will ensue, with the US struggling to regain its crown as The Country that’s So Technologically Advanced, it Traveled to the Moon and then Lost Interest. That could make for an interesting state of international affairs, but I just don’t see it happening. Our country is too caught up in Not Letting the Terrorists Win to worry about possibly losing to some lousy commies in a Space Race Part Deux. I’m not sure the cable news outlets could handle simultaneously covering a War on Terror and a Space Race. They’d have to add a second line of scrolling headlines at the top of the screen, and Geraldo Rivera’s head would explode while fervently trying to decide which topic to make up stories about. The government would have to issue color-coded Space Race Warning levels, using different colors than the Terrorism Warning scale to avoid confusion. Presumably, they would range from Chartreuse (meaning, “No need to fear, the delivery boy with their capsule’s top-secret navigational equipment fell off his bicycle!”) to Magenta (meaning, “Egad! Those short bastards are headed to the moon!”). Of course, if Al-Qaeda starts launching guys into space, then we’d have no choice but to start a race, but I don’t see that happening any time soon.

Anyway, there was one tidbit of information in the news accounts of China’s orbital adventure that seems to have slipped under the radar. Yang Liwei, the lucky man selected to be China’s first astronaut, told reporters that he was unable to see the Great Wall of China from his capsule. Of course, the ability to see it from space has been part of the Wall’s mystique for decades. Either this guy was too busy trying to eat astronaut food with chopsticks and thus wasn’t looking hard enough, or another popular myth has been shattered. I, for one, am shocked and saddened. What’s next, will the prime minister of France say that no one really wears berets anymore?

MADLIB

Write your own Bush Speech!! Think about it, it can’t possibly be any worse or any less intelligent than one of our fearless leader’s very own. So give it a shot! Simply replace the numbers with the correct type of word as listed below!

- 1. Adjective
- 2. Number
- 3. Number
- 4. Adjective
- 5. Noun
- 6. Past Tense Verb
- 7. Adjective
- 8. Adjective
- 9. Adjective
- 10. Verb ending with –ing
- 11. Noun
- 12. Noun
- 13. Past Tense Verb
- 14. Country
- 15. Verb
- 16. Country
- 17. Plural noun
- 18. Past Tense Verb
- 19. Adjective
- 20. Adjective

“Mr. Secretary-General, Mr. President, _____ ladies and gentlemen: We meet _____
_____ and _____ day(s) after a _____ attack brought _____ to my country, and to the citizens of many countries.
Yesterday, we _____ the _____ lives taken that _____ morning. Today, we turn to the _____ duty of
_____ other lives, without _____ and without _____.

We have _____ much in the last year — in _____ and beyond. We have much yet to _____
_____ in _____ and beyond. Many _____ represented here have _____ in the fight against
_____ terror — and the people of the United States are _____.”

THE Underappreciated

is
an anomaly,
a glorified
freakshow, a genius, an
academic of the heart,
a weirdo, a special sot,
a friend, a foe, someone
whoknowstoomuch,
or, maybe, too little.

The Underappreciated Scholar: How to Drop the Upper Deck

About six months ago I was dealing business with this dude. I'm not really at liberty to say what the hell I was dealing, but it's nothing you need to know and, in case you were curious, I don't talk to him anymore anyway. So, this guy—we'll call him Clive—he got in my craw, pissed me off real nice right before the last time I ever saw him. Story goes, I told him to stay away from my sister and, well, he didn't. So I'm pissed. And I'm trying to think of something awful to do to this clod when it dawns on me that I'm a pretty sick fucker—my insides are screaming, I'm sick as hell. Why? Because, last night, I ate a huge Mexican meal, complete with refried beans and spices and all that garbage, and now it's starting to, like, make it's way down the alley, if you know what I'm saying. So I take a ride over to Clive's house and I knock on his front door, holding my crotch, wincing, making pained noises. He opens up and I'm like, "Yo man, I need to use your facilities, pronto."

The prick laughs and goes, "Hey man, you talking oon-say or deuce?"

And I'm like, "Let me in motherfucker. This is one serious national emergency dump we're talking here. I can either let it fly right here on your porch, or you can let me use the damn John."

He lets me in. Bad idea.

The key to an effective Upper Deck, see, is the element of surprise. You gotta just march right up them stairs or into that other room and get in the bathroom like all you looking to take care of is nature's business. Then, you walk in, lock the door, stroll up to that toilet and put the seat down all the way. Cover and everything. And keep real quiet when you're doing this; if you're going to make any noise, it better be strained groaning or something.

Now, here's where the Upper Deck comes in. You know the reservoir of the toilet? The big ivory box tacked to the back of the bowl? Take the lid off that thing and set it gently on the ground, making sure not to let the linoleum floor tiles and the lid clank up the room with noise. Cause that's a real deal breaker—everyone'll know something's up. Once you got the lid off and on the ground, unzip your pants (take them off, if you have to) and climb onto the toilet seat, like your going to take a step up to a higher toilet bowl. And be careful, put the seat down or something, cause you don't wanna fall in the damn toilet. Once you're up there, crouched over the upper deck, drop the smelly kids off in the reservoir, just like you're using the pot. When you're done, put the lid back on, lift the seat cover, clean yourself down real good and put your pants back on.

Now, when I did this, I wasn't in Pittsburgh, and I was getting ready to move anyway. And I figured I owed it to Clive—a nonviolent fuck you from Arthur Face, for my poor, desanctified sister. Right before I skipped town though, I ran into Clive and thanked him for letting me use the John. He didn't say anything about the Upper Deck, but, damn, he smelled awful.

Deuces wild,

Arthur FACE

At
th

P.S. If Santa Claus gets stuck in your chimney this year, just make a fire in the fireplace and burn his ass out. Remember, he's not real, so if he starts screaming, call the police or the paramedics, cause either you're bein' robbed, or you're a lunatic hearing shit that's not there.

BORIC ACID
POWDERED
(Boracic Acid)
U. S. P.

As an eye wash, dissolve one tea-
spoonful in a glass of warm water
and bathe the eye. Powdered Boric
Acid may be freely applied to
burns and minor skin irritations.
CAUTION: Not for internal use or
use as a Mouth Wash, Eye Wash
or Douche.