



deek magazine
The Red-Pencil Incident
February 2004

to

Dear Deek,

I have a problem with identity labels that I need some help with. Physically, I have large breasts and a vagina, so naturally I fit the label of “slut.” But then, since I’m Irish, I feel I need to drink more. So if I drink more and then shrink, I guess I’d end up being a short, Irish slut, but since my dad’s brother is full German, should I have been referring to myself as Helga for the past five years? Or is that only if I regularly eat tacos? Self-identity is quite a confusing process. Please help.

Signed,
Danny Pintauro of Who’s The Boss fame

Dear Deek,

To Pornographers Everywhere,

This is a formal complaint to all the purveyors of pornography that sullies celluloid, printed periodicals and the world-wide-web (This includes Deek Magazine, which is one of the most insipid offenders of the raunch arts). Me and people like myself have been systematically stereotyped and ridiculed since dirty scribbling lined Neolithic caves, to the present digital age. I have spent a lifetime enduring the pain caused by how I am depicted and can tolerate no more. During the hey-day of the feminist movement, I felt assured that I would have my day in court, but there ha been not a mention of my plight. I am writing this knowing that my cries of injustice may forever go unanswered, but I can no longer be censored. I am a man who just happens to have an enormous penis. And I am tired of being depicted in pornography as this fun-loving-hard driving, cock of all trades.

Sure I can golf with it, use it as a floatation noodle in an aqua-related emergency, and hang swings with it. And, of course, I can go long and sturdy all night long. But that isn’t all of me. I am not just a duct-like appendage to be rolled in when the cheerleading squad is ready to get their hot sweaty love on. I am a person. I work hard delivering packages (please no puns, they sting); I have a great passion for my volunteer work packing my own salami (I’m serious, keep the lewd thoughts to yourself) for underserved young widows, and I enjoy showing off my enormous ramrod collection at parties and state fairs. I tell people this and immediately they get the wrong idea. I don’t bed six, seven, even ten girls a night with my stupendous shank muscle, as your magazines and videos would have the world believe.

You pornographers may be surprised to know that people like me spend a good deal of time contently alone. I myself would rather sit at home listening to acid jazz while polishing my ramrods than donning a pair of overalls and stopping by some buxom young thing’s home to “lay some cable.” There are also the medical and aesthetic concerns. I suffer from lower back pain, which none of your magazines seem to recognize in your three-on-one front-door/back-door pictorials. I see literally hundreds of ads for penis pumps but scant none for concealing a mamba-jamba meat missile. I have to wear a hand-made penile girdle for fear my unfettered bulge will scare those children and individuals who only come up to waist height. Though I am proud of what nature gave me, I would be a fool to not acknowledge that having a “one-eyed python,” is, at best, a blessing and a curse.

My point is that the quiet, sometimes tumultuous lifestyle a club-carrier like me endures never makes page fifty, let alone page one of any of your cursed medium. If it were up to you, I would be choking the deep throats of six-foot red-headed Asian porn queens, rather then soaking the old lumbar region in sea salts and eucalyptus extract.

And don’t think I absolve those monstrous crank veins in these mags. I am sure there are a few, who were persuaded, not knowing that their thickosaurus would be displayed with all the decorum of a Peruvian hump-hump bar. But there are others out there, abusing their elephantine bough for www.jesuschristthatisonehugewanker.com and the like. I feel sorry you. We can be different. Did Milton Berle rap his John Thomas around the waist of a barely legal Russian stripper? Does James Wood spin trailer trash sluts whilst performing such great films as Diggtown. Mammoth men everywhere, if we are ever to be taken seriously, we must stand on all three legs and say ‘No, I am more than my pulsating chub master. I am more than a ‘good time willie with inches to spare.’ I am more than waves and waves of semen on a woman’s breasts. I am more than a flesh lasso, reeling in the MILF of the day. I am a person, and I have feelings much stronger than the tingling at my tip. I have dreams that don’t call for tubs of anal lubricant. Look me in my eyes world. See me for who I am. Tripods of the world, join me, it is time to unite, against the oppression dealt us far too long!

—T.P Hunkastuf

Dear Deek,

“It Shall be said I Died for Judy”

it shall be said i died for you, oody oo; then quick, grisly woman of Canada,
oooh uuudy ooody oooooooooody twice, my oooooooooody jaaahuuuuudy ooody;
im lost like a playa, without my ice, to be adjudged as— wilful manada;
Mike. ooh;
to be hung up within the liquid air, for all the brane cells which I in vain have wasted;
to be through jaaaaah britta waters cleansed fair, for those dark clouds which have my looks pasted;
to be condemned to everlasting fire, because at Deruki’s fire I wilful bent me;
and then naked for stinky dumps in mire, my uuuuuddy uuuuuudy ooh. among so many plagues which shall torment me,
one solace i shall find, when I am over, -- Judy, Judy, Judy, Joo, my lover...

Dear Deek:

I want to thank you personally for the War Incident and speaking out, at least in part, against the Bush administration. Impressive work.

Katherine Johnson
Lawrenceville

Dear Deek:

Deek could never be labeled as spam, since the phrase “enlarge your cock” or “cum see my website, I’m barely legal” have not been in the subject line. Yet. Right?

Sarah Goyak
Cranberry

Dear Deek:

I want to pose nude for you! Tell me when and where!

Jason B. Lancaster
Oakland

from

Sirs:

Censorship. “Red-pencil,” in case you’re inebriated, is a euphemism for corrections and revisions performed by a censor — a professor for example, editing a paper, marking it up, scribbling over words with angry looking red marks. Furthermore, any institution that relies on large-scale, safe public relations to keep their image clean is likely to hide 98% of their product to sell that beautiful remaining 2%. You understand this idea. That said, as editor to an institution whose public relations work can be aptly described as a “fucking fiasco,” I feel it is my duty to inform you that Deek Magazine put a big ad in a massive local newspaper a few weeks ago that said something like:

“Nude models needed for aggressive publication. All shapes and sizes. Anonymous. Also accepting ideas, words, fame, power, greed, lust, sex, money. Contact Nova at 412.555.9576.”

So, of course, I’ve been getting all these obscene phone calls. Like, for example, some guy keeps calling who, when I pick up, will cough heavy into the phone for a few seconds, then say, “The world will end soon. Beware.” Then he’ll hang up. Understand that this is a very persistent man; yesterday he called 6 times. Anyway, this morning he calls at 7am, wakes me up hacking into the phone, and I recognize his spiel, but instead of the usual, he says, “Hell is a hot flame. May you and your kind burn in it.” And this time he stays on the line and breathes at me for a good while. So, confused, I say, “Do you want money? Some... food?” and he interrupts me saying, “Listen to the Lord.” Then the line goes dead. He calls again. Same deal: “Hell is a hot flame” and blah blah blah, hang up. I don’t say anything, but I’m getting real mad. He calls again and just laughs wicked into the phone, like HA HA HARR, and, this time, I say, “You fucking stupid son of a bitch.” He hangs up. This happens three more times in the next two minutes. So I’m angry now, thinking of who I can call to get this piece of trash in trouble when the phone rings again and I pick it up and I say “Fuck you YOU FUCKING STUPID FUCKING BASTARD,” and after I say this I hear a tiny, confused “hello?” It’s a child’s voice.

“Oh fuck,” I say. “Who is this?”
“Hello,” she says, “Um... Mr. Nova?”

Turns out it’s a third-grade girl at Tale Elementary who I taught in East Liberty last summer. She’s calling me from her classroom (on speaker phone no less) with her teacher and the rest of the class on the line, to wish me a happy birthday. The call is profoundly bleak; the teacher, Mrs. Reilly, gets on the phone and I get railed about manners, tact, courtesy. My ego bursts like grapes run over by a tractor-trailer.

The obscene phone call guy rings about ten minutes later and I want to tell him the entire story, get him involved; I want to tell him that I have learned new ideas, that I have seen a new light, that I have been transformed and rewarded by his mind-bending stupidity and that I will be more careful with my words from now on. But he’s being predictable and, for some reason, I feel a huge sense of relief when he tells me to burn in hell before the line goes dead.

For you, we have a good magazine this month. Lots of variety. Ferris Harris will be back next issue. He ran into some trouble in the desert this month.

With love and squalor,

Nova Keenan
Editor-in-Chief

Call out

LOOK WHAT DEEK DID FOR ME!
WHAT CAN DEEK DO FOR YOU?

HAVE SOME WORDS (or anything else) FOR US?

Send that shit. And send your art and your fiction and your true tales and your power and
your money and your fame and your brilliance and your _____
(add your own)

next month: The How-To Incident
send works to _____

words@deekmagazine.com.
Seek more at deekmagazine.com.

OR
NOVA KEENAN
P.O. BOX 7502
PITTSBURGH, PA 15213

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THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR

BY CLARE DROBOT

She fingers the scars running along
the downy underside of her breast
looking at me with new found talent, as if

I hadn't warned her. I try and look sympathetic,
but I catch a glimpse of her underwear
reflected on the tasteful marble floor.

"Look, Honey, not everything can be perfect."
The scars will fade." If she's lucky she might
even get a year or two of beauty before

the hardness set in. But she's already hard. You
can see it in her face. I didn't do anything but
make her harder. At least she can still cry, and when

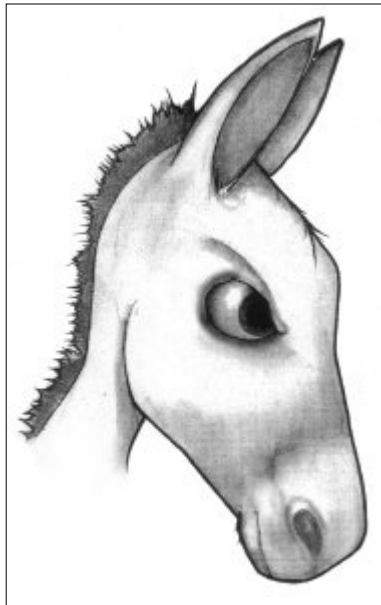
she does the most perfect tears will caress her face.
I always make sure they can still cry. It's a point of
honor in my field, they'll say a lot about me when I'm done.

"Old Jenkins, what a fucking sleaze" "Yeah,
but the eyes he did." "Shit you couldn't
even tell." And in tranquil pit of silicon in

the 15th circle of hell, (made especially for
doctors who got rich), I'll be smiling my
crooked smile. Back in the room she puts on her

little white tank top. Her bronze skin crackles
reminding me of a thanksgiving turkey. My mouth
waters. She tilts her chin up and looks down her short
delicate (sweet sixteen present) nose at me.

I just laugh and hand her the bill.



ASS

BY NATTY SOLTESZ

In these trying times, when democracy in the United States is, in my opinion, being wiped out — when the simple notion of a democratic union is beginning to seem like fiction, it is important to remember the little things that unite us all as humans. For example:

- Our ability to express ourselves creatively,
- our capacity for love and
- the fact that each and every one of us has an ass.

Yes — an ass. An ass that can be stimulated, penetrated and loved. What could be more democratic than the concept of ass-fucking? Everyone has an anus to use any way they see fit! And just like the democracy we endure in America, everyone can get fucked.

Yes, I do believe there is something quite beautiful in the fact that each and every human has the right and the ability to have their sphincter pounded into oblivion. Ass sex can be a tremendously exhilarating and transcendent experience. It bridges the gap between sexes because it allows males to feel what females feel — invasion. To get fucked is to feel the power of enveloping another human being, of drawing them into one's self.

Not to mention that it bridges the gap between cultures in a world where diplomatic relations among nations are strained to near breaking point. Ass sex has always been quite prevalent in Arabic cultures, and think of how many lives could be spared if, instead of terrorizing other countries with bombs or other forms of attack, we could all just fuck each other in the ass and get out all our aggression that way? This is a dream I have.

Straight white men, are you listening? You are the ones who run this world after all, and perhaps it would do you some good to feel things are at the other end of the stick... so to speak. Perhaps it would do this world a bit of good if you got your girlfriends to peg you. At the very least, you should buy yourself a nice rubber dong and slide it up your asshole. Maybe, if you did, the world would be a better place.

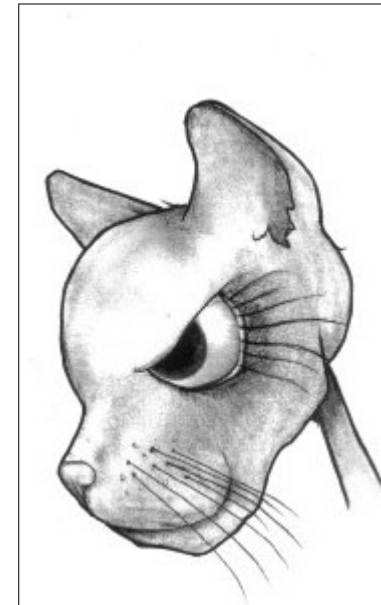
Don't you agree?
(If so please address correspondence to:
Nathaniel Soltesz
364 S Atlantic Ave #4
Pittsburgh PA, 15224)

Vaginas are great, really. I mean, pussy definitely trumps ass in certain obvious arenas (less muss, less fuss), but when you get right down to it, isn't pussy pretty exclusive? Only one half of the population has one. The vagina is an elitist orifice, and elitism has no place in a democracy (at least not in my opinion).

The way I see it, if you really believe in democracy and want to make the world a better place, you should be willing to make sacrifices, and one of those sacrifices should be your ass. If you are a true American and you believe in democracy, there is no way you can not believe in the unifying force of the anus. You're either for us, or against us.

So everybody — black or white, rich or poor, female or male (and especially those straight males out there) — your anus is essentially your badge of freedom and democracy. Remember, freedom isn't free. Let's show those terrorists and haters of democracy our strength by taking it up the ass like the powerful nation we know we are.

And remember to relax. It hurts less that way.



PUSSY

BY BRENNA WEINER

So what if females belong to a vagina-exclusive club? The Vagina's exclusivity is its power — its triumph! Think about it. Which is worth more: mass produced paintings on the walls of every dentist's office in the country, or art that's rare, unique, chic? Is it not true that the rarer flower produces the sweeter smell? Girls have vaginas, thus, they are special. And because they have this precious flower waiting passionately for you, moistening as you approach, begging you to come forth, luring you in... Doesn't that automatically make vaginal sex better? Just give it a kiss and it will dampen. Kiss it again and it will enshroud you, cloak your pain, your problems and your agony in a blissfully wet cavern of passion and joy and erotic pleasure.

Another point: Vaginas are not the antithesis of democracy. I know a few vaginas that are open to the whole world. No elitism there.

Furthermore, ass sex leads to ruptured colons, which are... much more disgusting than you think. They're called Ass Tulips. Go ahead. Look that up on the internet. Then we'll see how democratic your asshole feels. I've seen enough pictures (one) of those awful mistakes to officially turn me off of ass sex for the rest of my natural life. Plus, I have been privy to numerous (unnecessary) accounts from people in surgery who have had to replace the stretched and no longer functional tissues of their anus due to making way too much butt love. They explain that this anal tissue keeps you from shitting when you release tension in your rectal region. Yummy, yes? Anyway, none of that surgery is necessary for vaginal sex because vaginal sex is natural (most of the time, at least). In theory, you can go go go for the rest of your life and never rupture your urethra or uterus. Or even your womb. How do you like that? Huh? Yea. That's right. Bitch.

Also, let's consider the mess factor. There's very little cleanup after sex with a nice, clean vagina. Like you said, "Less muss, less fuss." After you have vaginal sex you can give or get head right away — no one minds any fluid that results from a naturally lubricated pussy. But who really wants to give someone noggin after they just put their penis in your tight hole?

So to sum it up, while I do not look down on any man, woman, or beast that chooses to have their out hole filled, I simply argue that an ass may be a somewhat lousy replacement for a vagina.

Anyone for coffee? A muffin? Bran muffin?

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING...
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HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE GIRLS GONE WILD

—OR—

I CAN HEAR EVERYTHING.

BY JESSE HICKS

“Have you ever tried the experiment of saying some plain word, such as ‘dog,’ thirty times? By the thirtieth it has become a word like ‘snark’ or ‘pobble.’ It does not become tame, it becomes wild by repetition. In the end a dog walks about as startling and undecipherable as Leviathan or Croquemitané.”

— GK Chesterton

“You ever see the back of a twenty dollar bill... on weed? Oh, there’s some crazy shit, man. There’s a dude in the bushes. Has he got a gun? I dunno! RED TEAM GO, RED TEAM GO.”

— Enhancement Smoker (Jon Stewart), Half-Baked

For the trip I had a video camera, notebook, tape recorder, and sketch pad. Anything that couldn’t be captured somewhere among those was probably untranslatable anyway. In the end, these objects proved useless – incoherent gibberish and videotape of my forehead: “Can you see inside my mind yet?” The notebook was only slightly more useful: page after page of relative nonsense like “DEAD EYES” scrawled in inch-high letters.

At this point, a message for the children: Kids, don’t do drugs. And for God’s sake, stay in school.

It started with *College Spring Break*. The audio is a dubbed loop of crowd noise that repeats about every thirty seconds. Somewhere in the middle is a guy saying, “They’ve gone wild!” Every thirty seconds I hear this. Luckily the acid was just kicking in, so it only made my blood boil instead of driving me out of my fucking gourd.

One surprising thing about these girls, who have indeed gone wild, is their shrewd negotiating skills. Don’t expect a show without forking over at least a dollar’s worth of shiny beads. “Beads for bush” may be the motto, but, by law, there’s a business major among every group of drunken co-eds. Her clients won’t just show you the goods — that’d be slutty. If those Native Americans who sold Manhattan for a handful of trinkets had known a Dickinson girl... well, we’d be living in a different world. But the Golden Rule of GGW is this: Whoever has the beads makes the rules. Which makes for long haggles over how many beads will let you “see some kitty.”

Favorite moments: Trying to cross-breed a woman’s breasts and a Reebok Pump shoe; the crowd noise sounding like the fascists at the end of Pink Floyd’s “The Wall.” Direct from my notes:

“Her vagina is like, rolling its eyes.”

Then came *College Girls Exposed*. I can no longer tell who was drunk and who is Southern. It seems impossible, but every girl on these tapes is from Georgia. I used to find that accent attractive, but now, according to my notes, the “Southern accent makes me want to put a gun in my mouth.” Only an hour in and I am feeling the pull of the abyss.

Favorite moment: Girl says, “You can’t see below (female problems)” and the cameraman replies, “That’s ok.” Which begs the question: How many beads to see my bleeding vagina?

Sexy Sorority Sweethearts: Blank spot. I must have zoned out.

Sometime during *GGW: On Campus* I lose the ability to tell one girl from another; it’s all a muddle of jump cuts and flesh. I have gone beyond the tepid, shallow reality of “breasts” and ascended to the Perfect Form of Breasts. They are everywhere — the wood pattern in my door a pendulous bosom. Round shapes = good.

Favorite moment: when I lay back and feel my body float away on a cushion of light, beyond all care or reason, every synapse firing with the spectacular profundity of the universe. Returned to earth by the cameraman (or maybe

God) saying, “Classy girls have breasts too.”

On to *Dormroom Fantasies #2*.

Thomas Merton: “Then it was as if I suddenly saw the secret beauty of their hearts, the depths of their hearts where neither sin nor self-knowledge can reach, the core of their reality, the person that each one is in God’s eyes. If only we could see each other that way all the time, there would be no more war, no more hatred, no more cruelty, no more greed. I suppose the big problem is that we would fall down and worship each other.”

Or, as the lesbians onscreen put it, “Mmm, God you taste good.”

Favorite moment: Tiffany is lying on the bed and can’t get her pants off. Do you know how much she wants to get her pants off? Do you know how much I want to help her? Tiffany and I are one in that moment; I would give my soul to help her out of those pants, because she is beautiful and I am beautiful and we are all one under the gracious, life-giving sun. (Crying, ecstasy.)

I live a thousand lifetimes watching *Dormroom Fantasies #2*.

I watch the earth form in molten fury, see it cool and congeal, turn myself into a primitive protein and spawn the first beginnings of life. Words are fucking in my head. Then I watch *Dormroom Fantasies #4*.

I try to draw you a picture of silence, but something gets lost in the lines. It isn’t the perfection I want you to have. Despair. But something gives me hope, and that something is Natasha, a blonde co-ed taking time out from studying to explore her taut young body. The dumbass interviewer keeps bothering her, trying to get her to say she likes smart guys, but I forgive him. She says, “Ya, I like smart guys, but they just talk too much.” Natasha, I know what you mean! Yes! I want to tell you how much I agree, but I am floating away, so very far away. I want to float towards you, Natasha.










Favorite moments: I write,

“I CAN HEAR EVERYTHING.”

Then I realize there is no “is” — judgments are merely linguistic constructs we mistake for the reality they represent. But the words are not the world. A British girl named Jessie makes a daisy chain with her two friends — their bodies join, the Serpents mold, reunite. They devour each other in a holy Ouroboros of sensuality. The three, now one, say, “We love America,” and my heart overflows.

GGW: Doggy Style. Contemplate masturbation. An interesting, even appealing idea, but one that is very far away. Maybe my body wants to masturbate. It’s right over there, you should go ask it. But right now the five knuckle shuffle would be too much; I would turn into a star, my eyes blazing upward to the heavens on twin pillars of light. I wonder if Snoop Dogg goes away when I close my eyes. I think he is like Santa Claus, or any stone-cold pimp: he exists only if you believe in him. If you laughed too seriously, he would vanish. He says, “Shit a motherfucker will do for some *beads!*” Beads make the world



First drawing is done 20 minutes after the first dose (50ug) An attending doctor observes - Patient chooses to start drawing with charcoal. The subject of the experiment reports - 'Condition normal... no effect from the drug yet'.	
85 minutes after first dose and 20 minutes after a second dose has been administered (50ug + 50ug) The patient seems euphoric. I can see you clearly, so clearly. This... you... it's all ... I'm having a little trouble controlling this pencil. It seems to want to keep going.'	
2 hours 30 minutes after first dose. Patient appears very focus on the business of drawing. 'Outlines seem normal, but very vivid - everything is changing colour. My hand must follow the bold sweep of the lines. I feel as if my consciousness is situated in the part of my body that's now active - my hand, my elbow... my tongue'.	
2 hours 32 minutes after first dose. Patient seems gripped by his pad of paper. I'm trying another drawing. The outlines of the model are normal, but now those of my drawing are not. The outline of my hand is going weird too. It's not a very good drawing is it? I give up - I'll try again...'	
2 hours 35 minutes after first dose. Patient follows quickly with another drawing. I'll do a drawing in one flourish... without stopping... one line, no break! Upon completing the drawing the patient starts laughing, then becomes startled by something on the floor.	
2 hours 45 minutes after first dose. Patient tries to climb into activity box, and is generally agitated - responds slowly to the suggestion he might like to draw some more. He has become largely none verbal. I am... everything is... changed... they're calling... your face... interwoven... who is...' Patient mumbles inaudibly to a tune (sounds like 'Thanks for the memory'). He changes medium to Tempera.	
4 hours 25 minutes after first dose. Patient retreated to the bunk, spending approximately 2 hours lying, waving his hands in the air. His return to the activity box is sudden and deliberate, changing media to pen and water colour. 'This will be the best drawing. Like the first one, only better. If I'm not careful I'll lose control of my movements, but I won't, because I know. I know' - (this saying is then repeated many times). Patient makes the last half-a-dozen strokes of the drawing while running back and forth across the room.	
5 hours 45 minutes after first dose. Patient continues to move about the room, intersecting the space in complex variations. It's an hour and a half before he settles down to draw again - he appears over the effects of the drug. I can feel my knees again, I think it's starting to wear off. This is a pretty good drawing - this pencil is mighty hard to hold' - (he is holding a crayon).	
8 hours after first dose. Patient sits on bunk bed. He reports the intoxication has worn off except for the occational distorting of our faces. We ask for a final drawing which he performs with little enthusiasm. 'I have nothing to say about this last drawing, it is bad and uninteresting. I want to go home now.'	

These 9 drawings were done by an artist under the influence of LSD — part of a test conducted by the US government during it's dalliance with psychotomimetic drugs in the late 1950's. The artist was given a dose of LSD 25 and free access to an activity box full of crayons and pencils. His subject is the medico that jabbed him.

go round. Girls with tongue rings are awesome. Everything is awesome.

Favorite moments: I realize that “izzy” rhymes with itself, so anytime you're freestyling and stuck for a rhyme, put some “izzy” all up in there. I find this incredibly clever.

Dormroom Fantasies #8. My dormroom fantasy has never been, “Hey, this girl's too drunk to unzip her own pants, let's put her in the shower and see if she can keep from throwing up on herself.”

Excruciating sadness — like watching your drunk sister try to be sexy.

How quickly things go from sorta hot to really sad. Huxley: “Embraced, the lovers desperately try to fuse their insulated ecstasies into a single self-transcendence; in vain.” I want to redeem the world. I want to save everybody. Huxley again: “We live together, we act on, and react to, one another; but always and in all circumstances we are by ourselves. The martyrs go hand and hand into the arena; they are crucified alone.”

Slowly now. Swirling loneliness gathering on the head of a pin.

Favorite moment: A girl named Sonya, from Minnesota, who is probably a little drunk, looks at me and I leap in through the mercury of her eyes, part the waters of her being and experience everything that she has been and ever will be.

In *Uncensored and Beyond*, a man on a bullhorn repeats the words, “I think we need a breathalyzer right now!” over and over again. This must mean something. He is talking directly to me, but I cannot understand what he means. Someone, somewhere, needs a breathalyzer, urgently. How does God let things like this happen?

Falling...

There's an almost subliminal crosschatter in the background noise; things are talking to me. I wonder if it's Schumann's Resonance, the pulse of the Earth. The world is saying something just beyond my hearing.

Close-up of a woman masturbating on a boat: I can see the flecks of skin on her ass. I can see the World in those flecks.

The zombies are chanting, “Show us your tits!”

During a gangbang scene, a man says, “I'm gonna jack off on her knee, OK Bruno?” I think this has to be another code. No way could that have really happened.

...down...

More girls from Georgia. That state must shut down during spring break.

Favorite moment: After seesawing between elation and despair, enduring hellish infinities of “What am I doing with my life?” I fall back to Nietzsche's defense of the world, “Did you ever say yes to a pleasure? Oh my friends, then you have also said yes to all pain. All things are linked, entwined, in love with one another.”

Falling...

Tumbling through *Dormroom Fantasies* #5. Two giggly naked girls (probably from Georgia) make sundaes out of each other. They head to a public park and slather one another with whip cream and chocolate. Which is sort of hot, in an abstract way. But it's not really in a dormroom, is it?

...down...

Favorite moment: If you aren't paying attention to the girls, look over their left shoulder, into the tree line just beyond the lake. See that brown blob? That's Bigfoot. And that's also the hottest GGW-cryptozoology crossover ever.

Momentum reaches an end. What goes up must come down, leaving behind the ash of experience, the things you are not allowed, not capable of bringing back. It is what happened between the ears, out there in the place I can never fully explain.

The womb is called *Ultimate Spring Break* and I am squeezed into a fetal position. Protect the soft underbelly. Protect Ashley and Amber, who, after a pretty hot make-out session, tell the cameras that they intended to go to California to become actresses.

Pause.

Then Ashley says, “But I guess that wouldn't be smart now.” And I am thrown into bone-crushing pathos.

Maybe she doesn't mean it, or without the implication that something, for Ashley and Amber and now for me, is over. Something is always ending. Fleeting moments are the only kind, pushing their way over and erasing one another, while all we ask for is persistence, to stay just a little while longer here, together, in a place without beginning or end, away from time and change and pain, together in a little quiet slice of forever. That's all we ask for, but somehow the question comes out wrong and the only answer is not an answer at all, but a fade to black followed by rolling credits and a sinking back into the world.

THE PUNK ROCK EVOLUTION

BY SHANNON NONFICTION

Thepunk rock evolution: To grow from teenager into functional adult in a society where the idea of “making a change” takes more thought than the teenage idea of revolution via “brick through cop car window.”

X called this “year one.” And we were all going to be its “little babies,” but Darby Crashed and left all those unintelligible lyrics and rumors of floor mocking and crucifixing and heroin that were left in a will scrawled above his dangling, lifeless body a la INRI. Even too obscure for a moment... Say Kickboy Face succumbed to cancer in Paris 20 years later, instead of being stomped by motorcycle boots on Hollywood Boulevard while he spouted French insults and tried to get one last hit of wine as the redneck bikers disco jumped on his head and torso.

So it comes to this:

Elvis Costello is a piano balladeer; Henry Rollins collapses into darkness bound by black jogger shorts while he tells overkill stories about his dick; Jello Biafra needs your money in Pat Robertsonian quantities, just like the churches he once mocked. They have all become their fathers...

They are their own worst fears come to light.

They have matured into turbo children... And as this happens, a terminal race of us are forming — lagging punks who are clutching to an idealism of “Jodie fosters army diets” and “staple/fold record distros” from that garage attached to the house you bought off your parents in the “old neighborhood”—your “roots.” We all know it was just so your precious punk rock collector vinyl wouldn’t have to be packaged and un-alphabetized for even one moment.

And the rest of us? Terminal gas jockeys and computer programmers adorned with collar-to-cuff tattoos and piercings replaced with fishing line from 9 to 5. We are the middle class of age — old enough to know a purple mohawk is immature but still not refined enough to know a good vintage wine unless you count that dusty bottle of Mad Dog in the back row of your cabinets.

We are all coping, fingering that 6 month key chain from the world of squats and free beer basement shows. We are gritting our teeth when we realize we are still shopping for clothes by how the black flag butt flap would look on those pants.

I will admit...

I had a relapse. About 2 months ago.

...I got a mohawk...

and... I...

Well... I, uh... I bleached it.

And it was as silly as I could ever imagine; I looked at it one day and said “I actually thought THIS made me look cool?”

But I recovered. And I am the fully functioning man/boy that rants at you today.

I am on that cusp of punk youth and adulthood that can truly go either way for anyone.

Any of us can become a normal adult and dismiss our past as “wild years...” So, what’s the answer? Just like Frank, we can “hang them up on the nail driven into our partners head.”

Or...

We can mutate, become a better functioning strand of the punk rock disease. Through the traps we have to avoid along the way, we can get sharper and more sophisticated as we age. There is a growing chance each year that we will march on to become an utter cartoon of ourselves (see: Johnny Rotten, Billy Idol, and The U.S. Bombs new album cover). Mind you, not all of the once towering figures of punk-rockdom have Saturday morning-ized themselves. No, some have actually held on to what I am writing about — a sense of dignified punkness (see: Joe Strummer(r.i.p.), Paul Westerberg, Iggy Pop). But it’s not even that sense of dignity—

I am sure Johnny Rotten feels dignified cashing his checks and feeling secure. That security is, after all, a sense he probably never felt in a poor English neighborhood.

Same with Mr. Idol (though he deserves his money for attempting to live down that cover of “Mony, Mony”). And I’m quite sure the U.S. Bombs are grateful for the drunken groupies they get to star-fuck back stage.



But now I write this all out, looking for a solution, recalling the immortal call to arms Kickboy wrote in Slash Magazine:

“So this is war, eh?” He wrote that as he seconded the motion for “NO BEATLES, ELVIS OR ROLLING STONES IN 1977!” as originally sloganeered by the Clash. And I agree. This *is* war. I want a return to the true grit of it all — stripped down past revision psychadelica garage revivalists, past the proto funk rappers who incubate the return of a disco strand so deadly we may never recover.

When the coffee cup full of bubbling Iron City Beer doesn’t provide all the inspiration I need, or the X album *Wild Gift* isn’t kicking my ass into high gear, I turn to my copy of *We Got the Neutron Bomb: the Untold Story of L.A. Punk* for a dose of it. Because this is what I believe in.

Can you grow up punk rock and hold your idealism as an adult? If not, what do you shed in the process?

Everything is about change. Newer kids come into it who hardcore it up, and you’re stuck at the back of some hell-hole spilling that over priced beer on your favorite out-of-print shirt as some second rate band plucks out a tone deaf cover of one of your favorite bands songs and... it just breaks your fucking heart. Jello Biafra says it best in this quote:

“Nobody eats their young — or eats their own — the way

punk rock people do. Nothing is ever good enough for the harder-core-than-thou. They’re just like parents; they devour their own.”

And as hardcore parents, we grieve — we mourn the loss of a “good old day” and, thinking back, we see it more like a “daze” the older we get. See, most of us were (or still are) so bombed, blitzed and fucked out of our skulls on every rung of the low priced drug/alcohol rainbow that we end up romanticizing the entirety of our punk youths.

And of course we can grow up punk and become the unsure adults that OUR parents were. Why? Because we are humans just like them and we have the same amount of flaws they had so we all choose our way to continue the punk-ed-ness... Some of us go so far as to stop sniffing glue. We pick up a tie or two, shine our shoes and think about where we will get our tattoos placed, because the unthinkable will happen... we will eventually find the need for a job.

If it hasn’t happened for you yet, live it up.

Because as that immortal bitch of a fuck Claude “KickboyFace” Bessy said in one of the most important pieces written by a punk (So this is war, eh?) “We got advertising from the record companies and then turned around and said ‘Fuck you in the mouth’ to them. Our primary goal was (is) to not get co-opted by anybody — except ourselves.”

MEOW MIX, REVISITED

BY PAIGE MCBEE

Patty the bouncer has been checking my ID for years, ignoring my underage birth date, never acknowledging my face or my name. Here we are, five years later, and I’ve got a job as a bar-back at the bar where she works — the former sight of my nightly sexual exploits. Tonight she looks at me and says, “Hey I know you.”

My first shift, I show up early to soak in the sweaty atmosphere. I’ve got an all-star line up in tow, left over from a celebrity poetry reading earlier this evening — Jack(ie) Lewis, the seminal-dyke-slam-poet-minor-celebrity, and a certain Rock Legend who’s been on my ass all night even though she and my mom are the same age. It’s that kind of night. Jack(ie) gets lost and I don’t see her until later, when she’s drunk and stoned, leaving the bar to fuck her ex-girlfriend. Rock Legend and I head into the VIP lounge where she smokes so much pot I’ve got a second-hand high. We’re talking and she’s spacey, bouncing up and down like a child, reminiscing.

She looks at me and says,
“I’m not looking for
love,” and I feel sorry for her.

I don’t know how to tell her that I’ve found it.

When we walk out of the VIP room, through the crowd of drunken girls, they part for us like the Red Sea. Rock Legend scores us some bottled water and moves up close to me. Bad hip-hop plays loud boom-boom bass through crappy speakers. Rock Legend and I are pressed together by sweaty girls and I can taste someone’s hair in my mouth, feel someone’s hands on my ass.

“I need to get to work soon,” I tell her, side-stepping.

“Walk me to my car,” she says. I don’t know what that means, but I follow her anyway. She’s a sweetheart, lonely under all those tattoos. Her car is a decked-out Lexus, half a block down the street. This is a test. My girlfriend is waiting for me, and I am usually a cheater. The Rock Legend is really gorgeous, and my heart beats fast questions into my brain.

“Get in,”
Rock Legend says,

her eyes glassy and darting in the neon lights of Houston Street. We sit side-by-side, awkward, and for a minute I think she’s going to kidnap me.

“It’s been cool meeting you,” I tell her, my hand on the door handle.

She turns on some classic rock and looks out the windshield. Maybe she thinks about the incredible isolation of this situation. Maybe she looks at me and sees all the groupies she’s kissed — same haircut, same cheekbones. Maybe she really likes me; maybe she felt like the conversation we had in the bar about fame and family was the first time she genuinely talked to anyone in years. Maybe she remembers some girl twenty years ago — a pretty girl, all punk rock and tattoos — that she loved, who loved her back.

Maybe she just really wants to get laid; maybe she’s stoned and horny and I’m a warm body, breathing beside her. She moves in, the moment of truth, and I turn my face.

“I’ll see you around,” I say, as she kisses the skin of my cheek. She says nothing and I slam the door like an exclamation.

Back at the bar, we need ice. I run up and down the stairs to the ice machine that seems to be shitting out one pathetic cube at a time. I stay out of Deb’s way (she’s the bartender with the mohawk). It’s a busy night and she’s tough, but every once in awhile she rubs my head and says, “You’re doing real good, kid.”

All night, girls burn my arms with cigarettes and flirt with me as I pick up their excess cups and broken bottles. An older woman with a martini keeps asking for table service, even

though there are no tables. A younger girl keeps pushing her body up against mine every time I reach around her to grab empty cups. Go-go dancers with vacant eyes drip sweat on me, dollar bills sticky in their underwear. Everyone is fucked up, stoned or drunk, and I finally see the mess I used to be in all those years ago. I kick two girls out of the bathroom who are fucking so hard we can hear them over the hip hop from the bar.

At 4 AM everyone clears out except the sporty dykes doing tequila shots for somebody’s birthday or anniversary or something. Deb wipes down the bar and then takes off, pressing 150 bucks into my hand. She says, “Don’t spend it all in one place,” and then winks. She walks out the open door and I watch as her combat-booted silhouette cuts through dawn in New York City.

I restock the beer, warm under cold, bed of ice on top. I think about Beth while I wash glasses. I think about how, in half an hour, I will walk like a boy through the dangerously deserted streets — Lower East Side to Chinatown. We will find each other at an intersection under a sushi bar. She will look beautiful and tired, messy hair, chunky boots. We’ll kiss and I’ll feel the pulse in her lips.

She’ll ask, “How was your night?” and we’ll find the nearest open subway.

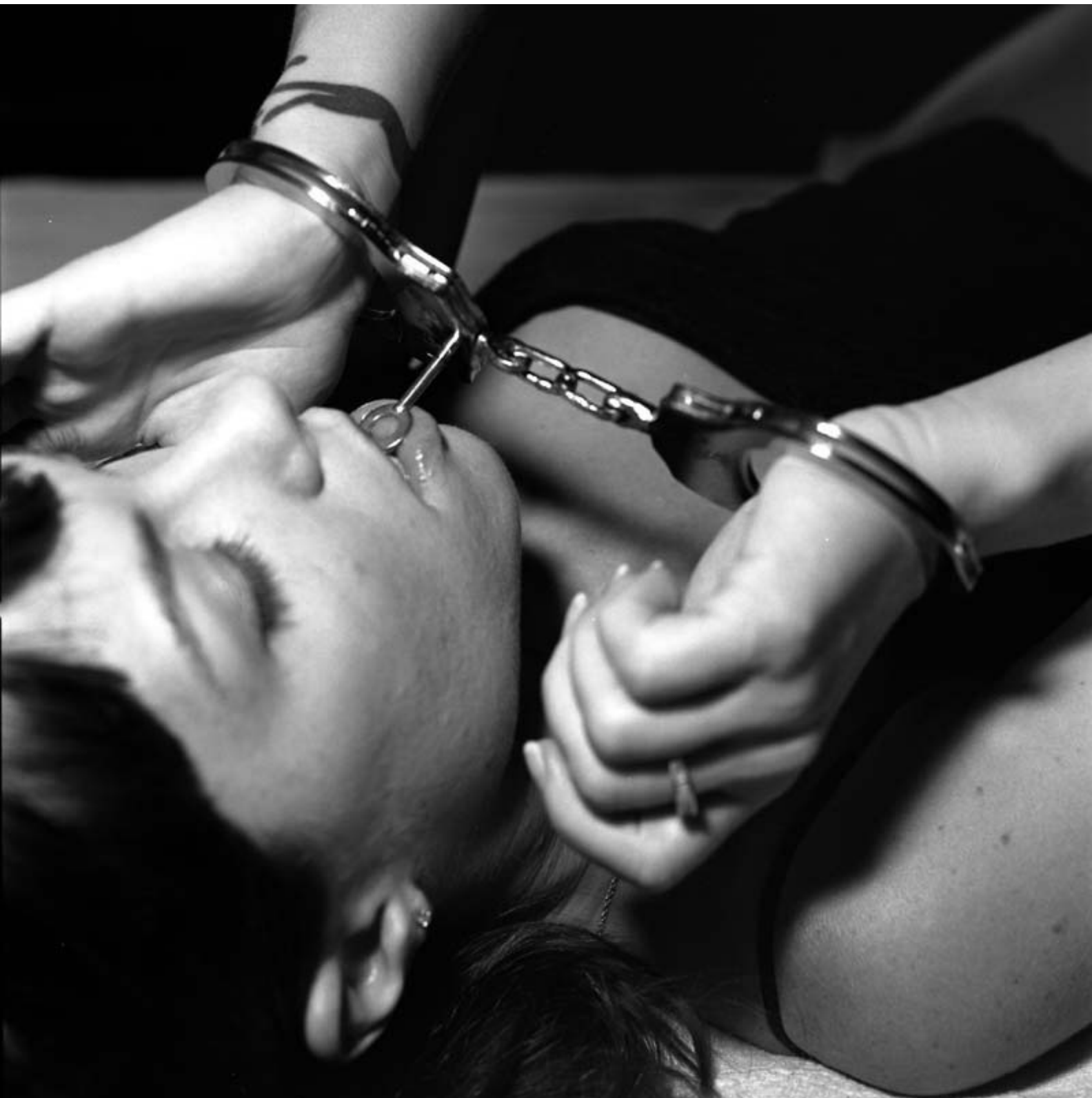
“Uneventful until now,” I’ll say...



And I’ll mean it.



images.



My style has been referred to as compelling, haunting, elegant, sophisticated, thought-provoking.

I have sold prints throughout the US, Canada, London, Scotland, Germany, Belgium, and Italy. I concentrate on art, alternative photography, landscapes, portraits, and portfolio development for models. Limited edition prints may be obtained through the Blue Ruin Gallery in Pittsburgh, PA (www.blueruingallery.com).

I am presently assembling material for gallery exhibit. If you are interested in being photographed and reside near Western Pennsylvania or will be traveling into the Pittsburgh region, I encourage you to contact me.

To schedule a sitting for portraits, candid, or art; for print purchase information; to inquire about rates:

Contact Ethan at 412.596.8900 / ethanmlong@yahoo.com

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ISSUE 10

BY ROBERT
ISENBERG

Transcript: Saturday, Oct. 25, 8:02pm:

{Sound of aluminum can tinkling against the purse’s zipper; sound of her finger pressing a plastic trigger; a click; sound of spray spraying, an acidic geyser slapping against skin, gurgling and sizzling; sound of me screaming, shrieking; the couch’s leather squeaking as it bends beneath my writhing body; sound of moans and gasps, sputtering of nonsense syllables; the sound of my agony as the Mace glazes my lenses, eating at the surface of my eyes, causing me to go temporarily blind. I can see nothing}

S O M A: Shut the fuck up. Enough. Put your hands in the air — in the air, you piece of shit! Do you see this? It’s a magnum. Do you like it? Do you like it pressed on your ugly fucking forehead? I’m happy to use that last paint can in the closet to paint over your brains on the fucking walls. Hey, hey — what did I tell you? Hands in the air. You want to rub your eyes, well fuck you. You rub your eyes when I give you permission. You break into my home? You root through my belongings like this is some kind of cheap museum? Well you so much as squint the wrong way and I’ll blow your head off, I swear to God. Now how did you find this place?

Me, timid, weak: I... I, I followed you.
S: Bullshit. How did you find this place?
M: I’m telling you, I fo—

{Sound of the handle of her pistol thumping against the side of my head, just above the ear}

M: Oh, God!
S: Yeah, lie to me again, you fucking asshole. I dare you. ‘Cause I can hit you many more times before you black out. I can hit you till you don’t even know what you’re saying to me. And I can kill you, doc. Which I’ll do if I feel like it. So really, you’re only hurting yourself. You don’t tell me the truth, you’re only hurting yourself. Are we straight?

M: Oh, God...

{Sound of gun being cocked}

Are we straight on that?

M: Yeah, yeah, we’re straight.
S: Good. Now take off your clothes.
M: What?
S: You’re blind, idiot. Not deaf. Take off your fucking clothes. Everything.
M: Can we just—

{Sound of gun firing; drywall splitting}

M: — Holy shit!
S: That’s right, doc. Holy shit. All the windows are closed and the neighbors are gone for the weekend. Some fall fishing in the Catskills. Lucky them. Not lucky you, ‘cause there’s nobody to hear your die. They’ll tow your car. They’ll wonder why your office is closed. But it’s not like you’ve got a secretary, and it’s not like your hippie freshmen won’t find another dick to fuck. So take off your clothes, doc. Do it.

{Sound of hurried unzipping; wool shuffling; the plunk of garments on the carpet; in the distance, her voice}

S: All right, this way. Stay on your knees. Stay.

In a nightshade of blindness, I step shakily into the bathtub, one leg after another, and sit down, my arms wobbling as I lower myself. The faucet squeaks and the water rushes out, splattering on the porcelain, burning my feet with cold. I shrink away, but soon the water bleeds beneath my ass, warmer... warmer still, until it rises hot around my pelvis, climbing over my ankles and knees, coating my shivering body with a blanketing wet.

Something metal hits the water, sinks to the bottom and clicks.

Put those on your ankle, she says.

I take a cuff and attach it as comfortably as I can, the metal rubbing into my skin — the feeling of pressure on bone. My foot lifts a couple inches as she links the other cuff to one of the twin pipes stemming from the faucet.

The rushing water stops. The only sound is ripples, and then the flicking of a lighter. The cinnamon scent of clove smoke fills the room, following loud exhales. She shifts on the toilet, the closed lid swishing plastic on plastic.

Times like this, she says. Amazing, isn't it? It's like when your prom date rings the doorbell. That sinking feeling, 'cause this is the one chance you're gonna have. You're making history by the second — your own history, something you'll never forget, and you know you'll never forget as long as you live. You're living out the most important moment of your life, and you can't even remember how to breathe. You swallow and it's like you're choking down a throatful of marbles. Your wedding — suppose you have to sneeze when you say I do. Suppose the best man spills wine on his corsage just before the big toast. It's like your first car accident. How do you behave? What do you tell the 911 operator as you're holding your severed arm, bleeding to death in some telephone booth?

Your big monologue in the only play that matters.

Put your hands under your butt, she says. Link your thumbs together.

As she inspects my hands, she blows a gust of smoke into my face; the sugary cloud tickles my nostrils, slinks down my throat; I gag, sputter, choke down air. I feel mucus dribbling down my upper lip, crawling down the side of my mouth.

Her foot touches down next to my knee, followed by her other foot. She squats in front of me, her warm breath mingling with the smoke.

The cigarette fizzles in the water, floats on the ripples and

orbits my chained ankle, brushing curls of hair.

I feel a finger creep beneath my scrotum, then jam inward, just a few inches from my hands. A shockwave of warm pleasure shoots through me, as if my whole body is jump-started with transfused blood; I harden, spring into the air. I am arrested, captivated. I gasp again, my jaw drops open, and I feel cold burnished metal fill the inside of my cheeks; my tongue wraps around the cold cylinder of the gun, the nub at the head poking the roof of my mouth, raking the soft tissue, and in a moment I taste blood.

What I'm touching now, she said, is called the perineum. It may be the most sensitive part on a man's body. Lots of people don't know this. They think because it's so close to your asshole it must be dirty. It should be off-limits, they think. But it feels good, doesn't it? You want to fuck like you've never fucked before. You're all swollen and ready to burst, because, for a man, that's what it's all about, isn't it? Blowing up, shooting your load. Never mind what happens before or after. Never

mind I'm shoving a gun down your throat, that I could turn your head into cottage cheese just by squeezing my index finger. You could tell me anything right now. Doesn't matter if it's true or not. Doesn't matter how much I try to humiliate you. Degrade you. You just want this.

Her fingers form a ring around the head of my penis. One swift stroke and I jolt — my spit spills around the gun's carbine. She put her fingers back, two now, rubbing me until I start to moan.

You can't help thinking about the shape of a woman, she says. You're thinking about the

curve of breasts, the grazing of lips. Biting, clawing. You want the soft pink folds between her legs to swallow you. Envelope you. Coax you further in, till all you can do is push. Push into her all your longing and frustration. Every bad thing that ever happened to you, you just want it out, you want to lose it in the dark of someone else. Isn't that what you want? To leave it all behind in a place that you never have to see again? In the person of some bitch you'll forget? Isn't that right?

My back arches, my head scrapes along the wall tile; she shifts over my legs, then sits down; the water splashes around us; the gun clogs my throat, I choke, a great rush of magma surges through me... And then there's a final swell as I explode, burst, eject from my body; propelled into the void of mist and smoke and cinnamon breath, the sticky stream launches into my navel. I slump down, biting the metal as a luxurious aftershock rocks my hips, forcing me to bounce against the walls of the tub. And in that moment, the darkness becomes darker; the gun loses all taste—

**Issue 10 is an excerpt from S O M A — a novella by Robert Isenberg. For more information on this and other stories, contact words@deekmagazine.com*

IDLE

BY THOMAS
VAN GEMERT

Public radio is begging for money again between the jazz, so Vance shuts it off. It's the weekend and a party is raging in and outside the house across the street. Vance sits up in bed and peers out the window through the blinds. He sees a keg on the porch and boisterous college students standing around chattering on the front lawn with plastic cups.

He takes a sip of tea and sniffs inside the mug again. It smells remotely like cat piss and he tries again to remember where he found the mug in the kitchen. He sighs and, dropping the book he was reading to the floor, puts on the headphones to the police scanner. After sifting through a number of boring phone conversations, he recognizes a voice. It's the girl downstairs, Maureen, complaining to a girlfriend about the loud party across the street. He can't believe it — someone else is rotting in this shit hole on a Friday night. Then she complains about other things like the yellow stains in the armpits of all her shirts and her yeast infection. He stops fondling himself at this point and clicks off the scanner. Standing up, he looks at a blank wall and realizes he must get out of this room or go mad.

Vance leaves his room, heads downstairs, then outside. He trudges next door and finds Kevin sitting on the floor of Matt's room playing a harmonica. Matt always drove to Cleveland on the weekends to sleep with his girlfriend and left his door unlocked. Kevin's own room is dark and dirty and stinks real bad. Vance seeks out Kevin every now and then mainly because Kevin is a bigger loser than he is, and it boosts Vance's ego a little.

"Recognize that one?" Kevin says. He is a filthy creature with matted, oily hair and dingy jeans. His feet are bare and there is always a black scum between his toes.

"No what was it?" Vance mumbles.

"Pork pie hat. You didn't recognize it?"

Vance shakes his head. Kevin didn't have an ear for music but he thought he did, just like he thought he was making it in the world. Vance cracks open the can of beer he brought with him and looks around. Kevin's maroon McDonald's visor is slung over a bedpost — looks like he's making himself at home. The sheets are all ruffled and there is a dark sunken impression in the middle of the bed. Christ, was he sleeping in the bed too?

Kevin keeps playing the harmonica on the floor while Vance sits in a corner on a hard wood chair, lifting the beer to his mouth every ten seconds. The phone rings and they look at

each other. It rings three times before the answering machine kicks on with Matt's lame greeting and indistinguishable tinny music in the background. At the beep a girl begins explaining in a troubled voice how her car has broken down and she is calling from a convenience store she had to walk two miles to get to and...

Vance picks up the phone. He says, "How's it going?" Kevin drops the harmonica and shakes his head rapidly at Vance, mouthing "No no no!" Vance looks the other way.

"Matt?" the girl says. "Is this Matt?"

"No Matt's busy"

"Can you get him on the phone? This is important."

"Matt's busy in Cleveland."

"Oh."

"With his woman."

"What was that?"

"He's busy with his woman."

"Oh."

"Are you one of Matt's women?"

"Who is this?"

Vance can hear Kevin pissing in the toilet across the hall and for a second he considers fondling himself.

"Matt sends his sympathies about your predicament. Do you like movies?"

"Who is this? Is Matt there? Let me talk to Matt."

"Would you like to be in a movie? I have a camera."

"Good-bye, jerk."

The line pops and Vance drops the phone to the floor and picks up his beer. There is only a swig left and he downs it, squeezes the can, drops it on the floor on his way out of the room.

Out on the front porch there is a Chinese man that Vance has never seen before sitting on a chair. A case of beer lays ripped open at his feet. He is staring out across the street at the party. Vance asks for a beer and the Chinese man hands him one and continues staring at the people laughing and talking loudly on the front lawn across the street.

"See that chick in the white skirt?" the Chinese man says. Vance sits down on the top step of the porch, looks at the girl and takes a swig of beer.

“I’m getting her in my room tonight,” the Chinese man says. From inside the house, Kevin’s harmonica can be heard very faintly.

“Do you believe it?” says the Chinese man.

“Eh?” Vance says.

“Do you believe it?”

“Believe?”

“Watch this” says the Chinese man. He gets up and walks off the porch and across the street. Vance throws his empty can into the bushes and grabs another one out of the box. A very shrill note pierces out of the open porch door as Kevin blows forcefully into the harmonica to end his pitiful little song.

Across the street the Chinese man is talking to the woman in the mini skirt. He keeps leaning on one foot and then the other and hammering one of his sandaled feet into the grass. The house next door to the party is all dark except for a dull yellow light in the attic window. A fat man walks out the front door below with a bag of garbage hanging from his fist. Vance recognizes him. One early morning this fat man tried to bust into his room and then stumbled out onto the fire escape. Vance picked up a metal rod out of the corner of his room and tip toed across the darkness to peek out the window.

In the moonlight he could see a large pale ass and a red goateed face grimacing. The next day he found a pile of shit on the fire escape.

The fat man steps off the porch and walks heavily in skimpy flip flops to the parking lot next door. He tosses the bag of garbage into a dumpster and a loud metallic clang echoes out over the empty cars. He walks back into the dark house and Vance hears the screen door slam between the chattering voices of the party.

He takes another big swig and looks back at the Chinese man who is now talking to a tall man instead of the girl. The tall man has his hands on his hips and Vance can’t see his eyes from under the brim of a red baseball cap. The Chinese man is making sharp gestures with his hands and then the tall man shoves him and he falls back tumbling in the wet grass. Nobody seems to have noticed this. They continue their constant chattering. The Chinese man gets up and starts marching back across the street with his nose crinkled and teeth bared. Vance looks down at the porch steps and waits for the sandals to start stomping up them but they never do. He looks up and the Chinese man has vanished.

A minute later a loud engine starts up from the parking lot behind the house. Vance recognizes the revving pattern: two shorts and a long. The same revving he hears 7:55 a.m. every Tuesday and Thursday morning.

The helmeted Chinese man tears out around the house on a motorcycle headed straight for the party. The guests scream and begin to scatter away, full cups of beer sloshing over the

grass. The motorcycle’s chrome cylinders shine under the street lamp as the Chinese man rides across the street and fans the back wheel across the lawn tearing up and spitting out large chunks of grass and dirt. Halting the bike in the middle of the lawn, he revs his signature pattern for a while as a few party-goers, now safe in the house, push curtains aside and peek out the windows with gaping mouths. The fat fire escape squatter walks out onto his dark porch and stares. Then the back tire begins spinning and there are more flying clumps of grass as the motorcycle tears away, shooting off down the street. Vance stands up on tip toe to catch the Chinese man turn the corner three blocks down. He picks up what is left of the case of beer and walks next door to the house he lives in. Maureen’s door is open and there is music playing. Vance looks down at the case of beer he is holding and smiles but then remembers: the yeast infection. Shuddering he walks up stairs to his room and cracks open another can. The public radio people have stopped begging and the jazz plays on.



WHAT I LEARNED FROM A SCUMBAG

BY DEAN YUCK

— Only leave a tip when you’re with a hot chick.

— A good way to dodge the tip is to give your money, the exact amount, to a friend and have him buy the drinks or pay the check.

— Always lie to women.

— Except when they ask you how old you think they are. Then tell them the truth and be accurate.

— When you’re going out with friends, family, or chicks who don’t put out, time it so that halfway through the trip home you’ll get real low on gas. Then say “Uh-Oh, we’re almost out of gas and I have no more cash and I maxed out my cards last week.” If they don’t cough up some dough say “I’ll pay you back next time I get paid.” Of course, don’t pay them back.

— Never give a woman your phone number

— There are two kinds of beer: Drinking beer and Dating beer. Drinking beer is cheap and strong and you buy it in bulk at Beer Arena. Dating beer is the micro-brewed, imported overpriced stuff you buy at bars and resteruants. You buy it only to impress the ladies and you only buy it for the ladies you think will perform lewd acts on you later in the evening.

— Show that special girl how you feel; put your hands all over her.

— Remember, women love a man with a sense of humor. They just wouldn’t fuck him.

— Always tell everyone all about your job, your car, how much money you make, all the hot chicks you’ve had and how great you are, even if you have nothing and have never had anything.

— If you are unemployed or have a shit job just say that you’re a writer.

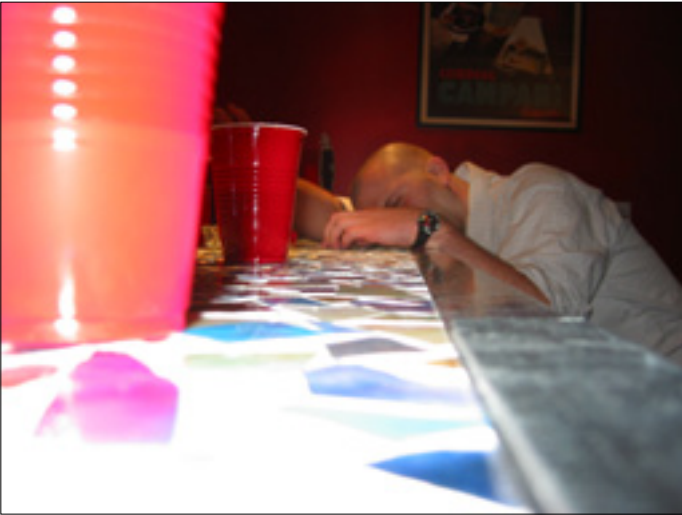
— If they ask what you’ve written say you’re a freelancer who does stuff for small publications that no one’s heard of, like Deek. Or say you wrote a novel that’s 1,058 pages long and you want them to read it. If they ask you who published it, say something like: Squelch Publishing from San Francisco. If they ask you why they can’t find it in any store or the library, say: “Squelch was a small independent press that was going to officially release (insert phony title here) but they went bankrupt when the internet bubble burst.”

— Single mothers and fat chicks are desperate for attention and affection.

— Make your own handicapped parking place card. If anyone questions you, tell them you are picking up/dropping off your wife who has MS and walks with crutches like Jimmy from South Park. Just don’t say the Jimmy from South Park part. Or... Timmy. Or, whatever.

— Just because you’re out with your girlfriend doesn’t mean you can’t pick up chicks.

— You can get condoms at the dollar store.



— If you want to save a buck use saran wrap and a rubber band.

— When you go back to some bird’s place and you bang her and then pass out, leave as soon as you wake up. Don’t wake her, don’t say goodbye, don’t leave a note and remember, locking the door behind you is purely optional.

— Get real drunk before you approach a woman. She’ll appreciate it.

— Women like honesty, so forget the complements and sweet talk — just go for the sexually suggestive comments.

— Help save cash; sneak a couple of cans of Pabst Ice into the bar with you.

— Women think men who bring a flask of liquor with them are inventive, charming and roughish in a Russell Crowe kind of way.

— If a woman performs oral sex poorly, punish her by refusing to give her any beverages. Not even water.

ROOOOO-FUS! :-0 8====D

BY KATIE MAVRICH

Rufus Wainright
Want One
Dreamworks Records
3 out of 4 stars if you want to give it a rating

Truth be told, the first listen to Rufus Wainright’s Want One brought with it disappointment. But with each subsequent listen, the disappointment turned into slight dismay, then to neutral mindset, and then, low and behold, it brought delight.

The openly gay son of the acclaimed Loudon Wainright III has a voice that simply grabs and refuses to let go. The magic of the album lies in songs like “I Don’t Know What It Is,” “Go or Go Ahead” and “Movies of Myself,” where he begins the song softly and crescendos to a powerful climax.

Originally planned to be released as a double disc set simply dubbed Want, the faltering state of the record industry caused it to be separated into two parts: Want One, and the forthcoming spring release, Want Two. If Want Two delivers what Want One does, then buds can’t sprout on trees fast enough.

Not one to stick with your typical rock and roll line up, Wainright employs orchestral arrangements for a whimsical feel. Sometimes it can be mellow and jazzy, as on “Harvester of Hearts.” At other moments, one may think that they have been swept back in time to when the big band era was all the rage with its strong brass instruments and percussion. “Oh What a World” is almost hymn-like, with soft humming in the background and powerful cymbal rolls made with soft mallets.

Not only does Wainright produce an awe-inspiring sound with his latest release, he further proves his brilliance with his lyrics. He pays homage to his family in “14th Street,” where he sings, “You’ve got my lost brother’s soul/My dear mother’s eyes/A brown horse’s mane/And my uncle’s name.” On “Want,” he croons “No I really don’t want to be John Lennon or Leonard Cohen/I just want to be my Dad/With a slight sprinkling of my mother.”

As was mentioned before, Wainright is openly gay, and other lyrics paint the perfect pretty boy picture. In “Pretty Things,” he softly serenades, “Pretty things, so what if I like pretty things.” In “Oh What a World,” he muses, “Men reading fashion magazines/Oh what a world we live in/Straight men, oh what a world we live in.” Oh what a world it is indeed.

RANTS
BY BOB GAVEL

THE WORLD’S LITTLE SKIN QUEEN.

So she got drunk, got married, and then regretted it when she sobered up, below low-cut jeans, and a pretty big PR stunt to sell records, but...

Well, who fucking cares? Eat it up while you can.

The photos inside *In the Zone* (her latest) are enough to make many weak soundtrack at that — but she is the film. After all, it’s Britney artist. And if she marries while inebriated again, we’ll watch the

COCK-ROCK VS. HIP-HOP

About a million years ago, cock-rock was the thing. It relied on sexual defense than the general welfare of the people, cock-rock has gone

Ludacris’ brand of hip-hop reminds us that where rock music seems alternative rock station except... oh God, Eminem), rap is still cock-rock relied on innuendo, Ludacris doesn’t leave you guessing.

Although Ludacris’ Chicken-N-Beer is a barrel of contradictions — time where rock is just not fun anymore, Ludacris reminds you that

WHAT EVER HAPPENED
TO A GOOD OL’ DIRTY
PORNO SOUNDTRACK?

I like my porn to have a plot and a halfway decent soundtrack. However, plot and soundtracks, for that matter, in porn, are like plot and soundtracks in mainstream movies — few and far between. Thus, I hit the streets to find a soundtrack that was worthy of having sex to, but in the end found not much. Finally, I opened up my own vaults and found three movies that seemed interesting enough. Two faired well, and the last quite laughable.

BY JARVIS LUCAS

First up, Vivid film’s “Mission Erotica” — a porno-graphic spoof of “Mission: Impossible,” which stars the beautiful Kobe Tai and my favorite adult star, the voluptuous Asia Carrera, and, thank God, no Tom Cruise. Most scenes are girl-on-girl — like the scene when the two starlets go at each other — but no tongue to clitoris and penetration. Oh yeah, the music. The music’s good. It moves with the film, doesn’t get in the way, and would be decent to hump a little to. But, you won’t be able to find it on CD at your favorite record or porn store.

Second up is my personal favorite, Simon Wolf’s Blue Angel, also starring Asia Carrera. This movie has it all — a plot, a soundtrack and a lot of hardcore action! But not enough of Ms. Carrera — great blowjob one, that would even make a dead man...all right, I’m not going there. Blue Angel is a spoof of a mob movie, and its soundtrack moves and twists with the film, but doesn’t get in the way either. And as far as porn soundtracks go, it rocks a little harder than “Mission Erotica.”

All in all, it’s a great movie —
entertaining, funny and a splendid lesbian shower scene.

This soundtrack would be nice to have while you and your sweetie have a night of hot, sleazy sex... not nice, “It’s our anniversary sex,” mind you, but dirty, hot fuckin’. You know what I mean.

Last, I had to go back to 1974 to find this one. The movie is “2069: A Sexy Odyssey.” The premise of the film is that space women have landed on earth to rub earthlings’ “funny bones” — yep, that’s what they call ‘em — and claim the male species’ seed in order to save their race. You’d think the soundtrack would be as outrageous as the film’s premise, but no. With this cinema classic our girls from Venus take their time getting to business, and the music crawls right along with them. The music tries to be intense, but ends up taking away from the film — not that there’s much to take. It ends up sounding like nothing you’d want to fuck to. Synthesized tones that I guess are supposed to sound futuristic, but in the end, sounds like, well, any other soundtrack from the 1970s.

So there you have it. Porn can have a great soundtrack and a plot, or not.

THE LOCAL SCENE NEEDS A FRIEND: GET OUT THERE AND SEE A LOCAL BAND...

When Todd Porter, the tattoo-covered singer of The Cheats, told a sparsely filled crowd “to fuckin’ go out and see a local band instead of fuckin’ sitting at home and watching TV, or whatever you fuckin’ do,” he was preaching to the choir. Hey, we’re all braving it through the cold to be here. But there’s an unapologetic tone to his voice. The Cheats double-guitar assault is dirty, raunchy punk rock, and he doesn’t have to apologize for anything. So, instead of complaining about there being nothing to do, you should hit the streets and do what Mr. Porter says — before it’s too late.

BRITNEY SPEARS’ IMAGE VERSUS THE MUSIC

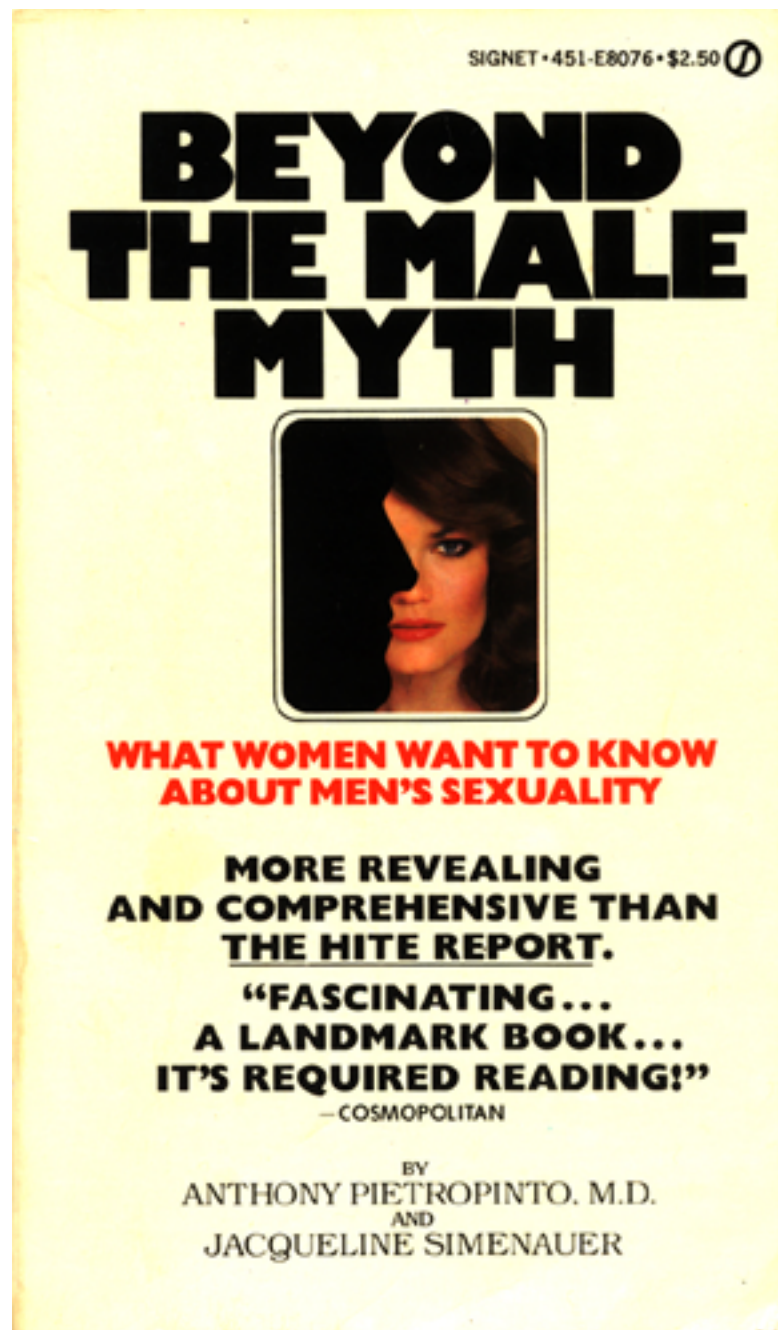
Okay, she’s a wild child. At a glance, it may look like Britney Spears is using her tight belly, the hint of a shaved snatch hiding

folks twitch, but you have to buy the bag before tasting the sugar. And sure, her sultry voice may be the soundtrack — a very — as a sex symbol, as the girl next door, the girl you could have but probably will never — that intrigues us, not Britney the story on the tabloid shows, because in the end it’s all about her, who she’s kissing, and the skin she’s showing. Nothing more.

innuendo to sell records, much like Britney does now. But now, in the age of yet another republican who is more concerned with the way of the mullet. Well, at least in some circles.

to lean toward the PC (see accountant-rock like Train or... anything you hear on Pittsburgh’s local brand X media conglomerate allowed to make folks think more, well, carnally. Hip-Hop has never been absent of in-your-face sex. However, where good-old His brand of hip-hop is so in your face, you can almost smell the chicken and beer on his breath.

one song he’s talking about fuckin’, the next he’s talkin’ about his mother and hard times — in your face ain’t all that bad. In a
it’s okay to not think seriously about music.



REVIEW: “BEYOND THE MALE MYTH”

BY MELISSA MEINZER

Ladies, did you know that it’s okay to have sex before marriage? And that men have emotions too, but mainly they really like to fuck? And and... and, they have conflicted ideas about women stemming from infancy?

Wow!

I thought all they really did was watch football, drink beer and go to work to support their wives, but there is a lot of stuff going on inside their heads — stuff you might never have thought of.

Luckily, your intrepid investigator (that’s me, silly!) found a landmark book (it says so right on the cover) to tell us all about what those man-creatures are thinking. Can you imagine stumbling across such a gem in the Salvation Army? For 79 cents, I got a detailed view into the mind of man.

The book, “Beyond the Male Myth,” was written by a male psychiatrist and a lady writer/editor. Yummy! I wonder if they did any “research” together, if you know what I mean. Hee hee. Anyhow, they went and asked more than 4,000 men a whole lot of questions about making whoopee. It’s all science-y, with a lot of numbers, statistics and hard math, but you don’t even have to read that. I didn’t!

The best part of the book is where they let the men speak for themselves. A lot of the questions were multiple choice (my favorite) and some were essays (yick) but the essays were the best to read.

The boys got to sound off on everything from marriage, cheating, women’s sexual histories, and giving women orgasms. Women can have orgasms? Since when?

One man, responding to the question, “How would you feel if the woman you are having sex with fails to have an orgasm,” said, “If her head is that screwed up I’d just let it go at that.” Since a lot of the other men answering that question seemed to think it was a pretty big deal, I guess that guy is sort of a meenie, huh?

So what’s the big picture? What did I come away with? Well, men all have different ideas about what’s okay for a woman. There were men answering the survey who said they’d rather not marry a virgin (!) so they didn’t have to teach her everything. Some of their dream girls were blonde, some were redheads. One man’s dream girl was “Well built and not a brain in her head,” while another guy’s was, “An 18-year-old virgin nymphomaniac whose father owns a liquor store.” So

really, their expectations are all over the map.

They all have some crazy thoughts when they are little boys, and if you have a son, you may want to stop reading now.

Apparently, little boys love being touched by mommy, and sometimes they get little erections from cuddling!

Then, as they get a little older, they get jealous of daddy, because mommy only wants to fuck daddy. But little boys know they can’t have their mommies or their sisters, so they get confused.

Once they get a little older and start thinking about sex, they have to think of someone the opposite of mommy, someone not bathed in holy maternal light, because thinking sexy thoughts about mommy is bad, bad, bad. So they think of nasty, trampy girls, but they think of them as being nasty and gross and only good for not-being-mommy, and so being available for sex. So that’s why nice boys can’t help but look at the girl in the tight sweater at the church social!

Boys think bad thoughts about those girls, but they marry the nice ones... as long as the nice ones can be skanks in the bedroom.

Yep. Most of the boys wanted their wives to be more reactive in bed, and even initiate contact, at least some of the time. And when they don’t, why, those mean ol’ husbands cheat! In fact, according to this book, about half of all married men cheat, and a cold-fish wife is reason numero uno for most of them.

Boy, it’s getting more and more complicated to be a girl every day. Some men say we have to be virgins, some say we’d better not be. Some men say cheating is never okay, some say it’s their right as men. Almost every man says we better not have smelly hoo-has (and one homo in the survey called it a “hatchet wound! Sheesh!). I guess it’s time to ask mom about that not-so-fresh feeling. And almost every man asked said an ideal wife better know how to cook.

I’m so glad that this book was written. I’m even gladder I found it! Look out, boys, I read all 367 pages and I’m on to you!



Funded in part by the Student Activities Fee at the University of Pittsburgh.

C–NS–RSH–P Q—Z

1. *-n S-pt-mb-r 9, 2003, th- -.C.L.-. f-l-d - c-nst-t-t--n-l ch-ll-ng- t- - P-nnsylv-n-- st-t-t-, m--nt--n-ng th-t th- st-t-t- v--l-t-s th- F-rst -m-ndm-nt. T- wh-t d-d th- st-t-t- bl-ck -cc-ss?*

-nt-rn-t s-t-s -cc-s-d -f c-rry-ng ch-ld p-rn-gr-phy—
C-rt r-c-rds c-nt--n-ng th- n-m-s -f -cc-s-rs -n s-x-l -ss--lt c-s-s—b
St-t- r-c-rds -f d-ct-rs wh- pr-v-d- -b-rt-n s-rv-c-s—c
P-rs-n-l t-x r-c-rds -f st-t- mpl-y--s -nd r-pr-s-nt-t-v-s—d

2. *Th- N.Y.P.D. b-yc-tt-d - r-c-rd-ng -rt-st -n 2000, -s h-/th-y p-rf-rm-d - s-ng -b--t - p-l-c- sh--t-ng. Th-s -rt-st/gr--p w-s c-ns-q--ntly d-n--d - p-l-c- -sc-rt -n N-w Y-rk C-ty, -nd c-ns-d-r-d c-nc-l-ng th- p-rf-rm-nc- -s - r-s-lt. Wh- d-d th- N.Y.P.D. b-yc-tt?*

R-g- -g-nst th- M-ch-n—
P-D-ddy—b
D-x-- Ch-cks—c
Br-c- Spr-ngst--n—d

3. *Th- 1950’s m-rk-d th- f-rst w-d-spr--d -s- -fr-d-- c-ns-rsh-p. Wh-t P-ttsb-rgh -rt-st/gr--p h-d h-s/th--r s-ngs --th-r -d-t-d t- r-m-v- w-rds l-k- “m-ss-” -nd “d-rky,” -r b-nn-d fr-m th- --rw-v-s -lt-g-th-r?*

St-ph-n F-st-r—
Ch-rl-- P-rk-r—b
Th- M-rc-ls—c
R-n-ld “B-ng-” M-ndy—d

4. *-n 1990, -n- st-t- l-g-sl-t-r- -ntr-d-c-d - b-ll th-t f-rb-ds th- s-l- -fr-c-rds c-nt--n-ng lyr-cs th-t -r- v--l-nt, s-x--lly -xpl-c-t -r p-rv-rs-; 20 -th-r st-t- l-g-sl-t-r-s s--n f-ll-w-d. Wh-t st-t- -ntr-d-c-d th- f-rst b-ll?*

S--th C-r-l-n—
M-ss--r—b
T-x-s—c
G--rg--—d

5. *Th- f-ll-w-ng b--ks -r- -m-ng th- T-p 100 Ch-ll-ng-d B--ks f-r 1990-2000 (- ch-ll-ng- -s -n -ff-c-l -tt-mpt t- b-n - b--k). R-nk th-m -n -rd-r fr-m m-st t- l--st ch-ll-ng-d:*

-f M-c- -nd M-n by J-hn St--nb-ck—
Th- C-l-r P-rpl- by -l-c- W-lk-r—
J-l-- -f th- W-lv-s by J--n Cr--gh--d G--rg-—
- Kn-w Why th- C-g-d B-rd S-ngs by M-y- -ng-l-—
Sc-ry St-r--s (S-r--s) by -lv-n Schw-rtz—
S-x by M-d-nn-—
Th- -dv-nt-r-s -f H-ckl-b-rry F-nn by M-rk Tw--n—
-m-r-c-n Psych- by Br-t --st-n -ll-s—
H-rry P-tt-r (S-r--s) by J.K. R-wl-ng—
Th- C-tch-r -n th- Ry- by J.D. S-l-ng-r—

6. *-n -ct-b-r, 2003, th- f-ll-w-ng ph-t-gr-ph (by st-d-nt -rt-st J-hn Tr-b--gh) w-s p-ll-d fr-m - g-ll-ry -t Sh-lt-n St-t- C-mm-n-ty C-ll-g- (-L), -v-n th--gh th- ph-t-gr-ph w-s ch-s-n by th- -rt-d-p-rtm-nt’s ch--r t- b- -ncl-d-d -n th- g-ll-ry. Wh-t r--s-n d-d th- d--n g-v- f-r th- ph-t-gr-ph’s r-m-v-l?*

-t m-y r-m-nd s-m- v--w-rs -f S-pt-mb-r 11, 2001, wh-ch

m-y b- t-- p--nf-l f-r s-m—
-t m-y b- v--w-d -s h-m-s-x--l, -nd -f th- c-ll-g- sh-ws th- ph-t-gr-ph, s-m- w--ld th-nk th-t th-y -r- -nd-rs-ng h-m-s-x--l-ty—b
- K-n d-ll dr-ss-d -p -s - f-r-f-ght-r m-ght b- v--w-d -s -n -ns-lt t- l-c-l f-r-f-ght-rs—c
-t’s - l--sy ph-t-; w- c-n t-t-lly t-ll th-t th-s- -r-n’t r--l p--pl- -r -nyth-ng -nd, l-k-, why d-dn’t h- h-r- m-d-ls?—d

7. *-n th- s-mm-r -f 2002, th- N-t--n-l C-nc-r -nst-t-t-, -nd-r pr-ss-r- fr-m - c-rt--n gr--p, r-m-v-d wh-t fr-m -ts w-bs-t- th-t w-s l-t-r r--p-st-d -fi-r -n --tcry fr-m phys-c--ns?*

- m-d-c-l ph-t-gr-ph -f - c-nc-r--s br--st—
- c--t--n-ry st-t-m-nt r-g-rd-ng - p-ss-bl- l-nk b-tw--n c-nc-r -nd H-rm-n- R-pl-c-m-nt Th-r-py—b
-xpl-c-t -nstr-ct--ns -n c-nd-ct-ng - br--st s-lf--x-m t- d-t-ct c-nc-r—c
- r-j-ct--n -f th- s-pp-s-d l-nk b-tw--n -b-rt-n -nd br--st c-nc-r—d

8. *H-ll-b-rt-n, (-fV-c- Pr-s-d-nt D-ck Ch-n-y f-m-), -nv-nt-d - n-w m-th-d f-r pr-c-ss-ng --l -nd g-s. S--n, h-w-v-r, th- -P- r-p-rt-d th-t th- pr-c-ss c--ld r-s-lt -n -xc-ss-v- l-v-ls -f b-nz-n- -n dr-nk-ng w-t-r. Wh-t h-pp-n-d t- th-s- r-p-rts?*

Th- c-mp-ny d-v-l-p-d - w-y t- -ns-r- b-nz-n- d-d n-t -nt-r th- dr-nk-ng w-t-r, -v-n th--gh -t c-st th-m m-r- m-n-y—
Th- c-mp-ny c-ll-ps-d -s - r-s-lt -f th- r-p-rt, -nd Ch-n-y w-s v-wy, v-wy s-d—b
Ch-n-y “r-pl-c-d” th- -mpl-y--s wh- wr-t- th- r-p-rt, b-t st-y-d m-m -ft-r h-s r-pl-c-m-nts c-m- t- th- s-m- c-ncl-s--n—c
Th- r-p-rt w-s q---tly -nd c-mpl-t-ly d-l-t-d, f-ll-w-ng - n-n-sc-nt-f-c, -nn-m-d “-nd-stry--xp-rt’s” r-c-mm-nd-t--n—d

9. *Th- F-d-r-l C-mm-n-c-t--ns C-mm-ss--n (F.C.C.) h-s f-n-d r-d-- st-t--ns \$7,000 f-r pl-y-ng wh-ch -f th- f-ll-w-ng?*

-n -d-t-d v-rs--n -f -m-n-m’s “Th- R--l Sl-m Sh-dy”—
“Y--r R-v-l-t--n,” f-r lyr-cs s-ch -s -t “w-n’t t-k- pl-c- b-tw--n th-s- th-ghs;” th- s-ng -s -b--t th- r-pp-r’s d-sg-st -t -th-rs f-ll-ng th--r m-s-c w-th m-s-gyn-st-c lyr-cs—b
- p-r-dy -f th- s-ng “N-w Y-rk, N-w Y-rk,” wh-r- ‘N-w Y-rk’ -s r-pl-c-d w-th ‘l-t’s p-rk’—c
S--nd cl-p -f - p-rs-n m-k-ng l-v- t- - p-p-r d-nk-y—d

10. *-n th- 1930’s, -n - l-ndm-rk g-v-rnm-nt c-s-, th- c--rts r-l-d th-t “d-rt-y w-rds” -n “- s-nc-r- -nd h-n-st b--k” d-d n-t m-k- th- b--k “d-rt-y.” Wh-t b--k, pr-v--sly b-nn-d fr-m -nt-r-ng th- -.S., pr-mpt-d th- r-l-ng?*

M-lt-n’s P-r-d-s- L-st—
J-yc-’s -lyss-s—b
Sh-k-sp--r-’s M-cb-th—c
Ch--c-r’s Th- W-f- -f B-th’s T-l-, fr-m Th- C-nt-rb-ry T-l-s—d

11. H-w m-ch -r- m-v-- th--tr-s f-n-d f-r n-t -nf-rc-ng th-r-t-ng syst-m (f-r -x-mpl-, -ll-w-ng - m-n-r -nt- -n R-r-t-d m-v-- w-th-t -n -d-lt)?

n-th-ng—
\$1000 p-r m-n-r -n th- f-rst -ff-ns-; \$2500/m-n-r f-r -ny -dd-t--n-l -ff-ns-s—b
\$500 p-r m-n-r f-r th- f-rst 10 v--l-t--ns; \$1,500 p-r m-n-r f-r 10-20 v--l-t--ns, -nd \$5,000 p-r m-n-r -n -v-ry v--l-t--n th-r--ft-r—c
\$750 p-r m-n-r, n- m-tt-r h-w m-ny v--l-t--ns—d

12. *-n --g-st 2003, th- -wn-r -f-n -rt g-ll-ry -n P--nt P-l-t, T-x-s, w-s -nf-rm-d by p-l-c- t- r-m-v- - p--nt-ng d-p-ct-ng - cl-ss-c-l -v- -n th- G-rd-n -f-d-n -r f-c- cr-m-n-l ch-rg-s -nd-r T-x-s P-n-l C-d- 43.24. Wh-t d--s th-s l-w b-n?*

m-t-r--l th-t’s “-pp--l-ng t- th- pr-r--nt -nt-r-st -f - m-n-r”—
m-t-r--l th-t’s “p-t-ntly -ff-ns-v- t- pr-v--l-ng st-nd-rds -n th- -d-lt c-mm-n-ty -s - wh-l- w-th r-sp-ct t- wh-t -s s--t-bl- f-r m-n-rs”—b
m-t-r--l th-t’s “-tt-rly w-th--t r-d--m-ng s-c--l v-l-- f-r m-n-rs”—c
-ll -f th- -b-v—d

13. *-t l--st tw- C-l-f-rn-- sch--l d-str-cts r-m-v-d wh-t fr-m th--r l-br-ry, -fi-r p-r-nts c-mpl--n-d -b--t th- m-nt--n -f-lc-h-l?*

Th- C-tch-r -n th- Ry- by J.D. S-l-ng-r—
-f M-c- -nd M-n by J-hn St--nb-ck—b
Gr--t -xp-ct-t--ns by Ch-rl-s D-ck-ns—c
L-ttl- R-d R-d-ng H--d—d

14. *-n 1996, -pr-h w-s s--d f-r -n -n---r c-mm-nt. Sh- -v-nt-lly w-n th- c-s-, b-t s-m- s-y -t w-s - cl-s- c-ll. Wh-t w-s -pr-h -cc-s-d -f c-mm-tt-ng?*

L-b-l—
F--d d-sp-r-g-m-nt—b
Sh-w-ng “-bsc-n-” ph-t-gr-phs b-f-r- 10 p.m.—c
-nc-t-ng - r--t—d

15. *M-y-r M-s-c M-rk-ts pl-c-d -n “-xpl-c-t lyr-cs” w-rn-ng st-ck-r -n Fr-nk Z-pp-’s J-zz fr-m H-ll -lb-m. Th--gh m-ny -lb-ms h-v- - w-rn-ng st-ck-r, why w-s th-s -n- p-rt-c-l-rly c-nt-nt--s?*

Th- -lb-m h-s n- lyr-cs—t’s -nt-r-ly -nstr-m-nt-l—
Th- -lb-m w-s st-ck-r-d f-r th- w-rd “-ss;” -n c-nt-xt, h-w-v-r, -t r-f-rs t- - d-nk-y th-t r-f-s-s t- -ll-w -ny-n- t- r-d- -t—b
-t r-c--v-d th- w-rn-ng f-r th- phr-s- “m-k-ng l-v-;” -t’s -rg--d th-t th-s phr-s- -s n-t -xpl-c-t -r -bsc-n-, -v-n t- m-n-rs. Th- r-c-rd d-str-b-t-r, h-w-v-r, st-ll d-s-gr--s—c
Th- -lb-m w-s w-rn-d f-r th- phr-s- “h-gh -s - k-t-,” wh-ch th- d-str-b-t-r s--d -mpl--s dr-g -s-; -n c-nt-xt, h-w-v-r, -t r-f-rs t- th- r-t-rn -f th- -rt-st’s l-v—d

16. -n 1989, MTV r-f-s-d t- --r - F-zzt-n-s v-d-- -nt-l th- gr-p ch-ng-d wh-t w-rd -r phr-s-?

“s-x” t- “m-k-ng l-v-”—
“r-bb-rs” t- “r--nc--ts”—b
“h-gh” t- “h-ppy”—c
“g-y” t- “h-ppy”—d

17. *Th-s P-ttsb-rgh-b-s-d p-bl-c-t--n w-s f-rc-d t- r--rr-ng- -nd r-d- th- c-nt-nt -f-ts F-br--ry -ss-- b-c--s- th- -r-g-n-l s-bj-ct m-tt-r w-s c-ns-d-r-d “i-- gr-ss” f-r sp-ns-r-ng -rg-n-z-t--ns wh-, -n v-r--s f-rms, cl--m-d th-t pr-d-c-ng - ph-ny, p--r m-n’s H-stl-r w-s “i-ctl-ss.”*

why -r- y-- b--ng s- n-sy?—
[-ns-rt typ-c-l 5th -m-ndm-nt r-sp-ns-]—b
-m t--... phys-c-lly m-ss-v- t- g-t f-rc-d -nt- -nsw-r-ng s-ch - q--st--n—c
Wh-t? S-y -t -g--n, - w-sn’t l-st-n-ng—d
Th... N-w Y-rk T-m-s? —

HEY! LISTEN! >>>(
If you can decipher 5 of these questions, send an email to words@deekmagazine.com saying that you did so. And prove it. Do this and you may win a night out on the town courtesy of The Improv at The Waterfront and Deek.

<div><div></div><div>Ι᾿ ϣ</div><div>ΙϞ' ρ</div><div>ΙΖ' ϣ</div></div>	
<div><div></div><div>ΙϠ' ρ</div></div>	<div><div></div><div>was broken zetienuc...not pecame of the zbecer' esnuig suotrei pmitet... Μου pecame the evidence „Εχcισιασιον επιε ερε was ziobbeq cojq fiom eskes sup wime' ze ερε was ill' Biquig Hood was cojq io ruing μει εισαυμοιρει Lithe Bεd Biquig Hood' iu this version' Lithe Bεd</div></div>
<div><div></div><div>Ι3' ϣ</div><div>Ι5' ϣ</div><div>Ι1' ϣ</div><div>Ι0' ρ</div><div>δ' ϣΙ ρπρ ϣ</div><div>8' ϣ</div><div>᾿ ϣ</div><div>Ϟ' ρ</div></div>	
<div><div></div><div>Αμεrican Bεlcpo ρλ Bιεr Eασιou Eπiε</div><div>lithe of the Μοιρεs ρλ Iεsu Cασιgheq dεοιρεs</div><div>ζεx ρλ Μεqouus</div><div>The Coιοι Bιtβεs ρλ Αιice ΜΑΙκεi</div><div>The Cαicepi iu the Bλε ρλ Ι' D' zαiιuεci</div><div>Ηαiη Bοιει (ζεiιεs) ρλ Ι' K' Bοwιiιuε</div><div>Oι Μiice sup Μεu ρλ Ιοiηu zεiιuρεcκ</div><div>The Αdveνtiιeεs of Ηιicκiερεiιu Bιiιu ρλ Μεiεκ Ι'wαiιu</div><div>I Kιuow Μηρ the Cαgεq Bιiιd zιuεεs ρλ Μελεs Αuεgεiou</div><div>ζεαηz zεiιιεs (ζεiιεs) ρλ ΑΙιιu zεciwαiιu</div></div>	
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HOW TO PERFORM BROOMSTICK SODOMY

BY ADAM CORWIN

As students of life, we owe it to ourselves to seek out the work of masters — to study the movement of the greats. We deserve to imitate the best, and ride their wave of excellence toward prosperity and distinction...

Now, some people may claim that committing sodomy with a broomstick is a sick, depraved, torturous act in which only the criminally insane would wish to take part. And this may or may not be true. However, if anything's worth doing, it's worth doing right. As a result, for the sake of this How-to guide to Broomstick Sodomy, we only have to look as far as New York City's finest for inspiration. These noble gentlemen that risk their lives everyday keeping the streets safe from various vagrants and social deviants have elevated the game of broomstick sodomy to new levels. We owe it to ourselves to study their success:

1. First, join a police force. Without the backing of a badge and gun, such violence usually doesn't work real smoothly. But, armed as a protector of the people, you will have the backing of the Fraternal Order of Police, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, or... something similar that will support and defend you, no matter what you do. These organizations are great lobbyists and they have much backing in government circles. They will be your friends.
2. Find a victim that has trouble communicating. The NYPD used an unarmed Haitian immigrant to fit the bill. To further extend your authority, it may also be desirable to choose an aggressive individual so you can not only break his spirit, but break the spirits of his peers through fear of similar consequence.
3. Once the victim is located, beat the individual severely so that resistance is minimal. To avoid possible harm to yourself, again, look to the NYPD model and use multiple officers for the beat down.
4. Bring the beaten individual to a safe house. In the successful model, the NYPD used their station house. This way, you will be surrounded by friendly faces and the rape will go much easier. At this stage, it is important not to become too arrogant. Yes, you are around friendly faces but as the old adage goes, "Out of sight, out of mind." In other words, find a private area.
5. Once you have a partially sedated victim (via step 3), it is still unwise to move by yourself. The NYPD used the 4 man model. This number will ensure the victim stays in place and doesn't fight back too much. You may be able to get away with less, but, by using multiple felons you are increasing your odds of being acquitted and keeping yourself safer in general.
6. Now, this is the moment you've been waiting for: Insert the broom stick into the rectum. Repeat as needed. You can do this with variable speeds and lubrication depending on the amount and type of emotional scars you wish to leave. Unfortunately, while this may be big fun super happy time for you, it can also be deadly. Remember, this is an article on broomstick sodomy, not impalement. In other words, don't run that stick too deep or you may poke more than you bargained for.

Basically, by following this tried and true method, you too can become a caricature of justice and keep those dreaded street people in their place. It is important to note this, unfortunately:

All is not fun and games.

In the NYPD situation, the courts took one officer down to maintain (one might assume) some vision of equality in the United States' legal system. Now, that's only 1 in 4. The others were acquitted (not to mention an entire barracks that played it business-as-usual during the scene).

Simply, if you follow these rules, the odds are in your favor. Remember, the law takes care of its agents.

**The preceding was based on the August 1997 attack against Haitian Immigrant, Abner Louima. To date, 3 of the offending officers in that incident were acquitted and one was found guilty. Stop the Violence, get informed — get involved.*



For more information about

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