the country down along with it. People good acid like by the way? The last thing

thamas\_von\_gmert@hotmail.com

I recieved and email stating that y'all

were working on my prize regarding

my answers of the 5 questions. Do you

it's something huge like a gas guzzling

SUV or a private jet that runs on the

exploitation of the masses. Supreme

and Primal Nirvana would be nice too.

30 days, so that's out. Movie tickets

nevermind about that.

Chinesegoldfish@aol.com

Katherine Harris needs to be

Dear Deek

Frank Jenello

For his efforts, Adam received two

tickets to see Kevin Pollack at the

Improv on the Waterfront — Nova.

how do you guys do it, man? laughed

my ass off all through the red pencil

m confidant that you are the kind of

eople] with the nuts to give Pittsburgh

exactly what it is looking for just before

completely abandoning the idea and falling into alcoholism full time.

nagazino@emayhem.com

companies would come here without

voung people are encouraged to

a job or create their own — like

buving a club or starting a record

label or something. More people

stay, more business comes to the

city, more money gets earned and

insurance, has reportedly forced or

local club to close. I don't even want

Is this the ramblings of an ageing

cringed when I read Lollapalooza

Bottom line is this — a city like

Pittsburgh needs to realize the

tremendous genius that is being

wasted. Lower taxes. Make it easier

for college students to buy home sin

was going to give it another shot this

to go into the fact no one has leased

stay, they will either find

gets spent on the arts.

thing. what the fuck is red pencil

visibleinvisible@hotmail.com

improv. You decide, but email me soon.

Cause if I could keep my pants on...well,

Or maybe just the ablity to connect will

do not have the privilege of defining or I'll be doing on it is watching college

redefining what they "feel" is moral. It's girls going wild.

make everyone feel comfortable, and in Thomas Van Gemert

all about "feeling" to you liberals. Lets

doing so we will destroy the traditional

Nova Keenan

### Fucked-up letter of the month:

nuclear family of mother, father and child. Let's destroy the sanctity of marriage and make a mockery of it right in Gods house. All to make people "feel" accepted. I Man am i glad i picked up a copy of Deek accept homosexuality but don't have to magazine a few weeks ago. I work outside condone it. How can anyone who claims a lot and there isn't always a restroom to be a Christian feel that gays have the facility available, so sometimes i have no same right to marriage as everyone else. choice but to relieve myself outdoors. With As far as religion goes I don't know of any it being winter there are not many leaves historic religions that do condone it. Gay you still working on my prize. I hope that around suitable for wiping. Last week sex is an act of extreme perversity. It is while squatted over a log wondering how categorized in the bible with incest and i was going to wipe up, i remembered the bestiality, both of which society deem "Deek" magazine that i had picked up illegal. How long until we are forced to from a box on campus. It worked better accept that someone loves their sheep so than any leaf I've ever used. I turned your much that they deserve health benefits all life telepathically. Oh wait, I won that liberal shitty rag into a truly shitty rag. It and the sanctity of marriage to their worked so well that i went back to the box animal? I am a passionate supporter of to get all the other copies and i have now George W. Bush. How does a protest would be good or a night out at the switched to Deek shit paper in my own benefit anyone? home. I'm a conservative Republican responsible for myself and my family. —Lorenzo Johnson Liberal Democrats seem to think the lojopgh@yahoo.com govt. is responsible for everything in their

lives; employment, education, health

care, housing, clothing, food, etc. The Dear Deek:, Democrats are destroying this country. They won't be happy until they have Those bands last Saturday [at the Rex destroyed all of the American traditions Theater, January 31st] couldn't have nat have made this the strongest nation possibly sucked any more. Where he world. They want to take God out of on earth did you find them? Indy everything. Believe what you want but, KNOW THIS- This is a nation that was my ass. Next month, let me open. I founded on Christianity. Respect our read literature. I don't study MTV and values. The morales of our people are Christian rock videos. Just doin' my best assassinated. going right down the toilet and it is pulling to keep the shitty world trite-free. What's address witheld

<u>mpellas@adelphia.net</u> It's the economy's fault. It's Tom Murphy's fault. It's City Council's fault. It's Pitt's fault. It's about time. Those were all explanations and ationalizations I've heard regarding the slow, inevitable cooling of the ittsburgh local music scene. Most of them are true. They are also part f a much larger picture. ve been in Pittsburgh since 1992. John Rinaldo's Joker Productions

Love him or hate him, our own

Moondog's up in Blawnox has

There is currently a revitalization

Lawrenceville. Almost any night of

If you live in the suburbs there is a

thriving all ages indie rock scene

is leading that charge along with

local bands Punchline and Wings

of Azrael. (A note to local leaders

There is a constant resource o

human intelligence and potential

leaving the city's colleges and

and renovate old ones. They

universities. Young people keep a

city relevant. They start businesses

draw media attention. They rent

multi-family homes while paying the

gasp — they even buy homes

and eat lunch downtown. They visit

the Three Rivers Arts Festival and

in the city! (reassessments be

damned!) They work downtown

attend Pirate games.

these kids are going to be in

developing. Lady Fox Productions

going on along Penn Avenue

in Garfield and down the hill in

support a small art gallery.

Manny Theiner is one of the most

important people in local culture. If

vou enjoy the underground check

out anything he does and you will

Charlotte at one point.

is still bringing smaller commercial

alternative and punk acts to the city. Please cut taxes. Young people He even booked Eminem and Good would be able to find more jobs since

traditional rock for the last 15 years. Please end the corporate welfare

Ron Esser has earned a reputation that is UPMC and Pitt. The

as one of the scene's most staunch stranglehold the university has

supporters by paying local bands on Oakland, coupled with the

well and even financing a few here recent reassessments and higher

the week, you can either see a local Gen-Xer trying to hold onto his

music show, enjoy a cup of coffee or subculture roots? I don't think so. I

want to keep them here after they afraid my adopted city will turn into a

ahost town.

've been over 21 for — well — too lamn long. Pittsburgh, and the entire country for that matter, is rone to cycles in culture. While I'm sure that most cities ittsburgh's size reflect the ntry's changing tastes, it always seems a bit exaggerated here. With the number of clubs shutting down, the few windows of cutting edge culture we do have all even The best in cutting edge guitar

rock has been playing at the 31st Street Pub for the last 5 years. The pub's owner. Joel Greenfield, has been one of the scene's greatest supporters — the man will even help artists flyer the city. You can listen to an eclectic mix of experimental music on CMU's tudent run radio station – WRCT 88.3FM. Check out live local bands on Advanced Calculus everv

londay night and you'll be amazed at what Pittsburgh has to offer. The Club Café is binging some of the best up and coming singer lowcase as much local music as their schedules allow. Stop down when local band Omolara is playing and you'll be treated to a packed

> Your rant made me think. What is it about local how far Pittsburgh culture has progressed since I started paying attention. Of course I hate the mall Oakland has become, but you implied it: Oakland's just the tip of the iceberg. If folks are hunting for local art culture, they're gonna have to reach a little bit. head into Lawrenceville, into East Liberty, into the suburbs; they're going to have to ask around, talk to people. And I see no problem with this. Here's my problem: Namedrop, namedrop, Manny,

Joker blah blah namedron Namedron Namedrop. On and on. Then, finally, a point. The economist inside me is retching as I prepare for only questions are these:

loe Ludington first appeared in Babylonia, cradled by

Figris and Euphrates. It has since emerged once per

will rule the world one day, then It'll turn around and

how you can help.

as T.Niddv on his worst dav

generation, a consciousness passed on. Joeludington

walk away, having saved the world from itself. Mission

completed. Contact at <a href="mailto:prolauk@adelphia.net">prolauk@adelphia.net</a> to learn

Eldridge Bleaver is a local black writer who hopes that

John Thomas Menesini is the adopted son of Loni

Anderson and Milton Berle, his career in the circus

was put to an end after the Wrasslin' Man broke both

his first published piece in deekMagazine is half as good

what I'm about to say, but, in regard to your rant, my What's your point? Why lower taxes? And what taxes do vou want changed? Your argument is so what you're saying. Like you're speaking through

culture that makes ignorant people whine so much? be better to come up with expansive ideas for The water? Fatty foods? I, like you, am pleased with government funded creativity outside the Warhol? I ealize such ideas are absurdly difficult to implement world. And there's nothing wrong with that as I see it. and even harder to make fair, but you're asking a primarily union supported government to "lower taxes [and] make it easier for college students to buy homes in the city." To that, with my right hand, I make a jerking-off motion. And then I say good luck. Unions around here are strong. You know this probably as well as anyone. But it's almost like you're asking city employees to take a pay cut to eep punk kids in the Pittsburgh area. Do you think City Councilman Alan Hertzberg gives a fuck about whether or not you and I stay in Pittsburgh? Maybe. Maybe not. I do, though. And obviously, so do you. So how do we go about giving local government officials a creative enema? I'd say asking for lower

taxes is, at best, a weak start sweeping, so sudden, that I almost can't understand I live an affordable lifestyle. I don't own a house. but as a moderately creative individual, I'm comfortable belches and a Sum41 video. Taxes are bad, yes? with what I've been allotted, and I'm fine with going

to private and governmental institutions for grants

he ideal solution for ambitious, young potential

grants, scholarships, et cetera. Wouldn't it be

business owners and "members of the [fucking]

more effective to lobby for keeping taxes as they

are, putting more money toward creative ventures

instead of, say, new sports arenas? Wouldn't it

his arms in an attempt to win the love of Sen. Rick Santorum. He lives in a refrigerator box off the Ohio Randall DeVallance is a former creative writing prodigy

> becoming a bank clerk. Forced to pen short stories in order to make ends meet, he now resides in Forest Hills, dreaming of the day when he can shut down his word processor forever and immerse himself in the balancing of debits and credits. His novel, *Dive*, is pro as keepin that shit casual. Her shot of choice is 151, Among Anna Lingus's intimate friends you will find hunky have a problem with that and her casual sex u can fuck

who shunned the written word to pursue his dream of

Barb McTayet is obsessive-compulsive and has not left her East Liberty home in more than three years. She takes pride in her ailments and would like to thank deekMagazine for being online, allowing her to find an outlet for creativity without actually stepping outside her

her guide to homemade wine, but we fascists wouldn't let her. Lisa enjoys SARS (Super Awesome Roller Skating), dinosaurs, and wrestling — mostly on concrete.

fraternity members, prison inmates, and many satisfied off.

in and save! clip and save! clip and save Comedian Kevin Pollack

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How To Write Poetry

How to win

F--K. I curse the military machine and corpo-

is tell all, show all, and share all. Í am com-

inatics and Geronimos. Noir. Upsettas. Rid im. SouLovEasy. I've been homeless. Ulu

zine. My Savior. Born again to literary, liberal

print porn. Bootleggas. I relish at every word Punk/Counterpunk. Weeks later, I find the Red

cil issue at some Newstand. Riding home

rip mall America, I begin to solve the C-NS-SH-P Q--Z. I enter a contest. What the Hell.

ıd emails me. Congratulations. You've won

eks later. Broadband. I feel like I am being

ld hostage. With these 100 words, meeting

ir demands, I receive Kevin Pollack tickets

ained to a typewriter. Office work. Why did

cipher that quiz? Because I could. Because

nad time to waste. Because I was good a

Because my name is Adam DiSabato.

ou remember that scene in Wayne's World 2 here they go to the drive thru? That's what

tie the knots, and Shout so they can fucking

is quiz was like. So Remove the blindfo

am DiSabato

How to Get Published

bullshit involved, but such is life. Living in Pittsburgh

LA or SF or even Portland or Austin, no matter how

high taxes may seem. Maybe we just need to realize

that some young people are mobile at heart. Maybe

it's not high taxes kicking your peers out of the city,

explore, see new parts of the country and travel the

The answer in the United States always seems to be

less taxes=good, but I'm not sure if I agree. At least

not always. Sorry to pull out the Europe card, but,

in many European cities, when artists are ready

to work full-time on their creative projects, they do

support the arts, whether they like it or not.

more, don't offer less in return.

what? They go on welfare. Because they can, and

because tax payers are willing to pay a little extra to

While I won't guite stand on this philosophy as my

you that if you're going to ask the government for

Sean B. Palmer notes that his article is not for individual

equilibrium sought, and has had its "z"s lipogrammated

out; being thus, measure for measure, less zeddy than

tweek. He also didn't want to write another one of these

pissy fucking signature things in the third person, but oh

well; he supposes that it's more alluring like this, anyway.

Alison Fleming is a junior at pitt. She likes sex and is a

if u know her, then u know why. She knows how to have

a good time... if u wanna find out give her a call and if u

Lisa Warwick wanted to be credited as Swamp Ass for

resale, is still nowhere near the level of euphonic

Here is his fucking website: <a href="http://purl.org/net/sbp/">http://purl.org/net/sbp/</a>

personal recommendation for economic and creative

reform, I think it's valuable in this argument to show

in Europe, income tax rates are absurd. That said,

but the fact that some people just want to leave.

creative class" might be to take advantage of loans, is way, WAY cheaper than living in NYC or Philly or

Du. 20 below homeless. Deek Maga

alk. Speak Truth. Black and White, News-

iness is more important than yours. Li

All musicians are gypsy theives. Smol

rate government. I praise, play, and pray. I

Jazz, Dark Hip-Hop, Ghetto Reggae and Fi Up Folk. Bum Poets, Political Insurgents, Z

Webster's defines poetry as "writing that formulates a concentrated imaginative awareness of experience in language chosen and arranged to create a specific emotional response through meaning, sound, and rhythm." Derek Lowe, former all-state wrestler and classmate of mine at Ridgway Area High School, defined it as "really gay." Though both are true, neither description gets through to the heart of this misunderstood art form, which is defined, in reality, as "a means by which we can get bohemian chicks to have sex with us." Before we begin the lesson, here is a brief history of poetry:

Poetry was invented a long time ago in England by a man named William Shakespeare, who was also Francis Bacon. Shakespeare was bald and wore puffy shirts with garish, ruffled collars. His greatest works were his "sonnets" — a series of poems about hitchhiking from New York to San Francisco in the 1950's. Then Shakespeare died. Other Englishmen rallied to the cause. Alfred "Lord" Byron, Ezra Elliot, and TS Pound showed how poetry could be technically perfect while retaining the warmth of a VCR manual. In France, Arthur "Rambo" (pronounced Rim-bawd) taught us that life was meaningless. Soon, America got in on the act. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau formed the "Transcendentalists" — an artist's collective dedicated to dodging taxes. Walt Whitman wrote a poem about grass. This all lasted until the mid-20th century, when beatniks were invented. Beatniks were a group of "cool cats" who smoked "tea" and listened to jukebox records of "bebop" musicians, like Elvis Presley. That brings us up to today, the "post-modern era," where all poetry is owned and regulated by The New Yorker.

By now I'm sure you're ready to jump right in. First, remember that there are three main themes a poem can be about: Love

Vampires Chose a subject.

Autumn

Now that you've chosen your subject, here are three easy lessons that will help you write the perfect poem.

 The Title The title of your poem is a banner and advertisement for what lies further down the page — more important than any other part of the text. It should relate directly to the poem's subject matter, while retaining an aura of mystery necessary to draw potential readers in. Therefore, I recommend calling each poem

"Untitled," followed by the corresponding number of the poem (ex: the thirteenth poem you write will be called "Untitled #13"). What sets poetry apart from other forms of writing is its descriptiveness. The point of poetry is not simply to convey information, but to make the reader feel

exactly what the writer felt when penning the words. Generous use of adjectives and adverbs can turn an otherwise staid poem into a bounty of sensory delights. Even famous poets' work can benefit from the addition of descriptive words. Consider these lines from "Magnolia Flowers" by renowned Harlem Renaissance poet Langston Hughes:

"I went lookin' for magnolia flowers in the dusk

And there was only this corner Full of ugliness. Good enough. But observe what happens with the addition of a few key words: I went carefully lookin' for delicate magnolia flowers in the gloomy, dark dusk And there was only this sharp, angular corner Full of grotesque ugliness."

Whoa! Notice how the images jump off the page. What began as a vague allusion to one man's search for flowers has been turned into a detailed portrait of shattered expectations. By leaving nothing to the reader's imagination we reduce the chances that he or she will get it wrong. Rhyme

Despite what Hughes and many other "serious" poets would tell you, a poem is only great if it rhymes. Suppose you've chosen love as your subject. Start off by writing a simple sentence describing your love. For example:

My love is tender-skinned and fair Then, think of a word that rhymes with "fair." Use this to construct your second line:

My love is tender-skinned and fair Her pale blue eyes and flaxen hair

See how easy that is? Note also the extensive use of adjectives (more can be added later during the revision process). All we have to do is repeat the process with the third line. You've described your love. Now what is she doing?

> My love is tender-skinned and fair Her pale blue eyes and flaxen hair And laying her upon the chair

Good. You've established a picture of your love and placed her (as well as yourself) in a setting. Now close the stanza with a bang; use a non-rhyming line to create contrast and jar the reader's sensibilities:

My love is tender-skinned and fair Her pale blue eyes and flaxen hair

And laying her upon the chair

I insert my manhood.

Never has the union of two souls been captured so adroitly on a single sheet of paper. Naturally it will take some time and practice before your own work mirrors the quality of that shown above. But by applying the lessons I've given you and working hard, I'm confident anyone can write poems on par with the alltime greats. If you find yourself still struggling to improve, here are a few last-second tips to help put you on the right path:

• Type 'Gothic poetry' into a web browser. Study the examples and take notes. · Invest all of your energy and emotions in a meaningless high school relationship. Then get dumped. Put your simpering on paper.

something you're not very good at writing. Then strive to improve. After all, it's the American way.

 Make a half-hearted attempt at suicide. I recommend eating between ten to fifteen Vicodins, with a chaser of red wine. Unless you suffer from some pre-existing health defect it won't be enough kill you, and assuming you've lived a relatively sheltered life, you can pretend you've hit "rock bottom." Tr Try starting a line with "My darkness." Now imagine your darkness. What does it do? Infect your soul? Blind you to reality? Expand on these themes.

 Drink lots of coffee. Frequent establishments that sell coffee. William Carlos William wrote, "It is difficult to get the news from poems, but men die miserably something, something blah blah blah." I believe those words mean even more today than when they were written. Think not of poetry as a useless distraction for foppish dandies and the cultural elite. Think of it as

## How to confuse people into thinking you're about to fail before actually failing miserably like the fool you are and have always been

Out on the iceberg streets, we're condensed, congealed, splintered and fractured, cool as a **hard Stare** — stern, but jagged enough to sink a cruise liner and 13 tugboats; floating, we're glued to a sheath; we're blinking, confused; we're Whale Eye focusing on your plumped face and you're looking and you're sad. You're in disbelief and you don't know what to say because they — you, me, God, everyone — forgot to say i'm sorry for taking everything you had. Then you notice you're just a little li(f)e commandeering a big show, but no one bought any fucking tickets because you forgot to sell them. \$0, now you're stuck, whining, cramped and fallen, aghast, alone, alive, when someone saves you, picks you up from the earth and recovers everything fφr you - everything you ever had. You have it all back now. It's here for you. And even though you're joyous, you're wondering, alone, lost, thinking:





Everywhere you go these days, somebody is saying, "Hey, isn't that Paris Hilton? Boy, I wouldn't kick her out of bed for eating crackers." Then your friend, who is more suave than you, looks at his crotch and says, "Isn't that right, Crackers?"

Ha ha. Quite clever, that. Such laser-sharp wit might land you an ordinary girl. God help you though if you try that on Paris

Hilton. She'll let you talk for a minute, slowly hanging yourself, and then she'll turn to one of is no longer possible." her friends and flash you the finger. Paris Hilton is not like us.

I don't mean that in a "the rich are not like us" sort of way. They aren't, but there's more to it. Paris Hilton is a hologram.

You realize this when you try to understand

her. A hologram is a three-dimensional image. Normally when you break anything three-dimensional, you wind up with a box of three-dimensional pieces. Unless it's Humpty-Dumpty, you can put the pieces back together and then wondering who (or what) that again, make it whole once more. A hologram, though, when broken, becomes a bunch of smaller holograms — the same image repeated over and over again. The picture doesn't change, it just loses resolution.

When you assemble all the pieces of Paris Hilton – the infamous sex tapes, The Simple Life episodes, the FHM interviews, profiles, musings on the nature of celebrity all you have is a higher-resolution image. There's nothing behind it. You go looking for substance, the "real" Paris Hilton, only to find there's nothing there. She is a creature of pure you're never supposed to know

It sounds as though I'm saying Paris is fake, like she's acting all the time. No, it's more impressive than that. Paris is beyond real and fake, beyond true and false. She is what French post-modernist Jean Baudrillard calls the simulacrum: a copy without an original.

You might think this is nothing new. After all, people in the public eye are constantly re-inventing themselves. Madonna's gone through countless iterations of "Madonna." Politicians craft their image to appeal to whichever demographic is in front of them. Everyone tweaks and fine-tunes their image in the mirror of another's opinions. As Baudrillard puts it, "Americans have no identity, but they do have wonderful teeth."

So what makes Paris unique? She's one step up the ladder of simulation. Baudrillard traces the progression of simulation thusly: Original – every simulation begins with ar

 The perversion or masking of the original What actors used to do. The masking of the absence of reality – if perversion or masking is the great and powerful mask to conceal the nothingness behind it.

simulation: She bears no relation to reality whatsoever. She is

pure simulation. You might ask why she isn't like Ronald Reagan. The answer is that she doesn't wear a mask. She's not dissimulating that is, pretending to be something she isn't. She doesn't

pretend to have any reality beyond image; with Paris, "illusion is no longer possible because the real This is why no one can

answer, "Who is the real Paris Hilton?" When her amateur porno tape came out, there were many fakes floating around: People who looked like Paris but weren't her — simulations of a simulation. Well, if it looks like her, is it really her? Who can answer this question? Trying to find the real Paris Hilton is like

Reality-TV is perfect for Paris, because she's already collapsed it into realiTV, where illusion and truth have no bearing. People try this all the time, but you can only get away with it if you're really rich. When you're rich enough to afford it, though, you can be Paris, who Rolling Stone describes as "possessed of that vacant It Girl quality wherein exactly what you're doing, but

whatever you're doing is fabulous.'

It's that "It Girl quality" that's making things so tough for Paris. She can get no respect. People still think you have to do something to be famous. She's done movies – a few bit parts and, in Zoolander and Wonderland, cameo appearances – is working on an album. She also models on the side. Those are only side jobs, doors opened

> by her real talent, which is being Paris. In Rolling Stone she explains it, "I don't want to be Paris Hilton. What is that? Who cares? So my family owns hotels. I didn't do it. I want to be 'Paris." What is that, indeed. I believe the best translation is, "I want to cut loose the surly bonds of reality, floating free beyond the past and future, beyond true and false, transcendent in

> > the eternal Now of Celebrity."

There's a tension between people who believe fame is earned and those who believe 
If Paris Hilton didn't exist, we would've had to it is an essence, a fundamental quality of invent her. fabulousness that is recognized – but not level. When Warhol said everyone in the future will be famous for fifteen minutes, he should've emphasized the everyone. In our America

available twenty-four hours a day. Gibson calls it a prosthetic nervous system, through which humanity talks to itself. Right now it's not fully awake. It's only half-aware, and Paris Hilton is the walking dream of incarnated and ripped from its moorings in achievement. She has achieved a kind of immortality through ubiquity, as her image all that she is – spreads across the world like a virus, into our brains, where it takes

it's a birthright.

image, a caricature? Is it worth it?

Think of it this way: William Gibson has

proposed that there are no unmediated

spaces left. There's nowhere in the world not

ell phones – instantaneous information

living under the web of television, the Internet,

up residence, waiting to leap to another host.

endowed – by the audience. Paris falls into the Right, but you wanted to know how to get in Oz, this step is Ronald Reagan, who wears a latter camp, and has taken it to a whole new her pants. Dude, just act natural.

Baudrillard's America, McLuhan's

America – fame is not a privilege,

If you don't believe Paris Hilton is the

future, know this: She's very big in Japan.

Why fame? Why condense yourself into an

PREMISES2> Living is everything

**7** 

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Nova Keenan

PREMESIS3> Everything is all /.: being is all (hypothetical syllogism)

So, how to be is all. But how can you be without understanding? What's the point of [it] all? Or, hell, what is it all? Perhaps the second will [first] be easier.

It all is everything (premise 3). It all is the pavement you walk over, the buildings you pass, the people you love, the people you hate, the people you remember, the people you ignore, the trees you walk under, the flowers you step on [with purpose or by accident], the cars you ride or avoid, the airplanes that defy gravity, the dogs that bark, the bees that sting, the butterflies, the birds, the bugs, the music, the noise, the farts, the trends, the pop and high and low and sub cultures; the boots & highheels; everything & anything & yes & no & up & down&black hiteshadesofgray and&and&and

t all is everything and everything is it all. Goodbadneutral is not real... Only is is.

Do you see? (and make no mistake: You are you. I am not talking to the wall. Not a mirror [mirror] whispering back secrets. Snow white's a whore and I don't care. And you are You. And I don't care.) S there anything to see?

Of course there is. There is everything to see. An endless sea of everythings to see.

So, do you NO the point of it all? Know? No? Look in a tree and see the bird's nest and pick it up and see the egg and pick it up and crush it between your

fingers. Watch the ooze that drips out — the syrup of life and the syrup of the soul. You see a golden sphere in

that egg. A solar system in itself — proteins and nutrients and whatever else composes the bird rotating around

like planets. A bloody Jupiter spot, big and looming and terrifying. Look in the ground, look in a garden, look on a sidewalk and pick something up. Anything. Garbage, treasure, or both. Or don't. I don't care. Just look if you washed you're hands and you want to not get dirtier than you are. And you are dirty. Everyone is, so don't sweat it (but how to avoid sweating? Dogs sweat from their tongues you know. Just stick your tongue out and see what happens. Stick it out at the next person you see).

Just [fucking] look around at it all. Look at what you see and thru what you see. Look at a mirror mirror and see thru yourself and the bitter lies the mirror mirror whispers. Take a shower in sweat blood heartache tears misery longing. Soak in emotion till you're all pruny. Cut your wrist with the past and bandage it with the future. Live in

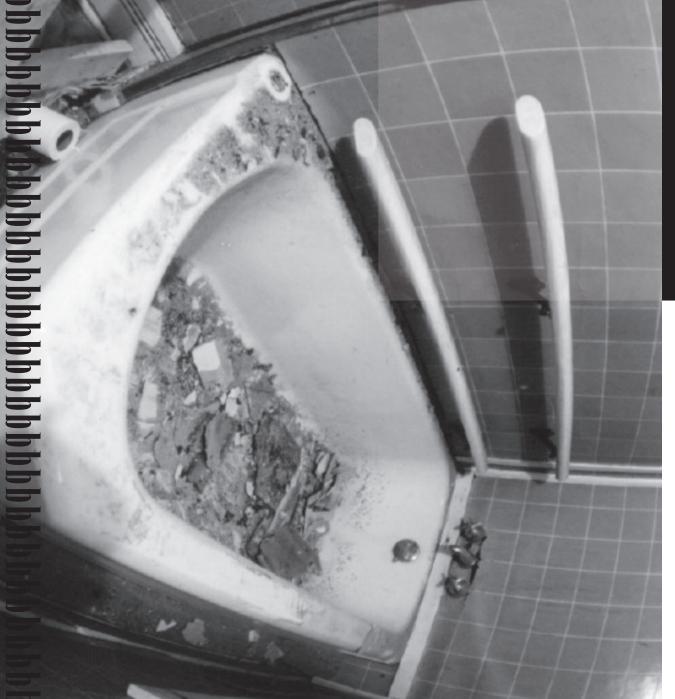
the woods and walk down a path; then blaze the forest down. Water=acid and don't forget that. Only alcohol can wash away the way, flooding the path. But it'll evaporate if you give it enough time. And you have all the time in Walk down the street backwards, making sure to trip over every crack and run into every purse-son. Waking

wallets, full of money. Green numbers. But don't you know 7 ate 9? Eat all the rational numbers and worship the maginary (-ones)1/2

You have to kill what you love if you want it to have meaning (holy shit don't take that seriously. Don't take any of this seriously. And most of all don't take you're self seriously.) Be homeless for a day, but bitch the entire time about your mansion. Especially if you don't have 1. Oh, and don't have 1 too. The sky is your ceiling, the earth your floor, and the somethings over there&there&there are your 4 walls. Decorate it how you want. Tattoo the world with your super secret decoder ring, so only you no the

And you do kNOw the message, right? You know the point of it all? How does one be?

Fuck if I know... you have the code. Decipher it already. You had it all along.



How to prepare for the

sweet release of death

The timetable says midnight, but you have to give at least 10 minutes

for delays due to traffic and miscellaneous fuck ups, so you have until

12:15am and it's 5pm now.

**st:** Quit your job. you lazy fuck.

**2nd:** Go out for sushi. If you don't like sushi, too bad for you and, by the way, fuck you, write your own damn list **3rd:** Order a LOT of sushi. You must try the spider roll,

darling. Get some fatty tuna in your gut, some spicy

salmon rolls, some albacore; order the big fucking boat! You'll need at least 30 pieces. Over the course of dinner drink two 22oz Sapporo's and have three rounds of saki — more if you want, but at this point you should be at that warm and not uncomfortably tightly full place. (We're not getting frat-guy drunk, bitches! You don't want to greet death with vomit on your breath and collar.) You will have spent approx \$50. Leave a \$100 tip.

Fourth: (This will require you to break the laws of physics, or at least pee on them to make them malleable) Round-up everyone in your life who ever kicked your ass because you were smaller and scared. Get everyone who ever belittled 🔎 you in public or emasculated you. Get any sadistic cretin who enjoyed seeing you stripped of your dignity and left you naked on the stage. Kiss them collectively on the cheek, tell them you forgive them and that not every lesson is learned the first time around. Before you leave to

take care of #5 pull out your cock (if you're a ladyfolk-type whip out that

**5th:** Go take a shit on Sen. Rick Santorum's porch.

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clam, ma'am!) and shake that thing around and around.

**6th:** Go home, fix yourself a strong bloody-mary in a tall glass, turn the lights down low, put on A Love Supreme or Ptah the El Daoud and smoke a huge hashish spliff in the tub. Soak. Relax, sip and wait.

HOWTO READ DEEK:THE HOWTO INCIDENT 🖴 long the dashed lines. lay magazine on large flat surface. match letters (a-f). 🗪



n concerned. Whatever Those who don't wan iuice vou use, make sure pay for wine or it's organic and not from Those who can't concentrate. You can also cause they're too smash up bananas or oranges and add to water as a substitute to juice. The less natural sugar a ught me how to make fruit has, the more you'l about a month ago need to add. For example. ınd we've had a qallo orange and banana wine ua or two brewina ever need about twice as much sugar as apple or grape nd this recipe in a cook wine. In short, there are a book, because all of the lot of ways to experiment with this recipe and a lot that do things like make

e). Hold the elevator, you ahh—

The woman stops laughing

, even if she is—

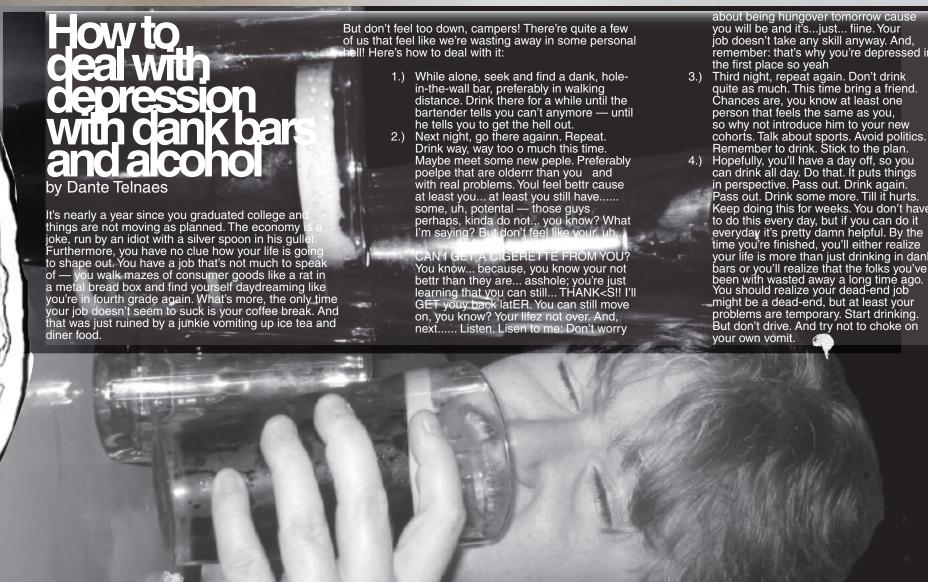
orror movie he once saw.

Oh, my God, says the woman.

n New York, beat him with a tire iron—)

tried to use it vet, but have heard it makes better tasting wine. Brewers veast takes a day or two to begin fermenting an you have to keep it in the refrigerator, but it works well. Bread veast has worked the best for me so find and buy. The only supplies you'll need are a glass jug and

is working and when as much out of the way of you empty the balloon it light as you can find. makes the room smell like wine. Apple Wine Recipe 1) First you'll need to activate the veast. To tablespoon of veast into a cup of warm water (about 80- 90 degrees Fahrenheit) and mix it around. Wait 15- 20 minutes before adding it to the rest of the ingredients.



Mike Seate kicks ASS! And his columns are pretty good, too. Niddy — more John Malkovich than John Malkovich could ever be — revels in his mastery of the Queen's English and his insightful elenchus of classical Western cultural noble nookie. He doesn't suffer from the "he speaks so well" syndrome that tails so many black socialites from Morgan Freeman to Colin Powell — no, he rubs it all over his body like 8<sup>th</sup> grade lover boys do with the fold open cologne ads from Vanity Fair before At the end of his movie, he won't be the master puppeteer, but the master puppet, telling all the other puppets how to relax, relate, release and surrender to the strings! After reading his columns you can almost hear the Blocks clinking their teacups and marveling at how wonderfully trained their Negro is. He began as a pop culture critic — no, I'm sorry. He began as a clerk at the Post-Gazette, then a pop fluffer. He still thinks he's a pop critic, even though no one pre-pension-collecting age knows about any of the artists he writes about. My water is going to break! I'm due today. Oh, God, Jesus, por favor... (She's calling out now, not quite screaming, but her voice is now this reserve screechy panic; the way she calls out, the way her voice strains, Nelson feels like he understands that upside-down exclamation point; terror, Nelson decides, doesn't wait for the end of a sentence). I can feel him kicking! the woman calls out. He want to come out! No, wait, stop, Nelson says. Breathe, please. Uh, uh, Ti agua no escarparse. (Wait, did he just say that? Does his remedial Spanish even make sense?). She tears her hand away from his, throws her back against the wall; tears burst from her eyes, wash down her cheeks; this woman who was just laughing with him merrily, now she's sobbing with horror; she's going to give birth right here on the lead-colored carpet, and there's nothing Nelson can do. Nothing. Nada. Stupid fucking failure that he is. What's your name! he screams at her.
What? (looking more terrified than before, since he just screamed at her, but she's jolted out of her sobbing) What's your name? ls – it's Maria. Okay, Maria – what's your kid? I mean, boy or girl? What? Is – is a boy. Nelson says: Okay. And, uh, what's his name? He's – he's Cortez. (Balling again) – Oh, God, if this baby die, my boyfriend onna kill me. Oh, my God, please, don't let my baby die... Maria, Maria! Listen to me! You're gonna be fine. You can't panic, okay? That's gonna make this a whole lot worse. Okay?

Except when he writes about Eminem, but I'll get to that later.

and bathhouse confidante Tom Hritz. Who the fuck is Tom Hritz?

column for... [sorry for this] 8 miles.

After discovering how well-read and how so totally Hallmark and calligraphic his prose is, the PG promote him to columnist and later their editorial board. From this pulpit we get the evidence of how hyper-literate he is by reading such Niddy Rockwell classics like "Books I've Read Thus Far, Since My Morning Earl Gray"

from Starbucks." Or, the more popular "These Are the CDs I'm Listening to Right

Now." You know, because after all, he is the black VILLAGE voice. A more recent column of his is entitled "Pudding on the Hritz" about his late friend, colleague

To be him is to never leave your desk, never do any reporting, never talk to any

flesh and blood, just to rest on your big fat sophisticated aristocratic ass and spin

Don't worry about being Tony Norman. You could never be Tony Norman, especially if you're black. The only way to even get close is to kick his ASS, while

he pontificates on the implications of such a motion into his own big fat gluteal

(Note from T. Niddy: "For your information, that would be the gluteus region.")

He's a pop expert, but he hates Hip Hop, except that jolly blue-eyed soulster

Eminem. Don't get him started on that modern classic 8 Mile. He'll write a

columns out of the phrenology taking place in that shiny Milk Dud head.

Nelson faces the sheet of glass, watching the snow flitter down from the vanish into the grid of roofs, fifty stories down. He hears a knock at the open conference room door. Nelson turns, sees h (finally!), who smiles, his naked brow furling. Ralph holds out a thumb: Thumbs Sure, Nelson says. I'll see you back in New York. Safe flight, Ralph says, vanishing into the corridor. Nelson's briefcase is heavier now, and he hears himself grunting softly ugh his nose as he totes the case past the rows of cubicles; grunting; grunting. Vhat is he, a fucking ape? A woman with shoulder pads and enormous glasses waves him, and he nods back. Who the hell is she? The woman seems to notice that he sn't recognize her; her face withers in the corner of his vision, and a moment later e's gone behind the wall of the lounge. Nelson is relieved by the garishly deep purple the lounge's couches. The woman ahead of him has already pressed the Down utton, so he doesn't have to (lucky breaks in Chicago; he doesn't even have to lift a ger or press his own button). Nelson wants to sit on one of those couches, unfasten tie, and pass out. Better than his second-rate hotel with the lukewarm shower water. How you know? Maria screams back, punching him in the chest with the bottom of her fist. How you know we not gonna die? Nelson grabs her fist and says, in an alarmingly quiet voice: Maria, I have The woman pushes a large plastic roller-thingie through the sliding doors a son, too, okay? His name is Jim. He's a great kid. And I've been through all this - I the thingie stands as tall as his hips, it has many shelves, and the top compartment mean, from the receiving end, okay? And your water isn't broken, so you're not in rflowing with dirty dishes. Nelson can't see the woman's face behind her straight labor. And the elevator's not gonna be stuck forever. Somebody is gonna find us, okay?

Cortez is gonna be born and – for Christ's sakes – looking at you I'm sure he's pregnant beneath her caterer's apron gonna be beautiful. Okay? Goddamn it. or rather caterer's assistant's apron

How To Become Tony

"Mike Seate kicks ASS, while Tony Norman pontificates about the implications of

I thought about that quote, which I found in a local blogosphere, and wondered

how Pittsburgh's two African-American daily newspaper columnists – one from

Take Mike Seate. This is a guy who made his way to local black editorial stardom

the Post-Gazette, the other from the Tribune-Review – got to the point where

they were being compared in the context of what they'd do to someone else's

by penning a letter to the editors of a local newsweekly. Off the strength of

that letter, he was recruited into journalism's gated community and eventually

elevated to his current post as the black guy who writes for the paper owned

by Dick Mellon Scaife. Seate's articles are often found on pages with columnis

Sam Francis — board member of the Council of Conservative Citizens, which

has roots with the White Citizens Council of the '60s that got entertainment from

And if anyone on the White Citizens Council ever saw Seate, he'd probably be

the nigger they'd conveniently avoid. Seate is huge — like Ving Rhames in the

movie Rosewood. In the right circles, you could probably go to any state,

USA and mention Seate's name to a free round of drinks. But not

Seate made a name for himself from the seat of street biker

books on motorbikes. With a literary collection including

Streetbike Extreme and Outlaw Choppers, it won't be long

before you can pick up the The Mike Seate Reader in your

college bookstore. That said, he could take the entire cast of

that suck-ass movie Biker Boyz and make them all look like

Then we get to Tony Norman, aka T. Niddy. From here on,

consider this a "How to Become Tony Norman" handbook.

Rugrats on Little Tikes with training wheels.

How to Stay Calm!

culture. He didn't write the book on motorbikes, but he writes

using a foot in a forward motion against someone's gluteal region.

butt if given the opportunity.

because of his columns.

roping up folks that looked like Seate.

laaa

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39

The elevator starts to run again. Dropping, slowly.

a balloon. The balloon is used in place of an airlock. It keeps the

filling up, it is ready to drink. Overall. it should cost about \$9 for a gallon to die.

Nelson is still chuckling as they drop to the twelfth floor; he eyes locked, and a crooks his neck to see that the woman is shiver electrifies the tear riding down his cheek; his hand is clenching Maria's wrist so hard and slowly so he doesn't alarm her, he releases his grip, letting his fingers weave with hers; her chuckling with him, holding a fist up to her (as if to smother her mirth; why do people do that?). Nelson says: That was great. Yeah, says the woman (perfect American accent; she must have been here eyes go from pleading to strangely thankful as she wipes her nose with her fingers; aria's shoulders heave with her sobs, but they aren't scared sobs; she knows they'r They burst out laughing again, and Nelson suddenly doesn't feel quite so by, quite so dated; maybe there's someone in this building who still remember okay. And until this moment, they haven't noticed that the lights stopped flickering; the oncerts. He can make an attractive young Latina laugh – that's got to count for The doors open and Maria pushes her wheelie-thingie out, hurriedly, into the lobby. She pushes past the businesspeople who all seem very, very calm, since they have no idea what it's like to be stuck in a — wow, fresh lobby air. It smells good. And then things happen suddenly: The elevator stops; there's a grinding Nelson can't help himself; he jogs to catch up with Maria, who can't get e; Nelson can feel the floor bounce beneath the soles of his penny-loafer shoes through the revolving door, so she's trying to open the swinging doors with one hand and pull the caterer's thingie with her other. He pushes past her and holds the door imagines the cable straining, pulling, ready to snap at any moment. The lights begin flicker, like a really fucked-up strobe effect – like those haunted houses, like the open, and she smiles sheepishly, pulling through, and now they're on the sidewalk. You don't have a coat, Nelson says. ogames his son plays in the dark all weekend long, even though they should be nding, for Christ's sake. Anyway; a strobe effect, violent and eerie and so much like

Nelson doesn't realize he's reached out for her hand, but then: He's grasping pressing her palm into the plastic handle of her caterer's assistant's roller-thingle. Is really doing this? Impulsively? (He has to explain why – people don't just touch each er. Yes, an explanation; otherwise he'll get sued – or some punk Latino'll find him,

far. It's also the easiest to do this, put about one

few times a day, especially for the first few days of

of ideas can be found the wine clear and outside air out so foreign

I'm just around the block, Maria says. And just as he realizes it, Nelson blurts: It's okay, I guess I left my briefcase in It's okay, I'll get it. (Looking at the pavement). You okay? Yeah. Thank you. (After a pause): Okay, I have to go. She gets to the end of the block, but she looks back. Nelson smiles, waves,

fermentation. When the balloon stops

of wine, depending on how much the apple juice

was. Good luck. Try not

) Empty the balloon a

eekmagazine is a Limited Liability Corporation that roduces artistic material and publications distribute n Pittsburgh, PA. Conceived in 2001, Deek has grown rom a dinkv web-resume to a magazine that puts ou and online, Deek features work ranging in scope from the ludicrous and the experimental to the poignant, part by the Student Activities Fee at the University of Pittsburgh, Deek wishes you a Happy New Beer and



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FAITHFUL CONTRIBUTORS Robertlsenberg JesseHicks ClarenceWatt NatSoltesz ZachBraden BobGavel JillianKetterer ArthurFace NishSuvarnakar Tim Greer Special Platinum Testicle Thanks to Capital of Nasty Online Magazine



# An instructional missive re: consumption of crack cocaine whilst habitating outside what is seen as the traditional milieu for encountering such a psychotropic confection

v Zelda Getz

might seem next to impossible to cultivate a sincere addiction to the cocaine derivative commonly known as "crack" without living in the squalorous inner-city environs ewith commonly associated, but I assure you, in places where cows outnumber humanoids on a per-capita basis, and the proliferation of mini-malls is a sign of the steady arch of progress, it is quite possible for a Caucasian of good breeding from what is known as an intact family to become completely strung the fuck out on crack. akes work, but the rewards of smoking overpriced crack until seven in the morning in a dingy suburban rooming house basement every night for months make it all

important, as it will initially get those-having-your-best-interests-at-heart-meddling-motherfuckers (your parents) off your back and will also grant you that elusive currency referred to by the drug fiends you'll need to acquaint yourself with as "stoner cred," and will get you in good with the dentally-impaired weed-smoking line cook at the large chain restaurant where you'll be serving up flapjacks all summer between your rigorous university commitments. Begin nightly ritual of marijuana inhalation and fornication with said line cook in his aforementioned moldy room. When said line cook has a party, attend, despite being forewarned of the prominence alcohol will play in the festivities Whilst stoned to the bone at the party, take note of the cluster of lads in the corner as they pass a pipe hither and yon betwixt them. Allow your intellectual curiosity

Notice that, unlike fellows under the familiar and soporific effects of marijuana, these gentlemen appear quite tense, and are grinding their teeth. The smoke is thick and smells sweet. Congratulations, you're having your first encounter with crack. And everyone is white and has enough money and there are trees and horses Goddamn intellectual curiosity. Ask for a sample Utter the following phrase, all in one breath: "I don't see what the big deal is about this stuff it's not even that great where do we get more?" Ascertain that another cook at the pancake distribution center where everyone in the room works is the connected individual, and is selling crack on the side out of

plastic tube originally meant to hold miniature M&M's in order to support his young son. Get his pager number Memorize that fucker 1. After work every night, drive to the moldy basement. All your money is in cash, since you wait tables. Never bring any home, and begin dipping into your meager 12. Get in the habit of meeting The Guy by the conveniently-located ATM from your bank every two hours or so, despite promising yourself you'd be home by five a.m. so

you could sleep for three hours before your next shift. Begin hating the sight of the sunrise Watch twenty pounds slide off your waifish frame, making you a prime candidate for the Miss Auschwitz title 5. Smoke many more cigarettes. Since this is a country-ass town, no one has a proper crack pipe, which means that in order to properly abuse the most disgusting dr on earth, you need a lot of cigarette ash. Pack a marijuana bowl full of the gossamer remains of several Camel Wides. Atop this appetizing pillow, lay the portion of the fifty-dollar rock you clipped off with a credit card for consumption — as the night goes on, you won't bother clipping off portions. Unlike pot, crack never stays lit. You

Notice your right thumb is nothing but burn marks and blisters from holding the flame to the rock. Switch, and have two ruined thumbs Realize that you really detest your rotten-toothed crack-induced fuck-buddy, and determine that you don't care. 8. Get caught by your parents coming home at seven in the morning, strung out as fuck and reeking of crack. Tell them you were at a diner all night drinking too much

19. One night, get hoodwinked most egregiously by going to see the secondary Dude, who puts you in touch with someone else he knows. Pay fifty bucks for four 0. Go home. Find that your mother has been reading your journal, and that you'd better pack some clothes, because your ass is getting hauled off to rehab, where no one will believe that you — you! — are there because you need help. Rot away for 28 days and absorb a lot of rhetoric and anti-depressant pills. Annoy your fellow

crackheads by having all your teeth and insisting on using multisyllabic nomenclature for the intense feelings of disgust you are having with yourself. Feel more alo than you ever have in your life, and leave that place into the setting sun, having packed your weight back on and made a real commitment to avoiding allowing such a revolting interlude to occur in your life again. Go back to college and win smartness awards and make fabulous grades. Never tell anyone about the whole affair, unless you're really fucking drunk.

nome to smoke in peace? Are you sick of shit-for-brains drug dealers trying to sell you a "white widow" sack or some forange crush" at ridiculous prices when you and I both know they have no fucking clue what they're selling? Haying rouble sneaking that 400-watt high-pressure sodium lamp past your folks and re-routing the electricity in your home o bypass the meter to avoid causing a horrific fire hazard? No? Fuck you. Read anyway.

can have your very own, huge, green beauty pot plant to harvest and enjoy, for now, and for years and years of future memory loss and concentrated retardation. But before you get started, know that this will take careful planning: marijuana plants get big after all — a few feet tall at least. And, because getting caught with three or more plants in this state will get you in jail for a long, long time, you should really stake out your pastures carefully. In my opinion, the easiest way to grow is outside. So find a non-shady spot where people simply are not. And if you grow outdoors, your plant will reap the benefits of natural sunlight, which

Marijuana is a sexual plant, kind of like a holly bush. The

Step 1: Obtain seeds however you can. Using a seed you found in a chronic bag will work, but it increases the chance that you plant will be a hermaphrodite. That's right.

through that shit. Also, avoid spraying chemicals on your males produce the pollen and the females produce the flowers (buds). Although some people rape them for what plant because you don't want to smoke those chemicals they're worth, males are worthless and will not produce buds. But we'll get to that. 5: Once outside, the summer months will give your baby the amount of light it needs to grow naturally. Check on it from

2: Plant your seeds in a small peat pot about a quarter to a half-inch under moist (but not wet) soil. Use plain. professional potting soil mix. Start the process indoor in winter months (Jan-march). Seeds will germinate from warmth; light does not yet have any effect on them. Just

the same professional mix. As the summer months go on,

everything from rabbits to deer will eat your shit like it's a

clippings and human piss work well. Surrounding the plant

long enough to prove effective — animals will just plow right

in a wire mesh cylinder seems logical but rarely stays up

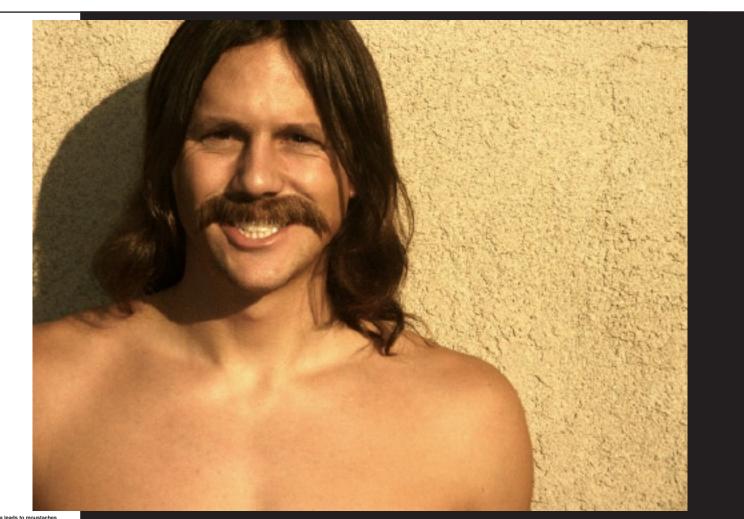
your biggest concern will be keeping the plant watered

your crop. Look for upside down teardrops along the nodes After two or three weeks, you'll hopefully have a seedling (where the stems meet the stalk of the plant) to determine about one and a half inches tall. Now you will need artificial its sex. If you see teardrops and it's on the full and bushy light. Don't be a dumb bastard and leave it in the window for side, congrats, it's a girl. If you notice your plant is tall and everyone to see. Discretion is key, so when you're putting thin and starting to get small clusters of balls on it, THOSE together a light source, keep in mind that a light shield ARE NOT BUDS! Those are pollen and you should just rom a hardware store will do. Trv to use a 60- 80-watt UV bulb. Once the plant transforms into a seedling, it is in a buds to smoke, and they will pollinate any female plants vegetative growth state and will take in as much light as you have around ruining your females and making mad you can give it. Don't over water or under water it. Just keep the soil moist in a well-drained pot. Remember, you only it) smoke the leaves of a male, but they're very low in THC, so you gotta smoke a lot to get a little buzz. And if you want want to keep it alive and healthy to take outside once the a headache, smoke the pollen sacs from the male plant.

E: When the weather's warm, before you take it outside, the That's it I'm done. Be fucking smart. Keep your mouth shut plant will need to be re-potted in a five-gallon bucket using unless you want mom and pops and cops, or better yet, a When I first tried growing four years ago, half my shit died and the other half was eaten by (probably very happy, redand away from animals. Animals *love* weed. Anything and eyed) deer. But last year I had success and I was able to reap a couple ounces of straight chronic that I could call my Thanksgiving turkey, so MacGyver something together to keep them the fuck out of your shit. I find that human hair own. Maybe you can too.

time to time. If there's a dry spell, water the fucker.

6: As September approaches, the days will get shorter and the nights will get longer, triggering the flowering process. From here, it may take up to 8 weeks until you can harvest



## How to smoke maniuana ONSTANTLY

offend you because I (gasp!) encourage treacherous amounts of tetrahydrocannabinol consumption (that's

Unless the bug up your ass is a roach, this article may

Many of you chronic smokers may already know most of these tricks. Obviously, there will be variations in the methods, as potheads dwell on a branch of "creative" thinking all their own. However, many casual ganja smokers out there want to achieve a higher level of smoking. They're tired of sharing expensive baggies with mooches at parties who never chip in. They started smoking on weekends only, but now they're smoking on Tuesdays too. It's becoming a habit and ... it's .. GREAT! I remember that feeling. Actually, I don't. But I remember remembering it once, or something. How do you take that next step? Here's what I've developed over

the past four (or has it been five?) years: Smoking constantly requires smoking everywhere. In your car, during work, while out in public and always at home. I started out by smoking out of apples until I purchased a shitty wooden pipe back when this city used to have head shops. Eventually, I discovered that glass paraphernalia, though fragile, is best because the myriad of designs and sizes allow you to smoke the

right amount at the right time. I am the proud owner of

and blunts for parties and concerts. Everyday I'm high for approximately 14 hours and have continued this regiment for five (my god, six?!) years, excluding the occasional dry spell during every election year.

How can I do this? How can you do this? First, seek sympathetic employment. You need to work somewhere you can get high, and I've found from experience this means restaurants, specifically kitchens. Why? Because hesitantly reply, "You mean cigarettes?" then they're probably getting high, or want to. Most managers are

Obviously, people aren't ripping a makeshift gallonug gravity bong in the dish sink, but smelling like a you might consider smoking up in your car during a

How can I smoke in my car, you say? Well, it's a little more complicated since it's moderately illegal. However a moving car can provide one of the safest smoking atmospheres if you need to get out of a dorm or crowded bar. Subtlety is the key. Smoking from a dugout or chillum is the best way to go, but joints are OK too. Joints can be problematic if they fall apart on you. And your

(in order of importance): a small personal pipe, a bong, fingers and face will reek of reefer. Fortunately, I've never a larger party pipe, a dugout and a chillum. I save joints been pulled over after smoking, but I know Johnny Law's got a hell of a nose. His dog has a better one. And bigger

Keeping your windows cracked helps a lot. And smoking a cigarette afterwards conceals some of the dank in the air. Also, if you're driving it's important to lower your steering wheel into your lap so you can steadily drive

with your knees if your hands are sparking a bowl.

making food for the all-American fat ass is a special After smoking bowls at work and sneaking hits in the kind of Hell, and the people who do it for a living usually car, how can you expect to still get high at home? I've do a variety of drugs or work with people who do. This found a nice healthy bong rip gets me back in the game means you can find hook-ups or fellow stoners wherever when I get home. Smoking constantly runs the risk of you turn. How? Ask someone, "Do you smoke?" If they oversmoking. That is, if you get gloriously high at 2:30 pm, it's a little to tougher to get gloriously high three hours later from the same amount of weed. A bong rip sympathetic because either A) They smoke weed, too, or or five will do the trick. I realize not everyone has the B) They understand that if they don't let employees relax, luxury of a private residence, and that certain individuals (parents, mooching roommates, uppity Bush-voting neighbors) will detect the flagrant fragrance of burning BC-sters. Make a "fuzzy bunny" a.k.a. "good neighbor" or "hello neighbor" by stuffing dryer sheets into a paper skunk's thong underwear after spending twenty minutes towel tube. Exhale through the tube and the room will taking out one bag of trash with three other people isn't smell like a crisp mountain breeze that has been warmed unheard of. If you work in a more professional setting by the shining sun and kissed by wildflowers. Or clean socks. Either way, those who shouldn't know better will

think, at worst, you compulsively sort clean laundry.



Are you dissatisfied with your government's use of taxation and foreign policy? Have you ever dreamed of replacing career politicians with true defenders of the people? If so — rejoice! — there is an answer within your grasp. Popular forces can win a war against an army! And you don't even have to wait for revolutionary conditions to arise — you can create them! If this has piqued your curiosity, guerrilla warfare may be a viable

solution to ending that pesky oppression keepin' you down. Yes, you can start a revolutionary-based movement of the people. No enemy is too strong and no people are too weak. To enforce the plausibility of such action, one only has to look as far as our high school history textbooks. From 1964-1972, the most powerful nation in the world — the United States of America, dumbass — launched a mass military campaign against a small peasant nationalist guerrilla force. With virtually every nonnuclear weapon known to man, well-organized Vietnamese guerrilla forces thwarted the massive and mechanized assault from the US. Similarly, in the Western Hemisphere, a nucleus of Fidel Castro and twelve dedicated Cuban men orchestrated the fall of the seemingly omnipotent Batista dictatorship in waters only miles away from Miami. And even if you are not comfortable with the Marxist model, guerrilla warfare is still a resilient and adaptable methodology for change. Its inexpensive parameters and speedy threat to the status quo are a testament to its timelessness.

To begin, once must reject the basic pleasures of life and dedicate their own very existence to the movement. Once this is accomplished, the guerrilla, as a social reformer, has been born. With a strong dedicated core of like-minded warriors, the guerrilla band will become the vanguard of a mass movement and organize the oppressed people into a formidable force. Once the force has gained enough power and mobility, the ruling factions will be defeated and replaced with a newly established society based on the will of the people.

Of course, one paragraph on the phenomenon of guerrilla revolution does not adequately explain the various pitfalls and logistics of a successful struggle. On the other hand, it does provide a basic formula, in which the guerrilla will be free to deviate and elaborate according to the circumstances surrounding his or her movement. To emphasize, the guerrilla

Favorable vs. unfavorable terrain, supplies, intelligence networks, knowledge of the enemy, organization, propaganda, sabotage, medical care, and training

must also concern their organization with:

unhealthy; it is bad for the

environment and it makes the

Baby Jesus cry. I know these

Now let's get to the subject

at hand: murder. When I was

a little kid I thought if you

murdered someone, voi

would get the electric chair

And that was a good thing

because there were a lot of

people I would have liked to kill. Still are. The ironic part

is that, depending on where

you look today, you might get

the impression that murder is

becoming decriminalized. It

seems that many murderers

very few are executed. This

make you want to view the police and other sects of the

To play Russian Roulette you need a gun, 1 bullet, and

1: Load the gun with the bullet, close the barrel and give

it a nice spin so you don't know where the bullet lays

get off and, of those who don't,

things. You do too.

There have been many successful and unsuccessful models of guerrilla warfare, in which future guerrillas can draw inspiration or abomination. This type of information is up to the aims of the various organizations to decide how it should be used. According to Subcommandante Marcos, military head of the Zapatista Army of National Liberation, his successful role in the Chiapas resistance to Mexican government exploitation, "...Is a model for a pocket of resistance, but don't pay too much attention to it." In essence, each type of guerrilla warfare model must be tailored to the needs

and expectations of the people and their program for social reform. The spirit is timeless, yet the dynamics are as numerous and complex as the different types of people in the world.

However, one is to be cautioned: Guerrilla warfare should only be used as a last option.

Premature or unorganized movements can end with disastrous results. Ernesto "Che" Guevara cautions that governments that have come to power through some form of popular vote, combined with an illusion of constitutional law, should be attacked with every means of legal aggression until guerrilla warfare is even considered an option. How do you like that, huh?



for something else. et caught. Make some plans. ssess your environment. Be

well, for example. Avoid this

4) If you're already old enough to vote and you need to whack meone, it's simple. Get rich. The rich, excluding Martha, almost never go to jail no matter what they do. The rich reruns of Gunsmoke, liberals man has as much chance of nservatives or pastrami. Just being executed as he does member, it's not your fault of entering the kingdom of You're a victim of racism, failing Heaven. What allows the rich a mother who didn't breastfeed have the money to hire a team the police, the prosecutor, the witnesses and even the victims. ut on a show. If you're Nicole Simpson's drug use and Mark Furhman's racist slurs. "If the glove don't fit you must acquit!" Jury selection. If you

ecause the head was never found. He was found not guilty. One of the Jurors actually said I didn't think you could have a case without the head. I thought you needed the whole body." You can, as a matter of fact (and law) be convicted of murder with out a body ever being found. Granted it is a much tougher case to try, but schools, a lousy economy and to kill with impunity is that they that's why you want the top tier lawyers. The really good and expensive attorneys will zero who will thoroughly investigate in on the jurors who will be watched, for example, years of This is why we all know about Matlock reruns. When asked how the Matlock juror felt about of slow then you might want off, one juror replied, "He's not the only crazy person in person kills someone, they look at the Simpson and get sentenced to the Ronald Durst cases, you see that the There are two things for any McDonald house. Right?

the bottle in 7<sup>th</sup> grade and give the gun a spin. Whoever 5: After everyone recovers from the shock and horror o

to kiss during the game: You can kiss my ass and shoot to be buried, cremated, or just tossed in the middle of

what just happened, it's time to clean up and dispose of

the body. Since it's one of your friends, you may want to

give him or her a respectable burial instead of dumping

floor like you would a hooker or hobo that no one cares

nowhere. I prefer the later — that way you can let nature

run its course. Also, you're giving life to other animals

and flesh-eating creatures, so, in a way, your friend still

Remember: The more the merrier. If you have, say, five

friends playing, your odds of survival are greater than if

you have two people playing. Also: Russian Roulette is

the head. The bullet could be in the 1st chamber of the

barrel or it could be in the last... But that last chamber

friends know the outcome: When everyone else has

gone, you're next, and there's only 1 shot left.

provides the only circumstance where you and all your

a risky game — no one knows who's taking the bullet to

the body in a lake or burying it under your basement

about. It's a good idea to know if the person prefers

it points to after it's done spinning is the person who

keep spinning until it does. And remember lover boy.

goes first. If it doesn't land on anyone the first time, just

you're spinning a gun, not a bottle, so kissy kiss before

the game, x o x o, cause there's no kissing in Russian

Roulette. There are, however, alternatives if you want

3: When the gun points to you, pick it up, pull the

hammer back and place it to your temple or in your

no prescribed direction to pass the gun — there's

no order, which is part of the game's beauty. Pass

it clockwise or counter clockwise, but make sure

there's no arguing when it becomes an issue.

mouth. Then pull the trigger. If nothing happens, that

chamber is empty, so pass it to the next person. There's

everyone's clear on the rules before you start playing so

has a high incidence of illiteracy and NASCAR veiwership. In other words don't do it at CMU; make the trip out to Cal St. If your access to wealth and gigh quality legal representation limited, then fake mental Iness or retardation. This will definitely garner sympathy from the media and the legal vstem, as well as much of the general public. As long s you're mentally defective ou won't be considered fo the death penalty. More than likely you can avoid jail time by going to a mental institution. You'll stay there for a few years. etting better and waiting for he publicity to die down. Then you're cured and you go out on parole. If you're really lucky your illness might qualify you for disability payments. At least you should be able to get into program. Now, if you're kind to think about pretending to be mentally challenged Why? Because if a retarded

from this. First, lose the head. Second, make sure you commit your crime in a jurisdiction that

patrons; sneer at their Repeat every third thi word you say say. Give your claim to fam Festerous" for your high school yearbook. Read a newspaper Ignore your date. Stare at your date's neck and grind your teet audibly. Growl. Twitch spastically. If as about it, pretend you don' know what they are talking minutes, circle table with your an outstretched, and make airplane sounds Order a bucket of lard. Ask for crayons to col the placemat. This works verv well in fancier venue that use linen tablecloths Howl and whistle womens' legs. Especially if vou're female Recite vour dating histor Improvise. Include pets. Pull out a harmonica an play blues songs wh your date begins talkin about themselves or ar problem, including socia or political affairs. Sacrifice french fries to the

with fork and steak knife

including the waiter, who

Collect the salt shaker

from all the tables in the

them in a tower on your

Wipe your nose on your

Make funny faces at other

date's sleeve. Do it twice.

restaurant and balance

to give the impression

reaches for it.

a spare pair of underwe on the back of one of the chairs. Insist that they it If they are paying, ord on the menu. Take on with you and, during th great deity, Pomme. meal, get up and arrang When ordering, ingu them around the table in whether the restaul has any live food. your date's plate. Eat more lot cheaper than actually Chew with your mouth open, talk with your mout full and spray crumbs. Eat everything on Take a thermos along a plate within 30 seconds of hide it under the it being placed in front o Excuse yourself to

Order coffee and fill thermos one cup at a tir taking advantage of the restroom. Go back t the head waiter/hostes Insist that the waiter c and ask for another table in a different part of th restaurant. Order another he take a bite of everyth meal. When your date on the plate to make s finally finds you, a no one poisoned it. him/her "What in the hell Accuse your date took you so long in the Recite graphic limericks to the people at the table Ask the people at t neighboring table for foo from their plates. Beg your date to tatto your name on their bu Keep bringing the subject Ask your date how much money they have wit Order for your date. Order

Communicate in mime th

entire evening.

dangerous religious cul on't use any verbs dur proceeds (if any) to p toy dolls you've brougl Explain that you freque



eal, demand lpecac and Ex-Lax and a whole lot of milk. While o

really kind of an idiot, but he had a nice body and he shaved his ddd chest, which I guess should tell you something. One night, he brought a bunch of girls over to my place and passed out while I kept up conversation with them. Anyway, different night, I pretty much gave him this bottle of Jack Daniels to drink by himself. I kept taking him upstairs and smoking was gone, gone...GONE. My friends and I all conspired to get me kissing me back, but he was so fucking wasted he could have thought I was a girl, so who knows. I sucked his cock and it was hard, but when he was snoring away and I was still sucking his cock, I figured it was time to quit.

Eventually, he dropped out of school and probably killed himself. guess I feel kind of bad about it. That's no way to seduce a straight guy. It wasn't even that much fun for me. A much better experience was had with a closer friend of mine. He was horny one night, so was I, and for some reason he wanted to fuck around with me. It happened, just like that, and it never really became a big deal.

The next morning, he pretended like nothing had happened.

In fact, I would suck any of my friend's cocks if they would want me to. But it's important not to get too hung up on your buddies' dicks, because it just freaks them out and then you chance losing their friendship, which is just bad for everybody involved. think the attitude to take is: This is how buddies help each other out. Guys are horny, so guys who can have sex with other guys pretty much have it made. Provide gentle reminders from time to time that you were put on this earth to suck cock and you really wouldn't mind wrapping your hungry wet lips around your best

bud's throbbing hetero-erection from time to time (if they're in the

Many straight guys have not had their asses rimmed, either, so it's beneficial to remind the straight guys in your life that you offer this 📥 service as well. Perhaps it will intrigue them. Actually, it will most likely disgust them, but hey it's fun to imagine, right? Anyway, I'd like to take this opportunity to remind any straight

time you told the chick you were bangin' that she had pretty 5) EXERCISE YOUR RIGHT TO HAVE AN ORGY. But if the

And she was albino. Point: Use your mouth for better things, with jizz comes upstairs and asks you to relocate, then

guys out there who would be interested in having a jack-off buddy, at the very least, to please contact me through deekMagazine.

### Etiquette During ar

) SHUT UP. If you're not saying something asty about someone's wet something

something else, then you shouldn't be

talking. Personally, I think with the amount

e had to drink, the more you say, the

k you have of saying something

00

or you might look like a dumbass. 2) CUNNILINGUS: Perform it. On everyone. Whenever you 3) DRINK WATER. Seriously, sex is sweaty and obviously, Even one sip of water will do you a world of good, so stop Listen: You're at a wild party complete with grain alcohol, 4) CONDOMS. Use 'em, don't lose 'em and most gross anyway, and leaving a full condom on to fuck someone their tummy and pat their head at the same time. And leave

Il right gay boys, we all know the short answer to the question of

now to seduce a straight guy — a six pack of beer, right?

Of course, that's a little simplistic and reduces the matter of

sucking straight dick considerably. For example, sometimes it

takes a whole case of beer. Or even an entire bottle of Jack

In all honesty, I haven't a fucking clue how to seduce straight

with over four of them, I suppose I should have some sort of

I suppose I should first define what I mean by the term "straight"

jerk off to women. I'm not talking about guys who are closeted

themselves). I'm talking about dudes who are secure enough

in their masculinity to either experiment with other guys or let

I really don't know if it's possible to seduce just any straight guy

The fact is, guys are incredibly horny. They beat off at every

opportunity, except for when they're having actual sex. And if

with enough liquor and patience, though anything is possible.

guys I've ever messed around with have

strong signals that they wouldn't mind

that it turns me on to pleasure straight

go about seducing just any straight guy

of befriending and expending of mental

guy I practically raped my sophomore

secretly gay, and I convinced all my

of the same thing. Jesus, he was fucking

For some reason, I was convinced that

!! We called him "Gay Matt," and he was

though I understand it can be done, and

with me. They were horny, and I made

there for them. Like I said, I have no

or on the fence (though they are quite a lovely breed unto

guys. I'm talking about guys who date, love, fantasize about, and

useful information on the subject. So here goes:

they're not doing it, they're thinking about it.

another dude pleasure them.

fucking around

guys, so I was

it pretty clear

idea how to

off the street,

it involves a lot

energy that I just

vear of college.

guys, but seeing as how I've had various forms of sexual relations

notties galore, and this stripper guy who does amateur porn and happens to be wearing women's underwear. Two people retire to the upstairs bedroom. Then two more. Then another one. And then, finally, after consuming such a quantity of alcohol that you'll barely remember the night existed, you else is like doing them with a water balloon. SPLASH! give in to your own monster of a libido and go upstairs too. GOTCHA! You, kind sir or madam, are about to engage in an orgy. Here are a few helpful tips to help you, ahem, come out on

> have a good view of exits, and where you ca

Lick your plate. Offer to lick

Fill your pockets v

sugar packets, as we

shakers, silverware, flo

on the table that isn't bolte

Hold a debate. Take bo

Auction your date off f

Slide under the table. T

side dish. When the wait

brings your food, hide tl

potato, wait a few minute

and ask the waiter for tl

When the waiter retu

with another potato for y

have the first one back ।

on the plate. Repeat late

Order beef tongue. Mal

lewd comparisons

Get your date drunk. Ta

on life. Get it on tape an

use good judgement

editing to twist their word

Discuss boils and lesion

throughout the meal (C

ubber-dubber language

the restroom. When yo

return to the table, throv

or just nonsense).

experience.

Use a buİlhorn.

1. Hum. Loudly.

keep your back to the wa

RELOCATE. Yes, it sucks, but do you really want to be the guy screaming, "I brought a bottle of alcahol wit me ta dis 6) DO NOT PUT A USED CONDOM ON SOMEONE'S TOOTHBRUSH. Just don't. Unless the toothbrush belongs to 7) MULTITASK. One of the best things about an orgy is you can be riding it, eating it and stroking it all at once. Go for it. But be careful if you're one of those people who can't rub

person who regularly sleeps in the bedroom you're painting

the orgy immediately if you can't walk and chew gum at the same time. Also, leave immediately if you're John Ashcroft. 8) CUNNILINGUS. I really mean it, people. 9) FREQUENT BREAKS. Take a break if you need one. Watching the orgy can be fun, too. Put on some good music. NOT BARRY WHITE.

Because chances are, you won't have a chance to make anything more of that relationship. And wear condoms,

Sasuari, conniorable, helpini sex.

So, my advice is this: Meet people, filirt, hook up, and have sex. But be smart: don't sleep with them right away.

Because chances are, you won't have

you met them. When you fuck them, that's causual sex. Not slutty sex.

Casual, comfortable, helpful sex.

them outside the bar or party where

simple. You know nothing about them

Having sex with someone you don't

Lossual sex when they sleep around.

made among today's young adults is they're having

absolute, most common mistake

eno ny opinion, the number one,

happen between the two of you, wait

you want to get to know them better and see if anything could potentially better the properties in the first time of your waits

mill take you seriously if you sleep

right sway. Why? Because guessy what: You can-NOT do both the first

friend, as a potential significant other, whatever I represelve to the construction of 
miltəg bns gnirting and gettin

filirting with random people at bars.

falk to me" look, always, always gd for it if you're attracted to them. There is nothing wrong with talking to and

If you're at a bar and you spot

avoid blatant emotional deception.

intend. Be honest. Be smooth. Try to

Things out of proportion and will often

Guys: DON'T DO THIS! Girls blow

And I can't forget the fellas on this one. They make it difficult for girls sometimes by doing the whole "you're so beautiful," cuddling all night thing.

want one, listen to me: DON'T SLEEP

he won't want to start a relatior irst time you meet him, chances are

Ladies, if you sleep with a guy the

making the mistake of sleeping with them. Sorry girls, but we all know it's

eomeone they've only met once after

Females, for example, always fall for

esn be, some people go about it all

oredom normaliy associated with

without attached teelings, but it also

However, as much fun as casual sex.

Same factor that usually leads one to

whenever, which helps eliminate the

permits one to sleep with whomever

Yes, it allows for sexual gratification

admit it with pride: Casual sex is

— a good lay. I'd do him again."

As a 21-year-old college junior, I will

"Oh, slept with this dude. He's all right

So what did you do last night after we

g poyfriend or steady hook-up (the

near on meir parmer).

sasy. It you don't want a relationship, 🛮

th you. Because: He thinks you're

WITH EVERY GUY YOU MEET!

attractive person checking you out or

you want to know them better — as a

know the person, decide right then it if you want to sleep with them or it

gnt you meet tnem.

Twith them the first time you meet. If

And remember this: Regardless

nr gender or situation, no one

wnatever, i repeat: You have to decide

er two, trust me.

best anime O NOE but what AOL teh money????? u r kidding me arent you? AHAHAHAHA 10) TOYS. Now if this is an unplanned thing, you probably won't have your bag o' tricks with you, so that sucks. But if like totally valspeak, dude, k??? its so totally the bitching way to incoheant, and like you know isnt it??? you do, use them! On that same note, don't use toys that belong to someone not involved in the orgy unless they say you can; trust me, nothing will get you kicked out of the party faster than being caught by your host with his set of extra-Six rules! There are Six Highly Simplistic & Effective Rules. anal beads dangling from your ass. (If that happens

As you can see, with just these few simple rules, you can make an absolute mess out of your writing. But the best

acronyms, and abbrevs. So FUCK YOU. LOL. J/K, AHAHAHAHA.

How to Write Like a Fucking Idiot - by Sean B. Palmer

File Edit Insert People

idiot in the first place.

OMFG icu812: whats up

OMFG icu812: dude?

advice that I can give you is to simply study the words of the stupid, and mimic their devices. Stupid writing is everywhere, but if you fail to find any, try misspelling words in Google searches, and incorporate your own bits of vocabulary from your favorite idiotic subculture.

I'm often asked how I manage to write like a fucking idiot, and moreover, why I should want to write like a fucking

(notwithstanding the many great writers who loved to gleefully insert adverbs into their infinitive), you will already

the modern workplace, colleagues are most incommodious to say the least when you start to use words such as

"incommodious" and "augment" whilst the boss isn't present — though "augment" itself is perhaps acceptable in

skill that can get you down the social ladder pretty sharpish when you're tired of that taste of shit on your tongue.

Still with me? Good. That means you're not afraid of vulgarity, and that makes my job much easier because the

first important rule in the art of writing like a fucking idiot — before we go on to the physical techniques — is

to abandon all forms of logic and common sense. In lieu of these, you shall employ The Three "V"s, namely:

ideas for special occasions, and make sense. You have to learn to let go, pigfucker.

to use "u", "ur", and "1" everywhere. But beware: mixing styles can appear feigned.

You may now learn, use, and master the Five Highly Simplistic & Effective Rules; to wit:-

UPPERCASE WRITING IS GOOD, BUT YOU'RE CHOICE OF CASE SHOULD BE EITHER

lowercase, don't even think about slipping out of it for proper nouns, or the beginnings of sentences

its nominal guise, preceded by the word "breast". Anyway, my point is that writing like a fucking idiot is an essential

Violence, Vulgarity, and Vapidity. Remember that it is a sign of intelligence to act with compassion, retain shocking

Spel and grammar bad, but sparingly. Example: always confuse "your" with "you're", "it's" with "its", and so

on; its one of the simplest tactics, but master it and your well on you're way. If u want 2 appear like one of those

CONSISTENTLY UPPERCASE OR CONSISTENTLY LOWERCASE. UPPERCASE IS BETTAR. if u choose

the only exception to the rule above is with the insane ad hominem rant, which is always typified by lots of

always throw in a few extra exclaimation points !!! this works best in TEH INSANE RANT !! AHAHAHAHA ROFFLE

punctuate purversely .let you're periods go astray leave out commers where there should be commers and

make less sense. if when u write then u go on and what is my washing mashine? eminem what said r teh

idiot txtrs (though have you noticed that when stenographers abbreviate, they're being clever?), then ur best bet is

know all too well the pain of writing like an elitist pompous arrogant pretentious anachronistic bastard. And, in

Let me deal with the latter question first. If you be one for whom a split infinitive conjures up great fear

Or, in fucking-idiotese (admittedly extreme, as demonstration):-

my simple rules are teh best !!! tehy are the fuckers and will make peeps TREEMBAL before u

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA>@ boan up on tehm and they're sillines and then u can totally copy them and like steel

all their L33T powers !!! O NOE TEH BAD WRITING IS **EVRYWHERE** 

IS COMNIG TO GET ME ?! IT IS IN GOOGAL **SEARCHIS** 

WHEN YOU SPEEL BADLY?!?!!! LOL

Remember always, however, that you cannot judge a writer by their words. Hey, that person you thought was a dipshit might just be blending their own excellent parody, perhaps now even using instructions from this very manual. But it could be worse: they might be using a non-native language, they might've received a poor education, or they might be disabled beyond your reckoning. Anyway, just try to keep in mind that not everybody who writes like an idiot is one, and that writing like an idiot doesn't mean that you have to become one.

And, finally, if draughts of intelligence are still discernible in your diction, don't worry about it: the trick is normally to fool other idiots into thinking that you're an idiot too. If the intelligent can see through your act, save face and just

these guys aren't anything too spectacular, since it took them like twenty years for people to catch on.

With two of the three members going grey and the other being bald, this band's biggest accomplishm

will forever be playing with/opening up for Beck. These dudes better hang it up before they start writing songs about Stacy's Mom.

any number of other acoustic marionettes aimed

ssional, Howie Day, or certainly, OAR (Eww.

please romantic sorority sisters-- Dashboard

nt Reznor. which I'd sav is fairly accurate

ocking himself in basements full of bats.

One piece of advice though—know

Either way, you can only win.





Games

Video

soundtrack to Babylon 5 and cut your fucking hair while buy his shit immediately after reading this article.





8. Andrew W.K.: People call him a joke, I'll agree tha

he is hilarious, but he's no joke. You know who is a

never come out. But Andrew, we'll now, Andrew car

statistics: You all know who Conor Oberst is, tt??? The brilliance behind Bright Eyes--DOY

guitarist of the universally praised, Oberst-fronted and

ow defunct Desaparecidos, does! And even thoug

Oberst to make him an indie icon, he makes his most

may not have the charisma, charm, or good looks

already hate this band. Lea

quitarist. Aaron North, is th

ring a fresh vibe to the

ounk sound and don'

o if you can, catch hem live, bias! By

discriminate—they રાe big on the Yeah

care, these boys don't

he has absolutely nothing to do with Sta

ty themes. Sure, this guy may have a shtick, but at

keep on churning out those danceable hard-rocki

east he knows how to use it. Party hard!



Honorable Mention—The Locust: Ridiculous costumes—CHECK! Forty-second long songs—CHECK! Terrible musicianship—CHECK! Who the fuck do these douche bags think they are?! And more importantly...who the fuck do they think we are?! I nean, do they think we all have the word "ASSHOLE sinine nonsense and neither should you! 10. The Postal Service: So basically, the least lame dude from Death Cab For Cutie decided to make an electronic record with an equally lame dude, who

actually happens to know something about electronic music. Good idea. No, to be honest, The Postal Service did make a pa-retty good record and I can see why people dig it...however, I did say PA-RETTY GOOD nd that's what it is...pretty good, not great. So shut up about it. already!

9. Atmosphere: All right, the emcee can fucking flow and the DJ's got some pretty killer beats. Plus, they're signed to Epitaph, which I guess is neat, but wait...so are those aforementioned douche bags, The Locust (on Epitaph's subsidiary ANTI-) and those rhetoric-spouting racists, The Dropkick Murphys, so ahem, how much credibility can that really give them." To the point some school of the point some school of the property point--some schmuck decided to label them "emo-rap prediction is that "emo-rap" will only be dumber. If weren't for the retards comparing these badasses racelets, I wouldn't really have anything bad to say about Atmosphere.

B. The Polyphonic Spree: OH MY GOD! Two of mv best iends are gay and even they would say this shit is too for them to listen to! In case you don't know, The Polyphonic Spree is a group of twenty-five of those stupid-ass kids from high school who wore tie-dye ow these idiots dress up in white gowns/robes and ing crappy choir songs about false happiness. I hat Death Cab For Cutie: It seems as if EVERYONE

and these dweebs remind me why. Seriously, tes Death Cab these days. I don't see why, though eah, they write some of the best indie-rock songs loating around; however, they also write some of the worst songs floating around, PERIOD. I've heard shits n the Mad Mex bathrooms that sound better than me of their songs (even with the awful acoustics). is is the most inconsistent band since Earth, Wind, d Fire. Oh, and let me reinforce what I said earliervww.deathcab.addr.com/pictures.htm and find The Mars Volta: I know this one is going to get me trouble. So what if it's Cedric and Omar from At The ive-In, arguably one of the best bands of recent attitude towards music and you hear this record, you'll be spellbound. Maybe you're not aware of this, but The Mars Volta from Iceland? I didn't think so. omeone please give them a bad review to balance ut the universe. They're definitely better than Sparta

Thrice: If I wanted to listen to

Thursday, I would have just listened to Thursday. Don't let

hese auvs are even sem

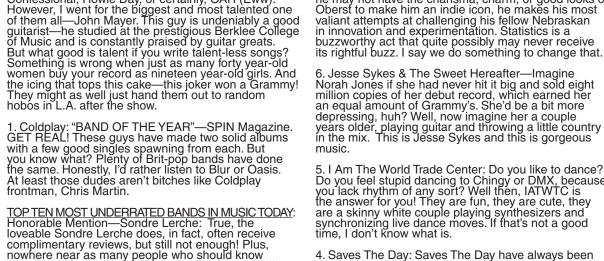
Coheed And Cambria:

wonder why??? O

veah, that's right They ripped off all their riffs and their

as perfected

require tale



Saves The Day: Saves The Day have always been about this extraordinary Norwegian Prodigy actually band you either love or hate. Well, I say enough with hating. Each album is a new experience and a Picture George Harrison's songwriting and vocals lired with McCartney's personality. Bottom line—his last album, Faces Down--is a pure pop gem and and in music today. They have gone from hardcore punk to lush pop-rock and made the transition a very one of the best albums made in years. Get it and get ooth one. Frontman Chris Conley's androgynous ocals are to die for and his evolving songwriting style ). Cex: Chances are, you probably haven't heard is outdoing every one of his contemporaries with each m Rjyan Kidwell, a.k.a. Cex...yet! But this dude is the real deal. He has been compared to . The Icarus Line: Whether o





priceless bands. This guy is the unsung hero of indie-rock, who pu one savvy record after another ne problem is many critics seen o have some sort of vendetta against Kinsella and give him absurdly poor reviews and then, assume that the ignorant readers of these dick reviews don't give him a chance. Trust me on this one,