

deek

the self-destruct incident



to read is to destroy
it can never be the same again



letter from the editor

This is a magazine for you — a magazine for those with style, for those who care about the way they look, for the athletically and intellectually active, for man at his absolute best, for those with a fashion sense that transcends typical boundaries of aesthetics, for those able to feel emotion, for those with a sense of humor, for those who are politically minded yet not totally convinced that they have any sort of answer to anything significant; for those with an unpretentious attitude, for those who are musically and creatively concerned, those with smarts, those who are well-read, pragmatic and logical yet willing to let go on occasion; this is a magazine about ambitions and frustration and deceit and divinity; Deek is for the man who cares about the way he looks but won't let that concern show prevalently since he doesn't want to turn into some strange-looking malformation of a fag trying to look straight or vice versa or some trucker dyke or something; this is a magazine for those offended by things, for those offended by nothing, for you, for those concerned with racial issues in a positive or negative sense, for those who see sexuality not as a lifestyle but as a choice to be made clear in appropriate situations (because who really wants to know what sexual preference someone has before they've been introduced appropriately to you, [for whom this was written]); this is for those who want to know everything; for those who think that no one is ever quite sure what they're talking about, though they try (and that, however pathetic, is cute); this is for those men who have tried, for those men who haven't, for those who read magazines, for those who don't, for those who have ever caught themselves in a situation they don't quite understand, for those unable to make civilized decisions in a time of haste, for those who are tired of trudging endlessly through seemingly seminal, eternal, emotional quicksand and for those with no heart; this is for those with a broken will, a soul left enamored; this is a magazine for those with a sense of being, for those in hell, for those in heaven, for those filled with every manner of nameless dread, for those in anxiety, in shame, in despair, for those lost in some complicated cavern of existence that seems like it is going to trap you forever in pity and pain and anguish, for those who smile, for those who fart on the subway and pretend they smell nothing, for those who point the finger, for those with no sense of background, for those with roots lost in some melting pot theorem of American or Western culture, for those who mishandle words like "theorem," for those who use language tragically, uselessly — like stunning, massive words are made for haphazard, lazy usage; this is a magazine for those who find big words useful for no reason, for those who find big words sexy, for those words and men and women that exist big and beautiful and look at this word: Lloccinaucinihilipilification.

Long, eh? It means, I swear I'm not making this up, "To estimate something as worthless." This is a magazine for those who are amazed that someone would allow a complete stranger to enter their lives. This is a magazine for those who love circular thought, for those with a slightly distorted self opinion, for those who have ever been in love, for those who find love appalling, for those who are a little depressed, lost since their last relationship, unable to find someone that fits; this is a magazine for those seeking a conclusion, for those who need to find someone, for those who just want someone to hold them when they sit there and cry, for those who, on occasion, find laughter the most valuable of emotional reactions, for those who like to pour tears, for those who enjoy a little violence every now and then (but are not necessarily violent in their everyday lives), for those who are terribly violent in their everyday lives, for those who love to read about hate and passion and crime and life altering, threatening mistakes, for those who love true stories, for man at his best, for man at his utter, absolute, bottom of the barrel, drunk, repugnant but good-natured worst, for man at his best, for man dying in a hole, covered in mud and shit, looking toward God, praying, finding himself eternally... over... done... finished, for man at his best, for women everywhere, for man at his best, for men forced to tell a story they know too well, for man at his best, for man at his best, for man lounging, unable to decide, pitifully sobbing against a brick wall, unable to think, unable to speak, unable to ask the right person or read the right words or feel the right way, for man at his best, lost, enamored, engaged, frightful, for man in a tunnel sealed at both ends, for man under attack, for all of our fathers and our lives, for those who fought and died, for those you fought and lost but lived, for those who don't know how it will end and don't seem to care, for those who never take alarms too seriously, for women with a sense of attachment, for women who will walk all over you, for the beautiful, for the ornate, for the spectacular, for the obtrusive, for the pure, for the vindictive, for the thoughts molding into love, forming into understanding, sulking into progression, for those with a broken heart, for those who would rather fake an apology than hurt her feelings, for those who will find their way back again, for the impenetrable, for the meek, for the rich and their kids, for the passion of a lifetime, for anyone who has ever felt absolutely helpless, for anyone who knows anyone who has ever felt stuck, worthless, for those who have found no home, no clue, no voice to follow, no art to pursue, this is your magazine - Deek is your voice, your art, your clue, your home.

And Deek, as you know it, is dead.

Symbols: Pain. Anguish. Marilyn Monroe as a man. Shakespeare as a representation, not real. God as hardware in a machine. The solemnity — the knowledge that all hope has liquified, run into a sewer drain. To that, we say: Hope is dead. We say deek is misplaced, re-forming, new — we say: Dead. We say deek is dead.

Deek is dead
deek is dead, deek is dead
deek is
Not.
Fucking.
Dead.

Hope is not fucking dead.
Deek is not letting you lose. Things just change.
This summer, Deek is reborn in new bodies and forms of life.
New, again, this July. Don't be asleep for the metempsychosis.

Stroud
Editor-in-Chief
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at left, front and back cover photos by ethan of ethan5.com

letters to the editor

Letters
Editor-free noise from our faithful readers.

Fucked up letter of the month:
Dear Mr. Dorito, Ms. Keenan and Mr. Stroud,

My name is Ronnie Loleson, a state attorney in Nebraska. At this moment, agents of the FBI and myself are meeting to review evidence and set a strategy for the investigation and possible prosecution of the person or persons responsible for the website at deekmagazine.com. The site is indecent and, on at least three occasions, students at Lincoln High School have interrupted class and threatened teachers and fellow students, citing your site as influence. Please change. We are extremely concerned about the amount of unnecessary information being leaked to the public. We are asking you to remove your web page from the internet or face charges.

E. Loleson, Esq.

Dear Deek:

Hey, entrepreneurship is respectable. I go in and out of Dick Mode. Those characters aren't easy to stabilize. Some of my babies escape through rattrap doors in the bottom dumpster and visit me years later on paper tied to brick. Long story. Read a burden.

Thomas VanGemert

Deer Deek:

I gotta say, the "how to" issue surpassed anything you've done so far in terms of quality of writing. It's been months since I've read anything in The Onion that's made me laugh as hard as "How To Write Poetry." Rumor is that this magazine will cease to exist in a few months. Say it ain't so!

Thad McCullough

Dear Deek:

I love you fiends. If you believe you have recieved this message in error please contact your local authorities, state representatives, ombudsmen, parliment morons, fireman, chiropractors, oncologists or your mother: I'm sure she will know what to do... , because there is no possible way that this error could be our fault.. no way, no siree-bob.. nuh uh hhnot meeeeee.

Kristen the Cat

Dear Deek:

Couldn't really read the Hot To thing. Totally confused. What the hell happened? Printing trouble?

Mike Hoaley
note from nate: scissors, instructions, interaction...

Dear Deek:

Please, send me whatever goddamn changes you wish to make so that I can fucking approve of them. Thanks.

Adam

Dear, dear Deek:

Never quite saw anything like Deek, have to admit that, but also have to say that I don't give a shit about what you people have to say at all. You are non-talents. Everywhere I go now in bars and coffeshops and shit, people are like "Deek is awesome! Their voices are so raw and new and blah blah theres nothing like it." And that's bullshit. All you are is a bunch of kid's voices pumped out like stale water through a garden hose. Get over yourselves. Quit while you still can. The end is near.

Billy Diamond

Dear Deek:

Thought I'd let you know: All the lights died on my side of the second floor and I lost my cigarettes in the dark recesses of my cluttered chamber when we threw a Dressed to Get Laid Party two weeks ago. We cracked the moldy bathtub with the weight of the kegs and some slut humped a rusty pole in the back yard. Cheap porn covered the walls in 8.5 by 11-inch increments, haphazardly masking the coated dirt and beer that had been splashed all over the living room at the dance party a week prior. Cigarettes clogged the sink that night while the Brita, blender, and coffee pot had journeyed to the basement to serve Pabst. Some perverted soul pocketed the three-inch rubber penis that would have been a prize at the Amateur Strip Contest — the high point of the evening.

Lucy Leitner

D e a r Deek:

This is how to create an MTV hit, in case you were wondering:

Thanks to new pop-punk bands, creating an MTV hit is now easier than ever. Believe it or not, you don't even have to be slim! For example, from the hit band, Tenacious D, fat ass Jack Black shows us that you can be as large as you want and not even need real make-up!

Because of bands such as Linkin Park, you can claim you've invented a new style when all you've done was created more shit. It's that simple!

Although, Girl Rockers, be aware, don't even attempt to try if you don't sing Bubble Gum pop, won't change your name to fit in with the rest of the band (i.e. the donnas), or have really big tits.

Whether you're fat and flabby, ugly and worthless, or maybe a tight-clothed asshole, you can still be talent less and create an MTV hit!

Ms. Spew Meredith

bios

Ziggy Cyanide is the creator of Choking Hazard, an anything-goes personal/politikal/art/humorous/serious/semi-or-at-least-pseudointelligent/sarcastic-but-not-necessarily-cynical zine produced since 2001. Choking Hazard zine can be seen at <http://choking.whiskey-rebellion.org/>

boice-Terrel Allen is the author of two novels Janet Hurst and The Daughters of a Mother and the editor of Coloring Book: An Eclectic Anthology of Fiction & Poetry by Multicultural Writers. All three books were published through his imprint, Rattlecat Press, which he founded. Allen is also a member of the Pittsburgh writers collective, The Forgery. Currently, he's at work on a collection of short stories and a memoir.

For additonal information on Allen and Rattlecat Press, visit him online at www.rattlecat.com, where you can find his tour schedule, read excerpts or purchase books. You can also order the Rattlecat Unisexy Tee he's sporting.

Christopher Salyers lives and has sex in Brooklyn, NYC

Leandro Asnaghi-Nicastro is Editor-in-Chief of a web-zine similar to deekMagazine in Toronto, Canada, called Capital of Nasty. CON can be found at www.con.ca. Leandro sends a postcard from interesting times, where he has been for almost a year. But the crowds have fallen silent, and he can't remember what this rifle in his hands is meant for. He's thinking of going home.

Melanie Dastranj is a student so desperate to pass a class that she submitted to deek only so she wouldn't fail. {insert fart noise here}

Matt Stroud has been Matt Stroud for some time now. and you never knew.

nate Bogos, or nate Boguszewski is, at best, an anomaly. he also is in need of paying work. see www.artproductdesign.com

past contributors

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special thanks to those models who so often bared all for us thanks for the mammaries

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Deekmagazine is a Limited Liability Corporation that produces artistic material and publications distributed in Pittsburgh, PA. Conceived in 2001, Deek has grown from a dinky web-resume to a magazine that puts out damn interesting stories and art each month. In print and online, Deek features work ranging in scope from the ludicrous and the experimental to the poignant, argumentative and sometimes even classy. Funded in part by the Student Activities Fee at the University of Pittsburgh.

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(you can't wonder forever)
Kate Piccolo

10:42
hair bright christmas red and pants
tighter than the average pair
&i'm waiting
&i'm reading a book by the dalai lama
about peace and compassion
&i'm waiting for my best friend
the bitch
to call again
 (did you think i forgot about you?)

[when i was on the phone with her before
she sounded like she was crying
&it scared the shit out of me
&i wondered what her face looked like
(i just went upstairs and laid down
 rather than throwing things
 and screaming)

i was watching
a girl outside the 7-11 last week
she threw out a cup of yogurt
after eating two bites of it
 &i felt like hitting her

i've never hit anyone
but liz did once
(i just went up and slapped him
i never hit someone before and i
 wanted to know what it felt like)]

my hands are kinda shaking
&i can't focus on the words in the book
you're looking swell, dalai
but i have other things
on my mind right now
 (i don't even remember what you
look like)

[she's out of control now and it scares me
the last time i saw her we bought bagels
(did you ever have the urge
 to just smear
 cream cheese
 all over your

face?)
&she actually did it
&it was five in the morning then and i hadn't
seen her for months
i'm afraid of her now and she knows it
&i really dont want to call her anymore
but i can't walk away from the phone]

&i'm just staring at the candy apple cover
of the abandoned book in my hands
&i'm waiting
10:57

Kamikaze Daydream
Adam DiSabato

cascading cubicle
take flight! Cry Out
some dying rooftop
flaming desktop
potato tailpipe
Jump Jump Jump
morning coffee
evening news
"I am Joe vs. Emotional Roadkill"
buy one get one
kill your boss
Horizontal Molotov
Rome was Noble
One wife, One House,
Oh say can you see
One car, One dog,
You 9 to 5 yourself to sainthood.
Bonzai!

Also:
You think it you thunk it
You sink it you sunk it
You do it you dunk it
You won

Missed the Bus
billy@truthinad.com

I must have been running
to the bus stop,
ass-deep in the snow,
red-ankled from exposure,
chasing the steamed breath
that seemed always to elude me,
when the bus took all of the writers
to the seminar on the benefits
of an effectively placed
"fuck."

Brown Garden Grow
by John Thomas Menesini

booze bottle
and a broke nose

purple flowers 'neath the eyes grow

yellow tunnel lights
make the bricks sweat
hair between my teeth set

wreath of dandelions and foil
toil hands blacker than charred pig
spit shined oil stick
jig around a miser's prick

Dried Flowers
by John Thomas Menesini

Dorian gray
turned into a flower
and wilted away

 they say
 hell to pay

Narcissus boy
in front of mirror
stared and scared
his blue eyes clear

 I have laid
 and penance paid

Icarus flew
and knowing true
what would sun
to wax wings do

Long Meat Moan
by John Thomas Menesini

trailer park bedroom groan
pork pie daydreams drawn
fizzled
now
snap into it
loud grouping of English schoolies
squealing underneath the bedroom
window
with the Saturday nonstop
noonday traffic
drone swish left
swish drone right
Larkin-esque look peering out
leering at the youthy tight bodies
in formless fitting uniforms
braces bubble gum cell phones soda
cans
all walking away oblivious to
hunger
strife
or any other one of those wry
political conundrums

Their Lust Peaked
by John Thomas Menesini

taken over by stimulants
a swirl of tobacco/amphetamine
and depressants
marijuana/lager
a class A fuck
in the spinning room
like dogs almost fighting
grunting pounding
stomachs ablaze from the over
thrust
smells of pussy on the upper lip

sharp sex smells
sweat and balls
faces buried deep
in the pillows
like animals
the bed making a god awful racket
letting the neighbors in on their
madness

do they fondle their crotches
with voyeur ears
or frown
turning their pinched faces toward
the telly?
the reprobates are at it again Sodom

castoffs plastered
drooling
unshaven
sore cock and hips and ass and legs

all this work
for one nut blown
in the sweet cool death of night

poems



photo by Clarence Watt

underappreciated scholar

How to get rid of a body by Leandro Asnaghi-Nicastro

It happens, once in a while, that you end up with a fresh dead body. Or corpse to be more precise. And you'll notice that the very first question that always comes mind is not "who is this guy?" or "how did he die?" but more likely "how do I get rid of it?" At first, it was not an easy task; I would chainsaw the body, and scatter the pieces around, use cement and ditch it in the lake, hoping the fishies would like the free snack. I have even tried acid and lime, but it's bloody messy and the washroom never looks the same. And the myth that a starved dog will eat a corpse? Not true. Plenty of leftovers, not including the bones. Yup, I've tried all the various brute force techniques, and I can assure you, none work too well. Even stashing the body in the trunk of my car, driving several hours up North and ditching the body in a bush in the forest. And that's the problem: brute force attack in getting rid of a body is exactly the wrong way of doing things.

Fortunately through years of experience, I have found several methods to easily dispose of a body before it starts to smell and it upsets the local authorities. First of all there are a few things you have to take in consideration when getting rid of a body: You don't want to attract scavengers. While this might seem as a good thing, since they quickly chew up the fleshy part of the body, it attracts too much attention. Where did that fox get that arm? I'm sure you wouldn't let that go by. You don't want the body to be found for a long time. If the body is not found, well, then maybe, just maybe, the person is not really dead, but just disappeared. Lastly, you don't want any connection between you and the corpse.

In my case, I have learned to make best use of the resources I have around me. Take for example No Frills, a convenient grocery store where many of my connections are located. Need drugs? Stolen U.S. Army computer equipment? Underground Israeli Army surplus? Cigarettes? You can get it all here if you have the right connections and you know what department to go to. There is also this great sense of brotherhood among the clerks and they will gladly help a fellow brother in need of help. Many times I have found myself parking in the back, take out a big black garbage bag with

the boys. We'd take the body down to the "Grinder." The meat guy loves me when I drop by with one of my jobs, because he can lower the prices of his ground beef by having a 50/50 mixture of ground human meat and ground beef, since human, he once told me, "tastes more like chicken."

This method has worked many times. It has the downside of requiring so much work, especially in the preparation of the meat to ensure that no clothes or jewels or other recognizable items are found by the customers.

Of course there is a quick and easy way these days: The compactor. It only works well in the summer unfortunately. First of all, the body must be put in several black plastic bags to ensure that they will not break and reveal that the garbage is indeed a person. During the summer, a compactor usually starts to smell real bad, partly due because of the rotten meat and vegetables thrown in there, with the occasional chemical bottle, and part because... well, who knows who's been throwing what in your local grocery store's compactor eh?

Alas, not everyone has access to these delightful conveniences. Of course, you could try the daring way. Pack the body in a hefty bag and leave it for the garbage men to pick up. If you do try this, don't leave it in front of your house. Many good men I knew got caught by the authorities for doing a stupid mistake like that.

A friend of mine told me of a neat trick, which is to leave the body in a hospital. The hard part is not bringing it down to the morgue. You see, if you are wearing the right clothing, with the hint of a nametag or some sort of fake ID, and you act as if you were supposed to be there, people will leave you alone. So, the real challenge, and too risky if you ask me, is bringing the body from the car to the hospital entrance. Unless you have the hospital worked out well (other entrances, someone from the inside that you can trust), I would highly avoid this.

One of my friends has an easy way to get rid of his bodies. He dresses them in sky-diving gear, puts a parachute on their back and pushes them off. Many of those "accidents" you hear on the radio? Fear not, the victim was already dead.

There is a saying that "two is company, three is a crowd". Many of my suggestions are unfortunately involving quite a crowd. You need someone there to help you out. Not all of us are lucky to have people that are willing to take such a big risk to help you rid of a body. So, here are a few suggestions for those that need to or prefer, working solo. Niagara Falls: Avoid it like the pest. Even at 4 o'clock in the morning, there is always someone there. And even if you do throw the body over with a pair of cement slippers, eventually the strength of the current will snap the body at the knees and guess who'll flow back up? So avoid this method with the passion. It's the first place the coppers look anyway.

Take the body, place it on the rail tracks of a well traveled line. Near a bend if possible. This will avoid the body from being spotted immediately and the chance that a slow moving freight train could stop in time. You want momentum to be your friend. Of course, you have to make it look like an accident. Take out a freshly bought bottle of some strong alcohol, pour some on the body, and put the bottle next to the body, but far enough so it won't break. People will think the obvious, while the body will be nicely mauled making it unrecognizable for a while.

If you don't need time, but just want to get rid of the body quickly and in a clean way, steal a wheelchair. The person that was on it will most likely not chase after you. After that, go see a movie. With the body. On the wheelchair. As you enter, talk to the body on how good the movie will be. Buy the tickets and wheel the body to see The Passion of the Christ (the movie is longer than average, giving you a good while to create an alibi). When the movie starts and the lights are dimming, tell the body you are going to get some popcorn and stuff. Instead, leave.

There are of course many other ways of solving problems of this kind. It all depends on your imagination and resources and how good your alibi is. Remember though, you should try to avoid at all costs to end up with the terrible task of getting rid of a body. If your job is done well from the beginning, all you have to do, is go and collect the other half of the check.



nB

the opportunist

The Opportunist: A Fairy Tale by boice-Terrel Allen

The Opportunist blew up. Right there in public display. Which seems fitting. Exploded. Literally. Right between the buffet table and a doyenne of photography. You should have been there — though I'm sure you heard about it. It was the talk of Small Pond, although the news never reached Big Pond since The Opportunist hadn't received any directions there yet. But it was only a matter of time, since he figured it only took knowing somebody who knew somebody who might have known somebody who could lead him there.

The scene of the explosion took place on a March hump day at one of Those Events. Either a charity or an opening or something I can't recall. When one attends so many of Those Events, it becomes almost irrelevant to even ask, For what? I come from money. That's my invitation. I attend these events with my beautiful, widowed mother, who I secretly refer to as Smother. You've probably seen us in the full-color section of the paper. Regularly. Her in some glittery gown, me in something from Mama's Boy Couture. We're Small Pond royalty. So we know all who enter, depart or were exiled. So of course we knew of The Opportunist before he even knew of us. We own Small Pond.

Anyway, there he was: Standing out (purposefully) in denim and a ringer slogan shirt. You could not not look at him. The Opportunist demanded it — lesser souls would have fashionably mis-stepped in such a swank, money environment. We were predictable; the Opportunist carried it off. When he first entered the room, I should have introduced Smother and myself to him, but there would have been a sea change in Small Pond.

So there stood The Opportunist chatting up B.S., a journalist from the Daily Explorer — a B-grade rag, but, for those still climbing, an excellent entrée. The Opportunist handed her a business card he shrewdly, yet casually pulled from his back pocket. I wasn't close enough to see it, but it must have been impressive because B.S. was staring at it like it contained

the recipe for bootleg Chanel No. 5. The Opportunist knew he had her. She turned away to flag her photographer — a butch bottom I once shared a moment with in a stall at one of Those Events. But yes: Returning to The Opportunist, any witness to this situation could have sworn The Opportunist was about to explode at this precise moment. Amateurs. Neophytes. Fools. Didn't they know? You don't explode for B-Grade cageliners. The Opportunist was too smart, too crafty for that. He had his sights on Big Pond. North of Small Pond, South of my approval. The B-Grade photographer with Grade-A hands clicked away as The Opportunist executed a series of practiced poses that were so finely drawn, they appeared spontaneous to the uneducated eye. My God he was brilliant! A raised chin. Pouty, beestung lips. That inspired way he held his eyes so that more white would show. Could admiration and love be the same thing? On the same page, at least. Or looking out the same window staring up at the starry sky. The Opportunist had me. How could I not initiate introductions. But really, what did I have to offer him? Old money? Negative. The Opportunist didn't need money. Well, not in the traditional sense. He needed access, which would lead to money. I could offer access. Between Smother and myself, we knew everyone. And in return, I'd leach off his youth, his ambition. A symbiotic relation. If I couldn't possess any particular skill or talent outside of partyattending and fundraising, I could at least channel it.

I moved in closer to The Opportunist. The B-Grade Collective were finishing up with him. Smother was somewhere else, which was fine by me. I fixed my tie — which felt off. A delay tactic. The Opportunist was standing alone. I moved in. We made eye contact. Then it happened. I was intercepted by Bitsy McWhirl, the editor-in-chief of Exposure Magazine. She was on her way to the buffet table for a bite, a morsel or a slice, and The Opportunist took advantage of the moment. Perhaps, his masterstroke. I, on the other hand, had been cockblocked by a 70-something woman. She might as well been Smother, but she wasn't because Bitsy McWhirl not only could provide access, she could provide opportunity itself. As a fledging shutterbug who was more Steven Meisel than National

Geographic, The Opportunist knew Bitsy was Grade-A in both Small Pond and Big Pond. A rare commodity. Access. Power. And money. That old hag was all that and a bag of chips. Compared to her, Smother and I were merely window shoppers.

At first I thought I'd join them. Compete for The Opportunist's ambition. Then the first whiff of burning flesh stopped me cold. Then quickly following, a flame darted from The Opportunist's left ear. Bitsy reacted with a hoarse scream, then fainted. I continued to stand in shock as flame patches randomly appeared all over his taut gym-body, spreading to connect with each other. The Opportunist tried to slap the fire out but it was tragic and useless. He combusted in seconds leaving no time for even a drop and roll. Everyone in the room stared in unanimous disbelief: How does one go up in flames for no apparent reason? But I knew. I knew very well. And I feared for my own life.

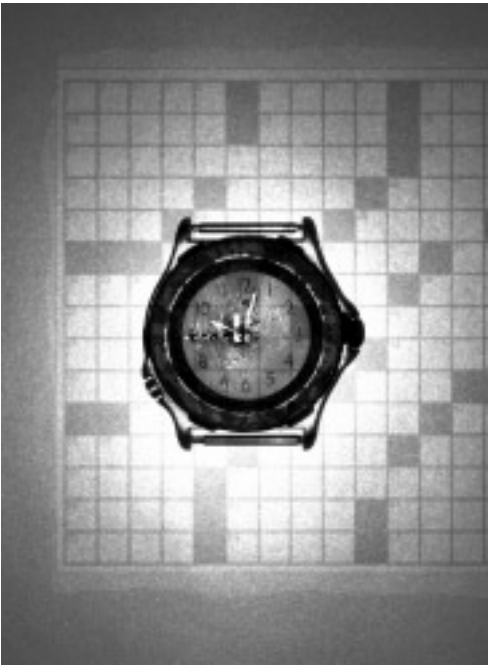
15 Minutes I’ll Never Have Back
from Arthur Trezguet,
as told to Randall Devallance

Cast:
*Roger Whitehall
*Arthur Trezguet
—We sit on metal deck chairs
outside a café, counting cars.

“Our generation is devouring itself with cynicism,” he said. A typical Roger beginning to a conversation. “Look at our artists. Go to any contemporary gallery and look at the filth splayed on the walls. What do you see? Lies, lies, and more lies! Above all, art must be honest. But who of our generation has the guts to be honest with themselves, let alone the world? They wear their sneers and up-raised noses like a suit of armor. Anyone willing to lay bare their emotions is cut to ribbons. ‘It’s trite’ they whine. ‘It is outmoded’ they whine. And what passes for art with these cretins? Why, would you believe it Arthur, last week at the Dutch Palais I saw an exhibit that was nothing more than a mattress placed in an empty gymnasium. The viewer was directed to lie on the mattress and stare at the ceiling while contemplating the nature of art. You should have seen them lining up, the would-be Brooklynites, dressed like homosexuals, trading quotes from Pynchon and the like. They spurn the classicists and praise the avant garde. Avant garde.

Another fine contribution from you Frenchmen. Scribbles on a piece of paper. Self-deprecation, sarcasm, irony... These are honored; sincerity is punished. And this art is the result, the art of the unfeeling.”

“Who’s being cynical now?” I asked. “Not everyone can be Michelangelo.”
“You... You don’t understand.”



nB

Roger had thin, sandy hair, parted on the left. It lay like a bird’s nest on top of his head. Two loose tufts hung down over the tops of his ears. He did not go in for trims. Those sorts of things bothered him. The same with making beds.

“Why do something that must inevitably be undone?” he always said. A clever excuse to be lazy. “What don’t I understand?” I asked. “It’s not lack of talent...” He pulled at his hair, tangling it even worse. “Don’t misunderstand me, I’m all for the common man...”
“Are you?”
“Of course. I’m no Communist, but I believe the thoughts and feelings of the commoner are every bit as valid as those of the classically trained artist.”

“Then what’s your
“None of it means
see people doing
feeling, it’s about
how clever I am,’
“What do your
He frowned. “The
love the hills, and
country. Come with
gallery and I’ll show
I tell you.”

Roger finished his
walked over to the
and rolled away. I
but my cup was
early April, sunny
watched traffic.
were going back to
over their steering
ashen, lips and noses
weaved in and out
cars, cutting one
cursing, but always
— the cars and the
along, a dot on the
was a work of art in
suffering, the kind
have appreciated.

To be sitting outside
afternoon, a person
their hands. I was
but had elected not
me soon, I knew.
hoping for. Maybe I

There were two
interesting people it

problem?”
anything. This crap you
today... It’s not about
marketing. It says ‘look
not ‘this is who I am.’”
landscape paintings say?”
land is precious to me. I
what’s more, I love this
me this weekend to the
you myself. You’ll be sick,

coffee and stood up. He
corner, caught the 68F,
thought about leaving
only half empty. It was
and breezy. I sat and
People had eaten lunch,
work. They sat hunched
wheels, brooding, faces
and eyes creased. They
of lanes, between other
another off, honking and
the mass kept flowing
road dragging the people
horizon, then nothing. It
itself, serious and full of
of thing Roger would
Sincerity everywhere.

a café on a Tuesday
must have time on
working at the bank then,
to go in. They would fire
Maybe that’s what I was
just wanted coffee.

others there with me,
seemed. Just the fact they

were sitting there and not in an office somewhere; nothing interesting can come of the rat race. You have to look to the fringes for excitement. I studied each of them, a vague sense of hope swelling inside me. What was I hoping for? To talk to them? To learn there was someone else out there as tired and lonely as I was? Yes, I was very lonely then. There were people I talked to, like Roger, but they were akin to talking billboards, cold and impersonal, better suited for dispensing wisdom than receiving it, and all their words tainted by propaganda.

There was a man at the table next to mine with a pea coat and glass cane, whom I had said hello to when I first sat down. We made some small talk about the parade that was to be held that weekend in honor of the new library on Water St. I left the conversation there. He was far older than me, with a slouch to his shoulders and a heaviness I hoped I was spared when my time came. He stirred in me a mix of revulsion and pity — revulsion at the way he held his jacket close around his shoulders when the wind kicked up, while beads of sweat hung from the ridges of his forehead like rain from the lip of a gutter; pity that he too once was young.

The girl sitting at the edge of the tables, where the line between café and sidewalk blurred is where my attention went. She had swirling black hair, pulled up, aquiline nose, skirt down to her knees and a buttoned blouse, looking like she’d stepped straight out of a pre-war dance hall and appeared here, next to me. The kind of woman our grandfathers loved. Her beauty was not stunning, but timeless. She was the face in the portrait of our pasts and futures, Jewish Girl With Upturned Cheeks, Reading In a Café. It frightened me that she sat so close to the edge, so easy for her to stand and be swept away. I made an excuse to leave my table, went to the bathroom and washed my hands, and when I returned, sat down at the table next to hers. The girl’s face was stuck in a book, and there were several other books piled beside her. I skimmed through the titles: China and Its People, Daumier: Portrait of a Man, and Journey To The End Of The Night. What it all meant, I’m not sure. She was oblivious to my presence; I watched her reading, or rather writing — she was working on a crossword, and as she thought about the clues she squinted and chewed on the end of her pen. Who knows how much time we spent that way. The air grew colder. Shadows grew longer.

The tragedy of my life was that it was lived in dreams, both sleeping and awake, what could be and what might have been. Fear was my guiding principle; I sat waiting for handouts from God, from fate, from anyone but myself. And while I didn’t deserve any of it, sometimes things went my way. A breeze happened to kick up just as my beauty was leaning back to light a cigarette. It blew her crossword book onto the ground between our tables. I knelt down to get it, as did she. We met there on one knee, just like in the

movies, each clutching a corner of the book. I apologized, she thanked me, I thanked her, and so on. When she went to sit down I made sure to pull out her chair.

“You’re doing a puzzle,” I said.
“That’s right.”

Her voice was rich and warm. I started to sit down across from her, but thought better of it and returned to my table.

“What puzzle is it?” I asked.
“Umm...” She looked at the cover of the book and frowned. “I don’t know. It’s a crossword puzzle. I don’t know if it has a name or anything.”
“What are the clues?”
“You mean you want me to read them all?”
“No, I guess not.”

She turned back to her crossword and I sat there, alone, feeling very conspicuous all of a sudden, wishing I was anywhere but at the café, but powerless to stand up and walk away. I imagined how an explorer must feel when, after fighting through every hardship, he finds himself at his goal — the North Pole, the peak of Mt. Everest — and after reveling in its glory he is forced to turn and walk away, returning to the plainness of ordinary surroundings, with nothing left but a memory that fades with each passing day. Perhaps that was why I stayed. When you have nowhere better to go, best to stay where you are.

Suddenly I realized she was talking to me.

“Do you know what that is?” she asked.
“Know what what is?”
“Horse-drawn carriage, eight letters, starts with a ‘B.’”
“Um...” I sat back, grabbed my chin. “How about... Brougham.”
“Really?” She scribbled the letters in and considered it for a moment. “Spell it.”
“I think it’s b-r-o-u-g-h-a-m. Brougham, but I can’t quite be sure.”
“Yeah, that makes sense. The ‘U’ fits next to the ‘G’ in fourteen across. A moderate to strong red: ‘Sanguine.’ How do you know what a brougham is?”
“I probably read it somewhere.”
She smiled, said nothing.

I waited for the conversation to flow. It never happened. For fifteen agonizing minutes she worked on her puzzle in silence, while I tried to think of a way to rekindle the flame. Then, without a word, my beauty gathered up her books and walked away, no goodbye, not even a thank you for the help I had given her. I glanced at the old man in the pea coat, who looked back at me with sympathy. The wind was blowing harder now. I stood and walked back around the corner, dodging the trash that skittered down the sidewalk, and climbed the hill to my apartment. When I got there I phoned work, told them I wasn’t feeling well and wouldn’t be in tomorrow. They told me not to bother coming back. It was only three o’clock. I lit a cigarette and stretched out on my bed, trying to figure out what to do with my life.

15 minutes I’ll
never have back

ask Emo
by Christopher D. Salyers

Q. My Girlfriend dumped me. What do I do?

Emo: Gosh, this has to be the most devastating thing to have happen to you. I'm honestly very very sorry, and it pains me just to read your question. Let me consult the Book of Dashboard, Chapter 3, Verse 2: "So much for all the promises you've made/ it served you well and now you're gone and they're wasted on me/ So much for your enduring sense of charm/ it served you well and now it's gone and you're wasted on me." To sum it all up, you can't really do much in this situation but mope and cry. Whine to all your friends about how empty your life is without her. Tell as many people as possible in hopes that the news will eventually reach her, and she can realize the mistake she's made. What would Dashboard's Chris Carrabba do in a situation such as yours? Write a song.

Q. My car blew up. What do I do?

Emo: Again, let me consult my Bible. Book of Dashboard, Chapter 3, Verse 5: "I'm feeling agile/ I can bend and not break/ But I can break and take it with a smile/ And I am so resilient/ I recover quickly/ I'll convince you soon that I am fine." Sit alone in the corner of a coffee shop (be sure others can see you) and think about this quote, long and hard. Don't be afraid to let a tear fall slowly, painfully down your cheek.

Q. I hate my father. What do I do?

Emo: Well, we all hate our fathers. You cry and ignore him, my friend. And don't let him change you because you're the special one. Remember that.

Q. I can only cum while watching bukkake films. What do I do?

Emo: Pornography is degrading to women, for one. You should experiment with more constructive means of self-release. Concentrate on style. Are your Converse All-Stars clean and fresh? Are you in need of a new snug polo shirt, or just tired of the old faded vintage one? Some advice, for when I'm feeling like less of a man: put on those black rimmed glasses, rub your hands through your hair so it looks messy, and then practice looking depressed in front of the bathroom mirror. You'll be cured in no time.

Q. My dog died. What do I do?

Emo: For this one I consulted the Book of Bright Eyes, Chapter 1, Verse 3: "But I will not weep/ For those dying days/ For all the ones who've left/ There's a few that stayed/ And they found one here/ And pulled me from the grass/ Where I was laid." Go to your friends for guidance. Take in a Get Up Kids show to get over your loss.

Q. Do dark gray and black match?

Emo: The better question would've been "Do black and brown match?." But still, while my mother would disagree, I'd have to say yes-- because black goes with everything. Though I'd suggest it be a charcoal gray.

Q. Damage control: My roommate found my Kylie Minogue CD, which I listen to, crying, constantly when no one's around. What do I do?

Emo: Blame it on your significant other, and if you don't have one, then blame it on BMG and that gawd-awful limited selection for the 12 for 1 cent CD's.



nB

ask emo



Misconceptions and false predictions about bad music.
November, 2003

Darkness Follows
by Katie Mavrich

Album: Permission to Land
Band: The Darkness
Label: Atlantic
Released: July, 2003

It’s almost 2004, and yet, the world still has an obscene obsession with the ‘80s. Way too may people are still sporting mullets, a vast amount of clubs and bars host ‘80s nights and music reminiscent of that time is continuously being made – all over the world. One Wednesday night was so intoxicating that my friend Josh had to crash on my couch. The next morning he was flipping through the channels on the TV and something on VH1 caught his eye. He resisted the urge to

wake me at 9 a.m. so that I could see one of the “most awesome bands ever.” Too bad he didn’t wake me; I haven’t been able to catch the video for “I Believe in a Thing Called Love” just yet. He went out and bought the band’s CD later that same day.

The Darkness is everything ‘80s embodied in one powerful package. Flip through the leaflet that comes with Permission to Land, their latest CD, and you will see pictures of men who seem to be in their 30s looking as badass as they can. A pic shot at a concert shows a pasty man in a skin tight spandex jumpsuit trying his damndest to imitate David Lee Roth’s toe touch. This guy doesn’t pull it off as well; his genitalia must be bigger than his bleached blond idol’s.

The band’s sound is all power ballad. Raw guitar riffs and high pitched vo-

cals are enough key ingredients to start up that time machine to send you back to 1985. As was popular in Motley Crue’s prime decade, The Darkness hails from England, and lead singer Justin Hawkins’ accent is not toned down a bit while he sings. One can make comparisons to Andrew WK . But Andrew WK ‘80s with a modern twist, if you will, and The Darkness is fucking EIGHTIES.

Their opening track, “Black Shuck,” is a tribute of sorts to Martin Newell’s poem of the same name. According to England legend, a Black Shuck is a phantom beast who, if seen by someone, brings death to a member of their family. It appears that The Darkness isn’t

scared of Death’s (pet?). They sing “(Black Shuck) Black Shuck/(Black Shuck) That dog don’t give a fuck.”

To further delve into the band’s random style, let’s take a look at “Get Your Hands Off My Woman.” In a high pitched, fast, falsetto, Hawkins sings, “Get your hands off my woman motherfucker,” over and over. Sorry dude, but unless you sound more like a man when those words come out of your mouth, someone is going to fuck your woman with out a care in the world. And I’m sure she would be glad to have a man’s man do it to her, rather than someone who sounds like a sissy most of the time.

There is so much unnecessary swearing through out the album. Unnecessary in a good way, though. Never one to have a problem with vulgarity or profanity, I think it’s comical when in one song, a slow and soft romantic ballad goes, “Love is only a feeling/(Drifting away)/when I’m in your arms I start believing/(It’s here to stay),” and the next track’s

chorus – in the same high pitched voice - is “Well I’ve ruined nearly all of my veins/Sticking that fucking shit into my arms/Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh , oh, oh/Givin’ up, givin’ up givin’ a fuck.”

What makes Permission to Land so kick ass is the randomness of it. I don’t see this band getting much more air time than a morning or late night video on VH1, maybe MTV2. Their American success is going to be pretty much underground, with those select people hearing something that the rest of the mainstream fans are missing out of. They toured England with Def Leppard, The Rolling Stones, Deep Purple and other notable bands of the past. Their two fall dates in the USA occurred in New York and L.A. – surprise – and they came minus big named headliners. But I digress.

Back to the randomness; it’s such a hodge-podge of musical styles; from the lyrics to

the music, the high pitched voice of Hawkins to his evil laugh on “Stuck in a Rut.” As for Josh’s claim that this is one of the “most awesome bands ever?” Yeah, The Darkness is awesome, all right. Twenty years after big hair, acid washed jeans and the age for the inspiration of the Monster Ballads collection, – of which this band has quite a few – The Darkness are fucking brave.

It’s likely that narrow-minded people will laugh them off stage. But put them in the opening spot for Def Leppard and you are going to have one time warped rocking night.

Slayer: Keeping up the Good Lord’s work by Bob Gavel

From The Cure to No Doubt to Helmet, it seems that and packaging it as new. I think Slayer should doing the Soundtrack to the Apocalypse. The first disk if Slayer had of Death.” It’s not really brutal enough for hardcore up the lord’s work. Disk three is full disk is a live DVD dating back to that the title is a tad cliché and the bit old this is the set that only a true smart enough to realize it.

How a UK

At first listen, and catchy

But, while Funeral

I’m the record noise and

Said to Darren pop punk and the two styles — meaning and punky mystical Funeral for Sevenfold A Funeral for

Punk/Metal Band Disappoints

the metal guitar-riffiness, growling harmonies of A Funeral for a Friend

some have pulled it off — i.e. for a Friend’s Seven Ways to Scream commercial and doesn’t evoke the should — crush, break, reaching for

I start

be “the toast of the U.K. rock Smith and Kris Roberts draw their furious metal, but they missed the together. Kris Roberts claims that his Smith plays the busy metal riff while — but it’s more like... something — more annoying that poignant. a Friend lacks substance. And where fuse the influence of punk and metal a Friend falls flat.

everyone is same thing. They would be Slayer’s more brutal stuff Slayer fans, but of live stuff and band’s birth in nazi-esque eagle, Slayer fan would

by Bob Gavel

vocals, pop-sound like a

Avenged Sevenfold Your Name proves same feelings that crush. By the end the skip button; begins to turn into making

scene,” influences from boat when it came counterpart is “yin Robert keeps else. Something Though these guys bands like AFI into a smooth and

releasing old hits should call it greatest hits, — like “Angel Satan’s boys old demos, 1983. Keeping swords, and want—that’s

punk hooks Godsend.

and AFI — A to be far too all heavy rock of track one by track three background burritos.

guitarists to mixing to [his] yang” it simple worse, not play well. A and Avenged blended mix,

mavrich’s
misconception

3 am circles

3am Circles by Ziggy Cyanide

Self-destruction is this kind of slow wasting away of my psyche because it is 2:43 am and I need to mere 3 hours of sleep. I'm trying to convince myself this is what artistic productivity really is: the hopes that someone has sent me something this time maybe please, listening to the diversions for myself so that I don't have to concentrate on the daunting task at hand:

I don't consciously destroy myself — I just chip away. I get an idea in my head growing larger until it takes over my thought processes. I have an immense only surfaced in the past six months, when I moved into my new apart- about something, I begin to clean things, to straighten things. I am to do the dishes the same way every time, to have everything put in its place. silverware has been washed before the cups and plates, I've made

It's so easy to get caught up in an artist when I spend work, or sitting on the

that kind of looping, all of my potential couch biting my nails.

This is the and I

first time in my life I've jump at every noise my haunting, encircles don't sleep. I broke with me these first In the daytime, this, free-spirited. At night take the last bus home ity. When sleep is near in. Typical, cheesy

the how I skull we'd have daytime vision thoughts walking, Dirty

Three o'clock in the "Maybe I should just way I would place my would scratch at the and curl my limbs running around our I think of all the and the passion that with their beauty and determined, down Glass," or some such

One and Zig, bed spritzer laying my right very hard to School." Or is it lel universe where I don't even the thought of a scalding self-destruction. Try cold next time,

I'm a nervous wreck.

My thinking is circular. I strongly project my dreams My thinking is circular. Those sidelong glances he's giving me — he's totally interested, singling me out. No. Cir- I'm a nervous wreck.

[3am Circles is a series of random journal entries from readers and folks we

wake up at 7 am and I'm already running Clicking "Check Email" every few minutes same mixes over and over and inventing Creation.

and it stays there, latching onto a neuron problem with obsessive-compulsions. This ment, my first time on my own. When I get aware of all the wasted time, but it feels so ful- I am thinking: This is a small success in life. If some kind of progress.

endlessly cycling thinking. It's so easy to call creating time reading library books, doing

ever slept completely alone. I'm afraid of the house makes, but really it's just a nameless my mind at night. This is my fear. This is up with my boyfriend of 2.5 years — who six months — and now I am living utterly is uplifting — I am independent, strong- I cavort with friends, which is also fine. But and I sit and I brood and a get close to all I really want is a pair of strong arms to even, but true.

morning is the time when I am wonder- call him right now." At 2:57 I'm remember- hands at the small of his back, how I would shaved-but-growing-back hair at the base up around him and imagine the dozen little house at some unknown time in the future. potential beautiful boys cursed with the attracts me so — all the boys that destroy unavailability. In the sunlight it's party time the street to the tune of Dropkick Murphys' uplifting punk rock anthem.

that he came to the house and wanted me terrified, thinking it had really happened. up now..." And then seeing the empty half to reality. No one will wake me up with a songs ever again. I curl up in the fetal posi- with my left arm wrapped around my legs my head, the way I've slept all my life, and awake at 7am, remember "Oh. Wednes- it's some Wednesday in a dream, or in some class and my apartment is freezing cold enough to force my eyes open. That right

and hopes onto any nuance that attracts me. I'm a nervous cular. Then I get crushed when I learn that it was all just a mispercep- find interesting.]

A story caught mid-conversation by Dick Mode

...so, when Barry's blackout ended, he found himself hunched over a kitchen table under a minuscule lamp, eating cold chicken from a bucket. He didn't know where he was until he heard the piano music upstairs. He swigged some

wine, cackled, and found the steps. The Shah daughter must have been eighteen and Barry was proud to find he had no problem achieving an erection and ejaculating while standing only a yard or two behind her. He was turning into a real pro. A few droplets landed on her blouse but most of it dripped over his fingers down onto the rug. Daughter Shah was oblivious of Barry's love act and continued playing as Barry waltzed down the steps with his messy pecker hanging out.

In the living room, Mr. Shah, who Barry had womped on the head with a wine bottle, was up on his knees with an elbow on the bed, rubbing the goose egg on the top of his head. Barry skillfully battered him again, this time breaking the ¾ full bottle spattering red wine all over the velvet bed cover and the carpet. Barry took the handle of the bottle and

shoved it into Mrs. Shah's vagina. She moaned and Barry began kissing her.

"I love you!" Barry shouted, "I love you!"

And love her he did, for the rest of his days. The Shah daughter was Barry the hassle of having to go to the supermarket and there was still plenty of Mr. Shah in the refrigerator when the fuzz finally opened the door. Barry found more wine in a crawl space and some rope to tie Mrs. **Shah** to the bed. He forgot to feed her however and she died after seventeen days.

Barry didn't notice her death until a rash broke out on his cock. Mrs. **Shah** was turning green

but Barry was color blind. He couldn't hear or smell either like the neighbors, who knocked and rang about the piano and the reek.

Barry pumped a gallon of load into Mrs. Shah's holes before the fuzz opened the door. Barry did the whole death charge bit, waving a bottle over his head like a loon, the whole nine yards, taking bullets in the cheek, nose, pelvis, thigh, and chest.

Officer Shitbird removed his shoes and ascended the stairs barefoot. (Officer Shitbird's wife was too beaten to wash Officer Shitbird's socks lately.) When he stepped on Barry's load, Officer Shitbird's face saddened, like that of a seven-year-old boy who can't realize that he doesn't want to play sports anymore.

Officer Shitbird put his hand on the Shah daughter's shoulder and said "You can stop playing now, sweetheart."

And that's that. HOLY shit. Bartender: Pabst. Please.

a story caught mid conversation

on a in small

and has upset filling all the

myself home-

dark, dread why I lived alone. willed, then I insane- nestle

ing, ing sigh, of his ones In the artistic my — it's "The

back "Boy, of the water- tion, and try day. paral- and there is

wreck. tion.

wake in the middle of the night...

how many il(y)s have you lead?

hope to die

Credit Card Fuck You, Die by Jillian Ketterer

If I need gas, I don't pay for it. Visa pays for it. If I need food, I don't pay for it. Mastercard pays for it. Vacations? Visa. Christmas Gifts? Visa. Pornographic webpage rights? Discover, baby. Discover.

Much like my ex-girlfriends, credit card companies love

me. And they hate me. They can't get enough of me but then, god damn it,

why can't I just stop existing?

It couldn't be sweeter.

See, I see it like this: Fuck the credit card companies. You want a car? Get a fucking car. Drive it around for a while. Pay the companies what you can or what you're willing. Don't give them any more than you want to and then laugh as they try to retaliate by taking away what they themselves bought. Stand on your porch spew-ing insults as the credit card bastards haul away everything you bought on credit.

Oh, that car? You bought it, bitch. That couch? Wasn't bought with my money. That herd of sheep? Doesn't belong to me, chickadee. And, sorry Mastercard, but you can't steal away my vacation. I'm not afraid of you. You are not in possession of something that can literally suck an experience out of my body, as much as you'd like me to believe it.

If you don't suck as a person, you will prob-ably realize quickly that stuff means nothing and so the credit-card companies can take as much of your stuff as they want, because you already had your fun with the stuff and you don't want it anymore anyway.

However, if you do suck as a person, then you'll be living in the streets and hating the world because you have no relationships or ideas of value since you placed all emphasis on material things and have therefore become an empty, decrepit human being and, quite frankly, I hope you die. Loser.

Hope to Die by Scott Ma s s -

i e

Standing in his room now, looking down at the flesh wounds and

the old scars on his own

na-

ked body, he remembered it all:

Inspiration, light, trust,

power,

unity, divinity, strength, eternal knowledge and God.

Unconditional love that penetrates and creeps in when you least expect it. The

lava lamp remix and the energy of an alien sex jam with Ministry on 10. He could actually taste her

coming again, like a rocketship inferno that blasted through the sky that one night in the rain. Clear and

brilliant, without thinking, he invoked it. And almost as if it were in the blink of an eye, she

spread her magic through a flashback wi th a blinding spark of faith and adrenaline. At that moment, whatever cosmic force it was that previously bound infinity, snapped like old Cracker Jack keychains. The ashes fell as

the smoke cleared. Beautiful and deadly, she was standing not two feet in front of him, and somehow, by some bizarre twist of fate,

thespiral was once again in motion.

credit card
fuck you,
die

How To Graduate

From Pitt by Nathaniel Joseph Soltesz, B.A.

It was my Introduction to Logic class that sort of defined the Pitt experience for me. Every week we were given a homework assignment, and by turning it in we were given five points extra credit. In addition to a couple of quizzes, our grades were determined by two exams and one final. I got a “C” on the first exam, a “D” on the second, and I failed the final exam. My overall grade in the course? B minus. Welcome to the Pitt, folks.

The key to a successful Pitt education is to remember that you are part of a large body of students who desire nothing more than to get by. Sure, you’ll have the occasional deluded go-getter who wants to excel, but this type of person is an anomaly and only really exists to make the professor feel he’s making some sort of impression on his students, as well as giving somebody to hate.

Also, the essential to the class environment are the total fuck-ups who don’t do anything and usually drop out after the first year. The sure-fire way to graduate from Pitt is really quite simple: don’t be one of these people, and find your ground solidly in the middling group of future drunks with bachelor degrees in psychology and English.

For it is in this middle ground where you will truly excel. If ever a test is difficult, that would actually require one to study or even, horror of horrors, demand that one think for themselves; rest assured that enough students will bitch and moan their way to getting everyone in the class a “C” grade or better.

For this we need one of the most essential people in the Pitt environment, the plucky female psychology or communications major. She probably sat in the second row, made friends with everyone around her, and didn’t pay a lick of attention all semester. However, when the tests came back, and the grades were below her and her friends liking, she will be the one to do whatever it takes to get question-able test questions thrown out, hasty extra credit points tacked on, and so on. The rest of the class will follow her lead, backing her up when necessary, and average intelligence will prevail.

Mediocrity is key at a university like Pitt. If you are intelligent, make sure you save the big guns until your final assignment, in order to show that you have “improved.” This isn’t the time to discuss the inevitable failure of educating students in a cattle-roundup-esque environment, but suffice it to say that in classes where the number of students is fifty and over, it’s quite easy to blend in with the crowd and use the minimum amount of brain work to get by.

Save those brain cells for sweet destruction on Thursday night. Pitt wants you to graduate. It looks good for them. And baby, they got your money, which is the only thing that really matters, anyway. Don’t let a little thing like having to learn and memorize things get in your way--remember, you paid for your education, so it’s only fair that you should get a diploma, no matter what (goddammit).

how to graduate from pitt

How to End the Bullshit by Melanie Dastranj

A man who works early one night and came home from night and secret lover. In a jealous rage, he chopped her into pieces with an axe, screaming “If I can’t have you, nobody can!” Such fun! Also makes you think: When is it time to end a relationship?

Don’t get me wrong. Nothing would make me happier than to see two young lovebirds tying the knot. Home Depot on Saturday night to pick out new wallpaper for the bathroom. Let’s be realistic though. I am 21 years old, and can honestly predict that I won’t meet anyone in the near future who will be able to stand long enough to say “I do.” I’ll even go out on a limb here and speak for most people my age, when I say that you will date at least 10 to 20 more people before you find THE ONE. So why do we stay in a relationship when we know that it isn’t going anywhere?

I think that many people are actually scared of being alone. I know, that because I went through that pathetic stage. There is nothing wrong with being single and just going out and having a great time.

There is something wrong with the girl who stays with her boyfriend because she has ditched all of her friends for him, and feels she won’t have anybody without him. There is also something wrong with the guy who has lost interest in the beautiful homecoming queen, but stays with her because she is so popular and is great in bed. People need to get over such stupid fears and realize that there was life before the ball and chain.

Now maybe I sound a little c r a z y , but wasting our prime years in relationship problems sounds a little c r a z y to me. Just think. You have your whole life ahead of you to get pissed off because your boyfriend/husband checked out your best friend, or because your girlfriend/wife had an emotional breakdown just because it was that time of the month. Who am I to judge though? Read these five tips I have compiled together, and decide for yourself soap opera.

1. If you need to buy her a present to put a smile on her green face – SAY GOOD-BYE!
2. Didn’t buy that revealing sexy outfit you were dying for because he said sluttish? DUMP HIM!
3. You’re feeling suspicious every time he makes a lame excuse. Even worse, You’re making excuses for him. EXCUSE YOURSELF OUT OF THE HUMILITY!
4. You finally had enough money to buy that new stereo system for your car. She made you feel like a piece of shit because you could’ve spent it all on her. KICK HER TO THE CURB!
5. Did you forget you ever had an opinion of your own? GET A LIFE!

I know we will be the first to say that many of you have great relationships, but I think it’s time to evaluate that. I’m not wrong with being in love. This article was completely devoted to the ones who are too useless to let go. The ones who stay in the relationship unless they don’t know how to make a decision on their own anymore. If you are one of these people, please do us all a favor and reevaluate your relationships. Weed out all of the losers and move on to greener pastures. Maybe then we can have a little less drama in our lives and end before someone goes out and buys a new axe.

how to end the bullshit

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