

A man in a black tuxedo and a black masquerade mask with a colorful, beaded trim. He is holding a red apple in his left hand. The background is a bright, overexposed outdoor scene.

deek

magazine

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as it is for you.

The Celebrity Incident

July, 2004
Free

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Satan's Wealth and Taste
Mary Kate and Ashley as Politicos
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Amel Larrieux
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PLUS

20 LISTS — TOP 20 ALBUMS
MY MOTHER HATES EVERYTHING
ALBUM REVIEWS
SHOW REVIEWS



Photo: NB

N: Nate. 01: Officer one. 02: Officer two.
Trucker: The Trucker

N: What's going on?

(Officers look at each other rather blankly as if to ask who will respond.)

01: Well, the truck was trying to go up the hill. And the bottom fell out.

N: Ok. The bottom fell out.

02: Yeah. It's not hazardous, you don't have to worry. It's chocolate milk.

01: Unless you like chocolate milk.

02: It's not really milk. It's not refrigerated, so we'll see. Who knows.

N: (befuddled expression — no real progress from "What the hell?")

01: Yeah, you know that cocoa. It really gets you going in the morning. It's the powdered stuff. You might not have it for a while. It's really good in the morning. You do a couple lines of that shit and then 'bam!' Off you go.

N: Wait, I'm hearing this from the police?

01: It's not illegal. Hey, did you see the movie Jackass?

N: Yeah (Not true. I wanted to see where this was going, and I figured I've heard enough about this movie in the past.)

01: They were doing lines of that stuff... that Japanese stuff. What's it called?

02: The mustard?

N: Wasabi

01: Yeah. So they're doing lines of the wasabi. Just doin' the powder. You know, the mustard part.

02: The powder?

01: No, the real stuff, the actual mustard.

02: They were actually doing wasabi in their noses?

01: Yeah, they were messed up.

N: Thanks, guys.

Trucker: Take it easy, buddy.

N: (waves)

DeekMagazine
Elegant Madness.

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"Like nearly everyone I've interviewed, Thad is intensely loyal to his boss. A strangely beatific look comes across his face when he explains what a 'fierce competitor' is Lightbringer's CEO and guiding visionary. His eyes don't glaze over exactly, but they do open wide and take on a shine. It's all a bit cultish, really."

—By Jesse Hicks

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—By Nova Keenan

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"In fact, if God is watching, my bet is it's the plasma screen he's tuned into, and not us."

—Dave Sherman

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from the

EDITOR

I'm thinking the name should stay. It's odd enough and catchy enough — it prompts curiosity. They ask: What is Deek? And I tell them little. The name should stay. Like you said, it sounds young. It doesn't sound very punk or very aggressive, but somehow it's forceful. It has subtleties. The feel should stay attuned to the thoughts of Fuck You, with a vein of irreverence, but not a Fuck You with a middle finger extended. I don't see it as anti-establishment, defined by going against culture — I see it as an opportunity for folks who might be too far out of sub/counter-culture to have a voice. What Deek has that the majority of major media and punk outlets have lacked — and yes, I will say that we are in some ways punk, though I hesitate to agree with even myself — is intelligence and poise, with a sense of humor. Deek does what it wants, not necessarily with a goal of pissing people off (and though that happens every now and then, it's not the focus). We're not trying to humiliate. We mock, yes — we enjoy that — but Deek stands on its own 2 feet. It's a development of culture. Right now it's a focus on the development of Pittsburgh culture. We start here. We show people that they don't have to dress in black and wear dog-collars to make a statement. We are not preaching to the choir. Preaching to the choir distracts the process — acts as a limiter. Deek can be a vehicle. It should be a vehicle. I like the idea of taking as much as we can each month from the submissions we get. That's where we're strong already. But what... what is it?

It is a forceful, unbound, somethingorother. Exactly what, I don't know. But we're not a distraction. Yes, we provide escapism from the oppression of traditional media. But we're not a distraction. Not anymore. That's when we didn't take ourselves seriously. That's when we never planned on doing anything more. I don't think we should take ourselves too seriously, but I think we need to believe in something. And this will do just fine. This is better than fine.

We need to understand people here, but do more to get to them. Because that's where most publications fall embarrassingly short. Listen to what's going on. Nobody fucking does that. Report on the people as an omniscient whatever — fuck that. Observe, engage, renew, express. That should be the goal. I think about death-metal music. Screaming would logically be the best way to get heard. It's nice and loud. People pay attention when screaming is heard. But death-metal-heads sometimes neglect to realize that the lyrics become indecipherable at that point. Screaming defeats itself sometimes. There needs to be more. And we need a better word than distraction. But not too heavy.

A forceful, unbound extraction.

A forceful, unbound exdulgence.

A forecful, unbound diversion.

A forceful, unbound contusion.

A forceful, unbound madness.

A forceful, unbound catharsis.

A forceful, unbound dialysis.

A forceful, unbound amalgam.

A forceful, unbound creation.

A forceful, unbound deliverence.

A forceful, unbound salvation.

A forceful, unbound penance.

A forceful, unbound illusion.

A forceful, unbound glory.

A forceful, unbound onanistic

autodidactism.

Play along with me here. We can add the adjectives later, but noun me up here. Give us something to be. Deliver me from...

I like some of these national magazines — Sleaze, Bomb, WYWS, FADER, Stay Free, ID, Not Only Black and White — but they all seem to be based on voyeurism. And nerve. We shall be bastions of culture. And nerve. But interaction is key.

We also differ from them in that we've made art a part of the magazine, as opposed to a gimmick. It's not something that simply exists as stories to be told. Our approach puts us in a completely different place. Indignant says attitude matters. They call themselves a lifestyle magazine. We are in fact a lifestyle magazine. Not so caught up in being one though.

Now Vice Magazine... I like. Quick question, how grandiose is your sex drive? I see lots of smut in your suggestions. Erotic is better than sexy. See-through is more fun than nude, I say.

Elegant madness. Something engrossing. You're a more versed man of words than I. Write me a list of all the things Deek means and/or is. Single words. No phrases. We can't make much headway on a logo and image concept until we have a bigger concept for everything. There's plenty of time to work on this. Don't worry about it too much. I have faith in this working out just fine. Failure to succeed is most often a choice. Don't worry about the magazine living up to any other standards but your own. You throw out suggestions for stuff to try that you see elsewhere. Just say what you want on your own. I may overanalyze, but it's something I can't seem to stop. Be modest, but be sure. And remember: Life is a golden shower.

Nate Bog(os/uszewski)
Deek Magazine

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

Necessary Downer By Adam Corwin

As the international day of worker's solidarity came and went, so did a great friend of ours. Robert W. Smith optimized the essence of the American proletariat and was extremely proud of the short life he led as a masonry worker. Bob Smith was the type of person that one only had to meet once to never forget his uniqueness and demeanor.

As we all take a second to look back on mannerisms and the quotes that will always be immortalized as "Bobisms," it's hard for all of us here to imagine the rest of our days without ever seeing or hearing his voice again. Although we often had heated debates over our politics and actions, there always was a mutual respect that transcended empty words. When we were attacked, Bob stood by us (sometimes in the snow wearing bell bottoms and sandals), when we were down, Bob always had advice regardless of whether or not we wanted to hear it, and perhaps most importantly, when we needed a friend, he was only a few rooms away.

It seems that 24 years is too short for a person to live a full life, but for some reason, I believe Bob left the earth exactly in a manner in which he would see great poetry. Although Bob has left a void in our life that will never be filled, he also taught us how to find beauty in the simplistic and art in the common.

For those who never had a chance to meet Smith, his art survives him. Smith is responsible for the Despite Best Intentions Mona Lisa logo and also the cartoon design that appears on the Guerrilla Underground Zine. Every time we play a show, place a sticker, or wear a shirt with his vision, we are giving his concepts wings. Bob never asked to be compensated for any of the work he did for us; in fact, he only wanted us to get it out to as many people as possible. Every time he saw that logo on a shirt, button, or sticker, a smile would cross his face knowing that people enjoyed what he created.

As I sit in my room with a part of me that's very empty, I hope the spell will be lifted with that familiar knock and inquiry as to "What I'm getting into later," I will have to come to terms with the end of an era in which I had grown quite fond. I'm not alone in my grief, if Bob could see how many lives he touched during his brief time on the planet I think he would be satisfied. Bob always let us know that "We did not understand," and he was right. We don't understand why he had to leave us, what we do know is, that as long as we are around, his memory and work will not be forgotten.

WE LOVE YOU BOB!
Adam Corwin (DBI team)

Dear Deek:

i have no idea what I'm doing in australia, and I may never graduate for that matter. I'm bored out of my mind so I'm just orchestrating bizarre sexcapades for my own amusement, rubbing myself all over deek mag and and acting otherwise maniacally. c'est la vie

Laura Shnunger

Dweaqr Deeek:

its hell over here. the french qre q tough bunnnnnnnnnnnnnnch of whores. you cqn call me with details on the gig. email is tough to get. +44 I think for GB then 07947646925 07@47646925

peqce und fuck

nB

Dear Deek:

hey- I read your article on "How to seduce a straight man." I am interested to experiment with you....

Andrew

Dear Deek:

I hate geeks with the IQ of my foot. I hate everyone who acts like they are their major. Every sorority slut who looks at me like I'm a freak because I wear a trench coat in sub-zero temperatures in lieu of a trendy jacket only capable of protecting a harsh winter in Barbados. I hate everyone who drinks soy milk or decaf coffee. All the carbon-copy punks outside of Club Laga who think anyone without a green Mohawk is a conformist when half of those shit-heads sport swastikas. I hate everybody who makes cheap Jew jokes. Straight people who are adamant about gay marriage rights. Anyone from suburbia who smoke blunts. Notorious B.I.G. I hate fat people who waddle slowly side by side and block my way. Every fucking immigrant who's too proud to learn English and every natural-born American citizen who refuses to speak it even somewhat properly. I hate every person who predicts Armageddon whenever a Republican is elected, all those dirty hippies who protest war and each of those fanatics who stand out in the cold preaching about government conspiracies, every person who thinks I must be a Democrat because I wear leather pants. I hate gay bars and fag hags. I hate girls who kiss each other to impress guys and I hate every guy who thinks that's hot. I hate MTV and everyone on it, especially Carson Daly. I hate Fred Durst and every guy who wears a red cap religiously. I hate Zen Buddhism, yoga, and any "Flower Power" and peace signs since Vietnam. Girls who think that unshaved legs are a statement. I hate any girl who thinks that fucking a frat guy is an accomplishment. Nearly-naked sluts who get offended when a drunken guy gropes them. I hate vegans and born-again Christians. I hate Mormons who invade my porch when they won't even let me get in the general vicinity of their temple. I hate pedestrians when I'm driving and I hate cars when I'm walking.

—Lucy Leitner

Dear Deek Asshole:

I hope your dog dies a painful, emphatic death, causing you a lot of pain.

—Princess

Dear Deek:

Say hello to Lindsey

SHE IS A 19 YEAR OLD HAIR STYLIST WHO DOESN'T MIND SHOWING HER NUDE BODY TO STRANGERS!

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SHE CUTS HAIR DURING THE DAY IN ATLANTA GEORGIA, SHE WEARS NO BRA OR PANTIES TO WORK, SO HER CUSTOMERS GET A GOOD FEEL OF BREAST RUBBING ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

AFTER A HARD DAY AT WORK HER PRIVATES GET MOIST FROM ALL THE HOT GUYS SHE SEES....

JOIN HER IN HERE AND SEE WHAT SHE DOES WHEN SHE GETS HOME TO RELIEVE ALL THAT STRESS

[CLICK HERE TO SEE LINDSEY AND THE OTHER THOUSANDS OF GIRLS JUST LIKE HER](#)

LOSING
OUR
MINDS
ONE
SHORT
STORY AT
A TIME





Confessions of a Z-list Celebrity

By Greg Benevent

“Holy fuck, it’s Easter!” the big-time Hollywood producer says as we enter the restaurant. He’s eating with me as a favor to my academic advisor, who feels that spending \$80,000 on a Dramatic Writing degree deserves a large helping of pity. This is my third day in Los Angeles. I am broke, unemployed. I don’t have a friend in three thousand miles. I nod wanly and try to laugh at his jokes. He’s right — it is Easter.

He tells me they are shooting the pilot of his sitcom on Wednesday; his assistant will get me in. If they get picked up, I’ll get a job.

When I arrive I find that the yokels who paid for the Warner Brothers tour sit in the back while I’m escorted to the front row. My name mask-taped on a chair. I have the second seat from the center. To my right are a gaggle of attractive, middle-aged women and bulky Jews in suits.

A leering troll, with a bright burgundy suit sits next to me. He slaps my leg. I hate being touched.

Soon afterwards, he pops up and grabs the mic:

“Hello everybody, welcome to the show! We’re here to keep you laughing! Now let’s give a big hand to...”

He is the comedian hired to keep the audience laughing between takes — the “fluffer” for the sitcom. And I’m sitting next to him. Every time there is a cut, he’ll stand up and tell bad jokes: Audience involvement stuff — the one-legged, three-eyed, mutated descendants of Vaudeville-type jokes.

But that’s only part of his job. There are sometimes six or seven takes of scenes. And you can only laugh at “Oh my God! You’re a lesbian!” so many times, so every time, he’ll say: “Remember, funnier than the first time. Let me hear you laugh. Come on. Laugh hard now, it’ll be easier later —” And we have to laugh. He makes us.

And applause. He makes us applaud. For everybody. After every scene. The principals I can understand, but the extras? They’re doing the same thing I am: Sitting. They’re just in more comfortable chairs.

The sitcom has a poker scene for example: The main characters are playing poker with a group of five extras. We applaud. One of them is the guy who played Biff in the “Back to the Future” movies. Remember how old and fat Biff got at the end of the second one? Well, nature has taken its course off screen: Biff’s an old, fat bastard. And he’s a personal friend of the comedian. Biff makes us applaud the comedian,

and we reach the newest circle of hell: “Self-Esteem Offenders,” where everyone is cast out for being greedy and incompetent, but congratulated eternally for doing a good job, whether they deserve it or not.

“How often do you do this?” I ask the fluffer.

He smiles wolfishly. “Five nights a week,” he says. “I do ‘According to Jim’ tomorrow.”

I want to cry. For this man, whom I have hated for hours (It’s been hours. I stop checking my watch at 1:00 am. The show started at seven). Suddenly, I want to take him to a homeless shelter for the soul.

Why did I move out to Hollywood? Why does anyone watch sitcoms? Why does this comedian guy wake up in the morning? Who the hell wants to be in a sitcom if you aren’t the star? What — and my questions go on an on, unanswered, until a small Indian girl who doesn’t speak English very well stands up and asks the comedian if she can sing a song to the audience. He is flabbergasted, almost offended, but he agrees. She comes down to the front, next to me, and I have no idea what she sings. I can’t make out a word of it. But I know she says “Jesus” several times and ends it crying.

“T-t-t... That’s for my sister, w-w-who died last week,” she stutters.

The fluffer hugs her: “Aww, that’s very sweet, let’s hear it for —”

One of the tech guys reaches up from the set and taps the fluffer on the leg. Fluffer gets the picture:

“We don’t have time for your name right now! Just sit down here, on the stairs! Remember everyone, funny as the first time, this is great stuff you’re seeing, laugh big!”

The girl is confused. She has no idea what’s going on. The comedian grabs her shoulder and pulls her to the floor. He tells her to sit there till the take is done.

I watch her climb up the stairs, back to her seat, wiping tears from her eyes. The taping ends at two AM. The show is picked up two weeks later, and becomes one of the highest rated new sitcoms of the year.

How to Avoid Jury Duty

By Brian Newman

(via Capital of Nasty — <http://www.con.ca>)

If you receive a Jury Duty letter, do not fill it out and do not return it. The letter will, no doubt, inform you that not returning the form is a criminal offense, obviously subject to various penalties. Forget that shit. Each batch of mailed out Jury Duty forms gets, roughly, an 80% return rate. The 20% not answering include those who have moved, who have not picked up their mail or who do not, for whatever reason, want to get involved.

Almost always, the 20% who do not answer are completely ignored and their names are removed from the process. The threatened penalty of criminal charges is so rare, it's virtually unheard of. In the extremely rare event of a "crack down" on people ignoring the call for Jury duty, the "Jury Police" will have to prove that you received their notice. Which is tough.

Perhaps you are one of the 80% who *does* answer and perhaps you have already sent back a completed form. Returning that form enters your name in the Russian Roulette of jury selection.

With any luck at all, you will be passed up. If you go against logic and mail in the first letter, you'll receive a second letter, requesting your presence on a specific day — your entry into a deeper, more formidable lottery. This is always bad. Once you're there, you'll experience a long and boring day, with groups of people picked as jurors. But you'll be rewarded for your presence: A judge will thank you implicitly for being a fine citizen and present you with a blue pen to commemorate the occasion. Then you'll meet the lawyers. Normally these special people are nothing like those Law and Order studs — these guys are often overweight and sweaty, but with nice suits.

Anyway, both sweaty lawyers will have opportunities to remove people from the jury. And if your previous attempts have been thwarted, here is your big chance for freedom:

As soon as you see each lawyer, pick one, or both, as "the enemy." Let them feel the hatred oozing from you. Shake your head, glare, make faces. Showing a prejudice, even if you lack one, gets you quickly escorted from the courtroom. Almost all lawyers will excuse any juror who they cannot see as a drinking buddy.

If the noose of jury duty seems to be settling firmly around your neck, sound off with a loud "What?!" after any question, from anyone, to anyone. You will be quickly asked if you have a hearing problem. Yell out "What?!" and make them repeat the question and then loudly say that you do not have a hearing problem. No lawyer wants to yell throughout the case and a fake hearing problem does wonders to set you free.

If all of this fails and the system gets the best of you, talk to the plaintiff's brother in the cafeteria during a recess. Get caught doing this. This will cause national fervor and get you a book deal with Random House. Which is generally a good thing. Good luck.

Ass Pennies

By Doug Moffitt

I wallow in mediocrity. Everyone else is funnier, smarter, more attractive, and more successful than myself. I have become a fairly bitter person, as you might be able to tell. But I do have pennies...tons of pennies. And I can finally battle everyone better than me. With my pennies. See, every time I get stepped on, I shove a penny in my ass. If I get really fucked over, I'll stick in three or four. And what will I do next? I will shit them out and spend these pennies. It makes me feel better. There are hundreds, no, thousands of my ass pennies circulating in the United States monetary system. So, if someone makes fun of me or if a girl dicks me over, I will grow red with fury, then breathe deep, calm down, and realize that they have probably touched one of my ass pennies. And then everything is all right.

If you've ever gotten a penny with crud on it, feel free to express your disgust: Evilheadbfm@yahoo.com

Drunken driver loses car, breaks booze record — Deek as a Bastion of Example

Tuesday, May 11th
Reuters

BERLIN — Losing his license did not stop a drunk German driver from jumping back into his car a day later to buy more of his favorite tippie — only to be nabbed a second time by police who this time seized the car as well.

Following a tip-off, police had stopped the 51-year-old, when a breath test showed a blood alcohol level more than 10 times over the legal limit.

"The officers could not remember ever having recorded such a high level," said a police spokesman in Hagen, western Germany. The man's license was taken away.

The next morning, the man again bought sparkling wine and drove home. Police again stopped him and recorded an even higher alcohol level — almost double the amount considered life-threatening to most people.

"This time, the officers confiscated his car too," the spokesman said. The man will be charged.

What Linda Says

By Robert Isenberg

Linda's phrase for the people on the couches is: Would you like me to come into your living room and put my feet up on your coffee table?

She said this the first time when she was bringing a double espresso to this high school kid with a Red Sox baseball cap turned sideways and a torn backpack lying next to his steel-tipped boots — they said Steel-Tipped in big letters on the side, and Linda was still grinding her teeth from last night's show, and she knew her patterned flower dress and slashed jeans smelled, like, really bad — only covered up with some aerosol spray that she stole from her roommate, since that bitch who used to be her friend, and is never around — some friend, right? — owed her money for that car insurance loan.

So when the kid put his feet up, that was it. She huffed, rolled her eyes, and said, Hey, would you like me to...

Linda used it yesterday on this old bag lady with a bald spot around her left ear, revealing an old scar. Linda stopped, saw the bag lady's feet (shoed with bundles of black plastic trash bags), and she said...

She says it so often that she doesn't even think of the words, the same way she filled out the application for this barista job — just throwing down words and numbers, memorized from so many applications before it, her hand knows what to do, and it'll know what to do when she leaves in two months, or three months, and moves to Chelsea with her sister and fills different cups with the same coffee.

This afternoon Linda sees a man, tall, dressed in a black wool coat, his long, skinny legs lying on the coffee table, one over the other, and she says: Looks, how would you like it if I, et cetera.

And the man takes off his headphones, smiles but doesn't look at her, and sets the Discman aside.

He says: When do you want to come over?

Linda just grunts her disapproval, saying, You wish, and goes behind the bar to make more coffee. She sets the pot on the burner and examines the faded speckles on her nails; she catches her warped, dusty reflection in the machine's stainless steel and looks away, because her hair is held back with a rubber band and she feels kind of tacky. She glances at the man again, who isn't listening to his CD, but his feet are finally planted on the floor, and she thinks that when he stands and ambles past the bar, even though he's too old for her, she'll lean across and whisper real loud — a stage whisper, intended for anyone to hear, if they're listening — she'll whisper:

Tomorrow night. And see what he does.



Fox Terrier and Dachshund

By Ben Rubin

I'm stuttering into the phone, trying to force-out the right words as my throat constricts and causes my voice to peak at a panicky falsetto.

"I'm...onthecorner...ofofof — Fox Terrier and Dachshund. Youvegottagetoverherenow."

I'm on the phone with the police. The voice in the line directs an immediate dispatch to the idiotically named intersection, though nothing seems to change the situation's raw tension or shock...

Minutes ago, a red pick-up truck hit a blonde six-year-old girl. I was (still am) standing about 10 feet away. She took the brunt of the hit to her face, spun off the truck and landed on the side of the road — rag-dolled onto the curb. The blow sounded like two cars colliding: Screech, boom, smack. Crying, and crying. And screams — screams from an old man; screams from the little girl's sister, whose face turned bright red. And crying and crying. And: "Oh My God!" erupted from the other side of the street — the crescendo of a "no, no, no, nononoNONO — Oh My God!"

She isn't moving. The driver — a tall middle-aged man — gets out of his truck, grabs her body, cradles it. His grey polo shirt is getting bloody.

I return home that day from work, despondent — please someone ask me if I'm okay. I take an Amtrak to Chicago to visit a friend. On the way there, the guy next to me, Brian, has a story too: A boy on a motor scooter sped down a steep hill — rode heedlessly into a busy intersection. Brian saw it unfold, knew what was going to happen before it did: A city bus slammed into the kid with so much force, the he flew through the air, skidded across the concrete. Brian knew nothing more about the incident, but he was certain there was no way the kid was ever going to get up. He was dead. And Brian watched it happen.

Dead. Crying. I don't want to get close to the body. Dead? Crying. She's crying. She's not really moving, but...

Her face is constricted, scrunched from bawling; she's bleeding into her hay-colored hair, crying. When I realize she's alive, the relief I feel is unexplainable. I still don't know anything about her, but just realizing the, I don't know... the connection?... between people — knowing there is still life there. It feels really good knowing she is all right, standing a few minutes later, suddenly funny to me, silly almost as she swats at medics trying to treat her, not really aware of how close she came... I swear I thought she was dead, there on the curb. And now she's a little battered, but okay, standing and crying.

Poetry Corner With Randall DeVallance

In the interest of public service (and because we like to laugh) Deek has decided to submit one poem per month to any company advertising a "free poetry contest" because, chances are, such contests are horseshit. We will help determine whether that company is legitimate, and hopefully, we will find a combination of words so hideous that even the scam outfits won't touch it.

Organization: Poetry.com
Poem submitted: 'The Fields of Yore'

A "medieval ballad," this poem's rhyme scheme and meter disintegrate at the end of each stanza.

The Fields of Yore
By Randall DeVallance

Upon a fiery steed we rode
Upon the fields of yore
And good King Arthur came with us
As did Lancelot, and Guinevere
And Sir Gawain
And that elf from Lord of the Rings

Stood in our way a giant beast
With eyes of fiery gold
Much more fiery than our steed
For in that sense
I was simply trying to convey
That our horse was fast

Looking down from untold heights
The beast opened his maw
And heaped upon us great abuse
And called us names like 'scoundrel'
And 'blackguard'
And 'he who fornicates with goats'

From his quiver tall and proud
An arrow, elf did draw
And pulling back his bowstring tight
Shot that bastard

Arcing through the cold blue sky
The arrow straight and true
Struck the monster in the eye
And...well, that's really all I wanted to say in that stanza.

The beast, his eye a bloody mess
Did fall upon the plain
And elf raised a triumphant fist
And said, "Ha Ha!"

As sunlight changed to dreary dusk
Upon the fields of yore
Much merriment was had and made
Including some things
Guinevere would prefer
Remained 'our little secret.'
What a ho.



Photo: Doug Crisman

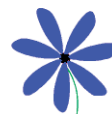
Accepted or Rejected: Accepted.

Status: Semifinalist.

Comments: Howard Ely, president of the National Library of Poetry, says: "Before going any further Randall, let me make one thing clear...your poem was selected for publication, and as a contest semifinalist, solely on the basis of merit."

Well of course, silly, why else would you want my poem? Unless...

Howard Ely: "Of course, many people do wish to own a copy of the publication in which their artisty appears. If this is the case, we welcome your order."



Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
Spring is here.
Then summer, too.

FREE Poetry Contest
Win \$10,000.00!!!

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PUNK COUNTERPUNK

3 LB Universe Review

Hello Catatonic By Katrina Finch

Catatonic. Merriam-Webster's online dictionary has two definitions for it.

1. Of, relating to, being, resembling, or affected by schizophrenia characterized especially by a marked psychomotor disturbance that may involve stupor or mutism, negativism, rigidity, purposeless excitement, and inappropriate or bizarre posturing
2. Characterized by a marked lack of movement, activity, or _expression

Hello Catatonic is the latest release from local rockers 3 LB Universe. And, well, it's pretty damn catatonic in every sense of the word: It isn't going to move or motivate you, unless you're affected by schizophrenia. Well, maybe it will move you to get up and turn off the stereo or change it to another CD. That's about it. These guys are supposed to be good — they have been on 105.9's Edge of the X, they've released two well-reviewed albums, they play shows constantly, but...

The harsh reality is (drum roll) they suck. Despite being well into their 20s, they sound like a group of 15-year-olds half heartedly jamming in their parent's garage. Perhaps they *were* jamming in their parent's garage. So the question then is why? Why do they sound this bad? Maybe their hearts aren't into it. Maybe some of the guys are too busy with other things, like, I don't know, giving my best friend booty calls that she never picks up, even though, with one of these guys, she had the best sex of her life. I mean, you can't have everything, so it's a good thing that what one lacks in musical ability he makes up with in the sack. Just so long as this CD isn't playing in the background. That could totally kill the mood. Who wants to be getting the Fuck of their Life with the Worst Music Ever playing in the background? Not me. I bet not the aforementioned best friend either. Wait a second, let me make sure.

Yeah. I just called her, she agreed. Bad music while getting laid isn't cool.

Now if you do find yourself owning a copy of Hello Catatonic, when would you want to pop it in your stereo? If never isn't an option, I suggest a time when no one is going to pay much attention. Let it keep your cat company while you are out. Take a shower upstairs while the CD is playing downstairs. Let your 15-year-old brother listen to it as a lesson in what not to do. The point is this: The overall quality of this recording is poor, garage-like. But not in the sense that The Strokes or The Vines are garage-like — you can tell that this wasn't done on purpose. Plus, these lyrics seem arbitrary — like they were just thrown down onto fumbling melodies and beats. This CD is incredibly hard to hear. Music shouldn't take effort to hear. Music is one of the few things in life that should be effortless.

3 LB Universe Response By 3 LB Uinierse

Pseudo. Webster's Dictionary says:

1. False; counterfeit; spurious; sham; pretended.

I believe it's time to give you a little review of your own. The use of the above term relates, describing your caliber as a writer. But the term "Pseudo-journalist" says it best. I can certainly understand why you chose to use a fictitious name since you wrote some ridiculous shit and pawn it off as journalism. Jesus, I don't blame you. Who in their right mind would want to take the chance of ruining the reputation of their real name and blow any possibility of any future success? By the way, we do know your real name, but, out of kindness, we won't let it slip. *Yet*. That's right. That so-called "Best" friend of yours gave you up. But don't worry. You'll learn to judge people better in time.

I'll bet deep down inside you're a pseudo-social-vampire-groupie-type whose sole purpose in life is to use your title as a music writer to get closely knit into a lifestyle that you could never possibly reach on a talent-based level. Now you can use your press pass to get you backstage at concerts instead of giving hand-jobs to roadies like you used to. High school behavior is something that adults shed when they get into the real world. Don't worry, that too takes time.

I strongly urge you to pay more attention in writing class while your parents are paying that college tuition of yours. You should have your head buried in books rather than some stranger's crotch in the back seat of a car or some seedy motel in a bad part of town.

I just want you to understand that our mission is not to screw girls because we are in a band, but to convert as many lesbians to heterosexuality as we can. In your case, it must have worked. You, the jealous lover, just got bitter and vindictive. They say, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." It *should* read: "Hell hath no fury like a lesbian whose girlfriend fucks a guy and likes it better." I can understand why you might be mad. It appears obvious in your writing.

Now, let's talk about the music:

The core of 3lb. Universe was formed in 1990 while you and a good bit of your college peers were still scribbling in coloring books. I don't believe you understand the amount of work, sacrifice, and dedication it takes to establish a legitimate reputation for your art. Tell me, in your opinion, how a band who can independently perform to sold out venues, receive airplay on numerous local, national and European radio stations, gain the respect and attention of many major industry professionals, and consistently share stages with more national touring acts than you can count on all your digits combined, still "Suck?" The answer is: It's art and you have an opinion. My opinion is that when it comes to judging music, you, my dear, are an amateur. And don't think that I don't respect your opinion. I most certainly do. I embrace it. But remember: You are there to review music, not bedroom habits. Maybe in the future when your hate dies down, or your so-called "best friend" is no longer in your life, you can give Hello Catatonic another listen. Then, if you still hate it, make a coaster out of it or something.

If you wish to debate our opinions further on a personal level, we can all discuss it over drinks sometime. Feel free to contact us at www.3lbuniverse.net.

FEATURES

**TORN BETWEEN
XANADU &
SHANGRI-LA**

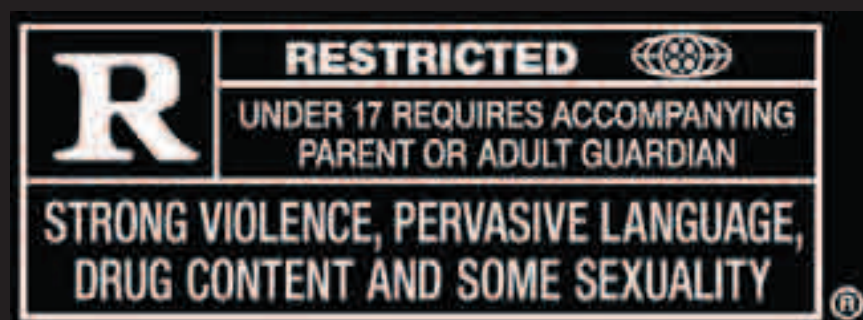
starring

Satan

David Letterman

Mary-Kate and Ashley

with Colin Powell as The Gipper



By Jesse Hicks
Photos by Tom Persinger

a MAN of WEALTH & TASTE

HOW THE DEVIL TELLS IT

"He'll be right with you, I promise," says Thad Chimaera, the Devil's assistant, from across the lobby. "When you're dealing with the Big Guy, everything runs on Satan Time." He smiles. He has a slight lisp, so it comes out, "Sthatan Time."

The Los Angeles lobby of Lightbringer Industries, the devil's multinational conglomerate. High ceilings and dim lighting give it a cavernous feel, enhanced by a cool breeze from hidden A/C vents. A Saarinen "tulip chair" adds a touch of the modern. Thad's desk is polished ebony, lit from above by a single recessed spotlight.

The place oozes a hyper-cool, business-like atmosphere. But the Devil's ironic touches are there, too, from the wall embroidery reading, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here" to a twenty-foot, paint-by-number rendering of Bruegel's *The Triumph of Death*.

When he's between calls, I pick Thad's brain for info about his boss. He's been with the company since the 1980's, when the Adversary made his big push into Wall Street. Thad is Satan's eyes and ears within the company.

Like nearly everyone I've interviewed, Thad is intensely loyal to his boss. A strangely beatific look comes across his face when he explains what a "fierce competitor" is Lightbringer's CEO and guiding visionary. His eyes don't glaze over, exactly, but they do open wide and take on a shine. It's all a bit cultish, really.

For almost an hour I've been waiting here, flipping through back issues of *Esquire* and *Outdoor Living* or staring at myself in the high-gloss obsidian floor. Halfway through my fifth article on men's spring fashion, I hear the distant growl of a sports car and what sounds like Outkast playing at ear-rending volume. Thad looks up from his computer, silently mouths, "That's him!" and makes exaggerated pointing gestures toward the door. I can't help sharing his excitement.





A minute later, the engine shuts off, the music stops.

Silence.

The staccato of expensive shoes on pavement.

Then the door opens.

My first thought is, “Jesus, he’s big.” Six-three easy, and not just tall but solid, like he’s made of denser material than the rest of us; light bends to accommodate his form. He swaggers like the popular kid who understands the power of being noticed. He flashes Thad a smile, tosses him an apple that seems to materialize out of nowhere.

Then he turns to me.

The Devil is all straight lines and sharp angles; there’s not a curve anywhere. He’s wearing a dark Richard James wool two-button suit (\$1,100), a turquoise cotton shirt and matching silk tie, also by Richard James (\$225 and \$110, respectively), with black Calvin Klein shoes. A pair of wrap-around Oakleys hide what I later find out are piercing blue eyes. He’s grinning, a welcoming smile that seems to reach all the way to his meticulously disheveled, flaming-red hair.

He extends a well-manicured hand and says, in a voice my eardrums file somewhere between Vin Diesel’s and glass being crushed underfoot, “Pleased to meet you, hope you guessed my name.”

Of course, he doesn’t always look like this. He’s dressed for business — a piranha among men. When he’s not working — if there’s ever a time — you might find him lounging around the house in sweatpants and a wife-beater, watching Tivo’ed episodes of *The OC* on his high-definition plasma screen.

But it’s not just that. The thing I realize about Mephistopheles is this: You never know what he looks like. Richard James suit, Calvin Klein shoes, Colin Ferrell smirk — it’s all part of the persona, the mask. If you look directly at him, nothing stands out. He’s just Joe Businessman in a fancy suit. But every now and again during my time with the Devil, I see him out of the corner of my eye. It’s there that he wavers, like heat waves on a desert highway, never quite still. He takes on a dozen forms — the CEO, the politician, the neighbor, even, at one point, the high school cheerleader. What stands before me now is only a glove; the hand that acts remains hidden.

Which is fitting for an entity who was around before time was invented. He's survived — prospered, even — by constantly re-inventing himself. For the ancient Sumerians, he was a she: Ereshkigal, mistress of death and ruler of Aralu, the Land of Darkness. Zoroaster's Devil was Ahriman, the Lord of Lies and evil twin to Ohrmazd. Faust knew him as Mephistopheles; Richard Nixon just called him "Papa."

So just who is Apollyon, Belial, Beelzebub, or whatever you want to call him?

"Oh, you are going to burn for that, bitch," seethes Lucifer, giving the finger to a tan, blonde woman who cuts him off on Sunset Boulevard. We're screaming through the streets at high speed in a raven-black Mercedes-Benz SLR McLaren that, the Devil informs me, boasts a 600 hp, 5.4-liter V-8. Honestly, I'm just looking for the seatbelts as his Satanic Majesty sparks a joint with one hand, dials his cell-phone with the other, and negotiates the hellish LA traffic by force of will alone.

He dials the home office and as for an update on his media liaison, Ann Hanga, who's supposed to be shooting a new infomercial in Brazil. Infomercials are a big part of Lightbringer's success; they bring in new converts nearly as effectively as Mel Gibson epics and are much more cost-effective.

Between calls I get a kind of running-commentary on the state of Heaven and Hell, mankind, and the eternal battle between good and evil. Of course, Satan doesn't see it that way.

"Look at this — everywhere you go, it's 'Atkins-friendly' this and 'Atkins-friendly' that. Jesus. You'd think these people had never heard the phrase 'fad diet' before. Do you think I'm the one who made carbohydrates? Hello, let's not blame me every time a housewife in Atlanta decides to treat herself to that third helping of Rocky Road. Take some personal responsibility, people."

So you're not behind the evil and suffering of the world?

He snorts with laughter. The smell of brimstone fills the car. "I wish I could take that much credit! I don't sit around thinking up new ways to torment the human race. You guys are good enough at that without my help. I'd love say Carrot Top sold his soul for popularity, but I'm not forcing anyone to buy tickets."

What about disco music?

His eyes narrow. "You've done your homework," he smiles, sheepishly.

"That was a side bet between Loki and I. Back at the tail end of the Sixties, I was big with groups like the Rolling Stones. So Loki comes to me one night and says, 'I bet you can't fuck up music for a whole decade without using any supernatural intervention.' Well, I took that bet, and the next day I formed a band called Fistful of Rainbows. We cut a 7" and next thing you know, disco is blowing up! We even got the Stones on board!" He cackles gleefully.

So you do contribute to the evil of the world.

He sighs. "Ok, listen. This is how it is. Humans think the world is a battlefield, with God and I both trying to rack up the most souls. Come on. The universe isn't a pinball machine. God and I aren't trying to see who can get the high score."

Pausing to take another hit from his joint, he turns up Britney Spears' "Toxic," saying, "Hate me if you gotta, but I love this song."

"Here's the real deal. Most of the stuff you want to blame me for — pain, suffering, all that jazz — I didn't choose to bring all that into the world. We're pawns in a chess game, with all the moves plotted out in advance. Me, you. Everybody, man. I fell for three fucking days! Do you want to see where He ripped my wings off?"

He takes a sharp turn, pulling into his nightclub, Inferno. Yanking the emergency brake, the Devil brings the car to a screeching stop. He turns and looks me right in the eyes. "Only a fascist or a child would take the blank slate of creation and start carving rules into it. I'm the democratic response — that there be no commandments, that's my first and only commandment. God's a traffic cop; I'm an artist. I'm not going to play the game anymore. I'm gonna flip the board right the fuck over."

Then he smiles and says, "Let's go get some drinks."

Inferno is a renovated two-story warehouse, decorated in red and black, with graffiti-art flames licking their way up the walls. We enter through a side door to the cheers of a well-dressed Hollywood elite. I catch a glimpse of Ethan Hawke talking to Paris Hilton. They both wave; Paris blows an air kiss. Satan pretends to catch it and clutch it to his chest, then winks and smiles. Paris giggles in response.

Satan orders a Red Bull and vodka, then leads me to the other end of





STRAIGHT LIES AND STRAIGHT AND GU ES



the bar. An impossibly tall man in an undertaker's suit stands talking to a dreadlocked, top-hat-wearing Black man. Both are drinking red wine and look up as we approach.

"Reporter man, this is Ghede and Ankou. We go way back — they'll keep an eye on you while I run upstairs to take care of some business." With a hardy clap on my back, he's gone, and I'm staring awkwardly at the two men, who stare back. I don't even have a drink.

"Pleased to meet you," says Ghede, the top-hat man, with slight Haitian accent. He smiles and I see the wine has stained his teeth.

Ankou leans forward to shake my hand. "And I as well," in an upper-crust Briton accent that sounds old.

"So," I stall. "Are you two Satan's wingmen or something? I see a lot of eligible ladies here tonight."

"Something like that," smiles Ghede. I get the feeling he's sizing me up. For what, I don't know.

"I imagine it's pretty easy for him to walk in here and have his choice of companionship for the night." They're staring again, and I can't think straight with the multi-colored lights stabbing into my eyes.

"Certainly, he could," answers Ankou. "But he's never really 'rolled' like that, to use one of your clever American phrases. There was a brief dalliance with Lilith back before your time, but since then he's poured himself into the work."

"Is he lonely?" I ask.

"I wouldn't say 'lonely,' per se. More like driven. He puts everything into his Grand Project. He, like all sons, is trying to impress his Father. This whole rebel posture is just a way to get God's attention. I'm not sure even he believes it, but he pushes on, talking about the 'palace of excess,' and 'escaping the shackles of a flawed creation.' I think he smokes too much weed, frankly." Ankou looks bored, sipping his wine and casting a disdainful glance around the room.

After a few moments, Satan returns, with a supermodel-quality woman on each arm. The blonde, blue-eyed one on his left he introduces as Jenny; the exotic Indian-looking one on his right his named Thalia. He explains that they are part of his plan.

"Bred without the limits of conscience, created in my own image to be the ultimate party girls," he smiles again. "Girls, lift up your shirts."

They do. No bellybuttons.

Twenty minutes later, we're again roaring down Sunset Boulevard. Jenny and Thalia giggle in the back seat, unable to keep their hands off each other. I'm due to catch a flight out; Satan has agreed to drop me at the airport. We pull into short-term parking and I look back at the two girls, for the first time noticing their forked tongues.

I pull my suitcase out of the back and Satan catches me by the arm. Again fixing me with those piercing blue eyes and sharklike smile, he says, "I'm going to win, you know." He laughs, and his girls laugh with him. Then he drives off.

Standing there alone in the dark, watching the Devil's tail-lights, like a pair of glowing eyes retreating into the distance, it's hard not to believe him.



STUPID DEITY TRICKS

AND OTHER DIVINE CAMEOS

by Dave Sherman

Bette Midler once sang, “God is watching us.” As a larger-than-life diva, I suppose she could rightly assume the divine voyeur had a vested interest in her exploits (or, perhaps, if indeed it is a he that’s attached to the masculine disembodied arm from Michelangelo’s “Creation,” just her tits), but I’m not sure about anyone else. In fact, if God is watching, my bet is it’s the plasma screen he’s tuned into, and not us.

And why not? With a program selection as infinite as his ability to forgive sins like “My Big Fat Retarded Nephew” (or whatever it was on Fox), TV is surely much more compelling than the drudge-cycle of life, death, pain, and occasional bliss viewable down here. And if he is tapped into the tube, then it’s only a small leap of faith to assume God is just a slob like one of us, as some other songstress whined. And therefore, it’s just a matter of time before this slob, like thousands of others before him, gets his moment of prime time exposure. For those of you accustomed to passing out on the couch with a 40-ouncer wedged in your crotch (and those without TiVo) here’s what you might be missing.

Stupid Deity Tricks

Let’s face it. Even though he’s a fading institution, Letterman still books the best guests, even for inane segments. So when *Stupid Deity Tricks* premieres, it’s only natural he books the divine creator over lesser gods like the Grand Potentate. As God is introduced, he jokes that the trick he’ll be doing is even stupider than the one when he created mankind. Then he wows the crowd by rubbing his fingers along the rims of goblets filled with varying degrees of water to play “How Great Thou Art.” To top it off, the water turns to wine while he’s playing — a nod to his son, who God claims is watching at home. (He’s not. Although the show is on, Jesus is in the other room bagging the newly deceased Cher.)

Queer Eye for the Buddha

Who needs a makeover more than a 2,500-year-old deity? And who better to perform it than the Fab Five? In this episode, God as Buddha receives the full treatment — eye-brow wax and shaving tips from Kyan, couture from Carson that slims the profile and brings his heavenly wardrobe into the 21st century, and an iPod from Jai holding a collection of new-age Zen chants performed by Sting. All of this is in preparation for Buddha’s re-enlightenment party, hosted by Ted and Tom in a chic Manhattan loft. The episode ends with our newly made-over Buddha toasting the crowd of worshippers with a Lotus-flower champagne flute and these parting words of wisdom: “The path to enlightenment is best traveled in Bruno Mali shoes.”

Trading Spaces — Israel and Palestine

Who would have thought eons of unrest in the Middle East could be resolved simply by having each side spend a weekend in the other’s slipcovers? In a moment tailor made for Home and Garden Television, God joins Paige and her crew of makeover artists to channel religious zealotry toward a higher purpose: the creation of window treatments that provide privacy yet let in the natural light. The best plans of God and man go awry, however, when Israeli soldiers on a mission to find spent missile shells to convert to table lamps stray from the beaten path and are slain by a Palestinian mob that’s not in on the switch. This time, the murderers look far less menacing while waiving their blood-stained hands from windows adorned with trendy Pier One shades.

God’s Will (UPN Pilot)

Like *Seinfeld* before him (but not really when you think about it), the Supreme Being gets caught up in the belief he has the comedic chops to hold down a sitcom of his own. An eternity spent creating Earth’s Funniest Diseases (Elephantiasis of the nuts, anyone?) and hilarious space-helmet wearing devotees (like Marshall Applewhite) can do that to a deity. Unlike *Seinfeld*, God suffers at the hands of shitty writers and a lame comic premise that revolves around God’s death, a poorly executed will, and the chaos that ensues as his heirs battle for their inheritance. Will Jesus get the Holy Land or the prize he really wants, the Playboy Mansion? Who gets the chariot of fire? And will the phrase “all God’s children” withstand the rigors of a paternity suit? Only the Divine knows for sure...and his agent isn’t talking.

So, there you have it. God on TV in your own living room, prison cell or home theater system complete with surround sound and leather recliners with built-in cup holders. Of course, to keep on top of the schedule, you’ll need the TV Guide with God on the cover—the one with the holograph that shows God in a T-Shirt reading “On the eighth day, God created The Food Channel, The WB Network, ESPN, etc.,” depending on your vantage point. Because it’s not always clear what God is watching from a distance—us or the USA Network.

THE TWINNS ARE IN

By Nova Keenan

TOWARD THE END OF LAST WEEK I RECEIVED AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM A CORRESPONDENT ON THE FRONTIERS OF TOMORROW'S POLITICS WHO SAID I HAD BETTER START THINKING ABOUT THE OLSEN TWINS. THE CONVERSATION WENT LIKE THIS:

Soon, Laura said: "Those little whores will take heed, step away from themselves, realize what they've created, and..."

I interrupted: "You mean, they'll step away from that prissy, baby-doll, post-Full House bullshit and, finally 18, they'll strip nude, free for the universe at Larry Flynt's request, baring all in a double-DVDA extravaganza with, say, Fabio, Rod Stewart, one of the Queer Eyes, Jeff Goldblum, Tom Brokaw, and... four other dudes pounding away at young flesh in a digitally-enhanced, multiple-angled, four-hour pornographic utopia benefiting the collective consciousness of every pervert this side of Ursa Major?" Then, before winking, I said, "They've turned 18, you know."

Yes. They've turned 18. But they won't strip nude (or fuck) for you or anyone else — they have advanced tasks to conquer, bigger fish to fry.

What do you mean?

[Laura pulls out a cigarette, lights it.]

The Young Rich — Britney Spears, The Hilton Sisters, Nick Lachey, Hillary Duff... They have as much political potential as the Old Rich. I mean, Dick Cheney, Kerry, Bush, Nader, Howard Dean, Wesley Clark, Wilford Brimley? Old or Young, their basic function is to coerce us into a mindset — whether it's purchasing a CD, watching a television program or casting a vote. We vote for the Old, we spend our money on the Young. Nick Lachey's filthy rich and nearly 35. Why shouldn't he run for president?

Dude... no. Elaborate. And leave Nick Lachey out of this.

There was a Washington Post article a while back that said 'Ideally, the only commodities in the political marketplace are ideas.' Now, consider for a moment the implication of the Olsen Twins taking a sincere interest in politics — selling their ideas instead of their physical features. It's a perfect scenario: As the United States aches for new vision — as politicians argue between left-of-center, right-of-center and right-down-the-middle — politics still revolve around money, limiting who has the opportunity to share their "new ideas." Mary Kate and Ashley are rolling in money, so why not them? Sure, they're too young to run for anything significant, but it's not too early to forge a path. Right now, their total acquired wealth — the amount accumulated by the two of them combined — is perched somewhere above the \$300 million range. And their empire is worth over \$1 billion. And for that matter...

But that's the beauty of our democratic system. There's no way they can exploit that. There are laws stipulating how much a single person can contribute to a particular party or campaign. Even if, for example, Bill Gates or one of the Walton's wanted to give a billion dollars to George Bush or Ralph Nader, they simply couldn't. Right? There's no way to do it.

Are you serious?

Well, maybe.

Nova, sweetheart — no. Listen: The primary forces behind President Bush's \$180 million 2004 election campaign war-trunk are U.S. corporate executives. By early April of this year, Bush raised so much that he suspended all further fundraising. He has the largest campaign fund of any candidate in U.S. history — nearly twice what he raised before the 2000 election. For 2000, sure, he accumulated money linked to his Texas origins, but now he relies primarily on members of the nation's finance and investment community. On his side, he has Merrill Lynch and PriceWaterhouseCoopers, who have



each contributed nearly half a million dollars to his campaign. And UBS Americas, MBNA Corp., Goldman Sachs, Lehman Brothers and Credit Suisse First Boston all gave Bush more than a quarter million dollars each.

Holy shit.

Yeah. And how much do you think John Kerry's raised?

How the fuck would I know?

\$80 million or so at this point. Corporate contributions to Kerry are a pittance — insignificant in comparison to Bush's take. Most of Kerry's major corporate contributors have given equal or greater amounts to Bush's campaign. For example, Citigroup, Kerry's largest corporate donor with almost \$80,000 in contributions, gave twice that to Bush.

So, where are you going with this? Mary Kate and Ashley...

[finishing Nova's sentence for him]: ...are incorporated under something called Dualstar Entertainment. So, again, think about that statement. Really, all they have to do is 1) Make their political interests known, 2) Invest wisely.

Dude.

All I'm saying is that it's not about who has what, or who has the ability to throw their weight around — it's who cares, what they have, how they look, who they know and what they do with the accumulated horseshit. I mean, look at Ronald Reagan (the poor bastard). Transpose that actor finesse into an indecipherable, new vision — Ashley in a suit, speaking in tongues as a Puppet for the People. The suggestion is madness, but the idea is remotely conceivable. Can you see it?

Not really, no. I was kinda joking.

Well I can. And I was kinda joking, too. But also not. Run with this:

I can picture our country governed by Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen at 62, functioning as one — like in Full House where they join together to form one entity. They'll marry some big name senator or something, play him like a violin, orchestrate his every move with strings made from hundred dollar bills. They'll brag about attending some untouchable university — some university maybe in, I don't know, Johannesburg? — riding in limousines, living the life of the ultra-affluent — the life of the First Ladies of the United States. But I can also see them running as the first ever dual presidential candidate. And they could win. They have the cash; with some work they can make connections with the right people; they look great; they're representative of a new breed and by the time they hit their mid-thirties, their movie careers will be over...

I mean, I can imagine a country where, on every corner, a federally sponsored tanning salon is waiting to

keep everyone a precise, golden shade of brown — a world where executives at Gucci and Prada determine the future of stem-cell research — a world where Diet Coke is outlawed — a world where Paris Hilton is nominated to the Supreme Court, and every political issue can fit into a cute, bubbly, hour-and-a-half-long slot with Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston tactfully explaining pertinent issues over melodically heavy tracks from Hoobastank.

But while I can picture this world, it'll never happen. Here's why: When you think politics, you don't think hair salons or coffee shops. You certainly don't think of hardware stores or used car dealerships. You think of CNBC broadcasts — banal, preachy dictations from talking heads, with an audience of 12 paid to clap tastefully at appropriate times; you think of white men with grey hair, wearing suits that cost more than a new Chevy Cavalier; you think of founding fathers and the wealth of the most powerful nation in the world. And CNN and NPR and Ross Perot and so on. And when you see a celebrity promoting a politician — Wayne Newton in support of President Bush; Bon Jovi for Kerry; The American Youth for anyone on the left — you start to feel cheated, like...someone's...maybe... trying to... sell you something. So, Big Man Politicians try to keep that to a minimum when possible, though this often fails.

In short: The people who generally care about politics are over 40 — a segment of the population that doesn't give a shit what Jeff Goldblum has to say about anything, let alone national policy. I say, let Ashley and Mark Kate dictate our youth, encourage them to make significant campaign contributions through corporations working in their favor — after all, it's better than Mandy Moore... I think.

Um. I still don't think they'll be into it.

Okay. Maybe not. But consider something else: An example forcing them into the dirty public service limelight. Let's say Ashley endorses a Clairol hair product that keeps average hair remarkably shiny and full-bodied — to the point where the market share of this product is so overwhelming, the profits so absurdly high, that all other hair products begin falling off shelves. Herbal Essences file for bankruptcy; Pert goes caput; Biore bows out, starts producing paint thinner. Everything else in hair care becomes obsolete.

Right.

Well, let's say Ashley Olsen abandons virtually everything else in her career to keep this product a top priority — fuck diversification, she begins releasing movies starring her (not her sister), under the premise that this Clairol hair care product is magical, able to save lives, undeniably useful, delivered from God himself to cure bad hair and evil... Whatever.

Uh...

Now, let's say, after a time period, people using this product begin developing huge, unsightly boils on their eyelids that could point to the onset of cancer. The FDA gets involved, and before long the product is taken off shelves. What does Ashley do then?

I don't know. Invade Switzerland? What. Tell me.

She gets involved, starts spending millions of dollars to thwart any attempt to remove the product from the market. Why? Because, suddenly politics have become her business. Suddenly, she's a political player immersed in the process of trying to change people's opinions about something. And this would be a change. A real, interesting change. God knows who might follow suit — Dan Cortese? Beyonce? We've already got Blink 182 involved, why not MXPX, Bright Eyes, Tilly and the Wall, Luther Vandross, Dying Fetus... Whoever. They've got money, let them share. Then, at least more young voters might turn up at the polls...

They might not. Like you pointed out: There's always the Pathetic Celebrity with their Nose in the Wrong Place factor.

Yeah. I guess. It's tough. Maybe nothing can be done.

[There's a pause here. Lost, Nova breaks silence]

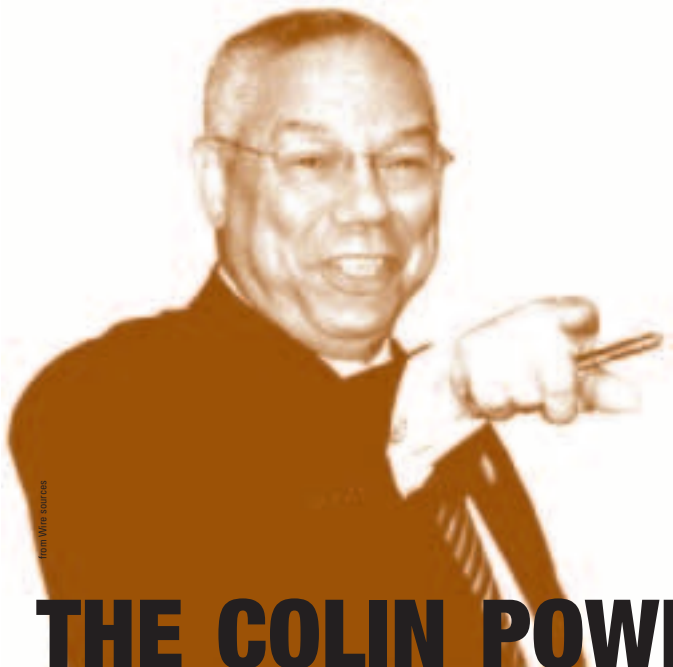
Did you know that they had a TV series called *Mary Kate and Ashley in Action*? Isn't that funny?

No.

Well, they did. [Nova takes a sip from a glass he's been drinking from] I'm tired of this. For president: Where's your vote going?

Not sure. Probably Kerry. Even though he's a total douche.

Makes sense.



THE COLIN POWELL ENDS RACISM PROJECT

By boice-Terrel Allen

It was the last day of racism, so naturally Colin Powell had plenty of things to do with minimal time to do them. There was the mass burning of every Confederate flag in the country he was overseeing. Then, all gently-worn Klan apparel was to be tie-dyed and deconstructed by Phat Farm, yet Powell kept playing two-way tag with Russell Simmons and needed to cement some final details: Should the restructured clothes go to the homeless or to that new Broadway staging of *Hair*? And then there was the plan that was closest to Powell's heart: The complete and utter eradication of Affirmative Action.

Needless to say, without the dew of racism on our nation, there was hardly a need for a system that barely functioned in the first place.

With all this on his plate, it was a wonder that Powell agreed to be interviewed in the first place. I wish I could say it was my fine journalistic background that tilted the scales in my favor, but freshly out of college with nothing more than school paper clippings probably meant very little to him. Most likely what did the trick was a finely worded letter to Powell a few months ago. After months of investigating his background for my senior thesis, coincidentally, I discovered that my ancestors owned his ancestors during slavery. Eureka! I had my foot in the door. Powell responded with a terse yet optimistic email that explained in fewer words than I'm using here — but any journalist could read between the lines — that the best way to move beyond that whole “messy slavery episode” was to end racism in general with The Colin Powell Ends Racism Project. Included with that email was a Word Document attachment outlining his ambitious design (including the aforementioned tactics) to do so in a brief seven days. Fortunately, I didn't get a computer virus from the attachment — as a starving artist, I can't afford Norton AntiVirus.

So there we were, Powell and I, sitting in his home office located in a dicey neighborhood right outside of D.C. that he asked me not to divulge, as to avoid additional death threats from wacko groups like the NAACP and their ilk. I was curious as to why a man like Powell, who speaks so well, wouldn't live in an area where gentrification hadn't been completed yet. But then, silly me, caught myself, realizing that gentrification was a lot like the war on terrorism. It didn't happen overnight.

Powell was dressed in a simple manner: Blue Dockers, light blue Oxford and wingtips. Very white collar. I was thrown off by his rough handshake, his unmanicured hands were something out of a Springsteen song, back when he was at the same economic level as his fans. But by the time I sat down and set up my tape recorder, I'd all but forgotten about those bear claws.

Q: Mr. Powell.

A: Yes.

Q: Why you? Why now?

A: Those are good questions. The Colin Powell Ends Racism Project began as a dream. Well, actually a nightmare — when I woke up in a sticky sweat, my pillow, sheets and common law wife, Marge, soaked. I was screaming about how we were all created equal and it was horrifying. Then a few days later I had the same vision but minus the sticky sweat and screaming and I woke up in the morning feeling refreshed. Invigorated. So I took that as a positive sign, since I suffer from insomnia. I told Marge and she agreed I had to do something about racism as we knew it. Me. Colin Powell. An ex-con. And to answer your first question second, who knows more about racism than a light-skinned Black man.

Q: Interesting, Mr. Powell. So let's say your plan works. And thus far it seems that way: earlier in the week your ingenious and mandatory laser eye surgery that prevents everyone from gawking at interracial couples went off without a hitch. And I'd be remiss if I didn't complement you on the genocide of every person associated in any way with the UPN and the WB networks. But playing devil's advocate, what if it doesn't work? How long will this last?

A: That's simple, young man. Anyone found guilty of racism, will be tried in a court of law by everyone but their peers, then sentenced to a lifetime of hard labor in a maximum security prison. Additionally, I will be relying on citizen vigilantism because quite frankly, I can't police the world alone. Keep in mind, The Colin Powell Ends Racism Project is strictly DIY.

Q: You have many supporters, including the President, especially the President. How else could you carry off this project without his help-

A: He supports me emotionally, not financially. Many of my tactics were achieved from those who donated their services. For example, without Bausch & Lomb, the interracial laser eye surgery would have been nothing more than a pipe dream. But I haven't taken a dime from the President. Can I be faulted for his belief in this bipartisan project?

Q: I wasn't arguing with you Mr. Powell —

A: I know. I'm just saying.

Q: I was merely speaking in the voice of your detractors. I believe in your cause.

A: Thank you.

Q: I also believe you're man of integrity and would never be anyone's pawn. To suggest otherwise is simply un-American.

A: This is so true. Sometimes I cry at night thinking of the so-called Americans sully my name. I paid my dues to society. I made one mistake. I should have never stolen Abbie Hoffman's book. But look at me. I'm the American dream. People magazine voted me Sexist Agitator. If I can pull myself up from humble beginnings, why can't anyone else?

Q: True dat. Final question, what's next for you? Perhaps, President Powell?

A: (Chuckles softly.) You flatter. Maybe I will. Maybe I won't. But I like the sound of that: President Powell. Oh, the things I could accomplish.

POETRY

Joslyn 'SYD' Erickson

>> Here's to new beginnings
>> Soup cans with blue labels
>> Clearly listing what's inside
>> Making progress on my palate,
>> Wondering if baby
>> Will ever taste the
>> Nothing really changes
>> But to that affect, someone
>> Is really nothing at all.

>> Here's to old finales
>> The same movie reel sprinkled with
>> Color frames
>> New songs
>> Brunette to redhead
>> It's all leading to the same out come
>> Of having another person enter
>> In go
>> Go into your heart and soul
>> Someone walks away in tears and empty
>> And to that affect, someone
>> Is really no one at all.

>> Here's to the repeat button
>> Eternally broadcasting the same message
>> Signing in, signing out every day of the week
>> The year changes
>> The fashion changes
>> The weather changes
>> But old finales
>> New beginnings
>> Are everything.
>> And to that affect, everything
>> Isn't really anything at all.

Illustration by nB

>> ARE EVERYTHING

INTERVIEWS

INTERVIEW WITH THE MAN-PIRE
By Randall DeVallance

PITTSBURGH’S PREMIER PRE-OPERATIVE TRANSSEXUAL
TALKS ABOUT SEX, DRUGS, AND BEING FABULOUS.

This article is editor-free, untouched, purely the words of its authors.



ALICE OHAMA

I like to call myself the black Paris Hilton because our lives are very much the same, except her bank account is mighty full, and mine...well, let's just say my horn of plenty dried up years ago. There are plenty of other celebrities that inspire me for one reason or another, too numerous to list, but I find myself grief stricken when I watch those celebrity shows on E! and I see people my age doing things I should be doing, with little or no talent at all. I'm most attracted to celebs that are more of the black sheep of the industry. Loners and eccentrics, they're more interesting, more real, and more like me than any Holly come lately could ever be...

I started dressing in drag as a toddler. Me mum would buy me these cute little suspender shorts with wide legs, and if you stood real close together it looked like a skirt. Let's just say I stayed with my legs close together, and still do (Ha Ha). My first drag show was when I was 17 or so. It was horrible; my tits looked like a roll of nickels in my bra, my newly donned coif was sweated out, and I had no perception of how to wear makeup, so in essence I was a mess, but of course how can someone like me ever be such a thing? So I chose to call my look at that time "Couture" which means a hard fancy look that everyone can't see the beauty in, but if you look closely you might just spend a fortune on it, because of the detail, the grandeur, the passion it took to put it together and the nerve to pull it off. The reason I wanted to start performing on stage is because I saw what it could do for my popularity, getting known and making a name for myself. Besides, of all the queens in Pittsburgh at that time, it was nothing for me to think, I can do that too, and better. In time that's exactly what happened.

And let me clarify exactly what I am. I am not a "Drag Queen" per se, but a Pre-Operative Transsexual that just happens to perform in clubs and bars. So for social appearance sake, most would inevitably call me a "Drag Queen". I am Mahogany 24/7 so wherever I go, she goes, because she is me. I really don't know what people think of me when they see me on the street, for I am no mind reader, but if I had to guess, I'm sure I'm a lot to take in at one glance. I am 6'2", African American, exotic, and Transsexual, plus I have this fashionista style about me that one can't deny. I wear very extreme things sometimes, and I'm sure it doesn't always sit right with folks. If I had to categorize my style, I would have to say it's very Carrie Bradshaw from Sex and the City. My style can be anything and everything at any given moment. I've caused everything from mile long traffic honkings, to traffic accidents, being hit on by straight men, to death threats, stares, and giggles. So the way society views me is as varied as I see it. I look different, I dress different, I am different, and no one really wants to take a chance on that I guess. But again, that's thinking inside the box. What would happen if they thought outside the box? We may never know, because I don't know if that's possible here. I must say, I don't just get the shaft here in Pittsburgh; I think on a whole society has a lot to atone for and learn. Life is very hard for individuals such as myself and people wonder why we are nocturnal creatures. Prostitutes, adult video stars, hustlers, showgirls/pageant girls, homeless or living off of welfare, not to mention suicide practitioners. Again, what would happen if people started thinking outside of the box, and learning to live and let live? We might just be able to live together in harmony. What a thought! Trying to see people as just people isn't so hard as most might think, just give it a try and you'd be surprised at the outcome. I promise (smile).

Deek stumbles in, makes a clumsy entrance: What are some of the jobs you've worked so far?

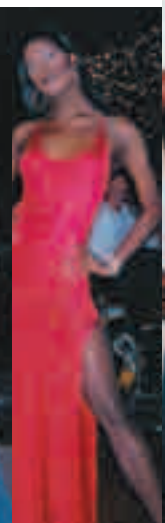
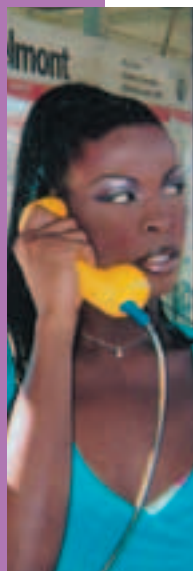
M: Well, I worked at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Probably one of the best jobs I ever had. You'd be surprised to find the various types of people that actually work in a library. I worked at Saks Fifth Ave for a short stint, as a boy (cringe). More like an ambiguously gay superhero. I've worked for UPMC, The STUDy, where we did research on how drugs and alcohol effect gay and bisexual men. Also a really good gig, I'm very blessed to have worked there. I've done some bullshit jobs, some waitressing at Lucky Cheng's in NYC and some freelance makeup work. Currently I am unemployed and have been for 2 yrs. I get by in life by performing at drag contests or just doing a regular gig at some club or bar, traveling and performing in other cities, and me mum takes damn care of her tranny baby, plus I have the most exquisite friends that share with me everything they have, cause they believe that some day I will be what this story is all about, a high banking, high profile, CELEBRITY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Deek: What's something about Drag Queens that the average person probably doesn't know?

M: That they can kick your ass.

Deek: Where do you see yourself in 10 years?

M: I see myself topless on a beach underneath a palm tree, playing the guitar while my naked baby runs back and forth picking up seashells. Still working regularly as a model, branching out to other areas of the entertainment industry, hosting wonderful parties for my friends and family, and taking it up the bum every night by my super cute husband!



CEX INTERVIEW

By Keith Varadi

OFTEN, THE RESPONSE FROM CEX'S LISTENERS IS POLARIZED — EITHER THEY LOVE IT OR THEY HATE IT. WHY? BECAUSE THE MUSIC IS...WELL, EXTREME. IT'S DISTURBING. IT'S DANCEY. IT'S DEPRESSING. IT'S DEMIURGIC. TO BE HONEST, IT'S A BREATH OF FRESH AIR — ELECTRONICA WITHOUT BEING TOO "INDIE" OR "HIP" OR LAME. IT'S ROCK WITHOUT BEING TOO "BIG" AND "ALMIGHTY." IT'S ARTSY WITHOUT BEING TOO PRETENTIOUS. WHATEVER. I DIG ON IT. SO I INTERVIEWED THE GUY.

Deek: The first image a person comes to while visiting your website [www.rjyan.com] is a photo of a woman on her knees, pulling your underwear off, accompanied by a personal statement — "I WON'T JUSTIFY THE DUMB CRAP I DO IF YOU WON'T" — and your nursery school report card. And a claim that you are the #1 Entertainer. Do you think Cedric [the Entertainer] is going to be pissed?

Rjyan: When Cedric finds my website, he will spend all night in his underwear at the PC, clicking through my diary, drinking Tabs, until he's read the whole thing and goes, "Holy shit, it's 5:30?" and he'll have to decide whether to just stay up or go to sleep and deal with waking up after three hours, which is always a bummer, especially to entertainers.

Deek: I guess what makes the whole thing even funnier is when you actually enter your site, the #1 Entertainer claim changes to World Famous Retard. You're not very politically correct, are you? It's cool though, neither are we.

Rjyan: I don't know. I actually think "retarded" is the right word. My knuckleheadedness is persistent in a real retarded way, and it's clear to most that this knuckleheadedness is in the pilot's seat as far as my "public" relationship with music goes.

Deek: But, in regards to your "public" relationship, you've been doing this for a while now — making music and touring and having a good time. What made you first decide to start doing this and when you decided, what made you choose the moniker Cex?

Rjyan: The order went like this: Firstly, making music and not knowing why, which I did from 12 years-old 'til I was 17 or 18. Basically dragged on tour with Kid606 in the summer of '99 — that was when I realized touring and putting out records on labels was the only thing I would be able to do with my future. I think Cex came in '98, when I was working at a camera store and there was a car on the street that had a license plate that was like "C-E-X-meow-meow-meow." I thought how naming your band "Boston" or "America" or "Earth" was the coolest, most grandiose shit. Bands are always named arbitrary stupid things, but the band that calls itself "Earth" is saying: "Yo, every time someone mentions this planet we live on, they're gonna think of us." And I thought, "What's bigger than Earth?" God is a stupid name for a band, so I named myself after fornication and penetration and intercourse — the biggest thing in the universe, the thing that predates everything else humans have had a hand in. Everything we do has come after some fucking. And everybody does it — it's an equalizer. You can think somebody is an ugly idiot with no friends and a total failure, but when they go to bed with somebody (which they definitely sometimes do) they do only slight variations on that totally awesome mind-blowing thing you do when you go to bed with somebody.

Deek: You released an album a few years back, entitled "Oops, I Did It Again!" The release obviously came after the infamous Britney album, but instead of you posing in a halter-top and trying to seduce older men on the cover, you are standing over a sink, bleeding, with a knife nearby. What are you trying to imply with this?

Rjyan: There is a narrative that continues through the liner notes that is pretty clear — I "came to" in my apartment one night and found that I had accidentally stabbed somebody to death... again.

Deek: My fault. I guess if I had the original copy, that would have helped. Sorry. Moving on though, your new video for the single "Kill Me" off your latest album, *Maryland Mansions*, is pretty fucking intense. You came up with the concept for the video. What spurred such intensity?

Rjyan: It's the most intense song on an album of 8 songs about seriously considering killing myself. I wanted to try and do something that wouldn't undermine the dead serious state I was in when I wrote that record.

Deek: Yeah...I don't think MTV is going to be airing it anytime soon, how about you?

Rjyan: Probably not. I can always pull a "Custom" and pretend like it's because the content is so controversial and not because the video quality is film-school.

Deek: Well, I was thinking maybe because of both. Anyway. A lot of people compare your music to Trent Reznor's. Myself included. How do you feel about that?

Rjyan: I'm complimented by it. Trent's underrated. He did a huge thing, getting sorority girls across the country to say, "I want to fuck you like an animal." He introduced the general public to a style of music that previously no majors considered very serious. Then with the videos, bringing weird, fucked up art influences into the game and paving the way for Manson and a wholesale acceptance of Goth. The dude is one of my heroes. He aimed way high and changed the game.

Deek: You've stated on your website, "A lot of artists pretend they don't want to be noticed, but really want to feed illusion and mystery to your imagination until it shits out a version of themselves that is worlds better than what they really are. I, personally, am in this game to scratch scabs and bleed out the secrets on stage so we can paint our own pictures on our bodies together with the blood-secrets."

What exactly do you mean by that?

Rjyan: I mean I think there needs to be a dude in the game who smashes myths to see what happens instead of using them to sell records. People get vague, hide themselves from their audience so our imaginations will turn them into heroes. I want to see a guy up there who is clearly not a genius and who doesn't let himself be clouded-up into one. I've always wanted a dude that would make me say, "If that guy can do it, it's not some magical world where all that goes down. It's this world. It's something I could go out and get if I wanted."

Deek: What is the best movie you've seen recently?

Rjyan: In the theaters? Mean Girls. I re-watched Jodorowsky's Fando and Lis for the first time in a few months, and remembered that it's one of my favorite films ever.

Deek: Do you prefer playing larger festivals like South By Southwest, which you played back in March, or more intimate shows/tours of your own?

Rjyan: Fuck a festival. I hate large shows anywhere. Intimacy for me, please, every time. I wanna get huge and rock shows in 100 capacity chapels, sans shoes, like Bjork does. Huge crowds aren't people, they're big blobs of duh. Your ability to interact uniquely with that crowd, to do things that pertain to them only drops drastically as the amount of people rise.

Deek: Can you remember your worst concert experience ever?

Rjyan: Almost getting pissed on in Philly at a bombed out warehouse in early 2002.

CEX

my knuckleheadedness

superstition in a real

stargazer way, and it's

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with music goes.

original photo lifted from www.rjyan.com

not getting enough Cex? Find more at
<http://www.rjyan.com/>

THE WILLIAM HUNG EXPERIENCE

GATEWAY CLIPPER

5 JUNE 2004

By Matt Stroud

Tonight's "Second Chance Prom" somehow degenerates into a drunken 80's dance party. And after three horrifying hours on the Gateway Clipper, the situation borders on the anarchic — people stumble over each other; music capsizes music; men use the women's bathroom; women use the men's room to piss everywhere and create old, pathetic mayhem, finally coercing a sign from Imminent Death to bring us closer to, uh... shit.. And there's more, too:

William Hung — the rejected American Idol famous for turning Ricky Martin's "She Bangs" into the musical equivalent of a suffering baby wombats backed by instrumentation and torture — is supposed to sing.

"I didn't come here to see that guy, though," says Dawn Eberlein, 25, of Ellioh. "I came here to see Ferris Bueller's Revenge" — tonight's 80s band covering everything from Van Halen's "Jump" to Devo's "Whip It." She continues: "I didn't even know [William Hung] was here."

Well, he's not...yet. And in close to three hours, no one admits to attending the festivities for the talented Mr. Hung's shtick. Examples:

Melanie Sobeck, 25, Scott Township. Did you come to see Billy?
"Uh, no."

Marie Wood, 22, Wexford:
"Dude, no."

Alan Barnhart, 35, Pittsburgh, did you come here to see William Hung?
"Not really. Did you?"

Of course I fucking did!

The event starts at 8, ends at 11. At 10:15, William is still AWOL. And amid performances by psychic goofball Gary Spivey — an occasional Jerry Springer Show co-host who answers questions from the crowd like "Will I have sex tonight?" — it becomes apparent that either William Hung will board the ship via helicopter or, uh, teleportation maybe.

"Helicopter is doubtful," says Lisa Randall, 36, from Baldwin — an on-air personality with some poop radio station. "I think we're just going to pick him up [from shore] in a little bit."

And sure enough, at around 10:30, we do. William enters the boat quickly, quietly, at the rear of the ship with this mother and press agent. Organizers shoo him into a tiny back room enclosed by a curtain. He wears all black and looks nervous. He smiles weakly while introduced to his stage dancers for the evening — Holly Napolitano, 20, from South Hills; Jamie Azzara, 21, from Whitehall; Kristen Zaccagnini, 20, from Whitehall. After a pretty pathetic intro — *Everybody, let's welcome...*

William Huuu-unnnngg!

— William is escorted on stage to perform predictably horrendous versions of "She Bangs," "Can you Feel the Love Tonight," and "YMCA." His set lasts 11 minutes. Chuck Matera, 37, from Pittsburgh, is standing at the bar, far away from the action. He says: "I think I'm in the wrong profession."

Eventually, DeekMagazine is granted an exclusive interview with the 21-year-old, Hong Kong-born, William Hung. His mom, "Mizzuz Hung," presides over the conversation. She will not give her real name or allow herself photographed. After introductions and handshakes, the interview gets depressing. He's obviously a little overwhelmed. He spouts a mantra about music as his dream, but seems way over his head, pathetic, sad, unsure of what he preaches. Tonight, for example, he says the crowd is frightening: "There is normally a barricade and lots of guards. Tonight they were right there in front of me. It was really scary. I'm not used to it."

A portion of the DEEK interview goes like this:

Deek: William, did you go to your high school prom?
William: No.

D: Why not?

W: I had previous engagements. I was very busy.

D: Probably doesn't matter that much now, huh? Do you get a lot of chicks because of your sudden popularity?

W: [laughs] Uh, well...

D: It's okay. You can tell me, Bill...

William's mom interrupts, says something indicating we should hurry up.

W: I can't say.

D: Well, how about money. You've gotta be rolling in loot because of this wave, man. I mean, is your wallet padded now that...


W: [interrupting] I can not talk about money.

Missus Hung scowls, says: "One more question please."

D: Well, how the fuck should I know what to ask? I don't know. Are you in on your own joke, William? Huh? Joke? Yes?

Will looks at his mom. He says: Joke? I don't understand... **Joke?**

It's a good question, Bill, as many one-word questions are. Maybe you'll ponder it in the future as a rich man, while wearing a suit by Armani and a jacket by Prada, sleazing your way through crack-houses and coke-clubs, prostitutes and drug men, alliances and restaurants, savoring your stroll through fame, relishing a trek through the Theatre of the Bizarre, laughing while walking into a bank that's prepared to give you a huge bucket of cash. Maybe. Maybe not. Anything's in the cards; this is your world after all...



For me though, this world, this moment represents something more — a Celebrity Flash if you will — where I am caught amid angry stares from radio DJs and cheerleaders with pigtails and sparkly lips. See, it is clarity in motion — a frame in time where I feel total peace, serenity... That and a huge goddamn hand on my neck, hopefully dragging me somewhere eternally stimulating — a land functioning without hypocrisy, minus every ill of this cruel, cruel world. But as I look up, I take comfort knowing this hand is not the hand of God, or the being of some angel whisking me to indemnity, but just a mad security guard, acting on request of William Hung's mom, getting me the hell out of there as fast as possible.

Some see American Idol as a curse. I can't imagine why.

William Hung

MOVIES



photo by NB

BREAKFAST WITH HUNTER REVIEW

BREAKFAST WITH HUNTER REVIEW

By Thomas Paine

"It hasn't helped a lot to be a savage comic-book character for the last fifteen years – a drunken screwball who should've been castrated a long time ago. The smart people in the media knew it was a weird exaggeration. The dumb ones took it seriously and warned their children away from me at all costs. The really smart ones understood it was only a censored, kind of toned-down children's-book version of the real thing." – Hunter S. Thompson, *Kingdom of Fear*

It's hard to know Hunter S. Thompson. The iconoclastic Kentuckian, author of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and one of the most influential journalists of the last half-century, remains unclassifiable. Manic, mumbling, with an insight unmatched by any of his contemporaries, the Father of Gonzo has made a life playing by his own rules. Famous as much for his outrageous excess as his groundbreaking writing, Thompson has been adopted by subsequent generations as one of the last Great Icons — a White Buffalo of American Letters. But who is Dr. Gonzo, really? Who lurks behind the mask of Hunter S. Thompson, self-proclaimed King of Fun and noted shotgun artist?

That's the question posed by HST's life, which the man himself tries to answer in the quote above, from his kinda-sorta-memoir, *Kingdom of Fear*, and director Wayne Ewing wrestles within his fascinating documentary, *Breakfast with Hunter*. Ewing, besides being an accomplished director and writer (PBS's *Frontline*, NBC's brilliant and ill-fated *Homicide*), happens to live near Thompson's Woody Creek, Colorado "compound." (Which must be an adventure in itself: Thompson was once suspected of firing several bursts of machine-gun fire over the house of a neighbor he disliked. Nothing was proven, but Dr. Gonzo does admit to leaving a giant, thawing elk heart on the doorstep of another neighbor, Jack Nicholson, as a birthday offering.)

More than a neighbor, though, Ewing is a close friend of Thompson's, who offered him unprecedented behind-the-scenes access during eighteen years of filming. The result is an intimate portrait of the artist as an "elderly dope fiend," in Thompson's self-description, long in the tooth but still quick of mind and strong of heart. HST is still fond of excess and ready to take up the Good Fight where he finds it.

Those fans who see Hunter S. Thompson as a cartoon will enjoy his excesses – seeing him throw a Christmas tree into his fireplace or fire exotic handguns into the Colorado night does spark a certain adolescent thrill. But that's only part of the story. After all, heavy drug use and a cavalier attitude toward explosives won't make you a good writer. (Believe me on this, I've tried. And tried.)

The more deeply satisfying parts of *Breakfast with Hunter* come when Thompson is relating to his work, rather than just being Hunter. When the director and screenwriter adapting the *Fear and Loathing* movie visit Woody Creek for a script meeting, Thompson takes them in a cooks them sausage. The two turn out to be vegetarians, which they only mention after Thompson is done cooking. Then, oblivious to the meaning of *Fear and Loathing*, they propose using an animated wave to accompany Thompson's powerful "wave speech" from the book. Thompson, rightly, believes it's some of the best work he's ever written and is understandably pissed to hear a Hollywood screenwriter suggest turning it into a cartoon. These are obviously people who don't get the book, and instead of listening to Thompson's suggestions, they dig in and attempt to fight him about it. He doesn't yield, blowing up as they leave. At Thompson's request, they were soon removed from the project. Remarkably, Ewing captures the whole scene.

The confrontation with his screenwriters reveals Thompson as more than some drug-addled savant. He knows his writing, knows when it's good, and knows when it shouldn't be fucked with. And he knows when he's being mistaken for a comic-book character.

He is, though, someone who believes in having an effect on the world. In an interview with *The Atlantic*, he gives that as his primary motivation for going into journalism. Writing – especially journalism – is about the impact, the effect it has on your environment.

That's why Thompson has remained a crusader all these years, whether running for political office (barely losing on a "Freak Power" ticket in 1970's Aspen Sheriff election), fighting his own unfair harassment by the police (being arrested for DUI on the eve of an election), or using his ESPN column to shed light on the case of unjustly imprisoned Lisl Auman (www.lisl.com for more information). Writing is, for him, an extension of a life lived on his own terms, doing what he thinks is right, no matter what the consequences.

Breakfast with Hunter is available on DVD from <http://www.breakfastwithhunter.com>.

Top 6: Get to know your film critic

By Dante A. Ciampaglia

“Getting to know you, getting to know lots about you...”

This is supposed to be the “Getting to know your film critic” piece. I’m supposed to give a list of movies you should see. Not because they’re, oh, good, but because they mix things up. They’re not just happy, smiling, demonic swill.

Call them underrated gems. Call them the must-sees of the oft-forgot. Call them what you want. One thing is certain: These movies are horrifying, shocking and disgusting. At least, that’s what they want you to think.

***Last Action Hero* (1993)**

INT. ACME VIDEO STORE DAY

Danny and Slater walk through the video store. Danny tries to prove his fantastic story. There’s a standee for *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, but it’s Sly Stallone, not Ah-nold.

DANNY
No, it isn’t possible!

SLATER
What’s not possible? He’s fantastic. It’s his best performance ever.

Hilarious self-reflexive decades before it became chic with Charlie Kaufman.

***Clue: The Movie* (1985)**

INT. STUDY NIGHT
MR. GREEN
I’m not going to wait for Wadsworth to expose me so I choose to expose myself.

COL. MUSTARD
Please, there are ladies present!

MR. GREEN (CONT’D)
I work for the State Department. And I’m a homosexual.

Mrs. White becomes visibly disgusted and “tssks.”

In ’85 audiences saved their box office bucks for what they thought would be the crème-de-la-crème of based-on-a-game movies, *Super Mario Bros.*

***Batman: The Movie!* (1966)**

EXT. DOCK DAY

Batman runs past scared onlookers trying to get rid of a bomb planted by the Joker to no avail.

BATMAN
Some days you just can’t get rid of a bomb!

A plot to kidnap the UN Security Council by dehydrating them into piles of colored dust? Batman removing a shark eating his leg with Bat Shark Repellent? Holy monstrosity, Batman!

***Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* (1970)**

INT. Z-MAN’S BEDROOM NIGHT

Z-Man, in a creepy androgynous costume, has a man in his bedroom. The guest is rebuking Z-Man’s advances.

Z-MAN
You will drink the black sperm of my vengeance!

That line was written by Roger Ebert. What do you think of your most lauded American film critic now?

***The Wizard* (1989)**

INT. DINER DAY

While Corey, Lucas and Haley are traveling to the video game competition in California they stop off in a diner. A local tough, complete with Power Glove, puts the moves on Haley.

COREY
Yeah, well, just keep your Power Gloves off her pal, huh?

Basically a commercial for *Super Mario Bros. 3* and the Power Glove, but I’ll buy anything sold by Fred Savage.

***Stay Tuned* (1992)**

INT. ARCTIC SHACK DAY

Helen and Roy Knable are in an arctic wasteland, holed up in a shanty with disgraced Hell TV former executive Crowley. Crowley explains everything to the Knables.

HELEN
Let me get this straight. We’ve been sucked into some kind of TV world?

ROY
Are you saying that salesman was...

CROWLEY
Mr. Spike. Mephistopheles of the cathode ray. Big brother to the ungrateful dead.

John Ritter. Pam Dawber. Jeffrey Jones. Eugene Levy. A satellite dish sucking people into Hell. ‘Nuff said.

Generation SLUT**Marty Beckerman****By Slade Ripfire**

Won't someone please think of the children?

That plaintive question, along with the marginally deeper "What's wrong with the youth of today?" has for years typified the "brutally honest teen expose." In movies such as *Thirteen* and *Kids*, and in Marty Beckerman's new book, *Generation SLUT: A Brutal Feel-Up Session with Today's Sex-Crazed Adolescent Populace*, we're pulled through the looking glass into the disturbed world of teenagers, a place of casual sex, drug abuse, rape, and other nihilistic pastimes. The other side of the mirror is a moral vacuum populated by drug-crazed sex-fiends.

With both *Thirteen* and *Generation SLUT*, much is made of the creator's young age: Beckerman is 21, *Thirteen* co-writer Nikki Reed was (yes) 13 while penning her screenplay with director Catherine Hardwicke. The implication is that the stories are more honest, more real for having come from young authors; the comparison to war correspondents comes all too easily. They lived it, man, they've been there.

But being there doesn't mean you understand where there is; proximity doesn't guarantee any insight — how many teens could dissect the complex mix of emotions they're experiencing? Instead, the teen expose is often formulaic, with authors ticking off items on their "shock and horrify" list. Casual sex with devastating consequences? Check. Broken families? Roger. Drug use, disrespect for authority, apathy? Yes, yes, oh God, yes.

Having drawn a full-color map of the teenage wasteland, the author is then left with a quandary: Do I offer a facile but heartwarming solution, à la *Thirteen's* Republican-friendly "parents need to actually raise their children" or (attempt to) force the audience to ask difficult questions, as in the rape scene that closes *Kids*?

Both are cop-outs.

Beckerman's approach in *Generation SLUT* is less heavy-handed, if similarly refusing to offer a "why" behind all this teenage self-destruction. The characters offer their own explanations, in impassioned if cliché-ridden monologues. Their conclusions are perhaps less weighty and insightful than those of adult sociologists, politicians and media moguls, but at least they ring genuine.

Generation SLUT: A Brutal Feel-Up Session with Today's Sex-Crazed Adolescent Populace is in bookstores now. Marty Beckerman's work is also on the web at www.martybeckerman.com.

EATING OUT

PIPER'S PUB

By Mo Mozuch

I came to Piper's Pub for lunch... actually, I came for scotch. With something like 75 varieties of the tasteful hard stuff, and a slew of Scottish delicacies at my disposal, I dove in, ready for a culinary (and alcoholic) exploration.

The staff is considerate of queries, gladly answering questions or presenting honest empathy, confessing unfamiliarity with the intimidating variety. I hadn't heard of much on the menu, and was tempted to bail by getting a roast beef sandwich or fried fish. But I was encouraged to try something called "Toad in the Hole," so I did. Hell, I figured, why come to Piper's Pub and order food I can get at any grease pit on the South Side? I also ordered some Dalwhinnie scotch and an appetizer called Ploughman's Platter.

Ploughman's comes highly recommended for first-timers — it's like something served at the Tabard Inn on the road to Canterbury, with two hunks of cheddar-style cheese, several gherkins, some apple chutney, and thick pieces of white bread. The portions could tantalize four or gorge two. The apples and gherkins act as a nice balance to the cheeses, and the flavors mingle well without overpowering one another.

Then there was the Dalwhinnie scotch. It was one of four kinds of scotch I tasted (the others were the Oban 14 year, Laphroaig 10 year Islay and the Benriach 10 year Islay, respectively). Of these, I found the Laphroaig to be the most distinct. It was a scotch unlike any I've tasted before, though they were all spectacular in their own right. All of the scotch at Piper's Pub is good — so good in fact, that later in the day you'll feel guilty pissing. The selection offers so much variety it would take a Kennedy to taste them all in one sitting. And plans are in the works to add even more scotches to the most dominant collection in Pittsburgh.

The appetizer, atmosphere, and alcohol impressed me almost as much as my "Toad in the Hole" — a hearty dish featuring four all-pork sausages in Yorkshire pudding. The name made sense immediately — the sausages rested in the pudding and brown gravy like a toad nestled in a muddy pond. But toads, I assume, are not nearly as tasty as these bangers. Unlike typical pork sausages, which often have tough, greasy gristle throughout, these are blended with cornmeal and have a smooth, homogenous, addictive texture.

I've never enjoyed a new restaurant as much as I enjoyed my trip to Piper's Pub. Everything unusual turned out to be a succulent surprise, and knowing there are plenty of mystery items on the menu to explore makes me... well, randy. From scotch to service, Piper's Pub possesses magnetism capable of making regulars out of first-timers.



photo: Mike Mancini

"The current selection offers so much variety it would take a Kennedy to taste them all in one sitting!"

ABRUZZI'S**As eaten by Randall DeVallance**

For almost two years, I have been searching for an Italian place in Pittsburgh that matches my beloved Hector's in Erie. Now I can safely say the search is over.

Abruzzi's menu is diverse, the portions large, and the ingredients authentic. My date ordered the shrimp penne in a tomato-vodka-cream sauce, which is incredible and elegantly textured. My deliciously tender veal medallions were encased within a flavorful and crispy breading are portioned nearly three times larger than in other restaurants. The sauce is sharp and tangy; no watering down or weak spices here. We ate until we were stuffed, and still had enough left over to stuff ourselves for lunch the following day.

Complementing the delectable cuisine is the inviting atmosphere. Abruzzi's is the antithesis of the flashy chain restaurant. To quote my grandmother, "A real Italian would approve of this kind of place!" The entrance leads into a quiet bar where you can sit and have a drink while waiting for a friend or a table. Further back, through a short hallway, sits the main dining room which manages to be roomy and comfortable while retaining a cozy, intimate atmosphere. The lighting is dim without being obtrusive. The typical opera and big band-era numbers provide background music at just the right volume; enough to drown out the conversations at surrounding tables without intruding on your own.

The average reader of this magazine (in other words, "young and broke") might not be able to afford Abruzzi's every day, but considering the generous portions and tremendous quality of the food you'll receive, it's an absolute bargain. Fifty dollars covered the bill and generous tip. Perfect for either formal or casual dining, Abruzzi's is an Italian restaurant that's an absolute pleasure. It's the best in the city.

Abruzzi's
10th St (between E. Carson and the bridge)
South Side

UNION GRILL**As eaten by Randall DeVallance**

A bar n' grill in every sense of the term, the Union Grill combines generous portions of tasty, inexpensive dishes with weekly drink specials and an atmosphere that can only be described as cacophonous. For you underclassmen, that means loud. Very, very loud. My friend and I show up around 4 p.m. for an early dinner and find the room packed. Sitting at a small, two-person table, we shout conversation at one another. While the noise and close seating arrangements feel claustrophobic the steady streams of customers serve as a testament to the quality of Union Grill's food and service.

With half-pound hamburgers and side salads that could double as an entire meal, the gastronomic forecast is a full stomach with a strong chance of leftovers. My personal recommendation is the steak sandwich, a tender filet mignon on Italian bread with caramelized onions and peppers. Now that summer is here, grab a table outside and soak up some sun while enjoying Oakland's eclectic scenery, like half-naked, Asian coeds and that homeless guy who always sits across the street (and for Christ's sake, give the guy some change).

Union Grill
413 S. Craig St
Oakland

ASK EMO

Emo lives within us all.
Send your questions via e-mail to askemoquestion@yahoo.com.



Dear Emo,

I think I saw you at the Death Cab for Cutie show. Any reason you were crying?

**Janet Hastings
Friendship PA**

Emo:

Janet, oh Janet, you have no idea what a horrible night that was! First off, my father outright refused to let me go to the show, all because of some "not on a school night" nonsense. I'm twenty-three years old Dad, let me live my life! It's Death Cab for crap's sake! I argued, hoping he'd understand, but it was useless. He even took my car keys! He just doesn't get me. I hate him I hate him I hate him!

I wasn't gonna stand for it, so I snuck out the back and caught a ride from my friend Josh. Josh owns this vintage baby-blue Corvette, a two-seater, and on the way he tells me he's stopping to pick up Kaitlyn. Kaitlyn Stellfox, my ex-girlfriend! Janet, it was so fucking uncomfortable! The three of us all crammed into the front... I didn't say a word the entire trip. I find that my silence speaks for me.

Janet, if you were at the show then you can understand this statement: Death Cab for Cutie touches me in ways Kaitlyn Stellfox will not. Death Cab sings for me my woes and illustrates the melodies of my melancholy ego. Oh, and when they did "A Lack of Color," I swear to you it was angelic! I turned and looked at Kaitlyn right as they sang:

This fact not fiction
For the first time in years
And the girls in every girlie magazine
Can't make me feel any less alone

I cried, Janet. It's true, I couldn't help it.

And you know what? I'm not ashamed to admit it. I'm a man and men cry. We have feelings, emotions, ups and downs just like everyone else.

One question for you though, before I reveal too much of myself: Janet, you weren't the girl in the black and white striped shirt next to the end of the bar, were you? If so, e-mail me!

Dear Emo Dude,

It hurts when I pee. What should I do?

**Brynne Levy
New York, NY**

Emo:

Well Brynne, you can start by not calling me boy. You sound like my father, which, if I read into this correctly, could be a sign of your age. You're probably a baby boomer, which tells me two things: 1) you have a rhino's taste in clothes and 2) you have a strong work ethic but a poor career (Sound familiar dad!?).

I'm not trying to insult you Brynne; I'm trying to understand your character and answer your question to the best of my ability. But I have to be honest with you — I'm not in a good mood today and I don't really feel like answering your silly problem. Your problems are nothing compared to mine! You know what, I got an answer for you: Start wearing condoms correctly (they go on the penis) or lay off the whores! Ha, there! Now leave me alone!

PS: Kaitlyn I still love you.

Dear Emo,

Hi there. Long time reader, first time writer. I have a bit of a dilemma that you might be able to bring a fresh perspective to. My girlfriend and I are avid sports fans and spend every weekend curled up in the papa-san, basking in the glow of the ESPN broadcasts. It's a wonderful time that we both look forward to — but it's not quite perfect.

See, she drinks pounders of Ballantine Ale, whereas I prefer Pabst Blue Ribbon. For a while, we respected each others opinions as to which beverages were the perfect compliment to our "us time," but lately she makes snide comments after a great play like "I bet he doesn't drink low-class swill!" I even caught her pouring out a couple of my beers while I'd gone to the can. What do I need to do to fix this situation?

**Mustafa B.
Brooklyn, NY**

Emo:

This is so funny, because the same thing happened between Kaitlyn and I! We were at this party and I was drinking this Koolaid they had in the fridge and every time I took a sip she'd look at me with her eyes all squinted and the corner of her mouth tilted like I know you've seen — that look of disgust that you know is backed by a thousand words she'd never say to your face but only to her friends. I can't believe this is still an issue! Look, I was driving that night! I'm sorry! I'm sorry I don't wanna drink until I get to the point where I'm locked in some stranger's bathroom staring at a candy bar I ate a week ago! That's just not my idea of fun!

Mustafa, don't make the same mistakes I did. Learn from them. Get a girl who's willing to sit on the hood of your car with you for more than ten minutes. If you're there and she says "Gawd I'm bored" or anything similar, throw her off a cliff.

Fuck you Kaitlyn. God I still love you why don't you love me!?

MUSIC

ADAM EVIL AND THE OUTSIDE ROYALTY SCHOOL OF ROCK MEETS THE VAMPIRE LESTAT

By Christopher Schmidt

ADAM EVIL IS WORKING TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE IN ROCK AND ROLL AGAIN. AND IF THEY TAKE SOME RISKS, THEY MIGHT MOLD INTO SOMETHING GREAT.

Saint Lester Bangs defined the rules a long time ago with The Rock Test:

When you go to a show, do your feet move in time? Is there any spontaneous hand drumming on the bar counter? Does beer fly in a furious spray though the air?

Before the show starts, I ask around Club Café — attempt to scope-out popular impressions of Adam Evil before the show. And when I do this, I realize that, goddammit, people really like this band.

Why?



Do you have a hard time in the morning recalling the events of last night?

If you say yes to any (or all) of these questions then, you guessed it: This is rock.

Establishing these standards as criteria for the evening, I head down to Club Café to see Adam Evil — a band I've previously heard and despised. And I fully intended to continue despising them before tonight, but...

I'm not certain, really. They're easy for potshots, that's for sure. Just look at the name: Adam Evil. The lead singer doesn't even seem unpleasant or vulgar, let alone evil. I mean, Satan is evil — same with Hitler, Richard Nixon, Pokemon, Savage Garden and the Brady Bunch. But, onstage, Adam Evil seems downright personable. I would feel bad taking a piss next to any of them. I mean, the band is... *chipper* — a five-piece that won't even smoke on stage.

I guess it's kinda evil when they do some very conventional rock tricks. Like, as they begin their set, I realize that, during drum solos, Mr. Evil Frontman will milk the crowd for applause. And he'll make traditional "rock faces" too — most notably, the "I'm Going to Sing into the Mic, then Turn Away Broodingly Until the Next Bar" trick.

Anyway, let's get to the point:

When asked, folks in the audience comment on Adam Evil's "mod sound" and the balance between layered noise and primal energy.

But, of the nine songs they play, I enjoy only three of them. Their second song — "Amelia" — is sort of a hooky, swirly, minor chord take on Van Morrison's "Gloria," by way of Patti Smith. And they close with a song called "Queen of Strange" that has some digga-dig-dig to it. I guess my feet are finally moving by the end of the night, but:

1) The drums and guitar drown out the violinist, who's stage name is Echo. I suggest giving her a bit more of the spotlight — toning down the ruckus a bit. Maybe a Pixies-style quiet — an undistorted loud. This format would give her more space to shine. In my opinion, she's the real rock star here.

2) If you're going to call yourself Adam Evil and the Outside Royalty, why don't you fucking... act... evil. Mr. Evil Frontman is sort of doing a Pabst Blue Ribbon take on Robin Zander from Cheap Trick. Lose the ripped Wranglers, man. And start considering black nail polish. Dare to wear shameless amounts of smudgy eyeliner. Live campy! Remember: David Bowie succeeded swimmingly at this sort of thing 30 years ago. Rock is always about artfully stealing from the best. So, steal away. And keep in mind that the trick is to steal big.

**LORETTA LYNN****VAN LEAR ROSE****By Alex Vactor**

On *Van Lear Rose*, Loretta Lynn burns the barn and moves to the garage — she's not just country anymore. On this album, the country queen teams up with Jack White of The White Stripes to turn her signature steel guitars and nasal yowls into muddy southern garage rock. Much of Loretta's good ole Fuck You Attitude remains on *Van Lear Rose*, which is fit to please the southern hell-raiser and hipster alike.

Age mellows Loretta's songwriting on this album. Infamous feminine power anthems like "Don't Come Home A'Drinkin' (with Lovin' on Your Mind)," are not prominent. Instead, the album plays like a poignant autobiography. The first song, "Van Lear Rose," opens with Loretta sitting on her daddy's knee. She sings about adolescent flirts, rocky relationships, marriages, love regretted, and love missed — in that order. The album ends with "Story of my Life," outlining Lynn's rise from a Kentucky coal miner's daughter to music legend.

Her fiery songwriting flickers on tracks like "Mrs. Leroy Brown," which has Loretta kicking ass in a honky-tonk dive. "Family Tree" illustrates the confrontation with her husband's real-life mistress. "I didn't come to fight, if he were a better man I might, but I wouldn't dirty my hands on trash like you." Loretta always tells it straight.

Produced and backed by White and two members of the Greenhornes, Lynn skews the country music sound into something more resonant. Steel and distorted guitars work together with creative lyrics to make what might just be the future of country music. As usual, Loretta's words work best: "Not bad for this old Kentucky girl I guess."



CAMERA assorted EPs By Mo Mozuch

Camera's sound is like stuffing ten pounds of toe-tapping, emo-free punk into a five pound guitar case. Throughout the album, they manage to be catchy without endless repetition — they waste very little time establishing their own unique brand of minimalist, torrential noise.

For example, "That City," is filled with up-tempo style riffs overlapped with a catchy melody and pulsating rhythm that drives the opening EP. A simple track, this serves as an easy transition between the two halves of the album. Camera does a decent enough job of presenting a signature sound without making every song sound the same.

The second EP is much stronger than the first and contains a heavier, more mature and intense quality. "Showers to Sunshine" oozes a phony-Elvis Costello intellectualism that makes you feel like you're missing something. This fast-paced track ends quickly, making you realize that "abrupt" is a great adjective to complete s description of Camera's off-kilter sound.

"East Busway" is their strongest track, with garage sounds ranging from hand clapping to kazoos. The random noises are overshadowed, however, by stuck-in-your-head-all-day beats, and chanting background vocals that make this song painfully addictive.

All in all, Camera's EPs offers a casual selection for your CD player. Nothing on this album will blow your rock socks off, but your toes will tap inside them.



BLACK EYES Cough (Dischord Records) By Clinton Doggett

I try to do it on the way to work, soaring down the boulevard with distant skyscrapers towering closer and closer and a hazy humidity spilling through the windows of my van. I try

to listen to the new (and last ever) Black Eyes album, Cough, but it is unlistenable. I slam off my car stereo and let city sounds engulf my ears. I give the record another shot at work, as the glare of the computer sucks energy out of me. But nothing changes.

Clearly, its chaotic pack-of-wolves splatter punk is unsuited for any accompaniment, save blankness. Cough demands attention; with its rumbling bass rolls and discordant noise; its triple layered Ian MacKayeian bellows and screechy Doberman growls; its essence severe like a bucket of paint dropped from the top of a city building on to a white sidewalk. Like a black eye on a tender face, Cough hurts.

I find a blank canvas for my mind — a white ceiling — and as the pulsating noise of the opener, "Cough Cough/Eternal Life" enters my head, the hazy blanket of sonic paranoia rises. Black Eyes build primal, frenzied war charges like "False Positive" and "A Meditation," which are followed by would-be-dance-punk-if-they-weren't-so-goddamned-disturbing jives like "Drums" and "Spring into Winter" (a post-punk samba experimental rock song).

This album, with its rabid lyrical flows, abandoned riffs and claustrophobia, made me want to drink and dance and cry and fight and rip flesh apart with my teeth. With insane fucking trumpets, two drummers, two bassists and two vocalists, Cough is an army. A hunter. You are its prey, and you're totally fucked.



Benchwarmer Benchwarmer By Matt Novak

In the Fall of 2001 two Southern boys, Ash Read and Mark Briercheck, teamed up with Pittsburgh drummer Jay Henry, to form this non-standard three-piece outfit. Sitting out from the game gave the three plenty of time to mix up a diverse range of influences, from aggro-punk to surf rock. I'm listening to the band's first full-length, self-titled release.

Whoa. Take me back. Start out like Nirvana or STP on the opening track, Catatonic. Chirpy guitar briefly invokes Interpol on the initial measures of Paradigm, before a caterwauling dive into the territory of System of a Down.

Idealist blends punk and West Coast ska a little like Anti-Flag meets vintage Chili Peppers, with vocals screaming alternately like Chris Cornell.

Read's inflections, though, are most reminiscent of the Clash's Joe Strummer. In fact, the rhythms and cadences of this band are in step with those limey lads throughout, and they've garnered valid comparisons to Bad Religion and Mission of Burma.

You realize you really don't know who's driving, as Benchwarmer execute a turn towards alt-country on Derailer, perhaps evoking the lonely life of a car-hopping hobo. After listening to 8-bit apocalypse, I find myself humming B-52's Rock Lobster. Is it just me, or the Southern mystique?

The last track is self-indulgent tomfoolery of any thousand mediocre bands nitpicking each other in the studio. I don't know if it's a mistake, or what, but please, keep inside jokes off the record.



JOANNA NEWSOM
The Milk-Eyed Mender
(Drag City)
By Clinton Doggett

Joanna Newsom could be imagined in a few ways: A seven year child-prodigy harpist with a grad school vocabulary, a crooning mermaid in an underwater garden or some hippie oracle with a floral dress and a classical music education.

Unfortunately, she's actually just a twenty-something, harp-playing folkie from the Bay-Area who conjures folk magic with her harp, and yelps with an oft-jarring voice.

On *The Milk-Eyed Mender*, Newsom's Drag City debut, this voice brims with a unique sort of youthful ethos, which overrules the ability to sing well. There are dozens of notes on *Mender* that Newsom fails to hit; so often in fact that those notes become moot, unimportant to the broodingly gorgeous compositions — both musical and poetic — that she spins.

Many of the harp progressions here would be prime VW commercial fodder. "Bridges and Balloons," manages to sway like blades of tall grass in the wind, and "The Book of Right On" plays out like a nylon-strung lounge jam. While untraditionally beautiful, its glaring naturalism and honesty grounds the ethereal evocation of her music. When she sings lines like "Should We Go Outside?" it's hard not to think of elementary school recess. But lurking behind this childlike persona is a literate fabler, a cynical social commentator and a hopeless romantic, all of whom take turns forcing the listener to dwell on passing allegories and elusive ideas. Her references make listeners reach for dictionaries and revel with Newsom in her decidedly fantastical point of view.

Overall, Newsom possesses a fully-realized sense of self, a unique artistic flair that most singer-songwriters feign in vain. *Mender* may be guilty of some aesthetic indulgence and smug conviction, but, even at her most convoluted, Newsom is able to compel.



WYNKATALOG MONKS
(tanks)
(Lovely Recordings)
By Randal DeVallance

The Wynkatalog Monks' influences are beyond reproach. Drawing from British Invasion groups like The Beatles and The Who, and later indie legends Guided by Voices, the Monks mesh well-crafted pop songs with the grittiness of Stones/Stooges inspired punk. Their new EP, *(tanks)*, contains four songs recorded this past year at Psychodaisy Studios. The title track, "(tanks)", is a favorite at live shows — a straight ahead rocker reminiscent of Electric Frankenstein, with a chorus that's an easy sing-along. "At the Main School" slows things down, a moodier song that recalls early Weezer. That same crunchy guitar sound carries over on "Hurry Down to the Chemical Spill", but with a darker, more sinister edge that reminds one of In Utero-era Nirvana. Wrapping it all up is "Method Act", a six-minute epic that slowly builds from simple guitar-and-drum sing-along to full-blown anthem.

Of course, a diverse list of influences is only a good thing if the band in question can move beyond them, creating a sound wholly their own. In this respect, the Monks succeed. Borrowing freely without ever devolving into imitation, they cut and paste like Burroughs in his prime, creating something completely new. As good as anything that's come out of New York. If Pittsburgh's finally going to get big like everyone claims, the Wynkatalog Monks will play a big role.

EVENTS

With thanks to www.thisishappening.com and Neverminded Productions.
Submit your events free to Deek.
E-mail DeekEvents@yahoo.com

Fridays in July. 6:00 pm. Dark Image Night — gothic metal featuring DJ Crucifixion and DJ Crash Zero with live bands. \$7. All ages at The Eye in Garfield. contact deepressor@hotmail.com or see www.expage.com/dpproductions for info.

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Fridays in July and August. 10:00 pm. Hip-Hop Café Series. The best open stage/open mic night in the Mid Atlantic. That's right I said it. It's the funkiest, sexiest, entertainment you'll come across. Blending live music with Poetry, Hip-Hop, Soul, and more. Plus weekly guest artists from across the country. Shadow Lounge in East Liberty. \$8, 18+. www.thisishappening.com

Saturday mornings in July. 9:00 am. Stained Glass Restoration Classes. In this class you will learn to repair and restore stained glass windows. This course will take you through simple repairs to complete disassembling and reassembling of historic 100 year old stained glass church windows. Union Project in Highland Park. \$175, 18+. www.thisishappening.com

Saturday mornings in July. 10:30 and 11:45 am. Free Saturday South Side Strolls. Meet at 12th & East Carson Streets, in the parklet in front of the Birmingham Mural. Free to the public, thanks to the Neighborhood Assistance Program. Free for All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

Saturdays in July. 3:30 pm. Spanish Conversation. An open group of native and non-native speakers meet to chat in Spanish. Come join our "tertulia" for informal Spanish language conversation, and at the same time enjoy delicious homemade Argentinean pastries, coffee, and brewed mate! Tango Café in Squirrel Hill. Free for all ages. www.thisishappening.com

Tuesdays and Saturdays through July 17. 7:00 pm. Pittsburgh New Music Ensemble 2004 Summer Festival. PNME is genuinely adventurous, staging multimedia productions focused around the work of living composers. \$20; \$10 for students and seniors. A City Theatre on the South Side. www.pnme.org. www.thisishappening.com

Saturdays in July. 10:00 pm. Hip Hop Saturdays with DJ John G of The JHN Street Team. Real Hip Hop , R&B, Reggae and YOUR REQUESTS live on the Technics 1200's (that's right Hip Hop w/ TURNTABLES) for the BIGGEST SATURDAY NIGHT HIP HOP PARTY on Pittsburgh's South Side! Runshakers on the South Side. Small cover; 21+. www.thisishappening.com

July 2-16. Collected on Penn: Once it was America's most historic highway. Today, Penn Avenue is being reborn. Free at Edge Studio, 5411 Penn Avenue. www.thisishappening.com.

July 2 — July 24. 12:00 pm. The Dead — installation art examining our relationship to death, remembrance and loss of identity. Free at Future Tenant, downtown. www.futuretenant.org

July 2 — July 31. 12:00 pm. Mister Rogers Tribute at the SkinnyBuilding. 16 original works of art by 14 artists, plus several photos of the Mister Rogers TV set, displayed as tribute to Fred Rogers. Free at the Skinny Building downtown. www.skinnypbuilding.com

July 8, 9:00 pm. Robert Randolph and the Family Band. Mr. Small's Funhouse and Theatre. Come hear the ferocious pedal steel wailings of one of America's honest blues sensations. If you're in the mood for unorthodox brilliance, this is your show. www.mrsmalls.com

July 13. All day. Standing Together With Pride in the Hill House's Kaufmann Auditorium. This event will bring together Kings and Queens from the drag community to celebrate diversity. \$10 in advance, \$15 at the door. For more information, contact Brotha Ash Productions at 412.377.3485 or the Youth Empowerment Project at 412.383.2940.

July 13. 7:00 pm. This Ship Will Sink (heavy and technical hardcore) and Kodan Armada (chaotic, nice, and fun music). \$5 at the Roboto Project in Wilkensburg. www.therobotoproject.org

July 13. 7:00 pm. Career Suicide (local snotty punk/hardcore), Direct Control (raw hardcore/punk from Richmond), Submachine (raw hardcore/punk from Pittsburgh), Suburban Death Machine (the return of raw/hardcore punk) and Kabuki Thunder (local punk rock 'n roll). \$6 at the Roboto Project in Wilkensburg. www.therobotoproject.org.

July 14. 8:00 pm. Callopie at The Rex: Callopie presents rock 'n roll string band, The Mammals. \$12. All ages at Rex Theatre on East Carson (South Side). www.thisishappening.com.

July 14. 9:00 pm. Life in Bed and Decibully (ex-Promise Ring). \$5. 21+ at Club Café on the South Side. www.lifeinbed.net. www.thisishappening.com. www.clubcafefive.com.

July 15. 10:30 am. Defiance Despair Desire: German Expressionist Prints. Learn how and why a group of young artists working in the opening decades of the 20th century turned to printmaking as a medium to express their response to the radical transformation of political, social, and religious life in Germany. \$25. All ages at the Carnegie Museum of Art in Oakland. www.carnegiemuseum.org. www.thisishappening.com.

July 15. 7:30 pm. "Godzilla / Gojira" — American Eagle College Night. Ticket includes refreshments from Yuengling & Kazansky's Deli. See this cautionary landmark sci-fi classic the way it was meant to be seen: In the complete uncut, undubbed Japanese version, on the big screen. \$4. All ages at Regent Square Theater. www.pgfilmmakers.org/ae.

July 15. 9:00 pm. Get out your spikes and hair spray! It's time to rock 80's style at Pittsburgh's first ever Glam- Metal Massacre. The night is jam packed with music and various performances all in true Twisted Sister style. Come join in the metal mayhem. Spandex recommended! \$10 includes FREE beer from 10:00 — 1:00 am. At The Eye in Garfield.

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July 16. 7:30 pm. Good of Democracy Now! Amy Goodman to present lecture. Amy Goodman, award-winning journalist and host of the national television and radio news program "Democracy Now!" will present a lecture as part of a fundraiser for PCTV-21, Pittsburgh community access television. \$15 for general admission; \$50 for the reception. All ages at CMU's McComomy Auditorium. www.democracynow.org. www.thisishappening.com.

July 16, 9:30 pm. Soma Mestizo with The Wheel on my Back. Jazz Punk meets 4th world funk. ModernFormations Gallery in Garfield. \$7 all ages. www.thisishappening.com

July 17, 2:00 pm. Flowers Observed, Flowers Transformed. Jan Beatty, poet, will present a flower-themed reading. Plus Aimee McWherter-Compton and Regina Wilderman, hair designers, will present a flower-inspired fashion show in the 7th floor gallery of the current exhibition, Flowers Observed, Flowers Transformed. Andy Warhol Museum. Free with museum admission, all ages. www.thisishappening.com

July 17, 7:00 pm. Kenny & Julia Love art opening. Their photographs from around the world will be on display Jul 9 – Aug 1. Wine and hors d'oeuvres reception — July 17 at 7pm. Ms. Love will be present, visiting from NYC, as will her father Kenny (known most recently for "One Shot," his documentary on Teenie Harris) Melwood Photography Gallery, Oakland. All ages. www.thisishappening.com

July 17. 7:00 pm. Blue Rose Liar (from CT — members of Boiling Man and Broken), \$5 at the Roboto Project in Wilkensburg. www.therobotoproject.org.

July 17, 10:00 pm. Life in Bed and Shade.2 of Pittsburgh's most exciting bands at one of the city's best bars. Gooski's in Polish Hill. Cost \$4; 21+. www.thisishappening.com

July 17. 10:30 pm. Neverminded Productions presents: The Marianna Prosperity ("nearly brilliant..." —Rege Behe, Pittsburgh Tribune-Review), Bats and Mice ("the lyrics are deep, intricate, often quite lovely. This is amazing, emotional music...." —www.adequacy.net), My dear ella ("Here's a band like Bowie if David split himself up into a couple people so he could play with himself (no jokes) all at once....what they do is crafty and unlike the rest of alt-pop." —www.musicdish.com). \$5. 21+ at Club Café on the Southside.

July 18. 8:00 pm. The Return of Pink Panther. This follow-up to the extremely successful "The Pink Panther" gave both director and star free reign to unleash a non-stop barrage of pratfalls, sight gags and linguistic nonsense. \$6. All ages at Regent Square Theater. www.pgfilmmakers.org. www.thisishappening.com.

July 20. 7:30 pm. Film Kitchen. Monthly, local independent film & video showcase. This month: "Brakhage: The Final Word," by Benjamin Meade; short films by Stan Brakhage; "Tender Bodies," by James Duesing; "Valley Town 1983," by Ralph Vituccio. \$4. All ages at Melwood Screening Room in Oakland. www.filmkitchen.org. Call 412-316-3342 x178.

July 22. 7:00 pm. Kerry MeetUp. Come to the MeetUp to meet other Pittsburgh people who are interested in learning more about John Kerry. Held at multiple locations all over the city — visit www.MeetUp.com for more info. Main meetup is at Carpenters Hall in Greentree. www.thisishappening.com. www.wpafor Kerry.org.

July 23. 10:00 am. Annual Children's Summer Arts Festival. Free afternoon of family arts activities featuring live music and entertainment, chalk on the walk, storytelling, arts activities, lunch, and refreshments. The Hoyt Institute of Fine Arts. Free for All Ages. www.thisishappening.com.

July 23. 7:00 pm. Uzi Suicide (punishing INFEST-style hardcore), Snacktruck (like Ice Capades, but with singing' and hollerin') and Hollowed Out (thrashy d-beat hardcore from Illinois). \$5 at the Roboto Project in Wilkensburg. www.therobotoproject.org.

July 24. Noon. 7th Annual Carpatho-Rusyn Event. This annual celebration, held in conjunction with the Carpatho-Rusyn Society, presents the living arts of contemporary Carpatho-Rusyn (a region of Eastern Europe) people alongside the art of Andy Warhol, one of the most influential artists of Carpatho-Rusyn descent. This year's

multi-media program focuses on the role of flowers in Carpatho-Rusyn culture. The event will feature talks, music, dance floral food and teas and more. Andy Warhol Museum. Cost: Free with museum admission; all ages. www.thisishappening.com.

July 24. 7:00 pm. One Love Underground presents Live Electronica by: Shadow (IDM whiz kid), DJ Dark Fader, Rowark (local original IDM flibber flabber), Cellfish (sublime rock). \$5. All ages at The Eye in Garfield.

July 24 & 25. 10:00 am. Hipster Flea Market. Ttable space \$15/day/ table. Treasure hunt away with live music and DJs. Cut up cartoons with savvy, atomic, fly, cool, righteous, hip-hop, deck, nerdy, mighty, bee's knees, stylin, jiggy, curiosities and oddities... and naked people. Free at The Eye in Garfield. .

July 25. 8:00 pm. "The Return of the Pink Panther" After a ten-year hiatus, Sellers and Edwards re-teamed for what many consider the funniest in the series. When the famed Pink Panther diamond disappears again, Clouseau is called in to investigate the "retired" jewel thief, wonderfully played by Christopher Plummer. Regent Square Theatre. Cost \$6; all ages. www.thisishappening.com

July 25. 8:00 pm. Neverminded Productions presents: Decahedron (Lovitt records — a musical probing of culture, society, media, and the state of the world) and more. \$5. All ages at The Eye in Garfield. www.decahedron.net.

July 26. 5:30 pm. An Evening at Lounge Vue Club. Tour the 1920's clubhouse, the golf course, and the landscaped grounds. Golf carts will be available so participants can ride out on the course to see some of the spectacular views up and down the Allegheny River Valley. \$25 for Landmarks members; \$40 for non-members. Call Mary Lu at 412-471-5808 x 527 or marylu@phif.org. All ages. www.thisishappening.com

July 26. 8:00 pm. Neverminded Productions presents: The Sovieties — "...causing quite a stir. They all manage to make glorious noise. This is frantic, catchy and I think I need to check this band's back catalog out" — Bobby Manic. Maximum Rocknroll #246. \$5. All ages at The Eye in Garfield. See www.thesoviettes.com and for details.

July 28. Noon. Wednesday Penn-Liberty Walking Tours. Every Wednesday in July, discover how one of Pittsburgh's most historic commercial districts is being revitalized through the arts. Meet in Katz Plaza, corner of Penn Avenue and Seventh Street. Tour ends at the Renaissance Pittsburgh Hotel. Free to Pittsburgh History & Landmarks Foundation members; \$3 for non-members. All ages. www.thisishappening.com

July 29. 7:00 pm. Deconditioned (awesome and brutal non-cliche political hardcore from Washington). \$5 at the Roboto Project in Wilkensburg. www.therobotoproject.org.

July 30. 7:00 pm. Del Cielo (music from DC/Richmond on Eyeball Records — Roboto summer regulars), Allies (music from Pittsburgh) and Escapists (music from Richmond, VA — members of Light the Fuse and Run). \$5 at the Roboto Project in Wilkensburg. www.therobotoproject.org.

July 30. 7:30 pm. July K'vetsh. This month, Pittsburgh's favorite all queer all gender open mic cabaret welcomes K'vetsh Founder Sara Seinfeld along with Pittsburgh's best drag king band, the Laz-E-Boyz! \$2 (no one turned away for lack of funds). All ages at Modern Formations on Penn Avenue in Garfield. www.modernformations.com. www.thisishappening.com. Call (412) 362-0274 for details.

July 30. 8:00 pm. Good Fridays film: S21: The Khmer Rouge Killing Machine. S21: The Khmer Rouge Killing Machine. English subtitles. S21 was a Cambodian prison where thousands were tortured and murdered by the Khmer Rouge after it came to power in 1975. In this acclaimed documentary, director Rithy Pahn, who lost his parents in the genocide, uses the testimonials and reenactments of two survivors and a handful of guards to reconstruct the prison's horrors. Andy Warhol Museum. Cost \$5 (includes museum admission); all ages. www.thisishappening.com

July 31. 2:00 pm. Flowers Observed, Flowers Transformed. Cheryl Nashbar, Bach Flower Essence instructor, will give a talk entitled, Warhol's Flowers: Were They Healing Him? Andy Warhol Museum. Free with museum admission; all ages. www.thisishappening.com.

July 31. 7:00 pm. Neverminded Productions presents: Daughters (stopping in Pittsburgh between tours with Blood Brothers and Dillinger Escape Plan), The Abattoir Murders, Assfuckxxx, and one more to be announced. \$6. All ages at 885 Skatepark Stage in West Mifflin. Call 412-462-1885 or see www.885skatepark.com for details.

July 31. 8:30 pm. Jane Doe Project — a fashion benefit for Allegheny Abused Animal Relief Fund. Featured designs by JDY (Jim Yost), iroNiece (Kari Kramer), Spoonfed (Jessica Birdsall), and more. STBA. All ages at The Eye in Garfield. .

July 31. 9:00 pm. HOTHOUSE 04 — a benefit for The Sprout Fund. This is the second annual showcase event of Sprout's vibrant, culturally diverse, emerging talent and their innovative ideas. \$25. All ages at the Liberty Bank Building in East Liberty. www.hothouse.sproutfund.org. www.thisishappening.com.

August:

Tuesdays in August. 3:00 pm. A pot of tea with a moon cake and tarot reading every Tuesday with a reservation. At The Eye in Garfield. .

Tuesdays through August. 9:00 pm. Spoken Word Open Mic. The mic is open for anyone to express their inner child or just practice romantic metaphors that will get you laid. \$3. All ages at the Shadow Lounge in East Liberty. www.7thmovement.net. www.thisishappening.com.

Tuesdays through August. 9:30 pm. Tango Tuesdays. On Tuesdays the Tango Cafe stays open late to allow local Tango dancers to move to the music. See the dancing, or participate in it. All levels welcome. Free. All ages at the Tango Café in Squirrel Hill. www.tangocafepgh.com. www.thisishappening.com.

Wednesdays through August. 9:00 pm. Acoustic Open Stage. This night is designed to provide a platform for novice or expert singer/ songwriters to polish their skills. Hosted by Abby Ahmed. \$3. All ages at the Shadow Lounge in East Liberty. . www.7thmovement.net. www.thisishappening.com.

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Fridays through August. 2:00 am. Deeper. Come dance/groove to Deep and Soulful House every Friday Late Night from 2-4a with the DJs of Club Havana. \$3. 21+ at the Shadow Lounge in East Liberty. www.7thmovement.net. www.thisishappening.com.

Mondays through August. 9:00 pm. Glam Nite. 21+ at Jekyl & Hyde off East Carson on the Southside. www.thisishappening.com.

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August 03. 7:00 pm. Ian Fest 3.14 with Bruce Banner (Swedish hardcore), Deadfall (hardcore), S.T.F.U. (hardcore for the punx) and Strung Up (dark and dirty hardcore/punk). \$8 at the Roboto Project in Wilkensburg. www.therobotoproject.org.

August 8. 10:00 am. 2nd Annual New Wilmington Area Arts & Heritage Festival. Three days of cultural entertainment and arts activities throughout historic downtown New Wilmington onto the campus of Westminster college co-hosted by the New Wilmington Chamber of Commerce, Westminster College, and Hoyt Institute of Fine Arts. Free for al ages. www.thisishappening.com

Call for Artists:

Submit to Deek. Artists, writers, business people, hyenas, addicts, wonder-people. words@deekmagazine.com.

Gypsy Café — a new, intimate neighborhood cafe on the Southside is looking for artists to display work for monthly shows. If the work is for sale, Gypsy will happily act as seller at no cost to the artist. Gypsy will also help to arrange an opening or closing event for the show. www.gypsyscafe.net.

The New Yinzer seeks submissions for its fall print anthology, Dirt, a soft cover book of 150-250 pages, with a print run of 1,500-2,000 copies. Deadline: 8/1/04. Word count: 250 — 6000 words (poems may be shorter). Genre: Essay, Immersion Nonfiction, Fiction, Poetry, and Prose Poetry. Deadline: 8/01/2004. <http://www.newyinzner.com/submissions>. Send submissions to books@newyinzner.com.

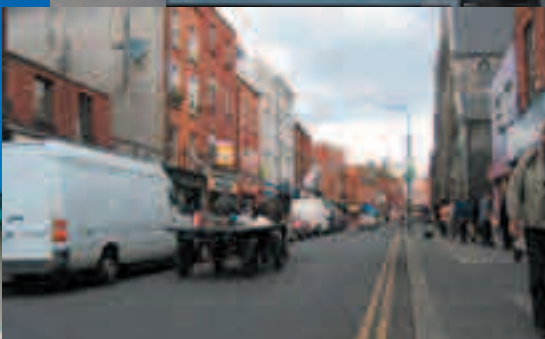
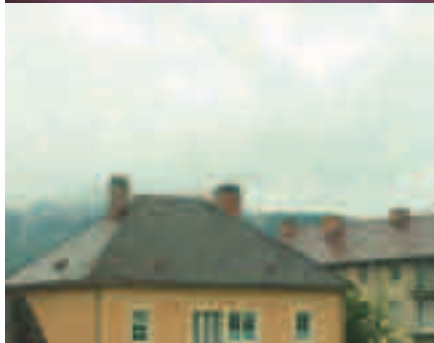
Geek Ink calls artists, writers, et cetera. No one rejected! Local magazine for local creators. In order to provide an original and uncensored publication, we accept every piece we receive without cutting those we don't personally like or those that don't fit our format, simply because we don't have one. Deadline: 08/15/04. www.412geek.com. www.thisishappening.com.

PERSONALS/ CLASSIFIEDS

aspiring entrepreneur and artsy froo-froo type seeks moderate to highly attractive female counterpart with decent vocabulary. low standards a must. contact nate at www.deekmagazine.com. or 412.901.8355

GALLERY

a bunch of the shit I saw over the last
days walking around in Europe.
by Nate Boguszewski





UNDERAPPROPRIATED SCHOLAR

WHY YOU SHOULD HATE DEEK MAGAZINE STARTING . . .NOW.

By: Nish Suvarnakar

If you're reading this now it is either because you want to discredit the notion that Deek should be hated, or you secretly hate Deek for the debilitating womp-womp it does on your delicate sensibilities. It only slightly pleases me that neither those sycophants of Nova Keenan or the whiney poltroons of propriety will be satiated because of the contents of this piece. Why I hate Deek, in the same way I hate sex stains clamoring the yellowed walls of shoddy interstate hotel rooms; I am pissed because I am pretty sure those stains aren't mine. Oh sure I could slather the walls with my own pungent seed after the fact, but what bloody point is there in it? The spilled statement has been made; it has had its effect on me; would perpetuating it do anything more to expose it? No. It is Deek's very existence and its distorted reflection on my own barren shell of a life that I despise. That said, here is a list of reasons, in no particular order (though if 'structure' is the cat's anus for you dear reader, try reading it using the numerological maxims of the Kabala), are some reasons you may not have thought of to hate Deek not only as a magazine, but as a way of life.

Deek knows you still check under Barbie's skirt, hoping for change.

Deek suckered punched Norman Mailer in the throat as he was exiting the lady's stall of a free clinic.

Deek won't sign your yearbook no matter how much you complement Deek's hair.

You don't want to know what Deek did your pizza, so you might as well eat it.

Deek knows what you did to the turtle

What Deek does to you in your sleep is illegal in exactly three states.

Deek thinks orgasms are for *pussies*.

Deek is moving in to your mom's place, Tuesday.

Deek doesn't want your vote.

Deek already has a buyer on your left kidney (yeah, that's right, the good one).

Deek is impervious to conventional firearms (go ahead, give it a shot).

Deek stole your Ezra Pound coloring book

Deek could shit right next to you and you wouldn't know it till . . . Ahhh Shit!.

Deek is the mastermind behind the meteoric rise of one P-Diddy Esq.

Deek thinks white girls are red on the inside and red girls are fun at parties.

Deek thinks hate is the new love.

*Deek: Doing
it because we
love you*



Old Scottish Joke:

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