

# DEEK

MAGAZINE

THE

MANIFESTO

INCIDENT





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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

First it was an ode to Italian food—the Pizza Incident—but then we thought, why not create something a bit more... noble. Why not produce a rousing publication that can actually make a difference in the local community? Why not strive for artistic merit and cerebral splendor?

Indeed, why not. So we put our heads together and held our genitals high, saying: Why not an issue dedicated to the beliefs, attitudes and outlooks of an unspoken few?

See, the premise behind the Manifesto Incident was one of valor and flavor: Let's, we said, give everyone the opportunity to vent their frustrations. Let's present liberated, aggressive, left-leaning opinions to a massive audience of open-minded, intellectually motivated readers ready to gulp down whatever spurious nonsense we have to spill! Let's publish... the world's view and see if anyone goes insane! Let's show that Deek is constructed from pure, representative Pittsburgh brilliance!

Uh... yeah. We thought this; we said this. But then, after minutes of contemplation, we said Fuck That Shit and started drinking. A lot. And soon enough, all that artsy Publish-The-World-bullshit went flying out the fucking window and we were left with Manifesto suggestions like:

- .Ronald McDonald could easily fulfill my sexual desires.
- .Television is for winners.
- .I have no opinion on the whole God thing.
- .I have a very distinct opinion on the whole God thing and, while I don't think you'll like it, I'm going to tell you about it because I am an asshole and that's just how it's going to be.
- .I will never drink gasoline again.
- .Home is my little slice of heaven in your bottomless pit of hell.
- .Life is a festival!
- .I hate pancakes.
- .It is okay to be obsessed with Paris Hilton, right?
- .How about your grandmother? You know, the slut?
- .I am a sex monster.
- .I have just proclaimed myself ombudsman to the universe. You're offensive. Go die.
- .I am going to slap your ass and call you Dollface. Okay?
- .Be a champion.
- .Why alcohol will save me when you can't.
- .You are the sunshine of my gruesome fall from grace.
- .Why did you put the lawnmower on the grapefruits?
- .I am comfortable with my sexuality, but not yours, not now.

Et cetera. And now we're left with a heap of words, a confused expression and a matter of inches to explain what's going on. To hell with making a difference. We never really wanted to anyway. Here's what's going on:

An issue about manifestos from a magazine like Deek is ludicrous. Why? Because, essentially, each issue we produce is a collection of arbitrary, elegant slop published to look like a magazine. The Manifesto Incident works though—feels organic—because it's forceful, but all over the damn place. In one section, you'll read a piece about character assassination, abuse festering into violence, or a dwindling love for the American dream; and in another, you'll read about taking risks, or a band you've been meaning to check out. See, when you give a group of like-minded, artistically hostile people the opportunity to create with an open canvas, you get something beautiful, something unexpected, something angry and, without a doubt, something worth catching while it's still here. So do. Please. Now.

With love and squalor,



Stroud  
Chief - Deek Magazine  
words@deekmagazine.com



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor free expression from our faithless readers.

FUCKED UP LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Deek:

This is the worst thing you will ever read in your life. This is the kind of thing that, if I'd written it at another time and period in the history of our planet, would most likely get me killed. That's still possible for this time. There is absolutely no way you can print this. It is the sickest, most awful, obnoxious, irritating, and just plain creepy thing ever—it is wrong, as night skies are dark, and space is vast.

Then again, Deek is the only place crazy enough to even read this.

Personally, I think it gets too political in the middle, as opposed to the end, but, again, like the character in the story, I couldn't find another way to say what I wanted to. So, there's a lot of room for trimming.

I wasn't going to send this to you. Then I wasn't going to send it to you till tomorrow. But then I realized, I should probably just send it to you tonight, so you can see what darkness really is.

It's probably better off for me if you never print this. It's probably better off for you if you never read this. But what the hell—if you do both, that'd be a lot of fun.

It's called "The New Journalism."

Sweet dreams.

Sincerely,  
Greg Benevent

MY FRIEND, DEEK:

COMPLIMENT OF THE SEASON. I AM MR.BARRISTER RUFAl KOFFI , AM (AVOCAT) A SOLICITOR AT LAW. I HAVE DECIDED TO PRES-paste. Pantless in the streets looking forment difficult de regarder tout ENT YOU AS HIS NEXT OF KIN TOfair game—tasty ass-meats. The women'sa. Les vaisselles étaient toutes CLAIM THE MONEY FOR ME AND of Crafton are prettyist of all. It must becouvertes de laine, et mon chat YOU SINCE HE IS A SAUDI ARA-BIAN AND ALSO BEAR THE SAMEthe coca-cola (R) and fry enemas. I live fora tout mangé après le procès. Je SURNAME WITH YOU. IT HAPPEN the man-groin—my life, Sherman Hems- pour trouver un mari, mais hé- THAT HIS RELATIVES WERE NOTley. Blood for peepee. Mr. Santorum, las, je n'y ai trouvé qu'un ballon AVAILABLE UP TILL NOW, AND IF Isir, I don't want to hump anymore. No plein de merde. Ca suffit pour LEAVE THIS MONEY THE GOVERN-sir, no more but I must wear thrift storeinstant. Les filles, c'est une au- MENT OF THIS COUNTRY WILL wigs, 'honour thy father.' I want to shave- tre histoire. Je les fais pousser WILL REVERT IT TO THE GOVERN-to the world. I love people. I don't belongdans la mer, mais elles ne savent MENT TREASURY SO, TO STARTon earth. Return me to sausage dinosaurs-pas nager. Alors, c'est ça la vie. THIS BUSINESS DEAL WITHOUTGordon Shumway. To the people of Stur-Vous savez, cher Deek, que ce WASTING MUCH TIME,I WANT YOU geon, I love you. And I want to wish alln'est jamais une bonne idée de TO FURNISH ME WITH YOUR FULLof you a happy colon. May TV's Chachiconduire en enfer. Il semble qu'il NAMES AND ADDRESS WHICHbless you in this life and in the next. fait vachement chaud là-bas. BLAH BALLS AND PENIS JUICE

BEST REGARDS,  
BARRISTER RUFAl KOFFI.  
+22.92.89.98.  
KOFFI ESQ.

Yours,  
Son of Deek  
[end]  
Love,  
John Thomas Menesini

This was nailed to my cats ass. What does it mean?! Dear Deek:

[Begin] Good day!

Dear US Senator Ritchie Santorum: We would like to offer cheapest Viagra in the world!

I am deeply bruised by your calling me a "moral retard." I am not. But I am a groin monster. I am the Son of Deek. I am a little ass fucker. When father Deek gets drunk he gets randy. He beats his family's;Sincerely, with strange hoses. Sometimes he ties me Ardella Bush up to the back of the leg. Other times he Dear Deek: locks me in the kitchen and makes me eat what's behind the stove. Deek loves to eat squirrel feces. "Go out and brush teeth," This is a serious magazine now. Deek is moving up in the world. What the commands father Deek. "Behind our hell happened? house some scratch. Mostly young—poop and messy—their eye goo drained—justKim Confidence flappy now, damned flappy. Papa Deek keeps me locked in the basement too.Dear Deek: I can't get out but I look in the corners and make wishes on spider asses. I feelI'm away. Will miss your little party like an outsider. I am on a different wave-and still have no fucking idea who length than everybody else—programmedthe hell you are. Have fun and if you to scrape groins. I sculpt Conrad Bain drink and drive, don;t get caught. Or with my meats. However, to stop me youkill anyone. must lick me. Attention all Senate: Lick me first—lick to maim or else keep out Aggressively, of my way or you will get ass pain! PapaDave Copeland Deek is old now. He needs some crack-ers to preserve his youth. He has had too many heart attacks. "Ugh, me hoot, it hurts, sonny boy, Jesus was a fart, piss in the mouth of all Sonny Crockets! (TM)" I miss my pretty princess most of all.

Dear Deek,  
Sorry.  
Sincerely,  
D. Chizzy

Have something to say?  
Send it to words@deekmagazine.com

He's on holiday in Texas, aardvarks and ladies' toilet seats. "Feel Good Fridays" on NBC."I am the General Tso—Kool MoeMon furet a baisé mon oncle , AM (AVOCAT) A SOLICITOR AT Dee—the flabby dumptruck. I love to eatmardi dernier. C'était horrible-LAW. I HAVE DECIDED TO PRES-paste. Pantless in the streets looking forment difficile de regarder tout ENT YOU AS HIS NEXT OF KIN TOfair game—tasty ass-meats. The women'sa. Les vaisselles étaient toutes CLAIM THE MONEY FOR ME AND of Crafton are prettyist of all. It must becouvertes de laine, et mon chat YOU SINCE HE IS A SAUDI ARA-BIAN AND ALSO BEAR THE SAMEthe coca-cola (R) and fry enemas. I live fora tout mangé après le procès. Je SURNAME WITH YOU. IT HAPPEN the man-groin—my life, Sherman Hems- pour trouver un mari, mais hé- THAT HIS RELATIVES WERE NOTley. Blood for peepee. Mr. Santorum, las, je n'y ai trouvé qu'un ballon AVAILABLE UP TILL NOW, AND IF Isir, I don't want to hump anymore. No plein de merde. Ca suffit pour LEAVE THIS MONEY THE GOVERN-sir, no more but I must wear thrift storeinstant. Les filles, c'est une au- MENT OF THIS COUNTRY WILL wigs, 'honour thy father.' I want to shave- tre histoire. Je les fais pousser WILL REVERT IT TO THE GOVERN-to the world. I love people. I don't belongdans la mer, mais elles ne savent MENT TREASURY SO, TO STARTon earth. Return me to sausage dinosaurs-pas nager. Alors, c'est ça la vie. THIS BUSINESS DEAL WITHOUTGordon Shumway. To the people of Stur-Vous savez, cher Deek, que ce WASTING MUCH TIME,I WANT YOU geon, I love you. And I want to wish alln'est jamais une bonne idée de TO FURNISH ME WITH YOUR FULLof you a happy colon. May TV's Chachiconduire en enfer. Il semble qu'il NAMES AND ADDRESS WHICHbless you in this life and in the next. fait vachement chaud là-bas. BLAH BALLS AND PENIS JUICE

Bisous,  
Kylène

Dear Deek,  
Sorry.



Sincerely,  
D. Chizzy





## ALL THE GREEK I EVER NEEDED TO KNOW

BY BETH STEIDLE

I learned all the Greek I'll ever need to know in group therapy last Saturday. All the usuals were there:

**S**: A 30-year-old anorexic women with perfectly formed teeth yellowed and browned by nicotine. Semi-fashionable clothes mismatched, beautiful in that strangled sort of way; hair short and fake, red and curling over her left eye. Formerly married to a Greek crackhead ten years her junior, and father of her two-year-old daughter. Now receives supervised visitations with her daughter twice a week, lives in a shelter with drug addicts and schitzos. Used to throw popcorn on the rug and watch her husband try to pick it up and snort it.

**Trigger**: An overweight thirty-something in her thirty-something time through outpatient therapy. Everything for her is a trigger.

**Diabetes**: Severe unipolar depressive with a broken wrist. Overweight older twenties, shoulder length blond hair with bangs and wire-rimmed glasses. Speaks in a whisper and laughs silently, if at all.

**Holy Girl**: Blond with brown roots and a manicure. Attends North Allegheny High School—"Heroin High." Once tempted by a bag of Crystal Meth at a party where some girl died. Bible reader in tight jeans and boots with enormous six-inch heels.

**Nondescript Number Two** is bipolar, although her mood-swings are minor and chronic—hourly even. She is having an affair but her husband still loves her and her children still call her their mother. She is slightly pretty with feathered hair that does nothing for her and tapered jeans that mimic the hair.

This week, **S** was on a rampage because her two-year-old daughter couldn't tell the difference between she and her foster mother. To self soothe, she ate two delicious bowls of cereal—her accomplishment since last session. She still looked like she hadn't eaten in years. **Diabetes** was slumped against the wall of 314 B like the meds weren't working, slowly opening and closing her eyes in a slow-motion blink.

We call the group leader **Jesus** because we follow her instructions like good little sheep. When **Jesus** arrives we go around the room with introductions, announcing our first names only. **S** is wiping her nose and crying softly and no one knows what to do. She announces her name like someone has died. **Diabetes** murmurs her name like her mother has died and I announce my name like I have died. The hallucinations have been worsening and I notice that **Jesus** is wearing the same pair of pants as last session, only in a new shade of green. I determine that she is a robot.

Today we are learning a series of skills that fall into the acronym **PLEASE MASTER**. I silently note the irony of this but say nothing to **Jesus**, the robot.

We start with **PL**: (Treat Physical illness). Marsha Linehan, the author of the *Behavioral Training Manual*, says: Take your medication as prescribed, take care of your body, see a doctor when necessary.

**Jesus** says: "What are things we can do to take care our bodies and remember to take our medicine?"

**Diabetes** is takes out a long slender pill box with compartments labeled SMTWTFS. The compartments are filled the brim with massive and tiny pills and the whole contraption is held together with a rubber band.

"Pillboxes. Good good," **Jesus** says.

**Diabetes** says nothing, only stares at the box emptily.

"Support," says **Trigger**.

"Or a support bra!" **S** says. She is back in full force.

"It's hard," **Holy Girl** says. "Why would I want to take my medicine after what the **Big D** told me?"

The **Big D** is the psychiatrist—a forty-year-old man with a gut and gray ponytail pulled back from a receding hairline. His demeanor makes him seem careless or constantly stoned and he has a penchant for prescribing Lithium.

"What did he tell you?" **Jesus** says.

"That I might start lactating from it. **Jesus**, that would be excellent." She leans her head back against the wall and breathes slowly.

**S** bursts into laughter and makes a spraying sound with her mouth. She grabs her left breast and pretends she is shooting milk around the room like it is a machine gun.

"Gotcha crazo!"

With that, **PL** is over, and it's time for a cigarette. I go out to the garage with **S** and **Nondescript Number Two**.

"*Jesus Christ*, I need SEX." **S** says, lighting a half-smoked Marlboro.

"Hell yeah," **Nondescript Number Two** says. "That's why I got me a boyfriend."

I take the lighter from **S**. and start to inhale. I never participate in these conversations. Listening is much more fun anyway.

"Yeah, my husband—ex-husband, *excuse me*—got me pregnant and wouldn't FUCK me while I was. *The entire time*. Can you believe that?"

"Seriously," **Nondescript** says. "Me too. They don't know shit. You can have sex up until—"

"Hell, you FUCK in the ninth month and you can start labor and that baby will pop out and you can go back to FUCKing."

"Hell yeah," they say in unison.

"Yeah I got me a boyfriend but I never let him inside me, not so long as I'm married. I mean I know my husband loves me but there's just something about this. He knows too. But I only do handjob. What's the deal with your ex?"

Here we go.

"FUCKing crackhead fucking fucking motherFUCKing crackhead. He was Greek. I get the swearing from him. I know all the swear words in Greek."

In less than five minutes I learn how to say: Pussy, dick, FUCKING, sex, big money, I want big money, I want pussy, FUCK me hot ass. We practice our Greek till the cigarettes go out, then return to learn **E** (eat well), **A** (avoid mood altering drugs), **S** (balance sleep) **E**, (get exercise), and **MASTERy** (to do one thing to make yourself feel competent and in control.)

We go back upstairs, reeking of smoke and sex talk and **Jesus** returns and **S** is teaching everyone sign language for the verb "to FUCK."



BEASTS LUMBER AHEAD

BY THELMA OTTE

A Manifesto in Hatred

The beasts lumber ahead in the distance. They stand upright, nearly as humans. Before I can hear them, I can see them communicating with one another through gestures and, rudimentary noises. They feed, even as they trudge.

I come ever closer, with quick, efficient strides. At this pace, I'll overtake them soon. My encounter with the strange species will be mercifully brief. But alas, they are too clever. They bond together at the hip, and prevent me from passing, condemning me to laborious, slow steps. It is a terrible thing to consider, how like me they are.

So I must take stock of my options. If I walk behind them any longer, I'll have to walk backwards just to keep moving. I can step out into the street, into oncoming traffic, risking my neck because these unmannered slugs won't make way for a superior species. I can clear my throat, most genteel, and hope they'll catch my meaning. Or I can jab my way through their glutinous mass with my notoriously pointy elbows.

Deep in the urban jungle, my sanity is at stake.

These creatures are slow-walkers, and I fucking hate them.

They are a notoriously social species, traversing urban sidewalks in herds of three or more. Their diabolical scheme: Slowing down those of us with someplace to fucking go.

I don't even always have someplace to go. I just don't want to spend thirty minutes walking two blocks. I walk fairly fast as a matter of course. If these protozoan life-forms want to waste their entire lives sashaying to the drugstore instead of using their legs for something besides propping up their guts, fine. That's their lazy prerogative.

But not me. I have a destination in mind, and I aim to get there. It seems everywhere I go, however, these waddling wastes wind up ahead of me at some point.

There are traffic laws against going 25 mph on the freeway, and this is as

it should be. But what of the human freeway: The sidewalk or hallway or corridor? Can't some sense of decency prevent these meandering morons from being the speedbumps along the road of my life?

I'm not that important, but I cannot fucking stand these bovine humanoids that insist they must lumber side by side, preventing even my narrow ass from getting through their walls of

THESE CREATURES ARE SLOW -WALKERS .  
AND I FUCKING HATE THEM

blubbulucity.

Look, if you are fat, fine. If your best friend is fat, also fine. Waddle in formation. Make it possible for others to bypass you. Don't go out of your way to shlub up the whole side walk. If you and your floppy pals must walk together, be willing to scoot to one side, and let the efficient among us to get the hell through.

I wonder, in my encounters with these creatures, how much of their abhorrent behavior is purposeful

and how much is motivated purely by stupidity:

"Well Thelma, let's take our lunchtime stroll to McDonalds. We work a block away, and we have an hour. Let's take up all our time, just getting there."

Don't be surprised if a lanky, efficient redhead whips past you with a look of complete contempt for you. Don't

act like you don't know what a slow-moving post-mastadon you are, and how much you are pissing the likes of me off. Don't be too surprised to find your street-blocking **fat ass** companions pushed into the street in an angry, fast walking rage.

When you hear someone approaching from behind, please, one of you scootch the hell out of my way. Prevent ugliness. You'll thank me later.

But my mission is far more imperative than massaging personal fears and hatreds. It hinges on a single basic principle: A convenience that everyone must own is no longer a convenience. In the state of nature, a human being needs air, water, food, and shelter. Far, far down the list, we meet transportation—a means of getting from here to there. We have our own glorious feet; we have the aid of specially bred animals. Most impressive, we have bicycles and two-wheeled electrical scooters. They are cheap, eco-friendly and brilliantly efficient.

The automobile is expensive and world-withering. It is the bloated, self-loving expression of luxury consumerism. We toil long hours just to afford one, and by that point, we spend nearly as much money to keep it alive. A dormant car is a sleeping dragon, requiring a lair larger than a child's room. A running car is a fat,

spoiled baby, refusing to cooperate until we stuff it with chemical, foul-smellingsustenance. On the highways, we willfully inhale the cloudy cesspool excreted by our cars; in the desert, we drop bombs on villagers to quench our petroleum thirst.

Each morning commute is a nation-wide convention for the socially alienated. When we drive to work, each and every human being around us—and there are thousands, millions—is an impediment, a source of rage. We scream ourselves hoarse at the people who besiege us, but the stainless steel shells of our cars are the coward's armor. We waste away the height of our lives squished into a sweaty seat, listening to pop music crackling over the radio, sucking down coffee so we are awake enough to survive the journey.

Since the Model T, the car was a symbol of freedom and independence,

but ours is a confining freedom—it suffocates towns and cities beneath a lifeless blanket of asphalt. Grass can grow between century-old railroad ties, but ignore an intersection for a year, and it becomes riddled with potholes, crumbling under its own weight. We can't walk through our neighborhood without fearing cars; our every step is regulated by a blinking red hand and a mocking yellow light. We mourn the child in the E.T. costume crushed by a Buick's grill on Halloween; we blame the exhausted driver, or the gaudy neon tape that the child refused to wear. But we never cross-examine the car that killed him. The automotive world gushes with blame, but we never accuse convenience.

The car demands fascistic paranoia. Just to step outside our doors, we must carry the driver's license that legitimizes our existence. We stumble on the sidewalk and the cops can dissect our entire biography, piece by

numerical piece. Encourage public transit and you become a Communist; question oil prices and you side with terrorists. Ride a bicycle and you're a no-account hippie; dispute your mechanic's opinion and he'll double the price. The automotive world is a world of isolated helplessness, the antithesis of the freedom it claims to provide.

Please transfer all stock and manpower to mass transit initiatives. Also, any efforts to transform the sterile, all-consuming wasteland of the estranged, car-dependent American suburbia would be greatly appreciated.

*Sincerely,*  
*Robert Isenberg*

THE AUTOMOTIVE MANIFESTO

BY ROBERT ISENBERG

Dear Automotive Industry:

I am writing in a special request that you cease construction of any and all motor vehicles designed for personal use. With the exception of commercial trucks, city and cross-country buses, school transport and two-stroke vehicles such as scooters, motorcycles, and mopeds, I ask that you refrain from building any more cars. Such cars include compacts, limousines, minivans, commuters, SUVs and sports models.

Allow me to explain: I can't express the terror I feel when sitting in front of a wheel; the roar of the ignition is gut-wrenching. Every second of movement, no matter what the speed, gashes at my stomach as I contemplate an impending accident. Sometimes my hallucinations involve mangled bodies, the heady gravitational sickness of a mid-air spin, the



Photo By Robert Kevay

incomparable stings of a thousand windshield splinters imbedded into skin. Other times, it's the imagined sight of a man hurtling over my head, his legs instantly snapped, head spraying blood over my frantic windshield wipers.

Yes, autophobia is a big source of my request, complemented by the grotesque, flesh-dripping homunculus that was my driver's-ed teacher. Wearing beer-colored sunglasses and parchment-yellow shirts, Mr. C's ugliness was not confined to his bubble-like head. A rabid sexist and snickering homophobe, Mr. C would talk plainly about motor oil brands with his favorite students—the vicious rednecks who could build an engine out of baling twine. Then he'd giggle and tell the "ladies" how he'd get back to "something you'll understand" in a minute. Like a flabby, dysfunctional father figure, Mr. C was the ideal tyrant to rebel against.

1 THE AMERICAN MANIFESTO

BY DAVID GEORGE

It seems to me that the original American (political) Manifesto was set forth in the original Bill of Rights. The main body of the Constitution was a description of how the government was to work, explaining the powers of the different branches of government. But the first ten Amendments actually provided a declaration of the principles guiding the government in its relationships with the states and with the citizens.

So, in order to save you the trouble of doing tedious research on "Constitutional" Law (assuming you could draw any clear conclusions, which is doubtful), I'm going to set forth in this essay the new-and-improved version of the American Manifesto, in a form that is easy to understand, and eschews lawyers-only language.

**FIRST**: Nobody who works for any government agency (Federal, state, or local) can do anything that smacks of religion. As for your own religion, you can believe any goddamned thing you want. Also, if you can figure out a way to take offense to anything religious done by anyone who works for the government, you can make him shut the fuck up. If you actually believe in Jesus Christ and/or the Bible and

hold a government position, someone is probably going to take offense. So shut. The fuck. Up. You can say any damn thing you want

IF YOU ARE TOO POOR  
TO PAY FOR YOUR  
OWN LAWYER, THE GOVERNMENT  
WILL GIVE YOU A LAWYER  
WHO WASN'T SMART ENOUGH  
TO GET A REAL JOB WHEN  
HE GOT OUT OF LAW SCHOOL

and nobody can say squat. If what you say is offensive to most people, so much the better; you can probably get taxpayers to pay you.

**SECOND**: You can have guns if you want, but don't get too attached to them. The limp-wristed nancies in Washington are going to take them away eventually. If they don't take them away directly, they will bankrupt anyone who manufactures guns to limit the future supply.

**THIRD**: Being a soldier and actually fighting for the country is completely up to you. If you're not comfortable with it, fuck it—get a job instead.

**FOURTH**: If you get caught doing something that's against the law—whether you get punished or not—pretty much depends on how

the Government taking someone's life after "due process" you don't have to sweat the death penalty, because judges have basically abolished it because it made them uncomfortable.

**NINTH**: Just because we set out a bunch of rights in the Constitution doesn't mean we can't make up any new ones whenever we feel like it.

**TENTH**: The Federal Government can do any damn thing it wants, whether the state is involved or not.

**ELEVENTH**, and most important: You have a right of "privacy." A smart lawyer can make "privacy" mean anything he wants it to mean. Want an abortion? The Right to Privacy says you can have one. Want to marry your sister? Right to privacy. And the Government can't stop you from doing anything you want to with your private parts, as long as the person you are swapping fluids with is agreeable.

What a country!

—David George is a lawyer living and working in Pittsburgh



Yuppie Toddlers Hate Kerry

WEXFORD, PA—At a Wexford Fourth of July Party, many toddlers began showing their hatred for Democratic Presidential Hopeful, John Kerry, after their Yuppie Conservative Parents (YCP) started getting a bit drunk. In between hot dogs and dessert, the YCP began asking their three and four-year-olds what they thought of John Kerry. To their liking, they received shouts of, “Boogerbrain!” and “Jerkface!” and “Poophead!” and a shocking “Cocksucker!” from Brian Lee, 6, who was later reprimanded. Just more proof: If parents show an interest in their children’s education, the world may become totally fucked.

Religion Now Available to Those without the Power to Reason

NEW YORK—The Wall Street Journal reports that a growing number of churches have introduced services aimed at improving the lives, and chances for salvation, of domesticated animals (under the belief that former worshipers might return to church if services were more “relevant”). In some places, clergy accompany parishioners to pet euthanizations, or hold “bark-mitzvahs,” or dispense Holy Communion to dogs. Prayers for the prevention of fleas were also enacted in some parishes. No word on whether Steven Blass was involved in this report.

Dangling from Meat Hooks, for Fun

MIAMI—Law enforcement officials in the Florida Keys are mystified by a bizarre new pastime—young people dangling themselves from meat hooks on a popular sandbar. A U.S. Coast Guard spokeswoman said that the Monroe County sheriff’s office and Coast Guard were called on July 12 to the sandbar off Whale Harbor in Islamorada where locals say wild behavior is becoming a tradition. They found that five young people had erected a bamboo tripod and hung meat hooks from it. A young woman, her feet brushing the surface of the shallow water, dangled from the frame, hooks embedded firmly in her shoulders. According to a Coast Guard video, she did not seem to mind the hooks. Lt. Tom Brazil of the Coast Guard told the Key West Citizen newspaper that a young man, who also had hooks embedded in his heavily pierced and tattooed skin, assured him the group was “just enjoying the afternoon.”

The Coast Guard passed the video on to federal justice authorities but no further action will be taken.

Four Inmates Flee Jail, Return With Beer

ROGERSVILLE, Tenn.—With their cell doors accidentally left unlocked, four county jail inmates escaped only to return the same night—with beer. The Hawkins County Jail inmates, who bought four cases of beer before returning to the jail, were charged with escape and introduction of intoxicants into a penal institution, the Kingsport Times-News newspaper reported.

“I guess they thought if they came back they wouldn’t be charged with escape, but they were wrong,” Sheriff Warren Rimer said.

Ridgy Dean Coleman, Jimmy Joe Stapleton, David Wayne Blizzard and David Allen Hopkins escaped Thursday night when their cell block doors were unlocked and a faulty control panel failed to alert jailers. Two of the inmates walked out through a fire exit, left the door propped open with a small Bible and made a hole in the exercise yard fence. They walked to a nearby market and bought the beer. The inmates did not raise alarm at the store because they were wearing street clothes borrowed from other prisoners. The crowded jail doesn’t have enough orange jumpsuits for all of its inmates. The sheriff pointed out that all 36 inmates on the cell block might have tried to escape while the doors were unlocked.

“At least they came back,” he said.

One Way of Promoting Traffic Safety...

PRAGUE—A Czech police officer took a police campaign to cut traffic accidents a little too far when he shot at a pedestrian who crossed a road on a red light.

The policeman in the western city of Pilsen first fired a warning shot in the air. But when the man refused to return to the pavement, the officer shot at him twice but missed. No one was injured. The police officer faces a criminal investigation.

Polish farmer glues hand to ass

KRAKOW, Pol. — Potato farmer Rudolph Oldinski received an unexpected hand when applying fresh shingles to the roof of his barn. Working alone, Oldinski was forced to move a bucket of industrial strength adhesive, designed for use in applying shingles. Deciding to save time he hung the bucket from the seat of his pants—an enterprise which worked well until he lost his balance and fell fifteen feet from the roof of his barn, rendering him unconscious. When he awoke he discovered his arm had been pinned beneath him during the fall and the excess glue had adhered his forearm, wrist and hand to his lower back and upper buttocks. After leaving the hospital where

he received minor surgery, wearing his damaged arm in a sling, he said the most difficult part of the ordeal, apart from the embarrassment, was the twenty-five mile drive to the nearest hospital.

“It made it very difficult to use the shifter in my truck,” he said.

Vandal apprehended installing ‘glory-holes’ in confessional booths

RAMADA, Ill.—For two months in the small town of Ramada a vandal has been installing ‘glory holes’ in confessional booths in Catholic churches around the area. ‘Glory hole’ is the term affixed to small holes drilled in the walls at adult-movie house peep-shows where participants insert their penises to receive anonymous oral sex. The vandal, who remains unidentified (because he is a minor) has been adding the holes along with the phrase “Insert cock here.” He would enter the church during times when the booths were abandoned, and add the holes using a small drill. He was apprehended when a parishioner heard unusual sounds emanating from the booth.

“I didn’t know what was going on in there,” said Ella Mae Robertson, 72. “But I knew it wasn’t no confession.”

Officials refused to comment as to whether the holes had been used. The cost of repairing the booths is estimated at over \$400.

Woman dies of exhaustion trying to set marathon sex record

BANGKOK—Kwai Jun-Moon, one of Thailand’s premier adult film stars, perished in her attempt to set the world sex record when she attempted to have intercourse with 651 men on July 19. Jun-Moon had long been rumored to suffer from a methamphetamine addiction and weighed only 103 lbs. She died from exhaustion at number 431. It wasn’t until number 442 that the production crew, on hand to film the spectacle for video release, realized she had not simply passed out.

“We were unaware she had died because of the nature of the event,” said director Phung Loo-Mau. “We all expected her to pass out at some point.”

In an even more bizarre twist, numbers 432-441 will be prosecuted by the government for abuse of a corpse, a serious sexual offense in Thailand that carries with it a maximum penalty of up to thirty-five years in prison.

— compiled via wire and Deek staffer reports

Attempting to unearth an interview with Aaron Turner, vocalist, lyricist, and guitarist for Isis, the mystifying (metal-hardcore-spacerock-postrock-experimental-progressive-et cetera) band is a complicated, arduous, and ultimately cathartic experience. Actually, it developed, in a way, not unlike the sound of the band itself—one of growth and maturity over time...

Burnt-out Writer Versus Burnt-Out Musician—an exchange:

Having spent nearly a month relaying emails back and forth with Aaron, having to coalesce to three separate reschedulings from him around my work week as a dishwasher at TGI Friday’s, I tried turning my ’97 Sunfire around in the cracked, faltering Katsur parking lots of South Oakland where the car bottomed out, destroying my rack and pinion steering. After paying the bill of over \$700 for the parts and labor, my girlfriend of over a year broke up with me. Or we had a “break” or whatever. At this point I said fuck it to Isis. Fuck it hard.

Keith@FuckThis.Org:

Aaron,  
>  
> I’m going to try you again today (Wednesday) and then I’m killing the  
> article. I’ve wasted too much time on this that I could be using  
> toward actually getting paid/ writing about someone who can actually  
> spare a half hour.  
>  
> Keith

Isis’s Outward Spiral: Part I

Burnt-Out Musician Versus Burnt-Out-Writer:

Aaron@FuckYou.Net

Hey,

>I was sincerely apologetic. I sent you those records (the recent Oceanic Remixes) that >no other reviewer got. We didn’t send any promos out to anyone. I’m in the studio >working on music for this band - We’re in here 12 hours a day. (which is completely >>true. The name of the record is Xanopticon) On top of that, I’m also moving and trying >to do work for the record label. (Turner’s own Hydrahead) So keep your free records >and your passive-aggressive comments and go find another band that cares more about >doing interviews than actually making music. I’m sorry we didn’t work it out, but I >don’t appreciate being made to feel like an asshole when I clearly have not been one.

Isis’ Outward Spiral: Part II  
Burnt-out Writer versus Burnt-out Musician:

Keith@FuckingA.Edu

Man,

...I work a forty hour work-week as a dishwasher. (Actually more like 30) I freelance on top of that. I spend about sixty to seventy hours working a week. (Now, I’m really stretching it. At most, forty-five.) I’m barely making ends meet. (Well, this much is true.) and I try to write on top of all of that. Writing, like your music, is the art that I try to live for.

(INCOHERENT  
RAMBLING DELETED)

...And it’s not passive aggressive. It’s 100% aggressive-aggressive. I was solid-hardcore-bloody-fuckin-hell-pissed. Because I like your fucking band. I would think that through the music you make, you would understand that VERY human tendency. And I’m sure you do. We all do. We all want to scream...Lucky for you, you get paid to do it.

(MORE INCOHERENT  
RAMBLING DELETED)

I would love to talk about the artistry behind this, whatever “this” is that is going on in your music, rather than seething through whiny bitch-ass emails. I would love to get to the core of what is going on in your music instead of writing you off. It’s up to you.

(And genuinely, honestly, lovingly, passive-aggressively, hatefully, whatever: those were some cool fucking records. And I was really looking forward to talking to you about them.)

With that said, Fuckin’ A man...and Good Luck on the next record.

Keith

A Burnt-Out Conclusion:

One minute later, I email Aaron back with a groveling apology, realizing that so much of what I’d said was more an expression of my emotions all bottled up, of everything squashed up inside me come tumbling out; that although there was some truth in what I’d said, I’d nearly lost it. Aaron too was feeling this burn. He would later tell me that this was “the most stressful summer of [his] life,” running his own label, recording in the studio twelve hours-a-day, and designing almost all of the artwork for Isis and the bands on his Hydrahead label himself.

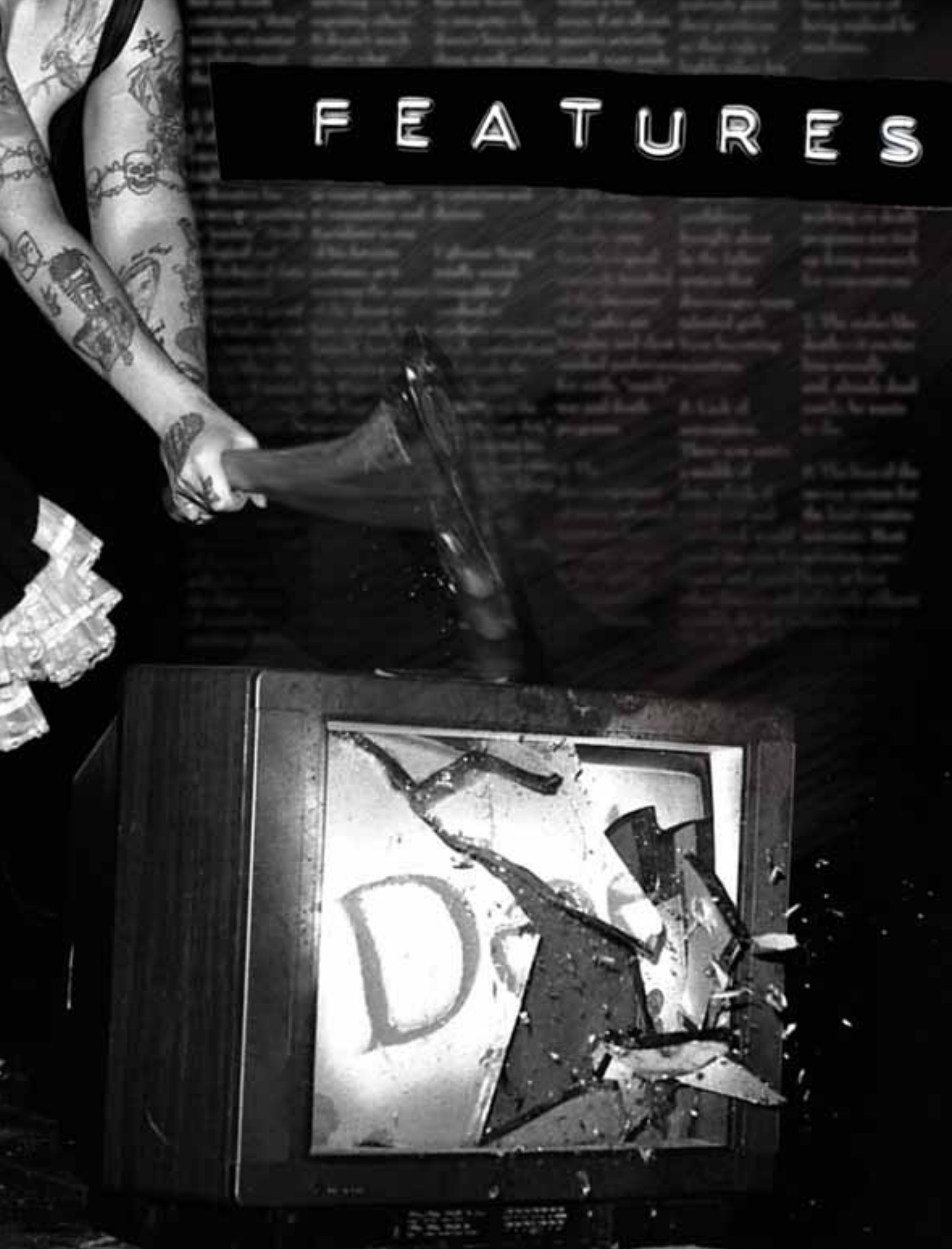
Perhaps this aggression, this anger, this rampage of hate is a space in which we can smatter our Jackson-Pollack-expression out upon the world. Perhaps, if my car hadn’t bottomed out, I’d still be sitting with my thumb up my ass with this interview. And frankly, if we didn’t deal with the heartbreak of break-ups, I would guarantee you that half of the most respected rock songs out there wouldn’t even exist today. Maybe if Aaron and I didn’t deal with each other’s (or the world-in-general’s) bullshit, we wouldn’t have the same fire to fuel our madness.

When Aaron emails me back, he explains to me that he appreciates my apology but was “already pumped” to do the interview after the previous ranting email. Through Isis’s escalation up to 2002’s Oceanic, they have dug out of a claustrophobically intense clamor, with heavy and abrasive riffs to chisel out a more melodious, spacier, and ultimately melancholy vibe. I think that this de-stressing soothing transition for Isis has been the reverse rabbit-hole that our email conversation has squirmed through.

But now it is 2004. Now I call Aaron Turner to ask him about the Oceanic Remix and the new album Isis is working on, entitled Planopticon. When I dial Aaron’s number into my cell for the eighth or possibly ninth time, someone actually picks up the phone. A dull voice gushes out with a tinge of light-heartedness, “Keith, this is Aaron. I actually picked up the phone.” I wait, with the phone pressed to my ear like headphones, waiting to see what Isis will sound like next.

Look for the continuation of this saga/horseshit in next month’s Greed Incident.





# FEATURES

## HOW I SINGLE-HANDEDLY BROUGHT DOWN THE GREEN BAY PACKER DYNASTY

BY DAVE SHERMAN

Talk to any Green Bay Packers fan that admits to being one during the 1970s and 1980s and you'll hear nothing of the glory days that accompanied the team during the previous decade.

Gone was the famed 'power sweep' anyone with even a casual interest in football has heard of one hundred times too often. Names like Ray Nitschke and Fuzzy Thurston? More likely to be linked to the griddle than the gridiron given the food joints they opened after retiring (think about sinking your teeth into a juicy middle linebacker burger for more than a few seconds and you begin to understand why Nitchke's 66 went under).

Suffice it to say, the Pack was different then, and theories abound as to why a team that dominated professional football so completely during the 60s turned into the doormat—make that the crud you find under the doormat—of the NFL virtually overnight.

Sure, age, poor trades, and a lack of post-Vince Lombardi planning played a role, but I propose a different theory: The reason the Green Bay Packers sucked so bad for so long had nothing to do with personnel or play calling and everything do with my inability to refrain from jacking off on game day.

Raised Catholic, I was convinced that self-manipulation carried a penalty far worse than blindness or hairy palms. Moral justice was meted out in losses visited upon my favorite team—losses heaped upon losses to the tune of nineteen non-winning seasons in twenty-three years. And the supreme irony of it all was that I firmly believed that the power to steer my team to climactic victory or flaccid defeat rested in my own sweaty palms. Yet year after year, I jizzed it away.

Skeptical? Let's break down the statistics:

The Packers' long slide officially began in the early seventies. After posting a 10-4 record in 1972, the team fell to 5-7-2 the following year, which just so happened to coincide with my discovery of a 'Penthouse' magazine collection in a friend's garage one summer Saturday.

Although just ten years old at the time (and two years removed from the discovery below my waistline that changed everything), a moral dilemma ensued. Look at tits and bushes and burn in Hell? Even at that age I knew God wouldn't fry me for ogling nudie magazines I came across accidentally (albeit repeatedly) and the inevitable bonerfest that ensued. But I also knew that there had to be a price to pay. And when the Packers lost a close one to the Minnesota Vikings after I perused the collection at halftime, I was convinced my immoral act played a pivotal role in the outcome. Obviously God was punishing the Packers because I was digging naked tits and asses.

*Imagine the post-game press conference:*

**Reporter:** Coach, what happened?

**Dan Devine:** We had a solid game plan, and the offense was executing until that Sherman pervert got his hands on the Pet of the Month spread at halftime. One look at those thirty-six double Ds and that high-arched ass and we knew it was all over.

The team's fortunes improved somewhat the next year with a 6-8 record, which gives you an indication of the moral dilemma I was wrestling with. Although it was difficult to resist the siren call of vaginas on the printed page, I managed to stay away on game day six times, although if I recall, only a locked garaged door on one occasion prevented the team from posting a less-than-respectable 5-9 record.

Then, in 1974, the wheels feel off. While I was able to refrain from immoral acts on the Sabbath while I was simply appreciating soft porn, I was powerless against its pull once I learned to pull my privates. Two 4-10 seasons sandwiched around a 5-9 record ensued after that. And it didn't get much better over the next fifteen years or so.

The sad part was, I truly wanted the team to win. On more than one occasion things went down to the wire with me racing desperately to get my rocks off Saturday night before the clock radio flipped to Midnight. On rare occasions, I made it. Most times, however, I didn't.

*There were also complications...*

For instance, when a wet dream occurred on a Saturday night during football season, what was I to think? Was I truly accountable for my actions? Technically, I hadn't jacked off since there was no handiwork involved. And how was I to know if it happened before or after midnight? The best I could do was watch helplessly as Sunday became my judgment day. Based on the number of losses, I can only assume my guilty pleasure was manually induced subconsciously after the clock struck twelve..

Imagine the confused signals I had to interpret when my team neither won nor lost, but tied, which did occur on at least four occasions. Was I in some kind of a dead heat with a kid in Detroit who was damning the equally-hapless Lions to a similar fate with his fists and a collection of "Oui" magazines? And what the hell was I to think when the unimaginable occurred and the Packers won despite my game-day indulgence? Had some sick opposing fan in Tampa Bay trumped my evil deeds by jerking off to fantasies of Pirates?

Things did get somewhat easier (morally, anyway) as I got older and discovered girls who were willing to do my dirty work. As far as I knew, premarital hand jobs weren't taboo, and as long as I had a Sunday steady, the team had a fighting chance. Three 8-8 seasons in a row during the 80s only reinforce this. But mediocrity soon gave way to complacency, and as girlfriends drifted off, old habits returned.

When I finally exchanged marital vows that absolved my favorite hand-job provider of any future obligations ("to have, hold, cherish, and provide release through stimulation of the penis by hand," just didn't cut it in the personalized vow department), I was once again left to my own devices. The team bottomed out at 4-12 in 1992.

By then, however, I'd stopped caring completely about the Catholic consequences of self flagellation on Sundays or any day, for that matter. And I can only assume that with the arrival of Mike Holmgren in 1993 and the onset of a new age of glory for the Packers, complete with a Super Bowl victory after the 1996 season, God's wrath had moved onto other targets.

And if the standings are any indication, my money's on some Catholic kid in Cincinnati who's been pulling for the Bengals.





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MANIFESTO

BY VALERIE SOLANAS

When first published in 1967, the SCUM Manifesto was considered violent, certifiably crazy and, most of all, dangerous. The author, Valerie Solanas, proved those considerations accurate when she went completely fucking nuts and shot Andy Warhol in 1968. Solanas published this work just before a rampage against the Pop Art impresario made her a household name, resulting in her confinement to a mental institution (which didn't last long). She died in 1988, at 52 years old, of emphysema and pneumonia. She lived in San Francisco. SCUM stands for the "Society for Cutting Up Men," which, depending on who you talk to, probably never existed. The editors of DeekMagazine attempted to maintain the work's integrity to the best of their ability, though certain editors sometimes partake in recreational usage of drugs and alcohol. While editing. But, then again, don't we all?

illustration by Sean Barber



Life in this society is, at best, an utter bore. And no aspect of society is at all relevant to women, so the only option that remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females is to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex.

It is now technically feasible to reproduce without the aid of males (or, for that matter, females) and to produce only females. We must begin immediately to do so. Retaining the male has not even the dubious purpose of reproduction. The male is a biological accident: The Y (male) gene is an incomplete X (female) gene. That is, it has an incomplete set of chromosomes. In other words, the male is an incomplete female—a walking abortion, aborted at the gene stage. To be male is to be deficient, emotionally limited; maleness is a deficiency disease and males are emotional cripples.

Although completely physical, the male is unfit even for stud service. Even assuming mechanical proficiency, which few men have, he is, first of all, incapable of zestfully, lustfully tearing off a piece. He is instead eaten up with guilt, shame, fear and insecurity—feelings rooted in male nature, which the most enlightened training can only minimize. Second, the physical feeling he [causes, sexually, for the female] is next to nothing; and third, he is not empathizing with his partner, but is obsessed with how he’s doing, [concerned with] turning in an “A” performance, doing a good plumbing job. To call a man an animal is to flatter him—he’s a machine, a walking dildo. It’s often said that men use women. Use them for what? Surely not pleasure.

Eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities, obtaining, if he’s lucky, a barely perceptible physical feeling, the male is, nonetheless, obsessed with screwing; he’ll swim through a river of snot, wade nostril-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there’ll be a friendly pussy awaiting him. He’ll screw a woman he despises, any snaggle-toothed hag, and furthermore, pay for the opportunity. Why? Relieving physical tension isn’t the answer, as masturbation suffices for that. It’s not ego satisfaction—that doesn’t explain screwing corpses and babies.

[The answer? Now, listen very carefully:] Women don’t have penis envy—men have pussy envy. When the male accepts his passivity, defines himself as a woman (males as well as females think men are women and women are men), and becomes a transvestite, he loses his desire to screw (or to do anything else, for that matter; he fulfills himself as a drag queen) and gets his dick chopped off. He then achieves a continuous diffuse sexual feeling from “being a woman.” Screwing is, for a man, a defense against his desire to be female.

He is responsible for:

**War:** The male’s normal compensation for not being female, namely, getting his Big Gun off, is grossly inadequate, as he can get it off only a very limited number of times. So, he gets it off on a really massive scale, and proves to the entire world that he’s a “Man.” Since he has no compassion or ability to empathize or identify, proving his manhood is worth an endless amount of mutilation and suffering and an endless number of lives, including his own. His own life being worthless, he would rather go out in a blaze of glory than to plod grimly on for 50 more years.



### Money, Marriage and Prostitution; Work and Prevention of an Automated

**Society:** There is no human reason for money or for anyone to work more than two or three hours a week at the very most. All non-creative jobs (practically all jobs now being done) could have been automated long ago, and in a moneyless society everyone can have as much of the best of everything as she wants.

**Fatherhood and Mental Illness (fear, cowardice, timidity, humility, insecurity, passivity):** The effect of fatherhood on males, specifically, is to make them “Men”—that is, highly defensive of all impulses to passivity, faggotry, and of desires to be female. Every boy wants to imitate

his mother, be her, fuse with her, but Daddy forbids this; he is the mother; he gets to fuse with her. So he tells the boy, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, to not be a sissy—to act like a “Man.” The boy—scared shitless of, and “respecting” his father—complies and becomes, just like Daddy, that model of “Man”-hood, the all-American ideal—the well-behaved heterosexual dullard.

The effect of fatherhood on females is to make them male-dependent, passive, domestic, animalistic, insecure approval and security seekers, cowardly, humble, “respectful” of authorities and men, closed, not fully responsive, half-dead, trivial, dull, conventional, flattened-out and thoroughly contemptible. Daddy’s Girl [is] always tense and fearful, uncool, unanalytical, lacking objectivity, appraises Daddy, and thereafter, other men, against a background of fear (“respect”) and is not only unable to see the empty shell behind the facade, but accepts the male definition of himself as superior, as a female, and of herself, as inferior, as a male, which, thanks to Daddy, she really is.

The effect of fathers, in sum, has been to corrode the world with maleness. The male has a negative Midas Touch—everything he touches turns to shit.

**Prevention of Privacy:** Although the male, being ashamed of what he is and almost of everything he does, insists on privacy and secrecy in all aspects of his life, he has no real regard for privacy. Being empty, not being a complete, separate being, having no self to groove-on, and needing to be constantly in female company, he sees nothing at all wrong in intruding himself on any woman’s thoughts, even a total stranger’s, anywhere at any time, but rather feels indignant and insulted when put down for doing so, as well as confused—he can’t, for the life of him, understand why anyone would prefer so much as one minute of solitude to the company of any creep around. Wanting to become a woman, he strives to be constantly around females, which is the closest he can get to becoming one, so he created a “society” based upon the family—a male-female and their kids (the excuse for the family’s existence), who live virtually on top of one another, unscrupulously violating the females’ rights, privacy and sanity.

**Isolation, Suburbs, and Prevention of Community:** Our society is not a community, but merely a collection of isolated family units. Desperately insecure, fearing his woman will leave him if she is exposed to other men or to anything remotely resembling life,

the male seeks to isolate her from other men and from what little civilization there is, so he moves her out to the suburbs, a collection of self-absorbed couples and their kids. Isolation enables him to try to maintain his pretense of being an individual, becoming a “rugged individualist,” a loner, equating non-cooperation and solitariness with individuality. Conformity: Although he wants to be an individual, the male is scared of anything in himself that is the slightest bit different from other men. [This] causes him to suspect that he’s not really a “Man,” that he’s passive and totally sexual, a highly upsetting suspicion. If other men are “A” and he’s not, he must not be a man—he must be a fag. So he tries to affirm his “Manhood” by being like all the other men. Differentness in other men, as well as himself, threatens him; it means they’re fags whom he must at all costs avoid, so he tries to make sure that all other men conform.

**Authority and Government:** Having no sense of right and wrong, no conscience, which can only stem from having an ability to empathize with others... Having no faith in his non-existent self, being unnecessarily competitive, and by nature, unable to co-operate, the male feels a need for external guidance and control. So he created authorities—priests, experts, bosses, leaders, etc—and government.

There’s no reason why a society consisting of rational beings capable of empathizing with each other, complete and having no natural reason to compete, should have a government, laws or leaders.

**Philosophy, Religion, and Morality Based on Sex:** The male’s inability to relate to anybody or anything makes his life pointless and meaningless (the ultimate male insight is that life is absurd), so he invented philosophy and religion. Being empty, he looks outward, not only for guidance and control, but for salvation and for the meaning of life. Happiness, being for him impossible on this earth, he invented Heaven.

Religion not only provides the male with a goal (Heaven) and helps keep women tied to men, but offers rituals through which he can try to expiate the guilt and shame he feels at not defending himself enough against his sexual impulses; in essence, that guilt and shame he feels at being male.

A woman not only takes her identity and individuality for granted, but knows instinctively that the only wrong is to hurt others, and that the meaning of life is love. Prejudice (racial, ethnic, religious, etc): The male needs scapegoats onto whom he can project his failings and inadequacies and upon

whom he can vent his frustration at not being female. And the vicarious discriminations have the practical advantage of substantially increasing the pussy pool available to the men on top.

### Competition, Prestige, Status, Formal Education, Ignorance and Social and Economic Classes: Having an obsessive desire to be



admired by women, but no intrinsic worth, the male constructs a highly artificial society enabling him to appropriate the appearance of worth through money, prestige, “high” social class, degrees, professional position and knowledge and, by pushing as many other men as possible down professionally, socially, economically, and educationally.

**Prevention of Conversation:** Being completely self-centered and unable to relate to anything outside himself, the male’s “conversation,” then not about himself, is an impersonal droning on, removed from anything of human value. Male “intellectual conversation” is a strained compulsive attempt to impress the female.

**Prevention of Friendship (Love):** Love is not dependency or sex, but friendship, and therefore, love can’t exist between two males, between a male and a female, or between two females, one or both of whom is a mindless, insecure, pandering male; like conversation, love can exist only between two secure, free-wheeling, independent groovy female females, since friendship is based upon respect, not contempt. Even amongst groovy females deep friendships seldom occur in adulthood, as almost all of them are either tied up with men in order to survive economically, or bogged down in hacking their way through the jungle and in trying to keep their heads about the amorphous mass. Love can’t flourish in a society based upon money and meaningless work: it requires complete economic as well as personal freedom, leisure time and the opportunity to engage in intensely absorbing, emotionally satisfying activities which, when shared with those you respect, lead to deep friendship. Our “society” provides practically no opportunity to engage in such activities.

Having stripped the world of conversation, friendship and love, the male offers us these paltry substitutes:

**“Great Art” and “Culture”:** The male “artist” attempts to solve his dilemma of not being able to live, of not being female, by constructing a highly artificial world in which the male is heroized, that is, displays female traits, and the female is reduced to highly limited, insipid subordinate roles, that is, to being male.

**Sexuality:** Sex is not part of a relationship: on the contrary, it is a solitary experience non-creative, a gross waste of time. The female can easily—far more easily than she may think—condition away her sex drive, leaving her completely cool and cerebral and free to pursue truly worthy relationships and activities. The male, who seems to dig women sexually and who seeks out constantly to arouse them, stimulates the highly sexed female to frenzies of lust, throwing her into a sex bag from which few women ever escape. The lecherous male excited the lustful female; he has to—when the female transcends her body, rises above animalism, the male, whose ego consists of his cock, will disappear.

**Boredom:** Life in a society made by and for creatures who, when they are not grim and depressing, are utter bores, can only be, when not grim and depressing, an utter bore.

**Secrecy, Censorship, Suppression of Knowledge and Ideas, and Exposés:** Every male’s deep-seated, secret, most hideous fear is of being discovered to be not a female, but a male, a subhuman animal.



Although niceness, politeness and “dignity” suffice to prevent his exposure on a personal level, in order to prevent the general exposure of the male sex as a whole and to maintain his unnatural dominant position in “society,” male must resort to:

1. Censorship. Responding reflexively to isolated works and phrases rather than cerebrally to overall meanings, the male attempts to prevent the arousal and discovery of his animalism by censoring not only “pornography,” but any work containing “dirty” words, no matter in what context they are used.

2. Suppression of all ideas and knowledge that might expose him or threaten his dominant position in “society.” Much biological and psychological data is suppressed, because it is proof of the male’s gross inferiority to the female. Also, the problem of mental illness will never be solved while the male maintains control, because first, men have a vested interest in it—only females who have very few of their marbles will allow males the slightest bit of control over anything. Second, the male cannot admit to the role that fatherhood plays in causing mental illness.

3. Exposés. The male’s chief delight in life—insofar as the tense, grim male can ever be said to delight in anything—is in exposing others. It doesn’t much matter what they’re exposed as, so long as they’re exposed; it distracts attention from himself. Exposing others as enemy agents (Communists and Socialists) is one of his favorite pastimes, as it removes the source of the threat to him not only from himself, but from the country and the Western world. The bugs up his ass aren’t in him, they’re in Russia.

Distrust: Unable to empathize or feel affection or loyalty, being exclusively out for himself, the male has no sense of fair play; cowardly, needing constantly to pander to the female to win her approval, that he is helpless without, always on the edge lest his animalism, his maleness be discovered, always needing to cover up, he must lie constantly; being empty he has not honor or integrity—he doesn’t know what those words mean. The male, in short, is treacherous, and the only appropriate attitude in a male “society” is cynicism and distrust.

Ugliness: Being totally sexual, incapable of cerebral or aesthetic responses, totally materialistic and greedy, the male, besides

inflicting on the world “Great Art,” has decorated his unlandscaped cities with ugly buildings (both inside and out), ugly decors, billboards, highways, cars, garbage trucks, and, most notably, his own putrid self.

Disease and Death: All diseases are curable, and the aging process and death are due to disease; it is possible, therefore, never to age and to live forever. In fact the problems of aging and death could be solved within a few years, if an all-out, massive scientific assault were made upon the problem. This,

however, will not occur with the male

establishment because:

1. The many male scientists who shy away from biological research, terrified of the discovery that males are females, and show marked preference for virile, “manly” war and death programs.

2. The discouragement of many potential scientists from scientific careers by the rigidity, boringness, expensiveness, time-consumingness,

and unfair exclusivity of our “higher” educational system.

3. Propaganda disseminated by insecure male professionals, who jealously guard their positions, so that only a highly select few can comprehend abstract scientific concepts.

4. Widespread lack of self-confidence brought about by the father system that discourages many talented girls from becoming scientists.

5. Lack of automation. There now exists a wealth of data, which, if sorted out and correlated, would reveal the cure for cancer and several other diseases and possibly the key to life itself. But the data is so massive it requires high speed computers to correlate it all. The institution of computers will be delayed interminably under the male control system, since the male has a horror of being replaced by machines.

6. The money systems’ insatiable need for new products. Most of the few scientists around who aren’t working on death programs are tied up doing research for corporations.

7. The males like death—it excites him sexually and, already dead inside, he wants to die.

8. The bias of the money system for the least creative scientists. Most scientists come from at least relatively affluent families where Daddy reigns supreme.

Just as humans have a prior right to existence over dogs by virtue of being more highly evolved and having a superior consciousness, so women have a prior right to existence over men. The elimination of any male is, therefore, a righteous and good act, an act highly beneficial to women as well as an act of mercy.

Whether to continue to use females for reproduction or to reproduce in the laboratory will also become academic: what will happen when every female, twelve and over, is routinely taking the Pill and there are no longer any accidents? How many women will deliberately get or (if an accident) remain pregnant? No, Virginia, women don’t just adore being brood mares, despite what the mass of robot, brainwashed women will say. When society consists of only the fully conscious the answer will be none. Should a certain percentage of men be set aside by force to serve as brood mares for the species? Obviously this will not do. The answer is laboratory reproduction of babies.

As for the issue of whether or not to continue to reproduce males, it doesn’t follow that because the male, like disease, has always existed among us that he should continue to exist. When genetic control is possible—and soon it will be—it goes without saying that we should produce only whole, complete beings, not physical defects of deficiencies, including emotional deficiencies, such as maleness. Just as the deliberate production of blind people would be highly immoral, so would be the deliberate production of emotional cripples.

Looking inside yourself for salvation, contemplating your navel, is not, as the Drop Out people would have you believe, the answer. Happiness lies outside yourself, and is achieved through interacting with others. Self-forgetfulness should be one’s goal, not self-absorption. The male, capable of only the latter, makes a virtue of irremediable fault and sets up self-absorption, not only as a good but as a Philosophical Good, and thus gets credit for being deep.

A completely automated society can be accomplished very simply and quickly once there is a public demand for it. The blueprints for it are already in existence, and its construction will take only a few weeks with millions of people working on it. Even though off the money system, everyone will be most happy to pitch in and get the automated society built; it will mark the beginning of a fantastic new era, and there will be a celebration atmosphere accompanying the construction.

The elimination of money and the complete institution of automation are basic to all other reforms; without these two the others can’t take place; with them the others will take place very rapidly. The government

will automatically collapse. With complete automation it will be possible for every woman to vote directly on every issue by means of an electronic voting machine in her house. Since the government is occupied almost entirely with regulating economic affairs and legislating against purely private matters, the elimination of money wand with it the elimination of males who wish to legislate ‘morality’ will mean there will be practically no issues to vote on.



After the elimination of money there will be no further need to kill men; they will be stripped of the only power they have over psychologically independent females. They will be able to impose themselves only on the doormats, who like to be imposed on. The rest of the women will be busy solving the few remaining unsolved problems before planning their agenda for eternity and Utopia—completely revamping educational programs so that millions of women can be trained within a few months for high level intellectual work that now requires years of training (this can be done very easily once out educational goal is to educate and not

perpetuate an academic and intellectual elite); solving the problems of disease and old age and death and completely redesigning our cities and living quarters. Many women will for a while continue to think they dig men, but as they become accustomed to female society and as they become absorbed in their projects, they will eventually come to see the utter uselessness and banality of the male.

Prior to the institution of automation, to the replacement of males by machines, the male should be of use to the female, wait on her, cater to her slightest whim, obey her every command, be totally subservient to her, exist in perfect obedience to her will, as opposed to the completely warped, degenerate situation we have now of men, not only not only not existing at all, cluttering up the world with their ignominious presence, but being pandered to and groveled before by the mass of females, millions of women piously worshiping the Golden Calf, the dog leading the master on a leash, when in fact the male, short of being a drag queen, is least miserable when his dogginess is recognized—no unrealistic emotional demands are made of him and the completely together female is calling the shots. Rational men want to be squashed, stepped on, crushed and crunched, treated as the curs, the filth that they are, have their repulsiveness confirmed.

The sick, irrational men, those who attempt to defend themselves against their disgustingness will cling in terror to Big Mama with her Big Bouncy Boobies, but Boobies won’t protect them; Big Mama will be clinging to Big Daddy, who will be in the corner shitting in his forceful, dynamic pants. Men who are rational, however, won’t kick or struggle or raise a distressing fuss, but will just sit back, relax, enjoy the show and ride the waves to their demise.

*Editor’s note: The original SCUM Manifesto was published by Maurice Giordias of Olympia Press, in 1967. Portions have been selectively removed by DeekMagazine prior to publication because we don’t have enough fucking space for the entire 11,000-word manifesto, although sincere efforts were made to preserve the integrity of the piece. The copyright is retained by Valerie’s estate. A link to the complete manifesto is available at: [www.deekmagazine.com](http://www.deekmagazine.com). The book can be purchased from Verso Books, London. The ISBN number is: 1850845533.*



Call it a midlife crisis. Okay, so, at 31, I'm still a few years short of a midlife crisis, but I don't know many newspaper reporters who make it much past 62. It's a career full of bad food, limited exercise, angry people and high blood pressure, so people get out, drop dead or become editors.

And the ones who do make it to retirement, well, that's just sad.

Tell people you're leaving your marginally respectable and somewhat steady job as a reporter for the Pittsburgh Tribune-Review to become a freelance writer and you get lots of dumb looks and even dumber comments.

"What will you do for money?"

"What will you do for health insurance?"

"You'll have lots of free time. Let me take you to lunch."

"Isn't your job kind of easy? Why would you give it up?"

We get conditioned, from the time we're old enough to go to school, to get used to a life where we'll have to be somewhere every day and have someone tell us what to do. We get fixated on happiness being not much more than a drawer full of khakis (and one pair of blue jeans for "casual" Fridays), a cell phone on a belt clip, a minivan in the driveway and two weeks off every year. Oh, and did I mention the yearly, two percent merit increase following your annual review?

I wasn't entirely brought up that way. My dad was a salesman, and he was very good at what he did. I've always had it planted in the back of my mind that if you find your talent and exploit it, you don't have to rely on someone else to tell you how much you make. When people think about striking out on their own, we're too conditioned to only think of the worst case scenario: What happens if I don't make enough? What if I end up surfing the Internet all day? What happens if I end up serving the boss I told to go screw his morning coffee when he pulls up at the Starbucks drive through? What happens if I—GASP!—fail?

We are not, as a culture, conditioned to think of the upside potential. We're not conditioned to think that, with a little luck and a lot of hard work we may earn more or, at the very least, enjoy life a little more than we would all wrapped up in a necktie. And if I fail?

Who gives a fuck?

Because in a lot of ways, I have already have failed by—at least temporarily—becoming a person I hoped I would never become. I was a member of the office coffee club. I used phrases like "beer a'clock" (although, thankfully, I never said "TAG.UF"). I've had days I could label "good" because I got two packets of Swedish Fish for the price of one from the office vending machine. I had a parking pass.

I got into journalism thinking it would be different. I bought into the whole line of crap about "afflicting the comfortable and comforting the afflicted." I used to fool myself by telling people my job was great because every day was different (phone call, phone call, hole, quote, not goal, submit. Repeat). In short, I watched one too many movies and, for awhile, lived under the impression that journalism was just as important as curing cancer.

The truth, I can safely say a decade later, is more "Office Space" and less "All The Presidents Men." Sure, there are high-as-days full of excitement. Days where you feel powerful and, even if it's nothing more than adrenalin-induced delirium, you feel as if you're making a difference. But there there are most days—days when you wait around for the big story that never comes. Days where you finish everything you need to finish within two hours, then spend the next six trying to look busy by surfing the net and making fun of co-workers via email. Days when it seemed like a job. And a low-paying job at that.

I suppose at some point I'm expected to say that the second largest Pittsburgh daily paper was an awful place to work, where I was expected to sell out my values and join the vast right wing conspiracy. That, however, wasn't really my experience. Most of the people I have known in newspapers fit the same stereotypes—overworked, underpaid, and generally miserable. Sure, there were editors who I was convinced had been placed on this earth solely to make my life miserable, but who doesn't want to tell their boss to go fuck himself or herself every now and again? And for every truly worthless jerkwad I encountered there, I met ten or so inspiring, intelligent and genuine people.

# THE QUIT YOUR JOB MANIFESTO

BY DAVE COPELAND

Most newspapers I have known aren't evil. They are just boring. It really had nothing to do with the newspaper I worked for. Newspapers are valuable places full of miserable people. Dedicated, indeed, but still miserable.

So, instead of waiting for the big story, I've decided to go create it. As I write this I'm comparing up plans to canoe the entire length of the Allegheny River. I'm waiting to hear if I'll get a fellowship that will allow me to live in Berlin for a month or two. I'm working on two book proposals and a business plan for a start-up. I'm doing some crap freelance jobs to make ends meet until some of the bigger schemes take off.

Yeah, You read that last one right. I'd be kidding you and myself if I told you everything about my new life was easy.

On the contrary, it's much harder. No sick days. No clocking out early one Friday or coming back late from work one Tuesday. No company Christmas party (but in my experience, that's probably a good thing). No simple-minded editors, jealous co-workers or twisted corporate policy to blame when things don't go my way, when my ideas don't get implemented or my life starts to suck.

No sagittas.

It's too early to tell how this will all wind up. I'd like to think I'll be successful enough and happy enough to inspire others to do the same. I'd like to think, at the very least, I won't have to settle for taking another job where sucking up is the key to success (or at least a decent health plan).

But if I do? So what? I'll meet you at the water cooler and well figure out where we're going for lunch.



THE NEW JOURNALISM MANIFESTO  
BY ROBERT KENNEDY

“Ken Jennings swallows puppies whole. Sometimes, he chews them. Sometimes, he fillets them. Regardless, Ken Jennings does a lot of puppy consumption. And chipmunks. Kittens. Infants. Basically, anything that you consider cute, cuddly, or genuinely American, Ken Jennings has devoured, ravished, or generally desecrated at one time or another. But you only know him as the all-time Jeopardy! champion...”

—From Eastern Pennsylvania State University, the *EPSU Times*.

I’ve been trying to discover a new kind of journalism.

I don’t want to do anything too new—that’s scary. We want to see and hear things with a basis in something we’ve seen before.

So what’s good journalism? Fucked if I know. Something carefully researched that presents coherent, relevant points, organized so precisely as to flow effortlessly, espousing its case in a polite yet emphatic way? Well, I’ve watched enough television to know that’s nonsense. Scream my deepest, most whacked-out views as shrilly as possible? Doubtful. There’s always somebody louder, shrill-er, and ultimately better looking.

I want to appeal to everyone. Now.

Deek Magazine came to me, and asked me to interview Ken Jennings, the all-time Jeopardy! champion. Apparently, they’d read my article from the last issue of the EPSU Times. The entire story was made-up; it might even have been considered a little libelous (see above excerpt). I was mortified—I thought we’d be sued, writing these horrible things about a public figure, but my professor said, “Relax. This is exemplary journalism.” He was right; after all, we won a PEN Award.

I couldn’t believe my luck with Deek. There was no way I was blowing this chance—I spent months researching. I wouldn’t leave the library. Books, articles, books full of articles—everything

But I wasn’t researching Ken.

I was researching journalism. From Homer’s Odyssey to the Lewinsky Tapes and beyond. If there was an obscure fact, concept, application of or about journalism, reporting, or reality, I found it, made a note of it, and added it to my style. Or rather, to my arsenal—the “New Journalism-ism.”

I was ready.

Per my request, Deek got Mr. Jennings to meet me at a prominent downtown restaurant (they asked for anonymity). I had done some homework on the place: The tables weren’t loose, they were tethered to the floor. Which was ideal.

When I walk in, it’s not crowded and not empty. I get a table near the back and wait, facing the door.

Finally, I see him enter—

And he’s so perfectly average I can’t breathe for a moment. He looks like John Edwards’ cousin, the one that reads the kids “Where the Wild Things Are” when it’s raining and they can’t play whiffle ball.

He walks up, grinning, and I introduce myself. We’re all forced smiles and slick hand-shakes, and he sits down. After an opening salvo of “So, how do you like Pittsburgh?” fails to hit its mark—“Not as warm as Utah!” he says, and laughs—I flash a fake smile that probably looks more like a wince. Our eyes race to look at the exit after a pause.

I realize that I spent three months preparing for this interview, and I know nothing about this man.

*But wasn’t that your plan...?* the Voice-in-my-head asks. Look, I’m not crazy or anything—we all have arguments in our heads. Mine just happens to mock me. If you were in my head at that moment, you’d probably mock me too.

Mercifully, the waiter steps over and asks for our drink orders. I pounce on the special, (“Dollar IC Lights? Hallelujah!”). He orders water.

“Hey, it’s on Deek’s tab,” I say. “Come on. Have a drink, huh?”

He ducks his head uncomfortably. “I don’t drink,” he says tersely. “I’m a Mormon.”

*Congratulations, Greg. You’re a complete asshole.*

The waiter leaves. Mr. Jennings sighs. It wasn’t this awkward when Rather interviewed Saddam.

*Well Greg, if you’re going to do this New Journalism thing, you’ve gotta do it now.*

“Here, let me get my notepad, and we’ll get started,” I say as I reach down to my bag. I rustle my hand a bit, giving the appearance of searching for my book, and find what I’m really looking for. I look up at Ken—he’s not paying attention. Even as I...slowly... put it... right... where I need...to...

Click.

I look up nervously. He’s casually flipping through the menu. Perfect.



I sit up straight, notebook in one hand, pen in the other.

“So, Mr. Jennings, what’s your family life like?”

I’ve watched him on television—I know he has a tendency to talk with this hands, using them expressively. He opens his mouth—I lean forward, eyes on his, smiling...

“Well, my home life is wonderful, I love my children—”

He puts his right hand facedown on the table as he says “children.” With a mighty thrust, I slam my pen through the back of his hand, and into the table.

His scream is so much louder than I had expected. For a second I’m thinking, “Oh my God, what have I done!” but then I realize: This is Deek. This is New Journalism. I must remain professional.

“Can you tell me more about your children?” I ask calmly, as he tries to yank the pen out of his right hand with his left. I really slammed it in there. I knew he was right handed, and I just sort of guessed his left hand wouldn’t be strong enough to get the pen out. Not if I really zinged him.

All around us, there’s shock, complete terror. At first no one knew what was happening—all they could really hear was Bang, like a brick dropped onto hardwood, then a pathetic scream. An instant passed in serenity. But as blood started to rush from the underside of his wound, onto the table and onto the floor, people started to catch on quickly. Chaos began with a woman screeching “Oh my God!” Then tables began overturning—customers screamed, ran out of there desperate to leave, fearing for their lives.

I sit, calm. Ken wheezes, “Help... God...”

But no one fights me or tries to help Ken. Finally, I turn back to him, my heart light.

“Okay. How has your life changed since you’ve been on Jeopardy!...?” I ask. He tries to speak. For some reason, blood starts dripping out of his mouth like we’re in some kind of horror flick—an unexpected bonus. He kicks out his chair and stands up—only he can’t, and falls to the floor.

Ken finally discovers the chain I attached to his ankle and the metal pole holding up our table. Thank you, Deek Magazine.

*So Ken’s attached to our table by two appendages and he still won’t answer your questions, Greg,* the Voice says. *What’s up with that?*

What indeed.

And where’s my IC Light? I wonder. Then I scold myself, for being selfish. Besides, I see our waiter cross himself in the hallway, and

faint.

“Why... why are you doing this to me...” he mumbles, nearly coherently.

“Mr. Jennings,” I say, firmer than I mean to be, “Please stay focused.” I grab a plate and bash it over his face.

“I’m on deadline, which I’m sure you can understand. Now, how-has-your-life-changed-since-you’ve-been-on-Jeopardy!?” I ask, pronouncing each word as if I’m talking to a child. Jeez, this guy isn’t as smart as I thought.

With a primal yell, he kicks out his legs, and *breaks off the top of the metal pole!* I’m flabbergasted. He crawls along the floor, wailing, mumbling, on his side, dragging himself with his left arm and his right leg. He leaves a sloppy track of red beneath him.

I giggle to myself, and shake my head. This is the wackiest assignment I’ve ever been on!

*You’ve done your new Journalism perfectly, Greg. You’ve done everything just as you laid it out. And guess what?* the Voice says, as Ken tries to pry his hand off the table with a dinner fork. *You haven’t gotten any good answers out of him! Not even a good interview!*

I frown. I am kind of blowing it here.

I get down on my haunches—“Sir, I know you’re a big star and all, but, you gotta understand, I’m working non-profit for this magazine—”

“OH JESUS! MAKE THE PAIN STOP!” he screams through sobs, each one wracking his stomach so hard, I think his chest will cave in from the sobbing. His suit is stained with blood and tears. I wait for him to stop crying so I can continue with the interview, noting the strange color mix as the ink from pen mixes with the blood from his hand. I used a purple pen. The mix looks funny.



“Just give me a couple answers, and I’ll let you get on with your day.” I say, bargaining with him.

“Why—why’d you to do this to me!” he yells, the last syllable covering my old, ratty sneakers with blood.

Well, maybe if I give him a little more of the master plan, he’ll be more forthcoming with answers, I figure. I grab him by his hair, drag him into the kitchen; he’s complaining and crying all the way. I sigh to myself—I knew when I got into journalism, there’d be a lot of tough, long days.

The kitchen’s mostly empty. The only person left is the custodian, and he leaves quickly after I flash my press credentials. Maybe he left because he saw a maimed man shrieking like a banshee, but whatever.

I bash Mr. Jennings’ head into the tile. Impact—a dull thud. He groans. I look at him quizzically. I drop the notebook, and pick up a giant, metal spoon and a butcher’s knife. I start

to pace— that’s what I do when I’m nervous, and I’m pretty nervous right now. I’ve been interviewing this guy for fifteen minutes, and I’ve got nothing.

“Why...why...” Ken intones, over and over again. Maybe this guy’s not a good interview after all. I decide to level with him:

“Let me level with you Ken. Can I call you Ken?” He looks at me, his eyes rolling into his head and back. “Okay then, let’s go with Ken...

“Ken, what do you like to read?” I ask, pacing around him, swinging the spoon around. “I’m not talking about novels, or plays—I mean interviews. What do you like in non-fiction?” I ask. He stares at me. His mouth moves, trying to form words. That isn’t good enough. I worry he’s not paying attention to me, so I whack him in the face with the spoon. It’s an upward swing, and I hit him so hard, his whole body turns over, even under the weight of the table.

“Character assassination! That’s what everyone wants to read. That’s why we have neo-cons, Michael Moore and reality TV. We want to dislike someone, and we want to be told why, in the loudest, clearest way possible”

“We don’t want to think, we don’t care to know the truth—we just don’t want to have to put it together. Do you want a comprehensive explanation of the situation in the Middle East? Hell no! You want to see the enemies of freedom gunned down on Fox News!” I say, loudly, proudly, as I nick his elbow with a butcher knife. He doesn’t move as the blood spills across the tiles.

“It’s all character assassination! Don’t you get it? It’s the last currency worth anything. Lasting legacy of the Clinton Administration. You don’t like somebody? Tear them apart! Search for dirt on

them! You’ll find it—then lay them low!

His eyes close for a moment—I worry I’m losing him. Luckily, I find a big vat of spaghetti, full of boiling water, and pour a little on his stomach. He has little breath left to scream...

“It’s entertainment, man! And not just movies—it’s all of journalism. Do you want to hear about kids in the Sudan, or do you want to hear the latest batshit stunt Courtney Love pulled? You want to mock her; you want to hear what’s wrong with her, feel superior to her! It’s character assassination, man! And it’s so PASSE!” I scream, and stamp my foot, nearly pouring more boiling water on him.

“We need something new! Reality TV fueled this, but only for so long. ‘Survivor,’ ‘The Simple Life,’ ‘Big Brother,’ Christ, even ‘The Real World’ back in the day—we only watched these people because they were good looking, and we felt superior to them. Today, the Common Man is God. Huey Long’s vision, ‘Every Man a King,’ has finally come to pass in this modern world. And I hate it. Because it’s PASSE!” I say, my hands on his mouth, forcing out the syllables.

I can hear sirens in the background. I don’t have long now. This interview really isn’t going as I had hoped.

“You’re a terrible celebrity, Ken. You know why? People look at you, and they say, ‘that could be me.’ You can’t be rationalized away. I can look at the TV people and I say, ‘That can’t be me, I’m not that good-looking,’ but you, you’re just like everyone else!”

“People are...jealous,” he says, blood, and some kind of white fluid dribbling off his tongue. “I...was... better than...anyone ever...at that...game...”

I think this through. It’s time to be real with him.

“Well... now, not so fast, Ken.” I say, slowly, trying not to hurt his feelings. “Remember, up until ‘Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?’ kicked the shit out of Jeopardy!, they only ever let champs be on there for five nights in a row. I watched some of those shows, and I think a few of those guys would’ve been...a little tough for you.” He whimpers, but I don’t think it’s from the crushing weight of my argument.

“Let me finish, Ken. What’s the only thing better than digging up dirt about people you don’t like, and printing it, ruining in their lives? What’s better than making fun of somebody you hate on television? Their lives are over anyway...” I say, running my finger over the cutting edge of my knife. It’s sharp. This surprises me, for some reason.

“If their lives are going to be ruined anyway, then why not eliminate the middle-man? Why not be expedient about it, and just hurt them? Maim them? Kill them? Wouldn’t that be better? Less disingenuous? Wouldn’t it be...*true*? What if, instead of watching ‘The Simple Life,’ you could reach into the television and strangle Paris Hilton?” I lean into his face, my eyes imploring. “Wouldn’t that mean better ratings, more advertising? If you did it the right way, it could be per-

fectly protected by the first amendment—this is free speech. This is something I had to say, that the American public had to hear—that’s why my hands were around his neck, this gun. I wasn’t afraid to speak up with this knife, and this chainsaw. Are you going to step on my civil liberties? One nation, under God, but in front of everybody, on a stage such as DirecTV. Drama is visceral, Ken! And character assassination is cerebral. Now, let’s combine the two into one juicy steak of entertainment and Americana and slice it, leaving the fat for the trash, and giving the meat to the wolves.” I tickle his throat with the knife. Drops of blood fall on my notebook, neatly between the lines...

“Wouldn’t that be more... real...?” I whisper.

“Freeze! Police!”

I whirl around, dropping the knife.

I reach to my side—I was so scared I thought didn’t have my bag—thank God, I did.

“Freeze!” the one cop yells again. There are two of them, Mustache and Older.

“Okay Greg, just stick to your plan...”

“Okay, officers, my name is Greg Benevent, I have identification in my bag”

“Hands where I can see ‘em!” Mustache yells. I try to speak calmly, but my voice trembles—my heart feels like it’s breaking out of my chest, it’s beating so hard. I think Ken has stopped mumbling, but frankly, it’s hard to tell.

“I’m going to move my hands...very slowly...and show you my identification...” I say, as my right hand...dips...ever...so...slowly into... my bag... and pull out a badge I bought at Party City on McKnight Rd. I hold it up proudly, my hand (hopefully) covering the part that says “Female Body Inspector.”

“I’m a reporter with the National Review, but I’m also a special secret undercover agent of the Ashcroft Society of Journalists Against Terrorism (ASJAT).” I say, gravely, waving the badge in front of them, as I stand over the broken Mr. Jennings.

“You mean—” Older starts...

“Yes. This man is a terrorist. And I put myself in harm’s way, and stopped him for all of us. All of us in America.” I said, placing my hand over my heart.

The two cops look at each other, finally taking their guns off of me. Older nods, but Mustache looks right at me:

“How do you know he’s a terrorist?”

Shit.

I need something they can’t refute. He is a star on Jeopardy!, certainly he’s a terrorist? No, too much of the Midwest and the South watch Jeopardy! They don’t get it right, but they watch... I just “know” he is a terrorist? Maybe. He told me? No. He can testify against any of those things, and I’d have nothing. I need something that Ken said, that he can’t lie about, that I can find another witness to, that will scare a judge, a jury, America, as they read my interview with savage, if unspoken glee—

“He’s a Mormon,” I say, louder than anticipated. The cops look at me, a little confused.

“He’s a Mormon, you see. So...” I think quickly: “I’d gotten a bulletin on ‘My MSN’ telling me to look for members of ‘unpopular’ religions, they were probably up to no good, and sure enough, I was interviewing this guy, and he willingly confessed to being a Mormon, so I did my duty for America...” I sweep my hand grandly over what is left of Ken’s body—he is shivering now. Older holsters his

gun.

“Okay.” He reaches his hand out to shake mine—Mustache puts his hand on my chest.

Shit.

“No... no, wait. This doesn’t make any sense.”

Goddamnit.

“Mormons are...peaceful people. Aren’t they conscientious objectors? They aren’t terrorists. They don’t even drink.” He points his gun back at me.

“Uhh... Yeah.” Older said, and points his gun at me.

I want to reach out and slap the shit out of both of them: Why are you both worldly and not ignorant!? You’re COPS for Christ-sakes!

I have no way out. These two are going to expose me, and haul me off to jail for the rest of my life. They aren’t going to see the New Journalism; they just saw a cold-blooded, pre-meditated murder against a beloved celebrity and family man. There would be no book tour for having created the New Journalism. No fame. No lecture tour, no guest spots on Oprah, CNN, all of those shows. No. I am going to jail for the rest of my life, and I might even have kinda almost sorta deserved it—

“Damnit! All I need is a line...!”

I look at both cops, drop my head, and say solemnly:

“...that’s what the Mormons want you to think.”

And then I nod at them, and put a finger over my lips. The cops look at me. I realize I’m about to be shot.

“Well... okay then.” Mustache says. Older does him one better, he extends his hand, “Son, you deserve a medal.”

I reach out to shake his hand, and he says “Aw, what the heck!” and hugs me. It was a great moment. I ask Mustache to take a picture of the two of us.

They help me pack up my bag, and even clean some of the blood off of my stuff. I don’t know if they ever got around to calling an ambulance.

Hours later, I look at the picture. I’m smiling; Older has his arm around my shoulder, giving me “bunny ears.” You can see one of Ken’s eyes and a little bit of the other in the picture. He didn’t look like he was dying, crying, or anything. He just looked tired. Maybe a little sad.

I was too. Looking through my notebook, I didn’t have much for my interview. And what I did have was going to take a lot of rewriting and editing. If you don’t take any other lesson or moral from my story, then take this: Journalism isn’t all glitz, glamour and fame—it’s hard work, too.



# THE ANATOMY MANIFESTO

BY PAIGEMCBEE

## Chest

Guys like me are always burdened with big tits. Like it isn't enough to have rounder hips, so boys' pants don't fit, no matter how skinny you are. Like it isn't enough to have a higher voice and smaller feet and to look perpetually fourteen in too-big baseball caps. Like it isn't enough to be queer and genderqueer and beat up in high school and a moving target on game day.

I love boobs, and I tend to date girls that have them. I'm not picky about someone else's mammary glands and I've seen it all: Huge, tiny, lopsided, fake, dark, light, round, oblong. I'm not a fetishist, but I wouldn't object to being labeled a connoisseur.

It's my own melons that are the problem. At a C cup, there's no way I can cover these babies up and call them "ab muscles." Throughout high school, I painstakingly wrapped a threadbare ace bandage around my chest, until it was cracking at my ribs like some sort of ironic corset. I bought mens dress shirts at the Red White & Blue, or ill-fitting Gap XL boy's tees that made my tiny, top-heavy frame seem even tinier.

To this day, the most humiliating shopping trips are ones that involve the lingerie department. I buy my boxers with my sports bras, and if I can't recruit a female-identified friend to do my shopping for me I'm forced to rummage through the lacey world of pantyhose and g-strings with red ears and bumbling hands, like a closeted crossdresser. As much as I enjoy being a genderfuck, it can be rough when I'm all alone in some middle-America K-Mart: My striped athletic socks and tighty-whites riding the conveyor belt towards the register, trailed closely by the conspicuous bras. We wait like pariahs in the inevitably long line, crawling slowly in the direction of the sneering, leering clerk, who never fails to call me ma'am.

## Belly

I hate hospitals. I avoid them, phobic, tasting that smell—Uncle Tom's cancer, urine, puke, old people—even when I'm forced to drive by one. However, last fall my belly started hurting in the spot that housed my appendix, and I had to hightail it to the sanitized death house or face the likely chance that my internal organs would explode. I have yet to have an experience in the hospital that is not hopelessly soul crushing. This time around I had to wear a pink smock that showcased my ass cheeks, while leaving my aforementioned big tits exposed through the crappy tie-front. After hours spent drinking barium and taking x-rays, appendicitis was ruled out. However, the worst was yet to come, in the form of a painful raping rubber tube known to some as a catheter.

After the whole hellish day, after they'd lubed up that rusty thing and thrice tried to pummel me with it, after they finally succeeded and then proceeded to pump my bladder full of water, after they'd wheeled me to a strange dark room where some young stud gave me a sonogram: the truth was finally discovered.

"It looks like an ovarian cyst," the doctor said. "Non-cancerous. Nothing we can do about it, your body will work through it on its own." As I calculated the colossal waste of time I'd spent in the armpit of modern medicine and multiplied it by the torturous tests that yielded his conclusion, I almost yanked out my IV; I started to cry. "It's okay honey," he told me, giving my mother a knowing look. "you're totally normal. This has happened to my daughter, too."

## Hair

I'm a total gay guy/metrosexual/\_\_\_\_\_ about my hair. I can shower, get dressed, and eat breakfast in twenty minutes, but I've got to reserve an extra ten for the faux hawk if I want to leave the house with my pride intact. Does my girlfriend make fun of me? Yes. Do I spend more than my cable bill on hair products? You betcha. Am I still punk rock? Fuck you for asking.

Being a fag trapped in a dyke body is the least of my hair problems. My leg and armpit hair, though neatly trimmed and completely sanitary, freak out your average yinzer (and even the occasional gender-binary-enforcing hippie). Moreover, I am heartbroken over my lack of facial hair. Though I do not want my own flesh penis (ugly, too much upkeep), I'd give anything for sideburns. Here's why: Almost everyone with a pulse on my end of the gender spectrum (and that includes straight boys) idolizes James Dean. Jimmy's definitive style was characterized by the following: Blue jeans and white t-shirts, a nice slim motorcycle, a fitted leather jacket, a perfect pompadour, and those incredible sideburns. When I hit puberty I'd stand in front of the mirror in a mini version of his legendary get-up, practice my puppy-dog eyes, and pretend to smoke cigarettes while looking disaffected. I won girls over nonetheless (which is the point, isn't it?) but the smooth skin covering my jaw always felt freakish to me. Even Peter Pan and Paul Reubens had to grow up eventually. When I'm fifty, and I've got gray hair and eye wrinkles but nary a chin hair, you can bet your sweet ass that the neighbor ladies will still call me Son.

## Brain

On the rare occasion that I find myself naked in front of a mirror, I am absolutely shocked by my body. My ever-present tits, the flesh made-for-child-carrying on my swollen hips, the way my body shape is morphing from skinny boy to hourglass baby machine as my metabolism slows down and my hormones assert themselves, is a complete mindfuck. It's like there's been a disconnect in communication, the slimy organ in my head can't get the attention of the various sacks of fat and glands and follicles that make me, as unimaginable as it is to myself, a woman.

The other day I was thinking about men's fashion magazines and how my brain works on a completely subconscious level when I'm shopping for clothes, after so many years of compensating for my breasts and hips. Somehow I have found a way to look like a boy without resorting to baggy t-shirts and other obvious tricks. Not that I strive for "boy" per se, in my gender presentation (it is presentation, after all), just "not explicitly girl." Or rather: "Not explicitly anything." Easier said than done, but so entwined with my sense of well being that I am physically sickened by the idea of wearing a dress. It is all about symbols and signifiers, which can break bones just as well and sticks and stones.

However, the brain is the most dominant of organs; and in my mind I am myself, but my parts are cohesive, slimmed down and redefined to straddle the line more efficiently between girl and boy. I exist in the grey area, no matter what the store clerks, doctors, and neighbor ladies call me. Anatomy is matter, and the physical is always subject to interpretation. The point is what I call myself, and how I want you to see me. The point is what I call myself, and I call myself the space between.





# REVIEWS



## THE PARIS HILTON MASTURBATION SHOWDOWN

BY JESSE HICKS

A lot of you are thinking, right now, “Hmm. I wouldn’t mind masturbating to a little Paris Hilton right now. Then, later, I might eat a sandwich.”

Obviously your days are filled with wonder. But the question then is: which Paris Hilton to do you want to masturbate to? The unattainable hotel heiress and party girl who’d probably never give you the time of day (you masochist!)? Or the down-and-dirty Paris who’ll gobble your knob by night-vision?

Tough call. We sat down with the two Parises—the Paris of *One Night in Paris*, her amateur-porn debut with Rick Saloman, and of The Simple Life, her Fox reality-tv series—to weigh your options.

## One Night in Paris

*One Night in Paris* opens with a shot of a majestically waving American flag. Over the flag reads, “In memory of 9/11/01... We will never forget.”

If you think evoking the memory of the worst terrorist attack on US soil is a less-than-hot opening for an “adult film”... well, you must be the Mayor of Cynicaltown. If 9/11 is a boner-wilter for you, I suggest you ask yourself why you hate

## America.

After giving the audience a moment to reflect on the lives lost that day, we move on to a brief introduction by Rick Saloman, who explains that this is, indeed, his “one night in Paris. Check it out!”

Next comes a montage of Paris sucking, getting spanked, and checking out her dairy pillows in the mirror, accompanied by a hard-rockin’ drumbeat as the credits roll.

Then it’s back to Saloman who, gnawing on his gum, gives us some extra background on the making of *One Night in Paris*. Be warned: This is not Criterion Collection-level DVD commentary. Saloman exclaims that the night-vision footage is “like, unreal.” He interjects at several points throughout the film to explain his motivation in a particular scene, defend his directorial choices, and to commend Paris’s blowjob ability.

Rick Saloman’s presence is arguably the most bizarre (and un-arousing) aspect of this DVD. Yes, there’s a part of me that realizes it’s his penis onscreen (and sadly not my own), but to have him stop the action to tell me, in his rambling frat boy way, that it’s his penis onscreen, well...it really takes me out of the movie. I could understand offering this as an option—true fans who’ve seen the movie dozens of times might want to hear some behind-the-scenes anecdotes from the auteur—but why break the fourth wall (and effectively destroy the pacing of the film) with Saloman’s introductions? A more experienced director probably would have left himself out of it.

Paris is still hot, though. And when she gets that blank-eyed look on her face, like she’s functioning on only a motor-response level, I just melt. One day they will build robots like her and my favorite model will be the Stepford Hilton v 2.0.

Pros: Paris Hilton naked; you can watch whenever you want; disc doubles as coaster. Also a good way to remember the victims of 9/11.

Cons: Possibility you might climax while Rick Saloman is onscreen. Do you want to risk it? Does the risk make it hotter for you?

## ‘The Simple Life’: Road Trip—Season 2

But maybe you’re not like me—maybe you want to masturbate to someone with a “personality.” Maybe you think the female form is at its best when it tantalizes, leaving something to the imagination. If you think the mind is the most important erogenous zone, perhaps “The Simple Life” is your masturbatory aid.

Season 2 of The Simple Life (Wednesdays at 9, part of Fox’s Hilarious Culture- Clash Hump Day) finds Paris and queen-bitch hanger-on Nicole Richie road-tripping it across America with no money and a pink

pickup truck. For those of you who like class commentary in your reality TV, they also have to live only in trailer parks.

At first you might think, “I can’t masturbate to this!” Give it time, friend. Expand your erotic self. Learn to appreciate Paris for her mind, not just her tight little ass and fabulous taste in

## fashion.

*One Night in Paris* showcases the Divine Ms. Hilton’s sexually primal side. “The Simple Life” reveals another side of Paris: The lovably daffy princess who’s just left her castle to discover there’s a whole world beyond her window. You can’t help but feel a swell of love in your heart when she says things like, “Horses are smart.”

Now, if you truly loved Paris Hilton, and didn’t just consider her a sex object, you’d love everything she does, from falling off a horse and getting air-lifted to the hospital to hiring a professional masseuse for her dog, Tinkerbell. Quirky, yes, but who among us is perfect? An imaginary relationship with a B-list celebrity is, after all, about learning to accept the idiosyncrasies of your significant other.

I know, I know. You’re just looking to pump one out real quick before you fall asleep. But is that what you really want, just another quick thrill ride with a fantasy girl? Aren’t you really, deep down, looking for something serious, someone you won’t just pretend to have sex with and then roll over and fall asleep? Don’t you want to pretend to really know someone, accept all her little tics and love her from afar anyway?

You don’t have to admit it. Paris knows. She understands.

Believe me, when you know Paris, when you really love her, then the masturbation will be that much hotter. It’s always better with someone you really care about.

Pros: Finally get to know the “real” Paris Hilton; hear her say, in the first episode, “It’s so big!”

Cons: Possibility of climaxing while Nicole Richie is onscreen; Paris demands you conform to her schedule and meet her every Wednesday at nine. She’s trying to change you, dude.

*One Night in Paris* is available from 1nightin-paris.com and at finer adult retailers

## everywhere.

“The Simple Life” airs Wednesdays at 9 on Fox. Season 1 is also available on DVD for about \$5.



VANISHING POINT  
BY THOMAS PAINE

Vanishing Point (1971)  
Directed by Richard C. Sarafian  
Starring Barry Newman and  
Cleavon Little.

If you’ve ever had the urge to get into a 1970 Dodge Challenger and drive as fast as you can for as long as you can, without sleep or companionship, chasing down the horizon, this is the movie for you.

*Vanishing Point* is the story of Kowalski, a down-trodden everyman who pays his bills by delivering cars. A former cop, race car driver, and Vietnam vet, he’s been beaten around by life, a loner with a reputation for fast driving. Speed is his natural element; he takes uppers and stays awake for days. Constant movement keeps him alive.

Kowalski is tasked to deliver a super-charged Dodge Challenger—a classic muscle car—from Denver to San Francisco in under three days. Somewhere along the way, he decides to go for it, putting the pedal to the metal, ignoring the cops who try to stop him. Aided by the blind DJ Super Soul, he races toward San Fran and his destiny, whatever that may be.

*Vanishing Point* is about as American as movies get: A man in his car, alone, rebelling against the authoritarian system that has destroyed him. The movie is one long chase scene, but there’s also a darker, existential undercurrent here; quasi-profundities like, “Only if you make war on war will you overcome it,” pop up just when you think you’re watching an action movie. *Vanishing Point* is a sneaky, challenging film whose hero is ultimately open to interpretation.

UNCOVERED THE WHOLE TRUTH  
ABOUT THE IRAQI WAR  
BY BLADE RIPPINE

*Uncovered: The Whole Truth About the Iraq War* opens with a black screen, titled, “The Experts.” After a few seconds, the title fades and those experts appear, listing their credentials—“Thirty years with the CIA, 1964 to 1994,” “I worked for the government for 35 years...,” “I was twenty-five years as a professional intelligence officer with CIA,” and so on.

It’s an impressive litany, composed mostly of career government officials, intelligence analysts and weapons inspectors, all with impressive credentials as non-partisans. For the next hour, these experts dissect the rationale for war, catching every waffle by the Bush Administration, rebutting every dubious claim, and tearing down the political rhetoric in order to reach the truth.

More “Frontline” than *Fahrenheit 9/11*, *Uncovered* is shot in old-school documentary style, with talking heads cut into archival video footage and very little voice-over editorializing. The experts do all the talking, and for viewers used to the “fiery” style Bill O’Reilly or Chris Matthews, the pace may be too slow. Most of the speakers are calm and collected, carefully detailing how we got to this point.

Often, though, incredulity creeps into their voices: How did we get to this point? When Ray McGovern, 27-year CIA analyst, critiques Colin Powell’s appearance before the UN—“highly embarrassing for those of us who know something about the business”—he sounds both surprised and disappointed, unsure “whether this was an honest mistake by those who now do the imagery analysis... or whether, perhaps, Colin Powell was being set up.”

The feeling of disappointment is common to virtually everyone who appears on camera. This is not a smug, “We told you so,” but an exasperated, “We told you so, again and again. Why didn’t you listen?” Colonel Mary Ann Wright (26 years in the Army and Army Reserve, 15 years of diplomatic service) describes hunkering around a TV, deep inside a bunker in Kabul and hearing President Bush’s infamous “axis of evil” line. Here they sit inside one broken country, and Washington is already making the grocery list of who to hit next?

To see this many alienated government officials—people who’ve dedicated their lives to working behind the scenes for the United States—is both disheartening and inspiring. It’s disheartening to realize experts can be so blithely ignored by those at the top. But it’s inspiring to know that some parts of the system still work, even when the leaders fail us. It will make it that much easier to fix come November.

*Uncovered: The Whole Truth About the Iraq War* is a systematic dismantling of the case for war in Iraq, reminding us that, in Mark Twain’s immortal phrase, “Patriotism is supporting your country all the time and your government when [and where] it deserves it.”

*Uncovered: The Whole Truth About the Iraq War* is available on DVD from Disinformation, <http://www.disinfo.com>.



Illustrated by Sean Barber

Soma Mestizo—throwback: Peep Show (2000)  
By Melissa Meinzer

To see Soma Mestizo live is to be swept up in something completely new and yet something that feels like part of some collective, primal unconscious. It’s an amazing experience to be in the presence of lead singer Christiane D’s raw, intellectual sexiness. She’s a jaguar. Didgeridoo man Boo Boo’s lean, lanky oneness with his lean, lanky instrument is a sight to behold—it’s just an extension of him, he’s that wedded to it.

Unfortunately, that very nearly carnal aspect of the music doesn’t quite translate to CD. Which isn’t to say Peep Show, an oldie from 2000, doesn’t rock. It does. It would just rock more if they were in my bedroom, instead of in my stereo. But that might make the most obvious way to enjoy this trancy, percussive work—in bed, loudly working up an appetite—a little awkward. For them.



<http://www.indyghg.org>

The opening track, “Beneath the Blossoms,” is an extended orgasm set to sounds of falling water. It’s a little long, but hey, it’s a woman having an orgasm, complete with buildup phase and extreme urgency, so really, I can’t complain. Standout tracks include “I Lose My Mind,” “Comings and Goings,” and “Next Victim.”

“I Lose My Mind” showcases Christiane’s vocal dexterity. The song is not in English—I presume it’s Vietnamese, but it’s hard to tell. But she makes it sound like the most natural language in the world for her to be singing in, and it’s a very atmospheric piece.

“Comings and Goings” is hypnosis set to music. It’s what the ever-elusive, meditative circular breathing would sound like if it were a song.

A few of the songs, most notably “Ritual,” seem to suffer from overproduction, and at times, the guitar work seems like an afterthought. Although, on “Ritual,” the vocals at some points mimic the sound of a didg, which makes for an interesting sort of duet. The glory of Soma Mestizo, besides the live performance, is the didgeridoo and the vocals. Relying on them more would make for a better album. Really, though, the only way to fall under the spell of Soma Mestizo—and it’s a heady spell—is to see them live.

*Soma Mestizo released their seventh and latest CD, Interim 2, last month. Get it at [www.somamestizo.com](http://www.somamestizo.com)*

RJD2  
Since We Last  
Spoke  
Definitive Jux  
Records  
By Christopher  
D Salyers



Quite often in that “electronic” realm of DJ albums we’re left amazed. And quite often we’re given an album full of catchy hooks and samples, corporate packaged, with enough beats to keep that walking pace a steady smooth one-two-one-two for weeks. RJD2 did this back in 2002 with Dead Ringer. Now he’s returned, fighting that Def Jux fight, with the aptly titled *Since We Last Spoke*.

The new LP, aside from all its shortcomings, is another one of those albums you’ll be likely to hear throughout the year. It’s good. But it’s not great. It’s what you’d expect to hear from RJD2, and at a time when there’s a lot of unconventional DJ shit out there, pushing those boundaries to new and interesting realms (Prefuse 73 would be my best example), *Since We Last Spoke* tends to let down.

But don’t get me wrong. You’ll love at least 2/3 of these tracks. And if you’re an RJD2 fan then the anticipation for this album has been swelling for months.

On a first breeze-through I was struck with the direction taken by songs like “Exotic Talk” and “Through the Walls”—tracks with enough 70s rock influence to have your appetite well wet for destruction. But it’s with tracks like “1976,” “Ring Finger,” or the title track that just explode with RJD2 typicalities, stuff that leaves you sitting there thinking “Couldn’t this have been released 2 years ago?”

You almost expect him to go the way of “Making Days Longer,” a melodic, poetic track reminiscent of the much publicized French duo Air. The electro influences are there, alongside the lasting “Iced Lightning” or the funkified “Clean Living.” Yet, oddly enough, it’s the Cars-esque pop-rock track “Through the Walls” that stands out as the definitive single for the album. And for the summer.

Get your hands on this if you’re (1) looking for an album to blast at a kegger or (2) just a little simple something to put that all-too-necessary smart into your step. And don’t fret if you’re running low on cash—someone you know is bound to own this.

Years Review  
By Courtney Ehrlichman

YEARS. There they go, amplifying the blister already bulging with bitch ass musicians that are popping generic pills and fixing their hair all the way to the bank. Too much syndication means more opps for pop spit-shined sluts and these fucks to make cheap replicas of their superiors. A fucking disgrace.

With that said, moving right along to the point, YEARS, the band—not The Years, oh no, god forbid I incite a wave of hand-over-mouth gasps—are spewing out of Charlottesville, VA with their new self-titled release, YEARS YEARS. This group of four forty-something smarmy nitwits seem to claim they’ve been underwater throughout the last decade, turning their backs on the groundbreaking grunge of the 90s by holing up in, ironically, a garage. What those boys were actually doing... who knows. They will probably tell you they were creating prog-rock ‘masterpieces,’ all while listening to The Beatles.



What the fuck ever. This album reflects none of this introspection and goes to show that putting your head in the sand, leaving your ass in the air is truly a bitch.

Okay, so bypassing the 90s, YEARS stepped into the scene of millennial radio-pop culture totally unprepared. They make it crystal clear that they tried to recover from the slap of reality by pacifying themselves with Radiohead's otherworldly mind trips.

To be blunt, they sound like a junior-high garage band honing their skills. It's shocking to find that as each mundane track drones away there isn't anything that cannot be reminiscent of The Bends or OK Computer. It's a total blatant rip-off, with a whole lotta water taken to it. Complete lack of anything unique. Shit, I would rather listen to Ben Stein on a broken record while gnawing my left arm off. They've got to be a fucking joke.

My suggestion is for YEARS to take a shit and flush it.

Simpletons.

Xiu Xiu



Xiu Xiu came to Pittsburgh on August 9, in support of their wildly outlandish and impressive latest album, Fabulous Muscles. Unfortunately, that fits in Deek's dead week, where we're waiting to get printed. So we missed it for this issue. A little preview: They will be accompanied by On! Air! Library! and some other bands we don't care about. Anyway, it is going to be a grand spectacle of a show and, in next month's Greed Incident, we will have both a show review for you as well as an exclusive interview with Jamie of Xiu Xiu. You should be salivating over this...or at least the possible idea of titties and cock in an upcoming spread. Word up.

Seven Color Sky

By Bob Gavel

Seven Color Sky is probably the most boring band I've ever heard. Not that we have a slew of groundbreaking acts in this wet, irritating town, but most bands at least make you feel something, even if it's only power, angst, or the need for more beer. In the end, the other bands you see at the Pub, Gooskies, or the Rex make you want to stay longer and buy their records, even if you only listen it once and shove it onto your CD rack. All Seven Color sky makes me want to do is take my own life. Or throw their disk out my car window. And that's exactly what I did.

Hall of Fame Review:  
I Wish I Had Brought  
Jethro Tull's Aqualung With Me to Prison  
By Benjamin Edwards

Ever since I was thirteen years old, when I picked up Jethro Tull and

Aqualung for the first time and forgot how to love Jesus, I have wanted to write a blubbering and ceremonious article about how misunderstood genius and random acts of godlessness have paved the way for...well, just about no one—making it the perfect selection as the first Deek Magazine Hall of Fame album.

In the summer of 1971, flamboyant electric flautist Ian Anderson and his roving band of misfits traveled to Chrysalis studios to create one of the most unique albums in rock history. Though the band swears that Aqualung is not a concept album about life, death, God and lack-thereof, it is clearly demarcated into two sections: "My God" and "Aqualung." The "Aqualung" section introduces a broken, deplorable answer to Christ in modern times. In the title track, featuring its trademark guitar riff leads into a stories about his decadent mistress "Cross-Eyed Mary" and wicked takes on "Mother Goose".

Hidden within consistent brilliant and tongue-in-cheek humor, however, are tracks referencing the price of such behavior and the recognizance of mortality and the false sanctity that people associate with death. Overall, the "Aqualung" section is probably the most recognizable to casual listeners, but "My God" is much more important to the album's artistic success.

On the second half, "Locomotive Breath" picks up the most radio play and contains an intense piano solo that pianist John Evan used to play sitting either on the piano or with his back to the keys. He was good. More importantly, "Hymn #43" perpetuates the idea of a concept album, focusing on looking to the past, both personal and documented; to come up with an answer to where Aqualung's holy doppelganger went astray. Moreover, this track, so I'm told, moved Baby Boomers to scrawl its mantra, "If Jesus saves, he'd better save himself," all over bus stops and distinguished monuments while intoxicated circa 1971...

Years ago, I sat in a driving rainstorm at the Chevrolet Amphitheatre and watched the aging prog-rockers belt out an Aqualung medley. The grey in Ian Anderson's beard couldn't hide his revulsion for the pieces of music he still pretended to love. He seemed, underneath that withering beard and phony smile, like a man aching to explode. In front of me, stoned teenagers sat there with slow-minded smirks, probably high on some ridiculous designer drug, laughing into the wet air like I don't know what...retards maybe. Their actions reminded me, without words, that they were the reason Tull was still on the road. The kids sang and sang—the wrong lyrics, off key, drunk, moronic. And as I sat back, aching to watch them die, I remembered who I used to be, and realized what I needed to do. When one of them sang "Sitting on a dark bench" at final refrain of the medley, I didn't care whether the band had sold out and I didn't give a flying fuck if they wouldn't condone what I was willing to do for them. All that I cared about was that this piece of music marked the dawn of my manhood, and now it was being mocked by these silly fucking kids. Somebody had to do something...

And when I sprung and pulled the knife out of my boot, insane with rage, I remember a moment of confusion when I thought: Jethro Tull—what a

bunch of goofy bastards.

Top Four Most Awesome Rock Songs Ever (That Have the Word 'Rock' In Their Titles)

By Clinton Doggett



Most Rock bands think they love **Rock & Roll**, but how many of those bands love it enough to write songs about it? Ok, plenty. But here are the best examples:

4. Huey Lewis & the News—"The Heart of Rock & Roll"  
Huey had his doubts. He wondered, is the heart of Rock & Roll still beating? So he took a trip around the United States and found, to his pleasure and astonishment, that it was. Then he wrote about it, on album called Sports.

3. Dobie Gray—"Drift Away"  
Okay, I realize that this song doesn't have the word "Rock" in its title, but what kind of rock list would this be if I didn't break the rules a little bit? If Rock & Roll was a country, Dobie Gray's hit song would be the equivalent of that pain-in-the-ass "I'm Proud to be an American" anthem you learned in Elementary School—all stupid sentiment and blubbering glory. I hate this song. I mean, "Give me the beat, boys and free my soul, I want to get lost in your Rock & Roll?" Give me fucking break.

2. Rolling Stones—"It's Only Rock & Roll (But I Like It)"  
You blast this song from your bedroom when your girlfriend (or boyfriend) tells you: 1) that the band isn't going anywhere, and 2) that you need to get a job because (s)he's sick of paying your rent. You don't really need your spouse, anyway—you think—as long as the Rolling Stones are around. And rest assured, for better or worse, they will be.

1. Joan Jett—"I Love Rock and Roll"  
Seeing as the female of the species is absurdly underrepresented on this list, it's all too appropriate for the most bitchin' babe of them all to take the number one slot here. Jett's ode to Rock & Roll is the best of the bunch for many reasons: It's founded on one of the the wickedest guitar riffs in rock history, it sounds both dirty and cuddly at the same time, and it rocks hard and talks about why Rock & Roll is awesome. Most of the other songs on this list do the latter. Also: "I Love Rock and Roll" is the straight-up sexiest. And that's why it wins.





Photos: Doug Crissman

## William Penn Tavern

“Shadyside’s Eclectic Sports Tavern.”  
739 Bellefonte St Pittsburgh, PA 15232 (20 feet from the corner of Walnut Street and Bellefonte)  
Phone: (412) 621-1000  
By Anthony Hauser  
Happy hours are daily from 5-7pm.

Pertinent information (specials):

**Monday:** Rolling Rock: \$2, bottles. \$2, 20 oz. drafts. \$1, 12 oz. drafts.  
**Tuesday:** Budweiser: \$2, bottles. Bud Light: \$2, 20 oz. drafts. \$1, 12 oz. drafts. Wings: 30 cents.  
**Wednesday:** Blue Moon: \$2.50. Molson: \$2, Bottles; \$2, 20 oz. drafts.  
**Thursday:** Miller: \$2 bottles. Miller Light: \$2, 20 oz. drafts. Miller High Life: \$1, 12 oz. drafts.  
**Friday:** Yuengling: \$2, bottles. Yuengling Light: \$2, 20 oz. drafts. \$1, 12 oz. drafts.  
**Saturday:** Guinness: \$3.50, 20 oz. Drafts. Car bombs: \$5.50.  
**Sunday:** Budweiser: \$2, bottles. Bud Light: \$2, 20 oz. drafts. \$1, 12 oz. drafts. Wings: 30 cents.

So, they have a decent beer selection, an extensive collection of fried foods, munchies and sandwiches to feast on, and 5 large televisions playing sporting events almost constantly. So, what is it about this bar that makes it “eclectic?”

I’m pretty sure it’s the amount of girls in here. See, the place may feature some traditional accessories of a sports bar—foosball table, dart board, poker machines, football mementos, beer signs, no pool table—but, somehow, it’s not your typical testosterone-fueled frat house. And it’s not a dance arena or a club ritualistically structured to promote mating dances. It’s kinda... perfect. For anyone willing to spend a few bucks on alcohol in Shadyside. Sure, the bar is a little cramped on Friday and Saturday nights, but there’s decent seating available throughout for the rest of the week. Chill inside at one of the long tables with a group of friends, or hightail it to the back and sit outside in the warm summer air at the Tiki lounge. Whatever you do, it seems like The William Penn Tavern is capable of fulfilling your taste for booze, friends, food and sports. Give it a shot—you might like it.

**Average customer age:** Mid-20s.  
**Sausage factor:** About 60% guys.  
**Overall grade:** A.

## Hit the The Avalon Exchange—“or you’re fucked” By Cindy Yogmas

This pair of red and white polka dot polyester bellbottoms I’m examining, though thoroughly exquisite by design, I fear might make me look like a strange mermaid-clown hybrid. I instead turn my attention to a green 1960s cocktail dress calling me from across the store, but on the way over, I’m distracted by an original Cyndi Lauper tour t-shirt, about a half dozen heels and a pair of silver sunglasses that I’m convinced will make me look like a movie star. At Avalon Exchange, you find yourself amidst a mélange of everything ever considered fashionable, from vintage to up-to-the-minute wares, so it’s easy to happen upon something that totally speaks to you, and you’re guaranteed not to find it anywhere else.

It’s also the only store around here where you can sell your own clothes, trade them for someone else’s, wear them ‘till you’re bored and trade them in again—a clotheshorse’s wet dream. While you’re perusing the bountiful racks, hip young things are

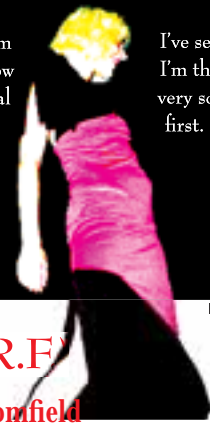
carrying-in garbage bags and laundry baskets full of their own castoffs. Looking at my own corduroy skirt and printed t-shirt, I’m considering trading in the clothes off my back at this very moment for this cowboy shirt that I’ve just found. But then I’d have no pants.

Its primo location smack dab in the middle of the Oakland business district, where now-gone stores like Bovvers and Tela Ropa and places like the Beehive once catered to a similar counter-culture clientele, allows it to be accessible to nearly every type of Pittsburgher. The foxy window mannequins gaze down at bland businesspeople and the Abercrombie-infused college crowd on Forbes Avenue from their second floor perches, attempting to lure them into their glamorous world because they know that everybody, no matter what their personal style, is bound to find something for them here.

Throughout the store’s 14 years of existence, it’s embraced every trend that ever dared to reach Pittsburgh, from the vintage/

grunge craze to the rave explosion. It’s carried cowboy boots and combat boots. Stuart McLean, owner of the store, has witnessed every fleeting trend crest and fall, and since the store’s recent transformation into the resale format, he could show you evidence of them all.

“The first thing we do is look at the style,” he says. “You can have stuff with style from Old Navy and Target, or it can be from Gucci or Prada. We get the whole gamut.” Darting through the racks, he pulls out a jacket from Split’s fall collection that he just put out, noting that it normally goes for nearly twice what he wrote on the tag. Affordability is another factor that allows the store a constant flow of inventory. “Buy, sell, trade, baby.”



Photos: NB

I’ve settled on a black and white skirt, but I’m thinking about cleaning out my closet very soon. And I’m taking everything here first.

## The Jane Doe Project—to benefit Allegheny Abused Animal Relief Fund (A.A.A.R.F.) janedoeproject@yahoo.com 8:00 pm July 31<sup>st</sup>, 2004 @ The Eye 4814 Penn Avenue in Bloomfield

By Bobby Eden

“To me, fashion is a collaboration of mystery and fantasy and beauty. And I’ve made all of my fashion choices thinking that, you know, fashion is created on the streets—like, from the youth and youth culture, you know? And as fast as it maneuvers on the runway from one style to another, I see fashion coming to fruition on the streets way, way before it enters the big department stores and chains and shit. Fashion is created by youth. Not buyers, or store managers or businessmen. It’s created by the young and innovative. And that’s who we are. And this is where we’ve come, so—” mid-sentence, someone taps this guy on the shoulder and he turns around and starts giggling. I notice the plugs in his ears—they’re black, wooden, probably gauged to a 6—and the tightness of his black, leather vest, which shows-off his midrift. I decide to call him Plug. Plug is much taller than me—easily 6’3”—and much more into this scene than I am. His body faces my direction while he talks to someone with Abercrombie sensibilities, who seems vaguely interested in what he has to say. Plug rolls into a rehearsed yap session, saying things I’ve already heard, announcing sentences I can probably recite. I wish it was cooler outside; I think about heading back in. But I can’t allow Plug to lose me until he makes his point—any point. About fashion. About creativity. Whatever. Maybe, if I’m lucky, he’ll make a point about this event—the Jane Doe Project at The Eye in Bloomfield. Plug is someone whose real name I should probably write down but, honestly, it doesn’t matter. He has nothing to do with the show from what I can tell and, already, he’s offered to sell me cocaine and acid. My mind wanders. I find out later from James Yost, 25—one of the organizers of tonight’s Charity Fashion Show—that about 300 people have come to support the Project tonight, which showcases the work of seven independent fashion designers and two stylists from Salon Nuvo. And those numbers aren’t bad considering most shows at the Eye pull in less than 80, according to off-the-record statements by Mike Pelas—a promoter here. The Jane Doe designers are working together tonight to organize an art and fashion charity event, which benefits the Allegheny Abused Animal Relief Fund (A.A.A.R.F.). I’m reminded of this as Abercrombie walks away, waving as he says something about “Show time!” I’m staring at nothing in particular, thinking about cigarettes, girls, health, new cars, concrete, hair products, the futility of the Electoral College, dollar coins, the homeless, wire reports, the weather, prostitution... Plug drones on.

“So what was I saying. Oh. Youth. Young people are really interested by past decades they haven’t existed in, you know? It’s like... How do I say this... The strings of fashion are arranged in *circles*. Just big, silly, repeating circles. 90s loved the 70s, we love the 80s and the 70s and some 60s and... This sounds familiar, right? Well anyway, all I’m trying to say is that—” I’m gradually walking away from Plug, but he’s following me, still talking, and I continue inside, toward the thump thump of speakers, into a huge, hot, dark concrete room. Spotlights are shining down a runway made of lined-up picnic tables. Models are walking, looking beautiful. Nice clothes. I’m not a fashion person but each set, each designer’s work, seems well thought out. And the models are gorgeous. Did I mention that? Gorgeous. Every third one is the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen. And again. And again. Plug is yammering on, trailing *me* now, like a dog, but I’m not listening—the music’s too loud and I don’t care. I see a dress made to look like it’s been slashed crooked by a machete around the waist. A jersey decorated with, what, leaves? Models carrying dogs. Pouty lips. Well made, locally created, excellent-looking clothing. I look down, feeling guilty, sorry for my lack of fashion sense, and see my unintentionally ripped jeans marked with ink from a broken pen, my stained, predictable, ironic indy shirt, my black Chucks covered in paint... In front of me, one designer decides to use hippy patterns in her work, which pisses me off for some reason—maybe because the cyclical nature of fashion, as I see it, hasn’t allotted enough time for hippy clothing (patchwork, tie-dyed shirts, Birkenstocks, et cetera) to surface again, as an in-vogue style, for anyone but *actual* hippies. Seems agonizingly premature. I turn around, interrupt Plug, saying: “fashion moves in cycles, not circles.”

And he nods, but I don’t think he can hear me.



## BRENTIN MOCK

BY BEN AUBIN

Since his days as a bold, social columnist for Pittsburgh's *The Bigshot College Paper*, **Brentin Mock** became a mainstay of Pittsburgh's *Bigshot Alternative Weekly* (BAW) crew as their only full-time black reporter—writing news, cover stories, interviews, and reviews for BAW for the past three years. Some of his most recent cover stories include: “Ready to Die,” which analyzed rap culture’s potential destructive influence on black youth; “Liberation won’t be Televised,” a portrait of a positive Pittsburgh hip-hop group called Liberation; and “Deconstructing Deadbeat,” discussing issues of black father-child relationships through personal histories. Brentin Mock, 26, was born in Harrisburg, graduated from Pitt with a BA in English Writing in 2002, and has a 16-month-old boy named Justice.

**Deek:** Having a kid at 26 while you’re working to become a strongly established individual in the Pittsburgh writing community... uh, is that difficult?

**Mock:** It’s extremely difficult, especially given my philosophy on parenthood, because I don’t believe in the kind of father who drops the check off to the family and you’re not there in any other kind of way. I definitely come from an area where that’s what the father’s supposed to be. He’s supposed to work all day, work all night, no time to really have an emotional investment with the family. And I always tell myself that I wasn’t going to be that kind of father. If I would have to work myself 100 percent harder during the day, I would put in 110 percent to spend time with my child. So I can’t be as aggressive as I want to be with my scheduling of the stories I want to do because I have to figure in the time I wanna spend with my son. That’s important to me because I know that’s going to be important to him when he grows up. He’s sees me, it’s great—it’s most joyous when I see my son, 16 months, with a pen on a pad, scribbling, or sitting at the computer banging away on the thing, because I know he doesn’t know what he’s doing, he’s just replicating what daddy’s doing. I rather him replicate doing that than him replicating some other guy...out...doing whatever. I don’t want my son to ever have to look past his own father, and if it’s writing, that’s positive.

**Deek:** Do you see yourself as a role model for young writers?

**Mock:** I strive to be a positive example that a lot of people—if it’s one thing, I want people to speak up, wanting their voice heard and not being muted, quieted. And I’m a heavy, heavy... *heavy* advocate of the literary arts and writing. So if I do inspire someone to pursue their goals as writers, that’s a monstrous task, because we’re no in a very literate society. And this has nothing to do with blacks. Americans in general are not readers and are not writers. When I’m around kids, I hardly ever hear kids talk about how they want to be a writer.

**Deek:** What is the regular way you organize interviewing and writing for a cover story?

**Mock:** I don’t have a formula because most of what you’re doing when you’re

doing a cover story is you’re trying to envelop whatever ambiance or zeitgeist is going on around the subject. You wanna kind of immerse yourself into that. And there’s no way of trying to formulate how you’re going to fit into the zeitgeist that’s going on. So, this is my normal course: I’ll just really fall in with the character. I would say that 80 percent of my reporting is observation, 20 percent interviewing. Interviewing is like, stupid to me, you know what I mean? Even if right now, I could just sit here just filling your head with all this stuff I want Pittsburgh to know about me even if it ain’t necessarily true. People this day and age are excellent bullshit artists. They can come up with any pristine, super-glossy answer for any question. Usually when I’m taking to people, that’s really the disposition I have.

**Deek:** So you like to read people as much as possible?

**Mock:** I like to observe. I’ll spend a whole day, or a whole week, or a couple weeks with somebody and I’ll just write down my observations. I don’t do my interviewing till the very last part, like maybe a day or two before I start to write my draft. I’ll pull out a moment, remind the subject, say, “Well what did you think about that?” At the very end, I talk to that person, talking to people who know that person, talking to people who hate that person; type my notes out, try to put some outline together so and when I write my story, just try to follow my outline as best I can. Outlines are great. If I don’t have an outline, I’ll write 10, 12 thousand words, easy. And that’s a headache, that’s a real headache. [And] I’m not saying it’s wrong. Not everybody agrees with how I do that. Some people say I spend too much time observing. I don’t apologize for that. That’s just my style.

**Deek:** A lot of your cover stories...all these stories are centralized around black issues. Is this something that *Bigshot Alternative Weekly* is interested in having you do or is this something that you personally want to take on?

**Mock:** I do stories that interest me, and it would be a great strength to the *Bigshot Alternative Weekly* and something that would be informative to people in general. *Bigshot Alternative Weekly* doesn’t assign stories. *Bigshot Alterna-*

*tive Weekly* should have the interest in it. But it’s not coming from them, it’s coming from me. As far as I’m concerned, in journalism in general, there’s a void in stories covered in minority communities, black communities. And that’s been a problem for ages. We just have an unbalanced coverage on our black neighborhoods, with many stories done on the criminal or pathologically questionable of black communities. My purpose is to fill that void, I’m not one of these black journalists who are like, “I’m not a black journalist, I’m just a journalist who happens to be black”—using these stupid, benign, safe, non-threatening ethos. It’s like, writers out here ain’t even covering their own community, and they’ll try to give this Rainbow Coalition rationalization as to why. “I’m well-versed among many different cultures,” and basically what they’re saying is they’re trying to prove to white people that they can write as good as white people and can cover the same thing as white people. Tony Norman isn’t the only one. I can name a bunch of ‘em who are like that. They care so much about how white people perceive them and they perform to the same standards as white people. It’s like, mother—you your own standard, why you trying to perform to their standard? Who you trying to prove to them that you can cover their community and cover them, while we have a plethora of communities that are under-covered? All my stories are centralized on black subjects, black characters, black themes because we don’t have enough of that. What purpose does that serve to go work for somebody and go try and cover the subjects that are overstuffed? I don’t have time to cover these communities; I don’t have time to cover what white people are doing. We have 11 other people on the staff who can cover that. So if it seems that way, I don’t really apologize for that. Again, these are black stories, but they cover different beats. A lot of people, they’ll say, “Brentin, you’re pigeon-holed, you only cover black people.” And to me that’s offensive, because that makes it seem like we’re some monolithic people that only are wrapped in one particular beat. It’s like, who’s really pigeon-holed? You can write about black people in arts, entertainment, education, law, politics, or you—you can only write about politics. Where’s the real pigeon-hole? I get that a lot.



## ...AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD

BY KEITH J. VAREDI

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead is, in my opinion, one of the most important bands in music today.

And if you don't realize that, I hope you get a clue. These guys are one of the few bands I've ever found who are as intelligent as they think they are. They are as influenced by classical music as they are punk rock. They rock as hard on their records as they do live. They destroy all their equipment and somehow seem to be forgiven. They are more than willing to give an interview or do a photo shoot or play on television, but are also able to remain fresh and mysterious. They are equally arrogant and courteous and because of this, they can pretty much do whatever the fuck they want.

**Deek:** When I was in Junior High I saw you guys on *Farmclub*, and you guys destroyed every inch of your instruments. Afterward, I thought to myself how loud and aggressive you were without sounding cheap and lame like the over-exposed "Family Values" Tour Bands. Being young and naive at the time, it was nice to see a few bands such as your own bring new life to my record collection. How do you feel about being one of the first bands to open my eyes to non-mainstream music?

**Conrad:** I feel that you should name your first child after me.

**Deek:** I don't think I can. I remember making that promise to someone else, but I can't remember who it was at the moment. So anyway... One of the main things I

learned is that you have a very deep interest in art. What made you so passionate about art and when?

**Conrad:** I think I was three? That was when I started drawing, and that was when my mother probably first told me, "When you grow up, you're going to be a great artist!" I always thought of myself as an artist, and you know those first five years of your life are the most formative. I thank my mother for this.

**Deek:** Do you have a favorite artist? An individual piece of art or an entire series or collection?

**Conrad:** When you spend time exposing yourself to lots of artists and art movements, you realize that favorites become almost futile. You realize one leads to another and how they contribute to the great artistic tradition. In general, I like high realism and symbolism of the 19th century—which excludes the Impressionists, who I think, by now, are highly overrated and have had their day in the sun. Let's move on from that, why don't we?

**Deek:** Certainly. How do you feel about many critics labeling Trail of Dead as an art-rock band? Do you think it's because of your style of music or maybe their knowledge of your love for art?

**Conrad:** If I remember correctly, we called ourselves an art rock band—that's what we told critics. The term is redundant—rock is art. I feel most people haven't realized that yet, so I keep pushing the point.

**Deek:** I remembered reading that you said your goal in life was to do hallucinogenic drugs with the

President. Is this true? Did you just give up on this goal and make up for it by touring with Queens of The Stone Age?

**Conrad:** Yeah, when Clinton was president. But let's not talk about that wretched tour.

**Deek:** Why not? I would think they would be the most fun band you've toured with so far. Can anyone really party like Queens?

**Conrad:** I found them pleasant enough as people, but their music was unbearable.

**Deek:** Fair enough. That tour went down pretty soon after you jumped to a major though. Describe the transition from Merge to Interscope.

**Conrad:** I like working with the people at Interscope because they have a worldly perspective on the music industry, and know what's going down. Having said that, there are a lot of clueless people working for major labels, and we need to poison these people.

**Deek:** You guys rotate on your instruments during live shows. Which do you think you prefer most?

**Conrad:** The viola—my newest love.

**Deek:** What made you pick that up?

**Conrad:** The Mars Music chain went out of business all across the country in September/October of 2003. While recording our EP in Nashville, I picked a viola up for \$200. To my amazement, there was something familiar and comfortable about the viola that I found quite transcending. If there is anything to reincarnation, I might have played one in a previous life. I still suck at it, though.

**Deek:** Smartest man/woman in rock 'n roll? Toughest?

**Conrad:** Smartest? Probably Steven Hawking. By tough, do you mean strength, endurance, or willpower?

**Deek:** Who would you want on your side in a bar fight?

**Conrad:** Suge Knight.

**Deek:** You guys are involved in the Austin, Texas scene. What would you say is the best thing about Austin? How about the worst?

**Conrad:** Probably the best and worst thing about Austin is its isolation. Sometimes nothing is nicer than pretending the rest of the world does not exist. But when you feel like a break from Austin, it's a very long drive.

**Deek:** Television is a good way to take a break. What was your favorite television program growing up?

**Conrad:** I'm pretty sure it was *Sesame Street*.

**Deek:** Now?

**Conrad:** Either National Geographic's *Worlds Apart* or a public access show called *Classic Arts Showcase*. At any rate, I named two of the

songs on our upcoming album after these shows.

**Deek:** Nice. So my final question: What band currently has the best chance of being this decade's Nirvana—the next band to give us all a much-needed kick in the ass and alter the shape of music forever? Or has this band yet to form?

**Conrad:** If it's not us, then I don't care who it is.

illustration by NB







GENESIS P-ORRIDGE

BY HATT HOVAN

Genesis Breyer P-Orridge is a layman's wizard and new-age metaphysician, prodigiously published and adored in the occult community—a musician who practically invented industrial music and pioneered acid-house, already a scion of the rave culture when Blondie broke. He was born Neil Megson, in Manchester, England but, never comfortable with British restraint, shocked the Queen with mid-70's performance art troupe COUM Transmissions, mixing her pics with porno, preferring to explore the boundary between life and death by downing hemlock leaves with a bottle of whiskey, running rusty needles into his skin, and flirting with a coma.

COUM, including transgressive artist Monte Cazazza and notorious pin-up vixen Cosey Fan Tutti, became seminal industrial noise band Throbbing Gristle in '78, whose funky *D.O.A.* put "Industrial" on the record bins. P-Orridge continued pushing the musical envelope by founding Psychic TV with Alex Fergusson in 1981, a wrecking ball swinging from hardcore psycho-sexual barrages to psychedelic pop. The prolific ensemble released over 70 albums, many of them bootlegged, and was at the forefront of electronic sampling, a sound inspired by acid guru Timothy Leary, Bryon Gysin, and William S. Burroughs's concept of "cut-ups."

P-Orridge pushes boundaries in other ways. A veteran cross-dresser and metrosexual, the 54-year-old father of two is currently undergoing a series of rigorous reconstructive surgeries along with his partner, Jackie "Lady Jaye" Breyer, effectively transforming the duo into androgynous twins, and invoking a third, "autonomous, pandrogynous" being, known as Breyer P-Orridge. They call the process "breaking sex."

"We're going to see how close we can get," says Lady Jaye. "[Neither of us are] too sentimental about the previous package. Happy to leave that all behind."

"One of the aims being the creation of the next being," adds P-Orridge. "Why aim for less?"

The couple underwent matching breast-implant operations on Valentine's Day for their ten-year anniversary, and P-Orridge is currently pulling all his teeth and replacing them with solid gold.

Despite these transformations, Breyer P-Orridge is surprisingly wan and mellow in character after an encore performance at The EYE, one of only three dates on the first U.S. tour of current project PTV3. PTV3—or "Pleasure Treasure Vicarious"—has taken a political edge too-often mired in P-Orridge's occult dirges of the early 80's, and made it sharply accessible, woven amongst power chords, ambient electronica, and hypnotic, "hyperdelic" beats.

In Pittsburgh, they staged a flippantly intense set on June 26th, 2004. The set was bathed in the psychedelic patina projected by visual artist Lu(x)z, including new material and classics from Psychic TV's album tribute to the Rolling Stones' Brian Jones, *Godstar*. The club's owner, Soma, confides halfway through that "Everything feels more real. I can feel this happening." The band played at the 9:30 in D.C. the night before, and NYU professor and cyber-media scholar Douglas Rushkoff, moonlighting on keyboard, reflects, "Last night, it didn't happen. It happened tonight. You created a space for 'It' to happen." *In the spirit of collaborative discourse, I asked the gents to discuss the body electric.*

**Douglas Rushkoff:** What the internet can teach someone is that, in the best of ways, they don't matter, and then they find out how they do. They matter in terms of the way they can resonate with other people. You can write a blog that no one comes to, and you're pissing in the wind. You're not really developing your consciousness; you're developing your abstract strategies.

**Genesis Breyer P-Orridge:** The internet helps people realize identity is fictional. It's just a narrative. Once they realize it's their narrative, they can write it. It doesn't have to take place on the internet.

**DR:** The most dynamic domain is real people breathing together. But people are afraid of each other. I always think of the internet as the first baby step. "I can talk to you, you can talk to me." But they don't take that out into real space.

**GBP:** The whole species is at an evolutionary crisis point. It's not going to be any one phenomenal media. Environmental, social, spiritual imperative all demand a sudden shift, a very sudden leapfrog of evolution. Everything is as much a symptom as a solution.

**Deek:** What's the evolutionary leap between Psychic TV and PTV3?

**GBP:** We represent pandrogyny now. That's the main difference. It's about pushing the species into letting go of being primitive, and becoming slightly more self-conscious. Denying all the recordings and saying we can break them and choose for ourselves. Science, medicine and technology are beginning to make that possible. It's either that or returning to this horrible medieval time. Is it the new Dark Ages, or the New Age?

**DR:** Things get to a crisis point and then there's a leap forward, but this time it's going to have to be a conscious leap. It's going to have to be a socially constructive leap.

**GBP:** This will be the first time we'd had to do it, knowing it.

**DR:** We're going to have to actually reengineer, go back to the source code.

**GBP:** I'm doing a conscious thing, as a manifestation and an invocation. I'm not doing it for my benefit. I'm doing it to immerse myself in the collective.

**DR:** You're doing it as overflow, rather than survival.

**GBP:** Mine is about the surrendering of the individual. Throwing really vivid possibilities into people's faces.

**DR:** Which is the shift. It's moving beyond (Dr. Abraham) Maslow and this whole idea of self-actualization. There is no self to actualize, finally.

**Deek:** You're not just doing this to your body; you're doing this with your partner.

**GBP:** I'm doing it with my other half in order to create a third being who only exists when we're together, and manifests itself as something that we don't control. It means letting go of the self. The idea is reunion with the divine, and the Divine is everything, before there was time. Whatever was there before Time was neither male or female. The apotheosis of union is the annihilation of the original division.

*Next, I talked with Rushkoff about his work, Breyer P-Orridge, Timothy Leary, and our responsibility to share authorship of consensus reality.*

**Deek:** You tripped with Leary?

**DR (Co-author of STONED FREE: How to Get High Without Drugs):** Well, what's tripping?

**Deek:** Come on. You took acid with Leary, in that environment he created.

**DR:** Well, not like at Millbrook. But hanging out with Leary is tripping with Leary. He's like your worst nightmare of a psychiatrist. You get called on everything.

**Deek:** Isn't that wearying?

**DR:** Yes, extremely wearying. I could only tolerate it for a couple hours at a time, and then I'd leave. Because he just had such will, or control, that if finally you didn't conform to his structure and the way he thought, you'd break.

**Deek:** Was this chess game, of sorts, willfully hostile, do you think?

**DR:** You could say he was trying to disassemble my defense mechanism, or break my neurosis. But we were two different people. There's a certain point where one man's neurosis is another man's personhood.

**Deek:** T.O.P.Y. employs a bunch of word games in their literature—"ov" for of, "coum" for come, L-if-E for life, and so on. What's with that?

**DR:** I know, it just takes longer to read something ov, thee, coum, and all that. King's England is developed out of a certain rigid culture, and that sort of play is one access panel to flipping it.

**Deek:** Many secret societies have secret words.

**DR:** He would say the words that we use are secret words. But they're other people's secret words. People like [Marshall] MacLuhan would say that we lost something when hieroglyphs became letters. They became dead letters, so we forgot that M was water, and so forth. Leary played a lot with language. Where he'd break up a word. It wouldn't be the Greek phonetic meaning, it would just be this other way of looking at it. I'm more into people sharing authorship for the world they're living in, and having the ability to use language. "Cutting-up" is like this step along the way. Before you actually author, you can cut up other things; like a DJ.

**Deek:** But at a certain point, you have to begin to compose?

**DR:** Deconstructionism and post-modernism are all great things, but it's like, "enough already." You take everything apart to the point where there's almost no potential energy in it.

**Deek:** We all need to be our own teachers, and we all need to be students because the work is changing. The culture should be about learning. Why promote language that is esoteric and alienating? Unification is collective consciousness.

**DR:** There's compromise and softness required to do that. That's where Leary failed, why he was not a great teacher. Because he was like, "My way or the highway." It's different now.

There're teachers that don't listen to students anymore. Why are they teaching, then?





Photos: Doug Crissman

AS A SCREAMO

BY KEITH J. VARAD

Q: So is screamo just emo with screaming?

A: That would make sense, wouldn't it?

Q: I was told emo kids wear tighter versions of what their grandfathers wore forty years ago and goofy glasses. My grandfather is pretty fat and he kind of smells like ham barbeque. Plus I hate pussies, so I was thinking maybe I should try out this screamo thing. What should I pick up to get screamo girls to like me?

A: Black hair dye, pomade, black eyeliner, some tight shirts, some designer jeans two sizes too long or two sizes too short [so you either have to roll them or show some leg when you are sitting down]. Oh, and a hip belt with some shotguns on the buckle or something. Ah hell, I don't know. To be honest, I'm not really sure what the fuck screamo is, but I think I've got a pretty damn good hold on it. My advice: Check out the website of whatever band *Spin* or *Rolling Stone* told you was screamo, and go from there. Why are you fucking bothering me with this crap in the first place? Good luck looking fashionably hardcore. Ass.

Q: I started an emo/punk/metal/hardcore band with a jazz influence last week with my four best friends and I am the lead singer/keyboardist/per-cussionist. We're having a rough time figuring out a name that will make our band as awesome as we really are off stage and out of the studio. Do you have any suggestions?

A: Okay man, this one is a piece of cake. In order to make it clear how in-tensely tough you badasses are, yet also get across that you have a sensitive side, you need to include and combine "contrasting" words of love, hate, delight, and despair. Here are some possibly profitable names: Summer Blood Lust, Lovely Bullets and Lonely Graves, or Lip Gloss on the Knife. Start writing some songs filled with the same bar chords over and over again and ultra-experimental/progressive single note leads and accompanying lyrics like, "The stars are beautiful tonight, but not as beautiful as your decaying corpse in the twilight," and you will be added to this year's *Hell Fest* roster lickity split. Rock on, killer.

Q: I think screamo is, hands down, the best genre of music out these days. Why don't screamo bands get the same peer and media recognition as a lot of other gayer bands get?

A: Cause gayer bands usually have talent. Gay people are more talented than straight people. Everyone knows that. [Shit, where do we get these letters?]

Q: Hot Topic is selling merchandise from all my favorite bands. Does that mean they sold out?

A: Who cares? I wouldn't give a shit about whose chests were bearing the crests of these most sacred and revered bands of yours unless they are the chests of some of those fine ass, sappy, depressed-looking, paler-than-pale females dressed up in black who look like they would have fucked Robert Smith or Ian Curtis back in the day. Or maybe even Keith Morris for that matter.

Q: If I sign up for a Suicide Girls membership, is that screamo?

A: Ew.

DR. BRIAN WILL SOLVE YOU

BY DR. BRIAN

askdrb@yahoo.com

Q: In talking to a friend of mine, she told me that it is common for lesbians to have one-sided sex, meaning, they take on the role of "top" and "bottom." Do you think this true for most lesbian couples?

A: I have to be honest: I totally stopped reading your question after I hit the word "lesbian." Once I came across that word my head was suddenly filled with images of cute sorority girls in various stages of undress having pillow fights and doing all sorts of sordid things to each other. Most guys, even advice columnists, cannot seem to resist the lure of the lesbian myth. A fact that Howard Stern, *Tatú*, and the producers of "Girls Gone Wild" have used to their advantage.

fantasy as watching two women, probably for the same reasons. However, to know for sure, I'll need to conduct a bit more research... Now that I've explained myself (in print anyway), perhaps my own girlfriend will be more open (if she doesn't break up with me first; good thing I write under an alias).

Okay, unrelated digression aside, I can now get to your question of whether most lesbians assume "top" or "bottom" roles in sex. Again, I need to be honest: I was just stalling earlier because I really don't know what you are talking about. I've heard those terms used in the context of gay male relations, referring to whether a person thinks it's better to give or receive, but never among lesbians. Truth is, I fell short on this one.

You asked if this is true for most lesbian couples, and my gut reaction is no, only because of your use of the word "most." However, being ignorant in this matter, I present the issue to my lesbian readers. Are these roles as common as Q's friend suggests? Please send your comments to the address below.

One thing I do know is that many women find pleasing a partner more satisfying than their own physical sensations, and in many relationships, one person can dominate the other. But, does this turn lesbians into tops or bottoms? I don't know. It's nice to imagine lesbian couples as consisting of two nubile young ladies engaging in some equal-opportunity mouse-clicking, but I'm sure there are plenty of selfish dykes out there that just want to get theirs, roll over, and fall asleep; just like us breeders.

from Dr. G:

P.S. Above, I made reference to the lure of the lesbian MYTH. When straight men imagine lesbians, much like the sorority girls I was daydreaming of just a few short paragraphs ago, we don't really imagine lesbians. What we usually picture can be described as a cross between Hollywood, porno, and attention-getting nightclub antics that are far removed from reality. I know many lesbians and all are good, beautiful women that would never entertain the idea of sharing their relationship with a man, no matter how hard he begged. Or maybe it's just me.

Got a question for the Doctor? Send him an email askdrg@yahoo.com



I'm often asked why men are so fascinated with the idea of sex between women, and since I can't seem to think about anything else at the moment, I'll use this space to finally draft an answer. First, men are overwhelmingly more sexually driven than women. This has been shown over and over in research and a quick glance around at the world we live in should be enough to convince even the most diehard skeptic. We simply think about it and want it more. WAY more. We think about sex all the time. Hell, I'm struggling to write this column because my thoughts keep drifting.

Men are also more visually oriented than women. That, plus our ever-present thoughts of sex, equals a virtually insatiable demand for erotic imagery. Straight or gay, men are the major consumers of pornography, strip clubs, and, I suspect, the Victoria's Secret catalogue. Within all that demand for images, there are unlimited niches including: Thin girls, big girls, tall girls, short girls, girls jumping on trampolines, girls standing next to cars, and girls eating bananas. Which brings me to the obvious conclusion that if us (straight) guys like looking at images of girls so much, then I'm guessing it's fairly logical to think that we'd like looking at images of multiple girls. Together. Oh man. That is so cool.

Plus, there is always a chance that the "lesbians" aren't lesbians at all, but simply a pair of bi-curious cuties that would eagerly welcome us men into their boot knocking. Threesomes are as common a male



## August thru September:

**Now & Then CUD 2004** 15-year retrospective exhibition of collaborative artists John Drury and Robbie Miller otherwise known as CUD. See past work and new work created especially for and by Pittsburgh. Thru September 4. 6 p.m. Pittsburgh Glass Center, Friendship. Free. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Delanie Jenkins & Janyce Erlich Moss Exhibition** Manchester Craftsmen's Guild presents a dual exhibition featuring an installation by artist Delanie Jenkins, who uses harvested plant products as art materials, along with large-scale, black & white pinhole photographs of the urban landscape by Janyce Erlich-Moss. Fridays, thru September 3. 6 p.m. Manchester Craftsmen's Guild, Northside. Free. All Ages. <http://www.thisishappening.com>

**Oldies at T's Lounge** If you're looking for the extreme oldies, if you wanna get clued into that Pittsburgh sound, you wanna get down to T's and check out Charlie Apple from Music Power 104. Every other Tuesday thru September 7. 7 p.m. Free. All Ages.[www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Spoken Word Open Mic** The mic is open for anyone to express their inner child or just practice romantic metaphors that will you get you laid. Tuesdays thru September 21. 9 p.m. Shadow Lounge, East Liberty. \$3. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Tango Tuesday** On Tuesdays the Tango Cafe stays open late to allow local Tango dancers to move to the music. All levels welcome. Tuesdays thru September 21. Tango Café, Squirrel Hill. Free. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Live Latin Folk Music** Local guitarists and other musicians meet at the Tango Café for informal latin folk music sessions. Experience the music while you enjoy a coffee or submarino drink and a delicious homemade Argentinean pastry! Every Wednesday thru September 22. 9 p.m. Tango Café, Squirrel Hill. Free. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Acoustic Open Stage** This night is designed to provide a platform for novice and expert singer-song writers to polish their skills. Hosted by Abby Ahmed. Every Wednesday thru September 22. 9 p.m. Shadow Lounge, East Liberty. \$3. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**FUZZ! 100% Drum and Bass** Featuring resident DJs from 412DNB and FaithinDNB, plus local, national and international guest DJs. Fun, drunken atmosphere, and one of the deadliest soundsystems in the city provided by Wizard Workshop. Every Wednesday thru September 22. 10 p.m. Bloomfield Bridge Tavern, Bloomfield. \$5. 21+. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Thursday Night Downtown** A weekly gabfest & gathering of big thinkers, beer drinkers, soda jerks, journalists, jabberjaws, theoreticians, thespians, comedians, lowbrows, politicians, and the otherwise-inclined. All working together on the principle of revitalizing Downtown, one beer at a time. Everyone's invited. Politix, politix & more politix. If you wanna work the 2004 election, let's talk, we've got the plan(s). Every Thursday thru Sept. 23. 5:30 p.m. Sammy's Famous Corned Beef, 9<sup>th</sup> St. Downtown. Free. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**DigitalGoodtime** presents Solution at Chemistry. Digital Goodtime is proud to present Solution at Chemistry, where the world's top electronic music performers display their skills alongside the resident DG DJs. Every Thursday night thru September 23. 9 p.m. Club Chemistry, Strip District. \$5 before midnite -\$7 after. 21+. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**HOT HIP HOP THURSDAYS** with DJ JOHN G of the JHN STREET TEAM. REAL Hip-Hop, R&B, Reggae and YOUR REQUESTS live on the Technics 1200's for the biggest Thursday night Hip Hop party on the South Side. Every Thursday thru September 23. 10 p.m. Rumshakers, South Side. \$3. 21+. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com)

**DEEPER** Come dance and groove to Deep and Soulful House every Friday Late Night with the DJs of Club Havana. Every Friday night thru September 24. 2-4 a.m. Shadow Lounge, East Liberty. \$3. 21+. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Hip-Hop Cafe Series** The best open stage/open mic night in the Mid Atlantic. 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. Every Friday night thru September 24. 10 p.m. Shadow Lounge, East Liberty. \$8. 18+. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**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. Each Saturday 10:30 to 11:45 a.m. thru September 25, 2004. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Spanish Conversation** An open group of native and non-native speakers meets at the Tango Café 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 maté! Every Saturday thru September 25. 3:30 p.m. Tango Café, Squirrel Hill. Free. All Ages.

**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 MeetUp.com for more info. Thursday, August 26 and Thursday, September 27. 7 p.m. Carpenters Hall, Greentree. Free. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

## August:

**Heritage Players Audition** at Heritage Players in Bethel Park August 20th. Thank you.

**Drawing Closer** For one week, a group of eleven artists from Pittsburgh and beyond will have unlimited access to Future Tenant, where they will create a collaborative drawing on paper installed on the gallery walls and ceiling. Each artist will contribute to the drawing as the opening date approaches, adding his or her distinct style to the piece, while adhering to a set of guidelines established by the group at the project's inception. Friday, August 6 - Saturday, August 7; Tuesday, August 10 - Saturday, August 14; Tuesday, August 17 - Saturday, August 21; Tuesday, August 24 - Friday, August 27. Begins at Noon. Future Tenant, Downtown. Free. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**WPA for Kerry** GENERAL MEETING. Come join the local Kerry supporters and learn about how you can get involved Check out the WPA for Kerry page at the John Kerry Volunteer Center - <http://volunteer.johnkerry.com/member/165370>. Thursday, August 12. 7 p.m. Carpenters Hall, Green Tree. Free. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com)

**W.A.S.P.** Over the years, W.A.S.P. has created some of the most controversial and thought-provoking records in the history of metal. Thursday, August 12. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$17 adv, \$20 day of show. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com)

**Lushwell CD Release Party** Lushwell has spent the past nine months regrouping, writing, and recording the newest album, As Told From the Fireside. The album infuses many styles and artist influences such as: Bjork, Enigma, Faithless, Pearl Jam, Brad, Erykah Badu, Belly, and Tori Amos. A modern-day masterpiece, As Told, focuses on the dynamics of emotion and unconventional linear song structures. With no shortage of haunting guitars, ethereal pads, pulsing beats and honest lyrics The Fireside stands to tell stories of love, loss, and rebirth. Friday, August 13. 10:30 p.m. Club Café, Southside. \$5. 21+. [www.clubcafelive.com](http://www.clubcafelive.com).

**Kittie w/ Candiria**, 36 Crazyfists, and Twelve Tribes. Kittie has come a long way since their inception as a humble garage band in London, Ontario, Canada. With the success of their certified gold debut album SPIT, Kittie has matured and evolved into an even more dynamic metal force that transcends all age and gender barriers. Kittie will help bring metal back to perspective and back to the people. Friday, August 13. 7:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**Soophie Nun Squad @ Roboto** (plus Defiance, Ohio and McGonigle) Soophie Nun Squad. Featuring ridiculous dance party music from the heart of Arkansas with costumes, skits, theater, and lots and lots of dancing. Saturday, August 14. 7 p.m. Mr. Roboto Project, Wilkinsburg. \$5. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Much The Same** w/ As My Shadow Fades, Nothing

Special, Linus, Unarmed . Much the Same is an aggressive, melodic punk rock band from the south side of Chicago. Since 1999 this group has been working hard to create catchy yet powerful music, while steadily growing in popularity through shameless self-promotion and tons of hard work. Sunday, August 15. 6:00 p.m. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**BoDeans w/ Looseleaf** The BoDeans, one of the premier American roots-rock bands, forged a signature sound based on heartfelt lyrics, passionate harmonies and ringing guitars. That sound first surfaced on the group's critically acclaimed debut, LOVE & HOPE & SEX & DREAMS. The band is now back with Resolution, an inspired collection of classically simple songs. Monday, August 16. 7:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. HYPERLINK "http://www.mrsmalls.com" [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**Addison Groove Project** Formed in 1997, this Boston sextet puts on a hot show and has developed a strong foundation with strategic and constant concert appearances over the past four years. AGP's latest album "Wicked Live 2" showcases drums, bass, keyboards, guitar, and horns which layer deep funk and subtle intricacies over expansive soundscapes. Prog-future-jam-funk-rock. Friday, August 27. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. HYPERLINK "http://www.mrsmalls.com" [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**Nick Dipaulo** One of the quintessential "guido" comics, Nick brings brash Italian humor straight from the streets of NYC. A regular on "Tough Crowd with Colin Quinn" and "Crank Yankers" he has also performed other menial tasks for Comedy Central, including the recent flop "Shorties watchin' Shorties." The antithesis of political correctness, Nick DiPaulo can make you laugh at jokes you'd otherwise pretend to be offended to hear. Friday, August 13. 8 p.m. and 10:15 p.m. The Funnybone, Station Square. 21+. [www.funnybonepgh.com](http://www.funnybonepgh.com).

**Jim Gaffigan** Jim Gaffigan will be considered a legend after he dies. A comic whose face you've seen but name you can't recognize, Jim brings a dry Mid-Western style of humor that takes casual observations about daily life to a hilarious new high. His unusual style is unique and will have you belly-laughing within minutes. Friday, August 20. 8 p.m. and 10:15 p.m. The Funnybone, Station Square. 21+. [www.funnybonepgh.com](http://www.funnybonepgh.com).

**Free Salsa Dance Demonstration** Learn hot Salsa dance steps in free demonstration hosted by Borders and Inecom Entertainment Company Saturday, August 21. 7 p.m. Borders in Monroeville. Free. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Wednesday Fourth Avenue Walking Tour** You'll see buildings designed by more than a dozen notable architects, in styles ranging from Greek Revival to Post Modern. Meet in the parklet adjacent to Dollar Bank, Smithfield Street & Fourth Avenue. This one-hour tour ends in Market Square. Every Wednesday in August. Noon. Free for Landmarks Members, \$3 non-members. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Glam Nite** Every Monday night thru August 30. 9 p.m. Jekyl and Hyde Club, Southside. 21+. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

## September

**Shinedown** w/ Crossfire and Silvertide. Vocalist Brent Smith, guitarist Jasin Todd, bassist Brad Stewart, and drummer Barry Kerch of Shinedown have fully absorbed influences ranging from the classic sounds of Skynyrd and Led Zeppelin to the soulful stirrings of Otis Redding to the likes of Staind and Tool - and have filtered them all through their own unique musical perspectives. Wednesday, September 1. 7:30 p.m. Mr.Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**First Fridays at the Frick** An Evening with Fred Hersch and special guest Kate McGarry. As one of the most prolific jazz pianists of his generation, Fred Hersch is acclaimed for his ability to re-invent the standard jazz repertoire, investigating time-tested classics and interpreting them with keen insight and extraordinary technique. Jazz vocalist Kate McGarry's reverence for traditional jazz form and flair for innovative styling infuse each of her songs with her own inventive, soulful perspective. Friday, September 3. 7 p.m. Rain date: Sept 4. Frick Art and Historical Center, Point Breeze. Free. All Ages.

**Benevento / Russo Duo** Three years ago, Marco Benevento and Joe Russo - musicians who had played together as youngsters - formed the genre-busting combination henceforth known as THE DUO. Originally comprised of Hammond organ and drums, and recently adding other keyboads and electronic effects, the pair creates a sound deeply rooted in jazz and rock. Tuesday, September 7. 7 p.m. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**Cuarteto Latinoamericano** Musicians in residence at Carnegie Mellon University are among the world's most acclaimed Latin American classical musicians. Cuarteto Latinoamericano has performed at the world's premiere music festivals and has been nominated for two Grammy Awards. Don't miss this opportunity to hear this award-winning quartet. Thursday, September 9. 7:30 p.m. The Alumni Concert Hall at Carnegie Mellon University, Oakland. Call (412-268-2383 for ticket info. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Performance** Dancing Out, Looking In - Attack Theatre Innovative dance duo, Michelle de la Reza and Peter Kope of Attack Theatre have choreographed another dynamic, exciting site-specific performance in response to Félix de la Concha's new exhibition at the Frick. Space is limited. Don't miss it! Advance registration required. Thursday, September 9 - Friday, September 10. 8 p.m. Frick Art Museum, Point Breeze. \$15 members/students, \$20 non-member/guests. All Ages. [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com).

**Drive by Truckers** w/ Allison Moorer Who

are the Drive-By Truckers? Four big, loud Southern men and 1 purty Southern gal. Hit the road in 1998, played over 400 shows in 2 1/2 years while recording and releasing (independently) 3 albums - Took six months off to mix and raise the money to release their 4th album - Put out Southern Rock Opera themselves and hit the road again. Sunday, September 12. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**Melvins** w/ Convulsant, Vaz. It's been about twenty years since the world had it's first taste of the Melvins, and nearly twenty albums later, it's like second nature waiting to see what these clever men are gonna bang out next. After releasing four albums in the last two years--you'd think they'd give it just a little rest at this point—these geniuses go and put out the coolest thing all you nerds, metalloids, and stoners out there could wet your pants over- Pigs of the Roman Empire. Monday, September 13. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**Ekoostik Hookah** One of the most dynamicacts on the raod today, ekoostik hookah is the nucleus of a growing family drawn to its lucid, improvisational treatment of psychedelic rock "n" roll, blues, funk, jazz and bluegrass layered with rich harmonies. Born early in 1991 in a smoky basement bar, the band has been continually evolving, cultivating a sound that has. Saturday, September 18. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. 9 p.m. All Ages. [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).

**Decide w/ Goatwhore**, Cattle Decapitacion, Diabolic, Sathanas. Known the World over as one of the founding fathers of Death Metel, Decide stands as one of the most influential and controversial metel bands of all time. With a relentlessly brutal sound and uncompromisingly blasphemous lyrics, Decide helped set and the standards for Death Metal. Thursday, September 23. 6:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theater, Millvale. All Ages. [www.mrsmalls.com](http://www.mrsmalls.com).





Reactionary in approach, **Shawn Barber**'s paintings juxtapose reality with that of sublime imagination. And while other contemporary artists have mined similar creative territory, using his or her respective medium as a vehicle to project social, psychological, or political commentary, Barber transcends the usual artistic trappings thanks to his fresh visual interpretations and superior skill with a brush.

"My personal work has always been a reaction [or] response to the present — a cynical commentary on the disheartening nature of man," says Barber, the thirty-something freelance artist and teacher currently living in Sarasota, Florida. "The message is never overtly literal in an attempt to allow the viewer their own personal interpretation of the imagery."

Though Barber leaves the audience to deduce its own conclusions, his vivid brush strokes, whether drenched in crimson hues or stark monochromatic tones, evoke a strong emotional response. For instance, in paintings like "Apprehension," "Red Head," and "The Message," Barber chooses to use baby dolls to populate the visual landscape of each piece — effectively capturing distinct and haunting portraits of American society. And while Barber himself manifests these visual concepts, he is aware of his responsibility to a wider audience.

"I think that creating is an expression of self, but we live in a world of interaction," Barber says. "No one lives in isolation. Therefore, any response from the self has to be a reaction from within — a response to something that is reflected from the senses. The audience is integral, whether it's immediate or after the fact"

When examining Barber's commercial work, it seems almost a page pulled from a different book. Executed with the same intensity and meticulous detail, it is a distinct contrast from that of his dark and cerebral personal pieces. Commissioned by a diverse roster of clients, ranging from illustrations for magazines like *The Progressive* and *Complex* to paintings for Elektra Records and even site-specific pieces for the Grammy Awards, the scope of Barber's work is striking and stylistically rich.

"I definitely prefer the personal work, but I really do enjoy the challenges that come with each commercial commission," Barber says. "With teaching full time [and] being a full time freelance artist, my personal work has suffered for sure."

A self-described workaholic, Barber seems bent on making up for time lost during his late teens and early twenties — a restless period in which he neglected his penchant for art while switching between a handful of odd jobs.

"It was a combination of things," says Barber, referring to what spurred him to renew his personal investment in art. "[It was] guilt from not pursuing something in the arts and the need to take myself out of the monotonous grind that most waste their lives away through."

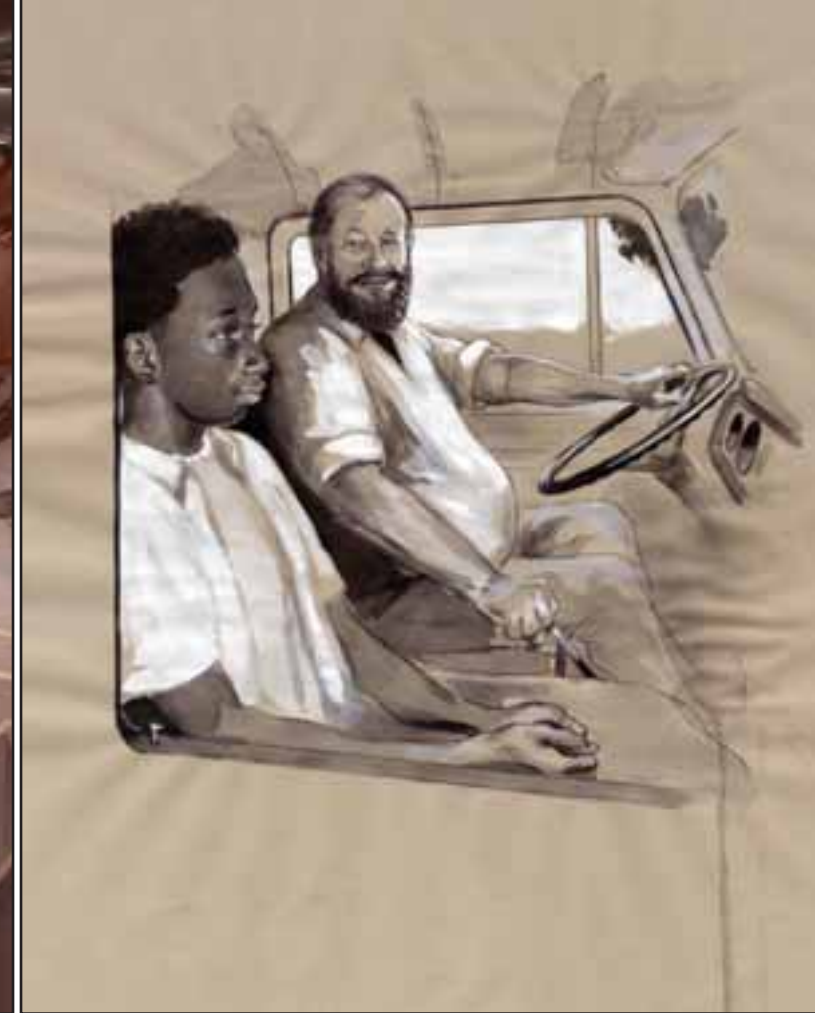
Approaching the pursuit of his art career with fiery determination, Barber relocated from his native Cortland, New York to attend the Ringling School of Art & Design in Florida. Now, fully invested in the concept of developing his raw artistic talent, Barber fully embraced the experience.

"I was older, had worked for several years at whatever jobs, and was really excited about creating things," he explains. "I was a sponge and took in everything that I could. I had a handful of artist friends and instructors that were serious enough about creating good work that it opened my eyes to infinite possibilities."

These possibilities are still what fuel Barber's ambition. And in addition to working on commissioned pieces and teaching at a frantic pace, his future seems even more promising. With a move to San Francisco planned for late Summer/early Fall, Barber is hoping to focus his efforts on personal work and gallery exhibitions — building upon an already diverse collection of paintings and illustrations.

"I'm really excited for the move to San Francisco," Barber says. "I'm taking some time away from teaching to focus much more on my personal work. [I] can't wait to see what comes from the inspiration of a new city, a new experience."

For more information: [www.sdbarber.com](http://www.sdbarber.com)



page opposite: clockwise, from left *apprehension*, *diamond* pg 26, *all things considered*, *sims*









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