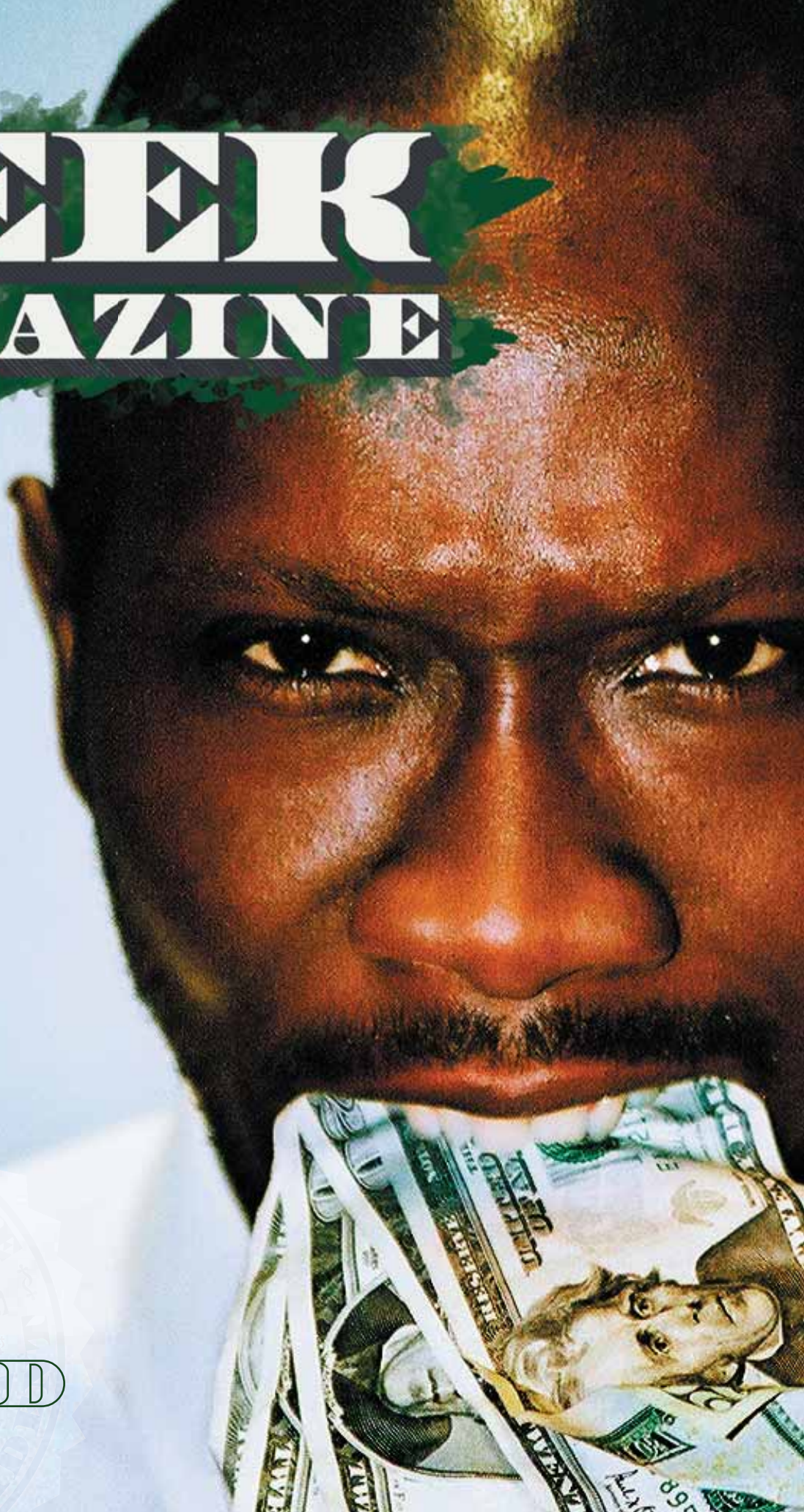


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The Greed Incident

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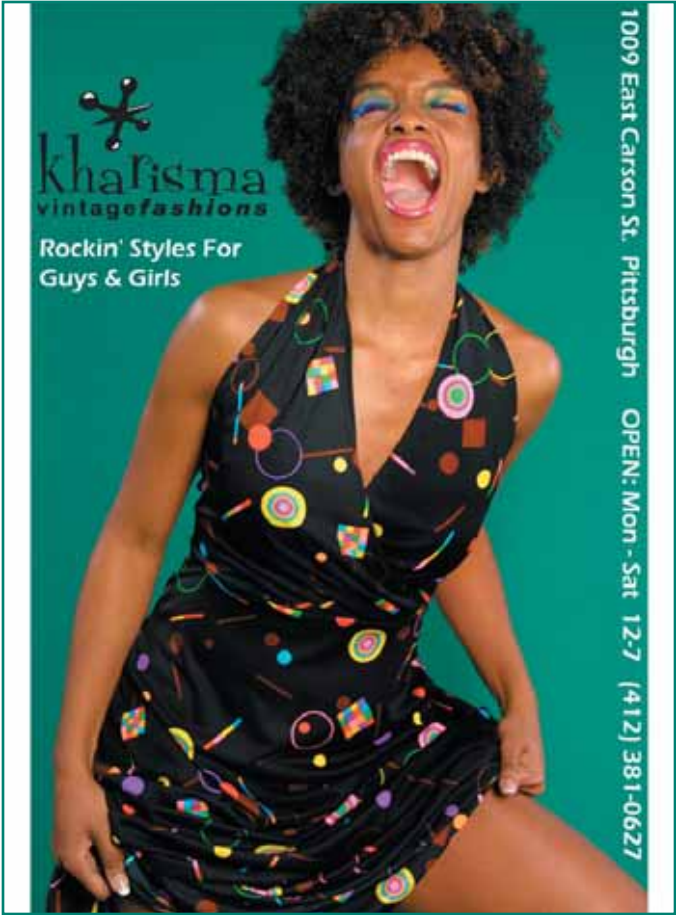
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The Greed Incident –

An exercise in arbitrary avarice

October, 2004

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Letter from the editor:

Letter from the editor

So, this woman (we'll call her Karen) wants to write a nonfiction story for Deek about a string of murders all linked to the same man. The murders all happened in 1983. Turns out, Karen has some close relation to the story — her cousin was killed and Karen was too young to know what was going on. She's digging up pieces of her history, I guess. Whatever. Sounds like an interesting piece, right?

So I tell her to go ahead with it. And she does. But she doesn't write what I'm looking for — it's a little too flowery, she didn't do any real research, and blah blah, I tell her to try again. But after thinking a bit more about the topic, I'm not only interested in the story, I'm *keyed up*. I mean, if done well, it could really be something great — something *meaningful*. It could inspire women's rights groups to march on Washington! It could bring prison politics back to the national forefront! It could... I don't know, inspire, maybe, Deek-based television shows and book deals and movie deals and unsolicited sex offers from well-known actors and actresses and, you know, general good stuff.

In short, I *really* want it to work. And I really want to help her make this piece the best it can possibly be. So I get to thinking about how to write — how to *think* — as a serial killer. Again.

To do this, I take out Ellis' *American Psycho*, Michaud's *The Only Living Witness: The True Story of Serial Sex Killer Ted Bundy*, and *Son of Sam: The .44-Caliber Killer* by George Carpozi from the library. For reference. And that's pretty much where Karen exits my story, and everything tunes back into reality.

I start reading these books — first *American Psycho*, then *Witness*, then *Son of Sam* — during lunch breaks. And I happen to be carrying these books when I walk, alone, into Queekies Subs one day, where things go completely fucking sideways.

I order, get to the checkout counter and wait for the only employee — a young girl, maybe 16 or 17, streaked blonde hair, lots of makeup, hoop earrings, the works — to take my money. As she's fiddling with the cash register, punching in numbers, kinda confused about something, some guy — big, greasy, white, fat, breathing heavy; smells like alcohol, wears a wife beater with holes in it — walks into the place and stands right next to me, actually pushing me aside. I'm a pacifist, I let it slide. She ignores him. He leans on the counter and asks her:

"Hey baby. What time you workin' till?"

She looks up from the register, scared. She says: "That's none of your business."

He says: "Aw baby, no need to be shy. All I wanna do is talk."

She says: "If you do this again, I'm calling the police." Then she walks to the telephone on the wall behind her, never taking her eyes off him, and picks up the receiver, threatening him.

He gives her a really disgusting smirk — a perverted scowl — looks her up and down, and says: "I'll be back for you later." Then he exits. And she

and I are left alone again.

She's still completely frozen, eyes now closed, holding the phone in her hand. Moments pass in quiet. Suddenly startled, she only hangs up when we hear the heavy beeps that come from the phone after a while — "If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and—" "

So there's silence now, and she's walking away from the register, away from me, with her hand on her forehead. She walks into a back room, out of sight, then returns after a minute or so. But now her face is red and she looks predictably... petrified.

I don't know what to say. And by now, I'm late for a meeting — I want to help, but I'm completely unable to think. So I say:

"Uh, how much?"

She looks at me with hawk eyes, suddenly fuming. She says, a little too calmly:

"How much... for what." Then angrier, louder: "How much for what... *sir*."

"The sandwich," I say. "How much for the sandwich."

And here, she completely breaks down — her face gains more color, more red, she frowns and it turns hard, but the muscles around her mouth are quivering; her eyes close slowly; she's looking at me, wanting help, not knowing how to ask for it; first, a single tear streams from her right eye, then her left, and then more, then waterworks; she starts sobbing, walking backwards, sitting, sinking, collapsing onto the counter behind her. I look at my sandwich, then at her. What the fuck is going on.

So, trying to comfort her, I say: "Listen: Hey," then softer, "*Hey*, c'mon. It's gonna be okay, ok?" No reaction. "C'mon. Get up, please? It's gonna be okay. You want me to call the cops? Anything? God, Jesus, I'm... sorry, anything — I'll do anything. Just please stop crying, fuckin'... shit." No idea what to do.

After minutes that feel like days, she gains a little composure and stands up — she opens her eyes, wipes her face with her hand; she now has the sniffles. She walks toward me, toward the counter. I hand her... what? I hand her a fucking napkin and a ten dollar bill. She looks at me, embarrassed, laughing a little at, I can only assume, how little I have to offer her.

With this, I smile and ask her what's going on. She explains: This guy has been stalking her for months. About twice a week, he'll come in asking for her number, looking at her like meat, promising to "take [her] home after work." She calls the police occasionally but, normally, by the time they get there, she's alone again, he's gone, and she has to explain something when there's nothing to see. Why is a 16-year-old alone at a place like this, here, on Liberty Avenue, when assholes like that are roaming around? Who fucking knows. Her boss can't do anything about it, and the guy who's supposed to work with her now is always late (but won't get fired, she says, because he's related to the owner). She lives with her aunt, who doesn't give a shit, won't do anything, and doesn't care. So she's completely lost, unable to do anything. Her only respite is that this fat, wife-beater bastard has never actually come through with any of his threats — he has never actually found her outside work.

After hearing this, I'm forced to say: "Wow. you should really... watch out." I tell her I'm going to call the police when I sit down, and that I'll wait with her until her shift mate gets to work. This makes her smile.

Uselessly, I say: "You just gotta be careful, okay?"

She says: "Yeah, totally."

Finally, after all this, she rings me out and gives me change. I nod my thanks, and pick up my sandwich tray, starting to head to a table. I came here for a meal, remember.

But when I lift my tray, she looks down and sees what's underneath it — my Deek reference materials: *American Psycho*, *Ted Bundy*, *Son of Sam* — which I reach for in a moment of panic, trying to hide them. But I fail miserably. She looks at me and we share an excruciating moment of silence before she reaches down, hands me a plastic bag and asks me to leave. I force out a series of nonsense in staccato b-b-b, uh — before trying to explain... but I can't; it wouldn't work. And now she's got the phone in her hand again, quivering once again, ready to cry again, threatening to call the police again. But this time, she's threatening to call the police on *me*.

"Get... *out*," she says. And, after a moment, I can do nothing but. I take the bag and leave, wondering if it might be in my best interest to spike Karen's story.

Made me feel greedy, hostile, dirty.

Anyway, that aside, I recommend you take a deep gander at this issue. It's... interesting. Greed, man. All over your ass like arcing ropes of slop in a dirty movie. Or gold coins on Scrooge McDuck — the planet's richest waterfowl — swimming in inside a skyscraper filled with kiz-*ash*. Many thanks to boice-Terrel Allen for being our cover boy and artistic experiment, and to all our models for taking part in Deek's Photoshoot Perversity at the Eye, on Penn Avenue. Thanks also, to you bastards, for picking this shit up, for submitting your work, for keeping the Deek nightmare lively.

With love and squalor,

Stroud

Chief

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Fucked up letter of the month:

Date: 07/23/2004
From: Personals Member
To: Cock Wielding Super Fuck Pecker Dirty Balls and Vagina Man!
Subject: Your profile was rejected

Help us make your profile the best it can be!

Hey Cock Wielding Super Fuck Pecker Dirty Balls and Vagina Man!:

We want to help you create the best profile possible. Remember, your profile is what makes or breaks your chance to make connections, so let's work together to improve it.

What wasn't accepted and why?

Our customer care team reviewed your profile and found the following problems:

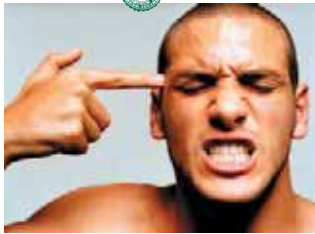
Profile text, Personals Name, Profile Image, and Headline

Your profile includes obscene, profane, or vulgar information.

So how do you make your profile compliant?

Edit your profile description and photo now and re-submit your profile. We also recommend reviewing profiles and photos on Wahoo! Personals to find descriptions and photo styles that most appeals to you. If you're not sure why your profile and your photo weren't approved, let us help you.

Thank you for using Wahoo! Personals.



Letters to the editor (unedited words from around the campfire):

The collective of Deek,

I just wanted to state that the web page is looking sexy and I really dig the progression of the magazine. Also I hope that we can be in contact soon regarding I possibly doing some photography for you guys I think it could be lots of fun. Anyways its late night and I've got to get up and sling some cds in the morning so have a wonderful night and hope to hear from you soon.

Rob G

Hi,

I had an idea. Since the Rock'n Roll Report ceased publication, there's no good print forum where musicians seeking other musicians can post free ads. The City Paper's music ad section is lame because it costs a fortune to advertise in it and can often take six months to find who you're looking for. Plus, there's no more Pulp and no In Pittsburgh.

If you could spare a page or two, (plus I know, manpower, etc.) and post free musicians wanted and musicians available ads, your publication would become the bible for Pittsburgh's local music population.

Just a suggestion.

Pamela Simmons

Dear Deek:

[Being on the cover of the Manifesto Incident] was rad... i'm getting reconised everywhere and people are actually asking for my autograph... how funny is that?

Hel

Rich Engel, of Pittsburgh Filmmakers on whether or not he'd consider his blog, the Iron City weblog, a venture into publishing"

"mmmaybe"

Dear Deek:

DEEK Magazine has very tiny text font too hard to read on black backgrounds.

Hip-Hop Mom (via deek's profile at www.emayhem.com)

Dear Deek:

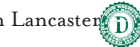
I consistently write and edit for Deek, yet, somehow my last name was "accidentally" misspelled in my Trail of Dead interview in the last issue and my middle initial was "accidentally" excluded in my Cex interview in the issue before that. Since I, myself, obviously would not commit such fuck-ups, the only person to blame is my alcoholic friend and editor-in-chief, Stroud. I would not be surprised if he was slopped up out of his mind while putting together these issues — so Stroud, you douche bag, if this is the case, which it probably is, I will excuse and forgive you. And if Stroud ever fucks something of yours up, you should forgive him too and then go out for drinks with him and stiff the retard with the tab. Cheers.

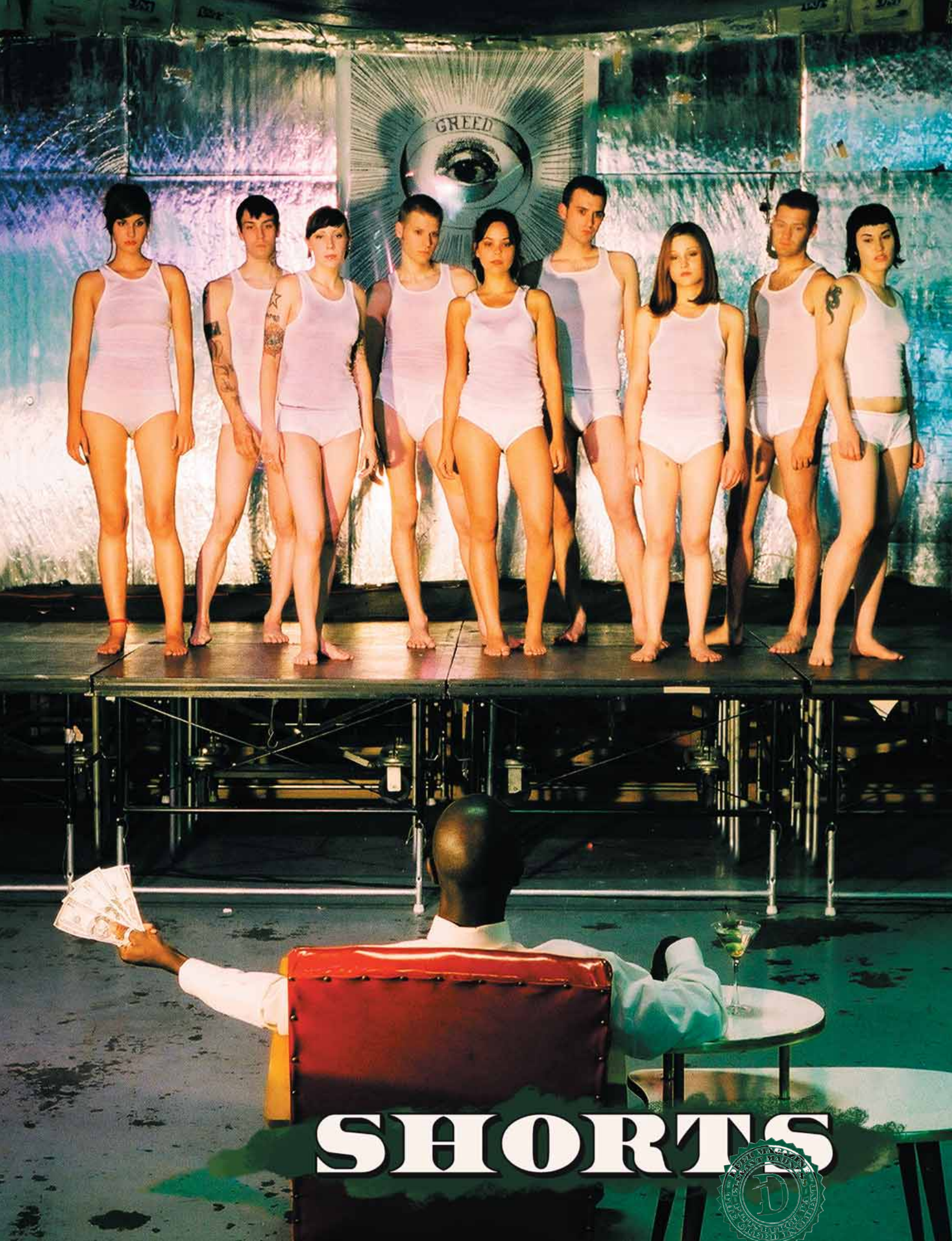
For future reference: KEITH J. VARADI [That's me]

Dear Deek,

I remember some letter or something a while back saying that Deek is good for wiping your ass. It's also good for wiping the pizza sauce off your testicles.

Jason Lancaster





Newsbriefs

Compiled by Ben Edwards,
Mo Mozuch and Jason Salinetto

Danish gastrologist eats poo
for three weeks, dies

ROESKILDE, DENMARK — Dr. Ulf Skaarsguld, a gastrologist whose research on protein digestion led to supplements for Atkins dieters, died Thursday, after using himself as a test subject in an experiment based in digesting excrement. Skaarsguld developed a supplement he believed would allow his body to metabolize feces as the earth breaks down biodegradable substances. Dr. Jan Crillesen, a colleague of Skaarsguld’s, recalls his passion for his work:

“He really thought he was on the way to curing world hunger,” said Crillesen. “But when we discovered he was himself ingesting poop we knew he was quite mad.”

Skaarsguld survived the first week on a mixture of excrement and rice, but then began weaning himself off carbohydrates in order to determine if his supplements worked. Skaarsguld developed a severe intestinal infection during his third week in the program. His colleagues maintain that he might have made a recovery had he not continued to eat his own infected excrement from his bedpan.

Clown maims girl with
heavy ball

MOOSE JAW, Sask. — Tragedy struck a roving discount circus troupe in rural Canada over the weekend when its headlining act, a balloon-wielding clown named Mario the Magnificent strayed from his scheduled act with an ill-fated attempt to juggle bowling balls. Allegedly, Mario was attempting to culminate an afternoon of laughter and multi-colored latex aardvarks with something new and exciting. During the impromptu grand finale, Mario lost control of his balls, inadvertently whacking eight-year-old Jenny Honeypot of Oxbow in the solar plexus. She cried.

“We’d never let him use the balls like that before,” said bearded lady Agnes Goosenpfeffer. “It must have been all the peyote we ate before the show.”

The troupe, despite international intrigue spawning newfound popularity, has suspended operations indefinitely following the incident citing pending litigation.

Wal-Mart completes take
over of Iraq

BAGHDAD — Today, Wal-Mart Inc. announced completion of its takeover of the U.S. lead occupation of Iraq. The long-planned move hopes to bring the beleaguered Middle East nation safety, security, and the guaranteed low pricing it had been missing under Coalition control.

“This truly is a historic event,” said S. Robson Walton, Company Chairman and newly elected Prime Minister of Iraq. “To bring about peace and bottom-line value to our new citizens, prisoners and customers has been a long-term goal for us.”

Wal-Mart SuperCenters have already been replacing American and British military bases for the past two months. With yesterday’s changeover of Camp Cropper to Wal-Mart #59123, the Coalition has officially pulled out.

Unemployment in the ravaged nation has also been nearly erased as Wal-Mart now employs an estimated 92% of the nation. The nation’s once unemployed scientists, doctors, and other professionals are now back to work, helping to staff the nation’s 126 different Wal-Mart locations.

Plans were also announced to convert excess air hangers into the region’s first Sam’s Club stores.

“We feel Iraq’s larger families will stand to benefit from our member-based warehouse club stores,” said Walton. “Where else will they be able to purchase a 48-pack of Sam’s Choice cola to enjoy for the low price of only \$4.99?”

Rectum nearly killed him

LAS VEGAS — Charles Baer, an area dancer and practicing homosexual, nearly died from a rectal infection Sunday night. Baer, who had engaged in what

he described as “rough” sodomy with his partner on Wednesday night, experimented with household objects as sex toys. Included in the list of objects Baer told doctors he used were: A floor lamp, half a telephone book, a can of aerosol disinfectant, a computer mouse, a shot glass, a frozen log of cookie dough and a Department of Public Works parking cone. The end result was massive tissue trauma inside Baer’s anus and rectum, including a deviated sphincter. Though in “pretty intense pain” Baer worked for nine hours the following day before developing a fever.

“He spent the next two days trying to quell the fever with aspirin,” an emergency room doctor explained. “But the severe swelling of his rectum and the blood loss alarmed him to a great degree.”

After three hours of surgery and treatment with antibiotics Baer is expected to make a full recovery.

Mother-to-be turns out to
be obese

MADISON, WISCONSIN — A contest run by a Madison-area Food King, awarding a hard-working mother-to-be with a year’s worth of free groceries, accidentally awarded the prize to an obese woman. Regina Watkins, a 35-year-old who weighs over 300lbs, was spotted by marketing staff members at the Food King. They assumed from her girth that she was pregnant. The staffers approached Watkins and told her she had won the prize, which included diapers, baby formula and other products necessary for the care of a newborn. Watkins happily accepted. The store gave her the \$350 worth of groceries she selected that day, and continued to give her almost \$400 per week in free groceries until an eagle-eyed checkout clerk noticed that her purchases did not including anything baby-related.

“It was one thing to be buying all kinds of ice cream and stuff for yourself,” said clerk C.J. Rimbauld, “but we were noticing that she hadn’t bought any baby stuff for more than a month. So I told my manager that I didn’t think this lady was pregnant. I was surprised when he told me he didn’t think no one bothered to check.”



A Night Out on the Town in Pittsburgh, and Subsequent thoughts on ‘The Scene.’

By Ziggy CN

“Dude, what the *eff*?”

I scoff, peering through the doorway into the dark and decidedly *closed* venue I’m supposed to check out. Johnny Rotten’s — the self-described “under-21 college joint your mother warned you about” — clearly advertise their hours as Thursday & Saturday 9pm–2am. But that’s bullshit. It’s Saturday night and no one’s here. Perhaps the place snuffed it. *C’est la vie*. So my associates and I begin a heated brainstorming session which results in: “Well... there’s always Goth Night.”

Our evening had already gotten off to a less than savory start when a certain not-so-advanced auto parts store refused to sell us starter fluid for making mind-altering substances because, as they claimed, starter fluid “doesn’t exist.” As we all know, every now and then when the weasels start closing in, the only real cure is to hit Ceremony and make fun of goth kids.

Ceremony — more commonly, “Goth Night” — is held at the Upstage on Saturday nights. I’ve been to Ceremony about three times in my life. I’ve yet to discover what’s so appealing about caking one’s face with black and white make-up and standing in the corners at a smoke-filled spooky club hangout where the music’s too loud to converse over, but not loud enough to allow successful antisocial behavior. We count 29 people moping around and 6 people on the dance floor. Suzn, my partner in crime, wanders around looking for anyone from her dark past, and I escape to the bathroom to do interviews and take deeply artistic photographs using glare from the mirror.

Twiggs is the first person to face my wrath, but only because I’ve known her for a good six years. She’s a seasoned veteran of The Spookiness and has been attending Ceremony since before 1998, because, as she says, “one can meet a lot of friends and hott girlz at Ceremony.”

“Damn straight,” I say, casting a sidelong glance at the word “GAYBAR” scrawled on the wall nearby. “I almost had sex in this bathroom once,” she announces.

Twiggs introduces me to Brian, an excruciatingly pretty boy who attends Ceremony to meet hott boyz and socialize. Did he say... “*socialize*?” Could we possibly dispel the goth myth of the tortured young adult who sits in the corner brooding, writing bad poetry, accompanied only by the sweet aroma of a clove cigarette and new wave music? Maybe they just want to make friends, meet people of the same ilk, embrace the darkness together. Brian appears to be a rarity — he actually dances, but, as he insists, he “dances to the music, not darkness.” Whatever that means.

I leave the bathroom once it starts getting crowded with girls coming in droves to apply more liquid black eyeliner. After listening to someone named Maniac Matt and a self-described agoraphobic named Max have an intense debate on how many times the Cuyahoga River has caught fire, I realize that the tension has grown thick. Too thick. Am I possibly growing uncomfortable due to the clouds of smoke and pounding bass and — dare I say it? — pretentious fuckitude of this place? I’m sure they’re all nice people, but I’ve spent a lot of time in the bathroom and it seems like the experience here is mostly comprised of hanging out at the bar and sneering. Although I’ve got a decent Sid Vicious sneer goin’ on, I’m 11 months shy of being able to hang out at the bar. So it’s time to go somewhere where the consumption of alcohol can take place safely: Maniac Matt’s house.

Tearing down the highway under the starless sky, the night is redeemed by the wind whipping through our hair as we rock to The Orb’s “Toxygene,” quite possibly the best driving song ever. I gaze at the multitude of lights that comprise downtown Pittsburgh at night, and I think: *O, my beloved Iron City...*

The most common, or possibly the only complaint I hear from kids is that “there’s nothing to do in this town.” Admittedly, I’m something of a hermit, but I’m well-aware that there are a lot of events going on locally, though not necessarily in the South Side or Oakland area. As we all know, anything beyond that is scary like the gaping maw of the void.

Pittsburgh is a suffering town. And, more than likely, it will continue to suffer, no matter how much They try to change this by “branding Pittsburgh,” cutting public transportation, or turning our libraries into pseudo-Barnes&Nobles. This is not a bad thing — it’s just something that must be accepted and altered. Or at least avoided. Our South Side will never be like Chicago’s Belmont, but we still have a pretty sweet

local music scene, amazing artists roaming around, and a vast majority of politically aware and active people of all ages.

I feel there’s a certain breed of person that can function in Pittsburgh’s “scene,” so to speak. Usually when I hear the word “scene” juxtaposed with “Pittsburgh” or “punk” I am quick to retaliate, all Johnny Rotten-like: “What scene?” Most kids just won’t go out, won’t *make the effort*.

Each city’s scene has its own sort of essence, and maybe Pittsburgh only seems to suck because we live here and we’re used to it. When I go to shows in Cleveland, the punk kids seem so polite I want to stab my eye out. Chicago’s scene knocked my socks off. New Orleans is extremely organized and full of vision and motivation. New York City is kinda snotty, Ireland is on the up-and-up...

So what’s Pittsburgh?

Pittsburgh may be suffering, and maybe we have to work twice as hard to get our art seen; and maybe we have to travel twice as long on the bus to see a band play. But yet, when I come into the city and see Downtown rising up on the horizon, my throat gets all choked up — this is my hometown, and it always will be. It’s the place that taught me about punk and rock, and it doesn’t suck all that bad. It’s useless to complain about the lack of music venues and under-21 clubs if you’re not going to attempt to do anything about it; it’s stupid to bitch about uppity scenesters when you don’t dance at shows. Things only start to suck if we sit back and let them suck. See, we could all stay at home smoking pot and watching cheesy movies about giant sharks, or we could make something beautiful. We could get organized, open our own venues, have shows in our basements, publish our own zines, start our own businesses, chase impossible dreams, fall on our knees for support or lock ourselves in our basements to create. The possibilities are here. It’s just the ambition that lacks. So quit your bitching and go out and create something memorable, dammit. We have all the resources sitting right in front of us — we just need a kick in the pants. Somebody can start by painting some graffiti over that Johnny Rotten’s logo in Oakland. They should be the first to **burn**

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My quest for perfection

(is trite)

By Bones van Peeblez

I had seen her on billboards and signage before.

Her face was everywhere — a representation of intense beauty, a caricature of classically gorgeous proportions; a dream in an image. I knew her only in fantasy before she came to my door, looking for a place to live. God had smiled on me, I thought. This model, she could be mine.

In a flash, I saw us fucking on the kitchen table. I saw her bent over the couch saying “hi” to the neighbors looking in through the open window. I tasted the nectar of her loins on my lips. I saw her covered in buckets of my seed in what became a one-man bukkake party. I saw us ravaging each other, entering each other, fucking like savages in the shower, but...

It all started because I needed help paying bills. I placed ads all over town to find someone — anyone — to throw in, and I was expecting nothing. Anyone would do, really. But the model replied.

She was taller, thinner, younger, generally better looking than any girl I had ever seen, let alone dated. Yes, she had small tits but I overlooked this. What did it matter? She was a model and she wore it like a badge. Not my type at all. But this was a reason to take opportunity, to expand horizons.

She moved in. Time passed. I noticed that she spent great deals of time painting her face for daily use, always looking perfect. She became perfect in my mind. I needed her. I was fueled by greed. For her. For change, for this figure, this symbol of splendor. Her body was on my mind constantly. I imagined she tasted delicious, perfect. That’s what models are, right? Perfection?

We quickly started going out, dating. And while I was surprised at how easy she was, I was impassioned. My dreams had become reality. We made the rounds of numerous social events, and I was a proud bastard. I *had* the model. I was like a fucking rock star. I had all I could want. I saw the bitter glares of other men looking at the two of us as if we didn’t belong and I reveled in it. I saw sex — copious amounts of sex, and I rejoiced. Time passed again.

After a short time I was up for a vacation from work. I took it. We said our ardent goodbyes and I traveled alone. I relaxed and thought of my model. My model. Mine. Mine. *Mine*. I had a model. I had a model whose body was perfect and pliable and just fucking beautiful. I thought of everyone else who had passed the billboards and thought of this model. I took pleasure in knowing I had her. I had that model. At home.

Then I returned home, but...

I returned home to filth. I returned home to an apartment destroyed. I returned to a once-white now-gray bathroom. I saw shit-stained panties on the floor next to the shower. My world collapsed.

My model shat in her pants. And not just once — I saw *two* pairs of panties with the skids. She left other clothes in there as well. All I could do was wince and cover the panties with shirts or something. I couldn’t look. I used my feet to pick them up. Jesus Christ. I couldn’t shower that day. There was no way to get clean in that bathroom.

How could this happen? She was a model. She was perfection. She was supposed to be the absolute best thing that ever happened to me. This was the model from the billboard. She was what all women wanted to be and all men wanted to be with... *right*? Did everyone know she was fucking incontinent? Could they imagine seeing the fucking poo-stains against the white cotton? Could they grasp that the color wasn’t a regular brown but nearly *green*? No. They didn’t know. Their greed was as overwhelming as mine. They lusted for what they imagined. She wasn’t real. But then... no, sadly she was. She *was* real. And that’s what ruined everything. My model was a sub-average girl who shit herself.

I had seen so much. I had seen too much. I had built the model up, but she was only a plan — a means to an end. She was something horrendously pureed into oblivion. I saw us fucking so many times in so many ways and I got off on it but, again, the idea of her perfection wasn’t real, but she was — which was the problem. So I booted her shoddy, waste-of-perfection ass out of the apartment, dropped the lease, cut things clean — real, sadistic, but pure. That was my harsh reality — *our* aching struggle. And now things are better.

But I have to wonder if every supermodel, every dame, every porn star, every vixen in my fantasies shits her pants in the same, sloppy way. Does it come with the territory? Do "big time" models get so full of themselves from being pampered that they shit where they please? Ah fuck. So I don’t stare anymore. My fantasies are my reality. And I will never woo another girl — no, not like that. Not again.

Now, every time I make the social rounds with some girl, I still enjoy the envious stares. But now, not only do I reap joy from the envy of others, I embrace it — I approach the covetousness as a mogul would, standing amidst common men, always smiling knowingly. I just feel bad for the poor bastards looking at me.



More Cock, Please

By Nathaniel Soltesz

More cock, please.

No, that’s not enough. More, more. It’s important that you help me reinforce the stereotype of the sex-obsessed gay man who fucks compulsively and indiscriminately, thereby living an empty and hollow existence in which he is unable to love.

Any orifice will do. Oh, you have genital warts? That’s okay, I do too. And AIDS and every other STD imaginable, which are, of course, punishment for my disgusting and immoral lifestyle.

You, over there. Yeah, you. You’ll do.

Are you straight? Yes? Shit, that’s great. The fact that you’re having sex with me permits me to brand you as a homosexual, a closet case. And everybody knows the scientific *fact* that sexuality is fluid, permitting a plethora of activity outside the bounds of standard heterosexuality is bullshit, so come out of the closet already, you fucking faggot.

Don’t get me wrong, I appreciate your cock. And what a nice, large cock it is. As you ram it down my throat, it’s apparent to me that it’s not the act itself that turns me on, so much as the high I get from symbolically possessing aspects of a masculinity that I have denied myself. For this we can surely blame my father, who never taught me to play baseball.

So now that you’re having sex with me and I’ve brought you down to my level, I can feel, if only for a moment, like being gay isn’t all that bad. As if it isn’t a behavior that I know deep in my soul to be unnatural and against the will of God.

That’s it, come in my mouth.

Okay, next! How about you? Oh, you’re gay? Whatever.

Hey, maybe we can devise some semblance of a mutual relationship, and pretend that we are in love? Perhaps this will provide a brief respite for the crushing knowledge that we are in fact hyper-narcissistic man-children, forever slaves to a thumb-sucking mommy complex, and destined to die in loneliness and despair because we can never love anyone as much as we love ourselves?

Anyway, fuck me in the ass.

What – you’re putting on a condom? Jesus, you gotta be kidding me. Do you really think I respect my body and myself enough to want to protect myself from an STD that – heaven forefend – I don’t already possess?

Please. I would consider it an honor to receive your diseased meat and/or the toxic seed contained within. It would only hasten my departure from a world where I attempt to normalize behaviors that are quite obviously unnatural, exhibiting a denial bordering on psychosis, in which I do not see that men were given a penis and women a vagina for a reason, and that homosexual behavior violates the very fabric of human existence and the universe.

Harder, please. Also, keep calling me your cock-hungry fuck puppet. Your continued thrusting and hurling of insults only turns me on more. Oh, it may seem that we’re only role-playing, and the slaps you apply so generously to my face and ass are a fetishistic device used to enhance the sexual relations we are currently enjoying. But we both know that your hatred is real, and what may seem like an innocent game is actually a serious expression of the hatred you feel for yourself, and my acceptance of this hatred hinges upon my sublimated desire to be punished for the sinful lifestyle that I have chosen, yes *chosen*, for myself.

Yeah, pump your load into my ass.

Your precious seed of life has become little more than excrement, to be eventually shat out of my bowels and cast into the sewer, the sewer where we – our *kind* – most assuredly belong.

Oh well. On to the next one.

What, you don’t want to fuck me?

Well *fuck* you!



By Joe Laquinte



FEATURES



The Big Bag

By Michael

So let me tell you about my **weakness**.

I walk into a convenience store — usually I'm drunk — swinging the glass door recklessly. I drop one package from a rack by the register onto the broad counter and pay. I push open the doors onto the volatile oasis of light edging into the darkness and walk out in the night. **Combos**, my friend. I just bought a bag of **Combos**.

I'll tell you about **Combos**. They're a snack of bite-sized junk-food morsels. We're talking inch-long cylinders of hollow pretzel injected with the salty goo of artificial cheese. Have you ever tried these things? Believe me, you probably don't want to eat them, but if you have to give them a run, for God's sake, do yourself a favor and buy the small bag. Me, I buy the big bag. I always do.

OK. Here's where baked junk food and film noir intersect: Both **Combos** and The Big Combo come from "combination." The latter from the combination of rackets that together make up the nation's most notorious organized crime ring; the former comes from the combination of Great Flavors and textures that come together in each crisp, nauseous nugget. So I am the gruff and misunderstood anti-hero shuffling through the jazz-inflected

madness of the modern city night, tossing every salt-rimed roll to the back of my mouth and crushing it in my molars with a Bogart grimace. Or Cornel Wilde.

They're the official Cheese-Filled Snack of NASCAR — with the checkered-flag logo and everything. Did you know that? Now I do. And this confuses my drunken sensibilities — I wonder which other cheese-filled delicacies vie for this coveted sponsorship. Rolos? No, no, fuck that, that's caramel. Or is it. I don't know. When the president reaches out to our nation's NASCAR Dads, he does so with salt-studded arms of cheese-filled pretzel. The smiling president waves the green flag, and the bite-sized racers rev and whip around hairpin turns on blurred, whistling cheese-wheels and pretzel-belted radials. When they wreck the crumbs are everywhere.

Somewhere over halfway through the big bag, if you're still with it, the realization comes that you never should have eaten so many **Combos**. By then, it's too late. There's only a handful or so left, not enough to save, really, for a satisfying snack tomorrow. Despite that you're feeling a good deal more Peter Lorre than Humphrey Bogart by this point, you have to stay the course. You must finish the bag. Under normal circumstances, I have managed to unlock my apartment and seat myself bleary at the keyboard to compose one or more regrettable e-mail messages — the ideal cover for chucking back those little dusty logs with their sharp pimentos and protruding, salty, teeth-like pretzel shards that rake the roof of my mouth. It becomes an endurance contest.

On the printed ingredients, salt is listed as making up less than 2% of any given Combo. And that's a comfort to me. They're also less than 2% cheddar cheese. I suppose that's a comfort too, because I embrace the modern: Neo Jazz music, electric razors, laboratory foods. My fingers explore the empty bag like blind infant pigs rooting for a teat. A bloom of desolation and relief suffuses me. My gut balls in a fist, relaxes. With the back of my hand, I wipe the salt and crumbs and grease off my face. Light from the sun is breaking in around the mini-blinds, giving everything a sort of kindly blue cast. Somewhere in the building an alarm clock is bleating uninterrupted, and I have thrown my body across the bed, still in my shoes, wishing for sleep or death or something.

When I told my friend I was writing about **Combos**, she said, "**Combos?**"
"Yeah, **Combos**."

"The snack?"
"The cheese-filled snack," I said. "Yeah."
"Awesome," she said with some enthusiasm.

I figured then that she'd never eaten a whole bag of the sons of bitches. At goddamned least, she'd never eaten the big bag. Because all that's left for you is the gentle lingering nausea and bitter, knowing remorse. Never again, you pledge, never again. Licking your lips.





MY HIPOCRISY KNOWS NO BOUNDS

BY BENJAMON EDWARDS AND
AETHELBERT J. GAINSBOROUGH XVI

Throughout history, many people have found many uses for the shovel. Some dig for riches below the earth's surface, others make ill-fated attempts from underwater prisons or even utilize this ancient tool as an implement of destruction to smite their enemies. At this point, my shovel was just like any other: Steel mounted on a pole of brown, withering wood — stolen from someone. What I did not realize at this point was that this simple machine was my master key to a world that no one had ever seen, and only myth had ever expressed.

Earlier in the day, I had been given the assignment to locate and interview the

world's greediest individual. My trips to the Carnegie Library only produced traditional, stale answers, and names like Gates and Rockefeller. These will not do. Not for Deek Magazine. I need to find someone else — someone so driven by avarice that it has become their sole reason for existence.

While searching for answers in a musky, yellowing tome from 17th Century England, I find a beginning: A family of brewers whose master — Aethelbert Gainsborough — had been relocated to an area west of the colony recently given to William Penn. Gainsborough was given the land to seek out better ingredients for beverages worthy of King William of Orange, who was known for his "unquestioned elitism." In return for their

eventual and enormous success at their task, King William — a raging alcoholic — rewarded Gainsborough with an enormous monetary sum, normally fit for a feudal viscount. Next, I read through the Calendars of State Papers for King William's successors, and there was always some offhand mention of a gargantuan sum of money being transferred to some bizarre Pittsburgh address. Consistently accompanying these sums were vague, misspelled remarks that seemed to indicate that there were a whole host of consecutive Aethelberts. Digging further, I found no records of anyone by that name ever living or spending money in Pittsburgh. What I did find, however, was a newspaper article in the Pittsburgh Press, dated August 14th, 1926, mentioning sounds emanating from within Observatory Hill and the name "Gainsborough" appearing on a torn envelope with a freshly broken wax seal near a "gnarled tree." After cross-checking the author of the article, I find out that he was run over by an ice cream truck three days after the story went to press. There was no follow-up.

So I decide to play Heinrich Schliemann and hit the spot on Observatory Hill (stopping first to acquire a shovel from the back of some pick up truck). By this time, the night sky has crept beyond the horizon and I resemble one of those white-nosed sluggards with metal detectors on the beach as I clumsily trek up the unoccupied face of the hill, looking for a gnarled tree and thinking to myself: "If this pans out, Deek might even pay me for writing this article!" Obviously, this is the driving force behind my search.

Then I catch it out of the corner of my eye — a tree that looks like it has no place in the woods on the North Side of Pittsburgh. Frantically, I rush to it, clearing antique leaves from the forest floor — searching for some sign of an entrance. Of course, in my haste, I miss the structure resembling a Hopi cave twenty feet up the hill.

As I approach the cave, I begin to hear music coming from inside. Now, I don't know about any of you, but if you're walking alone in the woods on the North Side at midnight with only a shovel to protect you and you start hearing Shostakovich — a 20th century Russian composer, asshead — springing forth from the soil, it fucks up your concentration a little. I try my best to dismiss it as some juvenile delinquents out for a joyride — but there is a stark auditory difference between Ludacris and, well, you get the idea. Still, I press on; this article isn't going to write itself. Alas, I find no physical evidence of an entrance, just a great wall of earth blocking my view of the sound's origin.

I try yelling — more out of fear than anything else — but sadly, no apparitions of miserly brewmeisters spring from the shadows. So I dig. As I dig, the volume increases and the music

gains vigor. My shoulders quit functioning after about an hour. I pull out the flask of Macallan 18 that I'd been saving to celebrate my expected triumph that was now looking to be an endless bout with personal shame.

I lean back hard against the cave wall and crack through the exterior shell. Thank God I watched so much "Scooby Doo" as a kid. The music is blaring now as I lay amidst a pile of dirt that formerly protected the entrance of the fantastic vestibule by which I am now surrounded. Careful to wipe my imitation leather shoes on the unidentifiable dead animal that indicated a not-so-welcome-mat, I trudge timidly through the foyer and into a great room.

It is only now that I see him.

He's at least a century old if he's a second. Piercing grey eyes stare at me with both anger and fear. His long-antiquated robe — emblazoned with the numeral XVI — shuffles violently as he makes the effort to speak. Apparently, his vocal cords don't get much work. I can hear nothing when he first speaks.

Meanwhile, I feel a little light headed in the presence of this blue-blooded behemoth, but I manage to stammer out: "My... my name is Ben Edwards. I'm here to learn about greed."

He turns so I can see him. Completely enraptured with his sense of self-worth, wiping his nose on the sleeve of his robe, he cocks his head at me like an unmanned puppet and exclaims slowly and majestically: "You already know much of greed." He begins walking slowly toward me, but stops for a minute and heads behind a wall where I can't see him. He reappears with a shotgun, keeps talking: "You have entered my home and disturbed my peace; with the outrages you have already caused me you have not only proven your own greed, but you have irreparably violated mine. I can kill you right now. Would you like me to kill you? Do you have a death wish?"

This is not going so well. Who would have guessed that he'd have a shotgun? Damned old man in a cave — not supposed to have a shotgun.

"But," he says, "I know what you must have done to find me. Fortunately for you, I am a man who appreciates greed." He thinks for a moment. "I have an idea. If you can follow your covetous ambitions and find me the material goods that only the greediest man alive could possibly own, I will not only let you live, but I will reward your avarice to the tune of five percent."

My turn to think. "So let me get this straight," I say. "You're going to pay me to spend your money as recklessly as I can, and you're not going to kill me."

"Look around you," he says. "I am the richest and most powerful being on this planet and my

home is empty. Fill it for me. Obviously, I am too old to complete the task myself and I have no heirs to inherit the Gainsborough fortune. I cannot take my wealth with me, and I certainly will not let anyone else claim my family’s wealth. I want this money to be completely gone when I die.”

“So where do I fit in?”

“Ah. Since you have exhibited demonstrable greed here tonight, you must act as my courier to the world and gain these possessions for me. Eventually, your greed for knowledge will translate into a greed for wealth and power. Think of this as a greed that will save your life. The greedier you become, the more apt I will feel to let you survive.”

Without hesitation, I give Gainsborough the universal symbol for OK. I leave and get to work.

After a year, this is what I found: The most expensive everything I could ever want, which I gave to XVI.

Phil Spector's Wet Dream

Front Projector Television: Panasonic PTD9600U \$127,500

Plasma Television: Luce PDTV-6309A \$21,410

Pre-Amplifier: FM Acoustics Resolution Series 266 \$33,000

Amplifier: Audio Note Gaku-On DAC-5 \$252,500

CD Player: Accuphase DP-85 \$9,199

DVD Player: Meridian 800 \$12,500

VCR: Sony DSR 2000 \$3,000

CD/DVH Recorder: Telex Spin Wise 50-16 \$2,699

Tuner: Accuphase T-109V \$3,300

Turntable: Well-Tempered Labs Reference \$6,578

Main Speakers: German Physiks Gaudi \$500,000(2)

Surround Speakers: Dynaudio Confidence C1 \$24,000(4)

Center Channel: Dynaudio Evidence Center \$16,500

Subwoofer: Krell Master Reference Sub \$28,000

This is the most expensive one-room home theatre system I could find with the magical aid of the world-wide web. Total cost:

\$1,040,186

or

\$1,112,999.02
w/7% Allegheny County tax.

Sadly, once you more than break the bank and sell Dad to the Arabs to get this system out of the store, you still won’t have the ability to connect it or have it professionally installed without at least another, say, 100 to 500 Grand (depending on how much cable you’ll need, quality of said cable and how fucking dumb/rich and dumb your installer thinks you are).

Now, to justify these monstrous price tags I’ll throw a few numbers and goofy factoids at you. For the Gaudi main speakers, you’re looking not only at a frequency range that bends the thresholds of human hearing (15-19,000 Hz) or the enormous, well crafted drivers (2100mm) or even the astonishing weight (780kg – that’s like, a ton) – you’re looking at the artistic design and how the mere sight of the Gaudi will cause your friends to worship you as their living god.

Basically, most of high-end audio reads a lot like this: Filthy scientists with bat-level sonar who live in underground caves in Switzerland make up numbers that most seasoned audio veterans (who spent a paltry \$3000 at Circuit City for their entire system) can barely begin to comprehend.

Obviously, there are millions of other things you can do with this kind of money – like feeding helpless children in Nepal or repairing the damage to homes in war-torn Rwanda – but nothing

The Fleet

McLaren F1 \$830,000

Bugati 16/4 Veyron \$800,000

Ferrari Enzo \$643,330

B. Engineering Edonis \$600,000

Saleen S7 \$495,000

compensates for a miniscule penis the way a million-dollar system will.

1. The McLaren F1, which comes standard at a mere \$830,000, is the most extravagant new car available today. It gets 12 miles per gallon, it weighs a ton-and-a-half and can hit 231 mph. If you have the means, I highly recommend picking one up.

2. Bugati’s 16/4 Veyron clocks in at \$800,000. It’s faster than the McLaren. It’s the fastest car on this list (252mph, 0-60 in 3sec.)

3. The Ferrari Enzo is a reasonable \$643,330. It may not be the most expensive, but it is certainly the most exclusive – you need to own a Ferrari F-50 and an F-40 to be considered to own one. Used Enzos from past years are currently flying out the door at \$2 million.

4. The B. Engineering Edonis is a bargain at \$600,000. What’s really funny about this car is that I’ve never even heard of this automobile manufacturer. Why the hell would I pay that much money for something that every top-heavy Hollywood blonde isn’t going to recognize? Isn’t that the point?

5. Your next Saleen S7 is cheap at \$495,000. This one is heavy and fast and gets the lowest miles per gallon of any car on this list. So, to go from Pittsburgh to Philly in this piece of junk, you’d have to fill up thirty times at, let’s say \$40 per stop.

(Thanks John Morvay/Stephanie Maskiewicz for tracking these down)



The Thomas Crown Binge

Garçon à la Pipe - Picasso \$104,000,000
Portrait of Dr. Gachet - Van Gogh \$82,500,000
Au Moulin de la Galette - G. Renoir \$78,000,000
Massacre of the Innocents - Rubens \$76,000,000
Portrait de l'artiste sans barbe - Van Gogh \$65,000,000

If God Ever Needed a Case of Beer

Thomas Hardy's Old Ale (Vintage 1987) - England \$3096
Sam Adams Triple Rock 1994 - USA \$1200
Lindeman's Lambic Cuvee Rene - Belgium \$360
Victory V12 - USA \$360
Caracole Brown - Belgium \$360
Straffe Hendrik Bruin XX - Belgium \$360
Affligem Triple - Belgium \$336
Stone Old Guardian - USA \$324
DeKoninck XXX - Belgium \$300
Dogfish Head Worldwide Stout - USA \$1288

Something that Shouldn't Be Expensive, But It Is...

After careful research, I found that XVI had a jonesing for beef, so I found him the greediest burger I could find to eat each day. At the Bistro Moderne in – you guessed it – New York City, you can get Chef Daniel Boulud to make you a \$50 hamburger. Sure, they put a fancy tag on it – the DB Burger Royale – but it's still just a piece of dead cow between two pieces of bread. I mean, seriously, I'd pay \$50 for a full three-pound lobster, a bottle of scotch or maybe a hooker, but not a goddamned hamburger. Oh, it has truffles on it? Special horseradish churned by Jesus himself? Wow. I don't give a fuck. C'mon, honey, we're going to Burger King then doin' it twice.

Say You Wanted to Buy the Earth... (With help from Jessica Lear and www.cia.gov.)

None of these things satisfy the appetite for greed that Gainsborough had accumulated. It's understandable, I guess. Holding onto all that money for all that time, you must get pretty itchy to spend all of it.

For the coup de grace, I wanted to find Mr. Aethelbert J. Gainsborough XVI the most expensive thing humanly imaginable: Nations. Before I move on, I must give the disclaimer that I have absolutely no clue how much money XVI has. I just write checks and mark them with a rubber stamp that I carry in my fanny pack (yeah, you stare, but it's very convenient). So, I'm going

to shoot the moon with these numbers and see if I can bend his bankbook and maybe put him into debt a little for his unparalleled gluttony. Just to be safe I opened an American Express Platinum Card which has no limit as long as you pay off the balance at the end of the month in question. I was ready.

My search began at Tokelau (nation #230 out of 262 total, with a \$1,500,000 GDP), but this was far too small. If Gainsborough was going to make his mark on the planet, he had to buy a more important nation – or at least one that he had heard of. I finally pitched Jamaica to the man (#130, \$10,080,000,000), and he promptly scoffed at me and made the throat-slash gesture recently outlawed by the National Football League. I gulped heavy as I returned to work... France (#6, \$1,558,000,000,000)! But nobody likes France anymore. How about the fifty-fifty – The United States of America (#1, \$10,450,000,000,000). Yet again, not enough to satisfy this humbling excess of greed.

Finally, it came to me: He wanted the Earth (\$49,000,000,000,000 – that's trillion, with a "T") all for himself, and he could afford it. Robert Heinlein must be rolling over in his grave – he could only afford the Moon.

Now for me: I have already made \$600,924,840,675.80 in commission for my efforts. I am now the richest man in the world (aside from XVI). Frank Gehry will redesign my house. Martha Stewart will run my kitchen (I'll buy the bitch out of jail). Hollywood actors will act out scenes for me. I will throw away my old home audio system and buy the one I put together. In fact, I will buy six of them – my cat will get two.

This entire process was a product of, not XVI's greed, but my own. And I like it. At a meeting of the United Nations the next week, I will do what I have to: I will cut them a check, and earn my final 5%.

LETTER FROM AETHELBERT J. GAINSBOROUGH XVI, WRITTEN ON A \$10,000 BILL.

Dear inconsequential:

My name is Aethelbert J. Gainsborough XVI. I am the greediest man alive. Thus, I must accumulate everything worth owning to quench my avaricious desires. The fifteen men to have my name before me lived silly existences, simply accumulating wealth and bearing children to keep that wealth locked safe alongside the family name. I still wear their clothing, live in their home and have never spent a cent of their fortune. Though I have never left my splendid underground mansion, I have been watching you, knowing that with a flick of my wrist that I could control all of you with my vast wealth. If I chose to, I could decide Presidential elections, World Series outcomes and whether you live through tomorrow. These are concepts that you plebeians could not possibly begin to fathom. What affords me this tremendous power? Greed. My covetousness and that of my ancestors knows no bounds. We have been greedy for far longer and to a more severe degree than anyone ever has or ever will. Conversely, miserliness is a lonely pastime. I have never been to work or on a date due to fear of losing what my family has garnered for centuries. Now, it is time for a change. I am going to spend every last penny of my vast, immeasurable fortune modifying my private empire. The time has come for you to bask in my extravagance.

Signed,

Aethelbert J. Gainsborough, XVI.



BILLY JANE

BY THOMAS VAN GEMOERT

Last night, Billy Jane wants tapped in a Starbucks parking lot, passenger seat of a Dodge, with yours truly on top. I'm a little pissed when I find my wallet prophylactic-free, but my ill-preparedness is probably for the better — would've most likely strained my back, since the bucket seat is still regrettably concaved, even in its' reclined position. Strange how, in my brain, logic always seems to overpower passion. So I prod her with the magic finger for a while. She doesn't seem to mind that it's still swollen from a bicycle accident about nine months ago. I also haven't clipped my nails in weeks. Regardless, she appears to enjoy it.

Never one for timing, she says "Do you want to be my boyfriend?" as she's moaning with her eyes closed, grinding against my hand.

I say "I like fucking you."

A moment of juicy sounds pass and, incredibly, she blithers something hinting at marriage again.

I say "Are you off your tits? You're 5'3" and I'm 6'2". We look ludicrous together."

She opens her eyes, looks at me, then away. "Don't you want to lick it?" she asks.

I'd rather lick my own ass. Plus the mechanics of the situation — car seat... very inconvenient. And this thought gets me shaking hysterically for some reason.

"Why are you laughing?" she asks, giggling along. Whatever mood there was is gone, forgotten. My hand is still inside her.

I say "I just thought of this song DUI Mike sang to me at work today while we were digging dirt."

"Oh Sing it!" she squeals.

So I sing:

In the sky,
Drop some white wash
In my eye;
Me no worry and me no cry,
Just be glad
Cow don't fly

"That isn't funny at all," she says.

But I can't help it. I exit her — my hand's drenched — and I'm wiping magic finger on her upholstery, cackling like I'm fresh out the loony bin (which, strangely, I am).

She takes offense. I'm looking at her, laughing, and I can see her face turning red in the parking lot light. "Get out!" she says, always overreacting. "I don't ever want to see you again!"

But I can't even get my legs to work; this is the best orgasmic chuckle I've had in a while. "HAHAHAHAHA HOOOOOOOOOOO HA HA." I'm fucking dyin' "HEEEHAHAHA" I'm a cat prancing on cloud nine and this bird is fluttering about below me, gathering a thong back into dark, slimy crack and

Then I hear them.

The choppers from Germany coming to whisk me away again. I stop: "HAHAHA," then silence. A blank stare. I'm mute. I configure my brain for a while, design more cell machines, barriers. It always happens like this. And them I'm out — won't remember anything for a while until:

I wake up in an abandoned Starbucks parking lot flat on my back. I stare up at a star-soaked sky. The asphalt's cold. Smell the magic — she's gone.

I examine myself thoroughly. Cock vibrates now. German love purring in my head — it's the only sound now. A phone call from a pay phone. Robot Volks awaits to deliver me to my robot folks. Coconut-headed pirate winks at me from the rear-view-mirror. Nothing can stop us now.

Sunday afternoon Billy Jane rings all teasy. "Been jaggin' off about me?"

"You bet."

"Come over tomorrow," she chirps. "My day off."

"Alright, doll."

That night I'm at Jimmo's dump, building up spunk for Billy Jane. Jimmo and I are watching a film. It's The Texas Chainsaw Massacre and the uncle is stick-poking a pretty hysterical girl in a sack on the passenger seat of his old pick-up truck.

"Don't you worry, we'll be there soon," the uncle dribbles. His eyes glint devilishly and he cackles, prodding her some more.

Jimmo and I are squealing with entertained delight, spurting laughter all over his filthy living room.

After the film, Jimmo straps on his "rapin' boots" and fishes his chainsaw out of the shed.

I decide the night is getting too interesting and decide to drive drunk, back to the folks' home.

I spy the light on in the basement and before pops can zip up and hide his tissues, there I am, trampling on his internet-porn-lovemaking. I have the classifieds he's been cramming in my face all week rolled up like his Kleenex, and I'm stroking in grunting mimicry.

"Pornstar passion!" I howl, leaving him flustered and ashamed. I guffaw like an insane hillbilly and clomp up two flights of steps to flop out in my bedroom.

Mondaymorningchillsmeinbed. Depression. Crisp Autumn is here. I'm strumming out a guitar tune on my little four-track recorder when Billy Jane rings.

"Weren't you going to call me?" she chirps.

"Of course doll," I mumble, distracted.

"What are you doing?" she inquires. "Just making my music."

"Oh sing to me!" she chirps.

There is nothing cheesier than singing to someone over the phone but I get few requests. So I find the chords on my guitar and start whining out my blues anthem:

"Don't wanna be a wanker anymore
Don't wanna be a wanker anymore
But I'm lazy
Have no skills
27 years old and goin' nowhere

"Don't wanna be a wanker anymore
Don't wanna be a wanker anymore
But I'm lazy
Have no skills
Where's my groupie girl?"

(kazoo solo)

"Don't wanna be a wanker anymore
Don't wanna be a wanker anymore
She should like cats
She should be a scorio
Where's my groupie girl?"

There's a lull here — silence.

"That's horrible," she says, "You coming over tomorrow?"

Tomorrow, I drive down the road to the planned meeting point — a grocery store parking lot — and look for her car. I squint at a lone girl through a sparkling clean windshield, tucked away in a puffy jacket behind the wheel of a Dodge. If that's her, I'm a desperate man. Yes, that's her. My suspicions are true.

I open the passenger door and slip inside. She doesn't say anything about the fake Buddy Holly glasses I'm wearing. She says I'm beyond hope and cranks up her Emo tunes on the way to her sister's house. When I remove the glasses, she turns down the volume. I look over at her and study her face for a moment. The look on her face makes me want to crawl back into my twin bed and hide under the blankets. I've seen that look before — daftness, unawareness. She is substituting me for something and she doesn't realize it. Most likely she will never realize it. Even if I scream it into her face, she won't realize it. Or maybe she will. Whatever.

When we arrive in a brand new suburban neighborhood with gravel driveways, dirt lawns, and pathetic measly shrubs and saplings, I replace the Buddy Holly glasses with wrap-around shades. We walk in and I break out my groovy gear (innocent kind-nuggets and a glass piece).

Much to my dismay, she throws a conniption. So I crack open one of her Brother-in-Law's Miller High Lifes from the refrigerator instead and she sighs heavy.

In her new bedroom in the basement she isn't letting me take her top off and slather lotion between her big tits, so I pop the film I brought with me into her VCR.

"What's this?" she chirps.

"TCM."

"Is it a home movie?"

"No."

She squints at the screen. "Is it old? I don't like old movies."

"It's a classic," I say. After the first character's skull is bashed in with a clawhammer, she's chirping again.

"Is this a scary movie?"

"Yeah," I say, distractedly — the first hot chick is about to get it. She's approaching the house, the camera's slobbering all over her delicious, tanned legs; her ass is packaged, sublime, in short, tight, red shorts.

"I'd give a hundred dollars to bang a body like that," I mutter, smacking my lips.

Click-zapping blackness and I stiffen to find Billy Jane clutching the remote, scowling. I beg and plead: "Don't stop! This is when it gets good."

She tries kissing me again.

I finally decide to kiss her back, despite her damn head cold. This is quite a commitment and when she stops me undressing her again, I cackle into rape mode. So this is what she wants: Some rough n' tumble lovin'. I tear those clothes off, pry those legs open, and rip into her like a fucking meathead.

"IS THIS SENSITIVE ENOUGH FOR YA DOLL?" I hollar.

"OH YEAH DADDY HARDER! HARDER!"

The sound of a chainsaw motor revs up and sputters in my brain as I spurt batter into latex and collapse, sweating, heaving.

"That was horrible," she chirps. "You fuck like an old man."

I wander dizzily upstairs, grab another High Life out of the refrigerator, plop down on the couch. She emerges in the kitchen soon after and begins clattering clean dishes and cups from the washer to the shelves. She walks over and shakes me.

"If you're going to fall asleep, I'll drive you back to your car."

Emo tunes again on the drive back. She's sucking on a smelly fiber-glassed menthol cigarette and wiping tiny tears out of her eye corners.

"You going to write about this when you get back to your parent's house?" she asks.

My face twists. Her sentence hits me square in the guts. I look at myself, my life: Just a rotting wankrag, I am — always have been, always will be. I have nothing to say anymore. Did I ever? My eyes suddenly widen, much like the times when I'm loafing in bed and realize it's time for a crank or it's time to get groovy.

She is about to cross the bridge from "her" town to "my" town. It's a turd of a bridge, but still high enough to enjoy the power of gravity. When I was a bored fifteen-year-old suburban vandal, my cronies and I used to toss bricks from the bridge towards the traffic below.

Fuck it I'm a liar. There isn't a bridge, just a moderate cliff. We'd douse abandoned tires with gasoline, light them up, and roll them down the grassy embankment towards the cars rushing along the highway below. There wasn't much calculation because of the trees on either side. We'd just set the tires rolling on fire and crouch there stiff and poised with expectation, much like a fucker finally settling into a groove towards guaranteed climax, when his or her eyes do something that he or she will never fathom unless it is documented through a camera lens. My left hand is yanking down on the wheel. We make it through the guardrail and, as we're careening down the bumpy, grassy hillside, she is screaming and I am laughing. And like we're in some kind of fantasy, I pull out old faithful and stroke one out, loving death, expecting death, glad death has finally come my way.

Last night, Billy Jane wants tapped in some hospital parking lot, passenger seat of a Hyundai, with yours truly on top. I'm a little pissed when I

boice-TERREL ALLEN 1) The skinny on September 25th:

Rattlecat Press author/publisher boice-Terrel Allen returns with his latest project. But this time there isn't a book in site. Allen is premiering the Rattlecat fashion tee collection – which he designed – with a fashion show. But since this is Rattlecat, it's not just any fashion show. Just in time for this year's heated presidential election, the Rattlecat Tee Party will also feature a voters registration table provided by **everybodyvote.com**. Additional clothing by vintage store Hey Betty!

So even if you're already registered to vote, join Allen and a bevy of beautiful folks sashaying down the runway for two smart reasons: Looking good and doing good.

Go:

The Rattlecat Tee Party (& Voters Registration) Saturday, September 25, 2004 At ModernFormations 4919 Penn Avenue Pittsburgh, PA. 15224 412-362-0274 Reception: 7pm Show: 8pm Price: \$5

2) An excerpt:

from Janet Hurst by boice-Terrel Allen

Why would anyone want to kill me? When I can just do it myself. Of course, I say this in hindsight. Laying in a bed in the suicide ward of Mercy Hospital; the stigma of a suicide attempt firmly attached to me like an unspeakable blemish. When I came to, I saw the veil of judgment on the faces of every caretaker. That's what I believed. You would think the routine of working with suicide patients would produce apathy. But their expressions were no different than that of my husband's. I opened my eyes to Marshall and hastily shut them to avoid that horrible expression of, How could you? With my eyes closed, I could still perceive it. I wanted to ask

where our son was. But Jacob was either too young to be allowed in such a place or Marshall was simply protecting him from his mother: the quitter. I assumed that he explained that Mommy was in a special hospital where only adults were allowed. At age seven, this was age appropriate and just. But even though it's for own good, I still wanted to hold him. To feel him nuzzle his small face in the crook of my arm. He's too young, I know. But if he was there, at that moment, I know he wouldn't have worn that look his father couldn't remove from his face.

3) Something to think about:

In the process of creating this incident of Deek Magazine, the cover – boice's-Money Shot – was exposed to a group of people of all ethnicities. At least two of the African American men who saw the cover image said, basically, this:

"Having a black man on the cover of a magazine with money in his mouth is going to be viewed as symbolic. Why? Because when you look at a black man with money, the first thought you have is: This guy's a pimp or a drug dealer. Or a basketball player. And same thing goes with white guys. Stereotypes, man. You watch Jackass? I watch that show and I think: What's the last thing a white dude says before he dies? He says: 'Hey guys, watch this.'

"I'm saying: The association in the American mindset is that pimping, selling drugs and being an athlete are the only ways black men can make money. That's not true, but it's how this might get viewed. And you need to realize this before you start throwing thousands of copies of this [magazine] all over the city."

boice, hearing this, looked at the cover and said:

"I don't get that impression at all. Considering I'm not pimping, selling drugs or an athlete, any assumption that I am says more about the person who would believe this, based on a satirical photograph. It is not my job to police racist thoughts. But if in the process of creating art, as an artist, I provoke discussion, I believe it's a positive to shed light on stereotypes, regardless of where they originate, so that they can be diminished or destroyed altogether."

(What do you think? Send comments, reactions and replies to words@deekmagazine.com)

4) A little about boice:

boice-Terrel Allen is the author of the novels Janet Hurst (2002) and The Daughters of a Mother (2000). He also edited Coloring Book: An Eclectic Anthology of Fiction & Poetry by Multicultural Writers, which was released last year. He is a 2002 winner of grants from both MCAI (Multicultural Arts Initiative) and the Pittsburgh Foundation. He is also a 2001 recipient of an Archie D. and Bertha H. Walker Foundation Scholarship to attend the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown Summer Workshop. He holds degrees from both New York University's Graduate School of Journalism and the University of Pittsburgh. Currently, he's at work on a memoir.

boice is the only child of an elementary school teacher. He was born in Clarion, PA, and went to public school there. He's 34. Whenever he gets an invitation to attend a high school reunion, he tries to go, but doesn't always make it. Though he doesn't describe himself as a busy man, he works at a gym when he's not writing books, publishing books, or designing fashion wear. He says he bench presses 175 pounds, 6 times. We believe him. He weighs about 141 pounds and listens to Madonna a lot.



I’m outside your apartment in fake dawn. I’m wearing a tube top, and there’s dew on the grass. Come with me. I don’t think there is a God, anymore. I have proof.

I stare at the text message — my phone is the only light in our room. If I blink, it could disappear. My eyes strain as I sit up on the bed, careful not to wake Betty. The bed creaks, and I suffer a breathless moment until Betty mumbles in her sleep.

I worry that my phone is going to be so full of text messages from Mayson that I’ll have to delete some — several years worth of double dates, advice, weight loss tips (for me), and veiled flirting.

Betty turns over in her sleep; the sheets slide off her back. I don’t know how she can sleep on her side.

I grab a piece of paper, and write carefully, deliberately, wary of loud, passionate scribbling. I want to tell her the truth. I want to lie. I want to be right.

I want to get out of here.

I write that I’m out for the night with friends. And she shouldn’t get mad, because... because...

“The hell with it,” I think to myself. “Because if I can forgive you for sleeping with your ex I should be able to go out drinking.”

The piece of paper fits cleanly underneath Betty’s pillow. Out the window, I see Mayson tapping her foot, her sandals in her hands. Her tube top is black, her red toenails glisten in the early morning wetness. Shaking my head, I step out into the pale blue light, meet her; we share a moment — quiet.

“You know I broke up with him?” She says casually, shifting gears. The Corvette lurches onward past the 70 MPH mark.

Seven years of dieting. Countless, lost hours of exercise. Thousands of dollars to go to college, plastic surgery and wardrobe...

“So, what’s this proof, huh?” I ask, eyes innocent and questioning. She smiles wickedly.

“You didn’t believe me there wasn’t a God when you were fat. You didn’t believe me when you were broke; when Betty cheated on you...what would it take now?”

“I’m sorry that I try to live a life of faith.” Although, I seem to be on a field trip tonight.

“I have a surprise for you.” She floors it, taking us past an elementary school, narrowly missing a picnic bench. I stop thinking, and enjoy the ride.

Then, we get to her place. “Jesus Christ, what the hell happened?” I say, trying to avoid the broken glass. It’s everywhere — I thought there were only five or six framed pictures of Mayson and Reed. From the broken glass, you’d think there were sixty.

“He told me he needed to talk,” she slumps on a nearby couch cushion. “He had these cuts all over his chest. He said he’d run here. I figured he’d gotten cut up in the woods.”

I sit down next to her. She doesn’t speak for a moment.

“I’ve been wrong all these years,” she whispers. “That’s what he said, just like that. He just looked at me, all wild-eyed and shit — it was crazy. He pushed me down onto the couch. He grabbed my hands, like this...”

She puts my two hands together, and puts her fingers around the wrists.

“He looks me in the eyes, and I figure he’s about to lay it all on me: You’re the only girl I’ve ever truly loved, how could you leave me, et cetera. He looks around, out the window. I thought he was running from the cops or something. He pulled me close, his forehead against mine...”

We do this. Neither of us says anything. A long, great moment.

“He looks me in the eyes, and says, “You’re not going to believe me, but you must. I was looking for porn online...”

I cracked up laughing. Immediately, I regretted not eating at least three Altoids before leaving. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t laugh...”

“No, I laughed too,” she drawls. “But then I stopped. He wasn’t smiling. He said he was just looking at pictures, beautiful, naked girls, just a click away...and then it got cold. I saw things out of the corner of my eye, like when you look at a bright light, then look away. I didn’t really think about it, I was...you know.”

“Oh, I know.” I smile at her. She doesn’t smile back.

She stands up and walks to one of the pictures — her and Reed at a club.

“He said he heard a low voice and a guy in a brown robe appeared in front of him,” she said flatly, then turned to look at me, waiting for my reaction. I sat stoic. Her voice wasn’t as dripping with as much sarcasm as I would’ve thought. Or liked. “The robbed guy says he’s a monk or some shit from before medieval times. He said the guy looked like Sean Connery in The Name of the Rose. You ever seen that?”

I shook my head.

“He didn’t scream, or call the cops? He just let this brown-robed guy come into his house and catch him jerking off? That’s something.”

“Reed tried fighting him. He said the guy had a knife, like a piece of rock. He said the guy was pretty good with it, and that’s how he got all the cuts. So, after the guy stops slashing at him, Reed agrees to listen to the guy. And this robbed guy goes off on some wild shit — it turns out, there is no God, no religion, none of that...”

“Well, that’s a relief.” I try not to wince. She steps to another side of the room. She continues:

“But there is a heaven and hell. He told Reed that you don’t get into heaven by being a good person, or doing good things. You do it through greed. Greed gets you into heaven.” She gingerly walks around the broken glass, pacing as she says this, like she’s remembering a lecture she studied.

“Not just rich people. He goes on to say that greed isn’t just money. Greed is conviction. He kept saying that. Greed is

conviction.” I watch her step between the glass shards, and the pictures, careful to step on neither. She loves to pace. I watch her feet, it’s like she’s dancing.

“Anything you want greatly, you’re greedy for. It disrupts balance.” Ginger step after ginger step, a tentative ballet around her room. “I told him that was bullshit.”

“Naturally.”

She grabs an old magazine from the floor and sweeps off a picture with it, but never stops moving. She doesn’t look at me.

“Greed is conviction. If you believe in something strongly enough, religion, friends, yourself — greed. If you fall in love...” she trails off. I walk over to hold her again, but she flits away. Only she isn’t dancing. Instead of between the pictures, now she’s stepping on them.

“He tried to escape. He couldn’t move. The priest wanted Reed to get to heaven. Reed shouted back he was an atheist, and the figure told him, ‘If you really believe that, you’re on your way.’ She doesn’t step now; she stomps on the pictures, the glass. Clink. Crunch.

“The brown-robed guy didn’t believe. He was a monk, a priest; he took a vow of celibacy. He sat in hell with the other repressed people, tormented not just by fire but their own desires. He spent an eternity watching game show hosts, sports fans and Hitler ascend into heaven.” Crunch. Reed and Mayson at a fair. Clink/clink crunch. Mayson’s birthday party.

“But, by that logic, the only things that would send a person’s soul to hell would be...repression, and fear,” I say. She ignores me.

“They only let the brown-robed asshole out if he’d spread the word, and save people’s souls. He doesn’t know how, he never talked to God...” she puts her hands against the window. The blue light glows on her pale, down-turned face. “He asked Reed what he believed in. What he was greedy for.” I catch my breath.

No.

She laughs; a short, ugly staccato. “Believe me, I know...because then, he didn’t stop.” She looks at me, her eyes steely and wet. “Greed is conviction. Conviction is love. Love is...” She lifts up her shirt, revealing a series of cuts on her breasts.

“He wanted to go to heaven, he said.”

I run over and hold her. I pull her down to the couch and kiss her neck. I’ve never done it — “The Lord works in mysterious ways!” my mind blurts in — and I just hold her, rocking her. I whisper into her ear — a frenzy of “It’s all right, it’ll be okay. “ She looks at me. I move in to kiss her — she doesn’t. I stop, sigh, and stand up.

“What are you going to do?” she asks, pulling her shirt back down. I laugh.

Lying on her stomach, covered in bruises, she still looks almost regal.

“Wrong door,” she says, quietly.

She points to her bedroom door.

“I did a little myself,” she says as she slithers up between me and the door, much too close. I can’t think straight as she unlocks it. And throws it open—



specter of the pornographic beyondby greg benevent



So I am unprepared when she screams.

Reed hangs above her bed, his feet nailed to the wall.

God help me, my first thought was “Maybe I should’ve just stayed in bed.”

Thinking far too rationally, I take her hand and sit her on the bed. I grab her chin and pull it towards mine:

“Did you do this?”

Her answers are wild, frenzied. “No! I tied him up! How did he...” and she collapses into tears again. And my arms.

Reed looks peaceful, if that’s possible. Long, dark hair pointing straight to the ground. Six-pack abs, nice slacks, even with the blood on them. I can’t make out what’s holding his feet in the wall, some kind of brown...spike. I reach up to his neck—

She looks, her lip quivering.

I grab one of his wrists, glaring at her, and hold it. The flesh is clammy, sickeningly cold.

“No,” I say simply.

“Jesus,” she mutters, and slumps in the chair, her hair falling all over her computer, touching the mouse. Her “Avril Lavigne Must Die!!” screensaver turns into: “A Kiss between the Legs – Free Nudes and No Pop-Ups.”

We both stare at the screen for a moment.

“I tied him up,” she says, slowly, feeling the words out. “I tied him up and left him. I fought him off, knocked him out, and tied him up. I didn’t...” There’s a piece of rope on the ground, two pieces. I pick them up — they’re icy cold. She chuckles, her head in her hands, throaty and dark.

“I told you I’d prove God doesn’t exist.” She says, fighting tears. “You’d better start getting greedy.”

I run over and stroke her hair. She pushes my hand away, then relents.

“You just showed me I need to have greater faith.” I try to smile, “After all, wouldn’t enough faith, even in the wrong thing, be conviction, and thus get me to heaven?”

She dazedly turns her head up at me. “Oh? You aren’t repressed or afraid?” I stare at her, struck. She shakes her head, “Jesus, what are we going to do? If you take him in, they’ll think I...goddamnit. We’ve got to get out of here.”

“We can’t leave him like this.”

“Don’t preach to me! I loved him! But what if...”

I look at her, as she goes on about how there is an evil spirit trapped in a pornographic website that’s coming to kill us, and how this proves it’s true. Her tears somehow make her eyes look even bigger, and even with lipstick her lips look pale. I squeeze her hand and kiss her forehead.

“I see what you’re doing.” I say. She looks at me.

“This whole night. You dragged me out at night because you knew I’d follow you anywhere. And you knew I’d help you cover up your boyfriend’s murder.”

She looks at me. She cocks her head to the side and stands up, pushing me away.

“What was the next step?” I spit, skin almost as hot as it was when she was telling me about Reed beating her. “We were going to dump the body? You’d have me take it somewhere? No one would ever suspect me, we weren’t together!” I advance on her with each question —

“I didn’t kill him.” She states levelly, into my face.

“Of course you did.” She glares at me. “Or... what? A thousand year old dead priest? You’re...damnit...” I walk to the door. I’m almost crying.

“So you’re going to tell the cops?” She asks, eyes welling up again.

I chuckle.

“I love you.” I open the door. “I’m greedy, too. Just, shut up.” The door is colder than the dead man.

“If you’re going to throw me away, you should give me a chance to prove it.” She says, and I freeze. Her head cocks to the computer.

I should walk out. I should go home. I should slam the door and call the cops. But I’m greedy, too.

I slam the door shut and sit in the chair. She moves the mouse, standing next to me —

“No,” I say, and put my arm around her, putting her onto my lap.

“Who’s the best looking girl here?” she asks me. I point to a naked blonde girl blowing a dandelion.

“It’s artistic.” I say. We click on a few more grainy pictures. I look at up her, sad to be right. She puts her hand on my leg. I look her in the eyes and unbutton my pants. We click on a few more pictures — I kiss her neck. She sits on my lap — we both click a picture occasionally, but I don’t care. She is right — I came here tonight to find God didn’t exist. I’m kissing her. I’m ripping off her shirt.

“You’re surfing porn and she’s chewing your lip. This is heaven for greedy people. The Promised Land is here — let that brown-robed bastard come.”

The power goes out. She jumps, startled. I don’t let her go. I attack her neck, and chest. She reciprocates...then stops. She whispers...

“Why is the computer still on...?” She sits up on one of my legs — I look at the screen. In the dark, the naked woman is the only light source.

I click on a couple more of the pictures. They’re taking longer to load now.

She hugs me tightly, whimpering in my ear. Her teeth are chattering.

I click on a couple more pictures — now back at the home page, A Kiss between the Legs. There’s a picture I didn’t notice before — I click on the image —

It’s Mayson in a brown robe. But the picture’s still loading —

“Where’s your conviction now?” Mayson screams. That voice wasn’t in my head.

The computer screen goes black.

A crash. She shrieks. I turn —

Reed is gone. The wall is bare.

I swivel wildly — the door’s locked. The windows are closed.

We turn to each other, and mutter about where he could’ve gone. Our eyes never meet.

“You were a shitty saint, and you’re an even bigger failure as a sinner.”

She puts her shirt on around 10am.

I stagger into my apartment at 2pm, bleary-eyed from lack of sleep.

Betty still hasn’t woken up. She’s rolled over onto her other side now, her face buried in a pillow. The afternoon sun peeks through the blinds, and lights up her face. Not gorgeous, but cute.

I drove Mayson to her parents’ house. We didn’t talk much in the car. She said we should make plans for lunch or something tomorrow. I don’t remember what I said.

I know Mayson was quiet in the car because of what we experienced, and because she was tired, but...I hope it wasn't because she realized she was right about me and God.

There is a God. There is a heaven. I look at the cross above my computer. I look at the electric plug – hard to pull out. Thank the lord Mayson's was easy. Thank the lord I pulled it out in time – before she could see that picture.

I make it home and check my email. Nothing but spam. I click on one of the links – “Younger Chicks! Bigger pics!” Cold sweat as the page loads.

Relief washes over me as the screen reveals ugly, naked women with bad boob jobs. I touch the screen – are they pictures? Or is each of those just someone trapped in there...and if so, how would they reach out? Is there an escape?

Mayson was beautiful in the brown robe. That damn picture. She couldn't have seen Reed, with a man in a brown robe sitting on a cloud. They were eating chicken wings and smoking cigars.

She couldn't have seen me at her feet, covered in broken glass and massaging her calves.

“Does the picture mean that you lived a life of too much fear and repression and that was hell, and that you had to watch Reed and his brown-robed man in heaven...?”

I gently climb into the bed, carefully, so as to move it as little as possible.

“Or does it mean that you had enough conviction and you had made it to heaven? A heaven at her feet, constantly in pain, all because you had such amazing conviction...”

I lay my head on the same pillow Betty's is on. I feel the slight warm breath from her nose on my face.

I kiss her on the forehead. She smiles. I hope she's having pleasant dreams. I roll over onto my other side, and pull the sheets up.

But I can't close my eyes.

“Mysterious ways...?”

I don't think I'll be sleeping for a while.





Summercon 2004

EVENT

Reviewed by Jesse Hicks

"My crime is that of curiosity. My crime is that of judging people by what they say and think, not what they look like. My crime is that of outsmarting you — something that you will never forgive me for."

So wrote "Mentor" in *The Conscience of a Hacker* — probably the most succinct definition of what, exactly, hacking is. He (or she) wrote that in 1986, three years after an adorable Matthew Broderick showed us that hacking could lead to global nuclear war. (Most people forget that it's the hacker who finally stops the countdown to Armageddon.)

Mentor's manifesto appeared during a nationwide wave of hacker arrests. The idea that teenagers with some technical skills could start World War III via touch-tone phones was conventional wisdom. The Hacker was feared — the shadow lurking behind our new, wired world.

Fast-forward to 1995 and the movie *Hackers*, which glorified hackers as punk kids with piercings and outrageously dyed hair. The movie launched a thousand roller-bladers to their nearest Radio Shack in search of the tone dialers that would allow them to start World War III — or just change their grades. Of course, by the time Hollywood gets on board any trend, it's already passed.

So jump forward again, to Summercon 2004. A small army of hackers descend on

summercon 2004 June 11-13 PITTSBURGH, PA

Pittsburgh for two days of "putting the 'con' back in summer." To translate: Two days of steady drinking and a lot of talk about fairly obscure technical issues.

Don't get me wrong, this isn't a computer geek convention. There's a difference between a computer geek and computer hacker. The computer geek is totally absorbed by computers; they are the only language he speaks, and really, he doesn't do a lot with that language. He is efficient but not necessarily innovative.

Hackers, on the other hand, are always in search of what is new and inventive. Hacking, at its best, always breaks that one rule — *you can't do that* — that confines people with a non-hacker mindset. Confronted with *you can't do that*, an average person will say, resignedly and with a little sulk, "OK." The hacker law, as put by Samuel Norris in one afternoon's speech, is: "Any law they give you is probably true until later this afternoon." These are the people who break the conventional laws, though in the two days they're here, there's only one run-in with the police: A bizarre late-night incident that results in two citations for "lying in the street and simulating a sex act" at the corner of 5th and Bouquet. (It's unclear what kind of fine comes with simulating a sex act.)

This collision of technical expertise and a rebellious, almost adolescent attitude toward authority yields some

interesting characters. One speaker, dubbed "the Snoop Dogg" of random number theory, gives a condensed version of what he claims should be a twelve hour talk about the impossibility of generating truly random numbers without resorting to physical processes. I'm following maybe 25% of what he says; meanwhile, behind me, two hackers are marveling that "Snoop Dogg" managed to score several strippers' phone numbers at the last convention.


Even with specially designated "drinking and thinking" times, the conference soon becomes a mix of PowerPoint, technical jargon and fairly expensive rum from the University Club bar. By the end of day, every new PowerPoint slide is followed by and eruption of "Drink! Driiinnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnk!" from the crowd. Most speakers go along with it as long as someone in the audience is buying the drinks, but there's an ugly half-hour when one speaker — a pretentious "artiste" type — opens his (dry as the Communist Manifesto) presentation by refusing to drink. Half-drunk and realizing this is going to be a bad scene, I duck out of the conference room to talk to Mark Trumbour, the guy who coordinates all this hacker madness.

Then, like a goddamn amateur, I promptly lose the tape with our chat on it. It went something like this:

Me: Things are going ugly in there. That's a shame because it seems like everyone else here gets along pretty well; everybody knows one another.

Mark: That's true. Everyone here is family. We've all been doing this for a long time and are some of the few people who understand just how much technology influences our lives. Unlike most people, however, we try to take back some sort of control wherever possible.

Me: You are an amazingly eloquent drunk.

Mark: I know, and thank you 

Noam Chomsky vs. “Rowdy” Roddy Piper

MOVIES

Reviewed by Sturm Ragnarok

The Corporation (2003)
By Mark Achbar, Jennifer Abbott, and Joel Bakan. Featuring Noam Chomsky, Howard Zinn, Michael Moore, and Naomi Klein.



When you’re looking to fill an evening with an indictment of the corporate system and its worship of the almighty dollar, do you think of noted activist and lecturer Noam Chomsky? Or do you think of former professional wrestler “Rowdy” Roddy Piper? Would you rather have the restrained, cerebral Chomsky, with Quiet Indignation ™, explain that corporations have “no soul to save and no body to incarcerate” — or see shotgun-toting “Rowdy” lament that he’s “come here to chew bubblegum and kick ass, and I’m all out of bubblegum,” before blasting away at those corporate shills?

In “They Live,” Roddy Piper plays Nada, an out-of-work drifter who stumbles upon an awful secret: Aliens have infiltrated America; they rule us through subliminal messages hidden in billboards and glossy magazines. Their media (Cable 54, for example) broadcast messages like, “No Imagination,” “Marry and Reproduce,” and “Stay Asleep.”

The President, of course, is one of them: An un-elected alien pawn.

In “The Corporation,” Noam Chomsky plays himself — a respected linguist and MIT professor, who reveals what is not-so-secret: Corporate culture has engulfed the world and rules through overt messages proudly displayed on billboards and in glossy magazines. Corporate media (Fox News, for example, but let’s not kid ourselves that the others are any better) broadcast messages such as, “No Imagination,” “Marry and Reproduce,” “Stay Asleep,” and “Fair and Balanced.”

The President, of course, is one of them: An un-elected corporate pawn.

Nada joins a rag-tag team of unemployed misfits and revolutionaries, including construction worker Frank and a blind street preacher. They take up guns and vow to topple the aliens by exposing them — “they are safe as long as they are undiscovered.”

They Live (1988)
Directed by John Carpenter. Starring Roddy Piper, Keith David, and Meg Foster.



Chomsky joins a rag-tag band of activists and revolutionaries, including author Naomi Klein and unshaven street preacher Michael Moore. They take up lapel mics and vow to topple the corporate hegemony by exposing it — corporate criminals only profit when the people are in the dark.

Before he crawls into the dark belly of the beast, Nada comments, “Gonna be hell to pay” when the working and middle class wakes up. Maybe he’s talking about the riots in Cochabamba, Bolivia, sparked by Bechtel’s purchase of the city’s water rights. That is to say: A corporation owned all the water in the Cochabamba community, including rainwater, and tried to crack down on anyone who thought otherwise. Six people were killed in the riots, but Cochabamba got their water back. Bechtel slunk back to the World Bank to secretly demand compensation.

Of course, not everyone wants to rebel. Chris or Luke, of Chrisandluke.com “fame”

(I’m not sure which is which and feel no duty to distinguish — all I know is their lives are sponsored by First USA), says, without a trace of resignation, “I have a lot of faith in the corporate world, because it’s always gonna be there — you might as well have faith in it.” At least the bearded Texan traitor of “They Live” knows enough to have a little fear, ranting: “There ain’t no countries anymore, no good guys,” before sniveling, “We all sell out every day, might as well be on the winning team.”

Finally the choice comes down to which villain you prefer. Would you rather hate the grotesque, fictional aliens of “They Live,” bent on multidimensional conquest — or the all-too-human cogs of “The Corporation,” who, when questioned about what they do, reply: “Is it ethical? I don’t know. Our job is to move product.”



Sexy Nights of the Living Dead (1980)

MOVIE

Reviewed by Delbert Grady

I’ll say this right at the beginning: “Sexy Nights of the Living Dead” is probably the best zombie-porn to watch while high. It also perfectly illustrates Freud’s psychoanalytical theory of Thanatos and Eros, and should probably be shown in all high schools.

In this ghoulish yarn, Eros — the drive towards love, life, and growth — is represented by a Tom Selleck look-alike architect who wants to turn a nearby island into a resort. Along the way he beds two prostitutes and seduces another woman into accompanying him to the cursed island. This is, of course, typical of Eros’s “instinct to preserve living substance and to join it into ever larger units,” defined in Erich Fromm’s The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness.

Countering Eros is Thanatos, the drive toward death. Thanatos, in this case, is the zombies who show up after Magnum P.I. fornicates all over their island. The Thanatos-Eros conflict builds as zombies and sex co-mingle, culminating in a great scene where two lovers having sex in the ocean look over to see a group of zombies staring them down.

The triumph of Thanatos over Eros comes when one zombie bites off Tom Selleck’s penis while performing fellatio. His Eros is literally removed; he becomes a zombie — servant of Thanatos — soon after. It’s also not surprising that the zombie ringleader often appears as a cat — the “pussy” which seduces, yet ultimately destroys the Eros.

Everywhere on the island (and really, every wo/man is an island), Thanatos is conquering Eros. Our fearless crew is overrun by zombies — a manifestation of Eros’s unconscious guilt. Thanatos unbalanced by Eros is, finally, madness. Death runs wild, destroying everything in its path, including the hapless crew of the SS Quick Lay. Weep for them, yes, as you would weep for yourself!

Directed by Joe D’Amato. Starring Laura Gemser, George Eastman.



Zardoz (1974)

MOVIE

Reviewed by Maxwell Demon

— Pretentious Sci-Fi Movie Checklist is go!
— Holograms? Yes!
— Hermetically sealed women? Yes!
— T.S. Eliot references? Yes!
— Men in ape costumes? No, sadly.
— Sean Connery in a Burt Reynolds, 1970’s porn-star mustache, fighting his way out of an “indestructible” plastic bag? Ye Gods, Yes.

— How about comparing the gun to a penis that fires death instead of seed? Do we have that? Is that concept available somewhere within? Good question. The answer? Yes!

One of the stranger 1970’s sci-fi films to bear the stamp of Joseph Campbell and Timothy “Tune in, Turn on, Write Incomprehensible Gibberish” Leary, “Zardoz” is the story of Sean Connery’s Zed, a brutal warrior who kills for Zardoz — a “god” who appears in the form of a flying stone head. Zardoz dispenses guns to Zed’s crew in exchange for sacrifices of grain; the scene where a river of guns flows from Zardoz’s gaping maw is classic.

Zed hitches a ride inside the flying head, discovering that Zardoz is not a god, but a movie prop operated by some freelance hippy artist. (“Is God in show business too?”) In an act of justifiable homicide, Zed shoots his fake god.

Soon Zed finds himself in a utopia where no one ever dies, and strangely, no one seems to know how erections work. Sure, they’ve conquered death and time, but The Mystery of the Boner eludes them.

Needless to say, eternity, in the worst kind of hippy commune, has many residents praying for death — and Sean Connery is just the man to give it to them. The last half hour of “Zardoz” is an impressive mish-mash, with an ending that will leave you exhaling a purple haze and saying, “Huh.”

P.S. — The planet of Zardoz? It was our planet!

Written and directed by John Boorman. Starring Sean Connery.



Trailer-based haiku review:
Short reviews of movies we haven’t seen.

“Anacondas:
The Hunt for the Blood Orchid”
more anacondas
devouring b-list actors
where is Ben Affleck?

“Napoleon Dynamite”
you had better be
at least half as funny
as Rushmore, kiddo

“Before Sunset”
nine years since sunrise
and I’m left wondering why
Ethan Hawke still sucks

“The Brown Bunny”
Chloe Sevigny
Gallo’s fellatio dream
brown like bunny turd



Get Your War On II

By David Rees. Published by Riverhead Books, 2004.

Book, Author

Interviewed by Jesse Hicks



September 11, 2001 changed a lot of things. Where previously America had maintained naïve clarity about the world beyond its borders, now everything was murky and frightening. We’d been attacked, that much was sure, but no one seemed to know exactly by who or why. That didn’t stop them from offering up explanations, though, most of which appealed to America’s vision of itself as the benevolent big brother to the rest of the world. In short, a lot of bullshit was in the air.

David Rees’ “Get Your War On” was one of the few antidotes for the constant barrage of surrealism that

“Get Your War On” (GYWO) spread like a virus, from Rees’ friends to virtually everyone with an e-mail account. A collection followed, and Rees landed a gig at Rolling Stone. But there’s still a lot of bullshit in the air, most of it concentrated around the war in Iraq, the forgotten war in Afghanistan, and the never-ending “war on terror.” Rees has never lacked for material in the last three years; a second collection of GYWO just appeared. Rees took time out from clip-art to talk to us about philosopher mic battles, a possible John Kerry win in November, and Maureen Dowd.

[link to some friends of mine, who went on to forward the link to their friends, post it to weblogs, et cetera, and pretty soon it was all over the internet.](#)

Is it a political cartoon? What cartoonists do you read or compare yourself to – Ted Rall, Aaron McGruder, Tom Tomorrow, Gary Trudeau?

I guess it’s a political cartoon. When I think of that phrase, though, I usually think of caricatures, or pictures of donkeys and elephants wrestling – single panel cartoons that run on op-ed pages. Sometimes I say it’s a satirical cartoon. I like all the

having your clip-art characters dubbed “cubicle-bound Holden Caulfields” [The Believer]? Is it strange to have that kind of hyperbole attached to something very personal to you, that started as a catharsis more than anything?

The media attention was really strange at first. It kind of threw me for a loop. I was very flattered that so many people had a positive reaction to the strip. But the funny thing is, I can’t figure out how famous the strip is. Like, sometimes I’ll be reading an article about contemporary satire and they’ll mention GYWO in the same breath as the Boondocks, or Michael Moore or something



made up post-9/11 life. A cartoon pieced together from archaic clip-art and filled with profanity, it somehow managed to speak more truth than any of the major media outlets. Most importantly, it was funny.

Tell us a little bit about how Get Your War On got started, and how it became such a phenomenon.

I started GYWO shortly after we began bombing Afghanistan (October 2001). I sent the

cartoonists you mentioned, but I don’t know which of them most influenced GYWO.

How do you respond to being labeled “perhaps America’s most celebrated Angry Young Man” [Boston Phoenix] and

and I’ll think “This writer must be a fan of my strip, because there’s no way most readers will know what he’s talking about.” I think a lot of journalists were frustrated with the watered down tone of post-9/11 humor, and so they

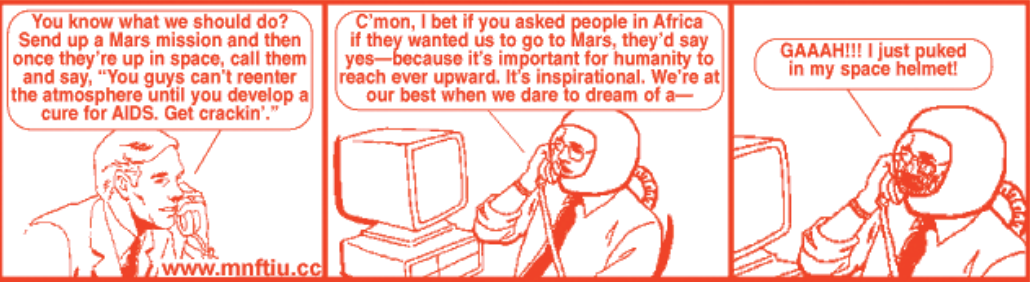
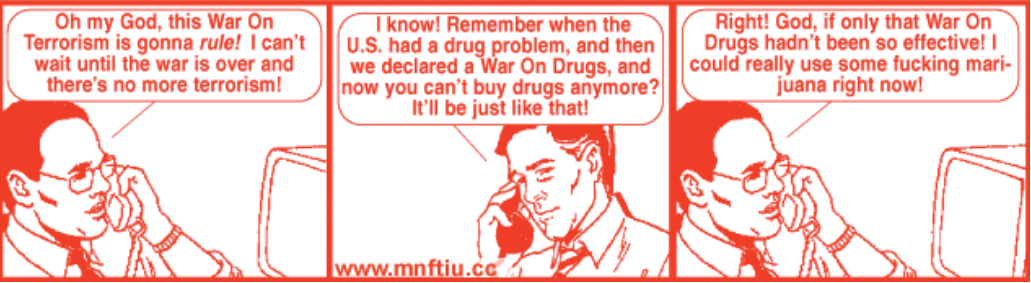
wanted to write about GYWO and help spread the word. I don’t think history will judge the comic to be that important.

GYWO doesn’t seem to have a particular ideology besides telling the truth, even when it’s inconvenient or disturbing. Some of my favorite strips have provoked a mixed “that’s hilarious – that’s sad – that’s true” response. If the strip’s goal is to puncture hypocrisy and spin, how do you see it changing with a Kerry win in November? Will there still be a place for “Get Your War On” when every child in America has his own unicorn and the terra-ists have been whisked away to lollipop jail?

If Kerry wins, I’m going to stop GYWO with his inauguration in January. I’ll move on to other projects.

Why did you want to fire [New York Times columnist] Maureen Dowd? Anything to do with her saucy looks and devil-may-care attitude?

Something about her tone offends me. This may sound crazy, but I don’t like all her pet names for administration officials – it suggests that she doesn’t appreciate how serious the issues are.



The proceeds from the first GYWO book went to Adopt-A-Minefield, who are working to clear the mines in Afghanistan. Was that a necessary part of the process for you?

Yeah, absolutely, because it wouldn’t have been satisfying for me to just complain about the situation in Afghanistan without doing something to help improve it.

There’s a second GYWO book coming out… when? Will you be doing something similar with the proceeds from that book?

“Get Your War On II” comes out September 7 and, again, 100% of my royalties will be donated to MDC Team #5 – a team of deminers in western Afghanistan.

You’re possibly the only philosophy major whose career path hasn’t involved a nametag and hair net. Do you feel like a role model?

No, I think Steve Martin is a better role model for philosophy majors! His income is probably equal to the combined income of 100,000 typical philosophy majors.

Finally, who gets the win in an axiom-battle: MC Wittgenstein or Mic Master F-Nietzsche?

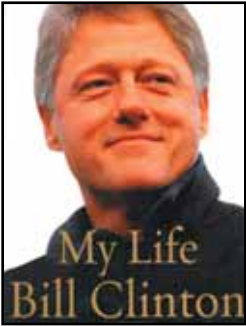
It would depend on whether they were rapping in English or German. My money’s on Wittgenstein.



My Life — Bill Clinton

Book

Reviewed by Ian Scuffling



On June 22, 2004, Knopf Publishers released President Bill Clinton’s autobiography, the 1008-page “My Life.” That same day, Mike Savage suggested all right-thinking Americas go out and purchase it ironically, as a blunt object useful for self-defense when the jackbooted liberals come to take your guns away.

I bought it. Then I decided to read it. I got to the dedication, part of which reads, “And to the memory of my grandfather, who taught me to look up to people others looked down on, because we’re not so different after all.”

My God. This guy needed a stink palm, and I was just the fanatic to give it to him.

You all remember the stink palm from Mallrats: It’s when you stick your hand in your sweaty crack before shaking someone’s hand. I figure trying to stink palm a former President probably gets you on a list somewhere, but I was willing to risk it.

So when he came to the Waterfront Barnes and Noble, I was ready. I got there early and scouted locations. I got my admission bracelet and mentally focused myself. To the bathroom. That’s right, get

it good and stank.

Then I waited in line for four hours while several hundred people got their books signed. I had my hand inside a copy of the Trib, but I could tell some people were suspicious. I began to imagine Secret Service radios squawking my name. Finally we were inside the bookstore. Clinton was his usual “charismatic” self; virtually everyone who left seemed to be six inches off the floor. It was disgusting.

My turn came, and I walked right up to the Great White Hope, looked him in the eye, and gave him the strongest handshake I’d ever given another man. He returned my gaze, saying, “Hey buddy, how are you doin’?” in that Arkansas drawl.

I couldn’t believe it. I could tell the stink wasn’t getting to him. Somehow he wasn’t feeling it. It was as though his aura kept the smell from sticking to him.

I pulled back, repulsed. He must’ve realized something was up, because he winked at me and motioned for the next person to take my place. The Barnes and Noble manager asked me to move on, but I was

rooted to the spot. I was shooting him daggers. I wanted him to know who I was. I wanted him to know I saw through him. I wanted him to know we were enemies.

But it was too late. I was brushed aside, my book autographed with little or no irony. I took it and slunk back into the crowd. I drove home. The bitter stench of my hand filled the car.



Blast Tyrant's Atlas of the Invisible World Including Illustrations of Strange Beasts and Phantoms — Clutch (2004)

CD

Reviewed by John Daniels



In the twelve years since its inception, the Maryland-based quartet Clutch has played over 1500 shows and released six full-length albums, numerous EPs, 7-inches and singles and have been featured in everything from major movie soundtracks to video games. It’d be easy for them to rest on their laurels, but for their debut on DRT Records, Clutch has followed up 2001’s “Pure Rock Fury” (Atlantic) with another solid release. “Blast Tyrant’s Atlas of the Invisible World Including Illustrations of Strange Beasts and Phantoms”, or Blast Tyrant for short, is a balls-out hard rock record that doesn’t let up.

A concept album of sorts, Blast Tyrant’s songs cross-reference each other, but the story is rather vague and its meaning is left for the listener to decode. Typical of singer Neil Fallon’s penchant for bizarre lyrics and themes, it follows the adventures of Worm Drink, a demon who flees the dark side and is then chased down by the Blast Tyrant in his ship “The Swollen Goat.” There are also some references to people who exist outside (or maybe inside?) Blast Tyrant’s universe including “that man on the TV who speaks to the dead” John Edward, Condoleezza Rice and Bono.

Nursery Crimes — Slayer (2004)

CD

Reviewed by Asbestos Jones



“We definitely made our own road and there’s not too many people driving down our road. Nobody’s doing it,” says Slayer’s Kerry King, and he couldn’t be more right about the thrash metal pioneers’ latest project, “Nursery Crimes” (Def American). Slayer decided to take a departure from their normal subject matter when they realized the one audience they’d never reached in their twenty years as metal’s hardest-working band: Children.

They then retreated to Kent, England and set up a mobile recording studio on the site of a prehistoric children’s burial ground. “It was definitely an experiment,” says King. “We’d never worked with Pro Tools before and we were afraid that we wouldn’t be able to capture the atmosphere and the spirit of the place, but it worked out great. You can almost feel their little hands all over you.”

The album’s title track kicks off with the machine-gun pounding of Paul Bostaph’s bass drum behind a wall of feedback. King’s voice enters, slamming his two-ton riffs into your skull until you beg for mercy. The album’s most haunting track “Tiny Metal Coffins,” fades out with the otherworldly wailing of a

British primary school chorus “Two coins for the dead, laughing in your head” and then segues into the album’s eerie closer, “Postnatal Abortion.”

The album also features collaboration with children’s entertainer Raffi. “We felt,” says King “that we wanted a little extra depth to the lyrics on ‘Baby Loves Headrub’ and he came over and totally nailed what we wanted on that. He’s a capital songwriter and a real nice motherfucker.”

“Nursery Crimes” is brutal from start to finish and can be enjoyed by kids and adults alike. You can pick this up and slam a few cans of Steel Reserve while you headbang with your son, making memories that he can look back on, remembering how awesome it was when he rocked out to that Slayer CD with his dad. Except you never visit him. Deadbeats



The Lists

By Clinton Doggett

5 Jam Bands I Hate

5. Godspeed You Black Emperor!

We all know that GYBE! is just the art-house version of the jam band. Let’s see: They create entrancing musical vibes and sonic crescendos. Jam band. The only difference is that their wordless cacophony is somehow, to them, political. What a load.

4. Tool

I read somewhere that, for their latest “Lateralus,” Tool’s songs basically took form by stringing together riffs from hours upon hours of jam session tapes. And in all honestly, it’s technically very good — mathy shifts, neato instrumental harmonies, lyrical irony that may or may not be irony. But I just can’t help but feel like listening to Tool and watching them jerk off are really any different from one another.

3. Anything With Les Claypool in it

Les Claypool has been capitalizing on his quirky (cough, “tasteless”) psychedelia for way too long now. It hasn’t changed the fact that Primus sucked. The Frog Brigade sucked. That thing he did with the drummer from the Police sucked. Sure, the man can play the bass, but what if he plays the bass really well throughout hundreds of songs that just plain suck? That’s right, he still sucks.

2. Dream Theater

I’m the only one of my stupid friends who didn’t like Dream Theater in high school. Suckers!

1. Phish

I don’t really hate Phish all that much. I just hate Phish fans. Does this make me a superficial jerk? Probably. But does that make your hemp necklace and your profoundly stupid hat (where do you even buy that crap?) any less stupid? No.



4 Rhymes that prove “Got Your Money” by Ol’ Dirty Bastard is the Best Song Ever

4. “You lookin’ at my wrist sayin ‘it’s so nice’ / The price bitch is diamonds shining in disco light.”

3. “Just dance if you’re caught up in the holy ghost trance / If you stop I’m a put the killer ants in your pants!”

2. “I don’t have no trouble with you fuckin me / But I have a little problem with you not fuckin me”

1. “If you want some of this dirty — well, God made dirt and dirt bust yo’ ass!”



Xiu Xiu

Show Review/Interview

By Keith J. Varadi



On Monday, August 9, Jamie Stewart, the captivating centerpiece of indie act Xiu Xiu, accomplished a feat rarely seen these days — he had the crowd at Modern Formations clinging onto his every last action the way a devoted, packed crowd would cling onto Justin Timberlake’s every last action [only in a much, much smaller setting]. However, the show didn’t start off with the same powerful atmosphere. The night began with a band called The Sea, like Lead, which was basically a Mogwai cover band, minus sufficient talent to build up to climaxes. Next was Blue Hour, an average band with an above average singer. The best way I could describe them really is maybe Jeremy Enigk, before he “found Christ,” fronting Mates of State or some other synth-happy band on Prozac. The third band, On! Air! Library! took fucking forever to get their equipment on stage after the Blue Hour had taken fucking forever to get theirs off, but it was worth it. They were a tight band of two young, hot twins and two creepy older men who played a tight set of bass-driven computer rock. The crowd seemed to be pretty into it and I was, too. But you know what? Fuck those bands, because I was talking about Xiu Xiu and how Jamie took stage to a floor filled with eccentric and traditional instruments alike, and completely smashed our faces in with some of the most beautiful sounds ever to come from speakers. We all ate it up and asked for seconds. So I talked to him.

For the jealous hipsters who aren’t up on their shit and for the presently uninformed/future fans that we are going to convert with this here interview, what is the story behind the name, Xiu Xiu?

It is from a movie called Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl by the director, Joan Chen. You should see it. It is tough to watch.

I’ve probably seen tougher. Most of the “it flicks” these days are often cringeworthy. Anyway, what can we talk about to convert the uninformed? Who is the best looking celebrity you’ve almost had sex with?

Yeah, well, actually it was a threeway with Bjork and Jude Law — my dick almost went right through the television.

Hah. That was probably the best possible response you could have given, and that response actually makes me get to another question I had. To me, the band’s music and actual personalities, from what I have seen/heard/read, are quite contrasting. Like we have established, the music is quite dark, but you guys seem, well, fairly high spirited. Do you think you guys use your music as a means to channel the bummer things that go on in your lives, rather than be a bummer socially?

Well, the bummer socially thing certainly comes up, but I think anytime we are in a public place, it is at a show where we are about to play so we are usually getting pumped and worked up to do it. We love to play, so it brings the aforementioned spirits up. Our personalities tend to be both very, very dark and very, very light. There is a pill we take to make that all go away.

Your lyrics though are often very dark and depressing and you carry them out pretty accordingly with an often equally dark and depressing tone and vocal styling, which can be very moving, but I am sure to some, also pretty disturbing. The songs you create are certainly very evoking. What types of feelings, in particular, do you think you are trying to evoke and is there some source of all this or is this just how you kick out your jams?

We are just trying to be open about what is happening in the lives of the people in the band and people who are close to us.

What do you and the fellow Xiu Xiu’ers do when you’re not Xiu Xiu’ing?

Cory plays in another band called Tub and goes on vacation a lot. He also works at a radio station. Caralee drinks coffee and plays with her cat. Ches and Dein play in a ton of other bands, the most amazing being Good For Cows. I mostly read and go to the movies go bird watching and sometimes play in a band called 7 Year Rabbit Cycle. But Xiu Xiu is pretty time consuming.

So you released an album last year, entitled Fag Patrol. What exactly makes someone decide to name an album Fag Patrol?

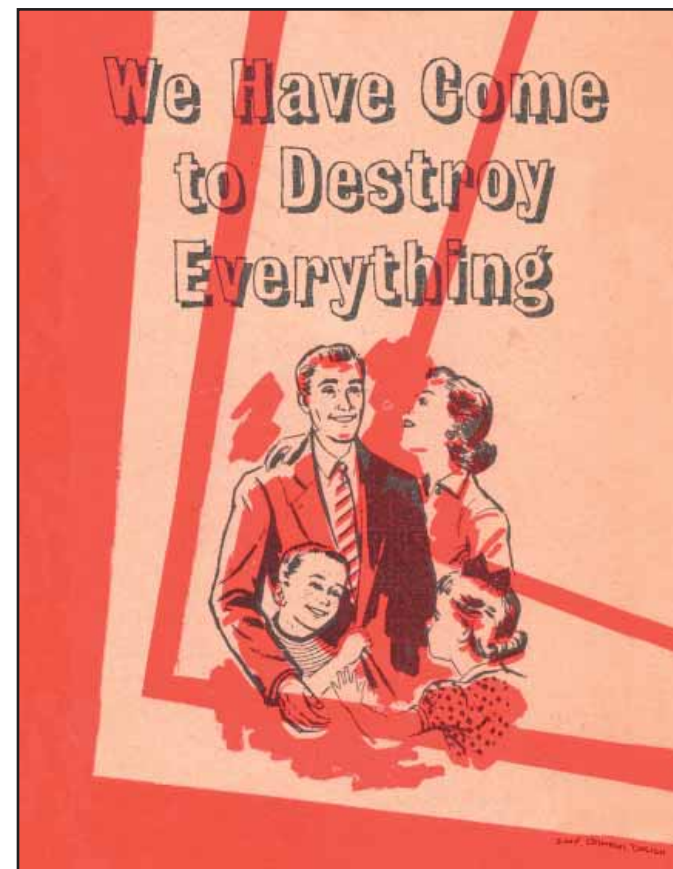
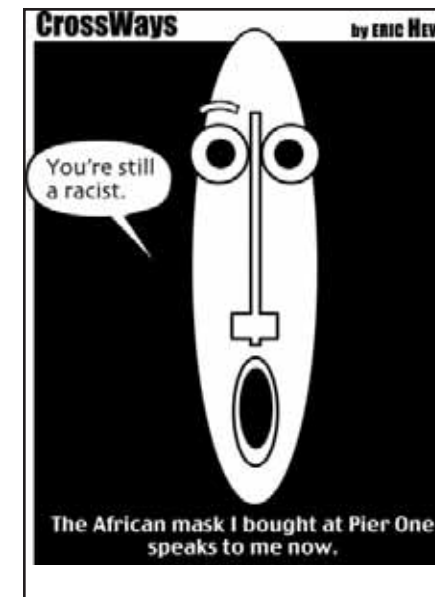
It is a comment on gay bashing and the use of the term fag as a prerogative like jerk. It is also funny to say fag patrol, even though it shouldn’t be, which in and of itself is a comment on how problematic mainstream culture treats and deals with queers.

You probably haven’t received many less-than-great reviews lately, but have you ever read an awful review and just wanted to punch the guy or girl who wrote it in the face? I mean, most people say some bullshit garbage like, “Everyone is entitled to their own opinion,” but come on, it has to piss you off a little... right?

Once in a while, it pisses me off. Usually, I just get really self-conscious, so now I never read reviews. It only pisses me off if the review is bad but does not add anything to the same criticisms we have been getting since we started. If you think we suck, please try and come up with some new reasons for it or don’t bother. Everyone already knows the vocals are over the top and the subject matter is excessive blah blah.



GALLERY



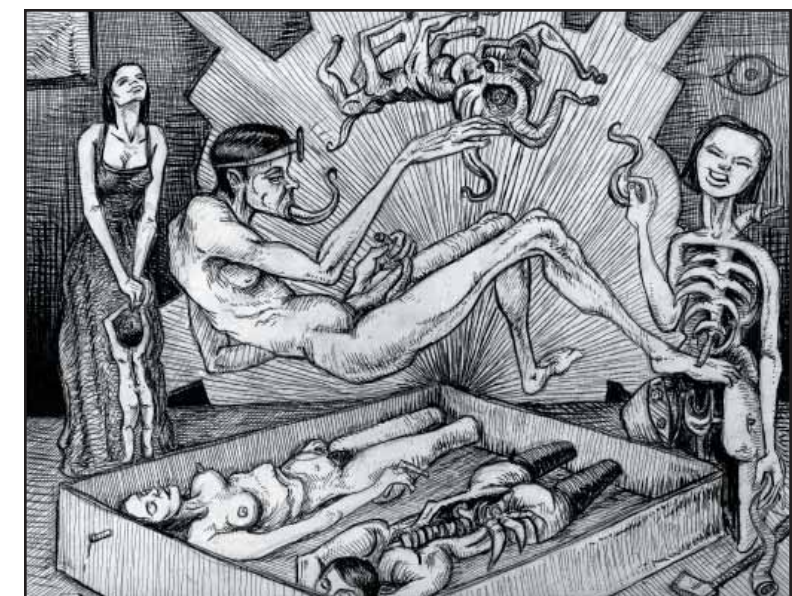
Some art from the masses

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP

Joshua Abelov
Eric Hews
Todd Hyung-Rae Tarselli
Jae Ruberto
Jae Ruberto
Matt Stroud
Houston MacIntyre

FOLLOWING PAGE

Bob Revay



We'll publish just about anything.
send your art to deek@deekmagazine.com



deek takes

Celebrate this year's election by showing that you're a patriot with true grit.
Deek Magazine is hooking up with Pittsburgh Filmmakers to bring you:

WHERE:

WHERE:

WHERE:

WHERE:

WHERE:

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WHERE:

Harris Theater
809 Liberty Avenue
Downtown Pittsburgh



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October 15th
7:00 pm

Deek's Political Release Fiasco

**THE ESCAPE OF DEEK'S MUCH FEARED POLITICAL INCIDENT
OUTFOXED: RUPERT MURDOCH'S WAR ON JOURNALISM**

**PLUS, A FEW RADICAL SURPRISES FROM THE DEEK STAFF:
ARGUMENTS, OPINIONS, ANGRY TALKERS, THE WHOLE NINE**

**DON'T BE AN ENEMY OF FREEDOM. DON'T LET THE TERRORISTS WIN
SHOW UP. YOUR COUNTRY WILL THANK YOU**

A little about the movie (from <http://www.pghfilmmakers.org>)
"In the American media, the job of exposing bias is often taken up by organizations or people with a definite point of view. Fox News came into being with the intention of 'balancing' the supposed leftward tilt of the print and broadcast mainstream. Robert Greenwald, director of Outfoxed, also has a definite point of view - that Fox News is anything but 'fair and balanced.' Includes many compelling interviews with Nation columnist Eric Alterman, Al Franken and other left-leaning pundits, as well as with more politically centrist observers like Walter Cronkite. Many former members of Fox News, locally and national, speak candidly about the regular in-house edicts that told them how to politically portray their news broadcasts. Bill O'Reilly, host of Fox's top-rated show, comes off especially poorly during an interview with the son of a 9/11 victim who protested the war in Iraq."



Dr. G will solve you

by Dr. G



Q: If a couple only has sex once every six months, would you say there is something wrong with their relationship?

A: If I was one of the members of that couple, I'd say, "hells yeah there is something wrong with that relationship!" Only playing "hide the pink crayon" twice a year? Are fireworks so important to lovemaking that it has to be saved for New Year's Eve and Independence Day? Are you shitting me? I'd have to play the get-out game, and, well... you know... get out.

But thankfully, I am not a member of that couple. Neither, I suspect, are most of the readers of this column. Rarely are those that aren't getting any interested in the problems of those that are.

All of us are aware that we need to sleep. On the average, adults require seven to nine hours of sleep a night, but some of us (like my grandmother) seem to function on just a few, whereas others (like my roommate) can't seem to get enough sleep. You can force an eight-hour night, but the true measure of how much sleep a person needs is whether or not they're able to function, healthy, and feel satisfied. Like I told my grandma, if you feel as if you're not getting

enough then you're not, but if you feel fully refreshed on four hours then you probably don't need any more. Now go bake me some damn cookies.

Oh wait, I was supposed to be discussing sex. Ah, it's the same thing. Some people need it all the time and some are content to live their lives without it, but most fall somewhere in the middle. And again, the best measure of if you're getting enough booty is if you feel satisfied. I know there are some people out there that can be perfectly happy having sex once or twice a presidential term, or never at all. Our desired sex frequency is usually an important consideration when we enter into relationships, and partner discrepancies are among the biggest sources of conflict. Whenever one partner wants more than the other negative feelings of resentment, frustration, unhappiness, obligation, and regret can be introduced into an otherwise successful relationship. Oh, and people sometimes cheat. I should mention that.

That's not to say that differences in sexual desire are always the cause of relationship hell; a lot of times, other problems in a relationship can kill sexual desire. If you grow to hate someone for always forgetting

P.S. I know a couple that has a very serious discrepancy in their preferred frequency of intercourse. He almost never wants it and she seems to be insatiable. They've been together for over ten years and apparently everything else in their relationship is perfect. A few years ago, they decided that she should start to take on outside lovers to fulfill her sexual needs. They worked together to determine a very strict set of rules for whom she could have sex with and what was acceptable in order to avoid any feelings of jealousy or create any unwanted attachments (not to mention diseases and pregnancies) while he remains faithful to her. Sure, there were some kinks to the system that had to be worked out, but so far it seems to be holding up and they are happier than ever. I don't think their solution would work with every mismatched couple, I just find it interesting...

to put the seat down, you probably aren't going to want to have sex with him. Similarly, if someone constantly tries to talk to you while you are obviously trying to watch Aqua Teen Hunger Force, you probably aren't going to want to have sex with her either. Infrequent sex is very often a symptom of deeper, more serious relationship problems.

So, if you and your partner are reasonably healthy and only bump uglies once a leap year or something like that I'd say you need to take a good solid look at your relationship. If both of you are content, then by all means enjoy all the extra time you have to pursue other interests like needlepoint, yelling at the neighborhood kids, and wondering why your own children never call. Or just take a nap. We could all use a little more sleep.



Got a question for the Doctor? Send him an email at askdrg@yahoo.com. Also check out his website at www.frozenscoffineelting.com

Ask Emo

by Christopher D. Salyers



Let me begin by posing a question to myself:

Q: Who the hell is this Screamo Guy?

A: Seems that with the last issue of Deek I've been replaced with the more "acceptable" subgenre of "screamo." But don't let the Screamo's tattoos and dyed blue/black hair drive you back — deep down at the root of his core he's still as emo as the rest of us, only with a "scr" at the beginning. See? Same thing only modified for scene's sake. Remember all those words with "core" at the end of 'em? Yeah, let's try not to make the same mistake twice.

Also, many of you loyal Deek penetrators might be worried that all this Emo and Screamo nonsense is just a cheap crack to the back of the head to all the loyal local scene-goers. Well, I'm speaking directly to each and every one of you this time around to say: Well, not really, but sort of. It's the editor's fault.

Q: Emo —

Yo faggot bitch all this whiney puss-girl shit you listen to is for fairies which makes you a goddamn ass-sucker so go grab your balls and suck onna fat lollypop of Save the Day dick and kiss it 'cuz you should be listening to good shit like Vendetta Red or Poison the Well not that whiney baby homo crap.

Micah_808@hotmail.com

A: You're lucky to have written me, Mr. 808, because I was really starting to worry about how my outward appearance reflected my sexuality. Tight vintage shirts and hair products do not label me a queer. As for the bands comment, I suggest you take a look at last month's "Ask Screamo" column.

Q: Hey Emo Guy —

Recently I noticed that my boyfriend's been decorating his white old school Vans with a black sharpie, drawing all these swirly designs and clashing them with square shapes. We haven't actually had sex in about a month and a half. Do I have something to worry about?

Please help.
Dagni Mostly

A: Mostly, if he were gay, do you really think he'd be clashing shapes on his Vans, let alone destroying a pair of perfectly rad vintage kicks? The boy has obviously got some style, and he's using this to project an artistic ability that isn't allowed any sort of positive creative outlet. So perhaps the sex thing has something to do with you, huh? Ever think of that?

Q: Emo —

My father told me that another word for bad advice is "bum steer." So do you give any bum steer?

Andrew Siegler
NYC


A: Seriously, what's with all the gay comments?

Q: Dear Emo —

My sister and I started writing our own songs, but we haven't really been able to come up with a name for ourselves. Any advice?

Sincerely,
Mark in Friendship

A: I'll let you in on a little trade secret that only a few of us "major players" are keen to. First, choose a band you like that's at least ten years old, and be sure to make it clear that they're a definite influence on your style and music. Second, go through said band's entire catalog of song titles, finding one that's at least four words. Now close your eyes and imagine it in a suitable white font in the middle front of a black t-shirt and PRESTO! You got yourself a band name! It's that simple. (Just promise not to steal the name of my new screamo-electro-thrash outfit, cuttin' some of the illest riffs this side of the Manongehela —The Blankets Were the Stairs. Coming soon to a venue near you!)

P.S. Any ladies out there play keyboar



Have a question, concern, or need dermatology advice? ASK EMO about it! Askemoquestion@yahoo.com

Events

Featured Event:

Pittsburgh Action Against Rape Fall 2004 Information & Support Lecture Series, Wednesday Evenings 6:30 - 8:30 pm: If you or someone you love has been a victim of sexual violence, please consider coming to this lecture series. There is no charge and you do not need to register in advance. If you have a disability and require specific accommodations, advance notice will help us serve you. PAAR is located on the South Side at 81 S. 19th Street. For further information, call 412-431-5665



YO LA TENGO
A backdrop of winter storms paints nearly every reference to summer, sunshine, and good will towards men (with lyrics "you blame the sun as the cause of the shadows on the wall" in the Gilberto Gil stretch of "Season of the Shark" to the "summer stays too long" refrain in the sixth cut "Tiny Birds," as voiced by bassist James Mcnew). The pared-down and laid-bare instrumentation propping up hushed vocals, like an unseen undertow, may pin you down drowning if you stumble in unaware. Wednesday, Sept. 22. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$10. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

DECIDE W/ GOATWHORE, CATTLE DECAPITATION, JUNGLE ROT, SATHANAS
Known the world over as one of the founding fathers of Death Metal, Decide stands as one of the most influential and controversial metal bands of all time. With a relentlessly brutal sound and uncompromisingly blasphemous lyrics, Decide helped set and the standards for Death Metal. Thursday, Sept. 23. 6:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$16 adv, \$18 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

KERRY MEETUP MORE INFO
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. The main meetup is at the Carpenters Hall in Greentree. Thursday, Sep 23. 7 p.m. Free for All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

PHICTION - SOLUTION
PHICTION [P3, WV] With: NOLAN & ETCH, SEDATIVE, PHILO. Drink Specials: \$1 Coors Lights, \$2 Wells. At Chemistry, in Pittsburgh's Strip District (19th & Smallman) from 9pm - 2am every Thursday night. 21+, Proper ID Required. Price: Only \$5 before 12, \$7 after. September 23. http://www.DigitalGoodtime.com, http://www.TheGrooveShop.com, http://www.ChemistryPittsburgh.com

THE PRIMATIVES AT CAFE' BEAN
Alternative Rock/Folk Band (sophisticated original music with subtle spiritual

undertones) specializing in Coffee House venues, Festivals, Benefits, House Parties, etc. Thursday, Sept. 23. 8:30 p.m. Cafe' Bean. Free for All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

GOOD FRIDAYS: GHOST AND SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE
Ghost (Drag City) is a collective of psychedelic-minded Japanese musicians headed by guitarist Masaki Batoh. Hailing from Tokyo, Ghost's large and varying line of musicians are known for playing their improvisational style of music in unique locations such as Buddhist temples, churches, subway stations, fields and caves. California acid-folk band, Six Organs of Admittance will open the show. Friday, Sept. 24. 7 p.m. Andy Warhol Museum, Northside. \$10. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

JAZZ MANDOLIN PROJECT
For a number of years now the Jazz Mandolin Project has courageously been setting itself apart from what people expect from the mandolin. Atypical of accepted traditional approaches to the instrument and atypical of what aficionados call jazz, this project continues to break ground in its most significant recording yet date. "Jungle Tango" is somehow able to speak to skateboarders and artists in search of sophistication at the same time. Friday, Sept. 24. 9 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$12 in advance \$15 at the door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

AN EVENING W/ NIKOLA BAYTALA
Friday September 24 An Evening with Nikola Baytala of S.W.A.T. presented by DigitalGoodtime, LLC and Dynamix Crew. Nikola Baytala (S.W.A.T.) San Francisco Friday, Sept. 24. 9 p.m. Chinatown Inn Banquet Space, Downtown. \$10. 21+ www.thisishappening.com

TAKE A WALK ON THE ART SIDE
Explore two Pittsburgh neighborhood arts districts - the Penn Avenue Arts District and the 16:62 Design Zone - on this day hike. See artists in action at studio stops along the way. Saturday, Sept. 25. 10 a.m. 16:62 Design Zone, Lawrenceville. \$20 Venture Outdoors Members; \$25 non-members; \$10 children. All Ages. 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. through Sept. 25. South Side. Free for All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

Gift of Gab (of Blackalicious) w/ Sied Chahrouh (of Strict Flow)
In a hip-hop career that has spanned over a decade these Self-described "everyday brothers," the Bay Area native Xavier Mosley (Chief Xcel) met Tim Parker (Gift of Gab) at John F. Kennedy High School in Sacramento, California in 1987, and immediately struck up a friendship and love over hip-hop. Saturday, Sept. 25. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$12 adv, \$14 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

THE ELDERLY W/ THE DEFENESTRATORS, AN OFFHAND WAY, JELLY'SH
A local showcase, presenting the finest music in Pgh. Sunday, Sept 26. 6 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$8. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

THE KILLING
Kubrick caper film about a racetrack heist in which each member of the team has a specific role that must be executed in exact synchronization. Dialogue by Jim Thompson (The Grifters). (Directed by Stanley Kubrick; 1956; 85 min) Sunday, Sept. 26. 8 p.m. Regent Square Theater. \$6. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

MUSH RECORDS PACKAGE TOUR FEATURING HER SPACE HOLIDAY
URB Magazine presents Mush Records' Fall 2004 Tour of North America. Her Space Holiday leads an impressive tour lineup featuring some of the most

highly regarded new names in electronic music. Her Space Holiday (Marc Bianchi) adds live bass, keyboards, and drums to his mixes for the live setting. His recent release, 'The Young Machines' was his best received to date. In addition to being one of the strongest selling titles in the Mush catalog, it landed Marc press in outlets ranging from Urb to CMJ to Mojo and hit #2 on the CMJ Top 200. Monday, Sept 27th. 6 p.m. at The Eye. All ages. http://www.dirtyloop.com.

RJD2 w/ DIPLO, ROB SONIC
In the last few years, one-man shows such as Moby, DJ Shadow and Timbaland have proved what underground hip-hop fans have known since Marley Marl's heyday: a producer can change the entire game. It has been said by many legendary producers that the ultimate goal is to move a crowd-not just to dance, but sometimes also to feel and think. Monday, Sept. 27. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$12 adv, \$15 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

NONPOINT W/ SKINDREED, DRY KILL LOGIC, GUTTER*Y
Elias Soriano is not content to sit still and neither is his band. Soriano, the vocalist for the Ft. Lauderdale hard rock outfit Nonpoint, featuring drummer Robb Rivera, guitarist Andrew Goldman, and bassist KB; is overflowing with the pent-up energy and excitement from finishing the band's astonishing new record, "Recoil." Tuesday, Sept. 28. 7:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$12 adv, \$14 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

CARBON LEAF
Known to fans as America's preeminent unsigned band, the quintet released its sixth album in July. Indian Summer marks Carbon Leaf's most profound musical and professional transformation to date. The Quiet parts whisper more intimately, the crescendos climb to higher peaks of power. Singer/lyricist Barry Privett's unique way with metaphor and word. Wednesday, Sept. 29. 7:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$10 adv, \$12 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

AMERICAN EAGLE COLLEGE NIGHT - THE STORY OF THE RAMONES
"End of the Century: The Story of the Ramones" Free refrshments courtesy of Yuengling and Kazansky's. Socializing and a live performance by Mud City Manglers at 7 p.m. Film at 8:15 p.m. Thursday, Sept. 30. Regent Square Theater. \$4. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

EMERY W/ BRAZIL, FROM FIRST TO LAST, DOWN TO EARTH APPROACH
Not only are Emery recapturing the definitive meaning of the Emo genre by abounding deep emotion between their intense variance in dynamics and layered vocal beauty, but their feelings are backed by passionate beliefs in love, faith, and hope, making their emotions not only compelling, but full of genuine sentiment as well. Thursday, Sept. 30. 7:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$10 adv, \$12 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com



October Events:

FALL CRAWL
A \$10 wristband will enable you to visit over 17 establishments in the Strip District without a cover charge and will entitle you to drink specials in participating venues. Friday, Oct 1: 2 a.m., 6 p.m. The Strip District. \$10 for a wristband 21+ www.thisishappening.com

SALVAGE WEAR FASHION SHOW
organized by Crystala Armagost, and MC'd by Mama Spell during the October 2 - 3, 04 Festival of the Salvage Arts 2004. A community open house at Construction Junction. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 7 - 8 p.m. 214 N. Lexington St., Point Breeze. http://www.salvoarts.org/fest/

J. CLARKS OPEN MIC NIGHT
Every Tuesday, featuring tunes from Jim Kuzemka, Joe Shields and, well, you. J. Clarks is in Pine Creek Plaza, off McKnight Road. For information, call 412.366.4990.

JOHN BUTLER TRIO
The John Butler Trio effortlessly combines gritty soulful vocals, elements of hip-hop and Appalachian folk with subtle hints of everything from Reggae to Zeppelin. Often drawing comparisons to Ben Harper, John plays a variety of instruments including numerous 12-strings, lapsteel guitars and banjos, with dexterity on par with some of the all-time greats. Sunday, Oct. 3. 7 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$8 adv, \$10 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

LUCKY BOYS CONFUSION W/ THE MATCHES, PLAIN WHITE T's
With the aptly-titled sophomore effort Commitment, Chicago's Lucky Boys Confusion hit the ground running in an unapologetic yet melodic look at life from behind a microphone, guitar amp, or drum kit. It is a defining moment for any hard working band that's ever picked up an instrument or packed into a van and hit the road. Thursday Oct. 7. 6:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$10. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

MOSQUITOS
The title of Mosquitos second album, Sunshine Barato, is a combination of English and Portuguese that literally means cheap sunshine. It perfectly suits this sensual, whimsical, bilingual collection of 15 tracks that chronicle the sort of experiences money can't buy, like lying on an empty beach, dancing in the rain, or falling asleep next to someone you love. Sunday, Oct 10. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$10 adv, \$12 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

DJ KRUSH
Gifted producer & DJ with a superb sense in Mixing and composing his sound who's been well-received in the International club scene.

KRUSH began pursuing his solo career in Late 1992, and soon grabbed people's attention as the first DJ to use Turntables as live instruments such as doing free sessions with live Musicians on stage. Monday, Oct 11. 9:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$15 adv, \$17 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

THE CRAMPS W/ THE GORE GORE GIRLS, LEGENDARY HUCKLEBUCKS
The Cramps' unique sound synthesizes classic rockabilly, touches of psychedelia, and lyrical fare devoted mostly to monster movies and sleazy sex into an infectious, gloriously tasteless conglomeration of American trash culture. While their subject matter may verge on offensive to some, their obvious sense of humor and the fun, disposable feel of their best work prevent the listener from ever taking things more seriously than they should. Tuesday, Oct. 12. 7:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre \$17.50 adv, \$20.00 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

ROBERT WALTER'S 20TH CONGRESS
Walter incorporates elements of electronic music and dubs reggae into his traditional R&B and jazz roots, all powered by the flavor of his vintage Fender Rhodes and Hammond B-3 organ. The sound combines just about every form of music into a syncopated groove that will move fans of jazz, soul, blues, roots rock and, yes, those jam band dance fanatics. Wednesday, Oct. 13. 8 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$10 adv, \$12 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

MINISTRY W/ MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT, HANSEL UND GRETYL
Ministry's first platinum record sported "N.W.O.," a track with samples of then-President George W. Bush's pronouncements of world domination. Ten years later, Jr. Bush is playing with his train set in the Oval Office, and the world is in turmoil. So, although the title of Ministry's second disc for Sanctuary, Houses Of The Molé, invokes metal masters Led Zeppelin and traditional Mexican cooking, the content is more deserving of the title All Fluxed Up. Friday, Oct. 15. 7:30 p.m. Mr. Small's Theatre, Millvale. \$28.50 adv, \$30 door. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

SHORTKUT of the World Famous Beat Junkies!/[color]
That's right y'all, SHORTKUT is coming to Pittsburgh. Shortkut will be performing a FREE 20 minute demo at Brighton Music Center on Babcock Boulevard, showing aspiring turntablists scratch techniques and possibly also demo-ing the Rane Serato Scratch machine. Rane's answer to Stanton's Final Scratch. This will be followed by autographs, giveaways and raffles (featuring the needles described later). Then in the evening, SHORTKUT will be performing a full-length set at THE EYE on Penn Avenue and the raffle winners will be announced. Only those attending Brighton's demo will be given raffle tickets for the needles, but all get the free goodies. Winners of the raffle will be announced @ The Eye later that night, and only those at The Eye are eligible to win. In short, you gotta be at both performances to win these needles, but they're well well worth it. Fri. October 15 @ The Eye - ages 18+, 7pm. Price TBA - includes free alcohol if you're 21. www.digitalgoodtime.com



SLAUGHTERHOUSE GALLERY and Studios will be opening an exhibit by local artist and CMU grad Crystal Armagost on October 8. Her works will focus on the job market faced by recent college grads, especially her experiences after she signed with Americorps. Crystal describes her time there as being "held hostage in an office environment where respect can never be earned and reason is thought to be the result of dehydrating a grape."

J. CLARKS OPEN MIC NIGHT
Every Tuesday, featuring tunes from Jim Kuzemka, Joe Shields and, well, you. J. Clarks is in Pine Creek Plaza, off McKnight Road. For information, call 412.366.4990.

VOTER EDUCATION WALKS and PHONERANKS
We're contacting environmentalists in Pittsburgh who've voted 2 or less times in the last 4 elections to give them credible non-partisan information about the presidential candidates, George W. Bush and John Kerry. Then, we're going to encourage them to get out to the polls on November 2nd. We're reaching people by phone and by walking in their communities giving them literature. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays: 6 p.m. Saturdays: 10 a.m. Free for all ages. www.thisishappening.com

SUNGRUMBS' STEEL CITY POETRY SLAM
Open-mic qualifying slam for Team Pittsburgh 2005. Third Tuesday of every month at the Shadow Lounge. Hosted by Nikki Allen and feat. DJ Selecta from 720Records. PSI-Certified. Tuesdays, 9 p.m. Shadow Lounge, East Liberty. \$5. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

LIVE LATIN FOLKMUSIC
Local guitarists and other musicians meet at the Tango Café each Wednesday evening for informal Latin folk music sessions. Experience the music while you enjoy a coffee or submarino drink and a delicious homemade Argentinean pastry! Wednesdays, 9 p.m. Tango Café, Squirrel Hill. Free for All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

ACOUSTIC OPEN STAGE
This night is designed to provide a platform for novice + expert singer-song writers to polish their skills. Hosted by Abby Ahmed. Wednesdays, 9 p.m. Shadow Lounge, East Liberty. \$3. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

FUZZ!
100% Drum and Bass Weekly running Wednesdays at the BBT since May 2000. 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 Bob Teagarden. Wednesdays, 10 p.m. Bloomfield Bridge Tavern, Bloomfield. \$2. 21+. 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). Thursdays, 5:30 p.m. Sammy's Famous Corned Beef - 9th Street, Downtown. Free for All Ages. www.thisishappening.com

SOLUTION @ CHEMISTRY
Digital Goodtime is proud to present Solution @ Chemistry, where the world's top electronic music performers display their skills every Thursday night alongside the resident DG DJ's. Thursdays, 9 p.m. Club Chemistry, Strip District. \$5 before 12, \$7 after. 21+

THURSDAYS @ HAVANA
The longest running club weekly in Pittsburgh. Every Thursday - House and Techno DJs. Intimate atmosphere - Matini bar & Lounge with Outdoor Back Patio. Thursdays, 10 p.m. Club Havana, Shadyside. Free. 21+ www.thisishappening.com

FINAL FRIDAYS AT CHIODO'S
As you may know, one of the finest bars in Pittsburgh is slated for demolition. Joe Chiodo has run this bar for 57 years, and he's ready to hang it up. Walgreen's says they're going to tear it down. I say we're going to have a drink there every Friday until they do. Join me. Fridays, 6 p.m. Chiodo's Tavern, Homestead (Borough). Free Admission. 21+ www.thisishappening.com

HIP-HOP CAFE SERIES MORE INFO
The best open stage/open mic night in the Mid Atlantic. That's right I said it. It's the funkiest, sexiest, entertainment you'll come across. Blending live music with Poetry, Hip-Hop, Soul, and more. Plus weekly guest artists from across the country. Fridays at 10 p.m. Shadow Lounge, East Liberty. \$8. 18+ www.thisishappening.com

CALL FOR ARTISTS @ GYPSY CAFE
Pittsburgh's budding artists need more opportunities like this! Get out and get the good vibes flowing! Gypsy Cafe is an intimate neighborhood cafe newly opened in the Southside. We are looking for artists to display works for shows to change monthly. If the works are for sale, Gypsy will happily act as seller at no cost to the artist. Gypsy will also help to arrange an opening or closing event for the show. Anytime. Gypsy Café, Southside. All Ages. www.thisishappening.com



Please send all events to deekevents@yahoo.com, and please plan a month in advance - the deadline for submissions is the first Monday of each month. Event listings are free, and unlimited. For example, if you are looking for a drummer or something, send in a listing. Same goes for a date or a maid or a dominatrix or whatever.

Be creative. This space is open to you, for free. Take advantage of it. Also: All event listings are unedited.



COOL YINZ SELVES OFF!

By Arthur Face and Whitey McGee

Sure, you can always go to the pool, take a cool shower, or sit in front of the fan. How everyday. There's other, cooler ways to cool off. Here's a few we could think of:

- 1. Streak naked through a crowded event of your choosing. After bathing. Let the drying, evaporating droplets cool your body as the wind whisks past your private parts, soothing your loins like cool water on a steaming pet rock.
- 2. Get a tattoo of a Chinese symbol you don't understand, but pretend it means something to you, personally. Go ahead and have it tattooed on the small of your back or your forehead. Not only will this make you seem deep and edgy; it will also make you cool.
- 3. Climb into your refrigerator after taking out all the food and shelves. Close the door behind you. If you have trouble breathing once inside, get out of there and quit being such a moron.
- 4. Eat Cheez Whiz "to the extreme", then lather yourself in Tabasco sauce and gallop down Grant Street screaming, "THIS ONE'S FOR CANADA!"
- 5. Put your underwear in the freezer for a few minutes before you get dressed or before you go to bed. Cool tip: You might want to put them in a plastic bag first.
- 6. Bring a fire hose to work with you and start twirling it around your head and using it as a jump rope making up your own words to the march chants in "Full Metal Jacket" and explain that you are training to cheat in the Special Olympics in 2027.
- 7. Put on a Satan costume and smear plain white toothpaste around your mouth. Now, walk into your boss's office and say, "I'm a corporate raider, I initiate hostile takeovers." Then snarl and say, "How do you like THAT?"
- 8. Paint your face up to make it look like you have a beard. Then find a razor and walk into a butcher shop wearing a top hat. Now tell the butcher you are Abraham Lincoln and you're going to go "All Civil War" on him if he doesn't let you shave in the big meat freezer they have in the back. If he agrees and doesn't call the police, proceed to the freezer and cool off. If not, you'll have to start crying.

- 9. Eat babies.

- 10. Climb into your attic wearing a space suit. Stay there for a good while, until you're really hot. Then go downstairs and take it off, you sexy bastard.
- 11. You need ice cubes, a pitching wedge and a buffalo, live or stuffed. Stuffed is preferable for safety's sake.
- 12. Pee on yourself.
- 13. Staple pornographic photographs to stray animals in Squirrel Hill and introduce them to old people, speaking in the animal's native tongue and try to convince the septuagenarians to take you home and give you a hot bath.
- 14. Next time you go to the dentist, bring a pair of pliers and a Swiss Army knife. Keep them in your pocket for now. After Mr. Dentist is done cleaning your teeth and making your gums bleed profusely, get up from the chair, pull off that silly spit catcher thing they have you wear, and say, "It's your turn now, FREAK." Then whip out the pliers and knife and laugh maniacally. When it looks like he's really scared (or if he pulls out a gun or something), say, "Haha. Fooled you," and prance out of the room like a cast member from Les Miserables.
- 15. Start a band where everyone is forced to wear raincoats and play kazoos while holding barnyard animals between their toes and throwing ancient Bonsai trees at a pet rhinoceros.
- 16. Declare a writ of violence against the children of Schenley park. Whenever they attempt to go down the slide, throw galoshes at them. Spray their shoes with liquid nitrogen as they whisk across the monkey bars, then shatter their feet with a cartoonishly-sized pink hammer. Furthermore, if they try to escape, run up to them (children are so unfortunately slow), grab them by the left earlobe and no matter where you are at that given moment, toss them unceremoniously into Panther Hollow.
- 17. When all else fails, beat off until you pass out from dehydration.



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