

DEEK

A photograph of a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a light-colored suit jacket, white shirt, and patterned tie. He is holding a baby doll in his arms. He has his tongue sticking out and touching the baby's face. The background is dark.

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To Everyone

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The Pittsburgh InterCultural House is an independent non-profit project that exists to promote understanding between cultures with a focus on modification of stereotypes and prejudices. Members of the project live in the ICH, are university students, graduate or undergraduate, and identify with various ethnic and racial groups.

The over-arching mission of the InterCultural House is to provide a cooperative living center for full-time students of all ethnicities enrolled in local colleges and to facilitate opportunity for the residents learn and grow in a diverse environment where they may gain further understanding of the world around them, better preparing them for life after graduation.

more information available through interculturalhouse.org



The ICH is still looking to fill a room for fall. One space remains in the house for a resident. Leases can be signed for the remainder of the Fall semester and/or Spring of 2005. Contact Rod at 412.688.9901

The Champions of Politics Incident

An exercise in biased reluctance

November 2004

FEATURES

How to resurrect our national pride

By Randall DeVallance

“As the film *Miracle* showed us, the key to curing a sagging economy, soaring unemployment, strained foreign relations, and general pessimism lies in ice hockey.”

Defeated – Deek goes back to school I and II

By Read Ashton and Nova Keenan

“I don’t believe in God, I believe in Mother Nature...I feel like Mother Nature would vote for John Kerry”

SHORTS

Newsbriefs, Fetish, Kerry and Bush at the movies, The day I tried to win

DEPARTMENTS:

LETTERS (from, to)

PUNK/COUNTERPUNK (Young people suck)

ENTERTAINMENT

(**Movies**) Algiers, Gestapo’s Last Orgy, Outfoxed;

(**Books**) 50 Reasons Not to Vote for Bush, Future Dictoinary of America, Apocalypse Culture;

(**Music**) Rock Against Bush, Between the Waters, Cherry Monroe, Lamb of God, Kevin Finn, Rolling Stones, Grain, The Breakup Society, Dillinger Escape Plan; Candiria; (Interview) Every Time I Die;

(**Culture**) Return of the MILF;

(**Conspiracy Theory**) Electronic Voting Scams;

(**Miscellany**) Review of a Blue Thong;

(**Eating Out**) Thai Me Up v. Lemongrass Food Fight;

(**Advice**) Ask Dr. G;

(**Essay**) Wal – We Have Rules Here, Rossi – God Only Knows

Chasing Ann Coulter

By Greg Benevent

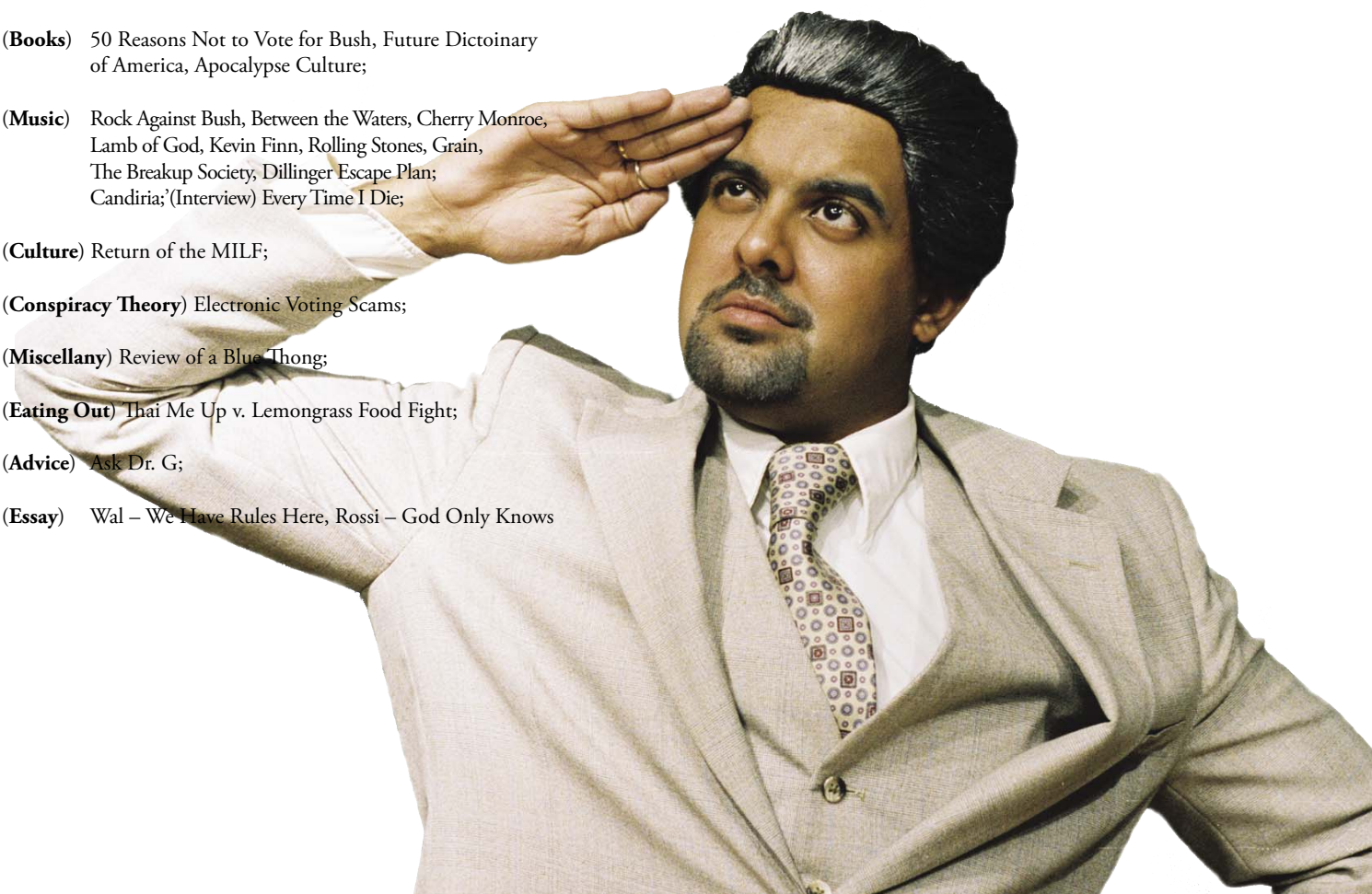
“All I know is that I was never born until I came to the Republican convention. And now I never, ever, want to leave.”

GALLERY

Featuring Special Pull-out section, Labor Day in Europe, and others

EVENT LISTINGS

THE UNDERAPPRECIATED SCHOLAR



Editor’s Letter

On September 4th, 2001, Ben Cohen, political activist and founder of one of the nation’s largest ice cream sellers (Ben ‘n’ Jerry’s), wrote an open letter to the U.S. government via Alternet.org, asking for justification of a \$344 billion defense budget. Posted like a want-ad within an article, he wrote:

Serious enemy needed to justify Pentagon budget increase. Defense contractors desperate. Interested enemies send letter and photo or video (threatening, ok) to **Enemy Search Committee, Priorities Campaign, 1350 Broadway, NY, NY, 10018.**

Oh, ha ha ha, aren’t we fabulous. Aren’t we derisive. Aren’t we *naughty*, Mr. Ice Cream Man...

Then, seven days later – oops – an enemy appears, devastating a country, alerting an entire nation that the borders of the U.S. are not as secure as we might like. Suddenly, Pentagon budget increases are (more or less) justified, defense contractors are no longer desperate and, more frightening than any challenge our nation has faced in recent history, it seems we have become the target of steadfast, virtually undetectable, maniacal adversaries – like boogiemen, attacking from *anywhere, any time*. Enter widespread, ridiculous fear and paranoia; enter George W. Bush as, like it or not, “Wartime President.”

Which brings us back to the Cohen letter. Strangely timed statement, yes? Especially from a man whose only qualifications as leader and politico are 1) his money, 2) his fascination with politics, and, maybe, 3) control over a vast, scrumptious dessert empire.

Sure, it’s obvious and necessary to point out that there was no way Ben Cohen could’ve known that his sardonic call-to-action would manifest itself inversely, cryptically, as a representation of opinionated journalism sometimes coming out to bite the American people in the ass. We’re not, after all, accusing Cohen of instigating the World Trade Center attacks. But it *is* necessary to point out that words and expression – not to mention political affiliation – *matter*, and need to be thoroughly considered before they end up in print, online, or on television.

That said, by picking up this magazine, you’ve entered a new realm of political journalism – reluctance. We at Deek Magazine understand that, for decades, it has been said that Democrats and Republicans are merely different money-hungry gangs of a single “Business Party” truly governing the U.S.

Even America’s Official Communist Fat Fuck, Michael Moore, once called Bill Clinton “the best Republican President we’ve ever had,” describing a number of issues – from fuel-economy standards to capital punishment – on which the Clinton and early George W. Bush administrations had

similar policies. Clinton himself once said, “I hope you’re all aware we’re all Eisenhower Republicans.”

The way we see it, this election’s significance can be summed up with one question: Am I voting for the idiot who intends to run this country into a hole, destroying everything we cherish, dismantling much of the progression we’ve made in modern times? Or am I going to vote for the asshole running against him?

Like Ben Cohen, we at Deek Magazine feel it is our responsibility to make a political statement in these hard times – to back a candidate for the presidency.

Ben Cohen has, in the past, as previously noted, used his millions of dollars to cause himself extreme embarrassment and, at times, a modicum of political pull. This year, still manipulating those millions for political gain, he’s backing Sen. John F. Kerry, simply because Kerry is not George W. Bush.

And us? Well, we must remind you that Deek Magazine is fashioned to *express* opinions, not create them – to allow you the freedom to chose *your* candidate, not ours. But, having said that, we *have* decided who we’re voting for in the upcoming election; we *have* sided with a candidate. He’s sexy... He’s got your values in mind... He can sell you a car if you need one... He’s...

Kerry? Bush? Nah, we’ve decided neither. Deek Magazine supports, instead, The Politician – your man on the cover, who’s waiting for you...

Waiting to give you a jump.

Grope it, yeah,



Mateo Stroud
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Unedited Letters to the Editor

Dearest Deekums, my sugar puff love dumpling, LEAVE IT TO YOUNG WHITE TRASH TO POST A PICTURE OF THE BLACK MAN ON YOUR GREED ISSUE. VERY 1980’S? AND TRASHY. A BLACK MAN WITH A MOUTHFULL OF BENJAMINS? HOW OFTEN DOES THAT HAPPEN? 1980’S = BLACK MAN = GREED?

-RAQUALE PEPPER

Dear Deek,
So, i think the sun is setting on my finest hour and soon i will have to join the work force, but for now i’m just reading books, bathing excessively and ...geez it really seems like that list should be three things long, but I’m racking my brain here.

-LAUREN USHER

Dear Deek,
Absolutely fucking horrible. I’m suggesting you be shot.

-BYATE NOGINSHARVUNKLE *(on an art submission Stroud commissioned about assassinating Air Bud, the superdog (Tagline: He Sits. He Stays. He Shoots. He Scores. He is brutally murdered.)*

Dear Deek,
Dude, after I came back from watching elephants do it, I got 90 (yes, actually 90) e-mails about my column because...it’s on the Drudge Report. Holy crap.

-MELISSA MEINZER

Dear Deek,
Here is a list of all the things Deek is, in response to Nate’s request for “a list of all the things Deek means and/or is.” It is a short list, but I believe in brevity.

outrageous
efficacious
prodigious
intransient
meritorious
redoubtable
darkandsexylikeCliveOwenbutmuchfunnier
rendezvous
A ha!

-EMILY AVENT
OK, Whatever,

As for my signature A) I got it from Esquire, which I started reading while with my ex-fiance, but liked it so much I subscribed after we broke up. B) totally belive. C) love the fact that it came from Jack La Laine (a total psycho) D) am drunk on cheap champagne so this has gone on way too long, and, E) have been meaning to change for a while. My last one was from Henry Louis Menkin and read something like,” Every normal man has been tempted at times to... start slitting throats.”

-NICOLE NAAB

Dear Deek,
I’ll ask. I’d guess drinking is fine, drugs might not be so fine.

-MICHELLE BOVA

Stroud,
Please don’t repeat what I said. I don’t mean to sound like a jagoff, but there are plenty of other things to write about, rather than hearing journalists bitch about journalists.

-JONATHAN BARNES

Highlights from Deek rating session (stories assessed on a 10 point scale):

1. *It’s All About the \$\$\$, Bitches*
Rating: Negative infinity. Fucking Terrible.

2. *How to Loath Yourself* – Gets the f-word in there good and quick, like a construction worker. Reminds me of a retarded Denis Leary hitting himself on the head with a tack hammer. Didn’t we print something like this already? Maybe several times? Or am I confusing it with something else that didn’t use a single goddamn paragraph break?
Rating: 2

3. Is this a journal entry? I have a tough time seeing why anyone who doesn’t know this kid would be interested in his reasons for moving, and there’s nothing here to make me care. People who constantly tell me how unique they are make me suspicious.
Rating: 3 (Because it uses paragraphs).

4. *Voices from the Villagers* – Uh, well, they appear to be letters. I’d fuck this Catelyn Jass; she seems nice.
Rating: 2
Dear Deek,

I have an idea: How about a “how to” guide to insulting people who can’t fight back – mutes, deaf people, retarded people, people in the special olympics: Quote of the morning, from a reporter (the anus I spoke of yesterday), whose phone etiquette at ten in the morning is abysmal:

-HEJIBNUCKLY WANKWOMPAH

Dear Deek,
Quote from a Trib reporter:
“Hi, uh, Pittsburgh Center for the Blind? Yeah, uh, I need to talk to... What the hell?... I don’t know, can you hear me? What the... Jesus fucking Christ. Uh, hello? Fucking deaf people, DOES ANYONE KNOW THE” [enter background voice, editor, Liz: “Fucking BLIND people Reilly, not deaf”] “Oh, fuckin’ Jesus, right. Hello? Hello? HELLO! Motherfuck... uh, oh, uh... Yeah, uh, I need to speak to media relations... or something like that. Yeah babe, can you help?”

-ANNONYMOUS

FUCKED UP LETTER OF THE MONTH:
DARWIN AWARD WINNER

1. Based on a bet by the other members of his threesome, Everitt Sanchez tried to wash his own “balls” in a ball washer at the local golf course. Proving once again that beer and testosterone are a bad mix. Sanchez managed to straddle the ball washer and dangle his balls in the machine. Much to his dismay, one of his buddies upped the ante by spinning the crank on the machine with Sanchez’s balls in place, thus wedging them solidly in the mechanism.Sanchez, who immediately passed his threshold of pain, collapsed and tumbled from his perch. Unfortunately for him, the height of the ball washer was more than a foot higher off the ground than his testicles are in a normal stance, and his balls were the weakest link. Sanchez’s balls ripped open during the fall, and one testicle was plucked from him forever and remained in the ball washer, while the other testicle was compressed and flattened as it was pulled between the housing of the washer, and the rotating machinery inside.

To add insult to injury, Sanchez broke a new \$300.00 driver that he had just purchased from the pro shop, and was using to balance himself.Sanchez was rushed to the hospital for surgery, and the remaining threesome was asked to leave the course.

Note: This last one wouldn’t normally count, because the idiot didn’t die. But because he cannot reproduce as a result of his qualifying (and hes the Biggest Fucking Moron on the Earths Face), he wins and thats that.

Speak your piece:
words@deekmagazine.com

Punk

YOUNG PEOPLE SUCK. MUCH attention has been focused recently on the out-migration of young people from the Pittsburgh region, consuming significant efforts by everyone from state and local government to the grand poobahs at the Allegheny Conference and the Pittsburgh Regional Alliance. Why?

Young people, loosely defined here for the sake of convenience as twenty-somethings, in fact contribute very little to the community. They tend towards near total self-absorption, consuming alcohol and other mind-altering substances at disproportionate rates, driving up auto insurance rates, paying virtually no property or school taxes, disposing of nearly all of their meager disposable incomes on disposable goods, and almost never voting for anything in any election at any level. Their contribution to the local community seems to be limited to urinating on South Side streets Thursday through Saturday, (somewhat surprisingly not limited to just drunks of the male persuasion), and, in general, their universe is largely limited to a five-foot radius surrounding their genitals. If this is the Creative Class, let them out-migrate in droves.

The usual argument for keeping these folks in town is most commonly based on a presumed need to “grow the region” – a specious strategy at best. Statistically, the out-migration from Southwest Pennsylvania is about average for the U.S. in general. It’s the in-migration that’s lagging far behind the cities with which we hope to compete – an intriguing turn of events for a place and an economy essentially built by immigrants. The distinguishing factor appears to be that, historically, the founders were largely “the good immigrants,” i.e. Caucasians from Europe. Now that the group demographics have shifted to “people of color,” the European ancestors of those original immigrants have suddenly become staunchly intolerant. The fact that Asians and Hispanics have migrated to large portions of the U.S. without taking our jobs and raping our women has been largely lost on the descendants of Pittsburgh’s founding fathers. (Mothers, as our history books would have us believe, apparently didn’t do much back then.) If this keeps up, when we do get around to encouraging in-migration, all the good minorities will be taken, and we’ll be left with only Muslims.

This seeming tangent on immigration policy is not unrelated. If we shift our focus from hand-wringing over the departure of the aforementioned young people, we’ll need to

make sure that we don’t just import more of the same. There’s no evidence to suggest that young immigrants suck any less than their counterparts that we allowed, nee encouraged, to leave. They have all the same characteristics. (See paragraph 3.) Instead, we’ll need to focus on the generation that’s ready to buy real estate, that’s used to living in already established urban areas instead of desecrating the remaining green spaces, that’s ready to reproduce, adopt, or otherwise populate K-12 school buildings – those who have progressed to the point in their working life that they’re interested in purchasing something besides this seasons’ clothes and this weeks’ hottest DVD. Those are the kind of folks that are needed to “grow the region.” Oh, and they vote.

Twenty-somethings don’t vote. In massive numbers. They’re so inconsequential that pollsters don’t even ask their opinion on the issues because they’re not even aware that there are issues. A recent survey revealed that the overwhelming majority of what twenty-somethings know about national and international affairs consisted of whatever they could remember from last night’s Jon Stewart monologue. (Seriously. You can look it up.) And the reason given for not voting is usually along the lines of “that stuff doesn’t really affect me,” or “those things don’t really interest me.” Well, it’s not all about you, asshole; in addition, you’re completely wrong. Government and politics may not interest you, but they most certainly affect you, in virtually every aspect of your daily life.

Young people, (who suck, by the way), love to bitch about the lack of good paying jobs in Pittsburgh, (apparently a requirement to add to their woefully inadequate CD collection). Consider, just for a moment, what the impact on the regional economy would have been if the politicians (whom you didn’t vote for, remember), had channeled the \$70M subsidy they gave to a now-vacant downtown department store into a small business incubation program. If all of you Creative Class types are as creative as Mr. Florida would have us believe, the growth in jobs and personal wealth-building from a \$70M investment could have resulted in a significant amount of filthy lucre ending up in your possession, for you to piss away in any manner you deem appropriate. It didn’t happen, of course, because the politicians that you didn’t vote for (because you didn’t vote at all, remember), chose to run up the City’s long term debt load instead, which will be left for you to pay off, if you end up sticking around (which we hope you don’t). All

of this is predicated, of course, on the dubious assumption that you would, in point of fact, actually have a creative idea, and possess the vision, guts and tenacity to implement it.

The missed opportunity symbolized by the failed Lazarus department store described above is not a missed opportunity elsewhere. Not young people voting, of course (they suck everywhere), but opportunities in growth regions throughout the country are being created for young people by old people, (i.e. those over 30, those who don’t read this magazine, those who are homeowners, voters, et cetera). All those places that young Pittsburghers and visiting college students are supposedly out-migrating to have created economic growth engines predicated not on an outdated industrial recruitment model (like Southwestern Pennsylvania), but on an intellectual property development model. Those ideas sometimes lead to the manufacturing of durable goods (someone actually has to make those robots that dispense pharmaceuticals in hospitals), but that evolves naturally from the original idea. With the world-class educational and medical institutions that already exist in the Pittsburgh region, we could easily exceed the economic development successes of competing regions blessed with far less in the “eds and meds” sector. That would require public policy to support that approach to economic development, which in turn requires elected officials with the foresight and intellect to comprehend the wisdom of the strategy, which in turn requires voters who would benefit from those policies to get off of their collective posteriors and vote for said politicians...

The only good thing about young people is that they don’t stay young. For those of you that the Cheney administration doesn’t get killed in Iraq, you’ll eventually become old people, and by that time, hopefully you’ll have gathered enough wisdom to make a positive contribution to the world around you. God knows we’ve already got enough old people who still don’t get it. Perhaps you’ll do better when your time comes. But why wait?

(Not so) Respectfully submitted by:

KENT A. EDWARDS
Old Person

P.S. Note to the Editors of Deek Magazine: This entire article only contains the word fuck once. Just now. Grow up.

Counterpunk

COLLEGE PEOPLE ARE FEW and far between, and the city would do well to keep them. College students, those brats whose mommies and daddies pay their rent and electric bills and parking tickets and court costs, well, they’ll leave when they finish. They never considered the city to be anything other than some sort of brave experiment anyhow, for the most part. So they get their degrees (some of them, anyway) and then they go back to Philaburbia or Penciltucky or wherever else a job awaits them at mommy’s firm or daddy’s company. The brain-drain hand-wringers should kiss them goodbye (good riddance?) and instead, concentrate on those people who’ve always been here and plan to stay, and those who come here for college or whatever else and decide to stick around.

We exist. In the interest of full disclosure, I must say that I in fact moved here from Philaburbia seven years ago to study at Pitt. After two years of being a dorm twit, I realized that no one over 16 ought to stay at sleep-away camp, even if it’s for two whole semesters a year. So I cut the cords and moved to Pittsburgh. I got a full time job right out of college because I decided that Pittsburgh was my home, and I was staying, dammit. I was never wooed by a PUMP event. I just decided to be an adult here, because I love it, and because I was certainly part of the drunken howling masses for a few years – for which I am truly penitent. It comes with age, I suppose, and maturity.

Many of my peers are the same way. My best friends from freshman year are here, and we all moved here from relatively far away. We contribute. We work here, we pay taxes here, we play here. We vote, we read newspapers, we know what ACT 47 is. Some of them will move eventually, to pursue further education or career opportunities – but while they’re here, they live here.

My esteemed Punk seems to fail to differentiate between the overwhelming majority of the college kids, who will hopefully grow out of it one day (but not until they have a corner cubicle and a townhouse and a leased Camaro in Delaware or wherever the hell they crawled here from), and the young people who live here. It’s a disservice to both groups to lump them together.

The street-pissers, by and large, find Pittsburgh to be a sort of clever joke, along the lines of Pabst Blue Ribbon and trucker

caps. These are the kids who move back in with mommy and daddy every summer, and looked at me like I was joking when, senior year, I said I wanted to stay, despite having parents who live near...drum roll please...that urban utopia of Philadelphia. “You’re not going back East?” I was asked, with more than one disbelieving shake of the head.

They see a kitschy-ness here – one they think is quaint and will suffice for the four more years they sponge off mommy and daddy. “Guess what? They put French fries on their ‘ sammiches’ that they get ‘dahntahn!’ Isn’t that funny?”

They’ll drink free Penn Pilsner at events meant to convince them that Pittsburgh is a real place, but nothing will convince them to stay. They’re terrified of anyone with different vowel pronunciation than them, and they think mullets are compulsory here. Fuck ‘em. Send ‘em home.

But my esteemed Punk believes that no one under thirty is capable of getting a job, or buying a home, or building a career here – or starting anything good and new and innovative (and, ahem, last time I checked, dear esteemed Punk, your editor and mine was *well* under thirty).

So where’s the disconnect? Yes, Pittsburgh is hemorrhaging money, and therefore jobs, and opportunities to buy homes and fill those K-12 schools. But those vilified under-thirties my esteemed Punk wishes to blame? Um, yeah, they couldn’t vote when the festering incompetence that led us here was just beginning. So blaming them is a little silly. But, by all means: Go ahead. I respect my elders, and I haven’t pissed in the street since freshman year, when, admittedly, I was subhuman and lived in a dorm and didn’t count for anything.

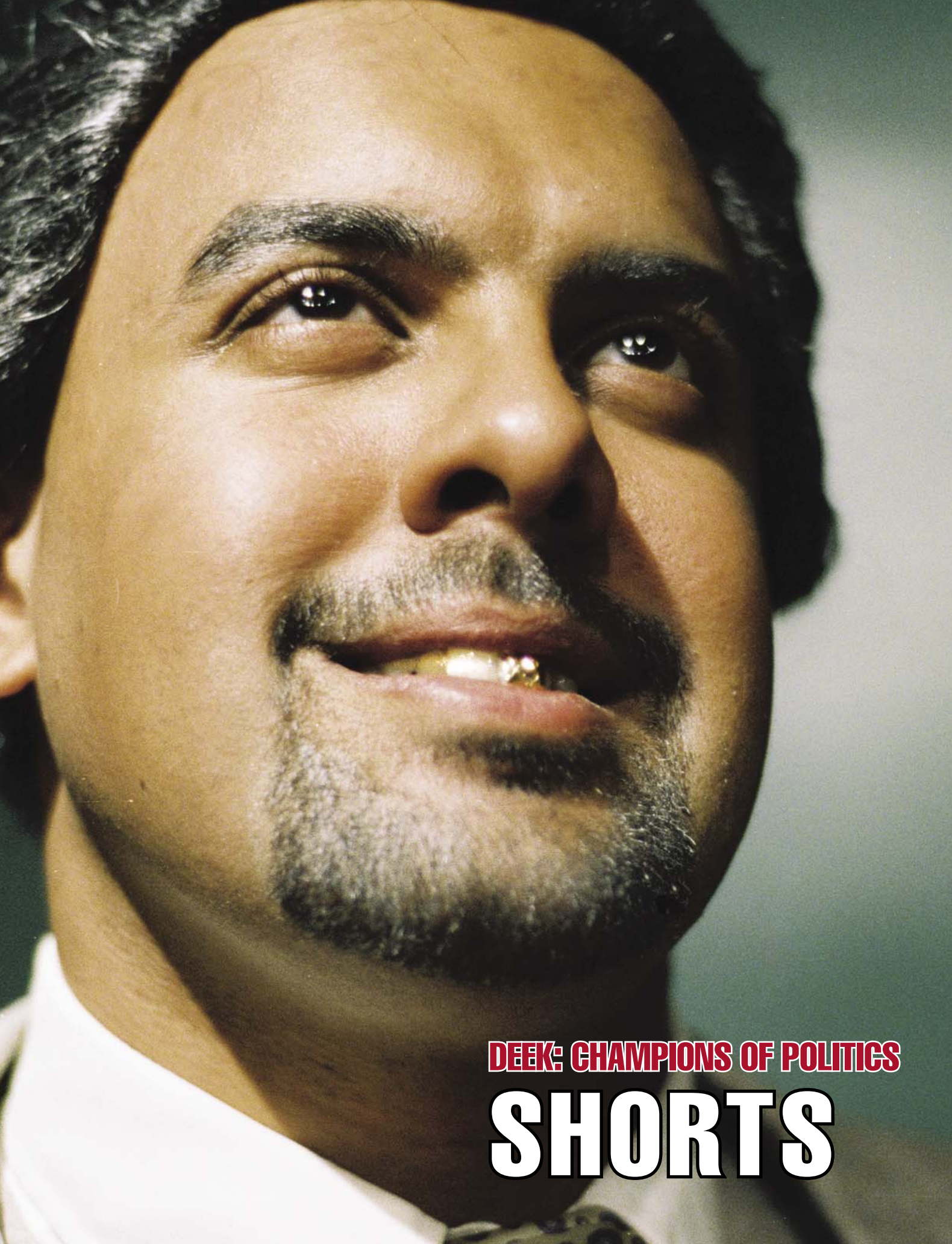
Both my esteemed Punk and I are being a bit unfair, of course. There are those college students who come to Pittsburgh with no intention of staying, because they’ve always dreamed of living in China, or only came here because of our superior educational opportunities, or, hell, because their family ties are just that strong. Many of these kids are decent, temporary citizens who spend a little money, patronize businesses, behave themselves and leave. It would be nice to get them to stay, too. But they won’t, and my esteemed Punk and I are both guilty of directing hostility at them that they don’t deserve. It’s not their fault that Pittsburgh is in crisis and the pundits have pointed their fix-it rays straight at

college kids. This is a city with spectacular colleges and universities, and that means temporary populations. It’s the nature of such an economy. While it’s irritating to be unable to park when school’s in session, things would be an awful lot bleaker around here if all the colleges shut down. Both curmudgeonly Punk and curmudgeonly Counterpunk ought to reckonize.

A lot of young people come through this city. Many would stay, if there were jobs. By and large, there aren’t, lest we forget that fact – which no one under thirty can rightly be blamed for. There are two battling cultures – one that considers the city a playground for the young people privileged enough to go to college, and one that lives and grows and dies here, and knows its home. The city wouldn’t survive the loss of the dorm kids, irritating and juvenile as they may be. But blaming them isn’t entirely fair, because when they arrive here, they are children, and mostly children of some wealth, mostly children whose parents have agreed to do the thinking and paying for them for at least four more years. And they encounter crusty bastards such as my esteemed Punk and myself, and a bleak job market, and they leave. Easy scapegoats, aren’t they?

It’s a little easier to step over collegiate puke in the street, I think, and excuse the actions of silly children – esteemed punk, were you ever one? – than to cut off one of the city’s major lifelines, one of the few industries, along with the hospitals, that has us limping along.

– MELISSA MEINZER



DEEK: CHAMPIONS OF POLITICS SHORTS

NEWSBRIEFS

Imaginary friend beaten to death by real friend

WAPAKONETA, Ohio. – Quackers, noted imaginary friend of Lyle Weissmuller, 6, was brutally beaten by Pierce Alfred Robinson, one of Weissmuller’s new friends from school. According to sources from the Neil Armstrong Elementary playground, Robinson had been increasingly jealous of the attention given to Quackers and decided that he must be eliminated. Weissmuller allegedly looked on in horror as friends, real and imaginary, wrestled around on the kickball blacktop until Robinson gained the upper hand for good and broke Quackers’ neck in two by tossing him awkwardly across a broken tire swing.

“I thought he might be okay until Pierce stabbed him with a spork,” recounted Billy Stepnoski, a classmate of Weissmuller and Robinson.

The children all helped bury Quackers in a semi-private ceremony in the “Story Forest” later that day after wiping away their mirthless tears. Robinson was sentenced to 83 days of indoor recess following the funeral.

Laboratory accidents still leading cause for super-villains

METROPOLIS, D.C. – A recent study by the Center for Laboratory Safety has concluded that, for the sixty-sixth year in a row, laboratory accidents are still the leading cause for the nation’s super-villains.

“From Mr. Freeze to the Lizard,” said Dr. Remo, Smokemeat of CLS, “laboratory accidents involving failed attempts to improve drastically the plight of man still serve as the leading cause of uncanny super-villainry.”

While a variety of accidents have been blamed, most common are those that involve overly ambitious scientists seeking to end a global suffering such as the loss of limbs or death itself. Wayward nuclear radiation and the cloning of superheroes by megalomaniacal crime lords are the second and third leading causes, respectively.

Despite weight loss, Limbaugh’s genitals remain flaccid, unwashed

FT. LAUDERDALE – According to an anonymous source close to radio talk show sensation Rush Limbaugh, his genitals remain flaccid and unwashed due to lack of use in spite of his recent weight loss. Limbaugh, once nearly three-hundred pounds, has lost over eighty pounds using the wonder drug Cortislim. However, this has not enhanced his sex life, according to the source, and the health of his genitals has suffered from it.

“Rush used to complain that he could never get any action because of his weight,” the source said. “Now though, he still can’t muster up a date and has given up on the maintenance of his [penis and testicles].”

Limbaugh recently divorced his third wife, and the source says he was looking forward to going back “on the prowl.” No confirmation on how often Limbaugh washes his genitals, but the source admits it is infrequently because they have become “quite cheesy” in scent. The source wouldn’t reveal how she came across the information, but said she noticed the smell during home deliveries of “pharmaceuticals.”

9/11 Commission finally acknowledges Deek’s Encyclopedia of Jihad

WASHINGTON, D.C. – Inside the 9/11 Commission Report, authorship of the infamous *Encyclopedia of Jihad* is given to Deek. According to page 175 of the report, Deek “created an electronic version of a terrorist manual,

the *Encyclopedia of Jihad*.” The encyclopedia was seized by Jordanian officials along with forged Saudi passports, detonators and 71 drums of acid during a raid in Peshawar, Pakistan.

Insomniac geek shocked, but not upset, to learn of death of Yellow Ranger

OXNARD, Calif. – During a late night of web-browsing, local geek Michael Sanderson, 23, was shocked to learn of the death of actress Thuy Trang, who portrayed Yellow Ranger Trini Kwan on the popular series “Mighty Morphin Power Rangers.”

Sanderson had become curious about the fates of the original six cast members from the series after seeing the show mentioned on a late night rerun of VH1’s “I Love the 90s.” After a quick check of the Internet Movie Database, Sanderson was able to track down each of the show’s cast members, and was stunned to see that Trang had passed away in a September 2001 car accident, but felt no emotional remorse to learn of her death.

“Trini was cool and all,” said Sanderson, “but the show really didn’t pick up till she left and was replaced by Aisha.” Other fans echoed his sentiments, many adding that no one cared about the Yellow Ranger when the Pink one was “so much hotter.”

When attempted to be reached for comment, Austin St. John, who played Red Ranger Jason Scott, was unable to respond, as his phone had been disconnected.

Ahnuld tries to terminate groping urges

HOLLYWOOD – Swept to power on a wave of Hollywood adulation, there was only one cloud on Arnold Schwarzenegger’s political horizon. During the bitter campaign to become the new governor of his adopted home state, California, Arnie ran into a storm of protest over his alleged sexual harassment of other candidates.

Although the Austrian-born former body builder always insisted his tactile approach was nothing more than harmless fun, the accusations that he groped politicians tarnished his Hollywood nice-guy image.

Nor did it do him any favors in Washington where White House Press Secretary Scott McClellan claimed Arnie touched his breasts when he interviewed him in 2000 when he was promoting his film, *The Sixth Day*.

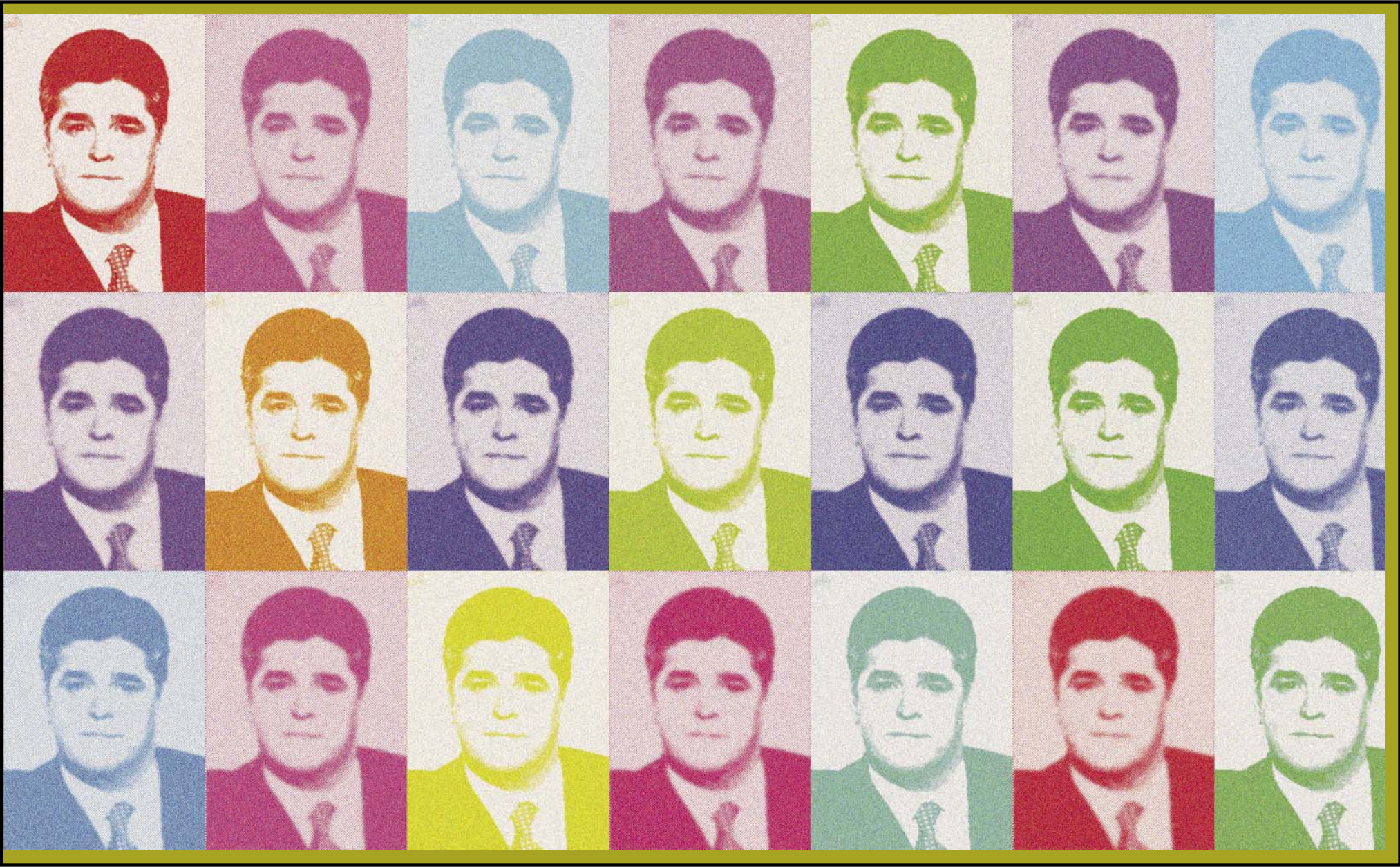
Today, the man whose movies have grossed more than a billion dollars admits, for the first time, just how seriously he took the charges that nearly derailed his ambitions.

And he confesses he took special classes to cure himself of the urge to get touchy-feely with opposing candidates.

“I’ve learned my lesson,” he reveals. “I think that now that I am not representing myself but representing the state of California, it is a totally different ball game.

“When I took office, the first thing we did was to take classes and have experts come in to talk about sexual harassment because the laws are so strict now.

“It has changed so much that any kind of a comment you make to a candidate now about his clothes or about this or that could be misinterpreted and could make someone uncomfortable and open the door to a lawsuit.”



Living With a Fetish

By Greg Benevent

LIVING WITH A FETISH IS AN EXERCISE IN MAKING other things in your life important. Wake up on time (fetish) go to your office (fetish) work all day (fetish) remember, today you're supposed to register to vote (fetish) and get home and cook dinner, and try to sleep.

Every day, every moment, the throbbing passion, the electrical pulse, the ticking-ticking bomb is waiting to ignite, to grow, to smile.

I go straight from work to my newest girlfriend's house. I wordlessly pull her to the bedroom.

We push the dog off of the bed and she jumps on. She claws off the last buttons of my shirt. I hold her head steady, by the chin. I'm so nervous – she's wanted this for so long (so have I), but... I'm so afraid. Every time I've revealed my... somewhat peculiar sexual tastes to a girl, they've reacted poorly.

If I was lucky, they'd laugh.

If not...

But I found this girl online, a singles-dating site for people of... my kind of feelings. She says she's into it. I breathe deep and close my eyes –

"Do you want this?" I ask her –

She kisses me hungrily. That isn't enough for me. But what the hell...?

"Give it to me –" she growls hungrily.

I reach under her pillow, and pull out a copy of "Let Freedom Ring: Winning the Fight Against Terrorism, Imperialism, and Liberalism" by Sean Hannity.

"I want it." She moans.

Look, I don't want this to get too graphic, so I'll... substitute

some words.

I recite a couple passages. She rubs her nipples.

"This is going well," I think.

"America is the greatest and proudest nation in the world, and the last thing we should ever do is feel guilty about it, no matter what the liberals may think—"

"More!" She grinds herself against me.

"More!" It's hard to focus on the reading, (she said she needs it read to her in an authoritative, deep voice. I'm trying real hard.)

"The 'Blame America First' crowd needs to wake up and realize all they do is make us weaker –"

She can't take it. She grabs the book from me, and rubs it on herself.

(She told me she'd ruined four copies of

"Unfit for Command." I now believe her. (Although, all those strangely placed paper cuts should've been a clue.)

Now I need to do this myself. What do I say? Can I be enough of a pundit to get this gorgeous woman off? But who am I kidding? I'm no Robert Novak, L. Brent Bozell... damn, if we had one of them here, we'd *really* be cooking –

"What's your favorite qualifications in a political candidate?"

I assault her neck, begin biting her ears –

"A strong, no-nonsense leader who never backs down. Never surrenders, and never changes his mind –"

She *screams* my name, over and over again – I kiss her, then leave my tongue on her as I lick down, slowly –

"A compassionate, charismatic leader who gets results. Who isn't afraid to..."

She yells with me, banging her head against the bed stand with each orgasm –

"STAY! THE! **COURSE!!!**"

She falls back, satiated. Her eyes droopy then closed, a beatific, child-like crooked grin on her face.

"Okay," I think to myself. "I think that part was a success. Do we go for broke?"

I look at her. I hate to disturb anything that hopeful.

"Let's appeal to some swing voters," a rallying cry in my mind. "Time for some selective polling..."

"Uhhh... is it, could it be... my turn, now?" I stutter. She gets up on her elbows and looks at me.

"All right..." she mutters, and pulls out from under her pillow... oh my God, I don't believe it. I've dreamed of this for so long –

Kitty Kelley's "The Family: The Real Story of the Bush Dynasty."

I gulp deep.

"Lay back." She says – and pushes my back to the wall.

Again, I don't want to get too graphic.

"There are three sources that Laura Bush sold pot when she was in college," as her hand is... you know. The "Victory Brand Baby Oil" is used liberally... with shock and awe, so to speak.

She reads more of the book, and I'm grooving on it – I'm digging on it – I'm *in* it, man – I love this country, more than anything. Isn't this what the founding fathers had in mind all those years ago? So what if it's partisan, so what if it's all, from both sides, mostly jealousy and fear – aren't those very important feelings and ideas? Aren't those part of the foundation of America, too? The free expression of ideas – with no one to hold them back, all opinions out there, not just bared – but roaring. Passionate, loud – people defending and fighting for freedom. Isn't that what this is all about? Isn't it... *hot*? Just because something has a little dirt on it, does that make it any less beautiful, patriotic, *erotic*? I love it –

Except I don't.

I'm losing the mood here.

I mean, the book, the girl, it's all... missing something. But I can't correct her!

She looks up at me quizzically – I guess she noticed it too.

A quiet moment.

We're not politically affiliated – she's not an elephant, I'm not a donkey. We just love the free exchange of ideas – doesn't matter who's talking, as long as they're saying something that gets us off.

Even though this isn't an election we have in bed, I feel bad that all of my voters didn't show up at the polls.

Then she smiles at me again –

"What are your qualifications for a President? And freedom is marching on yet again.

I lay back – she fills in the blacked-out portions of my fantasies –

"A tough leader that's *clever*, above all else –"

Yes.

"He's charismatic. Much more than a regular person."

Baby, don't stop.

"He explains things simply, but you know they're complicated, and he's a step ahead of everyone else."

More. Please.

"He believes in God, but it never influences his policy decisions, and he never makes it a part of his campaign –"

I've been dreaming of this since I got that poster of Maureen Dowd.

"He not only believes in the promise of America, he *is* the promise of America because he's smart, successful, tough, and no matter what, he reserves the right to –"

I finish the sentence with her, screaming my ecstasy in tandem with her tolerance:

"CHANGE! HIS! **MIND!**"

We both fall back on the bed, spent. She puts her arm around my stomach, and drifts off to sleep. I close my eyes.

But I can't sleep. I look around the bed, at the mess we've made – liquids and pages, Hannity and Kelley, all mixed together, beneath and between our intertwined bodies. She mumbles something in her sleep, peaceful and gentle. I love her so much.

It's time like this I forget about getting off on politics at all. It's kind of silly, really. It might even be counterproductive, but... in regards to what? I eventually get to sleep myself, my fetish impeached for a little while. But there's another throbbing in my head, one I can't quite place –

Was there something else I was supposed to do today?

George And John Go To The Movies

By Jesse Hicks

IN THE FINAL MONTH OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, JOHN KERRY AND GEORGE W. BUSH HAVE HAD A LOT ON their minds. Preparation for the presidential debates has been brutal, as has the constant barrage of media attention. We at Deek Magazine, ever good citizens, offered the candidates a chance to unwind, to sit down and watch a few great movies about the war that defined a generation: Vietnam. Popcorn was served, and the President did not choke on it. Following are excerpts from the conversation.



Apocalypse Now Redux

John Kerry: Director Francis Ford Coppola has added almost 53 minutes of new footage to this version.

George W. Bush: Including a scene on a French chateau. Isn't that where you spent most of Vietnam, John? Being French? Eating "waffles?" *snicker*

John Kerry: It's funny you mention the French, George. The French invented champagne almost 300 years ago. Coincidentally, your National Guard unit – the one charged with keeping Texas airspace safe from the Viet-Cong – was known as the "Champagne Unit" and filled with the sons of elite Texans who didn't want their kids fighting in 'Nam.

George W. Bush: I think in this scene Dennis Hopper is wearing flip-flops. *chortle*

Full Metal Jacket

John Kerry: Who amongst us has not seen and loved this movie?

George W. Bush: Kubrick is fucking tight. Me love this movie long time!

John Kerry: Is it true that only steers and queers come from Texas, George?

George W. Bush: Well, I ain't no steer.

John Kerry: Exactly. Any "sock parties" in the Guard, George?

George W. Bush: Panty raids, more like. Get much play in 'Nam, John? Or were you too busy polishing your purple hearts? I hear you got, like, a thousand of them. *snicker*

Platoon

George W. Bush: Back at Yale we always used to say, "I love the smell of poontang in the morning!" Heh heh heh.

John Kerry: That's from Apocalypse Now, George.

George W. Bush: C'mere, you!

George W. Bush puts John Kerry in a headlock and playfully wrestles him to the ground, where they try to smear popcorn in each others faces. Finally, they both collapse, exhausted by the effort. They catch their breath, both looking up at the ceiling, their animosity momentarily forgotten. There's a certain wistfulness in their eyes, a realization that soon it will all be over. George W. Bush turns to John Kerry and, with the utmost sincerity, says, "John, this has really been fun."

The Day I Tried To Win

By Mac Booker

MY FIRST, AND THUS FAR ONLY, POLITICAL campaign began around eleven in the morning, May 21, 2002. I would have slept later, but it was a primary election and I had to vote. When you're a Supervoter, you jealously guard that status – if you lose it, you don't get junk mail from the parties anymore.

I don't know who came up with the term Supervoter, but I like it. It means you always vote. I know most of the Supervoters in my district from hanging around the polls as a kid.

I went down to the polls and ran into Sal Desimone, the Democratic County Committeeman for the eleventh district of the seventh ward. I live in the twelfth district, a little triangle bordered by Shady, Penn and Fifth Avenues. We have some old houses and a couple of schools. Sal's district has a school and an armory. We are a well educated and well armed neighborhood.

Before voting, I realized that no one held, or was running for, the Democratic Committee seat in the twelfth district. Unacceptable. How could I, a Supervoter, allow my little triangle to be unrepresented? Also, I didn't work that day and it's illegal to serve booze while the polls are open, so I had nothing else to do.

The seat was a family affair. My father held it, but resigned when he supported a Republican, the estimable Jim Roddey, for County Executive. My mother holds the counterpart seat. You would think I would get the seat automatically, and possibly a cushy job in the prothonotary's office. No. I actually had to get people to vote for me. I started by voting for myself.

So, with the first vote cast for me at 11:30, I had to get to work. As a write-in candidate I needed fifteen votes to be elected, so I had to convince fourteen members of the Democratic party to write me in.

Sal and I teamed up. He was also running, so we accosted everyone who came by.

"Are you a Democrat?" If no, let their Republican asses by. We did stop one Libertarian, who was voting for god knows what.

"What district do you live in?" This one stumped people. It seemed Sal and I were the only Supervoters who knew our assigned districts. The people who live in the districts that share our polling place usually just go up to one of the tables and ask if their name is on the list. If not, that means their district is represented by the other table. To straighten things out, we'd ask where the person lived. In most cases, Sal had been in school with someone who had lived in the Supervoter's house. He would say things like "Is the avocado refrigerator still in the kitchen?" and "I put

in the railing on the back porch."

"Would you vote for me?" The answer to this one was usually "Sure, why not." Some people were tougher. One woman asked Sal where he stood on abortion, as if the Democratic Committeeman of the eleventh district of the seventh ward of Allegheny County had the power to appoint Supreme Court justices. Apparently Sal, a good Catholic who listens to the Pope, answered incorrectly. Neither that woman nor her girlfriend voted for him.

When the polls closed, I used my insider's power to check out the rolls of paper from the voting machines. I don't know if that's legal or not, but 22 years of hanging around the polls had its benefits. I got a total of seventeen votes for me, and one against. That was the decision of the officials, although I am pretty sure that whoever voted for "The guy outside" intended to vote for me.

I've held this office for two years and I stand behind my record. My first act as Committeeman was a meeting where local pain in the ass Barbara Ernsberger, a lawyer who hopes for a judgeship, was running for re-election as seventh ward chair. I supported the "anybody but Barbara" ticket, but we lost. No one else wanted the job.

For the rest of 2002 and most of 2003 I did nothing for the committee but ignore Barbara Ernsberger's letters inviting me to inconvenient meetings. A meeting came along that I was able to attend, to discuss our Christmas card.

My mother couldn't make it, so I took a golf club to stand in for her. I thought about putting a wig on it, but I didn't have one.

"Is that a golf club?" the photographer gasped.

Well, of course it was. It was a driver from the Sheriff's auction. With attention drawn to it, Barbara objected.

"You can't have a golf club on the Christmas Card."

Why not?

"Because I say so."

Why?

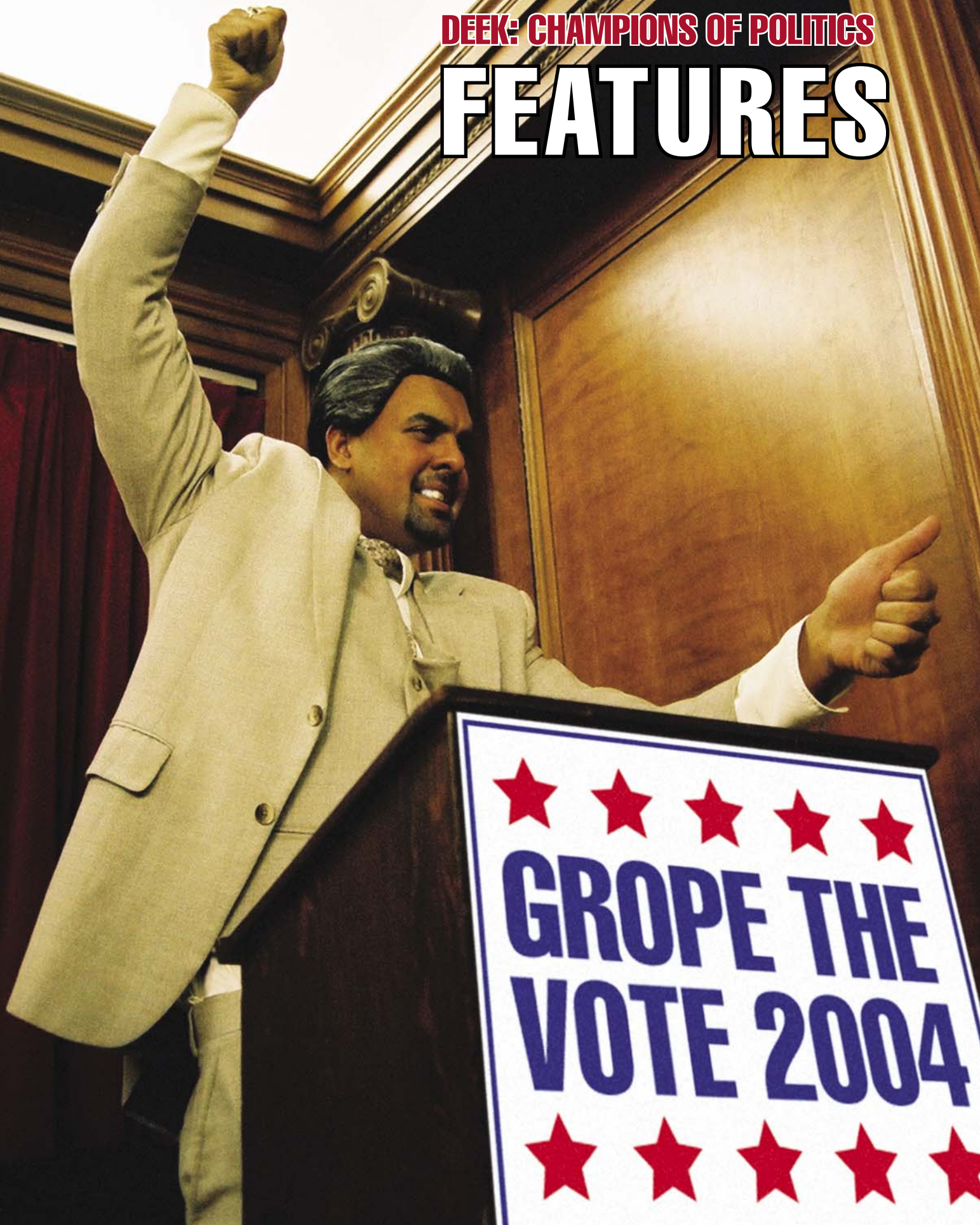
"Because it's stupid."

I called for a vote on the inclusion of the club. Despite a strong show of support from the photographer, who either liked the club for some artsy reason or had been overcome by the traditional instant dislike for Barbara Ernsberger, I lost the battle. The club was put aside, and no other sporting equipment was allowed.

On the strength of this record, I'll be running for re-election in two years.

Reserve your lawn signs now.

DEEK: CHAMPIONS OF POLITICS FEATURES



HOW TO RESURRECT OUR NATIONAL PRIDE

By Randall DeVallance Photos by Rob Gray

As the film *Miracle* showed us, the key to curing a sagging economy, soaring unemployment, strained foreign relations, and general pessimism about the future lies in ice hockey. But in this age of “Dream Teams” made up of big name NHL stars, do international hockey competitions still resonate as they once did in the heart of the common man? The answer, sadly, is no. But by adhering to the steps listed below and applying a little elbow grease, I’m confident that we as a nation can channel the spirit of that most magical of times, a time when gas shortages reigned, New Wave was born, and a former actor turned politician brought his mix of faith-based lunacy and nuclear weapons to the White House. I’m talking about 1980.

Recruit a ragtag group of misfits.

Can the auto mechanic in Dayton, Ohio or the grocer in Bangor, Maine really relate with the modern NHL athlete? The answer is...of course not, don’t be stupid. Whereas the professional hockey player is a being of heroic qualities – dedication, hard work, talent, good looks, sexual deftness – the average blue-collar worker is largely a drone, one indistinguishable from another, existing only to perpetuate the species so that future

hockey players might be born. What people need is a Team USA that reflects their present reality, a team with poor hygiene and weight issues, who resent their spouses and drink too much at office parties. It should also be a cross section of the nation it represents, incorporating players of every demographic, including, but not limited to:

A young, black male growing up in the ghetto who uses hockey as a means of escaping the drugs and violence that plague his neighborhood. An established figure skater who dazzles the coaches with his fancy footwork and stick handling, changing his teammates’ attitudes towards homosexuality in the process.

A naïve farm boy from Kansas who struggles to focus on the development of his skills while coming to terms with life in the big city. A hardnosed (yet strikingly beautiful) female player who delivers a jarring hit during the first practice session, thereby proving she can “play with the big boys.”

A Native American phenom who led his reservation’s squad to back-to-back Wyoming state championships, but remains largely unknown because of racial insensitivity.

A former steel mill worker who calls

things like he sees them, brings his lunch to work in a pail, and drinks with both fists.

An illegal, Mexican immigrant playing to win citizenship for his family. A returning player from the great 1980 squad whose work ethic and never-say-die attitude prove that old people can still contribute to society. An Asian player of some sort (preferably one who’s bad at math, thereby helping to dispel stereotypes).

The remaining roster should be fleshed out with individuals of varying skin tones, turning any camera shot of the bench into a microcosm of the rainbow (both literal and metaphoric) that stretches from one end of our great country to the other. Okay, we’ve got our players. On to step two.

Bring them together as a team.

With a lineup so disparate there are bound to be problems, especially early on before the head coach (a hockey legend and WWII vet) has a chance to deliver some platitudes about America being a melting pot and diversity being the reason he fought the Nazis. Certain situations can alleviate some of this tension and bring the players closer together. For instance, the gay man might



teach the hardened steel worker that it's okay to cry over his abusive father, leading the steel worker to defend the gay man in a barroom altercation the following night. Or the young black male, with his years of street smarts, might convince the Kansas farm boy that a life of drugs and fast women is "straight up wack." The woman teaches the others not to judge a book by its cover, while the Native American reminds us all of the need for accountability. By combining their knowledge and experiences, the players will come to realize that the whole is much stronger than the individual parts. A bond has been formed. On to step three.

Practice, practice, practice!

Now that your players are a team, time to hone their skills. Run them through a series of unorthodox drills designed to improve their hearts and minds, not just their bodies. Read to them from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Make them volunteer at a soup kitchen. Then it's time to hit the ice. Improvement can be accelerated by utilizing a video montage, showing a bumbling troupe of roustabouts slowly morph into a well-oiled hockey machine. Marvel as your players go from zero to Mario Lemieux in a matter of seconds. You're ready to play. On to step four.

Find an opponent to vanquish.

Now comes the most important question: which nation to conquer? Saddam is in custody, and most of the other fascist regimes we support. All the coaxing in the world won't get Osama on the ice. Hopeless? Well, you know what they say: If it ain't broke, don't fix it. Communism did the trick in '80, so why not now? I'm talking, of course, about Cuba. Never mind that the Communist Party poses as much a threat today as the Fraternal Order of Moose. Cuba is a familiar foe, led by Fidel Castro, a man with half a century of despotic supervillain experience. With his bushy beard and ever-present cigar, Fidel is the model of a man who despises freedom. What better to teach him the error of his ways than a ninety-mile-an-hour slapshot through his five hole? Anti-Castro sentiment can easily be rekindled through a series of Dateline interviews, where crippled Cuban children now living in Miami recount the horrors of crossing the Gulf in the bowels of a cargo liner. Schedule the interviews to appear the week preceding the big game. You're almost there. Move on to step five.

Sit back and watch as your team overachieves.

If you've followed the aforementioned steps, this one should take care of itself. As the goals pour in, the national mood skyrockets, and Communism is dealt another, fatal blow. America is saved!

(Note: If national mood is still lagging a bit, cue "We Are The Champions" to play exactly as final buzzer sounds. Advise players to wave flags in celebration. Any romantic sub-plots should be brought to conclusion with a marriage proposal at center ice.)





CHASING ANN COULTER

BY GREG BENEVENT

My hands can't move at all. Are they tied? I'm blindfolded, I know that. Shouldn't I be able to chafe the rope? My legs are tied. I've tried kicking them. Can I move my hands –

"Don't try that." The first voice, it's lower, harder. And the cold metal again. I stop wriggling instantly. He doesn't strike me with the *"gun, it has to be a gun,"* my mind says. I don't get hit with it, it's just held against my skin. I pray in my head.

"Dear Lord, keep me safe, and give me strength... and don't let me wet myself." I think, deep down, the Lord appreciates a little humor. My eyes itch from crying underneath the blindfold. He must have given me strength, because I find myself saying:

"What do you want from me?" much tougher than I would've imagined. *"Is that you, Abby, saying this?"*

"Uhh..." the first one says. There's whispering. I can't make it out.

"We want you to renounce your beliefs." The first one states. I'm so cold.

"What... do you mean?" I whisper. The cold metal. Against my forehead. I gasp.

"Why did you leave your husband..." the coldness runs down my neck.

I blubber again, a torrent of words tumble out of my mouth, chasing each other in fear.

"I didn't! I love him! I love him so much! I love and support everything Frank does." The metal is tapped against my forehead.

"Then why are you always running around with those..." The first one seems like he's about to say something, something he can't say because it disgusts him too much, because he's worried about what saying the word would do to his throat, his tongue, and his face.

"Republicans," the 2nd one, (*"why do you think of him as smaller, Abby?"*) finally says. "Why are you always with those Republicans?"

"I love my husband..." I whisper, "I don't know what you're talking about. There aren't any Republicans. I don't know what –"

"Shut up!" the first one roars. I cringe against my chair instinctively. I can't move, I can't see, but I'm still trying to hide.

"Your husband loves you," the 2nd one –

"Give him a name. Give them funny names. Like she taught you. Nothing's scary when it has a funny name, is it?" my mind points out.

"Your husband really cares about you," the 2nd one, Smalls, continues. "Why would you do that to him?" "I love him, but..."

A kick in the leg. A warning shot. I think First did it – *"What's his name? 'Randy?' 'Meany?' 'Dopey?' That's it! Dopey!"* I feel him breathing down on me.

"But what?" he says, softly.

"Not to get melodramatic on you here, sister, but how can you answer a question you don't know in your heart?" I tilt my head up to him – I can see black shoes from the bottom of my blindfold.

Smalls sighs. "How could you do this to him? After what he did for you back in college?"

A cold shudder through me. Another. God, I want to move. *"What? There's no way he could –"*

"I'm not a liberal writer! Jesus, I'm not even a democrat!" He runs his

hand through his hair, his forehead slides along his forearm, towards the keyboard. His head pops up in anger, his hair flies all akimbo – I love when he looks like this, the Mad Professor. "I'm a libertarian, Christ, I'm a moderate, but under this current administration, I'm a goddamn radical! When did everything move this far away from sanity, and moderation? Uniter my ass." He gets up to pace. He points at the TV, and doesn't look at me:

"Turn that off. I can't think."

I turn hopefully – "I could turn it down?"

He shakes his head. That isn't good enough. I turn the TV off.

He speaks his thoughts, almost whispering – quietly and quickly, as if giving them life will lead him somewhere: "What am I going to write? Question the administration? Say out loud that the Iraq war was based only on mistakes, and no one's been held accountable?" He chuckles, and walks around the room – "That Bush is a good man,

X

CIRCUMSTANCES dictate a single decision?”

“I like Bush’s faith –” I mumble. I know he can’t hear me. It doesn’t matter.

“Watch a movie with me. You’ll feel better.” I smile up at him. He rolls his eyes.

“Please. I can’t watch that crap you watch. Adam Sandler? Julia Roberts? Shoot me in the face.”

I shrug, not sure what to do.

“But people are afraid now, of this terrorist stuff, so now they can’t think straight. The Republicans didn’t have an issue where they could be ‘tough’ after the fall of Communism, so they became the party of ‘morals,’ and ‘religions,’ despite the sexual proclivities of Newt Gingrich – and then terrorism fell in their laps.” He chuckles to himself.

“Now I sound like one of the goddamn enemies of freedom.”

I look at him strangely – “What did you say? You’re not an enemy of freedom; you love this country –”

He laughs, and comes to sit by me.

“I know, I know. I love America. It’s all this... *right wing noise monster*. These people are very smart.”

Like who? I asked him.

Ann Coulter, he said...

“And so you went to see her talk?” Smalls thunders at me.

“I was curious, I just wanted to...” my voice trails off. I have no idea what I was trying to say.

“You just wanted to piss him off? You just wanted to be an asshole?” Dopey snarls at me –

“No! I loved him!” One of them snorts.

“No! I did! You can’t ignore that! I cooked dinner every night! I left my friends behind so I could marry him, live his life –”

“You never had many friends,” Dopey says, almost sadly.

“But I loved him... you don’t know anything.” I say, more petulantly than I wanted. “Now what do you want with me?”

More whispering – I can make out the word “time.”

Smalls: “Okay, let’s say I believed you. That you did love him. And you were going to see Ann Coulter... why? Because you never got to experiment with drugs? You weren’t the prom queen? Who knows?”

He leans into me, I can smell something on his breath – garlic? “*How do they know all of this?*” I think for the millionth time. “*What, you still can’t believe that Frank would –*”

Even if I believed all that, why would you go to dinner with her after the show?

I take a minute to respond.

“But you don’t understand, she’s –”

Engaging. She’s the most... amazing person I’ve ever met. Funny, smart, beautiful, but... there’s something else about her. It’s obvious that it’s there, right as you meet her – shaking hands after she spoke at Graham Chapel as part of the Assembly Series. And the way she smiles – her handsbake is so soft, compared to the harsh power of her eyes. There is something else about her, something half hidden like an iceberg in the ocean, and you see it while she’s ordering eggs at a twenty-four hour diner. There is something else about her – something detached from her militaristic sarcasm, and her beautiful image – there’s something more than just the dissonance, as if her two sides are so incongruous, they give birth to something else altogether, something you can’t quite figure out, but damnit, you have to –

“It’s the power of words, Abby.” *She says to me, scooping her scrambled eggs with a fork.* “The most obvious attraction to the ‘Right’ is the viscosity of the language.”

“Huh?” I say, as amazed by her words as I am by her. She looks at me and smiles, I almost blush from feeling so stupid – “*Hub? Hub? What am I, four years old?*”

“The language of the right appeals

to emotions – to primal, basic things everyone can feel. Home. Pride. Love. Family. Faith. These are things all people feel, that everyone loves.” She says elegantly, simply. She reaches for the salt, her hand brushes mine.

“But don’t the people on the left believe in those things, too?” She smiles at me, a teacher beaming down at a slow student.

“Maybe. Probably. Maybe not. How can you tell from their rhetoric? Look –“ She grabs my hand, I can’t think/concentrate. “The left makes it an intellectual game. You have to think about it – the right makes it about emotions. There’s no thinking involved. You just follow your heart.”

I’m nodding dumbly, to keep up with the beating of my own heart.

“Do you, Abby, want to follow your heart?”

“And I went home to my husband! I could’ve went with Ann, I could’ve hung out! I could’ve learned so much more from her but I went home and had *sex with my husband!*” I scream at Dopey and Smalls.

“Well gee,” Dopey drawls, “I guess we can’t argue with that.”

Silence.

I can’t take this anymore. I can’t just sit here and listen to them – “*Jesus Lord honey, did Frank hire these guys, and tell them absolutely everything about the two of you?*” I have to get out of here –

Wait.

“Look, if this is about that argument last week with Frank, I can explain.”

“Please do.”

“You don’t understand, that –”

“That I just can’t do this anymore, Frank. I need a break.”

He sits on the couch, looking at me. I’m pacing around the room now, standing over him, making direct eye contact.

“Everything I do, you nitpick. Nothing I do is ever good enough.” He opens his mouth, I cut him off

– “Let me finish, Frank! For once in my life, let me talk!”

Silence. He stares straight forward.

“I’m not saying it’s over, I just need a break. Maybe... this is the end, I don’t know. But I can’t be here now. I love you Frank, I need you to make me complete. I think. But I need a break, okay?” He still looks forward. “Frank, if there’s anything you have to say, you can talk now.”

He looks at me, he ducks his head. It looks like he’s fighting tears, I can’t tell. He looks up at me. I can’t take this anymore – “*Say something, Frank!*”

“Okay.”

I feel dizzy.

“That’s it?”

He shrugs, his eyes downcast.

“You do what you have to. I’ll be waiting for you here when you change your mind.”

“But, Frank...” I trail off. “*But Frank my ass! Get the hell up! Why aren’t you fighting me on this?*”

“If this is what you think you need, then... I can’t stop you.” “*Frank you asshole! Stop thinking about it, and do something! Show me you care about me! Get up and stop me, goddamnit! Lord, I apologize for the swear...*”

“I love you, Abby. I love you so much. You’re the thing I care about the most in this world, but – “*But if you fucking cared about me you’d do something about it! If you cared about me that much, you’d show it, instead of just thinking it, or saying it!*”

“But you have to do what feels right for you.”

“Please, Frank. Please stop me –”

“You’re a grown, beautiful woman. You have your own mind, and –

“*Frank! Be a man –*”

“I think it’s a bad idea. But I’ll be waiting for you when you get back.”

“*Frank... Jesus...*” I thought to myself over and over again in my head. “*How did you let this happen...? How...*”

“Okay, Frank. Okay.” “*Have it your way!*” I almost said to him. “I’ll be going to my cousin’s house this evening.”

He puts his head in his hands. “*Tears, Frank! Show me some goddamn tears! Let me know that you have a heart, for Christ sake!*” But when he looks up, his eyes are dry. He looks tired, and a little older somehow.

“I’ll help you pack.” He said –

I scream – one of them squeezes my arm so much oh God oh God it HURTS –

“Let go of me, PLEASE!” I cry out. I whimper. I can’t help it.

Smalls (I think) taps the gun against my nose:

“Is that your story, Abby?”

“Yes, yes, it is, yes it’s all true –” and suddenly, the blindfold dips a little, and I can see over the top it now, instead of the bottom –

“*I can see you sons of bitches now!*” I almost scream – almost.

The first thing I think: “*Don’t think about this right now, Abby. Pretend you don’t see them again. Pretend you’re still in the dark. You don’t want to know who they are. You could be wrong. You could be drugged. This could be a dream. I bet it isn’t who it looks like –*

“*I know who it is –*

“You’re probably wrong, Abby. How could you be right? Just realize, you’re out of it. I’m sure you’re wrong. There’s nothing wrong in pretending, there’s nothing wrong in not knowing, just so long as what you’re feeling is always right –”

He – “*Smalls, Abby! His name is Smalls now!!*” grabs my arm again. I cry out, again –

“Abby,” he hisses into my ear, “we know you didn’t go to your cousin’s house.”

I’d whip my head around in shock, but I’m worried the blindfold would fall all the way off.

The lights. The colors. And all the people – they’re so happy, smiling, dancing. Laughing. There’s so much laughing, and confidence – it’s a family. A big one. A gigantic one, that doesn’t just fill this stadium, it fills my heart. I’d give anything for these people to love me.

This is what the Super Bowl must be like, or a rock concert, but I’ve never been to either one. All I know is that I was never born until I came to the Republican convention, and now I never, ever, want to leave.

Ann speaks in the afternoon – as hard as it is to walk away from that floor I have to see her, to listen to her again. To listen to her speeches and just believe in something again – to feel something again, to know that America is number one A-OK the best and nothing can ever, ever change that, unless we doubt ourselves and let others kill us because we have to change anything –

But that doesn’t make any sense – shut up, Abby. Don’t ruin this or think about it.

And Ann is wonderful. I had to see her again. She’s so powerful, she’s so strong up there, and yet she still reminds us that feminism is wrong. I hate our enemies. I love our friends. She’s amazing, and she has to be right.

I almost go up to talk to her during the speech, but I waited in my seat, as hard as it was. Even though I was down in the front, there’s a big line of well-wishers in front of me by the time I get up the nerve to talk to her again, I’m so shy.

She looks at me,, and shakes the hand of the person after me. I can feel my heart breaking, and falling onto the floor. She doesn’t recognize me. Or, she does recognize me, and doesn’t want to talk to me. I reach out my hand, starting to hyperventilate:

“Hello, Ann. We... talked in the diner.”

“Okay. Did you enjoy the speech?”

“Yes, umm... *you made me believe in home, and love again.*”

She gives me a strange look, then nods, smiling slightly, and shakes hands with the next person. I stare at her as I’m pushed out of the way.

I storm out of the room, and back onto the floor, but it’s not the same. I don’t

want to wave my banners anymore. I don’t want to care about this – I don’t. It’s all a lie. These are just frightened people, scared, who can’t believe in themselves, so they’re desperate for something else to believe in, and they’ve bought into all of this bullshit. I yell out a couple times, “The Iraq War is a Lie! The Iraq War is a Lie! The Iraq War is a Lie!”

To hell with it: None of them are listening anymore.

I dump my little campaign bag by the side door, and walk out –

Where I’m stopped by security.

“Where are you going, ma’am?”

And I don’t know how to answer him. “Home, to the husband who was right?” “To my cousins?” “To kill myself?” Any of them feels like the wrong answer, with just a trace of the right one in each –

One of them starts to frisk me, and I recoil, both physically and mentally when –

“She’s with me.”

I turn –

Ann!

She’s here! She came for me! She didn’t forget after all!

And she whisks me away to her box. She has a great view, I can see the stage so much better than I could before! And all of her friends are so funny, so good-looking, so witty, I feel like an old woman who finally got to be a princess, Cinderella in Red.

“You aren’t happy at home, are you?” Ann says.

I blush again, she’s always making me do that – maybe that’s because of something in your own heart you can’t admit – shut up shut up shut up –

“If you come with us, Abby, you’ll be accepted.”

I look at her as if struck. Come with them?

“Yes, Abby. Join the campaign. You’ll be accepted here. You’ll be loved. No more awkwardness, no more painful thinking. You’ll be fighting the enemies of freedom, with the armies of

compassion, with the best people in the world. What do you say?”

I’m so taken aback, I don’t know what to say. I blurt out, without thinking –

“But my husband –”

“He’s what made you strong, Abby. Look at these people, everyone here. How many of us do you think could live with a liberal for that long? “But he’s not a liberal – shut up, Abby!”

“No one could take that constant criticism, and second-guessing, and thinking things through. None of us could live with that. All that pain of doubting yourself, your religion, your President... that makes you stronger, Abby. It makes you worth more to us, and we want you with us so badly. We could love you, Abby.”

And I can’t think straight, just hearing her say that. One little voice in my head screams – “Oh right, like they just don’t want to exploit the wife of a left-leaning columnist” – but that voice is immediately silenced.

I look into Ann’s eyes. I gasp softly as she squeezes my hand, and holds it. Ann is holding my head, Rick Santorum is speaking, and I’m in New York for the first time. This is my real birthday, my true baptism: not into life, but into heaven...

I sit tied to the chair, and looking at Smalls and Dopey. They don’t know I see them – “*you can’t see them, Abby! Just think you can’t see them -!*” and I don’t know what to do.

Suddenly, the door in the room opens. In walks – “*You can’t see who it is, Abby! Just say to yourself you can’t see who it is –*”

And I hear a voice in my head, that sounds a little like my husband’s:

“Come on, Abby. If you’re going to sell Frank out, sell yourself out, then at least admit to yourself, just once what you’re looking at, then go from there, huh doll?”

Okay, Frank. Just once.

Ann Coulter walks in the door. She walks over to the two security guards who stopped me at the convention, but here I only know them as Dopey and Smalls. There’s some whispering, then Ann yells – “I’m coming for

you, Abby!” and Dopey kicks the wall. Smalls yells out, as if in pain, and walks to the door quietly. Dopey screams out, and walks to the door, too – he salutes Ann, and the two of them run out –

Ann lifts off my blindfold, and hugs me –

“You poor dear, are you okay?” I nod, slowly. I’m pretty traumatized, she looks at me: “That’s the lengths these people will go to, Abby. They’re the same people who want to ban the bible in Virginia.” I nod, again. She unties my knots, and helps me stand up –

“What’s... going on, Ann?” I ask.

She looks at me strangely.

“Whatever you want, Abby. It can all happen now. You can come with us. You can help us fight for a better America, a greater America. Come on, Abby –”

I stand up, and look at her –

Suddenly, Frank runs in the door:

“Abby, thank God you’re okay!” He grabs me and hugs me. He kisses me – it takes him a moment to look at Ann.

I have never seen a more stunned expression on a person’s face.

“Ann... Coulter? What are you doing here?”

Ann glares at him –

“Keeping her safe from you. Come on, Abby. Let’s go.”

Frank whirls around and looks at me, his face a torn with confusion.

“Abby, what’s she talking about...?”

“She knows what’s right, and what’s wrong. And she’s tied of your negative, socialistic liberal dogma. She’s too smart for it. Aren’t you, Abby?”

I look at the two of them – Frank grabs my shoulders –

“Abby, please. Let’s go home. You know she isn’t right – I’m not even a liberal. I don’t know what that has to do with anything, but... I love you.

More than anything. Please...”

Ann’s crooked smile turns up at one end. Frank’s eyes plead at me.

“This is the one chance you have, Abby. One shot to change the world –”

“Okay, Ann.” I say, quietly.

Ann takes my arm, and we walk towards the door – Frank jumps in front of us –

“Where are you going??”

Ann answers, pushing him out of the way –

“On the road. We’re going to bring the truth to people, not the negative doctrine of the left –”

“Abby, please, listen –”

“To what?” Ann snorts. “That Iraq isn’t going well? Bush is too ideologically based? Give me a break –”

Ann takes me down a hall – *“I’m in a hotel?”* I notice, stupidly.

Frank runs after us –

“But, Abby –”

Ann pulls me into an elevator.

“She’s going with the right people, now.”

As the doors close, Frank yells out to me:

“Abby, they aren’t even Republicans! The Republican party is a great, truly wonderful organization that was built on the ideas of personal and fiscal responsibility! These people have sullied both of those! None of them take responsibility for anything – and they’ve spent so many billions of taxpayer money, Abby, please. Look, honey, I don’t care what you believe in just so you aren’t motivated by fear, and fear alone. But Abby, please –”

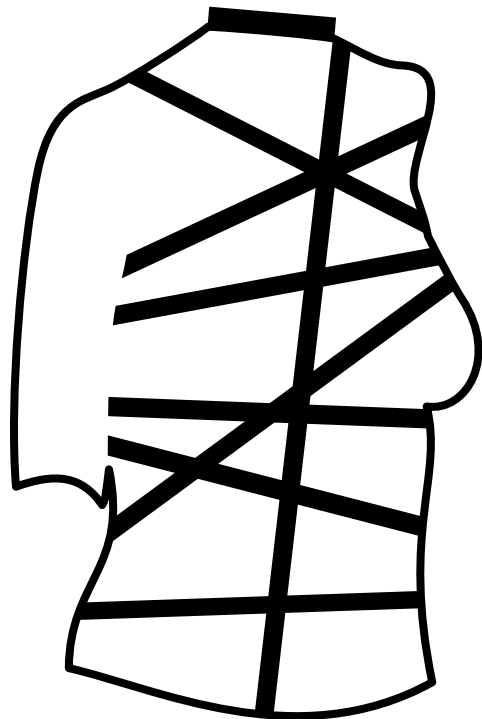
He said more there, I think. It was all just so negative.

All I could think while I was standing there was:

“Why don’t you just shut up, Frank, and reach out your hand to stop the door?”

But then the door closes. Ann rubs my shoulder, and kisses me on the cheek, and I completely forget what else Frank said.

A few blissful minutes later, the elevator door opens, and we walk out into the bright, warm sun.



A man with dark hair and a goatee, wearing a light-colored suit and a patterned tie, stands behind a woman. The woman is blindfolded with a grey cloth and wears a grey, draped classical-style dress. She holds a large golden scale of justice. The background is a solid green color.

**GROPE THE
VOTE 2004**

DEEK MAGAZINE

CHAMPIONS OF POLITICS

NOVEMBER 2004

what labor day means to us.
a photo document
by [piama]



WALKING AROUND NEAR THE BASTILLE I SAW,

angry unemployed, react together against unemployment



together let's stop the effects of agent orange!



anger or does she mean cholera?



assassins! troops out of iraq - justice in palestine



palestine-stop the wall



split up the wealth. to create jobs to increase salaries



no to exclusion in jobs



convergence against exclusion/unemployment

..is a prison



stop the war

rejoin the communist party



equal rights to both daddy and mommy



parisian taxi driver union



long live marxism-leninism



long live socialism



combat humiliation against women



everything to change

funny state



i prefer old women



down with all the armies. halt the busherie



justice and resistance on mapuche land



workers w/o papers will no longer support not working



halt the massacre of paestinians



priority to education



AIDS: precariousness kills



let's stop the government



proletarians of all countries! unite!



condemned to working hidden



down with american imperialism



back here in the states, i asked this guy what came to mind when he thought of labor day. he said:
trees. reminds me of arbor day.



all photos i took on euro mayday: for new collective european social rights (labor day) in paris, 2004. except the burger which i got from the internet. if you think you are the owner of the photo, and i am unjustly using it, remember it was not for your stunning photographic talent that i took it.



The image was created using photoshop. It is the SUV as Skin cancer. The leg is not a photo of an actual diseased leg, it was a healthy leg, and the cancer came from a medical photo. It is a visualization of the insidious and toxic effects of the cancerous spread of sprawling Suburbs. Note that interestingly enough, CNN reported last week that suburbia causes health problems.

Laura Miller

Reader Gallery

you send it, we'll probably print it

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Bike Punks
Carrie Schneider



Fear
Oil on Canvas
margaret mary

Defeated – Deek goes back to school

October 1, 2004

By Read Ashton

Photos by Doug Crissman, Nate Boguszewski

Situation 1:

I head over to Forbes Avenue to find some homeless folks. The first beggar I come across happens to be a political refugee from Iraq. The guy has an accent, ID, and stories to back up his claim. As we're talking about why he hates Bush more than Saddam (though he still loves America) one of his partners in panhandling joins us, gives me a crate to sit on, and we rap about Lifetime movies for a while. A long while.

Situation 2:

I decide to swing by some sororities...



Name: Anne Malernic
Age: 18
Occupation: Sorority sister
Political affiliation: Alcohol

D: Any reason you're not voting?
A: I just don't feel the need to.
D: Have you seen Fahrenheit 911?
A: Yeah, the first 10 minutes. I thought it was really boring.
D: Do you think marijuana should be legalized?
A: Isn't it? (laughter from friends) I mean in some states..."



Name: Cara DeBarton
Age: 19
Occupation: Sorority sister
Political affiliation: Undecided, maybe, kinda

D: Are you voting this November?
C: Yes. Definitely.
D: Who are you voting for?
C: I haven't decided yet. I'm basing most of my decision on the debates.
D: Did you see last night's debates?
C: No.
D: What do you think about the war in Iraq?
C: I don't really know anything about it.



Name: Tiffany Ellis
Age: 25
Occupation: Student, waitress
Political affiliation: Democrat

D: Who are you voting for?
T: Kerry.
D: Why?
T: I don't know. That's a tough question.
D: Do you disagree with the war in Iraq?
T: I don't know enough about it to say yes or no.
D: Should marijuana be legal?
T: Uuuuuhhh... I guess I don't have an idea about it either way. If you like it, sure.
D: Should the drinking age be changed?
T: I think the drinking age should be lowered and the driving age should be raised.
D: What about guns?
T: I don't like them.
D: What do you think about gun control?
T: Do you mean controlling guns in a school environment, or, like, stricter laws?



Name: Trisha Hibble
Age: 28
Occupation: Student affairs
Political affiliation: Democrat

D: Should marijuana be legal?
T: I think anything you can get high with should be illegal."
D: You can get high off of glue...
T: That's true."
D: ...Okay...
T: I don't know, maybe it's just like, how it's been commercialized, I guess."



Bob Ryan
Age: 19
Occupation: Gas station attendant
Political affiliation: "Fuck, I don't know"

D: Do you think marijuana should be legal?
B: Not in the U.S.
D: Elsewhere though?
B: Canada, yeah.
D: It should be legal in Canada and not here?
B: Yeah.
D: Why?
B: I think people would just go overboard if it was just all of a sudden legalized.
D: People wouldn't go overboard in Canada?
B: They would.
D: Okay... uh, should we wage war on anyone else?
B: Canada. They're dumb."



Name: Larry
Age: 167 (estimated)
Occupation: Alcohol (assumed)
Political affiliation: Stupidity

D: I'm polling people on who they're voting for in the upcoming election and asking them poignant and ridiculous questions in that regard. Mind if I talk to you for a minute about this?
L: You're what? Speak up.
D: Asking people who they're voting for.
L: And why the hell would I talk to you about that?
D: Because you feel a sense of national pride and you believe in America.
L: Fuck you.

Defeated II – Deek goes to school again, later

October 6, 2004

By Nova Keenan

Photos by Doug Crissman, Nate Boguszewski



Name: Matt Chominski
Age: 21
Occupation: Student
Political affiliation: Libertarian

I'm voting Bush.

I'm pro life, so I'm not on the whole Kerry thing...I'm against stem-cell research...I'm an issue voter...I'm non-partisan...I don't like Kerry anyway...I don't think he stands for anything...I just think Bush would be the stronger leader, considering we're in a time of war...If Kerry were elected right now, there would be a lot of mixed messages...I think it would be a time of confusion...People are saying this election is ripping apart, I think, if Kerry wins, we'll be ripping it apart even farther...They're not too perfect, these two candidates...God would be more conservative...more for welfare and education

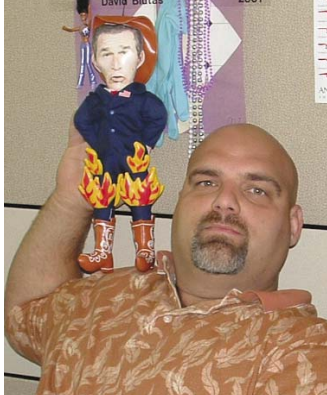


Name: Kate Arthur
Age: 21
Occupation: Student, bartendress
Political affiliation: Green

I'm voting Kerry

I don't know what he'll do for me, personally...he's the lesser of two evils...I'm an Environmental Studies major...I vote for the environment...and, as much as I would like to vote for the Green Party, I know it would just throw off the election, which, to me, means we need to take baby steps toward more than a two party system...Kerry's got better views on the environment...Bush has done things to kill the environment...Bush's administration has refused to do any debating on the environment – they'll talk about war, the economy, abortion, but they will not talk about the environment...Kerry will do more for the environment than Bush, and that's pretty much what sways my vote...war for oil...God wouldn't vote for no one...I don't believe in God, I believe in Mother Nature...I feel like Mother Nature would vote for John Kerry

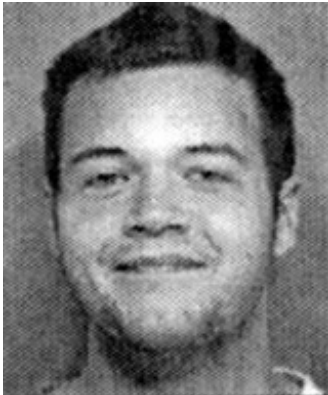
[Note to readers: Deek Magazine has put a hit on Mother Nature]



Name: Paul Roth
Age: 46
Occupation: Buyer
Political affiliation: conservative (borderline redneck but I fucking hate NASCAR), Roman Catholic, GUN OWNER, married with two kids, Bachelor's degree

I am voting for Bush

I believe that [Bush] is superior to his challenger in the areas of ethics and clarity of purpose...I believe he is doing the right things to stimulate an economy that was already tits up and taking on water when he inherited it from the Clinton administration and was further crippled by 9/11...John Kerry has no position and every position on every issue. He makes decisions based solely on the direction in which the political winds are blowing. When you add to that his belief that he knows better than us how we should run our lives, he's not qualified to run for Dog Catcher. I most assuredly do not trust him with my Second Amendment rights or our national security.



Name: John Casey
Age: 30
Occupation: Convenience store clerk
Political affiliation: Republican

I'm voting for Bush

Bush will be safer for America...national security...not so great on the economy...I do care about the environment, but...his record could be better...we've all gotta live here...God would not vote...God is not into politics...he's got bigger things to worry about.



Name: Alyssa Kline
Age: 27
Occupation: Law student
Political affiliation: Republican

I'm voting for Bush.

He's more focused on families and...it's not necessarily an election where you're voting for someone...lesser of two evils...I don't like Kerry – don't trust the guy...Edwards is a snake...classic litigator...Kerry is inconsistent...he's never maintained any consistency...Edwards is a jerk...God would vote for Bush...I'm a big advocate of God...this whole election is about picking one...staunch right...politically conservative, liberally minded...I don't feel like either represent how I feel, but you can't ask for that...in the middle...the gray area...neither has a good case for being president...Bush is doing an okay job



Name: Daniel Catrary
Age: 30
I'm voting for Kerry

When democrats are in the office, the employment situation is a little more lucrative than when republicans are in office...better jobs...better benefits...Bush doesn't keep his word...Kerry's a little but of a bullshitter, too, but Kerry's a little bit more...it's a lesser of two evils thing...he's more honorable than Bush, but I don't really trust either one of them...Kerry is more honorable...God would vote for himself...God would let things be the way they are...he leaves it up to us...he sits back and lets you make your own decisions...let's you face the consequences...politics is so wishy-washy...he sets the rules out, you follow it as such...I don't smile in pictures.



Name: Shawn Collingwood
Age: 43
Occupation: Project manager
Political affiliation: Republican

I'm voting for Bush.

I trust Bush to protect my Second Amendment rights. Kerry isn't trustworthy...I couldn't vote for a weak-kneed, panty-wetting, fucking liberal, and...the hunting, gun ownership thing.



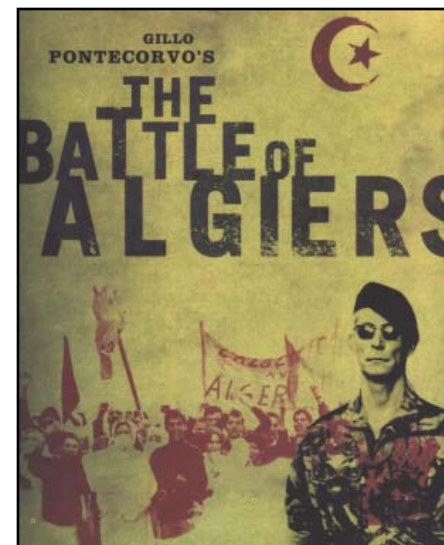
Pittsburgh City police Officer:

We're not allowed to state our political views, but I'm voting for Bush

DEEK: CHAMPIONS OF POLITICS

ENTERTAINMENT

Reviews - MOVIES



The Battle of Algiers (1965)

The Pentagon has seen this movie. So (probably) has al Qaeda. Shouldn't you?

In 1954, Algerian rebels from the National Liberation Front were in violent revolt against the French, who ruled Algeria as a colony. (Yes, the French were once a colonial power, though it's easy for Americans to forget that fact in our rush to label fried potato strips "Freedom Fries.") The FLN began to make serious strikes against the French occupying force, leaving bombs in cafés and gunning down French police. If you can't see the parallel between Algeria in 1954 and Iraq in 2004, you should probably run for public office.

The film follows Ali, a young hoodlum who turns from petty crime to political terrorism. Young and angry, he sees no "benevolent superpower" in the French occupiers. Now the proud owner of a cause worth dying for, he quickly rises up through the ranks of the FLN, advocating brutal violence against the French and civilians. So a young man without much hope becomes a leader of fanatics. If you can't see the parallel between Ali and the young Islamic fundamentalists who are al Qaeda's most dedicated followers, you should probably be running our national counter-terrorism policy.

As the FLN strikes grow more brutal and frequent, the French army sends in paratroop commander Col. Mathieu. Mathieu is a hero of the French people for his membership in the French resistance in World War II. (Yes, there was a strong, noble resistance to Nazi occupation during WWII, though it's easy for Americans to forget that fact in our rush to label them "surrender monkeys.")

Col. Mathieu is surprised when the Algerians call him a fascist – after all, he fought the Nazis! He's as democratic as they come. If you can't see the parallel between Col. Mathieu and

those who say, "How can they call us occupiers? We're Americans!" then you probably be in charge of message control at the White House.

If you can't see the parallel between Mathieu saying, "The word 'torture' doesn't appear in our orders. We've always spoken of interrogation as the only valid method in a police operation directed against unknown enemies," and the President claiming the Geneva Convention protocols don't apply to Iraqi prisoners in Abu Ghraib, you might consider a job on talk radio.

If you don't hear in the President's words an echo of Mathieu's "There are 80,000 Arabs in the Kasbah. Are they all against us? We know they're not. In reality, it's only a small minority that dominates with terror and violence. This minority is our adversary and we must isolate and destroy it," then you might look for a career in the Defense Department.

Finally, when Mathieu says, "Should we remain in Algeria? If you answer 'yes,' then you must accept all the necessary consequences," do you hear the same question repeating down through history, this time about our occupation of Iraq? The consequences are these: Civilians and soldiers who fight, torture, and die; terrorists and freedom fighters who die for ideologies and fanaticism; families who weep and vow revenge; martyrs and criminals who inflict death and finally receive it. A country torn apart and a country hated by the world.

The *Battle of Algiers* is a lesson in history, a study of colonialism and terrorism. It's a reminder that both the terrorist and the freedom fighter, the occupier and the liberator, do their work with bloody hands. The geography may change, but not the motivations or the methods. People are blowing up in Iraq the same way they blew up in Algiers, claiming the same God-given right to bring death on others. Soldiers are torturing prisoners and using the same appeals to pragmatism to avoid uneasy questions. People are dying for ideals and few seem to recognize that we've been here before. And before. And before.

Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo. Written by Gillo Pontecorvo, Franco Solinas. Starring Brahim Hagiag, Jean Martin.

— ERASMUS SANTIAGO

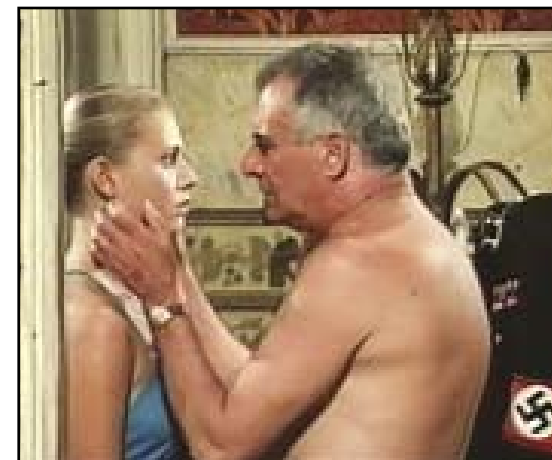
Gestapo's Last Orgy (1977)

Yes, *that* Gestapo, from World War II, known for its immaculate uniforms and fanatical anti-Semitism.

There's a lot I could tell you about this movie – the story of Commandant Conrad von Starker (Marc Loud), who runs a German concentration camp/brothel where Jewish girls are used to satiate soldiers on leave, and Lise Cohen (Dan-

iel Poggi), the grief-stricken, blonde Jew who finds herself in Starker's clutches. Lise's already dead inside; she blames herself for the deaths of her entire family. Starker is confounded by Lise's death wish; it robs him of his power over her.

I could tell you about the scene where Starker's empress of pain, Alma (played by a delectable Maristella Greco), throws a menstruating prisoner to her Dobermans, who tear the girl apart. Or let your imagination mull over the



Our lust ist verboten! - Gestapo's Last Orgy

quote, "There's nothing better than a pot-roast of unborn Jew!" Or describe the eponymous orgy, where the prisoners are made to fellate wooden sticks, smeared in blood, and raped in a soft-core, late-Seventies erotic style.

But let's not kid ourselves: This is not a good movie, or even a bad movie worth watching. Written by someone who skimmed the Cliffs Notes for De Sade's *120 Days of Sodom*, it tries to rise above schlock and make points about "power equals sex equals fear equals death," but it's nothing we haven't heard from Marilyn Manson lyrics. Really, the fact that this movie exists, as part of the "Nazisplotation" genre, tells you enough about human nature that you can forego actually watching it. Worse than not being good, it's not even interesting, except to mouth-breathing troglodytes who giggle their way through the dulllest 92 minutes committed to film, then rush to the Internet Movie Database to post about what "jaded thrill seekers" they are. Do yourself a favor: instead of this movie, take the \$3.99 rental fee, buy a metal coat-hanger, heat it over a gas stove, and flog yourself for an hour and a half. The pain will be exquisite; you'll understand what De Sade was really talking about; and you'll thank me in the morning.

Directed by Cesare Canevari. Starring Marc Loud and Daniela Poggi.

— DELONGPRE DANNON

Outfoxed:
Rupert Murdoch's War on Journalism

Freedom of the press is limited to those who own one.
— A.J. Liebling

A H, RUPERT MURDOCH. THE WILY Australian whose Fox News Channel is the subject of Robert Greenwald's provocative documentary, *Outfoxed: Rupert Murdoch's War on Journalism*, makes a few quick appearances in the film, but the most telling has Murdoch, appearing on his own channel, commenting, "the economy's behaving like it's on steroids at the moment."

Meanwhile, the stock ticker in the lower right-hand corner shows a 70-point drop in the Dow.

Granted, that's not exactly a Black Friday number, but the telling juxtaposition of the "Fox reality" and the *real* reality — you know, that world of often inconvenient facts that the rest of us have to live in — is what *Outfoxed* is all about. If Fox News ever retires the venerable "Fair and Balanced" tagline, they might consider adopting, "Fox News: We Make the News." As former anchor Jon Du Pre puts it, "We weren't necessarily, as it was told to us, a news-gathering organization as we were a proponent of a point of view."

That attitude reaches all the way to the top. Director Greenwald makes extensive use of memoranda written by John Moody, chief of Fox News, setting the daily tone of FNC's coverage. Moody's memos are a great example of Republican message control, right down to the reminders to reporters that Marine snipers are "sharpshooters" and suicide bombers are, in actuality, "homicide bombers." Moody cautions his subordinates about the 9/11 commission investigations, "Do not turn this into Watergate."

The factual gap between Fox-reality and real-reality can be both funny and frightening. When Rupert Murdoch talks about a fantasy boom economy, or when Du Pre's reports on Reagan's birthday reveal that, in actuality, no one outside the Republican Party cares about the former president's "special day," it's funny. It's funny that Fox quizzes a French intellectual about John Kerry's supposed "Frenchness," or that they run a piece on the newest summer fashion, John Kerry flip-flops. (Fair and Balanced? How about some coverage of the newest craze in feminine hygiene — George Bush douchebags?)

It's funny until you realize just how much power Fox News has in shaping public opinion. Then it becomes frightening. Let's not forget that it was Fox News — John Ellis, George W. Bush's first cousin (coincidentally!) — who first called Florida "a clear win" for GWB. Fox News

announced Junior Shrub President, and within minutes the other networks agreed. Fox-reality became real-reality.

Roger Ailes, Fox News CEO and Chairman, later apologized for making a call that "let our viewers down." And boy, was he putting on a brave face, barely holding back the tears (of laughter!) welling up inside him.

After the election, of course, the bitterly anti-Clinton Faux News Channel began its long, slow-motion fellatio of the President, with the kind of fawning coverage a mongoloid preschooler would find intellectually offensive. Moody's memos, after all, are issued by the same



network Bill O'Reilly hopes you'll "rely on for the truth," without ideological spin. At Fox News there's nothing but spin, an orbiting ring of bullshit held in place by the gravity of faith.

The money shot across the face of the American public came (!) in the form of a 2003 PIPA/Knowledge Networks poll, which found a direct correlation between the amount of Fox News watched and the degree of confusion about basic matters of fact. Regular Fox News viewers were three times as likely to believe we'd found weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, for example. They were seven times as likely to believe the world had supported the war in Iraq.

In other words, Fox News viewers live in another world.

Increasingly, though, we all live in another world, where what we think we know is defined by a small group of multinational corporations who don't always have our best interests at heart. That's the point in Robert Kane Pappas' one-man production *Orwell Rolls in His Grave*, a nearly two-hour long broadside against the evils of Big Media. Fox News may be the most blatant example of a malicious funhouse mirror masquerading as journalism, but for Pappas the others aren't much better.

Return, for example, to that fated election

night in November, 2000. Fox News may have called the election for Bush, but why did the other networks follow suit so quickly? One explanation may have been simple fear: The other networks were afraid of getting scooped. But there's another, darker explanation. On the night of the election, GE CEO Jack Welch, a Republican, came into the studios of NBC — owned by GE — and ordered them to call the election for Bush. This is all on tape, but when California Representative Henry Waxman requested NBC turn over those videotapes, the network refused. To do so, they said, would be a "highly inappropriate" expose of their editorial process.

How much do you trust a media outlet that 1) lets CEOs make editorial decisions, and 2) refuses to allow any investigation into those decisions, and then 3) cites First Amendment rights to protect themselves from critique?

This is nothing new — media consolidation has been going on for at least the last 50 years. But as one commentator puts it "media is the nervous system of a democracy," and as the nervous system becomes hyper-stimulated, firing that same Bennifer neuron over and over again, is it any surprise our politics become the gossipy, scandal-driven realm of Lewinsky and "Friends?"

Meanwhile, behind the scenes and under our noses, media companies employ the largest lobbying force in America. Pappas explains how media "deregulation," begun in the Reagan years but continuing into the present, has given rise to the mega-media that surrounds us. The loosening of restrictions gives media more space from which to increase its power, by propagandizing to the public and defining who can say within its space. The major media is, for the majority of Americans who don't spend hours on the Internet stoking their indignation with articles by Greg Palast or Michael Moore, the gatekeeper to public discourse. It's at Disney-GE-Sony world, and as Harlan Ellison put it, "At Disney, nobody fucks with the Mouse."

It's enough to make you cry. But what good are tears if they're not wept on TV?

*Outfoxed: Rupert Murdoch's War on Journalism is in theaters now and available on DVD at www.disinfo.com. *Orwell Rolls In His Grave* is available on DVD at www.orwellrollsinhisgrave.com.*

— CHANTRELLE FONTAIN

50 Reasons Not to Vote For Bush
By Robert Sterling

Only 50? Well, you can fit only so many into a manageable book, explains editor Robert Sterling, who also edits the online publication *The Konformist* (www.konformist.com).

Most people who've paid attention the last four years know there are plenty of reasons not to vote for Bush in November, from his corporate cronyism to his unprecedented tax cuts to his mismanagement of the War on Tara.

These are, of course, subjects rational people can argue over: Is Bush's indebtedness to corporate America a liability, or business as usual? Do the tax cuts provide desperately needed economic stimulus, or simply choke the federal budget to the point of massive deficits and less help for those who need it? Is the War on Terra contiguous with the war in Iraq?

Willingness to these kinds of questions is the first step toward being an informed voter. The value of a book like *50 Reasons* is not that it reveals any new information — though even a collapsed-vein political junkie like me found some new tidbits within — but that it helps lay the framework for reasonable, passionate argument. Each of the fifty reasons is a concise primer on topics such as Bush's ideological judicial appointees, his connections to oil and energy giants who helped write our national energy policy, and his diplomatic failure in North Korea. Heavily sourced, each one offers an overview of the argument, with further investigation left to the reader.

50 Reasons is a concise handbook for those who oppose George W. Bush and what his policies have wrought in the past four years. Unfortunately, its analytical, substantive argument is no match for that most damning of retorts, "Well, OK, Bush hasn't been the greatest leader. But why do you hate America?"

— GIDEON STARGRAVE

The Future Dictionary of America
By Various

For years conservative commentators have complained that the dictionary, like the media, has a hopeless liberal bias. "Don't read," says Rush Limbaugh, "that's how they get you — with their America-hating, al Qaeda-harboring, welfare-stealing words!"

Absurd, sure. But the crew at McSweeney's has finally made that old conservative bromide a reality with *The Future Dictionary of America*. Set in a future near-utopia where GWB and his neocon handlers have been cast out of power, *FDofA* imagines how language will have changed between now and then. For instance, the entry for "bush" now reads, "n. I. A poisonous family of shrubs, now extinct. (see bushed, bush-league, bushwa.)"

The definitions, which form the bulk of the book, range from funny to outraged to whistling-past-the-graveyard. They're meant to be taken a few at a time, to be chuckled and pondered over. The book's closer, an essay by Kurt Vonnegut, is an instant classic; including excerpts from *The Taguba Report* on the Abu Ghraib prison tortures is the kind of public service you wish more major media outlets would do.

On top of all that is a collection of cartoons from the future, a future in which robots try to eat our babies and the main dietary staples are plankton and bananas. And in the future, science has finally discovered how to see through a brick!

Included with *FDofA* is the Future Soundtrack of America, with tracks by Sleater-Kinney, They Might Be Giants, will.i.am of the Black-Eyed Peas, and others. Most of the tracks are solid, with a couple that veer into an overearnestness unusual for the McSweeney's crowd. Not quite a disc to get the party started, but still worth owning.

Finally and most importantly, in addition to an excellent essay by Vonnegut, some funny entries by well- and not-so-well-known writers, cartoons and songs, *FDofA* offers the satisfaction of knowing that all of the proceeds — instead of going to Barnes and Noble or Amazon — will go to progressive causes such as The Sierra Club and the League of Pissed Off Votes.

— AUSTIN TASSELTEIN

Apocalypse Culture Vol. 1 & 2

Reading the *Apocalypse Culture* books is a bit like showing up late to a party where you don't know anyone. They're all drinking and talking and having a good time, while you're forced to wander aimlessly, trying not to look desperate, shielding your beer cup every time someone walks by, eavesdropping on the interesting conversations you're not a part of.

You catch a bit of one — "Christ the Cop is a Civilian Hip and needs a Press Card Marriage to Protect Him or Her from the Crucifixion by God the Copulator in Lust Murdering License Marriage" — and think, wow, that'd make a great bumper sticker. You turn the person speaking, one James (Anubis) Van Cleve, a schizophrenic who talks your head of with cryptic references to Christ and the Marquis de Sade, explaining that, "Sex is the gravitational bonding agent in social space working against magnetic electrocution and hanging with the point of no return and life imprisonment." Huh, you say. I'd never thought of it that way.

Looking around, you realize this is the party at the end of the world; the guests are drawn from the most extreme, esoteric fringes of society — and some from even beyond. Your host, editor Adam Parfrey, introduces you to all of

them, occasionally offering his own asides about the case for self-castration or the power of aesthetic terrorism.

Hovering next to the bean dip is Karen Greenlee, necrophiliac. After eloping with a dead man in the back of a stolen hearse, Karen was convicted of interfering with a burial and spent eleven days in jail. Since those anguished days Karen has grown more comfortable with her sexuality — she'll patiently explain that it's the smell of death, the eroticism of the grave, that really turns her on. It's not something she's looking to "cure;" it's who she is. She laughs and mentions how men think she just needs the right living penis to "fix" her.

That's where professional porn reviewer Christian Shapiro jumps in. Christian's a bit jaded about sex — fast-forwarding through thousands of hours of hardcore pornography will do that to you — his new kick is daytime TV. He's seen every act of debasement the human body can perform, and it leaves him cold.

He's just getting to the part where all those cumshots and penetrations add up to satori when Dennis Stillings exclaims that the atom bomb is God's proof of His existence. See, because technology and science are all we believe in anymore, right, so God programs us to build something so horrible, so overwhelming that its might can only be proof of divine intervention! Oswald Spengler counters that all technology is devilish, a product of man's desire to become God. You're a little too drunk and your head is spinning.

And pretty soon everyone's yelling about God and the Devil, secret societies and global conspiracies, the invisible war and racial eugenics. Richard Green, founder and sole member of Jews for Hitler, lobs a handful of potato salad at Irv Rubin of the Jewish Defense League, a Jewish extremist group responsible for at least 37 terrorist attacks, according to the FBI. You flip over a table and lay down covering fire with a handful of salted peanuts.

Meanwhile, semi-retarded David, oblivious to the chaos, reads a story called "David and Hitler go to the planet Mars" to Ted Kaczynski. Dr. S. Epps dives behind your table and asks whether whites were made by Yacub — "a Black, god-like scientist" — as a race of devils. A NAM-BLA representative yells to no one in particular.

You grab a handful of pretzels and whip them into Anton (Church of Satan) LaVey's eyes. He bellows like a bull moose, clawing at his now-useless orbs. Thanks, you say, but you people are all crazy and I had a great time but I can only handle so much of you so don't call me ok, I'll call you and buh-bye! Then you leap out the door, shut the book, and are safe.

— TIM BODINE

Rock Against Bush Volumes 1 & 2
By Various Artists

When my parents told me George W. Bush was running for re-election and that they were getting a divorce, I said nothing, but grabbed my purple Jansport backpack and ran upstairs, fighting to hold back the tears, not succeeding.

I threw myself on the bed, clutched a pillow to my face, and screamed. “Why is the world so efft up?!” I wrote in my Hello Kitty diary. I knew it wasn’t my fault that George Bush had been elected in the first place I’m not even old enough to vote! – but were my parents getting a divorce because of me?

I’m not a perfect daughter. Mom and Dad and Geroge Bush know this. But I try. Why couldn’t they stay together, and why couldn’t George W. actually fund The No Child Left Behind Act?

I called my friend Tami and bawled my eyes out. She advised me to put on Rock Against Bush and turn it up real loud. Tami said it might not bring my family together again, but at least it would, through the power and majesty of punk rock, remove that un-elected, right-wing puppet from his throne of blood. (Tami wants a career in public relations and is always talking like that, advising me to buy a new product to soothe my fragile adolescent mind.)

And what do you know – it worked! Once my parents had their faces rocked off, they realized they should remain in a loveless marriage for the sake of the children. George W. Bush was defeated through the power of rock, that boy Taylor who always sits in front of me in math class finally talked to me, and the world no longer feared and hated America. Plus I got boobs!

– STEPHI GRASSO

Between the Waters:
Connection (2004)
Tidal Wave Productions

Are you lost, in search of new, hip music, created specifically for life on the sea? Do you yearn for music to act as a soundtrack to some New Age fantasy where you’re sailing on a roving ship, comfortable, without all the evils of pirating (you know: Pillaging, shivering one’s timbers, swashbuckling, wooden legs, et cetera)? No? Me either. But if I was, this would be my kinda music.

It seems like Between the Waters have succeeded in producing something Yanni might be proud of, only with a new, *rockin’ twist*. It ends up sounding like Tori Amos singing with an acoustic Our Lady Peace and a bunch of Orcs (foot soldiers corrupted by elves, captured by Melkor in the First Age, in case you’re wondering. Oh, was that too fucking arcane for you? So is this music. So deal with it). To their credit: The sound production is commendable,

the musicians are very talented, and they have a unique, substantive sound. It’s worth a listen, if only for a laugh.

Similar bands: Lush, Cocteau Twins, The Smiths, The Church, Crash Test Dummies, Sting projects reflective of his recent meditative (aged) work

Self-described as: “Ethereal music;” “the intersection of Dream Pop, Jangle Pop and Folk Rock”

Between the Waters is releasing their debut CD, Connection, at Garfield Artworks on Friday, October 22, at 9:00 pm.

– PATRICIA MCKEAN

Cherry Monroe
Self-titled (2004)
Rust Records

As if they were bred for radio airplay, Cherry Monroe have the look, the sound, and the nose piercings to get them some attention regionally and, less-likely, on the national stage. And though their music is sometimes trite and predictable, sometimes it’s not. Like here, in this selected lyric:

*I take painkillers just to be just to be with you
I take painkillers just to be just to be with you
Let’s lie beneath the stars and cry*

Similar bands: Blink 182, Blur, Dashboard Confessional, Saves the Day

Self-described as: “A catchy blend of Emo-love ballads, 80s British-sounding vocals and radio-friendly rock”

Cherry Monroe is releasing their self-titled debut at Mr. Smalls Theater on Saturday, October 23, at 8:00 pm. Performing with them will be Further Down, Liquafly, Luca Brazzi and The Yards.

– NOVA KEENAN

Lamb of God
Ashes of the Wake (2004)
Prosthetic/Epic

Lamb of God sounds like a bunch of machine-gun fire under Cookie Monster loudly pontificating on the nature of killing people in a Gothic fantasy. Or something. One of my favorite lines on *Ashes of the Wake* is about Code of Honor boiling down to: When I kill you, it’s your mistake; when you kill me, I forgive you. Which, I guess, is political. Musically, their technical skills are precise – the album, on a whole, is tighter than [insert your own lude phrasing here. Examples: Tighter than a Times Square peep show during fleet week; tighter than a Nun’s wimphole (which I don’t really get); tighter than a gnat’s arse; tighter than a

Vegas bellhop at a Britney Spears wedding, et cetera. Anything really implying that their instrumentation is quite taut].

Anyway, I had a chance to meet one of Lamb of God’s guitar players – Mark Morton – on their tour bus at The Rock Club in Station Square. I wanted to talk to him about politics, but he wasn’t really feeling it. He’s mostly into video games and he’s not voting. So after about ten minutes of getting nowhere with him, I left and went to Hooters (behind the Rock Club) to use the restroom. At the door, the hostess – a predictably beautiful wee brunette with a French accent – asked if I wanted to speak to the manager. And though I was only looking for the john, I said, “Uh, sure,” and talked to the manager for a minute or so. He’s voting for Kerry and he’s never heard of Lamb of God, but he’s not really sure.

Similar bands: Metallica, Megadeth, Dim Mak, The Red Chord, Cataract, God Forbid

Self-described as: “Pure American metal.”

Lamb of God’s most recent release, Ashes of the Wake, is available in record stores now.

– MISTER HO JANGLES

Kevin Finn
Something (2004)

On his debut album *Surface Tracks 1999-2000*, cyber-folk-singer-songwriter Kevin Finn combines traditional folk sense with curious instrumentation to form a haunting and somewhat misguided album.

Clearly inspired by progenitors of the genre like Nick Drake and Ryan Adams, Finn uses a soothing, rhythmic acoustic guitar as the principal backdrop for each track combined with random percussion instruments and an appropriately placed violin to complete a unique ambiance. The opening track, “Take the Rain”, is the album’s best and utilizes Finn’s entire songwriting prowess. Even the live tracks, especially “Like Smoke I Will Go”, seem to manage a certain ethereal quality about them. Not to be outdone, are some noteworthy song titles that use this milieu of auditory composition to transport listeners into Finn’s world. References range from obscure parables (The Boy and the Lion) and Judy Blume books (Beezus) keep listeners looking toward the next track.

Consequently, this superior sense of musical arrangement is somewhat overshadowed by predicable, superficial lyrics. Finn’s voice is adequate, but never quite matches up with the instrumentation that he has constructed. Overall, *Surface Tracks* is a satisfactory, listenable album which could serve as a respectable starting point for Finn’s career.

– IRVING WASHINGTON

Albums I Wish I Would Have Brought With Me to Prison

The Rolling Stones
Let It Bleed



this philosophical bullshit like “Rock Will Save the World,” “Music Changed My Pathetic Little Life,” or even, “The Rolling Stones Have Made Me Evil.” This is where I got the idea for this month’s Deek Magazine Hall of Fame entry: The Stones’ immortal (and aptly titled) *Let It Bleed*.

Let It Bleed was born out of turmoil, fame, sex and violence and set a paradigm for the transition between the peace and flowery bullshit-happiness of the 1960s and the death of rock in the 1970s. Founding guitarist Brian Jones had been fired from the band early in recording, Mick Jagger was off being a movie star in Australia, Mick Taylor was just entering the never-ending circus that was the Rolling Stones and Keith Richards was doing more heroin than everyone else in the world combined. The only thing that could possibly arise from this situation was a tremendous bare-bones rock album. There is no majesty in this music – only haunting fervor and desperate pain.

Grain
The Bad Years (2004)

Most bands don’t wear their 70s influence like Pittsburgh natives Grain do. That’s because most can’t pull it off half as good as they can on their new album, *The Bad Years*.

Combining the best of mid-70s jam rock and the music that tried to destroy it (late-70s new-wave), Grain creates a sound that is simultaneously fresh and nostalgic. “Jump Into The Fire” recalls the upbeat guitar-fueled sound of Humble Pie or The Allman Brothers, but Carla Simmons repeated plea of “We can make each other happy” reminds one of the raw emotional lyrics of Blondie. You don’t expect to hear both sounds together, and you really don’t expect for it to sound good, but it does.

Even some country-rock and blues is thrown in for good measure with “Can’t Lose” and “Third Floor” featuring a twangy guitar opening and Allman Brothers influenced guitar solo. By the time this album comes to a close you’re half expecting a hardcore punk segue, or even a foray into some Black Sabbath moments of metal.

This eclectic range can hurt the band

Ever since I put myself in this terrible predicament by assaulting asshole teenagers at a Jethro Tull concert last summer, I’ve had a lot of time to think about a very important question: Do I take music too seriously? Of course, the eventual answer is always “no.” On many occasions, I’ve dug up all

“Now we all need someone we can bleed on, and if you want it, babe, you can bleed on me.” This line from the title track, and its subsequent metaphors “dream” and “cream,” are applicable to just about every aspect of polite society: The physical, unconscious and sexual. The Stones are one of the few great rock bands to simply come out and say what everyone else wishes that they personally had the balls to say. I mean, the refrain of the opening song, “Gimme Shelter” features a wicked nightingale wailing “Bloody murder: It’s just a shot away.” Personally, I’ve always thought that this would be a great slogan for a cut rate healthcare company, but that’s just me, and I’m in jail. From this madness, they turn Robert Johnson delta blues into square-dancin’, sloppiness in the beautiful “Love in Vain.” Beleaguered bassist Bill Wyman even gets in on the action with his best performance since marrying a “very young girl” on “Live with Me.” Shockingly, the next three tracks “Midnight Rambler,” “You Got the Silver” and “Monkey Man” reek of rampant substance abuse. Most surprising, however, is the final track, the magnum-opus “You Can’t Always Get What You Want.” If you’re ever as fucked up as I am right now and listen to this song – you may get dangerously close to crossing the threshold between existence and nirvana. This song has fucking everything: Little castrato kids singing the refrain in the intro, intense symphonic arrangements and, of course, Mick laying everything on the line – you can feel him bouncing off the walls in the studio. I could tell by his blood-stained hands.

So take note, my young friends, that if someday you find yourself taking music too seriously, pull your copy of *Let It Bleed* (I know you have *at least* one) and it’ll make you feel a flawless evil that can only be cultivated by the Rolling Stones.

– WHITEY MCGEE

though. While their country-rock influenced songs are good, they pale when compared to their new-wave/punk tracks, such as the aggressive “Everything You’re Not” and trippy, ethereal “Landmine.”

Grain still sounds like they have to sort their influences out into a more cohesive sound, but where they are at now is almost good enough. If they keep it up, it’ll be amazing to hear these guys in the future – in the, uh, bad...years. Get it? Huh? The... album is called... eh, nevermind.

The Breakup Society
James At 35 (2004)

The Breakup Society’s debut, *James At 35*, isn’t the first concept album about getting dumped (see Weezer’s Pinkerton) but it’s probably the first one that won’t lead a recently dumped guy to the bar. Great in its simplicity and brutal honesty, its harsh topic is partially covered in its conviction, honesty and dry sense of humor.

The tone of the album is set from the start with “Robin Zander” the best song ever named after a member of Cheap Trick. Of course, it’s probably the only song named after a member of Cheap Trick, but if anyone ever records a

bitchin’ song entitled “Bun E. Carlos,” it still probably couldn’t top this disguised tribute to the forgotten front man from the power-pop band. The song’s sad topic of being forgotten (“If all you are was just a footnote, then where does that leave you-know-who?”) is masked by its catchy tune and great garage-rock/power-pop guitar.

Despite the concept, the album rarely sinks into the realm of self-pity. And even when it does, they somehow make it work. Songs like “She Doesn’t Like That Anymore” and “Favorite Shorts,” lamentations about how girlfriends seem to hate it when you act like, well, yourself, will hit home for anyone that’s been in the same situation. But instead of bringing you down, it’ll only reaffirm that you were right and they were wrong.

Singer/guitarist Ed Masley has been in several bands before The Breakup Society, and his maturity and talent certainly show it. One of the best debut albums of the year, making power-pop sound better than it has in a very long time. The Breakup Society will be playing at the 31st Street Pub on November 6. Check it out.

– JAMES ELDRED



Dillinger Escape Plan

Dillinger vs. Candiria:
Anomalies Made Commonplace

IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS, QUITE A FEW THINGS HAVE changed in hardcore music. One would be hard pressed to find any single inch of the scene that hasn't been affected by either Dillinger Escape Plan or Candiria. Before ground-breaking albums by both bands, the idea of jazz-infused hardcore would have seemed incongruous, like one of those Pennsylvania license plates with the cute, little otter slapped on a fucking Suburban. (Unless you're a Zorn fan, in which case, my deepest apologies for insulting your foresight.) But now, math metal has bands throwing around time signatures like they do their guitars. Just in time for two highly anticipated and long awaited new albums from these two vets to re-enter the fray.

First, Dillinger. After 1999's *Calculating Infinity* blew everyone away, singer Dimitri Minakakis left the band on good terms, in 2001. The band proceeded to audition new vocalists, choosing a then-unknown Greg Puciato (you might recognize him from Error, a hardcore/techno hybrid project released on Epitaph). In the meantime, Dillinger recorded an EP with Mike Patton, *Irony Is A Dead Scene*, simultaneously earning praises and groans for its added dynamics, use of samples, inherent Patton-esque weirdness, and (*gasp*)...an Aphex Twin cover? But, as anyone who has seen Dillinger live knows, they like to cover some off the wall songs. Anything from The Police to Nine Inch Nails has been fair game. But after the Patton EP, what lay in the future for the band was anyone's guess. (Panasonic youth, phone home)

The last time Candiria was supposed to play Pittsburgh, in September of 2002, they didn't. The show was cancelled, just like the previous time the band was supposed to stop here. But, as some might've heard after the show was cancelled, the band's tour van had been all but obliterated by a tractor-trailer truck while they were on board. Every member of the Brooklyn-based group was hospitalized with serious injuries. At the time, Candiria was touring in support of their album *The Coma Imprint*, a double-disc of remixed old songs, and a look into far-reaching side projects of bandmates. Unlike 2001's *300 Percent* Density, which was a pummeling experience built upon massive riffs, intricate structure, and a large helping of jazz-based musicianship, this album showed the different interests of each member, ranging from jazz to hip-hop to techno. So when the buzz around the release of a new album in 2004 was to "expect something different," the possibilities seemed endless.

That brings us up to date. Both bands set forth on a path less traveled, and subsequently left everyone wondering just what their new albums, Dillinger's *Miss Machine* and Candiria's *What Doesn't Kill You...*, would



Candiria

sound like. The transitions from old to new are not overwhelming, but both outfits have certainly been anything but stagnant. In the case of *Miss Machine*, Greg Puciato has proved a worthy vocal successor, and in some ways the superior to Minakakis. His stylistic range encompasses everything from pure hardcore throat raping to the more versatile melodies seen with Mike Patton. As for the entire band, there is vintage Dillinger here, with the likes of "Panasonic Youth" and "Baby's First Coffin" taking *Calculating Infinity* to a new level. But the most unique additions are the very industrial and ambient tones that appear on tracks like "Phone Home." It is very obvious where the credit should be given, with Puciato doing his best Trent Reznor impersonation. As for *What Doesn't Kill You...*, the results are more varied. The synopsis of the album, as put forward by the title and artwork, is the band's survival of their horrific accident. What comes through the speakers once you play it is a varied attempt at moving forward. The opening track, "Dead Bury the Dead," is very fitting of previous offerings, with an amazing coordination of riffage and rhythm. But this album is layered with vocal harmonies (yes, I'm still talking about Candiria) and bright guitar tones, as seen on "Remove Yourself" and "Down." While the jazz bursts are gone, there is a well-blended construction. The songs are much more simplified and catchy, a vast departure for a band that writes songs in chapters. Just wait until the final track, an instrumental full of Mahavishnu Orchestra jazz fusion. The vocals give way to a perhaps unjustified but nevertheless apparent comparison to Sevendust, along with many songs giving a very In Flames-type vibe.

So, what's the verdict on both new albums from these math metal pioneers? Mixed, just like their songs. I think opinions will be kinder for the Dillinger Escape Plan. Their complex attack of mind-boggling guitar and breakneck drumming has been enhanced with the new vocals and added flourishes that set *Miss Machine* on a high and mighty pedestal. The purists may still scoff, but not as grievously as the diehard Candiria fans will. It's not a bad thing that the band is now getting airplay and more mainstream attention with this album. It is a bad thing that they are touring with Kittie. I won't even get started. *What Doesn't Kill You...* is in no way a bad album. The songwriting and skill of this band is still very apparent. It just seems that their focus has switched directions. But how can you blame them? I've never been in a vehicle hit by a tractor-trailor. Maybe when it happened to them, they saw dollar signs instead of a white light.

— ZACH BRADEN

Keith Buckley from Every Time I Die

By Keith J. Varadi

I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH WITH these asinine genres made up by lameass thirtysomething mouthfuckers who claim that Coldplay and The Flaming Lips are the Beatles and Floyds of our generation and that they actually know something about anything. One genre in particular that I want to vomit into the toilet and flush away for ever is "screamo," which is evidently what said mouthfuckers have assigned to bullshit coming from better looking, pussied-up versions of bands like Hatebreed. One band has immediately and effortlessly proven why no one should give the time of day to the genre titles those idiots crap out of their mouths. That band is Every Time I Die. Dig it...

KJV: So first of all, the arrest at Ozzfest – I've heard the rumors, I read the site, but what really went down?

KB: Basically, I was in a hurry to catch Superjoint Ritual play and I was trying to take a beer through the parking lot and all of a sudden, these fucking cops came over and were hassling me and shit and I told them I'd just finish it before I got to the one point or whatever and started downing it and they cuffed me and that was that. I tried to be as nice as possible though, you know?

Speaking of Ozzfest, other than you guys, who has been the must see band of the tour?

Well, like I just said, I dig Superjoint Ritual and obviously Black Sabbath is awesome. As far as second stage bands go, Lamb of God has been tearing it up every night. But I'd have to say seeing Judas Priest play this much has been surreal.

Okay, so then who has been the must avoid band of the tour? I mean, I know that for as many great bands there are this year, there are some nu-metal turds on the bill as usual.

[Laughs] Yeah, you're right. But no shit talking from me about this tour – this has been such a great opportunity for our band. Oh, but there is some shit talked about our band and a few other bands. We have this crew called the "Shirts Off Crew" with some other of the more up and coming bands, like Bleeding Through and shit and basically, we just get real drunk and run around with our shirts off and well, there are

some people on this tour who don't like us or the idea. There is one band, in particular, who hates us though.

I've heard about this crew.Apparently Ozzy and Sharon are big fans of the crew,right? When they try to make conversation with you guys, can you understand anything they are saying or do you sort of just smile and nod your head?

[Laughs] Yeah, I was hanging with Kelly and she said her parents love us. Ozzy is a partier. I haven't talked to them in person yet. But Kelly said she's going to introduce us.

So off this festival and on to another – Hell Fest. You did it again this year, even though I know you guys are always complaining about being dragged into it.

[Laughs] Yeah. Well, I mean the cramped area and short sets is kind of a pain, but as much of a sacrifice as it was this year, since we almost missed an Ozzfest date because of plane issues and all the money and time and stuff, we really needed it, this year, more so than any other. I mean, at Ozzfest, these crowds need to be won over. They don't know us. They don't like us. But coming back to a show like Hell Fest where the kids know our deal and get into it, it really helps to bring your spirit up.

Well, you were saying a lot of crowds at Ozzfest don't like you guys, but it seems that today, you guys are extremely well-respected by a number of bands from all across the musical spectrum.Why do you think that is and how do you feel about it?

Honestly, I am so flattered by that, you know? It's kind of a big deal. I mean, I'd love for everyone to like us, but it really means a lot for other musicians to be into us. We have kind of always been a "band's band," which I like. I think respect from fellow musicians is more important than popularity amongst the public.

Well, if you are the favorite of so many bands out there today, who are some of your favorites?

Converge and Coalesce have always been big for me. They really helped our band kind of develop the sound we were going for, but I have to say that the new Dillinger Escape Plan is probably the best album ever.

I'd say lyrically,you have always been on top of your game.Your lyrics have consistently been far superior to any other vocalist of any hard rock vocalist and could be argued as some of the best in all of music

today. And I mean, the band has always been tight, but it seems like on the latest album, Hot Damn!, the rest of the band kind of caught up musically, you know?

Thanks. Shit man, thanks a lot. I really appreciate that. But yeah, I totally know what you mean. Once the band kind of stepped it up, I realized I had to step it up as well and take my lyrics to an even higher level. I just had to. The music now sounds like it is deliberately orchestrated and I think we are where we want to be as a band.

Whose idea was it for the images of young femalessmokingandmakingoutandlifting up skirts and such in the CD booklet?

Umm, no one's really. Basically, we had this idea for a very claustrophobic, very dark, party vibe. And Jake Bannon and my friend, Chris, took that idea and kind of did it their own way by doing a bunch of close ups of our friends in this bar and the way they did it turned out great, we thought.

I thought so too. So wait, those girls are your friends?

Yeah. [Laughs]

Good for you.

[Laughs].

So do you have any good "bar stories"?

Umm, ones directly involving me – no. But hmm, oh, this one time, this douchebag stole my friend's hat and my friend was like, "Dude, Keith, if he doesn't give me my hat back, I'm gonna smash this beer bottle over his head." And I was like, "No fucking way, dude." And he was like, "I'm tellin' you." So then he went over to the dude and asked him for his hat back and the guy taunted him some more, so he grabbed his beer bottle and smashed it over his head. It was awesome.

So you're from Buffalo — exactly how much do you hate the Dallas Cowboys?

Aww man, touchy subject. They were actually my favorite team, behind the Bills, up until those fucking Super Bowls. But that's water under the bridge. The Bills are going to be a different team next year, I'm telling you. They're growing.

Yeah, let's cross our fingers, right? Heh. So last question – how many times have you actually died?

Oh boy. Hah. Umm, not yet today. But you know, it is kind of being like a cat. I die like every day and then I wake up and forget how it happened.



Return of the MILF

RECENTLY I WAS FORCED TO WATCH SEVERAL HOURS of MTV Hits, as a freak encounter with a hay baler had left me temporarily armless and unable to operate a remote.

Eventually the sound of my own screams died away, and as the blood cleared from my eyes, I realized this could be an informative, if traumatizing, experience: I'd learn something of about the youth of today, about their habits and mores, their tastes and fears. Most importantly, I'd learn how to successfully bed them.

What I found was horrifying. Ye, I have looked into the eye of the abyss and seen staring back: the MILF-centric video storyline.

The MILF, from the Latin *milfus proclivitus*, meaning, "mommy makes me feel tingly, down in my pants," has been with us for a long time, from Oedipus – the original, if unintentional, MILF-hunter – to Freud, whose MILFing about seriously derailed male psyches for generations to come. But the MILF-obsessed have always been a small subset of the population, the ones sitting alone at the prom, gazing lovingly into a picture of your mother.

These days, though, the MILF Hunter has gone mainstream.

Watch MTV Hits and it's obvious. Exhibit One: The venerable "Stacy's Mom" video. This Fountains of Wayne video stars Rachel Hunter as – you guessed it – Public MILF Number One. She undresses while the band sings, "I'm not the little boy that I used to be/

I'm all grown up now, baby can't you see?" 'Fraid not, fellas. You may be scraggly-alterna-rockers on the outside, but inside you're still 13. Say, is that your puberty floating in my pool?

Next up, Maroon 5's "She Will Be Loved," which opens with the lyric, "Beauty queen of only eighteen," making us think M5 is driving the barely-legal bus to Paradise City. Don't be fooled! The post-pubescent poontang parading past singer Adam Levine is just a decoy! I will boil this video down for you, thereby saving you the discomfort of another display of painfully earnest "emotion" from these tastefully disheveled "neo-soul rock" genitalia scrapings: "Hey, I'm with a pretty hot lady friend right now, dancing real close-like....WAIT A MINUTE! Who is that fine Mature Honey? I bet she has squeezed a child through her uterus, and that makes me want her...want her BAD. Time to find a rainstorm where I can look poetic. Then she will be mine."

Sure, maybe we expect this kind of emotional retardation from a band originally named Kara's Flowers (now, was that written on your high school notebook in glitter, or pink highlighter?), who is produced by the same guy who brought you Michelle Branch and that number one reason to repeal the assault weapons ban, the Goo Goo Dolls.

But the MILF virus has infected our bubblecrap punksters, too! Busted, a British "band" whose photogenic, twenty-something members aspire to look thirteen, catches the MILF express at the "hot for teacher" stop, with "What I Go To School For." What they go to school for is Miss MacKenzie, a thirty-three year-old middle-school teacher. I know she's a middle-school teacher because I, unlike the members of the band, recognize the sweet fruit of just-blossoming womanhood when I see it, and that class is ten pounds of fine in a five pound bag. (With perhaps an extra three pounds of underage naughtiness busting out the top. Ha! Busting!) Unfortunately for the girls, who swoon in vain, the boys of Busted have eyes only for the pear-shaped Miss MacKenzie. That, my friend, is a bitter, bitter fruit.

What is going on here? Have the events of 9/11 so shell-shocked our collective wang that the only safety is the comfort of Mommy's teat? Have these musician's genitals, already shriveled and small, retreated entirely into their body cavities, turtle-like, at the sharp existential thwack! of the War on Terror? Or is this just another variation of the old, "Yeah, your mom's pretty hot, but if you take of your bra...well, that might get my attention..." strategy? Perhaps more relevant: Does the singer of Maroon 5 sleep with a blue teddy-bear, or is it pink? (Excuse me, rose.)

It's impossible to say, if only because I will probably never get to ask the members of Busted, much less murder them.

But that's all a side show, really, next to what I really learned. I learned that while the scrappy Brit-punks of Busted, the artsy white-soul-meisters of Maroon 5, and the tiny little Fountains of Wayne are out stalking Stacy's mom, Stacy's home by herself, with a broken heart.

And in this case, Stacy's name is actually Hillary Duff.

Hillary, call me.

– CORNELIUS BLACKSHEAR

Electronic Voting Scams

ANYONE WHO VOTED IN 2000 remembers the uneasy feeling that crept up the nation's spine during the Florida recount debacle. Whatever your political affiliation, you had to recognize that, despite all the media's assurances, the system had failed.

The dirty secret of political coverage is that the system has always failed to some degree. Votes are always lost, miscounted, discarded, in ways both innocuous and sinister. It's a part of the political reality that the system is not perfect.

But it'd never failed as spectacularly as in 2000, the year journalist Mark Danner called "the perfect storm" of voting failures. That spawned the Help America Vote Act of 2002, which dumped \$3.9 billion into the states which needed updated voting machines. The idea was that newer technology would prevent another Florida '00.

One problem: the machines – ATM-like systems with touch-screens – don't work. Or when they do work, strange things happen: double-digit leads evaporate overnight, votes disappear or multiply, two Texas Republican candidates are elected with the exact same number of votes.

Of course, it's pure coincidence that many of these machines are manufactured by Diebold, a heavy Republican contributor whose CEO is "committed to helping Ohio deliver its electoral votes to the president next year." It's also coincidental that Nebraska Senator Chuck Hagel is the former head of, and retains an interest in, ES&S -- the company that provides all of Nebraska's voting machines. Those same machines delivered Hagel's stunning upset in 1996, in which he swept virtually every demographic group to become the first Republican Senator of Nebraska in 24 years.

It's easy to speculate about such oddball results because the machines leave no paper trail. How do you check to make sure vote counts are accurate? You ask the machine. Surprisingly (not), the computer will never be wrong according to its records.

Critics of the machines claim this lack of accountability makes it easy to steal an election. So easy, in fact, that election rigging may become the new hobby of bored MIT students, or even community college students. Children may also get in on the act.

Defenders reply that creating a verifiable paper trail is financially unfeasible. After all, look how hard it is to get an ATM to print your receipt (sarcasm.)

In addition to all that, there's the lack of security around the machines. A group of hackers found they could break into one using a bent paperclip. Once inside, they found a Microsoft

Access database, which they changed to give the results they wanted and copied back to the machine with no one the wiser.

And perhaps the most ironic result of the push to use electronic voting machines: Studies that compare touch-screen voting with the more prevalent lever and punch-card method reveal the punch-cards to be more accurate, as elderly voters (I'm looking at you, Florida) tend to be confused by the newer technology.

Complexity: Low. There's nothing complex about insecure SmartCards and confused elderly.

Plausibility: High. Wait, I meant low. Crap, I think I just aided the terrorists.

Where It Will Help You Score: Use this conspiracy theory at hacker conventions and computer science departments. For a fresh twist, try dropping Stalin's maxim, "Those who cast the votes decide nothing; those who count the votes decide everything," on that pretty young thing demonstrating next to you.

Ha ha, I know what you mean! Aren't we all lost in this game called life? But seriously, shouldn't you be peeking out the back of some co-ed's low-rise jeans?

Oh, that is a sad story. Right there in the street? Did her friends say anything?

Too drunk, yes, I understand. I'm sorry for you, but we've all been there. We all forget our friends now and again, even if those friends are as intimately acquainted as you and she.

Adventures? Why, no, I guess I've never really considered having any adventures...I'm more of the go-along to get-along type.

Are you saying we should team up to fight crime?

Ok, you're right. Sorry, that was silly of me. I was temporarily blinded by your flashy sequins and glittering promises. I'm just a simple fellow, really, not one to rock the boat. Sometimes, late at night, though, I think... no. I shouldn't say.

Well, it's just that yes, I too have dreams. Prosaic, maybe, to someone like you, a blue thong loose in the big city, going wherever the winds carry you. But they're my dreams, nonetheless.

No, your life is not for me, slender blue thong. Too razzle-dazzle, too fast-lane, too hot blacktop and unprotected sex in highway rest stops – I'd only slow you down. But I'm glad you're out there, living the life I sometimes, in my most secret heart, wish I had.

Now hop on, my postage-stamp-and-dental-floss-looking friend. Let me take you where you'll be able to live – LIVE! I'll drop you in the mailbox of my neighbor, the one who slides notes under my door, asking me to turn down my pornography after 11 PM.

– CANTELLE FONTAIN

more info at www.blackboxvoting.org

Review of the blue thong I found while stumbling home from the bar

Hello, gentle friend! Are you lost?

– PALMER ELDRITCH

Food Fight!

As Eaten by Mandy Melodini

THISMONTH'SFOODFIGHTTHEME hails from hot and rainy Thailand, a land known for its Buddhist monks, religious tolerance (it's illegal to insult any religion in the country), hospitality, and more importantly, food. Although there are only a few Thai eateries in Pittsburgh, the ones we got are worth checking out. But only one will hold the highly coveted, completely meaningless **Thai Curry Championship Belt**, awarded exclusively by **Deek Magazine**. The contenders are **insert dramatic entrance music here**: **Thai Me Up** and



Thai Me Up, Spank Me and Call Me Susan:

Thai iced tea is one of the first things that make people blow their load when dining at a typical Thai restaurant. It is a native-grown red-leafed tea that is usually brewed strong and then capped with a rich swirl of milk or half-and half. And Thai Me Up has the best glass around.

The best part about Thai Me Up's tea is the presentation – a honking portion served in a thick, heavy pint glass, with fun, round ice cubes. When you blend, threads of cream dive into the red tea like little synchronized swimmers. It's so good it makes me want to rub the old clitty against my chair.

The interior is relaxed, intimate and stylish, with subdued Merlot-and champagne-colored walls adorned with black and white photographs. There are only a few tables inside, so if you're heading in around dinnertime, expect a wait. Your patience will be rewarded. Cheap and/or impatient bastards might try the lunch special (Mon.-Fri., 11 a.m.- 2:30 p.m.), which offers a choice between 13 dishes (with meat or tofu), soup and a spring roll for \$5.50

For starts, the coolness of a Thai Me Up roll (tofu with shredded lettuce, mint, vermicelli and basil leaves) is a refreshing and palatable treat. Deep-fried tofu, served with peanut sauce, is a bit heartier for those with bigger appetites and/or fatter asses.

The "Pineapple curry" dish might be the best bloody entrée I've ever tasted. Coconut milk is flavored with piquant red curry paste and blended with hunks of sweet pineapple and fresh, thinly sliced carrots. A visually tantalizing dish is "Eggplant with basil leaves;" the violet in the eggplant comes to life against a backdrop of bell peppers, spicy, brown garlic sauce and, naturally, basil. It's best to order these dishes with tofu; the succulent texture of tofu sucks in the juice and explodes the flavor into your mouth... but in a good way, not like some sneaky boyfriend trying to blast one off before giving ya the ol' tap-a-roo. If you're too much of a pussy to handle scary tofu, order it with chicken. Ba-Kaw!

Thai Me Up
Price range: \$ 6.95-\$8.50, for entrees
1925 East Carson Street
South Side

The Lemongrass Café, An Office Slave's Downtown Oasis:

When you're cramped in a fucking downtown office for eight hours a day, finding an outdoor dining spot isn't just a delicacy – it's inherent to the preservation of sanity. Enter The Lemongrass Café. Nestled on bus-traffic-heavy 6th Street... mmm, fumelicious... Lemongrass boasts quick, friendly service and a flowery, not-hideous outdoor décor – a notable achievement in the Pittsburgh market.

Lemongrass serves traditional Cambodian cuisine and Thai selections. Phad Thai is a popular dish; rice flour noodles are stir-fried with shrimp and chicken, shredded celery, carrots, scallions, fresh bean sprouts and ground peanuts in a sweet and tangy sauce. I ordered the "Red curry," a melange of potatoes, bamboo shoots, onions, green pepper, eggplant, broccoli and coconut milk. Though tasty, the dish is a little busy. It's hard to concentrate on any one flavor because so many are be-bopping around in your mouth at once. A variation of this dish uses Cambodian rice noodles instead of steamed rice.

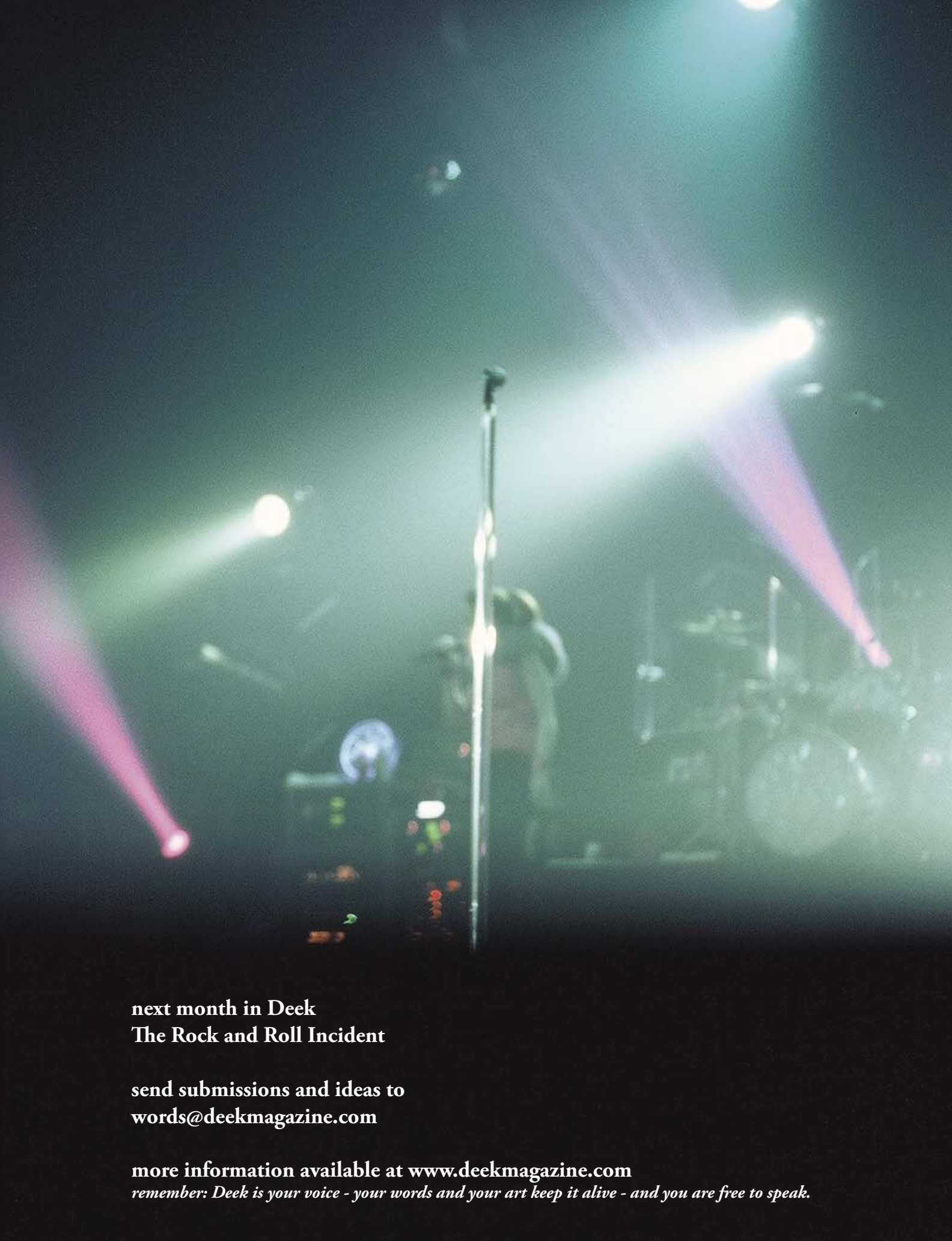
Lemongrass's version of Thai iced tea is commendable, but I'm just a sucker for those little round ice cubes.

For the Ted Nugents and Atkins Assholes, many dishes can be ordered with chicken, beef, shrimp or a meat-tastic blend of 'em all. For the tree huggin' hippies, about half the menu items are available as vegetarian (tofu for an extra charge... bastards. In their defense, the portions are generous). Each lunch option includes a house soup (Lemongrass, wonton or hot & sour) and a petite, crisp vegetable spring roll served with a sweet, sultry dipping sauce. The Lemongrass soup is a flavorful, tangy broth, with small chunks of tomato and fresh mushrooms. Overall, it's a great value and a ton of food, entirely too much for one person in one sitting...unless you're a disgusting, gluttonous pig-fucker.

The Lemongrass Café
Price range: \$6.50-\$7.95, for entrees
124 Sixth Street
Downtown

And the winner is: THAI ME UP!

The pineapple-coconut milk combo makes me sweat just thinking about it. And I'm glad my Thai-tea cherry was popped by the master, but now I'm ruined for all others to follow. Sob.



next month in Deek
The Rock and Roll Incident

send submissions and ideas to
words@deekmagazine.com

more information available at www.deekmagazine.com
remember: Deek is your voice - your words and your art keep it alive - and you are free to speak.

Ask Dr. G



Q: My husband wants some backdoor action (and I don’t mean the usual doggy-style), but I’m just not that kind of girl. However, I am intrigued that he would want to do this because he is such a hygiene freak. Still, he is rather large and I am terrified of the pain that I expect to occur if I agree to do this. What should I expect? Is there a way to do this without excessive pain? Just how “dirty” is it if we take precautions?

A: I think your husband should get in touch with this person:

Q: How do I discuss my desire for anal stimulation with my husband of 15 years? And why am I embarrassed to mention it?

Okay, I’ll admit that my answer to the first question was cheap and that I’m above such pain-in-the-ass antics. Well, maybe not. But shit, let me take a crack at banging out a proper top-level answer. Butt.

I should preface my answer with the following disclaimer: I am a straight male, and as a life-long straight male I have never been on the receiving end of such an act, so I can’t speak to the pain or pleasurable aspects of it. I can say that most women and gay men that I’ve spoken with on the subject do report that it can be quite painful but does have its rewards. As one woman put it “there’s a whole other world in your ass.”

However, despite my lack of qualifications on the subject of gift receiving, I suspect that both of your husbands are straight males as well, and that puts me in a pretty good position to answer you (the advanced degree helps a little).

Regarding Q’s backdoor wanting husband: for most hetero men, anal sex is about as kinky as they can imagine getting (among gays I suspect it’s the least). Men are relatively easy to please sexually and most never develop a taste for much more than good old-fashioned guy-on-girl humping. However, even for diehard fans of vanilla, the missionary position can get a bit redundant and a little change is necessary. For the husband who’s tried every position in the Kama Sutra, whips and chains can seem a bit drastic but anal, with all of its associated taboos, can be the final frontier. Hell, if you listened to Howard Stern any morning and you’d get the impression that the butt is the holy grail of sex for straight men. And you’d be right.

This brings me to Q’s husband of 15 years. Anal sex is a very common male fantasy and desire, and it is likely that your husband already thinks about doing a bit of spelunking from time to time. If neither of you has approached the topic in 15 years of marriage, my advice is to test the waters with him and see if it’s something he thinks about or would

consider. Try having this conversation in a non-sexual context, as it’s not really something you can just roll over for after a bit of pillow talk (more on that in a minute). If he is down, then you’ll soon be off exploring whole other worlds together, and if he’s not, perhaps he’ll be willing to give it a shot for your sake.

Now to both of you: Yes, you can expect pain at first. For the uninitiated, it can be a difficult and awkward experience. Think about how clumsy your first experience with vaginal intercourse was and remember, that’s supposed to be the easy way. After you have your discussions with your respective partners and you are ready to be “that kind of girl” I recommend that you take a trip downtown to your local adult bookstore and enter in the back (I just couldn’t resist that one). Read up on the topic, look at pictures, consider picking up one of the many commercially available devices designed for anal insertion (i.e. butt plugs), and buy some good water-based lube; you’ll need it. Then, go back to the bedroom and practice. Start small, preferably with a finger, and move to bigger and better things when you are comfortable. Take it slow, use lots of lubrication, stay clean, and remember to communicate with your partners. From what I understand, as a life-long straight male, don’t expect much more than a happy husband from your first time. But if you stick with it and develop a taste for taboo, you may be pleasantly surprised.

Or hell, just swap husbands with each other.

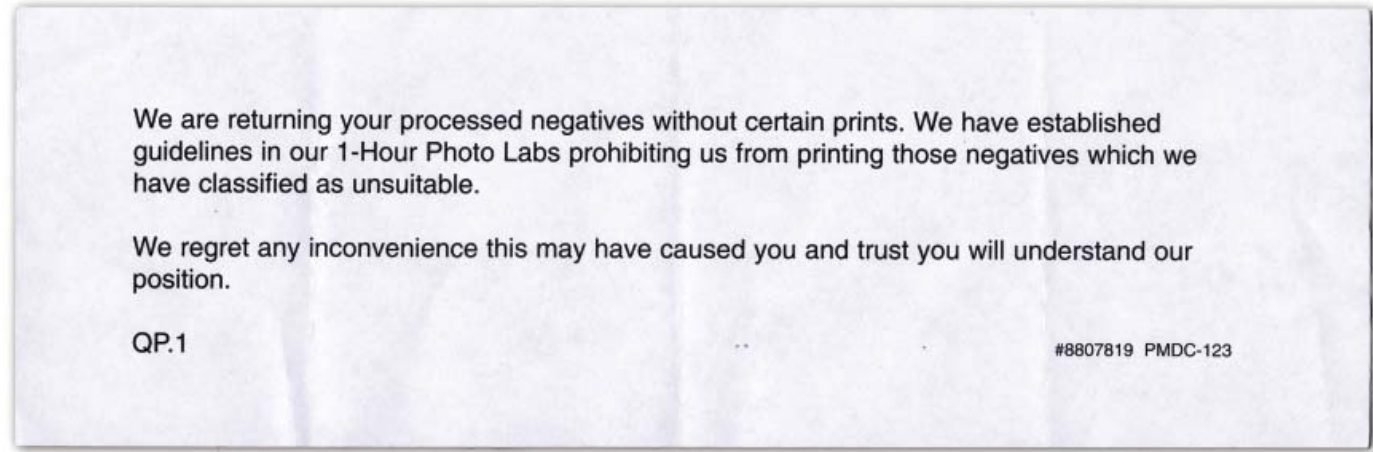
P.S. I recommended using a water-based lube because oil-based lubricants can damage latex condoms. Anal sex is risky business, and even if you’ve been married for 15 years you should consider using condoms. If you are concerned about possible health risks, please consult a physician.

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



We Have Rules Here

By Sam S. Mart



(Regarding the images intended for use in the Deek Magazine Political Incident)

God Only Knows

By Rob Rossi

WITHEVERYPASSINGDAYINTHISPRESIDENTIAL election I become more convinced that God does indeed exist. And here’s the rub: G-shizzle (to his peeps, whomever they may truly be) is one apathetic puppy. How else to explain the two major party candidates chasing Lady Liberty’s love? Only the Higher Power could give its children free will to select one of these dull knives to cut the meat (life), potatoes (liberty) and the apple pie (pursuit of happiness). Start with Mr. President, who I’m told I can trust because he’s the sort of fella with whom I could comfortably engage in casual conversation over a few beers at any South Side pub. Right – and I want to marry a Miss Pretty who reminds me of Mom. Never cared to understand the logic – or considerable lack thereof – behind such thinking; *my* President should have better things to do than buy me drinks. At the very least he should have that much in common with the Miss Pretties who, like Mom, won’t pay me a hint of attention when I’m down 0-2 in the count. And anyway, shouldn’t the Leader of the Free World have enough clout to score drinks on the house? (Scotch, Dubbya – aged, the expensive stuff.) President Bush is no more qualified to run this country than a lapdog, which is exactly what some liberals would have you believe he is. I couldn’t disagree more. In fact, what scares me most about George W. Bush is that I honestly think most of his foreign and

financial follies are of his own making, not those of Dick Cheney or Donald Rumsfeld. He’s the proverbial kid in the candy store, yeah – but how many of those kids are *running* the candy store? Don’t get me wrong: I like Mr. President well enough – just not enough to re-elect him, but this is mostly because as a Republican who believes in conservatism I think the guy makes for a lousy representative leader of my chosen political party. Plus, you know, he can’t say *nuclear* and that really *does* scare me. Then again, he’s not John Kerry – and such would be good enough to get my vote in almost any election year. Just not *this* election year. (There isn’t enough space in this fine publication for my anti-Kerry feelings; in a word: Everything.) According to misinformed – which is to say, mostly everybody in the media – the national presidential election of 2004 is a watershed moment in our nation’s history. And while I can’t find one reputable source to tell me *why* he who wins this election will suddenly change America forever, I have decided to cast my vote while keeping such impending importance in mind. As for who gets my vote – an important vote, to be sure (see: Florida 2000); I just can’t say as of yet. But G-shizzle knows that neither George W. Bush nor John Kerry are worthy of my time. In fact, I’m pretty sure that they’re not much worthy of his (or hers), either. God bless us, one and all.

Event Listings – October through November 2004

Keith Carter: Poet Of The Ordinary

Silver Eye's current exhibit of Keith Carter. This exhibit includes approximately 50 photographs, in an overview of the Texas-based artist's work. When: : Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays: 12 p.m. thru Oct. 23. Silver Eye Center for Photography, Southside. Free for all ages: 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

Voter Education Walks and Phonebanks

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. thru Nov. 2. Free for all ages: Sponsored by the Pittsburgh Sierra Club. www.thisishappening.com

Digital Goodtime presents 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+. www.thisishappening.com

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. No cover charge. 21+. www.thisishappening.com

Call for Artists @ Gypsy Cafe more info

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. Gypsy Café, Southside. All Ages: www.thisishappening.com

Final Fridays at Chiodo's

Chiodo's also has a restaurant side where: you can sit with your entire family. Feed the kids and while they're chewing tell them all about the "old days" and the evils of that Walgreen guy. And you can even use it as a lead-in to the evils of the Walton guy, too! Sounds like a classic literary epic in the making, doesn't it? Were it not for bars like this, Pittsburgh would be a lesser thing--a nice kid who got beat up a lot. With the magic wand of urban decimation comes chain store romance (not always such a bad thing, really, but frequently so) with weasles in shiny suits selling out the landmarks to satisfy out-of-control high performance unleaded habits. I'll never shop at Walgreens again. There is no upside in the loss of Chiodo's for a f***ing Walgreen's. Drown your sorrows in drink while you still can. 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. when: Fridays: 6PM Aug 13 2004–Dec 24 2004 where: Chiodo's Tavern neighborhoodHomestead (Borough) it'll cost you\$Free ages:21+

Multi-genre Live Music Showcase

event type Music: Acoustic:Classical Guitar; Music:World Pittsburgh Live Music and the Guitar Society of Fine Art presents another "Live Music Showcase" event. Live Classical music joins Night Club music genres for evenings of Exceptional Mixed Musical Expression from 6:00pm to 9:00pm on Fridays at Club Cafe South Side. The October 8th program includes the Pittsburgh Live Chamber Ensemble, D.C. Fitzgerald's Blues Guitar & Harmonica Duo, and Tim & Elise - Instrumental and Vocal Duo with original works and jazz standards. Great bar and menu. Non-smoking when: Fri Oct 8: 6PM where: Club Cafe neighborhoodSouthside it'll cost you\$5.00 to \$7.00 ages:all ages: featuringGuitar Society of Fine Art (GSFA); Pittsburgh Live Music produced byGuitar Society of Fine Art (GSFA); Pittsburgh Live Music

Zippo Hot Tour featuring Fullproof, skrewloose, nemeziz

event type Music:Rock Its all about supporting local music. Voting chose three of Pittsburgh's favorite rock acts who will be performing tonight. In addition to the music, fans will get to meet the beautiful Zippo Hotties and have a chance to win some cool stuff like t's, beanies, Zippo lighters and more. when: Fri Oct 8: 8PM where: Mr. Small's Theatre neighborhoodN/A it'll cost you\$5.00 ages:21+

Planned Parenthood pub crawl/debate watch more info

Jason's comments: Politics, drinking, free condoms. Hmm. event type Politics; Public Health Support Planned Parenthood -- watch the debate with us on Friday night and join us in a pub crawl. when: Fri Oct 8: 8:30PM where: Pittsburgh Deli Company neighborhoodShadyside ages:all ages:

Roboto Record Fair

Mike Q Roth's comments: This should be fun. A good chance to pick up some of those records by pittsburgh bands that you never got around to, as well as a chance to swap some of those records you just don't want anymore. Aphronot 7 (aka Ashwin)'s comments: hmm...records... event type Music:Rock:Indie; Music:Rock:Punk An impromptu record fair and swap - will include a liquidation sale for the catalog of 90's pittsburgh indie label Peas Kor, along with great deals from some other labels like Pop Bus/SSS, Hard Travelin', etc. Anyone else who has records to sell or swap is encouraged to come out. Bring a wad of cash and have fun. when: Sat Oct 9: 2PM where: Mr. Roboto Project neighborhoodWilkinsburg it'll cost you\$Free ages:all ages:

Watching Movies Like a Reviewer

event type Education(al):Class; Film Watching Movies Like a Reviewer When: : 6 Consecutive Saturdays Start date: Saturday, 9 October 2004; 4:00-6:00pm Location: Crazy Mocha, Bloomfield Tuition includes food and drink every class night. John Huston, director of such Hollywood classics as the "The African Queen," "The Maltese Falcon," "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" and "Prizzi's Honor," said that for a movie to be a hit, all it needed were three great scenes and no bad ones. How do filmmakers decide what's great vs. what to leave on the cutting-room floor – and how do film reviewers know what to praise or to pan? Come join discussions about the film elements all reviewers cite: storyline, direction, acting, dialogue, editing and sound-track. when: Saturdays: 4PM Oct 9 2004–Nov 13 2004 where: Crazy Mocha/Dreaming Ant neighborhoodBloomfield it'll cost you\$135 ages:all ages:

Midnite Snake @ Vampire Mountain

Jason's comments: South Oakland house party. Because don't we all need to get drunk and sweaty in a basement with strangers every once in a while? event type Music:Rock:Experimental; Music:Rock:Indie Who needs vocals? Not Midnite Snake. They play Saturday, Ocober 9th with Two Sexy Beasts, Mary Celeste, and Origen a.k.a. Will Stanton. Dance Party to follow the show. Brought to you by Enamel Records. when: Sat Oct 9: 7PM where: VampireMountain neighborhoodOakland it'll cost you\$4 ages:all ages: featuringMidnite Snake; Mary Celeste; Two Sexy Beasts

Fangs of the Panda, My Sexiest Mistake more info

event type Music:Rock:Garage Rock

Quiet Storm's third anniversary weekend!

when: Sat Oct 9: 9PM

where: Quiet Storm

neighborhoodGarfield

it'll cost you\$5

ages:all ages:

North Hills Community Benefit featuring pi, The Hammer,The You..
event type Music:Rock

...Skell, Master Plan, Strange Way & Shadow Jones.

North Hills Community Outreach benefiting Millvale, Shaler, Etna, Sharpsburg benefiting Residential families and small buisnesses. Taking place at Mr. Smalls featuring the best in Pittsburgh modern rock, and at the Phoenix Steak House (1600 Evergreen) featuring blues & oldies including Smokin' Joe Rossi & Cold Dawn, The Makers, The Retro, Longtime Darlings, Kendall Romanelli, Dreamcatcher, & School of Athens. Shuttles to run between each venue.

when: Sun Oct 10: 1PM

where: Mr. Small's Theatre

neighborhoodN/A

it'll cost you\$10 wristband for both venues

ages:all ages:

Mosquitos w/ Liz Berlin, Ben Hackett, School of Athens...

event type Music:Rock:Indie...the Michael Ruhl Band.

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.

Free Yuengling Drafts with proper ID!

when: Sun Oct 10: 8PM

where: Mr. Small's Theatre

neighborhoodN/A

it'll cost you\$10 adv, \$12 door

ages:all ages:

Russ Meyer's "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls"

event type Film

According to the Village Voice, BVD is "a psychedelic wow that serves up the free love, plunging necklines, androgynous boys, and lusty lezzies of the era with a narcotized abandon." Perhaps the most interesting of Meyer's oeuvre, a breastploitation-flick-with-brains. (Directed by Russ Meyer; USA; 1970; 109 min) when: Mon Oct 11–Tue Oct 12: 7:30PMWed Oct 13: 5:30PM, 7:30PMThu Oct 14: 7:30PM where: Harris Theater neighborhoodDowntown it'll cost you\$6 ages:all ages:

DJ Krush

Aphronot 7 (aka Ashwin)'s comments: Yes! This DJ-artist is one of the finest sound compositionists on the 1 & 2s. Jason's comments: Japanese DJ/musician Krush got tagged with the "trip-hop" label back when: that meant something, but he's got more in common with frenchman DJ Cam and his brand of abstract hip-hop. His latest release, "Jaku", is great, dark and atmospheric with touches of Japanese flutes, strings, and drum and bass rhythms. Hip-hop is completely global now, and it's fascinating to listen to what other cultures have made of it. event type Music:Electronic; Music:Hip-Hop 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 when: Mon Oct 11: 9:30PM where: Mr. Small's Theatre neighborhoodN/A it'll cost you\$15 adv, \$17 door ages:all ages:

The Cramps w/ The Gore Gore Girls, Legendary Hucklebucks

event type Music:Rock:Rockabilly

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.

when: Tue Oct 12: 7:30PM

where: Mr. Small's Theatre

neighborhoodN/A

it'll cost you\$17.50 adv, \$20.00 door

ages:all ages:

Spoken Word Open Mic

event type Literary:Poetry:Slam

The mic is open for anyone to express their inner child or just pratice romantic metaphors that will you get you laid.

when: Tuesdays: 9PMJun 1 2004–Dec 21 2004

where: Shadow Lounge

neighborhoodEast Liberty

it'll cost you\$3

ages:all ages:

Event Listings – October through November 2004

Acoustic Open Stage

event type Music:Acoustic:Singer-Songwriter; Music:Open Mic This night is designed to provide a platform for novice + expert singer-song writers to polish their skills. Hosted by Abby Ahmed. when: Wednesdays: 9PMJun 2 2004–Dec 22 2004 where: Shadow Lounge neighborhoodEast Liberty it'll cost you\$3 ages:all ages:

19th Annual Pittsburgh International Lesbian and Gay Film Fest

event type Film PILGFF PRESENTS 19TH ANNUAL FESTIVAL The 19th annual Pittsburgh International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival (PILGFF) will be held this year from October 15 through October 24, and include more than 40 films and videos exploring lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgendered themes. The historic Harris Theater in Downtown Pittsburgh and the Shepherd Wellness Community Auditorium in Bloomfield will be among the screening venues for the 2004 event. when: Fri Oct 15–Sun Oct 24: 2PM where: Harris Theater neighborhoodDowntown it'll cost you\$See website ages:18+

Ministry w/ My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult, Hansel and Gretyl

Aphronot 7 (aka Ashwin)'s comments: Technoir-Audio crew is split down the line...to go, or not to go - Can the group still hold it down? I was more of a Skinny Puppy fan, but the one Pigface show I went was fun as h... event type Music:Goth 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. when: Fri Oct 15: 7:30PM where: Mr. Small's Theatre neighborhoodN/A it'll cost you\$28.50 adv, \$30 door ages:all ages:

CHAMPIONS OF POLITICS

event type Politics:Activism:Rally 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 Deek's Political Release Fiasco. when: Fri Oct 15: 8:45PM where: Regent Square Theater neighborhoodRegent Square it'll cost you\$6 ages:all ages:

The Amish Monkeys

event type Theater/Performance Join the Amish Monkeys for a fast-paced evening of improvisational comedy! The Amish Monkeys rely heavily on audience suggestions to create their spontaneous scenes, which include everything from TV parodies to original songs. If you're looking for a unique, unpredictable evening of entertainment, an Amish Monkeys show is the ticket! when: Sat Sep 11: 8PMSat Oct 16: 8PMSat Nov 6: 8PMSat Dec 18: 8PM where: Gemini Theater neighborhoodPoint Breeze it'll cost you\$7 ages:all ages:

"Outfoxed" plus Bill Steigerwald

Aphronot 7 (aka Ashwin)'s comments: I think it's pretty obvious just watching the channel the classic propaganda techniques they employ, perhaps this film might enlighten on that area. event type Film:Documentary; Politics "AAn obsessively researched expose." – NY Times Magazine. Documentary all about the journalism practices at Fox News. Followed by a talk by Bill Steigerwald, associate editor of the Tribune-Review. when: Mon Oct 18: 8PM where: Regent Square Theater neighborhoodRegent Square it'll cost you\$6 ages:all ages:

The Beautiful Mistake w/ Tokyo Rose, Park, My New Life

event type Music:Rock:Experimental

The Beautiful Mistake is a four-piece heavy/experimental rock band from southern California. Combining their influences into a succinct package, they worked to merge the heaviness and experimental side of Failure with the pop sensibilities, melody and chaotic guitars of

U2 on their latest album.

when: Tue Oct 19: 6:30PM

where: Mr. Small's Theatre

neighborhoodN/A

it'll cost you\$9 adv, \$11 door

ages:all ages:

Suncrumb's Steel City Poetry Slam

Aphronot 7 (aka Ashwin)'s comments: New season starting.

event type Literary: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.

when: Tue Sep 21: 9PMTue Oct 19: 9PM

Tue Nov 16: 9PM

where: Shadow Lounge

neighborhoodEast Liberty

it'll cost you\$5

ages:all ages:

Gomez

event type Music:Rock

The British band Gomez is a five-piece, consisting of Ben Ottewell (vocals, guitar), Tom Gray (vocals, guitar, keyboards), Paul Blackburn (bass, guitar), Olly Peacock (drums), and Ian Ball (vocals, guitar, harmonica). Where:as the majority of up and coming British bands are either retro-pop (à la Oasis), trip-hop (Portishead), or space rock (the Verve, Radiohead), Gomez is one of the few to contain bluesy elements in their rock. when: Fri Oct 22: 8PM

where: Mr. Small's Theatre

neighborhoodN/A

it'll cost you\$15.50 adv, \$17.50 door

ages:all ages:

Gwar with Dying Fetus, All That Remains more info

event type Music:Rock:Metal; Music:Rock:Thrash

Mock the Vote Tour.

Woe to the Earth! For GWAR is arisen! From the ever-night of their frozen Antarctic abyss, mutant metal marauders GWAR once again stalk the world of man, ready to heave and cleave their way to the throne of utter mastery, a throne perched atop the rotting bodies of a slaughtered and defiled human race.

when: :Sat Nov 6: 8:15PM

where: Mr. Small's Theatre

neighborhoodN/A

it'll cost you\$18 adv,

\$20 door

ages:all ages:

Donna the Buffalo

event type Music:Acoustic

Funky and danceable

with a message of tribal

philosophy and celebration,

Donna the Buffalo's music

is a unique blend of reggae,

rock, country, zydeco,

cajun, and folk traditions.

The dual vocals of Tara

Nevins and Jeb Puryear

provide a hypnotic quality

to the melody, adding to

the band's unusual

instrumentation and

original sound. when: Thu

Nov 18: 8PM

where: Mr. Small's Theatre

neighborhoodN/A

it'll cost you\$18 adv,

\$20 door

ages:all ages:

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May The Time Not Be Distant

By Sid Stark

I've heard all the arguments. The two-party system is a sham, just a bunch of rich people stealing money from working stiff, all politicians are thieves, et cetera. I'm not going to tell you that these perceptions do not have any basis in fact. In fact, in most instances over the last thirty years or so, I would be screaming as loudly as I could that "public service" is a sham, that each and every person who deigns to "nip at the public trough" does so with self-interest in mind.

But not this time.

Yes, both Presidential Candidates are rich (one turning the blessed union of souls into a corporate merger), male, white, and Ivy-League-educated. I'll grant you that.

More importantly in this case, however, is the notion that, like Alice wandering through the forest with the Cheshire Cat, we find ourselves at a fork in the road. Unlike Alice though, the path that we choose will have a great effect, both on each of us individually and on all of us collectively.

In my years of following Presidential politics, I have never been so concerned about the course our nation – and the social fabric of that nation – might find for itself if the wrong candidate wins.

"FOUR MORE YEARS!" would be a disaster of epic proportions. I can't say it more simply than that.

Much is made of the incumbent's slacker background – graduating with Honors in Advanced Cocktail Hour from Yale University. Besides, now that he is a Certified Bible-Thumper, the incumbent has been cured of his profligate ways by the Faith Healer. Hallelujah for that.

While we're at it, we can leave aside each candidate's professional background and their individual paths to the Presidential candidacy. Kerry served honorably in Vietnam, and the incumbent did his part, too – working hard to get Dad's cronies to pretend that he had shown up for duty. While Kerry was working hard in the Senate, the incumbent worked the family business – doing the Saudi Royal Family's bidding in oil distribution channels.

One more thing we can leave aside is each candidate's honesty and integrity. The incumbent says that Kerry "flip-flops." Quite a charge from a man who has changed his rationale for sending troops to Iraq more times than Madonna changes religions. The incumbent did a terrific job of finding weapons of mass destruction amid the dunes around Baghdad. Granted, Saddam was a true S.O.B. as a ruler, but that was only after the U.S. Government got done propping him up in his war with Iran in the 80's. And what of the terrorists? Tom Ridge has done a first-rate job in Securing Our Homeland. As an expatriate Pittsburgher living near Washington, I can tell that whenever Ridge talks, no one listens. They have cried "Wolf!" so often with their Terror Threat Color Chart that no one bothers anymore.

Have you seen Osama bin Laden? I'm waiting to see his picture on a milk carton.

The germane issue is quite simple. Unfettered by concerns of re-election, what might the incumbent and his "peeps" try during a second term in office?

Let's look at an issue near and dear to the hearts of many people: civil liberties. The party that "hates big government" wants government in places where it has never been before. The incumbent party has already expressed its intention, to reverse Roe v. Wade. Where one stands on the issue of availability of abortions is far less material than the question of whether or not it should even be an option. To deny the availability of the option widens the gender gap and increases the likelihood of loss of adult life from clandestine performance of the procedure. It's not up to the government; it's up to the people involved!

The incumbent, and the Oil Barons for whom he works, have never met a drilling site they didn't like. They have already redefined the model for systematic protection of the environment, leaving the landowners to police themselves. That would be like leaving the Iraqi "insurgents" with all the power there...Oh, that's right. They already did that, too.

If you have children, the All Children Left Behind Act has been a big success. And it's a good thing this Administration doesn't believe in Unfunded Mandates, where they require states to do things without giving them the money to do them. They neglected to fund their education initiative to the level that it requires, and have instituted a series of reforms designed to encourage teachers to teach children to regurgitate rather than to think.

Furthermore, the incumbent has had a man serving as his Attorney General who is clearly a progressive thinker. John Ashcroft thinks dancing is a sin. Clearly, such a visionary truly deserves to take his place among the foremost jurors of our nation's history on The Supreme Court of the United States of America. Perfect place for him, no?

Last, but certainly not least: I'm glad you have a job. You *do* have a job? Right?

So you can tell all the disaffected and apathetic voters you know to park all that stuff at the polling place door as they go in. Our Constitution depends on it.

A transplanted Pittsburgher living in Washington, DC, Sid Stark graduated from Allerdice HS in 1977, UPenn in 1981 and received a Masters in Education from Pitt in 2000. Currently, he teaches high school English/Drama; the result of a daring mid-life crisis.

His political pontification and bombast are credited to two decades in the business world.



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