

DEEK MAGAZINE

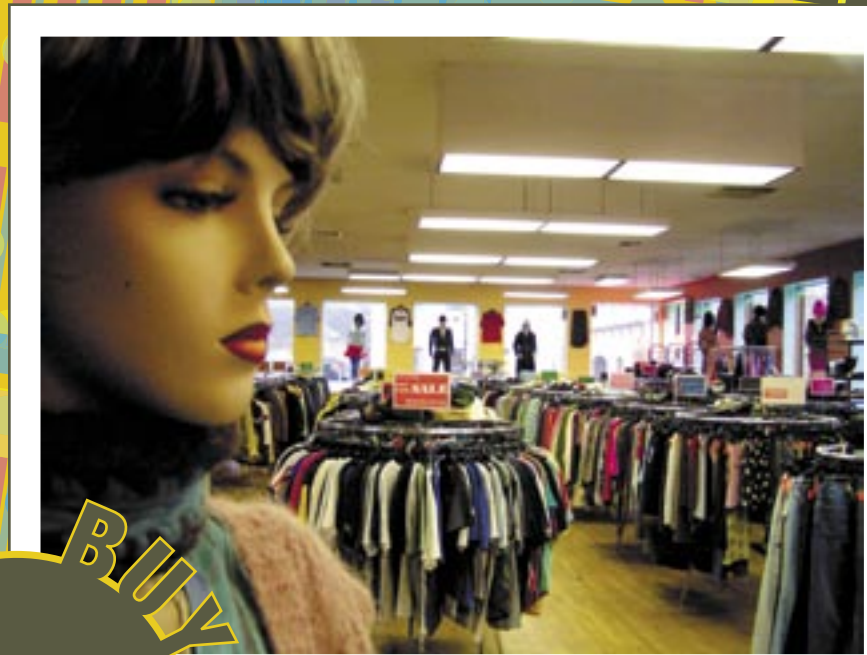
The Rock and Roll Incident

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**SUPER
ROCK &
ROLL
SHOW
TONIGHT!
TONIGHT!
TONIGHT!
HERE**



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PUBLISHER
Nova Keenan

CHIEF
Matt Stroud

NONSENSE MANAGEMENT
Nate Bog(os/uszewski)

MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA
Benjamin A. Edwards

DESIGN OVERLORD
Doug Crissman

DESIGNER
Houston McIntyre

MASTERS OF COPY
Jesse Hicks, Mo Mozuch

ARTISTS OF SUBMISSION
Ziggy Cyanide, Robert Gray, Jean-Paul Manzanares, Ed Piskor, Mike Shapiro

WRITERS OF SUBMISSION
John Arterbury, Read Ashton, Colleen "Hotpants" Bayus, Greg Benevent, Zach Braden, Adam Corwin, Timmy Dallas, Clinton Doggett, Ian Flaco, Dr. G, Byron Ghede, Sam Hamilton, Bill Hendricks, Elizabeth Hollister, Robert Isenberg, Kari Limbo, Adam R. MacGregor, Whitey McGee, Melissa Meinzer, Johnny "Squib" Menesini, Ben's Mom, Lance Remington, Abigail Rowland, Christopher D. Salyers, Jim Szala, Thomas VanGenert, Keith J. Varadi, Mordechai X

MODELS
Soma Mestizo, Pepper Rocket (wardrobe provided by Kharisma Vintage Fashions; styled by Rachael Vallozzi)

SPECIAL THANKS
Nick's Fat City and Your Mom.

BUSINESS
George Collasius, J.C. Ciesielski, Michael "Money" Pracht

INTERNS
Colleen Cassidey, Ali Nicholson


APOLOGIES
To Everyone. Except your mom.

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Send correspondence to
DeekMagazine
P.O. Box 7502
Pittsburgh, PA 15213
words@deekmagazine.com

Ok, wir nehmen die Hände über den Kopf, und machen ein Dach daraus – und schreien: Pizza Hut!!! Pizza Hut!!! Jawohl, und jetzt wackeln wir; mit den Armen rechts und links so wie mit den Chicken Wings – und schreien: Kentucky Fried Chicken!!! Baby, baby, can you hear my heart? (No, I can't. My cock's too loud) Baby, one, two, three, we'll start; Do you want to see my perfect body? Baby, come, let's have a party. Oh, hello *Bones*. Radio waves. Radio waves. He hears radio waves. Radio waves. The atmosphere is thin and cold; The yellow sun is getting old; The ozone overflows with radio waves; AM, FM, weather and news; Our leaders had a frank exchange of views; Are you confused, radio waves. Cut my life into pieces; This is my last resort. Saying I love you; Is not the words I want to hear from you; It's not that I want you; Not to say, but if you only knew. Straight as your toes pointing toward the bed; as you roll over and thrust your hardness; into the long tunnel of my wanting; straightening out my crooked past. I am reliable, sexy and fun! How do I know when it's love; I can't tell you but it lasts forever; How does it feel when it's love; It's just something you feel together. Again: Ball jazz. And Ben's Mom. Round of applause. I will send you a photo through my agency. 32, 25, 32. Cheeseburger. Machine or mannequin – secret secret – I've got a secret; With parts made in Japan – secret secret – I've got a secret; I am the Modren Man. Bless you. You gonna read shitty panties this evening? A small victory.

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DEEK MAGAZINE THE ROCK AND ROLL INCIDENT

december 2004

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

.....

I had the pleasure recently, of sitting down for a nice cup of tea with the gentlemen of KMFDM. And as we sat comfortable, not a care in the world, resting our lungs with the finest of tobacco, soothing our entertainment-starved minds with a viewing of “Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone.” I realized that, with these delightfully ruffled pioneers of industrial metal music, I felt at home, at ease, contented – as if the clouds of smoke blown into my face were wisps of fairy dust rousing my spirit to something higher; as if the orange peels and beer cans arbitrarily pelted in my direction were beams of truth sent by God to rekindle my belief in Rock music as an art form; as if the wedgie I accepted during the film’s three-headed Fluffy dog scene was a gift to my colon, with condolences and well-wishes; and finally, as if the massive group beating I was delivered after they shaved a watermelon into my scalp, was a sweet kiss from Mother Present, assuaging my fears, assuring me that the future of mainstream Rock and Roll music will be just as intolerable as it is today... And I reveled in this moment, lying in a pool of my own blood and piss. In my delusion, I opened my eyes, and said, to no one in particular, with my fist in the air: “Rock is alive and well! God be praised!”

And it was then that I met Lucia.

.....

“Get up, dude,” says she, and I’m entranced. Lucia Cifarelli, a singer with KMFDM who siphoned a solo project in 2000 to tour with one of the most notorious bands of the last quarter century, is looking at me from above, trying to get me off the floor. She reaches out her hand and I grab it, stand, and then try to explain who I am, where I’m from, and what I’m doing here. All she needs to know is that I’m reporting on something, and that I want her to talk to me... *All I want* is for her to talk to me. And she does.

When I ask her about Rock and Roll – the concept, and current state of – she tells me that it’s a dirty, sweaty, energetic state of mind that’s been convoluted by “fucking choreography.” With this, my heart implodes. From the mouth of the mistress; from the mind of the experienced; from the thoughts of the veteran, come –

“It’s also what’s keeping me alive, so, yeah. There’s also that.” She’s moved me into some kitchen in the bowels of Mr. Small’s Theater in Millvale. She’s stirring a vat of meatballs that, she says, are for the band before they go on stage. In her LiveJournal, she’ll later reflect on her only crisp memory of Pittsburgh:

“After sound check the smells coming from the kitchen draw everyone in and we eat like kings. Afterwards we all flop on the couch in a heap holding our stuffed bellies. I say to no one in particular that it probably wasn’t a good idea to eat this close to show time and the only response I get is moaning.”

Rock and Roll, she says, is about not knowing where your next meal will be, not caring where you’ll sleep next, and having to explain that you’re “the fucking singer” to the asshole who asks if you’re the “merch girl.” Not sure what this means. But she’s willing to talk about KMFDM – a band that only entered my mind when they came under national scrutiny after the Columbine tragedy displayed, for the United States, two tyrannical high school students willing to

kill (and die) for their beliefs. Both students were KMFDM fans. The media had a field day with this:

“The two teen-age suicidal assailants in the massacre reportedly listened to Rammstein, an industrial-metal group based in Germany, and KMFDM – one of the first big-selling industrial-rock bands, formed in Paris in 1984. Some observers, including Rep. Henry Hyde, Republican of Illinois, say they think there may be a cause-and-effect relationship between violent lyrics and violent acts.”

– CNN, Thursday, July 01, 1999

Her response is somewhat predictable, somewhat surprising. She says: “Honestly, the publicity helped us a lot – we were in newspapers, people were talking about us, our name was everywhere, our shows were selling out. But what people didn’t understand – and what those kids apparently didn’t understand – is that our music is meant to tell you to *think*, that apathy is horrible, and that just because some big name or some big company tells you something’s right, it doesn’t make it so.” She continues, “We have no pity for the masses, and that’s just something people are going to have to deal with.”

Which brings us to the Clear Channel issue. KMFDM came to Pittsburgh on a Clear Channel bill. She shrugs at this, mildly defensive, and says: “I hate Clear Channel. They’re a massive evil. But, unfortunately, they have the resources; they can pull crowds. But we’re not censored in any way. And if it gets people here, then fuck it – we’re manipulating them.” Fair enough. But I press her on the issue:

What, fundamentally, is the real threat of media (and, particularly, radio) giants? Is it that they control most of the mainstream music we hear today? Is it that they program radio station after radio station (CC owns 1,200+, cornering the market into a Nickelback-entranced haze; CC also owns SFX Entertainment, the nation’s dominant concert-venue owner and touring promoter) to sound exactly the same? Is it that they fucked with the nation’s premiere not-so-bright, not-so-interesting morning radio “shock” person (who, in a daring move, jumped from one ghastly, overbearing, multinational corporate beast to another ... *just so he could get airtime in Pittsburgh!* What a guy!)? Not necessarily. The essential role of the radio super giant is To Distribute and To Promote – and these, sorry, are not bad things. No, the evil lies in the mega-corporation’s effect on culture, and their influence on music as art.

“I guess,” she says. “What do you mean?”

Alright, listen: Mainstream (and striving mainstream) musical acts tend to work their asses off, not to expand upon (or create) a new genre, but to become a part of a club – the Rock Society that, with membership pass, allows you to bathe in gold at the nadir of western culture’s proverbial rainbow. Essentially, once in, you can get the groupie chicks (and the sluts with ridiculous breast implants looking to hawk their flesh for...anything), you can have drugs for breakfast, you can embody a complete(ly false) rejection of social mores, you can get television coverage, you can appear on radio shows, you can have the fame of your dreams, you can swear in front of massive crowds, you can assume you have power; money flows, sex greets you, freedom ensues, and aloofness happens without anyone knowing or caring. And they’ve sold that to you. It is, pardon the cliché, a conspiracy.

“Mmmaybe,” she says. “What you’re saying is that it’s like throwing stones at the rich kid’s Mercedes.”

“Um... yeah, kinda.”

“Well that’s... fun.” She stirs the meatballs and sauce for a minute or two and we stand in silence. Eventually, she asks: “You want a meatball?”

Suddenly, my cuts and bruises are only a memory. And I accept.



Stroud, Chief, words@deekmagazine.com

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

.....

Dear Deek,
I am writing this letter in order to speak to everyone who voted to re-elect President Bush. After an election where youth voters were in the spotlight, where pressing issues were dividing the country, and where taking action seemed the least all of us could do, the American people have spoken. With incredible voter turnout, the absence of voter fraud, and the victor claiming both the popular vote and the electoral college, one can only look at this outcome as what the people wanted. Instead of being swayed by pedestrian topics like our increasing isolation in the global community, horrendous atrocities committed against the environment, warmongering, outright lying, and blatant disregard for human well-being, the American people stood up and said, with resounding triumph, “...uh, sure.” So, I thank you America. I thank you for being so fucking dumb.

Signed,
– Socialist

Dear Deek:
I love that damn magazine of yours. Seriously, not to gush, but never has a cynical bastard like me enjoyed a Pittsburgh rag before. Someday, when I feel inspired to write again, I hope to contribute.

– Derek Fuchs

Dear Deek:
Rock and Roll is ... American by ideologies. Not to say that other cultures can’t jump in on the train, many have. But without American attitudes and freedoms, it would never have stood as long as it has and became that universal American language. Almost every human being in this country from babies to elderly will give a head groove or an ass wag to rock and roll. Think about how every genre is so contraversial when it first comes out, all the old heads disapprove of styles and word choice, but within the years it becomes accepted and more understood. It’s the spirit of ideas.

– Shy Kennedy, metalheadsmag.com

Dear Deek:
aaaaaaaaaaaaahooooooooooooooooooooo
dy uuuudy oooooo yaa uuuuuddy..
mmmhahah hahahduudy jaaaa
aaaaaaa jeaaaaaaa ajjjjj
ahaha joo.

Thanks,
– Jason Lancaster, poet

Dear Deek:
I think it’d be funny if one person walked around in a shirt, tie, blazer, boxers, dress socks, and dress shoes and walked around with a petition and pen. The hilarious fat kid, chain smoking and yelling at people why Starbucks is so fantastic. Strippers. You serving vodka shots instead of espresso shots. Maybe having Family Ties coninously playing on a television? Haha.

– Keith

Hi:
Rose S. Afriyie and Yacov S. Crawford of Actions Matter and Dilinus Harris and Monica Higgins of Results Matter are running for Student Government Board, and they would like to speak to Deek magazine concerning the possibility of an endorsement.

– Melissa Dougherty

Dear Deek:
I personally welcome the coming fascist era. Now America will be able to exert Her dominance, Her ascendancy, without the need for subterfuge. Noam Chomsky will weep and gnash his teeth. No longer will black be the color of artists, homos, and New Yorkers: Black is the color of the New American Revolution! Ten million pairs of boots, the thunder of ten million soldiers; one people, one nation, one leader!

Delightedly yours,
– Marcello Della Bestia

Yo:
I’m used to surprises at deek, my girlfriend’s sister was the full page spread in the self destruct issue and I had no idea until I got it. I was like, “hey I know that girl”

Thanks,
Adam

Dear Deek:
For some reason stacks of Deek have made it all the way to Indiana, PA, and I was pleasantly surprised to see local boys making good. I had never heard of Deek, or that Pgh had any sort of independent/guerilla media at all.

– Brian E Deutsch

howdieeeee
Rock N’ Roll never really existed in the first place, it is a marketing ploy

carefully built up on Elvis Presley’s hip’s. The farce carries on today, no one realizes it’s all bullshit. What is rock’n roll, for lack of a better term, is a fleeting entity encapsulated in brief shining moments that burn on in memory (ie where you were the first time you heard “Smells Like Teen Spirit”, what you felt the first time you heard “Sister Ray”, “God Only Know” or A Love Supreme amongst other varied things).

Or something to that effect.

Later
– Jason

Dear Deek:
[From Toronto. The election said this to me]:
It ma[de] me realize that our country is so peaceful and boring, simply by the type of headlines that make it on our national newspapers. And no matter how fucked up things are over here, politically speaking, they pale in comparison to the circus down south.

– leandro asnaghi-nicastro

Attn: Sir/Madam
We are pleased to inform you about the result of the Winners International Lottery N.V. programs LIEGE BELGIUM held on the 20th october ,2004.

Your e-mail address attached to the Ticket No:1001-58255563-2285 with Serial No: 8888/03 drew from the Lucky No:02-22-00-66-99-85-52-12-36-50, which consequently won the lottery in the FIRST category.

– BARON PATSY

Dear Deek:
Just so long as your perve doesn’t physically touch me on the outside. I’d hate to have to cut someone. See you on the third!

Love forever,
Sharon “Mama” Spell

Countercounterpunk

Mr. Edwards:
Aside from the fact that it’s difficult for anyone attending school full-time, young or old, to get enough perspective (about a city they’ve never lived in before) to for to vote intelligently about local issues immediately after moving here, how are the “Young People” to blame for decisions made by politicians voted in by “Old People” before they even moved here?

Also, it’s not punk to call me an asshole.

– Noah

Send replies to
words@deekmagazine.com

PUNK:

COUNTERPUNK:

.....

Is **Rock and Roll**, as an entity, nothing but an idea package structured by corporations through white collar, artistically unethical, morally and psychologically depraved, creatively raped pieces of shit? Are we to believe that Rock, as a means of mainstream expression

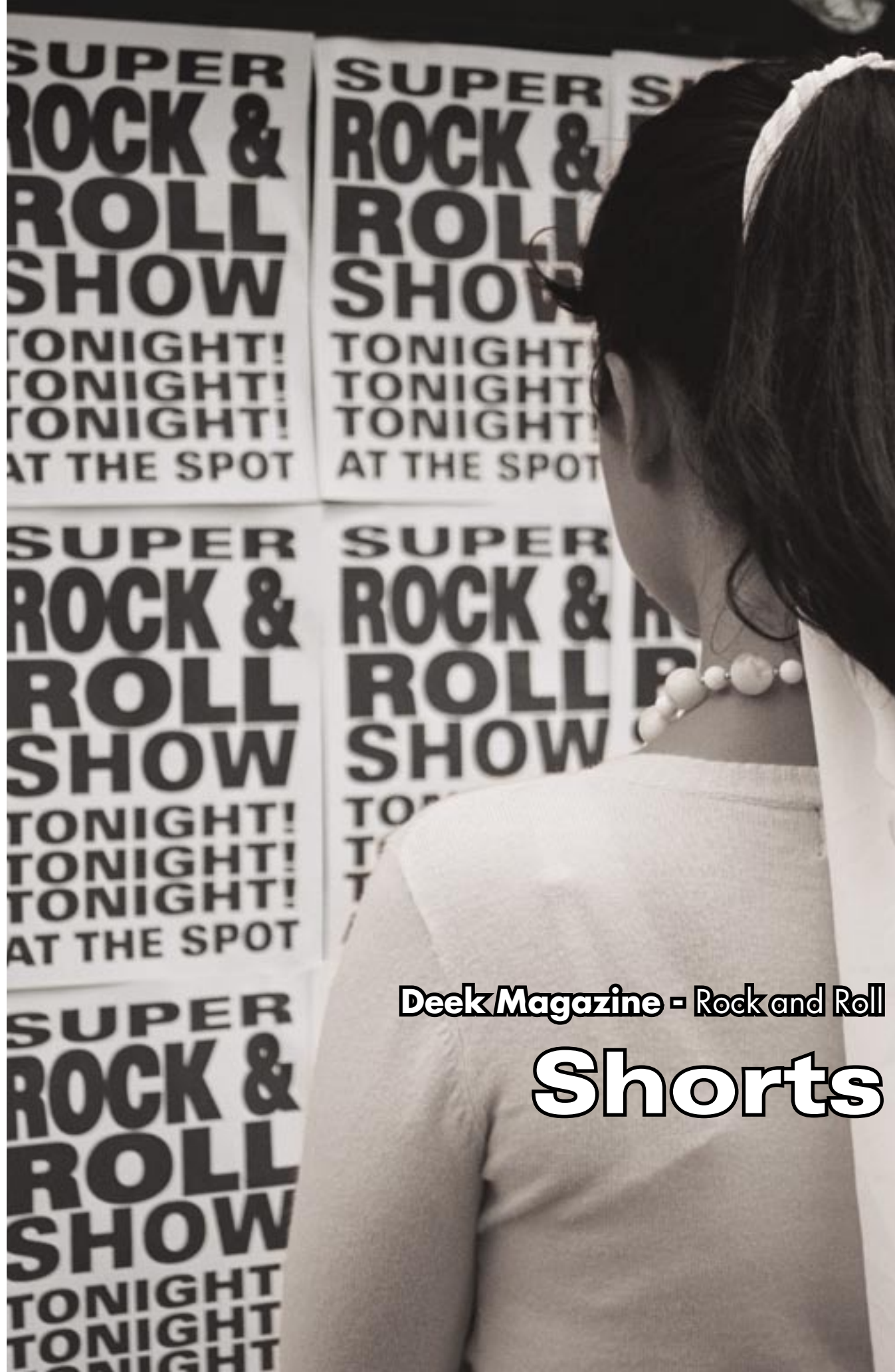
.....

(where artists actually devote their lives to that *wisp of hope* that they might... **might** get anally penetrated by the music industry), is "our generation's" bastion of truth amidst a tide wave of old business packaged new, metrosexuality and reality TV? Is Rock The Answer...*again*?

"Dude, yeah."

"You know man, I don't really know."

Send feedback to words@deekmagazine.com



Deek Magazine - Rock and Roll

Shorts

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ROCK AND ROLL

by ashton read

In the beginning

God created Leabelly and the Man.
The Man was full of greed and sought to keep Leadbelly down.
This begat the blues,
which begat Muddy Waters, the Rolling Stones, Iggy Pop, Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, Bruce Springsteen, and Nirvana.

The Man saw this and was displeased.

So the Man made drugs to suppress and kill those that would rejoice in the face of unfair economic disparity.
For the most part, this has worked.

THE END

THINGS THAT UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES COULD EVER BE CONSTRUED TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ROCK AND ROLL

by clinton doggett

Shampoo
Alaska
Condoleezza Rice
Christmas/Jesus
Eggplant
Computer Science
The memorization of inane facts
Everybody Loves Raymond
Old Navy
O'Doul's Beer
Switzerland
Nail Clippers
Helping Old Ladies Cross the Street
Friendship
Unwanted Pregnancies
PT Cruisers
Yogurt
Buddy Icons

SAVE THE MUSIC: ONE CHILD AT A TIME

by adam corwin

“I believe that children are our future, teach them well and let them lead the way,” singeth the honorable Whitney Houston in her tear-jerking pop masterpiece. If we were to follow Mrs. Bobby Brown’s sacred wisdom, perhaps we could ensure that crappy music never again has to enter our ear drums. As the individual emboldened to step up and take the challenge of leading that oh-so-sacred “way,” I think that we can make the horrific world of music a better place in 20 simple steps.

With nothing to draw upon except my days past in a low-rent anarcho punk band and a taste I consider unmatched by mere mortals, it’s time to fix music by looking toward new aspiring musicians and concert goers. The plan is not difficult... but each word must be read and pondered to gain its full understanding. Only then can we hope to have a better tomorrow permeating the vast expanse of musicdom.

Consider:

1. If your band takes more than 15 minutes to set up and you’re not Metallica, go home. Your set will probably suck, anyway.
2. If you, or the guitarist in your band, have so many effects pedals that the amount of electricity required could power a third-world country, then they can’t possibly be being used in a skillful fashion. Learn to use one well and it would suit you better.
3. If your name is not Robert Smith, don’t whine about angst – it’s boring and the market has already been cornered.
4. If you appreciate, or are in, a band that is in its 20’s or 30’s and still singing about girls lost in High School, get a life – it’s time to move on.
5. If someone has already done something better than you, admire it. Learn from it. Be inspired by it. Then, be creative and do something new.
6. If you are ready to record a song that will be “all the craze” in the hottest dance clubs, sell your equipment immediately. If this fails to rectify the situation, proceed to the highest object available and promptly jump off of it (The Fort Pitt Bridge comes to mind. Steel Building, too).
7. Pop Punk is the devil. Ex: Blink 182, New Found Glory, Good Charlotte, Avril Laigvine (I don’t care if I spelled it wrong; she’s that insignificant) et al. They don’t have anything to do with punk music. If you like those bands, then you have inadvertently become the devil’s minion, not to mention a tasteless sheep.
8. Before you begin a career in hip-hop, lock yourself

into a room for 24 hours with only Public Enemy and Boogie Down Productions music before you proceed. No one needs more “in da club, bitches and ho’s, low rid-ah” shit.

9. If you do not speak well, chances are, you will not rap well either.
10. If you think that Paris Hilton recording a CD is a “cool” idea, see #6 and advance immediately to the last step.
11. If you are about to call someone a sell-out or a poseur, stop and consider! If your parents bring you to shows and you do not pay your own bills then you have no right to cast such judgments.
12. Learn to play your instruments. Like the old adage says, “Polishing a turd will only yield a turd in return.”
13. All genres of music have good artists, so find them. Don’t be so close-minded as to denounce an entire style. Unless it’s Pop Punk.
14. If you buy your “punk” clothes at Hot Topic, you are probably not a punk.
15. If it takes you an hour to put your mohawk or liberty spikes up before a show, something is wrong.
16. If a band you like, or are in, has ever lip-synched in order to concentrate on their dance moves, stop participating in music. Go “serve” someone in a dance competition.
17. If you are at a show and wait to see how everyone else reacts before you get involved with the band on stage, have some courage and stand up for what you like, instead of what others are telling you is cool.
18. If you want to be a Rockstar, spare us all, please, and stop.
19. Going to a show and getting drunk so you can mosh makes “cock rock,” not fans. Save it for Lamda alpha whatever-the-fuck fraternity letter party you are planning to attend on Saturday after the game.
20. Your band probably isn’t as good as you think it is.

With these words, I offer a bright tomorrow with hope for the future. May the bodies of those flung off high altitudes serve as a reminder that change starts with our children. For music and humanity’s sake, let us not create, nor participate in, crappy music anymore. And, most importantly: May Whitney Houston be with you.

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK THE HOUSE, THE BOAT, THE CASBAH...

by johnny squib menesini

Dig the scene in Dr. Seuss’ story The Sneetches, like right before the moral, you’re going to have to remember here or read the fucking story, but man, they were all balled up so you couldn’t tell one from another; this is Pgh sidewalks. Is there an ‘in’ crowd or ‘it’ guy/girl anymore? Strange pants does not a hipster maketh, what is a hipster beyond somebody who is hip to what’s going on, intellectually, esoterically, one who is simply clued in. No haircut or jean cuff simply separates one group for another. It’s a mosaic; a trailer punk-a-billy hobo neuveau yippee down and out up and coming slum chic superstar. Any attempt to stamp or call out is basically left on death’s deaf doorstep. All is dead, long live All. Here we break into specific myths pertaining to the organism of Rock and Roll, a term coined by Alan Freed a Pennsylvanian DJ who dared play black music on white radiowaves. Imagine, saxon frequencies even, scary shit, he died penniless. This shit still burns brighter than Kennedy’s torch in Arlington. Over romanticized, naïve, self-important clash that asks nothing of the audience but MOVE, whether backwards or forwards FURTHER is relative in the grand scheme of ROCK-HAIL ROCK!

Never write drunk – stick to Quaaludes or gone tooth pills. Even pot can sway you on its own sometimes, down green paths of broken up introverted schizophrenic western hiku. Pain pills work better than anything. Bangs dug cough syrup, back when the stuff was loaded with good OTC candy, codeine. Kerouac dug bennies, Benzedrine, pop the inhaler open and ball up the stinky strip and swallow it with coffee, to write for days, again, a great easy high of yesteryear romance. You may as well make your choices now children, find your muse.

I’m a cheerleader’s tit into my 40; the protein shake has long melted into my stomach wall. (Bird drank scotch and milk when he was trying to kick.)

Quiet Storm Friday October 22, Bands, Beers, Bodies with faces, some with not. My tongue could use a scraping, the band I can’t figure out, somewhere between Pat Benetar and Stevie Nicks complete with aged blonde and players in shiny black tops. I look around to make sure Warhol is not staring at me, this is not Max’s Kansas City, it’s another weekend in the Iron City. Neighborhood cross-culture. Mulligan Stew, Hobo Soup, pass a sandwich and an apple, metrosexual so-hot phantoms goth glide onto

imaginary traincars, rock rock-and-roll. Shit, rock lived for a short 29 days before the revolution was homogenized, way way way before us peckerwoods, spades, et al, slid down mom’s pussy into the bright light of beautiful shit.

The bands are done; Mick Ronson blows his load on a bust of Patti Smith and dreams of a floating Moon. The wires are rolled up, mic stands shrink like cocks after coitus, the gear gets schlepped into trunks and vans, sweaty adrenaline kids steam in the night air. Can’t stop now, put some R&B on the box, left alone to my ghetto champagne and cognac, and all I want to do is dance, hard, fast, jerky, to the JB self-assured yelling about sex, when we all know his muse was meth not pussy, but man, we leak, salt sweat runs down the back, and the hair sticks to the brow, draining a cold I don’t even have. The chairs are put up, more room to kick and clap, a reverie, you feel touched, a snake dancer, Southern Pentecostal, church kids and tambourines. Move harder until the volume drops and the lights come up. Left with the hum of an extractor fan, and the silence of the ceiling fans gets louder, louder, until we all go home spent, just another night, another night. HAIL ROCK!

Aside:

Jimi pimped his Fender with so much LOVE
Thunders spiked himself deep out of sheer LOVE
Iggy busted his ribs out of LOVE
Nina Simone shot a boy out of LOVE
Bolan was a phantom swan that became a phantom swan for LOVE
Warhol pointed his finger lovingly and called the emptiness Non-LOVE
Rob Tyner called for all out war out of LOVE

For those about to Rock the House, The Boat, the Casbah

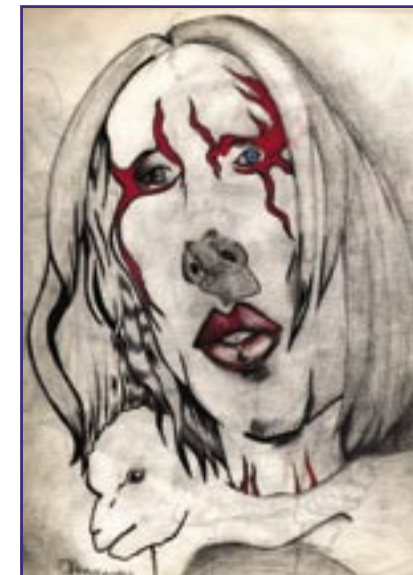
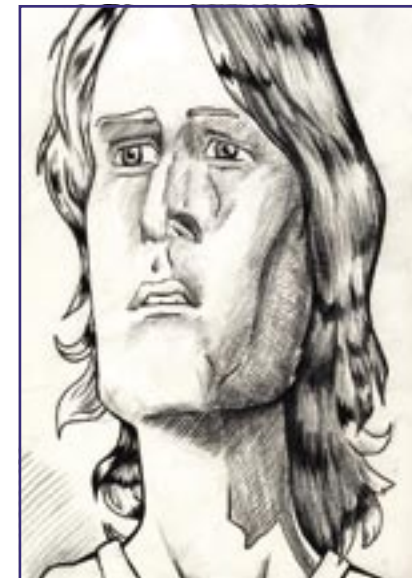
We show our tits
Expose our dicks
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Mythological Comic Book Hero Action Figures

HAIL ROCK!



WHY CHICKS DIG ROCKSTARS

by colleen "hotpants" bayus



illustrations by jean-paul manzanares

The easy answer: Rockstars are sexy. Even the ugly ones. There are a few things a girl can't resist and the idea of some hot lovin' from a musical God is one of them. Buried inside of every wholesome Sally schoolgirl is an inner cage dancer dying for a bad boy rebel to set her free. Well, come on baby light my fire...

Rockstars are notorious for being bad. They drink. They smoke. They trash hotel rooms. You don't bring them home to Mom and Dad - and we don't want to. The one and done, hit and run, is all part of the fantasy. A white house and 2.5 kids running rampant in a yard with a picket fence does not fit into the deal.

What gives? Bums on the street drink, smoke, and would surely trash hotel rooms, should they ever gain access. Why are guitar slinging studs and drummer dudes the objects of nearly every woman's desire?

It's a question that can be answered on multiple levels. The most obvious is that these guys are damn talented. Few are blessed with musical ability, let alone genius. It's a lucrative quality that is highly desirable. Be still my heart for a man who can wail passionately on a guitar, and when a sultry voice factors in as an added bonus... whew. Allow adequate time for breath to be caught.

Impressive displays of talent are precisely that; impressive and captivating. Amazing songs glittered with mastery of a given instrument just enhances the mystique and awe of a dude in the band. It adds an element of sensitivity and sensuality to the rough rock n' roll exterior, which sucks ladies in like a Hoover.

While rock studs have the gals captivated, they have free reign to play up their already established technical wonder with stage persona and showmanship. Front men in particular have the opportunity to be the complete center of attention in that specific moment, placing them in a position of power that drives females wild. Power itself is an elusive and attractive quality - just ask Monica Lewinsky. Throw in the hip swivel of Axl Rose, with the bend and lean of Steven Tyler, and you're left with a woman hypnotized; the only coherent thought racing through her mind being: "If that boy can do that on stage, imagine what he's like in the sack!"

Something about Rockstars is just so raw and passionate - it's engaging. What you see is what you get. And that's exactly what women want: The whim of a wild ride with a musical superhero, who is in town for a night, and gone before the thrill has a chance to fade into a mere memory.

The Rockstar holds the possibility for a release of inner inhibitions that don't dare to surface during the humdrum blandness of the daily grind.

An honest, hardworking, chap with a sweet smile and suitable manners - he is the man we want to have at our side and go home to. A sweaty, talented-yet-disconcerted guy, with tattoos, who is plagued by internal angst and blessed with a sexy voice or instrumental talent - he's who we want to spend a lusty night with. Even if he's ugly.

CONSPIRACY THEORY

by bill hendricks

Isn't it funny how so many rock stars seem to die young? Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Keith Moon, Angus Young, Mama Cass, John Lennon – the list goes on and on.

Ok, now how many of those deaths were what a conspiratorial mind might call “suspicious”?

More than you might think, according to Alex Constantine, author of *The Covert War Against Rock: What you don't know about the deaths of Jim Morrison, Tupac Shakur, Michael Hutchence, Brian Jones, Jimi Hendrix, Phil Ochs, Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, John Lennon, The Notorious B.I.G.* Constantine argues that behind all those seemingly tragic, young deaths lurks a much more complex, sinister truth.

My first thought upon reading the title was, “Michael Hutchence? The dude from INXS? *Why would anyone want to destroy INXS?*” The answer, revealed in the book's final chapter, is that Hutchence was unwittingly channeling money to Calabrian Mob connections via his unscrupulous manager. Soon after his death – a suspicious hotel-room hanging; his body was found with a cut lip and broken hand – close friend Gianni Versace, also rumored to have been duped by the Calabrians, was murdered. And with that, we're off! Gentlemen, begin your speculation!

Constantine tracks down the under-reported details in a host of rock star deaths. Mama Cass, for one, is said to have choked to death. Yet she was an outspoken social activist (back in the 1960's, when that meant something) and her autopsy was botched. John Lennon was murdered by Mark David Chapman, as everyone knows, but few realize he was the target of a bizarre scheme to steal his journals and defame his legacy. Brian Jones, one-time member of the Rolling Stones, was said to suffer “death by misadventure” in a backyard pool drowning. Again, though, facts say otherwise: Years later a building contractor confessed to the murder.

The facts are intriguing, the speculation tight, but finally there's no conspiracy here, in the strictest sense of the word. The “covert war against rock” has been fought by many different entities, from the COINTELPRO of the radical 60s, to the conservative establishment of the 80s, to the Mafia-tainted music cartel of the 90s. Along the way various managers and hangers-on do their part to destroy rock, mostly out of greed or envy. The conspiracy here is the one that forms around any dynamic, creative individual with an excess of cash. Become a Rockstar – or worse, a Rockstar with a message – and nasty people are going to find you.

Luckily, we don't have to worry about those kinds of Rockstars anymore. It's hard to believe Avril will ever become a threat to the establishment, and it's hard to imagine anyone murdering Coldplay's Chris Martin for anything more than purely aesthetic motives.

Complexity: Pretty low. Pick one or two to memorize and you'll monopolize the water cooler.

Plausibility: High, in that none of these conspiracies ever connect into a large, magnum opus conspiracy that'd have you making tinfoil hats. Next month for that.

Where It Will Help You Score: Whip out the fact that Bob Marley's cancer was probably caused by the CIA and then treated by a former associate of Nazi Dr. Josef Mengele and you'll be golden with the rasta crowd.

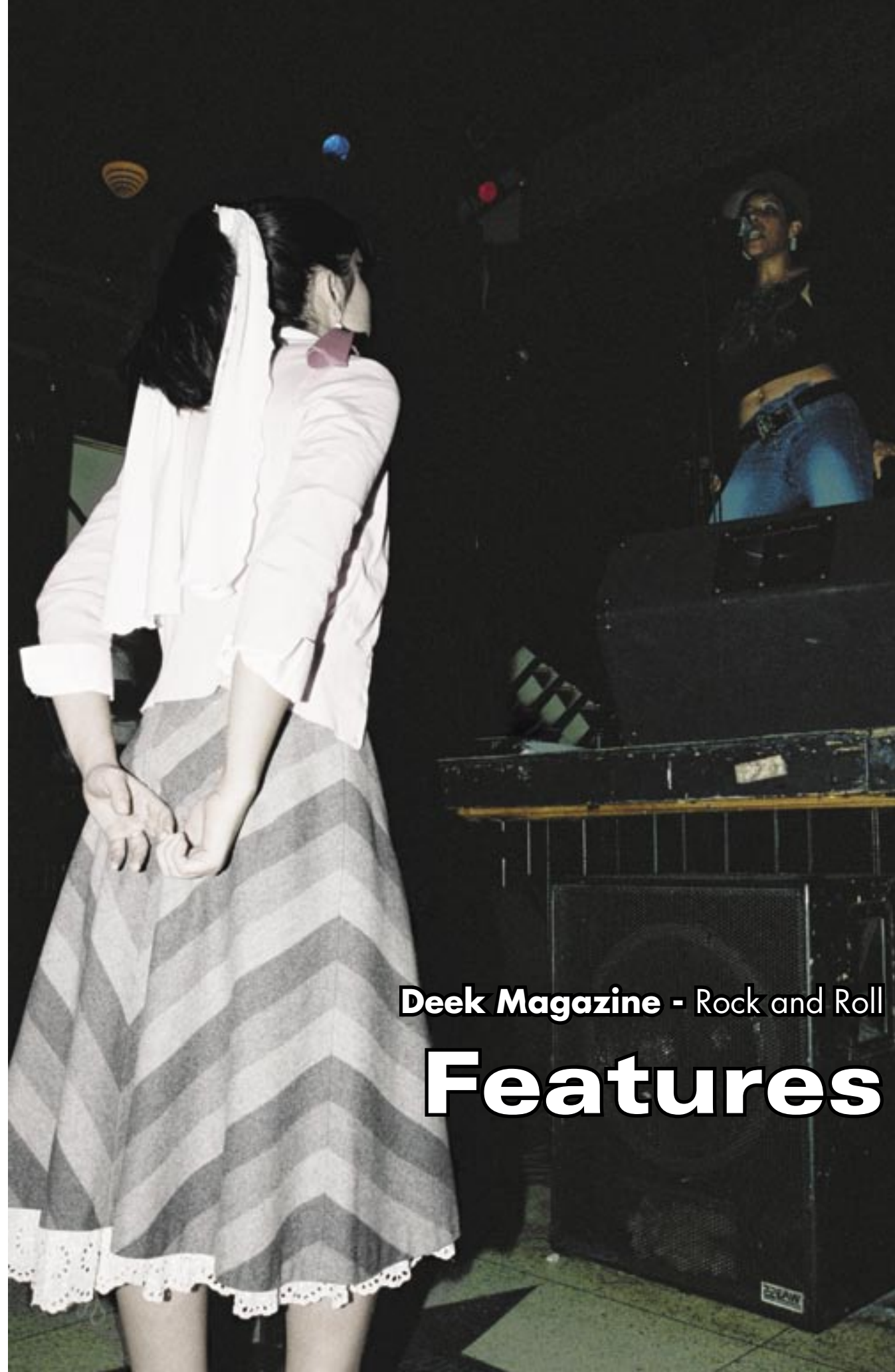
Detox

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Deek Magazine - Rock and Roll

Features



Shopping With the Science Fiction Idols

by melissa meinzer

Hey Teens! Your intrepid cub reporter (me, sillies!) got the chance to get the skinny on those glam-rock *dreamboats*, the Science Fiction Idols! Let me just tell you, it's Science Fiction Fact that they are way cuter up close and in person that you'd ever realize just from reading their neat-o Web site, elbowing your way to the front row of all their shows, and lurking around the South Side hope hope hoping, fingers double-crossed and lucky barrette in hair, to spot one buying toothpaste at Eckerd on Carson Street, and possibly leaving a stray hair or two behind.

After all, they *are* Idols!

But there was no need for that kind of behavior on this girl's happiest night *ever*. That's right, lucky-duck Yours Truly got to meet *all four* of her Idols, and go on an all-out shop-till-you-drop spree with those hunks – okay, shop-till-the-mean-store-lady-kicked-us-out spree, but still. I got all the dirt, and Teens, I mean *all* of it.

Is Angel O. taking hormones? Has he sprouted another leg? Is that why he stopped wearing pants? Did Harrison almost make Gary leave the store, mortified? Has Gary lost his taste for butterflies? Did Bobby wear parachute pants in high school?

All this, and more, in one enchanted evening at some thrift store on the South Side.

The first to meet Yours Truly and Shutterbug Nate out front were drummer Angel O. and guitarist and singer Gary Strutt. Up close and personal, they made my little heart go pitter-pat. In we went, with Angel O. charging right in.

"The first rule is to start in the ladies' department," ol' pro Ang advised. "The blouses have the best taper. Some guys can't wear it because they're big Pittsburgh choads. That's a problem. For them."

Tee hee, poor choads. If you want to bite the Idols' inimitable style, well, don't! You can't! But if you want to try, look for colors and textures that stand out among the mishmash of super-cool threads for sale.

Just a few minutes into the hunt for clingy black blouses with killer details like shiny diamond buttons, bassist Harrison Dray made the scene, finding us fashion-hounds knee-deep in clothes, clothes clothes!

Angel O. found a fetching little Redskins onesie just waiting to be taken home and loved. Like most baby clothes, it was all of about 18 inches long.

"Hey, I donated this a few months ago," Angel O., the good thing in a small package, said.

"He's been taking hormones," Harrison added.

Uh oh. That's no good. Angel O., if you have a problem, get help now, before you quadruple in size again. Seriously, your fans love you, and we only want you to be healthy. Don't take any more freakish-growth hormones, 'kay? Kisses.

"When you're built like me, it's kinda tough," he said.

"Yeah, Mr. Tripod," Harrison added.

Hey, Harrison, if Angel O. is having some kind of medical problem as a result of his dabbling with hormones, don't you think you oughta keep it quiet? I mean, come on! He's your friend! If he has a third leg, he's hiding it well and obviously wants to guard his secret.

"I don't even mess with pants. I don't usually do pants," Angel O. said as the lads headed for the trouser section.

Oh no. Drugs, an extra leg, and exhibitionism? Teens, let's all keep Angel O. in our prayers, 'kay?

At least Gary still wears pants – at least *most* of the time, winkie winkie! We cruised the dungarees, searching for something worthy of the cutie.

"Butterflies don't catch my eye," he said, rejecting a super-cute pair of jeans with a butterfly applique that Yours Truly, ever hopeful, pointed out to him. WHATEVER, your earrings don't even match and your nail polish is chipped. I think butterflies would have been great on Gary, but what do I know about being a rock star? Not a whole lot, I guess.

"I'm looking for stars instead of polka dots because it's just badass, ya know?" Gary asked. Obviously, I do not.

Finally, Big Boss Bobby LaMonde, on guitars and vocals, joined us. I wonder why he was late? As a rock star, I'm sure he doesn't have anything as silly as a day job to worry about. Probably he just got mobbed at the door by Teens seeking autographs! Down, Teens, be nice.

He stepped right up to Angel O. and gave him a good hug.

"This guy, everything fits him!" Bobby said. "Ang got me this shirt. He always finds me stuff here."

I guess it takes a guy like Bobby to give the sort of positive reinforcement Ang needs to keep away from hormones and keep his pants on.

So what were they like before being Idols, Teens? Guess who found out? Me, tee hee!

"Since high school, the first words are either faggot or homo or 'What the hell is that?'" poor Harrison said. "My father used to say, 'what the hell is that, boy?' I wore stuff just to please my mother."

Just like in high school, he still gets carded when he tries to buy grown-up drinks.

"It's the pretty-boy thing," he figured.

Pretty in the best possible way, Harrison; and I think I speak for legions of Teens on this one!

Did Gary think hard about his clothes when he was a Teen like us?



"Maybe not in high school," he admitted. "I come from suburbia, we had our uniforms depending on our clique." Don't we know that one! "I wasn't real fashion conscious in 11th grade."

Well that was just aeons ago, wasn't it? I bet you didn't have the courage for that just dishy blue eyeliner way back then, huh? Way to grow!

Bobby and Angel O. go way way back, before they even were Teens!

"We went to Central Catholic, tried to be as stylish as possible," Bobby said. "Skinny leather ties, much to my mother's chagrin. I don't look back on that proudly. It was the 80's." Don't feel bad, Bobby! Yours Truly's mommy was still dressing her in orange bunny dresses then. Everybody hurts, sometimes.

"You wore parachute pants, that's fuckin' sad!" said Gary. Hey, let him get past it, why doncha?

It's not all Rock and Roll awesomeness for the boys, Teens. Tempers flared and crimes were nearly committed during our shop-a-thon.

Angel O. found a super-cool belty thing, but it almost encouraged him to seedy ways.

"I don't know what the fuck it is, it's an accessory," he said of the black leather fringe dealy. "Tie it like this, it's cool as shit. No price tag? I could just tie it on me, nobody would know the damn difference." Oh, Angel O. Role model, anyone?

"That wouldn't be honest," he said as he headed up to the register. Whew. Role model indeed. I feel so much better.

"You've changed, man," Gary said. Hey, guess what, Polka-Dots? Not everyone has to be badass all the time! Maybe it's a change for the better! Maybe you oughta simmer down! Maybe you're just angry at Harrison...after all... he is wearing the same shirt as you...

"I almost went home; I was all pissed," Gary said. "We have on the same fuckin' Cheap Trick shirt."

I found out a seedy secret about Bobby, too. If you don't want to know, skip the next paragraph, okay?

"Sometimes you can secretly find stuff at the mall," he admitted. Don't say I didn't warn you. "All my leopard blankets and pillows are from Target. The Target pillows all have the do-not-remove tags on." At least *somebody* in the band never thinks about breaking the law.

After all the spats and bitterness, though, the Idols are still friends at the end of the day. Later, over bubble-gum and soda pop a few doors down, they kicked back and laughed and talked about gigs coming and gone.

Angel O. might be the troubled one, but he's the fashion cornerstone of the fantastic foursome. And Gary may crack wise a bit too often, but his passion keeps the flames going. Without Bobby to lead and inspire his motley crew, they'd just be another bunch of Pittsburgh glam-rock dolls. And Harrison? Harrison may have only been around a short while, but he's the friendly glue that keeps it all together, in his Gabriel Bros. gold lame.

Yours Truly will never forget her enchanted evening. I learned about music, friendship, personalities, and most of all, fashion. I think Angel O. summed up our fall evening best:

"Fall is always cool. Lotta options," he said. "Boy George said, 'Heat is the enemy of fashion.' I never forgot that. It's like fuckin' poetry."

Fuckin' poetry indeed, Teens. Fuckin' poetry indeed.

Find out more about the latest adventures of the most stylish, delicious band around at www.sciencefictionidols.com and tell 'em Melissa sent you! Kisses!

Rock & Roll

by GREG BENEVENT

I didn't think ghosts were supposed to follow you around. Someone says "ghost," and I think of big, ugly castles covered in mist, a white shape moves past a window and disappears. A couple weeks ago I'm just chillin', listening to some good music; I have a couple drinks, sit back – I look over, and there's a guy on my couch. A leather jacket, purple bandanna, mid-30's, pale blue eyes and a silver, metal skull about the size of a quarter hanging from the bottom of his goatee.

I get all freaked out for about a second, then I laugh. I shake my head, and offer him a drink. No matter how many questions I ask him, he doesn't say much. He just kind of mumbles sometimes, or smiles. Figuring an acid flashback, I go to sleep.

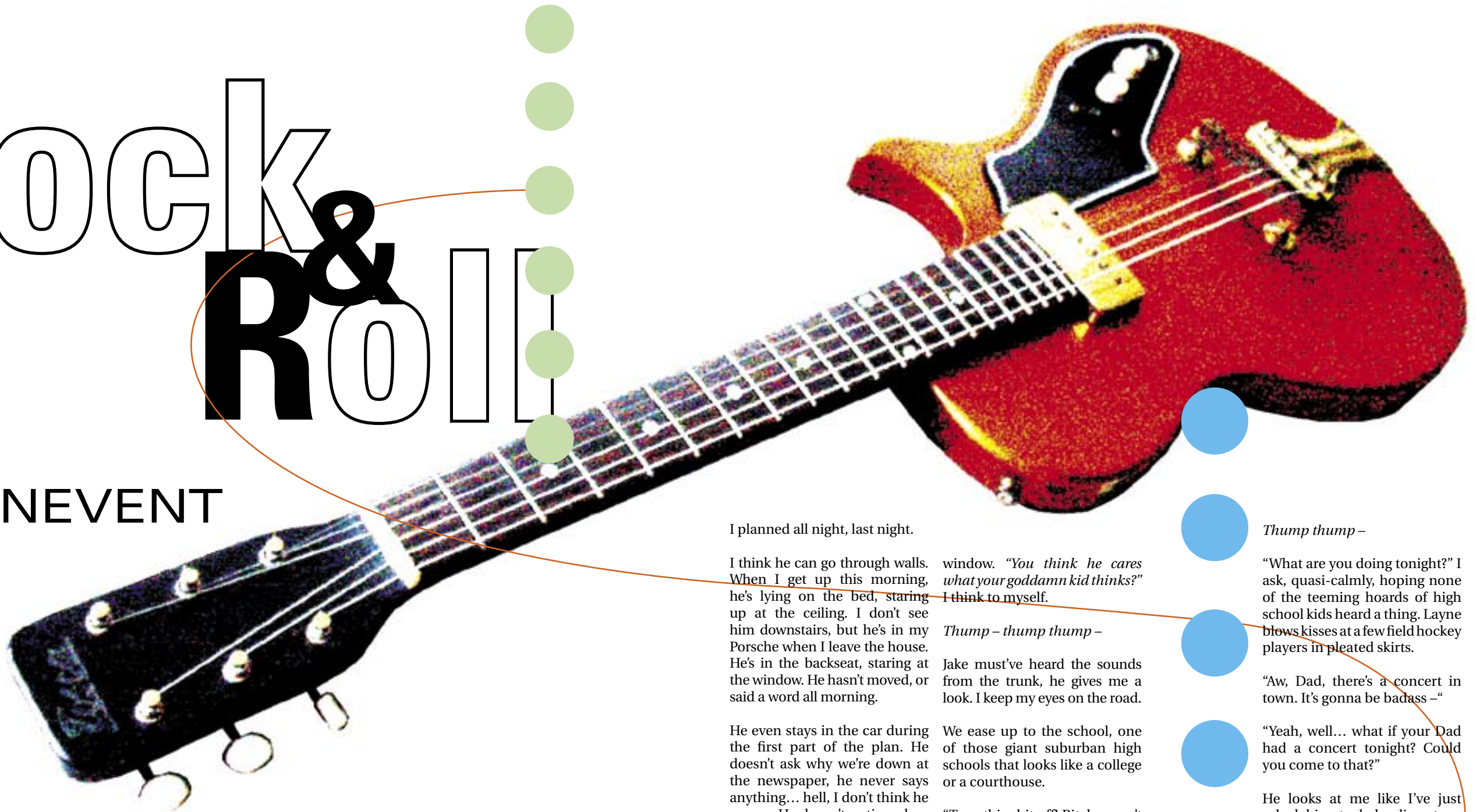
He's watching MTV when I wake up. He's scowling, shaking his head.

Other people don't see him, I think. In the supermarket, I watch him stare at a woman's breasts for five minutes – nothing. (I yell at him in the express lane: "You come back from the dead to be arrested again?")

I wanted to say to the checkout boy: "You know who this is? This is Layne Staley. Lead vocals, 'Alice in Chains.' He might have had more dissonance than any other rock star in the history

of time – and you don't even recognize that he left the afterlife to watch me buy Doritos?!"

I think I figured out why he came back. And what I have to do. The idea hit me pretty hard – I keep rationalizing to myself that it's kind of like "Field of Dreams," only... with music. It all seems pretty wild, I'm trying to do it sober.



I planned all night, last night.

I think he can go through walls. When I get up this morning, he's lying on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. I don't see him downstairs, but he's in my Porsche when I leave the house. He's in the backseat, staring at the window. He hasn't moved, or said a word all morning.

He even stays in the car during the first part of the plan. He doesn't ask why we're down at the newspaper, he never says anything... hell, I don't think he moves. He doesn't notice when I open the trunk, and we tore ass out of there.

Today's my day to take my son to school. He's a pissy little smartass, but he seems to be coming around. Crooked hat, half-metal half-rap, that whole thing. I don't want to piss Layne off, so I turn off Jake's garbage and put on "Dirt." Jake looks like he just sucked a lemon.

"Dad, this music sucks." Jake mumbles as he stares out the window. I almost get whiplash swinging around to look at Layne – he just stares out the

window. "You think he cares what your goddamn kid thinks?" I think to myself.

Thump – thump thump –

Jake must've heard the sounds from the trunk, he gives me a look. I keep my eyes on the road.

We ease up to the school, one of those giant suburban high schools that looks like a college or a courthouse.

"Turn this shit off! Bitches can't see me rollin' up with *this*," he grunts, opening the door before the car stops. He swings his legs out, and slams the door –

"This is your last chance."

"Jake!" I yell, and dive across to reach my hand out the window, and grab his arm.

"I haven't done the best parenting, for either one of us." I blurt out, not at all what I want to say.

"Okay," he says, shaking his arm free. "So what?"

Thump thump –

"What are you doing tonight?" I ask, quasi-calmly, hoping none of the teeming hoards of high school kids heard a thing. Layne blows kisses at a few field hockey players in pleated skirts.

"Aw, Dad, there's a concert in town. It's gonna be badass –"

"Yeah, well... what if your Dad had a concert tonight? Could you come to that?"

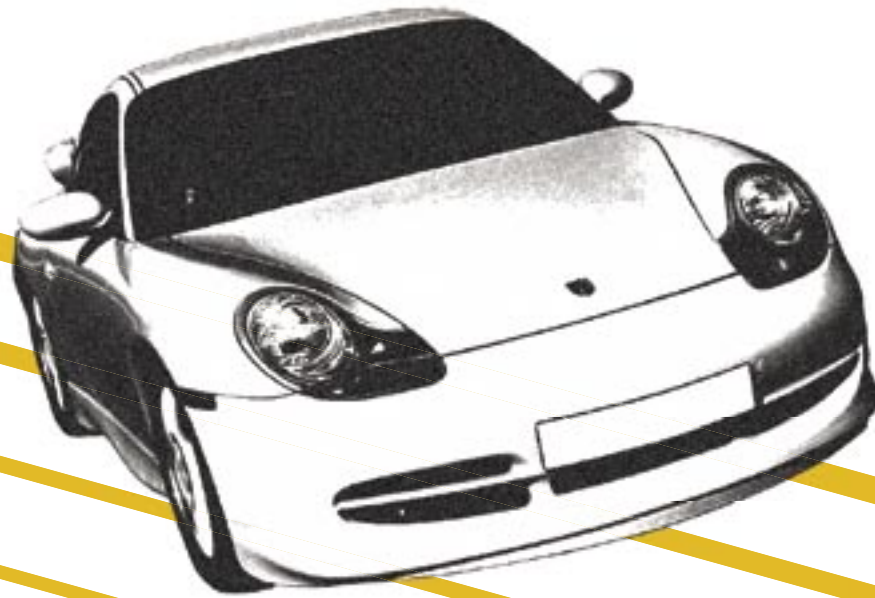
He looks at me like I've just asked him to help dissect an alien.

"I... I gotta get to class," he stutters, and runs into the school. He doesn't look back.

Thump – tha-thump thump –

Screw this.

The tires shriek as I slam the pedal down, ripping past school buses and stunned kids. I stab my finger into the stereo so hard I almost stove my finger,



“Hate to Feel” roars out of the car stereo at a volume I didn’t think possible.

“That went well,” I think I hear Layne murmur to himself, as I spin the wheel towards downtown.

Robeson, Marks and Palmer is a big-time law firm. Multi-billionaire clients, celebrities, politicians, big corporations and offices that resemble a gothic castle.

Security’s not hard to get by, because who suspects me of anything? I flash a winning smile, my credentials, and a magic name, (“I’m here to see Bill Campbell,”) and the secretaries and guards are more than happy to let me by, the highlight of their day they’ve seen me.

It’s a long elevator ride to the top floor. I smell something, and look around – Layne came with me after all. He plays with the skull hanging from his chin.

A smoking hot secretary opens the door to Bill’s office – she doesn’t notice as Layne pinches her ass.

Bill’s sitting down at his desk, “*He’s wearing glasses now! Can you believe goddamn Wild Bill wears glasses and is a LAWYER!?!?*” my mind yells at me.

“My God-!” he yells, and practically jumps out of his seat to shake my hand. We do all the “Oh my God/it’s you/ you look so good/ it’s been so long!/ how are you?!” bullshit garbage till I put my hand on his shoulder –

“Bill... Wild Bill... you still rock a guitar?” His brow furrows.

“I played at my nephew’s Bar Mitzvah a couple years ago.”

Not the answer I was looking for. Screw it.

“You wanna play a show tonight? I got us a gig tonight, down the Kickass Amphitheatre at eight. Ever hear of it?”

“Ummm...” He looks around, hand on his jaw, “What are you talking about?”

Layne chuckles, I roll my eyes. “*You saw this guy once swing a hooker by her ankles into a basement wall, and then saw them both explain it to the cops, totally high, as a mattress malfunction.*”

“Time is vicious and cold,” Layne says. He yawns and runs his finger across Bill’s law books.

I lean into his face, “Don’t you want to play again? A big show, the whole band”

“Um, uh... you have the whole band together? Rich and Mark-?”

I nod, and look at my watch. Three thirty-two. If we’re going to rehearse and play tonight –

“But Mark lives in Florida –”

“I took care of that. Bill, let’s go. Time’s wasting.”

He looks at me, and sighs. His head drops. His eyes meet mine:

“I’m sorry, I’d love to. I’d love to... rip off this sport coat, and rock again with the Dead Bastard Relay Races, but... I’m sorry.”

“Bill, we don’t have time for this.”

“Umm... I’d really like to, but I don’t even have my guitar anymore –”

“I bought all new equipment. This is taking entirely too long, Bill.”

Layne taps the desk, it’s the beat to some song but I don’t recognize it, not yet...

Bill stands up, puts on his sport coat, and grabs a suitcase.

“I’m sorry. Listen, it’s great seeing you, and we should get dinner sometime, but I can’t play tonight –”

Goddamnit.

I pull the gun out and put it in Bill’s back. He yells, and whimpers – I lightly put my hand over his mouth.

“We’re going to walk real calmly past your hot-ass secretary, we’re going to be cool in the elevator, and then we’re going smile and wave as we walk out the building.”

Bill says something, it sounded pretty tough. I couldn’t really tell I had my hand over his mouth. Layne keeps pounding out that beat on the desk –

“I’ll shoot you in the calf if I have to, and carry you downstairs. Don’t make me do it, then I can’t put you in the front of the car with me, and it’s going to be awful cramped in the trunk.”

I let go of Bill in the elevator, but I keep the gun on him, so he doesn’t forget how intent I am on rocking hard tonight.

“Real Thing!” I yell. “I can’t believe I couldn’t tell you were drumming Real Thing!” I say to Layne, he shrugs again. Bill’s voice shakes as he gives me a look – I shake my head.

The elevator door opens, and we wave to security as we stride out, just two successful white guys in suits. I smile wide.

Bill sits in the front seat, silent, with wide eyes. I close his door and walk over to my own –

Thump – thumpthumpthump –

I open the trunk and lift the little guy into the backseat. He sits next to Layne. Layne sticks his tongue out at him.

“Okay, buddy, neither of you give me any trouble,” I take off the little guy’s gag. “Either one of you screams or something stupid and it’s going to be hard for them to rock out for a while.” I say, as I climb into the front seat. I start the car.

“Bill Campbell, successful attorney and once and future cosmically-gifted guitarist for Dead Bastard Relay Races, meet Ray Cummings, legendary music critic and journalist.”

Silence. Bill’s stone motionless except for his shaking lips, and Ray’s hyperventilating.

“Ray went on tour with Skynyrd once. The original band.” I say, and pull out of the parking lot.

“...it’s true.” Ray mutters, between frenzied breaths. Layne hums “Head Creeps” to himself. I drive through town to the Kickass Amphitheatre, light and happy for the first time since... I don’t know when. If I could just share this with the world... I smile at my fellow artists, and I say:

“Oh, don’t say that, it’s cheesy. Then again, when else can you ever really say it in life...?”

I sigh to myself. “Cliches only have power when you use them right,” Ray wrote in his review of Alice in Chains’ Unplugged album. I disagreed with the review, but he was right about the line.

We fly through town.

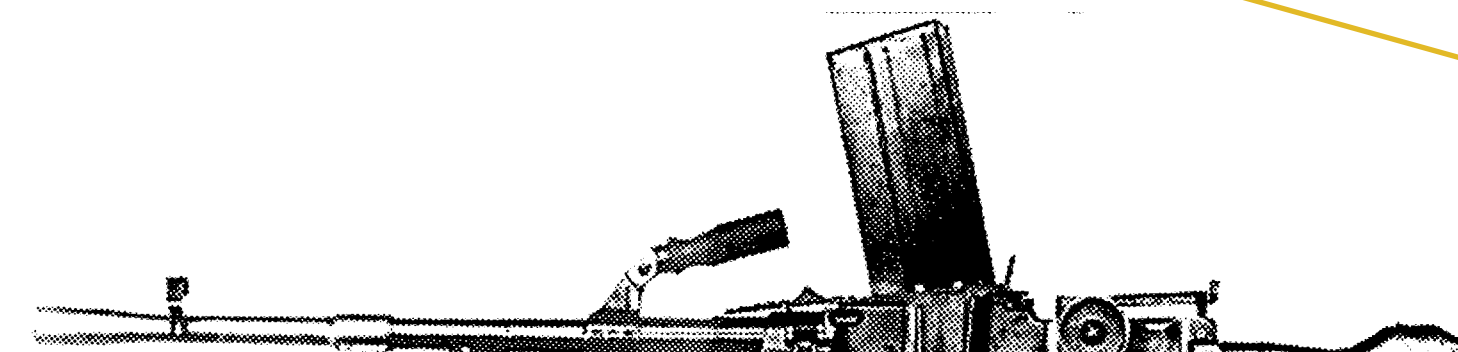
“We have a mission tonight, men!” I say, pacing around the drum set. The “personal storage” cabin I rented for our rehearsal is eight by eight, wall to wall concrete. Bill huddles in the corner with Rich and Mark, breathing on their hands. Layne stands over them, he looks kinda bemused.

“Rock music is not dead, nor is it on life support.” I start slowly, warming to my lecture. “Rock and Roll is a slutty, trashy teenage girl with a heart of gold *who’s been hanging out with the wrong crowd!*” I beam at them.

“Please don’t kill us.” Mark whimpers. Rick puts his arms around his shoulders.

“We’re going to have to do it ourselves!” I wave my hand across the air. Layne salutes me. “I know we were just a garage band, I know we never went anywhere, but it’s different

“Time is vicious and cold”



We have to get that wayward girl home.”

Ray slumps over onto his side, still bound. I had to put the gag back on in the car, some kind of nonsense about how Stone Temple Pilots never figured out exactly how they wanted to sound and everything suffered as a result. I did admire the guy, though – still spouting critic’s bullshit with a gun in his face.

“That girl’s been hanging out with the art kids. I don’t want her hanging out with the jocks, and she knows enough about her heritage to run with the black kids. But... she has to get back with her parents’ crowd, the kids that understand the only real self-destruction is holding anything back.” I spin and smile at them, arms outstretched. “Time to rock...!”

And, after a couple false starts, we do; (Mark needing his bass tuned for him and Rick’s hands were shaking so bad he couldn’t hold his sticks.) We start with our old opener, “All Your Lies” by Soundgarden. It pretty much blows. I remind them, in a rocking way (waving the gun) that this effort is unacceptable.

“This is fucking crazy, man,” Layne whispers to me, into my ear as I’m belting out “Handslide” by PushMonkey. “Look at them. You’re kind of not sucking, but, look at them...”

Rick concentrates on his drums with a frenzied intensity, his eyes wide, (Of course, he could be afraid, I guess.) Mark just stares ahead, his eyes looking kind of dead. Bill glares at me, his lip curled up, as if it’s physically painful to play. Ray has his eyes closed, and his body is still, sitting against the wall. I shake my head – this music sucks.

Layne grabs my shoulder, his eyes wide: “They’re here!” He hisses. I drop my guitar, and put my finger to my throat, and make a slitting motion. Rick shrieks and crawls to me:

“PLEASE! Please! Don’t kill me!” I push him off of me:

“No, you don’t understand—“ *BASH-!* A bright pain in my head – Bill has cold-cocked me with the guitar –

“Run! *RUN-!*” Bill screams and points to the door – Rick leaps to his feet and follows.

I shoot into the ceiling.

They stare at me. Little bits of rock fall gently to the ground.

“There are men, coming to stop Rock and Roll. You seen ‘Footloose?’ It’s like that with machine guns, big uzis that mean business. You got that?” None of them move. “We have to get out of here now. Leave the equipment. I’ll buy more, and have it delivered to the gig. All right? Move.” I lead them out of there with the gun, to my car. Layne pats me on the back:

“Bob Dylan couldn’t have said it any better. Even if you gave him a gun.”

“This is the cervix of rock,” I mumble to myself, setting up the drums on stage. The bartender, a nice, tubby guy with a beard – “Pure Rock,” I call him – gets out the mics, the stack, etc. “When I give the signal, the spotlight goes up on the Mystery Box, right?” He nods.

I pat him on the back and walk through the kitchen. Layne follows, humming at pots and pans. I open the meat locker:

“Wh-wh-when... are we gonna... go on?” Bill says, his teeth clattering. Mark and Rick are huddled in a corner, beneath a hanging slab of beef.

“Oh, soon. Yeah, let’s...let’s get you guys warmed up, huh?” They fly out of the locker, I grab some nearby table covers on a wall, and throw them to the guys. Bill rubs himself down with his, Rick and Mark stand over a stove, warming their hands. Mark gives me a withering look, and opens his mouth to say something – he screams, his hand dipped into the flame.

“Hey, Dead Bastards, you’re on.” Pure Rock says, peeking his head in. I beam at my crew, my charges – “The men you’d ride into hell with,” Layne says. He’s right.

“Let’s rock!” I say, for probably the millionth time all day. The band moves a little slow, so I pull the gun out again – we jog backstage. The lights peek in through the swaying curtains, shafts of light cutting over our feet, flitting away again.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Pure Rock rumbles deep into the microphone. “Back, by an extraordinary lack of demand, don’t call it a comeback, but don’t call it a midlife crisis either, ladies and gentlemen... Dead Bastard *Relay RACES!*” We run out on stage – there’s some applause. The lights are blinding – I can’t tell how many people are there. Layne looks out and gives me a “thumbs-up.” I smile at him – the lights are shining exactly how I want them, leaving the Mystery Box a mystery. Perfect.

“The Inuit Promise” kicks ass like the stomping hooves of Satan. “Flaming Heart” kicks ass like it’s kicking the ass of the stomping hooves of Satan; and “And the Experience” kicks ass like it’s kicking the ass of the guy who’s kicking the ass of the stomping hooves’ of Satan’s *asses*. And if you don’t know what I’m talking about, if you can’t think of something so crisply deafening and bright that it renders you profoundly incoherent, leaving you only able to describe it with a small dimebag of words, many of them “ass,” and making any marginal possibility of loosely ramming them together as possible as human combustion... then you’ve been rocking.

I look over at Layne, smile, and sing: “Went down... as a little boy...” He laughs, and we sing a duet, “Real Thing,” an old song of his. It’s stunningly gorgeous.

A spotlight reveals a giant cardboard box on the stage. “Looks like somebody left me a present,” I say, and pull off

the cover: “Look at my booty!” I exclaim, “It’s a music critic!” Ray’s eyes look red, he looks wildly out at the crowd. “This is him, ladies and gentlemen! Pearl Jam is an awful 70’s band. Soundgarden is garbled noise!” I stand over him, swaying as I yell at the crowd: “Tool is junk, the ‘opiate’ of idiots! And yet, and yet...” I step on his arm, and scream at them, “In 2002 he bemoans the end of the grunge era, *and I quote*, ‘I never thought I’d miss that bullshit, because *everything that came after was even WORSE!*’ I swing the microphone and beat him upside the head.

“We’ve waited so long for this,” Layne whispers.

Chuckling. A few scattered laughs, then it builds. It’s louder: suddenly, they’re cackling at me – they’re laughing loud – they’re applauding! They’re cheering –

“No, no!” I yell, waving my arms. “You don’t understand! This isn’t a joke! We let them –” I point at Ray, “We let them, and the higher-up corporate types control rock! You gotta be the right age! The right look! It doesn’t matter the hooks, the meaning, the introspection - ! We let the morons with the money decide, and this one plays right into their hands...!” They’re still laughing, all of them are clapping wildly. “No, you don’t understand...”

Suddenly, the front door kicks open – “The suits!” Layne screams – I drop the mic. Jake yells out: “What the fuck-?”

“Come here!” I scream, and pull him up on stage. We run through the back of the stage - I trip over the drums, sending them flying. “Dad!” he yells and shoves the curtain out of my way and we run for the kitchen.

“Why are we running?” He asks, as he leaps over a stove. I save him off, run around the stove, and grab the door to the outside –

A hand on top of mine.

Bill, with my gun.

I look at him, trembling a little. He grimaces.

“I never thought I’d play again,” he sighs. “You’re going to need this.” He hands me the gun, I mouth “Thank you” and my son and I fly out the door.

“You know you can’t run from them forever,” Layne says in the backseat, as I pull onto the highway with Jake. “It’s like the future, man. You can slap it in the face all you want, but the bitch still walks out the door, man.” I nod. He’s so right. I look at Jake – he really is a good-looking kid. One of those ones you just know will be great with girls his whole life.

“Umm, Dad...” He says. He looks nervous.

“Does he suspect?” Layne asks. I shrug.

“What’s up, son?”

“Uh, I still have tickets to the concert tonight. I know you just played one, but, like, I don’t know. If you don’t want to go, I understand, but I’d really like to, and...”

I laugh, loud and robust. “I can’t think of anywhere I’d like to be more.”

A half hour later we pull into the amphitheatre on the edge of town: it’s teeming with people, in the thousands – looks like a big concert. I rub his head, and he runs down to the grass, looking up at the band on big screens above the stage. The music starts, he jumps around, God, it’s like looking into a mirror on a time machine...

“I’m doing the best I ever did... go away...”

My jaw falls – Godsmack. Jesus fucking godhead suck Godsmack. “The worst band ever,” I say to Layne. I throw one of my shoes at him: “The worst *band EVER!* *This is your*

fault!” I scream, he looks at me. “Yes! This is your fault! If you hadn’t been so fucking high you would’ve lived and this never would’ve –”

“The only real self-destruction is holding anything back,” he whispers.

“No no, don’t give me that shit. That was your life, I’m talking about your music—“

A hand clamps onto my shoulder. I close my eyes.

“Mr. Truant?” I nod. “Come with us—“ I fall to my knees:

“No, please—“

There’s three of them, in expensive suits. The tallest one leans down:

“You have to finish mixing the new Linkin Park album.”

I crawl up his leg, crying and blubbing:

“No, Jesus, I’ll do anything you want –“ I stare into his eyes, and paw at him wildly: “But if I have to waste one more catchy, hard-hitting musical track on those soporific hacks I’ll fucking kill myself right now!” I grab a nearby stone. The men in the suits look at each other, unsure of what to do.

“Come on,” Layne says. “I know rock is melodrama, but this is a bit much.” I look at him, sharp edge of the stone to my Adam’s Apple. “We got through rap metal, we’ll get through this.” He says, and points:

Jake is banging his head, his hair flowing everywhere. A blonde girl, about his age, watches him from a few feet away. “We’ll get through this, Layne repeats.”

I turn to the men, get to my feet, and drop the rock. “Give me a minute.”

“You have exactly sixty-seconds,” the shortest one says. “We’re under a lot of pressure to bring you in.” I sigh, and walk down to Jake. I whisper into his ear:

“I have to go now.” He looks at me confused:

“But, you’re my ride!” I smile, and shoot a look to the blonde watching him voraciously.

“You’ll be all right. But, I have to go away for a while.”

He’s fighting tears: “Are you going to jail?”

I pause for a moment, unsure of how to answer: “In a way, but... not really. I have to take something personal and great, and hack at it till it fits a very harsh, very narrow realm of parameters.” He looks at me blankly, Layne laughs and shakes his head. “I have to go rock, son. I have to go rock.” This he understands. He gives me the devil’s horns. I walk up to the men – Layne isn’t with me. I look around – he’s standing by Jake. Layne waves goodbye.

I kick the tallest guy in the crotch. The other two beat me to the ground, and carry me off. As they’re roughly holding me, and yelling at me my litany of sins, I see the blonde girl come over, and talk to Jake, and Layne smiling over them.

“It’s a shame the music really sucks,” I think to myself as the tallest guard gets to his feet and punches me in the face, right before I black out.

SHADE IN A D I D E



Robert Gray

AN INTERVIEW

BY ROBERT IZENBERG

Shade has just recently come out of the dark, joining the ranks of up-and-coming-but-already-pretty-popular rockers. Celebrating their latest album, *Fedra*, and earning an enthusiastic nod in *Spin*, the band has played everywhere from Garfield Artworks to Louisville, KY. The band's unique sound has been jubilantly compared to Manic Street and Radiohead. We caught up with bassist Templeton Peck at the Koshechka Tea Room.

DEEK: It's good to meet you, Mr. Kiefer.

SHADE: Please, Templeton.

I appreciate your coming. I know you guys are busy.

Believe me, we were looking forward to it. The guys – they all send their love.

I didn't know Pittsburgh had an authentic Russian tea room.

Yeah, not many people do. It's been around for almost forty years, but it's still got that indie flavor, you know?

Yeah.

It used to be a sausage shop. Borscht, all that shit.

Cool. So tell me about Shade. You guys are hitting some big stages. I heard you had to turn down the Cultural Trust for a gig.

Yeah, well, we've always liked to travel. It's a pain in the ass sometimes, I'm sure you can imagine – but touring is really a dream come true, you know? It's all about hitting the road, meeting new people. And I'm glad to see people are as excited about Fedra as we are. I mean, if we can help put Pittsburgh on the map – then it won't just be Esquire saying we're the most rockin' city in the country.

Yeah – so, um, what is the inspiration for Shade? What drives you?

Well, you can't be an indie musician and not, you know, be some kind of expert in the history of rock, you know? Everything in music is like a pick-and-choose: You take the best elements of, uh, whatever band, say the Rolling Stones, or Floyd, or – anybody, really. Elvis Presley. We're all about experimenting – and when I'm saying expert, I'm not talking like a professor or a historian or something. I mean...



shaderocks.com

ILYANA: {Muffled due to distance from microphones}.

SHADE: Just a sec, man.

DEEK: Sure.

SHADE: What's that, baby?

ILYANA: {Muffled} ...can't find it anywhere.

DEEK: Uh, I think I have a light.

ILYANA: Oh, do you? Are you mind?

DEEK: No, I don't mind.

SHADE: Hey, Ilya, baby, we're kind of in the middle of an interview.

ILYANA: Okay, so sorry. Sorry!

DEEK: No problem.

SHADE: Listen, why don't you take this cash {*sound of crumpled bills unfolding*} and go get yourself a snack, huh?

ILYANA: Oh, you are not having to.

SHADE: Hey, hey. I don't wanna hear that, okay? It's my treat.

ILYANA: He's so good to me!

SHADE: Who's my girl?

ILYANA: {Giggling} Is me.

SHADE: Who's my girl?

ILYANA: {Laughter}. Don't tickle!

SHADE: You get outta here.

ILYANA: Outta here! {Laughter} You and your baseball!

{*Sound of cigarette lighting*}.

DEEK: You want one?

SHADE: Maybe later.

So, uh – is that your girlfriend?

Her? No, that's Ilyana.

What's her story?

{*Pause. SHADE puts finger in front of mouth*}.

{*Chuckle*} **What?**

I mean, I'll tell you, but you gotta turn off the tape recorder.

You want this off the record?

I have that right, right?

Oh, yeah. No problem.

So, you gonna turn it off?

Sure, yeah.

{Crackling sound of tape recorder being fiddled with}.

SHADE: Is it off?

DEEK: Yeah. So who's this – uh, Ilyana?

SHADE: Ilyana – yeah, she's from Ukraine.

Cool. What does she do?

Uh – everything. She's, uh – I'm not sure... I'm not sure how to put this.

Take your time.

See, none of us at Shade are exactly loaded, right? I think that's the safest way to say it. Can I have one of those, now?

Cigarette?

Yeah.

Sure. You were saying?

Okay. See – we were playing a gig in Baltimore, like six months ago, right?

Sure, at—

So at the hotel, we start playing pool with these guys. Just Little Dave and me. The other guys were passed out. Long drive, you know?

Sure. What guys?

These two guys – I'll call them Dmitri and Pavlovich. Really nice, really funny. Bought us a lot of drinks, whatever.

Vodka?

Whiskey. They said they were sick of vodka. So we go up to their rooms for, uh – what did they call it? – oh, after party. And – I mean, we're really hammered at this point – they say, How would we like to make a quick six G's?

Seriously?

Seriously. And we're like, sure, why not? Dmitri says, "All you have to do is take this package, and carry it down to room" – whatever the room number was. "Slide it under the door, you're done." Six thousand dollars, in cash. I mean {nervous laughter} wouldn't you?

Since this is all off the record – I mean, fuck yeah.

So we slide the package under. And, uh – that was it. We get the money.

Jesus.

So... {Sipping sound}. I don't know how they did this, 'cause we didn't leave any information or anything. Just a handshake and we're, like, gone, right? Little Dave thinks they followed us all the way from Baltimore. Which is fucked up, 'cause, we're just a bunch of twenty-something musicians, right? I mean {nervous laughter} why would they do that, you know?

They found you here?

Ssh.

What?

Ssh. {Whispering}. Just – just let me close the door, okay?

Yeah. Is everything all r—

Just a sec. {Door closing}. Okay, I feel a little safer now.

Dude, what the hell?

Little Dave and I checked for bugs. There aren't any, not in this room. Not that we could find. And these guys aren't, like, that sophisticated. But they listen. They're like goddamn hyenas. Some of them – man, some of them can't wait for us to fuck up.

Hold on – so, you're in with the Mafiya?

Dude, in Pittsburgh, we are the Mafiya.

But, are you even Russian?

Ukrainian. And no, we're not. What does that even matter? We've got vlast' i svyazi.

You've got what?

Power and connections. See, Dmitri was a smart guy. He saw an ordinary – well, let's say a little extraordinary – Pittsburgh rock band. Who's gonna suspect? We get in touch with other bands, they give us CD's – pretty soon the Internet is flooded with pirated Pittsburgh rock.

You – pirate other bands' music?

That's just a day job, man.

For who?

Who do you think? For the Ukrainians. For the Georgians. Anybody who'll pay top dollar for it.

For Pittsburgh bands?

Are you kidding? Anti-Flag is totally the big name in Dnipropetrovsk. And Shade – shit, we've like taken over the Kiev club scene. I mean, don't get me wrong: It's a little scary, but it's kind of exciting, you know? We get to play live shows in the states – tour around, maybe make some connections in Philly or Boston – and meanwhile we get famous in Belarus without lifting a fucking finger. It's brilliant. You want a ponchiki?

Is that a doughnut?

Oh, they're awesome. Have one.

{Muffled}. That is good.

Believe me, these guys hook you up. Dmitri's father – we call him the dedushka – he's really cool. We see him in Center City all the time.

Philadelphia?

Well, that's where they headquarter. Great apartment, man. Overlooks the river and everything. What river is that?

Uh, is it the Pennsylvania River?

That sounds too obvious, doesn't it?

A little.

Anyway, great apartment. Great food. The guy's always got a shisha to smoke. He's big on that.

But – they're watching you?

Well – see, we're not family, you know? So there's always this security concern. This guy Alexandr – real fucking asshole – he's always complaining to the

dedushka, saying how we spend too much of their money, which is a total lie, and how we're gonna rat them out. I mean, really, when you get free hookers whenever you want, and you don't have to spend a dime, are you really gonna bite the hand that feeds you?

I – uh, I guess that makes sense. Did you – free hookers?

We're talking, like, a high-class interdevochka, you know? None of this street riff-raff, but like Moscow's finest. So Alexandr can fuck himself. {Sipping} I really don't hate the guy. He's not that bad. He offered to be my god brother, but I think that's just to make up for that Fourth of July party. God, he was such a fucking asshole.

What did he do?

He just – embarrassed himself. Set this girl on fire. I can't even go into it. Listen, I gotta go. We've got a gig in a couple hours, and I should really get rid of this headache.

No problem. You okay?

Yeah, I thought the tea would help, but I think it just made it worse. If you see Ilyana passed out out there, just nudge her a little, will you?

Uh, sure. Good luck with everything.

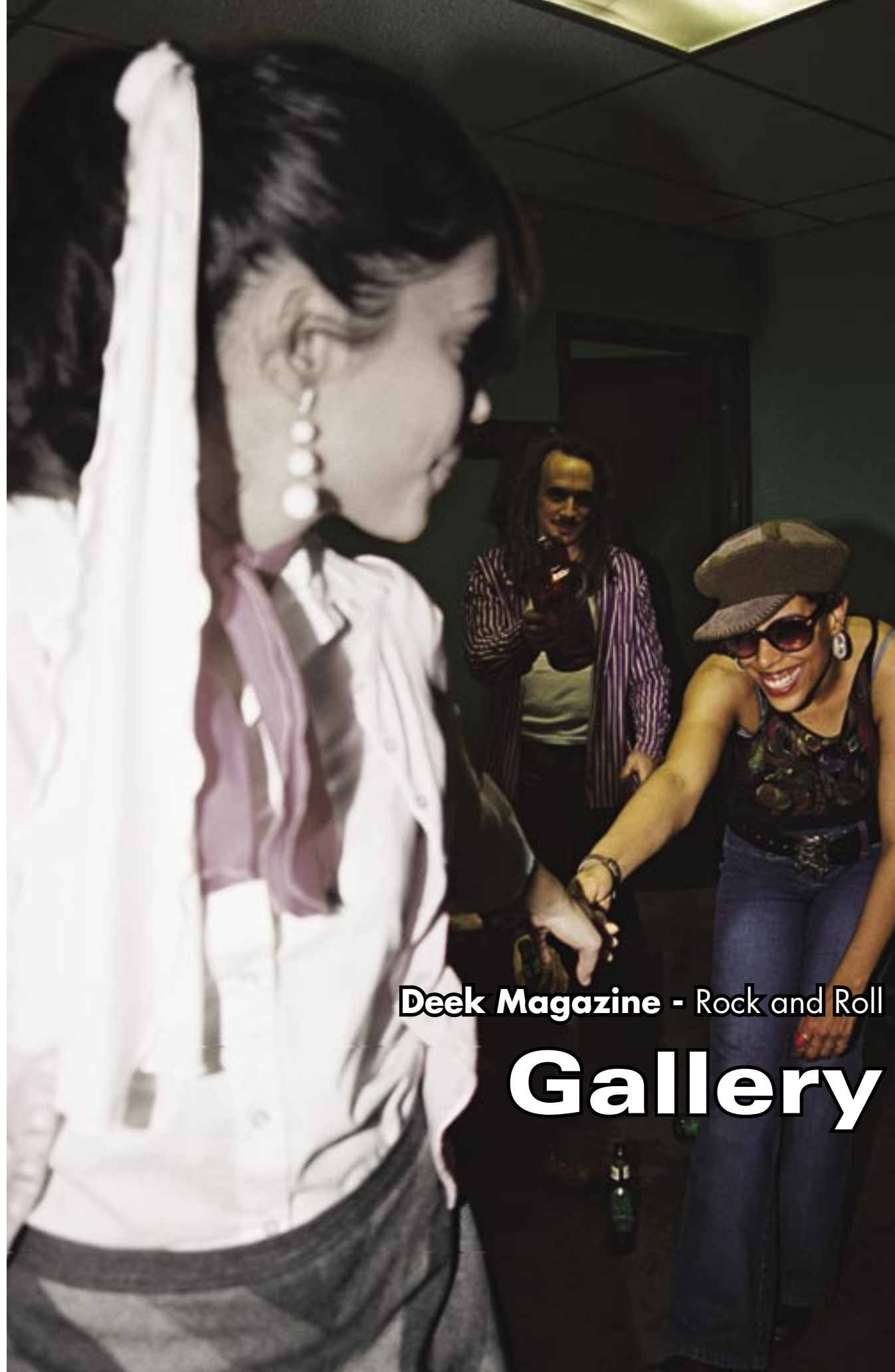
Yeah, thanks. Dasvidanya.

Dasvidanya.

Off the record, right?

Totally.





Deek Magazine - Rock and Roll
Gallery

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN DEPT.

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AFTER THE INEVITABLE DEMISE OF MY BEST FRIEND'S BAND, HE SPENT QUITE A BIT OF TIME TRYING TO RE-ESTABLISH THE CREW FOR SOME UPCOMING SHOWS.

H.B. FINALLY DID RECEIVE A CALLBACK REGARDING ONE OF THE FLYERS REQUESTING A NEW SINGER. H.B. SAID THAT THE KID WAS A REAL PIECE OF WORK.



AFTER ABOUT ONE WEEK I STOPPED DOWN TO ONE OF THEIR PRACTICES SPECIFICALLY JUST TO MEET THE REJECT SINCE HE FINALLY MADE THE CUT.



TIM WAS LIVING WITH HIS MOM IN AN ARMPIT SUBURB OF PITTSBURGH. IF WE WEREN'T GOING ANYWHERE IN LIFE, THIS KID SURE AS SHIT WASN'T GOING TO MAKE ANYTHING OF HIMSELF.



HE CAME FROM A BROKEN HOME. TIM ESPECIALLY WAS THE ONE WHO RAISED HIS YOUNGER SIBLINGS WHILE HIS MOM WAS OUT SHE SPENT MOST OF HER TIME PLAYING AROUND WITH HARDCORE DRUGS AND BEING A DIRTY WHORE.



SHE ASKED ME TO RUN OUT TO HER CAR ONCE TO 'CHILL.' I FIGURED SHE EITHER WANTED TO SMOKE UP OR SHE WANTED PEEZ NUTS. I TOLD HER TO FUCK OFF.



TIM GOT THE NICKNAME 'LITTLE BITCH' BECAUSE THE ABILITY OF BROWN NOSING WAS TAKEN TO NEW LEVELS WITH HIM. HE PRETTY MUCH WAS OUR BITCHBOY FROM THE SECOND HE STARTED COMING AROUND.



THE NAME WAS ACTUALLY GIVEN OUT OF JEALOUSY BY JOEY B. BLOODMONEY, THE GUITAR PLAYER, BECAUSE TIM WAS ON H.B.'S NUTS AND COULDN'T GIVE TWO SHITS ABOUT JOE.



TIM TOOK EVERYTHING IN STRIDE INCLUDING THE NICK-NAME. THATS WHAT WAS COOL ABOUT LITTLE BITCH, IF MOST PEOPLE MADE FUN OF HIM HE TRULY DIDN'T CARE. HE TOOK WHAT WE HAD TO SAY FOR GOSPEL, THOUGH, BECAUSE HE KNEW WE'D PUT HIM ON A LESS SELF-DESTRUCTIVE PATH.



WE KNEW HE LOOKED UP TO US SO WE KEPT HIM AROUND A WHOLE LOT. IT'S SAD LOOKING BACK ON IT BECAUSE US TWO LOSERS WERE THE CLOSEST PARENTAL FIGURES THIS BOY EVER HAD. THIS KID WAS A LOT OF RESPONSIBILITY AND HE'S BEEN OUT OF CONTROL FOR PROBABLY SIXTEEN YEARS BY THIS POINT!



I FELT LIKE I WAS DOING A GOOD DEED WHEN I WAS ESSENTIALLY BABYSITTING TIM, YOU KNOW, KEEPING THE KID OUTTA TROUBLE!



WHENEVER LITTLE BITCH GOT IN ONE OF HIS SUICIDAL MOMENTS OR IF HIS HOME SITUATION BECAME SKETCHIER THAN USUAL HE'D CRASH OUT AT H.B.'S CRIB. H.B.'S DAD, CHUCK, WOULD EVEN COOK BREAKFAST FOR THEM AND I KNOW IT MEANT THE WORLD TO TIM.



LITTLE BITCH WAS WORKING OUT GREAT AS THE SINGER IN THE BAND. AFTER A FEW SHOWS HE GOT OVER BEING A TIMID PUSSY AND STARTED GETTING NUTS ON STAGE.



THEY EVENTUALLY WORKED OUT A PRETTY COOL STAGE GIMMICK FOR LITTLE BITCH. H.B.'S MOM'S A BADASS ON A SEWING MACHINE AND THEY WERE SURE TO EMPLOY HER SKILL FOR THIS ONE.



WHAT SHE MADE FOR THEM WAS A BREAKAWAY PEE WEE HERMAN OUTFIT. YA SEE, THEY WOULD START THEIR SET OFF WITH THE THEME FROM "BIG ADVENTURE..."



IT WAS AWESOME! TIM WAS HAPPIER THAN HE EVER WAS. HE WAS OFFICIALLY PART OF THE CREW AND HE STARTED BECOMING MORE AND MORE POPULAR!



APPARENTLY TIMS MOM WENT ON A HUGE COKE BINGE AND HE WAS SICK OF IT. HE DECIDED TO LEAVE FOR GOOD. DESPITE OUR HELP, THE SQUATTER LIFE WAS MORE COMFORTABLE TO HIM.



AND WHEN LITTLE BITCH YANKED OFF THE PEE WEE SUIT, IT REVEALED THE ONLY THING HE HAD TO REMEMBER HIS POPS BY, HIS DADS PRISON JUMPSUIT!! (I WISH I WAS MAKING IT UP)



UNFORTUNATELY, LITTLE BITCHES HAPPINESS DIDN'T LAST. HE WENT DOWNHILL, PROBABLY WORSE THAN EVER BEFORE. HE WAS VERY DEPRESSED AND WOULD VANISH FOR DAYS ON END... AND THEN WEEKS.



HE EVENTUALLY STARTED TO COME AROUND MORE OFTEN, HOWEVER, THINGS WERE DIFFERENT. THERE WAS A DISTANCE THOUGH NO ONE ADMITTED IT AT THE TIME.



H.B. LET LITTLE BITCH LIVE IN THEIR NEW PRACTICE SPOT, JUST A STORAGE UNIT THAT MIGHT BE SLIGHTLY BIGGER THAN A JAIL CELL. THERE WASN'T EVEN RUNNING WATER.



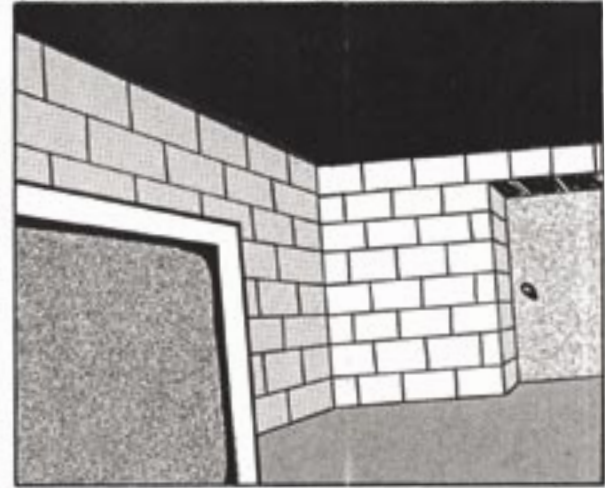
H.B. RECEIVED AN E-MAIL WEEKS LATER. WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT. I SUPPOSE IT WAS GOOD TO HEAR FROM HIM. IT MEANT THAT HE WASN'T DEAD! THING I WANTED TO KNOW WAS WHAT EXCUSE IS GOOD ENOUGH TO DISAPPEAR THE WAY HE DID!



WHEN H.B. REPLIED, HE WAS DISAPPOINTED IN TIM AND WE PRETTY MUCH DECIDED WE COULDN'T TAKE CARE OF HIM AND A BABY.



FINALLY, TIM WASN'T THERE ANYMORE. JUST LIKE THAT, HE WAS GONE. HE LEFT HIS STUFF AND THERE WAS NO NOTE. WE WERE REALLY SHOCKED AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, SCARED FOR HIM!!

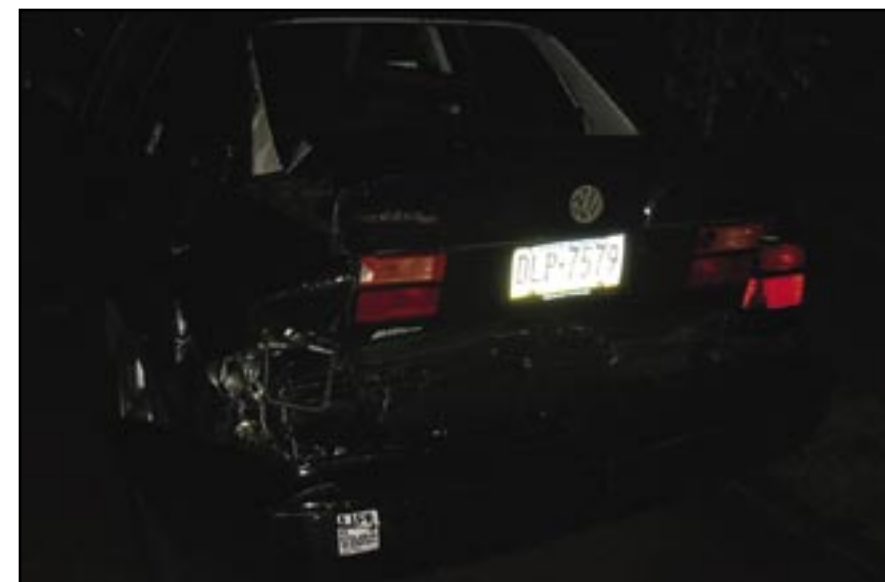


THE E-MAIL BASICALLY REVEALED THAT HE HAD A BABY. I THINK IT'S NAME IS GOHAN. THE FUCKER KNOCKED UP SOME BEASTLY RAVER BITCH. AFTER THE BOMBHELL HE WANTED OUR APPROVAL TO HANG OUT AGAIN.



ANYHOW, THINKING ABOUT IT WE LET THE KID DOWN. THE TIME HE NEEDED US THE MOST WE DISS'D HIM. SO TIM, IF YOU'RE OUT THERE I'M SORRY. I HOPE YOU ARE GOOD AND YOU BETTER TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE KID. OH YEAH, IF I SEE YOU AGAIN EXPECT TO BE KICKED IN THE NUTS BUT DAMN STRAIGHT IT WILL BE FOLLOWED UP WITH A HUG!!





Rock. Fucking. On.

I would've taken daylight shots but I had to tear the bumper sticker off so the insurance appraisers wouldn't think I was some kind of pervert.

You never know - some people might think perverts aren't good drivers.

The asshole's name is Breakiron. Fitting.

And he better have learned the lesson that tailgating raises premiums.

In haste,
Thomas VanGemert

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OPPOSITE PAGE
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP:

MIKE SHAPIRO
UNKNOWN GUY
ZIGGY CYANIDE





Deek Magazine - Rock and Roll

Entertainment

MISCELLANY

THE ENZYTE DIARIES

by byron ghede

A long time ago, before science was invented (c. 1980), a young man having difficulties “down there” (euphemism had just been invented and, along with bowler hats and muttonchops, was considered the fashion of the day) had little recourse in polite society: he could weep silently in his darkened manor and vow to usurp the cruel God who’d so afflicted him, as did William Randolph Hearst; or he could visit the local shaman, an Aboriginal shackled in the town square for just such a delicate occasion.

The shaman performed many healing rituals for the townsfolk, who rewarded him with a brand-new chain every four score and seven. For “The Wilting,” as it was called back then, the shaman would often advise the afflicted youth to eat goat excrement, as the goat is the most virile of all Nature’s creatures. (Often referred to as “The Ron Jeremy of the Woods,” the goat is not much of a looker, but unfailingly scores primo tail.)

It was a benighted time, ruled by superstition and capricious fate, poor in knowledge.

Thank God we’ve gotten beyond all that. These days, if a man (hypothetically) has doubts about the fortitude of his staff, he need only consult the twin oracles – gruff-but-sensitive Mike Ditka or cadaverous Bob Dole – both of whom wield an apothecary of magical pixie fruit sure to put the iron back in your shaft. (Ye, verily, their laboratories would make an alchemist weep!)

“Viagra! Cialis! Levitra!” they incant, grinning lecherously and speaking the hidden trinity – “Tadalafil, verdenafil, sildenafil!” And by Odin’s Beard, manhood again rises over what moments before was a barren, useless realm.

All well and good, but listen, would you want to put that stuff in your body? Not me, man – all my clothes are made out of hemp and I don’t trust anything made in a laboratory. Hellloooo – Sandoz-CIA connection? Am I the only one seeing this?

That’s why I was intrigued to hear about Enzyte, whose wickedly naughty commercials promote as “The Once-A-Day Tablet for Natural Male Enhancement.” Now, I don’t need any “enhancing” – Mother Nature did *just fine* by Old Pape Ghede, if you know what I’m saying – but I was open enough to check out their webpage. (Thanks, Al Gore!)

I was surprised by what I found. Turns out Enzyte’s not just another pastime of the AARP generation, something to keep them frisky during Jeopardy! as they wait for the cold hand of the reaper. It’s for guys like me! Young guys who don’t have any trouble raisin’ the old smokestack but just want to reinforce it – you know, it’s kinda like Sammy Sosa corking his bat: the raw talent’s there, but a little extra *edge* never hurt a man’s cocksmithery.

Enzyte promised me fuller, thicker erections and featured pictures of race cars and women. If these little pills will make me as firm and tumescent as a race car, I thought, then sign me up! Thank Science, for an unbiased source cluing me in to the life I’d been missing!

Day 1:

Tablets arrive today, to heraldry and a great voice of thunder, “Surely a great revelation is at hand!” And it was, said my mailman, handing me the package while unsuccessfully trying to avert his eyes from my oiled, glistening body. (With any new endeavor I like to “grease up” beforehand.)

I down the first pill.

Nothing happens.

Day 2:

Does it look fuller, thicker today? I can’t tell... maybe from a different angle? Would a mirror help? I also made some tracings – ha ha, with five of them it looks like a turkey! Gobble gobble, it’s coming to get you! Happy Thanksgiving!

Again the mailman ignores me.

Day 3:

At night I dream. I am there when God speaks the Word of Creation; it is my seed that fertilizes the Void. I am the Prime Mover. Aeons pass. My weenis is the universal constant, the Rock of Gibraltar. Time flows like an ocean around it – it is the Alpha and the Omega. It is the nails in Christ’s hands; the magic bullet in Dallas; the policeman’s truncheon as it collides with Rodney King. In the beginning and the end and the time beyond beginnings and endings, It is.

Day 7:

Been staring at my penis for four days. Boss tells me to put it away. This angers my penis. “Shh, shh. The bad man is gone now,” I coo. It is growing. I can feel it. My faith is strong.

Day 10:

Fired. One of the secretaries came up behind me and asked what I was doing. Startled, I whipped around in my chair. My club-like member caught her full in the face, nearly breaking her nose. My boss says the company will keep it quiet if I just go now. I barely hear him. Does It look fuller?

Day 11:

Spent most of the day in apartment with shades drawn. Single unshaded bulb casts wang-shadow over kitchen table. I imagine myself as the Washington Monument, standing vigil against Freedom’s enemies. Girlfriend calls – I let the machine get it. I have no use for her.

Day 12:

Heard the voices again last night. They’re telling me I’m not hard enough, not long enough, not crafty enough. Cotton wads didn’t help, so this morning I dug out my cochleae with a corkscrew. I know the medical term because my LBJ has been on the Internet doing research. For what, I don’t know. In my head, Uncle Jimmy and his twin cousins still rave about “the coming trans-human.”

Note from the editor: After several days with no updates from Byron, the editors of Deek went to his apartment. Trash-strewn, with charcoal phalli on every wall, it smelled of sour milk and bird’s nests. Scrawled on the television, in what appeared to be semen, was the following message, “Are my methods unsound? Or are they so sound you can’t handle it? ‘3 months of continuous, daily use for results’ they say – ha! I am transcending! Goodbye, cruel, flaccid world. Don’t try to find me.”

MOVIES

BILL HICKS DVDS

by jesse hicks



The pantheon of truly great stand-up comics is a pretty small one. Sure, you can work your way up, start on the JV team with Sam Kinnison, Rodney Dangerfield, George Carlin, Woody Allen, etc. You can make a case for the modern talents: Chris Rock, Roseanne, Jerry Seinfeld and so on. Like any list, it's entirely subjective, but once you start culling, you end up with a small handful of true greats. Lenny Bruce. Richard Pryor. And perhaps the most incendiary talent to ever walk the fine line between comic and preacher, Bill Hicks.

Two new collections celebrate Hicks, who spent most of his career ignored by an America that preferred Andrew Dice Clay's dick jokes over challenging social satire. The first, Rykodisc's "Bill Hicks Live DVD," features three of Hicks's most famous appearances – two of which, not surprisingly, were filmed outside the US. The third, HBO's "One Night Stand" filmed in Chicago, is a good introduction to Hicks' pioneering comedy style, but the man himself has admitted it wasn't one of his best shows. The material feels rushed to fit the 30-minute format, and it's easy to tell Hicks is not in his environ. Still, as rare as filmed Hicks material is, the HBO special is a welcome addition.

Watch either of the other two, though, and you'll understand why Bill Hicks continues to be revered by comedians. He sometimes called his act, "comedy of hate," but for all its anger – directed primarily at the media, government, and corporations who keep people from evolving – the work was more about catharsis, about excising fear and irrationality in order to move forward.

He took aim at stupidity wherever he found it – and most often it was stupidity at the highest levels that bothered him most. Eschewing the "What's the deal with airline peanuts?" routine, he took dead aim at the misperceptions surrounding the (first) Iraq war, through, "A war? Wasn't really a war, you know. A war's when two armies are fighting. So... I don't know if you could call it a war exactly, you know." Calling the US to task for its arming of Saddam in the first place, Hicks disassembled the recently again-fashionable WMD argument, "The intelligence reports would come in, 'Iraq: incredible weapons. Incredible weapons.' How do y'all know that? ... Well...we looked at the receipt."

Unfortunately, there are plenty of other parallels in Hicks's decade-old act: "Another great thing about Bush being gone: it ends twelve years of

fundamentalist Christians in the fucking White House. Thank you, God. Finally my prayers got through... This B-actor idiot, fucking illiterate, bozo-looking fuck can't really be the President of the country, can he God? Not really! Reach Your hands down from the clouds and pinch my little butt and make sure I'm not dreamin'!"

You're not dreaming, Bill. Actually, you're dead. As America finally began to take notice of his work, Hicks was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and told he had three months to live. When his doctor broke the news, according to Softskull Press's excellent new book, *Love All the People: Letters, Lyrics, Routines* – a compilation of Hicks's routines and previously unpublished work introduced by John Lahr's excellent *New Yorker* profile, Hicks took his five minutes to be stunned. Then he asked, "What's the battle plan?"

Comedy was his calling. While *Bill Hicks Live* showcases the greatness of which he was capable, it's *Love All the People* that offers real insight into the man's passionate creativity. He believed himself an incarnation

The Essential Bill Hicks CDs –

**Arizona Bay
Dangerous
Flying Saucer Tour Vol. 1
Rant in E Minor
Relentless**

All available on Rykodisc:

The Essential Bill Hicks DVD/Videos –

Bill Hicks Live – collects *Relentless*, *Revelations*, and the HBO *One Night Stand* appearance. Includes the tribute documentary *It's Just a Ride*.
Sane Man – First feature-length comedy concert.

Available at www.billhicks.com.

The Essential Bill Hicks – Books:

Love All the People: Letters, Lyrics, Routines
Softskull Press, 2004.

Available at www.softskull.com

of Shiva the Destroyer, whose cleansing flame burns away all that threatens to obscure reality. When Hicks took on our backward, forced-consensus attitudes on drugs, sex, and pornography, he did so with the aim of tearing us apart in order to put us back together again – *better* this time. Touring incessantly, he was a true believer in bringing enlightenment to whoever he could. He never opted for the easy way, the sitcom or movie deal, and savaged anyone who did. Jay Leno was "a corporate whore," and MC Hammer and Vanilla Ice were merely the newest in a long train of mediocrities, "ball-less, soulless suckers of Satan's cock."

He could be that vitriolic not because he saw himself as being better, but because he believed everyone could be better. His act is about nothing if not the gap between the world that is and the world that is possible. In one example, he asked, "Why not a positive story about drugs?" Picking up his newscaster voice, he intoned, "Today a young man on acid realized that all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration, that we are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively, there is no such thing as death, life is only a dream, and we are the imagination of ourselves. Here's Tom with the weather."

It was that idealism – he genuinely believed the "one consciousness" philosophy – that allowed Hicks to transcend the lame comedy that surrounded him. He called himself the antidote to Andrew Dice Clay, whose popular, racist, misogynist, homophobic comedy was the exact antithesis of Hicks' inclusiveness. In the last months of his life he continued to tour, telling only a few close friends of his illness. He was at a creative peak, with two albums coming out and a BBC pilot in development. He didn't need to tour, but he did.

After an hour of tearing Western civilization a new one, Hicks would close with, "The world is like a ride in an amusement park and when you choose to go on it you think it's real, because that's how powerful our minds are. And the ride goes up and down and around and around and it has thrills and chills and it's very brightly coloured and it's very loud. And it's fun, for a while. Some people have been on the ride for a long time, and they begin to question, is this real, or is this just a ride? And other people have remembered, and they come back to us, and they say, 'Hey, don't worry, don't be afraid, ever, because... this is just a ride.'" He died on February 26, 1994, at age 32.

also on the shelves

"Wise Old Little Boy" (DVD)
Independently Distributed

This recently released documentary by Ryer Banta was filmed during 2002 on a mini tour with Phil Elverum (The Microphones) and Kyle Field (Little Wings). Watching these two gentlemen dance across my recently purchased big screen TV made me feel guilty for actually owning such a monstrosity. Their simple way of life is actually quite attractive. However, they are they, and I am I.

The very jittery camera followed Phil and Kyle as they played in people's houses, coffee shops and various other unconventional venues.

I was a bit hesitant to spend 20 bucks on 56 minutes of documentary and 57 minutes of extras (that weren't all related to these two performers and more for a little "these are my other films" show and tell.) However, I would say that if you are a fan of either of these musicians, it is well worth it.

– ian flaco

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BOOKS

Suicidegirls
Edited by Missy Suicide
Feral House Press, 2004

A friend of mine (named me) often says, "I need to date a girl who works in a record store. I mean a *record* store, not some place where they sell Britney Spears CDs. A place that's just row after row of cardboard boxes filled with musty old records. The girls working there – that's the kind of girl I need to find."

What is it about the record store girl, the tattoo artiste, the emo queen, that makes them so attractive? (And let's just allow the broad generalization, okay? Trust me, go with it and the next few paragraphs will go much more smoothly. K.)

The answer, of course, is that these girls exude independence. Pierced, tattooed, dyed – they scream confidence and individuality. And certainly there's an element of danger to them: Barbie may never kick your ass, but a woman who calls herself *Voltaire* and has tattooed daggers running down her thighs just might.

What's really unfathomable is that no one had figured out how to pornographitize these girls. It took Missy Suicide to do so, and the result was *Suicidegirls.com*, the Internet sensation that aimed to inspire a different kind of audience reaction. Rather than take tattooed girls and plug them into *Playboy*-style spreads, she had her models express their most alluring trait: individuality. Instead of emulating porn's bland detachment and vacant eyes, Missy took her cue from the cheesecake posters of the early 20th Century. Her girls often attain a "come-hither, if you think you can handle it" sensuality missing in even the best *Playboy*.

It helps that she allows several of the girls to offer diary entries alongside their photos. A far cry from the vital stats cheat-sheet of *Playboy*, these are intimate glimpses behind the picture. One girl writes about making cold pasta for lunch; another explains that no, her panties aren't for sale. Not sure I was wondering, but those little details make the girls all the more attractive.

– jim sazla

The Daily Show with Jon Stewart Presents America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction

By Jon Stewart and the Writers of the Daily Show
Warner Books, 2004.

What can you say about a book that features a centerfold of naked Supreme Court justices? Except, of course, "Awesome."

If you're a fan of *The Daily Show*, the singular spark of satire in the otherwise barren wasteland that is basic cable, you've probably already got this book. If not, buy it for Thomas Jefferson's forward alone. T.J. dispels all those rumors that the Founding Fathers were greater than mere mortals, explaining, "Hell, I shit in a bucket and I was the president."

It gets better. Let me share the entirety of Chapter 7 with you. Entitled, "The Media: Democracy's Guardian Angel." It goes like this:

"A free and independent press is essential to the health of a functioning democracy. It serves to inform the voting public on matters relevant to its well-being. Why they've stopped doing that is a mystery. I mean, 300 camera crews outside a courthouse to see what Kobe Bryant is wearing when the judge sets his hearing date, while false information used to send our country to war goes unchecked? What the fuck happened? Those spineless cowards in the press have finally gone too far. They have violated a trust. 'Was the president successful in convincing the country?' Who gives a shit? Why not tell us if what he said was *true*? And the excuses. My God, the excuses! 'Hey, we just give the people what they want.' 'What can we do, this administration is secretive.' But the last season of *Friends* really is news.' The unmitigated gall of these weak-willed... you're supposed to be helping us, you indecent piles of shit! I... fuck it. Just fuck it..."

Your job now is to smuggle this faux-textbook into every classroom in America.

– timmy dallas

DEEK KIDZ™

Whatever Happens to Kittens?
Merrigold Press, 1967.

It's often children who ask the most important and vexing questions. My own child-thing, for example, often asks, "How come Uncle Pete is a high-powered Washington lawyer and you're just a drunk and a fool?" I didn't have a ready answer for the loathsome little beast until I came upon *Whatever Happens to Kittens?* – a child's primer on the vagaries of fate.

As we flipped through the pages together, me nestled in front of a roaring fire, he locked securely in his "fun harness," my "son" and I followed the story of a number of kittens. "Kittens, kittens, kittens. Kittens are born in bureau drawers, in barns, in beds and baskets." They approach the world naively, with joy. It is our job as parents, child-thing, to beat that joy out of them.

"At first, the kittens were three tiny balls of fur, unable to see. But soon they can see. They are growing bigger and getting their coats." Do you know what that means, little beast-child? Time for them to get jobs! Do you think their parents are going to let them just sit around licking themselves all day? No! You're almost thirteen; it's time to start thinking about paying rent.

"Whatever happens to them then? They have names now. Wiggs lives with people in an apartment house." See that? Cutesy-wootsie Wiggs has a *doorman*! That crystal dish Wiggs eats out of? It cost as much as that doorman makes in a month! Can you say *whims of capitalism*? Can you say, *Wiggs will be the first against the wall when the revolution comes*?

"Taffy lives with people in the country." Taffy is now one of millions of Midwestern farmers being squeezed out of their livelihood by giant agribusiness conglomerates. But see, in this picture here, Taffy puts on a brave face and votes Republican, because she votes only

on moral values. Can you say *class suicide*?

"And Mittens lives with people near the ocean." Who are so poor they can't afford a real fishing rod. They have to make do with a stick and length of kite string. Mittens often plays with a ball of yarn between 12-hour shifts at the docks.

"Sometimes they clean themselves even when they are not dirty, just for fun." This is what passes for life in the grown-up land of cats, child-creature. Except, of course, in the Southern states, who have outlawed cleaning yourself just for fun, as it is "morally depraved."

"Sometimes cats seem to be in a far-away dream, though they look you in the eye." That dream can be two things: a) the sudden realization that you're 46 years old and still delivering pizzas; and b) the first rush of a weeks-long opium binge.

"Cats are cats who once were kittens." And there you have it, rotten fruit of my loins, the answer to your question. Now you know why some "kittens" become wealthy entrepreneurs, while others become lonely old men whose only "joy" in life comes from tearing things down. That and the nectar of Sweet Lady Hops.

Oh, and child-thing? You will never be President.

– lance remington

Hey Kidz! Buy This Book: A Radical Primer on Corporate and Government Proaganda and Artistic Activism for Short People.

By Anne Elizabeth Moore,
Illustrated by Megan Kelso
Soft Skull Press, 1004.

Parents: Just Say "No" to *Hey Kidz! Buy This Book*. Author Anne Elizabeth Moore and illustrator Megan Kelso have crafted a book potentially deadly to the corporate media-state in which we live. If we do not act now, our children may grow up in a world where corporate-

sponsored sports stadiums are nothing but a fading memory, where public space once again belongs to the public, and where self-expression means more than choosing the cell phone that most clearly expresses your glorious individuality. This will not do.

Some people say *Hey Kidz!* is harmless. They say kids should be free to experiment with alternative points of view, to explore outside the mainstream if they so choose. But this book contains many dangerous "gateway" ideas: allow your child to absorb this scathing deconstruction of, in Bill Hicks's phrase, "The United State of Advertising," and soon they'll be moving on to harder stuff. I'm talking about McLuhan, Rushkoff – maybe even Chomsky. Do you want your child experimenting with Heavy C? Or lugging home *No Logo*?

The problem is that Comrades Moore and Kelso have crafted a tempting book. They skillfully dissect how advertising inserts itself between people and the things they care about, then offer suggestions on how to wrest control back from the corporations through art and activism.

History Teacher's Magazine once described the goal of national public education as producing "thinking bayonets" ready to serve the State. Obviously that's a hideous thought; children are meant to be impulsive consumers ready to serve the Corporation. But *Hey Kidz!* undermines all our work by explaining that ones brand choices "do not" reflect one's true, deep soul. Hssss!

With *Hey Kidz!* the gauntlet has been thrown down, and our children are the future. It's up to us, along with Deek's corporate parent, Viacom, to make sure it's *our* future.

– elizabeth hollister

CD REVIEWS



William Shatner
Has Been
(2004)
Shout!Factory

You've already seen the graffiti: "Shatner is God."

And friends, God is not dead. God is back.

Absent the material plane since 1968's *Transformed Man*, which brought us covers of "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" and "Mr. Tambourine Man," his celestial majesty returns for the sophomore effort *Has Been*. While *Transformed Man* paid homage to The Beatles, Shakespeare, and Dylan, *Has Been* sees Shatner stretching His creative muscles on original compositions.

Aided by producer Ben Folds and guest artists Aimee Mann, Brad Paisley, Joe Jackson and Adrian Belew, Shatner paints a world of broken yet hopeful dreams. With Aimee Mann, on "That's Me Trying," he tells the story of a failed father trying to reconcile with his daughter. It's the perfect counterpoint to his cover of "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds," as an older, slightly wiser Shatner tries to if not atone, at least move forward. It's one of the most poignant pop songs in recent memory, reminding us that the past is past, and the future is all we have to live in. God, didn't the 60s tear us all apart? Answer: Yes.

Another highlight is Henry Rollins's appearance on "I Can't Get Behind That," a rollicking rant about the nagging details of life. A collection of Seinfeldian riffs delivered over a clearly improvised drum line, its proves once again that Shatner can laugh at his own perceived pomposity. The song concludes, "I can't get behind...a ... fat....ass!" and Shatner makes that fat ass stand for everything wrong with the world. Everything He'd set right... if he were more than just an entertainer. Humility! Is there anything He can't do?

Tell your friends: SHATner... IS... back.

- kari limbo



String Quartet Tribute to Nirvana
(2003) Vitamin Records

I've often wondered what

it must've been like for my parents' generation to have the life-shaping music of their youth repackaged and fed back to them as the background noise for car commercials and allergy medicine advertisements. What, for example, did it feel like to realize the opening chords of The Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again" no longer screamed world-weary rage, but now whispers, hollow and castrated, of the Nissan Pathfinder waiting to make your life complete? Did that, perhaps, redefine the word *suck*?

Now, with *String Tribute to Nirvana*, I know.

Do you remember *Smells Like Teen Spirit*? How much genuine angst and rage was in that song - how it blew away every fake hair-metal band from sea to shining sea? No? Listen to it again, then imagine Cobain's voice, yanked raw and bleeding from his lungs, as an emotionless, whiny violin line. That's *String Quartet Tribute to Nirvana*. In marketing parlance, it would seem, a "tribute" is when you get a nice bouquet of flowers and go to the grave of someone whose work you admire. Then you squat and drop a nice steaming turd on their headstone. "We're huge fans of your work!" *Unnnnngh, plop!* Wipe with the flowers.

Listening to this album is like watching some corporate Director of Marketing dig up your idol, dress him in lacy undergarments, and parade him around the country, charging a wooden nickel for a peek at "Jo-Jo, the Non-Threatening Dog-Face Boy." Pity, shame, disgust - words fail to describe what it's like to have *your* music exhumed and shambling around, bleached-white and soulless, meaningful only as a tasty nugget of mid-90's nostalgia now "enjoyed" by thirty-something former hipsters (probably ad executives) as they tool around in their Mini Coopers.

And here, God, I ask only for a bullet in the head of each and every

one of them. Is that so much, Oh Lord? Bill their families for the ammunition if that is Your will. Amen.

- Mordechai X



Gang Gang Dance (LP)
Fusetron

How to record a Gang Gang Dance record:

Put a bunch of equipment/keyboards/microphones/noise-makers in a big room. Put four people in that room. Hold a séance. Bring forth the spirits of John Cage, John Coltrane and Steve Reich (even though the last one isn't dead). Turn off all the lights and press record. Tape results and slim the resulting 20-hour jam session into two 20 minute tracks and slap it on a CD. RELEASE! REPEAT!

I stand before you as a testament to the power of this album. I don't know exactly what is going on and I'm fine with that. Just don't figure on them breaking into a groove for too long. As soon as you start tapping your foot they will send you a curve and you'll just have to stop or feel like a fool. And that is their intent - to be a constantly evolving creature.

- ian flaco



Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti
The Doldrums
Paw Tracks

I bought this on a whim. And while it had its

moments, it didn't take a very long time before I decided that I didn't need to own this. I tenderly placed it in a padded envelope and sent it to some other unsuspecting fool. However, being the OCD music collector with a desire to own and listen to everything ever, I kept a copy for "The Archive." I'll be damned if I didn't keep going back to it.

- ian flaco

DEVENDRA BANHART

by adam r. macgregor

Photo © Alissa Anderson 2003



The alt-rock press would have you believe that Devendra Banhart is an eccentric genius of verse and poesy. He's also a funny little guy who once said in an interview that he wrote his first song at age nine about the family dog getting plastic surgery so that it more resembled his grandmother (a true story, he claimed). Somehow, over his four-record output for NYC-based Young God Records, he's managed to resolve these two disparate sides of his artistic persona to the delight of many a discriminating fan of the post-Nick-Drake-in-a-VW-commercial singer/songwriter phenomenon.

Nino Rojo picks up roughly where its stronger predecessor, *Rejoicing in the Hands*, left off. Considering the content of the two albums were whelped from one studio session, one might chalk this inconsistency up to a faulty attempt at compiling two perfect mix-tapes. Regardless, *Nino Rojo* is by no means a half-hearted effort, though it lacks some of *Rejoicing's* joyous spontaneity in favor of a more introspective tone.

The album finds Banhart's spare, but deft, fingerpicked guitar and alien vocal (think Billie Holiday-sultry trailed by a warbling, Jello Biafra vibrato) backed at various points by strings, upright bass, percussion and piano. "We All Know" evokes the faux ragtime of *Rejoicing's* "This Beard is for Siobhan." Likewise, Banhart's bizarre lyrical vision remains intact throughout the new album. It takes

some kind of craft to utter lines like "Hey there little sexy pig, you made it with a man/and now you've got a little kid with hooves instead of hands" (from "Little Yellow Spider") without sounding like a full-bore weirdo.

That introspective quality gets its due on the Tom Waits-esque "At the Hop," written and performed with Vetiver's Andy Cabcic and augmented with a gentle cello harmony. The back-porch lullaby of "Water May Walk" furthers that intimacy with plinks of glockenspiel, not-quite-tuned piano and background bird songs. Conversely, Banhart's most "rock" moment to date, "Be Kind," trots along with a prominent

drumbeat and an electric guitar vamp that could have been lifted from a Motown session.

Banhart thanks the Alan Lomax collection in the liner notes of *Nino Rojo*. After a listen, it's evident that Lomax's exhaustive chronicle of American Folk Music for the Library of Congress holds an undeniable influence over the scruffy songwriter/wanderer's work. It's an affinity Banhart seems to assert with the album's opener, a cover of Ella Jenkins' "Wake Up, Little Sparrow". Indeed - in some 1950s alternate reality - the flag-hippie for what's emerging as a straight-up revival could very well have his own pleasant oddities counted amongst specimens of folk Americana.

STRAP IT BACK ON: THE RETURN OF HELMET

by zach braden

Helmet, resurrected with an entirely different supporting cast, still able to make an album both true to its roots and able to fit with today's heavy alternative music scene, is a credit to Page Hamilton who created the modern standard.

The brunt of this album was written by Sir Hamilton and another equally accredited individual - Charlie Clouser, former multi-instrumentalist for Nine Inch Nails. Once the songs were ready, the necessity for a band (although I will always have my inklings, it is unlikely that Page can play guitar, bass, and drums while singing) became clear. Former Orange 9mm and Helmet touring guitarist Chris Traynor was happy to assume bass duties, and Ex-Zombie (be it White or Rob) drummer John Tempesta, presumably tired of wearing spooky make-up, signed on as skinsman. Thus, Helmet reincarnate was born. And the songs that Hamilton and Clouser came up with, be it the snarl of "See You Dead" or the groove and

bounce of "Crashing Foreign Cars," utilize a blend of vintage Helmet riffs and hooks and a newly energized voice on that guy... what was his name? You know, the singer.

The table was set for naysayers and past-dwellers to bash whatever Page Hamilton did under the Helmet banner after the 1998 dissolution of the band. It was to be expected that plenty of jackasses would be quick to point out this isn't *really* Helmet. However, if you ever believed that the functionality of Henry Bogdan on bass and John Stanier on drums was derived from anything outside of Lord Hamilton's own brain, you should really go listen to Alter Bridge or Manowar or something and leave all of us alone. Besides, Stanier's work in Tomahawk and Battles, particularly the latter, are probably better than anything he did with Helmet. So get over it. *Size Matters* is a Helmet album in the truest form. Page Hamilton is Helmet and that's all that matters.

ALBUMS I WISH I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT WITH ME TO PRISON

by whitey mcgee

The Band - The Last Waltz



First, there was the TAMI show in the days of Motown. Quickly capitalizing on this idea was the Rolling Stones' Rock n' Roll Circus. There were a few "supergroups" in the late 60's built for people who were lucky enough to do boatloads of coke with Eric Clapton. And finally, there was *The Last Waltz*, without a doubt, the most aptly named

album this side of *30 Years of Maximum R&B*.

In case you were wondering, I have my first parole hearing on the 14th of next month, and I'm feeling pretty good about it. I mean, I haven't done anything to reprise my actions of last summer – well, except for that time I bashed someone's head in with a loose toilet seat cover and then stabbed him in the left eye with a piece of rock I had stolen from the exercise yard. Come on, you'd do it too if someone told you that your haircut looked like Elvis when you were *clearly* going for Johnny Cash. No respect. No respect at all... But that is neither here nor there. I'm here to talk about the music, goddamn it.

Anywho, I was anticipating the end of my incarceration one day when I recalled the most bittersweet moment in the history of music – November 25th, 1976, another ending point of sorts. On this date, the most unbelievable display of musical genius was unveiled at the Winterland Ballroom in San Francisco. Legends like Bob Dylan, Robbie Robertson, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Eric Clapton, Neil Young, Muddy Waters and even NEIL FUCKING DIAMOND came together for one of the greatest concerts ever. See, even those involved probably did not identify the magnitude of the event that they were a part of.

Beginning as a farewell to The Band – the greatest backup band in musical history – the Waltz became a swan song for the entire enterprise of Rock and Roll. Everything before that day was now the stuff of legends. And all that followed never quite surpassed what the Gods had invented between Elvis' Sun Sessions in 1954 and that one night at Winterland.

There are lots of explanations as to why this was the end. Some say that drugs and riches had addled the Masters of the Genre, and they're right. Clapton, for example, had just returned from a stint, measured in years, hiding in his attic and blowing thousands of dollars up his nose. Martin Scorsese noted that before the film version of "The Last Waltz" was edited, you could see white powder dangling from the olfactories of Neil Young and Joni Mitchell. But who are we to judge? These are the leaders of a social and Cultural Revolution and were bound to crash eventually. Make no mistake; the music of *The Last Waltz* was as remarkable as its cast of characters.

The curtain rises on two ballroom dancers as the "Last Waltz Theme" plays on an antique Wurlitzer. Energy is high and the crowd erupts to the first few strands of "Up on Cripple Creek," with Levon Helm howling his testimony for weakness in regard to the fairer sex. After the cheering subsides, they introduce the Canadian Cowboy, Ronnie "The Hawk" Hawkins and beautifully execute the standard "Who Do You Love?" Never mind the sub-par English. Things slow down a little from there

as Neil and Joni serenade with a heartfelt rendition of "Helpless." The lull does not last long as The Band returns with their solo tune, "Stage Fright," more than anything else a formality on this night. Joni's "Coyote," a departure from her youthful soprano, but nonetheless setting the stage as one of departure and experimental rock. Next, Diamond confidently belts out "Dry Your Eyes" and solidifies his place as the "Guy Who Invited Himself to the Party." Closing out the first set are two more Band classics, the melancholy "It Makes No Difference" and the irreverent "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down." Dr. John, Paul Butterfield warm up the crowd for two of the more recognizable fixtures of the evening. Waters wails out his signature "Mannish Boy" and Clapton, with a piercingly focused expression on his wan visage ends the first act with the climactic "Further on up the Road."

The second set with songs The Band must have picked as the most fun to play, for they would be the final songs that they would ever be on stage to play together. Starting quickly with a horn accompanied version of "The Shape I'm In" and following with a rousing rendition of the best song derived from a Shakespearean character, "Ophelia." Van Morrison takes the stage next with an inspired performance of "Caravan," arguably the closest to a bona fide hit played by any performer. Appropriately, the last live performance of a song penned by The Band was "Life is a Carnival," a Cajun rhythm and horn piece in essence about hawking stolen goods. Seriously, that's what Rock and Roll is all about – developing the creations stolen from the foundation built by those at Winterland that Thanksgiving night.

The conclusion of this slice of history includes five performances from Bob Dylan who discovered The Band in 1965, wrote songs for them and collaborated on three albums. In turn, Robertson was on stage when he shot through the hearts of every folk-music lover and joined Rock and Roll at the Newport Folk Festival. The most memorable moment, of both the concert and Rock history, occurred at the concert's conclusion, Dylan's "I Shall Be Released." I cry every time I watch Scorsese's masterpiece of concert film or listen to even the first few bars of Dylan's vocals. The sight of everyone on stage, gathered in groups of three around microphones. Singing like children who don't know any better. Perhaps it's just me, but I think you can see in Rick Danko's eyes that he knew that this was the moment that Rock and Roll would end. There would be tribute concerts for people like Dylan and the Beatles in the years to come, but there was no performance as wistful, fragile and meaningful; none that symbolized the unity of such genius or the overall belief in little pieces of notes and poetry as Thanksgiving Night, 1976. Truly, it was *The Last Waltz*.

So, when you're off listening to your Linkin Park or Chingy or Blink 182, thank your lucky stars that these illustrious people had the guts to end rock and roll before people like you were given the chance to ruin it. Furthermore, if you're looking at the end of a path that you have taken in your life, be it a prison sentence or a high-school romance, take in *The Last Waltz* so you can feel the end of something meaningful instead.

INTERVIEW: KYP MALONE OF TV ON THE RADIO

by keith j. varadi



TV on the Radio is one of the hippest bands in music today. Tight with bands like the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, they go to all the cool parties, they are up on what's fashionable, *and*, most importantly, they've crafted their own unique sound to set them apart from the rest of all the other chic indie-dance bands emerging in today's music scene. Guitarist and singer, Kyp Malone, took time out of his busy partying schedule to do a little Q&A.

Deek: You joined the band after the *Young Liars* EP. Did you get hazed?

Kyp: Yeah, I joined after that record, but I was asked to play before. They played me the record and I was way into it. Then I joined.

Deek: What were you doing before you were in the band?

Kyp: I got the call that the EP was going to be put out on Touch and Go and that they wanted us to release a full-length while I was working in this café in Brooklyn. I had been playing and recording with a bunch of bands too. I still play and record with them, just less – obviously.

Deek: What do you do outside of the band?

Kyp: Well, I quit my job to see what could happen with this. It really seems worth it to me, regardless of finances.

This has been a really fulfilling experience and with more ahead.

Deek: Well, your full-length debut, *Desperate Youth, Blood Thirsty Babes*, has received countless praise and was recently named a finalist for the Shortlist Music Prize. What are your thoughts on all the success?

Kyp: Yeah, well... I don't know. I'm not really even sure what that award is, but I have a lot of friends who do and they tell me it's a big thing, so I'm excited. I just think it's great people are into what we do.

Deek: If you guys don't win, who deserves the award?

Kyp: I don't remember anyone else who was on the list but Devandra Banhart. He's so young and so extremely talented and has already released so much great work. And he has no bending to what's popular or what will make him money. His shit is great.

Deek: I don't remember him being on the list.

Kyp: Shit.

Deek: You guys get to open for the Pixies on their upcoming hyped-up tour. How rad is it to be opening for such legends?

Kyp: We're still on tour, so I'm not really thinking about it much right now. But they were one of the bands who made me care about music. I don't know how to feel about it since I never expected it. I'm just gonna practice *real hard*.

Deek: You guys are also doubling up with *The Faint* for a tour this fall. What can people expect from two of today's most talked about bands?

Kyp: Nothing I can really talk about. Maybe some sitar. One of our engineers on the album plays a sitar. I haven't really talked to him about it yet though. If Bush wins the election, the set may be replaced by acts of civil disobedience.

Deek: Will the band start to spend more on staging as you make more money or do you think you will continue to just concentrate on performing?

Kyp: I've seen some very impressive lighting shows before, but who cares? It's not important. Perhaps it will come into play at some point since everyone in the band has other talents and interests. But we have a tricky enough time getting things to sound the way we want for us to bother with shit like that. If it enhances the experience though, I'm for it.

Deek: What do you spend your money on?

Kyp: I'd probably buy a giant machine that sprays liquid acid onto the crowd so that they have a memorable experience and don't have to worry about lighting. We could just use aluminum foil and a lighter.

VALE & YEAR CREATE A PERFECT RECORD: A QUIZ

by clinton doggett



Questions and answers inspired by the release of *Holy Music & Art!*, Vale & Year's new double LP.

Part One – Quantitative Reasoning

1. What is Vale & Year?

- a. a traveling duo of jugglers
- b. a two-piece band from Pittsburgh
- c. a team of wine-tasting connoisseurs
- d. an Irish football (soccer) club

2. Which of the following elements can be found in Vale & Year?

- a. Dave Bernabo, Carnegie Mellon Finance student, 21; a guitar jangling shy guy turned syllable-dragging folk-rock crooner/rasping howler.
- b. Greg Cision, Schoolteacher, 28, short in stature, oozing with charisma, mild-mannered dude turned agile, jolting drum machine. His percussion is spiritual.
- c. A crazed, enthusiastic relationship, not only with melody, but with the vastness of sound and its bottomless potential to move.
- d. Ridiculously sincere passion and dedication for art and ideas.
- e. all of the above

3. How did Dave and Greg meet?

- a. They were both hired by Miramax to adapt George W. Bush's yet-to-be-released memoir, *Create a Perfect History*, into a screenplay. They discovered the other to be musically inclined and decided, instead, to make an album by that title instead.
- b. On eBay, the two found themselves outbidding one another on the same vintage musical instruments. When they noticed the recurrent usernames, they decided to join forces and share their respective instrumental collections to form a supergroup.
- c. The two played together for a few years in the local Boxstep before splitting off to form Vale & Year nearly two years ago, a move that they described as driven by it being time for Dave and Greg to do their "own thing." Despite the 7-year gap in age, Dave and Greg went to the same high school (North Allegheny) in the North Hills of Pittsburgh. They were offered a sweet bounty to play a show at Carnegie Mellon, and took the offer. And after only one show they entered the studio (H-Hour) to work on their broodingly gorgeous, alt-something debut, *Create A Perfect History*. The name 'Vale & Year' is derived – not from an expression you don't know the meaning of – but from Dave and Greg's attraction to the broadness of the two words. Plus, it sounded cool.
- d. Dave is Greg's son, making Greg (at the time) the most virile 7-year-old in the history of the world.

4. In the following equation, let $v \cdot y$ equal Vale & Year's new album, *Holy Music and Art!* Find the value of x :

$$\infty x = v \cdot y$$

- a. The Periodic Table
- b. Dirt McGirt
- c. Is this cumulative?
- d. Awesome/Glorious

5. Earlier this year, Vale & Year released the first in a series of "Field Recordings." How many releases are they slating for this series?

- a. 12
- b. 12
- c. This is a trick question. There is no such thing as a "Field Recording."
- d. 12

6. Considering the answer to the question above, if Vale & Year had a fictional disease it would be:

- a. Influenza
- b. Studiohermititis (the addiction to recording music, resulting in long hours in the studio and an obsession with sounds)
- c. Freedomlovia (the obsessive love of freedom)
- d. Convolutiawriteria (the becoming of a convoluted writer)

Part Two – Reading Comprehension

Read the following passage carefully and choose the **best** answers to the questions below.

To use words to describe Vale & Year's *Holy Music and Art!* seems an utter disservice to band – the nuances, the layers, the cuts, the shits and giggles, the spliced dissonant vocals, the percussive shrieks, the grab bag instrumental aesthetics. Is this the best I can do? *Holy Music* is a goliath, a two-disc exuberant celebration of the recording process, a striking collection of broken up folk, punk, post-folk, anti-punk, Rock and Roll, and Avant-Pop. It's all here, shifting in and out between triumphant buildups, the sweeping guitar lines of Dave Bernabo, the spasm-prone percussion of Greg Cision, the melodica and the xylophone, the crunchy bayou geetar slams and the calculated finger pickings. There isn't a single boring – or unbeautiful or jarring or careless or flubbed – moment on the entirety of *Holy Music!* It is, in fact, a perfect record.

7. From what you can gather, how does the writer feel about *Holy Music and Art!*

- a. He is indifferent. He heard about it from some guy on the street and shrugged, saying, "Yeah, maybe I'll check it out sometime."
- b. He is troubled and unsure how he feels. He has listened to it numerous times but doesn't really know what to say about it. He'll get back to you.
- c. He is most obviously obsessed with the record and hopes it gets the recognition it deserves.
- d. He clearly can't stand the record.

8. When the writer refers to "grab bag instrumental aesthetics," what is he talking about?

- a. He is referring to the recording's tasteful incorporation of variant sounds, instruments, and musical styles – its predilection for purposeful, engaging, and careful eclecticism.
- b. I'm not sure what the writer means. I hate him.
- c. He is referring the shifting emotional tones of the record, and the spirit and artistic poise which give way to such shifting.
- d. a and c, but not b.

9. In all, judging from this passage, what do you think the writer would most like the reader to do upon finishing this quiz?

- a. Buy *Holy Music and Art!* as soon as the reader can.
- b. Listen to the record ad nauseam, at volumes unhealthy for human ears.
- c. Contemplate a musical career and realize, upon listening to it, that you could never do anything as good as *Holy Music!*
- d. all of the above.

Answers
1. b 2. e 3. c 4. a, b, d 5. a, b, c 6. b 7. c 8. d 9. d

REVIEW OF BRENT DICRESCENZO'S REVIEW OF FRANZ FERDINAND BY FRANZ FERDINAND

by sam hamilton

February 9, 2004: A day that will make March 9, 2004 live on in history. On February 9, Scottish quartet Franz Ferdinand released a self-titled debut that was to shake the music scene of the world. And on March 9, 2004, fresh off of several sluggish and boring reviews, music writer Brent DiCrescenzo of pitchforkmedia.com released his *tour de force* review of Franz Ferdinand's self-titled debut. It marks a fine achievement in the parasitic career of DiCrescenzo; another feather for his cap, woven from the threads of other people's blood, sweat, tears and talent. He's back, baby!

Struggling in a world of up-and-coming young writers, DiCrescenzo was best known for his earnest attempts to write anything but a review. He was never satisfied with engaging an album's soundscape, its lyricism, the musicianship of the band members or even whether the cover art had anything to do with the album's title. Instead, he pushed the boundaries of thoughtfulness to create quaint scenes where he or some imagined character were to become entangled in some implausible way with the band or the band's record company or with a group of people trying to pretend they were the band. Hell, he even spoke as Paul Bunyan in his review of Babe the Blue Ox's release *The Way We Were*. His efforts were great, but his reception was poor.

Perhaps it was that his reviews offered nothing in way of content or information about the album. Perhaps it was that one never knew whether to buy a DiCrescenzo-reviewed album. Perhaps it was that it was obvious that DiCrescenzo was more intent on whether people would "hear his voice" through the monitors at their work stations while they pretended to be busy compiling spreadsheet data. Whatever the reason, Brent DiCrescenzo was a red dwarf in a sky of supergiants.

Only an album like Franz Ferdinand's self-titled debut could properly defibrillate his dying reviewer's heart.

Jam-packed with unctuous lyrics about wanting both girls and boys, plodding bass lines and crisp (albeit stolen) guitar riffs and one or two single-quality songs, *Franz Ferdinand* was DiCrescenzo's nitroglycerin. And boy did he blow up with it.

He starts the review with a lame interlude into a fictitious trip taken by he and his fellow Pitchforkers. Within several lines however, DiCrescenzo manages not only to 1) use the word "biopic," 2) reference a "bunny ranch" and Baraboo, Wisconsin, taking a potshot at the "importance" of Xiu Moo, but he also 3) *talks about his own waning career*.

(If Johnny Cash is a testament to anything, it is that forlorn references to your own mortality – especially in or related to the music business – make for Virgin Megastore Gold!)

Then, after some pithy dialogue between DiCrescenzo and pitchfork's editor-in-chief, Ryan Schreiber, DiCrescenzo tells his boss, after being requested to do another of his patented concept reviews, that "the cow is dried up. It's Gordita meat. I've even done the I'm-not-going-to-do-a-concept-review-anymore concept review."



Franz Ferdinand, eldest son of Carl Ludwig, the brother of Emperor Franz Josef, was born in 1863. Educated by private tutors, he joined the Austro-Hungarian Army in 1883. While in the army Ferdinand received several promotions: captain (1885), major (1888), colonel (1890) and general (1896).

Oh, postmodernism, put that in your hookah and smoke it! Can you believe the sand of this man? A man who, for all intents and purposes, has seen the last of the glory days in a career that was created so that yet another group of people could leech off of a talented few, has the ballsiness to mock his own career while simultaneously taking his art to the *next level*. He's done the 'I'm-not-going-to-do-a-concept-review-anymore concept review,' but has he done the 'No-really-I'm-not-going-to-do-a-concept-review-anymore-unless-it-references-how-I-already-did-an-'I'm-not-going-to-do-a-concept-review-anymore concept review' concept review?

But this is more than a Chinese-stacking-doll style concept review. He even talks about the album that he is reviewing! Granted, it's only two of the ten paragraphs, but his discussion does use phrases like "gentle acoustic strums," "student poem prattle," "raygun guitars," "blurts," "drums," "stuttering punk," "keyboards" and "song."

To cap the review, DiCrescenzo talks of how *Franz Ferdinand* doesn't need a concept review surrounding it – it is powerful enough to be reviewed in the outdated and old-fashioned way. And yet, in the final lines, the reader is struck with the irony that DiCrescenzo has created (which is much like the intrigue created when one ponders the statement "This sentence is false"). If *Franz Ferdinand* didn't need a concept review, why would DiCrescenzo give it a concept review? Further, why would he tell

those of us who have just struggled through a concept review that all of our efforts were for naught; that we could've gone to any old review site and read a straight-up old-fashioned review of *Franz Ferdinand*?

One gets the idea that DiCrescenzo has been playing with us all along, that the trick to his postmodern style is to hold it at arm's length as though it were a smelly diaper. Why would I waste my time reading his counterculturalist hackery when I could just as easily read the reviews provided by the band's website?

And then it hits you square in the jaw, harder than any guitar riff or bassline could:

Brent DiCrescenzo does concept reviews *because* he doesn't want you to read them. He wants you to be annoyed at his pithy snarkiness, his horrid attempts at originality and his overblown scenarios. He doesn't *ever* want to get to the point. Because, to do so would be to give you something that he wants to keep from you: The satisfaction of reading a decent review. Brent DiCrescenzo designed himself to be a fading star. His is the career of an artist in control of every facet of his skill – a man with the ability to provoke hatred and resentment with a couple clacks of his keyboard; a man who wants you to hate him.

Well, Brent, I got the message loud and clear. You are a pretentious, pompous, ostentatious, overrated, sticky-fingered son of a jackal. And I hope you suffer.

THE LISTS

by benjamin edwards

Before you get pissed off at me:

Think in a social and cultural context with a focus on changing or shaping Rock as a genre. After careful deliberation, I decided not to include Motown, country, folk, jazz, pop rock, rap, or post-1970s R&B. So, no token homage to Marvin Gaye, Johnny Cash, Miles Davis, Bo Diddley, Louis Armstrong, Madonna, Public Enemy, or Jesus Christ. If you've got problems with these decisions, you can either fornicate yourself with an iron stick or contact me at ben@deekmagazine.com. I like arguing.

Greatest Rock Songs

10. "London Calling"
– The Clash
9. "Imagine"
– John Lennon
8. "Smells like Teen Spirit"
– Nirvana
7. "Suite Judy Blue Eyes"
– CSNY
6. "Layla"
– Derek and the Dominoes
5. "Roll Over Beethoven"
– Chuck Berry
4. "Stairway to Heaven"
– Led Zeppelin
3. "Good Vibrations"
– Beach Boys
2. "Sympathy for the Devil"
– Rolling Stones
1. "Like a Rolling Stone"
– Bob Dylan

Why:

The same year Dylan shocked the world by going electric at the Newport Folk festival, he created the most brilliantly crafted, socially relevant and marvelously poetic pieces of music in history. And it was almost done as a fluke (the song was recorded in one take with a guy off the street, who played keyboards). If there was any doubt that rock music needed a significant lyrical presence to counterbalance the popularity of the Beatles new-fangled musical style, "Like a Rolling Stone" provided the proof and incited a conscious revolution – a rebellious presence against social inequality and governmental injustices. So eat that.

Greatest Rock Albums

10. "Velvet Underground and Nico"
– Velvet Underground and Nico
9. "Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols"
– Sex Pistols
8. "Disraeli Gears"
– Cream
7. "Dark Side of the Moon"
– Pink Floyd
6. "Let It Bleed"
– Rolling Stones
5. "Blue"
– Joni Mitchell
4. "Bringing It All Back Home"
– Bob Dylan
3. "Pet Sounds"
– Beach Boys
2. "Who's Next"
– The Who
1. "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"
– The Beatles

Why:

Sergeant Pepper is the quintessential rock album, complete with a concept that flows throughout, where no song can be left off the album.

Sorry – it's the best album ever.

Greatest Rock Artists

10. Led Zeppelin
9. Bob Marley & the Wailers
8. Joni Mitchell
7. Eric Clapton
6. Jimi Hendrix Experience
5. Elvis Presley
4. Chuck Berry
3. Bob Dylan
2. The Beatles
1. Rolling Stones

Why:

More than anything, the Stones will never be confused of being in any other category. Some who think Dylan, think folk – same with the Beatles and pop. The Stones will always be synonymous with Rock and Roll, and everything that accompanies it: Obscene amounts of money, booze, drugs, torrid affairs, rebellion, altercations with the law, huge concerts with \$120 cheap seats, stark-raving mad fans, longevity and most importantly, unbelievable music highlighted by guitar, drums, vocals, bass and whatever else they could make loud noises with. They're not the most talented songwriters (Dylan, Mitchell) or the most talented on their instruments, (Hendrix, Clapton) or even the most socially relevant musicians (Presley, Berry, Marley) on this list, but they are certainly the best band, and the paradigm of what every aspiring rock musician should want to be.

EVENTS – NOVEMBER/DECEMBER

HOW TO SUBMIT AN EVENT:

the deadline for submissions is the 12th of December. Event listings are free, and unlimited.

This space is open for **free**.

Take advantage of it.

to send an event or inquire for more, even though there isn't much to explain aside from the previous paragraph, send it to:

events @ deekmagazine.com

Sun	11/28/04	Damageplan
Sun	11/28/04	Shadows Fall
Sun	11/28/04	The Haunted
Mon	11/29/04	Moscow Ballet
Tue	11/30/04	Stephen And Other Dummies
Wed	12/01/04	The Damnells
Thu	12/02/04	Chevelle
Thu	12/02/04	Over The Rhine
Fri	12/03/04	Adolf Satan
Fri	12/03/04	Def Con 4
Fri	12/03/04	Pixies
Fri	12/03/04	Matt Pond PA
Fri	12/03/04	Ted Leo / Pharmacists
Fri	12/03/04	Vague Angels
Fri	12/03/04	Chronic Future
Fri	12/03/04	The Killers
Fri	12/03/04	Clutch
Fri	12/03/04	Fu Manchu
Fri	12/03/04	High On Fire
Sat	12/04/04	Motorpsycho
Sat	12/04/04	Jazz Mandolin Project
Sat	12/04/04	The Starting Line
Mon	12/06/04	Juliana Hatfield
Mon	12/06/04	Jesse Malin
Tue	12/07/04	Future Leaders Of The World
Tue	12/07/04	Shinedown
Tue	12/07/04	Silvertide
Wed	12/08/04	Patti Smith
Thu	12/09/04	Rev. Billy C. Wirtz
Thu	12/09/04	PovertyNeck Hillbillies
Fri	12/10/04	Citizen Cope
Fri	12/10/04	Karrin Allyson
Fri	12/10/04	Rev. Billy C. Wirtz
Fri	12/10/04	American Hi-Fi
Fri	12/10/04	Butch Walker
Fri	12/10/04	Val Emmich
Fri	12/10/04	Kottonmouth Kings
Fri	12/10/04	Pepper
Sat	12/11/04	David Bromberg
Sat	12/11/04	Karrin Allyson
Sat	12/11/04	Rev. Billy C. Wirtz
Wed	12/15/04	Wayne Newton
Wed	12/15/04	PovertyNeck Hillbillies
Wed	12/15/04	Lars Frederiksen & The Bastards
Wed	12/15/04	The Disasters
Thu	12/16/04	Beans
Thu	12/16/04	Trans-Siberian Orchestra
Thu	12/16/04	Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes
Fri	12/17/04	Beans
Fri	12/17/04	Resilience
Fri	12/17/04	The Exploited
Fri	12/17/04	Total Chaos
Fri	12/17/04	Anson Funderburgh & The Rockets
Mon	12/20/04	B.E. Taylor
Tue	12/21/04	B.E. Taylor
Wed	12/22/04	Clay Aiken
Mon	12/27/04	Kenny Vance & the Planotones
Mon	12/27/04	Little Anthony & The Imperials
Wed	12/29/04	Ingram Hill
Thu	12/30/04	Anne Cochran
Thu	12/30/04	Jeff Timmons
Thu	12/30/04	Jim Brickman
Thu	12/30/04	Kristy Starling
Thu	12/30/04	Tracy Silverman
Thu	12/30/04	Ingram Hill
Thu	12/30/04	Agnostic Front
Thu	12/30/04	God Forbid
Thu	12/30/04	Hatebreed
Thu	12/30/04	The Autumn Offering

Rock Club @ Station Square
Rock Club @ Station Square
Rock Club @ Station Square
Heinz Hall
TBA
The World
Rock Club @ Station Square
The World
31st Street Pub
31st Street Pub
A.J. Palumbo Center
Brew House Space 101
Brew House Space 101
Brew House Space 101
Mr. Smalls Fun House/Theatre
Rock Club @ Station Square
The World
The World
The World
31st Street Pub
Mr. Smalls Fun House/Theatre
St. Vincent College
Club Cafe
The World
Iguana
Iguana
Iguana
Carnegie Music Hall
Funny Bone
Red Star Tavern
Club Cafe
Dowe's On 9th
Funny Bone
Mr. Smalls Fun House/Theatre
Mr. Smalls Fun House/Theatre
Mr. Smalls Fun House/Theatre
The World
The World
Carnegie Lecture Hall
Dowe's On 9th
Funny Bone
Benedum Center
Nick's Fat City
The World
The World
Garfield Artworks
Mellon Arena
Rex Theatre
Garfield Artworks
Mr. Smalls Fun House/Theatre
Mr. Smalls Fun House/Theatre
Mr. Smalls Fun House/Theatre
Rex Theatre
Heinz Hall
Heinz Hall
Heinz Hall
Mellon Arena
Mellon Arena
Rock Club @ Station Square
Benedum Center
Benedum Center
Benedum Center
Benedum Center
Benedum Center
Rock Club @ Station Square
The World
The World
The World
The World

Sun Nov 28, FourWayStop, The Make, Republic, Jimi, Mr. Small's Theatre, \$8.00

Sun Nov 28: 6:30PM Last Sunday Potluck & Music Night, Pittsburgh Hospitality House, featuring: brad yoder; Heather Kropf; Paul Labrise; Josh Verbanets

THAT OTHER HIP HOP SUNDAY with DJ JOHN G of JHN & WEBJHN.COM, Sundays: 10PM, @ Bikki

Christmas Tree Sale, Mon Nov 29–Wed Dec 22: 11AM, Union Project, Highland Park

Wake Up! Morning Meditation at MF, Tuesdays: 7AM, Nov 2 2004–Dec 28 2004, Mattress Factory

Spoken Word Open Mic, Tuesdays: 9PM, Shadow Lounge

"Keeping Young Voters Engaged Beyond 2004," Tuesday, November 30th, 7pm
Benedum Hall Auditorium, University of Pittsburgh

Guitar Concert featuring students of James Ferla and John Marciniak, Wed Dec 1: 8PM, CMU's Alumni Concert Hall

Josephine Foster + Nick Castro + Ill Ease, Wed Dec 1: 8PM @ Kiva Han

Sesion Latina – Live Latin Folkmusic, Wednesdays: 9PM, Tango Cafe

FUZZ! Wednesdays: 10PM, Bloomfield Bridge Tavern

Thursday Night Downtown, Thursdays: 5:30PM, Sammy's Famous Corned Beef - 9th Street, Downtown

Thursday Night Indian Feast, Thursdays: 6PM, Quiet Storm, Garfield

"The Duchess of Malfi," Thu Dec 2: 7:30PM, Fri Dec 3: 8PM, Sat Dec 4: 2PM, 8PM, Tue Dec 7–Thu Dec 9: 7:30PM, Fri Dec 10: 8PM, Sat Dec 11: 2PM, 8PM @ Philip Chosky Theatre, Squirrel Hill, (412) 268-2407

The Drummer & the Dancer ft. Jim Donovan & the Family Dance Co., Thu Dec 2: 7:30PM, Mr. Small's Theatre

DEEPER, Fridays: 2AM, Shadow Lounge, East Liberty, \$5, DJ John Eperjesi

Final Fridays at Chiodo's
As you may know, one of the finest bars in Pittsburgh is slated for demolition. Joe Chiodo has run this bar for 57 years, and he's ready to hang it up. Walgreen's says they're going to tear it down. I say we're going to have a drink there

every Friday until they do. Join me. Fridays: 6PM @ Chiodo's Tavern, Homestead (Borough)

Friday Night Happy Hour Free Tarot Readings! Fridays: 6PM @ The Lava Lounge, Southside

Chronic Future / Almost Cool w/ Demise of Eros, Afterdrama. Fri Dec 3: 6:30PM @ Mr. Small's Theatre, \$10.00

An Evening of FLAMENCO @ Club Café, Fri Dec 3: 7PM, \$20

Fresh Take: Contemporary Japanese, Fri Dec 3: 7PM @ Silver Eye Center for Photography, Southside, \$7.00

English Practice Group (for Non-Native Speakers), Fridays: 7PM @ Tango Café, Squirrel Hill

Rumors by Neil Simon, Fri Dec 3: 8PM, Sat Dec 4: 2PM, 8PM @ Carnegie Mellon University Center

Prelude to a Kiss, Fri Dec 3–Sat Dec 4: 8PM, Sun Dec 5: 2PM, Fri Dec 10–Sat Dec 11: 8PM, Sun Dec 12: 2PM, Fri Dec 17–Sat Dec 18: 8PM @ Open Stage Theatre, Strip District

The OPD, Master Mechanic, Fri Dec 3: 9PM @ Quiet Storm, Garfield, \$5

Underground Action Alliance Students' Rights Workshop, Sat Dec 4: 9AM @ Carnegie Mellon University Center

RESCHEDULED: Jazz Mandolin Project w/ Flowdown, Sat Dec 4: 9PM @ Mr. Small's Theatre, \$10.00

New Planet Trampoline, the Red Bobs, Los Magnificos, Sat Dec 4: 9PM @ Quiet Storm, Garfield

Flirt, Sat Nov 6: 10PM, Sat Nov 20: 10PM, Sat Dec 4: 10PM, Sat Dec 18: 10PM @ Jimmy Tsang's, Shadyside, \$8

The Spoken Mic, Sun Dec 5: 7PM @ Quiet Storm, Garfield, \$2-\$3

Video Screening: Maborosi, Fri Dec 10: 6:30PM @ Silver Eye Center for Photography, Southside, \$5.00

Between the Waters, One Star Hotel, the New Fiction, Fri Dec 10: 9PM @ Quiet Storm, Garfield, \$5

School of Athens w/ Ennu, The Road Less Travelled...Sat Dec 11: 7:30PM @ Mr. Small's Theatre, \$8.00

Holidays Bright and Gay @ the East Liberty Presbyterian Church. www.rcppittsburgh.org, Sat Dec 11: 8PM, \$15 in advance; \$20 door

Goodmorning Valentine, Hannah Bingman, Boca Chica, Sat Dec 11: 9PM @ Quiet Storm, Garfield, \$5

Pittsburgh Sound Project II Finals Concert more info
Event type: Music
Enter your band in an online contest where 6 artists will be selected to perform live at Mr. Smalls for the grand prize of \$2000 cash, [blah blah] custom designed band website from Digital Greys Website Design and 3 days of studio time courtesy of Soundscape Studios. Go to www.pghsoundproject.com for submission info and on the event.

Thu Dec 16: 8PM
Mr. Small's Theatre
Millvale, PA.
\$10 in advance, \$15 day of show
ages: all ages

The Exploited with Total Chaos, Resilience, Dec 17: 7PM. Mr. Small's Theatre. \$12 adv, \$15 door

The Amish Monkeys. Join the Amish Monkeys for a fast-paced evening of improvisational comedy! improvisational comedy! improvisational comedy! comedy!
Sat Sep 11: 8PM, Gemini Theater, Point Breeze. \$7

The Caulfield Principle, xWhere it Endsx, Man at Arms, and... ..As My Shadow Fades, Dying Ways.
Influenced by the riffs of melodic death metal, the speed picking of black metal, and the breakdowns of hardcore.

The Caulfield Principle strives for a truly unique sound. As the members of The Caulfield Principle finally fall into place, a seemingly secure lineup has been established with this pittsburgh metal/hardcore band. Sun Dec 19: 6:30PM, Mr. Small's Theatre, \$5 adv, \$7 door

Out of Hate, Scorn of Earth, Grave Desire, The Caulfield Principle more info

Hardcore metal (Out of Hate), melodic metalcore (Scorn of Earth), old school metal (Grave Desire) and metalcore (The Caulfield Principle) come together for one night of intensity, Thu Dec 23: 6:30PM. Mr. Small's Theatre, \$8.00



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ADVICE

ASK DR. G

by doctor g.



Q: Dude, why is your column so late this month?

A: Yeah, that question doesn't sound at all contrived does it? You're probably thinking that things are slow down in the old Dr. G. e-mailroom if I'm makin' up my own questions, lame as they may be. Yeah, you'd figure that. But, you'd be wrong.

Truth is, this column is late despite the fact that I have a plethora of preguntas (Jefe, would you say I have a plethora of preguntas?) just ripe for the answering. My inbox is overflowing with perfectly good questions, ranging from the mundane to the insane. But the doctor just ain't been feeling up to the challenge.

Please bear with me as I get a little out of character and get personal. The doctor has had an extremely rough month that included a move to a new city. I'm writing this on a borrowed laptop, sitting in a coffee shop in the Manayunk area of Philadelphia, my life in boxes, and wondering when I'll get a chance to move into my new apartment. Oh yeah, and dealing with the break-up of a very serious relationship. Hopefully, you can understand how I may be having trouble concentrating on your sex and relationship issues at the moment. To say that the break-up was caused by the move or vice versa would not do the situation justice, and that's a story I won't bother you with here. Suffice it to say, sometimes even advice columnists could use a little help.

And sometimes that help comes from very unlikely places.

Way back when I was just "junior college G.," long before I ever dreamed I would be adding the doctoral title to my name, I was involved in another break-up with one of my first girlfriends, (blank). She was an intelligent, beautiful woman who I was thrilled to get to know. Of course, I'm talking about an ex-girlfriend, and girlfriends normally don't become exes when everything is perfect. Dating (blank) was not without its difficulty as she suffered from a condition known as vaginismus.

Vaginismus is a condition where a woman's vaginal muscles involuntarily contract in anticipation of intercourse or insertion. It can make intercourse very painful, difficult, and in (blank)'s case damn near impossible. For example, she had never been able to use a tampon, had passed out during pelvic exams, and had made it into her early twenties without successfully losing her virginity despite several attempts to do so. When we met she was still a virgin, not because of religious values, fear of STDs, or a notion of "saving herself"; her body just wouldn't let anyone in. As her partner, I remember that it felt as if there wasn't an opening there at all; just a hard, impenetrable, flat surface. And yeah, for a man destined to one day be banging out sex advice columns, that was a tough pill to swallow.

At the time, both of us were ill-equipped to deal with the situation but instinctively I developed a plan.

It involved several nights of very painful "practice" as we used a lot of lube and gently forced entry. The process was torturous with even the smallest intrusion causing her extreme pain each night. We started small, with a pinky, and worked our way up to the size of small vibrator. At each step she became more and more relaxed and increasingly more comfortable until finally almost a month later, we were able to knock some long overdue boots. And (blank)'s boots were definitely made for knocking.

As successful as that was, sex was still a strain on our relationship and unfortunately (blank) entered into my list of exes that just recently became one name longer.

In the following decade, (blank) and I lost touch and I moved several times across the country in pursuit of my education and greener pastures. As I began researching sexuality in grad school, I was pleased to learn that the method we used to counter her vaginismus was actually similar to professionally recommended techniques. Still, I often thought of her and wondered how her life had turned out. I've also thought that our story would probably be beneficial out there to couples and women that are currently dealing with vaginismus; I've just never taken the opportunity to share it until now. Trust me, it can be overcome.

So why then, as I sit alone in this Philadelphia coffee shop trying to write an advice column after a recent break-up, are my thoughts drifting to an ex from my distant past? It has a lot to do with an e-mail I received earlier today:

"Wow... you won't believe how many years I have tried and been afraid to contact you... There are so many things to say... mostly, I am writing to get in contact with you and actually thank you... thank you for what you offered my life. All of life is about the pain and the pleasure... I am just now remembering all the firsts you offered me and how my life drastically changed for the better due to you."

It was from (blank). After years of being out of touch, she had tracked me down on the web just to send me an unexpected thank you note from the past. And after the month I've had, being reminded of how I've positively influenced at least one person's life was exactly what the doctor ordered.

Of course she's happily married now and currently lives nowhere near Philadelphia. Oh well.

Next month, I swear I'll be back to the normal Dr. G., so send me those preguntas. Vamanos!

P.S. Ladies, after reading the above, if you are concerned about vaginismus or overcoming it, please bring it up with your gynecologist. There are also some great resources on the web. And of course as a last resort, there's always Philly...

Got a question for the Doctor? Send him an e-mail at DrG@deekmagazine.com



ASK EMO

by christopher d. salyers



Recently, a fan going under the moniker "Subterfuge" sent me this little note via e-mail, claiming its legitimacy on the soul merit of "I found it outside a Taking Back Sunday show." It read as follows:

"Our doctrine is to promote not ourselves but our hearts - be it through chords

or melodies or the chants of our practitioners.

For what we are is a reflection of our loves. Our music is our right and our

means of fighting back."

Subterfuge also demanded this of me:

"Tell me what the shit this shit means and why the shit it was written down and shit."

Well, Subterfuge, the long and the short of it is this - the note you found is just a piece of what is collectively known as the Emo Manifesto. Written a few years ago in the tradition of the Futurist Manifest, the Modernist Manifesto, and the more contemporary Dogma 95 Manifesto, the Emo Manifesto represents the living life-laws of Emo music. This text has somehow managed to stay underground for years - unfortunately, with the rise and subsequent popularity of Emo music, much of these words are susceptible to scrutiny as their messages slowly rise to the streets. While I can't print more of the Manifesto here (for the sake of possibly destroying our music's credibility), I will leave you with a haiku I wrote, in honor of the Emo Manifesto:

*Killing me softly,
My hands have become my ears
With big red mittens.*

Okay. Now on with the letters.

Emo,

I used to date the drummer from the Juliana Theory, and now I feel that the other men I date just don't live up. Should I try to date another member of the band or should I just try to get over my lost love?

**Amanda Die
Pittsburgh, PA**

Amanda, I can totally sympathize with your Rockstar dilemma - about two years ago I met Karen O. from the Yeah Yeah Yeahs while standing in the stairway at Club Laga. Needless to say she flirted with me in line... and yet, to this day, do you think she's ever *once* returned one of my letters or answered any one of my bulletin board posts? Of course not. Rockstars, Amanda, are only concerned with one thing: other Rockstars. And until you yourself become a Rockstar, you'll have to come to grips with the fact that you can only do members of *local* bands, not those playing nationally (or internationally, for that matter). So slap some shit on your face and head to the Warsaw or Mr. Smalls. They're waiting for you.

Dear Emo,

Hi! My name is Allison and I'm an eighth grade student at Butler High School. I have a new English teacher this fall who kinda freaks me out because I think I remember seeing him at a Get-Up Kids show. He's tall and skinny with short brown hair and his name's Mr. Randolph. Oh, and he's a white guy. Is Mr. Randolph one of those child pedophiles?

**Allison
Butler, PA**

Allison, let me begin by asking you two quick questions: have you recently watched "Capturing the Friedmans" on DVD, and do you think this has anything to do with your imagination? Your teacher, Mr. Randolph, might be a perfectly normal music lover - if he's at a Get-Up Kids show then he must know

good music! Appreciate his taste, and compliment him next time you pass him in the hall or see him in the cafeteria. And if he responds with any sort of ignorance, then he was probably just at the show to pick up his kid. That, or he thought the Get-Up Kids was some kind of child porn title... My vote? Make bank off the oldhead. Make a documentary about him and you'll sell it to distributors for millions.

Dr. Emo,

Is Alkaline Trio and emo band or a pop-punk band? I'm confused.

yellowbrikrhodes@yahoo.com

Good question, Yellow. Alkaline Trio is a pop-punk band that signed with Vagrant, an emo record label. Then Alkaline started touring with acts such as Hot Rod Circuit and Down to Earth Approach. It was during this period that they "became" Emo, without so much as changing one note of their signature sound. How'd they do it, you ask? Well, Emo music is what's popular, and it's what their label wants to promote. So that is now what they are. Fortunately for Vagrant, the fellas over in Alkaline Trio also like that "gothy" look in their layouts and screen prints, setting them slightly apart from the other more *Vintage-1969-Gap*-looking Emo bands. This is why you'll still see lots of Alkaline Trio stuff next to the AFI, Emily, and "Nightmare Before Christmas" gear in Hot Topic. So are they a pop-punk band on an Emo label with a Goth image? Yes indeed. But let's just call them Emo, shall we?

Christopher D. Salyers is a Brooklyn-based writer, biter, and agrarian street fighter.

Got a life-threatening illness? Ask Emo about the symptoms! Askemoquestion@yahoo.com

UNDERAPPRECIATED SCHOLAR

HOW TO SURVIVE BOOT CAMP, REHAB AND OTHER EXTRANEIOUS INFORMATION YOU COULD NEVER POSSIBLY NEED TO KNOW

by john arterbury @ glassbottled.com

A. Never get your hopes up. Expectations are more often shattered than met. Sure, we're in theory supposed to be allowed two hours of free time per weeknight, in which we can in theory use the phones, watch TV, use the Internet, write letters, read, or even sleep, but this is often negated. At least half the time the drill sergeant on night duty will somehow discover that our immaculate barracks are not to standard, and we will have a swell time cleaning, until it's time to shower and then lights out.

B. Acknowledge that you will seldom get more than five consecutive hours of sleep. Something will awake you – either night guard duty or wake up. Once every week or so the itinerary for night duty will allow you about seven hours of sleep. This is perhaps your greatest day, perhaps tying only with–

C. On some weekends, you will get to nap for 2 or 3 hours in the morning. This has to be better than anything else – even coke. Har har har.

D. Don't take anything too seriously. The drill sergeants can only threaten so much, and if you have a more lax view of it all you won't get so utterly stressed out. The world is not going to collapse upon itself... right?

E. Get out of the barracks as frequently as possible. If this means sitting in the hospital chapel after your physical therapy appointment for an hour or so, so be it. Also, try to eat at the hospital as much as possible. Good food, good seats, eat at your own pace. No supervision required. It's the best.

F. Socialize. I can't reiterate this enough. Being a loner is conducive to depression. Depression and alienation are not desirable. One thing the military is good for is forced socialization. You will meet new people, and you may even share an interest. Or a sense of humor. Treasure these people, as they are bastions of sanity in a seemingly hopeless environment.

G. Question why the place exists every waking second. Actually, scratch that. I wasted too much time doing that. I will, however, write TRADOC and my congressmen some nice, informative letters about the wretched state of rehab upon reentry to the civilian world.

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