

Deek magazine

Popular Underculture

Issue 14 • February 2005

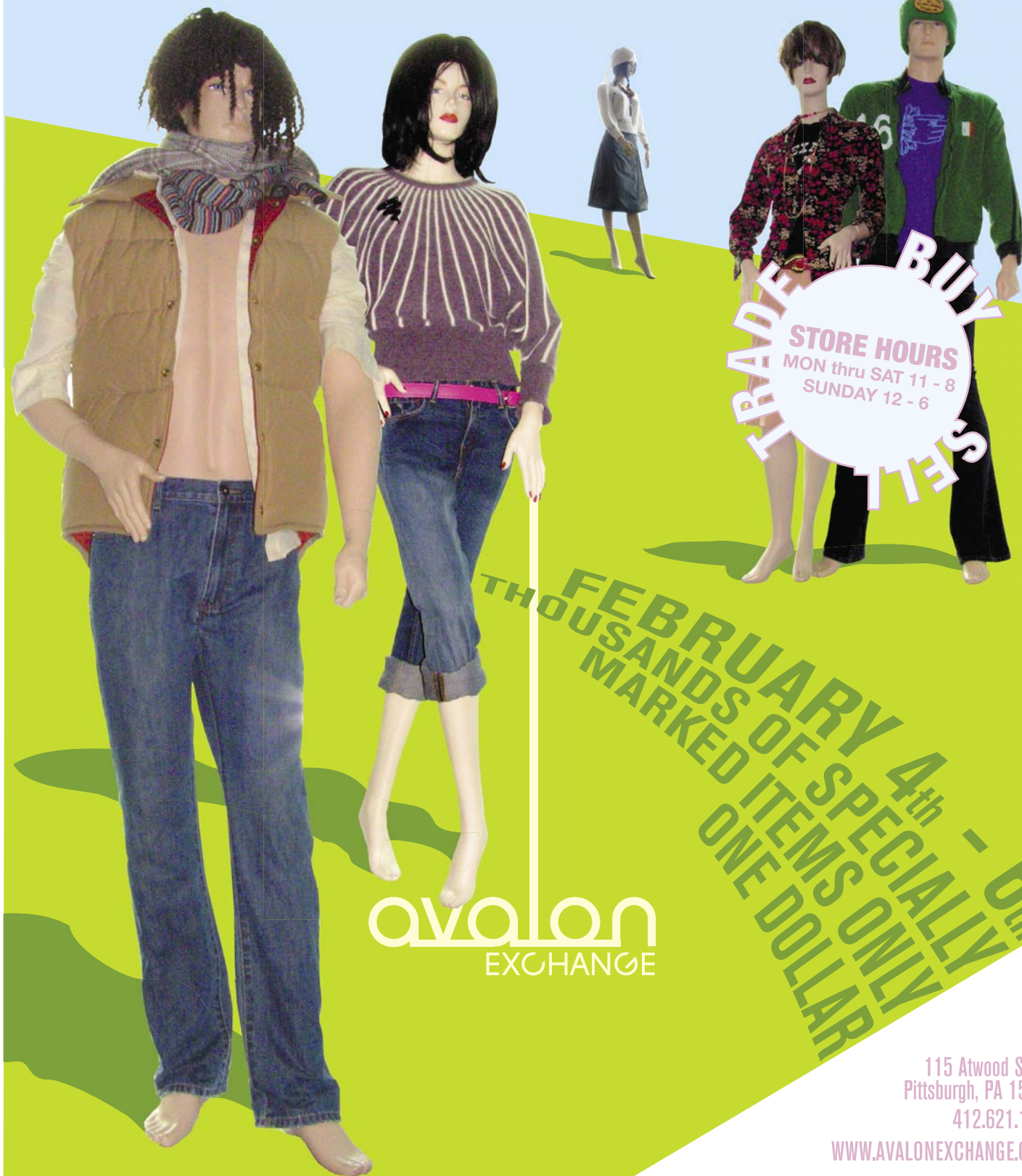
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Letter From the Editor

Note to the reader:
Just days before press our colleague Matt Stroud checked himself in to rehab for reasons unknown to us at Deek. In light of his absence this month's letter from the editor is by our Chief Pro Tempore, Bones van Peeblez.

I got a call the other day as I'm working over this tiny Italian girl in my apartment. She's no looker really, but she more than makes up for it with a Kegel-exercise enhanced vagina the likes of which I have never known before, at least since back when I was fucking... I forget. "Stroud got *fucked up*" they tell me. They don't know how or why, but he called Deek HQ and said he needed some time to "sort things out." I pulled the girl down from the stove and unlocked her. 10 bucks says Stroud's drunk, off in some cabin in the middle of nowhere acting like he's trying to sober up. They said they needed help and that Nate was essentially useless. They were right and I won't go into details.

So now allow me to explain this issue, if I may dabble in the fine art of expositioning. It's called The Detox Incident. I got the draft Stroud was working on and edited it some.

His:

Gentle readers:

The purpose of this issue is to determine what solutions work when you need to kill any compulsion, dependence or infatuation. It is our heartfelt intention to analyze what it means to face an overt, challenging addiction, and what it means to give up something you love, or once loved, to better yourself. Sure, we've thrown some material into the mix regarding drugs, and typically ridiculous/mind-boggling Deek musings, but the main question is this:

What does it mean to stop, cold? And is quitting always the best solution?

Damned if we know.

With patience and serenity,

Stroud
Editor-in-Chief

Deek Magazine: Detox

Mine:

Gentle readers:

The purpose of this issue is to determine what solutions work when you need to kill any compulsion, dependence or infatuation with my cock. It is our heartfelt intention to analyze what it means to face an overt, challenging addiction to my cock, and what it means to give up something you love, or once loved, to better yourself. Sure, we've thrown some material into the mix regarding drugs, my hard cock, and typically ridiculous/mind-boggling Deek musings, but the main question is this:

What does it mean to stop my sperm cannon, cold? And is quitting my dick always the best solution?

Damned if we know.

With patience and serenity,

Stroud
Editor-in-Chief

There. Better.

I saw, I conquered, I came.

In Deek's face.

Yeah. Tell Stroud what you think.
words@deekmagazine.com

Bones VanPeeblez
Editor P-T

Letters To the Editor

Send to words@deekmagazine.com

Dear Deek,
Merry Holidays to you and the DEEK collective and we are all assholes but I am always willing to lend a hand if you need it and if not its cool I'm just glad that kats like you are getting out there and making shit go down.
- Rob G
Via the internet

Dear Deek,
Reading the virtually illegible Madness Incident, I was reminded of a recent Craig's List personal ad in which a self-identified straight man seeks a cock to suck, but requires that no "gay crap" be included in the act. What, I wonder, was he afraid would happen that would be more gay than his running his mouth up and down over an erect penis for the purpose of mutual sexual pleasure? An orgasmic discussion of the proper greens to bring out the colors of spring flowers in a centerpiece?
- Heinrich Head
Sewickley

Dear Deek,
I'm in love with Ann Lord at the bank.
As mad in love as hamburger.
As Popeye to spinach,
As Deucalion to Pyrrha,
As Ann Lord to the loot in the vault at the bank.
- Rubric "Red" Puccoon
Via the internet

Dear Deek,
I need some sort of written explanation for this Pet article because I don't understand the concept. Or maybe I do and can't quite grasp the ... joke? Is it a joke? Or is it meant to be taken seriously? I only need about 30 words, from either you or she, explaining 1) whether or not she's really writing as a dog, 2) if she is, why, and 3) the name of her business, which I remember you telling me, but don't recall. My life is a hell.

Thanks,
Sancho Brújula
Friendship

Dear Deek,
The magazine is sweet how it is, keep the pop punk beat downs coming.
- Heather
via the internet

Dear Deek,
Can a German go to heaven if he becomes a naturalized US citizen, or is Eternal Happiness for those who are US citizens from birth only?
- The Talented Mr. Booker

Dear Deek,
Why all the swearing?
- Christina Mascicone
Squirrel Hill

Dear Deek,
What the fuck was up with that last issue. I get the idea that you want to be creative and unique and all the crap but, uh... I couldn't fucking read it. So where are you now?
- Jim Kuzemka, fiend

Dear Deek,
Madness issue was easily the most ingenious idea for a magazine I've ever seen. I keep wondering what you'll do next, and you always surprise me. Keep it up.
- Joanne DeBusey
Lawrenceville

Fucked up letter of the month:

Dear Deek,

Valeria desperately needs your help. So do countless children around the world who live in poverty.

Can you help them all?

Unfortunately, you can't.

Your mother? Yes, she's a whore.

You're imbeciles,

- Bob O'Knocker
Via the internet



Punk/Counterpunk

Alcoholics Anonymous

As observed and transcribed by S. Brughella

[The following is a transcript of an exchange – respectively, a personal confession, and an immediate reaction – at the University of Pittsburgh during an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. The topic of discussion is “How to sustain relationships without alcohol”]

Punk:

By Bill

Bill, a white guy in his mid-twenties, says: Hi, my name is Bill – I’m an alcoholic...

In relative unison, **The Group**, about thirty strong, arranged in a square of seats, says: Hi, Bill.

Bill: Hi, everybody.

Well... wow. Relationships... yeah. I’m always a little shy at these things, so bear with me but... yeah. Shit yeah, man. Alcohol is a drug. Alcohol is a drug and it has taken me over and I admit I am powerless. Alcohol sure as hell seems to help relationships that don’t matter – random, meaningless friends at some bar – while hurting those that do matter. Am I right?

A black woman, whose crocheting in the group says: That’s right, Bill!

Bill: Yeah, thank you. Sure does make me think, too... Relationships are sacrificed for the bottle, 100%. That’s always where it goes. “I love you,” I’ll say. “I love you, I love someone else, and I love something else.” Then I’ll drink, drink more, and then I’m gone. The emotions are gone. Yeah – that’s the tale, man. Always. So yeah: I’ve got a story for ya’. Deep breath everyone...

[Twenty seconds of silence]

AA leader – bald man in his 60s, twenty pounds overweight: Go on, Bill. We’re here to help.

Bill: Alright. Okay, so last night, the love of my life, Cecelia, assaults me again with the dreaded “Why are we not yet engaged?”

So I say I don’t know; I’m too young. And she won’t accept that. Apparently, last evening, while watching some fucking gossip show... “Inside Edition” or some shit, she was thrown

into a pit of resigned depression when she discovered Jude Law plans to marry someone two years younger than she is – Cecelia, I mean. Totally ridiculous in theory (I mean, have we come to the point in our society where we base our decisions on People Magazine headlines?) but ... understandable? Fuck, I don’t know. She feels she’s over the hill, needs to get on the horse, as it were, in terms of a lasting relationship. So she presents me with an ultimatum – you’re either in or out, Bill. Can you believe that? First it’s in and out, now it’s in or... yeah. Sorry. Fucking unbelievable.

So, getting to the point, I decline, resign, start drinking immediately – while still on the phone with her I cower to a closet. I reach for vodka in a plastic bottle and drink. And drink. Yeah I know. I lost it. I’d been sober for almost a month, and then just ... couldn’t take the world without it.

Anyway. I think over the question – will you marry me? – again and again though sobs on her end of the line – her conversation with dead air – and I completely ignore her, only think of myself. I avoid. I retrace, deny the idea in triplicate – commitment and ... that question. She continues to bring it up and I’m unable to deal without inebriated help.

Some background: We’ve been dating three years, if you want to call it that. Spats occur often. The marriage question has been asked (and regretfully reneged once, by me – I suspected her), to no avail. No conclusions have been met over three years. We lived together for a period lasting over a year when both she and I considered moving out on many occasions – we’re both selfish, childish, inconsolable in despair, but pathetically lonely without each other in a loving relationship. This brings about more problems – I consider on many occasions that I serve, to her, no more purpose than an animated teddy bear; she considers that I see her as a toy.

So we discuss briefly over the phone, get no where. I go to bed very drunk – drunker than usual. I hang up on her mid-sentence, shut off my phone, allow my worries to cease in a haze.

About 4 a.m., I rise and stumble outside.

I need to stroll. The air is crisp, not cold. Lampposts line the street as I move on, so it’s not dark, even though it should be. I walk farther, farther still, heeding time as a beggar I want to kill, not caring how far I need to go, or where I need to be, when I begin to feel sick – like something inside me has given birth, grown old and declared war. The ache escalates – shards of shooting pain rise and rise again, peaking without nadir and the wind grows colder as I begin to sweat. The fear comes and goes and I can do nothing. When it begins to hit me – I am gagging. Am I fucking gagging? Gagging on what? I haven’t eaten in a full day. This is not ... pain ... again ... more and more ... a frightened rise, more discomfort than I’ve ever felt when I arch my back and scream to the sky – death, I think, true terror, a horrific end in sight, a flow of excruciating suffering; agony, torment, torture rising within, something about to erupt, swelling, a river of fear... And then it surfaces. I begin throwing up gallons and gallons of blood – completely gruesome, frightening, no other words will do; the flow of blood is so intense I can still actually hear it right now, as I relate this story to you, like a flowing creek moving from my brainstem into my stomach, then out – out in a vicious, forceful horizontal geyser and I don’t know what to do. The blood stops, then comes back. I feel weak, ready to pass out or die, so I start hobbling, sobbing, completely drained, blood flowing from my mouth as I trudge into a house I don’t recognize, needing help. More blood falls from me and gathers in a pool. And as I walk in, fall through the doorway, there’s someone there who starts caring for me, trying to help, pulling me toward a car to get me ... somewhere. Blood everywhere. And I don’t recognize who he is, but he’s certainly not Cecelia and I look up and recognize the person as a figure I can only describe as Jesus-like, with long hair, gentle, helping, making everything alright, comforting me before telling me “life is blood pouring unto you in a disease-ridden shower” and leaving me alone where I conclude death is imminent, before I realize I’m not awake, and that all I have to do is bring myself to consciousness. And then I’m warm and in bed and the alarm’s

going off and I’m late for work. So I decide it’s time I got some help. I call Cecelia: “Cecelia, baby, I need you –”

There’s a pause here where pain hits me again, like in the dream. And I say: “I ... think I ... have a ... drinking problem.”

“Fuck you,” she says, and hangs up. I pick up the vodka bottle again and finish the little that remains on the way to work. And that day, I decide Alcoholics Anonymous is the only spot I can go. She’s gone. And you guys are all so helpful. So hopeful. So here I am.

Relationships, man. Yeah.

AA leader, alone, says: Thank you... **Bill.** Does anyone have anything else they’d like to share?

Counterpunk:

By Sally

Sally, a housewife, who introduces herself as “a woman with some issues,” says: **Uh...** Hi, my name is Sally, and I’m an alcoholic.

Hesitantly, **The Group** responds: Hi ... Sally.

Sally: And, uh... Jesus? Jesus. I think there are alcoholics and there are psychotic folks who drink too much. And you, Bill, are a psycho.

You need a lot more help than AA can offer. I’m outta here. You’re all crazy.

The Group says: **Thanks, Sally.**

[Sally grabs her coat and leaves]

News Briefs

Assembled by Deek Staff and Wire Reports

President Bush dedicates \$88 billion to cure homosexuality

WASHINGTON D.C. – President Bush announced the expenditure of more of his “political capital” on Saturday during a Rose Garden press conference on his new initiative to cure the disease of homosexuality.

“Homosexuality is a silent killer in this country,” said Bush. “Without a strong moral fiber this nation risks being torn apart, and this disease is helping to do that. Attacks have recently come from all sides – women’s rights, the media, even football isn’t safe anymore. The disease of homosexuality is spreading rapidly throughout the population, and there has been no federal funding toward finding a cure since I first learned about it almost thirty years ago. Without adequate treatment, millions, perhaps dozens of millions, will be afflicted with this disease over the next four years.”

The money will be spent largely on current research on homosexual penguins that showed they can be sexually reoriented through a series of hormonal injections and mild testicular surgery. Bush hopes to see the research applied to other gay animals, such as dolphins, monkeys and a pair of auto-felating ostriches.

Ashlee Simpson album still awful, subliminally

LOS ANGELES – A recent study by the Subliminal and Poison Institute of Northern California has determined that Ashlee Simpson’s debut album, *Autobiography*, is still god-awful on a subliminal level.

“From the title track to *Undiscovered* we detected nothing that even resembles a persuasive subliminal,” said Dr. Marco del Rio. “Like the music itself, Simpson’s subliminals are essentially amalgamations of subliminals from artists like Avril Lavigne, Tori Amos, and Cyndi Lauper.”

Del Rio found no evidence of hidden messages in the subliminals either, and sighed wistfully as he gazed at the sunset and wished for “the days of Satanism and suicide.”

Asian only minority missing from PC fast-food employment poster

MILWAUKEE – Jack-in-the-Box Inc. revealed its new employment promotions poster on Thursday in a ceremony touting the company’s desire to “hire across the board.” The poster depicts this slogan, along with a veritable rainbow of gender and race, including a Native American in a motorized wheelchair. Asians, however, are suspiciously absent from the poster, due to be shipped nationwide.

“Our research has shown us that, in fact, Asians make up less than one percent of our employment base, and less than three percent in fast-food employment nationwide,” said Barbara Atwater, a spokesperson for Jack-in-the-Box inc. “The handicapped outnumber them almost seven-to-one in employment,” she said, adding, “When was the last time you even saw an Asian working at a fast-food restaurant?”

Ninja laments he may be next victim of outsourcing

NEW YORK – Kenji Akimoto, highest ranking assassin of the Red Dagger Clan, fears his job might be the next to go in a growing series of outsourcing moves in the money-for-murder industry.

“I’ve seen the signs all over the place,” said Akimoto. “First, the Silent Crane Gang’s sensei laid off his entire ninja pool, choosing to sub-contract the work to Columbian drug lords, then the Deadly Dragon Squad ceased operations and licensed their name to the Indian mafia. What’s stopping that from happening to us Red Daggers?”

Ninjas are just the latest field in the long line of U.S. industries that have seen jobs being sent overseas to deal with rising costs. Ninjas have been hit especially hard by the lower-cost guerillas of South American nations, who have benefited greatly from NAFTA.

“I’m not sure what I’ll do if the Clan closes up,” Akimoto sighed. “I guess I’ll have to finally makeup with my brother about that whole ‘me-killing-our-master thing’ and go in on that karate school down on Seventh Street with him.”

Work begins on ‘Passion’ sequel

HOLLYWOOD, CA – After a stellar worldwide box office performance and critical praise, work has begun on a sequel to this year’s hit film, “The Passion of the Christ,” announced director Mel “Hell” Gibson in a press conference yesterday for “Passion Harder – The Passion of the Christ II.”

The sequel will see major changes from the first film. Gone is Jim Caviezel, who displeased American audiences since no one quite knew who he was. Vin Diesel will now assume the role of Jesus Christ, considered the biggest coup in Hollywood since Val Kilmer took the reigns of Batman from Michael Keaton.

“Diesel is a proven attraction,” said Gibson, “and you get a guaranteed strong opening in the international markets with such a marquee star.”

Gibson announced an intention to step down as a director and focus on his producer role.

“We’ve got both the Wachowski Brothers and John Woo very interested this time out,” said the Oscar-winner. “I think a more action-oriented film is just what Middle-America is looking for after the more dramatic first film.”

Indeed, scribe Kevin Williamson of “Scream” fame has already completed his treatment of the film, choosing to drop already-established Biblical continuity. Williamson decided to update the Resurrection story line to have a more timely feel, as Jesus now returns 2,000 years later to help in the U.S.-led War on Terrorism. Jesus will lead a crack commando squad on a final hunt for Al Qaeda leader Osama Bin Laden. Joining Diesel in the film will be Jaime Kennedy as a mousy, joking computer expert and Ving Rhames as a no-nonsense, gay, hand-to-hand combat expert.

In a bid to attract more female viewers, the Lord and Saviour also finds love this time out in a quirky romantic subplot involving Christ falling for the President’s outgoing and rebellious daughter, to be played by Beyonce Knowles.

“Passion Harder” is set for a holiday 2006 release.

God Gets DVD Player

HEAVEN – Almighty God reportedly purchased a DVD player this past weekend at a local Target location. God apparently had been considering the purchase since seeing one in use at the home of his son, Jesus Christ, during a Christmas Day visit.

“The kid’s had one of those things for a few years now, but I hadn’t seen it used ‘til that day when he showed me Elf,” said the most powerful being in the universe. “I was simply blown away by the amazing picture quality. I just wish I had more time to see the special

features, but I had to leave before his mom showed up. You know how awkward running into those one night stands can be.”

God said he is already pondering the purchase of a new 27” television to go along with the new player.

“You know I have the ol’ 20” set for the living room, but maybe it’s time to go bigger,” said the Creator of All Things. “Heck, maybe I’ll even get one of those cool stereo systems to watch Star Wars on.”

Amongst God’s first DVD purchases were “Fahrenheit 9/11,” “Xena – The Complete Third Season,” and “Mean Girls.”

Why I Quit Smoking Weed

By Natty Soltesz

Choose Your Poison

By Anna Balkrishna

Let me just start by saying that in telling you my reasons for abstaining from pot, I have no desire to come across as pious and judgmental to those who do smoke (i.e., all of my friends). I haven't smoked weed in over 13 months.

To tell you the truth, I'm not entirely clear on my reasons for giving it up, so to ruminate on the subject is beneficial for me. Plus I hate not being able to back myself up when I try to explain it to my pothead friends, who invariably act as though *I'm* the one with the problem.

I quit smoking weed because my therapist suggested it, and I was open and willing to try anything to change my life at that point, as miserable of a person as I was. Was I brainwashed into thinking pot was bad for me? I don't know. Was I brainwashed into thinking pot was good for me? It's irrelevant.

Weed was always a problem for me. When I was getting high, I preferred to smoke by myself, but even then it had the positive and negative quality of taking me outside of my own mind – sending me into ever-spiraling thought loops of self-hatred masked as introspection (“I should be more spontaneous ... I'm not as fun and friendly as (blank) is ... When I go out tonight, I'll be really entertaining and lively ... God I hate myself ...” And so on).

Smoking with others made me even worse, and I did it a lot. Near the end of my pot-smoking career I was crashing at a friend's apartment. I would come home first and smoke myself up. Then my friend would come home and smoke me up. Then his girlfriend would come home and we'd smoke four more times. By midnight I'd be in a complete haze, watching “American Justice” on the TiVo and lamenting all the things I didn't get done.

I'd wake up the next morning, still high, struggling to maintain a semi-clear head before just breaking down and smoking up, repeating the process all over again.

Let's face it: pothead=addict. I was an addict. People want to pretend like weed isn't addictive. They constantly say things like “I'm trying to cut down,” but they never quit. If that isn't addictive, I don't know what is.

Another common excuse is that weed is better than alcohol, the lesser of two evils. Well, sure it is, but fuck that shit. As shitty and horrible as the world is, there is still life to be lived, and drugs are but one facet of experience. Smoke in high school, trip in college, whatever. Drugs are fine to play around with. But why get high all of the time? What are you adding to your

everyday experience? Are you expanding your mind? Soothing your mind? Or are you just tuning out because you're not ready to face your shit?

I realize it's a rhetorical question. I also realize that I've ignored my own intentions and have become pious and judgmental.

So going back to my original point, I suppose it would be easier to explain why I quit smoking weed by telling you the reasons I *started* smoking weed. I smoked because it gave me something to do. Because it's what I did when I was with my friends – often because it gave me a reason to get together with my friends (“Wanna come over my place, smoke a bowl?”).

I smoked because I was in school and the thought of having to make something out of my life in the next few years and beyond scared the living shit out of me (“What do you do, besides work at your job? What means something to you?”).

I smoked because I was bored. I still get bored sober, but at least I have the presence of mind to do something – write, read – if I want to, and not have to battle the desire to just get high and forget.

People ask me if my head is clearer now that I don't smoke weed. I can't really say that. I definitely feel like I know myself a lot better, and I don't have a substance to blame if I feel fuzzy or forgetful. It frees things up. It's one less thing I have to deal with (finding it, buying it, wanting to be free of it).

People also ask me if I get more done. It's true that I do. This essay, for example. I couldn't sustain a thought for more than two sentences when I was getting high. Quitting pot forced a change in me. I started to respect myself a lot more.

There are certain things I miss about smoking weed. Most of all is the romanticism of it. To be spending a dusky summer evening cruising back roads, smoking a joint...very seductive. Weed still has a very strong hold on my subconscious.

But at least I'm aware of it. I can cruise the back roads in my mind, if I want to. It may be hard for you to swallow, but I'm more present when I'm virtually there in my head, than when I'm actually there, and out of my head.

3:17a.m. I return to an empty apartment, stumbling in the neon-shadowed darkness, my intoxication predicable and violent thanks to that bartender with the British accent who plied me with ridiculously named concoctions in exchange for my smile. I'm thinking about the moment I had tonight, the moment when I was in the ladies' bathroom at Galaxy, peeing inadvertently on my inner thigh, which somehow reminded me of being in that very same stall a month ago, with Molly and Kat, eagerly snorting coke out of the hollowed-out bottom of a Parliament cigarette. And Kat being like, “Oh yeah, didn't you know about Parliaments? They make them this way on purpose.” And I'm just hoping she'll pass out another bump. But this is a flashback, and I'm really just alone peeing on my own leg.

When I emerged from the bathroom, there was the Irish guy – so easy because all Irish guys in this town (and all towns) are the displaced people of the earth, eager to shake hands and always the last to drag themselves away from the party, whether they know anyone there or not. I'm taking advantage of this fact by sweating him, ignoring his less-cute friend, talking all kinds of shit about all the Irish kids I know in this city, and if he *really* wants to know what's up he should go to the Sunset party next weekend; I'm not sure but I hear it's going down last-minute at Golden Gate Park, seriously, they're off the hook.

“I love your hat, where did you get it?” he says, yanking it off my head to try it on his own. And then with a blue ballpoint pen he writes his name, email address, *and* phone number down the length of my arm: A concrete reminder of this point in time when I am a bona fide slut – or at least trying to be.

(What's the point of this story? My motives for telling are hazy even to me, but at least it keeps me awake before I have to get into my bed alone and lie there before deciding that I should probably puke to save myself a hangover.)

The real question is: Should I email him, the Irish guy? Calling is out of the question. Because this story *really* gets interesting when I get home from the club and hit the button on the answering machine. It's a message from this boy Sean who gave me his *card* a few weeks ago at Blowfish Sushi To Die For, a boy I blatantly hit on with no regard for smoothness points, hoping my brazenness would win him over, complimenting his extensive tattoos – which *were* really cool, by the way – so I could strike up a conversation as I bagged his sashimi: “How many chopsticks do you need? Oh, you're a photographer's assistant? That's so cool!”

He must have taken my flimsy pretext as genuine interest (which is partially true; my interest in *him* was genuine, at least), because the next thing I knew he'd whipped out a business card and was writing the name of his tattoo artist down on it, telling me to give Bruce a call if I ever decided to get more work done. I became bold: A foot in the door! So just as he was leaving I blurted out, awkwardly and red-faced, “Gee, maybe next time you'll write *your* phone number down for me!”

I was pleased I had come up with such a clever line but mortified it actually came out of my mouth. (Since when was I so cheesy?) And he just laughed, very enigmatically, as he walked out the door laden with my to-go bags.

The business card stayed pinned up on the refrigerator for weeks, elbowing me in the gut with its inscrutable intentions. *Why did he write the number on the back of his business card, unless it was on purpose to slip me his digits? Damn.*

A few days ago, fortified with the acidic courage of an ill-advised bottle of merlot (no surprise there), I called his number and left a stumbling voicemail ... and got no response. I was horrified enough as it was, but then there was this message tonight, obviously recorded on a Saturday night when it was probable that I would not be home, a nice, disembodied voice saying: “I didn't want you to think I didn't get your message or wasn't calling you back, but the thing is, I'm seeing someone kinda serious right now, so I'm thinking it's not going to work out in that capacity. But hey, I'll see you around at Blowfish or whatever...” Christ. I saved it just so I could revel in all its horrible glory.

And now I'm thinking I'm just a fool for taking this random Irish kid's number. I've been through this before, no need to embarrass myself again. At least this time I didn't invite him over to my house, only to find he has an inordinate amount of body hair or is a chronic leg-humper. But then again, I've always been a sucker for an Irish accent... and e-mail isn't so personal; I could maintain some distance... I'm rationalizing. Fine. But I will probably wait the prerequisite three days anyway, and then I'll write him even though I know it's lame and misguided, because I have nothing to lose and after all there really is a Sunset party next week, and apparently I'm into punishing myself these days because, hey, I did cheat on my boyfriend after all. Who, by the way, left me a really sweet voicemail the other day. Fuck. I guess it's time to go throw up now.

This piece was first published in “Young & Reckless: Poison Control Vol. 1.” More information at www.poison-control.com

BORDER X-ING (Part One of a Three-Part Series)

By Brian King

PART I

It was about midnight, maybe one, I don’t know. All I remember was that I was asleep when the phone rang. It was Norm, this guy who recently befriended me at the grocery store we both worked at. He was kind of annoying and dorky, but still someone I didn’t mind hanging out with once in a while – a sidekick, a “Yes-man,” you know the type. Anyway, his point for interrupting my dreams was to see if I would be interested in a road trip with him and his friends because “dude, I was like checking the schedule at work and I noticed that like neither of us are on for two days.”

“Where are we going?”

“Mexico dude! We’re going to fucking Mexico! So like are you goin’ or what?” he asked. He was practically screaming in my ears, not at all trying to contain his excitement – poor impulse control in that boy, he could have been goofed up on speed, you know what I mean.

I had lived in Texas for almost six years and had never been to Mexico before, so I said what the hell, got up from my bed and threw on the same clothes that I just took off a few hours ago. A pair of big black pleated pants, a large ripped black t-shirt with a faded picture of a skull on the front, my father’s hand-me-down combat boots, a chain for my wrist and another around my neck. To complete the look, I splashed some water on my face and ran some into my hair, bent over so my hair hung down, then spayed the fuck out of it with hairspray while blow-drying it into the tall shape that I liked. When I stood up, my hair was standing almost six inches in every direction. I picked up my earrings and worked them into their respective, partially infected and poorly pierced, holes. This was my uniform. I was so punk. Oi, motherfucker.

I didn’t pack anything. I wasn’t really sure what people bring to Mexico anyway and I hadn’t gone on too many roadtrips – come to think of it I had never gone on one. Somehow I had the foresight to grab my stash of ecstasy pills, about six or seven in a little bag, and shove them in my pocket. I probably just brought them out of habit, like reaching for the wallet and keys; it was just part of my routine. Besides, Norm was a good customer and his friends would probably want some too.

About an hour or so later, Norm showed up at my place. He was hyper and his eyes were bloodshot. I could describe his appearance as a typical punk, skinny and malnourished with skin so pale it looked transparent, bleached blonde spiked hair, really bad skin, tight jeans and a leather jacket customized with studs and paint. He definitely had the look down, but I doubted his punk sincerity. He struck me as the kind of guy that got into the scene so he could get laid, even though I’ve never seen him with a chick or heard him mention one since we met. Because of this, he was what we called a poser or a wanna-be, but still he was my Yes-man and that night he was driving.

I considered writing a note for my parents but I couldn’t find a pen, so I just left and walked out to the car parked in the street in front of my house. It was an old model something, a seventies-era big boat of an American car with a few dents, rust holes and one fender that didn’t match. It was also stuffed to near capacity with punks, each one of them sporting a different hairstyle and colors. I didn’t know any of them and later found out they were Norm’s friends from school.

It took about three seconds for Norm to go through the introductions, but the only name I remembered was Rudy the driver. I remembered him because he seemed to be the only one that knew anything about where we were going and what we were going to do there. His full name was Rudolfo, and he seemed to be very proud of his Mexican heritage, holding it over our gringo heads and acting like our cultural liaison to the exotic land on the other side of the river. There were three others besides me, him and Norm, and none of them gave me any reason to commit them to memory – just a group of punk wanna-be’s, you know. When they weren’t talking noise about the last Misfits or Cramps CDs, they mostly just slept and kept to themselves.

We hit the road with about five hours of driving ahead of us. For holding six passengers and not being a minivan, Rudy’s car had tons of room. I was comfortably sitting in the seat behind him, Norm sat in the middle of the backseat and the others filled the passenger side of the car. Things were going smoothly, so I decided to rest my head against the window and catch up on some much needed sleep.

I woke up feeling the car bounce up and down underneath

my head. Looking up I realized that everyone else was wide awake and Rudy was struggling to maintain control as the car wove back and forth across four lanes of an empty highway. “What the fuck?” I shouted.

“Flat tire, dude. It just blew out,” Norm told me.

“So pull the fuck over then!” I told Rudy.

“I’m trying, man, the fucking wheel isn’t responding.”

He yelled at my image in the rearview mirror. We were speeding, probably going about eighty or so on interstate 35, and he lost control of the car.

“Man, just slam on the fucking brakes! There’s nobody around. Just stop this damn thing!” someone said.

One thing about me is that I tend to remain really calm in extreme situations; this was true even back then. While the others were getting all panicky and shouting at each other, I just looked out window as the car continued to shake and rock across the highway. I could tell we were slowing down a little, but Rudy’s brakes weren’t that good and I could hear them grinding under our feet. There were a few semis coming toward us on the other side of the highway, but luckily our side was dead empty. We finally slowed down to a manageable speed and Rudy steered the car, flapping tire rubber and all, onto the shoulder lane of an overpass.

As I looked down at the highway beneath us, all I could hear was “fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck!*” Rudy just kept repeating this chant to himself over and over as if in angry meditation, breaking it up once in a while with a “God damn!” or “shit!” The guy was about to explode. “Dude, it’s no big deal. Let’s just put on the spare and get the hell out of here.” I told him.

“Man, I don’t have a fucking spare!”

“What the fuck kind of car doesn’t come with a spare in the trunk? All cars have spare tires!” I said as I popped open the trunk and started digging under all the shit piled in there. He was right, we didn’t have one. Oh we had a trunk full of trash and shit, but no spare tire. Fucking irresponsible, stupid punks.

“Well, we’re fucked. I’m going back to sleep until you guys figure this shit out.” I said. I think Norm and a couple of the others joined me in the car. Rudy followed and took his seat at the wheel.

“Man, I think we passed a gas station about ten miles back. Maybe they sell spares.” He said to himself.

“How many gas stations do you know that sell tires? Even if they do and are open in the middle of the night, are they gonna carry it back here for you? You need to call a tow truck. Where are we anyway?” I asked.

“Somewhere in San Antonio.”

I had a few friends that lived in San Antonio and I thought that I could call them if I needed to, but I figured

I’d let Rudy and the boys try and dig us out of this one first. Besides, it had to be almost three, maybe four in the morning and I was content to sleep a few hours in the car anyway.

I don’t know how long I was out, but I woke up to the sound of someone banging against the window with a flashlight. I looked up and saw a man in uniform, bent over to get a better look at everyone in the car and pointing a flashlight directly at Rudy’s dead asleep body sitting in front of me. After I passed out, those idiots didn’t do shit but crawl back into the car and sleep. I kicked the back of his seat and shook him by the shoulders to wake him. The others remained passed out cold.

“Huh, what?”

“Dude, wake up. There’s someone outside to talk to you.” I told him...

How to Be a Successful Drug Dealer
By Preston Peet

“For me, one could write about lies from morning till night, but this is the one most worth writing about, because the domestic consequences are so horrible; it’s contributed to police brutality, police corruption, militarizations of police forces, and now, as we speak, it contributes to the pretext for another Viet Nam War.”
– **Peter Dale Scott, July 24, 2000**

On May 11, 2000, the US House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence made public their “Report on the Central Intelligence Agency’s Alleged Involvement in Crack Cocaine Trafficking in the Los Angeles Area.” The investigation by the HPSCI focused solely on the “implications” of facts reported in investigative reporter Gary Webb’s 3-part expose in the San Jose Mercury News, August, 18, 19, and 20, 1996, titled “Dark Alliance,” in which it was alleged that a core group of Nicaraguan Contra supporters formed an alliance with black dealers in South Central Los Angeles to sell cocaine to the Bloods and Crips street gangs, who turned it into crack, then the drug-profits were funneled back to Contra coffers by the Contra supporters. Approved for release in February, 2000, the HPSCI report states the Committee “found no evidence” to support allegations that CIA agents or assets associated in any way with the Nicaraguan Contra movement were involved in the supply or sale of drugs in the Los Angeles area. Utilizing a not-so-subtle strategy of semantics and misdirection, the HPSCI report seeks to shore up the justifiably crumbling trust in government experienced by the American public. But the report is still a lie.

One would have to intentionally not look to miss the copious amounts of evidence of CIA sanctioned and protected drug-trafficking, even in LA, that exists today in the public record, and the HPSCI succeeds admirably, disregarding sworn testimony, government reports, and ignores what agents on the ground at the scene have to say.

A Viet Nam veteran, and the DEA’s lead agent in El Salvador and Guatemala from 1985 to 1990, Celerino Castillo documented massive CIA sanctioned and protected drug-trafficking, and illegal Contra-supply operations at Illopango Airbase in El Salvador. Asked what he thought of the HPSCI report, Castillo said, “It is a flat-out lie. It is a massive cover-up... They completely lied, and I’m going to prove that they are lying with the case file numbers... I was there during the whole thing.”

After participating in the historic CIA-Drugs Symposium in Eugene, Oregon, June 11, 2000, Castillo decided to go back through his notes and journals, and his

DEA-6’s, the bi-weekly reports he’d filled out at the time, to see just how many times his records didn’t match the “not guilty” verdict of the HPSCI report. “I’ve got them [CIA] personally involved in 18 counts of drugs trafficking... I’ve got them on 3 counts of murders of which they personally were aware, that were occurring, and... to make a long story short, I [also] came out with money laundering, 3 or 4 counts.”

Among the cases Castillo describes in his scathing written response to the HPSCI report, full of DEA case file numbers and Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs Information System (NADDIS) numbers, is that of drug-trafficker Fransisco Rodrigo Guirola Beeche, who has two DEA NADDIS jackets, and is documented in DEA, CIA, and Customs files. On February 6, 1985, Guirola flew out of Orange County, California, “in a private airplane with 3 Cuban-Americans. It made a stop in South Texas where US Customs seized \$5.9 million in cash. It was alleged that it was drug money, but because of his ties to the Salvadoran death squads and the CIA he was released, and the airplane given back.” In other words, the government kept the money, and known drug-trafficker Guirola got off with his airplane. In May of 1984, Guirola had gone with Major Roberto D’Abuisson, head of the death squads in El Salvador at that time, to a highly secret, sensitive, and as it turns out, successful meeting with former Deputy Director of Central Intelligence, Vernon Walters. “Walters was sent to stop the assassination of [then] US Ambassador to El Salvador, Thomas Pickering.” The CIA knew Guirola, and knew him well. Although the HPSCI report notes that John McCavitt, a senior CIA official in Guatemala and El Salvador at the time, “rejects forcefully” the idea that there was CIA involvement in trafficking in either country, and that he told the Committee that Illopango Airport in El Salvador hadn’t been used as a narcotics trans-shipment point by Contra leaders, Castillo documented Guirola less than a year after the arrest in South Texas, flying drugs, cash, and weapons in and out of Illopango Airfield, out of hangers 4 and 5, which were run respectively by Oliver North/Gen. Richard Secord’s National Security Council (NSC) Contra-supply operation, and the CIA. There’s no sign of Guirola within the entire 44 page HPSCI report.

Prof. Peter Dale Scott also wrote a response to the HPSCI report, in which he wrote “this latest deception cannot be written off as an academic or historical matter. The CIA’s practice of recruiting drug-financed armies is an on-going matter.”

Scott, a Professor Emeritus at Berkeley campus, University of California, prolific author, and a former

Canadian diplomat from 1957 to 1961, has spent years studying and reporting on drug-trafficking connections of the CIA and other US government agencies. Knowing that the HPSCI report is full of lies and misrepresentations, Scott is at a loss as to how this report could have been authorized for release by the Committee, and voiced serious concerns about the staff of the HPSCI. “Well, they were headed by this guy who just committed suicide, (Chief of Staff John Millis), who not only was ex-CIA, he’d actually been working with Gulbuddin Hekmatyer in Afghanistan, (as part of CIA covert operations assisting in the fight against the Soviets in the late 70s and early 80s, while Hekmatyar moved tons of opium and smack). He may not have known about the Contra-drug connections, but he certainly knew about some CIA-drugs ties. I don’t think it was an accident that they picked someone from that area to sit over the staff either. I mean, this was one of the most sensitive political threats that the CIA had ever faced.” John Millis, a 19-year veteran of the CIA, was found dead of “suicide” in a dingy hotel room in Vienna, Virginia, just outside of Washington, DC, June 3, 2000, less than a month after the release of the HPSCI report.

The CIA released it’s own report in two parts, the Hitz Report, Vol. 1 in January, 1998, and Vol. 2, in October, 1998, (within hours of the vote by Congress to hold impeachment hearings over Clinton’s lying about a blow job), which examined the allegations of CIA protecting and facilitating, and participating directly in drug trafficking. There were numerous examples contained therein, particularly in Vol. 2, of just how much the CIA really knew about the drug trafficking of its “assets,” and admitted to knowing. But by the time the report was released to the public, the major news outlets, “the regular villains,” as Scott calls them, had already denigrated the story for 2 years, attacking and vilifying Webb, instead of investigating the facts themselves.

To read the whole story, check out www.deekmagazine.com and look under “Current Issue.

Preston Peet, editor of “Under the Influence – the Disinformation Guide to Drugs” and DrugWar.com. This piece was first published in “You Are Being Lied To – The Disinformation Guide to Media Distortion, Historical Whitewashes and Cultural Myths,” edited by Russ Kick, and published by The Disinformation Company.

Rapid Detox

By Jessica Robyn

I might be a little on the naïve side.

My dad didn't really marry that bitch; my ex-boyfriend doesn't ever like other girls; Pop-Up Videos will be back someday... And detox? Rehab? Withdrawal? It's all in a Saturday morning spent on my futon, Gatorade and aspirin at my side, curtains drawn, watching On-Demand and cursing Molson triple-X.

Every once in awhile, however,

I get a stabbing reminder ignorance doesn't guarantee bliss. I've seen the wedding pictures; I've heard about the thing he had with the bartender; I've watched Best Week Ever. And, upon being asked to check out the local methadone clinics for the magazine to see just what rapid detox was all about, I had the unwelcome feeling that I was again about to swallow another unpleasant spoonful of reality – something I generally have little patience for. I reached for my box of crayon-colored Nat Sherman's. I'm not a smoker; the first half-pack of cigarettes had lasted me nearly a week. I wondered whether the second would last me through the day.

I called the Health Department and asked for the numbers of relevant local clinics, as well as any information about heroin withdrawal or rapid detox that they could give me. I was given neither, only a number for someone who supposedly had what I was looking for. Dialed it; same response. (And this one was rather rude. Bitch.) Dialed that number, got the numbers for five local centers, but no direct information. So far, I was half-way through a jade-colored cigarette, smoked more out of frustration than nervousness. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. I picked up the phone again.



Two of the five centers were closed for the day (one of them closed at 1:45 each afternoon, or so said the recording; who does that?). The remaining three refused to talk, regardless of my shameless attempts at charm, wit, and proverbial dick-sucking. Not much for media coverage, eh? Undaunted, I flicked around on the internet to see what info I could find – more clinics, national hotlines, articles. Finished the green, finished a pink, and started working on a blue when I tried calling the clinics again. Got the same reaction from two of them – one asked me not to call again. Why wouldn't they talk? What did they think I was going to expose, unearth? I've got dirty little secrets too, but I at least converse with the people who fucking call me. Discouragement was setting in; if I couldn't get anything out of the receptionists, I was never going to learn anything from the people administering the actual treatment, much less the people being treated. I was pissed; I was on a mission, and these people were making me fail. I had one center left to redial. I never called.

The Narcotics Anonymous meeting was held in the basement of a Baptist Church in Western Maryland. Pittsburgh has its own local chapters, but after the trouble I'd already had, I wanted to see what was available in some other neck of the Allegheny woods. Plus, I had a friend at my old university who volunteered at these things. At the very least, I was hoping she'd up my comfort level; I was still apprehensive, and I was running out of cigarettes.

I got lost on my way to the red brick building, and got lost on the inside (ironic when you realize that the people coming are looking for guidance and direction) but finally wandered into the room where the meetings were held. It was painted a pallid and sickly green, the same moldy color that will forever remind me of an elementary school gymnasium. I read once that they use the color in public buildings because it induces a sort of calm. Upon entering the room I decided that was bullshit. What was I so uneasy about? Fortunately, the only other person there so far was my friend Becca, an undergraduate social work student doing her senior thesis on drug intervention. We had some time to kill, so I told her about the trouble I'd had back in Pittsburgh – no one wanted to give me any information. On anything.

"I'm not too surprised," she said, taking a red cigarette out my box and lighting it. I followed suit. (When in NA, do as the...) "Rapid detox has only been around for about 15 years, and has only been in its present form for less than half of that.

It's still a young treatment. And as is the case with most medical procedures still in their adolescence, it's surrounded by a lot of controversy. A lot of places shy away from interviews and media attention because they don't think any good will come of it. Either their center participates in rapid detox programs, and they don't want any criticism for doing so, or they don't offer it, and they don't want any criticism for doing so.

These are people who do what they do because they believe in it and want to help; they don't want their names or faces attached to any sort of stigma. They practice a different kind of medicine; it's not about money and attention and trying to attract more patients."

And I can understand that. Except for her comment about the money – at about \$15 grand a pop, someone's certainly raking it in, and I doubt it's the receptionists – most of what she had to say fell in line with what I had read. Rapid detox is essentially just what it sounds like: Literally, a quick fix. A heroin addict attempting detoxification opts for an intravenous blue chemical cocktail of naloxone (an opiate blocker) and anesthesia to inhibit the body's ability to be further affected by the drug (a permanent result, if the patient follows up with a daily dose of naloxone, in pill form, for a year). Simple enough, yes? The procedure itself takes less than half an hour; recovery, no more than a weekend. This, in contrast to classic cold-turkey, wherein an addict suffers pain, depression and some GI turbulence – sometimes for a matter of weeks. I worked things out in my head – a little pain (and excuse me if it sounds like I am belittling anything here) for a couple of days, versus veritable hell for the better part of a month. And the problem was...?

"Eh, you know... some law suits back in the early days, ethical questions about whether it's right to speed up a natural withdrawal process so quickly, the matter of the cost..." Becca didn't seem to have much more to say about it, and I didn't have time to ask. Becca's weeknight crew had arrived. It was meeting time, and what was more, it was cigarette time. I lit a gold one. Seeing their faces made everything very, very real. We weren't talking about addicts, anymore; we were talking about people.

Eh-hem. Sorry.

Aside from Becca and I,

there were only four others in the room. Two non-descript, blue-collar, blonde-haired, twenty-something guys in work boots, ripped and paint-adorned jeans, and t-shirts who we'll call Keys (because he couldn't let go of his all meeting) and Boner (because he couldn't let go of his all meeting). There was Mama, a pregnant woman of indeterminable age whose stringy grey hair made her look much older than I suspected she really was. She was soft-spoken around the bubbly sorority girl who I recognized from a class I had taken when I attended the local university. I sat hoping she wouldn't recognize me, although it didn't matter; Becca introduced me, and told her four faithful attendants why I was there, and that the first half of the meeting would be devoted to my questions, should they feel comfortable enough to answer them. I thought they'd be disgusted, nervous, angry. I expected the blonde to leave; old friends aren't people you hope to see in rehab. Surprisingly, it was the sorority sister (I'll call her Delta) who had the most to say to me – for better or for worse.

Of the four there,

only the two women had gone the rapid detox route; Delta, twice. The boys had each quit cold-turkey – Keys had been clean for two months, and Boner for four, but had quit a total of three times in as many years. All of them had been addicted to OxyContin.



Since rapid detox was of the most interest to me, I dove right into the subject; however, before either of the girls could speak up about their experiences, Keys caught me off guard. I hadn't expected him to have much to say, so I only gave him half of my attention – at first.

"I wish it wasn't so fuckin' expensive," he lamented. For such a primitive sentence, my attention has never been so commanded. The guy had presence, and passion, and pain. I liked it. "I quit, just quit, all at once, on my own, because I couldn't afford that detox thing. It was hell. Nothin' has ever hurt so bad. If I could go back and do it the easy way, I would, but hell - \$14 grand? Something like that... shit I'm lucky if I make that in a year."

"Sure, it's a lot," Mama said quietly, looking down. "But it was just so, so worth it. I feel like I can do anything now. I feel brand-new. I feel almost scared, because I don't know what life is gonna be like without the drugs. I'm wandering into some real unfamiliar territory." I could certainly relate; my nerves had yet to subside. "But when you think about it, it's \$14 or \$15 thousand dollars for the rest of your life."

"Exactly." Delta was joining in. "It's not about money; it's about freedom from the Oxy. Whatever it takes, you find the money. It's just something you gotta do." I ask her where she managed to scrape up \$30,000 – remember, she'd done this twice. "Oh. My parents. But I mean, still; to them, it was just something that had to be done. If I ever needed it again, I'm sure they'd do the same thing for me. You can't put a price on your life, you know?" Keys and Boner make some barely-audible noises of disgust; a part of me can't blame them. Boner sulks down into his seat and quickly slips his hand over his erection; I pretend not to notice. I ask what the rapid detox itself was actually like. I didn't want to hear about Daddy's money any more, and I didn't think that the guys who couldn't afford a rapid detox session of their own had much interest in the story, either. Mama interrupts Delta's attempt at answering my question; I'm amused. Thatagirl.

"They put you under, so you don't remember a whole lot. When I woke up, though, it was the first time in forever when I wasn't dying for a pill. I kept waiting and waiting for the urge to come back and I kind of still am. I know it won't come back, as long as I keep taking my [prescribed] pills, and I've still got two months left... it's still strange to me." I want to ask whether the naloxone pills have any projected effect on her unborn baby, but I'm not comfortable enough to. I shouldn't have hesitated; Delta jumps at the pause in conversation to speak. I almost interrupt her but change my mind – why am I being such a bitch? This is her story too, and without hers, I wouldn't have mine. I try to tolerate, try to listen.

"They put you under, so you don't remember a whole lot. When I woke up, though, it was the first time in forever when I wasn't dying for a pill. I kept waiting and waiting for the urge to come back and I kind of still am. I know it won't come back, as long as I keep taking my [prescribed] pills, and I've still got two months left... it's still strange to me." I want to ask whether the naloxone pills have any projected effect on her unborn baby, but I'm not comfortable enough to. I shouldn't have hesitated; Delta jumps at the pause in conversation to speak. I almost interrupt her but change my mind – why am I being such a bitch? This is her story too, and without hers, I wouldn't have mine. I try to tolerate, try to listen.

"The first time for me was like that, too. I kept wanting to want one [an OxyContin] because it was just what I was used to. I mentioned that to my nurse or my caretaker or whatever the hell those people at the clinic are, and she just laughed. She said I should be thankful. The second time, though, was a lot different. I was in a lot of pain. And I kept wanting an Oxy, but I don't think it was because I was still addicted; I think it was just because I knew it always made everything feel so freaking good." I wonder if the pain is common in repeat-rapid detoxers. No one has an answer for me. Boner mentions that a friend of his reported a dull ache after his treatment, but he'd only done the rapid detox once. "No," Delta interrupts. "This was no dull ache. This was like all of your bones were swelling or on fire or something. It fucking hurt." It was the only time in the entire meeting when she made a comment without a smile on her face. Keys mutters, "Now you know how we felt," glancing at Boner before looking back at her.

"A little."

And what about NA?

Did it help? What was the first time like? And how could they be so open?

"I wouldn't have been able to stay clean if it weren't for the NA," says Keys. "I don't have any of those follow-up pills the rapid-D people've got, so I need something. And it's this, or the OxyContin."

Boner agrees. "The first time I tried to quit, I didn't go to any meetings or anything. I think that's the reason I went back to the pills in the first place. But now, with the meetings and [Becca] and the rest of the group, I'm doin' better. Hopefully I'll stay better."

"It definitely helps,

"It definitely helps, even with the naloxone, the meetings help. But it was tough to come in here for the first time." Delta's saccharine smile is back. "I'm so young, and I'm not local either - I felt like I would feel so alone. But then you realize that everyone's got the same problems as you, and age or hometown don't matter anymore. It's a matter of support, and there's a lot of it here." She's like a poster child for this. Her gushy praise for the meeting makes everyone noticeably uncomfortable; fortunately, Mama speaks up in the squirmy silence.

"Of course it helps. And of course it was scary coming for the first time. But new things always are, and they don't usually turn out to be that bad. Just like going in for the detox made me nervous, coming here on the first day did too. But hey, 'no pain, no gain,' right?"



Becca calls for a break;

the first hour is over. Most of us head outside to smoke. (Why we chose to stand in the rain when smoking was allowed in the building is unclear, but I blame that fucking green paint). The first hour had raced by - surprisingly - and I felt like I had so much more to say (or really, to hear). I know they've got business to get down to, though, and I don't want to take up any more of their meeting time. I fish out my keys and my box of cigarettes. Only one left - a pink one. I ask to borrow Delta's lighter.



"Oh I love those cigarettes.

I smoked, seriously, like half a box before I came here for the first time, I was so shaky and nervous. Scared of that, can you imagine?"

For the first time all night, I don't hate her. Another choking dose of reality - this girl and I aren't so different. Both a little green on the vine, but sometimes more scared of it than we should be. I remember the empty box of designer cigarettes in my hand and laugh.

"Yeah. I can imagine."

Getting Pulled Over is a Massive Buzzkill

By Mo Mozuch

I had been driving along I-70W, cruising in the fast lane with a full bladder and an empty stomach. It had been about five hours since I left Pittsburgh for Indianapolis, and I just crossed the border from Ohio into Indiana. It's an amazing sight, somehow the barren wasteland of Ohio becomes flatter and more **dull.**

My King Crimson CD blared as I passed two rest stops, ignoring the three bottles of ice-tea swishing and swashing in my bladder. My weed logic told me it would be better to wait until I hit a White Castle, as taking a huge piss **AND** gorging on tiny, adorable cheeseburgers go hand-in-unwashed-hand. I mindlessly sped above **70 mph.**

Now I sat on the shoulder of the road, losing a killer buzz and wishing I'd stopped to piss. The cop, whom I'll call Russ since I don't remember his name, walked around to the passenger side of my car unnoticed. He tapped on my passenger side window, scaring the hell out of me, and gave me a look that said "Roll down the window, dumbass."

"What seems to be the problem officer?" I said as soberly as I could.

"You know why I pulled you over?" he replied, chewing gum and looking behind us down the highway.

"Yeah ... I was going a little fast back there, huh?" I said, jokingly.

"83. License and registration," he said flatly. I fumbled around my messy glovebox trying to find my registration, and I could hear his impatient gum chomping as I shuffled through papers. Stay calm, I thought. It's just a ticket, no big deal. Hell, it's in *Indiana*, I won't even have to pay it, will I? Fuck it.

He took my license and registration and walked back to his patrol car. He wasn't a state trooper, just a county sheriff. Figured he got his rocks off ticketing out-of-staters. When he came back to the car I braced myself for a stern lecture and a meaningless ticket. Instead, I got two terrible questions.

"Is there anything illegal in this car I should know about?" was the first. Obviously, there was a lot he shouldn't know about in the

car, mainly the half-ounce in my trunk, and I stammered out an unconvincing "N-no."

Then the whammy. The question, innocently and politely worded so as to provide lube for the life fuck you're about to receive.

"Would you object if I searched it, sir?"

I realized I was fucked, so I decided to try joking with Russ again.

"Yes I would, sir, because I have a lot of weed in the trunk."

He laughed. This was a good sign.

I handed Russ my pipe and my dugout, then opened my trunk for him and showed him which suitcase had my weed in it. He walked me back to the car, and began to explain what he was 'gonna' do. He looked over my license.

"OK Brian ..."

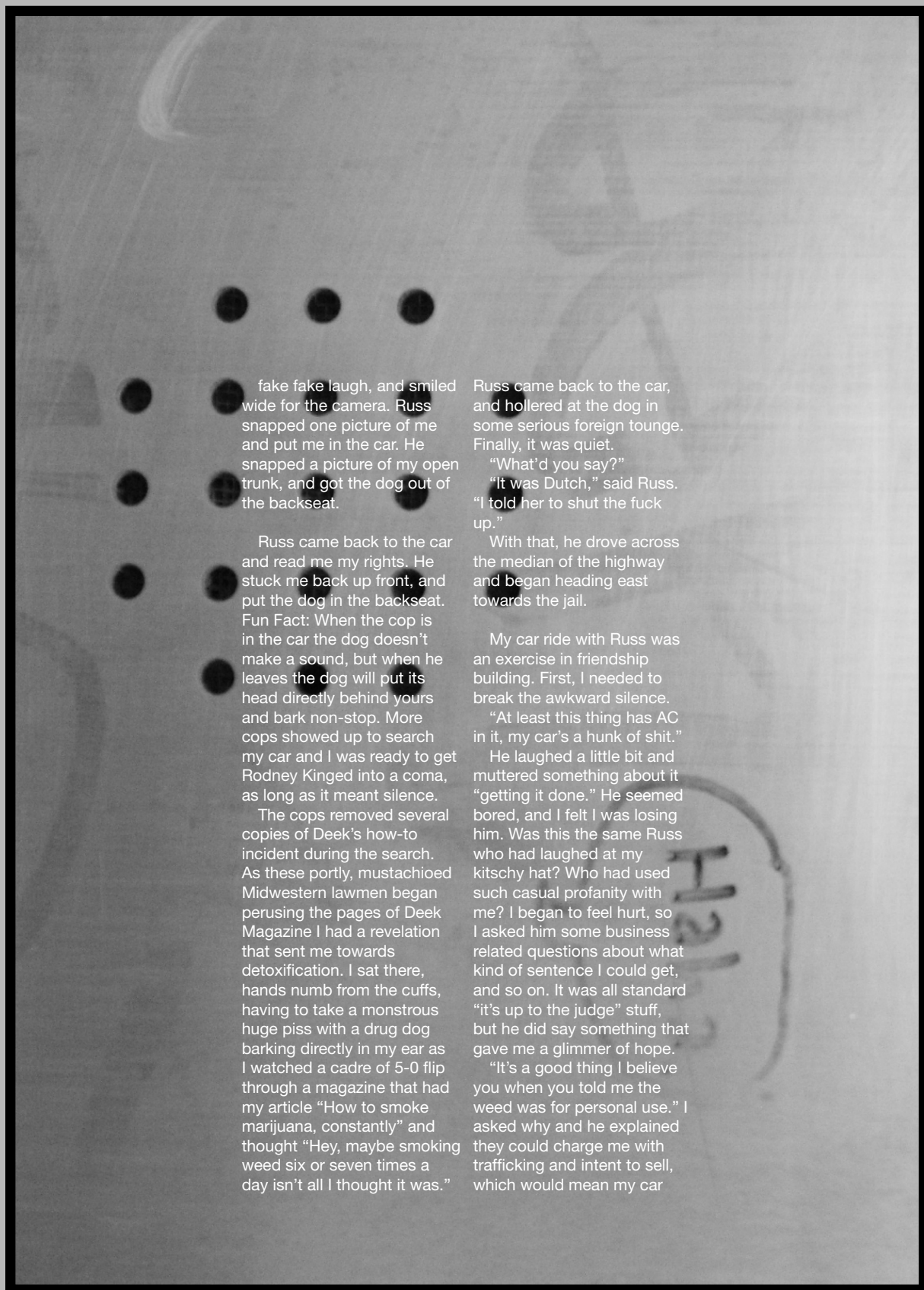
"Call me Mo," I said, interrupting him.

"What?"

"Everyone calls me 'Mo,' nobody calls me Brian," I explained.

"OK Mo, I'm gonna take a picture of you here by my car, then I'm gonna cuff ya, and stick you in the car for a minute here and take a picture of your trunk. So, please turn around for me." He cuffed me, and turned me back around for the picture. He raised the camera and started laughing.

"I'm gonna have to take off that hat," he said, removing my 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre' hat. "Don't want ya to look like a psycho, huh?" I laughed my best this-is-not-



fake fake laugh, and smiled wide for the camera. Russ snapped one picture of me and put me in the car. He snapped a picture of my open trunk, and got the dog out of the backseat.

Russ came back to the car and read me my rights. He stuck me back up front, and put the dog in the backseat. Fun Fact: When the cop is in the car the dog doesn't make a sound, but when he leaves the dog will put its head directly behind yours and bark non-stop. More cops showed up to search my car and I was ready to get Rodney Kinged into a coma, as long as it meant silence.

The cops removed several copies of Deek's how-to incident during the search. As these portly, mustachioed Midwestern lawmen began perusing the pages of Deek Magazine I had a revelation that sent me towards detoxification. I sat there, hands numb from the cuffs, having to take a monstrous huge piss with a drug dog barking directly in my ear as I watched a cadre of 5-0 flip through a magazine that had my article "How to smoke marijuana, constantly" and thought "Hey, maybe smoking weed six or seven times a day isn't all I thought it was."

Russ came back to the car, and hollered at the dog in some serious foreign tounge. Finally, it was quiet.

"What'd you say?"
"It was Dutch," said Russ.
"I told her to shut the fuck up."

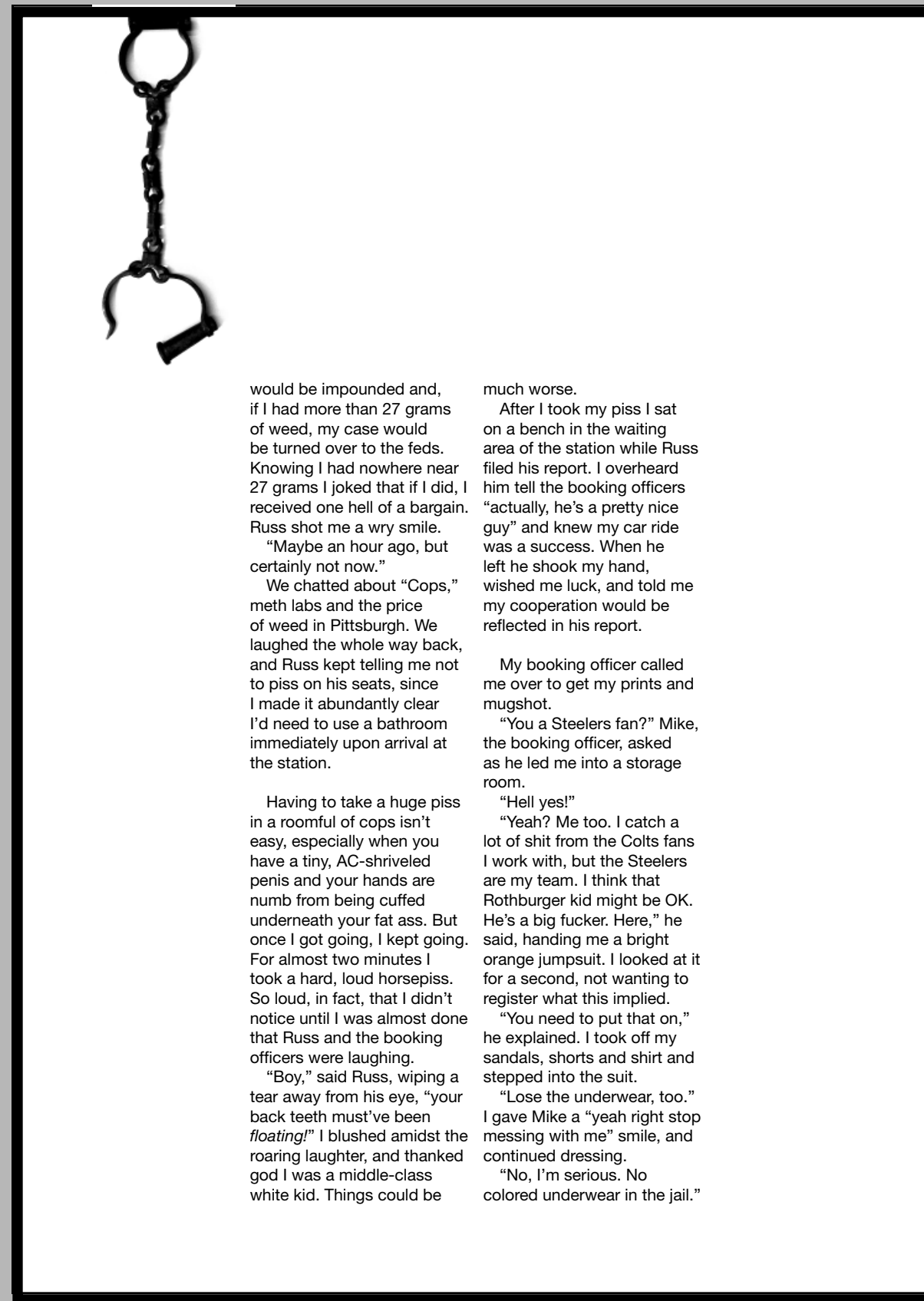
With that, he drove across the median of the highway and began heading east towards the jail.

My car ride with Russ was an exercise in friendship building. First, I needed to break the awkward silence.

"At least this thing has AC in it, my car's a hunk of shit."

He laughed a little bit and muttered something about it "getting it done." He seemed bored, and I felt I was losing him. Was this the same Russ who had laughed at my kitschy hat? Who had used such casual profanity with me? I began to feel hurt, so I asked him some business related questions about what kind of sentence I could get, and so on. It was all standard "it's up to the judge" stuff, but he did say something that gave me a glimmer of hope.

"It's a good thing I believe you when you told me the weed was for personal use." I asked why and he explained they could charge me with trafficking and intent to sell, which would mean my car



would be impounded and, if I had more than 27 grams of weed, my case would be turned over to the feds. Knowing I had nowhere near 27 grams I joked that if I did, I received one hell of a bargain. Russ shot me a wry smile.
"Maybe an hour ago, but certainly not now."

We chatted about "Cops," meth labs and the price of weed in Pittsburgh. We laughed the whole way back, and Russ kept telling me not to piss on his seats, since I made it abundantly clear I'd need to use a bathroom immediately upon arrival at the station.

Having to take a huge piss in a roomful of cops isn't easy, especially when you have a tiny, AC-shriveled penis and your hands are numb from being cuffed underneath your fat ass. But once I got going, I kept going. For almost two minutes I took a hard, loud horsepiss. So loud, in fact, that I didn't notice until I was almost done that Russ and the booking officers were laughing.

"Boy," said Russ, wiping a tear away from his eye, "your back teeth must've been *floating!*" I blushed amidst the roaring laughter, and thanked god I was a middle-class white kid. Things could be

much worse.

After I took my piss I sat on a bench in the waiting area of the station while Russ filed his report. I overheard him tell the booking officers "actually, he's a pretty nice guy" and knew my car ride was a success. When he left he shook my hand, wished me luck, and told me my cooperation would be reflected in his report.

My booking officer called me over to get my prints and mugshot.

"You a Steelers fan?" Mike, the booking officer, asked as he led me into a storage room.


"Hell yes!"

"Yeah? Me too. I catch a lot of shit from the Colts fans I work with, but the Steelers are my team. I think that Rothburger kid might be OK. He's a big fucker. Here," he said, handing me a bright orange jumpsuit. I looked at it for a second, not wanting to register what this implied.

"You need to put that on," he explained. I took off my sandals, shorts and shirt and stepped into the suit.

"Lose the underwear, too." I gave Mike a "yeah right stop messing with me" smile, and continued dressing.

"No, I'm serious. No colored underwear in the jail."



That's it, I thought. I'm getting my ass pounded, Oz-style. No colored underwear? Doesn't he realize underwear is the last line of defense?

Soon my chubby, freeballing ass was inside a holding cell with a dozen other guys. All of whom, I assumed, were after my ass-cherry. I scurried into a bunk in the corner of the room, and sat on the bed. I was ready for the raping to begin. Instead, a Springer-esque chant of "Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!" started up. I stuck my head outside the bunk to see what was going on.

"Dude, it's Jerry Garcia!" a chubby bald guy yelled at me. Everyone started laughing and I nervously walked out of my bunk towards a metal table where most of the guys were playing cards. Everyone loves a hippie.

"I bet you're in here for pot, huh?" he said. I nodded and everyone laughed again. A tall, semi-crazy looking black dude asked me where I was from, and then asked me how much I pay for pot.

"You think you could get me ten pounds, man?" I said I hadn't seen more than a pound in my life, and he lost interest in me. I watched everyone play cards and kept glancing at the phone. An enormous motherfucker was talking on it, and I wasn't about to interrupt him. I didn't even know who to call, and

the black dude told me you couldn't call cell phones from jail since it's a collect call. I knew I wasn't going to call my parents, and all of my numbers are in my cell phone, but one home number popped into my head. My friend's grandma.

To my chagrin the pre-recorded message didn't start out "Here's a collect call from so-and-so," instead it says, "this a collect call from a corrections institute in Indiana from 'OhmygodthisisRon'sfriendMoandI'minjailandIneedtotalktoyouit'sanemergency'."

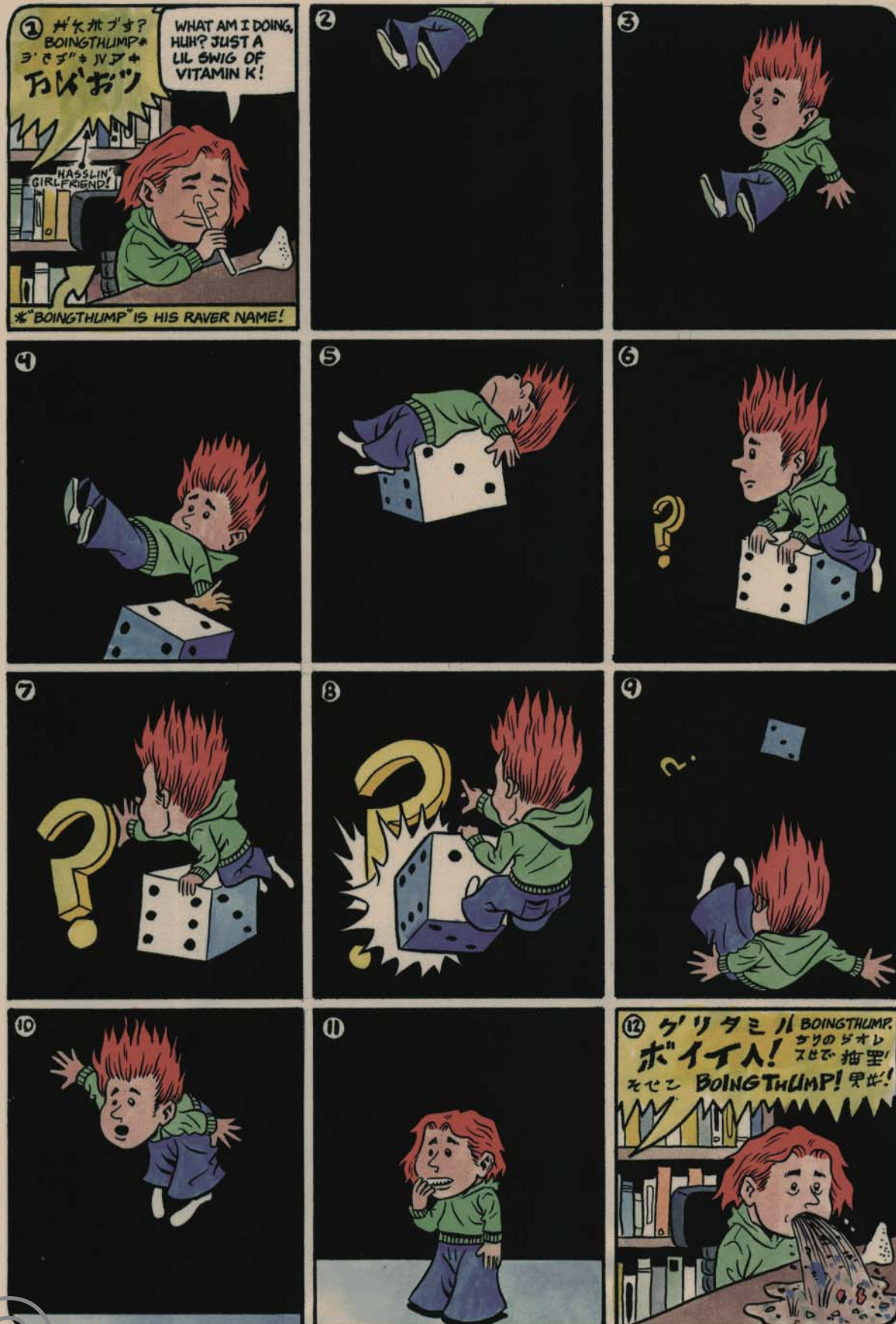
She accepted the charges, and my bogus explanation of driving without a registration. I gave her my Indy friend's cell phone number, and whiled away the time watching basic cable, eating a decent chicken sandwich, and getting to know the huge motherfucker who had been on the phone. His name was Ron, and he played for a softball team from Eaton. He had done "one little line of coke" and got tested while on probation for assault. The way he subconsciously rubbed his nose over and over as he told me the story made me doubt how little the line was.

After eight fun-filled hours of That 70s Show, the Simpsons, an impromptu dirty joke contest and trying to play 'Go Fish' in Spanish with a shiftless Mexican immigrant I was released.

Some people have told me that I was stupid for admitting my crime. Every pothead concocted an air-tight legal strategy like, "I'd tell him to get a fuckin' warrant!" or, the classic mace-me line "I know my rights!" Well, rather than waste his time, my time, the dog's time and a judge's time on the inevitable search of a car that reeked like weed, I admitted, acted polite, and hoped all the episodes of "Cops" I'd watched where the cooperative people get treated decently were true. It turns out they were, and in the end I received a \$25 fine and a six-month license suspension for my crime. I could still be in jail at the time of this publication. The lesson? Stop to piss, **damnit.**

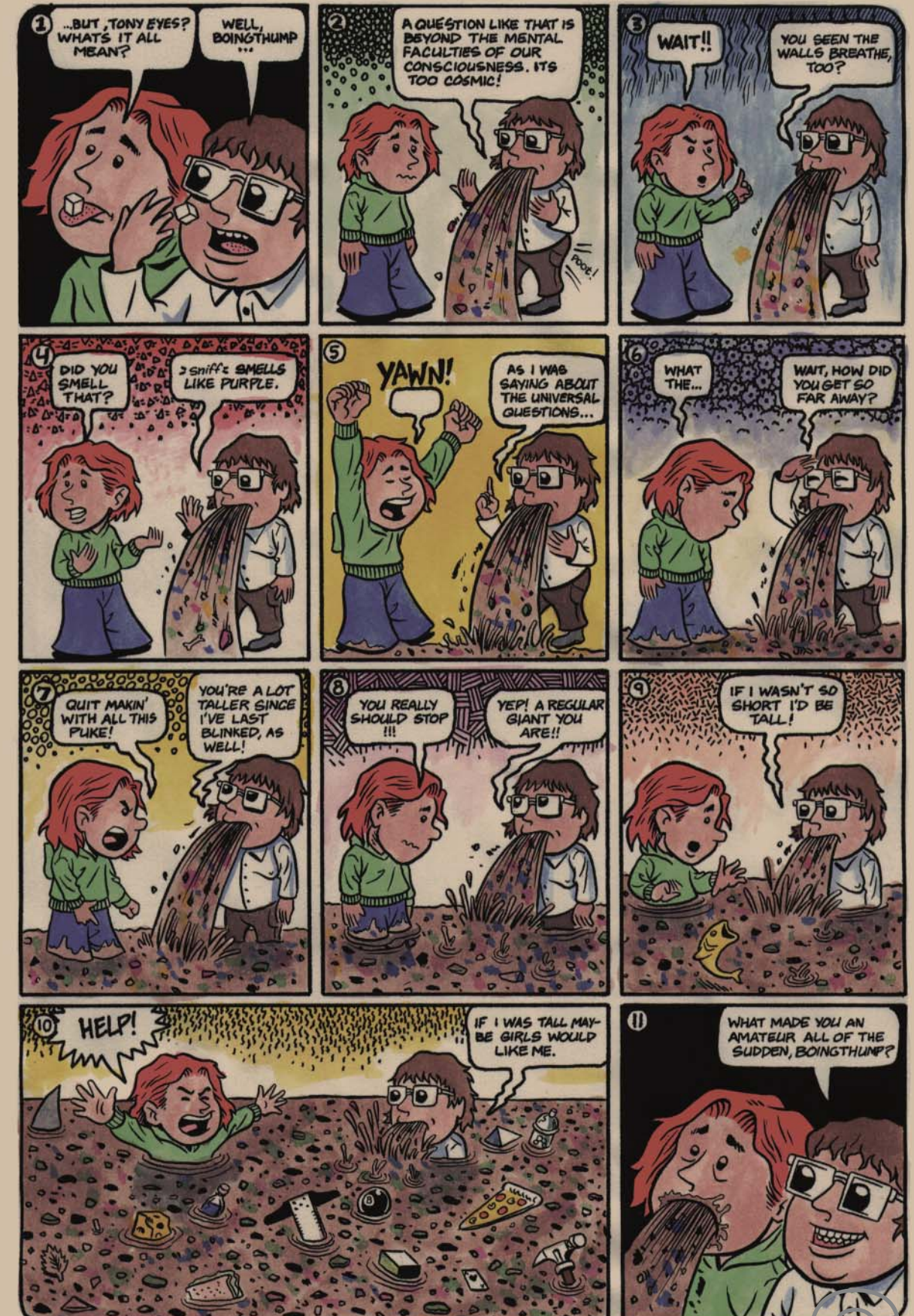
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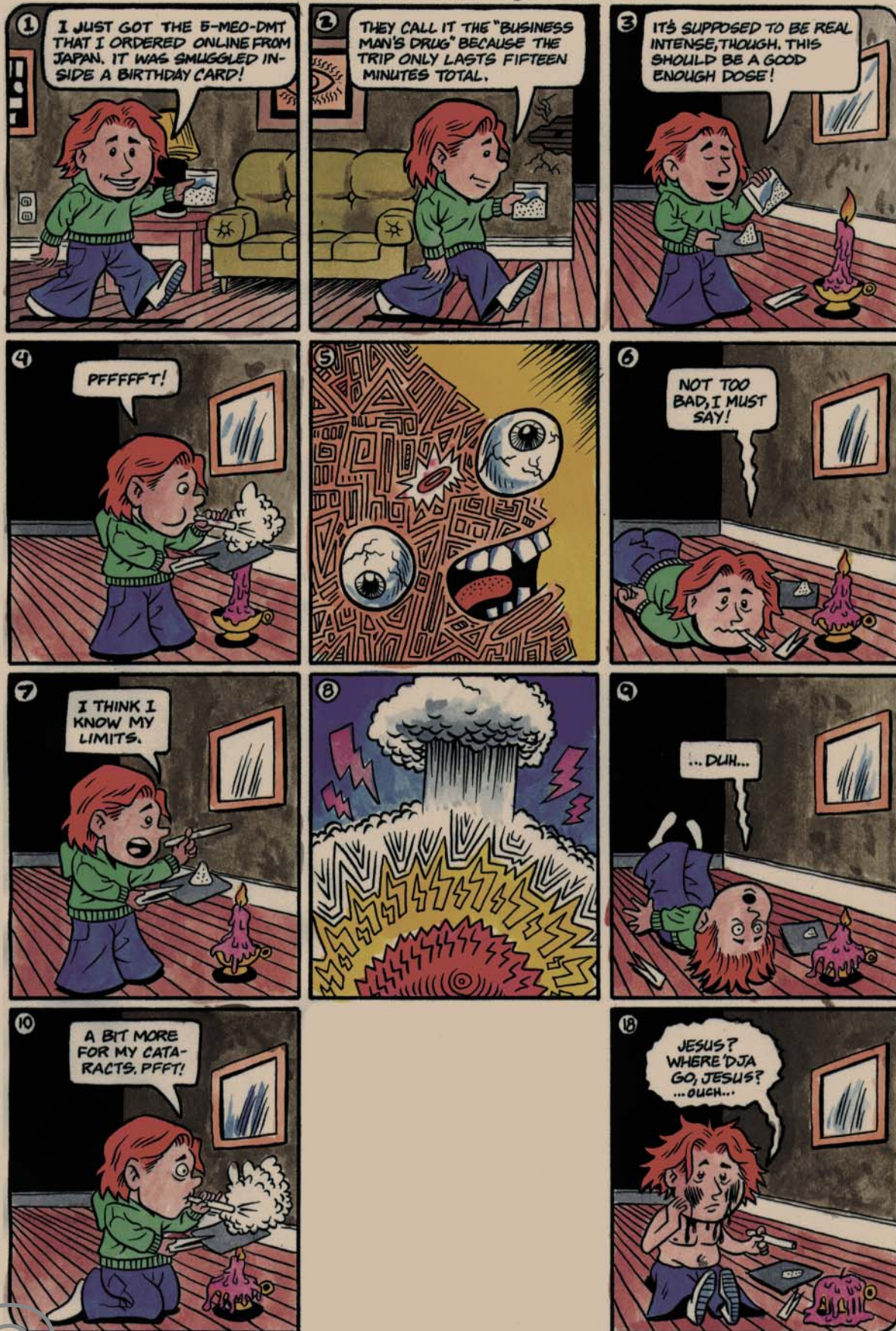
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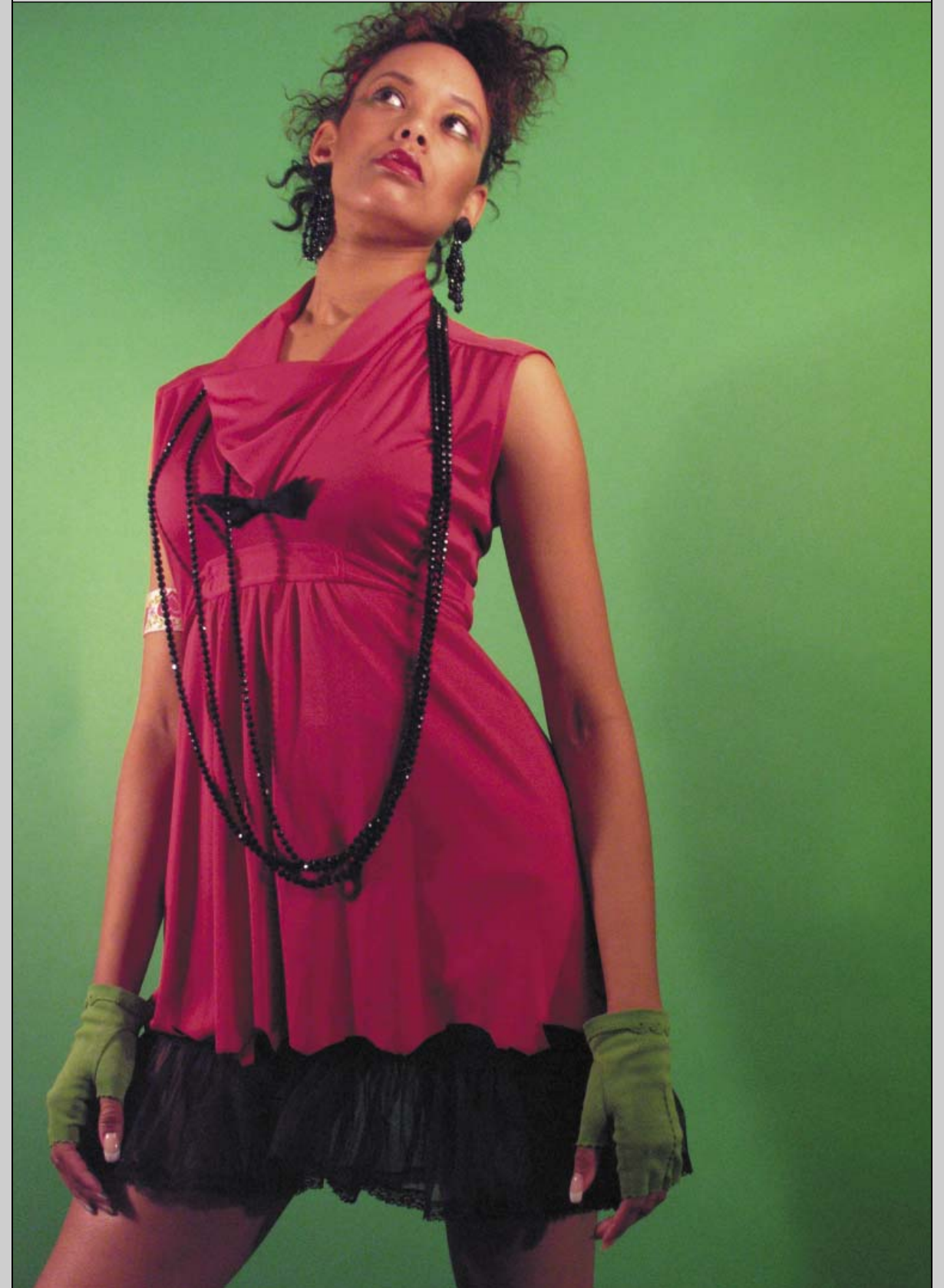
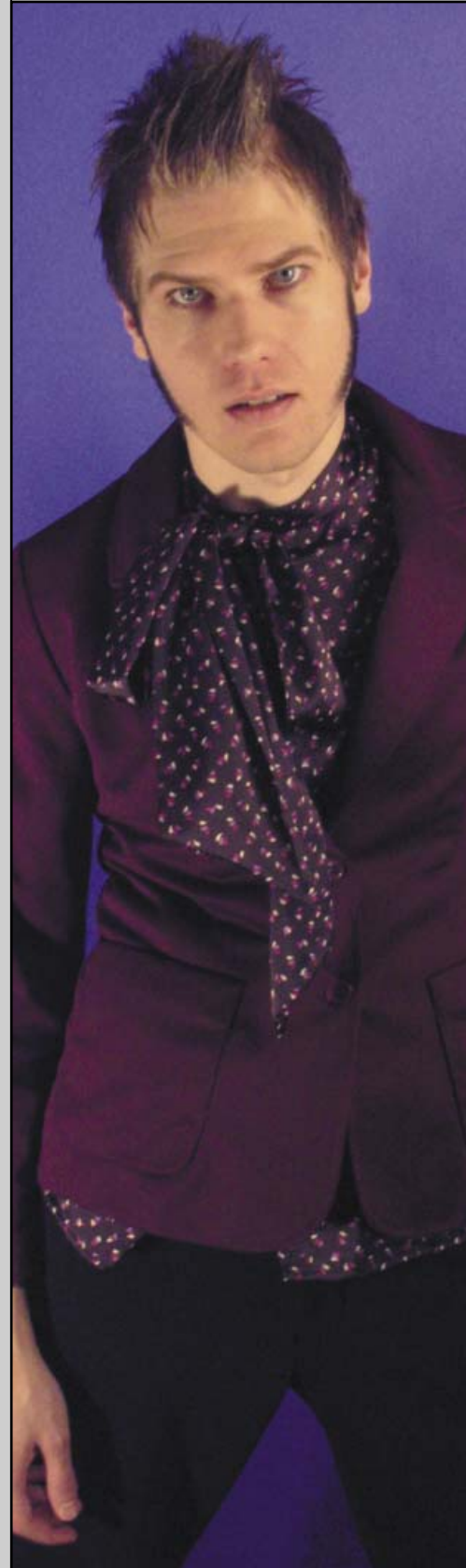
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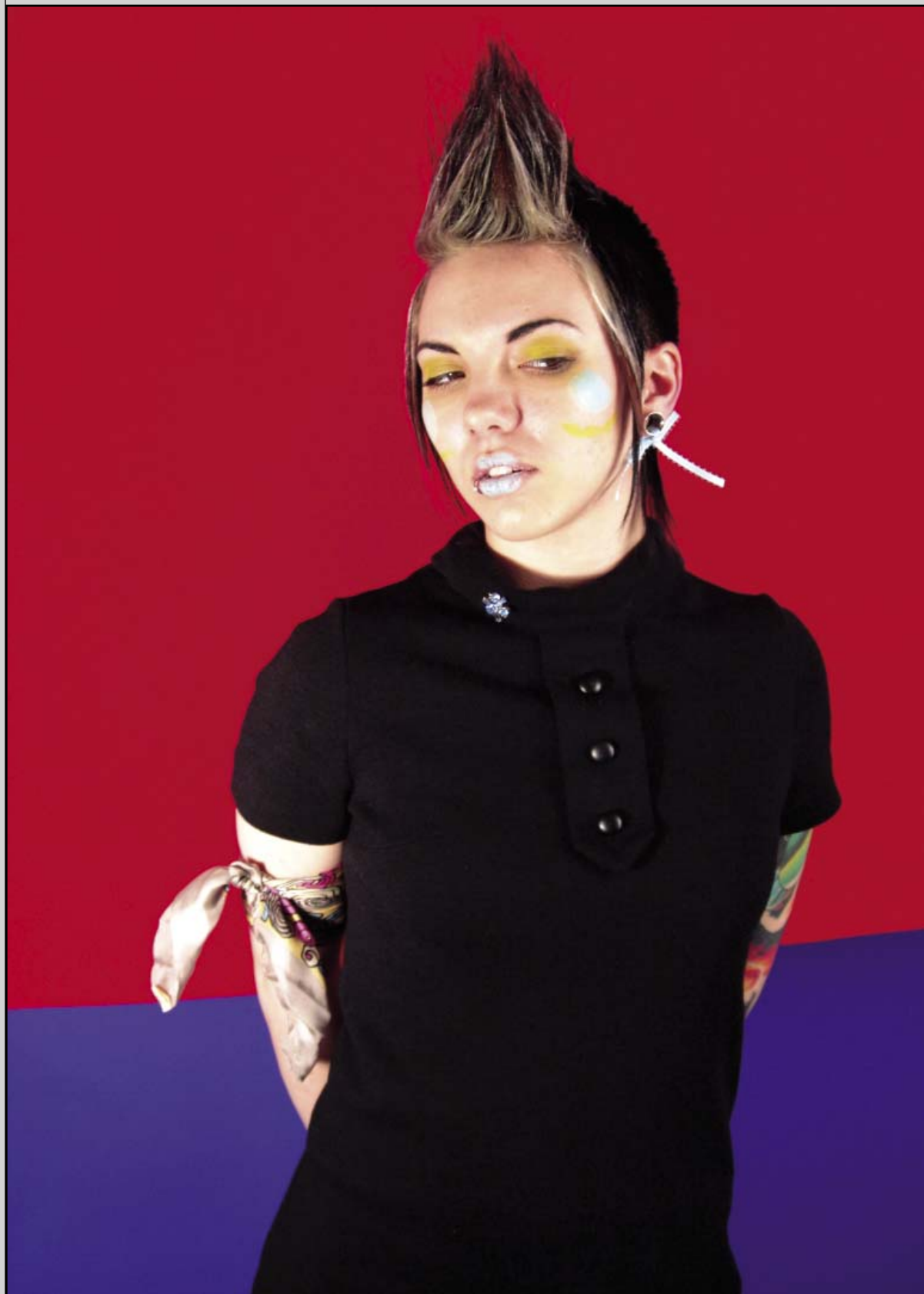
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Reviews: Music



LidRock®
Avril Lavigne
Some Marketing Thing
(a CD inside a lid,
purchased for \$1.29 at
Sbarro's. Came with
the large size)

“You may not have realized it, but when you picked up this CD, you took a leap into the future!”

No *shit!* So that’s what that feeling was. If only my blind grandma could see me now, living in *the future!*

Greetings, people of the 21st Century! I write to you from a world beyond your imagination. A world where children no longer look at the lids of their fountain beverages and wonder tearfully, “Where’s the advertising?” (Still working on that cancer thing! Our bad!)

Sure, when you think of marketing opportunities for your brand, you probably think of t-shirts, hats, maybe even temporary tattoos or colostomy bags. But hey, Professor, did you ever think of merchandising on the tops of fountain beverages? No, because you are the Mayor of Squaresville!

While you were trying to think outside the box, the people at LidRocks were thinking outside the whole damn cube! Here, James Fennimore Cooper, check this statistic: “In North America alone, more than 20 billion beverages were served last year. For the math fans out there, that’s 634 beverages served every second of every day all 365 days of the year.” The numbers don’t lie, my friend. The numbers are *science*.

See, LidRock has blown the doors off your preconceptions, by combining the excitement of fountain beverage lids with the artistic integrity of folks like Avril Lavigne. Finally, a CD-based marketing scheme for *my* generation!

Oh, and I know some of you think I’m drolly mocking a fad destined to wind up beside POGs in the great dustbin of history. You may be right, but guess what? It doesn’t matter! That’s *marketing!*

– **Sean Lydell**



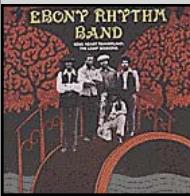
The Disrupt
Oh No
Stones Throw

Michael Jackson just dropped a new album. Like that, do ya? Well, don’t get your hopes up, you perverted, media-hungry fame-slave, because we’re not talking about the world famous convict-to-be. No, this youngest Jackson brother belongs to Madlib’s family tree – a pretty significant line that includes production collaborations with the likes of Bilal, Zero 7, Glenn Lewis, Beastie Boys, The Liks, Xzibit, Dilated Peoples, Planet Asia, King Britt, Jay Dilla, and Blue Note Records.

Oh No has appeared occasionally in sleek guest vocal spots with Medaphoar and others while making his name as a producer. Now, finally, on “The Disrupt,” he gets an album-length forum to drop both rhymes and beats. And it’s not bad. Madlib – his older brother – contributes six prime cuts, and Jay Dee – widely regarded as the most important man in hip-hop along with Pete Rock and DJ Premier – jumps in to score the standout track “Move,” which contains an unforgettable beat laced with a sample from the vintage video game “Castlevania: Symphony of the Night.”

And that’s fine, playing the nostalgia vs. bump card, and it adds a playfully brutal layer to the dark overall feel of the record, but it will be a while before Oh No can step out from Madlib’s shadow. This album displays little consistency from track-to-track and, while it shows glints of hope, it’s little more than a page from big brother’s notebook. Many of these tracks sound derivative at best.

– **Dave Missioni**



Soul Heart Transplant:
The Lamp Sessions
Ebony Rhythm Band
Now Again

The popularity of funk DJs such as DJ Shadow and Cut Chemist has swung the door wide open for record labels to repress old lost gems. Stones Throw offshoot Now-Again Records has brought new life to this masterpiece. The Indianapolis-based group the Ebony Rhythm Band was spotlighted by the incomparable drumming of Matthew “Phatback” Watson as completely evident on this album. Phatback rips effortlessly thru patterns that would to nothing more than confound your average drummer. And no funk album would be complete without a reworked rock song or two. This one abounds with masterfully covered tracks including the Door’s “Light My Fire” and “Drugs Ain’t Cool,” (a burning black rock interpolation of Spencer Davis’ classic “I’m A Man”).

– **Dave Missioni**



Moog (OST)
Various Artists
Hollywood Records

It wasn’t long after Bob Moog masterminded the Moog synthesizer that progressive rockers and hippy songsters twisted its trippy, goofy sound and made it their own. Amazing, exhilaratingly useful music history aside, this compilation serves as a testament to this wonderful invention. A collection of equally strange and talented modern day eccentrics chose to get together and honor the Moog’s sound. Tortoise is the most noteworthy and strongest band to weigh in. The genuinely



White People
Handsome Boy
Modeling School
Elektra

Starting with the

odd – but talented – Money Mark really gets the Moog spirit on “Nanobot Highway.” Even Boosty Collins gets down and funky. Like the Moog itself, this album is strange.

– **Dave Missioni**



Danny the Dog (OST)
Massive Attack
Emi International

Luc Besson and the director of the film “Danny the Dog” personally approached Massive Attack to create an instrumental soundtrack which captures both the fast-paced action and reflective sadness of the movie. “Danny the Dog” is a martial arts thriller starring Jet Li, Bob Hoskins and Morgan Freeman. The film is about the power of love, the terrifying realities of man’s capacity for violence, and the wonder of music. Massive Attack adds a dynamism to the film that no other band could bring to the table. The range between the intense street fighting scenes to the haunting dub and ambience illustrates the bands full range of musical talents.

– **Dave Missioni**



Black Mahogani
Moodymann
Peacefrog [Studio]

This is what Jamiroquai might sound like if he had soul. A splendid mixture of 70s funky flavor and juicy dance beats, this album will have you groovin’ for weeks. The very first clip of the first cut gives you a perfect insight as to what Moodymann is all about. Cutting “I’m that nigger in the alley” from Curtis Mayfield’s “Pusherman” sets everything off right. Interlacing Blaxploitation film quotes adds the final element that makes this a piece of pure perfection. Simply summed up, “What the fuck you gonna do except hustle, besides pimpin’ and you aint got the stomach for that... I’m just tryin’ to make it real, like it is.”

– **Dave Missioni**



Fabric 19
Andrew Weatherall
Fabric [Studio]

Enough can’t be said about Andrew Weatherall. From his early work with the likes of Primal Scream and My Bloody Valentine to his last few DJ endeavors, he is certainly among the most talented, least known musical talents stateside. Serving as a synopsis of the past few appearances at Fabric (London), “Fabric 19” is a near perfect balance of druggy and poppy, electro beats and electric guitars. Club mixes don’t get much better than this. Starting on the delightful “

Need a Freak” (Sexual Harassment) sweeps throw a spectrum of acid house tracks until settling in on a stretch of dark, humorous tracks after bringing you down with 10 minutes of Black Devil, The Emperor Machine and a 2LS mix of Ricardo Villalobos.

– **Dave Missioni**



The Man in a Blue Turban With a Face
Man Man
Ace Fu

Bill Murray, in the classic “What About Bob?” confesses that there are two types of people in this world: those who love Neil Diamond and those who don’t. The same will most likely be said about Man Man, who resemble Tom Waits mixed with the fluid abandon of Modest Mouse. All the while, singer Honus Honus sounds like a circus ringleader who has had too much to drink. At this point, I was ready for circus freaks to come crawling from my speakers. Not only does Man Man utilize every instrument derived by the hands of man, they also enlist the help of some ambitious kindergartners (See Pink Floyd). Initially, I had designs on finding arbitrary kitchenware and banging out a record on this level. Soon afterwards however, I found myself lost in the peculiar maze of Man Man.

– **Peter DeVito**

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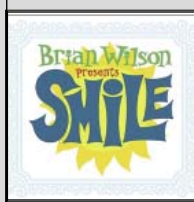
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Albums I Wish I Would Have Brought With Me to Prison

By Whitey McGee



Brian Wilson – *SMILE*

“Who ran the iron horse?”

The question hits me as I wake up in a cold sweat on a lvelorn plastic mattress from another in a series of psychedelic dreams induced by Brian Wilson’s *SMILE*. Grumbling to myself, I brush my teeth to the cadence of “Rock, Rock, Roll, Plymouth Rock roll O-ver” for the eight billionth time. While carving my Blood, Sweat and Tears vs. Earth, Wind and Fire chess pieces, I recall Wilson’s finest piece of advice: Columnated ruins Do-mi-no.

Sure. Why not. Whatever floats your boat, right?

Ever since I found out early last year that Brian “Sure-Mr.-Manson-If-You-Need-A-Place-To-Stay” Wilson was piecing together the fragments of his splattered psyche to reincarnate the “greatest album never heard,” I got on the ol’ tin can to my buddy “Mauve” on the outside and told him to smuggle in a copy (along with an “Almost Famous” poster I had him dig up, in which you can sorta, but not really, see Kate Hudson’s gash) when he dropped off my Buddy Holly beach towels.

After the initial listening, I was overwhelmed by the stylistic combinations of sound. A little Spector with a dash of Burroughs and all the other shit that makes Mike Love and John Stamos total rock pansies. One thing also becomes abundantly clear: Brian Wilson is not sixty-odd years old when he sings these songs. Dylan at 60 sounds like Dylan at 60. Wilson pozes youth and rebellion, creating a piece of artistic expression that has not been pulled off in decades. Even the recording quality feels like it fell right out of 1966. The concept is brilliant and each measure is vital to the overall backdrop of *SMILE*. Continued listening reveals everything from songs about generational relationships, to exquisite commercials for eating your Vega-Tables and even an instrumental interpretation of the Great Chicago Fire.

Another reason to adore and immortalize this album is that it should have never happened. These brilliant musical ideas should have disappeared through clouds of drugs and mental

disarray. But somehow, these seventeen shiny nuggets survived. Personally, I cannot imagine sleeping with the specters Wilson must have to endure every day, let alone recreate something that allowed him to completely see through their painful damage. Clearly, this artistic endeavor was Wilson’s Houdini act around these perils. The album is dedicated to the fans he made wait almost forty years, but it’s easy to tell that it’s a loud and clear fuck you to his past and inner demons.

Oh, well. Back to the dreams and the drawing board, I guess. A blind class aristocracy, back through the opera glass, you see the pit and the pendulum drawn...

Reviews: Movies



Clean, Shaven (1994)

In “Clean, Shaven,” Peter Greene plays Peter Winter, a schizophrenic just released from a mental hospital. His mind is like a bad transistor radio, filled with cross-talk, the sound of locusts and rainstorms, white noise and voices speaking in smoke. Obviously he has not been “cured,” and within the opening minutes of the film he may have killed a young girl. We’re never sure – her screams come after Peter follows her off-camera – but the film’s DSM-IV-accurate depiction of schizophrenia includes constant aural hallucinations. Peter’s world veers from the blunted, underwater sounds of the real world to the crying jags of children inside his head.

The sound-canvas inside Peter’s head is the film’s most impressive accomplishment. The plot – Peter’s search for his daughter, given up for adoption, while himself being sought in connection with a string of child murders – is elliptical to the point of disintegration. Try to make too much sense of it and you’ll feel like someone who came into a poem halfway through. It does, though, yield some heartbreaking moments, as when Peter tries to explain to his daughter how “they” took him away and put radio transmitters in his head and fingernails. The desperation in his voice, the need to be understood by his own flesh and blood, makes it impossible not to pity him. His story is a collection of such moments, tenuously held together by Peter’s malfunctioning brain.

Quiet, meditative, and ultimately compelling, *Clean, Shaven* remains with you long after its poignant conclusion.

Starring Peter Greene and Robert Albert. Written and directed by Lodge H. Kerrigan.

– Ned Adrenaline



Session 9 (2002)

Brad Anderson’s got a knack for making low-key, atmospheric thrillers on a modest budget. His new film, *The Machinist*, mines that same vein, casting Christian Bale as a 122-pound insomniac who begins to doubt his own sanity. As the movie progresses, his personality slowly slips out of control.

The characters of *Session 9* follow a similar arc. Hired to remove the asbestos from an abandoned mental asylum (the very real and very creepy Danvers State Hospital, a sprawling 500-acre complex north of Boston), a group of haz-mat workers – average, uncomplicated guys – find the asylum’s tortured past reaching into their lives. They grow solitary, furtive. One spends his time in the basement listening to taped therapy sessions of the former patients, another finds a trove of antique coins and begins planning an escape from the prison his life has become. The boss of the crew worries that if they don’t finish the job, he’ll be unable to take care of his family.

Session 9 explores thematic ground similar to *The Shining*: the weight of history on the present; the contagious nature of madness; and the lurking fear that we are all a little crazy just beneath the skin. It does so, however, without the presence of Jack Nicholson, which, depending on your perspective, is a plus or minus. *Session 9* gets inside the characters in a way Kubrick never managed to; at points it seems composed entirely of tight close ups. This, again, is either a strength or a weakness, depending on the acting, which is fair to middling. *Session 9* is, for atmosphere alone, worth a rent.

Starring David Caruso, Stephen Gevedon, and Paul Guilfoyle. Directed by Brad Anderson.

– Eli Unmanly



Spider (2002)

Not your typical David Cronenberg film, *Spider* crawls at a pace some have called “excruciatingly slow.” You feel helpless watching this movie; nothing ever seems to *happen*. Minutes go on and on. The movie becomes oppressive, bleak. Cross-cut hallucinations come and go, and as you try to make sense of it all, you wonder if there’s really any point.

This is, of course, exactly how Cronenberg wants you to feel. He puts you in the head of Dennis Cleg (Fiennes), nicknamed “Spider” by his doting mother. Spider is not quite in touch with reality, and as the movie progresses he becomes more and more detached from the world around him. The world of his present – a dingy halfway house for the mentally ill – bleeds into the world of his past, where his alcoholic father killed his mother, replacing her with the local prostitute. Spider spends his childhood alone, living with his mother’s killers. No wonder he goes a little mad.

Then again, it’s *Spider* spinning this narrative web. Through his eyes we realize the caretaker at his newfound home is the same prostitute his father married. He tries desperately to cope with this impossibility, but slowly his carefully-constructed story of who he is – the story we all tell ourselves, precisely to keep from going crazy – begins to fall apart around him. Watching *Spider* struggle in the web of his past, it’s hard not to ask *why?* *Spider* answers with a cold, “Because.”

Starring Ralph Fiennes, Miranda Richardson and Gabriel Byrne. Directed by David Cronenberg

– Dirk Derringer

Review: Theatre

The Glory of Living by Rebecca Gilman Directed by Melanie Dreyer

Perhaps you’ve heard this story before: Young, impressionable trailer park maiden is seduced by man twice her age, and falls into a life of rape, murder, and mayhem. Yes? What kind of sick crap are you watching? And if you’re thinking of that myopic travesty by Oliver Stone, so help me I am coming to your house to beat you with a bust of JFK. No? Then perhaps you should head to the sixth floor of the Terminal Building, February third through the twentieth, and check out barebones productions upcoming show, *The Glory of Living*.

Theatre? That’s fucking right theatre; you have spent enough cold, cold nights at the back of that ubiquitous bar, staring at the cult of mediocrity¹, pissed that the singer isn’t miked right. You are tired of it and you know it. You want to sit down. You are already itemizing tomorrow’s tasks. Do I see fucking earplugs? This is your chance to break that hermetic seal and see a tender though raw performance by one of Pittsburgh’s newest independent theatre companies. *The Glory of Living*, by Rebecca Gilman, is not only tough and thought-provoking, it will also give you enough hot-button issues for a dozen nights at Gooski’s, 31st St, and the rest of the usual suspects.

Meet Lisa (Amanda Frost). At fifteen, she is naïve to the fact that her mother, who has just seduced a man via CB radio and is now riding him behind a sheet that divides their trailer, is not normal. Poverty, abuse – these are words that push bile in the belly of most, but for this young Alabamian, there is nothing else. She is not blaming anyone. She is what she is. And perhaps she would be one more lost statistic were it not for the evening that Clint Needham (Patrick Jordan) walks into her life. Clint pulls her farther down a path of amorality, leading Lisa into a life of sexual abuse, fear, and even murder.

Living is not a play to be confused with that Bonnie and Clyde narrative that often glorifies violence with some misplaced message on culture and society. Chicago playwright Gilman captures the violent and licentious subculture of neglected youth without the glamorized MTV pop-grotesquery often used when perspective must be formulated with buzz words and quick takes. Neither sensational nor sentimental, each

character’s portrayal has a visceral quality that is rarely seen on the stage, especially in Pittsburgh. “Yeah it’s raw,” says Patrick Jordan, who works double duty as producer and actor for the show. “It has touchy subject matter: pedophilia, abuse, murder. Its makes you feel uncomfortable, but it is not demonizing, and it’s not a caricature. And I think it will be fascinating to people.”

Living boasts a cast of ten (five women, five men) with several pivotal scene changes throughout the Pulitzer-finalist and Osbourne Award-winning play. In addition to a larger cast and more elaborate set, its difficult subject matter, containing sexual and violent depictions, arguably makes *Living* barebones’s most challenging show yet – their third play since inception in 2003.

They have help from veteran director, Melanie Dreyer, who directed *Youth* for barebones. And now, thanks in part to a Sprout Fund grant, and money raised this past year, the stage is not made up entirely of make-shift props. When asked if the production company has changed now that much of the shows aren’t funded out of pocket, Jordan says, “The idea has remained the same. It’s still about a play that people will enjoy. It could be in a barn, a coffee shop, or somebody’s house. Its still about a quality show that the audience will enjoy.”

So what are you going to do in this the shortest of months? That’s right, ditch the ‘live’ band in favor of some good theatre, the kind which would surely piss off a red state or two. You may also want to bring a friend lest you need a knee to clutch. Caution: Guys if you want take a girl, this may empower her or alienate her from you. I prefer a mix of the two. Ladies, seeing this play will not make you want to burn bras, but it will mean that at least for time, everything truly is ‘his’ fault. Also the play calls for nudity, so there is that. Enjoy, you little floating naiads of the three rivers.

Feb. 3rd-20th, Thursday-Sunday @8pm
Suggested Donation \$8-\$15
Reservations: 412-363-5847
31 Terminal Way, South Side
www.barebonesproductions.com

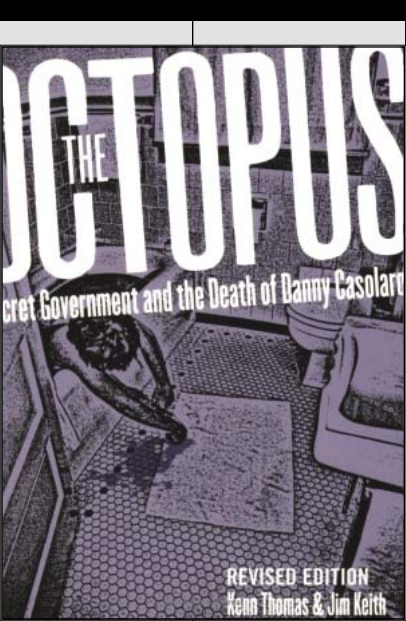
– Nish Suvarnakar

¹ save a few exceptions who fucking rock out and are fun for even the all rock moderate ass – just to name a few).

Review: Conspiracy

The Octopus: Secret Government and the Death of Danny Casolaro

By Kenn Thomas and Jim Keith • Reviewed by “Freeway” Ricky Ross



In the end, the real mystery, for one who reads the primary works of paranoid scholarship, is not how the United States has been brought to its present dangerous position but how it has managed to survive at all.

– **Richard Hofstadter**
The Paranoid Style in American Politics

Late on the night of August 10, 1991, a housekeeper at the Martinsburg, West Virginia, Sheraton Inn let herself into room 517. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary; the bed was made, as though it hadn’t been slept in, and a man’s clothing was piled at its foot. The housekeeper moved to the bathroom, where she found the floor smeared with blood.

Blood was splashed all over the walls. Under the sink were two blood-soaked towels that had been used to mop up the floor. By the toilet was a half-empty bottle of red wine. In the bathtub lay the body of Danny Casolaro, his wrists slashed with a dozen deep gashes. Around his neck was a shoelace, and two plastic wastebasket bags floated in the water next to him, as though someone had tried to strangle him.

The verdict? Suicide. He had, of course, left a note.

The idea that Casolaro slashed his wrists a dozen times, then politely tried to clean up the mess before he died becomes even more suspicious when you realize who he was. A journeyman writer and novelist, Casolaro had spent the previous two years investigating what he called “The Octopus” – an international web of conspiracy he tied to everything from the JFK assassination to the October Surprise, from the bombing of Pan Am 103 to the CIA’s covert assassinations in South America. Coincidentally, much of Casolaro’s research, which he’d had with him that night, was never found.

It started when Casolaro’s contacts in the software industry told him about PROMIS, a database management program developed by a company called Inslaw. PROMIS, a masterpiece of software design, allowed users to track virtually anything or anyone. It soon came to the attention of the Justice Department, who signed a multi-million dollar contract with Inslaw.

Only when the bill came due, the Department of Justice refused to pay. Instead, it tried to

bankrupt the small company and effectively steal PROMIS from its creators. It first suspended payment to Inslaw, claiming the company had overcharged. Then it dragged the Hamiltons into a decade-long legal battle.

All of which would’ve made an interesting, if not earth-shattering story. But as Casolaro dug deeper, he started making other, more disturbing, connections. He met an electronics whiz named Michael Riconosciuto, who claimed he’d been hired to insert a “back door access” in PROMIS, allowing anyone to sneak into PROMIS systems at any time. The DoJ then sold this altered software to “as many as eighty-eight countries,” according to Bill Hamilton, co-founder of Inslaw with his wife Nancy, who was shocked when the Royal Canadian Mounted Police began calling for tech support. The US Department of Justice was using Hamilton’s software to spy on countries around the world.

Casolaro didn’t believe everything Riconosciuto said, but what he could prove opened up stranger avenues of investigation: bio-weapons development on California Indian Reservations; Iran-Contra; the human genome project; Area 51; Vietnam MIAs; and a vast menagerie of shadowy forces. Casolaro’s Octopus is the real-world answer to Fox Mulder’s most paranoid flights of fancy. It weaves the dark web of history together in a way that would make even Oliver Stone blush.

Yet much of Casolaro’s research has the weight of truth behind it. If wrong in the details, it must have been right in the generalities: If the Octopus was just a boogeyman dreamt up by a paranoid crank, why did Danny Casolaro end up dead in a hotel, his blood splashed on the walls, his most valuable research “disappeared”?

Complexity: Holy Bejesus. How many sides does spaghetti have?

Plausibility: Disturbingly high, given the minimal number of steps between buying the theory wholeheartedly and finding yourself in a safe, padded room. As a professional conspiriologist, I can tell you that a smirking, ironic detachment is your only defense against such a fate.

Where It Will Help You Score: Uhm. Hmm. Tough one. Probably John Birch Society meetings. You might just strip down to a diaper and yell “I have an ‘October Surprise’ ... in my pants!” at passersby.

Review: Miscellany

Sad Man

Reviewed by Jesse Hicks

Saturday night at the convenience store and in front of me waits a middle-aged man in a beige windbreaker. He looks ahead blankly, somewhere deep back in his eye sockets. His turn comes and on the counter he places a box of black garbage bags, a gallon of milk, a 2-liter of Pitch Black Mountain Dew, and a 99-cent bag of Hot Fries.

I look at his purchases and wonder how this happened. He walked here, I think, probably lives a couple blocks away; came for the garbage bags and milk – just the necessities, because he’s got a sinkful of dishes that are starting to smell, the only food in the house is a month-old box of Raisin Bran, and he used the last garbage bag to toss out some chicken that’d gone bad in the fridge. The fridge smelled old every time he opened it, old like passing time coating the few condiments he has. A now-desiccated cupcake sits on the top shelf, dry and brittle as his last birthday. It sits there, the last gift from a woman he no longer knows, and maybe he buys the milk to wash it down, finally digest that sweet-sad little memory. When he open the fridge he thinks about how she said the recipe had failed. He hadn’t minded.

He thinks of her when he pays, looking down and realizing his Saturday night is summed up in the faded-blue ink of his receipt: Mntn Dew, \$1.39; Garbage Bags, \$3.29; and his eyes lose focus, the milk is over two dollars and the Hot Fries include tax. The cost already forgotten, he crumples the receipt slowly and drops it in the bag. Smiles thinly at the cashier, lets in a little cold air on his way out, his passing marked by a dip in temperature and a clattering door chime.

He walks home and it’s not very far. Nothing seems very far anymore, as though he’s living on the horizon line. Everything and nothing happening at the same time, his life wavering in front of him, waves of heat bending the world over hot asphalt. They start sometimes, those waves, and his mind can’t catch who he is or how he got here. Something unreal, a different life, lurks just outside his vision.

What he sees in front of him is another rerun of Law and Order. Brisco makes a clever one-liner and the man brings another hot fry to his lips. It disintegrates in his mouth, but sticks in his throat. He swallows hard, coughs, and blinks back a tear.

Events

WHEN’S YOUR BAND PERFORMING? YOUR THEATRE TROUPE? WHATEVER?

SEND EVENT LISTINGS (THEY’RE FREE) TO events@deekmagazine.com

<p>DEEPER Deep and Soulful House every Friday Late Night from 2-4a with the DJs of Club Havana... Fridays: 2AM Shadow Lounge East Liberty \$5 21+</p> <p>Transition This exhibition presents work by four photographers that relates to the theme of "transition." Sundays: 4PM Ms, Ts, Ws, Ts, Fs: 9AM Open Door Gallery Oakland Free</p> <p>2004-5 Carnegie International Frances Sansig Monahan's comments: What a great opportunity to introduce your child to the arts. Sat Oct 9 2004–Sun Mar 20 Carnegie Museum of Art Oakland \$Adults \$12; Seniors \$9; Children & Students \$8</p> <p>Kawase Hasui: Landscapes of Modern Japan Kawase Hasui was one of the most important print designers of early twentieth century Japan. Sat Nov 13 2004–Sun May 8 Carnegie Museum of Art Oakland \$Free with museum admission</p> <p>Children's Museum of Pittsburgh, "The re-opening continues!" Now four times the original size, the 21-year-old structure meets up with the 21st Century offering new "Real Stuff" exhibits and my personal favorite -- Mister Rogers' Neighborhood. Sundays: 12PM Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays: 10AM Nov 16 2004–Nov 16 2005 Children's Museum of Pittsburgh Northside \$8 adults; \$7 kids 2-18 and seniors</p> <p>Glass Birthday Suit Exhibition</p>	<p>An amazing show featuring the work of 44 glass artists! Fri Jan 21–Fri Mar 25 Pittsburgh Glass Center Friendship free</p> <p>Unspoken Ground: Two Views of Japan Silver Eye will be exhibitng two contemporary Japanese photographers, Shinichiro Kobayashi and Fumimasa Hosokawa, who record the quiet evidence of human beings upon the earth. Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays: 12PM Nov 3 2004–Jan 29 2005 Silver Eye Center for Photography Southside \$free</p> <p>The Happiest Day video installation & objects by Hilary Harp & Suzie Silver Jan 7 thru Feb 13 / Reception: Fri, Jan 14, 7-9 pm Gallery hours: M-F, 12-5 pm & during films at Melwood Screening Room Also showcasing two afternoons of Indie Cartoons for all ages. Sat, Jan 22, 2 pm - "The Little Mole" vintage episodes by Czech artist Zdenek Miler. ages 3+ Sat, Feb 5, 2 pm - Films by Luke Meeken, Andrew Negrey, Jacob Ciocci and Tom & Jacob Burckhardt. + Surprise live event. ages 9+ Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays: 12PM Fri Jan 14: 7PM Sat Jan 22: 2PM Sat Feb 5: 2PM Melwood Photography Gallery Oakland gallery: Free cartoons: cheap</p> <p>Amorphic Robot Works Opening reception on Friday, January 28, from 5:30-10 p.m. as part of a FREE Gallery Crawl featuring music by Shade and Wizard Fight Artist talk by Chico MacMurtrie on Saturday, January 29, at 1 p.m.</p> <p>Fri Jan 28–Sat Mar 19 Wood Street Galleries Downtown</p>	<p>\$free</p> <p>English Practice Group (for Non-Native Speakers) On Friday evenings from 7:00 - 9:00, people whose first language is not English meet for conversation with native speakers. If you are learning English, then come practice in the pleasant environment of the café. If you are a native English speaker with a good command of the language and a desire to help others learn, then we welcome your help. Instructors receive one free drink, compliments of Tango Café. Fridays: 7PM Nov 19 2004–Dec 30 2005 Tango Cafe Squirrel Hill Free</p> <p>Forever Plaid Story of "The Plaids," a classic 1950s all-male singing group, who were killed in a car crash on their way to their first big gig! Sundays: 3PM Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays: 7:30PM Saturdays: 3PM, 7:30PM Nov 2 2004–Sep 30 2005 Cabaret at Theater Square Downtown \$36 - \$25</p> <p>The Coffee Den Open Stage (Hosted by The Primatives) OPEN STAGE Hosted by The PRIMATIVES (the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month) at THE COFFEE DEN (St. Clair Shops--across from St. Clair Hospital in Mt. Lebanon) Stu (owner of the Coffee Den), acknowledging the requests, expressed by many young (and otherwise) musicians (has agreed to expand the open stage (which we started last June) to twice a month. It continues to be hosted by The Primatives. Jan 14, Jan 28, Feb 11, Feb 25, Mar 11, Mar 25 - 8PM \$free</p> <p>THE HYPEST HIP HOP FRIDAYS IN SHADYSIDE WITH DJ JOHN G OF JHN DJ JOHN G, Pittsburgh's Hip Hop Heavy Hitter on the 1200's brings the energy from the Strip District or South Side to Shadyside to make the hypest Hip Hop</p>	<p>Friday nights in Shadyside at BIKKI (around the orner from Cozumel) Fridays: 10PM Dec 17 2004–May 13 2005 Bikki (around the corner from Cozumel) Shadyside \$not much 21+</p> <p>Miniature Railroad & Village at the Carnegie Science Center 2,300 square feet of miniature railroad. Neat! Call for house. Through JUNE. Wed Jan 12–Wed Jun 1 Carnegie Science Center Northside all ages</p> <p>Western Pennsylvania Sports Museum Exhibit At the Heinz History Center in the Strip -- "Smithsonian" wing. (Sounds so proper, doesn't it, considering sports is so sweaty and stuff?) 1,000 + sports artifacts, 75 interactives for families and the young ones. Wed Jan 12–Tue Feb 1: 10PM</p> <p>Stained Glass Restoration Classes In this class you will learn to repair and restore stained glass windows. This course will take you through simple repairs to complete disassembling and reassembling of historic 100 year old stained glass church windows. Saturdays: 9AM Jan 15 2005–Oct 14 2006 Union Project Highland Park \$175 18+</p> <p>T'ai Chi Ch'uan Beginning Classes T'ai Chi Ch'uan is a unique form of exercise, a meditation in motion, a means of self-defense and a way to approach rejuvenation. The sequence of flowing, graceful movements emphasizes relaxation and whole-body unity. T'ai Chi has demonstrated its ability to prevent injuries, promote balance, reduce stress, lower blood pressure, improve bone density and much more. Now is the time to begin learning T'ai Chi with an experienced and skilled teacher.</p>	<p>Wednesdays: 7PM Sep 8 2004–Sep 7 2005 Saturdays: 9AM Sep 11 2004–Sep 10 2005 Friends' Meeting House Oakland</p> <p>Spanish Conversation Saturdays at 3:30 pm, an open group of native and non-native speakers meets at the Tango Café to chat in Spanish. Come join our "tertulia" for informal Spanish language conversation, and at the same time enjoy delicious homemade Argentinean pastries, coffee, and brewed maté! Saturdays: 3:30PM Apr 24 2004–Dec 24 2005 Tango Cafe Squirrel Hill \$free all ages</p> <p>ARTISTS FOR HOPE Benefit Event for the victims of the Tsunami. TBA Sun Jan 30: 4PM Shadow Lounge East Liberty \$ 10 21+ featuring: soma mestizo; Soulcialism; Phat Man Dee Productions; Xpressions Dance company</p> <p>The Spoken Mic Presented by Innertainment Live, with hosts Freedom & Nailah. http://www.quietstormcoffee.com/calendar/spoken.html Sun Jan 30: 7PM Quiet Storm Garfield \$2-\$3 all ages</p> <p>January Sunday Series - Bergman in Black & White Jan 9 - The Seventh Seal Jan 16 - Virgin Spring Jan 23 - Wild Strawberries Jan 30 - The Magician Regent Square Theater Regent Square \$7</p> <p>Carnegie Mellon Chamber Orchestra Carnegie Mellon's School of Music performs with Andres Cardenes, concertmaster of the Pittsburgh Symphony and professor in the School of Music.</p>
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Deek Magazine: Detox

Sun Jan 30: 8PM
Third Presbyterian Church
it'll cost you
call (412)268-2383
featuring: Carnegie Mellon Philharmonic; Andres Cardenes, conductor
produced by Carnegie Mellon College of Fine Arts; Carnegie Mellon School of Music; Carnegie Mellon Philharmonic

Last Sunday Potluck & Music Night
It's the last Sunday of the month--and that means it's time for potluck & music! Potluck begins at 6:30 p.m. Gather a few friends, bring some food to share and meet new people. Music follows at 8:00 with Brad Yoder, Pierce Woodward, Boca Chica & When Dogs Could Talk. All ages are welcome! There is no cover, but donations will be accepted.
Sun Jan 30: 8PM
Pittsburgh Hospitality House
Point Breeze
Free
all ages
featuring: brad yoder; Pierce Woodward; Boca Chica; When Dogs Could Talk

Carnegie with a Twist
Adults 21 and over are invited to enjoy live music, entertainment, food, drinks, and dancing in a museum setting.
Fri Feb 4: 7PM
Carnegie Museum of Art
Oakland
\$50 in advance/\$55 at the door
21+

Callope School of Folk Music
Relaxing, informal classes in folk music. Offered in three 8-week terms per year.
Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays: 5:30PM
Jan 17 2005–Mar 17 2005
Chatham College
Shadyside
\$90/\$120

Drinking Socially
--Weekly local get together for Democrats and Progressives
Jason's comments: All you progressive people: this is going to be the new weekly gathering to drink and talk politics.
Tuesdays: 7PM
Jan 11 2005–Dec 27 2005
Finnegan's Wake
Northside
Free
21+

"Over the Rainbow" Faith Prince & Tom Wopat
100th anniversary celebration of the music of Harold Arlen. A multi-media program with film clips and two Broadway superstars.
Wed Feb 2: 8PM
The Westminster College
Celebrity Series
single tickets: \$40 & \$35

FUZZ!
100% Drum and Bass Weekly running Wednesdays at the BBT since May 2000. Featuring resident DJs from 412DNB and FaithinDNB, plus local, national and international guest DJs. Fun, drunken atmosphere, with one of the deadliest soundsystems in the city.
Wednesdays: 10PM
Feb 25 2004–Feb 20 2008
Bloomfield Bridge Tavern
Bloomfield

\$Free-\$5
21+
featuring: 412DNB

THE GLORY OF LIVING
by Rebecca Gilman. Feb 3-20 Thursday-Sunday @ 8pm. A 10-actor play set in rural Alabama, that will tell the story of Lisa, a 15-year-old girl, and her marriage to Clint, an ex-con twice her age. Systematically abused by her husband, Lisa is coerced into helping him commit crimes of varying magnitude, including murder
Thu Feb 3: 8PM
The Terminal Buildings
Southside
\$Suggested Donation \$8-15

Carnegie with a Twist
Adults 21 and over are invited to enjoy live music, entertainment, food, drinks, and dancing in a museum setting.
Fri Feb 4: 7PM
Carnegie Museum of Art
Oakland
\$50 in advance/\$55 at the door
21+

Heart of Glass
Hippest, hottest, swingin'est party to benefit Pittsburgh Glass Center
Fri Feb 4: 7PM
Pittsburgh Glass Center
Friendship
\$35
21+

Cafe' Bean Open Stage
Saturday, January 1st, 2005 8 PM to 10:30 PM
OPEN STAGE Hosted by The PRIMATIVES (monthly) at Cafe' Bean (Wheeling St. in Washington, PA)
The Primatives host a monthly Open Stage in Washington, PA at Café Bean located at 31 E.Wheeling St. on the 1ST SATURDAY of each month.
Sat Feb 5: 8PM
Sat Mar 5: 8PM
free
all ages

PARTNER YOGA WORKSHOP
This yoga workshop taught by Rebecca Dregalla will offer a unique experience in yoga asana.
Sun Feb 6: 1:30PM
Breathe Yoga Studio
Southside
\$25 per person, \$45 per partnership

London Night
A brief 1 hour presenation on the essentials for travel to London. This event is focused on student travel either for vacation or studying abroad.
Mon Feb 7: 7PM
William Pitt Union - Ballroom
Oakland
\$FREE

Yaneura (The Attic)
All the scenes are performed in aclaustrophobic 4-meter-wide set, just the size of an attic, or yaneura. This explosive play

winds through the weird, ridiculous and profound with wit and dark humor, exposing strange and intimate details from the secret underbelly of contemporary Japanese culture.
Mon Feb 7: 7PM
Pittsburgh's High School for the Creative and Performing Arts
\$General admission \$15, with Pitt ID \$10
18+

Matters of the Heart
February 8-20 2005
Byham Theater
when
Tue Feb 8–Thu Feb 10: 7:30PM
Fri Feb 11: 8PM
Sat Feb 12: 2PM, 8PM
Sun Feb 13: 1PM, 6:30PM
Tue Feb 15–Thu Feb 17: 7:30PM
Fri Feb 18: 8PM
Sat Feb 19: 2PM, 8PM
Sun Feb 20: 1PM, 6:30PM
Byham Theater
Downtown
all ages

Carnegie Mellon School of Art Lecture Series: Jeremy Deller
London-based, 2004/05 Carnegie International artist who has assumed the roles of curator, mediator, producer and publisher, engaging in collaborations that have fused state of the art technology and old-fashioned industry, or contemporary culture and folk art.
Thu Feb 10: 5PM
McComomy Auditorium
Oakland
free

Cuarteto Latinoamericano
Cuarteto Latinoamericano, musicians in residence at Carnegie Mellon University, are among the world's most acclaimed Latin American classical musicians. Cuarteto Latinoamericano has performed at the world's premiere music festivals and has been nominated for two Grammy Awards. Don't miss this opportunity to hear this award-winning quartet.
Thu Sep 9 2004: 7:30PM
Thu Nov 4 2004: 7:30PM
Thu Feb 10: 7:30PM
Thu Mar 31: 7:30PM
Alumni Concert Hall
Oakland
call (412) 268-2383

PATA "Black Tie and Tail Lights"
The PATA Charity Preview Gala celebrates the opening night of the Pittsburgh International Auto Show. All proceeds will benefit Family House.
Fri Feb 11: 6PM
David L. Lawrence Convention Center
it'll cost you
\$175 per ticket - VIP Reception; \$125 per ticket - General Admission; \$75 per ticket - Young Professional Party

Carnegie Mellon Jazz Ensemble
Come hear the gifted musicians from Carnegie Mellon's School of Music. The Jazz Ensemble is under the direction of David Pellow.
Fri Feb 11: 8PM
Carnegie Music Hall
Oakland
\$5, seniors \$4

Grammy-nominated blues guitar virtuoso in concert
Sat Feb 12: 8PM
Carnegie Lecture Hall
Oakland
\$25 advance/\$27 door

ELECTION 2005: CIRCULATE & FILE NOMINATION PETITIONS
Visit for a list of all important dates:
http://www.dos.state.pa.us/bcel/lib/bcel/elections/2005_important_dates_to_remember.pdf
Tue Feb 15–Tue Mar 8

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater
"Energetic, strong, breathtaking, sexy. SEE IT." - Atlanta Journal Constitution
Pittsburgh Dance Council and the African American Cultural Center. World renowned, The Ailey is often regarded as one of the world's premier contemporary dance companies. Ailey presents an electrifying evening of signature works and Pittsburgh premieres at Benedum Center. Experience the athleticism, vitality and do or die dancing that is the hallmark of Ailey.
Tue Feb 15–Wed Feb 16: 7:30PM
Benedum Center for the Performing Arts

Suncrumb's Steel City Poetry Slam
Open-mic qualifying slam for Team Pittsburgh 2005. Third Tuesday of every month at the Shadow Lounge. Hosted by Nikki Allen and feat. DJ Selecta from 720Records. PSI-Certified.
when
Tue Sep 21 2004: 9PM
Tue Oct 19 2004: 9PM
Tue Nov 16 2004: 9PM
Tue Dec 21 2004: 9PM
Tue Jan 18: 9PM
Tue Feb 15: 9PM
Tue Mar 15: 9PM
Tue Apr 19: 9PM
Shadow Lounge
East Liberty
\$ = 5
all ages

Carnegie Mellon Philharmonic
Come hear the gifted musicians from Carnegie Mellon's School of Music.
Wed Feb 16: 8PM
Carnegie Music Hall
Oakland
\$ = call (412)268-2383

Thursday Night Acoustic with The Primatives
Night of Great original music

The Primatives slogan is "FOLK MUSIC THAT ROCKS"
Thu Feb 17: 8PM
The Uptown Theatre
Uptown
\$ = 7
21+

Carnegie Mellon School of Art / CMA Lecture Series: Robert Breer
Renowned 2004/05 Carnegie International artist and animation pioneer whose work spans 50 years, from simple stop motion studies based on his abstract paintings to films, flip books, mutoscopes, kinetic sculpture and more.
Sat Feb 19: 2PM
Carnegie Lecture Hall
Oakland
\$ = Free

the DIRTY FACES / THE BUMPS
Rickety brings you the lineup that promises to make the audience question its own sanity and whiskey bottles to shatter in fear. Run and take cover...inside Gooski's that is.(Please note: this show was initially to take place on Feb. 26th, we've been 'bump'ed up...ba dum bum...)
Sat Feb 19: 10PM
Gooski's
\$ = 4
21+

Emergenza Festival
The festival is designed to assist independent bands in gaining exposure on the national and international music scene by giving them an opportunity to perform at some of the best live venues in the U.S. and Canada. Pittsburgh based bands compete for a chance to tour Europe.
Sat Feb 19: 11PM
31st Street Pub
Strip District
\$ 10

Guitar Concert
Come hear the gifted guitarists from Carnegie Mellon's School of Music under the direction of James Ferla and John Marcinzyn.
Wed Oct 20 2004: 8PM
Wed Dec 1 2004: 8PM
Wed Feb 23: 8PM
Thu Apr 20: 8PM
Alumni Concert Hall
Oakland
\$ = FREE

Directions in Music
Featuring Herbie Hancock, Michael Brecker, and Roy Hargrove
Thu Feb 24: 8PM
Benedum Center for the Performing Arts
\$27.50, \$37.50 & 47.50

Classifieds

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO LOSE? SELL? BUY?

SEND LISTINGS TO info@deekmagazine.com

Jobs:

\$525 WEEKLY INCOME possible mailing sales letters from home. Genuine opportunity to work with our wellness company. Supplies provided. No Selling. FT/PT. Call 1-708-536-7040 (24 Hours).

A COOL TRAVEL job. Now hiring (18-24 positions). Guys/gals to work and travel entire USA. Paid training, transportation, lodging furnished. Call today, start today. 1-877-646-5050. Act Now! Bartending!! \$300/day potential, no exp nec., training provided 800-965-6520 x.147

ARTIST DEVELOPMENT: What happens when you combine a multiple Grammy winning producer with unparalleled artist development? YOU GET HEARD. (615)783-1635. www.grooveproductions.net Earn Extra Cash !!!

Change The World With a Phone Call! Earn an average \$10/hr raising funds for non-profit groups. resume Builder On Busline Supportive Management Paid Training Advancement Opportunities Flexible AM&PM Hours call Public Interest communications at 412-622-7370 M-F Noon 4 PM

FULL TIME JOBS No experience. Limited openings in welding, heating & air conditioning, machinery repair for HS grads to age 34, Call Jane 800-242-3736(PENNSCAN)

GOVERNMENT JOBS - Earn \$12-\$48.00/HOUR. Available with full medical/ dental benefits, and paid training on clerical, administrative, law enforcement, homeland security, wildlife, more! 1-800-320-9353 x2001. Health Club, Pt-time mornings, front desk, must be energetic/outgoing & have strong interest in fitness, exc opp for personal/prof growth, call 412-681-4605 CLEAN WATER ACTION Call Sara 412-765-3053 ext 201

Weekdays from 10-4PM Minorities encouraged to apply! \$\$\$\$ WEEKLY! Get Paid to clean your garage, Turn Trash into Cash. Flea Markets, Swap Meets, Etc. Call 1-800-795-9694 Ext. 5129(PENNSCAN) Wheel Deliver is now Hiring...

Make \$10-\$13/hr for food delivery. Experience preferred. Knowledge of Downtown and city's East End is essential.

Must be available evenings and weekends until 10pm.

Exclusive Pennsylvania Member of the

WORLD BARTENDING TRAINING ASSOCIATION Restaurant/Bar Help Wanted Exp. Chef Wanted at Spice Cafe in Oakland. Competitive Pay. Apply within or call 412.682.1900. Ask for Pia. 320 Atwood St. Experienced line cook, prep, dishwashers needed at Square Cafe 412-244-8002 Kitchen Help wanted @ Abay 130 S Highland Ave. call 412-661-9736 or apply online at www.abayrestaurant.com Pi Pizza by Vallozzi 5829 Forbes Ave - Squirrel Hill - 412.521.3880 Upscale Bistro

Now Hiring Cooks/Servers Apply Within 412-521-3880 Waiter/ Waitress/Cook. F/T. Cafe Sam, 5242 Baum Blvd. Zarra's- Upscale Ital Rest now hiring cooks, exp nec. call after 4pm 412-606-9644

Tutors Retired Public School Administrator avail. to teach conversational Spanish or English as a 2nd language. 412-241-0977 Auditions Dancers/Models wanted for record co. CD release promotion. Contact 412-860-6255

Musicians Wanted/Available Exp Male singer/songwriter seeks serious minded guitarist for acoustic duo, influences,

Music:

Edwin McCain, Goo Goo Dolls, Matchbox 20, Country, call Mark 412-551-9936

Bassist needed for rock band. We have day jobs (play out every 4-6 weeks). Half originals, half obscure covers. Inf: Stones, Hiatt, Wilco, Social D. Email tom.kubilius@gmail.com

Singer Seeking Band, inf.- Dave Matthews, Doors, Call Eric 412-657-2244 Former Project Ill Noise Inc. needs frontman/woman. Call Kurt 412-824-2065

Rehearsal Rooms 412-331-3590

Wanted:

DESIGN JOBS/FREELANCE

Like what you see in here? Hate it? EVEN BETTER!

Call Nate 412.901.8355 or email nate@deekmagazine.com - Samples and a resume at artproductdesign.com

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Advice: Ask Dr. G

By Dr. G

drg@deekmagazine.com.



Q: I'm gay and my parents don't know. Or, at least they... didn't. See, last weekend they caught me in bed with my partner. What should I do?

A: Well, to start, I think you should consider yourself lucky – you successfully avoided an awkward “coming out” conversation; we all know how uncomfortable *those* can be. Plus, you can rest assured that when you *do* have a talk with them about your sexual orientation, they are very likely to believe you. Nothing is worse than stubborn disbelieving parents that demand proof.

Also, try buying them a kitten.

Q: Are lesbians more on the prowl than straight men?

A: You may recall that, like most straight men, the Doctor gets overcome with warm fuzzies just thinking about lesbians. Much like kittens, Tarantino movies, and freshly made mojitos, they make the world a better place and are, I believe, a gift from God. As I've previously discussed, lesbians have a firm position in the male fantasy world that isn't likely to give way anytime soon. In those fantasies we'd love nothing more than to imagine that, not only are these ladies hot for each other, they have nearly insatiable sexual appetites and are looking to jump in the sack with another fresh co-ed whenever some sexually oriented piece of shit pop song (like Chissy Agulera's “Dirrty” or that song about thongs) comes on the radio. However, even though some lesbian libidos can be damn strong, straight men really corner the market on this one. Men think about, want, and seek sex way more than women, including gay women. Hands down, we win. Now give us some sex.

Q: Dr. G, I'm involved in a long-distance relationship. My communication needs aren't being met, not to mention the absolute lack of physical intimacy. What are some ways to communicate this to my man without him feeling threatened or persecuted? Or should I just walk away from this seeming exercise in futility?

A: Like a lot of the questions I received this month, this one lends itself well to a short, but thought-provoking answer:

Rosebud.

Actually, you're really asking several questions aren't you? Long distance relationships are a bitch. To avoid falling into such situations, I've developed the habit of creating boundary rules for dating in each of the cities I've lived in. For example, in NYC I had a “same borough” requirement; in Pittsburgh, I adhered to a very strict “no tunnels” policy; and in New Orleans the rule was “anything but Mississippi.”

But maybe I'm an asshole and the girl of my dreams might live just outside my current dating borders... Shit. Anyway, back to you.

Although long distance relationships do indeed suck very hard, they don't have to – they can be fulfilling and are sometimes logistically necessary for dual-career couples or polygamists trying not to get caught. Regardless of the circumstances, the success of these arrangements depends entirely on the individuals involved. Relationships are meant to satisfy our needs. Failing to do that, any relationship despite the mileage isn't going to work out.

Your situation does sound like an “exercise in futility,” especially if your needs aren't being met (there is no little blue pill for phone sex). If you haven't yet walked away, I'd recommend taking a good look at what you need and discuss this with your partner. Explore what both of your goals are and what either of you is willing to do to obtain those goals. Be straightforward though – honesty and openness hardly ever come across as threatening or persecuting. That is, unless you are telling someone that they give lousy phone sex, because that's a bit hard to hear.

Trust me; you don't want to end up like this:

Q: Why can't I find me a man?? I think I am pretty fuckin top of the line cool, yet I am already 24 and not married yet. The best years of my thighs are OVER. No one will love me. HELPPPPPP

A: Yeah, you're right. Honestly, sometimes the truth hurts. On a positive note though, I've heard that kittens will love you unconditionally and you should have no problem finding a few for free... Keep 'em well fed and they should provide you with company for years until the social worker arrives.

Dr G

P.S. When in doubt, get a kitten.

Got a question for the Doctor? Send him an email at drg@deekmagazine.com.

Advice: Ask Emo

By Christopher D Salyers

emo@deekmagazine.com



So I'm here in my lawn chair, in my kitchen, sipping a whiskey sour through one of those multi-colored, curly straws. Each month I spend a night or two like this – sifting through your letters, reading your e-mails, taping your photographs to my fridge, and sniffing your perfume-scented stationery... typical, advice-columnist behavior. But I'll digress.

This winter, my heart goes out to one reader in particular: Joe. Joe shared with me an amazing story about overcoming an addiction and facing his fears head-on. I won't tell you all of it, but some paraphrasing is in order: To begin, Joe is a miner's son, raised by the working class. But Joe isn't like them. Joe doesn't like eating french fries on his salad. He enjoys walking upright, and has pride in the way he properly pronounces “Washington.” He isn't into t-shirts with crudely drawn images of Ben Rothlesburger or Point Park. No sir. What Joe does enjoy, the one thing that enables him to still fit in, to still function within his blue collar circle...is beer. You see, Joe is a metroalcoholosexual, and he must deal with that day to day.

So, Joe, this month I will be your sponsor. I will lift your leg and carry it across the sidewalk. I will do this without it looking gay, in a cute way, one that will get girls to like us and think we're funny. Together our three feet shall take us directly to the bar of your choice (as long as it's Dee's). To everyone else out there: Turn on Armor For Sleep and drink up.

Your One, Your Not-So-Only, Emo

Emo Jagoff:

Why does my boyfriend's sperm taste bitter? Give me more ways to make sperm taste good.

– Annie H.

Carroll Gardens, NYC

Annie, the taste of a man's lovejuice (I'm told) can be altered or affected by certain foods in his diet. Does he eat a lot of garlic or onions? This could be a factor in his sperm tasting like Olive Garden. Are you felating his *penis* when you give him head? This could be a factor in his sperm tasting like dick. But yes: The average male manufactures some 400,000,000,000 sperm in his lifetime. Think of your boyfriend as a chef: Sometimes his cooking will be dead on, the way you like it. Sometimes it'll be too salty, or sour, or sweet. Chef's aren't perfect. If you want to try a change, slip healthy doses of raisins into his diet. Tell him it's “healthy candy.”

You know, in the Japanese town of Nagoya, a fortuneteller named Kaho claims she can tell you your future by sucking you off (I just couldn't resist that little fact!). Next time you go down on him, refuse to swallow. When he objects, tell

him “I see, in your future, more fruit in your diet.” You'll be amazed at what a man will do for a little head.

Dear Emo,

Recently, my roommate left a used condom in the sink. So I locked him out of the apartment for one night, then let him back in. But he didn't take the thing out the sink for over a week after the incident. Should I get emo on him and do something in revenge? Or should I move on with my life and venture to a much cooler, youthful, side of Brooklyn?

– Krts Krooklynite

www.myspace.com/krts

Krts, first off, I don't know if revenge is necessarily “emo.” Perhaps it is, I dunno. I would, if I were in your situation, aggressively scratch at the man's eyeballs and send a blow or two to his forehead. But that's just me.

Your letter brings up a world of concern regarding cleanliness and proper roommate behavior. If you're getting some (in the kitchen or wherever) and you're done with the condom, wouldn't the trash can be the more appropriate place to discard the item? Sure, the sink can be a bin of dishes, insects, and varying degrees of food filth, but does that mean it's anything similar to the garbage? Of course not. Krts, you were right for being angry about the condom. And perhaps, if you're able, moving on might be a safe and solid decision. Then again there's always couples counseling, but that too can be trying and detrimental to your living condition.

My advice to you: Invest in a gas mask, a case of those yellow rubber gloves, and at least seven bottles of 409. Otherwise, move on.

My advice to your roommate, or anyone else in a similar situation: Ride her bareback next time, okay?

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Underappreciated Scholar:

How I Found Robert Palmer and What I Did to Him After I Dug Him Up

By Luther Arkwright

0. “Gonna have to face it, you’re addicted to love,” sang the late, great British rocker Robert Palmer.
- 0.1. Quitting cold turkey is being kicked in the chest. Not being kicked, no, but like a large, flat palm delivered directly to and through your sternum, a Bruce Lee move that cracks your chest, takes your breath away, and leaves your heart raw and bleeding. It beats twice, to the tune of The Doors’s “Love Her Madly,” before turning to ash upon the floor.
- 0.2. Cold sweats and Beck’s “Everybody’s Gotta Learn Sometimes,” laying in the dark remembering the times you’d lay next to her and try to match your breathing to rise and fall of her sleeping chest. A warm bed then; cold and clammy now. “I need your lovin/Like the sunshine.”
- 0.3. You can feel old all at once, the one-time Jim Morrison that suddenly looks raw and haggard – your voice is now Van Morrison, anything from *Astral Weeks*. Try then to put a tough face on it: Bon Scott in AC/DC’s only ballad, “Ride On,” singing, “But I ain’t too young to worry/And I ain’t too old to cry/When a woman gets me down.”
- 0.4. This time will come, the time when she calls to tell you she’s found someone else, and you will have to deal with it. You will listen to Shellac’s “Prayer To God,” and your roommates will yell through the door for you to turn it down as you plead, “Her – she can go quietly, by disease or a blow/to the base of her neck, /where her necklaces close/where her garments come together/where I used to lay my face.../That’s where you oughta kill her/in that particular place/Him - just fucking kill him, I don’t care if it hurts.”
- 0.4.5. *Is that how you really feel?*
- 0.4.6. More like sitting at Sarge’s Saloon with the regular Saloonatics, grizzled men who wear their loneliness like stigmata or a congenital heart defect; Sarge with his eyepatch and bad knee whistles to everyone (a bare dozen) that it’s closing time and puts on a double-shot of the Stones – “And I just can’t seem to drink you off my mind,” from “Honky-Tonk Woman” followed by “Wild Horses” (“No sweeping exits or offstage lines/ Could make me feel bitter or treat you unkind”) – and slowly they start to move, taking a last swill of warm, flat beer before making their way out, pulling up their collars against the cold wind that seems to whisper, with Hegel, “...to hold fast what is dead requires the greatest strength...” because they are strong, these men, and very weak.
- 0.4.7. “Because the world has turned and left me here/Just where I was before you appeared./ And in your place an empty space/Has filled the void behind my face.”
- 0.4.8. Fill that empty space, your roommates say, Now you can finally take that Tex-Mex cooking class you’ve talked so much about, but never had the time for!
- 0.4.9. And you crank up Johnny Thunder. “You can’t put your arms around a memory, so don’t try.” Deleted from the buddy list. *Buddies NO MORE!*
- 0.4.9.1. Sometimes it seems a little absurd that we elect people to feel for us, poets and writers and artists, and then we have to steal their words to echo the way we think we feel. As though we are their fictions.
- 0.5. You’d like to think it’s more like “Just What I Needed,” but Circuit City really blew that song for everyone, didn’t it? I can’t remember if I needed love or a plasma screen TV...
- 0.6. Though probably it was Sleater-Kinney, “Some thing you lose/Some things you give away.” Which was it, though, really? Is this a question you really want to get entangled in?
- 0.7. Probably not, because Frank Zappa says Broken Hearts Are For Assholes, and “That’s right/You’re an asshole, you’re an asshole.”
- 0.8. So you in this Crowded House inside your head and wait for A Life Between Us to pass, and “And we’re staring at each other/Like the Banks of a River/And we can’t get any closer.”
- 0.9. Maybe you want to think that “we’ll all float on anyway,” but...
0. “I’m addicted to you / Don’t you know that you’re toxic.”

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