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!And!SO!MUCH!MORE!SO!MUCH!IT'S!MIND!BOGGLING!

Divine Incident

May 2005



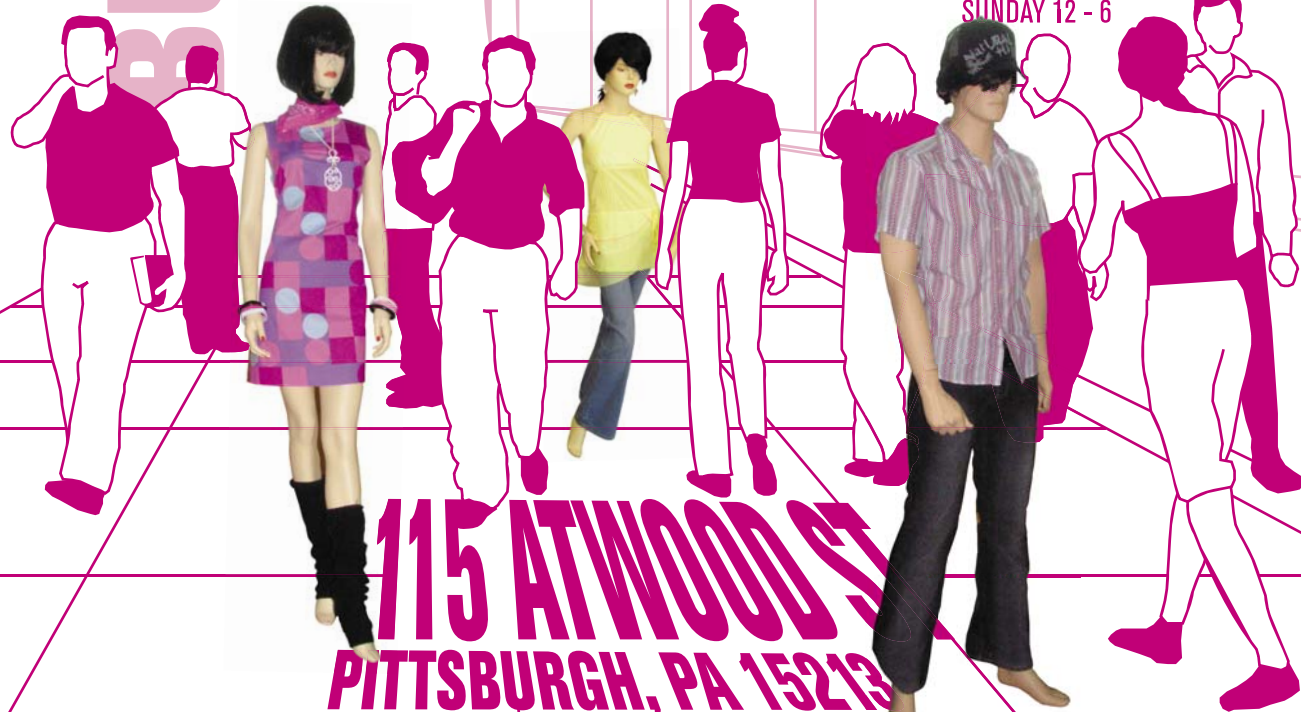
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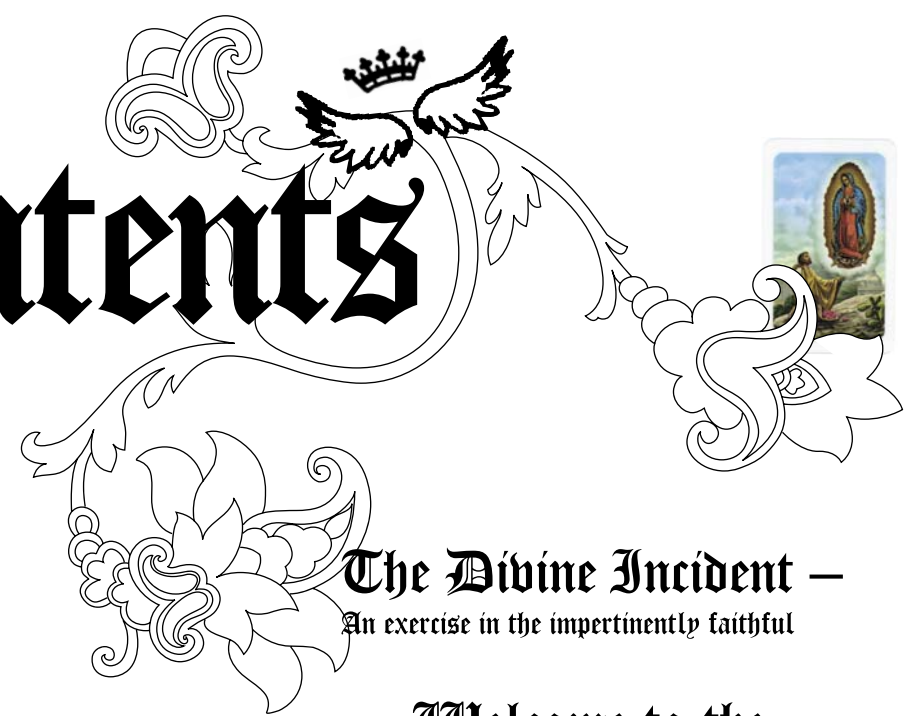
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# Contents



## The Divine Incident – An exercise in the impertinently faithful

### Welcome to the Big Dance! 30

Deek analyses your March Madness picks – your battle of convictions.

**"Pick to Win:** Natural, pathological self-absorption, or pathological self-absorption *justified by stilted writing and paper-thin characters?! Oh my stars and garters, what brave new world that has such choices in it. Give the gold to Narcissism, if only because no one reads anymore. Readin's for 'tards.*"

### Fashion 24

Through the eyes of Robert Smith; Naughty and Nice, Twice the vice; Sunday School Girl; Big Ranch House in the Sky or How The Midnight Cowboy Gets Done

### Good Friday in Pittsburgh's Cultural District 22

"I had, in consecutive hour-long humps, sat on both ends: Ashlee Simpson on the unused end, then Gauge. The pornstar and I chatted..."

By Mikhail Stafford

May 2005

### Departments:

8 Letters – from, to

12 Punk / Counterpunk (Mind Fucker of the Year)

14 Short Shots – Hunter theories, Movies (Jesus Christ Vampire Hunter; Battle Royale; Sideways); Smokes and Booze for the Common Man.

49 Music: Interview with Low. Interview with Jason Anderson, plus LCD Soundsystem, Brazilian Girls, Rootz Manuva, Vale & Year, Bench Warmer & more.

60 Events

62 Classifieds

66 The Underappreciated Scholar

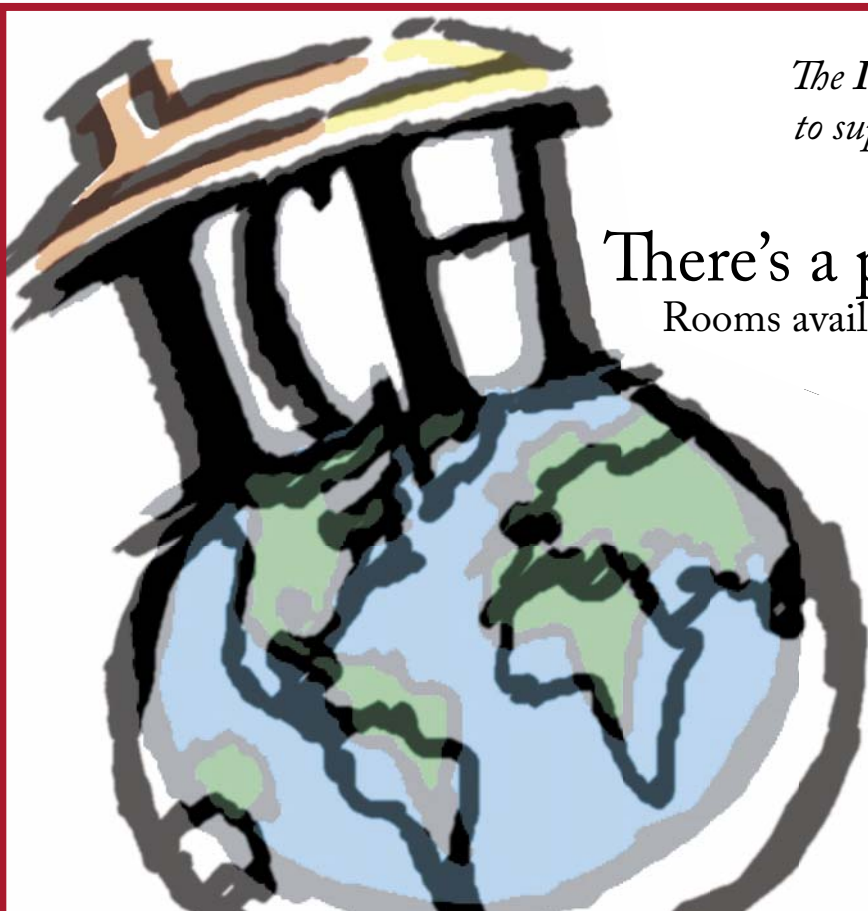
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We're ... still all about parking illegally. It wasn't me, it was lefty and Mr. Bubbles. Jesus built me an aviary and now it's covered with aunts. It could get worse ... couldn't it? Pickle breath. Cigarettes make you more sexually appealing. *Duuuuude*. Shit, my story doesn't beat that. DID YOU KNOW that some day Jesus (and it may be soon) Jesus will [become a hippo]. My friend is a fetus. How can we get the ad of the guy with the MASSIVE COCK!? How do M&Ms have sex? Similar to snakes, who have 2 penises. Would you like to pet my walrus? It's free! Damn it, lepers get to have all the fun. Bacon is so good. 20 foot tall flames of bacon. But man, it was *reeeeally* good bacon. There's a way to grow bacon. The path to righteousness begins with Christmas lights and talking dolphins. I get the clap when I play basketball. Three armed kids are the most delicious. Dear friends, can you afford to take a chance of missing the glorious rapture. If you wrap 4 rubber bands around a choco-taco, you get an orgasm. Yes, did you know that? Gerard Depardieu is actually a snowman. Potatoes make my VENUS jiggle. Knock knock. Who's there? Rutabaga. What? Yeah. Oh. I impaled a nun on an umbrella and now I owe the new pope \$50 ... right? Oh. I see your catch rag has expanded. It's because it hurts my arms.

and, obviously, this:

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# LETTER

## From the Editor

*"An old Christian kook ... had once attempted to comfort Joe by telling him, with an air of great assurance, that it was Hitler, and not the Allies, who had liberated the Jews. Not since his father's death — not since the day he had first heard a radio report about the wonder ghetto at Terezin — had Joe stood so near to consolation. All he would have needed to do, to find comfort in the Christian's words, was to believe."*

— **Michael Chabon**, "THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF KAVALIER & CLAY," 2000

First, Terri Schiavo — a woman rendered inoperative, at the disposal of our media — unwittingly shoved our country through a dogmatic whirlwind, allowing politics to seep into our faithful (or faithless) consciousness. She was a vegetable for a long time, yes. But in a matter of weeks, it was Schiavo's inaudible voice pressuring us — maybe with irony, maybe with honest faith — to wonder if God's will was enough to pull her back to life.

Though, of course, we assumed reality wouldn't work in her favor. If God existed, would Schiavo's ordeal really play out like a daytime drama?

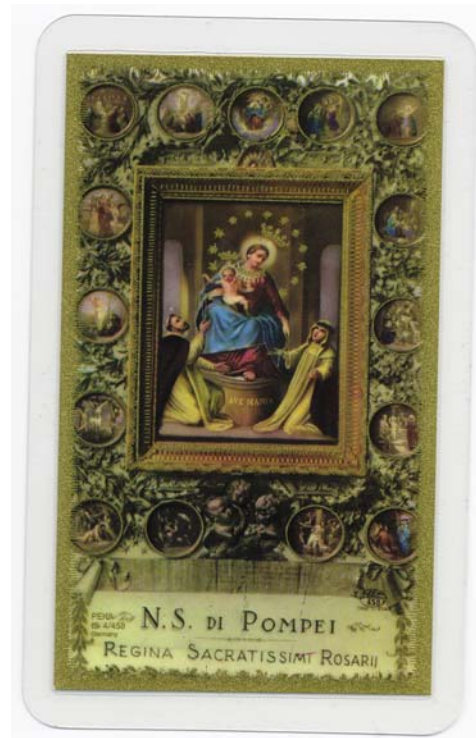
No. God would not save her. Shiavo would, instead, die horribly — starved to death over the course of twelve days, like punishment for finding her way into life's no-man's-land: unconscious, but alive.

And from that, we learn that [drumroll] God is a wily character keeping us on our toes, pushing controversy into our midst mysteriously, and plotting with the intention of, one might assume, keeping Her' followers faithful, and Her nonbelievers guessing.<sup>2</sup>

And in keeping with that sense of mystery, She hinted darkly that Terri Schiavo's life was extended by fifteen years, as the result of a miracle.

She also hinted that miracles happen each and every day...

Unless, of course, CNN is there to cover the story.



*One of the prerequisites of beatification is the performance of a miracle — which opponents say [Mothera Theresa] did not perform.*

— **Satinder Bindra**, CNN, October 17, 2003

Next, the pope died.

*"The American system of ours, call it Americanism, call it Capitalism, call it what you like, gives each and every one of us a great opportunity if we only seize it with both hands and make the most of it."*

— **Al Capone**, interviewed in LIBERTY MAGAZINE, 1929

And then, Deek took advantage, pathetically releasing ... *this* — this magazine in your hands: The Divine Incident. Within, you'll find articles about pressing religious (and not religious) issues, as well as literature, art, music, evil products, money, and other tidbits generally falling into the realm of Deek's own religion — The Religion of Thoughtful Aggravation, Mediocrity Avoidance, and Forcefully Unbound Distraction. It's not organized crime, no, but, like mob misconduct, it is a theology which seeks to make sense (and chaos and profit) from madness.

So read more. Go. Now.

Nova Keenan, Publisher  
words@deekmagazine.com

### (Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> God is a woman. Sorry. No discussion necessary.

<sup>2</sup> That is, assuming you believe She exists. But we can't help you with that. All we can say is that we've put a hit on Mother Nature, who exists, and is rumored to be God's shifty mortgage broker.





Abusively edited correspondence

To participate, send words to

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LETTERS

to the Editor

Last month's Detox Incident focused primarily on drugs and addiction. Conceptually, last month's Detox Incident was like a trip to Narcotics Anonymous — we were waning ourselves from a Madness habit.

We shared a lot, cried a lot, took lots of methadone and morphine, then created an issue about change, extraditing ourselves from dangerously comfortable places, and then moving into safety's open arms, now secure, and in some of the most boring times we had ever experienced.

It was addictive; it was illegal; it was fun; it became difficult — then it hurt. **[sad face — Can we get a huge ridiculous sad face here?]**

Here's what you said:

Dear Deek,

As a loyal reader of Deek Magazine, I was taken aback by the recent cover for the Detox issue. While I am usually not one to shudder at the site of such graphic images, I found this one particularly disturbing. Because of this, I would like to cancel my subscription. I have now decided to just read honest publications such as High Times, Cosmo and The Complete Guide to Flyfishing and Trailer Home Repair.

Thanks for your attention to this matter.

Reba Vail  
1926 Knoll Ln. Canton, MI 48187  
(734) 749-0572

Dear Editor,

Your edit of Bones van Peeblez' letter to the editor lacks merit due to the oversimplification inherent in substituting your cock for the subject of his sentiments, his addiction. While mildly amusing, the edit was churlish, arrogant, naive and thoughtless. However, it was laugh-inducing in its spitefulness and straightforward disregard for van Peeblez' childish addiction, something he likely could have conquered without troubling your staff with his personal hangups. For this I simultaneously applaud and condemn you.

Sincerely,  
Mike  
www.randomusa.com

Deek,

I find your magazine strangely annoying.  
Bud Adams  
www.sonicpictures.com

Stroud:

If it isn't too late, here's a couple of fine quotes for the Religion Incident from today's Post-Gazette:

Rebekah Scott reports in her front page story that a box full of sanctified hosts was stolen from a Catholic church in Seward, wherever the hell that is. "Who knows what they did with the Eucharist?" wonders Lawrence Persico. "It makes you feel violated." Margory Cassidy commented, "I felt like someone had died." Stealing magic bread is just as bad as rape or murder. Good thing the Catholics have their priorities straight.

Mac Booker  
Shadyside

**\*FUCKEDupLETTERofTHEmonth**

Dear Deek,

You have elected to begin negotiations with Sable & Shuck, a company that provides commodities of supreme quality and worth, in return for human souls that meet our criteria\*.

We will resume contact at midnight. If you do not wish to pursue negotiations for any reason whatsoever, simply click the unsubscribe link at the bottom of this page and you will never hear from us again.

Director of Acquisitions,  
Sable & Shuck

\*Transactions can only take place after a contract is signed by both parties.

Dear Deek,

You asshole. Where are we drinking. And find out where that goddamn friendfinder slut is. I need to practice my pickup lines. On the burner for this week: "Fuck baby, you smell like pussy."

Yeah yeah, now we're cooking with gas. And trust me, we don't need AFF to find sluts. You know what Meatloaf said? Good girls go to heaven, but bad girls go everywhere. A funny story about that song is that originally Meatloaf intended it to be "Good grills go to heaven, but bad grills go everywhere," and it was about his addiction to the George Foreman grill. Ronnie Dobson, a member of Loaf's backup band, suggested he change it to "girls" — ML's sexual prowess being the new topic. And thus a "star" was born.

I'll need to find some shrooms, too. Do you have a coffee grinder?

Kurt Deveaux,  
Bloomfield

Dear Deek,

I tried calling Lindsay Lohan yesterday, but my phone exploded. And I contracted herpes. I'm totally calling Avril. Is this still America?

Love,  
Alistair McGrizzlepot

Dear Deek,

Ooooh, dowgie, do we's got some beef! OK, you win, dissecting & reassembling this issue in order to read it drove me to madness! As did trying to read your ferry blue and orange fonts printed over dominating colors. One more thing, whoever gave the Maulie Keebler photo spread their seal of approval needs to have those cocks surgically removed from his/her eyes. If you're really that hard up for almost naked girlies, gimmie a call, I don't look nearly as offensive. No hard feelings if she's your special lady or sumthin.

Nicole  
Carnegie



### Almighty Zeus going door-to-door

ATHENS — Almighty Zeus, once the head of the most powerful polytheism in human history, now goes door-to-door trying to convert members to his diminishing religion.

"Membership is at an all-time low," he explained. "The numbers have gone from hundreds to dozens since 2001. I had to do something."

According to recent surveys less than one percent of Greeks still worship the Olympians, who are unified in their hatred of Zeus for having sex with their wives, or with them while they slept.

"I woke up with a [rooster] in my ass," said Demeter, former goddess of the seasons now working as a short-order cook in Tulsa. "He was always into kinky turning-into-an-animal stuff. That incident was the last straw for me."

Almighty Zeus has not denied the charges, but insists it was all part of "a good time religion." He cited a lack of stiff regulations as the main draw to his religion.

"With Christians it's all rules, rules, rules. With me it's party with Dionysus, all-nymph orgies and football on Sundays. All I ask is the occasional virgin sacrifices," Zeus said, adding. "To be honest, I'd settle for roadkill and a *Barely Legal* bonfire."

### Jesus Christ killed in knife fight

MADISON, Wis. — Authorities report that local schizophrenic Jesus Christ, a.k.a. Gary Reid, 32, was slain in a knife fight behind the Food King on Freeport Road. Reid, who officially changed his name to "Jesus Christ" after returning from military service in the Balkans in 1996, was known to most residents as "Jesus Man." His body was discovered around 9 a.m. on Thursday by Food King employee C.J. Rimbault.

"It was weird, I was taking out trash and I seen him laying by the dumpster. I yelled 'Jesus' to him," said Rimbault. "I went over and that's when I saw he was all cut up."

Authorities ruled the cause of death as excessive blood loss from over two dozen small lacerations on his chest, arms and face. A portion of Christ's nose and right ear were found nearby, along with a nine-inch hunting knife.

### Pontiff not dead, 'Just Lazy' reveals insider

VATICAN CITY — An anonymous source close to Pope John Paul II has admitted that the allegedly deceased pontiff is in perfect health.

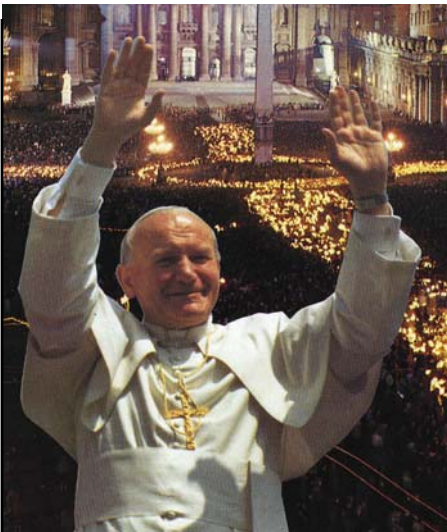
"He is splendid," said the source. "The pope is just feigning death in order to get away from the office. He wants to golf more and goof off with his friends."

The pope is not scheduled to lead Administrative Assistants' Day services for the first time in his reign. According to the source this is also part of the papal plan.

"Leave AA Day for the snowbunnies," he said, referring to Catholics who attend only Easter and Christmas and AA Day mass. "The pope can't call every Catholic and tell them he wants off, so he pretends to be dead or shot from time to time."

The source said the pope will be hiding out in Cardinal Randolph Thomas' treehouse for the next several weeks, unless the Cardinal's parents return from their Australian cruise early.

"That would be a disaster," said the source.



### Slogans for the Second Coming

By Clinton Doggett

How do you spell relief? J-e-s-u-s  
Jesus is Coming. Just Do It.  
Have It Your Way. Jesus is Coming.  
Jesus is coming. It's the real thing.  
The Apocalypse. It's everywhere you want to be.  
Jesus is Coming. It's Miller time!  
Jesus is Coming. Drivers wanted.  
Reach out and touch someone. Jesus is Coming.  
Jesus is Coming. Because You're Worth It.  
Jesus is Coming. Think Different.  
Jesus is Coming. Where do you want to go today?  
Jesus is Coming. Where's the beef?  
Jesus is Coming. Think Outside the Bun.  
Jesus is Coming. GRE-A-A-A-T!  
Jesus is Coming. Can you hear me now?



# Retracing the Terri Shiabo Case

Mind fucker of the year



“A society is judged by the way that it treats its most vulnerable citizens.”  
— REP. MIKE PENCE, *R-Ind.*

“I thought about what form this debate would take in a parallel universe, one where the Democrats held majorities in both Houses and the White House – where it wasn’t a brain-damaged woman who was being starved to death, but instead a pregnant woman forced to carry a child to term under some bizarre court order. Would Democrats flinch at a special session to pass a law that would allow an abortion to take place?”  
— **Matthew Hoy**, blogger and metro page designer at the **SAN DIEGO UNION-TRIBUNE**

“I am not sure I understand the almighty urge to kill Terri Schiavo, or torture the husk. Many experts have concluded that she is already dead. So what? If she is already dead, then keeping her alive does no harm beyond financial. Why the insistence on killing her?”  
— **Alfred Sunnyside**, Creator of **THE ORIGINAL BLOG**.  
He is also a columnist at **WWW.BYTE.COM**

“...given that we’ve had no small amount of propaganda from right-to-die activists about the purported humaneness of letting Terri wither and die, why doesn’t someone just shoot her – or at least administer the procedure employed to execute in capital cases. It would, after all, be quicker and thus more humane, right?”  
— **Andrew C. McCarthy**, **NATIONAL REVIEW**

“I said to her, ‘Terri, if you can just say “I want to live,” we can just end this whole thing today. Terri, can you just try really, really hard?’”  
— **Barbara Weller**, attorney for Terri Schiavo’s parents, **Robert and Mary Schindler**.

“It’s just hard to believe a woman can be starved to death with the protection of the judicial system.”  
— **the Rev. Patrick Mahoney** of the **CHRISTIAN DEFENSE COALITION**.

“I beg Michael Schiavo, for the love of God, to allow Terri Schiavo, a practicing Roman Catholic, to have Holy Communion on the highest feast of our church.”  
— **Paul O’Donnell**, a Roman Catholic Franciscan monk

“Things are all done in God’s timing. Does He have His hand upon this? Oh, yeah. The parallels are there with what happened to Jesus Christ. He was condemned to death, an innocent man. She’s an innocent woman.”  
— **David Vogel**, a **Steubenville, Ohio**, musician who was arrested for trespassing when he tried to enter the hospice to take water to Mrs. Schiavo.

“MORE THAN 16 YEARS AGO, THE DELAY FAMILY ENDURED ITS OWN WRENCHING END-OF-LIFE CRISIS. THE man in a coma, KEPT ALIVE BY INTRAVENOUS LINES AND A VENTILATOR, WAS GOP REP. TOM DELAY’S FATHER, CHARLES RAY DELAY.

“TODAY, AS HOUSE MAJORITY LEADER, TOM DELAY HAS ... PUSHED EMERGENCY LEGISLATION THROUGH CONGRESS TO SHIFT THE LEGAL CASE FROM FLORIDA STATE COURTS TO THE FEDERAL JUDICIARY. DELAY HAS DENOUNCED SCHIAVO’S HUSBAND, AS WELL AS JUDGES, FOR COMMITTING WHAT HE CALLS ‘AN ACT OF BARBARISM’ IN REMOVING THE TUBE. IN 1988, HOWEVER, THERE WAS NO SUCH FIERY RHETORIC AS THE CONGRESSMAN QUIETLY JOINED THE SAD FAMILY CONSENSUS TO LET HIS FATHER DIE.”  
— **L.A. TIMES ARTICLE BY WALTER F. ROCHE JR. AND SAM HOWE VERHOVEK**

“ACCORDING TO EVERY MEDICAL EXPERT WHO HAS ACTUALLY EXAMINED TERRI SCHIAVO, HER CEREBRAL CORTEX HAS TURNED TO LIQUID – SHE NO LONGER HAS THE GREY MATTER NECESSARY TO EXPERIENCE HIGHER COGNITIVE FUNCTIONS, MUCH LESS EMOTIONS.”  
— **AUSTIN CLINE**, MODERATOR OF THE AGNOSTICISM/ATHEISM BLOG AT **WWW.ABOUT.COM**

“THESE PEOPLE ARE PLAYING WEEKEND AT BERNIE’S WITH TERRI SCHIAVO, MANY OF THEM FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF FURTHERING THEIR OWN ANTI-CHOICE, ANTI-DIGNITY, ANTI-SCIENCE, RIGHT-WING AGENDAS.”  
— FROM **WWW.HUNDREDPERCENTER.COM**

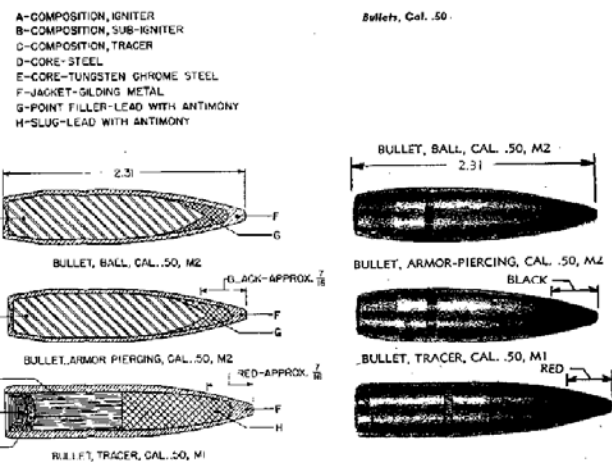
“I HOPE WE’RE NOT ... MAKING THIS HUMAN TRAGEDY A POLITICAL ISSUE. WE’VE GOT PLENTY OF OTHER ISSUES THAT ARE POLITICAL IN NATURE FOR US TO FIGHT ABOUT.”  
— **SEN. JOHN MCCAIN**, **R-ARIZ.**

“MICHAEL SCHIAVO JUST WANTS TO INHERIT TERRI’S FORTUNE. WHAT FORTUNE? EVEN THE PRO-TUBE TERRI SCHIAVO FOUNDATION REPORTS THAT OF THE NEARLY ONE MILLION DOLLAR MALPRACTICE SETTLEMENT EARMARKED FOR TERRI’S FUTURE MEDICAL CARE, LESS THAN \$50,000 IS LEFT.”  
— **LINDSAY BEYERSTEIN**, WHO HOLDS A MASTERS IN PHILOSOPHY FROM TUFTS, IS A FREELANCE PHARMACEUTICAL WRITER

THE GREAT CONFLICT OF THE 21ST CENTURY WILL NOT BE BETWEEN THE WEST AND TERRORISM. TERRORISM IS A TACTIC, NOT A BELIEF. THE TRUE BATTLE WILL BE BETWEEN MODERN CIVILIZATION AND ANTI-MODERNISTS; BETWEEN THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THE PRIMACY OF THE INDIVIDUAL AND THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT HUMAN BEINGS OWE THEIR ALLEGIANCE AND IDENTITY TO A HIGHER AUTHORITY; BETWEEN THOSE WHO GIVE PRIORITY TO LIFE IN THIS WORLD AND THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT HUMAN LIFE IS MERE PREPARATION FOR AN EXISTENCE BEYOND LIFE; BETWEEN THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN SCIENCE, REASON, AND LOGIC AND THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT TRUTH IS REVEALED THROUGH SCRIPTURE AND RELIGIOUS DOGMA. TERRORISM WILL DISRUPT AND DESTROY LIVES. BUT TERRORISM ITSELF IS NOT THE GREATEST DANGER WE FACE.”  
— **ROBERT B. REICH**, FOUNDER AND NATIONAL EDITOR OF **THE AMERICAN PROSPECT**.

“I FIND IT FRIGHTENING WHEN NOT ONLY A GOVERNOR BUT ALSO THE CONGRESS, THE SUPREME COURT, AND EVEN THE PRESIDENT INTERVENE IN SUCH A PERSONAL AND INTIMATE ISSUE. GOD IS LEFT COMPLETELY OUT OF THE PICTURE, AND IN HIS PLACE WE ARE LEFT WITH LEGAL HAIR-SPLITTING OVER A DISABLED PERSON’S “CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO LIVE.”  
— **JOHANN CHRISTOPH ARNOLD**, **BRUDERHOF ONLINE**





## GOODBYE DOCTOR GONZO

*"But our trip was different. It was a classic affirmation of everything right and true and decent in the national character. It was a gross, physical salute to the fantastic possibilities of life in this country – but only for those with true grit. And we were chock full of that."*

– Hunter S. Thompson, "FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS," 1971.

Hunter S. Thompson worked in darkness. An incurable night owl, he often didn't start writing until 2 or 3 in the morning, a bottle of Chivas Regal always at hand, clacking away at amphetamine speed on his IBM Selectric as Bob Dylan or Howlin' Wolf or Jim Morrison rattled the mainbeams of his Woody Creek, Colorado, headquarters. "After midnight," he believed, "all things are possible."

The nighttime solitude honed his perspective; like an owl, he saw best in the dark. He spent those nights – those long, desperate pre-dawn hours – patrolling his beat, as he put it, on "the Death of the American Dream." While the rest of us slept, he wrestled with shadows, trying to make sense of a country he saw so full of corrupted possibility. His America was the bastard child of Joseph Conrad and F. Scott Fitzgerald, an atavistic mutant where James Catz grows up to be Richard Nixon – Colonel Kurtz with a studied veneer of gentility – a hustler and low-grade monster whose capacity for reinvention betrayed his lack of a soul. He looked into the heartland of darkness and saw the land of the free and home of the brave as "really just a nation of 220 million used car salesmen with all the money we need to buy guns, and no qualms at all about killing

anybody else in the world who tries to make us uncomfortable."

It was President Kennedy's assassination that first provoked his fear and loathing. Kennedy – the charismatic, youthful leader Norman Mailer once described as America's "romantic dream of itself" – died in Dallas in 1963. From then on it was the assassinations of Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X. It was Altamont, Manson, and the Age of Nixon, America's first crooked-used-car-salesman-as-President. It's been said that every people gets the government it deserves, but Thompson never took that ride. He never blamed America for what it had become; drain the swamp of Nixon's depraved, backstabbing administration, he believed, and you'd still find the shining city on the hill – the last, best hope for mankind. He recognized Truth as the only counter to corrupt power – and there is no other kind of power.

It's a lonely job, looking truth in the eye. The world offers up a select few shamans, seers, prophets, to take that journey for us, and we typically crucify or ostracize them. Thompson, who seemed to take his own measure when he remarked, "The Edge... there is no honest way to explain it because the only people who really know where it is are the ones who have gone over," knew this to be his lot. He knew "the dead-end loneliness of a man who makes his own rules." It's the loneliness of a man out of sync with his time, whose rage is awesome and self-consuming, inexplicable to those who don't share it.

For too brief a time it seemed as though he wasn't alone. "There was no point in fighting – on our side or theirs," he wrote in 1971. "We had all the momentum; we were riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave. So now, less than five years later, you can go up on a steep hill in Las Vegas and look West, and with the right kind of eyes you can almost see the high-water mark – the place where the wave finally broke and rolled back." *The freaks and misfits had their day in the sun, and then power brutally reasserted itself.*

His writing – like his life – always seemed ready to exhaust itself, on the brink of self-immolation in its precarious balance of cynicism and hope. With each battle it seemed hard to believe he'd recoup, but he drew inspiration from John of Patmos, author of the Book of Revelations, the man who kept his head while all about him were losing theirs; even if it meant turning his body into a pharmacology experiment and throwing himself into the corpse of the American Dream, he would be there to perform the autopsy. Autopsy – from the Greek, *seeing for oneself*. His cynicism let him see clearly; his idealism let him see something better.

That Hunter S. Thompson killed himself is not a rebuttal to his life's work, but a consummation of it. Shooting himself in the head with a .45 Magnum was not the act of a coward, but the final exit of a man who lived life on his own terms, with the integrity he expected of the world. We are all terminal cases; no one here gets out alive. Maybe it's ok, then, to respect the man who with a steady hand writes his own ending. For while he was here, Hunter shook the Earth with a righteous fury that leaves a scorched hole in his passing. He showed us what it means to live up to the possibilities of life in this country, and how to maintain hope. Fundamentally he was an optimist, a true believer in all that is right and true in the national character. And we are all the poorer in his absence.

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Bad Idea Dep’t:

Hunter S. Thompson, celebrated journalist and author, took his own life in his home on February 20, 2005, at the age of 67. Sources close to the family have credited age, failing health and a desire to “go out on top” as factors in his decision. Still, this is the Information Age and every real news story seems to have an attendant “conspiracy theory” attached to it ... why should this be any different?



The Strange Tale of Hunter Thompson’s Suicide.  
by Joseph L. Flatley

Was it murder?

Conspiracy theorists have gotten considerable mileage out of unconfirmed reports that “Thompson seemed in good spirits and was not known to be depressed” prior to his death. This has since proven not to be the case.

*One evening, for example, around Thanksgiving, he matter-of-factly told me that he was not afraid to kill himself – as his authorized biographer, he wanted me to know that for the record.*  
- Douglas Brinkley in ROLLING STONE

sources: “Suicide Fuels Conspiracy Buzz,” *New York Post*, Mar 4, 2005  
“Contentment Was Not Enough: the Final Days at Owl Farm” by Douglas Brinkley, *Rolling Stone*, March 24, 2005

Hunter S. Thompson: “snuff auteur.”

Years ago a former state senator from Nebraska, John DeCamp, wrote a book titled: “The Franklin Cover- Up: Child Abuse, Satanism, and Murder in Nebraska.” This book is a favorite amongst the conspiracy fringe for its “exposé” of Satanic sex cults and Republican homosexual orgies.

*In other testimony, Bonacci said that Larry King was smiling and laughing the whole time the film was shown, and that “the men with hoods” were a Satanic group which planned to use the dead boy in some sort of ceremony. He also named the director of the snuff film, whom they picked up in Las Vegas, as “Hunter Thompson.”*  
— “The Franklin Coverup,” pg. 105

source: <http://abelahsimmons.gnn.tv/Bo4381>



Killed by the Saudi Royal Family.

According to an interview Thompson gave in 2004, Saudi Prince Bandar, who lived next door, was a “pretty good neighbor.”

*Thompson’s last words were “Counselor” typed in the middle of a page. A counselor with Aspen Counseling Center, a local organization that provides support for victims at crime scenes, has seen members of Thompson’s family. Over the years HRH Prince Bandar has donated upwards of a million dollars to the Aspen Valley Medical Foundation.*

Following the logic of many a conspiracy researcher (and many a schizophrenic), the Thompson-Bandar link has thus been established. “Bandar Bush,” as he is known in the White House, could certainly be counted on by the Bush family to administer a “hit,” if required. But why would the Bush family want Thompson killed?

source: <http://trunews.blogspot.com/2005/03/some-hunter-s-thompson-questions.html>

Thompson was silenced before he could blow the lid off the Satano-Republican Pedophile Conspiracy.

The “factual basis” for this theory is a radio interview with Canadian author Paul William Roberts.

*JONES: Well let me just add this. I mean, we have the New York Post: ‘Top gay porn star services moguls at Bohemian Grove ... I mean I have Parade magazine articles, Spy magazine articles from the ‘80s where, as I said they bus in the gay prostitutes like Beluga caviar for our “Christian conservative” leaders ... And is that what Hunter S. Thompson was on to?’*

*ROBERTS: He certainly knew all about that and I believe had written about it. I don’t know whether there was a book in the works, but he certainly had published columns on it...*

*JONES: Well it certainly looks pretty suspicious. Man let me tell you.*

Conspiracy Theorists have taken this to mean that Thompson was working furiously to finish an exposé on par with “The Franklin Coverup.”

source: <http://www.total411.info/2005/03/hunter-thompson-friend-confirms-was-on.html>

Thompson was silenced by the shadow organization that bombed the World Trade Center and blamed it on terrorists.

We also have a dramatic re-interpretation of Paul William Roberts to thank for this theory. In a piece by Williams that appeared Feb. 26 Globe and Daily Mail, Roberts wrote:

*Hunter telephoned me on Feb. 19, the night before his death. He sounded scared. It wasn’t always easy to understand what he said, particularly over the phone, he mumbled, yet when there was something he really wanted you to understand, you did. He’d been working on a story about the World Trade Center attacks and had stumbled across what he felt was hard evidence showing the towers had been brought down not by the airplanes that flew into*

*them but by explosive charges set off in their foundations. Now he thought someone was out to stop him publishing it: “They’re gonna make it look like suicide,” he said. “I know how these bastards think...”*

*That’s how I imagine a tribute to Hunter S. Thompson should begin. He was indeed working on such a story, but it wasn’t what killed him. He exercised his own option to do that. As he said to more than one person, “I would feel real trapped in this life if I didn’t know I could commit suicide at any time.”*

Thompson has always voiced his anger and confusion over the events of September, 11 (voiced in print and other media), but no article has surfaced and no mention of any article has been made by him. This article may be compelling (at least up to the point where Roberts writes “He was indeed working on such a story, but it wasn’t what killed him. He exercised his own option to do that), but it is not proof.

source: <http://www.theglobeandmail.com/servlet/ArticleNews/TPStory/LAC/20050226/HUNTER26/TPFocus/>

Thompson was a pederast! His own son said so ... in code, of course. Sort of. And in Latin.

This is my favorite, due to its absurdity. In a testament to the power of the “blog,” this theory started as a comment on Canadian author Jeff Well’s site, “Rigorous Intuition,” but has since taken on a life of its own.

*That this quote by HST’s son Juan has some sort of meaning beyond the obvious: “He stomped terra”, which on the surface says Hunter stomped the ground. But the word play is obvious. He STomped has HST’s initials encoded. If you re-arrange it, it can say: “He’s Tom PED Terra”. Geez, given the Gosch/Gucket thing, what could that PED refer to? As for terra, you can combine it with PED to get Ped-Terra, which is similar to pederast. Pederast = pedterra? From the Oxford English Dictionary:*

*“Ibid. 332 A boy alleged to have been abused \*pæderastically.”*

People familiar with Thompson’s work realize that his son was quoting Hunter’s work, “Mistah Leary – He Dead.” But apparently you don’t need to be familiar with Thompson’s work to research the “conspiracy” behind his death.

source: <http://rigorousintuition.blogspot.com/2005/03/going-got-weird.html>





### Battle Royale (2000)

Directed by Kinji Fukasaku

Written by Kenta Fukasaku

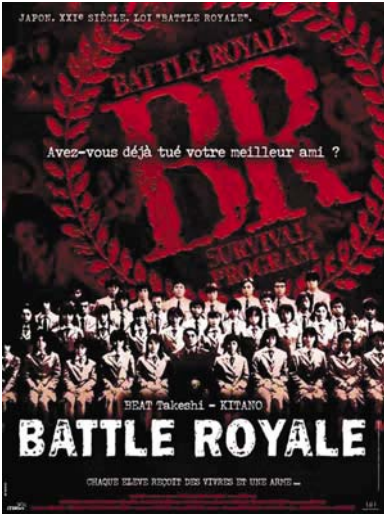
Based on the novel by Koushun Takami

Imagine “Lord of the Flies” with hot Japanese schoolgirls, an assortment of weapons from frying pans to sub-machine guns and timebomb necklaces set to explode unless one person is left alive after only three days. This is Kinji Fukasaku’s *Battle Royale*.

A Japanese film with English subtitles, *Battle Royale*’s plot is a little tough to follow. Basically, a random high school class is sent to an island to kill one another. All you need to know is there be killin’ afoot. Lots and lots of killin’.

The film isn’t mindless slaughter; it does touch upon the psychological reaction to such an event. Some students commit suicide together, others form gangs determined to enjoy their final days alive. But most end up dying in violent, creative sequences at the hands of their classmates. Some get their throats slit, some get hatchets plunged into their skulls. The film numbers each student and keeps count of how many are dead so you won’t get lost. A brutal, deliciously sadistic piece of cinema, Battle Royale quenches the All-American bloodlust better than any domestic film has in the past four years.

—Mo Mozuch



### Jesus Christ Vampire Hunter (2001)

Directed by Lee Demarbre.

Starring Phil Caracas, Murielle Varhelyi, and Ian Driscoll.

Written by Ian Driscoll.

My freshman year roommate once said, “If you believe in God, you have to believe in vampires. You can’t just pick and choose; you can’t have one without the other.”

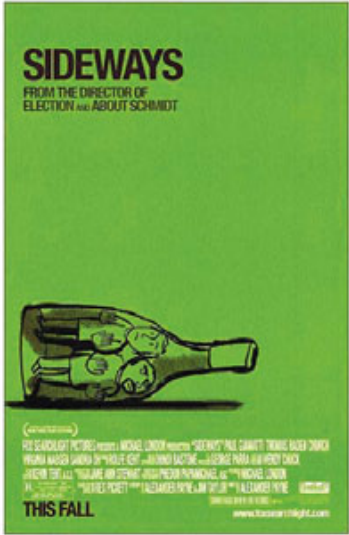
I don’t know which book of the Bible mentions vampires — it’s probably somewhere in Romans — but who among us hasn’t wondered, possibly while high, “Who would win if our Savior fought Dracula?”

Normally this kind of theological speculation goes forgotten by the time the next bag of chips makes its appearance. Canada’s Ian Driscoll and Lee Demarbre, however, decided to answer the question once and for all by pitting Jesus “The Nazerene” Christ against daywalking lesbian vampires, mad scientist Dr. Pretorious, and the dreaded Kung-Fu Atheists. Along the way, JC recruits the Mexican Saint of Wrestling, El Santo, and Mary Magnum, a leather-clad lesbian biker, in his battle against the forces of evil.

All of which is well and good — “Dude, what if *Jesus* fought *vampires*? Have I blown your mind yet?” — but the movie has no budget, poorly dubbed sound, and shoddy camera work. *Jesus Christ Vampire Hunter* was filmed over two years of weekends, and looks like it.

It’s a shame to see a pretty funny script lose its potential due to bad editing and poor acting. Perhaps the best thing that can be said about *Jesus Christ Vampire Hunter*, besides its clever concept, is that if these knuckleheads can make a movie, anyone can.

—Wilmington Gunnysack



### Sideways (2004)

Directed by Alexander Payne

Written by Alexander Payne, based on the novel by Rex Pickett

Starring Paul Giamatti, Thomas Haden Church, Virginia Madsen

and Sandra Oh

Most of the time the beautiful intelligent woman doesn’t go for the irresponsible, down-and-out writer. Especially if he looks like Paul Giamatti. Most of the time philandering douchebags have to deal with the consequences of their wayward slit-stabbings. *Sideways*, however, offers the chance to experience things as they never, ever are. And you’ll love it.

The strength of the movie comes from its lack of pretentiousness. Granted, some of it is found in California wine country, but the movie does not go out of its way to make you feel stupid because you always thought Pinot Noir was the guy who played Balki Bartokomous on “Perfect Strangers.”

The laughs in *Sideways* hinge on pity, mostly, and if you abhor whiny yuppies or don’t want to see the retard from “Wings” bang the receptionist from “Arli\$\$” then avoid this movie.

—Mo Mozuch

# How not to find God while watching “The Passion” with a head full of acid

Constantine J. Warhammer

*He was wounded for our transgressions, crushed for our iniquities; by His wounds we are healed.*

—ISAIAH 53; 700 B.C.

It’s Easter Sunday and there’s only one proper way to celebrate the death and rebirth of Our Savior: take these two hits of acid and watch *The Passion of the Christ*, or as I like to call it, “Teach Yourself Aramaic in Three Hours.” Take two because they are small and *The Passion* is very long.

You’ll want to fire up the multimedia projector so Christ will tower above you, 81” across your wall. Remember when you first bought that? Sure, the A/V geeks on the Internet said its 400:1 contrast ratio was unacceptable for the true home-theater aficionado, but you knew how damp the ladies get in the presence of a big TV. What was that song you made up? “Let the Panties Hit The Floor,” wasn’t it? How did those lyrics go?

#### Let The Panties Hit the Floor

(to the “tune” of “Let the Bodies Hit the Floor,” by Drowning Pool)

*Let the panties hit the floor  
Let the panties hit the floor  
Let the panties hit the floor  
Let the panties hit the ...  
FLOOR!*

You are not very creative. You are the Weird Al Yankovic of Suck.

About an hour into Mel Gibson’s theological snuff film — no no no, that is too generous! Call it “a 30 million dollar *Faces of Death* video drawn out over two hours” — you feel the acid crawling up your spine like two black electric umbilicals. You must relax at this point. The room is about 120 degrees, Jesus’s ribs are visible through his bloody, flayed side, and you realize Mel Gibson can’t get anything right except violence and pain — he’s deaf to any other tone; his movie small, petty and self-righteous. He is a child playing the symbols of religion without understanding the depth behind them.

As the acid claws its way into your brain, you might feel on edge. Your teeth may grind, and you may be reduced to a babbling Lady Macbeth, “blood ... so ... much ... blood!” This is how Mel Gibson wants you to feel. His Jesus is a near-mute slab of meat, scourged and bloody, ready to make you feel guilty for simply existing. Resist this impulse! You must endure!

And if you do find yourself deep in the pit of existential discombobulation, do not turn to the teenage girls on Instant Messenger for help. Their hearts are too full of love and Hoobastank lyrics for the likes of you. You might try IM’ing God, though.

**RepentantSinner69:** u there?

**Auto response from GDawg420:** brb, cleaning the many rooms of my mansion

**RepentantSinner69:** how about now?

God is Permanently Away, and if we’ve learned anything from the apostolic tradition, it’s that religious experience in the age of mechanical reproduction is nonexistent; our connection to the divine is nothing but a copy of a copy of a copy ... *and men in robes and pointy hats are guarding the Xerox machine!* Not even LSD can sidestep the Pope when it comes to direct religious experience, because the Pope knows the very best in Shaolin kung-fu, including the Flying Tiger Claw and the Palsied Shuffle.

No, God speaks to us through movies, and Mad Max is His messenger. And if the torture of Jesus in *The Passion* is oddly reminiscent of that scene in *Lethal Weapon* where Riggs (Mel Gibson) is hung from the rafters and tortured with electric shocks; or that scene in *Payback* where Porter (Mel Gibson) has his toes smashed with a hammer; or that scene in *Braveheart* where William Wallace (Mel Gibson) gets drawn and quartered — well, maybe it’s a sign of God’s divine plan for Jes...I mean, Mel. Why, then, does Mel not get tortured even a bit in *What Women Want*? Because that movie was written by Satan, who takes the form of bewitching temptress Helen Hunt.

Unfortunately, Mel’s Christ is a bit of a bummer. He doesn’t smile much, laughs even less, and his main teaching — “Love one another” — gets lost in the fact that he spends over two hours getting murdered. If this is the height of religiosity, you might want to stick to drugs for your “spiritual awakening.” Mel Gibson’s Christianity is a cult of death presided over by Morrissey-like dark poet who seems sensitive and sincere at first, but turns out to be just a brooding, self-important loner longing for crucifixion. [Note to former girlfriends: If you were writing in to suggest I’m projecting myself onto Jesus, beat you to it! Still those furious pens, ladies!]

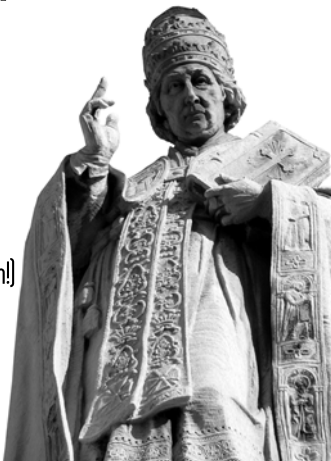
You’ll reach a point where Pilate, strangely cast as a thoughtful, caring ruler instead of the cruel warlord history marks him as, asks, “Can someone explain this madness to me?” And by now, drenched in sweat, shuddering in a fetal position, you say, “Yes, Pilate! Yes, that is a good question! What madness *is* this? Why don’t we ask that of the snakes that’ve been crawling out of my wall for the past half hour?”

It’s the madness of a religion that doesn’t celebrate life, but worships death. It’s a madness that can find meaning only in suffering, which means its art can never be enjoyed, only endured. In that sense, LSD is probably not the best drug for experiencing *The Passion*. Better to deal with it — if you must — the same way you would deal with church: by systematic, methodical application of bourbon and painkillers.

Miscellany —

An Easy Drinking Game for Watching /The Passion of the Christ./

1. Drink a Carbomb every time Judas betrays somebody. (That dick!)
2. Drink a Cosmo every time Jesus forgives somebody. (That Messiah!)
3. Do a shot of Jameson every time someone speaks Aramaic.



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# DRINKING & GNIKOMS

Ever since I can remember, I've been a very competitive and vengeful person. It runs in the family. See, way back in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century, my ancestor Algernon and his brother Aethelbert were both brewers in England vying for the elite title of Royal Brewmaster of William III, who was an incomparable alcoholic and would reward the best brewer with vast estates in the New World. On the day of the competition, Aethelbert, knowing that he had the inferior brew, resorted to drastic measures and sabotaged Algernon's royal stock with horse testicles and easily won the title and the estates. My ancestor was never able to prove anything, but everyone knew of Aethelbert's underhanded trick. As the story goes, Aethelbert and his line were able to accumulate vast amounts of wealth and became the richest family in the world in the three centuries that followed. Fucking bastards.

Algernon's family, however, took on a different direction. Devastated by losing the contest, they were forced to travel to the prison colony of Georgia where they were used as entertainers once their brewery was destroyed by a freak accident involving an

## Smokes and Booze for the Common Man

Arturo Fuente Rothschild and THE Glenlivet 12Year

By Ralph "Bucky" Gainsborough

unruly billygoat and a wheat thresher in the 1740s. Subsequently, the southern Gainsboroughs made quite a name for themselves; producing a long line of successful sword swallowers, midget clowns and bearded ladies that could do flawless impersonations of Ulysses S. Grant.

I, Ralph "Bucky" Gainsborough, was born in 1974 and have made a successful living traveling the eastern seaboard and making sculptures out of sporks and multi-colored "silly straws" and rubbing maple syrup on my head to lure crocodiles out of their ponds so that they can be used for wrestling in Kiln, Mississippi. Furthermore, I keep up a steady hobby of planning to ruin my egregious cousin, Aethelbert J. Gainsborough XVI; long overdue revenge for my forefathers.

Deek found me standing on my head for cash this winter on the streets of Wilmington, Delaware, found out that I had a Gainsborough connection and took me on as a staff writer. My job is great. I get to do my crocodile shit during the day, and at night, Deek pays for me to get drunk, smoke cigars and plot my retribution. Every month, I'll bring you reviews of some of my favorites and some unique ways to enjoy them while smiting your own enemies.

Arturo Fuente Rothschild (\$5.00)

This cigar is very sneaky and secretive. Although you can get it at any tobacconist in the States, I smuggled one in from Canada in an empty toothbrush sheath just to add to its inherent sneakiness. A quick smoke (35-40min), the Rothschild is a great cigar for quietly judging strangers at the bar or having a drink or three after dinner. But be careful – the taste packs quite a wallop and will knock you on your ass if you don't give it the proper respect. Because of its short stature – a mere 4.5 inches – there aren't a variety of flavors to enjoy, but its quick, strong smoke are equally perfect for a great escape or shotgun wedding celebration. Overall, the rules say that you can never go wrong with Fuente and the Rothschild is just another on their long list of remarkable smokes.

(4 out of five cigars)

### THE Glenlivet (\$40.00 Bottle/ \$6 Glass)

I'm sure when you looked at the title of the review the first thing that you were wondering is, "Why the fuck is THE capitalized?" This exercise in arrogance began in 1824 when George Smith left the bootlegging trade – one much beloved in my family – to stake the first claim on the veritable Glenlivet corner of the Speyside region of Scotch manufacturing. So, since they were the original, THE Glenlivet is allowed to be as ridiculous as they want in pushing their delicious product to the forefront of their industry. They've certainly earned it.

THE Glenlivet is my preferred nightcap for nearly every occasion. The flavor meshes well with a good cigar and tastes soothingly smooth on or off the rocks. Without a doubt, however, the best application for THE Glenlivet is when it is drunk cascading off the thighs of Scottish women.

(4.5 out of 5 glasses)

21





## Good Friday in Pittsburgh's Cultural District

— or —

# SPORTS

### How and When I Learned I Was A Panty-Sniffing Stalker March 25, 2005:

Ashlee Simpson at the Benedum v. Gauge at Club Elite

By Mikhail Stafford



Good Friday nearly gouged my eyes out with a sharp image of nearly 3,000 14-year-old girls screaming bloody-frigging-murder for a band called The Click Five. But first, they screamed louder for another band called Pepperville or Pepperghost or Pepper's Ghost or ... Glasnost, or something like that. Later, Ashlee Simpson performed. The scene was generally overwhelming. Couldn't make heads or tails of it from the beginning, and was left tired and fragile at its end. The drugs didn't help at all. Came down hard before Ashlee finished her antics. And when it was over, I felt paralyzed and astounded, like the huge electric shock I had just experienced was actually harmless.

But then I was tapped on the shoulder by a little girl who asked me: "Are you a panty-sniffer?" I knew it was done on a dare — she had to be less than 12; and she sniggered toward her friends after she asked. I laughed.

"Fuck off," I said, smiling. Then I took into consideration the cashflow initiating this wave, this harmless electric shock. Yeah, I

thought. It's initiated by all the little girls in here, paying upwards of \$50 a ticket. They're probably wondering why a man in a Hawaiian shirt and fisherman's cap, chewing an unlit Marlboro, is hanging around the Ashlee Simpson show.

But then again, so am I.



The pornstar, Gauge, said "Hi" as she smirked, looked into my eyes, and pulled my face close to hers. "You like my tits, huh."

"Well, uh..." I had eaten sedatives beforehand to prepare (shrooms had fallen through). But, in retrospect, nothing could've easily prepared me for this. Because, as I watched man after man humiliate himself for this girl (at least 50 guys forked over \$20 for a Polaroid with Gauge, saying the *dumbest* shit imaginable, like: "Can I lick your ear, sweets?") it was as if the entire basis of capitalism had materialized into a dildo, and I had, in consecutive hour-long humps, sat on both ends: Ashlee Simpson on the unused end, then Gauge. The pornstar and I chatted. The first part of the interview was not recorded because she didn't want anyone to hear her voice on tape. "Yeah. Your tits are nice," I said.



Ashlee Simpson's karaoke-quality live performance didn't exemplify what you'd expect from a triple-platinum artist...

But you could've probably guessed that.

You could've guessed, too, that she giggled a lot between songs; and that she didn't have an acid-reflux attack. You could've also guessed that, judging by the thousands of screaming teenagers, her status didn't dive-bomb in one evening. Nope, it seems that she is, instead, moving along with a successful (however, probably short) career, in accordance with *Risk*-like plotting by her father. Her daddy's a former minister, by the way, who has, from all



#### Snapshot: Gauge interview:

**Me:** "So like, what do you think about when you're getting Chinese-finger-trapped by two random...uh, fuckers...?"

**Gauge:** "Fuckers. Yyyeah. Well, um, I like to be professional so I just think about the scene, where to go next — what looks best, you know?"

**Me:** "Yeah, but do you ever get bored on that front? Sometimes you look bored. Do you ever think about, like, what's on TV while you're having sex on film? Do you contemplate President Bush's foreign policy decisions? Start making...like, shopping lists in your head?"

**Gauge:** "No I just give head." [laughs]

**Me:** "Ha ha, nice. Oral communications major, right?"

**Gauge:** "Right! How'd you know?"

**Me:** "Lucky guess." [she ranted about college minutes ago, explained that she spent a stint in an Arkansas community college before moving to Los Angeles. She got into porn by responding to an ad looking for someone to perform sexually, on film]

**Gauge:** "Yeah right. Are you a stalker?"

**Me:** "Well ... kinda, yeah. That's my job. Sorta."

**Gauge:** "Stalker?"

**Me:** "No. More like reporter. But, see, it's reall—"

**Gauge:** "Cool, whatever. Do you want a t-shirt?"



The point, I guess — cause I'm struggling to find it — is that there are minimal differences between 1) a performer who signs autographs by pressing her painted breasts against a white t-shirt, and 2) a performer who fakes her way through a career, pretending that there is some musically-oriented reason she's on stage, charging \$40 for the cheap seats.

Granted, Gauge can't sing ... But Ashlee can't dance.

And, by my calculations, that makes them even...

Actually, Gauge wins.

And I need to find better things to do with my time.

*To make your own decisions, torture yourself at [www.ilovegauge.com](http://www.ilovegauge.com), [www.ashleesimpson.com](http://www.ashleesimpson.com), and at Club Elite on Ninth Ave., in downtown Pittsburgh.*

indications, the intention of overtaking pop music (by force, if necessary) with his seed.

You could've guessed these things, yes. They've been reported everywhere. She's been panned, torn-down and mocked. Her father's been ridiculed for everything from using his kids as dollar-magnets, to looking funny on camera. And since Ashlee's SNL lip-synching incident, The Heartless Bastard Media (which doesn't include *Tiger Beat*, et al) hasn't let up on either Ashlee or her father.

And it's really not fair.

But do you know why they haven't let up?

Do you know why every serious review of her music seems negative?

Because [...drum roll...] Ashlee Simpson has no talent.

See, Jessica, her half-wit sister, was bred to be a performer from the beginning — she's a talented singer and has obviously trained to fit the trite celebrity role.

Ashlee, however, just fell into this shit. Her dad was sitting around plotting, trying to figure out some way to find someone to compete with Avril Lavigne (who's also, since we're on the topic, evil). And the only thing he could come up with was: "Let's get my other daughter, Ashlee, on stage."

She's out of her element.

And:

- She has co-opted the Anarchy symbol into her logo (for *fuck's* sake)
- She said things on stage like, "This is about finding your identity and being yourself," before singing a song she almost certainly did not write (no matter what her co-writing credits might indicate).

And last,

- She was somehow brought into town by the Pittsburgh Cultural Trust — an organization with the intention of encompassing "a complete transformation of Pittsburgh's Downtown; from a 'red light' district with only two cultural facilities ... to a vibrant animated area with over fourteen cultural facilities, public parks and plazas, and new and proposed commercial development."

Which brings us back to Gauge, who performed a block away, also in the Cultural District, at Club Elite...

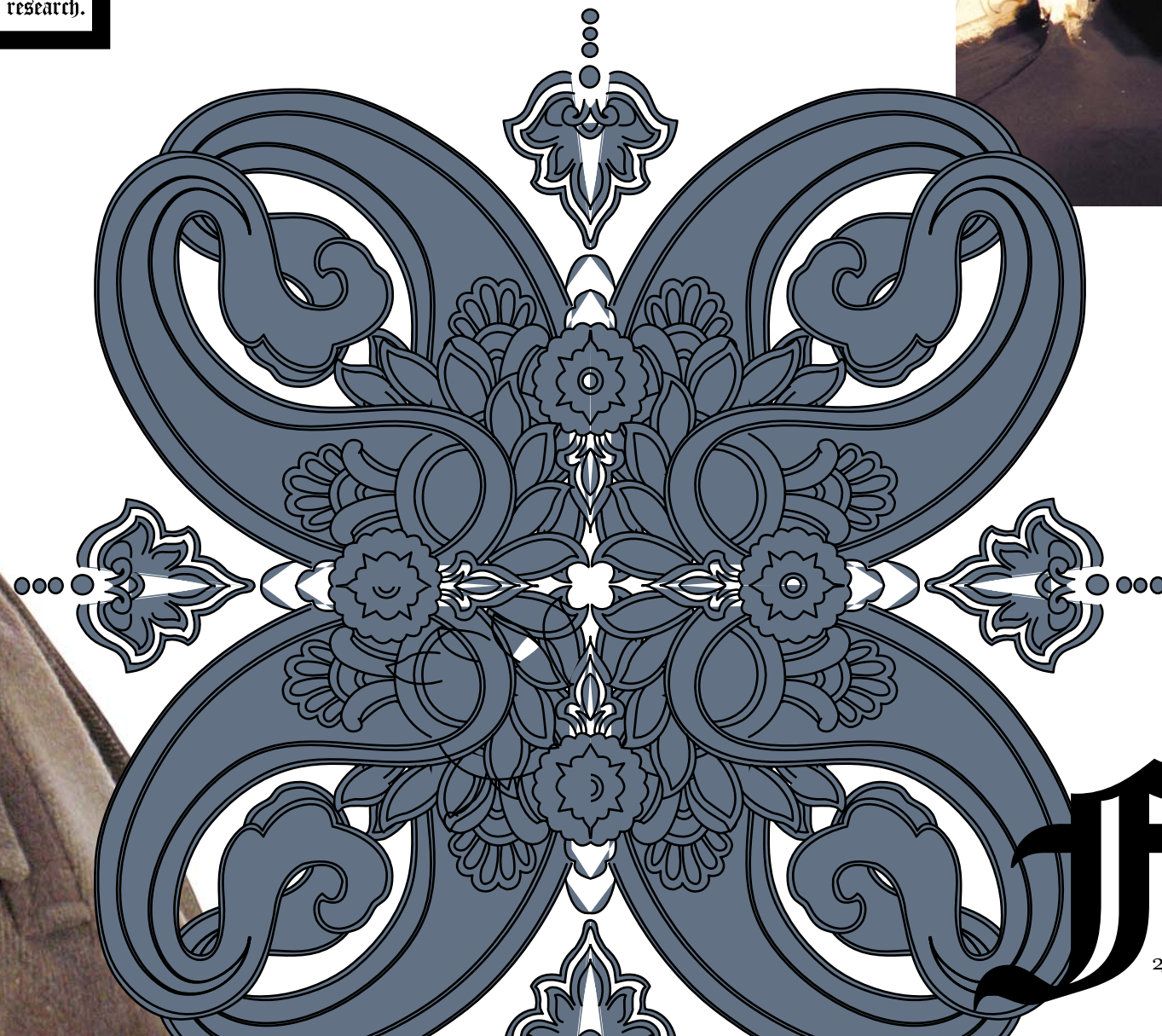






## Sunday School Girl

Charming, innocent, and neat, a maxi coat can't be beat. Wartime tweeds are deliciously divine and from charity shops they barely cost a dime. Tied up tight and delivered from libel when little boys stop to look at your Bible. Fur around the neck gives you grace and respect. Being the envy of all the girls at church just shows you've done your fashion research.



model: Pepper Rocket

## Big Ranch House in the Sky or How The Midnight Cowboy Gets Done

Somewhere in the wide open of Wyoming, Annie Oakley finally caught up with the Midnight Cowboy. She lowered her rifle at his back and said, "I hear on account of reputation you been compromising the sanctity of women." Before he could say his last prayer to the night sky, she fired one shot into his back, rolled up her jeans, and stole his coat.

All clothes & accessories provided by Kharisma Vintage Fashions & styled by Sunshine Rocket

Photography by Benzo & Joey Rocket

Hair by Dana Karichko

Make-up by Becky Bauer of MAC

Models (in order of appearance) Pepper Rocket, Miss Claire Louise Rocket, and Sunshine Rocket

# Fashion



## Coy, moody, mysterious

Though the eyes of Robert Smith's lass of rouge and rigor mortis won't turn you to stone, they might blind you. Day-glow eye shadow, cow blood lips, and dainty fishnet globelets make you pretty as a mourning bride. Some more macabre may prefer delicious heirloom pearls, snatched from the crypt of St. Margaret. Don't forget your wilted daffodil bouquet and the veil is just darling for grandma's funeral.

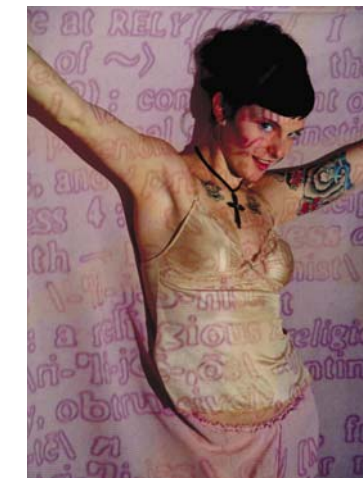
# Fashion

model: Miss Claire Louise Rocket





# fashion



model: Sunshine Rocket



## Naughty and Nice- Twice the vice

Virtue versus vice in a blissful brawl of camisoles, slips, and strapless shapers. Repent all sins taking unmentionables outside. Victoria knows the secret when attracting the attention of altar boys is raiding mummy's underwear drawer. No number of crucifixes will slip you through the pearly gates in these slinky shirts and skirts. The Guy upstairs much prefers leather to lace.



# Welcome To The Big Dance

Deek Exclusive Analysis  
By Lambastes O. Bloom

## ALBUQUERQUE REGION

Albuquerque's the toughest region in the tourney. All of these teams have pedigree, though the Solar Temple probably doesn't deserve a four seed. The Branch Davidians have been favorites all year, with key wins over Arizona and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Both games look to be close.

### Branch Davidians (1) vs. The Order of the Solar Temple (4)

The Order of the Solar Temple (17-11, 12-5 in conference) comes out of the NAT (New Age-Templar) Conference with a lot to prove. A less-than-stellar regular season led many fans to write them off, but a last-second win over archrival The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn won Solar Temple a ticket to the big dance. Expect them to exploit their "Transit to Sirius" — in which cult members ingest the sedatives Mydasta and Digozine, shoot themselves, and set the bodies on fire — to full advantage in the paint; the ability to read auras makes them a tough defensive match-up. A lack of depth may hurt them: the Temple's lost 74 members to suicide and NBA drafts in the past years. Another weakness is predictability: cult members worship the number 7 and tend to repeat everything seven times.

Vernon "David Koresh" Howell's Branch Davidians (31-6, 0-2 vs. US Government) come into the tourney strong, with big wins over Holy Cross and Stanford. Of course, having failed rockstar-cum-God Incarnate Koresh on the point doesn't hurt the Davidians' chances, either. Then again, he's dead, so that could go either way. Likewise another 80+ Davidians, who opted for an early exit after their defeat at the hands of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. That thumping by BATF at Apocalypse Ranch left the home crowd disillusioned; since then the Davidians have been on a 20-2 tear. The momentum's on their side.

Both teams favor self-immolation; either could be in trouble if they start trading fouls down the stretch. And Koresh is a streaky player, often distracted by his collection of "wives" or in-depth analysis of the Seven Seals.

#### Who to Watch:

Charismatic gurus on both sides: Koresh has yet to show up for a predicted 1996 resurrection, and that makes his followers all the hungrier. They want this title. French-Canadian Joseph di Mambro heads the more cosmopolitan, international Solar Temple, bringing an Old World sophistication to the game. The game of combining medieval Templar mysticism with New Age fantasy.

#### Pick to Win:

The Davidians. Still, root for the Temple — a first-round victory could set them up to face the Moonies in the regional semi-final.

### Jehovah's Witnesses (2) vs. Unification Church (3)

The Jehovah's Witnesses (Fightin' Bearcats, 26-5) come into the tourney with a lot of confidence, declaring themselves God's only representative organization. (Whether this means they are bigger than Jesus is unclear.) They'll need that confidence when facing the Moonies, who, despite their lower seed, outmatch the Witnesses in worldly wealth. Witnesses shun those who are "disfellowshipped" from the sect; expect the team to ritually sever ties with anybody who commits a stupid foul late in the game. Also watch for the refusal of blood transfusions and the claim that germs are a myth, two key Witnesses plays.

The Unification Church (23-7, key losses to sanity and reason), known as the Moonies after self-proclaimed "Lord of the Universe" Sun Myung Moon, is a tough draw for the Witnesses. Moon, who is both the Second Coming and a convicted tax evader, owns the Washington Times and UPI Newswire. He's also taken credit for saving the souls of Hitler and Stalin, for which we should say ... uh, thanks? To teach teens the dangers of sex, the Moonies force them to drink a cup of someone else's spit. If you like swapping bodily fluids so much, kids, you'll surely enjoy drinking saliva. One should also note Moon's abstinence-only sex-ed program is government-funded.

The Witnesses look outmatched on paper — then again, that's why we play the games. And pray.

#### Who To Watch:

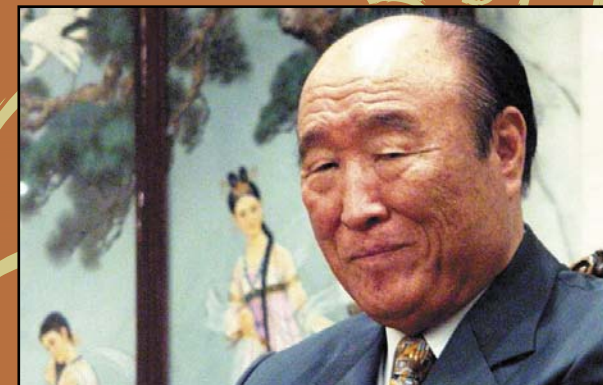
Moon's coaching strategy is right out of Bobby Knight's playbook. "Particularly those who are sleeping and hiding, Reverend Kwak's baseball bat will fall upon you at any time," he tells players who slack off. He's also known to tie unbelievers to radiators and have them beaten.

#### Pick to Win:

Smells like an upset! Moonies by 3.



Jesus 2.0: Koresh may resurrect a victory



Jehovah's goons? "Ain't nothin," says Moon



Even cumbersome uniforms can't stop Scientology

## CHICAGO REGION

Chicago gets the best of the New School, with Scientology facing off against Heaven's Gate, and the Rapturists taking on the Beast of the East, Aum Shinriyko, best known for its 1995 Sarin gas attack on the Tokyo subway system. Though their styles of play are similar — do whatever you can, every day, to make Armageddon happen! — the Rapturists will easily handle Aum, so let's take a look at:

### Scientology (1) vs. Heaven's Gate (4)

Scientology comes out of the WAC conference with an all-star starting line-up: guards John Travolta and Tom Cruise, Sharon Stone at center, ofwards Beck and Isaac Hayes. And this team is deep! Coming off the bench are Courtney "Fucking Insane" Love, Giovanni "Ethnic" Ribisi, and Kirstie "Get in my belly!" Alley, any of whom can score 20+ points and pull down a few crucial boards. Head coach L. Ron Hubbard, who has ascended to the level of Thetan, bodiless and separate from the Universe, keeps a tight rein on his team. "We'd rather have you dead than incapable," he says, encouraging his team to practice as hard as they play. All of these people believe anyone who besmirches Scientology's good name (through criticism, for example) is "fair game" — open to a systematic process of character assassination and harassment. As front man Tom Cruise sputters, "Some people, well, if they don't like Scientology, well, then, fuck you."

If Scientology is the cult of Hollywood megastars, Heaven's Gate (21-1, key loss on that whole "seriously, there is a UFO behind the comet Hale-Bopp" thing) is its low-rent SoCal cousin. Scientology has L. Ron Hubbard, chronic liar and science fiction writer; Heaven's Gate has Marshall "Do" Applewhite, a disgraced former music teacher whose horror at his own latent homosexual ity caused him to found a cult of celibate, alien-worshipping followers. Thirty-eight of them followed him to the next level in a 1997 mass suicide. That's team spirit! Will it be enough to lift this team of web-designers and castratos over the hulking behemoth of Scientology?

#### Who To Watch:

The corpse of Sonny Bono, Scientologist. See if his bodiless Thetan form takes flight.

#### Pick to Win:

Scientology. Scientology conquers all. If it's a close game, expect the lawsuits to start flying; Scientology is infamous for its tactics of legal harassment worldwide. (Hello, lawyers!) Says Hubbard, "The purpose of the suit is to harass and discourage rather than to win." That's what we call a Tenacious Defense!



## Syracuse region

Narcissism is the heavyweight in this region. The committee, impressed by wins over Altruism, Honesty, and archrival Self-Absorption, gave it the overall #1 seed. A perennial contender, Narcissism has had trouble living up to fans expectations in recent years, which could make for an interesting bracket. The Raelians, in their first tourney since 1973, are looking to earn some respect.

### Narcissism (1) vs. Objectivism (4)

Narcissism's had an amazing year behind senior leaders Star "Of course I'm famous! Look at my name! Star!" Jones and Paris "Does this backless shirt make my vertebrae look fat?" Hilton. Solipsism and grotesquely inflated self-importance have been on a 22-3 run – the best in the mid-major Lesser Peccadilloes Conference. Star had a great performance after the Indonesia tsunami tragedy, reminding viewers that she'd vacationed in the area a month earlier. During this time, Star also declared that God must've seen fit to spare and bless her. For those of you keeping track at home, God's score sheet now reads "300,000 anonymous Indonesians = 1 Star Jones." (God presumably measures by weight, not by volume. And He recognizes the dearth of fat, obnoxious role models in His world.) As for Paris – well, it's Paris' world; the rest of us just live in it.

Objectivism's claim to fame is the brutal efficiency with which it can turn an ordinary, if naïve, teenager into a total asshole. The Objectivist Bible, Ayn Rand's "Atlas Shrugged," a 1200-page tome despised by critics and professional philosophers survives like a mental STD carried on by successive waves of disaffected teens. Trying to keep a teenager from developing a superiority complex is like trying to keep a baby from eating lead paint chips. It's not gonna happen. Objectivism capitalizes on that tendency with a worldview that boils down to, "It's cool to be a conceited jackass. If we were all conceited jackasses, I'd be the Mayor of Utopia-town." Pop philosophy at its worst, cited by Alan Greenspan and women on AdultFriendFinder who want to cheat on their husbands, Objectivism had a huge following in the late '50s. Its inner circle, guided by "the light of reason" was filled with sexual affairs, emotional and mental manipulation, and sloppy rationalization.

Neither team is known for strong team play. Narcissism and teamwork go together like peanut butter and battery acid.

#### Who to Watch:

Star Jones. Oh my. If that woman is not the authentic asshole of the world, the abyss from which all that is evil and ignorant emanates, I will eat my hat. Ok, granted: Hitler was worse.

#### Pick to Win:

Natural, pathological self-absorption, or pathological self-absorption justified by stilted writing and paper-thin characters?! Oh my stars and garters, what brave new world that has such choices in it. Give the gold to Narcissism, if only because no one reads anymore. Readin's for 'tards.

### Jonestown (2) vs. Raelians (3)

Jim Jones and the People's Temple (20-10, killer band name) started in Indiana in 1956 as a group that helped feed the poor. By 1979, it had morphed into a cult of personality hidden deep in the woods of Guyana – an isolated camp of 1,200 followers known as "Jonestown." That year, Congressman Leo Ryan flew to Jonestown to investigate charges that People's Temple members were being held against their will. Ryan and four others were killed by Jones's followers; soon after, 914 cult members were dead, many having drunk cyanide-laced punch. The punch was grape, the strategy misguided. If Jones expects to go deep in this field of 16, he's going to have to play to win in this world, not the next. Or learn how to lose gracefully. A little maturity goes a long way.

The Raelians (21-9, RYE-ely-ens) get credit for being the first cult to claim to have cloned a human being, and for changing their logo from a swastika inside the Star of David to a pinwheely-looking thing. That was probably a good PR move. Playboy's spread with three smoking-hot Raelian chicks didn't hurt either. It distracted from the fact that Claude Vorilhon, the group's leader, claims to have met UFOs on a volcano in 1973. The UFOs, in flawless French, explained they were the real creators of humanity. They told Vorilhon, now known as RAEEL, to spread their word. Their word seems to be "legs," as the Raelian philosophy preaches sexual freedom and liberation – if you can find/make an orifice, give it a whirl! The Raelians will probably get blown away on the court, but they throw an awesome after-party.

#### Who to Watch:

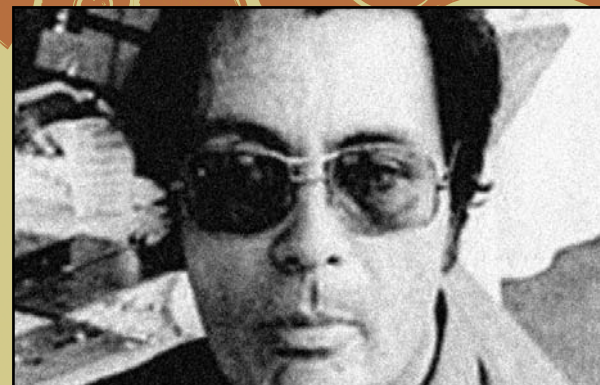
The UFOs. If the Raelians get help from the Elohim, our extraterrestrial creators, this game could quickly turn. Another thing to watch would be your Kool-Aid. Do not let Jim Jones near it. REPEAT: Do not let Jim Jones near your Kool-Aid.

#### Pick to Win:

Jim Jones can coach with the best of them. Have you ever tried to "suicide" 914 people? It's like herding cats. Jones can handle that, *and* he can handle RAEEL.



"I'm the mayor of utopia town" says Hilton.



Jones: I'm juiced, baby!



Manson: BWAahhhalllawlwlhsshahsrrrrggg, man.

## Austin Region

Looks to be the lightest region. Sole heavyweight here is Charles "The Family Man" Manson, which should make quick work of the Dionysian mystery cults. Or will he? Helter Skelter could come early this year! Consumerism vs. Amway looks to be an even match – both teams are known to elevate buying and selling as the salve for the void inside each of us, but Amway also sells soap. Expect a thrilla!

### Charles Manson (2) vs. Dionysus (3)

Charles Manson and the Family (18-6, 0-1 vs. Bugliosi) are a bit worse for wear going into the tournament. No one's really paid much attention to old Charlie, who occasionally comes up for parole (0-9 vs California Board of Prison Terms). Despite his claim that, "I am only what you made me. I am a reflection of you," Manson's an aging, defanged boogeyman with – yeah, ok – eight murders to his credit. But Charlie was always more a manager than a man of action. If he wants to win this tourney, he'll need to spread the ball around, get everyone involved. You can't just go out there with a swastika carved in your head and think you're going to do it alone. Not when you're past retirement age.

Dionysus and the Maenads (20-5, 1-0 vs. Zeus) are in a similar situation. Dionysus, the Greek god of wine, revelry, and poets, hasn't been himself since Euripides's time. All but forgotten by modern society, he has to settle for the worship of college students who don't even know who they're getting plastered for. Dark days – or at least a rebuilding year – for Dionysus, who used to wander the Greek countryside with his wine-crazed Maenads, tearing apart whoever they met. Two stumbling dynasties. Whose will be done?

#### Who to Watch:

Manson and Dionysus are titans of the field, obviously: Dionysus the only god born of a mortal woman, Manson the only man to recruit followers dumb enough to misspell "Helter Skelter." (People, if you're going write on the walls in your victims' blood, strongly consider a first draft. There's nothing more embarrassing than a sanguinary grammatical faux pas. That'll get you shived in the big house.)

More interesting, though, will be the post game. The Maenads will tear the audience limb from limb as the Family writes "witchy" slogans in the splatter. Bring the kids!

#### Pick to Win:

Dionysus has conquered death; he's been to the underworld and back. Manson is your disheveled, crusty-underpants grandpa babbling, "You're in the zoo, Man. How do you feel about it?" We'll go with Manson.



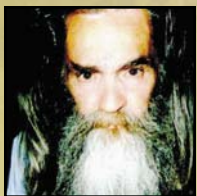
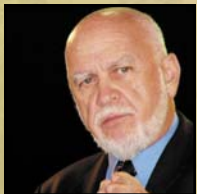


# March Madness

THE MEEK SHALL *Not* INHERIT THE EARTH!

CHICAGO

SYRACUSE



SCIENTOLOGY

SCIENTOLOGY

HEAVEN'S GATE

RAPTURISTS

RAPTURISTS

RAPTURISTS

AUM SHINYRUKO

RAPTURISTS

NARCISSISM

NARCISSISM

BRANCH DAVIDIANS

BRANCH DAVIDIANS

SOLAR TEMPLE

BRANCH DAVIDIANS

WITNESSES

MOONIES

MOONIES

ALBUQUERQUE

NARCISSISM

NARCISSISM

OBJECTIVISM

JONESTOWN

JONESTOWN

CLONAI D RAE LIANS

CONSUMERISM

AMWAY

AMWAY

MANSON

MANSON

DIONYSUS

"One man's cult is another man's intramural basketball team"

AUSTIN



Regional Semi-final  
Amway (4) vs. Manson (2)

Assuming Amway (15-13, upset win over Pittsburgh late in the season) takes Consumerism in the first round – not a given – the Fightin’ Free Enterprisers will be up against The Family, led by fan-favorite Charles Manson. Amway’s got the numbers on their side: the \$6 billion a year business has 1.25 million members in the U.S., compared to Manson’s motley collection of freaks and outcasts that peaked at 100. Amway’s the more subtle team, as well – what’s the better way to take over the world: peddling Manson’s hodgepodge apocalypse and impending race war ... or ... a system of distribution that turns Amwayers into franchisees who sell to friends, family, co-workers, anyone they can get their hands on, for the promise of wealth without work? (Ha ha, rhetorical question.) And while the Manson family’s murder of a pregnant Sharon Tate was horrible, Amway’s Dream Night spectacles – part infomercial, part pep rally, part Sermon on the Mount – are a wholly different level of creepy.

As Manson put it, “You know, a long time ago being crazy meant something. Nowadays everybody’s crazy.” He’s a dinosaur next to the Amwayers, who are what you might call “functionally” as opposed to “just plain bat-shit” crazy. They’ve channeled their doubt and insecurity into socially acceptable forms, a process Manson could never quite grasp. Forget the ranking: Manson’s the underdog here. But don’t underestimate him: “From the world of darkness I did loose demons and devils in the power of scorpions to torment.” He’s a poet, ladies. And he’s available.

**Who to Watch:**  
Dexter Yager, Amway golden child, wields a giant gold crucifix as he jumps around the stage encouraging members to avoid “stinkin’ thinkin’.” Manson’s still working the swastika thing. Would you let either of these men baby-sit your children?

**Pick to Win:**  
We still like Manson. He’s got that ineffable something the French call *je ne sais quoi*. He gives us just a little tingle. Down in our pants.

				
Nation of Yahweh	Promise Keepers	Wicca	Deepak Chopra	Breatharianism

Who didn’t make the cut? Who should’ve?

- 1. Nation of Yahweh**  
Hate cult peaked in the ‘80’s with temples in 22 states preaching blacks as the true lost tribe of Israel. Leader Yahweh ben Yahweh promoted the random killing of whites and Jews; 14 murders were connected to the cult. So why aren’t they in the Big Dance? Could be because they’ve fallen off in power since the mid-eighties ... or it could be because of the white man.
- 2. Promise Keepers**  
Preaches a male-only version of fundamentalist Christianity; “promises” to keep women in the kitchen where they belong. Though it fills stadiums

- of men chanting, “We love Jesus; yes we do! We love Jesus, how ‘bout you?” the light show and use of airplane special effects – the flight into manhood! – are oddly fey. Like Ned Flanders, but creepier. Just as hairy, though.
- 3. Wicca**  
Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
- 4. Deepak Chopra**  
A former medical doctor turned proponent of New Age...well, “gobbledygook” would be the polite term. Chopra’s snared high-profile clients like Oprah and Demi Moore. Then he got caught plagiarizing. And
- possibly frequenting prostitutes. That didn’t hurt his genius for self-promotion, but it did deny him a seed.
- 5. Breatharianism**  
Promoted by the 42-year-old Australian Ellen Greve, who also calls herself Jasmuheen. Breatharianism encourages followers to live on nothing but light; several followers have died as a result of malnourishment. Considered a lightweight.

FINAL



VS

The Rapture (1)Narcissism (1)

The Rapturists (record unavailable – God is their only judge) comes into the tournament strong, led by politicians such as Gary Bauer and Tom DeLay, fire-and-brimstone preachers like Jerry Falwell, and “Left Behind” authors Tim LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins. The Dueling Dispensationalists believe these are the End Times – and anything from the tsunami in Asia to the strength of the British pound against the dollar can be a sign of impending Armageddon. Luckily for them, the Rapturists will be beamed up to Heaven before the final conflagration, so they can afford to be optimistic: a plaque in Republican Tom DeLay’s office reads, “This could be the day.” (One assumes it’s next to the laminated poster of a cat hanging from a branch, captioned “Hang in there, baby!”) These are the people who run our government and pretty much own the Red States (That vast benighted realm between LA and NYC to you latte-sipping New York Times readers.)

But don’t count Narcissism out simply because it’s opposed by God and a coterie of powerful movers and shakers. America has proven time and time again – in times of war, in times of crisis, and now, in times of vague, free-floating terror – its strength of will when it comes to gazing lovingly into the mirror. Mirror mirror, on the wall, who’s the fairest of them all? Oh, what a surprise! It’s meeeeeee!

**Who to Watch:**  
Narcissism vs. God! It’s like the Civil War all over again! A house divided against itself cannot stand! Seeing America’s two most cherished ideals clash may be too much for small children – best if you smother them in their sleep before the words that are written come to pass.

**Pick to Win:**  
God, who may or may not be Star Jones, only knows. Odds are 3-2 in favor of Narcissism, because this is America, and even the Rapturists are fascinated by nothing more so than their chosen, righteous selves.





## The Lord looks a little more sad on Mondays

By Greg Benevent

I look up at the cross hanging on the wall, Jesus looking down on 5H. I can't make out his facial expression from my desk, but I always think the Lord looks a little more sad on Mondays.

"What am I going to do, Lord? What am I going to do?" I wait for an answer – but none comes. Looking around the classroom, none of the other students are looking at me. They're all working. They don't notice me – *"Or is that what they want you think?"* I think to myself. *"Did you ever wonder if they're in on it with the Monstros? That they're all against you. You only have one friend here, Luke..."*

"Please, Jesus. Show me the way," I ask.

"What are you talkin' to Jesus for? We haveta work," Lisa growls, her stupid fat face glaring through her stupid thick glasses.

"I'm asking him if you can get any fatter. Also, I wanted to know if the astronauts could see you from space."

Lisa's face turns nuclear-hot-wings red, and she starts crying. Mrs. Hemphill glares at me, and walks over. I shrug, and yawn, and try to think of a way to tell her that this wasn't my fault, and that the Monstros are after me.

It's all Mrs. Hemphill's fault the Monstros are going to get me in the first place. Last week she held me late from reading class because I "needed to stop telling girls they're inferior" or some stupidity. Being late, I ran through the halls to get to reading class, and a priest I'd never seen before stopped me. He told me if I "didn't stop being a bad boy soon, bad things would happen to me." He didn't elaborate. But, that night, I snuck an un-Christian comic book out of my brother's room, (he hid it with his weird pictures of naked girls). In the comic book, a man was killed by evil creatures called "Monstros."

Well, not being as stupid as some girl, I put two and two together: I'm a warrior for God, and the Monstros

are coming to kill me.

Mrs. Hemphill's heels strike the tile as she walks towards me, I fight back a yawn.

Suddenly, a loud shrieking –

"Everyone, stand up, and form two lines at the front of the room –" Mrs. Hemphill waddles to the front of the room, "This is just a fire drill –"

"Saved again," I laugh at the still-crying Lisa Semmel. *"Or are you?"* Jesus looks down at me. The fire alarm keeps screaming – *"What if this is a diversion, like in Spy Kids 2? What if this is the Montros way of getting everyone out of the school?"*

"Mrs. Hemphill, they're coming to get me!"

"Please, everyone get in line!" she pouts – she doesn't even look at me. *"No one can save you now..."*

"Oh yes, someone can..." I say out loud and smile, fingering the cross around my neck. I push my desk out of the way – Lisa yells at it falls in front of her – I jump over a chair in front of me, and I'm out the door – suddenly, I'm staring at the floor and I can't move.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Hemphill's pink fingernails dig into my shoulder, ripping my school uniform blazer. *"She is with the Monstros..."* I realize, and shudder.

"I'm getting my weapon! You'll see! I'm getting Jesus!" I scream and push her off of me – I slam the door and run down the hall –

The floor is cold and slippery. Lockers line the walls. The alarm is so loud, it's pounding in my head, spinning around. My locker's just around the corner – *"What if the Monstros are there already? Before you get your weapon? Before you talk to Jesus?"*

No time to think about that – I run around the corner, almost falling over. Students from all the grades pour out of the front doors, about a hundred feet from me. *"That leaves the school empty. Just you and the Monstros..."*

I open my locker – and unzip my backpack, grabbing

the weapon.

"I'm coming to ask for your help, Lord," I say out loud, and run down the hall. Kids' art class pictures hang on the walls, none of mine ever made it, and a whole bunch of Lisa Semmel's did, which shows you what good art is. There's a big poster on an easel for the "Christian Cookie Sale," where I was kick ass for God. I sold eighty boxes myself, making me eleventh best in the whole school. A glittery sign proclaims the five thousand dollars the school raised, we just had a big assembly for it this morning – I run towards the office.

Bob Mackall's standing out front, holding a crowbar. He's one of the bad kids in the school, I know he's been kicked out of the 10<sup>th</sup> grade at least once.

"Kid, what are you doing here?" he yells as I run past him – he reaches for me, but I just run from him.

"Gotta talk to Jesus, they're after me!" I yell as I run into the principal's office.

The secretary is gone. There's no one else in the outer office. I can see Father Collins through the inner door's window – he's against the wall, and sweating.

"Hello...?" I ask quietly, my fingers tight around the weapon-metal-stick. A soft sound – crying. I jump and look over the edge of the desk – the secretary, Sister Francine, is curled in a ball, crying against the wall. I want to hug her, and ask her what's wrong—but I don't have time to talk if I'm going to save us all. There's voices somewhere in the room –

"I'm not going to give you the money!"

Whipping my head around, I run down the hall and shove open the door that says, "FATHER COLLINS, PRINCIPAL."

He's rigid against the wall, his white collar sweat-stained. He's an older guy, a little bald, but he's got the warmest, kindest eyes – he has these big glasses, and whenever he talks, if it's doing mass or just talking to you in person, he makes you feel warm.

But he looks so scared now – his skin's a little white, and he's shaking his head at me. A giant, four-foot wooden cross hangs behind his desk, above a potted plant, and a bunch of degrees and pictures hang in frames on the walls. I can feel Jesus looking at me, filling me with his love, telling me to be strong.

"Listen Father, just listen," I point at him, catching my breath, "There are monsters, called 'Monstros,' I don't know where they are, but they might be in my closet –"

"Luke... Rogers?" Father Collins mutters, I guess trying to remember me.

"Yes. I'm in 5<sup>th</sup> grade, I was 11<sup>th</sup> best in the cookie sale," I have to jog his memory – there's no time for this.

"Yes... yes," his eyes keep darting to his left.

"Just, listen – these monsters, they're deadly, and

**What if the Monstros are there already? Before you get your weapon? Before you talk to Jesus?**

they're following me. I've seen a green light that shows they're coming. You need to help me find these things – I have reason to believe they may have pulled the fire alarm –"

"Mr. Rogers, please leave. You can't ... you have to go ..."

My mouth goes dry – "Please, Father, no one else will help me. I'm going to die if I go home. You need to tell God about my problem, and get him to do something –"

"Luke ... go. You have to get out of here. The Lord helps those who help themselves, I'm sure it'll be okay –"

"I can't go anywhere!" I yell at him, much louder than I meant to. "They'll FIND ME! I'm going to die! Listen," I fall to my knees in front of the cross. "Pray with me, father. Talk to God. I don't know what I'm going to do," My eyes tear up, he puts his hand on my shoulder, it's shaking –

"Luke ... there's a fire drill. You have to go –"

"Just tell Lord Jesus and the Holy Spirit I'm too young to die!" I plead, clutching at his cloak. "At least find me a plane ticket or something! I can't go home! I can't fight them! All I've got this stupid weapon –"

"Show me the weapon," a low, deep voice behind me. I turn –

Hiding behind the door is a big 10<sup>th</sup> grader, Mark Garrison, but everyone just calls him Magar. He was kicked out of school a few weeks ago, why was here now? Weirdly, he's wearing a button-up white shirt with some strange stains on it. He has a gun in his right hand. His hand is shaking. It hits me.

*"Oh Lord Jesus, thank you for this day!"* I pray to myself, *"They're hiding from the Monstros, too!"*

Slowly, I stand up.

"You guys hid from them, good." I nod at Mark. "Good thinking. I don't know if that gun's going to hurt them, but it's a start."

"What the hell are you talking about?" He growls.

"Luke, you have to leave," Father Collins squeezes my shoulder. "Now."

I pull away from him – "No no no, I'm safer with you guys! Listen, between the three of us, we hole up in here, we may have a shot." I slam the door behind me, Magar jumps. I turn and point solemnly to him, "You see some green light come under that door, start firing." I shake my head, "By then, it'll probably already be too late."

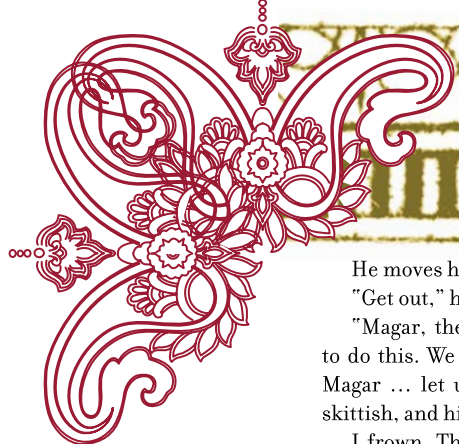
"Kid, get out of here now so I don't shoot you—" Magar turns the gun at me. The barrel is an unblinking black eye.

"You wouldn't dare. You aren't a bad person, Magar. Stop this, please. Now—" stammers Father Collins.

"You don't understand big guy!" I smile at Magar – "I'm not one of the Monstros! I'm one of the good guys! You don't have to be paranoid, we can stop this together –"







He moves his finger on the gun. It makes a “click.”  
“Get out,” he says.  
“Magar, there’s still hope for you. You don’t have to do this. We can walk out of here right now. Please, Magar ... let us both go...” Father Collins eyes look skittish, and his collar’s dark with sweat.  
I frown. This isn’t going as I’d hoped. Jesus looks down on me, and he doesn’t look happy – he looks as annoyed as I feel.  
“Lord,” I pray in my mind, *“I know I’m not supposed to bargain with you. I know I can’t, because I’m me and you’re you, but ... if there was anything I could do to save myself from the Monstros, any kind of opportunity to do something great in your name – I’ll do it. I’ll do it, Lord.”*  
Looking up, I can imagine the look on Jesus’s face conveys a simple message: “Do what you have to. I mean that.”  
“All right guys, no more bullcrap,” I bite my lip and glare, making my voice as low as I can make it, “sorry Father,” I add. “You’re both going to help me, RIGHT NOW—”  
Suddenly, I pull the weapon out of my backpack, and point it at them.  
“I didn’t want to have to do this,” I whisper.  
Magar rolls his deep brown eyes, “Kid, get out of here.”  
“Just because I’m a kid doesn’t mean I’m afraid to use this.” I point it right at him, “I’ll get you right between the eyes.”  
Magar smiles, his teeth rotten lemon yellow: “That’s a tire iron.”  
I bite my lip. I don’t know what that means. I open my mouth, and hope for the best:  
“Yeah, I know. And it’s loaded.  
No sudden moves.”  
Suddenly, he laughs. Father Collins licks his lips, and smiles at me.  
“What’s going on?” I ask. I feel a little dizzy.  
Magar laughs really loudly, the gun now pointed at Father Collins.  
“Hey! What’s going on? What’s so funny?”  
Father Collins stops smiling, and glares right at Magar. Magar wipes tears from his face, and leans against the wall.  
“Yes, Mark,” Father Collins says, his voice different, instead of warm, it’s icy. “Tell him what’s going on.”  
Magar sneers at him, lips curled around his teeth.  
“Tell him what you’re doing here. Why you’re pointing a gun at



me? You could tell it to me. Can you tell a little boy? It’ll be good practice for when you give account of yourself to God.”  
Magar blinks. It’s weird – he looks a little smaller, somehow.  
“There’s still time, Magar! Give me the gun. Don’t do this. Pray with me. We’ll pray for your father. I’ll help find him another job—”  
“Shut up old man—”  
“You don’t have to *do this!*” Father Collins screams, an ugly sound. The fire alarm stops.  
“Give me the money,” Magar growls, flat and mean.  
“He’s robbing me,” Father Collins leans down to me, some of his warmth back in his voice and eyes. “He’s holding me at gun point, because he wants the money from the cookie sale.”  
“What?” I blurt out, blinking in confusion. “I sold eighty boxes,” I say to no one in particular. I point the tire iron back at Magar: *“Eighty!”* I shake the iron for emphasis.  
“Good job, kid. Leave.”  
I’m no safer here from the Monstros. I might even be in more danger. I put my hand on the door – and I see the reflection of Jesus’s face in the door window.  
*“Could this be what I just asked the Lord for? A chance to prove to Him that I deserve saving from the Monstros?”*  
I let go of the the doorknob. I can’t leave Father Collins.  
“Pray with me, Mark. We’ll ask God for forgiveness, and I’ll get you a deal—”  
“Fuck you you old shit!” Magar screams, his high-pitched shrieking hurts my ears. “There’s no fucking God and there’s no fucking deal so give me the fucking money!” He jabs the end of the gun into Father Collins’ bald head, hard.  
Father Collins doesn’t move, he doesn’t yell, he just looks straight at Magar and shakes his head: “Mark. Oh Mark...”  
“The money, now...”  
While they talk, I look around the room – *“There’s gotta be something you can do, someway to screw Magar’s plan in the name of the Lord. Something—”*  
I find it!  
The shadow from the giant cross hanging on the front wall of the school cuts a shadow through the window – that points right at what I was looking for...  
*“Thank you Lord, for showing me the way...”* I pray, and move slowly to the other side of the room, light steps, I stop breathing. Inch ... by

the gun is on me – I’m shivering so much I’m going to throw up



inch...  
“You were an altar boy, Mark. What happened?”  
“I said to SHUT UP!!” Magar screams, that awful girl-like voice. I’m not even looking at them, afraid if they see my eyes they’ll notice the rest of my body. Slowly ... I duck behind the desk ... so there’s no chance of seeing me...  
*“Please, Lord ... make me silent ...”*  
“You tell my Dad there’s a God!” Magar’s yelling.  
*CRUNCH* – I look down in horror – I stepped on a candy cross, it broke under my foot. Looking up ... neither of them notice me—  
“We need this money! I’m sorry, I’m sorry Father, but ...” that “click” sound again ... “God wouldn’t let this happen.” I’m almost down to the floor, a little further, and I can do something good here...  
“Mark, please...”  
“The money, now! We’re done—”  
I reach my hands around it, and I can feel the Lord going through me.  
“You’re darn right we’re done,” I smile triumphantly and stand up. “This is for the Lord our God—”  
And I throw the votive candle at him.  
*SMASH* – it hits the wall, and falls to the ground, between Magar and Father Collins. Quickly, I run to the door –  
“You were better with the tire iron,” Magar says, and pulls me back into the room by my hair – I yell and scream and cry. Father Collins yells something at him, but I can’t hear it, I’m too scared –  
“This is it, right now,” Magar yells, and there’s something cold against my head – the black unblinking eye, the gun is on me – I’m shivering so much I’m going to throw up. I can’t think. I can only cry and scream and—  
“Give me the money or you can clean up the kid!” I can’t see anything, they’re all melting shapes in my tears, and I’m so cold I can’t move –  
*“Jesus ... please Jesus if you’re out there, oh Jesus oh Jesus oh Jesus I LOVE YOU and if I have to meet you and come to your love I will but oh God oh shit please don’t let me die –”*  
KNOCK – KNOCK at the door.  
I shake my head to get rid of the tears, everything is still. Magar whispers to Father Collins: “Get rid of it.”  
“Yes?” Father Collins says, his voice trying to sound calm.  
“Umm ... there’s a student with a weapon, we have to

I jump on him, and keep hitting him in the face again again over and over



find him.” A female voice says. Magar shakes his head “No” at Father Collins.  
“Well ... we’ll look into that, Mrs. Hemphill,” he says.  
“No, this is serious, you don’t understand. He terrorized a young girl, and then he threatened me with some kind of weapon –  
The door opens – Mrs. Hemphill has her arm around Lisa Semmel, that fat piece of girl-trash.  
In one moment, everything happens very fast.  
Magar turns around – Mrs. Hemphill sees the gun, she screams. Lisa, either terrified or just really stupid, screams as well. Father Collins yells something, but I can’t hear it –  
Somehow, in this, I grab my tire iron.  
“Hi-YAH!” I scream, and bring it down on Magar’s hand, right in the knuckles – he yelps, and drops the gun. He dives for it – I hit him in the head with the tire iron. Again. Again. He falls over, I hit him in the front of his face. Again. I jump on him, and keep hitting him in the face – again – again – over and over –  
“There! Is! A! God!” each word needs its own strike, its own commandment, a thunderbolt of love from the Lord: “And Don’t For-Get It!”  
Father Collins pushes me off of him, Magar’s face fills with blood. I lay back against the wall, panting.  
Mrs. Hemphill jaw hangs almost off of her face, and Lisa’s crying again. Father Collins murmurs something, his eyes heavenward, cradling Magar’s head in his lap. He places his cross on Magar’s face – both of them are crying, too.  
“Now are you gonna help me with the Monstros, huh?” I say to Father Collins, rolling my eyes. I lay backward, I feel really dizzy. In the light from outside the office, coming over the heads of Mrs. Hemphill and Lisa, they almost don’t look repulsive.  
“And you ...” I try to point at Mrs. Hemphill, “I want an A on that science paper!” I squint and yell at Lisa. **“And a new partner!”**  
I pass out.  
  
I wake up in the nurse’s office, she gives me some water, a Tylenol. For a few minutes, I don’t remember why I’m there. But when she opens the blinds, and I see the reporters outside, I remember.  
My parents come to get me, and there’s a lot of kissing, and hugging, and “are you OKs?” I just shrug and say I’m all right. They don’t understand.  
*“Lord, I hope I was enough of a servant for you to grant me a chance to escape the Monstros,”* and really, as I think about it, it hits me – that’s all you can ever really ask God for – a chance.  
The reporters are all around me as I walk outside yelling the same things: “Are you okay?” “What happened?” All of that. My parents try to push them away, but I raise my hand:



continued on page 62

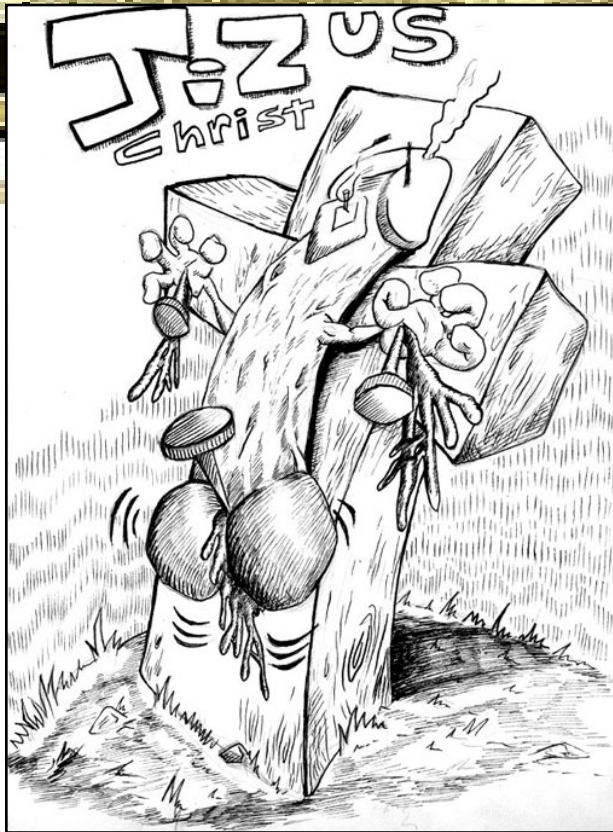


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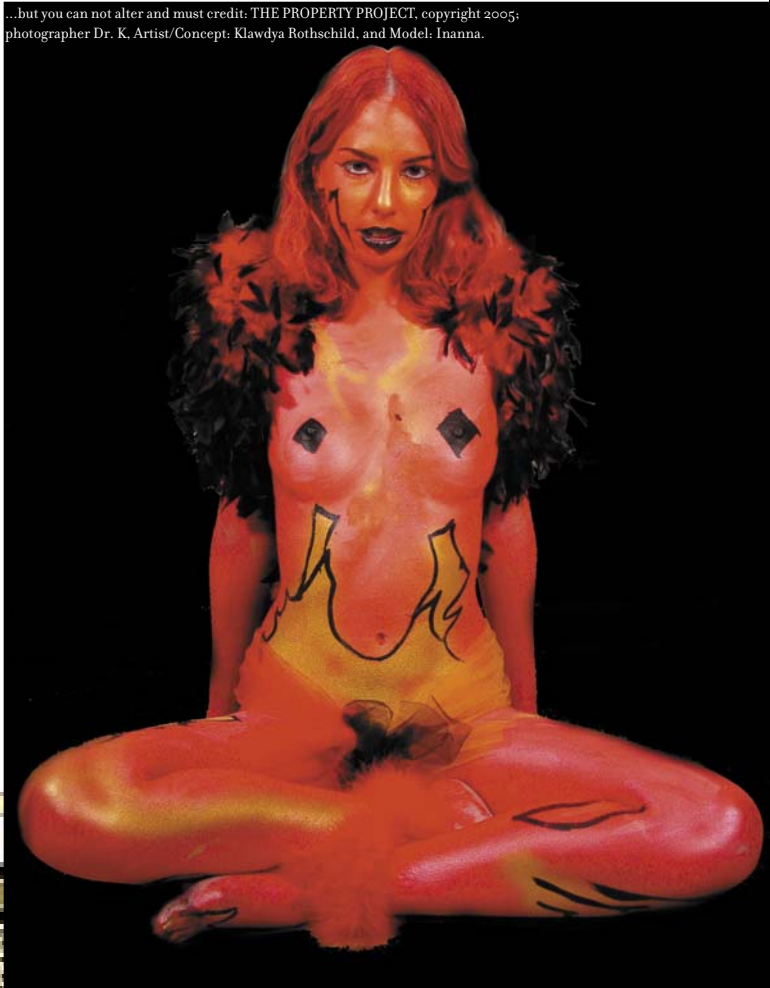
Here it some art for you. These pieces were drawn while the paper was folded, obscuring the rest of the image. So all of the sections can be intermixed. Encourage the reader to cut them and do so. Enjoy. (Part 1 of 4) Various Artists Including myself -- Skye Blue



Jesus Christ: John-Paul Manzanares



Mask: Margaret Mary



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Pocket Testament: Some guy in the street

## Art Fag (The Beginning of My Robot Adventures)

**By Lily Malice, random art critic of the month**

As I entered the auditorium, I spotted him immediately – Chico Macmurtrie, The Man With Crazy Long Grey Streaked Hair In Urban Cowboy Pants; the man who would eventually lead me down a trail toward my robot adventures! Weeee!

He had this total loser all over him, one of those guys who's like "Oh my God, I just *love* your work, I admire you *so* much, I've been studying your *every move* since I was *hatched*, blah blah blah." Everything about this kid sucked, from his posture, his glasses (you know the ones: black rims, smallish, square – every graphic designer in the universe has these), to the inflection in his voice. Chico looked like he was in pain because I'm sure he was – he's just one of those guys who doesn't enjoy being idolized; just an artist doing his thing.

So I found my seat and took off my jacket, but I paused standing a few extra moments, because *tonight* felt like an exhibitionist. I wanted to show off my awesome color coordination skills. With

my bright blue shirt, layered with an orange one on top, finished off with a puke green cardigan, I wanted everyone to know that I, *Lily Malice!*, look retarded, and am proud of it. Goddammit. And then I took my seat. My gesture affected no one.

I continued to stare at Chico a bit longer... I watched him twist his hair up in two swift easy movements... I think this had a lot to do with the hair underneath being shaved; his hair was really wiry. Imagine having a bunch of wires coming out of your head. How easy would it be to sculpt your hairdo? *Real* easy, jerk.

So yeah. After a while I got bored of Chico's torment and started sinking into the conversations around me. I overheard,

for example, this boy trying so desperately to prove his intelligence – one of those types of conversations. I smiled to myself. It must be hard getting lost in this sea of super intelligence. He's just trying to stake his claim in it all. I started wondering how my life would've been different if I'd gone to CMU instead of ... wherever I ended up going ... Where was it? Ah, fuck it. A lot of thoughts streamed through my head, but they were all kind of useless.

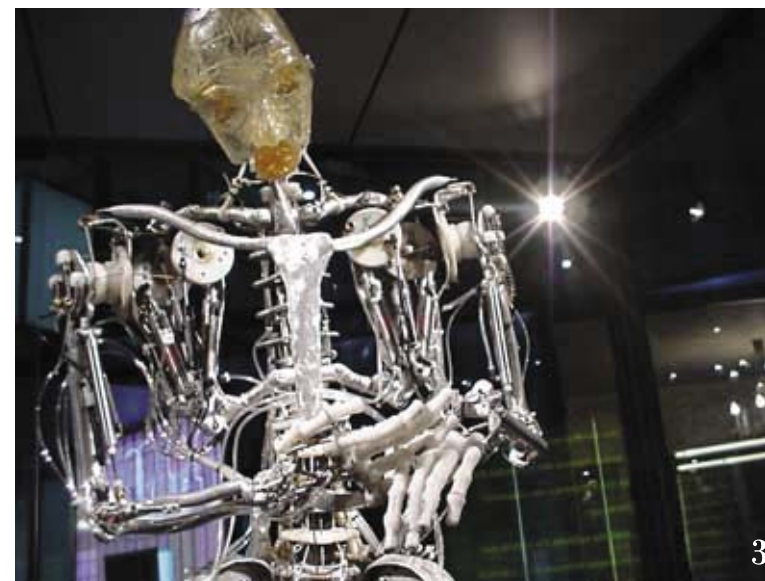
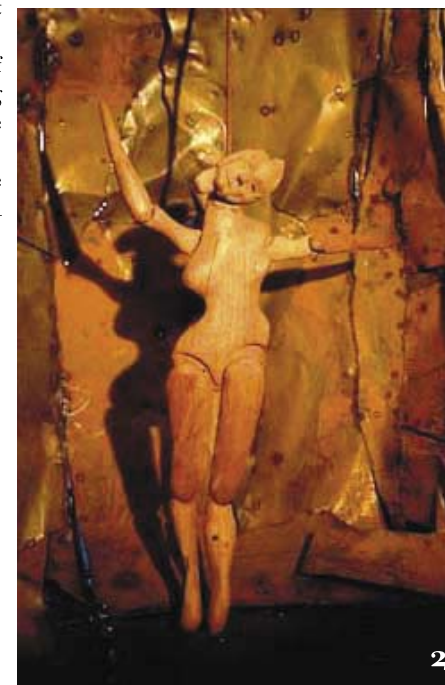
I aborted thinking about this when a group of professors to my left caught my attention. They were so loud, busting with life, so robust and hearty in their laughter, big bushy eyebrows, full fuzzy beards, giant Santa Claus bellies... And then I noticed the woman among them... She seemed so sad, laughing just enough to avoid drawing attention to herself... She was such a disturbing character. I found it kind of funny that initially she was camouflaged so well, virtually invisible in this kooky jungle of vibrant men. But with closer inspection, their jovial laughter faded into oblivion as she became this blinding object. I had to look away.

I found, instead, that the boy in front of me was worthy of my attention. He had lots of interesting rings on. He also had that webbing of flesh between your thumb and forefinger pierced. Instinctively, I manipulated this area on my body scientifically, squeezing it, testing my hypothesis – yes, this sensation makes me feel a little nauseous. And I think if I had a hoop going through that, it would remind me of that feeling *all the time*. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Okay. Better now.

It took me 2 minutes to find out he was studying to be an art critic, but that he thought much of art's periphery is bullshit – "the language is so obtuse." And I have to agree. But then you wonder if there is really any remedy for that, considering the nature of art itself... Also, all of that obtuse verbiage only inspires me to see shows with my own two eyes more often. So perhaps it's a good thing. Yes, I think it is. I'm not so disturbed over this like he was... He also seemed like an agitated soul in general. So there's also that.

*Wanna be a random art critic/art fag? You can! It's easy! First, go see some art. Then write about it. Send your words to [words@deekmagazine.com](mailto:words@deekmagazine.com)*

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1&2 Mechanical sculptures from the *Cave of the Subconscious*  
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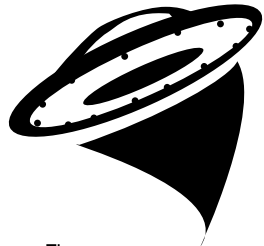
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## Low INTERVIEW

Tuesday, January 25<sup>th</sup>, 2005, the sign hung from the door of the Electric Fetus in Duluth, Minnesota reads "Low - Great Destroyer CD signing party w/ Hollis Mae Sparhawk." Inside is a banquet table manned by the delightfully exuberant 4-year old daughter of Mimi Parker (drums/vocals) and Alan Sparhawk (guitar/vocals). Armed to the teeth with multi-colored sharpies and homemade cookies, Ms. Hollis Mae scrolls her name on the new Low album, "the Great Destroyer" which she provides guest vocals on the song "Step." She also gives some attendees a special gift of scribbles, bloodied dying monkeys as her visual interpretation of the opening track "Monkey" in which the hook eerily lofts from Zak and Mimi's harmonized lips "Tonight you will be mine, tonight the monkey dies."

Over the past 12 years Low has released a number of albums just slightly under most people's radar. Labeled as "slowcore," the band's stark, austere, harmonious sound has become their auditory signature. On "The Great Destroyer," the highly anticipated Sub Pop debut, Low slightly deviates from their consistency to jolt us out of the hypnotic spell they had put us under. Zak Sally (bass/vocals) described the emergence of this fuller, thicker sound as a "jump in boldness and constancy" for the band.

On February 2<sup>nd</sup>, a groggy Zak Sally, fresh off an opening night gig took time with us to reflect on their current tour (aside Pedro the Lion), Sub Pop Records, and Low's new sound. It goes as follows:

**Deek:** For all those who missed the signing party at the Electric Fetus in Duluth, is there any way we could get my hands on a Hollis autographed copy of the album?

**Zak:** You know, I think that was a brilliant, brilliant idea. It wasn't anyone in the bands idea but yeah, um Hollis will probably sign for you. She's a pretty busy little girl but she'll do what she can.

**Deek:** I was personally fond of the dead monkey drawings she had made

**Zak:** I know they were good weren't they.

**Deek:** So you kicked off the tour last night at the Beachland Ballroom in Cleveland. How was it playing such in an intimate setting?

**Zak:** It was nice, a really good club. The past couple times we had been there we played at the club Speak in Tongues, which apparently closed down so in a more punk rock kinda choice booked at a Beachland, it was really nice.

**Deek:** You've done select shows with Pedro the Lion, how did this full tour come about?

**Zak:** We met them, they played a show in Duluth some years ago, stayed at Alan and Mimi's house. I never heard

MUSIC



them and they (Alan and Mimi) all thought they were a great band. thought they were nice guys and later on... I can't remember what record it was but we did a tour with them with a different lineup but we've been doing dates four or five years now. Um, we just got out, he was out on tour and we were fired up so. Really good guy and I think it's a really good show.

Deek: You did a few shows with Radiohead in 2003 what did you take anything away from that experience personally and musically?

Zak: It was such a strange experience for us in so many ways. We'd never played for crowds that size, and we've never opened for one of the biggest band on the planet. So, I don't know, mostly it was fun for us. Just watching them go out on a limb musically every night to uh to the kind of crowd they play with, not only are they going out on that limb but all their fans are going out with them.

Deek: Did you have to do anything to gear yourself toward playing for their audiences?

Zak: I think we had to learn some new things like how to try and translate our sound to an audience that large ... or if we even should and what's involved with that. Doing shows with Radiohead, they're a great band. It was pretty intense. And their catering was amazing.

Deek: Do you feel that the popularization of "indie" music as a whole and especially Sub Pop with bands like the Postal Service and the Shins has opened new audiences that haven't heard your music until now?

Zak: Maybe ... I think signing to sub pop will bring more people to Low. And their doing really well these days by just signing bands on like that bands merit. I don't sign acts to be like they have great songs, what a great band lets sign 'em and see what we can do get people to hear them. It's just that they're using whatever resources they have to get people to hear the music. That's something we can be very comfortable with. Unlike a major label or something that is like hey they great haircuts, which we don't. We've got really bad haircuts.



Deek: Along the same lines, it's interesting how these bands have gotten commercial popularity thru marketing like The Shins on the Garden State soundtrack and even Death Cab with the show the OC.

Zak: It's great to see all these bands that are different from the average band that sells that kind of crap. It's like they came out of nowhere with all this great music and are making a large cultural impact. We've been around 10-11 years with this record we're getting tons of press, it's much larger than anything we done and I think it about a label who just tries to work with bands that it likes and make good music and really working on it. It's strange for us, it's strange for The Shins. It's takes a lot for these small bands to hit the public constantly in such a small way. You don't want every tiny little band to be the next White Stripes or Bon Jovi.

Deek: One thing that has really struck me is that everyone is writing that "the Great Destroyer" is such a large jump for Low sonically but when you sit down and listen to it after "I Could Live in Hope" (Low's first album) or "Trust" (their previous release) is that all the essential elements are still in tact. Has the writing process changed at all?

Zak: No, and I don't think the recording process has. What I feel exactly about this record and why we're so happy with this record is essentially is that there was never any decision to make a rock record, which I don't think this is, or a pop record which I don't necessarily think this record is. We just try to be comfortable to say "Look all the pieces are in place" we've been doing this for a long time. We just have to ... those original pieces aren't going anywhere we just have to rely on them to step out and to be very bold and we have to use those things that we know about ourselves to be very bold and fearless and do stuffs that we have never done before. You know what I mean? ... And be comfortable and make ourselves comfortable with that. The recording process is the same and I feel that the only jump for the band would be in terms of boldness or constance. Which has all been part of the progression for me. It's something that we've been heading forward toward for a number of years. Ya know.

Deek: Over the past few years you've added an extra notch to the older songs and added some extra beef. Do you feel that working with Dave (Fridmann) on over the past few years and especially with this album has influenced you in any way?

Zak: I think it did. I think what you were saying about how we play our songs, in how we think about songs. I think Dave brought to was, we tracked a bunch of songs at home and was trying to figure out what to do with it and got a call and Dave had time and we had time so we thought we'd go in and try it for a week ... and um, the thing that really worked with Dave is he immediately understood what we were trying to do. Ya know, we were trying to capture this song... [breaks up]... and he really... [drops out]"

Unfortunately the Appalachians had feasted upon another stray cell phone signal, and, with that, the conversation was over.

photos provided by www.krees.com



By Keith J. Varadi

Jason Anderson, once known to the music world as Wolf Colonel, has gradually shed the quirky moniker through a handful of recent releases on K Records. Sometimes his music is folksy and sparse (like his last two releases, New England and The Wreath), and other times it's rich and suffused with energy (more like his split disc with The Paperbacks).

His tunes aren't always as cheerful as his attitude, but the honesty and sincerity of the offerings almost convince you that everything is okay – and that's the only way he'd have it. So go ahead and download as many of his songs as you can find – really, he'd love you to. But if you've got an extra Jackson, just go halvesies on a dime bag this time around and spend the rest on one of Jason's albums – he'd love that even better.

## what has really motivated me is how frustrated I get with the traditional "indie rock" show

Deek: So when do you decide to use the moniker Wolf Colonel and when do you decide to go by your birth name?

Jason: When I first started performing, I was a little bit self-conscious/totally scared of using my own name. I liked the anonymity of hiding behind a "band name," even though it was just me, playing acoustic guitar. It was easier, in a weird way! There was a bit more mystery, and that totally appealed to me. When I made the transition to performing with a band, the WC title just sort of stuck, for better or worse. For now, the Wolf Colonel name is no more. Just me! Jason Anderson! Yay!

Deek: Why did you choose Colonel over Captain or Lieutenant? Was there any reason or did you just think it phonetically sounds cooler?

Jason: Good question. I think, to be honest, I mean, I was eighteen and just sort of looking for a funny, weird name that kind of sounded like Def Leppard! I remember sitting at the computer, making the flyer for my first ever show, and I was like, "Hmm, what should I call this? How

about Wolf Colonel?! And then laughing and thinking, "That is so weird!" and then just using it! Sweet! I guess it was the same sort of poetic, free-word association that created names like Neutral Milk Hotel, although I had never heard of any bands like that at the time. I remember wanting something enigmatic and silly, in a Dungeons and Dragons sort of way. I never thought I would last more than one show, but, hmm, I guess it did.

Deek: You've been quite an indie slut, wouldn't you say? I mean, you've floated around, musically hooking up some big names from places like Portland, Omaha, Olympia, etc. But I guess maybe it's more a familial affair where you all just want to share – a lot of musicians today seem to be sort of members of larger regional families in areas like those. Slut or share?

Jason: Hah! That's awesome. I never thought of it like that. It's totally sharing. I think the bottom line is, when you do something, whether it's go on a road trip, or plan an awesome dance party, or, heck, make a record, you want to do it with friends, with people you love, with people who make you laugh and think and feel alive; so I've just been lucky enough to meet a lot of fantastic people, and be able to see what's going on with them, and sometimes help out the best I can. It's really great!

Deek: You constantly tour and I have heard you will play anywhere. Have you ever played a Bah Mitzvah?

Jason: I haven't! But would love to. I mean, seriously, I just want to play shows and make friends and share music. I'll really play anywhere, anytime. It's so awesome. One of my best shows was to eight people, in a driveway in Tulsa, Oklahoma. There's this weird misconception that shows have to be in bars and clubs to be "real." I would argue that the awesome little house shows to a dozen friends are much more "real" and special and memorable than seeing some band at a boring bar where people, for the most part, feel detached and inhibited. Not to say that bar or club shows can't be cool, because they totally can, but sometimes they just make people feel a certain way, like maybe they can't approach the band, or can't talk to other people there, and that is just not true at all!



Deek: You didn't stop in Pittsburgh for the "Zoo TV" Tour, but you promised me you'd drop by the next time you're on the road. Can I hold you to that?

Jason: Yes! I want to come to Pittsburgh so bad. Steel town! I've had some super fun shows there!

Deek: You seem like a really nice guy and you pride yourself on intimate, passionate performances, which your fans really seem to appreciate and hold on to. Did your favorite bands you grew up listening to connect with you at your shows or did the fact that they didn't prompt you to be more personal?

Jason: That is such a great question! Wow. You are awesome. Man, I think, to be honest, what has really motivated me is how frustrated I get with the traditional "indie rock" show, where it often feels more like a middle school dance than a concert! People are often more concerned with what everyone else is wearing (and if they wore the right thing!) than connecting and falling in love and just exploding with the music and emotion. I remember when shows used to be the highlight of a week, month — heck — of a year, where you would look forward to a show for so long, and then talk about it for days afterwards. I want to remember, again, that music and human interaction can be that powerful and inspiring.

Deek: Even though you love to have these close-to-the-crowd shoes, at some points, when there is trouble with the van or you're tired of Taco Bell, you must be like, "TRL might not be that bad. Those guys got it all figured out..." even if you snap out of it right after.

Jason: I don't know. I mean, I think I have a somewhat different idea of "success." I just love being able to play these shows where we can all sing-along, and feel alive, and just have an awesome time. And so much of the best parts of touring have nothing to do with the shows! It's about making new friends, visiting old ones, going to find the great mom and pop restaurant, exploring new cities, staying up late talking about politics or just watching the Simpsons, making breakfast, exchanging email addresses, just connecting! It's so exciting and I really feel like it's the best part of being alive. The exchange of humanity and just the fun of interacting with amazing people across the country, and getting to see what they do in their town, and getting to add something, or just be a small part of it is magical! I am making a little bit of money, just enough to make it work, and that's really all I need!

# Why God Smote Creed

By Niki Holler

Ever since the pseudo-Christian rock band, Creed, broke up in June of '04, diehard Creed fans and Love-to-Hate-Them critics alike have begged the question, "Why, God, *why*?" Indeed, pray tell, "Why, God?" Well, as a personal messenger of The Good Shepard, Our Father, I have taken the liberty of delivering His message.

God does have a sense of humor, ladies and gentlemen, as He made blatantly obvious by the success of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, but He can only stand so much. Watching lead singer Scott Stapp perform a disturbing fusion of Eddie Vedder-like vocals and Jesus on the Cross gesticulations was more than He could bear. You can't just go around trying to pass yourself off as a Christian Rock Band, croaking out superficial lyrics over retread "rock" melodies, and expect to get away with it. Sure, God let them twist for a while, but even His patience is finite, and it ran out.

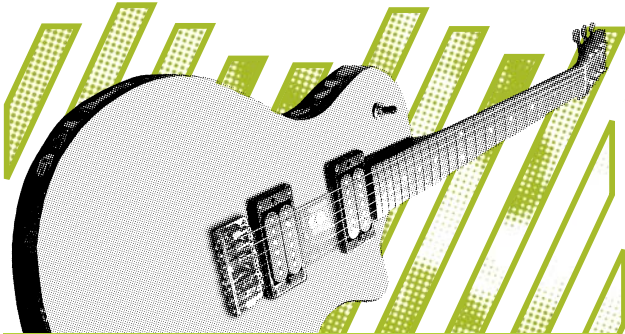
God tried to warn Stapp against impersonating a messenger of His Word, but His admonitions fell on deaf ears. There was that time He

## His true messengers will rock, and rock hard

didn't let Stapp walk across his indoor pool, or that other time He didn't let him turn his Evian into wine, despite the singer's fervent, weeping prayers. You'd think even the most feeble-minded of His creatures would get the hint, but it never sunk through those gel-infused, stringy locks that, (gasp) *He's not Jesus!* That's called Hubris. Enjoy your hellfire, Scott.

Furthermore, His Official Highness would like it known that His true messengers will rock, and rock *hard*. I mean, this Guy created the Earth in six days. The *Earth*, people. Do you think he'd have any problem making the Beatles sound like a middle-school garage band? I doubt it.

Bottom line, these douche bags had it coming. God looked down from His perch high above, had a conference with Confucius and Jimi Hendrix, and took action. He waved his magic, giant-sized wand over those egotistical, self-propagating narcissists and blew their egos up so much they were insufferable to even each other. Pride goeth before a fall, bitches. Case Closed.



## BENCHWARMER



8/10

**Benchwarmer.** *Smoke & Mirrors*

SOUNDS LIKE: *Melvins, Fugazi, Misfits, Clash*

MUSIC'S GOOD FOR: *Drinking cheap beer and smoking.*

Synopsize the musical tastes of every moderately respectable, God-ignoring socialite in Pittsburgh — everyone under 30 opposed, on ethical levels, to wallowing in the late-night hump-hump of Strip District dance clubs; everyone who drinks at Gooski's on regular intervals; everyone who embodies subversive traits, whether or not they sport a Mohawk; everyone able to enjoy an evening without blowing fistfuls of cash on unnecessary scenery; everyone who drinks beer; everyone who appreciates the Misfits; everyone who likes their music loud, their weekends unpredictable and their sex dirty — and you've got Bench Warmer.

And while their new *two-fucking-song* EP rocks pretty hard, it only rocks for about seven minutes. Seven minutes and thirty one seconds, actually. Seven and a half minutes of a high-water-mark, boiled down, evaporated into a moment. And when the CD ends, you're left in silence, struck by the briefness of this manic, dirty, post-punk *thing* you've just experienced. And you're wondering, after it ends, how you'll remember the music tomorrow... Will you remember it as a peak? Will you remember it at all? What does it *mean*, man? Why's it so *short*? And then you sink into pathos. You think about Pittsburgh and this band and the incredible impact concise art can embody. And then you smoke a joint and wonder how you'll be remembered when you die. What if it happens now? Have you done anything? Have you made an impact? Have you left this world with a taste of you, and not a mouthful?

"Damn," you think. "I'm hungry."

And then you remember back a minute ago, when Bench Warmer's lead yeller, K. Ashton Read, screamed: "*All I want is everything / I will define my destiny / [I'm] not dead yet.*" And, with this, you're comforted by the idea that many of life's greatest pleasures come in short bursts. But you wonder what he means by "destiny."

"Huh," you think, before giving up. "Pizza maybe. Yeah. Pizza."

So you order one. And while wolfing down the entire thing — a large pie with lots of meat, no veggies — you rationalize that nothing dies in Pittsburgh; memories live-on forever; this album, no matter how short, will subsist until eternity ends, or civilization collapses. Or we forget it existed in the first place...

You pass out with the empty pizza box in your lap.

The next morning, when you wake up, Bench Warmer's "Among the Living" is stuck in your head.

You walk to work in cold.

You're singing: "*Come down and take a hit off the fumes of the living.*" thoughtlessly, as if you're singing a show tune. You can't remember why the song's stuck in your head — you can't even remember where you heard it; last night is lost in a green haze — but it sure beats wallowing in the late-night hump-hump of Strip District dance clubs, and blowing fistfuls of cash on unnecessary scenery. It also beats The Clarks and Celine Dion. You keep singing, snapping your fingers. You feel energized. You feel alive. And as you sing "*you see we are moving / in strange vibrations,*" light seems to perpetuate darkness, and the memories of your past fade in and out, like sudden awareness in a prison cell; like the last moments of a decade-old rush; like a fading pulse in ears of the dying.

"*It's all simplified in your eyes / you give a reason for a young man to breathe.*"

The light fades, and you walk in a cloud. Something triggered you once, but you've lost the nerve.

You've lost it.

...if only for a moment.

Then again and again.

— Chip "Get Your Inflammation Straight" Skiperly

*Benchwarmer's new two-fucking-song EP is actually a single. The reviewer is an idiot. Go to [www.benchwarmer.info](http://www.benchwarmer.info) for more information.*



# Albums I Wish I Would Have Brought with Me to Prison

Blind Faith — Blind Faith

By Whitey McGee

*"I'm wasted and I can't find my way home."*

Whenever I hear these words spun by wunderkind Steve Winwood in 1969 the first thing that comes to mind is definitely organized religion. In fact, I don't think I've ever prayed in my entire life when I wasn't thinking about Blind Faith as a kid. Suddenly, everything was so lucid: there was obviously a God, she obviously had a plan for each and every one of us and she certainly was on my side. How do I know this? Because on the three bizillionth day she said, "Let there be Blind Faith." And they were good.

From that moment on, each night before I lay me down to sleep, I prayed to her that they wouldn't break up. Of course, being four rock deities themselves — each with their own special little problems — this was imminent. Somewhere shortly afterwards, my life changed and my obsession with music became far more secular and eventually landed me in this marvelously uncool jail cell. In some twisted way, I find a way to attribute every failure to these false idols of my youth that led me astray.

"Sea of Joy" is symbolic of the decline of my moral character. Everything starts out so peaceful when you're a kid. Nobody asks you important questions, you never have to make tough decisions and nobody gets hurt. Today, like in the end of the song, "concrete blocks my view and it's all because of you." Still, I write letters to Baker, Clapton and Winwood telling them of the sad predicament that they've left me in, but they never respond. I slept on Rick Grech's grave once, thinking that it might give me a sign that would lead me back to that time of unbridled purity that no longer exists. Sadly, the only sign I got was some grass stains on my rainbow Grateful Dead parachute pants that vaguely resembled Buddy Holly with a beard. And even that took me a few days of careful analysis to discover...

In past articles, I have told a lot of jokes about being the raving sociopath that I most certainly am. Sitting in prison makes you bitter about a lot of things. A lot of the other guys use religion the way that I use these songs that I can't listen to anymore. It's something I'll never quite understand. How can you put something so tenable and imaginary over something as concrete as the trinity of Elvis, Chuck Berry and Dylan?

People have killed for religion. I have maimed for the soul of rock and roll.

Blind Faith hurt me like God hurt Mike Bloomfield, Syd Barrett and Marvin Gaye's Dad. I don't feel ill will towards any of them anymore. It's probably just a weird coincidence that their breakup coincided with the time of my first arrest in September 1969 on plagiarism charges for scrawling "Clapton is God" on Pat Boone's tour bus. And I won't lie to you; it was worth it.



7/10

**Roots Manuva**, *Awfully Deep*

**Sounds like:** El-p, Madlib, The Herbaliser, The Beatnuts, Guru

**Music's good for:** Standing on Kings' Road in London for a week straight, by an FCUK or something, naked accept for a clear plastic parka, screaming lyrics to some song by the Libertines, while holding a giant cardboard sign that says: "I AM COMING TO GET YOU."

Part dancehall, part electronic, all hip-hop, this UK bred emcee is also 100% crazy bastard. In this post millennial lull of mundane hip-hop, Roots Manuva throws some much needed spice into the stew with his fourth release "Awfully Deep." While fellow UK acts like The Streets and Dizzee Rascal have attempted this too, no one has been able to match this guy's style, substance, or sound. Roots Manuva is the Jay-Z of the European rap world — no one can compare to him and, no matter how much they try, they can never imitate his skill. Roots Manuva is the present and future of European hip-hop. On "Awfully Deep" he runs the gamut of danceable hip-hop/IDM/dancehall cunningness as best displayed on the contrasting "Rebel Heart," a disjointed, bassy joint with digitized Jamaican spirit. On the other end of the spectrum, Roots Manuva comes with a hard-edged string-accompanied "Too Cold"...

"Some times I love myself," he says. "Sometimes I hate myself."

And this terrible line caused me to drop this disc from a 10 to a 7, after weeping uncontrollably. That lyric is inexcusable. And the rest of the album is fairly inconsistent, containing clichéd, shitty synth production that drowns out Roots' impeccable flow for almost the entire album. So...*no ten for you, bitch!* Er... Roots? Mr. Manuva? Whatever.

—George the Friendly Communist



9/10

**LCD Soundsystem**,

*LCD Soundsystem*

**Sounds like:** Out Hud, The Emporer Machine, The Rapture, Earl Zinger

**Music's good for:** Slow-motion sequences in action flicks. But no one knows this yet, so don't go blabbering.

As a member of the production duo DFA, James Murphy twiddles knobs and works switches to reinvent entire bands. On his massively hyped, long delayed debut album (LCD Soundsystem), he slaps down 10 danceable disco punk jawns you can... I don't know, listen to. And enjoy; in a strange world that sounds like that Hackers movie with Angelina Jolie — like crazy digital punks running amok, hacking into servers to change their grades! While causing governmental confusion! And... downloading *porn!*

LCD Soundsystem succeeds in all the ways other bands dubbed as "disco punk" have failed. While most of the elements remain the same, the puzzle pieces fit much better under Murphy's influence. Some stand out tracks include the quirky "Daft Punk is Playing at My House" and 80's reminiscent "Disco Infiltrator." It's my opinion that this album will be used as the blueprint for aspiring digital punks for years to come. But what do I know.

—Dave Missioni



6/10

**The New Fiction**, *Lapse*

www.thenewfiction.com

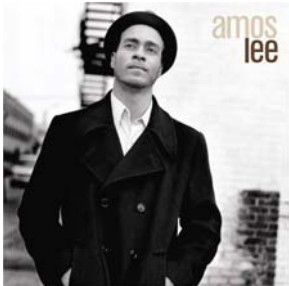
**Sounds like:** P.J. Harvey, Patti Smith (kinda), Garbage, The Kills

**Music's good for:** Imagining life without disharmony — a world without violence; a society without peril. Then totally eating a bucket of chocolate and watching "The Hours."

Talented musicians — two females out of four including a female drummer (which gives me limited, but strengthened faith in humanity). Solid bass and lead guitar throw some Pixies influence into the mix. Lead singer/rhythm guitar player — the other female — has a gorgeous voice, but sounds medicated, like she snorts a lot of Percocet.

Though that's the sound they're going for I guess — sedate, mid-90s Lilith-rock. So like, take that.

—Sophie Wyburd



9/10

**Amos Lee**, *Amos Lee*

**Sounds like:** Nora Jones, Ben Harper, Eagle-Eye Cherry, Jason Yates

**Music's good for:** relaxation, smoking weed, seduction, steamy bacon grease rub-downs

Amos Lee has extensively toured with some of folk's biggest artists (including a tired, unintelligible old kook named Bob Dylan). And isn't that nice. Good for him. But can he... *rise from the dead?* Can he *heal leapers?* Can he *save the world from a sinful fate of lust and excess?* Can that motherfucker *make me dinner!*?

Anyway, last year, after touring with songbird Norah Jones, Mr. Lee decided to leave his elementary school teacher position to concentrate on his blossoming music career. And the result — a self-titled debut on Blue Note Records — is pretty good. Soulful, jazzy, smooov. Dig it.

—Francine Bratwurst



3/10

**Louis XIV**,

*The Best Little Secrets Are Kept*

**Sounds like:** The Fiery Furnaces, The Von Bondies, T. Rex

**Music's good for:** Pretending you're in a garage.

You know this, but, a couple years ago, big record labels were gambling on mid 80s glam as the Sound of the Future. But, as The Darkness quickly faded from the spotlight (became pathetic instead of ironic), trends started moving closer to the Rolling Stones and Velvet Underground than Motley Crue and Poison.

So, will Louis XIV fight through the rubble and emerge as one of the truly great bands in an increasingly mediocre genre of kitschy, pseudo garage pop?

Wait six months and see. The darkness is upon us.

—Andrew VanSlyke



5/10

**Johnson Bros Band**, *Launch*

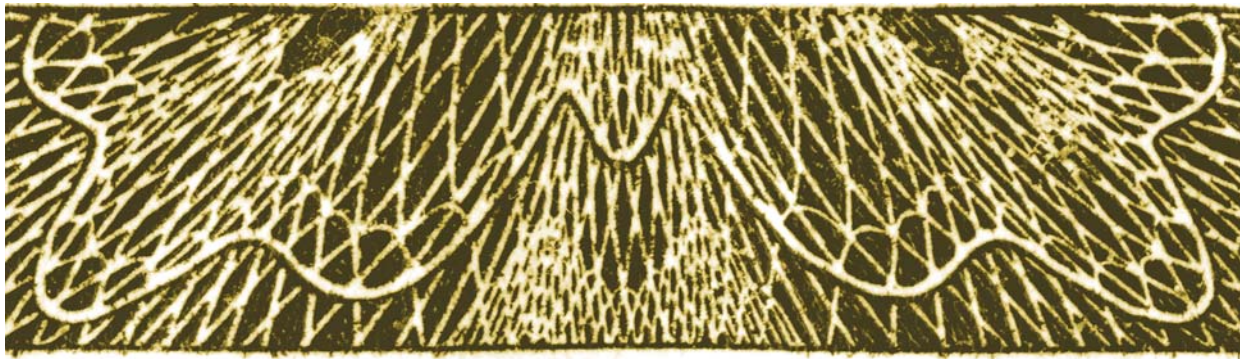
**Sounds like:** Kenny Wayne Shepherd, Johnny Lang, Paul Butterfield

**Music's good for:** Recognizing that you've grown old and bitter

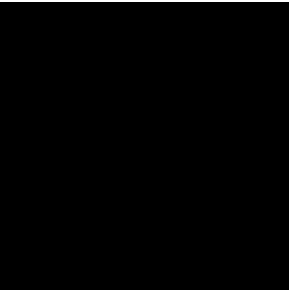
We here at Deek Magazine have a special bond with the Johnson Bros. (though we're not quite sure what that bond is). Whatever. A very general description goes as such, and is overly harsh, in a brotherly kinda way:

Picture every radio hit from The Who, Led Zeppelin, Stevie Ray Vaughn and George Thorogood if mutated into a 45 minute rock opera by three talented high school students. There ya' go.

—grace Barrel







8/10

**The Homosexual Agenda**, *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Fabulous*  
**Sounds like:** *Death in Vegas, Ween, The Eagles of Death Metal*  
**Music’s good for:** *floating*

With a sound that pitchforkmedia once described as “proto-emo slamcore,” Queens-based trio The Homosexual Agenda defy easy classification. While their sophomore effort, 2004’s *We’re Here, We’re Steer*, used ambient noise to explore the alienation and despair of modern life *a la* Floyd’s *The Wall*, *Protocols* is a less experimental, more layered work. A wide range of influences are apparent – the creative restlessness of Ween, the melting-pot production of Death In Vegas, slathered with the retro-hip patina perfected by The Eagles of Death Metal.

Such a cornucopia of divergent aesthetics can lead to disaster, but The Agenda usually pull it off. The album’s standout track, “I Miss My Red-Haired Goddess,” sounds like Merle Haggard channeling Abba – or maybe vice versa. Its lyrical cleverness – lines like, “Once I had a girl, but couldn’t keep her/Just another lonely night, me and Minesweeper” have to bring a rueful smile to your face – recall the ironic poignancy of *Pinkerton*-era Rivers Cuomo, with the instrumentation providing a less-brooding counterpoint.

*The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Fabulous* proves The Homosexual Agenda as a dynamic creative force not content to rest on their laurels; they’re one group that’ll continue to push forward to new horizons. This is one Agenda we should all be curious about.

— Jesse Hicks



6/10

**Erasure**, *Nightbird*  
**Sounds like:** *Pet Shop Boys, New Order, Alison Moyet, Yello*  
**Music’s good for:** *Reminiscing about the good old days when you were under 10, wondering why your older brother looked so much like Cindi Lauper before he OD’d.*

“Nightbird” is the first fully self-produced album by Erasure. It is also the first release since Andy Bell (the voice of Erasure) tested positive for HIV. And now you’re caught up. Quiz later.

That said: “Nightbird” is a departure from Erasure’s previous high energy, campy, dance songs in its clarity and maturity. Whether in context of personal issues befalling the duo or a natural progression beyond older material, it’s a welcome change. After recycling the same drudgery of flamboyant dance music for almost a quarter century, “Nightbird” makes for a better-rounded sound than anything they’ve released in the past few years.

The opening track, “No Doubt,” is a swooning track perfectly highlighting Bell’s stirring soaring vocals. Matters of the heart – whether, broken, mending, or head over heals in love – are the underlying themes of “Nightbird.” Bell’s choirboy vocals are the perfect conveyor of these messages of love with near-perfect range and satiny smooth texture. Unfortunately, Erasure isn’t the first group to release songs about loving and heartbreak and all that. And the same can be said for Erasure’s music: Time changes everyone. It has noticeably changed Erasure, turning them from an irrelevant, campy dance duo into well aged producers of electro love songs. Unfortunately the progression hasn’t completely flourished and what we’re left with is little more than a single step in a new direction.

— Dave Missioni



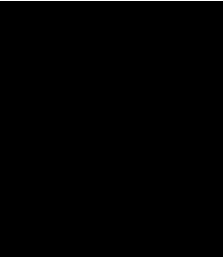
7/10

**Brazilian Girls**, *Brazilian Girls*  
**Sounds like:** *Wax Poetic, Bebel Gilberto, New York trip hop*  
**Music’s good for:** *Dancing around in your back yard, barefoot, cooking pineapples and beef. Also, rolling your face off.*

Blending downbeat dance, house, and samba, this mostly Brazilian, ¼ girl group has earned kudos from Thievery Corporation, Chocolate Genius, Citizen Cope, and Bebel Gilberto to name a few.

Namedroppingaside, I’m most infatuated with “Pussy” – a Brazilian Girls track that speaks to me deeply. It says: “Pussy, pussy, pussy, marijuana, pussy, pussy, pussy,” as if raving in tongues, trying hard to promote meaningless indulgence. But instead, to me, it produces an image of Dick Cheney wearing a hula skirt, screaming “Pussy” lyrics on the Senate floor, skipping, playing small bongo drums without rhythm. I guess there’s something lost in the translation. Perhaps the song’s about a stash of cannabis found, and then taken, by a cowardly feline. Maybe not. In my extensive research into Brazilian culture, I’ve learned that many Brazilians are fond of both pussy and marijuana... Maybe the repetitiveness of the song is Brazilian Girls’ way of conveying ... ah fuck it. Who cares. All I know is that the horny dub beats on this record make every last track strong in its own way. Only problem is, they stand stubbornly alone in context and style. And the result is a record that sounds more like a good compilation than an album.

— Eliza Eyeza



7/10

**Kasabian**, *Kasabian*  
**Sounds like:** *Happy Mondays, Neu!, Stone Roses*  
**Music’s good for:** *Running away from the police, after shoplifting a bottle of Crown Royal or something.*

If you were among those who thought the Manchester wave of bands like Happy Mondays, Stone Roses and others were trash, well then... Kasabian isn’t for you. But, if you’re like me, this is how the Stone Roses’ second coming could have (and should have) sounded. Tom “Baggy” Meighan sets a perfect outline and is accompanied by a massive onslaught of spacey blips and chaotic synths. Kasabian harkens to early nineties bands the likes of Primal Scream, Northside and the Verve, with catchy choruses mixed with Chemical Brothers style beats. The opening track, “Club Foot,” is a perfect example of a live band emulating that big beat sound. The songs run smoothly into each other with well crafted synth heavy interludes.

— Dave Missioni



6.5/10

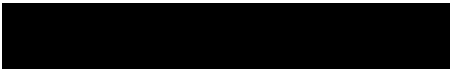
**Norma Jean**, *O, God. The Aftermath*  
www.normajeannoise.com  
**Sounds like:** *Shai Hulud, Walls of Jericho, Converge, Throwdown, Candiria*  
**Music’s good for:** *Imagining life without disharmony – a world without violence; a society without peril. Then totally eating a bucket of chocolate and watching “The Hours.”*

If you stick Norma Jean’s new disc into your CD drive, your internet browser is sent directly to Solid State Records’ website. Which fucking bothers me – you’ve got the attention of my ears, you awful record company cretins; aren’t my ears enough? – but whatever.

This is a moderately impressive disc. One of the more creative heavy releases I’ve heard recently. But still, it’s in that strange, increasingly hackneyed hardcore no-man’s-land between Mudvayne and Converge. And that’s fine. But there’s nothing new or brilliant on this record that makes me quiver with glee. Solid release, though.

Side note: If you go to www.normajea.com, Terri Shiavo invades your computer. Sleep tight.

— David Shadowood



7.5/10

**The Vacancy**, *Heart Attack*  
www.vacancyrock.com  
**Sounds like:** *Green Day, Face to Face, H2O, FuManchu, Everclear*  
**Music’s good for:** *Getting into trouble at the mall; writing in your Livejournal; picking a fight you’ll probably lose, even though you’re sober (and admit later that you were fighting over a girl).*

First time I listened to this record, I was like, “Dude, I already have ‘Dookie.’ And I don’t even *like* Green Day.” Then I listened again and reconsidered. “Heart Attack” is actually a really good disc – the song structures are continually surprising, new influences seem to emerge on each track, and, somehow, they get through most of the CD without sounding trite (a serious achievement for an outfit like this). Big surprise on this album is that, since The Vacancy are on A-F Records – home of bands that use music as a platform, like Ant-Flag and The Code – you half expect an ocean of political propaganda. Instead, you’re left confused because a pop-punk act sings about hot chicks and good times, instead of political affairs. And that, to me, is complete fucking madness.

— Sandy Wyburd

8/10

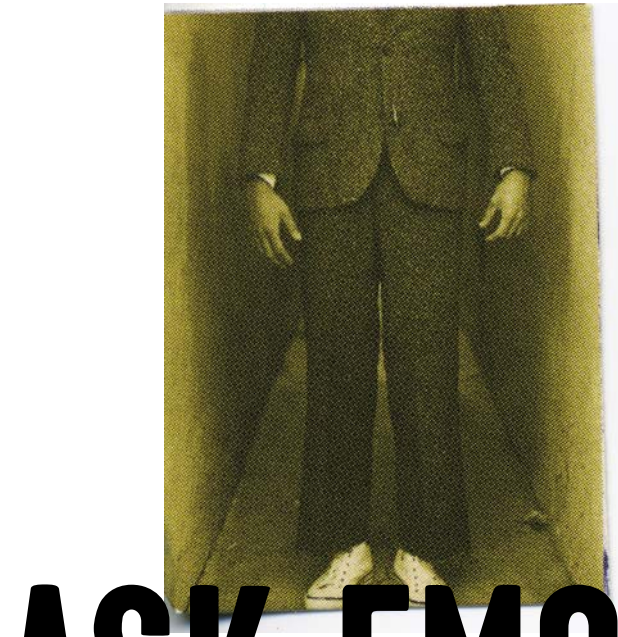
**Vale and Year**, *Civil*  
www.valeandyear.com  
**Sounds like:** *Bob Dylan, John Cale, percussive imagery*  
**Music’s good for:** *Realizing that most of your favorite folky alt-rock performers are pretty unmotivated, in terms of creativity in songwriting.*

These guys are all over the place. They jump genre, create new sounds, new instruments, new paths to travel. They go from jangle pop, to hard acoustic blues, to ... *noise* – experimenting with time, refurbishing furniture into percussive instruments; not allowing their listeners to get totally comfortable after hearing a song with a catchy hook.

In news: Their album “Vale and Year Create a Perfect History” – first released February, 2004 – has been picked up by Fat Possum Records, which has, in its history, distributed music for acts like Solomon Burke, R.L. Burnside and The Black Keys. It will be available nationally in June.

— Sergeant Cataclysm





# ASK EMO

by Christopher D Salyers

Most of the people who e-mail me don't write in with questions regarding their lovers, their relationships, or even their teen-angst, stress-induced pile-ups of agitation, titillation, and turmoil. Nope, none of that stuff. Yet THAT IS WHAT I'M PAID TO DO HERE AT DEEK, PEOPLE! Read the fine print, and take advantage of the free therapy sessions! I'm here for you. And you....and you, too (I was pointing to the woman behind you, not you, sir...).

Oddly enough, the number one concern of all my readers seems to be EMO STYLE.

And to that I have three words for you all: Vintage Moon Boots. Navy blue with a brown, orange, and yellow stripe down the side. They're comfy. They're stylin.' They were only \$35 on eBay.

Rejoice!  
—ASK EMO

## Emo-

Is it true that girls are only attracted to jerks? Conversely, do boys prefer bitches to sweet, thoughtful chicks?

—CATHLEEN CUETO  
NEW YORK, NY

This is the age-old question dating back to the early days of Emo. Sunny Day Real Estate sang about it in "Song About An Angel" off of Diary. Think about these words: "You're married to that/You're married to that/You're married to your pain." With this wisdom in mind, I've developed two theories to help ease you to an answer.

Theory One — The Drama Theory. The gist of this is that some people need to have drama in their lives. Ever see a group of gals talking outside on a cigarette break? Usually one of them is bitchin' about a fella or two, and if you look close enough, or often enough, you're going to catch another member of the bunch

looking and feeling left out. This look is key, for this is a woman who craves drama. In her situation, in her lifestyle, she'd be perfectly content with some asshole that gives her the love sausage followed by a swift backhand to the jugular. This would give her a) an orgasm and b) something to talk to the girls about at work the next day, making her the supreme center of attention. Does anyone have an extra cigarette?

Theory Two — The "Inner Being" Theory. This initially seems the less likely of the two theories, but further study proves it to be just as common. The idea involves a moron, an asshole, and a moron who thinks the asshole is really not an asshole because the asshole acts not like an asshole when the two of them are alone, thus creating a false hope in a false image of the asshole, and leading to phrases such as "he's not really like that" and "only when [so and so] is around." Got it? Good. And if you ever see another soul responding to a relationship like this, then head for the hills — it's just not worth your time in 911 Friend Support.

Hope I've been of some help, Cueto.

## Dear Emo,

I turned 30 this year, and suddenly fear getting old. And dying. And living a washed-up, has-been life, past my prime. I know looking like an old man is cool in some circles, but I usually like to beat up on the kids that try to cop my grandpa's style.

What can I do to hold on to my youth? Stay strapping? Forever fresh? On it..?  
DIRTY THIRTY

Thirty, its hard coming to grips with your age. We all go through it (some worse than others), and we all experience the additions of wrinkles, extra hair, and shrinkage in places you wouldn't normally expect. I of course am not referring to myself, for I am nowhere near the old, decrepit, diaper-wearing mall-walker that you claim to be.

People get old — you have to deal with that. And the best way to do it is to start buying all of your clothes at Sears and eating three full meals a day. These two things alone will introduce you into the ways of the aged, and bring about changes in your life you never thought possible.

For the advanced:  
Step three: Tivo.

Step four: stop reading Deek. You're far too old for this shit.

## Emo-

Years ago I dated this boy who stole my heart. I've since met another, but I've always wondered

what ever happened to my boy in blue, my little adventurer...has he found what he was looking for? Has life found him?

TARA MCGRADY  
BUTLER, PA

Your boy might now be a man, Tara, and more importantly he might be past the things in his youth that itched him, the things better left forgotten than remembered. He might have found another as well, or perhaps he has taken to a new form of loneliness, one filled with productivity, risk, fear, and friendships. He may be nothing more than a Googled pair of words at this point, but I'm sure there's still a part of him that remains "blue," that retains that same spirit you once found to be so charming.

Then again, he might be some fat fuck walking around his apartment in streaked boxer briefs, a chicken wing in one hand and an issue of Stuff in the other. He could very well be married, or even worse stuck with some floozy he's impregnated, spending every morose second of his existence sucking on frozen margarita's with his second wife's mother-in-law, Selma.

Or he could, quite possibly, be thinking of you—in every way the same way you're thinking about him.

Got a question for Emo? SEND IT! emo@deekmagazine.com (pictures and measurements accepted)



# Conspiracy Theory: JFK

and brain matter.

To the serious conspiriologist, the Kennedy Assassination—and that magic bullet—is a bullet hole through the scroll of history. The Death of the American Dream, the end of Camelot, the Fall beginning a great plunge into the darkness of the late 60's; Kennedy's splattered brain a Rorschach blot for an orphaned country — everything that comes before leads up to it, everything that comes after stems from it. It's the perfect symbol, but what does it mean?

The Warren Commission plays the Council of Nicea, quickly establishing the JFK Orthodoxy and its Doctrine of the Lone Gunman. Oswald acted alone, it declares, his bullet miraculous if not blessed. And pristine! CE 399 passes through Kennedy's back, travels upward to exit his throat, turns downward into Governor Connelly's ribcage, exits into his wrist, and then lodges itself in his thigh. Yet, like the bones of a saint, it is pristine, immune to decay.

Not everyone accepted this fundamental tenet of the Church of the Lone Gunman. Those unable to make the leap of faith find themselves wandering down darker paths — a second gunman at that grassy Golgotha, snipers in the sewers, an inside job — why was the Secret Service so lax that day? — cover-up and incompetence. The Corsicans, the Mob, Castro and the disillusioned Cubans, the military-industrial complex, the KGB and CIA, Lyndon Johnson and Texas oil barons. The Zapruder film as Shroud of Turin, a holy relic promising truth to those with eyes to see. Oswald as Judas and the Lamb, betrayer betrayed, sacrificed. The Doers of the Deed shuffled quickly off History's stage.



Heresies abound, eels of meaning squirming and roiling over and into one another, each with the force of righteous anger. Finally, what stands revealed in Dealey Plaza is not God but something else: a shadow glimpsed, however briefly and through a glass darkly, of the powers that turn the world.

Complexity: Remember that time your friend dared you to read all of Aquinas's *Summa Theologica* and you were like, "Dude, all over it," until you tried to lift it and your spine cracked and then you wept? Trying to fathom the JFK assassination is a bit like that — investigator Gerald Posner estimates that by 1992 over 2,000 books had been written about that day in Dallas. Key texts: *The Men Who Killed Kennedy*, a six-hour British documentary; Don DeLillo's *Libra*; the 26-volume Warren Commission Report.

Plausibility: 1979's House Select Committee on Assassinations, the only official investigation since the Warren Commision's report, decided there was a second shooter — a conspiracy. Then they patted you on the head and said, "Don't worry, your government is in control." You thanked them for the lolly.

Where It Will Help You Score: *X-Files* fan-fiction message boards; Cyril Wecht's house.



# EVENTS

These are essentially unedited. If you'd like to list an event occurring between May 20<sup>th</sup> and June 17<sup>th</sup>, send it to [events@deckmagazine.com](mailto:events@deckmagazine.com).

For more information on events in Pittsburgh, check out [www.thisishappening.com](http://www.thisishappening.com) and [www.pghevents.com](http://www.pghevents.com)

## MUSIC

### Ongoing

#### DEEPER

Come dance + groove to Deep and Soulful House. Fridays: 2 a.m. at the Shadow Lounge, East Liberty. \$5. 21+

#### Tiki Nites

TJ the DJ spins old skool and new school hip/hop and R&B each and every Friday and Saturday night at the Tiki Lounge on the South Side. \$3. 21+.

#### FUZZ!

100% Drum and Bass Weekly running Wednesdays at the BBT since May 2000. 10 p.m. at the Bloomfield Bridge Tavern in Bloomfield. Free. 21+.

## 15 APRIL 2005 (FRIDAY)

#### Mindless Self Indulgence.

A hybrid of Atari driven electronics with a venomous splash of A.D.D Punk Rock. 7:30 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$15 adv, \$17 dos. All ages.

#### Lab Partners, Aydin, Lushwell

Happy Tax Day! With Lab Partners (Dayton, OH), Aydin, and Lushwell. 8 p.m. at ModernFormations Gallery in Garfield. \$6. All ages.

#### The Golden Republic/Aqueduct

The Golden Republic are indie-pop from Kansas City on Astralwerks Records. Aqueduct are from Oklahoma (Flaming Lips influence) and are on Barsuk Records (Death Cab for Cutie's label). 9 p.m. at Garfield Artworks in ... *where?* Where is it? In Garfield, you idiot. \$7. All ages.

## 16 APRIL 2005 (SATURDAY)

#### Eve Goodman

Singer-songwriter; intricate guitar-playing and insightful lyrics. 7:30 p.m. at Allegheny Unitarian Church, Northside. \$5. All ages.

#### The Waybacks

New acoustic, bluegrass, and beyond from a 5-piece band. 8 p.m. at Carnegie Lecture Hall in Oakland. \$25 advance / \$27 door. All ages.

#### Ellen Hargis with Seattle Baroque: Handel in Rome

Hear how Handel conquered the Eternal City. This engaging program features the radiant voice of soprano Ellen Hargis in Handel's cantatas and motets. 8 p.m. at Synod Hall in Oakland. \$15 - \$30; \$8 for students. All ages.

#### Books on Tape

Electronic wizard from Los Angeles on Greyday Records. He creates a roomful of beats and melodies without the use of any laptops. 9 p.m. at Garfield Artworks in Garfield. \$6. All ages

AIRCONDITIONING, Pissed Jeans, Pearls & Brass, Fuckedupmess

NIGHT OF THE LIVING HEDGESFEST. 9:30 p.m. at ModernFormations Gallery in Garfield. \$7. All ages.

## 17 APRIL 2005 (SUNDAY)

#### Carnegie Mellon Jazz Ensemble

Come hear the gifted musicians from Carnegie Mellon's School of Music under the direction of David Pellow. 3 p.m. at Kresge Recital Hall in Oakland. Free. All ages.

#### Pigface w/ Sheep on Drugs, Damage Manual,

#### Nocturne, Reinforced

PIGFACE is one of america's most infamous "industrial rock" bands. 7:30 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$18 adv/door. All ages.

## 18 APRIL 2005 (MONDAY)

#### Project/Object with Ike Willis and Napoleon Murphy Brock

The Mother of Live Zappa Reinvention. 8 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$15 adv, \$18 dos. All ages.

#### Kylesa and Die Screaming

7:00 p.m. at the Mister Roboto Project in Wilkinsburg. \$6. All ages.

## 19 APRIL 2005 (TUESDAY)

#### Hank III / Assjack w/ Artimus Pyledriver

Call it hard-twang, punkabilly, cowpunk, alternacountry, slacker swing or honky punk. 8 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$15 adv, \$17 door. All ages.

## 20 APRIL 2005 (WEDNESDAY)

#### Guitar Concert

Come hear the gifted guitarists from Carnegie Mellon's School of Music under the direction of James Ferla and John Marcinizyn. 8 p.m. at Alumni Concert Hall in Oakland. Free. All ages.

#### Col. Bruce Hampton & The Codetalkers

#### featruing Jimmy Herring

There are few whose music will tickle your fancy and kick your ass. Col. Bruce Hampton has been doing this for over 30 years now. 8 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$13 adv, \$15 door. All ages.

#### Artists for PEDUTO

DJ KELLY \*\* SOY SOS \*\* EDGAR UM \*\* KARL HENDRIX. Check out some of Pittsburgh's best performers at venues all over town rallying for BILL PEDUTO for MAYOR \*\* <http://www.billpeduto.com> \*\* 8 p.m. at The Firehouse Lounge in the Strip District. Free. 21+.

## 21 APRIL 2005 (THURSDAY)

#### Art for Earth's Sake III

An exciting art and performance event showcasing the imperative environmental and educational projects of PA CleanWays of Allegheny County. 6 p.m. at Construction Junction in Point Breeze. \$15/\$25. 21+.

#### The Grip Weeds

Psychedelic garage-pop from New Jersey on up-and-coming Detroit-based psych label, Rainbow Quartz Records. With locals Levitate and one-woman pop army Cannonball Jane (sounds like the girl from St Etienne singing over Le Tigre). 8 p.m. at Garfield Artworks in Garfield. \$6. All ages.

#### STAINLESS!

80'S HAIR METAL COVER BAND! NOT TO BE MISSED! 10 p.m. at Lava Lounge on the South Side. \$3. 21+.

## 22 APRIL 2005 (FRIDAY)

#### Carnegie Mellon Philharmonic

Come hear the gifted musicians from Carnegie Mellon's School of Music perform Mahler's "Symphony #6." 8 p.m. at Carnegie Music Hall in Oakland. Call (412)268-2383 for ticket price. All ages.

## 23 APRIL 2005 (SATURDAY)

#### Steve Gillette & Cindy Mangsen

Contemporary and traditional folk music, strong harmonies and energetic performances of classic story songs. 8 p.m. at the First Unitarian Church of Pittsburgh in Shadyside. \$15 (\$5 for students). All ages.

#### Flamenco Gala

A collection of Spain's most impressive flamenco artists will share the stage in this electrifying event. 8 p.m. at Synod Hall in Oakland. \$25 members; \$27 students and seniors, \$30 members. All ages.

#### Last Night on Earth/Good Morning Valentine

Kevin Finn's lush, spacey alt-country-pop band (for fans of Wilco and Red House Painters). With their Ohio pop-alt-rock friends. Plus Boston's Nat Baldwin and local mournful countryesque crooner Emily Rodgers. 8 p.m. at Garfield Artworks in Garfield. \$6. All ages.

#### Bill Deasy

Bill Deasy is the former lead singer/songwriter of the Gathering Field, whose regional hit "Lost in America" led to a deal with Atlantic Records. Now a solo artist, his most recent studio album is "Good Day No Rain," which has gotten rave reviews and airplay nationwide. 8:30 p.m. at Uptown Theatre in Washington, PA. \$10. 21+.

## 24 APRIL 2005 (SUNDAY)

#### Tabula Rasa

Local indie-math rock, post-punk band. But you knew that. Kudzu Wish- Catchy, high energy political punk/hardcore from Greensboro, NC Fifth Hour Hero- Quebec indie punk on No Idea Records The OPD-Local rockers will have you dancing your pants off. Or theirs. 6 p.m. at the Mr. Roboto Project in Wilkinsburg. \$5/\$4 members. All ages.

## 25 APRIL 2005 (MONDAY)

#### Tiger Army w/ The Unseen, Lost City Angels

Purveyors of the "psychobilly" style that Tiger Army is credited with bringing to the attention of the United States underground, their sound is so much more by transcending genre with its intoxicating mix of vintage punk, rock'n'roll and bittersweet melody. 7 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$10 adv, \$12 door. All ages.

## 25 APRIL 2005 (TUESDAY)

#### Melt-Banana

Japan's crazy progressive spazzcore legends. Did you see them open for Fantomas? 7 p.m. at Garfield Artworks in Garfield. \$10. All ages

#### Motion City Soundtrack

#### w/ Zolof the Rock & Roll Destroyer, Melle

This quintet of ex-Sears catalog hand models reside for the most part in Minneapolis, Minnesota; where it is always a pleasant 78 degrees and sunny. 7:30 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$10 adv, \$12 door. All ages.

## 26 APRIL 2005 (WEDNESDAY)

#### ARTISTS for PEDUTO

SHOW # 6 > THE SHIPPING NEWS \*\* KARL HENDRIX ROCK BAND (plus one other TBA). 8 p.m. at Garfield Artworks in Garfield. \$7. All ages.

## 27 APRIL 2005 (WEDNESDAY)

#### Wayne Hancock

Wayne "The Train" Hancock performs country-blues music. Also on stage: Sodajerk. 7:30 p.m. at Club Café on the South Side. \$12/14. 21+.

## 28 APRIL 2005 (THURSDAY)

#### Born/Dead, Behind Enemy Lines, Flak, Dawn Of Ruin

7 p.m. at the Mister Roboto Project in Wilkinsburg. \$5. All ages.

#### Red Elvises

This Russian band performs its own brand of *rock music*. Whatever the fuck that means. 8 p.m. at Club Café on the South Side. \$13. 21+.

## 29 APRIL 2005 (FRIDAY)

#### Dark Star Orchestra

Celebrating the 40th anniversary of the genesis of the Grateful Dead, Dark Star Orchestra presents its critically-acclaimed live performance. 8 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$18 adv, \$20 door. All ages.

## 30 APRIL 2005 (SATURDAY)

#### 2005 Steel City Music Festival

A unique and entertaining blend of musical entertainment featuring some of America's best senior drum and bugle corps: Reilly Raiders; The Thunderbirds; STEEL CITY AMBASSADORS; Also featuring: University of Pittsburgh Alumni Dance Band. 7 p.m. at Gateway Middle School. \$10. All ages

#### Missing Pages - Live DVD Shoot

Join Missing Pages for an evening of great music as they film their live concert DVD. Missing Pages pulls influences from Pop Rock, Funk, and even a bit of Jazz. 8:30 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$7 adv, \$10 door. All ages.

## 04 MAY 2005 (WEDNESDAY)

#### The Wonder Stuff

UK chart and critical darlings The Wonder Stuff are gearing up for the North American release of their first studio album in twelve years, Escape From Rubbish Island on Reincarnate Music (formerly iMUSIC). 8 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$12 adv, \$15 door. All ages.

## 05 MAY 2005 (SATURDAY)

#### The NIGHT of FIVES

9 p.m. at Garfield Artworkd in Garfield. Details TBA. For info, contact [leah@emayhem.com](mailto:leah@emayhem.com)

## 06 MAY 2005 (SATURDAY)

#### The Bumps

9 p.m. at Quiet Storm Coffeehouse in Garfield. \$5. For more details, contact [leah@emayhem.com](mailto:leah@emayhem.com)

## 07 MAY 2005 (SATURDAY)

#### R&B Family Concert: Piper in the Garden

Hear the true story of the blind Dutch musician and composer, Jacob van Eyck. Jacob played the recorder and would wander around happily improvising all the songs and dances he heard in the town of Utrecht. 11 a.m. at Synod Hall in Oakland. \$7 adults; \$3 for children under 18. All ages.

Midtown w/ Plain White T's, Action Action, Rock Kills Kid Formed in November, 1998 by three Rutgers students, Midtown soon became a quartet. The band took advantage of the fertile New Jersey punk scene to develop a unique sound that combined elements of emo and hardcore. 7 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$10.50 adv, \$12.50 door. All ages.

#### THE GRAMMER C RIFFS & SHIVER

Charged Punk Rock-N-Roll!!!!!!!!! 9 p.m. at Gooski's on Polish Hill. \$4. 21+

## 11 MAY 2005 (WEDNESDAY)

#### ARTISTS for PEDUTO

Soma Mestizo + special guests. 8 p.m. at the Shadow Lounge in East Liberty. \$5. All ages.

## 14 MAY 2005 (SATURDAY)

#### The Blood Brothers w/ Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower

Bad politics makes for good art and The Blood Brothers V2 debut Crimes offers 13 anthems for the disaffected. From the rolling carnival organ and chiseled-beak thump of "Peacock Skeleton with Crooked Feathers" to the tarnished gold rope-chain bass line choking a dusty 808 break on "Teen Heat," the band finds a new vibrancy in its organic yet forward thinking approach. 7 p.m. at Mr. Small's Theatre in Millvale. \$10 adv, \$12 door. All ages.

#### Sheila Kay Adams in Concert

Sheila Kay Adams sings traditional Appalachian ballads in the same style in which they were handed down to her. 8 p.m. at Carnegie Lecture Hall in Oakland. \$25 (advance) \$27 (door) \$12 (student rush). All ages.

## 18 MAY 2005 (FRIDAY)

#### Ephemeris, Marvin Dioxide

After seeing Ephemeris and The Fitt shatter the windows at Brave New World, you can come to the after party. There's no excuse. If you can't make it to one of the shows, you can come to the other one. For Free! You cheap bastards! 10 p.m. at The Shooting Gallery (behind arsenal lanes). Free.

## 20 MAY 2005 (FRIDAY)

This is an all ages show, so come out and buy some Cheap Trick records and watch some serious cock- pop and nuclear- rock. 7 p.m. at Brave New World. Free. All ages.

## COMEDY

#### Basile

Thursday April 14th to Sunday April 17th  
Funny Bone (Station Square)

#### Bobby Slayton

Thursday April 14th to Sunday April 17th  
Improv (Waterfront)

#### The actor (HBO's "Mind Of The Married Man")

#### performs stand-up.

Audition For Murder  
Friday April 15th, 7:30 pm  
Funny Bone (Station Square)

#### Hump Night

Wednesday April 20th, 7:30 pm  
Funny Bone (Station Square)

#### Paul Bond

Thursday April 21st to Sunday April 24th  
Club Café (South Side)

#### Tim Cavanah

Thursday April 28th to Sunday May 1st  
Funny Bone (Station Square)

#### John Witherspoon

Thursday April 28th to Sunday May 1st  
Improv (Waterfront)

#### Dave Attell

Saturday April 30th, 7:30 pm  
Byham Theater

#### Ron White

Saturday May 14th, 7:00 pm  
Benedum Center for the Performing Arts

## THEATRE

#### The Visit

Wednesday April 6th to Sunday April 24th

Pittsburgh Playhouse

A dark comedy about Claire Zachanassian, who returns to her bankrupt hometown with her 8th husband and an immense fortune. She offers the townspeople money in exchange for a deed so unthinkable that no one will consider it --- or will they?

Tickets are \$18 to \$22.

#### Laser Shows

Every Friday and Saturday at 7 p.m.

Carnegie Science Center (Northside)

The evening starts with a "Mystery Of Time" family hour about our perceptions of time. Other shows this evening are:

8:00 p.m. - Aerosmith And Guns & Roses

10:00 p.m. - Metallica

12:00 a.m. - Pink Floyd

Admission is free for members of Carnegie Museums of Pittsburgh. Non-member admission is \$8. Ticket holders should arrive at least 10 minutes early to all performances.

#### The Boundary

Wednesday April 6th to Sunday April 17th

Henry Heymann Theatre (University Of Pittsburgh)

The reality of the first Gulf War is brought painfully home to a dysfunctional family and its troubled patriarch (portrayed by veteran Pittsburgh actor E. Bruce Hill) in this play by Pittsburgh playwright Tammy Ryan. Terrorists, angels and incessant TV coverage disturb the boundaries of identity in this powerful and surreal exploration of the American family. Tickets range from \$10 to \$19.

#### Ghetto Superstar: The Man That I Am

Thursday April 7th to Sunday May 1st

City Theatre (South Side)

Billy Porter's one-man show relates through song, dance and humor the story of his journey from the Pittsburgh neighborhood of Homewood to the theatres of Broadway. Written and performed by Billy Porter and directed by Brad Rouse.

#### Ballet Forte's Rebooting Retro

Friday April 8th to Sunday April 17th

Carnegie Performing Arts Center

Dive intop this psychedelic journey through dance featuring the music of Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Jim Morrison.

#### Cirque de Soleil: Varekai

Saturday April 9th to Sunday May 1st

Heinz Field - Adjacent Parking Lot

The new Cirque de Soleil show set in a kaleidoscopic world populated by fantastical creatures where a young man sets off on an adventure both absurd and extraordinary. Tickets range from \$28 to \$145.

#### Hairspray

Tuesday April 12th to Sunday April 24th

Benedum Center for the Performing Arts (Downtown)

The Tony winning stage adaptation of John Waters' cult movie hit, about a teenage girl in 1962 Baltimore who sets out to dance her way onto TV's most popular show. Tickets are \$27 to \$67.50.

#### West Side Story

Thursday April 14th to Sunday April 17th

Pittsburgh High School For Creative & Performing Arts (Downtown)

The classic American music that transplants Shakespeare's "Romeo & Juliet" to contemporary New York City. Tickets start at \$10.



# EVENTS

## The Wiz

Thursday April 14th to Saturday April 16th  
Carnegie Mellon University - Rangos Ballroom (Oakland)  
Scotch'n Soda Theatre presents this soulful musical based on "The Wizard of Oz".  
Tickets are \$3 with CMU ID, \$5 without; call (412) 268-3522 for more information.

## Bird Sanctuary

Friday April 15th to Sunday May 15th  
O'Reilly Theater (Downtown)  
Tony Award-winner Elizabeth Franz ("Death of a Salesman") stars as Eleanor, an eccentric artist, in this offbeat and biting American premiere by Frank McGuinness.

## Savion Glover: Improvography

Friday April 15th to Saturday April 16th  
Byham Theater (Downtown)  
The Tony winning choreographer returns to Pittsburgh for two evenings of feet-footed rhythm and astounding percussive power, accompanied by a five-piece jazz band.  
Presented by the Pittsburgh Dance Council. Tickets are \$20 to \$40.

## Off The Wall: Nicole Blackman

Friday April 15th to Sunday April 17th  
Andy Warhol Museum (Northside)  
Nicole Blackman is an accomplished spoken word artist and author who has been featured in dozens of anthologies and more than 20 CDs, including recordings with the bands Recoil, KMFDM, Scanner and others. Her biggest acclaim however, is as the creator and performer of the notorious "Courtesan Tales", which are lush tales of the senses, for a blindfolded audience of one, blending fairy tales, lapdances and haunted house stories.

## The Cay

Friday April 15th to Sunday May 1st  
Gallery 937 (Downtown)  
A powerful story of prejudice, love and survival. Friendship is colorblind as a young boy and an old Jamaican man learn how to survive on an uninhabited Caribbean island during WWII. Written by Dr. Gayle Cornelison, based on the novel by Theodore Taylor.  
Presented by Prime Stage. Tickets are \$8 to \$15 and can be ordered by calling ProArts at (412) 394-3353.

## Late Nite Catechism

Tuesday April 19th to Sunday June 26th  
City Theatre - Lester Hamburg Studio Theatre (South Side)  
During this one-woman show the theatre becomes a catechism class taught by "Sister," who conducts her lesson using stand-up comedy, improvisation, and a Q&A period with her students (the audience). While correct answers will be rewarded with glow-in-the-dark rosaries and Virgin Mary magnets, lipstick and candy may be confiscated and tomfoolery will not be tolerated. \$35

## Bodiography Evolution

Friday April 22nd to Saturday April 23rd  
Byham Theater (Downtown)  
A new contemporary piece by choreographer Johan Renvall. Presented by the Bodiography Contemporary Ballet.  
Tickets are \$22 to \$45.

## Peace Movement

Friday April 22nd to Saturday April 23rd  
Kelly-Strayhorn Performing Arts Center (East Liberty)  
A creative response to the current state of world affairs from an African-American perspective where we first examine the need for peace and journey to where peace may be found.  
For ticket information, call (412)227-0440.

## New re:Works

Tuesday April 26th to Wednesday April 27th  
Kelly-Strayhorn Performing Arts Center (East Liberty)  
LABCO Dance presents this showcase for local emerging dancers and choreographers. It gives past Black Box participants and LABCO artists the opportunity to re-work their most recent piece for the proscenium stage.  
Tickets are \$12 and \$10 for students and seniors and are available through ProArts by calling (412) 394-3353.

## Madame Butterfly

Thursday April 28th to Sunday May 1st  
Benedum Center for the Performing Arts (Downtown)  
John Lanchbrey's adaptation of Puccini's immortal ballet about a beautiful geisha who falls in love with an American naval officer.  
Presented by Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre. Tickets are \$14 to \$112.

## Cecil & Cleopatra

Thursday May 5th to Sunday May 22nd  
Jewish Community Center (Squirrel Hill)  
The Pittsburgh debut of Daniel Libman's play about an aging theatrical genius who thinks that his young African-American nurse is ripe for a successful stage career --- if he can convince her to try. Presented by the Jewish Theatre Of Pittsburgh.  
For tickets, call ProArts at (412) 394-3353.

## Wizard Of Oz

Thursday May 5th to Sunday May 8th  
Byham Theater  
The stage version of the classic book and film about a Kansas girl visiting the land of Oz, meeting new friends and dreaming of going home.  
Tickets are \$24 to \$39.50.

## Sekou Sundiata: Blessing The Boats

Thursday May 5th to Saturday May 7th  
City Theatre  
Poet and musician Sekou Sundiata's compelling performance of poems, stories, music and stand-up comedy riffs inspired by his personal battle with kidney failure, recovery through organ transplant, and the panic, chaos, hope, love and art that defined his journey.

## Son Of Movie Madness

Thursday May 5th, 8:00 pm  
Grand Theatre  
A Musical Revue featuring songs and scene reenactments of your favorite films. Hollywood will never be the same.  
Presented by Jude Pohl Productions. \$12

## Fidelio

Saturday May 7th to Sunday May 15th  
Benedum Center for the Performing Arts (Downtown)  
A staging of Beethoven's only opera, about a woman disguised as a man who infiltrates a prison to save her innocent husband.  
Tickets start at \$16.

## Noises Off

Saturday May 7th to Sunday May 8th  
Kean Theatre (St. Barnabas)  
The hysterical comedy that takes you behind the set of the performance of one of the worst plays of all time "Noises On." Backstage you witness the cat fights, blown lines, arrogant actors, jilted lovers and terrible production. \$19  
The Sunday show includes an optional brunch (\$37 with the show).  
Call (724) 444-5326 for reservations.

## Sunshine Boys

Friday May 13th to Saturday May 21st  
Butler Little Theatre  
Neil Simon's classic comedy about two retired vaudevillians who are asked to reunite for a TV special --- even though they have grown to hate each other. George Burns won an Oscar for his performance in the film version.

## My Way... A Tribute to Frank Sinatra

Saturday May 14th to Sunday May 29th  
New Castle Playhouse  
My Way is a snappy little show that's likely to win a big following. True to it's title, this lively little revue is a tribute, not an imitation, of the man from Hoboken.

## Sweet Thunder: The Billy Strayhorn Story

Thursday May 19th to Saturday June 4th  
University of Pittsburgh - Alumni Hall Auditorium (Oakland)  
Explore the life of Pittsburgh native Billy Strayhorn, whose collaborations with Duke Ellington created some of the most beautiful songs in jazz. Presented by Kuntu Repertory Theatre.  
For ticket information please call (412) 624-7298.

## The Underpants

Thursday May 19th to Sunday June 12th  
City Theatre (South Side)  
Steve Martin's hilarious comic adaptation of Carl Sternheim's farce about a puritanical bureaucrat and his wife, who becomes an instant celebrity when her underpants accidentally fall down in public.

# MOVIES

## Forces Of Nature

Saturday January 3rd to Wednesday June 15th  
In this Omnimax film, audiences experience the spectacle of earthquakes, volcanoes, and severe storms and their aftermath.

## Ghosts Of The Abyss

Saturday October 2nd to Sunday May 1st  
Carnegie Science Center  
James Cameron, the Academy Award® winning director of Titanic, revisits the ill-fated ship, this time to explore the wreckage that lies at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

## Robots

Friday March 11th to Friday April 22nd  
Carnegie Science Center - Omnimax Theater  
This IMAX film is directed by Academy Award winner Chris Wedge, and boasts an all-star cast of contributing voices, including Ewan McGregor, Halle Berry, Mel Brooks, Greg Kinnear, Drew Carey, Jim Broadbent, Amanda Bynes and Robin Williams.

## Film Shorts

Tuesday April 12th to Sunday April 17th  
Andy Warhol Museum

## Scheduled: "Letter To Ray Man" (1976) and "Betsey Johnson Story" (1980).

Turn Left At The End Of The World  
Saturday April 16th, 8:45 pm  
South Side Works  
Two immigrant groups --- Anglicized Indians and Frenchspeaking Moroccans --- struggle to achieve the dream of making a new life in the harsh reality of the isolated desert settlements of the 1960's. Though their parents view each other with disdain, two teenage girls find a way to bridge the cultural gap and become great friends. A 2004 Israeli film.

## Presented as part of the Pittsburgh Jewish-Israeli Film Festival.

I Love You Again  
Sunday April 17th  
Regent Square Theater

## Nitsan & Sagi

Sunday April 17th, 11:00 am  
South Side Works

## The Rashevski's Tango

Sunday April 17th, 4:00 pm  
South Side Works

## Film As A Subversive Art: Amos Vogel & Cinema 16

Sunday April 17th, 7:00 pm  
South Side Works

## Film Shorts

Tuesday April 19th to Sunday April 24th  
Andy Warhol Museum  
Scheduled shorts include some fashion videos made in the 1980s.

## Wild Parrots Of Telegraph Hill

Friday April 22nd to Thursday May 5th  
Regent Square Theater

## Love Crazy

Sunday April 24th  
Regent Square Theater

## Film Shorts

Tuesday April 26th to Sunday May 1st  
Andy Warhol Museum

## Live Video Karaoke

Friday April 29th, 8:00 pm  
Andy Warhol Museum  
Live Video Karaoke invites Pittsburgh area film/video makers to submit their very own karaoke video to be screened in front of a live audience in The Warhol theater. Audience members are invited to get on stage and perform along, or just watch others live out their karaoke dreams. Organized by Blithe Riley and co-sponsored by Press Play Video Series. \$5

# CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS

## The Photomedia Center

Seeking submissions of written content pertaining to photographic and digital arts. All articles and essays will be considered for publication on our Center's web site and/or an upcoming printed magazine for members' and public consumption.

## Deadline: Sat Apr 30.

## Call for Artists:

We're seeking as many people as possible to produce and submit advertisements that you'd like to have the citizens of Pittsburgh see before voting in the mayoral primaries on May 17. Maybe there's an issue that needs to be addressed, a viewpoint that's not being heard, a candidate you passionately support or a message that needs to get out there. Then produce it. Do-It-Yourself.

## R.F.T. - Request for Teeshirts

That's right, we want the shirt off your back. The People's campaign, People for Peduto, are asking you to open up your closets and drawers, liberate those t-shirts, sweatshirts and hoodies that you've never worn, Public Radio pledge tote bags you've never used and GIVE THEM TO US. We need the raw materials for our DIY campaign silkscreening operation, so cough 'em up and get a free Peduto for Pittsburgh tee in return! If you've got 'em, bring 'em down to the People for Peduto office on Smallman.

# INSTRUCTION

## Calliope School of Folk Music, spring classes

Relaxing, informal classes in various folk and acoustic instruments and dance: guitar, banjo, mandolin, harmonica, dulcimer, bagpipes, fiddle, bodhran, bellydance, and more. Various levels and styles are offered in three 8-week terms per year. Monday – Thursday, 6:30 and 8:15 p.m. at Chatham College in Shadyside. \$90/\$120. All ages.

# At the Warhol

## GOOD FRIDAYS

## Every Friday

## 5 to 10 p.m.

For a more social experience, the Museum is open late with a cash bar in the entrance gallery and special programs listed below. Half-price regular Museum admission (adults \$5; seniors \$3.50; \$3 students/children; members free)

## April 29, 8 p.m.

## Live Video Karaoke

## Tickets \$5; includes Museum admission

Live Video Karaoke invites Pittsburgh area film/video makers to submit their very own karaoke video to be screened in front of a live audience in The Warhol theater. Audience members are invited to get on stage and perform along, or just watch others live out their karaoke dreams. Organized by Blithe Riley and co-sponsored by Press Play Video Series.

## April 29, 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.

## Wine Tasting

## Tickets \$12; includes Museum admission

Join The Warhol and big Burrito on the last Friday of every month for ongoing Good Fridays wine tastings. Socialize in the company of Andy Warhol's famous celebrity portraits and sample four unique wines along with cheeses, fruits and other ideal wine accompaniments. For more information or reservations (walk-ins are welcome).  
email [wine@bigburrito.com](mailto:wine@bigburrito.com)

## May 6

## Youth Invasion Opening Event

Pittsburgh-area high school students present their own Good Fridays, including a fashion show, student artwork, local hip-hop and alternative groups, hands-on art activities, poetry readings and more. This opening event kicks off the weeklong Youth Invasion exhibition at The Warhol, May 6 through June 5, 2005.

## May 13, 8 p.m.

## Inspired: New Voices, New Work

## Tickets \$5; includes Museum admission

Inspired is a Pittsburgh event series that presents emerging local artists exploring new ideas and directions in their work by blending such forms as spoken-word, dance, theater, music and video. Guest curator Janera Solomon brings the latest installment of the series to The Warhol, which will feature performances by artists Vanessa German and Staycee Walters, with music by DJ SIMI.

## May 27, 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.

## Wine Tasting

## Tickets \$12; includes Museum admission

Join The Warhol and big Burrito on the last Friday of every month for ongoing Good Fridays wine tastings. Socialize in the company of Andy Warhol's famous celebrity portraits and sample four unique wines along with cheeses, fruits and other ideal wine accompaniments. For more information or reservations (walk-ins are welcome).  
email [wine@bigburrito.com](mailto:wine@bigburrito.com)

## Monday, May 2, 8 p.m.

## Live music: The Wedding Present

## Tickets \$15

The Wedding Present was, and is, one of the most influential and successful indie bands in Great Britain. Active from 1986 to 1996, the band, fronted by songwriter and only constant member, David Gedge, had 17 Top 40 UK hit singles. For the past eight years, Gedge called a temporary halt to The Wedding Present, but now he takes up where he left off and reignites the band with a worldwide tour and new album, Take Fountain. Doors open at 7 p.m., seating is first-come, first-served. Tickets go on sale April 2, 2005.

## Friday, May 20, 2005

## John Waters Opening Party

## Member preview, 6-7 p.m., Public opening, 7-10 p.m.

## Tickets \$15

Featuring ibubblegum Pop! music spun by Stephin Merritt of the Magnetic Fields and DJ Satisfaction Pony, plus a cash bar and light bites.

## Saturday, May 21, 2005

## Meet John Waters

## Noon

## Free

John Waters will sign copies of his books in the Museum entrance gallery.



The Lord looks a little more sad on Mondays  
continued from page 41

"I'll talk. It's what the Lord wants."  
Several of the reporters smile.  
I stand on top of a bench by the recess  
playground. The reporters surround me.  
"Listen up, people. I wasn't the hero today."  
I look down at them, these adults who think they  
know. "Jesus was. He saved me. He wanted me to  
live, because there are evil monsters in my closet  
I have to kill, or escape from. And..."  
Suddenly, Father Collins is next to me, his  
hand around my shoulder.

"What young Mr. Rogers is saying is that life  
is not perfect, we don't all live as Jesus did, but  
we're trying, and sometimes, sometimes he  
smiles at us. People don't always do the right  
thing, sometimes they do the wrong thing,  
when they think they're doing the right thing.  
Sometimes people take what they think God is,  
what they think God owes them, and they do the  
wrong thing. God waits for everyone, he wants  
you to follow in his image, and live the best life  
you can. Among the many gifts he's given us,  
one of the best, and easily the most overlooked,  
is how he delivers us from fear. If we believe in  
him, we don't have to be afraid." Father Collins  
beams down at me, and I feel so warm inside.  
"The Lord showed me that today," he says.

Suddenly, a bunch of camera flashes go off,  
blinding me. I'm crying again –

"But Father, how am I going to escape the  
Monstros?" I ask him, he smiles at me:  
"What?"

"The priest in the hall," I tug on his cloak,  
"They're going to get me."

His smile is impossibly large: "You believed  
him?"

My mouth falls open, I can't move, I'm so  
confused: "I ... but he's a child of God. He's a  
priest."

"Son," he leans down, and his face is even  
with mine: "Thinking for yourself isn't the  
opposite of faith."

"What?" I stammer, as he turns me towards  
the reporters. I don't understand. Jesus loves  
me. I'm a good and bad boy. The Monstros are  
going to kill me, that priest practically said so.  
Why is faith such a mystery?

The flashbulbs go off again.

"You'll be fine," he whispers and rubs my  
back. One priest cancels out another, that's in  
the bible somewhere. I can't see, but I feel so  
warm and happy. I don't have to see the cross  
over the school to know that Jesus is smiling  
down at me.

# CLASSIFIEDS

## 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).

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965-6520 x.147

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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. Check out [www.wheeldeliver.net](http://www.wheeldeliver.net) for more info.

**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](http://www.abayrestaurant.com)

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Sam, 5242 Baum Blvd. Zarra's- Upscale Ital  
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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

## Music:

**Musicians Wanted/Available** Exp Male singer/  
songwriter seeks serious minded guitarist for  
acoustic duo, influences, Edwin McCain, Goo  
Dolls, Matchbox 20, Country, call Mark  
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**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](mailto: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

Thursday, April 21st from 5-10 PM, as part of the Blue Light District's first event night  
of fashion, food, music, and art, **Kharisma** presents: "Re-Hashin' Fashion". Fashions  
from that hot show you witnessed back in January will be on display and available  
to purchase for the first time. Each piece comes with its own fashion photograph  
taken by **Benzo & Joey Rocket**. If you missed the show, don't miss this chance to see  
these re-hashed fashions, and to meet members of the foxy **Getaway Stix**  
and other Kharisma models styled in all new  
fashions by **Sunshine Rocket**.

**kharisma**  
**vintagefashions 1009 E. Carson Street**



If you missed the **Churchkey Girls' "Film Flam"** at the Oaks, you can still see their  
shorts at **www.RocketGuild.com**. While you're there, order a DVD or two.



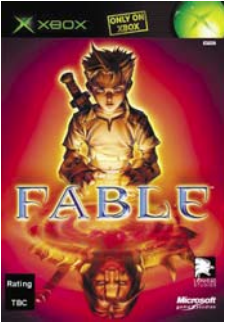
# Video Game Reviews

## Fable

This Xbox RPG is hyped as the best RPG available for Xbox. That's like calling Taylor Hanson the most talented musician with the last name "Hanson." Topping a list of losers does not make you a winner. Taylor's not, and neither is Fable.

The biggest downfall of Fable is its illusion of depth. The game feels enormous at first, until slowly revealing itself to be a self-contained series of mini-maps with no real variations on quests and no surprise discoveries. An average RPGer can blow through this game in less than twelve hours, and the side quests and mini-games lack the addictive power to be distracting. The amazing graphics and fluid controls drive this game, but they drive it too quickly. Foes fall too easily and time flies too fast.

The end result is a game that's a lot of fun to play but doesn't play for long. The lack of any real challenges inside a gorgeous graphics and controls package leaves you feeling unsatisfied. At least you're not Taylor Hanson.



## EA Sports Fight Night: Round Two

Easily the worst boxing game ever created. The title, however, smacks of irony. Round Two's addition of a "haymaker" punch, a so-called improvement to the control scheme of its wildly popular predecessor, causes all boxing skill to be replaced by power-punch slugfests that rarely exceed two rounds. Either you go down or your opponent goes down. It sounds fun, but it's more tedious than titillating.

Here's a rundown of how your gaming experience will go. You'll win the first few fights using the combo-oriented style you've learned to use from playing the original Fight Night until a fighter demolishes you with haymaker punches. Then, through a series of frustrating losses brought about by an inadequate and boring training system you'll figure out to use haymaker punches effectively. You'll KO several opponents in the first round, feel like the man, then start losing to better fighters in early rounds. After an hour of this back-and-forth you'll turn the game off and look for your receipt.

Bottom Line: Don't waste your time and money on this game. Read a book or look at porn or find your old copy of Fight Night. You'll thank me in the morning.



## Internet Games

Work and school are the leading causes of existential crises. Give your life meaning: exploit the internet. There are plenty of great sites that offer a variety of free, simple games designed to suck you out of your quagmire of doubt and catapult you toward meaning and oneness. Discover your game and you will discover yourself.

Start with ebaumsworld.com. This site hosts a cornucopia of flash games ranging from classic puzzlers like Tetris to the pornographic dating simulators SimGirl and Get This Guy Laid. The arcade junkie in you will get his fix on PacMan, Sonic the Hedgehog and DuckHunt. While these are not as good as their console grandfathers, they will take you to happier places than that stack of paperwork.

If old fogey games are your trade register at Yahoo.com, they're more than just an obsolete search engine. You can find word games like Literati or join bridge clubs and chess matches. Get to know vapid, uninteresting people from around the world and find some self-esteem.

If these options aren't dangerous enough for you, head over to partypoker.com. The leading online site for No-Limit Hold 'Em, you can play for free like a pussy or saddle up and lose your credit rating like a man. Insurmountable gambling debts owed to the same Web site that got you fired will put a little hair on your nuts. It's easier to find once both your legs are broken.



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412.687.1905



# Lenny Flatley and Bad Ideas Department Volume I;

from Pittsburgh To The End Of The World:

Charles Taze Russell was born in Pittsburgh in 1852. His father was a haberdasher and owned his own shop on Fifth Avenue. From an early age Russell would have to endure his mother’s horrifying “fire and brimstone” bible stories. Living in a city that Charles Dickens once characterized as “...an ugly confusion of backs of buildings and crazy galleries and stairs,” Pittsburgh in the age of Carnegie was the perfect movie back lot industrial hell for Russell’s nightmare visions of apocalypse, revelation and – for a fortunate few – redemption.

In the preface to the second edition of his *Apocalypse Culture*, Adam Parfrey writes of “individuals who have the audacity to consider themselves their own best authority, in repudiation or ignorance of the orthodoxy factories of the Church, University or State. The constructions of these folk researchers may often seem wildly amiss, laughable, disreputable, but are more revealing cultural barometers than the acculturated pabulum of compromised and corrupt professionals.” This type of “folk researcher” is an American institution, as exemplified by such eccentrics as Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison and C.T. Russell.

Russell was an inventor, of a peculiar sort. His earliest work led to such creations as Miracle Wheat (“this is not your father’s wheat!”), a cure for cancer, and the Millennial Bean (which one joker said took a thousand years to sprout). It was his research into the Bible, however, that led to his own reinvention as “prophet.”

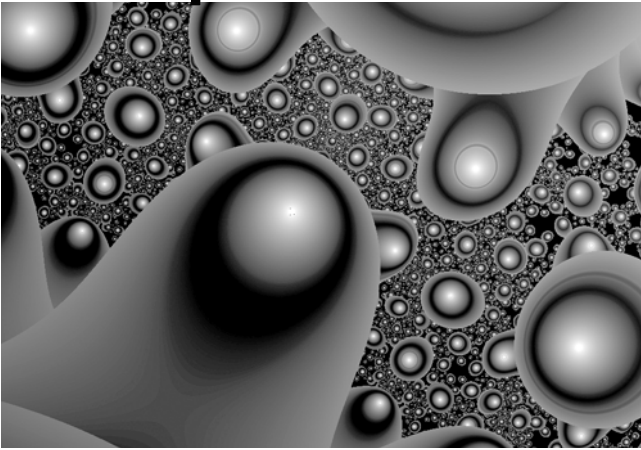
Russell’s philosophical bent was decidedly esoteric, and for his ministry he created a merry mélange of Gnosticism and freemasonry, Adventism and agnosticism. His doctrine dovetailed with Christianity as it’s currently practiced, with a few notable exceptions. Instead of “Hell” he preferred the outright annihilation of the unsaved. He also did away with the doctrine of the Trinity (the whole “father, son, holy spirit” thing), identifying Jesus with Michael the Archangel and reducing the Holy Spirit from a person to a force, like gravity, or levity.

Russell’s first media campaign began in 1873, with his tract, “The Object and Manner of the Lord’s Return,” in which he stated that all his followers – “Living Saints” – would soon be called to heaven. On Good Friday 1878, Russell and his fans donned white robes and assembled on the Sixth Street Bridge in downtown Pittsburgh. The world didn’t end.

Russell thought that his ideas were perfectly rational. He didn’t realize that “rational thought” is nothing more than a trick the ego plays to reinforce itself. Just as he was able to rationalize an end to the world – several times – he was soon able to convince himself that Jesus had, in fact, returned to Earth in 1914. But the return was invisible.

After a life spent preaching, Russell finally met his God on a train through Texas in 1916. He suffered a heart attack. His last words were, “please wrap me in a Roman toga.”

And his followers soldiered on. The loss of Pastor Russell did not spell the end of his movement, nor the end of The End itself. After 1914 came and went the “End Times” theory was slightly modified: The End would come, not in 1914, but at some point during the lifespan of those who had been *alive* in 1914. By 1994 the Society realized that the world would not end in time



for the class of 1914 to see it. Sensing that the “Living Saints” (as the Jehovah’s Witnesses refer to themselves) would soon be a thing of the past, the Witnesses seem to be switching to “Plan B:” real estate.

I don’t know the rationale behind Watchtower Real Estate “Plan B,” but they seem to have applied the same kind of logic that Russell used to apply to his Bible studies.

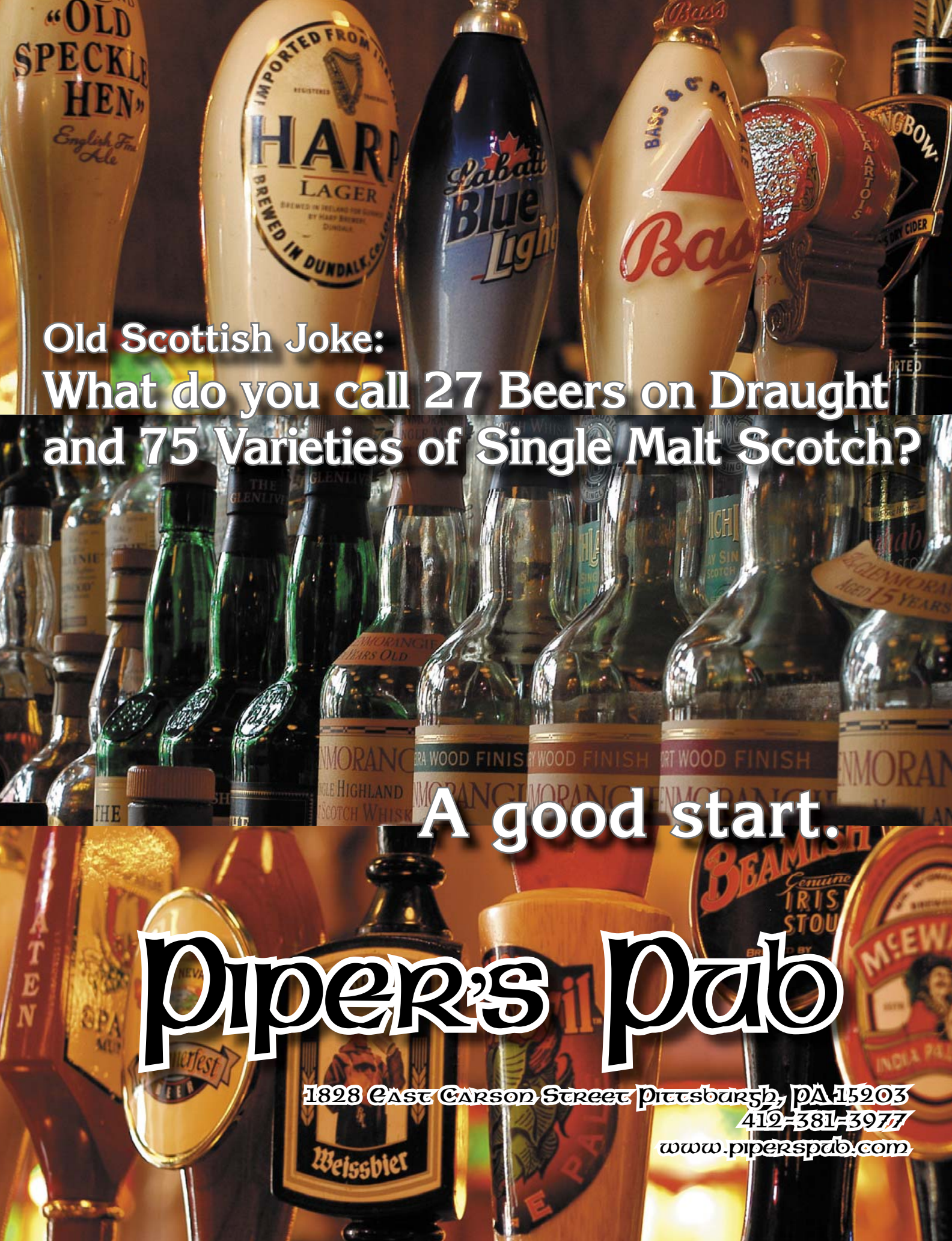
The Witnesses believe that they are above “worldly” institutions, being “Living Saints” and all, and have gone to great lengths (many times making American legal history doing so) to protect their separation from the government. Indeed, they believe that “Christians must keep themselves clean and unspotted by [the] world’s corruption and defilement, not entering into friendly relations with it, lest they be condemned with it.” Speak to any ex-Witness and you will hear tales of how the average follower has been led to believe that they must sell their home, their business, and their belongings in order that they better prepare for an Armageddon that will never happen. Yet, as of 1994 the Watchtower Bible & Tract Society owned at least thirty-six properties in Brooklyn Heights alone, with an estimated value of over \$190 million dollars. Had the end come in 1994, this would amount to a cash payout of about \$1,300 for each of the 144,000 “Living Saint” the Witnesses believe will make it to Heaven.

The Watchtower Bible & Tract Society has no official position on how the “Living Saints” are to spend the money.

## Sources:

- *Apocalypse Culture, Expanded and Revised Edition.* Parfrey, Adam; Feral House
- *Apocalypse & Future: Notes on the Cultural History of the 21st Century.* Reilly, John James; X-Libris
- **The End of the World Isn’t Nigh.** Hart, Sam; The Big Issue (UK), July 17, 2000
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