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# THE SEX INCIDENT

HAPPY FUN TIMES WITH PROACTIVE VOYEURISM

ISSUE 16

JUNE, 2005

CONTENT



## FEATURES

### 30 WHORE

By Zelda Getz

"So I arranged to meet Shabir, owner, CEO and product tester for Starr Escorts. I hopped a bus Downtown, and he picked me up in a sleek black sports car. The "interview" was in his shitty little storefront in the Strip District—three private rooms had curtains across the door, and a stereo that got turned up to drown out itinerant moans."

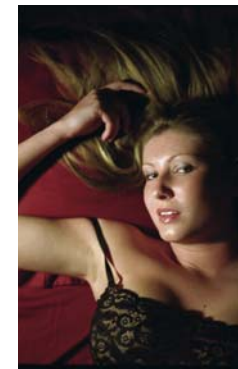
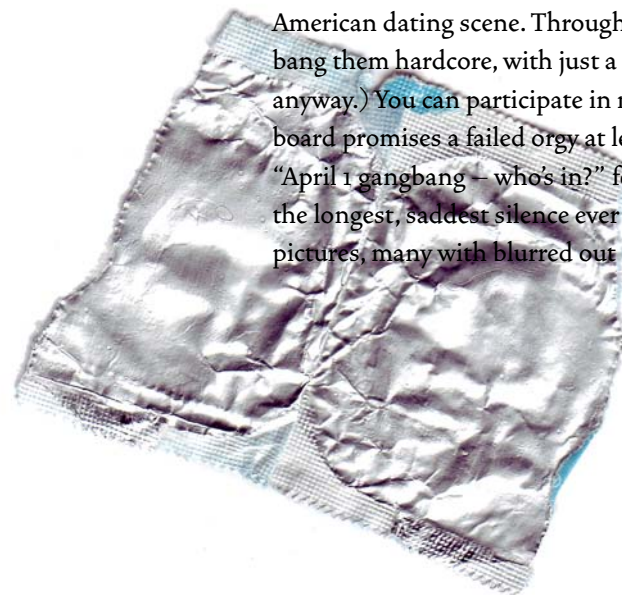
### 32 LOVE AND LUST IN THE AGE OF MECHANICAL INTRODUCTION

Or

### ADULTFRIENDFINDER AND THE INFINITE SADNESS

By Jesse Hicks

"AdultFriendFinder, then, is another fascinating beast in the strange menagerie that is the American dating scene. Through the wonders of technology, you can make new friends and bang them hardcore, with just a few clicks of your mouse. (Well, not the banging — not yet, anyway.) You can participate in message boards with like-minded swingers; the Pittsburgh board promises a failed orgy at least once a month, and you'll thrill to multiple postings of "April 1 gangbang — who's in?" followed by what seems to be, to the author's ears anyway, the longest, saddest silence ever captured in text form. And of course there're the explicit pictures, many with blurred out faces if that's your thing."



On the Cover: Pam Coudriet  
Make-up by Shana Lohr  
Illustration by Mat Poprocki  
Photography by Nate Bogos

Selena in the clutches of Hel  
Photographed by Eihann Long



# DEEK MAGAZINE

## POPULAR UNDERCULTURE

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MODELS: Pam Coudriet, Heather Lucas

MAKE-UP: Shana Lohr

THANKS: Michael Grzymkowski, Aaron Borchert, Rachel Vallozzi

**APOLOGIES:** To William Lee, victim of the first ever Drive-By Deeking

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Hi, my name is Eric and I run classed ads seeking aspiring models wanting to develop their portfolio. Aided by my lovely girlfriend (the photographer) and my sexy assistant, we lure hopeful models into our studio for a "try-out" photo session. What they DO NOT KNOW is that the plot is to have our willing assistant seduce our female guest into exploring the opportunity for...*her first lesbian SEX!* Taking advantage of this exotic phenomenon, our team is always poised with the lenses focused and the finger on the record button, ready to take part in filming one of the sexiest events EVER! Come share their first experience. Oh yes. Our hot slut rarely copped spicy Sativa into coming back to the house and out of her clothes. Our gal loosened Sativa lips up with a kiss...and her twat with her tongue and a fat dildo! Watch sexy Sativa go lesbian for the first time ever! Kelly was up for a box lunch and Cassie had the hottest box in the park! This little athletic slut went lesbian after Kelly ate her snatch and gave a pussy full of strap on! Watch our little Kelly give Cassie her first lesbian experience! Kelly found kindergarten teacher Goldie shopping and had a few things she wanted to teach her! She liked Goldie's tight snatch till she was good and wet and whipped out her dildo to give Goldie some lessons! Girl plus girl plus dong equals LEZBO! Paige was out for some hot schoolgirl action, and Faith was the star pupill! After some sweet talking, we got her back to the dassroom for a little lesbian 101! We had this little hottie naked and licking her first pussy in no time! Faith loved having her first lesbian sex! A+! Jazmine was up for getting pretty and finding some lesbian cherry to pop! We took Michaela back to the house and after some tequila she was licking her first pussy in no time. This sexy little lesbian loved her first lesbian sex! No other site has got this high quality horse sex movies as this site. And this site only features good looking girls from Brazil, no ugly chicks here. As you can see these girls are *crucrazy*.

I want your needle dick forever!

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## DEPARTMENTS

9 **LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:** Merton Krunk guest edits, finally realizes his inner elder anger

**11 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:** A bunch of stuff people who say they've read the magazine have sent to us.

## THE INTRODUCTION

13<sub>14</sub> Newsbriefs: President Bush Leaps Out of the Closet; Burstin' with Ellen Burstyn; Time Travelin' WV Man; Underrepresented Queef Fetish

15 Drinking and Smoking / Intoxication: Playboy Cigars; Vox Vodka

16 Punk / Counterpunk: Lying into Elementary Libido

18 Sport: Stealing Sex; “To the Sirens first shalt thou come...”

20 Conspiracy: CIA Sex Slaves

21 **FASHION:** Positions, positions, positions.

### GALLERY:

39 40 Ethan Long – compelling, haunting, elegant, sophisticated, thought-provoking;  
43 Casey Sommers – something like that stuff above.

## 4. ○ LITERATURE:

40 46 You Could Never Hate Me as Much as I Hate Myself;  
46 Love in the Time of Abstinence

## REVIEWS

54 **Book Reviews:** "Sex Manuals"; "Vivid Girls #1"; Madonna's "Sex"; "The People of Paper"; "H.P. Lovecraft: Against the World, Against Life"; "Home Land"; "Sex Before Six"

**59 Music Reviews:** Beck; Nine Inch Nails; Sage Francis; Dodging August; Animal Collective; Dalek; Gorillaz; John Digweed; Weezer; Queens of the Stone Age; M83; Kid Koala; Sensual Cobra; Jimmy Chamberlin Complex; Origin; Between Home and Serenity; Fantomas; Kylesa; We're Wolves; Moby

70 **Movie Reviews:** "Celebrity Sex Tapes"; John Holmes; "Crash"; "Quills"; "Salo," or "The 120 Days of Sodom"

74 Video Game Reviews: "Mercenaries"; "NARC"; "God of War"

## EVENTS

**CLASSIFIEDS**

## ADVICE

7980 Ask the Apothecary

82 The Underappreciated Scholar: Jimmy Sells Dildos



THE SEX INCIDENT  
GUEST EDITOR: MERTON KRUNK

Every editor and compiler, whatever the nature of the collection on which he works, inevitably consults his friends and associates. *The [Ass] Sex Incident'* is no exception. Initially, this volume was to be a more focused anthology of non-fictional short stories called *Spread Those Cheeks* dealing with violent public displays of protosexuality in third world countries told from the perspective of doctors, transvestites and former women with unnaturally large breasts and orange hair. That project, after I had worked on it for *hours* – a whole afternoon, really – ran slightly thin on content. Why, you ask? Well, I discovered that copyright law on many such tales is very restrictive, since they all seem to be written by the same three people.<sup>2</sup> Dismayed, I heard this news from my lawyer and considered a life of sadistic crime as an alternative. He strongly recommended against this. And though I hate him, I have never been one to go against the advice of someone so smitten with the law. So I gave in regretfully and began to think once more of a theme for an amalgam of topical literature. Each morning, as I sifted through hundreds and hundreds of final manuscripts, I would take a short time every half hour to check my personal electronic mailbox, confer via telephone with trusted associates, discuss ideas with my dog, Brutus, and shout harassment at fellows walking past my window in the crisp sunshine of a new day. And it was as I did this that the brilliant concept of this month's magazine came to me:

"Hello, you there," I shouted at this beautiful, manly specimen wearing a burgundy tank top and black Capri pants with a slight sheen. "When was the last time you read a piece of literature?"

"You mean," he reached into his rear pocket, "a book?" He pulled out something and held it up to me, but I couldn't quite detect it, visually.

Squinting, I asked, "What is that, young sir?" "It's my new favorite book," he said. "Vivid Girls #1."

Appalled, having actually heard of this nonsensical filth – a pornographic ... *comic book*? – I scowled and began moving back inside, pulling my window downward. I only stopped when I heard him say, just before the wood touched the sill, "Hey, aren't you Merton Krunk?"

I paused, considered this and realized, yes—Yes, I am Merton Krunk. I raised the window, never one to pass up a bit of flattery, and said so.

He said, "Wow, that's like, awesome. I've read some of your work," adding, "I thought you were, like... dead."

Once again upset, I rolled my eyes and, trying but failing to salvage a bit of dignity, said, "I am very much alive, young man, and, believe it or not, I was your age once."

"I bet you were... sir." "Indeed I was... slut. Do you mind if I call you slut?" "Um," he says.

Lost, not sure where this should go, after a pause, I hit him rather suddenly with, "Boy, if you could have anything... anything at all in the world, what would it be?"

He looked up to my third story window and stared at me for a longish moment.

"Anything?" he said. "Anything you wish." "I want," he said, dwelling momentarily, "the boundaries separating

'sex' and 'sexuality' summed up, then eliminated." I pondered this for a moment. "Interesting." "Yes." "How then," I said, "do you expect that might happen?" "Not sure," he said. "It's my wish. Which means it's not my job to think logistics." "Hm," I said. "Yup," he said. "Have you ever been with a man?" "No." "I don't believe you." Suddenly, in a wonderful burst that I won't soon forget, his eyes lit up, hit mine with a glimmer, and he sang these words:

*If you'd open up your eyes  
You might find surprise  
in knowing that you eyes  
Are closed*

Swept by this (his simple, elegant poetry and his young face, thrillingly tight pectoral muscles and wonderful hair), I invited the lad upstairs for a drink. We talked most if the night.

That evening, it struck me that after I got him severely inebriated, he began to ramble on an on about sexual-political ideas – how, for example, we must bring sex and sexuality further into the mainstream without a complete transformation of so-called American values – before submitting in mind and body to my every request. And, later, I thought that, even though he was naked and pathetic on my kitchen floor, there might be something to his ideas. Why? Because recurring themes seemed to appear in his sprawling, confused thinking. And those themes—those wonderfully chaotic views—were what eventually turned into the focus of this issue: one about viewing sex from afar, laughing when it's appropriate, laughing again when it's not, turning away when it's gross, and loosening up when you're bent over, grabbing your ankles, pants around your feet, awaiting one more warning you don't need from someone you don't trust. And so on.

Merton Krunk  
Guest Editor

*While Merton Krunk was formerly the Arnold L. Windheimer professor of English at Alabama State University and a Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, he now reviews pornographic films for Analboliq Chrome Warehouse, the largest dealer in adult DVDs in the nation, which sits less than a mile from an elementary school in Cranberry, PA. He is the former armchair of the GLBIA's Committee on Scholarly Editions. Krunk specialized in eighteenth-century publishing and the history of book production before he went bugfuck crazy in 1994. Before then, he was the author of numerous essays and two books on editorial theory, the influential Scholarly Writing Processor (1984; third edition, 1996), and Unsafe Texts: Authority and Submission in Hell (1997).*

<sup>1</sup> Yes, friends. Sex itself is so boring. Ass sex on the other hand...  
<sup>2</sup> Who are all incarcerated and awaiting trial in Ecuador after allegedly being involved in a pretty serious, violent crime involving "A Pornographic Where's Waldo Wonderland," which is pretty much mumbo jumbo to me too, so don't feel bad.





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## ABUSIVELY UNEDITED LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

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**TO COMMENT ON ART, SEND AN E-MAIL TO [ART@DEEKMAGAZINE.COM](mailto:ART@DEEKMAGAZINE.COM)**

**TO SPIT SOMETHING RANDOM, ABOUT NOTHING IN PARTICULAR, SEND AN E-MAIL TO [INFO@DEEKMAGAZINE.COM](mailto:info@deekmagazine.com)**

**WE MUST WARN YOU THOUGH THAT ANYTHING YOU SEND DEEK COULD POTENTIALLY MAKE IT TO PRINT. WITHOUT WARNING. JUST LETTING YOU KNOW.**

## FUCKED UP LETTER OF THE MONTH

Deek:

You are more than welcome to ask me any questions you like, if you would like a trade copy of wankstar love stories featuring the matrix cum sequence just email me a your address and ill pop a copy in the post, plus we got a new film coming out "Steve Pervin Pussy Hunter" which is a porn pastiche loosely based on the famous australian crocodile hunter. You can view all our trailers online at [www.wankstarfilms.com](http://www.wankstarfilms.com)

Also we will be releasing "Dick Bastardly" which will be the most expensive Adult film shot in the uk.

Manny thanks

Zane

YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS! CUMMMMMMMMMMMMM  
 MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMINNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNG!  
 – Ed.

**CORPORATE**

**Yo Deek:**

Would Deek be interested in leveraging some corporate synergy to promote my new line of David Foster Wallets? They come with sleeves for up to 12 photos, with accompanying annotation. The dollar bills go in the slot marked "Symbolic Exchange of Goods divorced From Material Reality (SEGDMR), cf. Marx and Derrida's floating signifier." And finally, it weighs ten pounds, but when you go to look for your money you'll give up halfway through and give the whole thing to a friend, explaining how it "totally made you rethink the post-modern wallet."

Fernando Jayne,  
Chicago

## DEEK IS AWESOME

Deekus H.:

everyone loves the divine incident.

Ashton Read

hahahoudini@yahoo.com

**Deek, Listen:**

My buddy at school, Vance DeFuglee, has been rather distraught about AP English lately...too much work, no breaks from administration, kid comments, superintendent's plan to water down the curriculum so everyone takes AP and the AP tests to make us a top 100 school...on and on and on... so he was stressing over this and was thinking

about looking for a new career and was talking about it to some colleagues when I walked in one morning and handed him a fortune cookie and told him to wait until after first period to open it. And of course.... The fortune cookie said: (as you can probably guess) Quit your job. Leave this town. Do it now. DeekMagazine.com. He was just freaking out everywhere. It was too bizarre. Of all the cookies you gave us, he thought it was wild that I chose that one to give to him...he figures there was a reason...

Fran B.

**DEEK SUCKS**

Deek, you fucking retard:

This ["Review Of Brent Dicrescenzo's Review Of *Franz Ferdinand* By Franz Ferdinand," December 2004] is gay. Hey Sam Hamilton, way to play right into his hand...douchebag.

Matt Plotner

plotnermatt@hotmail.com

Dear Deek,

I enjoyed your magazine as it is merely Splenda to the so-called CityPaper's sacchrine, but you all need more people who can write like hell without channeling poor dead HST. He can't defend himself and it is cruel to abuse the dead for your own measly ends...

Rairigh Drum

RairighAD@hotmail.com

**Hello Deek!**

I am writing in response to the article in your last issue entitled From Pittsburgh to the end of the world. I am a devout Jehovah's Witness and wanted to clear up a few misconceptions and inaccuracies in the article. I am sure that some of the seemingly negative things that were put in the article were not meant to disrespect anyone. But, I do feel that the writer of your article would do well to hear information from the horses mouth.

To begin with, the article seems to infer that we as Jehovah's Witnesses follow C.T. Russell. That couldn't be further from the truth. I have been one of Jehovah's Witnesses for 25 years and never has there been anything but casual mentionings of Brother Russell. As a matter of fact, as i told one of your staff members, i do not remember the last time he was mentioned at one of our 5 meetings per week, one of our assemblies every 6 months, or one of our district conventions once a year. He was the person who began our modern day organization, but we follow Jesus, who the bible says is the head of the Christian congregation. "Russellites", we are not. If you would like more information as to why we do not follow the same doctrines that most religions claim are



“Christian doctrines” i would love to sit down with you with your copy of the bible and explain it. ajrocksteady@yahoo.com Please contact me.

As far as the comment that we refer to ourselves as Living Saints, that is completely false. I am not even sure where that phrase originated, but seeing that none of your references were from our official site (www.watchtower.org) I am not surprised we have been misquoted.

A.J. Rocksteady  
ajrocksteady@yahoo.com

UNDECIDED

DEEK-  
let me count the way’s I HATE 2 EvLovE with YOU ALL:

- 1. Sarah Presogna
- 2. A Silent Hil Gas Can
- 3. Cool Parties @ the Quiet Storm
- 4. Sarah Presogna
- 5. Presto Chango Mode
- 6. Encyte Diaries
- 7. DIVINE INCIDENT’S of happening chance
- 8. Bad Luck
- 9. Good Luck
- 10. Thought Projects

That’s it for now - ALL you little public DEEKrees U

Christopher Hackney  
zionshead@hotmail.com

IN REGARD TO DEEK’S REQUEST OF NUDE EXHIBITIONIST MODELS TO POSE FOR THIS ISSUE IN RANDOM SPOTS THROUGHOUT PITTSBURGH

Deeeeeeeeeek:  
I’d do this if I was in Pittsburgh. Sounds fun. Although my pimply ass is nothing to be fancied. Maybe I can just send you some pictures of me in poses (Wink)? Anyway, good luck finding the people.

Ben Rubin  
thedudemandude@yahoo.com

To: Deek  
LOL Ok you expect anyone to do this without getting paid? I really think that its a joke what you are asking from others to do for free plus maybe be living in those areas or close to them or work in those areas!? I really do think that this is very pathetic. But hey where am I to judge what you want the American People to do for you for free specially in Pittsburgh where they broke protesters arms by snapping them backwards against their own backs plus even beating some of them with a stick just because they wanted others to hear their vioce for crying out loud!And that didnt happen that long ago! But hey ya know if you find people to do this freely that must be the luckiest luck you can ever possibly have...GoodLuck!

Kya Mcloud  
ivory\_\_o2@yahoo.com

RANDOM

Dear Deek:  
If a farmer fills his barn with grain, he gets mice. If he leaves it empty, he gets actors. All rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full. Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be overcome. Absence and death are the same – only that in death there is no suffering.

Shauna  
Kaila@yamaichi.de

Deek:  
go froth with no chide and send thou sausage links onward, ho.  
so was all the hullabaloo about stuffing the DEEK box with auld issues a lark or what?  
One inquiring reader wants to know, whose motives are divine.

St Jeannot Le Chat  
menesini23@yahoo.com

*They actually were stuffed, much like your mother this most recent weekend, flowing over, with past issues of Deek.*  
– Ed.

Deek:  
I went to the Boom Boom Room once, and there was this poor little girl in a cowboy outfit, complete with hat, who I just felt so sorry for. She was clearly underage, came alone, just letting anyone talk to her and touch her, so long as they paid attention to her. Eh. It was unsettling, until I got drunk. Then, me and Mac were just scheming on how to get her home and double team her. Woo hoo!

Clarissa Trouser,  
Indiana, PA

EDITORIAL INTERACTION

Editor 1: I’m talking laundry with my black-Italian girlfriend.  
Editor 2: I don’t really think it’s necessary to bring race into this.  
Editor 1: I’m afraid it was, as we spent most of the time talking about the necessity of separating whites and coloreds.

Dear Deek:  
We’re here in Amsterdam and alive. Just thought I’d ask about how things are going. Both Mo and I wish you success through our drugged out haze.

ben  
ben@deekmagazine.com



INTRO





COMPILED BY JASON SALINETRO, AIMEE FORREST, MO MOZUCH, BEN EDWARDS  
AND LYDIA FUCILLO

BUSH ANNOUNCES ENGAGEMENT TO WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

WASHINGTON, D.C. — President George W. Bush today announced his engagement to White House Flower Coordinator Rod Silverling. The wedding ceremony will take place August 13, 2005 in Boston, Massachusetts, the only state to recognize gay marriage.

Bush first became smitten with the 37-year-old florist during his first term in the Oval Office and the two quickly became more than friends. The president, long a closet homosexual since his days of sodomy as a member of the Skull and Bones society at Yale, just could not fight those feelings any longer.

During today's press conference, Bush admitted that he and Silverling had in fact become engaged, as rumored, on their recent vacation along with celebrity couple Elton John and David Furnish. John and Furnish plan to attend the late summer event, with John performing a special version of his hit song "The Bitch Is Back" to close the wedding.

Silverling, recommended to the president by fellow homosexual and S&M aficionado Karl Rove, has been one of the primary decorators of the White House since April 2001. He was raised in Brooklyn, New York by parents John and Taisha Silverling, the famed interracial couple and local chairs of the New York-area chapter of PETA.

In a related story, the Laura Bush automaton was disassembled and packed this week for its trip back to Disneyland Paris, where it will resume the role of Cavewoman #3 in Disney's The Magical World of Evolution attraction.

ELLEN BURSTYN SEX TAPE GOES UNWATCHED

HOLLYWOOD — The sex tape of Oscar-winning actress Ellen Burstyn has continued to go unseen, even after spending seven weeks widely available on the World Wide Web.

The tape apparently shows "The Exorcist" star having explicit sexual relations with

Rodger Locke, a stunt double for actor Donald Sutherland. Locke did not return Deek Magazine's calls for comment.

Over the course of the 47-minute video, Burstyn supposedly performs fellatio upon the aged stuntman before he proceeds to bend her over a bean bag chair and "rides her like a bronco" says a description on popular sex website CelebrityFuck.com.

The site will be releasing a limited edition 2-disc DVD of the tape on June 13 to coincide with the upcoming Warner Bros. Pictures release "The Fountain." A trailer for the DVD is available on the recently released "One Night with Brolin — Caught on Webcam" DVD featuring Barbra

Streisand's husband and star of "Capricorn One" James Brolin as he visits a wheelchair fetish sex site and proceeds to pleasure himself.

Although no person admits to having actually watching the tape, it is considered the hottest celebrity sex tape since February's Wilford Brimley/Della Reese video.

TIME TRAVELIN' WEST VIRGINIA MAN ARRESTED

ST. LOUIS - Two sheriff's deputies checking on a motorist stopped along Interstate 70 in the predawn darkness were puzzled at first by what they found — a driver dressed like an old-time pioneer, saying he was headed for South Dakota with Bibles and "supplies" for American Indian children.

It's only after the West Virginia man got mouthy and smelled of marijuana, according to police, did the deputies uncover a staggering arsenal of firepower inside the sport utility vehicle, including loaded pistols and an assault rifle with a 30-round clip and a bullet in the chamber.

A twin-edged knife with an 8-inch blade was in the sun visor above the 46-year-old man's head, and a loaded two-shot Colt Derringer pistol was in his pocket, authorities say. Searchers seized about 400 rounds of ammunition.

"He said it was all self-protection and that it's dangerous out west," St. Charles Sheriff's Lt. Craig McGuire said Friday, a day after the traffic stop that also reportedly uncovered an array of drugs. "It's kind of bizarre, but it's all also kind of sobering."

Sobering in that investigators don't believe the collection of weaponry was purely innocent, given that he had loaded firearms within easy reach in virtually every direction, McGuire said.

— the Associated Press

QUEEFING MOST UNDERREPRESENTED FETISH ON NET

BIRMINGHAM, Ala. — Queefing, popularly referred to as "pussy farting," is the most underrepresented fetish on the Internet, according to Alabama based research firm the Aurora Group. The company made the results of its four year study public on Monday.

"We were surprised, certainly," said Dr. Hogan Sommersby, the lead researcher on the project for Aurora Group. "You can find sites with women on animals, men on children and even videos of women in stilettos stomping small rodents to death. Even though it is completely legal in all 50 states, there seems to be no wide scale market for pussy farts, or the men who enjoy them."

Aurora Group studied the Internet's estimated 3 billion pornographic sites and could not find a single one dedicated to audio or video files of queefing.

"Part of the problem is the medium," said Atlanta area queef enthusiast Brad Russell. "Since you can't show a thumbnail of a queef it's hard for sites to develop. Plus, producing a queef is tougher than you might think."

Russell said until a reliable queef site is produced he's content to inhale rectal farts "and just pretend."

SMOKES AND BOOZE FOR THE COMMON MAN  
BY RALPH "BUCKY" GAINSBOROUGH

I figured that I could take some time out from my never-ending quest to bring down my illustrious cousin to give everyone a little edge in *their* never-ending quest for sexual conquest. On one hand, the Playboy cigar would be perfect for a fine evening alone indulging in a rousing porno-fest (so that when the moment does arrive, you'll be prepared). On the other, the Vox Raspberry would be an ideal choice for plying some loose strumpet at the bar (who will think that you have the goods to make her evening complete). Why is old Bucky not a sex advice columnist, you ask? Probably because a life of alligator wrestling and jumping off of buildings for money does not give you the finest mug for which to cruise for nookie. Plus, I've got more important things on my mind. So, the best I can do is pass these little nuggets of knowledge along to you.



Playboy Lonsdale — 6.5 x 42 — \$6.00  
3 out of 5

While a pretty sexy cigar in its own right, Playboy cigars should probably not be smoked in public in a place where there are eligible women. Seriously, can you imagine a smokin' hot female with most of her teeth and an ass the size of Quebec walking your way in a bar, noticing you're smoking something manufactured by Playboy? Rightly or not, you would certainly not score any play no matter how many jackass lines you spew at her about, say, the beauty of her one good eye or, maybe, how so little of her face was mangled when you saw her perform as a rodeo clown earlier that day. I mean, I'm not speaking from experience or anything. Basically, what I want you to take away from this is that the Lonsdale is not a bad cigar; you should just enjoy it by yourself, okay?

As I proposed in the little paragraph Deek gives me to tell you my tales of woe, this is a straight-up porno cigar. Smoking something that may have someday, long ago, been influenced by Hugh Hefner should be inspiration enough for an evening of hardcore, masturbatory fury. I mean, the great thing about a cigar is that it can reassure you sexually. Eventually, no matter how microscopic your dick is, the cigar will become inferior. Then, you will be the man. Ha *ha!* An obvious warning, however, would be not to attempt dolphin flogging while smoking the cigar. Any cigar. Not complying with this warning would make for an ugly police discovery that may prevent you from getting laid for the rest of your life.

Now that you've gotten the basics down, the smoke itself is pleasant, but not overwhelming. It smells good and inconspicuous, and goes through a flavor cycle that oftentimes hints of wood, vegetables and herbs (thus making this a fine cigar for someone who lives with someone who hates their addiction to the fine tobacco of the Caribbean). The bottom line remains, however, that it's a decent smoke. But don't keep it at the top of your humidor because no one except maybe your 13 year-old brother will think a Playboy cigar is cool.



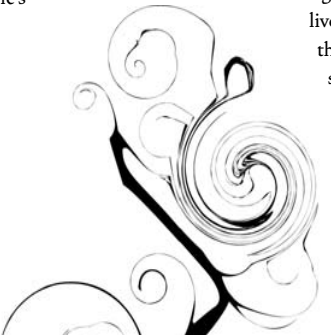
Raspberry Vox Vodka - \$24.00/bottle  
4/5

A bottle of Vox is great for the bar, the home or the underground laboratory. Raspberry Vox is best used for style points in a bar setting. If you have no talents as a sweet-talking Lothario, have the bartender slide a glass of Vox on the Rox down the bar to the minx of your choice. Once she sees the bartender pouring the drink and passing it her way, she'll certainly drink it. And she won't feel a thing except possibly your hand on her ass. And that, my friends, is the first step to using Vox as an aphrodisiac.

Once you get her home and she notices the box behind your makeshift bar she'll see that the bottle looks really cool and expensive; she will be impressed at the mere presence of its overall Voxness. Yes, yes she will. And from there, it's smooth sailing. Or humping. Or finagling. Whatever.

As for my darker purposes, its appearance and strong fruit flavoring make it fantastic for mixing with poisons. I have been concocting a Vox/ Bromide mixture that goes down real smooth and packs a genuine wallop fraught with doom for whomever drinks it. But perhaps I've said too much...

As you can see, Vox Raspberry has many fine uses, but remember that those do not include drinking it yourself if you consider yourself anything resembling male. Any personal use was done purely in the interest of science and the fair readers of Deek Magazine.





REPRESENTED BY EMILY AVENT

*Schools nationwide to use sex toys in new, government-supported sexual education programs.*

I'm lucky enough to score an interview with the three "sexperts" behind "Sexploration is the New Abstinence," the latest sex-ed curriculum about to take public schools across the nation by storm. Ted Allen, author of *Esquire's* "Things a Man Should Know about Sex," Barbara Keesling, PhD and trained "sexual surrogate," and Sting (no introduction needed) are the authors of this recently-approved curriculum, subtitled, "No condoms necessary."

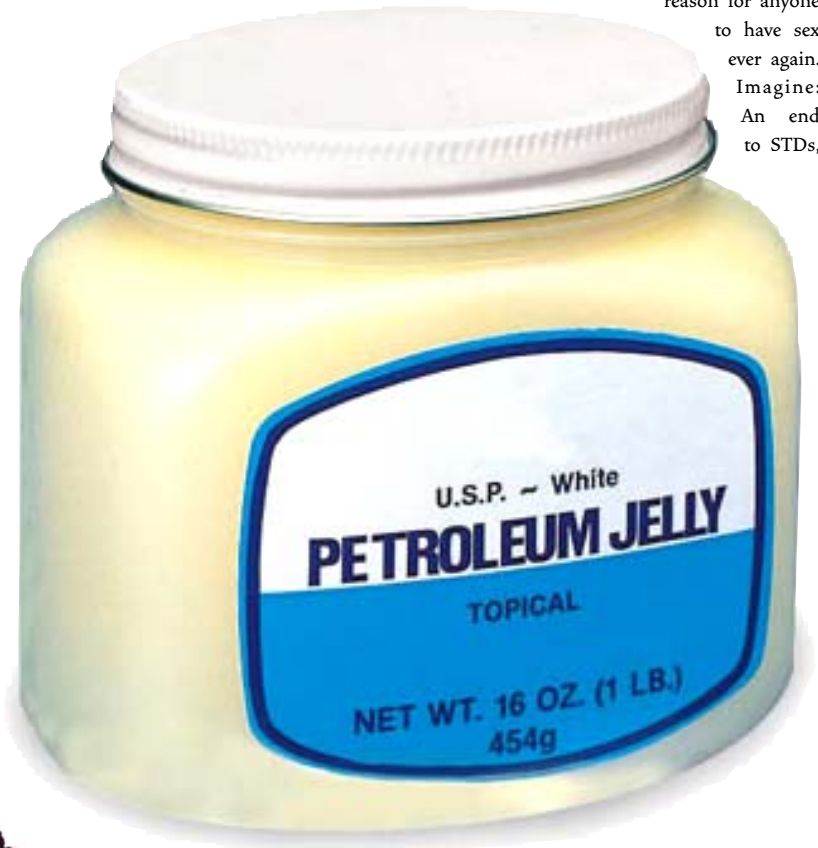
"We were concerned," says Allen, when I ask what inspired the new philosophy, "about the controversy across the country regarding what kids should be taught about their own sexuality. This abstinence-only policy wasn't working. Kids are just going to have sex."

Dr. Keesling jumps in. "The focus of adolescence is discovery of a sex drive and the discovery of oneself. We decided to combine the two – which, if you look at the facts, are needlessly separated. Everywhere you turn there's some study on how masturbation puts you in touch with your inner self. Get a little creative with sexual aids, and it's better than yoga."

"And I'd know all about that." Sting's British accent adds a necessary degree of class to this topic. "Ever since the invention of the dildo in 500 BC by the Greeks, there's been a current of male inadequacy affecting sexual relations between men and women and between men and men. Can you imagine that? 2500 years of male inadequacy. No wonder we're all such macho, insensitive twats."

"Which is what we're trying to counteract here," Allen interjects hastily. "We want sexual exploration to become an entirely positive thing, and we think that can be done not only by teaching kids to play with themselves from an early age, but to do it exclusively as a sex act. Reproduction's already been taken care of with artificial insemination; now there's really no

reason for anyone to have sex ever again. Imagine: An end to STDs,



unwanted pregnancies, and hurt feelings! I mean, a sex doll can't cry when you slap the bitch for giving you a shitty blowjob. And who ever got herpes from a realistic porn star pussy and ass?"

"We want to bring out the positive in personal sexploration," says Dr. Keesling. "Despite the largely negative stereotype that masturbation and sexual aids seem to have gathered throughout history, dildos, vibrators, and fucking machines have been used as treatment for female 'hysteria,' otherwise known as arousal. Dildos were marketed as cure-alls for both men and women before it was possible to admit they were sex toys. Thus, you've got self-medication, so to speak."

The curriculum has been in the making for years. Keesling says her work as a sex surrogate left her realizing that many adults have suffered from sexual disorders since childhood. She thinks that problems like premature ejaculation, erectile dysfunction, and inability to orgasm should be counteracted early on, and that teaching young boys and girls to control their pleasure with sexual aids will result in more healthy, happy, horny adults.

"Sex with a surrogate was only so effective," Keesling says. "There was still shame involved when a man would come too quickly or not be able to get it up. With a Real Doll, no one is around to see the shame. The man can stop focusing on his embarrassment and start focusing on achieving an erection, or on controlling his ejaculation."

"It's not just about male shame, though," Sting hastens to add. "Women have lived for long enough with the stereotype that enjoying sexual pleasure is shameful. Just take so-called 'witches' in the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries – these were often women who had applied a mixture of belladonna and alcohol to ease the pain of menstrual cramps. The orgasmic hallucinations they experienced as a result cost them their lives. We want to make up for that by emphasizing that female masturbation is okay. The modern-day equivalent of inserting X into the anus is a perfect example; it'll be covered in the curriculum, with precautions of course."

"But what about intimacy?" I ask. "How can you get the same feeling from a dildo as you do from a partner you love?"

"That's a very real concern," Allen acknowledges. "We don't want anyone getting the wrong idea – intimacy with oneself is not always enough. But masturbation doesn't have to be an entirely selfish act. Even if people no longer engage in the sex act, they can still give sexually to each other. For example, we've included in our textbook the example of a young man who singlehandedly created a bicycle dildo for his girlfriend. He calls it a dildocycle."

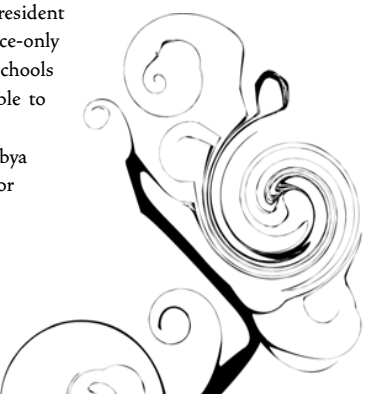
There is a pause where I seem expected to express appreciation. "And how does it work?" I ask.

"There's a jelly dong which penetrates the seat, positioned so that the woman can lower herself onto it and ride just like a normal bike. She can ride in a short skirt and no one can tell the difference – other than herself, of course. It helps to ride off-road, the uneven terrain creating a vibration-like effect."

"It's exactly this type of thing that we want to promote," Keesling says. "Selfless sexual pleasuring of oneself."

"I have only one more question," I say. "How did you get President Bush to support this thing? He was so adamant about abstinence-only just a while ago, and now this curriculum is about to go out to schools across the nation. They're even increasing funding to be able to provide each child with his or her sexual toy."

Allen laughs. "That was easy. Once we convinced ol' Dubya that there wouldn't be any more need for abortion clinics or AIDS programs, the cat was in the bag."



REPRESENTED BY CECELIA AVRESTI

Lying is not allowed when constructing arguments concerning the future of our youth. Especially when it concerns their sexuality. You should be ashamed.

Where can I get a dildocycle?





STEALING SEX  
BY JOANNE HEEN

When the fourth armed robbery in two weeks culminated in a customer being shot in the parking lot, the owners of the dirty book store where I worked decided it was time to replace our current security — a couple of Korean War vets — with something a bit more, okay, a bit *less* grandfatherly. Not that Mitch, whose ability to knock perps flying with his walker was not truly awesome, but Dave, who set up surveillance on the bus bench outside the store, spent too much time negotiating blow jobs with the hookers who worked that corner.

Soon the “Guns” appeared — five of the most gorgeous testosterone-laden hunks of man-flesh I’ve yet to see outside of a Chippendales show.

“Mine, mine, mine!” I chortled happily as the store’s only female employee.

Since the company that supplied us with the Guns hired only ex-military and law enforcement personnel, I could pick between a State Trooper, a Marine, a couple of police officers, and my particular favorite, a mysterious Ninja-assassin who told me his Number One Priority was to save *my* ass.

“I’ll take a bullet for you, babe,” he said. Encased in bullet-proof vests and wearing Batman-like tool belts weighted down with all sorts of crime-fighting devices, I certainly expected *all* of them to take a bullet for me; still, I baked *him* a pie.

Robbery, murder and mayhem notwithstanding, probably the biggest problem at the store was dealing with shoplifters. Since the store was big and crammed full of stuff, it was almost impossible for the one or two clerks on duty to police the entire area. Other than the tell-tale sounds of a customer coughing up a lung to mask the noise of a bag being ripped open and shoved into a purse or coat pocket, there was little else to indicate crimes were being committed right under our noses. Okay, the guy who bent over to retrieve a penny and had fifteen copies of Double D Housewives spill out of his shirt was a gift, but this was a rare thing.

“Where can I stow this guy?” asked my Ninja late one evening, as he gently guided a very well-dressed gentleman aged about fifty into the store. I thought the man was sick until I heard the clink of chains and realized he was handcuffed.

“Caught him stealing, babe. Where can I stick him while I do some paperwork?”

“How about the break room? You can chain him to the fridge.” I guess there are things more embarrassing than spending two hours shackled to a major appliance inside a porn store, but at the moment, I’m hard pressed to think of any.

When the local cops arrived to take him away, they made Mr. Well Dressed empty his pockets and open his pants. Stuffed inside his slacks were five pair of silk panties and a package of glow-in-the-dark condoms. In his jacket pocket was a copy of the novel “Mrs. Porter Spanks the Milkman,” and in his left sock was a bottle of cinnamon flavored massage oil.

“Did you steal this stuff?” one cop asked. I thought it was obvious that he did, but apparently the law walks a very fine line. If he had enough money to pay for everything, he could claim he was merely carrying it in an eccentric manner. Luckily for us, he only had \$6 on him, and he had taken \$88 worth. The cops led him away after reading him his rights and it was just like being on TV.

A few days later, I heard shouting out on the sidewalk. When I peeked out the door, I saw two of the Guns struggling with a little skinny guy. The air was cloudy with pepper spray and invective.

“Want me to call 911?” I yelled, and one of the Guns shouted back, “Ya think?” It looked like pro wrestling, with the two big Guns twirling the guy around over their heads. Every time they’d hit him — POW — like a piñata, another item stolen from the store would fly out of his shirt. Suddenly, with a heart-rending shriek, the shoplifter threw himself in the air, squirted through the Guns’ fingers like mercury, and was gone, disappearing into heavy rush hour traffic.

“TO THE SIRENS FIRST SHALT THOU COME...”  
BY JOSEPH L. FLATLEY

*To the Sirens first shalt thou come, who bewitch all men...*  
— Homer, *Odyssey*.

It’s not too difficult to ignore the fact that there’s a war going on. Hell, society is predicated on the fact that whatever we’re giving our attention — whatever lay in front of our nose — is what is *real*, and whatever lay safely at arm’s length might as well not exist. This country will give you a war if you want it, and it will give you all the consumer benefits of a system that creates war, if you want it, while keeping the war itself safely stashed away. And if you’re not satisfied, you can always find a distraction. It’s not at all difficult to pretend that you’ll find whatever it is you’re looking for at Anthony’s Lounge, if Anthony’s Lounge is all you got.

I was there last week. It was cold. The girl behind the bar was wearing a sweater and big warm boots. The other girls were topless, but the cold didn’t seem to bother them much. The bartender was the prettiest one in the room, “leaving something to the imagination,” as they say. The only customer was an African American gentleman in a “Bill Cosby” sweater.

I stayed for an hour or two, marking time by the song, by the drink. Towards the end of my second Budweiser someone called “Lita” walked out of the back room. She had bare feet and a gym bag over her shoulder. The manager assured her that she would no longer be on the schedule. She just shrugged, disappearing from the security monitor above the bar as her co-workers checked to make sure their stuff in the back hadn’t walked off with her.

“Crack addicts will sell anything,” the girl behind the bar says. That’s not very sexy.

*The sexual impulse is the favourite child of nature; no matter how great the demands on a man’s energy, the sex impulse must have its share.*  
— Colin Wilson, *Origins of the Sexual Impulse*.

Everybody has their reasons for going to a strip club. Of course, it all begins and ends with sex... but how is that, when you’re not getting laid? According to Skye, an author and poet that has worked strip clubs and peep shows on both coasts (including a stint at the legendary Lusty Lady in San Francisco), “the woman that makes the most money is often older, out of shape. She’s also caring, affectionate, nurturing.”

“For these men,” she said, “it’s not about idealizing a person’s body. The regulars are aping a domestic situation. These men are paying for a person’s time, paying to drink with them, make small talk.”

“Guys want to feel like women are interested in them... they just want someone to act like they like them,” says Scarlet, at Pittsburgh’s own Club Elite. “Saturday night is a much younger crowd. I prefer the weeknights. We get to know the regulars pretty well, and they definitely seem to be interested in friendship much more than any kind of sexual thrill.”

*I would have touched it like a child  
But knew my finger could but have touched  
Cold stone and water. I grew wild  
Even accusing heaven because  
It had set down among its laws:  
Nothing that we love over-much  
Is ponderable to our touch.*

— W.B. Yeats, “Towards Break of Day.”

The most basic expression of the sexual impulse is the one that most objectifies sex. The adolescent male is Homeric, seeing life in the terms of the epic. There is always a Hero, a Villain, a Virgin, a Feat of Strength. This epic involves exploration but is ultimately self-centered and self-defined. Women are reduced to Playboy pin-ups.

Everybody passes through this Homeric stage. But we do not live in a heroic age. At Club Elite, somewhere around 10:00 p.m. a co-ed birthday party makes its entrance. This is a consumer crowd, the party as odyssey, the hero’s journey from the suburbs, the men in khaki pants and their women with the big ol’ “birthing” hips and bad haircuts. They all seemed to be quite pleased with themselves. The wives are having a real “Girls Gone Wild” and crazy night... one they’ll surely be talking about over coffee, come Monday. And the husbands will be given plenty (of other, younger women) to fantasize about, later, in bed with the missus.

A heartland-pretty blond girl takes a seat to my right. She’s an actress, she says. I’m a writer. I search those blue eyes for a connection, but between my confusion and her “cool” there is a language barrier. After a moment or two of awkward silence, she asks, “Would you like a private dance?”



Photo by Dmitriy Babichenko

I would. Of course. But I don’t. So I leave. Finding expression for your sexuality is the burden of being a sexual being. The method of that expression is up to you, in the broadest sense; it is a product of genetics and accidental “imprint” in the strictest sense (see Wilson, “Prometheus Rising”; Leary, “Info-Psychology”; Hyatt, “Undoing Yourself”; and the other Wilson, “Origins of the Sexual Impulse” for a few interpretations).

But mostly, if you’re lucky, it’s a lot of fun. I’m thinking about all of this, at a café, as the cutest blond doll keeps looking in my direction. Hers is a smiling, open face, not burdened by the detritus and dry dot of the sex business. Of course, just because I am clutching a few dollar bills, it doesn’t mean she has to be nice to me. I think I’ll go say hi.



THE CIA AND SATANIC CULTS CREATED HUMAN SEX SLAVES  
BY ALEXANDER DEGRAVELY

Kaori, The Real Doll? Created by the Cia?



In 1953, America was in the grip of Cold War paranoia. The Reds were at the door, just waiting for the vigilance of good citizens to fail so they could swoop in and steal away the country's best and brightest. "Better Dead Than Red" was the call, and nowhere did the Evil Empire inspire more fear and loathing than in the halls of America's favorite intelligence agency, the CIA.

That year, Agency Director Allen Dulles authorized one of the most bizarre CIA projects ever: MKULTRA. Dulles, disturbed by rumors of Korean mind-control ops, decided the CIA needed a brainwashing unit of its own. He tasked MKULTRA with developing a "Manchurian Candidate" — a mind-controlled sleeper agent that could be used for covert operations.

Given such a broad goal, CIA agents felt free to investigate any number of mind control techniques. One favorite technique was the use of mind-altering drugs, in particular LSD. In "Operation Midnight Climax," agents slipped acid to unsuspecting prisoners and brothel patrons, then kicked back to observe the results. In one case, seven volunteers were dosed out of their gourds for 77 straight days. We can only assume that the CIA's expert scientists summarized that experiment: "If you trip for more than three months, you're maybe pushing the limits of what one can consider a 'good idea.' Further investigation necessary."

Further investigation meant slipping LSD in the drink of germ warfare expert Frank Olson — who happened to be working on MKULTRA projects — in November of 1953. There's an old saying about not getting high on your own supply, which probably derives from the fact that the CIA's experiment drove Olson into a paranoid-depressive state, which ended when he threw himself out of a tenth-story hotel window. (Even this part of the story is a little suspect. There have been suggestions that Olson was pushed.)

These are all known facts about the CIA's temporarily clandestine mind-control operations. Many of them came to light in the early 1970's, during investigations by the congressional Church Committee and presidential Rockefeller Commission. The investigations revealed the CIA's love of LSD, as well as a hodge-podge of hypnosis, telepathy, precognition, and "remote viewing" research. It was as if the CIA "scientists" had been taking their own drugs, then researching whatever far-out ideas came into their drug-warped minds.

From this rich foundation of disturbing fact was bound to emerge an even more sinister conspiracy theory. Thanks to Brice Taylor, author of "Thanks For the Memories: The Truth Has Set Me Free" (1999), and Cathy O'Brien (with Mark Phillips) author of "Trance-Formation of America" (1995), we have that theory: The CIA has used its brainwashing expertise, in collaboration with a nationwide network of Satanists, to create

mind-controlled sex slaves for the pleasure of Presidents, politicians, and celebrities.

Taylor and O'Brien both claim to be "presidential models" — women traumatized into multiple-personality disorder who are then programmed to service America's depraved elite in every way possible. The Satanic Ritual Abuse (and yes, that is often acronymized into SRA) network assisted by providing fresh meat for the CIA, in the form of daughters often abused by their entire family. Cathy O'Brien, for example, as a baby was given her father's penis to suckle in place of her milk bottle.

The constant abuse led to fractured psyches, just what the brainwashers needed to turn a normal woman into a computer with a photographic memory, a carrier of top secret information not even she would know, or a sex slave. The CIA handlers passed around their girls like candy, using them in child pornography and bestiality films, and often killing them once their usefulness was ended. Jon Benet Ramsey was one of these sex toys — draw your own conclusions.

Both books tend to be long, detailed descriptions of just what kind of depravity those in power are up to. Senator Robert Byrd (a West Virginia Democrat whose website lauds him as the "West Virginian of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century," and presumably hasn't been updated recently), was O'Brien's handler; according to her book, Byrd and his friends in the shadow government believe in a strong form of eugenics bent on creating a super race that will rule the world. Members include Dick Cheney (who has probably the most hilarious excuse for not indulging in pedophilia: reportedly his large genitals terrify children), crusading moralist Bill Bennett, the Clintons and Bushes, etc.

Fighting against this terrifying cabal are only Brice Taylor and Ted Gunderson, Cathy O'Brien and Mark Phillips — and anyone out there brave enough to listen to the truth.

**Complexity:** Not all that complicated, really. The important thing to realize is that virtually everyone is in on it. So if you have any doubts, or even get the sneaking suspicion that you might be a CIA-controlled sex slave, assume the worst.

**Plausibility:** Are you asking me whether the idea of a CIA/Ritual Satanist-sponsored sex-slave ring using mind-controlled, multiple-personality-traumatized woman (including Marilyn Monroe) as flesh puppets for the satisfaction of high-ranking celebrities such as Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope, American Presidents from JFK to Bill Clinton, and high-level movers-and-shakers like Henry Kissinger — a coordinated network of brainwashing sex fiends with ties to Satanism — you're asking me if that's plausible? Maybe.

**Where It Will Help You Score:** Gee, I don't know — maybe with that hot young sex slave you've had your eye on for so long? All you need to know is the keyword that flips her from aloof information-bank mode into blank-eyed nymphet. That word is "Rosebud."

*Help Cathy O'Brien and Mark Phillips spread the word about CIA mind-control by visiting <http://www.trance-formation.com>. Brice Taylor's more Jesus-based struggle is harder to find, but google her name and you'll find some interesting reading.*



FASHION

THE  
SEX  
INCIDENT



POSITIONS, POSITIONS, POSITIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOEY AND BENZO ROCKET  
Commentary by Fashion Maven Elizabeth Marklewicz

No matter what you are wearing and how you do it, practice safe sex kids. The best accessory is a condom or some other form of protection.

From left: Ben Sherman shirt and pants at Luxx, 1003 East Carson St., South Side Blue Light District, 412.381.6775. Daisy Mae's yellow scarf and red cowboy boots at Kharisma Vintage Fashions, 1009 East Carson St., South Side Blue Light District, 412.381.0627. Belt Lauren K. Marshall. Grey blouse, tie, and red boxing shoes at Kharisma Vintage Fashions. Merc red harrington jacket at Luxx.



**POSITION 1 - MENSWEAR**  
LOOSE TIE AND RUFFLED SHIRT. REMOVE PARTNER'S BELT. ROLL PANTS TO MAINTAIN CLEANLINESS. PLAID MAY CAUSE CHAFFING IN SOME AREAS. BELT PARTNER'S SHIRT IF FURTHER FREEDOM IS NEEDED. SUSTAIN POSITION. YOUR PARTNER IS YOUR BEST ACCESSORY.



**POSITION 2 - CROQUE VELOUR**  
APPROACH SLYLY FROM BEHIND. ROTATE PARTNER AT WAIST, SENDING HER CHIFFON DRESS FLUTTERING IN A RIPPLE OF SENSUALITY. RECLINE DRAMATICALLY. MAINTAIN MYSTERY AND ANONYMITY WITH HAT PULLED DOWN TIGHT OVER THE EYES OR LARGE SUNGLASSES.

From left: Ben Sherman shirt and pants at Luxx. Scarf and hat at Kharisma Vintage Fashions. Shoes model's own. More Than Mammal by Danielle Miller's lilac hand dyed dress at Divas by Monica, 1100 East Carson St., South Side Blue Light District, 412.481.5001. Cloth belt, sunglasses, thigh highs, knee socks, and white bowling shoes at Kharisma Vintage Fashions.





**POSITION 3 - FASHION FREE WILL**

A SHOPPING OUTING COULD LEAD TO AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER. LET THEM KNOW JUST WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR WITH A MINI SKIRT AND VINTAGE ANKLE BOOTS. DRESSING ROOMS PROVIDED FOR PRIVACY. PERSONAL CHEQUES ACCEPTED.



**POSITION 4 - LAUNDRY LOVE**

GET IT DIRTY THEN GET IT CLEAN. LOVE IN THE LAUNDRY IS EASY AS PERMANENT PRESS. ALL THE FACILITIES YOU NEED ARE RIGHT THERE AT YOUR DISPOSAL. POLYESTER IS GREAT ON ANY WASH CYCLE. PUT NAUGHTIES ON DELICATE. AGITATE AND SPIN DRY.

From left: Dress, elastic belt, thigh highs, and work boots at Kharisma Vintage Fashions. Revoked vintage shirt and Howe pinstriped pants at Luxx. Wood broach and pocket flare at Kharisma Vintage Fashions.



From back: Blazer, t-shirt, jeans, and cowboy boots Lauren K. Marshall. Shirt Lauren K. Marshall. Courtesy flood pants, pocket flare, broach, and shoes at Kharisma Vintage Fashions. Production by Jeff Davis.



**POSITION 5 - BOOTY HUSTLER**  
PLEASING A PIMP WITH A VELVET COUCH AND WALL FULL OF HONEYS. SLIDE YOUR FINE, ROUND RUMP INTO SOME TIGHT ASS JEANS AND LET PANTY LINES SHINE. KEEP A HANDKERCHIEF IN THE BACK POCKET TO SPIT SHINE HIS BOOTS OR JUST SPIT.



**POSITION 6 - UP AND DOWN**  
ONE, TWO, THREE. CONTAINS FEATS OF FLEXIBILITY AND STRETCHY FABRICS ONLY A DANCER SHOULD WEAR. CONFINED SPACES CREATE MORE DIFFICULTIES. DO NOT EXCEED WEIGHT LIMIT IN LIFT. FOR ADVANCED PARTNERS IN PROPER ATTIRE ONLY.

This feature styled by Sunshine Rocket, kharismafashions@hotmail.com.  
Models: RJ Marshall, Anthony Hollock, Ben Ledawitz, Lindsey Miller, Ashley Lauren Smith, Rachel Pascarella, Sunshine Rocket, Benzo Rocket, Miss Claire Louise Rocket, Andrew Grossman. Special thanks to everyone who let us into their homes.

From bottom clockwise: Luxx's pink and black striped dress at Luxx. Blue bra model's own. Luxx's black and white dress at Luxx. Scarf, pink spandex leggings, and knee boots at Kharisma Vintage Fashions. 44 reworked yellow vest at Luxx or by contact at weareyes@hotmail.com. Sequin belt, jeans, and blue shoes at Kharisma Vintage Fashions. Black t-shirt model's own.



kharisma vintage fashions

1009 E. Carson Street [www.kharismafashions.com](http://www.kharismafashions.com)



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[www.rocketguild.com](http://www.rocketguild.com) [www.rocket-media.org](http://www.rocket-media.org)

FEATURES

THE  
SEX  
INCIDENT



BY ZELDA GETZ

One guy wouldn't stop talking about his 14-year-old daughter, how pretty she was, and how she looked like me. He's the one who'd said he could've come just eating me. I wished he would have.

But that's not what he paid for. And in the end, they always got what they paid for.

Looking back on it, I'm floored at having been so heartbreakingly naïve, but in a way, astounded by my courage, my sense of adventure. I'm only just coming to terms with the fact that I can count prostitution among the myriad sins of my youth.

The ad, seeking "attractive young women, with or without transportation, quick money" appeared in the back of the college newspaper. I think, to me, that leant it a certain degree of safety. I mean, the school paper – it couldn't be a sinister thing.

Stumbling upon that ad couldn't have come at a worse time in my life. I was a college freshman, new in the big city. I had been badly raped about three weeks into school, bent over a 34<sup>th</sup> floor bathroom window. The money that relatives had given me for high school graduation had almost all gone to support my raging binge-and-purge habit. Men paying money for my body seemed like the ultimate stamp of approval, which I craved desperately.

So I arranged to meet Shabir, owner, CEO and product tester for Starr Escorts. I hopped a bus Downtown, and he picked me up in a sleek black sports car. The "interview" was in his shitty little storefront in the Strip District – three private rooms had curtains across the door, and a stereo that got turned up to drown out itinerant moans.

I met the other "girls": a thirty-five year old single mother with a broken toilet at home and a fading bruise high on her cheek, and a mean, pretty, clever girl of about 20 whose high ponytail would have looked about right on a cheerleader. They showed me where the extra sheets were, and how to work the washer and dryer after every client.

They asked what I was doing there, and when I said I just really liked sex, they laughed at me, coldly and without pity. I thought they were laughing with me, because it was such a precocious thing to say.

Shabir told me I was beautiful, but in his wolf's eyes, I was a commodity because I looked like a child. Hell, I was a child; a skinny little girl with jutting hipbones, tiny breasts and no idea what was going on.

Shabir told me I didn't have to do anything I didn't want. There was a pricing scale, and full intercourse would net me \$75 and would net Shabir \$225. He said I had to bring my own condoms if I was planning to fuck. I said I wasn't.

Of course, I did, eventually.

My first customer was a regular – a fat guy named Glen who liked having his nipples licked. In a sense I felt sorry for him, for the way he smelled of nervous sweat and Ivory soap and wanted to fuck me more than anything, but couldn't afford it. His hatred was a shy, fearful kind. He wanted love, and would never, ever get it. Instead, he paid to eat my ass.

Another John wanted anal sex. I'd done that once or twice before with a boyfriend and lots of lube. I didn't want to. He kept insisting, and told me he'd give me a tip. For \$100 extra, he plunged into me, tearing me. I cried so much he finally stopped, and threw the bill on the bed and left – but only after he came in my pussy. I had to scramble and hide the bill, because Shabir forbade tipping.

The other girls in my dorm wanted to know what the hell I was up to, getting myself dressed up like it was Saturday, leaving late on weeknights and coming home with giddy amounts of cash.

I lied, and said it was like dancing. I think I believed myself. I had a denim wallet in a drawer in my desk that just kept getting fatter and fatter.

Finally I sort of cracked. I confessed, rather hysterically and breathlessly, what I was up to to the guy I was seeing. I hadn't fooled him, as it turns out. We rehearsed the phone call I knew I had to make.

I called Shabir, terrified, to tell him I was through. He told me I had an appointment that night at a hotel party, and that the payout would be phenomenal. I somehow stood firm. He let me go, but called my dorm a few times in the ensuing weeks to offer to take me back.

The money tormented me – the physical presence of all that cash was a palpable indictment, quantifiable proof of my filth. I purged it, buying extravagant gifts for my friends – I only bought one thing for myself, and always hated it. It's gone now.

Seven years have come and gone since then, bringing many addictions, lovers and shrinks. I've come a long way. I have an acceptance of my body that I never thought would be mine. It's peaceful not to hate the flesh you inhabit.

But there is no erasing the past. I could enter into a convent, but there it would still be, branded onto me with a permanence that my tattoos would envy. There are things I've done that I am more ashamed of, but none of them carry with them the weight of that single word:

Whore.

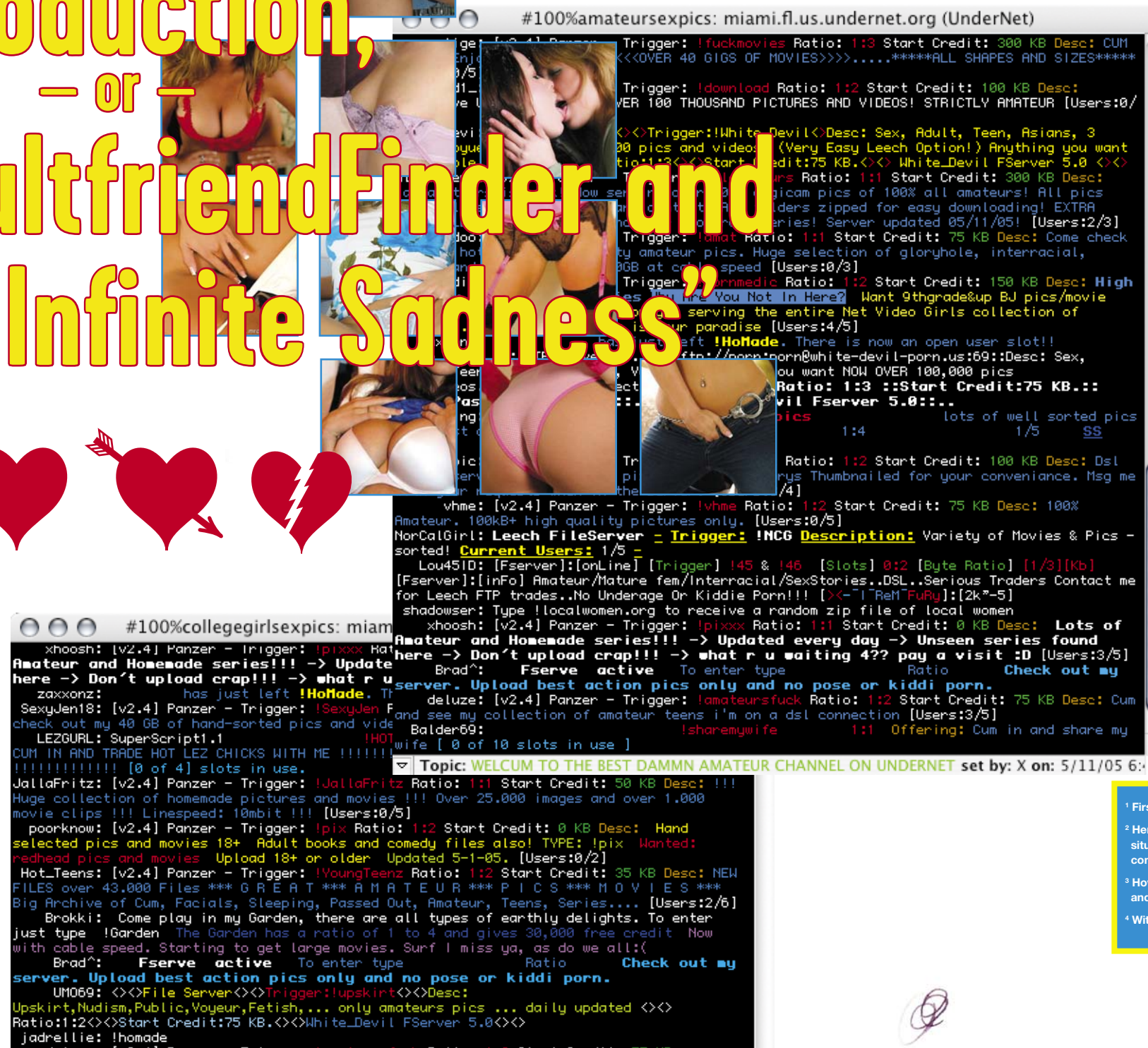


# “Love and Lust in the Age of Mechanical Introduction,”

— or —

# “Adultfriendfinder and the Infinite Sadness”

By jesse hicks



## I. Baby It's Cold Outside

“The dream behind the Web is of a common information space in which we communicate by sharing information. [...] There was a second part of the dream, too, dependent on the Web being so generally used that it became a realistic mirror (or in fact the primary embodiment) of the ways in which we work and play and socialize.”

— Timothy Berners-Lee, creator of the World Wide Web



On the left side of the page is a picture. This picture is an extreme close-up. The picture is both low-contrast and slightly out-of-focus, its left and right sides defined by two tapering pillars, a color somewhere between ivory and almond. They meet in the center of the frame, forming a “v.” At their nexus is a darker area, an arrangement of vertical folds in russet and pink, labyrinthine but without a center. They meet at the top, forming a small ruby above sprout tiny, well-coiffed hairs that, from this Lilliputian perspective, seem to loom in mystery.

To the right of this below-the-waist portrait, with its labial mountain ranges rendered in satellite-imagery detail — the overall packages about as erotic as a colonoscopy — is the heading, “Looking for Mr. Right.” A short introduction follows.

Welcome to AdultFriendFinder.com, which bills itself as “The World’s Largest Sex

& Swinger Personals site.” AdultFriendFinder (AFF) is part of FriendFinder<sup>3</sup>, Inc., a collection of personal networking sites that includes FriendFinder (a less risqué version of AFF), ALT.com (for BDSM aficionados), and Amigos.com (bringing together Spanish/Portuguese members).

AFF boasts 18,654,919 members<sup>3</sup>, who find in it an electronic version of the “key parties” and swingers gatherings that have been around since at least the 1950s. The goal is typically quick hookups with people who are clean and discreet, and who know exactly what they want. Members fill out a lengthy personality profile (used to find potential matches), describe who they are and what they’re looking for, and typically post a picture. All this and \$19.95 a month (discounted for 3-month and year-long subscriptions; more gets you a “Gold Membership”) earns you access to AFF’s database of eager swingers, many of whom are in your area<sup>4</sup>.

AdultFriendFinder, then, is another fascinating beast in the strange menagerie that is the American dating scene. Through the wonders of technology, you can make new friends and bang them hardcore, with just a few clicks of your mouse. (Well, not the banging — not yet, anyway.) You can participate in message boards with like-minded swingers; the Pittsburgh board promises a failed orgy at least once a month, and you’ll thrill to

<sup>1</sup> First reaction: “Holy fuck! A talking vagina!”

<sup>2</sup> Here it might be interesting to note the use of the word “adult” to mean “sex included” — “adult industry,” “adult entertainment,” “adult situations.” Is it surprising, then, that kids thinking fucking makes you mature? Or, if sex=adulthood, that we “adults” spend a lot of time being confused and insecure about it, even as it’s supposedly our gateway into the grown-up world? Just askin’, is all.

<sup>3</sup> How many of these members are actual people is debatable. Personal experience leads the author to believe many of them are spammers and/or cyborgs. Also, this number is heavily weighted towards men.

<sup>4</sup> With that exclamation point I may have veered into blatant promotion. Seriously though, YOU CAN GET LAID TONIGHT! I’m kidding. Or am I?









<sup>14</sup> This is one of those scenes that works in context – in the movie, Joel sees through Clementine's pose, and she, disarmed, is able to laugh about it. In real life, wearing your fucked-upness as a shield against having to feel anything – well, that's just a refusal to admit that life is messy, people are complicated, and sometimes you're going to get hurt. It's a bit like cutting out your heart so you don't have to feel anymore. (See Prozac and self-narcotizing society.)

<sup>17</sup> Did you know the Greek goddess of love, Eros, is also the sum of all instincts for self-preservation? I have no idea what that means!

<sup>18</sup> "The Futile Pursuit of Happiness," New York Times Magazine, September 7, 2003. The study of "affective forecasting" – people's ability to predict what will make them happy and for how long – reveals that human beings are pretty shitty at predicting their own happiness. Yet we all make decisions based on what we believe will make us happy in the future, or what will at least give us "peace of mind." See irony.

<sup>19</sup> "Hey son, what's up?"  
 "Not too much, Mom, just called to see what you were up to...I love you, you know."  
 "Oh for God's sake. If you rented Rear Entry XII with my Blockbuster card, I better not be getting any late charges."

<sup>15</sup> No surprise, then, that

**Ambien  
and  
Prozac,  
the  
Nyquil-  
Dayquil** tag-team  
 of peace-of-mind prescriptions, are among the  
 most successful drugs in history.

**<sup>16</sup> To learn more about American capitalism's vested interest in churning out generation after generation of emotionally crippled "adults," visit your local library.**

<sup>20</sup> Say, when you're surfing AFF @ your shitty 11 PM - 7 AM job that probably, ha ha hmmm, didn't help you keep a girlfriend in the first place, and after sending your 250<sup>th</sup> email that month get a message saying you're over the limit and must send to the Gods of Customer Service the following plea:

From jesse@deekmagazine.com  
 Subject Arrgh! I've used all my emails!  
 To gold@adultfriendfinder.com

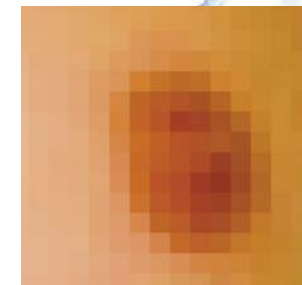
Hello. I seem to have used all my emails for this month. Admittedly I did go a little crazy trying to hit every available woman within 75 miles of Pittsburgh. But God Help Me, I'm so lonely.

**<sup>21</sup> "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou purity rating a mere 48%?"**

<sup>22</sup> This is probably best done at a time you're sure to get her voicemail.

In other words, by focusing on her supposed "fucked-upness," she turns any relationship into a salve for said fucked-upness – [exactly what she chooses Joel of doing.](#)<sup>14</sup>

Here you might be getting another one of those twinges, something along the lines of "Wow, it's almost as if we can relate to one another only as pre-packaged products, the choice of which will both define who we are and rid us of the burden of this constant [low-level anxiety](#)<sup>15</sup> brought on by [consumer overload](#).<sup>16</sup> Unable to feel past our own ineffable dissatisfaction, we make our lovers into just another accessory, bit players in the [Play Called Me](#)<sup>17</sup>...hey, is that a new *Nokia cell phone*?"



### III. The Futile Pursuit of Happiness<sup>18</sup>

**"You're looking for the wrong person. But not just any wrong person: the right wrong person – someone you lovingly gaze upon and think, 'This is the problem I want to have.' I will find that special person who is wrong for me in just the right way."**

– Andrew Boyd, *Daily Afflictions*

The old joke is that, for men at least, overdosing on pornography (say, 30-40 straight hours) always ends with a [guilty, sheepish phone call to Mom](#).<sup>19</sup> (And this is a stretch, but you explain it...) there's some primal need to reassert the possibility of a woman as another, separate human being, rather than simply a flesh-fantasy playground.

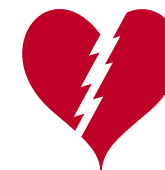
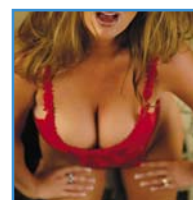
Overdosing on AdultFriendFinder [profiles](#)<sup>20</sup> provokes a similar feeling, but one not exactly the same. If a porn OD is like the inevitable crash after a week-long coke binge, leaving you listless and borderline suicidal, AFF profiles are more like an acid-trip that starts out fine, then slowly, sneakily, creeps out of your control and into a bleak, existential void. Porn promises escape; AFF is all too real. There's the attractive blonde from Ohio, 25, who's unhappily married and looking to find real love in a hotel room (daytime rendezvous preferred); there's the woman in Warren whose husband is a sad loser who cannot satisfy her. She quotes Ayn Rand, "I swear by my life, and my love of it, that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine," before challenging anyone who's not a "two-pump chump" to take her on.

The more romantic profiles also seem poignantly out of place. To the woman who writes, "I'm looking for a Romeo to my Juliet," there are two questions: First, you know how that play *ends*, right? One hint: it's not "happily ever after." Second, are you sure you'll find Romeo on a site whose "purity test" includes the question, "Have you ever engaged with a hooker or gigolo?" Not to be judg-

mental of either you or AFF fans, but this might not be the place for [Montagues and Capulets](#).<sup>21</sup> Unless that's your fetish; there's probably a bulletin board for that.

Spend enough time reading profiles like, "I made a New Year's resolution not to be lonely anymore," and you start to feel you should call up that one ex-girlfriend – you know, the one who's written you out of her life, your only connection the fading ellipsis of things left unsaid, but when one day you see her walking on the street with another guy, his hand on the small of her back as they pass, you crack into infinite jagged reflections of that touch, the fingertip language of lovers, and though you can't see her face because she is walking one way, your bus going another, you hope she is smiling, and the silence in your chest is the sound of your heart not beating – and say *something*. Anything. Apologize for the state of the world, for being who you are, maybe – apologize that there are so many lonely people in the world and then [hang up](#).<sup>22</sup>

Then you go back to clicking away, still searching for that one perfect vagina with the personality that will make you **complete.**





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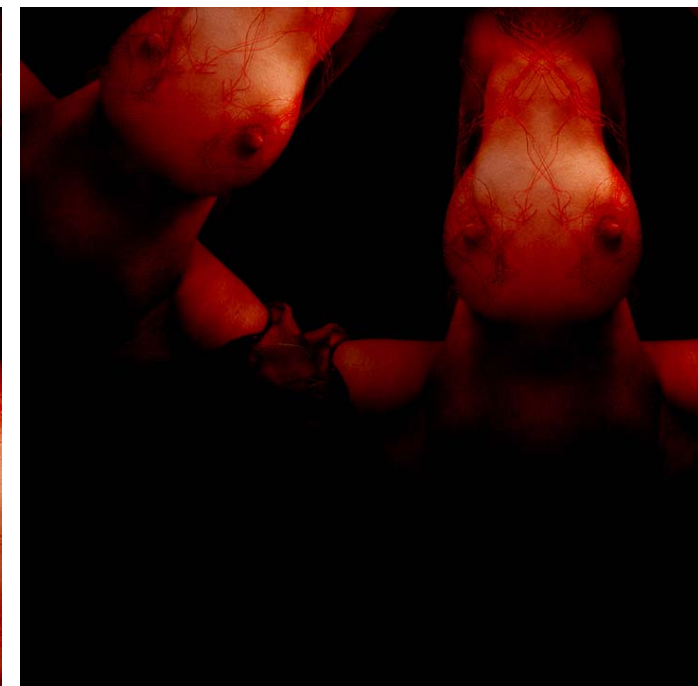
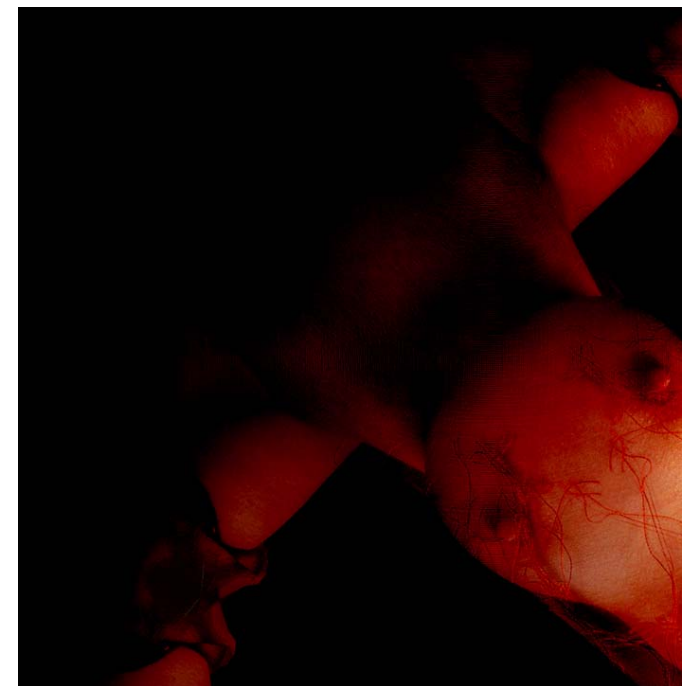
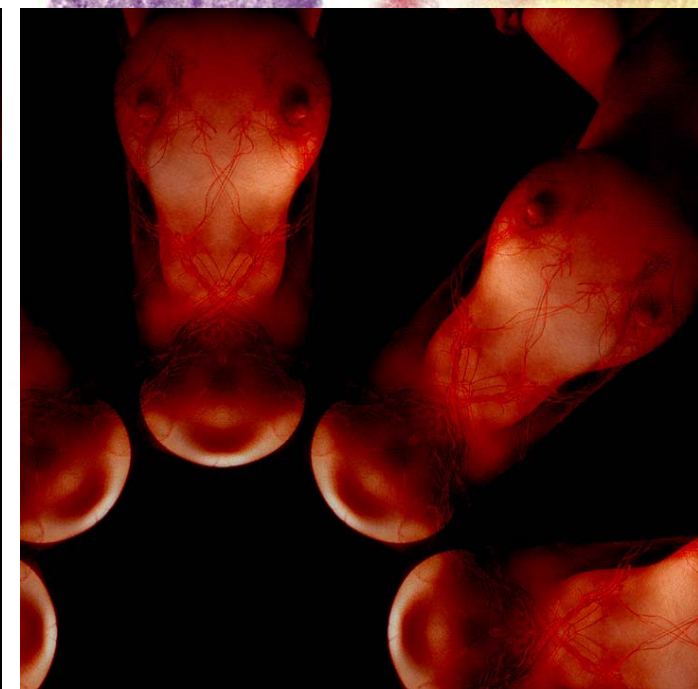
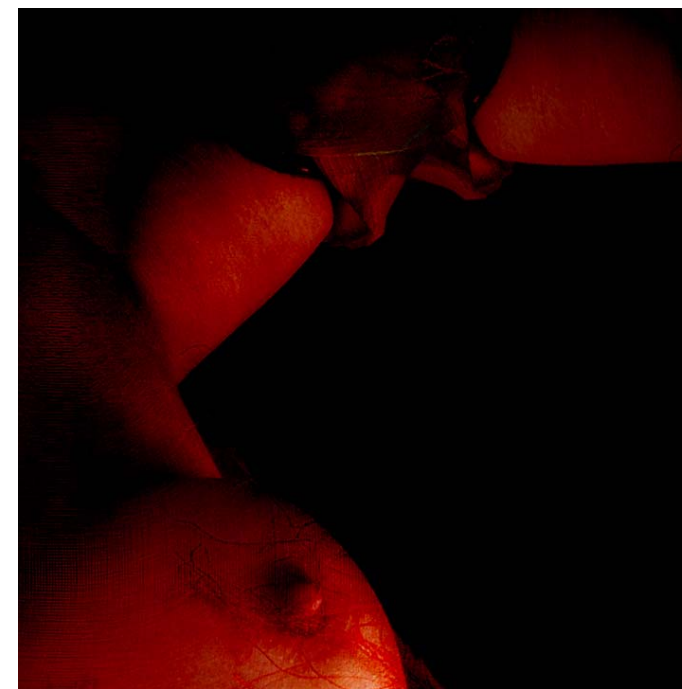
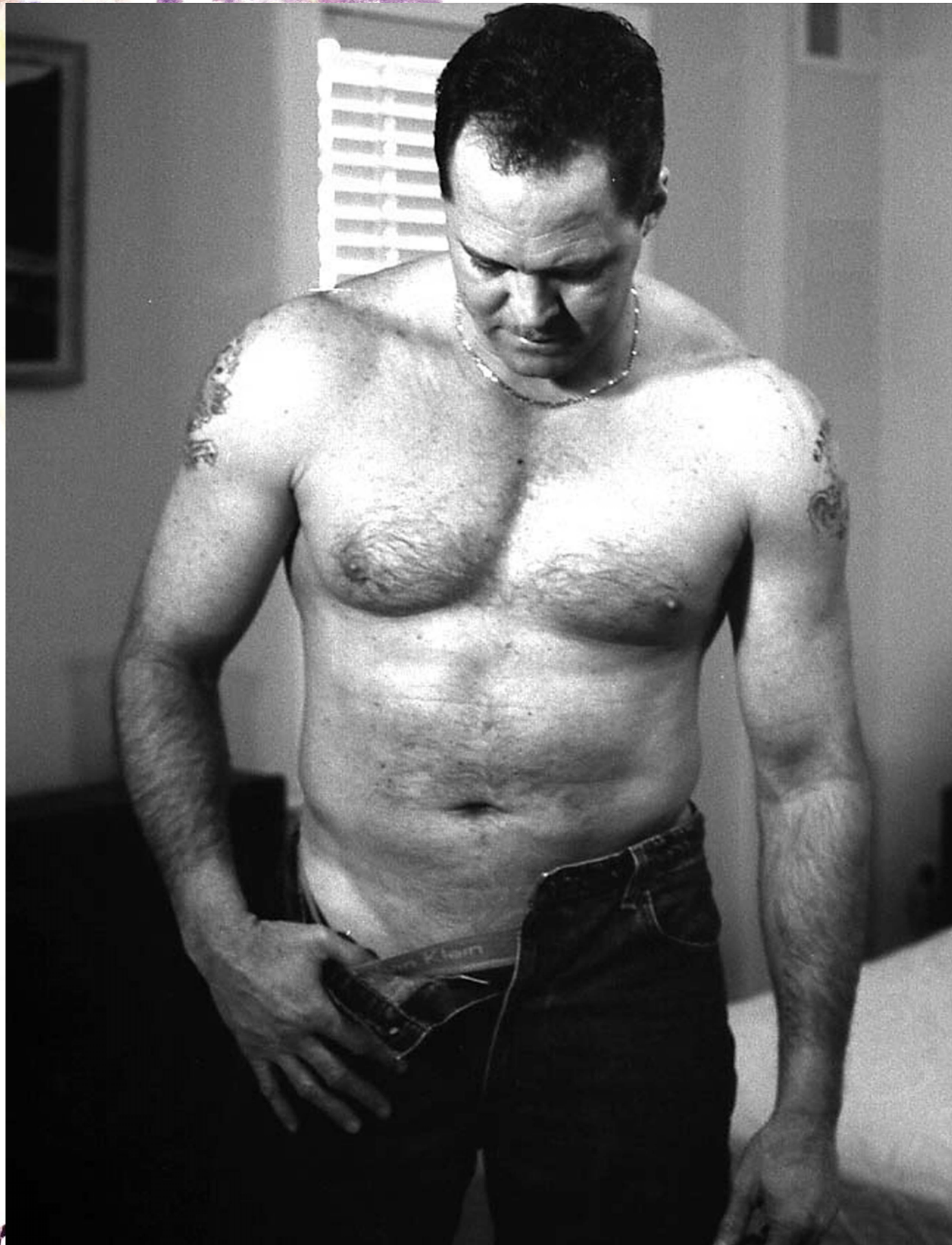


## ETHAN LONG

Ethan Long is an internationally recognized photographer based in Pittsburgh, PA. He strives for something unique, preferring to capture a person exploring their boundaries or interacting with their environment. Traveling frequently for work, his studio is typically an abandoned building, random hotel, or outdoor location. Additional work may be seen at <http://ethan5.com>. Ethan enjoys your comments and may be reached at [ethanmlong@yahoo.com](mailto:ethanmlong@yahoo.com).









## CASEY SOMMERS

I am trying to break into the gallery scene as well so I'm am working on the whole bio/statement thing. That too is a work in progress and i will forward them to you upon completion... what the hell do I know, im merely the Creator of Toast. More work can be seen at [www.ccretouch.com](http://www.ccretouch.com).

To plow your way in to the Deek Gallery send an email to [art@deekmagazine.com](mailto:art@deekmagazine.com).




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LITERATURE





# DEEK LOVE IN THE TIME OF ABSTINENCE



BY GREG BENEVENT

MY BITCH NEIGHBOR glares at me as I hammer the last plank into the door.

“I’m allowed to be in the hallway,” I mutter, sing-songy to piss her off. She slurps on an old stained mug, a floral moomoo stretched across her limitless torso.

Her glare feels like spiders on my tits. I flatten my black fishnet full-body vest, just to do something other than feel her look at me.

“Happy seven and a half month anniversary...” I sing to the tune of “Happy Birthday” in my best Spider Zombie voice, but it sucks. One of the boards comes off, a rogue nail sticking out. *Thump – THUMP.* I pound the nail so hard my wrist hurts. Rubbing my arm, my tattoos (Demeter, Goddess of the harvest, holding a chainsaw and a ball of fire) I feel more than a little naked.

“You’re animals,” she finally growls, yellow teeth clicking together.

I frown at the door: There’s no way he’s getting in, not like last week. That was too easy. All he had to do was bum rush the door, rear back and *slam* into it with his shoulder. I couldn’t believe it.

“Mrs. Huffington, does that look straight to you?” I sweetly ask, pretty-as-you-please, turning towards her. She gasps as she gets the full-on look at my vest.

“Animals, sick animals,” she intones, pointing her phone at me like a crone’s magic wand. She lumbers into her apartment, and slams the door, rattling my own. I admire my handiwork – my door is covered in planks, each nailed several times and secured with a metal latch. My door is impenetrable –no way he’s getting in.

I’ve never been so in love.

Opening the door with the only key, I

duck under the planks and skip inside. The carpet feels soft on my bare feet, except for the hard stained parts.

Pacing around the room, it feels like hours until the break in. I sit

on the couch – it groans, as if anticipating him somehow.

“Happy seven and a half month anniversary...” I hum, arranging The Toys to my liking on the huge, expensive glass coffee table. There’s something I’ve forgotten – there’s some way he could get in, and ruin this – ruin one of the best days of our relationship –

The windows!

I rush to the window, and draw the black venetian blinds.

Mrs. Huffington is glaring at me from her window, across the way. She robotically shovels ice cream into her mouth, her eyes unmoving. Maybe she fantasizes about me? She points the phone at me again –

Sticking my tongue out, I put up a storm window. “EAT MAGGOT SHIT” is scrawled in purple lipstick on it.

I didn’t get him a gift for today. I feel terrible. He got me a tiny heart-shaped box of candy. I kicked him in the shin before he opened it, revealing a tooth with each candy. Eight in all.

“Our teeth. Our love,” he whispered. I’m shivering now thinking about it.

BZZZZ –

I stand frozen in disbelief.

BZZZZ –

The doorbell. Again. The phone falls out of my fingers, and I brush away tears. How can he do this? This is *our day!* He’s *NEVER* admitted that he couldn’t come in! He’s *NEVER* used the safe word (“Wallpaper”).

BZZZZ –

“Maybe there’s a good explanation...” I whisper to myself, blind with tears. “There must be a reason... there has to be.” I can’t stop wailing. Stupid fucking man, doesn’t he understand how hard I worked to please him? I just want this rape and home invasion fantasy to work, and he can’t even try?

“I did all this for you...” I say out loud, eyes closed, trying not to moan. Opening my eyes, wiping the tears on my leather gloves, “I take off work, I try to make something special...” A deep breath gets me under control.

BZZZZ –

I blurt out tears again, unable to stop them. I grab the hammer, and march to the door.

BZZZZ –

“Listen to me you little fuck,” I press my face to the door, “you thought I was mad when I covered your nuts in honey and tied you to that stake on the beach by the red ant hill?” I snarl, the anger gives me power – “You have no idea—”

“Mary?” a small, shaky, little girl voice asks. Oh shit.

I throw open the door.

“Hi... Mary.” My fourteen year-old cousin, Turina. She must’ve just come from school, she’s still in the catholic girl jumper.

“What are you... hey.” I stammer, hiding the hammer behind my back. “What’s... up?”

She shrugs and looks at the ground. She’s an adorable girl, and she looks cute as can be in that jumper. (I went to the same school she did at her age – I still fit in that jumper, too.)

“I need to talk to you...” she almost whispers, still not looking at me. I’m not surprised. My aunt “B” as she wants to be called (I always called her “Aunt Bear,” since that one time I actually called her “Aunt Bitch” when I was six and had to eat an entire bar of soap). Beat named her “Turina” as an homage to the Shroud of Turin. I know she goes by “Tori” and I hope everyone just thinks her name is “Victoria.”

“Can I come in...?” she whispers, a gulp in her voice. Mrs. Huffington’s standing in the hallway, phone tucked in her armpit. I imagine I can hear the smiling flower on her stomach yelling “Please Help me!”

“Sure, Tori,” I touch her shoulder to wave her inside, but she steps away from me and looks down the hall.

“It’s okay, Melv. I told you she wouldn’t do that.”

A thin, almost lurpy teenager with horrific, nuclear winter acne steps out from behind a fire extinguisher, knees a little wobbly. He’s wearing a St. Gabriel’s blazer. Melv doesn’t move.

Tori sighs and grabs his hand – she pulls him into my apartment. His blazer reeks of after shave and sweat. I hated that school.

“So... what’s up, kids?” I say, trying to keep my smile big enough to not be recognized as fake. Tori’s never been to my apartment before, and I haven’t talked to her in at least a year and a half. She sits on the couch, and looks around, kicking her feet nervously. Melv (could that be short for “Melvin?” Why

the fuck would anyone want to be called “Melv?”) slumps next to her, and tries to bury his face into her shoulder. I want to tell her she should make him wear a paper towel on his face, but I don’t like to be mean unless I have to.

“So...?” I say, smile not yet waning on my face, hands on my hips. Melv tries not to look at my pretty much naked body (which is so adorable) but I don’t have time to throw something else on. I need to get the kids out pronto.

“Eat... maggot...” Melv’s voice trails off before the last word. Somehow, he looks even whiter – he’s so pale I believe he could disappear.

“You caught me at a bad time,” I say diplomatically, leaning over the two of them. “What’s going on?”

**“I’M A LIL’ COUNTRY GAL!” THE LABEL SAYS, PERHAPS UNAWARE OF IT’S TRUE JOB – FREQUENT DILDO AND ASS MOLE.**

“You called me,” Tori says, wide bright eyes too large, too far apart on her face to ever be truly beautiful, only hot.

“No, I didn’t. When did I call you?” I give her a funny look. What the fuck is this? Her eyes somehow grow wider, and threaten to envelop her face –

“Last night, you called me really late. You sounded... you know, drunk.”

I roll my tongue around my lips, I rarely get drunk and call people. Why the hell would I call her? Sensing my disbelief, she leans forward –

“You said you were in a horrible relationship, and you needed out, and...” her voice trails off, her eyes sad.

Unconsciously, I shake my head. I don’t remember anything like that, but I was *really* drunk last night. Jerry and I took turns grabbing each other by the ankles and swinging each other as hard as possible into the wall. We stopped when the bathroom mirror crashed onto his stomach.

“What time did I call you?” I ask her, my hands flattening my

vest again.

Now, she goes white. Her eyes dart around – various stuttering, delaying sounds leak out of her mouth, chasing each other: “Uhh, umm... well, it was... uhh –”

“What’s... that?” Melv whispers, his teeth chattering. I turn.

“Oh, it’s, well – uhh...”

I pick up the object in question off the glass table. It’s one of our favorite toys. Jerry and I knew pretty early on in our relationships we needed some kind of phallic object for just “us,” but a dildo felt cliché to me and uncomfortable to him. We settled on this adorable child’s karaoke microphone.

“I’m a Lil’ Country Gal!” the label says, perhaps unaware of it’s true job – frequent dildo and ass mole.

“My boyfriend... likes to sing,” I say and smile at him, my pitch getting high at the end of the sentence.

“But it’s... stained,” Melv whispers, digging his hand into Tori’s arm.

“Well... he spits when he sings,” I tell him confidentially, one eyebrow raised. He looks like he’s about to pass out – I slap Tori’s knee, right above the white tube sock.





“So, what time did I call you?”

Her eyes shake in her head, her hands twist in her lap.

“Was it... three AM? Yes. Yes,” she says, instantly confident – and then in the next instant, it evaporates, leaving her pursing her lips again. “Yes. Three.” Her gaze is steady at me.

Suddenly it hits me.

“I didn’t call you last night,” I say, shaking my head, shaking with rage. I can’t believe I didn’t figure this all out earlier. “I didn’t call you... at all,” I whisper the last part, pacing in front of them.

“But you...”

“NO!” I scream at her – she jumps, tears pool at Melv’s eyes. I grab the hammer, and point it at her – “That bitch Aunt Beat. She sent you to spy, didn’t she?” I lean into Melv’s fake smile and bare my teeth at him. “See how the animals live.”

He whimpers, and buries his face in Tori’s shoulder. To her credit, she doesn’t look away from me.

“Tell her that I’m happy at the firm and Jerry’s doing fine in grad school. And we were ever so happy to see the both of you, but we had dinner plans.” I say, clasping my hands to my bosom. “That’s all you will tell her. Now get out of here before I hurt you.”

I swat a piece of the bathroom mirror off of the coffee table with the hammer, just for emphasis. Melv is openly sobbing now.

“Okay, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” Tori begins, whimpering herself, “I shouldn’t have lied to you. That’s not why we came.”

“Get out,” I whisper.

“No, we need your help. We need your advice. We can’t talk to anyone—”

“I told you to get out,” I swing the ham-

mer between my finger tips. There is absolutely nothing on this planet that could get me to hurt my adorable, lovable little uber-Christian cousin, but she probably doesn’t know that, and I need them to leave RIGHT NOW. Who knows Aunt Bitch told her?

And who knows what they’ll tell her if Jerry pops in?

“Get. Out.” I point the hammer at the door.

Tori shrieks: “But you’ve got to help us! No one can—”

“I told you to—” I raise the hammer over my head –

Tori thrusts a laminated piece of paper under my nose. I look at her, I take it warily – “I, the under-signed child of our lord Jesus Christ, do hereby swear to maintain and uphold my virginity, to participate in and enthusiastically cultivate a vibrant and proud celibacy until the time of marriage and not one sinful second beforehand, no matter how ‘hot’ or ‘sexy’ or ‘buggin’ a member of the OPPOSITE SEX shall be...”

I have to put the paper down, I’m giggling too hard to keep reading. I slap myself in the face – hard. Nothing ruins a home invasion/rape fantasy like giggling.

The two kids are looking at me, so earnest their faces could break.

“Is it legally binding?” Tori asks.

I’m giggling again. I try to keep a straight face; I take a deep breath. I raise my eyes to her:

“Only in Utah.”

She cheers, a loud noise that sounds like “WHOOPI!” Melv jumps into her arms, and my fourteen year old cousin makes out with apocalypse face on my couch.

“Um, wait a second. Whoa, hold up there—” I pull him off her by his collar. His face is flushed and wide with confusion.

“You guys aren’t... especially not right here...”

Tori looks at her, head cockeyed – then her face lights up again, eyes too big:

“OH, no no nno –” she turns to Melv, “She thinks we’re... like, we’re really going to...”

He giggles. She giggles. They giggle with each other.

I need to get them the fuck out of my house. Right now.

“I’m not sure you two should...” I frown, looking for the right words to say. Unable to meet either of their eyes, I look at the “I’m a Lil’ Country Girl!” “Maybe you shouldn’t have sex. You know?”

They laugh.

“We still need to keep that pledge,” Tori says, then looks meaningfully at Melv. “But... we did have something we wanted to ask you about.” She nudges Melv. He doesn’t look at me. “Come on.”

“But she’s your cousin,” he pouts, still not looking up. Tori rolls her eyes –

“Yes, and that’s why I can’t ask her. Come on. You want to or not?”

“Umm... so like, you know...” Melv says to the floor, “What’s up with uh... anal sex. Like, what’s the story there?”

I have no idea what how to respond to that. Amazingly, I hear: “But that’s still losing your virginity,” come out of my mouth.

Tori’s face is earnest again, the full-on righteousness of a great missionary: “Oh no. Anal sex, even,” her voice drops to a whisper for two syllables, “oral sex, those aren’t cov-

ered.”

“You can be all over that,” Melv adds. He tries to whisper into Tori’s ear so I can’t hear, but he’s too loud: “I thought you said she was an attorney, and she doesn’t know you can be an Anal Virgin?”

Tori touches my knee: “Do you have any advice?”

Melv looks around the apartment: “Any books, or tapes or something? I learn best visually.”

“Me too!” Tori adds, touching his nose.

She turns to me, “Just one more thing we have in common. Can you believe it?”

“No,” I say.

Her face lights up again: “Say, we were experimenting with some stuff the other day to see if it works. You’re an attorney, could you look at it to see if it violates our abstinence pledge—”

Suddenly, the “EAT MAGGOT SHIT” storm window falls with a crash, breaking on an old chair. I jump – waiting for Jerry to leap through the window, and throw me onto the floor, making me bite into my achilles’ tendon while he –

“Here, let us crawl around so you get some idea—” Melv says, and flips my fourteen year old cousin over – I shove him off again:

“I get the idea. No, you shouldn’t. You shouldn’t—” Why am I saying this? Why am I telling them not to have anal sex? Why do I give a shit? I don’t even like that couch –

Mrs. Huffington’s still looking at me through her window. Her phone is still pointing at me, but she’s smiling now, as if the spell has already been cast.

“Maybe you aren’t ready for sex,” I say helpfully, grabbing for the hammer again, trying to get some kind of control back here.

Tori gasps, and sits back on the couch.

Melv puts his hands over his ears.

“If you have sex, you’ll die,” she whispers. “Out of marriage, oh yeah.”

“Yeah, huh?” I say, scratching my left tit.

“Condoms don’t work, no birth control does. Sex is violent, it’s ungodly—”

“It’s painful for the... the... woman... girl.” Melv stutters, nodding sagely.

sucker-bitten I looked like someone had tried to strangle me to death.

I had to visit my parents the next day, and luckily it was cold enough to wear a turtleneck. I hid it well, but as the day wore on, a brush burn from Chris’s stubble began to seep and puss on my raw chin, like a badge of shame and regret. I stayed home from work, didn’t call off, didn’t explain; just didn’t show up and wallowed in my embarrassment.

I moved in with Chris because I needed a place to live, and because it was the only sort of relationship I knew how to cultivate with another guy. I think only a week went by before we started fucking.

We fell into a rhythm of going out on the weekends and getting wasted, then coming home to have sex with each other. I became very cautious about hiccups, but everything else was a mess – we would knock things over, crush things underneath us. We let our other roommate catch us going at it on the sofa. We invited other guys over and had threesomes, sometimes in our other roommate’s bed.

Always, it was my dick in his ass. He was my roommate to my parents or my roommate-with-privileges to my friends, but never my boyfriend. We never talked about it, it was what it was.

He started sleeping in my bed. One morning I woke up to find him playing with my flaccid dick, trying to get it hard, teasing and pinching and tickling. I felt this rage well up within me, undefined anger at who he was and what he wanted from me, disgust at how far he’d go to get it. I lay there for awhile and pretended to be asleep, and then, at some point, I resigned myself and thought: I’m going to let him get me hard, and then fuck him as much as I hate him. I let myself get hard, then I shoved it in him so hard and violently and came so quickly that it was the best sex we’d ever had.

“Where did you hear that?” I ask, pulling Tori to her feet, and pointing her towards the door –

“It’s in those special classes at school when they pull the girls and boys aside. You know.”

“Right... well,” I stand by the door, and look at them. She holds his hand, they look at me. I want to open the door, and I need to kick them out.

But I’m worried where they’re going to go, and what they’re going to do.

Why do I give a shit? Have I suddenly become a prude here?

“Listen, guys... you have to understand that just because of—”

Suddenly, a loud crash behind me. I shake my head, and slap myself in the face again.

“Of course,” I whisper to the two frightened children, “Shimmying up the drain pipe, then going in the bedroom window. Why didn’t I think of that?”

I turn, and look at my wonderful boyfriend Jerry. He took a rough graduate course mid-term in physics today, and now wears nothing but a leather studded thong. His eyes are as wild as his Forrest of chest hair.

“Honey, I don’t think we’ll be able to—” I say, and then he grabs my neck. Melv screams as Jerry knees me in the face, I fall backward. Tori throws something at him, I can’t see what it is.

“This may not be the best time for this—” I gurgle as he grabs my leg and hurls me onto the couch. I scream in pain as my head conks against the arm rest. I sit up –

Jerry’s marching towards me – the kids are behind him, screaming:

“Sir, you must cease and desist this in-





stant!” Tori.

“The power of Jesus Christ compels you!” Melv.

“Jerry, please. They’re kids. They can’t see this. They can’t understand—” I mutter, head rolling, trying to keep my shoulders above the back of the couch. He’s stalking towards me – power, lust, anger and pride in his eyes. Tori’s right behind him. I know he should stop this, but deep down, I’m glad he doesn’t. He’ll beat the shit out of me if we agreed upon it in front of anyone –

I’ve never loved anyone like him.

“Jerry, let’s show them anal sex. They don’t get it right –” He slaps me so hard I feel my teeth break. My head hits off the glass table – rolling, I stand up, stumble over the table, and hit my head on the carpet.

I hear him panting behind me – the kids’ screaming is one non-stop impotent wail. Pulling myself up, I stumble for the bedroom – if he takes me there, maybe they won’t see me –

“Get away from her you monster!” Tori screams.

Jerry leaps over the couch and reaches for me – I scream as he yanks on my air –

I turn to spit in his face, punch him, pin him – anything to stop his horny ass and let the kids escape. But as I strike at him, he trips.

His eyes are wide as his head smashes into the glass table. A deafening crash fills the entire room. Glass is everywhere, like a bomb was wrapped in a window. Glass in the wall, glass in my feet, slicing my big toe, blood mixing with polish.

A thunderous shattering, and the only sound is Jerry crying.

There’s a large glass shard sticking out of his forehead, nearly an inch down from his

scalp. He’s looking at me eyes wide, his body’s shaking. I run over and put my arms around, I rock him in my arms, and kiss his head.

“The... girl,” he says. He points, a trembling bloody finger.

Tori’s on the ground, a much smaller piece of glass sticking out of her leg, bloodying her skirt, and dripping red onto her socks.

“Melv,” I say calmly as possible, “Call a paramedic. Tell them there’s been an accident, give them the address—”

“I have some first-aid crème in my backpack,” Melv says.

“Melv!” Tori screams, and throws a cell phone at him. It goes past him, and skitters to the door. He runs after it. Tori turns her head to us, trying not to cry, trying not to bleed.

“I don’t... understand,” she says.

I crawl over Jerry, and cradle her head with my right arm, my left under Jerry.

“Couples are different,” I whisper and hug her. “We have an understanding.” She breathes heavily for a while, picking at her leg.

“Is that...okay?” she asks, smoothing out her skirt. She pulls out the abstinence oath, and uses it to try and stop the blood. She presses it over her wound –

Melv runs over, and puts the cell phone back in Tori’s pocket: “The paramedics are coming. It’ll be a couple minutes.” She nods, and he kisses her. “I love you,” he blurts out, his face sweaty and goofy. She kisses him again.

I look over at Jerry, he’s smiling, blood dripping over his eyes. I wipe his forehead with my fishnet vest.

KNOCK – KNOCK KNOCK –

“Ma’am, could you please open the door? This is the police.”

Tori backs up against a wall without thinking, then yelps as she rubs her leg. I turn towards the door –

“What’s going on, officer?”

“We received a disturbance complaint. Can you open the door please?”

Slowly, head rushing, I stand up, walk over to the door, feeling the crunch of glass under my bare feet, ruining my carpet. I open the door –

A good-looking young cop, probably hasn’t been on the force too long: Officer Huffington.

“You must be my neighbor’s—”

“Nephew,” he sharply cuts me off. “She’s been complaining about a lot of noise—”

He walks into the apartment. The glass is much louder underneath his boots.

“What happened?” he says, without even looking at me.

“Sir, we were—”

He holds up a stern glove: “One of the injured parties, ma’am.”

“Well, you see, officer –” Tori starts, Melv puts his hand on her, she pushes him away: “We were running around and we tripped, and—”

The officer looks at them, and shakes his head.

“Don’t lie, please.”

Tori stands up, leaning against the wall –

“Officer, please. I’m not lying to you, allow me to explain—”

“I don’t have time to hear anymore untruths. Now someone tell me what happened.”

Tori slinks over to Melv, and they hold each other. I can imagine what’s going through both of their heads: “We’re Going to Get Arrested. It’s Going to Go On Our Permanent Records, We Won’t Get Into College—”

I shake my head and smile.

“Officer, my boyfriend and I participate in an elaborate and violent love game, where he breaks in and rapes me, despite my protestations. My cousin and her boyfriend picked a bad time to visit. In his pursuit of me, my boyfriend, Jerry—”

Jerry salutes Officer Huffington from the floor.

“Jerry dove for me and smashed into the glass table. My cousin Tori tried to, as she believed, ‘save me.’”

The officer shoves his hand in my face again: “Is this true?”

We all nod

“Have the paramedics been notified?”

“Uh, just moments ago there, officer,” Melv says, holding up Tori’s cell phone.

“Do you want to press charges?” he stares at Tori. She shakes her head.

“Me neither” Jerry says, and winks at me.

Officer Huffington glares at me. He looks like his aunt, same beady eyes, natural sneer. He’ll get fat soon and wear floral print shirts.

“There’s nothing for me to do here.”

As I close the door behind him, I hear Mrs. Huffington chewing him out in the hallway.

“Paramedics should be here soon. Should already be here.”

Tori stands up, and hugs me: “I’m okay, it was just minor.”

“You sure?” I ask.

She laughs: “I’ll tell Aunt Bitch, I mean, Aunt Beat, I tripped in the park.”

“Nice meeting you,” Melv says to Jerry, and sticks out his hand. Jerry laughs at him.

“Hey,” I whisper, leaning into Tori’s face.

“If you can’t lie to a cop, and you can’t tell the truth, maybe you aren’t ready for sex.”

Tori looks at me.

“But what if he—”

“No. No. No you aren’t. Either lie or tell the truth, then you can think about it.”

She looks at me, her face falls a little, then she nods. Acceptance.

Melv touches her shoulder

– “Hey, we should probably get going—”

She shoves him hard, into the door. I’ve never seen someone more shocked.

“I’ll go when I’m ready,” she smiles at me, then glares back at Melv: “Or I’ll kick your ass.”

She opens the door, and Melv runs outside – she smiles at me, and nods: “Thank you. Both of you.” She closes the door.

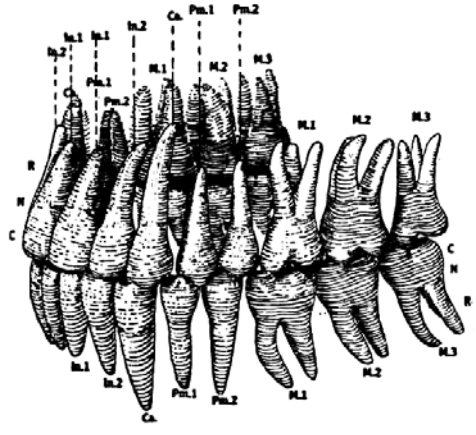
“Anytime,” Jerry says, trying to pick at the piece of glass in his head. “So,” he says, “Now what?”

I lean down next to him, and lick his ear: “The paramedics aren’t here yet.”

“So?”

“So, I’m going to rape you,” and I grab him by his crotch and lift him onto the couch. I kiss his mouth to muffle his yell. As I rip off his pants, he beats me in the head with the “I’m a Lil’ Country Girl.” One of my teeth falls out, onto the glass, and the carpet. I make a mental note to pick it up afterwards, and put it in our heart-shaped box of candy.

And then I grab the hammer.





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# REVIEWS

THE  
**SEX**  
INCIDENT



# RELEASE. MANUALS

## ONE MAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE WASTELAND OF HOW-TO SEX BOOKS

BY CHARLES EDWARD MUNSTER

Typically, sex is a fairly straightforward, Insert Tab A into Slot B (or Slot C or D, or Tab B — you choose your assembly manual metaphor!) affair, two minutes of squelchin', moanin' good times slightly more fun than the new Splinter Cell game.

Then the man (bird) climaxes, rolls over, and falls asleep, leaving the female (bee) of the species to sigh wistfully before finishing herself off to the mental image of Brad Pitt, who, one assumes, can at least keep it up for the 8 minutes it takes to please a woman, and who also does not snore. [To gay readers: I do not know your lifestyle. Is the process similar in boy-boy or girl-girl relations? Do you draw straws at the beginning to see who goes to sleep dissatisfied? Enquiring minds want to know!]

Sometimes, though, sex is like putting together one of those oddly-named Ikea deck chairs. There are too many tabs for too few slots, everything seems to be labeled wrong, umlauts are sprouting in places they shouldn't, and eventually the whole endeavor collapses in spare parts and big, salty tears. Someone storms out of the room or car; a door is slammed. The night is cold and very long.

It's then that we must warm ourselves by the lamp of knowledge, in the form of sexual self-help books.

Let me ask you: are you lonely, alone, and by yourself? Do you sometimes feel companionless, rejected, or even troglodytic? Is it because you are bad in bed? Yes, it is.

What you need to know is *How to Make Love All Night (And Drive a Woman Wild)* (Perennial Currents, 1995.) Did you know men, just like their ball-less, flawed counterparts, can experience multiple orgasms in one love-making session? According to this book, it's true!

Author Barbara Keesling, a certified sexpert, writes, "Having sex should be like going to Disneyland—tons of different rides, plenty to eat, and fireworks at midnight—only better because you don't have to wait on line. Does that sound good to you?" It sure sounded good to me, because the so-called "sex" I'd been "having" before this book was more like a visit to Auschwitz — no food to eat, daily beatings, protruding ribs, and flies

laying eggs in your eyes! Ha ha, I kid, I kid! But seriously, it was a holocaust of disappointment.

Needless to say, I was pretty psyched about a book that promised me multiple firings of the flesh howitzer. I'd be trading that outdated one-shooter for a Gatling gun of pleasure. "If you are a man reading this book, you are about to enter into a new relationship — a new and exciting relationship with your own penis," it said. I kinda thought the current relationship with my penis was a bit dull, but OK, maybe I was missing something.

"When was the last time you spent any quality time with your penis?" said the book, and I realized my penis was getting too clingy and that if I wanted someone to guilt-trip me about not buying flow-



ers for our 6-week, 3-day anniversary, I never would've faked my death in that fiery car crash and convinced my brother's friends at the Coroner's office to tell Sharon not to call me anymore. I put two bullet holes in that book and moved on.

To The Complete Idiot's Guide to Amazing Sex (Alpha Books, 2002). The clerk at Barnes and Noble gave me a pitying look, which I responded to by bursting into tears. I wept right there in the store, dampening that poor girl's turquoise blouse as she held me and stroked the back of my head. After an hour my crying slowed; Summer (for that is what her nametag said) pried my head from her shoulder. She looked me right in the eye, hers a deep aquamarine, and said, "You can call me anytime." Then she wrote a fake number on my arm.

"That's only five digits," I said.

"I'm, uh, from Canada," she said. "Our phone numbers are different up there."

She rushed back into the stacks, blushing. I rushed home and dove into *Amazing Sex*. There, on the table of contents, it demanded of me: "Part 1: Say Yes to Amazing Sex." I read it again, then checked the front cover. *Amazing Sex*. Was I ready for that? I thought I'd grabbed OK Sex or maybe Vaguely Tolerable Intercourse. I didn't know if I was ready for *Amazing Sex*. My heart pounded; my hairy palms began to sweat.

I glanced at section two: "Sexpectations: Understanding Your Sexual Beliefs." Puns! I wasn't ready for that level of commitment. I decided to call Summer.

I listened to a mechanized voice repeat, "We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed. Please check the number and try your call again." The voice sounded kinda hot. I should try to get her number, I thought. Turned out any five-digit number I called was answered by this same voice. Who was this robot woman, and did she like me?

I figured I'd try Summer again later. *Amazing Sex* had crept me out. Plus, it was almost 400 pages. I figured I could type "milfhunter" into Kazaa about a billion times in the time it'd take me to pretend to read all that. I used *Amazing Sex* to incapacitate a passing dog, then picked up a copy of Ann Hooper's *Kama Sutra*. Finally, the wisdom of the ancients distilled into pictures even an illiterate hillbilly like me could understand. Congress of the crow, indeed!

But again, there were words on virtually every page. Twinning creepers and blossoming lotuses and embracing crabs — a whole menagerie of esoteric positions demonstrated by what looked to be a skinny, shaved Tobey McGuire. By the time I was done throwing up, I felt light-headed. The *Kama Sutra* was a sopping mass of ruined paper. Tobey looked out at me from "The Suspended Congress." I threw up again, and passed out.

# •CHECK THESE OUT.

## Deek Book of the Month: Home Land



By Sam Lipsyte

Combine Shakespeare's mastery of the English language with Hemingway's love of the concise and Woody Allen's dark humor, and you get the writing style of Sam Lipsyte, author of *Home Land*, a poignant, hilarious glimpse into the life of America's unsung heroes; those uncelebrated prototypes of the impecunious, forced to live in the shadows of their more accomplished peers.

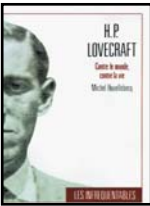
*Home Land* is written from the perspective of Lewis Miner, aka Teabag, an Eastern Valley High Alumni who has watched his former classmates rise to success while he composes FunFacts for a soft drink outfit and pines for his ex, Gwendolyn. Miner decides to begin contributing his own updates to the Alumni newsletter because, as his sidekick Gary (a.k.a Captain Thorazine) points out, "The things that happen are the things that happen." Miner's delightfully de-

lirious, eloquent epistles soon become his catharsis. His hysterically truthful descriptions of an "existence eked out in the margins of post-Eastern Valley High School America," are a stark contrast to the lives of his more "successful," money-driven ex-classmates, such as Doctor Stacy Ryson and her fiancé, ex-locker-room-bully cum attorney-at-law, Philly Douglas.

*Home Land* is more than just a humorous depiction from the viewpoint of the underdog, however. As the name implies, it is also a brilliant satire of modern American existence. Lipsyte wittily reminds us of our country's shortcomings through Lewis, who speculates about, among other things, the false ideology of the American Dream, assimilation, and the existence of the American oligarchy, or, as Teabag refers to them, the "gatekeepers." Lipsyte's genius is his ability to find the humor in truth, creating one of the funniest, well-written novels I've had the good fortune of not being able to put down. Two thumbs way up, Roger.

- Niki Holler

*If you are interested in this book, Jesse Hicks (jesse@deekmagazine.com) will buy/lend you a copy.*



## H.P. Lovecraft: Against the World, Against Life

McSweeney's Books mcsweeneys.net By Michel Houellebecq  
— Don Caligula

H.P. Lovecraft was a bit of a momma's boy. His father died when Howard Phillips Lovecraft was young; the precocious child (reciting poetry at age two, reading at three, and writing by six or seven) was raised primarily by his mother and grandfather. When his grandfather died, the Lovecraft family fell into financial ruin and was forced to move out of H.P.'s childhood home. From then on he became increasingly reclusive, locking himself away and penning some of the strangest, most disturbing stories of the 20th century.

In *H.P. Lovecraft: Against the World, Against Life*, controversial French author Michel Houellebecq dissects Lovecraft's appeal as a horror writer who influenced everything from Steven King novels to rock album illustration. (Metallica's "The Call of Ktulu" is

a reference to one of Lovecraft's most famous stories, "The Call of Cthulhu," included in this volume.) Houellebecq's essay is tight and well-argued, if a bit obtuse for those unfamiliar with Lovecraft's work. It was a smart idea for the folks at McSweeney's to include two Lovecraft stories, "The Whisperer in the Dark," and "The Call of Cthulu," alongside the Houellebecq essay; I'd recommend anyone who picks up the book read the Lovecraft stories first, and then dip into the main text. "The Call of Cthulu" is one of the "Great Texts," the series of stories that established Lovecraft as not just a writer of pulp weirdness, but a modern myth-maker whose "against the world, against life" philosophy captured the imagination of generations to come.

## Sex



By Madonna

Within the first couple pages of *Sex*, Madonna's character-of-the-moment, Dita, in full-page white-on-black text, says, "I'll teach you how to fuck." Bold words, my dear. Bold words.

There are many things that Madonna's book can teach us, but I doubt that "how to fuck" is one of them.

For example: It can teach us that Madonna is an occasionally good lyricist, but when her words are written down, they suddenly aren't so impressive: "This is not a crime and you are not on trial. Bend over baby, I'm gonna make you smile." Every time Madonna tries to be profound or relevant an angel loses its wings.

I suspect that Her Virgin Majesty wrote much of this material in her high school diaries. Later she figured slapping it between some pictures of her biting a black man's nipples, snapping a riding crop, or with Vanilla Ice (remember him?) draped over her back would make it seem more controversial than it actually is. *Sex*, like anything Madonna does, is not about sex, but about Madonna.

So, as a public service, I will distill her life philosophy down into a few easy-to-remember catchphrases. These are all taken directly from *Sex*: "Sex with the young can be fun if you're in the mood."

"I wouldn't want to watch a snuff movie."  
"Only the one who hurts you can comfort you. Only the one who inflicts the pain can take it away."  
"Telling jokes is really good."  
"Phone sex can be excellent."  
"I like my pussy."

"So you win some and you lose some."  
— Aleister Loinshanks

## Vivid Girls #1



Vivid Comix  
vividcomix.com  
Story: Steven Grant,  
Antony Johnston  
Art: Juan Jose Ryp,  
Marco Turini, Carlos  
Fernando

I'll say this at the beginning to get it out of the way: I'm really not sure who the intended audience is for this book. Is there a lot of crossover between the comic book and adult entertainment worl...oh, wait. OK, yes, now I think I see it.

But still, how many copies of *Vivid Girls #1* can Comic Book Guy from *The Simpsons* buy? Being a fictional character and all... [The answer is at least 2, one to read and the other to seal in mylar. — Ed.]

So here's the premise: *Vivid Girls* Jenna Jameson, Briana Banks, Savanna Samson and etc. "star" in a series of hardcore stories illustrated by the top talents in comics. I use "star" in quotes because these are, I feel I have to reiterate, drawings of famous porn actresses. I'm on the fence as to whether these are hot or not; the reality barrier may just be too much for me to cross here. But if illustrated porn is your bag, this'll probably do the trick.

Between the illustrated stories are hardcore photo sets of the *Vivid Girls*. One thing this juxtaposition serves to highlight is how hit-or-miss the likenesses are. I don't think you'd recognize Jenna Jameson (probably the most well-known face in porn) unless you noticed the faithfully adapted "Heart-breaker" tattoo on her ass. (Which I did, and gave myself a one-handed congratulations. Hooray for me, I said.) I'll admit that Chloe Jones, who I don't know, looks very hot in the story, "White Heat." I'll also admit an attraction to an illustrated woman hasn't left me this confused since Jessica Rabbit first entered my dreams.

— Salvador McWindbag

## The People of Paper



McSweeney's Books  
mcsweeneys.net  
By Salvador Plascencia

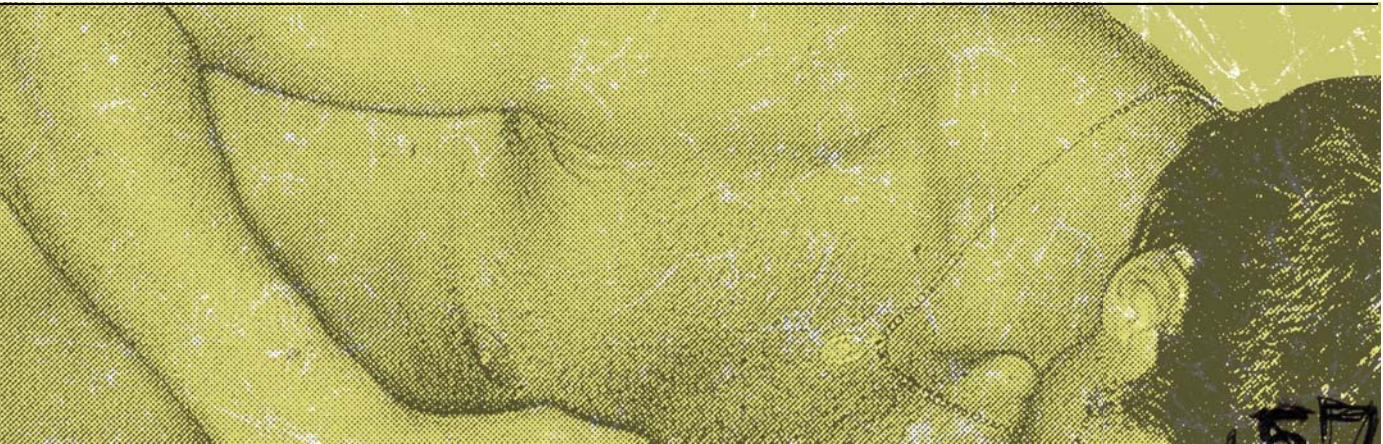
Salvador Plascencia's debut novel is the story of Federico de la Fe, a Mexican villager whose wife leaves him for another man. Overcome by sadness, he eventually makes his way north to El Monte, California. Along the way, little Mercedes meets the masked wrestler-saint Santos; Merced de Papel, an origami woman literally made of paper; and a Baby Nostradamus whose thoughts are a black box impenetrable to the reader, all of whom have their own stories to tell.

As Federico tries to deal with the loss of his wife, he turns to burning himself and hiding in the lead shells of mechanical tortoises. He realizes he and everyone in the novel are being watched by the cruel planet Saturn, who may or may not be the book's author. Federico enlists the help of the local gang and a pair of wealthy benefactors, declaring war on Saturn's oppressive eye.

Meanwhile, Saturn struggles with heartbreak of his own. As his characters turn on him, he tries to turn his lovers — present and former — into characters. Rewriting, excising, inventing, he tries to bring the world under control. This is easier written than done.

Plascencia's writing has the lyrical sensuousness often associated with Marquez and Borges, as well as a post-modern inventiveness reminiscent of Mark Z. Danielewski's *House of Leaves*. These are the easy comparisons, of course, and to make them is a bit of a disservice to Plascencia's accomplishment: With *The People of Paper* he's written a stunningly original debut novel about the fragility of happiness, the pain of regret, about all the things that wound us and make us human.

— Hester Exodus





# SEX

Since the “randy housewife” theme has recently been revived in the form of a popular television show, it’s time to investigate the seedy beginnings of this topic.

# BEFORE

# SIX

TOWER PUBLICATIONS, 1962



The perfect forum for these anti-heroines is the outmoded sex novel, a strange hybrid of morality tale and sweaty romp. These 35-cent paperbacks were abundantly published in the 1960’s, though earlier and later examples certainly exist. It’s difficult to tell who the intended audience is, since the sex scenes are generally weak and couched in euphemism, e.g., his “manhood,” her “lucious globes.” The plots are undeniably thin. The average reader would, conceivably, be bored — as would the average sex fiend. Perhaps in their time, they provided escape for the very individuals who were their main characters—bored housewives.

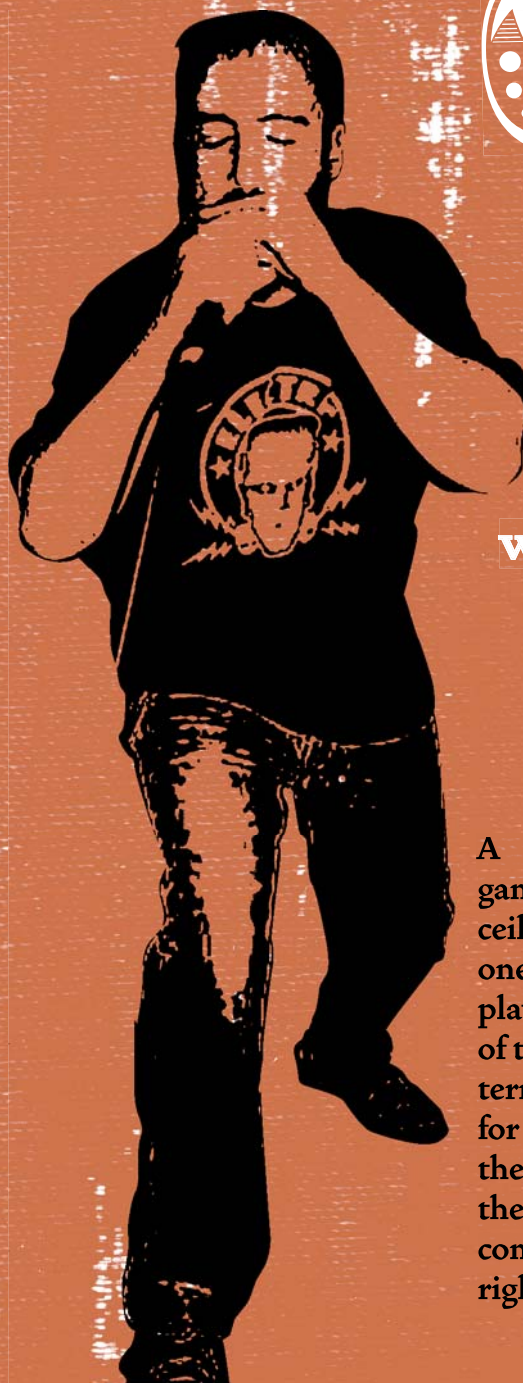
The best reason to seek out this naughty nostalgia is for its often beautiful cover art, usually a lush painting of a kittenish woman in lingerie. The titles themselves are also worth collecting. Take for instance this volume, “Sex Before Six.” The reader’s first reaction may be, “Whoa! That’s not right!” Upon closer inspection, it becomes obvious that the title implies sex before six p.m. The overwhelming sentiment then becomes, “Who cares?” But the sex must take place before six because that’s when Peggy’s husband gets home from work. She describes Warren as “small, plump, and ludicrous,” and resents their modest lifestyle and his snivelling adoration. She married him to escape “the drudgery of her job at the

cigar counter of a dismal hotel.” She, of course, is a hot number with a doll face and large, “impudent” breasts. Peggy takes afternoon trips to “smart cocktail lounges” where she hopes to meet men who can provide her with furs, jewelry, and hot, rough intercourse. She succeeds, in a number of tame-to-middling sex scenes. Mostly there’s a lot of breast nibbling and vague references to parts south of the waist. No woman escapes these plots fully intact, however. One night she gets more than she bargained for from a famous producer and his vixen wife. They seduce her with illegal Mexican liquor and use her weary body in several perverse ways. Upon sneaking out in the hazy hours of dawn, she spies the producer in bed

with “a young man in an orange nightgown.” Warren is furious when she returns, and her flippant, antagonizing attitude propels him into a rage. He beats her face savagely until she passes out. The story picks up five months later, with a pregnant Peggy scurrying around their new suburban home, eagerly trying to please Warren. He watches television and ignores her. She is sick with shame and tries to forget her previous infidelity, but there is a constant reminder: Warren’s beating ruined her face. Her nose is now “flattened and pulpy,” and her mouth “disfigured by a permanent lump in the upper lip where a tooth had penetrated with terrible force.” Her beauty is gone and she is repentant. Virtuous awakenings are the most common endings for these tales, but this one is particularly vile. The description of Peggy’s battered face is so disturbing, it literally turns the reader’s stomach. Why the heavy-handed, misogynist conclusion to this masturbatory fluff? Aside from the sicko ending, this is pretty standard smut. Not funny, dirty or weird enough to be a classic.

# • PURE • ROCK • FURY •

# CLUTCH

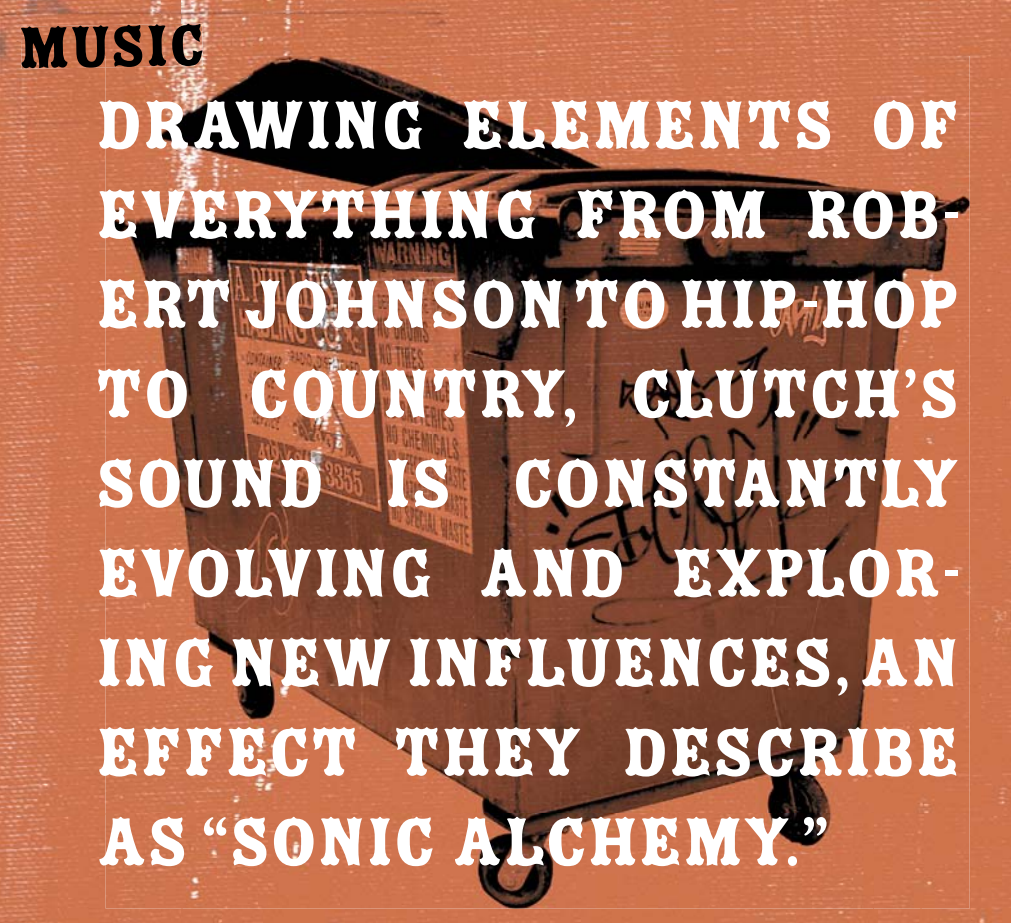


There’s a certain kind of bar, down the street from the gun and CB radio shop, where the rafters are exposed wood that someone long ago draped with metallic streamers, a half-hearted complement to the Christmas lights running along the ceiling, their glow gray-yellow in the cigarette haze.

A vintage Centipede video game stands along the wall. The ceiling fans don’t work, but no one minds once the band starts playing and the space in front of the stage becomes contested territory, everyone jockeying for position, sweat soaking their hair and underarms as the sound of breaking bottles comes from somewhere to the right, followed by a victorious

cheer. This shatter-cheer pattern repeats the entire night, never seeming to grow stale. Even when the band plays, its amplifiers shaking limbs and eardrums of the two hundred or so people crowded into a low-ceilinged space the size of some suburban living rooms, the cheering bottle-breakers provide a curious, high-pitched counterpoint.



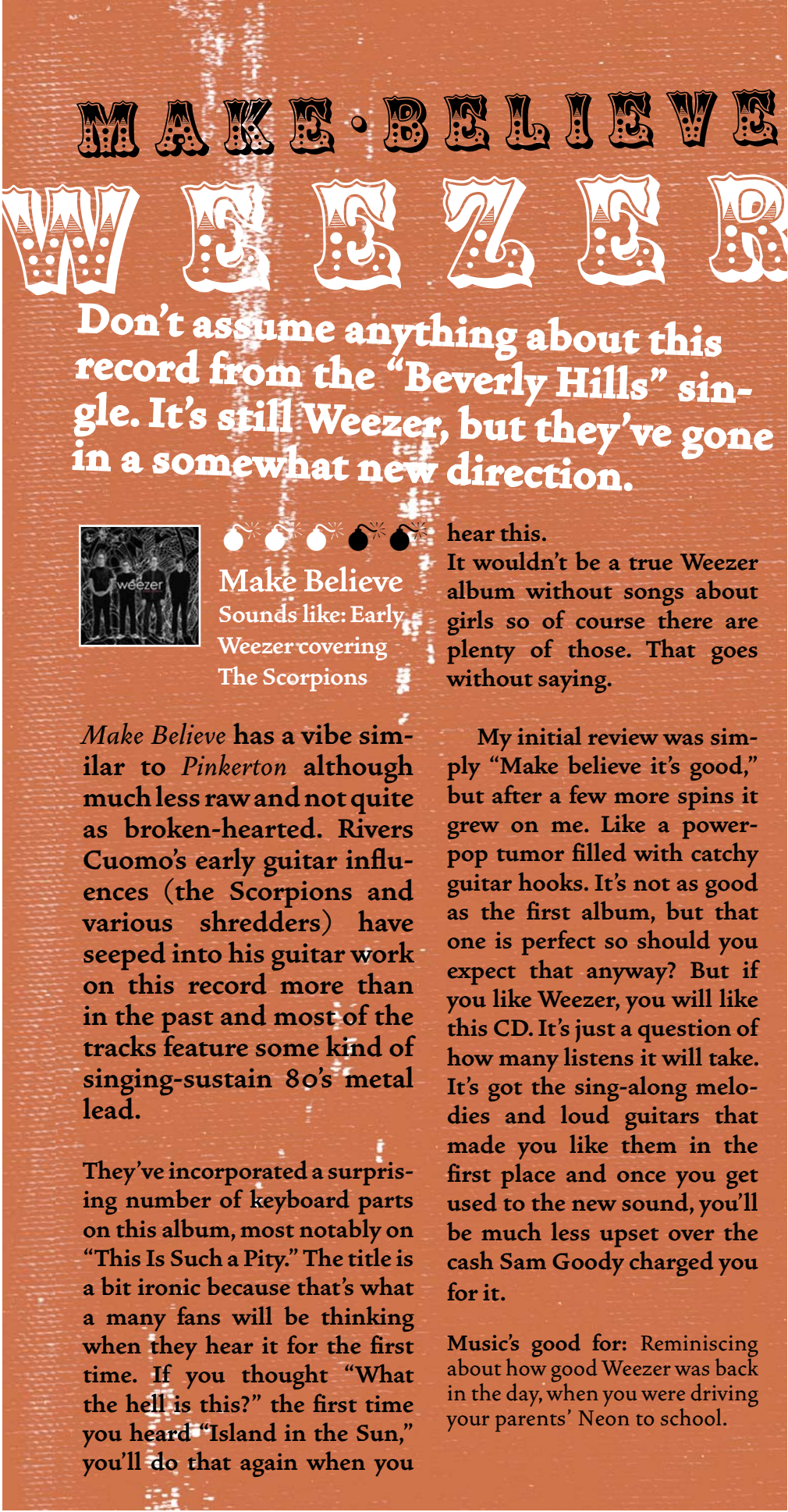
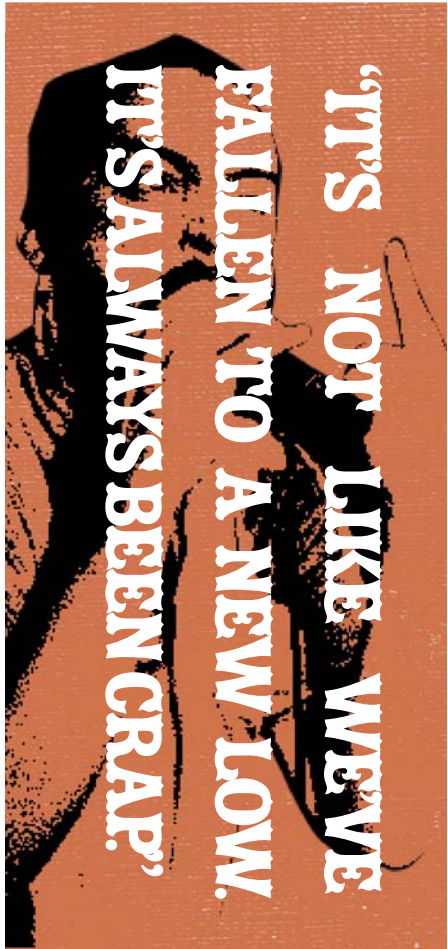


This is the kind of place Clutch plays — has been playing for over 14 years. The dressing rooms are often converted closets, with little or no backstage area. “Sometimes we just show up and see what happens,” says Neil Fallon, Clutch’s frontman, seated on folding chair inside a drywall-and-two-by-four installation that looks as though it must’ve sprung up moments before their arrival. This evening they’re in Buffalo; a Pittsburgh promoter went under at the last minute, forcing the band to schedule a new show 200 miles north. After getting lost in Cleveland for “three or four hours, looking for a bank that doesn’t exist,” Clutch — Fallon and bandmates Dan Maines (Bass), Tim Sult (Guitar), and Jean-Paul Gaster (Drums) — made the drive, welcomed by Buffalo’s bitterly cold January weather. “This show’s gonna suck,” laughs Fallon. They’re used to it by now. Called “a perfect turn-of-the-century rock band: a four- or five-way intersection of aesthetic schools that never before had much to do with one another,” by The New York Times, Clutch tours constantly, playing at least 100 shows a year. Fallon estimates they’ve played over 3000 shows in their career, most of them in smaller venues in front of a growing number of die-hard fans. Their style has ranged as much as has their tours. Drawing elements of everything from Robert Johnson to hip-hop to country, Clutch’s sound is constantly evolving and exploring new influences, an effect they describe as “sonic alchemy.” Their most recent studio effort, 2004’s *Blast Tyrant* found Clutch incorporating a new sonic ingredient: acoustic guitar on “The Regu-

lator” and “Ghost” showcases another, blues-tinged facet of a group that prides itself on trying new directions. “Boredom is one of my biggest phobias,” says Fallon. “Boredom becomes a problem if we’re just running in circles, musically.” Lurking behind the opportunity for continual music experimentation are the often dull realities of constant touring, a necessity for a band with little radio support (though “Viva La Bam” star Bam Margera directed a video for *Blast Tyrant*’s “The Mob Goes Wild,” which received limited play on MTV2). “You do it for 13 years, and, not to sound jaded, but I’ve seen the same truck stops over and over again. It’s hard to find joy in the amount of driving that we do,” says Fallon. When not playing the game of “hurry up and wait” that’s the between-show routine, Fallon listens to NPR and “horrible jazz,” reads Philip K. Dick, and struggles with Thomas Pynchon’s “Gravity’s Rainbow.” “I’ve started that book at least twelve times,” he shrugs, rolling his eyes. What about mainstream radio? All those hours on the road, have you found anything worth listening to? “No. I don’t listen to the radio enough to know what’s out there, but I don’t think it’s any worse than it’s ever been,” Fallon says. “It’s not like we’ve fallen to a new low. It’s always been crap.” Fallon calls Jessica Simpson “tragic comedy at its best,” explaining her role as cotton-candy consumer product: “She’s not a singer. She’s a personality who happens to sing.” Clutch’s approach to mainstream rock is not a faux-punk, adversarial pose, Fallon insists: “We don’t pay too much

attention to it. I’m just not interested in it, just like I’m not interested in NASCAR.” What interests Fallon is going into every club — sometimes the third in a week — and putting everything into the show. From the overcrowded, vaguely hostile environments where “get up on stage and fuck with the band” became a sport” to “towns that don’t get a lot of rock shows — they’re hungry and there’s a gratitude,” Fallon and Clutch make it their mission to give the best show possible — a dedication that’s earned them a reputation as an essential live concert experience. They give everything at each show, Fallon explains, because they never know what new fan may be in the crowd waiting to be influenced, a prospect Fallon calls, “as priceless and important a thing as an artist could ask for.” And of course there are less selfless reasons to endure the 7-hour drives, the dimly-lit clubs, the thrown beer bottles (and once, a pair of box cutters): “Getting up there on stage, playing music with the people you’ve known since childhood — even on the worst days, there’s nothing that compares to it.”

Clutch’s latest studio album, *Blast Tyrant*, is available in stores and online. A new, double-cd live album, “Clutch: Live in Flint, Michigan,” is available directly from the band, at [www.pro-rock.com](http://www.pro-rock.com). A new studio album, “Robot Hive / Exodus” will be released June 21. Clutch is, as always, now on tour.



## Moby



## Hotel



Boring. Lame. Terrible.

— Shine Rangoon

Music’s good for: switching CDs

## Animal Collective



## Sung Tongs

Sounds like: Devendra Banhart, The Arcade Fire, Joanna Newsom

Strange tunes. Instead of conceptualizing music as an idea, Sung Tongs is an abstraction of songs as a concept — real words, but the focus is not on the words as much as the music that engulfs them. Words are less important than sounds, or the idea of words, or maybe the sound of the idea of words as sounds. I don’t know. It’s very organic — senseless, yet poignant. And not in a “Whole Foods” kinda way. More like a “crystal lost, buried in dirt for decades, stepped on, then found again” kinda way. Incredible. Like Brian Wilson’s *Smile* — similarly constructed harmonies; same reaching mind-expansion, only crazier, freer, warmer.

— Rainier Corin

Music’s good for: Thinking about loving music, forcing molecules of sound into a vacuum, liquefying them somehow, never letting them out, never sharing. It’s all for you.





Jimmy Chamberlin Complex



Life Begins Again  
Sounds like: Primus, Yanni, Ghosts of the Canal

The Jimmy Chamberlin Complex is a project spearheaded by former Smashing Pumpkins drumming prodigy Jimmy Chamberlin. *Life Begins Again*, Chamberlin's debut, is a mix of instrumental tracks and vocals by committee, including Billy Corgan and ex-Catherine Wheel frontman Rob Dickinson. The tracks are tightly wound pieces with often somber and dark guitar work. While the record displays the obvious — that Chamberlin is one of the [most impressive rock] drummers in the world — it lacks a clearly definable purpose and niche.

The tracks are at their best when the gui-

tars are less about playing elevator music, and more about getting to the point and rocking out. Tracks like “Love Is Real” and “Life Begins Again” are successful because their agenda is simple: play really hard and sound really impressive. Chamberlin is a magnificent drummer, and this record only makes me enjoy his work more, but Chamberlin can't do it all himself. A perfect example of this is on “P.S.A.,” where Chamberlin does his best to salvage the song by playing impressive fills, but the guitar work is completely forgettable. I think the idea a drummer-lead project is noble, and *Life Begins Again* is no slouch in terms of instrumental prowess, but there's no strong melodies, no ear-bending guitar solos, no screaming vocals. And Chamberlin is pretty much the only one rocking out.

— Marty Slagter  
www.musicunderwater.com

Music's good for: Drumming yourself completely mad (in the British sense).

Dalek



Absence  
Sounds like: Hieroglyphics, K-Rino

Deeply political hip-hop — heavy beats, deafening background noise. Hurts to hear. Fantastic nonetheless. Hits upon the same concepts as Sage Francis — the same constructs separating intelligent rappers from assholes — only angrier, dirtier, stronger, more experimental, less slam. I doubt a major label would get anywhere near these guys, but they should.

— Gershom Onesiphorus

Music's good for: Wondering how significant the terror threat is when you're in Butler County, then wondering how you can better protect yourself from an extra-terrestrial attack.

Kylesa



To Walk a Middle Course  
Sounds like: Satyricon, Mastodon, Dillinger Escape Plan, Isis, Agalloch, Neurosis.

Steve: What does this band sound like to you, Ang?  
Angela: Hmm. They kinda sound like ... um ... like ... like a butt!  
Steve: What do you mean by that Ang?  
Angela: [long silence while Angela takes a bite of her jelly doughnut] I dunno.  
Steve: Well, just think, Ang. Do you mean like, a fart?  
Angela [Angela finishes chewing]: No I don't mean a fart. Jerk!  
Steve: How about 'fart or any other noise you could possibly make with two fleshy, plump butt cheeks?'  
Angela: Steve ... um ... Steve?  
Steve: What.  
Angela: Steve, can we go home?  
Steve: No. Let's dissect this, Angela. Are you saying that if butt had a sound, this would be it? That Kylesa would embody the idea of the butt as a sound? That it would be interesting if like, if Cannibal Corpse merged with a butt? That maybe they would make a CD like this?  
Angela [confused, frowning, pouting, on the verge of tears. Shyly, she says]: No.  
Steve [moves closer to Angela, threatening her [like an asshole]]: Or maybe that Cannibal Corpse would create a love child that would swallow the fucking entirety of metal as an industry? And that this idea — this Cannibal Corpse spawn — would really end all our misery?  
Angela [starts crying].

— Guest review by Angela Fucari, 6, and her older brother Steve, 19, while waiting in the car for Steve's friend, Voodoo Ted, 26, who's absent (also: absentminded), and paying for gas.

Music's good for: Singing the Crowbar version of Gary Wright's “Dream Weaver” in a nasty metal growl, like: “Oooohhrrrrrrrrreeeeeeeam weeeeeavr, ah beleeveeev you can get me throooo tha nrrrrright” et cetera.

M83



Before the Dawn Heals Us  
Sounds like: Out Cake, Handsome Boy Model-ing School, Deltron 3030, Dr. Octagon

Now this is more like it. What was the big deal about Anthony Gonzalez' last M83 album? People went ballistic over it and I thought it was a half-baked soundscape that never took off. *Before The Dawn Heals Us* is an even more stripped down group, with Nicolas Fromageau leaving, making it pretty much Anthony's show. He let's loose big time here. He even rocks out pretty hard on “Don't Save Us From The Fames.” It

does lean into the 80s for a little bit of influence but it is a really clever song. The first real similarity I see to Dead Cities is “In The Cold I'm Standing.” There are others but I think because there is a little more diversity here as well as the addition of vocals to some of the tracks makes it that much deeper and a better album overall. The opener, “Moonchild” sounds like next-generation Pink Floyd. “Farewell/Goodbye” might even be mistaken for a New Age hit with its ethereal vocals but it luckily results closer to an Air single

— Dennis Scanland  
www.musicemissions.com

Music's good for: Roaming downtown at night, walking the streets in a daze.

Nine Inch Nails



With Teeth  
Sounds like: Hoef, Nine Inch Buttholes, Khdu-irUit, Mneu Mj, Jhue

I insisted that two local Trentheads listen to Nine Inch Nails's latest release, *With Teeth*, and both said that it was too sweet and syrupy. They thought Trent had lost his edge when it came to mixing saturated soundscapes that draped over jagged drumlines like spider webs over a train wreck. Of course, I had played with both of these girls, so I tend not to take their opinions too seriously.

One thing I did agree with them about, though, was the fact that Reznor seems to have been doing his best to imitate other styles of electronic music, whether it was the stark drum pops of “All the Love in the World” that smack of the better bits of Postal Service or the jangly, electronic-disco of “Only” that sounds like it could've come straight off of the latest LCD Sound-system album.

These experimental forays aside, much of the album is straight-up Nine Inch Nails glory, from the distortion drenched, fuck-word filled “You Know What You Are” to the screaming and moaning “With Teeth.” But back to the idea that *With Teeth* is too poppy. I find that the only difference between this latest al-

bum and the bloated *Fragile* or the dark and sinister *Downward Spiral*, is that Reznor has finally grown past his distracting obsession with avant-gardery, whether it is playing drums in the room next door to the recording studio or inviting flies in to feast on a piece of rotting meat next to a microphone. And so, the natural aversion to *With Teeth* might be more ideologically-based than musically-based. With horror, kids who have worn black eyeliner and fishnets, may find that they are rather fond of 12-bar blues songs with catchy refrains, beautiful hooks and fairly dopey lyrics.

\\And so, the idea is that listening to With Teeth is like having sex with your ex-girlfriend: it's not exactly what you're looking for, but it's probably the best that you're going to find for now. Which is not to say that it is bad in itself or even in comparison to Reznor's impressive body of work. It's apples and oranges. It's moving from Pepsi to Coke to Jim Beam in a taste-contest. And that is a blessing and a curse.

— Samuel Z. Hamilton

Music's good for:Being sincerely creepy.

SAGE FRANCIS  
• A HEALTHY DISTRUST •



A Healthy Distrust  
Sounds like: Dr. Doom, The Living Legends, El-P, Aesop Roc, Grand Buffet

Sage Francis — a rapper with two college degrees (an AA in communications from Massachusetts' Dean College, and a BA in journalism from the University of Rhode Island) — sure makes Eminem's growth from Misogynistic Agitator to Gas Station Attendant Hero seem pretty banal.

I mean, when Eminem sings about feuding with rappers, or the possibility he's contracted AIDS (ha ha ... ha?) or the perseverance that has carried him through fame's evil clutches, it sounds very dry now, doesn't it? Why is that?

Well, I think it's because Sage Francis has finally matured into a more significant social commentator — more relevant, smarter.

See, while Francis' old releases had an inclination to be slightly inward-focused and whiny (Sage has often been dubbed, I'm not making this up, “emo-hop”) this new disc takes an outward glance, concentrating less on himself than the world around him. “Gunz Yo,” for example, dismantles firearm worship; “Sun vs. Moon” is built around the theme of a DJ battle between the sun and the moon; and “Jah Didn't Kill Johnny” is

a tribute to the departed Mr. Cash, complete with acoustic guitar and harmonica. So does this mean one needs to adopt the voice of a new, darkly poetic, unbound editorial columnist (of sorts) to be an impressive rapper in these cruel times? Hell fucking yes. I don't care about how much weed you smoked or how much pussy you got or how big your gun is or what you're going to do with the weapon after you've skull-fucked my mom.

Sage Francis represents something of an anomaly in rap music: That boasting can be done without marketing yourself as a two-bit thug, but rather by translating the world into words that hold meaning, hold truth, and represent analogies beyond the obvious. Because, at that point, not only are you effecting the person you're boasting to, you're also opening up the floodgates — those entryways to intelligence that might allow someone else in; someone who might learn from your ideas, your opinions, your chosen means of expression...

...Even if it's rap. Even if you're only trying to express that Thought, thrown from the throat, represents old cages discarded by scapegoats.

— Murtle Faceloaf

Music's good for: Going blind jerking-off to an eclipse; thinking about black music intertwined with the white man's line dance.



Kid Koala



Live From the Short Attention Span Audio Tour

Sounds like: DJ Faust, Cut Chemist, DJ Shadow, Dan the Automator

In the fall of 2003, Montreal based turntablist and sampler Kid Koala (aka Eric San), took his most ambitious show ever – the Short Attention Span Theatre Tour – on the road in support of his album Some of My Best Friends Are DJs and his graphic novel “Nufonia Must Fall.” Those lucky ones who managed to see him live must have realized the Kid is unique: His tour was a combination of music, animations, comedy and, well, bingo.

This EP contains a 5 track audio CD and a DVD with the images of the London gig that took place in November 2003, plus short surreal films by Monkmus, the weird “Basin Street Blues” video, the trailer for “Nufonia Must Fall” and a bingo game (you’ll find the bingo card in the CD package).

During the gig, Kid Koala presents a sort of turntable band made up of himself, P-Love and DJ Jester. The gig sparks with energy: Kid Koala jokes, nods his head to the rhythm and introduces his songs and the guest DJs. The tracks are a mish-mash of sounds and genres from jazz to rock, from blues to dance, the whole spiced up with hilarious samples: “Stompin’ at le Savoi” is a funky track titled after the Montreal club where Kid Koala started DJing; the spaced out “Page 275” is inspired by a page of “Nufonia Must Fall,” while the highlight of the night is the relentless ska of “Skanky Panky.” The DVD images also give an insight on the turntable skills of the band: fingers run fast and agile on vinyl, alternating from the records to the cross fader, creating quirky funky beats.

“It only gets weirder from here,” says a quote at the end of the DVD credits and you can bet Kid Koala’s new album – on which he’s at present still working – will definitely be even weirder and better than this. In the meantime, we can just wait and enjoy this new release.

– Anna Battista  
www.erasingclouds.com



Sounds like: Jimmy Eat World, Goo Goo Dolls, Screaming Trees

To Dodging August’s credit:

1) The only time I saw them live, they played some hole-in-the-wall South Oakland bar for an hour-and-a-half (an hour-and-a-half), stopping only once for a minute-long pee/beer break. Kinda unusual for a tightly-woven, solo-free pop band. But anyway. At one point after the break, they did their best to fend-off a very drunk, very large, cover-hungry freshman college football player (DL = Drunken Lout) without interrupting their set tactfully. This is what happened:

DL would randomly stumble onto the foot-high stage, screaming into singer Andrew Gides’ face. DL got angrier and angrier as the night progressed...

“Freebird!” DL was saying. “I said mother-fucking Freebird!”

But Andrew played on. He was laughing, backing up and smiling, talking to DL in song as the band continued and everyone in the crowd of 8 people, tops, attempted to pretend nothing bad – read: violent or stupid – would happen. This went on for a good while. Then, after DL drank beer # 20 or so, Andrew sang the lyric: “Take me clear up / Toss me off the tower that is 40 stories tall / So I’m plastered to the floor / If you don’t get away from me, I’m gonna kick you / in the testicles ... really hard, ooh.”

And instead of punching Andrew in the face

– as he probably would’ve liked to – DL just sorta got this cross-eyed look on his face, tripped over something invisible, fell backwards onto the floor, then passed out.

This made me think Rock had, for once, prevailed over idiocy and alcohol abuse. Made me feel nice.

2) It’s almost impossible to make a decent assertion about a band’s music from a three-track disc...

However: These three tracks – Sore Eyes,” “Song For Sarah,” and “#27” – suffer from a lack of newness, a lack of excitement ... a lack of the shoe-gazer ferocity Dodging August’s live performance embodies. It’s as if this disc was recorded with one take, on a 4-track at 9 a.m. Fills me with dread.

And so on.

My immediate suggestion, Dodging August, is that you stop listening to the Goo Goo Dolls (they’re appallingly uncool). My second suggestion is that you record a new disc with a better producer. My third suggestion is to always understand that Maroon 5 really, really sucks. And that you want to move away from them, not toward them. Because you’re getting close. You really are. And I don’t want that for you. I really don’t. Because then I’d have to do something terrible. Understand me?

– Dick Hurts

Music’s good for: Going on a long, pleasant car ride to a place you hate.

Fantomas



Suspended Animation

Sounds like: Melt Banana, Big Black,

Mr. Bungle, Tomahawk

You walk into the backstage room of a rundown circus act, and your jaw drops. Monkeys, “Looney Tunes” characters, aliens, transvestites and serial killers are all dancing to a tune booming from the room’s corner. You stand on your toes, look around and see a band – at least the instrumental portion of it. They look like your standard thrash-metal lineup (“That’s one of the drummers from Slayer, right?”). You glance further, through them, only to find out that time and perception just went out the window. The band abruptly morphs from a mathy thrash-metal unit to a jazzy lounge act, then to a tribal circle. And in just a millisecond it all stops. Out of the rafters appears a monster – like a 600 pound Pit-bull in a bunny suit. He starts chanting a cleverly syncopated rhythm in Tasmanian Devil-speak. Then he stops his gibberish (before it really even started) and his head morphs into some sort of Franciscan monk. A huge operatic note emits from his mouth while he slams his enormous claws down on a synthesizer – a tiny piece in a giant conglomeration of machines that have recently appeared – just appeared – and are now covered in ectoplasm and vomit. The monster jumps on top of his contraption, and places a finger on a tiny Casio keyboard. A single cartoon-like BOINK pokes its way into your ears, and then the music ceases, you close your eyes. You keep them closed.

Quite a visual, eh? Doesn’t make lots of sense? Well, you must understand that Fantomas gives its listeners more of a visual experience than anything. It delivers a soundscape – a series of movie trailers to a bizarre section of the brain that many songwriters target, but only Mike Patton can hit. It’s a soundtrack to the best psychological horror movie ever made. While Fantomas’ last album, The Director’s Cut, remade theme songs from classic horror flicks, Suspended Animation is a score for its own movie. And as it contains plenty of theatrical elements, it brings its hardcore fans back to their debut, with short, sporadic onslaughts of what initially seems like noise. Normal, sane people will simply react to this music saying: “What the fuck is this?” Less-sane people – inebriated, bored musicians mostly – will drool over the seemingly impossible yet perfectly executed time changes, the bizarre sound effects, and the sheer energy of it all. Loonies will find the place they call home, as they embellish in all the discomfort and disconnectedness of the music.

With a few listens, you start to feel that being

nuts is great. You suddenly feel comforted. “There is someone out there who is more fucked up than me! Covering yourself in excrement while shouting obscenities at the moon isn’t such a bad thing after all!”

Or maybe not. But whatever: Fantomas’ music captures this mood and more. And no one else has ever done it so vividly. This is Mike Patton’s representation of insanity and every lovely thing that comes with it – from forgotten childhood memories and fantasies, to the inner workings of Frances Farmer’s mind.

Enjoy it.

Or forget it exists.

– Neil Yodhane

Music’s good for: Sitting in front of the television Saturday morning watching “Tales from the Crypt,” eating raw pork.

Gorillaz



Demon Days

Sounds like: !!!, Deerhoof, Les Savy Fav, Fiery Furnaces, The

Black Heart Procession

Gorillaz, Damon Albarn’s cute little cartoon side project, are pretty annoying – less a band than a virtual supergroup comprising four cartoons conceived by the Blur frontman and his one-time roommate, illustrator Jamie Hewlett (creator of Tank Girl). This disc (which also includes some impressive production handiwork by Grey Album creator DJ Dangermouse) is impressive, if only because, after a couple listens, it doesn’t urge you to run your car for a month in a sealed garage while you paint my toenails in the driver’s seat.

Constructed in bursts of blip-hop and harmonies, drum n’ bass and strangely appropriate melody, what makes this record incredible are the transitions from one impossible flow to the next. The disc moves seamlessly – a cohesive organism of funk and pop and hip-hop that, for some reason, makes me not hate the British quite so much. At least for right now.

– Sibyl Carmen

Music’s good for: Selling legitimate chocolate-chip muffins to hundreds of beautiful gay men in a warehouse.



Music’s good for: Purchasing automobiles.





# Origin aka Will Stanton



**Sixty Forty**  
Sounds like: Roots Manuva, Das Efx, EPMD, Wu Tang Clan

Some of the beats are weak, some of the metaphors are absurd (“If you wanna run wit my team I’ll lead ya / If not, ya get stomped like King Koopah”), and the production isn’t exactly stellar, but the disc is tight as shit – unique feel, rhymes concentrating on paranoia, confusion, a lack of stability, constant uncertainty, love, life, emotion. Genuinely moving rap record; genuinely progressive; genuinely worth picking up, pursuing.

– Frenk Perniskis

*Origen plays the Mr. Roboto Project May 27, 2005 at 8:00 p.m., and at The Shadow Lounge, Jun 24, 2005 at 8 p.m. and September 22, 2005 at 8 p.m.*

Music’s good for: Jumping rope in a missile silo.

# Queens of the Stone Age



**Lullabies To Paralyze**  
Sounds like: Kyuss, Soundgarden, Masters of Reality, Screaming Trees, Fu Manchu

Queens Of The Stone Age’s position as rock gods has been a little shaky since the departure of founding member and bassist Nick Oliveri, and the rather predictable comeback single “Little Sister.” Yet, *Lullabies To Paralyze* soon obliterates any worries you might have that they’re a spent force. Mark Lanegan’s somber introduction on “Lullaby” hardly reflects the ensuing tone of the record. Instead, Josh Homme fronts a fine hard rock band, packed full of driving riffs and crushing drum beats. Three albums in and it’s impossible to mistake a QOTSA record for anyone else – the devilish “Medication”

and eerie “Skin On Skin” couldn’t be the product of any other band. The barrage of skull-shaking guitar parts is bordering on evil, but somehow the band has added some grace to their full-throttle live show. In *My Head is QOTSA* to a tee, re-creating the sound of their previous works and adding an extra dose of angst. QOTSA will be once again be one of this year’s must-see festival bands.

– Richard Cheetham  
www.manchesteronline.co.uk

Music’s good for: Realizing everybody knows you’re insane.

# Between Home and Serenity



**Power Weapons in the Complex**  
Sounds like: Thursday, Pennywise, Motley Crue

For some reason when I put this CD into my DVD drive, it makes this weird sound like my computer is being taken over by aliens. Makes me kinda nervous. Like I’m being watched; like there’s a civilization of evil goons in outer space looking to attack me through my goddamn monitor; like they’re using *Between Home and Serenity* – a tame, predictable, big-label, half-screamo, half-pop/rock, half Eighteen Visions, half Sugar Ray goofball outfit – as a medium into my brain so they can take over my office and force me to say ... what, that corporate sponsorship isn’t all that bad? That I’ve developed a serious love of “rock-emo with an alternative edge?” That I don’t think life is all that valuable? That my soul is fungible? Well, fuck ... hold on. Let me get this CD out of my computer... Ah, better. Okay then: Listen kids! Corporate sponsorship isn’t all that bad! I’ve developed a serious love of “rock-emo with an alternative edge” and you should, too! I don’t think life is all that valuable! My soul is fungible!

– Paul H. Monkey

*Between Home And Serenity is having a party for their Rust Records debut, Power Weapons in the Complex, June 4th at Mr. Smalls’ Theatre in Millvale. The show starts at 8 p.m.*

Music’s good for: Recognizing that you’ve grown old and bitter.

# John Digweed



**Fabric 20**  
Sounds like: Paul Van Dyk, Sasha, Breeder, Tilt

“Hey guys, I heard a really raunchy joke before I came home! Wanna hear it?” “No!” Rock said. “Okay. But I’ve gotta warn ya, it’s pretty bad!” Blues said as he gnawed on his ice cream cone; the vanilla ice cream that had been on it a few moments earlier now nothing more than faint pieces of material with in his robotic belly. Rock nodded. “I said I don’t want to hear it.” “Me neither,” Roll added. “You’re a real shit-eating horse’s cock, you know that? Why would I want to hear something from you when I’ve got this monotonous rave bullshit playing in the background? Ass.” “Okay then. What did the gynecologist say to his wife when he got home?” Noticing that neither of his paid sex slaves had an answer for the question after a few moments of silence, Blues answered, “‘Honey, I’m bushed.’ Get it?” He suddenly burst out laughing at the sight of the slaves’ expressions. “I told you it was bad! Ha ha!”

– Michael Cyrus Pockwill

Music’s good for: Laying cable.

# Liz Berlin



**Audio BioGraphical**  
Sounds like: Soma Mestizo, Garbage, Goya Dress, Liz Phair

Oh Liz Berlin. Mmmm. Liz Berlin. Oh Liz, Oh Liz, Oh Liz. You are so gorgeous. I just wanna, yeah, that’s it. Mmmhmmmm. Liz. Oh yes Liz. Every time I put on this album, *AudioBioGraphical*, I think... this album... uh... uh.... Uh... Yeah. Oh, Liz, you nasty nasty girl. You are so hot. This album... yeah, that’s it. Right there... ooh. Ooh. Ooh. No. Lower. Eh. A little higher.... No... come on. That’s just not right. You can do it. Oh you are so hot. This album... ooooooh. Yeah. I

# We’re Wolves



**Welcome to the Childhood Home of Andy Warhol and Dan Marino**

Sounds like: Violent Femmes, Pixies, My Bloody Valentine, Pavement, Built to Spill

In contrast to Clinton Doggett’s sultry, pink-techno-fart alter ego (Hotness), the We’re Wolves’ singer/guitarist shows a surprising amount of sincerity, clarity and creativity on *WTTCHOAWADM*, a promising disc

– Byteat Ogunsheverwicz

Music’s good for: Shutting out your demons. Also: persuading your 4-year-old brother to get into a laundry basket, sealing him in there with cardboard and duct tape, punching out little holes (so he can breathe), then pushing him down a flight of stairs to see what will happen; later, dealing with your mom, who’s real pissed.

# • BIKINI • SEASON • IN • LEBANON • SENSUAL COBRA



**Bikini Season in Lebanon**  
Sounds like: Atari Teenage Riot via My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult

Berlin troublemakers Sensual Cobra (Mark Gladdenhand and Noah Wilson) have been away from the game a while; their last full-length album was 1999’s poptronic manifesto, *Frozen Seas Inside Us* – a big hit in European dance halls that made barely a splash in the states.

They haven’t been totally out of the limelight, though, with a high-profile remix appearing on the XXX soundtrack and several tours with The Yakuza Explosion. Reportedly, they spent most of the last 6 years in the studio, perfecting the sound that would become *Bikini Season in Lebanon*. And it shows. Loyal fans will appreciate the pair’s attention to detail; if anything, their production has gotten more meticulous since *Frozen Seas*, a feat many listeners thought impossible. Though some found that album cold and distant (perhaps fitting a disc called *Frozen Seas Inside Us?*), *Bikini Season* showcases a warmer sound that maintains the discipline of their earlier work. While methodical, the disc is never sterile. Again, guest vocalists abound. Shirley Manson of Gar-

that could, one would think, open doors to expanded possibilities for live rock/folk music in the Pittsburgh area and beyond blah blah blah.

I was always wondering if anyone was going to jump on the Built To Spill raft. Seems as though these cats have done it. Though I’m only being nice, since Clinton writes for Deek occasionally and he’s fragile. I think he even has a piece in this issue... Yeah, he definitely does.

What the fuck!

Advertorial!

We’re fired.

Standout songs: The Cigarette Basement,” Conversationalist,” “You Can’t Have It,” title track.

– Nova Keenan

Music’s good for: Standing in a large grass area in a huge crowd outside a large university watching a band you’re never really heard that, when you about it, sounds a lot like Weezer; then popping on some headphones and enjoying the evening, since everyone you know is there and the weather is beautiful and you know something terrible is about to happen.

bage leads one of the most interesting tracks, the warbling dirge “Bourgeois In the Undergrowth,” through four minutes and thirty seconds that seem always on the cusp of decaying into noise, but somehow never do. Her voice ranges from a chirp to a low growl, pinning the song to the floor. Give credit to Gladdenhand and Wilson for seeing the potential in Manson, who never gets that kind of freedom with Garbage. Of course, there’s the politics. You can’t discuss *Sensual Cobra* without talking about their politics, which poke through on every song, yet remain inscrutable. The two have written songs for the right-wing rap-metal group The Captains of Industry, but their own politics are more complex, a chimera of Frankfurt School Marxism and post-colonial theory. (Everyone likes to play “Spot the Frantz Fanon Reference” while listening to this album.) Politics aside – if you do need to put them aside – *Bikini Season in Lebanon* is a welcome return by the masters of German synth-house.

– Stephan Raiser

Music’s Good For: Overthrowing the Establishment; making love to said Establishment



# BECK

**BECK STOPPED BEING COOL  
A LONG TIME AGO. HIS  
BREAKTHROUGH SINGLE,  
“LOSER,” IS NOW A FOSSIL  
— DAMN THING’S 11 YEARS  
OLD. ODELAY CAME OUT IN  
1996. NOW IN HIS MID 30S,  
MARRIED, A FATHER, A  
SCIENTOLOGIST, WITHOUT  
A HIT FOR MANY A MOON,  
BECK FEELS ANTIQUATED,  
A CRITIC’S DARLING PAST  
HIS PRIME.**

With those consensus opinions in mind, Guero, Beck’s latest, has widely been accepted as his *Odelay* Redux, a chance to recapture the commercial heat of his younger years when lo-fi hip-hop collage seemed innovative. Since most Beckophiles consider *Odelay* his highwater mark (and this includes music critics), Guero has gotten slightly reserved praise. People like it, but they hear it as a calculated attempt to manufacture another hit — even *Odelay* producers the Dust Brothers are back behind the boards.

But for anybody who doesn’t accept *Odelay* as the best the man could do — *Guero* might well be the first record of his in a while worth enjoying. For all those who prefer *Mellow Gold* to *Odelay*, *Mutations* to *Sea Change*, congratulations: The Beck album you’ve been waiting for has arrived. *Guero* isn’t cool in the least.

Beck’s encyclopedic knowledge of hip-hop, tropicalia, rock and points in between was never in question, but his ability to separate his art from his influences’ has been far trickier. *Mellow Gold*, his wonderfully goofing-around debut, showed a young man trying one sonic strategy per song — country for “Nitemare Hippy Girl,” thrash for “Mutherfucker,” white-boy rap and blues for “Loser” — and the result sounded like the best of your record collection on shuffle. Behind its self-deprecating humor and bad spelling, *Mellow Gold* hid the ambitious streak of an outsider artist who didn’t much care what popular culture was serving up at the time. Soon, though, he would.

After a couple digressions on tiny labels (which further established his indie cred, folk tendencies and Borscht Belt sense of humor), he returned with *Odelay*, a clever mixture of samples and in-jokes that occasionally lead to terrific material. Too often, though, the tunes felt congested — too many ideas crammed together to let the melodies always breathe. It was the first time that he seemed to be over-thinking the songs, which reduced their charm noticeably.

Nonetheless, *Odelay*’s originality made Beck the mid-’90s “voice of a generation” winner — fittingly, the record’s first single was called “Where It’s At.” Perhaps emboldened by his zeitgeist good fortune, he delivered the mesmerizing *Mutations*, a record so haunted and spare and sincere that the *Odelay* groupies hated it. Returning to the troubadour tradition he started from when singing on street corners as a teen, *Mutations* sold poorly, prematurely cutting short his superstar moment. To my ears, the commercial indif-

ference to *Mutations* caused Beck to freeze up a little. His follow-up records awkwardly sought mass appeal but also were burdened by mammoth amounts of self-consciousness — the concept-heavy “dance album” *Midnite Vultures* and the concept-heavy “breakup album” *Sea Change*. After cutting *Mutations* very quickly over a few weeks, Beck has fatally fussed over his subsequent material, turning *Vultures* sterile and *Sea Change* somnolent. The critics hung in there, but the masses kept slipping away.

So while *Guero* may strike some as a new *Odelay*, Beck actually sounds like he’s given up on reclaiming that larger audience. This is a good thing; after all that trying and deep thinking, *Guero* is confident and effortless. Less a redo of *Odelay* than a sharp improvement on it, the new album condenses the genre excursions of his last two records, whittling away the failed experiments. Beck’s talent has always been more aural than lyrical — even the death-heavy *Mutations* primarily pushed its effect across musically — but he’s never shaped his sounds more concretely than here. He may still be singing nonsense, but his hooks and melodies are stunningly articulate.

Nevertheless, I’d argue that Beck’s newfound acceptance of his un-coolness has been the strongest contributing factor to this great batch of new material. In interviews recently, the eternal manchild has sounded ... not quite dull, exactly, but aware of his receding popularity. A wife and child no doubt play a part in his calmer disposition, but he no longer acts like the ironic hipster of the *Odelay* era. (Indeed, part of the problem with *Midnite Vultures* was that lesser talents like Scissor Sisters and Junior Senior could make better camp-disco albums than he could dream. By comparison, Beck just seemed totally square.)

Call it maturity, but the sound games of *Guero* eschew look-at-me tricks and are all the better for it. There’s no knowing wink, just songcraft. “Guero” in Spanish means “white boy,” something Beck says he got called a lot growing up in his multicultural Los Angeles neighborhood, and *Guero* plays like a proud ac-

ceptance of his outsider status. Rather than the flip-pant theft of the past, “Qué Onda Guero” is a lovefest dedicated to his Southern California roots; languages and cultures intermixing without prejudice. Importantly, like a lot of *Guero*, it feels less hyperactive than assured, cruising its sidewalk-bazaar milieu with the casual knowledge of a lifelong resident who’s comfortable in his niche.

Too old to show off anymore — there are dozens of younger, hungrier artists who can beat him at that game — he works his familiar metaphor of life-as-bitter-decay. But unlike on *Sea Change* and even the mighty *Mutations*, he’s finally figuring out that depression can be muscular and hooky. The propulsive “Missing” and hypnotic “Broken Drum” are two of Beck’s best breakup songs, because you can feel the curves of the music: They don’t just moan off into the distance. And “Rental Car” kicks out a fuzzed-up guitar riff that’s more apocalyptic fun than *Mutations* while simultaneously being funkier than most anything off *Midnite Vultures*.

Some have complained that certain *Guero* songs echo earlier hits, but if “E-Pro” apes “Devils Haircut,” the new song is also fierce in its own right, proof that Beck had at least one more great guitar rocker in him. (Likewise, “Hell Yes” answers the challenge of “Where It’s At” with the steeliness of a pro who isn’t spooked by some dorky rookie.) *Odelay* embodied an era where hip-hop was beginning to fully assert its cultural dominance after the malaise of grunge; *Guero* very much is the product of our post-everything era and in some ways is more defiant and triumphant for being both defeatist and buoyant at the same time. And he doesn’t even crack a joke to make that happen.

Ultimately, *Guero* is a brave record. It’s real easy to make music when everybody loves you — once the cultural barometer shifts, that’s when things get tougher. (Jack White of the White Stripes, who guests on *Guero*, should take that to heart.) *Odelay* is the albatross around Beck’s neck and for several albums he tried to avoid it any way he could. Finally done competing with himself, he ends up making his best record in several years. The zeitgeist is beyond him now. Let the golden age begin.

— Tim Grierson

Want more? Visit the Believe the Hype Archive.  
[blacktable.com/archive/hypearchive.htm](http://blacktable.com/archive/hypearchive.htm)

Tim Grierson is the editor of [www.thesimon.com](http://www.thesimon.com)” The Simon.  
Believe the Hype runs every other Monday on The Black Table.





# CELEBRITYSEX. TAPES - WHO'S HOT, WHO'S NOT

“Celebrities have an intimate life and a life in the grid of two hundred million. For them, there is no distance between the two grids in American life. Of all Americans, only they are complete.”

- George W.S. Trow, Within The Context of No Context

Some nights you just want to go home and curl up with a close friend. Typically, that close friend is a cathode ray tube image of someone you’ve never actually met. To make your cuddle time more enjoyable, Deek offers a cheater’s guide to the celebrity sex tape. Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee – The genetic soup from which all future Celebrity Sex Tapes TM derived, the Pam and Tommy Lee video still has a special place in America’s heart. It began as a gift to their future children – Pam narrates as “mommy,” declaring that Tommy Lee’s wang will have to satisfy her for the rest of her life (and oh how the unconscious irony alarms did wail) – but once it was stolen and spread over the Internet, it became a gift to us all. Looking back, it’s hard to believe there was a time when Tommy Lee called his penis “totally rad” and we were their care-free children.

Severina Vuckovic – Croatian pop star (?) Severina Vuckovic, who in her native country projects a wholesome, religious image, is captured here having hardcore sex with a wealthy married Bosnian Croat businessman. In trying to stop the spread of the tape, Vuckovic’s lawyers earned points for creativity, asking experts to determine if she’d “demonstrated anything not previously seen in the porn industry,” making the tape eligible for copyright protection (!). She had

not. The video takes place below deck on a yacht; as Vuckovic and her friend go at it, the sound of water splashing against the side is everywhere, as though we are in some kind of wooden womb and mom and dad are going at it outside...excuse me, I think I just had a breakthrough and must call my therapist.

Paris Hilton – Totally over her. Moving on. Jenna Lewis, of Survivor “fame” – this is probably the most “couple-friendly” of our round-up, as Jenna Lewis and her new husband consummate their marital union. Ladies will thrill to hear Lewis’s very modern ideas on marriage (“You own my body now, legally”), while men can pass the time with a rousing game of “Jenna Lewis, Are You Drunk Or Just Retarded?” (Answer: both!) And the whole family can marvel at the porn-film-reject dialogue: “I can feel your balls slapping me!” – has even George Lucas written more inane lines? Special bonus media whoredom: Jenna, desperate to maintain her fame, secretly released this tape to the public, charging fifty bucks on a webpage that claimed to have stolen it. Sadly, at no point in it do you see into her blackened, shriveled soul. Abi Titmuss – I guess she’s famous in England? Anyway, here she takes on a sexy Nubian goddess while opera plays in the background. Are they classy in Great Britain, or what? This one’ll leave your bollocks

BY MUSSOLINI WONDERBREAD

knackered. Jordan Price – Another hottie from across the pond, Jordan Price is famous for appearing in Playboy and dozens of other magazines. She’s also famous for breasts that must’ve been forged by The Army Corps of Engineers. Is there some sort of anti-gravity field built into them, and if so, can we harness it for the good of humanity? No?

R. Kelly – OK, yes, I tried to find this. But I didn’t try very hard. Fred Durst – I tried to watch this one, but the blood kept crusting over my eyes. I could only make out vague shapes, one of which seemed to be Durst’s ample beer gut. Aylar Diana Lie – Ms. Lie was awarded the crown of Miss Norway. That was before the judges realized she’d starred in a series of hardcore sex films. Despite her claim that the videos were really of an evil double (known in the legal profession as the Parallel Universe defense), Lie was stripped of her title. Mourn the deposed queen by watching her in Throat Gaggers 3, where she declares a need to “suck some big cocks” in a Persian accent. In another video, she displays a remarkable appreciation for the absurd, laughing as two retarded meatpuppets fill her both ends, one declaring, “Oh, this is too good! I’m blowing up like Bin Laden around here!” The laugh I thought I heard Ms. Lie stifle was surely at her co-star’s lack of good taste and ignorance of current events.

Brooke Burke – Guest review by livr of Torrentspy.com Bogus! There is a video, but it’s password-protected, and it’s not of Brooke Burke at all, just 30 seconds of some slut teens getting pissed on by dudes. To get the password

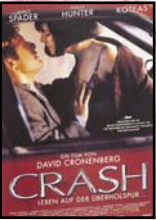
(which is “please” if you do happen to download it) you have to go through a bunch of email “free porn” subscription BS.

Mimi McPherson – Here the sister of super-model Elle McPherson, Mimi, showing off her ability to wrangle the Rosebud on camera. OK, now we’re really scrapping the bottom of the barrel. Mimi McPherson? I’m not even sure she registers on the Corey Feldman Celebrity Index. [Ed. – Miss McPherson actually scores .65 Feldman’s, more than George Clinton, brother of former President Bill Clinton, but much less than George Clinton of Parliament-Funkadelic.] But hey, there’s grainy, “realistic” video, terrible lighting, and a near-famous person sometimes in frame, so let a thousand zippers unfurl.

Nicole Lenz – A former Playmate most famous for hanging out with – who else? – Paris Hilton, Nicole Lenz doesn’t have a whole lot to offer in terms of high-wattage celebrity. What she does have to offer is lesbian sex with an unidentified (too lazy to look up her name, really, just too, too lazy) blonde in a hotel room while Phil Hartman delivers a hilarious monologue about NAFTA on a SNL rerun. Two sorta famous lesbians pleasuring each other in a dimly lit room while Wayne and Garth rate the summer movies? Is this heaven, or at least Canada?

Pamela Anderson and Brett Michaels – Oh Pam. Pam Pam Pam. What’re you doing, Pamster? (Note to Pamela Anderson: I actually know what you are doing here; I meant that in the sense of “What are you doing with your life, Paminator?”) You are having sex with Brett Michaels of Poison, which I can’t believe, and it seems neither can Brett Michaels of Poison. He keeps looking into the camera to make sure this is indeed happening. Yes, Brett Michaels of Poison, you are having sex with Pamela Anderson. God is dead and the dying fumes in your tiny fuel tank of talent have gotten you into a hotel bed with Pamela Anderson. You look bored, Pam.

## Crash



Directed by David Cronenberg. Starring James Spader, Holly Hunter, and Deborah Unger. Written by David Cronenberg, from J.G. Ballard’s novel.

When Canadian horrormeister David Cronenberg (The Fly, Videodrome) teams up with experimental novelist J.G. Ballard (Concrete Island, Day of Creation), you know something perversely original is going to come of it. Cronenberg’s films are famously wet, slimy things – his adaptation of William S. Burroughs’s Naked Lunch practically oozed its way out of the screen. From the beginning he’s mined an obsession with sexuality and man-machine interfaces; Videodrome featured James Woods growing a vagina-like orifice in his stomach, into which he inserted a black, throbbing...videotape. Ballard’s novels are no less graphic. His The Atrocity Exhibition (dedicated “To the insane”), a surrealist march of genital mutilations, napalm-scorched children, and decayed humanity, was initially pulped by publisher Nelson Doubleday. He’s also one of the few authors able to pull off a title like, “The Assassination of JFK Considered as a Downhill Motor Race.” In Crash, based on Ballard’s novel of the same name, TV scientist James Ballard (Woods) is severely injured in a car wreck. In the other car, Dr. Helen Remington (Hunter), is also injured, her husband killed. As the two recover from the accident, they begin to fall in... well, you wouldn’t call it “love,” exactly, but “lust.” They discover an underground of car crash fetishists, who, addicted to the rush and horror of colliding metal, blur with the fine line between sex and death. The group re-enacts famous car crashes – James Dean’s Porsche 550 Spyder is a favorite – and as the crashes, and the sex, get more intense, Ballard and Remington’s world threatens to spiral out of control. – Eugene Furrows

## Quills



Directed by Philip Kaufman. Starring Geoffrey Rush, Kate Winslet, and Joaquin Phoenix. Written by Doug Wright.

If I could make a plush toy out of the Marquis De Sade, it would look like Geoffrey Rush. It would be the cutest little sadist you have ever seen, and when you squeezed his belly it would say, “Are not laws dangerous which inhibit the passions?” “One is never so dangerous when one has no shame, than when one has grown too old to blush,” and, “Religions are the cradles of despotism.” When you left him alone with your children, you would return to find them weeping, a roguish smile on the Marquis’s stitched face. But enough about the torture (excuse me, “rites of passage”) awaiting my children should those foul and doomed beasts ever walk God’s earth. This review is a celebration of Geoffrey Rush, who really makes the Marquis come alive in Doug Wright’s adaptation of his play. In Quills, De Sade (the inestimable Geoffrey Rush, whose praises I cannot sing highly enough) is near the end of his life, confined to a mental institution for publishing his “blasphemous” tales of debauchery. Determined to keep writing, he finds a collaborator in Maddy (Winslet), a chambermaid who’s got a wicked imagination of her own. They conspire to smuggle the Marquis’s writings to the outside world, wreaking all kinds of havoc for the asylum’s administrator (Phoenix), who, despite his repressed sexuality (or because of it?), generally defends De Sade. But there’s nothing he can do when Dr. Royer-Collard (Michael Caine) arrives and begins a vicious therapy intent on “curing” the Marquis. We know the Marquis’s story can only end in tragedy, but while he’s on the screen he burns bright, another martyr to the possibilities of life – and art – below the waist.

– Ricardo Octavian



Reviewed: Wonderland, directed by James Cox, starring Val Kilmer and Kate Bosworth. Boogie Nights, directed by Paul Thomas Anderson, starring Burt Reynolds, Mark Wahlberg, and Heather Graham. Wadd: The Life and Times of John C. Holmes, directed by Wesley Emerson and Alan Smithee.

“Gain her respect — and that’s treating her as an equal. Don’t bullshit her. Treat her as a human being. Treat her as you would treat yourself. As soon as you have that respect for her, she’ll treat you with the same respect you show. Then you fuck the shit out of her.”

— John Holmes, ladies and gentlemen.

Holmes, we learn in Wadd: The Life and Times of John C. Holmes, was a welfare brat who grew up in rural Ohio with an abusive stepfather, before leaving, at 16, for Army boot camp in Germany. After boot camp, he returned to visit his family for about a week. Then, like many aimless youth in the mid-1960’s, he struck out for California.

He married young, and for a long time work a dead-end meatpacking (no pun intended) job, where the extreme cold led to several long collapses. Holmes needed to get out before the job killed him. He found his salvation between his legs: a 13 1/2 inch (allegedly — we’re at the nexus of myth, reality, and legend here; the same way his number of credited films varies from 200 to over 2500 and the number of his conquests balloons the longer he remains dead, Holmes’s member is like an overexposed Loch Ness monster, its very existence denying rational, objective measurement) penis.

Holmes told his appalled wife he was going to be in porn. When she asked that he at least not use his real name, he replied, “This is what I’m going to be about. I’m going to use my name. This probably is my only shot at being famous for something.” The late-60’s, early-70’s porn industry that Holmes entered is perfectly captured in Boogie Nights. It was a strange time — the production of pornographic movies was still a felony in California, yet directors of the era still believed capital-a Art was possible within the industry. Scripts were longer — 100 to 150 pages, compared to 5-10 today — and the talent and craft put into each film rightly earns this era its “Golden Age of Porn” label. Simultaneously, directors and stars spent much of their time dodging vice squads on the way to producing their Art.

Holmes teamed up with Bob Chinn, who created the character of Johnny Wadd, the first recurring character in porn. Noir-ish, hard-boiled detective stories, the Johnny Wadd films caught on immediately; Holmes was an overnight star. Everyone wanted to work with him. He made more money per scene than any porn star in history. Yet within the industry he had few true friends, no social life. He never trusted the people who, he thought, used him for his dick. He called them “dirt” and “scum” even as they filled his pockets with crisp hundreds. His now-estranged wife, who couldn’t bear to be with him physically and considered him a whore, was the only one he really trusted. He never gave out his phone number, instead referring people to an answering service. Bill Amerson, his manager, began to see his role as finding “new girls to feed the monster” between Holmes’s legs; Holmes would rarely work with a girl more than once.

He’d never taken drugs before entering the porn business, but as he became a star the drugs naturally came along. Everyone brought their own stash to the party back then; Holmes got into coke and alcohol, carrying a quart of scotch with him everywhere. He was making \$3000 a scene, most of the cash going up his nose. So Boogie Nights’ Dirk Diggler, based on Holmes, became the Val Kilmer John Holmes of Wonderland. If Boogie Nights (the first half, anyway) is about a crew of misfits finding a community in porn, Wonderland is about that community’s dissolution, and Holmes’s descent into self-absorbed destruction. By the late-seventies, his drug habit had gotten so bad that directors refused to work with him. He was too much of a headache, stealing from the set and hiding out

in closets to coke up. His personality faded; all that remained was the addiction. Kilmer’s Holmes is a coked-out has-been, a manic sociopath caught in a deadly spiral of being unable to work because of the drugs, and being unable to afford drugs because he had no work. And he’d picked up a 15-year-old mistress named Dawn, who often spent days in his van, with a soda can to pee in, while Holmes scored drugs. Sometimes he’d pimp her out for coke, then call her a dirty whore. One of his repeat clients was Eddie Nash, a drug dealer with supposed ties to the Israeli mafia. Eventually he fell in with the Wonderland Gang, a group of low-level criminals. He agreed to help them rob Nash in exchange for a cut of the drugs and cash. Nash, humiliated by the robbery, tracked down Holmes — who’d holed up with Dawn to snort his loot — and forced him to let Nash’s thugs into the Wonderland Gang’s apartment. Inside, they killed the whole crew while Holmes watched.

Nash had made his point. Holmes was charged with murder, but refused to testify against the drug dealer. Instead, he took Dawn on the run. Across the country they drove, until the money ran out and Holmes again resorted to pimping the young girl. Again he hit her, and after a particular brutal beating, Dawn turned him in. He stood trial for the Wonderland murders, winning an acquittal in June of 1982. He returned to porn and even married a former porn star, though he never remembered the actual ceremony. In 1986 he tested positive for HIV. Doctors told him he could live for 15-20 years if he cut back on smoking, alcohol, and drug use. Instead, he doubled his excess: 500 mg of valium a day to balance the coke, 5 packs of cigarettes a day, and the ever-present scotch. He became increasingly sicker, wasting away as he continued to shoot films, never revealing his HIV status. He finally checked into a VA hospital, dying a few days later, on March 13, 1988, at the age of 43. He died believing the business destroyed him, that the hunk of meat between his legs was all anyone wanted from him.

In trying to find real John Holmes, said porn impresario Al Goldstein, “We enter a quagmire of deceit. The one truth is that he had a big dick and he could come on cue.” The man himself admitted to weaving a persona around his fortunate accident of birth, but as money and fame piled up, he began to believe his own hype. John Holmes the porn star couldn’t be separated from John Holmes the man, whoever that was. But in blurring the line, in becoming “John Holmes: King of Porn,” he got exactly what he wanted. As he said early in his career, “Everything in life is an act. It’s the performance that counts.” With the man gone, what lives on is the myth, the legend, the performance.

## Desperately Seeking Seka



Directed by Christian Hallman, Magnus Paulsson. Written by Christian Hallman. Available through [www.disinfo.com](http://www.disinfo.com)

Desperately Seeking Seka is the story of Swedish journalist Stefan Nylén’s quest to find the 1970’s porn starlet who once captured his imagination. Seka (the inspiration for Amber Waves in Boogie Nights), a tall, blonde Norse goddess, was a legend in her own time, a time when porn was both edgy and creatively vital. Before the rise of video in the early 80s and the resulting glut of content in the adult industry, porn was shot on film — people wrote scripts! Desperately Seeking Seka is as much a love-letter to that time as it is to Seka herself. Unfortunately, the search isn’t all that suspenseful. Nylén flies from his native Sweden to the AVN Adult Video Expo in Las Vegas. There he meets porn starlets past and current, asking them how the industry has changed since Seka’s time. Easy answer: it’s gotten bigger, cruder, and more profitable. The women are no longer the girl next door, but bottle-blond silicon Frankensteins of silicon and collagen. Attractive Frankensteins, sure, but when one interviewee comments, “They even have the same voice!” you have to get nostalgic for that mythical golden era.

At the same time, porn’s swelling from a \$1 billion/year industry into a \$10 billion/year one means there’s a lot of meat for the gristmill. Few girls will ever make it to Jenna Jameson’s stature within the industry; fewer still will be like Seka, fondly remembered 20 years later. By halfway through the film, Nylén is off to Chicago. There he finds his Holy Grail — the Norse goddess who was actually from Virginia, and who adopted the name “Seka” because it sounded exotic. She got into porn because she was good at it and knew she’d make money doing it. She liked sex; there are no deeper motives on display here. And when Nylén asks why she quit the business, she gives a fairly unsurprising answer: like a lot of people, she got old. Porn is a young woman’s game; “Seka” got tired of working to keep herself looking young and pert. She wanted to just be who she was.

So Nylén’s fantasy girl can’t help but seem a little deflated. If we were looking for drama, for a quest loaded with near-mythical themes and import, it was not to be found here. Here there’s only a woman who, for a time, had sex on camera. And then she moved on.





# GAMING

JOE BABINSACK

The gaming world, to many, is a source of addiction that rivals the best of Columbian cartels, Beverly Hills plastic surgeons and Starbucks Coffee.

Each decade, a new product arrives and pushes its habits on another generation of otherwise innocent children. In the 70's, a couple of nerds stopped playing with their leaden soldiers (the hashish of the 60's) long enough to imagine a fantasy battle, then a small scale fantasy battle, which blossomed into this crazy game called Dungeons and Dragons, which subsequently addicted millions of impressionable minds, and purportedly caused several to kill themselves, or others, with modern day implements.

Ok, had they done so with battle axes and two handed swords, I would have worried.

So along comes the computer age, and with it this simple minded, abstract rendition of a fantasy world that could be played on University networks. Moria. Countless academic lives were lost to this plague, and another generation subdued by the horrors of the gaming world.

A decade ago, it was games on trading cards. Wizards of the Coast produced Magic: The Gathering. Or, as those in the know call it, Crack: The Addiction. The twisted genius that brought together the demented fandom of collectibles and the warped sensibilities of the competition prone was richly rewarded. Millions of others were deprived of large sums of money. Any one want to buy my collection? It's worth five large.

Now we live in another modern era, in need of another widespread affliction upon the youths of America. So the newest style of gaming is rising to the surface, threatening society like LSD, Pop Rocks or Cocaine had in the drug world. These twisted geniuses have combined the internet with a basic fantasy game, where tens of thousands of gaming geeks with no social lives can fight fake battles over fake gold. The best part is that there is an inherent top ten list, expanded and modernized to keep track of hundreds of thousands of data points and keep crazed gamers coming back on a daily basis, if not hourly, to play a 'real time' game of historic proportions.

Massively Multiplayer Role Playing Games are here, and they are set to grab each and every game fanatic, and run them through an intense addiction that knows no cure. Through several devious innovations, these games capture the imagination, the attention and the continuous need to play.

See, in the past, games were one on one. Sure, multiplayer games came and went, but the better ones challenged solitary users and single game buyers, and taxed their skills and later, their wallets. Even those really good multiplayer games came down to one winner, unless you played Dungeons and Dragons, which became a lifestyle and created a subculture best left under a rock. I know, I've been under that rock for years straight.

But when someone creates a game that cannot be truly won, a game that cannot be truly conquered without the assistance of many other people, through alliances, through teaming up to outsmart the programming, or through gaming the rules, not mastering the game, then that game takes the concept of competition and applies advanced calculus to it. The human mind cannot fathom the inherent ability of a gamer to want to fight with, compete with, and do better than a dozen other gamers. But this game raises the odds and the competition exponentially.

Another major component of gaming is cost. Sure, it's easy to freeload on other gamers. University clubs, a rich buddy, and numerous lonely, antisocial types who have no other friends are all sitting out there, waiting for someone to play with. But along came the aforementioned Crack: The Addiction, and suddenly all gamers interested needed start up money to get involved. And I'm not talking the \$6, then \$10 dollars for a starter box, nor even another ten bucks in "booster packs" to gather enough for a half-decent deck. No, I'm talking outlays of one to three hundred dollars to collect the entire set, and probably about as much to make sure that multiple

power decks are always at hand. So when it comes to MMRPG's, being a web based product, the cost is virtually nil. Yep, nothing, nada, zip! All one needs is a computer and an internet service provider, and who doesn't have that in the year 2005?

Another aspect of this addiction is availability. Up until now, almost every game needs a warm, live body to sit across the table. Sure, there are play-by-mail varieties of games, but anyone who wants to game with a week or two between turns is truly desperate and unworthy of mention. And the biggest problem with live bodies is that they get boring really quick. Plus, most of them actually need to sleep, go to work, class or do social things, and not every person can consist on a diet of pizza and diet pop.

But a web site is not a live body. It's a program. Which means that, unless it crashes (which does happen, and I just shudder imagining the desperation and/or panic on ten thousand gamers needing a fix at 4:30am, their time, who cannot connect to the game site) the web site is up and running 24/7.

So basically, with a Massively Multiplayer Role Playing Game, there's immense competition, free play, and continuous play. What's more to love?

Cheating.

As I mentioned earlier, gaming the system and out programming the program are aspects well at play in this realm of gaming. And what's more attractive to the average win-at-all-costs gamer than being able to cheat? Creating programs to exploit loopholes combines the competitive addiction of the gamer with the insatiable appetite of the hacker, always searching for a new way to subvert computer technology.

And thus, the ultimate game, removing such trifling details as face to face interactions, the emotions of winning or losing in the company of humans, and the reliance upon skill, game play or outwitting the opponent.



God of War by SCEA

## NARC



Somehow this game manages to make police brutality and drug dealing boring. Heavy-handed controls and complicated mission layouts make this game worth passing up.

For starters, the aiming system is one of the worst I've ever encountered in any video game ... EVER. Centering your target with both analog sticks has the feel of trying to push two opposing magnets together. No matter how hard you try things just seem to slip. The only answer is to spray bullets everywhere, which loses it's pizzazz after about ten seconds.

The game makes no effort to save itself with an original story. It's like True Crime: Streets of L.A. except it's ... actually not different at all. Tip for developers: Don't imitate games that suck.

Although certain carnal instincts can be satiated in this game via arresting a drug dealer, beating him to death with your bare hands and then selling his product on the street (or using it yourself) this juvenile gameplay is worth about an hour of your time. A novelty to rent but spending anymore than \$5 to navigate this shitstorm is criminal.

— Flamenco Nogales

## Mercenaries



This LucasArts title is Tom Clancy meets GTA. The premise is frighteningly realistic: North Korea is caught selling nukes to terrorists and a coalition of nations invades. Of course, all the nations secretly work against one another while they work together. This is where you, the mercenary, come in.

The game is, overall, worth buying/renting. It's fucking enormous and features several different maps and a lot of space to roam through and blow shit up. Every mission can be approached differently, from sneaking around disguised as an enemy vehicle to ordering cruise missile strikes and carpet bombs. It's not a game you can plow through in five or six hours and has a lot of depth. Plenty of hidden items and side missions make exploration worthwhile.

The size works against the game at times, as certain missions are at the ass-end of a map and after spending twenty minutes traveling there you get killed in two seconds and have to start over.

There are also a lot of glitches in the game, so save often. The biggest flaw in the game is the lack of save prompts after completing a mission, and I had the game freeze on me several times after I had done three or four missions in a row.

Bottom line: a great find'em and kill'em game that occasionally suffers from poor programming.

— Sandra Eevie

## God of War



Easily the best PS2 RPG to come out in recent years. Let's examine the list, shall we? Gratuitous violence? Check. Worthwhile puzzles that are a challenge to solve? Check. Engaging storyline set in an enormous arena? Check. Titties? Check and check.

God of War blends a fluid combat scheme with a large, but navigable, environment. You will spend hours playing the game, but it won't feel like you're running around in circles. The time spent roaming is not futile as GOW utilizes a pragmatic character development system that rewards you for your unrelenting slaughter. Developing weapon skills yields new combos and updating your magic spells might give you an edge over some of the tougher enemy bosses. Every aspect of your character from skills to stats to weapons evolves as your progress through the game.

What makes this game truly shine is the attention to detail in both setting and gameplay. The art and architecture of ancient Greece is rendered accurately (even the smashable pottery is legit!) but even more impressive are the customizable deaths for every enemy you encounter. You can rip the wings off a flying imp, tear an undead archer in half like a stack of parchment or tackle a minotaur and shove your sword through the back of his throat.

Variety is the life's blood of this game. The only accurate prediction you can make while playing is that this game is almost impossible to put down. A fantastic purchase or rental, whatever your gaming budget. If you buy one PS2 game this year, buy God of War.

— Frank



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THEY'LL BE PUBLISHED, FOR FREE - IF FRANCINE'S NOT FEELING TOO SNOOTY. NEXT EVENT CALENDAR RUNS FROM JUNE 24 - JULY 29<sup>TH</sup>.

—PCA Biennial and Master Visual Artists V more info  
The Pittsburgh Center for the Arts (PCA), in it's 60th year, announces its new exhibits, The Biennial and the Master Visual Artists V.  
Fri Apr 1—Sun Aug 21  
Pittsburgh Center for the Arts

—Exhibition: American Beauty more info  
This spectacular exhibition features over ninety paintings and sculptures by many of America's most important artists. A suggested contribution will be requested to view this extraordinary exhibition.  
Thu Apr 14—Sun Jun 12  
Frick Art Museum  
Point Breeze

—Pittsburgh NOW more info  
Nine working photojournalists, or independent documentary-style photographers, have described, with their cameras, what we look like today. The result is a rich and searching tapestry of images, encompassing the descriptive breadth of the legendary photographers of the past, as well as the fervent hopes we collectively share for Pittsburgh's future.  
Wed Apr 13—Sat Aug 20  
Silver Eye Center for Photography  
Southside  
free

—Music Video  
The first major retrospective of its kind documenting the development of music video as an art form. With guest curator Ed Steinberg of ROCKAMERICA.  
Fri Apr 22—Sat Jun 18  
Wood Street Galleries  
Downtown  
Free

—Meet John Waters  
John Waters will sign copies of his books and DVDs in the Museum entrance gallery. Part of a weekend of events to celebrate the opening of John Waters: Change of Life at The Warhol.  
Sat May 21: 12PM  
Andy Warhol Museum  
Northside  
Free

—Michael Maltzan: Alternate Ground  
This is the first complete monographic exhibition dedicated to the work of architect Michael Maltzan and his Los-Angeles based practice.  
Sat Feb 12—Sun Jun 12

Carnegie Museum of Art  
Oakland  
\$General Admission - \$10  
Adults; \$7 Seniors; \$6  
Students/Children

—Asian American Film Festival of Pittsburgh  
Pittsburgh will host its first ever Asian American Film Festival [AAFFP] in Fall 2005. The festival is in its formative/planning stage and seeks volunteers to help make it a success. Interest in film and culture, in particular in Asian culture (India, China, Japan, etc.), would be helpful but not necessary. This is an exciting opportunity to build a unique, sustainable program highlighting diversity and culture for the Pittsburgh Region!  
Every day: 3PM  
Pgh Filmmakers' School of Film, Photography and Digital Media  
Oakland

—2005 Summer Juried Open Exhibition more info  
The 2005 Open Juried Exhibition is the Photomedia Center's annual summer show of engaging and provocative works by experienced and emerging photographers. It is open to all artists worldwide working in any photographic media—including collage, digital, traditional, alternative, and new media. There is no restriction on subject matter. Artists may enter up to 10 pieces by CD or slides. Postmark deadline for entries is June 18, 2005 (early entry April 30).  
Fri Apr 1—Sat Jun 18  
\$5 per image; \$3 per image as a standout voice within an ever-changing palette of instruments, textures, loops and moods. Liz breaks new ground in this remarkable self-produced...  
Sat May 21: 8PM  
Mr. Small's Theatre  
\$8 adv, \$10 door

—"Graffiti Remix" New breaks by Jean McClung more info  
The Graffiti Remix series is comprised of mixed media paintings and sculptures based on photographs taken of graffiti and Street Art in N.Y.C. and Pittsburgh over the past 3 years. Included are paintings and sculptures that are illuminated from within by LED technology, which further add to the contemporary urban feel of the Graffiti Remix series. Small and large abstract mixed-media pieces will also be shown.  
Fri May 13—Sat Jun 4  
moxie DaDA  
Bloomfield  
free

—WHAT SECRETS, DROOPY SEPTUM/ TUSK LORD, MAGIC WOLF, AATB  
What Secrets? - Insane Edinboro kids making insane noise rock  
Droopy Septum/Tusk Lord - Ryan Emmett and Mike Kasunic bending sounds into dragon shapes  
Magic Wolf - Locals jamming on some party rocks  
Adams & the Blackout - Mars fronted by Rodney Dangerfield  
Sat May 21: 7PM  
Mr. Roboto Project  
Wilksburg  
\$5

—Steamboy more info  
The master Japanese anime director Katsuhiro Otomo (Akira) returns again with Steamboy, the retro science-fiction story of a family of inventors in Victorian England that gets ripped apart by greed, pride, and power.  
Fri May 20—Sat May 21: 7PM, 9:15PM  
Sun May 22: 2PM, 4:15PM  
Harris Theater  
Downtown  
\$6

—Liz Berlin CD Release Show w/ Lushwell more info  
"AudioBioGraphical" is the debut solo studio album from Liz Berlin, founding member of Island Def Jam's multi-platinum selling group, Rusted Root, partner in the "Mr. Small's Theatre-Recording Studios-SkateParks" empire and point person of its non-profit offshoot CreativeLife. Support. The tracks on AudioBioGraphical" find Liz front and center as a standout voice within an ever-changing palette of instruments, textures, loops and moods. Liz breaks new ground in this remarkable self-produced...  
Sat May 21: 8PM  
Mr. Small's Theatre  
\$8 adv, \$10 door

—STOP IT!  
Blankspace Arts newest production. Join us for a night of revolutionary ideas. Featuring new works from Pittsburgh Playwrights, and a Pittsburgh Premier.  
Thu May 12—Sat May 14: 8PM  
Thu May 19—Sat May 21: 8PM  
Thu May 26—Sat May 28: 8PM  
Allegheny Playhouse  
North Shore  
\$10  
18+

—Late Nite Catechism more info  
City Theatre, Lester Hamburg Studio, Bingham and 13th streets, South Side.  
Now until June 26. Tues. 7 p.m.; Wed.-Fri. 8 p.m.; Sat. 5:30 and 9 p.m.; Sun 2 and 7 p.m. \$35. 412-431-2489.  
Wed Apr 27—Sun Jun 26  
City Theatre  
Southside  
\$35

—Mary Timony / Medications more info  
The ex-singer from 90s indie-rockers Helium returns with a strong solo album on Lookout Records. With Medications (Dischord recording artists from Washington DC, ex-members of Farquet and Smart Went Crazy), Mommy and Daddy (male/female synth-rock duo on Kanine Records), and locals Housequake.  
Sat May 21: 8PM  
Garfield Artworks  
Garfield  
\$10

—Miniature Railroad & Village at the Carnegie Science Center more info  
2,300 square feet of miniature railroad. Neat! Call for hours. Through JUNE.  
Wed Jan 12—Wed Jun 1  
Carnegie Science Center  
Northside

—LIFE IN BED CD RELEASE PARTY more info  
Life in Bed celebrate the release of their new EP "Exercises for Translation" as part of Lovely Showcase VI. Also on the bill are Chalk Outline Party, Comrad, Chin Up Chin Up (Chicago, IL on Flameshovell Records) & The Applesed Cast (Deep Elm Records)  
Sun May 22: 7PM  
Mr. Small's Theatre  
\$8/\$10

—Visions of War Sunday film series more info  
May 1 Bananas with speaker Ted Hoover, City Paper  
May 8 Paths of Glory with speaker Marcia Landy, U of Pitt  
May 15 Coming Home with speaker Alberto M. Colombi, president of Emergency-USA  
May 22 Grand Illusion with speaker Bill Judson, U of Pitt  
Sundays: 7:30PM  
May 1 2005—May 22 2005  
Regent Square Theater  
Regent Square  
\$7

—Showtime at the Apollo on Tour  
"Where Stars are Born and Legends are Made" - has launched the careers of countless superstars and may be the most successful star search vehicle in show business history. Who will become the next APOLLO LEGEND? You, the audience, will decide which one of the 20 Pittsburgh acts wins! Cheer your favorite finalist to victory - and they'll go on to perform at the world famous Apollo Theater in New York City.  
Sun May 22: 7:30PM  
Benedict Center for the Performing Arts  
\$20 - \$35

—Lovely Showcase #6 ft. Applesed Cast & Chin Up Chin Up  
Lovely Recordings and 2000Proof presents Applesed Cast (on Deep Elm Records) Chin Up Chin Up (on Flameshovell Records) Chalk Outline Party COMRAD Plus SHADE DJ Set  
Sun May 22: 8PM  
Mr. Small's Theatre  
\$8 adv, \$10 door

—Born into Brothels more info  
Winner of the 2004 Best Documentary Oscar. While documenting the experiences of prostitutes in Calcutta's red-light district, photojournalist Zana Briski befriended many of their children and decided to provide them with a chance to record images from their own lives. Supplied with cameras by Briski, the children present a portrait of their harsh world that is both unique and insightful. (Directed by Zana Briski & Ross Kauffman; India/USA; 2004; 85 min)  
Mon May 23—Tue May 24: 5:30PM  
Wed May 25—Thu May 26: 5:30PM, 7:30PM  
Harris Theater  
Downtown  
\$5/\$6

—Pittsburgh Jewish Music Festival  
A Sephardic Celebration: An Evening With Chatham Baroque & Brio  
Wed May 25: 8PM  
Rodef Shalom Congregation  
Oakland  
\$18 general admission / \$15 senior / \$12 student

—Monday Night Music at Walnut Grill  
Monday is the new Saturday, but cheaper, at Walnut Grill in Shadyside. The venue hosts free concerts every Monday from 9 pm to midnight. The series started in April 2004 and is celebrating its 1 Year Anniversary. You'll find everything from pointy shoes and trendy haircuts to hippies in Zeppelin t-shirts and

here's the greatest thing, the crowd is really into music. It's a great place to have a pint of your favorite beer and listen to some live music.  
Mondays: 9PM  
Apr 11 2005—May 30 2005  
Walnut Grill  
Shadyside  
FREE  
21+

—Drinking Liberally more info  
Weekly social get together for Democrats and Progressives  
Tuesdays: 7PM  
Finnegan's Wake  
Northside  
Free  
21+

—Navies (from DC) + the sea, like lead (CD release!!!)  
Navies, of Lovitt and Level-Plane Records, bring their unique brand of DC rock back to Pittsburgh. This show also features the release of local space-rock outfit The Sea, Like Lead's 21-minute EP on Hope Records. Also playing will be locals Allies and He Taught Me Lies.  
Wed May 25: 7PM  
ModernFormations  
Gallery  
Garfield  
\$5

—HUMP!  
Comedy Improv Every Wednesday Night at the Green Room in the Funny Bone. A new show every week. Never the same show twice. Audience involvement.  
Wednesdays: 7:30PM  
Mar 16 2005—May 25 2005  
Funny Bone Comedy Club  
Southside  
\$8.00

—Pittsburgh Jewish Music Festival  
A Sephardic Celebration: An Evening With Chatham Baroque & Brio  
Wed May 25: 8PM  
Rodef Shalom Congregation  
Oakland  
\$18 general admission / \$15 senior / \$12 student

—Biirdie  
Featuring Fred Savage's sister, Kala - this L.A. 'chamberpop' group has been compared to Bright Eyes, Wilco, and Low. With Chris Cannon (solo, from the Johnsons Big Band), Shanley-Defoe (of the Mofones), and Workshop.  
Wed May 25: 8PM  
Garfield Artworks  
Garfield  
\$6

—FUZZ!  
100% Drum and Bass Weekly running Wednesdays at the BBT since May 2000. Featuring resident DJs from 412DNB and FaithinDNB, plus local, national and international guest DJs. Fun, drunken atmosphere, with one of the deadliest soundsystems in the city.  
Wednesdays: 10PM  
Feb 25 2004—Feb 20 2008  
Bloomfield Bridge Tavern  
Bloomfield  
\$Free-\$5  
21+

—THERMAL!  
djs flash, artsdead and huck finn spin the best in post-punk, indie, new wave, garage, soul, electro, etc. all for your listening, drinking and/or dancing pleasure every wednesday at lava lounge.  
Wednesdays: 10PM  
Apr 27 2005—May 3 2006  
Lava Lounge  
Southside  
FREE  
21+

—BARE Exhibit  
The Brew House Association presents the BARE exhibit, from May 26, 2005 - June 25, 2005. There will be a reception for the public on May 26, 2005 from 7pm-10pm. The exhibit features work created during open model sessions, held in various sites throughout the Brew House. The exhibit will take place in the Space 101 Gallery located on Pittsburgh's Southside.  
Thu May 26—Sat Jun 25  
Space 101 Gallery  
Southside  
Free to the public

—Meet the Photographers and See More of Their Work  
Meet photographers Rob Long, Annie O'Neill, Dylan Vitone, Heather Mull, Ken Neely, William D. Wade, Steven Adams, Lake Fong, and Carrie Schneider. See photographs of their that were not included in the exhibition.  
Thursdays: 7PM  
May 26 2005-Jul 28 2005  
Silver Eye Center for Photography  
Southside  
Members and students, \$7; Non-members, \$10

—Pittsburgh Writes  
Weekly writers' group - all genres welcome. Come on out and write!  
Thursdays: 7:30PM  
Apr 14 2005—Dec 29 2005  
Caribou Coffee  
Sah Side



# HAPPY FUN TIME EVENTS THROUGH JUNE 2005

—DEEPER  
Enjoy the last few nights. Last one is slated for May 27th.  
Come dance + groove to Deep and Soulfur House every Friday Late Night from 2-4a with the DJs of Club Havana...  
Fridays: 2AM  
Mar 5 2004—Nov 30 2007  
Shadow Lounge  
East Liberty  
\$5  
21+

—Spring Lunchtime Lecture Series  
Justin Hopper, Freelance Writer, Musician, Johnsons Big Band. Digital Killed the Video Star: Broadband internet and digital television are killing music videos - and making them better.  
Fri May 27: 12:15PM  
Wood Street Galleries  
Downtown  
free and open to the public

—Friday Gallery Talks  
Frick staff members present a short gallery talk on a selected painting from American Beauty.  
Fridays: 2PM  
Apr 22 2005—Jun 10 2005  
Frick Art Museum  
Point Breeze  
Free, drop-in program

—Good Fridays: Wine Tasting  
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.  
Fri May 27: 5:30PM  
Andy Warhol Museum  
Northside  
\$12; includes Museum admission  
21+

—Beautiful Boxer  
Based on the real story of Parinya Charoenphol (now Nong Tum). Nong Tum was a champion kick boxer, but that was before sex reassignment surgery. As a man Tum was a national hero, idolized for his mastery of "Muay Thai" - the term for traditional Thai kick boxing. Now, as a woman, Tum is barred from the ring. She can never compete again. Winner of the Gran Prix at the Brussels Int'l Film Fest 2004.  
Fri May 27—Sat May 28: 7PM, 9:15PM  
Sun May 29: 7PM, 9:15PM  
Tue May 31—Thu Jun 2: 5:30PM, 7:45PM  
Harris Theater  
Downtown  
\$5/6  
18+

—Live Music  
Singer-songwriter, Heather Kropf, performs her blend of pop, folk and jazz at Club Cafe with the full band.  
Fri May 27: 7:30PM  
Club Cafe  
Southside  
\$7  
21+

—Jazz & R&B gig  
The Gerald Haymon Collaboration Quartet  
Venue: Crawford Grill on the Square: Station Square, South Side (412) 281-2885  
Fri May 27: 8PM  
Crawford Grill on the Square  
Southside

—Good Fridays: Sam Prekop  
Sam Prekop, primarily known as the frontman for Sea and Cake, has returned to solo work with a new album entitled, Who's Your Professor (Thrill Jockey)  
At The Warhol, Prekop will perform with Josh Abrams (bass, Town & Country, The Roots),

Archer Prewitt (guitar, The Sea and Cake), Chad Taylor (drums, Chicago Underground) and Rob Mazurek (cornet, Chicago Underground, Isotope 217).  
Fri May 27: 8PM  
Andy Warhol Museum  
Northside  
\$10; includes Museum admission

—VLAD ROK  
Psychobilly, Rockabilly, Monsterbilly, Horror Surf Music Show!!!  
Sat May 28: 5PM  
Rex Theatre  
Southside  
\$10  
21+

—The Slackers  
New York City ska legends, on Hellcat Records.  
With openers The Have-Nots, Suckerpunch Thompsons, and Masters of the Universe.  
Advance tickets on sale now at Fide's, Slacker Dave's Music Mine, Southside, Brave New World, Paul's CDs, The Exchange Sq Hill, and Garfield Artworks.  
Sat May 28: 7PM  
Brew House Garage  
Southside  
\$10/\$12

—Seven Days w/ Chapter 12, Grave Desire, Zander, Penteberry Jam  
Come join Seven Days as they release their first professionally produced CD titled 'Blacklisted' and put good old Rock N' Roll back on the map with fellow rock loyalists Penteberry Jam, Zander, Grave Desire and Chapter 12. For tickets phone 412-877-3808, e-mail sevendaysmusic@yahoo.com, or AIM: AlantheAnolik.  
Sun May 29: 6:30PM  
Mr. Small's Theatre  
\$5 adv, \$10 door

—Film Screening: America & Lewis Hine  
Directed by Nina Rosenblum  
This film includes images created by Lewis Hine for The Pittsburgh Survey in 1907, as well as images from his renowned series on child labor, The Empire State Building, and others. Winner of the Special Jury Prize at Sundance Film Festival, 1984. Introduction by Tim Fabian, photographer and collector  
Wed Jun 1: 7PM  
Silver Eye Center for Photography  
Point Breeze  
Admission is free, donations appreciated

—Ladino Love Songs  
The dynamic soprano Katherine Soroka teams up with members of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra and special guests Alberto Almarza, flute, Luz Manriquez, piano, David Stock, conductor, and George Willis, percussion, to offer an intimate selection of instrumental and vocal chamber music which features Ladino (Spanish-Hebrew) ballads and virtuosic pieces from the Mediterranean and Middle East.  
Wed Jun 1: 8PM  
Rodef Shalom Congregation  
Oakland  
\$18, \$15 seniors, \$12 students

—Showcase Night  
Club Cafe is the casual setting for a musical showcase that sets the stage for vocalist Sarah Aroeste and her band of some of the most talented world musicians from New York (Yoel Ben Simhon, musical director, oud, Yaron Eilam, guitar, Emmanuel Mann, bass, Liron Peled, drums). Together they fuse traditional Sephardic Ladino songs with the

contemporary sounds of rock, funk, and blues.  
Thu Jun 2: 7PM  
Club Cafe  
Southside  
\$15, \$12 seniors, \$8 students

First Fridays at the Frick:  
Aditya Verma  
Aditya Verma is fast emerging as a force on the world music stage. Enjoy his performance of traditional Indian sarod music. Rain date: June 4.  
Fri Jun 3: 7PM  
Frick Art and Historical Center  
Point Breeze  
Suggested donation \$5

—The Great Wilksburg Clean & Green Festival  
Resources for the urban community. Displays, giveaways, demonstrations, food, & fun for the whole family.  
Sat Jun 4: 11AM  
Jane Holmes Residence & Gardens  
Wilksburg (Borough)  
FREE

—THE BUMPS / WIZARD FIGHT  
The Bumps and Wizard Fight, together again for another night of insane, boozy woosy Gooski's rock and roll. Wizard Fight's back after a brief hiatus, the Bumps are back with new songs and the same attitude.  
Sat Jun 4: 11PM  
Gooski's  
\$4  
21+

—SAVE Walk  
On June 5 at North Park, Pittsburgh Action Against Rape and the Victims' Services Network will host the 2nd Annual SAVE Walk to shelter and support victims of violence.  
Sun Jun 5: 9AM  
North Park  
Suburb  
\$15 before May 23, \$20 after

—Sephardic Suites  
Don't miss our grand finale as Shira Adler, cantor with Tree of Life Congregation, sings popular Sephardic songs like Yom Ze L'Yisrael and Cuando El Rey Nimrod accompanied by a full orchestra! Soloists Yoel Ben-Simhon, oud, Pedro da Silva, guitar, Michal Cohen, vocals, Aron Zerkowicz, cello, and Timothy Adams, percussion, also take center stage in exotic new pieces by Israeli composers Nizan Leibovich and Yuval Ron. Lucas Richman conducts.  
Tue Jun 7: 8PM  
Jewish Community Center of Greater Pittsburgh  
Squirrel Hill  
\$18, \$15 seniors, \$12 students

—Stars w/ The Most Serene Republic  
Appearing in support of their latest, "Set Yourself on Fire", the Montreal quintet is best at spinning sweet and sophisticated indie-pop using a fine balance of organic and electronic instrumentation. Not to be mistaken for simple electro-pop ditties, the group takes a grander approach to their compositions, constructing expansive soundscapes, colored with flecks of tenderness and heartbreak.  
Thu Jun 23: 8PM  
Mr. Small's Theatre  
\$10 adv, \$13 dos

Exhibition Opening: Margaret Bourke-White  
Join us for wine and hors d'oeuvres to celebrate the opening of our new exhibition, Margaret Bourke-White: The Photography of Design, 1927 - 1936.  
Fri Jun 24: 6PM  
Frick Art Museum  
Point Breeze  
\$20 members; \$25 non-members (Footnotes)  
\* Who gives excellent keyboard.

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## ART / MODELS / CASTING

CASTING V FOR VENDETTA Dir: James McTeigue  
Cast: Natalie Portman ... Evey Hammond. Looking for Males and females 18- 45 all types if interested please contact 804.914.8700. A shadowy freedom fighter known only as "V" uses terrorist tactics to fight against his totalitarian society. Upon rescuing a girl from the secret police, he also finds his best chance at having an ally.

PRODUCTION DESIGNER/ART DIRECTOR needed for feature film "Strange Girl" Low-budget horror/thriller "Strange Girls" seeks resourceful and responsible PRODUCTION DESIGNER and ART DIRECTOR for Feature Length film to be shot in and around Pittsburgh Sept. 20 - Oct. 2 and Jan 31 – Feb 12. For film synopsis see [www.mduxpictures.com](http://www.mduxpictures.com). Art Department Interns also needed. Applicants should email cover letter and resume to [mduxpictures@yahoo.com](mailto:mduxpictures@yahoo.com)

CASTING FOR MAJOR CABLE NETWORK TV SHOW –SEEKING SECRET LIVES Can you keep a secret? Do you keep one everyday? You may be deceiving a loved one about your past and long to come clean. Perhaps you are running scared - from tax problems or past crimes or behaviors. You're cheating on your spouse. Or it's a hobby or interest you just don't want others to know about. A secret life affects the way you live, how you work and your relationships. And the need to confide in family and friends can be overwhelming. The time is now to share your story. A trained professional will help you express your hidden life to the people who matter to you, and to television viewers who may share your experience. Reply to job-71936170@craigslist.org

DEEK – "THE FUTURE INCIDENT" MODELS NEEDED  
Reply to: [art@deekmagazine.com](mailto:art@deekmagazine.com)  
It's an open call. No requirements for look. Guys/girls. Just anyone who's willing to show some skin and be moderately fondled for the sake of art. We'd be shooting somewhere between June 1st-5th.

VIDEOGRAPHER FOR DANCE COMPITITON  
A videographer is need sat. may 15 from 10am to 10pm. The event takes place at Cornell High School Auditorium 1099 Maple St Coraopolis, PA 15108. This is a one camera shoot with a studio configured camera. This is perfect for a college student or someone wanting experience. Lunch and dinner provided. e-mail or call (919)-923-4554. [cinemageek@yahoo.com](mailto:cinemageek@yahoo.com).

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHERS  
National virtual tour company seeks photographers with digital cameras in every market throughout the U.S. We shoot virtual tours for hotels, residential real estate, restaurants and retail businesses. We need you to cover a all orders within a 45 mile radius. Rates are dependent upon the client but averages between \$25-\$50 per hour. You must be able to schedule and photograph each property within 4-5 days of receiving the order. All stitching and post-production is provided by us, you will only need to photograph and upload the images upon completion. [photo@360media.com](mailto:photo@360media.com)

FASHION & COMMERCIAL PRINT TEACHER  
Model and talent company is looking for a part time Fashion & Commercial Print teacher. Will be required to work Saturdays between the hours of 10am-4pm. Interested candidates should call 412-880-5270 and ask for Lisa. [pittsburgh@rpowernets.net](mailto:pittsburgh@rpowernets.net).

MIAMI VICE CASTING  
Miami Vice" 2006 Directed by Michael Mann Extras Needed - Hispanic - Colombian Looks 20-42 Extras 18 - 27 all types needed !If interested contact: 804.914.8700

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COCKTAIL SERVERS FOR UPSCALE MEN'S CLUB - PITTSBURGH, PA \$24.50/hour plus \$500/month cash clothing allowance! Students, College Co-eds, Single Moms, Sorority Girls, Ladies looking to earn extra cash on the side discreetly without doing anything "sleazy or illegal" are welcome to apply! You don't have to look like a Playboy model to do this! (Though it's certainly a plus if you enjoy teasing guys in the way you dress and act!) If your favorite holiday is Halloween this is for you! If your favorite pastime is frequenting clubs and teasing men, why not get paid for it? If you're the type of gal that has a closet full of sexy clothes that you seldom get to wear, you're our type of woman!

Part time and full time for national chain of private upscale men's clubs. NOT A STRIP CLUB! Throughout 2005 we have opened new locations in close proximity to virtually every large college town throughout the U.S. and Canada, including Pittsburgh, PA! To find other locations near you contact us by email or phone. You will receive a prompt response! If you are located near a college campus the odds are good there will be a Mannesmann Club near you! NO NUDDITY! NO TOUCHING BY CLIENTS! No tipping allowed. Must be 18 years or older. \$24.50/hour plus \$500/mo. clothing allowance. 8-20 hours/week. No experience necessary - will train. Must be open minded, responsible, and able to interface with mature, high profile clientele. Club is open 24 hours/day, seven days/week. Shifts are four hours long and there are six shifts in every 24 hour period. Shifts are 12-4 am, 4-8 am, 8-12 noon, 12-4 pm, 4-8 pm, 8-12 midnight. Flexible hours available. ANONYMITY GUARANTEED! Call Marcy Kalish at: 310-485-2000 ORemail her: [mannesmannclub@cox.net](mailto:mannesmannclub@cox.net)

## CASUAL ENCOUNTERS

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IRISH LADY DOCTOR LOOKING FOR CASUAL ENCOUNTER ON SUNDAY HI, I'm just waking up with dream to meet my fantasy mate "THIS WEEKEND ", I'm 36 y/o Dentist , active and adventrous I have recently moved in this city ..after painful divorce process..I'm from Ireland. Bit more about me: 5'7", blue eyes, blonde hair,love pleasing more than being pleased.I Feel Xtremely lonely, I look forward to have No Stings attached Companion Enjoy my weekends i have plans to go on SHORT TRIP Next month have not found suitbale sensuous companions yet.

FUN OPEN CARING BI-SEXUAL ,LOOKING FOR OTHER FUN CARING OPEN SEXY FEMA - w4w Reply to: anon-72436208@craigslist.org Looking for fun or sex partner? Totally Free Adult Site: [www.lesbian.321.cn](http://www.lesbian.321.cn) Free Registration, Free Chat and of course Erotic Photos Your Taste!Come and have a good time in our company!

LOOKING FOR ORAL FUN - m4m Reply to: anon-72436941@craigslist.org This is the palce where men come to meet other men for dating, romance,and lots of sex. [www.mansmeet.321.cn](http://www.mansmeet.321.cn) Come and have a good time in our company!

LOOKING FOR HOT FEMALE - m4w - 44 Reply to: anon-73356911@craigslist.org HI looking for a lady for fun job give me some loving make a career move.

WANTED: HARD COCK IN MY CUNT - w4m Reply to: anon-72436261@craigslist.org Looking for fun or sex partner? Totally Free Adult Site: [www.interracial.321.cn](http://www.interracial.321.cn) Free Registration, Free Chat and of course Naked Girls Your Taste! Come and have a good time in our company!

WANTED PLAYBOYS: 4 Attractive,independent,intellegent female with curves in all the right places. I'm a stunningly beaut iful,independent,seductive woman with an excellent figure. I have a wonderful job which allows me to explore my sensual nature.I work as Business Dev Exe for an Airlines I look forward for CASUAL ENCOUNTERS with decent educated male friends from all over the world , On my job I travel to many cities in the USA very often and to other prominent cities wo , I like to have "SENSUAL MALE FRIENDS" in diff places..

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ELEGANT,SEXY VIRGIN WANTS TO MEET HORNY MEN FOR FOREPLAY!! Reply to: anon-73279967@craigslist.org Hi there! This is Seema Ahuja, I'm 25 and engaged to a guy in India. Though I'm a girl born and brought up here, I'm fascinated by the Indian Culture and the large family system. At the same time, I wish to enjoy the pleasures of the body in its fullest sense. I know once I'm married I wouldnt be able to enjoy sex life outside my marriage. I wish to be a virgin when I get married, with a difference, I want to learn everything about foreplay. Also I have a desire to meet older, mature really really horny men, who would do anything I want!

RICH MARRIED,GENEROUS LADY, LOOKING FOR XTRA-MARITAL FUN TODAY .. MY MARRIAGE OF LONG YEARS has come to an end. Much as i hate my husband for putting me thru this because he prefered a younger girl, i feel releaved to find myself free to find a man of my choice. Marriage minded men pls excuse! I'm just looking for someone to be with me in the evenings when i feel bored or lonely. or accompy me on the many tours i make to various parts of the country on my job.Don't worry all expenses paid!

SUCK COCK FOR STR8/CURIOUS MASCULINE GUYS.... - m4m - 46 Reply to: anon-73265990@craigslist.org great head with no strings/complications with nothing expected in return. cum by watch xxx str8 videos have a drink/beer lay back or unzip/cum/go 4 awesome deep throat servicing. no fats/fems. very private/discreet place where no one will ever know. 6'1", blonde/blue, solid 200+, very clean and D&D here.....u have never had this good a b/f/....

DEEK  
MAGAZINE

ADVICE

THE  
SEX  
INCIDENT



APOTHECARY

WHY YOU CAN'T GET IT UP, AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.  
JOEL C, YOUR PHARMACIST

So you're all set to have carnal relations with your significant other, or perhaps just some pleasant random drunk you just met at the bar. You're both ready for action and then you look down. Your pocket rocket is not even close to being ready for lift off. Your purple helmeted soldier is not standing at attention. Face it, this happens to all guys at some point or another. What it hasn't happened to you? Yeah me either, but hypothetically speaking it can happen. The reasons are varied and stem from both physiological sources as well as psychological sources. The first thing to consider is your age. Are you a young buck in the prime of your life, or are you decrepit and aged? If the latter is the case, then you may have diabetes, high blood pressure, or kidney disease. In all of these diseases the body suffers from a breakdown of small blood vessels, including the ones in your little buddy. With blood-flow less than optimal, it's a literal uphill battle to achieve an erection. Some things to consider here include dietary changes (stop eating at Wendy's and Arby's you fat bastard) as well as vigorous exercise such as jogging or biking. If these interventions prove futile, then skip ahead to the second to last paragraph.

OK, so you're 23 and you don't have any of the above problems. Why the hell are you limp? Perhaps you masturbate incessantly. If that's not the problem, maybe you smoke too much grass. Merrily toking away at the reefer has been shown in studies to temporarily lower the sperm counts of those who smoke on a regular basis. In addition, circumstantial evidence has shown that inhaling marijuana smoke can make achieving an erection difficult. Same goes with too much alcohol or too many Valiums or Vicodins. The bottom line is that, if you get yourself wrecked (especially on a regular basis), don't expect to get erect.

If none of the above describes your current condition, perhaps you are suffering through a stressful time in your life. Maybe you are with a new girl and the whole situation makes you nervous. Maybe you just aren't stimulated by conventional means. Any number of things along these lines could be a contributing factor.

There is hope, however. Millions of products are advertised in the backs of fine magazines to help you pitch a tent. Ultimately though unless the product contains yohimbe (which helps to increase penile blood-flow) or saw palmetto (which promotes prostate health), it is essentially junk. While neither of these products is FDA approved, enough studies have been done that both of these claims are valid. Additional bonus: You can purchase them at any store that sells herbal supplements.

Finally, one could make the embarrassing trip to their physician and request a prescription for any of the fine products currently advertised an average of 7,000 times an hour (Yes I counted). Currently, Viagra, Levitra, and Cialis are the big three. Enough information is repeated ad nauseum about these drugs, so contact your doctor to see if Cialis is right for you.

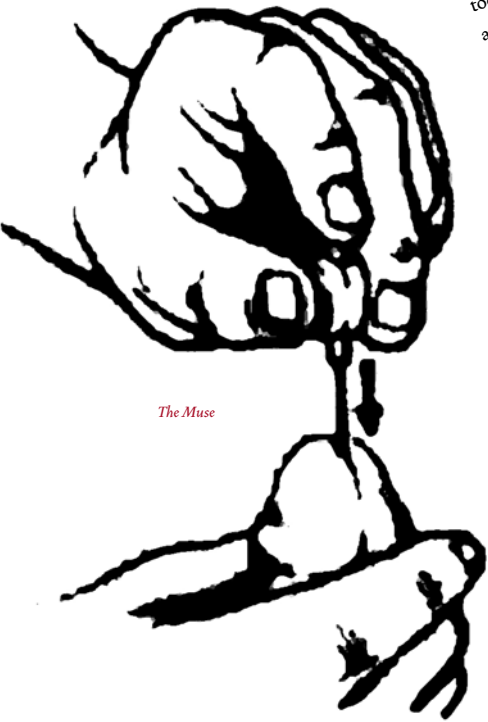
In addition, a product known as Muse has been around for a number of years. This medication is used via an intra-urethral route to treat erectile dysfunction using a small pellet. For those out there unfamiliar with the terminology, intra-urethral roughly translates from a Latin origin to "you put something in the hole of your penis." Hmm, I can't imagine why anybody has never seen an advertisement for this one? I can see the commercials now. Cue to television wife or girlfriend: "Now he can take me anytime he wants to, anywhere, as soon as he shoves a pea-sized pellet into his cock. It really brought the spontaneity of sex back into our relationship." Anyway, that about wraps things up, so until next time...



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HUNG LIKE A HO - LIFE IN SPECIALIZED SALES  
BY JIMMY WOODFOX

“Don’t knock masturbation, it’s sex with someone I love.”  
– Woody Allen

We all want sex. In fact, if you had your way, you’d probably be in the bedroom (or bathroom, kitchen, back alley) with the person you love/ tolerate instead of reading this article right now...

But despite what NBC sitcoms and movies with Josh Hartnett tell us, many people go minutes, hours, even *days* without sexual contact! What do they do? They see me. My name is James. I sell dildos.

I began working for an online retailer last year, hired primarily as an office worker, but whenever we experienced a surge of sales, I would be called out to help pull product and pack orders. I knew going in that our company sold pornography, but I had no idea what I was getting into until I actually walked in the warehouse for the first time. I stood in awe of the thousands upon thousands of adult DVDs that adorned the shelves. But I’ve been on the internet, and I’ve seen more than my fare share of filth. So no matter what the DVD, whether it’s “Poop Shooter Cuties #2,” “Great Grandma Sells Her Cookies,” or “Asian Cheerleader Cavity Search Vol. 3,” I never batted an eye.

I was mighty proud of my post-Gen-X cynicism and desensitized view towards sexuality, until I was given an order for “novelty items.” As I turned the corner into the sex toy aisles, my eyes widened – I entered a world that shocked and amazed me.

I was a total ignoramus when it came to sex toys. I mean, I knew about dildos and vibrators and such, but it was the sheer *variety* that took me by surprise.

I quickly figured out that when it comes to dildos and vibrators, they’re like cars, with different classes, sizes and price ranges, each with many different makes and models. For those on a budget, there are \$10-\$30 types that are little more than phallic plastic sticks with optional vibration. These are the sex toy equivalent of that 1989 Civic hatchback you had when you were 17. You were glad you had it, but you would’ve loved something more – you wanted a Cadillac.

And that’s where exotic luxury models come in. From hand-blown glass dildos that look like works of art, to vibrating wonder-dongs with multiple extensions, a woman with enough money (some of these cost well over \$300) could become so satisfied with a multi-headed, studded 13-inch purple love machine that their next sexual encounter with a man might leave her saying, “Is that it? Where’s your variable speed setting? And why don’t you have a clitoral stimulator?”

Of course, the vibrator/dildo market is mostly for girls, and since pornography is mainly a man’s business, toys for the boys take up nearly all

the space. And since all guys really want is an available hole, their choices are very limited, and more than a bit creepy. Walking into an aisle full of sex toys for men is like walking into Hannibal Lector’s meat locker, as disturbingly realistic reproductions of female body parts vacuum sealed and ready to ship, most of them being “realistic recreations” of your favorite pornstars’ privates?

Want Jenna Jameson’s pussy? That’ll set you back about \$30. Her mouth? That’s over \$60. Unfortunately, there isn’t a toy made just for rear entry, so if you’re a backdoor beast, you’ll need the front and back combo; that’ll run you well over \$200. But don’t worry; if you buy that most places will throw in the lube for free!

It all got to me one night when I was stuck with the unenviable task of doing inventory in the sex toy department. Pocket pussies, anal sleeves, and oral seductors surrounded me. As I traversed deeper into the claustrophobic hallways, I became convinced that they were out to get me. I imagined my grisly demise – a shelf, overstacked with Nicole Sheridan’s pussies, Stormy’s asses and Jenna’s mouths, would collapse and bury me under a mountain of synthetic joy.

My fellow employees would mourn just long enough to pick up the mess and sell my latex killers. Shaking these disturbing thoughts, I grabbed a stack of vaginas and got to work.

I will admit that after a while, I got curious.

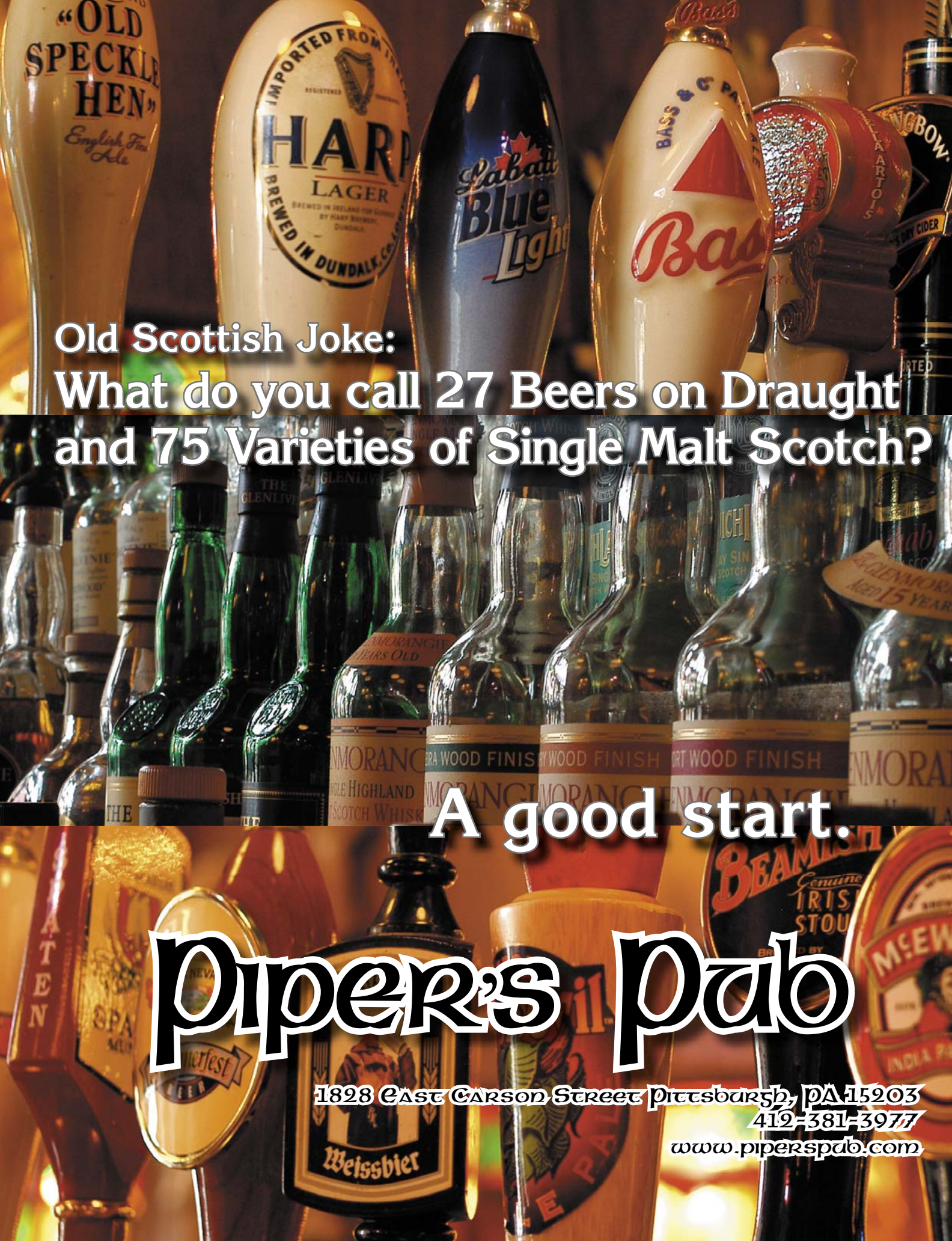
Jenna Jameson - By Doc Johnson  
\$245 MSRP

I took a serious look at a high-end model (employees get good discounts). “Wow,” I thought. “These things are really realistic looking... and they sure feel real.” For a split second, it didn’t seem that gross to me. We’re all human; we all have needs; why not? Then I noticed the small print on the corner of the box, “Machine washable, for easy clean up!”

I put it back, finished my work and got the hell out of there. I could accept having sex with an inanimate object, and I could even accept doing it with something that resembled refuse from a cadaver lab. But I could never finish using a product, clean myself off, and then put it in the dishwasher with my dinner plates.

That’s just gross.

Besides, I’m strictly a hands-on man, thank you very much.



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