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THE RACE INCIDENT

ISSUE 18 - OCTOBER 2005

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DEEK MAGAZINE

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P U B L I S H E R

N O V A K E E N A N

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Apologies To: Bill; Chocolate Crackles From: Margo List

S U B M I S S I O N S

Deek Magazine gleefully accepts submission, but prefers to work with writers and visual artists on Incident-specific assignments. So! If you want to write or illustrate or design or photograph or... whatever, send an e-mail to words@deekmagazine.com (for writing) or art@deekmagazine.com (for other artistic pursuits). The aforementioned e-mail should contain your social security number, your political affiliation, whether or not you're susceptible to disease, a photograph of yourself wearing a Terrible Burka – *GO STILLERS!* – and information regarding what, precisely, you want to do. If you just want to submit something, send it to words@deekmagazine.com and realize that submission does not ensure publication and that anything you send might end up on our letters page.

Also:

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THE ISSUE 19 FRAUD Incident

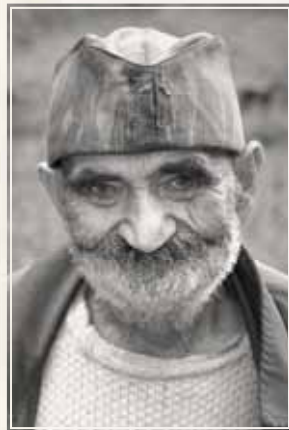
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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

GUEST EDITOR: UNCLE NAILGLUE



UNCLE NAILGLUE

Dear gentle readers and fiends:

Let's consider the following brash generalizations together, with open minds, after a few drinks, keeping in mind that they are generalizations, and not necessarily truth:

- ✦ Muslim ideology is opposed to the western way of life.
- ✦ Western ideology is opposed to everybody – even Western people.
- ✦ Everybody thinks Asians look alike.
- ✦ Israelis think they own the same land the Palestinians do.
- ✦ White people watch anime and tweak Asian cars.
- ✦ Asian people draw their anime with big round eyes.
- ✦ Asians are the invisible minority in America – the well behaved.
- ✦ Asians blend together in western consciousness – everyone is Chinese.
- ✦ Europeans think they're superior to Americans.
- ✦ Americans think they're superior to everybody else.
- ✦ Black people aren't necessarily African.
- ✦ Africans aren't necessarily black.
- ✦ "Casino Indians" aren't the same as "Reservation Indians" aren't the same as men and women who grew up in Mumbai or Hyderabad or Bangalore or Srinagar.
- ✦ The worst thing a black man can say to a white man is "I'm fucking your daughter/wife."
- ✦ Affirmative action is no longer necessary.
- ✦ The same churches of the same religions often have completely different styles of service.
- ✦ (Drug) laws and criminal sentences are

much tougher on minorities.

- ✦ Pretty much all drug laws are retarded, useless, unnecessary.
- ✦ Richard Pryor and Dave Chapelle have done more for the advancement of racial discussion than any sensitivity training or official race discussions in the past twenty five years – maybe longer.
- ✦ Diversity training promotes escapism, excuses and meaningless symbolic gestures.
- ✦ It is taken for granted in Pittsburgh that everyone drinks Iron City, goes to Primanti's and eats Pierogies... But black people probably aren't really doing any of those things very often. Or any other minority group, for that matter.
- ✦ How about this statement at the helm of a new public relations campaign for the City of Pittsburgh: *Middle Class Blacks and A Town that Doesn't Love Them.*
- ✦ Gay bars have uniquely heterogeneous patrons.
- ✦ Political correctness hasn't had much of a positive effect on anything.
- ✦ Asian women do not have slanted vaginas. I have explored this.
- ✦ There is no such thing as Reverse Discrimination. Discrimination is discrimination.
- ✦ Racial consciousness is an integral part of American living. Everyone is fighting for identity.
- ✦ The new method of separation is rank-ism.
- ✦ The one thing that oppresses everyone is money.
- ✦ Black poverty is result of 30 years of misguided welfare rather than racism. (this is stolen from John McWhorter, a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute.)

These are not ideas to be taken lightly. Or perhaps they are. Regardless, racism does nothing for us here – it's an issue that should be dead and buried, with easy solutions (namely: education, open-mindedness and the willingness to communicate peacefully) that'll likely never come to fruition uniformly, in our lifetime, throughout society. Unless we force them to. Even then, probably not.

Oh, and here's a few more:

- ✦ Governments/foundations should no longer sponsor public relation campaigns to encourage human beings to experience other human beings in a constructive way.
- ✦ The NAACP, the Klan and the 700 Club have outlived their worth.
- ✦ You are not your neighbor.
- ✦ Jesus was not Caucasian.
- ✦ All vagina is pink on the inside.
- ✦ All semen is white and tastes terrible.
- ✦ Everybody bleeds red – Pantone 1797C.
- ✦ Interracial procreation – and the willingness to breed/fuck outside our race – will heal our nations racial tensions, both semantically and ethically. Ask your momma.
- ✦ If you're going to spread hatred, why use race? There are so many other options!

Your affectionate uncle,

Nailglue

Nailglue

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TO COMMENT ON WORDS, send an e-mail to words@deekmagazine.com

TO COMMENT ON ART, send an e-mail to art@deekmagazine.com

TO COMMENT ON SOMETHING ELSE, send an e-mail to deek@deekmagazine.com

We must warn that anything you send Deek could potentially make it onto this page without warning.

Letters on this page are unedited, but many have been shortened due to space constraints. Sorry.

SEEK AND DESTROY

Dear Sirs:

Although I find your genre' fresh and exciting, your photos works of art, and your web site easily maneuverable, I would suggest you tweak a few things here and there. One: You need a proofreader who actually knows proper grammar, sentence structure, and English. Not all smut queens and sex addicts are stupid.

Virginia Q.

Rocketsignist@aol.com

DEEK IS A RATHER BOTHERSOME SOT

Dear Deek Freax,

Succotash! Sadly your silly, little magazine fails to amuse me. Reading the table of contents alone has insulted my acid reflux past the point of no return. I would rather my leg be dry-fucked by an angry horde of rabid ewox with dried up turds stuck to their dreadlocks than flip through another page of this rotting, ass-orgy of mindless hogwash. Die!

Regretfully yours,

Alfonso "The Wop" Sockhop

CAUC

To Deek It May Concern:

I am a student, activist, teacher; son, brother; lover and friend. I also happen to be a Caucasian-American. I just wanted to give y'all a "holla" to let you know how much I admire what you're doing there.

Peace and God Bless,

M. Novak

FALLOUT SHELTER

Mo,

next time take time or do not waste my time with your collection of terms that must have been uprooted via the help of spell check and a thesarus. I really could careless about your stance concerning guns because your experience with weapons seems to be limited. You use your pen or laptop to announce that those w/o guns or those that may choose

not to draw them are pussies.

Well, how many times, Mo, have you fired a gun, rifle, automatic weapon, or better yet held one? Have you had any experience with actually pointing a weapon toward another human being with the intention of firnig it.

Matt Stys

stys.matt@hotmail.com

ON THE BLUDGEONING OF ONE'S WIFE

To Deek and Ace Hurler

This was the most brilliant piece of writing we have ever come across. We have a new found respect for you Ace. This article was refreshing, innovative, and awe-inspiring. And, it was as funny as fuck. You should be writing for the NY Times. Dream big, Mr. Hurler. We have your back.

We have fallen in love tonight. And it wasn't with Jim, the bitch, or her former house mate. You do the math.

Love,

Jean and Tanya

Two Adamant Fans

P.S. Maybe you want to go on a date with us?

P.S.S. We're both single

P.S.S.S And hott.

MUSIC

Deek,

If you'd like me to make a 60-word ass out of myself, I'll do it – just as long as we can get something into the next issue that's a little more sincere – no less entertaining – just a little more credible. By the way: what do you think of the album anyway?

Adam Evil

THE HASIDIC REGGAE INTERVIEW THAT NEVER HAPPENED

Deek,

I'm sorry to say that given Matis' hectic schedule, It's not going to be possible to set up an interview with him in time to make your deadline. I hope Deek Magazie is still be

able to run an album review, but as of now, I don't think an interview is in the cards.

All the best,

Michael LaVigne

ART

Art Department at DEEK:

You imagined it and I lived it. These were kids never had their shirts off. One came with her father and one with a boyfriend. White girl was a no show. I was able to keep everything cool but it was a nude photographer white on black with family looking on. Your preconceived story line is out of a 70's mag you are trying to copy. I broke the barrier and you missed it. Whittie undressing the young daughter in front her father. He's 6'5" security for a hotel chain. Other boyfriend has a BMA. You can't make up a story like this. Why me? This is what I do. Look at the Sept issue of Jade where I'm featured. If that's the stuff you want fine. I know I did something no white photographer could do. I have another in the wings. When a black person talks to me there is no color. It's like a dog that can smell you. They know.

Steve Smith

ET CETERA

Deek,

"These were human beings in whom there was no longer a trace of anything human; these were men who really had turned into animals." – Benno Zieser, Wehrmacht, on Russian prisoners of war

The hipster is the eternal enemy of mankind. In no other group do we find all that is good, noble, and strong degraded and all that is weak, ugly, and sick exalted. This attitude can be traced to the inherent physical and mental frailty of the hipster, a deficit only amplified by acceptance into the society of sickness. So powerful and emboldened has this underclass become, that it is leaking into and tainting the noble classes on which this country is built. Any and all available means should be used to halt and reverse this infection.

Marcello della Bestia

POPULAR UNDERCULTURE

DEEK MAGAZINE

INTRODUCTION



RECKONING IS UPON YE ALL

NEWS

NEWS BRIEFS

COMPILED FROM WIRE REPORTS AND STAFF MISUNDERSTANDINGS



JERRY ZUCKER BEGS

NBC APOLOGIZES FOR ACCIDENTALLY AIRING TRUTH

* * * * *

NEW YORK — NBC President Jeff Zucker issued a formal apology to Americans this weekend after Kanye West said something that was actually true on live television.

"NBC, as a network, has higher standards than this," said a teary-eyed Zucker during a press conference. "Mr. West's outburst was unwarranted, and, unfortunately, entirely true. We apologize to the American people for giving them something to think about beyond who will eat which horse organ for \$50,000."

Zucker went on to describe NBC's lasting commitment to what he called "simple truths."

"Hurricanes, terrorists and diseases are bad; government, corporations and celebrities are good," Zucker said. "Americans have busy lives and don't have time to ask, let alone answer, questions of 'Why?' Between attending funerals of 20-year-old Guardsmen killed overseas, to seeking gainful employment with health care benefits or gas that's less than \$3 a gallon, who has time to look for answers?"

Zucker closed the conference by saying his network was proud to be part of the "free bread and circus" that's "vital to the survival of the American empire."

FORT THOMPSON SCALPERS BATTLE TO KEEP NAME

* * * * *

FORT THOMPSON, S.D. — The local college football team in Fort Thompson, the Scalpers, is locked in a legal battle with civil rights groups to keep its name, which some have argued is insensitive to Native Americans.

"Oh, come on," said Scalpers head coach Twitty Applethorpe. "I could see if we were



TWITTY APPLETHORPE STANDS FAST

using a name that wasn't accurate, but in our history, in our region, nothing was more feared during our formative frontier years than having your scalp forcibly removed by a wild-eyed savage on horseback."

The school mascot, a six-foot-two Native American with a bloodied tomahawk in one hand and the scalps of the white man in the other is, in Applethorpe's words, "historically accurate."

68-year-old Fort Thompson alumni Tom Wadsworth designed the mascot and the team logo, which depicts a tomahawk being thrust by a rippled, brown arm into the screaming face of a white woman. He believes the controversy is due to "political correctness."

"No one has any respect for history is all," he said. "We ain't saying we're for scalping, because we ain't. All we were going for was a mascot that was tough, scary and reflective of our region's history."

LIMBAURGE KILLED AFTER PUBLICLY BACKING CONSTITUTIONAL BAN ON BLACK PEOPLE

* * * * *

WASHINGTON, D.C. — The Senate exclusionary leader was shot and killed Sunday after saying he supported a proposed constitutional amendment to ban African American inclusion.

On the set of DBC's This Week, during a commercial break, Sen. Frankly Limbaurge's assailant — a man described by witness Francine Bratwurst as looking "just like a white guy" — entered the DBC's New York television studio dressed as a janitor in a Ronald Reagan mask. He fired one shot, point-blank range, into Senator Limbaurge's temple, after saying "excuse me" to commentator Ruthy Vakka. Another witness on hand, who wished to remain nameless, said Sen. Linbaurch's attacker "was



FRANKLY LIMBAURGE DIES

saying something about white color crime" as he fled the scene, before "passing awestruck onlookers and vanishing like a ghost."


Earlier in the show, Limbaurge, I-Tenn., said the Supreme Court's decision last week on African-American exclusion threatens to make the American home a place where criminality and rampant sex is condoned.

The court on Thursday threw out a proposed Texas law that prohibited Gallup polls and census information from including African-Americans in their research, saying that such a prohibition demeans human life and encourages unhealthy national escapism.

"I have this fear," Limbaurge said, "that if we keep seeing inflated drop-out rates in the media — and high rates of teenage pregnancy, abortion, drug use, crime, illegitimacy and integration — that criminal activity within the home would in some way be condoned by the religious white. The 'Black People Don't Count' bill would eliminate that possibility. And, if passed, we'd see CNN broadcasts outlining our national inadequacies, and we'd feel at ease."

Asked whether he supported an amendment that would ban any other race's exclusion in the United States except African-Americans, Limbaurge said: "I absolutely do not."

"I very much feel that census inclusion is a sacrament of the modern age, and that sacrament should extend only to those who make our country look ethically submissive — those who, in accordance with our nation's traditional values, are reproducing when they're supposed to, going to school as long as possible, turning the other cheek, not thrashing out against a system that has, time and time again, failed them, saying no to drugs, assimilating, acting as sheep would, et cetera, et cetera. So I would support the amendment as it stands."



Congressman Tom Tancredo
Representing the 6th District of Colorado

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Please select the topic of your message, to help expedite delivery:

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Please type your message in the space below:

You had mentioned that the United States government should look into bombing Islamic holy sites as an option for responding to terrorist attacks. This idea is not only asinine, but it demeans efforts in making the United States a compassionate country to the rest of the world.

The very idea of targeting the Islamic holy sites is the most ineffective way to solve the issue of terrorism. For the fault of a few hundred, you are willing to attack the landmarks that are held in high regard by over 1 billion people. This action and the very idea of taking this action will only create more problems than it solves. I ask that you retract your statements and make a formal apology to the Muslim community.

THOMAS G. TANCREDO
6TH DISTRICT, COLORADO
COMMITTEE ON RESOURCES
COMMITTEE ON
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS



Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515-0606

September 6, 2005

Mr. Fahad Mahmood
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Dear Fahad:

Thank you for your recent letter regarding my comments regarding how best to deter future terrorist attacks. I appreciate you taking the time to write to me.

Without question, my comments have prompted strong reactions from many quarters, but they have also served to start a national dialogue about what options we have to deter al-Qaeda and other would-be Islamic terrorists.

Many critics of my statements have characterized them as "offensive," and indeed they may have offended some. But in this battle against fundamentalist Islam, I am hardly preoccupied with political correctness, or who may or may not be offended. Indeed, al-Qaeda cares little if the Western world is "offended" by televised images of hostages beheaded in Iraq, subway bombings in London, train attacks in Madrid, or Americans jumping to their death from the Twin Towers as they collapsed.

Few can argue that our current approach to this war has deterred fundamentalists from killing Westerners - nor has it prompted moderate Muslims and leaders of Muslim countries to do what is necessary to crack down on the extremists in their midst who perpetuate these grisly crimes.

People have accused me of creating more terrorism by making these statements. Indeed, we often hear that Western governments bring these attacks on themselves. Just days after the London subway attacks two weeks ago, for example, Tariq Ali, a prominent British Muslim activist, was quick to suggest that London residents "paid the price" for British support in the Iraq campaign. A professor in Lebanon, Dr. George Hajjar, went even further, proclaiming, "I hope that every patriotic and Islamic Arab will participate in this war, and will shift the war not only to America, but to ... wherever America may be." Hajjar went on to say that "there are no innocent people," and referred to the victims of the attack as "collateral casualties."

While I realize that some people around the world may be offended by my comments, I do not believe that the U.S. should take any option or target off the table, regardless of the circumstances. It is my hope that my comments my help to dissuade fundamentalist Muslim extremists from planning or carrying out terrorist attacks against the western world. The aforementioned statements by the influential Muslim leaders I outlined above are fairly "offensive" statements, to be sure. Unfortunately, however, the kinds of sentiments expressed by Ali and Hajjar are sadly commonplace

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TUTTI FRUTTI

BY JOSEPH L. FLATLEY



LITTLE RICHARD

LITTLE RICHARD was born Richard Wayne Penniman on December 5, 1932 in Macon, Georgia. The Deep South was a wild place in those days. Richard's father was a preacher and a bootlegger, selling hooch and salvation as an adherent of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church – a sect of Christianity founded by a farmer named William Miller, who once wrote a book with the unwieldy title, *Evidences from Scripture and History of the Second Coming of Christ about the Year 1843*.

Richard spent his youth on the dirt street where hustlers of all types would hang out in the hot, dusty Georgia afternoons, singing to snare marks and move goods. There were old men with vegetable carts, ward heelers making the rounds, soap box preachers selling religion... People hustled whatever they had to get by.

From an early age, Little Richard was too damn wild to worry what others thought about him. His queerness made him an alien in the straight world, his blackness an alien in the white world; but he possessed a sort of trickster quality and manic exuberance that he used himself above racism and poverty. His spirit was often a strain on those close to him.

"Richard would holler all the time," his brother remembers. "I just thought he couldn't sing anyways, just a noise, and he would get on our nerves hollerin' and beatin' on tin cans and things of that nature. People around would get angry upset with him yelling and screaming. They'd shout at him, 'shut up yo' mouth, boy' and he would run off laughing all over."

Little Richard, the youthful bundle of energy, grew up fast. At fourteen he ran away from home with Dr. Hudson's Medicine Show. By fifteen he had made a name for himself as a drag queen, working for Alabama's own Sugar Foot Sam. No parent I know would want their lovely African American boy singing in blackface or prancing around in a dress with someone called Sugar Foot, but these were the options available in the south in the forties.

In 1951, at the age of eighteen, Richard won a talent contest and was signed to a four disc deal with RCA Victor. Those songs did little, some becoming local hits before disappearing from view forever. This is not to say that Richard was not a dynamic presence; when he performed, it was obvious that he possessed a measure

of greatness. But he had so far been unable to transform his greatness into either Art or Money.

Four years after his "big break," Richard was still plugging away... he was a popular musician and had plenty of work. He was a rare talent, playing to both black and white audiences. The black crowds seemed to prefer a rawer, bluesy edge to the music; the white cats didn't mind hearing something a little more jovial. Little Richard and his full-time band, the Upsetters, could do either. But it was proving impossible to capture that energy on record.

"Bumps" Blackwell was determined to change that. As an A&R man with Specialty Records in New Orleans, he heard promise in the tapes that Little Richard had sent him. Hoping that perhaps he might have another Ray Charles on his hands, he scheduled a session for September, 1955.

Bumps booked a room in New Orleans and the backing band that Fats Domino had been using. They spent days in the studio, jamming, trying to find the right sound. Richard was a sight: face powdered, eye liner, hair piled high onto his head. Little Richard Penniman was a pretty young man, no doubt about it. But as the session wore on, Richard's legendary anarchic performance simply could not be captured

on tape. Richard was mortified when they played the performance back and he heard how polite he sounded.

At some point, on the third day of the session, the group broke for lunch. Inside New Orleans' legendary Dew Drop Inn, Richard spotted a piano. He started pounding the keys, out of frustration more than anything. He started playing a song he had written while washing dishes at the Greyhound station in Macon, Georgia, where he worked in between tours.

And he sang: *A wop bop a loo mop a good goddam! Tutti Frutti, loose booty... if it don't fit, don't force it/ you can grease it, make it easy...*

The lunch crowd broke up in laughter and Bumps realized that he had a hit on his hands. The music was perfect: joyful, exuberant, rushing with the kind of manic energy that everyone who knew Richard instantly understood. The lyrics, of course, would have to go.

Little Richard wasn't so sure, at first, but he was working for Specialty now. Bumps got a local songwriter called Dorothy LaBostrie to sanitize the lyrics and soon enough the record was bounding up the *Billboard* R&B chart (which had only recently been renamed from the "Race" chart) to the number two spot, and even scored number seventeen on the *Billboard* Pop chart. This record jump started the career of one of America's most beloved entertainers.

Little Richard remembers, "We decided that my image should be crazy and way-out, so that adults would think I was harmless. I'd appear in one show dressed as the Queen of England and in the other as the Pope."

Rock historian James Miller, in his book *Flowers in the Dustbin: The Rise of Rock and Roll, 1947-1977*, has the last word on the subject: "Emboldened by the success of his recording, Richard intuitively grasped the issues at play. Being black and being gay, he was an outsider twice over. But by exaggerating his own freakishness, he could get across: he could evade the question of gender and hurdle the racial divide."

Joseph Flatley is a bad-ass writer who prefers to be called Lenny. He has never met that "Lord of the Dance" guy. He can be reached at mediafaction@yahoo.co.uk

AN INTERVIEW WITH JIM GOAD

BY ROY HIPNALL-SNAKEPLASTER



JIM GOAD ABUSING A HELPLESS WOMAN (JUST FOR SHOW)

JIM GOAD is an author whose work was once described by *The New York Press* as "relentlessly sad, ugly, hateful, raging, repellent, violent and brutally candid... as hard to put down as it is to read." Among his works include *The Redneck Manifesto* (Simon & Schuster, 1997) and *Shit Magnet: One Man's Miraculous Ability to Absorb the World's Guilt* (Feral House, 2002), which was written entirely in prison. Over the past fourteen years, he has worked as an independent publisher in Los Angeles, a radio talk-show host, a singer, an actor, a public speaker, the editor of a smut rag, and a Country/Western DJ. His first foray into the public light was as the editor and chief writer of *ANSWER Me!* magazine, which published four issues between 1991 and 1994. Among these was "The Rape Issue," which, directly or indirectly, was responsible for an obscenity trial, a White House shooting and the suicides of three British youths.

Jim recently – grudgingly – agreed to talk with Deek about his views on race. Here's what we came up with:

* * * * *

What is the modern minstrel act?

Check out The Baldknobbers, who do a self-conscious hillbilly act to the delight of crowds at Branson, MO.

What is the nature of whiteness?

It is to be stuck somewhere along the median of intelligence and penis size – dumber, yet better-endowed, than Asians.

Does one have to be white to be a true American?

No, but speaking English helps.

What the fuck is multi-culturalism?

The idea – no, the dogma – that we can all

get along, even though no one can point to a historical example of it ever occurring.

Is racism separate and distinct from classism?

It's similar in that it's a way to stratify people. Totally different in that it's been historically used as a smokescreen to divert attention from class disparities.

What is "blackness"?

The big, luscious ass on my black girlfriend in the mid-80s.

What does nigger mean?

I suppose it started out as a mispronunciation of a Spanish word meaning "black," and it has become the most forbidden word in our lexicon.

What does redneck mean?

The sunburn a white manual laborer gets on the back of his neck. It, and all its variants (hillbilly, cracker, white trash, hick, etc.), are also the only currently acceptable racial slurs. Even writers are allowed to call someone a redneck without being fired.

What/who is the modern rockstar?

I think rappers are probably the only musicians who achieve ridiculous mythic status. Look at Tupac, for example – a convicted rapist who is now depicted as something on the level of Jesus Christ.

Please say something to me about Dave Chapelle.

Great, great comedian. Disappointed to hear he's a Muslim.

Are white people inherently oppressive?

Everyone is inherently oppressive. Hannibal and Genghis Khan were oppressive. Whites were simply better at oppression than most, but everyone has tried it.

Are all white people's hands bloody?

Nobody's hands are bloody. Collective guilt is a medieval idea.

Does white privilege exist?

In some ways. In other ways, such as the idea that a black person killing a white person isn't a hate crime, black privilege exists. Just as males have some privileges and females have others, I suppose.

Who is the leader of the rednecks?

Is there a redneck hero?

If I told you, they wouldn't allow me into their tent meetings.

Why is it so wrong to talk about race as a white person?

Because there's the assumption of universal inherited racial guilt, which, as already mentioned, is a primitive, superstitious idea.

If white people can't say nigger, should black people not say redneck?

Well, if you value consistency, yes. And I value consistency. But I think anyone should be allowed to say anything without fear of physical assault, mob vengeance, or civil suits.

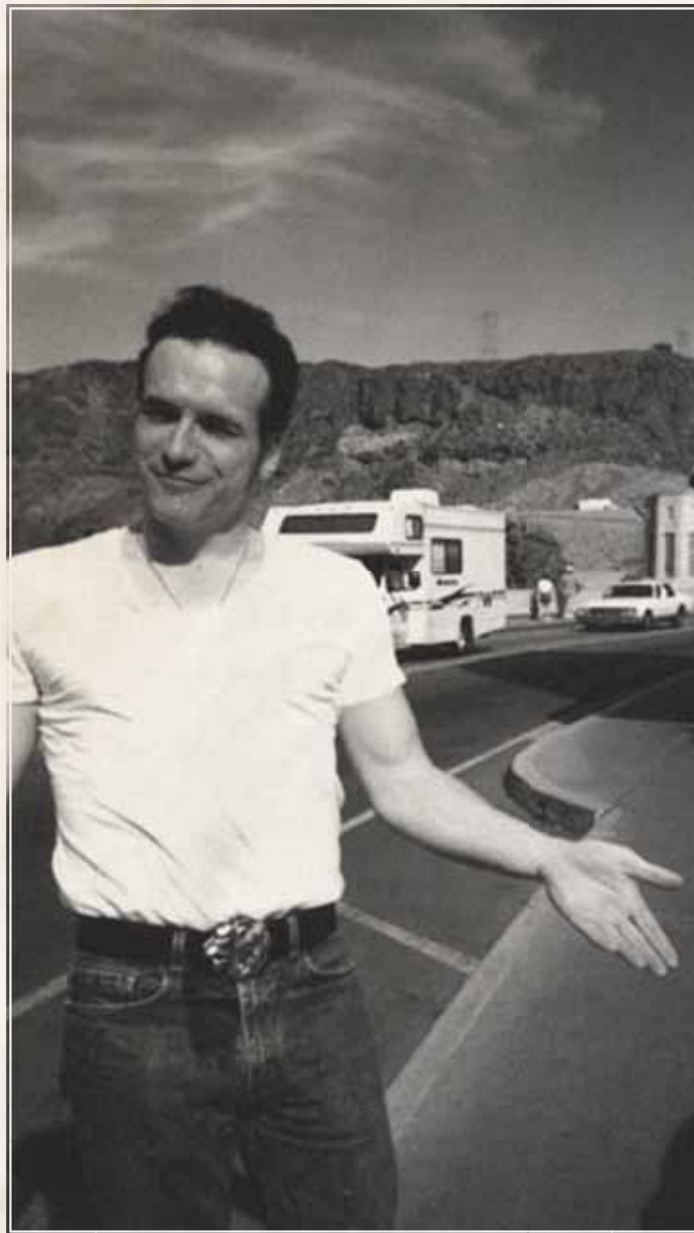
Dollar for dollar, is black poverty more abject than white poverty?

I've been through just about every notorious black urban slum in America, but I've never seen a place as poor as eastern Kentucky, which is almost entirely white.

Does embracing whiteness, redneckness, make one a racist?

According to some people, yes. According to some people, any white person who doesn't hate themselves is a racist. I've yet to hear a definitive description of "racist," though. It's entirely subjective.

continued...



JIM GOAD AT THE HOOVER DAM

Who is to blame for the current economic situation stateside?

The Federal Reserve, which, despite its name, is not a government agency but rather a consortium of private bankers who bleed every American worker by charging interest for printing worthless paper money.

Is race a determinate of culture?

I think they're inextricably entwined. No idea, really, where one starts and the other ends. People develop customs and laws – which is commonly understood as “culture” – based on things such as geography and climate. But one could also argue that skin color and intellectual aptitude also arise from the rigors imposed on groups of people due to geography and climate.

Say we all suddenly start getting along just fine without racial issues -- people look beyond color and we no longer judge each other by their skin but the content of the character. What the fuck happens then?

People will never get along.

Get more Jim Goad at jimgoad.net.

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AN EXPERIMENT & ROMEO Y JULIETA ROTHSCHILD

BY RALPH “BUCKY” GAINSBOROUGH

WHEN I heard that Deek was interested in Race for their next incident, I jumped at the opportunity to take on a project I had wanted to try for some time: Going to bars and seeing whether or not people of different ethnicities drank stereotypical alcoholic beverages. This project had been very appealing since it would allow me to leave my home and get drunk on a fairly regular basis. Sadly, the results are not quite as “scientific” as most such studies since I cannot remember the vast majority of my experiences, but nonetheless the results were startling:

I began with the following list, which I wrote on a soiled cocktail napkin that I found on the ground: White – Budweiser, cheap California wine, wussy-girl drinks (e.g. Zima), Whiskey; Black – Old English, Colt 45, Hennessy, Courvoisier, and Alizee; Hispanic – Dos Equis, Corona, Rum; Asian – Sake, Kirin. I continued, breaking each stereotype into age, income and frequency-of-consumption groups. Staying up nearly four days in a row and blowing nearly \$500 on booze (on Deek’s tab, thank you very fucking much) I realized some startling results



whilst poring over my extensive (read: covered with many different flavors of liquor) findings...

People drink what’s cheap. Money is the grand equalizer. All hail the happy hour special! The key to everlasting racial harmony! I am now certain that every problem in life can be solved by waitresses from Bangor to San Diego who peddle fine beer and well drinks at a discount price at certain times on certain days. These Stewards of the Brew should be revered, not discarded with below minimum wages and taxed tips; they should be running the fucking show! This is the solution to our cultural inequities and quibbles! Get everybody fucking mothered! But I digress, as is my wont. Here’s a review...

Romeo y Julieta Rothschild

\$5 at Pittsburgh Cigar Bar, Market Square

I tend to like a smaller cigar when I’m late for something, and this multi-purpose, tasty little number got me to the football game on time. I couldn’t be late because I needed to stand outside as people were entering and warn them of the perils of allowing a man in a yellow jacket to thoroughly search you for drugs, WMDs, and outside food. My protest was ultimately unsuccessful since I was thrown into the Allegheny River by those same pesky yellow-jackets upon the distribution of the first ten “They’re Out to get YOU” pamphlets. But more about the Romeo...

Truly, as my old cigar guy Larry used to say (before the unfortunate incident with the trained seal and the meatballs), “It’s a nice, mild smoke.” The best thing about a cigar like this one is that it carries the prestige of a lower-upper level brand at a lower-middle level price. Definitely a fixture as a gift when someone you kinda like – but don’t really know that well – has a kid, or something.

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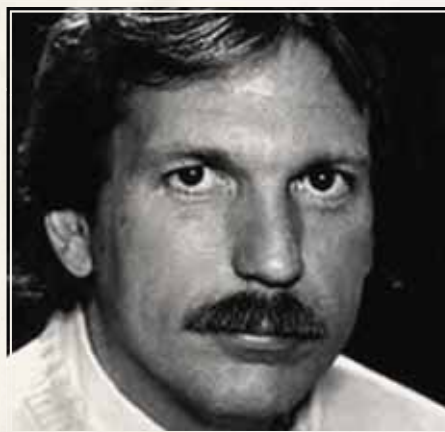
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THE CIA CRACK CONNECTION

BY JESSE HICKS



CRACK



GARY WEBB



THE CIA

AH, crack. Sweet, sweet crack. If cocaine is the unblemished White Lady of a thousand rock-star dreams, the tanned cheerleader-student counsel president-homecoming queen of upper-class America, then crack is her spunky younger sister – the one who'd out drink all the boys, tossing empty Pabst cans out the side of her Scorpions-blasting pickup truck as she spun donuts in the high school football field.

It's hard to believe there was a time before the crack rock. That time – like the age before flavored spring water and the war on Iraq – is hazy, undefined, like a dream evaporating in the morning sun. Sure, cocaine was popular among the *American Psycho* jet-set, but few had heard of crack, let alone faced down a "crack epidemic."

All that changed in the early 1980s, in Los Angeles, California. Suddenly, it seemed, crack was everywhere, spreading its tendrils of death and despair throughout urban California. Unlike cocaine, primarily the drug of choice for upper-class, suburban whites, crack appealed to inner-city blacks: it was cheap, readily available, and offered more bang for the buck than coke.

And, as investigative journalist Gary Webb detailed in a 1996 *San Jose Mercury News* series, California's crack epidemic was largely the result of a winking tolerance by our good friends at the Central Intelligence Agency.

In "Dark Alliance," Webb tells the story of "Freeway Rick" Ross, a South-Central crack dealer who, for over a decade supplied L.A.'s gangs – the notorious Crips and Bloods – with cut-rate cocaine, which the gangs then unleashed on the streets, mostly in the form of highly-addictive crack. Ross was supplied by

Oscar Danilo Blandon Reyes, a founder of the Fuerza Democratica Nicaraguense (Nicaraguan Democratic Force) or FDN, one of the many anti-communist guerrilla armies then fighting in Nicaragua. During the eighties, as later revealed by the Iran-Contra scandal, elements of the American government clandestinely funneled money to groups like FDN to support their fight against the communist Nicaraguan government. Blandon's drug profits were then channeled, via Miami, directly to FDN forces. While Ollie North's Iran-Contra group sold weapons to Iran to fund the Contras, the CIA allowed Blandon to sell crack to California's lower-class black population in order to fund a covert war in South America.

Of course, the joys of crack addiction didn't remain confined to California. Freeway Rick, unaware exactly who he was working for or where the drug profits – Blandon bragged to selling over a ton of cocaine in 1981, at a street value of around \$54 million – peddled his wares as far east as Cincinnati. As the crack wildfire spread, the CIA not only turned a blind eye, but actively stifled investigations by the FBI, DEA and BATF.

Gary Webb's "Dark Alliance" series outraged the black community, who – rightfully – believed the CIA would never have sold drugs to rich white folks in order to fund South American paramilitaries. The Central Intelligence Agency denied Webb's claims; mainstream media outlets like *The New York Times* and *Washington Post* spent more time tearing apart Webb's reportage than actually investigating his story.

The CIA promptly investigated itself, and according to the *Times* and *Post*,

declared itself beyond reproach. However, neither the *Times* or *Post* reporters bothered to read the actual investigation, in which the CIA's Inspector General, Fred Hitz, admitted numerous CIA-Contra-Crack connections. If Hitz's report contained no "smoking gun," it certainly should've provoked any investigative reporter who knew how to read – you know, with your eyes.

Hitz's report came too late for Gary Webb. Facing pressure from the media big dogs, *Mercury* executive editor Jerry Ceppos retracted the "Dark Alliance" series. The paper forced Webb off investigative reporting, until he eventually quit. His wife divorced him, and on December 10, 2004, police found Gary Webb's body. A longtime sufferer of clinical depression, he'd shot himself – twice, in the back of the head.

* * * * *

COMPLEXITY: It's not really all that hard to grasp, compared to the Byzantine Iran-Contra scandal. Nicaraguan guerrilla fighters start importing cheap cocaine from El Salvador, funneling it through Freeway Rick to the L.A. street gangs, turning a wicked profit then used to by guns and supplies. CIA turns a blind eye.

PLAUSIBILITY: By this point, fairly well proven. Continues the grand tradition of CIA's disaster management plan: deny deny deny deny, are they gone yet? Yes? Ok, admit it. We are spin wizards.

WHERE IT WILL HELP YOU SCORE: Mostly at investigative journalist conventions. Except it's been a long time since we've had enough investigative journalists to justify a convention.

More at <http://www.narconews.com/darkalliance/drugs/index.htm>

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, TOMMIE SMITH?

BY BEN EDWARDS



JESSE OWENS



TOMMIE SMITH (CENTER), JOHN CARLOS (RIGHT) AND THAT WHITE GUY (LEFT)



WILMA RUDOLPH

"What I want to know Mr. Football Man is whaddya do about Willie Mays? Martin Luther King?" – Bob Dylan, 1963

* * * * *

In the history of American sports, a few names symbolize not just the pinnacle of physical prowess, but something larger – a vast and noble possibility in the human spirit. Great, evocative names like Jackie Robinson, Jesse Owens, Althea Gibson and Wilma Rudolph – these have become synonymous with progress in the face of entrenched narrow-mindedness. Transcending sport, these great African-American athletes remind us what it's like to remember an age when heroes and pioneers changed the face of sports in this nation forever.

Looking back from 2005, it's easy to think their struggles belong to history, that the game is over and the home team victorious. It's easy to forget that for all our talk of progress and tolerance, every prominent African-American athlete from Jackie Robinson to Tiger Woods has received racist death threats.

Yet while many challenges to racial equality in sports remain – largely white ownership of sports teams; discrimination at the highest echelons of sport; outright bigotry among fans (Rush Limbaugh, your phone is ringing) – something is missing among this generation of African-American athletes. What's gone missing is the character and sense of responsibility for enhancing the black community possessed by the Jackie Robinsons and Althea Wilsons of the past. Today, greed and lethargy has cheapened black identity to the point of irrelevance. In our children's lifetimes, we may never see another athlete worthy of being honored for bettering

society rather than for the numbers of zeroes in his or her bank account.

Look at, for example, Oakland Raider WR Randy Moss. As a troubled youth in West Virginia, Moss was arrested and lost football scholarships to Florida State and Notre Dame based on those arrests. In recent memory, he received a citation for pushing a female traffic cop a half-block on the hood of his Lexus. When fined by the NFL for a lewd celebration act, he bragged on video about the impressive wad of cash he used to pay the fine. And among the arsenal of excuses he cites for being targeted for this harassment? From the media, from fans, from the league – you get the picture. That's the equivalent of blaming Hurricane Katrina on the liberal media. Apparently, if you commit crimes in broad daylight, with several witnesses, in an urban setting, it's a classic case of "The Man Keeping You Down." If I would have done that, do you know where I would have gone? Jail. No black, no white, just bars and three squares a day. You and I have no wad of cash, but we probably have more common sense than Randy Moss. Oh, and a quick message if he ever reads this: In these cases, nobody hates you because you're black. They hate you because you're an asshole. If you were white, everyone would hate you because you'd still be an asshole.

What I want to see Randy Moss, Barry Bonds or Milton Bradley do more than anything else is get on a soapbox and help rid American sports of racism. Real racism. Milton Bradley of the Los Angeles Dodgers recently claimed that "Being black is the most important thing to me," after a clubhouse argument where he accused white teammate Jeff Kent of being a racist

because Kent called out Bradley for not trying to score from first on a Kent's double. That's not racism, it's fucking baseball. If Bradley were really concerned with racism, there are a number of ways he could put the \$2.5M he's earning this summer to work. For instance, he could help kids learn that the most permanent ways out of the hood is not with drugs, basketball or rhyme schemes, but instead with a good education, safe sex, and resistance to the pressures commonly associated with being young and black in America. Let's see if you can remember that last athlete you can respect in cultural and educational senses.

In that vein, there are racial issues that have changed drastically since the 1960s and there are 21st century problems that need to be addressed. Sadly, the role models have changed as well. Gone are minority heroes like Roberto Clemente who died flying supplies to earthquake victims in Puerto Rico or even Tommie Smith and John Carlos who at the very least had the guts to stand up and admit that there was a real problem with race in this country on an international stage. Now, the black community is stuck with "leaders" like P. "Vote or Die" Diddy and Allen Iverson, who continue to epitomize the greed, lethargy and lack of community unity that is ruining black America and everything that their parent's generation fought so hard to change. And what's even worse, is that they are creating a desirable image for African-American youth and continuing a trend that will only end in more poverty and deaths of people who could have been the next Willie Mays? Martin Luther King?

POPULAR UNDERCULTURE

DEEK MAGAZINE

FASHION-GALLERY



DRUNKEN MONK

Dude, I just totally waited, like, 18 years of my life for this. Dude this is totally sweet! I mean, dude, look at all these chicks! Dude, Asian chicks got nothing on these sweet girls. So last night, this girl came up to me and she was like, "Hey, I'm new on campus." I was like, "Dude! So am I!" Then we started like totally making out and pounding 40s and we smoked like this huge bowl of weed and shit. Then we, like, went up to her room and made out some more. But like, I was so drunk and stoned that I passed out. I just pray to enlightened Buddha my dad doesn't find out.



BUSINESSMAN B-BOY

You may think I'm some straight Wall Street motherfucker but you're wrong. I'm the hardest of them all. I made the money for my six Bentley's and my six bitches. So don't be hating. I'm the motherfucker who talks big and lives bigger. I heard the upper East side's too dangerous for Fifty, well I just bought my second crib there last week. Eight figures, bitch! I buy six double shot, extra caramel vente lattes a day, I'm so hard. So don't point that thing at me. I know who I am. Get the fuck outta my face!



TOO CHIC FOR THE SHIEK

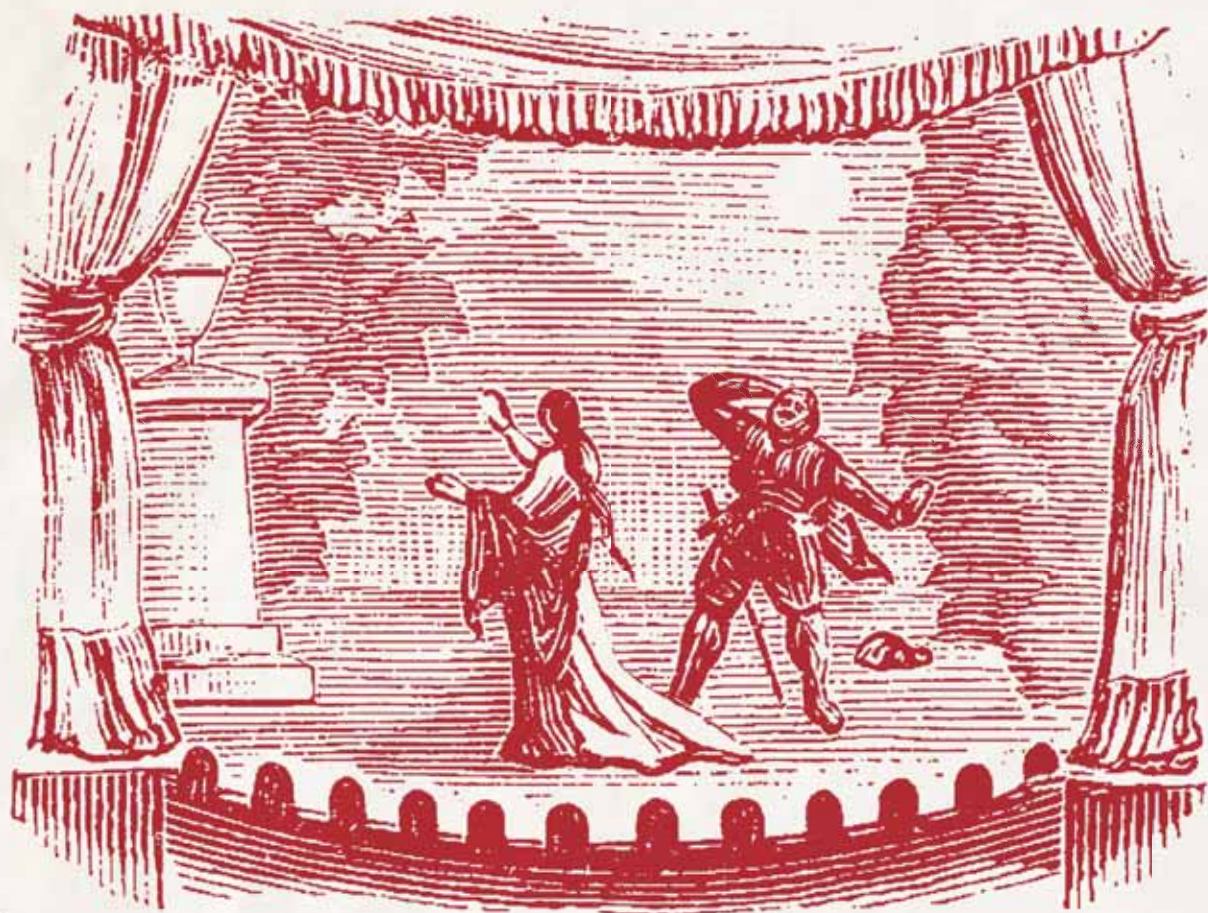
Mirror, Mirror on the wall, who is the hottest of them all? Living in the desert all day, covered in coarse broadcloth, I need added sex appeal under that sweaty Hijab. And if only one man is ever going to see it, I don't need to spend a lot. That's why Walmart offers quality underwear at prices even women who aren't permitted to work due to religious dogma can afford. Western styles and prices even the most traditional Muslim woman can appreciate.

PHOTOS: NATE BOGUSZEWSKI; SUPREME FASHIONISTA: TIFFANY BODEN; COMMENTARY: ELIZABETH MARKLEWICZ
MODELS: MICHAEL J. STEVENSON, NEAL ROSENBLAT, TERESA BRADSHA; CLOTHING BY AVALON EXCHANGE

POPULAR UNDERCULTURE

DEEK MAGAZINE

FEATURE · PRESENTATION



FEATURE

WHITE MAN'S HURTIN'

By BRENTIN MOCK



CAUC ON THE WALK

OKAY, so maybe it was the site of four white boys, mouth-strapped in solidarity, uniform in thought and step, looking like some reject fraternity from a *Revenge of the Nerds* sequel that tipped you off. Or maybe it was when the blindingly-white Tim Bodine referred to the black shining prince, Malcolm X, as “Malcolm Ten” that you began looking for Ashton Kutcher to pop up out the back of a peirogi shop.

But then again, *you* weren't there. If you cared at all, you probably only know about what I'm talking about above because you read the friggin' Tony Norman *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* column or Julie Mickens' *CP* article. And why weren't you there, you xenophobic, anti-suffragist, commie, bigamist prick? You people disgust me, you sick racist freaks. You make Bob O'Connor look like Marlon Brando, you fakeass, well-intentioned, guilt-liberal honkeys! [Editor's note: author of this piece, who is black, was not there either, and he got the same notice you did.] [[Editor's Note pt. II: Author of

this piece is also Deek's Editor of Color.]]

So the Caucasian American Understanding Coalition's August 19 White Man's March in Apology for Years of Oppression didn't win many converts. I'm sure Bodine forgetting (or losing, depending on which rumor your heard) the “Scroll of Tolerance” somewhere along the “Path of Redemption,” from the ol' county jailhouse to the United Way building – home to Pittsburgh's Urban League – did little to help their case.

Realtalk, though, the themes behind this march – no matter how ridiculous they were presented – were serious. Real dialogue, acceptance and check-writing are all in order when dealing with of years of white privilege, years of uncompensated labor, more years of housing and employment discrimination, years of locking up falsely accused black men for crimes they didn't commit, yada, yada, yada.

The likelihood of getting just two out of three of those – and we'll pick the cheaper ones:

real dialogue and acceptance...? Nigga, please. You'd have a better chance of seeing Cindy Sheehan order a case of AK-47s from Wal-Mart and join the “American Bad Asses” Minuteman border-vigilantes as an embedded journalist intended to document her experiences bucking down Mexican ewww-legal aliens for the *Trib P.M.* and giving Jayson Blair the byline.

The media (a.k.a. the establishment a.k.a. the man a.k.a. the Illuminati a.k.a. the people under the stairs) know this. Trust me. That's when C.A.U.C.'s press release came shitting out of multiple news outlet fax machines it was laughed off by all of them. Even the black journalists – especially the black journalists – had to get mad cynical with this shit, like, “*You* tryna tell *us* about race? Niggas, please.”

But what if the marchers weren't white? What if they were African-American, Latinos, Latinas and other (my favorite designation:) “people of color?” What if instead of the four there were forty? What about a million? And

they were calling for the same thing: for Americans to get real about race. And they were singing “We Shall Overcome” instead of chanting “Two-four-six-eight / A dialogue we want to initiate!” And instead of being ignored they were paid the kind of attention that comes in the form of a Taser in they asses.

Would we take it more seriously? Of course we would, even if only for the moment of that march and the 3-second clip on KDKA news. Hell, we might even have showed up to spectate and offer a beautiful sound bite like:

“Well, neither me nor my mom ever enslaved any black people. My best friend is black and I dated a black guy from our basketball team in high school. I really sympathize with what these people are demonstrating about, and I wish there was more I could do as a white person.”

What *could* a white person possibly do but pay Hines Ward twice what he wants (on behalf of all black people), give T.O. quadruple what he deserves, then pucker up and kiss Al Sharpton’s

lyrics that are unabashedly hopeful.”

Tony Norman, who wrote in the *Post-Gazette* how Bodine’s speech “lacked any hint of his true convictions regarding racial reconciliation,” just gushed in the *P-G* about the Undercover Bocella Brother’s “suite of songs about race, class and other divisions that continue to haunt the American dream.”

I’m don’t know what Butterfly Walton, the girl playing guitar on C.A.U.C.’s website, was playing when she rapped with the youth, but I’m sure it was no less titillating than Bocella’s song “If a Dog Bites You,” which goes ““Feeling guilty won’t help the situation/Building resentments will only lead to a conflagration/We’ve got to put down the weapons that we carry in our minds/Before we can trust each other, we’ve got to break the denial.”

And to think, for a just a lil’ over 9 Gs you get a *full-day* of J.G. and his Modo Mio band conducting workshops and concerts, all in the name of racial harmony. C.A.U.C. marched and

his hat. Like, “Sorry. I really dug your song and all, and I sympathize with your plight. But I just don’t got it.” White sympathy and a dollar might get you a cup of Starbucks coffee emblazoned with some feel-good “progressive” message, but that’s all it’ll get you.

So why bother? Why have the Senate go through the motions of digging up some ol’ ass black dude who got lynched back in America’s golden era to apologize for lynchings that happened hundreds of years ago? Did you even remember that that happened before I just mentioned it? If you remembered it, do you care? Does it matter?

The most important march happens after the rally dissolves, assuming the police weren’t so bored they had to break it up with tear gas just to keep themselves awake during the 18th keynote address and the 34th motivational speech. It’s when the crowd once again becomes separate individuals, heading back to their cars, some back to their buses; heading back to



PETER NEWTON



NISH “WHITEY” SUVARNAKAR



ALABASTER IVOR-LIMEY

big, black ass all the way to the White House? I guess you could march about it. You could pick up a Coca-Cola and teach the world to sing. Pick up a guitar and a Power Point projector and lead a workshop. After all, a well-planned and executed march is all that saved us from going to war in Iraq.

It wouldn’t seem so empty, so ridiculous if, during C.A.U.C.’s planning stages, we hadn’t received a press release from “Undercover White Man” J.G. Bocella. It was stranger than fiction. The press release said Undercover White Man’s “concert/workshop program” (www.uwMan.com) has been touring colleges, mixing music and dialogue, and bridging the divide of language, discomfort and misunderstanding that keeps the whole nation silent on the subject.”

Rege Behe of *Tribune-Review* wrote of Undercover White Man: “J.G. Bocella is a man out of time, a throw-back to the socially aware 1960’s. His music confronts society’s ills with a mix of styles ranging from jazz to reggae, with

demonstrated for almost two hours, and it cost nothing. Most people paid it no mind. [[Editor’s note: Author bit that line from *Diatribes Magazine* -- see www.diatribemagazine.com online. Plagiarized lines or the thoughts expressed therein in no way represents *Deek Magazine*; see second Editor’s Note above.]]

The fact is, you tolerate when black people Million McMarch, and picket, and saaang, and drum, and shout ourselves to death because you think we’re a pitiful people. You feel sorry for us – but not the kind of sorry that provokes real action, legislative changes or constitutional amendments; no, we need someone really nonviolent to get assassinated to get that kind of sorry, and they would *have* to be nonviolent, because Lord knows we ain’t get so much as a “five seconds of silence” when 2Pac was killed.

No, we get the kind of sorry that the blind-singing beggar gets Downtown after he taps one-ah yinz in the foot with his cane after you stood through his whole rendition of “God Bless America” but refused to throw any change in

their homes, some back to a rented dungeon in Bedford Dwellings, one paycheck or one Bush-cut away from eviction status. The slogans burn away in the afternoon sun; everyone goes back to looking numb and lost. It’s when blacks walk back to whatever business they were doing before the march, with their heads hung low, hopeless that anything’s changed, while whites march back to their business, heads struggling to hang high, still trying to hold onto whatever bit of invigoration they felt for helping out the pitiful black folk who couldn’t help themselves.

In college, it’s common to see dazed, disoriented freshman girls walking home alone the morning after a big frat party. It’s called the “Walk of Shame.” And usually it’s after she just got fucked.

FOLLOW-UP READING:

www.cauc-pittsburgh.org,
www.post-gazette.com/pg/05235/558229.stm
www.pghcitypaper.com

THE MESSAGE

TAKEN FROM POORLY WRITTEN NOTES

* * * * *

CAN you hear me in the back? Everyone? In the back? Good.

Those of you who brought bag lunches, if you could hold off until I’ve finished, that would be great.

Firstly, I want to thank you all for coming. This is a great turnout. It’s really inspiring to see so many people willing to put themselves on the line, to walk several blocks to change the world. You are all, if I may, “thee bomb.”

I want you, the sons of privilege, to give yourselves a big round of applause for your understanding.

When Peter and I first formed CAUC, some people said we were too idealistic. Work within the system, they said. They wanted us to temper our drive, our passion for change. They said to us, “Given enough time and empty, symbolic gestures, the world will change itself.” Well, I’m not about empty symbolism – and I know you aren’t either. That’s why we’re here today.

I apologize for forgetting the Scroll of Tolerance, but I know that each of you carries that scroll in his or her Caucasian heart.

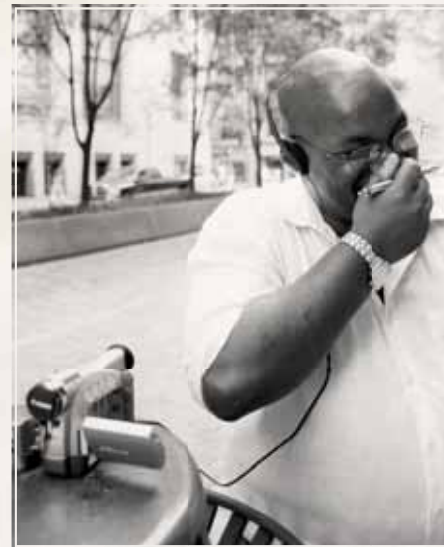
I want to leave you with this thought: it was either Voltaire or Stalin that said, “Idealism is the last vice of youth.” If being an idealist is wrong, then I don’t want to be right. (applause break)

But here we are, on the 55th anniversary of Edith Sampson’s selection as the first African-American representative to the United Nations.

Some say we can never understand what it’s like to struggle in America. No matter how much rap music we listen to, they say, we will never understand.

Well, I’ve listened to rap music. My father worked two jobs to support my family. He worked as a stockbroker and as an investment banker, sometimes more than nine hours a day to put food on our table. Don’t think I don’t know suffering. Suffering is the humanity we all share. The Tittie-Twister of Understanding.

To quote the famous black activist, Malcolm Ten, “The future belongs to those who prepare for it today.” Thank you all again for coming, and give yourselves a big round of applause.



TONY NORMAN’S RESPONSE TO VIDEO OF THE BODINE SPEECH



BRITNEY TROWELL, 27, SEMI-SERIOUSLY ACCEPTING BODINE’S APOLOGY

THE RESPONSE

VIA OKAYPLAYER.COM; UNEDITED

* * * * *

IT’S hardly an apology, it’s more of a mockery (even if it was well intentioned) why? well, because instead of being post-whiteness, they re-inscribe whiteness and racist stereotypes of non-whites (examples, they equate hip hop and working 2 jobs with non-whiteness, and i suspect more specifically blackness, furthermore they accuse non whites of thinking that we have suffering cornered) and they do this without letting go of the notion of that they are still white....

though i do think white people are ashamed of being white—as whiteness is socially constructed and taught to them as children in very traumatic ways for a child—and being racialized when you believe you are not supposed to be (under white supremacists ideology—everyone else is part of a race, white is just white) can be a shameful experience (i suspect)....they were sorry (but not the kind of sorry they want us to think)

read:
Learning to Be White by THANDEKA
-philosophyana

In response to Reply # 1
exactly, n/m
-speaker

As an unashamed white guy,
those guys are hilarious.
-SABO

It didn’t really hit me until I read “Malcom Ten” that these guys weren’t sincere. Could someone ex-

plain why anyone would spend time and money organizing this? But when I think about it, would we even really want them to be serious?

-mint_088

If they had really listened to Malcolm X... They would know he thought whites seeking forgiveness from blacks were like rapists seeking forgiveness from their victims. And, like it or not, an apology is a way of asking for forgiveness, and thus contains an element of insensitivity and narcissism. Instead of an apology, financial and systemic reparations are needed.

-speaker

What they did was a big FUCK YOU to African Americans for wanting reparations and apologies. Basically throwing salt on the wound while mocking one of the great black leaders (Brother Malcolm) all at the same time. Basically they implied, “Nigga you ain’t gettin shit but this fake ass apology!”

-clever79

lol, i thought this was obvious.”
-brainsoup

“Given enough time and empty, symbolic gestures, the world will change itself.” Well, I’m not about empty symbolism – and I know you aren’t either. That’s why we’re here today.”

DEAD

“My father worked two jobs to support my family...”

DEAD
- moot_point

WAIT

By NAMBLA BECKINSHIVER

ACT I

NATHAN

HUEY

TED

A VOICE IN THE CEILING

A coffee shop. A table.

NATHAN sits on a chair in front of a coffee table, bending down, trying to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands, panting. He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again. HUEY, on the other side of the table, sits typing on a laptop computer. HUEY looks toward NATHAN's chair, then back to his computer.

Enter TED, holding a cup of coffee, walking up to the table, standing in front of it for a moment. Confused, unrecognized, he turns around and walks away.

NATHAN: (giving up again). Nothing to be done. HUEY: (again looking up). I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying Huey, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle. (He broods, musing on the struggle, rubbing his head thoughtfully, looking toward the ceiling. Turning back to Nathan.) So there you are again.

NATHAN: What?

HUEY: I'm glad you're here. I thought I had lost you forever.

NATHAN: Me too.

HUEY: Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how? (He reflects.) Get up and I'll embrace you.

NATHAN: (irritably) Not now, not now. Besides, I never left. I'm here – we're here, my friend – together, forever. No matter what. (smiles wanly, looks back down at his boot)

HUEY: (hurt, saddened) I sometimes forget. May one inquire where His Highness spent the night?

NATHAN: In a ditch.

HUEY: (admiringly). A ditch! Where?

NATHAN: (without gesture). Over there.

HUEY: And they didn't beat you?

NATHAN: Beat me? Certainly they beat me.

HUEY: The same lot as usual?

NATHAN: The same? I don't know.

HUEY: (ignoring Nathan, speaking inwardly) When I think of it... all these years... with so many more ahead... it's endless; it's eternal... where would you be... (Decisively) You'd be nothing more than a little heap of bones at the present minute! No, sir, you'd be—

TED: (interrupting) Excuse me.

HUEY: (to NATHAN) Nigglet, do you smell something?

NATHAN: Me? (sniffing the air) I smell... repentance.

HUEY: Ah.

NATHAN: Yes, repentance.

HUEY: I smell... (sniffs three times) I smell... estrogen.

NATHAN: I smell diversity.

HUEY: Yes, yes. The smell, it's... (sniffs three times) stale, it's... (three more sniffs) mixed... integrated, it's... like nothing I've ever smelt before, it's—

TED: (tapping Huey on the shoulder) Excuse me.

HUEY: (Pause. Looking up at TED) And what of it? May I help you?

TED: I, uh... I'm new here. (HUEY continues staring up at TED, says nothing; NATHAN looks up for a moment, then stares back down at his boots, dejected) I was, uh... I was told to see... (reaches into his pocket, pulls out a piece of paper, looks at it) ...HUEY NEWTON.

HUEY: (suspicious, then aware, cheerful) Oh, yes!

NATHAN, look! It's him! (To TED) We've been waiting so long! Come, grab a chair! Sit, sit!

NATHAN: (gloomily, ignoring TED and NATHAN, still staring at his boot). It's too much for one man. (Pause. Cheerfully. Talking to no one.) On the other hand what's the good of losing heart now, that's what I say—

HUEY: Stop blathering!

NATHAN: It's you who's blathering! (reaching down again, tugging at his boot) NATHAN, do you remember when we stood hand in hand at the apex of Sheol, among the first of our kind? We were respectable in those days – alone, connected, before all this (he looks around him, then looks down again, tugs harder at his boot). Now it's too late. They won't even let us up, won't let us in... (TED, watching NATHAN's struggle, trying to be helpful, gets on his knees, reaches for NATHAN's boot. To TED) Yes, please help me!

HUEY: Is that really necessary?

NATHAN: Boots must be taken off every day; I'm tired telling you that. Why don't you listen to me?

HUEY: Does it hurt?

NATHAN: (angrily, to TED). Hurts! He wants to

know if it hurts!

HUEY: (angrily). No one ever suffers but you. I don't count. I'd like to hear what you'd say if you had what I have.

NATHAN: (feebly) Help me! (TED holds NATHAN's boot, steadies himself on NATHAN's chair) Oh, how nice of you. Thank you, thank you. Are you ready? When I count three, pull. Ready? One, two... three (TED pulls back hard; the boot flies from NATHAN's foot; TED falls clumsily backward, somersaults, lands on his stomach). Oh dear! Are you alright?

TED: (stands, hands NATHAN his boot) Yes, fine.

NATHAN: Are you sure you're alright?

TED: Yes.

NATHAN: (to HUEY) I told you he was a savior.

HUEY: Ha! (inwardly) More like scapegoat.

NATHAN: You hush!

TED: (concerned) Scapegoat for what?

HUEY: It's just a word.

TED: Yes, but—

NATHAN: (angrily) It doesn't concern you!

TED: But he said—

NATHAN: (lifting his leg, farting loudly)

HUEY: (to TED, smiling) How can I help you?

TED: (Looks at NATHAN, then at HUEY) I'm not sure.

HUEY: Not sure... hm. (aside, to NATHAN) I told you he was gay.

NATHAN: (aghast) No!

TED: (confused, angry) Now wait one second!

HUEY: Oh, look. He's angry! How cute!

TED: (very angry, moving in forcefully toward HUEY) Nobody calls me—

HUEY: (stands, pulls a semiautomatic pistol from his pocket, forces it into TED's mouth, cocks the trigger. Gently, he says) Shhh... sit, please. Take my chair. (HUEY takes the pistol from TED's mouth; TED, terrified, sits slowly; HUEY sits on the ground in front of him, still aiming the pistol at TED). Don't you want to know why you're here?

TED: (embarrassed, sheepish) I... I don't know.

HUEY: (to TED) Ask me why you're here.

TED: (pauses) Uh... why am I here?

HUEY: I don't know.

NATHAN: Ha!

TED: (enraged, standing) What the—

HUEY: (pulling the trigger, HUEY shoots TED in the forehead; TED falls back in his chair. There's a hole in his head, but no blood spills. TED blinks rapidly, dazed)

TED: (puts his hand to his head, touches it, looks at his hand, pitifully confused, thinking, shaking his head. Calmly) Ouch.

HUEY: (puts his gun down in front of him) Now, TED, ask me, one more time – and this time with feeling – why you're here.

TED: (completely freaked out) ...You just... I should be—

NATHAN: (gently, smiling knowingly) Shhh. Just ask him again.

TED: (staring hard at HUEY. Deliberately) Where am I?

HUEY: You're here, relaxing, enjoying the ride—

TED: No, but—

HUEY: (holds his hand up to silence TED) — waiting here for an end, taking pleasure in the presence of others... You should come to peace with yourself. It's good for race relations.

NATHAN: Indeed!

TED: Yeah, but I'm still waiting here... for something. What am I—

HUEY: (to NATHAN) They never change, do they, Ofay? They always want an explanation...

NATHAN: And hey always will.

HUEY: Forever.

NATHAN: And then never.

HUEY: Ever.

NATHAN: I love you.

HUEY: I love you, too.

TED: (exasperated) Please!

HUEY: Oh, yes. You. Here?

TED: This is ridiculous. It just—

HUEY: Never ends.

TED: What?

HUEY: It just... never... ends.

TED: What?

HUEY: (to TED) Do you remember the last supper?

TED: What?

HUEY: Do you remember it?

TED: What? You mean...

HUEY: (turning to NATHAN) How's your foot?

NATHAN: (weakly, pathetically) It hurts!

HUEY: Existence is pain, Cotton-picker.

NATHAN: (examining his foot). I'll air it for a bit.

HUEY: Yes, do.

TED: (breaking back in) So, uh... what's going on?

NATHAN: Never mind that! (to HUEY) Story!

Tell us a story!

HUEY: Oh... (bashful) I can't.

NATHAN: (suddenly playful, smiling) Please, please!

HUEY: I suppose I could...

NATHAN: Yes, yes! You must!

HUEY: (grinning, giving in) Oh... alright.

NATHAN: Yay!

HUEY: Well (pausing) Is everyone listening?

NATHAN: (excitedly) Yes!

HUEY: (clears his throat. Speaks quickly, grinning) Once upon a time a generally calculated white man who fathered 9 illegitimate children of different races – never taking monetary or personal responsibility for one – finally snapped and killed the one black woman he encountered who didn't fear him. He didn't completely lose his mind, but used race as his alibi in the murder. Then, one day, driving to work, he went through a red light and was hit by a garbage truck. The end.

NATHAN: (frowning) Boo!

HUEY: Indeed.

NATHAN: That man in your story... he must be damned! Is there no mercy!?

TED: (in disbelief, ashamed, eyes closed) ... Jesus.



NATHAN: Ha!
 HUEY: Ha ha! *(to TED)* Do you have a story for us?
 TED: Uh... no.
 HUEY: You must have something to say. For all that you've done?
 TED: *(pause)* Would it help move things along?
 NATHAN: Certainly. Definitely.
 HUEY: Indeed.
 TED: Are you sure?
 HUEY: Yes.
 NATHAN: Yes.
 TED: I don't know what to say.
 HUEY: That's fine. Say anything.
 TED: Hmm. How about... Oh... *(shrugs)* I've got nothing to say.
 NATHAN: Good.
 HUEY: Good.
 TED: I guess I could...
 HUEY: No, that won't be necessary.
 NATHAN: *(To HUEY)* You should—
 HUEY: I'll tell another tale, yes.
 NATHAN: Yes, please.
 HUEY: *(stands)* Are you ready? Is everybody looking at me? *(He looks at the ceiling, cracks his neck left, then right, notices TED looking at the ceiling with him.)* Will you look at me, please! *(NATHAN looks at him.)* Good. *(He pulls a can of Banaca out of his pocket, sprays his throat, puts the Banaca back in his pocket, clears his throat, spits, takes out the Banaca again, sprays his throat again, puts back the Banaca in his pocket.)* I'm ready. Is everybody listening? Is everybody ready? I don't like talking in a vacuum. *(looks at TED, then at NATHAN. Pause)* Good. Let me see. *(he reflects, sits on the ground)*
 NATHAN: I'm leaving. *(doesn't move)*
 HUEY: *(to TED)* What was it exactly you wanted to know?
 NATHAN: Why he—
 HUEY: *(angrily)*. Don't interrupt me! *(Pauses. Calmer.)* If we all speak at once we'll never get anywhere. *(Pauses.)* What was I saying? *(Pauses. Louder.)* What was I saying? *(NATHAN mimics wiping tears from his eyes. HUEY looks at him, puzzled.)*
 NATHAN: You want to get rid of him?
 HUEY: In time, yes.
 NATHAN: He is a racist.
 TED: *(incensed)* How do you know that?
 HUEY: *(to NATHAN)* He wants to con me, but he won't... And he won't escape.
 NATHAN: You're so... oh, what's the word...
 HUEY: Informed?
 NATHAN: No.
 HUEY: Beautiful?
 NATHAN: Close, but... no. *(TED yawns)*
 HUEY: In touch with TED's fate? In tune with the nature of evil? *(TED squirms)*
 NATHAN: Yes. But no... I sure am tired.
 HUEY: Yes, me too.
 NATHAN: *(yawns)* I could use a nap. *(closes his eyes)*

HUEY: *(reflecting)* Oh! I just remembered something!
 NATHAN: *(opening his eyes suddenly)* Do tell!
 HUEY: *(bashfully)* It's something I remembered from... something I read.
 NATHAN: What was it?
 HUEY: There's no need to explain. It's about a man I once knew *(Clears his throat, stands again, speaks to TED)* I'm quoting... someone old and great *(clears his throat)* Are you ready? Are you listening?
 TED and NATHAN: Yes.
 HUEY: Okay *(stretches his neck)* Okay. *(stretches his legs, rotates his shoulders)* Ready?
 TED and NATHAN: *(agitated)* Yes!
 HUEY: *(quietly)* Here, *(pauses)* freedom comes through the realization that there is no escape... no possibility for revolution. A man once said he had seen visions of Benito Mussolini and Bob Ross telling him to calm himself, work on his needlepoint, bake a cake, work on improving his key flow, chakra, encouraging him to breathe from within. *(HUEY yawns)* I'm tired. *(pauses)* His head was filled with visions depicting Satan evangelizing, saying the best way to promote peace is through understanding. Hatred is best combined with fear, he said, while cowardice is purely painful. *(HUEY snorts, coughs, pauses, yawns)* He lived on. More people passed. The air he breathed began capturing more sound. He was here, my friend, then there. Noises grew louder, swelled, swelled, from a distance, died off. Souls whirled by – motion was a sedative. He sipped. He read. He heard. *(yawns)* He listened to the sound of a rambler's ramble in his head, dreaded the sonata's end; his thoughts went to treason and despair; the music died, became voices in the air – cries of misconceptualists serving watermelons on a racial platter. *(louder, more emphatic)* Rambling! Coo-coo! He imagined fate, vision, love, death; he sought spirits to save him and an end to all things. *(slower, calmer)* I am the Eggman, he said. There was meaning in a glass of Conac and a lonely stroll at dusk. The Man continued: I tried my best to love you all, you hypocrites and whores. Then he closed his mind, imagined propaganda... *(growing very tired)* red flags and smoke... *(yawns)* a throne and inner-child abortion... chains... a flight toward heaven... *(his eyes begin to close)* looking, thinking, *(his voice slows)* looking again... and waiting... waiting... waiting and... *(HUEY collapses to the ground)* I think I need to... *(he lies down, falls asleep, begins snoring)*
 TED: *(looks at NATHAN, who has also fallen asleep)*

Moments pass as TED looks around him, then at the sleeping men. HUEY is on the floor with his hand loosely draped over his gun; NATHAN is hunched forward in his chair with his head on the table. Snoring is the only sound TED hears. It's peaceful in the room – calm. TED sits

back in his chair and assesses the shop – there's no one in it. He and the sleeping men are alone. Here, TED, for a moment, considers waking the men, but decides not to; he's fearful of what they'll say next, what they'll ask him. He thinks he's found an opportunity to exit. Quietly, slowly, he stands, trying not to wake them, and begins walking toward the shop's closed entrance, which he doesn't remember entering. Just before he gets to the door, he looks back at the men; he'd like to have HUEY's pistol. He tiptoes back toward them carefully, making as little noise as possible, holding his breath. He gently reaches toward HUEY's hand. But right before he touches it, the sound of a bell rings three times, loudly from a speaker in the ceiling. HUEY and NATHAN wake with a start, speak in unison:

HUEY: *(absently grabbing the gun, confused)* I didn't touch him!
 NATHAN: Bigotry! Hate!

The three stare at each other expectantly. A voice speaks though the speaker:

VOICE IN THE CEILING: Time to immerse. *(three more rings)* Time to immerse.
 HUEY and NATHAN: Oh, no. *(they stand; HUEY shuts his laptop, quickly unplugs it from the wall, tucks the laptop under his arm and the cord into his hip pocket)*
 TED: *(confused)* What the hell was that?
 NATHAN: *(in haste, grabbing his boot)* It came earlier than I expected.
 HUEY: I thought it would never come *(he finishes packing; HUEY and NATHAN walk away briskly)*
 TED: *(begins to stand)* Hey, wait! *(before TED can follow the men, the lights go out and we hear TED yelling, struggling in the darkness)* Hey! *Let me go! (Then the lights come back on. TED looks down and realizes he's chained to his chair. He smells sawdust, coffee, spoiled milk and sulfur. He looks around him, realizes he's completely alone)* Hello? *(Silence. TED tries briefly to shake himself loose, but the metal chains around his ankles, waist and wrists won't let him budge. He jerks his head from side to side, struggles, growls, then stops. He looks back and forth with his eyes. He hears nothing – complete silence. Quietly, he says)* Hello? *(nothing, for a full minute, where he begins to think he's hearing occasional creaking noises, heavy things slamming in the distance, dogs barking and what sounds to him like a bonfire... But he dismisses the noises – believes his mind is playing games with him. He's sweating, sporadically jerking his body pointlessly until he hears a click coming from the speaker in the ceiling, which causes him to stop and sit completely frozen in anticipation. There's silence for seconds before he hears a needle scratch, then the grainy sound of a record starting before the opening bars of Frank Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night." He screams)* AHHHHHHHHH! GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE! *(when*

Sinatra's voice enters the song. The track plays through the lyrics: "Something in your eyes was so inviting / Something in your smile was so exciting / Something in my heart / Told me I must have you," before it begins to slow, gradually slows more, very gradually until it's reduced to a low growl, almost inaudible when the lights go out again. We hear a match being lit, and TED beginning to cry, suppressing sobs. He screams – louder this time) AHHHHHHHHHHH! *(but he stops when the lights go back on and he realizes that, before him, HUEY is kneeling and NATHAN is standing. They're both smoking cigarettes)*
 HUEY: *(to TED)* Hey there.
 NATHAN: Hi.
 TED: *(crying weakly, sobbing)* What do you want from me?
 HUEY: *(holds his fist in front of TED, palm up. He opens his hand, revealing a black capsule and a white pill in his palm. Sternly)* The black pill makes you dance; the white pill makes you talk... at length, forever.
 TED: What?
 HUEY: Ha ha.
 NATHAN: Ha ha.
 HUEY: Would've been funnier with a fried chicken leg and a Belgian waffle, but...
 TED: *(demanding)* What is this? What's going on?
 NATHAN: *(to HUEY, teasingly)* You must repent!
 HUEY: Ha! Repent what?
 NATHAN: Oh... *(He reflects.)* You wouldn't have to go into the details.
 TED: *(horrificed, yelling)* What's going on! *(louder. Screaming into the air)* Help me! Get me out of here!
 HUEY: *(ignoring TED)* Shall I repent my being born? *(NATHAN breaks into a hearty laugh which he immediately stifles, his hand pressed to his pubis, his face contorted.)*
 NATHAN: One daren't even laugh any more.
 TED: *(terrified, sweating, crying)* Help! Help!
 HUEY: Dreadful privation.
 NATHAN: Merely smile. *(He smiles suddenly from ear to ear, keeps smiling, ceases as suddenly.)* It's not the same thing. Nothing to be done.
 TED: *HELP! (terrified, sweating, crying) HELP!*
 HUEY: *(irritably, to TED)*. What is wrong with you? Calm down.
 TED: *(screaming)* SOMEBODY HELP ME!
 NATHAN: *(takes a drag from his cigarette)* TED, shh.

The lights go out as NATHAN exhales; they come back on after black moments filled with TED's tortured sniveling. The shop is empty, but the ground rumbles slightly, barely enough to move a few tables; a sound like an earthquake can be heard. Then it stops. TED is breathing heavily, looking around him, eyes wide, petrified. A minute passes, with TED making pathetically futile attempts to break free. He gives up and closes his eyes. Tears fall. He opens them again when the front door of the shop swings open and



a man walks in – white, middle aged, bald, average height, average weight, no facial hair, wearing a black suit and shows, white shirt and tie. He walks up to TED, says nothing.

TED: *(pleading, frantic, struggling)* You gotta help me! These fucking lunatics, they just—
RANDOM WHITE MAN: *(monotone, ignoring TED's words but speaking to him)* I'm sorry that being American is the opposite of being white. I'm sorry that whites will eventually become a minority of the population. *(takes one step to his side, stands still)*

TED: What? Wait. *(demanding)* You seriously gotta fuckin' help me, man – get me outta here! I'm in fucking trouble, I gotta get... *(he stops talking when another MAN walks inside, this one black, a little taller than the first MAN, same outfit, also bald, no facial hair. As the MAN walks in, TED looks at the door, realizes that, outside it, flames burn intensely. There is no sky, no ground.)*

TED: *What's going on!?*

RANDOM BLACK MAN: I'm sorry that the modern minstrel act has become too broad an occurrence to narrow down. Rarely in modern society do you come across something as jarring as blackface – and when you do, it's generally satirical – but when two distinct cultures occupy the same space, mutual influence is inevitable. *(TED looks on in disbelief)* To dismiss Colin Powell as an Uncle Tom or that obnoxious kid at the mall as a wigger is to be ignorant of the larger phenomenon which, incidentally, is indicative of progress. I'm sorry.

TED: *(breathing heavy, briefly laughing, scared, yelling)* What happening to me!? *(this time, two men and a WOMAN walk in, line up in front of TED)*

MEXICAN MAN: I'm sorry that the term “bean bandit” exists. *(TED looks around him, tries vehemently to break free from his chains, but he can't)*

BLACK WOMAN: I really don't appreciate the Hennessy ads with Marvin Gaye and Pam Grier. *(she walks behind MEXICAN MAN, behind RANDOM MAN I and II. TED sees now that people are flowing into the shop through the door – a seemingly unending line – all wearing black suits, all bald, and TED begins to realize that, as each person enters the room, the walls are beginning to smolder, and the flames outside the door are brighter.)*

TED: *(crying again, more confused than he's ever been, more frightened)* What the fuck! Get me outta here! I'm sorry! Whatever I did, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I killed her! I'm sorry for everything, I'm sorry—

ANOTHER MAN: Regarding nature's deconstruction of New Orleans: I'm sorry the government dragged its feet because the survivors were black, poor, or both. *(TED screams, a tear falls to his thigh and he sees*

that his eyes are dripping black. The tear begins to smolder through his jeans, burning him. As the MAN continues speaking, TED yells through his words, tries not to hear him) Racism and classism are definitely too separate issues; there are people who hate Michael Jordan just as much as the black janitor at their office, but at the same time, I don't think the former can exist without the latter. Classism is the root of all other prejudice. *(TED's still screaming, crying; the fire outside grows louder, hotter, closer)*

CHILD: I'm sorry that I believe “Nigger” doesn't mean a damn thing. *(TED's screaming incoherently)* It's just six letters; it has no inherent meaning. Asking what a word means in an overarching sense is like asking what “purple” means. Even asking what it means to African Americans is too broad. *(TED screams in the CHILD's face)* There are some black people who love that word – it's like, their favorite – and others who bristle at its very suggestion. What does “nigger” mean to me and my life? Absolutely nothing; I'm a young white liberal northerner. It has no more significance to me than does the word “birkenstock.” *(the walls are now burning visibly; glass shatters; now TED can see through the shop windows, outside to seemingly eternal flames, the heat becoming unbearable. TED's sweating through his clothes, screaming unintelligibly now, babbling at the top of his lungs. He closes his eyes; when he opens them, looking to his left, he sees that HUEY's face is next to his, seemingly floating, staring up at the next MAN in line)*

TED: *I don't care! Get me out! Get me out! Help me!*

MAN: I'm sorry that Scott Peterson is the modern rockstar. *(TED looks frantically to his right, sees NATHAN's face, looking up at the next WOMAN in line)*

WOMAN: I'm sorry that “redneck” is a tricky word. As far as I'm aware, no one regards every white person as being a redneck. *(the flames are overwhelming, beginning to burn through the walls. Her words are almost inaudible above the sound, but TED hears what she says, regardless)* It's a personality type if anything. Most people would probably think of a white southerner, but I've known plenty of people in New York and Pennsylvania whom I would categorize as rednecks. Some of them were black, as a matter of fact. *(She continues to speak at length, but TED disregards her, sweating, thrashing about, noticing that with each word, the walls are crumbling very fast, melting. He hears a loud creaking sound above him. He looks up as the ceiling as it detached, taken away in a ferocious gust of flaming wind. He struggles hard, keeps trying to free himself, but the forces keeping him chained down are now nearly burning through his skin, heated by the fire that has now completely destroyed the walls around him, stranding him on a plateau engulfed by fire)*

MAN: I'm sorry that anytime people on television describe an “All-American” family, they're not speaking about black people. *(flames closer, crowd of people crying, burning, falling off the plateau)*

WOMAN: *(the line moves faster)* Why do white people love Marlboros and black people love Newports?

CHILD: *(people begin speaking together, not waiting their turn in line)* I'm sorry that little white girls are the modern rockstar.

DOG: I'm sorry that the nature of whiteness is based upon the myth of white supremacy.

MAN: *(yelling)* I'm sorry that when one group's stereotypes are projected onto another group, white people get real scared! *(these statements all mix into the same time period – seconds; the words become undistinguishable)*

MAN: *(yelling louder)* I'm sorry that I think only attractive people should be considered American.

WOMAN: *(louder)* I'm sorry that Kanye West is the modern rockstar.

WOMAN: *(louder)* I'm sorry that I am in a mixed relationship with 95% of Pittsburgh.

WOMAN: *(louder)* I really don't like Will Smith.

CHILD: *(louder)* I am amazing.

MAN: *(louder)* I am Malcolm X.

WOMAN: *(louder)* I am Malcolm X.

CHILD: *(louder)* I am Malcolm X.

CHILD: *(louder)* I am Mordechai X. *(as the last MAN, WOMAN and CHILD are engulfed by flames, TED is just about completely losing consciousness, going completely mad, screaming, crying, sobbing, shaking, realizing that his feet are now on fire, his pants blazing. He comes to, just enough to hear NATHAN and HUEY on either side of his face, laughing. The flames engulf TED; he burns, burns alive – reduced to flame; his screams become inaudible, gurgling, then nothing. All we see is flame until they go out in a flash and we're left again in darkness. Nothingness. Silence. Moments pass. HUEY's voice is heard over silence)*
HUEY: Nothing to be done

ACT II

NATHAN

HUEY

FRANK

A crowded coffee shop. A table.

NATHAN sits on a chair in front of a coffee table, bending down, trying to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands, panting. He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again. HUEY, on the other side of the table, sits typing on a

laptop computer. HUEY looks toward NATHAN's chair, then looks back to his computer.

Enter FRANK, holding a cup of coffee, walking up to the table, standing in front of it for a moment. Confused, unrecognized, he turns around and walks away.

NATHAN: *(giving up again)*. Nothing to be done.
HUEY: *(again looking up)*. I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying HUEY, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle. *(He broods, musing on the struggle, rubbing his head thoughtfully, looking toward the ceiling. Turning back to NATHAN.)* So there you are again.

NATHAN: What?

HUEY: I'm glad you're here. I thought I had lost you forever.

NATHAN: Me too.

HUEY: Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how? *(He reflects.)* Get up till I embrace you.

NATHAN: *(irritably)*. Not now, not now. Besides, I never left. I'm here – *we're* here, my friend – together, forever. No matter what. *(smiles wanly, looks back down at his boot)*

HUEY: *(hurt, saddened)*. I sometimes forget... *(Frank walks up to the table)*

FRANK: *(interrupting)* Excuse me.

HUEY: *(to NATHAN)* Nigger, do you smell something?

NATHAN: *(yawning)* Repentance.

HUEY: Ah.

NATHAN: Yes.

HUEY: I smell... *(sniffs three times)* I smell the scent of voting booths and baby powder!

NATHAN: *(yawns again)* I'm beat.

HUEY: The smell! It's... *(sniffs three times)* stale, it's... *(three more sniffs)* lactating... it's... like nothing I've ever smelt before, it's—

FRANK: *(tapping HUEY on the shoulder)* Excuse me.

HUEY: *(looks up at Frank, then back to NATHAN. He pauses, clears his throat and reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pack of Spade Cigarettes. He removes one from the pack, puts it to his lips. He lights it, inhales, exhales. Finally, he looks up; his eyes meet Frank's. Slowly, he says)* And what of it? May I help you?

[END]

This story features plagiarized lines and concepts from Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot," as well as grudging contributions from Frog Begernelski, Daniel Lavelle, David Pilgrim, Black President, Khari Mosley, Nish Suwarnakar, Mike Cooper and Matilda Wilson

POPULAR UNDERCULTURE

DEEK MAGAZINE

ARTISAN·GALLERY



ARTISAN·GALLERY

ARTIST PROFILE: RON ENGLISH

IF YOU SHOULD EVER FIND YOURSELF OVER-ANNOYED BY CORPORATE AMERICA'S RELENTLESS BLIZZARD OF ADVERTISING, PRODUCT PLACEMENT AND UBIQUITOUS BRANDING AT THE EXPENSE OF SCENERY AND SANITY, RELIEF COULD BE AS CLOSE AS YOUR LOCAL THEATRE. THE RELIEF I SPEAK OF COMES IN THE FORM OF PEDRO CARVAJAL'S FEATURE LENGTH DOCUMENTARY POPAGANDA: THE ART AND CRIMES OF RON ENGLISH. FAR MORE THAN YOUR TYPICAL PROFILE OF AN ARTIST, POPAGANDA IS A COLORFUL PRIMER ON THE FINE ART OF THE CULTURAL HIJACK, STARRING THE BOB ROSS OF BILLBOARD LIBERATION, THE EVIL KNEIVAL OF THE EASEL, THE PATRON SAINT OF SUBVERTIZING, RON ENGLISH. CARVAJAL'S MOVIE TAKES YOU ON A STEP BY STEP SOJOURN THROUGH MR. ENGLISH'S ARTISTIC PROCESS, FROM THE CONCEPTION OF NEW IDEAS, THE TECHNIQUES USED TO REALIZE THE IDEAS, TO THE OFTEN UNEXPECTED AND ILLEGAL MODES OF DISPLAYING HIS CREATIONS. THE R RATING IS FOR REVOLUTIONARY CONTENT.



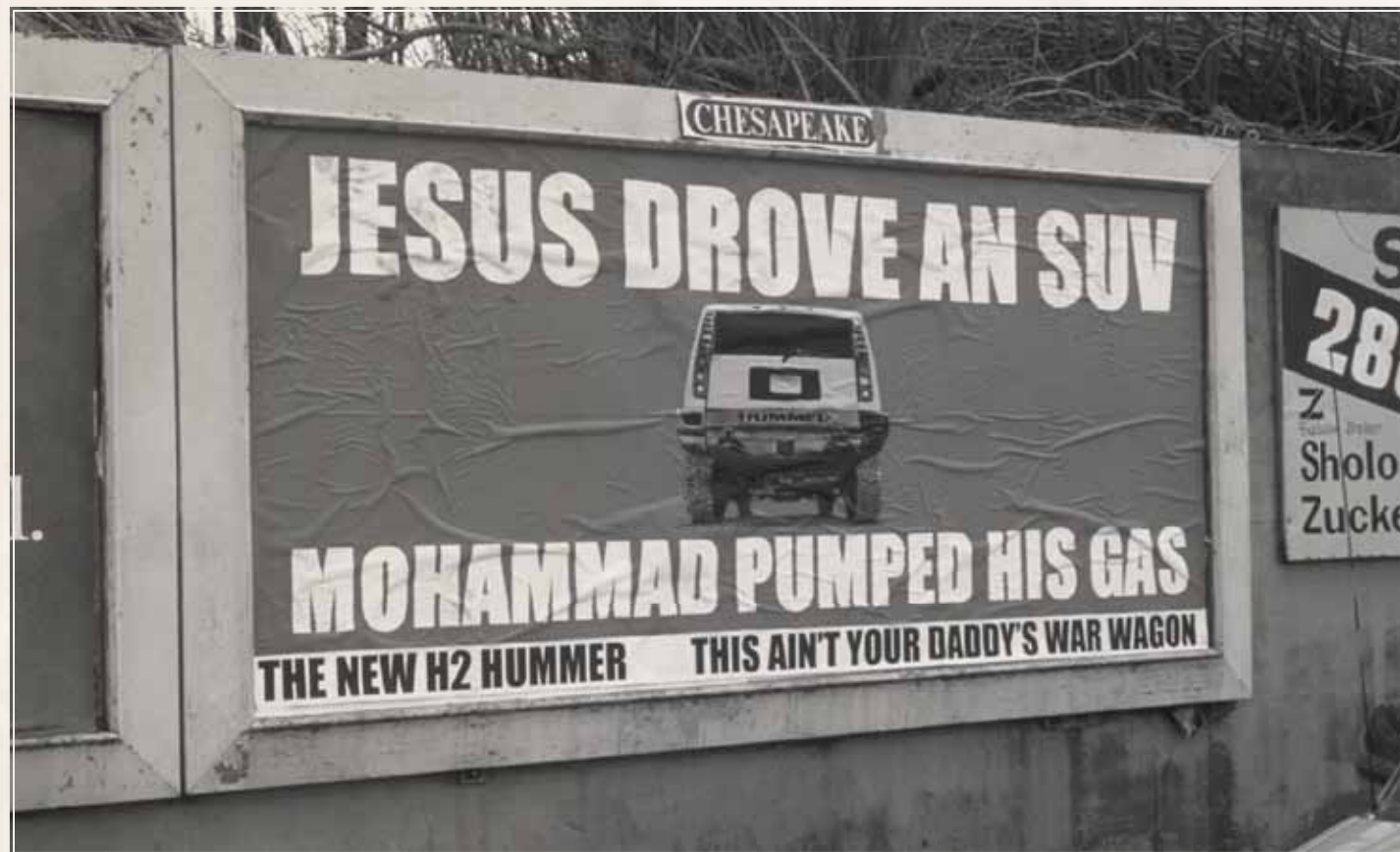
"JIHAD"



"PLAYDATE IRAN"



"JIHAD POWER PROFIT"



"JESUS SUV"



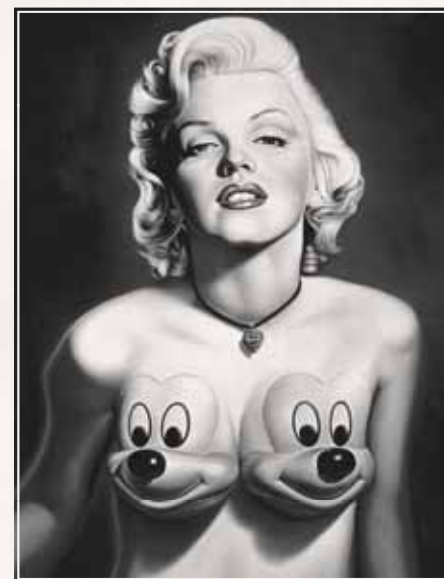
"THE KING OF THE JEWS"



"BROWN COW GIRL"



"MCSTARRY NIGHT"



"MARILYN BOOK COVER"



"SF RONALD EVENT"



"MOUSETRAP"

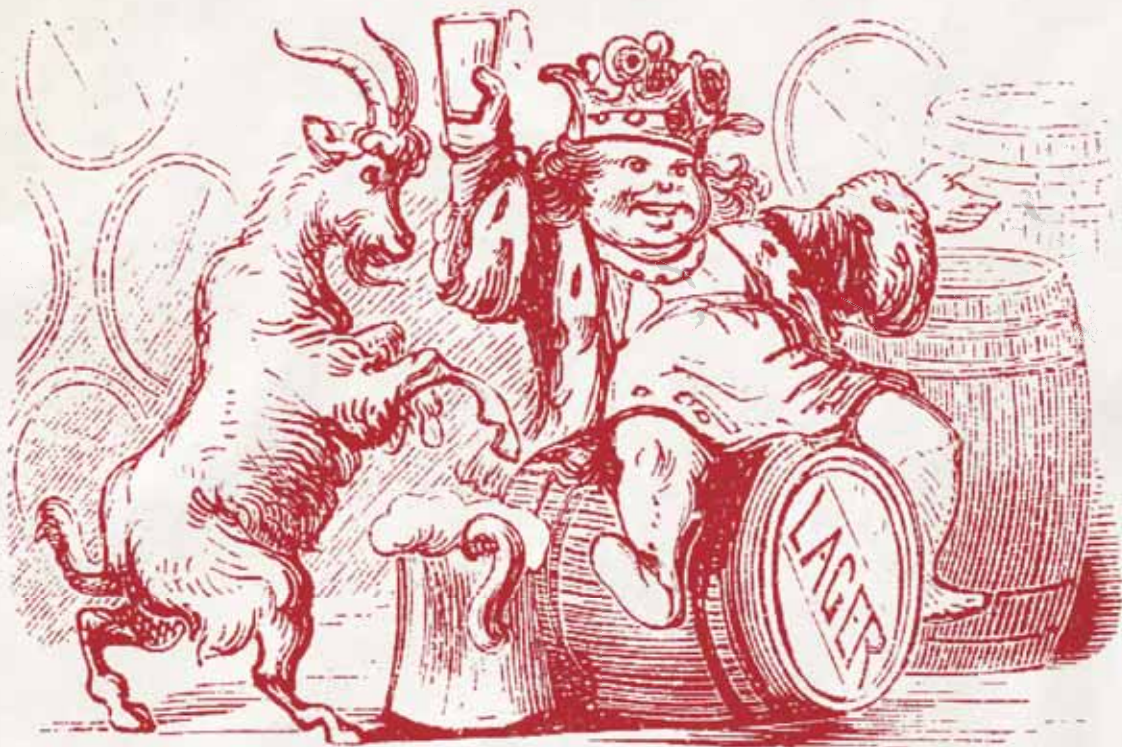


"COWGIRL MCDONALDS"

More Ron English at www.popaganda.com

DEEK MAGAZINE

ENTERTAINMENT



ENTERTAINMENT: MUSIC

WHATEVER: THE '90S POP AND CULTURE BOX VS ALLEN EPLEY: THE LIFE AND TIMES AND SHINER

BY ZACH BRADEN

IF I'M ANYTHING LIKE THE ANTHOLOGY/RETROSPECTIVE/RE-ISSUE/BACKCATALOG MUSIC INDUSTRY WHORES AT RHINO RECORDS, THEN A DECADE'S TOO DAMN LONG TO WAIT FOR AN INFOMERCIAL. INDEED, 6 YEARS SHOULD BE PLENTY OF TIME TO COMPILE A DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO MUSIC IN THE 1990S. SO, MY LITTLE HAVES AND HAVE-NOTS, I WANT YOU TO RELAX ON YOUR RESPECTIVE JOHNS, WINCE BRIEFLY AND WAAAAIT...

WAAAIT FOR IIIIT... WAAAAAIIIT FORRR IIIIIIT... ... ANNNND... RELEASE.



WHATEVER



SHINER

THE cultural beer turd I'm referencing is *Whatever: The '90s Pop and Culture Box* – a scattershot compilation no less contrived than the equivalent '70s and '80s box sets that sucked before it. The uniquely disturbing aspect of this set, though, is Rhino's attempt to capture alternative rock's underculture with bands like Stereo MCs, Tad, Queensrÿche and Chumbawamba. Which is bullshit. To me, these goofballs don't belong anywhere¹. I mean, when was the last time you heard relatively big label rock musicians say they are “generally influenced by EMF and the Gin Blossoms”? My guess is never. And if they did, would you weep? Whatever. I digress because I'm forced to...

Last month, I caught up with former-Shiner/current-Life and Times lead singer/guitarist, Allen Epley. His first national band, Shiner – who broke up in 2003 after less than a decade together – never quite fell into mainstream rock; predictably, they're not on *The '90s Pop and Culture Box*. But their mathy combination of big, loud southern rock riffs, imaginative songwriting, and intricately heavy percussion established them as rock pioneers for record store managers (like me), indie dorks (like you), and just about no one else.

Allen Epley is, in my opinion, someone to whom you should drop to your knees; he is someone for whom you should beg.

Here's what he said first:

“When Shiner began in '93, the biggest stuff in our world was Slint, Smashing Pumpkins, Bitch Magnet, Don Cabellero, and Swervedriver. Our influences morphed and evolved over time, but that was the genesis.”

* * * * *

Here's what Deek said:

Alright, well why isn't more credit given to Shiner, and bands like Hum, Chavez and Failure for influencing music today? Did this play any part in your return with The Life and Times? Was there an inkling that today's music scene might've shifted in your favor?

I think that, simply put, we weren't big enough in the whole scheme of things to have a claim staked on our behalf with most folks. Yes, there are a lot of musicians and record store employees who know that we did influence a certain ethos for a lot of smaller bands (some that are now selling quite well; much more than I ever have). But Shiner was never cool. Maybe for a little while after *Lula Divinia* came out. But that calling card is useless if people don't know who you are. We were always too rock for the indie kids, and too indie for the rockers.

In no way did it affect my decision to continue making music. I didn't go away before 2000. The Egg came out late '01 and we toured until almost '03. So I don't feel like I've been away from some scene and now I'm reemerging to examine where I fit or whatever. I'm just

writing songs and doing my thing. We get shit for not being Shinerish enough, and we also get shit for being too Shinerish. So, I can't win with that school of thought and I'm not trying to win [anyone's] love (back).

Where would you like to see music headed in the future? What don't you like about it today?

I tend to enjoy a lot of music these days and the stuff I don't like, I ignore. I've always been that way because there always has and always will be terrible music and amazing music floating around at the same time.

I think a lot of what teenagers listen to today is hilarious. But then I think about the hilarious shit I listened to as a highschooler and I can't blame anyone for listening to ICP or Mudvayne or Slipknot or thugged out hip hop. Not really that much different from the hair metal I listened to as a child of the 70s and 80s and all the Public Enemy and Fat Boys and Beasties ingested back then too.

What'say we destroy Rhino Records?
[Silence].

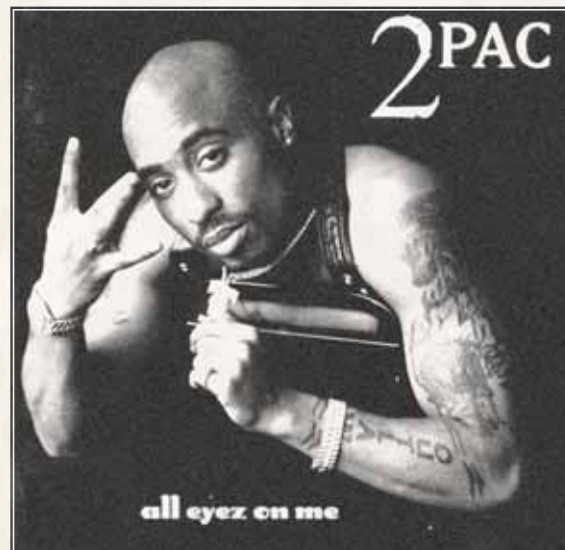
The Life and Times' debut album, Suburban Hymns, is available from DeSoto Records.

See www.desotorecords.com for more details. Whatever: The '90s Pop and Culture Box is available at www.rhinorecords.com. Check out deekmagazine.com for more of the Allen Epley interview.

¹ To be fair, some of these bands may be on this collection only because Nirvana, Nine Inch Nails, the Smashing Pumpkins, Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, A Tribe Called Quest, Wu Tang Clan, DJ Shadow and Deadbaby Cuddlefest are absent from the list. My guess is that these arguably “worthy” bands wouldn't agree to license their music to such a ridiculous, money-gobbling concept. But one can only surmise. Especially when one doesn't really give a shit.

² I know I'm generalizing here, but you're going to have to deal with it.

ALBUMS I WISH I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT WITH ME TO PRISON



2Pac ALL EYEZ ON ME

WITH A NAME LIKE WHITEY MCGEE, PEOPLE INSTANTANEOUSLY ASSUME THAT YOU'RE A RACIST. NOT TRUE. I LOVE MUDDY WATERS, B.B. KING, LEADBELLY, SCREAMIN' JAY, RAVI SHANKAR AND ALL OF GOD'S MARVELOUS CREATIONS. I DID, HOWEVER, HAVE A LESS THAN ENLIGHTENED OPINION ABOUT RAP... UNTIL ONE DAY...

AFTER years of listening to nothing but great classic rock music, the guy at the record store by my house snuck a 2Pac All Eyez on Me cassette inside of a Dear Mr. Fantasy jacket to see if I'd flip out. When I got home, I realized his error and trudged all the way back to the store in the snow, assuming no malice. Upon discovery of his motives, I thumped him over the head repeatedly with a Led Zep coffee mug, screaming unintelligibly about his lack of purity and respect for Steve Winwood and Rebop for allowing the "devil music" to touch even the container that once held an album produced by one of the masters.

Nonetheless, I went home, stared at the affecting piece of music for a few days as if it were the dark swirling entity representing everything sacrilegious about music and eventually decided to pop it in the stereo. It was either Sun Tzu or Johnny Cash who once said, "Know thine enemy."

I'm not sure what happened after that except that I remember allowing myself to switch discs and I started picturing 2Pac "rollin'." While I still have no goddamned clue what he was talking about, I liked it, almost feeling remorse for nearly decapitating my poor buddy who ran the record store.

Before long, I fancied myself one of those old

white guys that rappers make fun of by having them say words like "crunk" and "pimp juice" on their albums. Regardless of how many people you know who live in "low ridas" wearing ski masks screaming "Thug Life" every time they pass, 2Pac knew his shit. Especially regarding the concepts of race and racism.

Pac always looked inside to see how he could improve life in the black community. He realized that "black" and "white" meant different things for him and his listeners. What sets 2Pac apart from other rappers is that he preached introspection and poetry as means to achieving more in the black community. Rappers these days are so blunt, but 2Pac had style. A style that ranged from booty calls to calling out a "bitch" to keep her "head up, legs closed, eyes open." There aren't many that go both ways on issues like this – maybe Curtis Mayfield or Marvin Gaye on their best days.

So, I guess the moral of the story is to live your own version of "Thug Life." Black or white, it doesn't matter. 2Pac's ideas are universal and demand a response from white society. I dunno, maybe its just time to start thinking WW2D? It's usually the answer you want it to be.

–Whitey Magee

ALBUM REVIEWS



TIGHT PHANTOMZ CRAZY WHEN WET

Sounds like: Nightfool, TV On The Radio, Desperate Youths

NINJA fucking kicks, guitar throwing, and straight rock n roll, ZZ top style! Sounding like 70's and 80's rock and roll pulled from a swamp, Crazy When Wet brings so many riffs you may just choke on them.

– Peter Devito

MUSIC'S GOOD FOR: Answering your cell phone as your sexual partner is about to climax, stopping mid-thrust, excusing yourself, saying "Sorry, honey. Might be business."

MORE: southern.com/southern/band/TGHTP/



COMMON BE

Sounds like: Mos Def, Talib Kweli, Raphael Saadiq, Lauryn Hill

ON his sixth solo album, Be, Common commands primo production with flawless urban storytelling to raise the bar for MCs far and wide. With superb socio-awareness and clutch cameos from Kanye West, Common's newest album reveals the most important hip-hop album of the year. His timeless narration and intelligent infusion of musical mastery offers a real-world relief from the iced out, gun-toting images of the modern hip-hop artist. Be comes at a time when consciously minded lyricists and alternative-rap styles are undoubtedly en vogue.

Since first spitting for mass distribution, Common has been a bit of a hip-hop chameleon. Initially known as Common Sense, his evolution has stretched from the typical 40 drinking, Cardhart-wearing rapper from his debut album, Can I Borrow a Dollar? into a Lacoste wearing, poor-boy (hat) sporting, vegan-mc who is now one of the most lyrically capable and clever rap-thinkers the genre has produced in recent years.

His 1994 sophomore effort, Resurrection – which is widely compared to Nas' Illmatic album because of the influence it had on rap – brought

about his current style and formula. This is the same album that sported the joint "I used to love H.E.R.," which set sensitive with West Coast rappers Ice Cube and Mac Ten, among others. The now famous incident, subject of a segment in the popular rap DVD series Beef would later be squashed my Minister Louis Farrakhan.

In 2002, Common dropped his most creatively alternative and progressively aimed album to date, Electric Circus. The album, said to have been heavily influenced by his then girlfriend, Queen of neo-soul, Erykah Badu, abandoned Common's hardcore fans and offered a deeply innovative and experimental album that strayed from the substance of his previous albums.

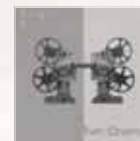
Unfortunately, J.Dilla, a Detroit producer and long-time Common collaborator, got serious food poisoning while the two were working on the third track for the Be album. Subsequently, Common recruited Grammy-grabbing producer/mc Kanye West to take over reigns as executive producer. The end result is a masterpiece album that combines soulful, cool-jazz elements with socially reflective, inspirational lyrics into a funky-fresh formula for success.

On Be, Common creates a cross-cultural experience that unites the divide between the gangster and b-boy elements in hip-hop. Even if he hasn't accomplished such serious feats, he has crafted a flawlessly creative and innovative album that rises from the ashes of an all too image concerned rap industry. Common finds himself at the door-step of super stardom and the beginning of a promising turning point for hip-hop.

– Matt Caputo

MUSIC'S GOOD FOR: Music's good for: Forgetting the inside story of British rock's forgotten heroes.

MORE: www.common-music.com



THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS TWIN CINEMA

Sounds like: Neko Case, Dan Bejar (Destroyer), A.C. Newman.

VANCOUVER super group The New Pornographers continue Canada's not so sinister plan to conquer the world with their beautifully crafted pop music. "Use It" contains brilliant harmonies and a driving piano that is much different from the carnival sound found on previous Pornographer's material, while "Three or Four" contains hard hitting drums and a rockier edge. Neko Case once again shows why she is not only one of the most

attractive women in indie rock, but also one of the most talented.

– Tom Wilde

MUSIC'S GOOD FOR: [fart]

MORE: www.thenewpornographers.com



ASSHOLE PARADE SAY GOODBYE

Sounds like: Pig Destroyer, Agoraphobic Nosebleed, A Glimmering Sheen of Death and Decay, Officer Down

This band screams a lot and plays their music very fast and loud. I say the following because I think I should: What a bunch of assholes. Selected lyric not available.

– Rimjob Inquisition

MUSIC'S GOOD FOR: Reading the newspaper.

MORE: www.noidearecords.com



DEADBABY CUDDLEFEST ITS TEMPER WOULD REMAIN

Sounds like: The Tony Danza Tap Dance Extravaganza, Salvatore Deli, Neutral Milk Hotel, Screaming Monkey Boner

Is there such a thing as an avant-punk supergroup? If so, Deadbaby Cuddlefest would define the term. Combine the dynamic growl of vocalist Haldis Ashby (formerly of Donald Suck), the blistering experimentalism of bassist Elvin Corbett, the psychedelic punk-thrum of guitarist Reeves Osmond (the fiendish duo behind Jerry's Kids), with the soupy, bulldozing drumbeat of Havyn Salvador (Pedro Martinez) and you get – well, something. It seems you get...Deadbaby Cuddlefest.

On paper, the band should never work. Corbett and Osmond play it West Coast style, never afraid to hit just the right discordant note, while Salvador's restrained yet powerful beat hums like a third rail beneath it all. It's Ashby's voice that holds it all together, especially on tracks like, "William S. Burroughs's Lost Electronica Album [sic]," a twelve-minute genre-smasher always on the verge of tearing

itself apart from inner tension.

"Horizontal Mambo Number 5," a dirge-like cover of the Lou Bega classic, is another standout track, skillfully reworking a bit of pop ephemera into what can only be described as a fractal soundscape rendering of Through The Looking Glass. A computerized Red Queen howls, "She can't do Addition! She can't do Subtraction! Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife – what's the answer to that?" as Ashby's "Jump up and down go and move it all around / Shake your head to the sound" echoes like a Commandant's orders. That sound of rice paper cracking? Osmond slathered a microphone in honey, dropped it into an ant colony, and then recorded the results.

Its Temper Would Remain is by no means an easy listen, even for those who appreciate the other work of these artists. Deadbaby Cuddlefest is not so much a coherent group as a Frankenstein monster (or perhaps a hunchbacked Voltron) whose parts squirm and conflict against one another. Still, DbC's unique vision provokes even as it frustrates. Listen to them and know the future.

– Wendolyn Dowis

MUSIC'S GOOD FOR: Realizing that, in the past, US foreign aid has been ridiculed as generally unfocused and full of wasteful programs with unclearly defined goals.

MORE: www.deadbabiesforhire.co.uk



WEST HOLLYWOOD CHEERLEADERS S/T

Sounds like: Butthole Surfers, Candlebox, Master Haircare

WHEN I was in high school, I wanted to pack up and head to Hollywood. Basically, just to say fuck everything and fuck traditional life. I was going to write. A lot has changed since then, but when I listened to a song called "Nuclear Wings," I started thinking about it again. Just another motivational track from West Hollywood Cheerleaders. The ten disc album forced me to kick back and grab a beer. I didn't have any "cocaine in the drawer," but I suppose if I did I would have done it all and caught a nose bleed.

– Josh Fedorski

MUSIC'S GOOD FOR: Thrashing, going to a circus, leaving injured, but peaceful.

MORE: www.whcheerleaders.com



Moggs

THE WHITE BELT IS NOT ENOUGH



Sounds like: Fugazi, Blonde Redhead, Sonic Youth, Erase Errata

THE White Belt Is Not Enough most likely will not appeal to you. I became frustrated while listening to The White Belt Is Not Enough, because as soon as I came across a frantic dance floor filler like “Disco,” I was confronted with a rambling, pointless instrumental. I received more enjoyment from reading the tracklist and noticing there was a song titled “Interglacial Marriages” than I did actually listening to the song.

– **P.Divi.**

MUSIC’S GOOD FOR: Immersing yourself completely into spiritual psychology, then crafting a new line of premium organic hair care products – hairspray, hair gel, hair soap – that ooze The Essence of God™ into your hands, your hair, your being.

MORE: www.moggs.com



DJ SMI

I DARE YOU TO MAKE LOVE TO THIS



Sounds like: IOne of the best mix tapes you’ve ever heard

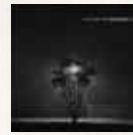
SMI: “Think of this like a storybook for adults... that are naked. Light some candles, roll and L, place some wine and fresh seedless grapes on the bed stand and press play.” Selected Tracks: DJ Shadow, “Fixed Income”; Viktor Sjoberg, “Sluta Snaka”; George Duke, “Foosh”; De La Soul, “Do The Damn Thing”; Gorillaz, “Slow Country”; A Tribe Called Quest, “Jazz (We’ve Got It)”; John Coltrane / Wilbur Harden, “Oomba”. 30 tracks total. Get it.

– **Herbert Grocery-Store**

MUSIC’S GOOD FOR: Other than sex? Shit, driving? Dancing? Relaxing? Smoking herb? Walking down East Carson Street with your headphones on, listening to this at full volume, pretending the world is passing you in slow-motion? Whatever. Anything.

MORE: www.swig-art.com

AND MORE: www.720records.com



THE LIFE AND TIMES

SUBURBAN HYMNS



Sounds like: Failure, Autolux, Engine Down and, uh, Shiner

BAND names are merely convenient. In the case of any good songwriter that lies at the core of said band, the music is a reflection of that individual. The Life and Times simply stands as a chronological reference for vocalist/guitarist Allen Epley, the same guy who gave us the superb Kansas City outfit Shiner. If you’ve never heard them, go listen to them. Do it now.

Epley’s career has been solidly established among indie-lore. On this new album, with a new supporting cast backing him up, Epley continues to craft brilliant rock music. His easily distinguishable voice is both soothing and foreboding. Not to mention his signature guitar work, twisting, floating, and stabbing its way through each song, blending elements of Radiohead, Shudder to Think, Chavez, and Hum.

– **Z.B.**

MUSIC’S GOOD FOR: Amassing an impression collection of stamps.

MORE: www.thelifeandtimes.com



MOMMY & DADDY

DUEL AT DAWN



Sounds like: Scarlet Soho, The Homosexual Agenda, Mon Frere, Sally, Bible of the Devil

NYC’s Mommy and Daddy follow up their recently released Fighting Style Killer Panda EP with Duel At Dawn, a much darker and melodic effort that elevates them to a higher level. Is Duel At Dawn complicated? No. Dramatic? No. Fun as hell? Yes. Please remove the Radiohead and Bright Eyes from your stereo and realize your life is nowhere near as painful as victims of unimaginably destructive flooding. Stop being a drama queen and dance!

– **P.Divi**

MUSIC’S GOOD FOR: Dancing in the forest.

MORE: www.mommyanddaddy.com

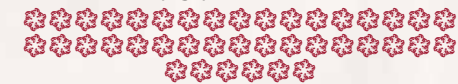


ADAM EVIL & THE OUTSIDE ROYALTY

...AND IT LURCHED FROM THE HEAVENS:

THE GREATEST MUSIC

EVER CREATED BY MAN



Sounds like: T-Rex, David Bowie, The Rolling Stones

WHEN asked how they were able to achieve such an immaculate recording of their debut album, Adam responded “the entire record was composed, tracked, mixed and mastered in the nude; modern clothing emits subsonic vibrations that have been proven to corrupt the integrity of analog tape as well as most digital media. This can’t be argued with – I read it in a scientific journal!” CD release 9-16 in NYC.

– **Adam Evil**

MUSIC’S GOOD FOR: Realizing that you needn’t hear music ever again, because melodic perfection has already crossed your ears... And it was good.

MORE: www.adam-evil.com



PELICAN

THE FIRE IN OUR THROATS WILL BECKON THE THAW



Sounds like: Isis, Mouth of the Architect, Sabers

WITH a distinct blend of doom, metal, and progressive rock, this Chicago band is starting to garner plenty of attention for their instrumental heaviness. And with this new album – a monumental body of work: 7 tracks, 6 of which clock in at over 6 minutes – Pelican has fully developed an ability to build a skyscraper from a pile of bricks, droning, buzzing, humming, crunching and raging their way into a consistent sound only fairly described as ominous.

– **Z.B.**

MUSIC’S GOOD FOR: good lord, what isn’t this good for? Sewing, maybe.

MORE: www.hydrahead.com/pelican

Deek Magazine and Giant Ideas present

ridiculously difficult design competition



A no-holds-barred open challenge to design an ad campaign for Giant Water, the Refreshing Super Happy Intense Fun-time Drink, using just about any media available

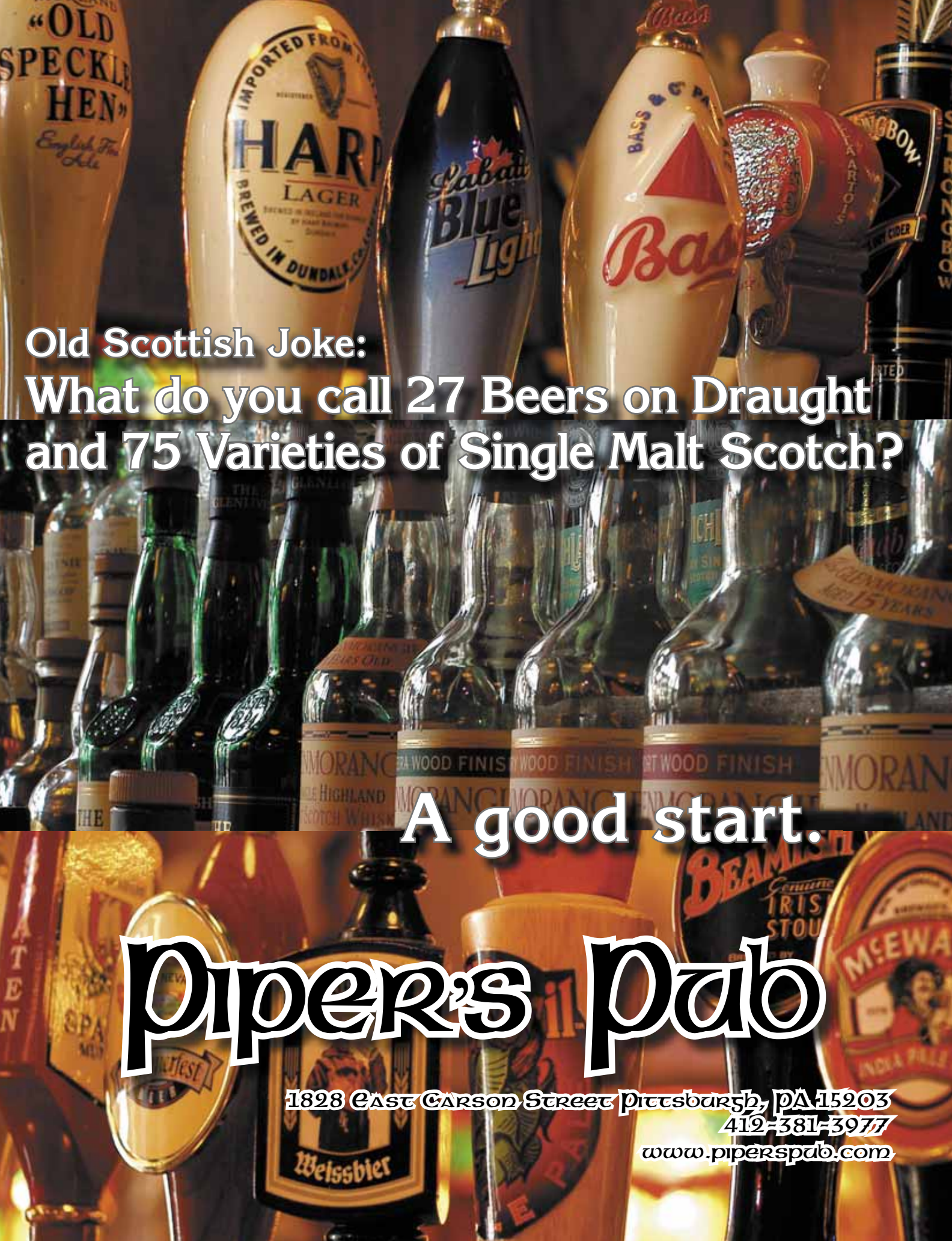
winners get to interview with Giant Ideas and maybe score a job

so intense it’s ridiculous

GO TO DEEKMAGAZINE.COM FOR MORE DETAILS



Entries must be received by October 15, 2005. One Entry per Category. Contest open to students and independent creative types only. Other design, production, marketing, creative, etc... agencies may not enter. For more information visit DeekMagazine.com or email art@deekmagazine.com



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ENTERTAINMENT: MOVIES



SUCKA

* * * * *



!MUTHAFUCKA!

BY Mo MOZUCH

WE'RE ALL THE SAME COLOR WHEN THE MOVIE LIGHTS GO OUT. THE COLOR OF THE PEOPLE IN THE MOVIE, THOUGH, OFTEN BELIES THE COLOR OF THE AUDIENCE. MOVIES ARE AN ART FORM, AND, AS SUCH, CAN TRANSCEND THEIR RACIAL BARRIERS. THERE IS A MAGICAL GENRE, BLAXPLOITATION, WHICH APPEARS INHERENTLY BLACK AND ABOUT BLACK ISSUES, BUT REACHES OUT AND SPEAKS TO A WHITE AUDIENCE THROUGH THE USE OF SUCH CINEMATIC DEVICES AS THE WORDS "SUCKA" AND "MUTHAFUCKA." OR THROUGH THE GLORIFICATION OF BRUTAL, SADISTIC VIOLENCE. WHY, THAT'S GATORADE FOR ANY PARCHED AMERICAN ID, NO MATTER WHAT THE COLOR. AND LET'S NOT DOWNPLAY THE ALLURE OF THOSE SIREN-SISTERS OF MILK-CHOCOLATE MAMMARIES ... PAM GRIER'S SPECTACULAR RACK. IF HALLE BERRY'S RACK WON HER AN OSCAR THEN PAM GRIER'S RACK SHOULD'VE WON THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE. TWICEBLAXPLOITATION AS A TERM IS MOST OFTEN ASSOCIATED WITH ITS 1970S GLORY DAYS, THOUGH IT STILL EXISTS TODAY. THE FILMS OF TODAY, THOUGH, SPEAK TO WHITE AUDIENCES THROUGH MUCH DIFFERENT MODELS. OF COURSE, TO UNDERSTAND THE STATE OF BLACK CINEMA AS IT IS TODAY ONE MUST KNOW HOW IT GOT HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

The first blaxploitation film, by and large, was the blockbuster smash hit "Sweet Sweetback's Baadass Song." Melvin Van Peebles, father of legendary screen actor Mario Van Peebles, wrote, directed, starred in and composed the music for this celluloid middle-finger to the man. The plot has Van Peebles initially helping the man by pretending to be a suspect in a murder investigation. Things turn sour when the cops Van Peebles is helping arrest and assault a young black man. He, in turn, lays a vicious ass-kicking on the white cops and goes on the run. The rest of the film has him on the lamb, getting assistance from bikers, whores and blacks. In short, the underclass of 1970s America.

It wasn't the plot that skyrocketed this film to the top of the box office (it grossed \$15 million) but the attitude of the film. There weren't any tough, black heroes of note in cinema until Sweetback. After all, the primary source for tough guys on screen had been the western, and finding a black cowboy in a western is as tough as finding a real Indian actor in one. Sweetback took the rugged, white individualist and plopped him in the inner city. The guns, girls and grit were still there, but the atmosphere and the effect were markedly different. Black audiences had a hero to watch and white audiences, largely afraid of black people, got an extra kind of thrill.

The success of Sweetback caused some rumblings in the industry. Hollywood saw past the black and into the green. A

few months later, a detective film which was slated to have a white lead debuted with one Richard Roundtree as the title character, John Shaft. Imagine: Shaft was almost white. That would mean no Isaac Hayes writing the famous theme song, and, in turn, no voice of Chef on South Park.

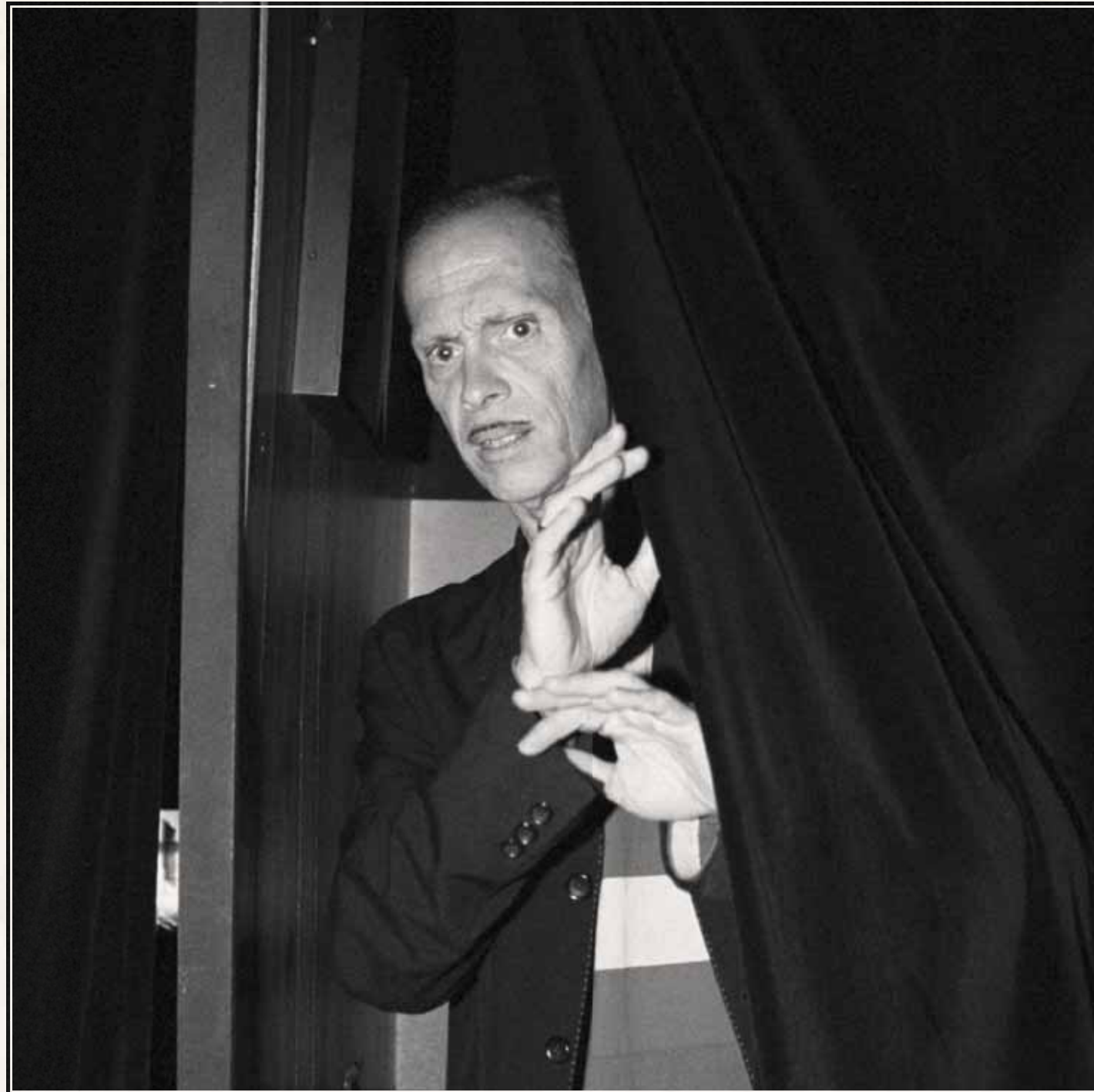
Of course, the model of tough black detective, and the quality of every adolescent males' masturbatory fantasies, improved dramatically with the arrival of Pam Grier. With the release of Coffy, and a year later Foxy Brown, Grier brought to the screen the now-stereotypical black woman who doesn't take any shit from anybody, period. As with Shaft and Sweetback, black audiences were able to experience a different kind of cinematic hero and white audiences were enthralled with their first taste of on-screen brown sugar.

Blaxploitation cinema took a back seat to horror films in the 1980s. However, the emergence of the gory, sequels like Friday the 13th and Nightmare on Elm Street gave Hollywood something else to look at. These films received major support in the black community, and market research at the end of the decade revealed that black people, on average, spent more on movies each year than white people. Add to that the explosion of hip-hop and we're on our way to discovering the crux behind the black cinema of today.

In the 70s white audiences were attracted to the sex and violence of blaxploitation films. Now, in the 90s and beyond, white audiences are attracted by something else. Their inherent

desire to be black, because being black is much, much cooler than being white. Better dance moves, bigger penis, nicer ass, the list goes on and on. Hip Hop provided a new draw at the box office. Ever notice how many rappers are in movies aimed at black audiences? It's not because they're thespians at heart. (Except Ice-T, whose performance in Lep' in tha Hood was nothing short of awe-inspiring.) The marketing behind it is simple: write a basic comedy, inject a few well-known rappers/Kings of Comedy, some weed humor and the bumbling, uncool white guy who just doesn't get it, and you now have every movie from House Party to Soul Plane. These movies are designed to make money, unlike their 70s grandfathers, which were low-budget and difficult to produce. Melvin Van Peebles had to borrow money from Bill Cosby to make his film, and he got money from the Screen Actors Guild after he contracted gonorrhea from an actress during a love scene. He claimed he was "hurt on the job."

Unfortunately the trend shows no sign of letting up. These formulaic, unchallenging movies do fair enough at the box office to justify their continued existence. They play to a wide enough audience, but they don't deliver anything new. When was the last time Hollywood produced a serious movie about the black experience? Monster's Ball? Just a reintroduction of wonderful ebony tatas. And the last time I checked, Spike Lee's latest joint was about white people. It doesn't get much whiter than Edward Norton, people. Hollywood proves once again that green is the only color that matters.



AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN WATERS

BY MO MOZUCH AND GREG BENEVENT

DIRECTOR, AUTHOR, AND PHOTOGRAPHER JOHN WATERS NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION. SINCE THE 1972 RELEASE OF *PINK FLAMINGOS*, WATERS HAS CONSISTENTLY PUSHED THE BOUNDARIES OF CONVENTIONAL FILMMAKING, SURPRISING (AND OFTEN ANGERING) AUDIENCES, TASTEMAKERS, AND MOTION-PICTURE RATINGS BOARDS. DUBBED "THE POPE OF TRASH" BY WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, WATERS HAS AN ENDLESS FASCINATION FOR SOCIETY'S DETRITUS, ITS MISFITS AND BOUNDARY-BREAKERS. THIS SUMMER, HE ASSEMBLED AN EXHIBIT, JOHN WATERS CURATES ANDY'S "PORN," EXPLORING THE INFLUENCE OF SEXUAL IMAGERY ON THE ART OF ANDY WARHOL. HE ALSO TOOK TIME TO OFFER DEEK HIS VIEWS ON REALITY-TV, UNCOMFORTABLE AUDIENCES, AND "VOTING GAY."

DIVINE TRASH

When can we expect the John Waters Reality Show?

I would never do that, I've been offered to do that. The thing is, I hate reality television. I believe in writing, rewriting. I believe in acting and directing. Everyday when I walk outside it's the John Waters reality show. I live in Baltimore, that's a reality show right there. Reality shows are, basically, for people who have boring lives. If you create a life where things happen, what do you need a reality show for? I'm in the writer's guild, the screen actor's guild, the director's guild and I believe reality shows are a cheap way to get out of paying writers. The last thing I would want is somebody following me around. It's for low-level celebrities, if you're offered a reality show it means your career's in big trouble. It's a D-list phenomenon. The very fact that you agree to do one looks desperate. I've never seen one.

How do you define success?

All success really is, any kind of success no matter what field you're in, is that you never come in contact with assholes. That's beyond wealth or reviews. And that can only come with success. Because the less success you have the more you have to deal with assholes who are around, and as you climb in success you eliminate your exposure to assholes. That's something all people can work towards. To hell with Scientology, this is what we ought to teach: "The Avoidance of Assholes in Everyday Living." If you can eventually do that, then you've had some success.

Why is there a Neuter, R-Rated version of *A Dirty Shame* on DVD?

I had to. It was a fair trade in a way. My contract said them movie had to have an R-rating and I couldn't cut it to get an R-rating. Time Warner has a policy to not release NC-17 movies. Most theaters won't play it, which is why major studios won't release an NC-17 movie. Because of my history, because of my past, because I've been with New Line Cinema for almost thirty years they didn't change any policy – they just said OK on this one. Especially because it was NOT explicit, and it

really didn't, I believe, deserve an NC-17 rating. But because of that Blockbuster won't carry it, Wal-Mart won't, all these hideous stores that you should never be in there buying videos from anyway. So I had to do it, and so I thought 'Well, if I have to do it, I'm going to do a baby version.' Luckily, I had to do [cleaner] shots for cable anyway. And you hate doing it, because it holds you up. I had to be creative, like when JK goes down on TU and comes up with her shoe and she says "Watch the corns."

So, the Neuter Version is for children's birthday parties, if parents want to have a sex movie for 8 year-olds this is the film for you. It's for cowards and to trick people in chain stores to buy the film they don't want. I believe that if you're in those stores that don't carry it you should say something.

I've only seen it once, because I had to. I could never look at it again. The collectors, the real collectors, would be shocked to see it. And they would like because it's so different. That's the wonders of the MPAA, who have actually been very fair with me, although I don't believe they were this time. But that's because it's about sex, and this country's always been fairly uptight about sex, and when people are afraid they're more uptight about sex, and they don't want anything new. The Abu Ghraib pictures had been released around the time the MPAA saw this movie; people weren't feeling great about sexual fetishes at the time.

Why do you think that is, that American culture is more accepting of a violent R-rated film than a sexual one?

It's America and we like violence and hate sex. In Europe they love sex and hate violence. And we look very silly to them, and they laugh at us. But they don't understand a comedy that can use explicit violence, like "Serial Mom." They don't get it, well, some do but they don't like it. It's basically as offensive to them as sex is to the MPAA sometimes. I guess if you had to pick between them they're healthier about it, but I like violence in movies too. I don't like REAL violence; I turn my head on the news if they're going to show it. I've never looked at anything that showed real violence – I don't

want to see it. But I don't care about you, know, what's the new Rob Zombie movie? It got an R-rating. Good! Good for him! And Quentin seems to be the one that can somehow get away with anything, and more power to him. In "Pecker" I had full-screen shots of bush, in Cecil B. Demented I had a gerbil up someone's ass, and they both got R-ratings. In ADS you don't see any sex, even in the NC-17 version.

Is it still possible to shock people?

I don't try to just shock people.

Can you still put something up there that would just surprise the hell out of people to the point where they get uncomfortable?

I'm never trying to shock people. I'm never trying to make people uncomfortable. I'm trying to make them surprised at something that they didn't find funny before. So, that's a little different I think. It's easy to shock. I mean just throw some gross things at them, but it's not funny. I'm trying to change the way you think about something by showing you. This week a radio station in New York was running part of its John Waters month and they offered \$500 to anyone who would come eat shit, and no one did. I was surprised, and my friend said, "Well, I would if I was a junkie." It's easier than breaking into a car. You won't get arrested. I'm surprised no one did it.

I'm shocked all the time by big, bad, bloated, overproduced movies – that's shocking to me. But I get surprised. I think "Mysterious Skin" was a really good movie, I know that's playing here. That's one of my favorite movies of the year. I think Gus Van Sandt's new movie was a really good, surprising movie. "Irreversible" was a great movie, and a shocking movie, about rape. So, yes, you can do it in a smart way. But when you say to me "What's shocking?" I think of the barn-raising scene in "Witness." That's my idea of obscenity.

Where do you get your ideas?

Everyday I go in my office at 8 o'clock and it's my job to think of this stuff. I have little pads in every room of my house, and I live in three different cities. I have a pad in my car. I read



PINK FLAMINGOS (1972)



HAIRSPRAY (1988)



PECKER (1998)

seven newspapers every morning, I get over 150 magazines every month. I eavesdrop on people. I tear things out of papers. I keep files. I read. And it just comes, that's my job to think it up, but it comes from total fiction and based on real things. Things that have happened to me, things that I've seen in my life, things people've told me, it comes from everywhere, really. I just have to figure a way to try to make all that comes to me humorous, and sometimes it's just changing some of the details and putting something in. One extra, added thing can make something terrible funny.

What do you look for when you create a character in one of your films? Do you just try and fit them in to something you're trying to do?

It's easy for me to think of characters, the hard part is the narrative. Characters are easy, I could think of a hundred of them. But plot is what's harder, plot is what makes a hit movie. I think of all the characters first. I have a notebook, and each page is a character, and I need a name. It's really important that I have a name. I use my yearbooks, and I move things around. Everyone I've wanted to have sex with I've already used. Basically you mix up the names so you can't get into trouble. First name here and last name here. Or if I hear a person's name I write it down. I write down things everyday that could end up in a movie. The characters I think up first, and I think up way too much about them. I think of who their family was, everything about them. I think about the way a character dresses. The backstory is generally in the first draft of the script and generally gets cut out in the second draft. But I know more about them than the audience will ever know. Or needs to know.

Also, where they live is really important to me. I do a location scout before I write.

Outside of Baltimore?

No, in Baltimore. What neighborhood they're from and what kind of house they live in. I'll sometimes sit in front of a person's house and write. I need to a character's name

and who they are, then I'll know what their personality is. Each movie I do is always a genre that I'm satirizing. So, that's it. I need a title, first. A title really helps to have first. I need a genre. A title and a genre, and then the characters and where they live. And once I have that I can begin to do the plot.

Have you ever really touched on racism in your movies?

"Hairspray" is like that. Somebody said "Hairspray" is about the integration movement and how white people felt about it. And it is. It's a white movie. It's about how integration affected me growing up. Racism is a thing that's tough to use in comedy because it's so not funny. And where I live in Baltimore is racist still, it's very racist. As a white man, I'm not comfortable with racist jokes. I feel like I can make fun of gay people because I'm gay, but I feel like I can't make fun of black people. It's the kind of thing where you can do a Jew joke if you're a Jew. Racism is the kind of thing that doesn't cross over very smoothly. You can do it. Like in "Hairspray" where the little black girl says "I have a dream" and it's a joke! Now that "Hairspray" has crossed over, and is so accepted you don't think about it. But I was worried about being a white man and doing a comedy about integration, how that would be accepted.

But racism itself, to me the question is always "Could you sleep with a racist?" I ask all my friends that, and all gay men have the answer that is technically a 'yes, just change the subject.' I think most people would say 'it depends how cute they are,' I think that's the real truth. If you were black it would probably be a lot easier if they hated white people, then the other way. Who knows?

Have you tried any other moustache styles?

No.

What made you stay with this particular one?

I wanted to be Little Richard. I grew it in 1969.

Is he gay?

Little Richard?

Yeah.

Well, you'll have to ask him. He never sucked my cock. I interviewed him for Playboy, let's just say I could've beat up his bodyguard. If you read his book, yes. But he denies it today for religious reasons. I would say it looks like he would lean that way, but you'll have to ask him. I don't know that you can out Little Richard.

I've read his biography, it's fascinating. He was a drag queen in a carnival for a while. He would mail people bowel movements. I read it after I made Pink Flamingoes, and that's something I had Connie Marble do. I thought it was a joke I didn't think anyone actually did it. Little Richard did. He tells about it in his book, he calls it 'turd harassment.' It's beyond verbal abuse.

Why do you think it's more acceptable for girls to experiment with sexuality than it is for boys?

It's a straight man's fantasy. It's heresy. Girls that do that just do it to give men what they really want. What lesbians really need is the exact opposite of a dick, of penetration. Usually the girls that do that are stupid, and they're transsexual, and they eat pussy when they hate it just to get some man. It's heresy. Only dumb girls do that. Only dumb girls are fake lesbians for men. If they really are that's fine, but they love threesomes. And men that say they love threesomes only mean when it's a man and two women. If it's the other way and they want a man then they're really just gay. So, all three-ways I'm basically just suspicious of. I don't know that there's a natural, good way to have a threesome. Even if it's all three the same sex ... I don't want to be the lettuce, you know? If I'm with somebody then I don't want somebody else, and if I'm the third person then I'm just getting used. So, I'm basically anti-threesomes. There's my morals.

You once said you were 100% gay but only 20% in the gay



A DIRTY SHAME (2004)

community. What's that mean?

Did I say that? I probably did. Well, here's the thing. I'm gay-ly incorrect. I said I've felt more at home in a punk rock bar than a gay bar. But if any politician said they were against gay marriage I'd hate them, even though I think it's ludicrous and have no desire to entertain a corny hetero tradition. But straight gay people should be allowed to do it. I don't like separatism of any kind. My friends are all kinds of people. I couldn't stand to be with all gay people, or all any type of people. It's like preaching to the converted, and what

fun is that? Young people are much better at that. Young people don't even go out on dates anymore – they go out as a gang together. Like six people go out together and they don't call that a date, and I think that's much healthier in a way.

I live in Provincetown which is a totally gay place but I'm gay-ly incorrect. I don't fit in. I like the people that I hang around with, and minorities that don't even fit in their own minorities. I like the people who find the humor in their sexuality, whatever it is. I vote gay. 100% gay.

You must not vote very often.

Well, I don't mean I vote for gay PEOPLE, I vote gay like how you vote black. I don't vote for gay people but for gay politics.

That must be getting tougher.

It is but it's very stupid. Bush won because they were smarter and they used gay marriage. You should've gotten gay marriage after Kerry won, not before, but they used that. Show that in the Midwestern America, show Provincetown where it was legal. Show gay people making out and finally getting married. Just show that picture.

I mean, I say 'Good for them! They have just as much of a right to fuck up their relationship as anyone else.' At the same time, it was stupid to make that politics. I kept saying to gay magazines that Iraq is more important than this. Win the election, then you'll get that. No

problem, you'll just get to do it one day. All [the Right] had to do was show any pictures of men kissing or getting married and people would vote for Bush because of it. They just show all those pictures. And why are people threatened by that? I don't get it, but they are.

The Democrats are really stupid. They're talking about running Hillary, which is stupid. I love Hillary, but people hate her. I'd vote for her, but we would really lose. I like her, Bill Clinton's my favorite president that we've ever had since I've been alive. However, she will lose. If they're even talking about it then they didn't learn their lesson.

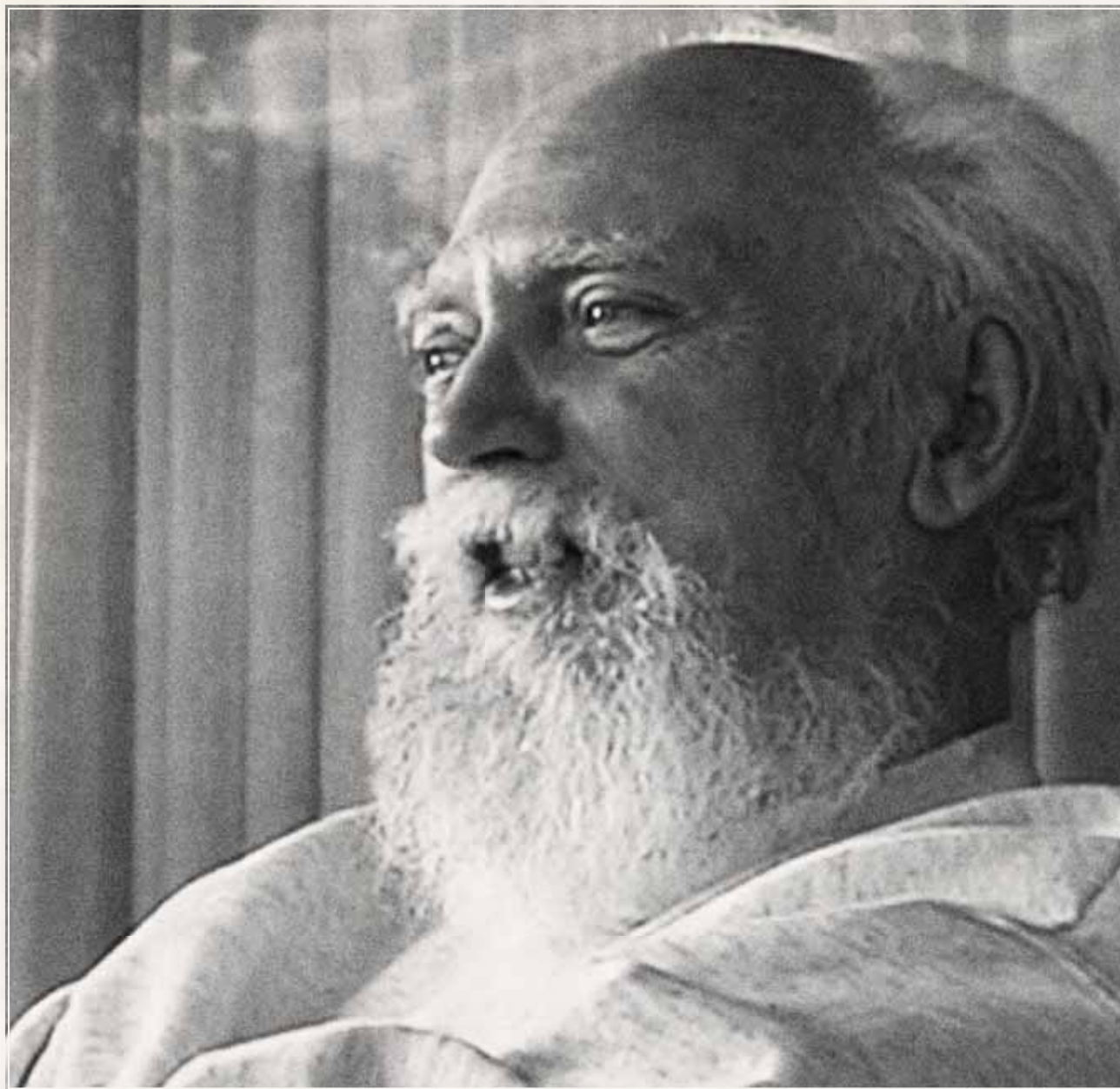
What is the dirtiest thing that you can think of, because, as John Waters, it's in the running for dirtiest thought of all time?

In the NC-17 version of a Dirty Shame, in the commentary, I talk about the one thing Johnny Knoxville wouldn't say he would do in the movie: blossoms. Blossoms are ... this is repellant, they compare them on Websites ... Blossoms are if you're into being fist-fucked and your ass is inside out, like a cauliflower. There are Websites where people trade back and forth pictures of bigger blossoms. That's beyond my pale, as they say.

So you draw the line there?

Well, I put it in my movie ...





AN INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT ANTON WILSON

A MYSTERY WITHOUT A SOLUTION

BY JESSE HICKS

ROBERT ANTON WILSON IS THE AUTHOR, ALONG WITH BOB SHEA, OF THE ILLUMINATUS TRILOGY, A MAGNUM OPUS FEATURING AN ANARCHIST SUBMARINE CAPTAIN, A STILL-LIVING JOHN DILLINGER, AND VIRTUALLY EVERY OCCULT GROUP AND SECRET SOCIETY UNDER THE SUN, INCLUDING THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. HE ALSO WROTE THE COSMIC TRIGGER TRILOGY, A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS ON HIS WIDE-RANGING INTERESTS, FROM ORSON WELLES TO QUANTUM MECHANICS, AND QUANTUM PSYCHOLOGY, A HANDBOOK FOR DISASSEMBLING YOUR OWN DOGMAS AND BECOMING MORE COMFORTABLE IN A UNIVERSE MADE OF "MAYBES." CURRENTLY, BOB LIVES IN CALIFORNIA, WHERE HE IS FIGHTING THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FOR THE RIGHT TO USE MEDICINAL MARIJUANA TO EASE THE PAIN OF POST-POLIO SYNDROME. HE ALSO TEACHES ONLINE, AT WWW.MAYBELOGIC.NET.

The Illuminatus! Trilogy seems to keep finding new generations of fans since its publication. How would you describe it to someone who's yet to read it, and what do you think explains its enduring appeal?

I like to call it guerilla ontology. If people look blank, I explain that it's a Zen riddle in the form of a detective story. In other words, a mystery without a solution. What keeps it in print? I imagine that every generation a few clear-thinking people discover that the governments that rule us just do not make sense rationally. And then they hear about this weird book that knocks down every attempt at a reasonable explanation of how this planet operates and proves 1001 ways that only insanity does explain it. Incidentally, as if to prove this, sales have improved every year since George Bush got appointed president. Sanity cannot fathom such a sinister joke, but Illuminatus buffs can.

How does the world of Illuminatus! compare to the "real" world these days? Do we live in a Wilsonian satire?

I'd like to think so. The only alternative would hold that we live in a Kafka allegory. Since my "paranoia" contains more humor than his, I appeal to a less morbid audience.

Kafka's "There is hope, but not for us," definitely appeals to a darker sense of humor. How do you maintain a sense of optimism?

Pessimism seems to me a luxury I can't afford. For instance, at age four, I became crippled with polio for the first time, and got cured, or mostly cured, by the Kenny method. Pessimism just would not have helped at any stage in my therapy. We don't walk on our legs but on our will, as the Sufis say.

At 69, the damaged muscles quit on me and I got crippled a second time. Once again, pessimism and whining would not have helped.

My second partial cure proceeded nicely for four years -- until last month, when I suddenly landed on the floor and stayed there conscious but unable to move a muscle, for 30 hours before my daughter found me and called an ambulance.

Pessimism has great value if you want the praise of New York intellectuals, but I prefer to fight my battles rather than whine about them. I'll probably never get reviewed in the bon ton literary journals, but I might get into the Guinness Book of World Records as the first man to learn to walk four times.

You mentioned the Kenny Method for polio treatment. How did your early encounter with an "unorthodox" cure

lead you to question "orthodoxy"?

Well, I grew up with hard evidence -- every step I took -- that the Kenny method worked, while all the Experts continued to denounce her as a quack and a charlatan. That did not encourage ardent faith in Experts....

And did that lead into Maybe Logic?

Partially, but it could have led to a single heresy -- the Kenny method -- in a brain otherwise still confined to dogmatism.

I know many people like that-- they believe in one unorthodox idea, but remain stuck in either/or logic. Maybe Logic came from reading some scientific radicals [John von Neumann, Anatole Rapoport and Alfred Korzybski], plus some Buddhists.

That includes von Neumann's three-valued logic [true, false, maybe], Rapoport's four-valued logic [true, false, indeterminate, meaningless], Korzybski's multi-valued logic [degrees of probability] and also Mahayana Buddhist paradoxical logic [it "is" A; it "is" not A; it "is" both A and not A; it "is" neither A nor not A]. But, as an extraordinarily stupid fellow, I can't use such systems until I reduce them to terms a simple mind like mine can handle, so I just preach that we'd all think and act more sanely if we had to use "maybe" a lot more often. Can you imagine a world with Jerry Falwell hollering "Maybe Jesus 'was' the son of God and maybe he hates Gay people as much as I do" -- or every tower in Islam resounding with "There 'is' no God except maybe Allah and maybe Mohammed is his prophet"?

How does Quantum Psychology offer a counter-viewpoint to that kind of anxious grasping at what you've called "fictional certainties"?

Quantum Psych offers a variety of linguistic reforms that condition the mind against premature closure. Some of these techniques come from General Semantics, some from Neuro-Linguistic Programming, and some from Buddhism. These techniques used consistently over a period of fifty years have made me, I dare say, a lot less stupid and a lot less frightened than my condition in the 1950s. Those not as dumb as me can learn even faster.

What do you think explains the current resurgence of "faith-based" worldviews?

The robber barons imported "cheap labor" from Europe in the late 19th Century. In other words, they flooded us with an ocean of ignorant and superstitious people, who could not understand research-based organizations but formed an ideal market for faith-based con artists.

Do you see any deeper explanation be-

hind it, other than faith-based worldviews being the dominant mode of thinking for those currently in power?

The acceleration factor in information systems [documented by Korzybski and Shannon] means that social changes happen faster and faster every generation. People not trained in Maybe Logic feel more and more confused, which leads to anxiety, which means they'll swallow any line of hogwash if it promises some certitude in a world they can't understand.

How does the Guns and Dope Party fit in to American politics?

Our platform has 3 major planks:

1. Free access to guns for those who want them; no guns forced on those who don't want them [Quakers, Amish, pacifists etc.] 2. Free access to drugs for those who want them; no drugs forced on those who don't want them [Christian Scientists, homeopaths, Natural hygienists etc.] 3. Equal rights for ostriches. For further details see <http://www.gunsand-dope.com/>

Does it seem to you that other countries have more fully embraced ideas present in Quantum Psychology than has America?

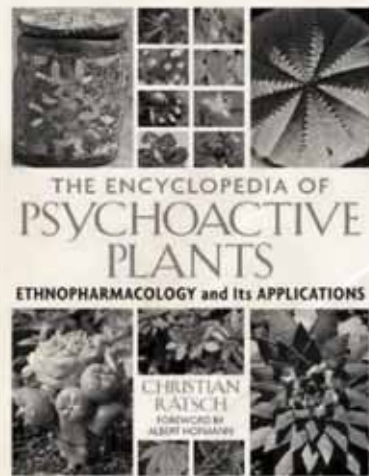
I would not claim that, but the civilized world in general has shown much less hostility to research-based groups and has no Bush-style revival of faith-based groups.

What do you see for the future, in the short term? In the long term?

In the short term, more power by faith-based organizations. In the long term, the eventual triumph of research-based organizations. Inquisitions, whether by popes or presidents, only slow progress in limited areas. They never stop it. Stem-cell research, for instance, still moves along rapidly, overseas in the civilized world.

In Reality is What You Can Get Away With, you wrote, "The right wing will have nightmares in the late '90s that will make the 62 Satanism panics of 1982-1993 seem sedate by comparison." How much of the current political environment would you attribute to the inevitable right-wing response to that nightmare, and how much to "Future Shock" in general?

"Future shock" started with the first stone axe, but due to the acceleration factor, it discombobulates more people every decade. When the civilized world, where research-based organizations will soon start curing everything with stem cells, our faith-based organizations will want the U.S. to declare war on damn near everybody.



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PSYCHOACTIVE PLANTS: ETHNOPHARMACOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATIONS
BY CHRISTIAN RÄTSCH, PH.D. FOREWORD BY ALBERT HOFMANN.

A solid contender for the title of Greatest Coffee Table Book in the World (Ever), Christian Rätsch's Encyclopedia of Psychoactive Plants assembles decades of first-hand research by the author. Rätsch has traveled the world investigating the mythology, history, and use of psychoactive plants -- from South American shamanistic ayahuasca brews to Mexican peyote cults to the mythical soma of ancient lore, he explores the chemical makeup, history, and cultural significance of hundreds of plants. Weighing in at seven pounds and almost a thousand pages, this tome is sure to offer a tempting new challenge for even the most jaded psychonaut.

Albert Hofmann's foreword alone is worth the price of admission. Hofmann, the (in)famous father of LSD, considers the question, "Why psychedelics?" Hofmann, a cautious scientist and thinker who regards LSD as his "problem child", concludes that in a world of spiritual malaise, environmental decay, and economic disparity, psychoactive plants point to a new way of thinking, revealing a unity of purpose missing from today's "modern" societies. It's not a new idea, but it's surprising to hear Hofmann offer such a utopian take on the psychedelic experience.

Rätsch's book, while lacking in practical details such as dosage recommendations or preparation tips, offers a detailed look at the culture of psychoactive plants. For any researcher who wants to understand more than just the chemistry behind his or her favorite mind-expanding compounds, it provides a wealth of valuable information.



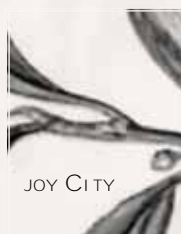
RECIPES FOR DISASTER: AN ANARCHIST COOKBOOK
BY THE CRIMETHINC. EX-WORKER'S COLLECTIVE, WWW.CRIMETHINC.COM

Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to smash The State we go. If you're looking for a handbook for carving out a small autonomous space within the rapacious, grinding machine of global capitalism, look no further! CrimethInc., an anarchist collective based in Washington, has just the book for you.

Recipes for Disaster compiles 600+ pages of gray-area know-how from thirty collectives around the world. If you've ever wondered how to use wheatpasting to spread your subversive messages, sabotage your local corporation's water, phone, and natural gas lines, or create some kickass graffiti art, you'll find the answers within these pages. (Even more practical: a recipe for non-monogamous (but respectful!) relationships! Oh, brave new world!)

My personal favorite recipe is for Toynbee tiles. First notice in the mid-90's, Toynbee tiles are slabs of linoleum sunk in the streets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, D.C., and other cities. The tiles, bearing a cryptic message about "Toynbee ideas in Kubrick's 2001: resurrector dead on planet Jupiter," have shown up as far away as Santiago, Chile. Explanations for the tiles usually fall short of their mystery, but some suggest the tiles are an elaborate David Mamet reference.

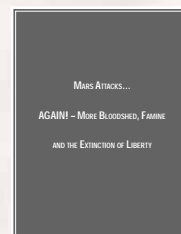
You might not be as mysterious or eccentric as the anonymous Toynbee Tiler, but with Recipes for Disaster you can carve your own bizarre-o screed into the nation's streets. All it takes is some linoleum, tar paper, and asphalt sealant. Carve your message in the linoleum, stick it to the tar paper, and apply a liberal amount of asphalt sealant. Then, next time you find yourself waiting to cross the street, slap your creation down on the pavement. Passing cars will push your message into the road, and soon you'll have a semi-permanent monument to your madness.



JOY CITY
BY ERIC SISAK

"**THERE** was fear and it was spreading." So opens Eric Sisak's Joy City, a novel set in a broken, wasted world populated by mostly pre-verbal primitives. It's a Hobbesian land where meteors rain death from the skies and a sense of foreboding hangs in the air. It's also a world of magic, where great pyramids rise from the ground and corpses move as though alive. In this world of constant danger, Sisak's characters try to carve out some measure of humanity among themselves, forming loose families in their trek across the wastelands.

The plot of Joy City is more like a long-form poem than a typical novel. Characters, well-drawn but slightly distant, slip in and out of the narrative; much of the story has a hazy, fugue-like feel befitting the hostile, alien world. It's a slippery, evocative piece of work that won't appeal to everyone, but to those of like mind, will provide an enjoyable, challenging read.



MARS ATTACKS... AGAIN! - MORE BLOODSHED, FAMINE AND THE EXTINCTION OF LIBERTY
BY THOMAS VANGEMERT
BORDERHAUS PRESS

HE managed to impregnate his girlfriend. This was something he never conceived happening and then it did happen and he felt very unfortunate and cursed and hopeless. To make matters worse she decided to keep the child. Despite his opposing desires, he managed to remain on good terms with her.

He would often spend time with the pregnant girl in her apartment in the evenings. He would sit with her in the living room and think of things to say to her. The silence wasn't awkward for him. It seemed to slow down time and force it onto his side. He needed time.

He smoked dope to handle the situation and drank whiskey too. Especially during the hour after she went to bed. Then he would grab a kitchen chair and slip quietly into her bedroom, place the chair down next to the bed, sit down and watch.

It didn't take long for it to begin. They seemed to wait for him before they started. First a red glowing ring would form around the swollen belly underneath her silk nightgown. Slowly her entire belly illuminated with a fierce red glow. Tiny hands appeared and then two beings climbed out of the light. One being was male and the other was female. This was obvious; they were naked. They also had long bald heads and large black almond shaped eyes. He was sure that they were aliens. There was no possible argument against this notion. He watched, fixated.



THE LAST GREAT GLASS MEAT MILLION
BY JOHN THOMAS MENESINI
SIX GALLERY PRESS.

THE Last Great Glass Meat Million is best read as an artifact from a nondescript western Pennsylvania town -- the kind of place that *used to be* known for fruitful coal mines; the kind of place where the people have no power beyond their back yard. This is the kind of place where very little ever moves, as suggested in the language Menesini uses. The imagery here is dense; it sits on the pavement like a tired engine block.

"A friend of mine," John told me, "a friend of mine who is a genius and who lives in Toronto and is a dogmatic pile of shit screwed me in my fucking asshole because he had a great huge fucking problem with the fact that there were so many similes in my goddam book because I was like, 'like, like, like, like, like, like like like...'"

Johnny swears that his book, and his work, is apolitical. Some would argue that describing "the aftermath of an explosion," as he puts it in part one of his book, is in itself a political act. Johnny wouldn't hear of it:

"An artist must be apolitical. Every fucking time you put something down on paper, you're exposing yourself: this is me, and this is all my dirtiness, so therefore our necks are all on the block."

But if we're all upfront about our dirtiness, wouldn't it make the piety police inconsequential? We all have our dirty thoughts, we all have shame going back to toilet training....

"Yeah, but there's still gonna be too many bad writers, regardless of that, wasting too much time trying to publish bad things. Maybe they should spend time gardening, or becoming stewards for, I dunno, air vessels, and maybe they should be, I dunno, digging holes..."

The second part of the book moves from images of the artist's youth (and a preoccupation with junk, with garbage) to images of a youth dissolving, or trying to, in an almost mystical way.

"I call it cryptic," Johnny explains. "You call it mysticism -- the whole thing that permeates the second half of the book. You don't have the fucking advantage of being on a mountain top or being in a monastery; you have to scrub dishes but yet you have these fucking heavy ideas in your mind, so you have to write them down, you know."

"I wasn't trying to pull the wool over people's eyes. I wasn't trying to create these riddles that the passerby... that people wouldn't get. I was just, like, trying to communicate things in the way I saw 'em, in the language that I knew, you know? No big scene."

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☐ 18 OR YOUNGER
☐ 19 - 25
☐ 26 - 35
☐ 36 - 45
☐ 46-55
☐ 56 - 65
☐ 65 AND BEYOND

WHAT IS THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF EDUCATION YOU HAVE RECEIVED?
☐ SOME HIGH SCHOOL
☐ HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE
☐ SOME COLLEGE
☐ COLLEGE GRADUATE
☐ SOME GRADUATE WORK
☐ GRADUATE DEGREE

DO YOU INTEND TO FURTHER THAT EDUCATION?
☐ NO
☐ YES, GET A DIPLOMA OR GED
☐ YES, START ON A COLLEGE DEGREE
☐ YES, FINISH A COLLEGE DEGREE
☐ YES, START ON A GRADUATE DEGREE
☐ YES, FINISH A GRADUATE DEGREE

WHAT LOCAL PUBLICATIONS DO YOU REGULARLY READ?
☐ DEEK
☐ THE POST-GAZETTE
☐ THE CITY PAPER
☐ LOCAL RAGS (PITTSBURGH OR, UM, WHIRL)
☐ LOCAL WEBSITES
☐ THE TRIBUNE REVIEW

IN THE NEAR FUTURE, MIGHT YOU BUY...
☐ JEWELRY
☐ A CAR
☐ A COMPUTER
☐ STEREO EQUIPMENT
☐ TICKETS TO SOME SORT OF EVENT
☐ REAL ESTATE

DO YOU EAT OUT?
☐ DAILY
☐ EVERY FEW DAYS
☐ WEEKLY
☐ SEVERAL TIMES A MONTH
☐ MONTHLY
☐ ONLY ON SPECIAL OCCASSIONS
☐ NEVER

DO YOU DRINK (ALCOHOL)?
☐ OFTEN
☐ EVERY FEW DAYS
☐ WEEKLY
☐ SEVERAL TIMES A MONTH
☐ MONTHLY
☐ ONLY VERY SPECIAL OCCASSIONS
☐ NEVER

PLEASE CHECK THE WORDS THAT BEST DESCRIBE DEEK:
☐ EDGY
☐ HIP
☐ SMART
☐ FUNNY
☐ UNIQUE
☐ STIMULATING
☐ ADDICTING

WHAT IS THE YEARLY INCOME RANGE OF YOUR 'HOUSEHOLD'?
☐ \$4,999 OR LESS
☐ 15,000 - 29,999
☐ 30,000 - 44,999
☐ 45,000 - 59,999
☐ 60,000 - 79,999
☐ 80,000 - 109,999
☐ 110,000 AND BEYOND

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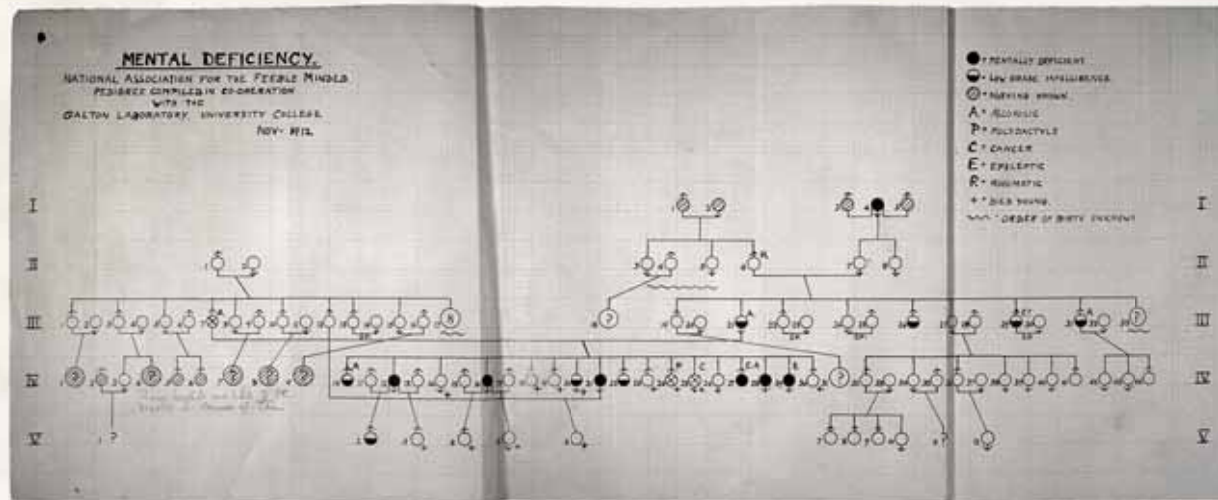
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YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE (AND HERE'S HOW):

BY JOEL C.



1912 INHERITABLE TRAITS: MENTAL DEFICIENCY, CHART FROM EUGENICS.COM

TAKE a look in the mirror. Seriously, take a long meaningful look at yourself. Connect with yourself and embrace your own frail nature. Now realize you are going to die probably sooner rather than later. If you're like me, you probably drink too much, abuse to many recreational drugs, and consume the worst food possible. Your body hates you (as does everybody else's) and is hell bent on wrecking your world.

Based on your race and gender you can get a pretty good estimate of how you're going to meet your maker. Besides untimely death at the hands of chainsaw wielding maniacs (RIP sexy teens), city buses (RIP kid from Final Destination), auto-erotic asphyxiation (RIP Mr. Hutchinson), or overdose (RIP Mr. Staley) that can happen to anyone, we will only consider problems that are more prevalent in one group over another

Individuals of Mediterranean decent generally have a lower risk of heart disease, high blood pressure, and high cholesterol when compared to other groups. Lucky bastards! This is most likely due to a diet rich in antioxidants and omega-3 fatty acids (the good kind). However, individuals of Mediterranean decent have a much greater risk of something called Mediterranean fever (damn, how these geniuses come up with these amazing names, I'll never know). With this disease the membranes that line the inside of the chest become severely inflamed and lead to severe pain, fever, and eventual kidney failure if not properly treated. It is unique to those of

Mediterranean decent who have a certain recessive genetic trait. The difficult thing with this particular ailment is that diagnosis is often confused with other disease states such as an inflamed appendix or other general gastro-intestinal problems. Certainly not the best way to go, suffering through excruciating pain and not knowing what the hell is going on.

Unfortunately for my African-American readers out there you have an increased risk for damn near every disease when compared to other groups. Personally I believe "The Man" is responsible for this, but that will be a lecture for another time. Sick cell anemia is probably the most commonly associated disease in African-Americans, but certainly not the biggest killer. Try heart disease, hypertension, diabetes, and a rate of prostate issues that nearly triples that of any other group and you have a recipe for disaster awaiting you. Certainly inadequate access to proper healthcare lies at the heart of these statistics, but again I'll leave my liberal politics for another time.

As for most of my Asian friends out there, alcohol is not on your side. Studies have shown that a high percentage of people of Asian decent are considered slow metabolizers of ethanol. Translated into plain English this simply means that when the individual consumes booze they have a much harder time sobering up after a night of hard drinking, and also get drunk much easier than most other races. Remember

this if you are looking for a cheap date. So while this may seem like fun, it also leads to an increased risk of liver damage such as cirrhosis. In addition Asian females also run an increased risk of coming down with osteoporosis. So while one isn't going to necessarily die from a broken hip, it sure is a pain in the ass, and complications associated with it can eventually lead to death.

Lastly for the Caucasian Americans out there, you're probably too fat. Get off the couch, get out of your ridiculous SUV that's compensating for something you may be lacking, stop eating so much fucking fast food and actually take control of your life. Sorry, just had to get that off my chest. Anyhow the most likely way you are going to die is through some form of coronary event such as stroke, heart attack, or embolism. Beyond that the usual suspects such as cancer of damn near anything, general organ system failure, or death by misadventure can also occur, but these are certainly not unique to whitey.

With that all laid out for you kick back and prepare yourself for the big dirt nap. Stop worrying about the details of how you're going to die, its going to happen soon enough, just enjoy the ride in the meantime. Oh and don't worry about the afterlife. If you're reading this publication, you should already have a pretty good idea where you are going to end up anyway. Until next time loyal reader...

EMAIL: apothecary@deekmagazine.com

Tomorrow,

*before his family and friends, he will
profess his undying love to one woman
and one woman alone for as long as
they both shall live. . .*



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I THOROUGHLY ENJOY BEING WHITE

By ALEXIS RYAN



LAST Saturday, I had a few drinks after work. Just me and a few of the girls from the office getting our drink on down at the corner tavern -- no biggie. I started out with a couple cosmos while Diane from accounting went on about her latest boyfriend drama. Caryn chimed in with some office gossip, Kate did a hilarious impression of the boss, and before you can say, "Just another wild night at TGIFridays," I needed a seatbelt to stay on my barstool. "Keep the extreme fajitas comin'!", bellowed Kate, tossing her lemon wedge at a passing waiter. (Or maybe it was another customer. Reality was starting to go all soft around the edges.)

Soon enough last call came around. Diane, Kate, Caryn and I piled into Diane's fire-red convertible, which took two or three tries. We got out of the parking lot by jumping a concrete barrier; Caryn apologized to it while giggling hysterically. Once we'd gained the open road, Diane cranked up the Shania and we all started singing along, waving our arms and gesticulating and such. I threw my sombrero in the air, yelling "Ariba!" as it flew far behind us before returning to earth. Kate took out a .45 and began firing into the air, much to the delight of passing motorists. (Or so it seemed at the time.)

Maybe it was because of the cosmos, or the heart medication, or maybe it was just being in a very fast car with some very fast friends, but suddenly I felt outside myself,

as if the tether of my soul had unfastened from my body, letting me drift into the sky like a carelessly tossed sombrero. I looked down as if from a great height, examined my cackling friends, the tequila-stained car, the shell casings littering the floor. I took all that in and I thought: at least we will never seem as suspicious as a black man driving a Cadillac.

I'd never really thought about race before, but I thought about it then. I thought about all the times I'd gone into a posh downtown store and, rather than following me around suspiciously, the salespeople had asked if they could help in any way. Perhaps by showing me the latest in purse and purse-related accessories, or by rubbing my dainty toes, which did so ache inside my pointy and fashionable shoes. I thought about the welcome relief I saw in those salespeople's eyes when I entered the store. I was one of them.

And that reminded me of the time I'd been sitting outside my apartment complex and had been approached by four police officers. Now, I have nothing but respect for the men in blue who do so much to keep our nation safe. One of the clean-shaven gentlemen asked me for my identification, and as I took out my driver's license, he somehow managed to keep from pulling his gun on me. I admired such restraint. As the officers tipped their hats to me and passed on their way, I thought: I am very glad that they did not riddle my body with 41 bullets! Especially

as I was unarmed and quite white!

Why don't I know anyone in prison? That seems odd to me. I know many people through my Rotary functions and tax-deductible donations. Not one of them has gone to jail. Yet if I were black, I'd be able to say that 49% of all inmates share my ethnicity. I'd be able to run some quick numbers and shake my head in bemusement at a country where 12% of the population is so more-than-adequately represented in our correctional institutions! I felt a little twinge of jealousy, but then I remembered that black males are three times as likely to suffer from prostate cancer, and I felt just about OK being white. Then I remembered I was a woman and felt confused.

It was all very confusing. I thought about slavery and indentured servitude and Malcolm X and the riots (Watts, Detroit, L.A.) and Cesar Chavez and immigrant labor and *The Grapes of Wrath* and the civil rights movement and working at McDonald's vs. selling drugs on the streets and hope and hopeless, it all rolling into one big thought as I felt myself pulled back down into my still-tipsy body with a crash.

Kate looked at me quizzically. She put the .45 in my hand. I took aim at a stop sign. As the metal blossomed red and white and the gunshot echoed through the night, I looked inside myself and said, yes. Yes, I thoroughly enjoy being white.

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9.12 @ 8p Bill Mallonee (Americana/Rock, Athens), More TBA

9.14 @ 8p Shawn Pander (Rock/Pop, L.A.),

Leslie Bowe (Acoustic/Soul)

9.15 @ 9p Omega Love (Nu-Jazzy House), More TBA

9.16 @ 9p Classic 1824's Block Party V (Hip-Hop, Party)

9.17 @ 9p Ariel (Ambient Rock, Chicago), Life In Bed,
Hartfield (Rock/Electonica, Tokyo), &
Sleeping Kings of Ionas (Trip-Hop, Buffalo)

9.18 @ 8p Deek Magazine Issue Release Party

9.19 @ 8p Jeff Harris (Acoustic, NYC), Zach Watt (Acoustic)

9.21 @ 8p Shimmer (Rock/Soul, Seattle), Gene Jive

9.22 @ 9p Blues Bros. Castro (Alt. Rock, Amsterdam),
The Ginnies (Rock/Pop), More TBA

9.23 @ 9p A Music Showcase (various)

9.24 @ 9p Black Elephant (Hip-Hop/Soul Collective, Milwaukee)

9.25 @ 8p Vanessa German (Performance Poetry)

9.28 @ 8p Gregory Douglas (Acoustic, Vermont), Gene Jive

9.29 @ 9p Private Party

9.30 @ 9p Sonny Boy (Funk/Soul, NYC) *Tentative*

10.01 @ 9p O-Ab Presents (Hip-Hop/Funk/Soul)

10.06 @ 9p TBA (e-mail us to book this night)

10.07 @ 9p The Mr. Complex Tour (Hip-Hop, NYC)

10.08 @ 9p Opus Akoben (Hip-Hop/Soul Collective, DC)
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