

THE ORIGINAL

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# A Brief Note

At *The Original*'s last release party, a friend of ours picked up Issue 3, paged through it, and said, "I want to make out with this magazine." Recognition is nice; grants are nice; press is nice. But at the end of the day, isn't it enough to know that someone just wants to kiss you? If, when you're done looking through this issue, all you want to do is make out with it, our mission will have been accomplished. So grab a blanket, some hot cocoa, a movie, and *The O*, and let the cuddling begin. Because really, that's all we ask for. We don't care too much for money; money can't buy us love. — LYDIA PUDZIANOWSKI



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AIR

AROUND  
AND  
TOWN



# NEW AND IMPROVED



## Art Aflame

\$130,000 isn't a bad rake when the money's going toward community initiatives. The city's top fundraiser has also been touted as one of its top five parties of the year, and features food and drink, live music and performances, a silent auction, and a spotlight on a few dozen successful art and community projects around the city. It's called Hothouse, and it's The Sprout Fund's annual benefit and showcase for projects, artists, and leaders they've funded and made possible over the past year. The 2008 Hothouse event drew almost 2,400 guests to the top two floors of the Union Trust Building, former PNC Bank executive offices transformed into a gallery of nearly 50 Sprout-supported projects. *The Original* took up temporary residence in a roomy corner office that soon became an extension of the magazine itself, with quotes, photos, and pages of the publication literally popping off the walls. Words can hardly describe the event, but the Hothouse website and photo galleries certainly can: [www.sproutfund.org/hothouse](http://www.sproutfund.org/hothouse). — JR



## THE NEW NEW YINZER

When one thinks of a literary organization, bands and alcohol don't necessarily come to mind. Recently, though, there has been music and merriment on a monthly basis in the name of local lit publication *The New Yinzer* (TNY), and the focal point of these shindigs is indeed literature. Event posters created by Dan Wyke advertise fiction, poetry, and nonfiction readings; local music; and beer provided by Penn Brewery. These erudite fiestas haven't been around since the 2002 inception of TNY, so why the delay? According to Managing Editor Kris Collins, the group had to cut back on their partying. "We began the series because of our desire to create a monthly performance series, smaller in scale to our quarterly events, which are typically held at

Brillobox," he says. The smaller ModernFormations "allows for a more intimate experience, both for the audience and performers." This is what the new series, *TNY Presents*, is all about. Directed by Collins, Savannah Guz, and Scott Silsbe, "the purpose of *TNY Presents* is to showcase local authors, poets, and musicians in a casual, supportive, and comfortable environment," says Assistant Editor Claire Donato. Since the first *TNY Presents*, held last April, was such a success, Donato tells me that they've been able to host such events as a Lester Bangs tribute night and a Valentine's Day Love Bites *The New Yinzer* party. So if you've got the \$4 cover charge and every third Wednesday free, TNY has the words, beats, and brews. For info, visit [tnypresents.blogspot.com](http://tnypresents.blogspot.com). — LP



Photos from left to right: Adele Meyer, Paulette Pouliet, Ben Filio, Larry Rippel

► Erika Barrington (left) and Lucy Churchill (center) pose with armfuls of greens cultivated from Braddock Farms. Managed by Jeff Jaeger (right), this raised-bed farm makes use of a formerly abandoned lot along a main business corridor in Braddock.

◀ Local band Aydin performs at *TNY Present's* Lester Bangs Tribute Night. The band includes Shannon Mominée (left), Karen Brooks (right), and Mark Russell (not pictured).

◀◀ Guests at Hothouse mingle while sampling free food and drink from some of Pittsburgh's top restaurants.



## City Harvest

With nary a wave of grain nor fruited plain in sight, it is increasingly difficult for urbanites to consider the chain of events that transports (and transforms) their food on its way from farm to plate. Luckily, there is Grow Pittsburgh, an organization that facilitates sustainable farming in our concrete jungle, allowing residents to learn about food production processes while shortening these edible supply chains.

Founded in 2005 by the owners of two urban farms, Grow Pittsburgh supports this mission through initiatives that educate and satiate. They include The Edible Schoolyard, a program that integrates garden activities into the curricula of local schools; Here We Grow Pittsburgh, which transforms vacant lots into community gardens; and the Frick Greenhouse Project at the Frick Art and Historical Center, where Grow Pittsburgh starts seed-

lings for its urban farm sites and cultivates heirloom vegetables (some of which are used by The Café at the Frick). Much of the produce farmed through these programs can also be found at city farmers' markets.

In 2006, Mariam Manion, formerly of the Greater Pittsburgh Community Food Bank, was appointed as the organization's Executive Director. "I love to cook and eat fresh, locally grown produce," says Manion, who recommends the year-round East Liberty farmers' market to locavores looking to maintain their green eating habits after other markets have shut down for the winter.

In the coming months, Grow Pittsburgh will begin offering its own classes for gardeners, helping to bring the local food movement right into your own backyard. For details visit [www.growpittsburgh.org](http://www.growpittsburgh.org). — es

VOTE H.R. 808  
NOT WAR!



## LENNON, UPDATED

The University of Pittsburgh's chapter of the Student Peace Alliance (SPA), initiated by Emily Wilson last January, is an offshoot of the National Student Peace Alliance. The goal? To establish a U.S. Department of Peace (as introduced by

Dennis Kucinich in the bill H.R. 808). According to Savannah Fisher, the business manager of Pitt's SPA chapter, you can be a member of any political party and this peace-loving organization at the same time. "Peace is something

that's supposed to rally us together, not keep us apart," she says, noting that SPA was present at both the Republican and Democratic National Conventions in 2008. Intrigued? Send an email to [SPAPittsburgh@gmail.com](mailto:SPAPittsburgh@gmail.com) for more info. — LP



# PEDALING PITTSBURGH FORWARD

When you peer over a Pittsburgh rooftop you'll probably see doors and windows, more rooftops, more doors, windows, and a few more rooftops until you begin to wonder if the residents ride mountain goats and employ sherpas instead of gardeners. In a city with more public staircases than any other in the country, some of the roughest hills in the eastern U.S., and several months of bitter, teeth-chattering winter, shouldn't it be a surprise that it's also ranked eleventh among U.S. cities by the percentage of its population that commutes by bicycle? If you ask Scott Bricker, the answer is no.

◀ Scott Bricker, Executive Director of Bike Pittsburgh, poses with his bike (a black Surly Crosscheck, in case you were wondering) in front of the organization's headquarters, located in Pittsburgh's South Side.

**S**ince 2005, Bricker has been biking to work as the Executive Director of Bike Pittsburgh, the non-profit group that's turning wheels to make Pittsburgh a better place to live, work, and, most importantly, ride. What started in 2002 with five passionate people has grown to an organization that boasts more than 800 participants and volunteers, with year-round events and programming and strong successes in making the urban landscape safer and more bike-friendly.

Out on the mean streets and cramped avenues, Bike Pittsburgh has worked with the city government and PennDOT to install bike lanes and shared-lane markings along roads, bridges, and commuter routes. From Downtown to the East End, South Side to Squirrel Hill, the iconic Three Rivers Bike Racks, designed in

imitation of the city's waterways, can be found sprouting up thanks to collaborations with Pittsburgh Downtown Partnership, The Sprout Fund, and local design and fabrication firms.

Beyond improving roads and racks, Bike Pittsburgh has turned what once meant a blast of fumes and a threat to cyclists into a blessing for ill-equipped riders who still need to transport their bicycles. Twelve PAT bus routes now provide bike carrying racks as part of a program called Rack 'N Roll, with several more routes to receive the same treatment by the end of 2009 and a promise for all new buses to be outfitted with the racks.

Most importantly, Bike Pittsburgh has worked with its biggest donor, the Richard King Mellon Foundation, and the City of Pittsburgh to hire the city's first full-time Bicycle and Pedestrian Coordinator, Stephen Patchan. Patchan focuses on implementing the city's plan of four E's: engineering, education, enforcement, and events to make Pittsburgh's



TRAFFIC-FREE  
RIDING ROUTES

Oakland to  
Downtown

Take Bates St. nearly to the bottom of the hill. Before passing beneath the overpass, get on the sidewalk—there's a handicap ramp. A short path will take you under the highway overpass and spit you out onto the Eliza Furnace Trail, better known as the Jail Trail (below). Turn right and follow it two miles into Downtown. You'll end up on Grant St., one of Downtown's main thoroughfares.



Downtown  
to Oakland

Take Forbes Ave. back toward Oakland to Jumonville St., nearly a mile out of Downtown. Hang a left and ride to Fifth Ave., where you'll turn right. It's illegal to ride in the bus lane, but the sidewalk along Fifth is the safest way back to Oakland. Don't continue on Forbes—construction barriers present a narrow lane, and high-speed traffic merging from the interstate will be sure to ruffle your shirtsleeves, if not much worse.



streets and recreation areas safe and navigable for all drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians.

With concerted efforts to improve roads and provide safe streets and neighborhoods for cyclists, Patchan and Bike Pittsburgh hope to decrease the city's environmental impact by lessening oil dependence and lowering emissions.

Also a proponent for environmental friendliness is Pittsburgh Trails Advocacy Group (PTAG), a project of Bike Pittsburgh. PTAG works to promote off-road riding, recreation, and trail building for mountain bikers, hikers, and equestrians. Along with several other mountain bike organizations in the area, PTAG and Bike Pittsburgh promote rides, races, and events oriented toward mud-loving cyclists around the region.

Catering to the off-road, the urban, and all the casual riders in between, Bike Fest is the annual summer celebration of

“My dream is that someday anyone can feel comfortable and safe riding on the streets of Pittsburgh. I'd like to see my mom out there.”

cycling in the city. Founded and organized by Bike Pittsburgh since 2005, Bike Fest includes more than 40 citywide events, ranging from slow park cruises to high-speed track and alley-cat races. Many of the meeting points and finish lines are in Wilksburg at Free Ride, the

recycle-a-bike workshop partnered with the organization.

For anyone in need of bike maintenance and know-how, or someone looking to recycle an old bike for his own riding enjoyment, Free Ride provides the grease, tools, salvaged bikes, parts, and volunteers to help any wayward walker find a ride.

Not so interested in getting down and dirty with your bike? When you walk into any of the city's bike shops you'll find the new Bike Pittsburgh Bike Map, designed by deepLocal Inc. with graphics and illustrations by Glen Johnson. The map includes markers for cycling-safe road routes, trails, points of interest, cautionary routes, steep hills, trolley stops, shopping areas, and bike shops. An illustrated guide to safe cycling informs readers of important cycling practices.

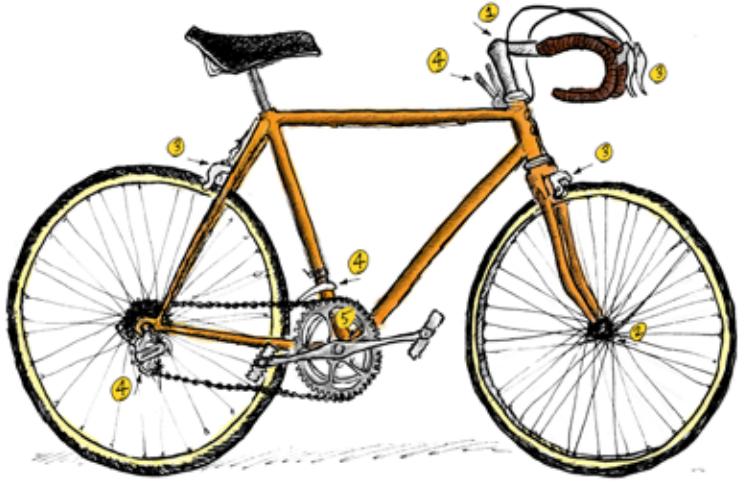
When he looks around on the path Bike Pittsburgh and the city are taking, Scott Bricker sees things moving past a bit faster than before. The city is accelerating its efforts to become, as Mayor Ravenstahl said in a speech in which he announced the city's increased efforts for bicycle advocacy, a “world-class city.” Both the city and Bike Pittsburgh have been pulling harder and pushing stronger up the steady hill toward that ideal.

When he visits other cities in the U.S., Bricker takes inspiration from their progressive measures, and sees Pittsburgh not only following the lead, but taking it. “My dream is that someday anyone can feel comfortable and safe riding on the streets of Pittsburgh,” says Bricker, “to get to work, get the groceries, for recreation, anywhere in the city. I'd like to see my mom riding out there.” Check out [www.bike-pgh.org](http://www.bike-pgh.org) for updates on cycling events and more about Bike Pittsburgh, [www.ptag-trails.com](http://www.ptag-trails.com) for trail information, and [www.freeride.org](http://www.freeride.org) or Issue 2 of The Original (at [www.originalmag.com](http://www.originalmag.com)) for more about Free Ride ●

Photos from left to right: Katy Mulvihill, Julia Sinn

# TESTING 1,2,3

Did your bike break? Do your brakes bite? Find out with these simple safety checks.



| The part:                  | Looks like: | What it does:   | The test:  |
|----------------------------|-------------|---|--|
| Headset                    |             | The headset joins the stem and handlebars with the fork of your bike. It sits within the steer tube (or head tube) of the bike.   | Pull on the front brake lever so the wheel is stopped, then push the handlebars forward and back. If you notice major clanking, it's time to tighten things up.  |
| Hubs                       |             | The hubs should be snug and rotate easily in the direction of the moving wheel.   | Grab a tire and push the wheel laterally. If you hear or feel clanking, it's time for a checkup.   |
| Brakes                     |             | Brakes slow the wheels or prevent them from turning. Brake pads grip the rim and are mounted to the brake calipers, which are actuated by the brake levers via cable tension. Cables can come loose or stretch, whereupon they must be loosened, tensioned, and re-tightened where they meet the caliper. | Squeeze a brake lever and push or pull the bike forward (or back) so the rear (or front) wheel lifts off the ground and the bike is balanced on its front (or rear) wheel. With the weight of the bike and your force pressing on them, your brake pads still shouldn't slip—if they do, it's time to change them.   |
| Derailleurs & Shift Levers |             | Derailleurs keep the chain aligned with the cog by pushing it one way or another to make it jump to the next cog. They must guide the chain along, but not unduly rub against it. Shift levers pull or release cable slack to keep the derailleurs in place.  | If you hear grinding or scraping between the chain and derailleurs, adjust your shifters until the derailleur is no longer grinding. To adjust the cable further, turn the small barrel that encircles the start of the cable near the shift lever. Can't find it? It might be located on your down tube instead. If you're unsure of what to do, leave it for a mechanic. |
| Bottom Bracket             |             | The bottom bracket is the cylindrical juncture of your cranks and pedals with the frame of your bike.   | Grab the crank where it joins the pedal and try to lever it perpendicular to the rest of the bike. Like the hubs, if it's clanking, it's tanking; take it to a shop.   |

**If it's broke, fix it. Try:**  
**Iron City Bikes** 331 Bouquet St., (412) 681-1310, [www.ironcitybikes.com](http://www.ironcitybikes.com); **Kraynick's Bike Shop** 5003 Penn Ave., (412) 621-6160; **Pittsburgh Pro Bicycles** 5876 Forbes Ave., (412) 586-5497, [www.probikesllc.com](http://www.probikesllc.com); **Trek of Pittsburgh** 5956 Penn Circle South, Suite 202, (412) 362-TREK(8735), [www.trekofpgh.com](http://www.trekofpgh.com)





# COFFEE & CUSHIONS

Lending a bit of world flavor to the Pittsburgh community, Your Inner Vagabond Coffeehouse and World Lounge in Lawrenceville has staked its claim as one of the city's most authentic coffee lounges, serving caffeine cravers with an eclectic blend of delectable food, steaming brews, and unique entertainment.

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It was a lifestyle that wasn't for them.

"We weren't making money as actors and I wanted a roof over my head and food on my plate," Watson remembers. "New York was burn-

Call it what you will—java, mocha, mud, or just plain coffee—owners AJ Schaffer and Andrew Watson have made it their personal mission to bring a taste of their travels inside the city's walls, providing a quirky hangout spot and world-class entertainment to their adventure-seeking patrons.

Sitting cross-legged and shoeless on one of many Moroccan cushions strewn about the Vagabond floors, Watson tells the story of his business' birth. It's a tale that literally goes for miles—thousands of them—extending from New York to Australia, Malaysia to South Jersey, Portugal to Morocco, and finally, serendipitously, to Pittsburgh.

It begins in New York, where the pair lived like so many others—as starving artists, trying to break in the world of theater.

ing us out." Their dissatisfaction with the city compelled them to make a drastic change: they would leave New York and travel the world spontaneously.

In 1998, Watson and Schaffer packed their belongings, quit their jobs, got hitched, and drove across the country, landing in L.A. only to purchase two one-way flights to Australia. The venture led the newlyweds throughout much of the South Pacific, where they lived as farmhands for seven months, totally immersed in the local culture.

From there, the pair made their way to Indonesia, Southeast Asia, Cambodia, Thailand, and Malaysia, often carrying their livelihood in an automobile they purchased along the way.

"It was quite an experience, but once we ran out of money, we decided to return home to



South Jersey,” Watson says, adding that he and Schaffer once again entered the workforce.

But after two years, the pair itched to resume their travels. They hit the road again—this time on bicycles—and pedaled their way across Europe.

Journeying through Portugal, Istanbul, Spain, and Morocco, the travelers lived off the land,

ally fell in love with it,” explains Watson, who heard about the city while selling goods in the area.

“It has a very cool dynamic and a young, energetic population.”

Their Butler Street space, a former golf shop, was alluring for its prime location, inviting atmosphere, and affordable price tag. It seemed an idyllic spot for a sprawling coffeehouse.

After extensive remodeling, a task that included stenciling the walls with traditional Eastern patterns and filling the store with an abundance of foreign treasures, Your Inner Vagabond opened its

“We came up with the name based on what we want the place to be. When you’re here, you’re a traveler.”

doors at the start of 2008. Explains Watson: “It was a lot to get used to, but in a way it broke our cherry; we had never done anything like this before.”

Watson and Schaffer’s time in Morocco left them craving more, so the pair rented a flat and sold pillows to keep afloat. While there, they frequented old coffeehouses, an experience that would shape their future business.

“These coffeehouses were a place where individuals from the community went to share ideas,” Watson says. “In going to these places, we saw a need to do something like that back home. We were really very inspired.”

After moving their pillow business online and returning stateside, Watson and Schaffer decided to pursue their ambition, to emulate Morocco’s 400-year-old community strongholds. Adds Watson, “We decided it was time to make what we had always wanted into a reality.”

Combing through a list of potential sites that included New Jersey, Washington, D.C., and New York, the pair selected Pittsburgh as the setting for the newest chapter in their lives.

“We didn’t know anything about Pittsburgh, but hung out here for two weeks or so and re-

Just a year later, its take-your-coat-off-and-put-your-feet-up vibe has proven a success, luring a diverse crowd of loyal and lively caffeine cravers.

“It’s a great place for the arts, and Lawrenceville definitely has a funky, creative feeling that isn’t pretentious,” Watson says, noting that Butler Street was rated one of the U.S.’s last authentic main streets by *The New York Times*. “There is just a lot of support everywhere you look.”

**WATSON AND SCHAFER DESCRIBE** their style as a near-Eastern harem ambiance. They strive to not only showcase Moroccan decor, but to maintain a menu of exceptionally prepared food as well. From a seasonal selection of hummus, baklava, and warm and cool exotic teas and coffees to other traditional favorites from around the world, the Vagabond menu boasts an impressive array of international cuisine infused with a distinctly American flavor.

The space, separated into two great rooms, features an inviting front hall where pillows reign supreme. A lengthy counter showcases exotic food, memorabilia, and information regarding nightly attractions.



► Your Inner Vagabond frequently hosts free “Bellydance Sundays,” which, along with a troupe performance, include a featured dancer, who entertains with shimmies, swerves, and shakes. Visit [www.yourinnervagabond.com](http://www.yourinnervagabond.com) for a complete calendar of events.



▼ Onlookers take in the performance, but are sure to become active participants by the end of the night, when the floor opens up and DJ Vagabond begins to spin Middle Eastern disco.



The entryway, awash in natural light that filters through several great windows, illuminates a cozy seating area full of personalized touches. From small poufs and hand-carved tables (salvaged from a near-devastating house fire) to crumpled bills and coins displayed behind panes of glass, Schaffer and Watson spared no expense in making their java hut an inviting and memorable refuge.

Strings of Christmas lights, canary-colored walls, and lazy fans nestled in the lounge's gigantic ceilings provide ambience. A continuous loop of enchanting music persuades customers to sit back and take in the view of neighboring shops as employees deliver tiered dishes of neatly trimmed entrées, many of which are vegan-friendly and gluten-free.

A gallery space showcasing local artwork leads into a posh lounge where dimmed lanterns, plush seating, gads of rugs, and a large stage beckon comfort enthusiasts to grab a cup of joe and pull up a pillow for conversation that's sure to last well into the evening.

The coffeehouse is appropriate for all ages and also offers foreign film screenings, hookah, and performances by local bands.

"We have something going on every night," boasts Watson. Sunday belly dancing nights in particular have grown immensely popular: "Pittsburgh is fast becoming the belly dancing capitol of the United States, and people sure have a lot of fun."

**"WE CAME UP WITH THE NAME** based on what we want the place to be for people," Watson explains. "When you're here, you're not a tourist, you're a traveler."

With none of their own plans to travel for at least five years,

Watson and Schaffer say that the space has come to represent a side of themselves that they always embraced, but never realized they could pursue professionally.

"We just want people to come in and talk with us. That's why we say we're not in the coffee business, but the cushion rental business," jokes Watson. Since traveling, he's adopted the Arabic term *Inshallah* ("God willing") as a way of describing his endeavors.

"I enjoy making life interesting, and with this place we ask people to explore themselves and reconnect with things that are really important in life."

Watson, adding that he intends to expand the venture to include bottled beverages and perhaps more locations, hopes that collaborations with other businesses come to fruition as well. This coffee fanatic's great-

"We just want people to come in and talk with us. That's why we say we're not in the coffee business, but the cushion rental business."

est ambition, however, is to give city dwellers a well-rounded basis for living. In fact, it's what Your Inner Vagabond is all about.

"I sometimes think I'm crazy," Watson says, smiling as he replaces his shoes to greet a group of patrons wandering in off the street. "I like doing things that get people talking. As we find out what customers want we can make changes to better suit them, because we're always evolving. We hope to be here for a long time, *Inshallah*." 4130 Butler St.; (412) 683-1623; T-Th 4 P.M.-12 A.M., F 4 P.M.-2 A.M., Sa 12 P.M.-2 A.M., Sun 12-11 P.M.; [www.yourinnervagabond.com](http://www.yourinnervagabond.com) ●



# CRAFTACULAR



**C**olors running the spectrum: glass from the Czech Republic, Indian gems, pearls from China, Japanese seed beads, and trade beads from Ghana. Crystal Bead Bazaar is one of the city's best bead stores, known for bringing a vast selection of materials from around the globe to Lawrenceville's 16:62 Design Zone district.

Owner Joanne Yalch had been working in restaurants for 30 years and beading as a hobby for seven when one day her husband told her he was tired

of seeing her work for other people. He urged her to start her own business, and with this encouragement, Joanne opened Crystal Bead Bazaar in 2003. "I wanted it to be the best bead store in Pittsburgh," she says.

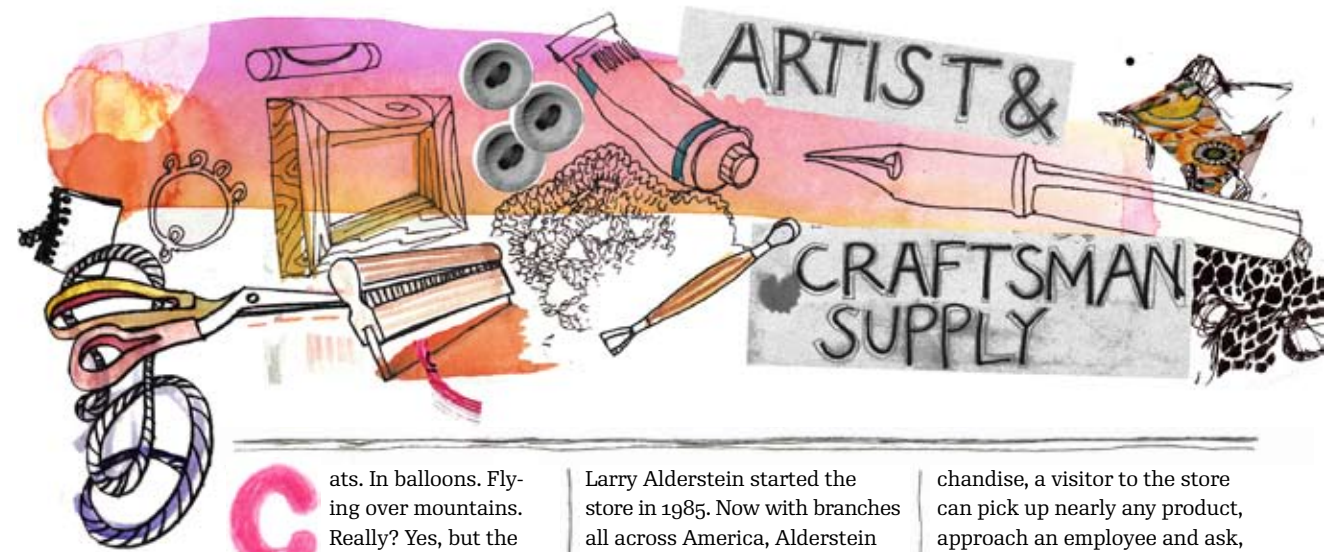
While the store is recognized for its wide selection of Swarovski crystals, it actually gets its name from the white cockatoo, Crystal, that serves as its mascot. A frequent visitor in the past, Crystal no longer makes many store appearances. "She was a pain in the butt," Joanne remembers, smiling. Forget a bull

in a china shop; take a minute to imagine a bird in a bead store.

Namesake aside, Crystal Bead Bazaar is the perfect haven for beginners and experts alike, offering classes that range from simple stringing to more advanced metal working and bead weaving. Prices range from \$25 to \$80, not including materials.

With its recent move to a larger location just a block from its original site, Joanne hopes the store's future is "just as it was, but more so."

And who would ever say no to more of a good thing? — JP



**C**ats. In balloons. Flying over mountains. Really? Yes, but the mural on the side of Artist & Craftsman isn't nearly as surprising as its interior.

Beyond the quiet street lies a three-room shop, packed floor to ceiling with paint, comics, toys, and ideas for every bent and persuasion of interested artist, craftsman, or gift-hunter. Those lacking inspiration before their visit will encounter enough stimuli at this overflowing shop to hold them over for their next five projects.

Crystal Armagost, a manager at Artist & Craftsman, explains that A&C Founder and President

Larry Alderstein started the store in 1985. Now with branches all across America, Alderstein places new A&C locations in neighborhoods that boast growing art scenes, but lack art supply stores—when the Squirrel Hill location opened, Pittsburgh fit this description to a T.

In his quest for quality, Alderstein seeks out the newest and best supplies and offers them to his employees to sample and test; their experiences and feedback determine whether these products will make it into an A&C store near you. And because the staff at A&C make a point of sampling store mer-

chandise, a visitor to the store can pick up nearly any product, approach an employee and ask, "Hey, is this stuff any good?" And they'll receive an honest and informed opinion. Moreover, the staff know their supplies—not only are all employees art school graduates, many are also local artists (and craftsmen, of course).

In addition to craft supplies, A&C also features a selection of oddball items. Crystal says, "We are the secret weapon for gift shopping." Where else can you frame a piece of art, pick up paint for your next screenprinting project, and get your kid brother a plastic chicken shooter? — AG



**A**s a professor of social work at the University of Pittsburgh, Dr. Stacey Wettstein knows a lot about people. When she opened Knit One in 2005, she hoped to create an environment where people could share knitting and, more importantly, share company. Most nights, people come by just to see a familiar face, or occupy their hands and minds for an hour or two.

At Knit One, customers can learn something new in knitting groups that meet nearly every

night, or ask Wettstein's staff of knitters and fiber artists for help mastering that new stitch; there's always someone to lend a hand. Among the veteran employees of Knit One are Linda Voss Plummer, a nationally recognized knitter, and Cosette Cornelius-Bates, author of the much-loved book *Knit One, Embellish Too: Hats, Mittens, and Scarves with a Twist*.

A shop can have all the baby alpaca merino wool in the world, but if the environment isn't inviting, it won't last. Good yarn

shops entice visitors to hang out, look around, lust after their yarn, and of course, sit and knit. Knit One reaches this paradigm with ease, luring knitters in and offering them a place on the big couch at its entrance.

"Knitting is therapy, a way of dealing with issues," says Dr. Wettstein. She jokes that Knit One is "community outreach," and perhaps it is. Everyone is welcome to sit and knit, and she encourages groups to organize in her shop. "You create friendships here," she says. — AG

## (SECRET!) ARTISTS' RESOURCES

### Amvets Community Thrift Center

Most of my work is made from recycled goods, so I love this thrift store on Babcock Blvd. in Ross Township. They have the best variety of old junk ever, and it's cheap!

—Aimee Manion, featured artist, p. 40

### Carnegie Library, Oakland Branch

I haven't started a series in the past few years without spending a couple hours leafing through pertinent books in the oversize section.

—Curt Riegelneegg, contributing artist, p. 25

### Construction Junction

It's the place I go to find something I need, or didn't know I needed. I find bittersweet inspiration when wandering the aisles. There's a narrative in every reclaimed item.

—Jennifer Gooch, featured artist, p. 72

### Dumpsters Behind Frick Building & Former High School

I love stealing, I love free stuff, and I hate my high school.

—Maxwell Rush Beehner, contributing artist, p. 100

### Carnegie Libraries of Pittsburgh

They deliver anything we request right to our backyard with such efficiency that we look forward to paying late fees for their phenomenal free service.

—Paul Roden and Valerie Lueth, featured artists, p. 34



# A DOZEN'S BAKERS

I enter Dozen and spot co-owner James Gray eating a Whole Foods salad. “You’ve got to eat salad to complement the cupcakes,” he laughs, “otherwise you’ll get fat.”

“What do you think about cupcakes?” James asked a friend while driving down a Chicago highway. “Let’s do it,” was the response, and two months later, Dozen was born. “It was sort of a transitional idea,” James explains. Independent catering? A storefront of baked goods? Cupcakes!

They brainstormed a name for their business, difficult because cupcake makers in other cities seem to have taken all the good ones. Finally, Andrew proposed “A Baker’s Dozen?” Of course! “We looked at each other like, Dozen! Dozen! Perfect.”

After overcoming a slew of financial and legal issues, “it seemed that everything fell into place. We just had to work really hard and really fast to get what we wanted,” James explains. On the day that Dozen finally opened

its doors, there was a line around the block to get inside. “People were like, ‘Oh my God, you’re finally open! We are so happy!’” He beams. “It’s what we anticipated, but more. So much more.”

Today, James and Andrew have the perfect setup: they each manage opposite parts of the business. And they never fight. “We compromise based on what is best for the store,” Andrew explains. He trusts James’ skills in the kitchen, and James trusts Andrew’s business sense. It’s a perfect division of labor—democracy in the kitchen.

**WHY PITTSBURGH?** “CHICAGO WAS too expensive, and there was already a cupcake place there,” James explains.

For their first location, the pair selected Squirrel Hill, the hub of Pittsburgh’s east side and a crossroads for students,

commuters, and pedestrians. “Squirrel Hill is really diverse and friendly, really fun,” James says.

Unable to resist the allure of up-and-coming Lawrenceville, the pair opened a second storefront at 3511 Butler Street last January. “Lawrenceville is so hot right now,” James tells me. “It’s like Brooklyn down there.”

The new bakeshop offers traditional foods with a contemporary twist. “It is a great place for students to grab coffee and a treat and study,” James says.

**ANDREW AND JAMES’ MANTRA IS:** “It should taste really good and look really good.” It’s a standard which ensures that Dozen leaves traditional cupcakes in the dust.

The Dozen menu changes daily. James and Andrew reserve bestselling flavors for weekends—when the shop is busiest (James bakes between 600 and 800 cupcakes each weekend, and another 200 to 400 for catering events)—but they try to keep at least one simple vanilla and chocolate cupcake on the menu each day.

“Ideas are proposed all the time,” James laughs, “but we can’t

tell you about them because people will steal them!” The kitchen is separated from the counter by a big white wall. “There is a lot of secrecy behind that wall,” Andrew warns. “Contracts, and handshakes, and mixers. No one goes back there unless we give the OK.”

Valentine’s Day inspires some of the pair’s most bizarre cupcakes. Last year, they created a spicy chocolate cake with cacao and cayenne pepper. They’ve created a pink-colored passion fruit variety made with passion fruit puree. They’ve catered cupcakes-on-fire. “We toyed with disembodied Barbie dolls,” James says, “but we couldn’t find the right parts. And didn’t want people to choke.”

The universal favorite at Dozen is the Elvis. This Nutella-

“We toyed with disembodied Barbie dolls, but we couldn’t find the right parts.”

centered, peanut-butter-iced banana cupcake is coveted by many a Pittsburgher, including Andrew. Why the “Elvis?” Elvis used to eat peanut butter, chocolate, and banana together, James tells me. “We keep the pills off, though,” he adds. [www.dozencupcakes.com](http://www.dozencupcakes.com) ●

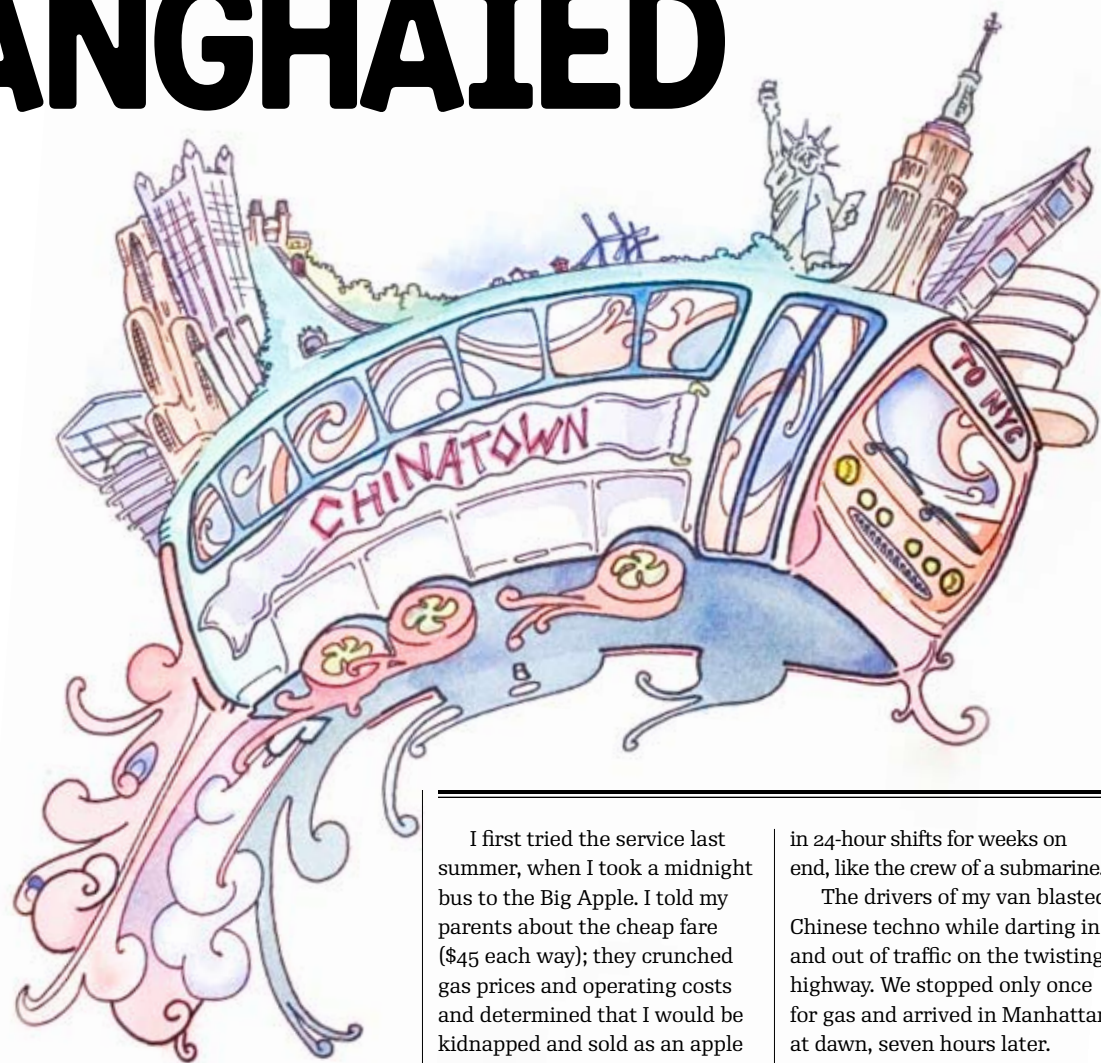
**Dozen Cupcakes** 1707 Murray Ave.; (412) 420-5135; M 11 A.M.-7 P.M., T-Th 11 A.M.-8 P.M., F-Sa 11 A.M.-9 P.M., Su 12-6 P.M.

**Dozen Bake Shop** 3511 Butler St.; (412) 621-4740; M-Th 7 A.M.-9 P.M., F 7 A.M.-10 P.M., Sa 8 A.M.-10 P.M., Su 8 a.m.-3 P.M. with brunch service until 2 P.M.

◀ Pictured cupcake flavors: Vanilla: vanilla bean buttercream on yellow cake; Grapesicle: vanilla butter cake with candy-grape buttercream; S’more: vanilla cake topped with chocolate ganache, vanilla buttercream, graham cracker crumbs, and a toasted marshmallow; Worms ‘n’ Dirt: Oreo buttercream with Oreo crumbs and a gummy worm on vanilla cake.



# SHANGHAIED



DAVE D.  
BRAVES THE  
C-TOWN BUS

A

careless person will easily miss the Spring Market on upper Meyran Street. Inside, a TV plays Chinese soap operas 24 hours a day; a freezer works tirelessly, but never quite keeps its ice cream cold; and a Chinese man sits back in his chair, behind a lock box and a stack of tickets, labeled "PITT to NYC." What is this place? It's a stop on a thrift bus line with Chinese owners and a predominantly Chinese clientele.

Getting cramped by the word "Chinese" yet? If not, you might like this cheap ride to New York.

I first tried the service last summer, when I took a midnight bus to the Big Apple. I told my parents about the cheap fare (\$45 each way); they crunched gas prices and operating costs and determined that I would be kidnapped and sold as an apple picker to cover the disparate costs. I decided the risks were acceptable. At the very least, I could get a book deal out of my kidnapping.

On the eve of my departure, I arrived at Spring Market, purchased a one-way ticket and stood around until the "bus" arrived at 1 A.M., an hour behind schedule. And by "bus," I mean two passenger vans.

The drivers, two to each van, chugged tall boys of Red Bull and inhaled whole cigarettes in single breaths while chatting on their Bluetooth headsets. I imagined them driving to New York, then turning right around

in 24-hour shifts for weeks on end, like the crew of a submarine.

The drivers of my van blasted Chinese techno while darting in and out of traffic on the twisting highway. We stopped only once for gas and arrived in Manhattan at dawn, seven hours later.

The ride home was much quieter, but not as fun. The vans were replaced with two brand new Coach buses, which stopped at Subway for a food and bathroom break.

In comparison to the Greyhound bus, I'd take the Chinese A&W Travel bus anytime—even the passenger vans. The last time I traveled with Greyhound I had an enlightening conversation with some Californians on the lam from federal prison. It was enough to make me miss the techno music. *116 Meyran; (412) 605-0806; bus departs Sa-M 12:30 A.M., F 11:30 P.M.; \$65 (\$45 for students), cash only*

# THE HOUSE THAT TRASH BUILT



**B**irthered from the collective good will and efforts of a group of environmental organizations, Construction Junction has become one of the Pittsburgh area's largest suppliers of recycled bits and pieces for hearth and home.

Venture straight into the depths of this Point Breeze warehouse-slash-storefront to peruse dozens of desks and tables, ranging from \$15 finds to genuine antiques, priced hundreds of dollars more and still a bargain. Lining the warehouse's back wall, past the bathtubs and toilets, are doors—hundreds of them—priced according to material, paint, and paneling. Every month, between 200 and 300 doors enter through CJ's loading dock and leave in the hands of happy, eco-friendly consumers.

By the cash register sits the complete entryway of a 19th-century Fox Chapel home. The CJ Deconstruction Team, which does its best to save materials from sites slated to be demolished, wrested this beautiful piece from one end of a building as another was being eaten by a back-hoe.

99% of CJ's inventory comes from private donors, which makes shopping here a real experience.

Operations Director Shannon Clover admits, "We don't really know what's here. Nothing comes through these doors with a bar code on it." If you're looking for a door three inches thick and seven feet tall, she politely suggests you bring a tape measure.

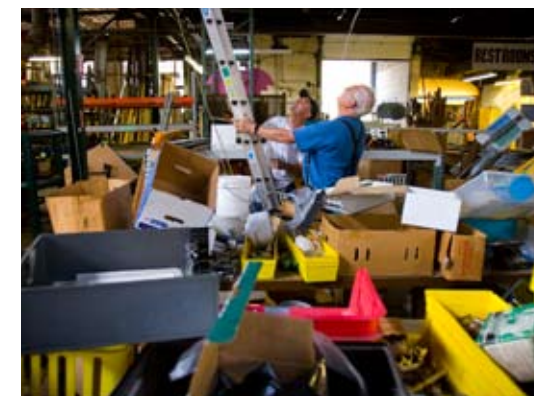
Clover, a young woman with curly brown hair and her own pair of monogrammed work gloves, was part of an environmental consulting agency before she joined CJ last June. Executive Director Mike Gable, on the other hand, has been here from the start. A man who could as easily be 40 as 60, Gable was plucked from his organic farm by the Pennsylvania Resources Council to implement CJ's business plan. He has been at the helm from its genesis beneath the 62<sup>nd</sup> Street Bridge to its current solvency.

In the spirit of a move toward a greener world, CJ doesn't work alone. Nights, they provide space to a bicycle collective called Free Ride, and also work with electronics recycler eLoop to collect old computers and printers, and to refill ink cartridges.

CJ accepts donations at their loading dock during regular business hours and provides pickup service for large donations.

*214 N. Lexington St.; (412) 243-5025; M-F 8 A.M.-5 P.M., Sa 9 A.M.-5 P.M., Su 11 A.M.-4 P.M.; www.constructionjunction.org*

▼ A pair of veteran employees combat the mayhem of donated merchandise at Construction Junction, the Point Breeze emporium of all things recycled.





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# ON THE COVER

Jeff Rieger, the original *O* cover model, chats with Varun Bhandari, our newest face.

**Jeff:** Looks like you're going to be on the cover of the next issue of *The Original*. How do you feel about it?

**Varun:** I'm not expecting to get a lot of attention from modeling agencies or anything, but I guess it will be neat.

**Jeff:** Staying modest. I like it.

**Varun:** I do what I can.

**Jeff:** What else do you do besides modesty?

**Varun:** I've been working at WPTS, Pitt's radio station, for almost four years now.

**Jeff:** Facebook says you're a "front desk girl" at the station.

**Varun:** I did that, too, for about a year and a half.

**Jeff:** So, having been a front desk girl, would you make out with your clone?

**Varun:** No, don't think so.

**Jeff:** But you're a good-looking guy.

**Varun:** I like people who are different from me, not...me.

**Jeff:** Fair enough. What about your robot house servant?

**Varun:** [pause] Would I make out with it? I don't even have one!

**Jeff:** Allow me to rephrase: What would you want your robot house servant of the future to look like?

**Varun:** I'd probably want it to be robot-like, a little smaller than a person. Something like Johnny Five, from *Short Circuit*.

**Jeff:** Great movie! Would it have a built-in boombox?

**Varun:** Duh!

**Jeff:** Speaking of the future, a lot of people are predicting the death of print media. If, in some apocalyptic digital future, newspapers and magazines kick the bucket, will you turn to video blogs or regular ol' text blogs?

**Varun:** I don't believe the hype. There's a whole industry pumping out content for all forms of print. Writers and editors aren't going to just publish on the web all day for free. I think the internet has something different but relevant to offer.

**Jeff:** You don't think there will be a paradigm shift in our lifetime?

**Varun:** It's possible, but people talk as if the whole industry's about to collapse. I just don't see that happening. People like something tangible they can carry around. I think it will be a long time before print is really on the outs.

**Jeff:** Let's hope so, let's hope so.



# 5 MINUTES WITH—

CHRIS  
CASSADY

HANNAH  
PILLING

STEPHANIE  
BETTS

BRAQUE  
HERSHBERGER



1 Would you make out with your clone? Absolutely. 2 What will your robot house servant of the future look like? Arnold Schwarzenegger. 3 Have you ever slept in the Cathedral? Come to think of it I have—in class. 4 What's the best pair of shoes you've ever owned? 1984 Nike Air Forces.

5 If you could be any senior citizen, who would it be? Ozzy Osbourne. 6 For the next five years you can only own one or the other: car or bicycle? Jetpack.

7 How are you preparing for the zombie apocalypse? Stockpiling food and weapons.

8 Free immigration, ruthless deportation, or just a mountain of paperwork? Free immigration.

9 Craigslist personals, or Facebook stalking? Craigslist personals, up the creeps! 10 If Facebook got shut down by The Man, how would you spend your free time? All sorts of ruthless debauchery and shenanigans. 11 What's the craziest thing you'd do for money? For candy? For fifteen minutes of fame? For a "Get Out Of Jail Free" card? Release a bag full of venomous snakes into an elderly home. 12 Is the youth of America today cooler or lamer than the kids in the '60s? Who would win in a rumble? Half and half. Unfortunately, today's youth would win. 13 What's the biggest commitment you would make to save the planet? Not wear clothes for five years. 14 Candlestick in the study, gun in the hallway, or knife in the kitchen? And who do you blame? Blame the drive to murder. That's who's to blame.

1 What will your robot house servant of the future look like?

I think I'd have to choose *The Jetsons'* robot. They seem to have it down. 2 Have you ever slept in the Cathedral? Yes, I hadn't slept and had an hour before class. And it was warm.

3 If you could be on the cover of a magazine, which one would it be? *The New York Times Magazine*, for something interesting that I've done. 4 If you could be any senior citizen, who would it be? My grandmother; she's the shit.

5 For the next five years you can only own one or the other: car or bicycle? Bicycle. 6 What's the craziest thing you'd do for money? For candy? For fifteen minutes of fame? For a "Get Out Of Jail Free" card? I don't know because it would be crazy. 7 Is the youth of America today cooler or lamer than the kids in the '60s? Who would win in a rumble? Lamer. They'd even kick our ass; we're too sheltered by our internet and anti-bacterial world.

8 What's the biggest commitment you would make to save the planet? I would go without a car.

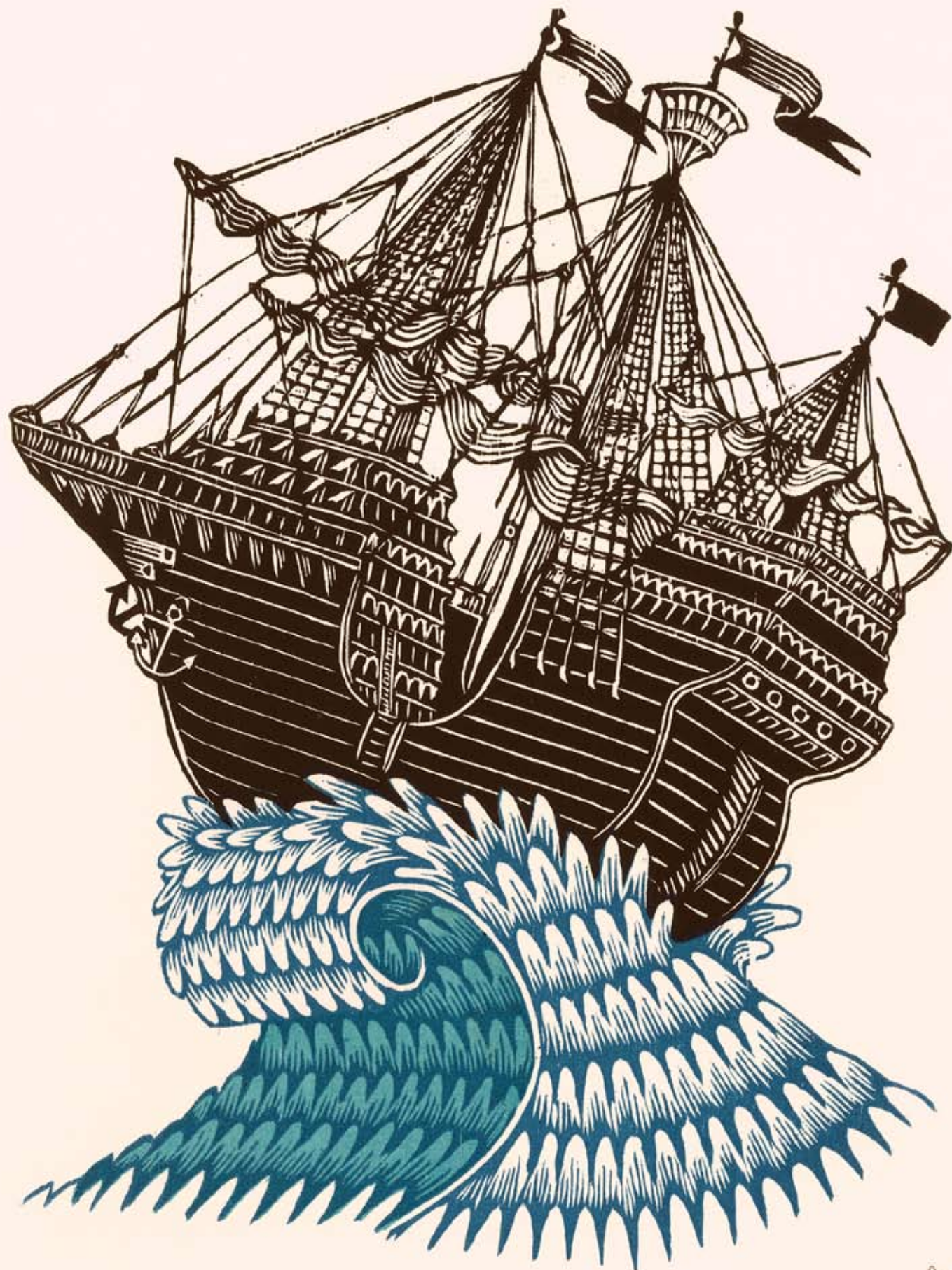
1 What will your robot house servant of the future look like? A Latin pool boy.

2 If you could be on the cover of a magazine, which one would it be? *The Pitt News*. 3 What's the best pair of shoes you've ever owned? I had a pair of red cowgirl boots that I paired with a Larry Bird T-shirt for a significant portion of my childhood.

4 If you could be any senior citizen, who would it be? Ruth Bader Ginsburg. 5 How are you preparing for the zombie apocalypse? Who the fuck wrote this shit? 6 Craigslist personals, or Facebook stalking? I'm a Facebooker, but only during finals week. 7 What's the craziest thing you'd do for money? As little as I had to. 8 Is the youth of America today cooler or lamer than the kids in the '60s? Who would win in a rumble? We're cooler. More to work with. We'd pound them. 9 What's the biggest commitment you would make to save the planet? I would vow not to have children.

1 Would you make out with your clone? Yes, just to see what it's like. 2 What will your robot house servant of the future look like? Lois Griffin. 3 Have you ever slept in the Cathedral? Yes, I was reading Thomas Jefferson. 4 If you could be on the cover of a magazine, which one would it be? *The Original*. 5 What's the best pair of shoes you've ever owned? Adidas ZX-750 Oddity Color. 6 For the next five years you can only own one or the other: car or bicycle? Bicycle. 7 How are you preparing for the zombie apocalypse? Life in the fast lane. 8 Free immigration, ruthless deportation, or just a mountain of paperwork? Free immigration. 9 Craigslist personals, or Facebook stalking? "Casual encounters" is the particular type of Craigslist personal that interests me. "W4M" specifically. 10 If Facebook got shut down by The Man, how would you spend your free time? *StumbleUpon*, a *Firefox* plug-in that shows you random websites based on your interests. 11 What's the craziest thing you'd do for money? For candy? For fifteen minutes of fame? For a "Get Out Of Jail Free" card? Prostitution. 12 Is the youth of America today cooler or lamer than the kids in the '60s? Who would win in a rumble? Far cooler. Definitely the youth of today. Hipsters could take hippies any day. 13 Candlestick in the study, gun in the hallway, or knife in the kitchen? And who do you blame? Knife in the kitchen and Colonel Mustard is the bastard who did it.





This page and following spreads: Courtesy of Tugboat Printshop

# A PERFECT STORM

Nestled in Lawrenceville, down a soft slope from Penn Avenue and across the street from the Stephen C. Foster Community Center, sits Tugboat Printshop, home of Paul Roden and Valerie Lueth. The ground floor of 298 Main Street doubles as workshop and showroom, the majority of the front room taken up by a massive press. Walls are lined with prints of cities crowded with tenement houses and animals in off-white vacuums.

**T**he two have been friends since college at the University of South Dakota, but began their professional collaboration just a year and a half ago. They are a perfect complement to each other: Roden is a flop-haired brunette with thick glasses and just enough facial hair; Lueth is indefatigably cheery, with blonde pigtails and an infectious smile. Individually, they tend toward dense, full prints, textured from edge to edge. Together they allow negative space to speak, as in

◀ *Wavejumper*, *The Deep Blue Sea* series, 9.5" x 12.5", color woodcut on paper, Paul Roden and Valerie Lueth, 2008  
▶ Paul Roden (left) and Valerie Lueth (right) at work in the Tugboat Printshop studio in Lawrenceville.

their *Woodland Creatures* series, or their current project, *The Deep Blue Sea*. Roden describes the collaboration as "art by committee," the wood passing back and forth between them, the star of discussions on content and meaning.

Lawrenceville has been good to them. After leaving South Dakota, they landed in Roden's hometown of Nashville, but felt isolated and pigeonholed as "Southern Artists." In Pittsburgh they enjoy a loyal clientele and a location central to Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York.

Keeping a keen eye on practicality, Tugboat also maintains a framing shop, making the service affordable to themselves and their clients, while adding to their solvency. Summer weekends, Lueth and Roden spend their time on the road, selling work at art and print festivals from Chicago to Brooklyn.

Though they were featured at 707 Penn Gallery last fall, the pair are focusing less on gallery shows, opting instead to participate in events that deliver their work to larger audiences. Even their medium is colored by their business sense—Lueth and Roden diffuse costs by running editions of 50 from one woodblock carving. It's a move that allows them to price prints more affordably, making them acces-

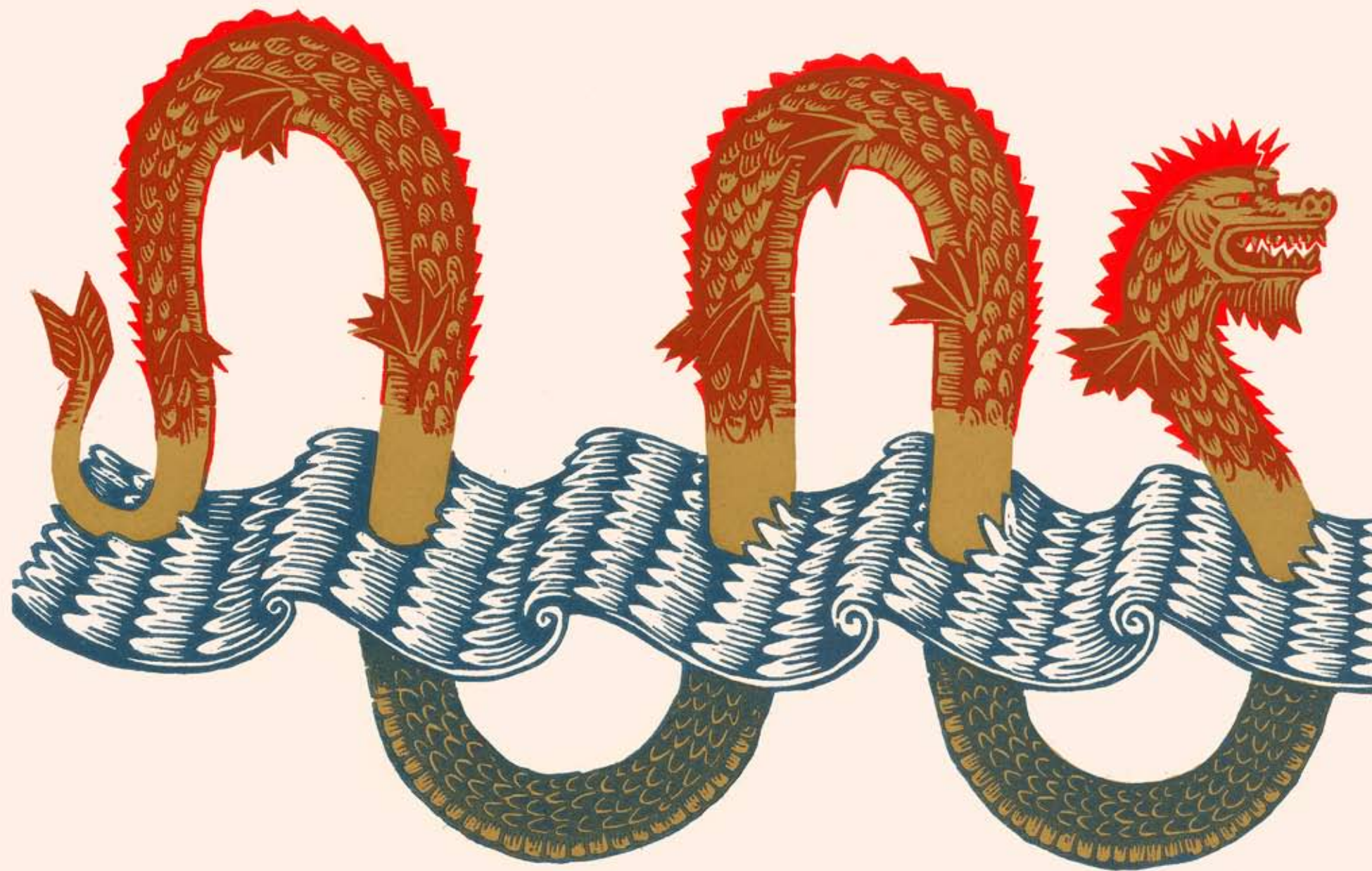
sible to anyone interested in unique art. And the art is unique. Conceived as one of an edition and integral to its completeness, each print holds minute differences in ink and texture.

And certainly each piece is meaningful to the artists. Lueth and Roden still feel, after two and a half years in the City of Bridges, that their time here is the beginning of a new adven-



ture. The sentiment is echoed in *The Deep Blue Sea*, a series that effuses mystery and exploration. Roden calls the present a "time of high strangeness," globally, nationally, and personally. Pittsburgh is a crossroads, a chance to take their lives and work, which are so intricately intertwined, in a new direction; it is a confluence, where they have come together to create something altogether new and exciting. It is their perfect storm of opportunity.





THIS PAGE:

► *Mythical Sea Serpent, The Deep Blue Sea series*, 9.5" x 12.5", color woodcut on paper, Paul Roden and Valerie Lueth, 2008

NEXT PAGE:

►► *Explorer Capsule 3000, The Deep Blue Sea series*, 9.5" x 12.5", color woodcut on paper, Paul Roden and Valerie Lueth, 2008

7/50

"MYTHICAL SEA SERPENT"

Paul Roden  
Valerie Lueth 2008





58/90

•EXPLORER CAPSULE 3000•

*J. Paul*  
Chicago, IL 2013

## Why “Tugboat?”

**Paul:** We wanted a name that wasn't stuffy-sounding, like “The Lueth-Roden Collection.”

**Valerie:** No, we wanted to be kinda friendly.

**Paul:** And adorable.

**Valerie:** And also adorable.

Tugboat Printshop 298 Main Street, (412)621-0663, [www.tugboatprintshop.com](http://www.tugboatprintshop.com) ●



# ARTFULLY AIMEE

It's pretty easy to find an artist who can't wait to move to the Big Apple and live out her lifelong dream of becoming the next in-demand artist. It's pretty hard to find an artist who wants to turn her hometown arts scene into a thriving culture where she can be the in-demand artist.

But Aimee Manion—artist by profession, scientist by hobby—is doing just that. Painter, weaver, entrepreneur; it doesn't matter what title you give her, Aimee is part of a new wave of Pittsburgh professionals making a living through their creativity.

Aimee honed her skills as an undergraduate at Indiana University of Pennsylvania (IUP), where she earned degrees in painting and fibers, a minor in anthropology, and way more credits than she needed.

"I took a lot of science classes and electives just because I liked them," says Aimee. "I ended up with like 180 credits."

Currently, she concentrates on painting and uses her free time to create jewelry and woven bags out of recycled materials.

In October, Aimee was the featured artist at ModernFormations in Garfield. The show,

*Created by Accident*, displayed Aimee's own work as well as her collaborations with Sebastian van Gorder—aka Talman Charters, Aimee's longtime boyfriend. Aimee and Talman—sci-

entist by profession, artist by hobby—possess a unique style that combines provocative abstract imagery with the tangible, a method by which the two explore the unnoticed details of life. Their work invites viewers to think about their place in the universe and its impact on the world around them.

Although the show is a dual exhibition, most of the work on display belongs to Aimee, who draws much of her inspiration from the natural world and the scientific images used to illustrate the complex inner workings of the human body.

"The processes in the body are such beautiful, ineffable things," says Aimee. "Scientific images don't get at any of that beauty. They're so clinical they actually take it away."

In her paintings, Aimee breathes life into these natural functions with a saturated

palette and whimsical, eccentric style. She works mainly on wood, which allows her to sand down her paintings and easily add new layers of gesso and color as the works develop. By using both watercolors and oils, Aimee gives herself a wide range of possible texture, color, and line combinations with which to create movement and depth in her images.

Aimee utilizes motifs to generate cohesion across her body of work. Images of tube-shaped centrioles can often be found bending and flying across the artist's compositions, as in *Blue Sky Toss*, where Creamsicle-colored centrioles shoot microvilli across a blue sky. Non-scientific motifs, like spirals and networks of lines, create connections and often hint at realism, lending a sense of size and space to each of Aimee's paintings.

Though she frequently appropriates the scientific, Aimee also draws from the tangible, technical world to comment on our consumer-driven society. In *Internet Blooms Organisms*, she combines

#### THIS PAGE AND NEXT:

► On the closing night of her show at ModernFormations, Aimee Manion is pleased with her first solo exhibition.

#### PAGE 43:

►► *Lemon Jelly*; 16" x 20"; oil, ink, vellum, gesso, collage and polycrylic on wood; 2007







the smallest parts of our natural world with an abstract depiction of technology, drawing parallels between the internet and evolution. Alongside a network of deep blue lines representing the internet, Aimee uses intestine-like shapes as a metaphor for consumption and greed.

FOR AIMEE, THE BEST PART ABOUT having a solo show is seeing how people react to such a large collection of her work.

“A woman told Talman and me that we are two of the most creative beings she has ever met,” says Aimee with a laugh. “It was great seeing such a positive reaction to our work.”

Just down the road from ModernFormations, Aimee’s art was also on display at Fe Gallery’s *In the Making: 250 Years/250 Artists*. The exhibit was part of Pittsburgh’s 250th birthday celebration and featured 250 artists from the region. Two of Aimee’s pieces can be found in the show. One image, *Lemon Jelly* [shown right], depicts a centriole flying past two organic shapes resem-

bling piles of raspberry jam. The painting—oil, ink, vellum, gesso, collage and polycrylic on wood—is exemplary of Aimee’s unique process and style.

On January 9<sup>th</sup>, *Yes. Thank you.*, Aimee’s newest show, opened at the Brew House Association in the South Side. When we first spoke this past fall, Aimee was working diligently on a series of multi-media paintings for the exhibit, and toying with the idea of creating a sculptural piece from yarn.

“Most of the other people in the show are my old professors [from IUP], so it’s an honor to display next to them,” beams Aimee. “I’m movin’ on up in the world!”

WHILE BEING AN ARTIST MAY SEEM tiring, you won’t ever find Aimee glued to the couch. She fills time away from painting with creative projects, like helping with Talman’s science club, work-

ing on her website, or creating jewelry and handbags.

“I usually have about ten things going at once,” explains Aimee. “But I don’t watch TV, so that saves me a lot of time.”

For one involved project, Aimee works with her mother, crafting jewelry and knitted bags from recycled materials. Selling their creations at craft fairs and artisan shows, Aimee has turned this family pastime into a lucrative hobby.

I accompanied Aimee to one such event, the Sundae Market—a tour that travels to different cities to promote local art scenes. Under a blue canopy, tables were covered with Aimee’s handmade work. She picked up two crocheted chokers—one yellow, the other red—adorned with colored flowers and gems.

“These flowers were part of the same necklace. I took it apart to make two,” she explained, gently placing the pair back on their black velvet display rack. “I like to wonder about the pieces I find in their collections. It’s fun to be able to give them all new stories.”

“The processes in the human body are such beautiful things. Scientific images don’t get at any of that. They’re so clinical.”

While knitting and crocheting may seem old-fashioned, Aimee can take your grandma’s old sweater and turn it into a chic make-up bag, decorated with a hand-drawn pentapus. (“I couldn’t fit eight legs to make it an octopus, so it’s a pentapus.”) Instead of spending money on brightly-colored yarn, Aimee unravels old clothing, giving it new life as someone’s change purse, eye-glass case, over-the-



Image courtesy of the artist

shoulder bag, or clutch. For accents, Aimee picks through old wardrobes for fun prints, which she incorporates as linings or decoration.

“My parents used to have these ridiculous ’80s-themed parties, so I have piles of crazy fabrics to pick from,” she said, pointing out a vintage silk paisley top that she turned into a lining.

Aimee not only knits and crochets in the traditional sense, she uses these mediums in her art, sculpting imagined creatures and organic shapes from yarn. Many of these knitted forms repeat motifs from her paintings, but reinterpret them

three-dimensionally. In her show at ModernFormations, purple and green knitted organs were displayed alongside yellow and orange creatures resembling long-bodied ducks. Aimee calls them “mutated glow-worms.”

While her penchant for repurposing materials happens to be part of Aimee’s method; it also makes for artwork that is environmentally sustainable. And considering the extent to which she draws inspiration from science and nature, it’s no surprise that Aimee has always been environmentally conscious.

Aimee expresses her views abstractly through art, but finds

direct ways to make her voice heard, too. While at IUP, Aimee hosted *Environmental Alert*, a radio show that educated listeners about environmental concerns often ignored by the media.

“From [the show] I learned how much I enjoy being a leader and initiating change,” says Aimee. “We managed to save a local forest from being logged.”

Aimee misses the community involvement she enjoyed at IUP and hopes to start similar work again, but through a means more closely aligned with her personal vision and interests.

“I’ve found that I’m better at creating my own niche than

trying to fit into an existing one,” explains Aimee.

It’s this independent spirit, along with her desire to remain in Pittsburgh and contribute to its art scene, that has helped Aimee find success.

“I think artists come to Pittsburgh because it’s easier to be discovered here than in New York, where they would be one in a million,” she says. “So many artists run off to New York to end up disappointed. Why should I do that when I can create an arts scene right here in my hometown?” *View more of Aimee’s paintings and handmade accessories at [www.aimeemanion.com](http://www.aimeemanion.com).* ●



# MUSIC WE ♥



## Wacky Tobaccy

On Fucked Up Friends, the solo debut from Tobacco (of psychedelic-electropop outfit Black Moth Super Rainbow), the enigmatic frontman gets darker, trippier, and more challenging than ever. Here he talks Flaming Lips, NC-17 performances, and his own Western Pennsylvanian roots:

**You're pretty enigmatic, donning masks at your live shows. Are there practical reasons for your interest in anonymity, or is it just more fun that way?** It's calculated to a point, but only because I like to keep to myself. It's really how I am. I also think it's really important to understand certain things without knowing the people who make them. Putting it all out there works for some people, but I want you to hear what I'm doing and make it your own—create your own understanding of it.

**There's an incredible pastiche of sound in your work. Is this eclecticism reflected in your musical tastes?** I like stuff like Biz Markie, Odd Nosdam, and Ariel Pink. I lean away from over-hyped indie stuff, but otherwise I'm all over the place.

**You're from Western PA. Does the region influence your music in any way?** I don't think I know for sure yet. We had a lot of trees around, and creepy woods. That could have something to do with it.

**Black Moth Super Rainbow recently toured with The Flaming Lips, who are known for their inventive live shows. Has that experience influenced your own performances in any way?** Wayne [Coyne] gave us some advice that we haven't taken yet, but we plan to. Being out with them was as great as it

probably seems. The band and the crew are like a big family and they made us feel welcome. I feel like we'll always have a bunch of people to hang out with in Oklahoma City now.

**Are there differences in the way you approach your solo work, versus when you perform with BMSR?** With BMSR, we're playing without a net, so everyone's gotta be in sync. With the Tobacco show, it's me and Seven Fields of Aphelion with a pre-sequenced beat. That gives us some more breathing room to play and get creative without breaking the whole thing. The visuals at the Tobacco show might be more R-rated, too. Maybe NC-17.

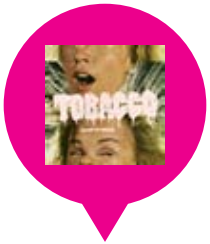
**What are some of your favorite local venues?** I wanted to see the Elephant 6 holiday show at the Brillobox more than I've wanted to see anything in a long time, but we were in Kalamazoo. I always thought that place would be perfect without stairs.

**What else do you like to do when you're in the city?** I actually love doing non-music-related stuff more than music-related stuff because I get so burned out on it. I'm realizing that Pittsburgh might have some of the best restaurants around and I love the Pioneer Drive-In in Butler. There were some mini golf courses I was hitting up when I was home in the summer, like Frontier Falls in Beaver and Sunset in South Park. Just driving around and enjoying all the local views is a favorite, too.

**What can we expect next from you?** BMSR has stopped touring for the time being, but we're planting some seeds and will see what comes of that.



More info on The Van Allen Belt can be found at [myspace.com/thevanbelt](http://myspace.com/thevanbelt). Find *Meal Ticket to Purgatory* at Paul's CD's in Bloomfield. Get it while it's still in the local music section.



Tobacco will release an as-yet-untitled EP from Anticon Records this spring. Find more info and recent Tobacco tracks at [www.myspace.com/tobacco](http://www.myspace.com/tobacco).

◀ Stills from video by Beta Carnage, which takes center stage at Tobacco's live shows.  
▶ Van Allen Belt plays house. From left to right: Scott Taylor, drums; Tom Altee, bass/guitar; Tamar Kamin, vocalist/chef; Ben Ferris, keyboard/guitar.



## Radiation, Mutation, Hydrogen Bombs

If you've seen the pre-1997 Universal Pictures logo, then you've seen the Van Allen Belt. It's that purple-green cloud behind the silver letters set in gold. "And what it is," explains Tamar Kamin, "is a band of radiation that protects the earth from the sun." She pours chardonnay from a business-class-sized bottle. "The conspiracy is that it would have made travel from the earth to the moon impossible, so back in the '50s when we were testing all those nuclear bombs and shit, we shot one into space to blow a hole in this thing."

Kamin is the lead singer of Pittsburgh's The Van Allen Belt. With Ben Ferris on keyboard, Tom Altes on guitar, and Scott Taylor on drums, the group has been conspiring to create an album since 2006. Or 2007. Some-time post-Nixon.

When imagining the multicolored Saran in the exosphere, it's only the fault of a barely editorial mind to draw parallels. Ferris picks up on this. "Beyond the conspiracy parallel, there's the idea that it's a radioactive belt." He pulls on a full-flavor Maverick. "We're a psychedelic band in a lot of ways." Another pull. "We scatter particles all over the place."

Psychedelic, but not to be confused with something you'd hear set to lasers at the

planetarium. At parts it's confusion like Diana Ross's K-hole, or Stephen Hawking's lo-fi orgasm. There's enough pop on their album, *Meal Ticket to Purgatory*, to give your psychedelic wing tips some imaginative traction. Sometimes it lapses into Jerry Sherd & His Music, '60s freak-out lounge, smiling Shangri-Laic Motown, or the Mormon Tabernacle on high.

Their lyrics take shots at everything from ex-lovers to the city treasury. Extracting pieces of drugs, sex, war, and hopelessness, they fuse an alloy that won't melt at 3,000° F.

Mysterious collages of phonic clip art—"samplescapes," as Ferris refers to them—match up with Tamar's haunting and ecstatic words to fortify their bone structures with shelves' worth of vitamin-enriched musical history. The bedroom-recorded tracks echo, the sampled sounds filling in the wrinkles of compressed quality with colors, dwelling in your ear like a well-orchestrated aurora. It encompasses a surface of guitar and keyboard and drums that draw lines like fissures. Jazz crevasses and craters of grunge lead down to a core and erupt with black and white pop choruses, the vocals crossing it all like the contrail of a space-bound nuke.



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# ON CAMP US



# SCRABBLE ROUSERS

**A**mong senior theses, internships, and the burden of their final semesters at Pitt, Lissa Geiger and Marc Schutzbank find time for a game of Scrabble.



**What's taking up most of your time these days?**

**Lissa:** Before the November election I was putting a lot of time into Democratic campaigns, but since then I've been focusing on my senior thesis on women's roles and how they are affected by UN peacekeeping operations in the Democratic Republic of Congo, Sudan, Liberia, and East Timor. Pitt makes it possible to do a lot if you're motivated—I'm also a member of STAND, which formerly focused on Darfur but is now a division of the Genocide Intervention Network, and FORGE, Forging Opportunities for Refugee Growth and Empowerment, which focuses on refugees in Africa.

**Marc:** I'm president of STAND and on the Social Justice committee of Hillel. I'm also conducting a radio documentary and a documentary in South Africa using individual stories to tell a national tale of the country (*yourvoiceyourphoto.blogspot.com*). The idea behind the documentary is to get people interested in South Africa. What is it like to live there, what are the people like, what does it mean to be South African? Is it anything like being American? The radio documen-

tary is similar, but changes the medium. It allows people who we might never meet to tell their stories using the radio. The photo project allows people to show us their lives, giving them control over what we see, showing us how they see themselves—something you don't often get to see in Third World places where all the photos are taken by wealthy people on safari.

➡ **Game update:** Jeff draws Q to earn first word, opens with **Credit** (10). Lissa pulls out to an early lead with **Buzz** (43), Z on Triple Letter and blank for U. Mark scores Double Word with **Jelly** (30) to overtake Jeff for second. Current score: Lissa-80, Marc-49, Jeff-38.

**What keeps you going?**

**Marc:** Freshmen. They have the time and energy to go out and do things I don't want to do anymore, like tabling and flyer-ing. They have more time. We only know the world because it was given to us this way. Somebody before us had to make it like this—we need to give it to the next generation in even better shape.

**Lissa:** Students have the power to affect real change—on our campus, and in our community, our country, and our world.



**What improvements would you like to see on campus?**

**Marc:** There's a lack of communication between student groups, but there are ways that we can fix that. Shared space can play a role in bringing students together so that they don't waste time tracking each other down. I've asked myself, "Why is student turnout low to a lot of events?"

The problem is that student organizations compete with each other. They schedule events for the same time, and then fail to really market them. Students see flyers for about 100 events that are all competing with each other. One of the best ways to solve this problem is to force student organizations to talk with one another, to institutionalize them and put them all in the same space, give them offices and force them to have office hours. Don't use cubes, but put them in open pods with four or five groups sharing similar space. Groups like College Democrats and Republicans could be together with STAND, Free the Planet and Amnesty in another. We would then be able to know what's going on on campus

without the hassle of calling and emailing people who are involved in these other clubs. Sharing time and space is a great way to get us working better together.

**Lissa:** More efficient funding. SGB and Pitt Program Council aren't always effective or fair—the big five student organizations get most of the money.

➡ **Game update:** A round of 15's keep things steady but Mark closes the gap with **Chore** on a Double Word (20). Current score: Lissa-101, Marc-84, Jeff-70.

**Do you face any difficulties as a student leader?**

**Lissa:** Not enough people are active in changing the major problems of the world—in Darfur, Burma, and Tibet alone there are great tragedies happening, and not enough people helping. Even domestic issues that students complain about, like the cost of tuition or the lack of recycling on campus—people don't get active!

**Marc:** At college it can feel like a vacuum, like there is a lack of issues. Overcoming this to motivate people is the hardest part. Students are burdened by a lot of things, and it can be

hard for them to take the time to address important issues on top of getting good grades, hanging out, and having fun.

**If you had one wish for Pitt, what would it be?**

**Lissa:** Political groups on campus are too worried about offending or taking sides, for fear of losing their funding. Also, groups on campus don't do as much as they can—stop having meetings and being a social club, start making changes in the community and lobbying the administration and public officials for the change you want to see. The University is slow to approve things, too, and political campaigns are too fast for that—they need an answer for a speaking engagement within days, not weeks. The Political Science department is mostly theoretical and historical—little discussion of current issues. They're not effective at helping student political organizations. Most academic departments have a disconnect with student

groups on campus—these organizations need to work together.

**Marc:** I would wish for a paid program adviser for every student organization.

➡ **Game update:** Marc suffers a low-scoring round while Jeff cuts Lissa's lead to 20 points and takes back second place with **Exits** (28), X on the Triple Letter. Current score: Lissa-125, Jeff-105, Marc-96.

**What's your one major piece of advice for students?**

**Marc:** Just do it. People will follow you. I don't understand why people are so nervous about it.

**Lissa:** Get involved early—you'll have more energy freshman year.

**What have you learned that more people should know?**

**Lissa:** If you cultivate hope and change for a lifetime, then maybe the policies will change.

**Marc:** If everyone can believe in it, it will be.

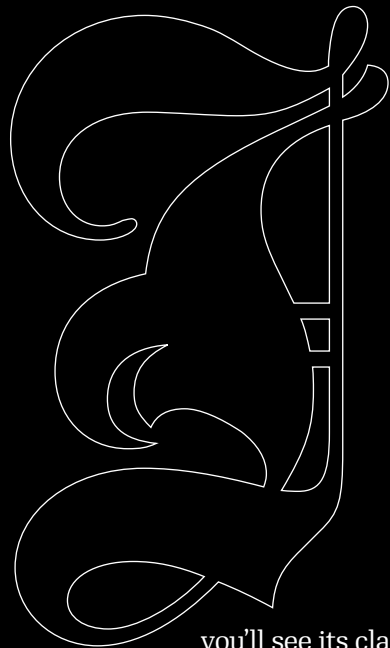
➡ **Game update:** Marc digs himself out of third by a Triple Word score with **Perk** (30), briefly taking back second, only to trail in the final stretch as Jeff lands a Double Word score with **Swagger** (24). Lissa puts up steady numbers with **Callers** (9) and a Double Letter G for **Grease** (9), but Jeff ties for first with a Double Word score on **Volt** (14). Final score: Lissa-143, Jeff-143, Marc-137.



Ever the busy student leaders, Lissa heads off to lead a STAND meeting, while Marc exits to prepare for Shabbat at the Hillel Jewish University Center. ●



# SECRETS OF THE CATHEDRAL



In the early 1930s, Chancellor Bowman was fighting Pitt’s trustees for money to build the Cathedral of Learning. Facing a lack of funds, he left its first five floors bare—a gaunt support system of twisting metal—as a preemptive strike against the University’s frugality. Pushing the Cathedral to the height of 42 stories, Bowman left the trustees with no choice but to complete the construction of the Cathedral’s bottom floors at a later date. Student traffic soon thrived and classes began, even though the building wasn’t complete. Winter drafts howling through the building would lift women’s skirts and blow papers from desks. They called it the windowless home for owls.

Today we recognize the Cathedral by other names. Those of the *Harry Potter* cohort see it as the Hogwarts of Pitt. Affectionately we know it as the Drunken Compass, guiding inebriated Oakland residents in the right direction home. And with its ever-changing façade given the light and weather, it’s known appropriately as Pitt’s Mood Ring. Above the fountain at its entrance,

you’ll see its classic designation, given in love by the Central Alumni Association for its bicentennial dedication: *Cathedral of Our Dreams*. This last nickname is surely everlasting. As those of our dreams, the secrets of this modern-Gothic marvel lie hidden to the undiscerning eye.

When, in 1921, John Bowman traveled to Pittsburgh to be the University’s tenth chancellor, he envisioned something wondrous. He wanted “to make its arches and proportions breathe out a mood of inspiration,” so that a boy would be so awestruck on entering that he couldn’t help but remove his hat. Hats don’t exactly work the way they did back then. But for those of you who don’t know about the heights and depths, the ghosts and hidden places, *The Original* takes its hat off for you.

## VIEW FROM THE TOP

If you’re wondering for what diabolical reason the top floors of the Cathedral stay closed, go to [www.aviary.org](http://www.aviary.org). You’ll find the FalconCam that observes Dorothy and her mate, E2, a pair of peregrine falcons that has called the top of the Cathedral home since 2002. Still an endangered species here in Pennsylvania, we don’t want to bother them.

In 1960, long before the falcons established their residency, students watched the Pirates’ stunning World Series victory against the Yankees from the top. But no more—they moved the stadium anyway.

Of the 25 falcons born atop the Cathedral, only one of them has died—by flying into a window, which as anyone who’s ever seen a cartoon knows, is how birds die.

## \$4,800,000 BATH

So important is the preservation of these falcons that when Cost Co. implemented a project to clear away 70-year-old soot from the building, they had to coordinate their plans with the Pennsylvania Game Commission and Western Pennsylvania Conservancy.

The Cathedral received its \$4.8 million facelift at the end of last year. University Architect Park Rankin explained that the workers’ base was erected on the Cathedral’s lower roofs. Since falcons learn to fly by gliding, it was feared the birds would land among them. “We literally put tents up,” he said.

In case you’re wondering what happened to the 42 stories’ worth of 70-year-old soot: After Cost Co. blasted the building with recycled micron powdered glass, they washed it away with pressurized water and it all dissipated harmlessly into the air. Harmlessly. Promise.

While some praise the Cathedral’s new complexion, other Pittsburghers miss the glaze of factory dirt. It gave the Cathedral its character, they argue.

Pitt actually kept a few blocks of stone dirty for sentimental purposes, but a worker thought someone just forgot to clean them, so he took care of it.

They ended up leaving one small part of the building dirty anyway: the outside of the Chancellor’s office.

## RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE

Among those who miss the dirt is Maxine Bruhn, the second director of the Nationality Rooms—ever. Bruhn has traveled across the world collecting artifacts for the rooms, and has spent more time getting acquainted with the building than anyone else. Understandably, she loves the Cathedral, dirt and all.

“I don’t think anyone appreciates the historic context like Maxine does,” Rankin said.

Bruhn, more than most, knows intimately the nooks and crannies of the building, and graciously gave me a personal tour.

*Here is eternal spring for you the very stars of heaven are new.* If you’re wondering why this phrase sounds familiar it’s because it crowns the metal gates in the nave. These gates were crafted by Samuel Yellin, whose metalwork abounds in the Cathedral. The gate in the Romanian Room and the dogs that guard the fireplaces in the nave are his. Incidentally, Yellin is not credited for his work anywhere in the building.

A careful bench inspection will reveal monk-adorned armrests. And modestly clinging to the wall in one corner is a poem dedicated to the building by alumnus Lawrence Lee, writ in 1966.

If you’re one of the many who complain about the lack of first floor bathrooms, there are actually three. One lies behind the unassuming doors opposite the Chancellor’s and Vice Chancellor’s offices. But don’t get excited, they require a key to enter. And the only office in the whole building with its own private bathroom

is also on the first floor—in the office of the Chancellor’s chauffeur.

Unbeknownst to most is the location of the Cathedral’s cornerstone, beneath which hide newspaper clippings from 1937, copper plates etched in honor of the Nationality Rooms, and other relics of yesteryear. Bruhn enjoys the fact that its location is somewhat of a mystery.

“I like that it isn’t known,” she says. “Let them try to find it.”

It’s somewhere in the nave, I’ll give you that much...

As part of one of the first modern fundraising projects, 97,000 schoolchildren each

and boxes move without reason and many a Sodexo employee has experienced the feeling of being “passed by.”

Winston Lou, Pitt’s resident sushi chef and veteran of late nights in the kitchen, says, “For those who don’t believe in ghosts, if they spend one night here, by morning you better believe they will.”

*Cathedral of Our Dreams*, reads the bicentennial plaque. The building and what it stands for was Chancellor Bowman’s dream, and every student is a part of it. The Cathedral lives for them, for anyone that scans the skyline for it to find his

The least we could do is look around the next time we step inside. Much of the treasures of the Cathedral are right under our noses.

donated a dime toward the Cathedral’s construction. “They’re 80-something now,” says Bruhn, “and they stop by every now and then to see how their building is doing.”

The least we could do is look around the next time we step inside. Much of the Cathedral’s treasures are right under our nose. Though to be sure there are things lurking in the shadows...

## ...GHASTLY THINGS

The ghost of Bruhn’s grandmother inhabits the Early American Room. A bed on the upstairs level bears her grandmother’s blanket, and tour groups have found the woman’s old cradle rocking there. Bruhn tells of John Carter, an old custodian who, in the midst of cleaning, started at a noise and turned around to find a fresh depression in the bed.

Spirits haunt the cafeteria, too. One ghost likes to depress a lever on the ice machine. Carts

way home, for anyone in need of a quiet place to study when everything else is closed. The Cathedral always has a door open.

In the words of Park Rankin, “It’s a space that you respect. Every time you look around you see something different.”

So if you won’t take your hat off, at least take a look around. Take a walk on the fourth floor past the murals. No one seems to know who drew them or how long they’ve been there. Pet the dogs that guard the fireplace and read the inscription above the gates. Remember Samuel Yellin. At the very least keep this in mind: With every echoed footstep soars the nostalgia of an 80-year-old dreamer who remembers the feeling of giving away a dime during the Great Depression.

“I hope it still inspires,” Bruhn says. This is the Cathedral’s toil, and when the city lies down at night it stands for all of you; a living dream that never sleeps. ●



# CONSERVING ON CAMPUS



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Pitt currently receives steam from Bellefield Boiler Plant, which burns a combination of coal and natural gas. Among facilities using the plant (including CMU and UPMC), Pitt and UPMC account for approximately 73% of the steam usage. But a new plant on Carrillo Street designed to run on natural gas will change all that. The Carrillo plant features state-of-the-art ultra-low NOx burners. The boilers emit less than 9 parts per million NOx, and to our knowledge, the Carrillo plant is the only university steam plant in the nation to be permitted at the 9 ppm NOx limit. The University will transfer steam production to the plant in 2009, a move that will reduce steam related CO<sub>2</sub> emissions by 46%.

## I Want to Rent My Bicycle

**Critical Mass. Bike Pittsburgh. Free Ride.** So many bike-friendly programs in Pittsburgh; it's only fitting that the University add its own to the mix. Beginning this fall, Pitt will launch a bike rental program. Geared toward freshman and off-campus students for whom it's more difficult to bring bikes to school or store them, the program will be run on a trial basis, allowing students to use their Pitt IDs to check out bikes like they would a library book. But renter beware: Like fines on a library card, lose a bike or neglect to return it, and you've bought yourself a \$1,000 new ride.

# 25

Approximate percentage of waste reduction when students go trayless in campus dining halls. 1.2 oz. to 1.8 oz. of food, per person, per meal is wasted when dining with a tray. A third to a half a gallon of water is saved per tray that is not being used. In an effort to reduce food and water waste due to over-consumption in the dining halls, the university experimented with "Trayless Tuesdays" in Market Central. This year, there are currently no dining trays being used in Sutherland Hall. The University of Pittsburgh has agreed to go completely trayless by next fall.

## Greener Groups

### 1 • Free the Planet

**What they do:** Work to make Pitt a more sustainable campus. They're all about the three R's—promoting recycling, and reduction and reuse of goods through their annual clothing Swap-o-palooza. **Contact:** Sony Rane, [dh44@pitt.edu](mailto:dh44@pitt.edu)

### 2 • University of Pittsburgh Sustainable Sub-Committee and Sustainability Meetings

**What they do:** Provide a forum for University members to gather and discuss pressing sustainability issues. Representatives from entities such as Facilities Management, Sodexo, and Housing meet with interested students and professors to discuss concerns. **Contact:** Buck Favorini, [bucfav@pitt.edu](mailto:bucfav@pitt.edu) (UPSSC) or Theresa Romanovsky, [tlt15@pitt.edu](mailto:tlt15@pitt.edu) (USM)

### 3 • Engineers For A Sustainable World

**What they do:** Mobilize engineers through education, training, and practical action. They're currently working to green a local community. **Contact:** Alex Dale, [atd8@pitt.edu](mailto:atd8@pitt.edu)

## RECYCLING MYTHS DEBUNKED

Though there seems to be the ever-perpetuating myth that the University does not recycle, in recent reportings, 39% of its waste was diverted through its recycling program. The list of materials accepted by the program includes: mixed office paper, newsprint, cardboard, aluminum cans, steel or tin cans, plastic containers, glass containers, scrap metal (copper, aluminum, steel, etc.), nickel-cadmium and wet cell batteries, fluorescent tubes (from University buildings only), leaf and yard waste, and computers. Pitt students confused about what, where, or how to recycle materials should call the Facilities Management recycling coordinator at (412) 624-9521.

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# C



Overall grade awarded to Pitt for the 2008/09 academic year by the *College Sustainability Report Card* ([www.greenreportcard.org](http://www.greenreportcard.org)). It's a small improvement over the C- and D received in previous years, but paltry in comparison to our athletic rivals: Pitt is tied with Rutgers University for the third worst grade in the Big East division. West Virginia University has achieved a C+, while Penn State University is kicking our collegiate asses with a B. You can help the University of Pittsburgh improve its score in one very simple way: get involved. Pitt is currently straddling the *Report Card's* status quo with a C in the student involvement category. Do something about it by joining one of Pitt's environmental organizations (see "Greener Groups," left) or starting your own. Visit [www.sorc.pitt.edu](http://www.sorc.pitt.edu) for guidelines on certifying a new student group.

Approximate amount of campus electricity powered by renewable resources:

# 6.2%

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Posvar Hall @ Night

# 2,500,000

Conservative estimate of kilowatt-hours of unused lighting wasted in Posvar each year (other estimate top 3.3 million kilowatt-hours). This amounts to approximately \$150,000 to \$200,000 in unnecessary energy expenses.

Working after hours in the Benedum Hall computer lab, David Volcheck, a graduate mechanical engineering student, noticed lights on in the empty classrooms nearby. He turned them off. Each night Volcheck returned to the lab, he noticed these lights. Each night he switched them off. Soon, it occurred to Volcheck that lights might be on elsewhere. Searching Benedum from top to bottom, he discovered he was right.

Concerned, Volcheck recruited members from Engineers for a Sustainable World and Free the Planet to join what has come to be known as the Lights Out Campaign. The team visited Posvar Hall in the evenings, recording class end times and the time lights were checked to estimate wasted energy and energy saved through their efforts. Their calculations revealed that Posvar's unused lighting accounted for 2.5 to 3.3 million kilowatt-hours of electricity a year, or \$150,000 to \$200,000 in energy expenses.

Unfortunately, combating this rampant wastefulness poses a structural quandary. Posvar was built in 1971, when few architects

considered conservation; wiring was imbedded into the walls, under layers of concrete. Some rooms were even designed without light switches.

"The university has to be fiscally responsible, which means investing in what returns the most bang for their buck," said Facilities Management representative Laura Zullo. Instead of a full retrofit, classrooms in Posvar were outfitted with panel sensors, providing the option to turn lights on for one to three hours. But Volcheck isn't impressed.

"I think there are better solutions," he says. "Changes have been made in faculty offices. Lights turn off at 10:00, but most faculty leave by 6:00. That's at least four wasted hours. And at night, the entire department is lit up for a few people." Volcheck also calls for large classrooms to be locked after hours, or occupancy sensors to be installed so students use only the lighting they need. "And the energy used in buildings is more than just the electricity," Volcheck continues. "It's also heating and cooling. There are ways to use less, but I don't know where to begin."

For now, Volcheck will keep flipping switches off, hoping it makes a difference.



# TO TEACH HIS OWN

We picked a pair of perfect profs. Learn more about Bob Atkin and Alejandro de la Fuente.

## Me and Atkin Down by the Schoolyard

"I'm one of those idiots who has three books going at once." If you talk to Professor Bob Atkin, of the University of Pittsburgh's College of Business Administration (CBA), for more than five minutes, it becomes exceedingly obvious that under no circumstances, on anyone's list, would he be considered any kind of idiot. In little more than an hour we wound through subjects including his current book list, the Lincoln Cabinet, August Wilson, and the commonalities among father-son relationships in American theater.

Nearly every student in CBA passes through a class taught by Atkin. In one, Human Resource Management, the course notes cite everything from Simon & Garfunkel to *Taxi Driver*.

Atkin has a beautiful fascination with the English language, specifically the American variety. He describes it as powerful; musical. At times goofy. He spent years researching unions in small coal towns in West Virginia and Kentucky, but instead of lecturing me on their rules and regulations, he laughs and shares his favorite local idiom: "That's about as useful as tits on a boar hog."

For this interview, I met the professor in the second-floor lobby of CBA, amid crowds of business students who all seemed to know him. "I'll be the old bald guy with a moustache," he informed me in an e-mail. Atkin's ability to amuse himself is one of his most endearing qualities. His laughter follows most everything he says, whether out of surprise, delight, or something that just seems to tickle him right—he is as bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as any freshman.

But there are moments of solemnity—as when he describes watching the World Trade Center towers being built from his dormitory in New Jersey, never believing he would see them come down.

What started as an interview quickly shifted gears. I found myself forgetting to write things down and laughing over films we'd both seen. Atkin is a natural teacher—never at a loss for words, never overbearing. Most importantly, he treats everyone with an automatic respect. He is, in the words of a Northern Kentucky coal miner, "as straightforward as my daughter a-courtin' on the porch swinger."



## A CLAS Act

Professor Alejandro de la Fuente remembers the first time he encountered the Pittsburgh skyline, just after passing through the Fort Pitt Tunnel on I-279. He remembers his surprise at the greenness of the landscape and the clarity of the sky, nothing like the smoky, industrial city he had imagined. De la Fuente remembers the first brochure he received from the University of Pittsburgh. With the Cathedral of Learning on its cover, backed by a blue sky and bright sun, the image was reminiscent of a tropical landscape, maybe even that of his native country: Cuba.

But the vague resemblance to his native land is not what drew de la Fuente here in 1992. "What brought me to the University of Pittsburgh as a graduate student was the Center for Latin American Studies [CLAS]," he says. De la Fuente's 1,200-mile trek from Cuba is a testament to CLAS's prominence and respectability throughout the world. According to de la Fuente, "The center is one of the top five or six centers of Latin American Studies in the United States. The Eduardo Lozano Collection in the Hillman Library is one of the top three or four Latin American Collections in the country."

But why here? Why in a city with such a small population of Hispanics, whose history has so few known roots in Latin American culture? Why in Pittsburgh, a city whose spelling and pronunciation alone could give any native Spanish-speaker a headache?

CLAS at Pitt sprouted as a nationally recognized Center in 1970, when the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress granted the Center the right to publish a bibliographical bulletin on Cuba. *The Cuban Studies Newsletter* (*Boletín de Estudios sobre Cuba*) was published and distributed

to thousands of scholars until 1975 when it became a biannual, multidisciplinary journal (*Cuban Studies/Estudios Cubanos*). It has been published by the University of Pittsburgh Press since 1986, and helped put CLAS on the map.

Today, CLAS offers both graduate and undergraduate certificates, subsidizes trips to Latin American countries, awards student research grants, and hosts events celebrating Latin American culture. Though these programs are nothing to understate, it is the passionate staff and associated faculty who define the Center.

De la Fuente is one of these impassioned educators. After graduating from Pitt in 1996, he returned as a professor just four years later. His enthusiasm for his subject and pupils is clear in the way he begins his courses—Latin American and Caribbean History for graduate and undergraduates. "I am absolutely, shamelessly, unquestionably, ceaselessly, undoubtedly biased," he explains. "We all have our own biases—mine is but one."

His passion for his subject radiates in every furrowed brow and sweeping hand gesture. It is evident in the careful selection of class materials, from a rare documentary of Fidel Castro's early years to a book of interviews with Nicaraguan feminists. His style is unique and refreshing, never a simple laundrylist of events. When speaking in class about *The Dirty War* in Argentina, he explains, "I could teach you the names of the military leaders, explain dates of passed laws and economic policies, but then you would never hear the screams."

In addition to teaching, de la Fuente has published many well-known texts, including his most recent title, *Havana and the Atlantic in the Sixteenth Century*. He is currently involved with a project dealing with slavery and law in colonial Cuba.



# SECOND TO NAAN

Michael Romito delves into the wide world of (Oakland-based) Indian food—with varied results.

If you've never eaten Indian before, you're missing out. It's flavorful, colorful, and will make you full. A great alternative to fast food, Indian offers something different for anyone who wants to grab a quick bite.

Some basics: Curry is a common sauce made from tomato, garlic, and spices. Saag, rich in cream and spinach, is another popular accompaniment. I recommend the vindaloo for those who like it hot: made with spicy chili sauces, these dishes originated from the people of the Himalayas. For those who opt to skip the meat, Indian restaurants are great places to go for vegetarian dishes. Everyone should try the naan (flat bread served warm) with whatever they order. White rice is served with just about everything, which is nice when you're hungry and want to eat 2,000 of something, as Mitch Hedberg would say.

**Tamarind**, located on N. Craig Street, offers a "flavor of India." The first thing you'll notice as you approach the building is a glass wall that looks out onto the street. Artwork adorns the room's other walls, and Indian music plays softly in the background. Tamarind offers a wide variety of dishes and a daily buffet. I sampled the Lima Beans Poriyal with Aloo Gobi Masala (cauliflower and spices). Mix these dishes together for a taste of vegetarian heaven—delicious and nutritious! If you're looking to keep the budget low, Wednesday night is student night: with a valid ID, buy one item and get the second half-off. **Personal recommendations:** Kadai Lamb and Chicken Makhani (\$12.99 each).

Right around the corner on Centre Avenue is **Tandoor**. A friendly waitstaff will answer any questions you have about unfamiliar items on the menu. Tandoor offers all the classics in a quiet, low-lit environment (go on, get your romance on!). Tandoor also offers delivery and take-out. **Personal recommendation:** Lamb Vindaloo (\$9) and the Chicken Tikka rolls (\$7 each).

Closer to campus, next to Wendy's on Fifth Avenue, you'll find **Prince of India**. If you're hungry, get the

buffet and you won't leave disappointed. Prince of India also has the longest table you've ever seen running down the center of a dining room, so it's a great place for large parties and traveling armies. **Personal recommendation:** Lamb Mango Curry (\$11.99).

**India Garden** is an Atwood Street favorite. It's decorated with paintings of Indian landscapes, elephant statuettes, and all kinds of things to distract you while your meal is prepared. Also notable: India Garden boasts a number of flat-screens TVs, which show anything from Bollywood movies to good old American football. You could eat here every day for months without sampling everything: the menu offers more than 120 entrées. India Garden has daily lunch buffets and half-off dinners from 4 to 5 P.M. and again from 10 P.M. to midnight. **Personal recommendation:** Shahi Chicken Makhani (\$10.99).

For a quick bite, the food carts on Bigelow Boulevard are a great choice. Among these vendors is **Namsai Express**, an Indian food cart offering a nice variety of reasonably priced meals. It's only open in the afternoon though, so make a lunch or early dinner out of it. Plus, pop's only \$.50 a can! **Personal recommendation:** Chicken Vindaloo (small: \$4, large \$5)

The next time you're looking for somewhere to eat, think Indian. Oakland offers a variety of these dining experiences, and you can't go wrong with any of them. ●



**Tamarind** 257 N. Craig St.; (412) 605-0500; T-Su 11:30 A.M.-2:30 P.M., 5-10 P.M.; [www.tamarindpa.com/tfi/index.shtml](http://www.tamarindpa.com/tfi/index.shtml). Entrees \$9.99-\$14.99; Lunch buffet \$7.99 weekdays, \$8.99 weekends. Dinner for two: \$25 on Sundays. Dosa night: Buy one, get one half-off on Tuesdays. Student night: Buy one entrée, get one half-off on Wednesdays.

**Tandoor** 4519 Centre Ave., (412) 688-8383, M-Su 11 A.M.-10 P.M. Entrees \$8-\$10. Half-off: All day Tuesday.

**Prince of India** 3614 Fifth Ave.; (412) 533-5373; M-F 11:30 A.M.-9:45 P.M., Sa-Sun 12-9:45 P.M. Entrees \$8.99-\$14.99.

**India Garden** 328 Atwood St., (412) 682-3000, M-Su 11:30 A.M.-1 A.M., [www.indiagarden.net](http://www.indiagarden.net). Entrees \$9.99-\$14.99. Dinner buffet: Sunday and Tuesday. Half-off entrées (dine-in) and 20% off takeout: 4-5 P.M. and 10 P.M.-12 A.M. daily.

**Namsai Express** Bigelow Blvd. at Fifth Ave.; M-F 11 A.M.-2:30 P.M., hours vary.



# UNDER THEIR SPELL

H

ocus Pocus husband and wife proprietors Lucien and Kali can't wear wristwatches. Since the shop's opening on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of October 1998, the couple has gone through two computers, three credit card machines, two dozen landlines and countless celllulars. Their television is on its last leg.

This strange phenomenon isn't bad luck, but the chaos from intermixed energy fields, they tell me. Working with magical energy is what the owners know best; according to them, blood is like battery acid, and electricity doesn't always cooperate.

Hocus Pocus is Oakland's own occult superstore. I saunter in through the door and a few chunky bells clank against the



glass; the wooden floorboards creak under my weight. A peculiar pair, Lucien and Kali are perched hand in hand behind the wooden counter of their hearth—a welcome haven for individuals of all lifestyles and religious backgrounds.

"There's a pretty wide variety of people that shop here," Lucien tells me. "Most of them are rather normal-looking," he al-

leges, cracking a smile. His voice is throaty and certain.

"You never know who's a witch," Kali adds in a once-upon-a-time-kind-of-drone, with a scrunch of her nose and a smirk. "What's an occult shop?"

"It's a supply store—for a wide variety of spiritual paths," Kali begins slowly, carefully considering each word. "And meta-physical arts," adds Lucien. The

▲ Exotic and commonplace herbs line the shelves at Hocus Pocus. The herbs are replaced every six months to maintain their potency.

► Hocus Pocus caters to many facets of the occult and mystical arts, but also offers a selection of incense and charms for common shoppers.

term doesn't apply to just one spiritual philosophy, they affirm. "It's huge," Kali says. Though the word *occult* has developed negative connotations, the word shouldn't be a scary one; its actual meaning is *secret*.

"Do you worship a higher power?" I ask the couple. They pause, grinning. Their eyes slowly gravitate toward each other's.

"In short, yes," Lucien responds. He is tall, stocky; each of his fingers is adorned with a silver ring and his raven coif stretches below his shoulders in ringlets. The couple loosely defines themselves as Pagan, and in Paganism, Lucien explains, many different deities are acknowledged.

"The point of any religion is to recognize the divinity that's within yourself and connect with it," says Lucien. Kali nods

"There's a wide variety of people that shop here. Most of them are rather normal-looking."

in agreement. She takes her name from the Hindu goddess of destruction: "Out of destruction comes new life," she says. The same types of happenings occur on Earth, with all lifecycles and generations of living things.

Pop quiz: Where do most Christian religious holidays stem from? You guessed it—Paganism. When Christianity was new, its followers had no choice but to cater their holidays to Pagans in an attempt to gain devotees. It's fascinating stuff, really.

Take Christmas, for example. During Yule, Pagans worshipped the birth of the sun in the sky as a promise of new crops and new life. Christianity transformed this into the birth of the Son, personifying the same promise.

Halloween, too, comes from All Souls Day. Though it is indeed about death, it's in a celebratory sense: "It's about honoring the people and the earth that has gone before you," Kali explains. But that's enough textbook talk. What's an occult shop got to offer the average passerby? Oh, ye of little faith.

Besides a wealth of herbs, custom-blended oils and incense, candles, statuary, gemstones, soaps, tarot cards, sage wands, and ritual kits, Hocus Pocus also offers tarot readings: "The point of a reading is if there is something bad coming, nine out of ten times you have the ability to do something about it," Lucien says. "Very few things are set in stone."

There's even an in-store magical apothecary where custom oils, incense, and powders are blended and rituals are whipped up.

"Technically everybody has some psychic ability, but most

It can get tricky, and that's where Kali and Lucien come in.

"We get the particulars of their situation and go from there," Lucien says. Timing is key and, according to Kali, one of the biggest reasons a spell doesn't come to fruition. "You have to look ahead and think 'How can this manifest?'" In the past, one hasty spell-worker acquired money through a loved one's death. "You can never predict how magic will manifest," Lucien warns.

While pharmaceuticals are stronger because they are more concentrated, the strength of holistics lies in where they're grown and their shelf life. Hocus Pocus replaces their herbs every six months to keep them potent.

Scouring the endless shelves of herbs, I come across some rarities: milk thistle, cedar, hawthorn berries, Balm of Gilead, and a few familiars: clove, fennel seed, and nutmeg.

Despite the occasional religious missionary or skeptic that trots through the front door—once even interrupting Lucien mid-ritual to tell him how "evil" he was—it's clear that Lucien and Kali have a passion



people won't acknowledge that or aren't awakened to it," Lucien says. The goal of a spell or ritual is to use that ability not to curse or wish evil on an enemy—as tempting as it might be—but to tend to the situation at hand in proactive and empowering ways.

for spreading their philosophy throughout Oakland and beyond. Even the military now officially recognizes the tradition.

Says Lucien: "You still can't get a pentagram on a headstone at Arlington, but give it another ten years." ●





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# IN FOCUS



# ЭМОН ТА 2IH ТҮЯТ Т'ИОО



PITTSBURGH LAYS CLAIM TO ONE OF THE NATION'S BEST EMERGENCY HEALTHCARE SYSTEMS AND DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT. THE (ABRIDGED) TALE OF THE CITY'S ON-CALL HEROES.

текст Margaret Krauss фотографы Ben Filio



THE phone rang at STAT Medevac  
AIR MEDICAL BASE 3. BEFORE  
ANYONE COULD ANSWER, THE CALL  
SIREN SCREAMED MECHANICALLY  
FOR SEVERAL LONG SECONDS,  
ITS TONES SHATTERING THE SLEEPY  
CALM OF LATE AFTERNOON.

Ken Ott, the pilot on duty, resolutely put down his fork and, taking the napkin out of his lap, gently dabbed his mouth.

"Looks like we're going," he said cheerfully. As he headed for the covered rotor helicopter gleaming on the helipad, the flight nurses, Jennifer Hahn and Harold Race, pulled from the special refrigerator the bags of blood given to patients to stabilize them until they reach the hospital. On the way out of the base's side door they grabbed their helmets, and walked purposefully to the aircraft.

STAT MedEvac is an air medical transport company that serves the greater Pittsburgh region within an area of roughly 20 nautical miles. Despite its knack for keeping Pitt freshmen from sleeping, the shuddering whump-whump-whump of helicopter blades beating the air is one of the sounds that has long since faded into Pittsburgh's background. The whine of ambulances, fire trucks, and helicopters: sounds of the city's emergency response system at work.

Hahn settled herself in the cockpit next to Ott as Race buckled himself into the seat in front of the aircraft's specially sized stretcher. Race snapped his helmet in place and rocked it back and forth on his head with the flats of his palms. It was the only possible indication that he was nervous; perhaps he was just following a superstitious routine. He and Ott ran over the established protocol for double-checking the safety of the aircraft before take-off. Beyond examining the nuts and bolts of the vehicle, Ott also asked Race whether the blood was on board and the oxygen good to go.



Emergency medicine has always been practiced, in the sense that doctors have long treated urgent cases. But STAT MedEvac, "basically a flying ICU (intensive care unit)," as Hahn described it, would not exist were it not for the University of Cincinnati. In 1970, the university created the first residency program for emergency medicine, thereby establishing its practice as a specialty that required unique attention.

"Before that, the emergency department was staffed by residents, people who were moonlighting, foreign students spending a year, just whatever," said Dr. Paul Paris, chairman of the Department of Emergency Medicine and creator of Pitt's emergency residency program in 1981. "Then a lot of folks realized this is a unique specialty that requires a wide

body of knowledge. It's hard to imagine that the specialty didn't even exist...it's very nice that we take it for granted now."

However, "people don't realize what a resource they have here," said Hahn. Visitors to Pittsburgh emergency rooms expect to receive first-class care in short order, perhaps the best indication that the system is sound.

"In our society, people tend to want things to be dealt with very quickly," said Dr. Paris. "In the Emergency department, people like to be treated and seen in a very quick way."

Less than five minutes after the phone rang in STAT's kitchen, the air medical crew was winging toward its destination, unsure of what they would find there. It isn't until the crew is in the air, committed to a mission, that command provides them with the details of what they are about to treat.

"It could be a dehydrated 90-year-old woman or a six-year-old hit by a car, but they don't want us to go or not go based on what the

case is; that would be wrong," said Neil Jones, a STAT paramedic and director of pre-hospital care services for Children's Hospital. "Each patient is important. They don't want us to decide 'do we go?' by having our heartstrings pulled."

Ensnconced in Dr. Paris' office in the Emergency Department building just off of McKee Place, it was hard to imagine the day-to-day work of emergency responders. The sounds of ambulances and buses downshifting barely filtered through the windows, while the morning light illuminated the instruments that hung on the back wall.

Dr. Donald Yealy, Vice Chairman of the department, works in the office across a small lobby from Dr. Paris. In reference to how he and the people on the "front lines" view appropriate use of the emergency room, he acknowledged a difference in views.

The STAT team raced over the landscape, communicating in short staccato bursts before a pre-landing silence period.



RIGHT: STAT MedEvac  
pilot Ken Ott fuels  
up for his team's next  
mission.





+ **top/center:** Flight nurses Joyce Fee (above) and Cynthia Dismukes (center) enjoy a moment of calm before the start of their next mission.

+ **bottom:** Dismukes and Fee meet Ott at the helicopter with their patient.

+ **opposite:** Flight nurse Fee provides calm patient care en route to the hospital.

“That makes us focus on the task at hand,” Hahn had said earlier in the morning.

As the helicopter neared the pick-up site for the patient, information about her case came over the radio. Hahn and Race prepared themselves to treat her, calling to mind procedures and possibilities that might affect her case, discussing a tentative plan before they landed.

Under the pressure of the helicopter’s rotating blades, the grass bent in waves, its movements stark as seen through the sun shields that pulled down from Hahn’s and Race’s helmets. After hovering closer and closer to the landing area, Ott firmly put the craft on the ground. Hahn, already unbuckled, opened the door assertively but without too much force—the doors have a tendency to come out of their tracks if they’re thrown back too hard. With a practiced air, Race and Hahn pulled the stretcher from the helicopter’s back bay and ran to the roadside to wait for the ambulance carrying their patient. A firefighter was already on scene. As the ambulance pulled up, an EMT swung out, quickly briefing the two flight nurses.

Once a call is made to 911, police and firefighters are dispatched to the scene. Because there are 30 fire stations and fourteen EMS stations, firefighters often arrive on scene first, explained Dr. Ronald Roth, the director of City of Pittsburgh EMS. Firefighters are trained as first responders or to the level of EMT; they can run an AED (an automated external defibrillator), but they cannot transport patients. Therefore either an ambulance or a helicopter must arrive next. All the ambulances in Pittsburgh are equipped to provide Advanced Life Support (ALS) and are staffed by salaried union member EMTs and paramedics. Paramedics are trained to initiate more invasive, advanced care procedures, such as starting an IV or intubating a patient to help with breathing. Next on the ladder is air medical: “a higher level of critical care,” it’s provided by specially trained flight nurses, flight physicians, or paramedics, said Dr. Thomas Doyle, one of STAT MedEvac’s three directors.

While Hahn and Race assessed their patient inside the ambulance, the fireman and the EMT readied the stretcher, unfolding the “hot dog” bag—a space-blanket-esque wrapper with a red outer and a white inner liner that retains patient heat and contains fluid so it doesn’t spill inside the aircraft. Hahn emerged first and then Race, the patient securely strapped to the stretcher, her neck stabilized by a headboard as Race pulled her across the open field. Hahn opened the double bay doors and Race slid the patient into position, the stretcher locking in place before the doors were shut. The nurses took their seats and Ott took off. The helicopter remained running the whole time.

“We run hot operations,” said Hahn, meaning the aircraft’s engine is not turned off while on scene. “That way we don’t have the spin-up time or run the risk of the engine not starting—they’re ornery little things. A couple of seconds make a difference in patient outcomes.”

When it comes to deciding patient outcomes, there are innumerable variables: time, patient condition, who

responds to an emergency call. In Pittsburgh, there has been a concerted effort to make sure the variables add up to a positive outcome.

“Western Pennsylvania is unique in the amount of hospitals and level of healthcare it has,” said Neil Jones, Director of the Children’s Hospital Pre-Hospital Care department. “The hospitals developed along with the steel town mentality: every town had its own school, its own hospital, its own library.” And while such a confluence of hospitals could lead to infighting, Pittsburgh has “an integrated system within the school [of medicine], across UPMC, and the region. We also have relationships with non-UPMC hospitals and EMS command for much of Allegheny County,” said Dr. Yealy. “Compared to other places I’ve been or know of, there’s more of a collaboration of ‘What’s the right thing to do here?’”

In addition, Pittsburgh is the only city in the nation where a resident emergency physician responds alongside EMS personnel.

“The physician learns from the paramedic and vice versa,” said Dr. Roth. “The paramedics have a lot of experience. You’ll get some who will say, ‘I’ve been training physicians for over 30 years.’ Residents can learn how to be a team leader, work as a team, how to work in the streets. In med school you don’t learn how to run a cardiac arrest at a wedding while the music still plays.” In closely linking pre-hospital emergency care with the emergency room through the residents, the city has carefully engineered a system that constantly draws closer to the ideal of medical care.

Hahn sat in the seat above the patient’s head, her gloved hands gently maneuvering equipment into place while Race started an IV with his left hand from the “patient care seat,” located to the left of the stretcher. As they did so, they ran through the required safety check of the aircraft, assuring the well-being of their patient and of their team. Ott took the aircraft up, alerting the crew

to his every move so that they could adjust their work as needed. The talk flew fast, full of acronyms and constant reassessments, the nurses ready to adjust care at any moment.

**E**mergency medicine, by its very nature, is a high-stress occupation. The people who pursue it share some specific traits. “You have to think on your feet,” said

Dr. Paris. “It’s a combination of cognitive and psychoanalytical skills—it’s a challenge to one’s hands and one’s mind.” Jones added, “No day is the same: you could have a pregnant lady followed by a broken leg followed by a car accident.” Such variety requires a working knowledge that can be readily applied. “The Emergency Department is not the quiet,





serene, private, peaceful place the doctor's office is," said Dr. Paris. "You may hear or see things you're not used to hearing or seeing."

I sat transfixed while Jen and Harold calmly assessed their patient—might she have internal bleeding? Not likely. Her collarbone looked broken, though. Yeah, that's a nasty lump. Looks like a fracture to the jaw. You better take her rings off, Harold, before her fingers swell and they have to cut them off. Wait, let's count them first, don't want them to think we lifted them—one, two, three, four, five, six. With the cardiac monitor in my lap and my head lost in the helmet of an air medical professional, I felt ill. Race and Hahn reached across their patient like she was a dinner table, passing equipment and throwing out the endless bits of paper that maintain the sterility of medical equipment. As an outsider I could only ask questions. Who was this woman? Where was she going before she ended up here? Would she be alright?

The helicopter landed on the helipad at UPMC Mercy Hospital. Race and Hahn leapt from the aircraft and onto the ground, and smoothly pulled their patient from the back bay. Running with the stretcher they entered the hospital through the door held open by a security guard, handing him their helmets before making their way to the elevator.

Turning a tight corner, Hahn and Race entered the emergency room, swiftly pushing the stretcher into place next to a bed to which they quickly transferred the patient. Almost ready to hand off the case, both flight nurses were more intent than ever on ensuring that the doctors in the emergency department knew enough about her circumstances to provide proper care. The noise level crescendoed within the curtains surrounding the new patient as Hahn stood in the center of a sea of green scrubs and surgical masks. Raising her voice over the cacophony of doctors, Hahn gave report, enunciating the care provided in

the air. Finished, she and Race cleaned and arranged their stretcher and left the room.

"I hate when they talk over me," Hahn said in the paramedics recovery room in the hospital. "Let me give report!" she added, frustration exploding in her voice. As she and Race helped their bodies recover from the rush of adrenaline with food and liquids, I asked how their emotions fared in caring for their patients; wasn't it wearing?

"You know, not to sound crass, but most of us got into this work because we like quick interactions—we like to get the call, fix it, and hand it off," said Hahn in the paramedics room in UPMC Mercy Hospital, standing red-faced in her flame retardant jump suit, the top pulled down so she could stand in her shirtsleeves. The attitude of the flight nurses is shared by many emergency physicians, who see themselves as "bringing order to the almost chaotic environment of the ED," said Dr. Paris. "You see results, in the sense that you have dealt with

that problem in some way before you go home." And with the high volume of calls EMS receives, it would be impossible to become emotionally involved with every case.

"A lot of people are cutting back on healthcare spending; on spending discretionary income on doctor's visits," said Dr. Yealy. Consequently, "there are more and more people turning to the emergency department for their healthcare needs. It's a big growth area, but it's hard to keep up with."

Emergency care is a discipline that benefits from innovation and change. As the world of bioengineering advances, new and different ways of addressing problems are created. Hahn took me through the "garage" at her base, walking through the immaculate and rigidly organized room, where every piece of equipment has a back-up, just in case. Commenting on the new innovations implemented in emergency care, she described how much things had changed in the past five years, the pride in her voice echoing that of Jones.

"When I first started I was teaching intubation to physicians, but I could not do it for a patient as a paramedic," Jones remembered. "Now it's the standard of care for airway control." But the most important change, he noted, is that when he was a young paramedic, "EMS providers would take patients to the closest hospital because they were so scared to treat them. Now, when it's appropriate, they can bypass the local hospital and take the patient to a place where they can get the level of care they need."

In spite of all these new ideas and practices, there are some challenges looming for Pittsburgh's emergency medicine. It has been largely accepted that expanding the skills of paramedics is a positive move. In doing so they save valuable time, stabilizing a patient's systems so that better care can be provided at the hospital. However, Dr. Henry Wang, an emergency physician, conducted a study in which the effects of intubation, the paramedic's essential skill, were examined. The study found that patients who were intubated actually did worse than those patients who were not.

"We were the originators of trying to improve their [paramedics] skill capacity," said Dr. Yealy, "and now we're seeing that [it's not working out the way we envisioned]. It could just mean that that very good idea in a narrow group of people might be worse in a larger group."

"Now we're asking, 'what's happening that's making things worse? Is the process taking too long?'" said Dr. Roth.

In the imperfect, high-stress world of emergency care, there are always questions about what response is best. It would be counteractive to forever second-guess the options to a point of immobilization, unable to take any action whatsoever for fear of a negative outcome. The studies aren't necessarily the last word, either.

"This doesn't mean that we were wrong," said Dr. Yealy. "It means we have an opportunity to do things better. Our question now is 'What's the best way to deliver care?'"

Which, for this group of professionals, is always the bottom line. ●

"WE RUN HOT OPERATIONS," SAID HAHN, MEANING THE AIRCRAFT'S ENGINE IS NOT TURNED OFF WHILE ON SCENE.

"THAT WAY WE DON'T HAVE THE SPIN-UP TIME OR RUN THE RISK OF THE ENGINE NOT STARTING—THEY'RE ORNERY LITTLE THINGS. A COUPLE OF SECONDS MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN PATIENT OUTCOMES."



TOP: FLIGHT NURSE JOYCE FEE REVIEWS HER PATIENT REPORT EN ROUTE TO THE HOSPITAL.

BOTTOM: A SUPERHERO'S EYE VIEW.

OPPOSITE: DISMUKES AND FEE DISCUSS THE STATUS OF THEIR PATIENT WITH AN EMERGENCY ROOM DOCTOR.







# COLD HAND WARM ART

{ IF YOU'VE EVER } been asked to have a string tied around your finger or offered a strange hand for a moment of meaning, chances are you've met Jennifer Gooch. A Texas-born artist and musician, Jenn championed *One Cold Hand*, Pittsburgh's connective art/glove reunification project, bringing love and warmth to the city's neglected community of single gloves. Often performed, always thought-provoking, her art confronts social sensibilities and what it means to interact, but with her debut album *Gift Horse*, Jenn is flying higher and higher off the ground of artists' footing. I sat down with the artist and her dog, Juniper, for a cup of Earl Grey and some meaningful exchange, the stronger stuff of Jenn's creative faculties.

{ INTERVIEW } Richard Rosengarten

{ PHOTOGRAPHY } Ben Filio





**“When we encounter someone, that interaction informs us.”** Oh yeah, that’s my old statement. They make us write these statements.

**They?** They. The powers that be. It’s just an expected part of being an artist and, you know, it’s growing and growing. They, the art world. We’re kind of expected to be philosophers—you know, articulate—and art historians and critical theorists and writers and web designers and... artists. That statement I wrote two years ago. Can you re-quote me?

**“When we encounter someone, that interaction informs us.”** I think I’m open to things that people are closed to. I don’t know if you saw my piece called *Vulnerability*, where I passed out these cards and had these interesting conversations with people based on it. Part of it was about putting myself in a position that was vulnerable, to ask people to take this offering from me. Then they also had to be vulnerable in order to have that conversation.

I think headphones and talking on your cell phone instead of just being somewhere cuts us off. Like all those amazing conversations you overhear on the bus or the person that you could talk to at the bus stop but you don’t. I think we feel that we’re protecting ourselves in some way from the world around us or unwanted interaction, but I consider each of those experiences a loss if they’re not had. We’re a collection of our string of moments.

**What’s the species of inspiration Pittsburgh can offer that may be different from Dallas?** Being an artist in Pittsburgh has been really great. It’s allowed me to create work that doesn’t really thrive in Dallas. Dallas doesn’t really—in my experience—have much of a public art scene. It’s very commercial and very much about making stuff you can sell. I don’t really make things you can sell.

I came here sight unseen and chose between a couple schools I hadn’t seen and was a little, well, you know, totally homesick and out of my comfort zone because I had been in Dallas my whole life. It was a little bit of a culture shock.

**No Mexican food.** No Mexican food.

**No good Mexican food, because there are a ton of Mexican restaurants around here.** You know, once I did try one—I won’t say where—[drawing in her breath] it was horrible. The service was horrible, the food was horrible,

but yeah, I have yet to eat Mexican here that’s made me feel like—

**—like it’s the genuine article.** Yeah, so I go home and that’s all I eat. I eat myself sick of Mexican food. What I like about the art scene here is that for me Pittsburgh has its own sense of alternative living. I know a lot of people who maintain lifestyles outside of the norm because it’s possible here. I’ve seen people get away with things that just aren’t economically viable anywhere else. I think that’s really refreshing and that really interesting kind of work can come from that.

**Interaction is a big part of your art. How about people in Pittsburgh versus people in Texas.** I don’t really think about people like that. There’s obviously different regional differences. I’ve been really impressed with the pedestrian Pittsburgher being well-cultured, and maybe that’s the Carnegie legacy—there are lots of museums and art opportunities here, things like the Gallery Crawls.

[Juniper growls]

The audience for my work has been really great, especially for projects like *One Cold Hand*, where it is a very accessible piece. You don’t have to know about art to appreciate it. I think there’s a nice balance of the arts here, and there are a lot of organizations like The Sprout Fund, which helped fund the *One Cold Hand* project. I got a Seed Award from them.

**Why don’t we Pittsburghers know what backsliders are? We’ve got enough churches.** The backslider is a very specific, very Southern fundamental thing. It’s got a colloquial twang to it. When you grow up in the South—I mean, Texas is a huge state, but I had a very Southern kind of upbringing—everybody knows. All you have to say is, “Oh, I was raised Church of Christ, this or that...” Most of us were put through some sort of extremist religious upbringing or we’re very familiar with it, so it’s a kind of commonality that you have. I lived in Denton, Texas, which is just north of Dallas. It’s a small college town and you get into those sorts of pockets and it’s very polar.

[To Juniper] I’m tired of playing.

**How does growing up in that background filter through your art? Does it make you want to say something?** I think that’s what I meant by the knowledge of the term backslider, ‘cause

► Gooch tacks up lonely gloves turned in by kind-hearted strangers as part of *onecoldhand.com*. The community web project aimed to reunite gloves with their long-lost partners. The project ended in a reception at Downtown Pittsburgh’s Gallery Crawl in April 2008. At the close of the project, the gloves were washed, paired, and donated to a homeless charity. The remainders are available for the taking. Tell Gooch which hand, your size, and she’ll ship it free of charge.







“  
I just got Netflix and a jug of whiskey  
and the banjo. It was a way for me to  
express things I wasn't able to with art.

”

it's not just a word, it's like a lifestyle. So there's no amount of backsliding, of leaving this religion, that will ever make me normal. I didn't watch TV, I didn't watch movies. We weren't allowed to hang out with people that weren't in our religion. It was very socially restrictive and secluded and safe. You always had this built-in network... that's not how the world is, generally. I left that when I was 20 and I was just really awkward and so it was a kind of slow process.

I remember talking with a friend of mine who also left a very Southern religion and he was like, “How long do we have to go on not believing in God before we don't believe in Hell?” Like we still feel we would be punished, and so there's this kind of insane sense of guilt that's emotionally... I can't think of the word I'm trying to say... stunting. In a way, I still feel a little bit like a five-year-old, where you're just trying to please and you're either good or bad, because we didn't believe in “once-saved-always-saved.” There was this heightened sense of repentance all the time, like if God came right now, you would go to heaven, and if you sinned in the last five minutes then you'd burn in Hell forever. There was this constant feeling of someone watching you and that just turned into social

anxiety, where you felt like everyone was judging you. Then you realize “no one gives a shit about me,” and get over it.

**Somebody up there doesn't give a shit about me?** Yeah, and so those pieces kind of dealt with that guilt. Catholicism has these icons that we can latch on to. They're so loaded—like the confessional booth, or these actions, like saying like 50 Hail Marys. I like those actions that represent a very clear thing that we understand.

**So when you're holding people's hands and tying strings around fingers and giving black eyes and doing these very personal things with people, are you conquering something?** I feel like I'm collecting those moments—like in the hand-holding piece [*Hand Holding*, see p. 69], those were tons of stories that I ended up soaking up. There were almost two pieces. There was the idea of the piece that can live through the website in a photo, but then the real piece became these stories people told me. I think the biggest experience I had with that was that I spoke with someone who was probably homeless, definitely, um, what would you say—I'm trying to think of the right word for crazy. But so articulate that he made you really aware of how thin the line is between

sanity and insanity and I think that line really scares us, right? We try to create a really clear sense of what it means to be sane and insane, but he was so articulate in his insanity that it really made a lot of sense. And he talked to me for a really long time so I was kind of captive, right, sitting at a table until I said, “Okay, we should give someone else a chance.”

[To Juniper] Lay down. Stay.

**Some of the exchanges presented seemed pointedly detached; the shoulder [*There, There*], when you're tying a string around someone's finger but they can't see you [*Remember This*]. Can you explain what's behind that?** I love that you use that word because that's a big word for me, detachment. I think that as much as I talk about mediated exchange and the attempt to maintain this connectivity, that despite the amount that we use it there's still this feeling of detachment. Getting a text message saying “I love you” will never replace someone actually saying “I love you.” In the hand-holding piece there are pictures of people holding my hand, but there are no pictures of the majority of the time, when people weren't holding my hand and I was sitting there offering this service which no one was willing to take. Those pieces, which



I call “appliances for the neurotic,” they actually do things, provide services in a way—like the quarter of the man’s chest saying “There, there”—they’re almost like neurotic totems.

**Do we become neurotic in our exchanges through using mediums?** When I look at technology I don’t really have an opinion about it ’cause I’m a user. It’s more about noticing these things and the aesthetics of them. So I’m not just interested in “why do we use these things,” but I’m interested in how that changes our perception: What is the physicality of using them? Like in the cell phone drawings [*The Messenger*], I’m really interested in the tactility of those buttons. I just got a new phone, the Razr, this really thin phone. It’s a completely unsatisfactory interaction. The buttons are really flat; I get no tactility. The more thin and fancy the technology gets...I need some sort of...nipple. It’s like a fetish item, I want to touch those buttons and feel a little bit of a response.

**What is raw exchange?** The reason I like digital cameras that make shutter noises...they don’t need to, you know?

**Do you like that?** Do I like shutter noises? I’m interested in those, they’re like the residual analog things. So if you have a touch screen and there’s a button and you push the button and it just changes, or if it were to light up a little bit before it changes, what is that little bit of light? We still want that. It’s the two-year-old in us: “Does the star go in the star hole? Yay.” What was the original question? Because I felt like I had probably something more articulate to say about it and I didn’t.

**The original question?** The last question, we were talking about neuroses....

**Are people becoming neurotic through using mediums?** I think we’ve been neurotic. I think humans, we’re really fragile things. Even a pig finds an acorn once in a while. Collectively, we’ve stumbled upon what seemingly makes us successful, like modern society, technology, medicine, but deep down, on our own, we’re really fragile things. I’m thirty and I’m still figuring out what I want to be when I grow up.

**Where Has All The Time Gone?** That piece [*Where has all the time gone? (26 years)*], for which Gooch hand-stamped a muslin panel with the date of every day she had been alive] is connected to another piece, *Nitpick*. Those were both pieces I did around a birthday.

I have an overdrive of what they’d call my Protestant work ethic: “Oh, I haven’t done anything with my life.” And so that year it was a way to take account of every day. I didn’t really realize, but when I showed the piece—it’s like 30 feet long—everyone related to those days separately. You could pick out your birthdate or some significant date and so it sort of became a way of collectively overlapping our sense of days. *Nitpick* was a way of doing the same thing as a body map, thinking about the visible evidence of my time on earth.

**A little bit of vulnerability-conquering going on there?** Yeah, definitely. You see that in a lot of my work, like asking other people to be vulnerable, but I’m offering up my own vulnerability. That piece is pretty extreme but it’s also very segmented—rather than having a picture of myself nude, it’s all these little things that are detached from reality. And it’s humorous too, to map out all of your details.

**I want to talk about your music. You used to play violin, now it’s the banjo?** I started banjo last year and it was a way of dealing. The transition from Dallas to Pittsburgh wasn’t easy. After my first semester I kind of had a nervous breakdown, so I went home for Christmas and I came back and detached from school and just got Netflix and a jug of whiskey—no offense to Dreaming Ant, I’m a big fan of Dreaming Ant—Netflix and a jug of whiskey and the banjo and it was a way for me to express things that I wasn’t able to with art, to find a voice that was different than the one that I was using in art.

**What’s different about the voice?** Music for me has been less conscious. I feel a sort of freeness—is that a word?—freedom with music that I don’t feel with art, and that’s maybe a sad thing to say. With art I’ve been in school forever—I can’t claim to not be an academic. I’ve shoved my head full of history and theory and maybe in a couple of years I can shake some of that and have a little bit more freedom, but I do think a lot when I make artwork, and with music it was a way of expressing things personally or narratively that I just don’t with art.

It’s really important for me to keep art and music separate. One is a relief from the other. I have really similar themes, I think: vulnerability, detachment, attempt to connect, inability to connect, but I’m able to say them in different ways. It’s been very important to my emotional well-being.



PAGE 66:  
◀◀ *Nitpick*, 2007-2008, mixed media. *Nitpick* documents and maps Gooch’s physical details. Every mole, cowlick, and scar was photographed and cataloged for the project. The images were placed in 100 magnifier key chains, each showcasing a different photo. A map accompanying the keychains documents the location of these details on her body. The key chains and maps were sold for \$1.

THIS PAGE, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM:  
► *Shoe Scuffing*, 2008, performance. Sitting patiently on a sidewalk, Gooch yet again offers her services to the public. This time, she gets a little dirty, so to speak, offering to custom-scuff people’s shoes.  
► *Hand Holding*, 2006, performance. Gooch set up several of these hand holding stations—complete with a table, two chairs, a sign offering “Hand Holding,” and a bottle of hand sanitizer—in the Strip District, Squirrel Hill, and Oakland. Passersby found the project curious, prompting a variety of reactions; some opted to shake hands, to snap pictures, or to sit and further discuss the idea. A few couples were inspired to draw closer and hold each other’s hands.



“

I have an overdrive of what they call Protestant work ethic, so that year it was a way to take account of every day.

”

**Plans?** What I learned from *One Cold Hand* is that I kind of woke up one morning and it was a blur of media for a little while there and I realized, “Oh, I’m an artist. Shit.” I’ve been in school forever and I look at art and have this sort of awe: You have artists’ lectures and you go and look at their work and you’re like, “Wow, one day I want to be there.” Then at some point you realize, well, this is the best of their work, they’re not showing me all the pieces that happened between these pieces that they hate. I realized at some point it doesn’t get any easier. No one’s gonna come up to me with a card one day that’s like, “Congratulations, you passed the test, you are now an artist.” So I only recently became comfortable, at least at ease with, if someone asks, “What do you do?” to say I’m an artist and not feel like I had to apologize or say I’m in school. That was scary because this is it, no one’s going to back me up any more.

**What are you doing now? In the future?** In the future? What do I want to be when I grow up?

**What do you want to be when you grow up?** The last year was really tough. I had *One Cold Hand*, which took 80 hours a week for a whole winter and spring, and then after that I had a robotic commission for Robot 250.

This year I wanted to slow down and work on my thesis and make videos to explore my ideas about social interaction. So I’m working on video and applying for jobs. I don’t know how long I’ll be in Pittsburgh. I think my life here is the life of my degree, which ends in the spring. Then I’ll go wherever the health insurance is, unfortunately. I have a mouth to feed, you know. I’m interested in teaching, so I’m applying for teaching positions. I would love to stay in Pittsburgh for a little while longer. It’s a great place to get your footing as an artist and musician.

**Is teaching what you’re doing with your art?**

Well, teaching is a really great way to do what you want to without worrying about whether it will make money, you know? I mean very few artists can support themselves with their art, so we all have to have a day job. And I do really enjoy teaching, and I enjoy the conversations that I have in the classroom. And then for music, this last CD was just me and the banjo, but I’m interested in—and I do play a lot of other instruments—creating a more complex sound and perhaps starting a band.

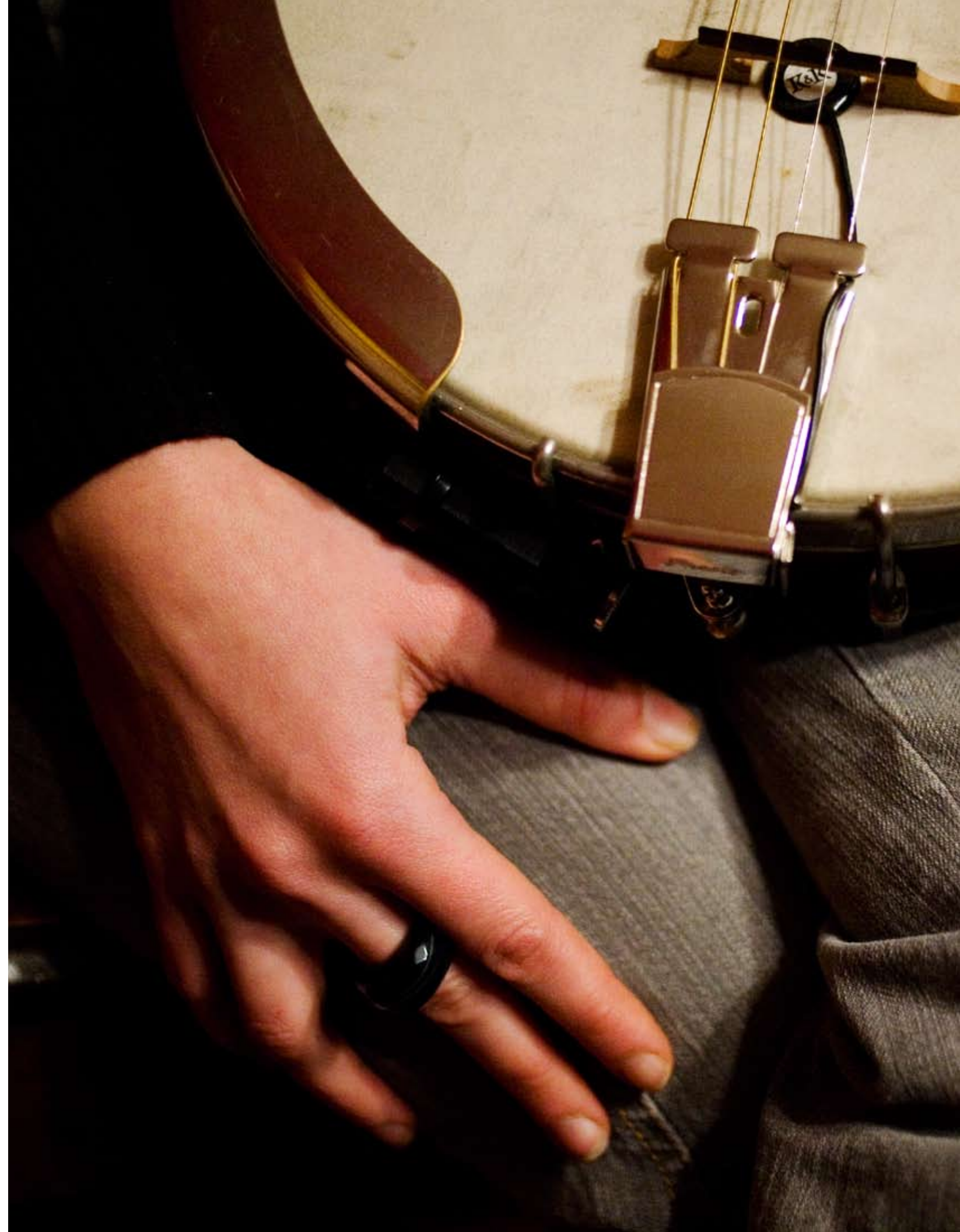
*[I wanted to hold Jenn’s hand for this last question, to experience firsthand some purposeful exchange. I extended my arm.]*

*“This is like a handshake,” she said, and turned my wrist, bringing my hand into a more comfortable position. This is just how neurotic we think we aren’t, but really can be, even when interaction is what we’re going for. At this slightest shift in the level of intimacy, my face contorted against my will.*

*“You’re scrunching your nose, there,” Jenn observed. Properly humbled, I asked my final question, inspired by Jenn’s performance at the Chinati Foundation in Marfa, TX, where she handed out “minimalist tacos” to passersby. They were only the shells. “Taste the space,” she’d say. “It’s not the corn, it’s the form.”]*

**If you were to hand out minimalist human beings, of what would they consist?** Minimalist human beings. Huh. Minimalist human beings. Would it just be hands, you think? You want me to answer you while I’m holding your hand? I think... a two-year-old, it would be two-year-olds. Maybe five. I like two-year-olds though. They’re still... both spunky, yet vulnerable, everything is interesting...I think we’re all basically two-year-olds but...one thing or another is in overdrive.

*For more information and photos of Jenn’s work, or to listen to her debut album, Gift Horse, visit [www.jennifergooch.com](http://www.jennifergooch.com).* ●





## ANACHRONISMS

The city of steel and bridges is also one of contradictions. Nowhere is this more apparent than amongst its architecture, where classic and contemporary forms collide.



TEXT / PHOTOS  
*Lindsay Carroll*

ILLUSTRATIONS  
*Michael Benedetti*





#### THE PENNSYLVANIAN

The Pennsylvanian Apartments used to be the Pennsylvania or Union Station. Now, it's one of the most high-end apartment complexes in Pittsburgh, and an historic landmark. A cab drop-off area underneath an overarching dome is illuminated by star-like bulbs. Metal filigree and stonework demonstrate the hard work put into this building.

{ 1100 Liberty Avenue }



## PPG PLACE

By far one of the most stunning buildings in Pittsburgh. It's a castle of glass, but more futuristic and imposing than anything out of a fairy tale. Sharp points jut out from the parapets atop this skyscraper. Though its form is intimidating, it's also beautiful, set like a gem in the center of the city.

{ One PPG Place }







**ALLEGHENY COUNTY COURTHOUSE**

From the outside, the courthouse is as intimidating as the function it serves, but inside is another story. Formerly the Allegheny County Jail, the building was constructed in the style of a Gothic fortress, all heavy stone, towers, and parapets with wrought-iron gates. It lends an impression of heaviness to the site—architecturally and purposefully. Yet despite its aesthetic and functional weight, behind its gates sits an open courtyard with a fountain and flowers.

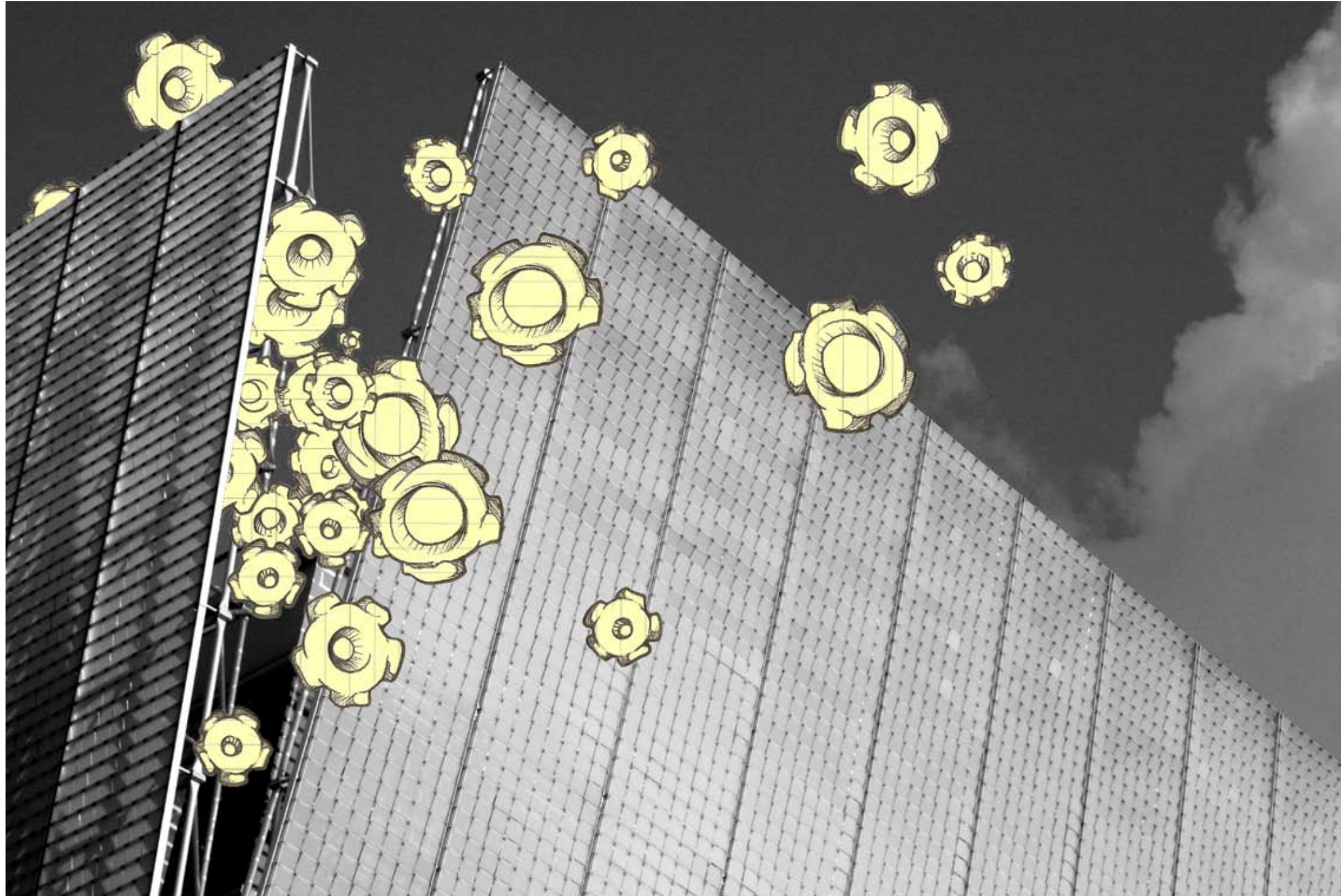
{ 436 Grant St. }



**CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF PITTSBURGH**

The Old Post Office Building and Buhl Planetarium collide with a new, bold glass addition to form the Children's Museum. Exterior panels that move with the wind prove the outside is as whimsical as the inside. The museum provides a refuge for kids to explore art, science, and even a replica of Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood.

{ 10 Children's Way, Allegheny Square }





# WALL FLOWERS

TEXT Jeff Rieger PHOTOGRAPHY Ohad Cadji







Is graffiti art? A technical definition drips little more than the paint already displays on its own. What colors seep through the controversy of graffiti's status as art reflect in their muddled splotches society's biases about representation. These images etched, sprayed, tagged, and bombed all carry forth ideas incommunicable through speech, unshoutable to the thousands who will pass by the walls and be passed by the train cars, unspeakable in political storms and unreadable to the untrained eye.



Artists of the hip-hop graffiti movement scrawl their names in cryptic styles, distorting the language of the everyday into an alien mess of hyper-serif appendages writhing with color and falling over themselves to evade recognition. A middle finger raised against property ownership and the norms of representation, this aesthetically intricate and large-scale form of graffiti struggles against the artist's own self; his name. In its loss of this struggle, in keeping with even the remotest representation of his own name, the artist challenges observers to read. At the same time, the writing on the wall calls out to members of the artist's subculture. It lets him say, "I know what I mean, and the people who know what I'm saying—I know who they are—they too know what I mean."

This is what makes up graffiti's subculture—communication among disconnected artists. It's partially about who can spray the most aesthetically complex and beautiful piece, but it's also about proliferation, tagging the most spots, getting your name all over the city. Some artists say this is the common goal of all graffiti; to get "up," as they call it, to get recognized.

Is graffiti art? Yes? No? Does it matter? Not really. Nevermind the artist's skill or the level of respect he gains among his hidden community. The artistic intentions of midnight vandals scribbling their names on walls seem more like wishful thinking than a dissertation waiting to happen—the only people who will understand a complex piece of graffiti or respect the artist are those within the subculture. And the subculture can hardly be said to count for much; graffiti is inherently against society. The language is meant to confuse the common viewer, the respect gained stays within the community of graffiti writers, and the art does little more than say "I was here, and I made this." In its most respectable form, graffiti adds a splash of color to a dull abandoned building or concrete wall; at its basest, it's





vandalism that lowers property values and reduces commerce in business districts.

Yet, the best graffiti is beautiful. The talent and aesthetic vision of some artists is undeniable, and it would be a crime in itself to stop them from producing the work they do. Major U.S. cities designate walls and locations for graffiti artists to paint legally, partially to encourage the art form and partially to keep them from vandalizing the rest of the city. Though they do not cure the spread of graffiti, legal walls and tolerant property owners both lend a hint of legitimacy to an otherwise demonized form of expression, and these are the first steps toward bringing the impressive talents of these artists into a sanctioned environment. To neglect and criminalize such skills is a continued waste of talent, something few organizations within Pittsburgh recognize.

In the past five years, however, more than 40 artists have been given the opportunity to create almost as many huge works of public

art in Pittsburgh. Sprout Public Art, run by The Sprout Fund, is a program dedicated to connecting artists and communities for the creation of murals to improve the image of the urban landscape. While not all of the artists involved have a strong history with aerosol cans or criminal behavior, the lines between muralist and graffiti artist can be easily blurred. “Most of the time, you’d never know from their portfolios they have more experience with Krylon than acrylics,” says Curt Gettman, Program Manager of Sprout Public Art, of many of the applicants to the program.

Each year Sprout accepts applications from local artists interested in creating murals throughout the city. Artists must meet the application criteria of generally being available to dedicate a full-time schedule to a mural, and possess the experience necessary to execute a large-scale work in collaboration with both a community and other artists. Especially important is an artist’s experience painting in large scale and at moderate height

from the ground, two criteria most graffiti artists will readily check from their lists.

“Surprisingly,” Gettman says, “these guys are often the best at connecting with regular people and do well working in the community setting.” Collaboration between artist and community is crucial at all stages of the process to achieve a mural with which both parties can be happy. “Communities” in this sense are constituted by property owners and community organizations with a physical presence and stake in their neighborhood. Such communities apply to be selected for one of the seven murals that Sprout oversees each year, and provide ideas that they would like to see appear in the mural. Artists then create illustrated renderings of their vision for the mural site; communities select the artist most appealing to their vision and fitting to the ideas they wish to see executed. Community and artist then collaborate to achieve a work that marries ideas of the community with the artist’s creative style.

While only one of the Sprout murals even resembles a graffiti style, there are no rules, and no community biases against former graffiti artists participating in the program. “Phil Seth, who painted the Carrick mural this year, was forthright about his history painting graffiti with the community,” Gettman explains. “He really bonded with the people in Carrick, though. They really loved him.”

The Sprout Fund selects communities as mural sites based on such factors as the potential for a mural’s impact in the community, public accessibility, and visibility. The Strip District and Lawrenceville are prime examples of communities that fulfill some of Sprout’s strategies for mural placement. Both are growing communities with potential to expand, and both are connected by Penn Avenue and Butler Street, two main corridors along which a combined seven murals can be found improving the neighborhood landscapes.

According to their program statement, Sprout Public Art addresses three key issues:

disconnect between visual culture and day-to-day life, level of leadership and personal investment in the region’s neighborhoods, and the need to support the ideas and creativity of people living in the Pittsburgh region. By connecting artists and community members, Sprout enables great works of art to grace the avenues and commerce centers of Pittsburgh’s growing neighborhoods. These murals will hopefully encourage growth within the communities and provide a more visually appealing neighborhood for future generations.

Though graffiti tends to have the opposite effect on communities, there is no denying the talents prolific graffiti artists gain from their craft, albeit at the expense of property owners. Projects like Sprout Public Art encourage community dialogue and collaboration with artists to achieve beautiful works of which both artist and community can be proud. By participating in such projects, property owners and community organizations can both improve the image of their

neighborhoods and provide artists with an invaluable opportunity to express themselves.

Considering the success of legalized walls in major U.S. cities and the passion of most graffiti artists, it is doubtful that any individual couldn’t have his or her own abstract mural. For little more than the price of a dozen cans of spray paint and a want-ad in the newspaper or a community-based website, almost anyone could probably find an eager young artist willing to collaborate. Graffiti artists may be categorized as vandals, but many of them are only looking for creative outlets. The talent is out there—one need only reach out for it. And if it turns out amiss? One or two more cans of Krylon will take care of that.

Is graffiti art? Maybe, but one thing is certain: people who make graffiti certainly have the potential to make great works of art.

“It’s amazing what happens,” Gettman observes, “when people with completely different backgrounds sit down and actually start talking with each other.” ●



# The Pinks & Peaches of Plastic Fruits

This Little Story  
is by:  
*Sophia Young*



I buried all of my hamsters in diaper wipe containers in the backyard. I made no effort to hide the graves, as I planned to visit them frequently, digging them up and checking the progress of decomposition. Does he still look alive?

We bought many hamsters.

They were small.

They were cheap.

They did not bark or scratch or growl; in fact, they didn't do much, save die.

It was an epidemic. At the apex of hamster ownership, we kept three at a time in order to rotate them through the various stages of death each inevitably displayed. First stage: slowed movement. Second stage: shallow breathing. Third stage: death preparation, visually akin to burrowing. This process became regulated, normal, the stages easily discernible, predictable. My mother would say things like, Sally looks to be about stage two. I don't think she'll be alive when you get home from soccer practice. You'd better say goodbye. By the fourth one, they were fake tears and morbid curiosity drove me to the tiny graves time and time again, drawing parallels between the twisted limbs and collapsed lungs of these hamsters to the robust seed-eating machines I had watched the previous week. It wasn't until my grandmother overheard our casual talk of the hamster mortality rate that we were confronted by an outsider, our behavior questioned, our judgment scrutinized.

Lea, it's not normal. Don't the kids care?

Mom, you're exaggerating. They're just hamsters, they're supposed to die.

Finally, in the checkout line of the pet store, two new friends in tow, we got a second opinion.

"Is it normal that all of our hamsters are dying?"

"How many?"

"About eight now."

"In what amount of time?"

"Uh...about a month."

"Where do you keep them?"

"In the living room."

"By a door?"

"Yup."

"Is it drafty?"

"Uh-huh."

"They have pneumonia."

"Excuse me?"

"They are dying because they have pneumonia. Their little lungs can't take much."

"Really."

At home, I held the last of the infected creatures in my hand, his little belly bloated, his breathing irregular and infrequent, long fur rustling in that death trap of a breeze. When he blinked the final time, we loaded new hamsters into the cage and searched for a diaper wipe container.

Cats came next. When we moved to a new town, my mother agreed to let my brother and I distract ourselves with free kittens listed in a trade magazine. When we met them for the first time, they were in a box under a sunken couch, huddled together, a mound built of bones. I chose a tiny tabby, named her Whiskers. Andy chose a black kitten, the runt of the litter, named her Mustang. While both had been severely malnourished, Mustang seemed the only to suffer as a consequence. For the first three months she could not control her bowels; there was shit in the bathroom, in the hampers, behind the fridge, on pillows. Andy didn't want to touch her and she grew deranged. Mustang ate things like bananas and ran in circles

when no one was around. When she was hit by a car in front of our house, my mother brought her inside and laid her on the washing machine. She left the cat there for three days, occasionally stopping to caress her and cry.

It smelled like dryer sheets and kitty litter.

Like mildew.

Like winter coats, warm and heavy.

Like a little black cat with a dent in its head the size of a golf ball.

When you are dead your arms don't move.

Your legs are still, your blood is drained.

You are empty and painted the pinks and peaches of plastic fruits.

Your skin doesn't shine.

You can't sweat or piss or cry.

Maybe you are alone, but sometimes you are lucky enough to sleep underground with your parents, your siblings, your children, or spouse.

Sometimes it's warm, sometimes it's cold. It is always, always dark.

How else could one expect to sleep so long?

Kaitlin was buried in the tiniest box her brothers could order, but even then it swallowed her. They packed blankets around her legs and filled her box with trinkets and drawings, flowers and stuffed animals. Her parents were laid in the adjacent room, lines of people waiting to see them, but Kaitlin was safe in the back. Family only. They decorated her little wrists with bangles and pulled her curls back with butterfly clips. Her mother would have picked a different dress.

She was my youngest brother's playmate, his favorite cousin, a girl that wasn't afraid to smear mud in her own hair. Jake didn't cry. Instead, he gave her his favorite toy, a giraffe five inches tall, plastic and immovable. It remained tucked next to her pillow as they closed her in and carried her off between her parents—long box, short box, long box.

Like Morse code.

My great aunt was the first dead person I ever saw. My Gram was afraid I wouldn't understand, but I did.

She was dead.

She would always be dead.

What I wanted to know was whether or not her hands were cold.

"Can I touch her, Gram?"

"Yes."

She hoisted me up to graze her older sister's weathered hands, their deep folds on display—vulnerable, awkwardly positioned, seemingly embarrassed. She was stiff.

Like starched linen or cookie dough that's been rolled too much.

Like mittens worn all day in the snow. ●



# THE REGAL ANGLERFISH



**OFTEN I PASS** an abandoned church near the housing projects. The bus rounds the arena and descends past rows of apartment buildings. At the bottom of the hill, the waves of buildings part to reveal a parking lot sliding down into the maelström of crumbling brick torrents below. It is in this clearing, perched halfway up the sheer slope, that the terrible object sits. Its jaundiced brick infects the surrounding site with washed-out discoloring, especially when the sun is shining bright. In a reverse L-shape, the back section of the building flops to the right like a Gila monster’s engorged tale, where creeping ivy and wizened tree branches obscure it. The elongated frontispiece, some Norse mead hall on a high pedestal, juts from the right angle. And here lies the most intriguing feature of this former house of Jesu: The entire building is three stories high, yet the entrance is at the very top, led up to by a skeletal platform of wooden steps. There it sits upright like a proud beast crowned by a steeple, its porch flapping out a splintery tongue into the slanting yard, drooling into the asphalt precipice below.

So anomalous is this temple amid the uniformity of scab-colored rectangles that I am quite sure that no one else sees it but myself. It is either a figment or some spiritual gateway inviting me—and only me—into its rapture. Had I felt otherwise, I would not have bothered to closer examine such an odious site. Furthermore, I did not bother to ask anyone else if they too observed it, lest I spoil the gall that drove me there.

Thus, one sweltering day in June I trekked down to that basin of residential crags, navigated through the alleyways, and finally ascended the almost sheer slope toward its accursed roost. Above the parking lot I mounted the narrow set of concrete steps leading into its nest of tall, half-scorched grass. Onward, up the rotting scaffold to its door I climbed, the wood splintering and breaking beneath my steps, all the way up to the porch, where the entrance awaited.

And now, Dear Reader, I grant you leave and my sincerest apology if you expected a hair-raising adventure in the bowels of a haunted chapel. Though the clutter of vagrants’ blankets and shoes at the top presented a chilling walking hazard, the doors themselves were quite boarded shut, and such a timid individual as myself could not be expected to go prying my way in. Instead, I merely stumbled back down the hazardous steps and turned to explore the yard. To my surprise, a man in a straw hat now stood leaning against a tree near the wall of the back wing. Perhaps I had missed him in my obsession toward the entrance, although I prefer to think he merely appeared there against all forces of nature.

This man in the straw hat is a remarkable character, if unhealthy. I found upon this first meeting between ourselves that we understood each other by mere glances and gestures. Though I am sure he is thoroughly evil, I have gone back to visit him many times, and not once has one of us uttered a vocal oscillation to the other. Whether he be oracle, deceiver, or addiction, I am not sure, but the visions he conjures for me, somewhere between wordless sermon and fluid imagery, are all I ask for. And it is here that I offer the most singular and distressing collage he delivered unto me:

[A room in a mosque.]

**FIRST IMAM:** You won’t believe it! You won’t believe it!  
**SECOND IMAM:** No! No! No! Please don’t say it!  
**FIRST IMAM:** Yes! I just went looking for him, and what should I see but a Jackal pacing

around the room, a heap of cluttered skin under his feet!  
**SECOND IMAM:** That’s the eighth time this month! How many times must we find a decent Ayatollah, only to find out he is another jackal posing as one, when, tired of his charade, he bursts from his fleshy suit and runs back to the wilderness!  
**FIRST IMAM:** What are we to do? The people are waiting for a sermon!

[Enter a Giant Spider Crab.]

**KING CRAB:** Allow me to help!  
**SECOND IMAM:** Be gone foul envoy of Iblis! Your kind has caused us enough trouble!  
**KING CRAB:** Please! Hear me out! I wish you no ill. Besides, I realize the predicament you face. It just so happens I have composed a most wondrous parable. Alas, my fellow ocean-dwellers have little use for such things these days, but I would be more than ecstatic to deliver mine to your audience! Allow me to just don that skin on the floor, and the crowd shall see no different!  
**FIRST IMAM:** Suppose the congregation cannot relate?  
**KING CRAB:** Oh, I promise they will! For I have brought with me illustrations in case they do not understand.  
**SECOND IMAM:** Allow us to hear it first, that we may judge if it is truly inspired by Allah.  
**KING CRAB:** Indeed! Let me begin: In a Great Trench there once ruled an Anglerfish. He was a most noble Lophiiforme, appointed to rule the Trench by our Lord the Great Sperm Whale. In those days, all observed the Commandments of the Whale, and all vice was dealt with by swift and judicious punishment in accord with the Will of the Whale. Now Korah, son of Izhar, son of Kohath, son of Levi, along with Dathan and Abiram, sons of Eliab, and On, son of Peleth—descendants of Reuben—took two hundred and fifty hagfish, leaders of the congregation, chosen from the assembly, well-known hagfish, and they confronted the Anglerfish. They assembled against the Anglerfish and said to him, “You have gone too far! All the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Whale is among them. So why then do you exalt yourselves above the assembly of the Whale?” When the Anglerfish heard it, he fell on his face. Then he said to Korah and all his company, “In the morning the Whale will make known who is His, and who is holy, and who will be allowed to approach Him; the one whom He will choose He will allow to approach Him. Do this: take censers, Korah and all your company, and tomorrow put fire

in them, and lay incense on them before the Whale; and the man whom the Whale chooses shall be the holy one. You Hagfish have gone too far!”

The Anglerfish was very angry and said to the Lord, “Pay no attention to their offering. I have not harmed any one of them.” So each hagfish took his censer, and they put fire in the censers and laid incense on them, and stood at the entrance of the crevice of meeting with the Anglerfish. Then Korah assembled the whole congregation against them at the entrance of the crevice. And the glory of the Whale appeared to the whole congregation. And the Whale spoke to the Anglerfish, saying: Say to the congregation: Get away from the dwellings of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. So the Anglerfish got up and went to Dathan and Abiram; the elders of the Trench followed him. He said to the congregation, “Turn away from the crevices of these wicked fish, and touch nothing of theirs, or you will be swept away for all their sins.” So they got away from the dwellings of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; and Dathan and Abiram came out and swam at the entrance of their crevices, together with their wives, their children, and their little ones. And the Anglerfish said, “This is how you shall know that the Whale has sent me to do all these works; it has not been of my own accord: If these fish die a natural death, or if a natural fate comes on them, then the Whale has not sent me. But if the Whale creates something new, and the ground opens its mouth and swallows them up, with all that belongs to them, and they go down alive into Sheol, then you shall know that these fish have despised the Whale.’

As soon as he finished speaking these words, the ground under them was split apart. Being underwater, this had no real effect upon the rebels, and the hagfish soon attached themselves to the Anglerfish’s gills and anus and fed upon him. And that was the end of his rule.

...  
Such are the thoughts one is prone to ponder while dining upon lobster and calamari and discussing a proposed business venture with a man in a straw hat. It only took an army of tiny men with crowbars to dismantle the church. Another hundred we employed for the task of crushing the bricks and boards into fine powder. After destroying the first contingents without paying them, we employed yet another hundred (these we actually did pay) for the task of bottling the powder so that we could sell it as medicine—the best you can get, a real cure-all. Call it “faith-healing.” ●





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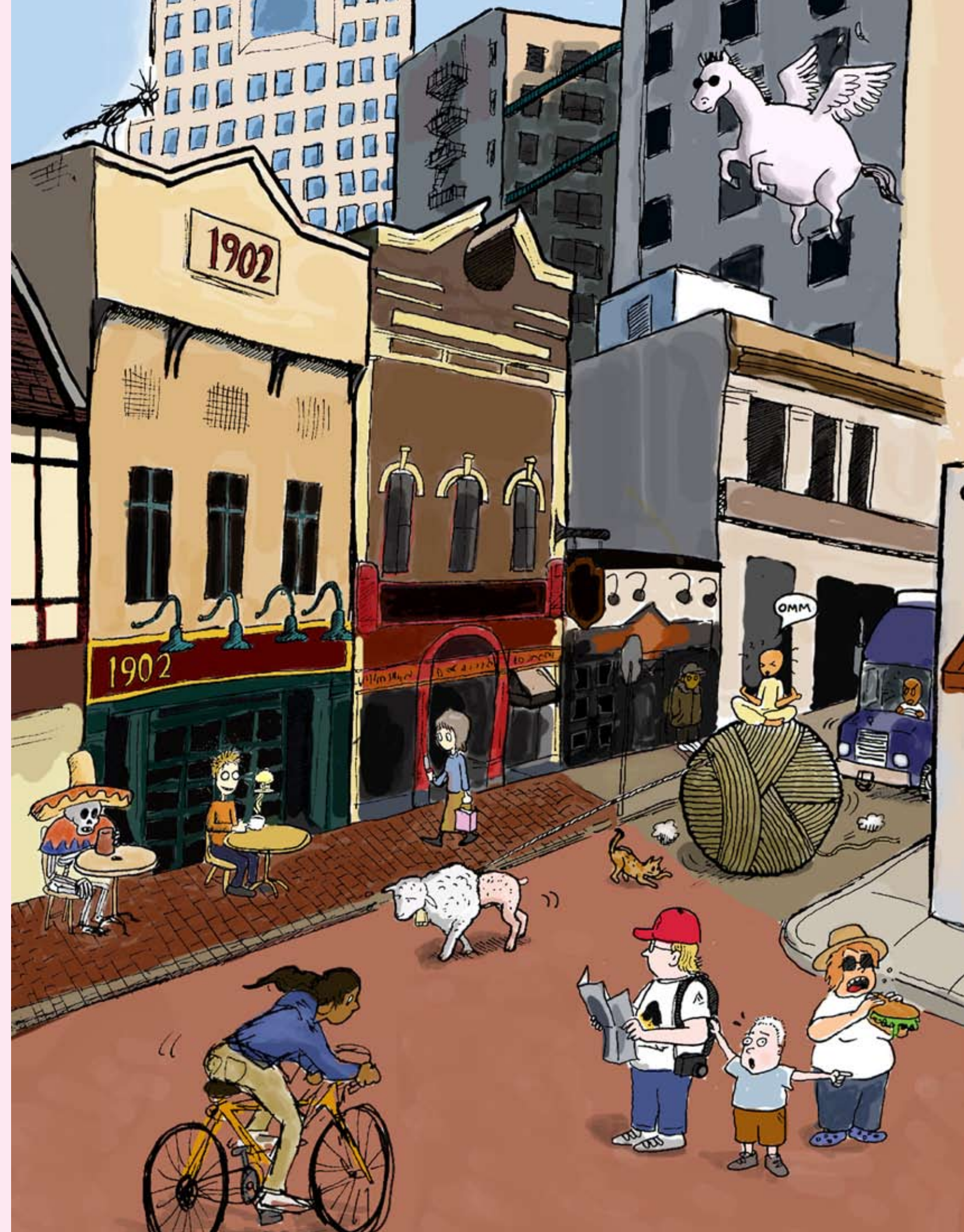


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# COMMUNITY GUIDE



**HISTORY SAYS TONY HATCH HAD NEW YORK IN MIND WHEN HE WROTE THE LYRICS FOR PETULA CLARK'S "DOWNTOWN" IN 1964, BUT WE BEG TO DIFFER. SURE, THERE ARE MOVIE SHOWS THERE, BUT WHO'S TO SAY TONY WASN'T TALKING ABOUT PITTSBURGH'S HARRIS THEATER? OR DANCING AT PEGASUS? AND SAY YOU DO FIND SOMEBODY KIND TO HELP AND UNDERSTAND YOU: THERE ARE PLENTY OF PLACES FOR TWO DOWNTOWN, TOO. NEW YORK? FORGET ABOUT IT. EVERYTHING'S WAITING FOR YOU: DOWNTOWN.**





# EAT

## 1 Café Euro

Don't let the name fool you; this is a hub for Downtown dining, not a quiet café. Located in the Steel Building, Café Euro features dark wood decor and ornate stained glass light fixtures. Floor-to-ceiling windows provide a view into a courtyard, an outside eating deck in warmer months.

The dinner menu offers a handful of appetizers, with an emphasis on seafood, as well as an above-average soup and salad selection. Entrees include a variety of classic Mediterranean seafood, steak, chicken, and pasta dishes.

At lunchtime, a number of sandwiches are added to the menu. Tried-and-true burgers and hoagies make appearances alongside more interesting fare, such as hickory grilled salmon and pulled pork sandwiches.

The standout pasta dish is the Harry's Bar, an absolutely drool-inducing combination of pennette noodles, pomodoro sauce, spinach, garlic, sun-dried tomatoes, and pine nuts. The sweet and creamy sauce is a perfect compliment to the dish's chewy sun-dried tomatoes.

On a recent visit, the working crowd was letting a little too loose during happy hour, so our hostess offered to seat us in a quieter location. Our dishes reached us quickly, and our waitress was fast and friendly, stopping by often to converse with us.

All in all, Café Euro is an outstanding restaurant. Try it on a date, but beware, dinner prices add up, especially with entrées priced above \$20. A visit will likely put a dent in your wallet. — RM

## 2 Chocolate & Chances

Only one place in town offers the lip-smacking sugar rush of a bar-quality margarita without the bad decisions and pounding headache that follow from slurping down a few on a Friday night—Chocolate & Chances.

To say Chocolate & Chances is a variety store is a serious understatement. In addition to the non-alcoholic margaritas offered by owner Tom Bower and his wife and daughter, there's also a popcorn machine with fresh-popped kernels daily; instant lottery tickets; fresh coffee and cappuccino; a wall-length assortment of candies in old-fashioned glass jars; greeting cards; bus passes; balloons; stuffed animals; gourmet chocolates from Birnn of Vermont and Sherm Edwards in Trafford, PA; and Jelly Belly jelly beans (including a Margarita flavor).

"It's almost a science," Tom says of ordering the beans. One regular customer, he tells me, has bought all the Banana- and Cherry-flavored beans and is now working on Tom's supply of Strawberry Shortcake. "Things change on a daily basis; it all depends who walks in the door."

Established in 2001, Chocolate & Chances has experienced rather erratic business, a result of city construction and re-routed buses. For the time being, Tom relies on the people who work nearby. "Not an easy deal," he laments.

Tom maximizes customer options by keeping more than 40 varieties of candy bars in stock: "We've got them in alphabetical order from Almond Joy to Zero."

## MEXICO CITY TACOS & BURRITOS



It's easy to walk by Mexico City. Not the capital of Mexico, but the year-old Wood Street restaurant. Out front, a sign, painted bright red, white, and green, reads, "Mexico City. Authentic Mexican Food. Burritos ~ Tacos ~ Y Mas," but remains hidden, overshadowed by the giant blue awning of Mama Gina's Pizza.

Despite its camouflage, Mexico City attracts a steady crowd of students (who receive a 10% discount) and young professionals. It might be the sensual red "Forever Tango" poster plastered near the entrance that lures in the stream of customers, or the giant black and white image of a 19th-century Mexican hero by the cash register. But most likely, the reliable clientele come to fill up on tacos before Mexico City closes for the day—at 6 P.M. sharp. Yes, Mexico City is a Mexican luncheonette.

Inside, the one-room eatery is ready to host a fiesta. Rainbow streamers arc across the ceiling, while a cardboard cutout of a lamb piñata hangs in the center of the dining area. Sombreros and photographs of the Virgin Mary, old Mexican heroes, and famous Mexican museums line the lime-colored walls. Chairs, upholstered in vibrant red and green stripes or chili pepper patterns, await hungry customers.

Enrique-style ballads drift from the kitchen, augmenting an electrical hum that softly fills the 20-table room. According to waitress Jamilka Borges, these aren't the only sounds here. Every two months, a mariachi band serenades burrito-chomping 20- and 30-somethings during the lunch rush.

Though skeptics might view the decor as an attempt to make the restaurant appear authentic, Mexico City is as Mexican as its namesake. Both the owners and cuisine are Mexican-born, and both chefs, who plaster the kitchen with signs written in Spanish, originate from below the Rio Grande. "The enchiladas and steaks are from Mexico," says Borges. "The sauces and moles are recipes from [the owners'] moms."

So if you're in the mood for some real, burn-in-your-stomach, pre-dinner vittles, stop by. If the walk to Wood Street is too far, try Mexico City's second outpost on Smithfield Street. But whichever location you visit, don't expect to break the bank. The average dish will set you back a mere \$7.50—before the college discount. — MB



ZAGNUTs, SKY Bars, Smoothie Peanut Butter Cups, Necco Wafers, and Mallo Cups sit side by side on the same rotating shelf.

A mini sister store in Market Square, disguised under the moniker C&C News & Snax, offers magazines, books, and even postcards of Pittsburgh.

“Stop back...I’ll give you a daiquiri,” Tom shouts as I exit, my eyes starry from the onset of a sugar-induced coma. — AG

**3 The French Tart**

Valerie Navarre is living proof that the French bake it better. Everything at her pastry shop—from cakes to quiches, chocolate mousse to almond shortbread, right down to the whipped cream icing—is made from scratch by Navarre herself. Her motto? “Food is love.” Her specialty, fruit tarts, is at the crême-filled heart of the store’s objective: to provide desserts made from all-natural, organic ingredients. “When I came here, I realized that the tarts were not as I expected, and I was not always finding the tarts I’m used



to and enjoy. So I thought, well, maybe I could try to sell some. It could be fun,” says Navarre. Fun though it may be, the workload has her baking from 7:30 in the morning to 9:30 at night. But, like the mother and true Frenchwoman she is, Navarre swears the work is worth it. She bakes with the goal of promoting a healthier kind of dessert, though that doesn’t necessarily mean less fat or calorie content. Her pastries are simply lower in sugar than most American sweets, but packed with just as much flavor. A contradiction in terms? Navarre thinks not. “I don’t use much sugar, because in Europe you don’t use as much sugar as in America. You can make a tart with no sugar, you just use fruits.”

As lone standing pastry chef, Navarre accommodates specific dietary needs easily, offering modified recipes, including a selection of gluten-free desserts. For those who are vegan or lactose intolerant, she swaps dairy for soy milk. Always dreamed of your very own pastry party?

# 5 BEST PLACES TO BLOW YOUR WAD

**\$\$\$\$\$**

**SONOMA GRILLE**

The Sonoma Grille boasts a sprawling interior, created in the style of an Italian villa with high ceilings and a casual atmosphere. Its menu represents an evolution in dining selection; it matches wines and entrées by weight and taste, and offers the option of a mixed grille in which the guest chooses his or her own combination of entrées, sauces, and sides. The widely varied menu offers dishes with influences from every corner of the world, with the wine list to match. *Appetizers & Salads \$8-19, Entrees \$14-39*

**\$\$\$\$**

**CAFÉ ZAO**

Its name in Portuguese means “big café,” which is exactly what chef Tony Pais, a Portugal native, provides with this sophisticated lunch and dinner location. High ceilings and large windows compliment an art-deco interior, creating a unique atmosphere in which to enjoy this one-of-a-kind menu. The Portuguese cross-cultural cuisine is sure to please any palette, and its location in the heart of the Cultural District will make any night on the town a memorable one. *Appetizers & Salads \$7-14, Entrees \$21-34*

**\$\$\$**

**SIX PENN**

Six Penn occupies two floors of a stylishly modern building at the corner of—that’s right—Sixth St. and Penn Ave. Sophistication meets down to earth prices at this widely acclaimed Pittsburgh hotspot, where soft lighting compliments the wood and metal interior, though the bar is just as filled during a football game as any other in town. Much of the Asian-inspired and continental menu is prepared on a wood grill, slow-cooked and infused with a flavor you won’t find anywhere else. *Appetizers & Salads \$5-12, Entrees \$15-25*

**\$\$**

**NINE ON NINE**

The formal interior and candlelit tables make Nine on Nine intimate and romantic. You’ll hear light jazz throughout the evening and the clinking of champagne glasses from Bar Nine, Nine On Nine’s latest addition, which carries its own menu of light fare. The items on Nine On Nine’s three course dinner menu—aside from the ostrich—may seem like standard American cuisine, but Chef Rick DeShantz gives steaks, scallops, and salmon new flavor with French inspiration. *Appetizers & Salads \$8-14, Entrees \$22-42*

**\$**

**THE ORIGINAL FISH MARKET**

Located in the lobby of Liberty Center, the Original Fish Market specializes in innovative seafood dishes. For those who prefer their seafood uncooked, the menu offers chilled raw oysters and a top-notch sushi bar, where you can watch sushi chefs prepare traditional and American-style sushi rolls. The Fish Market’s open atmosphere and seating are suited to both the dress-down lunch crowd and formal diners. *Appetizers & Salads \$6-12, Entrees \$11-30 — JR*

This page: Bob Peseñaire, Opposite: Kristi Jan Hoover

Navarre does those, too. Her services are often auctioned off at charity events, where the lucky winner bags Navarre for the day. She brings the ingredients and the winner provides the kitchen, where Navarre hosts instructional baking sessions. Afterwards, the winner and his or her dinner party of friends can gorge on their savory creations. — WE

**4 The Original Oyster House**

Having first opened in 1870, The Original Oyster House (of no relation to *The Original*, sadly) holds claim to the title of Pittsburgh’s oldest bar and restaurant. But inside, it’s hard to imagine that this humble seafood eatery has been in existence for nearly 140 years, thanks in part to a full-scale renovation by its most recent owner, Louis Grippo, who took over in 1970.

Despite Grippo’s facelift, the eatery still shows signs of earlier owners, both on its menu and amongst its decor; walls are lined with photographs of politicians, boxers, and famous sports figures—and a giant plastic shark. You’ll also find a disproportionately large selection of photos from Miss America Pageants, an event never missed by Louis Amicus, a previous owner. Amicus brought back photographs from each pageant he attended, amassing the impressive collection on display today.

The Oyster House bar features four beers on tap, as well as a modest selection of typical domestic brews and a few imported bottles. The reasonably priced menu offers familiar seafood fare—fish sandwiches, crab cakes, and shrimp baskets—as well as dishes that cater to more adventurous diners, like calamari, oysters, and spicy whitefish. If seafood isn’t a pal to your palate, no need to fear: The Oyster House also cooks up turf opposite their surf. Chicken tenders, Italian hot sausage, and grilled and fried

chicken breasts are sure to please any land lover. — RM

**5 Sammy’s Famous Corned Beef**

This medium-sized eatery on the corner of Ninth Street and Liberty Avenue peddles one mouthwatering New York-style corned beef sandwich.

With walls covered in posters advertising beer and drink specials, Penguins and Steelers pendants, and a smattering of flat-screen TVs permanently tuned to the sport du jour, Sammy’s appears to be 90% sports bar and 10% restaurant. But take one taste of the food, and you’ll see that the opposite is true.

Sammy’s is “famous” for their Corned Beef Special, a sandwich consisting of corned beef, Russian dressing, Swiss cheese, and slaw or kraut on your choice of bread (dark rye, rye, white bun, and

white or wheat bread; I recommend the dark rye). It’s a combination that’s stunningly delicious.

On a recent visit, my dining companion, who ordered a hot pastrami sandwich on dark rye, was kind enough to let me take a few bites. Although the restaurant isn’t called Sammy’s Famous Hot Pastrami, this scrumptious sandwich definitely challenged the corned beef for its place in the spotlight. As my friend remarked after finishing her meal, “This is definitely better than Primanti’s!”

A meal of two half-sandwiches (and half of one will be enough to fill you up) costs a mere \$6.50. Even with drinks, the tab remains safely under the \$10 mark.

Happy hour runs Monday through Friday nights from 5-7. The bar offers Blue Moon, Yuengling, Heineken, Coors Light, Budweiser and MGD on



**NICHOLAS COFFEE COMPANY**

Emanating the scents of lands faraway, the Nicholas Coffee Company has peddled a unique stock of tea and coffee for more than 80 years. Although Gus Nicholas, retired owner and third-generation coffee connoisseur, has since passed the torch to his son, he still knows what it means to serve up a steaming hot cup of java the way his great-grandfather did back in 1919.

“In the early days, there were a number of small businesses who staked their claim in the specialty coffee business,” says Nicholas, seated at a cluttered desk overlooking the shop. “Yet in the 1960s, less than ten stores in the country still did this.”

Nicholas Coffee Co., lauded as one of the few remaining establishments in the U.S. to roast, package and sell its own blends of coffee under one roof, also offers a wide array of specialty drinks, snacks, cigars, imported candies, and jumbo-sized peanuts (heated in an antique coffee roaster).

“We try to do everything the original way, making coffee in the same way as my father and grandfather,” Nicholas says, poring over framed pictures of the store from the ‘80s. “I’ve had people from all over tell me we have the most unique coffees and teas they’ve ever seen. And a lot of our business is by word-of-mouth, something that really helps when you see how many mail orders we get.”

Alive with the relics of years gone by—including Javanese tin coffee bins from the 1920s which hold Nicholas’ selection of teas and coffees—the store has been an important part of local history, at least according to Nicholas. “Coffee has always been important to people living in a town like Pittsburgh, especially for the steelworkers,” he says, noting that his favorite cup of brew is an owner’s private blend. “I still can’t get away from drinking a couple cups a day, especially in the morning just to get the cobwebs out.” — NH



tap, along with a handful of others. There's always a drink special in effect; just look at signs on the wall to find out what's current. — RM

6 Sree's Foods

Since 1991, Sreevardhan Mekala, better known as Sree, and his wife Vydehi [pictured, page 108] have owned and operated Sree's Foods, a charming Indian restaurant at the intersection of Liberty Avenue and Smithfield Street. The food is served in heaping quantities for low prices, a significant deal considering the high-cost taste.

With such outstanding food, you might think the two are lifelong chefs, but this isn't the case at all. The couple, who emigrated from the South Indian city of Hyderabad in 1989, pursued careers unrelated to the restaurant business—Sree was a biologist who conducted oncology research at UPMC's Cancer Institute, while Vydehi worked as a marketing manager.

The couple left their professional lives behind them to open up Sree's, which specializes in

authentic Hyderabad cuisine. Some of the recipes belong to Sree, although most are from Vydehi's family. Others still were picked up while she studied nutrition and cooking in Madras.

The business sits in a small triangular space at street level, with windows looking onto the intersection in front of the building. The spicy scent of home-cooked Indian cuisine hangs in the air and is the first thing you notice upon entering. The day's menu is listed on a laminated piece of paper near the ordering line. Food sits along a cafeteria-style counter, and meals are served up in Styrofoam takeout boxes.

Sree and Vydehi clearly don't put on airs. They're more concerned with the food than the decor, although a handful of Indian tapestries and sculptures have been scattered throughout the hall. Sree's is a working-class-friendly eatery, attracting all types; men in suits are often seen eating shoulder-to-shoulder with construction workers.

As I walked in to place my order, several regulars on their way out bid Sree farewell, thank-

ing him for the food. I admitted I was a newbie to the Indian food scene, so Sree himself, working behind the counter, recommended the tamarind chicken over rice, eggplant curry, and broccoli with lentils. You can't argue with a professional—the meal was great. The chicken, my main entrée, was my favorite. The spicy sauce was deliciously tangy, without being overpowering.

In the tamarind chicken, as well as the entire menu, the restaurant boasts only fresh, natural ingredients, with an aim at keeping fat and cholesterol low while refusing to use sugars or sweeteners. The eatery is also vegan- and vegetarian-friendly, and lists what's what on the menu for concerned customers.

Sree's has several locations, including Squirrel Hill, Sharpsburg, and a meal trailer on Carnegie Mellon's campus that serves lunch weekdays year-round. Visit their website for store hours, which vary by location, or to see photos and home movies of Sree and his family, as well as pictures that his fans have sent from around the world. — RM



6

**Café Euro** (412) 434-0800, M-F 11:30 A.M.-9 P.M., [www.cafeeuropittsburgh.com/steel\\_tower/index.htm](http://www.cafeeuropittsburgh.com/steel_tower/index.htm)

**Café Zao** 649 Penn Ave.; (412) 325-7007; T-F 11 A.M.-11:30 P.M., Sa 3:30 P.M.-11:30 P.M., Sun 3:30 P.M.-9 P.M.

**Chocolate & Chances** 400 Stanwix St.; (412) 281-1744; M-F 7:30 A.M.-5:00 P.M., closed weekends

**The French Tart** 2 PPG Place, retail level; (412) 281-1010; M-F 10 A.M.-6 P.M.

**Mexico City Tacos & Burritos** 111 Smithfield St.; (412) 391-2591; M-F 11 A.M.-8 P.M., Sa 11 A.M.-4 P.M.

**Nine on Nine** 900 Penn Ave.; (412) 338-6463; T-Th 5 P.M.-9:30 P.M., F-Sa 5 P.M.-10 P.M.; [www.nineonnine.com](http://www.nineonnine.com)

**The Original Fish Market** 1001 Liberty Ave.; (412) 227-3657; M-F 11 A.M.-1 A.M., Sa-Sun 4 P.M.-1 A.M.; [www.originalfish-marketpgh.com](http://www.originalfish-marketpgh.com)

**The Original Oyster House** 20 Market Square; (412) 566-7925, M-Sa 9 A.M.-11 P.M., [www.originaloyster-housepittsburgh.com](http://www.originaloyster-housepittsburgh.com)

**Nicholas Coffee Company** 23 Market Square; (412) 261-4225; M-F 7 A.M.-5:30 P.M., Sa 8:30 A.M.-4 P.M.; [www.nicholascoffee.net](http://www.nicholascoffee.net)

**Sammy's Famous Corned Beef** Ninth St. and Liberty Ave.; (412) 471-3122; M-Th 9 A.M.-10 P.M., F 9 A.M.-11 P.M., Sa 10 A.M.-8 P.M.

**Six Penn** 146 Sixth St.; (412) 566-7366, M-Th 11 A.M.-11 P.M., F 11 A.M.-Midnight., Sa 3 P.M.-Midnight., Sun 10:30 A.M.-2:30 P.M.; [www.sixpennkitchen.com](http://www.sixpennkitchen.com)

**Sonoma Grille** 947 Penn Ave.; (412) 697-1336; lunch 11 A.M.-3 P.M., dinner 5 P.M.-11 P.M.; [www.thesonomaagril.com](http://www.thesonomaagril.com)

**Sree's** 701 Smithfield St.; (412) 860-9181, M-F 11:30 A.M.-3 P.M., [www.srees.com](http://www.srees.com)

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## LEARN

**1 Art Institute of Pittsburgh**

As “the College for Creative Minds,” the Art Institute of Pittsburgh (AIP) invites students to seriously consider their art, channeling inspiration into thoughtful, well-constructed portfolios.

The faculty at AIP doesn't simply help students create; they encourage them to market their talents. Professors and career counselors assure students that creatives aren't doomed to live in cardboard boxes after graduation—they can make a viable living through their art, and AIP provides the resources to do so. “We have the highest graduate job rate for graphic design, and that's just all I want,” says Crystal Inscho, a sophomore graphic design major. Inscho assures that with dedication and skill, AIP can find you a job in the marketplace. “You have to be talented, but if you're talented then yeah, they have the connections to help you,” she says.

A variety of art shows occur throughout the semester, featuring the work of undergraduates, alumni, and faculty. The shows give undergraduates and alumni alike an opportunity to interact with their predecessors, appreciate the work of their peers, and network with those who've already cultivated careers.

The Culinary Arts Department runs Taste of Art, a restaurant on the ninth floor of the building, where clients of the institute are treated to a menu planned and executed by student chefs. A restaurant course enables students to rotate through several critical positions over an eleven-week

period, including sous chef, sauté chef, grilladon, entremetier, garde manger, patissier, tour-nant, waitstaff, and maitre'd.

With a multitude of opportunities to showcase their work, and the resources to jumpstart careers in any creative endeavor they choose, AIP offers doodlers, foodies, fashionistas, gamers, and photogs alike a shot at finding their place in the world.

**2 Duquesne University**

Elevated high above its iron archway on Forbes Avenue, Duquesne truly is an oasis in the middle of an urban neighborhood. A view of the city is visible from its hilltop campus, yet it's not the typical urban campus experience. “You don't feel like you're right downtown, but you are. You can't hear the city. You see the skyscrapers, but you don't hear the traffic,” says junior Zach Adamerovich.

While known as a private, Roman Catholic institution, Duquesne isn't about forcing religion down its students' throats. A theology course is required as a part of a general education, but course options cover a broad range of subjects; anything from atheism to Eastern religion goes.

The student body is close-knit, to say the least. Though it boasts a population of 10,000 students, only 5,907 are undergraduates. The student-to-faculty ratio is 15:1, though sophomores and juniors often find themselves in class of nine or ten. Faculty and students often intermingle as well; in the University student lounge, many a student-



professor pair sits and talks over coffee. It's a strange sight in an academic world where professors often play the game of quick-draw: they're in, they dispense information, they're out. Not at Duquesne, where many faculty members spend their time not only teaching, but researching as well.

Even more surprising is Duquesne's much-celebrated freshman orientation. It's a week-long affair, but not the typical moan-and-groan activity performed for the sake of bolstering school spirit. Freshmen love it.

“Everybody goes to orientation. Nobody doesn't go,” says sophomore education major Blake Bertalan. Events include a battle of the bands, where freshmen teams compete in front of each other, most of them total strangers before becoming insta-band members. There's also the annual Graffiti Dance, where freshmen receive white shirts and as many markers as they need to decorate each others' backs. Finally, there's the *Bog Song*, a good ol' banjo-strummed bluegrass tune, which every freshman class sings in hand-clapping unison—talk about bonding; Duquesne is like glue.

**3 Point Park University**

Jazz hands! You'll find a lot of them at Point Park University, a school known for its Conservatory of the Performing Arts (COPA). COPA is one of only three undergraduate schools at the University, and its students make up 25% of the campus community.

The school owns its own theater complex, the Pittsburgh

Playhouse, located nearby in Oakland (a schedule of performances is available at [www.pittsburghplayhouse.com](http://www.pittsburghplayhouse.com)). The three-theater performing arts center is home to the REP, Point Park's professional theatre company, and three student companies.

But contrary to popular belief, Point Park is more than just its performing arts program. Within the 2009/10 school year, Point Park will add a School of Communications to its infrastructure. The program currently exists as a Journalism and Mass Communications degree, but is now officially being reformulated into its own school.

“Everyone's really excited about that,” says Jeremy Stone, a sophomore on the broadcasting track within the soon-to-be School of Communications.

This announcement comes on the heels of a plan to restructure Point Park's entire landscape. Administration is launching construction of Academic Village, which will include an eco-friendly student center with social and athletic facilities, residence halls, and an urban park. The Pittsburgh Playhouse will also be moved downtown, creating a more cohesive campus environment. The project will be ongoing over the next six years.

**Art Institute of Pittsburgh** 420 Blvd. of the Allies, (412) 263-6600, [www.artinstitutes.edu/pittsburgh](http://www.artinstitutes.edu/pittsburgh)

**Duquesne University** 600 Forbes Ave., (412) 396-6000, [www.duq.edu](http://www.duq.edu)

**Point Park University** 201 Wood St., (412) 391-4100, [www.pointpark.edu](http://www.pointpark.edu)

## ON POINT PARK

Brittany Azmoudeh, a senior theater major at Point Park University, and Jeremy Stone [pictured below], a sophomore broadcasting major, discuss the finer points of a Point Park education:

**On The Party Scene**

**JS:** There's not a party scene here, which is fine with me because I like small gatherings. **BA:** Same here. I mean, COPA has some parties, but they're too crowded.

**On Community**

**BA:** I hardly see academic students. There's a separation here because COPA students are in the same classes. I'd say the same for communications. I only say that because... **JS:** It's true? **BA:** It is true. It's weird because when we say our major it's like, “Oh, you're one of those COPA students.” But I don't sing in elevators like theater students do. **JS:** I sing in elevators, and I'm in broadcasting...it's just because I like singing. I always hear theater students singing in the hallways, singing in the streets...**BA:** It gives a nice atmosphere. **JS:** Yeah, but sometimes you don't want to hear it, like early in the morning. **BA:** One of my roommates left and I got a new one, and she was an engineering major. I didn't even know we had engineering here. **JS:** I honestly thought we were just a performing arts college. **BA:** It was really a shock.

**On Professors**

**JS:** Eccentric. **BA:** I don't find it strange though. It's different because our classes are hands-on. I perform in over half of them. **JS:** Sometimes we won't do anything, we'll just debate different topics. **BA:** We danced in my favorite acting teacher's class. We danced and sang. **JS:** What's with that class on the sixth floor with the African music? **BA:** I don't know. **JS:** It sounds like the Congo.

**On Being Downtown**

**JS:** For the most part there's a decent amount of stuff to do. Everything's pretty close. We take the shuttle to Oakland and South Side's a 15-20 minute walk. **BA:** It's really nice. **JS:** It's probably the cleanest part of the city.

**On What They Know That You Don't**

**BA:** We have a ghost called the Shuffler. I've heard him. **JS:** I don't think you've heard the Shuffler. **BA:** I have. I hear shuffling from my room, and I'm like, “What is that?” Then I keep on hearing it and I'm like, “Oh, it's probably that ghost.” So I just go back to my work. One of my friends experienced the Shuffler actually picking up something, and she's like, “I don't need any help, thank you, I don't need any help, thank you.” **JS:** Wasn't he an old servant because it used to be a hotel? **BA:** Yeah. I forget what he did, but he somehow died on one of the floors. **JS:** Shuffling?





# BROWSE

J.R. WELDIN

Respected as the oldest business in Downtown Pittsburgh, J.R. Weldin entrances customers with goods culturally and socially edifying—and often largely entertaining.

The store offers everything from office supplies to fine leather accessories to light-up lunar globes. There are clocks shaped like blenders, elegant pens, and a fanciful array of organized clutter of a highly distinguished variety. A 22 lb. Maine Coon cat named Louie is also on display, though not for sale. He'll see to it that any experience here is a memorable one.

In the window, page-a-day calendars, jelly bean dispensers, and clever bumper stickers sit alongside custom napkins, calligraphy supplies, and bridal veils. Betrayed upon entering the store is a collection of two-story, wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling shelves of necessities, accessories, and hard to find gifts and gadgets.

Upstairs, shoppers will quickly realize that Weldin has everything they could ever need to get ahead at school or work, as well as anything they may need to decorate their home or office, including candles shaped like bread and fruit, garden accessories, maps, globes, books, and flags.

Though some items may be a little too cute for most tastes, there are many that few shoppers couldn't help but consider. As a result, it's easy to get lost with zeal in the sea of interesting items available here, but don't worry, Louie will help you find your way out.

Come to Weldin to stock up on office supplies; plan a wedding; buy gifts; mount, frame, or laminate just about anything; design one-of-a-kind stationary; tempt yourself with endless, glorious knickknacks and tchotchkes; and pet a cat. Truly, there's something for everybody. — RR

## 1 Chick Boutique

As the first high-end women's clothing boutique to open in Downtown Pittsburgh, Chick is striving to make the city a more fashionable place. With over 200 luxury lines, including a selection of accessories, the store offers a perfect purchase for every fashionista. The modern space is streamlined, but racks are packed with cutting-edge pieces and otherwise hard-to-find labels (Anna Sui, Diane von Furstenberg, and Juicy Couture among them). A few months after the storefront opened in 2007, Amy Reed, owner of the always trendy boutique, launched her equally stylish website. Since then, *Chickdowntown.com* has garnered press in national fashion magazines, including *Elle's* list of the top ten best boutique websites. Though the site has an incredible selection, local shoppers should take advantage of Chick's in-store experience: the super-knowledgeable staff will help you find an outfit for any occasion. — ss

## 2 Eastern Wigs

Luring shoppers with eclectic window displays and a faded green façade, complete with lighted marquee, Eastern Wigs offers an exciting experience for anyone in the business of hair. The 35-year-old venture, run by five loyal employees all blessed with the gift of gab, is a melting pot of coif-beautifying merchandise.

The tiny space, made smaller by an enormous supply of ponytails and extensions dangling

from above, is navigable only by a narrow, semi-circular path cut through the store, lined with the glaring eyes of hundreds of porcelain and Styrofoam heads done up in cleverly styled wigs.

For shoppers jonesing to look like Beyonce, Farrah Fawcett, or Morticia Addams, the style gurus at this Pittsburgh gem help them do it right, cutting and styling new hairpieces to match any customer's outfit or passing fancy.

"They don't need to go anywhere else but here," says Kim Watkins, a 10-year employee of the store. "All types of people come in and we like conversing with them and sending them out with a smile on their face."

Watkins, noting the shop's enormous selection of sunglasses, belts, bags, and clip-on earrings, says the establishment has become a haven for cancer patients, theater students, and drag queens alike, all of them searching for a common denominator—self-confidence and a fabulous mane. And with prices ranging from \$32.99 to \$450, almost anyone can afford

something here, though the big spenders aren't always just anyone. The one thing the staff here won't divulge is the name of their latest celebrity client. — NH

## 3 Ewe Can Knit

Sit down. Take a moment for yourself. Knit a sweater. That's Marlene Smith's advice for the overworked and overstressed. Smith owns Ewe Can Knit, where she teaches mothers, daughters, and even young boys and grown men how to cast-off. "We even had a WWII vet who learned how to knit on a navy boat. He used to make afghans," she says.

Customers frequent the store during their lunch breaks for a much-needed distraction, or to feed their deep-set addictions. Think of it as the old-fashioned equivalent of an X-Box 360.

The sense of comfort abounds here. Upstairs, the shop is outfitted with plush armchairs, footrests, warm lighting, and tables where groups congregate for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday workshops. Knitted scarves pegged to white wood spell out "Knitter's Loft." Inspirational



This page: Chad Cadij. Opposite: Anna Raashivkina



quotes line the staircase and dot the walls of the loft. Sheep are practically worshipped. You'll find them framed on the mantle, painted on walls, and cross-stitched onto stretched fabric throughout the store.

And the yarn. The yarn is everywhere. Jutting from every wall; samples of past projects in every corner: tank tops, shawls, capes, felted bags, sweaters, and of course, scarves. Yet it's not so much about the knitting as it is about the community it binds together. People exchange patterns, but they also trade recipes—try Lynn's dips or salads, or Donna's famous pumpkin bread. Workshops keep the tradition of knitting and the social scene of knitting circles alive. Whether you're a beginner or an old pro looking to stitch 'n' bitch, the store is an open workspace during all business hours. — wg

4 Giggles

With a name like Giggles, who could resist a peek into this Market Square T-shirt shop? Specializing in screenprinting, the store offers a collection of patterns for shoppers to choose from, and also allows them to

bring in their own for genuinely personal clothing. In addition to T-shirts, Giggles peddles some serious merchandise. With items like fancy flasks, cigarette holders, and a stellar selection of body jewelry, it would be difficult to find another shop offering quite the same selection of goods. Highlights from the Giggles collection include an abundance of statues (including three-foot stags) and African tribal masks. Also for sale are ever-indispensable scorpion paperweights, ninja weapons, hippie skirts, colorful bracelets, and fake chickens. So if you're in the mood to peruse things that, under normal circumstances, would never ever be in the same store, well, now you know where to go. — NH

5 The Headgear

Although many stores have staked their claim in the business of covering the body's most important asset, none have done it quite so thoroughly as Charles and Yung Lee, owners of The Headgear on Forbes Avenue. Deemed one of Pittsburgh's oldest thriving establishments by much of its loyal clientele, The

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE

1 Mellon Square

Smithfield St., between Oliver Ave. & Sixth Ave.

This popular lunchtime destination was the first park built above a parking garage. Ample seating provides an opportunity to catch mingling coworkers chatting over fast food or the latest *New York Times* bestseller. Flanked by the Omni William Penn Hotel and Turner Hall, the park features a contemporary metal sculpture, adding a much-needed splash of art to the area. Pigeons peck at dropped sandwich crusts, and on a breezy day you may catch a few drops from the ornate fountain, but this is a tranquil spot to relax and read.

2 Carnegie Library Downtown & Business

612 Smithfield St.; (412) 281-7141; M-Th 8:30 A.M.-6 P.M., F 8:30 A.M.-5 P.M., closed Sa & Sun; www.cldpgh.org

As would be expected of a Downtown space, the square footage of this Carnegie Library branch is limited. But what it lacks in legroom, it makes up for in appeal. Downtown & Business boasts the same sunny, aesthetically-pleasing atmosphere as other Carnegie Library branches, with lime green walls and red and yellow floors. It's a pleasant escape from the throng of students filling up study spots on campus. Free WiFi is available, and each metallic desk comes equipped with its own outlet for your laptop.

3 Point State Park

"There is not a more delightful spot under heaven to spend any of the summer months than at this place," said Hugh Henry Brackenridge of this 36-acre park. The Point is certainly one of the most picturesque places in Pittsburgh. Major renovations are in the works for the next few years, but once complete, the park will be a more relaxing destination than ever. Sunbathe on the side of the fountain and watch kayakers paddle their way around the three adjoining rivers while taking in the city skyline.

4 PPG Place Plaza

Between Forbes Ave. & Blvd. of the Allies, Stanwix St. & Wood St.

Constructed in 1984, the six glass skyscrapers of PPG Place make it one of the most easily recognizable structures in the city. The Plaza in the center of the buildings is home to Mr. Dig and Philiposaurus, two artfully constructed dinosaurs from the Carnegie Museum of Natural History, as well as a large fountain, nicknamed The Obelisk. During warmer months, a water feature runs a few times each day. Umbrella-shaded tables provide the perfect spot to eat lunch purchased at one of the many surrounding restaurants.

5 Market Square

Between Forbes Ave. and Market St.

Created when John Campbell first planned the city in 1764, this famous square—home to Pittsburgh's first courthouse, jail, and newspaper (*The Post-Gazette*)—is rich with history. The bustling atmosphere makes it a great place to catch up with friends over lunch. A stage provides space for frequent events, including Light Up Night, the Three Rivers Arts Festival, and Sundays in the Square. The area also offers free WiFi, making it a great outdoor study spot. — ss

This page: Bob Penseiraire, Opposite: Hannah Pilling

Headgear has been catering to fashion connoisseurs seeking caps of all kinds for the last 86 years.

Charles and his wife took over the business, originally named Tucker and Tucker, more than 30 years ago. "We are a unique business, maybe the most unique in all of Pennsylvania," he says, seated on a small folding ladder while peering through black-rimmed glasses. "We really try to provide the necessary headwear styles to complete any outfit—and have a person be nicely dressed when they leave."

The store is stacked from floor to ceiling with hats of every make, color, and model—think western, dress, casual, baseball, team sports, and vintage. Many of the hundreds of hats Lee and his wife keep in stock are arranged along the walls of the store, but you'll find their most valuable headgear, with prices up to \$2,000, locked in display cases. This high-end inventory has made The Headgear a premium source for celebrities and sports enthusiasts alike.

"This isn't like a normal business," Charles says as he hands a hat to a customer. "We want customers to enjoy their time here and people really appreciate that; some even pass just to say hello."

The Headgear, alive with the mellifluous sound of classical music emitted from a discreetly hidden radio, is a place that does more than simply keep tradition alive, say the Lees. Their store transcends the sale of goods. It represents an extension of their own family.

"People enjoy hats!" Charles exclaims, adding that even recently released jailbirds visit the shop for their first post-penitentiary purchases. "And after we share a hug and teach them how to care for their new hat, we'll just sit and talk for a long time. There really have been so many years of good memories."



The Lees, proudly displaying a checkout counter adorned with a collage of cards and pictures sent from happy customers, agree that their time at the store has made for an enjoyable livelihood. It is a practice they will undoubtedly continue, if for nothing else then to prove that the hat really does make the man. — NH

6 Lubin and Smalley Florists

Established in 1917, Lubin and Smalley has spent the past 90 years blooming into a thriving Downtown business. On point with the current buy local trend, the shop encourages people to order locally (rather than turn to national arrangement companies) by offering competitive prices and minimal delivery charges. In addition to a selection of arrangements (flowers range from tropical orchids to traditional roses), Lubin and Smalley offers fruit baskets, cards, and balloons. Next time you're trying to impress a date, stop by and allow the expert florists on duty to whip up the perfect bouquet.

During the holidays, the store is bustling, but the staff on hand are always willing and ready to arrange something beautiful just for you (or your hot date). — ss

7 S.W. Randall Toys & Gifts

From its window display to the model train track that hangs suspended from the ceiling of this two-story toyland, S.W.

Randall carries a wall-to-wall selection that sends the hearts of both parents and children pitter-pattering with excitement.

S.W. is the toy store of yesteryear, harkening back to a time before conglomerates like Toys 'R' Us and Walmart, when toy cars were made of tin and metal. And it's all about variety here.

Young girls will find heaven in a life-sized dollhouse show-room, which houses collectible vintage-inspired Barbie series and porcelain-faced baby dolls. Travel upstairs to the Games & Hobbies section for all the board games you enjoyed as a kid. The store also carries an impressive selection of flat and 3-D puzzles. For young boys (and fathers' nostalgic hobbies), S.W. offers a model car and train selection, which occupies half the shelf space on the top floor.

Whatever your toy of choice, this store isn't only geared toward holiday spending sprees. Paul Caplan, an employee now in his 35<sup>th</sup> year at S.W., says, "I firmly believe that children need a broad range of toys to play with, that they should be supplied with toys more than just at Christmastime, more than just at their birthday. Supplying children with a steady stream of innovative products helps them develop, and that's what we're about. We want to provide quality toys that children can utilize creatively." — wg

Chick Boutique 717 Liberty Ave., (412) 434-0100, M-F 10 A.M.-6:00 P.M., www.chickdowntown.com

Eastern Wigs 302 Fifth Ave., (412) 562-0202, M-Sa 9:30 A.M.-5:30 P.M.

Ewe Can Knit 417 Wood St.; (412) 281-0123; M-W and F 9 A.M.-5 P.M., Th 9 A.M.-6 P.M., second Sa of each month 10 A.M.-2 P.M.; www.ewecan-knitpittsburgh.com

Giggles 28 Market Square; (412) 391-3280; M-F 10 A.M.-5 P.M., Sa 12-4 P.M.

The Headgear 216 Fifth Ave.; (412) 391-7670; M-F 10:30 A.M.-5:30 P.M., Sa 10:30 P.M.-5 P.M.

J.R. Weldin 415 Wood St., (412) 281-0123, M-F 9 A.M.-5 p.m., www.jrweldin.com

Lubin and Smalley Florists 8 Market Square; (412) 471-2200; M-F 7:30 A.M.-5 P.M., Sa 8 A.M.-1 P.M.; www.lubinandsmalley.com

S.W. Randall Toys and Gifts 630 Smithfield St.; (412) 562-9252; M-Th 10 A.M.-8:30 P.M., Sa 10 A.M.-5:30 P.M.





# DO

## 1 Ace's Breakaway and Play Arcade

As I walk into Ace's Breakaway and Play, the sound of bouncing digital pinball machines and *Ms. Pac-Man* take me back to my days as a tyke scarfing pizza and greasing up the knobs of my favorite arcade games.

Ace's boasts six brand-new pinball machines, as well the boardwalk classic—skee-ball. Ace's also offers a number of classic arcade games, like *Marvel vs. Capcom*, *Tekken*, and a *Class*

Trade in hard-earned tickets for Tootsie Rolls and plastic spider rings. — DD

## 2 August Wilson Center for African American Culture

The August Wilson Center for African American Culture (AWC), an organization long at work to unearth Pittsburgh's rich African American history, will soon see its center grow tenfold. Currently housed in a mid-sized gallery on Sixth Street, the center is in the midst

limited the reach," says Holandes. They settled on the Downtown location because it is easily accessible from all points. The center's educational efforts are best served here, where community members who might be unfamiliar with African American history also have the opportunity to interact with the space.

Presently, the gallery houses work from artists who craft with various media. Artwork selected for display exhibits "diversity in the range of styles and expression that is found in African Americans in Pittsburgh and throughout the larger African diaspora," says Holandes. This includes anything from clay sculpture to functional pottery to found objects to installations to quilting.

Art at the AWC isn't pigeonholed into one form. "It's a multidisciplinary organization, one of the first really to combine performing and visual arts," says Holandes.

The new AWC facilities will include galleries, classrooms, a 500-seat theater, a gift shop, a café, and many multi-purpose spaces to be used for visual and performance art and expres-

sion. These spaces will also be available for rental and use by the community. It will be divided into two main exhibit halls at 3500 sq ft. each: one a space for the permanent exhibition; the other for the public to learn about art collection. It's a central part of the AWC mission to help people recognize the importance of preserving their history, so photo scanning stations will allow visitors to

organize their photos, preparing them to be passed down for future generations. This is also why AWC has started an oral histories project, through which it will delve into the communities of greater Pittsburgh and its surrounding neighborhoods, on the lookout for treasures of the African American past.

It's this dedication to uncovering the lost histories of African Americans that makes the AWC mission so noble. Holandes puts it best when he says, "I've heard people comment: 'Why do you need an African American cultural center? Why don't you have an Italian center in with an African American center, you know—all the different ethnicities?' I think that kind of a statement goes to show that there is not even an awareness of what is being missed." — we



of 1981 *Ms. Pac-Man/Galaga* machine (*Class of 81* rules!).

Hardcore gamers will be pleased to find, *Mappy the Mouse*, a platform game (sort of like *Mario Brothers*) in which you play the role of a police mouse searching a cat mansion for stolen goods.

If you don't feel like spending your cash on games with no pay-back, there are many that dispense tickets for your victories, like *Jack Pot* and *Time Buster*.

of transitioning to a multipurpose, state-of-the-art performance space, which will open right in the heart of the Cultural District in the spring of 2009.

Ryan Holandes, Exhibitions Associate for the gallery, says that there was much deliberation and calculation over the location. "When the founders were beginning the project, they found that a lot of African American culture centers were in African American communities, and that really

ings ends, audience members are asked to take an online survey evaluating the shows. The performance that garners the most enthusiastic response becomes the company's full production.

Bricolage's *Midnight Radio* series is the audience's chance for full interaction. "We really want it to be more like Elizabethan theatre," says Dixon. "We want people coming in here cheering, booing, and throwing stuff. We just want them to be able to express themselves."

During my visit, Bricolage was preparing for their *Midnight Radio* show, *Chicks with Dicks: Bad Girls On Bikes Doing Bad Things*,

which they describe as "a '60s B-movie parody." The production follows the absurd story of an all-girl biker gang named Satan's Cherries. "It's really experimental theater," says

stage manager Melanie Paglia. "There's more freedom to really push the envelope."

The theater space features a small black-box-style stage, which holds a maximum of 100 people. Its intimacy makes for a cheap (\$10!) and exciting evening of theater.

"The shows are always fully interactive, new, and fresh," says *Chicks with Dicks* actress Genna Styles. "It's great for students and young people." — TS

## 3 Bricolage Production Company

I gaze into the large glass window of 937 Liberty Avenue, home of the Bricolage Production Company. Upon entering, I see Tami Dixon, the Producing Artistic Director, sitting at a long folding table surrounded by cables, buckets, and cords. "I'm sorry my hands are so cold," I say, extending my arm. "That's okay, mine are dirty," she tells me, as she continues to dig a knife into a rubber cable, exposing copper wire. "I wish I could pay someone to do this."

Bricolage isn't a big-budget theater, but what they lack in funds, they make up for in creativity and enthusiasm. Their mission statement, "Making artful use of what's at hand," is evidence of this ingenuity.

After reading the book *Mission-Based Management*, Dixon learned that a business should be able to come up with ten reasons why it's different from all others. Since then, Bricolage has strived to set itself apart. "We are trying to dissolve that fourth wall," says Dixon.

Bricolage is all about making the audience an intricate part of their productions, so much so that every year they hold six staged readings of new or re-imagined shows from March through August. After the series of read-

### BEST CHEAP DATES

- 1 Mellon Green
- 2 First Side Park
- 3 U.S. Steel Tower
- 4 North Shore Riverfront Park
- 5 Gateway Center
- 6 Wharf Landing



Left: Kristi Jan Hoover, Right and above: Hannah Pilling



## A CRAWL THROUGH THE ARTS

Everyone thinks Downtown shuts down after 5 p.m. Well, everyone is wrong. With seven theaters and a dozen galleries, the Cultural District keeps Downtown alive well into the night.

A Gallery Crawl ushers in each new season, and the event is quickly becoming one of the most popular in Pittsburgh. Begun in 2004 with only four participating galleries, today, the Crawls bring nearly 5,000 people to the area, with 23 spaces to peruse.

Kathryn Heidemann, Senior Manager of Education and Community Engagement, organizes the Crawls and has seen them grow and change with the city. “Every Crawl is different from the one before,” says Heidemann. “Businesses are always coming and going, but we’re always moving forward.”

Recently, several venues, including Arthur Murray Dance Studio and Verve Wellness, opened on Sixth Street, which comprises the newest arm of the Crawls. While a dance studio and a wellness center don't sound like traditional gallery spaces, this isn't a traditional gallery visit.

“Defining a gallery space can be hard,” says Heidemann. “Any space can turn itself into a cultural venue. Salon Christine on Penn Avenue, for example, [has] featured local artists, photographers, and craftsman. She transforms her hair salon into a vibrant art space.”

Because events are meant to provide the most diverse artistic program possible, any group can join, as long as they contribute art, which can come in the form of dance lessons, a live band, or jewelry and photographs from a local artist. The Culinary Institute on Liberty Avenue, for example, participates by displaying delicate sculptures made from sugar, as well as providing Crawlers with dollar seasonal snacks.

The unique combination of entertainment featured at the Gallery Crawls is a product of careful consideration by both the Trust and

individual galleries. If a gallery is independent, like ❶ Future Tenant (run by Carnegie Mellon University's Master of Arts Management program), then the selection of artists and programs is left to their discretion. While Heidemann occasionally puts businesses in touch with artists for the Crawls, her focus is on choosing the venues for raw spaces like Katz Plaza and curating 709 Penn Avenue Gallery. The largest and most popular galleries in the Cultural District—❷ Wood Street Galleries, ❸ SPACE, and 707 Penn Avenue—are curated by Murray Horne, who also selects guest curators to SPACE.

Having worked with the Cultural Trust since 1996, Horne has witnessed the growth of the Cultural District. He feels that the Crawls play a key role in renewing Downtown, attracting crowds that might not have otherwise taken time to visit the galleries. “I think [the Crawls] create an atmosphere that is great for Downtown,” says Horne, “in the sense that the city is being activated by young people.”

Not only do the crawls invigorate Pittsburgh residents, they create a positive image of Pittsburgh for out-of-towners who happen to be in the city during a Crawl.

“If someone is at the Westin Convention Center during the weekend of a Gallery Crawl, they experience the new, creative Pittsburgh that is emerging,” says Heidemann. “I’ve had people call me up and ask if we can put on a Crawl while they’re here.”

Heidemann once read a blog by a Detroit businessman who caught a Gallery Crawl while he was in town and went on to rave about how much Pittsburgh has changed. “He compared the liveliness and culture of Pittsburgh to that of New York City,” Heidemann says, “which is not something you find very often.”

While the crawls bolster the image of Pittsburgh, they also foster economic development within the city. Many galleries sell thousands of dollars’ worth of art as

a result of the Crawls. “Even though the Gallery Crawls are relatively short, they bring a large crowd of consumers downtown,” says Heidemann. “Restaurants, bars, and theaters all benefit.”

While many galleries are new to the area, Wood Street has been a fixture since 1992. Tucked away above the T-station, the space has been home to some of the city's most original and provocative art. “Our focus is on digitally created artwork,” said Horne. “You won't find this type of work to the same extent in any other gallery in the city. You won't even see as much nationally as you see here.”

Wood Street's sister gallery, SPACE, is the hub of virtually every Gallery Crawl. Easily one of the most popular stops on the Crawl, SPACE was created to exhibit local artists as well as those from outside the region.

Other participants include the Liberty Lofts, 820 Liberty Avenue, and 937 Liberty Avenue. Liberty Lofts recently featured local photographers' images of Downtown, and ArtUp hosted political cartoonists Gary Huck and Mark Konopacki at 820 Liberty and 937 Liberty, respectively.

Konopacki's exhibition featured work from his graphic novel *A People's History of American Empire*, a book-length adaptation of Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States*. Konopacki answered questions about the novel and signed copies for fans. “I'm not from Pittsburgh and I'm really impressed with this turnout,” says Konopacki. “There are a lot of people here.”

While the Gallery Crawl remains a quarterly event, it has been vital to the growth of Pittsburgh's art scene and the revitalization of Downtown, and Heidemann and her co-workers are excited for its future. “We're really happy with how the Crawls have grown,” she says. “We have gained an audience that keeps coming back, and we know that the crowd is going to keep growing.” — JD

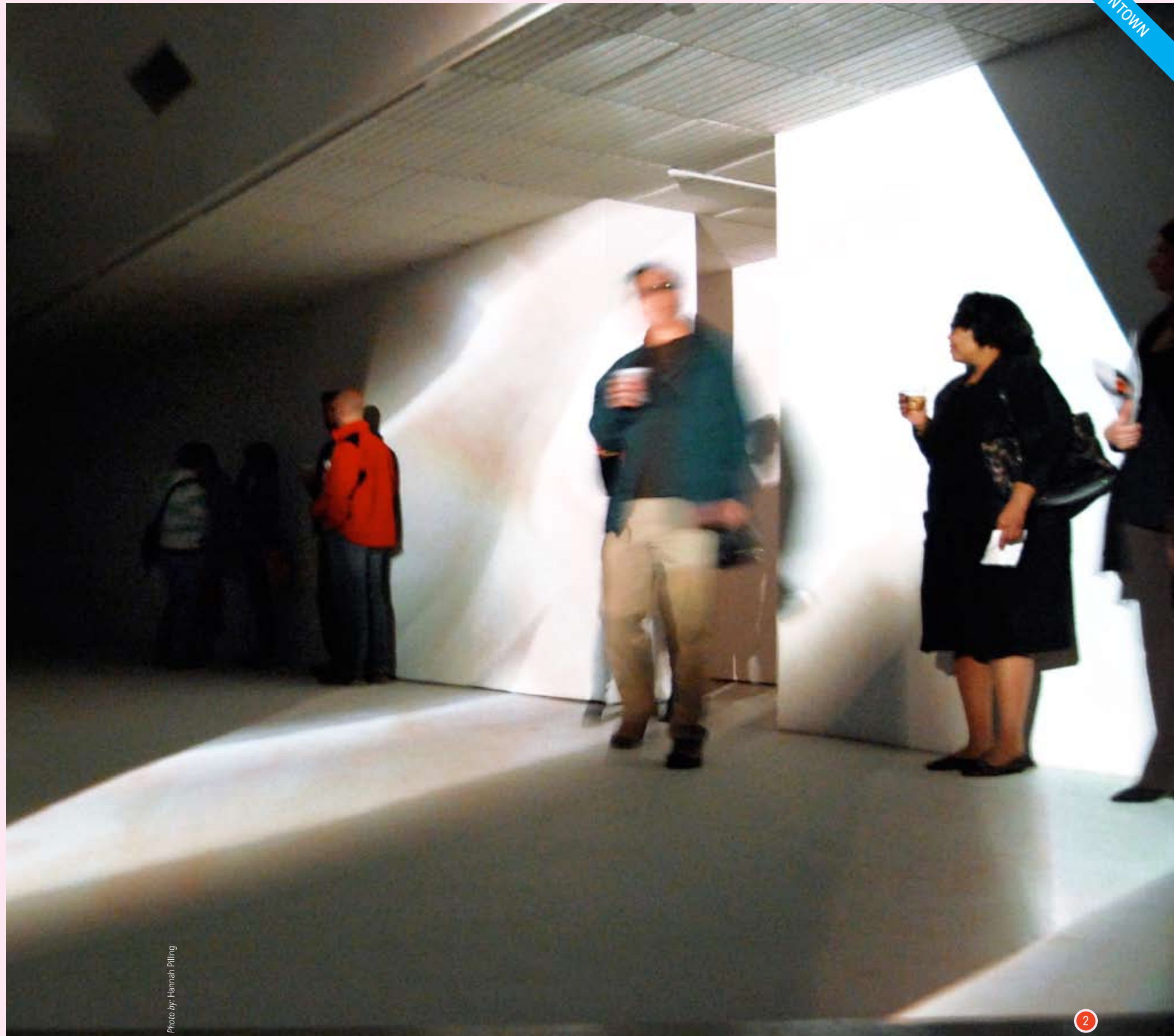


Photo by: Hannah Pilling



## TRUST IN THE CULTURAL DISTRICT

Nestled amidst hectic streets and oversized buildings is arguably one of Pittsburgh’s finest assets—the Cultural District. Conceived by H.J. Heinz II, the district came alive in 1984 with the formation of the Pittsburgh Cultural Trust (PCT).

The PCT is a non-profit agency that revived the fourteen-block district in the late ‘80s. An area flourishing in the early 20th century, it fell to dilapidation in the ‘70s. The Trust, in collaboration with Pittsburgh’s Urban Redevelopment Authority, overhauled the fallen block and transformed the area with re-modeled sidewalks, unique sculptures, plenty of trees, and four breathtaking theaters. It’s an unexpected oasis downtown. In 2007 alone, over 1.5 million people visited the Cultural District to attend more than 2,300 events, exhibits and programs.


Comedians, Broadway musicals, pop stars, operas, and symphonies are just a taste of what the PCT has to offer. In recent years the organization has hosted such shows as *Wicked*, *Monty Python’s SPAMALOT*, *Avenue Q*, and *STOMP* and a list of performers that includes Etta James, Jerry Seinfeld, and Chelsea Handler.

The Benedum Center for the Performing Arts, the holy-crap-this-is-beautiful theater, opened in 1987 and is home to the Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre, the Pittsburgh CLO, the Pittsburgh Dance Council, and the Pittsburgh Opera. Starting January 7<sup>th</sup>, *Jersey Boys* begins a 32-show run here. Also upcoming in April is an appearance by David Sedaris and the opening of *Rent*.

The Byham Theater, the “last Vaudeville house standing,” became part of the PCT in 1991 and has undergone massive renovations ever since. Still considered a work in progress, the Byham is home to mid-sized dance and musical performances, film series, and art and acrobatic performances you’d be hard-pressed to find anywhere else in the city. In February, the Byham will showcase *DRUMline Live*, featuring the nation’s top collegiate drummers and dancers. Also in February come the National Acrobats of China, a company of expert martial artists, traditional musicians, acrobats, and illusionists.

The Harris Theater, “home of everything film,” is a small 194-seat establishment that serves as home to Pittsburgh Filmmakers. It was the first moving-picture theater in the city to show art films, but in the ‘60s, financial pressure eventually transformed it into a theater for adult movies. Thankfully, it has returned to screening prestigious and inventive cultural films, and is now one of the city’s most high-tech movie houses.

The O’Reilly Theater, the new kid on the block, opened in 1999 and is home to the Pittsburgh Public Theater. The 650-seat theater offers a unique thrust stage, keeping audiences up close and personal. Innovative set designs transform the space for each production. *Metamorphoses* takes the stage January 14<sup>th</sup> through February 14<sup>th</sup>. — TS



### 1 Cardamone's Hair Salon

Cardamone's is a small salon with big style. In this professional and modern atmosphere, stylists perform everything in the spectrum of hair care—from professional to contemporary hairstyles, color, conditioning, ethnic texturing, weaves, and curls. Head upstairs to visit Cardamone’s day spa, which offers a wide range of hand and foot treatments, hair removal, and several types of massage therapy, including full-body deep tissue massage, hot stone therapy, and even a whirlpool foot massage. Cardamone's offers student pricing on haircuts (\$25), and their rates are competitive for the quality of their professional experience—over 30 years creating great hair, and several more spent pampering their clientele — JR

### 2 Golden Triangle Bike-n-Blade

At first glance, Golden Triangle Bike-n-Blade looks more like a well-kept version of your bike enthusiast uncle's shed than a business in the city. The tiny gray and yellow establishment has only one giant room, yet contains all the essentials needed to serve as a pitstop for cyclists from April through November. Located off the Eliza Furnace Trail, Golden Triangle's primary business is renting out its hundreds of Diamondback bicycles. Rates start at \$8 an hour, or \$30 a day for

their most basic comfort bikes, while the mountain, tandem, and cyclo-cross models cost a bit more. Golden Triangle also offers snacks, bike accessories, and repairs by owner Tom Demagall.

The Eliza Furnace Trail is part of the Three Rivers Heritage Trail, an extensive network of trails that line the Pittsburgh river-fronts. These trails even connect with the Great Allegheny Passage, a 300-plus mile trail down the East Coast that stops at Washington, D.C. Besides bicycles, they carry a selection of roller blades, and even an adult tricycle. After all, one should never be too old or too self-conscious to relive the joys of childhood. — LL

### 3 Pegasus Lounge

Pegasus Lounge is home to the city's most sophisticated best-wig contests, Disney drag queens, and electrified Whitney Houston tributes. The all-inclusive basement club is the dimly-lit, musically-refined, consistently-packed, real-life Babylon from Showtime’s *Queer As Folk*, hosting both bubbly eighteen-year-olds in fishnets and veteran queens sipping bargain Long Islands at the fenced-in bar. Don't let the genitalia Sharpied on the bathroom walls make you question its legitimacy: gay or straight, Pegasus is seriously danceable and hardly ever demands more than a \$5 cover. Use the platforms to your advantage. — AM

This page, left: Kristi Jan Hoover, Above: Hannah Pilling, Opposite: Kristi Jan Hoover

### 4 Venture Outdoors

Since 2001, Venture Outdoors has provided great opportunities for Pittsburgh residents to get out and enjoy the natural resources surrounding the city. The organization plans beginner-oriented events that connect Pittsburghers to the numerous city and county parks through hiking, biking, climbing, and paddling, with group activities for both adults and children. Based largely on volunteer participation, membership-supported funding, and partnerships with local outdoor organizations, Venture Outdoors is actively creating infrastructure for residents of the region to get involved in outdoor activities for which they would otherwise be uninformed or unequipped to enjoy. Events often include food or drinks provided by local businesses and community organizations.

Their Downtown business location on Forbes Avenue serves as both an office and a location for learning about Venture Outdoors and its affiliates. Walk in on any business day to learn more from the friendly staff,

or pick up a free pedometer to track your next hike. — JR

### 5 The Verve: 360° of Wellness

Crammed between a flower shop and an ultra-swanky lounge in the midst of the Cultural District, this multifaceted wellness center is a rare find. Lynsey Arch, pilates instructor at The Verve: 360° of Wellness, says that the studio is one of the first of its kind in Pittsburgh.

The Verve combines three services: skin care, exercise, and body work. Yoga, pilates, personal training, facials, make-up, waxing, acupuncture, and massage therapy are all offered under the umbrella of these three services. While Arch says that similar establishments exist in other cities, Pittsburgh is still taking baby steps toward incorporating the full body wellness philosophy into their industry.

“We’re known as a city of very hardworking people who don’t take time to better their wellness, exercise, get massage work to help the issues they have from sitting at a desk all day,” says Arch. Co-owners

Aubre Stacknick and Micah Grubbs felt it their responsibility to educate these hardworking men and women about the importance of body maintenance. They advocate exercising the body while recognizing its connection to the mind and spirit.

Stacknick, previously a massage therapist for Bally Total Fitness, uprooted herself from her day job to partner with Grubbs to create a business that would reflect this vision. She found the space and remodeled it to its present state: a replica of a modern New York loft, with polished wood floors, exposed brick, tin ventilation and broad leafy plants. It’s this space that differentiates The Verve from other yoga studios and spas.

The staff maintain a first-name basis with their clientele, most of whom are loyal members. With barely nine months under their belt, Stacknick’s and Grubbs’ personal approach has worked so well that they are already looking to expand to two new suburban-based locations. Watch out for them in a neighborhood near you. — WG ●



**707/709 Penn Ave.** (412) 471-6070, [www.pgharts.org/venues/sevenosevenPenn.aspx](http://www.pgharts.org/venues/sevenosevenPenn.aspx)

**820/937 Liberty Avenue** (412) 443-8132, [www.artup.org](http://www.artup.org)

**Ace's Breakaway and Play** 4152 Forbes Ave.; M-F 9 A.M.-9 P.M., Sa 10 A.M.-9 P.M., Sun 1-7 P.M.

**Arthur Murray Dance Studio** 136 Sixth Ave., (412) 261-2947, Sun-Sa 1-10 P.M., [www.arthurmurray.bz](http://www.arthurmurray.bz)

**August Wilson African American Cultural Center** 9<sup>th</sup> St., (412) 258-2700, W-Sa 12-5 P.M., [www.africanaculture.org](http://www.africanaculture.org)

**The Benedum Center for the Performing Arts** 719 Liberty Ave., [www.pgharts.org/venues/benedum.aspx](http://www.pgharts.org/venues/benedum.aspx)

**Bricolage Production Company** [www.webbricolage.org](http://www.webbricolage.org)

**The Byham Theater** 101 6<sup>th</sup> St., [www.pgharts.org/venues/byham.aspx](http://www.pgharts.org/venues/byham.aspx)

**Cardamone's Hair Salon** 300 Forbes Ave., (412) 281-2645, M-F 8 A.M.-5 P.M., Sa 10 A.M.-2 P.M., [www.cardamonessalon.com](http://www.cardamonessalon.com)

**Future Tenant** 819 Penn Ave., (412) 325-7037, T-Sa 12:30-6 P.M., [www.futuretenant.org](http://www.futuretenant.org)

**Golden Triangle Bike-n-Blade** 600 First Ave., (412) 600-0675; T-Th 11 A.M.-7 P.M., Sa-Su 10 A.M.-7 P.M.; [www.goldentrianglebikenblade.com](http://www.goldentrianglebikenblade.com)

**The Harris Theater** 809 Liberty Ave., [www.pgharts.org/venues/harris.aspx](http://www.pgharts.org/venues/harris.aspx)

**Liberty Lofts** 905 Liberty Ave., (412) 201-3220

**The O'Reilly Theater** 621 Penn Ave., [www.pgharts.org/venues/oreilly.aspx](http://www.pgharts.org/venues/oreilly.aspx)

**Pegasus Lounge and Dance Club** 818 Liberty Ave.; W-Su 10 P.M.-2 A.M., Th-Sa 18+; [www.pittpegasus.com](http://www.pittpegasus.com)

**Pennsylvania Culinary Institute** 717 Liberty Ave., (412) 566-2433, [www.pci.edu](http://www.pci.edu)

**Pittsburgh Cultural Trust** 803 Liberty Ave., (412) 456-6070, [www.pgharts.org](http://www.pgharts.org)

**Salon Christine** 945 Penn Ave.; (412) 261-0909; M-W, F 11 A.M.-7 P.M., Th 12 -8 P.M., Sa 10 A.M.-5 P.M.; [www.salonchristine.com](http://www.salonchristine.com)

**SPACE** 812 Liberty Ave.; (412) 325-7723; T-Th 11 A.M.-6 P.M., F-Sa 11 A.M.-8 P.M.; [www.spacepittsburgh.org](http://www.spacepittsburgh.org)

**Venture Outdoors** 304 Forbes Ave., (412) 255-0564, M-F 9 A.M.-5 P.M., [www.ventureoutdoors.org](http://www.ventureoutdoors.org)

**The Verve: 360° of Wellness** 142 Sixth St., Third Floor; (412) 471-1575; [www.theverve360.com](http://www.theverve360.com)

**Wood Street Galleries** 601 Wood St.; (412) 471-5605; T-Th 11 A.M.-6 P.M., F-Sa 11 A.M.-8 P.M.; [www.woodstreetgalleries.org](http://www.woodstreetgalleries.org)



**YOU'VE FINISHED THIS MAGAZINE, NOW PASS IT ON. HERE ARE FOUR WAYS TO DO IT: [1] TOILETS. WE ALL USE THEM. NEXT TIME YOU'RE ON ONE, TAKE NOTE OF THAT PRETTY CERAMIC TANK. WOULDN'T IT LOOK GORGEOUS TOPPED WITH A GLOSSY COPY OF *THE O*? [2] COLLECT USED COPIES FROM YOUR FRIENDS. HEAD TO A CAMPUS BOOKSTORE AND PLACE THEM ON THE SHELF NEXT TO STRUNK & WHITE WITH A SIGN: "REQUIRED READING FOR ALL STUDENTS. COMPLIMENTARY." [3] CHECK OUT THE #1 BOOK ON *THE NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLER LIST. GO TO A CORPORATE BOOKSTORE, LOCATE SAID PUBLICATION, AND MAKE SURE THERE'S A MAGAZINE IN EVERY COPY. [4] NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS YOU FOR CHANGE, HAND THEM YOUR OLD MAGAZINE. WHEN THEY ASK WHAT IT IS, TELL THEM THE TRUTH: "IT'S MONEY."**



# Pitt's third Place



**third place** \therd plās\ *noun*: a welcoming social community area; is comfortable; not home or work but part of the neighborhood; come to relax, interact, with old friends and new; enjoy food and drink and a sense of belonging.



- Stage • Pool Tables • Snack Bar • Plasma TVs • 90" HD Cinema Screen •
- Commuter Student Lounge • Gigs Game Center (XBOX 360, PCs) •
- Late Night Events • Open Mic • Karaoke •

Lower Level • William Pitt Union

