

FIVE

Premiere Issue



FREE
readfive.com

CONTENTS

readfive.com

- 6 Attention Worthy Unknowns** by Tara King
An Arizona art gallery is a training ground for young artists
- 8 Petty Recollections** by Laura Bell
You got lucky baby – it's a new book on Tom Petty
- 10 In the Noosphere** by Michael Ferrara
A look at the Internet, before it gets too big to see
- 13 A Chance Meeting** by Cathy Kingsley
How the Rolling Stones began – a story of a young band playing jazz clubs, stealing coins for heat and meeting the Beatles
- 16 Prison Art Set Free**
Paño arte has been around for decades, but unless you were incarcerated in a southwestern prison you were unlikely to come across it. Recently, these expressive drawings on small cotton squares have wandered, finding their way into professors' filing cabinets, collectors' homes and art galleries
by Jessica Lussenhop
- 20 Image**
Images and art from the strangest places
- 22 Cotton Fields to Cash Crops** by Jeff Berg
Five reviews the new film about the Man in Black
- 24 On F. Scott Fitzgerald** by Will Hollingsworth
The very rich. They are different from you and me.
- 26 The Dreamers** by Mike Delano
Real life crashes the fantasy in Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Dreamers*
- 28 Dr. Gonzo's Wild Ride** by Peter W. Knox
A pilgrim attempts to say farewell to Hunter S. Thompson
- 30 Track a Spy, Lose Your Job** by Michael Ferrara
Rogue hackers, government agents, stolen secrets and, of course, a lawsuit



"Together," Luis Adames, colored pencil and black ink on handkerchief, 1992

- 32 Of Toast and Technology** by Shawn Carpenter
Ever worry about your refrigerator crashing? You may, after reading this parable of a cybertoaster
- 33 Take Five**
Five things worth talking about – this time it's CDs
- 34 Meaning What?** by John Biscello
The story of a lexical nightmare
- 36 Contributors**
Behind the words lie faces, and behind those faces: more words
- 37 Marketplace**
Stroll through the marketplace, we've hidden treasures there
- 38 Final Five**
Douglas Claybourne gives us five inspiring humans

Dr. Gonzo's Wild

By Peter W. Knox

"The Edge... there is no honest way to explain it because the only people who really know where it is are the ones who have gone over."

– Hunter S. Thompson

"Hey guy in the suit!" It was another misguided freelance reporter wanting to talk to me purely on the grounds of my attire. I had to disappoint him and tell him that I was just a college student from Philadelphia hoping to get into the tightly guarded high profile event that was Hunter S. Thompson's funeral.

Standing outside the gates of Owl Farm, the "fortified compound in Colorado" always mentioned in Thompson's author's bio, my black funereal suit was the only thing that separated me from the horde of followers paying their respects.

I had worn it in hopes of sneaking past the guards disguised as an invited guest, a ploy that failed utterly.

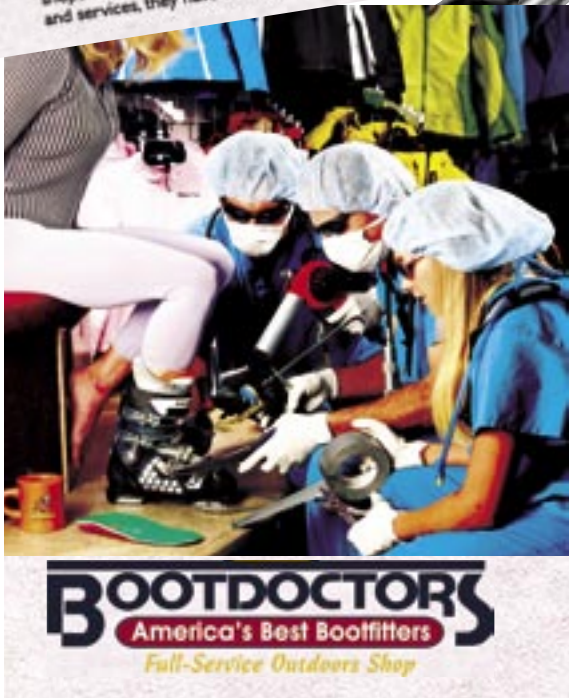
Thompson's final wish was to have his ashes shot from a cannon over his property in Aspen. And there it stood, a 2.5 million dollar cannon, a one hundred and three foot tall metallic cylinder topped with a red two-thumbed "Gonzo" fist clutching a color-changing peyote button. It was six months to the day from Thompson's suicide on February 20, 2005, at the age of 67.

"I feel like I might as well be sitting up here carving the words for my own tombstone... and when I finish, the only fitting exit will be right off this fucking terrace and into The Fountain, 28 stories below and at least 200 yards out into the air and across Fifth Avenue... Nobody could follow that act."

– Hunter S. Thompson 12/23/77

Thompson used his typewriter the way Jimi Hendrix played the guitar and Bob Dylan wrote lyrics. He was an innovator, and showed the world that you could cover an event without reporting a single fact – that there was more truth in fiction – subsequently creating a genre of journalism called Gonzo.

Thompson prowled for weirdness in a time before you could cover the presidential race through the Internet – he wrote pages on a typewriter and submitted them through a fax machine, and traveled on a bus full of journalists.



Ride

His finest work was completed under the influence of a slew of drugs, hours or days past deadline, locked in a hotel room with no sleep and hundreds of dollars in room service charges. Covering a Kentucky Derby would entail a four-day whiskey binge, and a yacht race meant trying to spray paint "Fuck the Pope" onto the side of a boat. Every article read like a survival story with Thompson trying to escape from situations he'd found himself trapped in.

Thompson considered himself a "politics junkie" at heart, starting with his coverage of the 1968 Democratic Convention. The rioting and police brutality of that event encouraged him to run for Sheriff of Aspen on the "Freak Power Party" ticket – to rid the town of "greedheads." His platform included plans to tear up all the streets and plant grass, and he lost by only a small margin.

Unquestionably, Thompson has inspired many to pursue work in journalism, but none has come close to duplicating his style, and it is safe to say he'll never be replaced. Writing called to him and he pursued it vehemently from the time he created his own newspaper at age eight. He later retyped entire novels by Hemmingway and wrote out *The Great Gatsby* longhand to incorporate its rhythms into his own style, stating, "He that is taught only by himself has a fool for a master." The fifteen books and countless articles he left behind are a testament to his unique blend of experienced prose and extreme lifestyle, and will be remembered as the work of one of America's greatest writers.

The sky darkened after sunset, and the glowing of the cannon's peyote button was the only proof that anything was there. Soon the repetitive drumming of a Japanese tribal band filled the valley as Hunter S. Thompson's son Juan raised a champagne glass and proclaimed "The King is dead. Long live the King." At that moment, the sky exploded with two rounds of fantastically colored fireworks high above the cannon, Thompson's ashes falling among the debris.



Illustration by Matt Jay



Furniture that entertains the room when you're gone

contributors



Tara King is *Five's* Art Director. She lives in Taos, New Mexico with her husband Harvey and six-year-old son Canyon.

Laura Bell is the former editor of *Vail Valley Magazine* and her work has appeared in dozens of national publications.



Michael Ferrara lives in Taos where he was blissfully working part-time and procrastinating on a novel until coming to work as *Five's* Content Editor. He was an editor for *Venus Envy Magazine*, and his work has appeared in various publications.



Cathy Kingsley travels to satisfy a passion for the Rolling Stones. She worships the blues and craves a bottle of cheap wine, mellow friends & a good rap session every once in awhile.



Jessica Lussenhop is a native of St. Paul, Minnesota and a freelance writer in Philadelphia. She is a 2005 Academy for Alternative Journalism fellow and a 2005 Keystone Press award winner. If she could be one of the X-Men, she would want to be Mystique.

Lenny Foster's photographs honor and reveal the healing power of the spirit. "The common theme in my work is the presence of Spirit, be it in a place, a person or an event. Most importantly, I am drawn to the beauty that surrounds me. Part of the blessing of being a photographer is that I'm always focused on that beauty," says Foster. www.lennyfoster.com



Jeff Berg is based in Las Cruces, New Mexico. A former U.S. Postal Service employee, he knew it was time to move on when they started suggesting that workers learn how to duck and cover.



Will Hollingsworth is a second-year student at St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico.



Mike Delano represents Plymouth, Massachusetts via Los Angeles and traces his love of film, from the non-stop libidinous assault of Russ Meyer to the cheery depravity of Charles Bronson, along the crimson trails of way too many slasher flicks.

Peter W. Knox is a Senior at Washington College in Maryland. He is the present Editor-In-Chief of the monthly student-run features magazine and a staff writer for the weekly newsletter. He hopes to pursue a career in journalism upon graduation.

John Biscello, a Brooklyn, New York native, is actually a government-sponsored scribe who covertly specializes in radical anti-semanticism. He also writes plays; his latest is *Zeitgeist, USA*.

