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September 2011

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FPH 09|11

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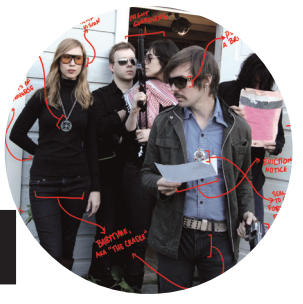












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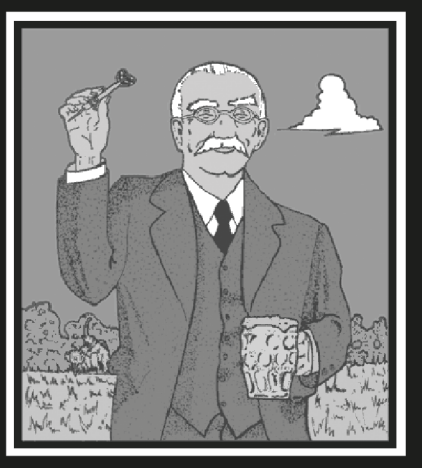
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UPCOMING SHOWS IN SEPTEMBER

THUR. 1ST
Rogue Improv, Restavrant

FRI. 2ND
Black Congress, The Men (NYC), Weird Party

SAT. 3RD
The Escatones, Infinite Apaches, Art Institute, Tom Gun

SUN. 4TH
Venomous Maximus, Ancient Wisdom,
Ocean of Slumber

THUR. 8TH
Rogue Improv

FRI. 9TH
MacAdams, Opposite Day, Lotus Effect

SAT. 10TH
White Crime, Born Again Virgins, The Burns

SUN. 11TH
Ese, Machine Gun Vendetta, Penny Arcade

TUES. 13TH
Cute Lepers, Something Fierce, CYCLOPS

THURS. 15TH
Rogue Improv(8pm), Illegal Wiretaps,
Darwin's Finches, Only Beast

FRI. 16TH
Orange Is In, Runaway Radio

TUES. 20TH
Grown Up Storytime

THURS. 22ND
Rogue Improv(8pm)

FRI. 23RD
Gypsyhawk, Mothership, Venomous Maximus

SAT. 24TH
Scum Alligence, UYUS, HRA, Born Liars,
Termination Force

FRI. 30TH
One Red Martian

ALL SHOWS 21 AND UP / MUSIC STARTS AT 10PM!

Swag is Dead.

Social networks have run amok. While young people in places like Syria and Egypt use Facebook and Twitter to foment revolution and as a tool against tyranny, we use it as a platform to tell folks exactly who you are drinking with or what you are having for dinner. The worst of the worst of the worst of the worst is when fools use it to announce the quasi-celebrity they are hanging out with.

Example:

Swagged out eating Cambodian food with so and so from Odd Futures. #inferioritycomplexequalsillusionsofgrandeur.

Quit that shit.

Also, as of the writing of this, it is 106 F U C K I N G degrees in this city. Somebody do something about this shit. There is a reward for anyone who can manifest 78 degree weather before September 15th.



EVER GET SO CAUGHT UP in the little things that you've arrived at the party to be greeted by a lonely janitor cleaning up beer bottles and trash? Could that be how the organizers of two art fairs debuting in Houston this fall will feel? After the closing of a half dozen galleries in Houston, the overturn of seasoned curators and slashing of budgets for nonprofits and museums, the suicide of a prominent collector after the 2008 crash, a pay-to-play scandal in the Heights and the disarray of the warehouse district art scene, can the arrival of two art fairs resuscitate Houston's artworld? This September 16-18 brings the Houston Art Fair to George R. Brown Convention Center, the larger and cheaper of the two with 75 galleries and $17 tickets. October 20-23 will see the Texas Contemporary Fair at the George R. Brown with 20 galleries and $20 tickets. In contrast, established fairs like the 2011 Armory Art Fair in New York had over 250 galleries and $30 tickets, while London's Frieze Art Fair had 175 galleries and £20 tickets.

For the past decade, international art fairs have defied the gravity of massive economic bubble, a recession and a moribund recovery to come to define the new art landscape. Auction prices for famous paintings continue to rise and aristocrats sink money into artwork to diversify their portfolio against volatile stock markets and commodities. In this new paradigm, globetrotting collectors go where the fairs are and fairs go where the collectors are. Houston and its courtiers have neither. While the Glassell School's CORE program is a vaunted post-grad stop on the way to New York City, little else gives Houston credence as a blip on any artworld radar. Prominent Houston collectors travel to other cities to buy art, with good reason. There is no clout in buying art in town, even if it is an artist from elsewhere. Neither is there anything to be gained by courting favor with Houston gallerists or curators, as their limited range is severely hampered by the lack of homegrown talent in this city. Money follows money, and with this latest attempt at ginning up attention there are serious doubts about the success of these ventures.

These competing art fairs may fracture the Houston artworld, with the Museum of Fine Arts backing the Houston Art Fair and the Contemporary Arts Museum sponsoring the Texas Contemporary. CAMH director Bill Arning slandered the Houston Art Fair in a private email that went public this spring, and for a moment the split seemed destined to fester. After some back bending by Arning alleviated the alienation of board members and non-profits who work with both organizations, the controversy receded to where it came from- a rift between the art fair organizers Rick Friedman and Max Fishko. Fishko is a former employee of Friedman's, riding his coattails into Houston after starting upstart fairs in the Hamptons and San Francisco to compete with Friedman's established fairs. Currently Friedman is suing Fishko in New York, alleging breach of fiduciary duty, concealment and misappropriation of confidential information, wrongful interference with contract, unjust enrichment and wrongful competition. Fishko even opened his San Fran fair on the same day as Friedman's. Whether they're aware of it or not, it seems like Houston's gallerists are being played for fools by competing playground cliques.

There are some measures that give hope that the Houston Art Fair and Texas Contemporary Fair will be successful. Friedman's San Fran Art Fair in April brought in $6.3 million in sales, and Fishko's ArtMRKT boasted of 13,000 visitors in its first year. Are there that many art lovers, collectors and first time buyers out there to justify one, if not two, art fairs? The money is here for sure, but Texans are more likely to buy a Bentley than a Rothko, or a new pool than a Murakami. Couple a predilection for philistinism with the wavering price of oil and fears of a double-dip recession and these art fairs may simply be tax write-offs for the organizers and dry wells for galleries. Houstonians should stop by the downtown venue for the art fairs, peruse the wares and sip the champagne; after all it only costs a little more than a 3D film. Supporting a venture that makes this town a little bit more of a real city is good policy. Whether the Houston Art Fair and Texas Contemporary Fair can actually enrich Houston with more, better art remains to be seen. **FPH**



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MilkDrive and Green Mountain Grass

September 17th
DeadBeat Ball KPFT 90.1 Fundraiser

September 23rd
Carolyn Wonderland

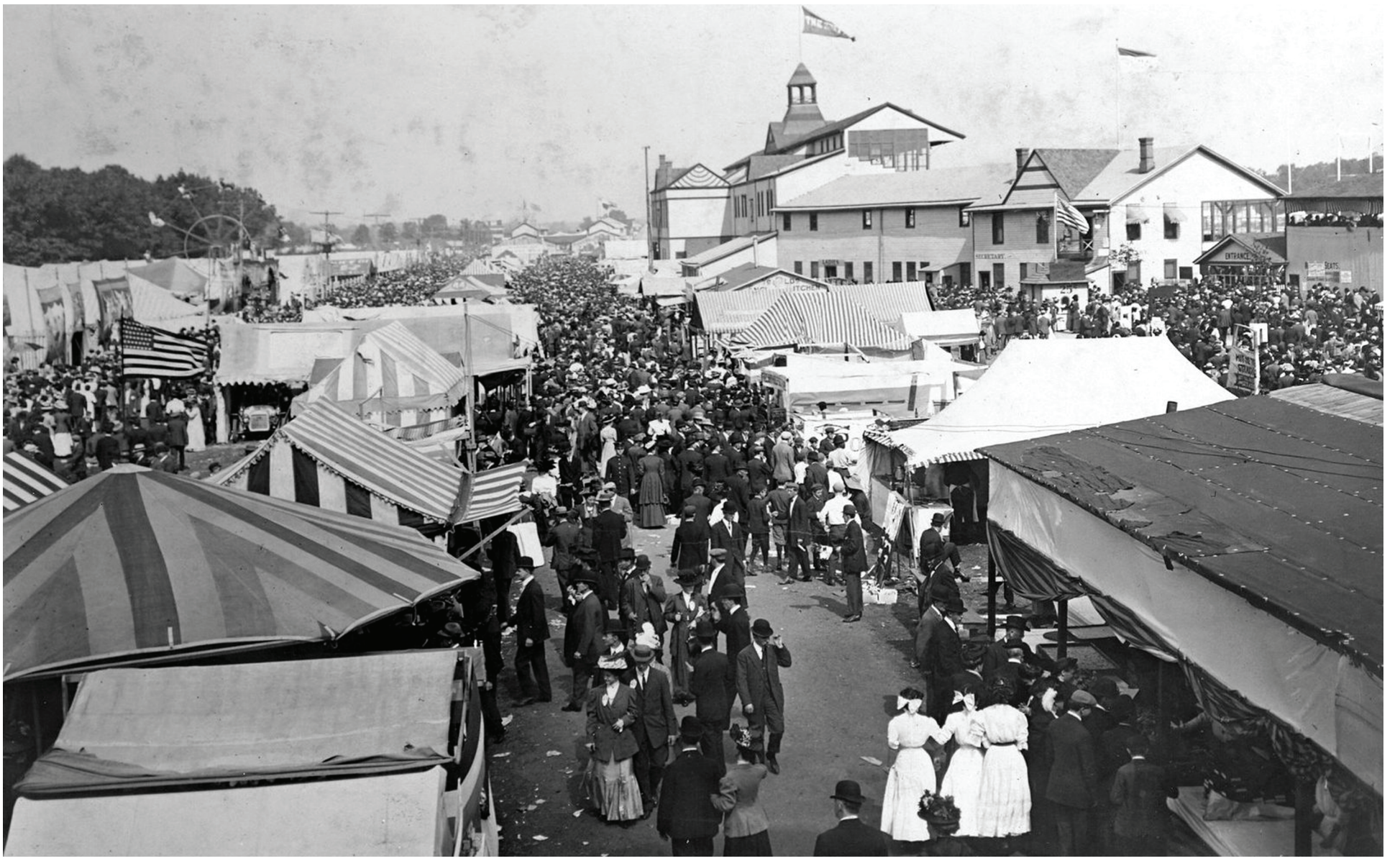
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See site for more shows

A Fair to Remember

BY MICHAEL PENNYWARK



IF YOU HADN'T HEARD YET, in the months of September and October Houston will be overrun by art enthusiasts and art buyers alike clamoring to the gates of not one, but two Houston arts fairs. While there may have been rumblings of brewing controversies and complications with having the Houston Fine Art Fair and the Texas Contemporary Art Fair so close together, Houstonians can be excited about the influx of art, artists and art dealers from around the world. But what would be better than two fairs you might ask? The answer's simple- a third fair. A fair to end all fairs, a fair encapsulating the very essence of the marketplace that is a fair, a fair to rule them all. And thus was born State Fair.

In all fairness, State Fair is not an art fair like the other two, but a public spectacle merging the construct of a contemporary art fair with the tradition of street peddling. Artists from around the state have been invited to inhabit the gallery at DiverseWorks with public projects that explore the notion of street commerce, underground exchange, and alternate economies. There was no word on whether Big Tex would make an appearance, though according to Diane Barber, Co-Executive Director and Visual Arts Curator of DiverseWorks and brainchild behind State Fair, the exhibit will be divided into several categories: Midway; Psychics, Mystics and Fortune Tellers; Natural Wonders; Refreshments; and Sideshow.

Barber came up with the show after hearing about the two fairs that Houston will be hosting, explaining that "there were all kinds of conversations going on around town about how that all came about and I was really just approaching the situation as an opportunity to do something that expanded on those two events and provided some sort of bridge between one fair and the next." With DiverseWorks signed on as a cultural partner for both fairs, Barber discussed the show with representatives from both events who were enthusiastic about the show.

She further pointed out that "DiverseWorks is not a commercial gallery and we don't sell artwork. Since art fairs are primarily a means of connecting collectors to galleries and artists to facilitate the sale of artwork, organizations like DiverseWorks don't fit neatly into that commercial structure. It wouldn't make sense for us to occupy a booth as if we were a commercial gallery. However, we certainly wanted to be supportive of and participate in the fairs in a way that made sense for us and the kind of work that we show, so I decided to develop an exhibition that loosely followed the structure of a commercial art fair but added a little twist."

Not to be missed will be the open market days, which will be the only days, other than opening night, that the exhibit will be fully activated by the artists themselves. The components of the show will be presented as a visual and interactive experience on these days and guests can "engage directly with the artists in some sort of activity within the framework of that artist's visual presentation." Of course it just wouldn't be a fair without fair fare. And while this state fair might not have chicken fried bacon to go with your fried Coke and fried cheesecake, Barber promised me that guests can expect hot dogs and cotton candy at the opening. **FPH**

STATE FAIR
DiverseWorks Art Space
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Market days: Saturday, September 17, 12 to 6pm & Saturday, October 22, 12 to 6pm

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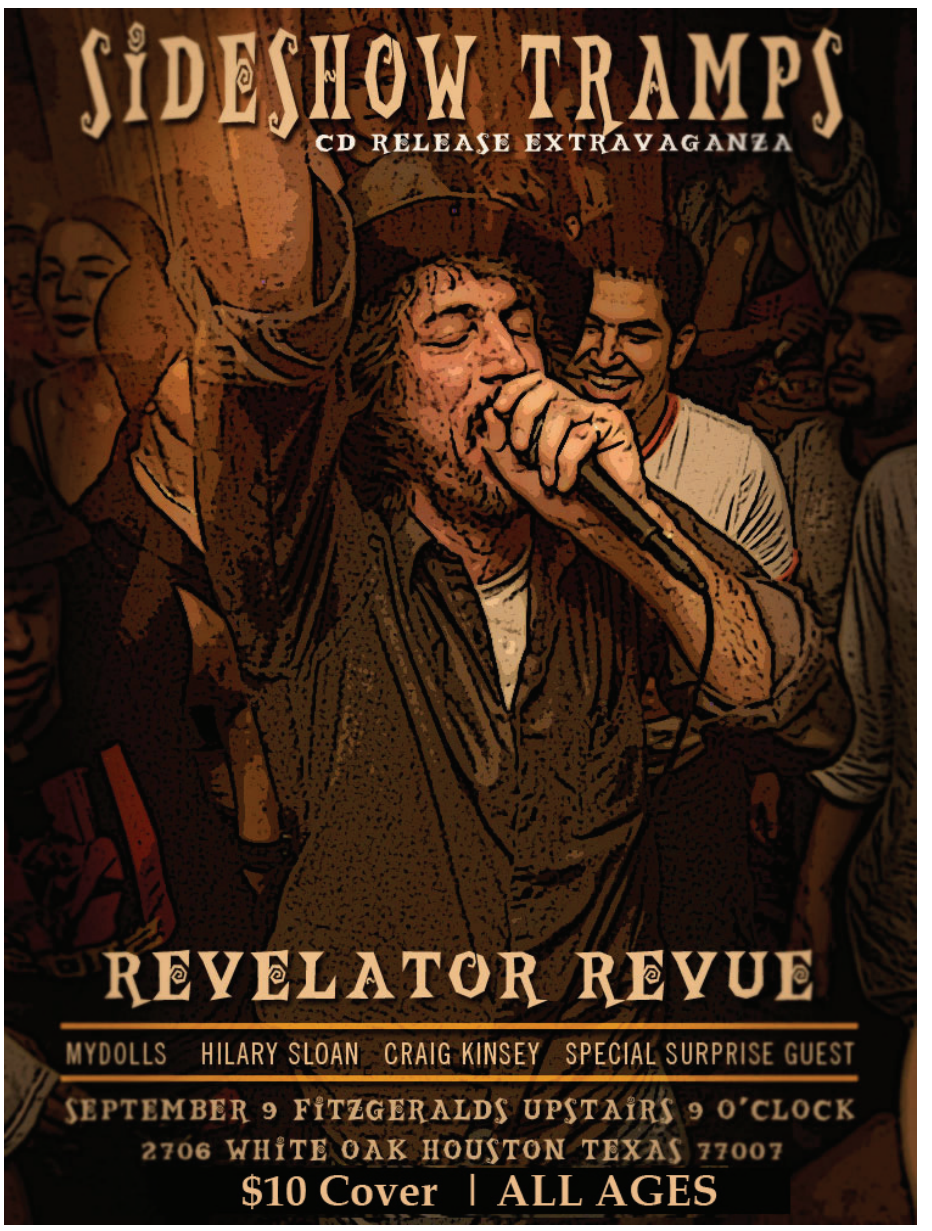
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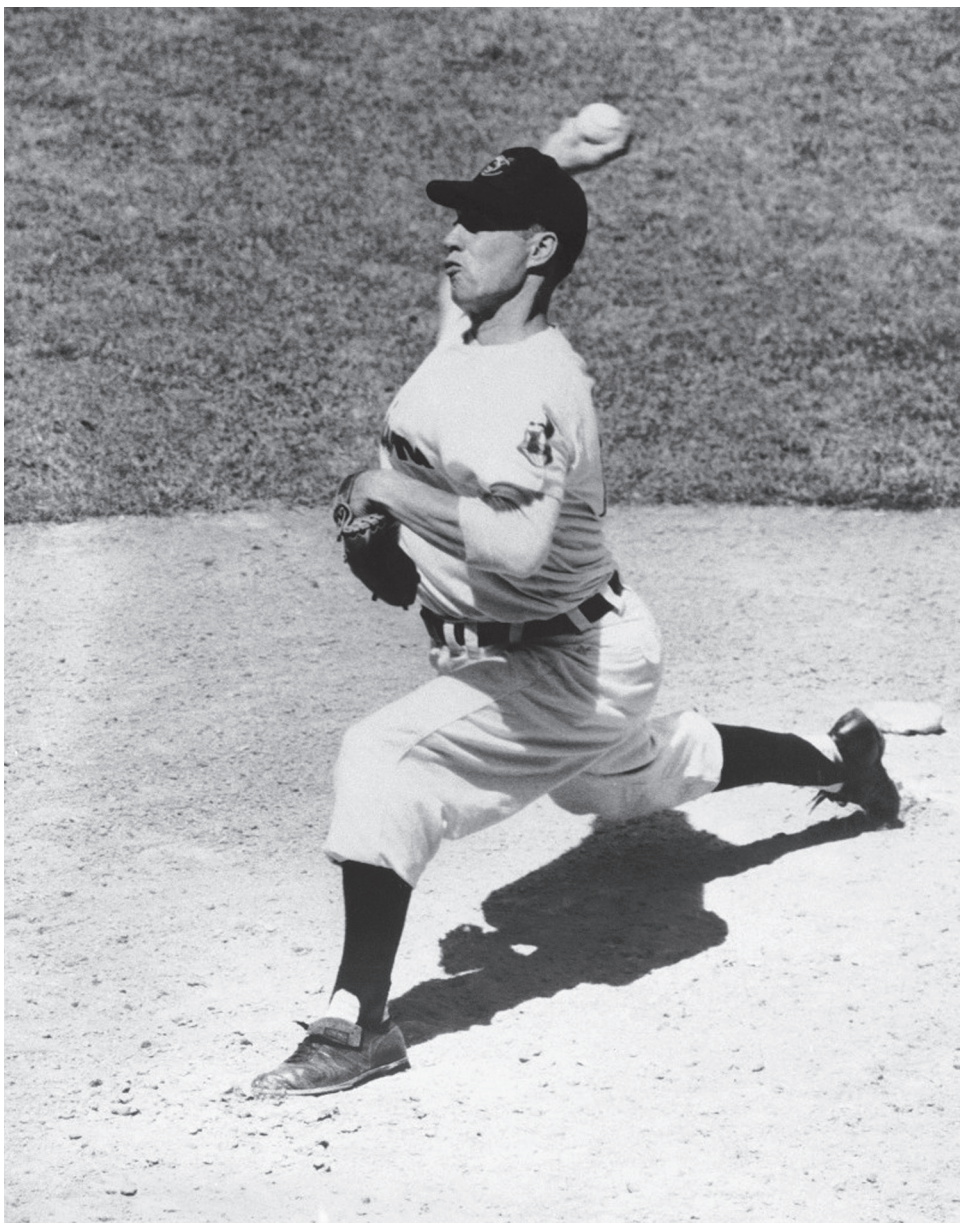
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Warrior



BY MICHAEL BERGERON

THE OTHER DAY I WAS TALKING WITH A SPORTS PROFESSIONAL and naturally the conversation veered to the best sports movies. Naturally every sport divides the genre with multiple examples of films that mirror the variety of athletic disciplines. Take baseball; is The Natural a supernatural baseball film, not unlike Field of Dreams? The first Major League had Wesley Snipes and lots of laughs, a solid entertainer. But does it have the social relevance as well as the rock hard realism of Eight Men Out?

A recent series of DVD releases cover the top ten baseball championship games, Baseball's Greatest Games. The series comes with a second audio track that consists of the radio broadcast of same. In BGG 1960 World Series Game 7 we witness the first series that was won in the bottom of the ninth inning by a game winning home run (Bill Mazeroski). Plus it's the 60s, so we have lovely degraded black-and-white images of bygone heroics. By the way this particular release is a double disc edition with the second disc covering color film excerpts of that year, newsreels and interviews with actual participants like Yogi Berra and Whitey Ford to just name two.

Another entry in this series is BGG 1986 World Series Game 6. If you will recall this is the year that the Met took the Astros in the most exciting end-of-the-season pennant race in Space City history (the Astros had clinched the spot with a Mike Scott no-hitter). The Mets proceeded to prove the curse of the Bambino against the Red Sox. The thing about these Major League Baseball and A&E DVD releases is that they are as suspenseful and edge-of-your-seat thrilling as a good movie. Each inning jacks the tension another notch like the click of a torque wrench. In Game 6 we see a free-lance performance terrorist parachute softly onto the playing field in the first inning. The Reds have Roger Clemens on the mound in his third pro year. The Mets have Darryl Strawberry and Mookie Wilson. You cannot believe how many safe-on-a-steal slides and just-missed-it throws this game contains. Oddly enough watching this extra innings extravaganza led me to find the existence of a film (direct to video) called Game 6 (2005) that pits a playwright (Michael Keaton) who blows off opening night of his latest play to watch, yes you guessed it game six. Meanwhile he plots the destruction of a nasty theater critic (Robert Downey, Jr.) who will certainly pan the play. After all is said and done they stop trying to kill each other long enough to break drink and watch this exciting game.

And don't even get me started on football films because North Dallas Forty is hands down the best gridiron film ever made. Actually it's more of a dramedy, and starring Nick Nolte in one of his pivotal early film roles. Maybe Paper Lion, the original The Longest Yard and Any Given Sunday rank but nowhere close. Don't even bring up Knute Rockne All American (1940), a film that had a minor yet memorable supporting role for Ronald Raygun as the dying Gipper. I'd be like in 25 years Alan Covert is elected President of the United States and he's remembered for his humorous role as Adam Sandler's sidekick in The Wedding Singer.

But not ironically the boxing film is the genre that defines American society. From the Wallace Beery boxing films of the 30s, to the fictional Barton Fink script (set in the 40s) where Fink's writing a boxing movie, to Paul Newman as Rocky Graziano in Somebody Up There Likes Me (1956), a role that shot Newman to stardom and that was originally meant for the late James Dean. Rocky (1976) and Raging Bull (1980) and last year's The Fighter are only some other pugilistic titles. A film opening this month, Warrior, has as much going for it as any film can possibly muster. There's family conflict, there's conflict with society, and even conflict in the manner of international warfare. Warrior unrolls in a completely realistic manner that suggests working class American dreams.

Only the dream has been subverted by economics, alcohol and combat. Nick Nolte plays the ex-boxer Dad, proud of his 1000 days of sobriety, and Tom Hardy stars as his scarred son just returned from overseas. Joel Edgerton shares screen time as Hardy's brother, a teacher by trade but a fighter at heart. While this is Hardy's film the acting rates across the board as brilliant from all the players. Hardy starred in a film from the UK called Bronson that's available on disc but was never been released domestically. Hardy absolutely defines tour de force acting in Bronson and he's not just on his game for Warrior, Hardy is absolutely cra cra. Some of Hardy's early films include Star Trek: Nemesis and RocknRolla. Hardy easily stole scenes in Inception (Eames) but it's Warrior that will propel him to the A-list.

Hardy shows up at Nolte's door and announces his intention to train for mixed martial arts competition. Hardy wants Nolte to help train him. Warrior's conflict is that nobody in the family is on speaking terms. The sons each hate their father for different reasons. As emotionally draining as Hardy plays his character, it's the supporting role played by Nolte that devastates the viewer.

By the time Hardy has entered the big competition his brother,

Edgerton has turned to fighting to earn money because his teacher's salary isn't enough to stall foreclosure. Warrior becomes an odd duck family film despite its testosterone levels due to the fact that the entire film revolves around how families come together in times of crisis. Warrior is also a crowd pleaser to the ultimate degree. All of the fight scenes are stunningly choreographed.

Despite many contrived circumstances by the time we get to the conclusion both brothers are facing off each other for the world championship in a mixed martial arts contest. Director and co-writer Gavin O'Connor makes this story work giving the audience a cathartic ending even while satisfying their desire for bruises, pain and redemption. Warrior opens September 9th.

Feste

A number of cool festivals are unreeling in Houston and Austin over the next few months. Consider some of these options for your viewing entertainment (the web version of this piece contains hyperlinks to the relevant sites).

Splatterfest – for the grand event Splatterfest (at the Alamo West Oaks) presents all the Evil Dead films in a marathon followed by Bruce Campbell in person on October 1st.

The Austin Film Festival (October 20-27) always features unique premieres as well as seminars with some of the biggest screenwriters in the biz.

The Alamo Drafthouse West Oaks will host a series of films that played at the Tribeca Film Festival; dates and films to be announced.

Cinema Arts Film Festival Houston (November 9-13) presents movies geared towards the arts. Expect everything from experimental art films to studio premieres to guest star appearances.

Fantastic Fest has the clout of Austin appreciation for cinema that translates into one-of-a-kind premieres. Running from September 22-29 the FF will show the regional debut of Lars von Trier's Melancholia among dozens of fantasy and horror themed films.

Poison Oaks

Domy Books (next to the Brasil coffee shop and eatery at Dunlavy and Westheimer) regularly shows films on their patio. On the evening of September 27 Domo will show the short Poison Oaks.

Free Press Houston talked to Poison Oaks star and director Sid Deluca about the project, which is a loose adaptation of Grey Gardens with men in drag playing the leads. Deluca plays Little Debbie and K. D. Kibbe plays Big Debbie.

"Poison Oaks is a locally produced short film - a true fictional dark comedy about an eccentric Alamo Heights mother and daughter living in a condemned house filled with garbage, cats, and broken dreams," Deluca replied in an email. "It's one part Grey Gardens and several parts John Waters, Andy Warhol, David Lynch, Russ Meyers and Federico Fellini, this black and white mockumentary set in the 1970's features a multi-ethnic cast of highly talented San Antonio actors."

The original 1976 Grey Gardens spawned a recent Broadway musical and pops up now and then in repertory screenings like another Maysles Brothers film from that era, Gimme Shelter. Only Grey Gardens has a kind of sarcasm compounded by the fact that it revolves around a couple of crazy cat ladies who were living in destitution in a faded mansion. Albert Maysles, speaking at a SXSW panel a few years ago noted that the house was so acrid with the smell of cat feces that it was at first almost impossible to remain inside for any length of time.

Deluca commented: "The ladies were far more dimensional and interesting than typical old women living in squalor. I think even if they had not been related to Jackie Kennedy they would've been fascinating. Today we have shows like Hoarders that are far more exploitative than Grey Gardens and far less entertaining. Both women had always longed for a show business career so in a strange way they finally got that."

Deluca described the process of filming the half-hour production. "We began shooting began last summer and that had to be suspended due to the heat. The house was exactly as you see it. We didn't uglify anything and of course we only had three cats as opposed to the Beales twenty or so."

Poison Oaks presents a static atmosphere of opulence gone downhill. It seems everything in the frame has been frozen in time. Deluca adds: "We were lucky to already have the classic cars. Wardrobe of course was mostly thrift shop and whatever was around the house. I had read that the actual Little Edie once served Big Edie cat food and pretended it was pate so we threw that in. Did it look real? If so I won't say anything more."

Poison Oaks will unwind with Houston musician Robin Kirby providing a musical opening act. FPH





music



SO MAYBE WE HAVE GIVEN UP our civil right to privacy in the name of security. Maybe the country has been auctioned off in a sense to the highest bidder. Maybe we have replaced the idea of community to mean people collectively connected to devices and communicating while sitting side by side silently. Maybe we have given the language over to abbreviation and acronym. We have done this for a reason, I have yet to figure out that reason, but I'm sure it has something to do with controlled demographics and market specifications. It is hot, it has been hot, Rick Perry is running for president, hell hath spawned its fury. The thing is, the present state of politics has left just enough light that another Texan could good 'ol boy his way in, he's already denied scientific evidence, and we won't even talk about Bachman, seriously, we will not…

SOCIAL

09/02/11 - DIPLO - FITZGERALD'S

Diplo is responsible for hits from everyone for Maluca to Chris Brown. Diplo represents that cultural space that is as accepting of dancehall and favela as it is of southern gangsta and punk rock. With that stated, a night where Diplo deejays is sure to rip on many levels; is that Beyonce faded into Agnostic Front?

09/15/11 - TWIN SHADOW - FITZGERALD'S

To say that Twin Shadow's 2010 album Forget was good is understatement at best. Sure, the 80s synth pop has been mined, but a lot of times it's more along the line of corny. Twin Shadow is eloquent, tender, slick and at the same there's a hint that beneath the surface is something dangerous. Live, the tenderness gains volume, but don't let that deter you.

09/18/11 - THE ANTLERS - FITZGERALD'S

The Antlers album Hospice was intimate and uncomfortable in places, but awesome in its ability to capture loss and acceptance. Burst Apart lends itself to a brighter side, while not always free from strain and worry, and it probably makes for better show experience. "Putting The Dog To Sleep" is one of the best songs this year; just thought I'd throw that in.

09/29/11 - JUNIOR BOYS - FITZGERALD'S

Junior Boys make the kind of music that if you were to take your lady to their show, she would shout over the music, "Why don't we listen to more music like this!"

ANTI-SOCIAL

THE WEEKND - THURSDAY (MIXTAPE)

The Weeknd's House Of Balloons release was so good, it would be damn near impossible to put out anything, especially with the mystery in the setup to it, that was as initially as thrilling as that release. The Weeknd are much more popular, and the notoriety in a sense plays against them, because while no one before sounded like The Weeknd, in essence they sort of sound like The Weeknd now, which worked a little better before. Sonically and thematically, they're still dark R&B songs, but it felt more effortless before. Still, it's better than most of what you normally hear and Drake's on a song now.

STEPHEN MALKMUS & THE JICKS - MIRROR TRAFFIC (MATADOR)

If one were to look at a mirror in traffic, they would essentially be looking behind them. This album is retrospective in a way, but not in the Pavement reunion way. The songs are more song-y and less long-y which leads to a stronger set of material (I was fan of the long-y). This might be the most agreeably good album between the "wish he woulds" and "he's still goods", and Beck made sure that it was well recorded, so even the obscurities have sheen.

WILD FLAG - WILD FLAG (MERGE)

Wild Flag has lineage, and the lineage is evident on their debut album. However, this is in no way a bad thing. At its core Wild Flag is a really good rock band who made a really good rock album. It's great to hear guitar rock albums again, because let's be honest, a great band is always better than samplers and a light show (even Animal Collective is playing instruments again). "Glass Tambourine" is boss, "Boom" is bliss, "Electric Band" is the bees' knees, and "Black Tiles" will peel the paint from your walls. It would be safe to say that fans of the member's legacy will not be disappointed, it would also be safe to say that the legacy is not important to the appreciate this album.

RIP JACKSON FPH

TOO BUSY PUTZIN 'ROUND THE INTERNET, REVEL IN THE DISCONNECT

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Sept. 30 - The Chromatics

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September 9 - Adrian Circle with Catfish
September 16 - The Fondue Monks with Uncle Mojo, Dani Vargas Group
September 23 - Band TBA
September 30 - Band TBA

SATURDAYS
September 3 - The Spicolis
September 10 - Wattzit2ya
September 17 - Metal Maiden *(Iron Maiden Tribute)* with Slip Of The Snake *(Whitesnake Tribute)*
September 24 - Abbey Rode *(Beatles Tribute)* with Already Gone *(Eagles Tribute)*

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Interview

Weird Party



Weird Party perform Friday September 02,2011 at Rudyards with Black Congress and The Men.

Their 'Honey Slides/Sarah Palin' 7" is available now.

BY RAMON MEDINA

WEIRD PARTY IS NOTHING BUT A BIG PILE OF SWEATY, audacious, ready-to-scrap Rock and Roll. Etched in their new 7" is all the snot, spit, and fire of the finest punk. Live, they are possessed men who rage with a fury that infects any unwitting crowd. Hell, they might even steal your girlfriend at the end of the night if you're not careful. The thing is, for all the wild shows and kick-ass Rock and Roll, you won't find another band that is as smart, droll, and dedicated to their craft as these guys. We sat down with Buggy Rickshaw, Keg Noisily, Rowland Blackout, and DK Miller (Behest Peen wasn't able to join us) at La Carafe last month and, I can honestly say, I've never had a harder time cutting an interview.

KEG By the way, it was my idea to have a bar at Whole Foods. I came up with that idea and they stole it.

YOU SHOULD HAVE FIGURED SOME ANGLE TO MAKE MONEY WITH THAT.
KEG I HAD an angle! They wouldn't listen to me.

BUT THEY DID LISTEN TO YOU...
KEG Yeah, and they cut me out!

WHEN WEIRD PARTY STARTED YOU HAD THE THING WHERE YOU COULD ONLY HAVE ACCESS THROUGH AN INVITATION, YOU HAD BUSINESS CARDS, AND THE LIMO THING WITH JORDAN GRABER. WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?
KEG Every bit of that is we're a bunch of smart-ass idiots who sit around cooking-up stupid ideas to do and then dare each other to do it. You wanna hear what's even funnier is the idea that didn't happen 'cause it was too expensive. The first Summerfest we played, we were going to pay one of those airplanes that drag a flag behind them to say "Pray for Weird Party." The card thing was actually a misunderstanding. We were talking about flyers and I mentioned an old punk flyer that looked like a business card and they actually made a business card. So when Bryan brought them in, we said "This is genius! Just go pass them out!" But it was a total misunderstanding and people just ran with it like Jordan (Graber) taking a picture of the girl's hand with the card and I love that stuff. I mean it was all funny.

WHAT WAS THE WORST IDEA YOU GUYS EVER HAD?
KEG We were going to kick-out a member by sending them a strip-o-gram but I don't know if I want to elaborate any more...

NO WAIT, THAT'S GREAT...
KEG Yeah, that IS a good idea. I mean, having never seen one, I don't know what happens in a strip-o-gram - like do they deliver a message and then strip or...
ROWLAND But it wasn't a stripper; it was a dude in a banana costume.
KEG Well, it was either or it may have been both - I don't know - but we were going to do that to kick a person out.

IF I GOT KICKED OUT OF A BAND, THAT'D BE A CLASSY WAY TO GO.
ROWLAND Yeah, that was the point! See, you'd be happy about that.
BUGGY Nothing says "kicked-out" like a good pair of tits.

THE STRIPPER WOULD BE GOOD BUT THE GUY IN THE BANANA SUIT...NOT SO MUCH...
KEG And that's an argument we had. If you do one, it's a slap in the face but if you do the other, it might be a joy. Actually, we might have done it but Rowland fucked-up and sent him an e-mail.

WHY A 7"?
KEG I don't think we originally planned on releasing a 7". We just wanted to get some songs out with the new line-up.
ROWLAND I like the idea of putting out 7"s. Why go all-out with an LP right out of the gates? Why not put out a little bit at a time? Tease 'em at first. Foreplay. I don't want to shoot my wad all at once.

WHAT'S THE FOCUS OF WEIRD PARTY?
KEG 100% it's on writing. We're constantly working on riffs and Rowland is constantly working on his vocals and lyrics. For me, it's all about making music that I would like to hear.

HOW WAS IT RELEASING A 7" YOURSELVES?
KEG It's nice not to wait for somebody else's schedule. Our single from recording to release wasn't very long. That's nice because I've been in bands before where, by the time your record comes out, you really don't care about what you did at all. In the end, I want to put out records that I will be happy with later on in life and make recordings that are compelling to listen to.

HOW IS THIS BAND DIFFERENT FROM OTHER BANDS YOU'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN?
ROWLAND We practice!
KEG Yeah, we have a good work ethic.
ROWLAND ...and it's fun, it's not drudgery. It's work but we enjoy it. I'm older now - I'm not a young goofball like I used to be - so I can take it more seriously. I have less time to do it so, when we do meet, it's more focused.

HOW DOES HOLDING A JOB PLAY INTO THE WHOLE ROCK THING?
KEG I think we have freedom; we're not trying to make a living but what bands are anymore? I don't want to trivialize it but this is like my golf. It's a hobby but it's a serious hobby that I want to do as well as I can. Hobby makes it sound like it isn't good but...
DK MILLER ... it's a craft.

WHAT'S YOUR FAN BASE?
KEG Look at these handsome gentlemen – it's young ladies. It's a Death Rock Boy Band.

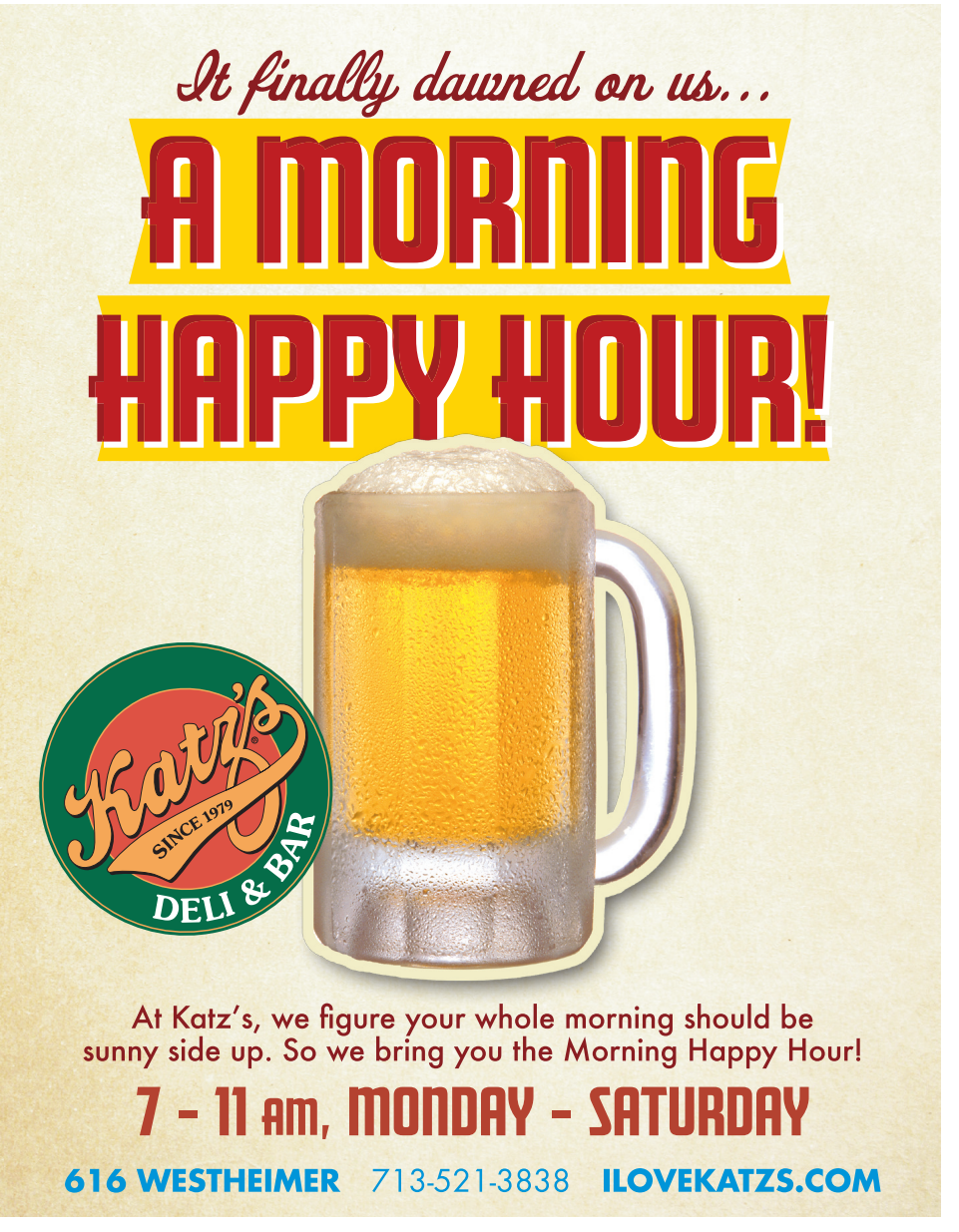
DEATH ROCK BOY BAND?
KEG Death Rock is prior to Goth like early Christian Death and 45 Grave.
ROWLAND Take that and add the boy band factor.
BUGGY At the record release, we had people dancing.
KEG They weren't on my side of the stage! I have a few guys interested in guitar gear on my side. Guys thinking, "What is that pedal? I think they stopped making that two years ago." That's all I've got. The other side of the stage is all young ladies checking the dudes out.
ROWLAND We all bring our own demographic.

HEY, IF YOU HAVE THE LADIES AND THE GUITAR NERDS...
KEG ...you're covered. And the guitar nerds don't bother the ladies and the ladies don't notice the guitar nerds.
ROWLAND They are at peace...in harmony.

GIVEN ALL THE WORK - THE REHEARSALS, HAULING BIG CABINETS UP STAIRS, ALL THAT STUFF. WHY DO IT? WHAT'S THE POINT?
KEG It's the same reason it's always been; if you're not a big strong tough dude or really intelligent, music is like magic. It's a way to distinguish yourself in the world. It always has been.
ROWLAND ...and it makes chicks dance!
BUGGY When we play live, it's a free moment to not be what we are during the day. I'll look at these guys and I'll see a nurse, an accountant, and a sign shop guy raging – that's badass. It's like magic. At the end of a set, it's like waking up from a dream where I don't remember any specifics about the show we just played.
KEG It's like running; it eradicates all the bad stuff in your head. It clears the decks of all life's problems...at least for that time you are doing it.

SOME PEOPLE WOULD ARGUE, "WHY DO IT IF YOU ARE PLAYING A SHITTY BAR AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET FAMOUS?"
ROWLAND Well I'm pretty sure none of us are looking to get famous from this. And, I like the idea of playing in small, stinky clubs. I think that's the essence of Rock and Roll.
DK MILLER I'd rather be playing at a small, stinky club than just sitting there drinking.
BUGGY That's kind of how I felt when I was younger and I would go to shows. I would look around and I would see people who were DOING things as opposed to just being an observer and I felt I was much more about the people who were making those moments happen for everyone else. I like being a purveyor of joy as opposed to just being a recipient.
KEG It's about doing something, not just being a witness.
ROWLAND I couldn't wait to be the guy carrying an 8X10 cab up the stairs. I literally couldn't wait! **FPH**







Screwed Up Records & Tapes
goes out with a whimper

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS another Houston icon will be gone. On August 31 Screwed Up Records and Tapes will close the doors of its long time home on Cullen for good; a victim of Dr. Zeb F. Pondexter's desire to expand his dental practice. The story first broke in late June and was overlooked by many Houstonians, most of us were too busy planning our Fourth of July celebrations.The possible closure of a record store, even one as nationally known as Screwed Up, didn't warrant the glare of the TV cameras or the botox-eyed sex kitten anchor women breathlessly detailing what it's loss would mean to the Houston music community.

The fact that Screw's estate offered to pay $100,000 to be able to stay in the location wasn't enough to break into reports from the ultra-mega-doppler severe weather storm centers telling viewers that, "boy, oh boy, it's going to be another hot one tomorrow." There was one place the loss of the shrine to Screw did resonate: the hip-hop blogosphere. Stories from national and international blogs and websites talked about the influence of Screw and his music; how, at his peak, he could reach hundreds of thousands by selling $10 mix tapes out of his trunk.

It's almost impossible to overstate the importance Screw had on the mid-2000s Houston hip-hop bubble. All the names that came, went and continue to go strong owe something to the legendary DJ Screw. Making a pilgrimage to the legendary little shop on the Southside became a rite of passage for aspiring producers, MCs and anyone who wanted to understand the roots of, what has been called Houston's only indigenous musical innovation. It was there that promoters dropped off flyers and DJs picked up beats. And it's gone.

Screw opened the store in 1996 in an attempt to keep the cops, thinking he was selling drugs, from breaking down his door again. It didn't work. HPD was convinced that a young black man making thousands of dollars had to be doing something illegal, they never found anything except money, guns and records. Even though he was one of the biggest DJs in the south at the time of his death in 2000, Screw was still largely unknown to middle America. Legendary tracks like June 27 weren't designed to be radio friendly unit shifters; he wasn't collaborating with household names that sold out stadiums.

Which led some to say that Screw's business plan lacked ambition; that he could have been on a major label making millions. Others said that he kept it real, kept it underground. When the Screwed Up Click, the loose group of collaborators associated with Screw, said that they would keep the store open it seemed something of a quixotic tribute. Selling 100 minute tapes in the age of itunes didn't sound like a way to conquer the world. How was a store that, 10 years after Screw's death, sold on average only 40 units per day, and still hadn't transferred most of the back catalog to CD supposed to stay ahead of torrenting, youtubeing and file sharing?

So it really came as no surprise when the rumors first started circulating in 2006 that the landlord was thinking about kicking 'the Screw shop' out. Now that it is finally happening there's been some community outrage, a facebook group Save Screwed Up Records and Tapes has 152 likes, but not much more than that. And across the freeway in the heart of Houston hipsterdom the situation, as it has been called, has been lost to questions about whether it's worth going to ACL this year.

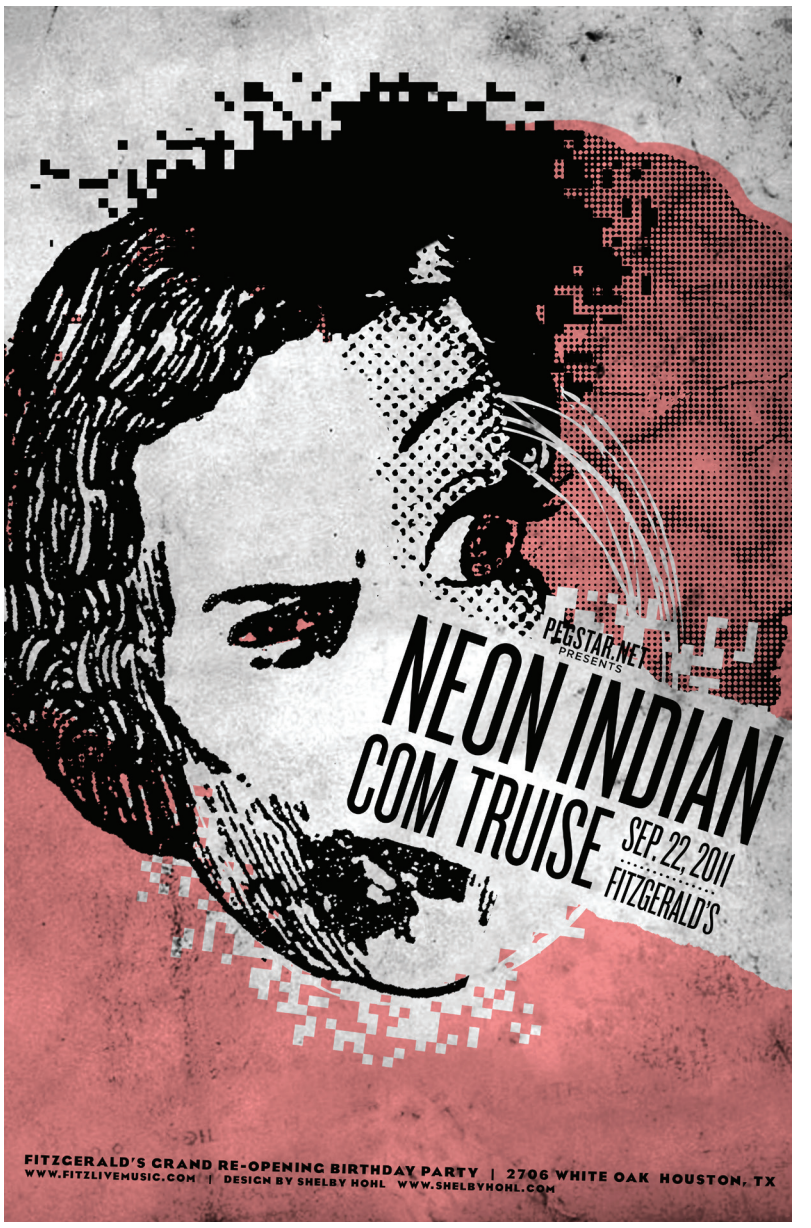
Those close to the situation haven't said what the next move is; but just like Cactus came back expect the Screw shop to reopen soon. **FPH**

BY ALEX WUKMAN


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Tex & Erika of Indian Jewelry

The fruit of their loins is the next generation of R.O.C.K.

BY OMAR AFRA

Testify





SONIC PATHFINDERS Indian Jewelry have always had a dirty little secret. Members Tex and Erika are married. So while they appear to be young, virile, and available, they are really shackled by the chains of monogamy despite the almost obscene amount of erotic voltage they pout out there. Yet, their relationship has yielded something greater than the critical praise their music has garnered : a small, jobless human being who shits herself. That is right. A baby.

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE BABY. CAN WE SEE A PICTURE OF THE NEW, HAPPY FAMILY? THANKS!



NOW, EXACTLY HOW LONG HAVE THE TWO OF YOU BEEN PLAYING MUSIC TOGETHER (PUN INTENDED)?

Twelve years, if you can call it music.

SO DOES THE CREATIVE PROCESS OF MAKING BABIES GET IN THE CREATIVE PROCESS OF MAKING MUSIC?

We didn't need a coach to do the one.

ERIKA, YOU PLAYED SHOWS WHILE PREGNANT. IS IT SAFE TO ASSUME THIS CHILD WILL HAVE AN INNATE MUSICAL BRILLIANCE?

Three weeks into it I can tell she does have super human hearing...

Yes, brilliance is safe to assume, but most likely she will reject it and take on a reasonable accounting job. Mommy and Daddy will be well taken care of.

SO WHAT, IF ANY, ARE YOUR SOONEST PLANS FOR INDIAN JEWELRY?

We're trying to finish new songs for our Sufi Headbanger release on VHS. Then we'll promote it.

IS INDIAN JEWELRY THE MOST ATTRACTIVE BAND TO EVER COME FROM HOUSTON?

There's a reason we play in the dark.

THIS IS MORE OF A DIRECTIVE THAN A QUESTION: DO NOT LET DON WALSH (RUSTED SHUT) BABYSIT YOUR KID. COMMENTS? ▼

Uncle Don is family. **FPH**

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Welcome to Gaming I Love You

Deus Ex worries set aside

BY TYLER BARBER



DEUS EX: HUMAN REVOLUTION IS A LOVE-LETTER to PC gamers of a generation in which their darling franchises have turned into more console-friendly affairs. 2011 has been a great year for PC gaming in general; we've already seen the PC-centric Portal 2 and Witcher 2 do very well on the platform, while DICE's Battlefield 3 is sure to set the scene ablaze later this Fall. But with all the PC love, most of you reading this own either a PlayStation 3 or an Xbox 360. Will you be missing anything crucial in these amazing titles? The short answer is no, but for Battlfeild 3, maybe.

In the same way that the Mass Effect series successfully uses retro-futurism meshed with high-tech, Deus Ex melds Blade Runner visuals with Renaissance flair. The result is an aesthetic that whispers steampunk through auto-tuned flamboyance. And while games like Mirrors Edge went for an all-out clean, minimal look, Deus Ex balances the two appropriately; ultra-modern waiting rooms are a friendly welcome to visitors where, just beyond the public view, cluttered back-offices and hallways strewn with folders, papers and copiers give way to the world behind the front desk. This attention and depth of detail is seen in almost every corner of the game.

Though everyone's Adam Jensen will look exactly the same, they will all most likely play very differently. The world of Deus Ex is one where human augmentations are on the verge of becoming commonplace, and not just reserved for the super-rich. As a security bad-ass for one of the biggest augmentation companies in the world, you get to upgrade your character with the newest-of-the-new augmentations. Even better, no skill in the game is shut-off from you from the beginning. You can unlock any upgrade, as long as you have the points. On the surface, it may not seem like a huge advantage, but in practice it allows gamers to progress through the game's labyrinthine missions however they want. You could spend all your points early-on to max-out your hacking skills, but that would be to the detriment of much-needed combat skills.

In addition to the main quest, the densely realized hub-worlds of Deus Ex provide the player with lots of exploration and side missions. Everything from places to sell loot, storage lockers to hack, and underground sewer systems can be found teeming with content in Deus Ex's major cities.

Gameplay-wise, at its worst, Deus Ex can feel a little sticky or clunky, but the minor nitpicks don't affect the game overall. The gunplay, for instance, isn't a solid as dedicated shooters like Call of Duty, but you will find the guns have a nice feel to them. After all, Deus Ex is much more a first-person Metal Gear than it is a Call of Duty game with stealth. And that's a good thing. Otherwise, what would encourage the player to use stealth, hacking, conversation, and all the other things that made the series?

Deus Ex manages to find a nice balance of player freedom within a guided-path. Many previous games have drawn inspiration from the original Deus Ex, and now this update can borrow from them, in turn. You'll find parts of Hitman games, a little Metal Gear, some Splinter Cell and even hints of the Rainbow Six in this game's DNA. If I had to sum up my 40+ hours with Deus Ex in one word, it would be simply: rich. **FPH**

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Ryan Lee Hanson
Lee and the Moon

SEP 10TH:
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Devil Killing Moth
Lluvia Dreams
Poetic Metal Aggression

SEP 15TH:
Attic Ted
Muzak John's Birthday!
Thou Shalt Not Kill Except us

SEP 16TH:
Carla Bozulich
Lucas Gorham
Fiskadoro

SEP 17TH:
Squidbucket
Giant Battle Monster
Shopping for Death

SEP 20TH:
Lighthouse Music
Loud Valley
Neptunes Explode

SEP 24TH:
Peachcake
A Room In The Body

SEP 28TH:
Acro-Cats

SEP 29TH:
Acro-Cats

SEP 30TH:
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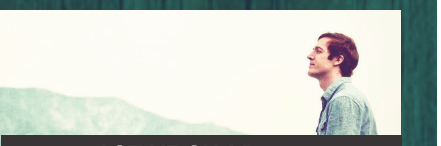
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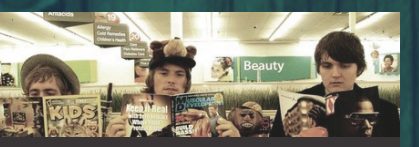
UPCOMING LIVE MUSIC



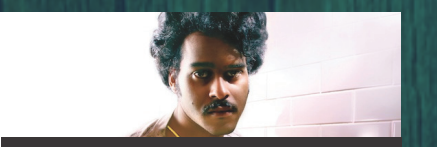
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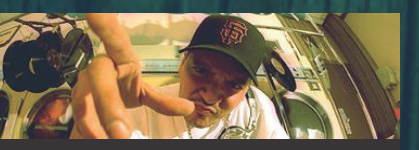


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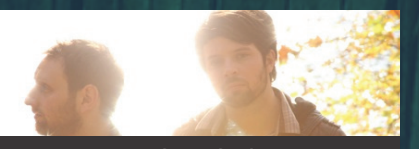
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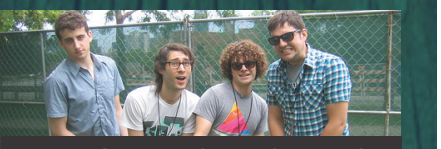
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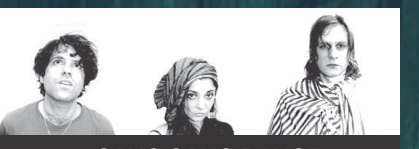
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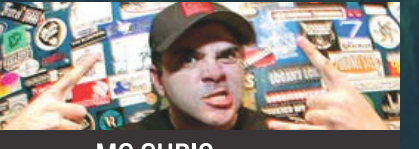
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September 11th has it's 10th Birthday Let's remember 9/11 one lie at a time, even if you already know that shit

BY MARINI VAN SMIRREN

IT'S BEEN TEN YEARS since 9/11. What do we have to talk about? How do you even start a 10-year anniversary article on 9/11? All that kept running through my head were the things I've read, heard, debated, and watched. I thought about the theories about how it wasn't al-Qaeda, but rather our government. I realized I could list out every single topic about this attack and I would really just be wasting everyone's time.

So, here, this is how you start an article for the day America was attacked on its own soil. You remind everyone what happened that day.

At 8:46am, September 11th, 2001, American Airlines flight 11 crashed into the World Trade Center North Tower in New York, NY. Seventeen minutes later, United Airlines Flight 175 hit the World Trade Center South Tower. By 9:59am, the South Tower fell with the North Tower following 30 minutes behind. Later on that evening, at 5:20pm, World Trade Center 7 suddenly collapsed.

All right, before we get in too deep here… Can we just talk about World Trade Center 7? We're talking about a 47 stories tall building located 300 feet away from the North and South Tower. No planes crashed into this building. NIST final report, released 8 YEARS LATER, states that World Trade Center 7 fell due to fires that had been burning throughout several floors. Column 79 of the building buckled when surrounding floors failed, bringing neighboring columns down with it, eventually straining the perimeter support, causing the entire building to fall as a single unit.

Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth member Kamal Obeid, who is a structural engineer, said, "It is possible that you could have a local failure as result of a connection failure. However the likelihood of that failure dragging the entire building in such a fashion that all the columns would fail at the same time is impossible." All the columns would have had to be severed at the same time for the building to come down into it's own footprint. The symmetry is the smoking gun. A building to go from motionless to free fall instantly? Have you ever YouTube'd "Controlled Demolition"?

Turns out that WTC 7 is the 3rd steel framed building to have ever fallen to the ground due to fires burning. Of course, the North and South Tower being the first two…

But let's move on.



Turns out that WTC 7 is the 3rd steel framed building to have ever fallen to the ground due to fires burning. Of course, the North and South Tower being the first two…

At 9:37am, American Airlines Flight 77 flew into the ground floor of the Pentagon after crossing Washington Avenue, taking out 5 light poles and skidding across the yard.

Houston, think back to November 2004. A plane, that was scheduled to pick up former president George H.W. Bush from Hobby Airport, clipped a single light pole causing the wing to rip off upon impact. If you look at images from this wreck, you'll find that the wing is ripped off but did not disintegrate into thin air.

However, the only pieces of the plane that were found at the Pentagon were light enough to be picked up. If a Boeing 757 plane hit the Pentagon there would have been wings, tail, engines, but there was nothing. We were told to believe that the jet fuel melted the titanium of the plane to nothing. Yet, somehow, coroners identified 184 of 189 bodies at the Pentagon even though the plane was disintegrated by jet fuel.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE VIDEO FOOTAGE? I mean c'maaan! That's all it would take to settle our doubts, American Government. If they wanted to shut up all the conspiracy theorists out there all they would have to do is release a clip of the video footage from either the Sheraton National Hotel, the gas station, or even the cameras mounted on top of lamp posts running along the highway that got a clear visual of the Pentagon. Instead, they release 5 frames of footage that only show the actual explosion. Nothing more. I think that everyone (those who believe 9/11 was a terrorist attack and those who believe in the conspiracies) could agree that releasing more than the 5 frames would answer a lot of questions. But the FBI claims that there is nothing to see. Well, if there is nothing to see, why not show the videos?

United Airlines Flight 93 was on a direct path to Washington D.C. However, during an attempt by passengers to regain control of the flight, Flight 93 crashed near Shanksville, Pennsylvania. Did you know that they didn't find any wreckage at this location? The coroner said to this day he hasn't seen a single drop of blood. There was just a hole in the ground and some scattered pieces of a plane.

And that's just it. The whole thing would be easier to understand if there weren't millions of unreliable stories and reasons to back up the conspiracy theories. Unfortunately, if there were one guy on a recording laying it out on TMZ, it would be a lot easier for the public to grasp, not that the conspiracies are hard to understand or fathom being executed; people just don't want to believe it. If it can be reduced into a bumper sticker, Americans are more down for believing in it.

However, our government is legitimately that ineffectual that it doesn't take a conspiracy for this to happen. There is still the feeling that someone, somewhere in the government knew, and that they either did nothing to stop it, or did things to help it indirectly as an ideological action to justify a radical shift in domestic and foreign US Policy. We now have the most exorbitant defense budget that we are basically unable to believe that it's viable to cut any spending on.

The irony here is that it honestly does not matter. Governments are made to do things like this. Even if they were not directly responsible for these actions, it doesn't fucking matter because they take the blame. We as a society agree that there will be this institution above us which governs and manages the institutional affairs that we are too retarded to deal with. We give them the power to adequately protect our interests. And who are we really to question that? What the fuck do we know? Nothing.

We have no idea what the full extent of domestic and foreign interests are in regards to the continued viability of the US as a superpower. We are losing our dollar to the Yuan. Yet, we are a beacon of stability. We continually represent an ideal around this world. That ideal is certainly malleable enough to fit anyone's dreams, but that is the idea of the American dream itself. We are what we want to become.

So what does 10 years mean? Have we shucked the chains of draconian and fascists policies around our country in favor of more egalitarian and proper views on democracy? Have we embraced the concept that there are reasons people around this world scoff at the statement of being American? Are there an infinite number of ways to say if we have grown from this? Yes. But is the answer to the former in the affirmative? No. A rushed job to finish a Ground Zero memorial in time to be dedicated for the tenth anniversary has left families of victims dissatisfied with the end result.

There is still no true reverence. Only the fading memory of ribbons placed on trees in an upper middle class suburbia.

We do not act. We are complacent. Fuck it. **FPH**





BY MILLS-MCCOIN
ILLUSTRATION BY BLAKE JONES

Water Conservation or Die

A Big Fat Hurricane Never Looked So Good

TO GIVE YOU AN IDEA of just how insane the extreme drought and heat of this summer have driven me: this article started off as a letter to Santa Claus asking him to give Houston a HURRICANE for Christmas but then I realized Christmas would be TOO LATE... so then I started writing a letter to the Labor Day Fairy asking if we could get a hurricane this year instead of the traditional one day-off but then I realized Labor Day would be too soon for a hurricane seeing as though I haven't PREPARED... so then I started writing a letter to Christopher Columbus because October 12th seemed like a good time for a hurricane but then I realized Christopher Columbus still hasn't responded to any of my other letters, sooooooooo I started writing this article.

Driving in my car the other day, I glanced out the window and saw a scorched earth front yard just out of reach of the water gushing forth from a busted city water main and onto the concrete sidewalk then pouring over onto the street; failing outright to make contact with any vegetation on its way to the storm drain. The tragedy and horror of the scene made me tear up considerably... but I made myself stop crying because I wanted to be strong — and conserve. Listen to me, Houston. We can't be wasting water on our emotions. We don't have that luxury anymore.

On August 15, Mayor Annise Parker ordered the implementation of Houston's Stage 2 Water Conservation measures, which mandates that all detectable leaks must be repaired within 72 hours by the resident or receive a citation. The water conservation measures also put a limit on outdoor irrigation, restricting it to the hours between 12:01 a.m. and 10:00 a.m , and between 8:00 p.m. and midnight. Additionally, residents may water their lawn no more than two days per week according to the following schedule: Sundays and Thursdays for customers with even-numbered street addresses; and Saturdays and Wednesdays for customers with odd-numbered street addresses.

"While these restrictions are mandatory, we will begin with warnings and an informational campaign because the goal is voluntary compliance," said Mayor Parker. "For those who insist on not being good neighbors, citations will follow." There's even a link on houstontx.gov that allows you to report a violation and I HAVE (I'm looking at you, Medians along Woodway).

Returning for a moment to my theory, if we had a hurricane then none of these new rules and restrictions would be necessary. Maybe I'm not explaining myself clearly enough.

In 2008, Hurricane Ike destroyed much of the Galveston and Houston area with storm surge, flooding, wind damage, etc. etc. etc... But what do hurricanes have that all of Texas does not have right now? WATER

Imagine for a second that there's a hurricane approaching Houston from the Gulf of Mexico. The hurricane just continues to gain size and force while picking up speed and momentum as it approaches the Texas shores. Then finally the violent hurricane makes landfall... but this time LITERALLY! It's so bloody dry everywhere that the hurricane just gets sucked straight into the ground. My guess is that the storm wouldn't make it even just a mile west of the Beltway.

In a matter of hours, Hurricane Ike dropped at least ten inches of heavy rain on Houston and its surrounding areas. How awesome does that sound right now? All of the rain we were due for the whole summer dropped all at once. If you think this would result in a flooding problem then you haven't understood anything I've written thus far. And that's okay as long as you don't go out and get your car washed because you "want it to look good, duh." Cheers. **FPH**



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Top 5 Things White People Do in Houston

to Make Them Feel Authentic

BY STEVEN THOMPSON
ILLUSTRATION BY BLAKE JONES

BEING A HOUSTONIAN is one of the more rewarding and, at times, frustrating things in the world. For every 65 degree day in February we deal with living in a microwave come August. For every great catch by the NFL's best wide receiver we contend with the Astros, the Ford Pintos of the baseball world. If you live here long enough, you pick up on certain integral facets of the Houstonian zeitgeist. These vary from community to community- we are an extremely diverse, heterogeneous city. The rites of passage in becoming a true Houstonian probably aren't ubiquitous to every race and creed. I can only attest to my own ethnicity- the White Guy. Yes, that's right, in case you couldn't tell from the fact I'm writing for a trendy Montrose publication, I play tennis, and dance while biting my lower lip, I am white. Therefore, I can broach this week's topic without feeling like a racist, because, as I learned from my time at Carlos Mencia Comedy Sleep Away Camp, you can't be racist when you're talking about your people.

So without further delay: the Top 5 Things White People Do in Houston to Make Them Feel Authentic.

1. Talk about our past. Boy, do we love to wax nostalgic about the glory days. You can't be a true Houstonian without getting that far off look in your eyes whenever any of the following topics are mentioned: the Astrodome, Astroworld, Marvin Zindler, or the Oilers. But let's just take those rose colored glasses off for a second, shall we, and break down how ridiculous this is? The Astrodome was the 8th wonder of the world like Tito was the 5th member of the Jackson 5. Poor lighting, seats imported for a Russian gulag, and field turf that could rip out your ACLs by just looking at it. Astroworld was a great place to go if you wanted to get raped and Marvin Zindler, while always eloquent with his "Slime in the Ice Machine" rap, looked like the male version of Tammy Fay Bakker. And the Oilers. Oh god the Oilers. You aren't cool unless you own a throwback Oilers tee. But let's face it, and this kills me to type these words, but the Oilers were perennial disappointments. We never made it to the Super Bowl, despite having the dopest uniforms in football and a coach named Bum who wore a cowboy hat.

2. Bingo in the Heights. It's one of those cutesy things to do on a Thursday night so we can brag to our coworkers the next day about how interesting we are. Granted, it can be pretty fun, but in reality you have a better chance of getting your car rear ended by a drunk Texas State grad in the overcrowded parking lot than you do of making any actual money.

3. Talk about Swishahouse Records. Remember those days? Southpark Mexican, Mike Jones, DJ Screw, you name it. Finally, our city had a voice of the people! Chances are if you went to high school in Houston in the last decade you jammed some of this local rap, blaring it out of your Explorer until you got out of West U. Think of the scene from Office Space, where Michael quietly turns down his music when a black guy walks by his car. Thug life.

4. Taco trucks. There was a time when those food trucks you see hawking their spicy wares were relegated to parking lots next to construction sites. Now they inhabit the trendiest haunts of Montrose. When did it become cool to eat out of a restaurant with wheels? Sure enough, every Saturday you will see Houston's finest hipsters queuing up in front of one like there's a sale on ironic mustaches. Once has been "discovered," there's always a mad dash to find the next moveable hole in the wall, regardless of the alarming lack of cats in the neighborhood.

5. Visiting the Rothko Chapel. Every true Houstonian knows you can't truly claim true membership in our city's culture without putting on your philosopher pants and entering this pseudo intellectual octagon of higher thinking. It's one of those deals, like Bingo in the Heights or actual church, where you are going mostly to tell other people about it. Here's a sample conversation between two white people:

"Hey man, where ya been? Are you hungry? I heard there's this sweet new taco truck located under a bridge in Allen Park no one knows about yet."

"No man, Ive been at the Rothko Chapel, figuring shit out and what not. You wouldn't get it."

The place demands absolute silence for serious reflection. All it makes me want to do is burp the alphabet.

So there you go, my blueprint for being a White Guy in Houston. Now if you don't mind, I've got some phat new Mike Jones beats I need to jam in my Tahoe before my mom meets me at Academy to buy me some new Sperrys. **FPH**



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UNPOPULAR WARS DRAG ON, gas prices erratically rise and inexplicably fall, as clouds of cynicism, dark as Richard Nixon's perpetual five o'clock shadow, brood over the length of the U.S. At times, it seems as though Nixon's 1970s never ended: Only Ronald Reagan's/Bill Clinton's/Barack Obama's Quaalude-laced, faux populist snake oil caused the nation collectively to slip into a soporific sleep — and now, with the effects of the drug wearing off, we begin to awaken… hung over, groggy, queasy… still in the midst of that ugly and odious era.

At least, that's the encrypted message I've deciphered using my Super-Secret, Zeitgeist Decoder Mood (disorder) Ring, special limited, Michele Bachman edition.

Thus far, in this dismal century of the nation's history, both men who have occupied the office of the U.S. presidency, George W. Bush and Barack Obama, are as much products of the 1970s as were Naugahyde pit group sofas and outbreaks of the Herpes Simplex Retrovirus at Plato's Retreat. From a historical perspective, future generations will regard the Bush Administration and its Democratic Party doppelganger as the Dacron Polyester of American presidencies: Bush's legacy will carry all the beauty, style, and enduring appeal of a powder blue Leisure Suit — and Obama will be remembered as the Pet Rock of the U.S. oligarchic class.

Accordingly, if there is a presiding spirit possessing our age, it is the gray ghost of Richard Nixon who sat, stoop shouldered and scheming, in the Oval Office, in the early 1970s, as the U.S. began hitting the limits of its imperial might and economic power, and who set the tone of duplicity and denial that define daily life in the nation to this day.

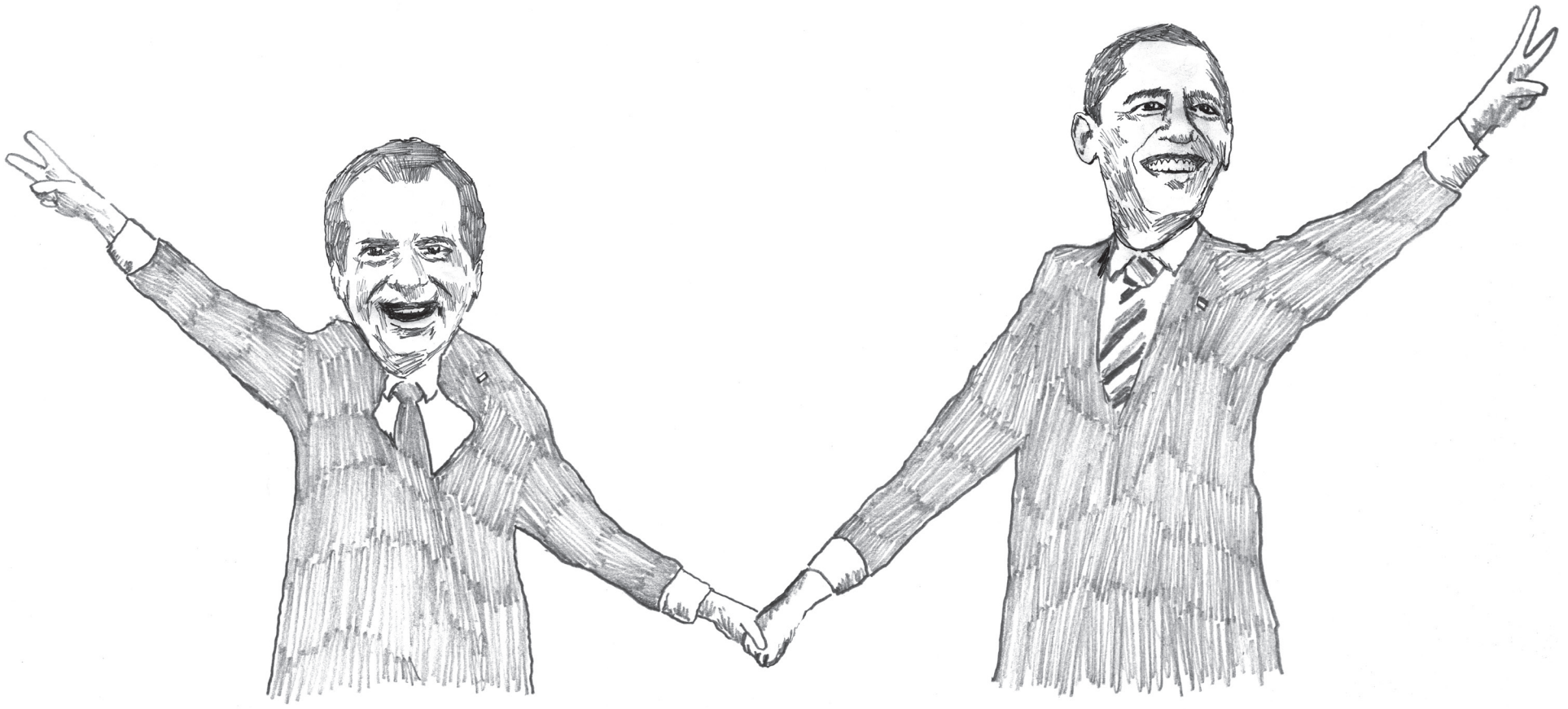
During the Watergate Era, Karl Rove and other ruthless sleight-of-hand artists of the politics of demagogic distraction and displacement grasped this fact, so troubling in its implications that it was banished from the official narrative: Nixon was not driven in disgrace from office because the people of the U.S. were troubled by having a sick, corrupt bastard as their president; in truth, most simply found the situation embarrassing… to have the curtains of the living quarters of the White House pulled open, thus allowing the world to witness the dismal spectacle of Nixon… pacing the floors, draped in a dingy bathrobe, muttering whisky-fueled expletives at the yellowing wallpaper.

"Now, Watergate does not bother me / Does your conscience bother you? Tell the truth."

–excerpt, Sweet Home Alabama, Lynyrd Skynyrd

Moreover, Rove perceived that Nixon's paranoia, rage, envy, and resentment merely mirrored those of the white, U.S. middle and laboring classes. Nixon knew from the depths of his black spleen to the tips of his twitching nerve endings the hidden in plain sight, ugly side of the American character and how the pathologies therein could be exploited for political gain.

Nixon's legacy remains our lode star because most of the U.S. populace accepted the false narrative that Watergate and Vietnam were aberrations, and that, by Nixon's resignation from office in August of 1974, the country's psyche had been purged of the demons… conjured and given sustenance by U.S. global-wide imperium and that still abide within the collective psyche of the nation — an unseen, insidious presence to this day.



Idiot Wind

The Eternal Return of the Politics of the 1970s

BY PHIL ROCKSTROH
ILLUSTRATION BY TIM DORSEY

Ergo, even after Nixon was exiled to San Clemente, and the nation's citizenry was induced to take up the mantra, "the system worked… time to move on… Our long national nightmare is over" — Americans remained uneasy, clinging to the casuistry that we were mere bystanders when the crimes were committed — and, as a consequence, we transformed ourselves into willfully ignorant marks for political flimflammers (embodied by the likes of Ronald Reagan, Barack Obama et al) whose comfortable lies exalt the inviolable grace of our collective cluelessness.

Otherwise, we would have been forced to face our individual complicity in Nixon's crimes; otherwise, a million Vietnamese corpses would have risen accusingly in our dreams — as tens of thousands of Iraqi and Central Asian dead would haunt our sleep tonight.

At present, Democratic Party apologist for U.S. military imperium seem to have little inclination to lament the deaths of the children of Central Asia, whose bodies have been ripped asunder by attacks by U.S. predator drones, because (Could they possibly believe?) their lives were violently torn from this world by the policies of a Nobel Peace Prize winner — not Bush nor Cheney nor any (admitted) neocon.

In the compartmentalized confines of their casuistry, how is it possible that Obama's liberal supporters actually believe that the souls of these children are now at peace only because they had not befallen the misfortune of having been slaughtered, by say, the caprice of a President Perry or Bachmann?

The demonstrable madness of the Republican party's presidential hopefuls serve as living emblems of the forces of negative entropy riddling the empire. Accordingly, Michele Bachmann embodies its urge towards outright self-destructive mania. In contrast, Barack Obama's style is axiomatic of the effects of its all-encompassing, reality-denying PR apparatus i.e., reality viewed as a mere marketing problem.

Moreover, as the tattered veracities of U.S. exceptionalism continue to be buffeted by the realities of the wider, indomitable world, political types, such as Obama and Bachmann, both scions of the nation's dismal and deranged political class — risen from the political landscape since the 1970s — will embody the cognitive dissidence inherent to declining empire.

The larger the specter of decline looms, the more desperate the political and economic elite have become… contriving to consolidate even more outrageous amounts of wealth and power, hence further circumscribing the already severely diminished societal milieu of the less privileged classes of the nation.

Such desperate circumstances can bring peril: The rights and liberties of a nation's people can be forsaken, like good music and a sense of fashion in a 70's era disco, when a group of fanatical outsiders (for example, rank and file teabagger types) forge ad hoc alliances, based on political and economic expediency, with a corrupt business and political, ruling elite.

"I noticed at the ceremony, your corrupt ways had finally made you blind/ I can't remember your face anymore, your mouth has changed, your eyes/ don't look into mine."

–Bob Dylan, excerpt, Idiot Wind

In my own experience, I first began to take note of the acceptance of authoritarian impulses in the cultural banalities evinced in the 1970s. I noticed my peers (teenagers born during the peak years of the Baby Boom) were not the progeny of The Woodstock Nation, as our beleaguered authoritarian elders had feared. Instead, we were the free floating spirit-incarnate of a pop culture Weimar Republic e.g., unlike our predecessors in the 1960s, we used drugs neither to expand our awareness nor as an act of social or political rebellion; rather, they were appropriated as apolitical agents of anesthetization.

Like the sound and fury of our pinball machine distractions, our Muscle Car imperialism, and the pseudo-edginess of the so-called FM radio revolution (that was, in reality, the advent of corporate rock) — our surface-level rebelliousness was, below the lank-haired, faded denim-clad, reefer-reeking exterior, the metastasizing of an insidious indifference — to a large measure a radical renunciation — of anything more challenging than those things available within the immediate confines of our comfort zones.

Our mode of being, even then, revealed our obsession with comfort, the devices of escapism and an avidity for insularity — our right to the pursuit of numbness. We were fledgling Weimar Republicans, clad in faded, frayed bell-bottom jeans… primed to surrender freedom to the corporate/national security state for the illusion of safety and control.

All along, beneath the pot reek, redolent on polyester fabric… the Muscle Car rumble… Quaalude spittle… the tribally-administered, prototypical serotonin/dopamine/norepinephrine reuptake inhibitors (perhaps precursors of the Huxleyesque pharmaceutical authoritarianism to come) we baby boomers were scions of the Cold War military/industrial/consumer empire's death-sustained dynamo.

The empire is as noisy, distracting and meaningless as a vintage, 1970s pinball machine — as self-aware as a baby boomer, suburban pothead teenager who, as the years have passed, transformed into a self-absorbed, Starbuck's-slurping, SSRI-popping consumer zombie, possessed of mindless appetite, begot by deep, inner desolation who has spent his existence devouring the resources of the entire planet in the manner he devoured food from his mother's pantry while possessed of a bad case of reefer munchies in the 1970s.

As the decades have passed, an internalize mall and mcmansion — an architecture of instant gratification and compulsive insularity — has supplanted primordial forests of collective imagination; hence, our roots no longer reach deep into the dark, renewing loam of ancestral intelligence; our branches no longer lift towards the sky of possibility. We feel devoid of nourishment and hope, because the internalized empire has clear cut it all, reducing sequoia forests to toothpicks in order to pick the bits of charred flesh of those slaughtered in our wars of imperium from its rotting teeth.

Consequently, If our corrupt political parties did not exist, we would need to invent them, for they are emblems in the flesh of the true face of U.S. empire… What rises from the toxic soil of the inverted totalitarian powers of the corporate/military state.

Yet, more than likely, the readers of this essay are as mortified, heartsick, and enraged by the actions of the U.S. government and the corporate overlords who own and operate it, as is this writer. Nevertheless, we carry U.S. imperium within us as deeply as we hold the imprint of our parents' faces. The empire is too pervasive and invasive to avoid our being carriers of its proliferate pathologies; this system weaned us and socialized us, and, even when we rebel against it, our actions are generally restricted within limits set by it.

Otherwise, the consequences would be too crushing for most of us to endure: financial ruin, destitution, homelessness.

Accordingly, here's a plot spoiler regarding the stagecraft of the next presidential election cycle. Republicans — Bachmann, Perry et al will play their roles as scary, scary psychos — escapees from the Right Wing Christian Madhouse For Social Program Ax Murderers — as Obama will play the calm, reasonable, deliberate authority figure who, after the crazies are dispatched, will calmly and deliberately slash to bits Social Security and Medicare — and then feed the remains to the economy-devouring cannibals on Wall Street.

Mojo Nixon (no blood relation, I suspect) sang, "Everybody has a little Elvis in them." Nowadays, regrettably, we must sing: "Everybody has far too much Nixon in them." Internally (even those born long after the 1970′ s) in larger and smaller degrees, carry Nixon's dismal legacy.

Apropos, proceed to the closest mirror, look yourself in the eye, and repeat the risible (as well as demonstrably false) phrase, "I am not a crook"– then, at long last, face the Richard Milhouse Nixon within, and thus come face to face with the cause of why, collectively, we in the U.S. seem perpetually in the thrall of the corrupt political forces and degraded social criteria that have gripped and grappled us since Nixon slunk from the scene in the summer of 1974. **FPH**

Why Does Texas Hate Vaginas?

BY AMANDA HART



IT IS EXPENSIVE to be born with a vagina. Tampons alone at times are a commodity (ladies, let me introduce you to your new best friend: The Diva Cup. Your "shit, i guess I'll just use toilet paper" days are over). And tampons are just one of the many items our vagina's demand that we sometimes can't afford. However, i would have to say that above all the other items we need to function in our society the one closer to the top of the list is some form of birth control.

I would like to think that we have progressed past a time in which our doctors and legislators have control over our bodies, but unfortunately this is just wishful thinking. For the last five years Texas has offered The Texas Women's Health Program (TWHP). This once great program provided free birth control, breast, cervical and STD screenings to women who otherwise could not afford them. This assault on reproductive rights was calculated and carried out through anti abortion groups like, Texas Right to Life and our Planned Parenthood hating politicians.

As if Planned Parenthood and the women who rely on them have not been marginalized enough this past legislation through budget cuts and a bullshit sonogram bill, now they are attempting to use rhetoric to kick us in the clit just one more time. Currently the TWHP is up for renewal and although this program has benefited approximately 300,000 Texas women and families over the last five years (me included, independent journalism isn't exactly known for its health benefits), republicans are set on adjusting the language so that it will exclude Planned Parenthood from the program. 40% of the women who rely on the program received their services through Planned Parenthood. The TWHP saves an estimated $20 million in annual Medicaid spending and receives $9 in federal money for every $1 it spends on the program. And sadly, cutting the program would lead to an estimated 20,000 more unplanned pregnancies (which logically means: more money).

To guarantee that Planned Parenthood providers cannot participate in the program, the bill includes a provision that states if the bill becomes a law and Planned Parenthood sues to overturn it, the state program would be discontinued entirely.

It is well known that Planned Parenthood does not use state or federal money to fund abortions. All Planned Parenthood abortion funding comes from private donors. Family planning clinics all over Texas were recently defunded by cutting $74 million of the $111 million administered by the state's Department of State Health Services. These cuts affect all facilities but Planned Parenthood took the biggest hit and this is why republicans and anti abortion groups went after said funding.

Texas Right to Life's Legislative Director John Seago recently told pro-life site LifeSiteNews.com, "Even though these clinics are family planning clinics — so there's not actually any abortions being provided at the clinics that are closing their doors — there's no mistake that these are abortion-minded clinics that are sending women to abortion clinics."

These same morons who are ecstatic about the harm they have done to women's reproductive rights are equally zealous about an increase in state funds to the state's Alternative to Abortion Services Program (AASP). The AASP's budget saw a small but significant spike from $4 million to $4.15 million during our last legislation. The AASP disperses money to faith-based and largely unregulated Crisis Pregnancy Centers (CPC's).

CPC's offer 'mentoring' and 'counseling' to women who are faced with unwanted pregnancies and usually offer no medical services. The centers have a long history of violations, as reported by the Texas Independent, "Official records show… violations ranging from fire safety to possible breaches of client privacy. During 15 percent of inspections (which were not undercover visits), subcontractors had failed to separate and label spiritual and educational materials properly."

The truth is that even though Planned Parenthood and other family planning facilities are being forced to close their doors and limit services the real victims here are ultimately going to be low income women. **FPH**


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BART Pulls Plug on Cell Phones to Silence Potential Protest

San Francisco Bay Area Aug 17 2011

The Bay Area is now apparently the first place in the United States to have had its electronic communications deliberately disabled in order to pre-empt a political protest. BART cut power to the underground mobile phone antennae within their system for several hours on August 11th, thereby denying tens of thousands of evening commuters access to broadband internet networks, telephone service, and even 911 calls. The protest BART said was the reason for disrupting mobile service never happened, but Anonymous has since called for an online and offline protest on Monday, August 15th in "remembrance [of] the blood that is on the hands of the BART police" and to "stand up for your rights and those of your fellow citizens."



DON'T

ENLIST.

The military does not serve the American people. It does not fight for freedom. It is a tool for empire that primarily protects the interests of the political class.

Don't be an imperial pawn. Don't sign your life away to the government.

Why a 'Free Market' Society Leads to Mass Incarceration

By Matt Wasserman

From the April 27, 2011 issue of the Indypendnet (NYC)

The Illusion of Free Markets: Punishment and the Myth of Natural Order

Bernard Harcourt, Harvard University Press, 2011

Those who talk the loudest about freedom are often the ones most inclined to place people behind bars. In The Illusion of Free Markets, University of Chicago Professor Bernard Harcourt attempts a genealogy of the seemingly paradoxical coupling of the discourse of free markets and the practice of mass incarceration in the contemporary United States.

Although The Illusion of Free Markets is primarily a work of intellectual history, Harcourt starts from his interest in how the ideological fiction of the "free market" helps produce contemporary U.S. mass incarceration. He posits that the key to understanding what he calls "neoliberal penality" is that maintaining "law and order" has become one of the only acceptable forms of state intervention. Even those who decry the "distortions" of the marketplace caused by government interventions such as minimum-wage or rent-control laws support state involvement in policing the populace. While the marketplace is thought of as naturally self-ordering, in the realm of punishment, order must be imposed. Thus, looting in Iraq became an example of the messiness of freedom—in Donald Rumsfeld's famous phrase — while "broken windows" are not to be tolerated.

Harcourt traces the root of this conception back beyond economists Milton Friedman and Gary Becker to figures such as Jeremy Bentham, Cesare Beccaria and the Physiocrats. Along the way, he carries out case studies of the Chicago Board of Trade and the grain trade in Paris prior to the French Revolution. Harcourt demonstrates that once you pierce the rhetoric of "free markets," the Chicago Board of Trade consists of regulation all the way down. On the other hand, he shows that the Parisian grain markets, often held up as examples of state hyper-regulation, were largely self-regulated and seen by many contemporaries as freedom-enhancing.

Harcourt convincingly argues that not only is there no such thing as a free market, but in fact the discourse of free markets blinds us to the real political choices we face. Governments are always intervening in markets in one way or another, making decisions that determine the distribution of resources. They are faced with an endless set of choices between the interests of debtors and creditors, renters and owners, taxpayers and banks, and so on. By buying into the rhetoric of self-regulating markets, we naturalize the choices made by the powerful under the cover of the "invisible hand" of the marketplace.

While The Illusion of Free Markets is fascinating and incisive, it is unfortunately limited in scope. Tracing the intellectual pedigree of neoliberal penality is no mean task, but the more interesting question is how the ideological fiction of markets as a naturally ordered, self-regulating sphere of freedom came to be adopted as conventional wisdom by both elites and the masses. It is notable that even those getting their pockets picked by the invisible hand often consider a belief in free markets to be simply common sense.

The left has a knack for ending up on the weak side of sound-bite battles. "Pro-choice" doesn't sound as good as "pro-life," while "fair trade" isn't as appealing as "free trade." No one seems to even have a good two-word alternative to "free markets." But the important question is: freedom for whom to do what? In The Illusion of Free Markets, Harcourt does the essential work of bringing this issue to the fore.

Back to School? Don't Be A Target for the Military!

Under the No Child Left Behind Act, schools receiving federal funding MUST release students' personal information to military recruiters if they are to continue to receive funding. Students may opt-out of this military database at the beginning of the school year. "They'll know where you live.... They'll have your phone number.... They'll come to your door ... if you let them. Military recruiters, by strict authority of the No Child Left Behind Act, must be given the names, addresses and phone numbers of all high school students each year. Want to keep your privacy? You can be removed from the list of names by 'opting-out.'" The Full Picture, San Francisco, California

The September, 2009 article in MOTHER JONES by David Goodman, entitled, "A Few Kids?," deals with the heavy military recruitment of at-risk (low-income and/or minority and/or less academic) youth and the insidious invasion of student privacy under the No Child Left Behind Act and JAMRS (consumer) database maintained by the Pentagon. See www.motherjones.com/politics/2009/09/few-good-kids

OPT-OUT FACTS:

* Students must opt-out EVERY YEAR.
* Traditionally, the deadline for opting-out for the year is October 1.
* Students do NOT require parental or guardian consent to opt-out.
* Every high school students' personal information is being released to the military -- not just that of juniors and seniors!
* Girls are NOT exempt from this provision.

IMPORTANT INFO:

American Friends Service Committee: afsc.org/program/youth-and-militarism-program

http://afsc.org/video/you-enlist-2011 (in English and Spanish)

Quaker House: quakerhouse.org/documents.enlist.html (comic book in English and Spanish)

National Network Opposing Militarization of Youth: nnomy.org

Project Youth and Nonmilitary Opportunities projectyano.org

War Resisters League: warresisters.org

Houston: White Stallion coal plant faces setbacks

Public Interest Groups Applaud LCRA's Decision to Postpone Water Vote. Multiple permits prove to be obstacles for the proposed White Stallion Energy Center.

The LCRA has indefinitely postponed a water contract for the proposed White Stallion Energy Center.

Below is the statement from Eva Hernandez, Sierra Club's Beyond Coal Campaign: "The proposed White Stallion coal plant does not have any of the necessary permits in hand that are required. Not only have they met multiple snags when applying for the flawed air pollution permit and the controversial water contract, they still do not have the required waste water permit from TCEQ, the 404 permit from the US Army Corps of Engineers, nor the Greenhouse Gas Permit from the EPA."

Randy Bird, White Stallion's chief operating officer, commented Wednesday in a KUHF news segment on the recent high demand for power in Texas (ignoring the issue of energy efficiency measures which could substantially reduce the consumption of electricity; or investment in renewable energy):

"It's a good time to be in the electric generating business. We have no shortage of people that are interested in buying power from the project or investing in the project. It just take time to go through the due diligence process."

Recently, activists rallied at Houston City Hall to call attention to a recent study showing that emissions from the White Stallion Energy Center may negatively effect the health of Houstonians: texasgreenreport.wordpress.com/2011/07/20/gasping-for-air-white-stallions-threat-to-houstons-health/

As Texas deals with drought and record-breaking temperatures that are predicted to become the norm due to climate change (texasdroughtproject.org/newsonclimate.html), it should be clear that we cannot afford the the loss of water and the output of greenhouse gases and harmful chemicals that will come from a new coal plant.

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Politics Passion & Pageantry

September Previews

BY ALEX WUKMAN



THROUGHOUT MOST OF THE COUNTRY summer is ever-so-gradually giving way to fall; schools are back in session and the trails and tribulations of the campaign trail are headlining the evening news, but it's the other news that seems to have set the stage for the new world premiere from Obsidian Art Space. It's hard not to see parallels between the events in Tom Stell's Republic Day and the unfolding events in Libya.

As scenes of rebels storming the capitol loop endlessly across cable news shows and talking heads try to contextualize the events the description on the Obsidian Arts website seems eerily prescient. "The Rivers family struggles to survive as their country, the Republic, is torn apart by ethnic conflict and chaos," states the website. Stell's script, which was originally submitted to a Storypro screenplay contest, tells the story of John Rivers Sr., a political prisoner in a country described as being like Rwanda.

John Sr. is a hero to his people and the father of John Jr., "who only wants to get by or get rich." John Jr.'s brother, Simon, has taken up his father's stuggle and is determined to see his people come to power. However, no script is complete without a love story; so in the midst of an overarching narrative of ethnic strife Stell has woven in a classic Romeo and Juliet-esque love story that centers on how daughter Beth has fallen in love with an idealist from the other side. The last character to bring the family photo into focus is the mother, struggling to keep the family together.

Stell, who founded Obsidian Arts Space in 2010 with Leighza Walker, decided to use his home-grown theatre company Big Head Productions to bring his script to the stage. Over the last few months BHP has captured critics' attention with productions like Killer Joe, a blistering satire from Pulitzer Prize winner Tracy Letss about a trailer park murder-for-hire, and Loplop Presents Loplop, a dark comedy about two twins, one of whom is schizophrenic, celebrating their 30th birthday by Houston playwright Petter Wittenberg Jr.

If the pitfalls and pratfalls of campaigning sound more appealing than a drama about ethnic cleansing;stop by Theatre Under the Stars regional premiere of Vote! The Musical. Created by Broadway veterans Ryann Ferguson and Steven Jamail; Vote tells the story of three candidates running for student council president at Greenvalley High School. The play debuted in 2009 to a packed house at the New York International Fringe Festival and garnered a New York Times review that called it "Full of Verve." The producers have stated that they are trying to attract a younger audience, how young they don't actually say.

For those wanting to get away from politics, the County Playhouse and Talento Bilingue de Houston are collaborating to bring Anna in the Tropics back to town. Nilo Cruz's 2003 Pulitzer Prize winning drama about Tolstoy and cigar rollers in 1929 Miami last graced a Houston stage in 2007 when Main Street Theatre opened the show to mixed reviews. The Houston Chronicle fell in love with Cruz's poetic dialogue while the Press found it top heavy an unable to support the "predictable plot."

Taking a little known facet of American life, lectors reading to cigar rollers, Cruz built a show that centers on some of the classic themes of literature: art vs. commerce, man vs. machine and progress vs. tradition. Since much of the criticism from the past staging came from director Steve Garfinkel's inability to fully realize the passion of a love triangle it will be interesting to see how Pedro Garcia handles the material.

The Houston Family Art Center will be premiering a commissioned original play Death by Design. Playwright Rob Urbanti describes Death by Design as equal parts Noel Coward comedy and Agatha Chrisie murder mystery. Urbanti told Artshound that his goal in writing the play was to "combine Coward's brilliant wit with Christie's surprising plots, and create a work that reflected the best of both writers' sensibilities." HFAC promises that the "hilarious whodunit" features multiple suspects and an intrepid house maid who is more than up to the task of solving the case.

Urbanti is the Director of New Play Development at Queens Theatre in the Park in New York and has written multiple plays including Karaoke Night at the Suicide Shack and Rebel Voices an adaptation of the classic counter culture text A People's History of the United States.

And to finish off the month Music Box Theatre is continuing their inaugural season with Damage Divas of the Decades a cabaret musical that attempts to answer questions like: what is a diva and why are they so damaged? The press release promises a night of celebrity impersonation, comedy and show stopping musical numbers. Some of the artists who will be "appearing" include Elvis, Aretha Franklin, Johnny Cash, Whitney Houston, Barbra Streisand, Britney Spears and Michael Jackson. A night of pop music pageantry sounds like the perfect antidote to the heat and the craziness. FPH

REPUBLIC DAY
8 p.m. Thursday-Saturday; September 8 to October 1 at Obsidian Arts Space, 3522 White Oak, for more information and tickets call 832-889-7837 or visit www.obsidianartspace.org

VOTE! THE MUSICAL
7: 30 p.m. on September 16 and 1:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. September 17 at Hobby Center for the Performing Arts, 800 Bagby, for more information and tickets call 713-558-8887 or visit www.tuts.com

ANNA IN THE TROPICS
8 p.m. September 16 to October 1 at Country Playhouse, 12802 Queensbury, and October 7,8,9 and 14-16 at Talento Bilingue de Houston, 333 S. Jensen, for more information and tickets call Country Playhouse at 713-222-1213 or Talento Bilingue de Houston at 713-222-1213 or check www.countryplayhouse.org and www.tbhcenter.org

DEATH BY DESIGN
8 p.m. Friday and Saturday nights from September 9 to September 25 and two 3 p.m. Sunday matinees on September 18 and September 25 at Houston Family Arts Center, 10760 Grants Road. For more information and tickets call 281-685-6374 or visit www.houstonfac.com

DAMAGED DIVAS OF THE DECADES
8 p.m. on Fridays and Saturdays and 2 p.m. on Sundays from August 12 to November 12 at the Music Box Theatre, 2623 Colquitt. For more information call 713-522-7722 or 281-513-1504 or visit www.themusicboxtheater.com

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