FREE PRESS

MUSIC • NEWS • PUBLIC OPINION • ARTS • EVENTS



THE HIDDEN DRAFT IN OUR SCHOOLS

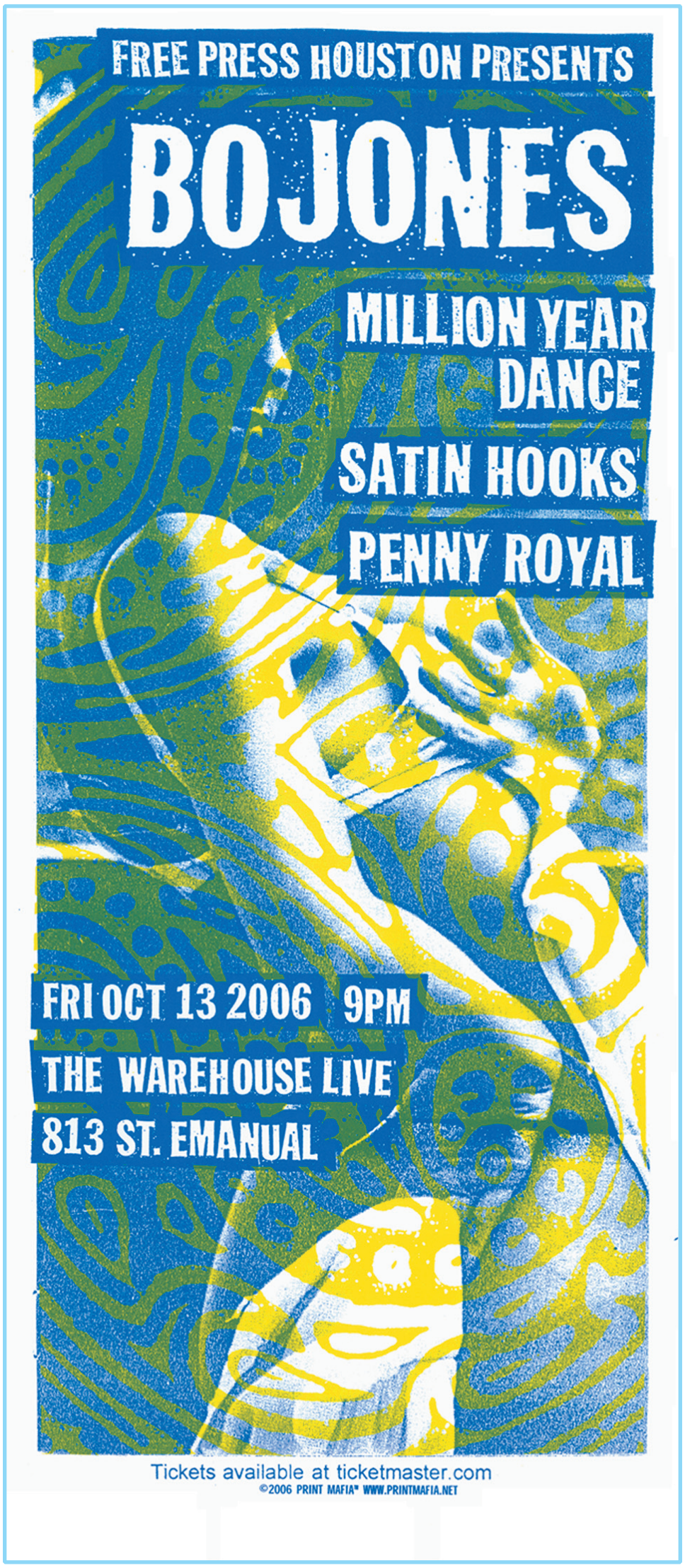
FREE MASONRY, AMY GOODMAN, AND THE BLOOD THEY DRINK TOGETHER

DYLAN FACES THE APOCALYPSE, AGAIN

SEPTEMBER MAKES ME ALMOST CRUNK

SEPT. 2006
POSE DUECE
ISSUE #70

Beware: Articles exceeding 600 words contained within. For those who may be seeking pictures of tanned socialites, please go elsewhere and leave this for someone who we can help to survive the coming apocalypse brought on by the reptilian masters that pull the strings in this existence. Prepare thy heart.







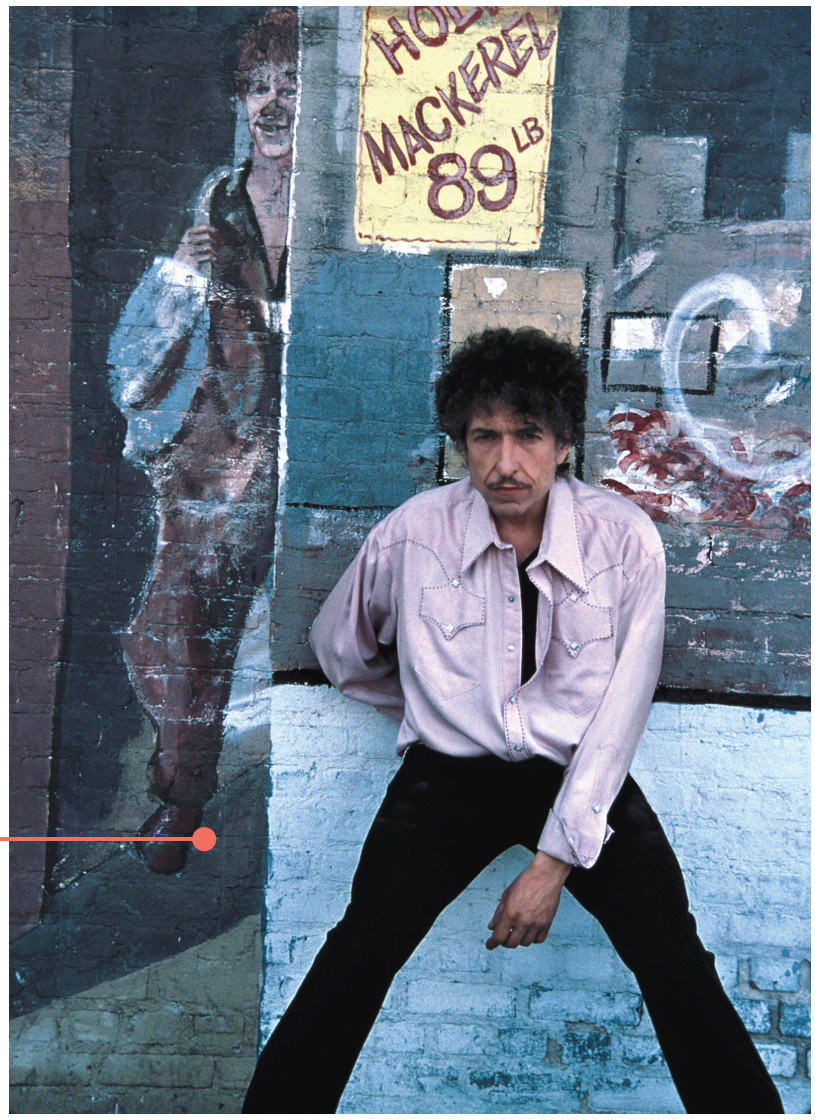
Two out of three *liberals* think **Free Press Houston** is

poo-poo ca-ca

editors@freepresshouston.com

ThisIssue

September 2006 what you'll find



6 Art
Debris
Spitting on Strangers

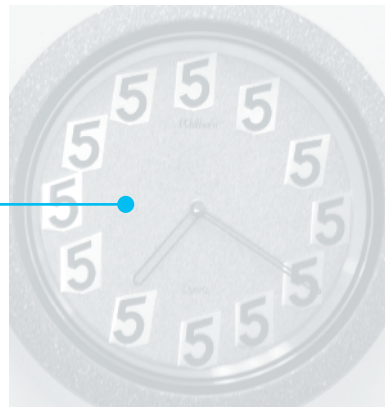
10 Music
Oh I feel so much better now,
but it feels so hollow

14 Music
Helios Rising?

20 Music
Modern Times

22 World
The Hidden Draft
in our Schools

28 World
Freemasons, Amy Goodman,
& the blood they drink together



Staff

Publishers Andrea Afra, Omar Afra, Omar Al-Bochi

Associate Editors
Arts Sean Carroll
Film Michael Bergeron
Local Alex Wukman
Music Kwame M. Anderson

Managing Editor Omar Afra

Contributors & Staff Writers
Lance Walker, Brandon Montes, Tyler Barber, Devin McNulty, Jeff Storm, Alex "Asshole" Wukman, John Fergusin, Timothy O'Brien, Brittany Bly, Shelby Kelly, Nick Cooper, Eric Anthamatten

Photographers Anthony Rathbun, Mark Armes

Art Director Tyler Barber

Designers/Illustrations
Jody Worthington, Lyndia Haryanto, Omar Al-Bochi, Ryan Ottea, Shelby Kelly, Tim Dorsey

Delivery
Tyler Barber, Jeff Storm, Mark Galveston, Tony Kaelin, Jerri Huston, Evan Dunivan, Ozcan Ozcelik

The *Free Press* is an open forum. Public submissions are encouraged. The *Free Press* will never refer to itself in third person. We do not endorse any of the ideas, products, or candidates included in this publication. The *Free Press* does not knowingly accept false advertising or editorial nor does the publisher assume responsibility should such advertising or editorial appear. **The *Free Press* is not liable for anything, anywhere, ever.**



Cover Art: Shelby Kelly

...from the editor...

WE WISH WE WERE WILLIE

Let's get this straight: Willie Nelson gets his tour bus pulled over in Louisiana with a pound and a half of weed; likely better than any shit we see round these parts, and the officers 'issue a citation'. Amazing! Now, no ill will towards Willie, but I have seen 3 people go to jail for less than a doobie. Should we be happy for Willie setting the precedent that being an American iconoclast is paramount to local narcotic laws OR should we take this as another testament to the power of the good ole' boy network? Does this question matter? Surely not. Yet it does point out the advantages to being a national treasure, white, and a senior citizen. Not to mention, he had shrooms on him! Let me reiterate: I loves me some Willie! But I am starting to believe that even if he had Bin Laden and a mobile meth lab on the bus they would let him free!? Usually, folks are charged with 'intent to distribute' when they have more than an ounce. Oh well, good for Willie. Bad for us. Next time I get pulled over while tugging on a blunt, I will just break out into a rendition of 'Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain.'



#1 DEALER IN TOWN!

BEST DEALS IN THE CITY.

FREE phones:



VISIT ONE OF OUR 10 LOCATIONS:

HOUSTON:
4610 FM 1960 (West of Veterans Memorial)
281.895.9400

5710 Memorial (East of Memorial Park)
713.869.5505

11618 SW FWY (59 & Wilcrest)
832.328.4663

514 Elgin (Elgin & Smith)
713.861.0811

8104 SW FWY (59 & Beechnut)
713.541.4552

315 S. Lockwood (Lockwood & Harrisburg)
713.926.6413

3341 Telephone Rd (I-45 & Wayside)
713.921.6461

2905 Mangum (1 block North of 290)
713.263.0018

11423 Veterans Memorial (Veterans & Greens)
281.895.8522

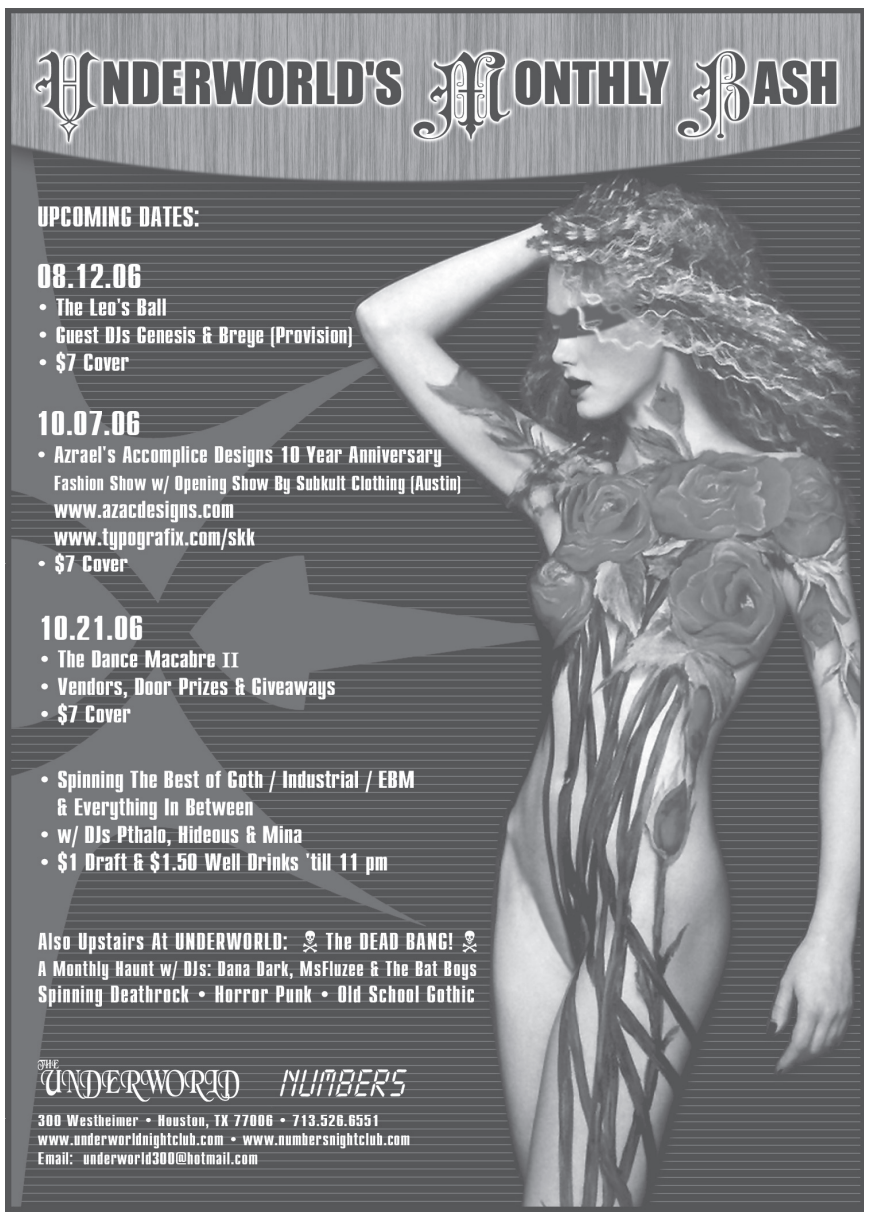
KATY:
6078 Fry Rd (W. Little York & Fry)
281.859.4582

Mention this ad & receive FREE CHARGER with any new activation.

WESTERN TALK, L.L.C.

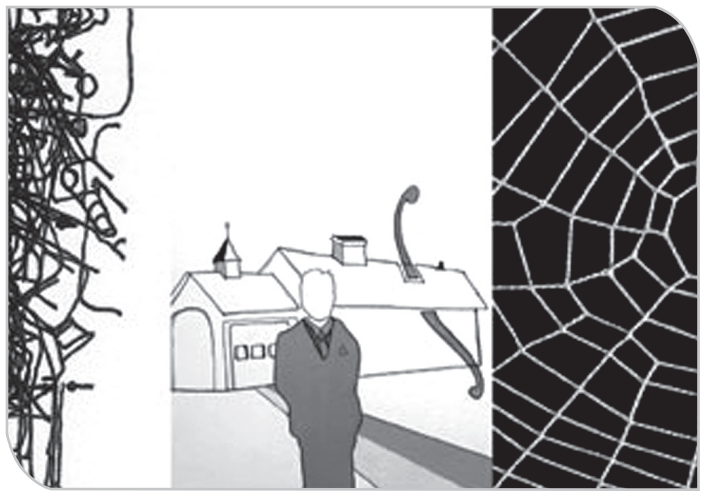
Sprint Together with NEXTEL Authorized Representative

T-Mobile authorized dealer


UNDERWORLD'S MONTHLY BASH
UPCOMING DATES:
08.12.06
• The Leo's Ball
• Guest DJs Genesis & Breye (Provision)
• $7 Cover
10.07.06
• Azrael's Accomplice Designs 10 Year Anniversary
Fashion Show w/ Opening Show By Subkult Clothing (Austin)
www.azacdesigns.com
www.typografix.com/skk
• $7 Cover
10.21.06
• The Dance Macabre II
• Vendors, Door Prizes & Giveaways
• $7 Cover
• Spinning The Best of Goth / Industrial / EBM
& Everything In Between
• w/ DJs Pthalo, Hideous & Mina
• $1 Draft & $1.50 Well Drinks 'till 11 pm
Also Upstairs At UNDERWORLD: The DEAD BANG!
A Monthly Haunt w/ DJs: Dana Dark, MsFluzee & The Bat Boys
Spinning Deathrock • Horror Punk • Old School Gothic
THE UNDERWORLD NUMBERS
300 Westheimer • Houston, TX 77006 • 713.526.6551
www.underworldnightclub.com • www.numbersnightclub.com
Email: underworld300@hotmail.com


CALICO
screenprint co.
QUALITY T-SHIRT
PRINTING EST. 1974
713.CALICOT
FREE PRESS
MISS MICKEY PHOENIX
713.225.4268
1002 PALMER ST.
HOUSTON, TX 77003

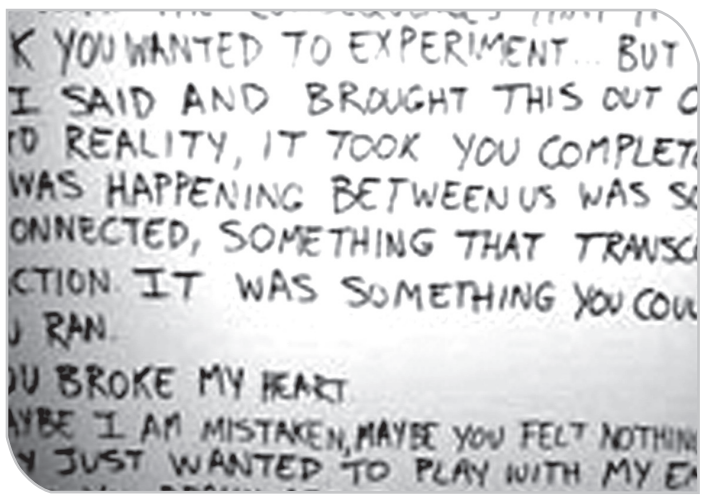

HELIOS
411 Westheimer
myspace.com/heliosrising
heliosrising.org
Every Monday: The Trade, Funk Bank and Spontaneous Jazz
Every Tuesday: Honeysuckle
Every Wednesday: Poetry Reading. Open Scrabble competition.
Every Thursday: Massive comedy Improve. Music open mic. (8/28- Wish you were here (Pink Floyd) contest)
Every Sunday: Free Radicals
10. 6. 2006
Come Sign the Petition to Keep Helios Open.
Sep. 29, 2006
downstairs: SK1 Project & Guests
upstairs: I'm Bringin' Sexy Back, DJ Suma, Dunmock, and Dj Nine (Hyphy/Down Tempo)
Sep. 30, 2006
Motion Turns It On, Seraphim, and A Small Faction of Knocks
Oct. 7, 2006
Drop Trio
Oct. 14, 2006
Featuring Austin bands: J. Price, and Dawn Over Zero
Oct. 20, 2006
Johnnie Goudie and Friends
Oct. 21, 2006
Featuring Solo Artists: Brian Moore, Arthur Yoria, and Matt Harlan
Oct. 27, 2006
The Defenestraion Unit & Guests
Oct. 28, 2006
Halloween party-metal upstairs
downstairs: Motion Turns It On, The Jonx, Hardin Store Road, Pale, The Final Plague, & Black Elk



John Adelman, Les Christensen, John Salvest and David Ubias
Rudolph Projects I ArtScan Gallery 1836 Richmond
Through October 14. (713) 522-2701



Maxim Wakultschik
Anya Tish Gallery 4411 Montrose
Through October 7. (713) 524-2299



Betsy Huete: Palimpsest
Lawndal Art Center 4912 Main St.
Through October 14. (713) 528-5858



Floyd Newsum: The Things I See
Joan Wich & Co. Gallery 4411 Montrose
Through October 14. (713) 526-1551

DEBRIS: Spitting on Strangers

Buffalo Sean



In the next ten years the surface of Houston will change dramatically, as a large swath of earth is moved and stories begin rising. Watch as construction and sales continue whatever the housing market does. Get used to seeing cranes in the sky as you wait in traffic reduced to one lane. Three-story townhomes are rising now and (ugly as they are) they are one step away from dreaming larger. Higher occupancy brings greater property taxes, and the denser population will bring the city to shell out more to infrastructure than imaginable today. We all will spend more on it, as parking spaces become more scarce, skylines cultivate onlookers, and property values double in a wave around new development. Growing at a similar rate to recent history (15 years or so) the population will reach 7 or 8 million people with another million and a half in Sugar Land in just under thirty years. Construction of new housing will be a major project to have in place by that time.

Houston is car culture, just search H-Town or Screwston on youtube, but don't think nothing is changing. We'll probably keep building freeways around here forever, which is good because their additional function as reservoirs during flooding can sure use continued funding. Meanwhile bikes, mopeds, and motorcycles continue to expand their population in the inner loop spurred on by gas prices and parking in some areas. Car culture, scooter culture. I don't think there's a better way to split what will soon be Uptown and Downtown.

Free rags profess to know where "Uptown" is; a new term for what everyone knows is the Galleria. Uptown, potentially, from Wesleyan to the East, Braeswood and Bissonett to the South, Highway 6 and George Bush Park on the West, and I-10 on the North with Westheimer as it's spine. Already a major growth area of the city, Harwin, the Richmond Strip, and the Galleria are on the operating table for some major architectural surgery upon the arrival of the Richmond rail line. Connecting poorer residential areas of the city to major employment centers won't stop that traffic jam on San Felipe, but it will allow many wage workers to cut their transportation budgets as well as allowing the upper middle class to shed the bulkiness of family travel overload and move closer to bourgeois hot spots.

The near pejorative "Downtown" now referring to the Energy District will give way to a Downtown extending from Kirby Street to the West, Washington Avenue on the North, Navigation, Cullen, McGregor, and Braeswood Parkway along the East and South. Bohemian Montrose, Hyde Park, and the Museum District will further be decimated by new housing for professionals- although one may hope that they avoid the uncomfortable topography of the tin-tone 4th Ward. Forced south and east the Third Ward and Warehouse District, even the East End, Lockwood, and Wayside will all grow in poor, educated populations, potentially clustering around Texas Southern University and the University of Houston. Midtown will be razed and rise out of it's parking lots to link the Med Center and the Energy District- already high rise residential space is slated and starting around picturesque Hermann Park. Allen Parkway is also attracting developer attention, with easy access to downtown and ample room for nature in the city Buffalo Bayou may become a canyon with concrete walls.

Advertisers should already know the score culturally around here. The most desirable customers are those living and working in the city's economic core, for all those who simply work, visit, or shop in Houston these are the trendmakers. They promise a return on investment far greater than localized exposure in Katy or Clear Lake and reinforce the leading trends of culture, high and low. As the upper middle class moves back into the city center the impact of this group grows in disposable income and population. With a little time, who knows? Maybe we will have a real culture after all.

LIQUID

ONE STOP SHOP!

CLOTHING - SHOES - SMOKE TOYS - T-SHIRTS - ADULT NOVELTIES
BODY JEWELRY - POSTERS - STICKERS - SUNGLASSES - HAIR DYE
SKIRTS - JEANS - COSTUMES - SWIMWEAR AND MUCH MORE..

on the curve
across from SLIDERS

Sum Poosie

2 LOCATIONS

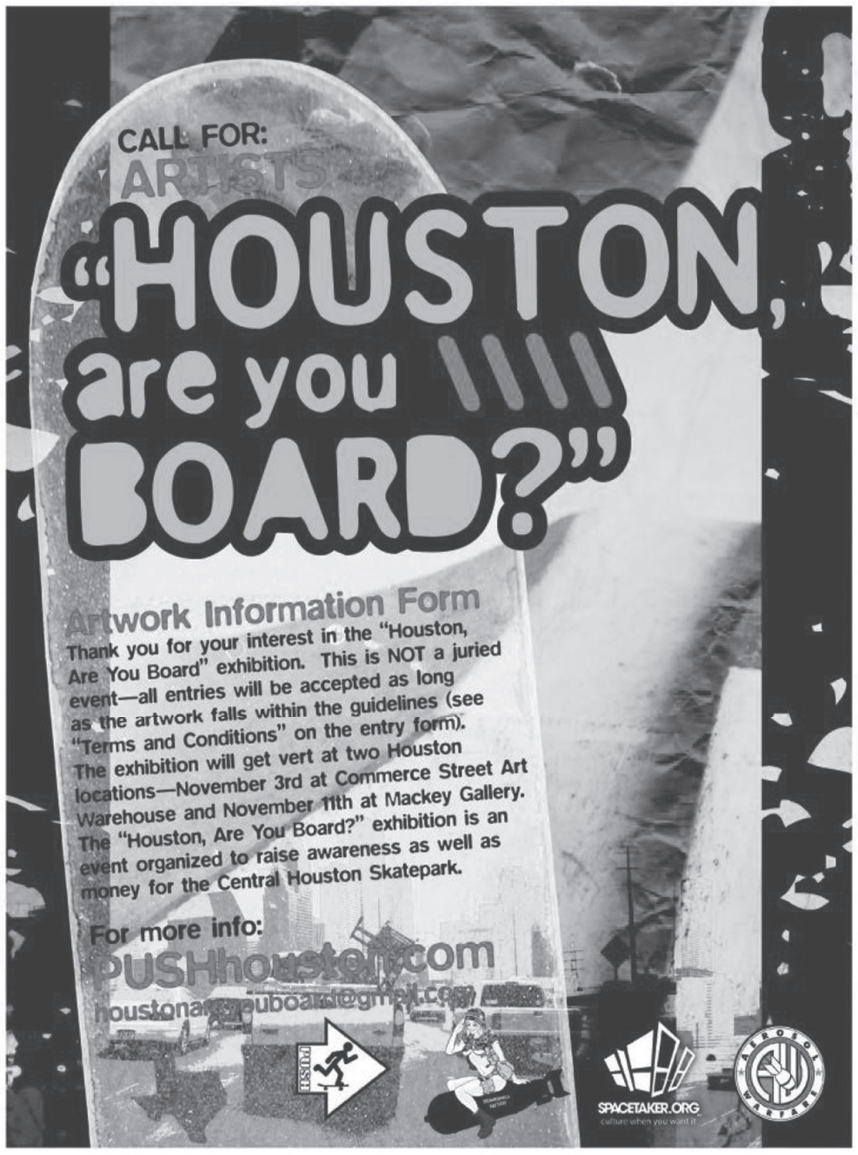
1417 Westheimer
713-524-3960

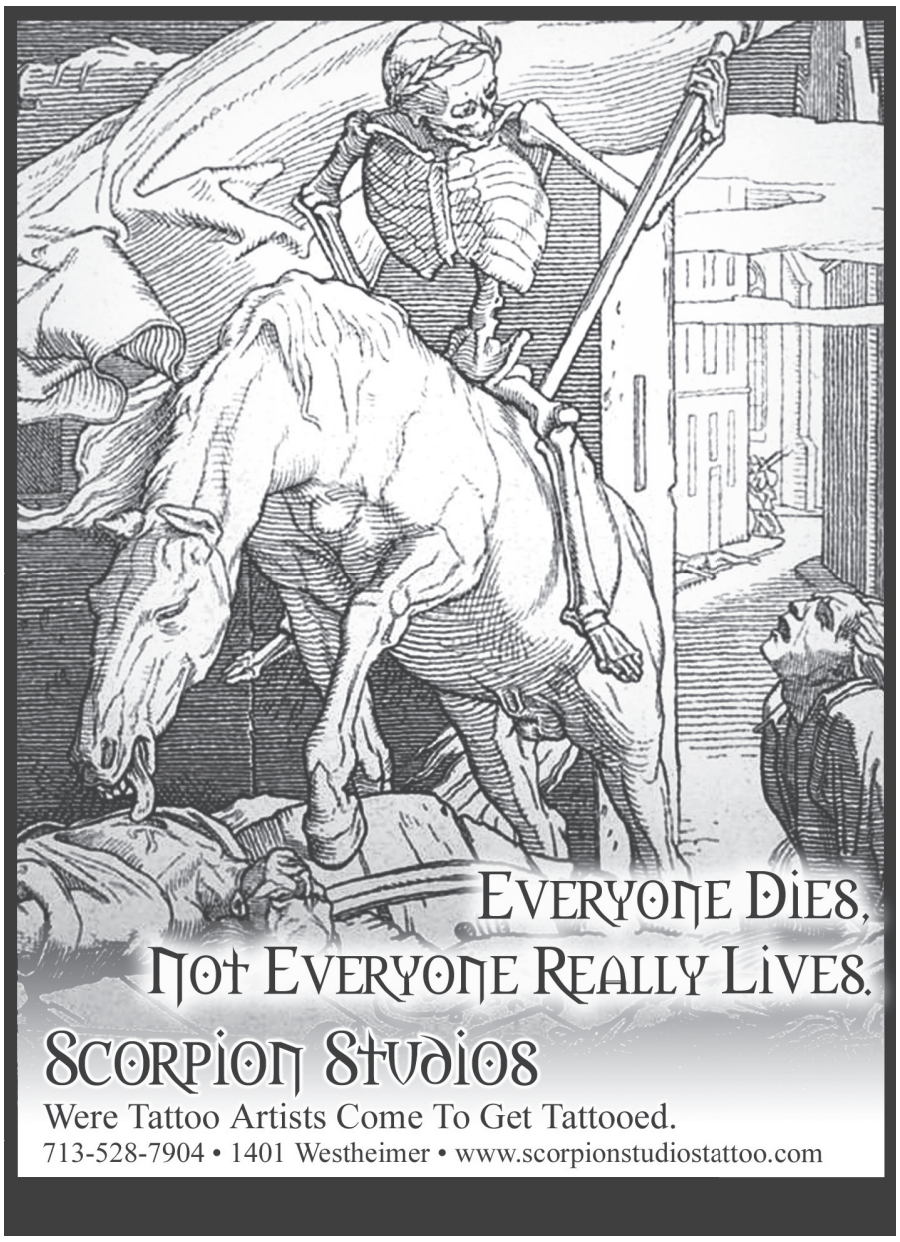
10602 FM 1960
281-477-0885

15% OFF
ANY PURCHASE

ONLY VALID AT WESTHEIMER LOCATION
NOT VALID WITH ANY ON OFFER
VALID TILL 5-31-06





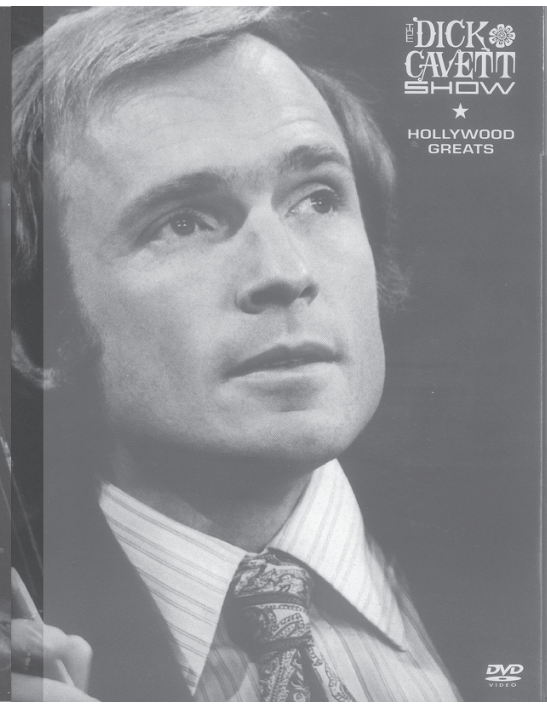


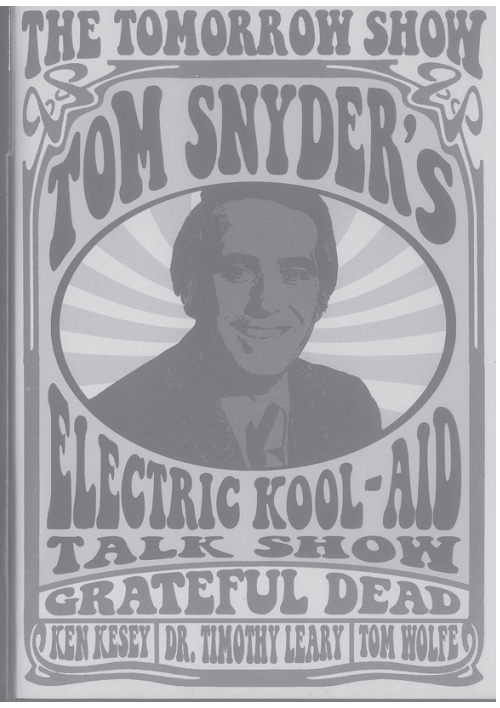
Free Press Houston
Issue 70 | 09/06

Strange Brew

by Michael Bergeron







For a trip down memory lane the DVD set The Dick Cavett Show: Hollywood Greats plays more like a walk through the halls of institutional memory of American pop culture during the years when said contribution could be called golden. Astaire, Brando, Capra, Hepburn, Hitchcock, Huston, Mitchum are a few but not all of the great names and moments to be found in this 4 DVD collection.

Of the names assembled only Kirk Douglas, Mel Brooks, Robert Altman, Peter Bogdanovich and Debbie Reynolds are still living. If the others were alive maybe Orson Welles would be directing films with money he made selling wine and making iPod commercials and Marlon Brando would certainly be swashbuckling alongside Johnny Depp. The cult of celebrity embraced these personalities thirty years ago (the interview shows were recorded in the early 1970s), but their appeal was based on their cumulative talent. So unlike the nipple slips that pass for entertainment news today.

Consider that Cavett was the third rated talk host after Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin, although his cool factor boosted his karma quotient. Cavett was on ABC from 1969, and periodically throughout the 1970s, although the round robin style interview show would constantly shift time slots. Sometimes in prime time for an hour, mostly ninety-minute shots after prime. When Katherine Hepburn did her first ever television interview Cavett scored. That would be tantamount to Jack Nicholson going on Jimmy Kimmel to stump for The Departed (ain't gonna happen).

Sure stars promoted their projects back then, but the emphasis was on conversation and where tangential ideas can lead. Brando's appearance stands out due to his adamant refusal to talk about The Godfather while also co-hosting a handful of Native American speakers. Mitchum answers direct Cavett questions like "Do you think you have a drinking problem?" with "It's other people who have a problem with the amount I can drink." Of course while sipping Scotch and smoking cigs. Bette Davis honestly parries to Cavett's thrust: "Bette, how did you lose your virginity?" Some of these segments are also running in September on cable channel TCM.

Perhaps not so odd, in 1968 when Salvador Dali produced a TV Guide cover, and titled it Today, Tonight and Tomorrow, NBC did not yet have a Tomorrow show. That show premiered in 1973 with Tom Snyder. Snyder was a bit over the top and the imitation Dan Aykroyd did on Saturday Night Live actually was what Snyder could be like when he launched into guffaws of self-congratulatory commentary. Snyder never came off as essential as Cavett but he had his moments, although those don't include the interview with Charlie Manson. That ep will probably never be issued on DVD. But Tom Snyder's Electric Kool-Aid Talk Show has been. A compendium of different Tomorrow episodes, the single disc DVD includes The Grateful Dead with Ken Kesey for one entire show (the Dead play four songs – On the Road Again, Cassidy, Dire Wolf, Deep Elem Blues), and segments with Tom Wolfe and Timothy Leary. These shows were originally broadcast in 1979 through 1981, and capture the ambiance of that transitional time. A quarter of a century later the dialogue still rings relevant. Snyder, at one point talking to Leary, makes a joke and looks like he's imitating Aykroyd imitating him. That's a strange brew.

Short Takes

I wouldn't jerk your chain, steer you wrong, or send you on a proverbial goose chase. So you can believe the English import Lassie earns kudos not because it's cute but because it's profound. We're not talking kid friendly My Dog Skip kind of family entertainment. Rather a sprawling lavish period evocation of pre-WW II England complete with the division between upper and lower classes. I can't mention one actor without mentioning them all, and it's star studded. Charles Sturridge (Brideshead Revisited) directs and takes time to paint characters in vivid strokes whether they are in one scene or many.

Lassie, natch, kicks ass, runs away from his unhappy home and travels 500 miles through Scotland and England to be reunited (ah, on Christmas Eve) with his preferred family. To give you an idea of the type of ground we are treading, Lassie meets up with Nessie, the Loch Ness Monster as well as becoming a performer with traveling gypsy Peter Dinklage's dog and pony show. Usually tony Brit films like this play the downtown art houses, but Lassie is at a few theaters in the burbs. We're not through with canines, stay tuned next month for the scoop on the Best in Show series at the MFA (art and film about dogs).

The art houses are still standing, maybe the River Oaks was never going to be torn down. That doesn't stop the Houston Chronicle, who broke the story, from spinning new articles on ways to save the River Oaks Three.

It's fitting that the R.O. and the downtown Angelika have exclusive engagements of films that speak to specific yet appreciative audiences. Half Nelson (Ryan Gosling) and Factotum (Matt Dillon) are the kind of movies where the character arc doesn't really unfold. Things are pretty much the same at the end of the movie as at the beginning.

In Half Nelson Gosling is a high school teacher who binges on cocaine. Factotum posits Dillon as a Bukowski type writer/drinker who drifts from job to job, relation to relation.

Both films take care to present their protagonists lives in the context of their economic setting. In that sense alone these films are totally different than the movie du jour like Crank or Wicker Man or The Covenant. Factotum was somewhat more enjoyable due to the slight absurd nature of the action. Half Nelson feels extended since much of the plot happens again and again, yet Gosling can carry a film and he has good moments playing the stark reality of a basehead with responsibilities.

Howard Hawks said a great film had three good scenes and no bad scenes. The Black Dahlia has three really good scenes and the rest falls flat. Those three scenes – the discovery of the body, a midpoint dinner scene, and the lobby and staircase scene – are enough to recommend the latest Brian De Palma film but not enough to make the film a classic. Expect excess in the operatic sense of the word. Dahlia has a sharp look, and this year we have seen period L.A. in the 30s (Ask the Dust), the 40s (Black Dahlia) and the 50s (Hollywoodland).

The MFA, Houston continues its Federico Fellini retrospective. Go to the museum website and click on films on the top horizontal navigation bar (http://www.mfah.org). Films were selling out and repeat screenings were being added at press time. The prints seen so far were in pristine shape and the large audiences really get Fellini's idiosyncratic twists and turns.


HOT ROD
TATTOO & PIERCING
HOUSTON, TX MOTHERFUCKERS
THE CLEANEST AND LARGEST SHOP IN HOUSTON
713.533.1239
1533 Westheimer Houston, TX 77006
Homer Saenz
Joel Torrez
B.B.
Cory Rogers
Lee Lopez
Christina
AWARD WINNING STAFF
Can You Keep Up?
WWW.HOTRODTATTOOSTUDIO.COM

Oh I feel so much better now, but it feels so hollow

by Kwame Anderson

I think it was Cyndi Lauper who once sang: "Money changes everything". Well, I guess that's true. Yes, at one time, all I did was smoke bud and allow the world to pass me by. And why not, who wants to participate? I was free. No payments, no approval needed, no background checks, no need to prove my legitimacy to the employers/lenders/dealerships etc. Well now, I am in a new arena where credit rating and approval and what not are everything. In an interview with *Spin*, Dave Siket, of the band *TV On The Radio*, said he did not believe in "indie." Which basically is idealistic thinking, indie that is. I used to believe I needed nothing more than money for a sack and a good CD. Well, now I have signed to the major, I'm trying to get the big money, I'm trying to own instead of be loaned. I've changed it all, because I guess at some point you should want more, and paying the bills is much more of a necessity. So goodbye free time, goodbye little smoky club, goodbye sitting at the bar with the "real" people. I'm backstage, I'm not coming out until the show starts, I'm on the bus watching Boondocks on DVD, I get per diem, I have people that sell the merchandise for me. I'm playing the arenas, I did the no-money thing, but now I want babies and backyards, and my lady is no longer impressed by my potential. So, if you haven't heard from me in a while, don't fret, I'll return in nicer clothes with an insurance plan and I'll tell you how things are better now. I'll talk of catered food and expense accounts because it's time to be an adult. To give up a life of hope and dreams, to focus on the black and white, not the shades of gray. Maybe I can't change the world, maybe the world won't change, but I can wear a tailored shirt, and smell nice. Yeah, my job REALLY sucks now, but I get paid a lot more to endure it. Yeah, I spend very little time staring into space, and I have more (gasp) responsibilities. But on the 1st and 15th for about two days it's worth it.

But I digress, let us return to the topic at hand, the shows and the CDs. There's a few of both to talk about, and I'll be brief, because tomorrow a new beckons me, and I must sleep and awaken to my American dream.

PARA VER

XIU XIU
9/30/06
Walter's On Washington

Xiu Xiu's new album *The Air Force* (or maybe just Air Force) is a glimmer of light, though the album is very dark. But hey, life is about contrast, the yin and yang, etc. So, Xiu Xiu's new album is fantasic, superb, and others adjectives I have used before, but do not let me limited vocabulary steer you away from what may be the best 50 minutes of your week, hell, maybe even an hour. Xiu Xiu's music is emotional and colorful, and I expect their show to be as well. They've added a drummer to the mix, and now Jamie Stewart's songs of tainted love, corruption, and rape will have a groovy backbeat, and nothing accompanies awkwardness and terror like a good kick drum. But no really folks, this should be a great show, and if the songs on the album are translated well live, then I can't think of anything better you could be doing that night, I might be there…NO! I will be there, and I will look for you, and we can talk and have beers, and then hold hands when the sad songs play and dance to the fast songs. Then we'll be friends forever…

YEAH YEAH YEAHS w/ The Ex Models
10/08/06
Warehouse Live

OK maybe some of you didn't shit yourselves after hearing the YYY's last album Show Your Bones, but the band is ALWAYS good live. It's not something you can say that often, but it's true. Karen O's voice and presence, Nick Zinner's wall of sound guitar and cold metallic cool, Brian Chase's plethora of rhythms accenting each mood, the band the never disappoints. Warehouse Live is a good place to see this type of show, because there really isn't a bad spot, where ever you choose to stand will suffice. As an added bonus, the noise-tastic Ex Models open, and their latest album, Chrome Panthers (Troubleman), is a beautiful collision of sound and rhythm and an attack on the convention of the pop mantra while still acting as a celebration of freedom and rock n' roll. The Ex Models will shake you, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs will break you, and hopefully that will make you spend the money and have a good time. Also, I'm sure there will be a lot of girls, which is always good, and yeah some of those girls will really be skinny guys in girl's pants with effeminate tendencies, but that's at any rock show these days.

PARA ESCUCHAR

JOHN MAYER
Continuum
(Columbia)

I know what you're saying, John Mayer? Yeah bitch, John Mayer. Look, I know it's not possibly cool to admit liking the "body-is-a-wonderland" dude, but dude is an outstanding guitar player, and as far as songs go, I haven't heard many that top Daughters, because daughters to become lovers that soon mothers, and we all knows some hoes. Anyhoo, I was into his last album, and I'm more into his latest one. The first single "Waiting On The World To Change," is a breath of fresh air in this musical landscape we all pop music. The lyric "When you trust in television what you get is what you got," or "When they own the information they can bend it all they want," and sure you might expect that from punk rock or conscious hip hop, but John Mayer? Yeah bitch, John Mayer. The rest of the album is just as good, it's smooth wine drinking music, but

More Shows



Stadium
8/19 @ Walter's



Voidmate
8/26 @ Super Happy fun Land



Zipperneck
8/19 @ Meridian



Rakim
9/2 @ Warehouse Live



The Generic Tribe
8/19 @ Helios



Jude Ross
8/24 @ Rudyard's

at the same time it's sonically solid. There is a smooth jazz thing, there is a soul music thing, and there is a Hendrix cover (Bold As Love). Now this might not be your bag if your taste in music is say Pitchork and everything that college radio says is cool, but a lot of that shit sucks ass. So to review, John Mayer's new album is good, it's called Continuum.

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE
Future Sex/ Love Sounds
(Sony)

OK, I have a friend named Matt who thinks Justin Timberlake represents everything wrong with music. So, Matt shouldn't read this. First up, this album should be called, "Timbaland Presents: Justin Timerlake." Really. Timbo did 10 of the 12 songs on this album, the other two are forgettable, and JT is really second string to the beats. The first listen is basically, listening to the beats, they are phenomenal. Space age, futuristic, Prince's good records, and drum staccatos that shame most of what is being passed off as pop music these days. Three Six Mafia, T.I., and The Clipse are on the album, but no one outshines Timbaland, point blank. While The Neptunes kind of did this Michael Jackson knd of thing, Timbo pushes the envelope, and music is better because of it. "Losing My Way" is mh more disturbing than you think JT can get, and "My Love" is more hood than JT should get but whatever. So go get this album, because yeah Timberlake is decent, but Timbaland is the attraction, he is the special effects, and your car stereo will thank you for bumping this CD.

TV ON THE RADIO
Return To Cookie Mountain
(Interscope)

I waited to write about this album because, while I heard it a while ago, it has finally been released. Best album of the year? Me thinks. A combination of rock, soul, afro beat, new wave, electronic, and anything else that influenced the band, even with all the bits, it's still emphatically TV On The Radio. Sonically it's bigger and badder, but to say it's an attempt at accessibility is to give a lot of credit to the listening public. In some ways it is more avante garde than they're Touch And Go releases, but it is also very much a pop album. It features David Bowie, Kazu of Blonde Rehead, and none of this you would know unless you read the liner notes. "Playhouses" is fluorescent, "Dirtywhirl" is classic soul from space, "A Method," is beyond beautiful. The band has outdone themselves, everything in music is second to this album.

HATETANK
WWW.HATETANK.ORG

Tuesday, September 19th, 2006
SECOND CHANCE (Holland)
I AM WOLF
THE QUARENTINES
LMF
The White Swan 4419 Navigation Blvd
(just east of downtown)
Doors @ 8:00 All Ages $8

Monday, September 25th, 2006
ED GEIN - Black Market Activities
HEAVY HEAVY LOW LOW - Ferret Records
LIGEIA - Ferret Records
NIGHTS LIKE THESE - Victory Records
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
Doors @ 8:00 $8 ADV / $10 DOS
A HateTank/Superunison Joint!

Friday, October 6th, 2006
THE BRIGGS - SideOneDummy Records
TIME AGAIN - Hellcat Records
BLOOD OR WHISKEY - PunkCore Records
JOHNNY SWITHCHBLADE AND THE BLACKOUTS
THE QUARENTINES
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
Doors @ 8:00 All Ages $10

Tuesday, October 10th, 2006
BANE - Equal Vision Records
STRIKE ANYWHERE - Fat Wreck Chords
A GLOBAL THREAT - BYO Records
THIS IS HELL - Trustkill Records
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
Doors @ 8:00 All Ages $12

Saturday, October 14th, 2006
WILL TO LIVE - THE JONBENET
IRON AGE - AT ALL COST
BITTER END - DIE YOUNG
TEN CROWNS - INSECT WARFARE
KRUM BUMS - KNOCKOUT KINGS
DAMAGE CASE - KILL THE CLIENT
The Meridian 1503 Chartres
HOLD FAST - FIGHT PRETTY
GRAVE ROBBERS - FLAWLESS VICTORY
FALLCORE 2006!!!!
Doors @ 1pm!!! All Ages $15
Complete line up @
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/FALLCORETX or
WWW.FALLCORE.COM

Wednesday, October 18th, 2006
THE CHARIOT - Solid State Records
AUGUST BURNS RED - Solid State Records
DESTROY THE RUNNER - Solid State Records
12 GAUGE VALENTINE - Solid State Records
INHALE EXHALE - Solid State Records
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
Doors @ 7:00 All Ages $12

Saturday, October 21st, 2006
THE CASUALTIES - Side One Dummy Records
THE BRIEFS - BYO Records
WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES
NEGATIVE OUTLOOK
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
Doors @ 8:00 All Ages $12

Sunday, October 22nd, 2006
IF HOPE DIES - Ironclad / Metal Blade Records
VERSUS THE MIRROR - Equal Vision Records
OH, SLEEPER
THE HUMAN ABSTRACT - Hopeless/ Subcity
FOREVER DIES TONIGHT
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
EARLY SHOW!!!!! DOORS @ 3:00 PM!!!!
Show @ 3:30
All Ages $10

WALTERS
ON
WASHINGTON

Friday 9/22
French Kicks

Saturday 9/23
the Colour, the Shys
the Watermarks

Sunday 9/24
Consumed, Lay to Waste
Expiration

Monday 9/25
Ed Gein, , HeavyHeavyLowLow

Thurs. 9/28
Mason Jennings

Friday 9/29
Ratatat

Sat. 9/30
XIU, XIU

October 6th
THE BRIGGS, TIME AGAIN
BLOOD OR WHISKEY
JOHNNY SWITHCHBLADE and the BLACKOUTS
THE QUARENTINES

Monday, October 9th
THE HOLD STEADY
w/ Sean Na Na, +1

Tuesday, October 10th
BANE, STRIKE ANYWHERE
A GLOBAL THREAT
THIS IS HELL

Friday, October 13
TWO GALLANTS
w/ Langhorne Slim,
Trainwreck Riders

Saturday October 14
The Mosquitoes, Oppenheimer

Monday October 16
MC Chris

Wednesday October 18
Sharks & Sailors

Friday October 20
Todd Berry

WWW.4215WASHINGTON.COM
713-862-2513

MERIDIAN
"BEST NEW CLUB 2004" -Houston Press
1503 Chartres

Mon. - Sep. 18 - Amber Pacific w/This Day and Age, Just Surrender, October Fall, All time Low

Tues. - Sep. 19 - Kings of Leon, The Stills

Wed. - Sep. 20 - Brazil, Lola Ray

Fri. - Sep. 22 - Unearth

Sat. - Sep. 23 - Rok 'Um Sok 'Um Midget Wrestling w/ The Flamin' Hellcats

Sun. - Sep. 24 - Bullet for My Valentine / 18 Visions

Thur. - Sep. 28 - Rev. Horton Heat, HorrorPops

Fri. - Sep. 29 - Robin Trower

Sat. - Sep. 30 - 'rent' 38

Mon. - Oct. 2 - Pat Travers

Thur. - Oct. 5 - Mastodon, w/ The Bronx, and Totimoshi

Sat. - Oct. 7 - Texas Latin Rap Awards

Sun. - Oct. 8 - Soulfly

Tues. - Oct. 10 - 45 Grave featuring Dinah Cancer and Gidget Gein

Wed. - Oct. 11 - Frank Black

BOOK MERIDIAN FOR YOUR OWN PARTY OR SPECIAL EVENT
www.MeridianHouston.com
BOX OFFICE HOURS
NOON-6:00 pm MON-FRI
713.225.1717

I've found my new guilty pleasure. An album saturated with so much Indie-Pop goodness it makes your tummy hurt from the sweetness. Kid Theodore's debut 7-song EP *goodnight…goodnight* is a Pop lovers dream; especially if that Pop lover is surreptitiously recovering from a bout of boy band lovin'.

No. I'm not a closet boy band fan. I'm not even an out of the closet boy band fan. But – I know when I hear a solid Pop record and that is more or less what Kid Theodore (KT) is dishing out. Sure some of their songs (well, like two of them) could convincingly be belted out by the likes of N' Sync, but the album is so likeable that you can't help but love them anyway.

The beginning of *goodnight…goodnight* started off a bit weak. "Fashion-Able" began strong, but the off-key attempt at harmonizing became off-putting for me. I'm not sure if the unevenness of the vocalists was purposeful, but I feel like it took a great deal away from the potential of the song. Perhaps I'm getting older and don't get Indie-Pop kids these days?

"Lonely Angel" is super cheesy, Velveeta-like, but it's got a good melody and the lyrics aren't so tragic that it prevents you from getting the gist of the song's overall intent; this guy is "digging you like a grave."

"Diagnosis: You're in Love." The song title pretty much gives away the mystery behind this song. You know it's going to be one of those tunes you hate yourself a little for loving so much. The lyrics are sung in such a heartfelt manner that I almost (note I said *almost*) feel bad for laughing as I listen. I love it, but laughing at it makes me feel a little less like a preteen.

Thankfully, TK's musical merit completely offsets the album's earlier lack of lyrical integrity. The music and the genuineness of the lead vocalist gently nudge the listener to move onward with the rest of the record.

The progression of the album is fantastic. "The End Is Near" is one of the best songs I've heard in quite some time. It has the perfect combination for a truly memorable Indie-Pop song. Subtle lyrics, shoegazing music complete with just a hint of trumpet, and the beautifully melodic accompaniment of a mystery songstress is exactly what Kid Theodore needed to seal the deal.

While *goodnight…goodnight* falters lyrically, it makes up for it with musical integrity, passion, and good times. The band sounds like they know what their doing and seem to be having a freaking great time executing their collective vision.

Diagnosis: I'm hooked. (Come on; don't pretend like you didn't see *that* coming!)



Kid Theodore
goodnight…goodnight

COOL BANDS!

The Sammies
The Sammies

You know how sometimes bands produce albums that meander down various paths randomly picking at genres of music and making it work? Do you have an album in mind? It's usually a refreshing change of pace, isn't it? To be able to hear an album that successfully and modernly weaves sounds from Rock, Motown, Country, or Pop is a economical way to get a little bit of everything you might like all in one musical voyage.

Take Rilo Kiley's 2004 *More Adventurous* for example. From beginning to end, *More Adventurous* took you on a contemporary trip through an array of diverse musical musings. While the songs didn't follow a formulaic indie-pop sound, the record pushed the bounds of indie music and offered its listeners a light-hearted journey into other types of music they maybe hadn't been exposed to before. *More Adventurous* is kind of like Cliffs Notes for hipsters.

Why am I talking about Rilo Kiley when I'm supposed to be reviewing the Sammies self-titled debut album? It's to help you gain a frame of reference for how *on-the-other-end-of-the-spectrum* the Sammies album is.

There is no meaningful progression through this album. The songs, for the most part, are actually pretty good. The music is catchy, well played and makes for an overall enjoyable listening experience.

However, are they new and unlike anything you have ever heard before? Um, no. The first 5 songs on the CD comprise the Indie portion of your listening experience. "Caretaker" is so painfully close to The Dandy Warhols "Shakin' " off of *Thirteen Tales from Urban Bohemia* it's laughable. One of their singers (no idea which one) has a voice so yearning to be Courtney Taylor only nowhere near as beautifully arrogant and blasé.

The rest of the CD sounds like a garage band version of Jet with a little of something else mixed in. I can't quite put my finger on exactly what that is just yet. I want to say The Rolling Stones, but I think that would be giving the album too much credibility.

There are two, maybe three, distinct album possibilities lurking in the depths of *The Sammies*. I'd even venture to say that had they developed three distinctly different albums all at once, it would have been more convincing than the muddled, hurried feel of their debut attempt. They would have had time to nurture their obvious musical ability to play lots of different kinds of music.

They tried so hard to be *different* that they ended up sounding just like everyone else. Perhaps what sets them apart is that they sound like everyone else across a couple of different genres of music all on the same album. So, technically, that *does* make them different. Right?

Despite the haphazard and somewhat trite air to *The Sammies*, their ability to play good music and keep the listener's interest throughout the album leads me to believe that with a little more experience, The Sammies have the potential to produce something really worthwhile in the years to come.

FRANSISCO STUDIOS
BAND REHEARSAL STUDIOS

PRIVATE SOUND-PROOFED ROOMS
24 HOUR ACCESS
A/C - HEAT
LOCATED DOWNTOWN
PRIVATE PARKING
$275.00 AND UP

BE LOUD

713.225.3112
281.630.0513



dansepare

♥ NUMBERS ♥
SEPTEMBER 30TH

MUSICIAN'S DREAM



CUSTOM T-SHIRTS

832-203-8225

LOCATED AROUND I-10 & SHEPHERD

THE CHEAPEST PRICES IN TOWN!!!!
FREE 1" BUTTONS ON ORDERS OF 24 T-SHIRTS OR MORE!!!
CALL FOR DETAILS

NO SCREEN CHARGES!!!

NO SET-UP FEES!!!

1-Color Print 1 side, Color T-shirt:
12 Shirts $6.50/ea 24 Shirts $5.75/ea
36 Shirts $5.50/ea 48 Shirts $5.25/ea
50-100 $5.00/ea 101-200 $4.75/ea
***Add $.50 cents for 2-Side Print

www.myspace.com/musiciansdream

Helios Rising?

Cornerstone of Montrose arts and music faces tough challenges

Many rumors have been circulated in recent weeks concerning the fate of Montrose's beloved haunt Helios. Having just recently celebrated their 10-year anniversary, the arts venue has been the cornerstone of Houston's fledgling music and performing arts scene. Strategically placed at 411 Westheimer, Helios' location has been both a blessing and a curse. Montrose simply is not the not the same neighborhood it was 10 years ago. Now, don't get me wrong. Montrose is still bustling with tattoo parlors, bars, gay-friendly businesses, and eclectic retail shops. Nonetheless, gone are the arts and underground music venues. Helios has been the only place to fill this void and has been the launching pad for countless performing arts, bands, and the like of the last several years. Nowhere else can you go see jazz and bluegrass on a Monday night. Helios has launched such notable acts as the Trade, Medicine Show, Million Year Dance, and a slew of other performers. However, with the changes in the hood have come city ordinances against street parking in the vicinity and an effort by some local residents to have the renewal of the TABC license denied. Though Helios does not fit into their perception of 'the new Montrose', the loss of such an establishment would be an irreparable loss to the local arts scene. On October 6th, Helios will be hosting an evening of 'Helios Appreciation' where patrons will be urged to voice their concern by signing a petition that will demonstrate the scope of their local support. Local favorites The Generic Tribe will be bring their varying forms of musical pleasure for your ears. We implore you to show up, sign the petition, and let owner Marianna know the community stands behind Helios during these trying times.

By Omar Afra

On October 6th, Helios will be hosting an evening of 'Helios Appreciation' where patrons will be urged to voice their concern by signing a petition that will demonstrate the scope of their local support





By Lance Scott Walker

Windy City Heat comes out on DVD on September 26th. So why am *I* writing about it? That's a good question. I don't write about films. With good reason. I'd probably really suck at it. But this film needs a boost. It was aired only once—on October 12, 2003—and, for dead odd reasons, pretty well shelved after that. It was never rebroadcast, never screened in any theater and only bootleg DVDs of it have existed until now.

I only even know about it myself because I went out to LA last year to write about a group of standup comics known as The Ding Dong Show, whose pole position is held by a comic named Don Barris. Barris is a bossy, domineering bulldog of a man whose interest in handling the everyday ins and outs of the lives of his comics suggests a mother complex of sorts. His relationship with Perry Caravello, the main subject of Windy City Heat, is different, but equally as dysfunctional.



Windy City Heat is the culmination of a decade-long prank by Barris and LA comic Tony Barbieri. In true Clark Kent fashion, Caravello knows Barbieri only as a starry-eyed, excitable former stoner named "Mole," who wears a very obvious wig and has painted-on facial hair. Barris and Mole have been convincing Caravello for the better part of a decade that they're going to get him a starring role in a movie, telling him he's destined to be the next big thing. When they finally do have "the part" on tap, it's for a feature called "Windy City Heat," a detective story featuring a Chicago detective named Stone Fury. Stone wears a black pleather jacket, wide-brimmed black hat and a fanny pack—not so coincidentally *exactly* what Caravello wears every day.

Barris and Mole set it up to where Caravello flunks his first audition, at which point they demand that director Bobcat Goldthwait and "Roman Polanski" (Dane Cook) give him another shot—*his* way. Caravello wins the part, and Barris tells him that, during the *8 days* it will take to film the entire feature film, they'll be doing a "making of," so cameras will likely be documenting Caravello's every move.

What results is basically a brilliantly puppeteered practical joke for the duration of the film. Barris and Mole have known Caravello for a long, long time, and they know how he'll react in basically any situation, so they set up a series of events to play on his temper, his homophobia, sexism and all-around obliviousness.

Everyone in the film is in on the joke except Caravello, and the accuracy with which they all execute every setup is uncanny. They set the trap, act appropriately, and watch the fireworks as Caravello continuously carries himself with absolutely zero social grace and the delusion that, not only is he God's gift to women, acting and comedy, but that Windy City Heat will hit the top ten upon its release.

Is it mean, you ask? Does it exploit Caravello's unparalleled ignorance? I'll say this: at no point during the entire film (and I've watched it a dozen times) does a feeling of sympathy sweep over the viewer. Caravello is a sexist, homophobic megalomaniac whose delusional nature is outdone only by his temper—that of a fourth grader in the throws of an afternoon sugar rush. Any time you think a setup might be too mean (such as repeatedly tossing Caravello into a dumpster until he asks for a stunt double, then excusing him from every stunt thereafter—the next of which, of course, is a sex scene), he does something to remind you of what an ass he is, and you're right back on the side of the pranksters. Even if one were to somehow happen to sympathize with Caravello, it can still be appreciated as being easily one of the funniest movies ever made. Quite possibly the funniest I have ever seen.

So how did they actually "break" the news to Caravello? It doesn't appear in the film or in the extras, but all Barris and Barbieri had to do was to claim that the entire movie was a prank on each of them. First Barris claimed it. Then Barbieri disputed that, claiming it was a prank on *him*, at which point Caravello took the bait and claimed that since he was the star of the film, it had to be a prank on him.

Which was the first time he'd been in the know about anything.

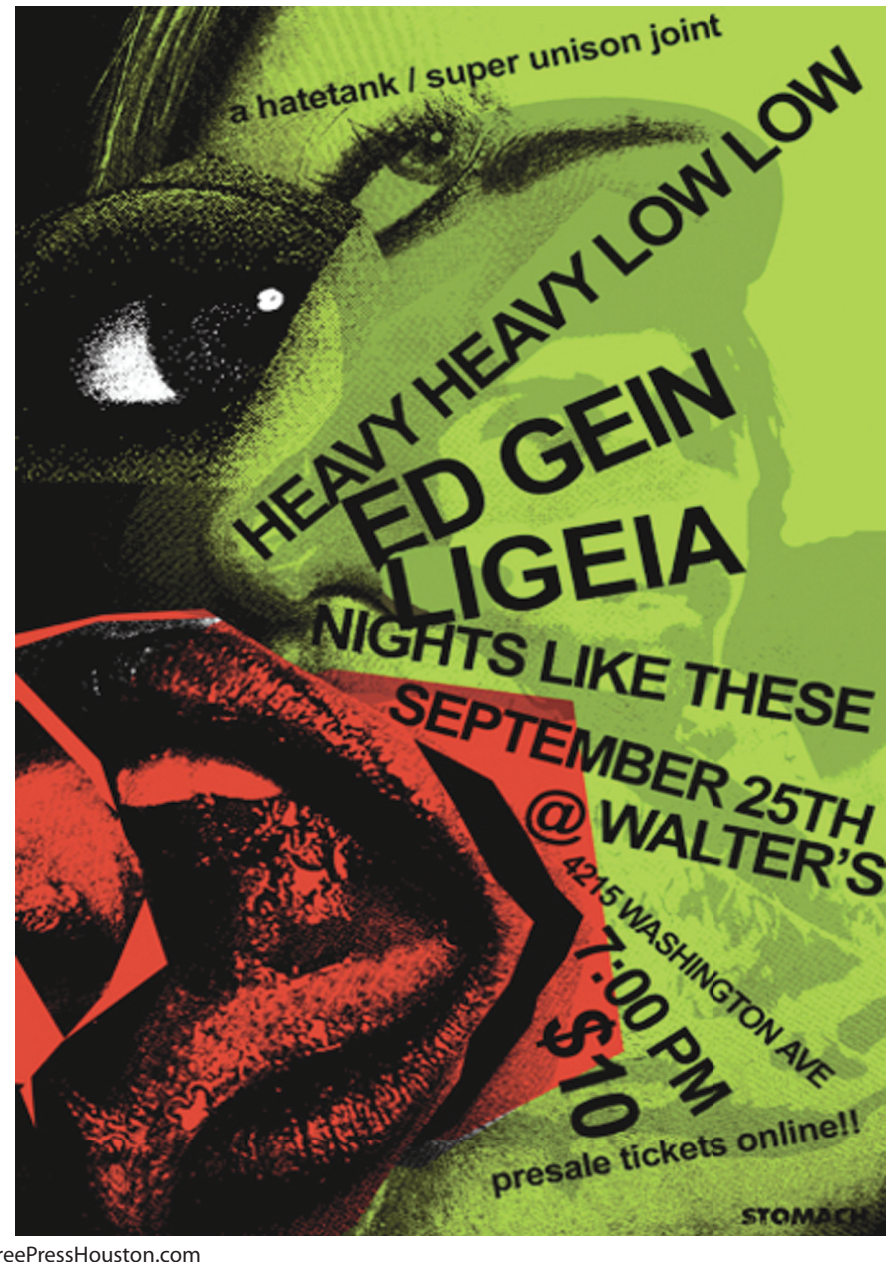
THE Rhythm Room

Hammerly
Britmoore
Westview
Beltway 8 West
I-10 West

713.465.6122

COME EXPERIENCE HOUSTON'S SAFEST AND CLEANEST
REHEARSAL COMPLEX

Video Surveillance
Monthly Rates
24 Hour Access





FRIDAY 9.22.06

LIVE IN MILAN

DEPECHE MODE

touring the angel

NUMBERS

numbersnightclub.com

REPRISE RECORDS

SIRE

Mute

NUMBERS & SIRE/MUTE RECORDS
INVITE YOU TO CELEBRATE THE RELEASE OF
DEPECHE MODE'S TOURING THE ANGEL:
LIVE IN MILAN - 2 DVD + CD (8 LIVE TRACKS) SET
AVAILABLE IN STORES ON 9/26/06

DEPECHEMODE.COM

300 WESTHEIMER HOUSTON, TX 77006 713 526 6551

The BC

bcsmokeshop.com

Quality matters. Why go anywhere else?

713.914.9533

7909 WESTHEIMER
HOUSTON TEXAS 77063

09.23.06

Underworld Productions Presents:

THE UNDERWORLD
NUMBERS

Metropolis Recording Artist
(From Australia)

SNOG



w/ Special Guest
Latex Records Recording Artist

ASMODEUS X

$8 Cover Over 21

$10 Cover Under 21

300 Westheimer
Houston, TX 77006
713.526.6551
www.underworldnightclub.com
www.numbersnightclub.com
www.myspace.com/snogtheband
www.asmodeusx.com
Email: underworld300@hotmail.com

late september

concert wrap-up

So apparently Houston is finally get something to the equivalent of Sirius B's appearance.....a ton of shows that are actually worth asking mom and dad for money to attend because you're broke and shit ain't fair. Making a rare showing is downtown', The Meridian. I don't frequent that place much because it always seemed like somewhere one of those neon colored goth bands or superna played. Anyway, onto the events!!!

Sep. 17, 2006 - Kaki King @ The Meridian
If you haven't heard of Kaki King through one of your friend's who's obsessed with guitar's MySpace page video's, then you must live under a fucking rock in Katy. Kaki King, is one of those rare thing's that god occasionally gives the world because somewhere, somehow, someone did something right. She wins with the dudes because she can play guitar better than everyone of you, and she's fucking fine. She wins with the chicks because she can play guitar better than all the guys and she's a girl so it gets them all giddy'd up and feeling "empowered" or whatever. But all that shit aside, she does her thing and she does it right. There really isn't a way anyone can describe her because then they'll get caught up trying to duplicate it with their mouth and we all know that NO ONE CAN DO IT RIGHT, YOU ALL SUCK.
go see her at The Meridian.

Sep. 19, 2006 - Kings of Leon w/ The Stills @ The Meridian
I was kind of a fan of that first Kings of Leon record but the second didnt do it, and I think I know why. Whenever any band is going for that "Dukes of Hazzard-Allman Brothers band" look a CARDINAL FUCKING RULE is to not shave your moustache, especially if it is a handlebar. Do not expect us to take you seriously if you do this. Still though, if you have the money, go see these dudes. Now, The Stills on the other hand fucking slay. Every single thing I've heard by these guys is damn amazing. I am actually going to this show because of this band. Like one of those rarities that you can have fucking dimed out in your car or you can lay down your woman too. I would say it kind of reminds me of Radiohead but with a bigger, dancier feel to it. Not as glitchy I guess.

Sep. 22, 2006 - Unearth, Bleeding Through, Terror, Through The Eyes of the Dead @ The Meridian
Alright I'm just gonna start off by saying, if you don't like the G.A.M.C. DO NOT GO TO THIS SHOW. As it is put on by Hate Tank and everyone wants to suck Willows cock to get him to put their band on some fat people show. I've done it plenty of times. I will be at this show because a friend of mine is in Terror and we will probably be doing drugs and hanging out with bitches. The bands playing this show are actually pretty decent for the most part. I would recommend checking out Through The Eyes of The Dead and Terror. I know for a fact that Bleeding Through is probably going to be terrible because I bought that bands first major "debut" for my brother for christmas two years ago and it sounded like they were begging for the dick. But you should go for the other bands.

Sep. 25, 2006 - Ed Gein, Heavy Heavy Low Low, Ligeia, Nights Like These
You should go to this show just because fucking Ed Gein is playing. I always hear that they switch from being a 3 piece to a 4 piece all the time which I dont understand but if 3 guys DO IN FACT make that much noice, then you should let them punch you in the asshole. I listened to their newest record, something about "Judas Cradles" or some shit, and I must say it could hold its own atop an icy Scandinavian mountain in a duel with a mage. Ed Gein even covers a Nirvana track at the end of that album. It sounds fucking sweet. I think it's "Breed" off of Nevermind.
I haven't heard the other bands but Ed Gein typically picks em well so its about a 50/50 safe bet that this show will, in fact, slay. I have heard Heavy Heavy Low Low is good by some people. I dont know though.

by shelby kelley

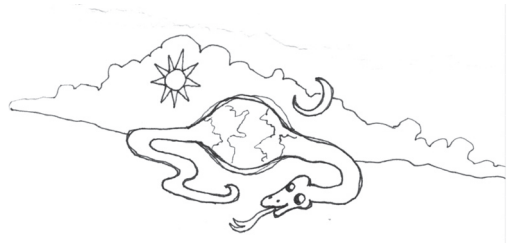

kaki king


the stills


ed gein

+Tech-knowledge

By Tyler Barber



Europe who?

Sony's bombshell PS3 disappointment



20GB HDD 60GB HDD

Lately, Sony has been under fire for compromising the integrity of their own company several times this year. It started with graffiti-ing walls in major cities for their PSP campaign, and has reached its climax this month. At E3 2006 Sony promised a world-wide launch of Playstation 3 on November 17th with four-million units shipped by late January (Que Wayne's World sample: "NOT!"). Turns out that the Blu-Ray diodes was harder to manufacture than planned so Sony axed the "PAL" region launch (Europe, Russia, Middle East, Africa and Australia). Delayed until March 07, the late launch of consoles in the PAL region is nothing new. Almost every console made launched late in this region, but what are the implications of pulling a huge "psyche!" on gamers from this chunk of the globe? To further their woes, Sony announced that they would be short on their estimates of consoles at launch. Sony's Chief Ken Kutaragi says that "far fewer" units will be available at launch for both the U.S. and Japan. How fewer? Try half! Japan will receive 100,000 units on November 11th, and the U.S. will get 400,000 units on November 17th.

With many gamers up-in-arms over numerous let downs from Sony in the past three months, I've compiled a list for your enjoyment, or angst, whatever's applicable.

- $600 PS3...
- with no HDMI cable included!
- price mark-up for European countries as high as $934
- borderline-racist PSP ads in Europe
- takced-on motion sensing controls
- no rumble function in controllers
- encouraging developers to announce their games PS3 exclusive when they're not

The Un-console

Nintendo drops Wii price, date and more



Nun-chuck & Wiimote

On September 14th Nintendo hosted a celebration of games in Tokyo, London, and New York to divulge details about the Wii. Starting November 19th, you can get Nintendo's new console for $250. The sleek-white-system will come with Wii sports—a compilation of simple sports games to display the intuitive nature of their new controller—a controller, the nun-chuck add-on and Wii channels. The Wii channels are akin to web sites that display news, weather, and offers an avatar creator that allows you to create lego-style people that represent your gamer profile. The controller, or Wiimote, is completely motion-censored allowing the console to detect arm movement, speed, and relative distance, and comes with a built-in speaker, memory (for data storage) and rumble feedback. In Wiisports: Tennis, for example, you can hear the sound of the ball being hit through your controller as well as feel the vibration. Notable games available on day-one include The Legend of Zelda: Twilight Princess, Rayman Raving Rabbids, Excite Truck, and Trauma Center: Second Opinion.

All good news? Not really, though promised, the Wii will not include DVD playback, or free internet browsing software. Also, the controllers that are pioneering Nintendo into new territory come at a hefty fee: $40 for an extra Wiimote, and $20 for an extra nun-chuck. Price of the games are around $50, barely cheaper than PS3 and Xbox 360 games. Also, NES, Super NES, and Nintendo 64 downloadable games are going to cost $5, $8 and $10 respectively; a little expensive considering you could easily find their entire catalogs free (albeit illegal) on the net.

The Wii is the trojan horse of next-gen gaming. Sony and Microsoft could be blind-sided by the people who they don't consider "competition."



the GENERIC TRIBE

AMBIDEXTROUS LUCID PONY

6TH FULL LENGTH ALBUM

OUT NOW!!!

VISIT WWW.RHAPSODY.COM
&
WWW.CDBABY.COM
TO PRVIEW AND PURCHASE

"from **Ween** to **Talking Heads**, their music is basically the equivalent of the fizzy, crackling candy, **Poprocks**. What that candy did for your mouth, this music does the same for your mind."
-CD Baby

"their extensive acid-tinged output includes music that ranges from **psychedelia** to **rockabilly**, only to be interrupted with **hip-hop** breaks and **Middle Eastern** chants in a somewhat confounding stuff-it-all-in-there approach."
-Rhapsody

winners of the 2005
Abon Studios recording contest
in **Oslo, Norway**

WWW.THEGENERICTRIBE.COM

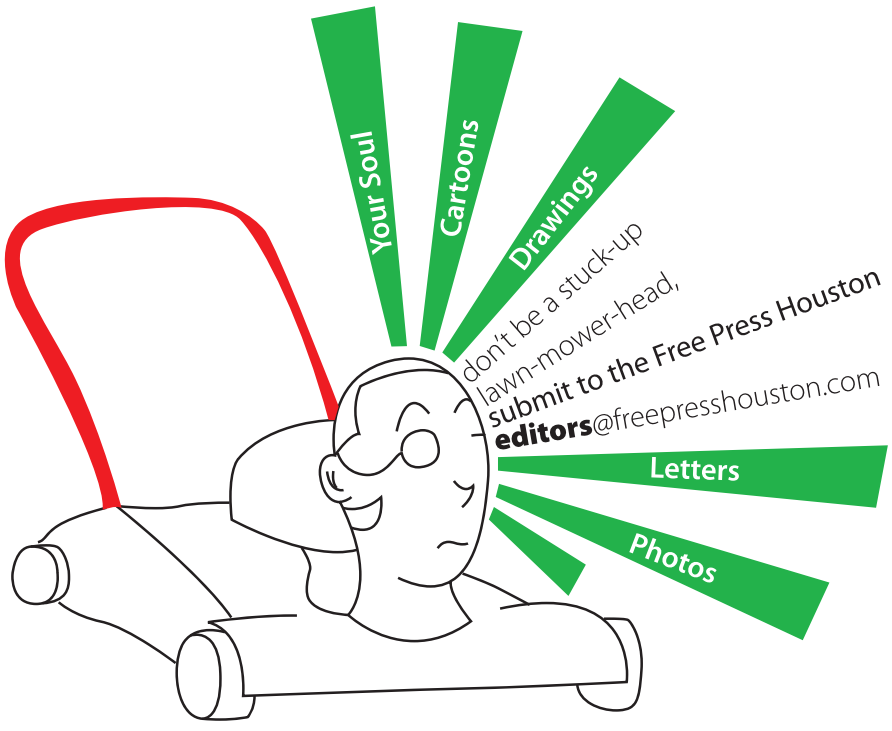


ler



Tyler Barber
Graphic Design, Video & Audio Solutions

tylertron@gmail.com



FREE PRESS
HOUSTON
MUSIC - NEWS - PUBLIC OPINION - ARTS - EVENTS

Free Press Houston
Issue 70 | 09/06



MODERN TIMES

Dylan Faces the Apocalypse, Again

By RON JACOBS

I took my Harry Choates CD off the player even though that Cajun violin he plays had a lot to say a year after Katrina hit. The new Bob Dylan album was in my hand and it was time to put the little disc on. Modern Times is what he's calling it. The cover has one of those time-lapse photographs with the car lights a blurry line. In fact, the whole freakin' car is a blurry collection of lines. Other than that, it's kind of plain. Picture of Bob on the back. The song titles and a production credit belonging to Jack Frost--just another one of Dylan's characters from the man called Alias in the film *Pat Garret and Billy the Kid*. The man born under the sign of Gemini--the sons of Leda and that swan. ONe who dies and is reborn on the condition that one lives in night and the other in day. The shadows of the underworld and the ecstasy of the heavens.

Put it on. Thunderous guitar licks open th e song "Thunder On the Mountain." The music surpasses the lyrics at times. Mellow blues grooves slashed in two by sterling toned electric guitar. The opener "Thunder on the Mountain" and the finale "Ain't Talkin'" represent the lyrical highlights of this recording. In between lie a number of new and reworked blues tunes, a rocker or two and even a Forties crooner piece all enhanced by Dylan's lyrical cleverness.

Owlman Watching From the Pressbox

As part of my purchase package, I received a one hour sample of the radio show that Dylan is currently deejaying on XM Radio. Fortunately for me, the theme of the show is baseball. Dylan the deejay playing the role of the play-by-play and color commentator roiled into one. To borrow Marianne Moore's phrase from her poem "Baseball and Writing," Bob's the owlman in the pressbox. Mel Allen and Gurt Gowdy, Joe Buck, Harry Karry, Joe Morgan, Jerry Remy, even Tim McCarver to the tune of America's jukebox. The disc is worth it just for the sound of Dylan singing "Take Me Out to the Ballgame."

Anyhow, strike three. Back to the disc in question. There's a song here called "Workingman's Blues #2," which seems to be a nod to Merle Haggard's song of a similar name. Like everything else on this disc (and on every disc since his 1962 "Freewheelin'"), the song is not overtly political in the sense politicos think of politics. You know, left/right, either/or or compromise and so on. No, he mentions the proletariat by name in the first line or two, but lyrics are more of a lament for the days when the classic US union tool-and-die man could make a real living from his work instead of wondering where and when it all went to hell. The music is gentle--even lilting--but it's not comforting. Hell, they burned his barn and took his horse. He's black and blue, but this song he's singing is to a former lover who he hopes can make that all go away. Haggard found his solace in the barroom and Dylan hopes to find his in love. Like Haggard's workingman, Dylan's is gonna' make the best of a bad situation, cajoling his lover and comrades to "Meet (him) at the bottom," since that's where global capitalism is putting him, to hang back or fight all the while singing those workingman blues. As the song ends, a sad fiddle plays...

It's a collection full of memories of things that could have been or might yet come. Yet, there is no lasting sadness. Even though the "world has gone berserk," it's time to travel the world. The man won't lie down to accept his fate. Or get kicked around. It's been a while since Dylan held out much hope for human salvation through politics or religion. For those expecting either of those forms, they won't find it here. It's okay to believe, he seems to be saying, but trust only yourself. If there was a message in the aforementioned film Masked and Anonymous, it was the same as the one I hear now on Modern Times.

There are old blues numbers here slightly reworked. "Rollin' and Tumblin'" not only borrows the title of this tune attributed to Hambone Willie, it takes the essential riffs and turns them into serious guitar lickin'. The last time I heard these leads live was at a concert by the Grateful Dead in what turned out to be one of their last shows under that name. Their take was a lazy, hot summer afternoon-after-a-couple-of-beers sound. Garcia spinning out a slow lick here and there while Weir pushed the rhythm section through the humid sounds of the lead. Dylan and his band do something a little different. It's not as heavy as the version made famous by Muddy Waters, but it shares the tempo. Denny Freeman's lead guitar has a clarity that cuts through the gravel in Dylan's throat. Like many a blues song, it's the woman who's at fault here, but only in the mind of the singer. Thinking deeper, Dylan acknowledges that the real blame here lies in the doom and gloom of these modern times. Indeed, once the blame is given, the singer takes it back by asking for a mutual forgiveness, since it's really the times that are at fault.

The song that fascinates me the most is the last one to come on the player. Titled "Ain't Talkin'", it is anything but that. A paean to the mother earth and a song to a woman the singer left behind, this lengthy chanson is a mixture of hope and weeping for the state of humanity and the planet us folks inhabit. "Still burnin (yet) still yearnin," there's no intention of defeat inside this journey, even though we may be on the "last outback at the world's end." This man, this mystic, this old crank with a clever sense of irony and wit to boot, points out the neverending injury to this mother earth and even points out who should take a good deal of the blame--the rich and powerful; those same masters of war that he called out so many moons ago when he was young and had almost boundless hope. It's desperate for a lot of us--the line from Dylan's version of "Rollin' and Tumblin'" -- "Some people barely got enough skin to cover their bones"--says that as clear as a freakin' bell. There's doom here, just like there is throughout this album and much of Dylan's work. "Thunder On the Mountain" is more than just a noise after all. In the hills where I live it often means heavy rains and flash floods. Disasters great and small. Bridges washed out and cattle pulled downstream. People moving in to their negihbor's home while the homestead gets rebuilt.

Back to Marianne Moore's line about the owlmen in the pressbox. Bob Dylan has often been one of those owlmen. Like a sportswriter, he tells the story of the game as he sees it, yet painted with prejudices derived from his participation in it. The game he's calling, though, is the game of life. As anyone who has ever listened to or watched a hometown sports broadcast knows, objectivity on the part of the announcers is not even a pretense. The announcer, the writer, the commentator all want the home team to win just like the visitor's press box wants their team to succeed. The owlman Bob Dylan is like the best of those sports announcers. When he calls the game of life, you know that he's doing more than just watching. He's in there just like the rest of us. He cares what happens. His ability lies in his skill to not only call the game as he sees and feels it, but to call it in a way that puts it ina perspective the rest of us relate to. It ain't always pretty and we often lose. But at least we play. And so does Dylan.

Ron Jacobs is author of The Way the Wind Blew: a history of the Weather Underground, which is just republished by Verso. Jacobs' essay on Big Bill Broonzy is featured in CounterPunch's new collection on music, art and sex, Serpents in the Garden. He can be reached at: rjacobs3625@charter.net

MUSIC

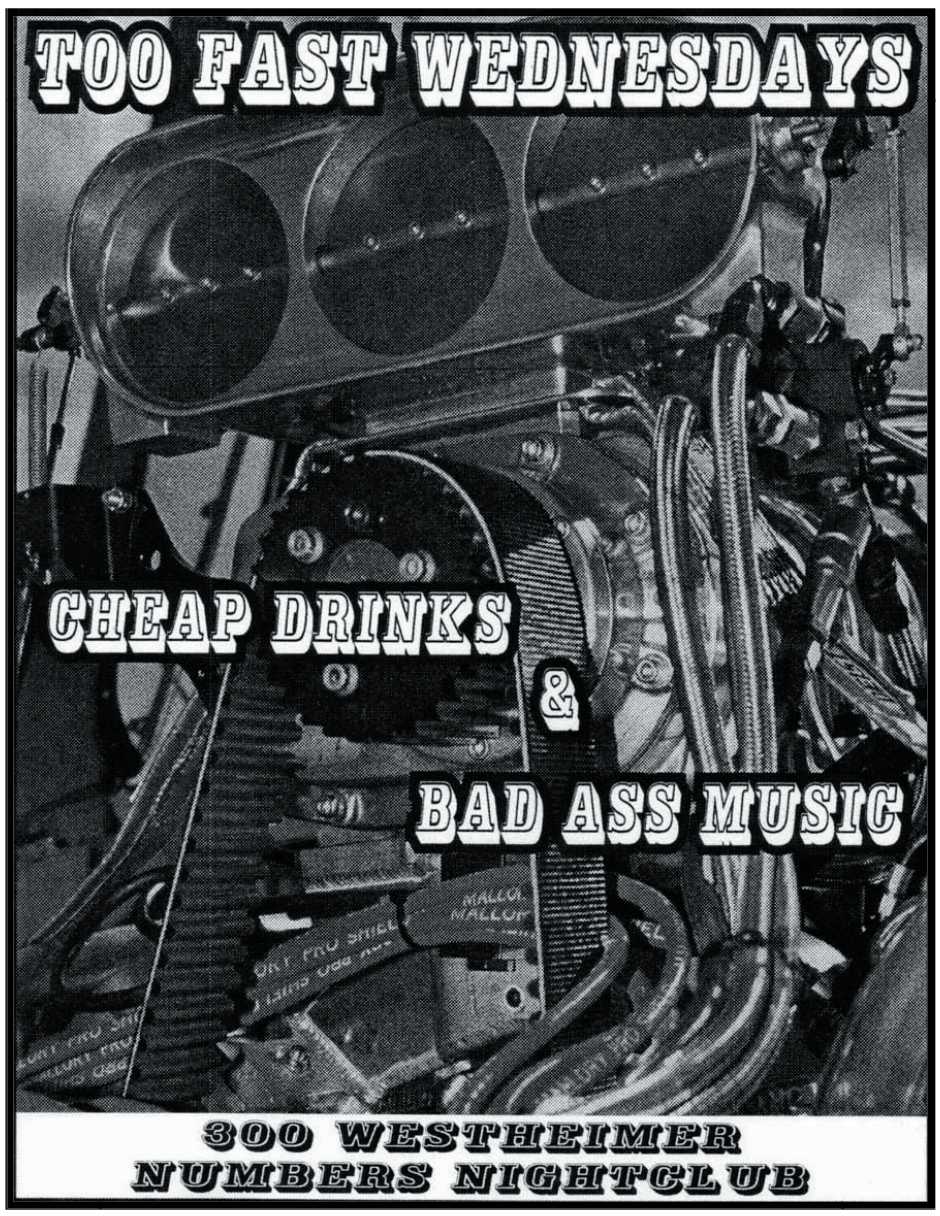
·DOWNLOADS

·LINKS

·REMIXES

·80s

weswallace.com



the BEST things in LIFE are FREE

check us out at
www.freepresshouston.com



LUNCH • DINNER • DINE IN • DELIVERY • TO GO
NEW YORK
pizzeria
713.432.1121 2250 W. Holcombe @ Greenbriar

The Hidden in Our Schools

— Draft—

A Case Study: Klein High

By Captain Eric H. May

With a vast majority of the US public disapproving of the quicksand war in Iraq, how can American educators continue to allow unchecked and unscrupulous recruiting in our high schools? A former Army officer takes a look at the problem of gutless school leaders who let their students be turned into Bush League cannon fodder—then offers some suggestions on how to change things.

Prologue: Reckless Recruiting

Last year the big scandal in the Houston-area recruiting racket was Sergeant Thomas Kelt, who threatened those he was recruiting with arrest if they didn't enlist into the Army, thereby giving a new meaning to "impressing potential recruits."

This year the scandal has come back with a vengeance, with reports that the same recruiter who coerced the clueless last year, far from being removed from recruiting, has been promoted—to be in charge of other recruiters.

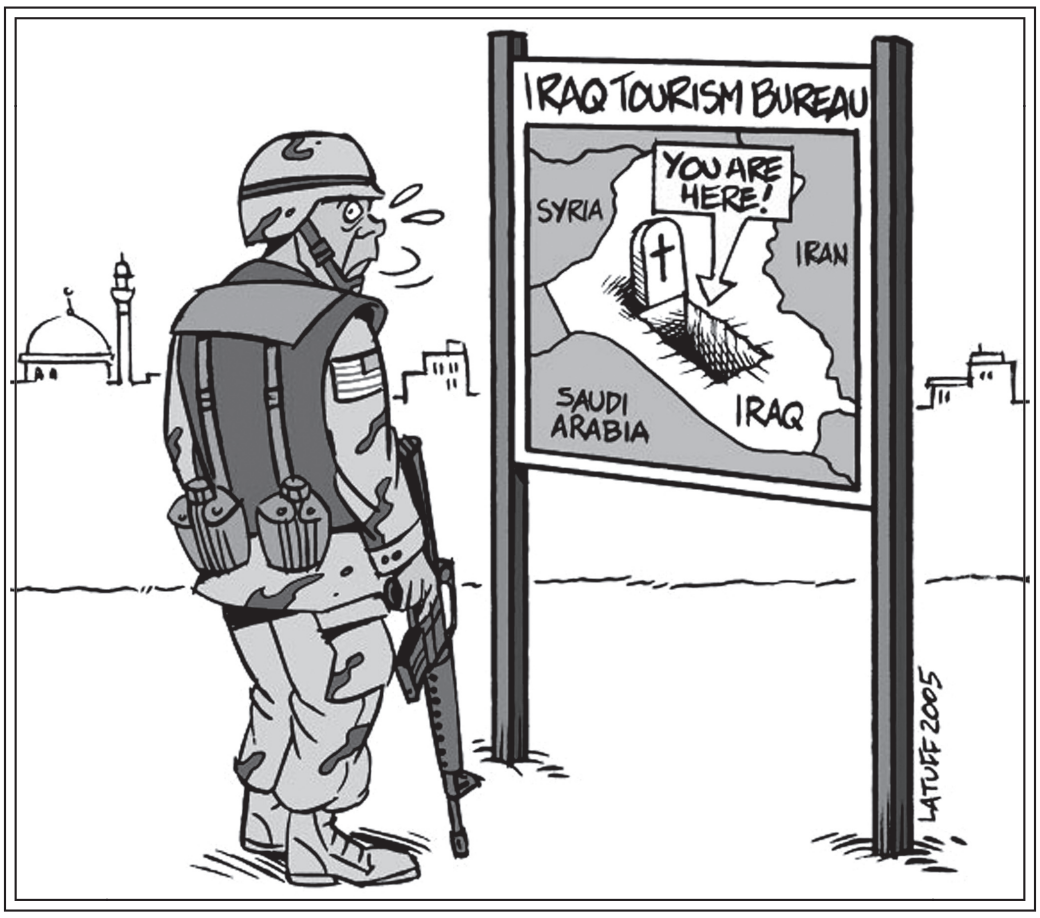
Top generals are urging the Bush League to pull out of an ill-conceived war in Iraq, which has worn out equipment and burned out personnel to the point that we no longer have a viable back-up military force. Still, no argument seems able to sway the man who urged the Iraqi Resistance to "bring it on" three years ago, when he boasted of victory in the war we have clearly lost.

Like gambling addicts, the inexperienced civilian leadership of the Armed Forces are resolved to chase each loss with more bets—of other peoples' lives. In the rush to replace discouraged or debilitated GI's, they have lowered all standards in the last three years—except the age limit, which is steadily rising—for new enlistees. They have no apparent strategy in mind except making things so bad that there is no way out, and the only choice left is national conscription—legislation for which is already drawn up, and draft boards for which are already manned.

It's worth an anecdotal antiwar essay to figure out just how deeply our educators are involved in the de facto draft now being used—until the factual draft can take its place. Anyone looking for an example need go no further than the local high school, chances are, which is exactly what I did.

Klein High, Spring, Texas: an Overview

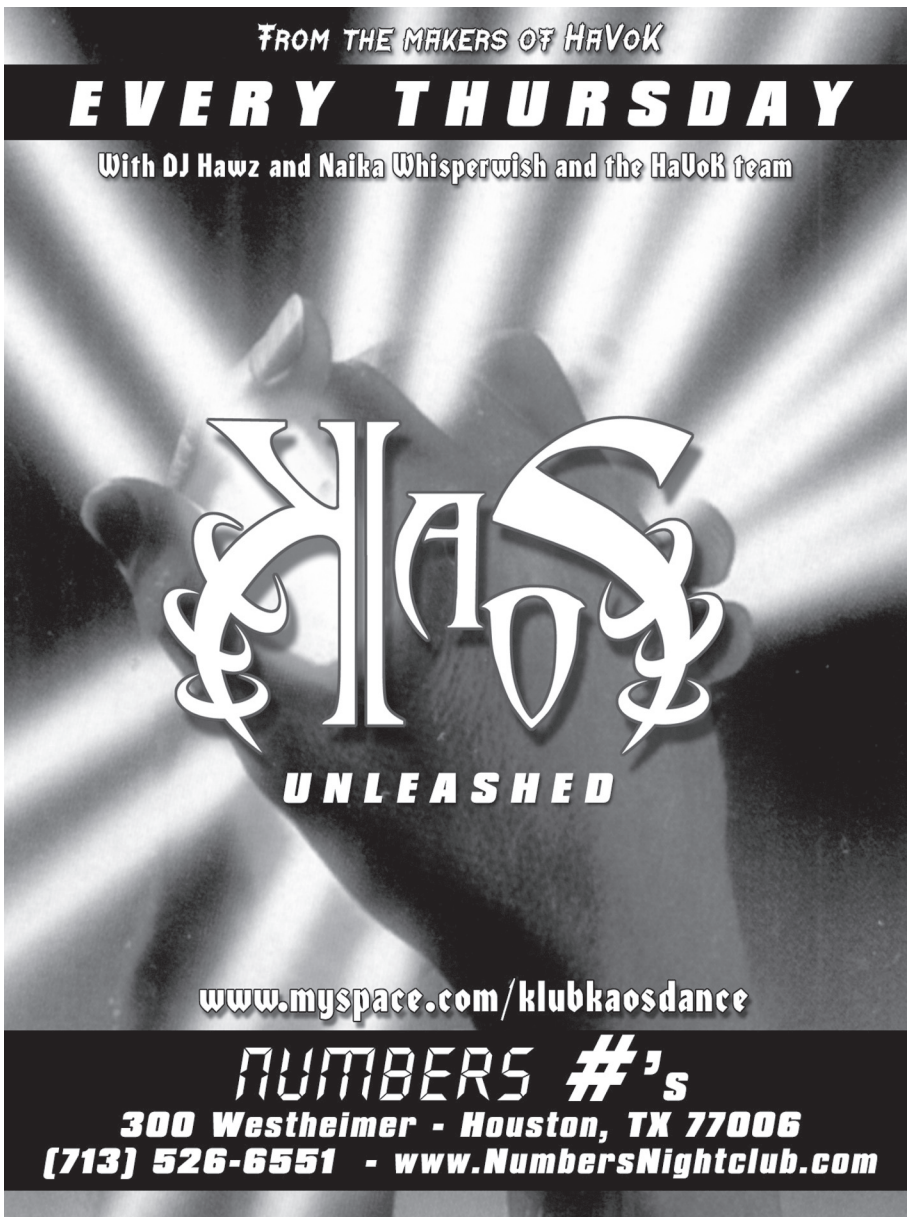
It's never hard to find a recruiter at Klein High School. Every day at lunch they prowl the cafeteria like the Marine tandem in Michale Moore's Fahrenheit 911, buddying up to the marginal students who are their focus, giving noogies and bandying nicknames. Impressive to to the impressionable, they are approved and applauded by coaches and counselors, academics and administrators in a Texas school district where, even in '06, employees still proudly display "W '04" bumper stickers.



Indeed, the whole campus has the air of a basic training reception center at times. A year ago the students were rounded up for a back-to-school pep-talk by an Army Ranger, exhorting them to join the front lines of the patriotic effort to subdue the Middle East by joining the infantry—or all would be lost in the homeland. History teachers propound the virtues of nuking Iran in the classrooms. The Air Force major who runs the Junior ROTC department promises to kick ass on peacenik parents if they bitched about his Reich-wing approach to things, and launches tough-guy tirades about how protesters should be caged. An assistant principal—a weekend warrior Air Force officer—serves as the "vital administrative link" to the ROTC program, where military recruiters are even more common than in the school mess hall, a nice touch for a militarized school.

All told, it's a perfect Bush League campus, no doubt about it, run by the middle-class Republicans who voted by a huge margin for Dubya the last two times he ran. Most are utterly in favor of The Global War on Terror—and not at all put off by the emerging reality that when the Bush League named it "global war" they meant "world war." History calls them to save the homeland, they are programmed to believe, and they are eager to fight forward—to the last drop of everyone else's blood. They are perfect clones of the cheerleader-in-chief, who used daddy's money and connections to wage his war, too—from am undeployable country club Air Force Guard unit down the road a way in Ellington Field.

Lest I be labeled one of the peacenik parents in need of "attitude adjustment" by Klein High's ROTC-



Hiring.

Account Payable Supervisor/Technical Support Manager, Houston,TX:

Supervise all A/P clerks in useage and policies of company. Maintain sys.setup for JD Edwards A/P module. Must have BS in Accounting or Accounting Consulting. Exp. must included design and application of A/P process and maintenance of JD Edwards A/P module. Any suitable combination of education, training or experience will be accepted.

Send Resume to :
Renee C. Hubbard, CEMEX, Inc.
840 Gessner Road, Suite 1400,
Houston Tx 77024.
Reference: 120000. EOE

Tuesdays Open Mic

The Concert Pub

32 Oz Beer Smitcher
2.75 Domestic
3.75 Premium
Trivia Tournament
5636 Richmond Ave.



Free Press Houston
Issue 70 | 09/06

Nazi major, I should note that I served in three different decades with the Army, Army Reserve and National Guard, at ranks from buck private to buck sergeant. After I received my commission in 1983, I served in capacities from military intelligence officer to general staff officer. I've been in and out of cavalry and light infantry; opposing forces and public affairs. Making an art form of aggression and athleticism, I'm a tae kwon do instructor.

Still, I don't like it when a whole school district lines up to impress the impressionable students—into the Army and Marines, all the way to war.

My Introduction to Klein High

I moved my family to Klein Independent School District, appropriately, on April Fools Day, 2004, and before the month was out I was pulled into the local infowar. A former teacher-of-the-year myself, within a week of coming to the new neighborhood, I had dropped in on the main office at Klein High, where officials, impressed by my mainstream media credentials, introduced me to the campus journalism teacher. She was a Lefty, I was told, but a team player just the same.

We met and chatted as we stood in the hallway during her morning off-period. I gave her copies of my Houston Chronicle op-ed war analyses predicting an unwinnable quicksand war in Iraq. The first of these came from the summer of 1992 (less than a year after the end of Desert Storm), and earned me praise for support of President Bush (41); the last of them came from the summer of 2003 (less than a year after the beginning of Iraqi Freedom), and got me blackballed from the mainstream media for lack of support of President Bush (43).

I had only published five war analyses/predictions in my long career with the Chronicle, I explained, each of them lambasted at the time as too radical. Time, though, had borne me out. Four of the five had already been proved true, and the last (a prediction of a petrochemical terror attack in the Houston area) was being rehearsed at the time by the FBI, one of the agencies with whom I was in contact as an expert, along with a slew of lesser-known police entities. All five are published in a cyber-collection as "Published Essays by Captain May" at http://www.geocities.com/onlythecaptain/pub.htm

She was pleased to find a thinking officer who was also a former teacher, she told me, and would eagerly read the op-eds. As we spoke I noticed that, while all the students were in their classrooms, all the teenagers were not. Freshly-minted soldiers, pimple-faced in new uniforms, just returned form Basic Training, were roving about, walking billboards for the Army. She grimaced along with me, and said she needed to return to teaching classes. As I turned to leave she urged me to consider getting back into the classroom myself, since enthusiastic critics of the war were few and far between.

The Conscription of Chris Black

A week later, as I waited to order at the local coffee shop, a young man approached me anxiously and asked me if I'd been in the Army. Given my shaved head and military bearing—products of decades of soldiering—I'd heard the question a zillion times, and told him yes. Chris Black was a Klein High student cutting morning classes to be with his girlfriend, who sat anxiously waiting for him at a nearby table, and he told me that he was about to go to the Army, too.

I joined the pair, and found that Chris was oblivious to what he was getting into—and showed it with his replies to every question I asked him. He didn't know what it meant when I asked him what his specialty would be—until I assumed the worst and asked if it would be infantry, to which he nodded yes. I asked him if he had heard of Fallujah, the then-new battle beginning in the Sunni Triangle of Death, where GI's were engaged in heavy action. He shook his head no, but replied that his Army recruiter had assured him that the only folks fighting in Iraq now and for the future were the Marines, so he'd be safe. He didn't want to get shot at.

Something in my looks, shifting from amazement at his misinformation to anxiety for his choices, caught on with the two teens, his girlfriend firstt. She never let go of his hand, which she held between the two of hers, clutching it tightly as if she could thereby hold him back from the quicksand war to which he was being led. ΩDespairing of any reassurance from me, he stated his motives for enlisting: a single-parent home with family debts, and no money for college. The Army promised to solve these problems, and to cause no new ones.

> When the soldiers fighting now are used up, they'll need new soldiers, and that means you.

He didn't know whether he had actually enlisted yet (a bit of vagueness in keeping with the rest of the misinformation his recruiter had fed him), and I urged him to find out, and to reconsider the whole thing if he didn't want to fight in a war. I explained to him, in old soldier style, that what he had heard from his recruiter was a case of mind over matter. Any story to get him into service was fine, since they didn't mind—and he didn't matter.

With that grim bon mot, I walked across the street to Klein High, from which he would be graduating the next month, into the office, and asked the same receptionist I'd met a week before for a pass to see the journalism teacher. Since his girlfriend was one of her journalism students, I figured she'd know Chris, and could make sure that he had serious advice on his predicament.

An Administrative Ambush,
and a Police Posse

The same receptionist who had happily pointed me to the journalism teacher a week before didn't smile this time as she asked me to have a seat and picked up the phone. Two minutes later I didn't have a pass in my hand, I had a posse of three administrators and three campus cops. In the Republican Reich, dissenters—even expert dissenters like me—were political enemies, and I was treated like one. The "team player" Lefty journalism teacher who had begged me to teach again had denounced me after she read my work.

Principal Patrick Huff ("Huff-n-Puff" to campus wags) was flush with indignation as he stood behind his police team and exclaimed that he didn't want to be mixed up in any politics, and only became redder when I told him that the recruiters were using his school to con kids like Chris Black into enlistments. The cops held back, one noting aloud that I was a martial arts expert, hand on gun, threatening to write me a criminal trespass citation. I requested that he do so, as I would use it in my story, then he demurred, simply asking if I'd leave the campus or not. I left under escort, police hands on me, though thankfully not in handcuffs.

In infowar as in any kind of war, you have to be able to look forward, and half the secret of that trick is not looking back. For two years I've tried to avoid thinking about Chris Black. For better or worse—almost certainly for worse—he has stumbled into mind-over-matter reality. The worst part of thinking of Chris, though, is that it makes me think of Wendy, his girlfriend, clutching his hand between her two shaking hands, looking at me in the coffee shop as if I could bring him back before he went to war. I tried hard, but I couldn't.

God knows how much depleted uranium—the Agent Orange of this new Vietnam—he has sucked up, how many bullets he has heard whistle, or how many corpses he has seen and smelled. All of this has likely happened in some degree, in the name of a war that was supposed to be about disarming Saddam of WMD's (which weren't there); then about bringing democracy to Iraq (while we kill tens of thousands); then about stabilizing a nation on the way to civil war (thanks to our invasion). All of this for a war that's really about about US oil ambitions and Israeli geopolitical problems—as those, like me, who called it that were treated as traitors.

A Principled Teacher vs. an Unscrupulous Principal

While the American education system hunkers down until the coast is clear to ask questions—any questions—about a quicksand war that is sucking up its students, there are still individual educators who have taken a brave stand. One such was a Klein English teacher whose son, an Iraq War vet, had brought back enough reality to make willful ignorance impossible for her, and whose husband, a Vietnam veteran, supplied enough historic perspective to make it impossible for her to ignore the historic mistake of this war. She was exactly the kind of enemy of orthodoxy that the Principal Huffs of the Klein school district try to suppress, the kind whose concerns for her students outweigh her concern for her career.

After the last national elections, her students were having a lively discussion about just when US forces would achieve the victory proclaimed in 2003—and promised every year since. Her answer to them was stark:

"You haven't listened to what they've been saying out of the White House. They are telling you that it's a generational war, and that means your generation is next. When the soldiers fighting now are used up, they'll need new soldiers, and that means you. If you want to know what this war is really all about, ask me, my son or my husband—or read Captain May's report on it."

She went to the blackboard and wrote down the link address to what I wrote about the Battle of Baghdad Cover-Up (BOBCUP), which is what happened when military/media propaganda replaced the real blood and guts of the action that took the Iraqi capital in 2003—while clueless citizens thought that Private Jessica Lynch was the real story: http://www.geocities.com/onlythecaptain/

"I'll probably get in trouble for writing this down," she said as she wrote, "but you can't say I didn't warn you."

A Practical Postscript

It's up to parents and teachers to agitate for schools that teach critical thinking and the Constitution, not a follow-the-leader mindset that supports a military-industrial con-job. The place to start, in my mind, is with the idea that reality has been systematically withheld from the public since 911, the better to lead the public to a war that was a cherished dream of Bush League Neocons long before 911 ever happened. With two-thirds of the American People loathing the current president, and fully a third suspecting that the 911 matter was either set up or allowed to happen to bring us into what is now being called World War Three by conservative commentators, the winds are finally shifting back toward national sanity.

Military recruiters should be kept out of our school by school boards, not invited in. If full-grown men with impressive uniforms and glittering medals were to come into our lunch halls, class rooms, auditoriums and functions to try to hustle our daughters into bed, we'd call for cops. Yet we invite the same alluring figures to come and try to hustle our sons—and daughters—into war, and call ourselves patriots.

Principled school officials should tell students—and their parents—that they can "opt out" of being contacted by recruiters, who nowadays have access to school district student records, thanks to the "No Child Left Behind" rules that relaxed protections our youngsters used to enjoy against being categorized and targeted for recruiter contact. That most parents don't even know about the "Opt Out" clause is a testament to how complicit our school administrators are in the de facto draft scam.

In the current context, the well-off folks of Klein, few of whom ever wore a military uniform, are happy to vicariously express their willingness to die for their country—through less fortunate folks' kids. It's the ones without college funds and summer camps who form the "target rich environment" among whom recruiters find their recruits. It's all a case of mind over matter.

Captain Eric H. May, MI/PAO, USA
CO, Ghost Troop, 3/7 Cybercav+
Mission of Conscience / Patriots in Action

Captain May announced a mission of conscience and formed Ghost Troop after the Battle of Baghdad cover-up, filing Inspector General complaints with the Dept. of the Army and subordinate commands involved in the cover-up. For more about this unique unit of active and former soldiers, journalists and activists, refer to the story published about them by this week's Lone Star Iconoclast: http://www.lonestaricon.com/absolutenm/anmviewer.asp?a=402&z=52

****Postscript: The captain's remark about what the public would do with recruiters if they were attempting to sexually prey on American youth was prescient, as an AP story, released shortly after this essay's completion, reveals: http://www.truthout.org/docs_2006/082006A.shtml*

Sedition BOOKS

Houston's newest radical community space. Home to over 200 radical texts as part of its community lending library project, sedition books aims to benefit the community through political education via providing low-cost library memberships, skillshares and information sharing. Collectivly operated, Sedition depends on volunteers to work in the library and retail sections of its space. For more information, contact Sedition at 713-861-7735 or email Seditioncollective@yahoo.com

HOURS:
MON-THURS 4-7pm
SUN 11am - 8pm

come by!
4420 washington,77007

LUCKY BURGER



MONDAY-SATURDAY 11AM-9:30PM CLOSED SUNDAYS
FREE DELIVERY W/IN 2 MILE RADIUS $10 MINIMUM
1601 RICHMOND @ MANDELL 713.522.5650

"The Surfer's Guide to Stock Investing"

The ultimate momentum trading course surf the waves of the stock market's biggest winners.

Can your stock trading system do this?

IIIN +96% 30 days
NVAX +253% 18 days
ENY +171% 5 days
HOM +144% 31 days
BCON +269% 18 days

And many, many more….

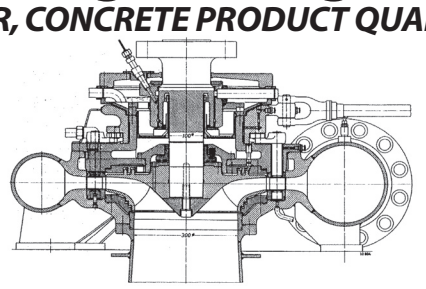
For more info and free report, log on to:

Bottomspringers.com

Wanted for hire

Engineering -

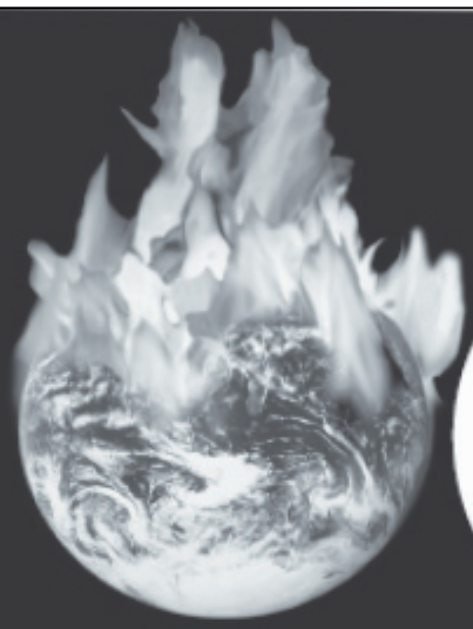
COORDINATOR, CONCRETE PRODUCT QUALITY SYSTEMS



Houston, TX to assist in design, development, testing & evaluation of integrated sys. for managing quality of concrete production processes; analyze & interpret prod. data, reports & product specifications to evaluate standards & maximize production & product quality while minimizing costs; fine tune & calibrate production sys. to ensure quality production of concrete products & mixes; participate in set up of new plants, incl. installation of automated sys. & quality control modules; train personnel in production processes; identify & resolve concrete production issues; coordinate automation of ready-mix plants.

BS in Indus. Eng. and 1 yr. exp. in job offered or as concrete industry production specialist. Resume to S. Foreman, CEMEX, Inc., 840 Gessner Road, Suite 1400, Houston, TX 77024. Reference: 061900. EOE

Free Press Houston
Issue 70 | 09/06



OCT. 5TH

THE WORLD CAN'T WAIT!

DRIVE OUT THE BUSH REGIME!

NO WORK. NO SCHOOL. BE THERE.

ENDLESS WARS! TORTURE! KATRINA! THEOCRACY! BRING THIS TO A HALT!

Millions of us are deeply distressed and angered. But, people are held back by the fear they are alone and powerless. Many hope that somehow the Democrats will do something to change this when every day it becomes more clear they will not.

From out of this huge reservoir of people, we can unleash a great wave, moving together on the same day—our numbers making a statement that can not be ignored and that lets it be known that we are determined to bring this whole disastrous direction to a halt.

On Thursday, October 5, join us in saying to the world: This regime does not represent us and we will not stop until we drive it out! Walk out of school! Refuse to work! No shopping on Oct 5! Come to mass demonstrations across the country and march through the streets calling on millions more to join us in repudiating this criminal regime with the mobilization of massive political opposition!

WE MUST ACT NOW—THE WORLD'S FUTURE IS IN OUR HANDS

HOUSTON, OCTOBER 5TH
5 PM
CONVERGE ON HERMANN SQUARE

(@ **CITY HALL**: Smith St. between McKinney and Walker)

HOUSTON@WORLDCANTWAIT.ORG * 713-894-0932 * HOUSTONWORLDCANTWAIT.TRIPOD.COM

WORLDCANTWAIT.ORG 866-973-4463

Free Press ● Harris County Green Party ● Progressive Action Alliance

LAST CONCERT CAFE

Sundays
Fahl and Folk
9/17 w/ Carrie Ann Buchanan and the Apocalyptics
9/24 w/Congas by Carlos

Tuesdays
9/19
Scott Daniels Band
9/26
CAROLYN WONDERLAND

Wednesdays
Pot Roast
Midnight Drum Circle
Hula Hoopers, Poi spinners

Thursdays
The Hightailers
Drum circle @ 10:30
Bring a drum to get in Free
Unescorted ladies get in Free

Fridays

9/15
New Monsoon

9/22
SOUTH AUSTIN JUG BAND

9/29
SORRY- PRIVATE PARTY!

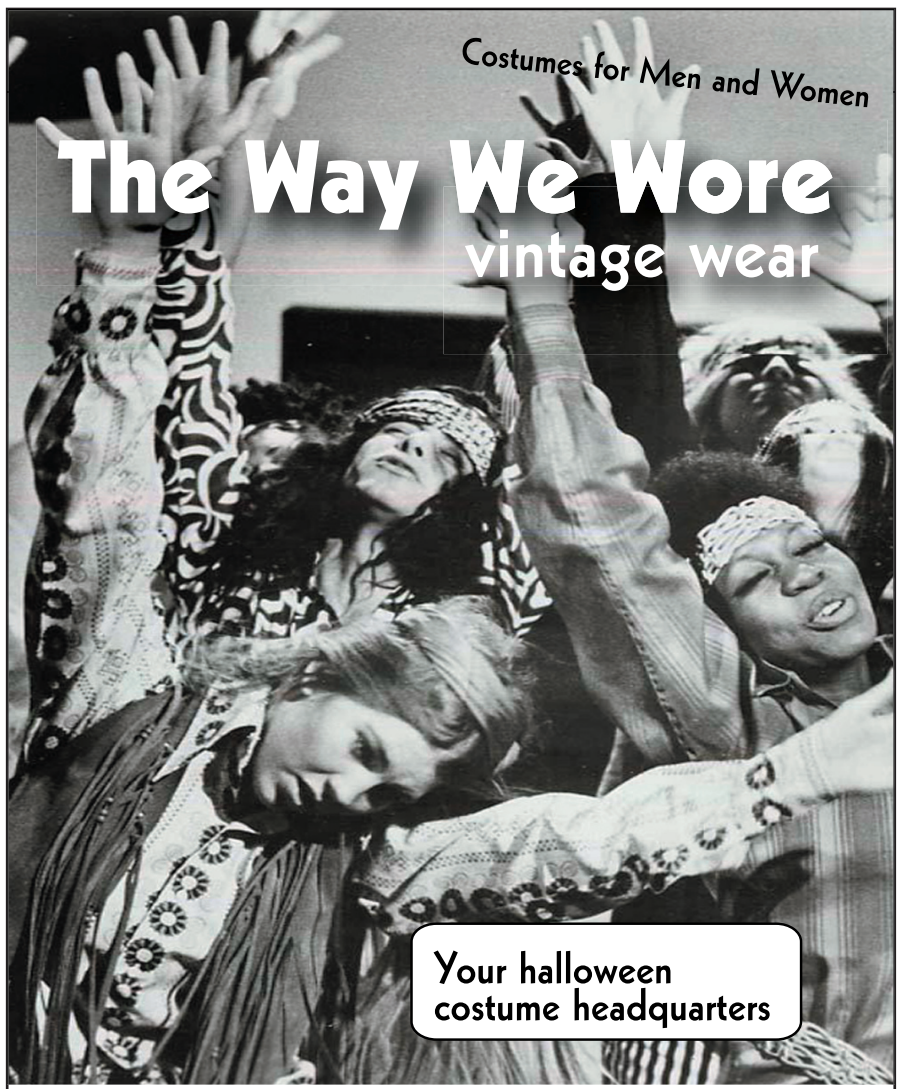
Saturdays

9/16
Oken
International Band
–Reggae–

9/23
PRIA URBANA

9/30
PAGAN PRIDE FESTIVAL

1403 Nance 713.226.8563 lastconcert.com



~specializing in vintage clothing and costumes~

2602 Waugh Drive
713-526-8910

visit us online at:
www.thewaywewore.net

Advertisement



Ask The Bankers Pen

The Bankers Pen holds 30 stodgy bankers who generally oppose the beliefs of Washington Mutual, especially WaMu Free Checking™. Their advice column runs nationwide. Find out more about the pen at trappedbanker.com.

Dear Bankers Pen:
I've heard a lot of banks offering "free checking." But then, they all have different ideas of what "free" means. For example, WaMu offers free checks for life, but other banks don't. What do you think a bank really means when they say "free"?
- Dumbfounded in Dallas

Dear Dumbfounded:
It means they want to go out of business. Actually, I have no idea. Are you sure it was a bank? Maybe you only thought it was a bank, but it was really your next-door neighbor's garage sale. I can't imagine any God-fearing bank manager offering services for no cost and actually meaning it. Hogwash!

Dear Bankers Pen:
I'm in a real pickle here! I'm a bona fide cat lover, but my husband has severe cat allergies. He starts to sneeze and his throat closes up if he's within 200 yards of a cat, bless his heart, so I've learned to live without felines in the house. But my sister, who lives across town, just adopted the most adorable pair of kittens ever. After antiquing on weekends, I'll follow her to her house and play with her kitties. Then, as soon as I walk through the door at home, my husband goes into a sneezing fit and accuses me of bringing cat hair into the house. I don't want to hurt him, but I can't help my love for these adorable little creatures. Is there any help for me?
- Hopeless in Houston

Dear Hopeless:
Shut up. Just shut up.

Features mentioned available only with the WaMu Free Checking™ account and not available with Free Checking accounts opened prior to 3/11/06. Free checks when ordered through Washington Mutual; select styles available. Deposits at Washington Mutual are FDIC Insured.



Chapultepec
Lupita
Mexican Restaurant

813 Richmond
2 blocks East of Montrose
713.522.2365
OPEN 24 HOURS for Breakfast, Lunch & Dinner

Tired of missing **Happy Hour** *somewhere else? Don't worry! Come to Chapultepec Lupita, where our Happy Hour is from* **11am-9pm everyday!** *Try our new flavored* **Ritas and Martinis**- *We have all of the flavors! Plus check out our new* **Tequila Bar**- *We now have more than* **100 Tequilas** *and counting.* **Our full service bar is now open! Big screens, and bigger drink selection for Happy Hour!!!**

Free Press Houston
Issue 70 | 09/06

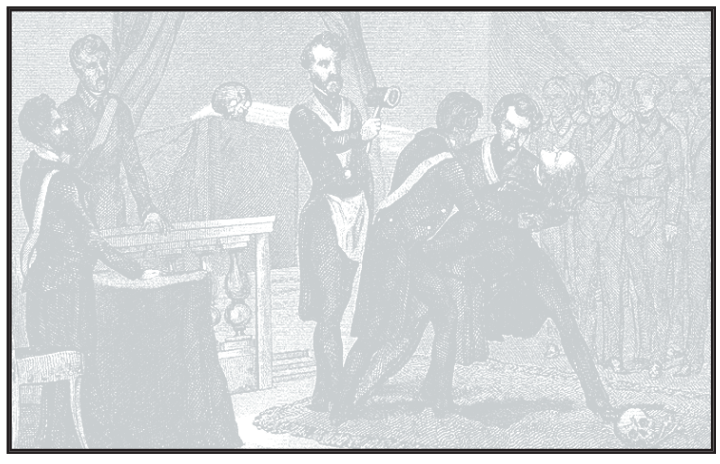
Freemasons, Amy Goodman, and the blood they drink together



Amy Goodman speaks at the Scottish Rite Freemason Temple

by Alex "33° Asshole" Wukman

Editors Note: *What kind of message does it send when KPFT books Democracy Now Host Amy Goodman at the Scottish Rite Freemason temple? Did she have any moral compunction with speaking at a hall where a giant portrait of Albert Pike, slavery advocate and civil war general that helped start the Klan, greeting folks at the entrance. The walls there are adorned with photos of their leadership from the past several decades and fail to show a single non-white member. In short, they are racist, backwards, elitist bastards. Not to mention the fact that the Freemasons have a very implicit agenda for the mid-east whereas Goodman's speech centered on related issues. She also spoke behind a podium that had on it the 'Meritorious SS Eagle.' Alex's following article is humorous yet telling: Duane Bradley and the management at KPFT have associated themselves with a group of loons down there at the spooky ass mason hall. To add to the pungent odor of fascism that pervaded the evening, Duane Bradley asked all those who are paying KPFT members to raise their hands and then turned on the hall lights to 'illuminate' all those who have failed to make a financial pledge in lock step with the others. I urge you fair reader to in turn urge KPFT to not spend any of it's donated money supporting fascists and racists like the Scottish Rite Masons.*



Amy Goodman—the Axl Rose of the left, the "public megaphone for the progressive agenda"—is speaking tonight, at a Masonic temple, and she's doing a pretty poor job. The middle-aged lady behind me is snoring, half-a-dozen people have walked out; I need a cigarette.

Omar follows me outside, " Man I don't think I can take much more of that she's boring," he turns his eyes to the Arabia Shrine, "let's go find where they bring back the dead." "They aren't bringing back the dead in there," I say as I puff on my camel.

"Sure they are," he says walking off towards another of the building's many entrances. We get to the door and walk into a grand ballroom.

"Is this where they do roller derby," I ask. "I don't know I've never been," Omar replies. He then walks over to what looks like a high school theatre's attempt at building a fireplace.

"This represents the pillars from the first temple," he says placing his hand on what I thought was the mantle, "and apparently it lights up." He finds a switch; he moves it up and down. Nothing. "Ah, the Masonic power is waning," he says. "No, it just needs to be plugged in." I say. "That looks creepy," he says and walks off to the other end of the room towards a framed poster with raised bumps. As we get closer it becomes apparent what it is.

A children's circus quilt. "Yes Omar, clowns and seals sure are creepy," I say.

We pressed forward, deeper into the bowels of the ancient Masonic temple. We snuck through dimly lit passages. Crept through the twisting and turning corridors. Always fearful that, at any moment, the dozens of Masons roaming the building might capture us.

We passed doors emblazoned with bizarre and cryptic names that Omar was sure concealed some nefarious activity. Names too strange to be true, names like "Mechanical Room 2" and "Playpen." We kept going until we came to "The Mecca Room." We cracked the door, turned on the light, and beheld something that boggled the mind and confused the senses—a banquet room. An empty banquet room; complete with ugly tables, tacky chairs and a full bar.

I wanted to stay, take pictures and have a drink but Omar insisted that we push on. He knew the Masons would be on us any moment. We had to keep going, we had to find "the secret knowledge."

At least that's what he told me as we set out from The Mecca Room. As we trekked onward the passage narrowed so that we had to walk single file. We turned a corner and found ourselves in…a hallway. A hallway with doors; and on those doors, signs. Signs unlike any I had ever seen before.

Strange signs that Omar ensured were part of some secret Masonic code. Signs like "Arabian Knights: A precision drill team on horseback" or "New Nobles: Artisans Unit." As we continued deeper into the dark heart of the temple the sign on each door we passed was more surreal than the last. Fly Fishing, Target Shooting, Marching Band, Auto Racing, Hunting.

It was too much for me, I begged Omar to turn back. To take me out of there, but like the intrepid explorer he is he continued to push forward. Finally we passed a door that made me lose all sense.

"Square Dancing!" I cried, "Those godless heathens! How can they make squares dance for their amusement"! I wanted, nay demanded, that we break down the door and save those poor innocent squares from a life of humiliation.

Thankfully cooler heads prevailed, Omar convinced me that I couldn't break down the door. If I did the Masons would hear us and make us both pay…and neither one of us brought any cash. So we kept going.

We came to a staircase that Omar assured me would lead us down into the secret sub-basement where they stored the secret knowledge. As we rounded the corner we found ourselves back on the first floor. And standing in front of the most horrible, evilest disturbing door yet. The sign on the door simply read…break room.

"Let's go in," Omar said as he placed his hand on the knob. "No," I bellowed, "are you mad? That's the break room. They break things in there!"

Omar would have none of my lily-livered whining as he pushed open the door to the break room. It swung wide to reveal the most horrible torture device known to man—a punch clock. Those inhuman bastards; they had time cards on the wall next to it. How vile, how evil could they be?

As I stood there in my silent fury vowing to hunt the monsters that did this to the ends of the earth Omar tugged on my sleeve.

"Why does that clock have nothing but fives on it," he asked.




HATETANK PRESENTS
FALLCORE 6
WILL TO LIVE · THE JONBENÉT · IRON AGE · AT ALL COST
DIE YOUNG · BITTER END · TEN CROWNS · INSECT WARFARE
KRUM BUMS · YOUR MISTAKE · KNOCKOUT KINGS · DAMAGE CASE · KILL THE CLIENT
FIGHT PRETTY · LOOK OUT · HOLD FAST · XTRIPWIREX · GRAVE ROBBERS · FLAWLESS VICTORY
·THE GOLDEN AGE · LMF · I AM WOLF · INDISGUST · MY LAST WAR · ON MY SIDE
OCTOBER 14TH @ MERIDIAN · 1503 CHARTRES · HOUSTON, TX · $15 · 1PM
WWW.HATETANK.ORG // WWW.MYSPACE.COM/FALLCORETX // WWW.FALLCORE.COM
STOMACH

Free Press Houston
Issue 70 | 09/06

From the annals of racism in the 21st century

by Mazin Qumsiyeh, PhD

"You see, the probability that an Arab child will grow up and becomes an Albert Einstein, or Sigmund Freud, or even Alan Greenspan, is equal to the twelfth digit after the decimal point, to the probability that a Jewish child will grow up to become a jihad fighter. Of course, not every Jewish child becomes an Einstein, and not every Arab child chooses a brief but spectacular career of a shahid. However, Jewish children, if you don't kill them before it's too late, form Jewish communities, and Jewish communities, in addition to producing Einsteins from time to time, are known throughout the entire history of the Diaspora for bringing prosperity to every society that allows them to prosper. 'I will bless those who bless you.' Unlike Jews, Arabs do not form communities; instead, they form the 'Arab street'.

The 'Arab street' has never produced an Einstein and, I am sure never will. Instead, it is producing an abundance of mass murderers....What occupation?

What 'Palestinian people'? Learn some real history. The 'Palestinian people' is a blood libel, next to which the infamous Protocols look almost inoffensive. I challenge you to produce a single pre-1967 reference to the 'Palestinian people'. I challenge you to name at least one document that gives the terrorist organization you call the 'Palestinian people' the legal right to one square inch of territory in Israel or anywhere else in the world.

The ignorant racism based on a sense of "tribal" superiority is obvious in such statements (just imagine if the text included African-American or "Nigger" instead of Arab or Palestinian in the above). Unfortunately for America, such ignorant and malicious thoughts are not marginal and are now at the highest levels of the US government. I will leave it to a future posting and readers' own research skills to evaluate these racist statements and their impact. For readers interested in Arab contributions to civilization, here is a concise summary www.adc.org/index.php?id=247

However, since the Zionist Lieberberg and other Zionists are fond of mentioning Einstein and Freud I thought I would share these quotes from those two famous non-Zionist Jews:"My awareness of the essential nature of Judaism resists the idea of a Jewish state with borders, an army, and a measure of temporal power, no matter how modest. I am afraid of the inner damage Judaism will sustain - especially from the development of a narrow nationalism within our own ranks, against which we have already had to fight strongly, even without a Jewish state." Albert Einstein

"Among the most disturbing political phenomena of our time is the Emergence in the newly created state of Israel of the "Freedom Party" (Tnuat Haherut[precursor to the Likud-MQ]), a political party closely akin in its organization, methods, political philosophy and social appeal to the Nazi and Fascist parties. It was formed out of the membership and following of the former Irgun Zvai Leumi, a terrorist, right-wing, chauvinist organization in Palestine. The current visit of Menahem Begin, leader of this party to the United States is obviously calculated to give the impression of American Support for his party in the coming Israeli elections, and to cement political ties with conservative Zionist elementsin the United States." From a letter signed by prominent Jews including Einstein published in the NY Times Dec. 2, 1948.

"Learn some real history. The 'Palestinian people' is a blood libel, next to which the infamous Protocols look almost inoffensive. I challenge you to produce a single pre-1967 reference to the 'Palestinian people'."

When approached to sign a petition to condemn the Arab revolt in Palestine and to support the settlement of Jews Sigmund Freud wrote in response: "I cannot do as you wish. I am unable to overcome my aversion to burdening the public with my name, and even the present critical time does not seem to me to warrant it. Whoever wants to influence the masses must give them something rousing and inflammatory and my sober judgment of Zionism does not permit this....I concede with sorrow that the baseless fanaticism of our people is in part to be blamed for the awakening of Arab distrust. I can raise no sympathy at all for the misdirected piety which transforms a piece of a Herodian wall into a national relic, thereby offending the feelings of the natives. Now judge for yourself whether I, with such a critical point of view, am the right person to come forward as the solace of a people deluded by unjustified hope."

Freud's Letter to Dr. Chaim Koffler Keren HaYassod, Vienna: 26 February 1930; posted at the Freud Institute in UK website: http://www.freud.org.uk./arab-israeli.html. This brief article by Amira Hass in Haaretz can't even begin to describe the ugly face of political Zionism (unfortunately justified by the supremacist attitude exemplified by Lieberberg's article) and its horrific impact on the native Palestinians:

Can you really not see? by Amira Hass, Haaretz

"Could you all be in favor of systematic discriminating laws? Laws stating that the Arabs of the Galilee will not even be compensated for the damages of the war by the same sums their Jewish neighbors are entitled to (Aryeh Dayan, Haaretz , August 21). Could it be that you are all in favor of a racist Citizenship Law that forbids an Israeli Arab from living with his family in his own home? That you side with further expropriation of lands and the demolishing of additional orchards, for another settler neighborhood and another exclusively Jewish road? That you all back the shelling and missile fire killing the old and the young in the Gaza Strip?"

Why die for a cause when you can watch American Idol?

submit to ~~satan~~ President Bush

editors@freepresshouston.com





super happy fun land

...HIT ME ON MY CELLY...

Mon. Sept. 18
Cop Warmth
The Amoeba Men
Hallelujah!
The Sporatics
Kitten Mitten

Sept 19th:
T.E.F.
Kai/ros
Price Taggery
Concrete Violin

Sept 20th:
Shinding
Free Range Robots
Reinhardt Caravan

Sept 21st:
Lebanon
The Snake Trap
Sin News
Ayn

Sept 22nd:
B-Side the Strange One
DJ Klinch
Dj Fo
Hundred Dolla Jonnie
The Clever Monkeys
Chuck T
Inspired 12

The Windtalkaz
Seperated @ Birth (B-Side and Gusto)

Sept 23rd:
Houston Norml Fall Fling

Sept 24th:
Emo Side Project & Dumb
Blonde Dead
Nada Brahma
Jinxed at Twelve
A December Tragedy

Sept 25th:
Bezoar
Wolfie
Through You
Eric James

Sept 29th:
The Texas Steamers
47 Miles of Barbed Wire
The Jonx
500 Megatons of Boogie (Ex-Slurpees?

Sat Sept 30th:
WEREWOLF JERUSALEM
CRAWLING IRIS
IN THE LAND OF ARCHERS
RESPIRATOR
ABOUT THIS PRODUCT

Oct. 1st:
Posin

Oct. 3rd:
Voodoo Organist
Coryd
Sabra

Oct. 4th:
Ali Harter
Ayn

Oct. 5th:
Hotel, Hotel
The Lymbyc Systym
Ether Research Therapy

Fri Oct. 6th:
Doo Doo butter
Brains For Dinner

Oct. 7th
Enloom
Stove Blow
G Styles
Rotten Frog

1pm Oct. 7 through 1pm Oct 8th
24 Hour Comics Day

Oct. 9th:
Slim Francis

Oct. 11th:
Peter & The Wolf
Carousel Shy

Oct. 13th:
Lomita
Bright Men of Learning
Sputnik Monroe
Lost Keys

Super Happy Fun Land is Houston's venue for experimental electronic music, underground jazz and outsider art, featuring: Patio & Outdoor Stage, The SHFL Theater 2/ room for 200 folks, The Super Happy Fun Cafe, The SHFL Art Gallery. Available for fundraisers & private parties

2610 ASHLAND BETWEEN W.26TH/27TH
713.880. 2100
SUPERHAPPYFUNLAND.COM

Great Taste!
Great Results!

B CLEAN™

BE COOL. BE CAREFUL.™

#1 IN DETOX

It's Not About Luck!

B-CLEAN PRODUCTS FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL TOXIN REDUCERS

- **B-Clean Formula**
  Works in one hour, effective up to five hours. In Hawaiian Tropical & Orange.
- **B-Super Clean and Turbo Clean**
  Extra Strength Formula
- **Effervescent Tablets**
  Works in one hour, effective up to five hours. Water Soluble formula tastes great.
- **Hair Cleansing System**
  Effective up to eight hours, eliminates external barriers and lowers toxins deep within.
- **Daily Capsules**
  Supplements detox process 12 to 24 hours prior to cleansing deadline, powerful companion to other toxin reduction products.

Ask for B-Clean at your Favorite Smoke Shops!