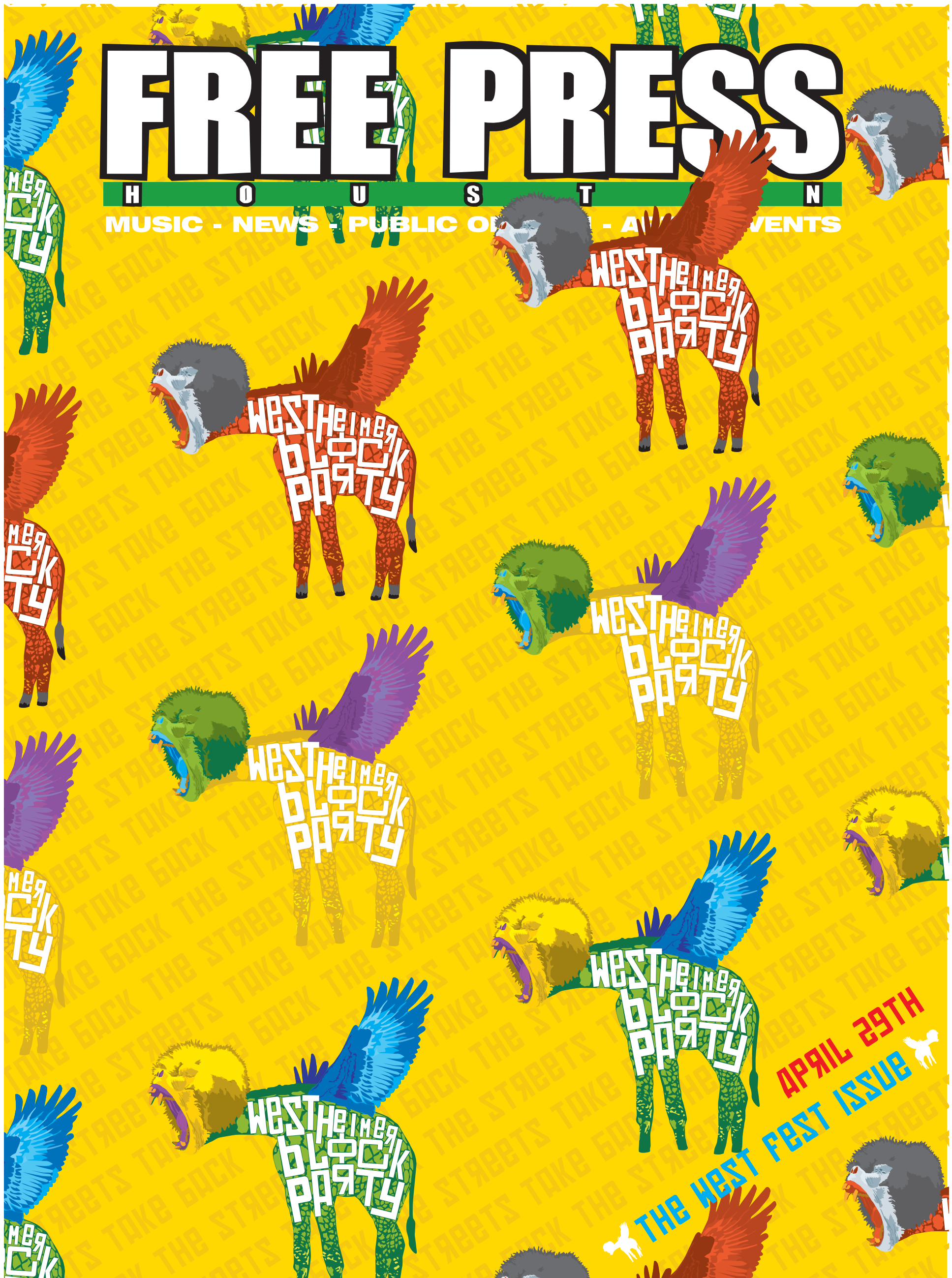


FREE PRESS

H O U S T O N
MUSIC - NEWS - PUBLIC OPINION - ARTS - EVENTS



Super Happy Fun Land
UPCOMING
IN JULY
SHOWS

1st: Organ Failure and Poop Lungstuffing at Super Happy Fun Land Little Rock Grand Opening Party in Little Rock Arkansas

4th: SHFL BBQ with Beans, "Downer"

6th: Griefhound

8th: Greg Babineaux Art Opening @ 7pm-9pm, Alps (Australia), Terrence McManus, Rapeworm

9th: Squirt Gun Warriors, Equilibration

15th: The Illegal Wiretaps, Days n' Daze, Ghostbeard

19th: MAMMOX, The Child Forgives and Creates

20th: Alexis V.O., Duckmandu

21st: Eli James, ChangoMan, Guy Schwartz & The New Jack Hippies

22nd: The Slow Poisoner, Rob Rippa, Clockpole Muzak John, Will Schorre, GMILF Defibrillator

23rd: The Braggart Family SideCircus

24th: The Reaction, The Mydolls

27th: Daniel Bachman & Ryley Walker, (MC)2, Veedon Fleece

28th: JUNGLENOIZE, Peloton, Jody Seabody & the Whirls, Nikkhoo & Bioluminairies, Jon Black

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1 IN DETOX



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DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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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

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Lance Walker
Brandon Montes
Tyler Barber
Devin McNulty
Jeff Storm

Alex "Asshole" Wukman
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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
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| Cover Art: Tyler Barber
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WESTFEST THEN AND NOW

By Mark Martin



As near as I can recall, the “Westheimer Art Festival” must’ve started happening sometime around the late 70’s / early 80’s—about the time a geeky burb kid who later wound up being me started hanging out in Montrose. Somewhere in that same time frame, I started producing live music events--and one of the very first was at KPFT, during an early version of the Westheimer festival. We were still calling it an ‘art festival’ at that time, and an art exhibit of sorts was taking place behind the station. Of rather more interest to me was the stage in front of the station, on which various of the early punk bands that defined Houston in the Eighties were performing. In a harbinger of things to come, a nearby property owner showed up with a couple of police in tow and tried her best to get me shut down. When I tried to explain what was going on, she cut me off, shrieking that all I was doing was “disturbing the peace.” Although the police did not exactly agree with her, they did make a point of telling me that if they had to come back, I could expect to be leaving with them. I have been hearing variations on that prediction from the police for over twenty years, and it has yet to materialize.

A lot else has. Over the 80’s and 90’s, the festival grew and grew. The community groups that had organized the original “art festival” became increasingly unhappy with the bacchanalian street festival that sprang up around their rather more pristine event. The first effort at trying to counter the street festival came with the Westheimer Colony Association’s attempt at holding a gated event in the parking lot of what is now Half Price Books and Spec’s Discount Liquor. How it was thought that charging for entry to an event lacking booze, drugs, or music would discourage the free and free-wheeling event on the other

side of the gate is not clear. Clearly, though, it did not work. After a few years, the Colony Association gave up, changed its name, changed its event’s name, and moved elsewhere. In an interesting echo of things to come, they did attempt a single ‘Westheimer Art Festival’ in downtown Houston--the poor response probably hastened the name change.

In the absence of the art festival that had inspired it, the street festival persisted for several years as an inspired exercise in free-form collectivism. There was no single producer or promoter in charge of the event, there was no street closure, there were no mammoth corporate sponsorships. There was anywhere up to perhaps a dozen small promoters or entrepreneurs that negotiated with individual property owners to set up stages, rent vendor booths, and partner with local bar owners to set up temporary alcohol permits on a per-block basis. The spring and fall dates that had been used by the art festival were kept by informal consensus. The population of Montrose, at that time mostly renters--students, artists, gay people and assorted bohemians--looked forward to the event, and saw it as an integral part of their neighborhood identity.

The two parallel occurrences that changed all this were the changing nature of the Montrose community and the festival’s own growth and success. As Montrose and other inner-loop communities gentrified over the course of the 90’s, populations of renters were replaced with populations of home owners. Increasing rents caused the students and artists to look elsewhere for accommodations. Montrose continued to be the center of Houston’s gay and lesbian community, but as the gay lifestyle gained acceptance and gays and lesbians themselves went from being renters to property owners, they found themselves increasingly identifying with at least some of the concerns of recent

suburban transplants from places like Kingwood.

At the same time, the festival grew to the point that it could no longer function as a multi-block block party. The Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission decided that issuing ‘picnic permits’ for the Westheimer Street Festival was contrary to the public good. At about the same time, The City of Houston ruled that a street closure permit for the festival would only be issued to a producer who had contracted in full for security, clean-up, and insurance. That producer eventually wound up being John Florez’s Westheimer Street Festival Corporation.

Although others may lay claim to having produced all or part of The Westheimer Street Festival, Mr. Florez and his organization are most clearly recognized as having been responsible for the festival for the majority of its twenty year history. Few promoters escape controversy, and Mr. Florez is no exception. The success of the Westheimer Street Festival under his direction came at a cost. What had begun as a fairly innocent neighborhood gathering became a ‘Spring Break’-like gathering with attendance in the hundreds of thousands. Stages that had formerly been provided as showcases for struggling local musicians were put under the direction of people like well-known Richmond Strip cover band impresario Dennis Lange or suburban north-side promoter Alex Lozano. It soon became evident that The Westheimer Street Festival Corporation’s primary focus was generating revenue from beer sales, as well as sponsorship deals from the same mainstream mega-breweries that jockey for exposure on Monday Night Football. The community concerns that had been made the price tag for producing the festival--adequate toilet facilities for attendees, adequate security and adequate post-festival cleanup--were obviously mere

expense items on the ledger, expenses that Mr. Florez and his associates did everything possible to contain.

Eventually, the cost containment went a little too far. At the request of concerned property owners, Houston City Council voted in March of 2000 to deny *any* street closure permit for the Westheimer Street Festival at all. Not wishing to abandon what had essentially become his livelihood, Mr. Florez relocated his event to Allen Parkway and became the proud producer of “The Westheimer Street Festival in Exile”. The last shred of any semblance of a community event was pretty much gone. Buffalo Bayou park was adorned with fake street signs bearing the names of Lower Westheimer intersections, and the vendors of sausage on a stick and knock-off designer sunglasses were advised to drive their RVs and trailers a couple of miles north. The cover bands were given new load-in instructions, and the beer sponsors were assured their money was still good. Attendance dropped dramatically, though, and never recovered. There is a charm to Montrose and Lower Westheimer that cannot be replicated with fake street signs. Removed from the community that had engendered it, the “Westheimer Street Festival in Exile” became indistinguishable from the many other corporate-sponsored mass entertainments that take place on the same strip of parkland.

The final stage in the de-evolution of the Florez-produced festival came in what City Councilor Annise Parker described as an attempt to “ride the coattails” of the 2003 GLBT Pride Parade. In an article in the March 2003 issue of Out Smart, Ms. Parker expressed her disappointment in the decision on the part of festival organizers “to return to Montrose in defiance of the city ordinance and without the benefit of city regulations requiring street-closure permits,

insurance, security, etcetera...” The Westheimer Street Festival Corporation made one final attempt at producing a festival in October of 2004, on an even more modest budget. The results were less than impressive. John Florez is rumored to have since relocated to San Antonio. The Westheimer Street Festival Corporation is presently advertised for sale on its website.

It is more than reasonable to ask why anyone would go to the trouble of resurrecting an event with such a checkered past. The ordinance prohibiting street closure remains in place, the irate property owners who demanded the ordinance have certainly not gone anywhere, and the pace of gentrification in Montrose has certainly not lessened to any significant extent. Many of the formerly unde-

Many of the formerly undeveloped properties on Westheimer... have since become condos and strip centers.

veloped properties on Westheimer that were once used for staging or vendor booths have since become condos and strip centers. The event that Mr. Florez and his associates produced for the better part of a decade is neither feasible nor particularly desired.

But that event was simply the longest of several chapters in the life history of a shared community experience--an experience that continues to be loved and remembered by many. “Westfest”, as so many of us still call it, had a life of its own and a character of its own that was never the property of any corporation--and is not likely to be offered for sale on the Internet anytime soon. That unique character was intimately connected to the unique character of The Montrose itself, and lower Westheimer. Reviving WestFest means returning it to its roots. It means, once

again, making it a part of the community.

On October 15th of last year, the Westheimer Street Festival was resurrected as “Westfest Compressed”. The event was, to a large extent, a feasibility study for the festival’s permanent revival. As such, it was very much a success. The small scope of the event, involving a handful of properties surrounding the intersection of Westheimer and Taft, eliminated the need for street closure. Keeping the music stages to a minimum and returning the focus to local inner-city musicians who deserve the exposure was also very much a success, and went a long way toward returning the festival to its roots. Most significant and important was inviting the participation of visual artists like Give Up, The Buffalo Union, and Aerosol Warfare.

That success is going to be repeated on Saturday, April 29th with what is know being called THE WESTHEIMER BLOCK PARTY. With over 30 bands confirmed at this point, even

more visual artists than last time, and the addition of spoken word performers, The Westheimer Block Party promises to be even more true to the festival’s legacy than last fall’s event. Although my schedule does not permit direct involvement with the event at this time, I’m very proud to say that this reborn street festival is an event I unreservedly endorse. I’d like to invite readers of Free Press Houston, residents of Montrose, and all residents of greater Houston who enjoy a good party to come out, have a great time, and show their support for this beloved Houston tradition.

(M. Martin is a free-speech activist, former music promoter, and long-time resident of Montrose. His views do not represent those of the staff or ownership of Free Press Houston.)

HAPPENINGS TEN YEARS TIME AGO

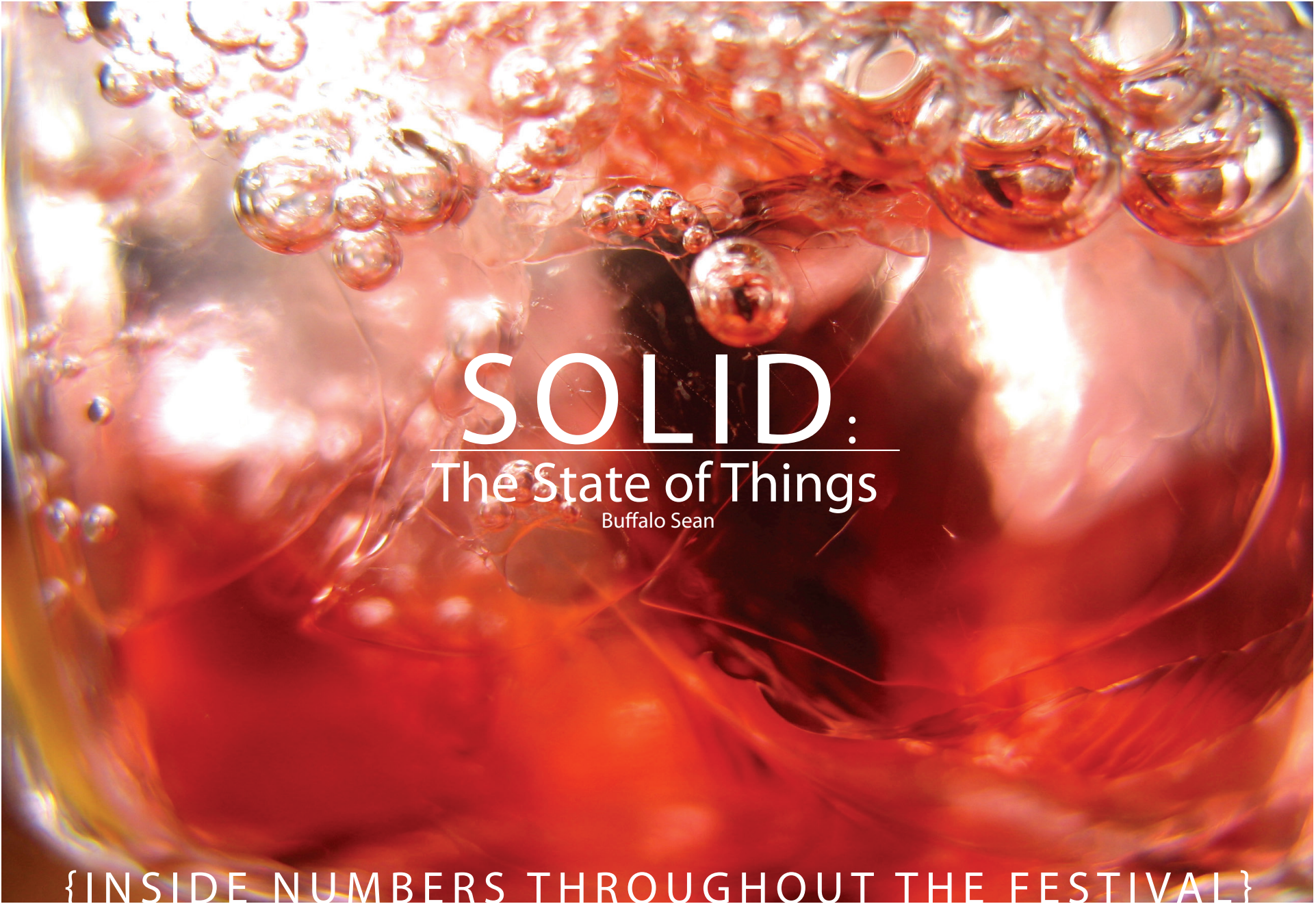
by Michael Bergeron



Given enough time the names of bars change. Little kids become teens, then become adults. Iguanas get a few more wrinkles. Neighborhoods gentrify if not beyond recognition, perhaps beyond reach. The Westheimer Street Fair at one time stretched several blocks and involved closing busy intersections. The streets no longer close, but the excitement of unknown bands rocking large audiences of their peers remains unchanged. A decade ago during the 1996 Westheimer Street Fair the group

Fastball played at the Public News stage behind the Mausoleum. Similar stages, like one hosted by rock FM station KLOL, also peppered lower Westheimer. Fastball hit big the following year with the song The Way. Today, how many people even remember Fastball? Some band playing later this month at the Helios stage will hit big and then be forgotten by time and text in 2016. Later in that future year the Westheimer scene will still exist. No doubt some precocious pre-teen pup in cute headgear trolling the fair will be the one making the scene ten years from now.





SOLID:

The State of Things

Buffalo Sean

{INSIDE NUMBERS THROUGHOUT THE FESTIVAL}

AMERICAN WANDERING CLUB

Seeing a new threshold for complexity and an escape from the end of art I would like to postulate that post-modern man; free from the dominant restrictions of space and time; has now become the virus once known as language.

In William S. Burroughs' *Electronic Revolution* the author advances that: "We must find out what words are and how they function. They become images when written down, but images of words repeated in the mind and not of the image of the thing itself."

Assuming that every person is to some degree unique, and that subjective definitions are valid whether contradictory or not, the myriad of separate and whole definitions contained within a word is nearly innumerable. No two people can think in exactly the same way. A personal truth is true because you believe it. This has long been used to defend faith, but can easily be applied to our emotions, memory, and reasoning. In the same way, definitions of everything else in our world are valid because we believe them. Maybe you could say: "Your mind completes the word by activating your definition of the word." Here's a definition that may sound similar: "Viruses are parasites; they can reproduce only by invading and taking over other cells as they lack the cellular machinery for self-reproduction." The written word does not appear to be a parasite; we believe it is benign, symbiotic and useful. It is a series of images (letters) from which we derive a spoken word. This spoken word relates our idea of what the image is to the written word, but not to the actual object or idea. We can take information from images, from paintings, advertising, and doodles, but for efficiency, effectiveness, and speed the written word is the ultimate image. The spoken image is a function of a reference to a series of images without a reference to the object or idea being referred to. It is subordinate to the written word.

Jasper Johns worked as an artist with the simplest components of our language, examining it as a symbol, an image, and a reference. Through these investigations Johns focuses our view on language so tightly it becomes nonsense- devolving into formal concerns or losing it's strict definition in the face of an ever-expanding melting pot of subjective associations. *Figure 5*, (1955) a caustic and newspaper collage, takes a number

(5) cut out of newspaper on a surface of newspaper, and layers it with translucent oils in sloppy, haphazard brushstrokes both following the figure's shape and (in contradiction) ignoring the figure. Within the context of Johns' original exhibition, the 5 was one in a series, presented in the Menil today it stands alone.

In contrast, *Painting Bitten by a Man* (1961) does nothing to engage our linguistic associations by itself. The surface of wax is similarly translucent and thick, an uneven, liquid surface. A chunk taken out of the plane is, upon closer inspection, a bite- a personal, irreproducible act that is able to be performed by anyone. This contradiction places the individual as irreducibly necessary to his context. The painting is labeled, *Painting Bitten by a Man*, which will give most people their definition of what went in to the creation of the object. It is also labeled with the artist's name- placing it in relation to other paintings on the walls, and finally it is in a museum, a particular museum, which further modifies the context, name, title, and object.

What is Jasper Johns' negotiation of the symbols of our time- his examination and encouragement of a crushing complexity in these images; and what does it have to do with *Painting Bitten by a Man*? Where does the irreproducible fit in with the iconic imagery most often associated with Johns; letters, numbers, American flags, and human heads? Perhaps this irreproducible figure can be cast as a human, one's actions, productions, and thoughts; and that figure is simply another image, the paramount image.

In our increasingly complex society, the written word is being supplanted as the ultimate image by our representations of ourselves. Through Myspace and other technological communications we now exist as abstractions of ourselves, made up of images, words, signs and actions. As the threshold for achieving 'celebrity' is continually eroded and individuals become increasingly adept at coaxing their images, once removed selves, into communicable ideas we may be able to say that collection of symbols we leave in our wake is better at interaction than the meeting of words and persons. This new paramount image, us, is a parasite able to be seen when viewed, completed by an audience, much like a painting.



SOLID: the state of things seeks to expose this virus to its representation and ultimately the real world. Our interactions become symbols to each other. Our art, our collections, our moods, and our lives are open to interpretation; related to us but never the same. The collaborative project Iris Sanchez brings to Numbers is a video accumulation of artist's thoughts on their practice and their environment. Putting down their feelings at the moment onto digital film freezes a mood and an image but can never capture the person in their entirety. At 6 p.m. the American Wandering Club will gather for a *Group Portrait*, a skewed document of a scene and its parts for posterity. Two other collaborative projects include the collective Lollipauperz and Able, D.C. and Joey; the Lollipauperz invite all viewers of the show to participate as they make dozens of paintings on LPs, the finished structure changes for every time a record is spun, setting up another in thousands of possible compositions. *Demon Factory* comes from the inclination of several artists to build demons, an ongoing project that here will take the form of cardboard and refuse life-sized figures conceived on the fly and constructed throughout the day.

Exploring words as a function of art, several artists exhibiting will draw from consumerism, poetry, comics, and literature to press the ever-expanding definitions of the artworld. You may dismiss some work as not art, but you may be sadly disappointed one day, and soon, when these heretical acts are deemed admissible to the pantheon. Elisabeth Jackson has always crossed comics and fashion iconography, Will Boone works with so many images his brash style may be described as "brain vomit", and Nick Merriwether has enjoyed a string of impressive exhibits with his performance based work, minimally anthropomorphic drawings, and as the lead singer for metal band Amish Acid Dealer. The poems of Gene Morgan are accessible during the show as web pages, their presence

is not particular to any geographic location, only electronic direction. Typically formal in his recent 'lace paintings' Mark Flood will here be exhibiting reproducible viral images to be distributed en masse, as is Chicago artist Matt Dupont. Southmore House and Artstar, both Houston staples, will display their collections of art products, zines, shirts and other collaborations between artists and the consumer market.

Performances (between 6 and 8pm) will feature Daniel Adame, Brittany Bly and Leticia Ochoa, Able Wyndham, and Becca Satterwhite and Daniel Garson. I'm not going to tell you what they are.

Setting the environment for *SOLID* will be several installations competing with the heavy associations of the nightclub atmosphere. In the foyer expect a massive white web courtesy of Francis Trotter. Around the stage may cluster transparent bodies by Leila Dallal and David Styles, and potted computer plants may spring up around the building. The collective BLOWJACK, on a mission of world domination, will interject as loudly and often as possible into the ears of passersby. John Mullins will bring his languid sense of style to the sound of the place, his music sits uneasily between hip-hop and ambient noise in the realm of the purple stuff. (RIP DJ Screw)

Please join us, along with other participating artists, in an exhibit meant to explore the interactive Happenings of the sixties, the swap meet culture we all know, and where we are all going in culture and in Houston. Hoping to be viral in form, this exhibit is never closed. We will have open space to exhibit, first come first served, the day of the show and hope you will consider bringing some of what you make (whatever it is) to the Westheimer Block Party with you to include in our exhibit. Help us figure out *the state of things* here and now.

STAGE GUIDE



ИУМБЕЯС

300 Westheimer

Standing Souls 12:45-1:15
Arthur Yoria 1:30-2:00
Eldridge 2:15-2:45
Jack in the Pulpit 3:00-3:30
SkyBlue72 3:45-4:15
Mechanical Boy 4:30-5:00
bojones 5:15-5:45
Million Year Dance 6:00-6:30
J.W. Americana 6:45-7:15
Penny Royal 7:30-8:00
 Followed by Danseparc inside Numbers

ЛД СТЯДД

322 Westheimer

(DJs will rotate time)
Sever (Chemistry Music/Planet East)
Olivier (Chemistry Music)
Mike W. (Dedicated)
LBO (Uniform/Zimms)
Hippo (Turn it up/Chemistry Music)
Estefex (Turn it up/Chemistry Music)
John Osario (Rotate/Tha Group)
Brotha Jabril (Rent/Rotate)

МДИГО'С

403 Westheimer

FRONT PATIO:

The Magnetic Frosties 12-12:30
The Dimes 12:45-1:15
The Riff Tiffs 1:30-2:00
Suspender Man 2:15-2:45
PSA 3:00-3:30
Chim Charoo 3:45-4:15
The Scandals 4:30-5:00
Listen Listen 5:15- 5:45
Things that go pop 6:00-6:30
Organ Failure 6:45-7:15
Brains for Dinner 7:30-8:00
The Krinkles 8:15-8:45

INSIDE MANGO'S:

The Program 1:00-1:30
Guy Schwartz 1:45-2:15
Seraphim 2:30-3:00
Hero 3:15-3:45
Nosaprise 4:00-4:30
Los de Verdad 4:45-5:15
Vicarious Me 5:30-6:00
Two Star Symphony 6:15-6:45

HELIOS

411 Westheimer

BACK PATIO:

Vibe Committee 1:00-1:40
Sean Reefer & the Resin Valley Boys 1:55-2:35
The Trade 2:50-3:30
Closeaux 3:45- 4:25
Medicine Show 4:40-5:20
Tody Castillo 5:35-6:15
DubTex 6:30-7:10
Generic Tribe 7:25-8:05

AFTER THE FEST AT HELIOS

Free Radicals, Lucky and the Lightsabers, More TBA

INSIDE HELIOS

Song 1:00-2:00
The Wiggins 2:30-3:30
Mic Skills 4:00-5:00
Perseph One 5:30-6:30

БЛДСК ШІДОШ

608 Westheimer

Novice 12:00-12:45
Bullets on Broadway 1:00-1:50
DubTex 2:05-2:55
Otenki 3:10-4:00
A>S>H>S 4:15-5:05
Black Math Experiment 5:20-6:10
Morgue City 6:25-7:15
Bowel 8:00-9:00



APRIL 23 + 1 PM - 8 PM
 WESTHEIMER TAFT



AT NUMBERS: American Wandering Club's Artist Flea Market and Exhibition

AT HELIOS: Jump on our GIANT MOONWALK



STAGE MAP

1.

WESTHEIMER

2.

3.

4.

5.

1. BLACK WIDOW PUB

2. HELIOS

3. MANGO'S

4. LA STRADA

5. NUMBERS

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WESTFEST BAND TUTORIAL

by Professors Shelby and Omar

ORGAN FAILURE

Prepare thyself for all that is Organ Failure; winners of last year's Free Press award for live performance. Fresh off the heels of their first U.S Tour, the band is part performance and all berserker. Any musical description would be futile as their sound is the vessel for their shenanigans. Sound ambiguous? Then catch them outside Mango's at 6:45.

MIC SKILLS/PERSEPH ONE

I walked into Helios upstairs last week and was blown away. This brother and sister deliver. Hence, we added this profound poets at the last minute. Better lat than never. Better safe than sorry. Better go see them upstairs at Helios at 4:00 pm or you will miss the fuck out. For rhyme connoisseurs, this will be the act to see.

STANDING SOULS

Kicking the day off in true Houston fashion, by hanging out in the parking lot of Numbers with not a dime in your pocket, watching the LaStrada customers mirror the Roman Empire.

ARTHUR YORIA

Serenading everyone into sitting with a lover in the middle of the Houston afternoon heat, Arthur Yoria, will be like iced tea, non-caffeinated. Think Death Cab for Cutie with a bigger box of Kleenex, yet a little more hope.

SKYBLUE72

This band has managed to get their CD onto the shelves of Les Grival thus further proving the existence of physical omnipresence. With a handful of songs that could potentially put a dent in modern radio rock, and an amazing amount of work ethic, it's only a matter of time before these guys get picked up.

GENERIC TRIBE

The Generic Tribe often referred to by their loyal fan base as 'G Tribe', have achieved the marvelous feat of producing 6 self-released albums. Most bands personal relationships barely suffice the release of one. True to their name- the Generic Tribe's songs vary in giant pendulum swings between folk, hip-hop, surf, and countless other styles. Expect infectious melodies and a very fun show. They bring it all to Helios back patio at 7:25.

MECHANICAL BOY

Mechanical Boy has just released a new E.P. which should be up for grabs at their merch table, and the shit is good. I honestly think they are one of the most original rock-ish acts around Houston. Very infectious melodies and lyrics that could teach an advanced English class.

JACK IN THE PULPIT

Swooping into the afternoon, Jack in the Pulpit should be lucky enough to get the crowd to fucking move. From what everyone says these guys put on a good live show, so do yourself a favour and DON'T stop for 5 o'clock traffic.

BOWEL

Oh fuck. Bowel stabbed me in the face. That may be how you feel when you hear this band. They just may be one of the most bludgeoning,

heavy bands in Houston. Guitarist Jason Friedman of Pride Kills fame just may be the scion of heaviness round these here parts. Make sure to bring band-aids. It all starts at Black Widow at 7:30pm.

MILLION YEAR DANCE

This is going to be another defining moment in Westfest history, as Million Year Dance will be playing right about the time the sun turns that lavender-teal-neon red color. With one of the most dynamic voices Houston has probably ever harboured, and instrumentation that really is probably tapping into frequencies humans don't know they're experiencing yet, this band is will be the ultimate test of the "chills" you get from hearing a perfect song.

ELDRIDGE

These are seriously some of the nicest people we know, and they look really great in LaCoste. There are moments in their songs that actually feel like a spinal cord snapping, but, like, in a totally good, "I would want that" kinda way.

BOJONES

This Houston three-piece takes soulful, emotional rock and puts it into a catastrophic blender with a little LSD and a cartwheel. Plus, they throw killer afterparties.

J.W. AMERICANA

Taking place amongst the rank of gods, J.W. Americana should highlight the evening appropriately and will be demanding your attention. Invite yourself to feel good for once, fucking stomp your foot and jam! No one does that anymore, it's like it's not cool to rock or something?

SEAN REEFER AND THE RESIN VALLEY BOYS

Prepare to load up on twang. Sean and the boys serve up a delicious blend of Rockabilly and Country without all of the scene-ster pretense. One of the hardest working bands around, they harkens back to the C&W that filled our fair city some 60 years ago. Shredder Will Golden cameos on steel guitar. Make sure to stick around for crowd favorite "Bowl of Schwag". Smoke will rise at 1:55 on Helios back patio.

A>S>H>S

At last—an improvising jam band without all the hippie-dippy non-sensical doo-doo. Don't get me wrong, A>S>H>S provide plenty of groove but they venture into sonic territory that most 'jam' bands steer clear of. Catch em' at Black Widow at 4:15

PENNY ROYAL

Shortly prior to writing this, Enoch appeared before me in the form a CD player, and said flat out, "Look, you guys have been looking for this sacred knowledge and all this 'meaning to life' and such.....well, here it is...," and he preceded to play me what I was to know as PennyRoyal!! Seriously, these guys must have Masonic connections or be Reptilian to be able to sound this good.

TODY CASTILLO

Tody writes great songs. Sound simple? It fuckin' ain't. There are 6 trillion 'singer-songwriters' in this town; most of them ex-frat boys from Austin. Tody brings the authentica and actually adds loads of musical and sonic substance to his tunes. Tody also delivers like a motherfucker live. Peep him at Helios back patio at 5:35pm.

LIQUID

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