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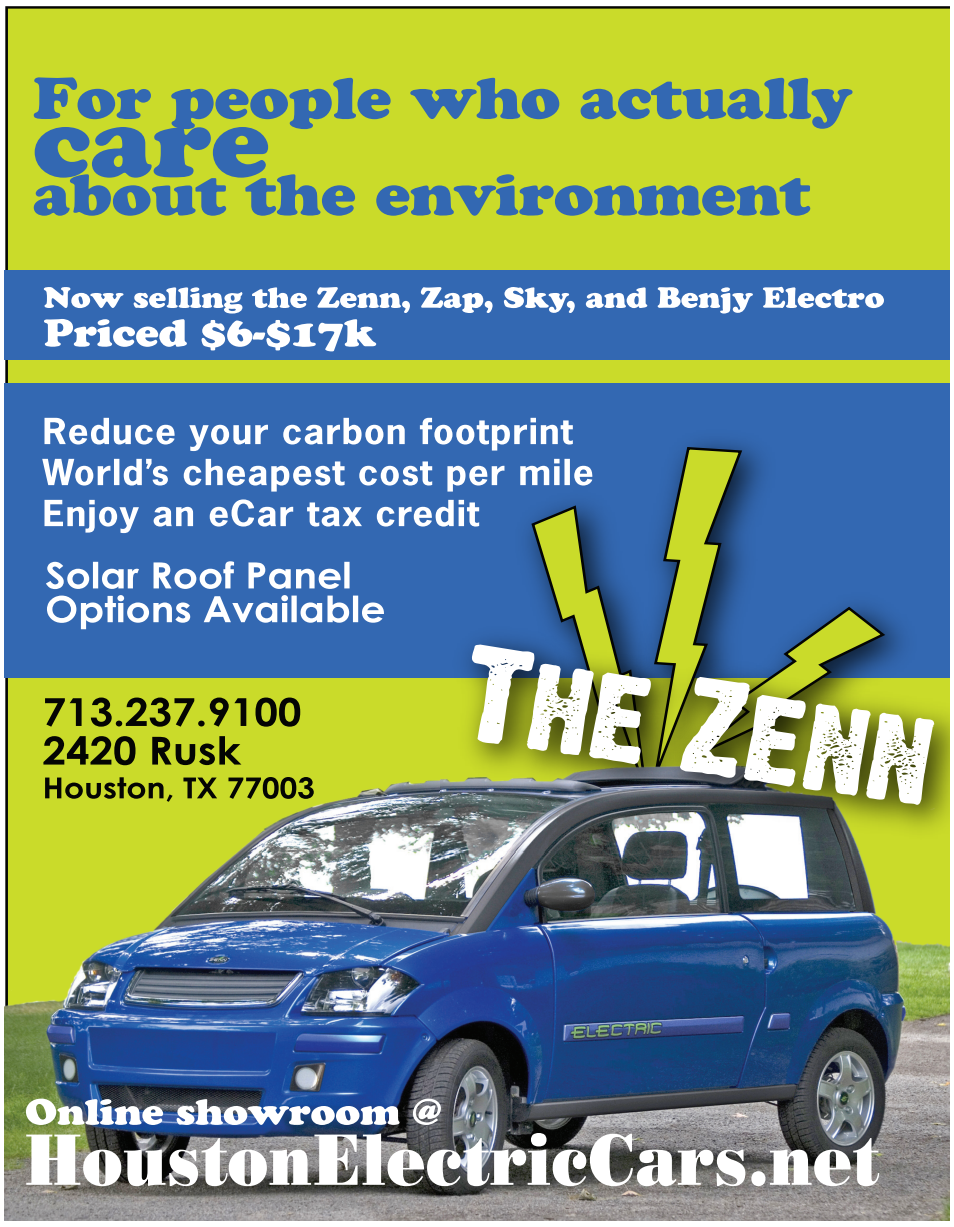
OCTOBER 2009 | ISSUE 108

SCARIER THAN SLICED BREAD

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INTERVIEW: WARREN HATFIELD
ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ
MOTION TURNS IT ON


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AWN

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Fri. 2- Luxurata, Alkari, Fake Believe

Sat. 3- Savoy Special, Hymms

Tue. 6- Gulf Coast Poetry Tour 8pm

Thu. 8- The Misfires

Fri. 9- Second Day Red, Feeding 5000

Sat. 10- Heavy As Texas, Trian Woodburns, World's Most Dangerous, Hell's Engine

Thu. 15- Valient Thorr, Early Man

Fri. 16- Lotus Effect, Peekaboo Theory, MacAdams

Sat. 17- Carl Hayn & the Holdouts, Tom Callins Project

Tue. 20- Grown Up Story Time

Thu. 22- White Hinterland

Fri. 23- Black Queen Speaks

Sat. 24- Arthur Yoria

Fri. 30- Burn The Boats

Sat. 31- The Meat Puppets, Those Darlins, Nasty Stach

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WED- ROBERT ELLIS & THE BOYS

UPCOMING SHOWS

Check site for more details...

10/5 Soraia

10/6 Colour Revolt, UME, Winston Audio

10/8 Free Radicals

10/9 Game Rebellion, Rich Hill and the Lonely Limo, A Dream Asleep

10/13 The Independents

10/17 Thee Oh Sees, Young Mammals, Woozy Helmet

10/22 Free Radicals

10/23 T.V. Torso

10/24 Embassy Skates Afterparty

10/30 Motion Turns It On, LIMB, Golden Cities, Female Demand

10/31 Halloween Karaoke and Costume Contest $100 Prize!

11/1 Dia De Los Muertos Ofrenda and Shoe Drive

11/2 Thomas Function

11/3 Surfer Blood, F.G. and the Gunz $5

11/4 Soul Clap Dance Competition $7

11/5 Sugar and Gold, Brett Koshkin, BOLT, Mystery Flavor

11/8 Health, Lovvers, Somosuno, Ghost Mountain $10

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR
FEEL FREE TO TAKE US SERIOUSLY

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE 'MAYOR' OF MONTROSE

You are an absentee landlord. Just as Nero fiddled while Rome burned, such is the Chris Hutto. Hovering above us from his ivory tower at Catbird's, Hutto imbibes Old Speckled Hen as his constituents can barely afford a PBR. You have abandoned us Hutto. You promised us change. All we have gotten was more of the same nepotism, cronisyism, fascism,communism,transcendentalism,sacerdotalism, and psychopannychism that has plagued our fair community for ages.

Where is the canal system you promised?
What of the yuppie immigration into the Montrose?
What of the solemn promise you made to rid our city of invading HPD officers?

It seems it was nothing more than empty rhetoric. So while you feed on the fat of your host, The Montrose crumbles beneath you.

So, it is time for regime change. A time for renewal. A time to clear the landscape of the despots that bleed us dry. I will run against you this February and, Allah willing, bring the much needed *change* and *hope* and *goodstuff* the Montrose so craves.

Your days are numbered Hutto. You meet the same fate dictators have all met. Prepare to enter the dustibin of history.



ART SHOWS THIS MONTH

DEREK SHUMATE, STEPHANIE TOPPIN & PATRICK TURK: NEW WORK
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DEBRIS: NEXT TO WHAT I BELIEVE

BUFFALO SEAN



YOU CAN'T RUN BEFORE YOU WALK AND YOU CAN'T HAVE A CULTURED CITY WITHOUT STREET CULTURE. WHY WAS HOUSTON TURNED DOWN FOR AN OLYMPIC BID IN 2010?

BECAUSE A BUNCH OF PEOPLE got sick on street food a century ago. In 1901 dozens were sickened by tamales in Market Square downtown. The city quickly passed strict health regulations that sent food culture indoors up to this day. The surge of taco trucks in the last decade- and the subsequent connoisseurship of their fare- demonstrates the confluence of needing more gastronomy in Houston and a desire for quick, good food eaten on your feet. Some of the best barbacoa and lengua around comes on a paper plate with tomatillo salsa in a squeeze bottle. Finding the diamond in the rough is like navigating the back alleys of New Orleans- even if you need "beware of pickpockets and loose women" it's usually worth it. Despite the proliferation of quality Mexican food on wheels, the myriad of cultures in Houston is not represented in street food like it is in the restaurant world. Where are the falafel trucks, the crepe stands, the hot dog vendors and meats-on-a-stick popular the world over? We need to take a serious look at our jaded approach to street food and our city's regulations on them. Austin is experiencing an explosion of street food, borne along by a maturation of their quirky identity, plentiful festivals and tourists. Why can't we?

Since that fateful day in Market Square street food has been a bust in Houston- but what about other vendors, buskers and performers? Even in Los Angeles immigrants sell oranges on street corners and Spiderman tries to goad you into dropping five bucks for taking a picture with him. Not here on Buffalo Bayou. The presence of police surely has an impact, but the ambition- or desperation- doesn't seem to be there. Festivals are always a good place to tinker with peddling wares, and I would like to encourage any artist reading this to show up and set up at the Westheimer Block Party this November 14th and 15th to see what it's like to put your work in front of the public. I guarantee it won't be what you expect. Start a jug band and take over the street corner when "The Immeasurable Distance" opens at the Contemporary Arts Museum October 16th. Put little paintings in a suitcase and set up in front of the Museum of Fine Arts when they open "Chaotic Harmony" October 18th. Execute a performance piece in the middle of a gallery's opening-- if you dare. Leave a sculpture in your front yard-- hopefully something that will stop traffic. The more things to see on the street, the more people will get out of their cars to see them. Or buy them. Or eat them. There's no way to go but up for Houston's street culture- and there's nothing holding you back from creating it. **FPH**





WRITERS/PHOTOGRAPHERS

wanted for houstonightlife.com, Houston's new nightlife, fashion and style guide.

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WEEKENDS IN OCTOBER:

Oct 2 - Spoonfed Tribe w/ Vagabond Swing

Oct 3 -Praia Urbana

Oct 9 - Plump w/ Spank

Oct 10 -The Final Inch Benefit to Eradicate Polio w/ Mike Dawson, Lost Together

Oct 16 - SOJA w/ the Movement

Oct 17 - Vince Herman & the Great American Taxi - WSP/AB Afterparty

Oct 23 -Toubabe Krew w. River Hymn

Oct 24 - Private Wedding

Oct 30 - Dia de los Muertos Celebration w/ Carolyn Rodriguez

Oct 31 - Funkotron Halloween! Costume Contest! Subroutine...

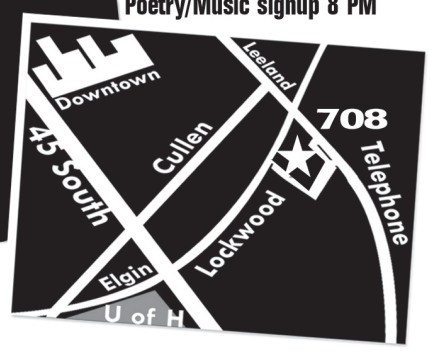
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IMPACT

BY MICHAEL BERGERON

MOON IS BLUE

A series of films inspired by or related to the Moon will unroll over the next several weeks at the MFAH in conjunction with the museum's exhibit The Moon: Houston, Tranquility Base Here, The Eagle Has Landed.

The entire project, described on the museum website as a celebration of the "40th anniversary of the Apollo 11 lunar landing, explores 500 years of mankind's fascination with the moon, from early telescopes, to romantic paintings, to NASA photographs."

One aspect of the show includes paintings from several eras that reference the moon, not the least of which include contemporary paintings from astronaut Alan Bean. But it's the antiquities that sparkle like stars, like a 200-year old selenographic globe of the moon that was never unpacked from its original manufacture until 1985 and looks like it was made yesterday. Galileo Galilei's personal copy of The Starry Messenger (Sidereus Nuncius) first published in 1610 was the basis for modern views of the moon having a mountainous surface and not being a perfect orb. The book sits propped open, to pages that show text and illustrations, under glass. Also mesmerizing are classic paintings that in one way or another depict moonlight. Take a look at the moon peaking around the corner in Fredrich Nerly's 1842 The Piazzetta in Venice in Moonlight and you feel like you're bathed in nightlight.

A couple of the films in the Cosmic Celluloid series are significance in the sense that they offer profound moon sequences.

The documentary For All Mankind (1989) was the first time anyone had taken the effort of going through hundreds of hours of 16mm footage shot by the astronauts during the various missions to the moon. Director Al Reinert previously worked for The Houston Chronicle as well as Texas Monthly. For All Mankind works so well because the footage of men on the moon hopping up and down like Texas jackrabbits kind of puts our civilization into sharp perspective.

For All Mankind truly is the greatest home movie from another world ever shot. Music by Eno only gives the whole enterprise a soothing vibe. For All Mankind offers such a definitive portrait on America's 60s and 70s moon exploration that in some ways I am surprised the film doesn't have a bigger reputation.

Reinert spent most of the 80s working on the film, taking the time needed to view portions of the millions of feet of special Kodak space stock film that NASA has stored in vaults, as well as interviewing the astronauts associated with the missions. Perhaps it's not ironic that in the time since For All Mankind came out (the festival circuit in 1989, general release in 1990) the space program has gotten further from going back to the moon than ever. Current NASA predictions have us back on the moon in 2019.

For All Mankind will be screened the first weekend in October, on Friday and Saturday at 7 pm. and Sunday at 5 pm.

2001: A Space Odyssey posits that the moon contains a hidden monolith that when excavated sends a piercing signal to a similar monolith floating in space around Jupiter. This kind of advanced alarm system would theoretically be used by alien civilizations as a signal that Earth had advanced to the level of interstellar travel. Somehow that astronaut getting sent back as a star baby only gets better every time. 2001 unwinds in a pristine 35mm print on Thanksgiving weekend, November 27-29.

Other space films, playing as part of the museum's Family Matinee series, include A Trip to the Moon (a 12-minute silent film shown in a loop in a darkened room at the exhibit) and E.T. (Sunday October 4, 2 p.m.). Get ready to launch.

ROCK NEVER SLEEPS

The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Live DVD compilation packs a mini-history of music on nine discs with select moments from the annual ceremonies of the last 25 years. Rehearsal footage plus extras that include unedited and complete speeches from recipients, some of which last nearly half an hour, make this a rock collectors treasure trove.

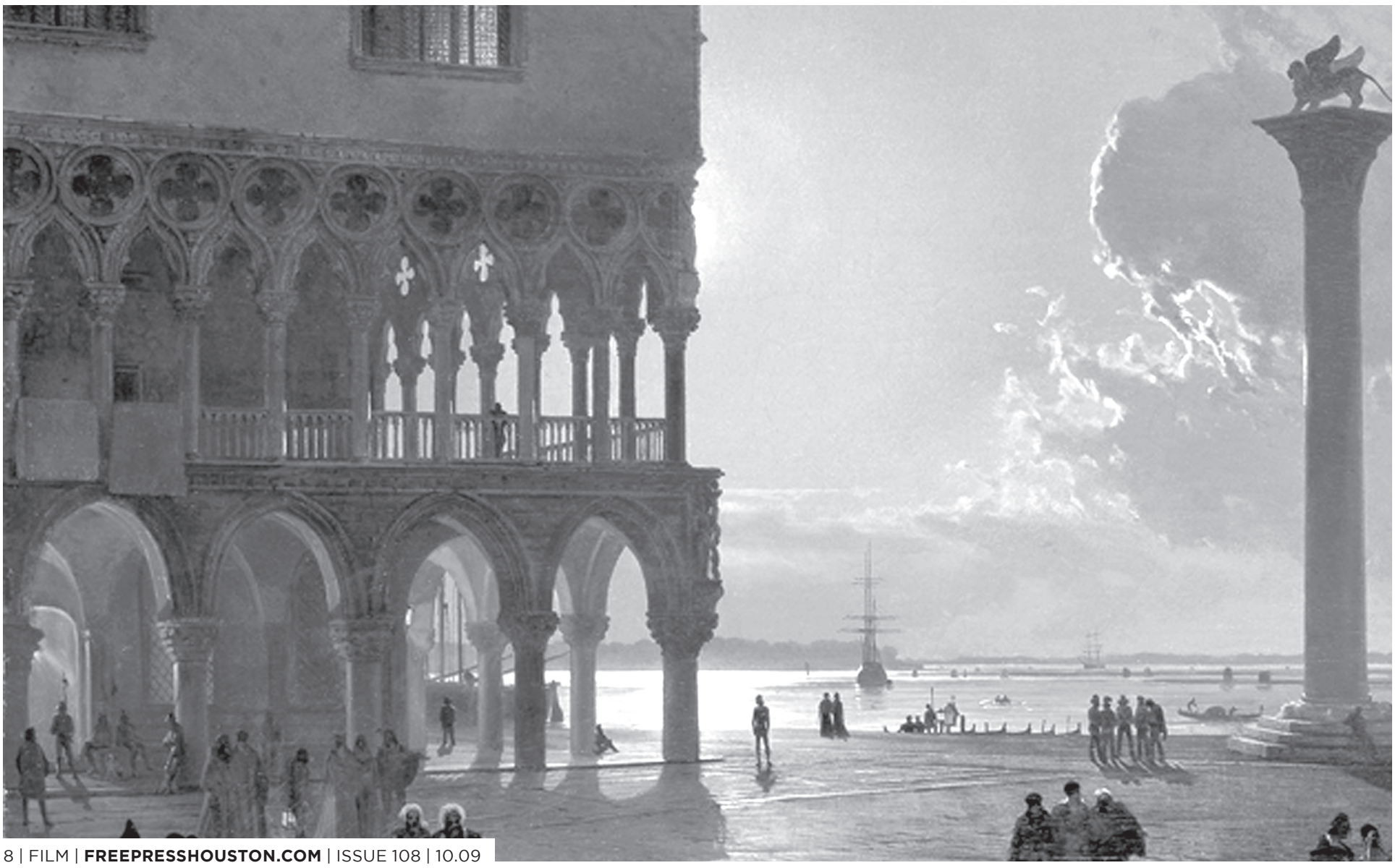
It's the personal moments, the heartfelt and longish speeches and backstage banter, that bring out the true soul of the musicians on display here. Although it's better to see one's heroes in action from afar than to know too much about their personal life. Just a day after I watched the disc that had the Mamas and the Papas induction and subsequent performance of "California Dreamin'" I was hearing you-know-who did you-know what.

The main part of each disc contains induction speeches and classic performances with special features that go behind-the-scenes. Eight of the discs have close to three hours of material each while the ninth disc clocks in at an hour and concentrates on the stadium concert that took place in 1995 in Cleveland when the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame actually opened.

The musician's comments divulge a wealth of information and never shy away from four-letter words. It would be refreshing if the spate of current movie and television awards were as unguarded. Most of the ceremonies took place at the Waldorf in Gotham but a few were at different locales like Cleveland or L.A.

Watching the entire series raises more questions than it answers. Like why does Fleetwood Mac include Peter Green yet ignore Danny Kirwan and Bob Welch? Also Green who wrote "Black Magic Woman" plays that song with Santana yet doesn't perform with Fleetwood Mac. Neil Young is perhaps not so mysteriously absent when the Buffalo Springfield are inducted but later recants and appears many times throughout the subsequent years either on stage with other bands or inducting artists like The Pretenders. Whether it's Young briefly railing about the then upcoming war at the 2003 dinner or a knockout version of your favorite song every disc has keeper moments.

The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Live hits the streets on October 20.



THE BAADER MEINHOF COMPLEX

If you're a student of history, of the events of the 1960s in particular, you'll find grains of truth on The Baader Meinhof Complex (Der Baader Meinhof Komplex). Now as then domestic terrorism is an issue on the front page. TBMC reveals everything from how to bond in Middle Eastern training camps to the sad reality that each cell of a terrorist sect is one step away from the previous leader's ideology.

The film, directed by Uli Edel the director oddly enough of a kid's vampire film from 2000 The Little Vampire, wavers from Battle of Algiers military precision type seriousness to exploitative and gratuitous American International drive-in fashion and design. In other words this is a film you want to see twice.

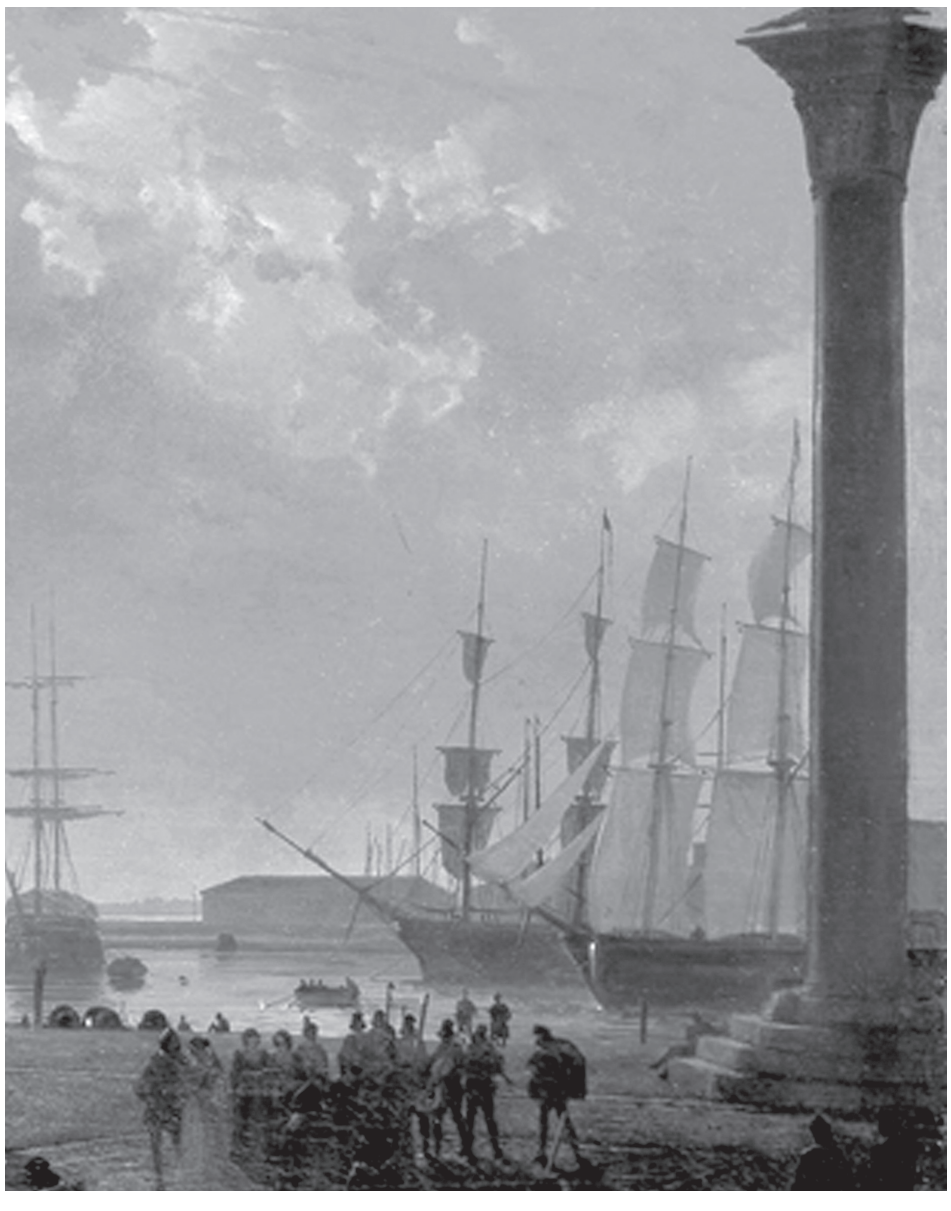
Newsreel and vintage footage mixes with the dramatic narrative. Bombings, gunfights, riots and general mayhem unfolds while a core group of radical thinkers comes of age. Issues of Germany's earlier political behavior (WWII) are spurned by the younger generation only their methods lead to criminal lifestyles. There's some serious ideas bandied about during TBMC and said ideas are tossed like a salad with salacious images of femme revolutionaries who walk the walk.

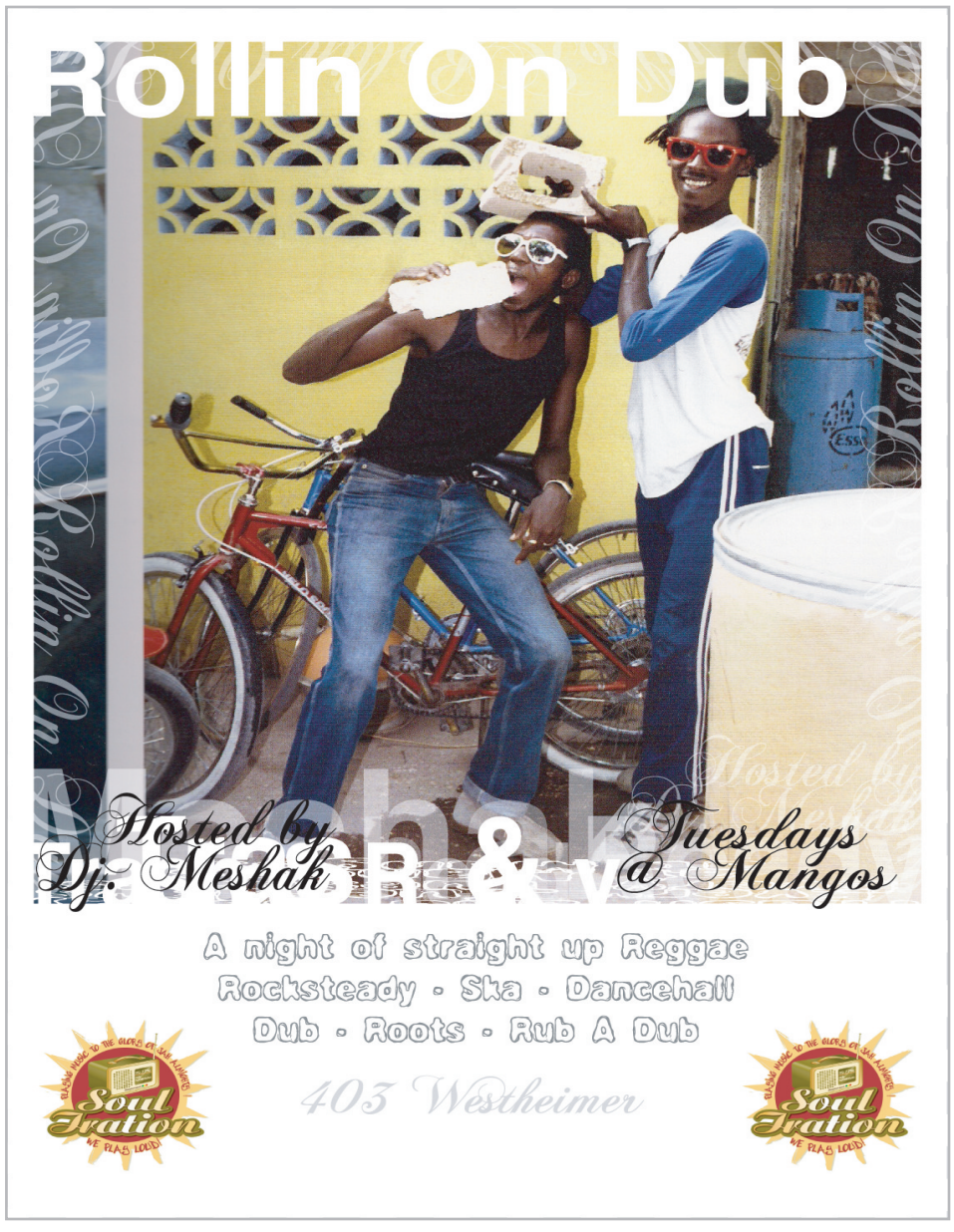
Films like TMBC come around once a decade; films that deal with revolution from within like Patty Hearst (1988) or Claude Chabrol's 1974 The Nada Gang. The protags here are not heroes and not exactly anti-heroes. Characters from both sides of the conflict are shown making good and bad choices, thus the sympathetic official played by Bruno Ganz tries to understand them as well as apprehend.

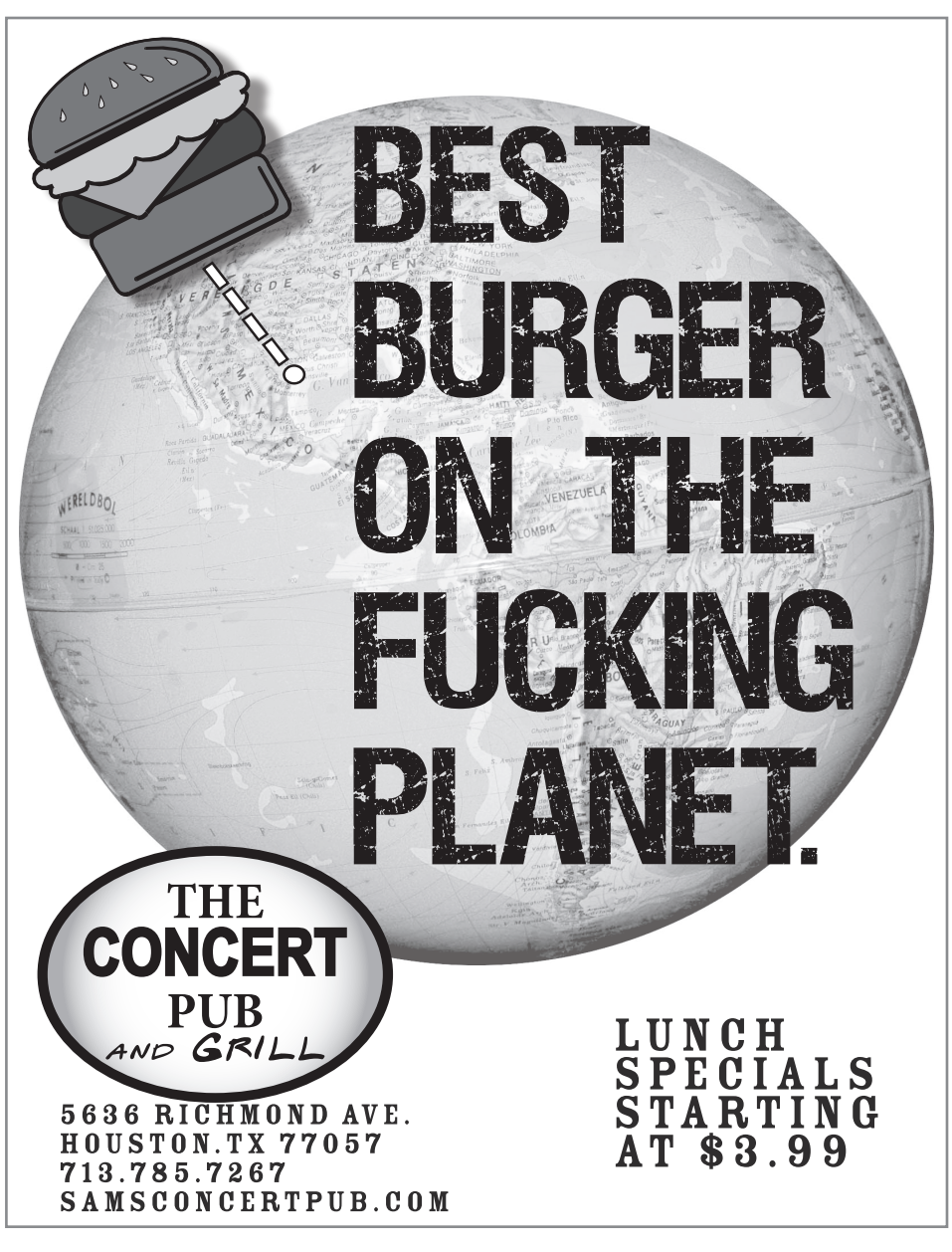
The Baader Meinhof Complex takes place in a universe where the worldview is actually a worldview, not a xenophobic take on historical events. The 60s include riots in France, revolution in Czechoslovakia, hundreds of students dead in Mexico (echoes of Tiananmen Square). Bright colors and shots of hot chicks in mini skirts and boots kidnapping and executing justice as seen in an era before animal rights and environmental activists give way to somber blues and harshly lit prison cells as the movie progresses. The soundtrack mixes scored music with rock of the era.

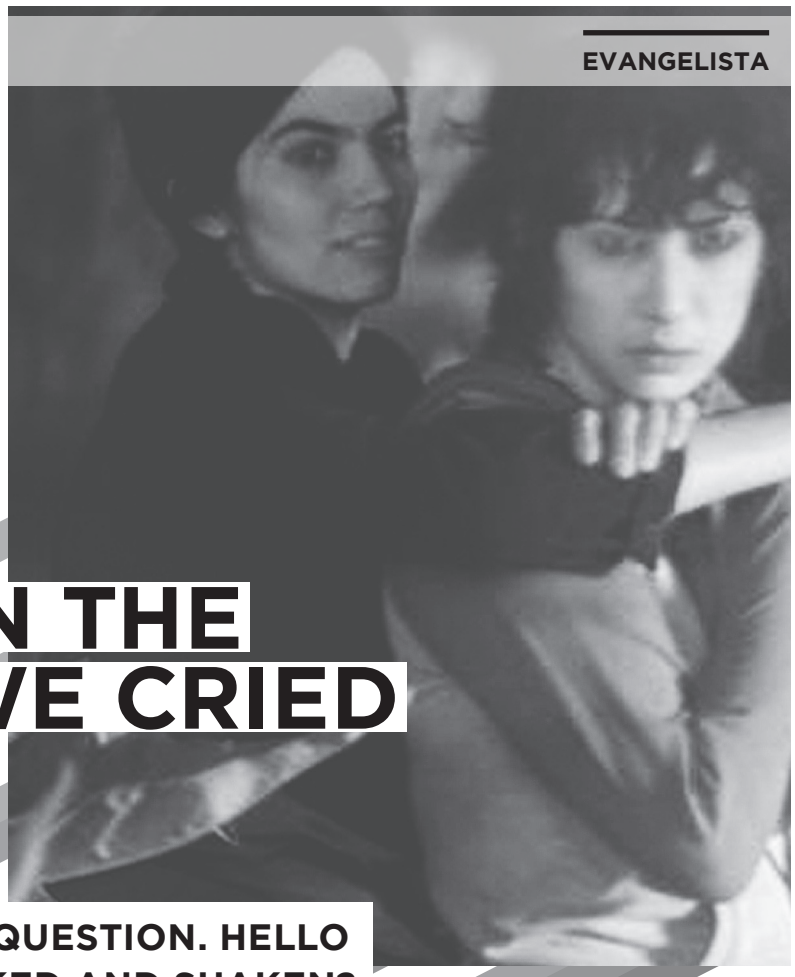
There's a lot of objectivity on display in TBMG. This is a film that has the gonads of a Scorsese gangster film like Casino or Goodfellows, only it's showing at one theater (Angelika downtown) and has no awareness. Do people who wear Che tee shirts even register names like Ulrike Meinhof and Andreas Baader. The actors portraying them are instantly smart. sexy and in a constant state of rebellion. That's the way TBMC plays. It's the kind of film that makes you want to learn more about the period or at least see a few more of the three or four lead actor's other films.

FPH








EVANGELISTA

BACK IN THE DAY WHEN THE BATTLES RAGED AND WE CRIED FOR THE SHAMELESS

BY KMA

564. THAT'S HOW MANY TIMES I'VE BEEN ASKED THAT QUESTION. HELLO FELLOW TRAVELERS, HAS NOT THINE BOAT BEEN ROCKED AND SHAKEN?

OCTOBER, the month of my daughter's birth, the month when the monsters mash--although I am of the belief that monster are always mashin' with a passion. I'm getting to that point myself. Jaded and pessimistic, popular music, it shuns me. No! I do not understand it, who is it better to be? The personalities are woven into society so well, that as we are all actors, some are more conscious of the act, while to some it is just act-ion. Nevertheless it is a new month, but I am stuck in the old. I'm trying to get used to the neighbors, but boy I miss the old neighborhood. Computers (I'm typing on my wife's) I am so dependent on their circuitous magic. But money is a major issue, as Pitbull once said. A guy called the President a liar, what is more offensive? It is that the President was insulted or that you care…now.

Music. Let's talk about it!

PLUGS

THE DODOS w/ Ruby Suns
10/3/09 | Orange Show
A two-piece with the power of a four-piece. There is fabulous intertwining of melodic verse and percussion. There is pop without an ion of pop, rock that leans towards band influence (more than period or era of influence). The band has a new album, Time To Die (French Kiss/Wichita) which is a more polished version of the band's strong points. There is a school of rock music that employs pop structures without their clichés. Phil Elk recorded or produced the new one (no, I will not check). I loved the Built To Spill and Modest Mouse albums he did, however, I'm not hip to The Shins...which really has nothing to do with The Dodos. Ruby Suns is also a pretty good reason to go.

DIGITAL LEATHER
10/29/09 | The Mink
In a weird way, this album is very modern but also reminiscent of a previous time. Let's not focus on which time, because it would clearly, merely be my recollection of "that time," which may or may not conflict with your recollection. Rather, let us focus on the forms--some Stooges, some Joy Division, some Prince's "Delirious." Digital Leather has a song called "Lousy Manipulator" which could well be one of the best songs ever recorded. It says in the press kit, "He's handled by Jay Reatard, so you know what that means." but I don't.

ADAPTERS

CHLL PLL
Aggresively Humble (Porter)
Tyler Barber and fellow Free Press-er, commented via Twitter that this album sounded like Hella and Animal Collective. At the time, I was taken aback by this comment, but it sorta does. One member (Zach Hill of Hello) or perhaps the other member (Zac Nelson of Hexlove) is part of the charm of the album. The songs represent two schools of thought: catchy and hummable, they are the perfect thing for the dance floor and for floor staring. There are points when it is a little out there, but the

THE INDEPENDENTS
10/13 | MANGO'S



VALIENT THORR
10/15 | RUDYARD'S



BROTHER ALI
10/29 | WAREHOUSE LIVE



WORM HOLE
10/22 | SHFL





songs are there (Tales From The Crypt, Super Zodiac). This album sat around my house a while before I actually listened to it. No wine will be served before its time.

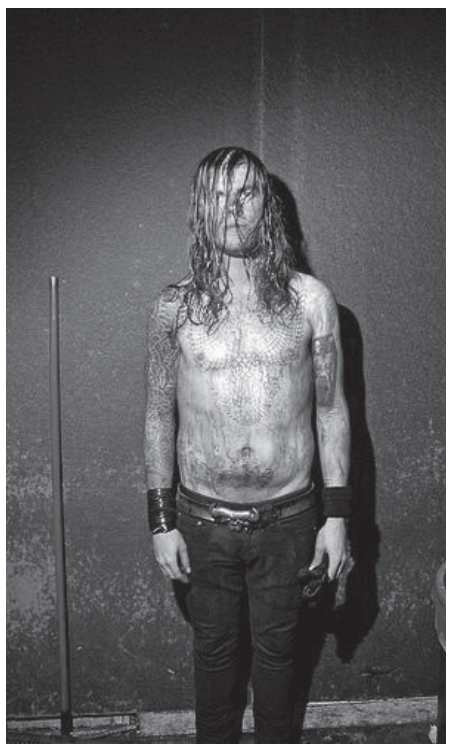
THE ESPERS
III (Drag City)

The Espers are one of those bands that is timeless. Regardless of your stance or preference, their music is organic, it is natural like wind or sunlight. You don't listen this album as much as you absorb it. "The Pearl" radiates beauty and light, "The Road Of Golden Dust" slithers, coils and uncoils itself, and then takes flight. The Espers could get lumped into the freak-folk thing, or the psychedelic thing, but, while I can see that if I was to agree with your assessment of "the thing," it discredits the bands as masters if their lane, they present music and by their presentation make music better.

EVANGELISTA
Prince Of Truth (Constellation)

Evangelista is not the record that one cleans the house to. Well, that's not true, I'd clean the house to it. Excitement. An exclamation mark is used to show fervor, or the appearance of. This album is like an exclamation point. The songs are alive, they writhe, they shutter, they spit when angry and howl when sad. The idea is how can this spirit be captured, as it seems unable to be wrangled. Sure, dancing and singing are fun, but do they beat pacing nervously and constantly lowering the volume in search of mysterious "that." **FPH**

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INTERVIEW: **WARREN HATFIELD**

BY OMAR AFRA

THE NAME ALONE 'WARREN HATFIELD' JUST REEKS OF METAL. COME ONE, IT'S ONE STINKIN' VOWEL AWAY FROM 'HETFIELD'.

BUT THE GOLDEN AXE founder and Valiant Thorr Guitarist is as humble and approachable as a hometown hero should be. Having toured the globe and slayed legions of metalheads with divine shredding, Hatfield still manages to keep an authentic charm.

HOW DO THE GOLDEN AXE TUNES COME ABOUT? DO YOU WRITE TOGETHER IN A JAM CONTEXT OR DOES THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL BRING YOU THE TAB WRITTEN IN LAMB'S BLOOD? ¶ Well sometimes I write the stuff post satanic ritual while still in a trance like state due to the lasting touch of the dark one, but most of the time James and I just get together and try to rock each other's faces off. Gabriel has helped on a few, but uses email these days instead of the ancient ways. He's quite hip to the times. I also get compelled to write riffs in the middle of the night. Something wakes me up and puts the music in me and I gotta get it out.

WHAT WAS THE SONG THAT YOU HEARD AS A CHILD THAT MOTIVATED YOU TO LEARN TO SHRED? ¶ My father took me to see the Ramones when I was all of 5 or 6, so that really put the goodness into me. He also used to play guitar, mostly surf tunes and watching him pick all crazy really took hold of me. The first time I new I had to play shreddishly though was when I heard Metallica. That shit blew my mind like a visit to an evangelical church. Frickin' awesomeness poured from the speakers like sweet nectar of some forbidden delicious fruit. It changed my wee brain forever.

TELL ME SOME OTHER GUITAR-SLINGERS IN HOUSTON YOU FEAR? ¶ The Mighty Orq Jimmy Raycraft and the dude that used to play for jug 'o' lightning. Oh, and James Love, my band mate. And I don't exactly fear them, cause they are all exceptional gentlemen. Watching any one of them play is inspiring and instructive. I just fear their amazing grasp on the guitar. Each one of those guys blows my damn mind every time I witness their skills.

TELL US YOUR #1 ALL TIME FAVE THORR STORY. ¶ Well, that would be a recent event that just happened over this last June. We were taking a break in the south of France, Hossegor to be exact, and we had a chance to play on this day that celebrates musicians of all kinds. It is like a holiday for musicians, and you can legally set up your gear and play wherever you want. We rented a flatbed truck set it up as a stage and just drove around playing for everybody we could. We would stop and jam a bit then move to another location. We started to amass this amazing crowd of people who would follow us everywhere we went just like the pied piper. By the end of it we had been jamming for like two hours solid and had a posse of about 70 cars and people on bikes and on foot and on skateboards following us for several miles until we ended up on the beach for one last full gig. It was ridiculous and something that I will never forget. A most excellent time. Oh, also the entire tours with Motorhead. Those guys are the fucking tits.

FRIEDMAN VS HAMMET. WINNER IS? ¶ It used to be Hammet all the way, but then Friedman took the cookie. I still love Hammet, and steal ideas from him constantly, but I enjoy Friedman as a player a lot more. Both are F-ing radbad.

MOST IMPORTANT THING ONE MUST DO BEFORE PICKING UP AN INSTRUMENT? ¶ Be interested and dedicated. I see people get guitars or whatever and try to play and then just get bored or say it's too hard and stop. When I first started I couldn't put the damn thing down and I sucked harder than a black hole, but I didn't care about being awesome. It was just mystifying to hold the guitar and hear it make all these weird sounds. I used to practice or play any chance I could, sometimes for like 6 to 7 hours at a time. I wouldn't even realize the time had gone by and I would get hollered at by my folks for making racket and not doing homework and chores. I still get that way from time to time. I did put a lot of grueling practice in. The more you put in, the more it gives back.

FILL IN THE BLANKS: HOUSTON IS THE CENTER OF THE MUSICAL UNIVERSE BECAUSE _____? ¶ It's a weird, apathetic, wacky place. We don't have the competition that other major cities have, but we still have a huge amount of talented radical people, who love to write awesome music and play. If you live in a place where it's almost built in, people start to get stagnant and boring. You have to fight to be different and good here, and I think people usually come up with the best stuff when they're getting the crap kicked out of them by their environment. I wish more people would support the Houston music scene, cause it is a diverse and exciting scene, with everything from bluegrass to black metal. We really do have it made here and people should be proud of that. There are great places to play and rehearse at and like anything else, if we put our hearts and soul into making it awesome it will be. Live long and prosper. Warren. **FPH**



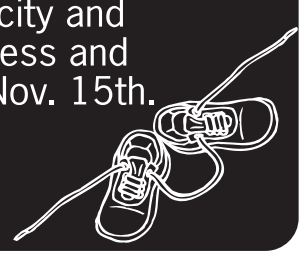
Golden Axe plays the Westheimer Block Party November 15th

DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

Ofrenda @ Mango's Nov. 1st



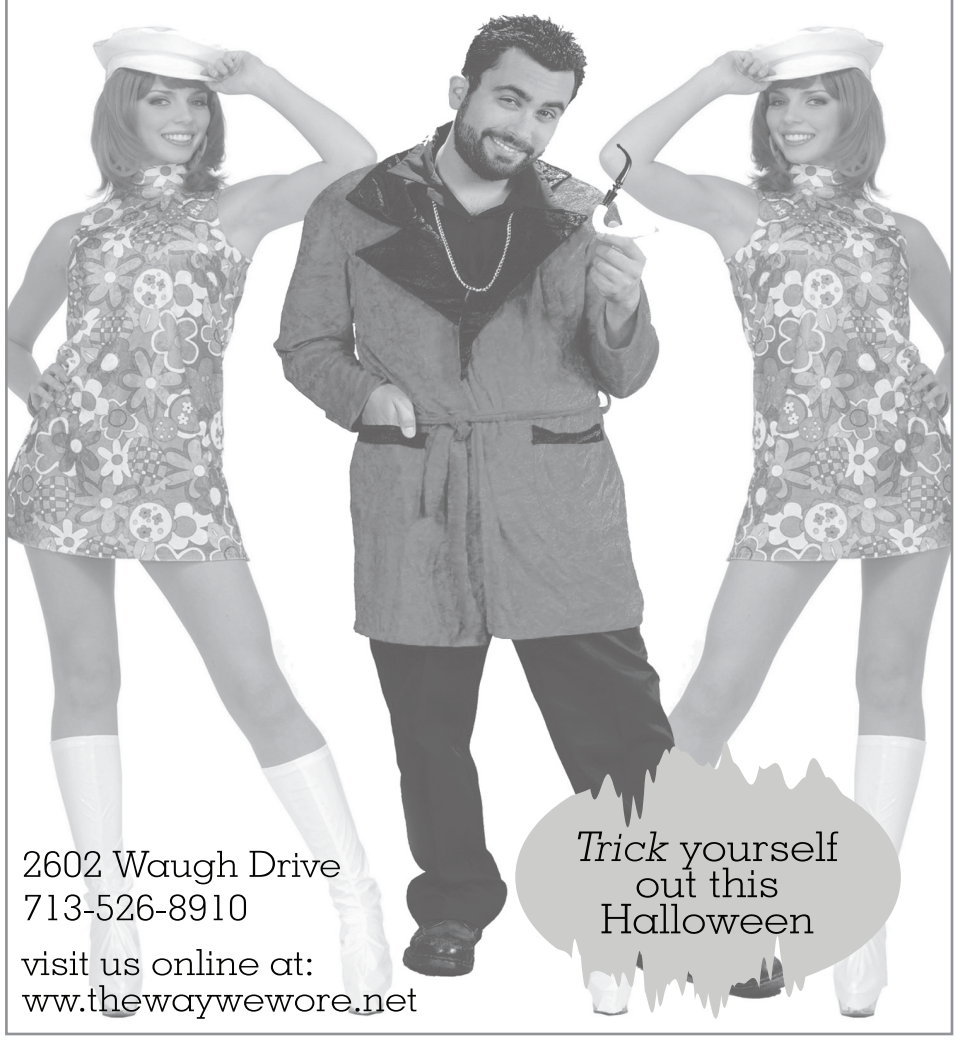
Join us in celebrating Dia de los Muertos by building an Ofrenda in memory of one who touched your life.
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Oct. 10 - Satisfaction
(Rolling Stones Tribute)
Oct. 17 - Maiden USA
(Iron Maiden Tribute)
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INTERVIEW: ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ

BY OMAR AFRA

ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ IS BOTH A CURATOR AND A TRAILBLAZER. FOUNDER OF GULF COAST FAVORITE PISTOLEROS DE TEXAS AND SQUEEZEBOX PLAYER FOR THE UMBRELLA MAN, RODRIGUEZ IS A MASTER OF THE ACCORDION AND HAS BEEN BRINGING TEX-MEX CONJUNTO, NORTEÑO, CUMBIA, AND CAJUN STYLES TO AUDIENCES WHO OTHERWISE WOULD NEVER PAY ATTENTION. IF YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS CAT THEN LISTEN DOWN, CLOWNS.

IS THE SQUEEZEBOX ACCORDION AN INSTRUMENT THAT HAS BEEN IN YOUR FAMILY OR DID YOU PICK IT UP ON YOUR OWN? ¶ As far as I know my dad played percussion when he was a teenager, but I'm the only one in the family to have stuck with music. I picked up the accordion by accident I wanted to play the bajo sexto (Mexican 12string guitar) or just a regular guitar, but my dad ran into a tejano accordionist that gave lessons and asked me if I wanted to give it a try, it worked. Now after 10 years of playing accordion I am starting to get my chops on the bajo sexto and guitar, but at a slow pace.

HAVE YOU ALWAYS BEEN PLAYING GULF COAST STYLES LIKE YOU DO OR DID YOU EVER HAVE A METAL PHASE AS A KID? ¶ I started playing conjunto/tejano music on accordion because at the time that's what I normally would hear. My dad would always be jamming classic work such as Led Zeppelin, AC/DC, and others as a kid, but I never thought I could play that type of stuff on accordion until I met Nick Gaitan, and then joined Los Skarnales. They were the guys who really opened my mind up to anything and everything from blues, reggae, ska, rockabilly, punk and much more. They kept pushing me to experiment with all these forms and fit them into the accordion, which I have continued to do till today. My main goal is to play some Motorhead soon!!! Then see where I can go from there.

EVER RUN THE SQUEEZEBOX THROUGH A MARSHALL STACK? ¶ You get hungry from listening to Pistoleros de Texas because of all the dancing that's involved, it's great for burning calories...maybe it's all the beer that leads to hunger after you stop drinking or just because the first type of food that pops into your head is MEXICAN!!!

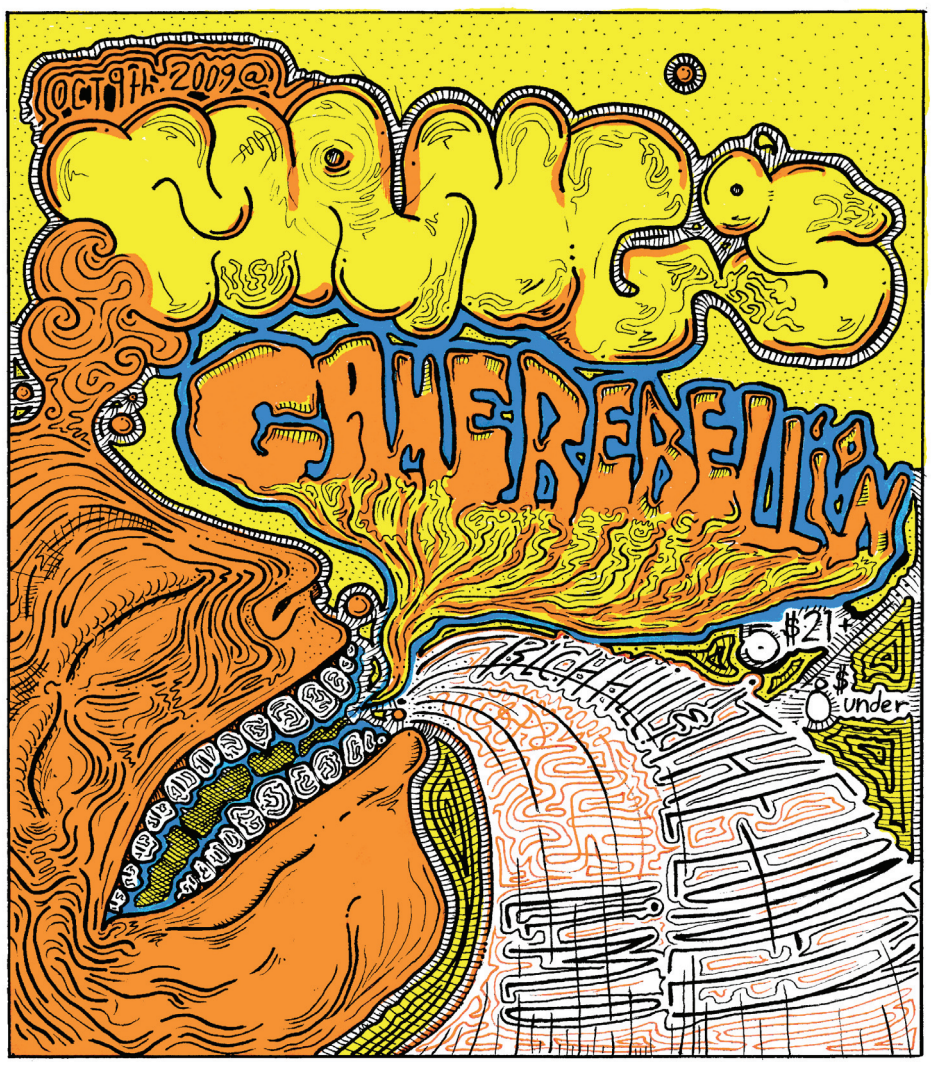
HOW COME I GET HUNGRY EVERY TIME I LISTEN TO PISTOLEROS? ¶ Geoffrey Muller has been an honorary Mexicano ever since we've met. That guy lit a fire under my ass when he started schooling me on bluegrass and all that gypsy music he does. Can you believe he beat me this year for best Misc. Instrument...a fucking saw!!... I love the guy, he is one of the best musicians I have ever met in this great city of Houston and damn proud that he is a fellow colleague.

IS JOFFREY NOW AN HONORARY MEXICANO? ¶ Geoffrey Muller has been an honorary Mexicano ever since we've met. That guy lit a fire under my ass when he started schooling me on bluegrass and all that gypsy music he does. Can you believe he beat me this year for best Misc. Instrument...a fucking saw!!... I love the guy, he is one of the best musicians I have ever met in this great city of Houston and damn proud that he is a fellow colleague.

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT NEXT FROM PISTOLEROS AND ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ? ¶ Having the pleasure to perform with The Umbrella Man, it is tough juggling two bands, but Pistoleros de Texas is working hard to provide some good music for Houston. The Umbrella Man album is coming out soon and now that that's out of the way the Pistoleros de Texas and me are going to start work on an album, finally. Until it happens people can catch us every Thursday at The Big Top Lounge and around all parts of Houston. **FPH**

Pistoleros de Texas perform at Bohemeo's October 3rd and 6th





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MOTION TURNS IT ON

BY BRIGITTE B. ZABAK

HOUSTON'S HUMBLE LITTLE MUSIC SCENE HAS REALLY MADE A NAME FOR ITSELF OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS.

THE FEW STAGES WE HAVE LEFT in this city are welcoming a wide range of local talent. And while notable new acts are winning the listening ears of music fans all over the city, Houston's seasoned musicians are continuing to set the creative bar higher and higher.

One band in particular has somehow managed to stay just right under the radar in this town. Over the last five or so years, Motion Turns It On has remained consistently dedicated to creating musical content that refuses to sound the same as the time before. Their first release, an EP titled *Rima,* made its debut in the summer of 2007. Though short in length, the 5-song, self-released EP is a stunning track list of instrumental genius. It is still hard to believe that a first release from a band so young could sound as focused and unforgiving as *Rima* undoubtedly does. Each song on that EP illustrates the acute ability MTIO has for creating music that ebbs and flows with a stunning balance of somber and sweet.

Following the production of *Rima,* the guys set their sights on touring – booking a short East Coast tour that had them traveling as far north as New York. And once they got back to Houston, MTIO slipped right back into creating new noise – something they just don't ever seem to stop doing. In fact, the now trio just doesn't stop, period. In the interim between the EP and their soon-to-be-released full length album, MITO booked and toured more out-of-town gigs, recorded and produced a live album, wrote loads of new material and managed to play a few local gigs somewhere in between all the producing, creating and recording.

MTIO's relentlessness, while kind of exhausting to keep up with at times, is utterly fascinating to watch unfold. The trio, consisting of Bill Kenny (Guitarist/Vocalist), Andres Londono (Keyboardist/Vocalist) and Steve Smith (Drummer), has this uncanny connection to one another. That connection, which has been there from the beginning, allows the band the unique opportunity to focus more time and attention on the progression of their sound than on the process of how to make that sound happen. The three are in sync - but, not in the cheesy boy-band kind of way – and that lends itself to the sort of confidence that breeds experimental sounds that never grow stale.

And MTIO's first full length album *Kaleidoscopic Equinox* is anything but predictable. Even before listening to the new tracks, I knew I needed to prepare myself for something totally divergent from songs past. If you have had the privilege of seeing MTIO live, you know that something unique is born every time these guys play together. And while I was ready for different, my expectations of just how far of their beaten path could never have been estimated.

At the core of *Kaleidoscopic Equinox*, the listener can immediately hear the band's raw talent. The songs ramble with calculated dissonance and highlight the strengths of each of its creators. The album is louder – if you can imagine - more discordant and a little less accessible than MTIO's previous work. But, the new edge to their sound is done with such precision and pain-staking execution that you can't help but be drawn to its uncertainty.

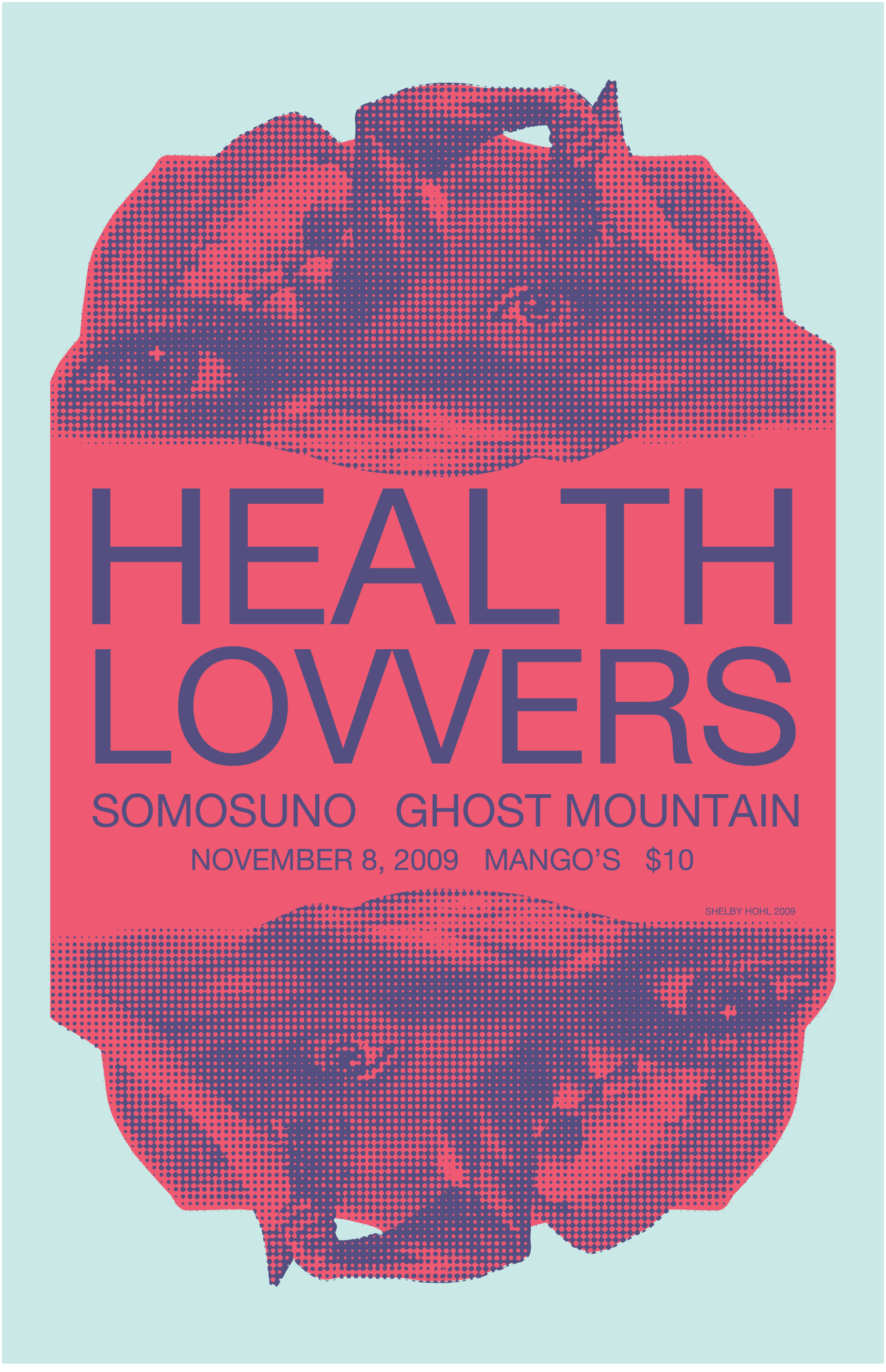
And that's just the way it's always been for Motion Turns It On. They are a band that operates as a unit – a team working together to make unpretentious music that reflects whatever it is they need to be making at that time. But, the band sums up their sound best, "Well, we've always kind of been spontaneous as far as the directions we want to go in as musicians. There are no preconceived notions when it comes to the kind of music that we want to play. We play whatever we think is interesting to us. It's about freedom." **FPH**

Kaleidoscopic Equinox will be available through Chocolate Lab Records digitally in October. The album will be available for purchase at the tour kickoff/CD release show on October 30, 2009 at Mango's with Golden Cities, Female Demand and LIMB.







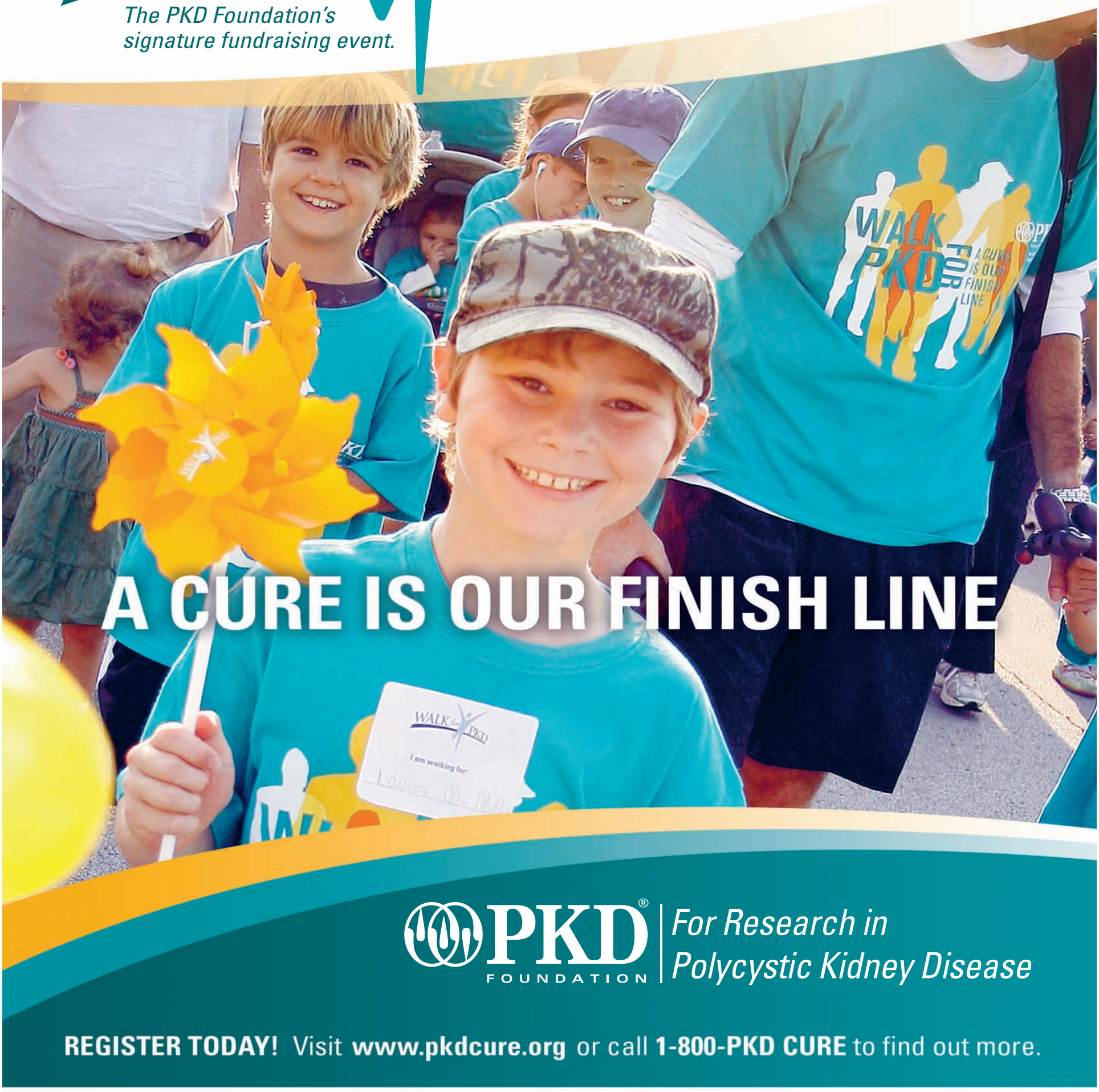

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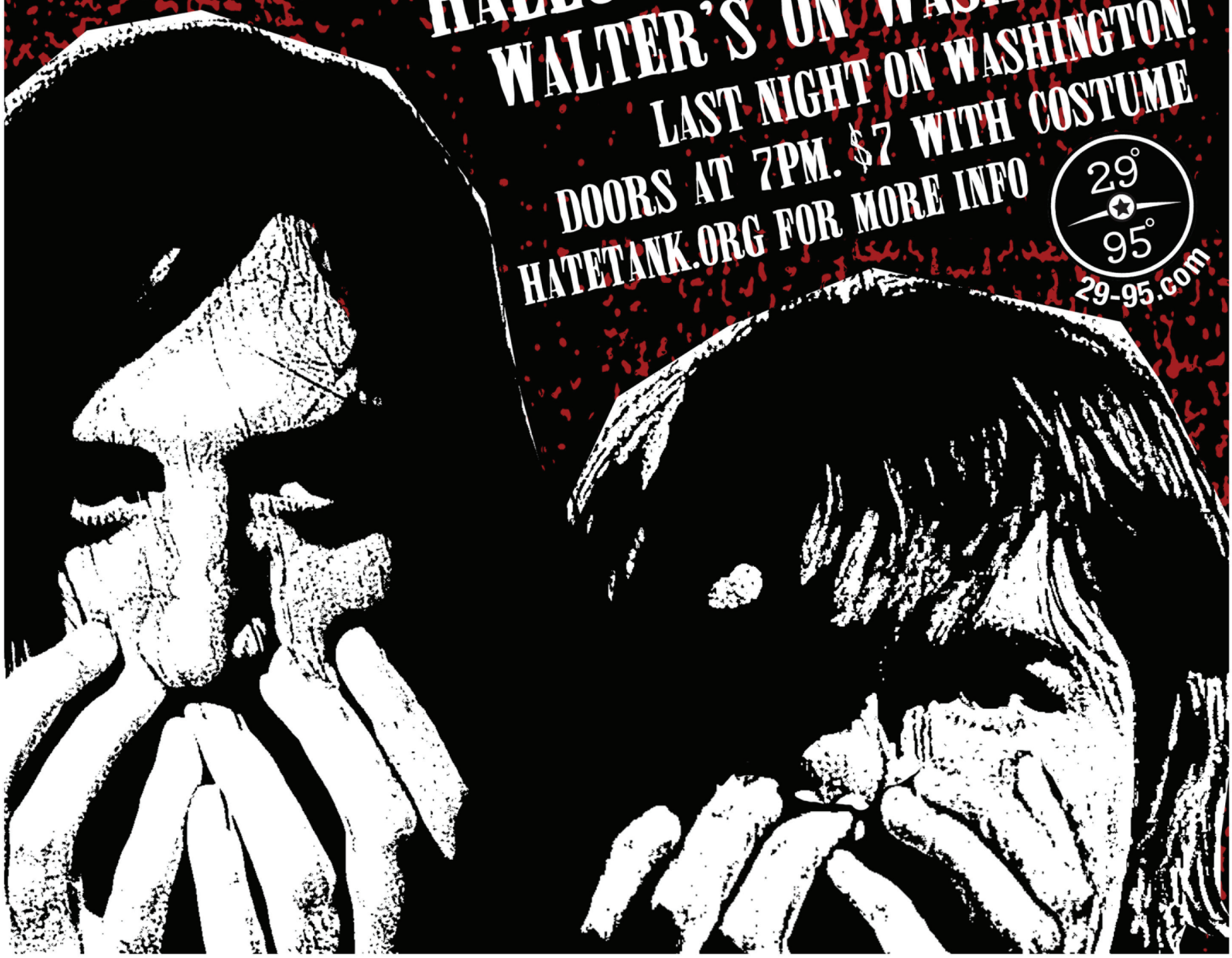
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OCTOBER VIDEOGAME RELEASES

A GENTLEMAN'S RECOMMENDATION

BY TYLER BARBER

WITH EVERY FALL COMES A FLOOD OF EXCELLENT VIDEOGAMES — SOMETIMES TOO MANY — BUT THE HOLIDAY RUSH HAS A WAY OF MAKING THE CREAM RISE TO THE TOP.

THAT BEING SAID, there's still a ton of games to wade through when you're in your local gaming store, so I'll try and make the daunting selection of games coming this month more approachable. Below you'll find my list of videogame recommendations, as well as a few others that aren't really my "thing," but are liked by many.

BRÜTAL LEGEND | PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360 ¶ The only game that can rename the month to Rocktober, Brütal Legend is easily my most anticipated game this season, and maybe the year. Brutal Legend is the latest project from gaming-genius Tim Schafer. If you're unfamiliar, Shcafer penned and directed the excellent Psychonaughts, and helped create some of the most classic PC adventure games ever: The Secret of Monkey Island, Maniac Mansion: Day of the Tentacle and Grim Fandango. But the reason you should be excited about his latest is because it's impetus: Schafer's always wanted to create a giant videogame based on Heavy Metal album-art. Need I say more? Similar to games like Grand Theft Auto, Brütal Legend takes place in an open-world environment; one tongue-and-cheek humor-filled world with Schafer's signature wit. Oh, and Jack Black voices the main character, Eddie Riggs.

New to Schafer, Brütal Legend features a multiplayer component that mixes the twitchy-melee combat of action games like God of War, with real-time-strategy elements similar to games like Pikman and Overlord.

UNCHARTED 2: AMONG THIEVES | PLAYSTATION 3 ¶ Right below my number one recommended game this month is the PS3 exclusive, Uncharted 2. A third-person-shooter that mixes in some graceful platforming, Uncharted 2 earns it's accolades as an action game that feels more like an action movie than a game. From the chatter between your on-screen allies to the wide vistas you peer over, everything in the game feels very authentic. At times, Uncharted 2 feels like the best Indiana Jones game never made.

To top it off, Uncharted 2 offers some surprisingly good multiplayer options. Complete with unlocks, leveling up, and even some co-operative modes similar to Gears of War 2's Horde Mode, the multiplayer in Uncharted 2 is not just an after thought.

GRAND THEFT AUTO: EPISODES FROM LIBERTY CITY/THE BALLAD OF GAY TONY | XBOX 360 ¶ GTA IV's first piece of downloadable content, The Lost and the Damned, brought new bikes, characters and events to Liberty City, and the latest DLC, The Ballad of Gay Tony, continues the story from another angle: you play as the muscle behind the most lucrative club owner in Liberty City. If you missed out on the first bit of DLC, the two are being sold together as Episodes from Liberty City, but sadly the content is for the Xbox 360 only. Making a return to the GTA franchise in The Ballad of Gay Tony: the parachute!

SOUTH PARK: LET'S GO TOWER DEFENSE PLAY! | XBOX LIVE ARCADE ¶ I've been addicted to the "tower-defense" genre lately. Games like Defense Grid, Plants vs Zombies and Sol Survivor have been eating up my time, and the approaching South Park game will join their ranks. For those unfamiliar with the genre, you build towers that defend your base from waves of enemies. That's, of coarse, a very simplified description, but know that a simple idea in practice can lead to deep gameplay. South Park uses this genre as a jumping-off point for the show's humor, pulling characters from all 13 seasons of the show to populate the game's world.

DJ HERO | PLAYSTATION 3, PLAYSTATION 2, WII, XBOX 360 ¶ If Rock Band and Guitar Hero are played out, DJ Hero may be for you. I've played it, and while it's less-intutive than the guitar-games, playing mock-DJ still manages to give you that wish-fulfillment that music games do so well. Not only is DJ Hero fun, but the tracks are fucking hottt: you play mash-ups that pair bands like the Gorillaz with Marvin Gaye.

BORDERLANDS | PC, PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360 ¶ Part first-person-shooter, part role-playing-game, Borderlands aims to be something in between Call of Duty and Diablo, but with a hand-drawn art-style. While I've played the game single-player, it's obvious the fun is in co-operative play. Fun with a friend, but don't tread alone.

DRAGON AGE: ORIGINS | PC, PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360 ¶ Bioware, creator of Mass Effect and The Knights of the Old Republic, have their latest dragon-slaying RPG ready, and I'm all about this one. Avoid only if knights and wizards are too nerdy for you.

Thus begins the list of games that I'm not excited about, but that I know are good and liked by many:

FIFA 10 | DS, PLAYSTATION 3, PLAYSTATION 2, WII, XBOX 360

FORZA MOTORSPORT 3 | XBOX 360

GRAN TURISMO | PSP

FPH



BRÜTAL LEGEND'S EDDIE RIGGS SHREDS FOR THE ROCK GODS.



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CROSS CULTURE

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL CLAIMS HOUSTON'S SKYLINE WITH MASSIVE RELIGIOUS DISPLAY

BY OMAR AFRA

> ***"I LIKE YOUR CHRIST, I DO NOT LIKE YOUR CHRISTIANS. YOUR CHRISTIANS ARE SO UNLIKE YOUR CHRIST."***
>
> — MOHANDAS GHANDHI

IF YOU HAVE BEEN DOWNTOWN in the last several months you may have noticed the illuminated 70 foot cross that is now fixed to both the east and west sides of St. Josephs Professional Building. The massive cross is visible miles away. What they have done is plainly legal yet tacky and without any sensitivity to all the Jews, Muslims, Atheists, Nihlists, and Satanists that call Houston their home. The crosses actually 'brand' Houston as an overtly Christian city despite our fractious religious makeup. I find it odd that there has been little to no fuss about this in local media as it is a rather big deal. Upon first seeing it, I assumed it was another giant downtown element I had looked past for 30 years that had been erected in say 1968.

Now, I love me some Jeeebus. It's all the things that have been done in Christ's name that I have a problem with. The Crusades. The Klan burning crosses. Creed. It has all loaded the image of the cross with ugly baggage and St. Joseph's has tainted our entire skyline with this 2 thousand year old marketing tool. Well, to find out what people who are not half as cynical as me thought, I put it to Free Press' Facebook followers. The answers are telling:

GILLIAN LEVY: Dislike.

VICTORIA STOCKWELL: I think it is tacky.

GILLIAN LEVY: It's just creepy.

JOSE ALANIS: Doesn't bother me at all, and I pass it all the time. I like it. Why would it bother anyone else?!?

MIKE SUTHERLAND: Though it may have been created with good intentions, its clearly an attempt to label Houston as a christian city, which many Houstonians would disagree with. I'd like to see it stolen

MARIO RUFFINO: It's their building; can do what they want with it. Assuming many hospitals around country have one similar. It's a sign of hope and as for marketing it may bring more business ...

RUSSEL SWENSEN: It makes me think something huge was buried underneath the hospital.

JENNIFER WHITFORD: Why does it have to be so damn big!? It's pretty bad.

MANJUL JERRY AGRAWAL: Tacky and stupid.

PAM PELLEGRINO: It's too big. An overstatement, and too much in your face! It made me feel a little uncomfortable the first time I saw it.

JASON PUFFER: I think it's typical. Religous arrogance. There's way better money to spend then lighting up something that big.

SANDY NUNYABIZNESS: I thought I was gonna burst into flames when I drove by it!!

DIANA SHERRER THOMPSON: I think its great. For some people those few seconds that they pass by it may be the only time of their day that holiness is even thought about... whether they are a christian or not. I think it's beautiful.

DIANA SHERRER THOMPSON: It is a Catholic Hospital... why wouldn't they have a cross?

WILL GUESS: LOL at Christians.

JENNIFER WHITFORD: It's forcing people to think about it, how is that beautiful?

BLAKE GRIFFITH: Can we turn it upside down?

JON GARCIA: Who gives a fuck, and who's gonna be the big enough dick to try and do something about someone else's belief.

KYLE REAMY: Lame, pushing beliefs on others is wrong.

VICTORIA STOCKWELL: As a hospital they serve everyone, not just christians. A smaller and more tasteful cross would have been appropriate

SHU LATIF: It bothers me. Aesthetically- It's not even a good cross. I have a friend who lives by it and is pretty pissed off at having a glowing cross shining into their windows. and to be honest, cross or not, something that big and ugly, it's tacky.

DIANA SHERRER THOMPSON: We are forced to think about things all the time in everything we see... whats wrong with that?

JONA URDIALES: It's as back ward and red neck as the giant on on Beltway 8 and 45 south! We should be care- before all these GOOD Christians cleanse the land of infidels!!! MODERN CRUSADES

JOEL D HUGHESTONE: It is too bad they didn't throw a 70 foot Jesus up on the cross. He has a rockin' swimmer's body. Crucifixion must be really good for the abdominal muscles.

You know what they say about the size of a Christian's cross?

JENNIFER WHITFORD: Yeah and no one said those huge cheeseburger ads for McDonalds were beautiful either.

LAJLA CLINE: It's equivalent to smoking in restaurants, talking loudly on a cell phone in a crowded space, eating smelly food on a plane... offensive disregard for the commonality of shared things—air, water, city skylines, etc. Just plain inconsiderate. FPH

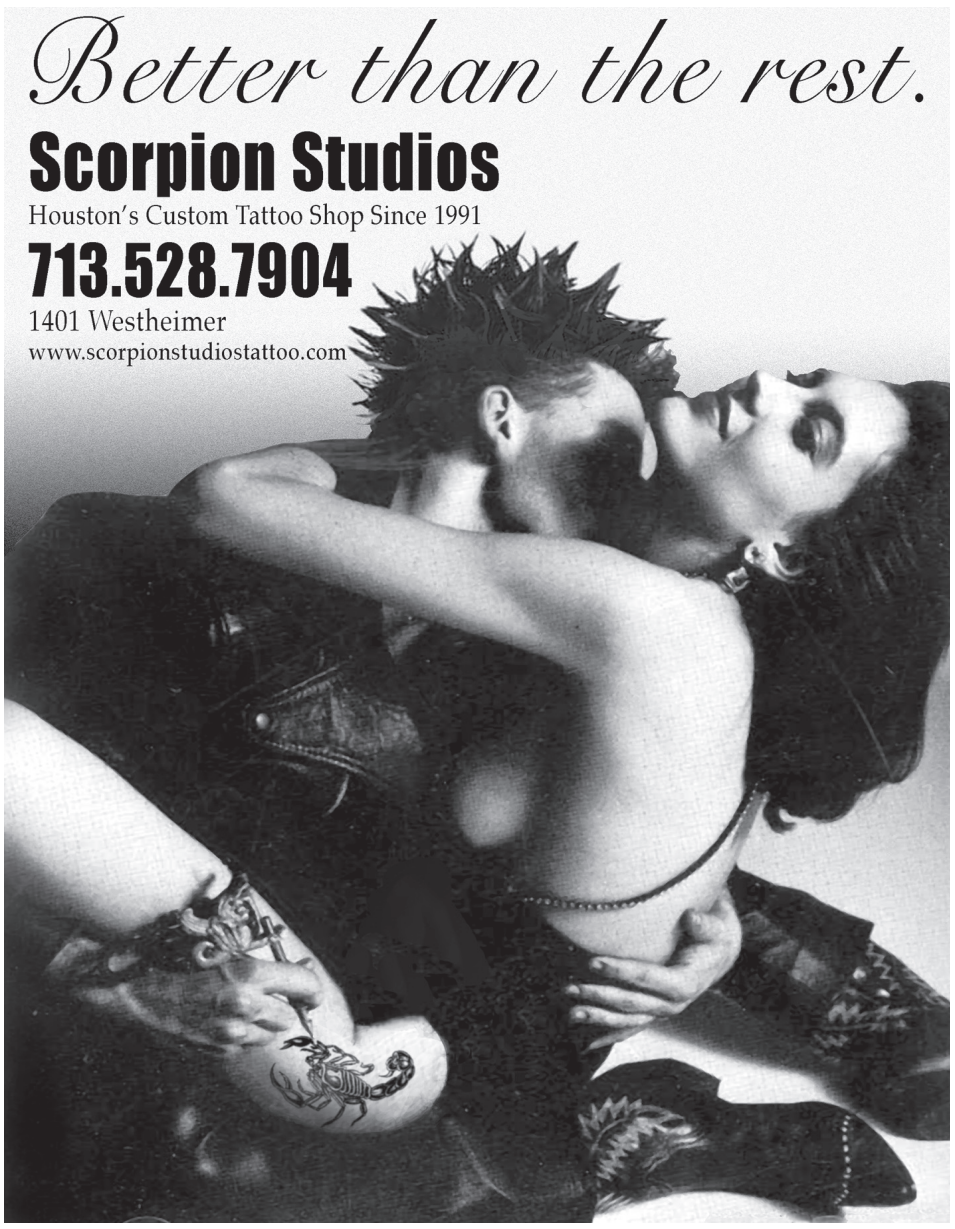
Love it or hate it, let the good folks at St. Joseph's know what you think: 713.756.5757

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BOMBING ON THE BAYOU: RIVERSIDE TERRACE AND THE JACK CAESAR STORY

BY ALEX WUKMAN

TO FIND ONE OF THE MORE INTERESTING STORIES OF HOUSTON'S OFTEN FORGOTTEN HISTORY ALL SOMEONE HAS TO DO IS DRIVE SOUTH ON HIGHWAY 288 TO MACGREGOR AND VISIT A NEIGHBORHOOD CALLED RIVERSIDE TERRACE.

THE AREA FEELS MORE NEW ORLEANS than Houston; large Mid-Century modern mansions sit along looping streets that follow the contours of the Braes Bayou watershed. Art Deco masterpieces butt up against overgrown alleyways which crisscross neighborhood streets that bridge the small streams feeding into the bayou.

Originally developed in 1924, Riverside Terrace was built with home selections for some of Houston's new oil rich families and the merchants who catered to them.

Many of the homes in the neighborhood, and the surrounding area, were built because Jewish families were excluded from River Oaks. So Jewish families, like the Battlesteins, the Fingers, the Sakowitzes and the Weingartens, hired renowned architects, like Birdsall, Birscoe and Bolton & Barnstone, John Chase and John Staub, to build estates that rivaled those across town. The area became so closely associated with the wealthy Jewish community that people throughout the city began referring to it as "the Jewish River Oaks." However, in 1952 everything started to change. That was the year that wealthy black cattle rancher Jack Caesar began looking for his slice of the American dream, a nice house for him and his family.

As Caesar searched the real estate listings, he found that his options were limited. At the time Caesar was looking to buy, blacks were limited to living only in black neighborhoods.

It didn't matter how much money they had, they still couldn't buy in the nice white neighborhoods.

However, Caesar wasn't going to let prejudice stop him from buying his dream home. He found a brick home in Riverside Terrace and gave his white male secretary the money to purchase the house. Caesar's secretary then transferred the deed over to his boss. Caesar and his family moved in to the house in the middle of the night.

Once the subterfuge was discovered the family's new neighbors were, to put it mildly, a little upset. In an attempt to try and diffuse the situation Caesar and his family decided to keep their heads down. So the neighborhood decided to wait and see what would happen. From all accounts everything went fine for most of that first year. However, in 1953 an attempt was made to either kill the Caesars or get them to move.

On the night of April 17, 1953 a bomb made from four sticks of dynamite was placed on Caesar's porch. The bomb detonated blowing out the windows in the house and destroying the porch, but it didn't kill or injure anyone. According to historical accounts, "the bomb seemed to be intended to frighten rather than kill." It did frighten people to move, just not the ones that the bomber wanted. Caesar and his family decided to stay but the explosion got the nervous whites to start selling their homes. For a time some of the residents tried to get those moving out to agree not to sell their homes to blacks. But it was too late, the first era of white flight had begun and the city was being transformed.

As the rich whites moved out developers bought up many of the largest homes and tore them down to replace the palatial estates with low-cost, easy to build apartments.

Many of those apartments were built without air conditioning which forced the low-income black residents out into Houston's sticky, sweaty streets late into the night.

Developers also tore down many of the homes along the main thoroughfares and replaced them with strip centers and other commercial real estate. The changes scared more white residents into selling, which led to the construction of more cheap apartments, which brought in more low-income black residents, which scared off more white residents.

Seven years after Caesar moved in, a decision was made that would change the neighborhood forever. In 1959, as home prices were plunging and white residents were leaving, city planners and the department of transportation took a second look at the alignment for, what would be Highway 288. Originally, the freeway was supposed to run along Almeda Road, but "the powers that be" determined that moving the freeway a little to the east would serve the predicted population of commuters slightly better.

This decision put the route of the planned freeway right through the east end of Riverside Terrace and Jack Caesar's house right in the path of Hwy 288. By the early 1960s Riverside Terrace was entirely black and residents of Riverside, a neighborhood just across the

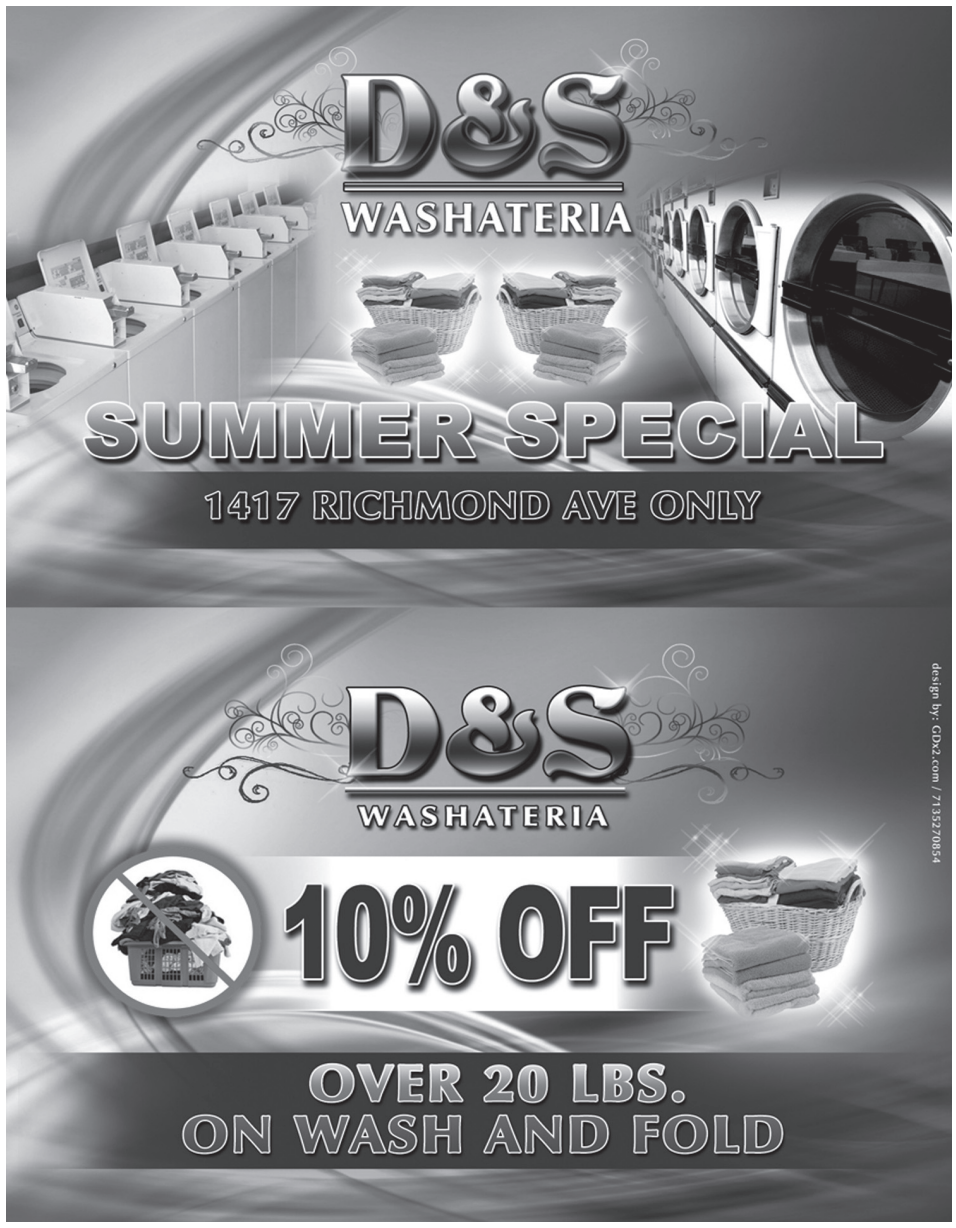


bayou, thought that the natural geographic boundary of a slow moving waterway would prevent further black migration. However, within a few short years even the white residents of Riverside began leaving. Their flight was fueled by real estate agents playing on their fears. As the whites moved out a new group of wealthy professionals moved in, this time they were black professors, lawyers and doctors.

In the late 1960s the city began buying up right-of-way for Hwy 288, one of the first homes to be relocated was Jack Caesar's. Also in the late 1960s, the remaining white residents of Riverside began a grass roots movement to show their dedication to the community and integration and to fight off the pressure from the real estate agents looking for an easy commission. The residents put up signs in their yards reading, "This is our home, it is not for sale." While the sentiment was heartfelt it wasn't enough to keep the neighborhood from changing. By the early 1970s almost all of the palatial homes off MacGregor were owned by blacks. In 1971 a real estate agent told the Houston Chronicle that there were only "one or two" whites remaining in the area. Riverside would go on to become to the black community what it was to the Jewish, a neighborhood filled with a strong sense of community and an active population. But even that would not last. Over the next three decades lower property taxes and better schools dragged the black bourgeoisie out to the suburbs. Now the neighborhood stands at a crossroads, neglect and foreclosure have left many of the homes littered with debris and storm damage but there are still many that are still being kept up. The strong housing prices in the area attracting gay couples and starter families looking to fix up the antique homes. But the proximity to Midtown and the Medical Center is also attracting attention from developers who are looking to knock down the cheaply made apartments put up a generation ago and put up cheaply made town homes. Because of the competing interests, whether or not the Riverside and Riverside Terrace neighborhoods become a preservation success story, or like the rest of the inner loop, become another casualty of gentrification, is as clear as the brown water flowing through the bayou. **FPH**







IF 'HE FAILS'...

BY M. MARTIN | ILLUSTRATION BY SHELBY HOHL

IT IS PERHAPS TIME TO ASK WHAT, EXACTLY, RUSH LIMBAUGH, GLENN BECK, ET. AL. ARE REALLY HOPING FOR WHEN THEY ADVOCATE THE FAILURE OF BARACK OBAMA'S PRESIDENCY — PARTICULARLY WHEN THEIR ANTI-ADVOCACY HAS MANAGED TO GIN UP THE MOST VIRULENT RIGHT-WING PARANOIA AND HYSTERIA THIS COUNTRY HAS SEEN SINCE THE SIXTIES. In less than six months, this country has gone from the transformative uplift of seeing our first African-American President take the oath of office to seeing that president virtually stalked by gun-toting vigilantes — and seeing the reform agenda that swept him into office stalled out and seemingly failed already.

Certainly, some measure of blame rests with the President and his advisers. Whatever platform they run on, all presidents hew to what they perceive as the county's political center once elected. In ordinary times, that's probably a good strategy for re-election (if not for governance). In Barack Obama's case the move was swift and — to many of his supporters — disturbingly thorough. Many on the left had projected onto Obama their own political desires and felt a sense of betrayal when Obama turned out to be exactly what anyone who had looked past the speeches into his thin resume as a public servant would have seen: a slightly left of center pragmatist whose ideology has been every bit as fluid as his racial identity.

When Obama stocked his cabinet and staff with Clinton-era retreads and retained a small but significant number of Bush's economic and military advisers, it only surprised those who had not been paying attention — but given that the vast majority of U.S. voters do not "pay attention" to anything beyond the two or three issues they actually care about, the Obama team certainly should've foreseen that The President would lose support from his core electoral constituency. They probably did foresee it, and assumed they would make up for it with support from those who had not supported Obama in the election — the people to whom Obama promised in his inaugural address that he would "be your President as well." In other words, they expected to pick up support from the country's political center... just like every other newly-elected president. In that, they miscalculated — badly.

These are not ordinary times and Obama is not an ordinary president. The coalition that elected a relatively inexperienced man with a complicated racial heritage — in this perpetually race-complicated country — could only have existed in the aftermath of the utter debacle that was the Bush Era. Obama's election did not so much represent a turning point in America's political maturity as it did the absolute moral and policy bankruptcy of every other leadership option being offered to the electorate. Being the least of all possible evils in the worst of times does not constitute a mandate, regardless the electoral map. Further setting these times apart from the past is that the political center that Team Obama hoped to turn to really no longer exists. It has been eroded away, just like the American middle-class has been eroded away by GOP economic policies, by a generation of Republican political operatives willing to exploit social and cultural differences for short-term gain. The only support Barack Obama can hope for are those worked to elect him. Virtually everyone else is in the camp of his implacable enemies.

Therein, that camp of implacable enemies, lies the other complication that makes the current era different and frightening. The speed with which the minority party has been able to build up opposition to what is, really, an extremely moderate agenda (Richard Nixon proposed more progressive Healthcare reforms than has Obama) is impressive. It's also scary. It's also irresponsible. The time-honor litmus test for the limits of protected speech has always been the common good. You don't have the right to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater. I think that it's about time to apply that principle to the Becks, Limbaughs, Palins and other latter-day Father Coughlins — hopefully before someone (most likely The President) gets hurt. I think it's also way past time to ask these people what they really want — and if they've given any thought to the consequences of really getting it.

Let's take them at their words and at their deeds. Let's just suppose, for a moment, that what they really want is for Barack Obama to 'fail' — to be a one-term president who falls short of carrying out his agenda, possibly losing his life in the process to what will be described after the fact as a "lone gunman". OK, great. Obama 'fails'. What then?

Well, if one of these nutcases really does managed to shoot Obama, they either destroy their movement or save his presidency, depending on whether or not they manage to kill him. If the would-be assassin's aim is no better than John Hinckley's, Barack Obama's standing as the Democratic equivalent to Ronald Reagan would pretty well be cemented. It is safe to say that the country would come to it's senses, and the ensuing backlash might even put Fox News out of business. But as wonderful as that might be, I'm not about to ask Obama to take one for the team. Even though the people who show up at 'Tea Parties' don't seem to be any more firmly rooted in reality than the guy who wanted to date a barely-legal Jodie Foster, guns are what these nutcases obsess over. More likely than not, anyone who gets that far is probably going to succeed. If that happens, Barack Obama becomes the biggest political martyr in history and the Republican Party — thanks to their failure to distance themselves from gun-toting loonies — becomes permanently associated with crazy white people who solve problems with violence (OK, they already are that...). Fox News goes out of business, takes the GOP with them, and gives every argument against any progressive agenda for the rest of the century an irrefutable counter-argument... is that really what you want, Mr. Limbaugh?

Having gotten that out of my system, I'm going to take a deep breath and assume that the Secret Service operatives that have been protecting Obama since he declared his candidacy are actually good at their job — and that any would-be assassin is more likely to achieve martyrdom than The President. Let's just say that Barack Obama winds up being a replay of Jimmy Carter — a nice, well-meaning guy who's really too smart and decent to run a foul business like the U.S. Government. What happens then?

Well, for starters, all those first-time and returning voters who were energized by Obama's candidacy probably drop back out of politics and stay out, coming to the conclusion that it's a rigged game and they'd rather stay home with the x-box or PlayStation, where they at least get to win some of the time. This means that the Republican base, still ener-



gized by the desire to turn back the clock to either 1950 or 1850 (or maybe 1350...some of these people are pretty conservative), remains a dominant force in politics, which continues to be played by the Karl Rove playbook of scorched-earth tactics and razor-thin margins. In that scenario, the possibility of someone like Mike Huckabee or Sarah Palin becoming President gets a lot more credible, and Mitt Romney's stock goes way the hell up.

At that point Obama's election becomes a fluke, and the country goes back to the status quo ante of corporatist elites bamboozling an increasingly uneducated permanent underclass into perpetually voting against their own interests and perpetually fighting and dying in wars that benefit no one without a portfolio of oil company stocks. None of the real concerns that Obama was elected to address are dealt with. An unregulated stock market manages to create yet another cataclysmic failure. Global climate change continues to ravage the planet and the country. People continue to be bankrupted and exploited for having the nerve to get sick and expect better treatment than a used-up plow horse. More and more people have less and less future... and they know it. What happens then?

I think that, at some point, it becomes obvious to anyone with even the cursory education most Republicans find adequate that this country no longer works... and no longer deserves their allegiance. I do not know if we will ever see the formal breakup of the United States envisioned by the various Separatist Movements in places like Texas and Alaska, but I think it highly possible that there will come a day when no one looks to the Federal Government of The United States for anything that is likely to improve upon or enrich their lives. When that day comes, it will not merely be right-wing nutjobs that refuse to pay their taxes. It will be a lot of people. It wasn't lead plumbing or barbarian hordes that really brought down The Roman Empire — it was the fact that it had gotten too big, unwieldy, and inefficient to either enforce obedience or earn loyalty. Anyone who thinks that lesson fails to apply to The United States is mistaken — self-serving notions of American Exceptionalism notwithstanding.

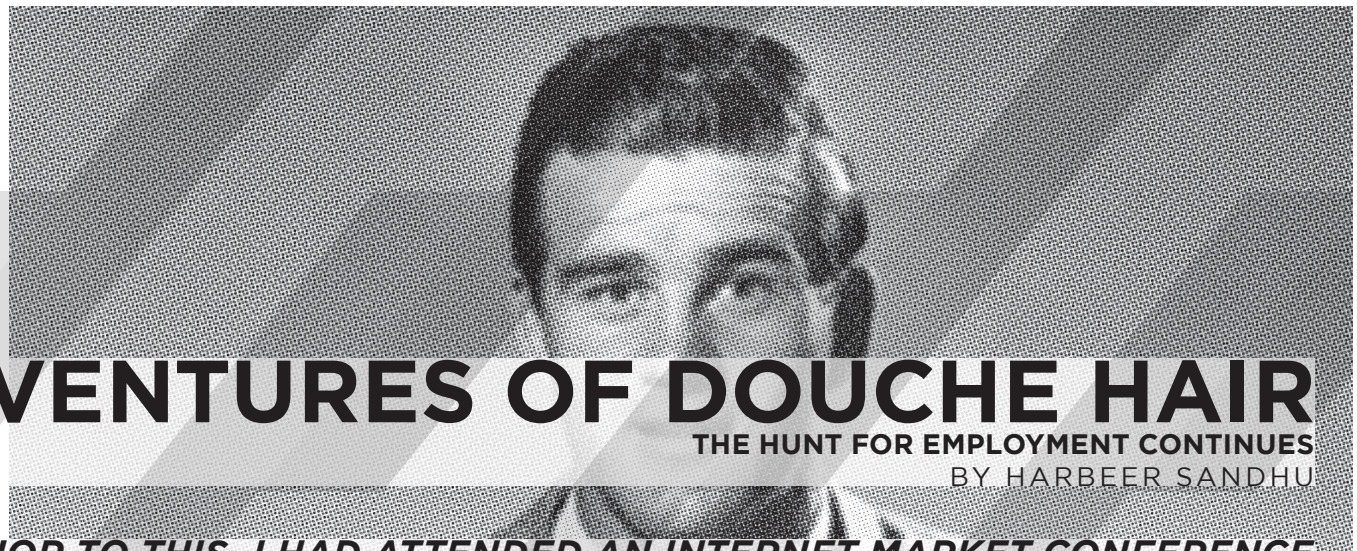
For all his faults, Barack Obama was the best choice this country had in the last election and remains the best hope we have for anything approaching progressive reform. That statement comes with a lot of caveats, not least of which is that it's a pretty flawed political system that leaves us with such few and poor choices. But that fact does not exculpate Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Michelle Bachmann and all the other loudly self-professed 'patriots' from the fundamentally treasonous and hypocritical act of conspiring against a newly-elected president, fomenting what could yet evolve into armed insurrection, defending calls for the dismantlement of the Federal Union, and — worse — serving as pitchmen for a corporatist feudal oligarchy that is already corroding the country from the inside out.

I don't know if the theater's really on fire, but that really is smoke I'm smelling... and it really is time for these clowns to shut the hell up. **FPH**









ADVENTURES OF DOUCHE HAIR

THE HUNT FOR EMPLOYMENT CONTINUES

BY HARBEER SANDHU

TWO WEEKS PRIOR TO THIS, I HAD ATTENDED AN INTERNET MARKET CONFERENCE WITH MY DAD AT A FANCY HOTEL NEAR INTERCONTINENTAL AIRPORT. THE WHOLE POINT OF THAT HAD BEEN TO GET PEOPLE TO SIGN UP FOR THE FOLLOW-UP CONFERENCE, AND THE ORGANIZER MADE IT CLEAR THAT THEY WOULD BE PITCHING A MUCH MORE EXPENSIVE PROGRAM AT THE NEXT CONFERENCE. THIS PICKS UP TWO WEEKS LATER, ON THE DAY OF THE FOLLOW-UP CONFERENCE.

MY FATHER AND I arrive with fifteen minutes to spare. He snags copies of *Wall Street Journal* and *USA Today* off the concierge desk as we walk into another giant atrium. This one's at least got plants, unlike the first, but they're all fake. Every last one. There's a two-story waterfall gurgling behind a whispered hubbub. We find the registration desk where grinning jackasses give us nametags, questionnaires, and contracts to sign while, once again, they repeat our names more than necessary.

We sit in a reception area to complete the forms. The questionnaire asks about people's internet expertise: how they like to pay for stuff (check, debit card, MasterCard, Visa, or American Express), how motivated they — on a scale of one to ten — to improve their lot, what kind of access they have to financing, what is their household income, and what is their credit score. Real general, not-prying sorts of questions...We fill them out and make for the entrance, where we're greeted by an army of Ken dolls in black polos.

We're in a much bigger room this time. There's rows and rows of folding tables facing the front of the room. It seats about two hundred. In front of each chair sits a Shoppingnet.com Workshop Workbook, an 11 x 17 glossy fold-up flyer, a pen, and a scratch pad. Each table also bears a pitcher of water with two drinking glasses and a bowl of hard candy. The lady beside me is already slurping and sucking on her third butterscotch and I'm thinking it's way too early for all this. It's going to be a long day.

Fortunately, they get right down to business. At 9:00, a young, upbeat blonde man in a white polo walks up to the front of the room, introduces himself as Tom, and promptly tells everybody that — in the interest of time — no questions will be taken. No questions? Bad sign.

Then Tom delivers the disclaimer. In the two weeks since we signed up for this seminar, I have not taken single a look at the software we purchased, nor have I attempted to create my dad's website or even logged on to the account. I have, however, looked up this slightly creepy Shoppingnet.com on the internet and learned that they've lost quite a few lawsuits regarding fraud and deceptive business practices. This disclaimer that I'm hearing — that the results they'll tout today are not typical for all their members — has been mandated by a few different courts.

He makes a few lame jokes and asks people to raise their hands to answer useless questions like, "Who came here because they are ready to start making money on the internet?"

My dad, who's been playing along and raising his hand each time, turns to me and asks if they're "just going to keep making us do exercise."

By 9:25, Tom has made the pitch that the blonde lady from the previous session had buttered us up for. He offers a one-time special Platinum Offer for the unbelievable price of just $5,998! And if you sign up for the six grand offer, they throw in yet another two-day training seminar. There's no end to these people's generosity.

I look around the room to get a sense of who else is here at nine a.m. on a weekday for an eight-hour seminar. The thin Vietnamese lady beside me turns and smiles, a peppermint candy shows through the gaps in her teeth. A 6'2", 350 pound man sits diagonally across the aisle. His back flab bulges around his chair's backrest. He's got splotchy, red hair, that hardly covers his freckled scalp. You could make a tent from his shirt. He wears cargo shorts and tasseled-topsiders with no socks. I daydream about fisting his belly-button while Mongo Herman's rocksteady classic "Fatback Mama" plays in the background. There is an Asian man with great posture and a bad dye-job. There is an old white man with sunglasses resting on the bill of his ball cap. There is my dad, in his turban and beard, and, once again, another smiley Indian man seated right behind him. (I eavesdrop on him chatting up the Chicano beside him. He tells him the name "Jose" should either be spelled "Hosay" or pronounced "Joes.") The women are, in a word, plain — not much makeup or jewelry and lots of gray hair. Most everybody is in their forties or beyond. Many of them wear flip-flops.

By 9:45, Tom has introduced all the black polo Ken dolls. They are the "consultants" on hand to ~~pressure us into purchasing~~ answer our individual questions. They are lean and chiseled and buffed and polished. They are everything we in the audience want to be.

Tom wraps up his pitch with an inspiring bit about willfully taking the bull by the horns and making the effort to improve our station, then warns us to tune out the critics and pessimists and naysayers in our families who might try to ~~talk some sense~~ dissuade us from this wonderful opportunity, and finally he introduces the main speaker for the day. The speaker is a man who does not work for Shoppingnet.com — he is an independent consultant! — but he's here to help us make the right decision. His first name rhymes with "lyin'" and his last name sounds a lot like "douche hair."

Lyin' Douche Hair comes jogging down the aisle like he's a boxer approaching the ring while fans chant his name. He thanks Tom and reiterates that he is not an employee of what he keeps referring to as "that company back there," even as he makes multiple references to Tom by name.

He talks fast. He's from Orange County in Southern California, well-tanned, but he quickly mentions his kids so we know he's not gay. He throws up a photo of him and his boys at a Dodger's game, calls them his inspiration — so wholesome. He's just a regular guy, just like the rest of us. I trust him already.

The lady beside smacks her lips and swallows her last Jolly Rancher and asks if she can have one of mine. I pass her the bowl.

Douche Hair tells us about his dad. His dad worked at the same company for all his life, taught young Douche Hair the value of hard work just like his own dad had taught him before. (I pass a note to my dad reminding him that his lessons always emphasized using credit, i.e. other people's money, to sit back and make an easy buck. He responds by writing "When is lunch?" on the notepad we're sharing between us.)

But now the economy's changed, Douche Hair continues. Statistics show that employees switch companies every five to seven years. And do you think, he pauses for emphasis, that big corporation down the road really cares for your loyalty? They don't. That's why you're here today. That's why you need an online store.

And don't listen to the naysayers, he tells us, the know-it-all gunslingers. Watch out for them. They're broke themselves, but they've got a ton of advice for you. Ask them "How much money are you making on the internet?" That'll quiet them down pretty quick.

This goes on for a long time, while financing forms are passed out, processed, and the results returned by the Kens. Finally, lunch is served. We are served tuna salad on a croissant — exact same sandwich as the previous seminar. The bean or pumpkin ravioli side dish ain't half bad, and neither is the cheesecake dessert. Having eaten, my dad is in a rush to bolt, but I buy some time by telling him this is my only opportunity to talk to the other participants. He goes out to the lobby to return phone calls and wait for me.

The couple I most want to talk to are the Koreans seated right in front of us. They've seemed pretty enthusiastic the whole time — they filled out the financing form immediately when it was passed out, and have already met several times out back with the Ken doll consultants. The crew cut sporting man ignores me completely, but his wife tells me they want to sell water purification filters online. That's all. She turns back to her table and starts flipping through the workbook.

The candy slurping lady beside me is much more forthcoming. She's a Vietnamese immigrant, married to a white American carpenter. He works with leather as a hobby, and since he's out of work on account of an injury, they are looking for alternative streams of income. He hand-makes leather belts and purses and wallets. Custom made. I try to explain to her that this might not be the best venue for the kind of business she's trying to set up, but she takes that to mean she should go for the $3,400 option rather than the $6,000.

The Indian man behind us complains to Jose about the lame mp3 player gift we got at the end of the previous seminar. I ask them what their great plans are, what they plan to sell in this lucrative online marketplace. The both turn up their palms and shrug their shoulders. Nobody really seems to be sure about what they're going to sell or even what they're doing there, but everybody is having a hard time deciding whether to go with the six grand offer or the $3,400 compromise. **FPH**

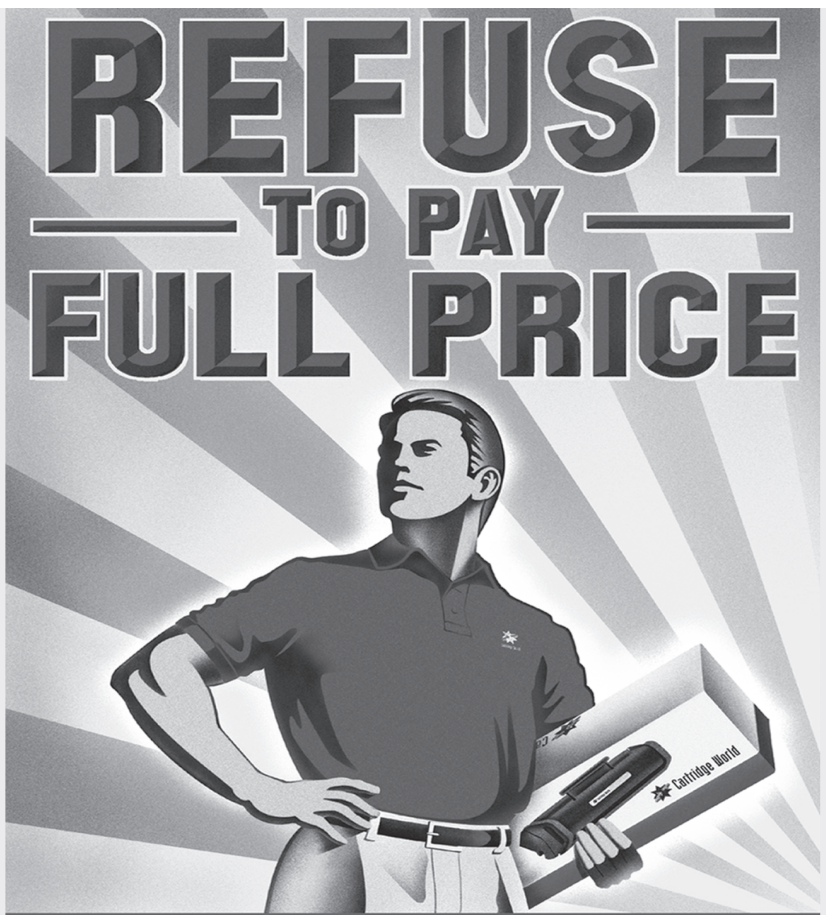
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PIMP THIS BUM:
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK

HOW A LOCAL WEBSITE HAS CHANGED THE FACE OF THE FIGHT AGAINST HOMELESSNESS

BY ANDREA AFRA



TIM EDWARDS WORKS TO BRING MORE ATTENTION TO *PIMPTHISBUM.COM*



TIM AND HIS FRIEND BOBBY, ALSO ONCE HOMELESS, HAVE REDEFINED 'SUCCESS'

"I'M BACK IN THE FIGHT. I'M TIRED OF LAYING DOWN. I'M TIRED OF GIVING UP. THIS LIFE, IT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR. IT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR."

AFTER STARTING AN INTERNET MARKETING COMPANY, Ascendgence, Kevin and Sean Dolan, a father and son team, decided to prove their effectiveness by creating a campaign to show that they could successfully drive attention to wherever they targeted. Their new project: PimpThisBum.com. They knew the name would induce visions of bum fights or worse, and either piss people off or make them laugh, but either way, it would stay in their minds.

"We knew that the same campaign with a sincere appeal, and a website like 'helpthehomeless.com' would be ignored. We knew that if we insulted people's sensitivity or appealed to their humor on a subject as sensitive as this, we would get their attention," says Kevin Dolan, the father portion of the team.

Growing up as an Eagle Scout, his son Sean had always been active in the charitable sense, and while they were initially going to use a local Katy business as their case study, Sean had a different idea. And within a few months it was a success with 2.5 million visitors to the site. Their first recruit was a man named Tim Edwards. I watched the documentary style video on the homepage and saw a man who was humorous yet poignant, with a full beard, kind eyes, and a soft matter of fact voice, who seemed to be wanting nothing more than a chance to change his circumstances. In a losing battle against depression and alcoholism, he had found himself homeless and begging for money, a life he had lived for fiv e years before PimpThisBum.com found him. After gaining news coverage, both locally and nationally, Tim has a new lease on life. Through the site they soon raised over $50,000 and the Sunray Treatment Center in Washington allowed Tim to enter their recovery program free of charge.

It's the night before he leaves for therapy. Tim is sitting on the bed of a motel room, looking into a red heart-shaped compact mirror while he shaves off his long overgrown beard. Over the buzz of the electric razor he says with determination, ""I'm back in the fight. I'm tired of laying down. I'm tired of giving up. This life, it's worth fighting for. It's worth fighting for."

After he is freshly shaved, head and all, the Dolans read a letter to Tim from a man who had seen the news coverage and thought he might be his long lost cousin. Tim's mother and father had split up when he was just a small boy and though he lived with his mother, they too found themselves homeless for some time. She passed away several years ago, before he became homeless, and with all of his family gone, there was no one left to let down. The letter said his father had passed away a few years back, but there was still a big family left in Missouri and Tennessee and they all missed him. There is footage of his reunion with his father's family, including an uncle and aunt and a brood of little cousins. He also met his father's best friend who gave him his father's old harmonica.

Bandmaster De Luxe Chromatic," he says with a sad smile holding it up for the camera.

After six weeks in rehab he returned to Houston and started hosting a nightly live web chat show online and on his 38th birthday the PTB chatroom folks bought him a new laptop. There is footage of this too and it is by far one of the most touching moments hearing him say that it was his best birthday ever.

I spoke with Sean, who lives with Tim at an extended stay motel. Tim now has job working as a machinist and carpenter and recently completed a project building scale models for an oil industry trade show. He is receiving life coaching courtesy of Balance Health and Wellness Center and with help from the donations, one of Tim's homeless friends, Bobby, has also taken control of his own life and found a job as a barista at a local cafe. They are celebrating their first paychecks together with a party at Cafe Cafe on the west side.

The last shot in the video is of Tim sitting at his newly found cousin Deb's house in Nashville, where he stayed for three months after his stint in rehab. He is sitting on a bench outside of a garden home. It is a beautiful day with flowers in bloom and birds chirping noisily over his low voice.

He looks healthy and handsome, with a jaw that looks strong enough to crush rocks. Wearing a crisp button down and slacks, he is speaking directly to other homeless people like him, but his advice is sage enough for anyone to heed.

"Don't give up. God made the way, but I had to actually do the work. I had to get up and start walkin'. Now I get to walk into the sunset and face new challenges."

And he is no longer alone as he meets new challenges, as he now has a cheer section of millions of friends and fans across the nation. **FPH**

Meet Tim and Sean live and join the conversation Monday-Friday at 8pm central and Saturdays at 12pm at www.PimpThisBum.com

For more on PimpThisBum.com, a no-profit charity, and how you can be a part of this success story please visit www.FreePressHouston.com









Houston Food Not Bombs has been sharing vegetarian food with the hungry for over a decade four nights a week. Your donation of time, food, or a 10 -18 qt cooking pot can help feed people! For more information, check out fnbhouston.org and fnbhouston@riseup.net or come out and visit Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 8:PM and Sunday 7pm on the ledge on the corner of the sidewalk in front of the Library at Smith and McKinney.



houston.indymedia.org

9/18 Our Declaration to Our Generation by Houston's FIRE Collective

Where We're At: This is a point in history where the world is dominated by a system of brutal capitalist exploitation. Nothing in this world is safe from it or the U.S. empire - it's main enforcer. Things as fundamental as human dignity and the very planet that we live on are subservient to the interests of the capitalist class and the endless pursuit of profits. And after centuries of attempts at reforms, only changes in the form of oppression have come, while the system's fundamental workings remain intact and even more destructive...

Our Collective: In the context of these great challenges, our collective is forming here in Houston to contribute to this overall task together with many others. Though we don't have all the answers, we're determined to contribute as best we can. We take our inspirations from three core ideas.

9/16 Sheriff Arpaio: Don't Mess with Texas

Sheriff Arpaio is no stranger to controversy. Not only is he the biggest proponent of the 287g program in the United States, but he also grabbed national headlines by making prisoners dawn pink underwear, engaging them in forced labor, and housing them in tents in the Arizona heat. With over 2,000 lawsuits against him, Sheriff Arpaio joked about the ongoing investigations and pending lawsuits before a crowd of over 100 attendees this past weekend. The event was a fundraiser for the local anti-immigrant group US Border Watch. Activists also turned out numbers to send a clear message that Sheriff Arpaio is a persona non-grata in the Lone Star state.

9/10 Edinburg Consolidated Independent School District fires pro-union workers

Edinburg, TX– At last night's ECISD school board meeting on Tuesday, September 08, 2009, workers, community members, children and families denounced the recent retaliation in which two bus drivers were terminated as a result of excessive measures of punishment for an overextended break of 15 minutes. The bus drivers who were evaluated for termination were told they could not enter the hearing with a Union Representative.

Bus drivers held signs: "Stop Union Busting at ECISD" and promoted a Living Wage. Children held signs that read "ECISD, Stop abusing my, Mommy!" Over all, about 30 workers showed up to show their support. Camilo Garza (SWU Organizer) and 3 bus drivers spoke about the unsafe and hostile conditions at the ECISD Transportation Department.

It is an injustice that workers are targeted for the most extreme punishments (suspension without pay, possible termination without prior warnings) for resting and taking an extended break, while harassment and sexual harassment, anti-union activity/retaliation, acts of aggression against bus drivers and monitors by the Transportation Director and Staff which create a hostile work environment and unsafe schools, go unpunished to date.

8/30 Students for a Democratic Society at UH releases (dis)orientation guide

from the open publishing newswire: Thanks for picking up this copy of the 2009 (dis)orientation guide to UH and the Houston area produced by Students for a Democratic Society at UH. We wanted to create a document with resources and information about some of the work for social justice being done on our campus and in our city and encourage UH students to get involved.

We do not intent for this to be a completely comprehensive guide to either our school or our city, but a jumping off point for folks who want to use our time in school and after wards to fight for social, economic and environmental justice. We hope some of the stuff inside this pamphlet can help you get to know more about our community and inspire you to join (or start) some of the groups doing amazing work in Houston.

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9/4 Rally in North Houston for an Immigration Enforcement Moratorium

With the Obama administration announcing the continued detention of immigrant children and with 287(g) resulting in the deportation of people who have committed minor traffic violations, various groups are calling for a moratorium on deportations and immigration detentions. Local group held a rally on August 29th calling for comprehensive immigration reform in James Driver Park in North Houston.

“If we can’t have reform this year, we absolutely require relief in the form of a moratorium of the enforcement of employer sanctions, raids, deportations, e-Verify, and prolonged detention for immigration related offenses, which are civil in nature,” said a release issued by the national organization Mexican American Political Association, and a dozen other organizations from around the country.

This event was planned before the closing of family detention at T Don Hutto Family Prison. After the election of President Barack Obama, plans were made to organize 100 events to end family detention during the first 100 days of Obama’s presidency. Over 100 actions did in fact take place, and over 60,000 people signed a petition demanding an end to locking up families awaiting immigration hearings.

“Today’s announcement is not just a victory for our Campaign to End Immigrant Family Detention, but for an entire movement for justice that has come together to close Hutto and to end immigrant family detention,” said Bob Libal and Luissana Santibañez, Grassroots Leadership activists in Austin. “While our work to end immigrant detention altogether is certainly far from over, please join us in celebrating this incredible moment.” [Read Full article about the closing of Hutto]

9/3 Texas Executed an Innocent Person: Cameron Todd Willingham

The Chicago Tribune is breaking the story that the investigator for the Texas Forensic Science Commission is going to report that the fire for which Cameron Todd Willingham was sentenced to death for setting to murder his children was an accidental fire and not arson. Willingham always maintained his innocence. He was executed for arson/murder in 2004. If the TFSC takes the investigator's report and accepts his conclusions then it could acknowledge in its own report that Texas has executed an innocent person. The State of Texas should halt executions in light of the news that the investigator hired by the Texas Forensic Science Commission has concluded that the fire in the Cameron Todd Willingham case was accidental and not arson.

"Texas Moratorium Network has been warning for many years that Texas runs the risk of executing an innocent person because of the pace of executions in Texas and the many flaws in the system that can lead to innocent people being wrongfully convicted. Innocent people have been released from Texas death row in the past, including Ernest Willis. It is too late to release Todd Willingham because Texas already executed him in 2004 for supposedly setting a fire to murder his three children. Today's news that the fire in the Willingham case was not arson means that Texas has moved another step closer to having to face the unspeakable horror that it has executed an innocent person", said Scott Cobb, president of Texas Moratorium Network.

8/25 Friends of Brad Will Rally in Support of Juan Manuel Martínez Moreno

Members of Friends of Brad Will Houston and supporters held a rally today at the Mexican Consulate. They demanded the release of Oaxacan activist Juan Manuel Martínez Moreno, whom stands accused of killing Brad Will. The Friends of Brad Will and family of Brad Will are in agreement that these charges are preposterous and only serve to compound the injustices in this case. The guilty parties, filmed by Brad Will in his final act, are police and government officials.

Friends of Brad Will is calling for charges against Mr Moreno to be dismissed for lack of evidence, pointing to reports by Amnesty International, the Nobel-prize winning Physicians for Human Rights, and Mexico’s own National Commission for Human Rights decrying the lack of a thorough, impartial and transparent investigation by the Mexican Attorney General (PGR) and the PGR’s refusal to pursue obvious leads pointing to Mexican government-supported paramilitary responsibility for Mr. Will’s and other victims.

Mr. Moreno’s next court hearing provides his lawyers with an opportunity to have the case dismissed for lack of credible evidence.

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INTERVIEW: EMILY DRISKILL

PHOTOGRAPHER OF *DUDES* TELLS US SHIT FROM SHINOLA

BY MILLS-MCCOIN

THE VARIOUS WEAKNESSES OF THE MALE GENDER ARE THE SUBJECT OF DRAMA, COMEDY AND SATIRE. WE ARE VICTIMS OF OUR APPETITE FOR LIBATION, SENSATION AND APPRECIATION; AND WE FANCY OURSELVES TO BE A SPECIAL BREED, WORTHY OF PRAISE AND ARCHIVE.

BASICALLY, WE THINK WE'RE SOME PRETTY COOL MOTHERFUCKERS... and Emily Driskill is doing nothing to curb our collective ego.

If you're unfamiliar with local photographer Emily Driskill, she's a fetching red-haired gal that can be found slingin' drinks at Rudyard's Pub or behind the counter at the Camera Co/op on Durham Drive. What she does at those establishments is a cover, and certainly not the subject of my interview.

Ms. Driskill travels around armed to the teeth with photography equipment and deeply adorable dimples that charm any man into posing for a quick pic. Whether she's on the road with some strange rock band or simply skipping around the Montrose; Emily Driskill is almost guaranteed to have a camera in hand and a mission in mind. Thus, I sought out Emily for an interview and a discussion about her recently self-published book, brilliantly titled, *Dudes*.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE, THE PROCESS OF PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK BY YOURSELF? ¶ I found out about this website called Blurb.com through another photographer friend of mine who had made his portfolio through there. You download the software and it has all the page templates and everything. And you make a book and upload it to the site. You buy the copies at cost and you can also sell them for profit and get a check at the end of the month. So I thought that was easy.

I originally wanted to do it because I saw Rosa Guerrero's "Ditch Water" magazine. It's just a xerox zine of local photography that she's been doing at punk shows for years and years and years. I think I saw it at Sound Exchange. And I wanted to do something cool like that; but I like my photography so much that I decided to do it in a better quality format. I wanted to present it in the same respect that I give it.

MY READERS REALLY LOVE SPORTS, SO WHAT'S A SPORTING EVENT THAT YOU'D LIKE TO GO BACK IN TIME TO PHOTOGRAPH? ¶ Which Olympics was the one where they had all of those hostages in the hotel...

I BELIEVE IT WAS THE 1972 OLYMPICS IN MUNICH. ¶ Munich! That's it. I want to go back and shoot Munich.

WHY DUDES? OR WHY DUDES? ¶ I just love dudes. I feel a lot more comfortable around guys. It branches off from having a great relationship with my dad and my brother and just being able to be honest and not give a fuck. I don't have to care about my hair when I'm around those people. I can laugh so hard that I fart, you know. And they just think it's funny. They think it's hilarious.

YEAH, IT'S FUNNY. ¶ Please don't put that in there.

WHO ARE THE LOCAL ICONS THAT ALWAYS MAKE FOR A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH? ¶ My brother and my dad are kind of a given. There's two pages in the book where my brother and my dad had both had surgeries, very major surgeries. My dad had open heart surgery, that was the reason why I moved back from New York. And then my little brother had something similar done. They both had their chests cut open. Same sort of surgery but different circumstances. There's a page where my dad is laying in his hospital bed totally doped up on some awesome awesome pain meds I'm sure. But he's smiling really big- and this was on a Polaroid. I was standing on the foot of his bed and he was just smiling the biggest smile that a person who's just had open heart surgery could muster. Then on the other page is picture of my brother two days after his surgery. And he's just in agonizing pain.

Soooo my dad and my brother. I will never stop talking about them.

WHAT'S THE BEST LOCAL BAND TO SHOOT? ¶ I took some good pictures of The Jon Benet... in Baytown of all places. It was a venue that used to be a florist shop and that show- my little brother's band was playing a show also-

WHAT WAS IT CALLED? ¶ It was a wall covered in mirrors; I don't know what it was called- it used to be a florist...

WHAT'S NEXT FOR EMILY DRISKILL? IS IT ANOTHER BOOK? ¶ Yeah. I mean I could always make a second one. I thought about doing a Nude Dude book. But see, people know that I put out a dude book and some of them think there's all these homoerotic connotations to it; but in reality there's nothing really sexy about these pics. Except for *the conversation was interrupted by a text message*... OOoohh crap.

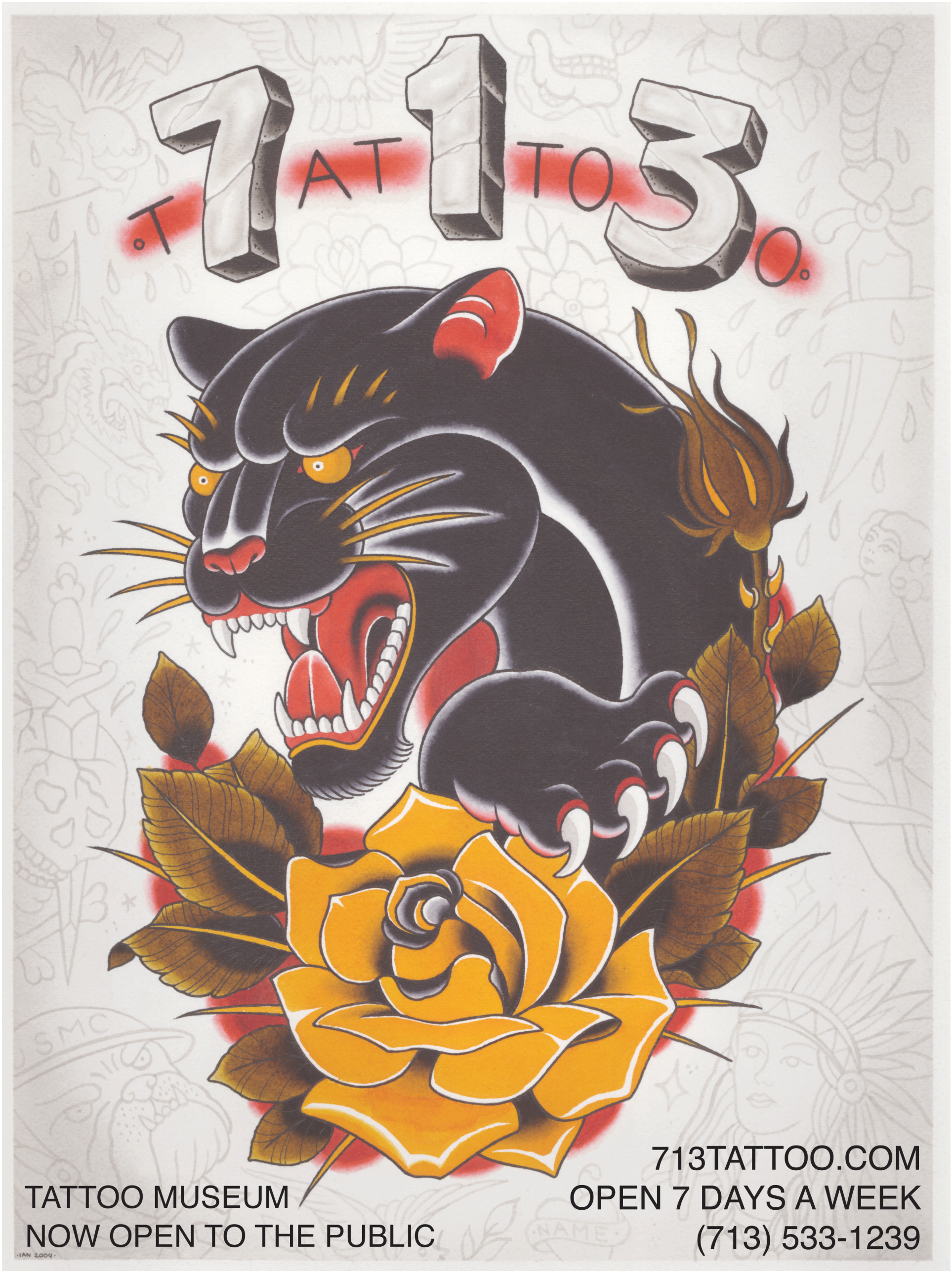
THAT'S OBVIOUSLY GOING IN THERE TOO. ¶ Somebody asked me if I wanted to make a babe book.

A BABE BOOK? ¶ Yeah, girls. Because it's the dude book, "and why don't you follow it up with a girl book?" But uhh I don't like females.

I'LL DO THE BABE BOOK. FPH



DANN MILLER OF **BLACK CONGRESS** LOUNGING WITH GEEE-TAR


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