



FREE PRESS HOUSTON

IN THIS ISSUE

FEARS OF CULTURAL EXTINCTION ON LOUISIANA'S COAST

INTERVIEW: SHAWN ADOLPH

INTERVIEW: CRISPIN GLOVER

ECONOMY OF THE 'TROSE

JULY 2010

117

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“This is Serious”

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6/12
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6/18
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6/24
**Carrion Sun, Omotai, Wildfires,
Moose**

6/25
Secret Cities

6/27
Jeremy Messersmith

JULY

7/1
**Yellow Fever, Hearts of
Animals**

7/2
The Watermarks & Mobley

7/3
The Jonx

7/5
Islands

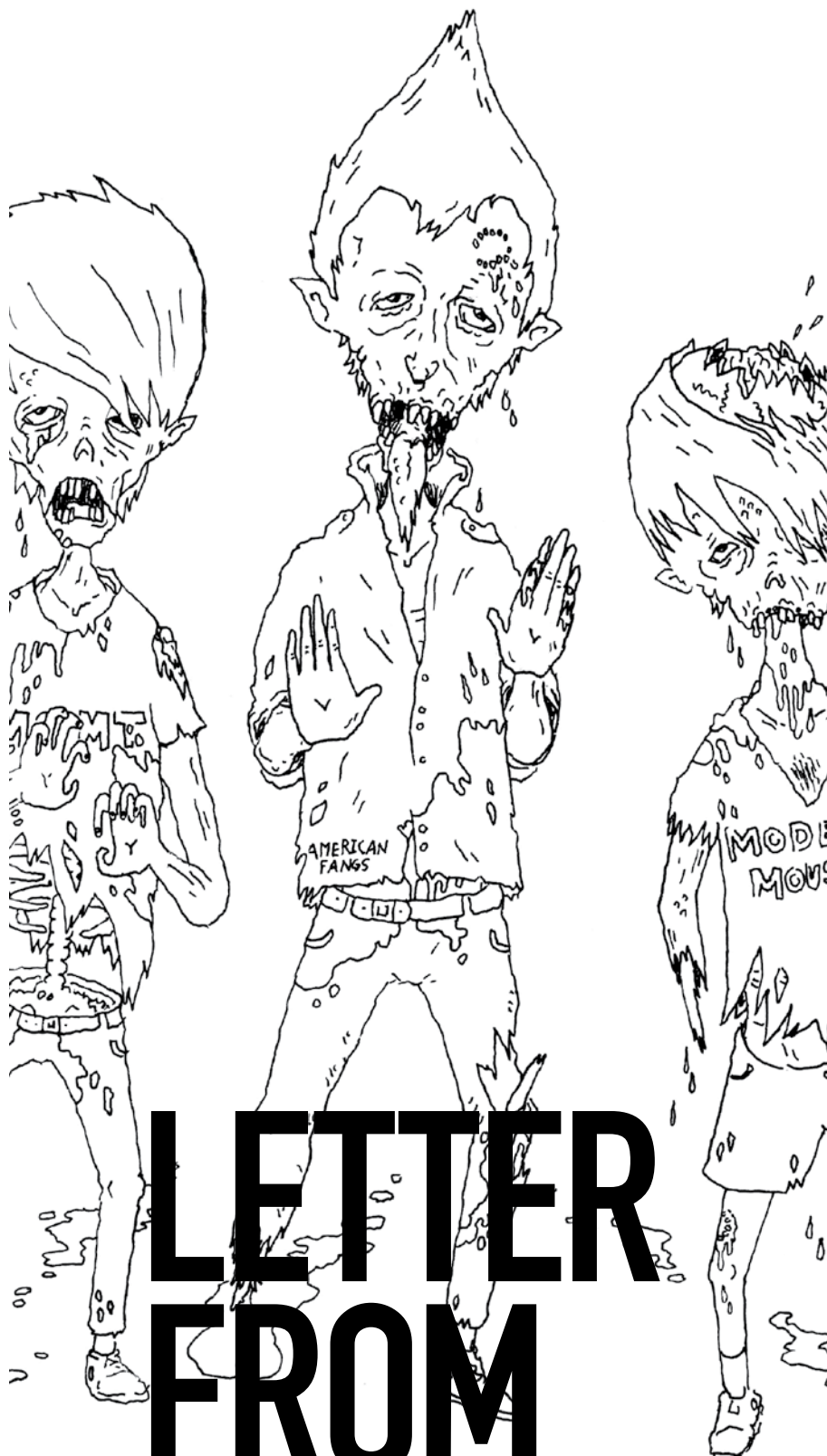
7/9
Ola Podrida, Woven Bones

Check the website calendar
for more shows this month

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

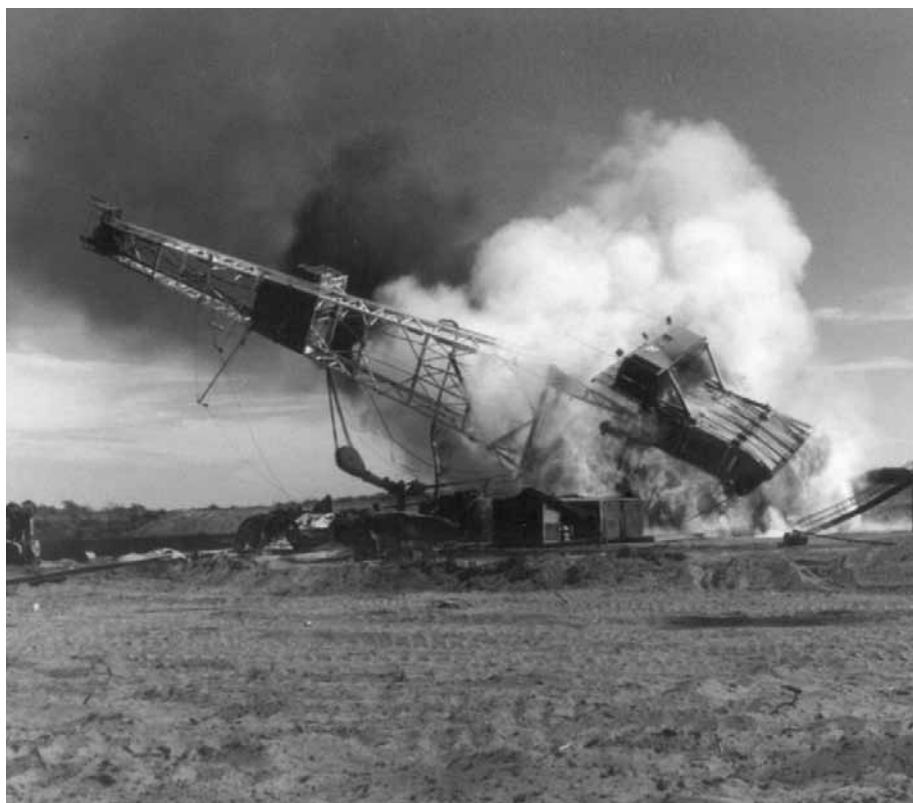
FEEL FREE TO TAKE US SERIOUSLY

FUDGE OR FECES?

Let's take this moment to identify the similar aesthetic qualities of both fudge and feces. Clearly they are both brown, have nearly identical reflective qualities, and malleable consistency. One could rather easily pop a well formed terd in their mouth if it was packaged inside of a box of Christmas Fudge. Nonetheless, fudge is composed of cocoa, butter, and sugar while feces is made up of indigestible food matter, dead bacteria, and putrid water. ♣ Such is the difference between bad and good art. ♣ Go out into that there world and do something creative today.

- Omar Afra

DEBRIS: WORSE THAN EKOFISK



by BUFFALO SEAN

WITH NO MORE LOGIC THAN A FORTUNE TELLER, BP HAS POISONED THE LOUISIANA WETLANDS AND THE ENTIRE GULF IS IN DANGER OF UTTER BIOLOGICAL DEVASTATION.

DEEPWATER HORIZON'S EXPLOSION and catastrophic failure was a one-in-a-million clusterfuck, but the underlying issue will be how to proceed in the industry when so little is properly regulated and up to code. They sure don't want to go back and fix hundreds of wells before building a new one. Unfortunately for them, the game has changed. It's not the 20th century anymore. There's no more Red Adair to save their asses when a well explodes. Despite the cowboy culture that spawned the larger-than-life Adair (he blew up bombs in Japan after WWII and built his own heavy equipment) and his well blowout fixing technique of pouring large amounts of nitroglycerine near a fire, this disaster is not going anywhere fast. You may read this when it has been 70 days of crude spilling into the Gulf, or maybe even a hundred. It won't be fixed by then anyway.

An iridescent sheen may make its way onto Galveston's shores. Tourists dry up. Restaurants will stop serving shellfish. Lonely murals of Death and his scythe dot suburbia, capturing fears of losing a community's livelihood. New drilling disappears and jobs along with it. Houston would still not turn its back on oil.

If someone could come up with a decent energy policy to transition to renewable sources, this town would lobby for ways to use up more oil in different ways. Otherwise, refinery workers would face pay cuts and lost

hours, unable to transition- like auto workers in Detroit and miners in West Virginia. The city and state could lose millions in taxes on business, prompting angry speeches in Congress about the virtues of oil. Meanwhile, tar balls start appearing on the sides of boats in Clear Lake along the water line.

Even if the health effects of contact with crude or toxic air began to affect Houstonians, it may be difficult to discern them from the respiratory infections and elevated cancer levels already here due to refineries and pollution. Despite the fact of being geographically on a flat plane, massive levels of ozone hover over homes across the eastside and downtown. Chemical spills happen not infrequently. None of that could pry Houston away from oil.

Despite the potential for a hurricane blasting oil everywhere in the Gulf, safety regulations will not be enforced more stringently. The idea that the fact of existence by itself carries along an incurable guilt is Greek; anybody who claims to have escaped the guilt commits arrogance and therefore becomes guilty. Pythagoreans believed in this ultimate guilt and while they were obsessed with mathematics as a sign of divinity they also followed mysticism and mystery- much like oilmen do today. Arrogant and resourceful, BP and the other oil and gas companies gamble early and often on our health and safety in Houston. **FPH**

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MERITOC-RACY

by

MICHAEL BERGERON



JULY AT A GLANCE

At the recent Summerfest a devoted reader asked me if I would ever rate films with a star or letter grading system. The answer is a resolute no. While I concede that a top ten or top 100 list is a form of categorizing films, I maintain that grading films with a letter is like a fourth grade teacher making red marks on a bunch of classroom how-I-spent-my-summer papers. Movies, like any art form - opera, theater, and ballet, rock and roll bands that include your second cousin who plays bass and gave you drugs to really dig the show - are best described in adverbs and maybe a few adjectives.

But - if I did rate film, say, with a series of stars here's how that would be broken down. Four Stars means it's a fucking masterpiece, see it immediately. Three Stars indicates that the movie didn't suck. Two Stars means it was better than I thought it would be. And One Star simply states that the film sucked. There won't be a quiz afterwards.

July offers the usual seen and unseen prospect of cinematic normalcy but every once and awhile a sleeper awakes from the herd. One to watch for would be the Chris Nolan written and helmed Inception. The trailer promises a look into dreams as reality. Other films have touched on this premise. Dreamscape (from 1984) was a perennial 80s effects driven film that's forever etched in my mind since it ran non-stop on cable. Until the End of the World, the 90s Wim Wenders film featured a device that recorded dreams. Then everyone became addicted to watching their iDream toy. And Paprika, a Japanese anime from with an excellent soundtrack from 2005, had a plot where people use a machine that can access other people's dreams.

Nolan's no slouch in combining fantasy with reality, like in The Prestige, so that's why Inception is our choice for the film we're most waiting for in July.

ALSO ON: CRISPIN GLOVER INTERVIEW

In addition to his quirky roles in past and current films (like Hot Tub Time Machine and Alice in Wonderland) Crispin Glover has embarked on his own trilogy of movies beginning with What Is It? (2005) and It Is Fine! Everything is Fine (2007). The third installment Glover plans to direct, partially using his house located outside of Prague.

"I moved into this 16th century chateau and next door was a stable for horses that I've reconverted into a small studio," Glover says by phone from the Czech Republic. "I like sets," Glover continues, elaborating on his vision.

Glover has been around some of the biggest and best movie sets over the last 40 years. Our conversation turns to his father Bruce Glover, who like played Mr. Witt in the early-70s James Bond flick Diamonds Are Forever. Glover recalls: "I was eight years old, we went to England for the summer. I was on the set when they were shooting the scene at the end of the

movie where my Dad tries to strangle Bond with the sommelier chain."

Glover appeared on several television shows in the early 80s including opposite the Fonz in the latter days of Happy Days. "It's on youtube," Glover says concisely. While Back To The Future was his highest profile role he's also known for more unconventional parts like Layne in River's Edge or his participation in The Orkly Kid a second-year AFI film project that was eventually incorporated into The Beaver Trilogy.

Glover's infamous appearance on Letterman in the late-80s (then on NBC after Leno) now seems legendary because of its bizarreness as well as the Andy Kaufman factor (Kaufman also punked the Letterman show). In an interview I conducted with Glover in 1990 he said he wanted the whole thing to remain a mystery while admitting that the character he paraded on Late Night that night was actually an idea that had come about during an audition for the film Real Genius. "There's a character that lives underground at the campus, and that was my idea of how he looked although I never actually did the audition because by that time I had gotten the part in Back To The Future." Glover found an outlet for the character that appeared on Late Night in long stringy hair with bell-bottoms and platform shoes when he worked the character into the movie Rubin and Ed.

We discuss the acting concept of the "psychological gesture" a technique from Michael Chekhov's To The Actor. It involves using body motions that accentuate traits of the character one is trying to achieve. Glover found occasion to use it in his portrayal of Stayne, the Knave of Hearts. Plus all of Alice was shot against a green screen.

"Your eyes literally develop a green haze that stays with you after you wrap," laughs Glover. "The color's not natural, it's a neon green that tends to seep into your brain."

Glover constantly tours with his films from the It Trilogy. "On my website [www.crispinglover.com] there's a contact link for the manager's of theaters," mentions Glover who likes to book on an individual basis after finding the corporate theater route often didn't pay enough to cover the cost of making the trip.

DVD SLIGHT RETURN

Collapse hits you like few films can. This documentary from Chris Smith was on my top ten list from 2009 and it's now available on DVD. Smith has made some of the most interesting docs over the last several years, and Collapse is a capstone to his unique vision. The movie comes from the theories of Michael Ruppert, former LAPD officer turned investigative reporter. Ruppert has such a grasp on current economic events that his every word produces open mouth wonder.

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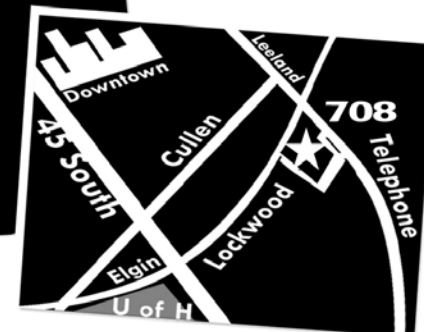
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6/19 3rdEarCaravan/BombaChica/The Blocks

6/25 Comedy Show 4 Comics LOL

6/26 Nike Diaz and Friends

Smith may be remembered most for the doc *American Movie*, a film about some guys making a horror movie titled *Coven*. But stand-alone films, each demanding special attention, distinguish his entire body of work.

American Job shows the daily life of a minimum wage worker; *American Movie* goes behind the scenes on an ultra-low budget movie; *Home Movie* chronicles some of the coolest dwellings in the world. Previous to *Collapse*, Smith made the first *Yes Men* movie and a narrative film, *The Pool*, shot in India.

Speaking to Free Press Houston by phone Smith recalled shooting *The Pool*. Like another American director, Wes Anderson who made *Darjeeling Express* in India, Smith felt an attraction to the Asian country. Smith saw the story of *The Pool*, a short story by collaborator Randy Russell, as universal. "The script was a universal link to lives of low wage people," Smith remarked. Unlike *Darjeeling*, Smith shot *The Pool* on location in the Hindi language using interpreters. Financially Smith could find budget cuts, like seven-dollar hotel rooms for the crew, which made the film possible. "I found a place with the bustling gritty city on the edge of hills with rich homes, and knew it was the place for the story," adds Smith.

Smith seems surprised that *I saw American Job*, as it never got a real release, only playing at film festivals. Likewise I am surprised when he tells me *American Job* is narrative fiction. "There are reverse reaction shots just like in the movies," Smith notes. *American Job* certainly doesn't play like a typical entry from the sub-genre of mockumentaries, a category that include Fellini's *Roma* and *This Is Spinal Tap*, yet it merges techniques of documentary and fiction to a satisfying whole.

On the heels of *The Pool*, Smith wanted to make another fiction film, this one based on CIA conspiracies and drug smuggling in the '80s. Smith interviewed Ruppert who had done a series of articles on the CIA bringing drugs into L.A. ghettos. In *Collapse* we see footage of Ruppert confronting the then CIA director about those events, as broadcast on CSPAN-2. After just one meeting with Ruppert, Smith realized he had the seeds for an incredible true story.

Collapse spins a tale of economic decline based on the contemporary financial infrastructure of the world. "There's six gallons of oil in every car tire," is one of the film's bullet points, highlights that include the 100th Monkey theory, the Bell Curve, and the teachings of Elisabeth Kubler Ross. Everything we use contains oil - plastics, rubber, gas - and as such there's no simple escape from the current energy conundrum. *Collapse* says things we've all heard before but somehow the experience comes across as concise and informative as anything you've ever witnessed.

"We tapped into something that's happening now," admits Smith. The film unwinds in a

look reminiscent of *Fog of War*, a film Smith and his cinematographer took to heart. Also the score emphasizes the heroic and quiet moments that play inside our head. "I wanted an interrogation feeling, like in *Syriana*." Indeed, Ruppert is surrounded by darkness in most of his feature length monologue.

"People tell me my film has caused them to look at news differently," Smith muses. "It's created a world wide response. People comment on the film's Facebook page about indignities going on in their local communities."

Lost Keaton comes at just the right moment in movie history to both appreciate the little seen early-talkies side of Buster Keaton while also illustrating his trajectory as an artist. Keaton's mid-period if you will, represented by this group of approximately 16 twenty-minute shorts made by Education Pictures, was preceded by the most brilliantly choreographed action comedy of the silent era and eventually followed by a bunch of flame-out cameos in 60s era films like *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and *Beach Blanket Bingo*. Educational Film was a company that produced shorts for theatrical distribution, not a actual learning medium. The films were low budget compared to say an MGM musical yet loaded with production value (sets, costumes). As if to detail the rise and fall of silent era films, one of the shorts in this collection marks the first and only collaboration between Mack Sennett and Buster Keaton.

Keaton had the attributes of being an incredibly physical acrobat as well as an emotive stone face comedian. If you know Buster you recognize him in everything around you from Jackie Chan to anonymous everyday outrageous youtube videos. If you don't know Buster, he makes Will Ferrell or Steve Carell look like rank amateurs. Nobody comes close nowadays although American comedians Robin Williams and Jim Carrey have some of the elasticity on display in these Keaton shorts.

The shorts have names like *Palookah* from *Paducah* and *Jail Bait*, and some of the routines are borrowed outright from silent shorts that Keaton had done ten and 15 years earlier. One short that revolves around a baseball game makes excellent use of the vast California desert as a location. Another short has Buster rescuing a femme from an apartment building fire by using clotheslines as trapeze/Tarzan swings by which to pluck her from her burning window. In even another moment, Keaton does this thing with a spoon where he hits it with his hand and causes it to fly up in the air and create a perfect sequence of events. All I could think of was how many times did he have to shoot that to get its perfect trajectory? In the process of trying to recreate that perfect moment Keaton ends up destroying every dish in the kitchen. *Lost Keaton* unwinds in perfect black-and-white with no smarmy CGI. **FPH**

SO WHY SHOULD WE RUN WHEN WE CANNOT HIDE, & MY FLAG IS BURNING



JULY: THE MONTH
OF INDEPENDENCE.
THE OIL IS THE GULF,
WHOSE FAULT IS
IT? SHOULD WE
BLAME THE BP?

by

KWAME M. ANDERSON

YES. Should we blame Obama or Bush? Here's the thing. Bush put the drill in the water, Obama left it up to BP to fix the mess, he waited too long, the shit got out of hand. So, I say, we can blame the presidents. People say, the mess was there, when Obama got into office, which is true, but honestly, Obama wondering "whose ass to kick," now? He should've just kicked ass first, without the "wanting to know," on some irrational shit, like, I don't know who did this, but somebody better speak up in this motherfucker. Worse, it's not really, the damage done now, my father-in-law says this will be bad for a long time, in like 10 years when the oil rain is the new weather threat, oil burns the skin. Future headline: children in Louisiana burned in oil rain, it could happen. Oh, is this Obama's Katrina? Well, that is the dumbest shit I've ever heard, unless you equate a man-made disaster with allowing a bunch of poor black people to starve and drown. Shit, atleast Obama landed the plane. Oh yeah, and Tony Hayward was fucking hilarious at the congress hearing.

MUSIC PLAYED HERE

FREE ENERGY W/ MATES OF STATE

07/08/10 | WAREHOUSE LIVE

Free Energy play the kind of rock that evokes the summer time. Big guitars, big choruses, and songs about "the feeling" and "the time is now." It's young music, for a young time, it's about seizing a moment, living everyday like it's the last, straight forward and to the point. It's not new, but it's refreshing, evoking images of riding down the streets with the top down (writer's note: I have never rode down the street with the top down, but I have seen it many movies, it's looks fun). Moreover, it doesn't seem as if it is wrapped in irony, it seems sincere, and you gotta love that. Go to this show, with your sweetheart, and afterwards driving up to that moonlit peak, and revel in being young and disease free, and make out like there's no tomorrow, and when I see you in your long hair, and skinny jeans, unshaven glory the next day at Whole Foods, I'll give you a thumbs up and say "I have my own bag, thanks."

LIGHTNING BOLT W/ INDIAN JEWELRY

07/09/10 | KOHN'S

Years ago, I saw Lightning Bolt at Notsuoh's and it was loud and awesome, and I had no idea what song was being played, and it didn't matter, because it loud, it was fucking loud!!!!

Lightning Bolt's last album "Earthly Delights" was one of the most exciting things about last year, it was arty and metal, and it pummeled my speakers and my daughter spun and air drummed, and I really looooooved the album. So, to my delight, this incredible band will make their way to Houston AND with Houston born Indian Jewelry. I saw Indian Jewelry years ago (when they first started) at Fitzgerald's and part of me was like what the hell is this, and the other part was like, "Damn! This is some good weed." Anyway, to say what Indian Jewelry is, is impossible because they are constantly changing. Regardless, this will be one of the most incredible shows this summer, go, bring ear plugs, and be ready to have your face melted.

AZIZ ANSARI

07/30/10 | HOUSE OF BLUES

Parks and Recreation. Human Giant. I shouldn't need to say anything else...go see this dude, on the really real.

HOME STEREO

DRAKE, THANK ME LATER (YOUNG MONEY/MOTOWN) Drake raps and sings about the woes of having money, fame, and lady problems (not menstrual cramps and stuff like that, problems with ladies). His album features Jay Z, T.I., Lil' Wayne, Alicia Keys, Timbaland, Mary J. Blige, Swizz Beats, and partridge in a pear tree. Does it even matter what I think (whispers, "It's just OK").

M.I.A., MAYA (N.E.E.T./INTERSCOPE) M.I.A. has put out one really awesome album (Arular) one OK album (Kala) and now she's been (sort of) exposed in a New York Times article. On this album, she sings more, and nothing from this album, that I've heard, has really been that impressive. Nevertheless, I hope it's good, and Google was started by CIA (thanks M.I.A.).

NINA NASTASIA, OUTLASTER (FAT CAT) Nina Nastasia has consistently released understated, powerful but overlooked albums. Outlaster will either follow the previous trend, in the sense of being overlooked, but hopefully not. Nina Nastasia, in addition to having a unique voice in what has become the cookie cutter land of music, has a way of taking darker themes and presenting them in a way that is beautiful while maintaining the danger. The music slithers, coils and uncoils, a sense of uneasiness is captured, but the overall elegance remains. **FPH**

turnin' headZ

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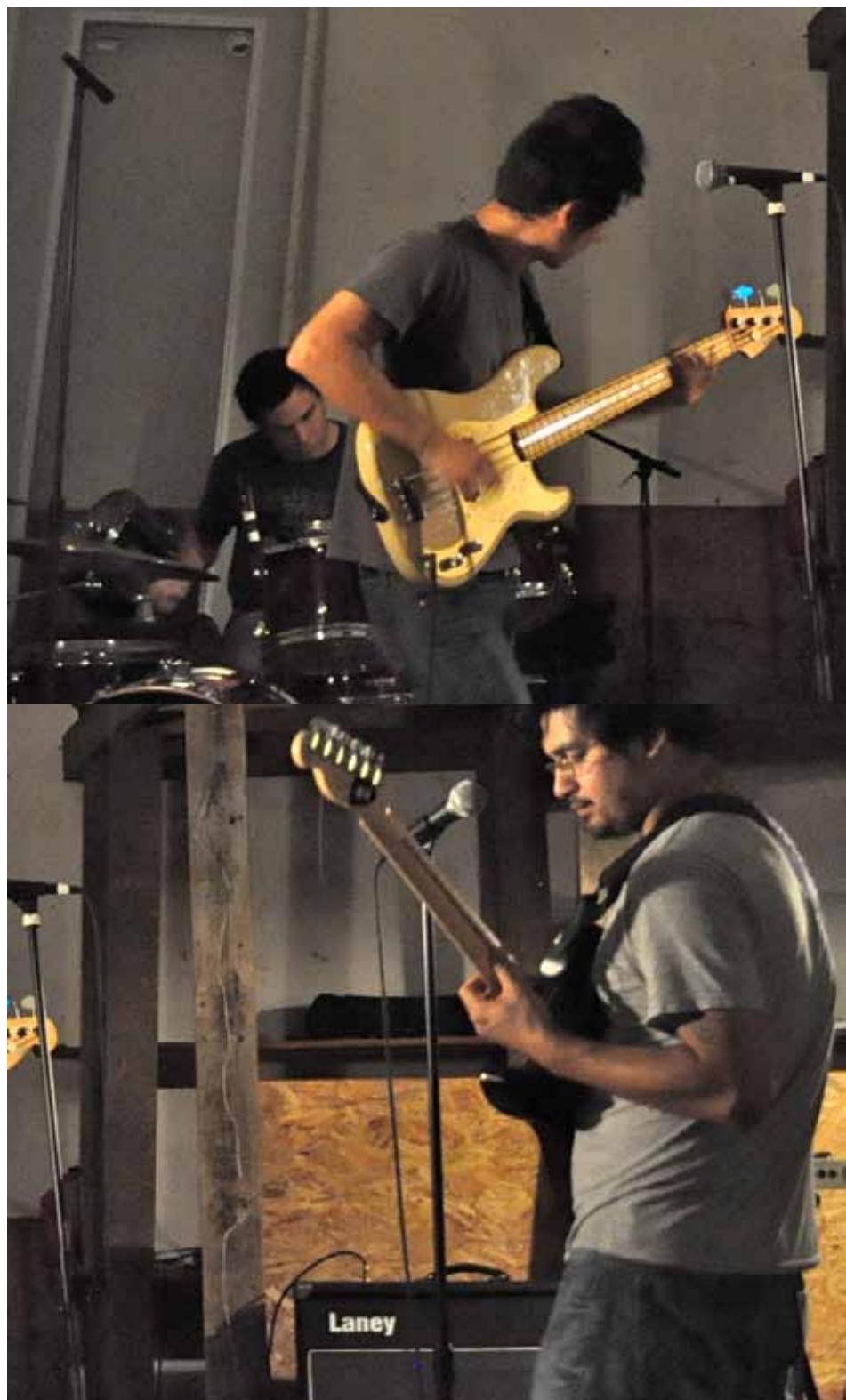


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INTERVIEW:



YOUNG GIRLS

LAST NIGHT I CAUGHT UP WITH BRAND NEW LOCAL BAND, *YOUNG GIRLS* AT ONE OF THEIR REHEARSALS.

I SAW THEM PLAY their second gig, two months ago, at Walter's, and really enjoyed their style of dancy indie-pop, but the first time I talked to them I kind of got the impression that it wasn't planned to be too much more than a side-project as Pete and Charlie Tijerina also play, respectively, in established local bands Springfield Riots and the Factory Party. However, two months later, it now seems like Young Girls has really taken off will be the primary focus of members Charlie Tijerina, Pete Tijerina, and Jonathan Sarreon.

SO WHAT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU GUYS ABOUT PLAYING IN *YOUNG GIRLS* COMPARED TO YOUR OTHER PROJECTS [THE FACTORY PARTY AND SPRINGFIELD RIOT]? **CHARLIE:** Well, we've slowed down a bit and I'm doing a lot more singing and more bass playing. **PETE:** I'm doing a lot less singing [laughter] and I'm doing a lot more lead guitar work than I did in Springfield Riots which is good since I felt like I was just playing rhythm all the time and that kind of gets redundant. It's fun to not sing and focus on an instrument sometimes. **ME:** Yeah, I've noticed Young Girls has a lot of pretty complex melodies going on kind of back and that there's a lot more harmonization between bass and guitar than in other local bands I've heard.

IS THERE ANY REASON THAT YOU GUYS PICKED THE NAME *YOUNG GIRLS*? I LOVE THE NAME BUT I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF THERE'S ANY SPECIAL MEANING BEHIND IT FOR YOU GUYS? **PETE:** [laughter] You wanna tell him? **CHARLIE:** Yeah we like 'em [laughter]. No no no. We just kind of just kind of liked the name. **PETE:** It was kind of a joke between us. We thought it up when we were of drunk one night and we were sort of throwing it around and we got up the next morning and thought 'hey that's not so bad'. And it was crunch time and we just needed a name so we

just picked Young Girls. **ME:** I like the name because it's kind of provocative-sounding, funny, and is not easily forgotten [laughter]. I threw a status up on my Facebook on Sunday night saying "is interviewing Young Girls" just to see what kind of reaction I would get and one of my friends wrote back "what a difference two capital letters make" [laughter]

SO WHAT HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN LISTENING TO LATELY? **PETE:** Well I've been listening to a lot of classic rock right now. **ME:** That makes sense. I was just wondering because you have this poppy, upbeat, sound that I really like. It's got more depth than pop but it's got that happy sound to it. **PETE:** Yeah, especially when I'm drunk [laughter] it's like the soundtrack, you know, Beatles, Kinks, Beach Boys, Stones.

CHARLIE AND PETE ARE YOU STILL ACTIVE IN YOUR RESPECTIVE *YOUNG GIRLS* BANDS? **PETE:** Well Springfield Riots is on hiatus at the moments. **CHARLIE:** Factory Party is on permanent hiatus. **PETE:** Young Girls has been getting a lot of requests to play places and we just got one to play in Austin. **ME:** I was just curious because it seems to like that would be a lot of juggling with this new project. **PETE:** Yeah we're also going on tour this summer all over Texas and all the way up to Chicago with this band from Lansing called Piss Disco.

YOU SAID THAT *YOUNG GIRLS* HAS BEEN RECORDING LATELY, ARE YOU PLANNING AN LP OR AN EP OR SOMETHING IN BETWEEN? **PETE:** It seems like it's going to be an EP right now but maybe we'll also put out like a seven inch or something with some B-sides. **ME:** Do you guys have name yet for the EP? **PETE:** It's going to be called Out for blood. You know it's our first EP so we're out for blood. **FPH**

by

JACK BETZ

by

SHELBY HOHL

PHOTO BY JORDAN GRABER

SHAWN ADOLPH HAS PLAYED AN INTEGRAL ROLE IN THE FORMATION OF WHAT HOUSTON IS NOW STARTING TO AFFECTIONATELY CALL IT'S "SCENE."

HAVING BEEN ONE OF THE FOUNDING members of the Fatal Flying Guilloteens, and now the singer for Weird Party, Adolph has consistently been ahead of the "curve", playing a unique brand of energetic, blues-riff laden punk that will knock your fucking teeth out if you get too close. Between a hectic work/ school schedule and Weird party rehearsals, FPH was fortunate enough to have Adolph chat with us about everything from not liking his band's name to the reality of no one caring whether or not T-Pain ever releases another record.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A "WEIRD PARTY"? ¶ I knew you would ask this and I loathe you for doing so. You know that question "If you could have any super power, what would it be?" Mine would be the power to travel back in time and veto Weird Party as the name of the band. Don't get me wrong, I like the name. It just doesn't mean to me what I think most people think it means, but then again I'm not sure what most people think it means. Perhaps a weird party is simply a gathering of odd folks engaging in deviant and strange behaviors. I get that. That's fine. Those parties can be good times. Let's change directions. What if it had more of a political slant, although we are far from a political band. For example, the tea baggers (who claim not to be a political party) are odd characters. Their way of thinking fascinates me to some degree. Not in a positive way, but in a way that a car crash fascinates people. For the record, the band is not influenced by the tea baggers. I leave it up to you, the listener to draw your own conclusions.

GIVE THE KIDS A LIST OF RECORDS TO GO OUT AND GET SO THAT THEIR BANDS WILL STOP SUCKING. ¶ Listen up kids, your band sucks. Stop playing music!! All kidding aside and without sounding too cliché, I'd say go back to the basics. Early American music is where it's at. Jazz, Blues, Soul, R&B, early Punk. Pick up these following records: anything by Charlie Parker, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Reed, The Bar-Kays, Wilson Pickett, Birthday Party (actually from Australia), Tales of Terror, Big Boys, etc. and so forth. Buy these records, borrow these records, steal these records, just get your hands on them and listen to them every day, over and over again. Listen to them with an intensity and an understanding of what music is supposed to be. Listen to them because they're great fuck-

ing records. They were pioneers and rightfully so. Most importantly don't emulate these bands or any band. Be your own creation. Put yourself into your music.

DOES WEIRD PARTY HAVE ANY PLANS TO PUT OUT ANOTHER EP OR FULL LENGTH SOON? WOULD YOU BE PRESSING VINYL? ¶ Weird Party have yet to put anything out. We're in the process of recording and have discussed releasing some of that material on a 12" EP, glow in the dark vinyl in 3D, not sure with who or whom yet.

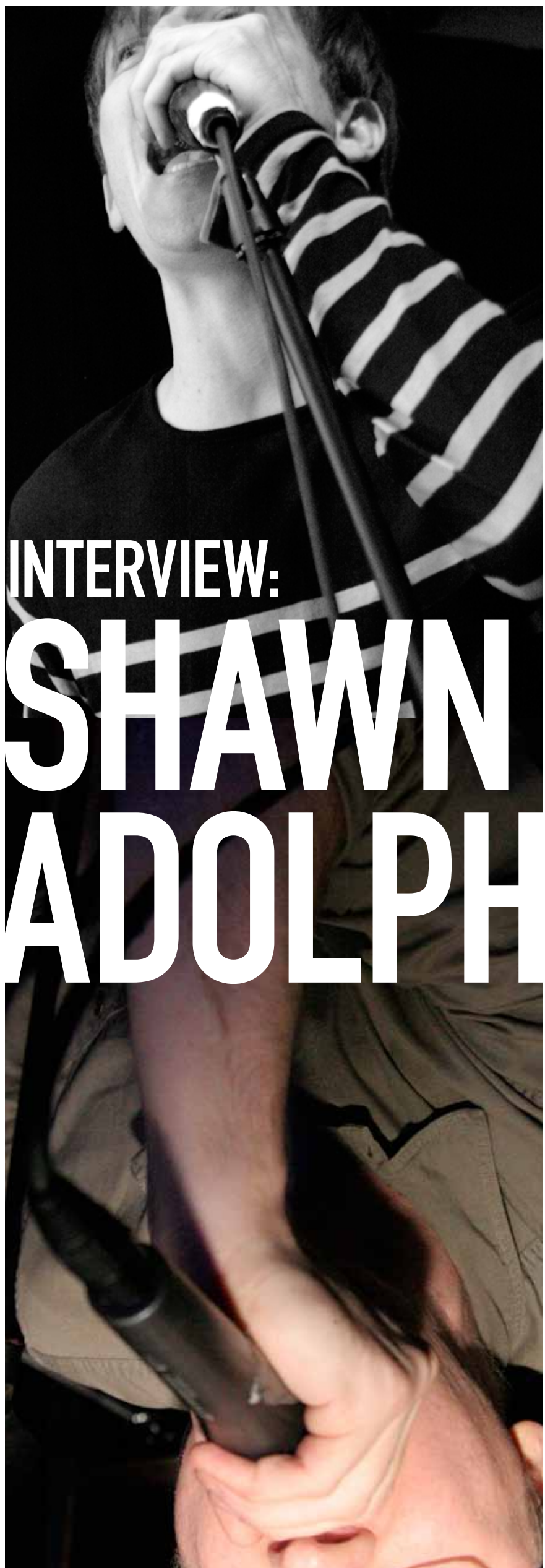
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT FILE SHARING AND DIGITAL AVAILABILITY OF MUSIC? DO YOU THINK IT HAS IT'S PLACE IN MUSIC OR IS IT DESTROYING EVERYTHING WE KNOW? ¶ File sharing is a great way to find out a lot about bands you wouldn't think about. I can't say if it's hurting or helping music. I can't say if it's right or wrong. I do know that T-Pain is refusing to release his newly mastered album because according to him, people aren't buying music anymore. But who gives a shit about T-pain?

WHATS THE BEST PART ABOUT BEING IN A BAND WITH DIRTY JEFF ¶ I didn't know Jeff before we started this thing so in a sense I'm glad Weird Party exists because Jeff is one of the nicest guys I know.

WHAT MAKE HOUSTON THE MUSICAL EPICENTER OF THE UNIVERSE? ¶ I've heard this before and I'll repeat it. Houston is the redheaded step child when it comes to the music "scene". We are neglected, no doubt. But, that doesn't mean we aren't at fault. I think it takes a lot of work to be a relevant city (scene) in music. You have to have passionate people that promote the shows. You have to have passionate venue owners that work well with bands and promoters. You have to have a passionate audience that wants to support music and not be so fickle. I remember when I first started going to shows in Houston and I loved every thing about it. Even if the bands were sub-par, it was still a great time. Back then there were so many venues to go and see a lot of great local and national acts. There still are great local bands but something's just not the same anymore. **FPH**

Suggested listening: Fatal Flying Guilloteens - "Quantum Fucking", Weird Party - s/t demo (available only at their shows)

INTERVIEW: SHAWN ADOLPH



CHIN XAOU TI WON

INTERVIEW

THE SPACE BETWEEN THE SOUND

by VANCE OSBORNE

RECENTLY I SAT DOWN WITH HOUSTON ENSEMBLE CHIN XAOU TI WON TO DISCUSS THEIR RECENT COLLABORATION WITH ROMANIAN-BORN ARTIST ADELA ANDEA ON THE SPACE BETWEEN THE SOUND.

THE SHOW CONSISTS OF A GIGANTIC light installation, hybridized with Chin Xaou Ti Won's stylistic ambient music. We talked about the show's opening night, when musicians Markus Cone and St-Michel invited four additional musical acts to perform within Adela's work.

FIRST...HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE YOUR NAME? WHO IS CHIN XAOU TI WON? **MARKUS:** Haha yeah it's actually terribly hard to pronounce. Sometimes if you do some sort of motion with your arm or something that can help. You just got to roll with it. **MICHEL:** Yea, you can pronounce it a few different ways I suppose; "chin chow tee wahn," "chin zhow tee wahn," "chin tsow tee wahn;" they're all acceptable really. But really, CXTW is enough.

AND WHERE DID THE NAME COME FROM? DOES IT REFER TO ANYONE SPECIFIC? **MICHEL:** Yes. **MARKUS:** But it's sort of a mystery.

MOVING ON TO YOUR RECENT OPENING THE SPACE BETWEEN THE SOUND, YOU DECIDED TO COMBINE YOUR AMBIENT EXPERIMENTS WITH ADELA'S TECHNOPHILIAC ENVIRONMENT. COULD YOU TALK ABOUT WHAT LEAD TO THIS COLLABORATION? **MARKUS:**

Even though I'm a musician and have no training in the visual arts, I've always identified more with the visual arts and thought of myself as a visual artist. For a long time I wanted to start collaboration with an artist that I thought understood our intentions in music....Someone whose art lends itself to Contemporary ambient soundscapes. I first saw Adela's Green Spider Web at the Lawndale Art Center last summer and it blew me away! I really wanted to compose some sort of soundtrack for the piece so I emailed Adela hoping she would want to collaborate. She came to some of our shows at Skydive and The Temporary Space and agreed. So that's really when the idea For The Space Between the Sound came into being.

NOW, ALTHOUGH THE SHOW ITSELF IS AN INSTALLATION PIECE CREATED BY ADELA WHO UTILIZES ELEMENTS OF YOUR LIVE INSTRUMENT SETUP, YOU FURTHER ENHANCED THE SPACE ON OPENING NIGHT BY INVITING SOME ACTS FROM HOUSTON'S EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC SCENE TO PERFORM. HOW DID THIS COME ABOUT? **MICHEL:** Well, I suppose, being musicians, it was a hope to crossbreed the worlds of art and music into one. Instead of creating just a music show or just an art show, why not both? And really, at the time, we felt we needed something to aurally represent Adela's piece beyond what we were already planning on performing. It just seemed natural, based on the artwork, and our own musical style, to harness some of Houston's ambient/experimental talent for the night.

WHO WERE THE OTHER ACTS PERFORMING? **MARKUS:** Well lets see.... Crawling Iris, zerO-sum, T.E.F + Lukas Grochocki, and Endless Blinding Sunshine.

YOU HAVE A CLOSING SHOW COMING UP RIGHT? **MARKUS:** Yes please come out! The show is on July 2. We are going to do three sets each lasting 20 min. The doors open around 7:00 p.m and the music will start around 8:00 p.m.

WHERE IS SKYDIVE? **MICHEL:** On the corner of Montrose and Hawthorne. The gallery is on the 9th floor. **FPH**

Vance Osborne is an independent journalist working in the Houston area. He also performs in the experimental outfits Murex, Black Leather Jesus, Stolen Library, and In the Land of Archers.

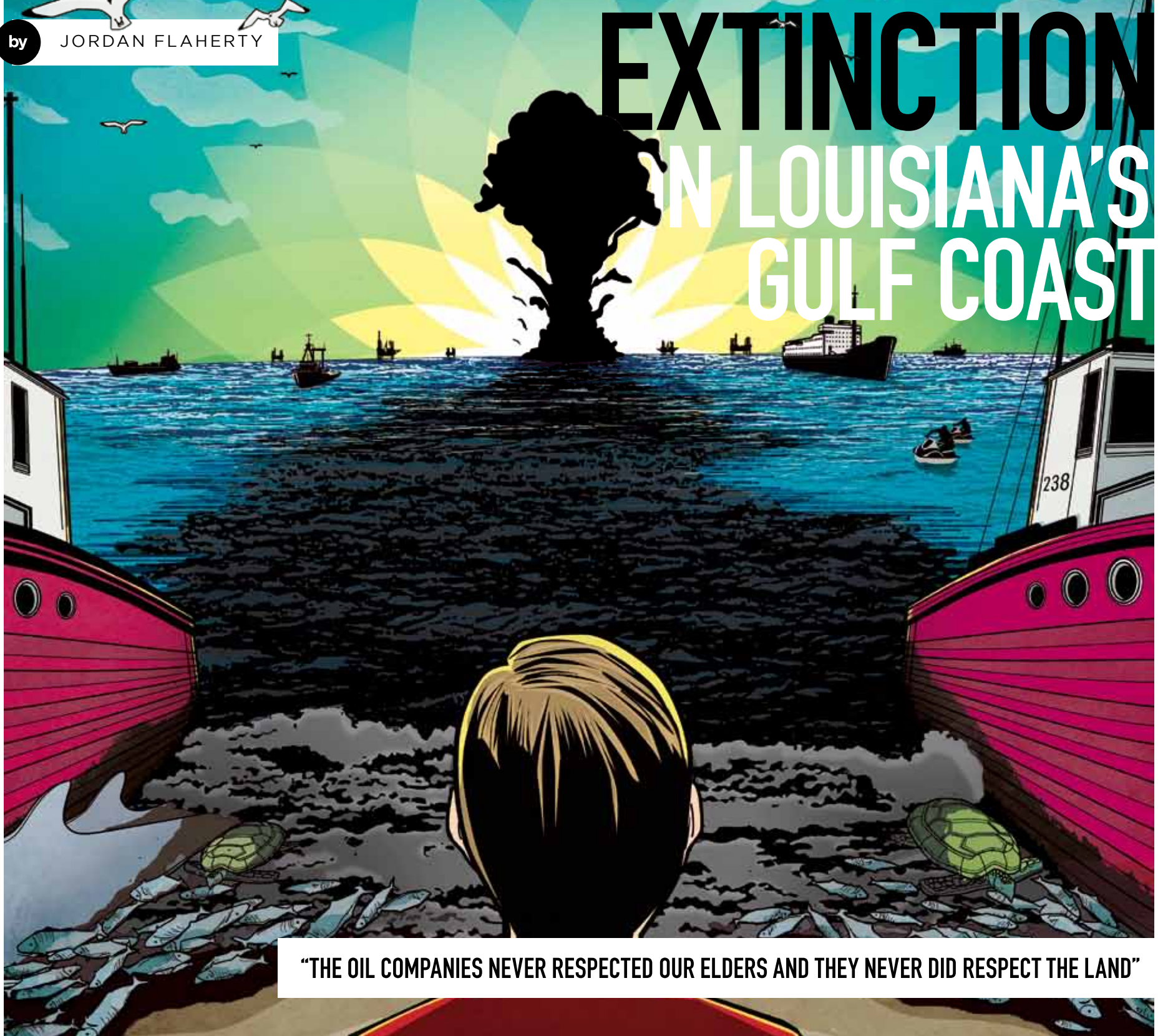
Chin Xaou Ti Won is a Houston-based Synth-pop/contemporary classical duo, comprised of Marcus Cone and St-Michel. The music draws on heavily from 80's New Wave, Anime-Pop/Video Game Music and 20th Century Minimalism - all belted out on a stack of synths, electronics and walls of percussion.



FEARS OF CULTURAL

by JORDAN FLAHERTY

EXTINCTION IN LOUISIANA'S GULF COAST



“THE OIL COMPANIES NEVER RESPECTED OUR ELDERS AND THEY NEVER DID RESPECT THE LAND”

AS BP'S DEEPWATER WELL CONTINUES TO DISCHARGE OIL INTO THE GULF, THE ECONOMIC AND PUBLIC HEALTH EFFECTS ARE ALREADY BEING FELT ACROSS COASTAL COMMUNITIES.

BUT IT'S LIKELY this is only the beginning. From the bayous of southern Louisiana to the city of New Orleans, many fear this disaster represents not only environmental devastation, but also cultural extinction for peoples who have made their lives here for generations.

This is not the first time that Louisianans have lost their communities or their lives from the actions of corporations. The land loss caused by oil companies has already displaced many who lived by the coast, and the pollution from treatment plants has poisoned communities across the state – especially in “cancer alley,” the corridor of industrial facilities along the Mississippi River south of Baton Rouge.

“The cultural losses as a consequence of the

BP disaster are going to be astronomical,” says Advocates for Environmental Human Rights (AEHR) co-director Nathalie Walker. “There is no other culture like Louisiana’s coastal culture and we can only hope they won’t be entirely erased.” Walker and co-director Monique Harden have made it their mission to fight the environmental consequences of Louisiana’s corporate polluters. They say this disaster represents an unparalleled catastrophe for the lives of people across the region, but they also see in it a continuation of an old pattern of oil and chemical corporations displacing people of color from their homes.

Harden and Walker point out that at least five Louisiana towns – all majority African

American – have been eradicated due to corporate pollution in recent decades. The most recent is the Southwest Louisiana town of Mossville, founded by African Americans in the 1790s. Located near Lake Charles, Mossville is only 5 square miles and holds 375 households. Beginning in the 1930s, the state of Louisiana began authorizing industrial facilities to manufacture, process, store, and discharge toxic and hazardous substances within Mossville. Fourteen facilities are now located in the small town, and 91 percent of residents have reported at least one health problem related to exposure to chemicals produced by the local industry.

The southern Louisiana towns of Diamond, Morrisonville, Sunrise, and Revilletown – all

founded by former slaves – met similar fates. After years of chemical-related poisoning, the remaining residents have been relocated, and the corporations that drove them out now own their land. In most cases, only a cemetery remains, and former residents must pass through plant security to visit their relatives’ graves.

The town of Diamond, founded by the descendants of the participants of the 1811 Rebellion to End Slavery, the largest slave uprising in US history, was relocated by Shell in 2002, after residents had faced decades of toxic exposure. Morrisonville, established by free Africans in 1790, was bought out by Dow in 1989. Residents of Sunrise, inaugurated near Baton Rouge by former slaves in 1874, were

paid to move as the result of a lawsuit against the Placid Refining Company. In the mid-1990s, Chemical producer Georgia Gulf Corporation poisoned and then acquired Revilletown, a town free Africans had started in the years after the civil war.

“We make the mistake of thinking this is something new,” says Harden. She adds that the historic treatment of these communities, as well as the lack of recovery that New Orleanians have seen since Katrina, makes her doubt the federal government will do what is necessary for Gulf recovery. “Since Obama got into office,” she says, “I have yet to see any action that reverses what Bush did after Katrina.”

Harden says Louisiana and the US must fundamentally transform our government’s relationships with corporations. “We’ve got to change the way we allow businesses to be in charge of our health and safety in this country,” she adds. As an example, Harden points to more stringent regulations in other countries, such as Norway, which requires companies to drill relief wells at the same time as any deepwater well.

POINTE-AU-CHIEN

Pointe-au-Chien Indian Tribe is a small band of French speaking Native Americans along Bayou Pointe-au-Chien, south of Houma, on Louisiana’s Gulf Coast. Their ancestors settled here three hundred years ago, and for them, the ongoing oil geyser is just the latest step in a long history of displacement and disenfranchisement. “The oil companies never respected our elders,” explains community leader Theresa Dardar. “And they never did respect our land.”

In the early part of this century, the oil companies took advantage of the fact that people living on the coast were isolated by language and distance, and laid claim to their land. Over the past several decades, these companies have devastated these idyllic communities, creating about 10,000 miles of canals through forests, marshes, and homes. “They come in, they cut a little, and it keeps getting wider and wider,” says Donald Dardar, Theresa’s husband and part of the tribe’s leadership. “They didn’t care where they cut.”

The canals have brought salt water, killing trees and plants and speeding erosion. According to Gulf Restoration Network, Louisiana loses about a football field of land every 45 minutes, and almost half of that land loss is as a result of these canals. Meanwhile, Pointe-au-Chien and other tribes have found they have little legal recourse. At least partly as a result of lobbying by oil companies, the state and federal government have refused to officially recognize them as a tribe, which would offer some protection of their land rights.

So late last month, when oil started washing up on the shores of nearby Lake Chien and fishing season was cancelled before it had even begun, members of Pointe-au-Chien took the news as another nail in the coffin of the life-style they had been living for generations. On a recent Sunday, a few residents gathered at the Live Oak Baptist Church, on the main road that runs through their community. They described feeling abandoned and abused by the government and corporations. They spoke of losing their language and traditions in addition to their homes.

Sitting on a church pew, Theresa said they

had met with indigenous natives from Alaska who discussed their experience in the aftermath of the 1989 Exxon Valdez spill. “We don’t know how long we’ll be without fishing,” said Theresa. “It was 17 years before they could get shrimp.” And, she noted bitterly, this disaster is already much larger than the Valdez, with no end in sight.

BP has promised payouts to those who lose work from the oil, but few trust the company to make good on their promise, and even if they did, they doubt any settlement could make up for what will be lost. “It doesn’t matter how much money they give you,” says Theresa. “If we don’t have our shrimp, fish, crabs and oysters.”

“It’s not just a way of life, its our food,” she added. “It’s the loss of our livelihood and culture.”

The anxiety that Theresa expresses is also increasingly common in New Orleans, a city whose culture is inextricably linked to the Gulf. “How do you deal with this hemorrhaging in the bottom of the Gulf that seems endless?” asks Monique Harden of AEHR. “That is just scary as hell. I’ve been having nightmares about it.”

As the oil continues to flow, people feel both helpless and apocalyptic; depressed and angered. Residents who have just rebuilt from the 2005 hurricanes watch the oil wash up on shore with a building dread. “I never thought I’d be in a situation where I wanted another Katrina,” says Harden. “But I’d rather Katrina than this.”

DRILLING ECONOMY

Across the street from the church in Pointe-au-Chien is a bayou, where frustrated fishers wait on their boats hoping against all odds that they will be able to use them this season. Behind the church is more water, and a couple miles further down the road ends in swamp. Dead oak trees, rotted by salt water, rise out of the canals. Telephone poles stick out of the water, along a path where once the road continued but now the encroaching waters have taken over.

The miles of swamp and barrier islands that stood between these homes and the Gulf used to slow hurricanes, and now the entire region has become much more vulnerable. Brenda Billiot, another local resident, gestured at her backyard, about a few dozen yards of grass that fades into marshes and water. “This used to be land,” she says, “as far as you could see.” Billiot is still repairing her home from the 2005 flooding, including raising it up a full 19 feet above the ground. She wonders if that will be enough, if there is anything they can do to make themselves safe and hold onto their culture.

A brown rabbit hops across her backyard, and Billiot describes the dolphins and porpoises she has seen swimming nearby. Walking along the bayou here, where generations of people have lived off the land and fought to protect their territory from corporate theft, you begin to sense the gravity of what will be lost.

Theresa believes that the government and oil companies are looking for an excuse to permanently displace the tribe. She believes this latest disaster, and the upcoming hurricane season, may spell the end for their language and culture. “I tell people; if we get another hurricane, take everything you want, because I don’t think they’ll let you back in,” says Dardar. “It’s scary because I don’t know where we’re going to go.” **FPH**



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June 13th: The Cadences, Dipper, LIMB and Himself, Guerilla Foco Clan Bending Villa, Rainbows In Your Wildest Dreams, doors open at 7pm
June 17th My Milky Way Arms
June 20th: Filbert, Telephone Hat, The Gypsy Davies, Antmountain
June 21st: Gashcat, Jonny Nero Acton Hero
June 22nd: Trust me I'm a Doctor, Critical Damage, Pickin' Scabs
June 24th Stunts, Becca and the Blancos
June 25th Sullen Serenade (san antonio), The Spiritual Bat (italy) Dead Frail Honesty
June 27th: Shakedown Alley, Good Timing
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July 1st: Theotis Joe

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by ALAN SMITHEE

AS I'M WRITING THIS, IT IS A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE PRIDE PARADE AND I HAVE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT THE FORMER HOLLYWOOD VIDEO LOCATION ON WESTHEIMER, ALSO KNOWN AS THE OLD TOWER THEATRE, IS GOING TO BE TURNED INTO AN UPSCALE TEX-MEX RESTAURANT.



APPARENTLY HOUSTON PRESS Food Critic Robb Walsh and the brains behind upscale seafood restaurant Reef have teamed up to bring their vision to Montrose.

Now many of the Free Press readers will be upset that what was once a storied music venue will not be holding any booze soaked live shows from the likes of Skinny Puppy any time soon. After listening to the inevitable lionization of the music scene and the following statements about how “Montrose really needs another large music venue” I came to the realization, no we don’t.

Don’t misinterpret my opposition to bringing more suburban teens onto Westheimer as an endorsement for the opening of another restaurant; Montrose needs another restaurant like it needs another homophobia fueled homicide. To put it bluntly, the neighborhood I call home doesn’t need more restaurants, bars, music venues or even festivals.

We don’t need fantastical solutions to transportation problems; the idea of debating a canal system vs. Astroworld style sky cars is completely asinine. If we are going to debate modes of transit that will never exist why not debate whether Metro should spend tax dollars on purchasing griffins instead of unicorns.

We don’t need to be discussing building barricades to keep HPD out of the neighborhood and referring to us as being ‘surrounded.’ We need to be focused on real solutions to the problems faced by the people in this neighborhood.

Problems like access to healthcare and education, low pay, unemployment and underemployment. At the top of the list of things Montrose needs is not another bar or restaurant where employees make less than a living wage and don’t receive health insurance.

The area needs to attract more high paying jobs that allow neighborhood residents to afford things like childcare and substance abuse

counseling. If we continue trying to focus our economy only on the hospitality and entertainment sectors we will continue seeing empty storefronts east of Westheimer.

If someone wants to see the results of basing a neighborhood’s economy solely on nightclubs all they have to do is drive down to what used to be the Richmond strip on Saturday night or talk to business owners in Midtown and hear their stories about declining revenue.

This is why, despite neighborhood opposition to a planned HEB grocery store on West Alabama, it’s actually in the neighborhood’s best interest. It seems that so many people in Montrose are looking at the issue through rose colored glasses.

We have to remember that, prior to the demolition; the space was occupied by a historic, but rundown, apartment complex. A complex that was not being maintained or accepting new tenants. We also have to realize that, as nice as the current green space is, green spaces don’t pay salaries or provide healthcare to employees.

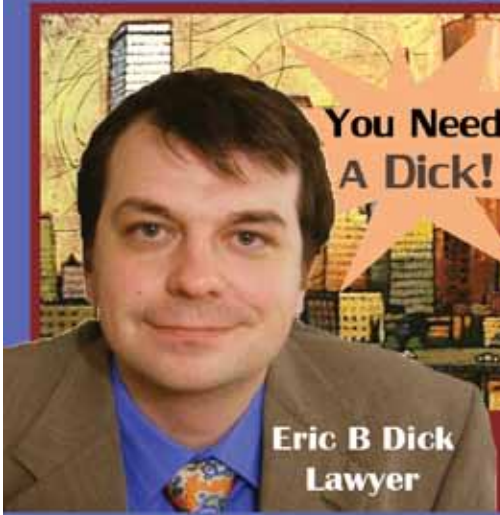
True, the addition of a new grocery store will increase the amount of traffic on West Alabama, and the increased traffic will make it more difficult for the people who live on West Alabama to travel to and from work. However, the store will generate much needed jobs. The Texas Workforce Commission estimated that the Houston region had 8.3 percent unemployment in the month of May.

The key to reducing our continually high unemployment is not going to be found with street closures for festivals or liquor licenses for new venues. To improve Montrose’s economy we need to build the infrastructure to attract the high paying jobs, infrastructure like a chamber of commerce or a Montrose business association. **FPH**

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JET-SKIS OF THE APOCALYPSE

by M. MARTIN

OVER THE COURSE OF THE MEMORIAL DAY HOLIDAY I HAD OCCASION TO FIND MYSELF AT A PARTY IN A PRIVATE PARK ON THE SHORE OF A MAN MADE LAKE IN THE HEART OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY.

THE WATER WAS ROILED from, essentially, a traffic jam of jet-skis, motorboats, and cabin cruisers. The park's parking lot, far bigger than the park itself, was crammed with enormous pickup trucks and SUVs. The surrounding hills were clustered with housing developments, all tending toward the (McMansion) style favored in most Texas exurbs.

As I sipped a cold Bud Lite and wished for something stronger, the realization struck me: everyone there, myself included, had either arrived for the weekend at no small expense—or lived there, and routinely commuted to a job in either Austin or San Antonio... and in the process, traveled more miles and burned more fossil fuel in a week than their great-grandparents had done in a lifetime.

Overlaid on this scene: a webcam image of uncontrolled billows of oil, spewing from a wound in the earth under a mile of water... the BP Spill, as emblematic an image now as the fall of the twin towers or the shuttle exploding.

Since then, the flow has been abated somewhat. It remains unknowable how much damage has actually been done, for nothing remotely like this has ever occurred on such a massive scale. The President has, rather predictably, promised to repair the damage, make the culprits pay, and make sure that no such tragedy reoccurs. Of course, there are no spe-

cifics for how any of this will be accomplished... because it won't.

A century ago, virtually nothing was manufactured from or fueled by petroleum. Now, virtually nothing is not made and powered by the essential black stuff. A century ago, there was also no such thing as a multinational corporation; now they control the planet. There is a correlation here.

There is no reason implicit in the laws of physics to make oil the central ingredient of our industry and culture, anymore than there is a principle of economics that dictates rule by corporations. But there is a rule of American politics that pretty much guarantees that no action of substance will be taken in hope of changing any of this... the rule summed up in *All The President's Men* as (follow the money).

As long as political power in America is limited to a duopoly funded by the same corporate paymasters, there will be no significant national movement to change our dependence on oil, much less reassess the values of American society. But this is not to say that such movements are impossible.

It is hypocritical to hold Obama to account for powerlessness before the same massive forces that we permit to govern our own lives, and foolish to suppose that Obama or any



other member of (the system) could lead in the movement away from our culture's crippling addictions. But there are alternatives to foolishness and hypocrisy.

Before it devolved into drug-addled debauchery, a very powerful message could be found in the counter-culture of The Sixties—the message that it was possible, even admirable, possibly even necessary to (drop out) of a society that had become dominated by greed, violence, and hatred. Stripped of the mockery and cheap stereotypes imposed by mass media culture, that message remains powerful... and is long overdue for re-examination.

Perhaps instead of (dropping out) we could, to varying degrees, (opt out). Just like Facebook gives you a choice of how much of your life you choose to make public in cyberspace, perhaps we could all start making conscious choices about how much of our lives we wish to live within the bounds of corporate petro-feudalism.

Let's start with the obvious: no one really needs a jet-ski. I can't even look at one of the damned things without recalling the Hurricane Rita evacuation and being stuck for a number of miles behind some idiot in a Hummer pulling a trailer with—not just one, but two—jet-skis. The amount of space taken on the road by this little caravan could easily have accommodated three conventional sedans—in other words, between twelve and fifteen people trying to flee an anticipated natural disaster (the idiot in the Hummer was, by contrast accompanied only by a wife/girlfriend and a large and

rather stupid-looking dog). And that doesn't even take into account the obscene amounts of fuel burned in the process.

No...no one really needs a jet-ski or any of the other trappings of American abundance I found myself surrounded by on the shores of that little lake over Memorial Day weekend.

What we do need, before it is too late, is to somehow discover an ethic of voluntary simplicity. One of the greatest failings that Obama and Bush share is an absolute refusal to ask anything resembling sacrifice of the American people—and yet this country's great accomplishments of the past were all grounded in sharing, sacrifice, and common purpose.

What our leaders are too timid and compromised to ask of us, we must freely volunteer of ourselves. In a thousand ways, large and small, we can opt out of the failed bargain our culture has made with corporate global capitalism, and in the process increase the autonomy and dignity in our lives. Even something as small as deciding to walk to the convenience store instead of driving has consequence if enough people do it—and far greater the consequence of not making that trip in the first place... there are better ways to quench hunger and thirst than junk food and mediocre swill beer. Let's not forget that the power yielded by this century's robber barons is based purely on their ability to sell things to us. If enough of us stop buying, how much improved a world might we find ourselves in?

Isn't it worth a few sacrifices to find out?

FPH

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THE FLOTILLA FIASCO

THREE JEWS IN TEL AVIV TALKED FOR HOURS. ONE LEAVES. ANOTHER SAYS TO THE REMAINING JEW: "GOD, THAT MAN WAS STUPID. HE MUST BE A GENERAL."

AFTER ISRAELI COMMANDOS murdered nine people and wounded scores of others in international waters, I concluded that Israel continues to give Jews a bad name. The US government and media, in their effort to kiss the Israeli lobby's ass, contributed to what Margaret Atwood called "a shadow hanging over Israel." She referred to its continued inhumane treatment of the Palestinians in occupied territories, including its control over access to Gaza.

The military responsible for the flotilla fiasco receive tens of billions of dollars in US military aid annually. They have periodically invaded Lebanon and committed documented human rights crimes against Palestinians whose territory they occupy.

Even more soiling to Jewish repute for uncountable centuries, the fiasco at sea has called into question the issue of Jewish intelligence. Jews survived, the myth goes, because they possessed both a sense of humor and keen intelligence.

Except for a few occasions in biblical times, however, Jews did not make their reputation as astute military men. The creation of Israel changed this. The 1948, 1967 and 1973 wars showed Jewish intellectual prowess on the battlefield. The military commanders, not right wing orthodox Jew -- many were atheists or non-practicing -- outwitted their hostile neighbors. Since then, however, Israel has illegally, according to the UN and international law, occupied Palestinian territory and Syria's Golan Heights, and failed in repeated invasions of Lebanon and Gaza to achieve its "security" goal.

"How did the latest fiasco happen?" ask incredulous Jews. I present my inside-the-brain-of-the-beast explanation.

I detect the methods of the fabled wise men of Chelm in contemporary Israeli policy. The Rabbis of Chelm followed obvious logic before making decisions. When a fire broke out in the village barn, the rabbi ordered his flock to collect all the readily available straw in the area to throw over the flames. His scientific education taught him that any object thrown on fire (except flammable liquid of course) would deprive the fire of needed oxygen.

The milkman suggested the rabbi secure the rest of the town and secure the other town buildings. He compared extinguishing such a hearty blaze to putting spilled milk back in the bottle, an experience he personally had agonized over. The rabbi scoffed. "Not positive thinking," he commented, and directed the flock to put straw atop the fire.

The flames abated. The rabbi smiled and turned to go home and thank God. But the

flames re-asserted themselves in spades. The townspeople shrieked in fear. The rabbi turned around, horrified, and ordered: "More straw."

Similarly, in Chelmitic tradition, the wise military and civilian commanders of the raid at sea had accumulated information about the flotilla and its passengers. Some aboard the captured Mavi Marmara reported the commandos had a list of "terrorists and troublemakers" to execute during the raid on the ship, according to passengers who seized a booklet during their altercations with the boarding Israelis. The passengers claimed the booklet contained names and photos of passengers the Israeli military intended to kill. (The Independent, June 5)

The Israeli military denied such a list existed. A Turkish autopsy report showed the nine slain victims were shot a total of thirty times, many at close range. The Guardian (June 4) reported five victims received bullets in the back of the head.

Prime Minister Bubi Notinmyard authorized the commando attack against humanitarian aid ships after reading massive amounts of public data about the intent of the mission. Aid mission organizers made their break-Israel's blockade motive clear. He studied the 1947 experience of the British ship, Exodus, by reading Leon Uris' novel by that name, in which Jewish refugees attempt to travel to Palestine from a British detention camp in Cyprus.

The novel and film made the British look bad because the ship got too close to the Promised Land. Israelis appeared as noble and brave; Arabs as slimy brutes with Nazi bosses.

Rabbi Bubi then applied his University of Chelm wisdom. Allowing ships carrying non-military goods to break Israel's blockade of Gaza could have won him world approval.

But what was an abstract gain to win world approval compared to showing the world who is boss? So he discarded his own foreign ministry warning of the "illegality" of the planned seizure of boats in international waters. (Barak Ravid, Haaretz June 10) Bibi instead applied the moral of a story about the importance of control -- as a principle.

The woman boasted to her female friends how she dominated her husband. "Crawl under that table," she demanded.

The Chelm man obeyed.

"Now, come out!" she ordered.

"No, I refuse," he challenged. "I'll show you who is boss here!" **FPH**

Saul Landau is the author of A Bush and Botox World.

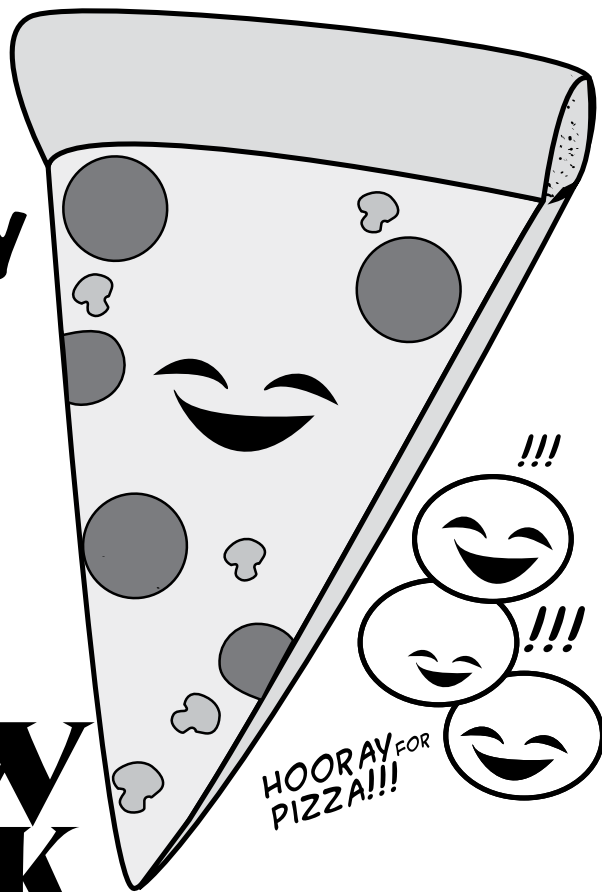
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BECAUSE WE ARE

by

MICHAEL BERGERON

The art exhibit Because We Are demands attention as an important series of installations focused on gender issues, gay marriage, sexuality and AIDS.

THE ART OF TEN ARTISTS, each of whose work could stand alone on its own merit, makes Because We Are memorable as each artist makes an unforgettable impact.

Because We Are will be on display at the Station Museum of Contemporary Art (www.stationmuseum.com) until September 19, 2010. Located at 1502 Alabama (at LaBranch) the museum looks inconspicuous in that stretch of Alabama mostly occupied by sparse apartments and office buildings on its way to the Hwy 288 underpass. But you know you've arrived someplace special if only due to the small airplane and vacant old gas station across the street, itself a self-contained installation.

From the moment you walk into the room containing a giant towering figure made entirely of different AIDS medicine bottles and surrounded by needles, all revolving and suspended by wires, you feel the specter of horror that surrounds the subject of disease. Medicine Man by Daniel Goldstein provides one of many stunning moments from this show. Another room contains portrait-sized photographs of transgender people, shot, mounted and with commentary by Arthur Robinson Williams. Williams is one of two medical doctors whose work is part of this exhibit. Adjoining this room is another room of photos, by Zanele Muholi, that conjures images of erotica with a kind of social observation that could only be the synthesis of an artist influenced by events in post-apartheid South Africa.

Walking past Muholi's photos you enter a room inscribed with the poetry of Stacyann Chin. One sentence declares "Christ was a Middle Eastern Rastaman."

Next door to this a multi-media installation by New York artist Conrad Ventur fractures the image of Nina Simone with a spinning crystal in front of a video projector lens. You're immersed in a web of kaleidoscope images, enforced by the treble heavy music through the projector's small speaker. "I am looking for a feeling of sincerity," Ventur says about his project. "There's enough irony in the world."

One artist has his art both in a room and in the bathroom. Eric Avery's "Male and Female Condom Wall Paper" adorns the men's restroom. Avery points out that this is the same design that caused an outrage when it was part of the wall decoration in a restroom at coffee house Brasil (and a parent complained in 1997). Avery's room contains a group of paintings that depict victims of sexual and institutional abuse.

In black against white the images are framed by separate images that tell stories in fragments. The horrors etched in the subject's faces are reminiscent of the internal terror of Munch's The Scream. Avery created these paintings by carving the image on plywood and then embossing them on thin paper. Individually they each create a distinct impression and grouped together they conjure thoughts that won't be easily forgotten.

Patricia Cronin remarks that her marble sculpting Memorial To A Marriage is surrounded by a series of her erotic watercolors for the first time. Certainly the juxtaposition of the several ton carved marble on the floor is honored by the images that adorn the surrounding walls. Cronin describes the three-year process of sculpting MTAM. Using grant money, Cronin bought a 25-ton block of Carrara marble from a quarry in Italy, shipped it to her studio in New York and starting with miniatures made of clay evolved the models of two sleeping women into a life size statue. Cronin notes that the quarry is the same place that Michelangelo obtained his marble. "It's meant for the viewer to walk around and observe the figures in 360-degrees," notes Cronin.

As moving as anything I've seen are a group of posters that were inspired by the shotgun art of William Burroughs and Brion Gysin. Brian Kenny found an outlet that sold 1970s-era posters, used as target practice by police agencies, and drawing on them, and framing them with thick automobile windshield type glass, Kenny fired a pistol point blank through the bulls-eye in the middle. Hung as a group, Kenny's collective imagery at once overwhelms your senses even while toying with perceptions of self-protection and violence in modern culture. Alongside these surreal targets on the far wall are erotic male photos framed against a background of newspaper clipping depicting economic charts (from the New York Times or Wall Street Journal) by expatriate Russian photographer and activist Slava Mogutin. Mogutin explains that he's the first Russian gay dissident who was allowed political amnesty in the United States because of sexual persecution (in 1995). Mogutin's books of erotic photography Lost Boys and NYC Go-Go are prime examples of gay erotica.

Because We Are also features art by James Morrison and David Wojnarowicz. Because We Are is a must see show, and for art aficionados a must see twice experience. [FPH](#)



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