

FPH

FREE PRESS HOUSTON



INTERVIEW: RICK LOWE OF PROJECT ROW HOUSES
NO ZONING: ARTISTS ENGAGE HOUSTON
IS ROBERT ELLIS THE SEXIEST HOUSTON MUSICIAN?
MAYOR OF MONTROSE'S 10 FAVORITE BARS

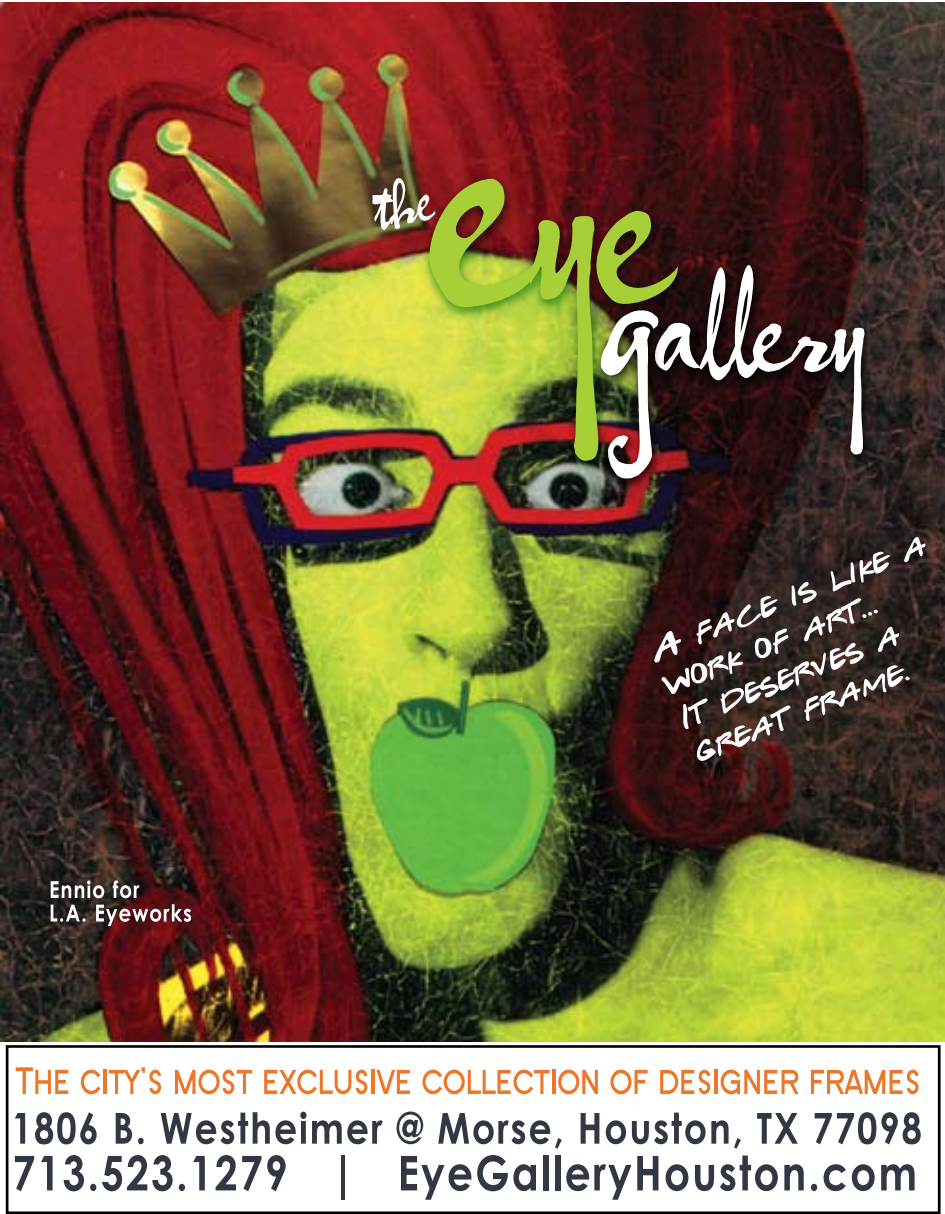


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April 3
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April 4
Lick Lick, Invincible Czars, Opposite Day

April 5
Jandek (4pm Matinee show Doors at 2:30PM \$4.00)

April 10
The Gary

April 17
Lymbyc Systym

April 18
Born Liars, Rockland Eagles, The Platforms, Mohammed Ali

April 21
Mike Watt

April 24
The Soarce, Slivered, Orents Stiner

April 25
Tody Castillo, Teresa Kolo

April 30
The Trian Woodburns, One Eyed Doll

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SAT. APRIL 11th

Young Mammals
Muhammad Ali
THEART (Australia)

WED. APRIL 15th FREE SHOW

Free Radicals, Chase Hamblin

THUR. APRIL 16th FREE SHOW

The Small Sounds,
Robert Ellis

FRIDAY, APRIL 17th

Satin Hooks,
Female Demand

SAT. APRIL 18th

Come See My Dead Person,
Darwin's Finches

SUN. APRIL 19th FREE SHOW

Mantis, Sad Gorilla

WED. APRIL 22ND FREE SHOW

Earth Day: Sew What,
Chase Hamblin, Free Radicals

THUR. APRIL 23RD FREE SHOW

Robert Ellis, Phillip Foshee

FRIDAY. APRIL 24TH

American Fangs
The Manichean

SAT. APRIL 25TH

Caddywhompus
Elaine Greer

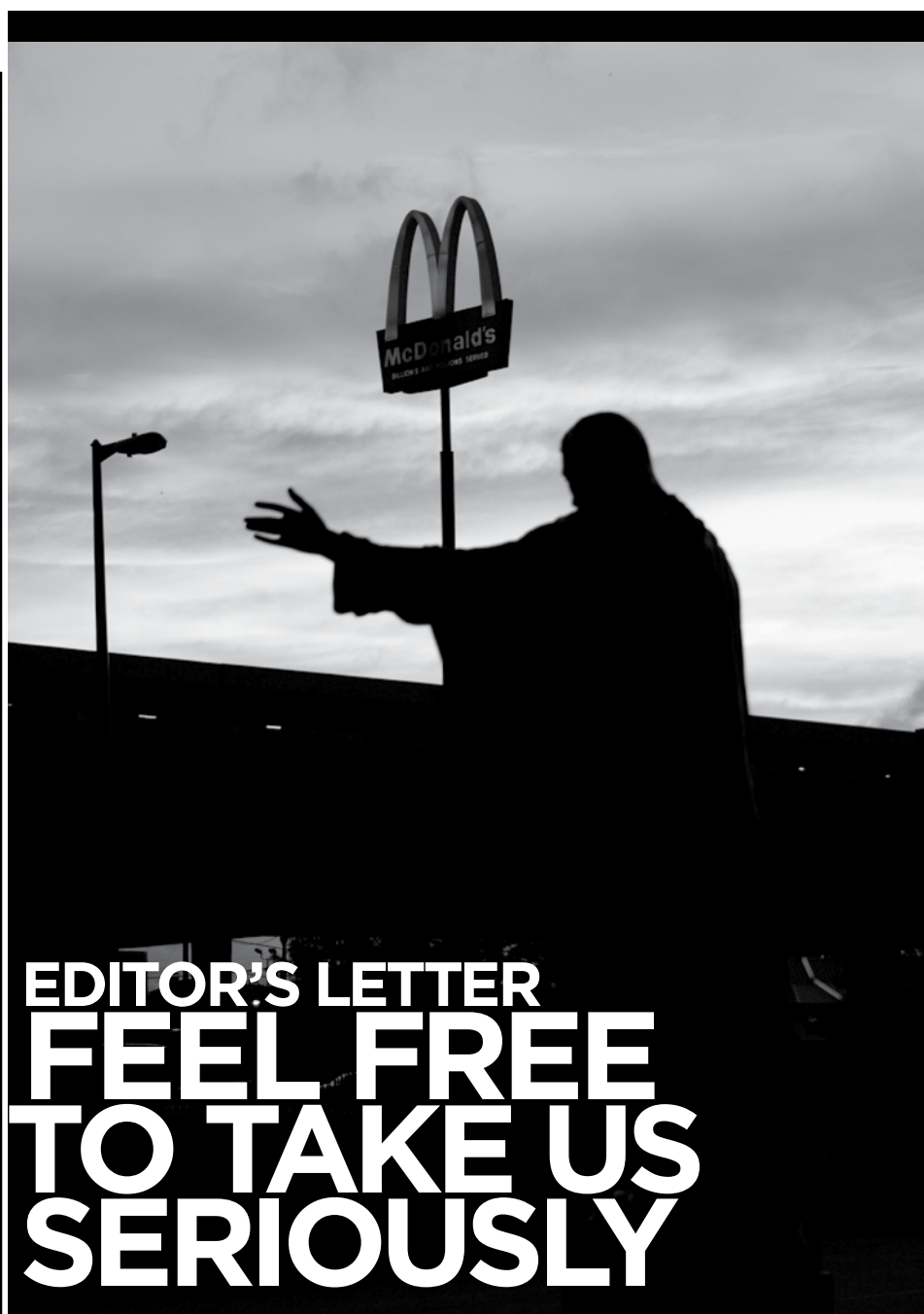
THUR. APRIL 30TH FREE SHOW

Robert Ellis

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HELLO HOUSTON,

I AM RATHER TIRED OF HEARING "I GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS TOWN." EVERYWHERE YOU GO, PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE CITIES THEY ARE IN. RIGHT NOW, SOMEONE IN MANHATTAN IS SAYING THEY HAVE TO GET OUT OF THERE TO FURTHER THEIR CREATIVE GOALS. IN SMALL TOWNS THE SAME FOLKS ARE TRYING TO GO BIG PLACES. THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN SMALL TOWNS SURROUNDING HOUSTON THAT ARE JUST ITCHING TO GET HERE. PEOPLE IN KATY HAVE TO GET DOWNTOWN. SOON ENOUGH, THEY NEED TO MOVE ON. BUT ULTIMATELY, THESE PEOPLE ARE OFTEN RUNNING FROM THEMSELVES. I KNOW, IT'S SOME FREUDIAN BULLSHIT AND I AM NOT TRYING TO DISCOUNT THE VALUE OF PUTTING YOURSELF OUT IN AN UNKNOWN PLACE AND TRYING YOUR LUCK. BUT EVENTUALLY, ONE MUST FIND COMMUNITY, REALIZE THEY ARE NEEDED AND HAVE MUCH TO OFFER, AND GIVE BACK JUST A LITTLE BIT. IT'S MUCH LIKE THE SAYING "YOU ARE NOT BORED, YOU ARE BORING." THERE ARE THOSE WHO RAIL AGAINST THE HOUSTON ARTS OR MUSIC SCENE. LET ME TELL YOU, I HAVE LIVED PLACES WHERE THERE REALLY WAS NOT ANY LIFE IS THE ARTS AND MUSIC SCENE. HOUSTON IS CLEARLY NOT ONE OF THOSE PLACES. I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU THIS PLACE IS TEEMING WITH TALENT. TAKE A TRIP TO THE ORANGE SHOW, RUDYARD'S, SUPER HAPPY FUN LAND, THE MENIL, OR THE ART CAR PARADE. BUT NOW I AM RAMBLING. ENJOY THIS ISSUE. WE PUT EXTRA LOVE INTO IT. YOU CAN JUST SMELL IT. REALLY.

PHOTO BY ANDREW REBMAN

DEBRIS

APRIL TEARS MAY LAST FOR YEARS

BUFFALO SEAN

“THE *BROKEN OBELISK* IS CONCERNED WITH LIFE AND I HOPE THAT I HAVE TRANSFORMED ITS TRAGIC CONTENT INTO A GLIMPSE OF THE SUBLIME.”
-BARNETT NEWMAN

“THE ONLY THING I CARE ABOUT IS THE EXPRESSION OF MAN’S BASIC EMOTIONS: TRAGEDY, ECSTASY, DESTINY.”
-MARK ROTHKO

LOVE IS THE NEW THING IN ART. Gone is the fame, the career, the rat race and the flight to New York. Of course that statement has wide blinders on it, but it’s just been so sad around here. There is much to mourn these days, and the art world in Houston is tinged with tragedy. So love, please, ‘cause it will never go away.

Leigh Boone was a tireless art supporter, a regular on the gallery scene, a valuable member of the team at the Houston Center for Photography and an arts volunteer working with many important art spaces. She was riding her bicycle to work at the corner of Westheimer and Dunlavy on March 30th when two fire trucks collided in a horrific twist of metal and fate. Boone was brought to Memorial Hermann in critical condition, firefighters were injured, a car was crushed, and the \$1.2 million in damage was all for naught—the call was a fake. Leigh died on Good Friday after a twelve day battle for her life. That Easter morning the winds of a thunderstorm whipped a home fire in southeast Houston into a frenzy. Captain James Harlow and firefighter Damien Hobbs entered the house as the fire was dying down, but flames suddenly blasted through the roof and erupted sideways throughout the house. Both were killed. That afternoon, in San Francisco, California, art car enthusiast and metalworking artist Tom Kennedy was pulled under by a vicious undertow while body surfing and drown. Kennedy spent time studying sculpture at the University of Houston and

working for the Houston Chronicle; he had travelled extensively building art cars in the past few years.

On the morning of Monday, April 13th, in front of the solemn Rothko Chapel where he had been married, artist and member of the “I Love You, Baby” art collective Dale Stewart took his own life. The park, lush with spring leaves on Live Oaks and a wall of bamboo behind Barnett Newman’s *Broken Obelisk*, was peppered with neighbors walking their dogs and students lying in the sun. Leigh Boone was 29; Dale Stewart was 34. That night mourners gathered at Poison Girl to pay their respects to Boone. Everyone signed a white bicycle with Sharpies and bought out the whole stock of I <3 LEIGH tee shirts before 11. At the end of the night the “ghost bicycle” was chained to a telephone pole at the corner of Westheimer and Dunlavy, surrounded by a growing memorial of flowers from well-wishers. On his way home from the event, Kevin Curry, a studio resident at the Lawndale Art Center who knew Leigh from her volunteer work, was the victim of a hit-and-run as he pulled his bicycle into his own driveway. He ended

up with a huge gash on his forehead, chipped teeth and cuts and bruises on his face, but thankfully avoided a fractured skull.

That Saturday, two memorial services crossed paths at the Rothko Chapel, where services were held for Leigh and a procession of friends and family left flowers, letters and other tokens for Dale beneath the tree where he passed away. The rain poured down in sheets. The sky took on the pallor of Mark Rothko’s late paintings, created after the Chapel’s large voids and an aneurysm in his

aorta, shortly before he slit his wrists in his kitchen after overdosing on anti-depressants in 1970. The city began to flood, and there would be more tragedy to follow. A man driving drunk along Greens Bayou answered his cell phone and swerved into the rain-swollen bayou, killing five children in the car with him. Painful reminders of the precious life we all lead, death will always follow us—and remembering our love for those lost may bring you solace.

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ART SHOWS THIS MONTH

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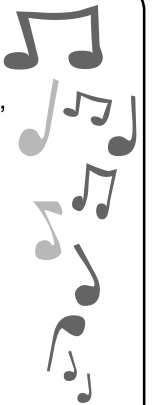


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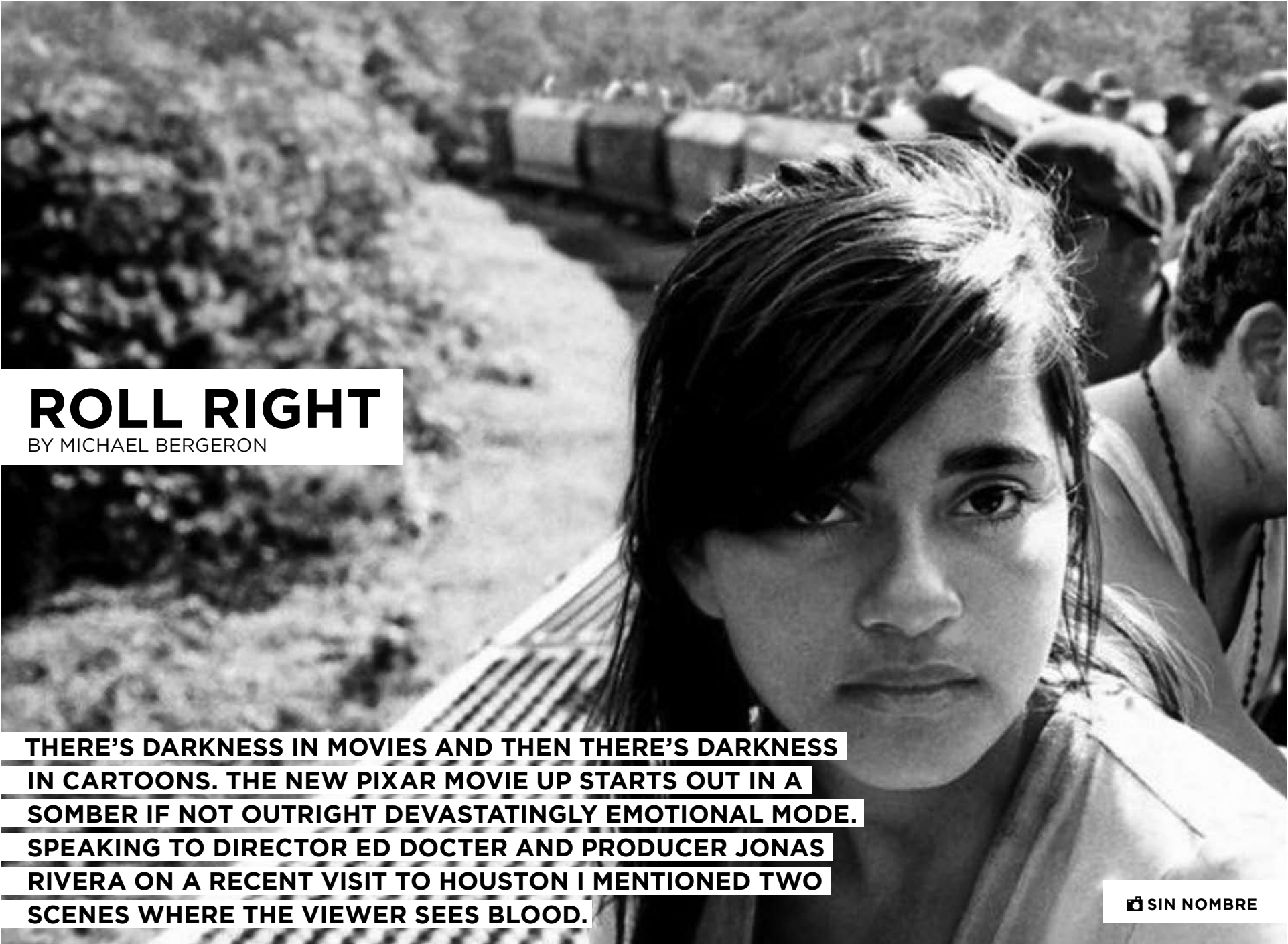
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Thursday Hightailers	Sundays Dave's Bluegrass Sunday School 12-4pm: Play, Learn, Teach	Sunday Evenings w/ David Fahl & Band

WEEKENDS IN APRIL:

Apr 3 9:00P- Uncle Fucker w/ Shotgun Party
Apr 4 9:00P- Neoposstreet Funk Afterparty with Stadium,
Potbelly and DJ Saba
Apr 10 9:00P- Plump
Apr 11 9:00P- Railroad Earth w/ Splitlip Rayfield
(Presale @ yourtexasmusic.com)
Apr 17 7:00P-Cowjazz - 7pm, Carolyn Wonderland 9pm
Apr 18 9:00P--Jah Roots w/ Kamm & the One Drops
Apr 24 9:00P- Green Mountain Grass!
Apr 25 9:00P-Catastrophic Theatre's Clown Town
May 2 2:00P- Praia Urbana
May 8 9:00P- Rattletree Marimba/DRUM



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ROLL RIGHT

BY MICHAEL BERGERON

THERE'S DARKNESS IN MOVIES AND THEN THERE'S DARKNESS IN CARTOONS. THE NEW PIXAR MOVIE UP STARTS OUT IN A SOMBER IF NOT OUTRIGHT DEVASTATINGLY EMOTIONAL MODE. SPEAKING TO DIRECTOR ED DOCTER AND PRODUCER JONAS RIVERA ON A RECENT VISIT TO HOUSTON I MENTIONED TWO SCENES WHERE THE VIEWER SEES BLOOD.

 **SIN NOMBRE**

ANIMATED FILM CAN ENCOMPASS EVERYTHING from Fritz the Cat to Waltz With Bashir to anime but we're talking about a film distributed by Disney, and the 11th film from Pixar.

Early on in *Up* we see the lead character, 78-year-old retired balloon salesman Carl whack a construction worker on the head with a mailbox. And there will be blood. "We needed it, you battle certain things with animation. He hits the guy on the head and we're programmed to laugh, but then he takes his hand away from his forehead and there's blood," points out Rivera.

"At Pixar there aren't that many rules, we can do stuff and if it works for the scene we use it," says Docter.

"As producer I'm always concerned whether we've pushed too far," comments Rivera. "I looked and for instance, Dory gets a nose-bleed in *Finding Nemo* and that's what gets the sharks after her. And in *Beauty and the Beast* he gets stabbed in the back and you see it.

"This is a whimsical world where a house floats away tethered by balloons. We need emotional stakes to make it matter."

Up also adds talking dogs to the mix. The canines are able to vocalize because their master, a long lost explorer who's a cross between Prospero and Capt. Nemo has fashioned

advanced dog collars that convey the pooches' thoughts to words.

"The dogs talk but their thoughts betray them. They're dogs, they tell it like it is," Rivera notes. Docter adds: "We did things for the dog's dialogue, like we'd look up a phrase on Google Translate from English to Japanese and then back from Japanese to English to see how we could rearrange the words. 'Soon the bird shall be ours yet again.'"

Up will open May 29 but not before opening the Cannes Film Festival in a 3D presentation.

"The 3D is basically how much you separate the objects from right to left eye," describes Docter. "What we tried to do on this movie was to not have too many things reaching out at the viewer. It's generally distracting."

Docter emphasizes they're not calling attention to the 3D so much as using it for the special depth it brings to scenes like the ones that incorporate tepuis (pronounced ta-poooh-ee), a series of unique mesas only found in regions South America. In particular the climax takes place on a tepui modeled after Mount Roraima in Guyana.

When they were location scouting they landed on the top of one tepui and Docter asked the helicopter pilot how many people he thought had been there.

"Thousands?"
"More like 10s."

SIN NOMBRE

Sin Nombre leads a wealth of Spanish language films either now playing or getting ready to open soon. That would include the Gael Garcia Bernal and Diego Luna vehicle *Rudo y Cursi* in mid-May and the Latin New Wave festival showing at the MFA during the first weekend in May.

Sin Nombre, set in Mexico and Central America, conveys a lineage that's not specifically Latin. Director Cary Fukunaga is the ringer at the center of the maelstrom.

Born of Japanese and Swedish blood and raised in California, Fukunaga has fashioned a tale of intrigue and gang relations that many will compare to *City of God*. However *Sin Nombre*'s best moments are derived from the thrilling chase narrative that forms the last part of the film and not its chilling portrayal of young adult gangs.

Two stories combine in the middle. A young woman from Honduras, Sayra (Paulina Gaitan), joins a caravan trying to make it across the US border. In Mexico a vicious gang led by multi-tattooed psychopaths are initiating new members. The entrance to the org can be had by simply killing a rival. When one lad Smiley, not even at the age of puberty, is handed a zip gun you can feel his allegiance to ruthless power. It's in this gang that the leader

Lil' Mago has killed Willy's girlfriend while trying to rape her. Playing Willy in a conflicted manner Edgar Flores rises to the opportunity to become the moral center of the film.

The gang flourishes in Tapachula, Mexico and plans to rob immigrants who board the trains headed to the US. Tapachula is located at the very southeastern bottom of Mexico, close to Guatemala. Hopping the train still means several days of travel for Sayra and her friends to reach their goal.

Along the train top the mass of illegal riders, not unlike the impoverished settlers hitching in *Days of Heaven*, a kind of community flourishes and it's here that Willy and Sayra notice each other. As much to revenge the death of his girlfriend as well as for a general sense of fidelity to the traveler's plight Willie double-crosses Lil' Mago. This sets up the chase with Willie and Sayra teaming up and avoiding ambushes by the rest of Lil' Mago's gang at every junction.

Sin Nombre looks beautiful whether through atmospheric photography of the train at sunset or the sharp action images that dot its landscape. One incident with a guy falling off the train happens so quickly and yet so precisely that you'll marvel at the stunt choreography. A well thought out conclusion will only further impact audiences and have them



anxiously wanting to talk about Sin Nombre as soon as it's over. Sin Nombre is currently unwinding at the River Oaks Three.

DVD SLIGHT RETURN

Paramount Pictures releases classics from their archives under the banner Centennial Collection. The transfers are beautiful to look at and although each set comes with two discs most of the abundant extras are nominal. Regardless, if you consider yourself a movie maven these are films you should have on a list of movies to see at least once.

The story of two divorced men who despite being total opposites become roommates The Odd Couple remains Neil Simon's best play. TOC starts out dark with Felix about to kill himself. The direction of Gene Saks is pedestrian but the self-loathing of Simon's play comes through theatrically. The television show jettisoned the shadow areas although it kept the Neal Hefti movie theme. Both Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau have died but the extras include commentary from their respective sons Chris and Charlie. Their thoughts and memories are inviting

Even though it's 56 years old (That's nothing, Guinness is 250 years old.) Roman Holiday was shot using the box aspect ratio. Made during the transition from square movies to long

rectangular movies RH has to be the single best film to launch a star. Even next to on-location Rome scenery Audrey Hepburn steals the show with a performance that won an Oscar for lead actress in her first film. Gregory Peck is a cad although he has the film's best character arc since he realizes what a dick he's been and tries to change. Verily, the 1950s was the last decade when being an actual princess was relevant to the way people lived and Hepburn makes her idyllic Princess and the Pauper routine work even when the film insists on make believe situations. Extras include a lengthy docu of films Hepburn made at Paramount.

Speaking of princesses, Grace Kelly became the princess of Monaco but only after meeting her future husband while shooting To Catch A Thief. The color photography won an Oscar but that wasn't hard with VistaVision and the French Riviera, fireworks and twisty mountain roads. The young femme and older man (Cary Grant) romance actually works here in a manner that doesn't jive with contemporary films. "The cat has a new kitten," Kelly warns Grant referring to his character's part-time occupation as a high wire jewel thief. One extra that was particularly insightful takes viewers to locations in France where select scenes were lensed.

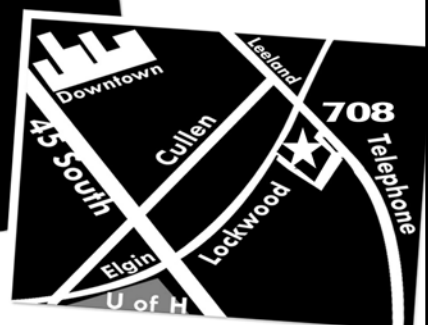
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4-11 Ozeal w/ The Journey Agents

4-17 EastEnd Songwriter Circle

4-24 Jonathan Dewveall

4-25 Imagines Ocultas

Spring Music Fest
Sat/Sun 4th & 5th
Sat 11th afternoon shows

**LUNCH
OR
DINNER**



TO THINK ABOUT TIME IS WASTING TIME

BY K.M.A.

RANTS ARE USUALLY INSPIRED. WHETHER IT BE CHEMICAL, EMOTIONAL, OR WHATEVER, I AM FAN OF THE RANT. CLEARLY, I LOVE TO RANT (THOUGH SILENCE IS BECOMING THE PLAY OF THE DAY.) MOTHERFUCKERS LOVE TO MISINTERPRET. I THINK THE WHOLE REASON TO SPEAK IS TO BASK IN THE GLORY OF EXPRESSION. LANGUAGE. EVEN IF THE MESSAGE DOESN'T CHANGE, THE PRESENTATION VARIES.

HOW MANY WAYS CAN YOU SAY NOTHING?

I am trying to find the answer to this “licks-to-the-center-of-a-Tootsie-pop” question. But the thing is, it’s not fun to rant anymore because of the motherfuckers always trying to indict you. “What did you mean by that? I take offense.” They pick apart the words for their own satisfaction, trying to make you look like this, or it, or that. I don’t want to imply that they are stupid or that I am right. I imply--by calling them motherfuckers--that they have copulated [Did you mean “consummated?” --Herb] a relationship with someone once pregnant (which does not imply that they are all males). So calm the rants I shall. For what am I if not wise? Wise enough to know that the snake in the grass is no longer camouflaged--they are no longer covert, these character assassins. But while you may silence me now, know. Know that when my phoenix rises from these ashes I will defecate proudly into the mouth of beast and leave the feast of their flesh to their own offspring. Eat what you will soon become, sons and daughters of evil and corruption. Go Rockets...

SELVES

SLEEPYTIME GORILLA MUSEUM

5.1.09 | Walter’s On Washington

Music is an articulation of emotion. It is a representation of an idea--the manifestation of a thought. If we take these things as a given, then we can be more accepting of the Sleepytime Gorilla Museum. Part theatre, part rock n’ roll...or maybe all rock and no theatre...it’s a blurry line. An act of consciousness but not necessarily an act, sincerity can (at most) be assumed. Is James Taylor sincere or is that an act? The sound of SGM is one that could lend itself to drama and suspense, there is aggression but not necessarily anger, there is

beauty, but beauty in the way of the hero’s last words. There is not a lack of emotion, but there may be a lack of mediocrity, which some of us need in order to feel comfortable. You have two choices: go to this show, or tell someone to go to this show with you. You will walk away affected and moved.

EXTRA GOLDEN

5.23.09 | Walter’s On Washington

Since I wrote an article about the concept behind Extra Golden, I will use this space to tout their sound. This band is an aural powerhouse. Both African music and rock are styles which are better appreciated live than recorded, and since Extra Golden has been birthed from both of these styles, it’s obvious their music would excel in front of a crowd. The energy, the feeling, the groove is multiplied by 10 in a setting of dance and volume. Their latest album, Thank You Very Quickly is an album that was influenced by the live experience and very much lends itself to the notion of being performed, even as vibrant as the recording is; there is hearing about the food and then tasting the food, a description, no matter how many adjectives and adverbs, can only hint at the magic.

WRITER’S NOTE: I know that I have written about two shows at the same venue, but this is in no way because I am degrading music that is played at other venues. I just would not go to those shows. Please support the shows listed below this article as well, as I am sure they are also worth of attendance.

SHELVES

SIR RICHARD BISHOP

Freak of Araby (Drag City)

Freak of Araby is the music of lineage and

heritage. [I have no idea what that preceding sentence is supposed to mean. --Herb] Even though world music is supposed to represent something exotic, something of substance, something more “cultural” than “commercial,” this album is more interesting as a fine representation of guitar and sound than for its connection to any particular exotic location. Sir Richard Bishop’s guitar lines weave in and out of the rhythms--whether it be the hypnotic “Sid Mansour,” the mysticism of “Enta Omri,” or the beauty of “Kaddak El Mayess.” Each song is a journey unto itself, and, taken as a whole, the album is an excursion to a place of beauty. Fall into this album and allow your living room to become a distant land.

Deradoorian

Mind Raft (Love Pump)

Angel Deradoorian describes her first solo EP as, “5 gothed out psych tracks for you to do drugs to, or something.” Well, anyone who describes their music that way has got my vote--not because I promote or condone drugs, but because I promote and condone psychedelia. In soul music, you get there slow: there is a repetition, a groove, and the overall feeling reveals itself as the song unfolds. Deradoorian does this well. Her album could be folk or R&B, her voice is sultry and smooth, her arrangements are sparse and give her words the room to stir your soul. I could say more about this but the baby has had enough. Excuse me while I appease the child...

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CEPHALIC CARNAGE

05.01 | NUMBERS



AMPLIFIED HEAT

05.16 | RUDYARD’S



UMOJA ORCHESTRA

05.08 | SUPER HAPPY FUN LAND



ART CAR PARADE

05.09 | ALLEN PARKWAY

AND YOU WILL KNOW ME BY THESE SONGS...

BRIGITTE B. ZABAK

THE TOP 50 OF MY TOP 100 LIST...

NOT MUCH GOOD COMES FROM MY EVER-GROWING OBSESSION WITH FACEBOOK. The amount of time I spend on this one little social networking site could obviously be put towards more productive endeavors, but, hey, a girl has to lose herself in mindless self indulgences to stay sane, right?

Every now and then, though, someone will post a blog-like entry that sparks my attention and gets discussion going about a number of topics that I find personally relevant to my interests. The main topic being music - obviously. A few days ago, a good friend of mine posted a list of his top 100 favorite songs of all time; an idea that was inspired by a good friend of his.

While I recognize that top *anything* lists are not a novel concept, something about sitting down and really thinking about 100 songs that I loved and still love over the last three decades of my life (holy shit!) seemed like a undertaking that was absolutely necessary to accomplish. It also dawned on me that I've never really made a list of anything that was this in-depth and required so much of my memory, time and energy. Making a top 100 list of your favorite songs might seem like an easy thing to do, but it was honestly one of the most emotional and inspiring tasks I've ever pushed myself to complete.

Making this list opened the flood gates to my memory - to songs that reminded me of experiences I hoped to forget and experiences that would never have been the same without that song as the soundtrack. It made me realize that the quality of a song doesn't always factor in when you make a decision to love it so much that it stays with you forever. Music can shape your recollection of the past and stand firmly in your history. That's probably why it hurt so much to leave so many great songs behind as I finalized this list.

So, in the spirit of equal parts bravery and narcissism, I am including the first half of the list I made for your reading pleasure. To some people, sharing their writing, their artwork or their poetry is deeply personal and meaningful. For me, showing the world, or...okay.. the small subculture of Houstonians who read this paper the songs that stir my soul and shaped a large part of who I am today, is just as daunting.

And even though it is a tad bit overwhelming to have a part of me out there in black and white for people to point and laugh at, it is also an opportunity for us to learn about one another, about music both new and old and about the inevitable intermingling of sight and sound.

FPH

Feel free to stop by the Free Press Houston blog and share some of your favorite songs with us www.freepresshouston.com

1. JEFF BUCKLEY

Lover, You Should've Come Over

2. THE SMITHS

Oscillate Wildly

3. LUSH

Tiny Smiles

4. THE LEMONHEADS

Rest Assured

5. THE CHARLATANS

Can't Even Be Bothered

6. THE MOTORHOMES

Into the Night

7. MORRISSEY

Suedehead

8. RADIOHEAD

Optimistic

9. MOGWAI

Punk Rock

10. MUMFORD & SONS

Roll Away Your Stone

11. RILO KILEY

Paint's Peeling

12. DOVES

Words

13. THE SMITHS

Unhappy Birthday

14. CATHERINE WHEEL

Ferment

15. THE VERVE

No Come Down

16. SONIC YOUTH

Drunken Butterfly

17. OASIS

Slide Away

18. THE SUNDAYS

Can't Be Sure

19. AZURE RAY

Displaced

20. BONNIE PRINCE BILLY

Ain't You Wealthy, Ain't You Wise?

21. IRON & WINE

House By The Sea

22. GHOSTLAND OBSERVATORY

Silver City

23. FREEDY JOHNSTON

Bad Reputation

24. R.E.M.

These Days

25. PJ HARVEY

Man Size

26. EDIE BRICKELL & THE NEW BOHEMIANS

Air of December

27. THE MOODY BLUES

Nights In White Satin

28. BOB SEGER

Turn the Page

29. THE BEATLES

Strawberry Fields Forever

30. THE POLICE

So Lonely

31. CRACKER

Low

32. DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

We Laugh Indoors

33. RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

If You Have To Ask

34. TONI BASIL

Hey, Mickey

35. MAXWELL

Ascension

36. THE ROOTS/ERYKAH BADU

You Got Me

37. ELLIOT SMITH

Waltz #2

38. BADLY DRAWN BOY

Another Pearl

39. RIDE

Making Judy Smile

40. THE DANDY WARHOLS

Get Off

41. BUDDY HOLLY

Maybe Baby

42. A TRIBE CALLED QUEST

Award Tour

43. DE LA SOUL

Me, Myself & I

44. ELBOW

Red

45. SUPER FURRY ANIMALS

Fire In My Heart

46. MUZE

Time Is Running Out

47. THE FLAMING LIPS

Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots

48. DEPECHE MODE

Sweetest Perfection

49. HERMAN'S HERMITS

I'm Henery the Eighth, I Am

50. THE CURE

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APRIL BAND LISTINGS

WEDNESDAYS	FRIDAYS	SATURDAYS
April 1 - Laurel & The Edge	April 3 - Alter Ego	April 4 - Powerload (AC/DC Tribute)
April 8 - Steven Chadwick Band	April 10 - Oz Knozz	April 11 - Sabbath Judas Sabbath (Sabbath & Priest Tribute)
April 15 - Matchstick	April 17 - Echoes (Pink Floyd Tribute)	April 18 - Abbey Rode (Beatles Tribute)
April 22 - EPV	April 24 - 80 Proof	Already Gone (Eagles Tribute)
April 29 - The Reds	May 1 - Echoz (Dance & Funk Band)	April 25 - Black Dog (Led Zeppelin Tribute)
		May 2 - Mystery Tribute Band

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BOLT

BY JEREMY HART

NO, THIS WASN'T WHAT I WAS EXPECTING TO HEAR COMING FROM A BUNCH OF GUYS WHO'VE MADE THEIR NAMES PLAYING RAW, PUNKISH GARAGE-ROCK IN BANDS LIKE THE MONOCLES AND AMERICAN SHARKS. THE GUITARS ARE THICK AND "ROUND"-SOUNDING AND BLUESY, THE SOUND'S WARM AND INVITING, AND SINGER MIKE HARDIN'S VOCALS ARE CONFIDENT AND IN-YOUR-FACE.

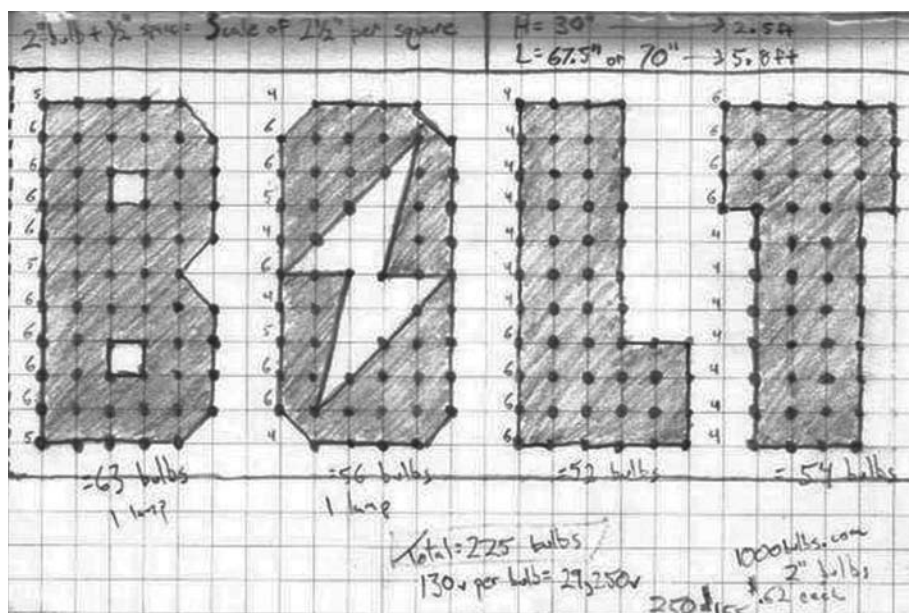
PUT TOGETHER, BOLT COME UP WITH A FLAMBOYANT, BRASH, ALMOST THEATRICAL chunk of '70s throwback rock, a cross between the boogie parts of the Rocky Horror soundtrack, The White Stripes (particularly the stomping groove of "The Man Who Couldn't Save the World") and, weirdest of all, Bowie.

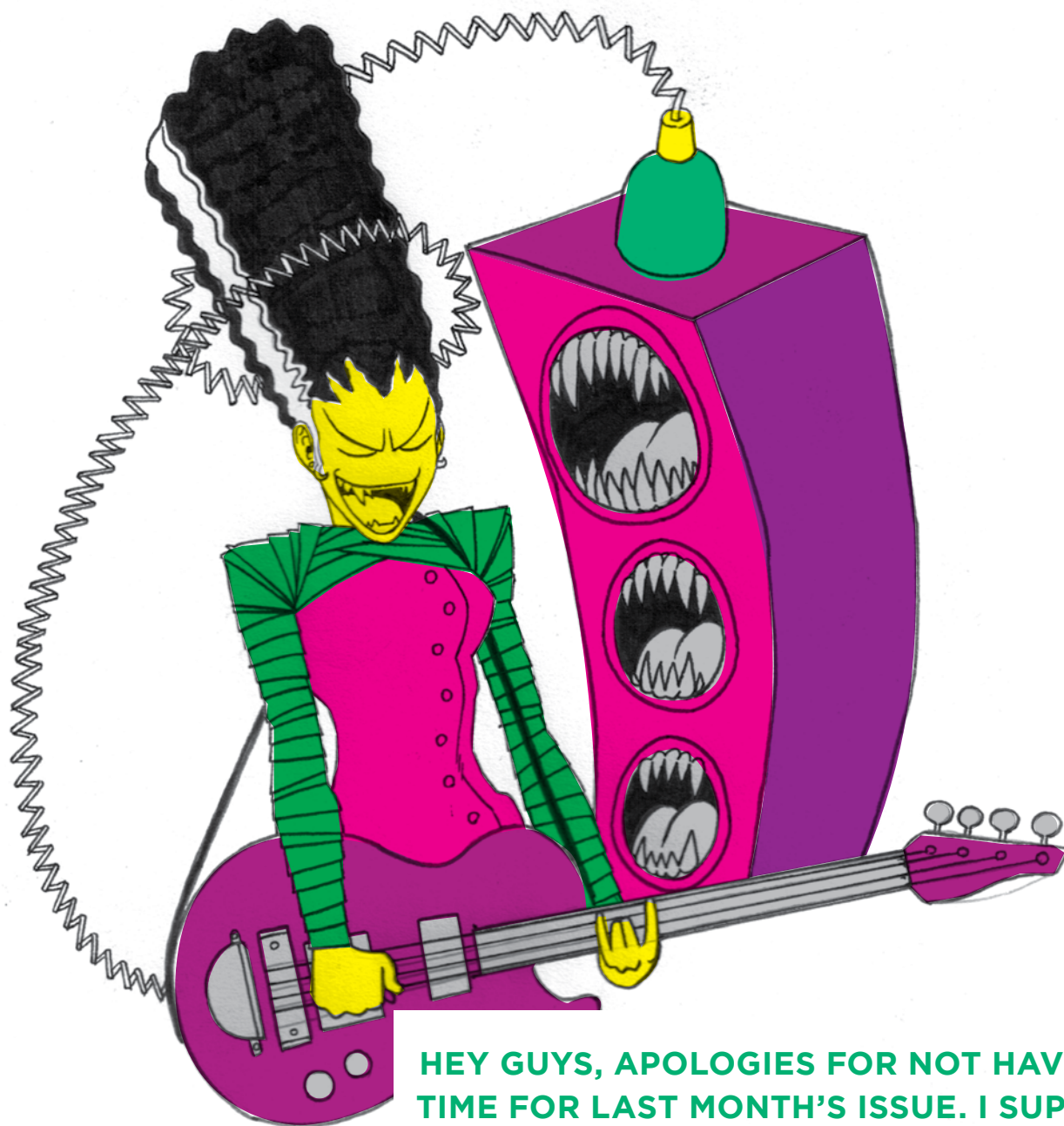
"Hot Saturday Night" is the boozy roller of the pair, a song that sounds like it could've been playing on the hi-fi in the background of Dazed and Confused -- it's like a long, wild, warm night (duh) spent partying with your buds, just having fun and not giving a shit about the rest, even though you're due back at school in a month or two and you all know it. B-side "The Man Who Couldn't Save the World," though, is the one that really grabs me, more over-the-top and deliberate, sound-

ing like the Thin White Duke could've easily written it himself (and the song title's maybe-unconscious nod to "The Man Who Sold the World" doesn't hurt). When singer Mike Hardin declares "We were born -- oh, baby, we were born!", I swear, I feel it.

The weirdest part is that if you were to describe this little two-song EP to me, I'd probably chuckle and shake my head -- nah, no way. I can't help it, though; put it on for two minutes, and the rest of the day, I'm singing along under my breath. The key, I think, is that there's not a trace of irony here; this is seriously retro-rock crafted by a bunch of guys who sound like they spent their formative years digging through their older brothers' record collections and loving every second of it.

FPH





HEY GUYS, APOLOGIES FOR NOT HAVING MY FOLLOW UP READY IN TIME FOR LAST MONTH'S ISSUE. I SUPPOSE THANKS GO TO THE SXSW CRUNCH AND GETTING EVERYTHING TOGETHER FOR MY BAND'S NEW RECORD. ANYHOW, LET'S GET TO IT.

LAST TIME WE HAD THE LADIES OF HOUSTON MUSIC giving their perspectives on what it is to be a female in the local scene. This time around I'm going to take a look at what exactly it is that these girls are doing. It ranges from being a musician (duh! it's a music scene!) to promoter, from radio programmer to producer. Women are contributing to more aspects of the Houston scene than ever before.

First off, let's take the musicians. Anyone who's been in a band knows that often times it's much more than writing and playing music. There's booking and promoting and the whole process of merchandising. Bands starting up usually don't have anyone doing these things for them, so it falls to the member themselves. Dominique from Delta Block not only writes the songs but also handles a great deal of the booking and promotions for her band as well as putting in time working with the other bands to make their shows a success. Natalie of Wayside Drive takes her interactions with other bands to another level with her ardent support of Band Camp, the forum for local bands to come together and gain invaluable tools for making their bands even more successful. Niki of Something Fierce finds having a hand in every step of

the process from writing a song to designing a poster to the show itself, equally challenging and exciting.

And sometimes the musicians move outside of solely promoting their own projects to creating opportunities for other bands to do their thing. One such performer/promoter is the crazy-busy Kam who sings for more bands than pretty much anyone in this town (Heptic Skeptic, The Umbrella Man, The Pocket, and most lately Sideshow Tramps, to name a few). But she doesn't stop at lending her tremendous talent to these other acts; she also puts together the reoccurring event "Leave Your Genre at the Door". These showcases present myriad styles and expose bands to crowds they might never have played for, which as anyone in a band can attest to, isn't any easy feat in the Houston music scene.

Another promoter who has been going in an incredible job for years now is Anna. She was part of the original Hands Up booking collective that pretty much made everyone's lives infinitely more awesome for the years in which they were active. After they parted ways, Anna continued booking some of the best traveling acts and late last year with help of Rosa and Houston ex-pat Liz, put on the 2nd Noise & Smoke Fest which pretty much blew the roof

off the 002. And Rosa, of course, is the force behind Ditchwater which puts out the stellar photo zine and the dirtiest of rock & roll records by folks like Born Liars. And if this wasn't enough, she pretty much saves the radio every Thursday night on Mutant Hardcore Flower Hour on KTRU (91.7 FM, ya dummy).

Oh, and Rosa isn't the only one saving the radio. KTRU's Jane noticed that the play list was dying and need some urgent resuscitating. Pushed by her love of good music, she stepped up to the plate to help the young student DJs make the right decisions when it comes to accepting, rating, categorizing and creating kick-ass play lists. And she's not just advancing the rock & roll agenda. She has a love for all types of music, helping to bring in more Latin, Calypso, and Smithsonian archive tracks in addition to hyping up the local element.

So, I just wanted to let you in on what exactly it is that some of the ladies are up to, introduce their roles a bit more and remind you that there's more to come in my look at the women of the Houston music scene. When I get back from tour next month, I'll be back in full force, as I've gotten new interviews with even more ladies and I'll get into what really inspires and drives them.

INTERVIEW
ROBERT ELLIS
BY OMAR AFRA

ROBERT ELLIS IS ONE OF THOSE RARE CONFLUENCES OF AMAZING SONGWRITING COUPLED WITH MASTERFUL MUSICIANSHIP. I KNOW, I AM ALREADY BLOWING SMOKE UP THIS KID’S ASS. BUT DESERVEDLY SO.

ELLIS WRITES SONGS THAT YOU REMEMBER, melodies that make the hair on the back of your neck stand up, and does it all with shred-tastic guitar playing. His new album *Rearranger* is littered with Americana love songs and haunting odes to Houston. More importantly, he is the sexiest local musician in town. With long flowing hair, bedroom eyes, and chiseled jaw, Ellis is a heartbreaker. If I only had a vagina.

Tell me about your earliest musical memories. 🍷 My mom is a Piano teacher. She taught out of the house, and my room was right next to her office for quite some time. I remember her playing Debussy’s Arabesque vividly, and its still of on my favorite pieces. Also, growing up, my grandparents used to take me to bluegrass festivals. That music still has a very dear place in my heart. It reminds me of my grandparents and of my Uncle, who plays Dobro and is also an excellent flat picker and singer.

You got chops. Tell us about your woodshedding routine. 🍷 I practice daily and learn a lot from my friends and from the bands I play with. I also spend a good amount of time listening to old recordings and trying to emulate my favorite musicians. (Doc Watson, Jimmie Rodgers, John Hurt, David Rawlings and Gillian Welch)

You’re from Clute, Texas. Do you think developing your song craft in a vacuum outside of scenes and trends has had a large part in your development? Please elaborate. 🍷 Yes. There is very little to do in the Clute/Lake Jackson area other than looking for ways to get out. Don’t be fooled, scenes and trends tend to trickle down into that area just about as soon as they are not cool anymore. But

there is definitely less of an influence than there would be here.

Tell us about recording this new album and where content and inspiration stemmed from. 🍷 Many of the songs on this record are about splitting up with my ex over a year ago, that’s when I began recording. That’s where the breakup songs come from. Also my current girlfriend, Destiny was a big inspiration. Many of the song are about finding new love with her. Other songs are about my childhood, and family, friends and fond memories I have of them. I recorded in Austin with my friend Shawn Jones (The Lovely Sparrows). Between him and my friend Jason cooper I had a lot of support and constructive feedback.

Who are some of your favorite local acts? 🍷 Listen Listen! Buxton, Sideshow Tramps, Airon Paul Dugas, Chase Hamblin. Those are the ones I listen to.

What are you reading? 🍷 I have not been reading much lately. The last thing I read was A Brief History of Nearly Everything by Bill Bryson.

Springsteen or Dylan? 🍷 The Boss Forever! I’m not a Dylan fan.

You are obscenely sexy. In last issue, we explained how Fat Tony is a close 2nd to you being the sexiest musician in town. What can he do to improve his running? 🍷 I saw Fat Tony perform last week. I think someone may have us confused.

FPH

Robert Ellis’ CD Release is Friday, May 15th at Mango’s.

BUT THIS YEAR, AT THE GAME DEVELOPERS CONFERENCE in San Francisco, news of entrepreneur Steve Pearlman's OnLive service may not only top our collective conversations, but could also be the most significant announcement ever made in the history of gaming. And the funny thing is, that statement could still hold-true even if OnLive fails.

So, what is OnLive? Tivo for videogames. Imagine if you could play all the highest-end PC, Xbox 360, and Playstation 3 games without having to own any of the systems. The only thing you will need is either a TV/monitor, and a broadband connection. OnLive uses 'cloud computing' to deliver videogames to your home. Every action you input into your controller is sent to the nearest server-farm where a PC is running your game. Through mad compression technology that input is then streamed back to you in video. Which raises the internet's proverbial red-flag: "What about lag in fast-paced games like Crysis or BioShock?" Other valid concerns bring up bandwidth caps on internet services, and whether the 'server farms' will be too few and far between to enable widespread adoption.

All things considered, it's safe to say that most gamers, and most folks in the gaming industry, believe OnLive will fail. Now, we don't want OnLive to fail, it's just we've seen similar ideas come and go. In fact, Phantom 2.0 is a meme going around to shorthand OnLive's demise (The Phantom is a gaming console that was supposed to deliver downloadable, cross-platform games, but never saw the light of day).

But unlike the Phantom, OnLive was in physical form at this year's GDC demoing 16 games. One such game, Crysis, is a first-person-shooter that is easily the most processor-intensive game in existence. Hell, most PCs out today can't run Crysis on full-spec. But with OnLive, the most coveted FPS on the market could go from being available to a select few elite gamers with mega-PCs, to being widely available to anyone with a TV and a broadband connection.

What do I think? Nothing. I'm not going to make a snap judgment. After all, last year at E3 when Microsoft announced that its Netflix service will stream HD movies on demand, I thought it would be impossible. And now, the Xbox 360 could be said to be the saving grace of Netflix, and in turn, that Netflix is the tipping-point to bring the Xbox 360 to a mainstream audience. So dear reader, I'm going to wait and see. I won't join the ranks of nerds shouting 'jump!' while OnLive is on its looming ledge.

Dean Takahashi, a respected tech/videogame journalist, also refuses to cheerlead OnLive's death. As a columnist for the Mercury News in San Diego, currently for VentureBeat, Takahashi authored the definitive origin story for both the Xbox, and the Xbox 360. He's the journalist that gets inside info, and peeks into the next generation of hardware before anyone else does. And he did so with OnLive too. For two years he's known about OnLive's existence, and has reason to remain silent on its demise. For starters, CEO and founder Steve Pearlman is a veteran of the

gaming industry, and an experienced entrepreneur. Pearlman's a visionary CEO aimed at high-risk, high-investment technology research. Remember that face-mapping technology that won The Curious Case of Benjamin Button an Oscar for best visual effects? It was Pearlman's technology.

But even if OnLive fails, 'cloud-computing' is the future of gaming. OnLive's reveal even sparked some competitors to come forward. Dave Perry (Earthworm Jim, MDK, Enter the Matrix) of Acclaim, for one, has had his hand 'forced' to show his concept for server-based gaming titled Gaikai. And rumours have been swirling that Sony plans to unveil a similar business model with the PS3 in the near future. But perhaps the strongest evidence that server-based gaming is the future is the interest from the gaming industry as a whole. Like I said, most think OnLive will fail, but that this technology will eventually become successful. And it's promising that big-name publishers, Electronic Arts, Take-Two, Epic, Ubisoft etc., are already getting behind the service.

So what now? We wait. OnLive is supposed to go through beta over the summer, and will launch in the fall. So in just a few months we'll have a better idea of how OnLive will perform, and whether or not the game industry is going to get its head forever stuck

in the clouds.

FPH

Tyler Barber is a regular guest on the Rebel FM, and Sports Game Guy's Sports Anomaly weekly podcasts. Both podcasts can be found on iTunes, or can be streamed on the net.

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MOST ARTISTS COULD ONLY WISH FOR THEIR WORK TO HAVE A TRANSFORMATIVE EFFECT ON THEIR COMMUNITY. THEIR EFFECT IS ULTIMATELY BOUND BY THE RESPECTIVE WORK THEY DO. BUT CREATOR OF PROJECT ROW HOUSES RICK LOWE'S WORK IS TRANSFORMING HIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

SINCE 1991, LOWE HAS BOTH RENEWED AND BEAUTIFIED HOUSTON'S 3RD WARD with his imaginative restorations, creative social programs (for lack of better description), and injection of artistic spirit into a community that sorely needs it. By adopting properties, organizing creative programs for kids, and generally giving people the tools to be creative in their community, the 40 something envelope-pusher has left an indelible mark on the 3rd Ward. One program, the Young Mothers Residential Program, has offered free housing to single mothers while in college since 1996. We had the pleasure to interview him and take a peek into his remarkably young looking head. Thanks Rick.

In your 12+ years of Project Row Houses, what has been your biggest obstacle? ¶ The biggest obstacles have been convincing people that the neighborhood is worth investing in. Although we have made some investments, it's just a drop in the bucket compared to what is needed and the potential for return on investment. The speculators are sure to win in this case.

Are you preserving the 3rd Ward or creating a new identity? Both? ¶ I think it's a bit of both. Even if I said we were preserving a part of the 3rd ward, we would still be creating a new identity within the changing neighborhood context. We can't live in the past. However, we can try to anchor ourselves with some aspects of the past and make it a part of our new identity. I think that honoring the historic context of a neighborhood is good development practice.

The Young Mother's Residential Program has been operating since 1996. Are you still in touch with many of the women who have been part of the program and what kind of impacts have you seen on their lives? ¶ I'm in touch with a number of women from the program. some have remained in our community after graduating from the program. some even after graduating still engage with certain aspects of the program. there have been a lot of success stories and some not so successful stories. Let's see, we have one who left the program and

went on to receive her PhD from Penn State and taught at University of Pittsburg for a few years and is now back in our community. There's one who is completed her studies at TSU and when on to get a law degree and a masters in urban planning. She will be joining our board. There is a number who are now college graduates. Some now own their homes. There are a lot of success stories. Then there are the ones that we just wish we could have helped in some way but they just weren't ready.

In an endeavor like Project Row Houses, can you ever really be 'finished'? ¶ If you are working in a social environment, I don't think things are ever 'finished.' There is a lot to do in this community to for it to be the kind of nurturing community that provides opportunities for folks comparable to other healthy neighborhoods. But even if we got it to the point that it was a healthy functioning neighborhood, you still have to work creatively with such limited resources to assure that it remains a healthy community.

Endorse anyone for the upcoming mayoral Election? What would

you like to see from a potential new mayor most? ¶ I'd like our new mayor make some efforts towards planning for our city. At this point, development is so market driven that our identity is a bit schizophrenic. Transportation, housing, commercial development, historic preservation, infrastructure, etc., should all relate to each other in some way. But within our current way of approaching things, none of these things seem to be connected.

What other local Houston artists inspire and baffle you? ¶ I have so many artist friends and so many of them inspire me for completely different reasons. I've been fortunate enough to move in circles with some of Houston's finest artists. I can't really think of anything baffling about Houston artists.

How do you look so damn young at 47? ¶ Well, I'm not sure I look so young. I'm amazed every I see our new president on in the media and think about how young he looks. He's just a few days older than I and looks younger. Even with all the stress he lives with. Now that's amazing!



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IN THE HEART OF MONTROSE

IT'S TIME TO BEGIN HEALING OUR OWN BANKRUPTED LAND PULL OUT OF IRAQ THIS YEAR

BY GEORGE MCGOVERN

PRESIDENT OBAMA HOLDS MY ADMIRATION WITH HIGH HOPES FOR HIS MESSAGE OF CHANGE IN WASHINGTON. IT IS PUZZLING, HOWEVER, THAT HE HAS ADOPTED MOST OF THE PREVIOUS ADMINISTRATION'S FORMULA FOR DRAGGING OUT THE WITHDRAWAL OF OUR TROOPS FROM THE MISTAKEN WAR IN IRAQ FOR NEARLY THREE MORE YEARS. VERY LITTLE "CHANGE" HERE.

THREE YEARS AGO, public opinion polls indicated that a majority of Americans believed our policymakers were wrong in ordering troops into Iraq. It is widely accepted that this sentiment more than any other factor in the 2006 congressional elections resulted in Democratic majorities in both the House and Senate.

Are we now going to ignore for another three years the public mandate of 2006 against this costly, preemptive war based on deceit? And how can we justify putting thousands more U.S. troops into Afghanistan? We have already exhausted our treasury. We are also close to exhausting our soldiers.

Can there be any doubt that the enormous war cost has contributed to the financial crisis here at home? The expense of waging two Middle East wars, plus the loss of revenue caused by the previous administration's tax cuts, have skyrocketed the national debt to a record high. Do we ever consider what the interest alone is on our \$10-trillion national debt -- much of it paid to China?

Frankly, we cannot afford a two-war

commitment year after year if we want to balance the federal budget and restore our economy. The huge bonuses that directors of failing corporations have awarded themselves and their chief executives have rightfully angered people, but those figures are peanuts compared with the \$12 billion a month we have poured into Iraq and Afghanistan over the last six years.

Has either the great God above or his creatures here below designated us to run the Middle East? What do we say to the Iraqi people who have indicated overwhelmingly in several polls that they want U.S. troops out of their country now? Why would we not understand this sentiment considering that our military equipment has smashed Iraqi homes, public buildings and infrastructure, including electricity and running water?

Of course, the most painful cost of these wars is the deaths of more than 4,200 brave American troops and tens of thousands of Iraqi civilians. This is to say nothing of the decline of our political judgment and moral standing in the world.

The Obama administration recommends we leave 50,000 troops in Iraq to "police" that troubled country through 2011. There may well be flare-ups that will keep them there indefinitely, struggling to police the war-induced chaos.

In June 1950, President Truman ordered our troops into Korea, stating it would only be a brief police action that did not require a declaration of war. Three years later and after 38,000 American soldiers had been killed, the new American president, Dwight D. Eisenhower, the commander of Allied forces in World War II, promptly ended our involvement in the Korean War, to the relief of our combat soldiers and the American public.

Unfortunately, Washington left 40,000 American soldiers behind to police the 38th Parallel -- for a brief time. Yet, more than 50 years later, nearly 30,000 American troops are still in South Korea. So much for brief police actions.

Our policymakers in Washington contend that we must maintain U.S. troops in the Middle East to curb terrorism. I strongly

believe that it is our military presence in Iraq, Afghanistan and elsewhere in the Middle East that is driving terrorism against the United States. No country that longs for national sovereignty wants a foreign army in its midst. We taught that lesson to the British Empire in 1776 when George Washington and his rag-tag guerrilla army drove the British military from our shores.

My generation has lived through half a dozen wars, beginning with World War II and then Korea, Vietnam, Iraq and several smaller conflicts. The only one of those wars I really believed in and still do was the U.S. participation in World War II, in which I served as a combat bomber pilot against Hitler's Nazi Germany.

I believe we aging veterans have an obligation to share what we have learned with the American people and with our young president, who seems open to well-meant suggestions.

In that spirit, I urge President Obama to bring our troops home from the Middle East this year. A good target date for completing an orderly withdrawal from two ill-conceived and costly wars in Iraq and Afghanistan would be Thanksgiving 2009.

For our sake and God's sake, let's get out of there and begin healing our own bankrupted land.

FPH

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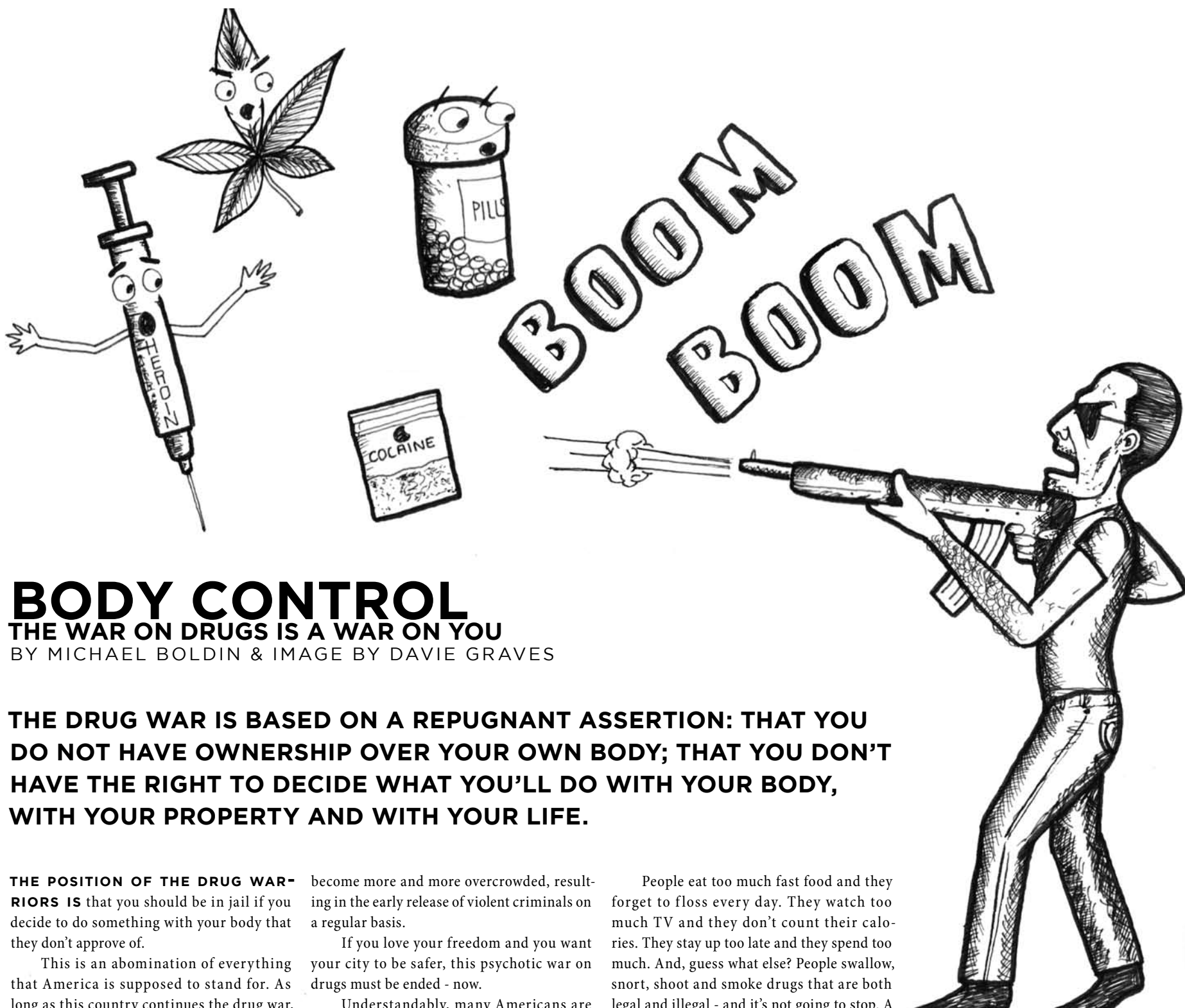
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BODY CONTROL

THE WAR ON DRUGS IS A WAR ON YOU

BY MICHAEL BOLDIN & IMAGE BY DAVIE GRAVES

THE DRUG WAR IS BASED ON A REPUGNANT ASSERTION: THAT YOU DO NOT HAVE OWNERSHIP OVER YOUR OWN BODY; THAT YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO DECIDE WHAT YOU'LL DO WITH YOUR BODY, WITH YOUR PROPERTY AND WITH YOUR LIFE.

THE POSITION OF THE DRUG WARRIORS IS that you should be in jail if you decide to do something with your body that they don't approve of.

This is an abomination of everything that America is supposed to stand for. As long as this country continues the drug war, you are not free. At the root, then, those that force the drug war on you are enemies to your freedom.

If you are concerned at all about liberty, the economy, the Constitution and the power of the Federal Government - you cannot ignore the US government's longest and most costly "war" - the War on Drugs.

But no matter how long it lasts, how much it costs, how many lives are disrupted, and how much it fails - the war rages on.

Why? Well, because Federal "authorities" don't care what your local laws are, they don't care what your personal choices are, and they don't care what reason you have for your choices.

All they ever care about is their own power. Period.

In this ongoing drug war, you are always treated as a suspect and your neighborhood is much less safe. You are searched at airports and your bank accounts are spied on. While drug users who are no physical threat to anyone but themselves are put in jail, the prisons

become more and more overcrowded, resulting in the early release of violent criminals on a regular basis.

If you love your freedom and you want your city to be safer, this psychotic war on drugs must be ended - now.

Understandably, many Americans are afraid that ending the drug war will result in countless drug addicts, including children. In reality, though, that's just what we have now!

On top of it, we generally don't even consider the people who are addicted to federally-approved drugs to be drug addicts. According to a 2004 CDC report, almost one-half of Americans use at least one prescription drug. It should be obvious, then, that the drug war has done nothing to reduce Americans' use of drugs - it's simply to control which drugs people use, and who can make a profit from them.

So what's really going to be different - can our nation's addiction to drug use get any worse? It's doubtful that legalizing all drugs could make things any worse, but even if it does, then so be it.

People will always do plenty of things that are bad for them, and there's no reason to put them in prison for it. Think about all the things that you do which are bad for your own health and well being - should the government outlaw those too?

People eat too much fast food and they forget to floss every day. They watch too much TV and they don't count their calories. They stay up too late and they spend too much. And, guess what else? People swallow, snort, shoot and smoke drugs that are both legal and illegal - and it's not going to stop. A free society just wouldn't force you, under the threat of punishment, to be "good" to yourself all the time. That was the job of your parents - unless, of course, you want the feds to be your new "daddy."

In all seriousness, though, if we are ever going to have a nation that respects the Bill of Rights, of which the Ninth and Tenth Amendments may be the most important, the DEA and the entire drug war must be eliminated.

If not, what's going to be next? Orwellian telescreens in our homes and a state-mandated morning exercise routine? That would most assuredly keep the cost down on the coming national healthcare system.

Won't that be nice?

Every day that the war on drugs continues is another day of injustice; another day of spending countless billions to lock people up that don't behave the way the bureaucrats want them to behave.

It's time to bring this multi-billion dollar attack on your liberty to an end.

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THE MONTROSE 10: *LOUD AND PLOWED*

BY CHRIS HUTTO & EDITORIAL SHENANIGANS BY THUNDER DENTON

THE “PLOWED” WAS NOT A MISSPELLING. WE, LIKE THE DISCERNING CUSTOMERS OF THE FREE PRESS HOUSTON, ENJOY THE PLACES WHERE WE DRINK. THIS ISN'T THE LIST OF WATERING HOLES FOR A QUIET DRINK WITH A FEW FRIENDS, BUT A TASTE OF MONTROSE WHERE WE

This inaugural list of the Montrose 10 (ten) is for those, like The Mayor of Montrose, who takes the phrase pub crawl quite literally (you may have seen him being poured out of these hip joints). This list includes the 10 best establishments for an evening (and late night) of drunken fun in the Montrose.

Catbirds (713) 523-8000 1336 Westheimer Rd. – Okay we all know Barbara, and she has asked us to leave because we were wearing roller blades, but the casual jazz atmosphere (oh, you were too drunk to notice the wall of jazz giants?) makes it a bar where Mickey Roark would feel at home being a bar fly... but wait, you want great happy hour and daily drink specials and don't care for atmosphere (or jazz [yes now I hate you]) every day they have specials on different libations. And what a professional bar fly wants is to not get to the bottom of your drink before being asked, “Are you ready for another”. Yeah, you know you are home. Oh and you know that about 1:05 pm John Henry will make his appearance. It doesn't matter if you know who he is or not, it's just fun yelling, “JOHN HENRY” with everyone else.

Cecil's Tavern (713) 527-9101 600 W. Gray St. – We have loved you thru the ages. Yeah we were there when one stumbled over the uneven floors. We were unsure when the fire cleaned out the rats and we had to ask our friends why we must now wear pants to go out. Oh, but the drunk “eye candy” was well worth the change. You want great drinks and beer selection at this neighborhood bar...not exactly daddy's pool hall (okay I have to say “who is your daddy”), but Cecil's is exactly what you want for starting or ending the night.

Chances Bar (713) 523-7217 1100 Westheimer Rd – “I'm you water girl”, announced proudly from a beautiful young gay man will always stick in m mind. Yeah, I know; it is the opposite sex that normally frequents this bar, but everyone is welcomed and loved for being a “real” person. If you are comfortable with yourself, you will be comfortable here. Chance's is a mirror, what you bring in is reflected back. Are you going out to have fun and you want variety? You must make this a part of your night...It is never the same.

Lola's Depot (713) 528-8342 2327 Grant

St – Roller blades are welcome... You want to be dangerous; Lola's patrons have already done it better than you (STOP! You want to say, “I am dangerous”. Unless you have branding on your junk, then you aren't THAT dangerous...and besides, those of you that are scarred for life are already familiar with Lola's). Great jukebox, cheap, strong drink, and two pool tables that are open most of the time (don't mind the 'sharks, just keep a large group of quarters on the tables.) Good times are sure to be had, especially during happy hour and special nights. Oh yeah, bring cash – they don't take you're crummy credit cards.

Mangos (713) 522-8903 403 Westheimer Rd – These newcomer vegan fuckers (yes, I am the old fuck sitting on the porch with my shotgun and squirrel stew) can put away some drink while enjoying live music almost every night, a recipe for loud, plowed and meat-free behavior (do you like how I finally brought back in the title of this story?)... One way to know these guys are cool is just ask their whiny neighbors! The parents (aka whiny neighbors/outer-loopers who have stolen property from us plebeians) are still saying, “The music is too loud.”

Numbers (713) 526-8338 300 Westheimer Rd – “She” was always dancing here every Friday (even though the biatch was almost 40 [okay maybe 35]). I am so jealous of you who can still go there (and if you are doing “her” I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.) This long-time Montrose staple still offers dancing with the city's most unique crowd (I HATE HER), It features loud DJ music (he did her) and cheap drinks (go upstairs and flirt with the bartender... watch that last step) provided by Punk Rock Jeff and the entire crew of mixologists. Bring your cash for a truly loaded evening; the bartenders love tips cash tips (no goats... this is not a dowry).

Poison Girl (713) 527-9929 1641 Westheimer Rd. Why do we wait for that steel pull down awning to open? It is because we want a drink served without judgment at a price that would bring out the homeless (yeah, I am benefiting from generosity of others). It features casual comfort inside and out (it is the best “kool-aid” area [picnic tables {much cooler than what my words can describe}] of the bars being reviewed). This bar offers a great selection of music, pin-

ball, whiskey and bourbon at the best value on Westheimer! Oh and Shhhhh; they have naked women on their “calling cards”.

Rudyard’s Pub (713) 521-0521 2010 Waugh Dr – “Bands! Bands! Bands! Live Music and Bands! Okay you want a nice lunch? They have a burger and beer lunch that is just what the doctor ordered (what? You are questioning my medical license now?) Go there for lunch on Wednesday.... You will see me there (please pay off my tab) enjoying the greatest “pub grub” found in Montrose (“pub grub?” no one does it better). Incredible beer selection (ask about the “blueberry beer”), live bands, Wi-Fi and great food to keep your buzz going all night long, who doesn’t love loud arguments over darts?

South Beach (713) 529-7623 810 Pacific St – You have seen the men walking down and wonder where they are going...well wonder no more. They are going to South Beach. They are waiting for you! You might have to wait in line for your little slice of heaven, but the fun crowd is there. The guy standing next to you may buy your drinks and the only thing you have to decide is, “Do I now have to go home with them [it depends on the tab, or your muscular companion]”. Hundreds of loud and plowed patrons will get you in the mood to pound the night away.

West Alabama Ice House (713) 528-6874 1919 W Alabama St – Go early. Skip work. This is a kid (bring color books [JUST KIDDING, YOU SICK BASTARD]) and a canine-friendly watering hole that provides plenty of outdoor space for live music and picnic tables so multiple groups can get loud and plowed in a spacious yard. Don’t be crude. The ladies may flirt, but it is to create an atmosphere not be your toy... They will toss your inappropriate ass if needed.

Honorable Mention: Boondock’s, AvantGarden, and The Flat

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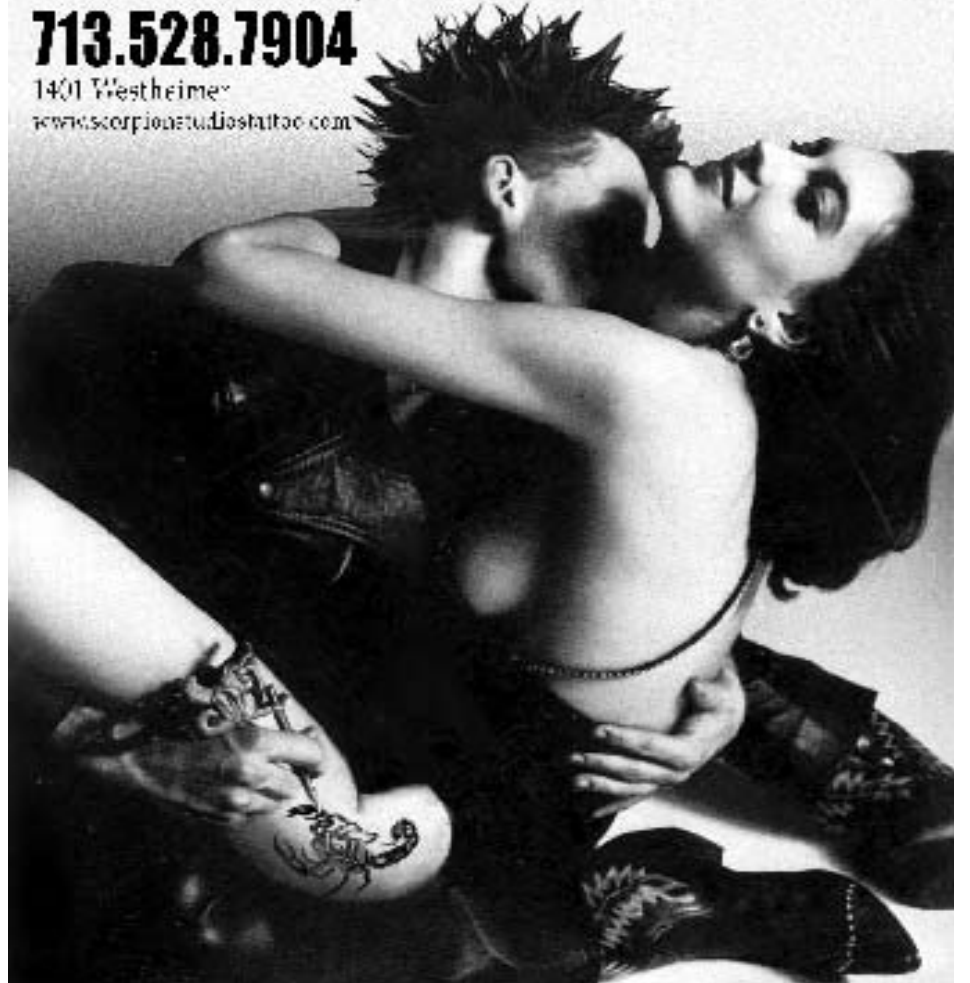
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Every Way but the Right Way
 No Zoning: Artists Engage Houston
 Opening Friday, May 8, 7–10 pm
 On view May 9 through October 4, 2009

It's a mess out there, and nothing demonstrates the relentless and grinding change and upheaval in Houston every few years than the fate of the *Human Tour*. Land Art in an urban setting, Michael Galbreth's *Human Tour*, 1987, mapped the inner city of Houston, marking limbs with bronze plaques from Frost Town in the 5th Ward through downtown south to the Astrodome. His attempted anthropomorphization of the city streets was an attempt to reach the public in a new way. At first the dozens of markers spelled a clear path through the city's core, but the city's relentless growth has overgrown the map drawn onto it. Streets have changed; plaques were removed by construction workers and vandals. A few markers remain, giving curious pedestrians strange proclamations, like "You Are at the Right Hand of The City" along with directions to seek *Human Tour* maps

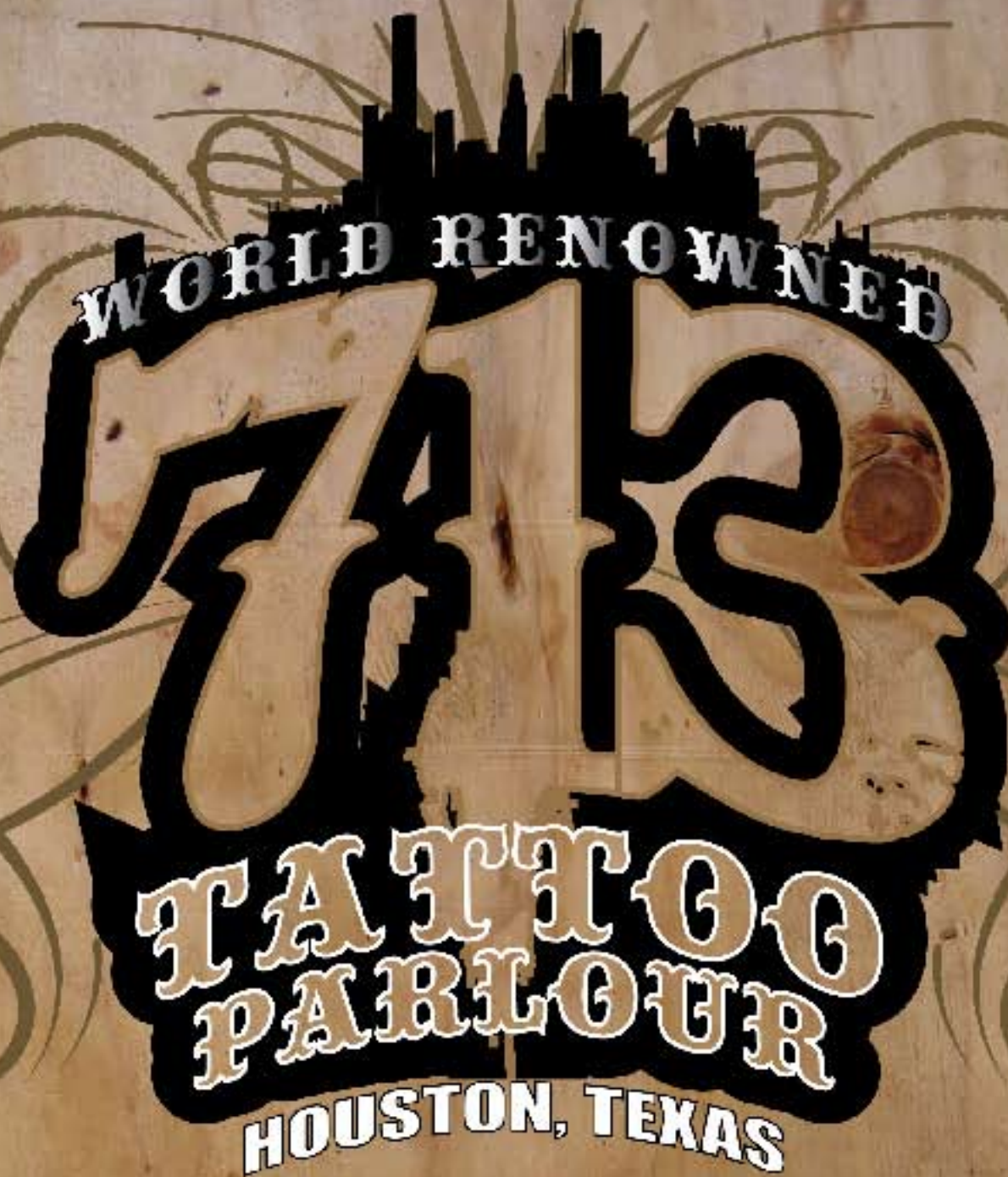
at your local library. Today Galbreth's project is a relic, a ruin only two decades after its creation.

A member of The Art Guys, Galbreth came to Houston from Tennessee. Open to the laissez-faire culture and open source urban planning dominated by developers with enough money to grease the wheels, he came to treat the glorified bayou of Houston as a landscape to be pushed and prodded, legally or illegally. Free from the zoning ordinances that shape other large American cities by separating residential, commercial, and industrial areas, Houston allows an approach where bizarre juxtapositions of architecture and sweeping concrete and steel overpasses multiply every year. In this chaotic urbanity, many Houston artists have been able to take to the streets, abandoned and unused lots and their own properties to transform banality into sustainable creativity. *No Zoning: Artists Engage Houston* considers the efforts of diverse artists working in this unique environment to grow mutated vines in the concrete soil of this toxic town.

Participants include The Art Guys, who will marry a tree; Mary Ellen Carroll, who is reconfiguring an abandoned tract house in Sharpstown; and Rick Lowe, founder of Project Row Houses, who will celebrate residents of the Third Ward in billboards. Also included is work by curator and artist Bill Davenport, Houston Chronicle muckraker Sharon Engelstein, outsider artist Cleveland Turner, aka The Flower Man, *The Fundred Dollar Bill Project* by Mel Chin, Andrea Grover, collaborators Dan Havel and Dean Ruck, photographer and art car documenter George Hixson, CORE member Lauren Kelley, graffiti crew Knitta Please, Eric Leshinsky, Lee Littlefield, avid boaters and bikers Benjy Mason and Zach Moser, Notsuoh proprietor and performance artist Jim Pirtle and utopian designer Nestor Topchy.

The catalogue for *No Zoning* will include examples and documentation of city interventions and visionary structures from the

punk rock days of the budding art car movement and the Lawndale Annex in the 1980s, 90s experimental art spaces like CSAW, Templo, Sharon Engelstein's mini-gallery and The Artery as well as current alternative spaces like Bill's Junk, Westheimer Block Party, The Aurora Picture Show and The Flower Man's house. The exhibition will incorporate performances, lectures and video screenings during the museum's extended Thursday evening hours to enliven the exhibition throughout its run. Throughout the city, the CAMH will sponsor educational, historical and artistic events—seriously, this is a call to anyone who's been to those parties in underground warehouses, Montrose bungalows, parks, streets and festivals—you're the blood that makes this artworld flow.



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