138

FPH

FREE PRESS HOUSTON



BOOKS ARE A GATEWAY DRUG
FREE PRESS SUMMER FEST 2012 LINEUP!
INTERVIEW: JERMAINE ROGERS, THOMAS HELTON
TWICE RAPED
THE AT&T SQUEEZE

SNAKEBITE!

WHAT BY WHATEVER



ART, BOOKS, COMICS, ZINES & CULTURE DOMYBOOKSTORE.COM WHAT BY WHAT-EVER 2012

A GREAT BOOKSTORE IN AUSTIN AND HOUSTON, TEXAS ESTABLISHED 2006 POSTER BY DEVIN FLYNN

March

THIS ISH















EMAIL US
editors@freepresshouston.com
713.527.0014

Cover Art by Jermaine Rogers, www.jermainerogers.com

Staff

Publisher
Omar Afra

Assistant to the Editor
Marini van Smirren

Associate Editors
Sean Carroll
Michael Bergeron
Alex
Kwame M. Anderson

Managing Editor
Omar Afra

Copy Editor
Andrea Afra

Layout Design
Tyler Barber

Contributors & Staff Writers
M. Martin
Andrea Afra
Tyler Barber
Brigette Zabak
Mills-McCoin
Ramon Medina
Jack Betz
Shelby Hohl
Nick Cooper
Amanda Hart

Intern Mujahedeen
Blake Jones

Photographers
Anthony Rathbun
Mark Armes

Designers & Illustrations
Shelby Hohl
Tim Dorsey
Andrea Afra
Omar Al-Bochi

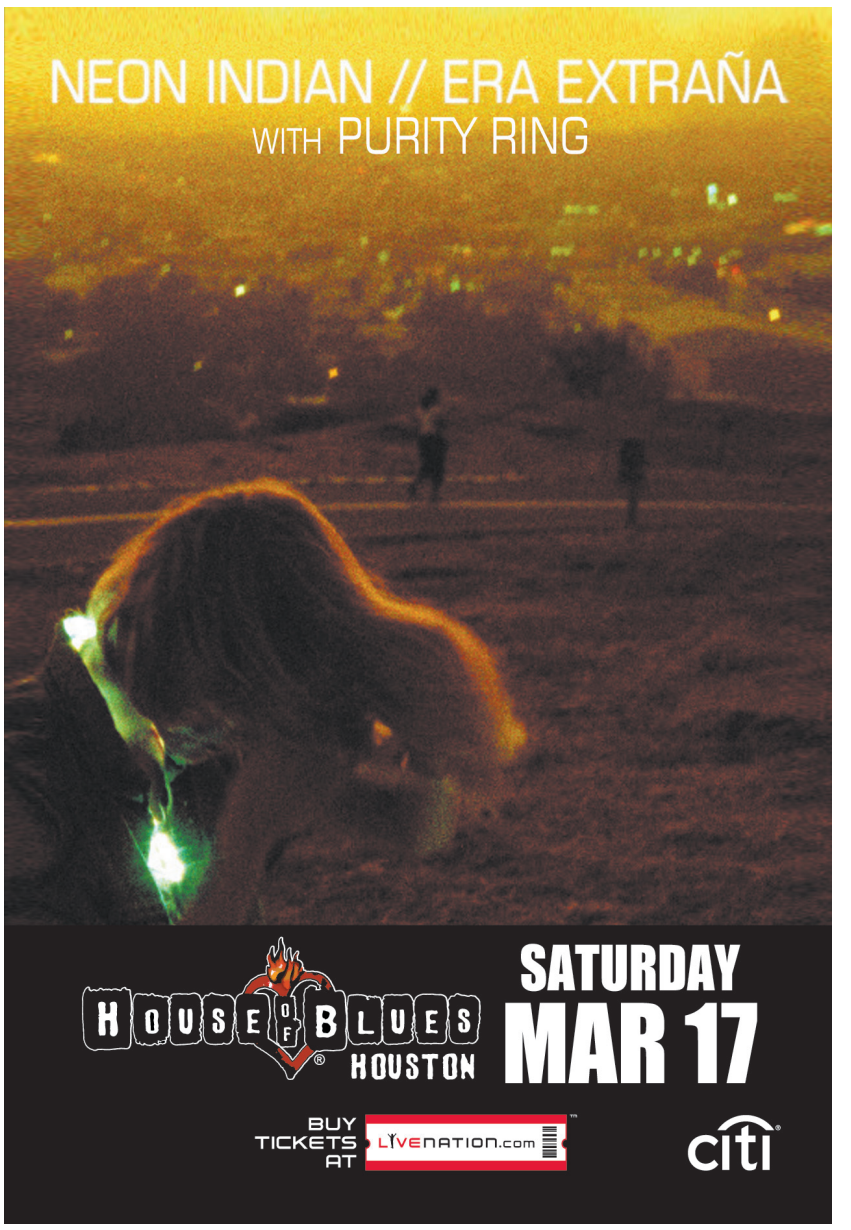
Wolf
Paul Holzhauer

Delivery
Tim Dorsey
Jeff Storm
Paulski
Tony Kaelin
Belligerent Me
Ozcan Ozcelik

AWN

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


THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
PLUS LIGHT FM
HOUSE OF BLUES HOUSTON
MAR 13
BUY TICKETS AT LIVENATION.com
citi


NEON INDIAN // ERA EXTRAÑA
WITH PURITY RING
HOUSE OF BLUES HOUSTON
SATURDAY
MAR 17
BUY TICKETS AT LIVENATION.com
citi


JOIN THE CONCERT PUB ON SUNDAY, MARCH 11th, AS WE CELEBRATE THE 2012
FM 1960 PARADE BENEFITTING THE CYPRESS CREEK EMS
EDUCATION SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAMS!
This is a very important event for Cypress Creek and The Concert Pub as we help to bring in even more money than past years. So far the parade committee has raised over $100,000 over the last 5 years! Come on down and be part of the action. We expect almost a 100,000 people to attend this year's parade.
The parade starts at 2:00pm at the Wells Fargo parking lot at Champions Forest Drive and FM 1960, and finishes at The Concert Pub North at the corner of FM 1960 W. and Kuykendahl. We'll See You There!
ALSO BE SURE TO JOIN US AT THE CONCERT PUB NORTH AFTERWARDS FOR THE FLOAT AWARD CEREMONIES, AS WELL AS LIVE MUSIC, CRAWFISH AND DRINKS.
LIVE ENTERTAINMENT FROM SPARE HEART,
JDS THROWDOWN BAND, STACI'S EDGE,
FLICKER SYSTEM & MORE
THE CONCERT PUB North
2470 FM 1960 W. • 281.583.8111
www.theconcertpub.com
THIS PARTY IS SPONSORED BY THE CONCERT PUB, BIZARRE BAZAAR, ROCK N ROLL IT,
SOUND REVOLUTION, BCLEAN DETOX, SMOKE DREAMZ, AND MUSIC NEWS!

Rudyard's

BRITISH PUB
713.521.0521
2010 WAUGH DR.
RudyardsPub.com

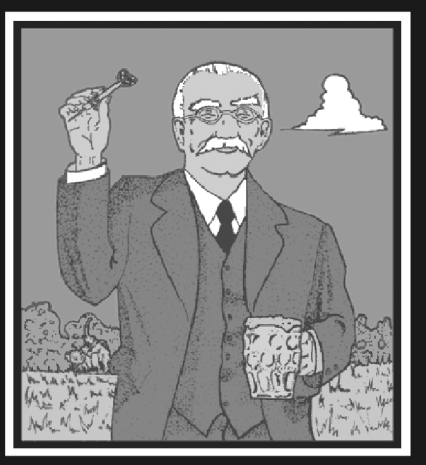
OPEN 11:30AM - 2:00AM

KITCHEN HOURS:
SUN-THURS 11:30 AM - 11:00PM
FRI-SAT 11:30AM - MIDNIGHT

DAILY FOOD AND DRINK SPECIALS!

BURGER AND A BEER
ONLY $7.50 EVERYDAY
FROM 11:30AM - 3PM

MONTHLY BEER TASTING!



COME TRY THE BEST BURGER IN TOWN!
Follow us on Facebook, Twitter, & MySpace
Upstairs is available for private parties

UPCOMING SHOWS IN MARCH

THUR. 1ST
Mr. Lewis & the Funeral 5, Gut Radio, Tyburn Jig

FRI. 2ND
Poor Dumb Bastards, The Down and Dirties, Dollyrockers

SAT. 3RD
Dogz On Parole, Zipperneck, The Freak Outs, Penny Arcade

THUR. 8TH
Benefit for the Family of Megan Lindsey

FRI. 9TH
Bootown Presents : Mijo, Houston Free Thinkers

SAT. 10TH
Bootown Presents : Mijo. David Ramirez & Holy Fiction

SUN. 11TH
Ponderosa

MON. 12TH
Dead Leaf Echo, Flowers to Hide

WED. 14TH
Project Armageddon, Lo-Pan, Hawks

FRI. 16TH
Bootown Presents : Mijo (2 Shows)

SAT. 17TH
Letters to Voltron

SUN. 18TH
The Drunks, Speedwolf, Chasma, Turbokrieg, Versklaven

TUES. 20TH
The Pub Affair, Grass is Green, Taifas, The Escatones

THURS. 22ND
Morgue City, After Party, Vertigo Blue

FRI. 23RD
Lotus Effect

SAT. 24TH
Luxurata

THURS. 29TH
Venomus Maximus, Ancient Wisdom, Texxxas

FRI.30TH
My Education, Super Robot Party, A Sundae Drive

SAT. 31ST
A Couple of Stand Up Guys April Fools Eve Party

ALL SHOWS 21 AND UP / MUSIC STARTS AT 10PM!

Well. Shit. The few months that precedes FPSF have arrived and things have gone haywire. FPH staff hygiene has gone to the shitter (literally). That is all because we are working around the clock to give you something extra crunk. Hope you enjoy.

Also, SXSW is around the corner. For some reason, the car ride to Austin always seems to be the most fun part. Maybe I will just keep driving and go to Chicago.

For the last 8-9 years, everyday I have sat 3-4 feet away from graphic designer and animator Shelby Hohl inside the hallowed walls of the Free Press office. In that amount of time I have watched him grow from a 18 year old walking bag of human filth (I kid, I kid) to a talented young man who has the world at his fingertips. Despite those fingertips being soaked in various nefarious substances, I can't stress enough how proud we are of his growth having self-taught himself everything from design to animation to video editing. He is now moving to Los Angeles to sow his wild oats and expand his grasp of all things multi-media. He will still be working and designing for FPH, coming back and forth to deal with FPSF matters, and haphazardly forming business relations over well drinks from a distance in LA. Either way he will be sorely missed. I would ask the general scumfuckerry he hangs out with to stop by the office every now and then and make a mess in his honor.

Stay cool, stay sweet.

DEBRIS:
I Lick My Brain in Silence

PERFORMANCE ART IS A SLIPPERY EEL, perceived as superfluous by outsiders and undefinable by its practitioners. From the earliest humans catharsis has been achieved through movement, ritualized social interaction, dance, transgression and questioning existence through societal norms. Tribal cultures, medieval clerics, organized religion, mob revolution, theater, street busking, opera and popular music have all exploited the inherent emotionality that was begat by the first performance art. When the artworld began to use the tools of performance in the 20th century as first DADA and the surrealists explored nonsensical public theater, film and everyday interventions they solicited horror and repulsion from the public. By the 1970s and the revival of performance in art, movement was a great boon to the anti-capitalist stance of American and European artists who recaptured the catharsis of early humans by foregoing or downgrading the salable object as inherent to art itself.

art

THOUGH THIS IMPULSE HAS WANED in the artworld over the past decades that time held the seeds of the modern revival of performance art in Houston. With the Lawndale group and the innumerable art spaces and practices they spawned began a rich tradition of performance art that continues today. With help from visionaries like Elia Arce a new generation has discovered performance as a viable medium, exploiting the internet landscape of videos, photographs, blogs and social media to magnify their reach.

Performance artists from around the world will be in the city March 8-10 for the first Houston International Performance Art Biennale 2012. Tweet about it with the hashtag #HIPAB. Hosted at Diverse Works March 8, Avant Garden March 9 and notsuoH March 10th, the festival will feature internationals Myk Henry (Ireland), Elena Nestorova (Finland), Gim Gwang Cheol (South Korea), Orion Maxted (London), John Boehme and Natali Leduc (Canada), Marcus Vinicius (Brazil), Rodney Dickson (Northern Ireland), Non Grata (Estonia), Ville-Karel (Estonia) and 1KA (France). Other artists include Nyugen E. Smith (New Jersey), Jamie McMurry (Los Angeles), Jill Pangallo (New York), Patrick Lichty (Chicago) and local artists including The Art Guys, Jim Pirtle, Nestor Topchy, Julia Wallace, Jonatan Lopez, Rahul Mitra, Emily Sloan, Daniel Adame, Nancy Douthey, and Daniel-Kayne.

The Lone Star Explosion is being funded in part by The Mayor's City Initiative through Houston Art Alliance, Box 13 ArtSpace, DiverseWorks ArtSpace, HIVE, Finnish Cultural Council, Looking at Art, Redbud Gallery, BCCKT Collaborative, AvantGarden, notsuoH, Free Press Houston and G Gallery. Individual sponsors include Candice Goodwin, Wayne Gilbert, Heidi Vaughan, Adrian Byrne and The Being Water. Visit lonestarexplosion.org for more information.

Even after the exhibit these performances will live on through youtube, flickr, facebook and twitter. Viewers are encourages to post as much media as possible to the web and if you missed it, just google around- it was awesome. **FPH**



BY BUFFALO SEAN

THE EVOLUTION OF

HIP-HOP AND BASS

BASS STAGE BADBWOY B.M.C. MC BUDA LOVE MURDERLAND COLLECTIVE DJ SINIK
DJ ROB BASS MC TIM WOODS MC JON BLACK

HIP-HOP STAGE MOVE POP ILL LIAO HOUSTON HIP-HOP LEGEND POINT BLANK THE BULL
DIRTY & NASTY SCREWTAPE HOLLYWOOD FLOSS

MARCH 15, 2012 VILLAINS 2001 COMMERCE ST., HOUSTON, TX 77002
$10 COVER ALL AGES FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/VILLAINSHOUSTON

BY MICHAEL PENNYWARK

Titanic: The Artifact Exhibition, at the Houston Museum of Natural Science
Mar 16, 2012 - Sep 3, 2012

Egyptomania at the MFAH
Opens March 18 and runs through July 29

Red at the Alley Theatre
Runs March 2 – March 25

Fotofest opens March 16
Check their website for details

NEAR, FAR, WHEREVER YOU ARE

MARCH IS HERE AND THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING, you're probably looking for somewhere to get away from the bizarre fixation with brackets and basketball that sweeps across the nation every year at this time. Seriously, it's enough to make you want to drink. So much so, that I tried to fill your calendar with as many awesome openings as possible this month. I almost succeeded.

Topping the list is Titanic: The Artifact Exhibition, at the Houston Museum of Natural Science. A century has passed since the tragedy and this exhibition attempts to tell the complete story of the Titanic, from her conception and construction to the icy encounter in April and her rediscovery ninety years later. Through the recovered artifacts we are immersed in the stories of her passengers and crewmembers and no, Leonardo and Kate aren't in here.

I talked to Theresa Nelson from Premier Exhibitions about what we can expect to find at the exhibition. She explained that you can expect to see over two hundred recovered artifacts such as a chandelier that would have been found in the First-class smoking room and china from the First, Second and Third class dining rooms. Nelson also revealed how items like these bowls give us a glimpse into life aboard the vessel – "Seeing these side by side gives you a real understanding of the class distinction that was so present not only onboard Titanic, but in 1912 as well." "The iconic 'Amy' charm bracelet, other delicate pieces of jewelry and even a pair of eyeglasses with the lenses still intact – these personal effects really put into perspective that these were real people traveling on board Titanic, just like you and me, with hopes and dreams that were either ended or forever altered as a result of the tragedy."

She also assured me that there will be some interactive parts to the exhibition such as an iceberg (complete with real ice) and a replica boarding pass that you are given on entering the exhibit which has the name of an actual passenger printed on it. In an eerily moving moment, visitors will be able to search the ship's manifold in the final gallery and determine what happened to their passenger and those they traveled with.

Unfortunately after this exhibition, I ran into my own iceberg of apathy when I tried to interview someone from the Alley Theatre about the opening of the Tony-award-wining play, Red, and was promptly sent the same press release I had just read online. Though I did appreciate the speedy reply, it is probably for the best that I heard no more from them since I would have been forced to debate whether a play about an artist and his assistant really adds to my understanding or appreciation of their art (in a nutshell, no).

My next disappointment came from the Fotofest Biennial who didn't even bother to reply, further marginalizing the Russian photographers they are showcasing this year at a time they are being celebrated. Like the Alley, perhaps they prefer to let people stumble around their website for information.

Last but not least is Egyptomania at the MFA. Christine Gervais, associate curator of decorative arts and Rienzi, was kind enough to explain that Egyptomania " is the term given to the revivals of interest in the 18th, 19th and early 20th centuries in ancient Egyptian art and civilization." The exhibition features about forty objects ranging from garden sphinxes and "Aegyptian" furniture to Art Deco perfume bottles with pharaoh-head stoppers and the "evocative photographs by the 19th-century photographers Francis Frith and Francis Bedford" depicting "deeply romantic views of the monuments and shifting sands of Egypt."

When asked how this phenomenon impacted western culture, Gervais answered that, "The lasting legacy is seen in the objects created in this aesthetic. The furniture, silver and glass continue to captivate with their exoticism. And, of course, without it we wouldn't have Steve Martin's fantastic 'King Tut' song." Speaking of songs, Gervais also told me nicely that the Egyptians didn't walk any differently than anyone else. Man, the Bangles have a lot to answer for.
FPH



Les Givral's Kahve

713.547.0444
801 Congress Street 101
Houston, Texas 77002

832.582.7671
4601 Washington Ave. 100
Houston, Texas 77007

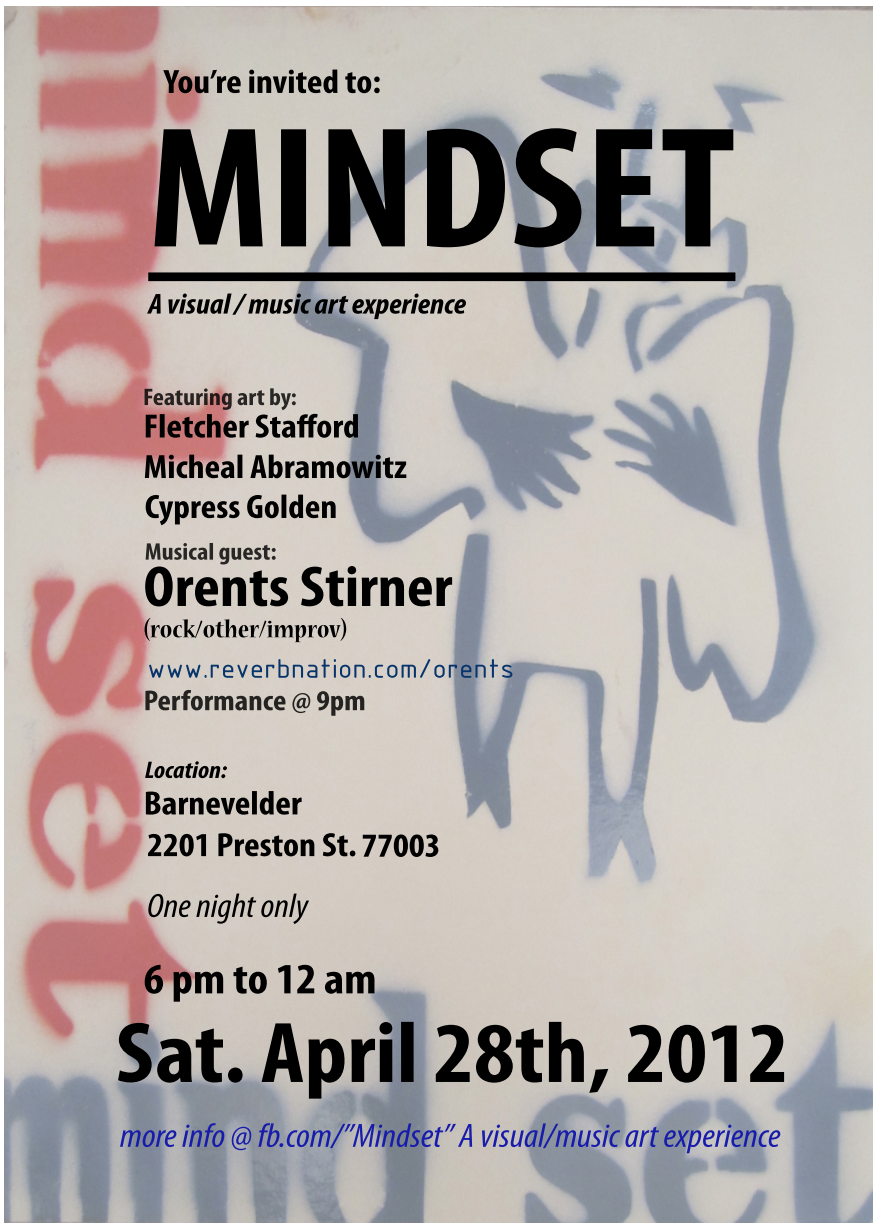
CONVEY SUSHI
FUJIMOTO MIYAZAWA

713.225.1408
801 Congress Street 175
Houston, Texas 77002

BanhMieria™

BanhMieria

713.396.2264
on.wheels
follow@banhmieira



LONE STAR PERFORMANCE EXPLOSION



COME AND GET IT !

Houston International Performance Art Biennale

1KA (France), Daniel Adame (Houston), John Boehme (Canada), Rodney Dickson (Northern Ireland), Nancy Douthey (Houston), Gim Gwang-Cheol (South Korea), Myk Henry (Ireland), Ville-Karel (Estonia), Daniel-Kayne (Houston), Natali Leduc (Canada), Patrick Lichty (Chicago), Jonatan Lopez (Houston), Orion Maxted (London), Brian and Stevie McCord (Houston), Jamie McMurry (Los Angeles). Rahul Mitra (Houston), Elena Nestorova (Finland), Non Grata (Estonia), Jill Pangallo (New York), Jim Pirtle (Houston), Emily Sloan (Houston), Nyugen E. Smith (New Jersey), The Art Guys (Houston), The Goose A Prisoner (New York), Nestor Topchy (Houston), Marcus Vinicius (Brazil), Julia Wallace (Houston)

March 8-10, 2012 DiverseWorks | AvantGarden | notsuoH

7-11pm $30 All Event Pass $12 Per Event

http://lonestarexplosion.org

Busker Du

BY MICHAEL BERGERON

Here's the difference in sports fans and movie fans. A sports fan will become disenfranchised when their team loses or switches from the National League to the American League. The transformation usually ends with the fan banning mention of their former fave team, wearing a bag over their heads to any games they attend or swearing to never watch a game from said team again ever.

IN CONTRAST, I recently saw a couple of movies I was less than enthralled by, This Means War and Wanderlust, but it didn't want to make me ban 20th Century Fox or Universal, nor embargo any existing DVDs in my collection that star Reese Witherspoon, Tom Hardy, or Paul Rudd. Wearing a bag over my head to the movies would just be silly because it wouldn't allow the all important peripheral vision that gives widescreen entertainment its edge. To me a bad movie is just that, and a means to cleanse the palate before a good movie.

Obviously you're not going to approach a movie like Journey 2 The Mysterious Island with the same expectation as a new Wes Anderson film or the latest art film du jour, to use a couple of examples. So imagine my surprise when the opening cartoon to Journey 2 instantly skyrocketed to the top of my animated short list of all time. Daffy Duck's Rhapsody, a Warner Brothers cartoon, marked the first CGI and 3D use of animation for the WB stable of classic characters that includes Bugs Bunny, Daffy and Elmer Fudd. I'd only heard the audio recording and assumed it was from an existing cartoon but the song itself debuted on vinyl by Mel Blanc in 1950 and has only premiered as a cartoon this year.

Journey 2 The Mysterious Island itself has several things to recommend not the least of which it a penchant for classic literature. If all the kids who watch this film then on to read Jules Verne, Robert Louis Stevenson, H.G. Wells and Jonathan Swift, all specifically referenced in the movie, the world would be smarter place. Make no mistake, Journey 2 is a kid's film with the kind of mentality seen in early '60s Disney films yet you won't be bored at the scenery chewing of Michael Caine or the ukulele strumming of Dwayne Johnson or the filmmakers vision of utopia. Yes, Captain Nemo was from India and the ideas of the previously mentioned classic authors contain more food for thought than contemporary literature; that's my story and I'm sticking to it.

But now back to Daffy. The melody Daffy sings in the cartoon is from Franz Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2. Please note that as far as Liszt goes, No. 2 is his No. 1. Allow me to disclose the lyrics that Daffy sings as I feel it's important in revealing the heaviosity of my new favorite cartoon.

"Greetings! My name is Daffy. There's no other duck like me. Because I'm so daffy. And the reason I'm daffy. And so gosh-derned riff-raffy. And so screwy and laffy. Is because those hunters won't leave me alone.

"Oh, why don't they hunt some other animal for a change. So, that I won't have to end up on a kitchen range. But no, duck hunting's all the rage and they won't let me be. And I'm so full of bullets, I'm lit up like a Christmas tree. There's so much I'd like to do if I just had the chance. I'd like to play and romp and even sing and do a dance. I would read the latest book. Go swimming in the babbling brook. I'd like to fly the seven seas. Play hide and seek among the trees. I'd play hop scotch and double dutch. And this and that and things and such. I know that isn't asking much. But all these things I daresn't touch. It's bang! bang! here, and bang! bang! There. Bullets flying everywhere. I can't stand it any longer I get weak and they get stronger. Hunters to the right of me. Hunters to the left I see. Over hill and over dale. Bullets whizzing past my tail.

"There's no rest and there's no peace. Won't this shooting ever cease. Morning, noon, and through the night. That's why I look such a fright.

"BANG! BANG! BANG! I'm only sixteen yards ahead. BANG! BANG! BANG! They're shooting straight at me. HOO! HOO! HOO! They won't let up until I'm dead. HOO! HOO! HOO! Why can't they let me be? Why don't they hunt big wild moose? Or chase a Ranger on the loose? There's possums, chipmunks, caribou. Or rabbits for a rabbit stew. Rats and squirrels, porcupines. Monkeys swinging on the vines. Leopards with or without spots. Wild cats with or without dots. Elephants, badgers, kangaroos. Lions, tigers, cows that moo. Wolf and mice and prairie ox. Red and grey and silver fox. DAFFY! They drive me daffy! Those hunters with their great big guns. They're all uncles, cousins, fathers, sons. Crazy! They got me hazy. With all that rootin'-flootin'-hootin'-tootin'-high-falootin' noisy shootin.' Closer! They're gettin' closer. With shot-guns, pistols, bows and arrows, riffles, knives, and other deadly trifles. Scram now! While I'm still able. You're nutty to think that I'm gonna end up on somebody's dinner table. Sooooo, Good-bye! So long now! Woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo- hoo, woo-hoo."

The totality of this song is sung by Daffy as he prances in a theater setting all the while being pursued by the nimrod Fudd. If you don't think Daffy Duck's Rhapsody transcends time and space you're simply mistaken.

Here are some awesome film events taking place in Houston during March.

At the MFAH on Wednesday March 14 (7:30 pm.) Eva Marie Saint will present On The Waterfront, as part of a Turner Classic Movies tour. TCM host Ben Mankiewicz will also moderate.

The Aurora Picture Show offers a free workshop for children on March 17 at Ikea (7810 Katy Freeway). "Aurora Picture Show hosts a green screen workshop for youth that will utilize basic chroma-key compositing to create unique tabletop short films. Aurora's green screen workshop teaches children a form of filmmaking in which small staged sets and objects are filmed and manipulated in front of a green screen that can make them appear in any imaginable background." (Registration required at www.ikeahouston.com).

A SEPARATION

A Separation just wows its audience on so many levels that it would be unfair not to call it an instant classic. But is this Iranian film about taking care of old people, about the Iranian judicial system, about class divisions in Iranian society or about a couple applying for a divorce? It's about all of the above and told with a dialogue heavy script that itself is nominated for Best Original Script at this year's Oscars, in addition to its nom for Best Foreign Film.

A Separation starts out with the lead couple arguing about their impending divorce only the law states that they must both consent. Actress Leila Hatami immediately grabs your interest with her red hair but it's her husband (Peyman Maadi) who posses a temper of fire. Maadi slightly resembles American actor Adam Scott. Maadi, upset that their maid (Sareh Bayat) has left his infirm Dad alone literally throws her out of his apartment. This leads to a charge of murder when she claims to have miscarried after that incident.

Watching A Separation it dawns on the viewer how much social inequality exists between the main couple and their domestic help; in fact the same story could be told with rich Anglos demeaning their Latino servants. Brought before a judge to determine the case Maadi pleads his case and in fact seems to be in the clear when the court reconvenes at his apartment and examines the distance and angle from his front door to the stairs.

Eventually A Separation becomes greater than the sum of its parts as we glide in sympathy from character to character. A Separation manages to encompass a wealth of human experience in the microcosm of one couple's tribulation.

SXSW 2012

This year's line-up for the SXSW Film Festival and Convention promises the usual suspects of studio films (Cabin in the Woods, 21 Jumpstreet), music themed documentaries (everyone from Paul Williams to Ginger Baker), midnight movies like (Rec) 3: Genesis, and an astounding list of indie films. On a list of films I want to see are the documentary Wikileaks, and a short about robots called Machines of the Working Class made by identical twin brother filmmakers. The great thing about SXSW is how the majority of events are all walking distance from each other, and on every corner people are busking to the delight of all. FPH



Dr. Dog

W/GIVERS



SATURDAY MARCH 10TH

FITZGERALD'S • 2706 WHITE OAK

FPH
FREE PRESS HOUSTON
PODCAST

LISTEN DOWN,
CLOWN.

AVAILABLE EVERY TUESDAY.

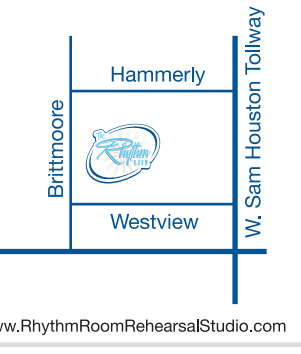
WWW.FREEPRESSHOUSTON.COM



The Rhythm ROOM

Rhythm Room Rehearsal Studio is Houston's only built for purpose rehearsal studio. Feautring **115** monthly rehearsal rooms and 30 new premier rooms in several different sizes and prices. Rhythm Room has everything you need to prepare for your gigs. We offer 24 hour access and excellent security.
To schedule an appointment call **713-465-6122**

1410 BRITTMOORE STE. A,B, & C
HOUSTON, TX 77043



www.RhythmRoomRehearsalStudio.com

MOMMA TOLD ME ONE DAY IT WAS GONNA HAPPEN BUT SHE NEVER TOLD ME WHEN

BY KWAME M. ANDERSON

IT HAS BEEN A LONG MONTH, AND NOT BECAUSE OF LEAP YEAR, BUT BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN WORKING A LOT. BUT IT IS MAINLY THAT, WORKING A LOT, TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING, SUSTENANCE. THE BABIES GOT TO EAT, AND THE ENDS GOT TO MEET, EVERYTHING IS SOUR 'CAUSE AIN'T SHIT SWEET. MARCH, THE TIME OF SPRING BREAK, COMPROMISED MORALS IN THE NAME OF FUN. BUT, YOU KNOW, WHATEVER. VIRGINIA, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON THERE? CIVIL RIGHTS ARE BEING REVERSED WHILE WE HAVE A BLACK PRESIDENT. WHAT DOES THAT SAY? ELECTION SEASON, SPEECHES, OBAMA IS FOR THE PRIVATIZATION OF THE SCHOOL SYSTEM, JUST SAYING, IF YOU LIVE IN A FUCKED UP NEIGHBORHOOD, THEY'RE BUSSING THE PROMISING ONES OUT, FIRING THE TEACHERS, AND YOUR CHILD IS ABOUT TO LEARN TO READ FROM A FURBY. SHIT IS REAL. SO A FRIEND OF MINE RECENTLY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT DIVORCE, IT'S A POPULAR THING NOW, GIVING UP, IN THE FUTURE, WE WILL BE A NATION OF BASTARDS, KIDS WILL BE LIKE, "WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, YOUR PARENTS ARE MARRIED?" IF YOU WANNA KNOW WHERE HIP HOP'S GOING, ASK YOURSELF, WHERE AM I GOING. SMART PHONES ARE THE MARK OF THE BEAST. AND SO…

SHOWS

3/12/12 DUSTIN WONG-SUPER HAPPY FUN LAND- PONYTAIL RELEASED TWO AMAZING ALBUMS AND IT WAS A WRAP. ONE OF THE MAJOR REASONS FOR THAT AMAZING WAS DUSTIN WONG. WONG DOES NOT PLAY GUITAR TUNES; HE CREATES PICTURES, MOMENTS, LANDSCAPES, COLORS, FROM LAYERED GUITAR TONES AND MELODIES. IT IS THE TYPE OF THING THAT IS DIFFICULT TO PROMOTE ON THE FLIPPANT "THIS WILL BE COOL MAN" VERNACULAR OF MUSIC WRITING. WONG UNDERSTANDS, DISSECTS, ESTABLISHES THE PACE, DECONSTRUCTS, REBUILD, AND TAKES THE IDEA OF PERFORMANCE TO MEAN TRANSFORMING A SPACE THROUGH SOUND, YOU GO TO BE ENVELOPED AND TRANSPORTED. SUPER HAPPY FUN LAND IS SMALL AND YOU WILL BE THERE, BUT YOU WILL BE THERE, THIS IS NOT A TALKING TO YOUR FRIEND, SHOOT THE SHIT EVENT, THIS A 3D MOVIE, THIS IS EPIC, THIS IS HAPPENING, BE THERE WHEN IT DOES.

3/13/12 GIRLS- FITZGERALD'S- GIRLS HAS GOTTEN A LOT OF CRITICAL ACCLAIM. THEIR MUSIC IS WHAT ONE MIGHT CALL, EMOTIONAL, GRIPPING, PASSIONATE, SLOW AT TIMES, ETC. THEIR LATEST ALBUM, FATHER, SUN, HOLY GHOST, IS A GRAND COLLECTION OF SONGS THAT ARE REMINISCENT OF THE LENNON/REDDING STYLE R&B. THERE ARE MOMENTS LIKE "VOMIT" WHICH ARE GUT WRENCHING AND HEAVY— ALL IN ALL, IT'S TO BE DIGESTED, MULLED OVER, PLAYED IN SUCCESSION TO RECALL OR ACCENTUATE FEELINGS, AND THIS CAN WORK WELL LIVE, BECAUSE MOST LIKELY THEIR FANS WILL GO TO THE SHOW, AND BE VISIBLY AFFECTED, SINGING ALONG, RELIVING THOSE THINGS, THOSE FEELINGS EVOKED FROM THE SONGS. IT SHOULD BE GOOD. I HEARD THEY RECENTLY COVERED WHITNEY HOUSTON. I COULD SEE THAT.

PONTIAK-ECHO ONO-THRILL JOCKEY

PONTIAK ARE CONSISTENTLY GOOD, THEIR ALBUMS ARE STATEMENTS OF COMMITMENT AND SOUND, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DO, THEY DO THAT WELL, AND YOU APPRECIATE THAT. THEY DON'T DABBLE IN THIS, EVEN IF PONTIAK WERE TO DO A HOUSE SONG (I AM BEING FACETIOUS, THAT WOULD SOUND ATROCIOUS), IT WOULD SOUND LIKE PONTIAK DOING A HOUSE SONG. THEIR ALBUMS ARE LIKE A CAGED SERPENT, THERE IS FIRE, THERE IS SLITHERING, THERE IS ATTACK, AND SOMETIMES THERE IS THE MERE MAJESTY OF PRESENCE. SOME OF YOU LIKE ROCK MUSIC TO REMIND YOU OF A TIME WHEN THE MOUNTAINS ROARED AND THE SEAS RUMBLED, SOMETIMES YOU LIKE MUSIC TO REMIND YOU OF THE MAGIC OF BLASTING YOUR CAR STEREO TO A PLACE THAT BECKONS YOU TO ASK: WHAT DO I REALLY NEED MY EARS FOR? THIS IS POWER, THIS MOLTEN LAVA; THIS IS THE ELEPHANT'S ROAR. **FPH**



THE CONCERT PUB - North

The Ultimate Bar & Grill

SUNDAYS
KARAOKE
Happy Hour Prices From Open To Close

MONDAYS
Industry Nite!
Cheap Drinks
Cheap Beers
BIG SLICK POKER TOURNAMENT

TUESDAYS
STEAK NITE! and Smitchers!
Jam NIght!

WEDNESDAYS
Ladies Night!
LIVE MUSIC
SINGLE ACTS & DUOS

THURSDAYS
LIVE BANDS!
Drink Specials!

FRIDAYS
Live Bands Inside!
Live DJ Outside On The Patio

SATURDAYS
Live Bands Inside!
Live DJ Outside On The Patio

MARCH EVENTS

Sun., March 11
St. Patrick's Day Party!
Spare Heart,
JD's Throwdown Band,
Staci's Edge,
Flicker System & More!
DJ on the Patio!

THURSDAYS
March 1 - Space Monkey
March 8 - Voo Doo Dolls
March 15 - Thunder Roads
March 22 - Flicker System
March 29 - Spin Cycle

Thursday, March 15
THUNDER ROADS BIKE NIGHT
with
Outlaw Dave!
Music by
ROCK RADIO!!

FRIDAYS
March 2 - Dallas Foster Memorial
with Just Got Lucky
March 9 - Original Music Showcase
with Stone Pusher, Cries of Solace, Axion, Glass Chamber
March 16 - Original Music Showcase
with Echo Temple, Crank Case, Wide Open Throttle, Wolfpack
March 23 - Metal Maiden
(Iron Maiden Tribute)
Rock Rock Til You Drop
(Def Leppard Tribute)
Slip Of The Snake
(Whitesnake Tribute)
March 30 - The Dogz

SATURDAYS
March 3 - The Chromatics
(80's Dance Party)
March 10 - Mindcrime
(Queensryche Tribute)
with The Sound Of Madness
(Shinedown Tribute)
March 17 - St. Patrick's Day Bash!
Spare Heart, JD's Throwdown Band,
Staci's Edge, Flicker System,
& More!
March 24 - Chrome 44
Five Eyes Wide and more TBA
March 31 - Abbey Rode
(Beatles Tribute)
with Already Gone
(Eagles Tribute)
April 7 - Santana & Friends Tribute

THE CONCERT PUB North

2470 FM 1960 West • Houston, TX • 281.583.8111 • www.theconcertpub.com

THE CONCERT PUB - Galleria

The Ultimate Bar & Grill

SUNDAYS
LIVE MUSIC WITH ROCK RADIO
Happy Hour All Day & All Night!

MONDAYS
Monday Madness!
Industry Nite!
Cheap Drinks
Cheap Beers

TUESDAYS
Steak Night & Smitchers!
Jam Night!
Free Texas Hold'em

WEDNESDAYS
Ladies Night
$2 Specials All Day and All Night!

THURSDAYS
BIG ASS BEER NIGHT!
$15 Beer Towers
$4 Shot Specials
"DJ'S"

FRIDAYS
Live Bands Inside!
Live DJ Outside On The Patio

SATURDAYS
Live Bands Inside!
LIVE DJ Outside On The Patio

MARCH EVENTS

March 24
THE FAB 5

A Tribute to The Beatles and the 60's

Our Kitchen Is Open Daily For Both Lunch and Dinner
Check Out Our Great Deals On Meals Today!!!

FRIDAYS
March 2 - La Raza Connection
March 9 - Kat James & Troublemaker
March 16 - Rock Radio and Flicker System
March 23 - The Dogz with A Beautiful Disgrace
March 30 - The Executive Producers
April 6 - Mr. Hand's Revenge
(80s Dance Party!)

SATURDAYS
March 3 - The Spicoli's
(80's Dance Party)
March 10 - Band TBA
March 17 - Santana & Friends Tribute
March 24 - The Fab 5
(Beatles & 60s Tribute)
March 31 - MTA
(Metallica Tribute)
with special guest TBA
April 7 - Spare Heart
(Heart Tribute)
with
Benastar
(Pat Benatar Tribute)

Saturday, March 17
St. Patrick's Day Party
Indoor/Outdoor Party
Band Inside/DJ Outside
Green Beer, Drink Specials
And Much More!

THE CONCERT PUB Galleria

5636 Richmond Ave. • Houston, TX 77057 713.278.7272 • www.theconcertpub.com

Dada Moda

Interview

BY JACK DANIEL BETZ

DADA MODA IS A METAPHOR symbolizing all the bands in Houston struggling to get started, get fans, and get laid. The trio have played music for a long time respectively but their latest project is just starting and they've only played a handful of shows. Live, the band has a raw punk energy tempered with a post-punk attention to detail but with dealing with a dearth of demos and some bumps along the way they don't have a whole lot of exposure yet. To their credit though, the band does have the boon of their name being emblazoned in black magic marker on two locations upstairs at Fitzgerald's. I'll let you search for yourselves.

Is it harder for you guys to get laid as a band when you don't have any demos?

Definitely [laughter]. It doesn't affect me. Ninety percent of the time I'm jerkin' it anyway so it's good either way. Either way, we don't get laid. [laughter]

C'mon guys, this is your interview, make shit up!

I talked to Lane about the Galveston show, I want you tell me about that one. I mean it's not your fault.

We're going to end up talking shit about Minerva and Cern.

How do you spell Cern?

C-E-R-N. I think it's the same way you spell chlamydia. The guy looked like he went across the border to get anabolic steroids. You should have seen him holding a guitar. I mean how much time could you spend on playing music and working out. Yet at the same time they were playing songs that were quite emotional. Talking about how the other sex won't get with me. Once we started playing there was literally three people, not including the bartenders and some fat lady. By the third song we stop and I just start screaming, "this song's called eat my shit" and I started hitting the drums and they started just playing and then I stop again and I was like, "this song's called go fuck yourself". They were trying to shut us down but then everyone got bored. [. . .] Brews Brothers is my favorite venue though, they hook you up with free beer.

So seriously, I know you don't have any demos right now but have you gotten any further?

Actually yeah. We've actually worked on recording all of songs at this point. Because we're only using one mic -woah let's not tell people that!

No there's no shame in that. That's cool.

And we're doing it ourselves and we don't have very much recording experience.

I don't know how it happened but somehow DIY has turned into a thing with a name and it was a thing before it was a thing, I guess you could say. Some people make such a big deal about doing stuff themselves. They want a fucking gold star and cookie. **FPH**



IT DOES NOT MATTER WHO YOU ARE.
FREE PRESS SUMMER FEST.
HOUSTON,TX.
JUNE 2 & 3.



FREEPRESSSUMMERFEST.COM

Saint Patrick's Day
At The Creeks



Head Down to The Creeks
& Have a Pinchin' Slappin' Good Time!!!
Party Starts Midnight Friday
Green Beer, Green Mary's, DJ's, Green Eggs & Ham, Drink Specials & More
ALL DAY

Onion Creek 3106 White Oak > Cedar Creek 1034 W 20th > Canyon Creek 6603 Westcott > Dry Creek 544 Yale

FITZGERALD'S
houston, tx
LIVE MUSIC SINCE 1977

UPCOMING LIVE MUSIC

EVERY TUESDAY — FREE ALL AGES

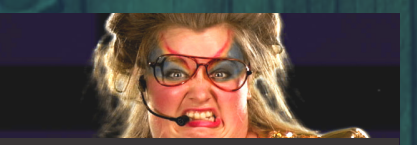


OPEN JUKEBOX

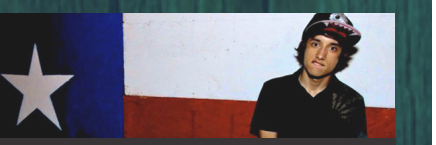
EVERY WEDNESDAY — FREE ALL AGES



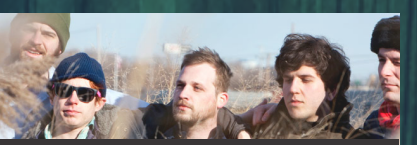
OPEN MIC NIGHT



LESLIE AND THE LY'S
MAR. 07 WITH PENNYHAWK + OTHERS



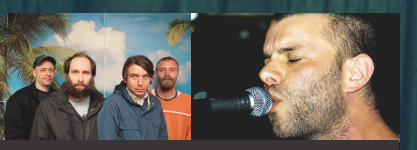
CRIZZLY
MAR. 09 WITH KIDS AT THE BAR



DR. DOG
MAR. 10 WITH GIVERS



OF MONTREAL
MAR. 11 WITH CULTS



BUILT TO SPILL + LUCERO
MAR. 12 WITH DINOSAUR FEATHERS



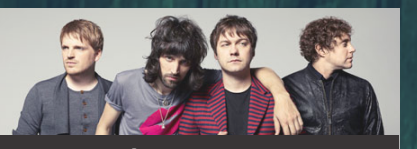
GIRLS
MAR. 13 WITH UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA



THE COATHANGERS
MAR. 13 WITH ETERNAL SUMMERS



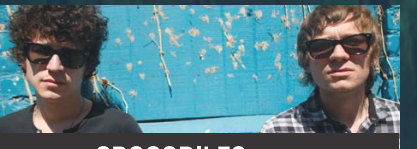
WHITE RABBITS
MAR. 14 WITH WAR ON DRUGS



KASABIAN
MAR. 15 WITH HACIENDA



HIGH ON FIRE
MAR. 15 WITH MONSTRO



CROCODILES
MAR. 17 WITH THE WATERMARKS + OTHERS



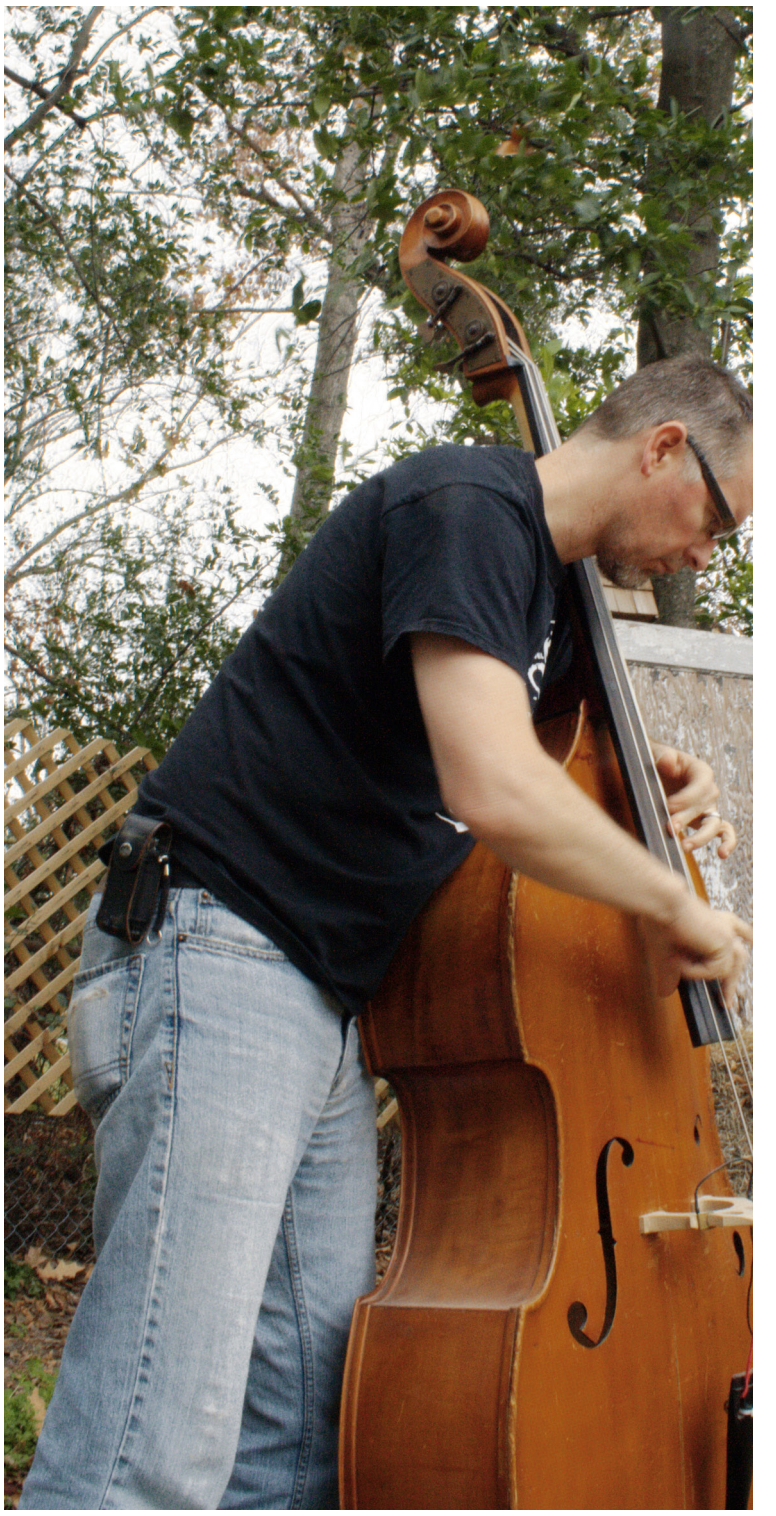
YOUTH LAGOON
MAR. 18 WITH DANA BUOY

ALSO COMING
ANDREW W.K. MAR. 18 | WHITE DENIM APR. 04
SCHOOL OF SEVEN BELLS APR. 11 | CURSIVE APR. 13
BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE APR. 28 | ACTIVE CHILD MAY. 05

WWW.FITZLIVEMUSIC.COM
2706 WHITE OAK
AT THE INTERSECTION OF WHITE OAK & STUDEWOOD

Thomas Helton

INTERVIEW BY RAMON MEDINA



BASSIST THOMAS HELTON'S MUSIC has a certain explorative quality that suggests a musician constantly reaching out to explore new ways to express and push himself as a musician. His work with The Core Trio and his solo work in particular sparkle with an almost youthful sense of joy and curiosity. Lately, Helton has incorporated video to accompany his releases and both his recent solo bass release (simply titled "I") with Jonathan Jindra and the upcoming Core Trio's release take advantage of the power of visuals in ways many Jazz players never consider. We spoke with Helton not long before he was about to leave for a tour of the East Coast. Here is some of what he shared with us.

I'd never heard Jazz in High school and then in the 90's I got nose-deep / tunnel vision into Jazz. Anything between1930 and the maybe early 60's before Coltrane started doing the free thing. I did that for years but, after I'd been playing for 10 years, I felt a little limited. With traditional Jazz there are rules and structures. You play a certain way because that's what people want to hear and what the people you play with want you to do. That was fun but there was always that nagging feeling. Why do I have to play these notes? Haven't these notes been played for fifty years? As I played all these restaurants, hotels and weddings - I became more disgruntled. You've got your tuxedo, you're playing "Girl from Impanema" again, and in the back of your mind it's gnawing at you, "This is not you. You're not a robot." You know, you're playing the Jazz gig but you're not playing JAZZ; you're just regurgitating what the real guys did fifty years ago and playing for people who don't care and aren't listening.

But as I started expanding, I started getting into that somewhat structured Free Jazzy thing and it kept evolving. The real pinnacle for me was when Peter Kowald, the great European Free Jazz bassist, came to town in 2001. He did a three-month tour of the United States where he flew to New York, bought a late 70's station wagon, took his bass, and did solo concerts - one nighters along the South, up the West Coast, across the top, and back to New York to play Vision Fest. Dave Dove contacted me because they needed an amplifier and I said, "Sure." He did a free bass solo set for an hour and twenty minutes with no break! At that time, I thought that I was pretty open-minded but I couldn't believe this. I was like, "That's what I want to do! I want to do THAT!" And more importantly, I really love playing solo. So after that, I found something that I felt very strongly about, it was like the crazier the better.

When you hear my compositions, they don't have any traditional structure. In 2000, I started writing these chamber pieces because I really like woodwinds and it almost sounds like two people practicing near each other. It's hard to call it a composition but that's how I hear it; that's the way I write. I hear one guy doing this while another is doing that - and if it isn't correct by the rules of composition, then maybe it's not a "composition" by that standard but that's how I write and I write what I want to hear.

So, after I saw Peter Kowald, I started cultivating my solo career and I took a note out of his page. I did a West Coast tour and it was great. It was exactly what I wanted but it was rough because I'm just a musician so I don't have income if I'm not working and doing something like this you're paying for hotels, your driving your car and no gig is going to play anything. So after that it was, "OK, whatever I have to do to keep that going I'll do. If I have to keep whoring myself out, I'll do that as long as, every once in a while, I can go and do my true thing."

Then, about a year ago, my fiancé and I started a business – it's nothing creative - but it's allowed me to not have to play gigs. I mean, I still do them because all my friends are musicians and I do love playing Jazz but now I'm very picky. If you see my name, it's usually solo or with The Core Trio. If it's not going to be beautiful and amazing, then I don't want to do it just to wank-off so I'm a little bit particular about who I play with. The tendency is "let's put that guy and that guy together and see what happens." I'm OK with that but it's not my ultimate goal. My ultimate goal is to have that amazing connection with the people I'm playing with and convey that and connect to the audience. That's where the magic is for me.

About a year ago, I was on a West Coast tour with my fiancé and we were bouncing ideas off each other about how to connect to people so we came up with the idea of video because most people are visually oriented. I'd met Jonathan [Jindra] who'd booked me to play Binarium and we started doing this project. I wanted a video of me playing in a weird space and we found a great space over in the East part of town and when he sent me his draft, he'd incorporated some shots that he had just taken around town of sewer pipes, construction sites, and things like that. That was a hell of a lot more interesting than just watching me. I liked it but Jonathan is a ridiculous perfectionist so he just kept tweaking it until I had to rip it out of his hands. Now The Core Trio has a CD/DVD coming out hopefully in March of a performance at Diverse Works that was recorded by another friend of mine.

But I like that I can do all this. I can to do a solo bass tour, put out a DVD, go play a musical, go play with the Baytown symphony, go play with a gypsy band, play with an R&B group...In reality, there are very few things I don't want to do. **FPH**

The Core Trio perform Thursday march 1st with Tatsuya Nakatani and Astrogenic Hallucinauting at Super Happy Fun Land.

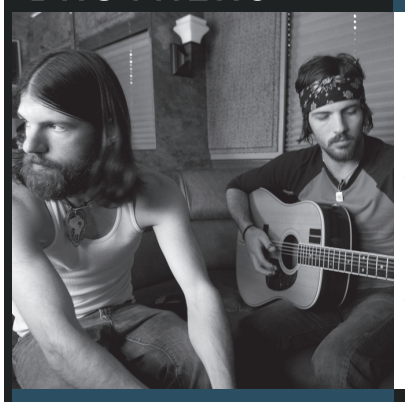
Thomas Helton performs Saturday March 24th with Jimmy Bennington and Seth Paynter at Cezanne.

FREE PRESS SUMMER FEST

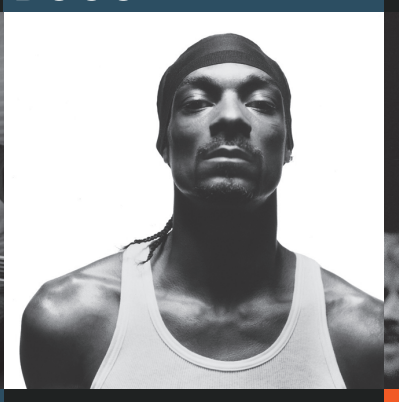
JUNE 2-3, 2012
HOUSTON.TX

GET A PASS NOW. SEE WEBSITE FOR COMPLETE LINE UP. FPSF2012.COM

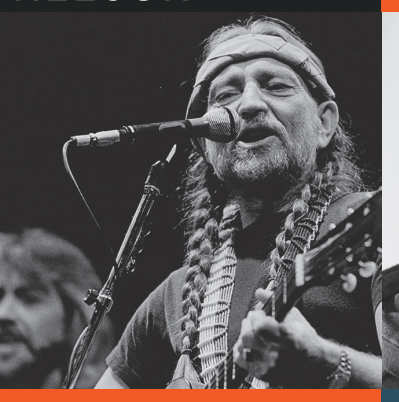
THE AVETT BROTHERS



SNOOP DOGG



WILLIE NELSON



AFROJACK



PRIMUS



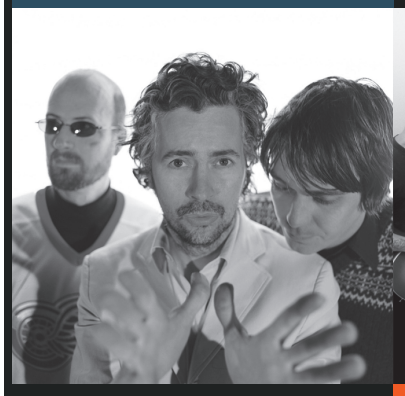
FLAMING LIPS
PERFORMING 'DARK SIDE OF THE MOON'

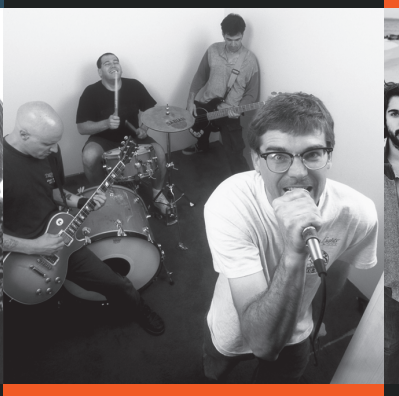
DESCENDENTS

YOUNG THE GIANT

PORTUGAL. THE MAN

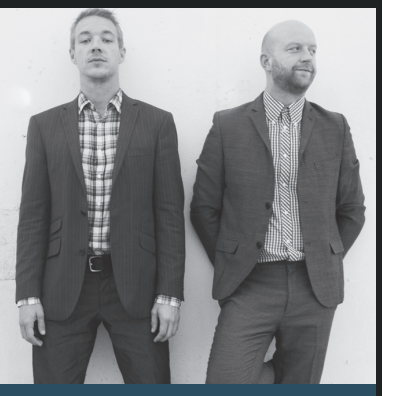
MAJOR LAZER











MORRIS DAY & THE TIME

BEST COAST

WAVVES

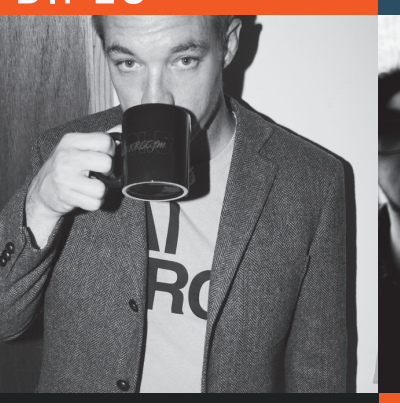
DIPLO

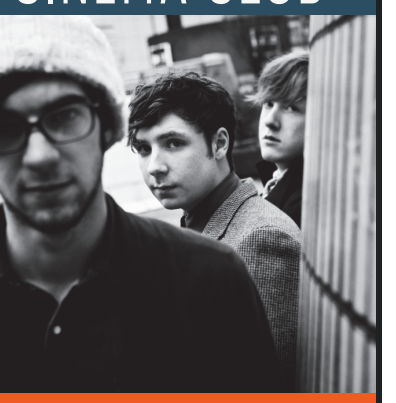
TWO DOOR CINEMA CLUB











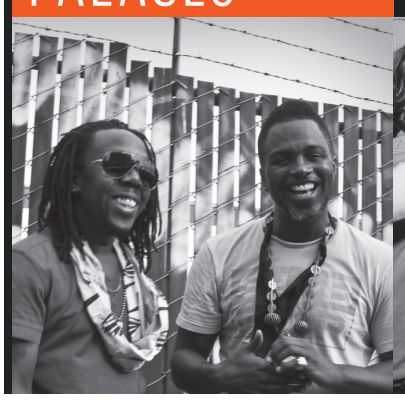
SHABAZZ PALACES

STRFKR

DANNY BROWN

JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD

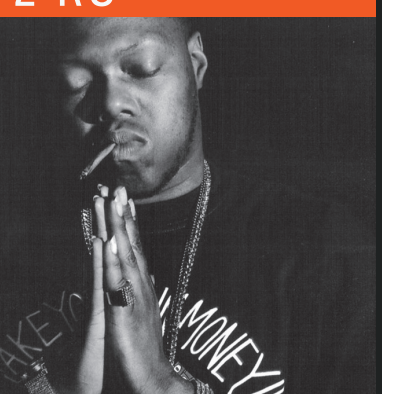
Z-RO











Jermaine Rogers

GODFATHER OF MODERN POSTER ART AND PRODIGAL SON RETURNS TO HOUSTON… FOR NOW.
BY OMAR AFRA

MOST HOUSTONIAN'S are blind to the fact that their very own city was responsible for a resurgence in the medium of rock poster art. There was a 'golden age' in the late '80s and early '90s where Houston's acid soaked psyche and garage rock scenes were propelled into the national consciousness with the help of such poster artists as Uncle Charlie, Frank Kozik, Jason Austin, and Jermaine Rogers. Rogers' work has since become ubiquitous as he has been commissioned by everyone from David Bowie to Radiohead to Led Zeppelin to create original artwork for tour posters, albums, and just about anything else you can put a mind-bending image on. In 2008 he moved to New York City but has since decided to again make Houston his part time home yet keep his residence in NYC and jump between. We were lucky enough to nail him down long enough for a few questions.

How much does your own personal worldview inform your artwork?

Quite a bit, naturally. That's the magic of any art, really. When I began doing posters and flyers for bands back in the early to mid-'90s, there was really no 'plan'. There was no financially sound 'street art' or 'gig poster' market like the one that exists today. So I had no long-term agenda of any sort in the beginning. I just wanted to have a part in a scene I really enjoyed being part of. And lucky me: I could draw a bit. Those first few years were really about figuring out the craft. Learning 'the rules', and then figuring out which ones you want to break. You figure out who YOU are, and you learn to stop copying your idols. You learn to embrace some of your little imperfections on reality: these will become pivotal parts of your 'style'.

Back in the late 1990's, when I was getting my first big breaks, I received a lot of criticism for doing artwork that was too 'self-centered'. I remember doing a poster for an 'At The Drive In' show where I indulged in some weird autobiographical imagery. Soon after, another artist (who I won't name) said, 'Your artwork should be about the band and not yourself. You're serving your ego.' I never bought into that way of thinking.

I remember being so mystified by artists not willing to totally indulge their ego in their ARTWORK. You're an artist! Say your thing. You know, I've always made sure that the artwork I create for shows fit the vibe of the band. The bands were always happy. They always hired me again. That At The Drive-In print? They loved it. I worked for them again. I worked for Sparta AND Volta. Always doing my own thing. When it comes to gig posters in particular, you CAN do both: tag the vibe of the band and the event as well as be very personal and egocentric in your artwork. Raymond Pettibon did it. Frank Kozik did it, and personally encouraged me to keep doing it early on. If the band/client gives you the freedom, take it. Trust that you have the sense to know how far to go and when to pull back. Sometime, your worst impediment is other artists' opinions. Study the art you like. Study the artists who create it. Think and listen. Train your gut, and then trust it.

Of course, when I'm doing art prints and paintings, I have total freedom. The same is true with my designer vinyl figures and sculptures. I indulge every aspect of my self in these projects. Your art should be the one place you plant your feet and hold your ground. It's the one place you don't turn and run from anyone.

An artist/musician/writer/film maker etc. is kind of like the shaman of a tribe. He/she has access to certain talents, which are just beyond the reach of most members of the tribe. He doesn't necessarily describe events: he interprets them. He helps the tribe understand and process their feelings, beliefs, loves and hatreds. He is a conduit. And every artist is like that. He has his own little 'tribe'. Call them collectors or fans…whatever. But there is a bond between the artist and his group. Degas called it a 'trust'. The artist trusts his tribe. They provide for him. They indulge his calling. They give him the space to work it all out in his head and then they watch his journey carefully. They also pay his bills, give him food money, and finance his future explorations. In return, they trust that he will always be true in his work. He speaks for them. They trust that he will always honestly represent the tribe. It's a very symbiotic relationship.

Trust your views. Shout them out in your drawings and paintings. Sing them and write them. Your tribe is out there. You speak for them. You owe it to them.



'Stairway To Heaven' for Official Led Zeppelin IV 40th Anniversary Show at Flood Gallery: London, England 2012

Interview

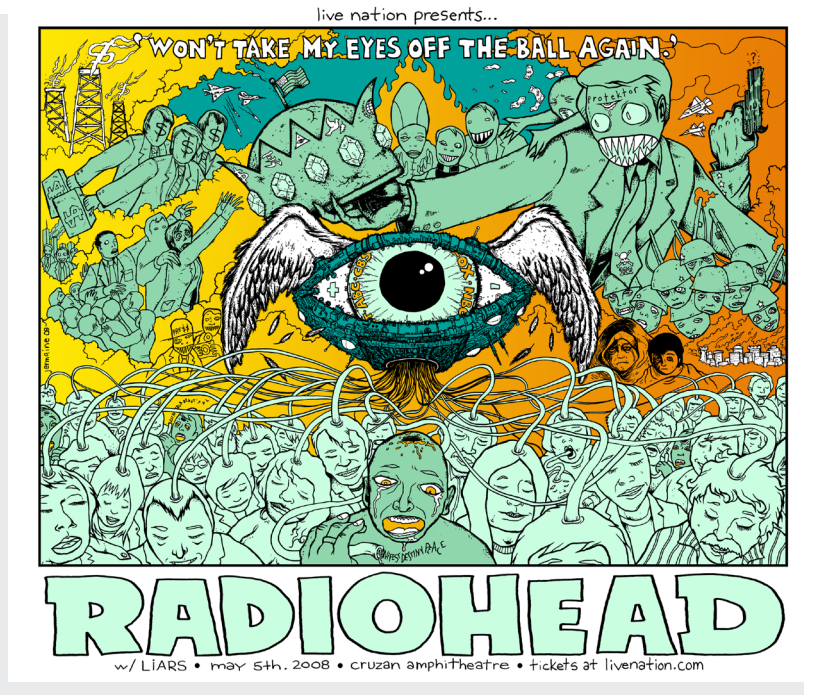
What have been the best/worst things you have discovered that have happened to the 'old neighborhood'?

Well, my old stomping grounds (Montrose/Heights) have definitely changed. But, the writing's been on the wall for a long time in the Montrose. I remember back in the late '90s, you could see things drastically changing. A lot of the artists, musicians and freaks that really made the neighborhood a center of creativity were already being priced out at that point. A lot of people I knew started relocating to the warehouses and old buildings behind the George Brown Convention Center, on the south side of the 59 overpass. A lot of folks moved out towards 5th ward, as well. When they cancelled the Westheimer Street Festival because of 'neighborhood concerns', that was a harbinger of things to come. It had never been a problem for the neighborhood before. But you know, things change. It happens. Artists, musicians, writers, and students flock to an area because it's cheap. Typically these neighborhoods are run down, low-income places, and flavored with ethnicity, culture, and an abundance of truly open minds. In time, 'young money' discovers these hoods. 'Wow!' they think, 'Just think how nice this neighborhood COULD be! And it's so funky and artsy! And it's cheap!' Then the inevitable occurs. 'Young money' starts buying cheap land, and the big cheap old houses. 'Old money' follows 'young money' (as it always does). Old houses are torn down and replaced by big pretty, state-of-the-art boxes. And it's all done in the name of 'progress'. Meanwhile, all of those 'funky' folks who made the neighborhood so interesting? They can't afford the rents anymore. Sooo, they go to another 'hood'. And guess what? The process starts all over again. It is what it is. Have fun while you can: it don't last.

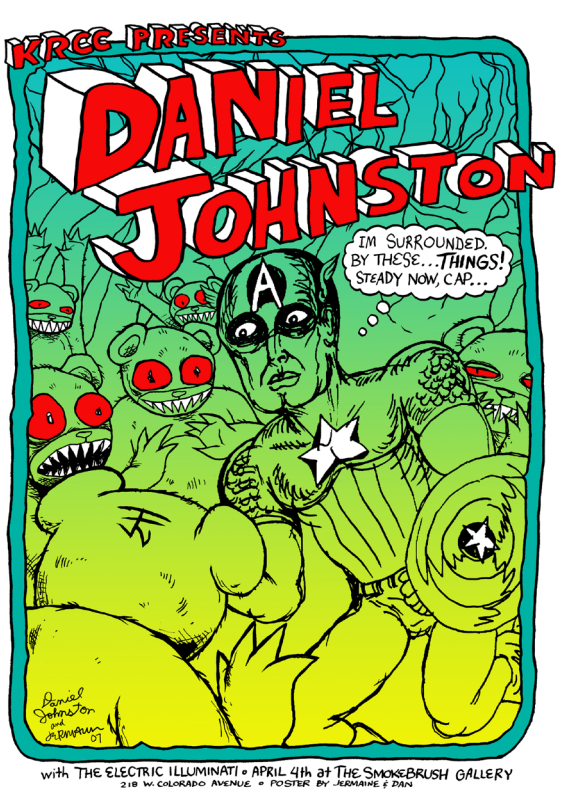
That said, I will admit that the Montrose is SO NICE, now! (Laughs) I mean, when we decided to get a place and live here for half of the year again, I was hoping that the old neighborhood hadn't changed too much. That said, some of the changes are really refreshing. I mean, it's nice to see families and see people living and loving out on the streets. I'm torn about this neighborhood, and not ashamed to admit it. Back in the late '80s when I began haunting the Montrose, it was a really sketchy place. Part of that sketchiness gave the neighborhood its energy. It was dangerous, depending on where you were and when you were there. The Kroger on Montrose was totally not a 'nice' place to shop on Friday and Saturday nights. We used to call it the 'ghetto Kroger'. I went in there the other day, for the first time in years. They've got a sushi bar. Sushi. Now that I've got a little 8 year old kid, I like the fact that the neighborhood is nicer. When I was 23 years old, I didn't mind that the dude who lived next door to me was basically a low-budget pimp. I didn't mind the kids upstairs who were always on acid and who would play Germs records really loud at 3AM. These days, things would be different. One big shock to me was discovering that the amazing Wilshire Village complex had been eaten by a big red and white thing called H.E.B. I had lots of old friends in that place over the years. A book could be written on the folks who moved in and out of that place over the years. Lots of talent. But things change. Strangely enough, the patrons of that H.E.B. remind me of the folks I see up in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. Very pretty. Very stylish. Very 'together'. And they sell fresh praline covered pecans there. Accept it: things change. But, you don't have to.

How much, if at all, does the city you are in influence your work? If so, how does Houston 'sneak' into your work?

There is a certain amount of influence, I suppose. The city you live in has it's own energy, its own little pocket of zeitgeist. For instance, up in Brooklyn, NY there was a very palpable thing in the air last year when the Occupy folks started doing their thing down in Wall Street, and eventually around Grand Army Plaza (just a couple of blocks from my apartment). It was in the atmosphere, and every other artist I know up there felt it. I instinctively began doing all types of confrontational artwork to support the ideas of the movement, even re-working older designs I had done to better coincide with an 'Occupy' theme. Even prints that I was doing for other unrelated events had a subversive air to them. With every piece I was sending to press, I was stripping these 'Occupy'-type handbills and mini prints along the bottom and printing them out en masse. Those things got left on subway trains, in the parks, in bodegas, and on benches all over NYC. But, there is another point I'm trying to make here. What artists up in NYC were doing during the OCCUPY events was being done EVERYWHERE in the country. Everyone was being inspired by the same events. Geography was irrelevant. And that's because we're all connected, more so with each passing year. Due to global communication through the web and real-time information at your fingertips every second, the old geographically based art scenes have really begun to blur into one another. I think it's a very historic time right now. I know some artists in certain cities who rarely venture out into the local scene where they live. They rarely leave their studios. Their primary contact with the outside world comes via the internet. And that's a big deal, because the 'scene' is actually happening, existing, in a virtual environment. 'Local' scenes are being replaced by Facebook friend 'trees' and online forum boards. Artists are talking and trading ideas and stealing influences from one another in these very controlled and evolving communities. And it's all happening in real time. It's a very new and different thing in the art world, relatively speaking, and it's happening globally every day. Naturally, you can understand how in this environment, many artists are not finding their primary influences locally. That's a real development. Of course, there is still some local interaction between an artist and his neighbors and in certain parts of the world, regional heritage is strong. Texas is one of those places. I've always kind of worn Texas on my sleeve, primarily 'Houston', and have instituted some of that socially taught culture into some of my artwork.



RADIOHEAD 2008



Daniel Johnston 2007 (Collaboration with Daniel Johnston)

Many times, some of the ideology that was present in certain circles here locally is what I would specifically attack in my artwork. I would make artwork meant to chastise and provoke certain mentalities brimming with ancient, right-wing conservative, intolerant, racist, woman-hating, gay-hating, self-entitled bullshit. In the last few years (thanks to the Rick Perry's and G.W.'s around here), forward-thinking, rational Texans abroad have had to consistently explain to their friends and neighbors that Texans aren't all 'like that'.
So, yes...there have been a few times when some vague 'Houston' aesthetic has entered into my artwork...but very sporadically. Of course, if there is ever a need or a situation that arises locally where my artwork can assist the greater good or help to educate, I'm all for it. I've done that type of thing many times. I am proud to be from here, and I'll love this town until the day I die. But, I am a citizen of the world. I lived in various places all over the country, and I've lived in dozens of other places in my mind. My 'view' is so much wider than just 'here'. And I think that's how it should be. We've all got to start thinking like that. There is an insidious, tribal type of thinking that is crawling up from the mud again. It seemed to be retreating a while back, but panic and fear has brought it back from the depths of the sewage where it belongs. Fear always does that. Artists especially have to model behavior. It's part of your job, artists. You're a citizen of the massive outer world, and a timeless explorer of the infinite inner world. So fucking act like it.

I am gonna guess that at one point people assumed the digital revolution would have completely changed rock poster art. Nothing has changed. Am I right?

Well, it certainly has put the 'gift of fire' into the hands of many more people. Everybody's a designer these days. And to answer your question, yes: things totally have changed. It's easier now for certain folks to say their thing. And the new digital tools that many artists now include as part of their default palette have enabled them to focus more on the idea and basic crafting of their work rather than spending hours on the 'mechanical' work. In fact, I remember when I first started doing screen prints, having to create what were referred to in the industry as 'mechanicals'. You'd do your artwork by hand, take it to some service bureau to have them shoot it into a film positive, throw that onto a light-table and began cutting your separations out of rubylith. This was incredibly time consuming. Hours were spent doing things which software like Photoshop/Illustrator now does in a fraction of the time. Now, there are some luddites out there who will forever argue that the old way was better...and to some degree, I get their point. You certainly understood the 'bones' of print making on a more intimate level. There was an art to building the physical aspect of the skeleton of the print. But I'm sure there was quite an art to washing clothes on rocks in a stream, too.

As one who was straddling that fence when things were switching over, I wholeheartedly embraced the digital tools. I remember in 1999, working on a poster for RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE, and I finally figured out a roundabout ghetto-style way to do color separations digitally, which significantly reduced the time it took me to do that process. I do not miss the old ways at all. Years ago, artist Mark Arminski told me how the hand-cutting of color separations is what he really enjoys. I just laughed and told him I couldn't believe it. He's a better man than me. I hated it.

The answer is never in the 'black' nor the 'white': it's in that shade of 'gray'. True, the digital revolution in poster art has ushered in a glut of mediocre work. It can be a perfect recipe for disaster to a young artist's development: a copy of Photoshop and the internet, with millions of images at your fingertips. If one is not careful, they can become lazy. The term 'designer' is thrown around really loosely these days, though I am pleased to see that there is a modern melding of design and illustration ethos that is in progress. I'm excited to see where it will go. Digital technology is another tool. Artists will always find a way to squeeze every conceivable use out of these 'extra hands'. They are gifts from the art gods, to help you hit your target...not to replace your 'aim'.

You have the pleasure of dealing with some of the biggest bands of the planet. Has there ever been a time you wished you could choke one of them? If so please elaborate. If not, make some shit up.

I never kiss and tell. Sure, there have been some forgettable jobs. Sometimes, it was an issue with the band or a band member. Every now and then, you run into a performer who is so good at performing, he believes that he is just as good at ANY art. And, he/she has ideas. Tons of them. Many musicians believe they are incredible visual artists as well. Most of them are NOT.

Sometimes, the problem is with the bands management, or the merchandise managers. For the majority of my career, I've been pretty reckless with imagery. I've always wanted to make the print that the suit-and-ties in the band's marketing department would never make. For instance, when I was a kid, my friends and I would love to spend summer afternoons in the den drawing these pictures of KISS. We'd make each band member a half-man/half-monster. I loved drawing Gene Simmons as an actual dragon-faced demon, with a tail and wings and breathing fire. The thing is, my friends and I never could understand why the folks at 'KISS ARMY central' didn't get that this is what we wanted to see! I guess way back then, this battle between me and art-marketing departments began.

Fortunately, for the last half of my career (to date), I've been able to be very selective and work pretty exclusively with folks I've worked with many times before. The majority of these are people I consider to be friends outside of 'business.' So there is a comfort level there. I remember one time going to a show and taking a friend with me. I ended up backstage, and eventually ran into Josh Homme. I've known him for a while and have done a lot of work for him: Queens Of The Stone Age, Them Crooked Vultures, etc. going all the way back to Kyuss stuff. Around that time, I'd been having a problem with some folks in their merchandisers art department really slowing down the process, wanting to 'approve' everything. So after some small talk, I tell Homme, 'Dude, what's up? Why am I having to jump through these hoops all of a sudden? All this time, and now this?'. I was pretty aggressive, and my friend who was with me looked at me like 'What the hell?' Homme apparently had no idea about all of this. He gets on his phone right then, gives somebody the business. Then he calls some manager guy in and basically tells them that 'Jermaine needs no approval.' And then we go to some party. And 'poof', all those cats who had been hemming me up magically disappear. Homme's a stand up fella...always has been. And that's how it is these days. Even if I would tell you a horror story, I haven't had it happen in years. Besides, in recent years, much of my work has been art prints, paintings, designer vinyl figures and sculpture. So, there is no one to answer to but myself in those cases. And I'm such a delight to work with. **FPH**



WEEN at Central Park, NYC 2010

SUPER HAPPY FUN LAND

3801 POLK, HOUSTON, TX, 77003

$8/NIGHT

$24/ENTIRE 2 WEEK FEST!

SXSW OVERFLOW FEST

MARCH 9TH - 24TH

MARCH 9TH
LES RACQUET
GALAXY EXPRESS
CLAYMORE DISCO

MARCH 10TH
CLAYMORE DISCO
THE DEPAYSEMENT
STANDING SHADOWS
MIDDAY VEIL

MARCH 11TH
XMAS
PART TIME
SPECTRALS
HUME
INVISIBLE HANDS
GANG OF THIEVES

MARCH 12TH
HORSETHIEF
BACKWORDS
THE VIOLET LIGHTS
MITTENFIELDS
DUSTIN WONG
DOPE BODY
THE SIXXIS

MARCH 13TH
ANDY D
THE FLYING EYES
MERCIES
SPANISH PRISONERS
THE LOOM
THE AMBOYS
WHEELCHAIR SPORTS CAMP
CHEERS ELEPHANT
THE UGLY CLUB
THE BACK POCKETS
LILY AND THE TIGERS
MAGIC MILK

MARCH 14TH
CHRISTOPHER PAUL STELLING
GUERILLA TOSS
GRANDPA TOSS
COUSINS
THE D.A.
LOST COVES

MARCH 15TH
GREAT 85
HAROLD HONEY
CLAPPERCLAW
TAKE ONE CAR
THE WEEKEND PILOTS
MY AMENDS
JP AND THE GILBERTS

MARCH 16TH
SCREAMIN EAGLE
KATIE GRACE HELOW
GREAT VALLEY
GHOST AND GOBLIN
STARLIGHT GIRLS
TEEN GIRL SCIENTIST MONTHLY
HYENA

MARCH 17TH
HILLFOLK NOIR
KALI MUTSA
MOONLIGHT BRIDE
THE PRESCRIPTION
YOUNG ORCHIDS
CAUSTIC CASANOVA

MARCH 18TH
ERIC JENNINGS
FENSTER
VIO/ MIRE
TAMARIN
THE GALLERY
THE SHIVAS
THE PHOTO ATLAS

MARCH 19TH
SPORTS
LITTLE SPOON
BROWN SHOE
SOFIA TALVIK
EACH OTHER
JACK OF HEARTS
GUN PARTY
KINGDOM OF SHARKS
DEGOLLADO

MARCH 20TH
FRANK MCGREGOR
KAADE
LES RAQUET
OUTERNATIONAL

MARCH 22ND
ALL GIRLS
ELECTROFOAM
HURRICANES OF LOVE
MAY THE PEACE OF THE SEA BE WITH YOU
INVISIBLE CIRCLE

MARCH 23RD
THE ESCATONES
ART INSTITUTE
MUHAMMAD ALI
TAIFAS
THEE ROUGHIES

MARCH 23RD
DAN COYLE
ILLEGAL WIRETAPS
2-BIT PALOMINO
TEXAS CITY REVELATORS
NTERLUDE BAND

MARCH 31ST 9 YEARS OF SUPER HAPPY FUN LAND!

FOR MORE INFO CHECK OUT SUPERHAPPYFUNLAND.COM

PEGSTAR.NET
PRESENTS

St. Patty's Day

at fitz



Doors at 5pm

Downstairs

11:30 Miniature Tigers
10:00 The Chain Gang of 1974
9:00 Geographer
8:00 Pretty & Nice

Patio:
DJ G-Wizz. 5-8:00, between bands

Upstairs

12:00 Crocodiles
10:45 The Watermarks
9:30 New York City Queens
8:30 Wails
7:30 Vipers

FREE, $7 for Under 21. All Ages

Twice raped

HPD adds insult to injury in rape cases



JUST IN TIME FOR WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH, the Houston Police Department has released its burgeoning untested rape kit log—6,663 kits to be exact, with some kits reaching back as far as the 1980's. When I first heard this number I thought surely it was inaccurate, that I was actually just watching an episode of Law and Order: SVU, not a local news channel. Such an outrageous number left me with nothing but stunned questions.

Questions like: What the fuck HPD? How the hell did you end up with a back log of 6,600 untested rape kits? The excuses that were to follow were as vomit inducing as the numbers themselves. On February 16th, at a monthly HPD press conference, Assistant Chief Matt Slinkard explained, "There are many reasons why sexual assault kits may be untested in police property rooms; for example, as the chief has mentioned before, possibly a suspect pled guilty during the course of an investigation prior to any testing being done. Possibly there was an issue of consent, meaning the sexual assault kits are possibly no longer probative in the investigation. There might have been a situation during the investigation where the district attorney rejected charges. And also, once a kit is screened in the first phase of testing, which we call presumptive screening, many kits—about 40%-- will show that there is no biological material to go on for DNA extraction and amplification. So that would end at that phase, and no DNA testing would be done. Now within that population of 6,663 untested sexual assault kits are there possibly open and active investigations in there that need to have a closer look so we can go forward and make sure we are creating a priority list to make sure those are being tested and done if need be? Absolutely." So let me understand: While it is "possible" that some untested rape kits equate to the police not doing their jobs, Assistant Chief Slinkard makes it sound as if they do not constitute the bulk of the backlog. Anybody else notice the odious smell wafting off that statement?

Next, I figured out how much money was spent to complete this most recent audit of untested rape kits sitting in storage—a whopping $178,000 out of the nearly million dollars awarded Houston by The Department of Justice to audit, sort and create future plans to keep the numbers from getting out of hand again. Does anyone else see an issue with that? I tell you what, I will save us taxpayers the left- over $800,000 and clear this whole matter up right now. If a rape kit contains useable DNA and the alleged crime has not reached the statute of limitations, then test the fucking kit. Tada! Now we have $800,000 to begin testing rape kits. I understand that all institutional procedures in our society involve some level of bureaucratic madness, but wasting money to figure out how many untested rape kits are stored in the City of Houston should not be part of it—especially if almost $200,000 had already funded an incomplete audit that failed to classify the untested rape kits. That amount of money should have been sufficient to not only count the number of untested kits but also to determine in which column they should be recorded to avoid speculation regarding the need for further testing of the kits.

The most disheartening piece of this puzzle is the story of a woman who dealt personally with the HPD. She happened to contact me to share her deeply personal account of an assault that began with her attacker but which was exacerbated by the HPD. The woman, whom we will call Jane for the sake of anonymity, went to the HPD after being raped only to spend many months following her report emotionally and monetarily harassed at the hands of the detective assigned to her case. Not only did the detective working her case behave unprofessionally, but in the end Jane was forced to pay for her own rape kit.

Jane explained that she arrived at the special crimes unit 36 hours after her attack and was told that she needed to go directly to Memorial Hermann or Ben Taub for her rape kit. She was reassured that either hospital's financial costs would be covered by the state and the city. She explained to HPD that she did not have insurance, and they reaffirmed that she would incur no cost if she went to one of the city-run hospitals. So she immediately went to Memorial Hermann and endured the invasive process of evidence collection. She left the hospital that night like most women do after their clothes have been taken from them for evidence—in a hospital robe. The next few weeks turned into a terrible game of phone tag with the detective assigned to her case, Investigator Ruben Zermeno, who from the beginning was unprofessional, to say the least. He began their repeated conversations by telling Jane that she really should have gone to the police sooner than 36 hours after her attack, that her case was really not looking good since she had waited so long to come in. I am not sure what HPD sex crimes training handbook says but I am almost positive that is not in the manuscript. That would be something that a district attorney might explain before trial, not the detective on the case.

Over a month after Jane was attacked she was walking down Mckinney Street after a job interview when a car pulled up next to her and its window went down to reveal Detective Zermeno, who announced right there, at a very busy public intersection, "Hey, sorry I've missed your calls, but I just wanted to tell you that he (the attacker) agreed to come in for questioning." Jane looked around mortified and said, "Okay." When the light turned green, Zermeno said goodbye and drove away. No matter how heavy Zermeno's caseload, it is unacceptable for him to stop and speak openly to a victim walking down the street about her rape.

The District Attorney refused to take on Jane's case against her rapist, and the charges were dropped. No one notified Jane of this occurrence; she was informed only after she had inquired about it herself. She was told that she could go to the police station to pick up her clothes from the rape kit. When she went to get them, however, some key items were missing. She was given a sweater, pants and the piece of paper that she had undressed on in the hospital (WTF, why would you give her the paper she undressed on?). Her bra and underwear were not with her rape kit. This begs the obvious question: Where the fuck were they?

The kicker came when Jane began to receive bills from Memorial Hermann for the rape kit they had administered, bills which totaled $1,670. She ignored the first few bills, thinking that maybe they had been sent to her by accident and that surely the bills must also have been sent to the city or the state and that the charges would work themselves out. However, when Jane soon began receiving final notices and threats of collection agency action, she realized that someone had decided she was responsible for paying for her own rape kit—a rape kit that was neither examined nor considered for use by HPD—a rape kit that was missing her bra and underwear. Jane ignored the bills. Detective Zermeno had proven he was of no help; she felt a wall between them against which she was helpless. It was not until Jane attempted to purchase a used car that she was alerted of the medical debt on her credit record—a horrible reminder of the traumatic rape from which she was just beginning to emotionally recover. Jane contacted the collection agency and was told that they could offer her a discounted price of half the original charge, but she had to pay it that day. So she divided the $835 between two cards and took the hit in an attempt to make this awful ordeal go away once and for all.

I know HPD wants us to believe that this back-logged rape kit fiasco is really not tied to them not properly doing their jobs, but accounts like Jane's are not doing much for their argument. And while I also sympathize with and respect sex crime detectives who are properly doing their jobs and are doing the best they can with a broken system, Detective Ruben Zermeno is not one of those officers. I also urge anyone else who has experienced anything like the above story to file a complaint with HPD. I know that after being victimized by the system to which you went for help you understandably might give up and do what Jane was forced to do. But many HPD detectives and officers perform their jobs properly, and the only way unprofessional behavior will change is if citizens make injustices known. We have to protect each other, and reporting abuse is one of the only weapons we have. So let's use it. **FPH**

On January 10, 2012, employees of the Tucson Unified School District entered classrooms, snatched books by Latino- and Native-American authors from students' hands, boxed them up, and sequestered them in a storage facility. Copies of the books are still available in school libraries, officials say, but teachers are prohibited from including these voices in their curricula, so they are effectively banned from the classroom.

BOOKS ARE A GATEWAY DRUG

LIBROTRAFICANTE CARAVAN TO SMUGGLE BANNED "WET-BOOKS" BACK INTO OCCUPIED ARIZONA THIS SPRING BREAK, LEAVING NETWORKS OF UNDERGROUND LIBRARIES IN ITS WAKE.

WHO[MEVER] CONTROLS THE PAST CONTROLS THE FUTURE
WHO[MEVER] CONTROLS THE PRESENT CONTROLS THE PAST
- *GEORGE ORWELL, 1984*

BY HARBEER 'SUPERB HERB' SANDHU



THIS INDIGNITY—this act of cultural theft and de facto censorship—was too much for Houston author, educator, and founder of the literary non-profit Nuestra Palabra, Tony Diaz to bear, so Diaz coined the term "Librotraficante" (i.e. "book smuggler") and organized a caravan from Houston to Tucson to raise awareness about the issue. Perhaps more importantly, the caravan will rally a network of local activists along the way. The idea has caught fire, and Diaz, along with Liana Lopez and Bryan Parras of Nuestra Palabra, met with hundreds of Latino authors, academics, and student activists from across the country just last weekend at a conference in New York City. Arizona's actions have awakened a sleeping giant.

The caravan will leave Houston on March 12 and stop in San Antonio, El Paso, Mesilla (New Mexico), and Albuquerque before arriving in Tucson on March 16. At each of these stops, local libraries and community centers will host readings and "banned" book giveaways, and many of the "banned" authors will participate, including Sandra Cisneros, Luis Alberto Urrea, Dagoberto Gilb, and Rudolfo Anaya, among many others.

I think I might join the caravan, myself, but first, a little background. My name is Harbeer Sandhu and I am a proponent of hyphen-American literature.

Two years ago, the Arizona legislature passed House Bill 2281, which prohibits schools from offering courses or classes that "promote the overthrow of the United States government, promote resentment toward a race or class of people, are designed primarily for pupils of a particular ethnic group, or advocate ethnic solidarity instead of the treatment of pupils as individuals." That sounds pretty reasonable, but I am here to tell anybody who alleges that "ethnic studies" and "ethnic literature" promotes societal fragmentation has got it all wrong, and their plan is going to backfire. Respecting our diverse backgrounds brings people together—it promotes inclusiveness through mutual respect—whereas consigning our dearest, most respected authors to collect dust in a warehouse in favor of an infantilizing, sanitized version of history does much more to promote ethnic/racial/class resentment than any boring, coming-of-age story about grandma's mangoes.

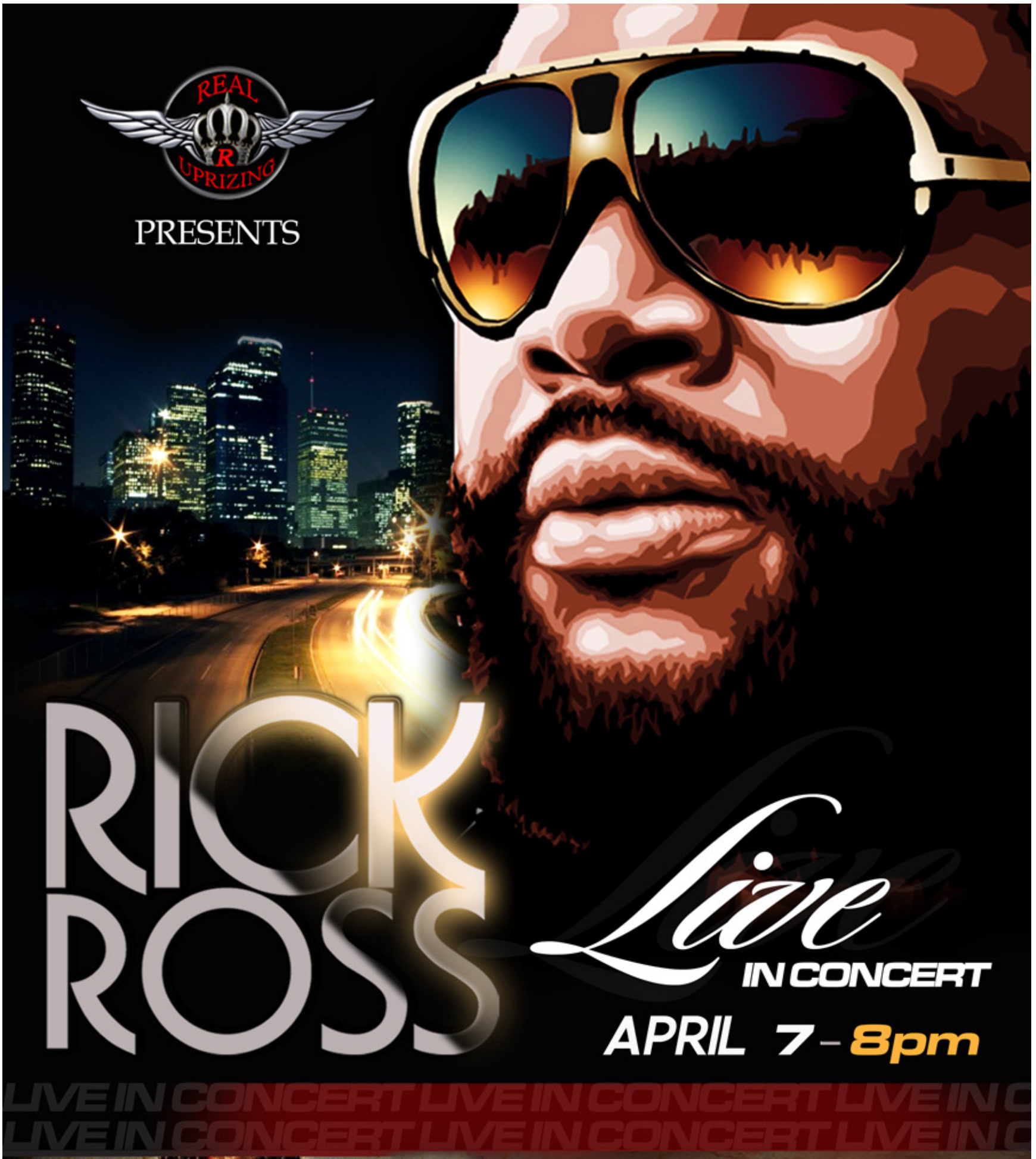
YEAH GEORGE WASHINGTON OWNED SLAVES, CHILDREN, BUT SO WHAT HE CHOPPED DOWN CHERRY TREES AND DIDN'T LIE ABOUT IT—ISN'T THAT AWESOME???

Tony Diaz says he was in college before he ever read a book by a Chicano author. It was Down These Mean Streets by Piri Thomas, and it changed his life. He has met scores of hyphen-American who had that same experience of that same book. I can't speak to Diaz's experience, but I can tell you about my own.

I was in college before I learned the meaning of the word "Eucharist." I've always been a heavy reader, but my family is Sikh, so I only ever went to a Christian church a few times when I was growing up, and the ones I ended up at tended to refer to the sacrament as "commu-

REAL R UPRIZING

PRESENTS



RICK ROSS

Live IN CONCERT

APRIL 7 – 8pm

LIVE IN CONCERT LIVE IN CONCERT LIVE IN C
LIVE IN CONCERT LIVE IN CONCERT LIVE IN C



SPECIAL GUEST

ACE HOOD

TICKETS AVAILABLE @ ALL TICKET MASTER LOCATIONS

layout by: redsevin.com 832.510.4802

verizon wireless THEATER

520 TEXAS AVE.

nion," in the vernacular, rather than the Latin "Eucharist." So I didn't know what "eucharist" meant, along with a lot of other stuff that white Christian authors routinely referred to in their writings. Shrug. That comes with the turf—"minorities" deal with this kind of stuff all the time. (And in my own fiction, I sometimes use Punjabi words without always defining them. I try to give my reader enough context clues, but sometimes I feel like it's OK if they don't understand every word—and if they really want to know, they can look it up and learn about my culture in the same way that I learned stuff that is irrelevant to me, like "Eucharist." That's called mutual respect.)

So I read all kinds of boring crap that had nothing to do with "my" culture in high school—The Catcher in the Rye, A Separate Peace, The Awakening, The Scarlet Letter, Pride and Prejudice, Wuthering Heights...I mean, the list could go on and on. Oh, sure, it wasn't just all long-dead white authors that we read—there was some African American stuff like Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry thrown in there, but it wouldn't be until I got to college that I got turned on to "ethnic" fiction in a way that really hit home.

I was an English major at New York University in the late 1990s, and my two most favorite classes were "American Fiction Since WWII," taught by Professor Philip Brian Harper, and "The Literature of India," by Professor Wendy Fairey. Dr. Harper is a gay black man most famous for his book about gay black masculinity, and Dr. Fairey is a Jewish woman from Brooklyn whose course covered English-language (i.e. not translated) literature by South Asian authors both in the Subcontinent and the diaspora—imagine a Jewish woman from Brooklyn teaching a classroom full of South Asian kids about "their own" literature—it was beautiful—and it also included a few British authors like E.M. Forester, George Orwell, and Rudyard Kipling who were born in India or had spent time there. That's how culture works, but more on that, later.

In Harper's class, we read many of the books and authors who are now on Arizona's de facto banned books list—Rudolfo Anaya, Leslie Marmon Silko, Sherman Alexie, James Baldwin. We also read books like John Okada's No-No Boy, Philip Roth's Jewish coming-of-age Portnoy's Complaint, Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man, Norman Mailer's The Naked and the Dead, Leslie Marmon Silko's Ceremony, Rudulfo Anaya's Bless Me, Ultima, and too many other novels to list here. Many of them dealt with some of the same issues I had dealt with growing up with one foot in two cultures—stuff like not fully fitting in anywhere—not among Indians and not in the dominant white-American culture, either. And the more I learned about other ethnicities and the history of race-relations in the United States, the more I realized that I was not some isolated freak but the exact opposite was true—EVERYBODY goes through this. So, for example, John Okada's novel about a young Japanese-American man who was interned by his own country during World War II did not make me feel more *excluded* from America, it showed me that there are other Americans who have felt the same way—that I was not alone, and my country may not be perfect but at least we can openly talk about this stuff so we can make it better in the long run.

BORDERS LANGUAGE CULTURE

I have a neighbor, a "white" woman married to a Chicano Republican, who has a bumper sticker on her car that reads, "BORDERS LANGUAGE CULTURE." Turns out this is one of right-wing talk radio jerk Michael Savage's catch phrases. One of these days I'm going to make a sticker that reads "are fluid and porous" to append to her bumper sticker. I want to tell her that her word for her night clothes—pajamas—is an Indian word. I want to tell her that I AM THE JUGGERNAUT, BITCH, and even the word "juggernaut" comes to English via India. How's that for your purity of language, idiot? Oh, and she's an elementary school teacher.

What we are seeing here, in my opinion, is the last gasp (I hope) of white supremacy. By 2042, according to the US Census, there will no longer be a single ethnic/racial majority in the United States—we will all be minorities. This is leading to a cultural shift—led by advertisers, mostly—where you're going to see a lot more shit like the Cosby show and Asian reporters like Tricia Takanawa. This is freaking a lot of old white folks out. Why? I'm not sure.

Back when I was a professor, I used to teach an essay called "Models of Ethnic American Relations," by George M. Fredrickson. Fredrickson describes four different models of race relations, which he calls, Ethnic Hierarchy, One-Way Assimilation, Cultural Pluralism, and Group Separatism. Ethnic Hierarchy is what we consider traditional racism—one group is superior, another group is inferior, other groups are somewhere in between, and nothing can be done to change this. Nobody in the contemporary openly espouses Ethnic Hierarchy any more—not publicly, at least. The second model he examines is One-Way Assimilation—in this model, one culture is held up as superior, but people of other cultures can "rise up" to that level of superiority if only they abandon their own culture in favor of the dominant culture—that is what the patriarchs of Arizona want all us brown people to do—to abandon pride in our own history and accomplishments, including our contributions to America's greatness—in favor of some watered down soupy white bread cockamamie bullshit. They feel threatened by what Fredrickson calls Cultural Pluralism but is more commonly called "multiculturalism"—the idea that culture is fluid, that human beings have been exchanging ideas and practices since the dawn of human beings, that we have much to learn from one another, and that as long as we're not doing fucked up shit that infringes on the rights of others (like female circumcision or tossing widows on their husbands' funeral pyres) we ought to afford each other a minimum of respect. (Group Separatism, the fourth model, is where we all splinter into our own ethnic ghettoes, like turning the southwest US over to Latin@s, the Pacific Northwest to rednecks, the South to African Americans, etc. Nobody except the most extreme racists take that idea seriously.)

To kick off these lessons, I would put a few lists on the board of things like horses, tomatoes, potatoes, Taco Bell, hamburgers, hot dogs, rock and roll, hip hop, apple pie and ask them to associate these things with particular cultures. The Mexican students would immediately put Taco Bell in the "American" category, but they didn't always get that "hamburgers" come from Hamburg and "frankfurters" allegedly come from Frankfurt. Since we would have recently have read a story by Sherman Alexie, they might be inclined to associate horses with Native Americans, but then I would tell them that there were no horses in the "New World" until Spaniards brought them over—and that the Spaniards, in turn, got horses from the Arabs. Rock and roll is "white" music, right? Maybe...but it comes out of the blues, which goes back to African-American slave culture, which then reaches back to Africa—and guitars have their roots in Arabia, too. And hip hop? Well, OK, it was invented by black people in the Bronx, but they were sampling stuff like the Kinks and Aerosmith and playing it on turntables and mixers made in Japan. And can you think of Italian food without tomatoes or Irish people without potatoes—both come from the "New World"—potatoes and tomatoes have been in Europe for a relatively short blink of the eye in human history.

Anyway, a fellow Free Press-er recently posted on Facebook that he hates Sandra Cisneros's The House on Mango Street. I haven't read the book, but I have a feeling I might hate it, too. I'm inclined to believe that it's a little dated—it's from an earlier generation of hyphen-American literature, which I believe we're past. My analog to this would be stuff like Chitra Divakurani's Arranged Marriage or The Mistress of Spices, which exoticize Indian culture, or Jhumpa Lahiri's fiction, which is about boring characters who are constantly gazing at their navels and wondering if they are Indian or if they are American. I haven't read Amy Tan's The Joy Luck Club, but that another familiar example of what I'm talking about here.

I think we're past all that. I favor polyphonic fiction which features a cast of characters from diverse backgrounds—getting into trouble together and celebrating their differences but not dwelling on them in a boring, exotic, fetishizing way. I think the Brits have a head start on this—Hanif Kureishi's The Buddha of Suburbia, which features British-Indian punk rock kids and queers and anti-capitalists really changed my world, and Zadie Smith's White Teeth brings together a hilarious cast of colorful characters ranging background from Brittain to Jamaica to Bangladesh.

Norman Mailer's The Naked and the Dead, which tells the story of an integrated platoon in the South Pacific during World War II did that in 1948. Most recently, New Jersey's own Junot Diaz's novel The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao wove together stories about a Chinese man living in the Dominican Republic, a Dominican kid growing up as a comic book nerd in New Jersey, and his nerdy Indian sidekick.

This is all to say that I felt *more* alienated and *less* American until I found this literature. This literature taught me many things, one of which is that there are many ways to be an American. Borders language culture my ass. In the words of the great American songwriter Woody Guthrie, you fascists are bound to lose. FPH


REUPSPOT.COM
RAW HIP HOP DOPE, SERVED DAILY
Fresh Hip Hop
FREE MIXTAPES
+ COVERAGE OF
LOCAL EVENTS
Artist Interviews
ROUNDTABLE DISCUSSIONS
& More...
CHECK IT OUT TODAY: REUPSPOT.COM
RAW HIP HOP DOPE, SERVED DAILY


Happy
Time
Food
Place
!!!
!!!
HOORAY FOR PIZZA!!!
NEW YORK PIZZERIA
713-432-1121 | 2250 West Holcombe Blvd.
Houston, TX 77030 | Free Delivery
www.NYPizzeria.com


ARTHUR BATES
1000% RASTA
MARCH 3
TO 31
BEATNIKS
709 East 11th Street Houston, Texas 77008


140+ Tequilas
Happy Hour
Daily 11am-8pm
Open 24/7
Serving Breakfast
Lunch & Dinner
Late into la Noche
813 Richmond Ave.
Houston, TX 77006
713-522-2365
Just East of Montrose Blvd
Chapultepec
Lupita

When Dial-Up Internet and the iPhone Collide

THE AT&T SQUEEZE

By now most of you should be familiar with AT&T's sinister practice of "throttling." For those of you who are not familiar, "throttling" is when your cellphone provider (in my case AT&T) reduces your data speed to... beyond frustratingly slow (see SpeedTest image).

IF YOU ARE AN "UNLIMITED DATA PLAN" customer then you are probably subject to this evil act already. I am an unlimited data plan customer and it's time I shed some light on this despicable practice.

There are countless articles on the internet and in print on the subject of "throttling"; so I'm not going to rehash every detail but instead ask you to examine what the deeper consequences of "throttling" are to a customer. For instance, did you know that AT&T has a clause in your contract that prevents you from joining or filing a class action lawsuit against the (so typical) Dallas-based carrier? Yup. As AT&T customers, we are prevented by A SUPREME COURT ruling in April of 2011 from suing the ever-loving shit out of AT&T. It's truly a surreal situation. Don't think so? Ponder this: if AT&T started killing all of our mothers, we are legally prohibited from banding together to stop them in a court of law... (hyperbole is a fine literary device).

BY MILLS MCCOIN



NO PROBLEM HERE.

tech news

United Music Alliance

Presents

Stone Pusher



Friday, March 9th, 2012 @ Concert Pub North

2470 FM 1960 W Houston, Texas

21 & Up ~ $10 cover charge ~ 8 PM

$500 in free prize giveaways

With Special Guests:

Cries of Solace 11:00 PM
Axion 10:00 PM
Glass Chamber 9:00 PM

Sponsored by:

The Concert Pub North, Music News, Blackbird Design & Print Shop, Kat James Guitars, Enjoy Houston Magazine, Houston Underground Radio, Guitar Wars 2012, Raindance Photography

blackbird designprint shop

KATS GUITARS

THE CONCERT PUB North

Music News — Established 1982 — Keeping You In Touch With Local Entertainment And News In Houston And The Surrounding Areas

THUNDER ROADS Bike Night Texas

Thursday, March 15

BIKE NIGHT!



Photo by Bob Cooney

Music by ROCK RADIO

The Party Starts At 4:00pm

Door Prizes • Bike Parking
Drink Specials & Much More!



HARLEY-DAVIDSON

BIKE NIGHT SPONSOR
Woodlands H-D
woodlandsharley.com

THE CONCERT PUB North

2470 FM 1960 West
281-583-8111

LUCKY BURGER

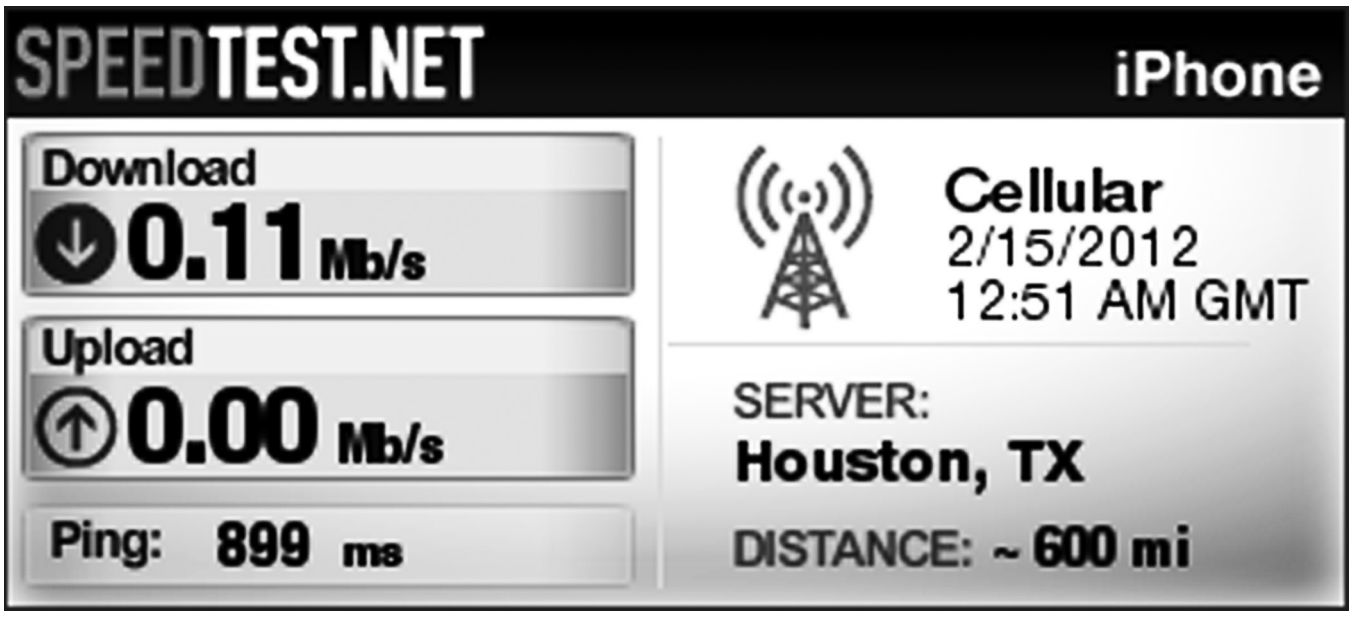


MONDAY-SATURDAY 11AM-9:30PM CLOSED SUNDAYS

FREE DELIVERY W/IN 2 MILE RADIUS $10 MINIMUM

1601 RICHMOND @ MANDELL 713.522.5650





THIS ONLINE SPEED MEASUREMENT SHOWS CLEARLY WHY I SHOULD POOP ON AT&T

I don't have a paying gig in Social Media but holy shit what if I did? Twitter, Facebook, FourSquare, Instagram, Tumblr, etc. - the performance of all the social networks comes to a screeching suck point when the "throttling" begins. Connections time out. Uploading pictures, sending emails, receiving emails... all of these routine vehicles are affected by "throttling." These are the kinds of obstacles that could contribute to someone losing clients or get fired from their job.

I don't download music from iTunes anymore on my iPhone because it would take 30 minutes or longer for one single song. What use is Apple's new iCloud if I can't download any of my documents, pictures, movies, music, etc.? How is this affecting Apple's profits?... not that Apple needs the money or anything.

Obviously, these are questions for AT&T customers to contemplate; but the software companies should also be asking themselves these questions as well. A company can invest a significant amount of money developing an app only to have the performance of said app to be determined by AT&T. And seeing as though Apple (for example) has more money than AT&T and, well, Uhmerikah, how come Apple doesn't throw it's weight around and stop this nonsense?

What's the purpose of this "throttling" anyway? AT&T would have you believe that "throttling" the Top 5% of Unlimited Data Customers is necessary to maintain the stability of their network... but I'll be honest- I never experienced a dip in performance prior to being "throttled." This leads me to believe that AT&T is doing nothing more than trying to squeeze me into purchasing one of their more expensive tiered data plans. How's that for Customer Service? I first signed up for my Unlimited Data Plan more than a year before the iPhone was even introduced.

Is it foolish to assume that the executives at AT&T have Unlimited Data Plans? Is it foolish to assume that those executives are NOT being "throttled"?

Let's look at a basic mathematic principle (a concept brought to my attention by a sinewy yet bulldogish attorney friend of mine). AT&T claims to only "throttle" the Top 5% of Unlimited Data Customers. Well guess what? There will always be a Top 5%. So at any point during a billing cycle any of the Unlimited Data Customers can be in the Top 5%. For example, let's say on the first day of your billing cycle you decide to launch the Twitter app and click on a link to a YouTube video. You stream the video and BOOM-- you're in the Top 5%.

If the outrage of the entertainment community in Houston is not enough to overturn a Noise Ordinance by its own city government, then how on earth can we stop these cellphone providers from "throttling" their paying customers in the ass?

I encourage all cellphone customers to read and educate themselves further on this matter.

Last month, a man in California won a battle against the (again Dallas-based) monster AT&T in small claims court. The judge awarded the plaintiff $850. Cool. Money. But let's be honest here. $850 is nothing to AT&T and cellphones have a value far greater than that to most people.

Traditionally, I would end this piece with "Cheers" but I'm too angry to be that polite soooooo... SMASH! **FPH**



Pay your rent
Work for the earth
Hold corporations and
politicians accountable
Change reality
Don't watch it on tv

We are hiring.

M - F 2:00 p.m - 10:30 p.m.
Pay: $400/week +bonuses, benefits
3100 Richmond Ave. Suite 290 Houston 77098
713.337.4192
jobshouston@texasenvironment.org

TEXAS CAMPAIGN FOR THE ENVIRONMENT

www.texasenvironment.org

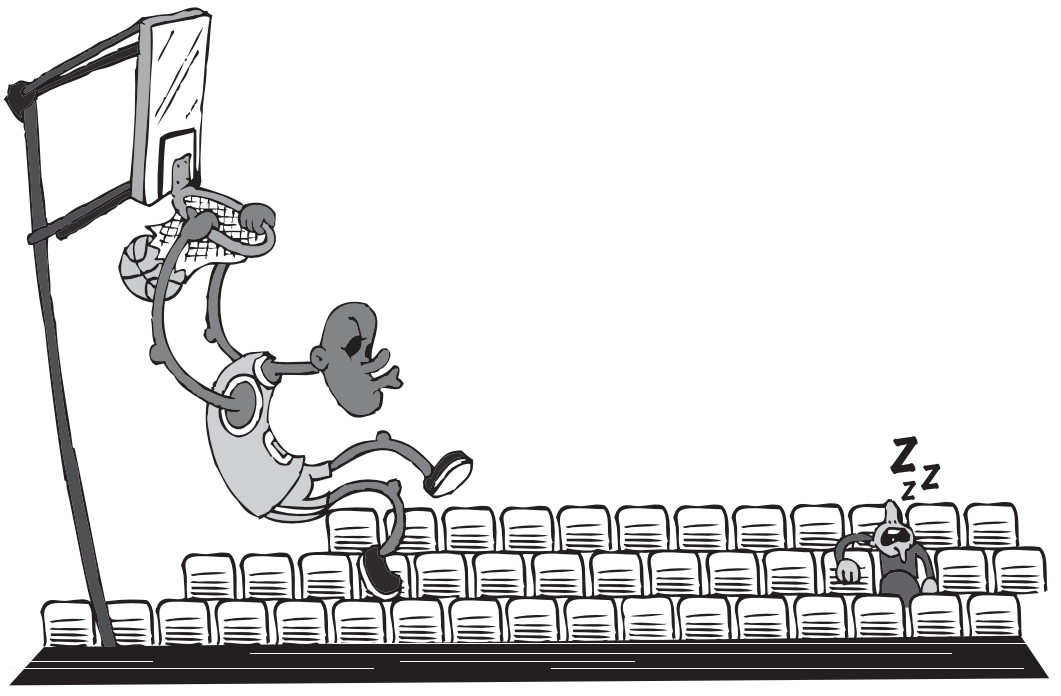


HAVING CLEARLY READ THE NBA STANDINGS FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS SEASON (SINCE FOOTBALL HAS NOW EXPIRED), MY BROTHER TEXTED ME THIS THE OTHER DAY: "THE ROCKETS ARE ACTUALLY DOING PRETTY GOOD!"

FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS, I FEEL LIKE THIS IS A SENTIMENT I'VE HEARD FROM MY FRIENDS WHO DON'T LIVE IN THIS CITY, AS WELL AS CASUAL NBA FANS WHO DO, AND IT REFLECTS EXACTLY WHAT THE ROCKETS HAVE BEEN OVER THAT STRETCH: EFFECTIVELY INVISIBLE.

THE INVISIBLE TEAM

BY ERIC TODD



THE TEAM HAS NO RECOGNIZABLE STARS or athletic, highlight-reel talent and has been neither good enough nor bad enough to be noticed by much of anyone. For my part, I haven't minded following a thing that lives in such obscurity. Not having to share an interest with too many people makes it feel more personal, like I'm the only one who appreciates Kevin Martin's left leaning jump shot, or Carl Landry's I'm-about-to-cry-because-that-dunk-just-meant-so-much-to-me passion, or Kyle Lowry's check-my-I.D. cheeks and bowling-ball game. It's the same reason that people appreciate lesser known music or movies or authors or much of anything.

In the context of sports, this obscurity also affords the Rockets the status of perennial underdog, a useful distinction as a fan because it means your team can do no wrong. If they lose, they were expected to. A solid effort in this circumstance is often enough to satisfy most of us. And if they win, our favorite players become heroes, and we can shamelessly tattoo their jersey numbers on our faces or wherever else seems appropriate.

There's an initial sort of indignation that happens when you feel wrongfully overlooked that can lead to a bit of pride and drive to disprove the doubters. For a group or team, especially in competitive ventures like sports, this seems to bring about the famous nobody-believed(s)-in-us/all-we-have-is-each-other/win-one-for-Kathy-Griffin rallying cries that can strengthen internal relationships and elevate the collective focus of the group leading to a greater overall result. See the 2011 Dallas Mavericks and every other World Series winner since vacuum tubes were invented.

But eventually in this situation, if you don't succeed in convincing those who've ignored you that they were incorrect to do so, that their assumptions of your (in this sense collective) inferiority were unfounded, then what you're doing is just proving them right. This stage would seem to have the opposite effect of the initial one, in that as success continues to be elusive, not only does your team slip further into a now much less-cool form of obscurity, but the group can also stop believing in its own ability, which would in turn be reflected in its performance. See every failed thing ever.

Chemistry is delicate thing. Just ask the Celtics without Kendrick Perkins or the Knicks with Jeremy Lin or anyone who's ever been on a date. The trade-that-wasn't had to have been a blow to some egos and a reality check to some others. But so far this fast-forwarded season, the Rockets have held it together, though at times it feels like with Scotch tape and Elmer's. With Scola forgetting how to rebound and Martin and Lowry each taking a turn at a shooting slump, Johnny Flynn and Thabeet looking like giant (and tiny) cardboard robots of NBA players, and the Bear and Budinger's doppelganger appearing out of the ether to play defense, finishing January 10-3 after beginning it 0-4, the season has felt more like ride in a Model T through a gravel lot than a nap in a Cadillac on the interstate. They have, though, collected a few respectable wins and have fought themselves squarely into the playoff race.

The Rockets have now missed the playoffs two years in a row. No matter how many excuses we make about how Houston would have been the 6th seed in the East or how much better its second-half record was last season than its first, Toyota Center still has not seen a playoff game since 2009.

More than half of the NBA's teams make the playoffs every year. If a team doesn't make the playoffs, then it's a bad team, at least worse than 53% of the league, which isn't enough to get voted into most things (except President) or run a company or pass a class pretty much anywhere. You know this, as I do, as do all the players and those who run the organization.

It's important to avoid putting too much stock in other people's opinions, but when those opinions are loud enough or numerous enough, it's hard not to internalize them. The distinction between bravery and self-delusion is subtle, and we can quickly and easily go from being respected as one to being shamed as the other.

If the Rockets spend another summer watching basketball from the corner booths at the Galleria Cheesecake Factory, this might be the point at which the players, management, and the Rockets' faithful (at least those who still have religion) stop believing that this is a team with potential for growth, so while I, up to this point, haven't so much minded following an invisible team, I certainly hope they don't disappear altogether. **FPH**

Saturdays Are Just Too Much Fun At The Concert Pub - North!!!





The Chromatics
"Big 80s Dance Party!"

(Queensryche Tribute) &
The Sound Of Madness
(Shinedown Tribute)

THE CONCERT PUB

Saturday, March 3

Saturday, March 10

Saturday, March 17
St. Patrick's Day BASH!
Indoor/Outdoor Party!
DJ Outside
Bands Inside
Spare Heart
JDs Throwdown Band
Staci's Edge
Flicker System
& More!

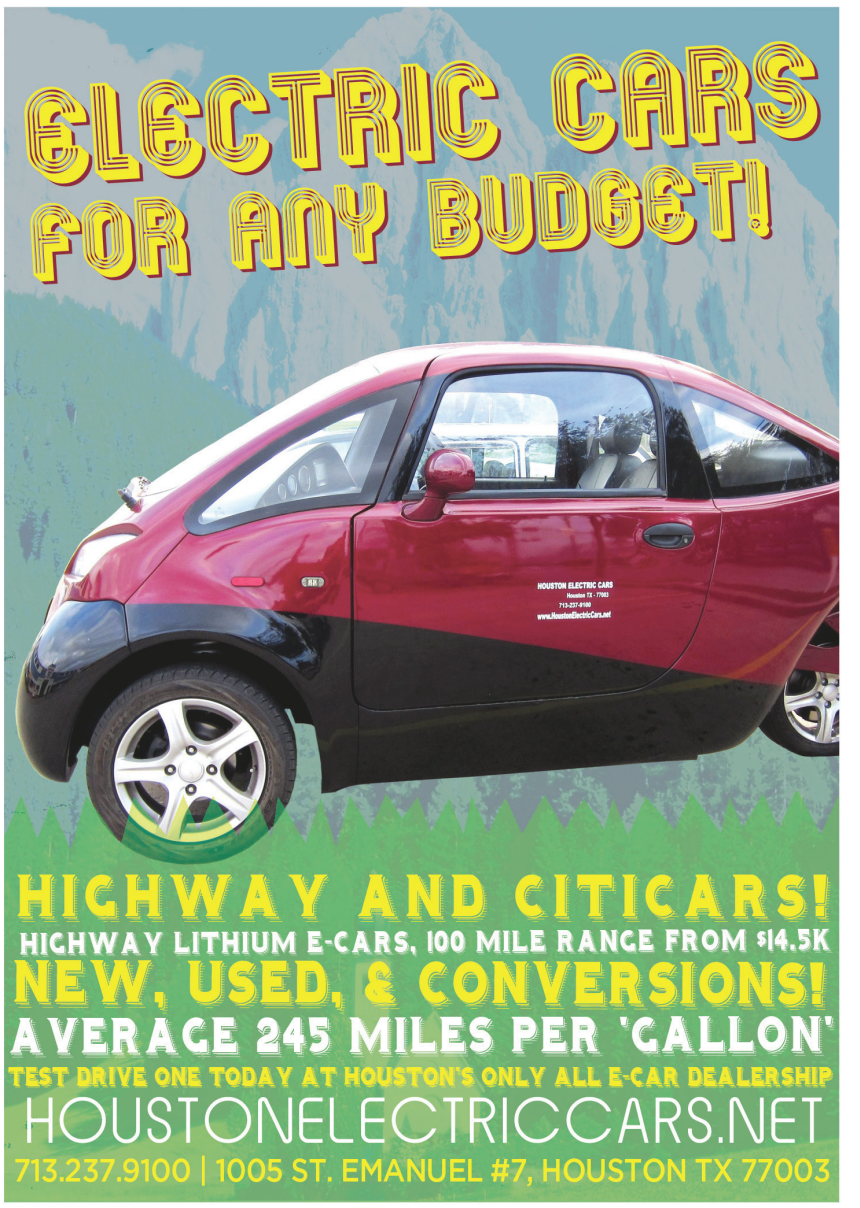
Saturday, March 24
Local Music Showcase
with
Chorome 44
Five Eyes Wide
and
more bands
to be announced!

Saturday, March 31



with special guests
ABBEY RODE
A BEATLES TRIBUTE BAND

2470 FM 1960 W. • 281-583-8111



NIGHT OWLS
PRINT SHOP

HOUSTON INDEPENDENT PRINT SHOP

FREE PRESS SUMMER FEST 2011 SPONSOR

A LITTLE BIT OF WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER:

T-SHIRTS + SWEATSHIRTS + ZIP-UP HOODIES
TANK TOPS + POSTERS + RECORD COVERS
STICKERS + KOOZIES + 1"-3" BUTTONS
TOTE BAGS + SLIPMATS + SKATEBOARDS
HATS + POCKET MIRRORS + COFFEE MUGS
...AND SO MUCH MORE!



ORDERS@NIGHTOWLSPRINT.COM
NIGHTOWLSPRINT.COM
PH:281-741-7285
FAX:281-741-7032



BY ALEX WUKMAN

IN LIKE A LION: MARCH ARTS & THEATER PREVIEW

MARCH THE ANNUAL SEGUE BETWEEN THE COLD WET OF A GULF COAST WINTER AND THE UNBEARABLE HEAT OF A HOUSTON SUMMER. A MONTH KNOWN MORE FOR DRESSING LIKE A COWBOY AND EATING CHILI, MAKING A PILGRIMAGE TO AUSTIN FOR THE ANNUAL KICK OFF OF THE FESTIVAL SEASON, EATING CRAWFISH AND PRETENDING TO CARE ABOUT DUKE LOSING THAN ART. HOWEVER, THIS IS ONE OF THOSE YEARS WHERE IT FEELS LIKE ART IS JUST EXPLODING ALL OVER THE CITY IN A SCREAMING, PAINTED MESS.

MARCH BRINGS SOME OF THE BIGGEST NAMES IN THE CONTEMPORARY ART WORLD TO HOUSTON, BUT MOST OF Y'ALL WON'T GET TO SEE THEM BECAUSE YOU'LL BE IN AUSTIN CHECKING OUT EMPEROR X OR SEEING IF JACK WHITE'S HAND-PICKED NEXT BIG THING THE BLACK BELLES ARE REALLY WORTH THE HYPE. SO THIS IS FOR THE PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT, OR MORE LIKELY CAN'T AFFORD, TO TREK UP TO AUSTIN FOR THE ANNUAL KVETCHING ABOUT HOW POPULAR SOUTH BY HAS GOTTEN.

Lone Star Explosion to feature performance artists from around the world.



FOTOFEST
MARCH 16-APRIL 29
VARIOUS LOCATIONS
FOTOFEST.ORG

It's that time again, every two years the biggest event in Houston's visual art community rolls around and brings some of the top photographers to this concrete swamp to show off their work. This year sees photo exhibits from superstars like Man Ray and Robert Rauschenberg as well as masters like Alexander Rodchenko and Olga Tobreluts. It's worth dragging that graphic designer/photographer friend of yours out to see it if only so you can watch their eyes bug out with inspiration.

LONE STAR PERFORMANCE EXPLOSION/ HOUSTON INTERNATIONAL PERFORMANCE ART BIENNIAL
MARCH 08-10
DIVERSEWORKS, 1117 EAST FREEWAY/ AVANTGARDEN, 411 WESTHEIMER/ NOTSUOHS, 314 MAIN
LONESTAREXPLOSION.ORG

This is one of those ideas that seems like it should have happened 15 years ago: Nestor Topchy and Jim Pirtly round up some of their friends--like The Art Guys and Julia Wallace--and they get some of their friends from all over the country and around the world--like Myk Henry and Elena Nestorova--and everybody comes down to Houston and gets their performance art freak on. And if it involves performance art it's going to get freaky. The mini-fest is in its first year and is already spread out over three nights at three venues. Hopefully the Independent Arts Collaborative will be finished by the time the Performance Explo rolls around again in 2014 so all the international guests will be able to get to Notsuoh for a night cap without having to worry about enjoying the hospitality of Houston's finest or having a crackhead jump them for the single plum floating in perfume inside a man's hat they're carrying past the Grey Hound station at 11:30 on a Friday night.

RED
MARCH 02-25
ALLEY THEATRE, 615 TEXAS AVE
713.220.5700 | ALLEYTHEATRE.ORG

No, this isn't a stage adaptation of the 1981 Warren Beatty pseudo-documentary on American Communists Reds or the 2010 Bruce Willis, Morgan Freeman, Helen Mirren action extravaganza. This is a Tony Award winning play about Mark Rothko being commissioned to paint Red a series of four multiforms that were commissioned for the Four Seasons Restaurant in New York. When it opened on Broadway in 2010 Red featured Alfred Molina as Mark Rothko and snagged seven Tony Nominations and six wins. Now the show has come to Houston, home of the world famous Rothko Chapel--a fact that the Houston Drama Critics Association requires be mentioned in every review written about the show.

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE
FEB 24 - MARCH 03
SAN JACINTO COLLEGE
8060 SPENCER HWY, PASADENA, TX 77505
281.476.1828 | SANJAC.EDU

There are these ingrained preconceived notions of what theatre is and where it's held that are hard to shake. Big, flashy companies--like the Alley--do "safe" shows that make money while small, struggling companies do risky shows that don't make any money. And educational/community theatres? They're stuck doing performances of Noel Coward and Neil Simon plays; shows that were old before most of their students were born. In some places that might be true, but Pasadena seems to throw any conventional thinking out the window. Last year San Jacinto College did a performance of Evil Dead: The Musical that would have been standing room only if it had been staged inside the loop. In January a little know company called Stage Door did a performance of Avenue Q, a show that rarely gets seen this far south of the Mason-Dixon line. And now a stage version of A Clockwork Orange? True, these shows aren't brand new, feature limited budgets and most of the actors may not be able to legally buy alcohol--but when the Alley is staging Toxic Avenger and Stages is bringing back Late Night Catechism, again, a small community college tackling A Clockwork Orange is damn near unbelievable. I wonder if HCC can lure the director over to Central Campus for a semester to breathe some life into their program?

VOX FEMININA 3
FEB 17 - MARCH 03
FRENETIC THEATRE
5102 NAVIGATION
713.364.8541 | PANDORATHEATRE.COM

Another month, another theatre festival. The description for the third installment of Pandora Theatre's successful Vox Feminina series sounds like a recipe for a great night out. Take a dose of traditional theatre--whatever that is--throw in a dash of singing and dance from ChinaCat Dance, add an arts market, season well with Craigslist personal adds and Toddlers in Tiaras, bake in an Eastside oven for three weekends and you've got yourself a festival. The press release promises that audience members will "learn the real story of some of history's most misguided matrimonial matches, discover the secrets of motherhood in the fifties and now, explore questions of patrimony, experience the bond of sisterhood and delight in sultry torch songs."

DEAD MAN'S CELL PHONE
MARCH 22 - APRIL 07
MILDRED'S UMBRELLA THEATRE COMPANY
STUDIO 101AT SPRING STREET STUDIOS, 1824 SPRING ST.
832.463.0409 | MILDREDSUMBRELLA.COM

The new residents of Spring Street are giving the space a work out. It will only be just over a week between the closing of Stark Naked Theatre's revival of Dinner With Friends and Mildred Umbrella's opening of Dead Man's Cell Phone. Sarah Ruhl's award winning script describes the bizarre interactions that occur after a woman answers a random person sitting next to her cell phone and finds out that he's dead. Admittedly, that does sound like the premise of an Alfred Hitchcock, but here there is far less international intrigue and more clumsy attempts to comfort grieving relatives.

BELOW THE BELT
MARCH 23 - APRIL 07
COUNTRY PLAYHOUSE
12802 QUEENSBURY
713.467.4497 | COUNTRYPLAYHOUSE.ORG

By all rights Below the Belt should be a cult classic. It's a black comedy about the dehumanizing effects of an over reaching corporate bureaucracy; just the type of story that resonates in the post Occupy era. It should be the type of show that people talk about; that hip intellectuals ask each other if they've seen when they meet for coffee or drinks--but it isn't, and they won't. And that's because, sadly, most inner loopers won't bother making the drive out to I-10 west and the Belt. So they'll miss out on what the New Jersey Star Ledger described as a "mean, keen comedy about a snarling trio of corporate number-crunchers going for the groin." FPH

perfect 10s III

art show and dance party

Saturday March 24, 2012

6pm - 1am

all ages | 21+ to drink
complimentary drinks

War'hous Visual Studios | 4715 Main Street HTX 77002

dj sets by: grrrl parts | glasnost djs | damon allen
fredster | cee plus bad knives | mr castillo

featuring the works of:

6th Sun | Abby Rivera | Adrian Landon Brooks | Anne Byrd | Anthony Gay | Barbara Harmer | Billy Jewkes | Blair Herring | Brenda Caylor | Bryan Cope | Cara Cansler | Catfish | Chandana Tiruvayepati | Chelsea Coronad | Chris Morphis | Christian Navarrete | Christina Higgins | Christina Todaro | Claudia Quirate | Dandee Warhol | Desira Garcia | Dianne Webb | Diedra Lizcano | Dom Bam | Eric Loy | Heather Gordy | Heidi Baker | J.Linares | Jaime Mayes | JB Carillo | Jeremy Keas | Jessica Rios Almanza | Joana Esteves | Joe Chandler | Johnnie Rosales Jr. | Jordan Sills | Joy Wren | Julie Zarate | Kristin Wegenka | Laura DeLeon | Lee Write | Leosapien | Linda Hardy | Lizbeth Ortiz | Lorrain Davis-Martin | Lowbrow Pilgrim | M.H.Draper | lMandy Peyrani | Marin Fons | Mark Roden | Marlo Saucedo | Matthew Burney | Michael Wooten | Mike P. | Mitch Samuels Grystar | Natasha Ninjason | Nicole Gavin | No-L | Paula Hawkins | Robin Baker | Sam Sullivan | Solomon Kane | Sonya Gracia | Sophia Budenhagen | Sue Donaldson | The Death Head | Tina Lara | Vincent Fink | Will Brooks | More TBA

role A|F|M

good eats by the moon tower inn meat wagon 1130p - 1a

www.roleafm.com

BE COOL
BE CAREFUL

B CLEAN™

BE COOL. BE CAREFUL.™

ITS NOT ABOUT LUCK

B-CLEAN PRODUCTS FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL TOXIN REDUCERS

#1 IN DETOX

B-CLEAN FORMULA
Works in one hour, effective up to five hours.
In Hawaiian Tropical and Orange

B-SUPER CLEAN
Works in one hour, effective up to five hours.

EFFERVESCENT TABLETS
Works in one hour, effective up to five hours.
Water soluble formula, tastes great.

HAIR CLEANSING SYSTEM
Effective up to eight hours, eliminates external barriers and lowers toxins within

DAILY CAPSULES
Supplements detox process 12 to 24 hours prior to cleansing deadline.
Powerful companion to other toxin reduction products

Ask for B CLEAN PRODUCTS At Your Favorite Smoke Shops!