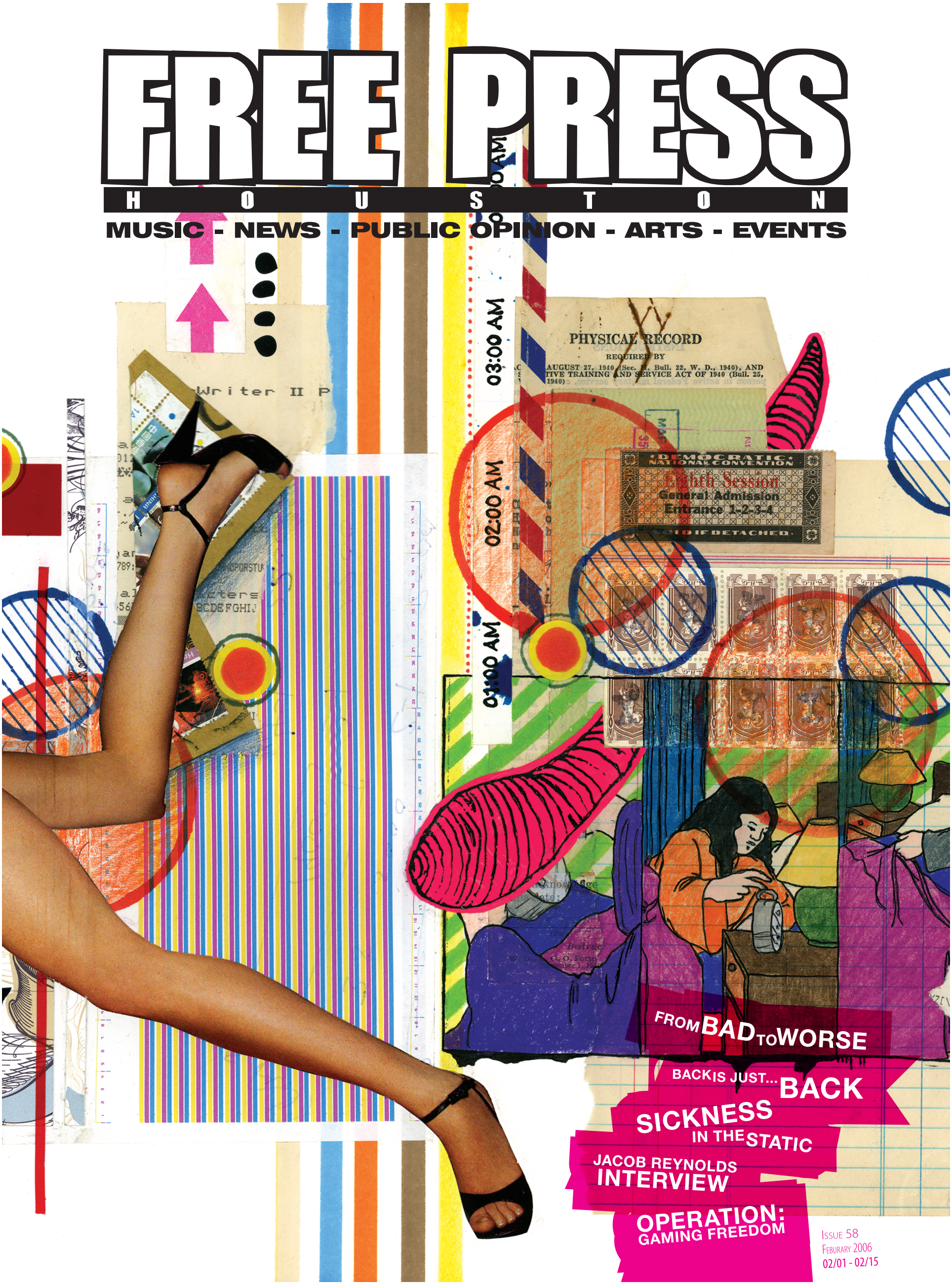
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FROM BAD TO WORSE

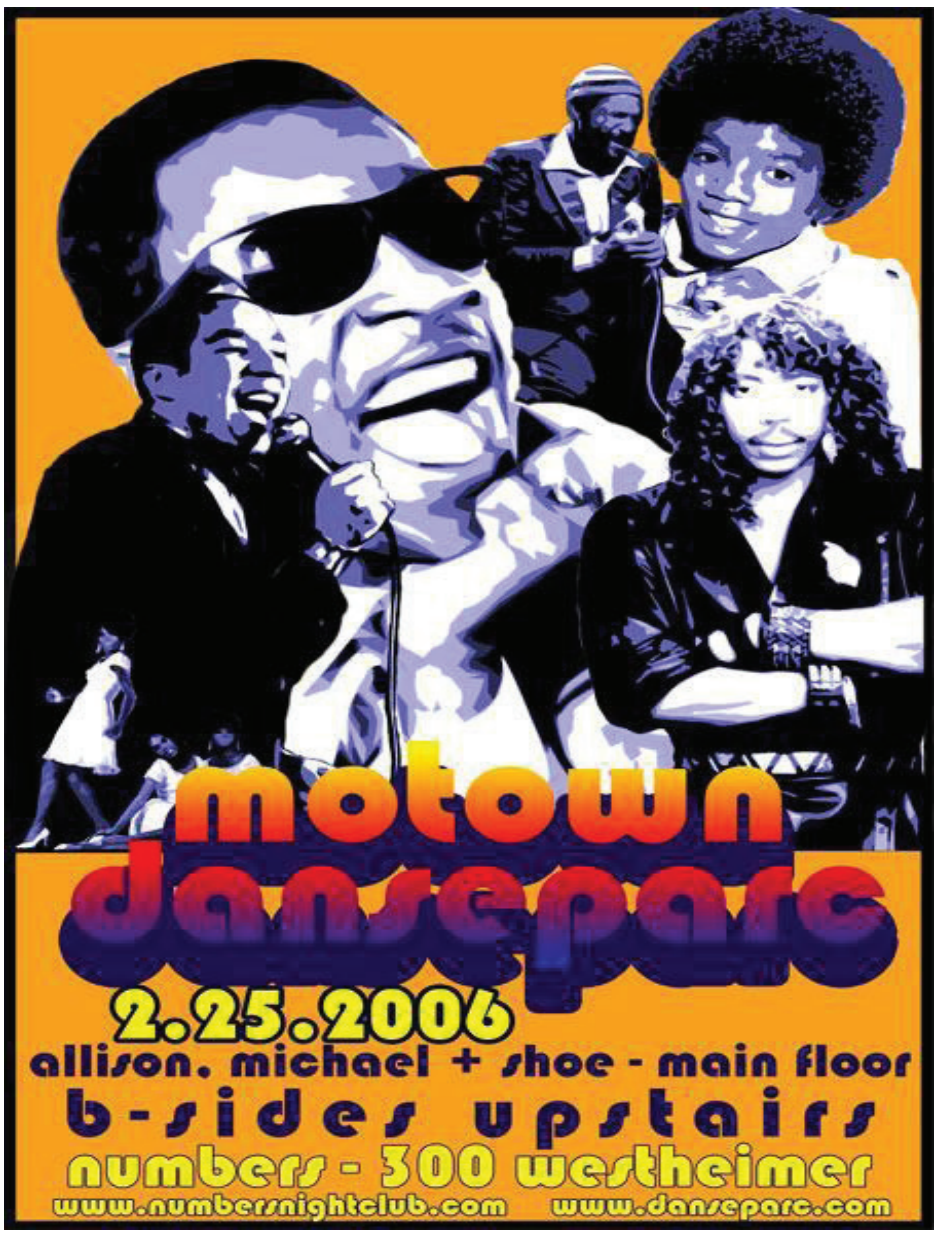
BACK IS JUST... BACK

SICKNESS IN THE STATIC

JACOB REYNOLDS INTERVIEW

OPERATION: GAMING FREEDOM

ISSUE 58
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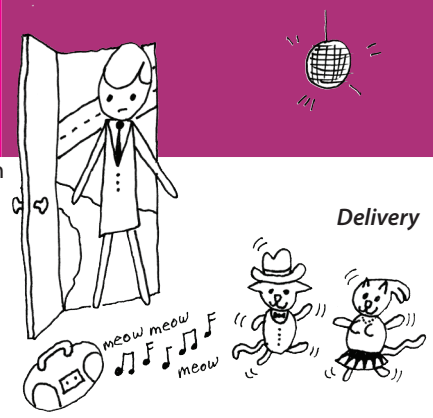
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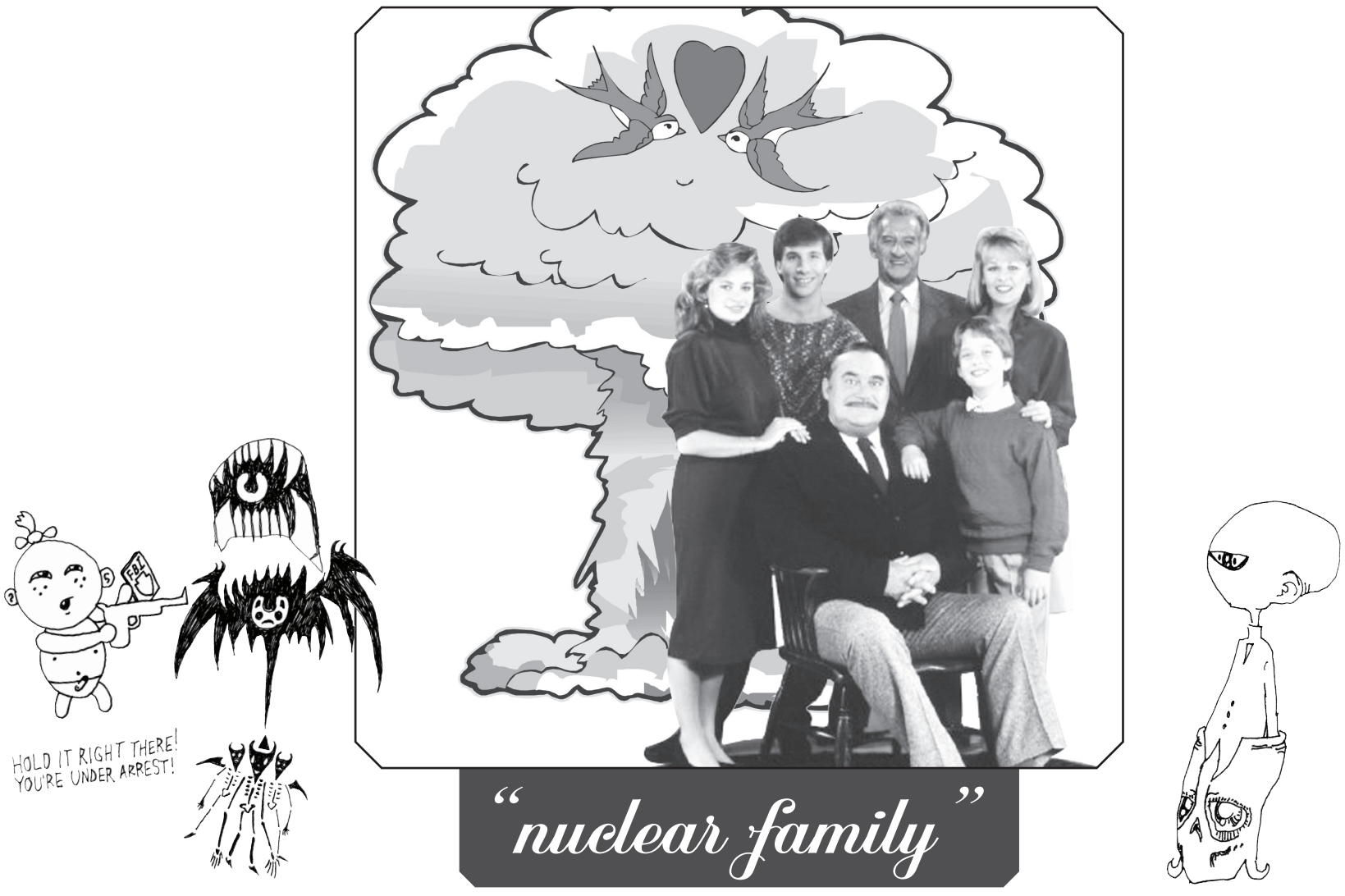
ALTERNATIVE WEEKLY NETWORK

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Anyone else sick of hearing about Basquiat?



Remember the theme song to *Mr. Belvedere*? Sacred knowledge is contained in the lines, "Life is more than mere survival." Chant that at 250 beats per minute in the key of B and the universe will be revealed. So be concious: Where does your heart lie? Do you have a vision or are you just trying to get further desensitized day to day?

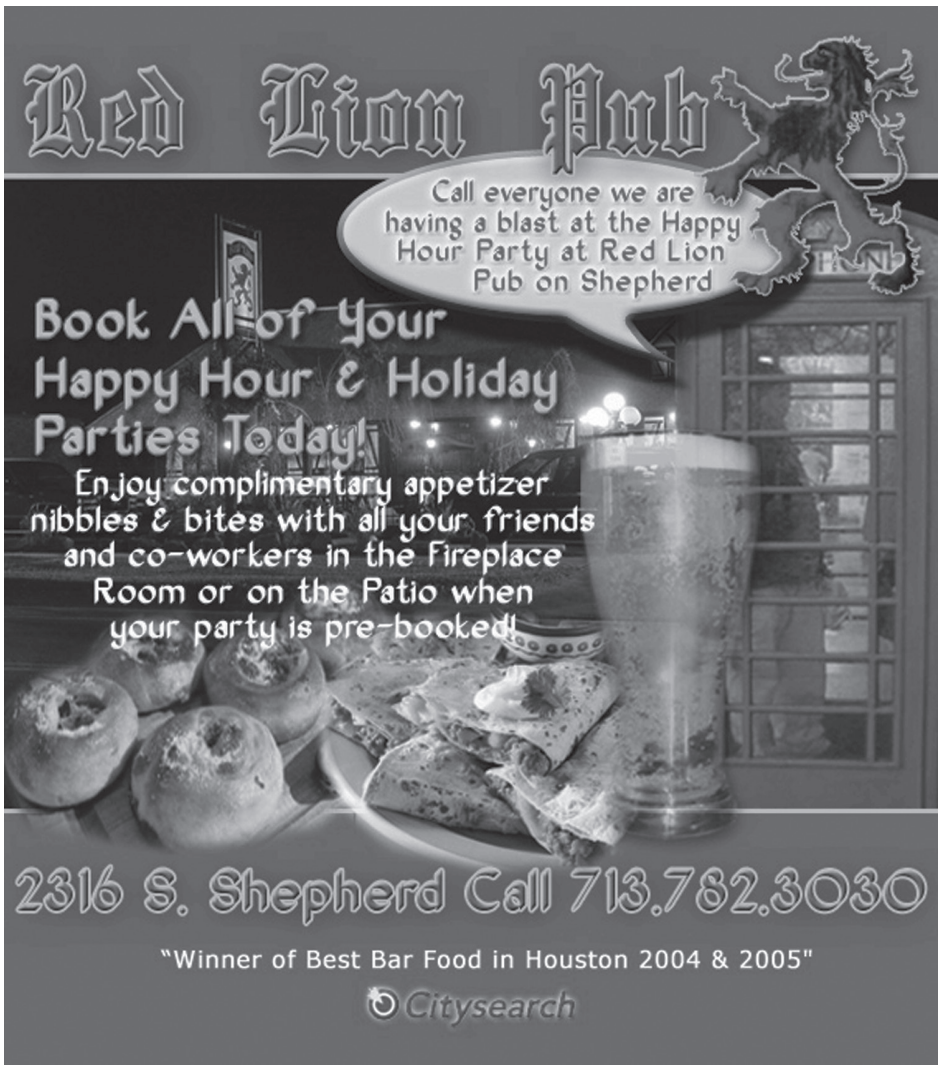
Are there enough DVDs, Drugs, Video Games, Endless Basquiat Exhibits, and 15 minute rock bands to keep us all permanently asleep? Sometimes our ideals take a fat dump on any sense of pragmatism we once had. But fear not. There is a way to keep score! Money. Money? Money! In the end, every bohemian and hippie would sell their mother up the river for a 10 spot and some decent grass. We surely can't blame the superficial for for their tacky antics. Well, maybe we can blame them but we can't shoot them. At least not yet.



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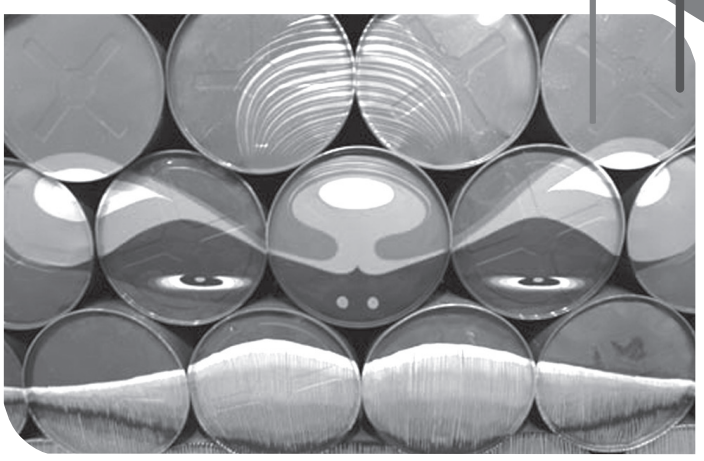




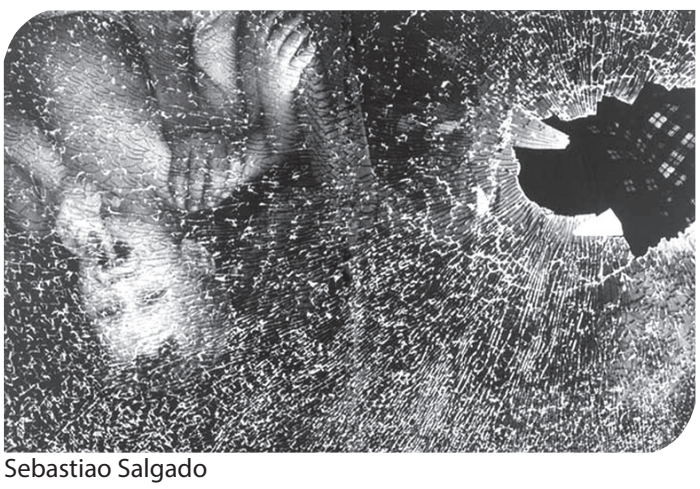
arts

DEBRIS: FANCY FREE

by Buffalo Sean



David Ellis: Conversation
Rice Gallery
Through March 5. (713) 348-6169



Sebastiao Salgado
De Santos Gallery — 1724-A Richmond Ave
Through February 25. (713) 520-1200



Kelly Moran: Catastrophic Survival
Texas Print Collaborative — 303 E. 11th Street
Through February 26. (713) 412-5120



Jenny Schlief: "jennybunny-jennybunny"
Hooks-Epstein Galleries — 2631 Colquitt
Through February 4. (713) 523-8238

've finally heard an acronym for St. Thomas: UST. Makes it easier to say but they still need to work on their art program. Imagine a performance piece involving forty or so Vietnamese nuns. Or the conceptualization of a Catholic avant-garde.

Two other schools present amazing shows this month—Rice and University of Houston have really been putting pen to paper; their dividends will pay off when their students start visiting their own schools' galleries.

Rice brings us an acid trip only slightly disguised as artwork with David Ellis: Conversation. Mr. Ellis' installations vary from painted barns in the tobacco country of North Carolina, to Brooklyn where he works with his cap permanently askew. An amazing piece for the straight and the wasted, Conversation only loses its grip when its creator starts talking like a country kid who moved to Brooklyn to be inspired by hip-hop—which he is. This unfortunate starting point/navel-gazing/pretentious-ape-of-a-culture-you-have-nothing-to-do-with should be completely ignored, otherwise you might start to look beyond the amazing visual atmosphere David has created.

The University of Houston Blaffer Gallery and Girl's Night Out is an impressively professional duo. Terri Sultan's mission to blow up is working out like a devious master plan. Kudos!

From her letter from the editor: "The arts also enhance the University's reputation nationwide by exporting the high-quality UH programs to regional and national audiences. Blaffer's exhibition C is two years into a five-year tour to major museums throughout the United States, and at just one venue—the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—it was seen by 199,000 visitors, a record at the Met for attendance at a contemporary art exhibition. Each one of those visitors saw at the entrance to the show: "This exhibition was organized by Blaffer Gallery, the Art Museum of the University of Houston." Think back to last year's Super Bowl—more than 140 million people saw the Cougar Marching Band perform, mostly as part of a worldwide television broadcast. Or how the School of Theatre's Shakespeare Festival entertains some 50,000 residents and tourists at the Miller Outdoor Theater each year. These kinds of artistic exports bring enormous prestige to the University and are reinforced by the many other fine programs that extend the reach of the University's creative identity: the Center for Choreography, the Creative Writing Program's Inprint partnership and the literary journal Gulf Coast, and Arte Público Press, among others."

Mel Chin at the Station (LaBranch at Alabama) should light up this Art Car Museum side project. The depressing and hopeful are impossible to separate as a Houston kid terrorizes the formalists with a look at contemporary politics strong enough to shatter any rose-colored glasses.

Opening February 3 at the Lawndale (Main at Wichita), four of the MFA's CORE residents (not the ones who hang themselves from hooks) storm the stage with heady sculpture and conceptual work



in Leg. With Gilad Efrat, Carl Z. Suddath, Demetrius Oliver, and Michael Jones McKean working together, I'd imagine they'll jam too many thoughts into a single space; of course a tranquil dearth may happen too. I'll be there. Look for Joe Wooten's crazy shit in the next gallery too!

Crazy shufflings in gallery spaces lately as Jenny Schlief leaves Deborah Colton, Mike Ho leaves Barbara Davis for the space across the hall (Barbara got jealous) and Barbara's old assistant went to Deborah Colton's. What's with gallerists being stranger that the rest of us? Oh, yeah, that's how everyone acts. Over at Deborah Colton is a great show curated by Graham Guerra of representational Hedonistic Imperatives, all New York, all too cool. Jenny opens her own show up in the Heights this February 4 with jennybunny bunnyjenny, an art show dance party surrounded by rabbits, rabbits, and rabbits. Redbud Gallery, 303 11th Street.

Down in the warehouse district Bootleg (Commerce at Bastrop) is holding the after party for the last Basquiat bash Saturday, Friday, February 11. Better that the rest! Grandmaster Flash holds court in the MFAH, hope he brings out the best breakdancers in the city, just to show we've got it. The same day opens the first of three Seven Inch Split shows, this one is Adrian Brooks/Rob Schuster with Lollipaupers. An installation designed to suck you in and waste time… come sit on the couch and watch 1989 channel-flipper videos with the American Wandering Club! Next door at Commerce Street Artist Warehouse Paul Horn and Laura Lark hold court (and maybe make out) in their perversely wedding inspired show, I hope there's a sick performance to go along with the saccrine! February 11, 6-9 p.m.

Like planets aligning the Contemporary Arts Museum is all black and white work again these days. Robyn O'Neill's show rehashes the death of her "men" presented at Inman a few months ago but the inclusion of earlier, more animal oriented pieces buoys the show, as Robyn's tiny, tiny line work comes to full fruition in the folds and furs of nearly psychadelic buffalos and owls. Say that three times fast.

The Gospel

According to Miss Brittany Bly

Where the Narcissists and the Voyeurs Collide in Cyber Perfection



Three months ago, when I first conceptualized this article, I was too busy playing on myspace.com to ever finish it. But, now that myspace is dead, killed from a dizzying blend of teenage murder, the stabbing of a jr. high school girl, rampant overuse and cyber-drama, it's time for us historians to start poking at it with a stick. It's startling to realize how much information is at our fingertips, and the potential outcome of this information. Everything about you is there simultaneously distributed to everyone who knows your e-mail, your first and last name or even just happens to stumble across your page. If I was so inclined, I could find out what you are doing or where you like to hang out; I could find out about your exes or mine. I know this fetish may seem (how do I say it?) fucking psychotic to people who aren't on myspace, but in actual practice it's quite normal. In fact, there's really only room for two social types on myspace: the voyeur and the narcissist, and these two character types play off of the other in a twisted romance.

In the past, we've had a fascination with googling both ourselves and others, chat rooms, or reading our friends' blogs. However, myspace allows you even more information. You can see where your fellow myspacers work, where they go to school and you can view photos them. There's no denying that she's your old best friend or he's your ex-boyfriend. Its use of sound-bites and blurbs make it quick and easy to sum yourself up in only a couple of words and clever catch-phrases, or sum someone else up in just as many. This virtual world encourages users to become addicted to the feeling of friendships with people that we barely know or wouldn't correspond with in any other capacity. And going beyond that, it's colored numbers in bold fonts illustrate how many friends we have, while a long thread full of comments left by these "friends" encourage us to make private information public and to make judgments about one's character based on this information. It encourages us to criticize people who have less friends than the next person by saying "oh, nobody likes them," or considerably more friends than everyone else by stating "they would be friends with anybody".

Of course, I am much more narcissistic about my personal myspace use. I check my page as much as I check my e-mail (even in this post apocalyptic period). I update my page, oh I'd say, three times a week. Through myspace I feel permanent, like I am a part of history. When I view my page and see myself in the third person I feel like I really exist out there in the world. However, my myspace page is merely a fictitious character. It's impossible to not omit all the things that embarrass you and all the things that you want to deny about yourself, you can't help but create your perfect version of you; embodying whatever self-fulfilling fantasy version of yourself you have created. But, I can't help but wonder, I am really just setting myself up to be the object of a voyeur's curiosity? I'd like to believe that I'm smarter than that, but looking at Taylor Behl's page (if you don't know, that's the girl that was murdered by one of her myspace friends) nothing strikes me as particularly dim-witted . . . just slightly too trusting and perhaps a little youthful.

I'm not saying that myspace doesn't fulfill some needed functions. But, as this type of human interaction becomes the cultural norm, it's clear that our community has no interest in privacy and everything to do with the eternal bonds of friendship. We all want to be in touch with all the people we've known and loved. We all want to be remembered and be regarded as great or unique. This is not new to human desire, but this is the first time in history that we have the means to do so. But I do believe that this tool must be used with extreme caution and with a critical mind.

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23 FILM 45

Transformation

By Michael Bergeron

When Duncan Taylor was trying to get his American road movie financed he had doors slammed in his face for three years. Although Transamerica revolves around a character on the verge of a sex change operation the film is not camp. Yet while the hero, Bree, has a task she must perform it's not Lord of the Rings.



| Transamerica |

Becoming aware of a child he fathered long ago, Bree's must confront his offspring and the resulting responsibility before his psychiatric counselor will sign off on the transgender operation.

"We got the most we could and we just went for it," Taylor tells Free Press Houston in a phone interview. Among other sacrifices Taylor's mother and brother mortgaged their house while a good deal of the rest was put on credit cards. Subsequent film festival screenings in Berlin ("We had an uncorrected color print.") and the 2005 Tribeca Film Festival garnered the film a distributor.

"Harvey was very persuasive," noted Taylor and indeed his film Transamerica is one of the first volley of releases of the Weinstein Film Company.

Taylor elicited a remarkable performance from Felicity Huffman as Bree. In a season where so many actors are getting acclaim for what are basically very good imitations of famous dead people Huffman has raised the bar on what acting is all about.

"There is nothing exploitive about the part or her performance," remarked Taylor. Commenting on Huffman's amazing ability to play the physicality of both a male and a woman Taylor simply said "Huffman disappears into the life of Bree. I look at other actors in other films and I just see technique."

The film's low budget forced Taylor to innovate. For a scene where we see Bree pull the car off the highway and micturate the filmmakers needed a working albeit fake penis. One company actually gave Taylor a quote of over $12,000 to manufacture the movie prop prosthesis.

Since necessity is the mother of invention, and the budget would not allow for such an expenditure the film's prop department came up with a $12 solution. They drilled a hole in "Andy," which was the name of the fake penis Huffman wore to get into character. A few hoses were attached, the liquid was pumped through, and the effect is priceless. Transamerica is playing downtown at the Angelika Film Center.

SHORT TAKES

It's been a great year in movies. I mean 2006.

Usually January is the month studios dump rejects but the entertainment ratio on current films is high from Hostel to Nanny McPhee.



| A Good Woman |

Hostel is an instant classic albeit a film deserving its R rating. It's the kind of film Hitchcock would make were he alive today. Like another horror thriller Wolf Creek, the film starts idyllic and halfway through becomes a different animal.

The narrative then follows the different viewpoint of successive characters until the macabre and revenge fueled end.

Hostel doesn't dwell in mock situations such as horror rips-offs like Saw 2. There is palpable tension throughout and an edge-of-your-seat finale.

Tristan + Isolde (or Annapolis) won't make James Franco a star, but the medieval story intrigues one's notion of romance and the director (Kevin Reynolds) emphasizes lifestyles of time long past without indulging in anachronisms.

Grandma's Boy lends far more laughs than it deserves – but sex gags (Shirley Jones sixty-nining Don Knotts) and pot jokes get plenty of mileage in this vehicle for Allen Covert (seen playing second banana in Adam Sandler films like Wedding Singer).

Looking for Comedy in the Muslim World from Albert Brooks mines humor in cultural diversity while his wife goes ape on eBay. Very funny, not loud laughter funny, rather smiling funny.

Emma Thompson stars in and wrote Nanny McPhee (based on the Nurse Matilda series of children's books). Less bizarre than Lemony Snicket but with the same wry satiric edge (At one point the kids are going to cook the baby – wwwwaaahhh.) this British family comedy was already a hit in Blighty.

February holds some gems too. The Oscar Wilde penned Lady Windermere's Fan possibly has the greatest number of one-liners of any play in the English language. I say probably because someone could will argue that Hamlet has an equal amount of dialogue snippets that remain even today in regular vernacular.

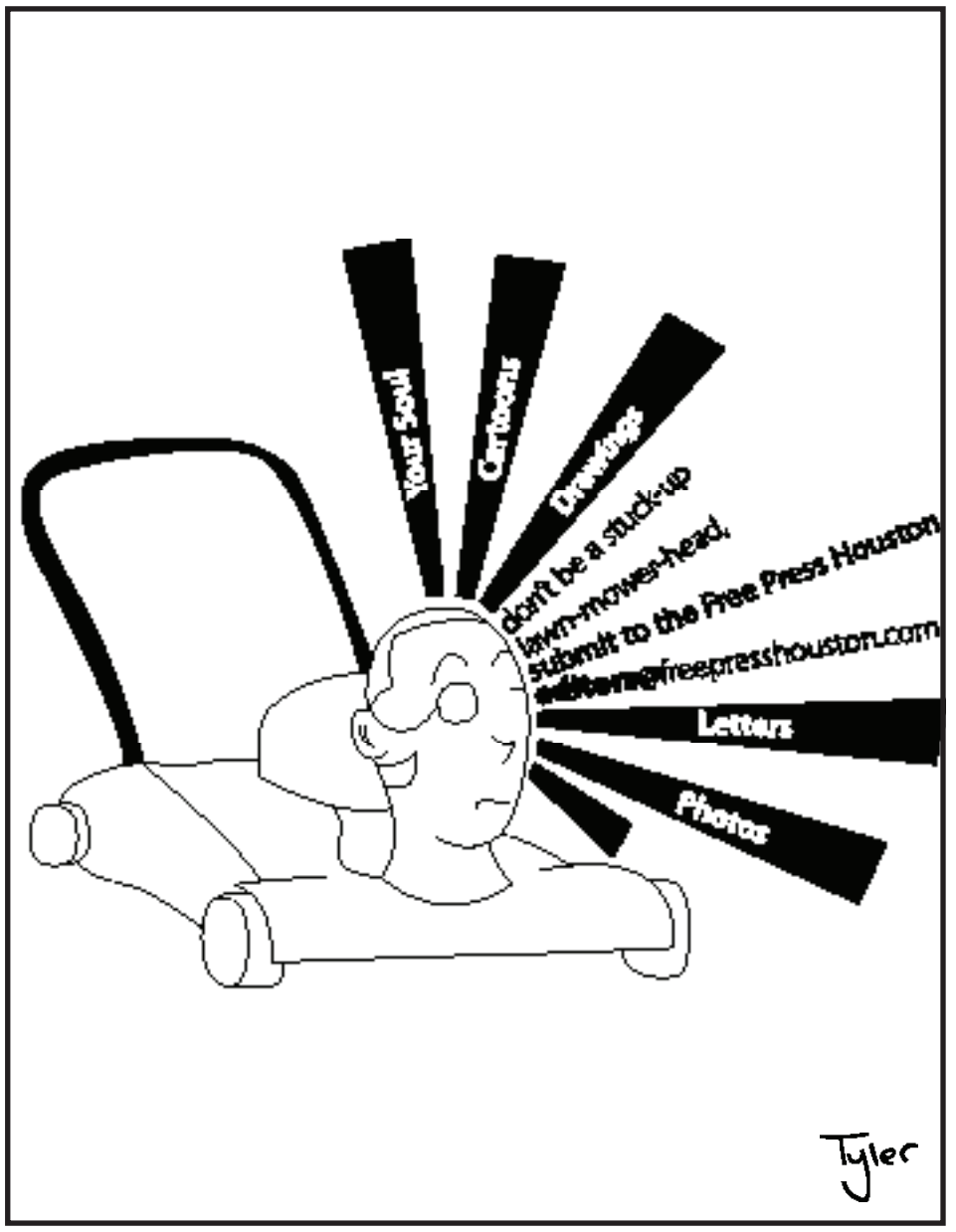
Shakespeare based films in the last decade are numerous including Titus Andronicus (2000) and The Merchant of Venice (2004), 10 Things I Hate About You (Heath Ledger's 1999 American film debut) and the fictionalized Shakespeare in Love. As for Wilde at least nobody theorizes that he didn't write his plays.

Oscar himself was biopicted in 1997 and the interim has seen mainstream remakes of An Ideal Husband, The Importance of Being Earnest, The Portrait of Dorian Gray and now, based on Windermere, A Good Woman.

A Good Woman actually was shot a couple of years ago, and lead Scarlett Johansson has made half a dozen films since. A natural scene-stealer Johansson competes hard when Tom Wilkinson or Helen Hunt are also on screen. The setting has been switched from Victorian England to 1930s Italy and the locales themselves are as overwhelming as the witty banter.

In The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada it's harder to tell who is truly insane – Tommy Lee Jones who's clearly off his rocker, or Barry Pepper whose brand of lunacy is labeled by racist work ethics and marital blandness. The title character appears throughout the film as a dead body. The writer, Guillermo Arriaga also wrote 21 Grams and Amores Perros and his distortion of the space time continuum is his narrative signature. Jones adds a touch of ambiguous serenity with his direction. By the conclusion there are plenty of loose ends that make sense despite some unresolved tribulations of the various characters.


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Classic Numbers
WEEKEND!
FEBRUARY 11TH AT NUMBERS



interview with Jacob Reynolds

Eighteen hours in a bathtub filled with cold coffee and a cameraman? One 11-year-old boy was up for the challenge. Shelby & Timmy got some time to hang out with their idol & actor Jacob Reynolds (a.k.a. Solomon from the movie "Gummo") and his fiance, Helen. We all talked under an umbrella outside of Taco Milagro on Kirby and Westheimer.

So what do you got going on?
I just got back from L.A., I'm working on a... I haven't been acting really. It's been about a year. I just opened a production company and just finished a documentary on the subway artists of New York. It turned out pretty good. We just started submitting to these festivals and stuff.

So you like graffiti and stuff like that.
Yeah.

What's your production company called?
Cinematik. We've been open for probably about 10 months now. We just finished a documentary about two weeks ago and just started our first feature here.

Are you focusing solely on movies?
Yeah, right now just movies, but it's sort of our business to not do anything that's not cutting edge. I know we say that now but I'm sure if someone sent us a check for 20 million we could work the other way. Right now we're trying to focus on intense projects things that mean something. We followed four subway artists around and we got this guy that played steel guitar, this other guy that was like this old jazz cat, and these two tap dancer kids. It turned out pretty good. We had these kids that do break dancing on the train. They did flips and stuff off the bars. They're pretty insane. We got to go into their lives, meet their families, and find out who they were. It's called "Sounds from the Underground."

They do pretty well. It's very underestimated.
This one guy was sort of saying the same thing. The old saxophone guy, his name is JZ. He was saying that it's not that he doesn't like to work, it's just that this is what he chose. He feels that his job is a little more stable. Just like Enron, you know? Forty thousand people are out of work. It all depends on him. If he doesn't hustle well that day then he doesn't make any money but if he does, then he walks away pretty good.

It's fucking awesome that you do this, I mean, no one would think to cover a topic like that---street musicians.
Our director is a man by the name of Bryant Botero. I just did a film with him. We both acted in a film. We just kept doing re-shoots on the film because we just kept getting more money. That's how I met him and then we started the company together, he directed the documentary, and now I'm sort of taking charge from our end on this next film.

What were you in with him?
"December Ends." It actually just won best picture at a film festival. This next film I'm working on...Unfortunately, I'm under a confidentiality agreement, but we definitely want to shoot in Houston, just because of the atmosphere. We can use a lot. I've been driving around looking and finding locations.

Some really profound movies have been shot here, like Rushmore. It was just down the street.
Yeah. Texas has a lot of potential. My buddy just did a horror film out [in West Texas] called "Dead in Texas." It's about these two guys that are bank robbers who end up in a town in the middle of nowhere. What they end up finding out is that they died during one of their heists and that the town is Hell. So they have to figure out how to get out of the town. I haven't seen it yet but it's gotten some pretty good reviews so... This big one coming up is based on a true event that happened about 10 years ago. I feel so bad that I can't say anything besides that, but I'm working with the director that did "December Ends"---Lee Krieger. Right now what we're doing is just submitting to festivals, because there's definitely a lot of potential around the subject matter, and we have two cuts of it. One is like an hour and one is so many minutes longer. If we do cinemas, we'd go with the longer version, but the shorter version we want for places like HBO.

Well we are excited because there are some people in town who have been getting into film lately. There's been this big surge in art of all forms in Houston and it is inspiring to have somebody who actually holds some sway. It seems like we don't have anything here sometimes like pumping dry oil reserves, literally. It'd be very, very cool to have something like that going on here.
There's this production company here where I've been teaching called Nexus. We're doing this new film called "The Bong Connection." It's this Indian film. So I'm going to do some production stuff with them and help them out. The film actually takes place in three different countries: India, United States, and China. It has two storylines. One's about this guy who lives in India and really enjoys American culture, watches MTV, and wants to be Americanized. The other story is about a guy who lives in Houston who wants to hold on to his Indian roots and sort of the trials and tribulations of. Their website is NextActor.com and that's the school that I'm working for. I'm teaching right now.

So are you looking to move from acting to directing or are you just trying to keep a happy medium between the both?
Well, the reason I started the production company and the reason Bryant and I have been working together is because, at least for my career, I'll either do a bunch of stuff or nothing at all. I'll do like four films at once and then not work again for a year, year and a half. So you've got to figure out what to do with that downtime and by creating your own stuff, going out and making it happen for yourself, then you have all of the control over it. That's really why we started this production company. You've always got to work for the people who have the money, but it's just nice because it's your concepts, it's your storyline, it's your characters. But when they offer the money, then you've got to change things but that's just the way it is.

It's funny because I could see you taking a script to them as a producer and if the writing behind it isn't as intense or along the lines as your previous projects were, they would be quicker to dismiss it.
Well we have some pretty good meetings coming up with some different film companies who are financing. I've got a meeting this weekend coming up, with a guy in Dallas named David Burrows and we're working on a couple. I'm trying to have as many pots on the shelf as possible. He owns a production company called Barking Harley and they do a lot of commercials and things up there but he's really connected with the right crowd.

(The tape ran out about there and I flipped it as we started talking about another movie Jake had done a cameo for called "Loren Cass.")

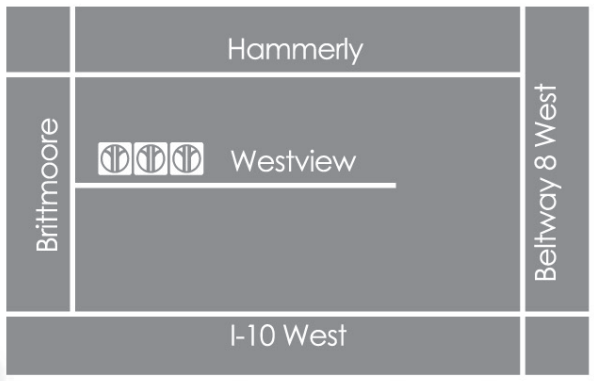
The film was about these high schoolers that dealt with some racial riots that happened in the early '90s in Tampa. The riots are happening in the background and these kids are skaters. It is phenomenal writing. I'm with this one kid named Adam Gnade. He flew in from San Diego and he's actually got a paper similar to yours. It's like the "San Diego Free Press." I don't know if that's the name but it's a similar concept. So he flew in because he had another cameo role and we were hanging out during one of his scenes and he and I just became really quick friends on set. We met this kid whose parents were really wealthy and he chose to live on the street. That's something that the documentary kind of points to as well. It's not that these people don't want to work; it's that they don't want to conform to society. We met this one kid we used briefly in the documentary who told us, "There's nothing wrong with me. I'm not mentally handicapped. My parents are upstanding, middle-class citizens. I could go to college and get a job." But he felt like he liked playing guitar and he made pretty decent money out of it. He was actually on a CD about New York City subway artists. He was more of the commercial type and that's why we really didn't use him. We wanted to go for people who choose to be confined. But he chose this life and it wasn't forced upon him. It's not like he was a product of circumstance. He made a conscious choice.

So what do you have planned for the next couple of months besides shooting the new movie?
Well besides getting married next October, we have a film called "Epic" which is a... I don't know if you guys like spoof comedies like "Space Balls"...it's a spoof comedy on "Lord of the Rings." It's gonna be pretty cool. Actually the script is on Trigger Street, Kevin Spacey's production company. To my knowledge, he basically said "F you" to Hollywood. There's a lot of untapped potential out there. So he created his own production company to give an opportunity to up-and-coming filmmakers. The writer of the film put the movie on there and it's been in the top 10 for the last two months. What about "Gummo"? We have to talk about that. How was Harmony Korine?
Harmony is a cool dude.

Do you still keep in touch with those guys?
Yeah. I talk to Harmony about every three months. He's working on that new project, "Mr. Lonely." I've read the script but I only read it in an early, early form so I don't want to speculate on the changes, but sort of what the outline is. It's about a Michael Jackson look-alike who moves to a city of celebrity look-alikes. I don't know, but that's pretty cool. The movie is done in two sections. The first is of this guy and his life within this town of celebrity look-alikes. The other one is about this group of nuns that go to South America. They're throwing food. Don't quote me on this, but I think they're throwing food out of the airplanes to help the people on the ground and one of the nuns falls out of the plane and realizes that she can fly. So then nuns go, and they all die because they can't fly. And then the Vatican sends a priest to the area to figure out what the miracle was. I don't know how the two relate, but that's Harmony and I'm sure he'll figure something out. But I talked to him about three months ago, just before we started filming. He's in Scotland now, or some crazy place doing that.I'm sure he's getting some pretty decent funding. Yeah, he started a film company called O'Salvation with Agnes B., the clothing designer. I know for this film, the French government funded some of it. That's kind of cool.

So how was the "Gummo" shoot?
Gummo was the first independent movie I did. Obviously many followed after that. I was only 11 so I was without a trailer or - you know. The films I had done before that had like 60 million dollar budgets so...when you got done shooting, you went back to your trailer and you didn't speak to anybody. They came and got you when they were ready to shoot again. I was spoiled. With "Gummo," you didn't go back to a trailer. Either you'd go to school or you'd sit on the corner and wait to shoot the next scene. I liked Harmony because, if you read the script of "Gummo" and then watch the film, they're very different. We shot with Jean Yves Escoffier, the cinematographer. He unfortunately died last year, but was one of the best cinematographers ever. He shot "Good Will Hunting," "The Crow," and some others that he is famous for. I found out a lot of stuff about "Gummo" over the last year or so because I'd been talking with the producers and stuff about other projects. Apparently there was a point where we were spending so much money on film, the bonding company that was supposed to insure our film was coming in and trying to close us down because we were going way over the budget. There was a point where Jean Yves Escoffier said to Harmony, "Fuck 'em all! All we need is you, me, a camera, and a light bulb, and we'll just go around and film!" That right there sort of emulates the essence of the film. There are only four professional actors in the film: myself, Chloe' Sevigny, Linda Manz, who played my mom, and Max Perlich from "Drugstore Cowboy." Other than that, no one had ever done anything. Like Nick Sutton, who played my partner in crime, Harmony had found him on an episode of Sally Jesse Raphael. He had told his mother that he wanted to be the biggest drug dealer in the world so she called up the show. Harmony saw him and on the show and found him and got him to do the movie that way.

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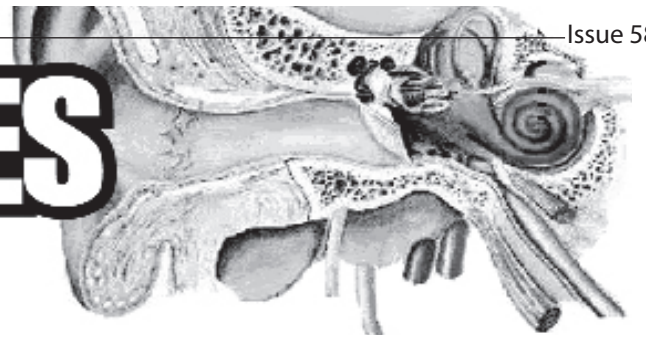
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Saturday Feb 11- Andy Zipf, Tody Castillo, Arthur Yoria
Friday Feb 17- The Medicine Show, Shawn Reefer
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SOUNDBYTES





NO DESPERATION, NO SHADOW OF HOPE

Kwame M. Anderson

"Party people your dreams have now been fulfilled, so get out your seat and let's get ill…"

Hello all and others it is one of the brothers who doesn't want his girlfriends to be his mothers, and all that that Freudian shit . January was a month that many of my friends and I were given birth to. Because of this fact, the party did not stop, with the exception of work breaks, but the weekend was off the hizzle for shizzle on a regular basis, I saw things, that would make a sane man crack, but I do not have the problem of sanity, therefore I continue the pimpin' feel me pimpin'? Here are some thoughts that crossed my mind:

1. Satin Hooks is a fantastic band! I saw them after a while of not seeing them, it's a really free thing they do, sort of an abandon, but with attempts to play a "song." But hey that's overrated but noise rock jazz-ish electronic gospel, who's playing that right now? You guessed it, Satin Hooks. But this whole playing for people anywhere thing, they're getting too good for that. "Hey, did you see Satin Hooks at the "Help Jimmy Get a Dog Benefit? That shit was awesome!!!!"

2. People are funny if you are drunk, but scary if you are stoned, it's weird. If you've ever heard someone who is usually drunk try to express something while sober, you realize, some people have never spoken to another person in a sober state, they just bottle this shit up. Then, when they go to a party they just vent to you, it's not as much conversation as it is therapy. But what if I'm not concerned with your personal life like that, I don't know what to tell you, let's talk abut something that has nothing to with both of us, like the Rockets, man that Tracy McGrady is the team, 13-0 without him? Did you see Kobe score 81?

3. When someone has a child, is it so they will have authority over something, whose lives depend on them? I feel a great deal of pity for children all over the world, and not just poor children, but children in general. Part of their existence is a substantiation of a bond between two people, who, sometimes, break that bond at the child's birth. Then, that child has to live a life at the subject or bartering tool between two adults, and they had no choice in the life that was foisted upon them. The selfishness of two individuals led to their existence, it's a heavy thing. It's the gift you didn't even know you wanted. I always wonder if people really think about the child's life, not the vision of the what you think the child should be, but what the child thinks about their life, and if they have their own thoughts, or a moral standard, or sense of pride or shame. I wonder? Like all the photos of Katrina victims that show the children, yet no one 's gonna hire the parents of some of those children. As a still image, we can sell the sympathy, but once the picture is taken, the child's life continues….

See, those are the types of things that cross my mind. I read some where "thank God emotional scars are invisible, otherwise porn would be horrifying ," I kind of feel that way about all things, there's a certain amount of terror involved, the news should be delivered by people in monster costumes with funny voices, "58 people killed in a road side bombing, Paris Hilton, 5 men shot in a drive thru, Paris Hilton, 12 year old molested by teacher during tutorials, Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie, President Bush speaks, Paris Hilton…" Imagine that in like a raspy Hellraiser voice, I think it would be cool. Moving on…

Records are coming, and shows are places where people play their songs, and sometimes those people are in the band, and sometimes it's the other dudes that were brought in to disguise the shitty core members. Whatever, the case, what is an economy where people save money and live a life not driven by pointless social interaction and fashion display, we are all art, we all are artists, it's just some us get paid for it, and a lot of other things as well, So hey, you're at your house waiting to find out what's going on, and I'm thinking I should care more about what you want, but I'm like ever other writer guy, my taste is taste homey!!!

Shows

EARLY MAN
2/10/06 - Walter's On Washington

I think I wrote about this band before, I'm not sure if I mentioned the "good" Metallica moments angle, but that's just one thing I could say to arouse curiosity, because if I was more in the know, I'd reference something far more obscure, that only true heads would know, but really, it's not that serious. Early Man out an album out Matador last year called "Closing In" which pretty much is appropriate for their brand of guitar music. I think that this show wil be loud, and it will most likely be rocking, loud, Loud rockin' rock n' roll to rock you no matter what your age a rock for ages or of ages as it may be. A shining beacon of rock to rock you rockers, but more in the rock sense than the reggae sense, if you catch my drift.

BEATS OF BASQUIAT presents GRANDMASTER FLASH
2/11/06 - The Museum Of fine Arts

If you have not had the pleasure of going to any of the Beats Of Basquiat events throw at the MFA these lover the last three months, then you have missed a pretty unique event. Starbucks' sponsored this event, and contrary to what some may think, I will not rag on Starbuck's because they paid for a lot of CDs, records, and both of my guitars, sure I thought some of the customers were crack-ish, but a lot of money was made off crack. Anyhow, this is the last and final night of this event, and it features none other than Grandmaster Flash. Yes, of the Furious Five, yes he was in Wild Style, yes he's a grandmaster of hip hop, a pioneer but he's a also a hell of a party rocking deejay, and that he will

Shows



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Hot Eight Brass Band



2/15 @ Engine Room
Avett Brothers



2/14 Morgue City
@ Jet Lounge



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do. There will be people there dressed all types of ways, but mostly looking nice, hell I wore a tie, and there will be ladies and ladies I'm sure the men will probably talk to or about you, so there. I'm going, and I I'm going to be happy, because very rarely have I seen events like these n Houston, and I'm in no hurry to go back to the kegger at Juan Carlos's house where the Satin Hooks are going to play, and there going to serve vegan hot dogs.

VIC CHESNUTT
2/25/06 - Walter's On Washington

Some people write songs and then some people are songwriters, see when you say shit like that, it shows the flaw in language, it is decorated to sound more appealing yet, very easily could mean nothing at all. Vic Chesnutt plays with the language toys wit it's interpretations and whatnot, he sings song that as literature or poetry would work not because of romantic notions or melody in prose, not that those things are not present, but it reads like lessons, effect is real unlike a light but more like a pain, some pain in its intensity is beautiful, a moment of the reality of cause and effect. Yes, I'm still talking about the same dude, Vic Chessnutt I chased around last year's SXSW, and each portion of his show , that I caught was pretty great, but don't believe me, believe the famous peope who endorse him, as his songs have been covered from everyone Calexico, to REM, to Houston's own Thane Matcek, or Judas Bear, as I guess he's called now. So there you have, a confusing rant at the beginning, something about poetry, and name checking, that's good writing people.

A Moment with a Person Releasong an Album

The Howling Hex is a band that feature Neil Hagerty. They released two albums last year (both stellar), but previous to that, in 2003 and 2004, Drag city released three vinyl only limited edition albums (the Return of the Third Tower, Section 2, and Introducing the Howling Hex). Well, if you were like me, all of those albums sold out before you heard any of them, and you felt that you had missed an opportunity that would never arrive again. Fast Forward two or three years, and you have 1-2-3 (Drag city) a compilation off the greatest hits(?) as seen by Mr. Hagerty. The album is gumbo pot of sounds that could be rock, country, avant garde, soul, world music, and even a few songs I could see Neil Diamond covering.

In addition it was the first look at the band that would later release the You Can't Beat Tomorrow and the super fantastic stellar release All night fox which is like a soul and gospel album with guitar solos . There is this thing called the Internet and there's this thing called e mail. Well, I know this dude Zach, who works at the label where The Howling Hex releases their albums. So, I was like "What if I sent you some questions for him?" and he was like "Sure, dude!" and so this is what happened next:

1. Could you explain the new border sound?

I think a lot of music that comes from exotic regions wraps a complacent agenda in radical ribbons. I don't hate tourism musicians individually but I hate what the re-sale of the exotic (even if it is only something like "Girls Gone Wild") contributes to the relative level of magical thinking in this country. So when I left the Appalachian mountains and came West I wanted to try and stay honest and humble about being new to the region and try to pick up things as I heard and saw them not clamp down on some image I expected to find. The sound comes from the life and the music in the border area but played in a straight forward way using instruments that I'm familiar with from other places I have been. That way I hope it brings out the common things in it and I'm not just pirating musical images. More satisfying to me.

2. Do you see The howling hex as a continuation of the NMH solo efforts, or do you view it as it's own thing, and if so, are there a plan to do more NMH solo albums?

I wanted to start off just using my name since I got out of a band in 2000. To undo things that were built up. Gradually I played with other people more and more and so a new band came together. It's all part of one thing where you could set out the records, if you were so inclined, lay them out in a row to hear another primary source as to when and where and why in certain times and places. I don't think of doing solo records again because none of this is about my own life so it wouldn't really make sense unless it was a prank but that is exhausting.

3. Do you view 1-2-3 as works in progress or sort of the sketches that shaped the two Howling Hex albums, or are the running themes or alteast some of the duplcate lyrics just sort of something coincedental.

On the 3 LPs I just tried to put different cliches of pop musical styles through the meat grinder of what was going on, the general tone of public things, during the last few years. So 1-2-3 comes at the end of it and I tried to edit out bad reactions and get the crystallized stuff that resulted from the mix. Where the vinyl LPs sound almost unbearably personal and can be viewed like you're looking at a monkey in the zoo I think the CD version shows what good might come out of approaching and confronting situations that you think are not welcoming to you. And from out of all that anyway we have a set of ideas about the way music might best give us an advantage in the day-to-day and so we'll keep looking at those things like they were things we found that someone else made, since they feel like that to me, at any rate.

4. When releasing or conceptualizing albums, is the idea of the sound of the album, sort of the catalyst for releasing an album to document, or record a specific period...Like, the first album (NMH) has a specific sound that is different from Plays That Ol Rock N Roll," and The Howling Hex etc...so is there an idea of each record representing a different musical progression (this is a hard question to word)...

Like I said above it is true and it goes to the sound of the record, making decisions about what is like the right thing to do and how things should be recorded. Just to try and set up a few limitations to ground things in futility while at the same time trying everything to bust out of that. Then also, the more people involved the more confusion there is and more chances to keep trying to hold things inside some acceptable presentation. And in the end, just to wrap it all up nicely and try make it clear that there is work involved more than a dream.

5. How would you (not that you would, but if you did) explain the live presentation of The Howling Hex vs. the "normal" rock show?

The only thing I've been trying to do is have everything that happens be part of playing The All-Night Fox more than here are some real people please look at us but we're more than real people etc. Hopefully, gestures and sounds etc sort of end up canceling each other out just right so that time passes in a pleasing way, rather than a certain statement by one group of people is made just so to another group of people (where one group gets paid while the other pays.)

6. At this point are you concerned with your perceived place in music history, not in the idol way or something, but as far as the appreciation as artist, or at least the recognition. I believe that you are more than name checked albums and past projects, but I wonder if any of that concerns you (I mean people are going to think what they think)

No but I do think about other people, music and groups I like and I wonder that about them.

So TheHowlingHex album 1-2-3 comes out February 21st 2006.

Another album you might like

CAT POWER - THE GREATEST (Matador)

Dudes from soul bands that played behind Al Green an others play the music for indie darling rock chanteuse. I can just hear the Volkswagen commercial.

One more thing: God hates when his name is invoked to influence agenda, I don't know if he told everybody this, but I know that's what I heard, and something about a chocolate city, but then I remembered that was a Rick James album.

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1st February

LOVEHATEHERO - Ferret Music

SECRET LIVES OF THE FREEMASONS - Astro Magnetics

THE FULLY DOWN - Fearless Records

THE PANIC DIVISION - The Militia Group
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
Doors @ 8:00 All Ages $8

6th February

RAMALLAH - Thorp Records

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR - Bridge Nine Records

DIE YOUNG - Suprise Attack Records

LAST MINUTE FIX
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
Doors @ 8:00 All Ages $10

9th February

THE NUMBER 12 LOOKS LIKE YOU - Eyeball Records

ED GEIN - Blackmarket Activities

THROUGH THE EYES OF THE DEAD - Prosthetic Records

ALL HANDS ON DECK

FIGHT PRETTY
Java Jazz 2502 Fm 1960 Rd
Doors @ 8:00 All Ages $10

12th February

SKARE TACTIC - Thorp Records

TEN CROWNS

MY LAST WAR

GAMEXTIME
Walter's 4215 Washington Ave.
Doors @ 8:00 All Ages $7

6th March

DARKEST HOUR - Victory Records

THE ACACIA STRAIN, HIMSA - Prosthetic Records

A LIFE ONCE LOST - Ferret Records

DEAD TO FALL - Victory Records

Engine Room 1515 Pease St.
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Fri. Feb. 24th -
Galactic w/ The Hot 8 Brass Band

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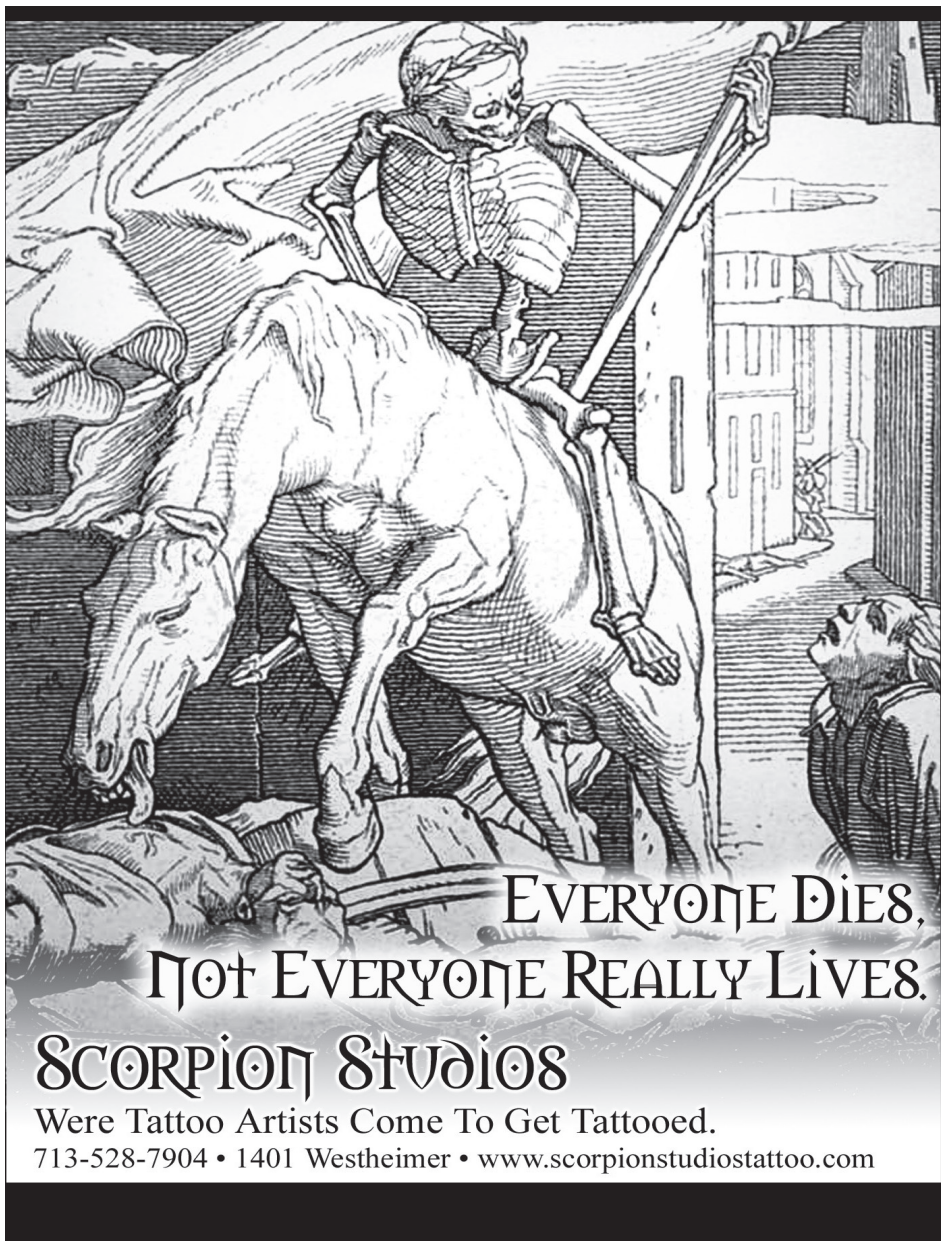
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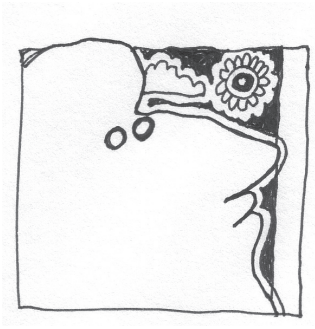
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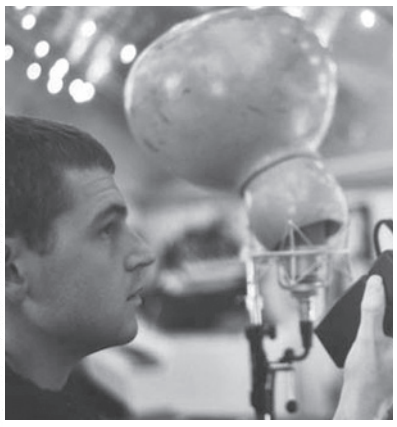


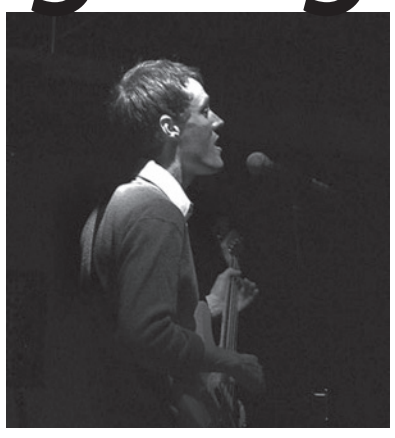
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Scattered Pages

By Sarah Gajkowski-Hill











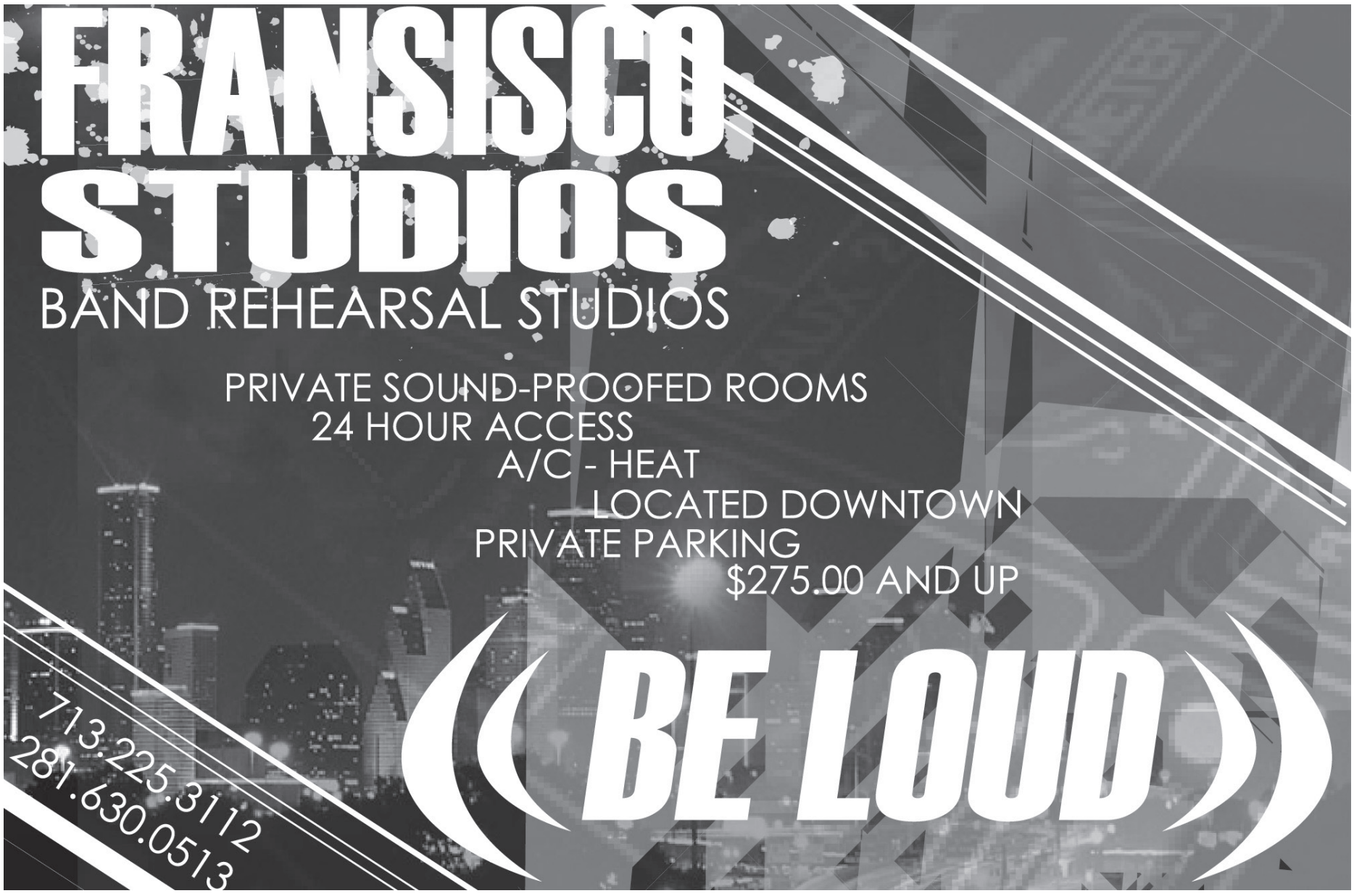
The regulars are apparent every other Thursday night at Brasils on Westheimer at Dunlavy. You can pick them out, mouthing the lyrics of the songs they've re-listened and re-played since 2003 when ***The Scattered Pages*** released their first album. There is a palpable excitement in the air as the lead singer, Brandon Hancock, announces that within the next 2 months or so, a new CD is being released. The majority of the music is written by Brandon, with some help from the back up vocalist and bassist, Kurt Coburn. Coburn's voice rivals the former, so that the complicated harmonies are belted out in two pleasing tenors. This is an intellectual band—with songs brimming over with allusions to everything from the Union Jack to the book of Revelation and even a song entitled "*Virginia Woolf*". The fans include any number of college literary society members, and the post-college crowd who yearn for lyrics with some degree of complexity and probably have their Scattered Pages CD "Meet the Americant" programmed into their I-Pod along with *Belle and Sebastian*, *The Redhouse Painters*, and *Franz Ferdinand*.

Highlights of the show included a cover of "*Please, Please, Please, Let Me Get What I Want*" by the Smiths, and a twang-y, country ballad which was pure parody. Surprisingly, Brandon has the ability to semi-yodel, and the ditty was a crowd pleaser, conjuring images of the small-town Texas teen who ended up in the "big city".

> thesmall-townTexasteenwho ended up in the "big city"

Also of note, the drummer, Andy McWilliams is an animated and talented percussionist. The amount of music that emanates from this three person outlet--formerly there were four and were called *The Good People*; think shows at Instant Karma five years ago--is frankly amazing. They have a particular knack for writing music that layers, mounts, intensifies into an almost overwhelming din and then instantaneously drops to one solo guitar line. The naughty "*I'm Glad You Came*" is a double-entendre with poetry-worthy subtleties. This coveted every other Thursday spot was once filled by DJ Sun but The Scattered Pages easily fill Brasils every time they play, from 10-12, with requests for encores from the patrons. They play other venues; most notably the hip Montrose bar, the Proletariat. You can check their website for other upcoming shows at www.scatteredpages.com.

Definitely check out this local band, just recently signed to the San Francisco-based label, Three Ring Records. They will certainly be huge and I'm betting that when they tour and return to Houston, they will be playing much less intimate venues. It would behoove you to hear them while they're still the accessible and personable coffee house band.



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WALTER'S ON WASHINGTON
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Roll it, light it, and put this CD the fuck in before the first hit. Bowel's debut **"Ploughers of Land and Sea"** is a CD that deserves to be listened to on either headphones in a hypnotic, metal trance or on whoevers speakers you're trying to test the bass on. Comprising of members of notable Houston acts such

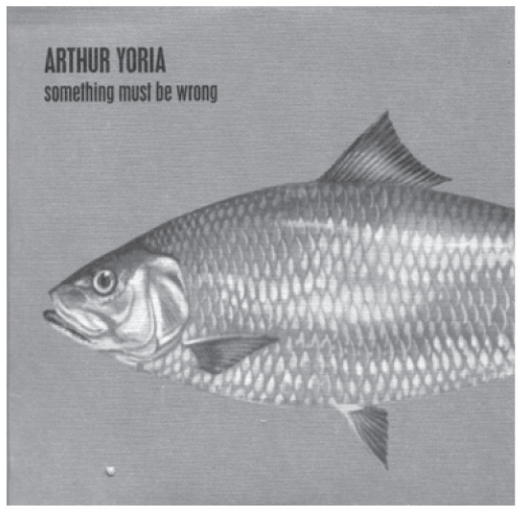


as Pride Kills, Hated, Unhinged, and Aunt Jemimas Spicey Hot Jew Furnace, Bowel's CD is not to be taken lightly. You'd want to pour something this fucking hot on someone you hate as they stroll by. Bowel will be devastating the speakers at Walter's on Washington on Feb. 17, so make sure you attend. Trust me, this all your favorite bands, new favorite band. Yeah, that's right, we went and traded all of our Isis and Pelican CDs for spare change to pick this CD up. If you think I'm kidding, go check out all your favorite Houston bands', MySpace Top 8 lists. This album is no fucking joke, spewing more metal and hate than all The Horsemen of The Apocalypse combined. This album will be our WWIII.

ARTHUR YORIA

SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG
112 RECORDS/BMI

Upon first listen, you'll taste The Eels in your mouth, with slight David Garza and other local Austini musicians on the side. From the pace of the albu, it definitely sounds like homeboy doesnt want anybody to get up and do anything too crazy. This 3 track demo of sorts lacks in dynamic and monetum and hints that eventually this guy will do something good but right now he's in his artistic shell and he needs enlightenment. Now don't get me wrong, there are some catchy tunes here, and the production and mix over all is great. After all these guys did their shit at Sugarhill and all of us Houstonians know that almost everything that goes through those doors is gold (except Faceplant). He made a good choice in selecting Paul "the Falcon" Valdez to handle the percussion for the album as it is one of the most notable things amongst the tracks. I could easily get alot of homework done to this CD and still get the pick up that you thought only adderall could occasionally give. I would recommend Yoria's music to someone that likes "Sunday Drive"



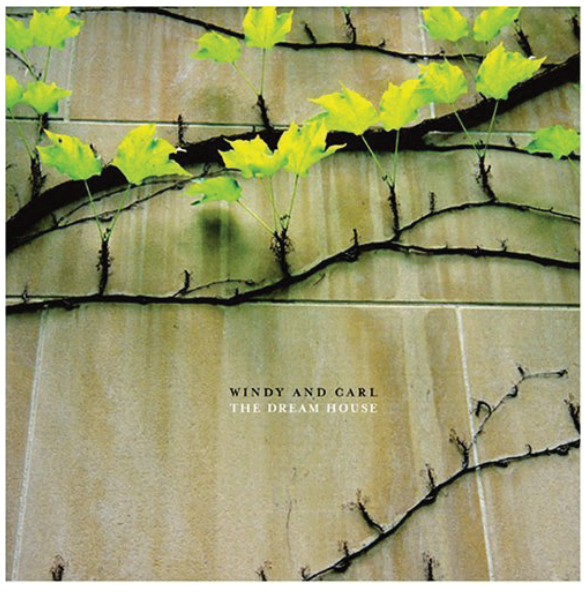
wind blowing through your hair, I'm finally free, from that fucking ex-boyfriend, feelings. He's not re-inventing the wheel here, but I think, given enough time ,Arthur Yoria, might become everyone's new Texas hero


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Back is just... back

by Lance Scott Walker

They say you're supposed to come back with a bang. Fire. Explosions. At least some smoke, yeah? But after a nearly six-month hiatus from contributing to this publication, my first article back will be none of that. No, I have instead elected just to tell you about a few records that have have gotten the attention of my ears over the past month or two. So here we go.



| Windy and Carl |



| Pearls and Brass |

K-Rino
Worst Rapper Alive
(Black Book International)

One of Houston's oldest rappers, whether or not he gets all the run as the current lot of superstars, is still entirely able to prove that he's consistently one of the best. That said, this is *not* his best work. By his own contention, *Worst Rapper Alive* didn't exactly turn out in as progressive a manner as he would have hoped. But even though it might pale in comparison to 1995's *Stories from the Black Book* (widely acknowledged by many as his masterpiece) as an overall body of work, that doesn't mean that it doesn't feature, on certain tracks, some of his stronger material in years. In fact, perhaps the reason that some of the tracks on this record don't exactly gel as he would have wanted is because, in a lot of ways, he's broken the mold -- and you can only blame trial and error for that. One step out is "Ups and Downs," which features a recently-released Bang, who interrupts the almost old school rap midway to tell his story, bouncing back and forth with Rino, who even begins *singing* near the end. Where he further breaks that mold, though, is in his dialogue with guests on the record. On "Don't know why," from 2000's *Fear No Evil*, Rino goes at it fighting with his lady through the entire track -- something that was largely missing from earlier releases. On this record, he does it twice, in what ends up sounding like a skit each time. It's different, to be sure -- and others have done it, but it feels a little out of place on a record from such a dark, introspective character such as he. But while that experimentation and the beats behind some of the tracks might be the weak link here, the concepting on this record is stronger than anything he's ever done, coming together most notably in the epic "Three Gods," where he breaks down the evils of money, drugs and sex into basic idol worship and the interlaced weaknesses that make each of the three vulnerable to the others. The contemplative "What if," and the companion tracks of "Who am I" and "Who are you," the latter of which features a brilliant, dramatic interlude from the Min. Robert Muhammad, and is some of the best production on this record -- are only further evidence of that.

- www.southparkcoalition.com -

Windy and Carl
TheDreamHouse/DedicationstoFlea
(Kranky)

Windy and Carl is utilitarian music. Their music is you turning off the phone, locking the door, burning incense... whatever it is you have to do to get out of everyone else's world and steep yourself in yours. This is more of the massive soundscaping for which they've become known over the years -- layers and layers of guitars and dense, quietly vibrating instrumentation behind it to create a wall of sound that you *never* want to end. This collection -- a two-CD set, is a musical dedication both to Windy's mother and to the couple's dog Flea, both of whom have passed away in recent years. The second (and last) track on the second disc, a track named "Sketch for Flea," is about the only thing the duo has ever done that one could consider even mildly distracting, and that's because it's rife with the recorded sounds of Flea presumably rooting around in the yard, the house and anywhere else he shouldn't. Distracting, perhaps, but perfectly orchestrated as always -- Windy and Carl do *not* make bad records.

- www.brainwashed.com/wc -

PearlsandBrassw/GoldenAxe&
Bowel
Sunday,February5th@Rudyard's(2010
Waugh)

Not a review of the record, but instead a preview of the show. Golden Axe are good local boys with sick chops and a keen ear for creating soundtracks for vikings and lonely barbarians. Pearls and Brass have some of the biggest balls in rock'n roll -- with a hefty nod to Sabbath and a drummer that could drive a brick through the engine block of a 57 Chevy just on the backbeat. The record is fantastic. The show should blow minds.

- www.pearlsandbrass.com -

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MONDAY

- The Medicine Show, The Trade @ Helios
- The Mighty Orq @ The Big Easy
- Soul Satisfaction @Proletariat
- Open Mic Comedy @ Laff Stop
- Pool, Darts, Ping Pong @Fitzgerald's
- Ramallah, Death Before Dishonor, Die Young, Last Minute Fix @Walters

6

- The Medicine Show, The Trade @ Helios
- The Mighty Orq @ The Big Easy
- Soul Satisfaction @Proletariat
- Open Mic Comedy @ Laff Stop
- Pool, Darts, Ping Pong @Fitzgerald's
- A Shameful Display, Chris Neri A'tris, Division Theory @SHFL
- Jacknife @Meridian

13

- The Medicine Show, The Trade @ Helios
- The Mighty Orq @ The Big Easy
- Soul Satisfaction @Proletariat
- Open Mic Comedy @ Laff Stop
- Pool, Darts, Ping Pong @Fitzgerald's
- Brandon Stanley Acoustin Duo
- The Benjy Davis Project @Meridian

20

- The Medicine Show, The Trade @ Helios
- The Mighty Orq @ The Big Easy
- Soul Satisfaction @Proletariat
- Open Mic Comedy @ Laff Stop
- Pool, Darts, Ping Pong @Fitzgerald's

27

TUESDAY

- Classic Flamenco Dancing @Helios
- Texas Tuesdays @Rudyards
- Free Pool (all day) @Proletariat
- The Lisa Novak Band @Continental Club
- Scott Daniels Band @Last Concert Cafe
- In Flames @Meridian

City Council Public Session 7

- Fuego Arabe @Helios
- Texas Tuesdays @Rudyards
- Free Pool (all day) @Proletariat
- The Fray @Meridian
- The Lisa Novak Band @Continental Club
- Scott Daniels Band @Last Concert Cafe
- ILYA,, Goodbye Blue Monday, Blame It On Rio@SHFL

City Council Public Session 14

- Bellydancing @Helios
- Texas Tuesdays @Rudyards
- Free Pool (all day) @Proletariat
- The Lisa Novak Band @Continental Club
- Scott Daniels Band @Last Concert Cafe
- 45 Grave with Dinah Cancer @Meridian

City Council Public Session 21

- Bells On Our Toes @Helios
- Texas Tuesdays @Rudyards
- Free Pool (all day) @Proletariat
- The Lisa Novak Band @Continental Club
- Scott Daniels Band @Last Concert Cafe

City Council Public Session 28

WEDNESDAY

- Breakfast Club @Numbers
- British Invasion Night with The Dreambreakers @Rudyards
- Poetry Night @Helios
- Pot Roast @Last Concert Cafe
- The SexPistols Experience @Meridian

1

- Breakfast Club @Numbers
- British Invasion Night with The Dreambreakers @Rudyards
- Poetry Night @Helios
- Pot Roast @Last Concert Cafe
- The Girl is a Ghost, Chim Charoo @SHFL
- Godfrey @Laff Stop

8

- Breakfast Club @Numbers
- British Invasion Night with The Dreambreakers @Rudyards
- Miss Leslie and Her Juke Jointers @Continental Club
- Poetry Night @Helios
- Pot Roast @Last Concert Cafe
- Ralphie May @Laff Stop
- Turbojugend Hump Day @Rudyards
- SKA 2006 Tour @Meridian

15

- Breakfast Club @Numbers
- British Invasion Night with The Dreambreakers @Rudyards
- Poetry Night @Helios
- Pot Roast @Last Concert Cafe
- Kickball, Mt. Smaller,Matt and Kim, Pumpkin Pie @SHFL

22

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THURSDAY

The Hightailers @Last Concert
Hustle & Flo @Numbers
digifunk, Open Mic @Helios
Rock Box Pelvic Thrust Thursdays @Proletariat
Lanky @Rudyards
2

The Hightailers @Last Concert
Hustle & Flo @Numbers
digifunk, Open Mic @Helios
Rock Box Pelvic Thrust Thursdays @Proletariat
Godfrey @Laff Stop
Eames Era, Amity @Walters
Big Head Todd & The Monsters @Meridian
9

The Hightailers @Last Concert
Hustle & Flo @Numbers
digifunk, Open Mic @Helios
Rock Box Pelvic Thrust Thursdays @Proletariat
Ralphie May @Laff Stop
16

The Hightailers @Last Concert
Hustle & Flo @Numbers
digifunk, Open Mic @Helios
Rock Box Pelvic Thrust Thursdays @Proletariat
Realicide @SHFL
Joe Rogan @Laff Stop
The Honorary Title, Limbeck, Koufax @Walters
23

FRIDAY

Luxurious Panthers @Walters
Molly and the Ringwalds @Continental club
Fondue Monks, Vicarious Me, Budda @Last Concert
Moonlight Towers, Fired For Walking, bright men of learning @Rudyards
Yonder Mountain String Band @Meridian
The League featuring Mike Flo@Helios
ISOLA, The Guns of Detroit, B.B. Aeroplane @SHFL
Brett Butler @Laff Stop
3

Classic Numbers @Numbers
Molly and the Ringwalds@Continental club
Camino and Chris Neri @Helios
Belville, Red Leaves, Carousel Shy @Rudyards
Karaoke @Proletariat
Riff Tiffs CD Release Party @SHFL
The Rounders @Last Concert
Godfrey @Laff Stop
Early Man @Walters
10

Official LeBron James All Star Party @Meridian
The Medicine Show and Shawn Reefer @Helios
The damnations, King Coal @Rudyards
Ralphie May @Laff Stop
My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult @Numbers
Indofin @Last Concert
Bowel, Horehound, Cardinale, Slag @Walters
17

Classic Numbers @Numbers
Bonsfire, Whorehound @Rudyards
Molly and the Ringwalds @Continental club
Galactic @Meridian
Starving Poets@Helios
Shapes & Sizes @SHFL
Cadillac Sky, The Hay Makers @Last Concert
Joe Rogan @Laff Stop
24

SATURDAY

Spoon, Sons of Hercules @Numbers
Anabel, Joseph King @Helios
Rebecca Draper (Art Opening) @SHFL
Shiva's Headband @Last Concert
Brett Butler @Laff Stop
Dixie Witch, Suplecs, Whorehound, Mr. Plow @Rudyards
MAX @Walters
Binebox FetishShow @Meridian
4

Andy Zipf, Tody Castillo, Arthur Yoria @Helios
Devil Bat's Daughter, Mr Obliviated, Gasher, Venison Whirled @SHFL
Godfrey @Laff Stop
Classic Numbers @Numbers
three fantastic @Rudyards
Pimpadelic @Meridian
11

Chris Neri, The Friends of Rock 'n' Roll, Black Math Experiment presents: The Rocky Horror Picture Show @Helios
Ek$on, Tzar Bomba, Foreign Affairs @SHFL
The Linus Pauling Quartet, Jonx @Rudyards
Ralphie May @Laff Stop
My Bloody Valentine, Gothic Beauty Pageant @Numbers
18

Joel Mercado, kDrop trio and the Ills @Helios
VU 21st Century @SHFL
Joe Rogan @Laff Stop
rent @Meridian
Motown Dansparc, Shoe Allison & Michael @Numbers
Southern Backtones, Hide, Slovak Republic @Rudyards
Vie Chestnutt, David Bazan, Mark Eitzel, will Johnson @Walters
25

SUNDAY

Big E's Rockabilly @Continental Club
Liquid Cheese, Red Star of the Solar Federation @SHFL
David Fahl & Band w/ Friendship Bracelet @Last Concert
Pearls & Brass, Golden Axe @Rudyards
Mechanical Boy, Umbrellas, The Hero Factor, Scene of the Escape, Laden @Walters
Psyche Origami @Meridian
5

Big E's Rockabilly @Continental Club
Death Bomb Arc, About This Product, Wince, Pedestrian Deposit, Yatagarasu, Werewolf Jerusalem @SHFL
David Fahl & Band w/ Carrie Ann, the Apocalyptics @Last Concert
Badfish @Meridian
12

Cry Blood Apache, The Strange Boys, Rua Minx @SHFL
David Fahl & Band w/ congas by Carlos@Last Concert
Big E's Rockabilly @Continental Club
19

Monkeysoop, Chm Charro, 24/7 @SHFL
Joe Rogan @Laff Stop
Smoking Popes, Bayside @Walters
The Click Five @Meridian
Big E's Rockabilly @Continental Club
26

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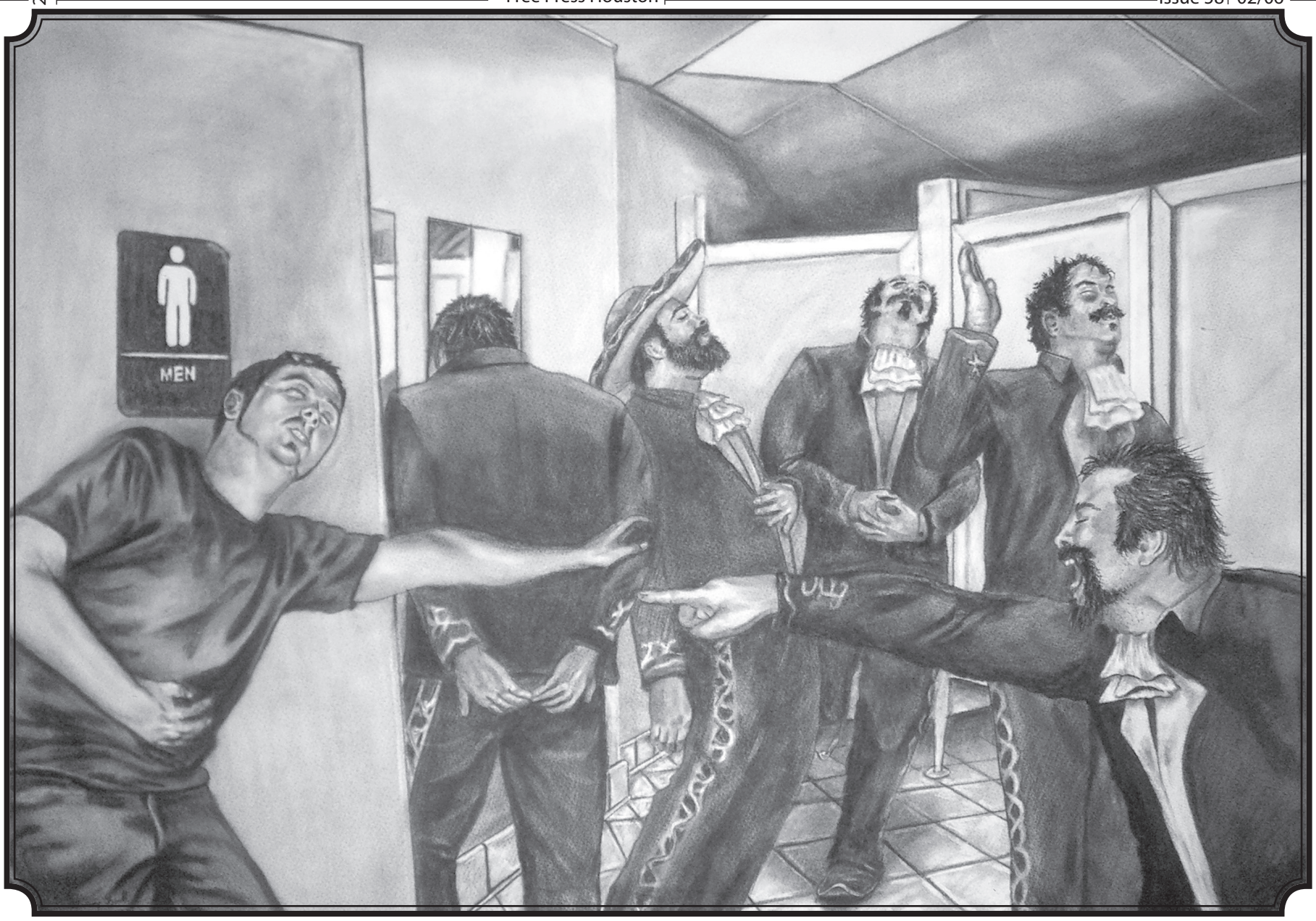


By MIRRORZ

· A TRUE STORY ·

After the long, boring drive to College Station, I finally arrived with three others for a graduation party on a Saturday night. We have a few drinks, and as the party dies down we head over to the local Denny's for a 4 a.m. breakfast. As usual, I order the "Meat Lover's Skillet"—which is compiled of various grease-soaked carcass parts with a few chunks of potato thrown in for pseudo-nutrition. You don't have to be a scientist to know that this combination will eventually churn your intestinal tract into an oil pipeline, but sometimes taste buds override common sense. So we all eat and pass out in a stranger's apartment shortly after. We wake up at the crack of noon and pack our stuff to head home. Driving from College Station back to the east side of Houston can easily become a two-hour drive on any given day of the week, but this time the trip felt much longer...

Before we leave the apartment, almost everyone hits the bathroom and we head out. We are well on our way heading down highway 6 when I felt the instantaneous rumble in my abdomen. That's right, Denny's induced Bubble Guts. From prior experience I know what's in store for me, but I'm driving with three cranky passengers that I don't want ridiculing me. So I tell them, "I'm going to have to make a pit stop soon." They immediately harass me about not going before we left but it's too late now. Round two hits as a second wave of pain hits and the sweating begins. My skin gets cold and clammy and it's taking every bit of strength



"As I enter the room there's an indescribable smell that I quickly try to ignore as my attention shifts to the line of Mariachis waiting to use the only toilet in this bathroom."

and coordination I have in me to drive a stick while the rest of my voluntary muscle control is focused on keeping my anus closed. I speed up in a desperate hope to find a service station, restaurant, or even a roll of toilet paper on the side of the road. I'm on the longest stretch of highway 6 at this point, and unfortunately there is nothing but asphalt loaded with slow moving traffic. Suddenly round three hits and the pressure is building. It feels like I'm about to give birth when I spot a gas station about a mile up the road. I instantly start thanking God for creating Exxon. I pull into the parking lot and suddenly all pain is lifted. The pressure completely dissipates, and through another stroke of ignorance I decide I'm fine and continue driving home.

Everything is fine for the next five miles until I see a cop hiding in the median and the anxiety switches the boilers back on. Round four begins and the self-inflating razor blades in my bowels are going in for the kill. This pain continues to the point where I'm about to black out. Luckily the cop doesn't go after us and my subconscious is able to drive the vehicle. My internal organs are either an internally conjoined twin or a feral baby and I would gladly accept a cesarean section at this point. As the pressure increases I realize we are on the ramp entering highway 290.

Praying for some form of mercy, I spot a barbecue/truck stop combination and I pull in. I'm sweating profusely and the tunnel vision isn't helping me locate the bathroom any easier. I'm starting to lose color vision when I spot the men's room. At the height of my delirium, my body is shutting down and I dive into the bathroom door hoping for salvation. As I enter the room there's an indescribable smell that I quickly try to ignore as my attention shifts to the line of Mariachis waiting to use the only toilet in this bathroom. No, this isn't a derogatory term to describe these guys—it's an actual band all moaning and doubled over in pain as well. I'm either hallucinating or I died and went to hell, but either way I have to wait for each of them to do their worst to the defenseless hunk of porcelain on the other side of the stall door.

I'm thinking: "only 2 more band members to go and I'm free."

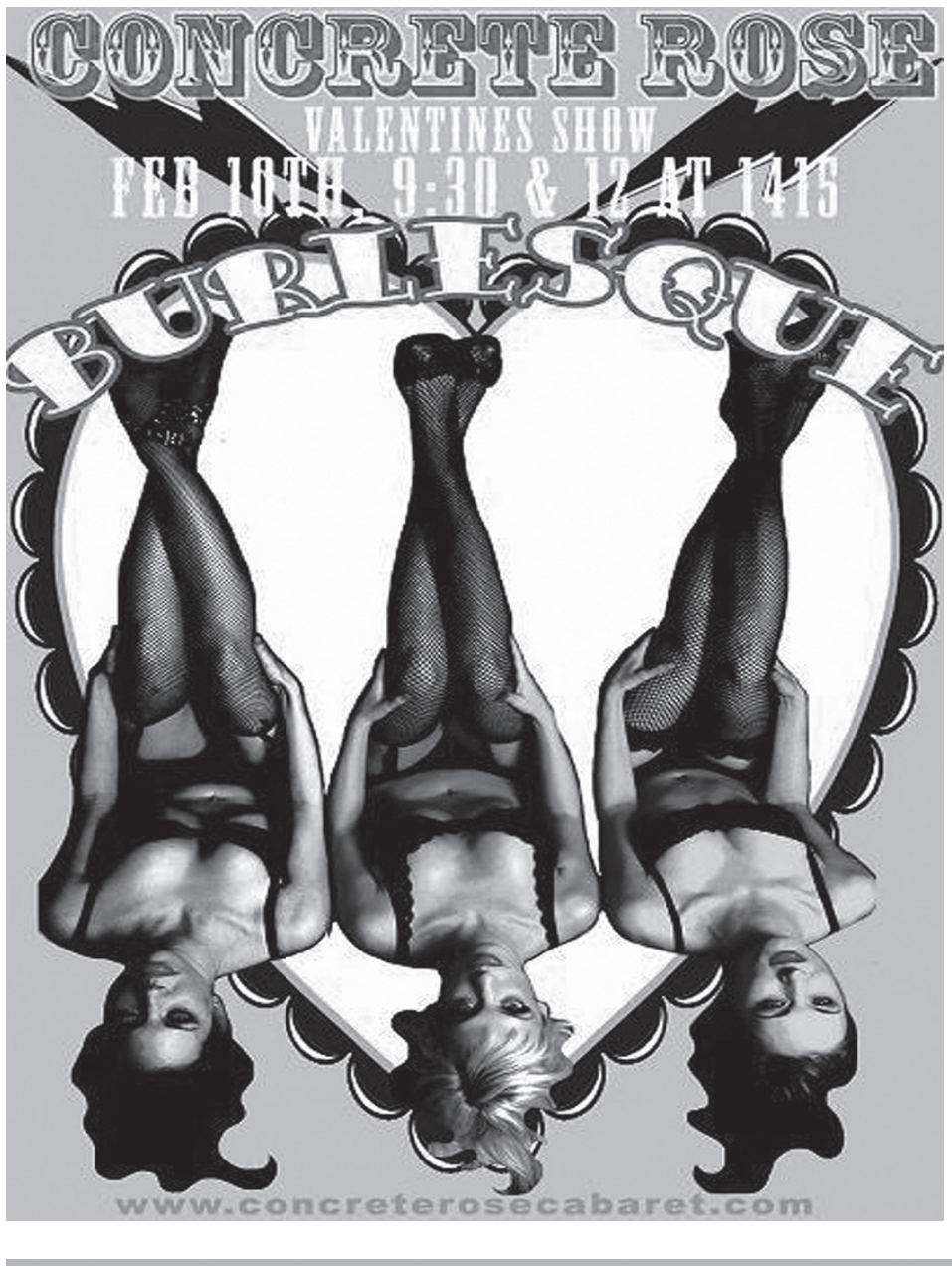
I'm so focused I don't realize the bell for round 5 just rang. The rabid midget in my rectum decides he's clawing his way out with only one guy left to go. I head to the sink and I'm about dissolve the enamel on it when the creak of the stall door is heard. I turn around, snatch a handful of paper towels and try to grab the stall door to enter when another guy attempts to beat me to the punch. I shove the guy out of my way and with an unintelligible slur I tell him, "I'm sorry man, but you'll understand in a second." Whatever I really say might not even be English.

Hoping for the best but expecting the worst I finally see what I'm up against. It looked like someone dumped a year's worth of "gray water" into the bowl from the Mariachis' tour bus. It was densely packed all the way to seat level. The worst toilet in Scotland from the movie *Trainspotting* looked cleaner than this place. As I fumble with my belt and try to make an ass-gasket with the paper towels, there is no more stopping the force. In a split-second decision I find it's best to just hover over the toilet rather than having my balls bathe in the cesspool.

My legs are weak from the constant muscle contraction I had been maintaining for the duration of the trip and then everything goes white as my hearing becomes nothing more than the tinnitus ring. I'm sure it's a glorious explosion rivaling a July 4th Fireworks display, but all of my senses are gone. My vision and hearing soon fade back in as I feel the warmth return to my body. I find myself in a break dancing position with my legs outstretched and one arm behind me on a hand rail while my other arm is raised in the air for some reason. The guy outside the stall is banging on the door begging me to hurry up as I ration what's left of the paper towels for clean up procedures.

I'm certain the putrid aroma followed me out into the truck stop as everyone tried their best to avoid me, but I didn't care since I was pain free. I quickly scan the area to confirm or deny the Mariachi hallucination and it turns out that was real. They were boarding their tour bus right as I walked outside to get back into my car.

No one said much the rest of the way home but I think the tears in their eyes were caused by the smell of death that followed me into the car. There might be a lesson to learn from all of this, but saying, "shit happens," might be the cliché way to say it.


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Friday the 13th Metal Moment

by Jeff Storm

Our resident metal critic assesses the Nile show, which took place on the most nefarious of nights, Friday the 13th. Decapitated and Hypocrisy also get rave reviews.

This past Friday the 13th was an awesome night for metal in Houston. Nile rolled through the Engine Room with an oversized cast of support acts, most of whom were great, but there were a few exceptions. The opening Sacramento-based "metal" act, With Passion, should probably reconsider a few things with themselves—their emo haircuts, lack of stage presence from their frontman, and namely being musicians! You know kids, being a musician can't be every young man's source of pussy. It would be nice, but I think y'all will more likely be dancing for nickels at the car wash than fighting off the groupies in the not too distant future. However, there may be hope for With Passion if the following changes are made: first, either keep the emo hair and become an emo band, or, you could ditch the after-school-special hair-dos and possibly be taken seriously by a metal audience. Second, there is more to music than appearance; maybe y'all could take time off to practice your instruments before the next tour. The band's attempt at being technical was appreciated, but the performance did not suffice. The guitar runs were sloppy at best, the drumming was uneven in a lot of places, and the stage presence was just plain sad.

The next band is quickly becoming my favorite death metal band. I'm speaking of course about Poland's Decapitated. They played pretty much the same set as the last time they were here with Vader. Decapitated is everything that With Passion is not—technically gifted and not the least bit trendy. Their performance was undoubtedly as flawless, energetic, and entertaining as just about any other metal act out there.

I decided to duck out during England's Raging Speedhorn since their brand of sludgecore just wasn't keeping my interest. New Orleans' Soilent Green came on next and were awesome, although I thought the crowd could have showed them a little more respect. They played quite a few tracks off of their new album, *Confrontation*, produced by Hate Eternal's Erik Rutan. For the most part Soilent had the crowd getting rowdy, but I just think the crowd response would have been so much better if they had gotten to push the PA a little more.

Hypocrisy was next, and for once actually blew me away. Every time I've seen them in the past they have played their more tame keyboard-driven songs, but this time they just had a different kind of energy.

Finally, after Nile's trademark eternal set change, the veterans came out to show the supporting acts why they are still the most brutal death metal band around. Nile's playing was definitely the best I've seen from them so far. They played a good number of songs off of their latest album, *Annihilation of the Wicked*, which to me is their most crushing release yet.

And for the record, touring bassist/vocalist Joe Payne is probably the most impressive bass player/vocalist I've seen in death metal. If I were Nile I might soon consider giving the front man position to Joe.



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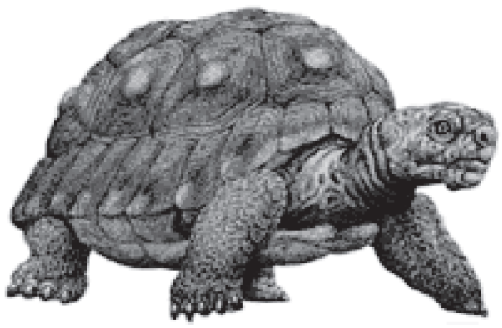
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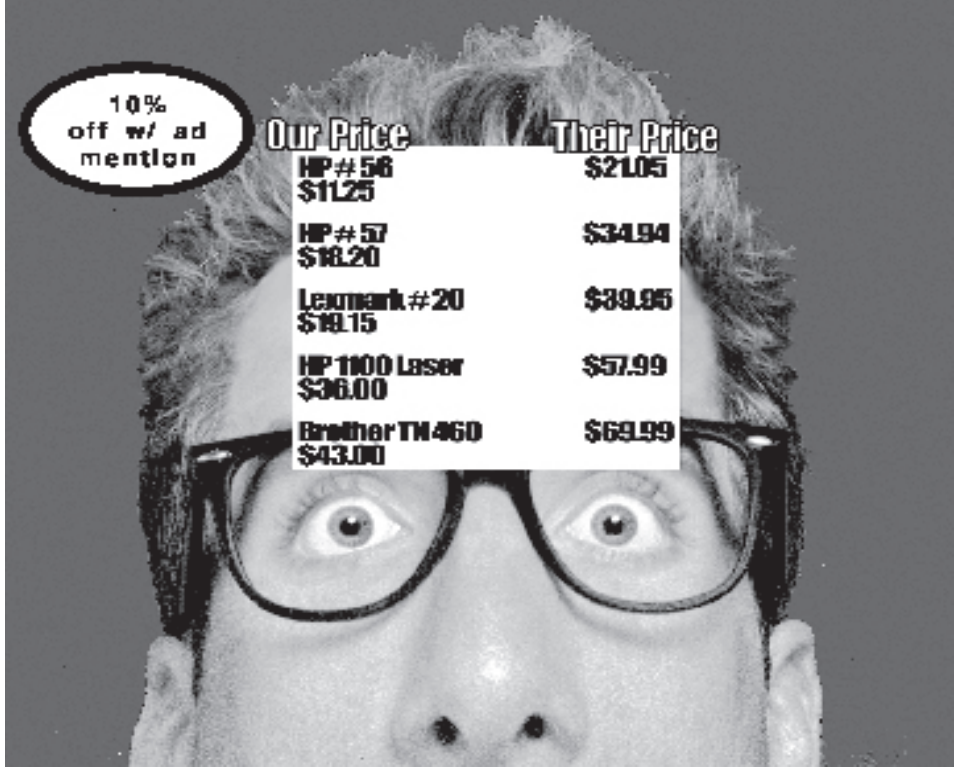
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WORLD VIEW



Sickness in the static

Youknowtheyliedtoyou,butyou'retooscaredtoadmitit

By John Kaminski
skylax@comcast.net

You know of course that any time a news gathering organization veers into character assassination of rivals, that's a sure sign of someone deliberately providing disinformation, right? And then you observe that virtually all the news gathering organizations you know do exactly that! They scorch everyone who doesn't share their exact view of things. So what can you do but scratch your head and wonder what's really going on?

I have a rule about these spitting contests that I try to follow scrupulously. If you respond to unjust slander, you're conceding that the disinformation attempt has been a success. Of course you have to respond to legitimate criticism in a forthright way. That's how you grow.

But lately on prominent cybervenues I have been accused of being Naval Intelligence (apparently because I once served very inauspiciously as a clerk on a ship in the Navy), being anti-Semitic (because I don't accept preposterous media lies just because they have been codified into unjust laws prohibiting free speech), and especially of being "racist and xenophobic" by a shallow European radio host who fawned over me for months before turning on me, and now fancies himself the world leader of the 9/11 skeptics movement.

This last guy was a real piece of work. After I furnished him with numerous sources, other guests for his show, and I personally spent hours on his show repeating my one-trick pony routine (9/11 was a colossal deception engineered by the highest levels of the U.S. government and is the key to all the other murderous hoaxes that have followed), he suddenly turns on me and calls me "racist and xenophobic" for my constant pinpointing of Israel and the Jewish community as the prime reasons for the systematic eradication of genuine freedom in America and the world.

I meant to mention that to Cinque on WHCR The Voice of Harlem last Sunday. I'm a regular guest there, and also on Digital Underground, another all-black radio show based in New York City. Black political consciousness is so far advanced past white political consciousness in America, perhaps because African-Americans have had two centuries to analyze the hypocrisy and oppression that America spews out in real terms to those who don't share the inside track to an easy life.

As far as being xenophobic, he also could have caught my basic message — which I repeated on his show so many times — on Sahar TV in Teheran, twice recently. In both Harlem and Iran I bellowed the same consistent message as both reporters tried to inveigle me into the intricacies of U.S. Congressional politics and its endlessly convoluted scandals.

It doesn't matter who gets elected president or to Congress, I told them. Whomever that might be, America's foreign and domestic policies will not change one iota. We will not stop making wars out of nothing, because that's what we've always done.

Politics in America has become a cesspool of fiat currency fueling blackmail and bribery, and that's how the world runs, and that's how it has always run — but now, it's out of control, and threatening everything that lives.

In our desire for the good life, we have forfeited our right to any life at all. How's that for the shrewd trade recently made by the vaunted beacon of liberty American people.

You won't get back even part of what you thought you had without a serious revolution. And yet an appalling silence continues to grip America. Even as their pathological leaders in Washington, Tel Aviv and London set the sights of their nuclear warheads toward anyone who won't knuckle under to their bullying threats, Americans race on toward their self-deluded appointment with trying to ignore the complete destruction of the planet.

Which is just what I got from this European radio host: He threatened me. He said, "You have to get your stuff off Rense (the popular radio show and website) OR I'M GONNA TAKE YOU DOWN! We have to get these UFO nuts OUT of MY 9/11 movement!"

I respond to threats with permanent silence.

Several other radio wannabes have done basically the same thing to me. It really makes me mistrust all of them.

But sticking to my spitting contest rule, I let all these curiosities fly past me, because if you try to field them, you end up in an endless distraction, and accomplish nothing (as I learned in the past from both the peace movement and the 9/11 no-plane movement). And I believe in sticking to the more important things. I prefer tangible issues to flaky personalities.

And number one out of all this, in this staticky barrage of conspiracy shrillness, is to see the disconnect between people and the truth. The facts are there — why isn't the public responding to them?

Veteran 9/11 researcher Jake Stansbury offered one theory on the problem. His experience of burning 9/11 videos and handing them out to his friends resulted in people telling him they didn't believe the information he provided because they hadn't seen it confirmed on television. Jake wrote:

This phenomenon seems to reflect a disturbing reality that most people refuse to believe anything not "officially" reported! "Denial" really doesn't seem powerful enough in and of itself to be causing this, given that such a multitude of seemingly obvious facts belie the official stories.

Frustrated and a bit angry, I remembered a term that seems to explain this suicidal phenomenon. I also remembered your essay, "A Night At The Opera" where you say "We're lost in the music, and cannot hear the words".

Our greatest enemy at this point in time and history seems to be a psychological phenomenon known as "cognitive dissonance". Recognizing this, I now struggle to see some means of overcoming it, with great frustration and no real answers. Although I'm sure you are familiar with it, I offer you some information on this disease below.

The link Jake forwarded to me explained:

Cognitive dissonance is a psychological phenomenon which refers to the discomfort felt at a discrepancy between what you already know or believe, and new information or interpretation. It therefore occurs when there is a need to accommodate new ideas, and it may be necessary for it to develop so that we become "open" to them. Neighbour (1992) makes the generation of appropriate dissonance into a major feature of tutorial (and other) teaching: he shows how to drive this kind of intellectual wedge between learners' current beliefs and "reality".

Beyond this benign if uncomfortable aspect, however, dissonance can go "over the top", leading to two interesting side-effects for learning:

1. If someone is called upon to learn something which contradicts what they already think they know particularly if they are committed to that prior knowledge they are likely to resist the new learning. Even Carl Rogers recognized this. Accommodation is more difficult than Assimilation, in Piaget's terms.

2. Counter-intuitively, perhaps if learning something has been difficult, uncomfortable, or even humiliating enough, people are less likely to concede that the content of what has been learned is useless, pointless or valueless. To do so would be to admit that one has been "had", or "conned".

http://www.learningandteaching.info/learning/dissonance.htm

So there is the reason the people of America won't see what is staring them in the face. They're simply too stupid to admit

they've been duped, even though their survival depends on it.

I was reminded of the real cost — and the real danger — of this disease in conversations recently with two of the best reporters on the still-free Internet: Kurt Nimmo and Greg Szymanski.

Both expressed to me a deep frustration that so much valid information has been put forth into the public arena, and still no inroads toward justice have been made at all in the mainstream political sphere.

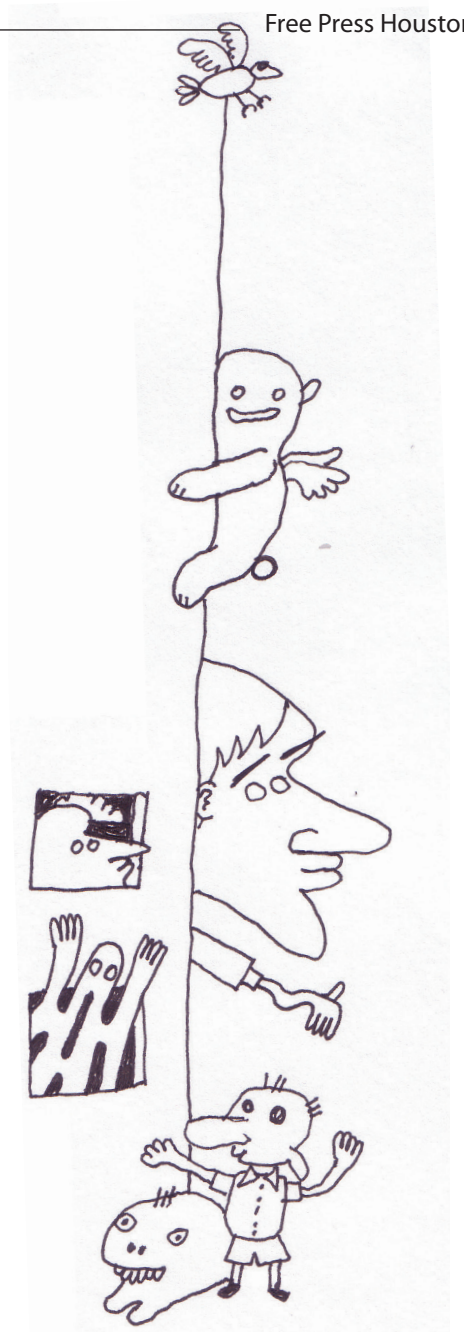
Each (Google them) spoke of threats they'd received from anonymous voices in the night, and of coercive attempts to frighten them into silence.

As David Ray Griffin noted last summer about 9/11, "Controlled demolition can be proved beyond a reasonable doubt."

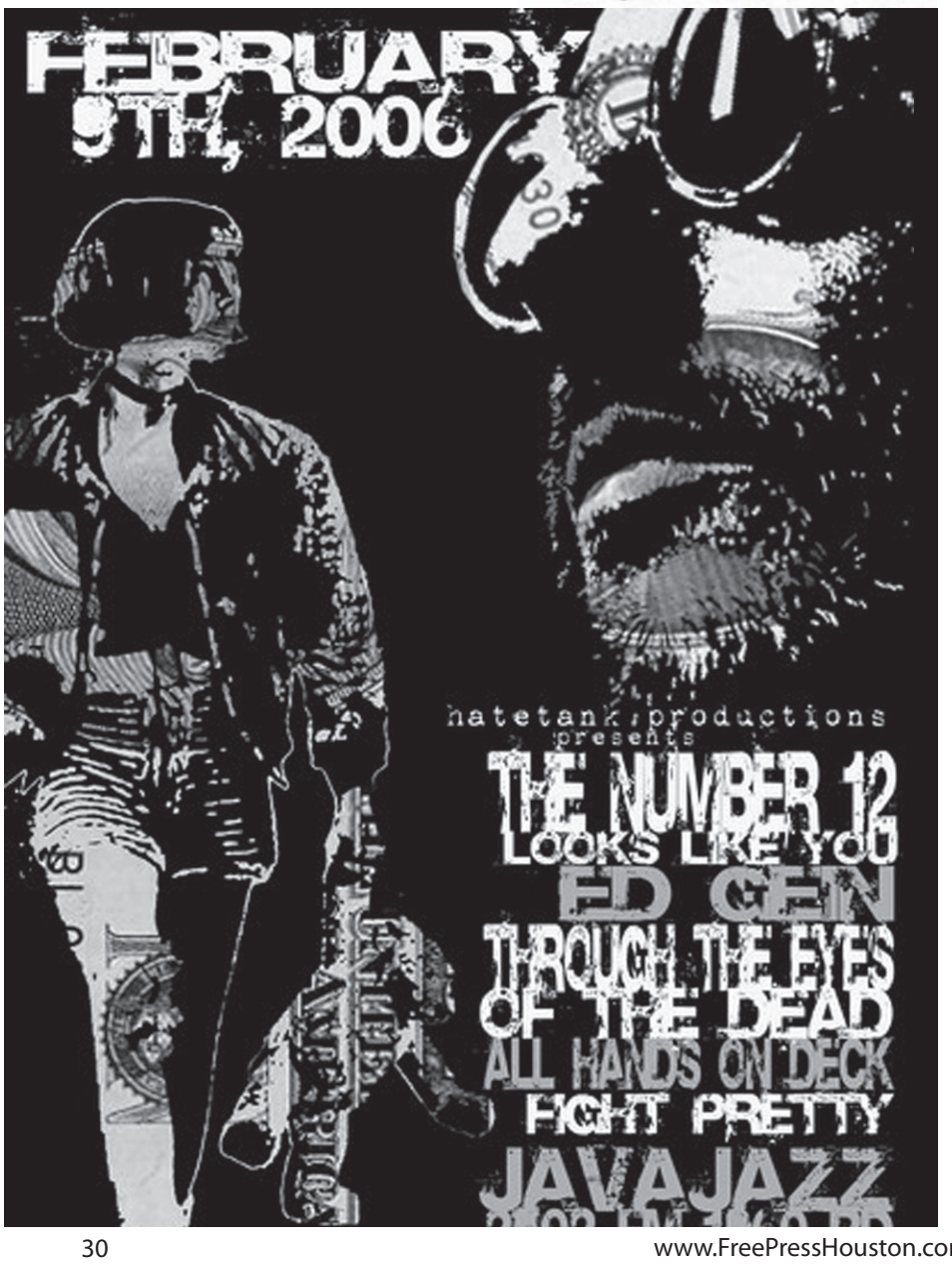
The lies that followed — anthrax, Afghanistan, Iraq, the levees — are all predicated on the government telling the truth about 9/11, which has not, so all those other explanations are necessarily also lies.

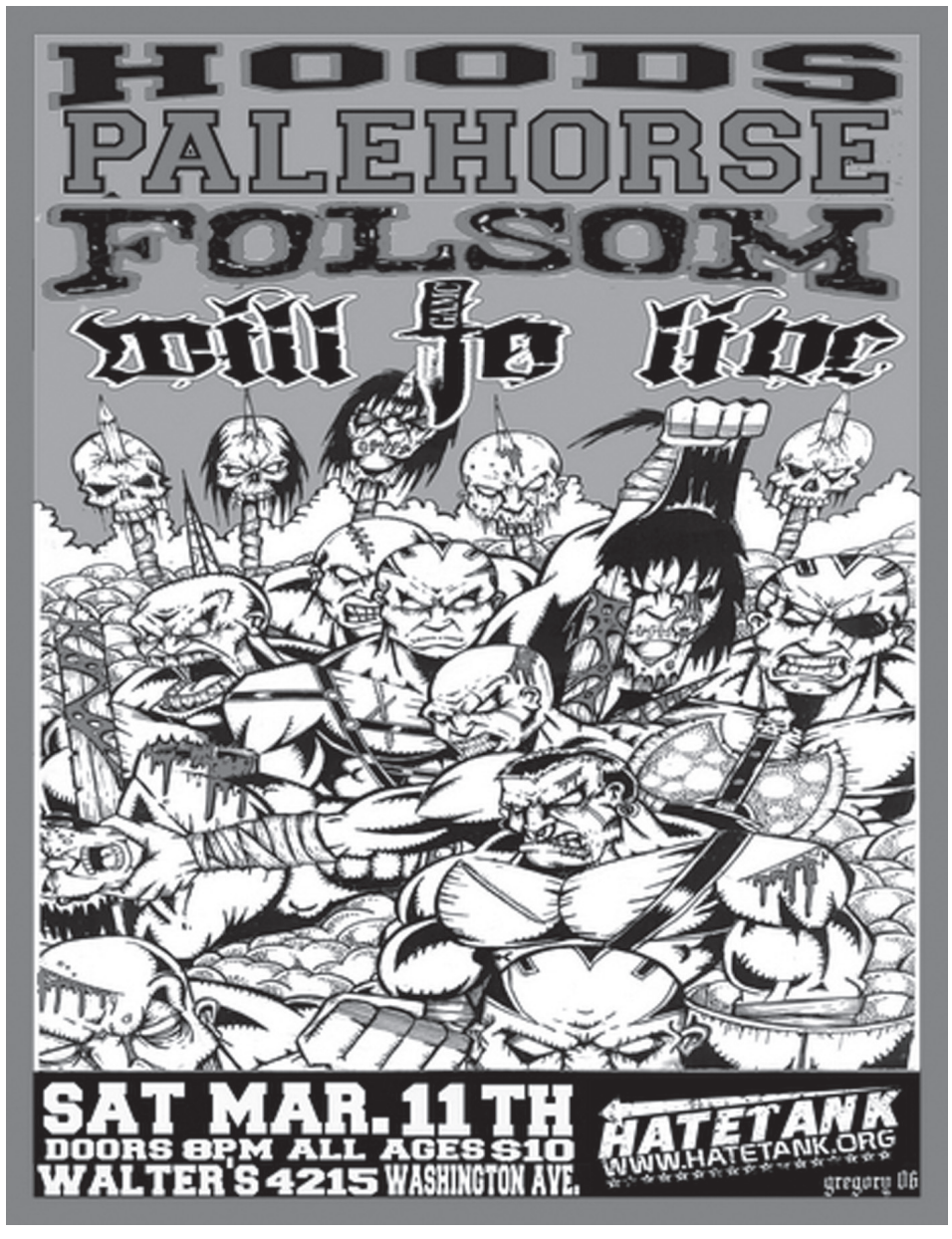
Yet the American public, surely shamed by its sick support for colossal crimes against humanity, remains silently glued to poisoned airwaves that offer only tempestuous titillation that cover up the sound we all try to ignore — the sound of people dying over lies we fail to challenge.

And that is the real sickness in the static.



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Drug Lords Rule!

Who are the drug lords? The administrators of the smuggling cartels live lives of luxury in Bogotá, Kabul and Mexico City. The upper echelons, the enablers, live in D.C., New York, London and Houston. Who are the drug lords, the REAL kingpins? They are bankers, pharmaceutical houses, oil companies, construction companies, weapons manufacturers and a thousand other corporate interests whose very existence depends on violence, hatred, distrust and deception. The prohibition of drugs is the ideal means to continuously ratchet up the rhetoric.

The drug lords make untold billions each year from the drug war. Make no mistake about that. The farm gate price of these "illegal drugs" is less than $5 billion per year. In the US alone, we spend well in excess of $50 billion per year, attempting to squelch the flow of drugs and in housing 2.2 million prisoners and in arresting 1.6 million more US citizens each year for baggies of plant products.

The UN estimates the worldwide commerce in these illegal drugs to be $500 billion per year.

Chickenfeed, compared to the amounts made by the upper echelon, whose gravy is ladled with steam shovels. The bankers take up to 80% of the drug "take" when they launder the money for cocaine cartels and marijuana magnates. The oil companies are able to easily usurp lands once the peasant farmers use them for coca production. Prior to 1914 and the passage of the Harrison Narcotics Act, Bayer Heroin was on the grocer's shelf next to Bayer Aspirin at the same price. The pharmaceutical houses and the medical associations decided in the early 20th century that the American people could be forced to give up the right to decide for themselves what to put into their own bodies. If its not made by a Fortune 500 company, it's a crime on planet Earth!

Before 911, we were already spending in excess of $400 billion per year to provide additional security for our nation. Following our crusades to Afghanistan and Iraq II, (not to mention our presence in about 140 of the 170 nations on planet Earth,) we are now spending approximately $800 billion per year to "feel secure". President Eisenhower warned us as he was leaving office, to beware of the military industrial complex.

we can choose liberty, truth and justice or we can slide into the arms of big brother

Who are the drug lords? They are every politician who lives and breathes war, drugs, terror or otherwise. They are the corrupt, lying corporate heads, malicious media barons, venomous judges and cretinous cops, who knowing full well the truth, choose to follow their nose to riches, to embrace a lie, to feed their evil cornucopia with the lives of their fellow man.

Who are the drug lords? Knowing what you do about this policy of prohibition, if you don't work to bring this tower of drug war madness crashing to the ground, your silence is far from golden.

We gave up our liberty to choose our own medicines, in 1914, in exchange for supposed security regarding drugs. In 2006, we are being forced to give up additional, even unknown, liberties in exchange for supposed protection. Our slide into this abyss is facilitated by the fear engendered by 92 years of prohibition and the mechanism of deceit that allows the drug war to flourish despite decades of miserable failure.

America, land of the free, home of the brave? My observations indicate we are at a cusp, a junction where we can choose liberty, truth and justice or we can slide into the arms of big brother, admitting we are powerless over our own lives and are willing to take whatever the drug lords are offering.

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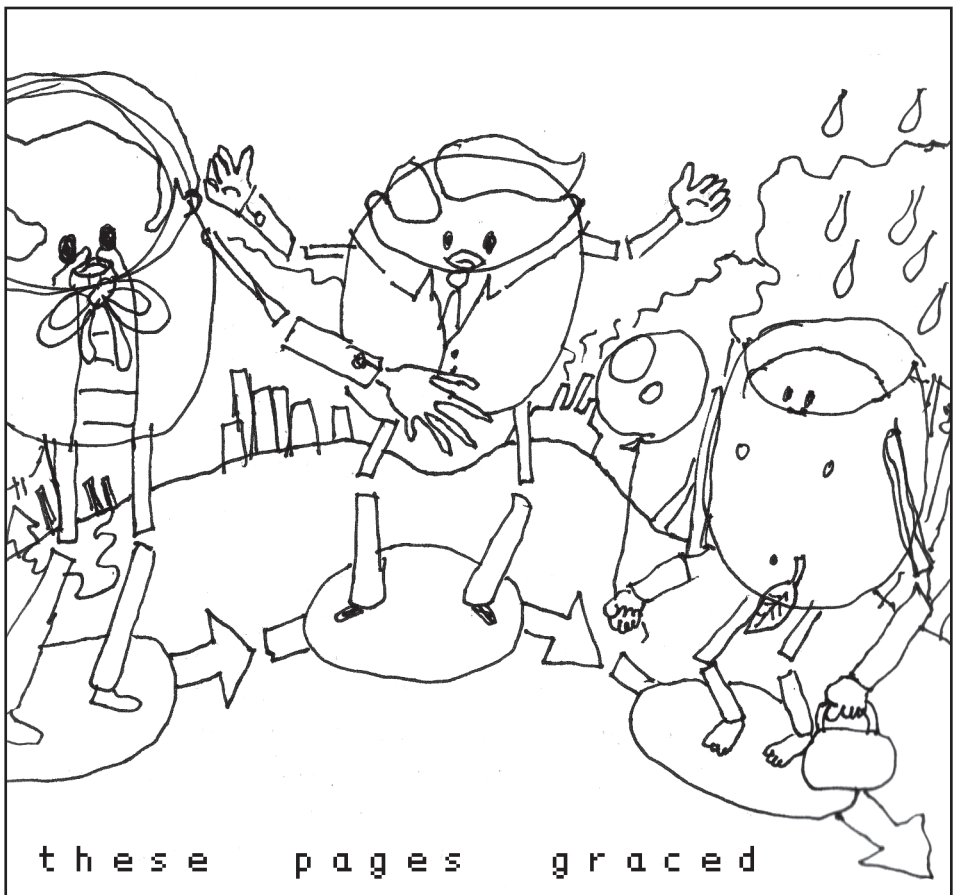
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Chinese Consulate Refuses WTO Solidarity Letter

Members of Houston Anarchist Black Cross and other concerned Houstonians visted the Chinese Consulate in Montrose, on Monday January 9th, 2006 as part of an international day of protest to support the "Hong Kong 14." They attempted to deliver a letter to state their concern about the charges activists faced in Hong Kong after the recent World Trade Organization ministerial and ask that this letter be faxed to Donald Tsang, the head administrator of Hong Kong. After trying to use the visitor entrance to the consulate where, through a speaker, they were denied entrance, these activists went to the visa office to ask to speak with someone. All attempts to deliver this letter were stymied by a confusing mess of refusal on the part of workers who identified themselves only as "general staff," refusing to give their names. Activists were told that the consul was out of town, but were not told for how long. The general staff stated the need to make an appointment, but they would not make one, or allow the activists to see or talk to anyone that would make one.
Eventually, a staff member called the police, who met the activists as they left the building. HPD required the activists to identify themselves before being allowed to leave. The general staffers agreed to call the Houston ABC to schedule a meeting, and the activists vowed to return in greater numbers if the Chinese Consulate does not schedule a meeting or if the situation of the Hong Kong 14 does not improve.
This combative and unprofessional behavior was not unique to Houston. In Sri Lanka, 200 police blocked protestors trying to deliver a letter signed by 107 organizations from reaching the Chinese Consulate. In Hungary, the Chinese Consulate taped shut their mailbox to prevent activists from delivering a letter of protest. Meanwhile, in New Zealand, activists blocked the entrance to the Chinese Consulate for almost an hour. Protests also took place thought Asia, Europe and New York City.
The Hong Kong 14 are facing charges are nationals of South Korea, Japan, Taiwan, and mainland China. They were prohibited from leaving Hong Kong until their charges were resolved. On January 5th, 12 of the 14 began a hunger strike. They went to court January 11th, and eleven of them had their charges droped. Three still face charges.







Anti-immigrant legislation passes in the US House

On December 16th the US Congress passed HR 4437,by a vote of 260 to 159. HR 4437 is a bill designed to "shut down illegal immigration." It calls for the construction of a two layered fence along 700 miles of the US Mexico border. It additionaly mandates for the departments of Defense and Homeland Security to draft plans on how to use military technology to stop border crossings, and makes it a felony to be an undocumented person in the US. This legislation has been sent to the Senate and will most likely be addressed in February. In response to this national rising wave of xenophobia and racism, some activists are initiating a North American Network Against Borders

"The Other Campaign" is launched in Mexico

On January 1, 2006, the convoy that accompanied Subcomandante Insurgent Marcos departed from the Garrucha Caracol to San Cristobal de las Casas. With that marked the first step in the new Zapatista political initiative known as “The Other Campaign,” which hopes to forge an anti-capitalist alliance of the non-electoral Left in Mexico. The journey culminated with a public rally in the Cathedral Plaza, known as the Plaza of Resistance, where members of Zapatista Command spoke. Nearly 300 people of the Highlands region of the state of Chiapas, who have signed on to the Zapatista initiative gathered with subcomandante Marcos, now called Delegate Zero, in his first day of the Other Campaign.
The Other Campaign was emerged as part of the Sixth Declaration of the Selva Lacandona. Delegate Zero has left Zapatista territory on a motorcycle and began the 6 month tour of dialogue with civil society and social movements in Mexico.
The Other Campaign has already traversed: Tabasco, Campeche, and the Yucatan.

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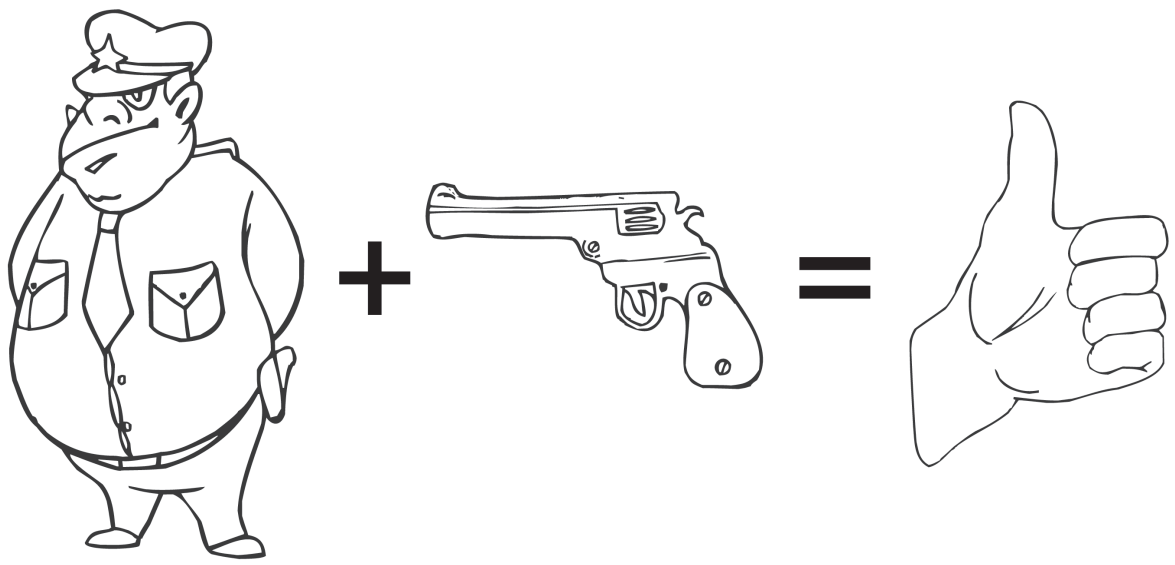


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Stop and I.D.



Editor's Note: The information in this column is not legal advice. It is merely intended to illustrate general information about the law by using hypothetical examples. If you have a legal issue, including one that resembles the hypotheticals below, you should consult with an attorney regarding the circumstances of your particular problem.

So you're strolling down the street in Montrose minding your own business. No crimes have been reported in the area and you don't match the description of any wanted criminal suspects. A police officer comes up to you and demands to know your name and to see your identification. Do you have to give either to the police officer?

No. But you'll probably be sorry if you don't.

Texas does not currently have a "stop and identify yourself" law. A citizen can ignore an officer's request for information as long as he or she is not under arrest. In those circumstances, a person is legally permitted to walk away from a police officer without answering any questions or showing any identification.

Once under arrest, it is a violation of Texas Penal Code § 38.02 and Class C misdemeanor (like a traffic ticket) to refuse to divulge one's identity. That means the police can charge you with another crime (in addition to whatever you have been arrested for) if you do not give them your name.

And, just like your mom told you, it is <u>always</u> worse to lie. If you give a false name to an officer and you're suspected of committing, or witnessing a crime, the penalty jumps to a Class B misdemeanor. If you're a fugitive from justice (i.e. you have warrants) and you give a false name, then you will be charged with a Class A misdemeanor (the level just below a felony).

Although Texas does not, about half of the States have "stop and identify yourself" laws. These laws date back from when there was no electricity and everyone went to bed when the sun went down. It was assumed that if people were out and about at nighttime they were up to no good and the police could stop and make them "give a good account of themselves."

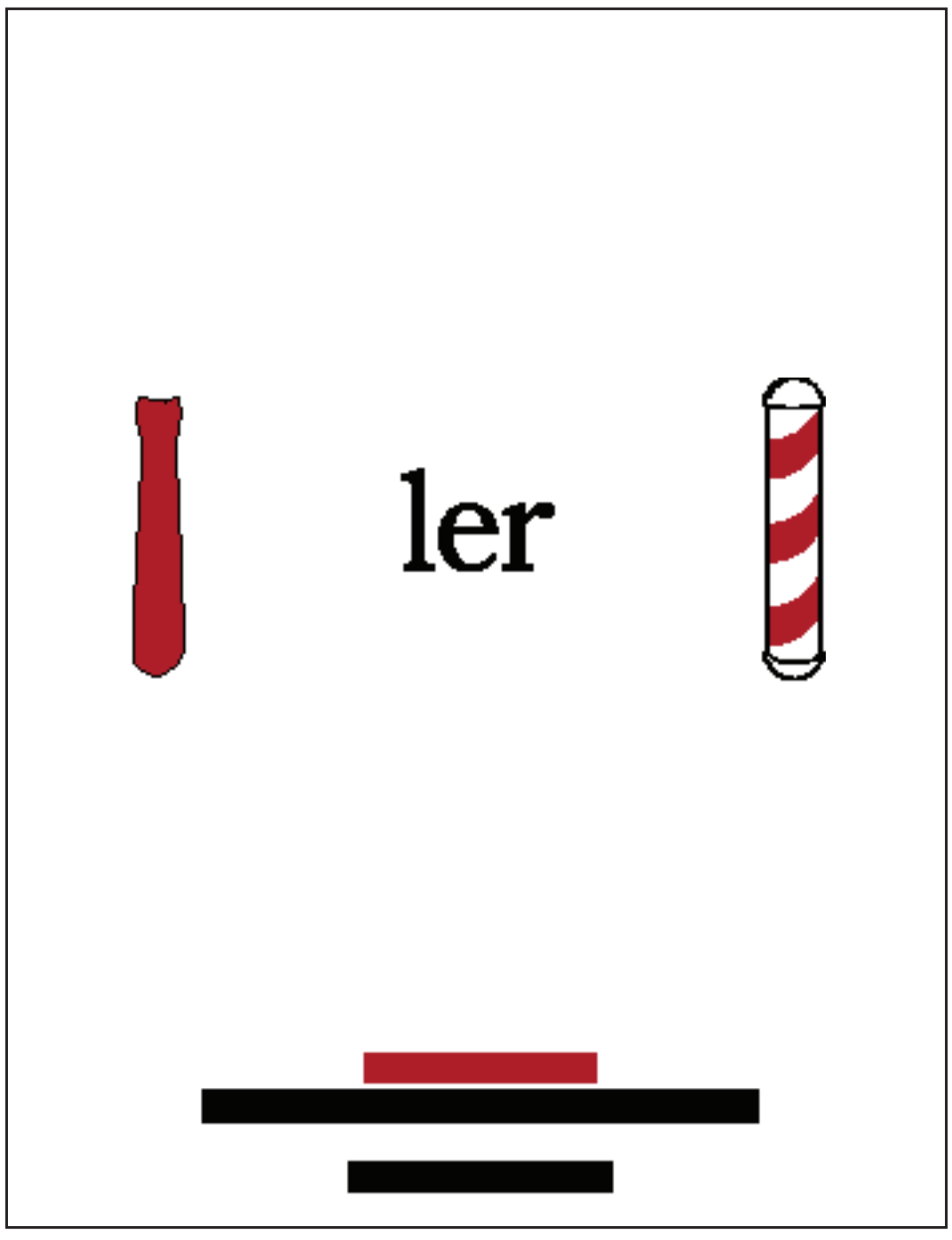
The U.S. Supreme Court recently upheld the Constitutionality of those "stop and identify yourself" laws in a closely watched decision last summer. In a *Bush v. Gore* split, the Supremes held it is not a violation of the Fourth Amendment (the amendment against "unreasonable searches and seizures") to require a citizen to identify themselves to police if there is a "reasonable suspicion" for the officers to be questioning the individual in the first place. In those states with the "stop and ID" laws (Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York, Nevada, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont, and Wisconsin), a citizen can be jailed on the basis of their failure alone to answer the officer's questions.

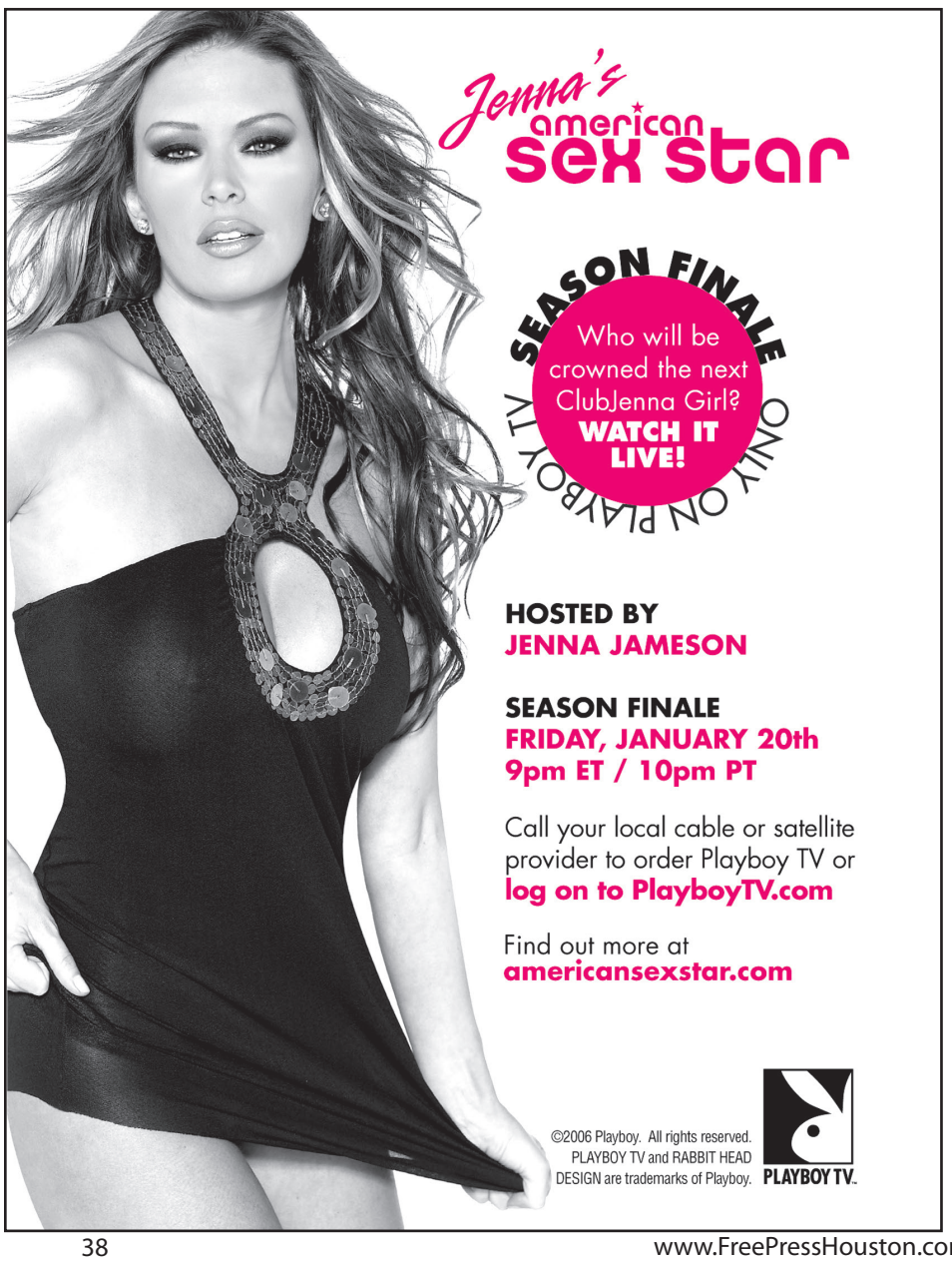
> "A police officer comes up to you and demands to know your name and to see your identification. Do you have to give either to the police officer? No. But you'll probably be sorry if you don't."

A citizen's right to remain silent (the Fifth Amendment), however, permits individuals not to "tell" on themselves if they've committed a crime. So if you are on the lam and a fugitive from the law, and police officers asks for your name, disclosing it will result in you "telling" on yourself. The Supremes recognized this inherent tension between the law enforcement function of the Fourth Amendment and the citizen's right to remain silent in the Fifth Amendment and the "stop and id" laws. So what did our esteemed justices do? Nothing. They said that particular situation had not come up yet, so it did not need to be addressed.

To recap: As long as you are not under arrest, you do NOT need to give your name to an officer who asks for it. On a practical side, if you ignore the officer's questions, it is exceedingly unlikely that the officer will say, "hmmm….this citizen obviously understands his or her Constitutional rights very well and recognizes the limits of my power to elicit information from him." Instead, you will probably end up on the ground with a mouthful of asphalt and a knee if your back if you attempt to walk away. It is better to just cooperate with the police, give your name and hopefully go about your way.

Devin C. McNulty, a former prosecutor, is engaged in the private practice of law in Houston, Texas. He can be reached at devin_mcnulty@hotmail.com with any questions.


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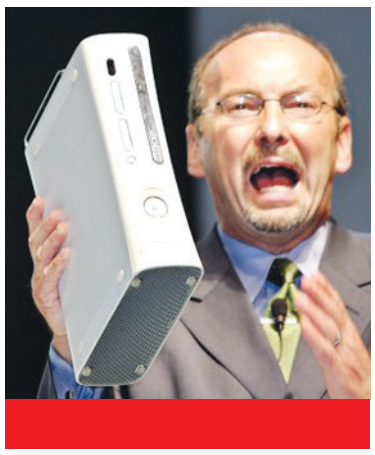
Operation Gaming Freedom

By Tyler Barber

A month since our last outing a little has been said about both the Playstation 3 and the Nintendo Revolution. However, the little that has been said holds heavy implications. On the Xbox 360 front, there's still no killer app, and with Dan Hsu's hard-hitting interview with Xbox 360's head of marketing Peter Moore over the disappointment of the 360, coupled with poor 360 sales in Japan, (worse than the original Xbox) Microsoft better start delivering the goods.



| Nintendo's re-designed DS Lite |
- Now Nintendo is sexy too



| Microsoft's Marketing Manager Peter Moore |
-Funny,gamersaremakingthesamefaceatthe360



| Metal Gear Digital Comic |
-BetonmoreKonamititlestogettheDigitalComictreatment

Nintendo Revolution Status: M.I.A.

While there is good news from the Nintendo camp, there is little news from Revolution. Sources scout that Nintendo's Revolution will land with a price tag under $300. This, coupled with good sales for 2005 has sent Nintendo's stock air born.

> Gamers talk shit, so should their journalists

For their reinforcements, Nintendo sends the new year off with a sleek re-design of the handheld the DS. Think Ipod meets PSP. Lastly, 2006 marks 20 years of Zelda (nerds: Link is twenty, this means no more Tingle cos-playing).

Microsoft Xbox 360 Status: Wounded

Yes, this mega corporation has been hit. Editor of Electronic Gaming Monthly, Dan Hsu, put Peter Moore through an interrogation that was heard around the gaming world. The interview was fair, but no punches were pulled. Hsu, cited frustration from gamers regarding not–so–next-gen graphics by comparing various 360 titles to their Xbox 1 counterparts. Namely, the line of 2K sports titles on the 360 are barely better looking than the same game on the Xbox 1. Other grievances spanned issues from the noisy cooling fan in the 360, to launch shortages, to voice-chat echo problems, to hardware glitches. Though internet mercenaries flooded 1up.com with both praise and condemnation, Peter Moore sent Dan Hsu an email stating that he thought the interview was fair. This is the type of game journalism to welcome. Gamers talk shit, so should their journalists.

A more critical wound, however, was suffered in Japan. Though Microsoft acquired more Japanese developers for their 360, it actually sold less than the original Xbox. We need a medic on this one.

Sony Playstation 3 Status: Top Secret

Even Mr. Bush's spies couldn't get info on the PS3. But, they are leaving a trail of footsteps. Sony has been conducting surveys regarding a centralized online plan for their PS3. The survey was equipped with questions asking gamers how they felt about features of the like found on Xbox Live, but the one that got this couch commando most excited was their question that probed the possibility of recording in-game footage to share with friends. Is there an answer bubble for "fuck yeah?"

To further confidence that the PS3 will centralize its online experience, Sony has been talking to Official Playstation Magazine about meeting with developers to make sure their games conform to online standards. To expand the caliber of their online experience Sony has hinted that the PSP will also play an integral role possibly doubling as an alternate controller for the PS3 and as a portable hub for individual accounts. With a definite advantage in hardware, Sony is quickly flanking Microsoft on all fronts.

Little Boy & Fat Man

Lastly, more great news from the Konami camp. With the re-release of Metal Gear Solid 3: Subsistence, gamers can not only look forward to online play, and a fully adjustable camera, but the pre-ordered games will come with Metal Gear Saga; a documentary over the franchises' five titles done History Channel style. In addition, Hideo Kojima announced Metal Gear Digital Comic (working title) for the PSP. This will be an interactive movie/comic book. The visuals are true shock and awe; truly something revolutionary.

Orders of Leave

Keeping my sight's on the horizon, I'll see you maggots next issue.

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