September 2005
Issue #50
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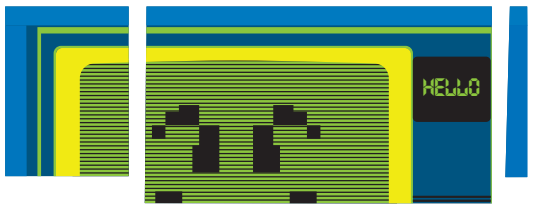
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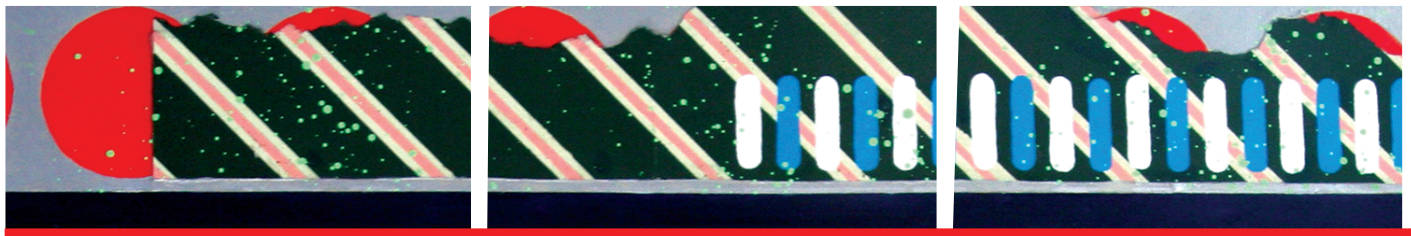
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Once more; **this time with feeling...**

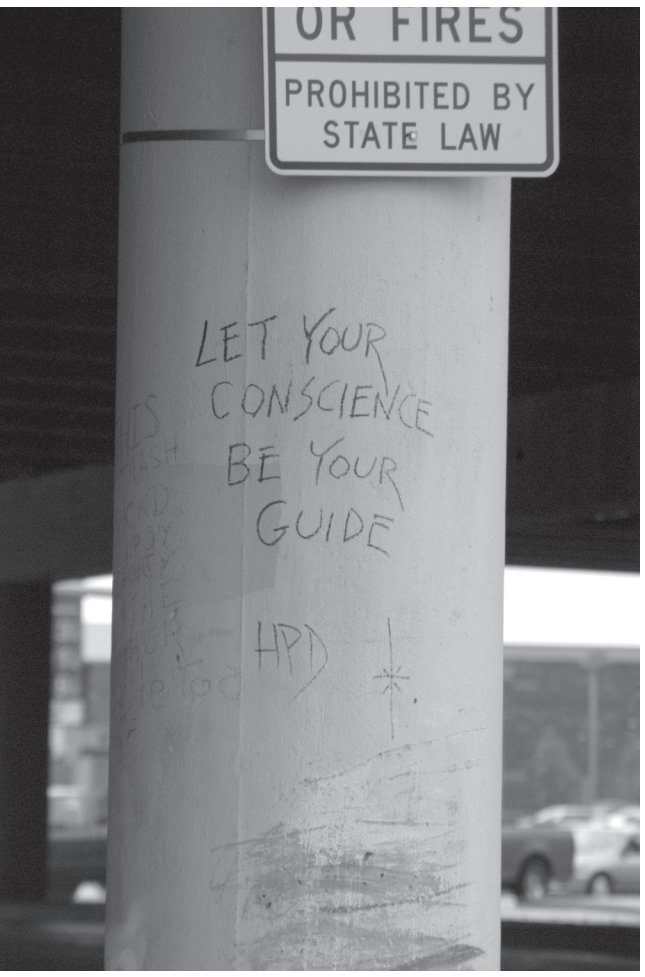


photo by: Anthony Rathbun

On the Cover

Beyond Culture Shock.

By now we've all heard and read people's stories about their experiences on the day of the 9-11 attacks so I'm not even going to walk you through that horrible day. All I have to say is, I moved up to NYC for my freshman year of college, was there for a little over a week when all of a sudden I found myself sitting on the Jersey Shore watching the second plane hit the WTC and both towers fall to the ground. What I'd rather write about here is the effect it had on me. I think it's much more interesting than something you could watch on the History channel. If you really feel like knowing about my experience that day just email me.

As far as the painting goes, it was started on the first anniversary of 9-11. It took me two years of doing little bits here and there until I finally got to a point where I viewed it as complete. I put so much energy and emotion into it. With the exception of the collage materials it was all hand painted. While creating it I really had no idea what I was putting down on the canvass. I tried not to make any judgments as I developed it because I wanted it to be as raw and unexpected as the attack was. Now that I look back at it I can see all these little details that make sense to me now. For example, the aesthetic of the collage elements spewing from the blue stripes is reminiscent of the smoke flowing freely from the towers after being hit. I can assure you this was not intentional. I could go on and on about all these little things I've noticed over the years and what they mean to me but then this would turn into a four page article.

I'd rather cut through the fat and get straight to the bone. Basically I view it like this... The left side of the stripes (towers) is some sort of previous, mechanized, sterile life. To the right is a dramatic beautiful mess that is the exact opposite of the left. I view this as a slow process of recovering from shock or a portrait of the massive change I went through the following year. In other words it's just a big fat metaphor of the changes my life went through at that moment onward.

Ack! This is so unexplainable it's ridiculous but I'm trying!

Growing up I was always taught to turn a negative into a positive. To this day I see the 9-11 attacks as not only the most awful thing that I've ever experienced but also as one of the greatest moments of my life. It tore my eyes wide open and expanded my brain so much I had to trade in my fitted cap for a new size. All of a sudden I found myself getting involved with all sorts of things I'd never even thought about prior to that day. I quickly got caught up in the activist/environmentalist crowds. I was creating and distributing my own pieces depicting my opinions along with other information from alternate news sources. I was a part of all the protests against war in Iraq. I was writing Senators letters and joining organizations. I felt like I was actually doing something positive for society. There were thousands upon thousands of like-minded people all around me. The world was watching us and I'm so happy I was apart of such a beautiful cultural melting pot of humans fighting for a cause we all felt obligated to fight for. For the longest time I would see Milton Glaser's I <3 NY design on T.V., t-shirts, Coffee Mugs, movies, etc... but I really had no idea what it meant until I went through all this shit with people who have lived there their whole lives. These people were passionate about their city. They truly loved one another regardless of race or class and all worked together to rebuild their home and their lives. Incredible. Words just don't describe what happened the year following the attack.

All this and more is why I view the experience as something positive. I never guessed it would have turned out this way but I'm now a firm believer that it takes a catastrophic event to take place in order to create change. This doesn't mean the change is always for the better but in this case I think it has been. I mean sure we've got ourselves in some shit over it all but from a broader sense a lot of people are now awake from their coma and ready to take action to stop the evil and corruption in this world and make it a better place for future generations to enjoy instead of being slapped around, obeying unjust governments and purchasing anything they tell us is cool all while destroying the only place we can survive. It's been a slow battle so far but the fight is far from over.

Houston-

Can we all say it together: Fuck Reliant Energy! And the choir says Amen! These guys have the gall to charge us out the watuzzi in the summer time and make us watch that squirrelly little punk of theirs spokesperson hock their crappy service on the tube. It is really funny that they even advertise considering how little choice we have. Please, call them today at 713 207 7777 at tell them what douche-bags they are. Tell their gooney that "Just following orders" is no excuse. Also, I notice a preponderance of folks that were picked on in middle school manning their phones. One bit of authority and bam! ; You have got Joseph Stalin on the phone.

What else can I gripe about? How come Metro is spending so much dang money on these chromed out little bus stops in nice parts of town while many stops have no shade or seating? Some of their crappy stops are situated less that 3 feet from the road and are fodder for disgruntled high school boys trying to splash waiting commuters. I know. I was one of those evil kids.

Lastly- Why is there so much dang Hydrogen and Oxygen in the Earth's atmosphere? Isn't there anything we can do about this? I say we pass a city ordinance.

Oh well, I tired my best to talk about the painting and my experience but it's just not possible to wind up in a few paragraphs. Looks like I just ended up rambling. I hope at least some of it made sense and was thought provoking. I mean, to this day I haven't felt the full effect. I'm still trying to figure everything out.

You can see more of Derek's work at www.derekshumate.com. The original 9-11 Tribute painting featured here will be on display for one night only on Friday, September 16th at Super Happy Fun Land. This is the opening night of Derek's exhibition that will be up until Sunday, October 16th. His good friend Hunter Curra will be installing an interactive audio piece to coincide with the work on the walls. Visit Derek's site or www.superhappyfunland.com for more details



helios



upcoming:

Friday 2:
Black Cotton Works Event
(Mixer,Fashon show,dj's on both floors)
(*DRUM will not play this night)

Saturday 3:
Alligator Dave Comedy Show
Upstairs: Friends of the Enemy

Saturday 10:
Rozino Smith, Glenna Bell & Doug Burr
(acoustic songwriter night)

Saturday 24:
Liviya Compean

Friday 30:
Two Star Symphony

ongoing:

MONDAYS:
Spontaneous Jazz, The Medicine Show, The Trade

TUESDAYS:
El Gato Negrito @ 10pm w/ Mary Allen, Belly Dancing

WEDNESDAYS:
1st Wed: New Beatnik Review 2nd Wed: Poetry Slam
4th Wed: Poetry in Reverse Every Wed: Mausoleum Poets Society

THURSDAYS:
Music Open Mic; All Talented musicians welcome; Digifunk

FRIDAYS:
D.R.U.M.

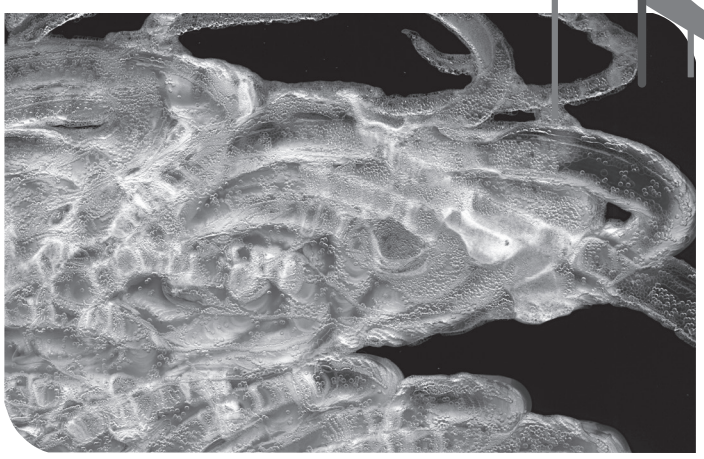
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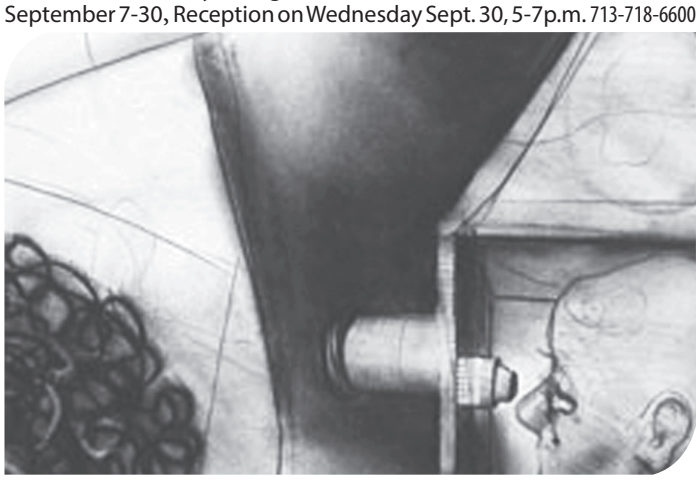




arts



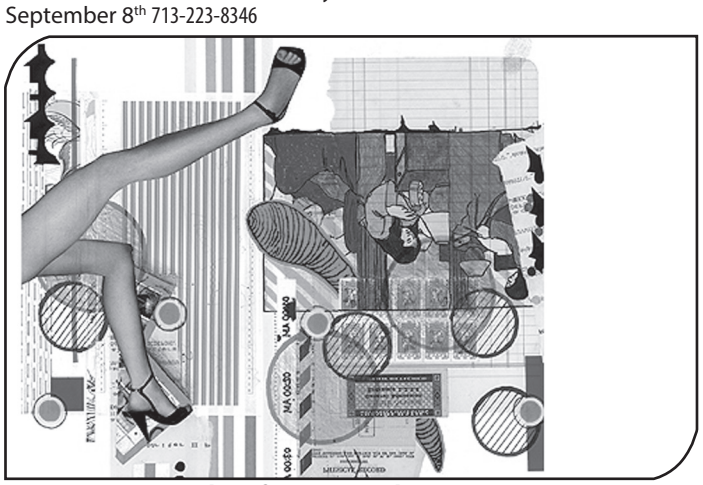
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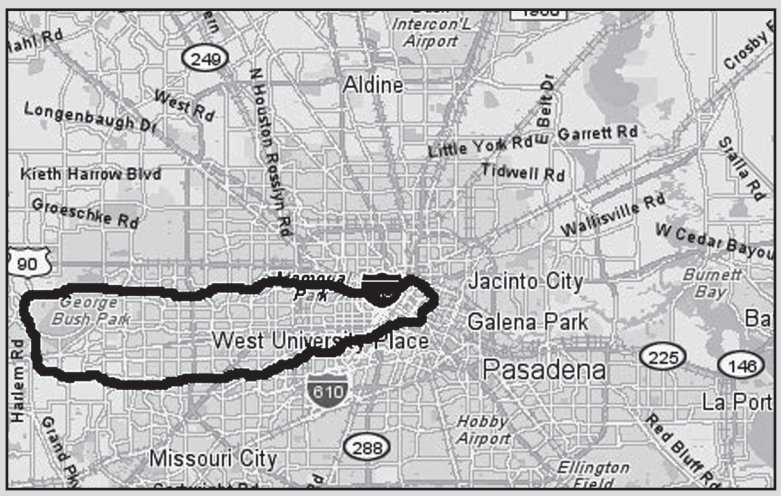


An Interactive Display of Art & Sound
Derek Shumate, Hunter Curra music by Satin Hooks
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Debris:
Houston: Evil at the Core?

By: Buffalo Sean

The latest issue of Cite magazine blew me away. An article by Rafael Longoria remaps Houston, presenting a dozen or so historical and analytical views of the city, the most interesting of which breaks the city down by arts organizations, major shopping centers, universities, and historical sites. The breakdown reveals an area of Houston extending from the Warehouse District and University of Houston to the east all the way through Midtown, Downtown, Montrose, the Museum District, River Oaks, The Kirby area, the Galleria, Gulfton and the Harwin District out west to Highway 6 that holds a disproportionate amount of Houston's cultural capital. Geographically, the area borders Buffalo Bayou to the north and Braes Bayou to the south. Separated by these waterways we don't usually perceive, the area becomes a sort of 'island' the shape and size of Manhattan; albeit east/west instead of north/south. Fuck centrality. There is no inside/outside the loop anymore. This Manhattan of Houston holds nearly all the reasons to like Houston, whatever you like. All the major malls, all the major museums, every university. Now to leap with this logic lets say the conservatively residential Heights and north to Beltway 8 is a little like Brooklyn. South of this 'island' is the largely minority 'Bronx'. Cheesy Clear Lake and Kemah are our Jersey. Sugarland is tony Connecticut. The blue collar east side is Staten Island.



All you need to know; the new 'Manhattan' of Houston

Why look at Houston this way? Well first of all, why have our development projects and cultural evaluations been dismally depressing? In conceptualizing Houston as a central 'wagon wheel' of loops and freeways as spokes enrichment has always been uneven, not conforming to master plans and never getting past the 'donut hole' of the mid 80s. As demonstrated in Longoria's article, most Houstonians frequent small areas of the city linked by (typically) long stretches of highway. No amount of marketing or programming will grow these areas, though they may start new clusters for an individual person. Whatever an individual's inclination for entertainment or employment, many Houstonians probably have one of their 'clusters' in the Manhattan of Houston. If this is true, then advertising and marketing better get there act together in these areas. Regardless of one living in Spring Branch, Pearland, or the Fifth Ward there is a reasonable chance you travel to this area within your weekly routine. Focusing efforts on this 'island' vastly increases visibility; to those spending part of their time within it's bounds, and to those who live there who can perhaps properly be called the cultural 'movers' through their visability to the former group. Drive down Westheimer ALL the way. From Elgin at 45 to Highway 6. That's it. Don't worry about the rest, you should be here. Arts organizations trying to grow? Look to the Galleria. Upper Kirby boutiques? Billboards in Midtown. New apartments in downtown? Advertise out Westheimer near the Beltway. It's no stretch to say that the people living in this 'island' are more receptive to change and more inclined to be ahead of the cultural curve.

To those from NYC or simply enamored with it; no Houston isn't as ahead as New York. Thinking of Montrose as Greenwich Village is ignorant to you snobs. Downtown's 'energy district' is not the powerhouse of Wall Street. I don't care. Conversely, to those Texans gritting their teeth as I compare Houston to the filthy cesspool of New York I apologize as well. It's not really that bad. BUT it is referred to as the armpit of Texas in some circles; and whether you knew it or not upstate New York hates the City. It's a mostly rural, much more conservative place, believing New York is evil at it's core. Now that we've found our real core, do you think it's evil?

Commerce Street Artist Warehouse (2315 Commerce) proudly presents: Opening Saturday September 10th, 7 till 9:30 pm. The Golden Ghost Awards - Curated by Jacob Calle; Reverse Plane of Cloudy- Matthew Steinke; Chez Superstring- Marcus Cone, Sam Duncan and Justin Kidd; Berit Bihl- Making Marks, Vicki Fowler .

Technically Illegal?

Give Up at Aerosol Warfare Gallery

By: Jason Poland

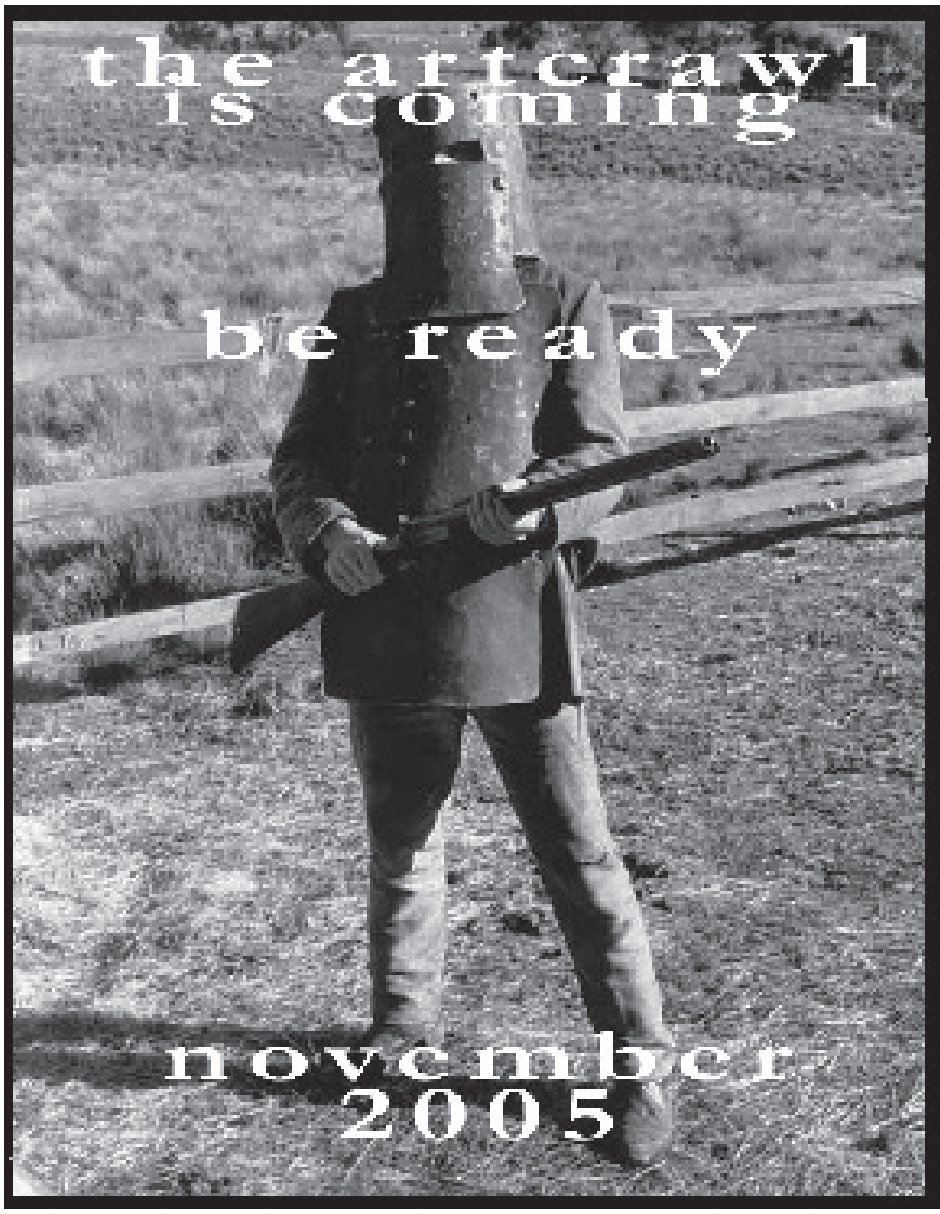




It wasn't exactly like Cheers, but it felt like everybody knew my name there. I'm just glad I didn't run into Ted Danson; that guy gets on my nerves. On Saturday August 13th, anyone who was anybody (and by default, somebody that I should know) was scoping out the Give Up opening at Aerosol Warfare. Like the tales of an elusive bandit king, the daring exploits of Give Up are known far and wide by the good people of Houston.

Technically illegal, (but nowadays, what isn't?) his silkscreen poster art is pasted up all over town on city property and prominent dumpsters, the most seen real estate on the street. By simply describing his distinctive razor blade moniker and fatalistic maxims you can insight an "Oh, yeah, I know what you're talking about," from just about any citizen in the city, which explains why it seemed like the whole city was present on Saturday. Before I could even get in the door, I encountered two people I went to high school with, one of which was also in my eight-grade art class. When I reminded her of the time she wrote "transvestite" on her stomach in permanent marker, she claimed she didn't remember, but I don't forget these kinds of things. The other made exquisite clay bongs in my high school art class, which the teacher had trouble finding fault with because they were so well crafted. The fact so many people were present was proof of the visibility and recognition of Give Up's work. Replete with iconic images of cutlery, hardware and naked women, his posters are menacing, depressing and often times arousing. I found myself questioning my own reactions to the pieces; the contrast of knives poised around a gaping vagina is misogynist yet oddly evocative. Like a good snuff film, they leave the viewer feeling sickly titillated and abandoned. His downtrodden text further couples these contradictory sensations with phrases like, "Promise means nothing," paired with a bloody wrist and Morrissey lyrics, "Sweetness, I was only joking," marqueed over a phalanx of hammers and a despondent female face leave us lonely. The body of work has an outlook that is bleak and full of rejection. Nights spent alone with a quiet phone and a kitchen knife fuel these prints of self-mutilating fantasies. One has to wonder if it's only irony or if Give Up lives by his pessimistic expressions. To convey such an icky, self loathing vibe so successfully, the artist must have some understanding of the subject. Seeing his posters all on view side by side in the clean interior of Aerosol Warfare was a treat, but Give Up's best venue are the gritty street corners and light poles of Houston. Happening upon one of his stark images while bicycling on an overcast day is the perfect encounter for those sharp knives and heavy hammer to sink into your mood. You have until September 9th to Give Up. After that, you'll have to go pedestrian. Do your deodorant a favor and avoid the heat on the street at **Aerosol Warfare on 1004 Palmer, suite A.**





The Gospel According to Miss Bly

What I Like

By: Brittany Bly

I believe that the self is always involved in the work. If I like the artwork, 9 times out of 10 I like the artist. And if I hate the artist, then 9 times out of 10 I hate their work.

Art is such a natural extension of its creator that it's not my own personal bias to connect the art and the artist but rather my inability to separate the two.

There are a few other things that I like that pertain to this idea: performance art and Vicki Fowler. First of all, when is the last time you saw a good performance piece or any performance art at all for that matter? Seeing them at all is so rare that I am always thrilled when one takes place. I appreciate art that is transient and can only exist in the viewer's memory. Secondly, I like Vicki because doesn't wear the art social façade that so many of us are used to. She is a good person and it shows.

Vicki's exhibition Validation Feed, currently on view at Lawndale Arts Center until September 10th. was as likable as I'd expect. The exhibition included the wholesome and endearing performance entitled Deer Please Feed Me that took place opening night. Her grandmother Lucille, the precious little Yilliana Larsen, and Vicki gathered milk cartons and attached them to an antique-looking-pulley-contraption made from a sewing machine on the floor and a bicycle wheel hung from the rafters. They pumped the sewing machine which lifted the cartons into the air and carried them across the audience to a human-sized deer feeder where they were dropped in. After all of the cartons had landed in the deer feeder Vicki stood underneath and drank the milk.

The performance was unique for being casual and unrehearsed. Milk cartons missed the deer feeder and had to be redone. When she encountered problems with the deer feeder she stopped what she was doing, turned to audience and said, "This is really hard; does anybody want to try this?" There were no barriers between performer and audience, of art and artist. Vicki was not acting and her performance space was not a stage. Instead, she allowed us to bear witness to a moment of her life. Vicki describes it as a ritual rather than a performance, where the act of drinking the milk embodies the metaphorical act receiving nourishment and love from Lucille and Yilliana that would then transform Vicki for performing the ritual.

Her easy manner relaxed her audience creating an atmosphere in which mistakes were exemplified and perfection shunned. What a wonderful way to combat the cold, cutthroat nature of the art world – to treat others as you want to be treated and to befriend the people with whom you are competing.



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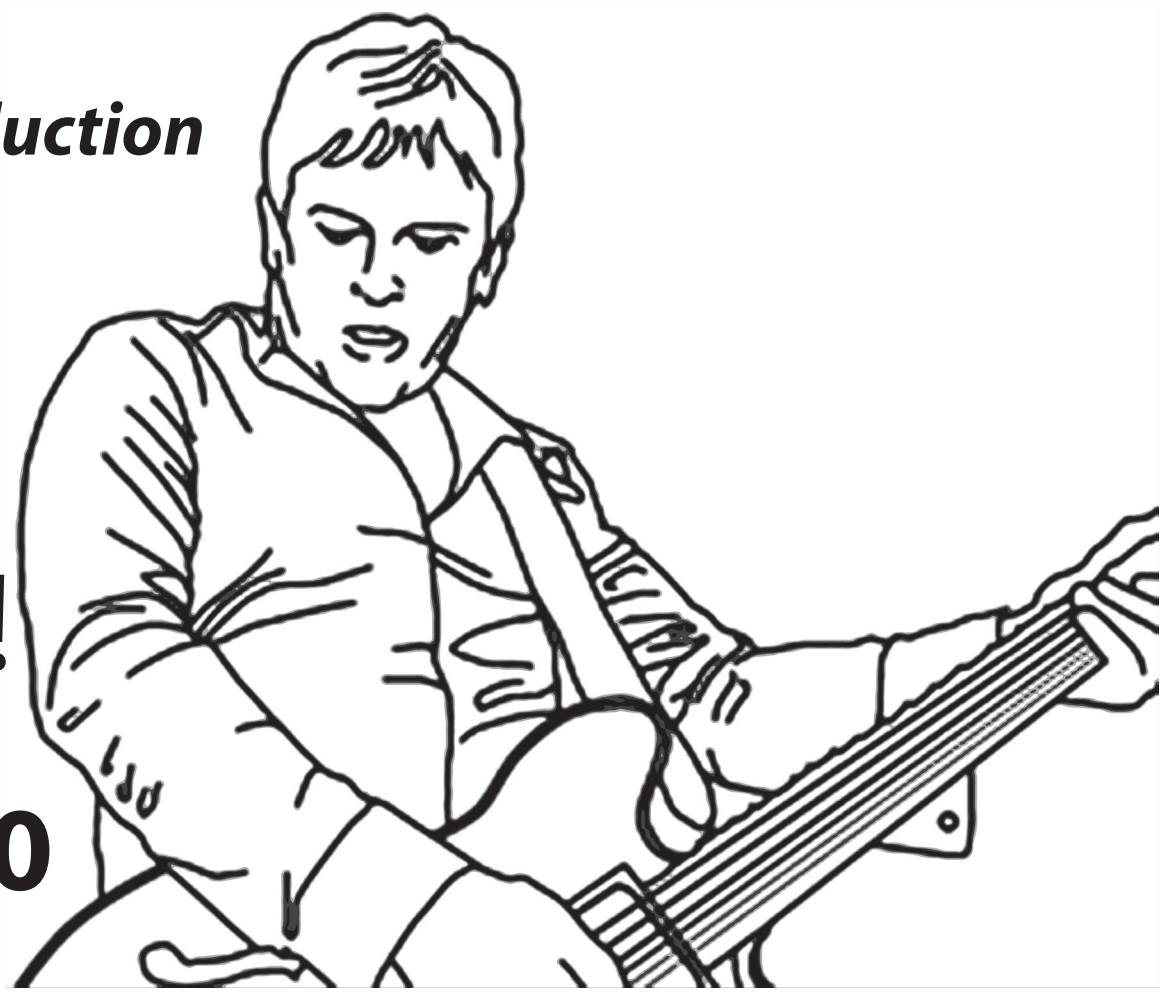


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Film

Must Love Bears

By: Micheal Bergeron

While there's no rule etched in stone stating a sincere film must succeed it was still quite a surprise that My Date With Drew didn't last more than one week. Despite a heartfelt conclusion, this crowd pleaser without a crowd disappeared quicker than the delightfully perverse Bad News Bears. Ironically Date With Drew was a full-on film festival hit.



Director Jon Gunn spoke to Free Press Houston before he introduced the film its opening weekend at the Angelika. While the movie literally cost $1100 to shoot on video (The filmmakers used a Panasonic 3 chip mini DV camera that cost $1600 and was returned for a full refund within a month at Best Buy.) the distributor came up with money to spread the sound out for a 5.1 mix, film prints, and song clearance. "We took the film to festivals with the version we cut on Final Cut Pro," noted Gunn. Only 3 lines were re-mixed because of a loud background: cost $15,000. Some of the songs heard throughout My Date With Drew include "Everlasting Love," "She's Got A Way," "Walking On Sunshine," "You Make My Dreams Come True" and "Working My Way Back To You."

"The great thing about making the film was we didn't ask anybody's permission for anything," Gunn said. "We put the best music in and thought we'll deal with it later. All the buyers who loved the film also loved the music. The first question everybody asked was 'Who's paying for all the music?'" Gunn, along with partners Brian Herzlinger and Brett Winn, estimated the various clearances at around $800,000. "Before we got picked up we negotiated with the music owners as a small independent movie and made deals for a fraction of that cost," Gunn stated. After all was said and done the song clearances cost less than $200,000. My Date With Drew will pop up before long at your local video outlet, where the clear playing field of home entertainment systems guarantees a continued life.

The Brothers Grimm & The Constant Gardener

If you want political subtext you need look no further than The Constant Gardner, the second film from City of God helmer Fernando Meirelles, or The Brothers Grimm. The Brothers Grimm may not go over big with those who abhor revisionist of classic text – and what could be more classic than that tiny tyke Little Red Riding Hood – but frankly such traditionalist don't go to a lot of films anyway. Terry Gilliam has turned such dark fairy tales on their head.

Set in Napoleon occupied Germany (the reference to U.S. occupied Iraq is subtle though undeniable), Gilliam posits that our hero siblings (Matt Damon, and the increasingly reliable Heath Ledger) are early 19th century ghostbusters. Meanwhile Meirelles, whose Cidade de Deus rates among the handful of cinematic masterpieces since the new millennium, can do no wrong in his first English language feature The Constant Gardener. Having a politically charged John Le Carre story that deals with Big Pharma and third world exploitation gives the whole saturated color affair a ripped-from-the-headlines mood. Le Carre novels are epic in scope, and Constant Gardner would be a globe hopping James Bond adventure (London, Berlin, Nairobi, Kenya) except that the MI6 agents portrayed here are more likely to die from smoking than bullets and the goal of the bad guys is not to nuke the world but make shitloads of money.

We learn of the death of one major character immediately (the same thing happens in Grizzly Man) and the film proceeds with flashbacks to fill in the back story. Meirelles and City of God D.P. Cesar Charone capture the essence of native and colonial life in Kenya. The use of actual locations occasional toggles the story into overdrive as in a crucial scene near the end at a primitive African village being raided by neighboring tribesman that involves a last ditch escape by plane. .

Asylum & 9 Songs

9 Songs and Asylum are current films that deal with sex in a realistic manner. The latter is very erotic while the other, the one with the actual sex occurring on camera, seems too mechanical to be termed arousing. Asylum contrasts austere British drama with steamy sex. Adultery is just so tawdry, taboo and downright exhilarating that it beats causal strangers in the night type sex any day.

Asylum stars Natasha Richardson (who hasn't had a role this good since Widow's Peak) and Marton Csokas (the poor man's Russell Crowe). Both bring a passion to the film that is lacking in David Mackenzie (Young Adam) austere direction.

Michael Winterbottom, the 9 Songs auteur, is a director I totally follow and respect, but his grasp of cinematic potential has never slipped as in 9 Songs. Winterbottom's latest fits in more with the kind of avant garde experiments that Steven Soderbergh wedges between his more mainstream works. Yes the characters in 9 Songs are having a variety of sex during the course of the film: there's bondage-fu, oral-fu; solo-fu, drug-fu, even jizz-fu. And the philosophical point of a lyrical sex filled odyssey through European cities catching awesome rock groups though apt fails to ignite a cohesive whole. Could a video-diary that's actually fictionalized be a new genre (Winterbottom did something similar for In This World)? The musical performances are worthy, don't doubt that. The line-up includes Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, Von Bondies, Elbow, Dandy Warhols, Primal Scream, Super Furry Animals, and score by Michael Nyman.

Grizzly Man

Grizzly Man - sooo much better than March of the Penguins but then again nobody got decapitated and eaten alive by those tuxedo clad marine birds. There's nothing cute about a mammoth grizzly bear that stands over 10-feet tall. A scene from the morgue shows the extent of how not cute one bear was. All that remains of the titular character, including his still ticking watch, easily fits into a large garbage bag.

Grizzly Man is not gross or a snuff film, albeit there are several scenes where you see Alaskan flies sitting on the lens. Taken from a library of approximately 100 hours of DV footage shot by Timothy Treadwell of bears in their natural habitat, Werner Herzog has fashioned his most accessible film. Herzog, a filmmaker of legendary status is not exactly a household name, but the jewels of his output are scattered all over celluloid. Titles like Stroszek, Aguirre: God of Wrath, or Enigma of Kaspar Hauser are all worth seeking.

Herzog keeps a certain emotional distance. He honors his subject but notes that Treadwell was an outsider. As the audience begins to distinguish the faces of the different bears living free in Alaskan wilderness we see that the killer bear was also a misfit.

One Time

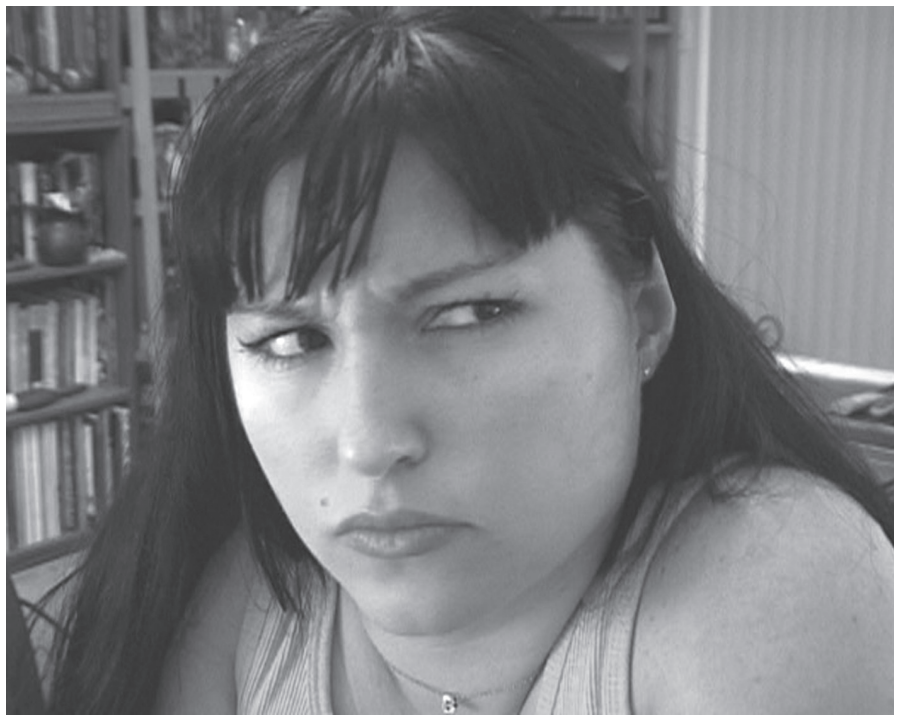
By: Micheal Bergeron

While most films play multiple times, some screenings are like concerts in that the event is a one-time affair.

Aptly titled, the documentary One unwinds Monday, September 12 at 7:30 at the River Oaks Three. One promises a philosophical encounter with great thinkers and spiritual leaders of the day. A poor man's What the Bleep Do We Know?, One takes a digital camera on the road approach to its subjects. While most people have heard of, say, the Dalai Lama or Deepak Chopra, the real substance emanates from professor Robert Thurman or Vietnamese monk Thich Nhat Hahn among others.

The docu asks each of its subjects a variety of questions, but #17 seems to stump or elicit the most entertaining response. Director Ward Powers bookends his quest with a series of vignettes showing an everyday dude (co-creator Scott Carter) wandering lost in black and white society and emerging triumphant in color surrounded by a forest.

The Overlord of Underground filmmakers, Joe Christ rolls into town with his latest opus, the feature length That's Just Wrong. The subject matter concerns a stalker (JC) and a pleasantly plump Phaedra (Little Sebastien) who gets more than she bargains for when JC moves in for good. JC shot That's Just Wrong in video but helms with old school vigor. Many of the scenes are long takes, building up suspense for instance as JC walks around unannounced when Phaedra is taking a bath. That's Just Wrong sets its own calm pace complete with a new wave rock soundtrack, and narrated by Joe's bug-eyed Boston Terrier Scrapple (who devoted fans will remember from the JC body modification short Sex, Blood and Mutilation). Christ now lives in Atlanta, where the film was shot. Interestingly enough, Atlanta seen through endless driving shots of downtown and apartment buildings looks just like Houston. That's Just Wrong will screen at Southmore House (3107 Leeland) Thursday, September 8, at 9 p.m.



Joe Christ and Little Sebastien in THAT'S JUST WRONG.

The MFA, Houston presents **The End of Suburbia: Oil Depletion and the Collapse of the American Dream**, Wednesday September 14 at 7 p.m. Guest speaker energy investment expert and author Matthew Simmons will introduce the film. The End of Suburbia looks hard at the facts behind raising gas prices. The screening is sponsored by the local org Documentary Alliance.

www.documentaryalliance.org





SOUNDBYTES



Before We Can Change, We Could Levitate

By: Kwame M. Anderson

So, upon us is the ninth month of the year. Has the year been good for you thus far? Well, at this point it has been OK. I spent the first half of the summer in school and the second half in debt. At this point, the work has returned. So now I can afford the luxuries that life has presented me such as paying bills and buying groceries. Oh, the joy of employment!!

At this point, support for the war in Iraq has begun to dwindle though everyone knows that we can't bring the soldiers home. In fact, 1500 new soldiers have just won their trip of a free deployment into the instability and quagmire of shit that we call "liberating the country." Whoopee! As Cindy Sheehan has somewhat made a point of the fact that many parents have lost their children to a pointless bullying, the Bush Administration is responding with its own set of grieving mothers who support his agenda. It's an attempt to show the world that not all people are mad about the useless loss of lives. It is also proof political strategists are not above the exploitation of grief in order to defend or protest their ideas. Not many Democrats have aligned themselves with Sheehan as it would seem sort of cheap and tasteless. Hey, all that matters is propaganda in the name of truth.

So let us ignore all of this bickering and focus on less important things because...well...that's what we do. The economy needs us people. They say that the ever-increasing gas prices are curbing the spending habits of many Americans. That means that the terrorists are winning and we can't let that happen. So instead of staying in the house and cultivating relationships with family members and significant others, let's go out and look cute, drink, dance and be merry! Or maybe, we can go to clubs and hear people sing songs of love and loss. Let us all protest while we drink the ale and inhale the cancerous environment of second hand smoke. You may wonder: Where are these great things happening? Well hell, all you had to do was ask. In addition to that we have some compact discs to promote because publicists and record labels don't send me product for nothing. I have to make good on my e mail responses and assurances for if not my name may be deleted from the database. We can have that folks! So as the lyrics of one of the songs I'm listening to goes: Let's smoke some bud Steve.

So instead of staying in the house and cultivating relationships with family members and significant others, let's go out and look cute, drink, dance and be merry!

SHOWS

K-CI and JO JO & KEITH SWEAT
9/9/05 Reliant Center, One Reliant Park

As a youth, many of my first butt grabbings and awkward romances were assisted by the sound of Keith Sweat. I remember his lyric: "You may be young, but you're ready" prefixing many of my 14 year old attempts at seeing other naked parts of 14 year old girls. It holds a special place in my heart.

BARBEZ&TWOSTARSYMPHONY
9/16/05 Rudyard's Pub, 2010

Waugh-Barbez can be described as a Slavic-tinged cabaret punk band. From Brooklyn, NY, Barbez makes a weirder strain of rock music that is dark, theatrical, passionate, brooding, and full of surprises. They are touring in support of their latest album, Insignificance (Important). Their sound features wonderful usual suspects like guitar, bass, drums, keyboards,as well as innovations such as the Theremin and even a palm pilot. Yes, I said a palm pilot. The vocals of singer Ksenia Vidyaykina conjure pictures of a pirate chanteuse who will lull you with her beautiful melodies before possibly stabbing you and holding the place hostage at gunpoint. The music conjures uncomfortable feelings of sadness and fear but also features toe tapping rhythms that make your inner despair dance. This will be a good show to see at Rudyard's, because their 'wonderful sound' will allow you to become lost in the experience which is what you truly hope for in a live setting.

INARA GEORGE & IDLEWILD
9/16/05 Fat Cat's, 4216 Washington

I had the pleasure of witnessing an Inara George performance earlier this year. Let me say first that the beauty and warmth of her voice is not just a studio effect. Her debut album, All Rise (Everlong), is a minimal but lush collection of songs that has garnered her comparisons to artists like Aimee Mann. But- I believe that George's talent is something more individual. Her voice is so soothing that it causes whatever subject she chooses to sing about to become instantly palatable and it some cases softens the blow of what could be a somber topic. She manages

Shows



Incisor
9/3
@ Proletariat



Flowers to Hide
9/7
@ Super Happy Fun Land



Psychodillos
9/9
@ Rhythm Room



Glenna Bell
9/10
@ Helios



Edi Okri
& Afro-Centrix
9/11
@ Meridian



The SpillCanvas
9/12
@ Fat Cat's

for info on venues, visit freepresshouston.com

to mix reflective pop music with temperamental ballads that give her songs a range that can hit at least one person in the room. While it might be easy for some to tag Inara George with common singer-songwriter tag, the music is much more complex. Be there, as it is a Friday night and you need your life to seem exciting on weekends.

BUILT TO SPILL & THE DECEMBERISTS
9/23/05 Engine Room, 1515 Pease

As a fan of the indie rock in its earlier times, Built To Spill was of the more respected ilk. Great melodies, fine lyrics, and guitar solos abound, they managed to rock without relying on cliché' and still allowing one to enjoy many of the things that were somewhat frowned upon by the college rock faithful (guitar solos, melodies, being good without being ironic). As the years have passed, BTS have become more grand, more popular, and they have even signed a major record deal. Do they suck now? No. Are they still the BTS that I grew up with? Not really, but that's a good thing, because change is rarely good with certain rock bands.

RECORDED MUSIC

COCO ROSIE
Noah's Ark
Touch and Go

Coco Rosie made one of the weirdest folk albums of last year. Although I wouldn't really align them with the neo-folk movement. Their newest album is a little more beat oriented than it's predecessor, and one cold use the word approachable to those who may be scared eccentricities in songs, but make no mistake, the obscurities remain. This album has more of a soul thing going, so who knows, maybe they can pick up some Mary J Blige's audience, or not.

THE EX
Singles-Period
Touch and Go

The Ex's current musical stylings lean toward the more avant-garde afro-funk angular guitar music thing, but early on they were much more of a conventional(?) punk band in the sense that it was more like things such as early Clash or Pop Group or Dog Faced Hermans. A heavy reggae-groove experience, but also the three chord sort of bratty presented singing style, but still full of the political fervor they are still known for today. For Ex fans this album is a wonderful portrait of their evolution as a band, sound and politic wise, as each song from each period, adds another twist to their complex jagged funk. Recently, I heard someone describe Simple Plan and Good Charlotte as punk, so I hit them in the face with this CD, and soon after they got up bleeding from the ground, they listened to it, and said to me, "Oh, so Good Charlotte and Simple Plan are more like Michael Bolton with T-shirts and faux goth fashion." And I apologized for striking them, and they apologized for their ignorance.

DEVENDRABANHART/XIUXIU
The Body breaks/ SupportOurTroops,Oh!7inch
5 Rue Christine

This seven inch features the talents of two of the more interesting artists of the present day (Devendra Banhart and Xiu Xiu) covering one another's songs. The thing about this is, DB is sort of mellow and whimsical, while Xiu Xiu has dark tendencies that tend to result in slightly disturbing music. Well, this & inch doesn't disappoint despite the seeming dichotomy of the performers. Xiu Xiu transforms Banhart's "The Body Breaks" into a danceable number reminiscent of Lucky Star-era Madonna. This 7 inch is also a nod to the power of context, and the strength of each artists' songwriting ability, it proves that words are really verbal symbols to be interpreted many ways, and the best songs can be taken that way.

BJORK
Radiant 9 Movie Score
One Little Indian

Radiant 9 is a film by artist Matthew Barney which is based in the relationship between self imposed distance and creativity. What does that mean? Your guess is good as mine but I haven't seen the movie. However, Bjork did the soundtrack and that's enough to make me promote it. The album features the talents of Bjork and the usual suspects (Mark Bell, Zeena Parkins) while adding new spices to the mix (Will Oldham). People expecting something more conventional like their her last opus, Medulla, should maybe skip on this one as it is somewhat of an expansion on the voice-as-main-instrument concept. Think Medulla and Vespertine-era Bjork and you will be comfortable with the songs on this album. Harps and strings accompanied by choral voices and throat singing and mouth generated percussion are present. This is an album that invokes images of glaciers, enchanted forests, mystic places and the like. It also furthers Bjork's journey into the great unknown. As a fan of all of her work, I highly recommend this be added to your collection as you own enough music grounded in the realities of the world. This truly transports the mind and spirit to allow us to think of these other than butts and heartbreak, the government and bullets, or whatever the kids are pushing these days. It's not full of easily digestible pop but you can't eat junk food all the time.





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Baseball and Tube Amps

By: Chris Stevens



Sandy Koufax, for those who don't know, was one of baseball's all-time great players. Don Limbeck, who even baseball fans might not know, was a Brewer in the 78 Series who hit 5 homeruns in the third game and died in a plane crash that same night.

These names animate the vintage sound of the tube amps set up on the stage and the potential greatness that could possibly come out of them. Colored transparencies taped to the stage lights smoke and blacken slightly, and even the flickering neon Shiner light above the bar seems to suggest the heat of amps and bodies overbear the anticipation of Limbeck's performance. The tubes in the amps glow warmly away from the crowd's eyes. After arriving on stage, one chord in and all is forgotten. The audience immediately sways to the alt-southernized-pop sound blaring off the stage with immediate acceptance, an invitation to an unanticipated escape that the audience never knew they sent out.

But Limbeck arrived, all right, and in due time. But the audience wasn't the only grateful group. Spain Colored Orange, who shared the stage's honor of the evening, conjured up the vintage sounds of pacific jazz with a Philly swank that infected the audience with a sultry saunter. To the veterans of Houston's live music scene, 8 Track Charade, I mean, Spain Colored Orange looks like a familiar collage of musicians. And they should. They consist of old members of Refuse to Fall, Blueprint, John Q. Public, Japanic, and other notable projects. They know how to perform and warm up an audience for a national. They also knew how to bring people in. For this, Limbeck was grateful, and said so, many times on stage. The audience wasn't grateful, however, for Rescue, a last minute add on from Detroit who followed Spain Colored Orange. It was a time to go outside, smoke a cigarette and wait for them to finish before heading back in to the packed club.

Mary Jane's booking stops nothing short of phenomenal. The next week, The Wrens, came to town and spread the communal hysteria a little more by inviting random people on stage to perform percussion with drumsticks along the stage's side. The audience nearly burst as the limits of the stage transgressed well outside the front door. They put on a great show, performing a duty of bridging the underground post-grunge epoch into the fermenting angst and repressed emotion of this generation. There's an echo in the tubes, and Mary Jane's Fat Cats has got it. Keep an eye on their bill.

There's an interesting phenomenon to be spotted around the scene. Alternative instruments outside of the standard rock set-up appear in shows now. At Limbeck's show alone, there was mandolin, violin, and a trumpet. Could the emptiness of the contemporary individual be filled with re-emphasis on America's short historical culture? The Americana chord progressions of Limbeck's songs root themselves from bluegrass. A night's journey through Houston's music scene seems to verify this.

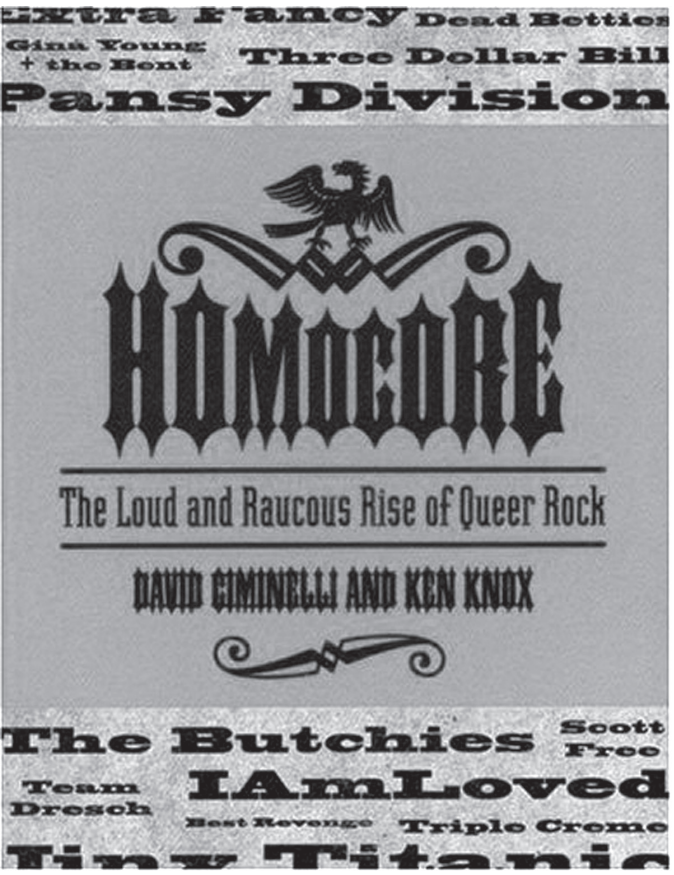
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David Ciminelli and Ken Knox's

Homocore

The Loud and Raucous Rise of Queer Rock

By: N. A. Hayes



In 1997 when Matt Wobensmith, ended publication of his 'zine, Outpunk, he cited among his reasons the difficulty in expending energy to stay the same. The final issue speaks of moving out of the myopic vision of gay punk rock into the appropriated genre of Queercorps. He forces his readers to ask questions about not only the genre of punk rock but also how identity politics and art relate.

Similarly David Ciminelli and Ken Knox engage their subject starting in gay punk and expand from there. They don't make the artist's relation to identity in their art a central question in choosing their interviewees for HomoCore: The Loud and Raucous Rise of Queer Rock. Instead they profile gay artists from the entire spectrum of opinions about identity and art from Clint Yeager of Sour, who has extreme doubts about the centrality of queerness in the making of art, to Team Dresch, which was created specifically with the idea of having a lesbiancentric rock band.

Ciminelli and Knox provide a wide and pleasing survey of the rise of Queer Rock. They have approached these musicians in the same way they approach adult actors in the excellent and high quality porn magazine, Unzipped, on which they both work. They provide a space for the performers to speak for themselves instead of pursuing an agenda. However a deeper investigation is absent from HomoCore and sensitive readers will be provoked to supply this for themselves.

Judith Halberstam in In a Queer Time and Place discusses how "minority subcultures in general tend to be documented by former or current members of the subculture rather than by 'adult' experts." Without the dual role of participant and archivist, often brief-lived subcultures will leave little trace. For instance the Leather Archives and Museum must now do the work of trying to recapture the lost history of Leather culture since it often carries with it a stigma, which caused the destruction of many artifacts.

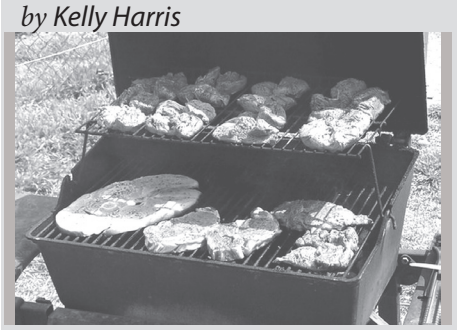
Queer punk has produced several 'zines to document the various aspects of this movement. But HomoCore attempts to document gay rockers with a more "adult" hand. This book seems a sleek companion to the self-documentation of HomoCore/QueerCore 'zines. Perhaps together with the original documentary material it would be possible to do a more analytical study of this subculture that attempts to rebel against both mainstream straight and gay communities. Halberstam further explicates this phenomena by describing how "subcultures provide a vital critique of the seemingly organic nature of 'community' and they make visible the forms of unbelonging and disconnection that are necessary to the creation of community." HomoCore provides a place for certain musicians who felt "unbelonging and disconnection" to critique the mainstream while telling their stories.

This book is an excellent primer for those interested in learning the basics about HomoCore. Although still very connected with the punk roots of this ununified movement, the book addresses the evolution of the subculture by discussing performers who have taken some of the raw energy from the first bands and channeled it into more refined forms. Ciminelli and Knox also move beyond simple performer-centered interviews since the nature of this music also demands an explanation of the often grassroots and small label methods of its distribution. The author's bring to light the fact that HomoCore performers who have established some small success often seek to bring attention to other queer performers in a continuing critique of the often limiting mainstream.

Whispers

Local website gets all up in your Kool-aid

by Kelly Harris



www.overheardinhouston.com
Founders: Robin Scott, Brittany Behrens, Rick Greer

Next time you are sitting at your local coffee shop having a conversation which you think is between you and the person you are actually sitting with, beware of wandering ears Inspired by sites in New York and California, www.overheardinhouston.com is the new home to many Houstonians "private" conversations, started by 3 friends who felt it necessary for others to know their endless encounters with "House of Pies humor". Since first visiting this site, I have come to realize that you people have some maniacal dinner conversation. I have heard everything from "She was breast fed until she was five." to "It tastes like dirt.", "Man, that was supposed to be earthworm." So if you are interested in finding out what the people of our lovely city are talking about, or you have overheard something too humorous not to be shared, visit overheardinhouston.com. Admission into the conversations of those around you is free and I guarantee, you won't be disappointed.

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Saturday September 10th, 2005
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MY LUCK
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Wednesday, October 19th, 2005
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Siva, An End To October, Mr. Electric, Heist At Hand

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Ardor, The Last Place You Look, Shortcomings

Monday 5
Evergreen Terrace, Winter Solstice, As Cities Burn, The Burning Season

Wednesday 7
The Octopus Project, Go Spread Your Wings, Slovak Republic

Thursday 8
Youth Brigade, Complete Control, Krum Bums, The Ghouls

Friday 9
The Jonbenet, Veda

Saturday 10
Blacklisted, Cast Aside, Down To Nothing, My Luck, Survivor Guilt

Monday 12
111 RECORDS SHOWCASE with This Day & Age, Mashlin, The Spill Canvas, Rookie Of The Year, Buxton

Wednesday 14
Retribution Gospel Choir, NoWaitWait, LanceWalker

Thursday 15
...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

Walter's On Washington

Friday, Sep 2-Claret Martyr, Contra, Highwater Waltz, Rhinosaurus, Eternal Life

Thursday,Sep 8-Pernice Brothers, Royal Gun, Phosphorescent Bright Men of Learning

Monday, Sep 5-Against All Authority, O'doyle Rules, O'pioneers

Wednesday, Sep 17-Heavy Heavy Low Low, Maida, Blueprint Car Crash,The Kidnap Soundtrack

Friday Sep 30-Fruit Bats

Saturday 27 Houston Afterlife Raves Presents: EWO, Dee-Jay K-OZ, Los Desconocidos, Oscuridad Social

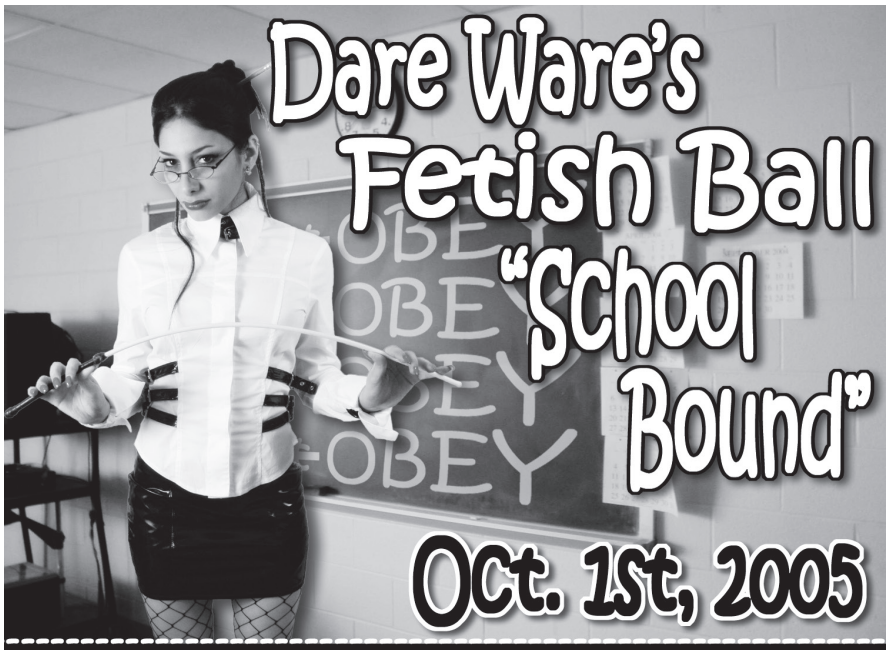
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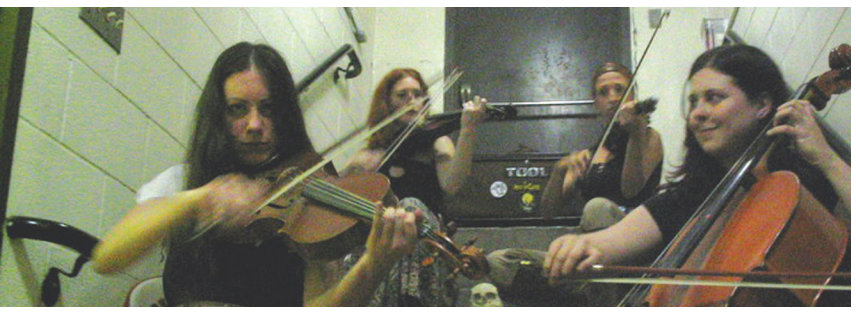
Space Jam

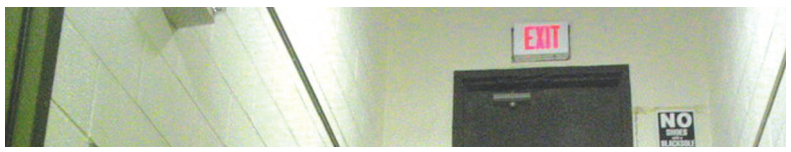
Drop Trio & a Two-Star Surprise at Helios

By: Jude Vivona

At Helios, the extraordinary is commonplace. It is truly one of the most diverse musical venues in the Houston area. In one night you might be watching belly dancers sway their hips to seductive Middle Eastern rhythms then later perhaps enjoy a provocative poetry reading or even a string quartet playing somber yet aggressive original symphonic music.







I had no idea 2-Star Symphony was playing on the bill with Drop Trio but I was quite impressed when I saw this all female string quartet finishing up their set. I sat back and was initially drawn in by the methodical plucking of the Cello by Margret Lejeune. As the bass was set, the other strings followed in tandem:Jo Bird on Viola, Debra Brown on violin, and Chenoa Mauthner also on violin. I was surprised how well the venue held the acoustics; each meticulous glide of the bow across the strings the whole room was vibrating.

If this group isn't doing soundtrack work, they should seriously look into it. Like many string arrangements, the dramatic effect can wear thin but I was happy to see this group mix it up and do a nice whimsical piece which was titled "Napoleon's Grudge." Each girl was playing a plucky style and made for a great rhythm without being overly dramatic. Bird took the lead on a beautifully crafted solo on the viola. Shortly after that, Brown slid the bow and forged a nifty piece that fit over the driving yet carefree rhythm.

Be sure to checkout this unique group:
www.twostarsymphony.org

After a short set change, Drop Trio began making their way on stage. The club filled up nicely in anticipation. Drummer Nuje Battel started off keeping rhythm for a couple minutes while everyone else was fine tuning their instruments and toys. While keys player Ian was playing with some delay effects on his Fender Rhodes Prophet 600 (NOT JUST AN ELECTRIC ORGAN!), he made sure to thank the first band showing once again why he is so well liked by everyone in the Houston area. As another spacey song started up, it was amazing how smooth transitions were done. This is a testament to Nuje's rhythms keeping the empty spaces full.

The first song that I caught a title to was called "Shelby's got a Bone to Pick." I enjoyed the jovial nature of Ian's playing on this song.

Drop Trio is a band that loves jamming and experimenting. I left this show feeling like I was Neil Armstrong "That's one small step for man...," because I felt like I was floating in space. I would like to see Ian interact more with the crowd, he had a great personality, but sometimes it's hidden behind a wall of sound effects. He needs to bring the crowd into the songs a little more.

Be sure to go to a Drop Trio show, or maybe two. Every show is a little different, and these cats are great musicians, always providing a great atmosphere.

www.droptrio.com
Photographs by: Jude Vivona



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Ladies Night
Live Bands, $2 Well Drinks & Dom. Bottle Bee
Featuring DJ Daniel Salas in the R.V. Room

FRIDAY
Enjoy live bands on the Scout stage from 10pm-2am or Dance to the sounds of DJ Keith Walker in the Red Velvet Room

SATURDAY
$1.00 Drinks from 8 - 10pm. No Cover till 9pm
Live bands on the Scout stage from 10pm-2am
Featuring DJ Daniel Salas spinning in the Red Velvet Room

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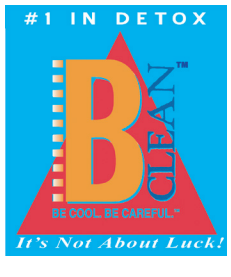
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SCOUT BAR
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Monday

The Medicine Show, The Trade @ Helios
Soul Satisfaction @Proletariat
Open Mic Comedy @ Laff Stop
Evergreen Terrace @Fat Cats
El Orbits, Free Soul Food @Continental Club
Texas Jazz @ Red Cat Jazz Cafe
The Mighty Orq @ The Big Easy
Against All Authority @Walters

5

The Medicine Show, The Trade @Helios
Soul Satisfaction @Proletariat
Open Mic Comedy @ Laff Stop
111 Records Showcase @Fat Cats
El Orbits, Free Soul Food @Continental Club
Esmerelda Strange, Broman, Letters to Voltron@ SHFL
The Mighty Orq @ The Big Easy
Texas Jazz @ Red Cat Jazz Cafe

12

The Medicine Show, The Trade @ Helios
Soul Satisfaction @Proletariat
Open Mic Comedy @ Laff Stop
Pool, Darts, Ping Pong @Fitzgerald's
John Evans, Open Mic @ Mucky Duck
El Orbits, Free Soul Food @Continental Club
Texas Jazz @ Red Cat Jazz Cafe
The Mighty Orq @ The Big Easy

19

The Medicine Show, The Trade @ Helios
Soul Satisfaction @Proletariat
Open Mic Comedy @ Laff Stop
Pool, Darts, Ping Pong @Fitzgerald's
El Orbits, Free Soul Food @Continental Club
Brian Kenney Fresno, Letters to Voltron @SHFL
The Mighty Orq @ The Big Easy

26

Tuesday

Free Pool(all day) @Proletariat
Rock Jam @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Bellydancing@ Helios
Scott Daniels Band @ Last Concert Cafe
DJ Sun@Onion Creek
The Lisa Novak Band @Continental Club
Five Times August, The Hero Factor, Stephen Speaks @Rhythm Room
City Council Public Session

6

Free Pool(all day) @Proletariat
Rock Jam @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Bellydancing@ Helios
Soulphilia@Dean's Credit Clothing
DJ Sun@Onion Creek
Birthday Muzak! @ SHFL
Laughs Bayou Comedy @ Fitzgerald's
Scott Daniels Band @ Last Concert Cafe
City Council Public Session

13

Free Pool(all day) @Proletariat
Rock Jam @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Bellydancing@ Helios
Soulphilia@Dean's Credit Clothing
DJ Sun@Onion Creek
Scott Daniels Band @ Last Concert Cafe
Industry Night@Scout Bar
City Council Public Session

20

Free Pool(all day) @Proletariat
Rock Jam @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Bellydancing@ Helios
Soulphilia@Dean's Credit Clothing
DJ Sun@Onion Creek
Carolyn Wonderland @ Last Concert
Laughs Bayou Comedy @ Fitzgerald's
Industry Night@Scout Bar
City Council Public Session

27

Wednesday

Rodney Crowell & Lee Roy Parnell @Continental Club
Breakfast Club @ Number's
Rick Voss & Bonnie McFarlane @Laff Stop
Commune Music @Proletariat
Potroast @ Last Concert Cafe
"hip-hop is poetry" Showcase @Rhythm Room
The Octopus Project, Go Spread Your Wings, slovak Republic @Fat Cats

7

Breakfast Club @ Number's
Michael Hayman Band @Continental Club
Psychodillos @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Commune Music @Proletariat
Potroast @ Last Concert Cafe
Poetry Night @ Helios
The Wanteds, Three Fantastic @ SHFL
Retribution Gospel Choir, No Wait Wait, Lance Walker @Fat Cats
Pot Roast @ Last Concert Cafe

14

Breakfast Club @ Number's
Cory Holcomb @Laff Stop
Psychodillos @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Commune Music @Proletariat
Potroast @ Last Concert Cafe
Poetry Night @ Helios
Open Mike @SHFL
Horrorpops, Roger Miret and the Disasters, Left Alone @Fat Cats
Pot Roast @ Last Concert Cafe

21

Breakfast Club @ Number's
Jon Reep @Laff Stop
Psychodillos @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Commune Music @Proletariat
Potroast @ Last Concert Cafe
Poetry Night @ Helios
Buttercup @SHFL
Pot Roast @ Last Concert Cafe

28

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Thursday

Three Bad Jacks, Los Skarnales @Rudyards
Blues Jam @Cosmos Cafe
Underworld @Numbers
Open Mic @ Helios
The Hightailers @ Last Concert
Beetle @Continental
Blues Jam @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Rock Box Pelvic Thrust Thursdays @proletariat
The Hightailers @Last Concert

1

Friday

Harem Festival @Last Concert
Classic Fridays @Numbers
Clare Martyr, Contral Highwater
Waltz, Rhinosaurus @Walters
Karaoke @Proletariat
Deep Ella, The Ruse @Rudyards
Moses Guest, Hairypapesbmx @Rhythm Room
Siva, An End to October, Mr Electric,
Heist At Hand @Fat Cats

2

Saturday

90's Revisited @Numbers
Archie Bell & Roy Head @Continental Club
61 Cygni @Rudyards
Alligator Dave Comedy Show, Friends of the Enemy@ Helios
The Bench @Rhythm Room
Ardor, The Last Place You Look, Shortcomings @Fat Cats
Houston Metal Fest 2005 @ Meridian
Mikado @Last Concert

3

Sunday

Texas Live BUZZ 94.5 Broadcast @ Scout Bar
Felix Madison Jam,
Battle of the Bands @ Rhythm Room
Gypsy Market@The Old School House
David Fahl @ Last Concert Cafe
The Hacienda Brothers @Continental Club

4

Meli, This is a Process of a Still Life @ SHFL
Rick Voss & Bonnie McFarlane @Laff Stop
Open Mic @ Helios
Beetle @Continental
Youth Brigade @Fat Cats
Todi Castillo, Spot @Rudyards
Rodney Crowell & Lee Roy Parnell @Continental Club
Satin Hooks @Rhythm Room
Pernice Brothers @Walters

8

Bankie Banx Drum @ Last Concert Cafe
Rick Voss & Bonnie McFarlane @Laff Stop
DJ Keith @Scout Bar
Karaoke @Proletariat
Hognose @Rudyards
Psychodillos 2yr Anniversary Party @Rhythm Room
Molly and the Ringwalds @Continental Club
The Jonbenet, Veda @Fat Cats
Classic Fridays @Numbers

9

The High Diver, Sons of Evil, Full Stride@Rudyards
Rick Voss & Bonnie McFarlane @Laff Stop
Rozino Smith, Glenna Bell & Doug Burr@ Helios
Battle of the Bands finals @Rhythm Room
Blacklisted @Fat Cats
Grimystyles @ Last Concert Cafe
Hellbound for Derby @ Meridian

10

Texas Live BUZZ 94.5 Broadcast @ Scout Bar
Felix Madison Jam,
Battle of the Bands @ Rhythm Room
Gypsy Market@The Old School House
David Fahl @ Last Concert Cafe
The Thieves, Gobstopper, Engaged, Pocket Foxx@ SHFL
Edi Okri & Afro-Centrix @ Meridian

11

Open Mic @ Helios
The Hightailers @ Last Concert
Beetle @Continental
Gary Gulman @Laff Stop
Fleshtones, Sons of Hercules @Rudyards
Rock Box Pelvic Thrust Thursdays @proletariat
Monsters With Machines Tour@SHFL
Mighty Orq @Rhythm Room

15

Classic Fridays @Numbers
DJ Keith @Scout Bar
Karaoke @Proletariat
Barbez, Symphoney @Rudyards
Derek Shumate @SHFL
Gary Gulman @Laff Stop
Dreambreakers @ Last Concert Cafe

16

The Posies, Deathray Davis@Fat Cats
The Hunger @Numbers
Sean Reefer and the Resin Valley Boys @Rudyards
From Postcards to Letters @SHFL
The John Evans band @Continental Club
Dread Neck @ Last Concert Cafe
Joe's Roadhouse 3rd Anniversary @Rhythm Room
Rock 'Um Sok' Um Tour @ Meridian
Heavy Heavy Low Low @Walters
Gary Gulman @Laff Stop

17

Texas Live BUZZ 94.5 Broadcast @ Scout Bar
Felix Madison Jam @ Rhythm Room
Gary Gulman @Laff Stop
Gypsy Market@The Old School House
Buddhacrush Tribute Concert @ Meridian
David Fahl @ Last Concert Cafe
Tera Melos, The Guns of Will Sonnet, Cocker Spaniels @SHFL
Earlimart @Fat Cats

18

Blues Jam @Cosmos Cafe
Underworld @Numbers
Open Mic @ Helios
The Hightailers @ Last Concert
Beetle @Continental
Blues Jam @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Rock Box Pelvic Thrust Thursdays @proletariat
M83, Mates Of State @Numbers
Cory Holcomb @Laff Stop

22

Classic Fridays @Numbers
Doves @ Meridian
The Raspas @ Last Concert Cafe
DJ Keith @Scout Bar
Karaoke @Proletariat
Belville, Sitka Sound, Buckley @Rudyards
Unit Breed, Boogdish, Red Beard, Orents Stirner @SHFL
The Fiery Furnaces, Dungen @Fat Cats
Cory Holcomb @Laff Stop

23

Genitortures, Miss Kitten @Numbers
Magnolia Electric Company @Rudyards
Rent @ Meridian
Discordian Popes @SHFL
Liviya Compean@ Helios
Cory Holcomb @Laff Stop
Pagan Pride Day @ Last Concert Cafe
Doo Wop Night @Continental Club

24

Texas Live BUZZ 94.5 Broadcast @ Scout Bar
Felix Madison Jam,
Battle of the Bands @ Rhythm Room
Gypsy Market@The Old School House
David Fahl @ Last Concert Cafe
Gorch Fock, Tea Carrera, The Jonx @Rudyards

25

Jon Reep @Laff Stop
Blues Jam @Cosmos Cafe
Underworld @Numbers
Open Mic @ Helios
The Hightailers @ Last Concert
Beetle @Continental
Blues Jam @Dan Electros Guitar Bar
Rock Box Pelvic Thrust Thursdays @proletariat
Genitortures, Miss Kitten @Numbers
Lanky @Rudyards

29

Classic Fridays @Numbers
Jon Reep @Laff Stop
DJ Keith @Scout Bar
Karaoke @Proletariat
Evening Of Bliss @ Meridian
Fruit Bats @Walters
Austin Colins Band, Jacey Saucedo @ Last Concert Cafe

30

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Down in the Groove

By: Timothy J. O'Brien



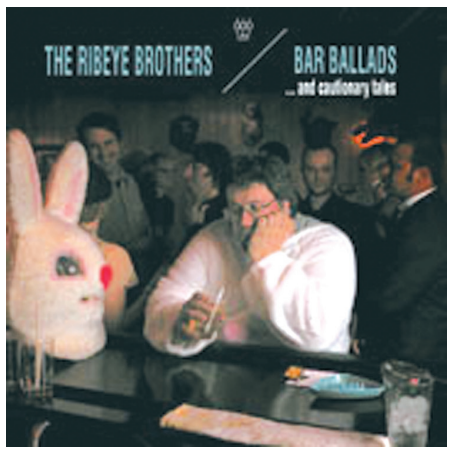
The Fleshtones
Beachhead
Yeproc

There are worse things than being one of the longest standing garage rockin' bands in North America. It's been thirty years since these purveyors of Super Rock got started in New York City. They're coming off one of their strongest releases in decades, "Do You Swing?" and this new one is almost as strong. Half of it, the "south side" was recorded with Rick Miller of SCOTS fame while the "north side" was recorded in Detroit with uber producer Jim Diamond. Listening to Beachhead makes you give thanks there's no retirement age in rock and roll. "Serious" with its chorus lines of lets get serious about not being serious defines their party mantra. This is one band that isn't afraid to make having fun an important endeavor. As vocalist Peter Zaremba told me in an interview once "Rock and roll isn't something to put in a display case in a museum." Far from being note by note recreationists the 'Tones kick, mash and twist the music to keep it raw and vital. Why spend over a hundred bucks to see Mick and Keith do a couple of hours of an oldies act when you can pay ten bucks to see the 'Fleshtones put on a better show? At least they are creating new art while



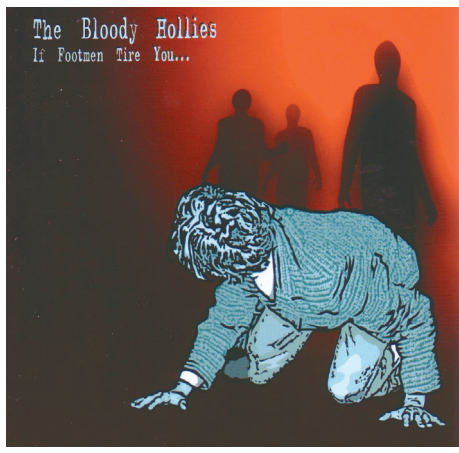
Turbonegro
Party Animals
Abacus Recordings

The Norwegian cock rockin' pseudo-gay gods are back. It's still all about leather, cock rings, drugs and Satan. They're stacking the over the top '70's rock clichés high this time. It's a soundtrack that should be blasted on a Craig cassette deck through Pioneer speakers while speeding down the highway in a '76 Camaro. You can almost smell the bong smoke coming out the speakers. The disc is also great for playing a round of "spot the influences" or "what band did they rip off for that song?" The song "All My Friends Are Dead" and about half the record owes a huge debt to the Dictators. "City of Satan" has British Steel era Judas Priest touches while "Death from Above" sounds like Bachman Turner Overdrive doing bad metal. It's mostly a hoot and a half as these approaching middle-aged paunchy and balding Euro boys strive to be hedonistic bad boys. If the Cartoon channel came up with a stereotypical '70's rock band and they came to life they'd be Turbonegro. Who can take a band seriously that writes lyrics I don't even care if your ass is in pieces and you cry for Jesus and are covered in a storm of feces from "Death from Above." There are some signs of brilliance here like "Blow Me (Like the Wind)" but overall the disc suffers from weak material.



The Ribeye Brothers
BarBalladsandCautionaryTales
Times Beach Records

If the name Monster Magnet means anything to you then you'll want to jump all over this. The band includes two former Monster Magnet members, singer and lyricist Tim Cronin and drummer Jon Kleiman. For the uninformed, Monster Magnet were playing stoner rock before it was called stoner rock. But if you hate stoner rock no worries cuz the Ribeye Brothers stay away from the stoner sounds of their former band. They keep some psychedelia sounds; it's not the main course here; it's just for seasoning effects. The Brothers have gone back to the '60's for their sound. It's an understated Seeds and Zombies groove with a little more guitar. They call it garage/country/swamp rock and that's about right. "Find Yer Own" is what country music would sound like played by '60's garagers. The lyrics exhibit a real working class sensibility with titles like "Electric Chair," "Turpentine," and "Working Men Are Pissed." For lack of a better cliché, the Ribeye Brothers turn some tired old ground beef and make into zesty melt in your mouth fillet mignon.



The Bloody Hollies
If Footmen Tire You...
Alive

You gotta love a band whose name is a take off of one of Texas' all time great rock and roll originators. If Buddy Holly were still around I'm sure he'd be happy to see these guys proudly carrying the torch of rock and roll. Their debut, "Fire at Will," was an incredible thirty minutes of scorched earth rock and roll. That record quickly got the attention of legendary English deejay John Peel who had them on one of his last shows. Now they've switched labels and blessed us with a new slab. Every song on their first one was a hundred and fifty mile an hour sprint to the finish line. Here they've learned that it isn't necessary to play every song at a hyper speed tempo and scream out the vocals as loud as they possibly could. Not that they've turned into soft rocking pussies, it's all just minute variations of the output gauge going into the red when it comes to the Bloody Hollies. The Hollies brand of rock and roll is always teetering on the edge of losing control. There's danger lurking at every curve and the music feels like some cheap speed crawling across your scalp and shooting up your spine. Like the best punk it makes you want to consume beer in mass quantities and break shit. There's a hell of a lot you can do with three chords, loud amps and youthful energy. Listen to the Bloody Hollies and find out.



Classic Album **Buzz or**
Howl Under the Influence of Heat 1983

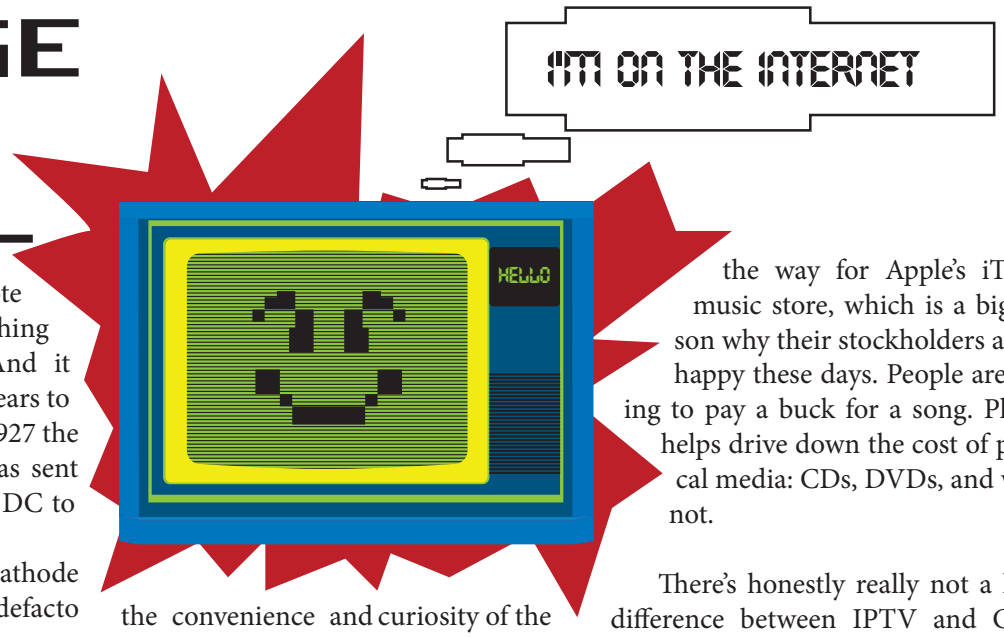
By: James Jimmy Jameson

This album embodied a real step forward for the Minutemen. While Double Nickels on the Dime was their apex, there were plenty of songs eluding to that album's crazy brilliance on this very short eight-song EP. "Dreams Are Free, Motherfucker!" and "The Toe Jam" are goofy, noisy throwaways. Some would argue this was just an EP sandwiched between albums. The rest of the songs found the band consolidating their strengths and growing even tighter and more confident. "I Felt Like a Gringo" and "Cut" merge funky rhythms with a punk rocker's sense of concision. These guys just might be the godfather's of bands like Bloc Party today. "Self Referenced" and "The Product" reveal how far this band's writing had progressed since The Punch Line. "Little Man With a Gun in His Hand" showed the Minutemen could reduce the tempo and the volume and still great music. It's hard to think of a tighter rhythm section in an independent band in the 1980s than Mike Watt and George Hurley. D. Boon was by any standards a superb guitarist. He had smarts, style, and a keen sense of how to edit himself. Buzz or Howl Under the Influence of Heat remains a superb record from a band just edging into greatness.

TECH-KNOWLEDGE

Gadgets, Games and Gear

By: Brandon Montes



Television All Grown Up

The future of television, that brain-rotting baby-sitter of generations, is something called IPTV. Big Telecommunications companies like SBC Yahoo! are going to break into the home television market, not unlike how cable companies like Time-Warner have broken into the Internet connection racket. Hurray for irony.

Those of you with Time-Warner Cable have probably seen commercials recently urging you to call your state representative, or what-not, and ask them to stop "giving SBC special treatment" or "government handouts," well IPTV is what their blathering about.

Basically IPTV sends video in chucks of data signal across phone and ubër-fast fiber-optic networks. Fiber optic networks make streaming HD possible, but they're expensive.

But first, an abridged lesson on the evolution of television:

In 1885 a German fellow named Paul Gottlieb Nipkow patents the design for the very first analogue electromechanical television. Note the "mechanical" part¬, this thing had moving internal parts. And it took technology almost thirty years to catch up to Nipkow's plans. In 1927 the first long distance broadcast was sent by phone line all the way from DC to NYC¬.

By around 1934 all electric cathode ray tube television sets were the defacto standard. Another smart German guy, by the way, originally conceived the CRT in 1897.

But broadcast signal frequencies were un-regulated; limiting what programming any given brand TV set could receive.

In 1953 the FCC approved National Televisions Standards Committee, mostly to usher in color TV. NTSC is still used in North American and in Japan. Check the back of any DVD case.

2005, the age of Hi-def is soon at hand. HD flat-panel displays double as TVs and computer monitors. And it's only a matter of time before it's the new standard. Coupling this technology with services like IPTV could mean all the convenience and curiosity of the Web in your living room.

Downloadable and streaming video clips are already a big part of the Web: movie previews, homebrew cartoons, maybe even a little porn.Okay so I obligated to point out that while file-sharing copyrighted video isn't exactly 100% legal. While freely swapping TiVO recordings doesn't technically break the law, anymore than recording them in the first place did. But it could theoretically land one's ass on the wrong side of a lawsuit. Trading DVDs over the net, on the other hand, is a big fat federal no-no.

Besides, in the long run, it might be good for the industries initially getting gypped. Illegal music downloads paved the way for Apple's iTunes music store, which is a big reason why their stockholders are so happy these days. People are willing to pay a buck for a song. Plus it helps drive down the cost of physical media: CDs, DVDs, and what-not.

There's honestly really not a huge difference between IPTV and Cable, save means of delivery: Digital picture, fuck-loads of channels, free and pay-per-view video-on-demand, etc. But the telecoms are likely to take these technologies to the next level.

Think about it: Never having to go to Blockbuster again, or having to wait 3-days for your Netflix envelope. Not being limited to a handful of on-demand choices. But instead having access to any obscure movie or TV show you can't think of from the comfort of your sofa? Maybe I'll finally get to watch reruns of You Can't do that on Television. What? Can't appreciated vintage Canadian humor, eh?





Wordof Mouth

Is Crunchy Fish with Cheese really a 'food'?

Free Press takes on the lunch lady, high fructose corn syrup, and H.I.S.D. lunch

By: Omar Afra



I am a product of the Houston Independent School District. I blame them for my dubious grammatical skills, disgruntled attitude toward authority figures, and inability to perform simple mathematics in loud environments. That said, I never thought I would have the grand opportunity of attributing my health woes to them. To my surprise, a chance lunch date with my son at his H.I.S.D school has become the catalyst for doing so. His school will remain unnamed to protect the administrators and lunch ladies from future litigation.

It was a Friday. As with every Friday since I attended elementary school in the eighties, our city's school district has served up a notorious yet beckoning entrée: The Crunchy Fish with Cheese. They say the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy, Roman, nor an Empire. The same equation applies here. This dish is neither Crunchy, Fish, nor Cheese filled. As you may be able to discern from the included photo, the 'CFW/C is a deep fried and battered 'white fish with a slice of 'cheese' encased in the batter on the top of the fish. Nonetheless, one innovation has upped the ante: It is now the Crunchy Fish with Cheese Sandwich! Strategically place between two processed white buns and some government mayonnaise, the sandwich arrangement adds a compelling new dynamic to the classic. Anyways, I braved the putrid servings and decided to endure the whole meal, sides and all, for the sake of science and journalism. The 'fish' was served with some gelatinous French fries, Cole slaw, and glazed peaches. I washed it all down with the quintessential Schepp's chocolate milk. Schepp's has been the milk provider to H.I.S.D countless years. Nonetheless, there is a fundamental difference between the chocolate milk distributed in 1987 and the stuff now: They use High Fructose Corn Syrup as opposed to old school cane sugar. HFCS, as we will refer to it here, is a cheap and easy to produce sweetener that made it's way on the market in the late seventies. However, it took a few years before it pervaded just about every dang sweetened product we ingest. HCFS is virtually impossible to metabolize and has been blamed for rapid American increases in obesity, juvenile Diabetes, and heart disease. Researchers claim the syrup increases high triglyceride levels raise blood levels, impairs glucose tolerance, produce high levels of insulin, and cause high blood pressure. Sweet! We hope they get rid of this stuff soon.

> They say the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy, Roman, nor an Empire. The same equation applies here. This dish is neither Crunchy, Fish, nor Cheese filled.

Hours after eating the meal, I exhibited fatigued, stupidity, and felt as if I needed a colonic or two. I consider myself a fairly stout guy and was taken by surprise by my lack of tolerance to the fat and sugar. But - I must say the lunch ladies were very nice and accommodating. They gave me an extra heapin' helping of the gelatinous fries as I bought the adult serving. The price was only $2.50 also. What a great deal! As for my son, He will go back to a sack lunch.


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Blood Void, Deristic
Through Broken Glass, Four
Cinema of Fear, Six Past Hell
Cerebral Rot, Impathy
Fellspire, Burnt Face Jack
Crusher, Full Circle
Split Eye, Ill Logik
Trepination, Derision
Deep Above Surface
Anguish in Exile

SAT/10

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SUN/11

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SAT/17

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ARTIFICIAL HEARTS

AUGUST 20TH:
A HUNGER ARTIST

AUG 24TH:
DREAMS OF REALITY

AUG 27TH:
ARMY OF JESUS
REASONS OF INSANITY

AUG 28TH:
CHRIS AND AURORE

AUG 30TH:
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Wed 9/7 18+ jams w/**POTROAST**
Thurs 9/8 Rock w/**THE HIGHTAILERS**
Fri 9/9 International reggae star **BANKIE BANX w/D.R.U.M.**
Sat 9/10 Hip hop dub w/**GRIMYSTYLES**
Sun 9/11 Folk w/**FAHL & FOLK/BONGO JANE WILEY**
Tues 9/13 Rock w/**SCOTT DANIELS BAND**
Wed 9/14 18+ jams w/**POTROAST**
Thurs 9/15 Rock w/**THE HIGHTAILERS**
Fri 9/16 Rock w/**DREAMBREAKERS/FAHL & FOLK**
Sat 9/17 Funk reggae w/**DREADNECK**
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Wed 9/21 18+ jams w/**POTROAST**
Thurs 9/22 Rock w/**THE HIGHTAILERS**
Fri 9/23 Surf ska w/**THE RASPAS/SHARK ATTACK**
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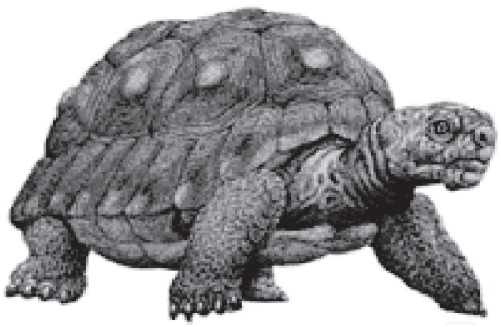


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WORLD VIEW

Indignant Care

By: Alex "Morbid-Toe" Wukman

It all starts so innocently: walk to the store for some beer to ease the pain of a particularly hard day, return home with the thin white plastic bag filled with two express tickets to sweet oblivion, think 'no matter what else is going on at least I can still get drunk,' see something strange in the road ahead.

Some kind of animal, not squirrel—not at midnight, not possum—too small, some type of bird—a bird out at midnight? Watch it roll its head almost all the way round, holy shit it's an owl! But it's so small...a baby owl. In Houston, in the heights, man I've never seen one. Wonder what type of owl it is. Gotta get closer to see, 20 feet still there standing in a puddle, 15 make out some of the face it's white with a thin line of feathers down the front like a nose...I've seen this type before in books what type is it. Horned? No. Snow? Not in Texas. Barn? Maybe. Have to see for sure. Try and take a look at its coloring. 10 feet, it jumps up, flaps its wings and perches in the branches of an old oak tree across the street. It's only about twelve feet off the ground and it seems like a nice owl. A little curious, I bet I can get closer.

It all happens so quickly: one-second upright hands full of beer, next face down on the ground listening as the bottles shatter, curse the whole damned universe because nothing is going right, can't even get fucking drunk, try to stand, something's wrong, must be a sprain. Yea hurts too much to have simply twisted it. Fuck! Gotta walk four blocks on a sprained ankle. Shit! And my last six bucks just broke on the sidewalk. FUCK SHIT! ; take it nice n' easy just put a little weight on it. HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!!! THAT HURTS LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER!!! Get over to the fence before I eat it!!! SHIT SHIT SHIT Nice lady walking by asks what happened...tell her sprained my ankle...wants to know if there's anything she can do...almost say yea buy me a beer...think better of it...tell her no I only live a few blocks and I can make it...she asks are you sure...tell her I'll be fine she walks off towards the Exxon...steel myself for the four block walk home...think about the dudes who crawl through minefields to give ammo to their buddies...if they can do it I can walk home with a sprained ankle here goes.

It happens so brutally: each step a needle in my ankle, jesus when did my house get so far away, don't stop just keep going, past the weird nursery, past the ugly town homes, oh shit here comes Mr. Ferrari, gotta wait for him to pull in...at least he doesn't have his two boxers with him, keep going almost there, step two three four, one foot in front of the other. OH SHIT THAT HURT! Okay. Stop. Rest a minute. Just two more blocks, just gotta make it to the bus stop, okay take it slow, lead with the left, don't put too much weight on it, hobble, hobble, hobble, almost there, just gotta cross the street, great here comes the 40, late as usual. Gotta wait for traffic to slow. After this red pickup, okay now. Gotta move! With a quickness hunh! Almost there oh shit...I hope this white car sees me...man slow the fuck down...can't you see I'm hurt...oh now you slow down right before you hit me...dick! Made it. Now just the homestretch, heh literally. Just a few more yards and I can ice this, pop some Advil and try to veg out. Man wish I had a beer. Shit!

They stare so lustfully, then look away so guiltily: go see a movie with Ellie...she walks into the theatre before me to get the tickets, four or five teenage boys smoking outside watch her go bye...a blonde surfer kid exhales smoke... narrows his eyes...looks hungry. I hobble by they look at the ground... look at the cars...look at each other, anywhere but at 'the cripple.' Inside the theatre people don't ask what happened. Afraid it might be because of the war or something? After the movie Ellie and I head back to the car. Wow everything's seems to be going smooth...ankle not hurting...good music on...headed out to get a drink.... HOLY SHIT!!!! Ellie wants to know what happened... tell her the bump we hit hurt my ankle...says she'll be more careful. Head to Helios to drink a few, Bernardo sets us up with a couple...good Ol' Bernardo—always trust an Argentine to take care of his friends. After a couple Bernardo says he's a healer and wants to fix my ankle, tell him no way. After a few more he still says he can fix it. Still say no way, fourth round comes say what the hell and sit down at a table. Take off my boot. Bernardo starts rubbing my foot, waiving his hands in the air, grabs around the ankle, presses down...HOLY SHIT! Trying to reset the bones he says...it's not dislocated it's sprained I say...okay okay this time I do it right.... puts his hands back around my ankle and ! I'M GONNA KILL THE BASTARD! Never trust an Argentine to take care of anyone.



Against my pale skin it stands out so colorfully: the bluish-purple around my ankle Ellie looks and says I need to go to the hospital, Julian agrees we pile in her car and head off to Southwest Memorial. It's handled so impersonally: come in fill out paperwork and wait. Get vitals taken and wait. And Wait. And Wait. Ben Taub where time moves glacially. After three hours a nurse tells me it takes 12-18 hours to get seen. After three more hours I ask a nurse if I can get a cast put on it. She says yes but I'll have to wait. When I've been there ten hours I go ask what's taking so long. The nurse says they lost my paperwork. I ask how long will it take to get seen. She says maybe another ten to twelve hours. I wait two more hours to see if they call me. They don't so I leave.

It's all done so officially: walk in sign a paper, hand it to the nurse, get your vitals taken, sit and wait and wait, get seen by a nurse and wait and wait get taken back for X-rays and wait and wait. See a doctor she tells me that I've got a break. Says I need to see an orthopedic. I wait and wait and wait see an orthopedic he puts a splint on says I need surgery. He wants to hold me for the weekend I tell him I have things to do. He makes me promise to come back Monday, I do. Wait three hours, more X-rays. See a doctor. He tells me I don't need surgery. Puts a cast on and says come back in a couple of weeks. Great more waiting.

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The Hayden Plan
Containing the Anti-War Movement

By: Stan Goff



I feel compelled once again to be a skunk at the party, but it's a role I'm growing into. Cindy Sheehan's squatter's camp has re-energized the antiwar movement, but just as it has done so, it has also re-energized the herd dogs of the Democratic Party who fear nothing more than an independent mass movement.

Cindy plopped down outside the Bush gopher ranch on a 98-degree day. The cops told her to leave. As tactfully as she could, Cindy advised them in less scatological terms to piss up a rope, putting the cops, the Bush administration, and the Democratic Party in a dilemma.

Neither the cops nor the admnistration wanted to be held responsible on camera for dragging away the grieving mother of an Iraq war fatality (her son, Casey). For a moment, they were hopeful that there would be an untimely end to this little action when Cindy collapsed from severe dehydration on the first day; but alas she re-hydrated and reappeared the following day and began attracting mad media.

For the Democrats, of course, of whom exactly one elected offical (Maxine Waters) has deigned to visit "Camp Casey," this presented quite another problem -- the same problem that the whole movement against the war presented prior to the last electoral farce in 2004. The masses were moving to their left and threatening to expose this moribund Weimar formation as the waste of both money and oxygen that it has repeatedly demonstrated itself to be. But Joshua Frank did an excellent job recently on this site of describing the Democratic Party.

I want to talk about something more specific, and that is one of the tactics being employed by the partisans of this rotting political edifice to try and contain the newfound energy that exploded onto the scene at Crawford and threatens to fill the DC Mall with malcontents on September 24th.

And that is the "exit strategy" proposal drafted by Tom Hayden and being vigorously pimped by by policy-encrusted liberals all through cyberspace, the print media, and soon enough on television. This is the oral fomulaic appeal to "reasonableness and realism" of weak-kneed liberals every time a mass movement threatens to gain any momentum -- we have to present a "reasonable" alternative (always a POLICY alternative, of course), and we have to face the fact that we can't "move" "our" agenda without accepting a "realistic" (read: watered down) approach. You kiddies have acted up enough now; go on and play; leave the rest of this to Daddy and Mommy in Congress.

Republicans, of course, are only at risk of losing a tiny sliver of their base among the strictest libertarians over the war.

ing a few 2008 candidates, including the execrable Hillary Rodham Clinton who has stated her desire to beef up the war against Southwest Asia. Let's not forget that her husband presided over an Iraqi holocaust that George W. Bush is still trying to match. The Republicans are secure for now with their white nationalist popular base. An active and increasingly militant left is a more immediate threat to the Democrats ¬ who have prospered from Republican reaction for decades now by capturing social bases that feel they have nowhere else to go. That dilemma is real, but it is also predicated on the notion that to "go there" we need to contain ourselves in electoralism and pluralist policy fights that are engineered by corporations and NGOs.

That's why Sheehan and others who propose the radical option of simply leaving Iraq are now being surrounded by the friendly faces of "progressives" who will try and redirect this newfound mobilization along the acceptable policy-debate paths.

Enter Tom Hayden with his "proposal" for disengagement in Iraq. Hayden's proposal appeared recently in the LA Times, where he explained:

"The rallying cry of 'out now' expresses the belief that the Iraq war is not worth another minute in lost lives, lost honor, lost taxes, lost allies. But its very simplicity makes the demand easy to ignore or dismiss."

Oh thank you, oh wise one, for instructing us on the finer points of political realism. And thank you for putting words in our mouths that have us express precisely the kinds of chauvinist horse manure being shoveled out of the DP stable. Most of us oppose the war because it is a cynical, amoral, imperial crime. To hell with allies and "honor." And don't worry. We will not be dismissed. Cindy Sheehan, one of those naifs who say "out now" isn't being dismissed, now is she? Except by Tom Hayden, who in a patronizing tone, calls Cindy's "bring them home now" position a "moral stance."

Tom says that we "deserve a hearing," and that this means we will have to propose an exit strategy of our own... which is actually Tom Hayden's. By they way, Tom, we intend to be heard one way or another, unless you mean we deserve to be heard -- with our respectful hats in our respectful hands -- by the venal "leadership" of elected official-dum.

Your statement is a non sequitur, by the way. There is not anything about our deserving-ness that in any way suggests we have to propose some abstract, unenforceable, debatable-for-the-next-five-years "exit strategy." But thank you oh so much for validating us in our deserving.

Tell the surviving families of those thousands of Iraqis whose corpses rotted under the rubble of Fallujah that they "deserve a hearing." Where do you



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people learn to talk like that? Is there some kind of secret school for Democrats where they get a graduate degree in Weasel Wording?

Here's Tom Hayden's "plan":

"First, as confidence-building measures, Washington should declare that it has no interest in permanent military bases or the control of Iraqi oil. It must immediately announce goals for ending the occupation and bringing all our troops home - in months, not years, beginning with an initial gesture by the end of this year."

Tom, old boy, I can't help myself. This is bullshit.

Are you joking about this? Guarantees from the US? You been to Pine Ridge lately? Ask them about guarantees from the US government. Perhaps you can explain to some of us why this adminsitration would ever offer a guarantee to turn its back on the central goal of the whole Iraq invasion. Let me propose a different confidence building measure to reach out to Iraqis. We make the political cost so high in the US for continuing the war that it threatens the entire US state with destabilization... just an alternative suggestion, you understand.

More of Tom's "exit strategy":

"Second, the U.S. should request that the United Nations, or a body blessed by the U.N., monitor the process of military disengagement and de-escalation, and take the lead in organizing a peaceful reconstruction effort."

Tom, are you having a mescaline flashback? The United Nations? What nationalities, pray tell, will be under those Carolina-blue K-Pots? Or does the UN employ angels? Moreover, why in the world would the US or the Iraqis need anyone to "oversee" a disengagment? Here you propose a plan that is allegedly going to conform to a set timeline, yet it is utterly dependent on the script being followed by actors over whom the US exercises little to no control. I can't help remembering a similar notion that was enacted by Richard Nixon in 1969. He did get out of Veitnam, however, six years and a million dead bodies later with people clinging to the skids of UH1H helicopters.

Let me just say something about how to withdraw. This is my plan. Hey, if Tom Hayden is qualified to write up exit strategies, why not an old grunt like me, eh?

The Plan: The National Command Authority orders all US forces redeployed out of Iraq within one month and out of the theater in two months. Any commander that fails to meet the deadline will be summarily relieved, and replaced with a commander that will thereby be placed on a shorter timeline. I can promise anyone who has no experience of the military that this is perfectly feasible, and that with that kind of command emphasis, the mission can and will be accomplished.

Here, of course, is where we discern the liberal pre-occupation (pun intended) with "overseeing" disengagement and other such poppycock. Oh Gasp! they will delcare. What then will become of these simple-minded brown people who want nothing more than to drink each other's blood? At the end of the day, a liberal can be every bit as much the white nationalist as any rock-ribbed Republican Confederate. They really believe that the United States is the beacon of civilization because we have sitcoms and theme parks, and that the brutality of the US military occupation is an aberration -- the antithesis of our true nature. Under all this verbiage is plain, Anglo-American Kiplingesque white supremacy. Remember the "white man's burden to civilize the dark races?"

Tom, here is a delivery from the cluetrain. Iraqis were doing algebra and astronomy when some of our European anscestors still believed that a bath would leave you vulnerable to evil spirits -- number one clue. Having smart bombs doesn't make you smarter. It just makes you meaner. Get over your chauvinist self. Number two clue -- the primary catalyst for the intensifying violence in Iraq right now is... the US military presence. Tom, you say this yourself later on in your proposal, which only makes this protracted and abstracted "disengagement" thing all the more remarkable.

But, of course, Tom goes on:

"Third, the president should appoint a peace envoy, independent of the occupation authorities, to begin an entirely different mission in Iraq. The envoy should encourage and cooperate in peace talks with Iraqi groups opposed to the occupation, including insurgents, to explore a political settlement."

So let me get this straight. The US authorities should be replaced... by a different US authority, remaned, of course, an "envoy." And the the envoy would be the countryman of... the occupying military. This bait-and-switch is... a "political settlement." Wow, I'm really getting the hang of this now. I'm beginning to feel like I might be able to CLEP out of Weasel Wording 101.

Tom reminds us that "[n]either the Bush administration nor the news media have shown interest in these voices [of the antiwar movement], perhaps because they undercut the argument that we are fighting to save Iraqis from each other."

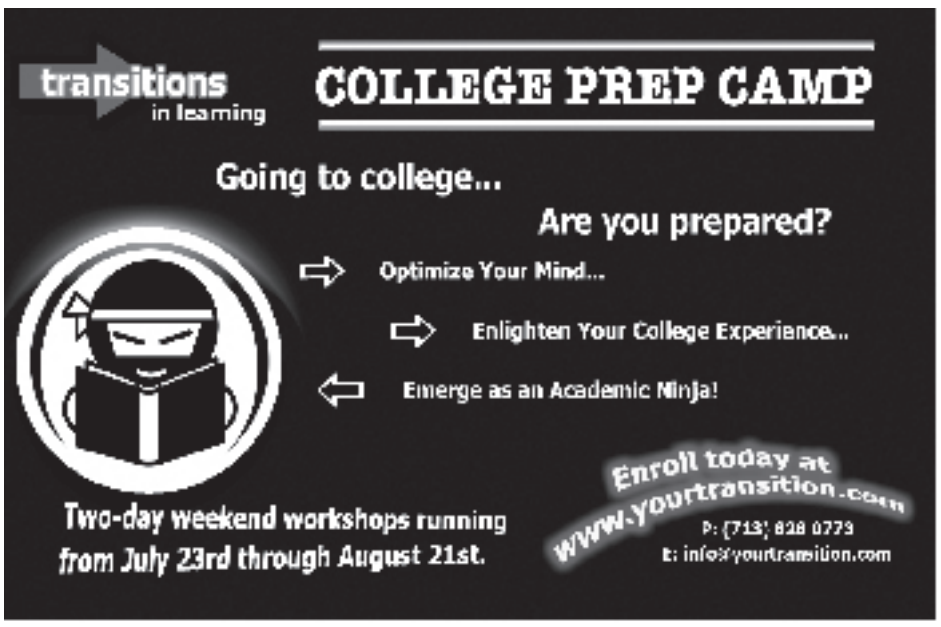
Huh? You yourself are proposing a plan with this assumption at its very core.

But even more astonishing is the attempt to lay the blame for this war at the doorstep of Republicans (and of course the news media). There is an entire party allegedly in opposition to the Republicans -- your party, Tom -- that hasn't shown any interest in the voices raised against the war, until of course two things happened: (1) The polls shifted against the war, and (2) large numbers of non-Republican people became disenchanted with the utter and gutless capitialationism of the Democratic Party and started listening to actual leftists.

Some of us were saying all the way back when that Arkansas horseshit-huckster was in the Oval Office that Iraqis were being killed off by the hundreds of thousands in a war (and its sanctions) that started -- by the way -- in 1990 and has not ceased for one moment since. That war went on all the way through both terms of that sexully exploitative (It DOES matter!) prevaricator, who bombed Yugoslavian bridges and aspirin factories with the same enthusiasm that Bush the Younger has displayed in bombing Afghani weddings and Iraqi hospitals. Where were the Democrats listening to "these voices" then?

Here's another voice the DP can listen to. "You're over." More and more of us are learning that we can never let you take us for granted again. And we can fight Republicans on our own terms... by any means necessary.

See you in September.





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Who Would Jesus Assassinate?

Hugo Chavez and the Men Who Claim to Speak for Jesus?

By: Ron Jacobs

— You know, when I was growing up as a Catholic, I was given many differing views of Jesus Christ. Virtually all of them were speculative, of course, and as I grew older, I became aware that most of them were based on the teacher's particular political and cultural persuasion. The Pallotinian nuns that taught me in the first and second grades were always telling us horror stories about the communists in the Soviet Union and China and had us pray for the souls of their children every morning. The Jesuits I knew in high school provided me and my fellow catechism students with a different view of Jesus. Indeed, for most of these men Jesus was a revolutionary. How much of his revolution was spiritual and how much was social depended on their level of social and political involvement. Being a very political person, I saw Jesus as a revolutionary communist with a small c." It is this tradition that Hugo Chavez of Venezuela recalls in his speeches and social programs. It is also this tradition, known today as liberation theology that the late pope John Paul II attacked within months of his appointment in 1978. John Paul II's opposition to this perception of Jesus and his works were also part of the reason for the demotion of the Jesuit order as the pope's protectors and the ascension of the right wing Catholic organization Opus Dei into that role. The new pope is even less sympathetic to this train of thought.

Ever since Chavez began his popular upheaval in Venezuela he has been under attack by the Catholic hierarchy in that country. In fact, members of Opus Dei were involved in the failed coup of 2000 and have been instrumental in the CIA-funded opposition movement since the coup, just as they were intimately involved in the murderous CIA-sponsored coup in September 1973 in Chile. Of course, for those who keep their religion close to their heart or use it only when necessary to cynically convince the public of the rightness of their actions, the comments regarding oil must strike a chord. After all, that's the underlying reason for Washington's (and the old guard in Venezuela) opposition to Chavez in the first place. Not only does he using Venezuelan oil revenues to help the perennially poor in Venezuela, he is also selling it to Cuba at cut rates and making deals with China, much to the chagrin of Washington. In addition, they also understand the Jesus who inspired Father Gutierrez and his liberation theology. That was the Jesus who said: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

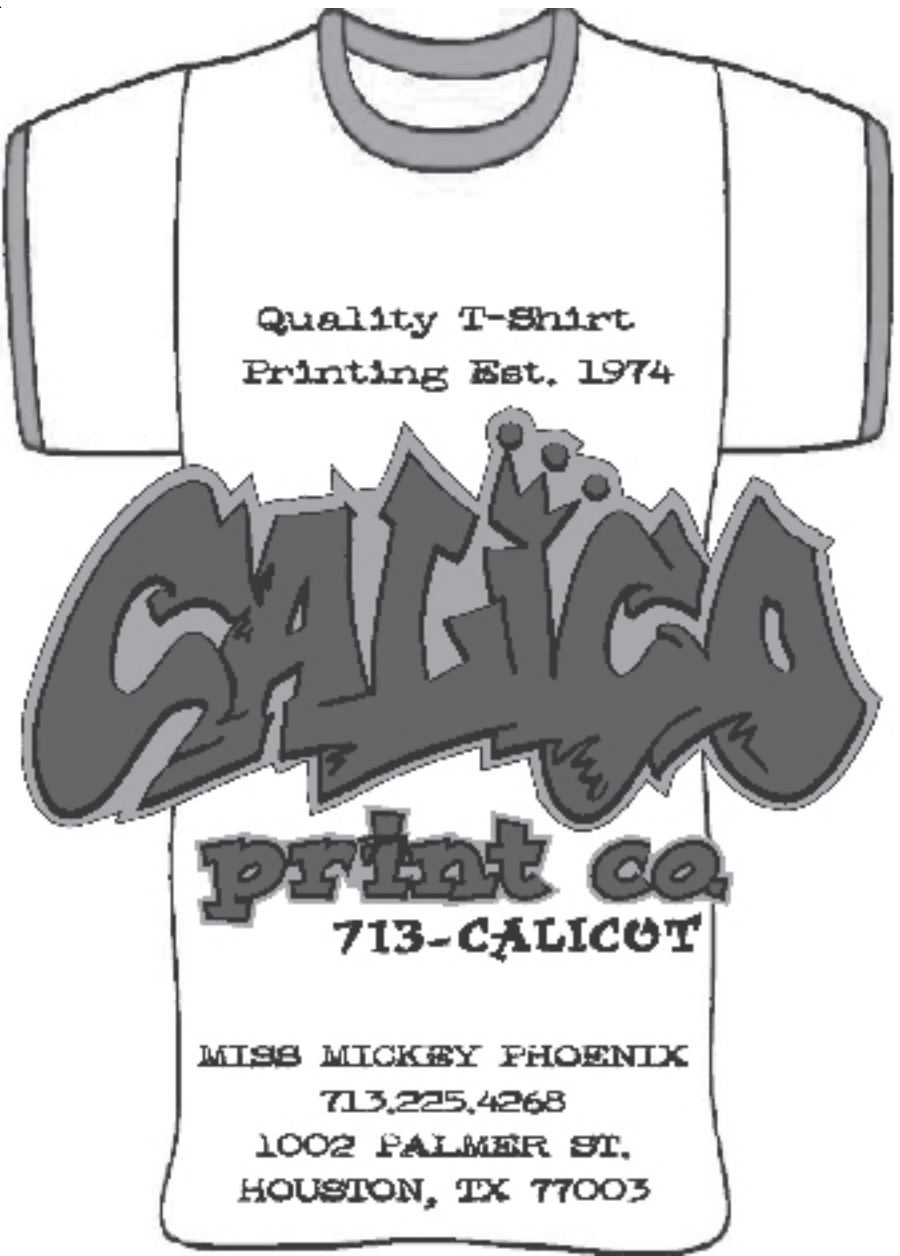
Unfortunately, if Mr. Robertson and many others in Washington, Caracas and the Vatican have their way, Hugo Chavez may get his chance to enter that kingdom well before they do. Although I still like to think that if there is a heaven, Mr. Robertson and his ilk will be denied admission.

Ron Jacobs is author of The Way the Wind Blew: a history of the Weather Underground *ron05401@yahoo.com*

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An Open Letter From Ralph Nader to Cindy Sheehan

Dear Ms. Sheehan,

From your grief over the loss of your son, Casey, in Iraq has come the courage to spotlight nationally the cowardly character trait of a President who refuses to meet with anyone or any group critical of his illegal, fabricated, deceptive war and occupation of that ravaged country. As a messianic militarist, Mr. Bush turned aside his own father's major advisers who warned him of the terroristic, political, and diplomatic perils to the United States from an invasion of Iraq. He refused to listen.

Thirteen organizations in early 2003 separately wrote their President requesting a meeting to have him hear them out as to why they opposed his drumbeating, on-the-road-to war policies. These groups represented millions of Americans. They included church leaders, veterans, business, labor, retired intelligence officials, students, women and others. They are among those Americans who are not allowed through the carefully screened public audiences that are bused to arenas around the country to hear his repetitive slogans for carrying on this draining, boomeranging war. They each wrote President Bush but he never bothered even to acknowledge their letters simply to say no to the requested meetings. Not even the courtesy of a reply came from their White House. Ever since



then it has been the same-exclusion, denial, contempt and arrogance for views counter to that of Mr. Bush and Mr. Cheney and the tight circle around them that composes the inner tin ear of this Administration. Why, they even refuse to listen to objections by their own government's military lawyers (JAG) over repeated violations of due process of law. When will he realize that he is supposed to be the President of all the people, not just those misled into supporting his Iraq maneuvers?

You will be goaded to cross the semantic line against a President who himself has crossed the much graver constitutional line that has cost so many lives on both sides and continues to cost and cost our country in so many ways domestically and before the world. Neglecting America for the Iraq war has become the widening downward path trod by the Bush government.

Authenticity, bereft of contrivances, is what must confront this White House Misleader. And authenticity is what you are and what drives you as you demand to see this resistant President. He is on an intermittent month long vacation, with spells for fundraisers and other insulated events. His schedule provides ample time for such a meeting. You reflect the hopes and prayers of millions of like-minded Americans. Should he relent and opens his doors, be sure to ask why he lowballs U.S. casualties in Iraq, deleting and disrespecting soldiers seriously hurt or sickened in the Iraq war theatre, but not in direct combat. Remind him of those soldiers back in military hospitals who, with their families, wonder why they are not being counted as they cope with their serious and permanent disabilities. (60 Minutes, CBS program). Ask him why, despite Pentagon audits and GAO investigations about corruption, waste and non-delivery of services in Iraq by profiteering large corporations totaling billions of dollars, this Commander of Chief accepted campaign contributions from their executives and proceeds to let this giant corporate robbery continue without the requisite law and order?

Consider bringing to him a copy of President Dwight Eisenhower's famous "Cross of Iron" speech, delivered in April 1953 before the nation's newspaper editors in Washington, D.C. And add statements by Marine General Anthony Zinni (ret.), a Middle East specialist who strongly criticized the Bush-Cheney war policy before and after March 2003. May you and your associates succeed in galvanizing the public debate in this country over why a growing majority of Americans now think it was a costly mistake to invade Iraq and want our soldiers back, with the U.S. out of that country. May you prevail where others have failed to secure an audience with Mr. Bush.

Sincerely,
Ralph Nader



Of Bugs and Terrorists

By: Nick Cooper

A friend of mine who works for Dow Chemical said the other day "You wouldn't believe how much stronger our new generation of pesticides is than what is on the market right now — the bugs have just become stronger."



With a goal of decreasing numbers of bugs, we end up killing ourselves, because humans have not become stronger. Already our cancer rates are pretty close to 50%. Similarly, in the war on terrorism, we end up needing to increase our levels of violence just to keep up.

Not only are these policies killing people, there are also many damages which are never even considered part of the equation – the soil can become unuseable, the depleted uranium radioactive areas of Iraq may be uninhabitable. When a corporation decides to sell a pesticide, or when a politician decides to start using a militaristic policy, they are unable to know all future effects, much less tell us. But, with each escalation comes the propaganda: "we will feed more people," or "we will democratize the region."

In comparison to today's options and possible outcomes, we were doing pretty well with Iran in the early 1950's. But, when Mossadeq's parliament nationalized oil, we embarked on a program of hostile policies. Each time we were confronted with a problem, our militaristic solutions created new problems, and we were left with increasingly horrible options. Despite the history of suffering we have caused in Iran and Iraq -- with the Shah, Saddam, our part in their war and the weapons we gave them, the first Gulf war, the sanctions, and the depleted uranium -- we continue to escalate.

Our politicians are now pretending that Iran is violating the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. Anyone who reads the document, would immediately see that the US is in clear violation of the second pillar "to reduce and liquidate [our] stockpiles..." But "reducing" violates our deeper unarticulated doctrine of confronting problems with escalation.

We show the same thinking today with Venezuela as we did in Iran in 1953. The idea that getting rid of Chavez would somehow make things better is similar to our thinking about Mossadeq. Does the United States now have to worry about Venezuelan terrorists or nukes? No. Could we bring things to that point? Of course we could, just keep following the Iran playbook.

I categorize these cycles as pathologies, because they create problems and we have to increase levels just to maintain equilibrium. This same pathology is found in many places: In order to maintain our national economy from crashing we end up borrowing increasing amounts against our own projected future profits just to keep up the payments. In order to keep up with the narco-traffickers in the war on drugs, we need to increase our counter-drug measures. In order for individuals to keep themselves living above their means, they increase credit-card debt.

To confront the pathology, to de-escalate, to find sustainable solutions, these are not easy things. It is easier to pretend our politicians can and do have solutions, and to ignore our problems ourselves. Even when we know the propaganda is nonsense, we still accept the general framework of escalation, or at least prefer it to anything too unfamiliar.

At the end of an article like this, usually comes the part where the author lets you off the hook, by telling you it's not too late, that it is still possible to turn this situation around. But, how am I supposed to know if it's too late? Stay on the hook.

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September 14, 2005: Execution of Frances Newton



There are serious questions about the guilt of Frances Newton, whose attorney never interviewed witnesses, and never read the police offense report until he was in trial. How to get involved: Come to the meetings on Wednesday nights at 6:30 PM at 2620 Fountainview, Suite 113 (punch in 113 to have the door opened). Or contact: Rabia (rabiatahiri@hotmail.com) or Grace (crazygrazie99@yahoo.com). Media contacts: Art (abrowning@pdq.net), and Bernadine(StrongFlowerDream@yahoo.com). For flyers, postcards, DVD's, posters, contact Massoud (massn@prodigy.net).

Houston Sheehan Solidarity Vigils



Hundreds of Houstonians came out in support of Cindy Sheehan as part of a nationwide solidarity vigil. Sheehan is the mother of an American soldier, Casey Sheehan, who was killed in Iraq. At this moment she is camped out in Crawford TX awaiting specific answers from president Bush, as to why her son died in Iraq.
Bush is in Crawford for a five week vacation and Sheehan has vowed to stay during that time or until Bush comes out and answers her questions directly. Specifically she wants to know, what is the noble cause her son died for and why, if it is so noble, aren't the Bush children being asked to make the sacrifice of serving in Iraq?
Two suspension bridges in Houston TX held approximately 250 supporters of Sheehan above the busy highway 59 traffic. Highway 59 takes commuters into downtown Houston and then out bound to Southwest Houston and Sugar Land.
Supporters lined both sides of the Dunlavy and Woodhead bridges for a great view of in bound and out bound traffic. They held signs and candles aloft as supporters in their cars and trucks below honked horns and gave thumbs up.
Mecom Fountain attracted at another 250 supporters. In all, there were 12 vigils throughout Houston, including one at the regional VA office and one at George Bush Park in far west Houston.

Sept. 5th: lakbay ng pagkaalam ("journey of consciousness") a series of films by independent Filipino filmmakers



Rice Cinema: Rice University Campus at entrance #8: Univeristy Blvd. and Stockton Dr. North of Ojinaga - Two young immigrants, a Chinese woman and a Mexican man in search of their dreams, are smuggled across the US border from Mexico and abandoned in the vast unforgiving Texas desert. Lost and struggling to survive, they discover hope in each other. Houston premiere. Directed by Rommel Eclarinal. 24 min 16 sec. English, Mandarin and Spanish with English subtitles.
From Iraq With Love - Award-winning investigative journalist Howie Severino travels to Baghdad shortly before the bombing begins to witness for himself what daily life is like in Iraq prior to its impending destruction. There, he discovers a happy people with hopes, fears and values not uncommon to the rest of the world. Houston premiere. Directed by Howie Severino. 21 min 5 sec. Tagalog with English subtitles.
Inang's Home Cooking - Former Filipino police officer Danny Cruz reflects upon his happiness in his new career as a restaurant owner in Daly City, California. Inang's underlying theme is the alienated and floating nature of the lives of not only Filipino immigrants but all immigrants who are affected by a colonial mentality. Directed by Oliver Eclarinal. 12 min. Tagalog with English voiceover.

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STICK IT TO THE MAN

Hearsay — what is it?

By: Devin McNulty

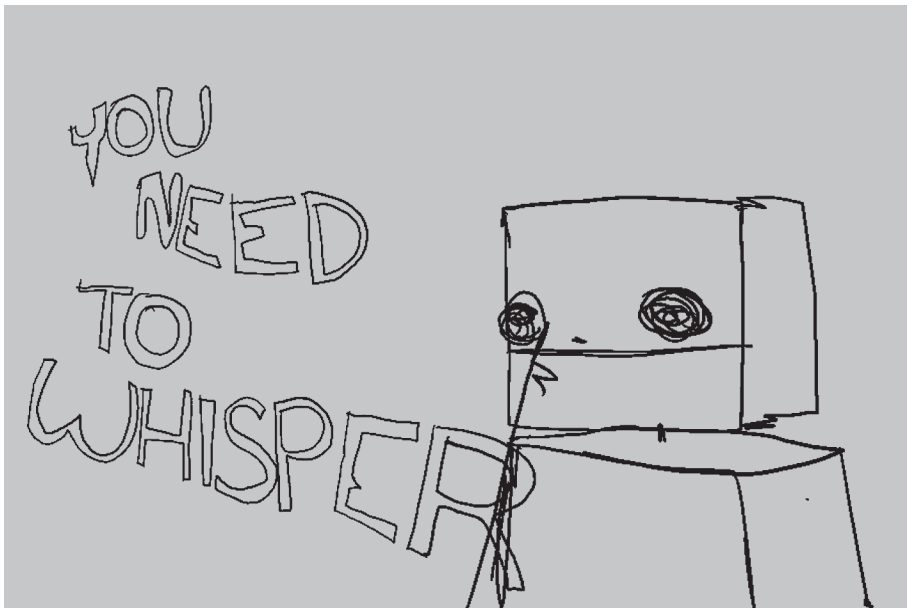
Editor's Note: The information in this column is not legal advice. It is merely intended to illustrate general information about the law by using hypothetical examples. If you have a legal issue, including one that resembles the situation described below, you should consult with an attorney regarding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

I work with a bunch of know-it-alls. Sometimes during our conversations one of them will say "yeah, but that's just hearsay" and I'm all like, 'oh yeah, that is hearsay." But to be honest, I have absolutely no idea what hearsay is. What is it?

In that context, hearsay basically means the same thing as "gossip." In a general conversational sense, hearsay is when someone repeats what someone else said and the original speaker is not around to either corroborate or defend him or herself. Hearsay is best described through examples: suppose Nicole Richie has a conversation with Paris Hilton and Paris tells her about some wild night of sex she had with Rick Salomon. Nicole then goes and tells Lindsey Lohan all about Paris' torrid sexual escapade. The sex talk was not hearsay when Paris told Nicole, but it became hearsay when Nicole told Lindsey. Nicole did not witness or participate in the sex, but she is repeating it second-hand' and describing it as true.

Legally speaking, "Hearsay is a statement, other than one made by the declarant [the person presently doing the taking] while testifying at a trial or hearing, offered in evidence to prove the truth of the matter asserted." TEXAS RULES OF EVIDENCE 801(d).

Again, in the legal context, examples of hearsay are its best illustration: if you were dating some bad person and they told you that they'd killed someone and later on you testify against them at trial and tell the jury about what your ex said, your ex's attorney can object to your testimony on the basis of it being hearsay. You are making a statement, but it did not originally come from you (it came from your ex) and now you're testifying in court and offering up that statement as evidence that your ex killed someone. The rules of evidence seek to exclude that type of testimony from court because it is considered "unreliable." You could have made it up or your ex could have been kidding or lying when he or she told it to you. If it were admissible in court, think of the mischief that could result, any ex-boyfriend, ex-girlfriend or anyone with an axe to grind could go to the police and say that their ex or someone else did any number of horrific crimes and that testimony alone would be "evidence" of the crimes. Obviously such flimsy "evidence" would cause huge proof problems in court, so hearsay testimony is objectionable. Courts view the most reliable testimony as that which can withstand cross-examination (when the side hostile to a party gets to ask its opponent questions). Hearsay testimony cannot be cross-examined because



the original speaker is not present. If a person is available to testify, then the courts would rather hear the testimony "from the horse's mouth" rather than someone else's recollection of what was said.

Hearsay testimony generally still finds its way into court though. The rule against hearsay has more holes in it than a sieve. As my learned evidence professor stated in law school, "any rule with 24 exceptions really isn't very much of a rule." The rules carve out so many exceptions because of the belief that there are occasions where statements made by someone (or some document) not presently in court would be particularly truthful regardless. These occasions include excited utterances (when someone shouted something in the heat of the moment), various types of records (statements can be verbal or written), statements from the community about a person's reputation, etc. The exceptions make the rule against hearsay fairly impotent in the courtroom but the threat of a hearsay objection generally motivates trial lawyers to bring the best evidence they can and that usually amounts to more than hearsay, which is essentially, "I'm telling you, this other person said this...and they were telling the truth!"

To recap: Hearsay basically means "gossip." If someone says, "well that's hearsay" what they're saying is the information being discussed has been passed around a few times and that it isn't necessarily true since the he or she may not have heard it from the original speaker. In the legal sense, hearsay is any statement offered for its truth that was said by another person. As for people who drop terms like, "that's hearsay" in casual conversations, respond to them "no it's not, it was a spontaneous utterance" – that should bring a puzzled look to their face and you'll have one-upped them in dropping legal jargon.

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 or comments.

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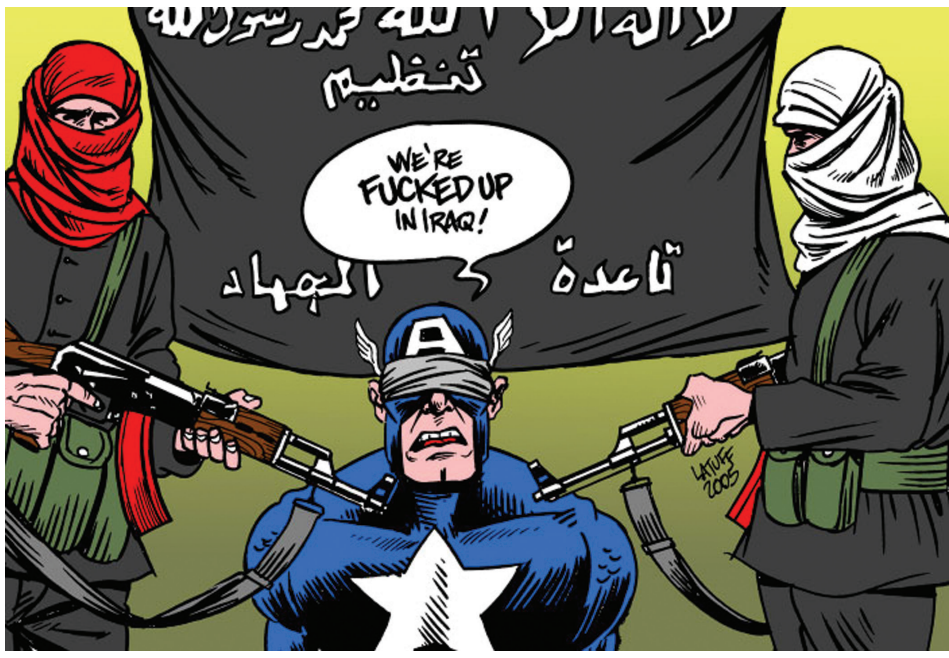
Submission is good...

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The Irony is...

By: Anwaar Hussain



The irony is that when you are pro-war and anti-peace you are 'Right' but when you are pro-peace and anti-war you are 'Left'.

The irony is that the world's biggest hoarder of weapons of mass destruction, the United States of America, moralizes sitting smugly atop huge heaps of these and threatens to lay waste to any other country even dreaming of these.

The irony is that the rationale given for all those WMDs was the Cold War yet the USA continues to deploy 6000 nuclear warheads fifteen years after the end of Cold War.

The irony is that the only ever user of the nuclear weapons, the USA, blames countries not even possessing these of having intent to use these and chaperons the only other country, Israel, that has them and openly threatens its use.

The irony is that North Korea has been shouting from the rooftops for the past so many years that its nuclear program is weapons oriented yet Iran's declaredly peaceful nuclear program is being targeted.

The irony is that Israel, a state bristling with nuclear weapons, not a signatory to nuclear pacts and baring its nuclear fangs at the slightest of provocations, becomes the prime accuser against Iran. A double irony is that she openly urges the United States to attack Iraq without an undue delay and her suggestion apparently falls melodious on certain American ears.

The irony is that Iraq is being blown into smithereens for violating a few trumped up UN resolutions yet Israel, the world's record holder of violations of UN resolutions, does not even get a rap on the knuckles.

The irony is that the biggest user of chemical weapons, 70 million liters of Agent Orange in Vietnam (1962-1971), the USA accused Iraq of using such weapons against Kurds. A double irony is that those chemical weapons, four deadly strains of Anthrax, were handed over to Saddam from United States' military Bio Weapons Lab in Fort Dedtrik.

The irony is that the US claims to be the chief champion of democracy the world over and yet was, and continues to be, the biggest friend and sponsor of the most crooked and brutal dictators the world over. Idi Amin of Uganda, General Augusto Pinochet of Chile and Pol Pot of Cambodia are just three names out of more than two dozen such names. The double irony is that yes Saddam Hussain of Iraq too was once America's bosom buddy.

The irony is that in 1983 Donald Rumsfeld, that shuffling little man with a brief case, presented Saddam Hussain a pair of golden spurs as a gift from the government of United States yet is now the most avowed enemy of the ousted Saddam...





Fat City Yoga

UrbanYogiInstruction

By: Eric Anthamatten

We should be warned that nature nostalgia detaches us from the urban present and promulgates condescension, disinterest, and eventually hostility. For better or worse, American man is now urban man. Nature nostalgia, no matter how subtle, does not serve him well. It is time for a turning and a celebrating of the dazzling experiences we have but do not witness for all to share. The city is now our home; in the most traditional and profound sense of the word, it is our land.

- John J. McDermott

Note: A good way to practice this pose is by using a wall. Set up the pose as above, but have your back and feet against a wall. When you express the pose fully, both shoulders and both hips should stay on the wall. The tendency is to pull the top hip and/or the top shoulder away from the wall, a big no-no in this pose. Also, if you are unable to touch the ground with your hand, you can rest it on the shin, or use a block to cover the distance from your hand to the ground. Never be afraid to use whatever props or aids necessary to maximize the alignment of the pose. Cerebral/Apollonian aspects are certainly important, but one should never lead with the head. The ego keeps us on the surface, and many times pulls us out of alignment and away from our intentions.

First, widen the legs (ideally having the ankles directly underneath the wrists of your outstretched arms). The front foot should turn out a full ninety-degrees, and the back foot should slightly turn in (about thirty-degrees). Keep both legs straight, but not hyperextended, allowing a slight, externally imperciptible bend which helps to allow the muscles to engage and keeps the joints a bit safer. Engage the muscles in the legs (especially in the front leg, which, in this pose, practicioners tend to forget), not merely flexing or squeezing, but lovingly hugging the muscle to the bone, like a mother embracing her child.

Make sure that the back hip is directly behind the front hip, and that the shoulders are directly over the hips. The eyes of the shoulders should not slouch forward, a nuance often overlooked in many of these poses. Though the spine may be straight, many times the shoulders have a tendency to come forward, misaligning the arms and, more importantly, preventing the heart from fully expressing the wonderful gifts it has to share. Engage your "shoulder loop" by rolling the shoulders up and back, drawing the shoulderblades together as if you are gently squeezing a grape between them.

Extend the arms as you bring the front hand to the front shin or all the way to the ground right beneath the calf. Radiate through the fingers of the top hand and gaze beyond the thumb. Shine through the heart just a little bit more and hold the pose for 5-10 good deep breaths (inhaling and exhaling through the nostrils only!). Smile. Repeat on the other side.

In these poses, the heart should lead, the creative and explosive Dionysian nectar that is the true source of our radiance.









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