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Agents

Sat. 3
The Trian Woodburns, World's Most
Dangerous, Venomous Maximus

Fri. 9
Poor Dumb Bastards, Automatic
Thrill, Chelsea Hotel

Sat. 10
M.O.T.O., Midnight Creeps, Born Liars,
Weird Party

Sun. 11
Bob Log III, Molly Gene
One Whoaman Band

Thu. 15
2 Dollar Sound

Fri. 16
Kennedy Bakery, Melissa Savcic,
Stephen Rawlings

Sat. 17
The Invincible Czars,
Come See My Dead Person

Fri. 23
Lotus Effect, Opposite Day, Dune, TX,
Letters To Voltron

Sat. 24
Burn The Boats, Venomous Maximus
(Free Show!)

Fri. 30
The Motts, The Happen-Ins

Sat. 31
Lee Alexander

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WEEKLY SHOWS (FREE)

Tues: Dub/Reggae Night

Weds: Robert Ellis and the Boys

*1st and 3rd Thursdays:

Turnin' Headz Hip Hop Showcase

*2nd and 4th Thursdays:

Trillstep Thursdays at Mango's

UPCOMING SHOWS ALL AGES

7/1
Slings, Yellow Fever, Hearts of
Animals, Cosmic Sound

7/2
FREE SHOW! - The Watermarks, The
On Fires (Australia), Mobley

7/3
The Jonx, Bright Men of Learning,
The Gary, Young Girls

7/5
Islands

7/9
Ola Podrida

7/10
Joe Pug w/ Ryland

7/16
Delta Spirit, David Vandervelde,
Romany Rye

7/17
Searching for Signal, Eastern Sea

7/18
Nathaniel Rateliff

7/23
Drink Up Buttercup

7/26
The Lydia Finale: A Goodbye &
Farewell Tour

7/27
Maps and Atlases, Cults, The Globes

7/28
Liturgy

7/29
Summer Blondes, Guantanamo
Baywatch

7/31
Robert Francis

Check the website calendar
for more shows this month

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FEEL FREE TO TAKE US SERIOUSLY

FUDGE OR FECES?

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

- Omar Afra

THE FUTURE IS LESS

6 ART | FREEPRESSHOUSTON.COM | 08.10

DEBRIS: by BUFFALO SEAN

Across America, they are planning on demolishing blocks full of boarded-up homes. In Youngstown, Ohio, they'll tear up the pavement for miles. In Little Rock, the cash-strapped local government will eliminate services.



DETROIT WILL RETURN entire neighborhoods to nature. The mentality sweeping decaying Rust Belt cities may not seem at home in Houston, but it may be a way to weather the economic storm and beautify the city at the same time.

"Shrink to Survive" is the invention of Flint, Michigan's former treasurer Dan Kildee and a leading candidate to define how the 21st century city will be redrawn. The idea is simple; foreclosures and fines on delinquent properties can lead to city auctions, where expensive properties are resold to finance the demolition and rehabilitation of other properties. As Kildee says; "pruning an overgrown tree so it can bear fruit again". During his time at the Genesee County land bank, Kildee demolished 1,100 homes- leaving a staggering 6,000 to go. Today he works with the 50 most obsolescent cities in America- designing plans for Memphis, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Dessau, Germany pioneered many of the strategies being toyed with in American cities. Formerly the home of the Bauhaus school and a socialist industrial city, today there are huge, pieces of contemporary art making the roads a kind of drive-through art gallery. Residents tend herb gardens in public parks designed to make the cityscape an archipelago of "urban islands".

With moribund tax bases, many declining cities have not even begun to implement these strategies. Growing cities like Houston can take the lead in redesigning the urban

and suburban environments with minimal investment and bureaucracy. Supplying demolition and construction work during the recent home building slump would buoy thousands of low-wage workers whose jobs are not coming back soon. The tax base would increase as neighborhoods become safer and more attractive. Imagine ribbons of parkland stretching through neighborhoods, meandering streams and lush gardens, improved flood drainage, urban farms and wildlife habitats. For such a young city, the opportunity to include green space in such a fundamental way is very rare. Usually cities are left to play catch-up when their streets became crowded with development, at a much higher cost than if the land was gathered earlier.

Our stagnant economy and elusive recovery provide a constant din of angry and bemused chatter throughout the news cycle deprecating the end of our society's affluence. In reactionary national politics saving money and environmentalism are at odds, but perhaps the project is closer to becoming a reality in Houston than anywhere else. The California economy is in shambles, and New York and Illinois are cutting civil servants left and right. Our projected budget shortfall in the near future will bring the same problems to Texas. Don't be surprised if there are fewer teachers, roads get worse, lines longer and fines higher. Without a plan, all we can do is wait for the future to come to us. With a little vision, we could change that. **FPH**

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UPCOMING SHOWS

JULY 2- CHAMPAGNE WITH FRIENDS, GRASS

JULY 3- ERMELINDA AND FRIENDS

JULY 9- WISEBIRD, TCS

JULY 10- ORQJAM BENEFIT CONCERT FOR STAR OF HOPE MISSION AND CHUNG TAI ZEN CENTER
TODY CASTILLO
NICK GAITAN & UMBRELLA MAN
THE MIGHTY ORQ

JULY 17- BUFFALO BAYOU

JULY 23- SPOONFED TRIBE

JULY 24- PRAIA URBANA

SATURDAY JULY 31
24TH ANNUAL WATERMELON FEST!!
W/ LESLIE NEUMAN
SPARE PARTS BAND 4 - 5
LOS VERTIGOS 5-6
JIMMY DEAN 6-7
PLUMP 7-8
RICHARD CAGLE & VOODOO CHOIR 8-9
HEADLINER TBD 9-10
OPIE HENDRIX 10-11
RAFTERS 11-12
HIGHTAILERS 21-1
POTROAST 1-2

REVISIONIST

AGORA & INCEPTION

AGORA TELLS A STORY of religious persecution, public intolerance of minority ideas, and a woman making her way in a man’s world. All of this takes place in the late 4th century and early 5th century and the plot revolves, not unlike the Earth around the Sun, in an elliptical pattern that focuses on small emotional moments mixed with grand spectacular crowd scenes amidst riots and fear.

Agora stars Rachel Weisz as femme scholar Hypathia. The title refers to a public gathering area in ancient Alexandria where public debates were spurred by words and deeds. As far as the accuracy of the film, I may have an encyclopedic knowledge of film but the events depicted in Agora are for scholars to determine what did and didn’t happen.

Imagine if you will a fictional narrative of our own 20th century but written 1300 years from now. A proper femme, a prototype flower child we will name Helen K, teaches advanced comparative religion to a large class of pupils that include Adolph Hitler and John Kennedy. Helen’s teachings inspire heated conversation among the young lads. Time passes and now Helen’s teachings are unpopular as is her mode of spirituality. Hitler and Kennedy, now

the world’s leaders, clash against a canvas that includes Mickey Mouse, an Elvis song, class conflict, warfare and the persecution and eventual demise of Helen. That’s kind of the effect of watching Agora. You know some of what’s portrayed is considered history – Hypathia was killed by a mob, fueled by a political and religious riot between two of her former students - but the facts are jumbled together and time and events crushed to make it all happen at once.

Under the eyes of Spanish director Alejandro Amenábar Agora rejoices in splendid overhead shots that show the Alexandria library as a place of learning as much as in the midst of an armed conflict. In fact one such shot speeds up the motion to where all the figures are like ants scurrying from one place to another. Amenábar even pushes his camera back further at select times during the film to show us a deity-like outer space point-of-view. The temples and statues of Alexandria recede to show the greater Middle East and then shoot out of the atmosphere like a Google map.

There’s a lot to recommend in Agora. It certainly doesn’t fit the boring mode of summer blockbusters. It’s not the same old costume

drama a la Gladiator, although for some that may be a deal killer. There are many points to be made but Amenábar makes them appear like bullet points on a web page. And there’s the tendency of Amenábar, as well as every director since Michael Mann and The Insider, to use background music that sounds like Lisa Gerard era Dead Can Dance moaning, wailing vocals and ethnic strains of music to emphasize moments like the Christians picking up rocks with which to kill Hypathia. But those small moments are overwhelmed by the larger ideas and eternal emotions on display in Agora.

In order to keep your sanity and wits intact while watching Inception keep repeating, “it’s just a Chris Nolan movie, it’s just a Chris Nolan movie.” A fascinating look at dreams, and an exhilarating bit of cinema Inception may not be a game changer like The Matrix but it packs all the ingredients of a hit with its inimitable story and various special effect set pieces. Inception layers various levels of dreams as reality. But Inception doesn’t really fit so easily into specific categories. Sure it’s supposed to be complicated, and yes the plot packs info so densely you’d look to The Big Sleep with its notori-

ously twisted narrative as a movie that’s easily explainable by comparison. Words like smart describe Inception but not the kind of smart where you, say, understand higher math. It’s more like everyone can remember one phone number. Nolan gives you five, all at once. Even as you’re processing the events unfolding on screen you get caught up in action sequences that makes you want to roll with it. Nolan casts with an eye for a top international cast, so here alongside Leonardo DiCaprio, Ellen Page and Joseph Gordon-Levitt we have people like Tom Hardy (excellent actor who appeared in last year’s little seen Bronson), Michael Caine, Ken Watanabe, Dileep Rao and a couple of others. Cillian Murphy plays the mark or person on which DiCaprio’s team has set their sights. In the world of Inception team DiCaprio weaves through dreamscapes wherein they enter another person’s dream and plant suggestions or steal ideas. Instead of flashbacks and even flashbacks within flashbacks Inception goes into dreams inside of dreams, each with different rules of space and time. The trick is getting the mark to sleep at the same time everyone goes REM. The entire film has a cold hard look and the CGI effects are flawless. Hans Zimmer’s

music is pounding and relentless in a good way. Inception is as much fun as I’ve had watching a film recently, and that’s because Inception was constantly giving me cool thoughts to go along with the non-stop barrage of action and character interaction. I want to lucid dream and in fact do at times. Inception plays on the fact that people never remember the beginning of their dreams but rather the end. By the time you witness the second or third or even fourth state of dreaming in Inception it feels like you’ve progressed into a separate state of alpha waves.

WORD: CHAINSAWS, SLACKERS & SPY KIDS

Many questions about filmmaking in Texas are answered and with frankness and a sense for nuts, bolts and numbers. You definitely leave wiser than you entered. Alison Macor’s Chainsaws, Slackers and Spy Kids: Thirty Years of Filmmaking in Austin, Texas (University of Texas Press) fills in the gaps that you might’ve missed had you not been on the crew of, say, such influential films as Texas Chainsaw Massacre or Slackers or Spy Kids. But Macor’s book delves deep into more than just Richard Linklater and Robert Rodriguez. There are detailed chapters documenting films like Last Night at the Alamo (and Eagle Pennell’s destructive demons); Red Headed Stranger, a Willie Nelson project; El Mariachi; Dazed and Confused and the Newton Boys; Dancer, Texas Pop. 81; and Office Space. Macor also offers succinct analysis of Houston and Dallas filmmaking efforts in the last 30 years along with a summary of the most important film companies to operate in the capital city during the 20th century. This book puts the reader in the driver’s seat. If someone smoked a joint on the set we know about it yet this isn’t a Peter Biskind style expose. We do learn how money is distributed after a low-budget film, made with salary and fee deferrals to crew and equipment houses, sells. Some of the best sections involve detailed breakdowns of the multitude of ways profits can be divided. Chainsaws, Slackers and Spy Kids unfolds with a warts and all sensibility. Sure there was conflict on the set of Dazed and Confused and we hear about it from both sides. There’s a passion to this craft and occupation and Macor knows how to spell it out, like the way she hones in on the best shot in Office Space. For his first live action film Mike Judge had the character of Milton exit his garage and at the moment the door is closing shut we see his car get rammed in a collision. According to the accounts here, if 20th Century Fox had had their way (and they didn’t) that scene would’ve been scrapped.

DVD SLIGHT RETURN

Of all the genres in cinema film noir offers some of movie’s top classics and helmed by its best directors. While modern day crime thrillers occasionally use the film noir template here is a box set with the original goods. Columbia

Pictures Film Noir Classics II offers five brilliant films from the 1950s, bristling with plot twists, femme fatales and good guys who make bad decisions. The mood depicted in these films provides more than a cool feeling (although it does supply that in boatloads). It’s the complete circle of a story told well and with outstanding production design and cinematography, spot-on dialogue, tough-as-nails acting and superb insightful mise-en-scene. All the films unwind in glorious black and white. The films offered in this box set are Human Desire (Fritz Lang, 1954); The Brothers Rico (Phil Karlson, 1958); City of Fear (Irving Lerner, 1958); Pushover (Richard Quine, 1954); and Nightfall (Jacques Tourneur, 1957). One of the main differences between watching one of these films and watching a contemporary DVD is that these films will actually stay in your memory long after you’ve spun the disc. Golden moments from this collection include Gloria Grahame’s babyvoice adulterous wife in Human Desire or Vince Edwards as an escaped con unknowingly carrying a package of deadly radiation in City of Fear. Edwards crawls through the seedy underground of L.A. infecting people all around him, accompanied by a memorable jazzy score from Jerry Goldsmith. The Brothers Rico has always been a personal favorite; I first remember seeing it on television in the 60s as a kid when I was a big James Darren fan. Richard Conte headlines as the oldest of a trio of brothers who owe allegiance to the mob. Despite adhering to typical 50s movie conventions, Brothers Rico offers some of the earliest movie attempts to portray the Mafia in a realistic mode. These are films that other movies emulate, just as Kim Novak’s hot pick-up lines to Fred MacMurray in Pushover rings original and fresh. Tourneur’s credits include one of noir’s pivotal films Out of the Past, but Nightfall surpasses expectations and is a classic in its own right. The complicated flashback structure reveals the origin of a briefcase of money and the narrative structure allows for multiple points of view as well as sophisticated plot twists. One device that stood out was in the 1954 Pushover, where a subplot has detective Philip Carey keeping surveillance on Novak only to train his binoculars on the bedroom window of her neighbor, Dorothy Malone as a nurse who likes to party. Sure the moment recalls the main thrust of Hitchcock’s Rear Window, also 1954, but it’s taken one step further a few years later with Nightfall and the supporting character of James Gregory, who through most of the film spies on lead Aldo Ray to the level of practically stalking. Only when you’ve got a badge you can stalk for good or evil, depending on the shadows in your soul. Columbia Pictures Film Noir Classics II comes with trailers and brief commentaries on elements of noir by Christopher Nolan, Martin Scorsese and Emily Mortimer. **FPH**

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I AM NOT BOUND BETWEEN THE REAL,

It is really fucking hot outside. As a soon to be father of two, this the overlying thought in my mind.

HOW WILL, or will, my children even want to play outside when it is 350 degrees in the shade. A lot of the obesity in this country is being tied to the fact that children today get a lack of exercise coupled with the lack of true physical education in schools. But the thing is, it is fucking hot outside, I hate walking to and from the grocery store, I hate to be outside with even a hint of sun. My daughter has a very limited vocabulary, but one of the six or so words she can say is 'hot'. It's the first thing she says when she goes outside, hot. Sometimes I even see her trying to play, and then she gives up. The other day she was outside, chasing a ball or something, then she turned to me and said "Seriously Dad, fuck this, let's go in." (Well maybe not in those words, or maybe not even in words, let's say that's how I read the expression on her face). The economy is bad, the ground is on fire, but look on the bright side...I'll give you a few more minutes...

Well, whilst you think of that, I will say that bands are touring, many inside mildly air conditioned locations, and most shows are at night, so there's something. Go to shows, and consequently (wink, wink) I write about the traveling circus. So stay in during the day (did I mention how fucking hot it was) but go out at night, and dodge mosquitoes to purchase beers and talk to those same five people that you talk to all the time at different locations...

by KWAME M. ANDERSON

CONCIERTO

ROBERT ELLIS, DARK DARK DARK & DOUG BURR
08/07/10 | Mango's

There is music, you know, the stuff that plays in the background at bars and then there is MUSIC the stuff that plays in the background at bars. Robert Ellis plays the type of songs that merit going to a show to actually pay attention to and enjoy. I don't know if one would categorize Ellis' music as Americana or folk, which basically means it's played with acoustic guitar and you could imagine the phrase "good ol'" somewhere. I say ignore the classifications. Ellis writes consistently rewarding music, each song becomes a favorite. His guitar style, in the style of Fahey or something awesome like that, traverses to a time when music was good, men were men, and out beyond them there trees lied freedom. I say go to the show and witness one of our city's finest musicians, and remember the good ol'...I mean...well...you know what I mean.

MINIATURE TIGERS
08/24/10 | Mango's

Miniature Tigers are a Brooklyn band whose music is a nice mix of pop and psychedelic. It has this quality like it was made in a bedroom with a really good mike. It's the type of music you could imagine being played in arty film about a loner trying to find himself until he falls in love with a brunette who mumble talks and doesn't wear make up, but paints beautiful pictures of whales because her mom moved to France and her dad is emotionally distant with good intentions. The vocals have that Beatle-esque harmonizing quality while the music sometimes sorta rocks.

FONOGRAFICA

CHILDISH GAMBINO
Culdesac (free download)

Anyone familiar with Donald Glover through his work on Parks and Recreation or his work with the Derek Comedy troop (Bro Rape) may or may not think dude's a pretty good rapper. Childish Gambino is Glover's rap handle and while he is a comedian, this album (while it has some funny lines: "Tonight, NBC won't be the only thing I'm coming on"—"My shows are more mixed than Rashida Jones") is serious business. His style is sort of like Lil Wayne or Drake, except cleverer in material. He raps about girls, money, and namedrops Tina Fey (he wrote for 30 Rock) and Jason Reitman. "You Know Me"

and "I Be On That" wouldn't be out of place on a Young Jeezy album while "Got This Money" wouldn't be out of place on a LCD Soundsystem album and "Do Ya Like" uses a great Adelle sample. It's a free download, and it's better than most rap albums you're expected to pay for. I dare say it's one of the best albums I've heard this year.

THE ROOTS

How I Got Over

The complaint that can be made most about rap music these days is that it is more about the rapper than the people. Tupac made the confessional commonplace, but even he wanted you to find some part of his struggle that you could relate to your own life. The Roots 'How I Got Over' might be one of the few grown up rap albums. No tales of the club, or vacations in Italy, or Versace cufflinks, it's basically just song after song that is an anthem to the everyday struggle. "Walk Alone" maneuvers its way through life's disappointments, "Dear God" questions man's tortured existence while still having faith (and doubt) in "a greater power." "The Day" is an affirmation of trying to change and make every day new though the same problems remain. It's heady stuff, it's more Public Enemy than P. Diddy, it's an album that resonates to real people, not the archetype real created by hood rap. THIS is probably the best album (rap, or otherwise) I've heard this year.

DIRTY PROJECTORS & BJORK
Mount Wittenburg Orca

Performed initially as a suite at a benefit in a bookstore, this album was rerecorded in May and now is released for digital download whose proceeds go to National Geographic Society. Bjork has always been a force in her on right, and The DPs rocked the world with their tri-vocal female symphony and Dave Longstreth's art rock brand of Bitte Orca. But here, the band proves that a) they still have new ways to translate what could be a one trick pony b) they are bad enough make Bjork play the background. "When The World Comes To An End" and "Beautiful Mother" are dynamic in vocal arrangement despite a simple (by Dirty Projectors standard) arrangement. "No Embrace" and "Sharing Orb" continues Longstreth's ability to make a soul song reminiscent of Prince or Minnie Riperton. While I did not lose my shit over Bitte Orca like the rest of the world, I can say that this proves that DPs are really on their shit right now. **FPH**



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MORE

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MERIDIAN - 1503 Chartres St. Houston TX 77003
HYPERNOVA with YELLOWDOGS
and more To Be Announced

August 3rd - Doors at 9:00
RUDYARD'S - 2010 Waugh Dr. Houston TX 77006
THE CLIKS with
HUNTER VALENTINE and KILLOLA

August 17th - Doors at 8:00
MERIDIAN - 1503 Chartres St. Houston TX 77003
D'ESPAIRS RAY
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August 24th - Doors at 7:00
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LEAVES EYES with BLACKGUARD and more TBA

I first met Houston band Jody Seabody and the Whirls at the grand opening party for 226 Studios in the Heights a few months ago and have been talking to them ever since.

AFTER LOSING THE AUDIO for the first interview I did with them I approached them for a second and they graciously obliged. The band has recently finished recording their first full LP, *Summer Us* and plays a brand of solid, no-nonsense, rock music unhampered by gimmicks or affectation.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW I DID WITH YOU GUYS I COMPLETELY FORGOT TO ASK YOU, PROBABLY BECAUSE IT'S SUCH AN OBVIOUS QUESTION, WHY EXACTLY DID YOU PICK THE NAME JODY SEABODY AND THE WHIRLS AND WHO IS JODY SEABODY? ♣ Well, we used to be called the Comrades, this is when we were fourteen. Then we realized you know that A that it's probably been taken and B it's not that awesome of a name anyway. But we had a symbol with a C and a triangle so we're like we have to come up with a C name but as we were going through the C words in the dictionary we realized most of them sucked too. But then our friend Karl, (part of the original lineup but no longer in the band) said "why don't we just call ourselves something like Jody Seabody and the Whirls."

IT'S A REALLY GREAT NAME. IT'S VERY COLORFUL. ♣ I think it's also a take on the idea of a front man. I mean obviously there's no Jody. Jody is the music.

I LIKE THAT A LOT BECAUSE IT SORT OF GOES BACK TO THE 50'S WHEN EVERY BAND HAD A BAND LEADER YOU KNOW WEARING A FUNNY HAT OR HAVING SOME KIND OF GIMMICK. LIKE SAM THE SHAM AND PHARAOHS OR SOMEONE LIKE THAT. ♣ We've been wanting to get like a fucking mannequin and deck it out in all this psychedelic garb and have him be Jody. We could even get a couple mannequins and say that they were roadies that stole some money from us and we froze them.

AND IF NOTHING ELSE IT COULD MAKE A REALLY GREAT ALBUM COVER IN THE FUTURE. ♣ Yeah we'll say it's artistic. We're emphasizing our artistic side. It's a metaphor. It's all a big metaphor about how the lives of roadies are really just empty and they're really just mannequins doing our bidding as we tell them where to stand and what to do.

I'M JUST GOING TO ASK YOU GUYS AGAIN, AS A REFRESHER, TELL ME ABOUT YOUR LATEST ALBUM. ♣ We're going to call it *Summer Us*. We threw around the titles living breathing and you threw a living creature at me but Summer Us seems to fit the best. I think that you threw a living creature at me might be a good title for a three song EP or something like that. We don't want this album to feel too heavy like it would be a great undertaking for someone to listen. So we don't want to throw out some really crazy conceptual name. *Summer Us* has this really breezy feel that seems to fit the music really well.

I'VE LISTENED TO YOUR MUSIC A LOT AND ONE THING I REALLY LIKE IS THAT IT'S DIFFERENT FORM A LOT OF THE STUFF IN HOUSTON RIGHT NOW. NOT TO DENIGRATE ANY BANDS, BUT A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO RIDE THAT INDIE GRAVY TRAIN LATELY AND IT CAN BE GOOD DEPENDING ON WHAT YOU DO WITH BUT YOUR STUFF IS A LOT MORE ROOTSY WHICH I LIKE. YOU GUYS KEEP IT REAL. ♣ Yeah I hear you. In Houston if you want to get instantly recognized you play indie pop. Some of it's good but for the rest I don't know.

IT SEEMS LIKE A LOT IT IS DRIVEN TOO MUCH BY AESTHETICS THAN MUSIC. ♣ It has too many fad aspects to it. If your inspiration is something that's going on just right now then by the time you do it, it's over. It has to be rooted in something that's timeless. **FPH**



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INTERVIEW

JODY SEABODY



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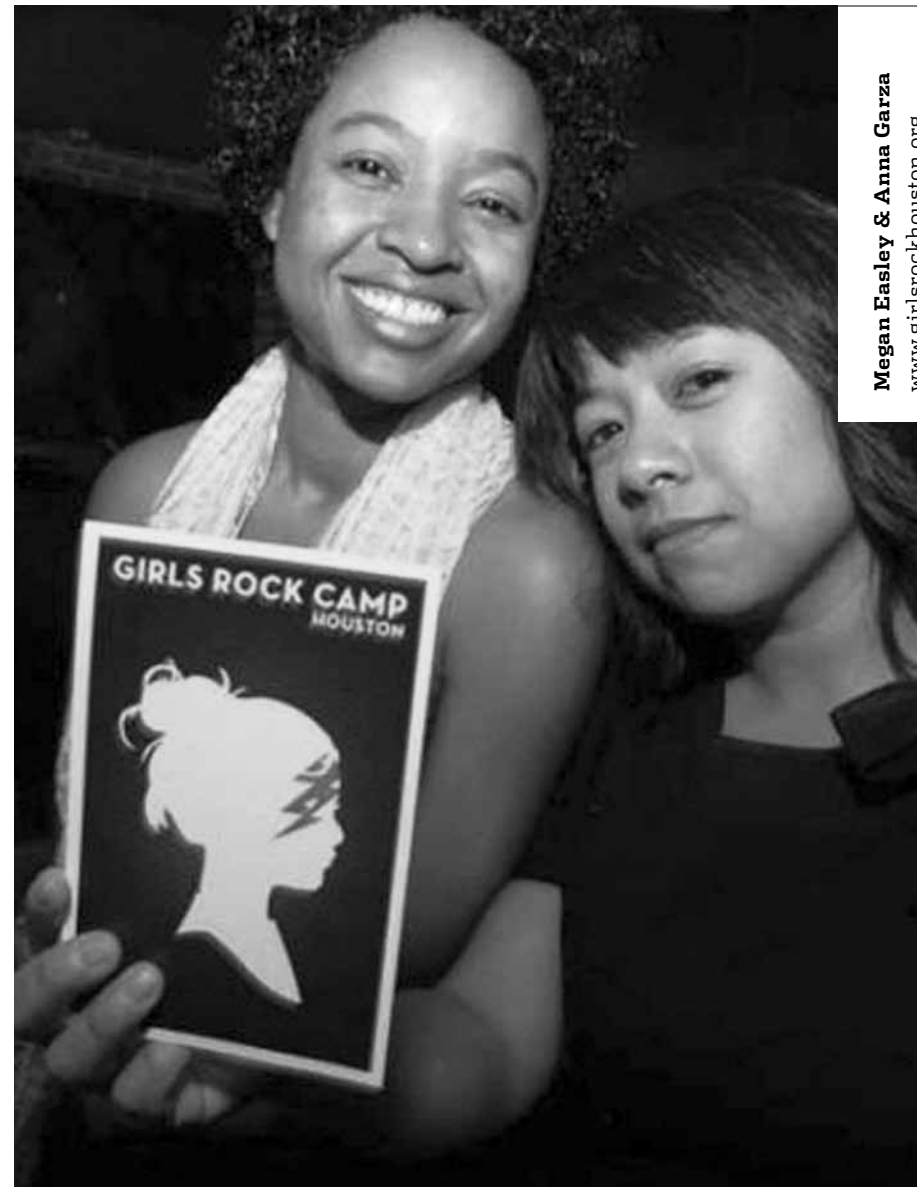
ANNA GARZA OF GIRL'S ROCK CAMP

Founded in October of 2009 by Anna Garza, Houston Girls Rock Camp, is a one week day camp for girls ages 8-18 specializing in musical instruction, networking, and the aesthetics of rock.

INTERVIEW

by

JACK BETZ | PHOTO BY BEN DE SOTO



Megan Easley & Anna Garza
www.girlsrockhouston.org

THE MISSION IS to provide a positive environment for girls to learn how they can succeed in music and build self-esteem along the way. This August will be the very first session and will span from the 9th to the 13th as well as a showcase at Walter's August 15th. I recently asked Anna a few questions about the camp and how it came to be.

TO START OFF, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN DOING THIS AND WHAT KIND OF MUSICAL BACKGROUND DO YOU HAVE YOURSELF? ¶ This is the first year of Girls Rock Camp Houston. Our first camp session ever will take place in two weeks from August 9 - 15. However, I have been involved in the local music scene for longer than I care to admit. I was a former member of Hands Up Houston. Most recently, I co-organized the first Hootenanny show at the Mink and the second Noise & Smoke show at Dean's/ Notsuoh. I'm in two all girl bands right now: Girl Band (we change our name to a different fruit flavor every show we play. Currently, we are called Pear Prickly Pear) and a more straight forward yet cute punk band called The Busy Kids. I play bass in Girl Band and guitar in The Busy Kids.

IT'S A REALLY EXCELLENT IDEA CONSIDERING THAT IT SEEMS SOMETIMES LIKE THE ROCK WORLD IS SUCH A MALE-DOMINATED PLACE. WHO ARE SOME GREAT FEMALE ROCKERS WHO HAVE INFLUENCED YOU IN YOUR MIS-

SION TO PROVIDE THIS CAMP FOR WOMEN? ¶ I'm very influenced by the Riot Grrrl movement and bands associated with Riot Grrrl such as Bikini Kill, The Frumpies, Bratmobile, Erase Errata, etc. I love the Kims: Gordon & Deal. Mika Miko, Finally Punk, The Bombettes are awesome in my book too.

IT LOOKS FROM THE CAMP'S WEBSITE THAT YOU ARE NOT JUST TRYING TO GIVE MUSICAL INSTRUCTION BUT ALSO NETWORKING AND ARTISTIC SKILLS. WHAT OTHER SORTS OF THINGS CAN PROSPECTIVE PUPILS EXPECT TO LEARN BESIDES HOW TO PLAY? ¶ What makes our camp unique from other music camps is that we are not grooming girls to just be pop stars. We aim to provide young girls with the tools to explore their creativity from within and, in turn, help to develop a positive self esteem and trust. The fact it is an all girl camp, we hope young girls will learn to work together and combat some of the competitiveness. To achieve these goals, we are offering workshops in silk-screening, body image/self-esteem, a women's music history course and a rock wall climbing exercise to help with team building and self confidence.

DO YOU HAVE ANY WORDS OF WISDOM FOR UP AND COMING OR PROSPECTIVE FEMALE ROCK ARTISTS? ¶ Toughen up. Stay Gold. Form a band, write songs, plays shows and have some fun, fun, fun. **FPH**

Growing up with Winter we'd have sleepovers and 6 Pence None the Richer would be played by my brother Chris as Winter would sing to it. This would be played more than a lot. Winter wanted to be in a band so badly, but she didn't have one.



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ALL SHE HAD WAS her voice and Chris' cover of "Kiss Me" on his guitar. Many years later Winter Roberts changed her last name to her mother's maiden for the beautiful alliteration and found a band. The fairy tale begins.

Winter Wallace plays dandified jewelry box music that I wouldn't mind rewinding to listen to over and over again. With strings attached (literally) the music has an array of instruments, cellos, violins, pianos, keyboards, ambient electronic channels, and more. "Holiday" is their freshman release that has just been put out independently. The seven track album opens up with "Marionette", which Wallace uses her vocals in a very spirited way that ricochets off each piano key magically. With this song being the first track it gives a lively introduction of the band. So far we're off to a good start. "Here's to Every thing" could very well be their first single for this record. "Oh when did my glass become so bare?" In Winter's words a good glass of wine is a metaphor to a relationship gone bitter. "My cupidity for you was just the aftermath of a jest", "It means my love for you was just the end result of a cruel joke. It's about the first heart-break when you're angry and sad." Wallace says. This radio friendly song could easily put this band on the map and be responsible for their success. It's just that good.

It's nice to put in a record without skipping around from track to track. "Holiday" is a 30 minute vacation that takes you through a world of death, fields of cows, hauntings, and court jesters. It's a beautiful listen in the vain of a more orchestrated Bats for Lashes or in the likes of any Regina Spektor fan. "Holiday" has major label written all over it, which perfectly makes sense because Kevin Ryan and Dan Workman has much say in this band. While Dan Workman of Sugar Hill Studios produced "Holiday" Kevin Ryan composed the band's first few tracks who just recently wrote a book called "Recording The Beatles" along with Brian Kehew who co-produced Fiona Apple's "Extraordinary Machine". With monumental names such as these it's no wonder that this record is packed with brilliance. It'd be no surprise that I one day walk into Best Buy and see their upcoming albums right above The Wallflowers and right underneath The Velvet Teen.

Winter Wallace is backed by her multi-instrumentalist boyfriend Nolan Burke (Eldridge/The Finalists), Kris Noland on the keys, Michael Razmandi playing bass, and Asher

Pudlo who ties in the band together with his syncopated drums beats that leaves you dragging your body back and forth on the floor in a sluggish manner.

I feel that this band has a lot to offer to the future. In my personal opinion it's the best thing that Houston has to musically offer right now in the female vocal department. Her milky vocals lure you in a way that other female Houston artist cannot. The girl can actually sing! Winter Wallace is in the making of becoming one of Houston's biggest indie female stars. Not that it will be difficult, because she's already hitting big in all the right places. All that's missing is a tiny ballerina dancing adagio surrounded by diamond rings and golden necklaces with lockets attached to them with photographs of vivid nightmares inside.

YOUR SISTER IS ALSO A BEAUTIFUL SINGER. IS THERE A RUN IN THE FAMILY GENE POOL OR ARE YOU THE ONLY TWO? ♣ Yes, my sister is a fantastic singer. We both definitely inherited the gift of song from my mom. She used to perform at churches all the time when we were little. My whole family is musical and I definitely grew up completely surrounded by music. So it felt pretty natural when I started performing on my own.

KNOWING YOU OVER THE YEARS YOU ARE QUITE THE WHIMSICAL GIRL, BUT I'VE NOTICED THERE IS A SIDE OF YOU THAT IS VERY MACABRE. YOUR MUSIC IS A BIT DARK AT TIMES. YOU SEEM TO ALWAYS TALK ABOUT YOUR NIGHTMARES, YOU'VE GOT A SONG ABOUT A WOMAN WHO TOOK HER OWN LIFE AND YOU'VE ALSO SANG A FEW FUNERALS. WHAT'S YOUR FASCINATION WITH THE DARK SIDE THAT PULLS YOU AWAY FROM YOUR "DISNEY" FANTASY LIFE? ♣ So here's the deal. I do love the "Disney" life. To my embarrassment(and delight), I collect vintage cartoons and children's books and any whimsy that comes my way is sure to be my new friend, but like everyone else, have a grey-cloud side too. You mentioned my nightmares, which I suppose could have a lot to do with it. I cannot recall having ever had just a dream, they are all nightmares. Not that they aren't beautiful and vivid, but they are still nightmares. Why do I have these? I don't know? I'm a happy person when I wake up and even happier when I go to sleep at night, but the "scenes" of my nightmares suggest otherwise. It's strange, I know, but my sister has them too and so did

my grandmother. Can dreams be inherited? A lot of my music is about other people. I think maybe the darker side of me comes mainly from feeling what other people are feeling. It's easy for me to take on an emotion: sadness, loss, anger, etc. When I see that in friends, family, or even strangers I guess I just take it in for a little and use it to write music. Maybe it ends up staying for too long and comes out in my dreams. I'm not sure? Singing funerals is an entirely different thing. It may seem morbid, but if you've had a significant loss, which I think most of us have had, you know that you just need people to be there. No questions asked. People ask me to sing funerals a lot and I don't usually turn them down. They are the hardest things in the world for me, but the older I get the more I realize all of this isn't about me...ever. It's about other people. I sang at a funeral last week and at the end an older man came up to me with tears streaming down his face and in his sweet country accent he just held my hand and said, "Thank you, ma'am. Thank you." That made every funeral I've ever done worth it. Of course, I burst into tears too, but that's another story.

BESIDES YOUR BANDMATES, WHO ARE SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE LOCAL MUSICIANS? ♣ Wow, there are so many wonderful musicians here in Houston. I'm going to be as honest as I possibly can here. My favorite band in Houston is Marry Me. The music is so beautiful. It brings tears to my eyes any time I listen to it. The song "Save" is on my top favorite songs of all time and that's saying something. I really love Grandfather Child. Their music makes me happy and it's just so darn good. Lastly, I have not been able to take Olney Clark out of my CD player. Is it fair to say locals, even if one of them is in Scotland now? "Tea and Thunderstorms" is my go-to morning song. I wake up and think..."What is something that will make me feel like waking up? Is worth it? Ahhh, yes...Tea and Thunderstorms..." Enough said.

IN MY OPINION YOU'VE GOT ONE OF THE BEST VOICES IN HOUSTON AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN MAKE IT THROUGH THE AMERICAN IDOL AUDITIONS. HOW DID YOU FEEL THAT YOU WERE BRUSHED TO THE SIDE WHEN PEOPLE SUCH AS WILLIAM HUNG MADE IT THROUGH. ♣ Thank you! You are oh-so-kind to say such nice words and as far as the whole American Idol thing...boy, that was a long time ago. Over 9 years ago, I think. I didn't want

to go in the first place, so the whole experience was a pretty crappy. It was a ridiculous yet eye-opening experience. I'm glad I did it. I'm glad I saw what I saw. They sent us in 5 at a time (my number was #450) to sing for these judges. Not the judges you see on TV, but other people who sift through the crowds of singers. Funnily enough, the only tone deaf guy in our group was the one they picked. I was sad for him, because they were just mocking him, and he was SO excited. There were some RIDICULOUSLY amazing singers in my group of 5 and they all went home confused. They pick terrible people because it's good entertainment. I guess I understand but at the same time, I felt terrible for the ones who really thought they were going to "make it". It was sad. Let's just say I was glad to go home after that audition. I haven't ever actually watched an episode of American Idol. I get too nervous for those people.

I FEEL THAT THE ART ON YOUR ALBUM REALLY EMULATES THE MUSIC ON CANVAS VERY WELL. TELL ME ABOUT THE ART AND WHO DID IT. ♣ A local artist named Lisa Chow did the album for us. I am soooooo lucky to have met her. She talked to me a little when we met about doing some artwork and then I checked out her site (apt3305.com). It is sickeningly amazing. Looking at her new collection made me feel like I was sitting around all of the people I love, feeling the most comfortable a person can feel. She and I collaborated on the concept and every crazy design I came up with she interpreted with such ease. The album, "Holiday" is designed to represent the feeling of taking a holiday into the life of another person. You know when you can just leave the world and be in the heart of someone else for a while? It's kind of like that. The artwork is a play on something I loved from my childhood, a fanciful illustration of Easter. I love children's books, so innocent and fun.

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT AN ALBUM UNDER YOUR BELT IS THERE A TOUR ROUTED IN THE NEAR FUTURE? ♣ We are taking some mini-tours through Texas in these next few months following the album release to explore some new venues and meet some new friends. A bigger tour is in the works. When will it be? Well, that's a surprise to you and to me, because I have no idea? It could be tomorrow, next year, or if time travel is involved, it could've already happened.

FPH

WINTER WALLACE

INTERVIEW by JACOB CALLE

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CD release party for "Holiday"
Friday, August 6th
Gallery M Squared, 339 W. 19th St.
The Heights, 7pm \$10
with Finnegan & Robert Ellis
www.winterwallace.com



July 1st: Theotis Joe	July 3rd: Nuss, Kai-ros
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July 6th: Victor! Fix the Sun, The Reptillian, My Brother's Keeper, Diving	
July 8th: R Sun	
July 9th: Jon Black, Ensane, Skepticynic, Jody Seabody and The Whirls Mr. Free, The Satellite Freakout	
July 10th: Felili, I Sing The Body Electric, Buffalo Bayou, Venus Love	
July 11th Pianos Become the Teeth (Baltimore) iDreaminstereo, Diving, My Brother's Keeper	
July 12th: Girlfriends, Elemno, From The Eyes of Servants	
July 13th: Protomen July 16th: Child Bite	
July 17th: Lisa Frank, Copwarmth, Muhammadali	
July 19th: OffiSir God, Kylemotron	
July 20th Prawn, Weatherbox, A Fat Lot of Good, Wockets, The Winter Road	
July 21st: The Shivas, Lead Sister II, Ziggy Moonshine and the Bootleggers	
July 22nd: Coolzey, Lipstick Homicide, Really Bad Reverb A Night Of Strange Sounds with Ben Parks	
July 23rd: Quintron and Miss Pussycat, Fiskadoro, Future Blondes	
July 24th: Mincemeat or Tenspeed, Nero's Day at Disneyland	
July 28th Replacing The Robots, Surtsey, I Sing the Body Electric, A Sundae Drive, DSF	
July 29th Grandma Folk, Posion Control Center, Lost Lingo	
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LINDSEY ERIN APOSTOLO

BY

My name is Lindsey Erin Apostolo. I am 27 and have been diagnosed with terminal Cervical Cancer. This is my story.

FIGHT LIKE A GIRL...

A YOUNG HOUSTONIAN TELLS OF HER VALIANT FIGHT AGAINST CERVICAL CANCER

I WAS BORN in Houston, Texas on February 10, 1983 to Theresa and Leon Apostolo and I have a younger brother, C.J. I graduated in 2001 from Langham Creek High School and went on to pursue a degree in Fashion Merchandising at Texas State University. After graduation, I began working for Saks and worked my way up to Manager. I left Saks in November, 2009 to become a fourth grade teacher in the Houston Independent School District.

I was just getting in the swing of things as an elementary school teacher, when I was hit with the biggest blow of my life. I had been experiencing some female issues and went to the doctor, only to find out the worst news I could imagine, I had cervical cancer. I began treatment immediately, six weeks of daily radiation, weekly chemo, and followed by two three-day hospital stays for internal radiation thereapy, all the while still trying to continue to work. Shortly after treatment began, I became sick with a bad stomach virus, then a urinary tract Infection, experienced terrific back pain, and to top it all off, a blood clot in my right leg, which the doctors said was caused from the chemo. I had to give myself two injections daily for 5 days and will have to continue taking Coumadin for as long as 6 months. After just nine radiation treatments, the doctor told me the tumor was shrinking, HOORAY, finally some good news! The doctors and I were hopeful this treatment would take care of the cancer, however a couple of weeks after the treatment was completed, I began running fever. I went to several doctors and no one could tell me why I was running this fever. After several more weeks, a sore appeared and I decided to go to the ER. The news just seemed to continue to go downhill ...I now had a staph infection. The ER doctors ran some other tests and before I could leave there, I was told my cancer had spread to my lungs. This is when I decided I needed a higher level of professional care and made an appointment for June 1 to see Dr. Bevers at MD Anderson. We were told Dr. Bevers was ONE of the BEST in his field. According to the first PET scan, there was no evidence of cancer anywhere except the cervix. Unfortunately, small cancer tumors do not necessarily show up on CT or PET scans. My diagnosis now was a combination of squamous cell and adenocarcinoma. The doctor said, if in fact this is cancerous, he believed the original cancer was "small cell cancer" in conjunction with the original diagnosis. This would be the only explanation as to why this cancer has spread as fast as it has. BUT, we also have the chance of the tumors being benign. My family and I were staying optimistic. Is there any other way?

On Monday, June 7, I went in for my lung biopsy at St. Lukes. Ouch... this was definitely a lot more painful than I expected! Although my doctor works for MD Anderson, he prefers to have his testing done at St. Lukes, because his patients are able to be seen faster, and he has the utmost confidence in the doctors there.

The entire staff at St. Lukes was very helpful and comforting during my procedure. I had to stay in the hospital for 4 hours after the procedure to make sure that my lung would not collapse. I was released at 3 P.M. and returned home to rest. By Wednesday, with a lot of rest and the help of a few pain pills, the pain had subsided.

Thursday morning, June 10, I went in for my PET scan at another St. Lukes center. I think the next time I see on a questionnaire, "Are you claustrophobic" my answer will be YES. Being in that machine brought back the horrible memories of my last MRI. After the testing, my parents, Bobby, and I went to grab a bite to eat, before our appointment to see my doctor to discuss my test results. Earlier in the week, I had eaten my favorite food, Chinese, and opened not one but two fortune cookies that both read the same thing, "Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst." Even though I thought I had prepared myself for the worst, the news I received far exceeded any thoughts that had crossed my mind.

Dr. Bevers invited us all in his office, and by the look on his face you could tell this conversation was not going to go well. As he started talking, it was like I could hear the words, but refused to believe them. Dr. Bevers told me that my cancer had now spread to my lungs and liver. This type of cancer is not curable. He suggested chemotherapy as my first option to hopefully slow down the growth or stabilize the tumors. The treatment would be to receive a round of 3 chemo treatments which would each consists of 3 days in the hospital. At the end of these 3 treatments, another PET scan would be taken to evaluate the effectiveness of the chemotherapy. Dr. Bevers was honest in stating that this first form of chemo only has about a 30% effectiveness rate, the other options after that will only have about a 15% effectiveness rate. He also suggested clinical trials as an option for later down the road. At this point I was basically numb, just sitting there staring off into space. He ended the conversation by letting us know that the prognosis is usually 8-12 months. Are you kidding me?

I got home at 5:15 p.m. and fell to the floor crying. I picked myself up and vowed at 6:00 p.m. I would be done feeling sorry for myself and that my outlook needed to change. I made my parents and Bobby agree to this, as well. At 6:00 p.m., we made a toast saying "hasta la vista Cancer!" Although my outlook might look bleak, I refused to let this evil beast bring me down. I have too much to live for and will fight and give 100% every day.

Do you want to know what one of my first thoughts were when I got "the news?" I just wanted to break something. I am not sure if this is a normal reaction, but it was my reaction. On Sunday, I spoke with Pastor Karen, at Gruene United Methodist Church, and one of the first things she said to me was, "Break Lindsey, feel free to scream, cuss, or break something." After this, I felt like I had been given the OKAY to do

just that. BREAK SOMETHING!!! After my doctors appointment on Monday, I asked my mom to drive to Ross, of course I chose one of my favorite stores, to buy a set of dishes. In the meantime, I started to round up a few of my closest friends to come and join in the "free therapy session." After a few glasses of wine, we were all ready to release some of our pent up anger and frustration. We all agreed that we would write our own affirmations on our dishes before throwing them across the garage floor and watching them shatter. After receiving the news last week, Bobby and I had decided to video tape my journey through this cancer fight. Bobby was our amateur video guy for this session. Boy did we have fun doing this! I suggest this as an outlet for anyone who is feeling anger or frustration.

Cancer Treatment: \$100,000 Dishes: \$6.99 Aretha Franklin "I Will Survive" iTunes download: \$0.99 Therapy Session with Friends: PRICELESS

ON MONDAY, JUNE 14, my mom and I went back to visit Dr. Bevers to discuss what we had "thought" about during the weekend. Honestly, I am not sure we did much thinking over the weekend, we were all still in shock. However, one thought that did come up was clinical trials or alternative options. I brought this up to Dr. Bevers, and he said he had also had been thinking about the clinical trials over the weekend. Those of you who know me know that I hate to deviate from my plans, so my major concern here was, should I really be putting off my treatment for a few more days? Dr. Bevers assured me that a few more days would not hurt the situation. We left the office that day deciding to put chemo on hold, and hoping to have an appointment with the MD Anderson Clinical Trials doctors by the end of the week.

"Good things come to those who wait." I am confident that this will be the case, as another day has passed and I am still without a definite treatment plan.

I MET WITH Dr. Naing in the Targeted Therapy Department at MD Anderson. He mentioned a specific drug, Avastin, which could possibly work in my case. However, I would first need to undergo yet another CT scan before being approved for this trial. The drug has a close interaction with the blood vessels, and my approval for the program was dependent on how close my blood vessels were in relation to the tumors. From the CT scan, he would also be able to see where the majority of the tumors were located, whether on the liver or lungs. He did mention a very specific chemo that could be an option for just the liver alone; this made all of our ears perk up since this seemed to be the major beast to tackle. After blood work and the CT, I revisited with Dr. Naing to discuss moving forward.

As I sat in the waiting room, I just kept thinking how depressing an atmosphere this was. The hospital should really consider hiring a

standup comedian or offering karaoke in these waiting rooms. Shoot, I might consider bringing my ipod and dancing or wearing my old green St. Patrick's Day wig just to get a laugh out of someone the next time I was there. Toward the end of my wait, I did end up meeting a young man who is also battling lung tumors by the name of Wills Setzler. I would like to ask that when each of you say a prayer for me that you also say one for Wills. I also met another man who practices alternative medicine that is visiting from out of state. He had a lot to offer regarding books to read and the benefits of acupuncture (believe me I was already working on setting up my first appointment). It was very nice to visit with both of these guys and I really got a lot out of our conversations. The waiting game continues...

On Wednesday, June 23, I finally received some good news! Dr. Naing discussed the results of my CT scan and said the tumors on the liver were not severe enough, so I should consider chemotherapy for the liver alone. He suggested a clinical trial that would consist of the combination of three drugs: Avastin, Cetuximab, and Tarceva. Two of these would be given by IV and the other would be taken daily by mouth. I just needed approval from my insurance company to move forward.

SO NOW I HAD my two options... chemo from Dr. Bevers or the trial from Dr. Naing. I was confident in my decision to go with the trial. I would be committed to this for 8 weeks and then have another scan completed to evaluate whether the tumors had stabilized. Stabilized was Dr. Naing's term or plan, but for me I wanted those little bastards GONE!!

I returned to MD Anderson at 8:30 A.M. for more poking and prodding. My blood work was not quite where they wanted it to be, so I had to have a few more tests run. My test results would be reviewed immediately by Dr. Naing's PA and if they still did not meet standards, I would need to undergo a blood transfusion.

After being on a high from the good news about the trial, I woke up at 2:30 a.m. on Thursday morning, June 24 with reality; severe chest pains. Since I was already scheduled for blood work at MDA later that morning, I decided to tough it out through the night and ask the doctors about my chest pain at my appointment. I was instructed to go straight to the Emergency Room. That's what I did and I sat there until 9:00 p.m. going through more and more testing.

The doctors initially thought that either the blood clot from my leg had traveled to my lung or that a new blood clot had formed. Although I was on blood thinners and this seemed unlikely, it was still a definite possibility. I had another CT scan (I was thinking at this point I should invest in one of these machines with as many as I have had) that confirmed, it was not a blood clot. The chest pains however, were a result of the tumors in my lungs.

It was so scary to say, but since my CT scan on Tuesday, the ER doctor and the radiologist could see growth in the tumors. These suckers were growing day by day, so there was no more waiting around for a treatment to zap them. In the meantime, the doctor at the ER was adamant that I be on a strict regimen of pain medication throughout the day. I disliked the side effects of these pills, and to think some people enjoy feeling all loopy like this, but if it helped the pain, I had to do it.

On Tuesday, June 29, I finally received some GOOD NEWS! After several days of battling with the hospital and insurance company, I was finally booked and ready to begin the clinical trial. I started my day with blood work, an EKG, a doctor’s appointment, and a visit with supportive care. I had to meet with a new doctor because Dr. Naing would not be available for the treatment, and I had made the decision to go with another doctor, if that meant starting treatment sooner. MDA offers supportive care to their patients, and during my appointment I met with a nutritionist and a pain management doctor. I returned that evening from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. for my IV injection of two of the medications. My third medication had to be processed through mail order and I would receive it on Thursday.

It seemed at this point, I had not seen anything but rain and cloudy skies for days, but I was beginning to see sunshine and clear skies, as the obstacles seemed to be fading. Bobby, mom, and I met with the doctor who was filling in for Dr. Naing on July 1st. She was able to confirm that the chest pains I had been experiencing were due to fluid in my right lung, which had also caused fluid build up around my heart. She also explained that the leg pain that I had been experiencing was due to leisons on the pelvic bone. The next two days were very long for me, but I felt like it was the real beginning of killing this beast. I can honestly say I felt those tumors melting away as I received my chemo that night. I made it through my first chemo IV (Avastin) with no problems, but incurred an allergic reaction to the second chemo IV (Cetuximab). I had to stop the treatment incomplete. Since I would be receiving the Cetuximab weekly, the doctors needed to adjust the pre-meds to counteract the allergic reaction. We finally left the hospital at 2 a.m. and returned that same morning at 7 a.m. It was a very short night for mom and me. I then received 2 units of blood, which kept us at the hospital until 4 p.m. that afternoon. The blood transfusion would increase my H&H levels, boost my energy level, and help with shortness of breath.

For all of you who know my mom and me, you know that shopping is one of our favorite things to do together. Having said that, you should know we left our mark on both of the gift shops at MDA before making an exit. Finally, I had a few days off to rest before a busy schedule the following week. I returned to MDA on

Monday and Tuesday for more testing and supportive care and continued my weekly chemo on Thursday.

Just a couple of quotes I ran across and wanted to share...
Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much.
Helen Keller
Although the world is full of suffering, it is full also of the overcoming of it.
Helen Keller

IT IS FINALLY July 8, and all I can say is... Let the good news continue!

Today, I went back for my second round of chemo, but before I could start treatment I met with my PA. He let me know that my blood looks great, my white counts are in good shape, and the urine that they were worried about last week has come back good!

Also in the good news category... I got through my round of Chemo (the one I had an allergic reaction to last time) just fine. Again, I feel like I could hear those little tumor bastards kicking and screaming as they were getting killed!!! Although I am having a few side effects, there are many positives like my continuous cough going away and I am regaining a little more energy. I am off until next Wednesday when I go back in for another round of chemo.

I have a funny store to share that happened to me today. Hopefully you guys will think it is as funny as I did, and it won’t come across as one of those “you had to be there” moments. I need to preface this with the fact that earlier this week I had gotten a spray tan. Being tan always makes me feel better and I think it just makes me look healthier. So today I went to get my IV placed and my nurse was an Asian lady. Since I didn’t know where she wanted to place my IV, I pulled my bandaid off from this morning in front of her. The bandaid pulled a small patch of my spray tan off and left a huge white spot. In shock, the nurse asked, “Why skin come off so easy?” I explained that my skin had not come off, but I had gotten a spray tan and that is what was coming off. She then proceeded to ask all types of questions about spray tan like she wanted to go out and get one. As she was wiping down my arm she said, “Oh no, I make spray tan come off more, you need more spray tan.” Needless to say, I am left with white spots all over my arms. This sure made me laugh, as I pictured this Asian lady so shocked and amazed with spray tan. I guess we all learn something new everyday!

Again, thank you, thank you, thank you for your wonderful support and prayers! They are working, so please keep them coming. I am looking forward to the benefit that is being held for me and I would love to see all of you there. I would love a big hug from each of you!

I hope you all enjoy the rest of your week! Remember they call it the present b/c it truly is a gift! **FPH**



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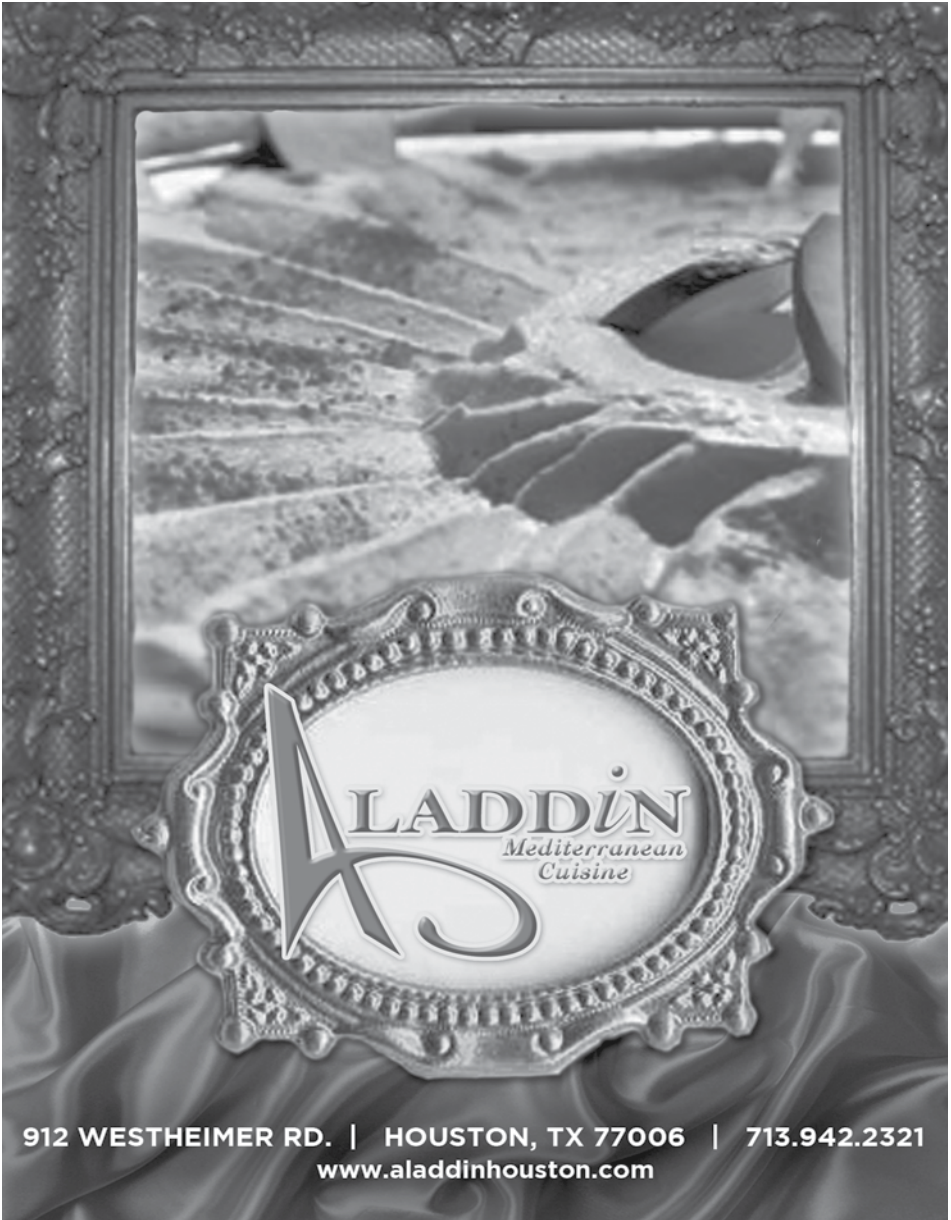


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companies since their
inception nearly a
century ago, and an old
battle is being rekindled
between the modern
day versions of both.

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BY ANDREA AFRA

BY HISTORICAL DEFINITION, a jitney is a privately owned self-propelled vehicle that picks up passengers and takes them to their required destination for a small fee. It's an efficient and effective mode of short distance travel that is enjoyed by cities all over the world— that is, by cities that don't smother the market demand to death in politically influenced regulations.

Local Houstonian and entrepreneur Erik Ibarra, owner of Rev, an all electric jitney company, or eco-shuttles as he calls it, has been struggling for over two years to get the city to approve his duo of six-seater jitneys to service Midtown. While taxi drivers openly detest short trips and Metro buses are notoriously unpredictable, Rev's service eagerly provides short distance, slow paced rides— the jitneys max out at 20mph— that lend an air of closeness between the passenger and the streets, much like a pedicab, and all without using a drop of gasoline. You simply call or book online, or jump on a passing jitney already carrying passengers who are headed in your direction.

Ibarra was recently notified of a move to redraft the current ordinance to increase the minimum capacity of his jitneys to nine seats. The draft also includes notes to change the wording to "mirror the language" of the ordinance for taxicabs, while in the current taxicab ordinance it specifies that the term "taxicab" does not pertain to jitneys. The questions that must be put to the committee and answered honestly are why nine seems to be the magic number of seats that jitneys should have to meet regulations, and ultimately, who deemed it necessary to put this before the council for vote.

In a small victory for the public's transportation alternatives, this past month Houston's city council heard committee members voice their arguments against the ordinance changes. "I think the requirement for seating capacity falls into the category of bureaucratic horse trading," stated City Council Mayor Pro Tempore Anne

Clutterbuck, who was a nay voter on the council in 2006 when the city awarded Yellow Cab an exclusive contract for a new shared-ride taxi shuttle servicing the airport, effectively creating a monopoly and putting competing taxi companies out of business.

A capacity increase would not only put Rev out of business less than a month before Houston's proposed green ordinance deadline of August 13th, but it defeats the whole purpose that jitneys serve and works against how they operate all together. It seems the ghosts of Houston public transportation's past have returned to haunt, yet this time they might finally be put to rest for good if the council's final vote on July 28 is in the public's best interest this time around.

IN A HOUSTON ELECTION HELD

JANUARY 19, 1924:

There was approved a very lengthy and detailed ordinance abolishing jitney busses and jitney routes and virtually prohibiting operation along fixed routes of any passenger vehicle with a seating capacity of less than fifteen persons and prohibiting the operation of motor vehicles carrying passengers along fixed routes upon streets on which street cars were operated.

BUT IN 1994:

By order of the United States District Court for the Southern District of Texas dated March 31, 1994, in Cause No. H-89-1245, the foregoing jitney ordinance was declared unconstitutional.

The only differences in today's jitney ordinance dispute versus 1924's are the capacity minimum, fifteen vs. nine, and the opposing elements who attempted to oust their competitors through council rule. In the early 20th century, that opponent was the sole streetcar company, Houston Electric Co., which eventually became Metro. Today, it's Yellow Cab and Metro who control our city's transportation, both of which

are infamous for their poor service and business practices. Metro has complete control over the mass public transit system, including buses and roads, along with their own police force, while Yellow Cab has been favored with the majority of the allowed taxi permits, yet they still charge their drivers upwards of \$100 a day to lease their cabs without guaranteeing any revenue. Yellow Cab and Metro have been making it rain campaign contributions on most of our local city council members over the years, and seeing their wishes granted time and time again, despite the welfare of the public, has made it evident that their palm greasing has paid off. These transportation giants are merely following in the footsteps of their forefathers, who set the tone and rules of the pay-to-play political game back in the late 19th century.

Houston's Yellow Cab president, Raymond Turner, has been the main agitator in the matter today, complaining to reporters, city council members and Tina Paez, director of the transportation division of Houston's Administration and Regulatory Affairs, "Jitneys look like taxicabs to us...they should be regulated like taxicabs...out of fairness." Not profit. Right.

Ibarra counters, "Let the market demand control business. It's against one's economic liberty to regulate that."

It's true. For a jitney company to be of any benefit to the public, it has to have certain liberties in designating routes and destinations. Yet, the current ordinance reads that not only are city officials in charge of setting the routes, but jitneys must utilize meters and display their rates. But there are no meters because there aren't any rates, just a flat fee to go anywhere in the serviced radius. It's obvious that jitneys need their own classification and ordinances because they truly don't compete with or operate like taxicabs. They are used more for getting from a parking spot to a bar, not crosstown transit. Most taxi companies wouldn't even accept such a short fare.

Knowing the history of our city's transit growth is detrimental to understanding what is happening today. From 1868-1891, Houston's only form of public transportation were mule-drawn streetcars that followed along a track, usually an old rail line that had fallen into disrepair. After a number of sales and mergers, in 1891 the Houston City Street Railway company began replacing the mule cars with electric streetcars. However, while they provided a those on the outskirts of the city a way to travel

to town to earn a better income, the streetcars could only go as far as the tracks allowed, and averaging just nine miles an hour, it was often faster for those living in town to walk. In 1896, Houston City Street Railway was sold to Stone and Webster, based out of Massachusetts and renamed Houston Electric Company. Track expansion grew but not enough to accommodate the rapidly expanding population who detested the overcrowded and not so rapid interurban streetcars.

Half a century after the Civil War, segregation still remained a social norm in Houston with separate schools, churches, and jobs. Then in 1903, Houston's City Council voted for the first instance of segregation by law when they ruled in favor of separation of the races on the public trolleys. This forced black Houstonians to ride in a screened off compartment in the rear of the streetcar boldly labeled "For Coloreds Only." However, instead of complying and taking their designated seats, the black community simply boycotted the municipal streetcars and created their own 'hack lines', buses, carriages, and wagons, owned and operated by other black citizens that carried passengers for a nickel. The jitney was born, but it hadn't earned its name just yet.

It wasn't long before all of the empty seats in the colored compartment led to a loss of the streetcar revenue, which was soon felt by the motormen (the streetcar drivers), who went on strike. Ironically, while the white riders were left to walk to their desired locations, the black community got around with ease by way of their own jitney buses.

An account in the Houston Daily Post, June 3, 1904 relates the story of a well-known white businessman, who, without horse or carriage during the streetcar strike, had to walk to town from his home in the South End. A black owned bus passing by slowed down and he called up to the driver for a ride. The driver kindly refused, due to the fact that the city council didn't allow whites and blacks to ride together, and that he didn't have his compartment sign labeled "For Whites Only" in place yet, as others did.

Over the next decade, the nation's streetcar transportation growth failed to keep up with the rising population, causing transport times to slow while fare rates increased. Then in 1913 when Ford began mass production of automobiles, a whole new opportunity was made available to the public when the price of a Model T dropped from \$550 to \$360, creating

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The era of the jitneys was the infancy of what we now call carpooling and it was killed by the transit interests that had not the public's best interest but company profit margins in mind, as they still do today.

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a huge surplus of used cars. After the recessions of 1910 and 1913, unemployment was at a high and people were looking for any work that could be found. Then, in late 1914, a story began to spread across the land via the front pages of local newspapers about a novel form of transportation that had begun in Los Angeles. Men and women alike were scratching together their savings and buying up all of the used cars and were now making a decent living offering rides to people who were thrilled to finally have a speedier alternative to the streetcar. Had the papers picked up on the success of Houston's black community's system from the decade before, the story might have read that jitneys originated in the south instead of the west.

WHEN THE JITNEY CRAZE first swept through America, it did so at a dizzying pace that proved it was a much needed and desired business. When it landed in Houston in 1914, it allowed everyone access to decent transportation despite their race or income. Slang for a nickel, which was the going fare for a ride, a jitney got you there faster and cheaper than a streetcar could ever hope to provide. Any Joe could procure a vehicle and start a route, or offer rides to people exiting streetcars who would normally have to walk to their final destination. The slogan, "Take ya anywhere for a jitney," implied the fact that the streetcar would only drop you off at a designated stop. In a jitney, a businessman could catch a ride to work in style without the crowd and crush of the other streetcar straphangers. A housewife could get to the market and back home without having to juggle several children and grocery sacks, all of which were at risk of falling from a moving trolley along the way.

Jitneys came in as many shapes and sizes as their drivers. Women could earn extra money for their homes. A poor man had a chance to supplement his income and not be poor anymore. Black owned jitney routes provided hard to find jobs as well as a safe and comfortable ride for their community. All around, jitneys were heralded as the bridge between the classes.

By May of 1915, over 60,000 jitneys were in service nationwide and the electric railway companies were stunned by how quickly their revenues dropped. Throwing all of their financial and political weight onto the table, the railways went to every length to discourage and prohibit jitneys from operating. The city would lose tax money that paid for roads and other public needs. Fare costs would increase. Service could be discontinued. They declared jitneys were unsafe and unregulated and it was unfair that they operated on the roads that the streetcar companies had to maintain. It was clear that Houston and other cities were fairly dependent on the public transport revenues because the city council agreed to pass

a 1915 ordinance forcing jitney drivers to take out a \$2,500 bond in hopes of putting the little guys out of business, as other cities had successfully achieved. The decision was soon after declared void and unconstitutional by Judge William Masterson of Houston's 55th District Court, who said, "There can be no question but that the ordinance discriminates."

Though this ordinance was overturned, the railway associations were relentless in their pursuit to get rid of their ever flourishing competitor, who nickel by nickel, was leveling the playing field. When the United States entered WW I in 1917, the American Electric Railway Association pressed the War Board, asserting that the jitney drivers were engaged in a non-essential industry and that being of draft age, they should be held to the wartime "Work or Fight" rule and immediately be drafted. It wasn't enough that, by then, many had already found more profitable income and the number of jitneys had drastically declined. In 1924, after threatening the public with ever increasing fares and coaxing the city council with promises of vast returns the anti-jitney law went into effect. That very same year, the streetcar companies began replacing the well established jitney routes with buses and eventually all of the streetcars as well.

The fact is, of Houston's 700 odd working jitneys in 1915, the majority only made one or two round trips a day. They were mostly men with jobs who offered a cheap ride to others along the way to the office, or they would pick up their first passenger and only then set a route based on their fare's destination, taking on other riders along the way. In the simplest terms, the era of the jitneys was the infancy of what we now call carpooling, and it was killed by the transit interests that had not the public's best interest but company profit margins in mind, as they still do today.

There are many cities in the U.S. where the public has openly declared a need for such options as shared-taxis and the jitneys that still operate successfully in the Northeast. For the first time since the 1994 ruling, Houston has a legitimate jitney shuttle bus service, the Washington Wave, that caters to the restaurant and bar patrons of Midtown, Washington, and Heights areas, a market that is certainly not known for riding Metro buses. If Rev is allowed to go forth and prosper, it wouldn't be long before other jitneys followed suit, leading to an increase in independent carpool services, expedient short distance shuttles, and other unsubsidized neighborhood transportation — all of which are the century old foes of the modern day transit interests that we have been century long fools to allow to hinder our city's progress for all of this time. **FPH**

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SAYING THE US CRIMINAL SYSTEM is racist may be politically controversial in some circles. But the facts are overwhelming. No real debate about that. Below I set out numerous examples of these facts.

The question is – are these facts the mistakes of an otherwise good system, or are they evidence that the racist criminal justice system is working exactly as intended? Is the US criminal justice system operated to marginalize and control millions of African Americans?

Information on race is available for each step of the criminal justice system – from the use of drugs, police stops, arrests, getting out on bail, legal representation, jury selection, trial, sentencing, prison, parole and freedom. Look what these facts show.

ONE. The US has seen a surge in arrests and putting people in jail over the last four decades. Most of the reason is the war on drugs. Yet whites and blacks engage in drug offenses, possession and sales, at roughly comparable rates – according to a report on race and drug enforcement published by Human Rights Watch in May 2008. While African Americans comprise 13% of the US population and 14% of monthly drug users they are 37% of the people arrested for drug offenses – according to 2009 Congressional testimony by Marc Mauer of The Sentencing Project.

TWO. The police stop blacks and Latinos at rates that are much higher than whites. In New York City, where people of color make up about half of the population, 80% of the NYPD stops were of blacks and Latinos. When whites were stopped, only 8% were frisked. When blacks and Latinos are stopped 85% were frisked according to information provided by the NYPD. The same is true most other places as well. In a California study, the ACLU found blacks are three times more likely to be stopped than whites.

THREE. Since 1970, drug arrests have skyrocketed rising from 320,000 to close to 1.6 million according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics of the U.S. Department of Justice.

African Americans are arrested for drug offenses at rates 2 to 11 times higher than the rate for whites – according to a May 2009 report on disparity in drug arrests by Human Rights Watch.

FOUR. Once arrested, blacks are more likely to remain in prison awaiting trial than whites. For example, the New York state division of criminal justice did a 1995 review of disparities in processing felony arrests and found that in some parts of New York blacks are 33% more likely to be detained awaiting felony trials than whites facing felony trials.

FIVE. Once arrested, 80% of the people in the criminal justice system get a public defender for their lawyer. Race plays a big role here as well. Stop in any urban courtroom and look at the color of the people who are waiting for public defenders. Despite often heroic efforts by public defenders the system gives them much more work and much less money than the prosecution. The American Bar Association, not a radical bunch, reviewed the US public defender system in 2004 and concluded “All too often, defendants plead guilty, even if they are innocent, without really understanding their legal rights or what is occurring...The fundamental right to a lawyer that America assumes applies to everyone accused of criminal conduct effectively does not exist in practice for countless people across the US.”

SIX. African Americans are frequently illegally excluded from criminal jury service according to a June 2010 study released by the Equal Justice Initiative. For example in Houston County, Alabama, 8 out of 10 African Americans qualified for jury service have been struck by prosecutors from serving on death penalty cases.

SEVEN. Trials are rare. Only 3 to 5 percent of criminal cases go to trial – the rest are plea-bargained. Most African Americans defendants never get a trial. Most plea bargains consist of promise of a longer sentence if a person exercises their constitutional right to trial. As a result, people caught up in the system, as the American Bar Association points out, plead guilty even when innocent. Why? As one young man told me recently, “Who wouldn’t rather do three years for a crime they didn’t commit than risk twenty-five years for a crime they didn’t do?”

EIGHT. The U.S. Sentencing Commission reported in March 2010 that in the federal system black offenders receive sentences that are 10% longer than white offenders for the same crimes. Marc Mauer of the Sentencing Project reports African Americans are 21% more likely to receive mandatory minimum sentences than white defendants and 20% more like to be sentenced to prison than white drug defendants.

NINE. The longer the sentence, the more likely it is that non-white people will be the ones getting it. A July 2009 report by the Sentencing Project found that two-thirds of the people in the US with life sentences are non-white. In New York, it is 83%.

TEN. As a result, African Americans, who are 13% of the population and 14% of drug users, are not only 37% of the people arrested for

drugs but also 56% of the people in state prisons for drug offenses. Marc Mauer May 2009 Congressional Testimony for The Sentencing Project.

ELEVEN. The US Bureau of Justice Statistics concludes that the chance of a black male born in 2001 of going to jail is 32% or 1 in three. Latino males have a 17% chance and white males have a 6% chance. Thus black boys are five times and Latino boys nearly three times as likely as white boys to go to jail.

TWELVE. So, while African American juvenile youth is but 16% of the population, they are 28% of juvenile arrests, 37% of the youth in juvenile jails and 58% of the youth sent to adult prisons. 2009 Criminal Justice Primer, The Sentencing Project.

THIRTEEN. Remember that the US leads the world in putting our own people into jail and prison. The New York Times reported in 2008 that the US has five percent of the world’s population but a quarter of the world’s prisoners, over 2.3 million people behind bars, dwarfing other nations. The US rate of incarceration is five to eight times higher than other highly developed countries and black males are the largest percentage of inmates according to ABC News.

FOURTEEN. Even when released from prison, race continues to dominate. A study by Professor Devah Pager of the University of Wisconsin found that 17% of white job applicants with criminal records received callbacks from employers while only 5% of black job applicants with criminal records received callbacks. Race is so prominent in that study that whites with criminal records actually received better treatment than blacks without criminal records!

SO, WHAT CONCLUSIONS do these facts lead to? The criminal justice system, from start to finish, is seriously racist.

Professor Michelle Alexander concludes that it is no coincidence that the criminal justice system ramped up its processing of African Americans just as the Jim Crow laws enforced since the age of slavery ended. Her book, The sees these facts as evidence of the new way the US has decided to control African Americans – a racialized system of social control. The stigma of criminality functions in much the same way as Jim Crow – creating legal boundaries between them and us, allowing legal discrimination against them, removing the right to vote from millions, and essentially warehousing a disposable population of unwanted people. She calls it a new caste system.

Poor whites and people of other ethnicity are also subjected to this system of social control. Because if poor whites or others get out of line, they will be given the worst possible treatment, they will be treated just like poor blacks.

Other critics like Professor Dylan Rodriguez see the criminal justice system as a key part of what he calls the domestic war on the marginalized. Because of globalization, he argues in his book Forced Passages, there is an excess of people in the US and elsewhere. “These people”, whether they are in Guantanamo or Abu Ghraib or US jails and prisons, are not productive, are not needed, are not wanted and are not really entitled to the same human rights as the productive ones. They must be controlled and dominated for the safety of the productive. They must be intimidated into accepting their inferiority or they must be removed from the society of the productive.

This domestic war relies on the same technology that the US uses internationally. More and more we see the militarization of this country’s police. Likewise, the goals of the US justice system are the same as the US war on terror - domination and control by capture, immobilization, punishment and liquidation.

WHAT TO DO?

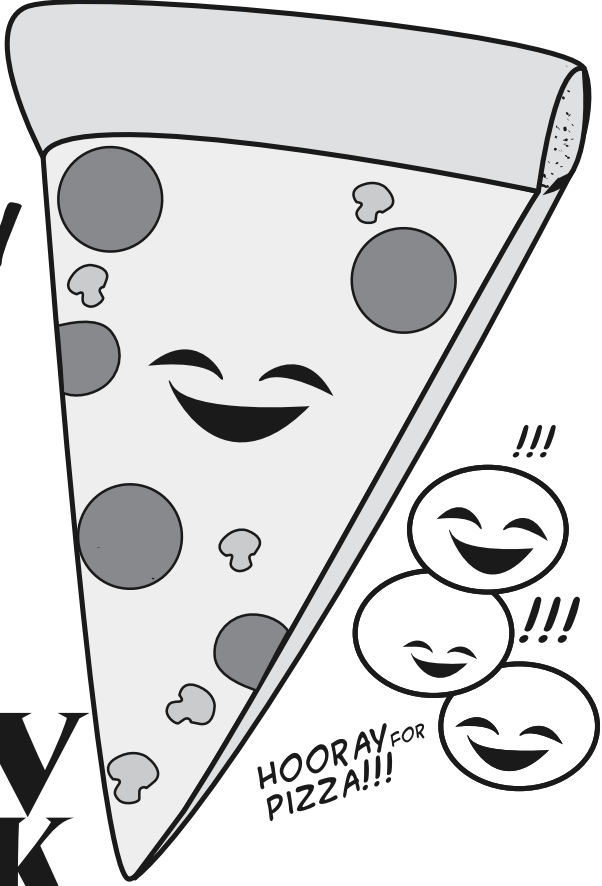
Martin Luther King Jr., said we, as a nation must undergo a radical revolution of values. A radical approach to the US criminal justice system means we must go to the root of the problem. Not reform. Not better beds in better prisons. We are not called to only trim the leaves or prune the branches, but rip up this unjust system by its roots.

We are all entitled to safety. That is a human right everyone has a right to expect. But do we really think that continuing with a deeply racist system leading the world in incarcerating our children is making us safer?

It is time for every person interested in justice and safety to join in and dismantle this racist system. Should the US decriminalize drugs like marijuana? Should prisons be abolished? Should we expand the use of restorative justice? Can we create fair educational, medical and employment systems? All these questions and many more have to be seriously explored. Join a group like INCITE, Critical Resistance, the Center for Community Alternatives, Thousand Kites, or the California Prison Moratorium and work on it. As Professor Alexander says “Nothing short of a major social movement can dismantle this new caste system.” **FPH**



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