

FALL 2015 - ISSUE 7

COME AND TAKE IT

FIGHTING TO STAY INDEPENDENT



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COME AND TAKE IT FIGHTING TO STAY INDEPENDENT

FALL 2015 - ISSUE 7

The Revolution introduced me to art, and in turn, art introduced me to the Revolution.

--Albert Einstein

Cover Art by Brea Danger

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A special thanks to all of the artists that have shared their time and passions with us. You make this possible.

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Come and Take it is a bi-annual zine highlighting the talents of artists from Texas and beyond.

EYES, EARS, AND BRAINS WHAT WE'RE INTO



comics.

Star Wars
Lando
The Walking Dead
Southern Bastards
Secret Wars- miniserie



music.

OFF!- Wasted Years
Mugrero- God Save The Beans
United Defiance- Here's To You EP
No Cash- Run Your Pockets
El Way- Delusion



books.

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STOUT CITY TX

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FROM THE DESK OF OMBG

The Death Of a Podcast... an eulogy for OMBG

This is the last action I am taking for the podcast known as "Old Man and Bitter Girl." The podcast itself stopped running this summer, and we let it quietly pass on without making a big announcement of hullabaloo.

There were many reasons we let go of the podcast. The main reason is that with the bands we are playing in doing very well, booking live shows and playing on the road takes up most of our free time on weekends as well as practicing. The second is the Stout City art project which helps us put out bands on our record label, and host art shows and well as book touring bands takes up quite a lot of time as well.

We don't like to skimp on things, we like to give one hundred percent in the things we put out. If it has a Stout City label on it, we want it to carry on a stigma of radness to it. So on a drive cross country this summer, Brea and I talked about things we needed to keep doing and things we needed to drop. It was important to keep throwing shows in Victoria and bringing bands here. It was important to help bands put out their albums and chronicle our music scene, and it was important to help local artists have an outlet to show their art because our local museum and stuffy art society sure wasn't going to.

The podcast was sadly one of the things that we agreed caused a lot of weekly stress with little payoff. Audio podcasts are begging to decline over the years, with more and more production people using video. We know you don't want to see our ugly mugs plus we don't have the money for that sort of thing. We wanted to keep the podcast easily accessible so we put it in about five different websites, including streaming it on our own, making it easy to listen to in your car, on your phone or computer, but the problem was we had no idea how many people were listening. As Brea and I kept making the show every week, we noticed our enthusiasm slowing down a bit. We were so concerned about other deadlines, the podcast wasn't as much fun as it used to be, as a matter of fact, it was more like a weekly chore. So we cut it.

That doesn't mean that the podcast wasn't worth it. For five years I maintain we were the ONLY weekly show in Texas bands could submit music to be heard. I say that because I try searching for podcasts like ours and they just don't exist for long. And boy did we get submissions. Thousands of musicians have submitted over the years, to this day there are over seven thousand unopened emails to my in box since I have stopped doing the show. The fact that there is not another that can really take on the mantle for long saddens me.

For five years, we dominated comic book conventions, video game conventions, punk rock shows, movie premieres... you name it we did it. I got to interview heroes I grew up listening to, as well as bands from all over the world. I got to ask singers and artists what inspires them, I got to talk shit with some of my best friends, why we even did a sting on terrestrial radio and got noticed in our hometown after dominating the internet for a few years. I got to do all these things, but the most important was I got to marry Brea.

Somewhere in that mad chaos of podcasts and bands, we fell in love. I don't know if there is a passage of weeks in the archives it could be noticed, but somehow it happened. I think that's the biggest success of the podcast. Somewhere, somehow, the bitter girl wasn't so bitter when it came to the old pompous windbag who talked shit every week on the show.

As the years went on, and we took on more projects, after our wedding, and life carries on for Stout City and all it's kooky citizens who help us do what we do, we stopped the podcast. We got a few messages about it, but not that many. Our suspicions were correct, there probably weren't too many people listening anymore. So it quietly faded away.

We look to the future now. The zine you hold in your hand will still keep going. The record label and shows will keep going, but our little logo and alter egos as the old man and the bitter girl will fade into obscurity.

I will miss them.

-Timothy Danger

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WITH THE STYLINGS OF UK 82 BANDS

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CROSS THE T'S - FROM THE SELF TITLED EP
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THEY ARE DREAMING OF THE DAY
WHEN EVERYONES THE SAME
REGULATING HOW YOU THINK
TAUGHT NOT TO USE YOUR BRAIN
ITS A SIGN OF THE TIMES
ITS BIG BROTHER
TO HATE EACH OTHER
AND KILL ONE ANOTHER

WE'LL BE PROGRAMMED
TO BE IDENTICAL PAWNS
WE'LL HAVE ROBOTS
TO MOW OUR LAWN

ORWELL WAS RIGHT
THEY'LL CONTROL DAY AND NIGHT
WHEN TO PLAY
HOW TO SPEND YOUR DAY
IT WILL ALL JUST BE
TAKEN AWAY

SIGN YOUR CONTRACT
ON THE DOTTED LINE
IMMUNIZED VACCINATED
DONT QUESTION WHY

CROSS THE TS
DOT THE IS
CROSS THE TS
THERES NO COMPROMISE
WHEN YOURE CON
WHEN YOURE CONNED
CONVENTIONALIZED

CURRENT MEMBERS:

VOCALS: ANDREA
GUITAR: CHRIS
DRUMS: CHUCK
BASS: SCATTER



Adobe and Sprinkles

By: Juliana Aguilar

it seems to hurt more in
the sunlight
the same rays that made
the wings of your back
look like smooth adobe
the same rays that
scattered milk chocolate
sprinkles on my cheek
bones
you liked those things
i think you liked to
taste them

sun, go away for a while
at least until the havoc
stops
my heart likes to pump
sour venom through my
veins to fuck with my
brain

a cloud momentarily
shields me from the sun

i can still feel the
warmth
i can still feel your
lips trying to taste my
milk chocolate sprinkles

Static

By: Nick Romeo

My hands jump, gyrate,
and shudder
to the beat of their own
drum,
causing my eight fingers
to become thumbs.

They ignore my implicit
commands,
with their own explicit
demands.

I wish I did not have to
perform
brain surgery in this
lightning storm,
by use of this chainsaw.

A Banter of Hate

By: Michael Verderber

I sit and wait
to give an answer
you speak and bark
dwell like a cancer

I find my chance
to speak
You shut me up
without a peep

I have no throat
Few means to speak
I sit in angered silence
with resisted truthful
reasons

things sit best in
unraveling anger
purging the anger into
lighter letters
writing and regretting
regretting and writing

no words of love can come
across
the page
only a distemper
a shift of rage

a dramatist
is a sadist
finding joy in
character's pain





Reagan J.

Band of the Gods

By: Bradley Smith

Cthulhu takes his time tuning his guitar. It's a 79' Cherry red Gibson SG, in mint condition, only it's the size of a skyscraper and louder than an XF-84H airplane. I'll never know how he gets the strings for that behemoth. Whenever one breaks, the crowd does an impromptu game of jump rope. Except for live shows, he keeps the guitar in its case with a humidifier to keep the wood from cracking. All six strings are in tune now. Dagon plays a bass line, then starts slapping it like crazy—some kind of mad version of Primus' Tommy the Cat, really giving Mr. Claypool a run for his money. Yig plays a few simple beats on the drums, then starts playing the double bass so fast it's a sonic assault. Everyone in the audience is completely insane. Not insane in the way that one is when going to a really good concert, thrashing around in the moshpit. We are all certifiably insane. Gale eats her own shit, and Tim is constantly jerking off—just an example.

They start their first song. It takes me a minute to realize it's Talk Dirty to Me by Poison. Cthulhu's voice sounds like a drowning man gargling with razorblades. The song ends early because they speed most songs about twenty percent, just to get the crowd's pulse up. Whenever they play anything by Slayer or Motörhead, at least sixty-five people spontaneously explode.

They break into We're not gonna' take it.

The guy standing next to me rips his eyes from their sockets and eats them. I can hear him chewing his eyeballs, like the thickest gristle and cartilage. It's been thirteen years since Cthulhu and the old ones have taken over the earth. Thirteen years and only a handful of humans remain. Are we the lucky ones? When I joined the cult I thought we would be, but after listening to their shitty cover band night after night, I'm not so sure.

I think it was Dagon who came to shore first. Don't quote me on that because I'm never sure of much these days, due to the insanity. All I'm sure of is Cthulhu came last, like the big climax of some epic movie, stomping out of the sea with droplets of saltwater big enough to drown a cow dripping. It all went to hell so fast. I don't really remember much about it. I guess that's one of the downsides to losing your fucking mind. Maybe it's better to not remember anyways.

Every night is another concert. Every night they play new tunes.

They never play any original stuff. Just cover songs that sound off in some way. Cthulhu starts playing eruption super slow. It sounds like carnival music played by someone three sheets to the wind. I've grown tired of the concerts. Tired of the madness. I want it to stop.

About thirteen years ago—I think at least, who can tell when everyday is more or less the same—I tried to kill myself. Took a strand of barbed wire, made a noose, and jumped from the highest building I could find. I didn't die. Just hung there like a limp dick. They ripped the building top off like a lego tower, pieces scattering, then brought it to the concert. They left me to hang three years before letting me down. It was just to teach me a lesson. I haven't tried suicide again.

So, my new plan is to kill them.

But, how does one go about killing a god?

For starters you need to work on their egos.

All rock stars have egos the size of gods, so I can't begin to ponder how big a god's ego is. But I try anyway, the best way I know how. Every song they sing, I boo loudly. Although they don't show it, I'm sure it hurts to hear amongst the crowd's anguish. I make signs that say, "Culu sucks!" or "Old ones? Let's get some new ones!" I make sure to misspell Cthulhu anytime I write it, hoping this adds salt to the wound.

I learn to play guitar. Read every book, watch every video I can, then it's time to show off. It takes hard effort, but I manage to stack enough Marshall

amps together to get loud enough to compete with the band, then I show them how the tunes are supposed to sound. I play each song they play perfectly. In tune. In time. Knock the fuckers down a peg. Cthulhu gets pissed and burps into my face as they play Büch Dich. His breath smells like a thousand garbage dumps, all filled entirely with rancid diarrhea. Im getting to him for sure.

Next you have to break up the band.

It's very hard to pull a Yoko. I'm 5'11, 220 pounds, and usually have a five o' clock shadow. I try to convince Gale to seduce Cthulhu or Dagon, but she just keeps eating her own shit like its the most delicious snickers bar ever. Mary, Missy, and Chrissy all agree they can't take a cock that big, so they won't even try. Believe it or not, there aren't a lot of women who join hardcore cults—you have to dress the cult in more homely disguises, like christians do, if you want women to join.

I try to make myself up to look like a woman, ending up looking like Abby Lee Miller from dance moms—maybe a little feminine than her. I sashay around, trying to get used to the high heels. The thong seems a little over the top, but if I'm gonna do this, why not go all the way?

I sleep with Yig first while whispers buzz in the darkness. He fucks like a semi-truck would. Then I move on to Dagon, who is surprisingly gentle. I save Cthulhu for last because his dick is known to be legendary. Thirteen hours later and my asshole feels like an overstretched hefty bag—I dread the next time the browns need to go to the Super Bowl.

Now for phase two: Let them all know and hope they get jealous.

Dagon and Cthulhu get in a huge fight when they find out I've fucked them both. It looks like something from a Toho movie; Yig just waits in the background, smoking a giant cigarette. Who would have thought I'd have gods fighting over my fat ass? My plan didn't work for Yig, but it sure as shit is working for the others. Buildings collapse into piles of rubble and rising dust. Now that the band is broken it's time to move onto the final and most difficult phase: Get them hooked on junk.

Heroin is hard to come by since theres almost no one left to deal. I search each room of sixteen different buildings before finally finding one with enough heroin to get them started.

After getting Cthulhu really going with the stuff, I learn to harvest the crop for myself.

Its a difficult process and after doing it myself, I have a newfound respect for drug peddlers. I make sure to mix in enough cocaine with the heroin to create a speedball the size of a small ship. It's time for the big dream. I have no clue where Cthulhu got a spoon and lighter that big. The flame is brighter than the sun and so hot half the people in the audience burn up instantly. The needle isn't scary until after Cthulhu has used it, it's then that Cthulhu get wobbly and falls back, dropping the needle; its the size of a skyscraper. It impales some unlucky bastard straight through his screaming mouth and shoots out his ass.

I wait to see if I've put the beast to sleep for good.

Hours later Cthulhu vomits and chokes. Gasping for breath and unable to sit up, he dies in the ruins of a city I once knew the name of. Dead, but is he still dreaming? I smile knowing I, a mortal man, have killed a god.

Yig finds Cthulhu dead and begins to cry like a child finding the family pet hit by a car. He instantly blames Dagon for the death. They begin to argue in their alien language, then they fight. All part of the plan. Like the previous fight its two behemoths going at each other. There's not as many buildings to knock over this time, which gives me clear view of the event, but makes it less exciting.

Dagon is the victor, just as I hoped. Now I just hope all keeps going according to my will.

Dagon is so distraught, having killed his bandmate and friend, he tries to kill himself. He Begins clawing at himself, ripping shreds of stomach, until he reaches his innards. It's quite a scene, watching as Dagon pulls his intestines

out like he's found the prize at the bottom of the cereal. His screams are so unreal, there's no way to describe it. When he reaches the ends of his intestines, they rip out with a loud snap, then Dagon starts clawing at his chest. He claws with both hands until he has a hole big enough to put two hands in, then he rips open, revealing his beating heart. It sounds like a huge kick drum on meth, kicking faster than any song they played. Dagon rips his heart out and collapses to the ground. His body hits the earth so hard, its like an earthquake.

I've succeeded in killing the band of the gods.

What is left of this world I find myself in? People? They're all still as crazy as Nancy Grace. I've got no hope of ever seeing another sane person, and I can't die. So, I wait. Lonely and isolated—other than watching Gale eat her shit and Tim jerk off, there are no other forms of entertainment—I find myself missing that horrible band. I can't explain clearly why I miss them. Maybe it's because I'm insane.

When I'm sure it's all over, I decide to walk into the ocean, sink to its depths, and never come back up, salvation finds me in the guise of a man. His name is Dr. Herbert West.

Dr. West tells me of a way to bring the dead back to life. At first I think he's crazier than Gale or Tim. He convinces me the best way anyone can: Showing hard evidence. He does this with my parents, whom I've missed terribly since the world died. West tells me the whole tale of how he created the cocktail that cheats death. It's a long tale, which I sadly can't tell you right now, but let's just say in the beginning there were some mistakes. Over the years, West perfected the mix and dosage, and can now bring anyone back without any problems.

With my help, West and I resurrect any body we can. Soon we have enough people to fill a stadium.

Then, with much coercion, West agrees to try his needle on Cthulhu, Dagon, and Yig. It takes hard work to empty the heroin from the needle Cthulhu used to overdose with, then it takes a small army to pull the plunger to get it to fill with just enough of the resurrection juice. We all hold our breaths—which makes me wonder if anyone actually could take a breath, having been previously dead—waiting for signs of life from the great god. A tentacle starts to twitch. A clawed hand moves. Then those obsidian eyes, like two huge marbles, look at me. I smile, still in full drag.

The band takes the stage. A reunion so great that many of the people we resurrected slit their own throats as the band begins playing I'm Alive. Dagon slaps the bass hard as Cthulhu screams, "I'm alive!!! Baby I'm alive!!!" They've never been in such form. Maybe what little sanity I had left is gone, because the songs all sound great to me. Johnny B. Goode, Seasons in the Abyss, Angel of Death, Cat Scratch Fever, I'll See You in Hell, Mother, Dead but Dreaming; all played to perfection.

I sit in the audience, in my new identity—I've cut off my dick and now go by the name Belinda—watching the band play. And play they do, stopping briefly between songs to either taunt the crowd or drink vodka tonics. There has never been a greater band than the band of the gods. And they played on.



... a los manuscritos de los años 1810-17
del Museo Nacional de Historia Natural y Zoológica en poder del
señor Kubler.

2.- Códice de Anáhuac...

T.- Códice de Anáhuac... Procedo de
la Cacería de Anáhuac...

U.- Códice de Anáhuac... Procedo de
la Cacería de Anáhuac...

V.- Códice de Anáhuac... Procedo de
la Cacería de Anáhuac...

W.- Códice de Anáhuac... Procedo de
la Cacería de Anáhuac...

X.- Códice de Anáhuac... Procedo de
la Cacería de Anáhuac...

Y.- Códice de Anáhuac... Procedo de
la Cacería de Anáhuac...

Z.- Códice de Anáhuac... Procedo de
la Cacería de Anáhuac...



PULSERA DE GRAN MODA

Paul Valadez

I Remember

By: Katherine Orozco

Sometimes I like to think about
The moments that you clearly forgot,
Like the time that we took you to the police
To save you from an abusive ex-boyfriend.
Or that time we made you eat
Because you were developing anorexia.
Remember that time when we drove you
To the hospital
Because we thought you were dying?
Do you?
I guess not.
Because you went back to that boyfriend
And you ate just fine
And your imminent death was nothing more than theatre.
But I remember those times.
Because I was trembling with fear
When we walked into the police station,
And I sat with you even though
Cops frighten me more than monsters.
I remember finding eating hard in high school
When I wasn't as pretty as I wished I was.
I remember speeding down the street,
Listening to you crying in pain.
I remember watching them carry you into the hospital
And then I realized that you used me.
For my own fear of abuse,
And eating disorders,
And even hospital visits.
You used it to make yourself indispensable.
Do you know what that is?
Despicable.
And you have the nerve to say
We didn't love you enough?
Well, since you know me so well,
Calculate this:
I love you less than I knew you.
And in case you can't figure it out.
I didn't know you at all.
But your calculations were correct
All other times before.

THE WAITING GAME OF LIFE

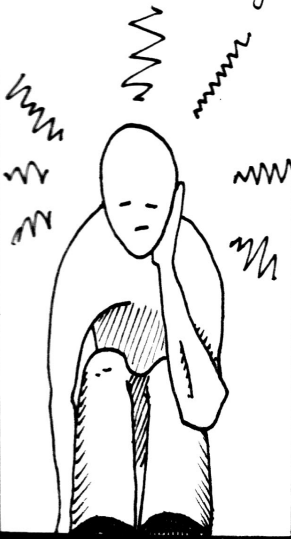
There's no telling how things will end...



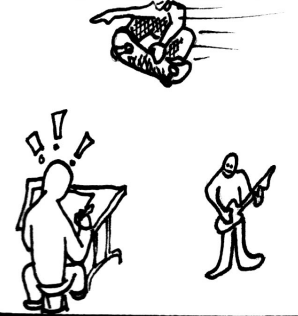
One glance in the mirror won't tell much...



Some wait for destiny...



Others make their own...



While some run from theirs...



No matter which, none know whether their's is to be sweet...



... HORRID...



... OR QUIANT...



Unless they wait: to utto the END.





Daniel De Culla

Trivial Pursuit

By: William Daniel Thomas

The purpose of no purpose isn't such a bad thing at all. There's no one to really disappoint but yourself, and even then you always know you'll live. There's no need for false hopes or soapboxes. It seems so many have it wrong, when so many only have so long. Their lives mere little blips on the cosmic scale. The most significant thing anyone could ever do would be to get along with others and be at least mildly considerate, but people being generally hollow selfish beings tend to prefer more self-centered less practical grandiose dreams - like being a Yelp Critic. Dreams of new solutions to problems we intend to invent for ourselves, occupy the headspace of many. As the hippies would say "Take a chill pill, man." Perhaps they were right. So many of our problems only exist because we decided to perpetuate many of the sociologically practices from more primitive times indefinitely on a global scale while essentially changing only boarder, names & clothes. The ancients once knew they had the purpose of no purpose and they celebrated it with open arms. They sang to the heavens, and danced in the rain welcoming the knowledge of their purpose, content with their role in the cosmic scheme. Be good unto others. That seems purpose enough. Forget the become a hot shot this or that to impress this person who thinks they're a hot shot & who others generally agree is pretty hot stuff? You're damn right. Smile, wake up at noon, and lounge around till the sun comes up again in the company of good people or total isolation? Fine by me. If the 9-5 grind makes you honestly happy - congrats, but I like to be delusional and believe that most people dream of alternate social possibilities. What if we just stopped playing the games our ancestors started? After all, no one who started any of this is still around to even tell us if we're doing it right, but I digress - because it really doesn't matter unless it matters to you - then it might matter to someone else. I'm not saying it's right, but that's how it works. It's all so very trivial in the grand scope of things.

The world doesn't care if you go to an ivy league or graduate from the "School of Hard knocks", so much as you're generally a decent person. Meaning you are generally polite, cooperative, morally centered to some regard and are essentially pleasant most of the time. No one in the real world is required to have or make money - that's just one of the many lies you've been sold. Food does grow on trees. The real world doesn't require you to keep up with the Jones, or to constantly compare yourself to anyone. Once again these are just more lies we've all been sold for thousands of years, and you'd think with at least some of these "modern miracles" we as a people would finally just be like "Well busting our asses for a small minority for millennia was fun for a while, but let's try something different this time around where we all just be chill and do what we want and co-exist happily. Turn the machines on open all the schools leave the people to learn all they want and encourage each other to create new ways to simplify the burdens of existence, until we as a species can just coast and fulfill our predestines of the purpose of no purpose. Mass mellow, with everyone only working where they want to work, you get bored - learn something else, do something else. People aren't going to crash and burn immediately like so many would lead you to believe. Yet another lie we've all been sold. We are global citizens - period. So many politicians and religious "leaders" have no interest in seeing peace manifest itself or people to unite happily. Like they say right "If peace sells, no one's buying"? Perhaps that's the case in the "real world."

The "real world" so many talk down to others about, isn't in fact real in anyway other then we collectively imagined and

agreed to rules and practices separate from the rules of nature, giving us the false hopes of purpose & self-importance. It would seem the more self aware we became the less we could stomach having so little purpose other than to live and be happy. No that would be too much. We couldn't leave well enough alone, we needed distractions from our emptiness after committing to modern game of society - today we watch millions of programs to distract us from the lack of fulfillment we get from our day to day lives, because well frankly - this isn't what anyone really wanted. This is just yet another way for those in power to push their ideas on us and to perpetuate the commerce culture. "You can only ever be happy, loved, and accepted by friends and family if you buy the things on the screen or live your life like the fake two dimensional characters on your favorite sitcoms.

Sure we all have the potential to go into provoked and unprovoked fits of rage at times with little to no warning. Awesome, that's human. Embrace it if you must, humiliate yourself, laugh about it later and move on. Break all of your stuff if you must - it's only material wealth anyway - it literally is not going with you when you take that bullet train to the afterlife. Just leave other people out of it. Because if you don't and you harsh our collective mellow - you will most likely be hopping that bullet train to the great beyond much sooner. Remember NOBODY asked to be born, and MANY are born into less then favorable situations, but still manage a smile just fine. So if you're fortunate enough to be in a good place in your life or to come from a perpetual land of entitlement, don't take it out on others who may be going through some rough patches and might not be so fortunate. Nobody asked for this, remember? And since there is NO PURPOSE but to BE GOOD - TO EACHOTHER & THE WORLD, what does it matter what I decide to do with my time? Why is it so important that we limit our potential to the rules of an obviously broken system that was designed long ago to only benefit those more fortunate? That just sounds out dated and convoluted.

The world's leaders and media would love for nothing more than for the people of the world to once again be extremely divided by race, because at least that will still enable many of them to remain in power. But what they fear most is what is already most definitely already underway - CLASS WAR. This is only happening because people want so badly for their lives to have this larger than life convoluted meaning. These dictators & evangelists want to be seen as living deities because their egos demand such nonsense, and they set out to make things as confusing as possible just to keep others from following their slimy trails. But the only way they can stay in power is if we allow ourselves to continue to believe they actually hold any power over us. They don't. There are far more many of us then them. So just keep that in mind when you start stressing out. Any day can be a holiday, you don't need to explain yourself to anyone, just be happy as best you can, & be a general decent human person. The universe made you, & it'll take you when it's ready, in the meantime enjoy this stroll through conscious light and sound before returning to the dark voids from which we came. Let's not waste any more time on what others want from us, but instead on what we can offer the world whole heartily while being the best us we can be.

Cheers fellow life livers,



Sarah Neely

SN

Poetry Pressing

By: PW Covington

That night that they cut
me out of the wreckage
And, it will be night;
Out on some rural highway
Some desert crossroads
Some place with mountains
On the star-filled horizon

That night
I want to feel the blood
Gushing
Rolling
Staining the scenery

Like poetry
Stomped by bare feet
Before Dionysius

First Chapter

By: Kushal Poddar

Early lesson
on letting go-

father's fingers,
moving clouds,
my hand crafted
small and in stone.
I stand alone,
and iron gate
closes in.
Tolls a bell.

My Heart is a Roaring

Lion in a Cage

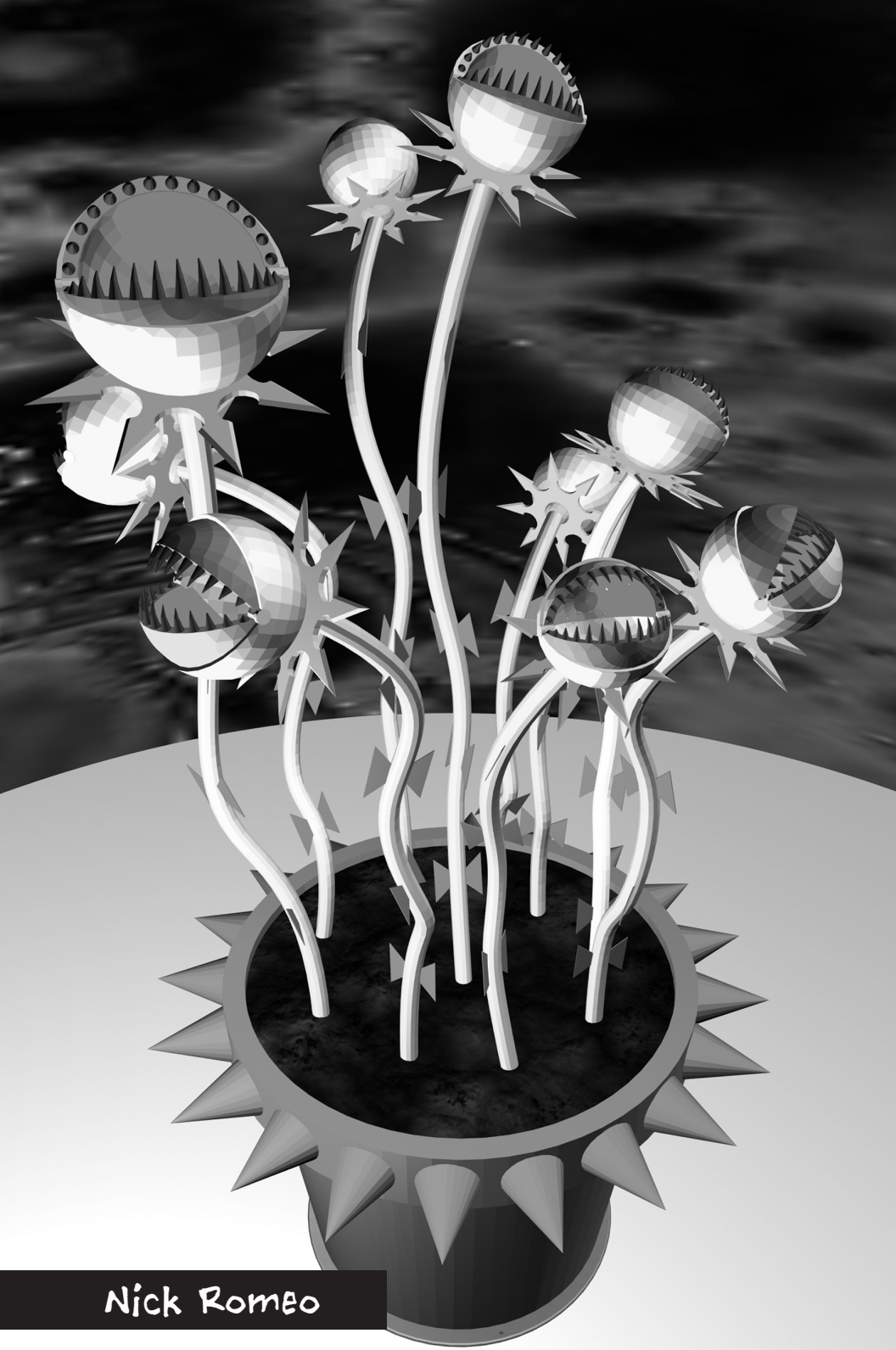
By: Catfish McDaris

Her eyes were
Newfoundland bluebirds
Quick's pulse was a
bucketful of woodpeckers
vampire butterflies in
guillotine refrigerators

Raging against Jane's
addiction grand funky
drinking canned heat
eating king crimson
electric prunes snorting
moby grapefruit

Swallowing lightning
bolts of sorrow and lust
that overflow the fried
egg Saturn ring sky
pulling the black blanket
over the universe.



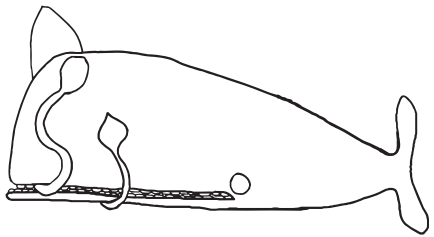


Nick Romeo

Rush Hour

By: Scott Thomas Outlar

The oil fields
are on fire
in an Apocalyptic blaze,
but the gasoline
still flows freely
from a million pumps
into a billion cars
that suck greedily
upon the teat
of a black gold feast,
guzzling petrol by the gallon
to serve rush hour needs
in a fast paced world,
before belching
the acidic fumes
into an increasingly cloudy sky,
poisoning the atmosphere
with a haze of smog
that hangs heavily
over all our heads
like an ominous bomb
ready to drop
its load of doom at any minute
to prove the theory
that nature
always gets the last laugh;
and fools
only quicken their pace
toward an already yawning grave
that doesn't need any help
but sure as hell
won't turn down the assistance
in filling the plot with bones,
covering them over with dirt,
and spinning the next cycle
in a give and take process
toward a fossilized future
laid to rest and waste.



For I.C.

By: PJ Carmichael

I remember when we were young
just as I remember this moment,
for we are young now.

The melancholy memories fade
into oblivion as months melt
into millennia, the sun
incessantly
revolving around us.

(You were only 23 years old.)

My condolences to the World
that could not contain us.
We shall forever remain
as ghostly artifacts, books
in a personal library or
virgin ashes in an unmarked
urn.

Our purpose has been served.



Pablo Sleeze

You Can Kiss The Future

By: Thom Woodruff

with the tools of today. Change versions
with a digital paint brush. Make new via perception
our very DNA of vision seeking. Keith Haring. Anonymous.
Bristol's Banksy, who put his art (and life) on the line
on the streets of New York and the shattered walls of Gaza
Commitment implies community. We have three eyes to see with
Most art is unframed, awaiting reception. Value is given
to that which we relate to. Whole body attentive, we welcome you.
Artists all, pick up your tools and make/create your New World
William Blake.

Pete the Cat & Cecil the Lion

By: Timothy Danger

I met Pete the cat the week Cecil the lion died. He had seen
better days.

It was obvious from his mangled half face and missing eye...
This cat had a few run-ins with humans.

He was weary of me, but still, my patio was inviting. There is
an honor among the old victims of the world, and Pete having
no reason to trust anyone ever again rubbed
against my leg and settled down to nap as I read social media
headlines from my phone to him.

Cecil the lion was dead.

An animal I never heard of was killed by a rich guy I didn't
care about. Quite possibly illegally, most definitely
cowardly. Pete lowered his head into his paws. I didn't
need to tell him about cowardly humans.



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