

THE BROCK STREET BURNER

JULY 2025



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THE BEST SHOWS IN AMERICA THIS MONTH

(PROBABLY CANADA, TOO)

07.06

JOMBI TN

WITH WEST END JUNCTION AND WHISK
@ MOSHMELLOW

07.08

STEREOSITY CA

WITH SECRET GARDENS NY + WHILE(TRUE)
+ PALE KAIORI @ MOSHMELLOW

07.10

INK OH

WITH DIALOGUE
@ THE HEAVY ANCHOR

07.12

DAISYCHAIN IL

WITH DUSTY HEELS + NEIGHBORING VILLAGES
@ THE PLATYPUS

07.16

FUTURE GRIB TN

WITH MIDDLE CLASS FASHION + BELT TN
@ THE SINKHOLE

07.18

FUTURE/MODERN

WITH THEY NEED MACHINES TO FLY? + NIGHT SWIM
+ HOPEFUL UTOPIAN @ THE HEAVY ANCHOR

07.25

¡CAZADORES!

WITH INNER CITY WITCHES + BOREAL HILLS
@ THE HEAVY ANCHOR

07.26

NITE SPRITES ALBUM RELEASE SHOW!

WITH RYAN WASOBA + BOREAL HILLS + THE JITS
@ THE SINKHOLE



*LINEUPS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE

July			
Mon 7		Tue 8	
Wed 9			
5 AM	Try 2 Sleep	Dream About Flying, But Crash Into A Mountain	Try 2 Sleep
6 AM	Wake Up In Cold Sweat	Wake Suddenly, Startled By Angry Text From GF And Ignore It	Wake Suddenly, Filled With Regret And Hungover AF
7 AM	Scroll on Instadrag		
8 AM		Click Work Mouse, So They Think You're Working	Call In Sick To Work
9 AM	Order Flim—Flam You Saw On Instadrag Feed		Take A Shot
10 AM			
11 AM	Click Work Mouse, So They Think You're Working	Argue With GF On Instadrag	Try 2 Sleep
12 PM			Take A Shot
1 PM	Get Distracted By Nightstand That's Been Cluttered For Months	Get Dumped	Beg Ex GF To Take Me Back
2 PM	Clean Nightstand (Sort Of)	Take Two Shots Of Watermelon Vodka	Ex GF Shows Up To Get Stuff
3 PM		Scroll Instadrag	Argue With Ex
4 PM	Click Work Mouse		Hook Up With Ex
5 PM	Resist Urge To Walk Into Traffic	Click Work Mouse	
6 PM	Scroll On Flinger	Get Drunk On Watermelon Vodka And Stud Beer	Pick Up Plan B And Drop Off At Ex's Work
7 PM	Hook Up With Rando From Flinger		Take Six Shots Of Cherry Bomb Vodka
8 PM		Get Crunk AF At Sterosity Show At Moshmellow	
9 PM			Hook Up With Rando From Flinger
10 PM			
11 PM	Try 2 Sleep	Try 2 Sleep	Black Out

TABLE OF CONDIMENTS

PAGES 4-9
RELIABLE KYLE
MISS WHISPER

PAGE 10
LEGS FOR BEER
B.S. BURNER

PAGE 12
THINGS YOU FIND IN A BBQ CROSSWORD
MISS WHISPER & JAMES OSTERBERG

PAGE 14
FREEDOM EATERS
MISS WHISPER & MZGENDER

PAGE 15
CUTTING THE CRAPITALISM
MZGENDER

PAGE 16
CREAMY PICNIC SALAD RECIPE
MISS WHISPER

PAGE 17
MIND CONTROL FORMULA
D-BONE & B.S. BURNER

PAGE 19
FAMILY DREAM VACATION DAD
ZEKE 'PANTS' LINDHORST & MISS WHISPER

PAGE 21
LETTER TO THE EDITOR
ICE CREAM NIGHTMARE AKA "MISTER SCREAM"

PAGE 22
THE AGENDA
B.S. BURNER





MOSHMELLOW

PUNK JAZZ CLUB

3359 S. JEFFERSON AVE.
SAINT LOUIS, MO 63118

PAGE 3



RELIABLE KYLE

March 26th 2025

Dear Journal,

My counselor told me that I should start writing in a journal. I haven't been feeling too good lately. Mom and Dad are gone after their Grand Canyon selfie accident. I don't have any friends. My job sucks. I'm not even sure that I want to go on living. My counselor also gave me these serotonin reuptake inhibitors. I'm not sure they're going to help. He said that I should go for a walk. That seems pointless, but I guess I'll give it a shot

March 28th 2025

Dear Journal,



Well, Journal. Guess what? That walk was a good idea! I went to Berra Park and there was a group of guys there practicing softball. I remember playing ball as a kid. The thrill of the bat hitting the ball, the ball hitting your glove, your teammates cheering for you. Then something amazing happened. The ball landed right in front of me.

"Are you going to get that?" The fellow who appeared to be the coach lowered his sunglasses.

I picked up the ball and threw it right into the second baseman's glove. It was a perfect throw!

"What's your name?" Coach asked. He noticed my perfect throw.

"I'm Kyle!" I replied.

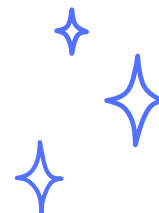
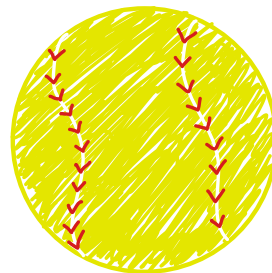
"Cool. Do you like softball, buddy?" He asked me.

"I love softball!"

"Do you have any family?"

I thought that was a weird question to ask me about whether or not I'd be good for the team, but I told him no. He said that I could be useful to him. Great! Guess I'm great for the team! First game is next Monday. LETS GOOOOO!!!!

P.S. I've been feeling so good since that walk. I'm finally starting to enjoy life again.



PAGE 4

April 2nd 2025



Dear Journal,

Tonight was my first softball game. It was so awesome. I asked Coach "Where do you need me to play tonight? I'm down for any position! I'm just here to play ball and help the team!"

Coach just stared for a minute, "Yeah, whatever, Lyle. Go play short."

I couldn't believe it. First game, and the coach already gave me a nickname: Lyle. Coach said, "Jed is running late. He had some trouble with his girlfriends."

And I killed it at shortstop! Jed showed up by the second inning, so I just cheered from the bench the rest of the game. I think it really helped morale. Which is super important. Can you believe Jed has two girlfriends?? I hope to have one someday. I bet being on the slowpitch softball team will help me look cooler to girls.



April 9th 2025

Dear Journal,

Tonight was the second game of the season. I got there an hour early, just in case. Coach showed up 52 minutes later and I asked him "Where do you need me tonight, Coach?! I can play short again, or anywhere. I'm just here to help the team!"

"Actually, all of the positions are filled tonight" Coach put his arm around me. I felt so cool. "But would you mind heading to the liquor store and picking me up a handle of vodka? It will really help the team out, man."

"Totally!" I headed for my scooter.

"Oh, and you can go ahead and pay for it. I don't like to carry a lot of cash, because I had to make room in my bag for the balls and stuff."

Of course I was fine with paying for it. If that's what helps the team, and it did! I returned with the vodka, and Coach managed a great game after that. We even won!



DustyHeels.com



DUSTY HEELS

Instagram.Com/DustyHeelsTheBand

April 17th 2025

Dear Journal,

I am such an idiot. Let me tell you what happened last night and why I'm a day late writing about last night's game. I was eager, as usual, to help this team out with whatever they needed to succeed.

Coach said "Hey Lyle, it would really help the team out if you ran this bag to Miguel for me. Meet him in an hour in the alley behind the gas station on N. 10th Street. And don't make any sudden movements! If you get busted... Well, you won't be on the team anymore, that's for sure. Got it, buddy?"

I was a little bit hesitant, because I wasn't quite sure what taking a bag to a random guy had to do with winning the game. But then Coach explained "Uh, we're getting some equipment fixed. Yeah, and I would take the bag myself, Lyle, but I'm real busy making the line-ups for the next game and stuff. You understand, right?"

"Of course!" I said "I totally get it. If that's what it takes to help this team, I'm your guy!"

And I took the bag. I road the scooter downtown. I met with Miguel and I guess I made a sudden movement. Because we got busted. I spent the night in jail.

April 23rd 2025

Dear Journal

Coach was hoppin' mad this week. The first thing he said was, "What the hell happened last week? What are you doing here?! You didn't squeal, did you?"

I told him "I didn't squeal! I got out of jail on bond. My trial is next month. I'm so sorry that I let the team down."

"Oh, well, that's another story. It's okay" Coach said. He's such a good guy. "You can make it up to me. I need to get to Miguel's associate to deliver him the cash they lost on the deal that you screwed up. I'd do it myself, but I'm just real busy thinking of strategy for the game next week."

Of course, I told him I was happy to do it! I mean, it was my fault anyway that we were in this mess. And I wouldn't let this team down. Coach said, "You just have to go meet him in Tijuana. It's no big deal; just right over the border. You should be there in 48 hours tops."

I'm about to hop on the scooter and head South. Thought I'd write in you first, Journal. I won't be stopping until the job is done! I have to be back in time for next week's game.

April 30th 2030

Hey Journal! It's been a while. Things didn't go so well with Miguel's associate all those years ago. I spent a few years in a Mexican prison. But it's cool. I hope the team won the championship. I haven't gotten a chance to talk to them, but I know the guys did it. And I was a big part of their victory! And guess what? I didn't really have anyone to call when I got released last week, so I took a walk. And you won't believe it. I met a Mexican softball team. They are going to let me join. Games start on Monday. I am PUMPED! VAMOOOOS!!!

- RELIABLE KYLE



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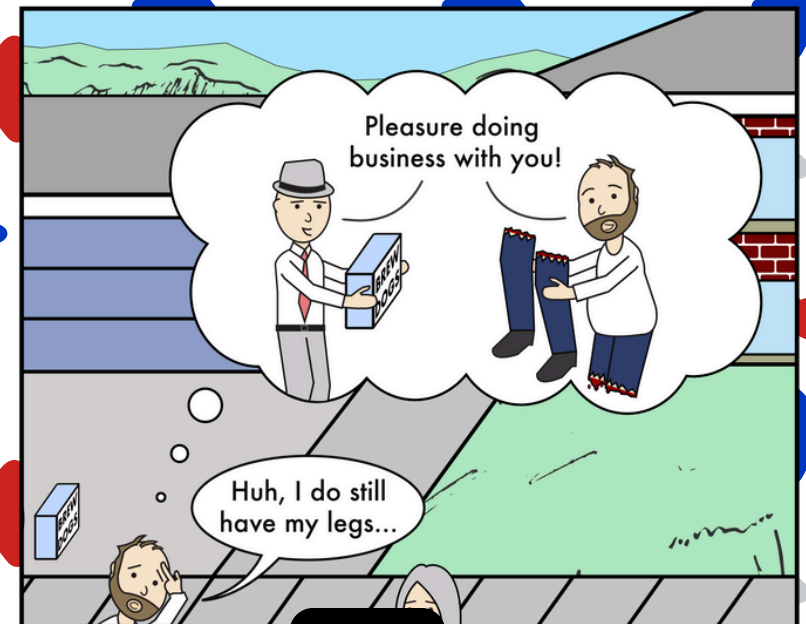
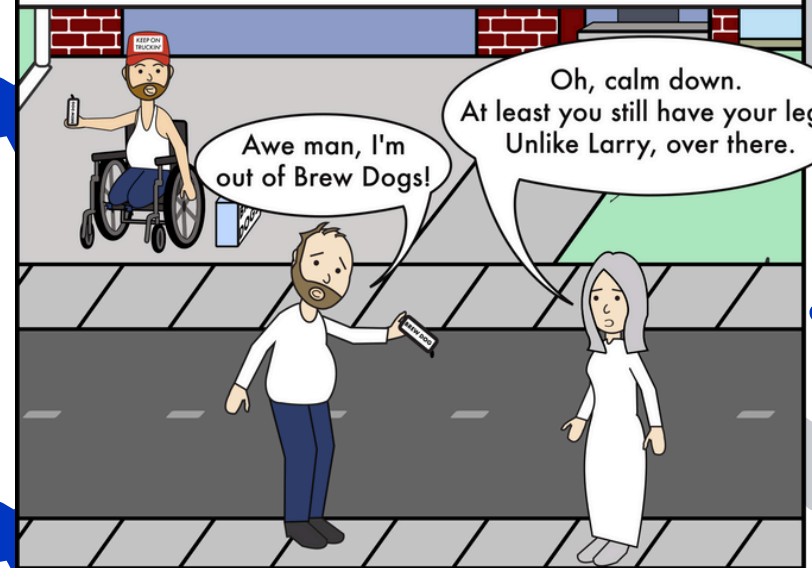
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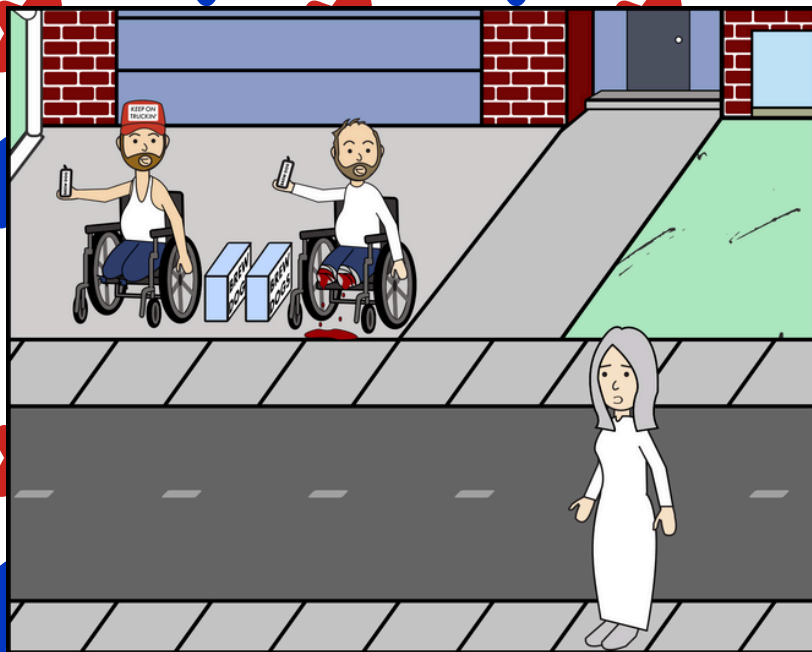
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Goofy Shit That Humans Do Issue #7

by B. S. Burner





PAGE 11



ARTIST: JAMES OSTERBERG

DOWN

1. HOT DOG BEDS
2. TOY THAT NEARLY IMPALED MANY CHILDREN, BANNED IN 1988. (TWO WORDS)
3. CREAMY SPUD (TWO WORDS)
5. FINGER EXPLODERS.
6. MAN WHO FALLS INTO THE KIDDIE POOL. (TWO WORDS)
8. WHO YOU'D RATHER HANG OUT WITH THAN THE HUMANS
12. HEAVY RIFF PRODUCT
13. WHO ELSE YOU'D RATHER HANG OUT WITH THAN THE HUMANS

ACROSS

4. IT'S LIKE SAUERKRAUT, BUT IT'S NOT.
7. THINKS THEY'RE THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE WORLD. (TWO WORDS)
9. NOT WARMER
10. SNUGGLY WRAP FOR YOUR CAN
11. BAGS ... TO SOME
12. ALIEN MIND CONTROL FORMULA (TWO WORDS)

PAGE 12

SEE YOU AT THE



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SINKHOLERECORDS.COM

FREEDOM EATERS



"IT'S TIME FOR SOME MEAT!!" SAID BILL THE GRILLER. HIS FRAME RESEMBLING THAT OF A GORILLA.

"EATING MEAT IS WRONG" WITH A FROWN, SAID SEAN. HIS FRAME RESEMBLED A THONG.

"AND IT'S MY RIGHT ON THIS, OUR COUNTRY'S INDEPENDENCE DAY. MY FREEDOM TO EAT MEAT, IF YOU WILL. AND YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY!" HUFFED BILL.

"AND IT'S MY RIGHT TO ENJOY THIS GATHERING. MY FREEDOM THAT OUR COUNTRY HAS EARNED ME. TO BE AROUND MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY WITHOUT CARNIVORES TO DISTURB ME." SEAN PUFFED HIS CHEST REFUTING BILL'S DIETARY REQUEST.

BILL CHUCKLED AND SIGHED "OUR FOREFATHERS DIED FOR BURGERS AND BRATS; NOT BROCCOLI AND TOFU. HECK, LITTLE FELLA. THEY'D BE OFFENDED AT THE SIGHT OF FOLKS LIKE YOU."

"OUR FOREFATHERS DIED FOR THE FREEDOM TO EAT WHATEVER WE WANT... UNLESS IT'S MEAT! I HAVE THE RIGHT TO ENJOY MY VEGAN MEAL WITHOUT YOUR CARNIVOROUS WAYS," SEAN SAID WITH A SQUEAL.

"AND WHAT ABOUT MY FREEDOMS, HEY?" MOCKED BILL "IS IT FAIR TO HAVE THEM TAKEN AWAY?"

"WELL, NO," PONDERED SEAN. BUT THEN HE WENT ON "BUT SINCE YOUR WAY IS WRONG AND MY WAY IS RIGHT, I GUESS THAT THERE SHOULD SETTLE THIS FIGHT."

BILL GLARED AT SEAN AS ANGRY AS HE COULD GLARE. HE WOULDN'T QUIT FIGHTING FOR WHAT WAS RIGHT AND WAS FAIR. BUT JUST AS HE STARTED TO OPEN HIS MOUTH TO SPEAK, ALL THAT HE COULD GET OUT WAS A SQUEAK.

THE LION THEN BOUNDED ACROSS THE LAWN AND PROMPTLY SWALLOWED THE YOUNG VEGAN, SEAN. HE LOOKED DISAPPOINTED FOR SEAN WAS MERELY A SNACK. UPON BILL HE BEGAN HIS ATTACK. THE LION WAS SATISFIED HAVING DEVoured BILL THE GRILLER, WHO WAS AS BIG AND MEATY AS A GORILLA.



CUTTING THE CRAPITALISM

WITH MZGENDER

If you're like me, you were indoctrinated into the cult of recycling young. While still important, there's lots of things you can do for the planet in 2025. You may not realize that one of the most impactful things you can do for your **environment and local community** is also elegantly convenient. But first, let me introduce myself.

I'm a transplant from Kentucky (read: statistically, most of my neighbors were once literal cows) who is constantly finding new things to love about my favorite city. Some accuse me of being a bit easy to please, and while I can't deny that my expectations were low when I moved here four years ago... It's the small businesses and the community that truly made me fall in love with this city.

While there are certain parties that would like you to believe that all of your problems can be placed on the backs of whichever minority feels most convenient, I see more and more people turning the blame back to where it belongs... **Capitalism**. While it's very difficult to divest entirely from large corporations who don't have our best interests at heart... it's less overwhelming if you start with small, simple actions, and build from there. *You may even be surprised how good it feels to pull away.*

But where do you even begin? There's so many small businesses to support, so many actions to take, so many products to switch... Some things will even be cheaper in the long run, but more expensive up front. I know how hard of a pill that is to swallow when you're living paycheck to paycheck. So, I'm going to highlight one small thing for you to try **if you are able** in each issue. As for this month...

What if I told you one of the best things you can do for the planet is to put your food scraps in a little bin on your balcony or patio **instead of in the trash?** What if I also told you that a magical little fairy

comes and picks it up at a regularly scheduled time and replaces it with a freshly cleaned one... and that they might even **deliver some groceries** (from local businesses!) **for you while they're at it?** If that sounds too good to be true, it is. Fairies aren't that strong. But everything else I said is actually true! *Your buckets are definitely exchanged by a human, though.*

For about \$20 a month you can sign up for biweekly compost pickup from **New Earth Farm** or **Perennial City Compost** at your own home in St. Louis City and some parts of the county (Perennial only, though New Earth has some drop-off locations). You can also step your deliveries up to weekly if you find that you're filling your bin rather quickly (for about \$10 more per month). **Both services also offer local grocery delivery of some kind!** Still too expensive? New Earth Farm provides 18 different drop of sites you can use for only \$12 per month!

Why is composting so important? Glad you asked. Until recently, I assumed food thrown away in landfills biodegrades quickly and returns back to soil as things do... but that's actually not how it works. When we bury biodegradable items in landfills, they aren't exposed to the oxygen and the other environmental factors needed to return it to soil, so instead, it creates greenhouse gas (specifically, methane). Lots of it.

The FDA estimates that **30-40% of all food is wasted per year**. But when you compost, that uneaten food isn't wasted anymore. It gets returned to the soil to add valuable nutrients back for **new food** and may even be added back to urban soils to **help them hold water and remediate pollutants**.

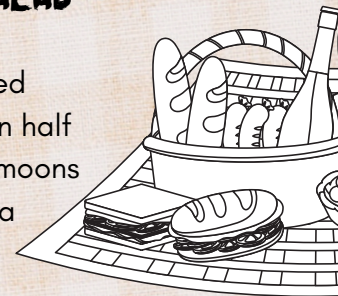


CREAMY PICNIC SALAD

(CREAMY... GOOD FOR YOU... KIND OF)

INGREDIENTS FOR THE SALAD

- 5 oz butter lettuce
- ½ large red onion thinly sliced
- 2 cups cherry tomatoes sliced in half
- English cucumber sliced in half moons
- 2 cups cooked white quinoa
- 15 oz can chickpeas
- 8 oz block of feta cheese
- ½ cup sliced almonds



INGREDIENTS FOR THE DRESSING

- ½ cup lemon juice
- 1 ½ cups full fat plain greek yogurt
- 2 tablespoons greek seasoning
- ½-¾ cup olive oil

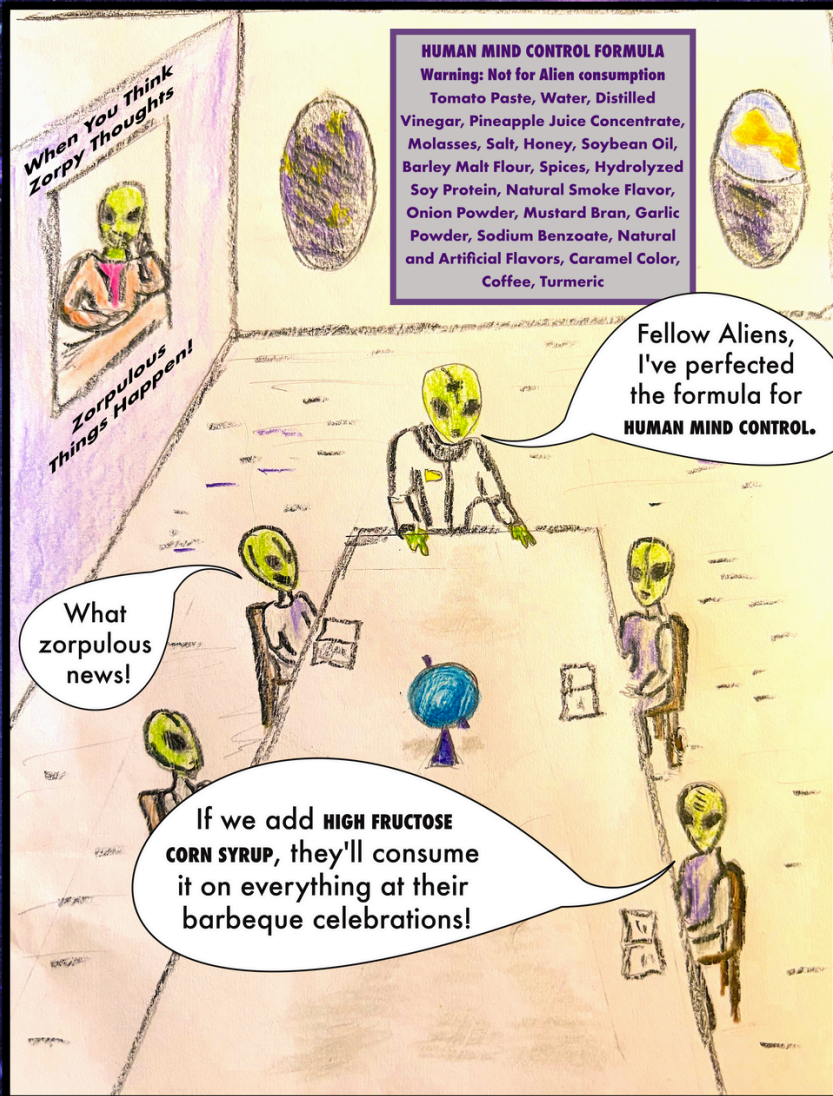
INGREDIENTS FOR THE DRESSING

Add all ingredients to a big mason jar and shake it up until it looks like dressing.

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

Mix all of the veggies, almonds and cooked quinoa in a big bowl. Cook chickpeas mixed with olive oil and salt on a baking sheet in oven at 445 degrees for 25 minutes; keep an eye on them to prevent burning. Add cooled off chickpeas to salad. Crumble up block of feta and mix that in. Add dressing to taste.

MIND CONTROL FORMULA



BY D-BONE AND B. S. BURNER

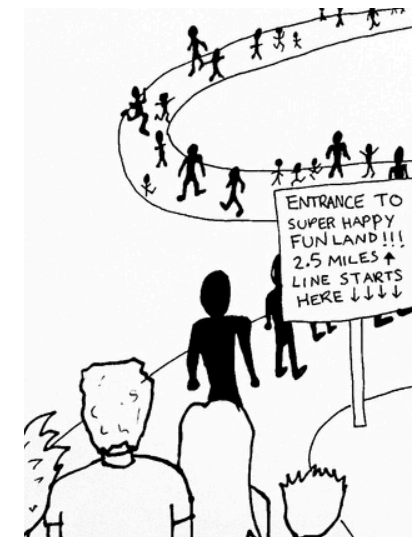
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A COMIC BY ZEKE 'PANTS' LINDHORST & MISS WHISPER

A black and white line drawing of a family celebrating. On the left, a large man with a wide smile says, "GUESS WHAT kids?! We're going on VACATION!". In the center, a woman with long hair looks surprised. On the right, two children are cheering. One child says "YAY!!" and "YEE!!!", while the other says "YAY!!". Above them, a speech bubble contains "DAD ROCKS!!". Other speech bubbles around the children contain "NICE!", "YAY!", "YEE!!", "YES!", "GAG!!", "DAD!!", "YAYAYAY!!", and "YEE!!!".



LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Brock Street Bonehead,

I went to the Candyliion show at The Heavy Anchor that you promoted in your last issue, and felt seriously betrayed.

First off, no candy in the entire set. How am I supposed to endure such awesome, ear-blasting music without a violent sugar high? It was almost impossible to follow the sick guitar riffs, killer bass lines and other-worldly drum licks. And through The Heavy Anchor's badass sound system? If anyone expects the crowd to meet the energy of these gods, I suggest providing us with sufficient candy flow.

Second off, no lion? I can drive an hour south of St. Louis, just past St. Genevieve on I-55, and for \$20 see 3 whole tigers at The Crowne Ridge Tiger Sanctuary. If Candyliion are true gods — as I believe we established — why can't they get a measly lion?

will I go to the next Candyliion show? Of course. I listen to their vinyl at least 13 times a day, but that's only after a 24 pack of Vess Cola, while I pet my kitten, Rosco. If I don't get at least a piece of taffy and a funny cat video at the next show, I might lose it and just mosh myself to death in front of everyone.

Yours Truly and a devoted Candyliion fan,

ICE CREAM NIGHTMARE

(aka: Mister Scream)



DID YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SAW IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE?

let us know, we're just getting started!

Donate Or Else



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We've got a lot of fun up our sleeves. But, we're just regular people with a dream just like you. Any and all donations go to making the BSB bigger and better than before. We appreciate anyone willing to donate and help our ideas take flight!

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LET'S KEEP IN TOUCH!



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