

THE BROCK STREET BURNER

Say It — Don't Spray It

Top Six Shows To Make You Seem Interesting At The Water Cooler
— shows and line—ups are subject to changes —

Glass Mattress
May 30th at The Heavy Anchor
with Kickwheel • Otto Modest

Origami Summer
May 31st at The Sinkhole
with Future/Modern • Wayside • Solshade

New Constellations
June 3rd at Platypus
with Noah Fence

Petty Grievances
June 6th at The Sinkhole
with Different Damage • Fool's World • Killing Fever

Sewer Urchin (release show)
June 14th at The Heavy Anchor
with Candylion • Jag-wires • The Devil's Level

June Swoon
June 27th at Moshmellow
with Bruiser Queen • Stoker • Mitchell Matthews

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one

THAT BAND SUCKS

by B. S. Burner

Matthew stood where he was found at The Sinkhole for most shows. Leaning against the wall near the speaker. Shaking his head in disapproval with the smuggest of looks while he sipped a Pabst Blue Ribbon. He peered up beyond the rim of his ironic, John Deer trucker hat just as the skinny guitar player from the first band hustled by with his gear. Matthew sighed and followed the kid toward the merch booth.

"Hey, can I get you something?" the guitar player smiled brightly.

"Nah. You guys sucked," Matthew replied, bluntly.

"Oh, shit. Sorry?" the skinny kid behind the table sounded confused.

"Yeah. It's like you guys don't have any soul or musical knowledge," Matthew shook his head and looked down.

"Okay ... " the guitar player said "Thanks for coming, I guess?"

Matthew shrugged and headed back to the bar for another beer.

"Matt — — " the bartender began.

"Thew" Matthew interrupted, "I haven't been Matt since high school. You know that."

"Okay, THEW" the bartender rolled his eyes. "Why do you have to chase down every poor kid who goes up on stage just to tell them how much they suck? Also, that band was pretty good."

"Thought they needed to know. Most music these days just blows. It's just assholes crapping out noise. It's like ... back when Dylan and Joni and Neil were making music, music really meant something, you know?" Matthew rested his elbows on the bar.

"Yes, I know. We have this conversation once a week. That'll be seven dollars," the bartender raised his eyebrows.



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two

“Whatever. Oh great ... the next band is starting. Time to sit through more diarrhea of the ears, I guess ... ” Matthew slowly headed back to his spot near the speaker.



“I love this song!” a woman in her early twenties exclaimed. She slightly resembled a hot air balloon with purple hair. She turned to her friend and smiled as she pulled her caramel iced latte from the foe marble countertop.

“I think it’s from their new album.” She sipped from the cup.

“This band sucks,” Matthew interjected from behind the fake espresso machine as he worked on the next order.

“What?” Purple haired girl asked. She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

“Derivative, generic crap. Unoriginal, over—produced, soulless crap,” Matthew went on.

“Well, nobody asked you ... ” the girl’s friend replied as the two walked off shaking their heads.

“Thew, please stop harassing the customers,” Matthew’s manager agrily whispered from across the prep table.

“Sorry,” Matthew smirked sarcastically.

His shift was just about to end, anyway. He clocked out and headed home for the night. After he had replied to a few social media posts — arguing with people about how there hasn’t been any good music made since 1969 — he decided to turn in. He gazed out the window at a street lamp flashing on and off. “Damn, I wish I could live back then and only listen to music made back when it didn’t suck. I’m tired of constantly being bombarded by this shit,” Matthew wished aloud just as the street light bulb flickered out for good.



Matthew woke up a little after 7:00 the next morning, even though his alarm hadn't gone



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three

off like it was supposed to. He got up and started getting ready for work. As he walked outside, the sun was bright and birds chirped loudly. Matthew was accidentally almost in a pleasant mood until he realized that his Prius wasn't where he had parked it. "God damnit!" he shouted audibly for everyone walking by to hear. "God damn assholes stole my car!"

Before calling the police, he decided to call his boss and let her know that he wasn't going to make it into work on time — if at all. He started to dial and soon realized that there was no service. "That's freaking great ... " he pouted.

Next step was to call an Uber for work and make a police report while he waited. Uber app also appeared to be kaput. "What the hell am I supposed to do now?!" he stomped around the clovered patch of grass in front of the flickering light post.

"Man ... just calm down. What's wrong? Can I help?" a giraffe-like college-aged kid with a light blue untucked button-up and disheveled sandy blonde hair stood there, concerned in response to Matthew's audible outbursts.

"I doubt it ... " Matthew snarled, "But you can try. My goddamn car was stolen and now my freaking phone won't work. I have no way to call my boss or get to work."

"Damn, man. That is a bad morning. You could take the bus, maybe?" the sandy blonde fellow shrugged and smiled.

"I don't know the bus schedule, and public transit around here would take me hours. I have to be there in 15 minutes. Maybe I could borrow your phone, if that's alright. That would help me out," Matthew replied.

"Ugh ... maybe you could borrow my phone later, but I actually have to go to class now. If you want, I can give you my address and you can come over to use my phone later today."

"Why can't I borrow it right now?" Matthew demanded, irritated.

"Because I have to get to class ... sorry, man." And he headed off a little more briskly than before.



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four

Matthew was at his wit's end. He sure as hell wasn't going to take the bus. His head was flooded with pissed-off thoughts as he aimlessly started wandering down the block trying to think of a plan to move forward.

"That's weird ... " Matthew thought to himself in response to a handwritten flyer on a lamp post a few doors down. It read in sketched marker — big bold letters

Bob Dylan in Concert with special guest Joan Baez

**May 19th
Washington University
In The Quad**

"Damn ... that's tonight" Matthew smiled brightly "Must be a sweet cover band."

He headed back to his apartment, still unable to reach the coffee shop, gave up and fell asleep. When he woke up around 4pm, he made himself some ramen and started figuring out a way to get to the concert. He was having an impossible time finding a bus schedule or getting the Uber app to work, so he decided to walk. And then it got weird. An old time—y car show going through town? And a huge flash mob of people dressed up to match the time period of the cars?

After 30 minutes of walking, he finally arrived at the quad. Mobs of college-aged kids crowded around. Matthew was befuddled by how everyone was dressed the part to match this cover band! He stood around for 45 minutes amazed at how many people in town showed up for this. He had barely ever met anyone who liked Dylan.

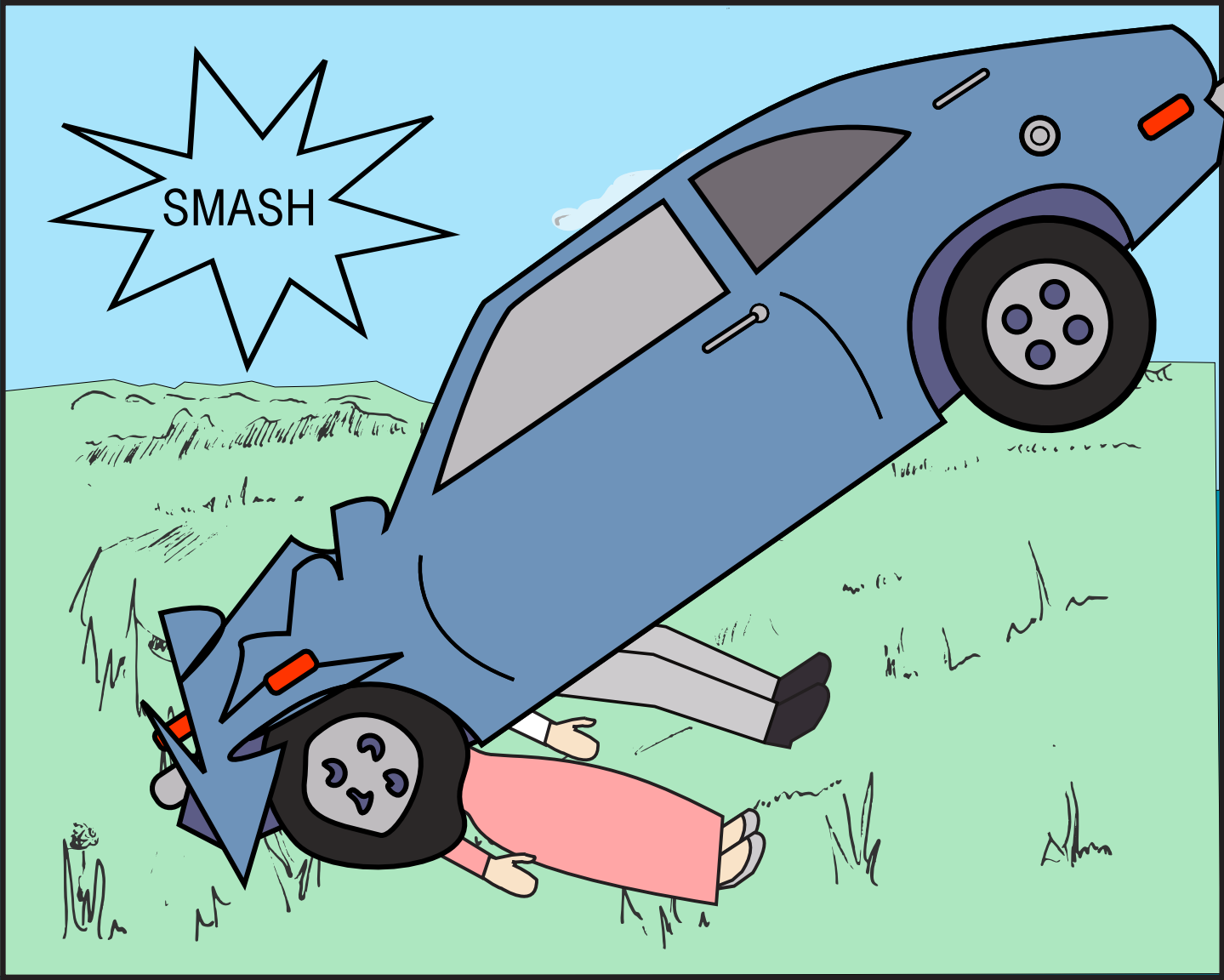
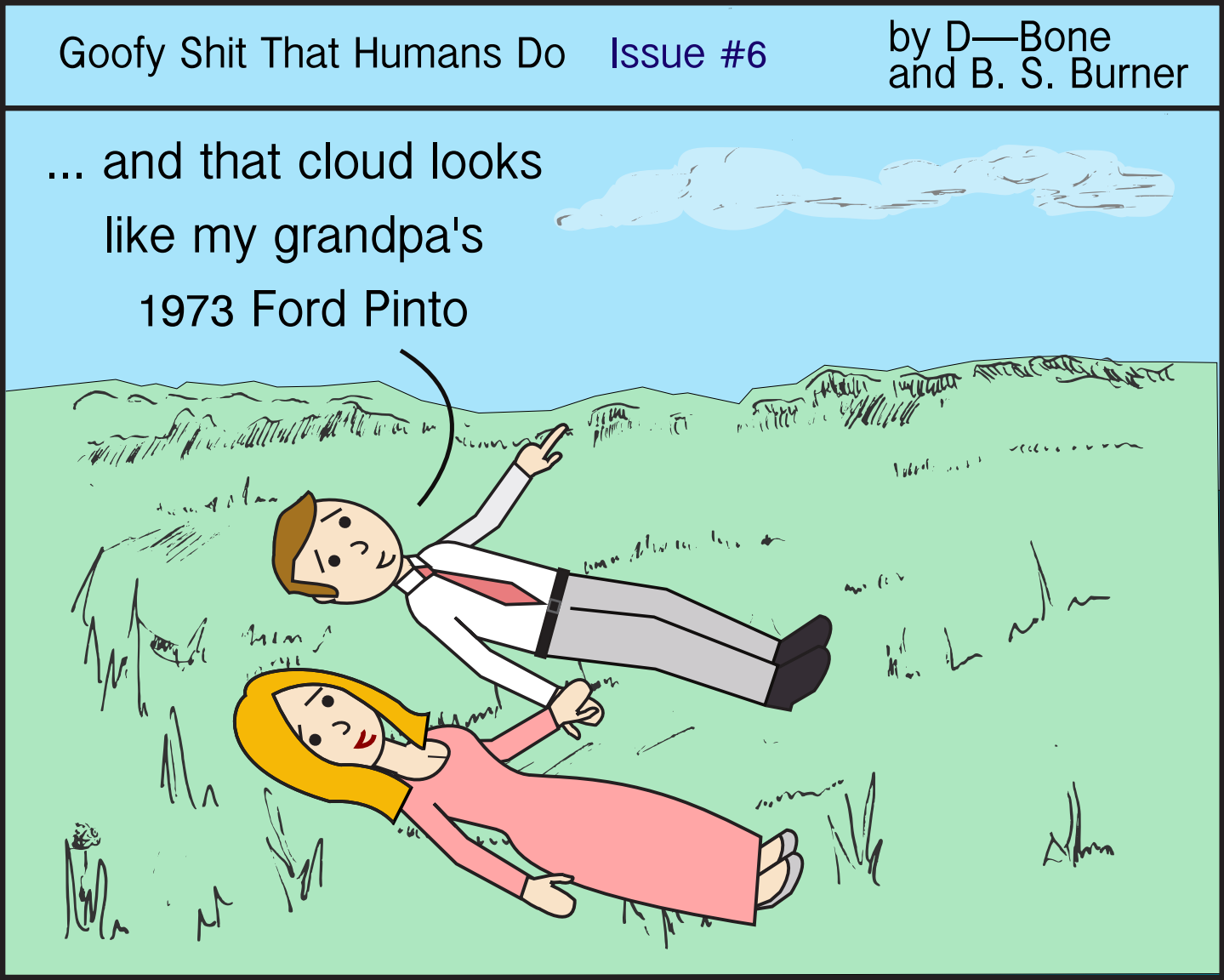
Then it happened. Matthew began to hyperventilate, sweat, squeal and nearly pass out. It was actually Dylan. It was actually Dylan, but not 81 year old Dylan like he saw at the Fox Theater a few years back. A young, fresh, raw real deal Dylan. He didn't know how this happened or why, but he soaked in and enjoyed every second of it.

After the show, Matthew could barely feel his legs or stop smiling. He ran into the sandy blonde haired guy from earlier that morning. Matthew now realized why he couldn't borrow the guy's phone.



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five

“Hey man!” he strolled up to Matthew with a big goofy smile and shook his hand “Did you ever make it to work?”

“Nope,” Matthew grinned ear to ear, “Not today. Just had the best day of my life instead.”

“Cool, man. This concert was so boss. That new Dylan guy is something, huh?! What are you doing right now?” he asked as he took a swig from his bottle of Vess Cola.

“Nothing, man,” Matthew answered.

“Some friends and I are going to jam over at my place just up the street from you. Just go two buildings east on Clayton; Apartment 1A. Come on by, if you want. Do you play?”

“I do play guitar!” Matthew replied happier than he’d ever been.

“Sweet, man. See you there soon. I’m Peter, by the way.”

“Thew” Matthew shook Peter’s hand again, “See you soon.”

Matthew began the long walk home to grab his guitar and scampered happily to Peter’s place. The front door was open and he somewhat timidly entered.

“Hey, Thew!” Peter smiled with his big goofy grin from the ripped leather arm chair “Glad you made it, man. Take a seat, grab a beer.”



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six

Matthew sipped his bottle of Falstaff and listened to the crew play a few songs they've been working on. In between songs he finally mustered up the courage to interject. "You guys wanna hear a song I wrote?"

"Totally, man!" Peter replied as he set his guitar down and straightened up in his seat.

Matthew began to strum quietly and sing while the four strangers stared from around the living room. "That's it," he shrugged when the song was over.

"Oh ... that was cool, man ... " Peter trailed off.

"Nah. That song sucked, man" the long-haired bearded brunette declared from his spot on the armrest of the olive green couch. "Sounds more like Thewsic to me," he laughed.

"Yeah, it sucked. Sorry, man" Peter chimed in.

"Heh ... yeah, no," Thew stuttered, "I'm still working on it."

After listening to the guys jam for another 20 minutes, Matthew thanked them for their hospitality and sulked home, feeling dejected. He had never played his music for anyone before. He was convinced any of those jackasses in 2025 wouldn't get it. But it felt awful to be told that the song he had worked so hard on ... sucked.

Matthew had a hard time falling asleep that night – trying to wrap his head around his new reality. The music on his phone didn't work, so he put on a Neil Young record and finally drifted off.



“Hey Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me ... ” Matthew’s phone alarm blasted at 7:00 sharp the next morning. He groggily hit snooze and lay in bed half-awake. “Shit!” he sat up quickly realizing that his phone worked. He peaked out the window and saw his Prius and a Lime Scooter lying on its side next to an empty Fireball shot on the grass. “Okay ... definitely 2025 again” he sighed out loud.

He checked the list in his copy of *The Brock Street Burner* to see what show was hap—



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seven

pening at The Heavy Anchor that night. It was an album release show for a local band he had never heard of. After his shift at the coffee shop, he headed to Dutchtown and arrived just as the opening band was about to begin. He ordered a PBR and took his spot by the speaker. As they finished up and quickly gathered their gear off of the stage, Matthew followed the lead singer toward the merch booth.

“Hey, thanks for coming!” the singer greeted Matthew from behind the merch table. “Hope we didn't sound like shitty thewsic. Can I get you something?”

“Yeah, ha ... ” Matthew blushed. Shitty thewsic?! “I’ll take a medium T–shirt. And also, I just wanted to tell you that you guys rocked. Keep it up!”

“That’s so nice!” the singer smiled brightly “Thanks again man. I really appreciate it.”

“Anytime. I'm Matt, by the way” he said as handed the singer a twenty dollar bill, took his T–shirt and headed back to his spot near the speaker to listen to the next band.

THE END



When you said that love is
all we need, baby, did
you think that it was
free? Deep inside
your soul oh, didn't
you know that it's not?
When you said that
things were going to
change (they'll never
change), tell me was it
always just a game. Now
you've had your fun, but
it's time to run back home.
When you feel you're being
used by all the ones you hold onto.



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eight

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Brock Street Butthole,

I attended the April 18th Glass Mattress, Blinded By Stereo & Cazadores show at Platypus that you promoted in your last issue. I was stoked to buy some merch from **Blinded By Stereo** and asked the incredibly handsome lead singer to purchase a small T-shirt. Well, guess what? That **hunk of a man** said that they don't have any smalls. I was like, does this band think small people don't deserve to wear T-shirts? But then I watched their set, and they were freaking amazing, so I guess I'll forgive them ... and I bought a record. One size fits all. I can't wait for their **upcoming show at Off Broadway on June 13th!**

Yours truly,
A new Blinded By Stereo fan

ENJOYING YOURSELF?

Take One Or Else

Where is The BSB featured?!

Heavy Riff Brewing

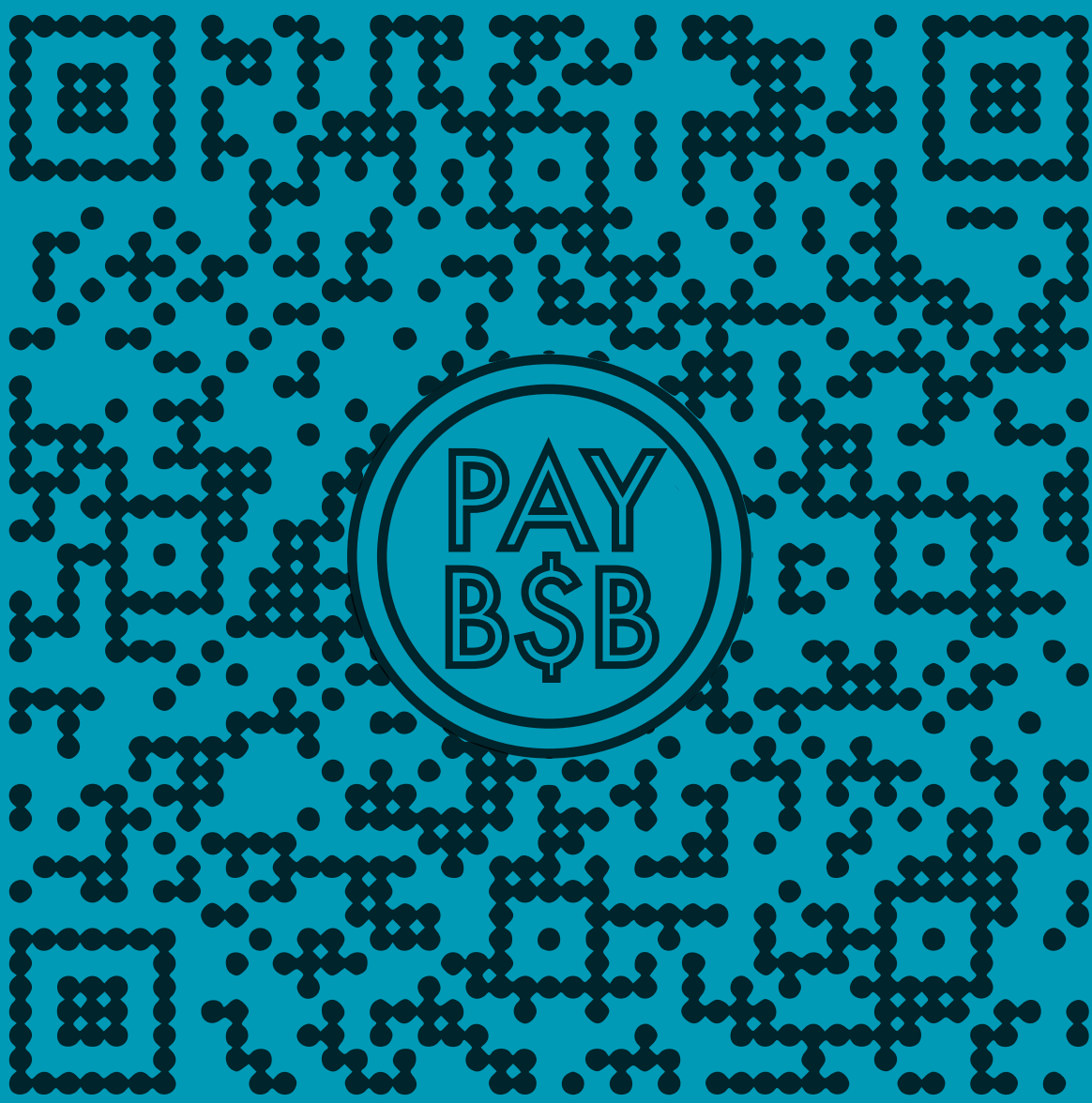
Moshmellow

Your Boo's Nightstand

The Heavy Anchor

The Sinkhole

Donate Or Else



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nine

Thai Veggie Curry with Coconut Quinoa (this isn't super authentic, but it's super yummy)

INGREDIENTS FOR THE ROASTED VEGETABLES

2 cups chopped carrots
2 cups chopped bell peppers
— any color you like —
2 cups chopped zucchini
2 tablespoons oil
— I like avocado, but you do you —
1 tablespoon curry powder
A few shakes of salt

INGREDIENTS FOR THE CURRY

2 tablespoons oil
1 medium thinly-sliced onion
— again ... you can pick your fave color —
6 cloves minced garlic
1 big hunk of ginger, grated or minced
3 tablespoons green or red curry paste
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1–2 tablespoons sugar
— or coconut sugar or maple syrup (whatevs) —
2 tablespoons lime juice
1 cup coconut milk
1 cup chopped cilantro
A few shakes of salt

INGREDIENTS FOR THE QUINOA

1 cup quinoa
— probably white, but I suppose any color could work —
1 cup coconut milk
1 cup water



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ten

Thai Veggie Curry with Coconut Quinoa



COOK THE VEGGIES

Preheat oven to 420 degrees

Mix the carrots, peppers & zucchini with oil, curry powder & salt

Cook in the oven for 30 minutes

MAKE THE CURRY SAUCE

Heat the oil in a big pot or deep pan on medium heat

Add the onions and cook them for about five minutes

Add the ginger and cook it with the onions for about five minutes

Add the garlic & salt

Once the garlic starts to soften, add the curry paste

Give it a stir for a minute then add the soy sauce

Give it another stir

Add the coconut milk

Add the roasted vegetables from the oven

Cook all of this over a low–medium heat for 20–25 minutes

Add the sugar and continue on low–medium heat for another 5 minutes

Add lime juice & cilantro just before serving to humans

MEANWHILE ... COOK THE QUINOA

Add quinoa to a pot with coconut milk and water

Bring it to a boil

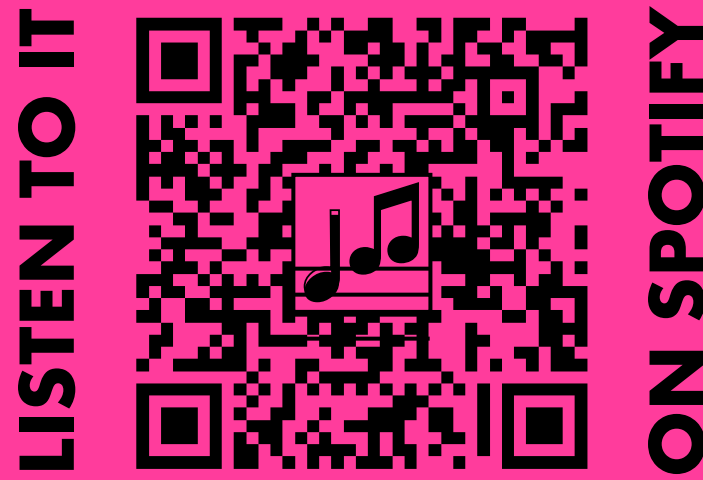
Let it simmer for 15 minutes until all of the liquid is absorbed and the quinoa is cooked



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The Brock Street Burner's Songs To Listen On Repeat Playlist



... you know ... for science ...

Bored to Death by Candylion

Sleepy Ajussi by Glass Mattress

Brooklyn by Blinded By Stereo

All We Need by HMDRM

Shooting Rockets Towards the Sun by Bagherra

Paradise by Martyridge

Godspeed = Lightspeed by Enemy Airship

End All Be All by Town Cars

French Teacher by Huht

Half Moon by Seashine

We Are From This Town by Future/Modern

Dust by They Need Machines To Fly?

Drunk on the Internet by Bruiser Queen



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