

THE BROCK STREET BURNER

September 2025



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THEBROCKSTREETBURNER.COM

THESE SHOWS ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD!

09.04

PRECIOUS LITTLE LIFE PA

with Dumpcake PA + Hank + Buy Her Candy
@ Moshmellow

09.08

PAISLEY FIELDS NY

with Town Cars, Beth Bombara + May Day Orchestra
@ The Sinkhole

09.13

THE TOM BLOOD BAND

with Hi-Lo Buffalo + Blinded By Stereo
@ The Heavy Anchor

09.14

TROPA MAGICA CA

with ¡Cazadores!
@ The Sinkhole

09.18

TREASURE PAINS NC

with Sprite + Family Medicine + Synthetic Sun
@ The Sinkhole

09.20

GLASS MATTRESS

with Night Parks + Motel Addicts
@ The Sinkhole

09.26

OLD SOULS REVIVAL

ALBUM RELEASE SHOW!

with Middle Class Fashion + 18andcounting
@ Moshmellow



*lineups are subject to change

Table of Constellations

Can your star sign predict your favorite BSB piece?

Letter to the Editor..... 4

Aries

Moonpie Recipe..... 6

Cancer + Pisces

Planet Bubblegum..... 8

Virgo + Capricorn

Garden Variety Goth Comic..... 11

Leo + Sagittarius

You Are What You Rewind..... 13

Taurus

Crossword Puzzle..... 15

Scorpio

Total Eclipse of the Heart (and Sun)..... 16

Gemini + Libra

An All-American Welcome Party Comic..... 18

Libra + Aquarius

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Butt Street Bonehead,

I have been reading your zine since the very beginning. I was delighted to see a new zine in St. Louis. It's been...well, okay. You know; better than nothing. This past month, much to my surprise, yet another zine has popped up in the area. It's called Punk Dumpster. I bought it when I was visiting my favorite venue, Moshmellow. I hate to tell you bozos, but Punk Dumpster is, let's say on a scale of 1-10, seven zillion times better than The Brock Street Burner. All you losers do is joke around. Punk Dumpster has actual interviews and informative articles about cool punk shit. Quite frankly, I don't think anything in The Brock Street Burner is even real. I'm pretty sure that your previous letters to the editor have been fake. I don't even know if I'm real.

In conclusion, you guys suck and Punk Dumpster rocks. Nice try, though. Maybe you can be like them when you grow up.

Yours truly,
A Brock Street Burner fan by default

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moon pies



INGREDIENTS

- 1.5 cups chocolate chips
- 10 big graham crackers broken in half
- 15 big marshmallows* cut in half
- 4 TBSP coconut oil

Add the chocolate chips plus 2 TBSP coconut oil in small pot and melt over low heat, stirring frequently. Add the marshmallows plus 2 TBSP coconut oil in another small pot and melt over low heat stirring frequently.*

Once the marshmallows are melted into goo, spread some in between two graham crackers halves and make a sandwich. Take the marshmallow goo sandwich and dip it into the chocolate coating it all around. Repeat those last two steps until you're out of graham crackers. Put all of the moon pies on parchment paper on a plate and put in the refrigerator for an hour or so until the chocolate is hardened. Keep them refrigerated and then gobble them up!

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Planet Bubblegum



I won't bother telling you my name, because your human brain won't be able to handle it. You can call me Fred.

Hello, my name is Fred. I am from a planet outside of your solar system that, again, your small human brain won't be able to comprehend the real name of. Let's just call it Planet Bubblegum. I bet you're wondering why I think you, reader of my story, is such a helpless idiot. I'm a tad disappointed in you folks and still a little bitter about what happened.

Last year (a year ago in human time. Planet Bubblegum has a very sophisticated measurement of time based on lightspeed that you bozos wouldn't understand) my associates and I were doing some normal everyday space exploration. We came across your solar system, and that's when our ship started to malfunction. We troubleshooted and thought through the problem logically. But with all of our giant brains brainstorming together, we couldn't seem to get the ship back on track. We did some research on nearby planets, and learned that Earth was the nearest planet to our busted ship with intelligent beings. Or so we thought.

The books we read showed us that not too long ago, humans on Earth were capable of amazing feats of architecture, science, critical thinking, and the creation of complicated mathematical theorems. That sounded like the perfect bunch to help solve the problem we were in need of solving.

This wasn't our first rodeo in visiting another planet. Most of the time we slipped in unnoticed, conducted our research, and headed on our way. We had never been to Earth, however, and after reading about how incredibly intelligent the humans are that inhabit it, I was very much looking forward to meeting and speaking with some of you. The beings of Planet Bubblegum are able to translate any language to their own in a matter of microseconds. Surely, these humans had the same translation system available in their brains. Boy, was I wrong.

"Hello, my name is (Fred...I didn't say Fred, I said my real name). I come from Planet Bubblegum (I didn't say Planet Bubblegum.)"

"AHHHHH!!! AN ALIEN!!!" The human screeched loudly and excreted liquid from their bottom half.



"I am, I suppose, alien to your kind." I replied "But since you and I are on similar levels of intelligence, I thought maybe I could trouble you for some help getting my ship back on track. Come with me, if you don't mind."

The human ran away in terror. I wasn't going to chase him. I didn't have time for that nonsense. I figured that human was a dud, and I'd try another.

Fifteen human interactions later, and all of these jokers reacted to my polite and professional plea for help in the same manner. I was beginning to become frustrated. Where were all of the intelligent beings?

The sky began to darken over Earth, and I noticed that the humans were mostly all lying horizontally and closing their eyes. I let myself into one of their dwellings and decided that there was no more Mr. Nice guy. I was just going to zap him with my unconscious maker zapper and beam us both back up to the ship.

"Hello. I am Fred. Please don't scream." I calmly asked the human once we arrived in the control room. I had used my translation device into Earth language this time. "Your kind is seemingly capable of critical thinking in the same manner as my kind, and I was hoping that you could use your skills and brain power to help my associates and I here get our ship back on track."

"Uh...I don't know, man" the groggy human opened his mouth wide and raised his arms over his head. At least he wasn't screaming.



"Okay. Well, here, take a look." I motioned toward the control panels.

"Hold on, dude. Let me get my phone." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small metal device. "Siri, how do you fix an alien ship?"

"What is this Siri you speak of?" I questioned.

"Just an AI helper, man. Siri says 'Fixing an alien spaceship, or any spaceship for that matter, typically involves understanding its components and systems, diagnosing the issue, and then repairing or replacing damaged parts using specialized tools and knowledge'. So, does that help?" The human shrugged.






"No" I stared back blankly. "Can't you use your giant human brain and deduct a solution?"


"Nah, I don't think so. I can ask Chat GPT if you want?" He stared at the small black metal device again. "It says 'This AI on Google Search does not have access to real-world knowledge of alien spaceship repair or the ability to communicate with other AI models of ChatGPT.'"

My colleagues and I stared at each other in disbelief and discontent. "Human. Is there any way that you could perhaps assist us with this problem without the help of your device? It doesn't appear to be functioning properly." I pleaded.

"Nah, sorry dude." The human shook his head, "Can I go back to bed now?"




"I suppose." I ushered him towards an escape pod and entered the coordinates back to Earth.



"I think that human must have been a dud." My colleague deduced "Let's try one more time. The sky is brightening over Earth and per our observations, that is when the humans mostly appear to be upright and mobile."

We headed back down, hoping that our ship would survive the journey. We landed in a bustling metropolis where the sign read in human language 'New York City'.



"This is unbelievable. What are we going to do?" I stared in disgust at thousands upon thousands of humans moving along their walkways. And they all had their faces buried in devices similar to the human's device that we beamed up onto the ship.

It became clear to us that the human kind were no longer capable of deductive reasoning, critical thought or creative solutions on their own. They had evolved since our previous research had been conducted of their cognitive ability to become slaves to these devices. It was really a shame. Thankfully, we had just enough juice left in our ship to travel two planets over near the edge of the solar system. It was full of helpful beings who were kind and were able to get our ship running again. The name of the planet is of course impossible for you, human reader, to understand. I will tell you that it is called Planet Jellybean. Your kind seems to enjoy items made mostly of the molecule compound sucrose. That is why I think you are able to comprehend the term Jellybean, correct?

MISS WHISPER



#1



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YOU ARE WHAT YOU REWIND ◀

Sometimes questions pop into my head and I know I can't control them, because humans don't have free will.

Everything just happens, and consciousness is the observer.*

Questions like, "If someone showed me pictures of the Earth at the center of our solar system over and over throughout my childhood, would I have formed the belief that the Earth is at the center of the solar system?"

There, I mentioned space. Are you happy?

Those questions sometimes lead to questions like, can people make me believe anything by just showing me pictures over and over? Can they induce strong beliefs that I'll defend, even though I have no clue what I'm talking about?

In my last article, I discussed that the answer is "yes", and it's how most of our beliefs are formed, but it might be even worse than that. Most of what I'm writing here is regurgitated from books written by cognitive scientists. No repetition. Just pure faith in my idols' words.

Eventually, I find myself wondering how to distinguish my own thoughts from those that were implanted in me by other people, then I remember the 90s.

In the 90s, we had lots of time and no smartphones. We recorded ourselves on tape with giant yellow & black boomboxes. There's no CD player when you have a boombox from the 80s. Maybe two cassette slots if you're lucky. With two cassette slots, you can make copies and add layers. Stuff like that.

We'd record ourselves, click rewind, and the tape would zip backward.

We'd listen and think, "That's my voice. Those are my thoughts, unfiltered from my brain." Touching a level of self-induced empowerment that we just don't get anymore.

We could get this type of reflection from our smartphones, but we don't seem interested. Maybe it's the lack of texture. No snap to the buttons. No fuzz when you're recording. No interaction, except for what's embedded in the machine. Modern devices are boring and one dimensional. Clearly designed for passivity.

Whatever the cause, I know the solution for myself. I should start recording my voice again, just to see what comes out. Not for anyone else to hear—just me. Not content. Not performance. Just proof that my thoughts exist, and that they're mine.

*I understand that I'm making a bold statement here. If you disagree, I would recommend reading *The Illusion of Conscious Will* by Daniel Wegner. It's a meta-study on consciousness with a clear conclusion. We're consciously aware of our decisions after they've been made.

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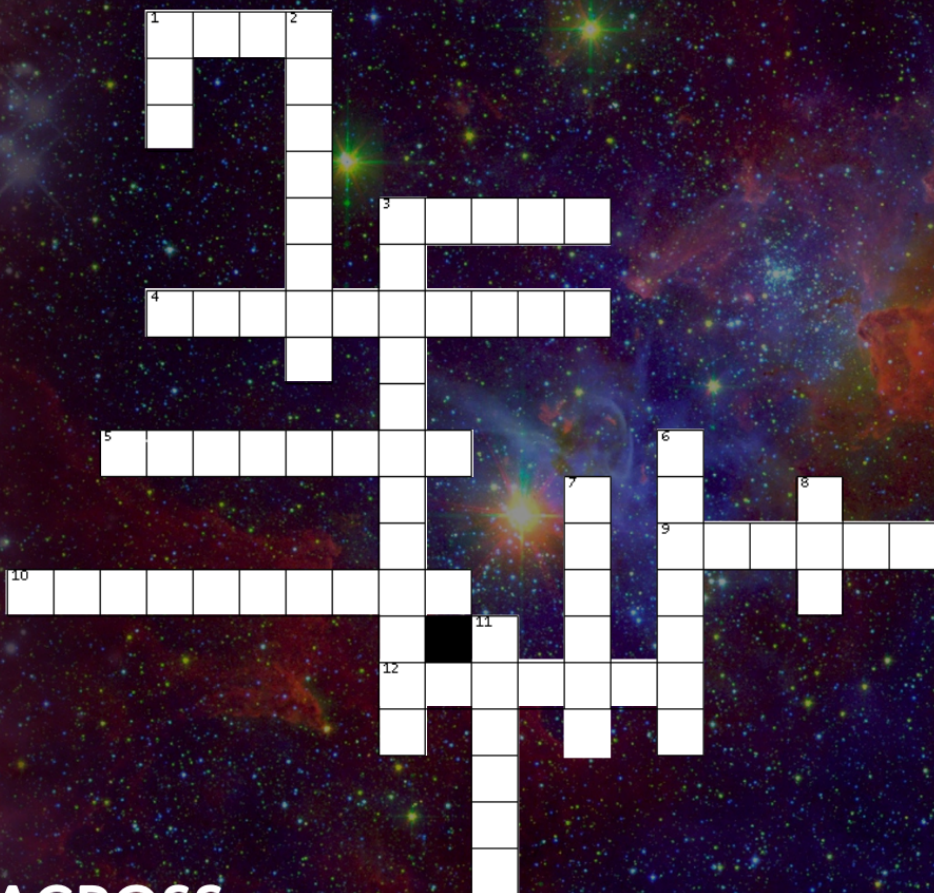
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ACROSS

1. PLANET MATT DAMON'S CHARACTER GOT STUCK ON
3. THE ROBOT'S NAME IN LOST IN SPACE
4. WIDELY RECOGNIZED AS THE MOST SCIENTIFICALLY INACCURATE SPACE TRAVEL FILM EVER MADE
5. AMY ADAMS ORIGINAL JOB IN ARRIVAL
9. NAME OF THE ALIEN ON BOARD WHO KILLS A BUNCH OF THE HUMANS IN THE 2017 FILM LIFE
10. WHAT DO THE APES CALL CHARLESTON HESTON IN PLANET OF THE APES? (TWO WORDS)
12. MAIN MALE ROLE IN 'THE VAST OF NIGHT'.

DOWN

1. NAME OF THE ROBOTIC COMMANDER OF THE SPACESHIP IN FLIGHT OF THE NAVIGATOR
2. 2024 FILM WHERE ADAM SANDLER PLAYS AN ASTRONAUT
3. E.T.'S FAVORITE SNACK (TWO WORDS)
6. 1998 TEEN FILM WHERE HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS ARE POSSESSED BY ALIENS THE ____
7. SAM ROCKWELL'S CHARACTER IN MOON IS A ____?
8. WALL-E'S LADY FRIEND
11. WHAT THE NEURALYZER IN THE MEN IN BLACK FILMS ERASES.

total eclipse of the heart (and sun)

Last year, on my 37th birthday, I joined about 50 million other Americans in witnessing one of the most awe-inspiring sights a person can see: a total solar eclipse. It was a bittersweet moment. I had waited 31 years for the experience, but it also became a memorial for my partner, who had passed away just three months earlier.

To be clear, this wasn't my first eclipse (and it won't be my last!). When I was six years old, a partial eclipse passed directly over my elementary school. I remember being excited for the "all-school field trip," even making pinhole projectors out of paper bags. But instead of joining my classmates, I sat in the principal's office – I don't even remember what I did to deserve that punishment. To make matters worse, my first-grade teacher, Mrs. Barth, told me eclipses happen every four years like clockwork. (It was 1993, so maybe she was thinking of the Olympics.)

It wasn't until twelve years later, as a college freshman, that I learned that eclipses occur every few years, but rarely in the same place. This means most people will need to travel somewhere in order to fall under the path of totality. The surface of the Earth also happens to be 70% water, which makes terrestrial viewing that much more difficult. After that revelation, I decided to become an amateur eclipse chaser. I bought several books about eclipses and started saving money to fund my future expeditions. My first total eclipse finally came in 2017 in Ashland, and just two years later I was standing atop a mountain in Chile, surrounded by friends and thousands of locals, watching the sun disappear again.

Fast-forward to 2020. With the pandemic in full swing, I met my partner Nikki online, and we quickly became inseparable. For over three years, I lived my best life with her. Then one day at work, she heard a pop in her knee. That pop led to a devastating diagnosis: stage 4 cervical cancer. She passed away just over a year later.

The thing about total eclipses is that while they aren't rare globally, the chances of one appearing over any specific location are. Which is why it seemed like divine providence that the small town of Ingram, Texas, would experience not just one, but two eclipses within six months: a partial eclipse in October 2023, and the "big show" in April 2024. Why providence? Nikki was from Texas. And Ingram happens to host a to-scale replica of Stonehenge – could there be a better setting?

The difference between a partial and a total eclipse is literally the difference between day and night. Even with 99% of the sun covered, you might not notice anything unusual if you aren't looking for it. The October eclipse was essentially a rehearsal for the main event, and it also became the last road trip Nikki ever made. She passed away in January 2024.

Although I was grateful Nikki got to return to her home state before "going home," I was devastated she wouldn't be there with me on my birthday. Nikki chose cremation, and with finances tight we didn't hold a formal funeral. Instead, I invited her two children, her roommate, and her roommate's kids to join me in Texas. Together, we spread her ashes in Lake Old Ingram under the full shadow of the moon.

It's often said that it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. I am grateful for every moment we shared, even though those memories now bring pain. It still hurts, and not a day goes by that I don't think of her. But for four minutes on my 37th birthday, under the shadow of the moon, I was able to truly say goodbye. Each eclipse experience has been unique, and this was one for the books (or in this case, the Burner!).

There won't be another total eclipse over the continental U.S. until 2045. But if you're looking for a summer trip, I'd recommend either Spain next August (2026) or what many are calling the "eclipse of the century": a six-and-a-half-minute total eclipse over the Valley of the Kings in Luxor, Egypt, in 2027. I plan on being there. How about you? It's about time to learn how to sand walk, because in two years, even the moon will be walking like an Egyptian!

the blissful wizard



An All-American Welcome Party



ART: Zeke "Pants" Lindhorst CONCEPT: Miss Whisper

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

let us know, we're just getting started!



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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