

August '25

Trapped  
people

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

*let us know, we're just getting started!*

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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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THE BROCK  
STREET BURNER

## Top Shows to Skip Class for This Month

**08.01** *Relate* 

with I Like Snaps + Impressions + Ryan Cheney  
@Platypus

**08.03** *¡Cazadores!*  @PUNK ROCK FLEA MARKET

with Point of Invention + 86 Red + Sewer Urchin  
@American Czech Educational Center

**08.08** *St. Clair*

with Martyridge + Silver Material  
+ Interpersonal @ Off Broadway

ALBUM RELEASE SHOW!



**08.09** *Middle Class Fashion*

with Synthetic Sun + No Antics  
@Platypus

**08.22** *Goo Man*

with Post Office Winter + Dearest Friends + Marble Teeth  
@Moshmellow

**08.23** *Bunnygrunt*

with Glow in the Dark Flowers + Call Letters  
@ The Heavy Anchor

ALBUM RELEASE SHOW!



**08.24** *HMDRM*

with Radical Serf + Sole Loan  
@CBGB

**08.29** *Dusty Heels*

with Soma + 3 Volt Buzz  
@The Heavy Anchor

\*line ups are subject to change

## Table of Misconducts

School	Month	Teacher
Hard Knocks	August	Miss Cunningham
Student Name	Grade	Home Room
Brock S. Burner	15th	Mister Scream

O F F E N S E	Goofy Shit That Humans Do: Educated Beggars by B. S. Burner	Page 4
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**MOSHMELOW**

**PUNK JAZZ CLUB**

3359 S. JEFFERSON AVE.  
SAINT LOUIS, MO 63118

**PAGE 3**

Goofy Shit That Humans Do Issue #8 by B. S. Burner

I'd say another  
quarter-inch.

Oh, Zander! Look at the poor,  
uneducated laborers – tricked  
into a life of wage slavery.

Yep

Uh... yeah, like totally  
sad and unjust, babe.  
Anyway... back to it?

I love my life.

Need \$\$\$  
For Zander's  
Student Loans

**PAGE 4**



## YOU ARE WHAT THEY REPEAT

[Humans] are rarely aware of the real reasons  
which motivate their actions.

- Edward Bernays, Propaganda

I grew up in the '90s with five siblings and about five zillion cousins. Forget naughty alone time—just watching cartoons by myself was impossible. Until I found an old TV and VCR someone had abandoned.

Back then, you could plug your TV into a VCR and use it like an antenna. No coax cable. No internet. Just whatever shows you could pull and lots of static in between.

Three Stooges marathons all night, every night—until my grades tanked.

Why did I work so hard for that broadcast? Where did I even learn how to do it? What gave me such a strong motivation?

As I got older, I read more from Bernays and writers like him. I realized that someone wanted me to watch that TV. Someone I'd never met needed my eyes on their shows, on their commercials, on their messaging. My attention was profitable. And culture all around motivated me to give it away, by normalizing passive entertainment.

Was I programmed to crave TV? Probably. So what? I liked TV. What's the problem?

Back then, even if I obsessed over TV for a few hours a day, I had like 12 other hours to read, argue with siblings, build stuff, stare at the top bunk from below and just wonder. That slowness gave me space to think for myself and form beliefs through my own reasoning.

I wasn't handed instant answers. I had to earn them through reflection.

We don't have that slowness anymore. No scavenged VCRs. No fight for the remote. Just a screen in your pocket with endless scrolling—awaiting you 24/7. Type a code, or scan your face, and the feed rolls. No effort. No friction. No escape.

Image by image, with every finger flip, it's intended to condition you. It installs beliefs. It changes what you think is true. Edward Bernays made that explicitly clear when he taught the world these tactics.

Now, with deepfake technology and A.I., it's not just persuasion. It's deception. Imagine seeing a video of Al Roker ("Al" with an "L") promoting medicine for sale. You place an order and a couple days later find out that the video was fake and you ordered cinnamon pills. It looked real. It felt real. But it was a scam, and it happened to someone I know. [cont. on next pg.]

## YOU ARE WHAT THEY REPEAT (CONTINUED)

Programmed by media to trust Al Roker. Tricked by A.I. to make poor decisions.

How much of what we absorb is also a scam? Is our world just an endless stream of A.I. Rokers? Worse—how many of our deepest beliefs, desires and emotional urges were programmed into us through repetition, by someone who benefits from it?

If the answer is "We don't know," then how do we know our beliefs are even valid?  
Can we ever get our brains back at this point?

In my opinion, we can. We all just need to turn the phone off. For a few hours. Maybe days. Read. Write. Draw. Talk to our friends. Listen deeply to our own thoughts. Listen to the thoughts of people we *think* disagree with us. Do anything to break the loop.

Otherwise, we might just all become what *they* repeat.

THE  
\*ADHD BIZARRE  
BY MZGENDER

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## DOWN

1. QUESTION ASKED BY ST. LOUIS PEOPLE "WHERE DID YOU GO TO \_\_\_" (TWO WORDS)
2. HOW YOU SNEAKILY COMMUNICATED WITH YOUR FRIEND IN CLASS BEFORE TEXTING (TWO WORDS)
4. SQUIGGLY WRITING
5. YEARLY UPDATED BACKPACK WEIGHTS
7. GRAPHITE ERADICATOR
10. PROGRAM THAT TAUGHT YOU ALL ABOUT PARTY DRUGS
12. WHAT THE BULLIES STUFFED YOU IN

## ACROSS

3. WHITE BOARDS OF YESTERYEAR
6. SHAPE OF SCHOOL LUNCH PIZZA
8. QUADRILATERAL PLAYGROUND GAME (TWO WORDS)
9. CLASS OF NERDS WHO ARE NOW AWESOME ROCK STARS
11. GYM CLASS GAME THAT LEFT THE MOST OUCHIES
13. DESIGNER OF MAJESTIC SCHOOL SUPPLIES LISA\_\_\_





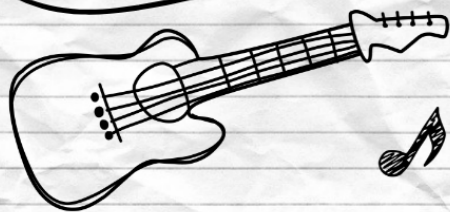
# LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear brilliant miracle healers at The Brock Street Burner,

I picked up your last issue and heeded your advice via 'The Best Shows in America This Month (probably Canada, too). I have a confession to make. I have been diagnosed with severe FOMO. It's a serious condition, and my doctor told me that the only cure is attending every awesome show in St. Louis. When I miss an awesome show, my FOMO flairs up. Real bad. It was a tall order, but having The Brock Street Burner is such a blessing to help me not miss anything. I went to every show on your list in July, and I am happy to report that not only is my FOMO under control, but I saw some amazing bands. I will look forward to the next issue, and believe you me, I will be at every single show. Keep on keeping on with alerting the public of all of this stellar local music. It's the only way that people like me who suffer from this condition can live normal happy lives.

Your's Truly,

A ST. LOUIS LOCAL MUSIC FAN



HEAVY RIFF BREWING COMPANY  
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SAINT LOUIS, MO 63139

MON-THU: 4PM-10PM  
FRI-SAT: 12PM-11PM  
SUNDAY: 12PM-6PM



# APPLE HONEY CAKE

because your teacher deserves more  
than just a plain ol' apple.

## Wet Ingredients

- 2 room temp. whisked eggs
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 3 tablespoons applesauce
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cups honey

## Dry Ingredients

- 1 cup gluten free flour blend
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup almond flour
- 1-2 teaspoons cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon baking soda

## The star of the desk

- 2 peeled and diced apples  
(whatever Kind you like, pal)

## Putting Stuff Together

Preheat the oven to 350 and line a 9x9 or 8x8  
baking dish with parchment paper.

Get a big bowl and whisk the eggs in it. Then add all  
of the other wet ingredients. Take another big bowl  
and mix all of the dry ingredients and add them to  
the wet bowl. Fold in the diced apples. Put the  
batter in the dish and cook in the oven for 40-45  
minutes. Then give it to your teacher or eat it.

# DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PLAY?

Pick a random  
number between  
1-10. Start at  
the 'M' and go  
from left to  
right through  
each letter until  
you land on your  
random number.  
Cross that  
letter out and  
start again until  
you're left with  
one option; M,  
A, S or H. That's  
where you live.  
(M=Mansion,  
A=Apartment,  
S=Shack,  
H=House).  
Continue this  
same formula  
for each  
category,  
except from top  
to bottom, and  
predict your  
future.

## M.A.S.H.

### Spouses:

Cutest person in your class  
Celebrity whose poster is pinned up in your locker  
The nerdy teacher everyone hates

### Jobs:

Writer for The Brock Street Burner

Rock star



Porta Potty emptier

### Mode of Transportation:

Your favorite car

Sweet ass bicycle



Sitting scooter you used in gym class (no handles)

### Number of kids:



Twins



Triplets



Eleven who are all disrespectful jerk heads

### Pet:

Kitty cat

Puppy dog

Ant Farm



### Location:

St. Louis, MO

Nashville, TN

Siberia





# DUSTY HEELS

with  
*Soma and  
3 Volt Buzz*

at  
*The Heavy Anchor*

*August 29, 2025  
Doors at 7pm  
Music at 8pm*



DustyHeels.com

Instagram.Com/DustyHeelsTheBand



## Punk Rock Teacher

When I was in 10th grade, I had one best friend named Holly. We spent every weekend at her house playing N64, watching River Phoenix movies and eating red velvet cake.

We weren't losers at our high school. We were just nothings. At least that's how I perceived it. I'm not sure if

Holly ever felt differently. The first semester of sophomore year we didn't have lunch together. I think that Holly found other friends to sit with during her BFF-less lunch period. I didn't. I just walked around the halls pretending like I was going somewhere for 23 minutes.

Holly and I only had one class together that semester, which was chemistry. We messed around quite a lot, and the teacher... whose name eludes me, was equal parts pissed and empathetic. I don't think he cared enough to try to punish us. I can see that now as an adult.

Third period, I had English class with Miss Cunningham. I was never surprised that she was a "Miss" rather than a "Mrs.,"

because who would marry her? She was cranky as heck. When you're 16, anyone over 25 basically kind of looks the same until they're old and gray. So, I had no idea how old Miss Cunningham was. 40ish? Holly had English class with Miss Cunningham 1st period. She made sure to sit in the second seat of the second row; the same spot where I sat.

That way, we could tape notes under the desk for each other. The notes would say things like "I'm sooooo bored. This book is really stupid. I think Miss Cunningham is looking at me. Bye!" or "I don't even think Miss Cunningham read this book. She just likes to torture teenagers for sport. I didn't do the homework. Shit. See you later!"

I wasn't much of a "raise my hand with the answer" sort of kid. I got okay grades, but certainly wasn't going to voluntarily participate in a discussion with my peers about *The Scarlet Letter*. But one day in 3rd period English, Miss Cunningham called on me despite my hand not being raised.

"Josie," she glared and cocked her head. "Can you tell me one of the symbols used in *The Scarlet Letter*?"

"Yeah" I stalled. "The wall was cracked where they met, and that could be a symbol of the cracked relationship."

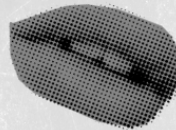


"No, that's not one." Cunningham stared blankly.

"Well, I think it is. Did you talk to Nathaniel Hawthorne himself and ask him if that was a symbol or not?" I couldn't believe I had just talked back to a teacher like that. But I didn't like being told that I was wrong.

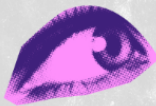
"No, Josie. But I did go to college and majored in English." Miss Cunningham snorted back at me, before rambling on to the class.

See what I mean? Very unpleasant.



Meanwhile, away from school I was slightly less of a nothing. I made a friend named Leif while working as a stocker at Toys "R" Us. He was very cool, and since he went to another school, he knew nothing of my nothingness. Leif and I talked about music. Holly liked music, but she was very into 80s pop music like Madonna and Prince. I liked that too. But shortly after meeting Leif, he gave me a cassette tape of "London Calling" by the Clash. And then he gave me a CD of Goldfinger "Hang-ups." And then Leif got a job at the record store, Slackers, and it snowballed from there. I'd go visit him at work and spend all of my hard earned toy stocking money on punk and emo CDs.

"Here, you'll like this" Leif handed me a CD with cover art of a purple dog on a neon green dog bed. Written on the dog bed was 'Spiders'.



"Spiders?" I smiled, sheepishly.

"Yeh." Leif shrugged nonchalantly, as was his way. "They're a local St. Louis band. One of the guys in the band dropped some off earlier. I listened to it twice already."

"So, it's good? What's it like?" I was intrigued. Leif rarely led me astray with band suggestions.

"Hard and loud. Pretty raw punk. You'll like it. Also, they're playing at The Creepy Crawl on Friday." Leif straightened out the CDs in the soundtrack section.



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**"IT'S NOT A PHASE, MOM!"**

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"ThanKs!" I exclaimed like a loud bird. "Are you going to the show?"

'Neh." Leif had moved on to arranging the VHS section now "I actually have to close on Friday."

"Shoot. I'll listen to the CD and probably go to the show. I bet they're good if you suggested them." I smiled like a sheepish dope.

I went home, closed my bedroom door and cued up "Spiders" (self titled) in my boombox. It was really loud hard raw punk and I loved it! Totally could feel their emotion and angst. Which is what being a teenager is all about, so I related to the vibe.

Finally Friday had arrived. I strategically decided on ripped jeans, off white Chuck Taylors and my gray Alkaline Trio T-shirt to don to the event. I dragged Holly along, knowing that she would likely hate the music. Thankfully she agreed to come. I had JUST gotten my license, so my parents were barely okay with me driving downtown. They felt more comfortable knowing that we were going together.

We made our way to N. Tucker, paid our \$5 to get in the door and took our spot near the front of the stage. Folks in different levels of punk attire started to file in behind us and the club filled up almost completely by 8:00. Spiders was playing first and they had their stage all set up. The cream Fender Mustang bass was propped up in a black guitar stand and it was sooo majestic. I was a sucker for a beautiful bass and the Fender Mustang was very intriguing. Kim Gordon from Sonic Youth played one of those. Leif had given me a Sonic Youth tape a few months back. I had to admit that a lot of the album was hard to get through, but the songs that I liked I would rewind and listen to on repeat. And Kim Gordon just looked so cool. Back to the show...

The house music stopped, I took a sip of the Vess Orange soda I had gotten from the bar and braced myself for the wall of sound. I looked at Holly and felt bad that she was going to hate this, but held back the guilt and focused on the stage. The band stepped up from the side of the stage and started settling into their instruments. A guy on drums, a guy on guitar with a microphone and the Mustang lady. And then my heart stopped.

I looked at Holly and we both started nervously laughing not knowing how to handle this. My world was shattered. I know that sounds dramatic, but the freaking bass player with the killer driving distorted sound and the majestic Mustang bass like Kim Gordon was my English teacher! She was wearing a black and white plaid pleated skirt, a light pink spaghetti strap tank top, white knee highs and black Mary Janes. I felt sick at how much I admired her style. I'd only ever seen her in khaki pants and a J.Crew button up. And that's how mean middle aged English teachers should look!

I stood almost frozen during the set. Holly laughed a little, and then went to the bar to get more soda. I stood alone blasted by the music and trying my best to focus on the singer and drummer pretending that the bass player didn't exist.

"How is this even possible?!" I blurted out after a few minutes of driving West on highway 40 towards home.

"I don't know," Holly looked out the window at the giant mechanical eagle billboard. "Kind of gross to see her in a short skirt."

"Ha, yeah." I felt sick again and didn't dare say out loud that I thought she looked amazing.

"How was the Spiders show?" Leif asked me the next afternoon as he changed the CD behind the counter.

"Oh, it was really fun." I lied with a big grin.

"Cool." he nodded.

The CD Leif had put in began to play through the speakers at the record store. He had picked 'Four Minute Mile' by The Get up Kids. A few minutes later the fourth track on the album, 'Stay Gold, Ponyboy' started up.





**SUNDAY  
AUG 24TH  
8PM**

**HMDRM**  
**@CBGB**

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THE BROCK STREET BURNER,

AUGUST 2025

**w/ RADICAL SÈRF and SÒLE LOAN**



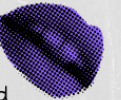
"This is my favorite song on the album." I announced proudly.

"Yeah, me too," Leif agreeing made me feel like I had given the right answer in class "Cool book, too."

"What book?" I asked like a confused moron.

"The Outsiders." Leif shrugged "Stay Gold, Ponyboy" is a line from it."

I must have looked like a cherry tomato in the cheeks admitting my stupidity for not knowing that. That was the first book we had read in Miss Cunningham's class that year. I suppose I had merely skimmed it enough to pass the test. I felt embarrassment and anger at the fact that Miss Cunningham's stupid English class was infiltrating my enjoyment of music twice in one weekend.



I arrived at 3rd period English on Monday morning and sneakily grabbed the note from under the desk Holly had left for me earlier in the day.

"Toby looked cute today. I read the chapters that she assigned over the weekend this morning while Cunningham was rambling. Talk to you later."

I shrugged and stuffed the note into my burgundy Jansport backpack. I hadn't read the chapters either. I had spent the weekend trying my hardest to forget anything about Miss Cunningham. But there she was in khaki pants and a peach cardigan. Buttoned up all the way. She started yammering on about The Scarlet Letter as usual and I stared off into space ignoring her as usual. Like nothing had changed. I wasn't ever sure if Miss Cunningham had seen me on the floor of The Creepy Crawl that night all those years ago. I never followed up much on spiders. I think they played for a few more years and then broke up. I still have the CD. Now that I'm an adult, I can enjoy it again. It's punk from the year 1999 how it should be. Just some middle aged musicians trying to make killer music and forget their day jobs where they have to talk to a bunch of dumbass highschoolers who couldn't care less about what they have to say. I couldn't understand the lyrics that closely, but I'm fairly confident they're littered with literary references.

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THE BROCK STREET BURNER,

AUGUST 2025



	August		
	Thurs 7	Fri 8	Sat 9
9 AM	Sleep Through Blaring Alarm	Dream About Your Teeth Falling Out	Toss & Turn On Rico's Floor With Shoes And Dog Toys Under You
10 AM	Miss First Class		
11 AM	Oh Wait, It's Thursday—1st Class Is At 11:30	Wake Suddenly, Startled By Bank Notifications	Walk To The Crow's Nest For Brunch
12 PM	Slip Into Lecture Hall 18 Mins Late	Overdrafted On Guber Last Night	Call In Sick To Work
1 PM	Sticky Desk Nap	Oh F*ck... Science Presentations Started 10 Mins Ago!	Shots With Rico!
2 PM	Fail Quiz On Today's Lecture		Rejoin Band Over Text
3 PM	Daze Off Typing & Dream About Spanish Prof	Run With Project Down Hall—See Crush & Trip	Couch Nap
4 PM	¡Aye Aye Aye, Muy Licuadora!	Smash Project & Fail Presentation	
5 PM	Skip Soccer To Smoke A Joint	Sit In The Sad Mess Of Your Life & Scroll Instadrag	Go Home & Change Into Running Riot Shirt
6 PM	Scroll Instadrag		
7 PM	Oh Sh*t, I Need To Get To Band Practice!		Load Up Tele & Twin Reverb
8 PM	Find Bike Chain Next To Tree Where You Locked Your Bike	Get Kicked Out Of Band In Text	Play A Killer Show With Middle Class Fashion @ Platypus
9 PM	No Bike & Phone Is Dead	Catch A Ride With Rico To The St. Clair Album Release At Off Broadway	
10 PM	Arrive To Watch Bandmates Pack Gear		
11 PM			
12 AM			
1 AM	Hail Guber To Heavy Anchor You Deserve It —Shit Day	Get Drunk At Rico's Place On Stud Beer	High Five Rico
2 AM			Hail Guber Home—You're Doing Alright :)
3 AM	Hail Guber Home And Fall Sleep	Crash At Rico's Place	

# SEE YOU AT THE



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