

bindy.



TERRAPIN
CARE STATION

TERRAPINCARESTATION.COM

TERRAPIN MADE

TERRAPINMADE.COM

Purchase this beanie and other merch here



THEWOODSRESERVE.COM



terrapiincarestation



instaterrapin



terrapiincare



terrapiinsocial

21+ Rec
1 Broadway #A150
Denver, CO 80203

21+ Rec
11091 E. Mississippi Ave.
Aurora, CO 80012

21+ Rec
11900 E. 33rd Ave.
Aurora, CO 80010

21+ Rec
1795 Folsom St.
Boulder, CO 80302

21+ Rec & Med
5370 Manhattan Cir. #104
Boulder, CO 80303

21+ Rec
650 20th Ave
Longmont, CO 80501

birdy.

ISSUE 075 | MARCH 2020

ECHO: KRYSTI JOMÉI

DISTORTION: JONNY DESTEFANO

WAH-WAH: JULIANNA BECKERT

REVERB: KAYVAN S. T. KHALATBARI

FRONT COVER: GUILLERMO ANDAZOLA, OWL

BACK COVER: ALI HOFF, *DWELLING*

PHASE SHIFTERS: MARK MOTHERSBAUGH, TYLER GROSS, JOEL TAGERT, TOM MURPHY, BRIAN POLK, PETER GLANTING, HANA ZITTEL, JORDAN DOLL, SAM SCHIEL, JASH TRACEY, SEAN EADS, JOSHUA VIOLA, JAIME VALDERRAMA, RAY YOUNG CHU

OSCILLATORS: GUILLERMO ANDAZOLA, STEVE MARDÓ, ADDISON HERRON-WHEELER, TAI BICKHAM, ARNA MILLER, VINCENT CHEAP, MARÍA JOSÉ FIGUEROA, CRIZ MARLOW, EVAN LORENZEN, JASON LEUNG, DAVID SOUTHWICK, GRANT STRINGER, PETER MARCUS, ALI HOFF

SEQUENCERS: MARIANO OREAMUNO, HANA ZITTEL, CHRIS McDONALD, CRISTIN COLVIN

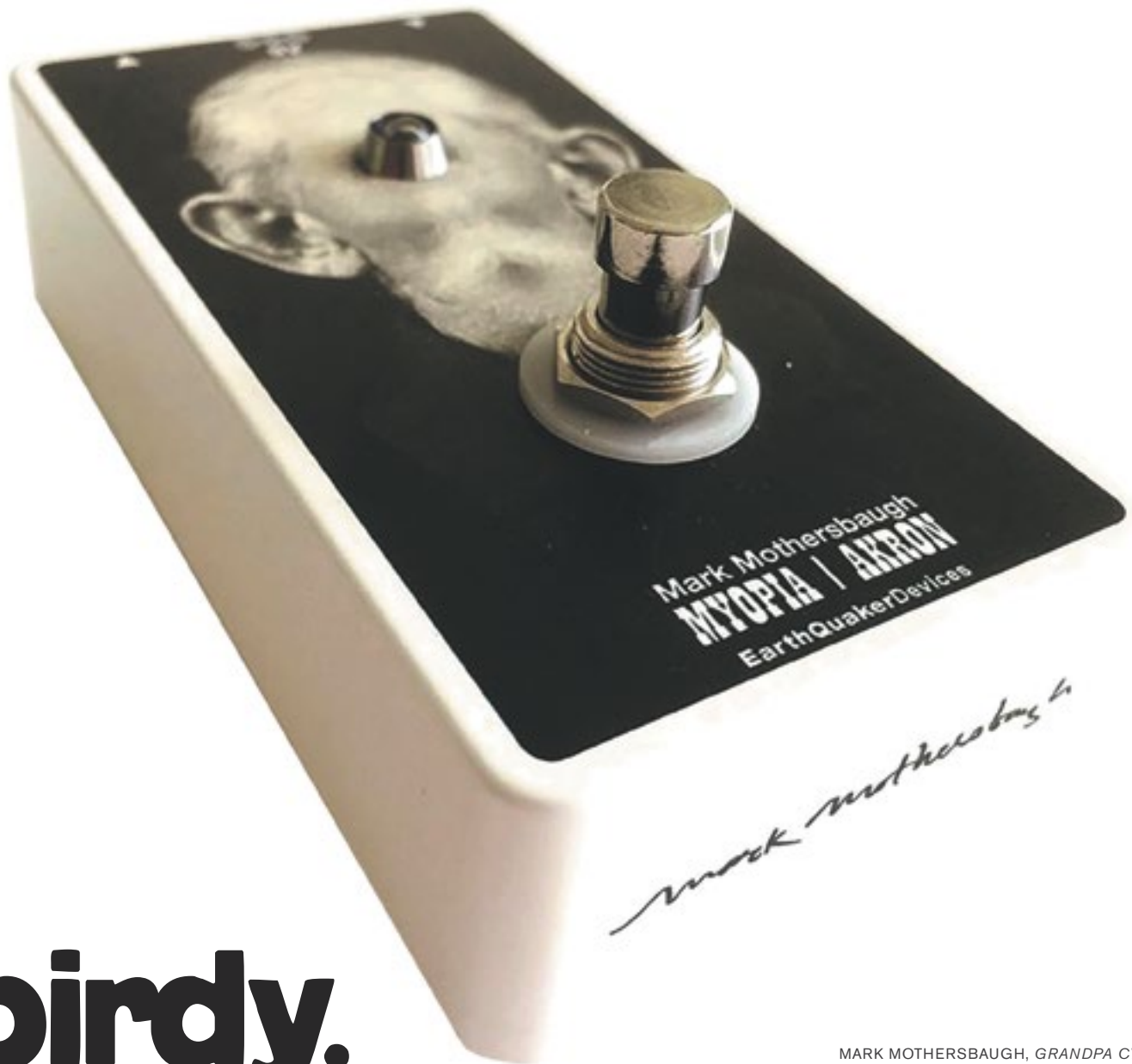
SUPPORT OUR FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS: TERRAPIN CARE STATION, GATTARA DENVER, MCA DENVER, WEIRD WEDNESDAY, MUTINY INFORMATION CAFE, DENVER SMALL PRESS FEST, FOREIGN: A VARIETY SHOW, INQUEERY, PLANNED PARENTHOOD OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, CITY, O' CITY, WATERCOURSE FOODS, MAKE, BELIEVE BAKERY, MEOW WOLF, MOXY DENVER, TOXOPLASMA ARTS, HIGH LEVEL HEALTH, FRONTIÈRE NATURAL MEATS, COLORADO UNTAMED, BENNY BLANCOS, MONKEY BARREL, SEXY PIZZA, GOOD CHEMISTRY

BE IN BIRDY – ART + WORDS + ET CETERA:
SUBMISSIONS@BIRDMAGAZINE.COM

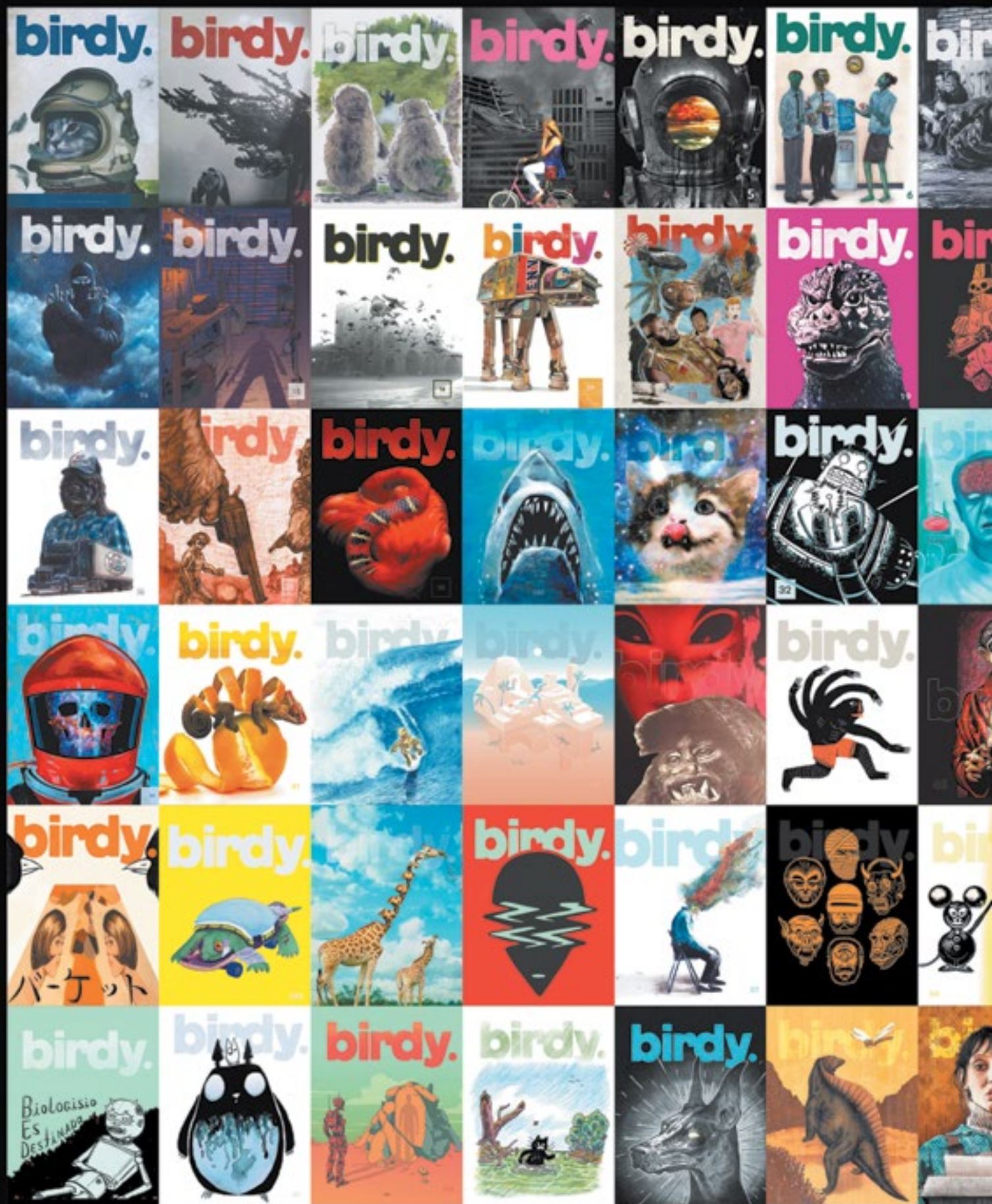
MONTHLY MAILED SUBSCRIPTIONS + MERCH:
BIRDMAGAZINE.COM/SHOP

ADVERTISE IN BIRDY + SUPPORT US:
BIRDY@BIRDMAGAZINE.COM

BIRDY IS DENVER'S MOST ELECTRIC MAGAZINE, LOOPED MONTHLY
©2020 BIRDY MAGAZINE, ROBOTS IN THE GARDEN



MARK MOTHERSBAUGH, *GRANDPA CYCLOPS*





submit.

VIRUS 00394

BY ADDISON HERRON-WHEELER

The virus had started slowly. No one really noticed it at first. Waking up from deep space hibernation often had side effects like nausea, fatigue and even a light fever. And these particular travelers had been asleep for hundreds of years.

Now they were only a few light years away from a planet they knew contained life. They were about to make the biggest discovery in the history of mankind, but they were dying slowly.

The first woman to exhibit symptoms was quarantined in a small, dark room. Even the light made her skin peel. She was violently ill, unable to eat, sleep or hear. She could still see, but everything took on an eerie hue.

One by one, this happened to all of them. Attempts were made to contact Earth, to change course, to even reenter hibernation. But it was as if even the ship was sick. None of the systems were working, and slowly, it became evident that oxygen was in short supply.

They probably had about three days left. Panic set in, with the men tearing out each other's throats and feasting on them, the women systematically removing each other's ears with forks in the sick bay. Two women collided in the hall outside the bathroom and began clawing one another fiercely, blood and flesh flying, until they both collapsed in a bloody pulp.

Eventually, when only a few remained, a message flashed onto all the ship's view screens. It started with a red flower blooming, then showed white text both in an alien language and, to their surprise, plain English.

"Virus 08394 protocol Rose" has run its course. All systems that have been experiencing malfunction will shortly terminate.

Termination estimate: 3 hours Earth TIME

**Reason for termination: detection
of Planet E0495328**

Before the few bloodied survivors had time to react, the ship blinked, glowed red, and then exploded into a billion pieces. Each atom burst into particles smaller than those known to man. Unlike an atomic explosion, there was no sound, no cloud, no radiation. There was simply nothing left.

The virus had run its course. Only the hologram of a bright, red flower hung in its place. 🌸



submissions@birdymagazine.com

THE FLIP

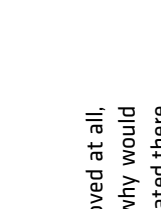
BY JOEL TAGERT



Sarah Kaluza was spraying dirt off her driveway with a pressure attachment on the hose when without warning her heart flew into her throat and she was flung bodily into the air like a balloon. She shrieked, feet pedaling for the suddenly distant ground, hand first loosening then tightening desperately on the pressure attachment's pistol grip. This caused water to jet upward, shooting her back down to earth with considerably force.

She was not seriously hurt, but the pain added to her confusion and terror. She threw the hose away like a venomous snake, then realized that left her nothing to hold onto, since she had bounced off the concrete and was now drifting gently upward. She twisted in midair, scrabbling for what she had so vigorously tossed aside a moment earlier, seized the green rubber and clung to it like a lifeline.

No longer at risk of drifting into the blue yonder, she heard



a chorus of distressed *baas* and tilted her head at a strange angle to look. Out past the house, in the pasture, her small flock of sheep were levitating skyward out of their pen, kicking, bucking and protesting loudly.

The house. "Demetri!" she screamed, thinking with renewed panic of her small son.

The screen door banged open and Demetri, wearing nothing but a pair of pink shorts, flipped around it like an acrobat, then sprang off the wall with his feet, flying straight toward her. She saw he was grinning with delight, revealing the white, bony plates that served him for teeth. Unwilling to let go of the hose, but terrified Demetri would sail right past her, she waved her left hand frantically to catch him.

She needn't have worried. Her son was graceful in exact inverse proportion to his mother's clumsiness, and caught her outstretched hand with both of his own. "Mamma, I can fly!" he cried, big black eyes bugging from his bald head, overwhelmed with delight.

"Hold on, baby, hold on!" She tried to hug him tight but he writhed in her grip. "This will end soon, it's got to end soon ..."

"I want to fly some more!"

"It's not safe, Demetri, we've got to get inside. Oh, my poor sheep, my poor babies, how am I going to get them down?"

"Let me go!"

His body stiffened, and an electric jolt shocked her, causing her to involuntarily release him. God, she hated it when he did that. It was an ability many of the hybrid children had, a kind of defense mechanism, like an electric eel's.

To add insult to injury, Demetri then used her to kick off from, feet driving into her chest and boob and spinning her around. She kept a hold of the hose though. "It's just the Flip, Mamma!" Demetri called back. "Don't be such a scaredy-cat!"

His movements were unerring and sure. In seconds he was over by the pen, while she laboriously pulled herself hand over hand along the hose toward the faucet (and thence the house), calling at him to come back, come back. These pleas were likewise ignored, which was unusual for Demetri, who was usually an obedient child.

By the pen he found a long length of rope, and looping his feet comfortably around an upper fence post, tied one end of the rope to the fence and the other into a lasso (itself an impressive feat for a boy of six, but the children born after Day Zero were all preternaturally skilled at such things).

Then after a glance upward to fix his aim, he sprang from the fence up into the air, rope trailing behind him. She gasped and yelled his name, but she needn't have worried. With precise aim he reached the nearest of her eight sheep and tossed the lasso around its neck.

With the animal thus secured, he then seemed at a loss regarding what to do with it, until with an expression of delight he gave another tug on the rope to send himself sailing back to the ground. Securing himself once more to the fence, he reeled in the sheep like a kite. When it was nearly back on the ground, he gave it a final shove to send it floating through the barn door.

In the same time, she had barely managed to reach her own front door, where she stood bracing her stout body in the frame, shouting herself hoarse, to no avail. Up Demetri soared to reclaim sheep number two, moving with astonishing confidence.

He was working on number six when someone interrupted her loud protests. "Sarah, you okay?"

It was her nearest neighbor, Claude Branson, a large, capable man with little hair and a rough, clean-shaven face. He was heading her way somewhat erratically, using occasional puffs from a fire extinguisher to direct his movements in the null gravity. "What the hell are you doing?" she called back. "I heard you yelling like a stuck cat, so here I am."

"Well, do you wonder why?!"

"Stay calm, it won't last forever." Bumping into a roof gutter, he tucked the extinguisher under his arm and pulled himself along until he reached her in the doorway.

"You don't know that."

"I suppose I don't know it for certain, but I have reasonable assurances. I am told this was expected."

"By who?"

"By the children, though they didn't think to mention it."

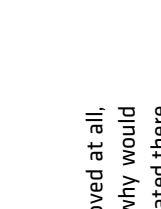
"They knew about this?"

"They certainly don't seem too upset by it, do they?" He nodded at Demetri, then pointed south, where she now saw several other children flying through the aether like superheroes. "They call it the Flip."

"Because they get to flip all over the place, I guess." This was the first calm thing she said since the world turned upside down, and she felt a sense of self returning.

"No, no. It's because the ship is turning around. We've reached the midway point."

"I don't get it."



He saw a Frisbee lying on the grass (it hadn't moved at all, which she thought was somehow peculiar, but why would it?), bent down carefully to pick it up, then just floated there with it, holding to nothing at all. "Okay, let's say this is the ship. We don't actually know what it looks like, but just pretend. And our town is like a big bubble, right here on top."

He tapped the plastic at its convex center.

"Now, all these years the ship has been accelerating constantly, at nearly one gee. Don't ask what's powering it, because we don't know. That acceleration is what creates our feeling of gravity. It's like how you get pressed back in your seat when you hit the gas on a car."

"By now, after almost seven years accelerating, it's going very fast, at some percent of the speed of light. But if we keep going at that speed, we'll zip right by any planets we come to. So we have to slow down. To do that, we need to apply acceleration in the other direction."

"But of course, the ship's pointing the wrong way. So it stops accelerating – which is why our gravity suddenly went vamoose – and flips around to point in the opposite direction. When its engine starts firing again, we'll get our gravity back."

"So everything will fall back down again! Demetriiii!"

Claude laughed. "I'm sure our hosts will start slow enough that everything will just sort of drift back to place."

She looked at him suspiciously and sniffed. The other children – Anna and Haden, it appeared – had met Demetri in midair. Working as a unit, they pulled on the rope and descended to earth, then pushed off again and shot straight up into the sky.

But of course, the sky was only simulated, a blue glasslike barrier just a couple hundred feet above their heads. Reaching it, all three reversed direction and bounced like celestial yo-yos back to earth.

"They look natural there, don't they?" she said. "Magical."

Claude nodded thoughtfully. "Maybe more natural. I don't think their other parents spend much time in regular gravity."

"Guess not."

They watched the children playing for some time, and then, slowly, clinging to the bushes and grasses beside the front walk, Sarah edged her way out from under the eaves. "Where are you going?" Claude said curiously.

She thrust out her lip. "I've never flown before. I don't want to miss my chance." And squatting down, she let go of her grip, tensed her leg muscles, then shot up into the blue. ☾



UPTOWN'S ITALIAN-AMERICAN EATERY

1776 Grant St, Denver, CO 80203

HAPPY HOUR

Mon-Fri 4pm-7pm

Enjoy \$5 well drinks, house wines, and draft beers along with \$6 signature cocktails and select \$10 pizzas.

Ask your Bartender to "Purrr you a drink" for a \$10 flight of 3 of our specialty cocktails—your choice!

gattararestaurant.com



THE STORY OF A FORGOTTEN ARTIST

by Tai Bickham

Teresa Hubbard/Alexander Birchler's *Flora* is a synchronized double-sided video installation at the Museum of Contemporary Art Denver based on their accidental discovery of unknown artist Flora Mayo.

Her story begins in Denver, where her parents owned a prominent downtown department store through the early 1900s. She journeyed to Paris to study art at the Académie de la Grande Chaumière where she meets and becomes involved with Alberto Giacometti, who later became one of the most famous sculptures and painters of the 20th century.

Flora's story launches into public view in 2017 at the Venice Biennale where the film was first shown at the Swiss Pavilion. The artists were given carte blanche in their development of the exhibition by the Pavilion's selected curator, Philipp Kaiser, who posed to Hubbard and Birchler to think about "absence," stemming from the history that Giacometti, though Swiss-born, never showed at the Pavilion to his own refusal.

They started researching Giacometti and came across *Giacometti: A Biography* by James Lord. This is where they first encountered a photograph of Flora with Giacometti and a bust she had made of him. The description of the photo read: "*Flora looks at her lover wistfully as she had cause to do. She is attractive, but not beautiful, and there is something weak in her face. It must have been apparent even then, but she was one of those destined to be destroyed by circumstance.*" This caption was so dismissive and sexist that it ignited the interest of Hubbard and Birchler to learn more of her and take the idea of "absence" in relation to Giacometti in another direction.

Little could be found about Flora through online research, however the artists learned of her surviving son, David Mayo, living in Los Angeles, and with the memories he shared of his mother, historical research and utilizing her letters and diaries, Hubbard and Birchler were able to materialize the life and art of Flora in the 1920s–30s. Their installation gives light to Flora's story of sacrifice in pursuit of her art, the struggle for female artists during that time, and lifts her from the dismissive footnote of Giacometti's biography to a place of exhibition, conversation and remembrance.

Teresa Hubbard/Alexander Birchler *Flora* is on view until April 5th at the Museum of Contemporary Art Denver. 🍷



BOWMANS
VINYL LOUNGE
PRESENTS
WEIRD WEDNESDAY
DA'ANS
Corey Daggers
RAREBYRDS
Wednesday, March 4 9 pm \$5 21+ 1312 S. Broadway

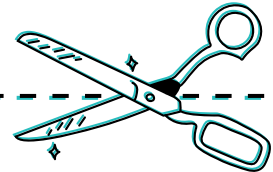
THE WORLD'S
MOST DANGEROUS
BOOKSTORE!!!
MUTINY
INFORMATION CAFE
2 South Broadway | Denver, CO

VINCENT CHEAP, DAD2 | SOLO EXHIBITION "A NEW DAY RISING" ON VIEW AT TALK GALLERY
(4382 S. BROADWAY, DENVER) | OPENING RECEPTION FRIDAY, MARCH 6 FROM 6-9 P.M.



Saturday eve
MARCH 21ST 965 SANTA FE DR

Leon Gallery and is PRESS
are proud to announce the
resurrection of Denver Small
Press Fest, a free exploration of
Denver print media. This event
will celebrate zines, journals,
periodicals, books and
printmaking.



FREE! JOIN US!

11a-4p Saturday March 21st



Metropolitan State University of Denver

**965 Santa Fe Drive
Denver, Colorado**

Hosts: Leon Gallery + is PRESS

Partners: Center for Visual Art,

Lighthouse Writers Workshop, IndyInk

Sponsors: Suspect Press, Birdy, Mo-Print,
waves zine, Denver Zine Library, Kels Choo,

Ratio Beerworks, MCA Denver, DiNK,

Dateline Gallery, Made In A City

Coffee: Mutiny Information Cafe

Illustrations: Alyssa Mora



BY TOM MURPHY



RECORDED

U.S.E.V. Starjammer – *Archive Transmission – 2* – self-released

This album is the second of a non-linear representation of live recordings at 3 Kings Tavern on May 27, 2018. The band is a concept courtesy of “Sound Pilot” Squiddius J. Madden who uses banks of instruments he made or modified to be part of the Universal Sound Exploration Vehicle Starjammer. As “avant-garde dub reggae” it’s already well outside the realm of usual reggae and the artist encourages listeners to put the album on shuffle, after listening to it in sequence, as a kind of second dub on top of that already created in the improvisational compositions. Due to it being captured live, it’s a lo-fi, hypnotic, journey to inner and outer space, driven by slippery bass in a kosmische mode.

LIVE MUSIC

PUP with Screaming Females and The Drew Thomson Foundation | Ogden Theatre | March 5

PUP started out as one of the new wave of pop punk bands but the inherent psychological insight of its early albums blossomed most fully on its unusually thought-provoking 2019 album *Morbid Stuff*.

Lower Dens with Elon | Globe Hall | March 6

Lower Dens once again gave us a vibrant, evocative electronic art pop album with 2019’s *The Competition* in which the band uses creativity as a vehicle for exploring the pain and confusion of the current era of history with human civilization at a perilous crossroads between environmental apocalypse and fascism and a path toward a more compassionate and sane future.

Down Time with Bluebook and Bellhoss | Globe Hall | March 6

A sonically diverse billing with three of the best bands out of Denver’s indie rock underground will perform this night with Down Time releasing its latest album *Hurts Being Alive*.

Best Coast and Mannequin Pussy | Ogden Theatre | March 7

Best Coast is touring in support of its 2020 album *Always Tomorrow*, its first in five years following a period in which singer Bethany Cosentino felt creatively tapped out. The record is about coming back from that space of feeling trapped inside your own anxieties and emotional exhaustion.

Thundercat with Guapdad 4000 | Ogden Theatre | March 12

Stephen Lee Bruner, aka Thundercat, has been the go-to bass playing genius in the hip-hop world and beyond for over a decade including performing on albums by Kendrick Lamar, Erykah Badu, Kamasi Washington and Flying Lotus. His own music is equally distinguished for its surreal creativity.

The Decibel Magazine Tour: Mayhem and Abbath with Gatecreeper and Idle Hands | Ogden Theatre | March 13

Mayhem is the legendary/notorious black metal band from Norway whose early history was the subject of the 2019 biopic *Lords of Chaos*. But the current band is equal parts occult rock theater and crushing black metal of devastating power.

Bolonium, Damn Selene and Gort Vs Goom | Hi-Dive | March 15

Bolonium is part weirdo pop band and game show including a section involving audience participation. Damn Selene mixes underground hip-hop, darkwave, noise and industrial music. Gort Vs Goom is like if Minutemen fully embraced prog rock and Blue Oyster Cult.

Wax Lead, Vio\ator, Voices Under the Mirror and Voight | Seventh Circle Music Collective | March 16

Minneapolis-based post-punk band Wax Lead brews its catharsis from lushly brooding female vocals and bass-driven minimalism and a willingness to pointedly tackle social and political issues.

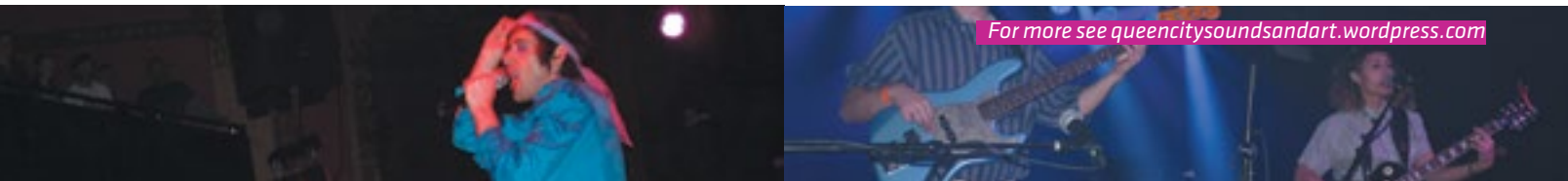
Pussy Riot | Bluebird Theater | March 24

Pussy Riot makes its live performance debut in Denver. The Russian group garnered international attention in 2012 for being charged with “hooliganism” for a performance at a Moscow cathedral with members being subsequently imprisoned. Its multi-media shows are half performance art spectacle and the concept of punk and its anti-authoritarianism spirit put into practice.

Dan Deacon with Ed Schrader's Music Beat | Gothic Theatre | March 28

Experimental pop artist Dan Deacon has a knack for not losing sight of the fun and joy of playing with sounds in writing his highly conceptual songs. After discovering his appreciation for voice in writing 2015’s *Gliss Riffer* he has brought to his 2020 album, *Mystic Familiar*, a sense of wonder at the possibilities of tone and tempo in an expansive embrace of the fragility of human existence. 🐉

For more see queencitysoundsandart.wordpress.com



THE UNCULTURED CRITIC

BY BRIAN POLK

Having strong opinions about subjects you know nothing about is indispensable to modern living. Whether it's hating new female pop stars you've never heard, harshly judging food you've never eaten, or derisively dismissing entire genres of literature, as long as you have a forceful perspective that you state very loudly (or in ALL CAPS), then you're "crushing it" and "telling it like it is." So in order to maintain my status as someone who's unquestionably relevant to today's popular culture, allow me to introduce my new column where I review popular movies and books that I've never seen or read using only the parodies and references I've gathered from pop culture. In this month's edition, I deliver modern takes on a slew of cultural works that came out a long time ago, even though I have never actually seen them. All star ratings are out of 5 or so.

- In the movie *The Matrix*, Keanu Reeves hones the serious acting chops he set in motion with his daring portrayal of Ted Theodore Logan in the *Bill & Ted* franchise. But instead of a time-travelling suburban half-wit, Reeves plays this other guy who wears all black and looks pretty serious. There are all sorts of weird camera angles and slow motion shots, and I think the Matrix is some kind of mind thing that's super important to the plot. And correct me if I'm wrong, but I'm almost certain there's a moment in the movie that's all self-reflective, where you go, "Damn," and maybe even put your hand over your mouth. Perhaps there's something in there about computers too? The flick encapsulates '90s sensibilities like nobody's business, and this failure to age well is why I give it **2-stars**.

- I think I may have seen the original *Star Wars* movies in the '80s when I was a kid, but I don't remember anything about them. Maybe I was too young to follow the plot, or perhaps I didn't know there was supposed to be a plot because the special effects were so distracting. Anyway, in this popular movie franchise there's this empire run by a dictator who sounds like James Earl Jones. And there are these other guys who are good and fighting the empire. According to the movie *Clerks*, Luke (one of the good guys) destroys the "Death Star" that the bad empire people built (I'm pretty sure it was a spaceship of some kind). And when the bad guys rebuilt it, all these contractors died – again, this is according to Dante and Randal in *Clerks*, who engaged in

a lengthy conversation on the topic. But the worst thing about all of it is that Dante wasn't even supposed to be there that day. It was his day off and they made him come to work. And oh, what a day it was: hockey on the roof, an ex-girlfriend who just broke up with her boyfriend, a current girlfriend who engaged in a lot of oral sex (and got slut-shamed when she divulged this information), and a metal singer from Moscow who sings the "Berserker." In summary, *Clerks* was pretty good – **3.5-stars** – but I didn't really like anything Kevin Smith did after that.

- Okay, so *Fifty Shades of Grey* is a steamy novel of hotness that somehow made it okay for the super normies to read about BDSM. How the hell did the author do *that*? Also, I heard from entirely credible sources that the writing isn't even any good and yet it sold an absurd amount of copies. How the hell did the author do that? Judging the book solely on these two merits – and by literally no other metric – I give it, oh, let's say **4-stars**. I'm guessing my review would slide into 1-star realm if I ever actually read it, but I can assure you this: there is no danger of that happening.

- Apparently *The Godfather* was a really good movie. I assume this to be the case because it won a bunch of awards, and every time I tell someone I haven't seen it, they say, "You haven't seen *The Godfather*?" Then they shake their heads and pity me. So yeah, this movie must kick some serious ass! Anyway, the revered flick is about the mafia and may or may not be the prequel to *Goodfellas* – a movie I have seen a couple of times. But in *The Godfather*, Marlon Brando plays the titular character in a voice that has been parodied so many times that when you hear your unfunny uncle doing it, you have no choice but to say, "Please stop doing that!" I think this is also the movie where the horse's head ends up in someone's bed. That's some wild shit right there. Anyway, the guy from *Scent of a Woman* is in it too. What's his name? Oh yeah, Al Pacino. So these guys get together and do some really wild gangster shit. And people liked it so much they made two sequels. I give it **4-stars**.

- Now I probably should have read *Windows 95 For Dummies* when it came out, since I heard that it really speaks to the spirit of the era. But I didn't then and I think it might be too late now.

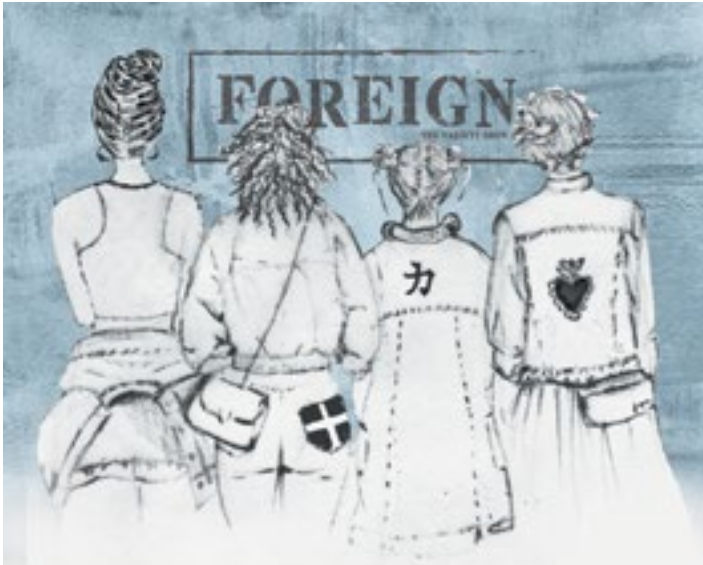
Even if I were to do a deep dive on this tome – which is the best selling *For Dummies* book of all time, mind you – I'd have to brush up on cultural wares of the era to put me in the mood, and I'm not sure I'm up for it. I mean, do I really want to listen to nothing but Hootie & the Blowfish, Alice in Chains, and Alanis Morissette and watch a lot of *Friends* reruns? And even if I did all that, would it really put me in the mindset necessary to effectively absorb the contents of this helpful little book for idiots? Since I don't like any of the aforementioned bands and hate *Friends*, that question is moot. Besides, who would want to read a book whose very title insults their intelligence? **1-star**.

- From the chatter at the office, I've gathered that *Batman Begins* is a flashy reboot with a more modern take on the superhero than Adam West and Burt Ward could ever hope to deliver. In this version, the title character is played by Michael Keaton, who seems a little old for the role – even in 2005, when he would have been in his 50s – but that's who IMDb says is the actor. It also says Jack Nicholson plays the Joker – which, again, seems like a strange choice given his level of maturity. But what do I know? Maybe old was the new young in Hollywood in 2005. Anyway, Batman probably fights the Joker and wins, and I'm sure a bunch of shit blows up and people are like, "Did you see that?" And when Batman takes off his costume and pretends to be Bruce Wayne, he probably gets the girl in the end, who is played by Kim Basinger (who was also very young by Hollywood's 2005 standards). Oh, and Joker dies or is captured or something. I give it **3-stars** due to its bold casting of elderly actors to play parts that were obviously written for younger people.

- *Muppet Treasure Island* is no doubt a rendition of the popular Robert Louis Stevenson novel, but with muppets. **2-stars**.



PETER GLANTING, PUPPET GODFATHER

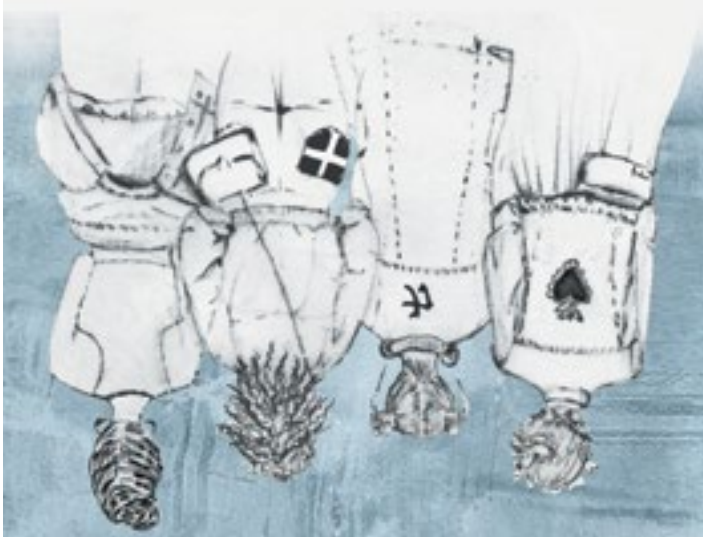


Foreign : The Variety Show
 Wednesday, March 11
 Doors 7 p.m. | Show 7:30 p.m. | \$15
 Vauxhall at The Ramble Hotel
 2450 Larimer Street, Denver
 Tickets: Eventbrite: Foreign Variety Show


In celebration of Women's History Month, *Foreign*, a variety show part of the *Invisible Series*, will showcase immigrant talent by Denver women from Benin, Dominican Republic, Japan, Mexico, China and Russia who will tell stories, perform comedy, poetry and live music, and teach us fun facts about their cultures.

Host Vanessa Valerio started *Foreign* because she wanted people to know that immigrants have talent! She will share her own story of how she came to the United States from the Dominican Republic, and the show will also include comedy from locals Miriam Moreno from Mexico, Can Sun from China, and Alisa Rabovsky from Russia; along with spoken word from Femi Nassi from Benin, and music by Madoka Asari from Japan, complete with a game of trivia based on the countries represented on stage.

Profits of *Foreign* will be donated the Denver-based nonprofit Project Worthmore that helps refugees in Colorado by providing programs that foster community, self-sufficiency and increase quality of life.



MARÍA JOSÉ FIGUEROA



INQUEERY

SENSITIVITY READING SERVICES

by Sydney Fowler

I collaborate with writers and editors to create more authentic and respectful portrayals of marginalized communities for Fiction and Nonfiction genres. I specialize in LGBTQIA+, Mental Illness, Interpersonal Violence & More.

The Sensitivity Reader Podcast focuses on the craft, business, and necessity of diverse stories in books and other media. **Available wherever you get your podcasts.**

Learn more at sensitivityreader.com



When it comes to preventing pregnancy, don't rely on luck.

Visit Planned Parenthood to find the birth control that's right for you.
pprm.org | 1-800-230-PLAN

Planned Parenthood
 Rocky Mountains

bookclub

BY HANA ZITTEL

The Memory Police by Yōko Ogawa (1994)

Translated by Stephen Snyder (2019)

The slow fade of our memories is often painful and frustrating. Losing the ability to recall or bring forth the feelings that objects, people and places once gave us is an inevitable part of life. In Yōko Ogawa's 1994 novel, she explores the phenomenon of forgetting as if it occurs as a forced government order.

On a small island, on random nights, something is deemed to be forgotten and when the villagers awake, they comply, often unable to recall the importance of the object in the first place. When something living like birds are forgotten, they all leave the island, and villagers open the cages of their kept companions without attachment to what they are losing. If one cannot manage to forget the memory police intervene, and those who continue to remember disappear.

The novel follows a young, unnamed writer on the island, whose mother once secretly collected the items that were to be forgotten in a hidden cabinet. The writer keeps these objects but feels no attachment to them until she needs to harbor her editor in her home, a man who could not forget. Their relationship blossoms in captivity, where he attempts to teach her to remember.

This novel is a calm and serene dystopian exploration of oppressive government fitting for today, but published in 1994. Its timelessness is evident in the universal recognition of the meaninglessly harmful actions those in power can take and how permanent their wounds are. Ogawa's masterful place setting lets us see how gentle and subtle our losses can become, that life goes on without them, but without our memories and precious experiences life is that much more empty.

Deaf Republic by Ilya Kaminsky (2019)

You!

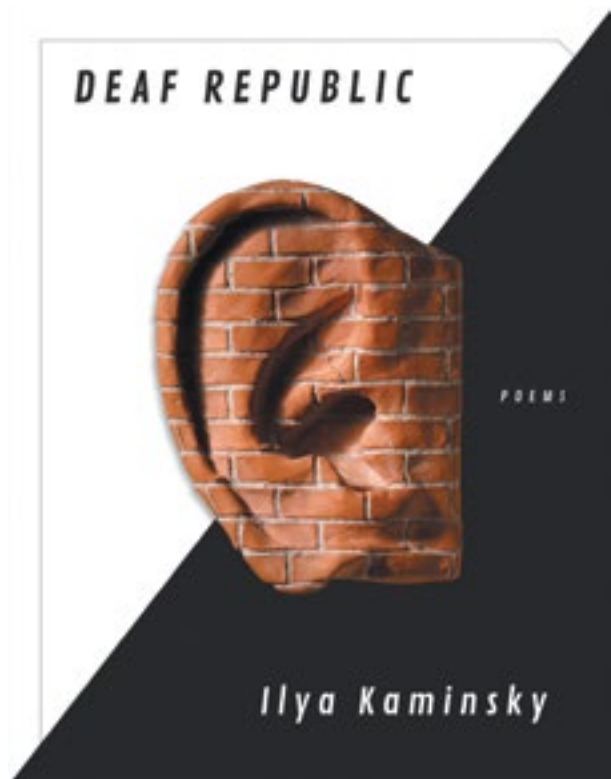
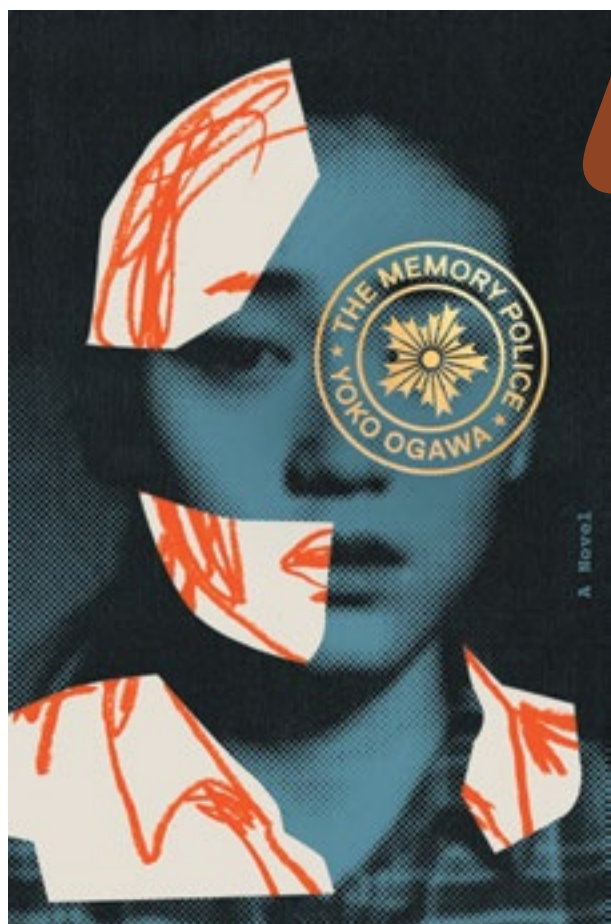
You! the puppet raises a finger.

Sonya watches her puppet, the puppet watches the Sergeant, the Sergeant watches Sonya and Alfonso, but the rest of us watch Petya lean back, gather all the spit in his throat, and launch it at the Sergeant.

The sound we do not hear lifts the gulls off the water.

Ilya Kaminsky's newest poetry collection is set as a two-part play covering a rebellion from occupation which turns to civil war in the tiny town of Vasenka. After the murder of a deaf child by a soldier, the townspeople pretend to have gone deaf, no longer able to hear the commands of the occupying soldiers. They proceed to communicate through sign language, which is illustrated throughout the book.

Kaminsky's poem continues through the lives of the people of Vasenka, their secret meetings and their lives deeply woven with violence, oppression and acts of rebellion. A profoundly affecting tale, Kaminsky's writing is so carefully crafted that each tiny scene, often just a sentence, can change the tone of the story. Moments of hope, even dark humor, ring through, creating an urgent and elegant narrative. 🐦





SHOP WATERCOURSE!

NEW TEES, SWEATSHIRTS,
STICKERS + MORE!

BEST SELECTION OF SIZES + STYLES!



WWW.SHOPWATERCOURSE.COM



MEOW WOLF
DARK
PALACE



NATIONAL
WESTERN
COMPLEX

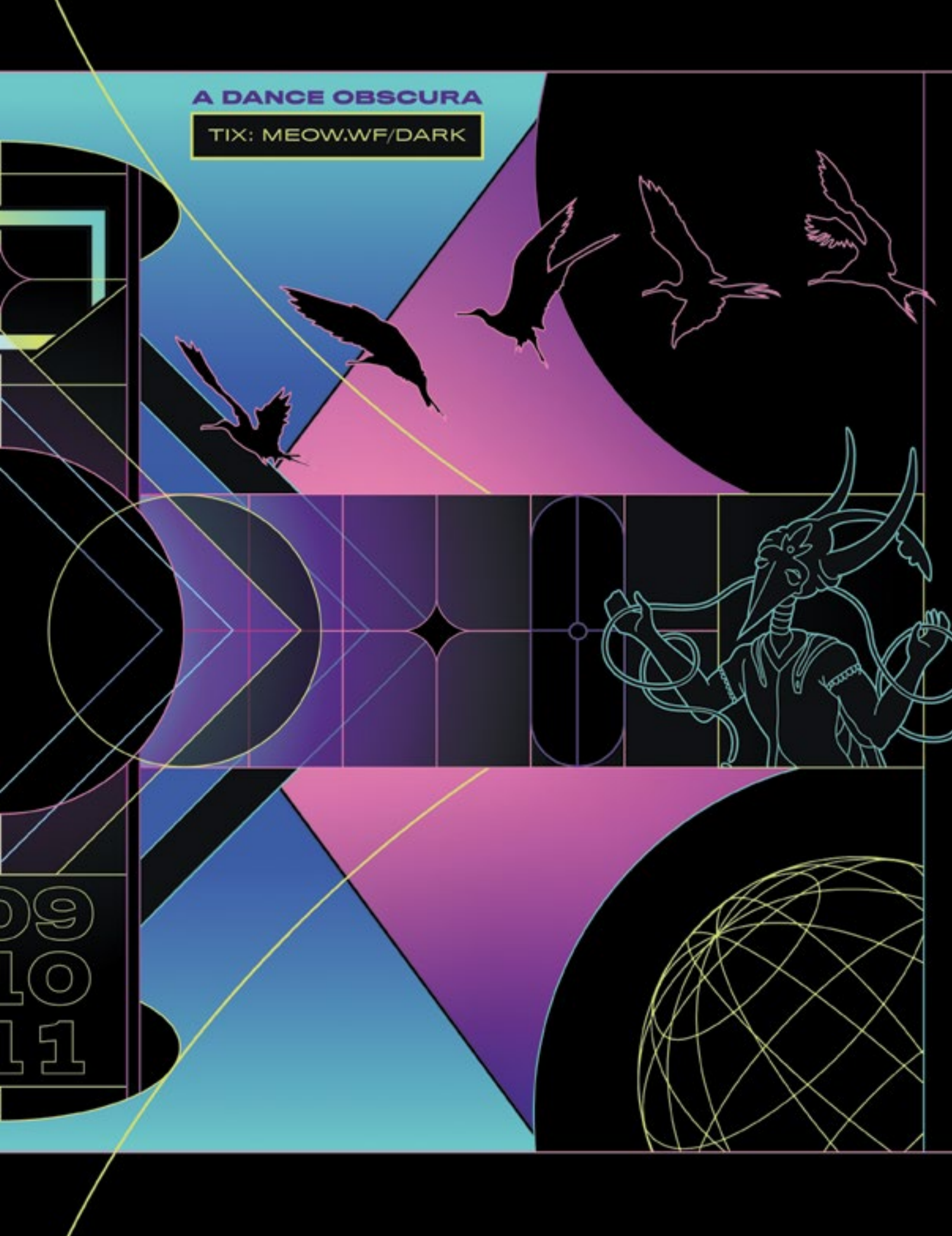
2020

DENVER
CO

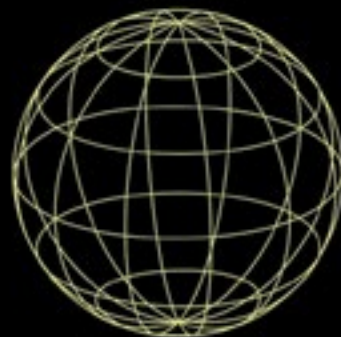
ARCHIVE

A DANCE OBSCURA

TIX: MEOW.WF/DARK



MEOWWOLF DARK PALACE



A09
DPR10
L11

NATIONAL
WESTERN
COMPLEX



THURSDAY

MALAA • DEATHPACT

MADDY O'NEAL, SWAYLO, ERIN STEREO

FLOATING POINTS • WILL CLARKE

DOC MARTIN B2B OPTION4, MR. FRICK

FRIDAY

G JONES • EPROM

SAYER, TEMPLO, SPACEGEISHA

CHANNEL TRES • DETLEF

DJ HOLOGRAPHIC, AURALOGIC

SATURDAY

MOON.DOT AND MEOW WOLF PRESENTS: MOON.DENVER

SPACE JESUS • MR. CARMACK

ESSEKS, HUXLEY ANNE, GANGUS

DR. FRESCH • GOLF CLAP

CORRUPT UK, COLLIN MCKENNA

FEATURING

REFRACTION STAGE DESIGN BY

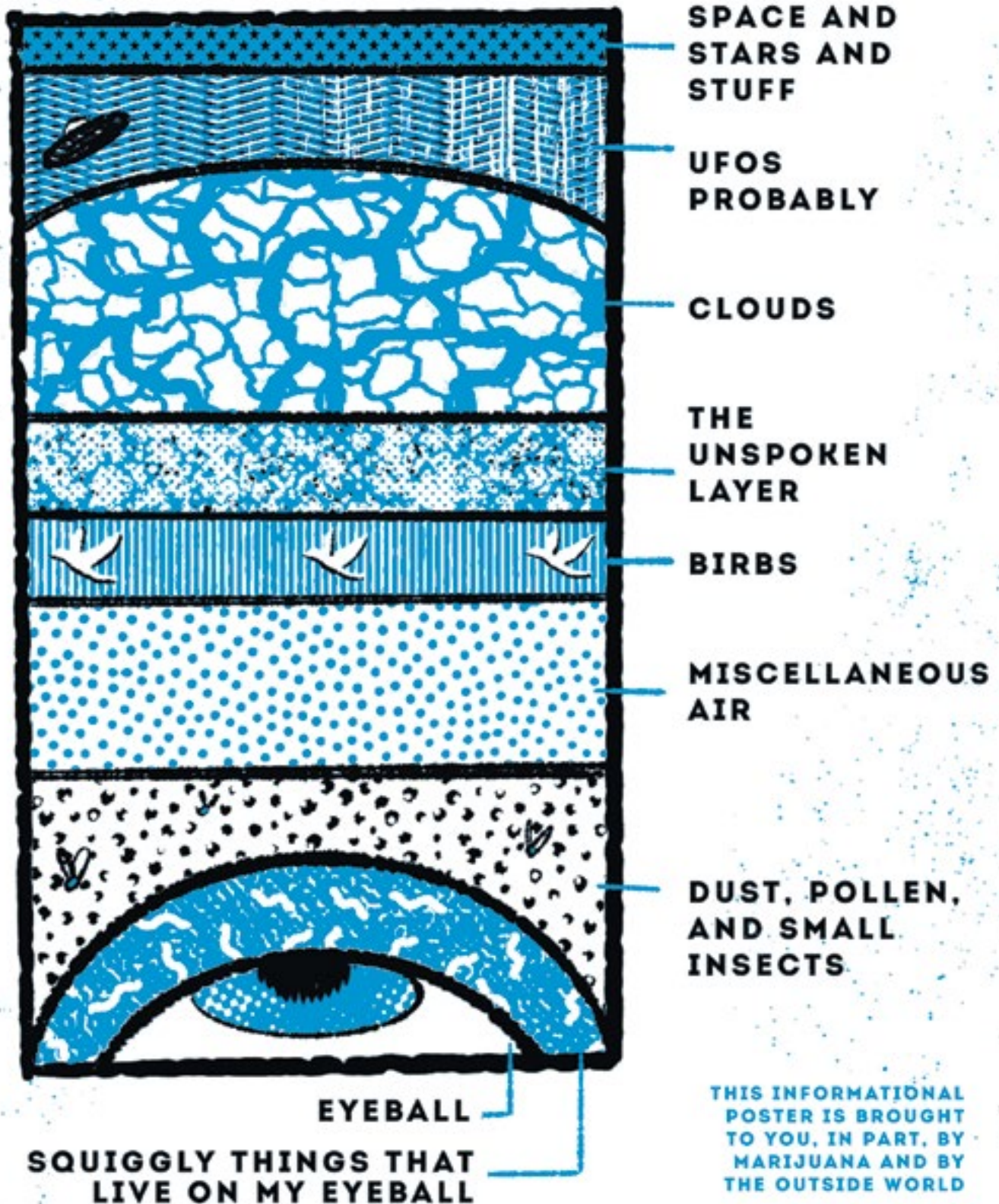
B1N4RY VISUALS & JON MEDINA

INSTALLATION ART & PERFORMANCES BY

LOCAL COLLABORATORS TBA

TIX: MEOW.WF / DARK
DENVER ————— ©©

L A Y E R S





A boutique hotel
+ restaurant + bar
with a playful spirit.

CHERRY CREEK
240 JOSEPHINE ST.

WEREWOLF RADAR

CRYPTOMANIA

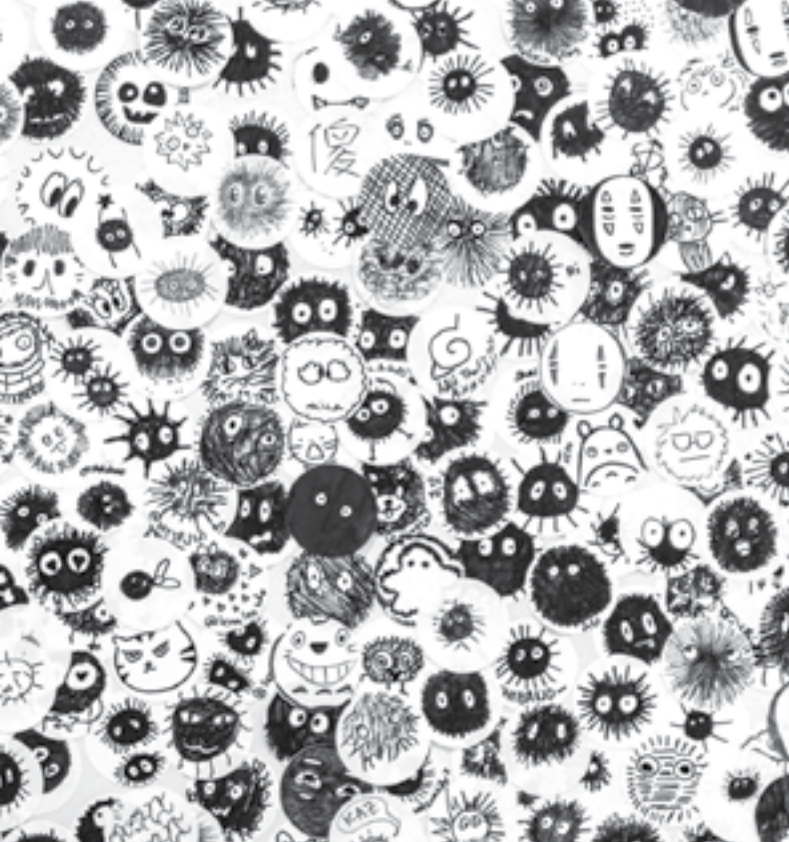
BY JORDAN DOLL

Being a cryptozoologist is not an honorable life. It is a life lived in shady internet back alleys, trading blurry pictures of Mothman and scraps of information with a character known only as "H4mBurg14r666." It is one spent courting mystery and intrigue, but also foolishness and disappointment. For cryptozoology is, by and large, a disappointing field. Too many kooks willing to overlook evidence in favor of fame, too many hoaxes and too little substantiation.

People feel pretty comfortable openly ridiculing Bigfoot and chupacabra enthusiasts alike, and we feel pretty comfortable letting them. Because deep down, we know the truth. We can sense it like a stone in our shoe. There are animals out there, living unknown or forgotten by humanity, glimpsed every so often by the occasional off-duty cop or hysterical hillbilly. Creatures so rare and strange that it is easier to consider them myths than to believe they ever walked alongside us. But they did, and they do. And every so often, one of them reveals itself to us.

In the fifth century B.C., the Greek explorer Hanno the Navigator returned from an expedition to West Africa touting tales of strange man-beasts! His interpreters called them "Gorillai" and he had never seen anything quite like them. Of course nobody believed him. "Man-beasts?" Hanno? Sure, cool story. The creature was considered a thing of fantasy to Westerners for another two thousand years before a British explorer of the region, Andrew Battel, reported the same beasts visiting his camp every morning after the humans had left. One thing led to another and a pair of the creatures were shot and killed in 1902, proving to "civilized" minds that the legendary "Gorilla" was real, and furthermore it could be killed by ordinary household bullets.

Then there was the coelacanth: living fossil and top-shelf Scrabble word. The coelacanth is a very metal looking fish from ancient times. It belongs to a family of lobe-finned fish that are sort of lizard-fish hybrids that were supposed to have been extinct since the late Cretaceous Period. Then on December 23, 1938, one was popped-up among the



JASON LEUNG

catch of a fisherman in South Africa. It was gigantic, armored and apparently very greasy. Fishermen had been throwing them back for centuries because their oily discharge was known to befoul other fish. For almost 66 million years this thing was just down there, stinking up the joint, freaking out the locals, completely unknown to Western science.

And honestly, that's just the tip of the iceberg. There's the okapi: a relative of the giraffe with stripey little butts. They were considered as mythical as the unicorn until 1901, now there are literally about 100 of them in conservation programs worldwide. Going from complete fiction to having your own zoo exhibit in less than 100 years, that's pretty good. The Komodo dragon, the platypus, the manatee. The red panda, the anaconda, the giant squid. All of these animals were once thought to be completely imaginary. Only a fool would believe in them, and then we were all made fools.

So why not Bigfoot? Why not the chupacabra? People are seeing something out there, something is draining those goats and for the last time it ain't me! Why not the Kongamato, or the blue tiger or the Loveland Frogman? Might they not also someday prove our inner skeptics wrong? Can you answer with complete certainty? Is there even a shred of doubt? ... That's where we live. In the shred. H4mBurgl4r666 and me. Join us. 🐾

Have questions about the paranormal?
Send them to werewolfradarpod@gmail.com
or on Twitter: @WerewolfRadar.

IT'S A BIG, WEIRD WORLD. DON'T
BE SCARED. BE PREPARED.





FROM COLORADO PASTURES TO YOUR TABLE

FrontiereNaturalMeats.com



Natural Bison Breakfast Sausage



Natural Elk Breakfast Sausage

Find All Of Our
Premium
Natural Meats At
Your Local



Natural Elk



Natural Wagyu Beef

TAKE A BITE OUT OF THE OLD WEST

COLORADO UNTAMED

ALL NATURAL COWBOY STYLE BISON JERKY

AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL **SAFEWAY**

ColoradoUntamedMeatBars.com



A PRESIDENT'S MISSION TO DISTRACT-
HAS SENT REAL HUMAN BEINGS INTO SPACE-
FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON-

unqualified!
ill-equipped!
misinformed!

THE SPACE FORCE IN SPACE

starring
AN INTERNATIONAL CAST Screenplay by DeWITT BODEEN
Story by FRED GEBHARDT • Directed by DAVID BRADLEY • Produced by FRED GEBHARDT

A COLUMBIA PICTURES RELEASE

MONKEY BARREL

LIVE MUSIC & LOCAL BEER
4401 TEJON ST.
720-638-3655
THE GEN-X HOME
OF THE MILE HIGH CITY
MONKEYBARRELBAR.COM

BENNY BLANCO'S

SLICE OF THE BRONX
4401 TEJON ST.
303-993-4107
616 E. 13TH AVE
303-831-9068
BENNYBLANCOS303.COM



HUMAN SHIT ABOUNDS

BY GRANT STRINGER

If a man shits on Longs Peak, and no one is there to see it, did it really happen?

Absolutely.

In the 2010s, human poo became a devilish problem for rangers at Longs Peak, the crown jewel of Rocky Mountain National Park.

With a huge uptick in visitors, it's common now to see half-buried bits of toilet paper, dubbed "white rabbits," on your wilderness jaunt.

In untamed areas miles away from any road, rangers have to haul all the crap and piss and waste out of pits, into buckets and onto the backs of mules and llamas. It's nasty, logistical work many hikers never consider.

But rangers told *Birdy* they were caught off-guard by a more than 20 percent increase in visitors to the park between 2015 and 2016, including the high-alpine environment surrounding Longs. Hiking miles through the forest and into a wind-swept, alpine environment, hikers then had four toilets to choose from in this vast wilderness zone.

The surge hit these toilets hard, kicking off years of schemes to make sense of the mess, said Danny Basch. He oversees custodial operations for Rocky and has spent decades in its backcountry.

Upon arrival at the toilets, Basch said rangers were seeing worse and worse conditions. When they could get llamas or mules up to the

toilets, they'd find a "poop sickle": a heinous horn sometimes growing above the seat, formed by repeated dumps, freezing and thawing.

Rangers then had to post-hole dig mounds of poop from the toilet receptacle into a five-gallon bucket; make sure the weight didn't surpass the limit of the llama or a mule, up to 40 pounds on each side; avoid covering one's self in shit; do this in the scant air and elements up to 13,000 feet above seal level; and ride miles down without any disasters.

On a bad day, leaky pipes, trapped marmots and gag-worthy johns tortured rangers and mules tasked with hauling down heavy shit-buckets. Squalls strike in summer. And the wind in the Longs Peak Boulder Field, a key destination seeing crowds of climbers on the popular Keyhole Route, is notorious for its wind-funnel quality. The wind literally blows the doors off the toilets up there.

"This is some of the worst work in the world," Geoff Hill told *Birdy*. Hill worked in Rocky as a backcountry guide until he realized he sucked at the job. Still looking for work in the mountains, Hill earned a Ph.D. studying Rocky's approach to dealing with crap near Longs Peak.

It's crucial that high-traffic backcountry areas have some receptacles for deuce in particular, he said.

"People do not do a great job of digging their poop in," he said. "And



that is the major job of many backcountry rangers in North America – they are shit-bury-ers.”

By 2016, Hill and Rocky rangers decided to study the crap conundrum in search of better solutions.

They found “mixing” was the issue: pee interacts with poop to create pathogens damaging to the local environment. It gets heavier and smellier, and harder to haul down.

Hill proposed a new system. Hikers sit on the pot and do their dirty work, as usual. But now, the turd lands and sticks on a slanted conveyor belt beneath the seat. The pee flows down, into a pipe. And because it hadn’t interacted with poop, the liquid effluent isn’t infested with viruses.

To deal with the poop, the hiker then presses a foot-pump near the toilet. That powers the little conveyer belt, moving the poop up the belt and depositing it into a separate toilet chamber.

Plop.

Without any moisture in the chamber, the poop dries out. It is now cleaner and up to 80 percent lighter, making for easy transport down-mountain to a wastewater treatment facility.

With help from University of Colorado Denver students, Rocky designed and airlifted the four new, high-tech toilets into the area.

These toilets became a triumph of science, said Erik Sommerfeld, an

architecture professor at UCD.

“It’s almost ridiculous, the design hours that went into these things,” he said, laughing.

Would the new toilets be able to withstand the 200 mph winds? Marmots eat wooden beams, so how would the crew transport steel?

The new toilets opened in fall 2018, closed for the winter and survived the busy summer season of 2019 – although the wind ripped the doors off again.

Two are located at Boulder Field. The others lie at Chasm Junction and Chasm Meadow, waiting silently for your dump.

Rangers made 44 trips in the 2018-2019 season to the four new toilets and hauled out about 3,800 pounds of crap, while designers raked in architectural awards.

But 95,000 people visited Rocky in July 2019 alone, Basch said. People toss clothes, fuel canisters, trash and even backpacks into toilets. Staff pull them out by hand. Roads are so clogged in the park that first responders sometimes can’t get to injured visitors.

It’s part of a general trend, said Kyle Patterson, a Rocky spokesperson: loving the outdoors to death.

“Patagonia is dealing with it. Mount Everest is dealing with it. And nobody’s got the answer,” she said. ☾

TRAX ON WAX

Artist: Ultra Vivid Scene

Title: *Ultra Vivid Scene*

Genre: Rock/Pop

Released: 1989

BY SAM SCHIEL

Independent British record label 4AD was founded in 1980 by Beggars Banquet record store employees Ivo Watts-Russell and Peter Kent. Initially envisioned as a testing ground for the Beggars Banquet record label, 4AD's early output boasts the birth of highly influential artists and bands of the early '80s. Bauhaus, Dead Can Dance, Cocteau Twins and Modern English are a handful of the more prominent names from the post-punk era springing up every day of the week on the label during one of the most prolific periods in pop music history.

As the decade entered its latter years, 4AD was a potent and viable music machine churning out groundbreaking sounds with new acquisitions like the Pixies, Lush, Throwing Muses and Watts-Russell's project This Mortal Coil. Not to be confined to success in the rock/pop genres, the label also had a huge dance hit with M|A|R|R|S' international smash single "Pump Up The Volume."

It was around this time the label was introduced to a moniker-clad artist who was one of the first to pioneer elements of dream pop and shoegaze. Musician, songwriter and visual artist Kurt Ralske was Ultra Vivid Scene.

Prior to UVS, New York City-born Ralske played guitar for Crash, whose '60s-steeped psyche roots were the perfect foundation for his genius at merging jangly guitar lines and hooks with synthesizers to create his own unique brand of the late '80s.

Ultra Vivid Scene was released in 1989. Leading up to his debut, Ralske was soaking up the recent sounds of British psyche rock giants The Jesus and Mary Chain, Loop and Spacemen 3, as well as late '60s psyche à la Velvet Underground and others, which gave much of his music and many of his contemporaries their slightly retro appeal at that time.

The album kicks off with the frenzied opener "She Screamed," a delightful fast-paced, tweaky dance romp describing a young girl's first foray into the realm of drug experimentation with tangible results. A mid-tempo, pulsing bass and synth line slowly brings in volume before the next offering "Crash" settles in to calm things down. Waves rush over the listener as Ralske's effeminate and hushed vocals hover above the swirling mix of slide guitar and chirping synth.

No time to rest as the darkly ominous march of "You Didn't Say Please" plods forward, making for one of the strongest cuts on this



LP. Vocal delivery dives lower into baritone for this sinister, psychedelic dirge masterpiece, featuring some nice slide licks by Ralske. "Lynn-Marie #2" follows, a jangling guitar pop jingle that picks things up, only to return to a slower tempo for the very shoegazey "Nausea." Layered synths weave a shrill melody, juxtaposed against Ralske's once baritone delivery as the fader takes over, making way for the only single and video from this release.

"Mercy Seat" was that hit, and thanks to video play by underground British and American music video shows *NME* and *Melody Makers*, the song and album began to grab the ears of fans and critics alike. Heavy fuzzed-out bass drones with guitars and synth darting in and out as the listener feels the hypnotic trance that Ralske envisioned for the track. "Mercy Seat" was the song that made this a must-have record from the peak years of 4AD.

Side two lacks the sonic punch of the first side. The seven tracks do have their moments like opener "Lynn-Marie #1" with its quick pulsing, minimal synth homage to NYC band Suicide. Soft and quiet, it sets the subdued and super dreamy tone found through most of the side. Two prime cuts include "Bloodline" with Ralske's lap steel throwing in a country tinge with a smashing outcome, and the aptly titled closer, "Hail Mary," bringing a sweet return to the darker side of his songwriting.

Don't get me wrong, this album is strong from start to finish and is the way Ralske intended it to be. There are many who argue the second side is better than the first or even find little difference between the two. Whatever the case may be, you will not be disappointed in the cult classic debut *Ultra Vivid Scene*. And the album art by Vaughan Oliver is the icing on the cake. Dig in! 🍴



Sexy
Pizza



**EVERYONE GETS
A PIECE OF THE PIE**

EMPLOYEE OWNERSHIP COMING SOON ...

APPLY NOW AT WWW.SEXY.PIZZA

Light the Song with Sense and Color

BY PETER MARCUS



Terrapin Care Station loves music. It's in their name, after all – a tribute to one of the most celebrated psychedelic bands of all time. So it's only fitting this Boulder-based cannabis company is hosting the legendary Grateful Dead icon David Gans at its facilities in March to celebrate a blossoming partnership with the nonprofit educational and cultural organization Colorado Music Experience (CoME).

The relationship between marijuana and music in America has been solidified for more than a century. From the red-light district of New Orleans in the early 1900s where Louis Armstrong was born, to Dr. Dre and Snoop Dogg's release of *The Chronic* nearly a century later, cannabis has impacted music in every genre. Whether it's jazz, rock, reggae, country, hip-hop, funk, or the blues, a musician's relationship with marijuana is as old as this country's relationship with the plant itself.

In Colorado, that relationship is even stronger. The first state to legalize adult-use marijuana sales is also known for its vibrant contemporary music scene. Collecting and preserving the legacy of Colorado music history solidifies our state's position as a leader. Terrapin recently entered into a partnership with CoME to archive this important history. Their partnership adds significant cultural value across Colorado, educating the public on everything that makes our state's music scene great.

CoME establishes a permanent repository for informational and archival resources. Their website houses podcasts that includes interviews with all members of the Colorado music community. It also features videos that serve as mini-documentary tributes to these musicians, as well as profiles, images and photos of Colorado acts through the decades. Think of it as a historical gallery.

One of the greatest musical relationships with cannabis has been found in the world of the Grateful Dead. This counterculture band led a psychedelic revolution, even before the first Acid Tests began at Ken Kesey's San Francisco house in the mid-'60s. Dead leader Jerry Garcia began experimenting with cannabis as a folk musician in the '50s, and the band later became a prominent face in a burgeoning movement to end cannabis prohibition. Their activism led to arrests as well as attacks by Drug War founders, including Richard Nixon.

About Terrapin Care Station

Boulder-based Terrapin Care Station is a vertically-integrated consumer-focused cultivator, processor and provider of high-quality medical and recreational cannabis products. Founded in 2009, Terrapin has six storefronts throughout Colorado's Front Range, and it is a medical cannabis grower/processor in Clinton County, Pennsylvania. Terrapin has plans to open in Grand Rapids, Michigan by this summer and it is exploring opportunities in Missouri and New Jersey. For more information, visit TerrapinCareStation.com and follow them on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

Today the Grateful Dead estate and some of its members have dabbled in the legal marijuana market, including drummer Mickey Hart who has a line of joints in California dispensaries. Members of Grateful Dead in their spinoff band, Dead and Company, used social media last Independence Day to showcase Cannabis Voter Project, another effort Terrapin is partnered with to educate voters on cannabis legalization efforts, while encouraging voter registration.

For Terrapin to host long-time Grateful Dead authority David Gans is a culmination of 60 years of this history between the Dead and cannabis. A friend and supporter of CoME, Gans is the co-host of *Tales from the Golden Road*, a weekly listener call-in show on SiriusXM's Grateful Dead channel. He is also the host of the nationally syndicated radio show *The Grateful Dead Hour*, and the author and co-author of five books including *Playing in the Band: An Oral and Visual Portrait of the Grateful Dead*.

As a musician, Gans has found himself forging an onstage persona as an interpreter of the Dead catalog. He grew to understand how important it had become not only to continue to turn on listeners to the band's voluminous recorded output via the radio show, but also to perpetuate the songbook by reinterpreting the material in his own performances. In May 2017, Gans performed and moderated a panel discussion for "Colorado Getaway: The History of the Grateful Dead in the High Country," a VIP reception honoring the Grateful Dead's original members produced by CoME director G. Brown.

Gans will be at Terrapin's Folsom Street location in Boulder for a meet-and-greet on Friday, March 27. Prior to that, Terrapin will host Gans in Aurora at one of their grow facilities for a private recording session to highlight and promote CoME. That recording will appear on Terrapin's social media accounts and at ColoMusic.org. Gans is also performing at the Fox Theatre on Thursday, March 26 with guitarist Joe Marcinek and friends, where they'll play songs from both Bob Dylan and the Grateful Dead. 🌙

Dylan & The Dead : David Gans, Joe Marcinek & Friends
March 26 | 9 p.m.
Fox Theatre | Boulder, CO

Meet-and-Greet: David Gans
March 27 | 2-4 p.m.
Terrapin Care Station | 1795 Folsom St | Boulder, CO



BFG

BY SEAN EADS
& JOSHUA VIOLA

The left side of Captain Seim's face is scar tissue I feel compelled to touch and say, *Be healed*.

"Be fucked!" Mabrey says, his overheating pulse rifle glowing blue with energy.

We've got thirty defenders, down from fifty who staved off the first attack a day ago. This is the fourth and Captain Seim hasn't lost a soldier since. The man doesn't repeat tactical mistakes, but it's still thirty versus thousands. A four-armed demon with a goat's head powers through the merciless ordinance and leaps over their line. Mabrey pivots, tracking it the entire time, and vaporizes the fiend before biological vision could notice its pearly claws, its flesh like flayed innards spotted with dozens of tiny, dead-black eyes. His weapon's muted, almost gentle report is so at odds with the death bolts unleashed.

During the week-long jump to Jeru, Mabrey showed me the rifle often, calling it *Jessica* and saying things like, "This girl is my one and only. She loves it when I finger her," while making a show of caressing the trigger. He grins at me now and says, "Hey, Father Robot, Padre Tin Man, better say a prayer for the deceased. Jessica just flashed them and the Angel of the Lord died from his own exploding hardon."

I've quit correcting him about angels. Like everyone on Earth, he doesn't believe in angels or demons. I wonder what he believes he's fighting.

"Mabrey, eyes front!"

The corporal turns and we both study the dark sky and murky plain below the Grand Chapel. The soldiers wear goggles that blaze red, making their faces look like skulls with hellfire eyes. A demonic legion stampedes toward us. Some soar through the fiery ozone, others gallop the blackened landscape like frenzied beasts. They've changed tactics too. Their bodies are coalescing into something that could blot out a star.

"That's different," Mabrey says.

Captain Seim orders a ceasefire. No one questions it. I watch his head move back and forth. The demons get closer. Their snarls rip the air and still he stands impassive.

"Got it," he says, shouting targeting solutions.

He divides his soldiers into six groups of five, all firing at different targets. Their energy weapons strike the collective body in the pressure points he identified and the demonic horde shatters with a piercing shriek.

Now Captain Seim orders his troops to fire at will. I watch Mabrey's Jessica feast on opportunity. Demons fall and their impact is like a steady hammer blow on the plain.

A horn sounds from across the sky, as it has in the previous retreats.

"They're falling back," Captain Seim says.

The soldiers lower their guns in exhausted victory, turning toward me and removing their goggles. It's odd to see their eyes again and consider them as people. When the unit attacks or defends they become a singular entity, a machine fashioned from many different forges. Now they separate, leaving the line one by one, slumping back into the interior of the Grand Chapel where they'll sleep, eat or brood. But they won't talk.

Except Mabrey.

After the second attack, which the forty colonists of Jeru watched from outside the chapel despite Captain Seim's order, Mabrey strutted over to them and said, "Another legion of Hell decimated by a thousand rounds of limb dismembering goodness, ladies and gentlemen. Come back when you've got a pair, Satan. Jessica's a castrating bitch."

One of the older colonists said, "It was God's will that we won!"

Before Mabrey answered, another soldier spat in the colonist's face. When the colonist tried to clean it off, the soldier spat again. "Let it dry there. It's God's will."

The colonists have cloistered inside the Grand Chapel ever since.

I look to Captain Seim, who alone remains, still wearing his goggles and staring out into the darkness. Why does he linger? Is it vanity to think he wants to consult with me? Is he even aware of me? In the space of seconds, my mind entertains a fantasy. I imagine him removing his goggles to reveal eyes wet with tears. He says he wants to hear the Word of God. This from the man who punched Gideon in the mouth when he was overheard praying for the twenty soldiers killed in the first attack.

Without looking at me, he says, "You weren't made to be quiet, were you?"

"No, Captain."

"But now you keep your thoughts to yourself."

"I was thinking about our situation."

"Thinking or praying?"

"Thinking."

"Then you haven't prayed at all?"

"No."

Captain Seim pivots his scarred profile toward me, goggle lens aflame. "You're to tell me if you do, understood? The moment *Dear God* or *Our Heavenly Father* enter your head, I want to know so I can shoot you."

"Your weapon would do little to me."

"It would give me satisfaction."

"Very well. But there's no harm in prayer, Captain."

"Humanity didn't achieve anything until we abandoned the fairy tales you were programmed to preach. We're going to win this fight on our own and I won't have any of that bullshit tainting the victory."

He brushes past me.

"I'm on your side," I say, but he continues into the chapel to join his troops. There's a slight limp in his left leg.

I lift my hand toward his departing figure and whisper, "Be healed."

The colonists gather to me when I enter minutes later, their arms raised as they shout my name, "Hallelujah!" Despite his age, Gideon's voice rises above the others, soaring higher than the mockery of the soldiers from the far end of the vast room. The Grand Chapel can hold multitudes, built in anticipation of faith turning the tide. The high windows have the appearance of stained glass, though no actual glass could survive Jeru's weather.

Gideon comes to me, clasps his hands over mine and welcomes me back. "Hallelujah," he says, intelligible despite a swollen lip and two missing teeth. I caress the side of his face and he presses it to his skin in rapture. My action sparks greed in the colonists. They move closer, each one begging for my touch. "Hallelujah," a second man says. Soon they're all saying it, louder and louder, until Mabrey storms over and says, "Everyone shut the fuck up. Hal, if we hear another word out of your crew, I swear there's going to be trouble. Jessica needs her beauty sleep – got that?"

"Understood, Corporal."

Before Mabrey leaves, he casts an open glance at Gideon's daughter. She is seventeen and virginal, Mabrey is twenty-three and cocky. Neither lack for physical charm. Gideon keeps her close, but unlike me, he falls asleep from time to time. I catch the daughter's blushing smile before she looks away.

Short of an act of God, their rendezvous will happen.

Once he's gone, the colonists whisper hatred

for the soldiers and for Mabrey above all. He is the worst sort of blasphemer. I counter with gentle remonstrance. "The Lord is mysterious. He works through the unlikely of people. Remember Jonah? Paul? For all we know, God has set His sights on the corporal to save us."

"But isn't that what you've come back to do?"

"Why did you leave us?"

"Where did you go?"

"He was taken into the clouds by God. Gideon, isn't that right?"

Gideon makes a quieting motion with his hands. "We have waited long for answers. We can wait still longer. Go to sleep with this one encouragement in your thoughts: everything we have set our hands to, every plan we have made, is reaching fruition. We came to this planet because we are the Elect among men, blessed with faith. The soldiers cannot understand. Their ears are deaf to the Good News, and this makes them angry. We must forgive."

The colonists go to the very opposite end of the Grand Chapel, where they've encamped for safety. Once we're alone, Gideon smooths the fabric of my uniform and touches the insignia on my lapel. Verdigris encrusts the bronze cross with a sea-green patina.

"Military Chaplain. It must be two hundred years since any Earth army maintained such an office."

"It was reestablished on my behalf for this mission."

"To mock you," Gideon says, lowering his gaze.

I cannot refute him. The soldiers made sport of me during the trip to Jeru. A man named Callas came to me, pretending to be a Believer, asking me to minister. I did so with gladness, and the next day he returned with another soldier. I led them in prayer. This continued, my flock growing each day. Before we reached Jeru, I was preaching to all except Captain Seim. One told me he was sick, and in my zeal, I touched him and said, "Be healed." That's when Mabrey stood and said, "My balls ache! Touch my goddamn balls, Padre Tin Man!" Then Callas laughed and said, "Hey Mabrey, let me piss in your mouth and see if RoboChrist can turn it into wine in the nick of time."

I tried to imagine how Christ would react if he'd discovered his disciples had been playing an elaborate prank all along. He would, I suppose, forgive them.

Gideon scrapes at the verdigris with his thumbnail. "They only mock themselves. Your rank is an act of God."

"What do you mean?"

Motioning for me to follow, he leads me

through a library, a prayer chamber, and an infirmary until we reach a nursery with a hundred empty beds. He stops to touch a panel that reveals a hidden door. Stairs descend from the other side.

"Do you remember these?"

"Through the haze of an infant's memory."

"You perfected your fine motor skills on these steps. I cannot begin to say how many times you fell — sideways, backwards, forwards. There's not one part of your body you didn't land upon. I felt the bruises for you."

"I remember a man's voice saying, 'How will he walk on water if he cannot manage a stairwell?'"

"Faith and patience are not always natural allies."

"And the same voice crying out, 'Hallelujah!' when I mastered going up and down."

We descend toward a laboratory and engineering workshop.

And armory.

The room's appearance stands at odds with the rough-hewn rock interior of the Grand Chapel, where even the lights have subtle flickers to emulate illumination by flame. I stand now in a world of lacquered white floors and walls and chrome workstations gleaming under crisp, antiseptic brightness. Twenty suits of armor like those of ancient knights and a variety of accompanying melee weapons line one wall. The suits have rocket launchers mounted on each left shoulder and swiveling ion cannons attached on the right.

"Is your memory of this place any less infantile?"

I stand before the longest table. A framework of delicate tools spring out from it like an open ribcage.

"My womb."

"Never doubt that you came to us from God."

I point to the strange armor and weapons. "I don't remember those."

"You wouldn't. They came later, after you were stolen from us."

"Did God build them too?"

His swollen lips turn down. "Yes."

Gideon urges me toward a terminal.

The screen flashes through a series of schematics and blueprints. Air and ground



JAIME VALDERRAMA

assault craft, guns, the suits of armor holding swords and maces rayed with hallows of energy. Me.

"I'm afraid I do not understand."

"Even angels wield swords. We did not go seeking the fires of Hell without praying for God's shield."

"Seeking? The plea from Jeru warned of an invasion."

"So it did."

"Invasions are not sought, Gideon."

The puffiness of his lips don't thwart the slyness of his smile. "Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

"Matthew 7:7."

Gideon goes to one of the suits of armor. "We have lived our lives by this scripture. You are proof of it, and now you are returned to us just in time to fight."

He runs his fingers along an invisible seam and the front half swings open, revealing a hollow casing lined with microcircuits and sensors. There's a clear depression where any human body might fit.

"Get in." ☾

TO BE CONTINUED ...

Read the final half on: birdymagazine.com

SEAN EADS IS A WRITER AND LIBRARIAN. HE IS A FINALIST FOR THE SHIRLEY JACKSON AWARD AND THE COLORADO BOOK AWARD.

JOSHUA VIOLA IS A #1 DENVER POST BESTSELLING AUTHOR, THREE-TIME COLORADO BOOK AWARD FINALIST, AND THE OWNER OF HEX PUBLISHERS.



RAY YOUNG CHU, *FLYING SHARK AMONGST PYRAMID CITY* | BEST OF BIRDY 033

GOOD CHEMISTRY IS HAPPY TO BE IN THE

Highlands

NOW OPEN NEAR THE CORNER OF 15TH & BOULDER (LOHI)



THE FINEST *total* CANNABIS EXPERIENCE IN CO.



GOOD
CHEMISTRY
NURSERIES

GOODCHEM.ORG

NOW OPEN

DENVER – Capital Hill

330 E. COLFAX AVE • DENVER, CO 80203
MON-SAT 8AM - 9:45PM • SUN 10AM - 9:45PM
720.524.4657

DENVER – South Broadway

1724 S. BROADWAY • DENVER, CO 80210
MON-SAT 8AM - 9:45PM • SUN 10AM - 9:45PM
303.733.3113

DENVER – Highlands

2563 15TH ST., #103 • DENVER, CO 80211
MON-SAT 8AM - 9:45PM • SUN 10AM - 9:45PM
720.328.2131

AURORA

16840 E. ILIFF AVE • AURORA, CO 80013
MON-SAT 8AM - 9:45PM • SUN 10AM - 9:45PM
303.745.2420

