

97.9 REPRESENT



*INSIDE: Your Guide To What's Cool In Aggieland—Horror Survival Guide—Roar
Shark—My Father Says I'm a Fine Young American—The Return of Still Drink-
ing Viciously Vile—Defending Miley—Record Reviews—Concert Calendar*



VICIOUSLY VILE: You're Next

You're Next is a devilish little film about the depths of human greed, evil intent, and survival of the fittest, or at least it tries to be. From what I saw on television, it advertised itself as a serious and dark movie, and that's exactly what I was expecting. To my dismay, this was not the case. Set in a backwoods spacious cottage in the middle of nowhere, four siblings come together to celebrate their well-to-do parents' wedding anniversary, and you soon learn there's a heavy sibling rivalry going on. While sitting at dinner, an argument ensues between two brothers and quickly elevates into a loud, garbled mess. It's at this time that the killers enter and proceed to terrorize the family, killing them one by one. That's all I'm going to say about the plot because I hate too much information being spilled in reviews, as I'm sure you do, too.



I watch horror because I truly adore being scared. The possibility of being terrified at the edge of my seat is what drives me to the theater, hoping that when I get home I'll need to look under my bed or check the depths of my closets before I even put my head on the

pillow. At no time did this sorry movie elevate my blood pressure in any level of petrifying suspense. Let me also iterate that I have no problem with jump scares in a horror movie, but if that's all the film uses to shock the audience I call it a lazy and worthless effort. I can't count how many times they utilized that stupid tactic. Also, it moves way too fast in the beginning, and the characters get slayed left and right before I could sympathize or give a damn about what happened to them. There were only a couple of characters that showed any kind of freak-out emotion while their family members were getting tacked off, so the acting was completely wooden and unrealistic. The killers were not in the slightest degree intimidating with their dollar store plastic animal masks and black military attire. There were a few silly parts, which I didn't find all that humorous, but there were also quite a few scenes that I don't think were supposed to be intentionally funny. Not a sign of good writing, in my opinion.

One redeeming factor was the protagonist, who was a likeable badass. She knew her shit and could give as good as she got. My only beef with her character is she transforms from a clever survivalist to a cheesy Xena Warrior Princess within the last 20 minutes of the film, which, I believe, was not meant to be intentionally funny; however, some people in the audience thought it was a riot. If I could sum up this movie in one word, it would be predictable. I hate being THAT person that says they knew what was going to happen all along, but seriously....I knew what was going to happen all along. The story was nothing new, and the ending wasn't anything innovative. Maybe I'm just that much of a seasoned horror watcher, or maybe I'm just jaded from being ripped off yet again from another feeble Hollywood attempt at producing a "game changer", but this film didn't have anything to offer that hasn't been done before. Don't waste your hard-earned dough with this at the theater, unless you have a squeamish, pansy ass hot date. Otherwise, wait for the DVD if you're interested or just stay far away from it altogether. — VAMP VIXEN

979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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On the Interwebz Thingy at

<http://www.979represent.com>

Email to redchapterjubilae@yahoo.com

Materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

979Represent

1707 Austin Ave.

College Station, TX 77840

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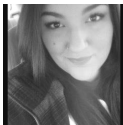
My Father Says I'm a Fine Young American

The wasp needed the swatting and that's all there is to it. He was there by my front door, sweeping around his front door, at the edge of a nest built like a rabbit hole pointing towards a Wonderland where his wings and ruddy stinger were all the rage, admired by other hairy-toed wasps and dragonfly ladies - I loathed his charms.

Yes, the wasp needed the swatting although I regret swatting him with last week's unread New Yorker. I wouldn't want to give the impression that I had correctional pet-ish affections for him, or that I took him as the literary type if, in fact, he has as much use for books as I have for a swarthy venom tipped tail - one should not infringe, even on an infringer.

Indeed, the wasp needed the swatting delivered fully through with jingoist pride. But he staggered from my attempt, taking wing, jostling about round and randy like a good slug of Jameson clog-swirled his brain. To the right and down, I saw him - mid-flight - tipsy to his top, and there myself in him, plug drunk on the sort of insolence that slays neighbors and declares demarcations.

- KEVIN STILL



A Horror Survival Guide

This summer has given me the prime opportunity to watch a few horror flicks that have been on my movie agenda for quite some time. I've seen the demons, ghosts, undead and the creatures that have been hatched from the imagination of some sick, twisted, fucked-up, beautiful minds of mankind, and all I have to say is... RUN, BITCH, RUN!

Honestly, I myself, am the girl in the movie theater talking to herself and vocally telling the damsel in distress not to open that door, not to walk in that room and I am the one who screams at the characters to run and I tend to mock their intellect. I can understand why some people don't enjoy watching the thrillers with me because.... well.... I just get so darn excited and I have to let it out somehow.

I enjoy making a mental list of things to avoid if I were to catch myself in a similar scenario. I have studied the faults of many characters and have fully thought these events out to where, in my mind, I have an escape plan for just about everything.

1. Don't fall.

I can understand the clumsy ways of adrenalin-spiked, horrified teens. But really? Do yourself a favor and get your ass back up and run.

If you happen to find yourself on the ground with a being that is attempting to slice your face off, then don't try and crab walk away. You are not a gymnast and this will get you nowhere. Instead, try your best to roll away and then hop yourself back up and run...or run in a zig-zag fashion. Not only will the person—or monster—trying to kill you think that you are crazy, but you're spinning this killer into a loop of "WTF just happened". Stunned by your random-ness, this gives you a prime pause in the possibility of your murder to get away as fast—as steady—as you can.

2. You hear a noise and you want to be brave and discover what's going on... Don't!

9 times out of 10, it's going to be something you don't want to see. Save yourself the trouble of being trapped, or worse being offed at the beginning of this mental movie and assume the worst. Get your ass out of where ever you are and don't look back. My mother always told me "Don't go searching for trouble, because sure enough you're going to be stuck in between the devil and a closed door." Oh momma, with your silly sayings and your crazed religious, who knew that it would all come in handy one day.

3. Location, location, location

For all of you campers out there, it's not okay to make due in an area that is haunted, said to be haunted, or out of reach from civilization. In a quick escape you have to find a main road, so stay close to the asphalt or carry a weapon of some sort. We live in the South so that shouldn't be too terribly hard to find.

For the victims inside of a house, the first sign of possible haunting or any hint of danger should be the only sign you need to smarten up and leave. I understand some dumbasses didn't do the extensive background check on a house that they just bought or a place that they will be staying, but geez don't torture yourself. We both know that when things move and when those crazy death vibes are around, then there is something watching you and that something wants to eat your soul... or face, either one.

4. If it say's DO NOT OPEN, then don't fucking open it.

This is key into your survival. Don't open the black box that says DO NOT OPEN, it's there for a reason. I don't care how curious you are; never poke crazy with a stick. There will be a demon, ghost, or some kind of spiritual evil that would pour out of its containment ready for vengeance. You don't want to be the asshole that unleashes unspeakable evil upon the world, do you?! Simply set down the cursed object and walk away. If you find yourself upon a group of assholes that opened, or wants to open the box, your best bet is to leave the area immediately, find a church and pray. Also never speak to them again, because they are careless assholes.

5. Believe in something.

A little bit of optimism goes a long way. Having hope could be the only motivation to keep on going. When all of your friends are splattered on the floor and the smell of the metallic blood fills your nose, and your girlfriend/boyfriend has been carved into a pumpkin on Halloween, remember there is life beyond this moment of horror. Don't forget how the sun feels on your face, or the smell of the beach. Remember all of the good things in life and keep on going. I know almost everyone you have loved is now dead and are mangled almost beyond identification, but there are millions and millions of people left in the world; you're bound to find a few that you could get along with. Maybe you would never be completely sane, but no one really is. Join the army, join a therapy group, and join a swim team. Life will be good again, just have a little faith in the universe and KEEP ON GOING.—JESSICA LITTLE

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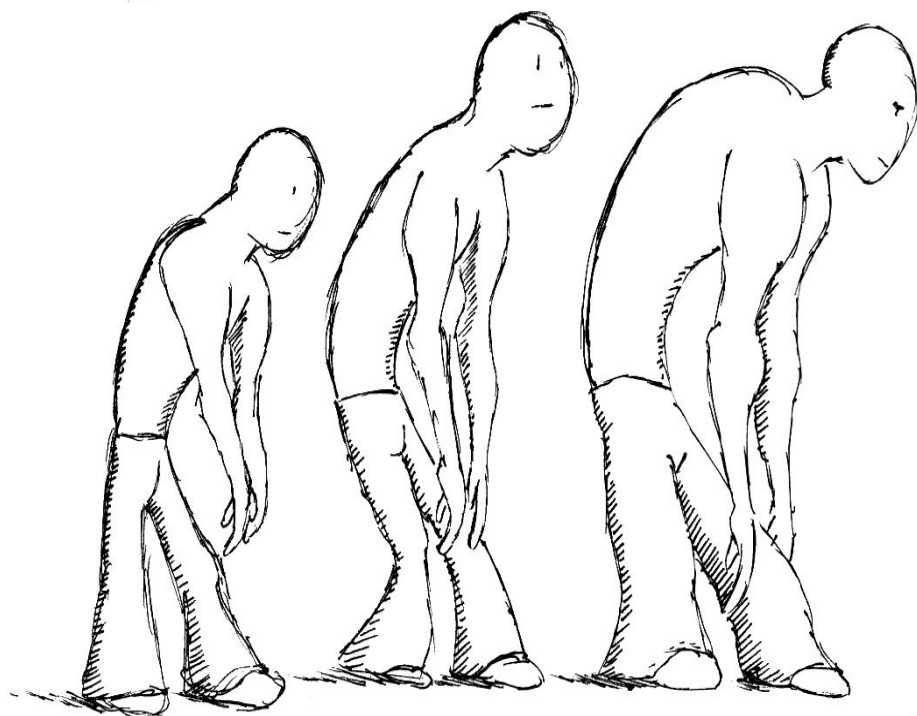
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— JEREMY HART (SPACE CITY ROCK)

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GROWING UP FEELS LIKE GROWING DOWN

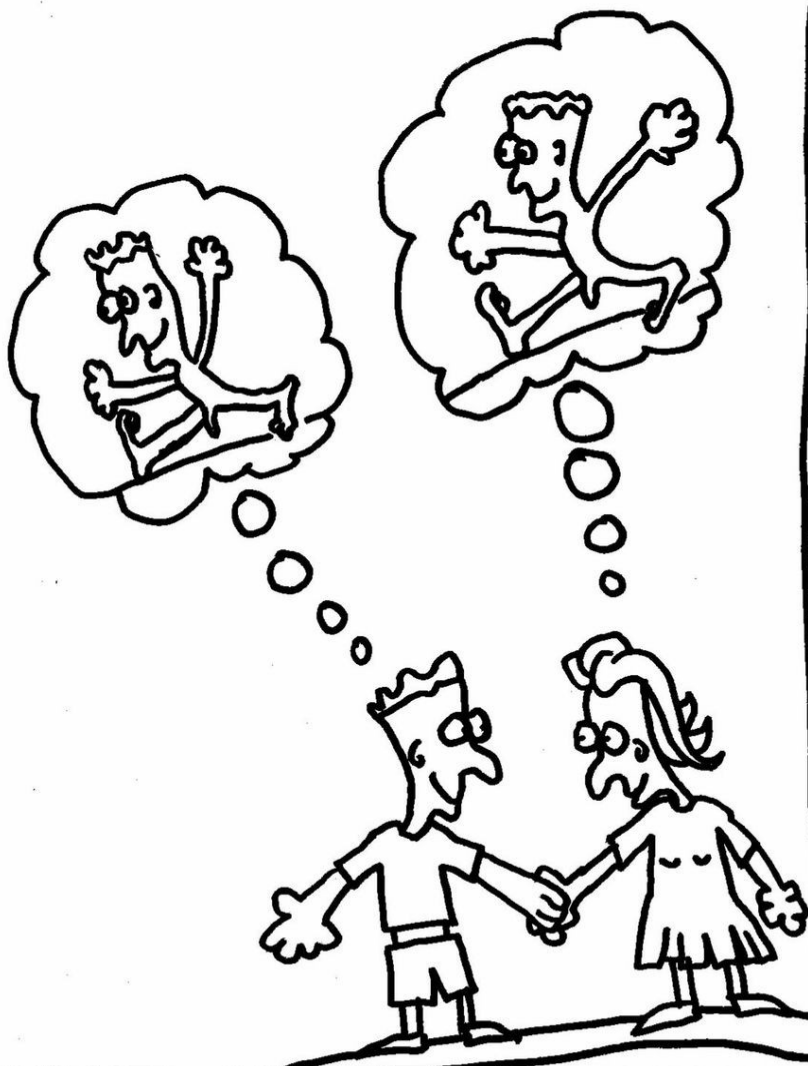


by bill hanjals



roar SHARH

by jerry sego



Welcome To Aggieland: A Guide

OK, so you made it off to college. You've got all your stuff unpacked in your tiny dorm room with the smelly roommate from parts unknown, or maybe you've got all your stuff tight in your first apartment with all your bros and ladies. You've got your books, you know (for the most part) where your classes are, but you don't really *know* Bryan/College Station yet. You've heard vaguely about Northgate and you're pretty sure you can get back to the grocery again next week by yourself but you're pretty convinced that your friends are all right. You *are* pretty fucking dumb for having chosen to go to Texas A&M or Blinn instead of Rice or U of H or UT or somewhere much cooler out of state. Well, stop feeling sorry for yourself. You have something cooking right here in your very own backyard. You see, if all you do is stay on University Dr. or Texas Ave. then you'd never know that Bryan/College Station has some awesome places to patronize that aren't located on the beaten path right in front of you. We've got lots of tiny places full of character *AND* characters.

Every town has pretty much the same chain restaurants and stores. It's the homespun unique places in a town that make you want to stick around. We've got lots of restaurants and shops and they are all practically BEGGING you to spend your parents' hard-earned money with them. This map will help you find the cool places to shop and the cool stuff to do at night without having the inconvenience of stumbling around town. That's how much we love you...we'll do you this solid *gratis*.

I moved here in the summer of 2006 and it took me easily a year to find out that there was actually cool stuff to do here beyond the usual Aggie and Northgate stuff. And the usual B/CS stuff isn't bad, really. I've lived in many college towns over the years and I've never attended or worked at a university more rich in tradition than Texas A&M. Going to a football game here is as big a deal as going to see the pros play. I'm proud to be an adjunct Aggie. But if sports or redneck culture is not your bag, then please refer often to the map on this page and try out some of the cool and unique stuff Bryan/College Station has to offer. And then *why don't you maybe see about offering something up yourself!* Start a band, even if you've never touched a musical instrument in your life. Paint. See a play or write and produce one. Sculpt. Make art out of trash. Hold a protest. Join the roller derby league. Make friends with someone your mama and daddy would absolutely freak out if they ever saw you with ...and then introduce them to each other at Parents Weekend!

The point here is that college really is what you make of it. It's the magic time in your life when you have adult privileges without full-on adult responsibility. Whatever you do (provided it doesn't kill you or somebody else) will pretty much be excused away as "oh, that was just my crazy college years". Enjoy it, because it will pass you by quick. Bryan/College Station is full of memories waiting to happen. To let them go to waste is worse than failing Chemistry. I guarantee.
—KELLY WINNIS

Arsenal Tattoo & Design

<http://www.arsenaltattoo.com>

2045 S. Harvey Mitchell Pkwy. College Station (979) 696-3430
If you're looking to get inked, this is *the* place in B/CS to get quality artistry.

Bill Allen Motorcycle Co.

3607A S. College Ave. Bryan (979) 822-4294

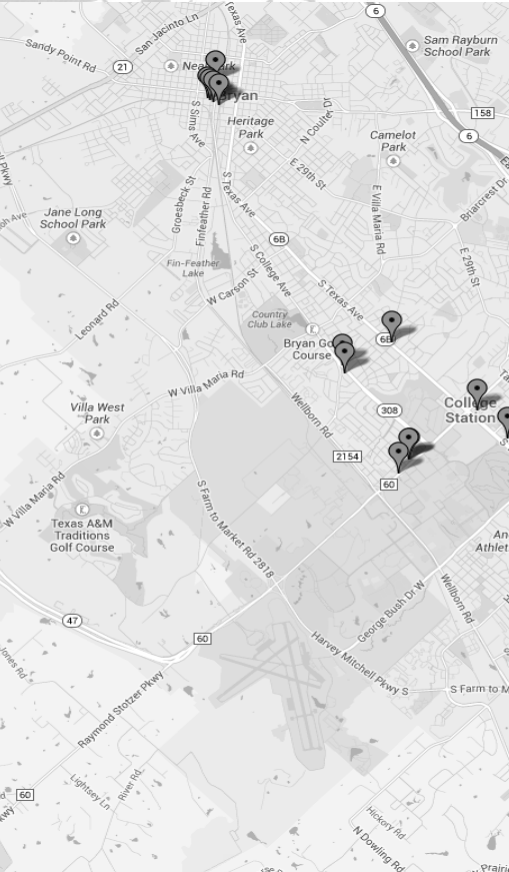
Get your ride slicked up right with the best local motorcycle sales, customization and repair house around.

Brazos Running Company

<http://brazosrunning.com>

1667 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 485-9830

The area's first store to exclusively serve runners and walkers, from beginners to marathon pros. Shoes, clothing,



accessories, etc. and staffed by runners.

C-Ment Skateboard & Apparel

2041 Harvey Mitchell Pkwy. S. College Station (979) 680-1000
Skater owned and operated, C-Ment's got all the rad skate supplies and apparel.

Clockwork Gaming

<http://clockworkgaming.com>

913 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 703-1838

A gaming shop and refuge owned and operated by longtime Aggie gamers. Purchase cards, compete in video game tournaments or play pickup games with friends in a comfortable environment.

FX Video Game Exchange

fxvideogameexchange.com

1500 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 696-4263

Locally owned and operated by real gamers and not corporate managed to the point of ripping you off like some other chain game stores around here we could name.

Flip & Peel

<http://flipandpeel.com>

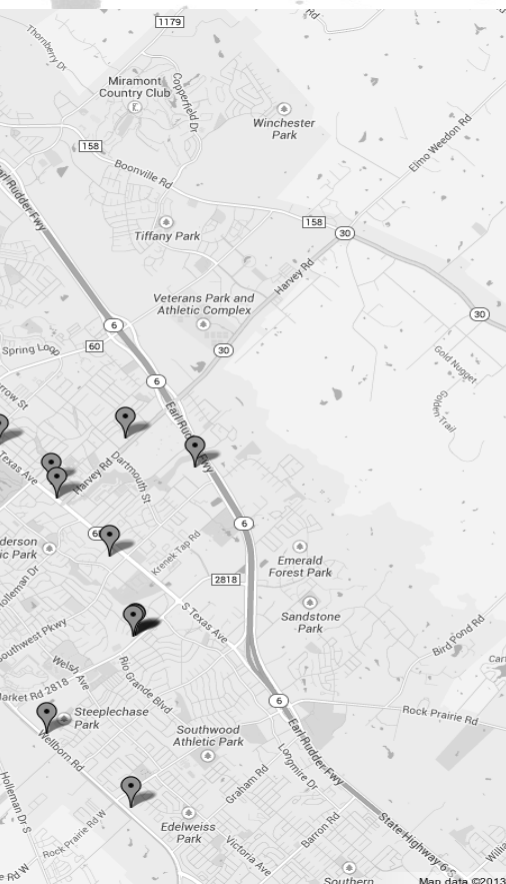
1500 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 703-7885

Not exactly Stover Boys again but you can get the classic Stover Burger plus Mexican street burgers and bizarre fry concoctions. The only reason to go to the mall these days.

Fuzzy's Taco Shop

<http://fuzzystacoshop.com>

de To the Cool Stuff In B/CS



Half Price Books

<http://www.hpb.com>

1505 University Dr. College Station (979) 696-2325

This is the closest thing to a cool record store we have...plus lots of other cool used movies, comics and books.

J Cody's

<http://www.jcodys.com>

3610 S. College Ave. Bryan (979) 846-2639

The best BBQ experience in town. Other places have great meat but J. Cody has a great *meal*.

Koppe Bridge Bar & Grill

<http://www.koppebridge.com>

11777 FM 2154 College Station (979) 764-2933

Local polls rate Koppe Bridge's burgers as the best in town. If it's not the best then it's definitely one of the top three.

La Bodega Taco Bar

<http://bodegatacos.com>

102 Church Ave. College Station (979) 220-5126

Mexican restaurants are a dime a dozen around here but La Bodega does it super fresh with an emphasis on fish, vegetables and *health*.

Lippman Music Co.

<http://lippmannmusic.com>

112 Nagle St. College Station (979) 846-1225

The local's favorite hole in the wall jam-packed with amps, guitars, and such. You can also get set-ups, repairs and gear rentals there too.

Margies

320 N. Main St. Bryan (979) 822-8422

Margie's is an old school dive bar that's friendly as hell and they pat out one of the best burgers you'll ever have by hand right before your eyes.

Mr. G's Pizzeria

<http://gotomrgs.com>

201 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 822-6747

No college town is complete without a ripping local pizza joint, and Mr. G's is ours. We recommend the calzone.

Primo Pizza

<http://primopizza.com>

109 Walton Dr. College Station (979) 402-4439

Charlie Stover does uptown pizza right, like a big town gourmet pizza joint.

Proudest Monkey

108 S. Main St. (979) 361-4777

The Paddock Lane folks' Bryan bar that has stellar food as well as a cool older urban bar kind of feel to it. 979Rep staff recommends you try the chorizo burger.

Revolution Café & Bar

211 S. Main St. Bryan (979) 823-4044

The heart and soul of the local dirtbag community. It's like your favorite living room house party with a cash bar! Free wi-fi, good drinks and the best live music around.

Smoken Joes

<http://smokenjoes420.com>

3701 S. Texas Ave. Bryan (979) 260-1636

You can get cigarettes anywhere, right? Yeah, but this place *really* knows its tobacco, y'know? If you've ever rolled your own then this is your place.

Spoons Yogurt

<http://spoonsyogurt.com>

1509 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 446-0085; 943 William D. Fitch Pkwy. College Station (979) 690-8290 & 2305 Boonville Rd. Bryan (979) 776-5670

Self-serve yogurt & sorbet with an assortment of fresh fruit, candy, nuts and whatever in Bryan and College Station. There are others, but Spoons does it best.

1712 Southwest Pkwy. College Station (979) 764-8220
OK, it's a chain but they have great food, free wifi and it is, according to Mrs. Editor, one of the best places to study in town while avoiding the other douchebags at the local coffee shops.

G. Hysmith Skatepark

<http://cstx.gov/skatepark>

1600 Rock Prairie Rd. College Station

Over 1600 square feet of bowls, walls, street courses, hips, and ollie boxes. All concrete, all rad.

Grand Station

<http://grandstationent.com>

2400 Earl Rudder Fwy College Station (979) 696-1100

Lazer tag, cash bar bowling, video games, etc. Like Chuckie Cheese for adults & without shitty pizza. Wait, no, they got shitty pizza too.

Grand Stafford Theater

<http://grandstaffordtheater.com>

106 S. Main St. Bryan

The Brazos Valley's premiere live music venue, serving up rock, country, blues and other musics.

Guitar Center

<http://guitarcenter.com>

1003 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 694-6982

Brand new to town. Gots pretty much whatever you need for music making, however you make it.

Stover Bros. Cafe

facebook.com/StoverBros

1760 Briarcrest Dr. Bryan (979) 846-8199

Inside Village Foods (the hippie grocery) you will find award-winning quirky meals with all local ingredients designed by the Valley's only rock star chef, Charlie Stover.

To The Point Piercing

tothepointbodypiercing.com

119 Walton St. College Station (979) 595-4153

If you love it then you should put a ring through it...and if so then you should definitely let Jave and company be the ones to do it.

Village Café

thevillagedowntown.com

210 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 703-8514

Great fresh food, cool atmosphere and the occasional singer-songwriter in the corner. Also plays host to the hottest salsa dance night in the twin cities.

Village Foods

http://www.villagefoods.com

1760 Briarcrest Dr. Bryan (979) 846-9600

The best selection of organic, free-range and gluten-free groceries in B/CS, and home to both Stover Bros. Café and the temporary home for Heberts Cajun (since it was displaced from its long-time Northgate home last year).

Vy's Kitchen

http://vyskitchen.com

102 Live Oak St. College Station (979) 485-1987

Pretty much the best pho in town, bro. And not just good for here. Just plain good period.

Other Cool Stuff to Look Out For

In the last year College Station has opened up to the idea of the food truck, an idea that has taken off in urban locales nationwide, particularly Austin. We have a few so far, and I'm betting more will pop up soon.

Cake Junkie

http://cake-junkie.com (979) 268-2342

Serving big-ass cupcakes out of their mobile truck, and you can also order custom cakes and cupcakes from their storefront at 4001 E. 29th St. in Bryan.

Chef Tais Mobile Bistro

http://cheftai.com (979) 268-3251

Chef Tai offers a unique fusion of Asian and American cuisine with affordable meals and daily specials. He's so good at it that recently Chef Tai's Mobile Bistro was voted America's Favorite Food Truck by Food Network AND has expanded to running two trucks.

Stover Bros. Truck

Also not 100% operational at the moment, but will be delivering some of the awesome stuff served up at the Café but on the road.



the return

Hi. My name is Kevin, and I love beer. I fell in love with beer when I lived overseas in China. The first night Chad moved into the Foreign Person's building, we went to the restaurant on the first floor and ordered two mugs of Yantai Pijui. Then two more. Then we lost count. The shao-jei watched a Chinese soap opera about feudal society and pigs in the yard and forbidden love, and the shao-jei smoked cigarettes in the corner, staring at that screen, while Chad and I laughed about our flights into the country and the toilets built into the floors. We laowai became accomplished Chinese beer drinkers, collecting empty green bottles on our patios.

(I had a hamster named Gung-Fu who dove off that second floor patio through a drain pipe. I went to dinner with Chad and his wife and our friend with the sun allergy, and I left Gung-Fu on the patio. When we came back, he was not on the patio. We buried him in a cigarette box without ceremony, making it a two pijui bomber night. We poured one out for Gung-Fu. Beneath the belch of the Yellow Sea there was always something to toast and cheer and pour one out for.)

I took a job at Starbucks in Kansas City on returning to the states. We performed daily coffee tastings. We sniffed and wafted and sipped and took notes, pairing African coffees with lemon bars and Indonesian coffees with oatmeal treats. And my palette became refined, indicating minute intricacies in small samples of liquid, so much that when the uber-lovely Jason Scott brought a sixer of various IPAs to my house that April and talked me through flavor profiles, I tasted the difference between piney hops and citrus hops and British yeast and malty bases. Beer suddenly tasted like more than beer. And I was hooked.

By the way, I'm sipping a Deschutes River Ale. I'm out of tasting practice, so I'll just say that it's quite good. Bright and crisp, some floral hops on the forefront, but I will not purchase a full bouquet sixer. Too many beers looming on the shelves, their labels a foreign script, a fresh market. I have so much to re-learn.

Six months ago I called a beer fast. Haven't touched a drop of it—or any alcohol—since the end of February. After years of beer's daily presence, daily preoccupation, I wanted to explore a beer free life. Financially. Physically. Creatively. Intellectually. (The latter a lost cause.) An experiment of sorts to find what would take beer's place. For sheer practical purposes, the experiment proved successful. Within a matter of weeks, I found life progressing as such:

FINANCIALLY—Obviously, not purchasing two to three sixers a week and skipping frequent Happy Hours affects expenses. With the increase, the wife and I hacked hard at debts and pampered our only car with overdue maintenance. That occasional ten bucks here and there, after ten or more times, quickly amasses into hundreds. We've greatly enjoyed the spoils of a fresh budget.

PHYSICALLY—For years, I considered myself lactose intolerant. Avoided ice cream with biohazard ferocity. And I can safely attest that if there's anything more precious than beer

find 979 rep and 979

rn of still drinking

its ice cream. But ditching the beer did something to my pipes and drainage that suddenly welcomed mass quantities of ice cream - even pizza! - with ne'er once a tumultuous gush. Intestinal peace and fortitude proved prize enough for the sacrifice of ale.

CREATIVELY—I learned in grad school, much to my disappointment, that my literary faculties work best early in the morning. Surprisingly, my wife and I both kept early hours this summer: drinking coffee and reading by 6:30 AM, passed out and snoring by 10:00 PM. Such hours with zero career employment expecting report! Personal prohibition made those early bedtimes easier, awakened areas of my mind previously clouded, and helped me discover the creative possibilities of caffeine consumed en masse. God bless the Allen Ginsbergs and Joe Strummers and Amy Winehouses and Lil Wayne's who create genius while stoned. The Hamster here can not.

My beer fast proved successful, but the fast, as planned, had to end. One week ago, after six beer free months, the wife and I stood in our kitchen sharing dreams of houses on the market, new pug-dogs in our home, schooldays looming near with fresh faces and schedules and weariness. We talked fast and frantically, batches of tomorrows dancing between us as thick as bees in heat—and right there we decided to toast. Toast the end of summer and the beginning of school. Toast all the untold possibilities. I held a bottle of Miller Lite (trusty, easy favorite) in a pint glass, the wife a Coke Float Martini, and we clinked over Yuppie Fries at The Proudest Monkey. I sent a dozen text messages, and the wife took several Facebook-able photos. I would write it all in my diary later if I wasn't too buzzed.

Six months sans alcohol caves a brother's tolerance. Half way through my Miller Lite I felt myself involuntarily smiling. You know you're two sheets from ripped when you FEEL yourself smiling. Then I ordered a Fireman's Four and handed my wife the keys.

I'm writing this a week later. Several glasses of Real Ale 4-Squared, Founders Dry Hopped Pale Ale, Alaskan Summer Kolsch, Karbach Sympathy For The Lager, and Lone Star later. Three rushed mornings, two Happy Hours, and one hair-of-the-dog later. Breaking a fast breaks rhythm. Wonko handed me a Lone Star Light at Primo Pizza while Girl Band played behind us and I realized two things: I haven't seen this dude in ages, and I hate that our first beer hand-off in half a year consisted of Lone Star Light. Suddenly, every meeting feels momentous. Every table fresh. Every brew academic and portentous. Cans and bottles and pint glasses like new school supplies. I drink in free verse and break lines to read the slip with floating eyes. Just one more for research purposes! I'm a beer lover, after all, though greatly unpracticed.

However, and with that being said, I've found myself sipping beers this week and wondering if I even like this stuff anymore. To the unfamiliar palette, beer—in many of its incarnations—tastes offensive. Hops, by definition, are used to make beer more bitter. Malts are sweet and often taste breadly.

Yeast rises to the flavor surface in several styles. Domestic lagers, because of their make-up and simplicity, often taste skunky or "old" even when fresh. Beer geeks and lovers (allow me not to represent the insufferable beer-snob) possess a refined beer vocabulary to excuse such unpleasantries. We break down the specifics of the bittering hops, attributing piney or citrusy or coppery tinges to them. We refer to old world standards and traditional recipes while smacking—damn near chewing—our way through malt heavy Bocks and Oktoberfests and stouts. We wax philosophically, with hints of the pastoral, about farmhouse yeasts and fruity Saisons. And we frame our justifications of lagers in either economy or nostalgia, ignoring the concreteness of actual flavor for some abstract concept of more-bang-less-buck or fond fishing trip memories with a cooler of (insert gas station available 30-pack).

Right here, this is Hans Pils German Style Pilsner from Real Ale Brewing Company. Bought a sixer last night for a cookout. I remember loving this beer. I remember debating hop-heads and malt-mallows alike over the merits of this beer. It's sturdy with a fine hop presence. It's a German style, completely retuned as an American cover. It stands well alone, and it pairs fine with charcoal grilled beef and fixings. I had two last night, gave two to a stranger, and now here's my next to last serving inspiring an end to this Still Drinkin' deadline. I'm sipping this beer straight from the can and wondering, as I've wondered with nearly every beer this week, if this actually tastes good or am I fanning old flames with alcohol and geek-dom? I'm not sure. Hans Pils is a fine beer. Buy it up and share it with new friends at a cookout. But I can't help feeling that I'd be just as content sipping iced coffee or Maine's Ginger Beer.

I say that, except that I truly and genuinely and dearly love a \$2 pint of Convict Hill Oatmeal Stout from Austin's Independence Brewing Company at Grub Burger during their 3-6 Happy Hours. (Can you tell this is a plug? It's truly unsolicited. I can walk there. So I'm there for a Karbach Sympathy for the Lager and a Convict Hill often.) But my current stout preference makes sense. My black coffee in-take quadrupled during my beer fast. The Sympathy for the Lager/Convict Hill duo might be my new beerish go-to, harboring my soft palette fugitive until my taste buds match my enthusiasms.

While approaching the end of my fast I thought and talked endlessly—to the plight of my wife and a few fine friends—about how to do this wisely. Our budget is not hemorrhaging. My body feels healed and happy. My writing will soon take backseat to the new school year while my stack of books-to-read and films-to-watch grows faster than it shrinks. But beer is back, staggering up my driveway like the prodigal son after a bender. You don't want to overthink things, but you must consider how best to invite the once sacrificed without sacrificing everything gained. I will be interested to see how the Spirit and the palette in tandem press forward. The two in cahoots, making fancy meetings at small tables. The two at fists, biting for more than the price of admission. In the meantime, I'm long overdue for a good cider.—KEVIN STILL

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record reviews



Kylesa
Ultraviolet

According to Online, the term "kilesa" comes from the Pali language of Central India. In Buddhism, "kilesa" (spelling dictated per dialect) refers to a mental state of emotional distress or thought poison. The band Kylesa, from Georgia's fair city of Savannah, where the trees pull more tourism than the pecan pie or the hospitality, seeks to embody this cerebral slide. I can't speak to all that, except to say that when you're writing an animal attack death scene into a story, Kylesa is the perfect tonal inspiration.

Also from Online, one learns the band Kylesa fulfills most of the musical genres my mother considers "devil worshipping" - sludge metal, doom metal, death metal, stoner metal, psychedelic rock, fuzz rock, crust punk. I'm too new to Kylesa (and all this genre lingo) to say who worships who here. Kylesa's syrupy guitars and spiraled bass pry-back an Inferno-reflective doorway into the sky, assuring that Up remain rooted in Down, and Hope swings hinged on Despair. Vocally the album swims: yells, cleans, choral, shared male and female leads. Lyrically, Ultraviolet questions the validity of Absolute Truth. And the Christ follower in me, prone to similar curiosities, welcomes their inquiry.

Point blank: this record works. Slow and dire. Thick but beautiful. *Ultraviolet* pierces sensation, dividing the blur between conviction and suspicion. I've found profound creative inspiration in this record. And, called back, I've found Kylesa's discography generally scattered but consistently progressive.—KEVIN STILL

is former Pittsburgh Steelers head coach Bill Cowher and a video for "Cry Your Eyes Out" featuring Coach's acting prowess was posted on an NFL blog. I watched out of curiosity and was completely blown away by that song. It was like Pattie Smythe of Scandal fronting Pat Benatar's 1981 band. This song was a perfect send-up of early '80s power-pop/hard rock/AOR pre-MTV rock and roll. I watched the video five times in a row and made a note that I'd be buying this single when I got home. Instead, I bought the whole album.

There's nothing else on here as singularly right as "Cry Your Eyes Out" but *The Decade of Queen V* still plays out like a modern version of Scandal and Pat Benatar. The nods to modern rock radio are still here. A little Kelly Clarkson in "Good Enough"; a little Paramore in "America". But there's still a bit of old school Sunset Strip metal in "Million To One" and a surprising Lemmy cameo on "Wasted" and overall, I'm surprisingly feeling this Queen V album.

I'm not sure if "The Decade" refers to Queen V taking over the 2010's (I'm guessing if that's the case then we have some serious hyperbole going on) or, it's been since 2005 for Queen V's last album, perhaps this is the last 10 years of the Queen's life wrapped up in song? Meh, who gives a fuck really. This is a righteous big fist pumping modern rock record done without modern rock's current clichés.—KELLY MINNIS

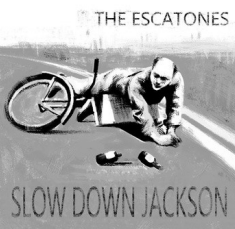


Avenged Sevenfold
Hail to the King

I never liked these guys, but they sell a shit-ton of t-shirts. When I taught high school English in Kansas City back nearly a decade ago, every other t-shirt was either Avenged Sevenfold, Fall-Out Boy or Bob Marley. I listened to some Avenged Sevenfold back in their *City of Evil* days, and it did not move me. The guitars were finger-plucky, weirdly masturbatory, like darkly electric blue-grass, and the vocals were operatic, but they did not move me.

This new *Hail To The King* circumcises all seven of Avenged's folds - to a certain degree. As a progressive metal record, AHTK fails. As a retrospective hat-tip to the slim history of late 80s hair metal, Judas Priest, or any Ozzy album featuring Zakk Wyld, the album serves as a catchy karaoke track of drunk sung nostalgias. I can't

shake the notion that this record would have killed in the early 90s. But this ain't the early 90s. Avenged Sevenfold hallows-out a fine tribute to their predecessors and influences, but, like so much of their cultural fodder, I predict they'll shrink in the wash and fatten moths.—KEVIN STILL



The Escatones
Slow Down Jackson

There's a great deal to like on this double album by the three-piece Escatones, not the least is the off-kilter way vocalist/guitarist Conner Pursell approaches each tune. JT Popiel provides the bass while Ken (that's it, just Ken) drums. And, oh, yeah, it's free.

Sometimes erroneously labeled a surf band, the Escatones may be influenced by that sound, but they are not limited to just one genre (although there are three nice surf instrumentals, the best of which - "Matt Johnson" - samples the surf classic "Walk Don't Run"). The best tune is the great rocker "Get Me Outta Here" that features Pursell really leaning into the vocals, especially on the chorus: "I don't care how much the fare! Just get me outta here." We've all been there. Another strong song is "Fancy Walls" with its snappy beat and a tasty harmonica. It matches its "all right, all right" chorus with some oddball lyrics: "TV sets crack open/And out fly birds/And they'll peck the eyes out/Of people like you and me." "Loom" starts off straight out of the '60s, an insistent strumming joined by a haunted echoing vocal that explores that sound for more than six minutes. "Seeing Red" features a great guitar riff and a mournful vocal wanting to "burn out the nightmare." "Mother Methhead" is another mournful vocal with yet another catchy guitar riff that also segues into a great guitar exploration for nearly 5 minutes.

The album *Slow Down Jackson* goes short (the two-minute sweet rocking "Open Wide") and long (the slow brooding nearly 15-minute guitar/bass/drums oddity "Waterwall/Spin Cycle"). And then there's the strange "1890" about a 19th-century massacre: "Kill them all on sight." Even the lesser tunes have something to offer - the basic "Stars" just kicks along until a nice chorus merges into some very playful guitar. That's one of the beauties of this album - just when you think you've figured out what's next, you get an almost-Irish tune or a psycho freak-out. Don't slow down, and

see them live, too.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



Funeral Horse
Savage Audio Demon

Funeral Horse is the work of Houstonian Paul Chavez, who was also responsible for the electro-spazz of Art Institute and was until recently to be found Syl Sylvain-ing away at rhythm guitar for 1977 punk throwbacks The Bad Drugs. Funeral Horse is Paul's stoner metal band. That's the easy explanation. The more in-depth study shows that *Savage Audio Demon* goes a bit deeper than that.

Lead-off track "Fedaheen" is straight-up stoner metal and fans of Sleep will recognize what's going on here. Wait a sec. Once you make it to "Crushed Under Shame and Misery", it's rocking more like *My War* era Black Flag. Then you get to "Funeral Horse" and it sounds like Gibby Haynes fronting Clutch. "Scatter My Ashes Over the Mississippi" starts out like early Monster Magnet before kicking into something that sounds like Budgie or some other proto-New Wave of British Heavy Metal band. "Wings Ripped Apart" keeps that sort of NWOBHM steelo going. "Invisible Hand of Revenge" is near thrash metal velocity until it takes a "Black Diamond"-esque tape machine slowing down to 1" per minute speed code. The point here is that I think Funeral Horse has been unfairly lumped into the "stoner metal" category. While the band definitely has some of that vibe it also has elements of punk, gonzo, glam and early metal in it, too.—KELLY MINNIS



Maria Bamford
Ask Me About My New God

In recent Louis CK specials, Louis has helped us laugh at divorce and the grossness of narcissism. Patton Oswalt points fingers at parenthood and religion, while Sarah Silverman says fairly well



Queen V
The Decade of Queen V

I found this album in an unlikely way. Queen V's current boyfriend

concert calendar

9/5—Octopus Project, Scientist, Atarimatt @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/6—The Ton Ton's, The O's, Votary @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/7—Rattletree Marimba @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/12—Green River Ordinance @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/13—First Yell with **Robert Earl Keen, Lyle Lovett, Rodney Crowell, Emmylou Harris** @ Kyle Field, College Station. 8pm

9/13—Race To The Moon, Magic Girl & Her Ex-Husbands @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/14—Football, Etc., The Ex-Optimists, Sparrows, This Year's Tiger @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/19—Funeral Horse, P.L.X.T.X., The Tron Sack, \$PF 1,000,000 @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/20—Rock 103.9 Homebrew presents **Evil United** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/22—Kinky Friedman @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/27—Texas Reds Festival presents **Steve Warner, John Conley** @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 7pm

9/27—Zeale, Gobi, Lance Lane @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/28—Downfall 2012, Signal Rising, Myra Maybelle, Dimitri's Rail @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/3—Jonathan Tyler & The Northern Lights @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/5—The Hangouts, Girl Band, The Ex-Optimists, Bounce House @ New Republic Brewery, College Station. 8pm

10/6—Mushroomhead, One-Eyed Doll, Signal Rising @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

Special Reviews (cont.)

focused on race relations and farthing. Mike Birbiglia's most recent album actually made his sleepwalking disorder interesting, heart-breaking, and oddly hilarious. Tig Notaro, in an unexpected turn at the Largo Theater last year, brought her breast cancer into light and reiterated how vital comedy can be to coping with personal disaster. If comedy accomplishes anything profound or great, it's this: it teaches us to laugh in the face of unpleasantry, even despair.

And there's a good chance no one has touched as closely to the void as Maria Bamford. Those familiar with Bamford know her comedy revolves primarily around her bipolar disorder and her debilitating paranoia. Those unfamiliar with Bamford may not be prepared for her unique approach to comedy, which relies exclusively on character voices, random internal dialogues, and winding explorations of her family's inability to understand Maria as a fragile teetering being. (In fact, Bamford's family is extremely supportive of her comedy, as her parents declared by serving as the sole audience for Bamford's SPECIAL SPECIAL SPECIAL recorded earlier this year in their living room.)

As a huge fan of Maria Bamford, I think her newest record *Ask Me About My New God* is her best yet. It's tough for me not to use words like "genius" or "masterpiece" or "more inspiring than a Soul Surfer/Dead Poets mash-up" when discussing this record, so I'll just say it's really super fucking amazing. Here Bamford further tackles her mental instability, as well as her inability to function within her family and society, but she also addresses (at length) her suicidal tendencies and temptations. She even offers profound reasons to stay alive, such as spite. This is not the stuff—depression, anxiety, mental illness, suicide—one expects from the year's best comedy record, but Bamford is a brave one, revealing all her unwanted thoughts without reserve. As really good comedy should do.—KEVIN STILL

defending miley

Yes, I'm going there. Mainly because I'm surprised no one else has yet.

Everyone and their grandma has lined up to express their shock and awe at Miley Cyrus's performance at the 2013 MTV Video Music Awards last month. We've seen the endless handwringing, the memes (some hilarious, some not so much), the celebrities lining up to condemn her shenanigans, so many teenage (and not so teenage) memories of loving Hannah Montana burned to cinders...etc. blah blah blah. What I haven't seen is any of the internet tastemakers that as recently as two weeks before her performance were lauding her audacity and the straight up mindfuck of her most recent video for the single "We Can't Stop" coming out to defend her or at least add some context to her performance.



Stop reading this right now, go hunt YouTube for "We Can't Stop", watch it and then come back to me. Done? Word. Now Miley's performance begins to take on a little bit of context. In said video for "We Can't Stop", Miley spends a great deal of time doing some very odd things, many of those things we all saw in the VMA performance. The weird tongue thing, the dancing pushies, the twerking, the daggering, etc. This video was praised recently on influential blog *Dangerous Minds* for being "a mindfuck" and "straight up David Lynchian shit". I watched the video at the time and thought that whoever was coordinating Miley's art direction had spent a great deal of time watching *Holy Mountain* and Die

Antwoord videos. Miley's odd facial antics and her clothing...the whole white on white and '80s British Knights looking style... all seem to be directly cribbed from Yolandi

Visser. The outlandish celebration of hip-hop's current devices blown out of proportion tongue-in-cheek is Die Antwoord's specialty. The major difference between Miley Cyrus and the South African hip-hop duo is that Die Antwoord have decades of avant-garde performance art to their credit. Die Antwoord pull off the "are they for real?" audacity because we can't entirely be sure that they aren't for real. It is never in question whether or not Miley Cyrus is for real. I'm pretty sure the entire Miley Cyrus camp believes. Meanwhile, if I were Ninja and Yolandi, I'd be sending her a beargram in condolence.

I get that many of you out there didn't see this coming. The last time you saw Miley was on the last episode of *Hannah Montana*. I am willing to give Miley and company the benefit of the doubt that they had set up the "new Miley" in advance and had assumed that everyone was on the same page. They assumed we'd already seen "We Can't Stop" and were ready to see Miley's new artistic direction blown up to VMA proportion. They were dreadfully wrong. That was a pretty gutsy and ballsy move on their part. I have respect for believing in something and going out and giving it 110%. Miley and her artistic team failed. They failed BIG. I like that Miley and company at least *tried* to go big. Sometimes you stick that sick move. Sometimes you break something on landing.—KELLY MINNIS

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