

97.9 REPRESENT



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fare—Still Drinking...Hijacked—Tape Out: Only Beast—Forgiveness For a Mon-
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979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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Kelly Minnis—Kevin Still

Art Splendidness

Katie Killer—Wonko The Sane

Folks That Did the Other Shit For Us

Mike L. Downey—Todd Hansen—Jessica Little—

Danielle Renee—William Thompson

On the Interwebz Thingy at

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

Email to redchapterjubilee@yahoo.com

Materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

979Represent

15530 Creek Meadow Blvd. N.

College Station, TX 77845

979-204-4850

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King Nothing

Choked yet again by the reigns of time. I feel the marks as they're left across my throat. I find myself starring once again into the unknown, confident of knowing that the unknown is no longer unknown once it has been discovered. I scratch my head and stare at a wall. I take another deep breath and remind myself that "the birds are cared for and sheltered by whatever IS, and as a person - one of "his" most cherished creations according to most scripture - I too am provided and protected for." For what god would turn his back on a fellow seeker of truth? Given I take care of me most of the time. There are always those moments when no amount of planning and safeguarding will do anyone any good, and that's when IS steps in. Step over another pseudo revelation into a more centered frame of mind if for but a moment. "I walk the streets at night to be hidden by the city lights" the song sings... Truer words perhaps have never been spoken - cliché - I know.

There's a line of phantoms outside my house rapping on my door. If they just wanted sugar or water perhaps I would be more inclined to answer. Instead they want me to help them answer their death long questions about what living is about. "How the fuck should I know?" I think to myself. Reeling from the thoughts of morbid dreams. Plastic people with doll eyes waiting by my windows peering in as if to see it all, but alas their eyes are plastic and they lay witness to nothing. The tremors start. The dance music plays. The living are throwing a farewell party for themselves, but only the dead are invited. I hesitate to think of how this will unfold...

Moments pass as I harass myself for answers to questions I have yet to ask. Frustration boils to the point of vapor and I inhale the mist. Pathos be damned. Triumphant archangels assemble by my side to seek my council. "Who am I to them?" I think. "You are he who is not but is" I hear their crystallized voices sing. Flesh crawls as winged serpents masquerade as birds filling the nights sky. Across the street in the shadows an impish man sits pounding away. To what? I dare not ask nor think.

Candlestick creatures take form in my study and instruct me as to where the pen should take me. The ever constant creeping death causes their lit wick faces to flicker giving them an ominous glow that is both tranquilly fantastic as well as hellishly horrid. Reaching through my flesh to guide my moving hand, a ghost of myself scrawls these words on parched paper made from worn bits of yesterday's news. Moving in and out the winds whisper "move ahead"... I think it's just the voice of a drunken stranger, but the wind uplifts me and carries me ahead to fate awaiting...

The chimes of the bell toll that change is nigh. Darkened clouds with grandiose golden lining form as priests christen escape rafts ready at the bay of Cope. These miracles made stronger merely by refusing to refute. Bodies of liquid azul reflect the sorrows of a world gone astray. An empty ashtray burns from neglect. The imploding atom smasher tears reality to bits, yet somehow sustains existence for another million years. I cough blackened sludge but can pay no mind knowing a "snooze" button exists...For I am flawed perfection in its rawest form. Call me pompous - call me pious - call me the modern self damning machine. For when I am King you will call me "NOTHING" - the nothing that IS. — WILLIAM THOMPSON



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What If the Kids Don't Follow?

For the past several years Texas A&M faculty and staff have watched with arched eyebrow and, in many cases, near-panic as an amazing amount of change has been adopted in the way the university is funded, feeds its students, tends its land, governs its IT, doles out federal research grants and manages its administrative staff. Budgets have been cut by double figure percentages, staff have been laid off, and faculty have been asked to retire at record rate. At a recent all hands on deck meeting between campus administrators and Texas A&M Board of Regents chancellor John Sharp many of the anxieties, fears and outright hardships were aired to Sharp who seemed shocked to hear about any of this. When confronted with the overwhelming tide of negativity and claims of basement level campus morale Sharp seemed genuinely surprised. Sharp's response was that it couldn't be that bad or he would have heard about it from former students, who instead had flooded his email box praising how nicely campus grounds are kept and how smoothly A&M has handled its influx of SEC cash chuckers on Aggie football gamedays. Talk about out of touch! But it should be no surprise that Sharp has this chasm of disconnect with faculty and staff. Afterall, he and his other Gov. Perry-appointed cronies are merely attempting to run a public-funded Tier 1 research facility like a corporation. And the CEO enriches his/herself at the expense of the hench (wo) men at the bottom of the pile. So Sharp is only running things to direction. But what if the kids don't follow?

I speak specifically about students, who have started to wisen up to what is really happening on their campus. Staff and faculty are quite used to getting the shaft at A&M, but students aren't used to being taken advantage of or duped specifically to help fund the regents and state legislatures' grand schemes for scratching the backs of their big-time campaign donors. Well, the pigeons are coming home to roost. Recently, local newspaper *The Eagle* has run several excellent exposes on the aftermath of outsourcing dining services at A&M's flagship campus. Meal tickets cost more, are much less flexible, the food quality is questionable and, for the first time in recent memory, campus eateries were closed for health code violations. Yet freshman and sophomore students who live on campus are required to purchase these meal plans and there is talk about enforcing on-campus juniors and seniors to also do so. All of this with little recourse for the consumer. The student senate has petitioned A&M and Chartwells, the company with the dining services contract, to roll back the changes and to credit students for the meals they missed (if a student misses a meal it simply disappears, it does not carry over any longer under new rules). Chartwells has not responded yet. A&M has not compelled any changes, and has said that outright dismissal of the contract would cost millions of dollars and 40 faculty positions. So students are compelled to prop up the Chartwells agreement, even if students are overwhelmingly upset at the bad service they are receiving.

Meanwhile, A&M is also talking about mandating that all freshmen live on campus. This is not egregious outright, as

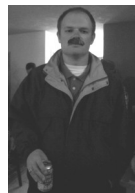
many other colleges around the country make this requirement for freshmen that don't commute or live in the college community with their parents. Yet Texas A&M entered into an agreement with Balfour Beatty to build privately funded residence halls on campus, thanks to a new state law allowing private development of public land (which Balfour Beatty helped to get passed through the legislature). Balfour Beatty builds, A&M administers and profits, and students, who now have a choice to not live on campus find that choice threatened. I have a background in student services and I share the opinion that students who live on campus perform better and graduate in greater numbers than those who don't. Research figures back this opinion. But I can't help but feel like, once again, Sharp and the Board of Regents are compelling students to help make the case for their changes by forcing them to be consumers of these products. Ha! Imagine that. Free market conservatives who espouse the economics of Ayn Rand who, sadly, become big time communists when it helps to support their business partnerships.

And yet this is not all. Students, faculty and staff are all being compelled through 20+% hikes in parking permit fees to pay for two extra campus parking garages, one such at Kyle Field that is not anywhere near any of the areas students live. Two other parking garages are being built elsewhere around campus with secured funding, but the Kyle Field parking garage will be funded on the backs of students who will never park in that garage, as it will be used almost exclusively for gamedays, sold as packages for season ticket holders. Again, the student senate rose to the occasion and voted to not participate in the funding of said garages. And of course, this senate vote, like all the others, will fall on completely deaf ears.

All of the changes that the Board of Regents and the State Legislature have foisted off on Texas A&M University have largely affected only faculty and staff. The downsizing and outsourcing haven't really had any sort of effect on the average student. But now that students are now able to feel the policy decisions now at the ground level I am curious as to what the reaction will be. Sure, the student senate has responded (with about the same effect as when college deans and administrators responded to the Board) but I am curious if students will really begin to make a change for themselves on campus. Will they boycott dining services? Will they park off-campus instead? Will they vote with their feet and decide to go to a different school? Or will the more well-heeled students have a chat with Daddy Former Student about these transgressions. What if Daddy decided that maybe he didn't need to make his five or six figure donation to A&M next year since the school seems to be finding other ways to fund things? That is the *only* way that the message would get through to Sharp and pals. My guess is that new students clamoring to come to A&M now thanks to ZOHHMIGOD JOHNNY FOOTBALL!!! will conveniently ignore these red flags and keep enrolling. But what if the kids don't follow? That would indeed by a curious thing to see.—KELLY MINNIS

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Todd On Film: Dallas Buyers Club

For those who don't know me personally, I recently moved from Bryan/College Station to that little town of Houston towards the southeast. I never thought it would happen, but my movie watching life has changed, accordingly. Movies are ten bucks minimum rather than the four dollars and change I'm accustomed to. The theater closest to me even charges for parking. Work schedules also make it difficult to see all the new releases that I want to, partially because of my own 8-to-5 routine but also due to friends' own busy schedules. I never minded seeing a movie by myself for the cheap student rate in College Station, but with the increased price my enthusiasm has diminished. There's also Netflix, whose catalog of films and shows has grown stronger, but often I find myself wishing I'd seen a great film in the theaters four months prior rather than on my little tablet.

All of that said, my recent trip to River Oaks Theatre was a reminder of how satisfying going to the movies can be. *Dallas Buyers Club* was the movie that drew me out of my cave, not only because its title contains the name of my birthplace but also because of the numerous accolades it has received so far. Similar to the way that *Bernie* painted an outstanding illustration of Anywhere Small-Town, Texas, this film effectively places the audience in the blue collar-side of Dallas in the 80s. Starting at the rodeo and working its way from oil fields to trailer parks and cheap motels, it is immediately clear that this story is not about old money, Highland Park, or the Ewing family.

The decade also puts the story right in the middle of the AIDS epidemic, which is not typically associated with Texas but still played a major part in existing urban cultures, regardless of sexual orientation. Dallas seems to draw a lot of ire from the rest of the state for a variety of reasons. It's geographically remote from other large Texas cities, it has a reputation of being populated with rich snobs, its arts culture can leave things to be desired, and the Cowboys are annoying. I get it. For a few decades Dallas was also known nationally as the City of Hate for being the site of the Kennedy assassination, despite the fact that it was the act of a single crazed man. From personal experience and travels to most every place within our borders except El Paso, I can tell you that Dallas is not very different from the other major metros. There are even weird and interesting communities that are a part of it; you just have to know where to look.

Matthew McConaughey stars as Ron Woodruff, an electrician

by day and bull rider by night who does booking on the side and is always looking for a good party. He lives hard and without consequence, but the lifestyle will soon catch up with him. Not much later after making fun of Rock Hudson's death, Ron finds himself in a hospital being diagnosed as HIV-positive. His initial reaction is that the hospital obviously made a mistake; he's not a queer, so there's no way he could

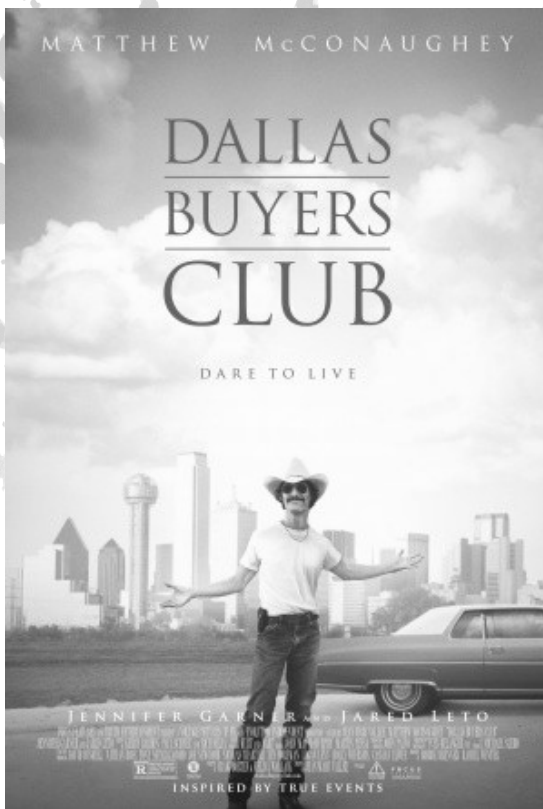
have this disease, and damn anyone that says otherwise. He gets back on the bull and to the bottle, only to find himself getting worse, upon which he decides he should take his illness more seriously. The most immediate solution is medication, but there is no cure, and the hospital is only offering a trial drug with limited access and unproven results. Ron needs something more immediate, because it's becoming clear to him that he's running out of time.

Ron is an extremely interesting character to follow around because he's crude and wild, but it's also apparent that he's smarter under the surface than his appearance leads you to believe. Throughout the film Ron is told there are no options left, but instead of quitting he finds a way to invent another one. At the same time he is drawn towards the same people that his homophobia previously despised, not because he sympathizes with them, but rather because he doesn't have any other choice. Ron's motivations from the onset are completely selfish in nature. He's not trying to sympathize with other people struggling with the same

affliction, and he's not searching for an epiphany as to what the AIDS epidemic is about. He's trying to survive, by any means or unapproved drugs necessary to do so. Once he does help himself, his journey towards understanding does not stem from a single eureka moment but from several small encounters that shape his perceptions of the world around him.

Ron's main sidekick is kindred partying spirit, a transvestite played wonderfully by Jared Leto, who should probably stick to acting rather than music. Leto's character Rayon teases Ron from the get-go, knowing he can't stand even the slightest touch from a non-female, and helps Ron realize the potential of unauthorized medication he obtains. I'll also mention Steve Zaun here, mostly because he was in *That Thing You Do*, but also because he's criminally underrated and does well in the little screen time he is given. Without question McConaughey is the star, and he carries the movie the whole way through. By the end of the movie there are still cowboy hats, but we also get the rest of Dallas to go with them. Sometimes we just need our eyes opened to see everything.—

TODD HANSEN



still drinking...hijacked

I'm hijacking my co-editor's beer drinking column this month to talk a bit about some locally brewed beer. Say what? People brew beer in the Brazos Valley again? Yes, it is true. Odds are if you've visited Revolution Café & Bar in downtown Bryan in the past couple of years you may have had a pint or two of **New Republic's Bellows** (now called **Dammit Jim!**) or **Skylight**, or at least seen the tap handles on display. But I also intend to speak a little about Blackwater Draw as well, plus I'll dig into some other issues farther down the column so...first things first.

New Republic brews beer out in the wilds of College Station near 2818 and Holleman in a nice industrial park. They have been doing so for several years now. I was excited as could be to drink local brew and enjoyed many a Dammit Jim and Skylight, the former an amber, the latter a dunkel, both malty and European in nature, sweetish and quite tasty. But something must have been going on with quality control over there as several of my fellow quaffers and I experienced some bizarre hangovers and near psychedelic trips from a batch of Skylight a couple of years back. So I shied away from them. Recently, Revolution Café beer buyer Cameron Shults began working with New Republic and assured me things were different now. Shortly thereafter, New Republic hit the market with their first bottled beer, **Astrolabe**. Apparently a batch of Skylight turned sour on them, but rather than dump it they decided to accentuate that sourness by aging it in merlot barrels. I had a bomber of Astrolabe the week it was released and woohaa is it ever sour. But tasty nonetheless and definitely taking on a bit of the viney grape quality from the wine barrel aging. That weekend I attended a tasting at the brewery itself and had a pint of Astrolabe on tap and it tasted quite different. Almost like a watered down version of the bomber. The bottle is *definitely* the way to go with this one.

Later that night brewer Dean Brundage gave me the tiniest taste of their latest brew, **Windlass**, a sweet potato porter. It had not really completed its journey but it showed promise. Last month Windlass made its official debut. Now, in polite conversation with Dean, I remarked upon having been duly impressed with **Lazy Magnolia's Jefferson Stout**, a fantastic sweet potato-infused cream stout. That brew had very little sweet potato taste to it, but it definitely had a bit of starchy mouthfeel, perhaps the first time I'd ever had the term "mouthfeel" pop to mind for pretty much any beer I've ever had. Windlass, on the other hand, actually conveys a bit of the yummy sweetness to the charred darkness of a good porter. New Republic intends to bomber this one as well and will make a fine beer for the season. Mostly I'm impressed that New Republic offers some different stuff than other Texas brewers at this point. Hopefully it will help them separate from the pack a bit and make a successful run at getting some respect from other beer nerds outside the 979.

Just last month another commercial brewer came on the scene in College Station, and on Northgate nonetheless. **Blackwater Draw** opened its doors in November as College Station's first brewpub, taking advantage of a recent law making way for just such a venture. It was opened by the good folks who run O'Bannons, pretty much the carrier of the largest selection of beer on tap in the Brazos Valley. Those guys know beer, so you'd expect that a brewpub owned by them would kick out a selection of top-rate homebrew. I had a chance to take on a pint of **Contract Killer**, their stab (teehee) at a coffee porter. First of all, I should say I'm terribly excited that everyone around here is offering up a porter, as it is probably my favorite style of beer. All my friends know that **Deschutes Black Butte Porter** is probably my favorite beer of all time, if I had to pick just one. Contract Killer has that charred dark quality of a good porter with the just the hint of coffee in the aftertaste. It doesn't overwhelm the porter at its base. It's no **Harpoon El Triunfo** which is the king of coffee-based porters, but what

is, really? It is no slouch though. I was sorely disappointed that **Ol' Saint Nippleaus**, Blackwater's peppermint stout wasn't ready yet (it will be later this month) but I did have a look at the **Kolsch** and it looked suitably hazy and pale. Their quirky menu shows the same care of attention and excellent taste as their beer. Blackwater Draw exudes a lot of promise and I hope it will be able to stick around.

Now, it's not a December Still Drinking if no one gets to crow about how much **St. Arnold Pumpkinator** they've put away thus far. But it almost wasn't to be. The word is out amongst even casual beer connoisseurs about the finest of pumpkin-infused beers and so on the rainy day in October that Pumpkinator hit the shelves of B/CS...it immediately disappeared. And I mean *immediately*. Specs ran out by day's end, and they had a strict one bomber per person policy. All three HEB's ran out by early afternoon, and the beer buyer at the Tower Point HEB told me that a bunch of Houston people drove up and bought four cases in one swoop. Jackasses. But I can't blame them, as apparently the Houston Specs locations ran out of it in 90 minutes. But never fear, turns out there were other places that had it and yours truly and the 979 crew were able to put a few bottles away for safe keeping. I drank a bomber on my own and was reminded immediately why it retains the title of Pumpkin King. The One Pumpkin Beer to Rule Them All. I enjoyed schooners of it at O'Bannons (I was the first draw on their keg) and at Rudyards in Houston (which has THE best selection of beers for a rock club). But I should also say that there were a couple of other fantastic pumpkin beers I tasted this season out of a regular glut of pumpkin brews (it is this season's "barrel aged" cliché). **Karbach's Krunkin' Pumpkin** was surprisingly delicious. Not overly hopped (like I find most of their line) and the beer at the bottom was nicely sweet and malty, with a bit of pumpkin and toasty cracker dryness at the top. So the world must be switching polarity as this is the second Karbach beer I've liked (I rather enjoyed their **Oktoberfest** as well). Another very fine pumpkin beer was **Harpoon's Imperial Pumpkin Stout**. It is a near doppelganger for Pumpkinator, but with more of that scotch-y heaviness that comes from the barrel aging (and the added alcohol). I must say though I was fairly disappointed in **Dogfish Head's Punkin Ale**. It is based on a brown ale (like so many of their finest, like **Palo Santo**) but it has WAY too much of the dry nutmeg quality to it. I drank one and felt like I needed a Gatorade afterwards. The opposite of thirst quenching.

And one more beer I should mention casually, as it is not a seasonal dealy or a pumpkin beer or locally brewed, but it sure impressed the shinola out of me. I picked up a bomber of **Anderson Valley Wild Turkey Bourbon Barrel Stout** on a whim recently and was completely floored. I was expecting another heavily scotch-y imperial sort of stout but this Texas tea looking brew was as smooth as smooth could be, with a tad of saltiness and a little bourbon twang. It is fairly light on the alcohol too (around 5%) so I didn't feel guilty at all drinking two of them in a row. It's a fine sipping beer that definitely is more than worth its weight. HEB still has them in abundance at \$9.99 and I need to begin hoarding these away as I will most certainly miss being able to have one of these on demand.

I should forewarn all of you that in the January issue we will have the annual Christmas beer tomfoolery, where the staff gets together and gets drunk...under the auspice of "Christmas beer tasting". (That is, if there is Xmas beer to taste...there's not a lot out there at the present). By the time we've tasted 4 or 5 we're sufficiently loose, and that's with a good dozen or so left to try. It's always fun...at least for us. I'm sure I'll have a peppermint stout by then to crow about as well. And maybe Herr Still will be through conditioning and Ph balancing his luxurious beard by then and can contribute a bit to his own column that I just so irreverently hijacked.—*KELLY MINNIS*

Loved ones, fathers, sons, friends, and the stranger walking down the street; we cannot completely know about the life of an army man. We can never know the hardship or struggles of each individual that makes an army whole, and we will never see the images for feel the fear that nestles by their side on a constant. Each experience is beautiful and molding in its own way, and luckily I annoyed three men enough to give me a glimpse into their time inside war and revolution. Each man I interviewed I know on a personal level, and I thank them for letting me inside something that no one really wants to talk about, let alone describe so I could attempt to paint a picture of horror and sadness, of death and guilt, and of a piece of themselves. I love each of them dearly.

Soldier J

Soldier J, he's tall, broad, goofy and simultaneously intimidating. He has a beard better than Chuck Norris and Abe Lincoln combined. He has a sense of humor that's clever and witty; He's a friend, a father and he works for what he's got. Independent swirled with pride, Soldier J is 100% testosterone and heart.

Born and raised in Wichita Falls, Soldier J grew up in two homes, one with his mother and one with his father. He explained Wichita Falls to be something of a trap. "Once you've gotten to a certain age there, there's no leaving." Soldier J worked for a few places before finding his place within the Infantry. Soldier J worked for a moving company and he worked for a family friend's machine shop that built industrial sized clutches. He wanted something more in life, he said: "I wanted to be a part of something that mattered, something bigger than me." After 9/11 it seemed as though the media promised what he was looking for, and the military would provide a way to fulfill that inner voice that craved to stand tall in a world that seemed to crawl unnoticed. So, when the initial idea and opportunity arrived, Soldier J signed up for the military. It was at a time when the levels of American pride where on the rise and growing higher and higher every day; patriotism and bravery fueled most men into joining the military and Soldier J was no different.

Soldier J went through the same basic training any other infantry brother would go through. Living 45 minutes from Lawton Oklahoma where Entering M.E.P.S (Military Entrance Process Station) was located, Soldier J Drove to Dallas, flew to Oklahoma and took a bus to Lawton. This is military logic. He went through the usual physical—which included a hemorrhoid check, I guess that matters in the military—drug screening, and x-ray evaluation to make sure he was able to achieve any task given to him. He accomplished basic training to condition his body and mind for extreme situations and physical hardship. Once basic training was over Soldier J was deployed to Kuwait where most are sent to train more and adapt to the culture, environment and the idea of time as it didn't matter how long you would be in a hell hole like the desert.

Once introduction was over, soldier J became a part of QRF (Quick Reaction Force) where he became a lead truck gunner. As well as performed daily mounted patrols in his sector. During Soldier J's deployment, he and his platoon experienced and accomplished a variety of things. There were many types of missions, chaotic and not. The less chaotic side of his deployment included providing better education facilities to the children of his sector, water treatment facility projects, first aid/ medical attention, training the Iraqi police, and attempting to maintain civil peace within villages. The more chaotic side accounted for daily IED engagement, random drive by shootings, daily mortar attacks, and fighting a very camouflaged and elusive enemy.

On one occasion, it was Soldier J's first night off since being deployed. A BBQ was planned for his QRF team. His team was replaced for the night by a platoon of friends in his battery. As the fire was lit for the BBQ an explosion was heard and felt but was not seen. Everyone knew something big had happened, but couldn't figure out just what. As the

the individual

story by je

platoon gathered around the radio to listen to the traffic, they heard the report: two KIA (killed in action). Two sets of initials were reported and it didn't take long to realize which two friends were killed. It was a planned ambush that took the life of two friends. Initially Soldier J's platoon was to go and recover the bodies and also backup the ambushed platoon, but after seeing how emotionally twisted everyone was, his superiors sent another unit. I asked him what his initial reaction was. He responded: "I was angry. I and many others wanted to grab whatever weapon we could and kill whoever was responsible for what had happened. I felt guilty and I felt this horrible sadness. There is no room for logic or reasoning in a room full of aggression, especially if his friend anger is present. This was motivation for aggression. The beginning of a realization you can be guided in any direction by the use of your emotions. Fuel for the fire. This is how I believed our government; the media used our emotions in order to gain support for the Iraqi war."

I then asked Soldier J if he felt like all of it mattered. Soldier J: "The initial reason to go to Iraq was inaccurate. Emotions where manipulated to support an unjust cause. I and everyone were lied to. Revenge was the way it was, if one organization bombed another then fire was just. I have no regrets and cannot change the past. Everything is at it should be, it is what it is and that it's all that it is. The only thing I can do and we as a whole is reflect on the past in hopes to improve the future. It is impossible to be without flaw, but it is very possible to just do your best."

Soldier A

Soldier A is tall and lean with a smile to kill and a sense of humor to adore. He knows how to speak six different languages and is extremely intelligent. He's a 46 year old Bosnian who fought in the 1990's for the independence of Bosnia from the Yugoslavia republic and Serbia, who wanted to control all of Yugoslavia. Tired of communism within his country, Soldier A joined the army for democracy and independence from dictation and oppression.

Soldier A and his family have owned a butcher shop for generations, so he and his family were well off before the war. Soldier A was 25 and had a wife and a son who was 2 at the time. His job within the war was sniper specialist. He described himself as a badass. I believe him. His craft with a knife is due to the fact he has come from a family of butchers for generations. Soldier A walks with a lethal swag, but has this humble grace about him. He completely fascinates me, and when I set down for an interview, I wasn't prepared to hear the things he spoke of.

Joining a war in a country like Bosnia isn't like joining the army here in America. There were no issued weapons or big pieces of machinery to aid in the fight for freedom. Soldier A explained it as "Serbia had all of the big weapons and guns, we had our own personal weapons and rocks. Who could afford a gun had one and who didn't just didn't." Soldier A had moral rules to follow as did the other men fighting for the Bosnian side; no women should be shot, no children should be shot, but the men were fair game. Russians and Serbs were on the open season list of men who should die. It seemed a bit ruthless when listening to his stories, but one must understand that a war like the Bosnian war was unfair and unjust. It was either shoot or be shot. A revolution is never clean or fair, so putting my ideas aside I listened and tried not to cry. He fought for his country and the freedom for his life and his families.

Soldier A eventually wound up in a concentration camp like most of the Bosnians who lived through the revolution. He told me "25 Serbian soldiers surrounded my house one day to take me away. I had no choice but to go. My son was playing in the street along with the other children when he saw what was happening. The last thing he asked me, the last words we

Acts of Warfare

Jessica Little

was talking like an Italian gangster."

Soldier A Eventually left Dallas because the big city was just too much, and he eventually obtained his current job where his skill with a

spoke to each other for the next 4 years, he asked me "Daddy, are you stronger than the soldiers?" It broke my heart." He added, "As a father, as a man, what was I supposed to say? I told him 'yes, I was stronger than all of the soldiers.' And then they took me away." The Serbian army loaded up Soldier A and transported him to a concentration camp. I'm not allowed to say which one. His first day there was nothing but an introduction and this is where he received his number. This number is tattooed on Soldiers A's hand in between his thumb and wrist. Marked in black faded ink, it holds a curiosity to any average eye and has this beautiful, horrifying, unimaginable presence about it. The Serbian soldiers would call out numbers for the prisoners to do certain jobs, or—mainly on Sunday—would call out numbers to be executed. Soldier A's number was called twice on two different Sundays, and so twice he wrote goodbye letters home, telling his wife and children how much he loved them and this is would be the end. By the grace of God his number was called out so he could use his skill of the knife for the Serbian soldiers. Those Sundays he was used as a butcher to slice meat for the soldiers and so he was saved by his families passed down profession.

I then asked him about his experience inside the concentration camp. He didn't want to tell me too much about it and I don't blame him. He described the people as starved and beaten; "sometimes we didn't have water to drink, so we had to drink our own urine. People were dying left and right from starvation, dehydration and heat stroke. I remember it was so hot and humid, I remember it was hell."

I asked Soldier A what he and the others did to pass time. He said most of them drank and smoked a lot of pot. Some people knew how to make alcohol and so they did; Soldier A described the homemade concoction to be compared to gasoline, and most men drank every day. I asked him about the pot and said that it was smuggled in. It was easy to smuggle marijuana and alcohol in the camp.

Soldier A eventually escaped from his concentration camp. I asked him how, and he told me, but made me promise not to write about. He was brave.

After escaping the camp Soldier A made a four month journey to Germany on foot. Sleeping during the day and traveling at night, he walked from his country of Bosnia all the way to Germany; eating and drink whatever he could. Soldier A had a family member who lived in Germany, and by the time he got there Soldier A was so malnutrition he was immediately put into the hospital where he was fed rice water through a bottle. Weeks passed as he regained his vitality, and when he finally was able to leave the hospital he made his journey home.

Life continued and he tried his best to adapt. Soldier A's wife heard an offer from the United States president for citizenship into America. Only in a dream he thought, but fate was on his side when he and his family were granted access into America. He arrived in New York City and described it as the most beautiful thing—until he hit traffic. Once he was given his citizenship he came to Dallas. "I remember my first day in Dallas like it was yesterday. It was drizzling, and I got lost in the city: I had \$55 in my pocket, knew no English and didn't know the name of my street I lived on. I walked around for a while until I came across some buildings that looked European and walked inside. It looked German, so I spoke to a man hoping someone would know German and luckily he did." Soldier A walked into a butchery and his charm and personality landed him a job where he was finally able to provide enough money to support his family and live a good life. Soldier A eventually learned English from watching movies with subtitles. "I would watch old Italian movies and put on subtitles and eventually I learned how to speak Italian. People would look at me and would wonder why I

knife aided him perfectly. I asked him, after every horrible thing he has witnessed and was a part of, how did he keep his sanity and his humanity. He told me that it's never easy to be humble, he still has flashbacks and he still has rage. Soldier A found the good that is still left within some people and holds on to good friends and keeps his family close. He is happy and is proud that he fought for the freedom of his country. Soldier A was a part of the most horrible genocide in Europe since the Holocaust, but he is still smiling, he is still walking and standing tall, he is alive and breathing a beautiful life that he earned. He values every day and has the most beautiful outlook on the world, it's honest and wise and makes me quiver whenever he talks about humanity.

Sgt. J

As a child Sgt. J always wanted to have a glory job, and I say glory as in making a difference and taking a stand for something he believes in.

Sgt. J is 20. He's about average height but seems as though he stands ten feet tall. He's a philosophical human being, which is a surprise for being a 20 year old male. His sense of humor is refreshing as he is crude and perverted in the best way possible. His heart is big with intentions of the purest nature; he is an embodiment of optimism for humanity, love, and nobility. He works hard for what he has and what he wants, and only being 20, he has moved up within the military career ladder and plans to climb higher.

Sgt. J joined the military at 18, after working odd jobs and after waiting for his first child to be born. I asked Sgt. J about the first day he realized that he was truly and irrevocably in the military. He described is as wet, "from all of the sweat from training and the spit from the drill sergeants yelling in your face." He didn't mind being spat on or yelled at because he knew this is what it takes to make it in the army, "they're there to stress you and push you to the breaking point, but it's your job to not let that happen, the idea is to be as tough as possible." Sgt. J went to take the ASVAB (an aptitude test) and soon after he was sworn into the Army. On his way to Georgia to do his other basic training, Sgt. J ended up there for four months where he also did his individual training for his MOS (Military Occupation Specialties). After Georgia he was sent back to Texas where he spent three months and then he volunteered to be deployed to southern Afghanistan. His first two weeks he was sent up in a tent to catch up with his unit, where he trained on different vehicles, weapon systems and patrolling train up to spot IEDs and things of that nature. He finally loaded up in an armor-cased truck to join his unit. He discovered he had no ammunition; the only thing he had was a shiny club. Worried but assured by his peers that it would be okay he fell asleep on his way to his unit. Coming into the area where Sgt. J's unit awaited him, there was an explosion. "There were a bunch of Afghans blown up; most of them were charred, so some of my friends picked up bodies and packed some of bodies up to get treatment. When I arrived everyone was on edge."

Sgt. J was eventually was assigned as Personal Security Detail for Brigade Commander and Brigade Sergeant Major when they went off of their perimeter, he was also security for high value personnel. Being on high alert was a given due to the fact that in some cases he and his group would have many Afghans surrounding them. He would travel to schools and other places to check for repairs, and it was his job to protect the Afghani civilians and his team. I asked Sgt. J what the Afghani people were like. He painted them as interesting individuals, saying "many were uneducated, but some were extremely smart with college degrees. A lot of the men were homosexual because it is culturally accepted and the way they see it, it's not against their religion because it is

continues on the next page ->

<- continue from previous page Forgiveness For a Monster

culturally accepted and the way they see it, it's not against their religion because it is accepted. They are extremely kind people, I hold no stigma against them. I've had multiple intellectual conversations with Afghan people." I asked Sgt. J if the Afghani people seem to be on defense when Americans first come in contact with them. Sgt. J said that the American soldiers have been there for so long that they've become used to the fact that they are there; it's no big deal to them anymore and on plenty of occasions Afghani people would come up to the soldiers to ask for water, and the children would come and ask for pens; they seemed to be in love with plain old writing pens.

Sgt. J. experienced IEDs, the desert, the culture and the life of an infantry man. He understands that death is a given within his job and respects the value of life. He still has his faith that his job has a higher purpose. He believes that our goal and responsibility as Americans is to stabilize the world and look out for other people. "If we have people doing ungodly things to other people, is it not our job as human beings to help stop it?" He's learned and has grown, and he believes without the military he could see himself in jail. Having issues with drug and alcohol abuse, the military helped him become clean and have structure. "I'm definitely happy and confident in the choice I made to join the military, It saved me."

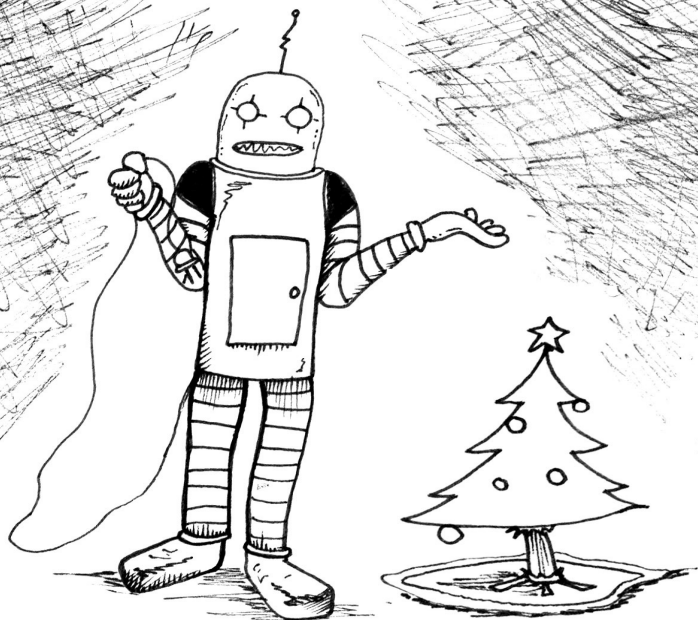
Each man got something different from their time fighting and protecting, but one thing they have all in common is that they wanted to make a difference; they wanted to make their world better so they did what they knew they could. They fought. War is as old as time itself, and as human beings this is what we resort to whether it's for the betterment of mankind or not. Revolution, false promises, or just being saved, the military gave each of them something that has shaped them into beautiful pieces of art. I hope they know that and I hope they hold onto that forever.

It's dawn and the first rays of day shine on the face of an unsuspecting hate monger. His eyes cringe and flicker with angst... This cycle signals the start of another day. Another miserable day which is sure to be filled with awkward moments, dumb comments, blank stares, and screaming kids. "Why do I do this?" he thinks to himself. "Is this life truly better than the life I would have had I kept killing?" He hears yelling outside his window... The neighbor's dog must have gotten loose again. That flea ridden - mange-infected - sack of bones. "Why would anyone waste food on such a thing?" he mumbles quietly to himself trying to go back to sleep.

The sound of an all too familiar "click" causes him to open his eyes with haste. He opens his mouth to scream, but before he can a cold steel barrel is quickly shoved into his mouth - leaving a bitter metallic taste... He cringes... He knew this day would come. That's just how the killing game works... Once you kill someone, it's just a matter of time before you get killed yourself. Some just get to live longer than others - that's all. For our man in question, that's twenty-five years of waiting, wondering, plotting suicide, and trying to live a "normal" life. Now it's all about to end... Finally, the wait is over. The guessing of when, where, and how all answered. His squirming ceases... his body goes limp...his eyes no longer cringe with fear - but shine with a glint of hope. He mumbles a near indistinguishable "thank you" and manages to cock a half grin before the hammer strikes... And in a flash it's all over. He has just been forgiven - baptized in his own blood... At peace forever.—
WILLIAM THOMPSON

THIS HOLIDAY SEASON GIVE THE
GIFT OF LIFE. GIVE ROBOTS
POWER.

Lighter Side of Nuthin'





still thinking

It was a gift from my wife. She gave it to me as a way to squander and pollute myself—for a fixed monthly fee—after grad school. And it was a great graduation gift. Ten times better than a stupid tie or a flask that I don't even have the nerve to drink from in public. No, a subscription to Netflix was the perfect gift for me. With two discs a month and unlimited Watch Instant access, I could squander and pollute myself for days and weeks without end. I thanked her immediately by watching *Mega-Piranha*. I may have even told her to hush when houses along the shoreline began exploding when the mega-piranhas jumped out of the water and crashed into them. Yes, explosive piranha. I was home.

Ever since I asked Alex P. Keaton into my heart at the tender age of five, I have enjoyed films. But the pressures of grad school, the long hours in Evans Library hunkered over giant tomes of *Reading Research Quarterly*, building lame PowerPoints and writing papers-papers-what-the-shit-more-papers, suddenly made all the *Friday the 13th* sequels and *Mega-Piranha* knock-offs and Sarah Silverman programs damn near medicinal. After grad school, my love of films grew so intense that films oozed out of me. I even began blogging with other cinephiles exclusively about films. Hours I sat parked in the dark on a couch staring intently into lives more beautiful and daring and whimsical than my own. I crawled back into the light after each showing to the grim realities of my existence. Oh, we're out of orange juice. Eh, the car's oil needs to be changed. Poof, the toilet's backed-up. Blerg, there's a snake in my boot.

But, if you're always looking to take care of things and keep things tidy, you'll find that there's always some snake in some boot somewhere. That was my thinking. And that kind of thinking has gotten me through about 150 movie titles a year for the past four years. I'm sure my name graces some plaque at the Netflix office. I've won awards for viewership and sloth that I never even knew existed. Decisions for Watch Instant programming, I'm sure, are made depending on my viewing patterns and history because I watch more Netflix than even cheeseball White Anglo family on the Netflix homepage who are perpetually watching Netflix. Screw them! How many times have they seen *Dr. Horrible's Sing-A-Long Blog*? Heh?

And just when I thought that Netflix could not get any better, right about the time this summer I learned that every single episode of *Family Ties* and *Ally McBeal* both were on Watch Instant, I discovered *House of Cards*. And then I discovered *Orange Is The New Black*. And then *American Horror Story* and *Scandal*. And then *Arrested Development* happened, which I still haven't seen. And that's when Netflix took its rightful place on the Mount Olympus of the Internet and shut Blockbuster all the hell of the way down. Who can compete with total entertainment omnipresence? With bingeable, back-aching, charley-horse inducing television constancy?

CONFESSION: My youngest pug has shat on the floor three times due to my Netflix addiction. She whined at the door, needing desperately to go out, and I said, "But Piper's about to bitchslap Alex! Or make out with her! Who knows which one? You just never know with Piper!" And then, blerg, there's a shit on my floor.

There's this great Season One episode of *Family Ties* where a super young Tom Hanks plays Elyse's brother Ned. (Man, if you've never seen the resemblance between Tom Hanks and Woody from Toy Story, check out Hanks circa 1982! You'll never see Toy Story the same again!) So Ned crashes the Keaton home because he's in trouble with the FBI for stealing money from a major corporate entity. The kicker

here is that Ned stole the money from the corporation to stop them from pursuing an expansion that would put a lot of people out of jobs. The Keatons find themselves in a real pickle between defending their brother Ned who broke the admiring him for doing what was morally right, though completely illegal. The episode is a two-parter, featuring a hilarious illusionist's caper with a nun at the airport, but I won't spoil the ending for you. Check it out for yourself.

I mention Ned because I recently found myself in a similar pickle. Do I keep stealing from the little time I may have left in order to keep bingeing myself on entertainment, or do I shut down the whole operation so that no more charley-horses can expand and shut me out of commission?

Okay. Maybe that didn't work like I intended.

What I'm trying to say here is that we recently cancelled our Netflix. We shut it down. We terminated our Terms of Agreement. Deleted our account. Sent back *Frances Ha* and *Family Ties* disc three. Erased Bill Burr and Kristen Bell's *The Lego Movie* from our queue. Gone. Gone baby gone. It hurts. But we feel it's the right thing to do.

What's funny is that I've now canceled and shut down and terminated and deleted every social account I've had on the Internet. Facebook, account deleted in May 2011 (*much to my continued annoyance—ed*), Twitter, @KikiTheTorero terminated in November 2012. Netflix, buried beneath my Hasting's rental card December 2013. And each of these bridges I burned because I loved them too dearly. They say if you love something let it go. Well, hell, that's exactly what I'm doing. I have never known this thing you call moderation. I have never known moderation in cyberspace or cinema or drink. And so that is why I have told each of these beautiful bastards to put their teeth on the curb, and then I booted the back of each of their greasy heads.

I've not told many people that we murdered our Netflix access. I hate to be a Debbie Downer, but it comes up. Mostly because I bring it up, even though I don't want to be a Debbie Downer. And I've been surprised how people have responded to our Netflix cancellation. People have been shocked. Grossed out. Nearly moved to tears. And that's before they fully connect the dots that I have neither social media nor Netflix anymore. Their eyes hold pity. They say, "But you were so good at all these things! You wore the black belt in squandering and polluting yourself! Even of squandering and polluting us! So why uncramp this charley horse before it's done riding?"

And just like that, I turn the question around and ask: How rich is that, my friend? It's truly crazy that—and here's my quotable line for your take away—we live in a world where the most regressive behaviors are seen as the most progressive. I am not a hero for living a life of Internet poverty. I am not a Suddenlink martyr. I am simply a man who knows two hard cold facts about myself: 1) there is no moderation in these bones, and 2) this heart will one day cease beating. My expiration is coming, like Ghostface around the corner for Drew Barrymore, my expiration approaches. So I have to live. I have to breathe. I have to read and write and think and perform some basic home repairs. Do you see how fleeting we are, friend? I am a star shooting across this grand galaxy of our time together, blowing your mind with my beauty, but I can't stay in sight forever. I gotta burn bright. So it's off the couch for me, out of the darkness and into the light. Listen. Listen carefully to that angry slap of scales on leather. Friend, I've got a snake to knock out of my boot.—KEVIN STILL

record reviews



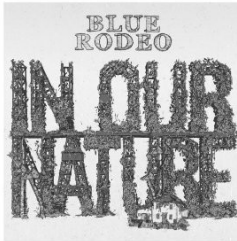
Only Beast
Only Beast

I have seen Houston band Only Beast probably a dozen times in the past three years but had yet to really *hear* them until I cracked open their new 7-song self-titled EP. Seems odd, as they are a loud and dynamic live rock band, but usually I can never really hear singer Danielle Renee's voice like I can on album, and I'm usually drawn in by the musicianship of John Salinas's drumming and Pete's guitar playing whilst playing pedal synth bass. Not to mention the sort of magnetism of Danielle's stage presence. *Only Beast* shows there's a rather interesting sound at the base.

For starters, Only Beast is a somewhat odd band. It is very difficult to pin on them "band x is who Only Beast sounds like". They are their own thing, but hearing them cleaned up on CD has allowed me to hear a bit of where the band is coming from. For starters, there is a definite late '80s art rock vibe to this band, with lots of stop time arrangements, polyrhythmic multi-tom drumming and chorus pedal-y post-punk meets metal guitar playing. There's actually quite a

bit of gothic darkness going on here musically, which frames Danielle's vocals perfectly. Danielle's vocal wraps up a lot of different influences. I hear a little Natalie Merchant, I hear quite a bit of Karen O, I hear more than a touch of Siouxsie Sioux, a touch of Kristin Hersh.

Overall, there's a lush darkness at play with Only Beast's sound, even when the band struts (as it does on opener "A Nerve" and especially when the band brings it down on "Omen") which makes Only Beast perhaps Houston's most non-goth goth guitar band. —**KELLY MINNIS**



Blue Rodeo
In Our Nature

Blue Rodeo is the best band in America. That usually is amended to say the best band in "North" America. Blue Rodeo is thoroughly Canadian and has won just about every accolade rock music has to give in that country since the band's first album in 1987. The United States has never quite embraced them, alas. Singer-songwriters Jim Cuddy and Greg Keelor are what McCartney and Lennon could have been.

In Our Nature is the band's 13th studio album, and it opts for a relaxed alt-country Americana groove. From the simple acoustic "You Should Know" to the Byrds-by-way-of-Mumford & Sons "Never Too Late" to the country shuffle "Over Me", Blue Rodeo continues its amazing facility for hook-filled tunes. There are a number of ballads—five to be exact—that showcase both the two singers' voices as well the group's ability to layer sound. "Wondering" even flirts with jazz.

While it's unlikely as the group nears its third decade together that they will record more tunes like 1997's brutal "Graveyard" (one of the best punk tunes ever), the musical push and pull between Keelor and Cuddy could still yield something unexpected. Whether that will be more tunes like the darkly-majestic "Paradise" or raucous rock and roll, only time will tell. —**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



Imperial State Electric
Radio Electric

I was never really a big Hellacopters fan. Not that I disliked them, but I never really heard them that

much. But I was recently hip to their drummer's new project Imperial State Electric. The comment was "their drummer's gone pussy power pop" and that definitely perked my ears as I am a big time fan of pussy power pop. Imperial State Electric, however, is no skinny tie The Knack sort of power pop. This band is a power pop band in the vein of Badfinger, The Nazz, early KISS, Raspberries and Blue Ash. A band with balls, swagger and amazing pop hooks and songcraft. Definitely *my* kind of power pop.

On *Radio Electric*, the band's third full length album, the denim-clad classic rock tunefulness is just as upfront as their previous albums, but there's a bit of a classic punk rock influence this time around to go with the obvious early '70s nods. "Put your faith in rock science" Nickie Andersson sings, right off the bat putting you in the right mood here. But it takes a few songs in, til "that's Where It's At" or the classic pop songwriting hooks to pop out from under the classic hard rock sound. And then it really gets going. Lots of Ace Frehley guitar soloing, Pete Hamm vocals and super flat '70s drum sounds at a near punk rock pace for "I Ain't Gonna Be History", a bit of Zombies styled pop in "Wild Tales", Ramones style punk pop with "You Don't Want To Know", a mid-period larynx shredding McCartney style rave up with "Wail Baby Wail" and a fantastic rock version of Rod Stewart's "Maggie Mae". All toll, this is another fine 35 minute trip down rock-and-roll memory lane. These past few Imperial State Electric albums have me wanting to re-evaluate the old Hellacopters albums. —**KELLY MINNIS**

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concert calendar

12/5—Seryn, Second Lovers, Chambers @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/6—Solomon, The Well, The Tron Sack @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/6—Larynx, Daniel Gonzalez Band, Votary, Thread Atlas @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/7—Signal Rising, Downfall 2012, No Such Thing @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/7—Frank Smith, Brand New Hearts, Only Beast, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/11—GQ Marley @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/11—Crich Crich, Internet Famous, Technique @ Daisy Dukes, College Station. 9pm

12/21—The Hangouts, Charger Fits, Super Dragon, Ancient Gods @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/28—Atarimatt, great unwashed luminaries, Spudnik, Bryce Eiman, Immaculate Creation @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

1/18—Ray Benson, Milkdrive @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

1/24—Driver Friendly, Wild Party @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

2/8—The Ex-Optimists, Mike the Engineer, Adults, Empty Hollow @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

tape out-only beast

Houston's Only Beast are a fascinating band, combining elements of post-punk, progressive rock, and goth rock into a sound all their own, with vocalist Danielle Renee wailing atop the mélange like a 21st century Siouxsie Sioux. Danielle steps up to the mic for this month's Tape Out.

I've started this article over maybe twenty times now. When I sat down to write it, I figured I'd be done in thirty minutes or so; but as the hours go by, I become increasingly lost in my own thoughts, convinced that I'll never find the right words. I suppose that's as good a place as any to tell you that the band that did this to me is called The Cure, and the album that I can't even talk about is (of course) *Disintegration*.

Both my mother and father claim The Cure as their favorite band, so I was exposed to them before I even knew what music was. Growing up on a steady diet of Robert Smith probably does something to a person, though I'd be hard-pressed to pin down the specific psychological ramifications for you. Is it possible to simultaneously feel both a raw, aching melancholy and a warm, comforting tranquility? Sign me up for that shit. Suffice it to say, I often did not share the musical tastes of my classmates, which may or may not have isolated me until I finally escaped the arduous social gauntlet of high school.

Although I was only three years old when *Disintegration* was released, I feel more connected to it than almost any other album. So why is it that I can only bring myself to listen to it every few years, like some anomalous, stygian ritual? I say that this album is important to me, yet it is not found anywhere on my iPod. I possess copies of it, certainly, but my interaction with these songs is rare, and I limit my exposure to it as though it were a finite resource. What is *that* all about?

True, it's one of those albums that I find myself listening to without skipping any tracks, but I do that with other albums; it's not unique in that respect. Maybe it's because I don't find myself listening to it unless I'm alone; I do not consider it safe for public consumption. But even I don't know what implications that might have. Maybe it's because this album is made up almost exclusively of "deep cuts" that never fail to bring the most desolate of emotions straight to the forefront of my mind, but the answer isn't that simple. The truth is, I've been stalling.

I know the answer, but I don't want you to know it. Because it feels stupid outside of my own thoughts. Because it feels selfish when I type it out. Because it's embarrassing any where else but the safety of my headphones. It's such a self-indulgent topic, but this album was, at a crucial point in

my young life, the ultimate catharsis for mental states that I was not prepared to deal with. It's such a stereotypical reveal, but whenever I found myself trapped in some unexplainable despair, I would listen to this album obsessively.

There isn't any real reason for me to feel depressed, ever. I live a very, very good life, and I am extremely grateful for it. But like many other humans, my brain occasionally decides that there isn't enough of whatever chemical it is that makes you feel awful, and I find myself exploring some truly dark arenas of thought. I did not take it well at first. When you're fifteen, these feelings are the end of the world. And it would probably have continued on that way were it not for the weird empathy that this album presented.

The churning depths of this music were inexplicably comforting, and I clung to it in secret. It took away the confusion of daily life, in a way. The burden of deciding what to feel was gone; while I was listening to this album, The Cure would decide for me. It disassembled me, and when I re-emerged from the pieces, I was strangely okay with not being put back together in the right order. It allowed me to take these emotions for a ride rather than be a slave to them, and when it was time to go back to living, I could at least know that these songs would always be there, reminding me that I had once felt something so hard that I wore myself out. Rarely have I been able to capture that in my own art, to pull these things from the ether so intact.

As the last track of this album carelessly rips its way through me, I am aware of the singular sensation that only occurs when one is fighting back tears. With every catch in my breath, with every bright, stabbing pang in my chest, I think about how we're all just on some rock, hurtling through space. But I also feel hope. I also feel joy. It's fucking bizarre, and I don't claim to understand it. I don't even know if I'm explaining this right. But you will bear witness to all of these stupid, useless emotions; it'll be worth it to spill my guts like this if only one other person says, "I understand".

In a way, that's what this album is really about for me. The connection that happens when something feels vaguely significant, is poignant for no reason at all, and someone else is like, "I get that". It's that thing in that dream where you knew if you could only reach it, you'd have all the answers. I cling to that, foolishly and without recourse. It's all that keeps me from totally losing my shit sometimes.

Only Beast plays Revolution Café & Bar Saturday December 7th with Frank Smith, Brand New Hearts and The Ex-Optimists. Show at 10pm.

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