

979 REPRESENT



august 2014
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*inside: mcdonalds & northgate stupidity - ray rice on
the elevator floor - introvisionaire - bryans new skate-
parks - the return of still thinking - concert calendar*



**979represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.**

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NORTHGATE VIOLENCE EARNS \$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Late last month a Brazos County jury awarded a whopping \$27 million to the families of a couple of Blinn students who were killed in 2012. The students were in a fatal car accident after leaving the McDonalds on Northgate. One of the students, Denton Ward and another friend Tanner Giesen, had been beaten severely outside the restaurant, and Samantha Bean plus another friend Lauren Crisp, were rushing them to the hospital. Bean, who was driving them (who had been drinking but not charged with anything) ran a red light and was struck by another vehicle, killing Ward and Crisp. The parents of Ward and Crisp filed a negligence lawsuit against the McDonald's Corporation alleging that had McDonald's provided reasonable security for its patrons that the deaths would not have happened. The jury agreed.

There's so much wrong in this story that it may take me the entire issue to deal with it. But let's start with Northgate in general.

1. NORTHGATE BARS ATTRACT DOUCHEBAGS—This is a hard and fast rule that nearly everyone who spends any significant period of time in the Brazos Valley learns quite quickly and sometimes much to his/her chagrin. It can be a very dangerous place at night. There have been many instances of knifings, vehicular manslaughter, rapes, muggings, vandalism and good old garden variety fights. It is par for the course. I've been on Northgate numerous times in the past eight years or so without feeling truly in danger of my life. But the local police blotters are filled with crime after weekend that A&M is in session. The crimes aren't always performed by students. Many criminals come from out of town to AggieLand specifically because they know that a good number of Aggies are well-heeled and are easy marks after a night of drinking on Northgate. That explains a lot of the theft but does not really wash away the violent crimes that are often by students against students. Couple alcohol with quick tempers and a simple misunderstanding can go from an argument to fisticuffs in a heartbeat.

2. NORTHGATE IS UNDERPOLICED—Considering that Northgate can be a tinderbox of drunken emotion waiting to go up at the slightest provocation, it is amazing to me that the police officer per student ratio is so low. Sure, there's a police presence that is fairly conspicuous on University Dr. and sometimes in the parking lot behind Northgate, but what about Nagle Dr.? What about the other internal streets off of College Main or Nagle? Northgate itself is an entire district and not just one street. Once you get away from College Main and University Northgate is pitch black at night. It is very easy for someone to be followed, ambushed and harmed without being seen. The City recognizes this somewhat. College Main has been renovated and is well-lit now. There is also talk of placing a police precinct on Northgate. These are welcome changes, but they come a little late into the game.

3. WE LIVE IN A BLAME ANYONE SOCIETY—It cannot possibly be the fault of all the parties involved in this woeful accident. It has to be someone else's fault, preferably someone with deep pockets who can be sued to high heaven over false negligence. If the parents wanted to blame somebody, they could have started with their children or the City of College Station, if they had to find a scapegoat. Everybody hates McDonald's. They are an easy target. One could just as easily turn the blame backwards on the lawyers who stand to rake in a pretty substantial piece of the award if it stands. Coffee is hot. Any numskull knows this. That someone was successful suing anyone for failing to tell them their coffee was hot enough to burn them tells the tale of a civil court system that now serves itself rather than the public. This lawsuit is much akin to that one. A restaurant has no responsibility to protect its customers from outside forces. That opens up the ability to sue, I dunno, let's say Taco Bell because you got into a fender bender in the parking lot and had Taco Bell provided better security the accident would never have happened. It's ridiculous because it is yet another reminder that our society actively seeks to duck personal responsibility.

4. C.R.E.A.M.—Wu-Tang said it best in 1993. Cash rules everything around me. This is a money grab, plain and simple, and it does not bring the deceased back. It does not make the accident any less egregious, it does not prevent this sort of thing from happening again. It is revenge, pure and simple, but it is exacted upon a party that had zero to do with it. This verdict will be overturned at the appellate level but that it managed to make it through a court successfully in the first place is the ultimate inducer of much facepalming.—**KELLY MINNIS**

INTROVISIONAIRE: THE SUMMIT

This is the fifth chapter of a novel than began being serialized in 979Represent with the April 2014 issue and will be serialized each month.—ed.

After his speech before the Galactic council, the curtains drew shut, and the sounds of cheers, applause, and ooglas [a celebratory sound made only by the Tar people of Proteus—one of the more unique moons of Neptune] filled the interplanetary auditorium. Peist had just completed his speech on interspace travel—a project he had been spearheading aggressively for the last 15 years. He had finally cracked the secrets to folding space and better yet, he had found a way to ride light itself, actual beams of light in real time!

The only big problem he was having so far was most all his “volunteer” test pilots all came back—if at all—severally aged and sometimes warped. Their bodies were mangled as though they had been bent with light and back again while passing through the various spectral jump points. I say most all because ol’ Ed, well, he returned just fine. Now why ol’ Ed returned just fine was a complete and total mystery to everyone, especially ol’ Ed. Since his “safe” return, he now accompanied Mr. Peist on his lecture circuit as living proof of the possibilities of the future. Like most great inventions there was still some work to be done.

As his caravan pulled away, Peist thought to himself with deep conviction of all the great wars that occurred since he first donned those damned introvision specs of his. Had he known then what he knew now...or perhaps had he paid better attention to detail, there might still be a few creative thinkers rivaling him for a better world or worlds as the last decade had proved to be moving at quite the accelerated rate with his aid. The galaxy was rapidly shrinking as we mapped more and more of it on levels of perception we couldn't even have imagined before and as our understanding of just what “it” was grew, the more devoid and emotionless people became.

Jacob Crymore was the last human fly in a rocket ship, and that was only thanks to the Russians. Jacob was an American small town midwest boy who dreamed of one day piloting a rocketship of his own. Peist's inventions had made that form of travel as relevant and convenient as the rickshaw. America said to hell with public space almost immediately and tried to privatize all they could reach. But of course this just all too soon led to an all out space grab which only angered those already inhabiting said space and after a few short two-to-three year war a galactic council was formed in a truce and well now Peist was for all sakes and purposes the most important man in the world.

On some days like today he longed deep down to not be at the center of the Galactic stage. He longed again for the comfort of ol’ Mrs. Gantry's basement. He longed for failure once more. He longed to be the blurry face in the crowd if for but one more moment.

By this point in time Peist rarely adorned the specs he had crafted so long ago. No matter how hard he tried to weigh all foreseeable outcomes and to choose wisely, there almost always seemed to be some drastic backlash somewhere. The ripples of which were always felt. Always. And always he was never responsible—not directly enough at least, as far as others were concerned.

As Peist sat there in his stretched space limo stuck in afternoon traffic, he felt the corner of his eye begin twitching. It was suicide again. Suicide was on his mind more and more these days as the cruel tiny blue isolated pious world he knew exceedingly became less familiar. If only he could meet someone who retained a flicker at least of the innocence lost he thought. But that would just ultimately lead to the maggots riots of Nomacron Percy I-8. There was hope in suicide he felt in gut, but thanks to those damned specs he knew what was to come if that happened too. He would try to be strong a little longer...for it was his destiny...
— WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

BRYAN TO BUILD NEW SKATEPARK

The City of Bryan has begun a series of public meetings to take comments on a proposal for renovating its current skateparks and building an entirely new one. Currently the city has a street course at Henderson Park and a street and ramp course at Williamson Park. Bryan parks and recreation director Darrel Lovelette says that the Henderson course will remain but that the wooden ramps at Williamson must be replaced. The location of a third and larger skatepark is still unknown at this time. It has been suggested in a recent article by *The Eagle* that Mayor Jason Bienski sees the possibility of building the third park in a multi-use athletic complex he is proposing to replace the municipal golf course at Villa Maria and S. College. Lovelette says a location for the third park is still unknown at this time.

Seattle skatepark builder Grindline has been hired by the City of Bryan to design the skatepark. Grindline designed the parks in College Station, Houston and Conroe. Anyone familiar with those parks knows that they are made entirely of concrete and balance street with vert transitions and bowls with a variety of skating styles and ability levels in mind. Lovelette believes that whatever design is used will differ significantly from Hysmith Park to help separate the two and to make the Bryan park a different skating experience. The City is hoping to have all construction complete some time last next spring or early summer. No sketches or graphics for the design proposals have been made public so far but Lovelette expects that to change at the next meeting, August 12th at the City Council chambers. Public attendance and comment is encouraged.—KELLY MINNIS

A LOVE LETTER TO REVOLUTION

I don't know if it's your awkward charm, or the way you smear colors over my heart, but I love you. I'm not sure if it's the way you stand out proud and unafraid of the conservative world that surrounds us, or if it's the way you throw your hands in the air and scream “FUCK YOU” from every nook and cranny of your existence; you captured my endearing heart, and I love you. Such a silly little bar surrounded by memories made before the city was to be, encased by old bricks with souls of their own; I love you. You're a strange home with all of your graceful flaws, you're chaos that echoes and parades to nowhere but my heart. I watch the drunk dance with perfect stumbles; they spit their words on your walls and tell stories of nothing. I broke pieces of myself off because of you; old notions and bland standards were burned with drink and smoke, lighters and glasses, flames and solutions. Dancing like rejected kings and queens, people sway and I fall in love with you even more. In you, we belong, in you we are a world of the unwanted sheep, no, not sheep, wolves. And, for this, I shall love you with an adoration unbreakable.—JESSICA LITTLE



2014 SCHEDULE

- March 23 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW
- March 29 - Stilletos vs. Red Stick (Houston)
- April 6 - Stilletos vs. Valkyries (Houston)
- April 13 - Stilletos vs. Femme Fatales (Killeen)
- April 27 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW
- May 10 - Prissy Fits vs. YRRD Killer Bees (Sugarland)
- May 18 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW
- June 7 - Stilletos vs. Red Stick (Baton Rouge)
- June 8 - Stilletos vs. NFRD (Houston)
- June 22 - Prissy Fits vs. Conroe Cutthroats @ VFW
- July 20 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW
- August 9 - Stilletos vs. Heart of Texas (San Antonio)
- August 24 - Prissy Fits vs. Free Radicals @ VFW
- September 21 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW
- October 26 - Prissy Fits Halloween Bout @ VFW

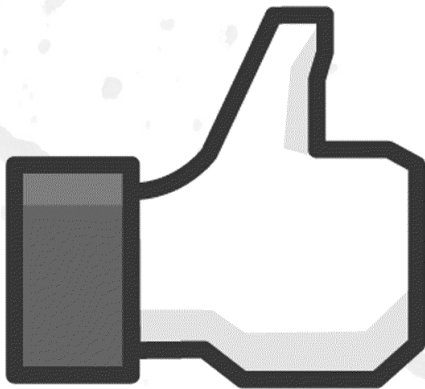
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STILL THINKING

I enjoy writing for *979Represent* because it demands a solemn due date for words once a month. And most months I do not have any words. Once I fancied myself something of a burgeoning fiction writer, but in the past two years my relationship with words has become complicated, even downright rocky. Regardless, the 979 due dates loom, promising copies of this local Dirtbag Rag to flitter about in café and bar-room spaces, potentially finding themselves folded into back pockets or purses, perhaps functioning as coasters for a long series of beers lubricating conversations more brilliant than our printed offerings.

Whatever the case, whatever the result of printed gas, tomorrow beams a giant Red Light declaring, "Deadline's up!" And, once again, I'm wordless, except for a smattering of random thoughts I've either tossed about or tried to toss off while bound to my Mazda Protégé steering wheel these past two weeks, tooting a 10% ethanol carbon footprint across the Midwest in the name of Negro and Caucasian family, my bride by my side, my pugs holding down the back berth, their feet the odor of stale corn chips, the state of Iowa skipping by like an LP record with a major scratch. I've collected a few thoughts worth sharing. Or you can be the judge of that.



1. ROCKET TO RUSSIA—After much careful/repetitive listening, I've determined *Rocket To Russia* is the Ramones' #1 greatest record. This sucker's a total beaut, delivering—with the exception of "Surfin' Bird" — cover to cover solid awesomeness. Released in 1977 two months after my official debut, *RTR* introduced the Ramones 50s-pop and surfer sound that I find so dedgum titillating. Sure, the Ramones' signature breakneck punk fury is still intact here, especially on tracks like "Cretin Hop", "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker", and "Teenage Lobotomy". But a small crop of nontraditional tracks — "Rockaway Beach", "Locket Love", "Do You Wanna Dance", and "Ramona" — had to feel a bit random, maybe even a tad lounge-ish, to New York punk devotees. Incidentally, I was the last record to feature Tommy (tip my 40!) on drums. They just never sounded this tight again.

2. WORKIN' ON MY SHIIIIIT—If Iggy Azalea would just admit that her whole act is a parody of hip-hop, I would deem her a genius and crown her Pop Artist of the Year. But because she's so serious, coming so "real wit it", I can't help wondering if she got dropped on her head as a baby. Maybe she flipped her tricked-out BMX while riding in Louboutins. Who knows? I want her to be a joke so we can all enjoy the punchline! In the meantime, I just rack up hell-points every time she comes on the radio.

3. THOSE REFUGEE KIDS DOWN SOUTH—Each time I hear a Conservative mouthpiece wail on about the un-Constitutionality of all them Central American refugee kids that will surely eat up all our resources and water-down our American way of life, I want to call into the show and remind them that the writers of the Constitution arrived as refugees in boatloads and ate up all the resources and chopped-down the native way of life. It's amazing when Bible-thumpers forget that Jesus actually said, "You will reap what you sew." Oh, and He also said, "Suffer not the little children to come unto Me". Sometimes I just wonder if we're reading the same book.

4. That last bit for number three is about as political as I get.

5. BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN—Here's the lamest note of the entire bunch: after a three year hiatus, I rejoined Facebook last night. I originally dropped FB because I was always on FB, even when I wasn't on FB. So I dropped it, hoping emails and phone calls and text messages could keep me connected to loved ones. And, for the most part, these more direct mediums have served me well. Still, despite all our best Thoreauvian philosophies on how we should connect, FB is our undebatable common ground. Facebook has become the ultimate neighborhood pub. It's where the world meets multiple times a day for multiple reasons with or

without those harboring Thoreauvian philosophies. The final straw broke this past week when I attended TWO family reunions—my wife's and mine—and I realized the internet, per the ease of a single site, has provided me the access that proximity does not to loads of people I adore. Plus, try writing for a monthly Dirtbag Rag when you're not on the Rag's-Tag-List. It don't work. I've never fancied sitting outside the cool circle.

6. THAT BUS IS ANOTHER WORLD—If you find yourself with 10-15 minutes to kill in a bookstore or library, look up the August 2014 *Esquire* with Cameron Diaz (bool) on the cover and flip to the new Stephen King story — "That Bus is Another World" — on page 60. Then, right before you start reading, take a deep breath because this one's a

doozy. Any true fan of Stephen King—those whom he affectionately refers to as "Constant Reader" — knows he's hit-or-miss. Them's the dice you roll when you release a novel every three months, even in retirement. But this story is a gut-puncher, reminiscent of the gnarliest from Raymond Carver or Barry Hannah. Also, "That Bus is Another World" follows in line with a fascinating—and often quite terrifying—theme King has picked up in his elder years: social responsibility. Stories such as "Rest Stop", "The Gingerbread Girl", "The Things They Left Behind" and "Mute (all from his 2008 story collection *Just After Sunset*), the entire four novella collection *Full Dark, No Stars*, his uncollected "Morality" (which can be found as a b-side story alongside the hardback novella *Blockade Billy*), and now this August 2014 *Esquire* piece all ask the question: "How should an individual respond when faced with a threat against someone else?" I appreciate that King never skirts around such a question. At times, his protagonist fulfills the hero's role. Other times, in the midst of becoming a hero, the protagonist "breaks bad" and finds the monster within themselves. And, then, in bursts of rare honesty, King even allows a few protagonists to weigh the moment, to consider the cost (which may be sacrifice of something as simple as time) to helping or even saving a fellow being, only to decide that they can't be asked. I'm curious if King's age has inspired this recent exploration of man's duty to fellow man. Perhaps in getting older, in reflecting upon the notion of personal legacy, King feels more deeply our social connections, our communal necessity. Or, with his children grown and developing their own lives, perhaps the horrors of fatherhood and coming-of-age and identity have been alleviated, making room for a new and enormous horror: "Who will be there for me in my moment of weakness? My moment of tragedy? When the stray van strikes down the pedestrian, will a good Samaritan be there to lift him from the ditch?" It's a tough question, and one to explore from multiple angles. And King is a worthy writer to do so.—KEVIN STILL

RAY RICE ON THE ELEVATOR FLOOR

A professional male athlete uses his bare hands, we can assume, to knock consciousness out of his fiancé. She is not an athlete, at least not professionally, or at least in the sense that she did not wear professionally sanctioned protective athletic gear while being hit hard enough to lose consciousness. Also, the man and woman were in an elevator during her attack, allowing the male athlete smaller corners by which to squelch her possible escape. The elevator door opens and—this is where we, the general public, enter their private affairs—he lowers his fiancé flat on the carpeted floor. She appears lifeless. For all purposes, she is lifeless. The man who asked permission to love her, to protect her, then looks around, finds someone he appears to know, and shrugs his shoulders, as if to say, “I don’t know what happened?” or “What was I supposed to do: take her lip or bust it?” Our presence in the moment ends with a fuzzy vision of the woman rising her knees, her hands going to her head, which is still pointed towards the floor as if confused, as if fuzzier than the picture clear enough to see all we need to see.

Ray Rice, the professional male athlete mentioned above, has served as running back for the Baltimore Ravens since 2008. On March 27, 2014, Rice was pronounced guilty of third-degree aggravated assault against his fiancé Janay Palmer, who chose to become his lawfully wedded wife the very next day after his court hearing. Rice’s grand jury sentence could award him a three to five year prison sentence, where he may share quarters as small as an elevator with men who hit harder than Rice can run. Perhaps some level of justice exists in such a sentence, although we—the general public who witnessed the elevator video—are left wondering if his now wife will wait for him, pine for him, hope for his return.

Surprisingly, the story I’ve heard regarding Ray Rice tells little of his court case. And all I’ve heard about his wife is that she publicly apologized—saying, “I regret being involved in the incident that happened that night” — at a May 13 press conference concerning Rice’s future in the National Football League. Oh, and also she was asked on June 16 to offer testimony regarding Rice, alongside Rice, before NFL commissioner Roger Goodell, two NFL deputies Jeff Pash and Adolpho Birch, the Ravens’ general manager Ozzie Newcomb, and Ravens’ team president Dick Cass. Perceptive readers will notice: Janay Rice sat beside and testified concerning her husband in a room full of his professional advocates, all of whom are male. Rice’s punishment for sacking his wife in an enclosed elevator came swiftly: a two game suspension and a \$58,000 fine, which he should be able to afford from his 2012 awarded \$35 million dollar five year Ravens contract.

Just to put this “punishment” in perspective: Michael Vick was barred indefinitely from the NFL for dog-fighting and gambling on dog-fighting. Commissioner Goodell handed down the verdict, claiming Vick’s dog-fighting hobby “not only illegal, but also cruel and reprehensible”. After prison, Vick signed a \$1.6 million dollar contract with the Philadelphia Eagles. On May 21, 2014, Vick signed a \$5 million dollar one-year contract with the New York Jets. Michael Vick will wear the number one on his New York Jets jersey.

Sadly, I am not surprised that a multi-billion dollar football industry—owned by men, run by men, played by men in order to woo men, serve men, and enrage men—would favor the private and public fate of man’s-best-friend over women. I am not surprised that Commissioner Goodell would consider a two-game suspension worthy of domestic violence towards a woman. I also am not surprised that the NFL allows, and perhaps even encourages, passive references to Rice knocking his wife unconscious in an elevator—Janay Rice: “I regret being involved in the incident that happened that night” — as if domestic violence were commonplace and happenstance, like a nasty case of airborne sniffles. And the reason I am not surprised by preferential treatment to animals over women, to passive references regarding domestic violence against women, to intimidation of the victim alongside her assailant in a room full of his male sympathizers is not because this is sports but because so much Goddamn money filters through these men’s hands, which gives them strength, which gives them power, which gives them treasures to protect at all cost.

And, besides, haven’t men always popped their wives lip a little when they get out of line? We laughed in the 1950s when Ricky Ricardo bowed up on Lucy, “Why I oughta!” or when Jackie Gleason said, “To the moon, Alice! To the moon!” We laughed about it then, and we overlook it now.

The laughable sentiment continues today, 60 years later, in the new “Drunk In Love” marriage vows. Jay-Z says of his wife Beyoncé: “Catch a charge I might/Beat the box up like Mike/In ‘97 I bite/I’m like Turner/Turn up, baby, I don’t play.” This is a song praised by critics. A song that hit number one on several US charts and even landed in the Top Ten in other countries. I’m telling you, it’s everywhere. 2014 and it’s everywhere. So let’s not be surprised when the music industry continues to reward and award domestic violators (Chris Brown) or the AFI rewards and awards pedophiles (Roman Polanski, Woody Allen) or the NFL slaps the wrists of the fists that punch women (Ray Rice). They appear to operate at a different level. They appear to abide by a different code. So, no, when I consider the American landscape, minus the billboard signs that cry against domestic violence, I’m not surprised by the way any of these industries handle the case of a single woman in need of a rescue.

Several things actually do surprise me about Ray Rice beating his wife unconscious in an elevator, but here’s the primary thing that baffles me most: where the hell are the people who are supposed to knock Ray Rice unconscious over this? And by that, I mean: if I even so much as raised my hand against my wife, I would instantly have a dozen men in this town lined-up to beat the shit out of me. Not to mention, the caravan of men and women from my wife’s hometown of St. Louis coming to kick my ass. Not to mention, my own blood relatives crawling out of the woods of Arkansas. And, dear Lord, the worst of all, my own father, who would demolish me into the ground, write me out of his will, and double his estate portion to my wife. If I purposely hurt my wife, I would only see tomorrow in order to suffer more.

This is the family I married into. This is the family I was blessed to be born into.

My wife’s cousin, Joe, before we were married, shook my hand over my first Thanksgiving dinner with her family, right over Aunt Neese’s beautiful table cloth and linen napkins, and he crushed the bones in my hand saying, “I’ve been to prison before, and I’ll go again if you hurt her.” I believed him. Bobby, at my father-in-law’s church, also crushed the bones in my hand and said, “You should know that brothers get real creative when we want to hurt somebody. So don’t hurt her. Got it?” I said, “Yes, I’ve got it.” And then he smiled, slapped me on the shoulder, and said, “Welcome to the family.” He and I have become beyond amicable since.

When I hear the story of Janay Rice—because, truly, this is far more Janay’s story than Ray’s story or the NFL’s story or Roger Goodell’s story—I have zero expectation that these bizarre institutions of man and power and fame would strain one muscle to protect a violated woman or to take down a violent man. We do not live in that kind of society, so we need not waste a breath concerning such matters in the media. Instead, I grieve that family and friends who are jealous and demanding of Janay’s prosperity do not appear to exist for Janay Rice. And I grieve that family and friends jealous and demanding of Ray Rice’s complete healing from his violent tendencies also do not appear to exist for Ray Rice. Instead, Janay and Ray married, and they continue to walk behind sets of closed doors day after day. Where were the people who should have stopped this union? I would rather the media have chosen to ignore those people than they never existed for Janay.

As we proceed forward inevitably into more stories like this one, I hope more of us, myself included, can stop wishing the institutions and the media and the holders of extreme power—including the government—will supernaturally gain, by light of such tragedies, a jealous demanding of prosperity for women like Janay Rice. I hope instead that we can gain that jealous demanding. It’s a pipe dream. It’s too lofty an emotional punctuation to a long article, but it’s the lofty emotional inspiration that led me to write this article in this first place.—KEVIN STILL

Lighter side of Nuthin'



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CONCERT CALENDAR

8/1—The Soft White Sixties @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/1—SkyAcre, Take Us To Tomorrow, Jay Satellite, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/2—Mik's Going Away Party with ASS, Galactic Morgue, Ronia, Mothracle, The Tron Sack @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/4—He Is Legend, Maylene & The Sons of Disaster, Wilson, Electric Astronaut, The Feeble Contenders @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/9—Golden Sombrero, The Inators, Empty Hollow @ New Republic Brewing Co., College Station. 8pm

8/9—Saving Abel, Hindsight, Signal Rising, The Docs, Story of a Ghost, Worhol @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6pm

8/16—F13 Music presents Fire From the Gods, Isonomist, Solomon, Inside Falling Skies, Distance Here @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/16—The Ex-Optimists, Playing To No One, Hoofprints, Brand New Hearts @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/21—Second Lovers, Armon Jay @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/24—Brazos Valley Derby Girls vs. Prissy Fits @ VFW, Bryan. 6pm

8/30—Life In Color Paint Party feat. Tritonal, Brillz @ Lake Bryan. 9pm

8/30—The Hangouts, The Wrong Ones, Pink Smoke, Venomous Maximus, Something Fierce @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/5—ANON Magazine Release Party feat. The Ex-Optimists @ Urban Garden, Bryan. 8pm

9/12—Sol Cat, The Docs, Should've Been Cowboys @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/12—LUCA (CD release party), The Feeble Contenders, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/13—Critical Misfire @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

STILL POETRY

FUCK YOU TIME

And here the clock ticks as I wait, each passing tick, each annoying tick, I wanna kill that clock.

I wanna slice the insides out and watch as the guts fall to the floor. Wires, screws, wheels and springs scattered across my floor like a cruel crime scene of time.

Here I'll stop the idea of time and the father that controls it.

There is no relevance of time. It's a waste of the mind and gives nothing in return.

I wanna burn it and watch the metal melt and soot stain the ugly face that grins at me.

Oh, that face. That face of betrayal. Painted permeant numbers mock me mercilessly; laughing with every fucking tick and gasping with every fucking tick.

Die clock. Die a slow and painful death. I won't morn you, I won't miss you, instead, I'll dance with pride and revelry to freedom.

— JESSICA LITTLE

THESE TIMES HAVE BLURRED

Wondering around, looking for no one in particular. These days have blurred together.

And yet, there is no hint of light in this hell hole of dead limbs and wasted bodies. My feet sink into the fresh dirt; toes making burrows as I stall and wait for my eyes to adjust to nothing.

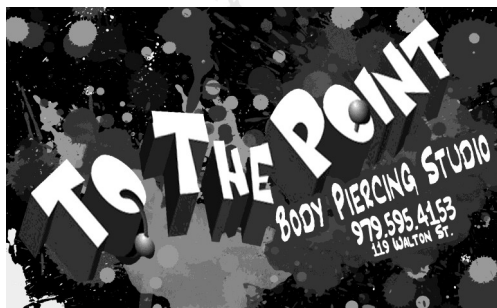
These days have blurred together.

And yet, I still wait to hear that faint voice of no one particular; wait to read some words of comfort, that there is light somewhere in this place of empty, that there is a mistake and when I look up I'll see the edge of this so called patch of shit for the abandon.

These days have blurred together.

That dread of forsakenness has enveloped almost the entirety of me; but, that small glimmer of hope, that tiny light off in the distance of the soul presses me to keep searching, to keep walking in this desolate terrain.

These days have blurred together as I wait for no one in particular.—JESSICA LITTLE





**PLAYING FOR NO ONE
BRAND NEW HEARTS
THE EX-OPTIMISTS
HOOFPRIINTS**

**SAT. AUG. 16TH-10PM
REVOLUTION-BRYAN**