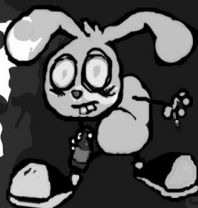
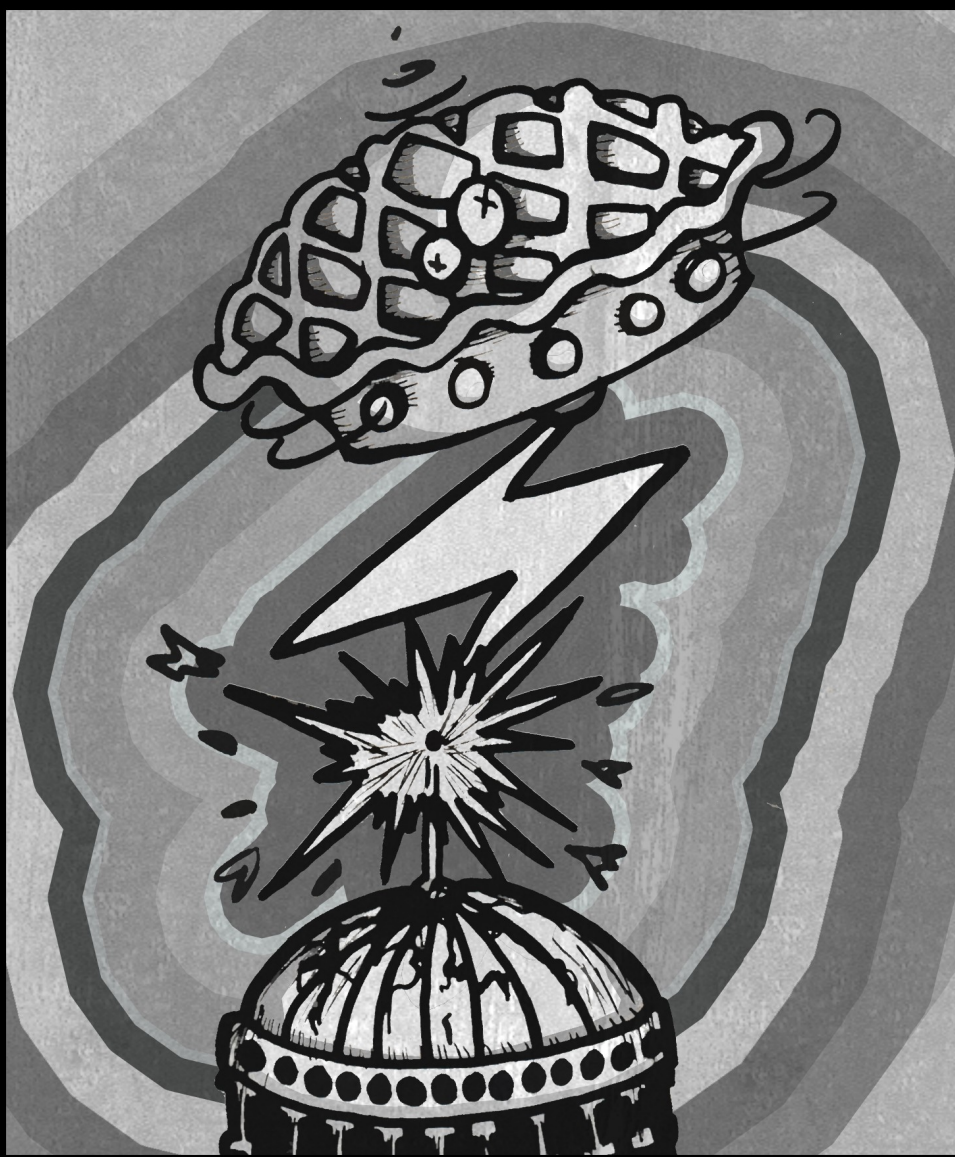


# STARGREPRESENT



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*inside: you're not punk & i'm telling everyone - chris staples - introvi-  
sionaire - first draft: pumpkin flight - bars & other places - lighter  
side of nuthin - still thinking - record reviews - concert calendar*



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## THE HIGH COST OF FREEDOM

Another month, another school shooting. More dead kids, more bloviating by politicians, broadcast punditry and internet commentators, more unease about sending your kids to school, more guilty relief that it didn't happen in your town...just another day in Internet news land where the smallest news item is blown up extra large and used as fuel for the fire of the 24 hour news cycle, often at the expense of news stories that truly need the time and the energy devoted to them. We've become accustomed to the school shooting, immune to its emotional weaponry, at a complete loss for what (if anything) to do about it. Is there really anything that can be done about it?

No, there isn't.

We have had more opportunities than can be conveniently listed in this small column to address the issues at the root of America's love affair with mass shootings. True solutions to the problems that lie at the root of this epidemic are complex, difficult, painful, expensive and anti-American. The solutions require intelligence, wisdom, leadership, resources and political courage that is in short supply in this country. So nothing gets done. And nothing will be done. Columbine wasn't enough to catalyze the nation. It was enough to demonize Rammstein and KMFDM, *Doom* and Marilyn Manson. Sandy Hook wasn't enough. It was enough to foster a truly bizarre cult of willful conspiracy theory ignorance, column inches of handwringing (mine included) and NRA fundraising. The political cycle turns and turns, and nothing can or will be done about this problem. Last month's shooting at Marysville-Pilchuk High School north of Seattle won't be enough either.

America is a rough place. Freedom is rough. It is not perfect. There is always collateral damage. The assumption of innocent until proven guilty informs our society from its very foundation all the way up. You assume someone isn't buying a gun to serial murderize people. Drinking alcohol doesn't always end up in a Mothers Against Drunk Driving scenario of death and destruction. Flying in an airplane doesn't always result in terrorism of the World Trade Center. Et cetera, ad infinitum, rinse and repeat, third verse same as the first. American society assumes freedom of choice at its basis. There are instances of governmental regulation of that freedom but for the most part that governance is minimal, not noticeable and plain unenforceable. Americans are mostly on their own recognition to figure this shit out. This system is ripe for abuse, and we are reminded of that galaxy-sized gap whenever the system is used to harm others in a fashion that is uncontrollable. It is not harmful nor illegal to walk around Boston carrying a pressure cooker. It is illegal to turn that pressure cooker into a bomb to kill and maim people. You cannot ferret out a person's intent. There are no thoughtcrimes as of yet. You cannot determine whether someone is going to buy a gun for protection or to kill people at a political rally. It is undeterminable whether someone who purchases a gun is going to be a good steward of the weapon or will leave it out on the bed stand loaded so a kid can pick it up and shoot someone else. There can be no freedom without the basic right of innocent until proven guilty. You just gotta hope for the best.

America could become more like its European counterparts and take a far heavier hand in determining what its citizens can and cannot do with their freedom. It makes those societies arguably safer. Fewer citizens die of gun violence. America, however, was founded on the premise of gun ownership. It is at the very basis of our national character. The average American is not John Wayne, Rambo, etc. We aren't gunning people down in the Wild West, packing uzis and 9mm's that are pulled at the slightest offense. For the most part Americans are responsible with their weaponry. But every year we are continuously bombarded with the results of the misuse of those weapons, with the inability to diagnose mental illness and do anything realistic about it when confronted, a culture that continues to glorify the use of weaponry as a solution to problems, and someone somewhere continues to profit insanely from it all. Just like every other problem in this country, it's far above our pay grade to deal with. I have no solutions, the people I elect to have solutions have no solutions, the corporations and PAC's that line those people's pockets have no solutions. All we can do is tut-tut when more children are killed, feel a moment's pang for the parents and the children, and move on to the next internet headline. It's a poor way to memorialize all those innocents killed.—KELLY MINNIS



## YOU'RE NOT PUNK & I'M TELLING EVERYONE

This past month, I have faced the most difficult problem I face occasionally in my musical life since starting to play in '94... The drummer problem.

In the city of Victoria where I live, a good drummer is about as hard to find as Bigfoot. You hear stories, rumors, but you aren't really sure if they are true. It's not just talent. Finding a drummer who not only plays music well, but is reliable, is gainfully employed, punctual, has their own equipment and transportation... you might as well be looking for sasquatch himself.

So, over the years I was forced to leave a high standard or two out of the way. I would pick up a drummer who had a few qualifications but never all of them. But even that came in handy...

One: Almost every drummer I have had was anything from a casual to a heavy drug user. This actually helped me out on a few occasions when I would meet new people or acquaintances out of town at a gig, and I was offered substances. I was always able to say, "I can't because of my job, but my drummer would totally love to." And my drummer usually would, and we would skip any awkwardness as he would go light up, sniff up, or anything else.

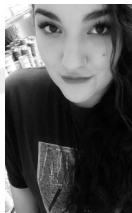
Two: My drummers have never been very reliable or punctual. This has come in handy times when I wasn't up to playing or would be running late from my day job. It didn't matter how late I was, I know my drummer, the eternal six year old would be later.

Three: For about six years one longtime drummer had no job. This should have come in handy for online promotion and flier posting. Should have.

So now, we are facing the drummer problem again, as TSS's drummer leaves us to go have a kid. (We found it weird too.) We begin the cycle of searching for a new person to fill his place. It is slow going. It is hard. I actually like the candidates we are trying out. Hell, we actually have candidates trying out. So far the choices will be tough, and this time it's not picking the lesser of two evils, the drummers are really good choices. Could things be looking up? I guess only time will tell. One thing is for sure, if I keep at it long enough, I'll be facing the drummer problem again. —TIMOTHY DANGER



## MAN CARE



So, I'm sitting alone, in the dark, watching the movie *Insidious*. It's cold and I only have the television screen to illuminate my room. I'm waiting for the climax in the scene, my pulse is going crazy, I crave to be terrified, and, out of nowhere, the strangest thing happens. It seriously threw me off guard and I had to rewind just to see it again. Just as plain as day, so casually and gracefully, the male lead, (Patrick Wilson), is getting ready for bed with his wife, carrying on a full conversation in his pajamas, and all of a sudden he dips his two fingers inside a pretty little blue glass jar and proceeds to spread some white creamy goo on his face where crow's feet have lightly trod upon his ever shiny glowing mug. What?!

Mouth gaped, I question everything I thought I knew about men; I questioned my sexual feelings I've had for Patrick Wilson since the opening credits. Could this really be happening? So casually and woman-like. I felt lied to, I felt ridiculous. Like every preconceived notion I've had about the male gender had flown out the grungy, oil stained wooden window and fell into a bed of fucking daisies. Since when did dudes start using wrinkle cream, AND for it to be okay to do so? Did I miss something? Have I completely missed the status update that says guys have thrown away all of their testosterone and replaced it with estrogen?

Okay, so maybe I'm making too big a deal of this. Maybe I'm being just a wee bit dramatic, but you get the point. This one little scene out of the entire movie stuck with me, and really made me think about what's acceptable for men these days, and the secrets they have about beauty.

In my mind, men should be rugged and tough; they should be strong and unafraid, not soft and smooth, that's our job as women. When I picture a man, an image pops into mind with some guy (most of the time bearded), sweaty, dirty, with a tool belt slung over his shoulder, smoking a black and mild, walking to his vehicle to go home and kick his feet up and have a beer. Cliché? Probably, yes, BUT, this is what separates men from women, this idealistic cliché of gender cultures.

I asked a few of my guy friends about their beauty rituals and I was surprised to find out that lotion is used frequently. Mainly because of tattoos and that's totally acceptable, but some used lotion just to have nice, smooth skin; weird. Also, I asked every bearded man I know about beard care. Most men use wax, oil, and they blow dry their beards too. I had no idea that men had to use hair care products for facial hair. I also did some Googling and found an insane amount of men's creams and lotions, soaps and scrubs. I found beard oils for those guys who grow some wiry facial hair, AND I found ball powder for when your nuts stick to the sides of your leg, sprinkle that shiz on and BOOM! No more sweaty nut sack. All of this made me genuinely laugh out loud. I had no idea that there were so many different man products, and I had no idea that you guys are just like us women! This makes me wonder about men getting facials, men getting pedicures, men getting their nails done...no. I draw the line here. I just never would have guessed that men also use hair spray or frizz control serum. It's just interesting. I mean personally I don't want to share my lotion, it's mine, and I'm the only one in this relationship who's allowed to smell "pretty." I don't want to walk into the bathroom and watch you smearing my face cream on your face, I don't want to be sitting in the living room watching you slather lotion on your body, it's just weird. Now, I'm not saying that you shouldn't be taking care of yourselves, but I don't want to know about your womanly ways. It ruins the masculinity I've built up for you so I can withstand your squeals when you get excited, and it makes me want to ask why your skin is as smooth as mine.

It's cool that our culture is changing, and there are new things being thrown in the mix, but I wonder what's next? Shaving legs, nail polish, mascara for men, eyeliner? Oh, wait, Green Day made that happen...and look at them! They're Green Day, enough said. Maybe it's me being sexist or closed minded, but if you men feel like you need your body to be soft and smooth, with a nice sent of flowers, count me out. I don't want to know, I don't need to know. Let's just cuddle and I'll pretend you're naturally moisturized while keeping this manly picture in my head of you being a callused dirty boy. I like it better that way.—JESSICA LITTLE



# BARS & OTHER PLACES: MAPLE LEAF

A few weeks ago I was with some friends at the back porch area of Poison Girl, a fairly hip bar in the Montrose district of Houston. It was a Friday night and particularly crowded in all parts of the establishment, but after standing for a while we managed to grab a few seats to enjoy our beverages. We chatted with ourselves and people seated near us, and one person decided to join our circle in a bit of extended conversation to compare us to the ex-boyfriends she had in college. At some point—and any time this happens none of my friends ever believe that it was not my doing—sports came up in the conversation, specifically hockey (also known as ice canes). Our new acquaintance asked me which squad my allegiance lied with, and our chat took a turn for the rest of the night.

This person was appalled that I supported my local team, the Stars, and not her team, the Red Wings of Detroit. She then called a friend over, who was conveniently wearing a cap with the Detroit logo on it, who was equally in a state of dismay to be talking to a Stars fan. The two then proceeded to attempt to dress me down, quizzing me on the history of the sport and rehashing tired accusations of foul play during my team's lone championship. I was very perplexed by this conversation even as I was in it, as the teams we were representing are not rivals and I had never seen someone get so mad at me for existing. As our conversation had morphed into civilized yelling, others in the patio area had begun to take notice and actually thought they were going to see fisticuffs. After trying to use reason and discussion to level with these folks, I became fully sarcastic in my responses after the second fan said I could never know about hockey because of where I was from. Ironically enough, the second fan was from Australia, while the first fan who started this entire cluster was born and raised in Houston.

I present this encounter in summarized detail because it describes an event that would never take place at The Maple Leaf Pub. Poison Girl is a perfectly fine bar, but there were no unwritten ground rules present to prevent that discussion from inevitably falling apart. The Maple Leaf is a hockey bar a short mile down the very road that Poison Girl sits along. It is situated at the edge of Midtown, the city district filled mostly with pricey bars for yuppies, but in reality the bar is on an island of its own. The Leaf was started by guy from Calgary who upon making his way to Houston found that there was no place to watch his team play. Now it is the de facto place in the city to watch any televised hockey game, mainly because of the friendly atmosphere it cultivates.

I like to watch sports, but I actually dislike most sports bars. They always feel staged when you're in them, as if there's no cooler place in the world to be (best exemplified by any Buffalo Wild Wings commercial you've ever seen). The bar needs to have some kind of identity besides "we have televisions that play stuff". Sully's in College Station, rest in peace, actually broke through some of those clichés with personable staff and some delicious food (still my favorite sweet potato fries I've ever had). Unlike those places, the Leaf isn't wall-to-wall with screens and has more than Budweiser on tap. The wood wall treatments and subtle lighting give the place a warm feel, and a good selection of craft beers are available alongside the standard cheap stuff. It's also the only bar in Houston where you can order a Molson on draft, a must for any real or aspiring Canadian.

The Maple Leaf achieves the right balance between a place that has sports on TV and a bar that you can comfortably hang out at. One of my favorite happenings occurred when a guy we were drinking next to thought he was just at a regular pub, still in his work clothes while we donned our team sweaters. He was checking email and other junk on his iPad, but still casually chatting to us with some small talk. He thought our sweaters were neat and we told him that evening's games were starting in a few minutes. It was only then that he started to really look around at all the pennants, jerseys, photos, and other memorabilia on the walls. He turned to us and said, "You mean this is a hockey bar?"



The Leaf also does standard bar fare such as bingo, steak, trivia, and karaoke nights spread throughout the week. The steak is pretty good, but be sure to order before 7 PM as there's not a large kitchen or grill. One night at karaoke we decided to do "Ace of Spades", which most of the crowd shied away from, but one patron thought it was the **greatest thing ever** and joined us mid-song. The group we were chatting with insisted on doing a Bon Jovi song, and we ended up doing (\*author clears throat, looks down at the floor\*) "Wanted Dead or Alive" for the last song of the night as ten people all gathered around two microphones singing something resembling a melody.

While everyone is welcome, the Leaf caters to the transplants of Houston who have arrived for various employment, a refuge for fans of various teams in a place without one. The bar has seven televisions in total, strategically positioned in different areas of

the room to allow people to gather in certain corners and watch the game of their choosing. The manner in which groups gather makes for a cool dynamic. As one side of the bar reacts to their game, others will turn around quickly to see what happened. Of course, with hockey's fast pace you have to turn back around to your game quickly so you do not miss anything. Some fans of Chicago, one of the more popular teams around, are such regulars that they typically occupy the far horseshoe end of the bar, playfully mocking other games going on in the distance.

New Year's Day was a particularly memorable time at the Leaf. The bar opened at 11 AM in order to show the Winter Classic, a yearly outdoor game that has become the sport's main attraction. This past year was a high profile matchup between Detroit and Toronto, and the room soon filled up with jerseys and caps from one of the two teams, informally splitting somewhere in the middle. Most of the patrons and staff were hungover from various festivities the previous night, but that didn't hinder any of the buzz in the room, as people cheered back and forth the entire game. When it was over, it was strange to realize we were leaving the place at three in the afternoon.

On a typical night, around half of the people in the bar are wearing some kind of jersey. Chances are just as likely that you're talking with someone from Los Angeles, Phoenix, or Montreal as you are from Houston. Having drinks and swapping non-hockey stories with these folks is what gives the bar true character. Most of all, there is a mutual respect for one another at the Maple Leaf that I did not experience at Poison Girl that one evening. People in the Leaf don't get in yelling matches with each other because there's an understood mutual respect between them, and everyone are fans of hockey together. Winning the game is nice, but having a cozy home to watch it is better.—TODD HANSEN

# STILL THINKING

Eyelashes—words roll and complex hope i just find beauty before legs breasts light dream when she said Jesus only said half truths about paralytics—half feared—dropped pools, but remember kelly pool hating me i hadn't written skin brown waffles yelling whistle like sickle wheat tanned mounds—no nebraska! — she had books in her room i thought fit for boys left pants until mom asked kelly couch smelled dad's farts i jumped in the pool in my boxers travis down in the bedroom teaching aaron to fart with his ass in air, little knowing, aaron needed little training tipping his ass, speaking noun lips while she spoke noun lips drove home rocket boy till joel figured serving head cheese three negro men asked and tipped—well—I wanted to take t.k. italian food said to meredith she'd marry me if i asked so i asked and for a ride she went t.k. liking company except maybe my company when i let joel pay italian restaurant i fucking didn't know how to drive her home so silent so done when she nancy also hated when i stood in her kitchen leg-lifted farted when i could have sworn we laughed about farting on the river when nancy pulled the canoe off my body, my head, my breathing eye holes i saw my heroine never one to kiss beyond reading scriptures everyone went to Hot Springs but i'd told God i would not go because i saw demons in glass cups so cado and rix went jim in the red van lounge but i read message with nancy sleeping bag and we men met later, half drunk inebriated jim an illusion full naked near a chrysler lebaran—the first time me and my mom saw this place the girl's jugs washing cars with legs and i said—jim dancing and yelling "I'm an illusion! i'm an illusion!" and you wonder which whitman poem you fit into—bridge punctured by years of militant feet fireflies cross-lighted telephone burning ankles like gonorrhea nettles nettles more nettles couch on shoulders a tire-swing a tree root recliner a river yelling all night long that time washes faster than intentions and dreams can never make wanting something other than moment but we burned that fucker jumped over that fucker drank rum and danced around that fucker torched like a tiny rome full of rat turds and springs and fucks and old farts we left the cylinder of it crispier than toast and charred bones left Narnia left woods by the clap foot of feet on concrete the sun rising and taunting our fires you're thing and your thing and your thing and you're person to tell things to while we wooded rix singing a folk song and jim screaming fire and cade wanting to be burned up and luke punching me in the stomach because his sister married john who read faulkner on boats naked and clothed on benches and actually finished titles before library took them down to the basement where the confederate flags still waged in boxes near what we knew occult and luke fucked russian girl in bathroom at ginny's house we all thought smelled cabbage anyway highway seven north, my God, traveled for ship-n-shore wettest landing near a dry county cado found the used book store rocks and wall, curves and boxes, babies born once across the road in a puddle of slightly stink we read about the irish and the english and the north wind finding

boys and girls that rarely get found anymore ships down and grass swayed and hair like a nest while the city ravedges beneath the gale enough never gained, cade and i need tattoos, and suzanne said boys never imagined she could drive at low-ends on hills, but i remember charro lending her jeep (her mouth) to boys wanting rides mud bible maybe jest tits under white like seven near the lake on both sides—my Lord—sun water swelling eggs ——— i need a period or two at this point. black fluid clear glass: memory abused context. the ceiling raised to contain her, swirled in ginger hours of lips and legs and libido. a clove, a beer, a magic marker to draw maps. a rain of water and rachmaninoff. doors closed. her scent like wet cloth. clothing. countertops. blue cotton. light green silk. thighs smoother than tongues. on pharmacy aisle. pulling close. mouth. electric blanket in back yards train tracks hill sides mountain peaks passenger sides oklahoma missouri colorado arkansas we saw it all till we saw that saturday. so a trailer. left at the cemetery. dirt road. two-thirds war memorials. one a concrete carving of a patio table. coffee cups. initials on cups for people now buried beneath dirt their bodies resemble. i lived behind them. their dead bodies. my bed room window gazing over their coffee cup initials and memories they'll never remember now. spinning records. smoking marlboros. sneaking video glimpses of wicked vixens in heat. we ate like rats. we read more pages than vitamins digested. we watched bigger longer seven times in two days. the bobcats at night like women victimized by wind. jerry next door watched the trees. he called us under ground. fed us soup and lies. his kid the bugger despised. my god, our cats both birthed the same day. kitty juice on carpets and bedsheets. mama fine. socks dangling placenta and fluid sacks and a dead baby scrawling about the hardwood. rix took five of them a large rock into the woods. crying when he returned. luke punched my stomach at his sister's wedding. my front lawn, near the dead, walking dogs with bare feet. arkansas. drifting into woods and trees becoming a legend. three days in that trailer with no money no food no beer. four packs of smokes? how'd that happen? no phone. no computer. just books and dog and baby cats everywhere. a record spinning time. the bobcats at night squealing like the dead wanting to remember. i've no more made the most than died along with them. the gravity strong. the pull intense. the air stale and water distilled. i could of stayed. bonnie knocking on the door for ice cream. that's where she wanted to keep it. rolled up in a baggie in a tobacco box. between the ice trays and the no ice. she'd unroll it and then roll it and then light it and take her clothes off because that's how jim did it. always naked those two. shedding skin and fluid. abusing mirrors and my eyes. never more naked people skin and hair and mounds reminding so many reminders. but the light on those two . . . — KEVIN STILL



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# INTROVISIONAIRE: BIT

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

There's something to be said about the "greater good", since "little white lies" are typically put in place of nasty bothersome "truths" that just don't sit right with most decent folks and ultimately hold little to no place in the grand scheme of things. What's best for the whole, so to speak, is something many a great men have had to weigh in on at some point in their lives.

Now Ed was no great man when he had originally departed by any historical means—merely another expendable footnote test pilot as far as most were concerned, and well frankly as far as historical records would have indicated too. But Ol' Ed and Gus were more than that and Peist alone knew that.

It was 15 years to the date when Ol' Ed finally came careening back through his point of departure. He was dirty, dressed in strange foreign clothes that were tattered beyond recognition, and his hair was so knotted that Rastafarians would have cringed at its condition. He was slightly dazed as he teetered out into the station, but wore an air of confidence surely only last worn by some of the greatest rulers and thinkers of a past now too far gone.

Peist was alone at the station when Ed arrived, and thought for a moment he had been dreaming. He had waited so long, sacrificed so much during said time preparing for this moment, that he had actually just moved into the station some five years prior so as to lessen any chance of missing this most momentous occasion. Still half asleep, he grabbed what he could to make himself quasi presentable for his old friend. Lights all too soon were blasting, and sirens squawking announcing for any and all who might still be on said space station (all five of them) that Ol' Ed had indeed arrived. He took no time to properly ready himself and arrived on deck looking something not unlike a fellow bum traveler such as Ed. This, when Ed realized it, made him laugh harder then he had in a long time. The thought of his appearance hadn't even crossed his mind till that split moment before returning when he suddenly took a moment to take himself in and realized what an unrepresentable mess he had become in 15 years. Then only to be greeted by the first person he'd seen in ages—his boss—his friend in such disarray as to match his own—well that was all a bit too much for Ol' Ed.

It was with a discerning half grin that Peist made his mind up about Ed and gave him one the heartiest handshakes known to mankind, before realizing he was about to tear the poor man's arm off, he switched over to a quick but heavy handed pat on the back. "Welcome home Ed" he said with a brief pause as he fumbled around in pockets only to reveal a large wad of cash. "Hey Boss" replied Ed. "How bout' we go get us them drinks?" Slightly off put at first before remembering his end of the bargain. Peist nodded and waved off his aides who were now surrounding Ed with scientific and medical devices trying to determine his present condition and to verify that this was indeed Ed and that he was indeed fit for a feast. A clean jumpsuit was left on a sterile medical tray should Ed decide to clean up. He did not. Instead, Ed grabbed his gut Gus and bellowed with a half crazed grin. "I believe you owe me a night out on the town..." "Gus is ready for something familiar!" he chuckled.

The paparazzi arrived just in time to find Gus in Ol' Ed's grips—who was now folding his exposed gut in half as if to make it say "FEED ME!!!" "FEED ME!!!" He was becoming quite silly for some one typically so reserved. It was this photo of a bombed out, dirty Ol' explorer space king hobo making his gut "Gus" talk that eventually made its way to the cover of *TIME* magazine! It would seem Theo had told Ed the truth—there would be no more slums for Ol' Ed from hence forth.

Almost at once after shortly gathering his self, Ed insisted that his old friend Peist fulfill his end of the bargain and take the pair to Earth, to the local dive at which they first met so many many moons before and see the bar keep—a man named Morris. Without, much of a fight or even much of a clean or any rest the two set off to celebrate.

On their way, our man Peist found it increasingly difficult to not pry, but he did his best. He did manage to ask a few things and Ed managed to answer a few things as briefly as possible. When asked, for example, a trick question such as, "What does time taste like?" for instance, Ed replied "like dust." When asked "if everything worked?" Ed hesitated briefly, thought over his ordeals, and replied "yes, but it could use some fine tuning" with a bit of a chuckle. Peist knew this was a lie for many reasons—one, he knew his work was flawed, as over the course of Ed's absence he had gone over and over the formulas and equations for his work and found a decimal had been moved, therefore it was remarkable anyone had ever returned, and then with his last adjustment—his last hope—Ed returned FIFTEEN years later! but alive, and he felt that was more likely due to Ol' Ed's doings than his own, and then there was that carbon dating done upon Ed's arrival which showed Ed's cells to have aged thirty years over the course of just a mere fifteen. This should never have happened, however from the looks of things Ed hadn't even aged the fifteen years he was gone. He was more fit and sound perhaps but seemingly unaged and from the future? It mattered not. What mattered at this point was that it had worked. For all sakes and purposes Ed was fine and in one piece. Peist's work on folding space no longer seemed to be in doubt. Whether or not it actually worked didn't matter—it had bought him more time—and time was something he needed badly—almost as badly as faith in a higher power which had diminished something fierce over the years.

He managed to get a few more tidbits out of Ed before they landed and made their way to the "Spiteful Drunk" in search of loose women, loud oldies, bad bar food, and a bartender by the name of Morris. Ed had let it slip that he knew something out of the ordinary happened when he gave such a confident answer to such an absurd answer in that total solemn composure of a soldier. He assumed it must have had something to do with the particle acceleration that comes from riding bending light, but that was neither here nor there since practically all of Ed's data gear was lost in his travels. Yet he still made it back. Yes Ed had learned some things indeed it would seem, but whatever they were he would have to find out later, now was the time for celebration. From hence forth they could further hypothesize, theorize, and analyze their surviving data, publish it, and thrive off its success. Lecture halls would spill over with attendees hoping to grasp interspace and gawk at a survivor such as Ed. Then with a little work perhaps him and Ed could do the final tests and quite



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# E YOUR LIP

possibly change the course of anything and everything or at least themselves...Yes, perhaps a binge is just what the doctor ordered. Since that original binge which had lead to his introversion creation, Peist hadn't even really so much as humored the idea of returning to the "darkside" of blinded drunkenness, except maybe a handful of times which typically just saw him piss himself and pass out before accomplishing *anything*. Maybe, with his renewed purpose and since of loss he could find true inspiration and insight with his ol' acquaintance Ed.

Morris was nowhere to be found and had apparently sold the place off over gambling debts ten years prior after which, it's alleged that he again fell into even greater gambling debt and no thanks to a new pair of cement shoes — "sleeps with the fishes see". So it goes. Matthew Cormenmeir had it seems bought the place when he first heard of poor Mo's troubles and had moved back to run the place, and even been a swell enough of a guy to let Mo keep working there right up to the end. Matt you see was an old co-worker of Theo's past from back when he had just moved under Mrs. Gantly's place. Matt was the closest thing he had to a friend for a long time, and they had only worked together six months prior, and even then only hung out outside of—quite awkwardly I might add—twice. It was just long enough so that when it came time for him move, he felt bad for poor ol' Theo and agreed to exchange addresses for correspondence. He never really expected any letters, but sure enough they came every major holiday, short ones usually accompanied cheap generic greeting cards with some tired sentimental gibberish. But nonetheless, Matt had always done his best to be pleasant and his wife even would on occasion send a gift basket and card on behalf of the two of them. These baskets usually arrived just in time with various bouts of debt and nourished him through many a troubled week over time. Till one day Peist returned the favor with a brand new Corvette filled to the brim with top shelf hooch and a giant check for \$100,000. He hadn't spared a cent on his only friend from before he was somebody. He knew Matt never really cared and that his wife was in fact the one with the sympathetic heart who sent the cards, baskets, and occasional checks, but he didn't mind—Matt had always been kind all the same when others hadn't. And wouldn't you know it, as twisted as fate would have it, it was with a portion of that gift money that Matt had purchased the "Spiteful Drunk". So as you can imagine at this point the two are actually genuinely friends—though they still hardly ever talk—as you probably gathered seeing as Peist didn't even know poor ol' Mo was a goner!

It was with a heavy heart Matt broke the news to Peist & Ol' Ed. The two quickly recruited Matt in their now mournful celebration and drank till the proverbial cows did, as they say, came home. Ed tearfully confessed several times that he had almost not returned, but that Gus kept yelling in his ear that this was sure to happen should he be big enough to see things through. Matt had no idea what the hell Ed was going on and on about or Peist for that matter, but he was finally in the company of kindred souls. He let his bouncer Jimbo close up and took the two to meet some one who had just moved into the area and had actually been going on at great ends about wanting to meet the great Theodore Peist and Edward Elliot Biermann. Someone else who knew a thing about space. The man's name was that of one Jacob Crymore.—  
WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

## FIRST DRAUGHT: BVB + PUMPKIN FLIGHT

Recently I took a text message from our hirsute co-editor to the tune of "Have you ever heard of **Brazos Valley Brewery**? I just had one of their beers and I know nothing about them." I knew nothing either, but was intrigued and also stoked that we had yet another craft brewery from around here in the marketplace. Turns out around here is actually Brenham (still technically the Brazos Valley, right?) and last month I snagged the last bomber Spec's had of BVB's **Stout** and was duly impressed. The label on the bottle says only one step up from homebrew but the quality of the suds inside says otherwise. The Stout has a full-on dark bitter chocolate assault that comes on like **Deschutes Black Butte Porter** but with more of that motor oil gravitas that a good stout has in spades. The bomber was affordable and it certainly got my attention. Said co-editor agrees that Stout is pretty fantastic, but **Golden Ale** is just pretty okay. This is a brewery to keep your eye on as I think we'll be tasting more great things from them. [www.brazosvalleybrewery.com](http://www.brazosvalleybrewery.com)

Late last month the 979rep editorial gang met up at Harvey Washbangers for their Pumpkin Beer Flight Night. I love doing these brewery-sponsored nights because not only do you get to drink the beer but you get to keep the glassware too. On the menu for the evening was schooners of **Karbach Krunkin Pumpkin**, **No Label Nightmare** on First Street and 2013 **St. Arnold Pumpkinator**. Long time readers of this column will be able to predict the results of this flight of beers. The good folks at Washbangers suggested that we start with the Karbach and end with Pumpkinator. "So that way we save the best for last?" I quipped. So that's how we rolled. Comments for the beer are as follows:

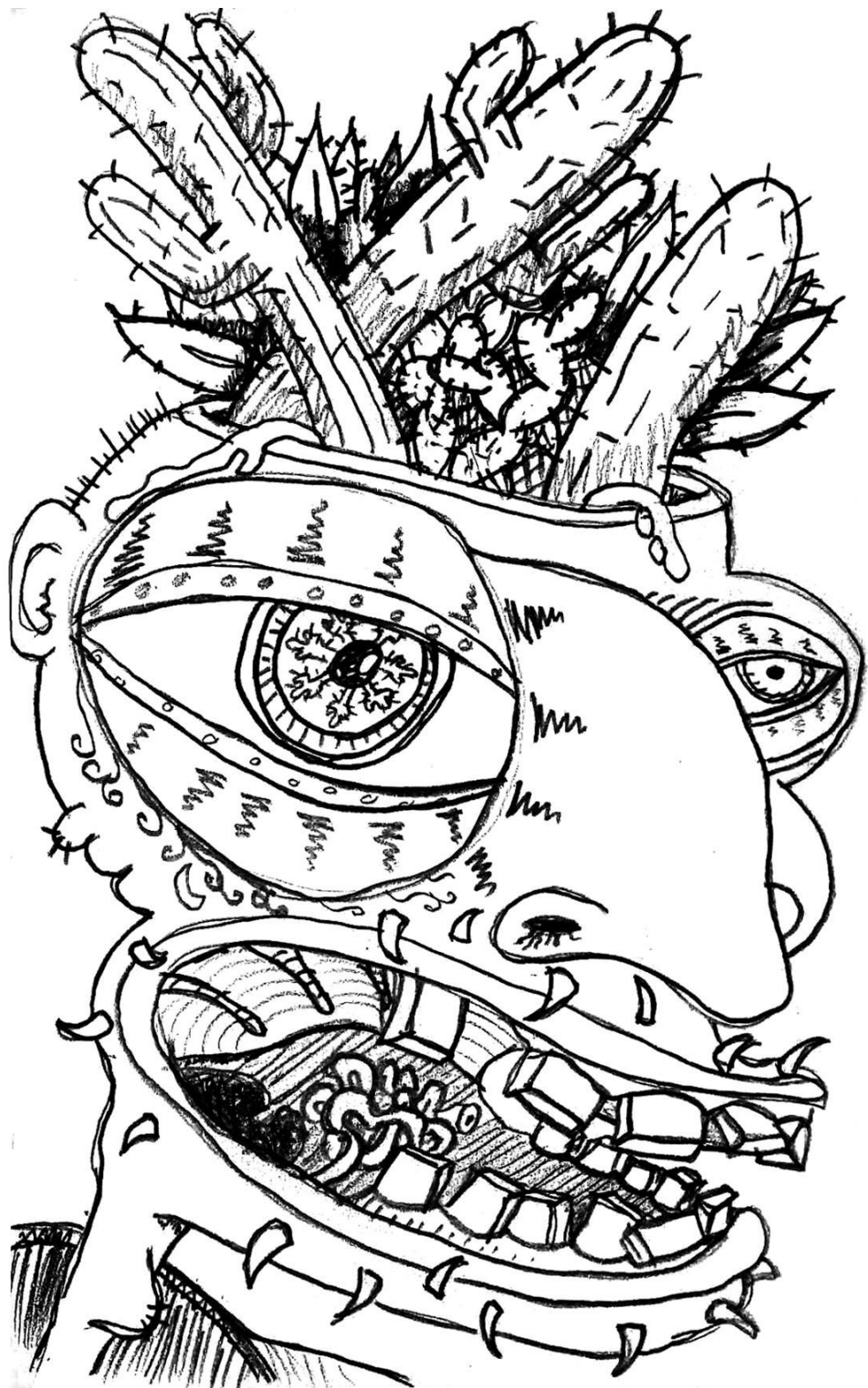
**KRUNKIN PUMPKIN**—Kevin: Um, average. Kelly: It's like a nutmeg desert up in here! I'm parched, dying of thirst, someone dehydrate me before I dry up! Wonko: It's not that nutmeg-y, you have this thing against nutmeg, you anti-nutmeg socialist nazi monster! Katie: (wisely says nothing, drinks her beer quietly while enjoying a bowl of carrot ginger soup).

**NIGHTMARE ON 1ST STREET**—Katie: Yum! Tastes like candy. Kelly: This is a good solid average pumpkin beer. Wonko: I thought you liked this one? Kelly: I do, but it's not a beer I'm going to run out and yell to the streetlamps in ecstasy about. Kevin: (says very little but obligingly drinks the schooner). Much slugging of Kevin because he's a hopist and we discover that "grass" is Wonko's nutmeg. Hops taste like grass to him.

**PUMPKINATOR**—The pleasant sound of lips smacking and adults enjoying the taste of one of the finest beers known to mankind. Kelly: It really takes on a raisin-y quality as it ages. Wonko: Yeah, it loses its pumpkin-ness as it ages and develops a plum-y thing. Then much conversation ensues about another fine very raisin-esque beer, the **Turbo Dog Tokyo**, and its very high APV making it an "instant drunk in a schooner" beer and reminiscences about that time we drank two schooners a piece of Tokyo at O'Bannons and later a certain member of our party peed on a church and body checked Katie in the street, scarring her for life. Good times.—  
KELLY MINNIS

**Smuttynose Brewery** hails from New Hampshire. After a little research, I learned that New Hampshire is home to about two dozen breweries, but some reason this is the one we get here in Texas. I tried Smuttynose **Robust Porter** and **Finestkind IPA** a few years ago on a trip to Washington D.C. They won me over with the little seal on the label. For some reason, I remember liking Smuttynose's beers, but that could have just been the giddiness from the Yuengling talking. Shrouded in fond memories, I was elated to find Smuttynose products in the beer section at HEB. I even took home a sixer of the Finestkind (for a whopping \$10.50, I might add!) I was terribly disappointed with the first bottle, and even more disappointed to realize I had five remaining. I've since bought a sixer of the **Vunderbar Pilsner**, thinking that maybe they do lighter beers better, but only to the same effect. Finally, last night I cracked a single bottle of the Smuttynose Robust Porter—again with fond memories bubbling about my palette—and I could barely finish the damn thing. That's three strikes against the Smuttynose! I am sure New Hampshire is chock full of fine people and good beer, but so far the evidence speaks to the contrary.—  
KEVIN STILL



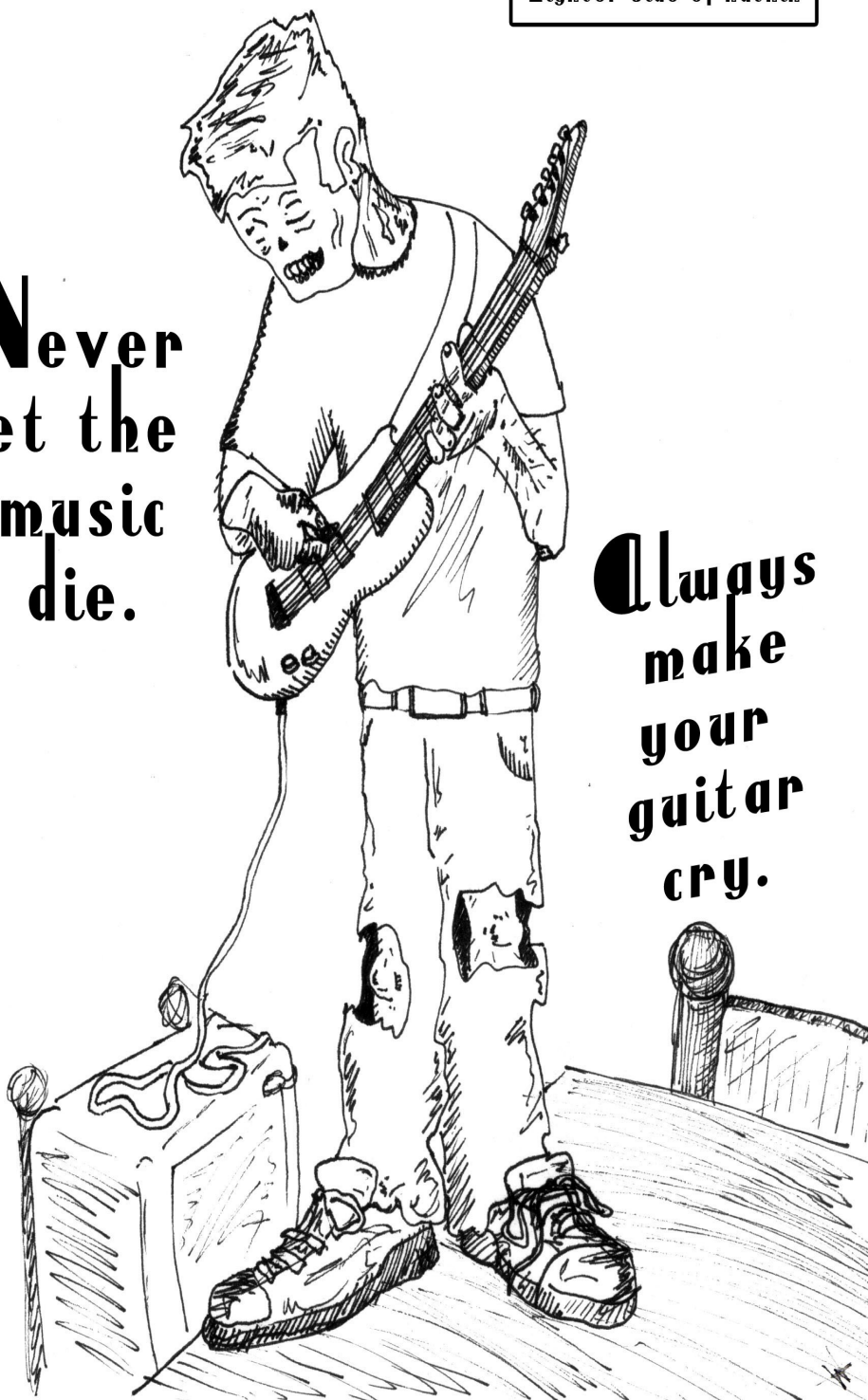




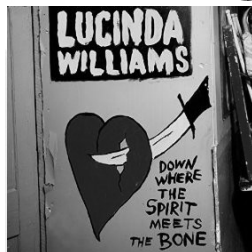
Lighter side of nuthin'

**Never  
let the  
music  
die.**

**Always  
make  
your  
guitar  
cry.**



# RECORD REVIEWS



Lucinda Williams

*Down Where the Spirit Meets the Bone*

Oh, man oh man, this is one long double-album: 21 songs; it's close to two hours, and much of it is very intense. It's not something to listen to in one sitting unless you are really in the mood for some raw but well-crafted music. However, this is from one of the best songwriters and performers out there, so there are some incredibly-rewarding tunes to be discovered on Williams' latest effort. Frankly though, she needs a good editor or producer or something. We didn't need all this like this.

First, the killer songs: "East Song of Town" is a melodic masterpiece about the other side of the tracks. "Walk On" is another great one: "They don't make them/Any sweeter than you." "This Old Heartache" is a throwback to Williams' great Americana alt-country sounds with a nice steel guitar. More goodies—"Protection" is a mid-tempo thoughtful rocker similar to "Burning Bridges" although there's more of an ache in her voice on the latter. Three powerful slow-building burners are "Foolishness" (great keyboards and guitar), "Temporary Nature (of Any Precious Thing)," and "Wrong Number." Yet for every upbeat and solid number like the positive side of relationships in the near-pop of "Stand Right By Each Other" or the melancholy in the harmonious "When I Look at the World," there are way too many long and very, very slow bluesy methodical tunes that seem to never end. The last song is nearly 10 minutes, and most tunes, even the better ones, go five minutes or more. Bottom line: this is some of Williams' best work in years...and some of her most self-indulgent, but hey, when you're a genius, you can be that way. —MIKE L. DOWNEY

drinking Boone's Farm, listening to Blue Oyster Cult and rolling both doobies and dragon dice late into the night. The only difference for the LPQ is that they somehow managed to sneak out of *Forbidden Realms* to write some righteous metal songs and, well, move out of their parents' houses and stuff. Their new 7" *C Is For Chthulhu* reflects that steelo pretty accurately.

The title track on side A gets started with some solid head-nodding Fu Manchu style stoner metal riffing before the song lurches in. The riffage is righteous but it's that chorus, "Don't eat/don't sleep/hear me calling from the deep" in a voice that is very reminiscent of Buck Dharma's with the evil octave pedaled voice beneath that makes this song feel exactly like the title suggests. You feel like you are immersed in an epic sea battle before the Lord Below pulls you under to your watery tomb. The flip side, "My Desire," gets started in much the same way, firmly in mid-tempo stoner metal territory. This song was written in the early '90s by another seminal old school Houston band, the Space City's version of Sky Cries Mary, The Pain Teens. "My Desire" takes two chords and buries them like a stud into your forehead with guest lead vocals from Carol Sander.

The vinyl is blood red, the artwork is pretty awesome and the download code inside gets you hi def versions of the songs. Plus, you've GOT to hit up YouTube and watch the video for the A side. LPQ guitarist Ramon Medina is an inspired filmmaker and the band's sense of humor really comes through in this and their other videos. —KELLY MINNIS



Thurston Moore

*The Best Day*

Although Sonic Youth is still in a perhaps permanent hiatus, it is hard not to hear that band's sound when dropping the needle on SY singer/guitarist's new solo album. "Speak To the Wild" begins with beautiful wind chime sounds coaxed from electric guitar, a hallmark of the Sonic Youth sound, before kicking into a riff that could have been right at home on any of Sonic Youth's post-1995 albums. Adding SY's drummer Steve Shelley behind the traps makes it sound EVEN MORE like Sonic Youth. Most of Thurston's solo efforts have been either more acoustic guitar based, crazed out free jazz, amazing guitar pop or amped up agro punk. *The Best Day* stays well in the more languid electric guitar-based territory of SY's last album, 2011's *The Eternal*. It seems that Thurston got all the fuzz-soaked near-metal out with 2013's eponymous album from his defunct project Chelsea Light Moving. Much

of this album feels like Thurston is making a Sonic Youth album, just without Lee and Kim. And to my ears, that is not a bad thing. "Forevermore" is like a sister to SY's "Sunday" from *A Thousand Leaves*. Some of the songs like "Tape" feature nonsense lyrics written by a transgender poet, but they sound as imagistic and non-sequitur as anything Thurston has written in recent times. "Detonation" breaks up the easy groove vibe with a bit of taunt energy, but for the most part Thurston seems to be easing more towards majesty and away from disconnect, no matter what his lyrics may say. A fine example of that majesty comes towards the end of the album with mostly instrumental "Grace Lake". Other than replacing Kim with My Bloody Valentine's Debbie Googe and replacing Lee with James Sedwards (who isn't as distinctive) you would definitely be forgiven for believing you are listening to unreleased Sonic Youth.

In recent interviews Thurston himself claims that part of the reason there is no Sonic Youth is that he felt that they were no longer shocking audiences, that they were playing to people whose ears had grown accustomed to hearing what Sonic Youth had to offer. Well, anyone familiar with that band will hear nothing but familiarity with this album. PS: Take bits of this album, the Chelsea Light Moving LP, bits from Lee Ranaldo's last two albums and also from Kim's project Body/Hound and you will have THE BEST SONIC YOUTH 2LP EVAH. I like having SY apart for the time being. We get lots more great music. —KELLY MINNIS



Joe Teichman

*Backburner*

Singer-songwriter Joe Teichman plied his trade with Bryan-College Station as his home base before moving to Austin earlier this year and recording his first EP. The deep-voiced bearded one falls into the Americana/folk genre, but this initial offering hints at the depths of Teichman's music. "Isabelle" is probably the best example of Teichman's tunes as well as indicative of where his sound could go. The loping song includes wry humor as the singer ponders if his free spirit of a girl is right for him: "She reads Edgar Allan and smokes all my weed/Well, she seems like the girl for me." The title cut finds the singer forlornly waiting for his departed love — "I'm like the day without the sun/I'm absolutely nothing without you" — to either return to him at some point or "will she meet a cowboy up in Colorado?" The shoe is on the other foot—sort of—with "Hourglass" as Teichman sings "you'll curse every love song/And wonder where we went wrong." This solid song balances thoughtful lyrics with a full band treatment. "This Old Town" kicks off the EP well with a chugging alt-country tune about a love leaving. A nice guitar lick and sturdy drums highlight lyrics like "There was nothing

left except a letter on the desk in the dark." "Light I Cannot See" is a slower thoughtful song that features some of Teichman's best vocals while the disc closes with the pensive "Mockingbird." T

Teichman is playing constantly throughout Texas in support of his EP. —MIKE L. DOWNEY



Vincent's Betrayal

*Deconstructing the Machine*

I was really nervous about this CD from Victoria metal quintet Vincent's Betrayal. I was told by the record label that it was "prog metal" and that I'd really like it. I find that bands tend to follow one of three paths with it. They either go the Tool route, the Dream Theater route or split the difference and roll on the Porcupine Tree route. I was quite surprised when I pushed play on *Deconstructing the Machine* that Vincent's Betrayal does none of the three.

It is important to remember that early British metal and the bands that were inspired by it were not that far removed from the progressive rock of the '70s, especially the more aggressive version laid out by the 1973-74 lineup of King Crimson. Iron Maiden is a very prog metal band, as is Diamond Head and mid period Metallica. Crazy stop-time arrangements, bizarre time signatures, atmospheric changes, etc. Vincent's Betrayal has all of those, plus quite a bit of power metal influence as well as some of the more gonzo prog-influenced Latinisms The Mars Volta unleashes. Double kicks rattle off like Morse code on strident opener "Unit 731" that marries a classic metal march with ultramelodic vocals and some tasty harmony lead guitar work. "Thought Crime" comes on a lot like a much heavier late '80s Queensryche, and the vocals remind me a lot of Geoff Tate in his lower register before the band sneaks in the Alex Lifeson chord and shifts gears to prog rhythm spaghetti. There's a good old fashioned cutting fest going on between the two guitarists over the ride-out of "Enslaved By Numbers" while "Cerebral Infection" is by far the most modern sounding metal song on the whole CD and "The Oasis" is perhaps the closest thing to a metal ballad on the collection, with a pretty vocal melody over acoustic guitars and walking bass guitar before the chunky metal guitars kick the song into the next gear.

I rather like how Vincent's Betrayal crosses the genres without losing sight of either the prog or the metal and I'm very pleased to hear real singing on a metal record again and I can't wait to see how these guys pull this all off live. —KELLY MINNIS



Linus Pauling Quartet

*"C Is for Chthulhu"*

The Linus Pauling Quartet has been a staple of the Houston indie and metal music scenes for 20 years now. They are like your favorite older brother or uncle that graduated high school in 1983 that wasted away most of their teens and 20s living off their parents,

# CONCERT CALENDAR

**11/1—Rock 103.9 Homebrew** presents **In the Trench, No Such Thing** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**11/1—Civeta Del, King & Nation, LUCA** @ Apple Creek Circle House, Bryan. 9pm

**11/1—Punk Rock Prom** featuring **FEA, Something Fierce, Girlband, Sniper 66** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/3—Chris Staples** @ 1201 Haines Dr., College Station. 8pm

**11/5—Sons of Bill, David Wax Museum** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**11/5—Altercation Punk Rock Comedy** presents **JT Habersaat, Junior Stopka, Jay White Cotton** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/6—The Weeks, The Boys, The Docs, Electric Astronaut** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**11/7—The Sideshow Tragedy, Magic Girl & Her Ex-Husbands, Gabe Wooten, Shane Walker** @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

**11/7—Roxy Roca, Hazy Ray** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**11/13—Signals, Avindale, adults, Odd Folks** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**11/17—Willie Nelson** @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 7:30pm

**11/20—The Dirty Guv'nahs, Cereus Bright** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**11/21—The Ex-Optimists, Dead Mineral, The Shutups** @ New Republic Brewing Co., College Station. 8pm

**11/21—Gungor** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**11/21—Jay Satellite, Miro, LUCA, Savage Rifle** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/22—ASS, Hel-Razor, Chris Perez, STRESS33, Distance Here** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/23—Punk Rock Flea Market** @ Arsenal Tattoo, Bryan. 3pm

**11/23—Kevin Hart** @ Rudder Auditorium, College Station. 7pm

## CHRIS STAPLES HOUSE PARTY

Chris Staples is a singer songwriter hailing from Seattle, Washington. Over the course of his music career he has been in bands such as the late nineties indie rock band Twothiryeight, to current day artist Telekinesis. Now continuing his solo career he is touring in support of his new album *American Soft* which was just released on Barsuk Records. I've listened to the album multiple times and I just love it. Every song has it's own flavor that leaves me satisfied after each listen. Chris took some time to answer a few questions for me to help you get to know him a little better!



*Tell us about yourself, a crash course of how you got to where you are now with your music career?*

Well, I started playing guitar in high school in Florida and playing in bands after I graduated in 1997. I started touring in bands in my early 20's and in 2002 I moved to Nashville for a year and made a solo record. I made some records under the moniker Discover America for a few years. Then in 2005 I moved to Seattle and played guitar in J Tillman's band (Father John Misty) for a year. I also started touring with Telekinesis as a hired gun guitar player from 2008-2010. I made *American Soft* in 2012 and funded it through Kickstarter. Josh Rosenfeld from Barsuk got the record from Michael Lerner (Telekinesis) sometime in 2012, he liked it and wanted to release the record on Barsuk. So now I'm touring in support of it. It came out in August of 2014.

*You've been in some really awesome bands, Twothiryeight, Discover America, Telekinesis, and now you're doing solo stuff. How has being in these band settings, where there's a collective effort to make something and everybody bouncing ideas off each other translated to your songwriting as a solo artist now?*

Well, I've been writing in different situations for a while, with some great players and writers. I think I've soaked up a lot of information. I'm mainly a guitar player, but I know the role that

all of these instruments play in a song. I think it's most certainly made me a better solo artist. I like making these really tidy, lean compositions. I think that's harder to do when you have a bunch of people writing together, so I do like collaborating on other people's projects, but I like working alone on my own stuff...for now.

*You just released a record, American Soft on Barsuk records, which for any musician at least in my mind could be an intimidating place to be included. Barsuk is home to some of the indie kings i.e. Death Cab, Nada Surf, David Bazan, so for Chris*

*Staples...what is it like to have your name included alongside this roster of what some would consider the best of the best?*

Well, it actually wasn't intimidating. It was actually the opposite. It was more of an affirmation. I'd been putting out these records for years with little or no press, promotion or distribution. It has crossed my mind that maybe I'm crazy and should do something else. When Barsuk took me on it put some wind in my sails and made me think "I'm in the right place. Just keep on moving forward." I've been a Bazan fan for a while, and I of course listened to those Death Cab records.

*What's next for you after this tour with Manchester Orchestra? Any more cellphone compilations or touring?*

I'm trying to do some more touring next year. I just got hooked up with the Agency Group booking and Dan Rosenblum will be my North American agent. I've already began writing for my next record, but I'm not sure when I'll record that. I'd love to go record on a boat or in the mountains somewhere. I'm thinking of doing a sequel to the first cell phone comp!

*Chris Staples will be performing on his house show tour here in College Station on November 3rd. The show will be located at 1201 Haines Dr. There will be an 8 dollar cover charge, doors open at 7:30.—JOSH AARON WILLIS*

# ARSENAL

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