

979 REPRESENT



december 2014
vol. 6 issue 12



*inside: f*ck your kickstarter - you're not punk & i'm telling everyone -
stare at me hard baby - the return of ask creepy horse - smoking pot
with my alzheimer's dad - hud - first draught: brazos valley brewery -
introvisionaire - record reviews - concert calendar*



979represent is a local magazine for the discerning dirtbag.

editorial bored

kelly minnis - kevin still

art splendor

katie killer - wonko the sane

folks that did the other shit for us

timothy danger - mike l. downey - alex garza - jorge
goyco - todd hansen - jessica little - amanda marti-
nez - william daniel thompson

on the interwebz

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

emails to

redchapterjubilee@yahoo.com

materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

979represent
15530 creek meadow blvd. n.
college station, tx 77845



CELL: 505-306-6797 1933 S. TEXAS
SHOP: 979-694-6444 AVE.



FUCK YOUR KICKSTARTER

It is no secret amongst my friends that I am no fan of crowdfunding for the arts and very rarely support anyone's crowdfunding campaign unless it is for a band who's had their gear stolen or someone that needs help with medical bills or the like. The idea of patronage to an artist is not new, and in previous centuries was quite popular. A rich merchant or noble would sponsor the work of a painter, sculptor or composer, not unlike the way things work these days for the more high-brow cultured arts, except cash donations by the well-heeled doled out through foundations and arts councils has replaced direct patronage. It is common in Europe for governments to subsidize rock and pop artists. In Sweden, for example, musicians are able to apply for grants to fund recording, touring, etc. and many musicians enjoy the use of government-funded rehearsal facilities and musicians co-ops. Very rarely have popular music groups or performers been able to successfully apply for National Endowment for the Arts funds. Even our neighbors in Canada have an active musicians endowment that is co-funded by tax dollars and private donation. In America we tend to celebrate the artist in the attic, the part-time novelist, the garage musician. We are a culture that awards entrepreneurs and self-made successes. The concept of crowdfunding does not fit easily into that self-image.

Before I go farther, let me explain the crowdfunding concept. A band or artist decides they need x amount of money to record an album, launch a tour, film a movie, stage a play, etc. Then they use an online collection site like Kickstarter or Indie A Go Go. These sites skim a percentage off the top and give the rest to the artist. They can be set up to not fund if an artist does not meet his/her award goal, or they can be set up to receive whatever gets donated. The idea is that you, the fan, can directly fund the creation of an artist's work. To entice different levels of contribution, artists take a page from the public broadcasting fundraising book and offer premiums. Sometimes those are very creative and cute, but for the most part they reinforce socioeconomic strata. Those with the big \$\$\$\$ get all the rewards for their donations, those with maybe \$10 to contribute really get nothing more back than if they'd just bought the CD from the artist on tour. But that isn't my main issue with crowdfunding. My problem stems from the entitlement mentality that somehow the world owes these artists lots of \$\$\$\$ to do something that really doesn't take as much \$\$\$\$ as they are asking for.

No one needs to spend \$50,000 recording an album these days. Everyone has access to the same software to record and consumer grade music and recording equipment has never been more affordable and reliable. A few microphones, a computer and a good room is really all it takes. For example, our record label Sinkhole Texas will record your band for the cost of a case of beer and manufacture your CD for you for the cost of whatever you take from the door for your band's CD release party. Many of our friends' bands and artists from all over the world have taken us up on this deal. For \$100-\$150 (depending on packaging) a band goes from zero to having 100 CD's in their hands to do with however they please. And if we can do it, anyone else can do it.

I am old. I remember when a band wanted to record a cassette or 7" single that they had to save up money to do so. You saved gig money. Maybe you quit smoking or drinking so much so you could divert that money. Maybe you sold a guitar. Maybe you worked an extra job to earn the money. The point is that you worked hard for it, sacrificed for it, found a way to DO IT YOURSELF. You did not expect anyone else to do it for you. The idea of patronage or mommy and daddy paying for your record was embarrassing. This must be a generational issue, because (ahem) the kids these days don't bat an eyelash about hustling their friends and family to help pay for what amounts to, in the greater scheme of things, funding a hobby. I can't imagine a local group of fishermen crowdfunding a new well-stocked pond for fishing. If such a need existed, those fishermen would build it and stock it themselves. I guess if mom and dad did everything else for you they may as well donate at the \$1500 level to your Kickstarter too. Maybe I'm old and bitter. Maybe I'm jealous. Maybe I'm not inclusive or just have the wrong attitude. But the notion of bands begging for fans to subsidize their art through cash donations in exchange for premiums strikes me as precisely the *wrong* way to do things. So don't be surprised if I don't donate to your Kickstarter y'all. —KELLY MINNIS



YOU'RE NOT PUNK & I'M TELLING EVERYONE

I'm not missing youth. I'm old. I don't really think about it too much, I kind of just keep doing my thing and life likes to remind me every now and again about my age. After 20 years of playing in bands, working dead end jobs to support my musical habit, forsaking education, family life, relationships and everything else for the rock and roll dream, now that I find myself way past the halfway mark of my journey, life really likes to send those overdue notices.

It gets worse in winter. When the overtime stacks up in my factory job that I have to keep the lights on, my bones creak and ache with protest about 3 every morning. 3am...some weekends I'm barely getting to sleep around that time. My mind and body have given up on any sort of safe haven, and I honestly worry if I have done too much damage at this age to it for a healthy bounce back.

There is good in it though. The older I get, the more of an opinion I have. The older I get, the more I am convinced I am right and everyone else is stupid. I have lived through the thrash crossover of the 80s, the third wave of ska and the Oi! explosion of the 90s not to mention the terrible pop punk takeover of the early 2000s and the corruption of music festivals. There is literally nothing else to prove.

It is funny to hear from youngsters decades apart from me lecture about being politically correct or giving me the rules of "the scene" when I stare at their band shirt and think "I puked with that singer". Sometimes being in the back of the bar watching things unfold is fun, but let's face it, no matter what my age is, I am basically a 6-year-old who drinks so I eventually come from behind the back of the bar to join in.

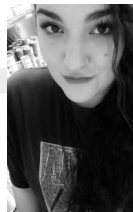
I think that's the trick. That's what has kept me from being the creepy old guy at the shows (and just being the fat old guy who's still cool). I don't think I ever lost touch with who or what I am. Playing shows, not living in the past too long, and staying relevant has kept me grounded and...for lack of a better saying, "kept me young" even in my old age.

There are others who have traded in their guitars for other lives. There are some who balance domesticity and rock and roll. I can't say one is better than another. I only know the life I live, but I will say that it is nice to be where I'm at right now. I like my scars, they look good on me. I like my stories. They are all true and I have so many to tell. I look at the fresh faced kid at the bar. He's good looking, seems like a cool dude. That girl on his arm is going to break his heart in another week. He has so much to learn. I'm not missing youth at all.—TIMOTHY DANGER

BRYAN 979.822.6747 201W. 26TH ST



STARE AT ME HARD BABY



Normally, while I'm blankly scrolling through my news feed on Facebook, I bypass and practically avoid all media that deals with celebrities unless one dies, or one is a gross pervers. I have this tangible annoyance for exposure about people that do no good, or that don't relatively matter. But! Alas, my curiosity grappled my finger to the CNN page, only to see Shia LaBeouf's face plastered on a video that reads "Shia LaBeouf Silent Interview: Strange or Brilliant?"

Silent Interview caught my attention, because I had no idea what that was. So, I clicked on the link to the video, and discovered it's exactly what it sounds like. I read the description, and to save 300 words, it's Shia and a lady named Aimee sitting in a London hotel room staring at each other for an hour. Okay yes, it sounds boring, stupid, even a complete waste of an hour, but, I wasn't thinking about what it was at face value, I was fascinated with the idea of that human connection, I was fascinated with the idea of breaking barriers and seeing what would happen when you get two people together to sit and really look.

I sat in my room for the entire hour of the video, curled up in my blankets and watching. It started out with Aimee in an elevator all by her self with a small camera strapped to her head looking at herself in the elevator mirror. She was about average height, pale with light colored eyebrows that almost made her look like she had none. She was simple, in a pretty way, but plain. She stepped out of the elevator and walked down the hall, knocked on the door, and there was Shia. They said nothing, but smiled at each other and shook hands.

It was adorable at first. They sat in the middle of the room on chairs that look too uncomfortable to sit on for an hour. Both smiled bashfully, like two kids out on their first date. They twiddled their thumbs and crossed their legs too much. They sat on their hands and folded their arms into their bodies. Staring into each others eyes with no music or voices, no TVs or phones, no distraction from pure human interaction; it was strangely brilliant. In this hour we can see both Shia and Aimee in all of their imperfections; every flaw and every hiccup about their exterior becomes beautiful in a matter of moments. Aimee isn't plain anymore. As a matter of fact, she is quite colorful in the way she smiles when the silence is getting heavy. You begin to anticipate her smiles and her fidgets. When she smiles, he smiles. He gives this genuine teeth-bearing grin through his dark, thick beard. You notice his crows feet crinkle on the side of his eyes, you notice his smile lines more and more as time goes by and you begin to adore these things about him, and about her. You begin to think of a million thoughts going through their heads. I imagined they'd think their deepest confessions while making full eye contact. Like, telling their life's sorrows and greatest victories without saying a word; each person reveals the sickest thing about themselves, or the most brilliant thing to be thought. This is where that unspoken bond comes to effect. You're thinking all of these things while making complete eye contact, and secretly hoping the person opposite of you will hear very word without you saying anything. They're doing you a favor by reading your thoughts so you won't have to tell. That's how you fall in love with people: vulnerability.

This Interview was awesome. It gave us something that we see rarely and never really participate in because we are a world disconnected from actual human interaction. We don't study people anymore, we don't see past what's at an eye's glance. We've made this all so uncomfortable that watching two people stare at each other in silence is amazing. There's this bond created within minutes, there's an unspoken, unexplainable connection of soul when you stare into someone's eyes for more than a second. It's like falling in love with everyone, which apparently every person on earth is afraid to do, and I'm not sure why. But, take a look at the video. Google it, Youtube it, Facebook it, I don't care, just watch it for more than three minutes and come back to me and tell me what you think. I want to hear the ideas that you have about it, I want to read what you would do, or what you would think. Email me. jessica.mittle@yahoo.com.—JESSICA LITTLE



ASK CREEPY HORSE: PIT ETIQUETTE

Recently at a punk rock show, I was involved in a pit brawl. Ready and rearing to go, an innocent was faulted for myself and ended up getting punched twice in the face. When the young lady complained to higher ups, she was met with "Well, it's a punk rock show and you were in the pit. What did you expect?" To that answer you have to kind of agree.

My first experience in the pit was at the wee ol age of 12. It was my first day as a punk rocker. Hours before I had had no idea what punk rock even was, still had long brown tresses and was wearing a head-to-toe hunter green bongos outfit and lace-up ropers. By this time, the one that had influenced me had shaved my head all but bangs, rimmed my eyes in smudged black eyeliner and dressed me in an outfit worthy of all the filth and the fury confounded in the spirit of '77. Suffice to say, I looked pretty fucking cool. So cool in fact, that I had two older guys mistake me for someone knowing what the fuck they were doing and threw me into the pit. Ah, my christening. I was scared shitless and out of fear and adrenaline, I managed to hold my own.

21 years later my dumbass still jumps in the pit. Typically inebriated these days as I need a reason for my aging ass to do something stupid enough and not care, I come from experience and typically am not worse for wear. I've learned some things from my days and thought I'd share this wealth of information with you.

1. You will get hurt (most likely)

When I was 19 I got kicked in the face so hard with a crowd-surfing Doc Marten, it not only made my eyeball and nose bleed, I also had a pretty impressive shiner to boot. 13 years later on my birthday, coincidentally the same band, I was walking away from my coworker after announcing I was joining the pit and upon entering was punched in the face so hard I stumbled right back out. I announced in their earshot, I was still going in. You see, if you are going to be in the pit, you have to fully anticipate getting hurt and accept the responsibility of your decision.

2. Don't be a dumbass

I should use this term lightly as I was said dumbass for my early years until some pit justice came about and gave me a good learnin (see: ass whoopin) I'll be nice and help you out so you don't have to go through the same disciplinary action I did. Don't stage dive feet first. That's really shitty. As one HAS to anticipate getting kicked in the head specifically if they want to be in the front row, you will really fuck someone up going feet first, don't do it. Lift your feet and keep them up until you fall. If you don't know how to stage dive, watch others until you get the idea.

Crowdsurfing, it should be noted, should be met with common sense. Know when you dive, people may move and yes, you can splat face first onto the floor. Look for a heavily congested area of tightly bound folks and hope they see your ass. Once you've dived, keep those feet up and understand there'll be some level of intentional and unintentional groping. You are throwing the weight of your body on top of people. Also, others may not grab you, whether it be out of spite or inexperience. Your chances of being kicked or hurt by a falling crowd surfer go down if you just grab them and pass them on. Anticipate falling sooner than later and should you make rounds take it as a blessing. Slamdancing (or what lesser knowns call "moshing"), is not a random act of violence and should not be exhibited as such. No one is beating the shit out of anyone and no one is there to have the ever loving shit pummeled out of them either. Think of it as coordinated running into people and shoving them away while twirling about and you have the gist of what you should be doing.

3. Don't act a fool or beware the Pit Justice crew.

Pits have enforcers. Always. Again, no one is there to get the shit beat out of them and mostly everyone knows what they're doing in a pit. Pit enforcers are the naturally occurring type that are there to make sure you decide not to act a fool. Typically in the past and at smaller shows, bands tend to regulate abusive dancers. I once watched the Mighty Mighty Bosstones not only stop a show but make a nuisance girl remove her Doc's, personally

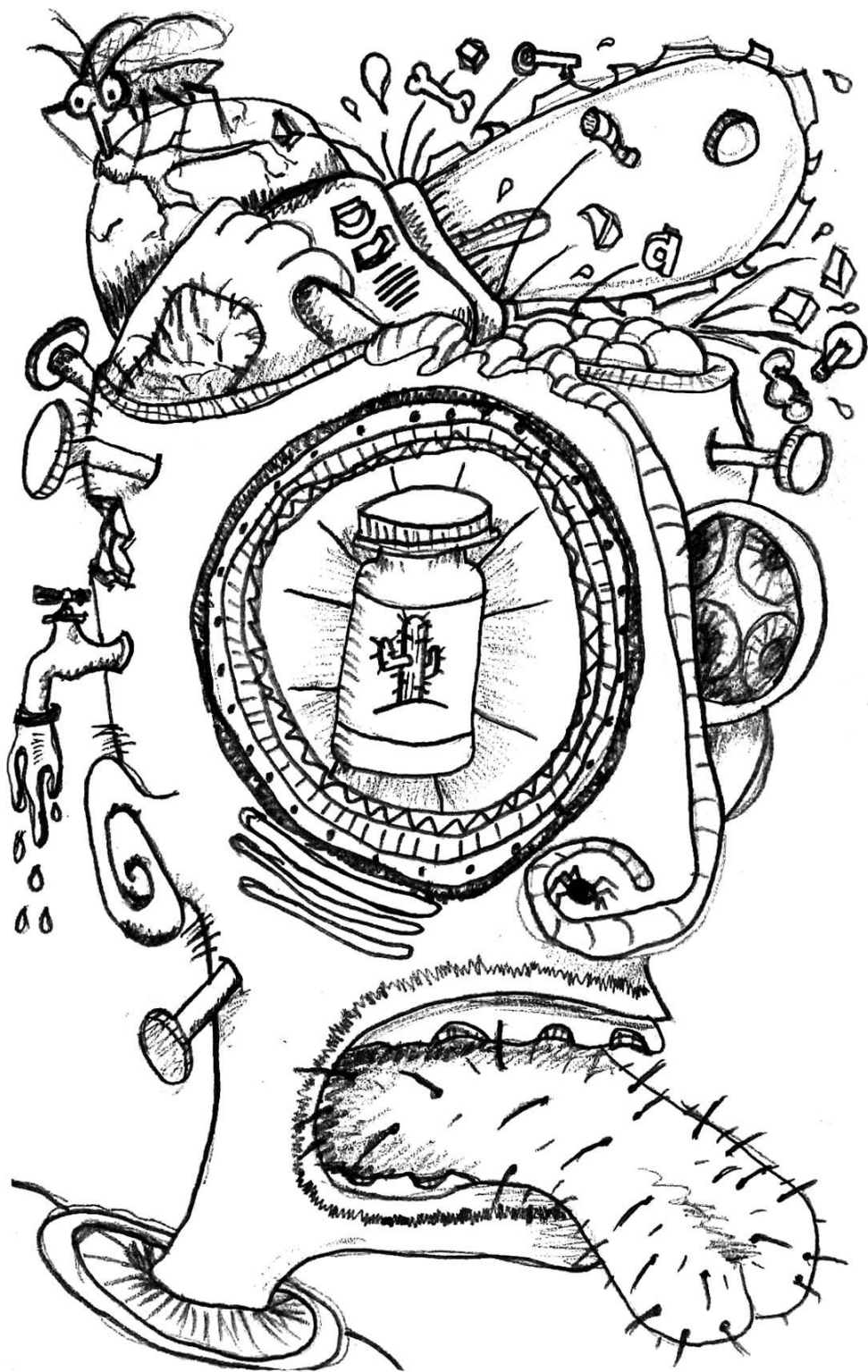
apologize to the individuals she had assaulted and made her stand in the back outside of the pit until after the set ended before she could get her boots back. Refreshing, that rarely happens at a large scale show anymore. Back when I was a young whippersnapper, the band would stop abruptly if one even fell over and didn't resume until the person was back up and in the clear. Nowadays, that just doesn't happen. Nowadays you're going to have folks with their own set of politics to contend with should you genuinely fuck up. You'll be lucky if you get a warning from a group of punk rock kids and get either lightly roughed up or tossed out of the pit. Okay, you're being a fuckhead if you have to deal with bouncers. They don't want to have to wiggle their way through a crowd of drunk and sweaty kids to nab your ass out of the pit. They won't be so charitable and most likely you are riverdancing a fine line of getting your ass thrown out. Bouncers won't fuck about with your aggro antics of charm.

That still is not the worse form of pit justice however. The top pinnacle of you fucked up so big, the unicorn of it all, the skin bird. Ah yes, the female skinhead. Male skinheads do not fuck with a female skinhead. I myself have been in many a brawl and blackout drunk at many shows, however my dumbass has never been stupid enough to fall prey of the magnificent talons of the skin bird. They are the toughest and most brutal. They can fight. They can fight dudes twice their size and they have half a dozen friends with them in tow that have this ability as well. This is not a joke. Never fuck with a skin bird. I fucking warned you. If a skin bird ever has words with you, stop, drop and roll the fuck away.

4. Lastly, some advice for one of my biggest pet peeves. **Should you want to be in the front row to gaze adoringly upon the essence of your band, understand you are in the front lines of a pit.** I cannot stand when I see a young one, typically female, with a young buck's arms around them "protecting" them from the pit. I don't care if you got to the venue at 6:30 and were the first in. I don't care that this is your favorite band and you can mouth the lyrics to every song. I don't care that you envision the lead singer taking you off and telling you you are the one of their dreams. I care that you are going to get hurt. Not only that, but young buck is going to get hurt worse and probably those around him because you can't hold your own in a scary pit and just HAVE to be up front.

You see, as much as you crave your bubble of space and protection, your poor fella is locking his arms in place to keep you from getting crushed. Guess what? He's getting crushed and his prepubescent arms are struggling to push the weight of 30 fast moving kids, jocks, skins and old timers off of you. Also, he's most likely taller than you and at the very least over the 5 foot tall stage height. He's getting kicked in the head and face with every stage diver and crowd surfer and can't move to dunk his head or protect himself. He's literally got to stand there and take the abuse. And when he buckles under the weight of a crowd of over 100 and you're getting crushed and he and the moron next to him guarding his partner decide to do a count of three push back, that ain't doin' shit. Yep, boy wonder is vulnerable completely from the front and back. He'll also end up probably knocking some poor kid around when he becomes frustrated and that can lead to fights. You've made this show suck ass to someone who is more excited than you to see this. Pull the tough card. You'll surprise yourself when you realize you can do this on your own and don't need anyone's damn help. If the pit is too scary for you to hold your own, then you don't need to be in it. You can see the show from the side lines. Then should young buck get pulled away or separated from you, you aren't in any danger trying to fend for yourself.

I ain't five feet tall and I've been in the pit alone numerous times. Yeah, you can get hurt. That's why I'm sharing this. There needs to be a level of respect. There will be drunks and jocks looking for a fight, there will be skinheads 10 Guinnesses in with a lit cigarette in one hand and pint glass full of beer in the other, there will be all types. Anticipate. Or just get fucked up, suck it up and DGAF.—CREEPY HORSE



INTROVISIONAIRE: FREEDOM

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

There was a time when two people could meet, shake hands, look each other in the eyes, and know that whether their paths intersected forward from there onward till the ends of time or just stuck around for those few fleeting moments—that they were in the company of a fellow sincere wholehearted life-liver who could do nothing but be earnest and compassionate. The type of fellow you'd hope to one day meet in passing when the world finally truly began to take its toll on you. Who, when all you really need is someone to listen, smile, nod, and keep their judgments to themselves are conveniently there in the nick of time just before the postal neurosis sets in. They were people of character, who would lay it all out there bluntly and yet somehow politely at the same time. Jacob Crymore was one of these fellows as Peist and O' Ed were about to find out.

They entered what appeared to be a rickety old trailer from the outside but soon found themselves traveling to the ends of expanding space. Almost at once as they arrived they found themselves in a white walled waiting room of sorts. They assumed they were to wait for their hosts company, but despite the outside's meager appearance, inside they couldn't help but feel the least bit significant. As far as they could tell, they were in imaginative time—at the precise moment before space and time could catch up. There was a Dali-esque clock in the corner that spun this way and that without a care in the world. They weren't certain whether this was put there as a joke of sorts or whether it truly was the result of time distortion. There was a small projection-like screen in the corner that played *Elvis' Blue Hawaii* on a loop. They waited what must have felt like two weeks before all walls around disappeared in a blip leaving them at the platform from which Ed had only not too long ago arrived. Matt stood silent and pale as a ghost as though this was some wicked dream.

However, much they were in awe, Peist and O' Ed were also still that much drunk as the waiting also came with a self-refilling mini bar that was always stocked to the brim with the finest miniatures. So things seemed pretty even paced, all things considered.

Thus out of seemingly nowhere their host graced them with his presence and went right into the state of things without even the slightest mention of any reasons for the wait. He spoke quite grandly and eloquently about the state of man and of mankind's

near total contempt for the so called "Human Condition". His twang left his voice and his tattered garments seemed to be miraculous rags. Apparently, things had gotten quite out of hand over the course of the last fifteen years. He quoted a bill that had passed seven years back in the Midwest United States of America that made unlawful wind ILLEGAL!!! The nerve!! It was absurdity at its finest yet here it was—man couldn't control the wind now anymore than they could before, yet that hadn't stopped the ego of man from projecting the appearance that it was in his power through might and glory of the written law. A horrible series of tornados had destroyed the region, the people needed help. What they got instead was an inflated bureaucrat making silly laws that no one could enforce. Unless you happened to be the poor sap who accidentally sat next to the Congressman in a BBQ joint and let one rip. The wind was unlawful, unpermitted, a disturbance of the peace, and most of all spoiled the Congressman's meal. So the poor sad sap was arrested, a camera crew was called in and the Congressman himself shot down the poor 64-year-old fella who had the misfortune of suffering from irritable bowel syndrome. Gus began to rumble, Ed looked around, Peist scratched his head, and Matt was still humming "Blue Hawaii". Then Jacob resumed. He spoke briefly of an anomaly that had happened to him undetected whilst on that iconic last rocket journey. Of something a strange voice uttered while on the cusp of a witnessing a comet up close. He saw a man riding it who resembled Ed. The man yelled "Everything's fucked!!!" at the top of his lungs with a giant grin. Jacob's transmitters were scanning surrounding space for any and all transmissions when Ed's voice came booming through out of nowhere disappearing just as fast. The dilemma was that this was LONG before Ed had even departed on his journey! He had only realized it was Ed once his mug was plastered on the cover of *TIME* magazine—then he knew! In his private time Jacob became obsessed with Ed and the man behind him—Peist. He called in old favors, read up on Peist's introversion and in a quest to understand stumbled upon his Intraspace device. This gave him the through time, the insight so many spend their whole lives searching for. And what that universal wisdom told him was — "Everything's Fucked". i.e. not the right timeline.

It was with a smile on his fat face that Jacob lovingly shoved the drunken Peist and Ed into the unknown of Peist's contraption with nothing more than a fiver, half a pack of Winston's, and a brand new bottle of Jim Beam. Matt waved confused but smiling as the two disappeared yet again. Ed's last words were a fading shout of "RRRRRRREEEEEDDDDDooooommmmm..." — **WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON**

FIRST DRAUGHT: BRAZOS VALLEY BREWERY

Last month I was able to get a few stolen moments from Jeremy Bass, the head brewer for upstart Brenham microbrewery **Brazos Valley Brewery**. As I mentioned briefly in last month's edition of *First Draught* I had very much enjoyed my first bomber of their **Stout**, which has the chocolate flavor of my beloved **Black Butte Porter** from **Deschutes Brewery** but with a much heavier, motor oil mouthfeel, like a stout version of Black Butte Porter. I enjoyed it much, and hope to get a chance to try their other brews soon.

K: What sparked your love of craft beer? How did that taste for good beer lead to you making beer on your own?

J: The crew at BVB has always loved beer. I think we started drinking Shiner and St. Arnolds and branched out from there. In 1998, at age 21, I toured St. Arnolds and was exposed to styles of beer I was unfamiliar with. That kind of started the exploration of craft beer. We all have different tastes and enjoy many styles of beers from Hoppy to Wheat to Sours. Later we started brewing in our kitchens and backyards and our hobby turned into an obsession with trying to brew the tastiest beers possible. We had wanted to start a brewery for a while and decided now was the time to share the beers we loved with the rest of the state.

Right at the moment you are only brewing a handful of beers. How did you choose the styles you are brewing and what do you

think is distinctive about them?

Brazos Valley Brewing currently has five styles in the market. We selected them based on personal taste really. The Golden Ale has been a favorite of ours for a longtime, it's very refreshing during the hot months, of which there are many, here in Texas. Silt Brown Ale is an American brown ale with chocolate notes and a touch of hoppiness. We also have two styles of India Pale Ale. The Cause IPA and The EFFECT Black IPA. We love hops and our brewers love NOFX too, after all "What are we doing this for?" The Stout was our latest beer released. It's got a bitter, Hoppy, Chocolate, Sweet vibe going on that blends well together. You can find the IPAs and Stout in 22oz bombers as well as on tap. We use American hops and Yeast in all of our current beer line up.

What other beers are "on tap" to be brewed? What other future plans might you have for BVB?

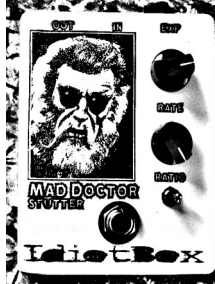
In the near future we will release Golden Ale and Silt Brown Ale in cans. We are planning a collaboration Brown ale with Independence Coffee as our next special release. We are waiting on TABC to approve the labels and then it's go time. We are widening our distribution and you can now find our beers in Waco, College Station, Houston and Galveston. Current accounts in B/C/S include Revolution, Harvey Washbangers, Carney's, Black Water Draw, and Spec's.

Lighter Side of Nuthin'



EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

www.idiotboxeffects.com



SMOKING POT WITH MY ALZHEIMER'S DAD

Holy crap. My heart is pumping hard. I just read something very interesting. Do I dare follow through? What if all it does is alert my family of something I'm not sure I want them to know? What if it actually helps? What if?

My dad has Alzheimer's Disease. It's undiagnosed as of yet, but we're pretty sure it's AD. His dad had it, and his dad's mom had it. It's truly looking like a textbook case. Alzheimer's Disease is a neuro-degenerative condition with symptoms including confusion, irritability, aggression, mood swings, language trouble, short- and long-term memory loss, eventual bodily function loss, ultimately leading to death, normally within 14 years after onset.

He is 69 and has been spiraling for the last few years. Lately more. Regular onset is 65-70, and we are all noticing how similar he's progressing to how my grandfather did. It used to be that he would ask me the same question a few times throughout the day, but lately, it's more like within 20 minutes, I've got to answer the same question several times. The other day, he told me the same "funny thing that happened to him" twice within the short 3-4 minute phone call.

So, what I read that is exciting to me was about the Endocannabinoid System in our brains. Endocannabinoids (naturally occurring neuromodulatory lipids and receptors in the brain involved in appetite, pain, mood and memory) in our brain are triggered transiently...only when important inputs come in.

Think of it like this: Me: "Hey Dad, I am going to the store, want to come?" Dad's Brain: "You are hungry. Important." Dad: "Sure." In the car... Dad's Brain: "You are traveling in a car. Not important!" Dad: "...". Dad: "How was your day?" Dad's Brain: "This is not important." Dad: "Meh."

This is actually pretty normal. We live like this.

With AD, this thing called A-beta (Amyloid-beta), impairs and blocks the Endocannabinoid's action.

Think of it like this: Me: "Hey Dad, I am going to the store, want to come?" Dad's Brain: "This is not important." Dad: "Sure." In the car... Dad's Brain: "Your environment has changed...this is important!" Dad: "Where are we going?" Me: "To the store." Dad's Brain: "This is not important." Dad's Brain: "Your environment has changed...this is important!" Dad: "Where are we going?" Me: "To the store." Dad's Brain: "This is not important." (etc.)

So, here's the interesting part: Smoking pot floods the brain with external Cannabinoids, resulting in a long-acting inhibition of interneurons by the herb's active chemical, tetrahydrocannabinol.

One of the articles I read said it is akin to listening to five radio stations at once.

So, the previous scenario might go something like this: Me: "Hey Dad, I am going to the store, want to come?" Dad's Brain: "Holy crap. That is the best thing I've heard all day. Important!" Dad's Brain: "Heck yes...munchies!" In the car. Dad's Brain: "You are traveling in a car...important!" Dad: "Dude, um, I hope you are taking me to the store. I've got the munchies!" Me: "Yes, we're going to the store!" Dad's Brain: "That's your son. He's familiar. He said 'Store!' Important!" Dad: "Stooooooooooooooooooooooooore!"

It's not just one article, but several that are finding a link between the physiological processes of AD and the effects of THC in the system. Some even state that the anti-inflammatory properties of THC can keep away AD altogether. Not sure I buy that though.

[All of this with a grain of salt of course, as it seems very trendy and popular nowadays to have an argument for the benefits of Medical Marijuana.]

Personally, pot makes me "weird". One hit and I'm having Prophetic Revelations and Self-Condensing Realizations. Maybe most people can handle it better than me. Maybe the medical

conditions that incite the use of Marijuana are worse than the weird paranoia and anxiety caused by a hit of strong Dank.

So, the point of this musing...my parents are coming in from out of town for the holidays. Do I dare find a joint of some strong Hydroponic Kush and present my findings to my parents?

Yes, right, it's illegal. I could be risking a fine or jail time. That would suck.

My dad once said that he would be willing to try it if it wasn't illegal. OK, so that's sort of a "yes", right? He might be interested. Do I know someone? I'm so far away from that world. In high school, yeah, I had all the connections! Hmm.

If his AD keeps spiraling at the current rate, the person we've all known and loved won't really be there anymore anyway. Just a shell for the next decade or so. Visiting him at a nursing home, even though he won't recognize us or have anything to talk about or say.

[AD sucks bad. Sorry for the buzzkill.]

Or will my presentation induce a horror recoil and put a dark mark on me.

"Why are you smoking Pot?"

"Why do you think we would want to do that?"

"I'm calling CPS!"

This is a tough one. I mean, basically this could amount to just getting high with my parents. That could be super awkward. It could also be super fun. My dad is super fun. He is a laugher. He's so fun to be around. He loves people and gatherings, and enjoys his bottom shelf Vodka and cheap beer.

Sure, he was also a hard-assed military dad. I think I was grounded from about 5th grade to about 11th. He was strict, particular and overreacting. There was a time he thought I might be retarded, and we got pretty good at avoiding each other for weeks at a time.

He's changed. I've changed. We get along pretty well now. He loves my mom. He took care of us. He's a good man. I hate losing him like this.

What if my dad suddenly has a moment of clarity and joy and the memories start flooding in. What if he's able to see what's going on and understand our love for him and "get it". What if we end up eating everything in the fridge and listening to Radiohead and The Cure on earphones and laugh about the sound dogs make when they are sniffing?

Truth is, he could also have a flash of reality that he's losing his marbles and completely freak. Could it make matters worse by flooding the gates and end up being worse and further along? It could end in a naked old man running down the street trying to convince a Chihuahua to stop barking.

It could also just knock him out for the night.

I'll have to think long and hard about this.

We'd have to do it after the kids were asleep.

Sources: Blocking Brain's 'Internal Marijuana'... http://med.stanford.edu/news/all-news/2014/06/blocking-brain_s-internal-marijuana-may-trigger-early-alzheimers.html

Alzheimer's Prevention Starts with Marijuana... <http://blog.mpp.org/medical-marijuana/alzheimers-prevention-starts-with-marijuana-according-to-british-journal/05142014/>

Molecular link... <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/17140265>

WORLDS COLLIDE

She checked her breath against the palm of her hand, then tilted her head to the side and said, "Do you think this would be weirder if we were somehow related?"

Moments earlier, he'd imagined the freckles on her pale skin to be flecks of oatmeal in a cookie. So he rubbed his teeth along the curve of her shoulder clumsily, like a horse scrabbling for a sugar cube.

"You mean like Romeo and Juliet?" he said.

She scrunched her face. "What do you mean 'like Romeo and Juliet'?"

He bit her shoulder again lightly, a dog bobbing for a tennis ball in water. "Yeah. Wasn't that why they couldn't be together? Their parents were married or something? They were step-siblings or something?"

She reached for her glasses on the night stand and, without looking back at him, pictured his hair, the way he wore it spiked, and she wondered if his intelligence shot out of his head through the arrows of all that spiked hair.

"No, you idiot. Their families weren't married, and they weren't step-siblings. Their families hated one another. That's why they couldn't be together."

He was already slipping out of bed, reaching for his t-shirt. "Huh. That's funny. Kinda like our families."

"Yeah," she said, her shoulders drooping at the thought. "Like our families." She pulled her knees up to her chest. "Like I said: it would almost be easier for us if we were just related."

He slipped on his shorts and checked his hair in the mirror. "Yeah. But then it would be totally gross," he said.

"Gross-er," she said teasing, and smiled up at him.

"Yeah, the gross-est!" he said and laughed. But she didn't laugh. "Listen, I gotta go. Maybe I'll call you later?" He said it like a question—not like he was asking her permission, but as if he were asking himself.

"Sure," she said. "That would be gross."

"Yeah, yeah. But good gross," he said, leaning over and kissing her forehead, "I had a great time. But you think, you know, with the thing between our families and all, that we could keep this our secret?"

She rocked on the bed one time gently with her knees against her chest, the way she'd seen her father and mother do when it hurt, and she nodded.

"Thanks, Meg," he said, never even bothering to close the door behind him.

"Sure," she said slipping on her pink cap. "Sure thing, Bart," she sighed. Milhouse had said the same thing.—KEVIN STILL



STILL POETRY

Confessions:

I have died a million times
I have lived a million and one

I have fallen in love only once
I have had my heart broken countless times

I have kissed strangers
I have had 7 lovers
I have had 6 regrets
I have mourned
I have missed
I have cried my body dry

I have laughed until it hurt my ribs
I have seen the stars at 3 A.M and obsessed about the universe in all its wonder.
I have whispered "I love you" to the sky and had the wind carry it to the ears of the only man I've ever loved.

I have lost and found God more than you'd seem to care
I have lost and found myself more times than sanity could bare

I am an echo of loves first fault
I am the chill in your bones when you are frightened
I am forgotten, but you'd never know it

I am a fragment of the human mind lost in jazz and colors that are untouchable
I am your dirty little secret
I belong to everyone, but no one claims me
I am a first touch that lingers on the surface of your skin
I am the first drink of a relapse
I am the last shot of an overdosed.

I am sorry, for I am only a glimpse of a fragile soul.
I am a contradiction walking around in shoes too small.
— JESSICA LITTLE



RECORD REVIEWS



The Escatones - The Replacement

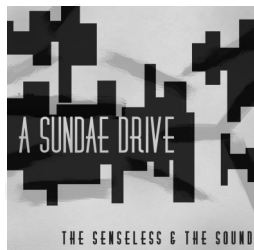
The Escatones The Replacement

This Houston garage/modern/alternative rock three-piece continues to chart its own musical course with its second album this year (actually the third in 16 months). Connor, JT, and Ken haven't broken any new ground, but they do a competent job over these 11 tunes.

"Hometown" is probably the best of the lot, primarily a straightforward rocker with this quirky hillbilly interlude. It features some of Pursell's best guitar work, especially through the end. Actually, strong guitar marks most of the slower tunes on *The Replacement* including the deliberate "Head," the unhurried "Sometime Soon," and the solo guitar/voice title cut. "Carry Me Home" is the most playful tune that evokes early Green Day with its loose and dynamic arrangement. "Johnny Stigma" and "51 West" are essentially folk tunes with acoustic guitar and harmonica. "Sideways" features a frisky guitar/drums interplay to close.

The Escatones also effectively cover the late Warren Zevon's "Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner," a demented reworking of the Washington Irving tale (itself a retelling of a Middle Age motif). And for a band that says it isn't a surf band, there is a guitar instrumental to open the record, appropriately or ironically titled "The Flagship" that's tastefully done.

Catch these guys live to really appreciate their music.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



A Sundae Drive The Senseless & The Sound

A month or so after releasing their split single, A Sundae Drive puts out their second full release *The Senseless & The Sound*, a great work from beginning to end. The songs have a tighter focus overall than those on the band's first album *You're Gonna Get Me*, an eagerness to them that drives the tunes at you. The band has also used a lot more complementary vocals parts now, taking advantage of all their talents, perhaps best

exemplified by the opening of "Until We Fall." Vocalists pass around the lead parts from one song to the next, and each time you feel as if you're listening to a new chapter of a story. The effect is frequently stunning. While *You're Gonna Get Me* seemed to want to slowly suck you in, *The Senseless & The Sound* wants to grab your attention and never let go. Even if a song starts out at a slower tempo, such as "Laissez Tomber," you're immediately hooked by the dual guitar parts entering each ear. Then a little more than halfway through, just as you think you're nearing the conclusion, the tempo change kicks in and the track becomes a rocker. Another note: if you're not listening to this album in full stereo you're doing it wrong. The way that parts are split up between left and right sides makes you fully appreciate all the band members layered contributions.

Many moments on the album stand out due to the numerous things the band is able to accomplish. The playful bass line after the introduction to "Until We Fall" hops along as the guitars around it are in high gear. The anthemic "Intensive Porpoises" gets your head bobbing immediately and has you humming along to the chorus by the second time through. There is a great triumphant guitar solo during "Ten Night Us," and a clever collection of lines in the chorus ("If everybody could be just/everybody could be just like") running into each other as perfect bookends. The piano-led "Where You've Never Been" is surprisingly haunting, with Jen's eerie backing vocals enveloping all atmosphere around them and the driving drums coming in at just the right time. "Covet Lounge" has one of the most manic guitar lines I've heard, and refuses to let hold of you throughout. The closing ballad, "Reconjugated," seems to reference the last album's closing track with the lyric "I'm going to miss you like crazy," and is simply beautiful. Get yourself a copy of *The Senseless & The Sound*, put some good headphones on, and enjoy.—TODD HANSEN



Plaid Reachy Prints

On its eighth recording, the electronic duo hasn't produced a bad album, but it seldom rises above ear candy, which isn't that bad a deal.

"Liverpool Street" is easily the most sprightly of the tunes that actually evokes emotional warmth and a bubbly spirit. Many of the tunes on *Reachy Prints* are entertaining enough to listen to as ambient or background splashes—like "Ropen" or "Wallet"—but they seldom are sonic leaps. "Matin Lunaire" comes the closest to having a solid musical foundation that is built upon effectively. Too many of

the songs—even the bouncy "Tether"—are like "Slam" and "Hawkmoth" and just aren't adventuresome enough, despite their obvious musicality. Still, this is a great aural backdrop for just about any occasion.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



Tweedy Sukirae

I don't know what to think about Jeff Tweedy anymore. 20 years ago I was head over heels in Uncle Tupelo-vibe. I had listened to those albums backwards and forwards, learned every rhythmic twist and turn, every high lonesome harmony, every stinking word of guilt and regret, to the point that many years later (ie. now) I have a hard time listening to those albums anymore because I felt like I *lived* them for so long. Jay Farrar and Jeff Tweedy sang songs for me.

Fast forward to the here and now and Jeff just ain't writing 'em for me anymore, and really hasn't since at the very latest Wilco's 2004 LP *A Ghost Is Born* and, if I'm real honest, not since 1997's *Being There* (even though I love *Summerteeth* and enjoy a good deal of *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*). There have been songs here and there stashed on subsequent Wilco albums I've liked but as a whole I felt like Jeff Tweedy just kinda went off on his own trip that I wasn't invited on. *Sukirae*, a double album recorded by Jeff and his son Spencer (hence the Tweedy moniker) is really not that much different than any other Wilco album since *Blue Sky*. There's experimental moments, downhearted country pop, worn denim folk, etc. Nothing new here other than the story about the album being about Tweedy wife/mother having survived cancer recently and the turmoil it caused in Tweedy's lives. Well, hurrray to any reviewer that could tell all of that from listening to it a handful of times because the songs really aren't memorable enough to me for the lyrics to stick out enough for me to quote them.

I say that but there are some exceptions to that rule. Lead-off track "Please Don't Let Me Be So Understood" starts off promising enough, with a polyrhythmic beat, noisy guitars, bizarre lyrics about killing people and growing up and being bored. First thing's first, you notice that Spencer can play the drums. This isn't a vanity project at all. He can get just as rhythmically dense and fucked up as longtime Wilco timekeeper Ken Kotche. Tune into "World Away" and "Diamond Light Pt. 1." Both songs are made by the galloping rhythmic trickery of Spencer, the latter especially as the drum track becomes the hook, freeing Jeff to go avant and abstract with the rest of the instrumentation and the melodies.

"Slow Love" is awash in reverb, buried vocals, pedaltones that come in and out....every bit as out there as a 21st century Wilco track, but without a lot of the pomp that accompanies that band.

While it may seem that I only like the more fucked up stuff on this 20-track double album, I do rather enjoy the one really good conventional song on the album, "Nobody Dies Anymore." You can pretty much tell from the title what it's about, but the point is that we don't talk to each other anymore, we don't interact with one another as a society except through technology. I think we all know how that feels.

All toll, *Sukirae* is an interesting album to listen to, even better if you've got fast forward or are deft at picking up and dropping the needle on the records. If anything, we know that Tweedy could breed his own backing band that would be just as satisfactory as the dudes he's got in Wilco.—KELLY MINNIS



The Well Samsara

The Well has at last released their first long-playing record, with the aid of Easy Rider Records. Four of the songs contained therein are songs that were included on their most recent EP *First Trip*. One song is a re-recording of a song from their debut "7". So a lot of this album is familiar to me already. As a cohesive statement though, *Samsara* is presented to the world outside of central Texas to show folks unfamiliar with The Well what that band is all about. The tempos are slow, the guitars thick as Aunt Jemima, the eerie alien beauty that the blending of Ian and Lisa's voices make when they sing in unison. It is stoner metal, but it is not really. The trappings are there, but what makes The Well so different than many of the other bands who fit comfortably under that description continues to be the band's focus on songwriting, not just on the sound or unbridled riffery, though The Well has those things in spades. Many bands in the genre hold the first few Sabbath albums up as both bibles and blueprints. The dog the secret weapons of Ozzy's vocals and Geezer's lyrics. The Well does. "Trespas" has that balance, of badass metal guitar riffing, bloozy paranoia, roach-toking wah-wah and memorable pop melody. If you weren't lucky enough to catch any of the band's first self-released material, *Samsara* will make a great place for you to hop on the train.—KELLY MINNIS

CONCERT CALENDAR

12/3—Caspa, The Others, DJ Get Low, Monikr @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/4—Penny & Sparrow @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/5—The Boom Boom, Hazy Ray, Daniel Gonzalez @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

12/5—Linus Pauling Quartet, Funeral Horse, Prof. Fuzz 63, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/6—St. Paul & The Broken Bones, Somebody's Darling @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/6—KANM Benefit feat. Warmother, King & Nation, LUCA, Odd Folks @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/7—Drowning Pool, Wellborn Road, Signal Rising @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

12/12—Shinyribs @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/13—Rock 103.9 Homebrew presents The Inators, Critical Misfire, B.A.M.H. @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/27—979Represent Family Party feat. ASS, The Tron Sack, Girland, Mutant Love, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

1/3—A Sundae Drive, Madd Comrades, The Inators @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

1/10—Mutant Love @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

1/17—Take Me To Tomorrow, SkyAcre, Funeral Horse, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

HUD: THE KIND OF JERK YOU WANNA HANG OUT WITH

Hud's the leading cowboy in this western. He's hot, he's cool, he's young, he's popular and he's also a giant asshole. And he's not the asshole cowboy with the heart of gold that we see Tommy Lee Jones play over and over again. He's the kind of leading asshole that only a cynical movie from the 60s or 70s like Hud (Ritt 1963) could give us.

The film opens up to a classic black and white horizon filmed in Panavision with the words "Paul Newman" covering the upper two thirds of the frame that make up the sky. Newman's name fades away and is replaced by, "as HUD." A lead classical guitar plays a simple melody along with a minor chord progression played through arpeggios by a second guitar. The classical guitar and the landscape allude to a western, but without the fanfare that would accompany many traditional introductory scenes of the genre. In this western, the horse that one may expect to see galloping along the horizon line is actually being transported in a trailer that is being pulled by a pickup truck moving from right to left across the frame. A wide angle shot then pans to the left and the tiny truck can be seen moving in a negative direction across the defined horizontal line created by the earth and sky. In the next shot we see the pickup pulling into a small Texas town and the horizontal line in the previous shot is now contrasted by a frame cluttered by vertical poles supporting a water tower, train signs, power lines and posts in a parking lot. The non-diegetic guitars fade away so that we can hear the country music coming out of the noisy truck. As we see the youngster that could have been the protagonist of the movie step out of the car, we notice that the melodic twang is coming from his own portable audio device.

We may expect Lonnie, the portable audio toting youngster, to be one of the corrupt members of the modern generation causing such a change in the 1960s landscape. We quickly begin to see, though, that if anyone is corrupt in this town, it's his uncle Hud. Hud's reputation precedes him. Before he loudly sets foot in this movie, we see movie title fill the sky with his short name. We also learn from the townspeople that he is a chicken fried steak eating, bar brawling, pink Cadillac driving womanizer who Lonnie looks up to. After his physical introduction, we can see that patrons cheer when he walks into their bar, everyone attending the rodeo cheers even though he cheats in a pig catching competition and young women surround him at every leisurely moment.

Perhaps much of his appeal lies in the fact that he, and not Lonnie, is the true representative of the modernity that we saw in the introductory scene. There is a pivotal moment when Lonnie asks his grandfather, "Why pick on Hud granddad? Just about everybody around here is like him one way or another." The old man replies, "Well that's no cause for rejoicing... Little by little the face of the country changes because of the men we admire... family members. You're just going to have to make up your own mind someday about what's right and what's wrong." The truth is that in this particular movie, Hud turns out to be a little more interesting than his father, Homer. The viewer, like Lonnie, leave the grandfather along with his sage advice in order to follow Hud into the kitchen.

The large pink Cadillac connects Hud with the oil driven industry that will eventually overtake the cattle industry. Later in the movie, his father and he will argue over the future of the ranch and they confront each other over what to do with the land. Homer, an old cowboy set in his traditional ways, hates the idea of the oil industry taking over the land, while the opportunistic son welcomes the modern industry. These connections are illustrated further when the traditional Homer is finally thrown off his horse, the more traditional form of travel, and is forced to recognize that his Cadillac driving son will eventually sell the liquid gold. An interesting thing about this picture is that people want to be with Hud despite his modern egotism. You can't have a bad ass pink Cadillac without harmful oil just like you can't have Hud without a serious amount of dicketry.

What seems to be even more appealing is that Hud seems to be ok with whether you come along for the ride or not. Even in the final shot of the movie, the voyeuristic camera follows the cowboy into the house and then peers into the kitchen to watch him open a can of beer. The camera remains outside of the room and the main character is tightly framed within an actual door frame. The open landscape that introduced the movie has been exchanged for the comforts of a small kitchen with a refrigerator stocked with cold beer. Finally, Hud walks back towards the door, flippantly waves off any company and slams the door loudly on the viewer's face. He let you experience his awesomeness for a while, but he's done with you in the same way that he was finished with so many wives, friends and family members.—ALEX GARZA

ARSENAL

TATTOO & DESIGN



**HISTORIC
DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS**

arsenaltattoo.com