

# STORERPRESENT



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## THE YEAR OF THE TEXAS BAND

Every year since 1992 I have looked forward to writing a Top Ten Album list. At first it was for my high school newspaper, *The Challenger* of Apollo High School in Owensboro, KY. Then eventually it became for *College Heights Herald*, at my alma mater of Western Kentucky University. Then for various listservs, newsgroups, blogs, Amazon.com, *The Eagle* and now my very own 'zine. Except in 2014, for the very first time, I really didn't have a Top Ten Albums list. I can't think of ten albums that I heard this year that were released in 2014 that did anything for me. That's sad. Sad not because of the state of modern music these days, but for the state of my consumption of modern music.

I used to flip my big brother a lot of shit about how he reached 30 and stopped listening to new music. That wasn't entirely true, but for someone who turned me on at young ages to a lot of very good music, something happened to him at middle age that pushed his ears towards the soothing granola grooves of Dave Matthews, John Mayer, and 1950s jazz and away from indie rock, metal, punk, and other more challenging musics. I vowed that I would never grow old like that. I would always continue to hear and champion new music.

What changed for me in 2014 was that I didn't pay much attention to the music being made outside of Texas. I read a lot of music blogs and consumed many column inches about so many great new bands that people were going crazy over...but I couldn't force myself to care. And that's sad, because it's easier these days than ever before to hear new music. I sit in front of an internet-enabled computer all day long. It only takes a click of the mouse for me to hear all these new bands. But I couldn't even be bothered to do that. Instead, I turned towards the music of the bands I discovered in 2014 at shows. The bands my bands or my friends' bands shared bills with. The best album I heard all year, whether from Texas or anywhere else, was *Sacred Ground* from Austin's **SkyAcres**. It triggered something in me that nothing else last year could. It rocked balls-out, but yet it was subtle, silken. The lyrics made me think, whether they were barked, cried out or whispered. I had the amazing fortune of having filled in on drums with SkyAcres for a few months last fall and I was afraid that the album would have lost its strength for me after that, but if anything, it increased my passion for it.

Houston's **A Sundae Drive** released a new CD, *The Senseless and the Sound*, late in the year and I've spent the better part of the last few months listening to it constantly. This band has gone from being a rather clean mid 90s jangly indie rock band to a somewhat dirty, noisy, angular version of that same mid 90s jangly indie rock band. Before it's like the band embraced the 2000s era Yo La Tengo and Spoon and now are finding the ragged glory in those bands' earlier work and applying some of those smudgy, jagged tones to their own. Hutto's **Jay Satellite** embraced the Guided By Voices home-recording collage on their 20 song album *From the Mythical Land of*, shoe-horning in whimsical lo-fi cassette paeons between the big Sugar-esque tortured rock. Austin's **Kingdom of Suicide Lovers** took the eerie, creepy beauty of Exene and John Doe's off-key unison vocals and applied it to the psychedelic stomp of early '80s Velvet Underground inspired bands like Dream Syndicate and The Jesus & Mary Chain on their album *Distant Waves*. Houston's **Brand New Hearts** continued to knock me out all year with their blend of radio-friendly post-emo and early '80s AOR rock. I never realized how great a band Houstonites **Only Beast** are until I could hear them in sharp contrast on their self-titled CD. Sure, they're a great live force but the album showed me darker, more gothic tinges that I couldn't easily discern through club PA's. **Giriband's** *Shark Week* cassette should be a ground zero for many punk bands for how to do it right, with more irreverence, humor and zeal and less punk by rote fashion. Victoria punks **T.S.S.** followed similar suit. Houston's **Cornish Game Hen** created a religious experience in me live that I will never forget, taking the discipline of early Wire and adding the synth punk mania of The Units, early Devo, Pere Ubu and The Screamers. I was astonished to discover B/C/S had its very own great lost Pacific Northwest indie rock band in **LUCA**. I'm no big modern metal fan but locals **Myra Maybelle** have a new EP that sounds just as polished and pro as anything else you'd hear on Rock 103.9.

Huh, this sure as hell looks like a Top Ten List, donut? — **KELLY MINNIS**



# YOU'RE NOT PUNK & I'M TELLING EVERYONE: TAZED & CONFUSED

This past month the city I am from, Victoria Texas, recently became a hotbed of controversy when a 23-year-old cop wrongfully pulled over a vehicle owned by a car dealership, and tazed a 76-year-old man. This incident was an ingredient to the perfect storm of recent cop happenings all around the United States and brought attention to our backyard. A yard that was not expecting guests. Lines were immediately drawn as some folks who have family in law enforcement tried to say things like, "not all cops are bad", while I also had to deal with punks, skaters, metalheads and general people from the "other side of the tracks" saying "they're certainly not all good."

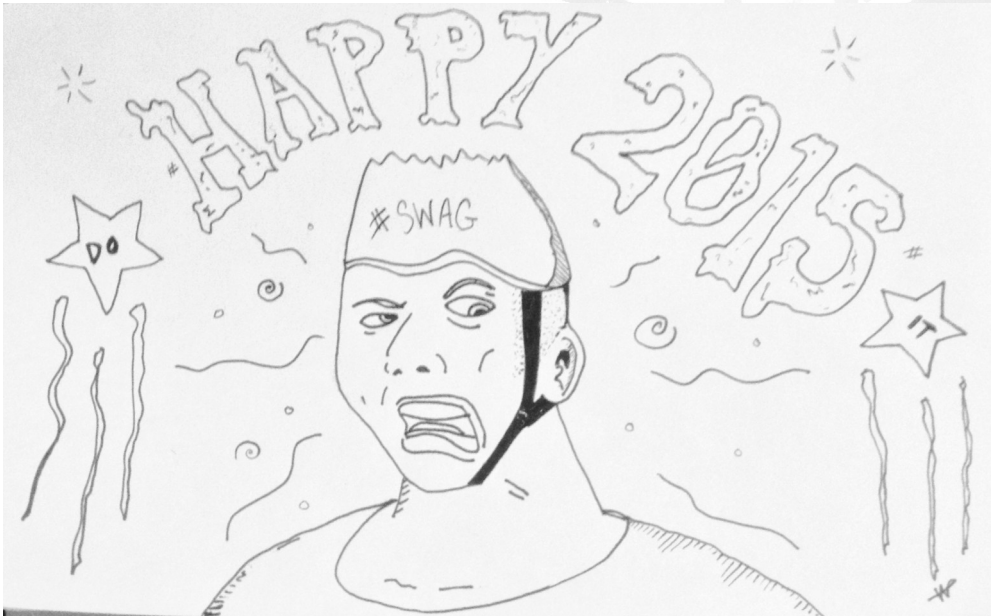
I can't comment on general media and reckless reporting. The only thing I can tell you about is what I know. So here is what I do know...

1. When I was 9 or 10 years old, I was new to Victoria and was riding my bike with my brother and a neighborhood friend downtown. When we reached the square, we parked our bikes and sat at a bench for a minute. Within minutes, a cop car rolled up, one of the officers jumped out, announced we were under arrest, and threatened to take us to jail because our bikes did not have a sticker that registered it with the city. (A bicycle license he called it, but it actually only registers it in case it is stolen.) He messed with us for about ten minutes before he got a real call and left us all shaken. It was my first time meeting a real cop.
2. When I was about 15 I was walking home from the library. I had a bottled water in my hand and about halfway there, I was stopped by two bike cops who proceeded to try to get me to admit to drinking (at 5 in the afternoon) insisting that my bottle of water was vodka, and had me doing sobriety tests before letting me go after more interrogation.
3. When I was in high school, I got pulled over for jogging at 5 in the morning. The cop said I was obviously running from him and did not stop when he called me (I was wearing headphones). He said I was wearing all black so I was obviously a robber (sweatpants) and didn't believe me even though I had a CD Walkman in my hand (he said I obviously stole it) and I didn't have an ID, (again... sweatpants). This particular officer was playing good cop/bad cop with his partner, and really did his best to try and scare me. I did my best to not show fear, to show courtesy even though I didn't receive any, and internalized the incident. I knew that I would never look at them the same.

These things happened while I was discovering punk rock. I was still too young for tattoos. It made me cling to my beliefs even more. Before that incident with my bike, I grew up thinking they were good guys. Imagine my surprise when I found out I was being treated like a bad guy. I wasn't alone. All my friends were having similar experiences. As we grew, I will be the first to admit that we were not angels, but it didn't help that whether guilty or not, we were treated the same way. I get it, I mean cops are not trained to be the sentinels of the American Way. They are called "police" for a reason. They police. They do not get trained to trust people. The motto of "protect and serve" is adhered to as much as you follow your company's mission statement. I mean it looks good on paper, but let's face it, you don't follow it either. It's selective.

I've had numerous run-ins with police officers since then. I've been searched, questioned, intimidated and more. That wasn't as bad as the feelings I got when I was a kid. So when this incident came to light, social media became a playground. I lost a few friends over it. Most were family members of law enforcement, but others were people who simply hadn't had any run-ins with cops. That's kind of where things stand today. The fact that I am now labeled as some kind of activist if I decide to speak out. I'm not trying to say that a cop's job is easy. It's not. But I do feel that we pay them, we train them. Like politicians, we should hold them to a higher standard. It's not rocket science. If they are really trying to do good, then walking the walk should be priority number one. I don't call the cops anymore. The last time I did was for a car accident and I just needed a report number for my car insurance. When that happened, I was treated pretty rudely by the cops mostly because the offender was elderly, even though he had no drivers license or insurance. So I don't call them, probably won't unless I come across a dead body. I just don't trust them as a whole.

That sort of sucks too, because I know they are not all bad. But the good ones seem like a rarity. There are websites that post new videos everyday of badly handled law encounters. This is not new, it's always been happening, and yes it's always been happening in my town too. But it is important to note that the majority of us are not anti-cop. We just want people to stop acting like dicks. That however seems like a far away goal. One I fear will never happen. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. I guess that's the problem.—TIMOTHY DANGER



# STILL DRINKING VS FIRST DRAUGHT

I don't get excited about spring or summer drinking. Those seasons have fine beers from craft breweries, but I find that the warmer seasons tend to excite brewmasters towards hop bombs and lighter fare that are supposed to quench thirsts on hot days. I'm more of a fall and winter dude, when Oktoberfests, pumpkin beers, stouts and winter warmers are all the rage. During the Christmas holidays I drank many such beers in a full-on binge of what passes for alcoholism around my house (ie. I might have drank two bombers and passed out in my living room chair and left the TV on overnight). I will attempt now to blaze through them.

**Shiner Birthday 106 Chocolate Stout**—It tastes like a yellow cake with Betty Crocker chocolate icing liquefied, concentrated and poured atop a Shiner Bock, never blending with it. The most disappointed I believe I've ever been in a Shiner beer. I poured half mine out and quickly cleansed the pallet with a **Harpoon Chocolate Stout**, probably the crown jewel of the chocolate beer phenomenon. **Shiner Haymaker Extra Pale Ale**—This is Shiner's latest limited bomber and I was shocked that not only did I actually like it, but bought a second and third one and could not sit on them. I had to drink them right away. It is like a very clean, crisp pilsner that would be better suited for a summer beer than something released in the dead of winter.

**Atwater Cherry Stout**—The cherry comes on really sour and it combines with a fairly bitter stout. Once you get past the shock to your pallet at first swig it becomes rather tasty, even more so as it opens up. **Rahr 10th Anniversary Rahrzent Chocolate Imperial Stout**—So silky smooth, so motor oil-y beautiful, dark and chocolatey.

**Rahr Bourbon Barrel Aged Winter Warmer**—So silky smooth, so motor oil-y beautiful, dark and malty with vanilla and scotch esters. Rahr completely ruled for holiday beer this year.

**Ska Brewing Autumnal Mole Stout**—It pains me to write nice things about a brewery with a terrible name (and even a little two-tone checker on their logo tool) but this is a fantastic beer, one of the only I've had that really does the pepper thing and gets the balance right. You can taste the ancho without it burning your lips, the chocolate is subtle as well. Pleasantly surprised. **Four Hands Imperial Stout**—Coffee-infused stout from St. Louis gifted to me by Prof. Still. Coffee infused stout. Coffee in it is bitter, the stout takes the imperial part seriously (hoppy, dry) but both flavors cool out as the beer opens up and reveals a velvety smooth motor oil finish.

**Buffalo Bayou 1836 Copper Ale**—If you had blind taste tested me I would have told you that you'd poured me a Sierra Nevada Pale Ale. I'm not a huge fan of that beer, though I recognize its significance in craft brewing culture. I'm glad I persevered, as the beer has a nice malty sweetness under that shock of cascade hop up top. Again, I think it would be a fine summery beer for sure. **Oskar Blues Old Chub Nitro**—OH, MY. FECKING. GOD. Best Scotch ale I've had since Bert Grant (RIP) and family stopped brewing his Scotch ale. Just goes to show that nitro makes EVERYTHING better. **Left Hand's American Ale Nitro** is also a winner in that regard. **Goose Island The Muddy Imperial Stout**—Like pretty much every other great stout I had this season: smooth, oily, chocolatey, coffee/toffee notes, etc. It's great that so many breweries make a good imperial stout now. Lots of choices and I'm rarely left ass-out for a good beer somewhere.

**St. Arnold Wagger Brown**—How is it that St. Arnolds didn't already have a brown? I coulda swore they did, but I was getting it mixed up with what Rahr has. This tastes nothing like Newcastle. That's either a good thing or a bad thing depending on the user. It has a little pecan bitterness to it but the ever-present St. Arnolds malty sweetness tempers the nut. Fine example. **St. Arnolds Icon Mandarin Wheat**—The first of the Icon series that I just didn't love. It's kinda like a cloudy IPA with a little citrus in the aftertaste. Not a fan. **Presidio La Bahia Black Hefeweizen**—What an intriguing blend. Banana/clove esters from the Hefe side, that charred burnt taste of a good black ale on the other side. When they meet? It's more like a burnt Dunkel than a burnt Hefe, as the malt side comes on more than the classic banana/citrus taste of a European Hefe, but it may wind up being a new style (at least I hope so). **Stone Coffee Milk Stout**—Who can get a stout wrong? Stone can. Sure, there are lots of stouts out of the U.K. that are dry and bitter. None are hop bombs. Congratulations Stone, you've proceeded to ruin what could've been a good stout in someone else's hands, but this is no surprise. Everything Stone makes is a hop bomb. That is one beer trend that I can't wait to run its course. — KELLY MINNIS

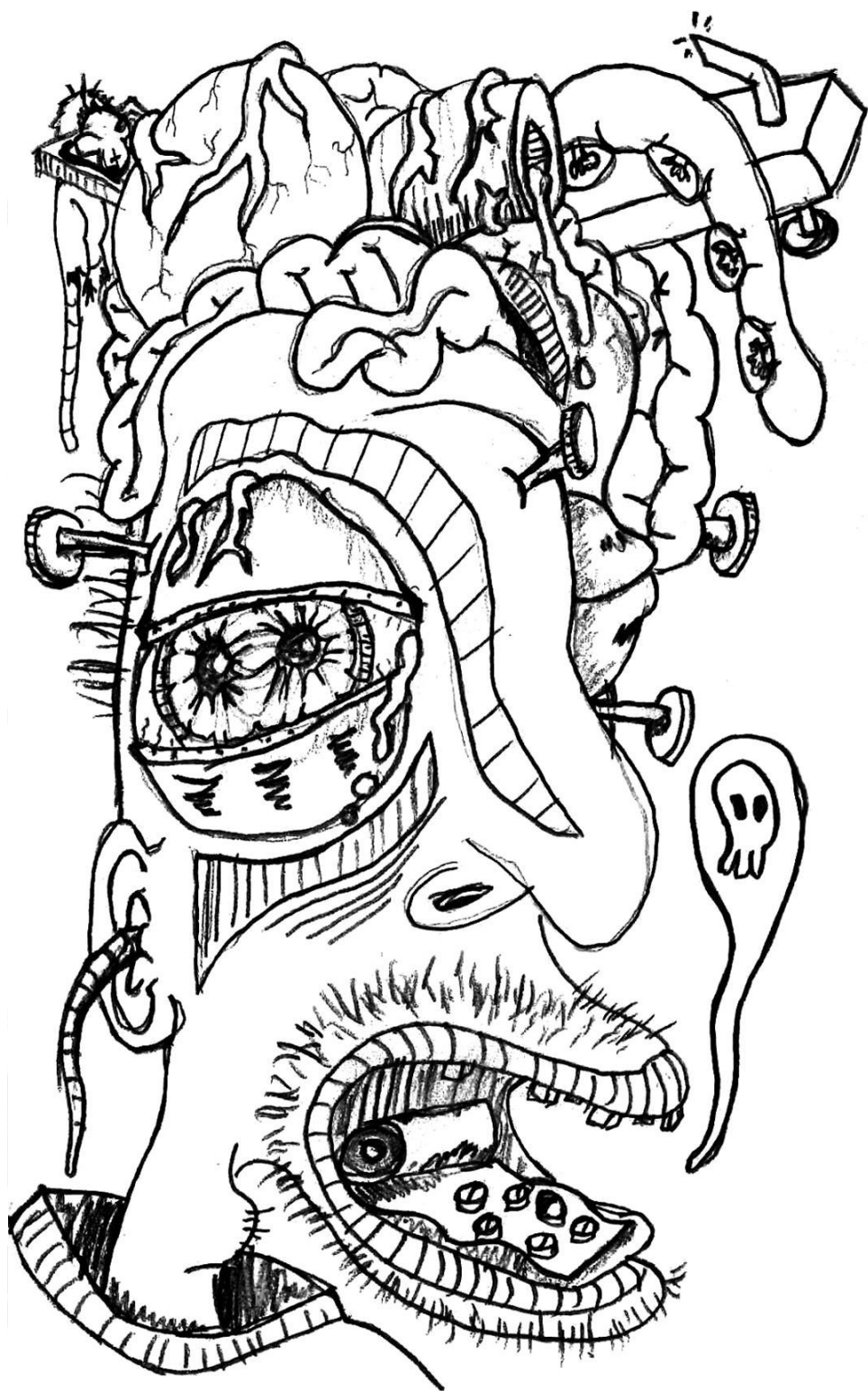
I confessed on Facebook some months back to being a bad Texan for wanting to trade **Spoetzi Brewing Company** for any craft brewery in Colorado. What followed in the comments amounted to little less than social flogging. By dismissing **Shiner Beers**, I had, it appeared, accomplished the following: high treason; hipster ranting; blasphemy; a simpleton's foolery; a beer-y high five; an Amen to an existing anti-Shiner gospel; and (most profoundly) a dumbass statement. One person actually labeled my opinion "wrong". I reminded the factions I am entitled to the opinion I've held since first moving to Texas. And my opinion remains that Shiner is a sub-par brewery making sub-par beer for patriots who judge beer on nepotism rather than flavor. Kelly accused me of poking fun where it's already cool to poke fun, and I agreed. It's cool to poke fun at Shiner because, well, look at their latest offering.

Let the jury notice this tall glass of Hoobastank before me: the **Shiner 106 Birthday Beer Chocolate Stout** (5% ABV). Sadly, I poured the 106 Chocolate Stout into a Shiner 101 Czech-Style Pilsner glass, which is the one Shiner beer I have most cherished and fondled with my taste-icles. I tried the new Birthday Cake Beer for the first time in Kelly's dude-cave. Ever the generous beer-geek, Kelly warned me about this one. Immediately from the nose, I knew he spoke true. Like all of Shiner's "crazy"/un-flagship beers, Spoetzi amps to eleven the bits they need only hint while burying the most integral parts of each brew: mainly the intended style itself. The Birthday Cake Beer smells like a scratch-n-sniff chocolate birthday cake sticker. This sucker screams artificial flavors. Regardless, the nose and flavor do not match. The flavor of the Birthday Cake Beer is not chocolate-y or stout-y or cake-y. It just tastes like a beer stepped on a spat-up Tootsie Roll on the way to the glass. That's all I got. And, please, no more.

Winter, still upon us, demands big stouts. Never fear! I have three seasonal Imperial Stouts to recommend that will blow your onesie's footies off. And each of these are available in four-packs, or (if you're lucky) singles at your local HEB, for a limited time. Let's start with **Brooklyn Black Chocolate Stout** (10% ABV). Brooklyn Black Chocolate Stout is, first of all, BIG. Smoky, bitter roasted cocoa notes rule. There's nothing overly refined or cordial about this beer. It's a full-on, in-your-face, unapologetic, BLACK BLACK OBSIDIAN malt spank! Yet you can also hear it whispering dirty secrets to you. Things like, "Rub some English Stilton on it". Brooklyn's Black Chocolate Stout is the older beer with which you have an affair in the hillsides of your preparatory school and of whom you'll write a failed novel.

Next, **Sierra Nevada's Narwhal Imperial Stout** (10.2% ABV) is this dank stout triplet's outcast. In a glass, Narwhal offers zero head. I'm looking at a pint of Beezeleub's belly bile. No bubbles. Pure tar-black flat-top. Total middle finger attitude. On the nose, a bit of burnt espresso with some heavy, angry bread notes. Initial flavors stir about extra-sharp cocoa, definitely coffee, and maybe some char-skewered figs. Kelly would love the absolute lack of hops here. Screw flowers! Screw fruit! Screw pinetrees! HAIL, MALTZ! This beer is *Blue Velvet* beautiful. If Brooklyn Black Chocolate Stout were Woody Allen's naughty crooked eyebrow looking you over, Sierra Nevada's Narwhal is David Lynch's diary. Sure, you could put this alongside some stinky cheese or a black peppercorn steak, but why would you?

Last, **Founders' Breakfast Stout** (8.3% ABV) ranks as my favorite among these three stouts. Founders' label boasts "Double Chocolate Coffee Oatmeal Stout". Loads of adjectives there, yet Founder's fills each of those syllables with pure dark coffee-holic greatness. "Double Chocolate"? Sure, but don't expect a thin, sweet Young's Double Chocolate Stout. Expect elegance. Expect a reason to write postcards to old friends. Expect the first beer that made you crave New York Style Cheesecake. It's the dark coffee notes in Breakfast Stout—dumped straight from the French press—that knock me out. Intrigued, I searched Founders' homepage for recipe specs. Seems Founders' Breakfast Stout utilizes a plethora of Sumatra (pairs with dark chocolate) and Kona (brightens things up) coffees as well as "bitter and imported chocolates". Beautiful. I am both grateful and saddened Founders' Breakfast Stout is only available for a small window each year. — KEVIN STILL



# INTROVISIONAIRE: A MERE

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

The darkness grew and consumed poor Theo as he felt his every fiber, every molecule torn apart, shot across time and space, and back again. Memories and images of things long since forgotten seemed now to only correlate and dance around in his mind's eye. Perhaps Jacob was right and everything was indeed fucked? His poor stomach knotted and twisted under the weight of the newly resurfaced convictions. Convictions that if held tight could have been enough to fuel an ancient Gladiator to not only freedom from the cruel arena games of the past, but that would have only further fueled him all the way to the emperor's throne should something like that have been his fancy. His heart began to ache tremendously, sending quakes and shivers over his person as he recounted past matters of the heart.

For instance, the lovely fair skinned girl whom he loved when he was just 13. Whom had let him play with her rather large for her age breasts and whom fancied herself a mystical "witch" in tune with ancient Nordic gods, and nuttier then Loki himself. She was "quirky", as most people put it. It was cute at times, annoying at others. She had had rather nice breasts from what he could recall, and as such was soon quite popular with the other boys as well. The boys seemed to be pretty understanding of her breasts and their magical ceremonies as long as she let them loiter around and occasionally see or touch a boob. Soon enough, one day after school, Peist arrived at his lover's house to find a line outside the door—A LINE STRETCHING TO THE STREET!!

Peist was hurt, and shocked at first—he hadn't minded her showing off her breasts for purposes of boasting or for her weird rituals, she was a "witch" after all—in fact he had actually made him quite proud, in a weird way, to be the guy officially with the girl who's boobs everyone wanted to see. "So what if everyone else saw them", he thought, for it was he who got to play to actually touch and play with them day after day. Upon seeing the extent of the line his stomach went nuts, but instead of running away or charging past the line to see what was going on, Peist solemnly remembered his manners and got in line.

What he found when he eventually got inside was Janis drunk and naked on her back with a room full of burning incense and candles, and some weird symbols marked about the room. Sex magic. She had gotten into her mother's booze and started playing with and showing off her new evergrowing boobs. Naturally, she was proud of them, and once her pride and enough booze went to her head, wanted others to enjoy them as much as she was too. She called two boys from school over and asked them if they'd like to play with her boobs till little Theo got out of detention and came over to do the same. Well, boys being boys, each called a friend who told a friend who told another and soon there was a line of young boys, all of which who had brought party favors of their own. There was poor young naive Janis lying there laughing with runny clown makeup she had borrowed from her mom all over everything and a pile of boys undies beside her floor mattress like piles of trophy bones from conquered warriors passed. What was meant to be a serious grope session turned into more once the hormonal gropers uttered the inarguable logic of "just the tip". After that she was already so wasted, of her own accord, it became a password of sorts for keyed access to her loins. She didn't recognize Theo at first and just grabbed drunkenly at his crouch before flashing her now chapped nether regions. She no longer cared for the passcode either. Sloppy drunken lust was in full swing. It looked painful, but she seemed happy.

They had been dating for 7 1/2 months at that point and had still only made out and dry humped. They kissed, he played with her breasts and was happy and walked away. She yelled for him to "fuck me harder then these other pussies!!!" before momentarily briefly realizing what had transpired. Peist smiled and waved goodbye, disheveled and slightly heart broken, but nonetheless, with his head held high. It was his first shot at love and lust as a teenager and though things hadn't gone even remotely story bookish, it was his life, and felt it to be one of those life shaping

moments that would forever predetermine his love life. He remembered as he turned to wave goodbye the look of disgust and terror in her eyes flicker before lust and self degradation set in again as the next guy pushed his way past into the room ready for his turn. Though Theo never cried, it left a scare on his sensibilities that would last a lifetime.

When Janis's mom came home she flipped and called the police. The police report said her daughter had been sexually assaulted and molested at least 56 times by at least 35 strangers ranging in age from 12-27 over a time frame of about 4 hours. She ultimately had to have an abortion. She only talked to Peist once after the incident. In a fit of rage over the phone she tried to tell Peist it was his and that she forgave him, to perhaps lighten her burden, but they both knew it wasn't his. He still hadn't even slept with her, but the poor girl didn't know that. After all the ugly realities of just what she had done began to set in, the only thing she could take comfort in it seemed was the false hope that in some twisted way, fate had impregnated her with his sperm alone during such a magical moment, that the whole ordeal was meant to bring them closer together. Maybe it would have had he actually been with her in some weird way. Or perhaps it was Mother Nature just playing her part in screwing with teens lives through hormones. Whatever the reason, the truth was certainly still too grim. The truth didn't stop her from bitterly squawking his name during the procedure either, as though it was his job to protect her from herself. He would probably never understand women.

Of all the alleged rapists, only one was sentenced, poor ol' Todd Davis. He was a quiet sheltered guy who took a few special ed classes in secret in high school, played sports, and was the type of guy who wouldn't hurt a fly. He was actually only there so his little brother could feel a boob and possibly do what he hadn't been able to do without booze or sports. So you see in a sense he was only trying to be a good big brother. Todd was in the hallway waiting for his younger brother to make his move—only his younger brother was a closeted homosexual and therefore wouldn't have anything to do with Janis sexually or otherwise, instead he curled up in a ball and cried about the ugliness of the world. Janis drunkenly began repeatedly calling him "a no good faggot" who was just jealous of her attention from the boys. She sarcastically offered him one of her dresses and wigs, and even to skip a turn and hide in the closet tossing pointers his way via the well timed whisper. "Who would know?!!?" she muttered.

When Todd came in to see what was taking so long he saw little Dennis crying beside the bed while Janis continued without missing a beat to very sloppily pleasure herself. She looked at him sharply in her drunken hormonal stupor and uttered "You're not a faggot like this pussy boy are you?!" before poor Todd could assess what was going on, she pulled his cock out and went to town. That was the last face she remembered. So when the police asked her who had raped her, she gave them the only face she could remember—Todd's. He was 17, no narc, and therefore tried as an adult and sentenced to seven years in prison for his loyalty. If he wasn't gay before, he most certainly was now.

Needless to say, her reputation as a wholesome witch Honor student was ruined. Janis was forced to move back to Michigan to live with her grandmother by her parents who now wanted nothing to do with the young harlot. As for Peist, he was still a virgin, but he now at least had a better understanding of how women and the world in which they manipulate worked. This created a level of resolve in his soul that should have only made him stronger, but instead, he hid from it, and the ordeal was repressed. It symbolized a missed opportunity for him since he wouldn't loose his virginity till the age of 15 to a cheap whore in exchange for sparking her up. It also didn't help much being the guy who dated the biggest whore in school—a girl who most of the school, both male and female, had had secret intimate relations with—and here he was—still a virgin. Of course, little Theo denied the accusations of his purity, but nobody believed him. He was too meek—the story of his life.

Ol' Ed seemed to be just fine, for all he did was smile and laugh. Perhaps, it was because he hadn't held a grudge in his heart his whole life, or perhaps it was because his life had been so topsy



# MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE

turvy and unfortunate that when it ran past his eyes all he could was smile and laugh at the nonsensical nature of it all. Or maybe it was because the man possessed no known ego what so ever. And then again, maybe it was because he had done this before. Regardless, Gus was content.

In the nanoseconds that trickled by, wave after wave of forgotten memories continued to flood Peist's head space. For instance, he remembered something that had happened whilst awaiting Jacob Crymore in the lobby all that time. Jacob had snuck into the lobby and whispered in Peist's fool hearty drunken ears "Take them off". Peist was uncertain as to what he meant by this. He hoped nothing sexual had happened...he couldn't remember.

He vaguely remembered Matt at some point telling him in a drunken stupor about the Cult of the Moth, of which Jacob had apparently become quite involved with some time back. The Cult had recruited him shortly before his now infamous launch and tasked him with the title of surveyor of the cosmos. Their symbol was simple and mystical, a capital M with the bottom left leg of the letter extended slightly to create the appearance of an inverted cross. It could typically be found on the wrist, or behind the earlobe of disciples. His mission was to find spatial time inconsistencies which would hopefully allow the great Cosmic Moth (their alleged savior) a shot at passage into their realm. The Cult was quite serious in their absurdity and had already been linked to several low to mid level attacks on the public's social id...this was their shot at the big time. But Peist couldn't remember the importance of it other than seeming a bit eccentric. After all many celebrities are publicly in cults, why not famous scientists?

Peist's headspace was soon flooded with images of his estranged daughter, whom he hadn't seen since she was just a toddler. When asked if he had any living blood relatives, the answer was always "no", as the pain was so great, the guilt of not being there, mixed with the extent that his ex had gone through to deny him all contact—made it all seem more and more like the best thing to do for him or her was to simply stay away. Only if that was so. For if it were, then why was he crumbling from the mere sudden surge of memories? He had fought so long and hard to barricade away the memories and the sorrows attached to them. He cried out her name "HARMONY!", and just as quickly, her mirage dissipated, but the tears continued to flow. For a moment, he could tangibly see, touch, and hear his daughter as she must certainly be today; gorgeous, smart, with a penchant for the absurd, and an eye for the astute. Some father he was. How could he possibly save mankind? Mankind, he now felt, was most certainly doomed.

Being a starving artisan and tinker, Peist had found it quite hard to mesh well with the bourgeois and tended to favor the working class poor to the white collar blazers. They were real people, who you knew were always on the level, since they couldn't afford to be anything but. His ex couldn't stand it. If only he could have been a proper earner, out there working with his hands on things people asked for or told him to, instead of merely toweling away in his head all day and night, trying to find solutions to problems he had just created. Or solutions to problems others had yet to pinpoint. It's like they say, you know, "don't fix something, if it isn't broke". Good advice. The pay gaps, binge drinking, and wide eyed wonder were too much. It was no life for a college educated mother, a daughter, or a family. She could never understand why he had even held on to any of his works—the music, the paintings, scripts, strips, or any of the other unfinished works either. They were just clutter that occupied precious limited space that could have been used properly for something more normal, like say an extra couch or futon. Her thoughts on his inventive endeavors was the same as her thoughts on his works of audio, and those were the same as her thoughts on his other "works" which went as follows: no one else asked for it, no one else wanted to see it, no one had hardly ever bought any of it, and he soon found giving them away to be equally as difficult. So why continue to listen to, produce, perform, or procure more "works" when there was no market or audience for it but poor Peist himself. That, as she would fondly remind him, was the difference between an artist and Peist. An artist had fans, patrons, and exhibits. A fool with some useless hobbies stashed them away in the basement and

never accomplished a thing. She was of course right after all, she was a woman.

There was of course eventually a market for it created by the combination of the passage of time and the notoriety achieved shortly after the leaders of the world came to Peist and his introversion specs to solve their problems, but she didn't know that at the time, and like most rational women, felt that if something didn't magically happen over a fortnight, then it probably wasn't going to happen and it was probably just best to throw in the proverbial towel, so to speak. She even went as far as to destroy a few of his manuscripts just to prove her point, if they were discovered in the trash—then perhaps there was something there. If no one found them, and nothing became of them then well, they were where they should be—in a landfill. Stories are for children after all, not the people raising them.

The Peist Project, among others had never even found common local home listening status till some 10 years ago, when one Jake More came forward with some dusty old master tapes and demos he had acquired via online tape trading. He knew that as long as Theodore Peist was continuing to thrive in this world, so should his creations. The stranger sent the tapes to labels large and small, still there wasn't much interest in the experimental jazz fusion solo project of a famous inventor. There was a novelty side to it of course, and that was ultimately how the works came about being widely distributed. The company ironically enough was financed by the C.O.T.M. Corporation and featured their trademarked stylized "M" on the back besides the barcodes. The funny thing was that Jake More wasn't just into the novelty of it, he actually genuinely fell in love with the music. It spoke to him. He hoped one day, it would speak to others as it had him.

Now you are probably wondering what the significance of any of this, much less this nobody, falling in love with the Peist Project is besides being partially responsible for the music ever surviving another 10 years, much less introducing young nerd would be renaissance men, to the sounds of experimental jazz fusion. Jake More, as it turned out, was actually a shy young Jacob Crymore using an alias to push the sounds. The sounds that had been there through all his training and time spent floating around the black void of space, why yes, it was the music of Theodore Peist (the very man who was responsible for ending the space program as we knew it and revolutionizing sight and travel!), who was now responsible for revolutionizing soundscapes too. But more so for being the ONLY music listened to during the last manned space shuttle mission ever!!! Big stuff!!! No one cared. Perhaps no one should have.

Tears swelled and dissipated with parallel speeds. It was all almost too much for Peist, he felt the weight of the stress of his memories physically age him years in seconds. He felt brittle and a bit nostalgic. He remembered another one of his early crackpot inventions from his high school years, the Munse. It was an automated cheese wheel slicer that could theoretically slice upwards of 600 wheels an hour. The only problem was that he had no use for it. Who had that much cheese? I suppose if he had come from a family with a more industrial lineage, that someone in the household would have noticed its commercial potential and headed straight for the patent office, and then hopped a plane to Holland to revolutionize the cheese industry. He could have been rich and young. Set for life at such an age he would have been more ambitious, even more creative and successful by the might of his own hands directly.

Sadly that wasn't the case at all as fate had something more sinister in store. Someone at school had caught wind of Theo's brilliant idea and made fliers with a crudely drawn image of a young Peist wearing a dunce hat, making ravenous love to a cheese grater with hearts all around it, with an inscription at the bottom of the page that read, "the cheese man does what the cheese man can" in big bold letters. There were little slices of

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baby cheese running out from a machine beneath that read "Slice-O-Matic". The cheese was Munster. The kids at school dubbed him Sir Cheesedick, and it stuck so well he moved shortly after high school to avoid ever hearing that god awful name again. They had kindly attached the "Sir" prefix to insinuate his elevated stature from the other kids due his inventive nature. The "Cheesedick" part was self explanatory as it was a direct reference to the doodled image of Peist being intimate with a cheese wheel.

Life became a bit more numb and the world seemed that much more dumb. He knew then for certain he was an outcast, an inward hero with his head in the stars. He felt the pressure in his face swell as though his head were about to pop and then before he could realize what had happened he heard O! Ed pleasantly utter "we're here".

Peist had no idea where "here" was. Nor did he really care so long as he was out of his headspace. He had a nosebleed. Ed and Gus were laughing. Peist had crapped himself it would seem it the last few picoseconds they spent demolecularized before being completely reassembled on the other side. A small side effect. All was right in the world. Peist still a bit shaken and confused understood a great deal better now just how strong Ed's character was. He was always calm it seemed. Ed explained to Theo that this was in fact the center of our sun "Sol" and that this was where he had originally ended up during his last expedition. This naturally didn't sit right with Peist for many reasons. Namely, the hollow core theory being...real? Ed warned of the hostile inhabitants and of his imprisonment. He suggested they attempt to lay low before commencing further out into space. nd time. He then proceeded to fiddle in his suit pockets only to procure a single rubber band. Upon, a strange look from Peist, Ed rebutted "rubber bands.... after all this time, they are still one of the greatest inventions of all time... Why? Because there's not too many pinches a rubber band can't fix...and if it can't I'd just as well not be there." Who could argue with that logic? Rubber bands: CHECK.

The famous American Humorist Mark Twain once said "Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of Humor itself is not joy but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven." Twain understood the complex workings of the average human spirit in industrious times. It was a state of perpetual chaos, calmed only by nonsensical notions of self importance. He was a humanitarian of sorts, with his oft cruel and dry wit, telling people the things they needed to hear as opposed to what they wanted in a way that left them with no choice but to accept the nasty truth with a chuckle. An Indiana born soldier, turned GE PR guy, turned counterculture novelist/humanitarian Kurt Vonnegut Jr. followed in his footsteps, telling people things they needed to hear in ways that made people smile and laugh nervously. Perhaps someone else will one day carry on that tradition keeping people smiling in tears of unfortunate truths. Maybe one day people will actually only laugh or maybe not. Who cares? So it goes...

Was there always an unquenchable lust for greed in the hearts of

man? Or was it merely another unflattering trait brought over with the Mayflower? The world functions in such a way to facilitate one or the other with such hostility that it seems foolish to imagine them both coexisting—yet there's still a struggle to this day, and there's still somehow room for both in such a crowded tiny place. Only now that place is much broader then before, and if mankind is to step up and lead the universe in song, it must first learn to put aside it's corrupt ambitions, and memorize the words—no teleprompters. Ambition was partially responsible for putting Peist in the elevated position he was currently in. As it was the combined vested interests of the world's leaders that had put Peist on a pedestal once they saw the potential for even greater material wealth.

Theoretically we humans are supposed to be spiritual beings of pure energy that have no need for anything tangible. No place for greed. We just flow on and on, charging stars and ions. Perhaps, the greed stems from the result of allowing an intangible creature like pure energy the limited tangible form of life that sets them up for failure immediately with fingers and toes that touch and feel. The absurd notion of free will. And lets not forget eyes to see all the things they've been missing and flowing around all this time. The barrage of sights and sounds must certainly be too much for a few blind particles of energy to process, but they try. Oh how they try. If this life was in fact a test to see what currents were worth passing on down through the lines of time and space, then certainly there mustn't be much light on the other side, so to speak, for quite some time. For the hearts of man seemed to beat one song—one rhythm —"more - more - more - more". Very few creatures found peace in their creature comforts. In fact, many ancient emperors were notorious for just that reason. They had palaces, holy sanctified orgies of the most carnal nature, exotic foods from the known world and sometimes beyond, had statues, and ceremonies in their honor quite frequently, were treated like the kings of the heavens, and yet still they seldom found contentment. There was always something they just didn't always know they wanted and couldn't live without till they saw it, and they could never be happy til they had this thing that previously they had lived just fine without. Silly, silly mankind.

The air was thick and heavy. Ed smiled, looked around, and sighed "Never thought I'd be here again". Peist chuckled. "I have something for you Ed" and he reached in his coat pocket and pulled out his original pair of specs. Ed paused and stared. "Before we go on, Ed, try them on." Stunned and blushing Ed did as instructed. "Tell me, what do you see, Ed?" "Nothing sir...simply nothing". Peist couldn't believe his ears! That was the original pair of Introvision specs that had made everything possible. No one but Peist had ever adorned the raw unaltered glasses before, and now nothing? "Sorry." Ed mumbled as though it was his fault. He laughed a little. Peist urgently demanded him to repeat himself. "They won't work here for me..." Peist demanded to know why. Ed just shrugged, and claimed he didn't know why he knew or said that, but that it seemed to sit right with Gus. Peist was worried again about his latest invention. Ed seemed confident and to stand behind his notion that none of this mattered anymore. Suffering the unexpected sudden on set of a medium to serve panic attack of sorts, Theo put his hand over his face and attempted to collect himself. He noticed something as he did...a chance for change perhaps? — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON





# MUSICIAN ON MUSIC

You know how when you listen to a new song and you can mostly immediately tell that you either love it and it's amazing or you are going to have to battle yourself a little over if it's worth listening to a couple more times or not. You know, to see if you actually like it or not, because some songs grow on you, and you want to give them the chance. The other option is that you just 100% don't like it right off the bat. Maybe don't even get past the 30 second mark. Sure, you might have expectations, for example, you might already like the band because of their last album, or you just heard them live, or their last album sucked balls and you are begrudgingly giving them another chance. Those expectations can taint your listening experience. All these things create a filter that the music is forced to go through before it gets to your ears.

We have filters for everything. Some are for self preservation, some are just preferences, some protect us from wasting our time and some are hypersensitive and think everything deserves an defiant, upward nose. I think this music filter is super interesting. It's the filter that doesn't let you hear a song...truly hear a song for what it's worth. The filter is not limited to just those reasons stated earlier, but to other more sinister ones as well.

Say someone you know suggested you should listen to this particular song or band. The question here is, "How do you feel about that person?" Did they recommend some band that you totally hated? Do they only listen to Pig Squealing Death Metal? Have they dissed you in the past? Do they not like the same music as you? I'm not saying that it's right to nurture those intolerances, but it's a reality to have intolerances.

Nevertheless, feelings towards where the referral came from can elicit quite a huge filter response in that initial perception, and ultimately, can determine if the song even gets heard at all. That's not the point of this writing. It is and it isn't. The point is possibly affected by what I mentioned. So, here's the thing: I am a musician, and I make music. My music is always experimental. Not like unlistenable noise, but odd nonetheless. Part of that is because of my composition process. I make music like a sculpture. Sometimes I start with a small idea, then let it build upon itself, then end up with something that hopefully is OK. I touch every part of it. For example, the noise the guitar strings make when my fingers slide to the next chord...I can cut every third one out if I wanted. I can even take that sound, put a massive delay on it and use it as a feature sound. Every tiny digital click that happens when I cut off the sub-bass sample suddenly. I can fade that out or keep it and echo just part of it. This filter I've been talking about keeps you from actually hearing any of that. You hear a song and you're like..."Yeah, it's got a good beat, what does the next song sound like?" But...but...but...did you hear how I brought in the guitar with a frequency slide so it sounded broken at first, then it surprised you with the fullness and warmth? Can you hear the vacuum cleaner in the background?

For most of us, all we hear is the whole song, but through a filter. It's kinda like looking back at something. You don't remember every detail, but you get the gist of it. All because of that "Damned Filter". I don't like it. It's like looking through glasses that are smudged from greasy fingers. Or tasting something with a burned tongue from scalding hot cocoa. Or petting a cat with gloves on. Or trying to smell a flower in the midst of a fart cloud. It just can't get through.

Whenever I got high in the past, I recognized that something happened to my filter. It went away. Like, "Holy Shit! I just heard EVERYTHING in that song!" I know there's a biological process

involved where the Cannabinoid Receptors are plugged up by a tsunami of Cannabinoids, and that makes some weird "veil" come off...or something like that. It was like hitting the HD button. You get a sense of the space between instruments. You hear the nuances and relationships between the sounds and flow and composition. You hear the harmonics of overlapping sounds fitting perfectly. I feel like it's the closest thing to being a musician listening to his own song. You know everything that went into making that song. Every punch in and copy/paste, every auto tune and compression threshold adjustment. Every high pass filter and broken piano key. Every squeak of the stool that was used during recording. It all just makes sense.

What makes me sad is that the filter tends to be "on", not "off". That is a total bummer. I want that filter to be always off. I want to hear music as if I were high. The filter comes back on when you are at work. It comes back on walking around grocery shopping. It comes back on watching a TV commercial. All those things put that filter on, and it makes details fade. And there is a whole lot in the details. More than we can ever know. I mean, you wouldn't ever know that I my back was hurting while recording, but if you listen close, you can hear the washing machine go into the spin cycle...because I left it in the mix. I cut at about 30Hz, but the rumble was still there. I think it was actually coming up the mic stand. I can hear it every time.

Well, all hope is not lost! I've found ways that help take the filter away again (besides pot). Loudness helps. Loud car speakers, loud earbuds, loud headphones. Just loud. It clarifies things. It accentuates the mix. Truth is, it was probably mixed at a high volume. When I listen to my own music, I hear all those things. All those subtleties. I want people to be able to hear that in my music. I want to hear it in music.

Another way that helps is sitting and doing nothing other than listening. Laying down on the couch without a book in your hand or the phone or anything else going on. A chunk of time allotted for just that. I have found that sometimes it takes almost five songs to get to the place. Sometimes just a couple, but yeah, mostly several. I can almost never do it with just one song. Unless I'm very familiar with the song. I used to do this all the time growing up. I'd put on LP after LP with earphones on. Screw homework. Screw TV. Screw sleep. I'm listening to music! So, now that I have kids, I've turned them on to "listening". And they probably get it sometimes. None of them have hit the dark and lonely time of puberty yet, but it's coming, and I'll be there with some choice albums for them to wallow with.

I was walking my 12 yo daughter through how I listen to music. I'm sure she blocked me out when I got that "look" in my eye when I talk about music. But I think she got it. I guess I talked long enough that it broke through and she actually thought what I was saying was interesting. We talked about the intro and what is established. We talked about not bringing the bass in right away to get a "this is a cool beat" head bob when it finally comes in. We talked about the pre-chorus and the swell right before the chorus. We talked about adding a pad to the chorus. The breakdown. The chorus reprise with the instrument from the beginning of the song added in. And we weren't talking about some amazing classic piece of music. We were talking about Taylor Swifts "Shake It Off". I'm not saying it's the most amazing song in the world, but it works.

All said, this was not meant to be a persuasive argument. It was just a little jaunt into the mind of this one musician. Maybe I'm just a music geek. Maybe I'm just delusional, and getting high makes everything super cool. OK. That's it. Keep listening.—  
*JORGE GOYCO*

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## "ACCEPTABLE" ADDICTIONS, & THEIR ASSHOLE ENTITLEMENT

Well friends, I can bite my lip no longer about asshole cigarette smokers, coffee junkies, and the likes who because they choose to refer to themselves and label themselves as "addicts", must certainly subconsciously feel that by simply referring to themselves at such an unflattering social level, entitles them to special treatment and consideration from others. Those who feel that, thanks to their addiction, they are entitled to be cranky spoiled assholes from time to time, presenting no apologies or excuses, until said time presents itself and they can get their fix. As a smoker who has started and stopped on and off again over the past 17 years and who at one point smoked two packs a day, I most certainly have known the feeling of "I could really use a smoke" and yet oddly enough never felt the need to make others as miserable as myself because a) I'm not fucking 10, and b) I can sympathize with the non-addict/user to some extent due to the arrogant childish attitudes held by most smokers, coffee enthusiasts, and other "acceptable" addictions.

Yet, I don't care much for the "ugh smoke" mentality of most nonsmokers either. Their convictions can sometimes seem to boarder fanatic evangelical enthusiasm even, but I can see where they are coming from at least. And honestly fuck those pompous asses over at the #truth. I'm not trying to shame anyone for their personal choices at all—do what makes you happy by all means, as long as it doesn't directly affect me. Because when it does, we have a problem. As for the issue of second-hand smoke goes, I had to do a research paper in college on the effects of second hand smoke on non smokers, and from what I could tell, despite all the hype from commercials and the media—the research is still out. There's just as much arguing it doesn't do anything as there is saying it does. Demonized tobacco agendas will say otherwise. I don't care—smoke next to me in a restaurant, just be polite and don't blow that shit in my face. If you do, apologize. Yes, cigarettes stink, but so does most people's choice of colognes.

So what I'm saying is, if those are your choices then don't be an ass to me because of some bullshit compulsive psychological disorder complex your addiction fabricated for you. Just be cool, man, and I'll do the same. Yes, I know chemical dependencies can develop and usually do for many unlikely vices, so what. Tough titty, you're a big boy or girl by now and you made a big kid decision to smoke or do something that says from the get go — "I'm bad for you". Now if you're dense enough to do that fine, just don't bitch when you're hooked and you don't have a fix. I'm just asking people to be considerate. If you want me to be considerate of why you're being a shit head, then please be considerate to why I am now annoyed yelling at you for yelling at me for no damn good reason.

You know, if tobacco held at least one positive attribute besides temporarily patching a problem it caused, then perhaps I could just mellow out and say "do what you gotta do" but that's not the case. And so to you people, you asshole smokers, coffee addicts, mean morning drunks—I say—GROW THE FUCK UP.

BRYAN 979.822.6747 201 W. 26TH ST.



Now, if it was something that held some even slight medical quality, then maybe I could excuse the outburst if someone screamed "I need my goddamned smokes, my indigestion is going nuts!!" I could tolerate that perhaps a little more because frankly indigestion can seriously suck ass. Or someone with cancer who couldn't hold down food, screaming for a joint because they were literally starving. I would get that, probably drop what I was doing to help if I could. So I could see someone being a bit uncomfortable and passing on the discomfort due to the severity of their physical duress, but not just because you haven't properly polluted your lungs or stomach in a timely manner. Fuck that.

the same goes for coffee lovers who feel entitled to be jerks in the AM before they had that fresh cup of Joe, because "hell why not?!" Now don't get me wrong, I looooooove both coffee and cigarettes, and many many other vices far and wide, but the ugly truth is that if addiction wasn't such an attractive horrific human trait—like a car wreck you can't look away from, then why would the essence of the message appear so seemingly innocent on so many coffee mugs, shirts, and bumper stickers? All commercial glorifying the addictions symptoms and the users' bad habits? There are millions of people making money off making light of very serious social ills and many people's actual ugly truths. All by exploiting the already exploited. It's a self perpetuating money machine where the only victims are our pockets and dignity, and fine so it goes. But Don't be a DICK.

Because we have to laugh at how pathetic it all is. People also love to play the victim. They absolutely love their petty crutches, so much so they subconsciously convince themselves that without which ever said vice, they will cease to function properly. The truth in reality is that given some time they will actually function better without whichever said vice. But you know the message, it's always the same but in a different form—something along the lines of "don't speak to me before I've had my cup of Joe", "Coffee calms the demons", or even "coffee now, talk later". So crappy commercialism of the plights of addiction of the working class is partially to blame, fine. So where are the stupid cigarette shirts? Where are the bumper stickers with half-asses slogans like "I don't talk to me till I've had my morning cigarette" or "tobacco angel" or some other vainly witty shit that every dipshit from here to Timbuktu can relate to?

With the New Year here, I'm kicking the habit again for a while. The last time I didn't smoke for two years. Before that three years. Then I get bored and decide to start smoking for awhile til it bores me again. And yes, I'm aware it's not that easy for everyone. Still this might mean me being mildly annoyed sometimes but certainly not being an ass. And yes as so many people are quick to point out—cigarettes are addictive and full of something called nicotine—that apparently you can get your body duped into craving—but you know what? To that I say pass the dutchie and let's be done with this mess. Cheers, and remember fellow scumbags, we're in this together, so let's at least be civil. Peace & Happy New Year!!! — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON





## ASK CREEPY HORSE

You need to support your local music scene and befriend them. You see there. I told you. I'm not going to ask you.

We are coming into a culture of listless existence, barely feigning interest in whatever passes us by to pique our interests and then poof, as if by magic don't give a fuck anymore. The bored generation is upon us. No longer do we dance and sing, gleeful in any attempt to harness precious memories of our short, tender lives. No, we vehemently and listlessly dispatch any intimacy in the joys of our lives with punching away at games on Notepads and cellphones and "marathoning" TV shows.

Not to say those things cannot be fun or simple pleasures, but if I told you that you were about to die, would these then be amongst the treasures of your final moments?

Well, you're about to die. It could happen right this very moment or within the next let's say 80 years. Anywhere from now until not very likely 80 years. That's not so long if you're going to be dead forever.

What should you do in that time? Well, good thing you asked me. You see, I had a dream about this last night. Someone I didn't know was having a moral dilemma and had never experienced life although they were rich and famous. I sent them away in a shitty car, with shitty clothes across all of North America with a giant book of CDs and the instructions to listen to one CD a day. They were also to shop at record stores, listen to live music that was local and eat at local restaurants twice daily at least. When they returned, they were a changed person and thanked me.

So much as I'd like to do this for you, I know we're both poor so I'm not even going to bother. But, I can give you some advice.

Go to a local show. Go to several. Find the genre you didn't know you liked or reconnect with something old. Find some bands, I mean really find some bands. I'm fairly certain there will be at least one band that really says something to you if not a few. Buy their music and maybe a sticker for your car.

You need this. You really do, more than you even know. And you'll find, they need you.

You see, these folks, however confident and talented they may come off, can use your support. They are not letting life pass them by. They are creating and contributing. They woke up one day and decided to give something back, to be a better person going to bed that night than when they awoke that morning. They have families, jobs, stresses, turmoil. They have the world coming down on them and yet they still find the time to book shows. To invest in musical equipment. To write and learn songs. To play their hearts out.

So they need you there to say thanks. Even if you don't say it. Just show up. Let them see you there. Let them see you from the stage dancing along and mouthing the words. That makes getting ripped off at the end of the night worthwhile. Or not getting home until almost 4 am after driving across town and unloading band equipment.

So many bands have a story to tell and so much that will go unheard. So many bands that everyone loved will end because no one ever told them or showed them what they meant. Buy them a drink. Say thanks. Tell them they played a great show and how much you liked their set. Let them see you again at another show.

Because these are the people that put so much effort into making you remember how precious your life is. They played the music that sang to your soul and they did it only because they knew how important that really was in the end. — CREEPY HORSE

## STILL POETRY

### FAILED ABLUTION

I wait for the rains to come and wash the dirt from my bones, but every time I sleep through the sounds and miss my salvation.

The preacher man raises his hands but I cower for my redemption, not ready to take that leap of faith; I'll land on my face when I jump.

My mind is an abomination filled to the brim with the most unholy and impure boozes.

Sometimes I scare myself, but most of the time I'm amazed at the most beautiful ideas that race, itching for that one last drink in a world full of bottles that never go dry.

I'll do what it takes

Daddy always told me: "don't be a quitter!"

Eat those words and love me for the fuck up I am

Hate me for the addiction I adore

It's raining outside, but I'm too drunk to get up and save myself like I promised God a million times.

I'll wait for the next rains to come

Until then, I'll lay here in my drunken stupor, tucked away, listening to the thunder fall from grace as the rains wash the dirt from the dirty.

Today they chose to be clean,

I didn't.

— JESSICA LITTLE



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# CONCERT CALENDAR

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

**1/17—Stephs Birthday Show feat. Funeral Horse, Take Us To Tomorrow, Only Beast, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**1/31—Niki Pistols Birthday Show feat. Girlband, Charger ATX, T.S.S., Rebel Flesh, Killer Hearts @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm**

**2/6—The Night Owls, Hazy Ray @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**2/6—Kelly's 40th Birthday Party feat. Slow Future, Cornish Game Hen, Girlband, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**2/21—LUCA, Dinner Party, Mutant Love @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**2/27—Boss Battle, SkyAcre, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**3/6—Quiet Company CD Release Show @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

**3/12—Jerry Seinfeld @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 7:30pm**

**3/19—South By Spillover feat. Sparrows, Lechuza, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

## RECORD REVIEWS



**Daisy Berkowitz**  
*Millennium Effluvium*

After a recent nasty bout with advanced prostate cancer Scott Mitchel Puteski AKA Daisy Berkowitz (the former co-founding member of Marilyn Manson & the Spooky Kids, Marilyn Manson, Satan on Fire, Jack off Jill, Three Ton Gate, SMP, & the Daisy Kids) is back with his first ever solo using his former MM band moniker. Daisy, in case you were wondering, was the guy responsible for *Portrait of an American Family* sounding the way it did, the one whose guitars helped transform MM's cover of the Eurythmic's "Sweet Dreams". Personally, his work on *portrait of an American family* transformed what I hoped to hear from a guitar at times. In fact, it was his unique guitar playing that scored Manson his biggest hit *Antichrist Superstar*. Forget all of that this isn't that, it's something and something great.

The album has its mellow patches with songs like "Good Night", "keep me warm", and "Stairway Circle Dream" showcasing a mostly softer experimental side that is rather refreshing to the ears. Then at times there are the faster punkier junk trashcan industrial sounds of tunes like "Running from the party" and "Heaven on the brain". His style is so unique that it would seem that it has time and time again left him the odd man out—championing his own convictions in the solo medium with use of the tried and true trusty drum machine, Casio, and fuzz pedal—NO LABELS.

*Millennium Effluvium* is a D.I.Y. homecoming party of sorts, picking up and charging forth with the sounds of his wonderfully warped id. And the best part too, is that he's not out trying to cash in on anything. Not featured on the album but worth the mention is the new single "universal vacuum" which brings back some of the elements that made MM&SK and the early MM stuff stand out so much. It is also refreshing to hear Berkowitz sing with renewed confidence that seemed lacking from previous solo efforts. My advice is if you love hearing guitars make dirty new sounds — JAM THIS RECORD!!! —  
WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON



**Hell City Kings**  
*One Night Stand Ego*

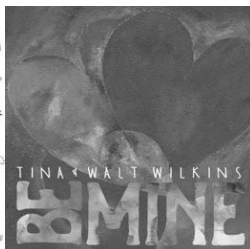
I realized last week when I filed away my copy of the new Hell City Kings 7" that I had a lot of HCK 7's. So I hauled them all out and put them on the turntable one after another, ending with this one again. One thing you can say about this Houston band is that they are hellra consistent. Hell City Kings releases hard punk/metal hybrid records that take classic punk rock attitude with a certain sense of Sunset Strip flair. "One Night Stand Ego" is no different from normal. The b-side "Two Grams All For Me" definitely has quite a bit of that GNR/Faster Pussycat/LA Guns/Hanoi Rocks glam metal thing. If hard rock songs about the seedier side of life appeal to you, then you gonna LOVE this 45. —  
KELLY MINNIS



**The Dead Rocks**  
*Surf Explosao*

Brazil may not be the first place that comes to mind for surf instrumental music, but The Dead Rocks are carving out their niche from South America in this genre of music, particularly with this lively and entertaining guitar-driven album.

The spirited tone is set with the first track, an energetic take on the venerable children's tune "Jimmy Crack Corn". The Dead Rocks bring in horns and organ to make the song a surf dance favorite in less than two minutes. However, the best tunes on the album (the title translates to "Surf Explosion" as one'd guess) are the originals. "Fingerboard" is marvelous surf instrumental that sounds like it was written in the music's heyday. "La Venganza del Chico Salvaje" (Revenge of the Wild Boy) is just as good: a galloping tune accented with horns, a finely picked electric guitar, and some odd dialogue. "Baile na Matriz" (Dancing on the Matrix) is a more languid tune, as is "Vamonos". The title cut is as powerful as one would expect. The final cut — "Surf Man" — is an unexpected guitar exploration that runs the gamut from soft to experimental and back again in less than ten minutes. The album is released in the States on Austin's Deep Eddy Records label.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



**Tina & Walt Wilkins**  
*Be Mine*

You would be hard-pressed to find a better collection of love songs nor a better duo to perform them than Tina and Walt Wilkins. Walt has been around the Texas Americana music scene for years as a performer, producer, and songwriter. Tina is likely best known for her singing.

This is the couple's first album together, and they've selected some of their favorite songs over the years including ones by Jesse Colter, Delaney Bramlett, Melba Montgomery, and Bob Livingston. They've also assembled a stellar cast of players to accompany them including award-winning steel guitarist Kim Deschamps.

Of the dozen songs on the album, Tina and Walt wrote or co-wrote four including the hilariously-autobiographical "You'd Think By Now". Other standout tunes include the touching "Ireland", the straightforward 1970s-ish "Never Ending Song of Love", and the comfortable "On a Dream with You."

While there may be a few too many slow ballads on this collection, every tune can yield rewards. Listen with someone you love.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

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