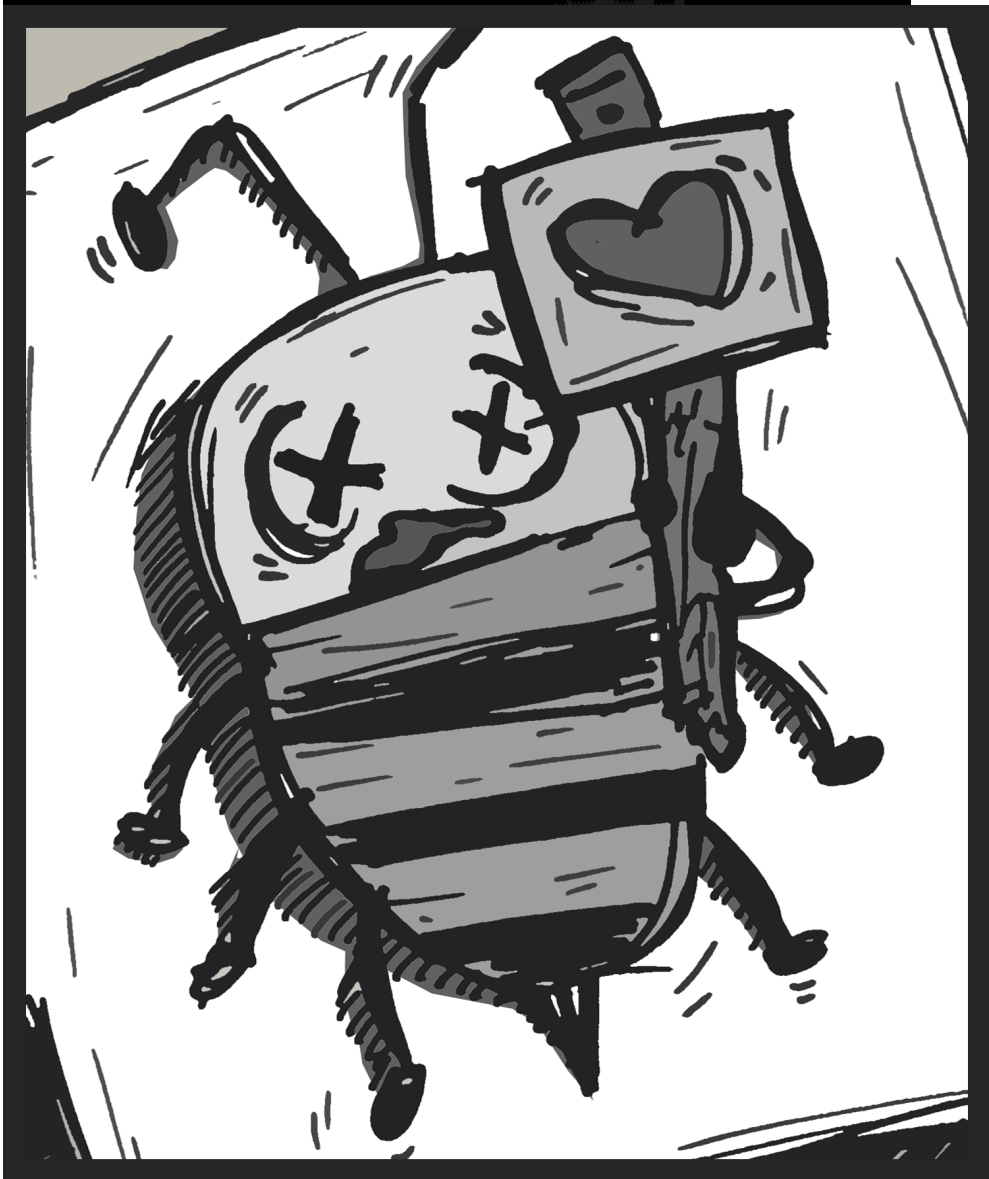


ST99 REPRESENT



february 2015
vol. 7 issue 2



*inside: damn you, you old bat - still poetry - ask creepy horse -
the death of local music redux - how to yell at your kids - you're not
punk & i'm telling everyone - pedal pushing - still drinking -
introvisionaire - record reviews - concert calendar*



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

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THE DEATH OF B/CS METAL REDUX

There have been some interesting shakeups in the local music scene in the last month and some of those changes have led many to declare that "THE LOCAL MUSIC SCENE IS DEAD". Again. For probably the umpteenth time since I've lived here. However, I am here to assure you that the local music scene is not dead, thank you very much. But there are some challenges that will need to be overcome. As your erstwhile editor, I am here to address some of the rumors coming out of the recent booking shakeup at The Grand Stafford Theater in downtown Bryan and the format change at Rock 103.9. Let me see what I can address as fact and fiction.

1. **Jose Arredondo no longer books the Stafford**—TRUE. The email making this announcement came during the holiday break. Jose is still in town, but is no longer working with the Grand Stafford. He will revamp De Facto Productions, the agency he ran during his time as an undergrad at Texas A&M, and independently promote shows. There are already De Facto shows in the books for The Village, Boulevard 217 and Revolution this spring, as well as a handful of First Fridays at The Stafford as well as a continued partnership with Texas Reds and a new partnership with College Station's Starlight Music Series. So then who does book at The Stafford? Austin Goddard, who is involved with the management team for The Stafford (among other downtown organizations and properties) will assist with booking. You can submit EPK's to Austin at austincgoddard@gmail.com. Yes, *electronic press kit*. I do not have one of those for any of the bands I play in, but perhaps you do.
2. **It now costs \$400 to book a show at the Stafford**—NOT TRUE. The Grand Stafford charges a \$400 rental fee for special, corporate or private parties. However, it is no longer free to book the Stafford for bands either. The Stafford now divides the door with the bands and/or the promoters for the event. Since most of the local bands in town do not use a promoter, that means that for every \$10 that comes in at the door, you take \$5 and the Stafford keeps \$5. While around here that's pretty rare, in most other towns I've played in that's not an uncommon arrangement. Usually the door person and soundperson get paid out of the club's 50%.
3. **The Stafford hates metal shows**—HARD TO SAY. I've heard from many folks on the inside at The Stafford who claim that the owners do not like metal shows. The owners did mention to me that they wanted to cut back on them. I paraphrase: "It seems like they have shows every other week with a dozen bands each night". That's not entirely true, but like all stereotypes, there is an ounce of truth in there. I personally believe the dozen band metal shows that happen every other month are probably overkill. But I wasn't told outright that The Grand Stafford would no longer host metal shows.
4. **Rock 103.9 is history**—RUMORED TO BE TRUE. Morning host Kotter Rockhard has left B/CS for a gig in Odessa. Homebrew host Chris Pate has recorded his last show. My friends in the local broadcast industry say 103.9 is going to flip formats to ESPN Radio Monday 2/9.
5. **Now that Rock 103.9 is history that kills it for big metal shows**—NOT TRUE. Remember that many of the larger metal shows that came through in the last two years were booked and promoted by Lone Star Metal and Chris Pate. Radio stations rarely get into the booking business. Radio stations are in the advertising sales business. If a promotion perhaps helps to attract more listeners that can then command higher ad rates to potential advertisers then the station will take a risk to give free promotion for such events. But rarely in my 15+ years in the radio business have I ever seen a radio station eager to spend money on ANYTHING.

What all this means is that the metal community is going to have to embrace DIY (do it yourself) and find alternate places to play, ways to promote themselves and to basically learn to do all this stuff themselves. Historically, the metal community has been as DIY as punk and indie rockers. There's a very large gap between stadium rock Metallica and 1982 Metallica that participated in the underground tape trading culture, playing rented community centers and basement floors for beer and gas money. It's high time y'all got reacquainted with DIY.—KELLY MINNIS

DAMN YOU, YOU OLD BAT

There was a multitude of pills everywhere. It was a rainbow of pill casings mixed together to create a mosaic of survival and expendable cash. She was a walking legal high. Mrs. Marsdon was in a constant comatose state because she couldn't deal with the remaining months of her life—or the fact that she had terminal cancer—her kids had sent her to an old folks home to get her out of their hair. Honestly I don't blame Mrs. Marsdon. Fuck her shitty adult-child spawn, all four of them. Too busy to come and say hi once a week to their awful deranged mother, they were vultures; waiting for her to die so each one could grapple over the fortune she'd leave behind. Spoiled and gross, Mrs. Marsdon knew she fucked her kids up. Mrs. Marsdon's husband died when her children were all in their teens, so, to keep them happy, she dished out money and cars and clothes so she herself wouldn't have to deal with her own children's tears. Ungrateful and egotistic, Mrs. Marsdon became bitter about her failed parenting skills, and the fact that she had four kids and would never marry again. She knew no man would put up with rotten pieces of shit kids, just to have a lay every now and then. I guess in a sense, fuck Mrs. Marsdon too.

Mrs. Marsdon is a mirror of my own morality. One day, my skin will droop in the most disgusting way, it will mold like Jell-O to chairs and the touch of hands as they hold me upright so I won't fall on my wrinkled rotting face. My hair will become brittle and white; my veins will show their true blue color under my transparent skin, speckled with sun and liver spots. For this I hate her. Her being alive reminds me of my own suffering in age. Old, elderly, aging, golden years, over the hill, saggy, wrinkled; these are the words I have to look forward to. Damn you Mrs. Marsdon. I'm not afraid of death, I myself am afraid of suffering and looking like the crypt keeper, and losing my own independence like the bitter old bat I look after. Damn you.

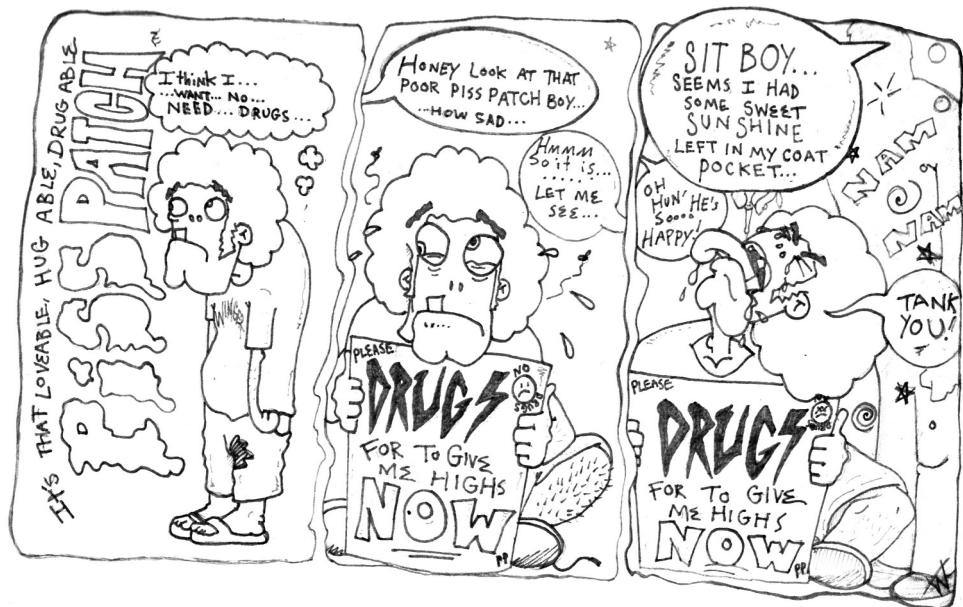
She opens her hand, waiting for her colorful pills; candy she calls them. I pour the pieces of "candy" into her palm and watch her devour every last one, as if each one would give her back her youth. She didn't need water. She likes them dry, savoring every last one. There must have been a dozen altogether. But, Mrs. Marsdon was a pro; she found pride in swallowing all 12 glittering diamonds in one swallow. She must have had plenty of practice in her younger years the way she swallowed...they didn't even touch her tongue. She gives me the same smile every time after

her conquered task, as if saying "I'm better than you at swallowing". It's really fucking annoying, and kind of fucking gross. In return I'll give her my same smile that says "good job lady, now hurry up and die so I can stop coming to this shit-hole". She never dies, she will live forever, and so, I shall keep coming...forever.

After about 45 minutes her eyes become heavy and glazed. She is on a wave I dare not disturb. I anticipate her falling asleep so I can go home and deal with my problems in my own way. I'd rather drink and destroy my liver than to sit here one more second watching her as she lies there stoned, rotting and sardonic. I'm not sure why I hate her, but I just do. Her sagging breasts, her smoker heavy voice that pierces my ears, her shrinking, beady eyes that follow my every move; I can barely look at her without wanting to cry for myself, or shiver from her existence. I ask God to forgive me for these horrid thoughts, but I'm selfish and he's busy.

Finally, after an hour of studying her sour, falling face, she falls asleep, surrounded by machines, I.V's, and the faintest sounds of reality T.V. I lean in and whisper "I love you" in her ear. I lie, of course, but maybe this will make her feel better. Maybe she will dream of her kids or her dead husband in her fucked up state. I did her a kindness; sometimes I have a conscious and feel bad for her. It might also be gas because I never really feel better about myself, or for her, but I try.

I quickly pack my things in my company-supplied bag, and take long strides toward the door. On her bed side table, I spot a bottle of unopened apple juice that looked incredibly appealing. Two steps to the left and I swipe it off her table and make a quick dash to the door. She'll never miss it. She's too drugged up to remember it was even there. I whisper "thanks, ya old bat", as I opened her room door to take a step out and leave for my own cave full of booze and unopened packs of Pall Mall cigarettes. Right when I begin to close the door behind me, I hear her raspy, old bat voice say "You're welcome, you ignorant little bitch". I turned my head in shock! Because, for one, I thought she was asleep, and for two, she gave me the most insatiable grin I've ever seen her make, the kind that says "Thanks for saying you love me, and for stealing my apple juice you fucking asshole". And right there is where I fell completely in love with Mrs. Marsdon. That clever, deceitful old hang; how I adore her.—JESSICA LITTLE



YOU'RE NOT PUNK & I'M TELLING EVERYONE : ON THE ROAD AGAIN...



At the beginning of the year, the band decided to play some more dates on the road. There's different reasons why each of us decided to go forth this year and play every weekend in a different city, some to get our name out more, others because we can play places we haven't seen yet, and still some just want a good time. Nevertheless, for the past few weeks, and the weeks to come, Victoria TX punk rock has been wrecking stages and bar tabs all over the state. It's not easy, and definitely not for everyone, but if you decide to get a group of friends together and play music on the road, there's some things you should know.

1. Just do it. As I type this, I just came home from a gig this weekend and noticed the absurdly cheap gas prices that are all over the place. It might be bad for the economy, but this is the perfect time to be in a traveling band. Take it from me, less than 2 bucks a gallon beats almost 4 bucks anytime. When gas isn't such a burden, your band can concentrate on things like food, and merch swaps with other bands. A band with full bellies and t-shirts from other bands makes for a happy ride home. I think I can tell you that the hardest part for most bands is finding the funds to get out on the road and we struggle some times to really stay out there, but I have to admit the last few months have been pretty great.

2. Bucc-ees. If you travel in Texas, you need to plan Bucc-ees stops. The Bucc-ees chain has turned "convenience stores" into legitimate theme parks in some places. I have seen some with animatronic characters welcoming people, absurdly long lines to get a taco and other things. The best thing about Bucc-ees though is the restrooms. Clean and roomy, I don't think I've ever seen such private stalls. Take it from me, if nature calls, sometimes a little 5 minute peace makes all the difference.

3. Be on time. Nothing can guarantee you won't be invited back to a venue like a band that can't show up on time, be late for sound check and make everything slow down. While we're at it, we might as well address the fact that you might be hot shit in your home town, but in town x, you are basically a green band playing their first show. So be courteous. Be respectful. Have a good time and shake a lot of hands.

There's a lot more things that can be touched on. Most things you'll just have to learn on your own. Being in a band is tough. No one cares about your band. They don't care about the hours of hard work you put in the garage to sound decent. They don't care about the money you scrimped and saved to get your recording or the countless shows you did locally to build your fan base. They don't care about your Facebook page. That's the bad news. The good news is that can change. It's up to you to make them care. Now go and do just that.—TIMOTHY DANGER

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STILL DRINKING



So let's address the beer geek's elephant in the room: Budweiser publicly shat their pants at the Super Bowl with that "poo-poo the craft market" commercial. The ad itself is neither profound nor harmful; even worse, it's redundant and silly. Budweiser essentially created a multi-million dollar minute that committed three overt marketing sins. Allow me to count these transgressions for you. First sin: Anheuser Busch created an "Us vs. Them" beer lover stand-off, pitching the Reasonably Thrift Lager-Traditionalist against the Mustachioed Hipster-Peach in Fussy Britches. Unnecessary! I know few solid beer geeks who do not also enjoy an occasional domestic flake. Bud included! After all, Anheuser Busch is as American as Belgian waffles and Moo Goo Gai Pan, and no amount of family owned, creativity driven, local artist supporting, environmentally friendly, community inspiring, foodtruck tawling, game-night hosting, free swag distributing, food-and-fun pairing, chemistry-and-cultural considering, constant recipe tinkering, small town homebrewers' dreamscapes is gonna change Budweiser's level of uber-domestic patriotism. Bradley Cooper to play the whole Busch for the Oscar. Second sin: in the ad, Budweiser revealed the intensity of their market insecurities, AKA. making your own fart joke first. Budweiser splashed words like "macro" and "smooth" and "1876" and "let them" and "not" across the screen, which exposed their focus group research concerning the A/Busch reputation. It's actually a sad tactic, akin to me introducing myself to strangers with the story of Nikki Jackson publicizing my ear-wax status (abundant) in the seventh grade. Get over it, Macro Beer! But their third and biggest sin: Budweiser made an entire commercial without a single puppy or Clydesdale playing with a puppy. What the shovelled shit? Grown men who haven't cried since Rocky avenged Apollo against the Russian totally lose their crap at those puppy commercials. No way, Bud! You can't replace the puppies with a nine million dollar hissy fit! That, sir, is un-American! As a result, I am prepared to NOT consume a single Anheuser Busch product until Budweiser releases a brand-new puppy commercial. Consider this my Lent. Resurrect the puppies!

Now, onto a few local-ish micro-craft brews of note. But first, my one non-Texas beer this month is a doozy. **Sierra Nevada's Nooner Pilsner** (5.2% ABV) delivers a sessions-repeatable German style pilsner with a bright grass and floral hop-character. Beautiful beer! Real transcendental get-outside-and-know-beans kinda porch-n-rocking-chair beer. Pours with a champagne burst of bubbles. Settles with a big Bob Barker-white coif on top. Outdoorsy, post-allergy springtime aroma. Sparkling mouthfeel. Slight citrus flavors slide into a crisp, floating-lemon-rind and flaky-pastry finish. Lager light with well-structured ale complexities all the way through. Truly, Sierra Nevada rarely (if ever) disappoints. And the new Sierra Nevada Nooner currently holds indefinite real estate in my Frigidaire bottom. (If you must know, I've been through ____ sixers in the past ____ weeks, but only because I keep giving them away. Some secrets taste too good to keep.) Nooner will taste even better—and betterer still—as the earth grows warmer. Emit emissions!

Confession: I'm not smart enough or palatable enough to write about **Karbach Barn Burner Saison** (6.5% ABV) without the use of secondary sources. So, here's a few things I learned via Sudenlink: Barn Burner was not named after William Faulkner (thank God, kinda). Instead, Karbach named Barn Burner Saison after famed (?) beer-writer Eric Warner who once partied in Munich and labeled the kegger a "real barn burner". Warner was never accused of arson. Phil Markowski, who literally wrote the book on the Saison style (*Farmhouse Ales: Culture and Craftsmanship in the Belgian Tradition*), says farmhouse ales originated as simplistic beers brewed with whatever brewer's might have around the house—citrus fruits (rinds mostly), grains (wheat or rye), spices (especially coriander). Markowski stresses that such a poetic brewing license stresses the unique, no-two-alike nature of the Farmhouse/Saison style. For instance, anyone who's had the pleasure of tasting **Boulevard Tank 7** will find very little resemblance in a Karbach Barn Burner. Available January through March, Karbach's Saison amps the emphasis on toasted citrus rind flavors and coriander, appearing bright but quickly drying in the aftertaste with a strong cooked fruit and spice flavor. I remember enjoying an occasional Barn Burner on tap last year at Grub or Harvey Washbangers, but I can't imagine slugging through an entire sixer of this beer this spring. Not. Gonna. Do it.—KEVIN STILL

ASK CREEPY HORSE



There's something no one else is telling you, but I will. I hate to be the bearer of bad news but, well, you're boring as hell.

No, not because if you are reading this, you are most likely on the crapper but because I have a sense for these things. Like knowing you are reading this while taking a dump. So sit back and relax while I whittle away some sage advice for you.

Most people aren't all that interesting. They may think they are or maybe when they were blue, their mom told them over the phone they were but it's just not the case. You and everyone around you is boring.

Let's work on that and we'll also not worry with them, let's focus on you. Who am I to be so bastardly? Well, first off I'm interesting as hell. You're reading something I wrote right? There ya go. Also, I'm sort of an expert on these things.

You see, I wasn't always so cool. You could even say I was unpopular as a kid. In fact, I was unpopular as fuck. Not even the nerds liked me. Then one day I tripped and spilled a whole entire bowl of fucks and had none left.

So here I am, and with haste shall we get started?

First things first, **you're going to need some expensive champagne.**

Why? No reason. Which is the EXACT reason you need it. And this isn't for "Special Occasions and Celebrations." Fuck no. This is for shit days and not a damn thing of interest happened today. When you REALLY need it. If you're joyous and happy in a crowd celebrating, let them buy your drinks. No, expensive champagne is for when you're broke and destitute. Wondering how you'll get by and eating ramen out of a measuring cup. Ol' Creepy Horse here could tell you a thing or two about that. You need to be your best friend and if I had a best friend that served me expensive champagne, I'd be a damn happy best friend. Creepy Horse once popped bottle for a single houseguest. A new friend that had brought over some exceptional rare vinyl. The leftover was drank the following day in the shower after the bottle was found somewhere behind the couch in a corner. Mouth mimosas were made after a rousing Epsom salt soak. The world seemed a lot more brighter that day. Gas station sunglasses helped remedy that.

Which brings me to **Beer Showers and smoking blunts while you soak in a bath.** Try either one. Or both. You won't be disappointed. If you don't smoke weed, you should probably start. Blunts are the best. I once smoked a blunt while driving to the movie theater jamming the Beastie Boys and saw the new Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles in 3D. Fuck you purists, it was a good movie. I mean come on, with a name like Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles are we to expect Oscar gold? Fuck no. So get off your high horse and celebrate this shit.

Drink craft beer and don't be a douche. Craft beer rules. You know what doesn't rule? Bros that have to see and be seen drinking it and talking like they know something. Yawn. Fucking boring. Take that shit home and drink it while watching awful movies and listening to obscure krautrock. By yourself. Always by yourself. Do this because you need Solitary Culturing and this will aid you in the fact.

Same with going out to eat. Eat at different restaurants you've never been to, become a regular, have favorites and don't tell

anyone. Try Ethiopian. Har har har, yes they fucking eat and if you were a slightly more cultured individual, you'd know how fucking awesome their food is. Don't like something? Try it three times. I've eaten my favorite foods and had misses, the same can happen with something new. I always try something 3 times before I decide I hate it. Stop eating at chain restaurants you fucking squeeple. Try all kinds of new shit and support ma and pop businesses.

Also, **your tastes in sports sucks.** My left nut, your mom and college roommate's sister's friend can all go and do tailgating at a football game. Wow. How fucking original. Fuck that. Go see something else that hasn't been overly saturated by the masses. Go see some Jai Alai. Fuck. I don't even know what that is, but if someone told me they were going, I'd think they were the baddest motherfucker that ever lived. I mean, I could google it, but I won't. Soccer is too over saturated. Calm down Hooligans, you can still wear your scarves and jerseys and chant songs with fervor at the local "pub", this is for someone trying to be interesting. Curling, Australian Football, Luchador midget wrestling. These are all really cool spectator events.

Go to a vinyl shop and pretend to be musically ignorant no matter how much Warsaw or No Wave you already have in your collection. Okay, actually, that would be pretty cool but that'd also make you musically pretentious and you need to come down a notch. Ask dumb questions like you're musically oblivious and you just might hear something new and interesting. For example, "Do you have anything that sounds like Janis Joplin?" "I recently watched Portlandia, what is Neu!"

Search for local art. That's really cool.

Do something incredibly nice for someone, each and every day for no reason. (A different person each day.) I once told a woman she had the most beautiful hair. I said it with the utmost sincerity and meant that shit. She began to weep as she had not been able to afford having her hair done and worried about what others would think of her natural hair. It made her day. Did that take more than 30 seconds of my life away from me, not even that. But dammit, she remembered that and she had an ear to ear smile and was beaming when I left looking into her compact's mirror with a renewed sense of self esteem. That's always way cooler than being a giant stuck up asshole. I also once bought everyone at my workplace Starbucks froo froo drinks of their choice, I was MVP in their eyes for the whole rest of the month.

Lastly, **cook for someone.** Friend has the blues over a heartbreak or a bad day at work? Cook something for them. This is far better than "Let's go drink some watered down beer and get wasted on a Thursday night..." Naw, you make someone something they grew up eating or you did and that's like a hug in their belly. Also they don't have the stress of figuring what's for dinner and having to cook when they're tired and sad. Nope. YOU are a maker of merriment and YOU are there to comfort them in their time of need. Also give them eye contact, listen to whatever they are saying no matter how mundane or broken record it may sound because giving someone your complete, undivided attention is by far the coolest thing you could do and they'll remember that.

Well, I think I've done all I can to aid you in your progress. If you need further assistance reach out for your nearest copy of Kurt Vonnegut's *Pearls before Swine*. It goes great with expensive champagne.—CREEPY HORSE

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INTROVISIONAIRE: ED'S WILD RIDE PT. III

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

Having heard the sound of something coming their way and knowing of the many possible horrible out comes that awaited them if they were caught by again by the Imperial Warlords Un Ed's military training kicked into high gear and he immediately took control of the situation and literally carried poor Peist up into the outer world of the Nexus where the Cosmic Solar Surfers had once shown him the secrets to the ancient "bridges". They made no hesitation with departing and Ed took Peist to the closest secret "bridge" that would get them the hell out of dodge, so to speak. The bridge in question was new to Ed but appeared to be hundreds, if not thousands, of millennia old and lead the two befuddled travelers unknowingly to the fabled 12th planet in our solar system—Nibiru, home of the Anunnaki—the ancient Earth gods of the Mesopotamians. The scene to which they arrived to was barren and devastated. There were remnants of megalithic metallic/stone structures strewn about all over place. Some of which were triple if not quadruple the size of the largest known monoliths back on Earth. Whatever had happened here had ended quite badly, quite quickly. Whatever had happened here had happened quite subtly enough at first allowing, from the looks of things, the inhabitants to depict their own presumed outcomes before the more rapid final stages of genocide concluded. He wasn't sure if the entire planet was abandoned or not..

From what Peist could tell there had been at least extreme decimation of the vast plateau area where they had landed. No one greeted them upon arrival, but the world was vast (at least two times the sizes of that of Jupiter) and they hadn't so much as a bicycle to cover any distance whatsoever. So their guess was as good as anyone else's, but one thing was for certain, that whatever had occurred here was not something for the squeamish. They wondered around in the weird luminous light of the Nibiru moon, which itself was constantly a flame to substitute the lack of a sun some 80% of the time. The planet was on an elliptical orbit which crossed paths with our Nexus/Sol/Un center star and which eventually once every 3,600 years passed between the planets we know as Mars and Jupiter, wreaking massive gravitational devastation to any and all throughout the solar system. The civilization was ancient in the truest meaning of the word. Strewn about the wreckage were a number of foreign implements with the appearance of simplistic yet intricate designs which made their operation seem that much more mystical and complex. The sky had an odd green glow to it. The air smelt of scorched earth. There were odd murky rivers of liquid gas that flowed from south to north. Ed liked the quiet. It reminded him of the better times when he was homeless and had managed to find refuge in an old abandoned factory, or warehouse. The feeling of having nothing and no one and needing nothing and no one. It was all his till someone came and said otherwise, or till he grew tired of being stationary and decided to resume his wanderlust wanderings. Gus seemed to like the Green tinted skies which helped to put Peist's mind at ease a bit. He was continually suspicious of it, for some reason he felt it had an ominous loom to it that seemed to scream "Death from above!" directly into the core of his being. As though some mysterious skyriders were to swoop in at any minute bringing with them the fate of whatever had happened to these poor people.

Ed was now playing with what appeared to be a very elaborately well made metallic spinning top, with the image of a winged chariot on it. Near by Mr. Theodore Peist was analyzing a larger protruding metallic/marble altar with a smoothed shallow bowl indentation in the middle of it. The altar had little to no markings on it which made it even odder. The altar stood in the middle of a large clean slated vaulted structure that had managed to remain intact for the most part. The chamber was much different then the others they had found in their wanderings. Ed was singing "what a wonderful world" to himself for the umpteenth time while playing with his fancy new toy top when he finally noticed Peist staring at the altar quite puzzled scratching his head and sighing... "if only we had a clue..."

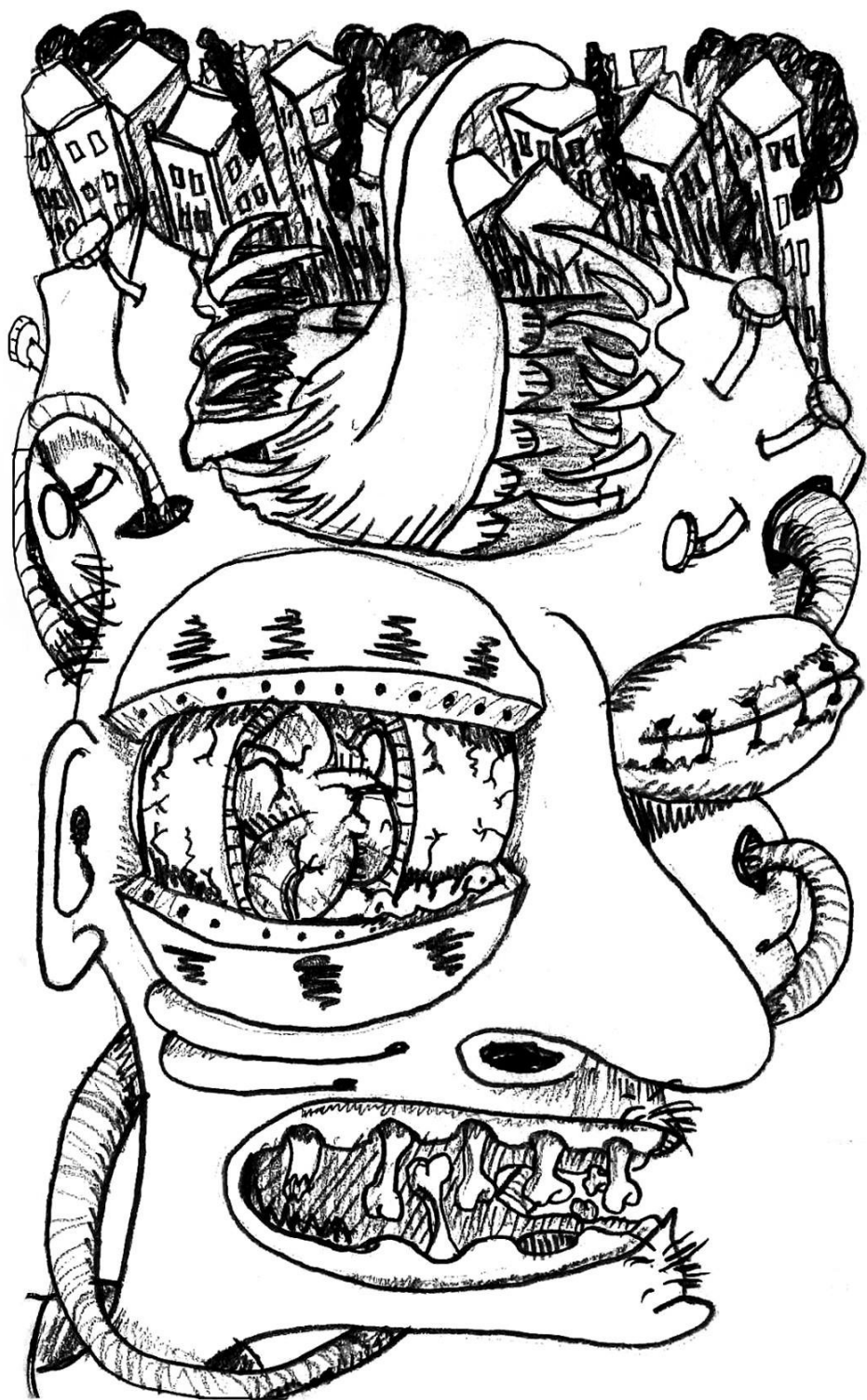
Unsure as to what he could do to help his downhearted friend, Ed approached top in hand to access the situation for himself. Upon closer inspection he too found nothing noticeable about the altar which didn't puzzle him too much as he was neither an occultist or an archaeologist, but with a few well-timed lighthearted statements on the strictness of the layout and how it's probably best that no one was there to greet them seemed to do the trick and crack Peist out of his funk. In fact, it was while Peist was laughing at something Ed had said that Ed began to neurotically spin his new top again. This time however it wasn't on the floor as before, it was atop the side of the altar near the bowl. The gems on it began to radiate dimly in random flashes. This made Ed smile, "very pretty little dim lights..." Ed said to himself before Peist came back to reality from his gut wrenching bellows of laughter and noticed the dim lights now glowing on the ancient metallic toy top.

Immediately, Theodore snagged the top up from off the altar and gave it a quick second look over. Now that he thought about it, he began to realize it kind of resembled a Jewish dreidel from back on Earth. He then asked Ed if it had been doing that off and on before hand without the altar and then asked Ed to give it another spin on the ground. NOTHING HAPPENED. He then asked Ed to give it another spin on the altar but this time to do so in the bowl indentation after remembering the battle top toy spinners of his childhood. Without hesitation Ed obliged. The top spun and the gems and symbols once again began to glow. First quite dimly as before, but then they became brighter and brighter seemingly feeding off the inertia which only served to make the top spin faster and faster around the bowl till it was glowing rather brightly and resonating from the direct center. Once the top passed the center of the bowl it became stationary in its spin as if being help place by magnetic forces of some kind. The whirling grew louder and louder and was soon almost too much to bear. The high pitched whistling began to echo off the vaulted chamber walls and to resonate in what appeared to be an ancient resonating hall which charger the frequencies even further! The ground began to tremble under the heavy vibrations, the sounds once resonating for a bit began to sound a bit like marching band music which baffled the two even more. The blank walls of the structure now glowed with weird cryptic symbols—their meanings lost on the visitors.

The clouds in the sky became a dark reddish color and bolts of strange orange electricity began shooting about the place. The ground began to open up on three sides—pushing the odd duo closer and closer in proximity. Purple smoke emerged from the deep within the ever growing cracks. There was a very strong current surging through the temple which caused their arm hairs to stand on end. If there was anyone left out there somewhere within the vicinity of a state sized radius they no longer thought themselves to be alone any longer. Ed stared intensely at the brightly glowing lights on the top as it spun faster, faster still. Peist saw what Ed was doing and forcibly shielded his eyes from the light, for it was now glowing too brightly. There was a loud; CRACK!, THUMPI!, and WOOSH! that echoed for minutes in the chamber before the smoke began to settle and images of what had arisen began to become clear. In the smoke were three golden chariots, the likes of which Peist had seen in the ancient tapestries of the Hindi. Could they perhaps be what the ancients called the Chariots of the Gods?!

It certainly seemed so!

There was a rumble in the distance that was extremely unsettling to the nerves. It sounded like hundreds of jealous gnashing teeth at first and then like a swarm of locust. The horizon became even bleaker, and strange trumpets blasted behind them. Whatever was coming didn't sound good and it was coming fast! They didn't know it, but these were the few remaining Iggu—those heavenly servants originally intended to serve the Anunnaki who grew bored and rebelled leaving a scared mankind to fill their void in the ancient times. Peist, without thinking, jumped into one of the glowing chariots, screamed for Ed to jump on in, and pulled a lever on the chariot. Before he knew there was a whirl, then a bolt of light, and they were gone in a flash, leaving the Iggu reeling in the dust.—WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON



HOW TO YELL AT YOUR KIDS

I was at the library the other day and a book jumped out at me. I was actually looking for *Verily, A New Hope* by Ian Drescher. It's a William Shakespeare style retelling of Star Wars. Anyway, I take my kids to the library every Saturday. We sometimes go out to eat, sometimes longboard a parking garage, and sometimes look for unlocked buildings on campus to explore. We have fun. They love me, I love them.

But they are pretty annoying sometimes.

The book that jumped out at me is called, *Is That Me Yelling?: A Parent's Guide to Getting Your Kids to Cooperate Without Losing Your Cool* by Rona Renner.

Yes, I'll admit, I yell at my kids. Not all the time, but I do it often enough to feel guilty, thus, the "jumping" book.

The book is very nice. It doesn't say, "Damn, you suck! Your kids will hate you forever! Kill yourself today! That will be better for them!" No, it says that a whole bunch of us "loving" parents yell at our kids. It says it in a real nice way, and then goes into how you can change the habit by observing yourself, observing how you are feeling, and other stuff. I'm only on chapter 2 as of this writing.

I grew up with yellers. My dad was a master. He had a way to get his point across, mock me and make me feel like I wanted to make him proud of me all in the same session. Sure, I am damaged a bit, but aren't we all? My mom was OK at it. She tried, but mostly presented empty threats of hanging us from the ceiling or sending us to "El Carajo". I'm not sure where this mystical place of unknown torture and evil is even to this day. I asked my Grandfather once and he said it was a ditch filled with shit.

The funny thing is, I always said I wouldn't yell at my kids. I got pretty good at hating my dad's verbal beatdowns, and avoided him at all costs. Did it make me who I am today? Whatever. So, yeah, I find myself yelling at my kids. I feel like I'm doing it less than I used to, but they are about to get boobs and pubes, so we'll see how much I can hold my tongue.

So, with the intention of stopping altogether (they don't listen when I'm yelling anyway) I've come up with my own ways to yell at my kids. I've used a couple of these, but I wanted to have an arsenal at my disposal for whenever they piss me off...or keep asking me questions...or tune me out...or don't stop fighting...or don't freakin' go to sleep when it's freakin' time for sleep. So, here is my list of creative ways to yell at my kids, because regular old yelling isn't working at all.

1. The Labor & Delivery Nurse

First things first, whatever technique you use when yelling at your kids, take a deep breath. It's just gonna piss you off even more to run out of breath in the middle of a precisely worded rant. And if you need to breathe, and you have one of those mouthy kids, they will take the opportunity of a pause in your speech and hit you with a dagger that will undoubtedly throw you off course. If you have to say, "Let me finish!" you've already lost. So remember...breathe.

2. Captain Obvious

If you can have your wits about you enough to pull this one off, it's sure to get the attention you are demanding. The idea here is to state the obvious. Try something like, "I am yelling right now!" or "Look at my finger, it's pointing!" At this point, the irritant might crack a smile, but don't give in, this is your chance to lay in with your real point, but this time they are listening. You might try something along the lines of, "I am an old man, my breath

also stinks, and I have hair on my balls!" That's sure to get all the ears in the house perked up.

3. G.O.B.

Tell me you've seen *Arrested Development*. If you haven't, put this down and go binge watch on Netflix or Hulu or whatever, then come back. Now this will make sense. So, while you are yelling at your offspring, throw in a Ca-Caw! and puff out your chest proudly every once in a while. If nothing else, they will probably leave you alone for the rest of the day. Or, alternately, your point will be burned on their brains.

4. The Football Fan

OK, you know how whenever you are yelling at them, and you need to present them with a number? You know, the one that puts validity onto your argument. Like, "I've told you _____ times not to do that!" Or, "For the _____ time, NO!" My mom's was 50,000. My tip here is to only use the number one. Something like this: "I've told you at least ONE time not to do that!" Or, "This is the first time I've told you!" It could be followed with, "I'm not going to tell you again." And then don't tell them again. My kids have missed opportunities and treats and all sorts of stuff because of this. I'm sure they hate it.

5. The Miley

You remember that big, giant, foam finger Miley Cyrus kept rubbing on her peepie area during the MTV VMA awards way back in 2013? Do you have one of those foam fingers? Now, I don't advise that you rub it on your privates while you are yelling at your kids...that would send the wrong message. But what if you used it to point at them? I think that would lighten up the mood a little, and surprise them into maybe listening. You could even have a collection of them and only yell at them if you have one of them over your "actual" pointing finger.

6. The Protocol Droid

C3P0 was a Protocol Droid and a translator. He could speak Bocce, Jawa, Wookiee, the binary language of moisture vaporators, he could pretend to speak R2-D2 and 6 million other languages. So, I suggest yelling at them in a different language. This is probably not the easiest one to do, and also probably one of the most awkward. But, if pulled off well enough, could be a nudge in the right direction for communication. Be advised, stay away from using gibberish. On *Guardians of the Galaxy*, Yondu used a version of this against the mumbblings of The Broker. This variation will mostly just anger your kids if used in the manner presented in the movie. I'm talking about actually learning a language, or if you already know a language that your kids don't, use that one. Cussing them out in Spanish when they have no idea you are actually calling them a "poop licking dog fart sandwich" sounds like fun doesn't it? ("Bocadillo con pedo de perro que lambe mierda".)

7. Star Lord

Speaking of *Guardians*, a Dance-off could be the answer. I suggest prepping by watching *Soul Train*, Michael Jackson videos, and the movies *Breakin'* or *Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo* (what, no *Beat Street*? - ed.) The more you grab your privates, the better. Then, of course, challenge them by pointing to them. If they don't reciprocate, you have won. You can then proceed to strut around them.

8. Adam Sandler

I have found that if I sing what I mean to be yelling, it keeps me from going overboard. If you can make it rhyme, awesome. If you can freestyle rap, even better. You don't need a guitar, you just need a tune. For example: "I wish you would clean your room! You are such a messy slo-obi You won't get to go outside

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if you don't clean this up!" (Sung to the tune of "We Wish You a Merry Christmas.") Any tune will work (except perhaps "Papa Don't Preach" — ed.)

9. The Joker

Say stuff like: "Wanna know how I got these scars?" and "Let's put a smile on your face!" You might come off as a psycho, and that could be good. I mean, getting them to obey and quit bugging you is the point, right? Bonus points for playing with a knife and licking the corners of your mouth. If your kids are young, this might scar them for life. If you've been yelling at them for long enough, it might have the same effect, so might as well have fun with it, right?

10. Cannibal Corpse/The Batman

Yell in a low, guttural, metal growl. Go look up "BatDad" on YouTube.

11. Elmo

Your best Elmo voice. Everything sounds better as Elmo. Oh, and speak in the third person. "Daddy is gonna yell at you now." Or "Mommy's about to open a can of whoopass!"

12. Fart Machine

Punctuate your sentences with a fart sound. Real farts would be amazing, but that takes talent. Get yourself one of those remote controlled fart machines and let one rip after every bullet point in your speech.

13. The YouTuber

Video it and post it to YouTube. This is actually a horrible idea. Don't do this. I just did a Google search and there aren't any that I could find. I wonder why. Just a bunch of "How to stop yelling at your kids" videos by moms. BORING!!!

14. Al Qaeda Bomb Vest

This would work only once. If you can remember, "Allahu Akbar" is the hip thing to say before you blow yourself up.

15. Michael Myers

Start a collection of Halloween masks and bring them out when you need to scream at your kids. My suggestions are Obama, Horse, Clown, Sloth (Goonies) or Chewbacca.

16. Jim Carey

What if you yelled only movie quotes? There's plenty to choose from. Here are some suggestions: "You are not a Jedi yet!", "It puts the lotion on it gets the hose!", "Who is your daddy, and what does he do?", "Two men enter, one man leaves!" and "Incontheavable!". Any of those could work. Maybe it won't get the point across completely, but whatever.

17. Mater

There's just something about putting on a Hillbilly accent. The more "Waco" or "East Texas" the better. If you have some bubba teeth, even better. And try to use big words and high psychologies. That'll trip 'em up every time. "The consequences of your actions perturb me to no end. I have no other option but to rescind any privileges until my consternation ceases...you little douche nozzle."

This article is long enough.

So, if you are like me, maybe this list will serve as a primer. Personally, regular old yelling has lost its effectiveness in my house, and I most definitely need some way of getting through to my kids.—JORGE GOYCO

STILL POETRY

Bourbon and Burrough's Bare Feet (A.K.A. High Ball Allen at Mid-night)

Late at night, after the wife turns to bed, I enjoy a double Maker's Mark - crowned round a single ice cube - while reading

Ginsberg straight from the tap.

Reality Sandwiches

(1963: Whitman,

Havannah, Kansas and cock-

sucking) it'll be tonight.

Time - that ringworm bitch - rides me like a blown trumpet. Hell, Jack, whose alarm clock is ringing?

— KEVIN STILL

Thursday

Small tables hold large conversations.

Our waitress, her neck stretched

like Bible verses

listing genealogies,

asked few questions.

She likes mystery.

Rob, laboring a bitter, declared the beauty of math over science, and I envied his love of patterns to chaos, numbers to the elemental necessity of becoming God.

— KEVIN STILL

The David Lynch Process

Lynch claims to feel cinema before he sees it, before he makes it. Which means the Lady in the Radiator was an emotion before a vision, more instinct than creation. As if a film - or a poem - could be hunger instead of language, a pang for what is not producing what could be. As a writer, I am not there yet, even though I felt my first image as a child when my mom once closed the front door behind her without saying a word.

— KEVIN STILL



PEDAL PUSHING: STRYMON DECO

California pedal maker Strymon has sure set itself up as the king of modulation effects in a real hurry. Their Blue Sky reverb pedal has become the benchmark for digital guitar reverb. The "shimmervverb" setting will be, I believe, one of the 2000's era's biggest production clichés (like gated reverb and chorus to the '80s, like filtered drum loops to the '90s). Strymon is like Alesis for the new Millennium, offering affordable studio grade effects in a portable setting. Strymon offers delays (both tape and analog modeling), tremolos, rotary modeling, flangers, as well as multi-FX pedals gathering the best of their effects into large multi-pedals. Art director Wonko The Sane is a bit of a Strymon hound, as he gigs both the Brigadier and El Capistan delays and uses a Mobius multi-pedal for studio work. I gig an El Capistan as well, and many pros now sport Strymon effects on their boards.

The Deco is Strymon's newest pedal. It is a tape deck simulator. One side emulates the sound of a tape record head, the other the sound of two tape decks running simultaneously. The pedal is meant to be used for guitar, but it is also a fantastic studio tool as well. Let's first start with an explanation of what it does exactly. The left side of the pedal emulates a magnetic tape record head. Tape saturation adds compression and high end rolloff, a fattening to sound that has been used to great effect since the beginning of the tape recording phase, once recording engineers began to use magnetic tape for recording rather than the previous practice of recording direct to lacquer acetate. These days many engineers use tape decks as "effects processors" by using a send/receive buss to give that tape fattening and crunch but still maintain the flexibility and fidelity of digital.

The right side of the pedal is a "doubletracker". It provides automatic double tracking (ADT), flanging, chorus and delay. These effects were all originally derived by engineers running a second tape deck for playback alongside the original record deck. ADT was accomplished by running the second tape deck at a slight delay from the first. The engineers at Abbey Road in the '60s created this effect at John Lennon's bequest because he loved the sound of his voice double-tracked but didn't want to have to sing a song twice (nor did the engineers want to sacrifice an extra tape track for a second vocal, as tape real estate was scarce in those days). Flanging comes at a slightly longer delay (the term "flanging" comes from having an engineer at random apply some resistance to the tape flange of a second deck...it provides that whooshing phased sound at the end of Hendrix's "Axis: Bold As Love" and hundreds of other recordings). Tape chorus is accomplished with a slightly longer delay (also with the engineering assistant providing some random modulation by thumbing the tape flange). And tape echo comes from an even longer delay in the second machine (hence, why so many echo pedals and devices are referred to as "delay" devices). The lag time pot gives you all these settings, and you can make them as dramatic as you want by adding "wobble" to taste. It does not behave like a traditional echo. The Deco has a single repeat. It will run a second repeat via the stereo out if the type switch is set for bounce. The blend is a mix function so you can add as much or as little of the effect as you want. The type switch can change the phasing of the second tape reel and bounce changes

only the phase of the left channel (thus allowing for that second repeat). Strymon allows for a lot of secondary functions (generally accessed via holding both footswitches down), such as high and low frequency trims, autotuning and stereo field adjustment.



So now that I've told you about all it does, what's it like to use this thing? On low settings, the saturation effect fattens up your signal; on higher settings, the channel distorts. On guitar, the lower settings help to give your guitar that magic sort of sound, and I could see how someone would want to have this pedal as an "always-on" pedal to thicken up their tone. The higher settings have a gnarly overdriven sound that has an interesting sound. Very much like a good overdrive pedal. I find that turning the saturation up to noon helps to make my guitar amps sound like they are turned up louder than they really are. At home I have to record at much less than stage volume, and the Deco can make my amp on 1.5 sound like it does on 3.5. I've also recorded guitar direct to DAW with the Deco and it has that early '80s Alex Lifeson direct-to-console sound. It sounds a lot better than I expected

it to in that capacity. I also like to use the Deco for recording vocals, and turning the saturation up to about 10 or 11 o'clock helps to thicken up a vocal. Using the Deco as a mixdown tool so far has not been successful. The tape bump tends to roll off too much high end and the tape head overloads very early on the pot. I can probably compensate for that with the secondary high filter settings as well as entering the pedal into studio mode which accommodates for a greater gain range. The double-tracker side sounds dynamite. At really low settings and with the blend rolled back it definitely sounds like whatever instrument you've run into it is double tracked (especially with a hint of wobble). The thru-zero flanging is the most realistic I've heard from any digital device. If you hold down the doubletracker bypass footswitch the Deco will provide momentary tape flanging. It sounds so good that if I had this pedal on my board I'd be randomly inserting that effect nearly all the time. The chorus can be super subtle or more over the top with more wobble. The delay definitely has that Sun Studios slapback tape echo sound but you can also get the stereo Ozzy Black Sabbath vocal effect as well.

Overall, the Deco is an impressive device. It can be a useful guitar effect that can give simple slapback, modulation and overdrive in one box. It could also replace chorus or flanger on many boards, or could also be used in the same capacity as a Klon(e) or EP Booster as an always-on tone sweetener. The Deco makes the most sense as a studio tool that can be used in many different capacities. I'd love to use it as a preamp on a snare drum or kick drum, or as a direct box for bass guitar. It is true that many DAW's have a tape effect built-in and there are many VST's dedicated to emulating tape, but for many who don't use plug-ins I can see the Deco becoming a sort of swiss army knife for recording different instruments. In my lo-tech home studio it has become a godsend for recording amp'd and mic'd electric guitar and for fattening my admittedly weak vocals. At \$299 it's priced a little past just buying on a lark, but I can't recommend it too highly for home recordists.—KELLY MINNIS

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CONCERT CALENDAR

2/6—The Night Owls, Hazy Ray @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

2/6—Bills, UFO!, Foreign Twins @ Lakeview Nightclub, Bryan. 9pm

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

2/13—Rain: A Beatles Tribute @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 7:30pm

2/15—Brazos Valley Roller Derby Heartbreakers Brawl @ VFW, Bryan. 6pm

2/20—Johnny Stimson, Votary @ The Village, Bryan. 8pm

2/20—Jay Satellite, Silver Ships, The Inators @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/21—Battle For the TXIF with **A Deathbed Promise, Critical Assembly, Distance Here, Seldom** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 5pm

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

2/26—Seryn, Friendly Savages @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

2/26—Joy, The Well, The Tron Sack @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/27—George R.R. Martin reading @ Rudder Auditorium, College Station. 11:30am

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

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

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

3/16—SXSpillover with **Diarrhea Planet, Mutant Love** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

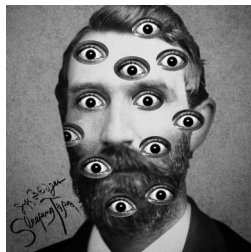
3/19—SXSpillover with **Sparrows, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

3/20—SXSpillover with **Civeta Del, LUCA** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

3/21—SXSpillover with **Gleason's Drift, Bonnet, The Inators, Lost Dog Street Band** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

3/22—Altercation Punk Comedy BBQ feat. **Sniper 66, The Sharp Lads, 2 Fisted Law, Grizzly Band, The Stand Alones, The Wealthy Beggars, Jason Bancroft** @ Revolution, Bryan. 3pm

RECORD REVIEWS

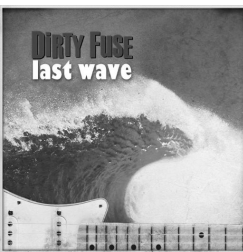


Jeff Bridges
Sleeping Tapes

recording of Jeff just hanging out and carrying a tape recorder around with him). Sometimes the results are surreal. "See You At the Dreaming Tree" is a captured conversation at the playground with Jeff and a few parents and he tells an anecdote about meeting his daughter at a certain spot in her dreams. "Sleep Dream Wake Up" has a *White Album* feel to its psychedelia. At times the album comes across like an endcap album that you'd find in a new age shop. You know, those R. Carlos Nakai panflutes and vaguely Native American chanting. He tells stories about needing to get up in the middle of the night to piss and drink more water (um, I don't like having to get up in the middle of the night for anything!) There's plenty of new age aphorisms and tropes balanced with what amounts to an audio cinema verite of one day in the life of Jeff Bridges. Key quote: "You matter to many people. I like your haircut. You have big strong hands capable of woodworking." **SOLD!**

As a sleep tool I find this rather suspect. But I have a feeling that were I still a drug-taking man I would REALLY enjoy tripping balls with Jeff's narrative. As a sort of side trip, it's rather fascinating. Jeff Bridges is an icon. How could someone not want to at least listen once to the Dude just kind hanging out and talking to you?

— KELLY MINNIS



Dirty Fuse
Last Wave

The latest album by this five-piece surf instrumental group from Greece shows their affection for the traditional sounds of Sixties-era surf music as well as the various surf revivals in the Nineties and beyond.

"Potiguara" and "Atlas" are representative of the basic surf sound with the driving rhythms of both tunes and the rapid tremolo picking. Other tunes, like the cover of "Islands in the Surf" and the original "Surfness," feature Manolis Kisamitakis' saxophone more. Many of the tunes are influenced by Greek music such as the insistent cover of "The New Victor" and "Dark Sands" featuring a goblet drum. "Stranger on Mykonos" also has a quirky vibe. However, "Teenage Cactus Twist," "Oasi," "Monsoon Diva," and "Storm" are all driving surf tunes that would not be out of place in any surf era in America. Surf's up! — MIKE L. DOWNEY



Sleater-Kinney
No Cities to Love

Sleater Kinney's newest release, *No Cities to Love*, their first release in ten years, deserves more than comparative quips to earlier SK releases. *NCTL* is a solid record straight through. Everything elemental to Sleater Kinney—Corin Tucker's barreling vocals, Janet Weiss's percussive versatility, Carrie Brownstein's pop-hardcore blending and blurring rhythms—are all found in folds on *NCTL*. Perhaps the decade apart focusing on various projects even matured those elements. For instance, Tucker's vocals, while never quite hitting those goosebump inducing shrills from tracks like "Good Thing" and "Words and Guitars," manage to feel more confident, perhaps even more study, here than on any other SK release, especially in *NCTL* tracks like "No Anthems" and album opener "Price Tag." Also, a bit of Wild Flag's (Brownstein and Weiss's side project) straight forward pop-rock sensibilities shine through on tracks like "A New Wave" and the title track. *NCTL* is an album that will please hardcore SK fans, while also winning many new listeners. —KEVIN STILL

I saw a commercial for this album during the Super Bowl last month and I thought for a second it might be a hoax. But it couldn't be, because this seems like the sort of thing that Jeff Bridges would do on a lark. Well, *Sleeping Tapes* is no hoax. It's a legitimate album that one can pick up by cruising by www.dreamingwithjeff.com either by immediate download or even a near \$200 deluxe vinyl package. Proceeds benefit charity although it was part of a paid ad campaign by Squarespace (a web building site), but it is a very interesting curiosity. Fortunately, you can stream it for free and sate your curiosity without spending a dime.

Well, it is curious indeed. The concept is that Jeff Bridges talks, meditates, repeats mantras and just in general shoots the shit onto a very generic muzak backing. Think lots of dreamy synthesizer pads, subdued piano tinklings, and the voice of The Dude in its fulsome richness. That said, at times it sounds really amateurish (you can hear Jeff banging into the microphone, almost like it's a field

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