

STOREREPRESENT



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use your f*cking turn signal - you're not punk & i'm telling everyone -
oh that cocaine smile - still poetry - record reviews
concert calendar*



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

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AIN'T NO GOING BACKSTEPPIN'

I've lived in Texas now for nine years. I have lived in lots of places but I've been here now longer than I've been anywhere else except my native Kentucky. It is time I own up to the fact that I'm a Texan now.

It is a cliché that you can never go back. There is truth in clichés though, which is why people repeat them ad nauseum. I've tried going back to Kentucky, Seattle, Nashville...in context as scenery in my mind they live on. Nashville is still seedy downtown. Church Street Center was still brand new downtown. We did wall rides on that publishing building right behind Hume-Fogg, we did board slides on parking blocks at the top of Cunt Bank (named so because it could be found in a gynecologist's parking lot), we went to shows at Pan's Starship Trooper and Elliston Place. All gone as Nashville races towards becoming ever more Austin-like. Seattle continues its quest to become ever more San Francisco-like. The next generation of dot-com douchebags is even worse than the first generation, and that's saying something. The second influx of tech money has made Seattle truly unaffordable for the average person. Yet the Seattle of my mind, drug addicts shooting up in Syringe Park, late nights at Minnies and the Crocodile Café...tis all completely gone. And don't get me started on my hometown in Kentucky. It is unfortunate that I've only been back a few times in the last 20 years and mostly for funerals as too many of my friends and family have died young.

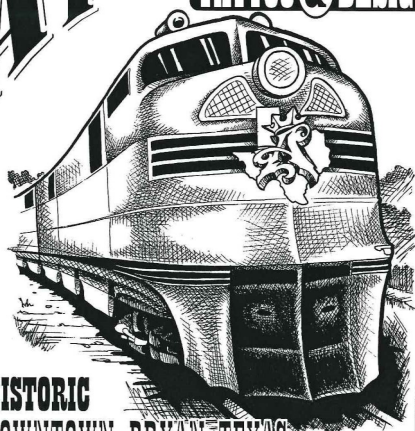
My family was run out of Seattle in a cloud of near-bankruptcy and the aftertaste of having our young dreams crushed by painful reality. We could not afford to live there the way we wanted to live there, could not understand how others could afford to live there the way we wanted to live there, unattractively jealous of those that could. We cashed out of the real estate bubble at its zenith and used all that money we made to find a better place to live for our family. We stumbled upon College Station, mostly because we were offered work here. I like to think of it as a consolation prize that nearly makes up for the years of struggling through the adrenalin highs and punishing lows of our time in Seattle.

The first four or five years I pined away for the snow-capped mountains, the nights and days of cold, dreary rain, my community of art friends. That Seattle in my mind is pretty much gone, even though many of my friends remain. It is no longer real FOR ME. What is real for me, however, are the hot sweaty rocknroll nights, the afternoons in the sun by the pool, the just don't give a fuck-ness of Texas...and of course my art friends. Oh I still miss looking at mountains, hiking in them, driving in them. I miss mountain lakes, icy cold in the summer heat. But I would miss Texas and what it's come to symbolize to me just as fiercely.

The truth is that you can't ever go back to these places in your mind. Aside from ruminating about them, drinking toasts to that time of your life. It is best to remember that you are currently making the same kind of memories that one day you will look back upon in your mental wayback machine just as fondly, if not more so, shaking your head at the stupid shit you used to do, the heartache you endured, the love you grew.—
KELLY MINNIS

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**HISTORIC
DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS**

arsenaltattoo.com

AMTI-LIFE COMPANY OWNERS OR HOW POP MUSIC KILLS MY BONER

This will be the first introduction of the beast at hand. I have been here for 29 years and I am not pleased with the direction of the states. It's full of companies that waste and boast. The souls of millions are at the mercy of these anti-life fascists called Owners and Presidents. They are everywhere. If you leave one company and go to another, most of the time your right back in the same situation you tried to escape (sometimes even with less pay). Is that why people start businesses? To avoid being told what to do, then taking a shit on their employees to get back at their bosses of the past. Maybe even their parents? Perhaps if there was no bosses, what then?

Why is it important to work all the time? 5-6 days a week, 8-10 hours a day, year after year. I know lots of people that do this (including myself). It is the very opposite of productivity. I think if companies worked you less and paid you more, they would actually be more profitable. Less time theft, ceiling staring, hiding out, web surfing, looking busy, bored employees. Most of the day, your thinking about what you could be doing instead, then when you get out, your too tired to do anything but stare at the TV. Watch other peoples lives, made up characters that almost never have to work. A show created by a boss that hates his employees. Perhaps if our lives weren't wasted, what then?

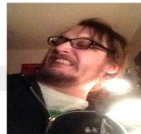
I ask many people what they like, what truly speaks to their hearts. Most speak of sports. Sports? Football, Baseball, etc., Whatever season it is. How did we get to this? Where simple minds are the norm and accepted across the nation. And it's OKAY? History and great men and women are a thing of fiction. Anything that has to do with history is some makeshift version of patriotism. Great men and women are measured by their bulging bank accounts. It confuses me. Although the fact is that most individuals are confused themselves. Perhaps if there was no such thing as money, what then?

I yearn for the day when the US monetary system will collapse. Perhaps then, people will snap out of their daily slumber and finally see what the more important factors of life are. Love, community, trust, water, breath. Not social status, profit, gym memberships, Pop music, fashion, TV sitcoms, cell phones, facebook, or day jobs. Especially day jobs. Do you think being a TV salesman is important when no one has money? I would hope a television is the last thing people will think about if they are scrounging for food and water. Waking their internal instinct again, being one with nature. It's a beautiful thought. I don't think your PlayStation skills will be useful? Perhaps if we restarted history, what then?

Think about what you do for money. You're not selling a product or service. You're selling your time, your life on this planet. How much is that worth to you? \$8 an hour? Maybe \$15? If you knew you had another life after this, would you sell this one? If you knew how long you will live, would you still sell your time?

What would Jesus do? — R.A. BARRAGAN

**USE YOUR FUCKING
TURN SIGNAL**



I, like many of you, have a driver's license. To get said license I had to take a test over the very general basic rules of driving in order to be legally permitted to operate a motorized vehicle, for the safety of me and those around me. That's why it infuriates me that I should even be having to write this stupid rant.

I have noticed quite increasingly the rise in driver ignorance. More specifically, that my fellow motorists now seem to have COMPLETELY lost their ability to SIGNAL BEFORE TURNING. It might seem like a simple thing, and it IS and that's why I'm pissed. It's the most basic common courtesy a driver could use. Let the people around you know that you're changing lanes or about to make a sharp ass turn. Nobody wants to get in a wreck. They kill way to many good and not so good people everyday. Yet, at this point, they are a necessary evil. Commuting daily is crucial to the lively hood of so many people and the national infrastructure still hasn't even begun to catch up with the actual demand on its daily wear and tear from said commuting. I get it—people drive a lot and get tired—but that's an excuse and even that only covers for a few of you turdfaces. The rest of you don't have to be jerks about your laziness. You can still be just as lazy, do this one little thing and ignore something else. Done. Some of us might actually care to wake up the next day.

People are going to drive. So SIGNAL WHEN TURNING. Just in case you are one of these assholes who thinks signaling is one of those things you just pick and choose when to utilize only when it's convenient for you all willy-nilly, then you have another thing coming to you. Let's see how much you like it the next time some dickhead decides to randomly cut you off on the highway barely going faster then you and your stomach leapps into your heart into your mouth and so on. I bet you'll be shaking your fist at the sky, taking the lord's name in vain about how god put signals on automobiles so shit like this never would happen. True stuff. I know I'm not the only one that feels this way. But then again maybe I am the asshole for not conforming to everyone else's lack of effort? To that I say, Fuck off.

[illegible]

Thank you & DRIVE SAFE! — *WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*





YOU'RE NOT PUNK & I'M TELLING EVERYONE: PUNK ROCK COOKING MANIFESTO

The past few months, I've really been getting into cooking very diverse stuff. It all happened with a kitchen overhaul at the beginning of the year, and just kind of grew into Instagram photos and shared recipes with others online. I'm convinced it's about the most punk rock thing I can do.

I was seventeen years old when I moved on my own and started learning how to cook for myself. As a nomadic musician, I found an "anyone can cook" type book in a used library sale and started doing what I could with the information I found often substituting different things and making do with what I had. I believe this gave me a unique perspective on food. Thus my version of DIY cooking was born.

You don't have to be "punk" or DIY to make it. It's actually a term I used because I am a stereotypical ne'er-do-well who knew nothing about the kitchen until I had to fend for myself. I came to learn that cooking isn't hard at all. I live by the philosophy that if you can boil water, use a microwave and combine a couple of things together, you can be a great cook.

My biggest complaint with recipe sites is that there doesn't seem to be much direction for food that a guy like me would want to make. I often would be looking for a good way to cook a piece of steak or maybe see how to make a decent mac and cheese, but would often find hard to make expensive crap like "sunfire roasted salmon" or "cranberry walnut glazed pork", nothing I would really attempt to make on my own. So I started on my own and learned a few things

One is that cooking is diverse. It pains me to look up terms like "kitchen punk" or things that mention punk and food and seeing vegan only dishes on certain "punk" sites. I'm not knocking on anyone's choice of food here, but just like there are different genres of music, there are different types of food. I love having a

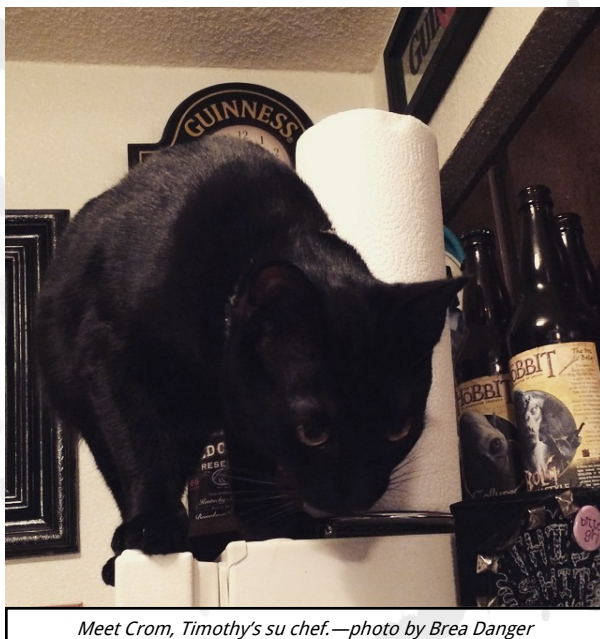
complex palette that lets me sample foods from every ethnic background and geographical location, not to mention personal choices. Being a vegan in the kitchen is like that one guy who only listens to Pantera. You know the guy. It's all he talks about and when he's in your car that's all he wants to listen to. It's fine if that's what you want, but you shouldn't shove it down my throat. Don't be Panterrible.

The other is that cooking is DIY. It's improvisational. It's making do with what you have. Not all recipes are set in

stone. Experimentation in food (and music) is a beautiful thing. DIY celebrates doing what you can with what you have.

I like food. It's a thing with me. I also like to incorporate my music tendencies toward it. I like to jam Tom Waits when I'm chopping veggies, or latin ska when I'm making soup. I don't like my dishes too complex, just enough to get my point across and people can't get it out of their head (like a song I would write for TSS). But I also like cooking for friends. I like it when they try something I made or like a picture I posted and ask for the recipe.

Now pass the Tums.—TIMOTHY DANGER



Meet Crom, Timothy's su chef.—photo by Brea Danger

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OH THAT COCAINE SMILE

David and I arrive at Benny's House, or yet, his shitty travel trailer that sits in the middle of the woods, it's obviously not going to do any kind of traveling anytime soon. My David. He's incredibly handsome and significantly intelligent. He's about six foot tall with blue/green speckled eyes and a smile that knocks down to my knees, his hands are big and rough on account of he's an electrician for construction sites, he's got a cute butt chin, and cream-colored skin. He's walking perfection. But, David has a love for cocaine, and that's where Benny comes in. That's why we come to the ragged traveling trailer once a week. I didn't find out until it was too late, and I already got attached, I already fell in love. David is my darling addict, but I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't admit that I weren't addicted to him.

It's hot, dark and smells like burning dirt. I just want to leave this hell hole. This hillbilly germ, Benny, is running my patience dry. Benny is the worst kind of hick Texas could produce. His voice has become broken and raspy from years of smoking a multitude of things, his fingers are stained yellow, and his finger nails are cracked and almost orange from years and years of smoking cigarettes. He smiles a blackened tooth grin, and tar has filled the crevices on his tongue making it black and cake like. He shakes my hand as he always does, sleazily slurring his same greeting "well, hey there good lookin'". His boney touch crawls under my skin, and I instantly crave the hottest shower when, as he turns to David to say hello, his mangled uncombed hair slings sweat onto my arm I quiver.

Like always, a trade for cash and a good amount of drugs is exchanged, and I immediately stand up and anticipate for the door. I can feel David behind me as he says his goodbyes to Benny, and like always, Benny reaches out, but this time goes in for a hug. His skin is clammy and his breath smells like beer and beef jerky. I half-heartedly hug him back, and jump to the door to open it and breathe the fresh wooded air. Both David and I climb into his car, and before he even puts the key into the ignition, he takes his baggie, dips his pinky nail in and takes a hard sniff. David smiles and I melt. He

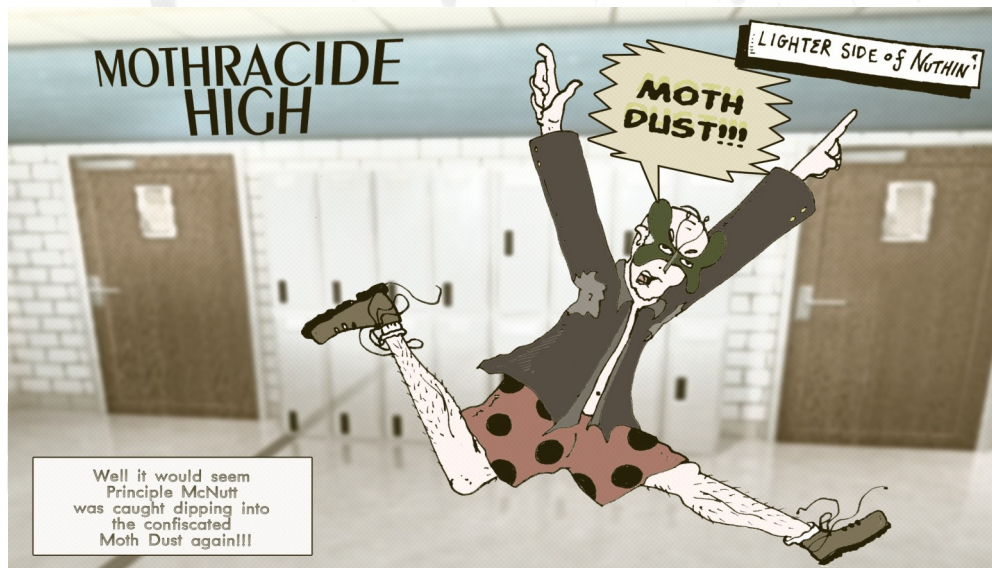
rests his hand on the top of my thigh, and offers me some. I politely decline and smile. David cups my face and says "I love you" and kisses me long and softly. I love it when he does that. He stops and pours a small white mound on the back of his hand, and sniffs harder than before. He repeats. I've never seen David do this much, and it worries me a little. I ask him if he'd be okay driving back, and he says "Oh, yea, I'll be fine! Don't worry baby girl, I got this." I grab his hand and we whip out of Benny's driveway. We flew back into town, so gracefully, with a blink of an eye. We appeared in David's apartment.

I collapse on his bed into an ocean of pillows, and he makes a quick stop in the bathroom where I can hear him snorting a line. He comes out of the cave like bathroom and eases his way on top of me. His skin is incredibly warm, almost burning, and he's breathing hard. He kisses me, deep and slow. He moves his hands down my velvet sides and grabs my legs to pull me closer to him. Time stops. David's love is the best I've ever had. It never hurts, it's always kind and loving, it's never scary, but always an adventure, and it's my most

favorite thing in the world; it's home.

We lay there, in bliss. He intertwines his fingers in mine, and rubs his thumb over the top of my hand. He kisses my forehead before he gets up to go back to the bathroom, and I close my eyes and fight the heavy urge to fall asleep, but I lose that battle. I wake up abruptly to David trying to crawl into bed. His skin isn't normal, it's hot and wet, and his bones are breaking down. He grasps my hand as he collapses onto his back. I turn onto my side only to see him clutching his chest. He smiles with an endearing face and says "baby, there's something wrong."

I snap out of sleep and throw myself up and out of bed. I'm sweaty, groggy and half-awake; I cry. I hate that dream. It's the same fucking dream I have every night. The last thing I saw of him was his smile, that haunting, heart-wrenching cocaine smile. — JESSICA LITTLE





CREEPY HORSE C

I've been to Music Festivals before. Granted, all the music fests were the kind where a chain of miscellaneous clubs rotates a slew of shows over the stretch of a couple days. Never had I been to a middle of nowhere three-day outdoor festival in no man's land before like I was about to be at Psych Fest. Psych Fest would be a first for me, in so, so many ways. As a graduation gift and also knowing I was broke, my friend surprised me with a pass to all three days of the festival.

It was my intent to travel light, I figured two outfits, a couple bandanas and some old converse lo tops everyone had been trying to get me to throw away for two years would suffice. We arrive in Austin on Thursday. We promptly collect our armbands at a venue for early pick up. My friend not realizing cuts in front of eight frat boy bros and we are banded. We have been in Austin for three minutes and are already pissing off the locals.

The following day, we arrive at the place where a charter bus will come to pick us up and take us to the venue. And we wait. And we wait. And we wait some more. Finally my friend decides to treat us to a couple cups of coffee and we sit outside talking about how you can never go back home and other life insights. It's here that my friend realizes I am wearing a 1984 era Dead Kennedys shirt with a black jacket and shorts, a bandana and the converse shoes everyone hates. He laughs and tells me "Only YOU would wear a Dead Kennedys shirt to Psych fest."

Our bus finally arrives and the driver looks as if her name is Myrtle, so we'll go with that. Myrtle would end up being one of the highlights for us. Tiny and middle-aged, Myrtle looked as if she should have a cigarette dangling from her mouth as she spoke to you. This woman gave not a single fuck as she sped, ran every single red light and almost hit four cars, one of them being a sheriff's car all while trying to book a motel room in Las Vegas loudly on her cell phone.

We get to the grounds of the Fest in one piece and there's some more waiting to be had. Trucks are coming in and out of the entrance with stockpiles of mulch. This should have been a warning somehow, but wasn't. After nearly 45 minutes of standing in direct sunlight, we are finally allowed in. Seeing as my friend and I have no bags that need to be checked, we walk right through the entrance onto the grounds inside.

It's almost perfectly timed that a massive storm hits and we are drenched in heavy rains and the loud crackle of thunder and lightning surrounds us. Due to the lightning, all workers take cover and no bands would play for another 20 minutes. My friend and I are able to purchase the very last two rain ponchos available and are on our way.

The converse sneakers had been a good idea in my mind. Sure, they had lost all their traction and had holes in the sides, but if I fucked them up, I wouldn't be heartbroken tossing them out. They were also still fairly comfortable at this point. Due to this being farmland, the rain had caused the terrain to morph into six inch deep quicksand. If you weren't walking over uneven, musky mulch, you

were trying not to slip and slide in the animal shit filled mud. It was also well into the upper 90s once the rain had finally ceased. My friend is none too happy with me repeatedly grabbing him every time I slip and nearly dragging him down in the process. Apparently, I would be the person if I was drowning that would drown you if you were to try and save me.

There are three locations to listen to music at this venue. The first is a small stage as you enter, farther up ahead on your right is a humongous tent and then to your even further right and downhill is a giant fucking amphitheater, if you've ever seen footage of 90's era Woodstock or Lollapalooza, this is *that* kind of stage. Not much is going on at this point. A single band has just started to play. Vendors have just been allowed in and had their power turned on, so it will be another 1-2 hours before most of the food trucks can even produce, and shop vendors are still setting up merch after the great monsoon of 2015 nearly wiped out their product. We settle on doing a bathroom run before the port-o-potties get three day old ripe and enjoy their fleeting moments of cleanliness-ish.

Most of the early bands are everything you'd stereotypically expect to hear at a Psychedelic music festival. There are folks singers, wailers, chanting, things rhythmically going ding and African drum beats. There are even sitars. Apparently Stevie Nicks 70's era look is in high demand. I'm seeing lots of women wearing art deco hair chains and flowy muu-muus on tiny body frames and guys wearing just shorts. It also appears that everyone has the exact same tattoo artist that places tattoos in the exact same places. At one point my friend and I are treated to a millennial having an absolute meltdown and trying to call her tattooist because some bitch has a tattoo "EXACTLY LIKE HERSI!"

So much as I understand solidarity, especially as one is growing up and trying to discover themselves, I am utterly confused over how much everyone is striving to act as if they are completely unique while looking exactly alike. Yeah, I know. The same can be said for punk rock and that too has transpired into an amalgamation of outcast interchangeability but at least we created our looks and believed we were striving for a sense of individuality. Here, it is racks of the exact same attire from stall to stall and you can now buy into a subculture of your choosing because street cred apparently now has a price tag. Aside from my indifference to buying in, I'm also confused by this gothic-hippie look I'm noticing here. It reminds me of like 1960's era cult attire and it's cool to see some sort of a Wednesday Addams approach to peace, love and harmony, but after the 18th person walks by in this get up, it has completely lost it's appeal.

As the sun finally sets, my friend and I take in some rather good acts we know we wouldn't have ever listened to outside of Psych Fest. We're also able to take in some local eats and a couple drinks, check out the merch booths, local art and even gawk at old punk rock shirts on sale for absurd prices.

After hours of trying to balance and not eat shit on the grounds of Psych Fest, my legs are aching. I decide to sit while we watch one of the main acts and am promptly

GOES TO PSYCHFEST

trampled by of course, a gothic hippie. I'm one of those that when I get hurt I initially react in anger. I don't know why. So imagine my predicament that I am trying to quench said anger due to the pain of having had my bare legs trampled by spiked heels covered in shit mud and I have this really sweet girl profusely apologizing, on the verge of tears she feels so terrible. I fend her off like I'm about to turn into wolf man and tell her I'm fine and I know it was an accident. My friend having a case of the grumpies decides to nag me for having sat on the ground in the first place as I hobble about off the ground. His attention would soon be diverted to a six and a half foot tall man in head to toe WIZARD garb complete with a lavish wizard's hat and a staff made of beer cans that stands right in front of him. I mean he gave my friend all of three inches of space. It plays out in my mind; my friend will get us thrown out of Psych Fest for beating the shit out of a Wizard.

Luckily, one of the groups I was most excited to see is about to play, so we move on to that stage and watch one of the most amazing acts that Psych Fest will have the entire weekend. By this point, I am quite literally knee deep in shit, roasted by the sunlight, hungry, achy, tired and looking much like the little boy in Jurassic Park after he gets electrocuted. I promise my friend should he ever let me join him at a festival again, I will be like the Rambo of Festivals. We walk out into the darkness for our bus and are almost run over. It's Myrtle. We are overjoyed.

The following day, we drive directly to Psych Fest. We park and rush up to the entrance only to discover that 35 minutes past opening time, they still haven't let anyone in. We'll be waiting in line an additional 20 minutes before we can enter. This time I am armed with SPF, bug spray and muddin' boots. The boots prove their value instantly and are absolute magic. Now the tables have turned and my friend is trying his damndest not to eat shit and grabbing me when he slips. I assure him it will be okay if he pulls me down, because that's what friends are for right?

My friend and I will take frequent trips to his truck and nap and eat a loaf of French bread he brought while enjoying some well needed A/C. We'll walk around and check out different acts and even pop our heads in for some free swisher sweet cigarillos.

As the sun sets on our second night, I am able to work us fairly close to the front to see the main stage's last two acts. I of course don't take into account this means I will be crunched in like a sardine and completely unable to move.

It's about this time the wind shifts and I smell something familiar and comforting. I look to my right and a young woman's eyes meet with mine and she offers me half of a fat joint. I politely accept and try to pass it back. I am told to keep it, which I do. 10 minutes later another woman in front of me will light a joint and take one hit and hand it to me. I cough my lungs out and try to hand it back and am told to keep this one. Okay. Yes, I am accepting random drugs from total strangers and I'm not going to argue anything with anyone. I pocket this one as well for safekeeping as my friend does not partake and it

would be my luck I would pass a joint to an off duty cop or underage minor. More for me.

It's after 1 ¾ sets that my legs are in so much pain, I feel as if I might fully collapse and not be able to get back up. I yell loudly into my friend's ear that I am going to leave our spot so I can walk around and get feeling back to the lower extremities. He decides to follow and we stand in the very back of the crowd. Legs are aching far too bad and I tell my friend that I am sorry, but I'll need to go back to his truck and sit out the last of this show. He understands and I walk away. I'm about 100 yards away when I begin to feel bad. My friend paid for this, all of this and I couldn't stick out maybe 5-6 more songs? He had looked forward to this weekend for months and here I was selling him out. I majestically do an about face and come back to my friend sharing with him my epiphany and that I couldn't do that to him, I wasn't going to go out like that. Four minutes later I am making my way back to his truck. Apparently I was going to go out like that. As I approach the truck, I realize I am actually CLOSER to the stage we were at than when I was in the crowd and am able to clearly listen to and watch the show from the comfort of an air conditioned sitting position. The only thing that could make this moment any better is currently stashed away in my pocket. I wrap a blunt using one of the swishers and the 1-½ joints I was given. My friend arrives to a very relaxed version of me with bare feet kicked up. That night I'll compose a majestic rock opera with full on synthesizers, drum solos and dual back up vocals while I shower. I'll promptly go to sleep and forget the whole damn thing.

Nothing my friend and I really want to see is going to be until much later in the evening come Sunday, so we have time to kill. So much so, my friend offers to take us to see *Age of Ultron*. We watch it in 3D while eating hot buttered popcorn and drinking blue Icees. After the credits have ended we just sit in our seats. We have reached peak physical and mental exhaustion and are frankly quite delirious. It's one of those moments where you don't have to say a word. We knew we had been defeated. Psych Fest had conquered us and we were no match for the next round. We couldn't take another day of pouring rain, the hot sun beating down on us, the steam coming off of manure and permeating our nasal cavities, the fermenting of three days used port of potties and unbathed hippies wafting every stretch of the land. We were naked and vulnerable. We had no defenses left. Our bodies had been stripped of sustenance and rest, it was time to go home and recover while we still had at the very least our wits about us and that's exactly what we did.

In retrospect, I truly did enjoy myself. There were acts I would never have heard and I garnered a great deal of experience from my inexperience. Next time I will have fold up chairs and mud boots, SPF, bug spray, proper attire and definitely an umbrella. The best thing I got out of this was the time and experience I got to have with my friend. Next year it will be my turn to buy tickets and put us up in a motel, because that's what being a friend is about, being the arm for someone to grab on to when they are about to eat shit. — *CREEPY HORSE*

RICK SHAW HEART: ABSENT

This is the first chapter of a novel to be serialized in 979Represent beginning with the June 2015 issue with installments each month.—ed

Confusion and crowd congestion only serve to add to the aggravation of the two main players who this story revolves around. The noisy streets echo with the sounds of a thousand tortured souls all hustling and bustling for that piece of cheese at the end of the day. Whether they actually get it or not doesn't seem to really matter, for as soon as the next day arrives these weary souls are back at it again.

Today is like most every day, spent waiting for the 10:15 to take our man home. As he waits he sees, then hears a very unfriendly exchange of words between a man and a woman our man presumes is his wife. They've stopped at the light next to the bus stop and waiting for it to change as their altercation ensues. The windows are cracked just enough so he can make out only fragments of their rather frank verbal exchange. Our man has never really been one to eavesdrop, but today he can't seem to help himself. He sees the "husband" wave his arms, and then switch to some serious finger wagging. His "wife" slaps him. He utters an unmistakable "BITCH". Then leans over opening the door for her while proceeding to push her out of the car at the same time. "Good riddance!" the man yells. The light changes as if to help set the tone for the morning's events, and the "husband" speeds off in a fury. The woman is only halfway out of the vehicle when this happens. She loses her balance and falls to the pavement.

By the way this woman is dressed our man can tell she is not accustomed to walking. He runs to her aid to see if she is alright. He moves quickly through the backed-up and honking traffic impatiently waiting for the woman to move, completely unconcerned for her well-being, as they are too caught up in the state of their own. When he reaches her, she is covered in soot from the streets, sitting upright now, and spouting profanities in such unbroken cognizance that it would make even a sailor blush. She has been crying for some time it seems and the waterworks are still heavily underway although their purpose has changed from sorrow and agitation to anger and humiliation. Her mascara is running like wet paint. He crouches down in an attempt to help her to her feet, as well as to aid relief to the congested traffic—such the humanitarian our main man is. Without so much as the slightest amount of hesitation she grabs on to him pulling herself up. Then as soon as she is standing on her own two feet she commences to beat him rather severely with her purse while screaming "RAPE!" at the top of her lungs. For a moment our man is stunned and speechless.

Our man thinks to himself this must be directly linked to her deluded state because as she appears at present, street grime, runny nose and mascara, disheveled hair—all things considered—he can't imagine even the lowest street thug or barbarian attempting such an unsettling act on this poor pathetic creature. He is merely trying to be a decent human being for once and this is the thanks he gets?!? A split second later he regains his composure and replies still embarrassed and confused "NO MA'AM!" then "I assure you I am no rapist...Merely a concerned citizen, that's all—I SWEAR!" With that her rage quickly

diminishes to self-pity and humility. Sniffing, she looks up at him for the first time and utters a very faint "my apologies" as the kind gentleman escorts her through traffic to the curb.

Traffic resumes and the flow of the city moves on uninterrupted once again. The woman could easily have been in her late 30's, possibly early 40's our man thought to himself. He realized now away from the commotion that beneath the grime, puffy eyes, runny make up, messed hair, and panicky persona he had encountered in the street she seemed to have an innate stunning beauty that radiated from her. Once she took off her dirty fur coat and got a better look at her figure he realize she could most likely pass as someone in her late 20's when she was in her element. With this realization he decides to ask her name and attempt to offer some comfort. She sniffs, collects herself with a deep solid breath—quickly resuming her snobbish stature—before remembering where it is she is—the low income side of town... "It's too soon for names, don't you think?" she replies with a forced politeness.

He is certain she is indeed way out of her element and has just been thrown to the proverbial wolves. Luckily, the bus is running late today. Our man asks the woman if she will be alright by herself. For the life of her she can't bring herself to say "NO". He can tell by the look in her eyes she is lying. So he asks her and this time adds "It's okay, you know? Everyone eventually needs a little help now and again". She looks at him sternly with cold piercing eyes. "I can manage... thank you". He knows she is still lying and that this is merely her pride getting the better of her. But it is her life to live, not his funeral. After all this is only downtown Detroit at night, and here she is a fairly attractive middle age upper class white woman alone in expensive attire adorned with expensive jewelry from head to toe. "She'll be fine, I'm SURE" he thinks sarcastically to himself. Sarcasm is something he has learned to not only embrace but to cherish as well. It helps him to keep things in focus and keep a sense of humor about even the dreariest aspects of the day to day. However the woman has yet to discover this little hidden gem of our man's personality.

The bus arrives; it's now 10:45, nothing too unusual. "Well be careful ma'am. This is my bus. I hope the rest of your night goes better for ya." With this he turns away and gets in line to board the tram home bound. There's a slight silence and stillness in the air. The words "...wait" pierce it like a knife and he needn't turn to know who has uttered them. As she walks shyly towards his turned back she says rather uncertainly "I suppose...I suppose I could use some company mister... Mind if I come with you? I promise not to trouble you too much" she says with smirk. "I suppose ma'am, it is your life after all, and you're free to do with it as you please."

They board the bus and find their way to their seats past all the usual sorts of riff raff and unfortunates normally expected to be found on the metro public transit. They quietly for a bit till our man decides to break the silence by asking out right and bluntly what the disturbance he and so many others had witnessed was all about. "I know it's none of my business and you don't have to tell me nothing if you ain't compelled to do so...I'm just tryin' make some conversation and seeing as that's what got

RENDEZVOUS STILL POETRY

you here now... It's just as fine a starting point for a conversation as any..."

She looks at him, rolls her eyes, sighs, and replies "Well then how we start with our names instead?" By the look on her face he suspects it's going to be sometime before he hears that tale. "Okay. That's as good a starting place as any I suppose, though I was under the impression that it was too soon for names" he says with a witty smirk. "Well if you must know my proper name is Daniel, but you call me Dan, after all it's what I prefer". She wears an expression that would lead anyone to believe that the name "Dan" has struck a nerve. "Perhaps an old flame?" he thinks to himself in the pause that followed. She seems unaware of how long it takes her to reply, though after all she's been through today, she may simply not care. She bats her eyelashes as if to signal a return from wherever it is she has just ventured to. "Rebecca" she says dryly. "...and if you could do me the favor of ceasing with 'ma'am's' I'd feel a great deal better, I can assure you..." "As you wish ma'a...umm Rebecca". He blushes, she smiles. "I'm sure we'll get along just fine". She mumbles something indistinguishable while turning her gaze out the window besides her taking in the view of the unknown route on which she presently resides reluctantly. She is, however, thankful for two things at this moment; the company of the stranger and the fact that she is heading anywhere but home.

The thought brings her tensions to an ease. She redirects her gaze to her new "friend" and finally begins to get a good look at the man who she currently chaperoning. He spoke as a timid child, she thought, and from little she had taken in about his demeanor prior she hadn't thought much about him. But now in the dim light of the bus she could see something else in him too. Something she hadn't noticed before—this was a rugged man—not a boy. But it was clear that he was not from the city. He must have grown up in some rural town where chivalry was still not quite dead, she presumed. Quite unlike the metropolitan areas she was so accustomed, let alone Detroit for that matter. It is this new insight that fills Rebecca with a sudden desire to know more—much more—about the man she sitting beside. She coughs to clear her throat, and then blurts out without the slightest bit of hesitation, much like a school girl with a new found crush — "you have very nice cheek bones ...Dan". She continues "I apologize for my behavior earlier—it was unbecoming of a woman. It's just been one of those days where everything seems to go wrong, and worse yet it seems to last an eternity...Do you know what I mean? Haven't you ever felt that way?" "No need to explain yourself darling, anyone who saw what I saw could get the hint. Besides, ain't anything any woman could do that would justify being treated like that...Just ain't right..."

She was speechless—he was her knight and she barely knew his name. Desire the likes of which she hadn't known in years began to ravage her. "To hell with whom-ever" she thought. After all she was abandoned—what matter are her transgressions of the flesh now?!? "Dan" she thought to herself "as in Daniel and the Lions, he is my gladiator now". Daniel was clueless as to what was in store for him. Rebecca felt she had a good idea. Though, in reality she couldn't have been any further from the truth.—*WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*

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Nothing good ever comes
from drinking beer for breakfast.
Unless you're Kris Kristofferson.
Which is why I'm cracking
a cold one at 7:38 AM
- on the off chance that I am.
— *KEVIN STILL*

...THOUGHTS

The memories that are
the truest never seem too vivid.
The actions that made those
moments are still frame
images trapped in a collective
mind called the universe. . .
Be the stars eyes, ears, &
mouth.
— *WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*

CONTENTS: POEMS/ CONTRIBUTORS

Every month - per weathered clockwork - I
receive a new volume of poems in my mail.

Egg-shell white pregnant covers and spine.
Along the top front, in bold ALL-CAPS,

democratically palatable (usually pastel)
graphemes form the title POETRY.

Above POETRY, a month and a year.
Below POETRY, an illustration of WTF

abstractions (preview of attractions
?), frequently joined by FEATURING

(same anti-anxious hue as "POETRY")
list of three never recognizable names, such as

F__k B__t and T__m__ S__m__ and
'a_e_ 'o__ie --- who I am sure are all "real poets".

Bottom corner, POETRY suggests three geo-
graphically specific purchase capitals:

\$3.75 USA. \$5.00 CAN.

(Cancun's *poemes sont tres cheres!*)

And 3.00 UK with a weird squiggle before the Queen's 3,

indicating a fusion of the British accented *L* and *Zed*
- "a bloody fucking quid", if you're throwing a wobbler

and wanna go all *arse over elbow* about it. But I've never
paid a single pence or pound for POETRY.

My good friend Matt Brock - who carries more pseudo-
nyms than a *bladdered wanker* - gifted me a year's

subscription to POETRY, meaning I think about
Brocktoberfest far more than F__k Bi_art, even while

reading B_d_rt's poems I know are making Brockersnot
a greater POETRY contender than myself, meaning

I gotta submit the first query to POETRY.

— *KEVIN STILL*

O DAMN!

I'M
A
DUCK!



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CONCERT CALENDAR

6/2—Sundance Head @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

6/5—Jay White & The Blues Commander, Jordan York, Court Nance @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

6/12—The Inators (cd release), **Mutant Love, LUCA** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

6/13—Golden Sombrero (cd release), **Super Robot Party, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

6/25—Roxy Roca @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 8pm

6/26—The Bulemics, ASS, Mutant Love @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/18—The Wheel Workers, PuraPharm, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/8—Cornish Game Hen (cd release), **Slow Future, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

RECORD REVIEWS



Jamie Lin Wilson
Holidays & Wedding Rings

I've seen Jamie Wilson play around Bryan-College Station for more than a decade, mostly as part of the Sidehill Gougers (later just the Gougers until the band dissolved). It was always that distinctive voice one could recognize keening from an amphitheater or cutting through the babble of a Northgate club at 1 a.m.

Wilson's had some success as part of the female alt-country quartet, The Trishas, and she released one superb EP *Dirty Blonde Hair* in 2010. However, this album shows Wilson is the heir apparent to Americana legend Emmylou Harris, and that's saying a lot. This album is rooted in the traditions of country music that stretch back to the Carter Family through Johnny Cash up to Walt Wilkins and others in the regional Texas music that still rings true: steel guitar, banjo, acoustic guitars. Wilson sings about the power of love as well as the pitfalls of trying for it too hard. "Just Some Things" is a powerful duet with Wade Bowen about infidelity while "She'll Take Tonight" is a sad look at settling for a night out instead of something with meaning.

There are baldly-personal tunes by Wilson like riding with her husband in their "Old Oldsmobile" and the haunted love song "Whisper on my Skin." Also,

Mine" that rings with passion and humor ("It's just a bed/For you and me . . . Flannel sheets/ With a couple of babies underneath/They're yours and mine) that makes for some quality music.

These are heartfelt songs about lives longing for love and about lives living with love. Wilson also sings about a musician's life and how hard it can be on family life (albeit the album's title). Hopefully, this album will reward her for those sacrifices.

—MIKE L. DOWNEY



The Vaccines
English Graffiti

When I first listened to this British band's album all the way through, I was first reminded of the Vapors' first album *New Clear Days*. That old album had this absolutely killer opening track — "Turning Japanese" — and the rest of the album had some fair tracks, but nothing like that infectious kickoff tune.

The Vaccines also launch their album with this unbelievably catchy pop confection—"Handsome" - that manages to be both trashy and captivating at once. And the rest of the album falls short, just like the Vapors did (although it sounds better these days). But unlike the Vapors, the Vaccines are on their third album (the Vapors only had two), and there is always room for getting it right. . . eventually. Tunes like "Radio

Bikini" and "20/20" hint at the promise of that first cut while "Give Me a Sign" signals a possible positive new direction for the band. However, a not-so-positive musical turn for the Vaccines on "English Graffiti" are the Phil Collins kind of ballads like "(All Afternoon) in Love," "Maybe I Could Hold You," and "Want You So Bad." And the album closes with an instrumental—the unexpectedly stately piano-driven "Undercover." Maybe next time.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



Modfag
Paradisio

How does the lion's share of one long-running band go off and form a new band and create a demarcation between the former band and the new

band? If said band is Houston's Modfag you just get drunk, spin round on one Cuban heel will fanning out your LP Junior, step up to the mic and say "who fucking cares?" Modfag consists of 3/4 The Born Liars. Does the addition of former Wrong Ones/Freakouts guitarist Steven Jones shake things up all that much? Nope. Modfag delivers the same 21st century maximum R&B The Born Liars spat out with such effortless-ness. *Paradisio* rings true, carrying the torch for late '90s Seattle nightmare punk rock, I'm thinking Murder City Devils, Zeke...you know the vibe. "Caution Child" sits in that vein, with leadoff cut "I Live In a Cave" ringing out in Estrus Records post-garage style. "Levitation" reminds me of a fine Rose Tattoo album cut, all barroom sneer and attitude.

If The Born Liars didn't do it for you I doubt *Paradisio* will change your mind. It's still a fine 30 minute blast of classic beat-informed punk rock that is entirely enjoyable. — KELLY MINNIS

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