

STORERPRESENT



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inside: positive mental attitude training - scotus equality - rickshaw heart - golden sombrero - disney's marvel - pedal pushing - denver beer log - concert calendar



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

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SCOTUS EQUALITY

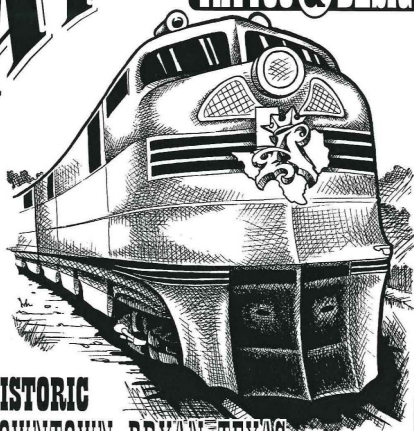
late last month the supreme court of the united states ruled that laws making it illegal for same sex couples to marry were unconstitutional. i'm sure all of you have seen the rainbows and were either gobsmacked, disgusted, elated, or even indifferent to the ruling. personally, i had a hard time all that day not crying. i had mixed feelings about the ruling.

i was completely flabbergasted that the court ruled in favor of marriage equality. i think the prevailing winds suggested that the court would rule this way, but it's still one thing to hear the rumor and another to have it 100% confirmed by the highest law of the land. i was sooooo excited for all the couples who've lived together for so long to be able to exercise the same rights as myself and other hetero couples. to marry, have that big splashy ceremony or something more quiet and austere for their friends, families, loved ones, themselves and to have their relationships recognized by the state and federal governments, by other agencies who require a marriage certificate to prove that their union is legitimate in the eyes of society and the law. this means that same sex married couples will be able to file taxes jointly and enjoy the same tax relief that i do. texas a&m university and so many other state agencies will now offer the same health benefits to same sex spouses as they do to my spouse. hospitals, schools, daycares, etc. will all have to recognize next-of-kin as the spouse. no more will partners be turned away because they are not spouses. it was a momentous day, a day i thought would never get here. and when it did, i was more sad than elated. and somewhat angry.

i was sad for all those couples who lived underground for decades, hid their love away, lived secret lives, could not be who they were for fear of persecution, physical harm, ostracizing, discrimination. all those that died from hiv related illness (including my brother sean), all those that went to the grave having faced a lifetime of shaming. this victory was for them, and it was them that i kept thinking about all day. and i began to get more angry about it as the day progressed. why did we have to wait to have the supreme court of the united states of america force the hands of our governments to recognize these marriages? billions of dollars and human hours had been spent by religious organizations, municipalities and all the lawyers in vain attempts to deny same sex marriage, playing on corrupted religious doctrine to create fear, all in a campaign to prohibit something that was ultimately going to be accepted. those that suffered through the stigma, the danger, the systematic disapproval of their lives who died before they could see this day...it was for them that i felt the most anger. this should not have required the penultimate u.s. mommies and daddies to mandate that we all play nice. basic human christian decency and compassion should have won over. it should not have had to come to this. so while i can't believe how wonderful this is going to be for us and future generations who will only know marriage, not traditional marriage or gay marriage, i am still mournful for those in whose memory this decision was enacted, who fought the good fight but aren't around now to enjoy their basic human rights to marry their partners, live unhappily ever after until the divorce comes through. or just live out the rest of their lives in well-earned dignity. - *kelly minnis*

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RICKSHAW HEART: A DIRTY NEW LOVE

this is the second chapter of a novel that began being serialized in 979represent in the june 2015 issue. - ed.

dawn broke on the newly acquainted strangers. neither had ever made it home, although both had every intention of eventually making their way there long before now. as dawn broke through the trees of _____, they felt as though they had known each other for an eternity and perhaps even then some. little did they know actually had?

the universe is a crazy mistress who tends to keep the truth hidden to herself and likes to hint at it only through the occasional riddle. as molecules gather and disperse through the passing of time, retaining impressioned memories much like those of a cell after generations of repetitive behaviors. after all the building blocks of cells are atoms which in themselves are made up of positive and negative energy particles called protons and neutrons. the universe according to the most enlightened whether men of religion or science is composed pure ever expanding and flowing energies. scientists have concluded that energy can never be destroyed only, it's polarity can be changed. therefore, it's very reasonable to conclude that those retentive memories of cells are in all actuality retained in that energy and not the cells themselves. it should also be noted that it has been proven that positive and negative energies attract where as those of the same polarity tend to repel themselves, with the exception of negative space which is occupied by dark matter. fortunately for us, we live in an area of space where we get to know and experience our opposites on a regular basis, and for some odd reason the meeting of opposites helps us better understand ourselves. in this story i ask the reader to presume these assumptions as facts, and to go one step further and assume that those with the most positive outlooks are most prone to absorb negative traits, whereas those with the most negative ones are more likely to consume the positive of their counterparts. think of every story you've ever read where the presumed bad guy

turns out to actually be the hero or heroine.

as of now we know the key players of this tale to be characters of both positive and negative outlooks. *this leads to help explain the events of the previous night and those certain to come. rebecca, despite her status and charm, is obviously the one with the negative outlook and dan despite his low common stature is the positive element in this escapade.

other key players such as they despised local district attorney john mesmle, the leader of a prominent detroit based gang _____ named lil con, harry warner attorney-landlord and presumed community key player, adan gonzales a prominent local musician/artist who is a known neutral, and another worldly visitor known as destroy royrick will later help detail this universal relationship.

of course, if you're of any sense you'll realize you won't be seeing any of these characters till later in the tale. there's also miscreant alley cat by the name of nico who doesn't really make any appearance at all other than making the lives of main characters more jarred. so it goes.

at present our key players are wandering in a dazed state thanks to a new airborne common antiseptic known as wanderlin. the properties of said compound are unknown publicly to date, but the reactions of dazed complacency are quite known to the federal government. the drug was devised to inhibit the thought process of the most proficient common street dweller. mainly to inhibit the thought process and reasoning of even the most incompetent lower level thinker.

the lives of our most valued people have been caught in a limbo. the likes of which have never been properly portrayed in a tale. life can be a two way mirror as detrimental as captivating. for the moment it was captivating, but as for exactly how long, only time could tell - *william daniel thompson*





DENVER BEER LOG

the wife and i landed a sweet gig house-sitting for a month across the street from old friends in denver. we're here mid-june to late-july (hoping to extend our stay to catch the marc maron show on july 25: fingers crossed we find couches). if you've been to denver in the past few years, you know that you can't throw a stone without hitting one brewery and ricocheting off three more. they're everywhere. in fact, from the house we're "sitting" on south pearl street, there are supposedly five craft breweries within walking distance. five! how much liver can one man maintain? but i've managed to try five breweries, not all in the pearl street neighborhood, during our first week here. two of those breweries are worth reporting here.

however, first it's important to define colorado brewing, as it differs greatly from texas brewing. from beer geek friends, and even the great american beer festival back in 2012, i've noted that colorado has a massive love affair with hops. big ipas. big imperial this-es and thats. big beers over 10% abv. east coast breweries (i.e., **dogfish head**, **flying dog**, **shipyard**, **brooklyn**, **hebrew**, **anderson valley**, etc.), those bastards closer to her motherland, brew maltier beers with british style yeasts that tame down the hop character. west coast beers, "where the beer flows like wine", generally pierce the pallet with a sharp hop forward assault, which i personally adore. (i'm in the minority amongst the 979 rep crowd as a hop-head.) surprisingly though, colorado currently seems to be experimenting outside of big hop-bitters. in my short thirteen days here, i've noticed colorado craft beers moving towards a sour state of mind. i'm not sure if this is due to brewing trends or reported hop shortages, but i'm noticing either by reading or visiting or talking to local friends that most colorado breweries are tinkering with less hoppy beers. **avery** (available in texas), from boulder, recently released a raspberry sour that could possibly wiggle it's way into the top five beers i've ever tasted. **new belgium**, from fort collins, continues pressing forward their lips of faith series (also available in texas) with various types of saisons, farmhouse ales, and sours. **great divide** (found at our local bcs specs) has begun experimenting with lagers and more session worthy beers. the colorado craft beer market appears to be shifting towards fruit, farmhouse, and more malt based ales/lagers. i've seen the trend in all five breweries i've visited and a few others i've tried along the way.

of the five breweries i've visited so far, two have stood out above the rest. first, i stumbled upon **crooked stave** while meeting a friend for coffee. as mentioned earlier, breweries are constantly within a stone's throw in denver. and when vince asked to meet for coffee, neither of us had any clue that the same building hosting a great coffee shop also hosted a back-room mind blowing brewery. **crooked stave** "**artisan beer project**" focuses solely on sour beers, meaning they only make sour sour beers. saddling up to the bar, i noticed their tap list included about 20 different ales. overwhelmed, i

ordered their suggested flight of five different sour ales ranging from fruit based to hop infused to herbal non-sense. my only negative critique of crooked stave is that the flight was delivered without any labeling. i had a list of the five flight samples included, but no clue which sample matched which label or description. this was disappointing because, as much as i love sours, my palette is not sophisticated enough to pick out much more than a thumbs-up or thumbs-down. which was the case with this flight, until i reached the blueberry sour. holy shit. i saved it for last and for a good (unknown) reason. after the blueberry sour, i ordered samples of the grapefruit and passionfruit sours. even better. crooked stave marries my two current favorite beer worlds: sours and fruit beers. and they're capitalizing on both. definitely a place i'll be hitting again. let's all pray to our god/gods of choice that crooked stave arrives on texas shelves sooner than later.

the other brewery that won my month long patronage is **trve brewing co.**, denver's premiere metal-themed brewery. according to their website, "our beer may or may not exactly adhere to any particular guidelines we're style blasphemers and category agnostics. but you can count on the fact that we'll always brew damn good beer." i can attest to all of that. while hanging at trve with my buddy patrick, i had several pints of their **tunnel of trees ipa** absolutely lovely west coast citrusy hop-forward awesomeness with a big malt bed beneath. beer titles and descriptors were written in metal album fonts, jagged and fluid lettering. not to mention, the walls are decked in pentagrams and black mass priests and wood carvings featuring chuthulu and the predator and robocop, while primitive man's home is where the hatred is blasted on the overheads, and the bartender girls talked down to me like we were in ninth grade again. unfortunately, i did not try the "**stout o!!)** **american stout**", so i'll be back to try the sunn o!!) themed ale. smart stuff. great vibe. amazing artwork. fantastic beer. i already miss trve's angry nature. (for what it's worth, patrick and i closed down trve and made our way to the book mall on south broadway where open mic comedy was still happening and linda ronstadt vinyls were selling at ridiculously low prices. holy shit. i bought two.) (also, go to bandcamp and look up patrick's band crypticus and listen to his horror grind mixtapes. amazing death metal in a unique format. i just wish i could get his stuff on vinyl.)

in the still's remaining time, i hope to visit a few of the big names in colorado brewing. **o'dell's**, **avery**, **oscar blues**, great divide, **denver brewing co.**, new belgium. but, so far, the smaller spots have yielded the best surprises, both in terms of atmosphere and beer. i've seen a brewery decked out in board and video games, a brewery with dogs at every table, and a brewery with a texas style food truck on the patio. as a final note, i've not tried the newly legal denver smoke, but my anxiety loves the gummies. peach rings aplenty. my lord, i love this place. - **kevin still**

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SAYING GOODBYE TO THE OMBG PODCAST

the wife and i recently had a roadtrip that took us halfway around the country in a midsize rental. it was a nice trip, a few white knuckle moments but for the most part, enjoyable and we got to see things and experience a lot. strange things happen when you spend up to 9 hours at a time in a vehicle. you start to ponder your life and the things that are going on, and when you are busy people like us (3 bands, zines, podcast, writing, art, throwing shows) you sometimes wonder if life will fall apart when you aren't around.

the answer is it doesn't. life went on, no one died, the cat is very much alive. so when we came back, we had the opportunity to really evaluate our goals and plans for the upcoming year. the consensus was that we had a lot on our plate and some things weren't as fun anymore. so we decided to cut things from our life. we cut a band. we cut some projects that hadn't taken shape yet. and we cut the ombg podcast.

cutting the ombg podcast was a bittersweet pill. we have had it for 5 years. the press credentials from that show got us into comic cons, free shows, traveling concerts, and let us meet tons of cool bands. it is responsible for many of our professional contacts now. i got to meet all my heroes and interview them, i got to live my dream of having a radio show and playing whatever i want. in it's hey day, we even got a slot on terrestrial radio and finally some recognition in our hometown as they finally caught up to what the world already knew.

the ombg podcast was one of the very few shows you could submit underground music to and get played to a worldwide audience. it was the only show that did it on a weekly basis, and we didn't accept money from people who tried to take control of it.

it was ours. it was ours to run. sadly it is ours to kill.

a lot of people will ask why we did it. the show paid for itself. it could easily turn profitable if we wanted it to. we've been lucky enough to have cool people guest host and bring music, we have had so many good experiences. it is not in spite of these people that we have moved on.

we moved on because our bands actually got to get some shows under their belt and are now booking better than we could imagine. we moved on because i need to concentrate on writing more and brea needs to concentrate on churning out art. we need to read more, relax with our cat. i need to make a cooking blog and we need to keep building our local music scene into a living thing. we can't do all that and still do this show without resenting it. so to give it the respect it deserves, we killed it.

podcast's legacy lives on. there would be no stout city shows without the show. there would be none of our zines to put out, and our bands would not have taken off the way they did. we never knew 5 years ago it would have become what we did, and we need to leave on our terms, and not because we had to.

to everyone who worked with us thank you. we'll see you at the shows. until then keep it real and keep it diy.
- timothy danger

PEDAL PUSHING: ALESIS MODFX BITRMAN

it's not even a pedal, but it's become absolutely essential to the sound of everything i record. i bought my first bitrman in 2003 when guitar center began closing out the modfx series. alesis is known for making great digital effects. the quadraverb and midverb series revolutionized affordable rackmount reverb/delay



modules in the late 1980s. the modfx series works with smaller dsp chips to provide bizarre effects aimed more at the dj/producer/electronica crowd. the bitrman was the odd duck of the series.

it is four effects in one that can be repositioned in different order as if they were four individual pedals: compression/distortion/phasing/bitrness. it's the bitrness portion that is so desirable. it includes comb filtering, decimation (a resonant fuzz), bit reduction, frequency modulation, ring modulation and frequency shifting. in short, it did all the really cool stuff that people were at that point using plug-ins for but could do so without a computer. i have overused this box in my electronic music projects and have used it both on top of my amp last in the chain and on the pedalboard with the ex-optimists. it does not have a footswitch but it does have a jack for one and i use a tlm switch for it.

it's noisy, cranky, in an enclosure that is absolutely not roadproof and pretty much any time i'm having pedalboard trouble it's most likely due to its finickiness. that said, it is absolutely irreplaceable and i've tried to replace it. i've tried all the popular ring modulators from moog, electro-harmonic and blackout effectors and nothing comes close to the sonic oddity encased in this box. the decimator has a very digital sound to it as the frequency steps as you raise or lower it. the bit reduction is so powerful that as you turn it up it acts like a hard gate that, if set carefully, will crunch and pixelate as it closes the gate. the ring and frequency modulators and the frequency shifter does not even attempt to be musical. that is the one failing i've had with both the minifooger and moogerfooger ring modulators (the carrier oscillator attempts to track the pitch of your guitar on those; the bitrman just wants to be clanky all the time). combine this with a phaser that will self-oscillate at high settings and the compression and trim controls help to make the effect punch through the chaos better (the failing on the ehx ring mod is that it is always at unity). i can't get around having one of these around.

i am now on my second bitrman. these were \$35 in 2003; now they are out of production and run \$150+. the other effects in the series are also pretty cool too and aren't as expensive. definitely a cool one-stop shop for turning any instrumentation into something zaphod beebroxbro would use to serenade galactic cheddar whales into fetching him a bottle of that ol' janx spirit. - kelly minnis



CREEPY HORSE GETS TRAIN

last week, i was given an incredibly opportunity with very little notice. i was sent to chicago, il for a week of paid training in my new career. this would be an amazing opportunity

i was told, to develop techniques and attributes i would need to succeed.

seeing as i hadn't yet begun the actual application when i was contacted by my recruiter that i had only interacted at this point with via text message, i was told that i would be expedited and if i signed some forms and finished said application i would be immediately sent out to chicago for a week of intensive training and have hotel, airfare, travel and food fully covered.

sure. cool. i'm not one for letting the grass grow around my feet, so let's get this over with.

the next evening, my recruiter contacts me in a phone call. it's friday night and i am honestly very stoned and shitfaced. ever try to talk to your parents when you're at the high point of being fucked up? that's where i was. i also feel like that's where my recruiter was as i was sure he was sucking cocaine out of a hooker's asshole by the sounds of the conversation we were having. if anything it must have sounded like the bathroom conversation in fear and loathing in las vegas.

recruiter: (after some typical phone greeting and small talk) yeah, i just wanted you to know that we were so excited about having you join us, that we decided to expedite you.

creepy horse: okay.

recruiter: yeahhhhhhh. i just want you to know that isn't common.

creepy horse: okay.

recruiter: you see, here at (business name) we have a process. we didn't quite do that with you. i could get in a lot of trouble for that.

creepy horse: okay.

recruiter: (here comes fast perceived cocaine talking) i mean, i could get in a lot of trouble. but i think you're a straight shooter. you're a straight shooter aren't you? cause i think you are

(keep in mind this is the very first time i've ever spoken with my recruiter)

creepy horse: sure.

recruiter: good. cause i wouldn't want to get in any trouble here. you're a team player am i right? you sound like a team player. you sound like you are here to play the game. are you here to play the game? because i want to be honest with you, this really benefits me to sign you up now as opposed to waiting a whole week to get you started on this amazing opportunity. i could get in a great deal of trouble for this, but i think you're special. i think you're going to be big. i think you're here to play the game. you're here to play the game aren't you?

creepy horse: sure. (i'm fairly certain this man was beating his chest and humming like matthew mcconaughey in *wolf of wall street* but i was also seriously baked out of my mind.)

so a day and a half later, i'm flown out to chicago and

put up in a fancyish hotel. i'm left the first night in, in my hotel room with a centimeter thick contract to sign and the most upbeat jamaican/indian/german roommate. this is my career so i'm in 'be good' mode.

the next day we take a shuttle to our business school and are separated into eight different classrooms depending on where we hail from. we sit four to a table, in front of us all kinds of company swag like coffee mugs, computer bags, binders, leather bound notepads, pens and markers.

everything looks to be off to a great start, i'm here to make money and these appear to be some cool tools to get off the ground with. i notice on the table that there are markers, assorted colored pipe cleaners, clay and index cards. hmmm. okay.

we are greeted and promptly directed towards posters hung up on the walls and asked to write our names, our previous experience and our reasons for choosing this company with our markers. after a break we will go over these posters and are expected to stand up and explain our dreams and goals. i wrote that i was working for this company, in bullet points mind you, because i wanted to be rich. i wasn't trying to be funny per se, but more so honest and not taking myself too seriously.

so i elaborate in my speech by stating that i want to retire in grandeur and gluttony, that my servants won't pay for themselves when i am senile and old wandering around naked drinking champagne. this is in no way amusing to anyone in my class. in fact, my presentation goes over like a fart in church aside from the fact i did start the trend of everyone wanting to make upper six figures their first year. sadly, this was a joke. a joke that not one person got.

after my presentation was over, person after person went on to speak about how they were doing this for their family, their children, the children they didn't have yet, their grandchildren. i recoiled in fear as i listened to person after person drone on and on in sanctimonious tones like this was some kind of fucking disney movie. people were doing this solely to give back to the community that gave so much to them. i watched in disgust as everyone weaved back and forth from googly eyes to misty eyes as they spoke of all the g-rated movie content they would accomplish by coming to this school today.

later in the afternoon, we are sat and made to watch a motivational movie straight off of youtube. we are then directed to write the reason of this movie, then what it meant to us, then how we could integrate that into our lives and when we were going to start. although these were all blank, the when would always be today. this also we would have to read aloud and explain ourselves. i realized i needed to swim with and not against if i were to survive this week. luckily, i am a bullshit artist so i did do exceedingly well.

between intense study of the products and mind games of control, our schedules are literally blocked out from 6am to 10:30pm the entire time we are there. it is constantly thrown in our faces that we are here on their dime. we are also directed to read books and excerpts

ED ON POSITIVE MENTAL ATTITUDE

of self help and will watch 2-3 motivational videos a day and made to write the same format. this is worrisome to me.

i can get having to manage a group of people with mind games and keeping us just sleep deprived enough. you have 60 people you are spending money on training. i get that. but force feeding optimism. quips like "scientific studies prove optimists outlive pessimists!" well, yeah i suppose i'd be pretty fucking optimistic if i was a fucking billionaire with staff and all my needs met and a fucking live in doctor. where's the fact checking? who the fuck does these studies? okay, it's only tuesday. you can do this. just get through the week. it's only three more days right?

on wednesday, we are told that the vice president of our company is here and will be making a speech to us. holy fucking shit!! let's all crap our pants okay?!! literally everyone is freaking out like they just said the president of the united states is here and is going to be making it rain hundred dollar bills on us while we slide down pudding covered slip and slides in ballet tutus with spider-man face paint.

we get to the cafeteria for our rousing speech and are made to do cheers. y eah, i forgot to tell you that. we've been taught cheers this whole time that will be integral to our success with the company. we are made to stand and clap and yell out cheers and scream our heads off like we just snorted pixie sticks and chugged jolt colas.

the vp walks in. apparently he doesn't have to cheer like a raging lunatic on a glue high. he's wearing a suit that is hand made and custom tailored. it fits like a glove over his bloated dad body and he struts in like a wrestler of the 80's. i proceed to show him i am a good student and look him dead in the eye as we've been taught to make eye contact at all times. this however makes him uncomfortable. hmmm.

he begins to speak and i'm reminded of 1980's wrestler all over again. he wants us to know that he is one of us. he tells us all about how he is an agent just like us and started at the very same school we are here today. he also fires out comments about how much the company makes and anticipates making and that if we follow their formula and just work hard, we too will make six figures.

bull. fucking. shit. it's at this point i realize it's all fucking junk just like sarah in *labyrinth*.

he proceeds to ask everyone to raise their hands if they're going to make six figures this year. some ass kissers raise their hands. in a vegas show man's tune he repeats, i said, who here is going to make six figures?!! and much to my dismay just about everyone squeals with delight and hurriedly raises their hands. apparently kool-aid has been passed around that everyone has drank and i missed it. he follows that quickly with and who here will i be seeing on the company earned vacation?? remember you can't get there if you're lazy! only hard workers will earn their vacation in time for next year!!

it's at this point, i want to stand up and tell this guy to go fuck himself. the woman next to me is a newly single mother of two trying to make ends meet, the gentleman on my other side just lost his oldest son to cancer and is trying to pay off the medical debt and keep a roof over his grandchildren's heads. this man's cuff links cost more than all of us will make in a month, his tailor made suit more than we will make in a year and he's telling us if we fail it's only because we didn't work hard enough? tell that to construction workers and day laborers you privileged fuck twit.

if it couldn't get any worse, he then has a veteran come up that is met with a standing ovation and when he says verbatim, poised like buzz lightyear, don't clap for me, i was only doing what i had to do to protect my country. people whisper his humility and get teary eyed. fuck this guy too. my grandfather was a fucking veteran. he was in the batan death march, enslaved into hard labor in a zinc mine and starved and tortured for five years, he had nightmares in japanese until he died and not once sought out any form of special treatment or spotlight for himself. my brother was a veteran and works to rehabilitate veterans coming home and started an organization to help families of veterans while they are deployed. this may not read well, but if you saw it you'd understand. i have friends that are suffering with PTSD and this dude wants to exploit veterans for money? go fuck yourself.

i'm ruined for the rest of the day and fully become unraveled over the phone with a friend. they calmly listen to my meltdown. i am just short of wearing a tin foil hat if i have to hear any further motivational videos. i am sustained off of hotel food and only allotted 5-6 hours of sleep. i am in another state of mind, i fucking hate everyone there and know this. i'm reeled back into a form of reality after my meltdown tapers off on some ladies in our group i run into in the lobby.

i've seen behind the curtain and i'd prefer to go back to black and white. motivational videos and self help are the company's way of removing the blame of failure (which is 95% in this industry) and asserting it on the individual. we gave you the training. we gave you a nice hotel and a nice airline you flew back and forth on. we gave you this opportunity and if you fail it's because you didn't work hard enough. in class they'd tell us, if you get 500 no's and give up, that 501st would have been a yes. my opinion is, if you get 500 no's then you must be doing something wrong and maybe you need to reexamine how you are doing things.

i like the movie *wolf of wall street*. at least it's honest. i can buy that. i may or may not want all the things he did or have out of a boss, but that's fucking honest. i'd rather someone say hey we are in an industry where you may or may not make it. in fact, statistically, you won't. there's a 95% chance you won't and you aren't special.

then i could reflect and prepare myself for what's ahead. prepare myself to do what had to be done so that i wouldn't fail. fuck vision posters, reading self help and watching videos of athletes training to some empowering speech. that's not going to pay my bills. that's not going to actually help. what's going to help is heavy dose of reality and knowing what's actually ahead. - *creepy horse*

i've been following the exploits of **todd hansen** and **grant nunnelly** now for a full collegiate cycle. these two have played in a number of great bands that blasted out of bryan/college station bars over the past four years. the classic rock-cum-freedom rock of **fistful of dollars**, the jerky awkward indie rock of **bachelor police**, **pearl light**

specials (an american version of a sloppy british pub rock band), and '80s college radio alternative juggernaut **mike the engineer**. it is with their most recent project, **golden sombrero**, that the duo have finally been able to get something pressed in 1s and 0s. hansen sings and plays guitar, though has also been known to play bass and drums in the previously mentioned bands; nunnelly plays drums in sombrero but also plays guitar and sings. along with **cody wilhelm** on guitar and b/cs scene veteran **tim horn** on drums, the sombrero mines the history of bar rock but with a reverence for classic alternative and indie rock. on their new ep replacement level, the band straddles the line between good old rock & roll that has more than a few twinges of classic rock radio thrown in (baltimore girls, "safe bet," can't hide from tuesday) that recalls nrpq and rockpile but also looks forward to modern day beer suds on the sleeve american rock bands like deer tick and drive-by truckers. a song like "empty plans" is a screwball though, that has the casual off-kilter romantic percussive and harmonic interplay of television at their very best. not just a good oat soda-pounding funtime band but with lots of other smartness going on right beneath the service. i took a few minutes to have a 21st century online chat with hansen and nunnelly to get the scoop on how the band got together and what they be up to.

km: when did two of youse meet?

todd: grant and i were both members of kanm student radio at a&m. i knew of grant but didn't know him personally for a while. djs tend to keep to themselves save for talking to the folks before after them. the first time i can remember getting to know him was at a bbq social event the station hosted. i think the photos show that i was wearing my fu manchu shirt that day. that was probably the impetus of our meeting, a couple months later i had an extra ticket to an ac/dc concert, and grant accepted it during my search for another attendee. after that awesome show we started hanging out more regularly.

grant: i also remember meeting todd for the first time at one of the very few social events kanm hosted. we quickly bonded over a shared love of melvins/fu manchu/kyuss/other stoner bands.

when did y'all start playing in bands together?

todd: i think it was actually summer of 2009, but yes, we started out as a true garage band. we would jam songs and riffs for 20 minutes, take a break to hydrate, and then go at it again. *the neighbors hated it.*

grant: ...summer of 2009. it was all sweat, bluesy, and big muff-y from what i remember. my personal favorite band, fistful of dollars, rose from these sessions. i still remember the first time we found our way into a "t.v. eye" cover. that seems to have started the whole thing.

why so many different bands between the two of you?

todd: i agree that part of it comes from us liking a lot of different styles of rock music and bouncing stuff off of each other at the radio station. we would get into phases of discovering a band, then listening to their catalog, then finding other bands that played in the same style. one night we were watching conan o'brien

GOLDEN S

PROFILE BY



or some such and teenage fanclub was the musical guest, and both of us said "how have we never heard this band before?" moments like that. we similarly had a phase where we were listening to wire's pink flag on repeat. the other element of that was being in bands with other friends for college, periodically one of the band members would leave town in order to start doing career stuff. most of the time it never felt natural to replace them since they brought their own influences to the band's sound. so we would come up with an idea for a new band keeping in mind the other musicians who were still and town, and it allowed us to play entirely new stuff and have new experiences with playing.

grant: i've been well aware that focusing musical efforts into one band would be beneficial for quite some time, but i've never really been able to do it. neither had todd from the looks of it. i'd bet that our willingness to change directions/band names/instruments/members mostly stems from a love of diverse music and definitely our college radio experiences. i think we changed our radio show genres as much as our bands. personally, i respect so many different types of music and find each intriguing in its own way, so wanting to explore genres by writing original music in each style made too much sense not to attempt. one of these days all of these influences will eventually create the ultimate "band's band" that the casual listener will absolutely hate, but hopefully other musicians will adore.

golden sombrero is the first of those to record and release. why this band?

todd: yep, lots of fits and starts. when we were doing fistful we never had a priority to make record, and we didn't know what we were doing to make a good one. we had two different attempts at that but weren't satisfied with either. fistful and the other bands before sombrero all disbanded for one reason or another, as well.

OMBRERO

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so it never felt natural to put something out after the fact. there's still tracks for all of them available online if you dig around enough. for replacement level we set a goal to get an official release together and get these songs down permanently. it allowed us to really focus on ironing out all the nooks and crannies of the songs rather than just playing them and being satisfied. we felt the band had been around long enough that we needed a good release in order to start moving forward. i'm very happy with how it turned out. the recordings do a good job of capturing the live sound of the band, and everyone involved in the mixing and artwork process were extremely helpful.

grant we've reach different levels of "recording" status in each band. here's what i remember:

fistful - self recorded and released ep
bachelor police - a handful of singles once again self recorded

mike the engineer - recorded with wonko. essentially completed, but never released

the appeals - recorded and released ep with wonko then we obviously have **sombrero**. i think the main reason we actually were able to complete the entire process on this go around stems from what we learned from our previous attempts. i think todd and myself had an unspoken agreement to finish all of the required steps for this album release in as short a time period as possible. our previous attempts suffered from long lulls of inactivity, so coming back to finish the recordings or actually release them always felt weird. i also think the success of replacement level depended a lot on todd's willingness to push the rest of the band when we needed to be pushed to finish something or schedule something or purchase something or something something.

i used to tell peoples that golden sombrero was a great bar band. recently you've shaken that up a bit and added all kinds of crazy "artsiness" up in the mix. how's the sound of this band evolved?

todd: the additional guitar players we've had have definitely shaped the band's sound over time. when we first starting getting songs together, wonko pushed the band into a more a punk noise rock territory than i initially imagined, and i loved it, so i started writing more to allow him space to play around rather than trying to write alt-country songs turned up. when we went back to a three-piece we still kept that element going. tim has a driving bass style that is complementary to our kind of classic rock bar band thing. and bringing another guitar back in with cody has opened a lot of doors that weren't available previously, both in the songs on the album and the new ones we've been working on. grant and i both try to not create the same song over again, but still keep it in the band's style, so that's been a challenge we've set for ourselves. grant's way of drumming has always been a distinguishing element of the band, the way he explores the kit for different parts of songs. we all have a desire to utilize everything we have.

grant: sombrero initially started as a full band rendition of songs todd had written on his acoustic by himself. accordingly, there was a lot of honkin' and tonkin' in the early stuff. we played with one dynamic 'loud' since it was all new and we felt it would cover up the mistakes. most of the "artsy" stuff at this time came from the masterwork of wonko on lead. the band's sound, of course, changed quite a bit when we down-sized to a three piece. with only one guitar, we kind of naturally slid into a grungier songwriting and performing mode. adding our friend cody to the band (and therefore adding a lead guitar once again) has pulled us back from 90s nostalgia and back into the more artsy side of things. his parts really add a lot more than any of us expected, and i also think he brings out the best of the simple-yet-awesome-and-subtly-intricate style of songwriting todd has. as a drummer, it really helps to have another instrument free of the general structure of the song that i can play off of.

google it for me. what the heck is a golden sombrero? is it like a urine filled sombrero?

todd: we do have sometimes have an actual sombrero at shows for people to take turns wearing. people seem to like silly hats. although i haven't searched for it on urban dictionary, a golden sombrero is a slang term in baseball for when a batter strikes out four times in a single game. basically it's a dubious, nominal award. grant and i are both big baseball fans, so we liked the term both for it's actual definition and it being a bit unfamiliar to some people. it's also a bit of a self-deprecating name to give your band, which fits with my sense of humor.

grant: the most important thing about the golden sombrero is that it's a feat that literally everyone can accomplish. i think it fits perfectly into the personality of the band in that aspect.

now you got an album, what's next for ze band?

grant: what's next? if you come to a live show, you're gonna hear a lot of the material that's been written since adding cody to the band. you're also gonna hear how much different it sounds than the rest of our stuff. for me, i'm most excited to keep writing new material that follows this new direction.

you can find golden sombrero online on facebook and at golden-sombrero.bandcamp.com



DISNEY'S "MARVEL"

ultimately disney's marvel is not marvel. it is a bubble-wrapped the ultimate universe is shit. a majority of reboots = shit. it's a time proven formula. leave well enough alone. that's why they have to keep rebooting, because they're like hmmm...well this sucks actually...the whole universe is something else entirely...now there's these complex multiverses fine... but somehow it all worked fine for 30-40+ years prior wtf? to that i say stick to the one the majority of fans. there might be millions hooked on the new garbage, but there were even more hooked before. they ran so long that disney acquired the now brand marvel for a mighty price tag instead of developing their own line of male aimed products...fine

all they need to do is continue where they left off, but no...that would include literacy as opposed to these near \$5 flimsy all art no dialogue titles they're pushing these days, printed on the shit gloss paper that bleeds...i didn't recognize one motherfucker from the original team that established the original brand from the guardians of the galaxy team in the movie. it's like having an x-men movie only there's no prof x. no cyclops, beast, marvel girl, angle, or iceman. not to fail to mention storm, or wolverine, or anyone ever in any issue that tied into the original story line at all. they opted to skip the one that most people would remember and instead go with the reboot team version that only lasted like 10 issues because they wanted to prove they could make anything a success and get people to remember shit they don't...and love it and want more and it worked...rant rant rant

people always ask well then what should they do? there are so many different versions now. i say go with the one with the longest continuity but who am i but a disenfranchised fan now anyhow. i'm not buying anymore marvel. they ruined the ff for me. one of my favorite titles growing up...first sue...now jonny storm is black... i'm not being racist or contrived by stating they're brother and sister for christ's sake! whatever they are race-wise, they don't need to be different from each other. they're already isolated enough due to the

aftermath of the accident. but every person needs to change some key component to ensure their own artistic twist and "vision"...which alienates itself so far from the source material you might as well call it something else. but no one will buy that without effort. so they steal flagship titles that people know and distort them into their own bullshit and pass it off as a fucking reboot and most people eat that shit up. but i guarantee you if they just followed the comic, which is itself a storyboard, people would watch it. because it's something they can relate to, and the people who don't know just need to sit back and let the goddamn story unfold. because before they know it they'll know the back story and shit will be in full swing. of course they can pick and choose this comic or that so long as the follow the script. don't make nick fury samuel l jackson...why is it so hard to grasp for these corporate soulless assholes??? must they shit all over everything from our childhood until nothing resembles its former self in the least?...i mean just because wb bought dc didn't mean disney had to take the cartoon wars that far...dc's about to start rolling out their own shitfest of butchered hog crap...fine...i'm growing up and getting pretty sick and tired of this us or them duality...mcdonalds or burger king? wal-mart or k-mart? liberal or conservative? white or black? rock or rap? coke or pepsi? democrat or republican? lays or toms? star wars or star trek??? wtf people??? why continue it? don't buy into the charades...like whatever the hell it is you like, but for christ's sake people do so because you actually like the end product. not because of the brand...i've read and know this marvel is not my marvel, nor is dc even barley viable as anything readable...image, valiant, slave labor, dark horse, others... get your shit together and do it right. stop giving the greedy giants your hard earned pennies for reshaped gibberish. demand new, original content, or at least shit with even the slightest dose of integrity... maybe the eddie campbell should make a bacchus film and show these nob gobblers what for...anyways boycott disney marvel and write angry letters telling them to make the movies we all wanted to see and cut the bull

...end of rant - william daniel thompson



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CONCERT CALENDAR

7/3 - the feeble contenders, pudge haley @ grand stafford, bryan. 8pm

7/9 - choro das tres @ grand stafford, bryan. 8pm

7/11 - leslie s moving away party feat. jacob asbill, j goodin, madison mae parker, sarah wise, laura welsh, daniel gonzalez band @ revolution, bryan. 9pm

7/17 brazos valley hardcore & metal festival feat. myra maybelle, headcrusher, the affinity index, distance/here, versa nova, against archaic, will and testament, the other side of eternity @ grand stafford, bryan. 7pm

7/17 - electric astronaut, dinner party, civeta del, luca @ revolution, bryan. 10pm

7/18 - the wheel workers, purapharm, the ex-optimists @ revolution, bryan. 10pm

7/28 - the feeble contenders, luca, mutant love @ revolution, bryan. 10pm

8/8 - comish game hen (cd release), slow future, the ex-optimists @ revolution, bryan. 10pm

8/15 - girlband, we were wolves, electric astronaut @ revolution, bryan. 10pm

8/21 - girlband @ revolution, bryan. 10pm

8/28 - brazos valley battlefest @ rudder fountain, college station. 8pm

8/28 - brand new hearts (cd release), holder, the ex-optimists @ revolution, bryan. 10pm





THE WHEEL WORKERS PURAPHARM
THE EX-OPTIMISTS
REVOLUTION CAFÉ & BAR DOWNTOWN BRYAN
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