

STORERPRESENT



august 2015
vol. 7 issue 8



*inside: band battles - the luxury of the eye roll - rickshaw heart -
brand new hearts - devolution of the food truck - heroes of the bra-
zos - still poetry - harestock - denver beer log pt 2 - just ask nicely
(and b,s, your way through it) - record reviews - concert calendar*



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

editorial bored

kelly minnis - kevin still

art splendor

katie killer - wonko the sane

folks that did the other shit for us

timothy danger - mike l. downey - jessica little
amanda martinez - william daniel thompson -
josh willis

on the interwebz

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

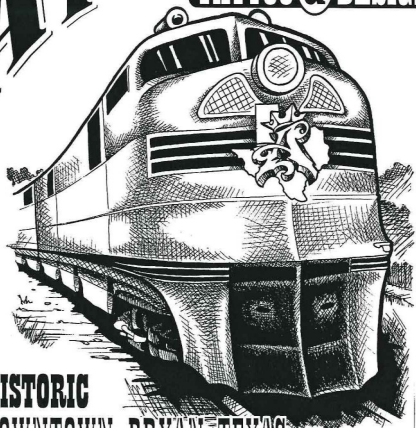
emails to

redchapterjubilee@yahoo.com

materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

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

ARSENAL
TATTOO & DESIGN



HISTORIC

DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS

arsenaltattoo.com



BAND BATTLE!!!!!!

Recently several of our local bands were asked to participate in the upcoming Battlefest battle of the bands on Texas A&M's campus set to conclude later this month. Most of us weren't available because we are busy gigging somewhere or else or band members aren't available that date. In general though, I despise the battle of the bands format and I'm somewhat torn, hoping the event goes well for the young promoters putting it on while knowing that I don't support those types of shows.

When I was coming up in the middle of rural Kentucky, a battle of the bands was just about the only sort of show that young bands could get on. There were no places for all ages bands to play or audiences to see such bands. Bars were 21+ and who in their right mind in 1986 wanted to see a punk or metal band in a bar? So you were stuck. I remember seeing such contests in the Sportscenter in my hometown, but even though it was the only show many of us would see that year we knew the idea of one band competing against one another was nothing but a beauty contest. Whichever band managed to con all their friends to come and cheer loudest usually was the band who walked away with the prize. Popularity does not equate artistic merit. There are always exceptions to that rule, of course. But they are rare.

The very idea of a Battle of the Bands is flawed. Where are the Short Fiction Writer Showdowns? Architect Shootouts? War of the Watercolorists? I personally believe the poetry slam has devolved the careful dance of imagery and cadence into performance art that has arguably done as much harm as good (that's an argument for another day). Fundamentally I believe artists should nurture each other rather than compete against one another, which is what our little music scene in Bryan/College Station tries to do. We aim to be a big family that at the very least encourages and supports one another's musical endeavors. It doesn't mean we always like what one another does, nor does it mean that we won't call each other on band bullshit but it also means that we don't try to snipe one another's audience or try to double book atop one another. My lack of enthusiasm for Battlefest has been called by some "elitist" and "divisive". Perhaps. I think a better use of resources would be to instead put on a big free music festival on campus or on Northgate instead. I cannot in conscience support an event whose very concept is against everything I believe. Our scene is a small scene and the very idea of competing with one another is absurd.

Unless, of course, we are competing on the kickball field or at Mario Kart or in finding increasingly creative ways to work Shane Samedy's name into a pun. An actual SCA styled "band battle" might be more successful. Atari-matt and Jonny Cerveza have stupefying shitty wizard beer staffs that have a +2 modifier on THACO and damage. It is also rumored that James Ass can squeeze into Leo's homemade armor that is especially adept at saving against breath weapons. A true Ragnarok battle royale amongst B/CS bands might be a more successful endeavor. I'd roll for initiative on that!—*KELLY MINNIS*



MIKE ON FILM: LOVE & MERCY

The best moments of this thoughtful look at musician Brian Wilson's often-painful path from his Sixties Beach

Boy days to the early 1990s are those in the music studio. For a music fan, seeing the evolution of some of those evocative tunes that have endured for decades is simply fascinating. Sure, this is somewhat condensed Hollywood movie magic, but the interaction between the

actors playing musicians and the sounds that emerge is still wonderfully entertaining. But this is not just a music biopic; it's the story of someone with a mental illness who survived an abusive father, his own drug abuse, and a weird psychologically-abusive therapist.

The film's dramatic device that could have ruined it all is that Wilson is played by two actors: Paul Dano as the awkward boy genius and John Cusack as the

damaged older man. But it works somehow as the movie segues between the two actors playing a living person at two different times in his life.

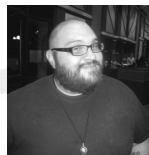
The performances of Dano and Cusack can be heart-breaking at times. Cusack is good, a seasoned actor almost—almost—disappearing into the role, but Dano is better, just superb as he brings us both the elation and the pain of his character trying to negotiate his world. The two other major roles are solid as well—Elizabeth Banks as Melinda Ledbetter and Paul Giamatti as Dr. Eugene Landy.

Banks shows the ambivalence about her growing relationship with Wilson as she confronts his mental demons as well as the real ones in his life. Giamatti is simply vicious as Landy, almost a one-dimensional villain with his narcissistic psychobabble. He even makes Bill Camp's role as the belittling child-beating father Murry Wilson less offensive.

The group dynamic of the Beach Boys is also interesting on screen. The younger Wilson brothers, played by Brett Davern as Carl and Kenny Wormald as Dennis, are appropriately lost and confounded by big brother Brian's problems. And Jake Abel captures the prickly Mike Love probably too well.

This is not a perfect film; it leans on symbolism too much and can be pretentious as it tries to depict on-screen what goes on in a person's mind. However, *Love & Mercy* is ultimately both rewarding and entertaining. Not bad for what is almost an indie movie in the sea of summer blockbusters.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

THE DEVOLUTION OF THE TACO TRUCK



The missus and I went to a food truck fair earlier this week. At this fair we saw a vast number of trucks, each offering a huge assortment of foods from the gourmet to the downright weird. Here, I gorged myself on copious amounts of alligator tacos, donut sandwiches, and various forms of grilled, fried and sauced foods.

Now, while a man of my size and stature isn't missing any meals, and obviously isn't silly enough to turn down a donut cheeseburger, the aching of my wallet after one hour there transported me to a different time. There was a time, dear reader, when food trucks and street food was downright affordable. As a traveling musician who often got paid little more than gas money if any money at all, a run down off white taco truck was a sign of good fortune as the band could fill up with the food of my people (after we helped the gringos pronounce their orders). Twenty bucks could feed the whole band and still have some stray bombs of flavor to go.

I miss that... walking up to a truck that has seen better days, the old women cooking it up on the stoves inside, as the smell of carnitas and barbacoa wafted through the air, mixing with the tinny sounds of Tejano music played over a little radio with one speaker. Within minutes of the show, punks and metalheads would surface into a line, mixing with other club goers from other bars and clubs. For a brief moment, there were no genres, only tacos and charro beans. We would find common ground. Then a fight would start, but it was always among drunk women over some guy and not necessarily over difference of lifestyle. It would end almost as soon as it started, maybe a little cilantro and onions on the ground, but the big red and cabeza kept coming. My buddy Eli once commented that our old taco stand was like our own version of Oki Dog. He was right.

A drunk driver plowed through that truck one night. I sometimes wonder if that was the last true taco truck left. That's not true of course, I've seen them out there, but I have to wonder about it. Every time I see some new spangled truck with a fancy name, Twitter account, Facebook page and paint job that looks like Lisa Frank took a crap on it, I think about how far food had come. I love food. I'll eat a lot of things, but sometimes...you just want the classics.—TIMOTHY DANGER

STILL POETRY

Baby Let's Have Breakfast

I want to crack your skull open like an egg
I want the yolk of your sadness sunny-side up over toast.
I'll spread your thoughts likebutter.
I'll bite into your honey drizzled nightmares.
I want your beliefs spilling over the rim of that lopsided coffee mug you hate so much.
Baby, let's have breakfast.

—JESSICA LITTLE



THE LUXURY OF THE EYE ROLL

I was not bothered by the thoughtless and crude commentary on Facebook in the days that followed, first, Caitlyn Jenner's *Vanity Fair* exposure and, next, her ESPY award speech. Sadly, I've come to expect such nonsense on Facebook, even from people I respect. Just this past week I struggled with how to respond to old, dear friends who made jokes about Bill Cosby's physical beauty standards in the women he's raped or molested - comments made directly on my page after I posted the powerful image of Cosby's 43 potential victims on the cover of *New York Magazine*. As we all know, and bemoan ad nauseam, there's something about social media that conjures the worst in us.

Actually, what bothered me most in the wake of Caitlyn Jenner's publicity was the ease with which some so conveniently rolled their eyes at the mere mention of Caitlyn's name. Surely, several factors could be at work here—the least being Caitlyn's connection to the Kardashian tribe or the general malaise of celebrity gossip. Still, I felt bothered by the ease of comfortable people rolling their eyes to stroke either their own convictions or boredom, as if the easiest way to suffer a matter one does not understand or find titillating is to dismiss it altogether. As an educator, I am most greatly annoyed by students who luxuriate in ignorance, who gain pleasure from not knowing and who relish the refusal to learn. But to see the same stiff-necked, prideful, unnecessary reaction towards a transgender person's moment in the spotlight, and to witness people from whom I've experienced profound love and compassion flippantly disregard one person's struggle with gender identity and with target-bearing courage, and to realize that friends and family would rather erase Caitlyn's story than struggle to read and comprehend it broke something in me.

The *Denver Post* has committed to running a year-long series featuring Colorado transgender individuals and their families. In the first story ("Elsa's Story", July 17, 2015), the McKenzie family from Boulder relays their journey with their ten year old daughter Elsa. Elsa was born male, but even at the age of two began leaning towards traditionally feminine fashions and interests and expressions. By age three, Elsa verbally wished to be female. Glittery paint and bows remained central for years while the McKenzie family insisted that Elsa live as male. However, by age nine, a reclusive and paling Elsa began talking suicide. Both corrective and gender identity therapy ensued. The McKenzie's learned the statistics of suicide related to gender dysphoria. Overtime, they allowed Elsa to express herself through a process they refer to as "truegender". She's now excelling at school, making friends with classmates, and forming a tight bond with her parents, who are grateful they listened and honored Elsa. The McKenzie family story is becoming the new American story, which is why *The Denver Post* plans to dedicate their Sunday front page to local families developing their own transgender stories.

Children like Elsa are the ones Caitlyn referenced in her ESPY speech: "If you wanna call me names, make jokes, doubt my intentions, go ahead. The reality is I can take it. But for the thousands of kids out there coming to terms to being true to who they are, they shouldn't have to take it." This was the angle of Caitlyn's speech that impressed me most: the admittance of her own great fortune—fame, money, platforms to speak to accepting people—but with a greater focus on those transgender children and youth with less fortune. Those who fight their struggle alone and whose family's insist on being

"right" more than being open. Those at the edge of where Elsa was headed while being forced into a set gender role. Caitlyn and Elsa represent a new and vibrant aspect of our national narrative. Like it or not. Understand it or not. Engage it or not. The American narrative presses forward. I'm grateful for media outlets, such as *The Denver Post*, and responsible voices, such as Caitlyn Jenner's, who aim to make transgender stories known. It's too easy to dismiss what we do not know.

So let's address the elephant in the room: many people rolling their eyes at Caitlyn, perhaps even at the McKenzie family in Boulder, are Christians. And I'm a Christian, which can be embarrassing at times. Oddly enough, Jesus was not much of an eye roller. And Jesus was mostly dismissive of people who dismissed others, namely religious zealots who felt they had all the answers and the correct shape of society. Watch Jesus approach the Samaritan woman in John 4. Zaccheus the tax-collecting thief in Luke 19. The prostitute brought by fanatics with stones in John 8. The hemorrhaging woman in Matthew 9 and Mark 5 and Luke 8. The demon-possessed in Matthew 8, 9, 12 and John 4. Also, check His dealings with religious people at every turn, namely the temple marketeers in Matthew 21, and see how such encounters with the robustly religious rarely resulted in warm fuzzies. We always saw Jesus saying, "Hey, come over here. Let's chat and talk about peace and healing. We can deal with the particulars later. Let's just you and I connect first", an invitation similar to the one Elsa's confused but compassionate parents eventually offered Elsa. Jesus' approach to people in process or crisis is a far cry from the common Christian eye-roll that appears to have all things figured out, all questions answered, all gender issues defined. It's for this reason that my mother's response to Caitlyn's ESPY speech blew my friggin' mind.

My mother is the poster child for the uber-conservative, Southern Baptist, FOX News style Bible thumper, but she's been surprising me lately. My mother, a huge football fan, was eager to talk about the ESPY awards, knowing that I care nothing for sports. Still, she eventually asked if I watched Caitlyn's speech. A red flag erected in my mind while my mental tape recorder turned on. She said, "Kevin, I listened to Caitlyn's speech, and I was so impressed with her. She kept talking about the children, the young people dealing with the transgender thing. And she kept talking about the process of transitioning. And, you know, I don't really understand all of that transgender stuff, I've never felt it or dealt with it or known anyone who has, but who am I to say it's not a real part of somebody's life? And my heart just went out to Caitlyn. I would hate to make it any harder for her than it already is."

Needless to say, I pulled the phone away and rechecked the number. Yes. I was speaking to my mother. The same mother who buys me dinner but refuses to pay for my beer. The mother who loves *Dancing With the Stars* while still believing dance to be a sin. The woman who recoils during *Bridesmaids* when Melissa McCarthy cusses, even though she's laughing while she recoils. The same single mom who wept into her hands when, as an eight year old, I asked at the kitchen table, "Ma, what's a hooker?" If my own mother can lay down the eye-roll long enough to listen to Caitlyn, to read the story unfolding before her, then I can only hope, even demand, the same from all of us.—KEVIN STILL

ASK CREEPY HORSE: THE HECKLE



I once had a burning desire to be a stand up comedian. In fact, at one point I "trained" for two years to be a stand up comedian. I watched hours of stand up and even wrote my own standups. I performed them for close friends or would try out new pieces I was working on in conversation. I was that person that people would meet and say I was hilarious and that I should be a comedian.

This of course never once would come to fruition. I have no issue with speaking to audiences. I had a stint in theater as a teen, I have hosted radio shows and I have the best reputation for being an asshat. All that aside, the truth is my fear of being heckled was far greater than my bright eyes conquering a dream.

This realization happened one day when I was having lunch with a friend that was also editor in chief of a newspaper at the time. She was kind enough to sit down and go over some material I had been working on with me. Right about the time she's telling me "This is good. This is actually some really good stuff..." she paused and told me to look over at the counter. "You see that guy right there?"

I am not casual in looking. If you ever tell me to look at something or someone, expect for discreet to grow Pegasus wings and fly out the window. I do a full 180 and just stare at the dude that's trying to figure out why I'm staring him down eye to eye. She replies, "Alright, on that note, let's get out of here."

As we are walking to our cars she says, "That guy is one of the top local comedians. He's awful. He performs at an open mic night for comedy. There's a lot of really awful people that get on stage. We go because we love to heckle the people on stage, the whole crowd gets involved. You should do it some time, it's a whole lot of fun and with the material you have, I'm sure no one would give you a hard time." And with that she smiled and climbed into her car and left.

I'd subsequently go home and suckle my thumb until I realized I had access to drugs and alcohol to comfort me and make all the bad go away. I'd throw away all my writings. I'd pack away DVD's and delete saved DVR recordings of comedy specials. My dear sweet friend had tapped into the only thing that could have destroyed the wonderful euphoric feelings of grandeur I had believed were on the horizon for me.

Being heckled or bullied. The idea was entirely too overwhelming for me. I was terribly bullied in school after having an epileptic seizure in front of my entire 6th grade class. Or the time I fell off a stage at a school dance and was videotaped as I lay crying on the ground and kids stood circled around me laughing. Or the time I tried to sing for a talent show and was so nervous I sang the same verse twice and the popular crowd took to pretending that they were falling asleep and/or vomiting.

If evil redneck middle schoolers were able to scar me well into my adult years, I'm afraid of what evil redneck middle aged adults could do. In time I realized it just wasn't the thing for me. Maybe it was or wasn't the "hecklers" but that was my way out. If there's something you truly want to do, you'll do it and no one will

stop you.

Fast forward to a couple weeks ago. I have a friend. If you have ever played in a local indie rock band, punk band or metal band, he has most likely been at one of your shows or you have been to one of his. The first time I saw him he was behind his drums heckling the audience. I promptly got the fuck out of there as I just knew I'd be a target and later as friends he even recognized that I would have been. I could never understand why he was so vehement on heckling bands. Most in our circle of friends have either been dealt the brunt of his attacks or been privy to it. I wouldn't know the method to his madness though until a fateful show a few weeks back.

A couple of bands that are really good friends played a set together with a new band, whom we'll call "Parallelogram". Suddenly a concert venue that is full of seedy good of debauchorous types becomes overwhelmed with grandparents and trophy wife MILFs. Spray tanned soccer moms with inch long French manicures are taking selfies and asking a bar known for Lone Star beer and whisky shots if they serve lemon drops and chocolate cakes shots. The answer for this crowd? They were the family of this band.

This band didn't interact with anyone outside of their bubble. They argued with the bartender (who is also the one that books the shows) after she asks to see some ID when they start to order drinks. They aren't coming off as making a good impression to their visiting town but hey they are young and maybe they are new to all of this.

They get on stage and holy fuck. They are quite miserable. They sound like a really cheesy laundry commercial song and have every kind of douchebag indie music instrument one could have. Everyone I know is looking around like someone just farted in church. It was pretentious. It was bratty. It was conceded. Their presentation. Their entire set. Their "audience". All of it. All of it was just terrible.

Then my friend makes his way to the front of the stage. A hush falls over those that know him as we watch in anticipation. An eager anticipation. An anticipation that he will say or do whatever we'd like to say but cannot due to band politics or feeling as if we should be respectful to the band's music. We await in antici...

...pation.

He's being nice this go round. Very nice. He just shakes his head no profusely and says, "No, no, no, no, no..." all the way to the bar and we all join him outside on the patio. It's there that he's told something I was hoping wouldn't come up. That a bleach blonde soccer mom type had seen him and reacted by calling him a piece of shit motherfucker as he walked to the bar from the stage. He wouldn't hesitate to lock horns with anyone on any occasion and this woman had just made her mark. This is also the kind of woman that would shove him and state to police that he had attacked her.

CONTINUED ->

After their set he'd promptly find her, although she tried to keep busy talking to others, he'd vocally call her out and be done with it.

A couple days later I'd see him and we'd end up talking about that band. I asked why he heckled so many bands, even bands he likes and is now friends with. To this I got a pretty amazing response. "I've played in bands for nearly 30 years now. I've been in bands that mattered (he has) and I've seen dozens of bands that thought they were hot shit become nothing more than a forgotten throwaway in a clearance bin at a long forgotten record store."

He continued, "I've been heckled. I've been called names and told I sucked even by my musical comrades. I've had bottles thrown at me and open drinks. I've been humiliated and ridiculed. I've played venues where I would have LOVED to have been booed instead of the dead silence of only ice clanking in a glass."

"Despite all of that, it made me better. It made me humble. It made me realize how much I wanted this. Too many bands cater to playing games and being nice to a band only to get a hand up. They think if they hang out or befriend a band that they will climb a ladder of success. No one give critiques or says what they really think anymore. It's all fake and no matter who you are, your band might last three years. If someone really has respect for you or your music, they'll tell you when they don't like something or to get your shit together. I come from experience and with me they know I'm their friend because I'm not using them to get ahead but because I want to be."

Hearing that took me back to a joke my brother told as a kid, "A little bird is flying south for the winter when it gets caught up in a snow storm and freezes solid. A cow finds it and shits on it. The manure warms the little bird and it sings in happiness. A cat hears the bird and cleans him off and then eats him. Moral of the story is that not everyone that shits on you is out to get you and not everyone that gets you out of shitty situations is here to save you."

My dreams of stand up comedy have long passed and I'm in a different place in life, but I have to say I don't think I'd mind it so much anymore.

As for the band, yeah, maybe some heckling would take them down a notch. Teach them some humility and how not to act. We may never know the outcome to that and they may never know that that could have been the best thing for them. I guess we all need a heckle every now and then.—*CREEPY HORSE*

RICKSHAW HEART: WHY WORRY?

This is the third chapter of a serialized novel that began in the June 2015 issue — ed.

Hours have passed. Their aged bodies begin to tire. They sit. They stare. They wait. The conditioning helps, but it's still hardly enough to shake the uneasiness brought by such conflicting interests. Things will be better and less awkward with a bit more time they silently agree. The sun continues to beat down on them through the kitchen window in Dan's place. It's a window that just so happens to be placed in such a way that it catches a majority of the sun's rays throughout the day, and dust is quite frankly the worst.

There's a distant look in Rebecca's eyes that is a dead giveaway that she is no longer here in the room, the present, or even aware of her surroundings anymore. And the truth be told, she wasn't anywhere close. In fact, if you could truly gaze into her windowed eyes you find her lost in a distant memory of past transgressions.

The year is 1944 and WWII is still in full swing, but Rebecca is neither working in the factories, nor waiting for her love to return from foreign soil a different man. She is married to a successful car salesman named Thomas Bernstein. Thomas was already settling in for the last stretch of middle age and he was Jewish. It didn't take much for Uncle Sam to look the other way when the draft rolled around in 1940.

Their passion was a whirlwind romance right up until the bitter end when she walked out of a party in the most unbecoming fashion. She hopped in a cab bound for Chicago. Where she met a nice gentleman named Alan at the bus stop picking up his aunt, and just like that she was off again in another full-fledged fling. As it turned out he was a car salesman from a long line of salesmen who all happened to be quite good in their trade. He was willing to take a chance on love and insisted she move in immediately...

Daniel coughed and sighed an uneasy sigh. He tapped his foot nervously in her presence. Rebecca once again aware of her surroundings glanced around the room. Their eyes locked and two small slight rises on the sides of their mouths arose. "Care if I nap?" she asked half-heartedly. "I never thought you'd ask," Dan replied. "I can sleep on the floor and you can have my cot," Dan muttered half conscious. "A lady wouldn't have it any other way," Rebecca smirked.

The two went their separate ways in the small cramped quarters and closed the curtains to hide the light as best as possible. Not more than an hour had passed when the tossing and turning was too much. Rebecca quietly gathered her most of her things, wandered to the kitchen downed the rest of an old bottle of rum and wandered out the door for a stroll with no plan in hand while Dan snored the sleep of a thousand years.—*WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*



NIKI SHEA
HAIRSTYLIST
SPECIALIZING IN
LOUD COLORS AND
ALTERNATIVE STYLES
ONLINE BOOKING @
www.schedulicity.com
CUTLER 2 SALON
979-764-3000

**FIND 979REPRESENT ONLINE
ON FACEBOOK AND
979REPRESENT.COM**

HERO'S of the BRAZOS by Bill DANIELS '15



www.idiotboxeffects.com



HARESTOCK

So, where can you hear a variety—currently 46—of rock, folk, and Americana acts with every cent going to charity, all without leaving the Brazos Valley? At Harestock, the 8th annual Great American Boxcar Festival, off Highway 30 at the Beer Joint August 14th—16th. Principal organizer Bucky Bachmeyer has once again pulled together an impressive array of artists performing their music for a good cause. Charities supported include the Hope House, Down Syndrome Association of the Brazos Valley, the Harmony Project, and the Great American Boxcar Charity. The lineup—schedule available on the Harestock Facebook page—includes eleven bands and 35 solo performers. The majority of the acoustic acts play together doing song swaps both indoors and outdoors at the event home on Highway 30.

Friday night kicks off with bands at 6pm playing until 1:30am. Local favorites **Parker Heights** lead off with another local band, **The Docs**, closing at midnight. Saturday gates open at noon with the first trio of musicians scheduled for 1pm: College Station native **Claire Domingue**, **Coleman Wiederhold**, and **Jeff Cooper**. Domingue has recorded a couple of great CDs. The music ends at 2 am with Don Overby, Emily Herring, and Jordan York sharing the microphone. Sunday has **Luke Adair**, **Josh Droegemueller**, and **Tres Womack** starting the music at 1 pm. **The Chubby Knuckle Choir** rounds up the festival at 10:15 pm.

Personally, I've seen about 30 of these performers before, so picking and choosing who to see is always a challenge. Plus, you always want to hear and discover new music, so you have to see someone you've never heard play before. That said, here are a few that I'll be hoping to catch live once more, (besides Claire Domingue), in no particular order:

- **Jamie Wilson**, Saturday, 4:45 pm.—Wilson released her first full-length album this year that demonstrates her worth to be mentioned in the same breath as Emmylou Harris and Roseanne Cash. Some may know her from her years locally with the **Sidehill Gougers** or with **The Trishas**. Astonishing voice and songs.

- **Joe Teichman**, Sunday, 2:30 pm—Teichman has been traveling all across the United States the past few months in support of his EP *Backburner*, and he's rumored to have his first full-length almost ready to release. He's played the Brazos Valley for years. Great voice and tunes.

- **Ben Morris and the Great American Boxcar Chorus**, Sunday, 6 pm—Morris has this deep voice and catchy rock tunes, and the band has got CDs you take home with you. Always a fun performance, and one of the nicest guys you'll ever meet.

- **Magic Girl**, Saturday, 7 pm—Mary Charlotte has been plying her tunes around the Brazos Valley for years; she's got this huge emotive voice and gritty songs that demand attention. And she's got a couple of CDs on local label Sinkhole that are well worth picking up.

I could go on and on: **Blue Bear's** amazing harmonies, Emily Herring's ready-for-the Grand-Ole-Opry sound, **Mike Ethan Messick's** Everyman tales, **James Pardo's** deceptively-powerful voice, **The Bigsby's** garage rock and roll, **Ryan Davenport's** humor, **Eric Fisher's** soaring sound...So, spend a little money for a number of good causes and hear some new music—what better way to spend a hot weekend in August? — **MIKE L. DOWNEY**

JUST ASK NICELY AND BULLSHIT YOUR WAY THROUGH IT

I recently found myself at the House of Blues in Dallas in the green room of a band I'm a big fan of. It was weird to me how easily I got myself and the co-host of

my podcast, Ross, to this point. It was all so simple, all I did was ask. I got the contact info for the people in charge and just asked. We showed up when we were told and after a brief wait walked to the green room right in the middle of sound check for the headline band of the night. Already this seems crazy, people from



National Treasure Crew record an episode with the band *Listener* in their natural element.

bands I've been listening to since I was twelve just standing around setting up gear and we were right in the middle of all of it like we belonged. We enter the green room to find the band *Listener* eating nachos, they welcome us in and we chat for a moment before I ask if they're ready to begin the interview. They never asked us how long we had been doing this podcast, how many listeners we have, or if the podcast even existed. It was a great interview and you can check it out within the next week or so when it's released. If you take anything from this piece let it be that if you ask the right people and bull crap your way through it you could end up in the green room of one of your favorite bands at the House of Blues.

You can subscribe to "The National Treasure Podcast" anywhere podcasts are available.—**JOSH WILLIS**

FREDTECH

GUITAR REPAIR MAINTENANCE SET-UPS

979-450-3719

FredTechBCS@gmail.com

STILL DRINKING: DENVER BEER LOG 2

Happy Hours stretched 2:00-7:00 PM Sunday through Thursday, 11:30 AM-5 PM Friday and Saturday. Pints ranged from \$2 to \$3.50 during Happy Hours. After our second week in Denver, I no longer needed to name my brew. Alone, I sat in the front window overlooking South Pearl Street, eardrums the *It Follows* soundtrack a zillion times while scribbling gibberish in legal pads while Elena or Matt brought me, yes, one more **Ginger Red Ale** from **Black Bottle Brewing**. With the wife and friends, we sat under the garage patio near the cool misting machines and beneath speakers dripping classic rock radio that could never play enough Talking Heads, and Monique or Taylor brought me, yes, one more **Ginger Red Ale**. This routine occurred at Kaos Pizzeria, less than a block from our summer house, four to five days a week. Did I mention a dispensary was located directly next door? How genius is that: a pot dispensary next door to a pizzeria? Progressive. And I pour one out for the dive I will miss. Cheers, Kaos.

I had one primary goal for my summer in Colorado: get to **ODell Brewing Company** in Fort Collins to replace my 90 Shilling hat. Fort Collins is even more of a beer town than Denver. In one quarter mile block of FC, a hearty pedestrian could tour and sample **Fort Collins Brewing Company**, **ODells**, **New Belgium**, and now a small time distillery. Personally, I'm not sure why anyone would want to go any further than ODell's gates. Still, the FC city limits are ripe for more liver damage than a single lifetime can maintain. ODell's, thankfully, is one of the great Colorado breweries available in our BCS beer market. For hopheads, ODell's **St. Lupulin Extra Pale Ale** (6.5%/46 IBUs) and **IPA** (7%/60 IBUs) are both available at our local Specs, HEB, and Kroger. St. Lupulin and ODell IPA reveal a varsity level ability to land strong citrus hop flavors with a solidly balanced malt background: a big bold hop zang without being overpowering. Fans of Fat Tire, Shiner Bock and Zeigenbock can promote their palettes to a sturdier, more full bodied amber ale with ODells flagship **90 Shilling** (5.3%/27 IBUs) featuring the same caramelly malts but just enough hop balance to cut the overt sweetness of the aforementioned swills. For malt lovers, such as my wife and the 979 Rep crew, ODell's **Lugene Chocolate Milk Stout** (8.5% ABV) is a super-sweet, creamy, robustly chocolate stout brewed with milk sugars and milk chocolate. A huge beer, this sucker sits perfectly alongside a scoop of vanilla ice cream. As a fruit and sour beer enthusiast, I'm anxious to get my hands on ODell's new **Brombeere Blackberry Gose** (4.8% ABV), which I tried in a five-sampler flight at the brewery, but a four ounce pour was just not enough. Praise God the Brombeere sits on many shelves in BCS, I've just got to get some on mine before the season passes. On a side note, my wife asked me recently if I could only drink the beer from one brewery for the rest of my life, what would it be? Without even a second thought I said ODell. Their selection nails every style across the beer spectrum. You can't find a

bad beer from ODell. If you do, let me know and I'll buy marriage of fruit and sour beers yet known to man) you a Shiner.

My non-beer loving wife left Colorado a massive fan of **Avery Brewing Company** in Boulder. Latonya has never liked "beer", but she's a sucker for humungous, polarizing, schism-inducing ales. Double IPAs. Imperial stouts. If an ale has the ABV of hard liquor, she'll take two. So Avery stole her heart. I had fallen in love with their **Raspberry Sour** (6-7% ABV—the most perfect earlier in the summer on my good friend Adam Flater's backporch, and I was determined to try Raspberry Sour on tap. Latonya went with visions of their highly recom-

mended cheese curds dancing in her mind, but she ultimately fell in love with two of their biggest and baddest ales: **The Pump[ki]n** (17.22% ABV—pumpkin porter aged in Kentucky bourbon barrels for six months) and **The Beast 2007** (14.6% ABV—an eight year barrel aged Grand Cru crafted with six sugars, six malts, and six hops). I found both ales nearly undrinkable; Latonya wanted to stay for more of each. We're talking malt city! Not a hop in sight! Spec's in College Station carries similarly giant beers from Avery Brewing. The Raspberry Sour, I'm told, can only sit the shelf for two to three days. So be quick! Spec's also carries singles of **The Maharaja Imperial IPA** (10-

12% / 102 IBUs—part of The Dictator Series), **Samuel English-Style Strong Ale** (15-17% / 41 IBUs—from The Demon of Ales series), and **Fortuna American Wild Ale** (8.10% ABV—aged in Tequila barrels with lime zest and salt). Spec's also carries other Avery beers in sixers, including their **Ellie's Brown Ale** (5.5% / 28 IBUs), which, in my opinion, is the best brown ale on any market. The malts are roasted to a sharper, slightly more bitter end, with just enough hop whisper to make Ellie's a crisper, less sweet and dull lingering brown. Also, I'm writing this piece on National IPA Day, so I'd be amiss not to mention **Avery IPA** (6.5% / 69 IBUs), which you could certainly do worse on a day like today. Get some.

Surely, more should be said about beers tasted, loved, and rejected in Denver. However, I would be amiss not to give shout outs to the friends who made my Denver beer experience essential. Adam Flater, thanks for the Avery Raspberry Sours, the pot gummies, and knowing more about Denver breweries than even *The Westword*. I trust you implicitly. Herb Harjes, we drank only two beers together this summer, but I have both etched firmly in my memory. You're too sexy for beer anyway. Patrick Bruss, you give me music, you give me movies, you give me art, and this summer you gave me two of my favorite craft breweries in Denver: **TRVE Brewing** and **Black Sky Brewing**. Petal To The Metal all the way, sir! Ryan Miller, if my calculations are correct, we tried over 25 different Colorado craft breweries together this summer, and we both found plenty of gold medals in Kaos' garage. Austin is super close. And Jester King keeps the beer a-flowing. Cheers.—KEVIN STILL



RECORD REVIEWS

CGH

MUSEUM PIECE

Cornish Game Hen
Museum Piece

CAREY MURDOCK



If It's Got Wheels

Carey Murdock
If It's Got Wheels



Wilco
Star Wars

Cornish Game Hen was at one point a very interesting two man drums and bass thing kicking out agit prop Minute-men style political punk with a sarcastic sense of humor. Then a funny thing happened. That two man band added a third man who brought guitar, analog synthesizers and a different singing voice to the mix and Cornish Game Hen took off. I saw them play Artificial Head Records' LP release party for their *Nights in Satan's Service* KISS tribute and I was completely and utterly blown away. It is rare that I have seen a local band that moved me like Cornish Game Hen did that night. The value for the addition of Ken Schoen as the third Hen is incalculable. *Museum Piece*, their debut album, does a fantastic job of showing the measure of this now formidable band.

Museum Piece shows how different the band can be depending on who's at the helm for what song. Bassist/singer Tyler's songs have a definite Devo meets Minutemen quality, thanks to Tyler's very demanding and intricate bass lines. He plays the bass more like a guitar with chord voicings and melodies that carry the songs with the hard-sync analog synthesizers acting more like bass guitar. They vary from sappy ("Million Selling Love Song") to zany ("Down & Out") with the best couplet I've heard all year "The closest I come to being called a Catholic/Is the Jameson I drink and all my guilty habits"; drummer Ken Dannelley's songs sound like long lost boon rants set to the synth punk stylings of The Screamers and The Units. Schoen's songs are guitar-based and range from the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion freakout of "She's a Town" to the Mission of Burma-esque postpunk of "Atom smashers".

All told, it is a great calling card for what the current incarnation of this band is all about. - KELLY MINNIS

The first time you hear Murdock's raspy voice, you would swear it's some old blues singer working on his comeback, but Murdock is a young white guy singer-songwriter that's just put out his second full-length release. However, Murdock is not quite the newcomer to music. He's toured all over Europe and the U.S. (including a 2012 stop in Bryan's Village Café) the past few years. And *If It's Got Wheels* finds that he's assimilated a great deal of musical stylings.

"Never Like This Before" is a soulful blues tune that the late Joe Cocker would have done while the title cut crams Bruce Springsteen, Bob Seger, John Mellencamp, and Tom Petty into a road-ready rocker. "Can't Take Another Blow" is organ-driven arena rock while "Messy Love" is a Dylanesque folk song complete with some nice harmonica. Murdock reprises "These Things Will Drag You Down" from his 2011 *Baby Don't Look Down* with a full-band arrangement that fleshes it out well. The album even boasts a bouncy short instrumental—that's "Leave Me", reminded this listener of John Cafferty and the Beaver Brown Band with its bar band classic rocker vibe and honking saxophone (check out the soundtrack to *Eddie and the Cruisers* if Cafferty is a mystery). Yet, it's the heartfelt mid-tempo ballad "In This Together" about a lasting love that showcases Murdock's talent and songwriting the best. Lines like "Who knows how this all will turn out/ Will we shine or will we burn out" reflect both the promise and pitfalls of love. Murdock's scratchy yet emotive voice intertwines with Caitlin Evanston's sweet vocals for a timeless quality. Ballads, blues, soul, and rock—*If It's Got Wheels* has something for everyone. Listen up.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

I am truly disappointed that the rest of Wilco's new freebie album *Star Wars* is not more like opener "EKG". It is a raunchy, noisy atonal freakout full of Nels Cline goodness with a suitably backwards beat from Glen Kotche. It is that sort of song that brings out the avant garde nature of the band's players' other projects. I have been waiting years for Wilco to make that record. I will wait years longer. Meanwhile, we have this, a gift from these erstwhile indie rock godfathers. The rest of *Star Wars* is very direct and concise. The songs are short, frontman Jeff Tweedy lyrics are impenetrable and low key, he seems content to let the band's arrangements shine and let the songs take a back seat. In a way it harkens back towards the bizarre pop songs from the early '00s era. "Random Name Generator" would have sounded at home next to "I Am a Wheel". Mostly it plays out like a cranky Wilco answer to the dad rock tag. Dad will answer you with fuzz pedals and non-sequiturs.—KELLY MINNIS



Too Tall Grizzly
Bitter Banter

Let's take a moment to talk about Too Tall Grizzly and their album *Bitter Banter*. Holy metal-core, Batman, Connecticut brought the goods! Normally when it comes to postcore, I adore it, but get bored after the 5th or 6th song. Too Tall Grizzly does not fit that profile, at all. *Bitter Banter*'s first song "Box Cutter" completely blows all

preconceived notions of your average post-core band into a million pieces. That voice, those guitar riffs, the inhuman man behind those drums; it's like being in the most beautiful pit created by dirty sweaty man. Starting off on a heavy metal key but quickly switching to that beautiful core-punk sound, "Box Cutter" is the raunchy punk feeling we all crave in our most animalistic state of mind. It's heavy, but for the grimy hearted listeners, it's heaven. Switching from core-punk, heavy metal and ending on a stoner metal note; it's absolutely invigorating. Kudos, gentleman, kudos. "Dead Last" is the follow up song. Pedal fuzz on fuzz pair with that gruff voice is a crescendo of orgasmic revelation. The guitar hiding in the back near the end of the song is something to really pay attention to. Eat your heart out metal heads, because this is the cherry on top. Sexy and crisp, this small addition really makes "Dead Last" one of the better song of the album. "No Likes" is the crème de la crème of vocal indulgence. Not only is the rhythmic timing completely mosh pit approved, but the vocals push through your chest, only to grab your rib cage and squeeze until you can't breathe. I recommend singing alone in the car; blaring it to the point where you can't hear yourself scream. Plus, the lyrical aspect of the song is so appropriate for the new generation, or the "selfie generation" if you will. Perfection. "Debauchery": hello punks! Bang your head, slam your sweaty, tattooed body into your fellow punk wearing his black, studded, patched vest, and mosh like the true maniac you are. It's the drums; good God those drums. "Debauchery," of course having a deeper message as do most punks songs do, is the most rhythmic fun of the album. Throw your fist in the air and scream like you mean it.

Keep your ears out for Too Tall Grizzly. These Connecticut kids have brought the core scene a much needed sigh of relief. *Bitter Banter* is sexy, sharp, and the cure to your craving.

Look them up on: tootallgrizzly.bandcamp.com/album/bitter-banter—JESSICA LITTLE

CONCERT CALENDAR

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

8/14-16—Harestock @ The Beer Joint, College Station

8/15—Girlband, We Were Wolves, Electric Astronaut @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/16—Hodera, Odd Folks, Corusco, Electric Astronaut @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

8/21—Girlband, ASS, Pink Eye, Drink Fight Thugs @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/28—Brand New Hearts (cd release), **Holder, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/4—Mutant Love, The Ex-Optimists, Jay Satellite @ Riddle Gallery, Bryan. 9pm

9/12—The Shutups, The Gospel Truth, Neu Division @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/26-27—Texas Reds Festival feat. **Bob Schneider, Bri Bagwell, Cody Canada & The Departed, David Ramirez, El Tule, Grupo Fantasma, Johnathan Tyler, Katye Hamlin, Roxy Roca, The Nightowls, The O's, Two Tons of Steel, Uncle Lucius** @ Downtown Bryan

10/2—The Ex-Optimists (lp release), **A Sundae Drive, Skyacre, The Escatones** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

BRAND NEW HEARTS

Brand New Hearts has been kicking around Houston for a few years, winning over rock fans with their unabashed love for the format. Their guitars are loud and rich, their songs ultra catchy and almost familiar. The band is almost like a classic rock band for fans of late 90s era non-classic rock. Aside from a limited cassette the only way to hear the band was live. This month Brand New Hearts released their self-titled album. I had a brief chat with Brand New Hearts guitarist and sometimes vocalist Ben Martin about the band.



What I like so much about BNH is that the band blends two really interesting and maybe on paper completely different styles. I hear a lot of "commercial" post-emo in the songs. When all the emo bands began to get radio hits in the wake of Jimmy Eat World. But combined with a definite late '70s/early '80s guitar-heavy AOR vibe. Like Pat Benatar, .38 Special, Thin Lizzy, Rick Springfield, Billy Squier...guitar heavy pop songs. How did BNH develop this unique sound?

For the most part we kind of cut our teeth in

that 90s "Emo" scene. Our first bands were playing shows with Braid and guys like that, so that's just part of what we are. On the flipside we're children of the 80s and AOR radio. It's really just a natural thing for us I think. No preconceived notion of what we were gonna be or how we were gonna sound.

Few local bands orchestrate guitar parts like this band. How did that develop?

Personally I know I just get a kick out of bands that are tight and have little "nuggets" in their tunes: little tricks or stops and starts, "turnarounds" and things that catch you off guard just a little. I think there was a lot of that in a lot bands we were really into growing up and learning to play so it's pretty natural for that to come out in what we do.

What's next after the release of this album?

Shows. As many as possible. Anywhere. I can only stare at the practice room walls so long before I start to go insane.—KELLY MINNIS

KM: How did the band come about?

Ben: Embarrassingly, Craigslist. (Drummer) Jeff and I were in a band that was coming to a close. Our lead singer was moving away. We knew we didn't want to just stop playing music but we just didn't know anyone else who was into the stuff we were and wasn't already committed to another band (or bands). In a moment of desperation I turned to Craigslist. (Vocalist/guitarist) Nate had a listing on there. Figured out real fast we sorta knew each other and then it was kinda just a done deal. We'd played shows together in our old bands in the late 90s.

Tell us a little bit about how you went about recording the new album.

We hunkered down for a few days in a sort of hidden little studio here in town and hammered out the basics. We sat on it for a while and then got together with Nate's brother and hammered out some mixes. Nothing really too glamorous or anything. We just wanted it to be as straight forward as possible.

Brand New Hearts plays Revolution in Bryan 8/28 10pm

CORNiSH GAME HEN

CD RELEASE
with
THE EX-OPTiMiSTS
SLOW FUTURE

AUGUST 8TH 2015
REVOLUTION CAFE & BAR
10:00 PM \$5

