

STOREREPRESENT



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*inside: welcome to aggieland - ass - the religion of blue bell - still drinking - sh*t eating aliens from outer space - todd on film - rick-shaw heart - pete the cat + cedric the lion - jess on film - ask creepy horse - texas reds=acl lite? - lp 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 - todd hansen - jessica little -
amanda martinez - david pate - william daniel
thompson

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

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THE CULT OF BLUE BELL

This summer has been an interesting one for the ice cream business in the state of Texas. As you all well know, the only choice for most Texans when they cruise down the ice cream aisle at their local grocery store isn't what brand of ice cream to buy, it's what flavor of Blue Belle to purchase. Except not this year. In April, Blue Bell voluntarily recalled all products after learning that tainted ice cream had been linked to five cases of listeriosis, three of which resulted in the deaths of the individuals who had eaten the ice cream. A total of 10 people overall were infected.

Meanwhile, entire bedroom-sized freezer sections of ice cream were emptied out. Texans mourned. Many workers at the mothership plant in Brenham were laid off. A brisk black market activity for bootleg Blue Bell arose. Many were spied with "God Bless Blue Bell" and "Bring Back Blue Bell" signs in their front yards, where once "God Bless Our Troops" and "Bring 'em Back Home" signs had once stood. Many abstained from ice cream. Many shrugged and instead patronized the dozen or more other brands of ice cream in the freezer section (we were able to score quarts of Tillamook ice cream much to our delight at Krogers). Life moved on. Eventually it was announced that Blue Bell was producing ice cream again in Alabama and would be delivering to Brazos County grocers August 31st. People waited in line for their ice cream. The Tower Point HEB sold out of their supply within minutes. One could track their area delivery truck through social media applications. It was almost as if Blue Bell Creameries had endured an earthquake, flood or catastrophic fire that disrupted production and distribution, rather than operating an unsafe work environment that ultimately caused the death of several customers.

I understand local pride in regional products. Early last month I went home to Seattle for a vacation and brought back five bags of Tim's Cascade Chips, as well as Mike's Snowgoose Marionberry jam AND beers from Kultgen and Iron Horse Breweries. When I visit Kentucky I bring home Ale 8 One, Grippos and Charles Chips. We haven't overnationalized in such a way that we have ironed out all regional character. Many of my friends and family can't wait to have their first Whataburger when they cross the state line into Texas, or crack open a Shiner Bock or a Lone Star. Blue Bell is ice cream to many Texans. Ain't no Blue Bell? Well ain't no ice cream then. I get that. But I have been also somewhat appalled at the blind support of Blue Bell to the point that the support is worth more than the lives lost due to Blue Bell's negligence. I cannot front. I love Blue Bell ice cream. I missed their products mightily this summer. I understand the millions of dollars lost, the negative impact on the economy in Brenham, but I'm still somewhat shocked that it seems all are happy to sweep this whole listeria thing under the rug if it means y'all get your Blue Bell sooner. It may make me a pinko commie carpetbagger, but y'all don't be surprised if I don't stick to my HEB Creamy Creations and Tillamook ice creams a little bit longer and let the rest of y'all take the Listeria Challenge.—KELLY MINNIS

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PETE THE CAT & CECIL THE LION

I met Pete the Cat the week Cecil the Lion died. He had seen better days, it was obvious from his mangled half face and missing eye. This cat had a few run-in's with human kind before. He was weary of me but still my patio was inviting. There is an honor among the old victims of the world, and Pete, having no reason to trust anyone ever again, rubbed against my leg and settled down to nap as I read social media headlines from my phone to him.

Cecil the lion was dead. It was an animal I never heard of that was killed by a rich guy I didn't care about. Quite possibly illegally, most definitely cowardly. Pete lowered his head into his paws. I didn't need to tell him about cowardly humans.

The days went on, and we continued to have our daily meeting. Me with a cigar and phone, Pete with his cautious greeting and nap. By day two the story was viral. By day three Walter went into hiding. Cecil the Lion became a hashtag and a 10 day hunting ban was enforced where Cecil was killed.

Day four brought the activists. A group from Minnesota gathered to do a piece of art by lying down for an aerial picture, a Lion King animator paid tribute and by day five Mia Farrow tweeted the dentist's address to the world. PETA at some point called for the Palmer's death.

Yelp! began to get poor reviews for the dentist's office by trolls, a big game hunter in Alberta was quoted as saying the backlash will pass quickly like a "fart in the wind". Around that time a mural erected in Calgary began to stir controversy. By the time an image was projected on the Empire State Building of the now famous lion, people began to say it was "embarrassing".

The next phase began. Surely there were "bigger problems in the world" every third person on Facebook began to say. Others claim Cecil was getting more unfair attention than other animals.

Then the other political agendas got in the act. The "don't take away my guns" people clashed online with the vegans. The "All Lives Matter" clashed with animal lovers on trying to focus back to evil cops. Then the cyber bully people came in.

People were actually concerned about some rich guy's wellbeing after he had killed Cecil and paid a large sum to do it. The sentiment came... "If you care more about animals than people there is something wrong with you."

I read the last line to Pete the cat, who was tired of humans and their cowardly ways. "If you care more about animals there is something wrong with you." That was ok with us.—TIMOTHY DANGER

SHIT EATING ALIENS FROM OUTER SPACE

An alien civilization, the blur, currently controls and exploits unbeknown humans. The blur are capable of intergalactic travel, and have spread across our galaxy as well as several nearby galaxies. Like humans, no other species in the universe are capable of intergalactic travel and so the blur view them as inferior, to be exploited. While each planet holds different resources for exploitation, Earth is a very special planet for the blur. Earth is special not because of any characteristic of the planet itself, but because of a byproduct of one of its inhabitant species, humans. Without this byproduct, intergalactic space travel itself would not be possible.

Due to unique properties of the human digestive track, human fecal matter contains chemical X, assuming the human who produces the fecal matter consumes the requisite formula of food additives (artificial flavors and GMOs). However, chemical X alone is not enough to produce the material fuel for intergalactic travel. There is only one known substance in the Universe that can fuel faster than light travel, and this substance is chemical Y. Chemical Y can only be produced through a complex extraction procedure from the fecal matter of blur who have ingested a high enough dose of chemical X. Unfortunately, chemical X is a highly toxic and intoxicating drug to the blur who must consume it, and so these blur are locked in cages and isolated from the rest of blur society. These blur are a permanent underclass of drug addled slaves, their existence is necessary in order for the blur to maintain their lifestyle. Since the discovery of chemical X and chemical Y blur scientists have been searching for an alternative means of achieving chemical Y other than the current laborious process. As of yet, blur scientists have been unsuccessful in discovering an alternative method for producing chemical Y.

In the past, it was far easier for the blur to conceal themselves from the humans. Ensuring that the humans ingested the necessary cocktail to produce chemical X and obtaining their fecal matter remained a routine, procedural task for thousands of years. The blur were able to manipulate the humans by introducing disguised blur colonist into human societies. The colonist then used their superior intellect and technology to manipulate the humans. The majority, but not all, of famous human inventors, philosophers, scientists, and others of power or influence were in fact blur disguised as humans. By maintaining positions of power in human society, blur were able to control and manipulate that society. Inevitably though, the humans learned from the blur colonists. Humans were far more adaptive than the blur originally anticipated, and the blur had to work increasingly hard to prevent human progress. Since the time of the industrial revolution, the blur are in an official state of crisis as human technological, philosophical, and scientific advancements have begun increasing exponentially, and this is leading towards the technological singularity (merging of a species with machines) that the blur achieved thousands of years ago. To make matters worse, an increasing number of humans have been discovering the existence of the blur, spurring extermination and control procedures on the part of the blur.—COUNT DRUNKULA

RICKSHAW HEART...BUT ARE

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

Daniel awoke to a smoke filled room, caused from a still burning cigarette butt in the kitchen ashtray that was slowly expanding its grasp on all surrounding butts in the tray. As it smoldered under the running water of the sink, Dan collected himself as best he could and assessed the previous day and the current standing of his surroundings.

There was an empty bottle of rum next to the ashtray. She must have been in some kind of hurry he assumed. The bottle was stained with lipstick on its neck and it reeked of overpriced perfume. Dust was creeping in and his stomach was starting to rumble. He looked in the fridge, but the rats, it would seem, had finally found their way into the fridge and demolished the last of his franks. There was an old bowl of cabbage soup that even the stray dogs wouldn't touch if their lives depended on it. His stomach rumbled again, reminding him just how long and taxing the last week, let alone the last few days, had been. He turned around to the sink and splashed some cold tap water on his face to regain a bit more attentiveness, before glancing at the table once more and realizing that the poor crazy lost woman had left in such a disorientated haste—that she had in fact left her purse right there smack dab in the middle of the table.

Without looking he knew she was gone. He knew the moment he decided to take a nap that once he drifted off, that she would ultimately grab her things and hit the door. He was perfectly fine with that. She wasn't his problem to worry about after all. But then again, he knew just from the looks of her that she was in no condition to address the problem that at that moment was her life.

The rumble in his belly persisted and he decided to do the gentlemanly thing and bring her purse with him on his stroll to the neighborhood deli just up the road, in case he happened to bump shoulders with her on the way he could alleviate his muck guilt for not caring enough and being a better man with one felled swoop. That is, if and only if, he bumped into her. He wasn't really prepared to do much more. She was a bit of a snob anyways.

He grabbed the purse from the table on his way to the door. Halfway down the steps of his stoop, he paused and felt the weighted bag in his hands. He shook his head, and deemed it best to not look inside. The sentiments being: a) it was not his in the first place; b) there was probably something in there he should not see; and c) heaven forbid someone he knew passed by and saw him looking through some woman's purse on his stoop. They might think he had finally let his surroundings break him into a petty street thug. Even the thought of someone else having such a thought about him made his skin crawl.

The clouds were turning all sorts of wonderful tangerine, and violet when he finally left the stoop and his head space and made his way to the deli. The air was crisp

and he was starting to be able to see his breath. This only helped to cement his internal discord. The contrast of his shabby abode, the fleeting memories of the days before, mixed with the growling in his belly and the weight of the purse made his thin smile appear almost to question itself with uncertainty.

The delicatessen was owned by a pair of brothers from just north of the border that were expanding their business internationally after opening three moderately successful branches in the Great White North. They decided that should they keep pushing south till they reached the States, they would thaw out a bit and actually enjoy a season that wasn't winter or summer exclusively. So far, they had made it all the way down to Michigan from upper Manitoba, and were beginning to question their original intent of progressively expanding southward. The words "EAST COAST" and "WEST COAST" became steadily sounding more and more pleasing to the ears.

Unfortunately for Dan however, he woke up just a little too late and showed up just in time to see them turn the OPEN sign to CLOSED. His eyes connected with the shop keep who could only shrug and gaze at the ground. Some hoodlums passed by and saw the husk of a deflated Dan staring empty eyed at the CLOSED sign on the deli—purse in hand—and began whistling and calling him names like "Fruitcake", "Chester", "pussy boy", and "fag nigga" as they sauntered on their hapless ways laughing and yelling off into the distance. At least it was a passing torment. He yelled "God bless you too!!!" and began to actually wonder about Rebecca's whereabouts once more briefly. It was hard to think as the sounds of laughter only grew louder in the distance with the aid of his blessing.

The shop was only a mile and a half from his place, but his feet weren't having it. Not today anyway. Everything else in the area was either overpriced crap or underpriced crap—most of which were either closing or about to close. He was pretty broke. He wanted and needed something with some sustenance to get him through a few more days. The purses weight began to grow exponentially. So much so, that after walking just a few more blocks passed the deli he could take it no more. He was okay with everything just the day before, but now this was just the universe being cruel and taunting him; his morals, his station in life, and his dignity. It was all too much.

Just as he was about to toss the purse and be done with the whole ordeal, he saw some kids poking some passed out homeless person on a bench with a stick. He shoed them away with the purse he was just about to fling and walked in to get a closer look to make sure the person was alright. He called out to them "SIR?!".... "Excuse me, ma'am? Are you okay???" The bum was still so unresponsive that he could now begin to see why the kids may have been poking them with a stick in the first place. They lay still covered only by part of a used trash bag and random gatherings of newspapers of varying age.

The stench was horrid, but being a Good Samaritan he

YOU HAPPY?

felt obliged to at least see if the person was still breathing, and needed help. He peeled back the trash and wouldn't you know it the homeless person was actually a very inebriated Rebecca!!! It was jaw dropping how fast she had descended since he had last seen her a mere few hours earlier...He put his ear to her filthy but full chest and heard a shallow heartbeat. Dan wanted nothing more at that moment then to throw her purse at her and leave her be—to let her fend for herself. If she was careless with herself enough to put herself in such a predicament, perhaps, he thought—she deserved it? She was lucky those had been little kids poking her. She had been lucky he had been the one to find her, he lamented.

Still his conscious would weigh no such notion any longer then what it took to deem it absurd, upon which time it became prudent to the very core being of Dan to help resolve the feelings and situation there and then. He stooped to her side and tried to gently shake her awake. She had alcohol poisoning and was out like a rock. He eventually propped her up in such a way so to be able to maneuver her back to his place where she could sober up safely, and be nursed back to a better state of health. It was obvious she had soiled herself to anyone who bothered to look at the odd couple as they made their way slowly back down the hill. She swayed from time to time because of the movement. It was enough to wake her from her coma briefly enough for her to attempt to focus just enough to make out whose face was carrying her, and for her too belligerently lean in and force a most retched kiss.

Dan threw up in his mouth just a little, but swallowed it like a gentleman. His rough hands held her swaying drunken structure in place for the remainder of the walk. She regained consciousness again momentarily when they arrived at his place.

"Are we home Dear?!?" she asked eloquently as though nothing had happened. Dan paused, and then replied "Yes dear, we're home." "Good" she said with a faint smile before passing right back out. She was a MESS!!! He was happy she was at least safe and out of the streets for the night. His stomach rumbled. "Grrrrrrrhhh", he downed a glass of tap water and swallowed some air to make himself feel full temporarily. He'd wait for tomorrow to come to get more groceries. He was already done with as much as he could handle for the day.

He walked over to Rebecca with a moist towel and wiped most of the filth from her face. She was actually of quite remarkable beauty. Too bad she was crazy, he thought to himself. After all, we all have our off days. Maybe this was her allotted time? I mean, he hardly knew her at all, but from just what he had seen already, he could imagine a life filled to the brim with many such instances and he wanted no part of it.

The thought made him shudder. With that he turned the lights out and returned to sleep on the floor. Hoping that tomorrow would bring about the well needed changes they both needed so badly.—*WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*

TEXAS REDS=ACL LITE?

This year's Texas Reds Festival gets underway in the downtown Bryan on the weekend of September 25th, featuring local food, regional music, arts, crafts, and a kids area, all with no admission cost. The festival began in 2007 as an event to celebrate regionally grown beef and wine (hence the "reds") and featured tastings of local fare paired with local arts. The Downtown Bryan Association and the City of Bryan have constantly tinkered with the Texas Reds Festival formula. Fencing off downtown and charging admission proved most unpopular and caused many a complaint from the downtown vendors who have helped to make the downtown area vibrant on the other 362 days of the year.

It is now nearly unrecognizable to its origins. No longer does it cost to get in. Downtown isn't closed off to anyone just wanting to go to Madden's or String & Horn Shop. No longer is the festival shoved over to the side, it now encompasses nearly all of the south side of downtown. But it also seems to me to be a sort of "let's throw everything we can think of against the wall and see what sticks". For the last few years that has been a large expansion of the musical offerings.

Former Grand Stafford talent booker Jose Arredondo was tapped by the festival to help provide expertise and performers. The usual cover bands, Tejano music, blues artists and such were soon replaced by many of the bands Arredondo booked at The Stafford. B level Austin and Dallas bands that appealed to younger audiences were booked and by the light of day confused many of the attendees who were there for the festival, not necessarily there for all these unheard of bands. This year, Arredondo has tweaked the lineup to be more populist and well-rounded, offering a wider variety of musics. The Reds organizers also now require performers to sign no-compete clauses stipulating that the artists not play in the Bryan/College Station area for a period of time before or after the festival. That is not uncommon for large festivals like Fun Fun Fun Fest and Austin City Limits Festival. But Texas Reds is not that festival. These are not that level of artist. No one is going specifically to Texas Reds to see Ray Wylie Hubbard...not yet. Again, it seems, the festival is throwing something against the wall to see if it sticks. Will this help drive more people to come to Texas Reds? Probably not. But it will certainly make it more enjoyable for the locals.—*KELLY MINNIS*

Artists slated to perform this year are: **Bob Schneider, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Grupo Fantasma, Cody Canada & The Departed, David Ramirez, Jonathan Tyler, Uncle Lucius, Two Tons of Steel, The Nightwows, Roxy Roca, Bri Bagwell, Kimberly Dunn, Hazy Ray, The Docs, Midnight Express, The Rocketboys, The O's, El Tule, Haley Cole, Chris Catelena, K Phillips, Katye Hamlin, We B3, Randy Pavlock, Macy Martin, The Lonely Hunter, Taylor & The Wild Now, The Sideshow Tragedy, Austin Meade, Austin English, Parker Heights, Otis the Destroyer, Walker Lukins, Hard Proof, Daniel Gonzales, Joy McGee Band, T. Sax, Ottoman Turks, Odd Folks, Cecil & The Teddys, Blues II, and HiFi.** Festival schedule, when available, will be at <http://texasredsfestival.com>

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‘CREEPY HORSE’ LEARNS A NEW TRICK

I recently had an article emailed to me that stated “New research, based on U.S. Spotify users concludes that 33 is the average age when people stop listening to new music.” “While teens’ music taste is dominated by incredibly popular music,” the study says, “this proportion drops steadily through peoples’ 20s, before their tastes ‘mature’ in their early 30s.” Which I found hilarious as I am 34 and listening to a multitude of new music and new to me music. Fuck. I mean really, before I get on a tangent here, seriously? 33. 33 is the age where we no longer see the beauty in discovering something new and exciting musically? Artistry and creation have limits I suppose.

I digress.

I’ve always had interest in music. Music would be my drug of choice fuelling my anger and isolation, comforting my hurt and even establishing a romantic tryst or two. So when my marriage ended three years ago, I was dejected, abandoned, heart broken and just all kinds of fucked up one can’t begin to describe. I remember my first week “single” and being surrounded by deafening silence sat atop my own emotional filth. Being left alone with my thoughts was excruciating. I had to get out and do something. I had to fill the void of what was with something more than utter silence, so I went to a record store.

At this point I had not been to a record store in the better part of a decade. Tired of the same soundtrack of early 80’s SoCal punk I had listened to for the last 20 years, I started asking about new music. I had to find new things to immerse myself in. This didn’t go particularly well but what I got out of it was realizing I was ready for a change and I was quickly learning what I didn’t like.

I’d ask friends for suggestions. I’d start attending local shows and going to concerts with more gusto and fervor. I’d make friends and meet folks I’d of never spoken to. I’d even get an opportunity to play doppelgänger with one of my punk rock idols.

I recently found myself at a death rock festival comparing the band my friends and I were listening to as Nick Cave and The Fall getting it on to Killing Joke. Ten months ago I wouldn’t have begun to tell you what that even meant. I was recently able to talk Amon Duul II and Throbbing Gristle to a “music person” and didn’t look like a complete schmuck.

Now so much as I dream to one day call myself a music snob, I merely am not. I am nothing more than an infant at the base of Mt Everest that hasn’t learned to crawl yet, amongst titans doing one fingered push ups atop the very tip of the mountain. I can tell you if you are ever cornered in by a genuine music snob, if you say you “really only like the first two albums.” It works for just about every damn band. Seriously. The first two albums by Modern English? Fucking amazing. The first

two albums by Human League, that’s some fucking avant garde shit there. Also don’t be afraid to go backwards. Listen to the early work of your favorite genres and artist and then listen to the early stuff of their influence. Rabbit holes are by far the best way to really find some gems.

Like I recently discovered that I like U2. This is an anomaly to me. For so many years I had prided myself on how much I didn’t like U2. Two things caused this to transpire I believe: 1) I recently discovered R.E.M.; and 2) Nick Cave was my gateway drug.

So first let me explain R.E.M. as they are neither new or obscure. How does one “miss” probably musically one of the most relevant bands of my own generation? I mean these guys aren’t spring chickens nor are they one hit wonders. Because I was young and dumb and believed it was music for “preppies” and I was far too punk rock to ever pander to rich kid whiny music.

All the things I believed R.E.M. to be or represent were merely my own insecurities and ignorance of music and it’s wanton history. It wasn’t until I went with a friend to see a documentary on R.E.M. that I even began to see this epiphany. Realizing how great the music was, that was the equivalent to when Stan from *American Dad* discovers My Morning Jacket. It also made me realize that maybe I had bypassed some really amazing music and didn’t even know it.

Because of this said epiphany, I decided to relisten to music I had discarded by the way side years ago. I had always hated The Birthday Party but sure as shit, the moment I heard Nick Cave’s brooding croons, it was all downhill. From Nick Cave, I was influenced to listen to the fall, from the fall to manic street preachers and the alarm. I found myself listening now to many bands I had no idea existed a few months ago. I discovered I liked Italian cold wave and California death rock.

I’d also discover that I like U2. I walked into my friend’s apartment and he had a record playing. I hadn’t heard this before in my life, yet there seemed a broad familiarity to whom I was hearing. Like when you see someone that you know you know but you don’t know from where. As we talked I found the music playing kept tugging at my attention. I’d finally ask stating, “okay, who is this? It sounds far too expensive to be the Alarm.” And that was hilarious because The Alarm are constantly referred to as the poor man’s U2.

Now I may not be running out to buy the discography of U2. I still don’t like most of their big hits, but it made me reevaluate where I am musically. I’m 34 and no longer concerned with labels or what other’s may think of my new found interests. I’m far more real now and none of this would have been possible had I not put myself out there. Always create, always see beauty in this world and always listen to at least the first two albums.—

CREEPY HORSE

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STILL DRINKING THE SESSION BEER

The call resounded five or six years ago from beer critics writing in magazines, blogs, newspapers, even those narcissistic hosers who video their own damn selves on YouTube. Beer writers looking at the current brewing landscape screamed "ENOUGH!" They demanded a new direction in American craft brewing. By 2010 the adopted mantra of American craft brewing appeared to be "Go big or go home (responsibly)". Each new beer on the market, in any style, featured bigger flavors and higher ABVs than their fridge-shelf neighbors. Whereas each craft brewery once made certain to carry one solid wheat beer and maybe a solid amber or pale ale, the new trend centered around IPAs and stouts, preferably with the word "Imperial" or "Double" in the title. A brewery that did not produce a 9-10% beer was quickly dismissed as not-serious, as childish finger-paint among masterpieces. And the critics took note: these big beers, while hella fun for beer nerds in certain contexts, were not conducive to Happy Hours or ball-games or even drinking outside of one's own house. The market also responded: beer patrons wanted lower ABV beers they could enjoy in-plenty over the course of an afternoon bar-b-q or an evening at the local pub. So the critics laid down the gauntlet: *Yes, yes, we know you can brew giant palette killing, memory diminishing Imperial ales, but can you also make a super-tasty low-alcohol beer for your customers to kick back repeatedly over a Happy Hour session?* In this manner, the American session beer trend was set into motion.

Session beers are nothing new. The name hails from circa-WWI era British pub culture when factory workers, on a three-to-four hour break (either in the morning or the evening), took to the pubs with hopes of enjoying a few pints before returning to work. The hope was to drink as much refreshing and fortifying ale as possible during one's "session" break while still being able to return to work safely and responsibly. Needless to say, such workers did not kick back 10% Imperial Stouts. Sessionable beers, at the time, weighed in at a modest 5% ABV. Modern American definitions for session beers call for anything in-between 4.5 to the lower 5% ABV. Domestic lagers, such as Miller Lite, Bud Light, and even Budweiser, which generally weigh in between 4-5% ABV do not count in the session beer category due to their domestic lager distinction. In modern American brewing, session beers refer specifically to American craft ales that purpose to exhibit high quality flavor with a low ABV. Or, also, any craft beer that labels itself "session" with an alcohol content of less than 5ish%.

Personally, I'm most interested in the breweries attempting to make big hop-flavored pales and IPAs—THAT ACTUALLY TASTE GOOD!!!—perhaps even better than their other beers and that feature super low-ABV

counts. I love Happy Hour. And I generally want two to three pints during my Happy Hour session. Finding beers that are hella hopped but do not impair my driving (ie. my future employment) make me happy. Among the best session IPAs, and it's no surprise given the brewery's responsible, that feature big citrus and floral hop flavors with modest alcohol levels are **Founders All Day IPA** (4.7% ABV / 42 IBUs), **Stone Go-To IPA** (4.5 % ABV / 65 IBUs), **O'Dells Loose Leaf American Session Ale** (4.5% ABV), and **Lagunitas Day Time IPA** (4.65% ABV / 52 IBUs). A few that I've heard good things about but either did not care for myself or need a second try are **Karbach Staycation** (4.8% ABV / 25 IBUs), **Austin Beerworks Anytime Ale** (5.2% ABV / 15 IBUs), and **Ballast Point Session IPA** (3.8% ABV / 40 IBUs). Deschutes Brewing Company makes a session ale, **Deschutes River Ale** (3.9% ABV / 29 IBUs), but, in my opinion, you can't beat **Deschutes Mirror Pond Pale Ale** (5% ABV / 40 IBUs) for a mighty big copper hop bite perfectly balanced by a sturdy malt foundation that rides the ABV fence just at the edge of the session's cut-off. Technically, Mirror Pond is not a session ale. Still, it's too dependable not to mention.

One could easily misjudge session ales as the drained dregs of a brewery's more serious, more respectable IPAs. Not at all. In fact, two breweries have created session IPAs that may actually trump all their other hop-forward offerings. **New Belgium Slow Ride Session IPA** (4.5% ABV / 40 IBUs) bursts with huge citrus and tropical fruit action. New Belgium is typically known for making small, democratically palette pleasing beers. So it should not come as a surprise that their low-alcohol sessions beer would be good. What is surprising is just how damn good it actually is. New Belgium has tinkered with various pale ale and IPA recipes over the years, but I've never tried one half as good as Slow Ride. They also have a reputation for running a hit beer for a spell and then suddenly pulling it from the shelves, so you may want to grab Slow Ride sooner than later. **Firestone Walker Easy Jack IPA** (4.5% ABV / 45-50 IBUs), in my opinion, is a finer IPA than their Union Jack IPA (7.5% ABV, 70 IBUs). While the Union Jack is a fine IPA, it teeters on the edge of being a bit too much. I've found one bottle not only sufficient but palette crushing as well. Regardless of what you sip after one Union Jack, you won't be tasting it. However, Firestone Walker's Easy Jack, full of massive citrus notes accented by a floral cleanse, fulfills the pronouncement of its name. And, like New Belgium's Slow Ride, it's the rare IPA that is both flavorful and refreshing. Grab the Easy Jack in cans and keep count. You'll polish off half the case before the first signs of enlightenment take hold.—
KEVIN STILL



WELCOME TO AGGIELAND: A GUIDE

OK, so you made it off to college. You've got all your stuff unpacked in your tiny dorm room with the smelly roommate from parts unknown, or maybe you've got all your stuff tight in your first apartment with all your bros and ladies. You've got your books, you know (for the most part) where your classes are, but you don't really *know* Bryan/College Station yet. You've heard vaguely about Northgate and you're pretty sure you can get back to the grocery again next week by yourself but you're pretty convinced that your friends are all right. You *are* pretty fucking dumb for having chosen to go to Texas A&M or Blinn instead of Rice or U of H or UT or somewhere much cooler out of state. Well, stop feeling sorry for yourself. You have something cooking right here in your very own backyard. You see, if all you do is stay on University Dr. or Texas Ave. then you'd never know that Bryan/College Station has some awesome places to patronize that aren't located on the beaten path right in front of you. We've got lots of tiny places full of character *AND* characters.

Every town has pretty much the same chain restaurants and stores. It's the homespun unique places in a town that make you want to stick around. We've got lots of restaurants and shops and they are all practically *BEGGING* you to spend your parents' hard-earned money with them. This map will help you find the cool places to shop and the cool stuff to do at night without having the inconvenience of stumbling around town. That's how much we love you...we'll do you this solid *gratis*.

I moved here in the summer of 2006 and it took me easily a year to find out that there was actually cool stuff to do here beyond the usual Aggie and Northgate stuff. And the usual B/CS stuff isn't bad, really. I've lived in many college towns over the years and I've never attended or worked at a university more rich in tradition than Texas A&M. Going to a football game here is as big a deal as going to see the pros play. I'm proud to be an adjunct Aggie. But if sports or redneck culture is not your bag, then please refer often to the map on this page and try out some of the cool and unique stuff Bryan/College Station has to offer. And then *why don't you maybe see about offering something up yourself!!* Start a band, even if you've never touched a musical instrument in your life. Paint. See a play or write and produce one. Sculpt. Make art out of trash. Hold a protest. Join the roller derby league. Make friends with someone your mama and daddy would absolutely freak out if they ever saw you with ...and then introduce them to each other at Parents Weekend!

The point here is that college really is what you make of it. It's the magic time in your life when you have adult privileges without full-on adult responsibility. Whatever you do (provided it doesn't kill you or somebody else) will pretty much be excused away as "oh, that was just my crazy college years". Enjoy it, because it will pass you by quick. Bryan/College Station is full of memories waiting to happen. To let them go to waste is worse than failing Chemistry. I guarantee.—*KELLY MINNIS*

Arsenal Tattoo & Design

<http://www.arsenaltattoo.com>

307 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 485-9892

If you're looking to get inked, this is *the* place in B/CS to get quality artistry, now at their new location in downtown Bryan.

Blackwater Brew

<http://blackwaterbrew.com>

303 Boyett St. College Station (979) 703-6170

College Station's only true brewpub, featuring fine food, various Texas beers on tap as well as their own line of beers.

Brazos Running Company

<http://brazosrunning.com>

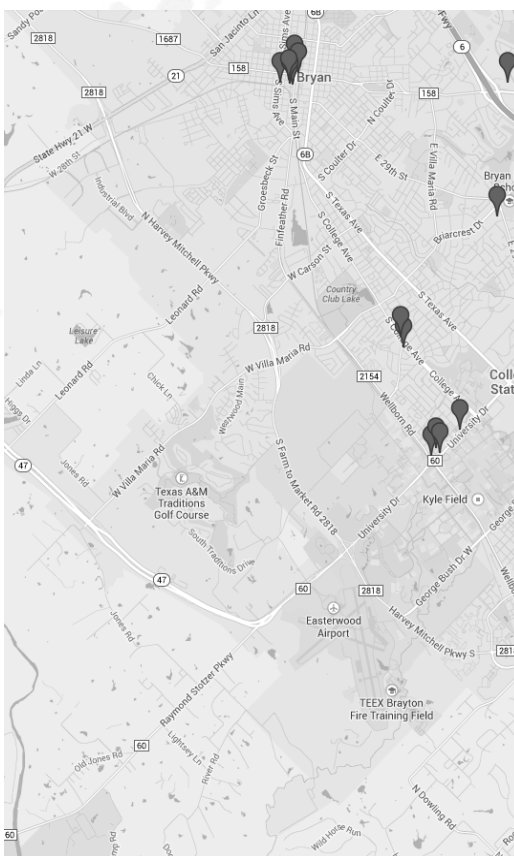
1667 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 485-9830

The area's first store to exclusively serve runners and walkers, from beginners to marathon pros. Shoes, clothing, accessories, etc. and staffed by runners.

Carneys

3410 S. College Ave. Bryan (979) 823-1294

A bit of a local secret. Great beer selection, none of the Northgate douchiness.



Clockwork Gaming

<http://clockworkgaming.com>

913 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 703-1838

A gaming shop and refuge owned and operated by longtime Aggie gamers. Purchase cards, compete in video game tournaments or play pickup games with friends in a comfortable environment.

Cutler 2 Salon

2551 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 764-3000

Finding a place to get your hairs cut in a new town can be a dicey proposition. Go see Niki at Cutler 2 and put yourself in good hands.

Flamingo Vintage

212 N. Main St. Bryan (979) 538-5985

You know how cool you think Northgate Vintage is? Yeah, not so much. Nikki Neuzil scours junk stores, flea markets and auctions for hundreds of miles to assemble an eclectic collection of clothing and accessories.

FX Video Game Exchange

fxvideogameexchange.com

1500 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 696-4263

Locally owned and operated by real gamers and not corporate managed to the point of ripping you off like some other chain game stores around here we could name.

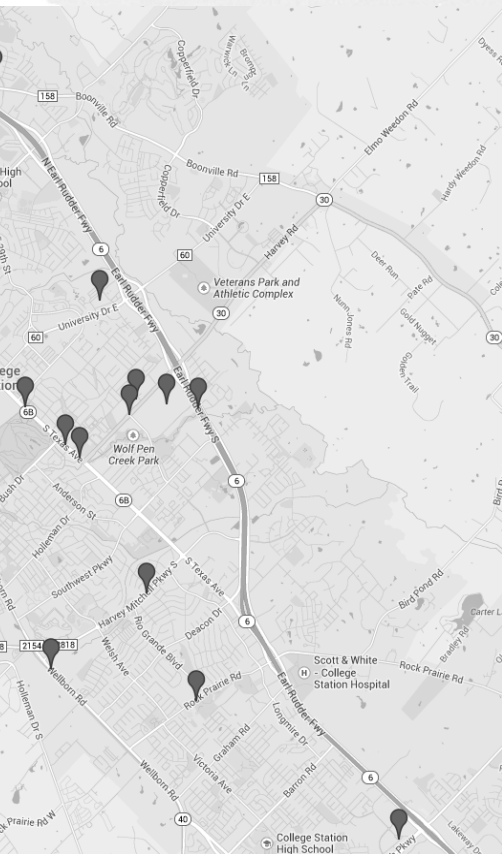
G. Hysmith Skatepark

<http://cstx.gov/skatepark>

1600 Rock Prairie Rd. College Station

Over 1600 square feet of bowls, walls, street courses, hips, and ollie boxes. All concrete, all rad.

GUIDE TO THE COOL STUFF IN B/CS



Grand Station
<http://grandstationent.com>
 2400 Earl Rudder Fwy College Station (979) 696-1100
 Lazer tag, cash bar bowling, video games, etc. Like Chuckie Cheese for adults & without shitty pizza. Wait, no, they got shitty pizza too.

Grand Stafford Theater
<http://grandstaffordtheater.com>
 106 S. Main St. Bryan
 The Brazos Valley's premiere live music venue, serving up rock, country, blues and other musics.

Guitar Center
<http://guitarcenter.com>
 1003 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 694-6982
 Gots pretty much whatever you need for music making, however you make it.

Half Price Books
<http://www.hpb.com>
 1505 University Dr. College Station (979) 696-2325
 This is the closest thing to a cool record store we have...plus lots of other cool used movies, comics and books.

J Cody's
<http://www.jcodys.com>
 3610 S. College Ave. Bryan (979) 846-2639
 The best BBQ experience in town. Other places have great meat but J. Cody has a great *meal*.

Koppe Bridge Bar & Grill
<http://www.koppebridge.com>
 11777 FM 2154. College Station (979) 764-2933
 Local polls rate Koppe Bridge's burgers as the best in town. If it's not the best then it's definitely one of the top three.

Liberty Tattoo
 1933 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 694-6444
 Tattoo Jeremy will see you straight, whether he's freehanding on you or tracing something onto you from your own design.

Lippman Music Co.
<http://lippmannmusic.com>
 112 Nagle St. College Station (979) 846-1225
 The local's favorite hole in the wall jam-packed with amps, guitars, and such. You can also get set-ups, repairs and gear rentals there too.

Margies
 320 N. Main St. Bryan (979) 822-8422
 Margie's is an old school dive bar that's friendly as hell and they pat out one of the best burgers you'll ever have by hand right before your eyes.

Mr. G's Pizzeria
<http://www.gotomrgs.com>
 201 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 822-6747
 No college town is complete without a ripping local pizza joint, and Mr. G's is ours. We recommend the calzone.

New Republic Brewing Company
<http://newrepublicbrewing.com>
 11405C N. Dowling Rd. College Station (713) 489-4667
 Get their line of beers fresh from the brewing tuns and enjoy live music on their back lawn as well as a host of food trucks.

Proudest Monkey
 108 S. Main St. (979) 361-4777
 The Paddock Lane folks' Bryan bar that has stellar food as well as a cool older urban bar kind of feel to it. 979Rep staff recommends you try the chorizo burger.

Revolution Café & Bar
 211 S. Main St. Bryan (979) 823-4044
 The heart and soul of the local dirtbag community. It's like your favorite living room house party with a cash bar! Free wi-fi, good drinks and the best live music around.

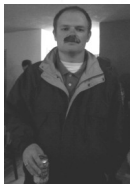
Riddle Gallery
 207 Bryan Ave. Bryan (979) 255-7996
 Jerome and Cielle look at the world with a unique point of view and reassemble the images from their minds' eyes in differing media. They display and sell it in their own gallery, as well as work from other local artists.

To The Point Piercing
tothepointbodypiercing.com
 119 Walton St. College Station (979) 595-4153
 If you love it then you should put a ring through it...and if so then you should definitely let Jave and company be the ones to do it.

Village Café
thevillagedowntown.com
 210 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 703-8514
 Great fresh food, cool atmosphere and the occasional singer-songwriter in the corner. Also plays host to the hottest salsa dance night in the twin cities.

Village Foods
<http://www.villagefoods.com>
 1760 Briarcrest Dr. Bryan (979) 846-9600
 The best selection of organic, free-range and gluten-free groceries in B/CS.

TODD ON FILM— QUEEN OF EARTH



Last week *Queen of Earth*, a new film from Alex Ross Perry starring Elisabeth Moss, was quietly released at a few theaters in New York City and made available for video on demand. It will probably not get a wider release, and aside from some critical praise it received online recently it will most likely be forgotten about, perhaps occasionally stumbled upon by someone browsing Netflix three months from now. It's a shame, because the movie made me uneasy to a point that I haven't been since at least last year's *Foxcatcher*, with its combination of building suspense and cutting words that make the viewer feel that this scene will be the one where everything explodes.

I found out about the movie because of my fandom for Elisabeth Moss, which in turn came from my fandom of *Mad Men* and has lead me to seek out other projects she has been involved with. While I still need to get into last year's *Top of the Lake*, which won her a Golden Globe, Moss has been in a number of movies that allowed her to flex her acting abilities beyond her great work as Peggy Olsen. A decade ago she starred in the lo-fi drama *Virgin*, in which her character gets date-raped at high school party and deals with the consequences of not remembering it under the belief of having an immaculate pregnancy. Last year she co-starred with Mark Duplass in the fantastic *The One I Love*, a film with a creative take on the inability to communicate within relationships and the desires to change the imperfections a partner (it's much cooler than it sounds, but saying anything else gives away too much). She doesn't pick big, straightforward movies; she likes a challenge, and her performances repeatedly deliver. Now that *Mad Men* has (sadly) come to an end, I'm very interested to see how her resume grows from here with more intriguing parts.

In *Queen of Earth* Moss plays Catherine, a character emotionally shell-shocked by a breakup and a family tragedy occurring within a short span of time. To take her mind off things, Catherine's best friend Ginny (played by Katherine Waterston) invites her to stay at her family's lake house away from the big city. We learn that the two friends have been here together the year

prior during somewhat happier times, but this trip neither person seems terribly concerned with recharging. Ginny is perplexed by Catherine's attitude toward her friends and unwillingness to venture beyond the porch of the house, while Catherine expects her friend to provide her with undivided attention and reinforce the greatness she sees in herself. Each day Catherine spends in sulking in bed, Ginny loses more sympathy for her, and the conversations between them start to become more confrontational as Ginny reconnects with old friends in the area to pass the time. At heart of all matters, people want to talk about themselves rather than empathize with others. *Seinfeld* used to show this tendency with comedic effect, as George and Jerry would sit across from one another at the diner booth and take turns having a one-sided conversation without noticing or at least acknowledging on another. A key scene in *Queen of Earth* shows the two friends each having a long monologue about their past failures, but in the middle of each story the camera drifts from the

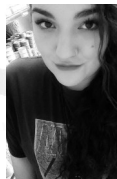
speaker to the listener's face, and we can see in their eyes they are unconcerned about the other's plight, simply waiting for their turn to talk. These two people should not be friends at all, and yet they remain cooped up in this vacation home waging a slow war of attrition, allowing it to come to claustrophobic boil.

The cinematography and musical score of the film additionally set the tone beyond Moss and Waterston's performances. Early on you get the feeling that you're watching an old 70's film, and a few pieces online have compared it to the early films of Polanski. The camera gets in tight on the actors' faces as they emote, and wobbles as scenes slip into quiet chaos. At times a viewer may even feel like an invisible third person in the room following the characters around from room to room. Meanwhile, the striking minor tones of the score heighten the tension while the words exchanged become harder and harsher. The placement of score makes a verbal attack feel like a physical assault, and the plot never does a full reset back down to zero. Each new morning brings a temporary reprieve, but the unfolding emotional breakdown only comes stronger and in more intense expression.—TODD HANSEN



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HTTP://979REPRESENT.COM**

JESS ON FILM— *STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON*



Just like most of you, I was there for the opening weekend of *Straight Outta Compton*. Just like most of you, I gave it 5 stars, and just like most of you, I went back to see it again. Unlike some of you, I decided to write about it.

One couldn't help but admire the American history the movie ever so slyly slid in there. It touched every corner of N.W.A.'s rise and fall, it showed the era of the late 80's and early 90's, and hit the tender note of greed, gangs, drugs, sex and not so much rock-n-roll: racism and police brutality.

The bio-film is based in the era of the late 80's, but honestly, compared today, there is no difference in the prejudice young black men and women face every day. This should be a faint echo in American history, but recent unveiling in the black communities and culture has proved otherwise. The movie adds pieces of radical history like the Rodney King beating and trail to enhance the journalistic attributes of the album *Straight Outta Compton*, and to relay a message to the viewer: being black or looking like a thug strips away human rights. If you're black you're selling drugs or in a gang. Taking a glance in the past, and living in the now, we see the ugly face of racism and police brutality rearing its fat head again—i.e. Ferguson, Baltimore, Dallas, and New York. It's a perfect time for a revolutionary movement, don't ya think?

Instantly, *Straight Outta Compton* puts pressure on the viewer to swallow the realism of segregation. There's a certain scene where O'Shea Jackson/ Ice Cube is sitting on a school bus looking out the window gazing upon the white rich kids of L.A. whom have cars but no worries. Seconds later a member of The Crenshaw Bloods boards the bus, threatening high school kids (whom threw up rival gang signs) with a gun, and proceeds to preach about having a better life than he does. We see a battering ram bursting through a drug infested home in a poverty stricken community. It seems to defuse our defense for the rights of wrong doers, but in the same breath stirs an anger inside for the rights of people in general. Our present day country has been teetering on the notion "do wrong and you shall be punished, do wrong and all rights you have as a human being dissipate. You're shit now." What our country hasn't understood is the concept that nothing is purely black and white, there are many angles, and those angles are the truths that every person has rights as a human being.

Straight Outta Compton takes society's villain and quickly turns them into the movies disadvantaged hero. We root for Jason Mitchell's character (Eazy-E/Eric Wright) to escape the demolition from the battering ram—even though his mission was to sell crack to crack-heads—and hope he finds his way home safely; you want to coddle him, and the rebel inside of you wants

the criminal to succeed, and every fiber of your being is screaming "Fuck tha police!" Still teetering. Ironically the movie doesn't glorify drugs. Yes there are scenes with pot here and there, but the glorification of drugs in general are absent, and that is a brilliant move on writer's part. Granted, drugs were a



big deal (hence: the battering ram) in the era of gangsta rap, and is mainly what rappers speak about; selling to get by, selling to be better, using to feel invincible, but *Straight Outta Compton* bypassed the cheap thrills and focused more on the major history of the group and their surroundings. What *Straight Outta Compton* did glorify was sex, which, is a cheap thrill in most aspects, but sex as a whole was a major part in N.W.A. Sex was the drug of choice it seemed. During the build of the group's career, the build of money problems, crashing and burning of careers, friendships, and labels, sex was the highlight of it all. Fleeshy-bodied women filled the screen several times, but it all had a purpose. Each sex scene was

planted delicately and chronologically for histories focus on N.W.A, and the demise of Eazy-E. Sadly, the life of Eric Wright teaches us that everything has consequences, and the film ended as the most sentimental subliminal condom commercial. Wrap it up kids. ALWAYS.

Unfortunately, but respectfully, *Straight Outta Compton* didn't provide too much detail on the AIDS aspect of Eric Wright's life. Understandably it's a sensitive subject for his family, but since his death happened one month after his diagnosis, one would assume there would be more information, or more pieces on his last few days of his life. We all wanted a little more of Eazy-E, how selfish of us.

For the most part, *Straight Outta Compton* certainly captured and documented history well enough. The film seemed to move quickly, jumping in chronological chunks, but being it was already a 2 ½ hour movie, any more would've been drawn out reminiscing. It was all appropriate. Timing, relevance, history, each slice of the time line was used well, and the cast of *Straight Outta Compton* did marvelous. The casting crew did an amazing job keeping the appearance of each member spot on, and finding young men who grasped the art of acting well enough to have the audience convinced easily. If you haven't had the chance to see the bio-film, make it a point. Not only does it cover the lives of some of the founders of gangsta rap who inevitable molded today's entire entertainment realm, but there's artistic and relatable history in the mix of it all. Watch it, feel it, take a step outside, and see it. You'll notice not much has changed in the 20+ years since N.W.A released their first album, *Straight Outta Compton*. —JESSICA LITTLE

ASS-B/CS THRASH PUNK

It's hard to believe that there was once a time when metal dudes and punk rock dudes did not get along, but set the wayback machine back to the 1980s and you would find pitched battles between long-haired heshers and spiky haired punks. I never understood it because punk and metal have always been two sides of the same coin of disillusionment, aggression, velocity, dead-end prospects, and pharmaceutical adventurousness. The shot across the bow that awoke the two camps to their similarities came in 1984 by an unlikely group of Southern California skateboard vatos who called themselves Suicidal Tendencies. Punk rock attitude and vocals were hot soldered onto metal riffs played at hardcore punk speed. Metal for punks, or punk for metalheads. Your mileage may vary, but the genre of crossover metal was born. Other bands like D.R.I. perfected the genre in the later '80s but oddly enough crossover was laid by the wayside. 30 years later, Central Texas crossover band **ASS** have brought it back with a vengeance.

The band consists partly of old school Texas punk and metal journeymen and new faces alike. Bassist Matt Shea (The Hangouts, The Tron Sack), guitarist Houston Davidson (Throne of Odin, Casuist), and drummer Reeve Allen (Original Glitch) came together with vocalist Jonny Cerveza and lead guitarist James Moore to form a band that Matt jokingly predicted "will probably sound like ass" that has become an uncanny hit in the Texas metal circuit, even playing shows with crossover progenitors D.R.I. This month, ASS celebrates the release of their debut full length *Shitty Wizard and Super Satan* with a series of shows around Texas, including one in

downtown Bryan at Revolution on September 18.

Shitty Wizard and Super Satan has three kinds of songs: thrash metal songs that are somewhat dark and serious in nature (the title track, "Upside Down Cross", "Blaster Master", hardcore punk rock songs that are rebellious ("Speed Krusher", "Frattitude", "Pizza Pizza") and songs that truly blend both the speed of punk and the deft power of metal ("Smoke Drugs", "Work Sucks", "Manchild"). All are delivered with the nimble but powerful drums, jangly punk rock bass, ultratight and precise palm-muted guitars, the klaxon wail cum fax modem lead guitars and shouted but clearly legible vocals. My favorites are "Smoke Drugs", which I find quite charming in its open and honest libertarian point of view ("smoke drugs, get fucked/Drink beer, so what?") We've come far from having to couch drug references behind symbolism and double entendres in art. "Blaster Master" features *Mad Max* imagery and devil tone early '80s underground metal. "Upside Down Cross" is my jam, all *Master of Puppets* harmonic riffing and a half-time headbanging moment in the coda that will surely make your neck sore.

One point of criticism: most of the album features re-recordings of earlier material. The fuller, crisper production makes this album mostly an improvement on the older recordings, but I'd like to hear new songs, to hear whether or not ASS remains a genre band or branches out into other styles of metal, punk and beyond. — **KELLY MINNIS**



A TRIBUTE TO WES CRAVEN

To celebrate the life of Wes Craven, one of my all-time favorite filmmakers who passed away Sunday, August 30 after a massive battle with brain cancer, I would like to republish a film review I printed in 979 *Represent's* September 2011 issue. Craven's *A Nightmare on Elm Street* (1984) is easily an all-time favorite film of mine. (His *Scream* (1996) masterpiece is a close second after *Nightmare*). To prepare for this review, I re-watched the entire NOES franchise, marveling along the way that a bad film does not exist in the entire eight film series. It's notable to recognize that Craven had a direct influence (as either writer, director or both) on the better titles in the franchise — *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: The Dream Warriors* (1987), and *Wes Craven's New Nightmare* (1994). Wes Craven revitalized the horror genre at three moments when horror needed saving the most. He will be missed, even beyond the horror genre, as a profound cinematic innovator, storyteller, and visionary. Sleep well, my friend.



I clearly remember my first viewing of *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. I was nine years old. My mother was babysitting a family of high-schoolers over the weekend, and one night those nerds wanted to watch *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. So we did. And they were screaming and pissing themselves and littering the air with popcorn. After the film, my mother and I retired to our assigned quarters—separate rooms on the second floor, tucked away from everyone else in the house. And I remember, just as I was settling into bed, a corner of wallpaper suddenly falling away from the wall, as if an invisible man had peeled it back—like the invisible man in *A Nightmare on Elm Street* who sliced off Tina belly-button brisket style and then danced her dripping red-rag body across the ceiling. At that split between paper and wall, there was me, screaming and pissing and littering the air with nine year old expletives. And I remember thinking that level of fear was delicious. And I've been addicted to being afraid ever since.

It's for jokers like me, insatiable fans of the horror genre, that filmmakers Daniel Farrands and Andrew Kasch made *Never Sleep Again: The Elm Street Legacy*. The documentary itself clocks in at nearly four hours, devoting 30-40 minutes to each of the seven *Nightmare on Elm Street* (NOES) films, as well as segments on *Freddy Vs. Jason* and the ill-fated prime-time television flop, *Freddy's Nightmares*. The set also features a second disc with over two hours of special features and 90 minutes of deleted interview material. To suggest that *Never Sleep Again* is an exhaustive retrospective effort is a laughable understatement: there are still filmmaker commentaries to boot.

While such a horror related set may sound excessive, even a bit gratuitous, one must consider two particular truths. For one, horror fans celebrate excess and

gratuity. More gore! Cut him again! Use the chainsaw! Make them all take their shirts off! Secondly, perhaps more than any other horror franchise, the NOES series utilized its exhaustive seven-plus film run quite well. Where other horror franchises rarely reversed the downward inertia from its first poorly wrought sequel (*Friday the 13th*, *Halloween*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Saw*, et al.), the Freddy Krueger mythos ebbs and

flows through several screenwriters and directors' hands, each one capturing a different Elm Street angle. While a few of the NOES films remain noteworthy simply for their suckitude (*Freddy's Revenge*, *The Dream Master*, and *The Dream Child*),

other NOES sequels triumph as surprisingly well-acted, beautifully directed, and singularly

essential to the overall narrative (*The Dream Warriors*, *Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare*, and—especially—*Wes Craven's New Nightmare*).

It's because of this drastic ebb and flow through the series that Farrands and Kasch devote time to each film. Through interviews with major players in the NOES franchise (Bob Shaye, Wes Craven, Rachel Talalay, Heather Langenkamp, and Robert Englund), as well as obscure one-line actors and on-set extras, *Never Sleep Again* explores why some NOES films worked while others agreeably flopped. And while Robert Englund never misses a chance to lavishly praise every single cast and crewmember (including himself), viewers are also given juicy bits of bad blood that still boil between Craven and Shaye. In another segment devoted to *Freddy's Dead*, Bob Shaye discusses why he did not accept Peter Jackson's NOES script, titled *The Dream Lover*, while also boasting Jackson's influence on everyone at New Line Cinema, which proved substantial enough to award Jackson a New Line Cinema financial production agreement for *The Lord of the Rings* Trilogy. Another particularly funny segment featured cast and crew addressing accusations of overt homoeroticism in *Freddy's Revenge*, which they each deny recognizing back in 1985 but they all claim to relish 25 years later.

Although chocked full of excessive intricacies and gratuitous gossip, the pace of the documentary and the passion of the participants make this four-hour flick fly. For this time-slashed reason, as well as my own horror-hound geekiness, I give *Never Sleep Again* 5 belly-button brisket slices out of 5. The NOES films are a timeless tribute to a welcomed foe. Freddy Krueger, opposed to other monsters in film-land, lives on because the human animal has not evolved past the need for sleep, and God has not yet relinquished man the influence of his dreams. As long as day slips into night, Elm Street exists in each home, tucked beneath every pillow, even as another dreamer carefully reattaches the crucifix to the wall, wondering again how it fell during the night all by itself.—KEVIN STILL

CONCERT CALENDAR

9/3—DJ Skullbone @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

9/4—Flamingo Vintage 1st Anniversary Party with The Hickoids, The Beaumonts @ Flamingo Vintage, Bryan. 7pm

9/4—Hazy Ray, Misery Loves Company, Megan Mulcahy @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

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

9/4—Migrant Kids, Tetrahedron @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/11—Benefit for Womens Assault Resource Center with Corusco, Daniel Gonzalez, Electric Astronaut, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/12—Pat Green, Relient K @ Simpson Drill Field, College Station. 12pm.

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

9/17—Velcro Pygmies @ Boulevard 217, College Station. 9pm

9/18—ASS (CD release), **DethTruck, Girlband, So Unloved, The Blood Royale** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/19—Showgoats @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 7pm

9/19—We Were Wolves, Economy Island, Mutant Love, The Inators @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/24—Wocka Flocka @ Boulevard 217, College Station. 9pm

9/25—Odd Folks, Ottoman Turks @ New Republic Brewing Co., College Station 7pm

9/25-26—Texas Reds Festival @ Downtown Bryan

9/26—Eraserhead, Six Pack Strangers @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/1—DJ Skullbone @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

10/2—A Sundae Drive, The Escatones, SkyAcre, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/10—Texas Grand Slam Poetry Festival @ Revolution, Bryan. 7pm

10/15—Seryn @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/16—Beat the Hell Outta Cancer Festival feat. **Distance Here, Neverbloom, Morningside, Dsgns, Covina, Modern Day Kings, Isonomist, Myra Maybelle, Aphotic Contrivance, The Other Side of Eternity** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 5pm

RECORD REVIEWS



Primitive Race
Primitive Race

For those of you who may not already know, Primitive Race is an internet based industrial supergroup of sorts hailing primarily from Denver, where group organizer and mastermind Chris Kinker (RevCo, Lords of Acid) currently resides. I remember hearing about this project in its primordial earliest of stages some 3-4 years ago. The wait was long, and with the passing of every few months a new tidbit of information would be released that really helped get people (myself included) to bite the bait. The group consists of a mixture between key players and non founding, touring members of such industrial big wigs. The current

line as such is; Luc Van Acker (Revolting Cocks), Raymond Watts (PIG, KMFDM), Dave Ogilvie (Skinny Puppy), Mark Gemini Thwaite (Peter Murphy, Trick, Mob Research, The Mission, Gary Numan), Erie Loch (LUXT, Blowload, Exagist), Graham Crabb (Pop Will Eat Itself), Burton C. Bell (Fear Factory), and Kourtney Klein (Combichrist, Nitzer Ebb) all working alongside Kinker—who is to my understanding—the only person to be on every single song on the record.

Now there is no doubt enough names here to really help build hype, and honestly I thought there would be a bit more people talking about it. Lots of time passed with little to no new word on the state of the project or even a proper song sample. Regardless, the group managed to run a successful IndieGoGo campaign that covered production costs, as well as, some limited edition merchandise as incentives for backers. They did this ALL without anyone hearing ANY MUSIC. Now this is both a good and bad thing. By doing so they lifted the expectations for the group even higher than ever, .

with the obvious pitfalls that come with that—will it live up to the hype?

Almost another year passed before PIG aka Raymond Watts released a VS EP much in the vein of past KMFDM releases. PIG VS PRIMITIVE RACE revealed the first tastes of what PR was about to bring to the table, but not really, because the songs were all specialty mixes by Watts and Co. which left us poor fans waiting & scratching our heads asking “So what do you guys ACTUALLY sound like?”

After another month or two the group silently released their debut full-length through American based Industrial label Metropolis Records earlier this past August 2015. Since then, I've been steadily listening to it with strongly mixed views on it at this point. While it is certainly well produced, and plentifully catchy, it really feels like it lacks the conviction, soul, and originality that fuels so many of my favorite records. That said, it is a rather impressive amalgamation of various sounds found throughout the industrial metal soundscape. For instance,

anyone who has ever listened to pretty hate machine will certainly hear its influence throughout, along with near verbatim Godhead riffs & vox's one song in particular. Another song sounds like Ozzy circa 1998, while others scream of Euro EDM groups like Suicide Commando or Combichrist. The album even has hints of P.I.L. and Bauhaus! I really don't know how I feel about this album other than that it's; A) Definitely an interesting work of music, & B) I'm happy to see these guys are still at it, and I really like the prospect of the future. With this record now under their collective wings, hopefully they've gotten a taste of fresh musical blood that will lead to even better-stronger albums in the future!

With that all said and done I feel I can safely say there is almost certainly a song for anyone on the album, a feat that many records strive for but never actually achieve. So congratulations on that one guys! When it comes down to it, honestly, you just have to listen to it and judge for yourself.—
WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

979REPRESENT

PRESENTS

A BRYAN/COLLEGE STATION MUSIC SAMPLER 2015

I have been hearing ever since I moved to B/CS that the music scene sucks, all the good bands are in Austin, there's never anything worth doing here, everything just really rots...This are words usually uttered by dipshits whose quest for live music begins and ends at Northgate. Eventually some time in their junior year, these mouthbreathers discover Revolution Café and the Grand Stafford in downtown Bryan and learn what we've got going around here: a vibrant local music scene replete with metal, punk, indie rock, soul, blues, and all genres in-between.

We at 979Represent figured we'd introduce you right out the gate to the non-Texas red dirt and singer/songwriter fare the Brazos Valley has to offer by giving you a free limited edition compact disc compilation with the print edition, packed with 18 local bands. Your online cruisers are also taken care of. You can download this album with bonus material at

<http://sinkholetexas.bandcamp.com>

1.) The Feeble Contenders "Frightening Youth"

thefeeblecontenders.com

2.) ASS "Pizza Pizza"

facebook.com/assthrashpunx/

3.) Mutant Love "Radiation"

facebook.com/mutantlovetxt

4.) Electric Astronaut "Smiles Davis"

facebook.com/electricastronaut

5.) Myra Maybelle "Shiner Eyed"

facebook.com/MyraMaybelle

6.) Girlband "Boozetown"

facebook.com/pages/Girlband/213204058800384

7.) Odd Folks "Hostel"

facebook.com/oddfolks

8.) Galactic Morgue "Black Widow"

soundcloud.com/galactic-morgue

9.) LUCA "Come So Far"

facebook.com/thebandluca

10.) The Ex-Optimists "Burn Bright"

facebook.com/theexoptimists

11.) Mothracide "Moth Vs. Eagle"

facebook.com/Mothracide

12.) King and Nation "Waylon Jennings"

facebook.com/kingandnation

13.) Ottoman Turks "Zoot's New Blues"

facebook.com/OttomanTurksMusic

14.) The Inators "Why Don't You Smile"

facebook.com/pages/The-Inators/569970039766984

15.) Distance, Here "Emma Stone"

facebook.com/distanceherehardcore

16.) Eraserhead "Another Bump"

facebook.com/eraserheadmusic

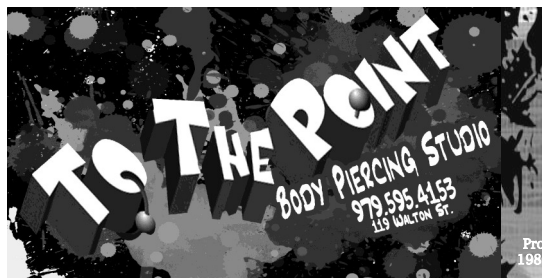
17.) The Vintage Ramekins "Wasted Time"

facebook.com/TheVintageRamekins

18.) The Tron Sack "Bitsmoker Trilogy part

III (pop edit)"

facebook.com/pages/The-Tron-Sack/227233180676



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