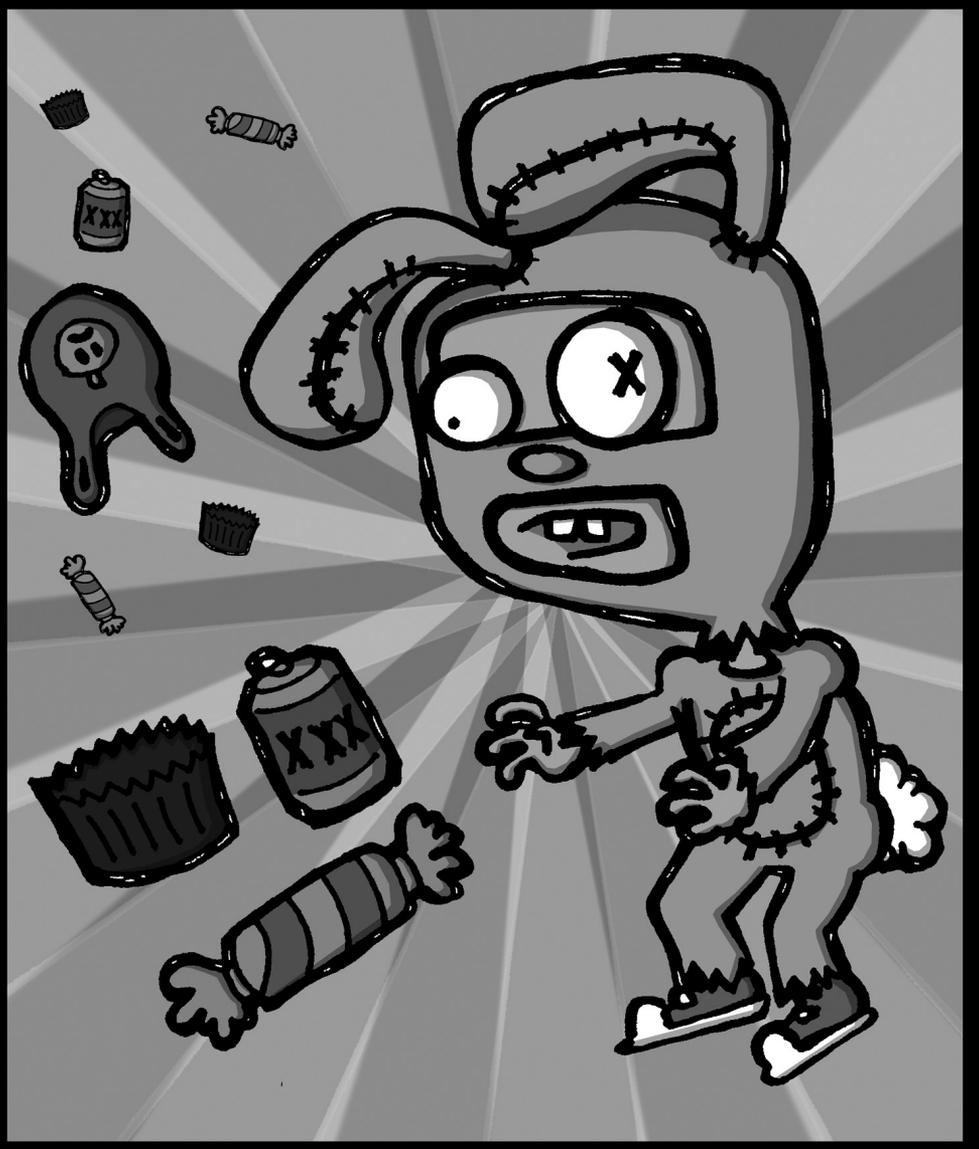


STORERPRESENT



October 2015
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*inside: price outta b/cs - still drinking - rickshaw heart -
small town man in the city - ask creepy horse - record re-
views - concert calendar*



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

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PRICED OUT OF B/CS???

This year has been a sort of watershed year for affordable living in Austin. Many of my friends and musical cohorts have found themselves priced out of their long-time digs. Rents increased by 200% in some cases. The landlords rationalize the increases by stating "but that's what the market will bear now", as more high tech, higher wage positions are added to the Austin job market and more young adult business, living, and tourist attractions are built. We've known for some time that Austin is a "hip" town but its hipness has reached critical mass and most truly hip persons have either been priced out towards Houston, Corpus or San Antonio, and the nominally hip hipster has moved to the new hipper places like Nashville and Pittsburgh.

Why does any of this matter to us in the Brazos Valley? We've never been hip, housing is affordable, and the only high wage positions require a PhD and a three class teaching load up at A&M. Because, believe it or not, Bryan/College Station has started to turn up on some of "Top 10 Coolest Places To Live" lists. The affordability, the culture of the college and the vicinity to Dallas, Houston, San Antonio and Austin makes it a very attractive place to live. So attractive in fact that development around here began to skyrocket a few years ago and recently residential development began to catch up.

The real estate market in B/CS has gone completely bonkers. Housing prices have increased 15% in the past 18 months (compared to 3% in most years), and there's a dramatic gap between supply and demand, putting sellers in the drivers seat. It is now common for houses to sit less than a week on the market before MULTIPLE offers have been made. It is becoming more and more difficult to find homes in College Station for less than \$200,000. Not only has this been an issue for dwellings but also for those who are house poor but land rich, like many of the older historically African-American homes in the Southgate area, as well as the more working class and elderly neighborhood just northeast of Northgate. Many of these homes have been sold, razed and "improved" with 5 bedroom/5 bath faux Cape Cod rentals known colloquially as "Ag Shacks". The basic timbre and tone of the area is beginning to change as dollar signs are beginning to register in developers' eyes when talk turns to opportunities in Aggieland.

Couple this with the recent news that by decade's end Houston will surpass Chicago as the third largest city in the country. Those extra millions of people gotta go *somewhere* and with the "Aggie Highway" primed to open in the next several years connecting Tomball to Navasota the rush will be on to turn B/CS into another bedroom community for Houston, like Cypress or Conroe. It's already happened to Waller and is beginning to happen to Hempstead. Point being that once Houston money pours back into Aggieland the development will truly skyrocket (especially south of Tower Point) and our little secret will be out. Perhaps College Station will never become Austin, but stranger things have happened, the bedrock has already been set for such a thing to happen and the culture here is actual quite attractive to the big-town doer who will find Aggieland a blank slate upon which to draw their dreams and creations, much like I did nine years ago. Keep an eye out, change comes in an instant glacially. And the ice floe is flowing. — KELLY MINNIS

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RICKSHAW HEART—A FRESH START?

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

The next day came and went without much fight. Rebecca lay in a near coma, save only for the occasional trip to the bathroom. She barely knew where she was, but what was more important was where she knew she wasn't. She would sleep and not speak for the next three days.

Dan was a whole other story. He slept like a rock for 4-5 hours and then was out the door. He left a note on the fridge with a few bucks taped to it, instructing Rebecca, should she ever make her way to the fridge, to go down the street to the deli and get herself a sandwich, that he had gone to check on a job and would be back in the evening. He left the same note up for three days.

On the third day, Dan came strolled in around 7-something to find Rebecca and the note gone. "She must've gotten tired of the soup," he thought to himself. Dan had been feeding her groggy ass soup once a day in the evenings. She would hesitantly let him slowly spoon it to her, as though she was still trying to determine whether or not she really wanted to get better or even live. Dan really didn't care one way or the other at first, but that gradually began to change with time. In fact, now that she wasn't here, he actually missed her ever so slightly.

He had come home tonight, unlike the previous nights, with a gift in tow. It was nothing special, but it had cost him a day's pay. It was wrapped in a shiny red box with a blue ribbon. He sure hoped he hadn't overstepped his boundaries with the gift, but by this point he just assumed there weren't many left to break. He left the door unlocked and nestled up near the radio, nodding off intermittently from the dribble of talk radio.

The door swung open around three in the morning with a colorful, yet slightly disheveled "Becca" crooning to the alley cats. It would seem, upon leaving the apartment around 5 in the afternoon, that the poor woman turned left instead of right upon exiting the flat and thusly began her quest for sustenance off on the wrong foot. Since she had slept so long and was still waking up, there was a good moment of time there when she wasn't sure if she was tired from just waking up or from zoning out and walking too far. By the time she realized what had happened she was already halfway across the city. Frustrated she bought a beer, a cheap cigar, and lottery ticket, then turned around began marching back from wince she came. The beer and cigar were long gone before stumbling back up ol' Dan's poor little unwelcoming stoop.

What she found upon walking in made her smile something fierce. For despite her ability to make the best out of a bad situation, she was finding it increasingly difficult to buy into her own vanity and good looks to see her through. In fact, on the stroll back to the apartment, Rebecca had convinced herself that she was truly only loved because of the makeup and clothes and how she threw herself around, as opposed to her natural beauty and charms. She felt she had most likely already worn out her welcome with the likes Dan.

Then there he was, obviously waiting for her arrival. With the radio on, and his feet on the table facing the open window and the big red box with a blue ribbon, and a card that read; "To: Rebecca, Get Well." She took off her heels, and examined the box a bit closer with an ever growing glow on her face. There was perspiration on the paper, quite odd, she thought.

Dan awoke as she was removing the top of the box. He opened his eyes just in time to see the expression on her face change from confusion, to disgust, to overwhelming joy. As the frost poured out the wrapped icebox, Rebecca leaned closer in and smacked her lips. "You hungry toots?" "You bet your ass I am.." "Good, I figured you'd be getting hungry by now, I'm famished." "Thanks, for helping me recoup, that was nice...Sorry I didn't.." "It's okay, how do like your ham?" "Baked and Glazed" "Baked and Glazed it is." The two smile. Rebecca asks Dan why he's not concerned why she's home so late. He tells her, that he's just happy she came back and is okay. They exchange a weird silence while prepare the ham and oven. She interrupts to state that no one has ever gifted her a ham before, not via a possible love interest anyway. He stops her next sentence to embellish the words "love interest". Though in close quarters, they have still kept a respectable distance. She tells him that, at this exact moment, a ham is exactly what she needs... she feared another necklace or bracelet...she was hungry and tired...and low and behold, in walks this man with a wrapped ham. That was the clincher, the deal sealer. If Dan had wanted no part in the poor woman's heart he was playing a sinister game.

It was while he was preparing the ham, actually, that she began to make her rather lewd and unladylike advances on the rather conservative Dan. He didn't seem to mind one bit. She was still tired and a bit of a mess, but she was a beautiful mess in his eyes by this point. He didn't care, he liked a girl who could move and shake. There was church on Sunday—whatever happened.

She sung him a song she made up on the spot as she dreamt of a full belly and recollected the last week or so. It went "...Ham man, can I have a ham man?, will you be my ham man?...just hold my hand man, my ham man, can we have some ham man?.." He just smiled, and told her about a bottle of cognac he had stashed behind the refrigerator, that he had been saving for either something really special, or for some extremely life shattering event—either way they were covered.

Rebecca, composed herself and regained some of her upper class sass and gladly obliged herself to more than an ample amount of the cognac. It wasn't long before the two were dancing in the kitchen, kissing on the window seal, and eating a freshly oven baked ham at 7 in the morning still drunk from the night before.

They ended up making love on the floor and passing out in a drunken food coma. She had come home indeed. The two moved uncomfortably to the cot at some point mid-day. They didn't care, they were happy in their discomfort for they were sharing in it together. When they would awake, Rebecca would scratch her lottery ticket and end up buying their next home somewhere a bit more welcoming and warmer. But as they say, nothing is ever really free... — *WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*

STILL DRINKING GLUTEN FREE



For reasons that are none of your damn business, except that I relish sharing stories concerning my woeful and unpredictable bowels, I allowed a friend to talk me into a "30 Day" Gluten-Free Dietary Challenge. Please notice: I only placed the timeframe in quotations. Cheating occurred more frequently than repentance; still, I have remained, for the most part, boxer clean this past month. TMI? Crap, you're the one still reading. So to fulfill the new confinements of my momentary diet, I decided to drink only gluten-free beers for a spell. This included ciders, but also, as packaging often declares, beers "Brewed to Extract Gluten". The first two gluten free beers I tried, **Omission Pale Ale** (5.8% ABV / 33 IBUs) and **Omission IPA** (6.7% ABV / 65 IBUs), were absolute atrocities to the flesh, specifically the taste buds. And while Omission Pale Ale attempted to pimp their dirty mouthfeel with grapefruit Cascade hops, the Pale Ale remained as offensive as the Omission IPA, which tasted like pure beaver booboo. "Beaver Beer". That's what I call this crap. Omission Pale Ale and Omission IPA taste like pure wood. A bit burnt. A bit soggy. Full of secrets from the Old Country. I'm sure I ingested the seed of an urban legend or two, trapped in the trunks of something boiled down to make this Depression Era swill. No, sir. Go to cider if you must, but steer clear of the Omission. That being said, I felt pleasantly surprised by **Daura Damm Lager** (5.4% ABV). Daura Damm prides itself on the packaging as being a Gluten-Free Lager "Suitable for coeliacs". Agreed. Honestly, there's little difference, flavor wise, between Daura Damm Lager (so difficult not to call "Laura Dern Lager") and our trusted domestic America lagers. If anything, Daura Damm features more hop flavor, making it a bit more akin to a sturdy German pilsner than a flimsy American domestic yard beer. I picked up my four-pack at the Holleman HEB in College Station. Coeliacs, toast.

Our gluten-free challenge also revived our family's mutual appreciation for hard cider. We tinkered about with various **Woodchuck Ciders** and **Angry Orchard Ciders**. Hell, I even sipped one of them dedgum **Stella Artois Ciders** they dress up like Bob Saget in an Olivia Munn photo shoot. All of it forgettable to varying degrees. And while I should certainly devote an entire *Still Drinking* to hard ciders alone—especially Texas hard ciders—the digestive track can only guzzle so much apple juice lubricant before squealing "Enough!". Still, that said, I have three ciders to recommend more highly than fresh boxers in the morning. **Austin Eastciders Original Dry**

Cider (4.8% ABV) and **Austin Eastciders Texas Honey Cider** (5.2% ABV), available in tall-boy cans at any local beer seller worth its TABC salt, both trump mom's apple pie as the genesis for such a beautiful fruit. I've harmed myself more than once on Austin Eastciders. The Dry Cider reveals an effervescent crispness reminiscent as much of champagne as a proper pilsner, packing a bite sharp enough to savor slowly, methodically, mythically. Texas Honey Cider swirls a smooth sauce to Dry Cider's palatable crunch. Much sweeter than Austin Eastciders Original Dry Cider, but far more complex than the commercial competition, Austin Eastciders Texas Honey Cider mirrors the close of a Sunday brunch on its finest note. Tasting Austin Eastciders makes me wonder if I'm tasting my first actual fruit-based ciders, as opposed, perhaps, to apple-extract formulas in many larger, corporate samples, ie. Woodchuck, Angry Orchard, Stella. Or maybe I'm just a tad excited. The wife and I also tried **Tieton Cider Works Smoked Pumpkin Cider** (6.9% ABV), which is hella good and worth at least a single bottle this fall. I have no notes for this beer. I worked hard on my tasting, but the drink proved equally fine and elusive. So, please, trust me: don't miss it.

Thus far, I've only tasted three pumpkin ales this season. No worries: the **Pumpkinators** and **Pumpkin Stouts** and **Pumpkin Porters** and **Pumpkin Boners** are coming. Perhaps next month. I gotta talk to Michael and Katie and Kelly: the gate-keepers of the Pumpkin Grandeur. But the wife and I tried three pumpkin ales from the Build-Your-Own at HEB recently. The order of preference hails as follow: **Shipyard Brewing Company Pumpkinhead** (4.5% ABV) is damn near perfect. Full on lager/light ale brightness with a sweet pumpkin-only heart. Shipyard does not use the title "Pumpkin Ale" to disguise a fall-spice bomb. They deliver pure pumpkin goodness at a low alcohol rate: solid sessionable beer with seasonal promise. The next two pumpkin beers weighed in equally sub-par. **Brooklyn Post Road Pumpkin Ale** (5% ABV) and **Alaskan Brewing Company Pumpkin Ale** (6% ABV) both blazed forward aggressively with a charred pumpkin rind and burnt spice flavor. Autumn evening fire-pit simmered a bit too long on both of these. Not enjoyable to the point of not even being forgettable. These sons-a-bitches filled my palette with regret, which is surprising because Brooklyn and Alaskan are both top notch breweries with gold medals under their brewer's black belt. Neverthemind. Shipyard won this round hands down. Confession: I sipped a Karbach Krunkin Pumpkin while typing this. Nothing. That should be review enough.—KEVIN STILL



ASK CREEPY HORSE



Once again, I had a story written and was ready to send off when I received some devastating news. A highly revered colleague had passed away suddenly after suffering a debilitating brain injury earlier this year. He was three days past his 30th birthday when he perished.

In that small twinkle of time, he had fought wars, founded his own and fairly prosperous organic dog food company, attained Master Scuba Diver status, had a career as an executive chef that would have impressed Anthony Bourdain himself and was about to take over a major corporate restaurant entity as their top level chef overseeing all of the restaurants they owned worldwide.

He legally immigrated to this country and quickly became proficient in English and Spanish, he joined the Marine Corp as soon as he was 18 as he felt obligation to protect the country that he now called home, despite the cruelty he faced based on his Muslim heritage. He was the life of the party and nothing ever seemed to keep him down. You could talk straight up with him, no bullshit or filler whatsoever. He partied hard and his friends mattered as much to him as his family.

The very day before his accident he messaged me out of the blue, not just inviting me to a soft opening of his restaurant but actually was interested in my opinion on what he had created for what was to be a major concept. He honestly wanted me to come in and try all of his creations and get my feedback as he remembered in a past conversation I had spent some time in Ireland. He also said as payment for such a horrendous task, he'd pay me in fine Irish whisky. I said I'd only oblige if he joined me and he said that was a promise.

That was the only time he was never able to keep a promise with me. The following evening as he was leaving work on his motorcycle just before what would have been the night before the soft opening of his restaurant he was involved in the collision that would ultimately take his life.

A drunk driver had stolen a car and was being pursued by police when he dumped the vehicle crossways blocking an entrance to the highway with the lights off. The vehicle ahead of my friend hit the car and was thrown sideways. Police state that my friend threw his motorcycle to keep from directly striking the individuals still trapped inside their car. The police that witnessed this told his family he was a hero. They said this because had he not thrown his motorcycle the couple in the vehicle would have been killed and he most likely would have walked away with minor to severe injuries that would have at least healed in time.

Instead though in the few seconds he had to make a decision, he threw his beloved motorcycle and his body was crushed. His helmet barely protected him and he immediately had severe brain damage and life threatening injuries. Doctors said it could take a year for his

brain to recover and many months went by with no change as his physical body healed. He would die exactly nine months to the day of his injury.

Here was a man that had everything. He was on top of the world and had overcome so much only to exceed expectation time and time again. I don't write this to depress you or anyone. I don't sing praises empty. I write this to inspire.

Last week I also lost someone else, but this individual I wasn't very close to. We had been friends on Facebook for a few years and I finally got to know her the Friday preceding her death. She was a wonder woman at the radio station I host a show at. She not only had her own show but was huge in the art community and also volunteered during our stations pledge drives. She was one of those people that illuminate a room they walk into and when we finally got to sit down and talk she was an even better conversationalist. Less than a week later she would die in a tragic car accident leaving behind her husband and a newborn son. She was my age.

I was not only obviously saddened at her untimely death, but also the fact I had had so many opportunities to get to know her and that I'd never have this chance now.

Death is very hard for me. I don't believe it's easy for anyone at all. My grade school friend that committed suicide last year doesn't leave my thoughts a single day. I have friends that still mourn for friends that died years ago and I think that is beautiful. I think it shows such love and adoration that someone meant so much to you and was so deeply woven into your being that you can still cry years after the sound of their voice or the smell of their hair has left you. I'd hope truly that when I'm gone I'm remembered. I'd hope that stories are told that make people laugh and recall better times.

Take this one as how to build a beautiful life. Our lives are so genuinely fragile and vulnerable. Not one of us knows when we'll go and what we'll leave behind when we do. May the memories of you be grand and full of warm heart felt feelings. Life is what you make of it and it's up to you how you go about that. Just as a favor to me in memory of someone wonderful, do something outlandishly wonderful for yourself. I mean deeply cherish and treat yourself to something you never in a million years would do. Should you feel so compelled after doing this, do something over the top and amazing for someone else selflessly. I mean something truly amazing.

I think that would be the best way to honor my friend.

As for tonight, I my friends, will be partaking in a glass of fine Irish whisky in memory of an old friend. Cheers Chef. — CREEPY HORSE

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RECORD REVIEWS



The Sword
High Country

Experimentation and exploration in music are a must. God forbid current artists be met with the same outcry Bob Dylan received in 1965 upon releasing *Bringing It All Back Home*. Dylan's fans couldn't fathom their acoustic god going electric, and they booed him from the stands. Without musical experimentation The Beatles would have never cut *The White Album*. The Beastie Boys would have never gone hip-hop, and Kanye wouldn't have cut the forgettable *808s and Heartbreak* on his way to *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*. The case of Kanye proves timely as he possibly released *808s and Heartbreak* a bit early in the experimentation process. Kanye may have wanted to hold all that down until he landed on something more profound. The same can be said of The Sword's newest release, *High Country*.

Bless The Sword's hearts: *High Country* is a boring record. The greatest thing to be said of *High Country* is its invitation to return to The Sword's earlier, heavier records. Unfortunately, a chronological listen through The Sword's discography attests their continual movement from darker, old-fashion doomy stoner sound, as on *Age of Winters* (2006), to more democratically commercial, southern hard rock, as can be heard to some degree already on *Warp Riders* (2010) and certainly, with an added tinge of blues guitar, on *Apocryphon* (2012). By this year's *High Country*, The Sword has morphed into a full-on non-metal pseudo-hard-rock southern jam band (trumpets?!), which, again, would be fine if they achieved more than an uneven tribute album to the '70s bands—less Sabbath and Sleep, more ZZ Top and Steve Miller—they've genueflected upon these past three years.

Nevertheless, *High Country* is not without it's high points.

"Mist and Shadows" opens slowly on the rhythm of high-hats and field crickets, then evolves into the strongest blues riffs on the entire album. It's a sweaty track full of swagger and space synth, featuring J.D. Cronise's strongest vocal moments on the record. This bleeds into the short synth instrumental, "Agartha", that feels more Giallo soundtrack than 70s southern pride. "Suffer No Fools" might be the stand out track, combining The Sword's classic thick, heavy crunches with bluesy string-bending solos, all of this propped against a wall of solid 70s synth. The track closes with a crowd in uproarious applause, as if the band knew this was the track holding the entire album together. "Suffer No Fools" reveals The Sword at the height of their experimentation, holding their gaze toward future potentials while keeping one foot firmly planted in their signature sound. "Turned To Dust", one of the album's final tracks, steals too much from AC/DC's "Hells Bells" in the opening to not raise eyebrows. Even after the really great tracks previously mention, "Turned To Dust" is an unfortunate closing track, reminding listeners that *High Country* reads more like a term paper leaning too heavily on credible sources rather than a bold, brash manifesto proclaiming where a legendary band could go next.—KEVIN STILL



Dave Rawlings Machine
Nashville Obsolete

For the uninitiated, Dave Rawlings Machine consists of not only Rawlings but also Gillian Welch. The two American stars have been making fantastic, world-weary music for well over a decade usually under Welch's name, but starting with 2009's *A Friend of a Friend* have occasionally decided to switch up the lead and supporting roles. Listening to Gillian Welch albums you know that Dave can shred on the acoustic guitar, but listening to

Dave Rawlings Machine albums you learn that he also has the voice and charisma to be a frontman himself.

Obsolete follows the duo's 2011 Welch album *The Harrow and The Harvest* and doesn't so much pick up where *A Friend of a Friend* left off but rather shows them stretching themselves out sonically a little bit more. With the exception of some tracks on *Revival* and *Soul Journey*, the two have rarely strayed from only using two acoustic guitars. While *Friend* had some additional instrumentation accompaniment from upright bass and fiddle, the music still mostly followed the folk blueprint of Welch releases. These songs have strings arrangements, touches of mandolin, percussion that sinks in then vanishes, making *Nashville Obsolete* at times feel like a country rock album from the opening track "The Weekend", which could easily be on a 70s Laurel Canyon record. Rawlings has never been a player to be hard-pressed for time, but he really allows some of the tracks to stretch out, not to show off but to allow them to groove. "Short Haired Woman Blues" plays as sort of a reversal of "Wild Horses", will the highlight closing number "Pilgrim (You Can't Go Home)" has an instant classic refrain which doesn't get old even after several verses. "Bodysnatchers" has a dark winding melody with beautiful harmonies that make

the song feel like a strange daydream. A couple tracks are more straight forward folk such as "Candy", a spiritual sequel to *Friend's* "Sweet Tooth". What's most interesting is how the album doesn't seem to feature guitar solos, or at least have many designated sections or moments for them. The playing is still impressive, but it doesn't try to focus on it. *Obsolete* is more interested in the feel of everything, the songwriting, and the voice of its leading man.—TODD HANSEN

Pink Smoke
Weirdorama

This Denton punk band hasn't let up the pace after its fantastic 2013 *No Party*. No slouches live, the group has played Revolution a couple of times.

The best tunes on *Weirdorama* include the full-tilt rebellious drive of "Noise Addicts" ("We're gonna take just what we want/ And if it's blood, we want more blood") and the unrelenting "Video Dead." The title cut is an apt rocker while "Bacteria Girl" approaches thrash. "Hang Up" shows a playful side to the group featuring a hand-clap beat and nice keyboards to augment the rock guitar. "Rock Bottom" also has some great organ in a powerful rocker about hitting, well, the bottom. "Cruel" has a sinister vibe to its persistent beat.

The ten tunes never let up with the exception of a few seconds near the end of "Bad Time" that quickly builds back up to a rousing finish. If you like your punk straight up, fast, and short, then *Weirdorama* is for you.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



Eagles of Death Metal
Zipper Down

Eagles of Death Metal have always been about making fun rock 'n' roll while knowing that it is cool to do so. Singer/guitarist Jesse Hughes never stops to take a moment to wink to the audience about the inherent silliness going on, because it's more badass to completely buy-in. The first two albums from the group basically modernized Mick Taylor-era Rolling Stones and either speed-demoned or boogied its way into your pulse. Then in 2008, *Heart On* added new layers to an already great sound, with elements of Roxy Music, Devo, and even Steely Dan showing up across the album to make it both a strong and fun listen. That approach is continued here on *Zipper Down*, as the group continues



CONCERT CALENDAR

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

10/3—Daniel Gonzalez Band, Corusco, Forever Today @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/4—American Aquarium @ Boulevard 217, College Station. 9pm

10/9—Drew Holcomb U& The Neighbors, Penny & Sparrow @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

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

10/13—Shiny Penny, Ravenhill, Corusco, Electric Astronaut @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

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

10/15—Tele Novella, Electric Astronaut @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

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

to branch out into rock's annuals while still remembering to always remain a good time. Out of the gate, "Complexity" kicks off with a dancing drum beat and hopping keyboards in a twisted sock-hop mix. "Got A Woman" is classic EoDM with a killer AC/DC riff at its center. As usual, Josh Homme's production and drumming give EoDM's music a district feel to it that pushes it ahead of standard blues rock, evidenced on tracks such as "Got The Power" and "Deuce", the latter of which features a delightful T. Rex riff and handclaps. Homme does manage to add some of his Queens of the Stone Age-ness to "Skin-Tight Boogie", which grooves to a crawl and has a Deborah Harry-type spoken word section, and a complete reimagining of Duran Duran's "Save A Prayer". Satisfyingly, Hughes saves perhaps the best rocker for last in "Reverend", a killer-fuzz riff that commands you to blast it, dance, headbang, and perhaps even throw up the horns, the concoction of a great Eagles of Death Metal moment. Hopefully next time we won't have such a long wait between albums.—*TODD HANSEN*

10/17—Charlie Daniels Band @ Brazos Expo Center, Bryan. 8pm

10/17—Punk Rock Prom feat. Girl Band, Lechuza, Equinox, Something Fierce, Mutant Love @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/18—Ben Rector, Judah & The Lion @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 7pm

10/23—Norma Jean, In the Trench, The Ongoing Concept, Electric Astronaut, Distance Here, Belle Haven, 68, Sleep-wave @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 5pm

10/23—Jason Bancroft & The Wealthy Beggars, Tyler Morris, J Goodin, Mutant Love (acoustic) @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/24—Zombie Pub Crawl feat. Funeral Horse, Jody Seabody & The Whirls, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/31—Odd Folks (cd release party), LUCA, Corusco, Cheap Haircuts @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

11/3—John Hiatt, Lyle Lovett @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 7:30pm

11/5—DJ Skullbone @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm



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