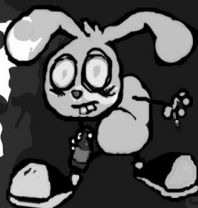


STORE REPRESENT



november 2015
vol. 7 issue 11



*inside: one year from now - rickshaw heart - todd
(local legend) - record reviews - concert calendar*



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

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ONE YEAR FROM NOW...

One year from now a low percentage of eligible Americans will head out to a local church, town hall, school, or community center near them to pull the lever or push the big red button, casting their vote for the next president of the United States. Or perhaps they live on the communist coasts and are able to simply drop their ballot in the mail in the preceding weeks. Either way, this will occur in exactly a year from now. But you'd never know that from the activity in recent months regarding the 2016 General Election.

In the past few months there have been three Republican and one Democrat primary debates. There has been wall-to-wall coverage about Soviet honeymoons, clandestine email servers, Mexican walls, biased debate hosts, the Trump effect, and poll after poll after poll. By the amount of activity you would never know that it wasn't November 2015 that we all cue up for the "I voted" stickers. It is, of course, the 24-hour cable and internet news cycle that keeps the race directly in our faces and twitter feeds. A longer election cycle is great for advertising revenues. It is great for people who live and breathe political punditry. It is great because it allows many who normally ignore politics to begin thinking about the election coming up. It is great for the world because they get to jeer and jape at the amazing amount of asshats who masquerade as politicians and political hopefuls (makes their own homegrown asshats seem perhaps not so bad). It is terrible for those who are already frustrated with the system, who feel powerless, who know their vote makes little difference, who can't stand any of the candidates, who feel less than underrepresented.

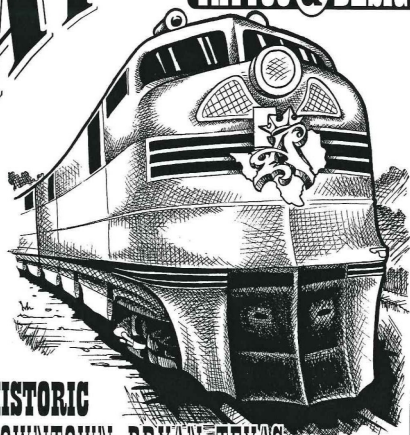
It is an exceptionally long election cycle to watch the same tired clichés delivered over and over by powered and pants-suited stiffies who no one really feels that great about voting for but still vote for anyways. Republicans are fighting for the soul of their party. Business conservatives are vying with Tea Party arch conservatives, pseudo-libertarians, and old school party apparatchiks for the helm of the G.O.P. Democrats face the choice of a former First Lady, Secretary of State, and Senator all-in-one or a Socialist Democrat Senator, while woodenly facing the protest wing of the party. So, as you can see, the story lines nearly write themselves here. It's the fascinating car crash of American politics, blown up that much larger thanks to our inability to disconnect from the media. Smartphones, tablets, computers, and LCD televisions are *everywhere* and the news product continues to pour forth hourly, daily.

But there is one positive about the non-step rolling circus. It is being preserved on hard drives and clouds somewhere. There is no longer the ability for a candidate to say they were quoted out of context or that they never said something that the media is calling them out for. The camera is always rolling. At no time in history has the American electorate had the opportunity to be more informed about the candidates and the issues. Will Americans look between their Kardashian, Tony Romo, and Drake tweets to find out who deserves their vote? Will newsbites from Fox News or *John Oliver Last Week* be what passes for being informed? What will be the overall theme and takeaway from this election? We have another twelve months of overcoverage to get through before we can find that out for ourselves.—

KELLY MINNIS

ARSENAL

TATTOO & DESIGN



**HISTORIC
DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS**

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TODD (LOCAL LEGEND) CLAIMS TO RUN SOUND BETTER

Friday night, moments before making my way out the to see a local show featuring some the best touring bands the state has to offer, I received a call from an over-worked Todd who was closing out the convenient store he now worked at. His voice denoted an exhausted, near defeated tonality that brought with it rather harsh, selfish critiques. I immediately attempted to blow him off, but there was something in his voice—desperation perhaps, that made me think twice.

After all, he was a *local legend*. He had no problems reminding anyone about it either. He said things about how if the whole town wasn't against him, that he'd in fact be running tonight's sound instead of closing a gay store, but c'est la vie. He's wasn't going to support those who didn't support him.

Todd started making the sounds of a bad EQ mix into the phone, along with briefs examples of imaginary dialogue that just might have taken place. "Oh god what's wrong with that sound?? If only Todd were here, he would know how to fix this!...They worship me, they just forgot" he said snarling into the receiver with a confident sigh.

I felt bad for the guy, after all he was a *local legend*, but I had to run. Todd seemed to understand bitterly. "Tell them they all suck..." he said with a half breath.

"I won't" I said.

"Oh...That's Metal, dude, nice..." he replied.

"No...it's not... You just suck Todd". And with that I hung up and went to the show. Surprisingly, when I had gotten there the sound did suck. After a few hours, I think I actually heard someone utter "Where's Todd?" then I realized it was me, I was drunk and he had fucked with my head.

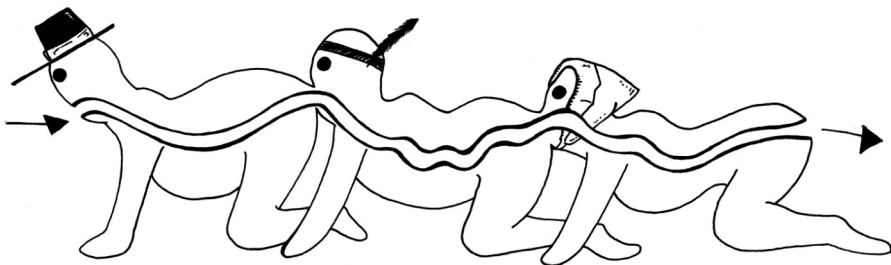
Fucking Todd man.—*WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*



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HAPPY



THANKSGIVING

RICK SHAW HEART—W

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

Sunset Blvd was the place. Rebecca apparently had always fancied herself a singer/actress of sorts and upon cashing in that winning lottery ticket she knew that they — but most importantly her — were heading to the land of sunshine to continue turning dreams into dollar signs. Dan had never really left Michigan before, and was starting to find that he liked Los Angeles about as much as a chemo patient liked their therapy.

Dan was currently working as a master of the custodial arts for a local news station located just off the strip. This was something that didn't really sit well with Rebecca. She still looked down on manual labor of any kind, especially if it were out choice and not necessity. They had money — that was no option. They had a lavish place now, his job was honest but beneath their station. In fact, she had originally created a position at home for poor Dan to keep him busy and feel a part of the "team" should he ever wish — Chief Managerial Assistant. It was mostly all title — since it really just set him up for more humiliation, since as a paid staff member he was employed to listen to her every beck and call. Something he had feared ever happening. He didn't mind caring and tending to her when she was, at what he considered to be, her lowest point.

Why if it hadn't had been for that well timed lotto, things could have turned out quite different indeed. They would most likely still be on the heels of skid row, but they would at least be honest, good-hearted, God fearing people, living humbly with grace forever on their lips. Dan was growing increasingly distraught with their ever changing stations in life. In the last three years they had moved at least once every year to somewhere new that caught Rebecca's fancy in hopes of finding her god-given natural calling in the world of entertainment. She wanted in so bad, for so long, but until recently she just seemed to be vainly squandering her fortune, while leaving Dan mostly high and dry. He had had to leave his construction gig when they first left Detroit. Once the money was diversified and they had headed South, it was Rebecca's wishes that Dan reminded close by for support and status. She was determined not to have any man she was with working such service labor jobs. They were after all now people of great means.

One thing she did listen to Dan on was to diversify the funds immediately after all taxes had been paid and outstanding debts settled. She let Dan do this because a part of her did truly love and trust him, and another part of her felt he knew more about necessity than most, and that alone might give them a fighting chance in sound, long term investments. Which, it turned out, they did. Despite Rebecca's numerous attempts to sabotage herself, her estate, and her relationship by any means deemed suitable in the heat of the moment they continued to thrive.

She had managed to start working her way into first local, then eventually national television commercial ad campaigns. Her ripe elder age saw her used as the motherly figure most oft than not, something she

despised but could be brought to bear by being showcased as the upper crust elegant stay at home mom who was still so typical to see lime lit as casual mom in those times. Her star was indeed rising thanks to well timed "shoulder rubs". Dan knew she was trouble from the get go, but her smile and wild ways had bewitched him in such a way that he felt it was his duty to stand fast by her side and ensure that she lived at least as long and well as she could while he still drew breath into his lungs. They had real fun when they were on the same page. The type of fun many only dream up in twisted alcohol induced dementia. It was marvelous. It was like a drug. It tugged at his heartstrings to know that something that was so amazing and powerful at times, could be so sour and bitter at the same time.

Dan had managed to do alright for himself as a behind the scenes man. He didn't get the huge payouts or the fancy cars, but he was invited to many a lavish party the likes of which even the budding starlet Rebecca St Claire was typically not invited. He was an honest down to Earth man that resonated exceptionally well with many of the tired social elites. They were so disconnected with the interests and workings of common folk — something he didn't bother to hide, but instead tended to embellish. His truths struck a chord with a few big enough names that little did he realize his own star was on the rise.

Since their move and Ms St. Claire's sudden rise back into wealth and her subtle ascension into the limelight, she saw many a potential suitor come her way. Of course, this didn't bother Dan at first. Their romance was unique, fiery, constant whether he wanted it to be or not or so he thought. Every six months she was involved with some other man she had met in passing, using her career to make excuses for their outings. Scrutinizing his every inquiry with grand notions of his "paranoia", a tactic she would use time and time again. Frustrated, berated, and still hopelessly in love, Dan would wait patiently for things to inevitably dissolve between her and whoever her fling happened to be. It was cruel how much Dan came to care for the heartless harlot, for he was tortured endlessly within his soul only knowing comfort when she deemed it. He used to be such an independent man, but thanks to heart strings being plucked in the right order, she had him singing her song whether he wanted to or not, even while she was off singing someone else's. His skin thickened up quite a bit during this time. He saw them come and go, but he stood steadfast. For it was him she would come to when things were at their worst, or scariest. Sure she would snarl and spit beautiful hot fire when she felt even the slightest bit exposed or vulnerable, but it was a show. She loved him. She didn't want to, he cramped her style when she compared themselves to everyone. Something she did quite often. It was impossible to keep up with the Joneses. Most of the time though, things went along without too many hiccups disturbing the glass reality they had built themselves.

Rebecca's love was like clockwork—Dan the constant heart frontrunner (six months strong) then he would suddenly be bumped down to second contender (for six months strong without any warning or reason other

WHAT GOES AROUND

than the passing of time and someone else having said they thought she looked beautiful, just the right way). She was a sucker for compliments, and rather vain to be honest. If she saw a chance to grab power she would throw anyone under the bus immediately just for the shot at more influence. She was careful though never to completely burn the bridge, so to speak, they did live together after all and weren't savages, so most dinners were still had, and beds shared when home. They would still occasionally do things, but the chemistry was always different—second rung had chemical stench he hated.

Ah the joys of the mask of beauty. After a few years of this, Dan had begun to contemplate infidelities of his own, but they never came to be. He never really wanted them to. He felt one day she would see the beauty and magic in him always that he now saw day in and day out in her whether he wanted to or not. It was merely a waiting game he believed. They had come so far, and learned so much about each other along the way. In fact, despite her many major character flaws, he felt she was truly a treasure to behold. In some messed up way he was happy. Happy that a woman such as her would even love or pretend to love him half the time, was enough to keep him going with a partial grin.

Most recently, she had ended an affair with a manager of the stars who upon using her every which he felt convenient, threw her aside for some younger dame. And like clockwork she was back in Dan's arms, playing coy, making sharp harsh accusations to comfort her own displeasures with herself. She made known that she felt she was no longer beautiful, that the world had spoken, and that no man would have her the way she was. She cried in Dan's lap limp. He kissed her forehead and told her she was perfect as is and that he—a man—still loved her very much. For a split second she was relieved and happy with just that, but then more time passed—she wanted more—his love wasn't NEW enough. There was nothing new he could do for her. Like a rattlesnake coiled to attack, she began spewing her venomous words. Claiming him in one instant no man at all to stand behind a cheating beast such as herself. She called him a coward and a fraud, she even went as far as to say that what he called love was merely fear of having to return to Detroit alone.

If only that was true, Dan thought, he would have left long ago. There was beauty in their relationship, and his steadfastness in the face of her attacks was just another example he felt. She was hurt and just taking it out on him. Once it was all out of her system and she had a moment to collect herself, he knew she would be singing a different, and that she would soon be singing his praise again for always being there and knowing what to say or when to not say a word. He had a good six months ahead of him where things would go smoothly, they would travel, laugh, live, & love with little effort till the seventh month began to come around. At which time he would once again need to watch his back, be on guard, and smile and nod.

His mind began to think of a conversation he had overheard recently at a private gala event. The topic intrigued him enough to keep it in the back of his mind. A

prominent male judge was talking to one of the beautiful people about a recent case he had overseen in which the two in question had been dealing with ongoing issues of infidelity. Normally, that's grounds for divorce hands down. However, the judge being a romantic at heart, had another idea. Court ordered revenge. The couple was allowed to air grievances and seek revenge or resolution for three separate counts of misdoings from the other party. They would be granted revenge and counseling, but divorce would only be granted if in the following three time things hadn't improved between the parties. The idea being that once the two started to feel just how they had been making the other person feel, that they may instead decide to cease seeking revenge and decide to seek to make the other happy and be more understanding together. He said he had already enacted two instances of court ordered revenge and they two were already starting to sing a different tune. It turned out, he said, that people didn't like feeling bad or hurting people when they could empathize properly. Empathy he said separated us from the savages and the French. Perhaps, he thought, controlled revenge was the answer.

In the days that followed, the thought was increasingly harder to push from his mind. He for the first time in years—despite a strong reasonable fear of karma—began to plot and scheme on just how to put an end to these silly heart charades once and for all. They were certainly not getting any younger and if they weren't careful, they could both possibly miss out on a good thing such as true love, due to something so trivial and misleading as misplaced fear. If he were to attempt anything he would have to be willing to sacrifice it all, and at the same time be ready to actually allow himself to be happy should his outlandish plan prevail.

She respected men in fancy suits with lots of money. He would need a new suit for starters, and at least the mirage of wealth. A new fake career wouldn't hurt either. The hardest part of all, of course, would be forcing himself to stand through the tropical storm that would surely ensue so that he could be there to pick her head up and hold her hand when the clouds finally broke and the first after storm rainbow shown. That moment would be the game changer. He would have to pretend to be someone else and lure her away to one of the outings she normally was no part of. He knew people in increasingly high places who might play along too. She would fall in love with the new him. He would not only get her to sleep with him as someone else, but he would have to make her love, and make her feel guilty for doing so. He would dump her. She would then return to Dan the next day smiling as though nothing happened, hoping he wouldn't dump her too. At which time, he would reaffirm his love. What he wasn't sure yet was whether or not he would reveal it was him who led her back to him...The dice were rolled. Seven. He was in... — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

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RECORD REVIEWS



Deerhunter
Fading Frontier

It has been a couple of years since the release of *Monomania*, Deerhunter's last LP. During that period Deerhunter singer/guitarist Bradford Cox told everyone who would listen to him how punk as fuck he was and dared people to submerge into the cassette tape saturation and white noise that glistened within *Monomania* like fat atop a still carafe of gravy. There were some good songs underneath, but for the most part *Monomania* was an exercise in attitude that largely alienated the increased listenership the band won with its previous albums, 2009's *Microcastle* and the astonishing breakthrough *Halcyon Digest* (2011). In the past year Cox got into a bad accident and had a post-motorcycle crash Dylan moment, and the songs from *Fading Frontier* are supposed to be the result of that reset.

The album gets underway with "All the Same" and it will fool you into thinking that Deerhunter decided to recreate *Halcyon Digest*. The pop hooks are there, the same British post-punk guitar interaction, pithy and quotable lyrics ("You gotta take your handicaps/channel them and feed them back/until they become your strengths" or "my friend's dad got bored/changed his sex then had no more/no more wife, no more kids/nothing left to live with"). Yay! Deerhunter is back on track! But that's almost the last memorable moment on the album.

Deerhunter now falls victim to the same trap that plagues many modern alternative rock bands. Texture first, songs factor second (if at all). There are some incredibly cool textures, like the odd chirping hiccup produced by the echo machine on Cox's vocals in "Breaker" and the woozy seasick synthesizer pads in "Ad Astra". But unlike *Halcyon Digest* those textures are not

fastened atop memorable songs. Lead single "Snakeskin" has a stone coked out early disco groove reminiscent of Andrea True's "More More More" at a lazier tempo that elicits the head bobs right away. But then the band proceeds to take this killer, killer groove and does absolutely nothing with it. What an absolute waste. "Take Care" has a great vocal hook that has an old-timey Tin Pan Alley structure to it mixed with the melody to Paul McCartney's "Let Me Roll It" that gives at least something to hang all that beautiful gauzy ear candy upon. But largely *Fading Frontier* shows that Deerhunter has no problem making albums that sound amazing but a much harder time these days writing the same sort of timeless songs that seemed to flow from their fingers so effortlessly several years ago.—KELLY MINNIS

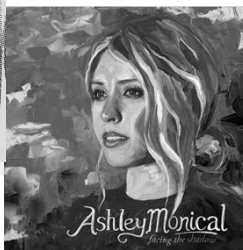


Picasso's Trigger
Screaming Into the Void

Screaming into the void, is the sound track to the next Hostel movie (if they were to ever make one). Take a bucket full of leather, the newest conspiracy theory, about 2 ½ gallons of blood, and the raunchiest porn you can find, blend it all together, and this is what you'll be listening to. Sounds absolutely disgusting, but you want it. You want all of it. It's catchy and dangerous, it's sex and pain and heartache all mixed together and disseminated over eight songs. *Powers That Be*, is the catchy industrial anthem of this album. It has this metal background that completely wraps your mind in a vortex of genre meshing. It's enticing. *Powers That Be* give us a sampler of electronic beats, but has a distinct fuzzy, metal guitar vibe to it. Is it a guitar? I have no idea. Does it matter? Nope! It's an instant favorite. "Thanks for Nothing" is an 80's synth swirled with 80's metal, and the theme song from Halloween. It's an ode to blue balls in all aspects to life. We can all

relate. It's cleverly broken from the 80's synth rhythm with a nice classic metal shred in the middle of the song, so it keeps your interest, AND, it's a classic metal shred. Who doesn't love that? I'm going to assume all of you are watching *American Horror Story*, because "Don't Push" is the song Lady Gaga would seductively strip to, and then eat your face off while she told you how sorry she was about it. That statement would still be relevant without the *AHS* reference. It's cathedral doomy, as in, it sounds like a choir is faintly singing in the background, and has this cool organ feel to it. Intertwined with a deep, rich metal melody. It's that slutty horror flick we all love. So, sorrowful Lady Gaga Stripping in Catholic Church, and then she eats your face off...in a sexy Lady Gaga way.

Screaming Into The Void is a delightfully strange mixture of sinful urges, and very serious messages. It's dark, but addictive kind of dark. —JESSICA LITTLE



Ashley Monical
Facing the Shadow

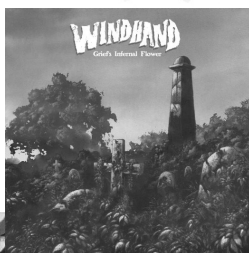
"Come to me now/Lick my wounds/And I will serve you with a golden spoon" is how Monical's first full-length starts off with "A Child I Was" with just her voice and piano. The ballad opener is indicative of the dark nature of many of her Americana tunes, songs rendered less bleak by the power of her clarion voice.

Monical has been performing primarily around Texas for most of the past decade. She played in Bryan in 2013 as part of the Big Texas Nights Music Series at the Stafford.

As expected, *Facing the Shadow* has several slower tunes examining the darkness in the world, but not all the songs are that way. "Trouble" is your basic "man done me wrong" tune, but the nice shuffle takes away the sting...some of it anyway.

"Running" has some nice guitar as it lopes along, and "Just a Little Colder" has a bluesy finger-snapping vibe to it despite its less-than-cheery nature. "Hunt me Down" is another solid mid-tempo tune.

The core running through all these tunes is found in the lullaby "SleepChildSleep (Axel's Song)". When Monical croons "Sometimes the good things come from the bad," she nails the nature of good music coming from pain. That affirmation of faith is also found in the quiet "Honest Man." Monical sings about hope: "You came as an honest man/Now I see love again." We can all be so lucky.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



Windhand
Grief's Infernal Flower

The stoner metal genre is a pretty narrow field. You take really bassy, sludgy, detuned guitars and bass, play evil, minor scale riffs at a druggy pace, find a drummer with the largest and loudest drums possible who can play slow and low, and then go with it. Oh, and as an afterthought, you should probably have someone mumble in the mic or maybe holler something. No one will be able to tell since the vocals will be buried by all the other racket. Virginia's Windhand would be guilty as charged for ticking off every chit on the Stoner Metal Bingo card. But there are a few minor stylistic deviations that are the key to Windhand's uniqueness in the genre that will help the band crossover from the stoner metal quarry to a larger audience.

Right away *Grief's infernal Flower* sets itself apart from the band's previous long player *Soma* by having a marvelously crisp sound, thanks to the engineering work of Jack Endino, the go-to Seattle guy for seminal recordings from Nirvana, Soundgarden, and Screaming Trees, among others. Endino *knows* sludge; how

CONCERT CALENDAR

11/5—Colony House, The Rocketboys, Thomas Csorba @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

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

11/6—Velcro Pygmies @ Boulevard 217, College Station. 9pm

11/6—Birthday Club, Electric Astronaut, Omotai, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

11/7—Eraserhead @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

11/12—Altercation Punk Comedy Tour feat. J.T. Habersaat, The Lizardman, Bryan Zeolla @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

11/13—Odd Folks, Corusco, The Rotisserie Chickens @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/13—ASS, Hellknife, Hel-Razor, Dethtruck @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

to magnify it and how to clarify it so a band's essence remains intact while enhancing qualities that help the sound really push forward. The drums sound absolutely MASSIVE on this album. Endino has also taken the vocals of Dorthia Cottrell and pushed them forward a bit to where, GASP, the band almost sounds like an early 90's era grunge band at times. Cottrell is the band's secret weapon and the production helps to spread her gospel. "Tanngrisinir" has vocal harmonies and pop song structure and while remaining slow it isn't glacial and comes off almost like an early Smashing Pumpkins b-side or something that might have come from a collaboration with Kim Thyail and Dead Moon. Is it possible to be a stoner-grunge band? Wind-hand makes it so.

Cottrell also has a solo album that features her smoky voice in a country-noir setting. Acoustic guitars, lap steel, and spring reverb help to set the tone in a setting not far removed from one made more prominent by Neko Case or Jessie Sykes. Album focal point "Sparrow" does a splendid job of contextualizing Cottrell's prairie darkness alongside the tectonic doom the band grinds up against the faultlines.

I would not be surprised to find this album crossing over to non-metal fans, or perhaps becoming the sort of gateway drug to stoner metal that will make the genre far more well-known, and perhaps show a path to innovation that may help some of the bands stuck in drop A how to perhaps find some new inspiration. Easily my favorite metal album of the year.—**KELLY MINNIS**

CHRISTIAN MISTRESS



TO YOUR DEATH

Christian Mistress
To Your Death

Christian Mistress has been stuck in 1982 their entire career. However, that's not a bad thing. This five piece from Olympia, WA play one kind of music—NWOBHM—but they approach their signature sound with a versatility and vibrancy that somehow keeps a ten track album feeling fresh from start to finish. Comparisons to the vocals and tones of RUSH and the guitar wizardry of Judas Priest (Christian Mistress comparisons always point back to giants and rarely gaze into the current metal world) suggest old-school roots in, what we would now refer to as, the classics.

All that music nerd business aside what's most important, at least to me, about Christian Mistress is that they have yet to release a dud of an album. *Possession*, their second album and debut with Relapse Records, won me over with only one listen to "Pentagram and Crucifix". I bought the album without previewing the remainder of the record. Needless to say, I was not disappointed. *Possession*, musically, matches the blackness of its cover art. Elements of sludge metal occasionally seep into their NWOBHM quick ripping riffage. Overall, *Possession* has the

11/14—Wellborn Road, Vicious Cycle, RedHawk, Electric Astronaut, Distance Here @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

11/20—Slow Future, The Wheel Workers, Hyperreals, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

11/21—Golden Sombrero, Race To the Moon, Corusco @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 7pm

11/22—Brazos Valley Roller Derby Bout-A-Palooza feat. Critical Misfire, Electric Astronaut, Corusco @ VFW, Bryan. 11am

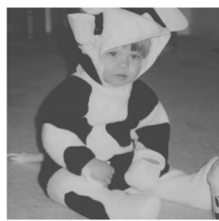
12/3—DJ Skullbone @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

12/5—The Ex-Optimists (LP release party), **Golden Sombrero, Economy Island, Only Beast** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

feeling of being recorded in a tight, dark, dusty cave of room in the swamp-lands. It's a thick, guttural album in which even lead singer Christine Davis' vocals shutter under a massively oppressed weight. And it's a beautiful record.

Christian Mistress released their third album, *To Your Death*, this past September. And while opinions around the 979 Happy Hour table may differ, I feel *To Your Death* is a strong step forward for Christian Mistress. This is a road record. A rolling thing in motion. No longer do the tones feel trapped and bleak, no longer are Christine Davis vocals clawing their way out of the pit. *To Your Death* is a record from a band blistering with confidence and a no holds barred launch into a territory of greatness they demand to possess. Also, this is a brighter record. It's in the guitar. It's in the vocals. It's even on the cover—a bright cream background etched in gold with the image of Lucifer falling to earth. Stand out songs like "Eclipse" (a gnarly chugging Peterbilt-truck of a track) and "Open Road" (the metal song you would have imagined a young and hungry Springsteen would have released had he not been born in Jersey) further reveal that Christian Mistress is a band going places. But the real treats here are the "ballads": "Ultimate Freedom" and "Lone Wild". In these tracks we hear a raw, personal angle of Christine Davis, whose vocals rise from a place not yet heard in previous releases. (Davis also offers vocals to old-world folk act Vradize, which can be found on Bandcamp.) But these ballads also, if this makes sense, most

vividly reveal the depth and dark and heavy potentials of this band. Revisiting these slower, grinding, and damn lovely tracks convince me that Christian Mistress could become one of the giants by which future bands will be compared and evaluated.—**KEVIN STILL**



Odd Folks
Monica

On Halloween local group Odd Folks released their debut full length album *Monica*. Composed of 10 songs it spans a range of feelings from happy pop punk on "Wasted" to dark and brooding on "Bloodline". With heavy influences from the earlier works of Brand New and Dashboard Confessional this album is an excellent roller coaster of emotion and great sing along choruses. One of my favorite things about this album is some of the choices made by Marco Pisterzi the lead vocalist and song writer about harmony groupings. Track five, "September", is a great example of what I'm thinking.—**JOSH AARON WILLIS**

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MAINTENANCE
SET-UPS
979-450-3719
FredTechBCS@gmail.com

Friday November 13th

ASS

9pm

HELL

HELL

HELL

Revolution
Downtown Bryan