

STOREREPRESENT



april 2016
vol. 8 issue 4



*inside: slow future - still drinking - line out: luca - priced outta b/cs - you re
not punk & i'm telling everyone - trauma tuesday still poetry - ask creepy
horse - pedal pushing - quitting coffee - rickshaw heart - record reviews
concert calendar*



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

editorial bored

kelly minnis - kevin still

art splendor

katie killer - wonko the sane

folks that did the other shit for us

timothy danger - mike e. downey - jorge goyco - todd
hansen - chris kirkpatrick - 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



PRICED OUTTA B/CS

I moved to College Station ten years ago. My family was somewhat unceremoniously kicked out of Seattle and needed somewhere to go. My wife found a job at Texas A&M so we loaded up the U-Haul and drove it 2000 miles in the July sun. We weren't chased out of the Emerald City because of crime or anything improper, we were chased out by the drastic increase in the cost of living and the continued stagnation of middle class wages. We conducted a national search for college towns with excellent schools to work at and communities attached that were inexpensive, low crime, and with excellent school systems. We got lucky when we landed in College Station. There have been many times in recent years that we have tried to move away but ultimately it did not come to fruition, most of the time because we'd say to ourselves, "OK, where can we find a place in this new town that's like here but not, you know, here?" and we could not find a satisfactory answer.

In 2006 College Station was a particular bargain. A&M was thriving on the Vision 2020 plan enacted by then school president Bob Gates. You could still buy a sweet house in Alexandria or inside 2818 for \$125,000. The College Station school district was one of the best in the state. You could get from one side of town to the other in 15 minutes. It was great! Then eventually everyone else caught onto the idea that College Station was great. Magazines flaunted the same virtues we had discovered and enjoyed. Johnny Football and the SEC merger happened and enrollment at A&M skyrocketed. The fracking boom brought lots of extra \$\$\$\$ to the area. Wealthy A&M retired early and built large houses on the outskirts of town. Houston grew on a pace to surpass Chicago and become the third largest city in the country by decade's end and more Houstonites are discovering south Brazos Valley as a potential bedroom community. I do not mean to disclude Bryan, which has undergone a renaissance of sorts of too in the wake of College Station's intense growth. Couple all of this with a sudden decrease in available homes and you have a pricing bubble. Real estate prices around the Brazos Valley have leapt forward at an astounding pace. This is great for homeowners trying to sell, as now their homes can sell in 24 hours and buyers will bid the prices up beyond asking price. This is what Seattle was like in 2005. Right before the mortgage crash that caused The Great Recession.

I don't believe College Station is in for a crash. But when you couple the skyrocketing housing prices not only to buy but also to rent with the continued stagnation of income (A&M gives cost of living raises most years but their 1-3% has not kept up with the cost of living in B/CS in recent years) many families are weighing the cost of leaving B/CS for another small college-fueled community with the same amenities...and lower cost of living. The low cost of oil has also tamed the recent fracking-fed bubble. Foreclosures in Brazos County are on the rise. Take away the university jobs and B/CS is largely a service economy. As long as the students are burning up mommy and daddy's credit cards and old A&M retire to Aggieland we can support this growth. But as a consequence the middle class of B/CS gets hollowed out. These are trends to keep an eye on. The soul of B/CS is at stake.—KELLY MINNIS

ARSENAL

TATTOO & DESIGN



**HISTORIC
DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS**

arsenaltattoo.com



YOU'RE NOT PUNK...

As a young man, I was never very political. I knew I liked punk rock. I liked to be loud and different, but it didn't matter who was in office, liberal, conservative, moderate... I didn't like anyone. Still don't. If you had to label me anything, it would be anti-authority. I don't mean I want an anarchist life. I mean that whoever is in office did some shady shit to get there, and I don't like them. So when Trump started entering into the political field, I was amused. Like many other celebrity politicians, I saw him as a ruse, a village idiot and a flash in the pan. I was not anticipating the days to turn to months and the national attention turn to such a fevered pitch.

Growing up, there were two things we never talked about in mixed company. Religion and Politics. If you didn't bring those up, you had the best of friends. Sometimes I wish we still had that rule. Because honestly, I would rather not know what other people think, especially since 90% of them don't actually vote anyway. But now, we wear it on our sleeves. Social media has mixed with our primal need to belong to a tribe, that we have to profess who we follow and what we follow, and we have to follow it blindly. When this happens we have to sever ties with people who disagree or pick another camp and we have to prepare for an inevitable war.

And that is what bums me out the most... The POTUS is actually pretty impotent when it comes to true power, he has to go up against a two party system meant to keep him in check. Any real work he wants to get done will actually be difficult, since he is two parts batshit. What scares me is the damage he has done to the public and the people who have fallen into his piper tune.

He has preyed on America's fear. He has further polarized their ideals to make them extreme. In the same way I do not trust cops, Trump fans do not trust minorities and immigrants. He calls any opposition to him "political correctness" and is quick to throw people out of his rallies. His fans love it. In the same way Jerry Springer was popular in the early 2000's they know violence will break out, and they can yell, scream, and carry on. I know all about yelling and screaming. I played in a punk band for 20 years now. I know the great feeling of release. But Joe Sixpack doesn't. He doesn't have an outlet to sing about the problems of the world like I do. So he hops on the bandwagon.

A bandwagon that months ago just seemed like a tiny hiccup on the way to the real president. No way this guy would even come close. Now as the days tick by, it seems like a scary possibility. Not scary in the way you guys may think. I'm not moving to Mexico if Trump is elected. I'm not doing anything stupid or crazy or preaching the end of the world. I will still be here.

But so will the people I know who supported him. So will the closet xenophobes who didn't even know they feared others until they took the Trump trip. Their new opinions and gang mentality will be out there, online, on social media. More friendships will be ruined. People who were good friends will stop talking, we will be closed off. The damage will be done. I think to me, that's the scariest thing.—

TIMOTHY DANGER

TRAUMA TUESDAY



So, my wife goes in for routine back surgery last week and dies on the operating table. Okay, that's a bit extreme. She only technically died since she went into cardiac arrest when her heart stopped while she lost more than half of her blood from unexpected internal bleeding.

Luckily, I missed actually seeing all this, but I did have to live through a harrowing day and night of watching her being trapped in an induced coma while in intensive care, hooked up to more machines and wires and tubes than I could count, the worst of which was a breathing tube strapped around her face that snaked down her gullet. That time was some of the longest hours of my life, rivaling the scary emergency surgery needed when my daughter was born nearly 25 years ago. Then, like now, I was helpless on the sidelines.

While I was waiting for her to wake up, I must have talked to a dozen doctors, nurses and health professionals, all focusing on the positive—strong vital signs throughout the ordeal, no neurological changes—but hinting at what no one really voiced: when the human body loses a great deal of blood, it can affect the brain.

Would the woman I love—and had married seven months ago—be there when they woke her up the next morning?

While I was pacing the Critical Care unit on that Tuesday, trying not to stare at her motionless on that bed, I sought distraction, anything to not dwell on what might happen. I wanted to cry, but I was afraid I wouldn't be able to stop—so I didn't and I haven't... yet. For those long hours, everything shrunk to that room and her on that hospital bed and that waiting. It got darker and darker.

However, there was one thing that pulled me out of that funk, out of that bleakness, made me think about something else. It was unexpected, almost comical, then and in retrospect. It was a Facebook posting about LoudFest.

Who would have thought? There in that gloomy room came the unexpected: a promise of life, a reminder of the living world, of just music. I know it seems trivial, even laughable. Heck, I laughed at myself then even as I read the list of bands, recalling seeing many perform in the past, wondering what some of the unknowns sounded like. I can't explain why something like that reached me. I mean, I know how important music has been to me over the decades, seeing all that music live on countless stages and so many bars, listening to all those CDs and record albums and 45s and cassettes and eight-tracks. I know all that, but why LoudFest? I can't explain it. I don't care. I'm just glad it happened. It got me through that desolate day.

Wednesday morning, there was my wife, sitting up and awake, slowly crunching on ice chips, coming to realize what had happened that traumatic Tuesday. She still had the rest of the week in the hospital, and there're still some bumps ahead as she heals over the next few days and weeks. She's back though, and I am thankful. Things are getting back to some sense of normalcy even as we both process what has happened.

I am reminded about how precious life is, how much the people in my world mean to me. I am so glad that disturbing time is behind me. I still don't know how I've been changed and will be changing from this experience. I do know that those LoudFest t-shirts in my closet will never look quite the same again. So, hug your loved ones, and turn it up.—

MIKE L. DOWNEY



STILL DRINKING

Alright, here's how this is about to go. It's late and I'm overdue for this submission, but I have a significant list of beers to recommend. So expect a single (slightly) un-blurred thought-blabber. For instance, right now I'm on a second bottle of **Stone's new Americano Stout** (8.7% ABV/65 IBUs)—or, as the tagline suggest, **A Decidedly American Imperial Stout With Espresso**. I have several stouts to review, but this—holy wow—takes the cake. As I've said before, it's gotta be hard to make a coffee-based stout that tastes like more than a straight-up iced coffee or like a Guinness strung through a leftover Keurig pod. Stone (of course) has managed to craft a solid Imperial stout with a massive blast of actual coffee flavor. According to the bottle (Stone is prolifically literary), the brewers added "Columbus, Chinook, Amarillo and Cascade hops to invigorate the coffee taste with a slight citrus and resin hop presence". This is evident, not because this Imperial stout is especially hoppy, but because, as with any good dessert and coffee pairing, a fine balance occurs. This balance is the benefit of bright fruity, citrusy hops bashing up against that dark, black coffee. Again, the balance is nerd-tastic. I just wish I could sip this in my to-go mug tomorrow morning during my 7:45 AM class. Shite. I should also mention that I'm sucking on some 78% cocoa dark chocolate alongside this Stone Americano Stout. Life gets a little better with every sip.

This past month I've also tasted everything I could find in BCS by **Evil Twin Brewing Co.** from Denmark. The head-brewer from Evil Twin (great back-story: look it up) has the audacity to discuss beer ARTISTICALLY. He skips the culinary notes. Instead, he goes straight for artistic language. And, because it's a performance art, Jeppe Jarnit-Bjergso discusses his beers in metaphorical terms. Metaphors for differences between other beers on their roster. Between beer consuming experiences. Between the liquid product and the natural world or even the curated museum galleries he apparently visits for inspiration. Such a vision of a beverage could be comically trite, until that first bottle cap is popped.

From my recollection, Evil Twin's products are fairly new in the BCS area. As is the Spec's build-your-own sixer stand, which deserves its own "Historical Marker" signage near the parking lot. I've chomped at the bits for times untold to try Evil Twin in a repeatable fashion. And our Spec's—OUR BCS SPEC'S!!!—which has been, until now, regarded as the d-bag beer mart of anything smaller than a \$20 bomber, has finally capitalized on their availability. Case in point: Evil Twin 12 ounce bottles (big enough) at \$5 a pop (agreeable) can now be found. So far I've tried the following. **I Love You With All My Stout** (12% ABV): pours tar-black but surprisingly light bodied for its appearance. Big tobacco and charred wood notes. **Lil B Imperial Porter** (11.5% ABV): I do not know that Evil Twin is doing with this style name. Why is this "Imperial Porter" not a stout

by now? Sure, it's chocolatey, and it even tinges with a hint of cola-esque sweetness, but this is a big-ass stout. But, hey, as long as Evil Twin makes beers this good, they can call it whatever they want. **Ashtray Heart Smoked Stout** (10% ABV): far better than the **I Love You With All My Stout**. Nothing light bodied here. An unmistakably smoked malt and heavy Indonesian espresso base rubbed over a complex vanilla bean infused dark chocolate. Damn lovely. Really damn lovely. A malt lover's sport. Very sad I tasted this while watching a movie. Demanded my whole attention. (But *DOPE*, on Netflix, still gets 4 spewing Molly girls out of 5.) **Molotov Cocktail Imperial IPA** (13% ABV): my least favorite of the bunch. Overall, this beer was just too much. Straight liquor flavor. Alcohol heat enough to register on the Scoville scale. Indicative that this beer must cellar for at least a year. **Falco American Style IPA** (7% ABV): I wish I had my notes on me for this one! I remember writing the phrase, "What every IPA should strive to be." Falco is the new standard. I remember when the standard was **Bell's Two-Hearted Ale** (for its balance), and then it was **Dogfish-Head 120 Minutes** (for its audacity). Then **Stone Ruination** got big noise (for being over 100 IBUs while still being palatable). But lately, in Texas at least, the standard has been Lone **Pint's Yellow Rose IPA** (all those flowers like the Gardens of Versailles in a glass!). But Falco takes it all to the next level. I remember writing that I had found "the mouth mecca". From here on every IPA will be weighed against Falco. It's the perfect American Style IPA, and it's brewed in Denmark. Lay down your Passport anxieties and get thee to Spec's or World Of Beer. Falco is worth your American dollars.

And, perhaps to close out, I must mention something "new" from someone a bit more local. This month I spent too much time (and funds) on **Karbach Here Comes The Sun Belgium-Style Tripel** (8.5% ABV / 20 IBUs). Due to the recent terrorist attacks in Brussels, I did my patriotic part of assuring international mindfulness by drinking only Belgium beers for a week. (Wow. That's the most despicably shallow thing I've ever published about myself). Karbach fell into the fold—unfortunately. Yeah, yeah, I tasted the coriander, the spice, the "white ale" like qualities of it all. But, really, I just hit a point when I didn't want to taste those things anymore. At least from Karbach. Is Houston just already too hot? Because Karbach's Here Comes The Sun tastes grumpy as hell. Even the coriander tastes pissed off. I bought two four-packs. Tried both. Couldn't find any real notes of interest. And then decided to drink actual beers from Belgium: the best being **Chapeau Framboise Lambic** (3.5% ABV) that, of course from the name, indicates a wild beer made with raspberries. Easily one of the best (and most expensive!) lambics I've tried. Makes Lindeman's taste a bit daft. Another quite fine Belgium beer I enjoyed is **Stella Artois Lager Beer** (5% ABV). Shut up. It's a fine beer.—KEVIN STILL

LIGHTER SIDE OF NUTHIN'



The logo for Bill Allen Motorcycle Company is an oval shape with a star at the top. Inside the oval, the text "Bill Allen" is written in a large, stylized script font, followed by "MOTORCYCLE COMPANY" in a smaller, sans-serif font. Below the oval, the text "est. 2001" is written. At the bottom of the logo, the address "BRYAN, TEXAS" and phone number "979.822.HAWG" are listed.

Bill Allen
MOTORCYCLE COMPANY
est. 2001
BRYAN, TEXAS
979.822.HAWG

The logo for To The Point Body Piercing Studio is a dark, textured rectangle with the text "TO THE POINT" in large, white, bold, sans-serif letters. Below this, the text "BODY PIERCING STUDIO" is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. At the bottom, the phone number "979.595.4153" and the address "119 WALTON ST." are listed.

TO THE POINT
BODY PIERCING STUDIO
979.595.4153
119 WALTON ST.

QUITTING COFFEE

Why would anyone do that? I agree. I'm not 100% sure as to why I'm doing it either. I'm 45, and I've consumed coffee all my life. This is gonna be tough. Before I get into possible reasons why I'm quitting coffee, let me say this: this first week sucks. I've had a headache for at least five days. And if you have seen any of my "Headache" drawings in past *979Represent* issues, you know that I get some ragers. I feel like today I am just barely aware of the throbbing veins in my brain. That's better than it's been. In case you want to quit coffee too, just be warned. It's about a week at least of all-day headaches.

That gets me to the first observation: 1. If you have to "kick" something when you quit it, it can't be very good for you. I haven't ever done heroin or coke, so I can't really speak much on the subject of kicking, but quitting cigarettes was hard. Some headaches, jitteriness, needing something to do with my hands, etc. Pot was hard, but for a different reason. There wasn't a "kick" so to speak, more like a "sigh". Coffee, as it turns out, sucks balls. The headaches I've been trying to quell with copious amounts of Ibuprofen are in a strange place. Kinda bottom of the skull. I feel like I can make out the shape of my hippocampus (which just happens to be the center of emotion, memory, and the autonomic nervous system). Am I who I am because of coffee? What will happen to my "inside-my-head" self if I take coffee away?

As I am writing this, there is a dull ache growing. By 3 this afternoon, I suspect I'll have another explosion in my head. I've researched how coffee works, and as interesting as that all is, the point is that I believe my body has grown accustomed to having a buzz (aka tricking my body to thinking it's not tired), and now it's punishing me for forcing it to abstain. That just doesn't seem right to me. Truth is, we as humans are addicted to a whole bunch of things, some worse than others, but we live with them. I guess I just feel like I don't want to be a slave to the java. But dammit, it's so tasty. I feel like it's going to be real easy to fall off the wagon. I'd like to believe it's just the flavor, but I'm probably wrong about that. Here's another anecdote relating to the subject. Do you know what drugs like Prilosec and Nexium do? They are used for acid reflux relief. They are "Proton Pump Inhibitors". Basically, it makes your stomach think that it's already produced the acid it needed to produce. Your stomach, knowing it hasn't really, produces a little more...not enough to cause a flare up. If you try to quit these drugs, your stomach all of a sudden doesn't have the inhibitor in place, and produces a bunch, plus a little more. Basically a 180 from any sort of relief, in fact, worse than if you hadn't started taking the PPIs. This is super crappy to

me. Sure, there's relief, but then you have to be on the PPIs for the rest of your life. My wife tried to quit "cold turkey" and that was a mistake. She took several months of lowering the dosage. What a pain. I don't want that to be the case for me and caffeine. I want to make my own energy. So really, it's not about being "addicted", it's about wondering if I even need the stuff.

2. I am Hyper-Sensitive to caffeine. Like majorly hyper-sensitive. The half-life of caffeine is supposed to be around five hours, but for me, it's more like nine or ten. I don't know why. Maybe I'm just a hyper Kinda guy already (like Piglet + Tigger). If I drink any sort of caffeine after lunch, I will be up guaranteed until 1am. And it's not the kind of "up" where you can sit and read a nice book or just sit in bed watching *House of Cards*. No, my legs get restless, I feel like I have some crazy energy that wants to escape from my balls, and evil, macabre thoughts race around my head. Like for example, a nice thought of a romantic picnic I'd like to have with my wife, so sweet and calm, birds singing, then a huge tree falls and pins my wife's torso to the blanket. She's not dead yet, but I can't budge the tree. That kind of stuff gets your adrenaline pumping, which turns into another half hour of not sleeping. Oh, and if the "I" word pops into my mind, forget it. Might as well just go to work.

I feel like I wasn't always like this. I mean, my mom used to give me coffee every morning before school. Although, I DO remember bringing home many pink slips telling her I couldn't keep my hands to myself or stay sitting down...but that surely wasn't the coffee. I used to go to raves a bunch in the early 2000s, but I didn't take Ecstasy or Meth or whatever. What me and my buddy would do is hit up a Starbucks at 10pm and get a quad shot in a small cup, and slam it down. Then about every hour, we would drink a Redbull. We would do that all night until at least 4:40am. He bought a backpack with a hidden compartment in the bottom. To be honest, sure, it kept me dancing, but I usually wouldn't be able to fall asleep until like 5pm the next day. Maybe I accidentally reset my system.

3. Sleep. I've never been one to need much sleep, and that seems like it's a bad thing. I don't know if it is, I mean, I can function pretty well on five hours of sleep. In fact, I make electronic music, and when everyone goes to sleep at the house, that's when I put my earphones on and get jammin...sometimes it's 2am when I realize I've been working on a Jungle track for several hours, then inevitable lay in bed, ears ringing, awake for a while thinking about ideas to fix the track or start a new track. What I've noticed since quitting coffee is that my eyes get all

heavy at around 10:30. Honestly, this kinda sucks. Sure, I've been having some amazing dreams this past week (one was a pretty intricate story about being cast into an underworld, turned into a rat and being the voice or reason to all the other rats that had to figure out how to survive as a community down there...that might be in a future *979Represent* writing), but I have missed the second half of a bunch of TV shows. By the way, *House of Cards* is really slow moving and quiet. I'm not sure I ever noticed that before. Maybe this is proof that my brain is moving at a normal speed. Or maybe I shouldn't watch shows of that sort that late at night. Have you ever drank a cup, then took a nap real quick so that when you woke up you'd be rested, but feeling the full effect of the caffeine? Oh, the things junkies do.

4. Self Awareness. I enjoy a good "Soul Searching" session. I like looking at who I am (mostly to make sure I'm not turning back into the asshole I was in college). I dig the challenge of putting a magnifying glass over who I am or who I think I am and accept when it's offensive and figure out if I need to change something. Maybe that's all this is. Is it an attempt to be in control? Is it an attempt to attain a "victory"? Is it an attempt to sacrifice something to keep me connected to reality? Is it a way for me to withhold something from myself to offset the fact that I can pretty much enjoy instant gratification all day long? Funny thing, as with when you are sick and you notice everyone else having fun and doing stuff while not sick, or you have a sore tooth and everyone seems to be eating chips and bread and chomping on gum, or you are single and you notice no one else is. Just like those things, pretty much everyone is drinking coffee. The smells are wafting around all day. People are talking about coffee and making an afternoon pot and slurping and slobbering over their cups, eyes jittering and bulging out, pupils twirling, heaving breaths, grunting, blabbering frantically, hoarding, protecting, fighting. One thing I feel like I've noticed is that as the week went on, as the headache came on, the Ibuprofen I took seemed to work quicker than they have been. I wonder if that's true or just psychosomatic. Is this all worth it? Coffee is cheap. Soda is cheap. Everyone wants you to have some. Even shitty coffee does the trick. It's right around the corner. No. I must resist. Why am I doing this? What if I become an asshole? After about 8 days, the headaches went away. I still get sleepy at around 10:30, and I've noticed myself yawning after lunch more often. I'll admit, I've had a decaf cup here or there (small amount of caffeine), but honestly, I don't miss the coffee buzz. Looks like I might be the type of person that doesn't really need it. Those headaches sucked balls. — JORGE GOYCO

STILL POETRY

Man On a Pedestal

I succumbed to my knees at your feet in reverence and adulation.

You didn't notice. You were looking down my shirt again.

I spoke your name in the utmost truest affection. You didn't hear me over the sound of your own moaning.

I let you in the deepest I could take. It wasn't enough so you forced it another way.

It hurt, but you didn't see my pleas over your own glory.

There was no rapture for me.

There was no love, even lust.

There was no holy salvation.

There were just Idolized hands touching me in a way I was told to adore.

I left my obeisance in the corner when you despoiled my litany.

They told me to praise you harder, for you'd love me if I did it right.

— JESSICA LITTLE

Black Star

Far out in the depths of our galaxy there is a star Like no other, there is no light.

Its planets, saturated in darkness, hold no life.

It's only inhabitants are the spirits of black magic that inhabit the universe.

Existing far away from others, there are no other visible stars.

True darkness pervades this region of space.

Mind numbing isolation is all.

Soundless, sightless, and lifeless there is only stillness.

One day humans will explore this star and its planets, And this region of space will drive them mad.

Looking within, they will see the investable reality, That one day the entire universe will die and exist in lifeless darkness.

— DAVID PATE

FIND 979REPRESENT ONLINE ON FACEBOOK & 979REPRESENT.COM

SLOW FUTURE

Slow Future is a Houston indie rock band with a long history, born from the ashes of Fired For Walking and Strange Weapons. This quartet culls from the same sonic gene pool as other early 1990s groove-oriented heavy alternative bands like Smashing Pumpkins, The Toadies, and Screaming Trees. This is also a band that does not shy away from vocal harmonies, pop smarts, or occasional balladry. Vocalists/guitarists Mike Starbuck and Joel Hoyle share singing duties, bassist Phil Jackson and drummer Koree Smith round out the lineup. I caught up with the gentlesirs from Slow Future recently.

KM: Tell me how the band got started. I don't think I know the how history myself.

PJ: I ran into Koree at a party. He mentioned that he, Joel, and Mike were looking to start a new band, after their last one broke up, and they needed a bassist. I told him that I could probably do that, and borrowed my girlfriend's bass to tryout. We got along so well at the tryout that we all kinda forgot it was an audition. I bought a bass the next week.

Why y'all make old school college radio rock and not something cooler like postchillwave or whatever the kids be listening to?

JH: Because, we're dumb... Actually, we like a lot of electronic music and 80s pop. When guitar rock becomes popular again, we'll go to EDM. Truth is, we're rockers at heart, and we can't help it.

KS: We are trying to bring flannel back.

PJ: Wait... this isn't post-chillwave?

What's it like to be a woman in rock?

JH: Kind of like being a man in rock, but without a penis.

What do you like to listen to when you're not listening to yourself?

JH: At the moment, collectively: Boards of Canada, Run The Jewels, Tool, The Tallest Man on Earth, old R&B/Soul, Metal, The Jam, Folk, Crass, Prince, Hank Williams, Sr., Meat Wave, and more.

I see Joel at more Houston shows that aren't his own than pretty much any musician in town. Why you such a band booster?

KS: I prefer to refer to Joel as "Local Show Den Mom."

JH: As the almighty Rakim says, "I'm just an addict, addicted to music..." I love music, and it is important to support those who are playing it. I like letting folks know they are jamming!

What the fuck does the name mean?

MS: The sloth is our spiritual animal.



Photo by Chris Kirkpatrick

*Slow Future has released its first EP, *Slow Future*, the captures the band's live sound. Lead-off track "Girl Gets Down" gets things going with rocking aplomb, three part harmonies, and a near power pop sound. Live standout "If It Happened To You," with its insistent beat, skeletal space, space-age guitar swells, and deft rhythm section, gets its due at the middle of the EP and closer, "See What You Bleed", has a killer, loose groove that sounds like a lost 1993 MTV Buzz Bin classic. Catch Slow Future live at their CD release party at Revolution Café & Bar in Bryan Friday April 1st with guests Second Runner Up, Jay Satellite, and The Ex-Optimists. Learn more about the band and pick up their new ep at their website <http://slowfutureband.com>*

RICKSHAW HEART: DIRTY LITTLE SECRET

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

The time and climate were just right for Dan to steal the show, yet he hesitated. His attentions had turned as of late to private intimate knowledge he had recently gained. That a bird that had caught his eye. She was brash and outgoing, yet nurturing and sweet. His station in life now was so different then before that his decisions weighed heavy on his mind.

The club life had reared its fashionably beastlike head and had slowly begun sucking him into its underbelly once more. Things with Rebecca had become more strained with time and he began to question following through with his initial plan. True he had become smitten with her once, but she failed to see his finer qualities unless convenient. The freedom was in the night that was constantly stolen by the dawning of each new day. He longed harder each day for the night to come sooner.

The industry was doing good at the time so money wasn't a problem. The problem was the future and the uncertainty it represented. Plans small and large were changing with such frequency that the calendar may as well have been nonexistent. Cigarettes became cigars, and cheap bum wine became top shelf hooch.

In light of recent events regarding said private information, Dan also grew more solemn and withdrawn in social settings. He wasn't sure who he could trust. The only thing he was certain of was he still had few cards up his sleeve. The information was from several of Rebecca's former husbands and lovers that he had randomly crossed paths with while scouting for the next big deal. They apparently had all been bled dry and manipulated beyond recognition of their former selves. But unlike them, he had had nothing of real material value when they first met. He was merely a kind and caring stranger. So he felt perhaps his situation was different, though she had still managed to be quite manipulative.

The gentlemen had each suggested and offered on their own right once they realized they shared a common thread, that Dan aid them one by one in exacting revenge. The thought made his eye twitch and yet his pants a little tight at the mere thought. Booze and the occasional pills had become quite good at silencing the cascading thoughts.

There was money with each offer too. He was well off now, but it wasn't all his. This could be, but he was a man of moral for the most part till as of late and he still had a quom of two with doing something so drastic and mean itself.

However, the weather had been nice recently, and the air of change was calmly blowing about. The question was to what end?—WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

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

SLOW FUTURE



PEDAL PUSHING: *STRYMON MOBIUS*

The good folks at Strymon have been on a roll, radically redefining the DSP-powered effects pedal market at a time when boutique analog stompboxes have been all the rage. Blue Sky reverb pedals and El Capistan tape delay emulator pedals are found on many pro and small stage level musicians' pedalboards. While their pedals pack a sonic wallop, they often don't fit into a complex pedalboard switching system. The two-switch standard pedal does not have MIDI capabilities and often doesn't have true stereo. To rectify that lapse, Strymon has begun to market more complicated pedals with MIDI, more switches, and more finite control: Big Sky for reverb, Timeline for delay, and Mobius for modulation. It is the latter I write on this month.

I love good vintage analog modulation. A script Phase 90 from the 1970's or a Maestro big box phaser is for me the be-all-end-all of phase shifting tone. No digital chorus tops out the granular warmth of Boss Dimension pedals. Or of course the Electric Mistress or grey box MXR flanger. Etc. Strymon's engineers worked their bits and bytes off to replicate those effects within the Mobius. Phasing, flanging, chorus, rotary, tremolo, panning, ring modulation, frequency modulation, bit reduction, filtering...it's all in this box the size of two Boss pedals. It seems outrageously complicated for a stompbox at the outset and it really doesn't get much better with experience. It packs A LOT into a small footprint. Perhaps TOO small a footprint. What you are dealing with is a preset box. True, you can save 200 presets of your own in 100 banks and can set all the parameters from the pedal itself without software, this really isn't a pedal for live tweaking. You will find yourself tweaking on it at home, coming up with something really groovy then saving it. There are three footswitches for control up top that accesses two presets and the third taps tempo. Two switches at a time moves up and down the list of banks. So you have ready access to two presets at a time.

The Mobius emulates a fair amount of classic stompbox and tape-based modulation sounds. The chorus includes modes based on Boss Dimension and EHX big box pedals from the '70s but also include a host of the glossy digital sort from the '80s.

Flanging copies the MXR and EHX classics but also adds thru-zero tape-style flanging and endless "barber pole" style flanging. Phasing reproduces the classic MXR and Maestro boxes but also adds staging through 24 poles for tones beyond vintage emulation. Tremolo offers three amp-based styles and

can be tap tempo locked or set to BPM and take a MIDI clock. The filter setting nails MuTron style envelope filtering but also gets deep into synthesizer-style filtering with a low pass setting that almost self-resonates at high resonance settings. The rotating speaker emulator allows for not only precise speed control but you can also dial in the right amount of high speaker or low speaker drive to give it that proper Leslie style warm distortion. The

Mobius stops being a resurrection jukebox of old tones with its formant, ring modulation and frequency modulation settings. It is not hard to set up one holy hell of a patch that will sound like a nuclear meltdown. Add an expression pedal and you can control different aspects of the patches in real time. Turn the filter into a wah, alter the speed of the Leslie or the flange/chorus patches, change the pitch on the ring mod oscillator, etc.

The pros: Strymon REALLY nails the tones of the classic pedals it emulates. The sounds are hard to beat at any price, especially for one box that does it all. Each effect has multiple choices (3 tremolos, 5 flangers, 3 phasers, etc.) so you have a wide variety of tones in one box. You'll find no better emulation outside of a plug-in and the ring/frequency/frequency effects are unparalleled.

The cons: It's that one box design that can be unwieldy. The footswitches are close together and I often strike two at once. I forget which bank number holds what effects for what song. It eats A LOT of power (300 mA) and requires two slots on most pedal power devices (though Strymon now markets its own pedal power boxes that allow for multiple 250mA+ pedals). At \$449 you can buy several good analog pedals. The Mobius is a commitment and you have to want to have one mod pedal that covers nearly every bit of modulation territory in one neat box. There's a serious learning curve but tonally, there's nothing that compares so it's totally worth the high price and the time spent programming the patches. —KELLY MINNIS



LINE OUT: LUCA



The very first time I heard B/CS indie rock band LUCA I was so excited. Here was a new band that didn't sound like anyone else around the Brazos Valley. In fact, they didn't sound like anyone else in Texas. Their sound combines the best of early '00s Northwest indie rock like The Shins and Death Cab For Cutie with a more recent tougher, punk influence. The band celebrates the release of its latest album When It Comes To You, I Do Things the Hard Way with a performance at Revolution Café & Bar in downtown Bryan Saturday April 23rd with special guests Electric Astronaut, Civeta Dei, and The Ex-Optimists. We spoke recently to LUCA singer/guitarist Josh Ellis about one album in particular that really spoke to him coming up.

The first album I remember seeking out on my own was a complete shot in the dark. At the ripe age of twelve I had discovered my parents' Beach Boys tapes and some Beatles as well but I wanted something new that wasn't my parents. I took off to the local library with some of my favorite Beach Boys/Beatles in hand and asked a librarian for something "like this but new". What he handed me from their giant CD collection was "Blue Album" by Weezer. I'll never forget the chills and good vibes I instantly began feeling upon listening to it for the first time. My music life ever since has been seeking that feeling again whether it be through playing it or listening and I in some ways hope I never find it again just so the memory stays.



**FEATURING 19 SONGS
FROM B/CS ARTISTS.
DOWNLOAD FOR
FREE AT SINK-
HOLETEXAS.
BANDCAMP.COM**



THE ART OF GOSSIP & THE CHAIN OF RUMOR

Confession time here. Not much of a confession really, especially if you know me. But here it is, for the world, or B/CS to see. I am a gossip.

More so, I am not just a gossip but a massive shit talker. At some point I have talked shit about you, but in all truthfulness it was either a snide blanketed quip if I felt snubbed by you or just something hilarious you told me happened to you.

What I'm not is loose lipped (about serious shit) or a rumor starter. Sounds very fucking middle school right? Well my gossiping ways led me to be labeled as a part of a "chain of rumor" recently.

But you SAID you're a gossip, Creepy Horse! And a SHIT TALKER! Yeah, I know I just wrote that but let me explain with some scenarios.

The time an asshole chef that everyone hated confided in me and two other shit talking line cooks that his sciatica was hurting him so bad he had to shit in the shower and proceeded to describe in detail how it went amidst our cries begging him not to tell us these things and expect us not to tell everyone.

Or the time a girlfriend showed up at my home drunk as a teen and after destroying the living room and literally dancing with a lampshade on her head proceeded to projectile shit all over my mom's bed in her sleep. You bet your ass I told that story on many a night at the bar.

If you've ever abandoned me at a venue or say house party to go and fuck in your car, and I find you....yeah, everyone's going to know. Especially if I'm fucked up. I'm a make of merriment like that.

Unless it's something that will hurt people more than a small chiding or really do some fucked damage. You see, I think a fair amount of people talk shit. Practically everyone I know has said something bad or mean spirited about a friend or family member. As a gossip, I say "Hey, I'm fucking saying this about you and people know I am. I'm here for you to call me out or laugh and talk shit back to me. It's your choice. If even more awesome-I'm talking shit about

you, you you can laugh it off, awesome. If you can call me out, deserve that right, if you can walk up to my face and shoot it right back and we laugh over a beer, even better.

That's how I see it at least.

Recently though I was approached on Facebook and asked if I had heard a very destructive rumor regarding the individual messaging me. I truly had not. I had no idea and to be perfectly honest and exactly what I told them was, "Not to be crass, but I really just don't give a shit." I didn't and I still don't.

It was a garbage rumor. Something bred from hostility and insecurity. It takes balls to make a quip or a joke that can get you called out and to stand there and say, "Yeah I said that." To make things up that are only cruel and destructive is condescending and manipulative. There was nothing to laugh at or humanize the person in this rumor. It was a rumor designed to hurt and harm more than just the person it was said about. That rumor could hurt that person's personal relationships, professional career as well as their social career.

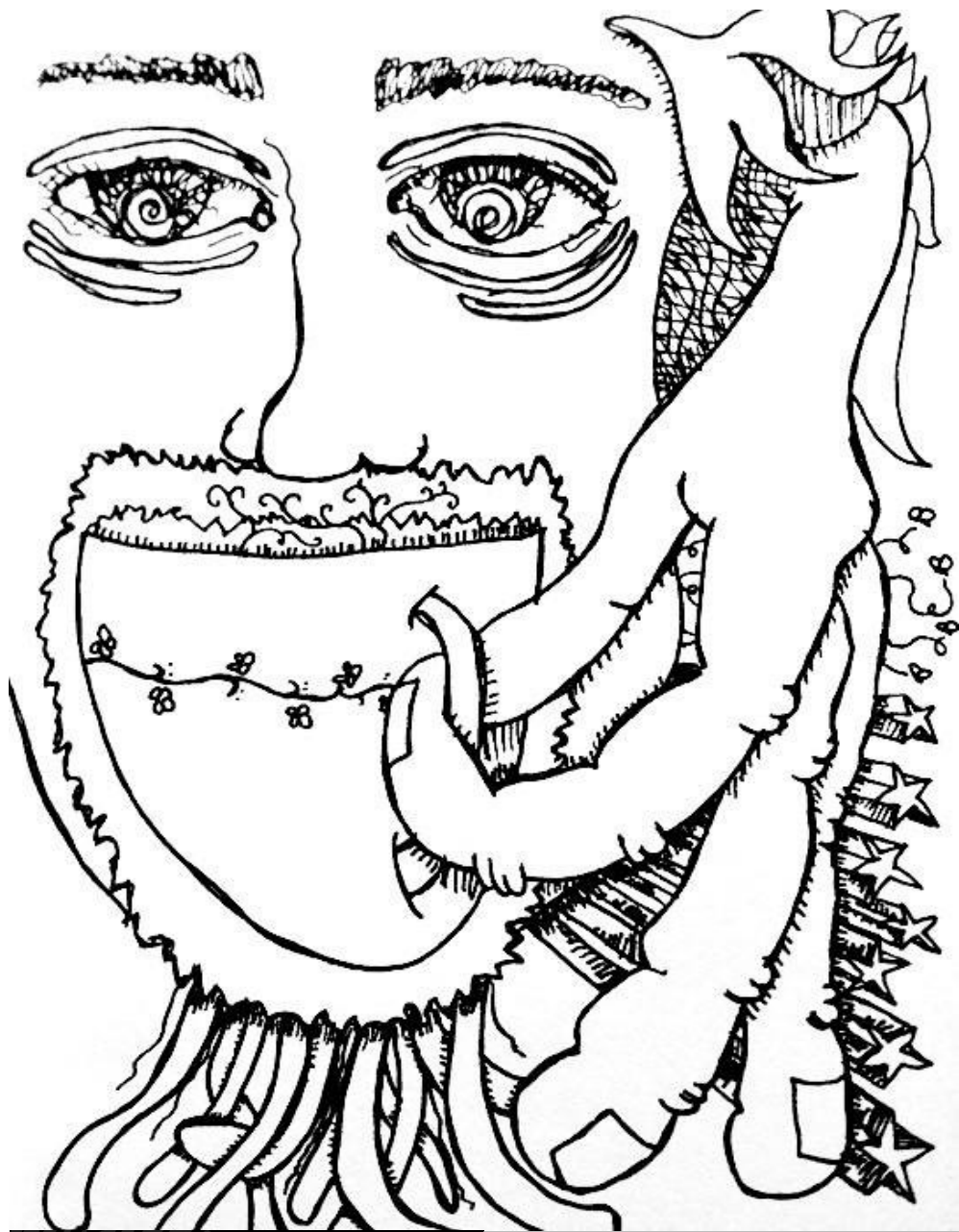
Not in a million years and for all the laughs ever, would I ever follow something downright mean as what I was being told. I think we can listen to a rumor and realize the implications of what that little fucker could destroy if released on the world.

I take pride in being a shit talker. The way I see it is that people know they can shoot straight with me, that I'll always be honest (unless it's going to cause like a nuclear meltdown) and that we can all find something to laugh at about ourselves.

But to make something up, something so cruel and brutal with not an iota of truth to it? Maybe you need to face to face come clean and make amends with people. The best way to learn from our mistakes is to face the fire and acknowledge the damage you've done. You'll be surprised at how forgiving folks can be when they begin to trust you again and I think each and every one of us could always be better in this world.—*CREEPY HORSE*



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



NIKI SHEA
HAIRSTYLIST

SPECIALIZING IN
LOUD COLORS AND
ALTERNATIVE STYLES

ONLINE BOOKING @
www.schedulicity.com

CUTLER 2 SALON
979-764-3000

FREDTECH

**GUITAR REPAIR
MAINTENANCE
SET-UPS**

979-450-3719

FredTechBCS@gmail.com



RECORD REVIEWS



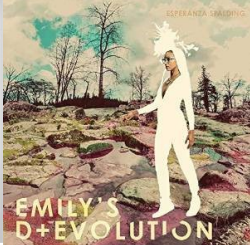
Lechuza

Cult of the Owl Witch

I am a song man. Anyone who knows me would say that's no surprise. I want bands who aren't playing prog rock or postrock or krautrock to *have songs*. These days most bands sacrifice songcraft to texture or to form. Victoria punk rock band Lechuza does both. This is undeniably a punk rock band making music with primitive punk rock tools. Where the band shows its strengths is in songwriting with wit and whimsy.

Lechuza is a sort of shuffling of the deck chairs a bit, consisting of pretty much the same characters as Victoria favorites Stout City Luchadores and T.S.S. Whereas T.S.S. focuses on the vocals of Brea Danger, she plays bass in this lineup, and T.S.S. bassist Tim Oi takes vocals in Lechuza. T.S.S. is a little more hardcore in tempo and presentation and Lechuza is more mid-tempo old school 1977 punk rock with a definite Misfits tone, especially in the vocals. The songs are designed specifically for the audience to be able to sing along as quick as possible. While that makes it seem like the songs are dumb, they are rather quite clever and relatable. "Fuck this town and everyone in it/Try to do something and they just don't get it" That sums up pretty much every alternative culture in one couplet. Other song titles "Fuck Science" like "Fake Family Church" tell you pretty much what's going on. And by the time you get to those songs you'll know how to sing along. My favorite is "Taco Truck", mainly because I'm trying to figure out how someone gets arrested at the taco truck and what kind of person that might be.

It's punk rock, it's simple. But Lechuza's tongue is firmly planted in cheek and *Cult of the Owl Witch* is a brief bite of humor and sarcasm. Worth picking up. —KELLY MINNIS



Esperanza Spalding

Emily's D+Evolution

Esperanza Spalding even changed her nearly-trademarked Afro into braids to inhabit the character she presents in *Emily's D+Evolution*. For an artist who has made her name mostly in contemporary jazz it's a very different bold album, a great listen with lots of surprises within. Most of the songs on *D+Evolution* seem to be about discovery or awakenings of some kind. Emily is a confident and bold character aiming to take on the world as she sees fit and not the other way around. Upon my first listen I was immediately struck by Spalding's vocal delivery, as I caught intense shades of Joni Mitchell in her stylings of quick cool lines and unconventional jazzy vocal melodies. Spalding plays with her vocal styles in a variety of ways, such as quick spoken-word dialogues at the beginning and interrupting during "Ebony and Ivy", or matter-of-fact demands during "I Want It Now" that reminded me of Mitchell's "God Must Be A Boogie Man". Going through it really feels like a lost Joni album from the latter 70s, right in there with *The Hissing of Summer Lawns*, *Hejira*, and *Mingus*. As always Spalding plays some fantastic bass guitar all over the record. Some of the songs with slinkier bass lines, such as "Judas" and "Farewell Dolly" are particularly reminiscent of Mitchell's songs with Jaco Pastorius. For another artist comparison, I also dare say there are moments that reminded me of the first time I listened to *In the Court of the Crimson King*, just in regards to the radical guitar tones and melodic structures present in "Funk the Fear" and the album standout "Good Lava". Spalding also has some R&B presence she utilizes through Emily across the board, and all of these blends together make *Emily's D+Evolution* a completely refreshing and satisfying experience. —TODD HANSEN



Willie Nelson

Summertime

Willie Nelson pulled his most outlaw move in 1978 with *Stardust*, a ten-song collection of pop and jazz standards from The Great American Songbook. As an established outlaw-country singer, Columbia Records feared career suicide. But Willie accomplished something unique with *Stardust*, even legendary. The album went platinum. In 1979, Willie won a Grammy for Best Male Country Vocal Performance for "Georgia On My Mind". Just last year *Stardust* was inducted into the Grammy Hall of Fame. Regardless, and above all this, *Stardust* is near the top of my Desert Island Dozen (check last month's issue). Also, listening to *Stardust* for me is like choosing hard booze at noon: it renegotiates my entire day. *Stardust* is damn perfect.

Summertime: Willie Nelson Sing Gershwin is a companion piece of sorts to *Stardust*. Recorded in similar *Stardust* fashion, this time with primarily Western over combined bar-room and big-band swing, Willie Nelson and co. cover eleven of George Gershwin's most familiar pop standards. Listeners should not expect big revelations here. Tracks like "Let's Call The Whole Thing Off" (a cutesy duet with Cyndi Lauper, whose impromptu chatter channels her recent Broadway success), "Somebody Loves Me", and "I Got Rhythm" feel a bit predictable and may relegate *Summertime* to background status.

However, this raises a question regarding time-frame, expectation, and even legacy: is it fair to compare two similar albums released nearly four decades apart? Especially from a musician who rarely works in this style? In this particular case, that of Willie Nelson and classic pop standards, I think so. The Great American Songbook aimed to move the listener, not just record sales. These songs were not designed for radio play

or vinyl repetition. These were live tracks. Opera scores. Scoop and swing your lady before shipping-off to war numbers. So, yes, these albums can be compared. The ability of these songs to convey a live, organic experience from a studio recording is essential. So, yes, comparing these two albums, despite the span of generations between their release, is a fair aspect of review.

Not to mention, Willie's repetition on *Summertime* of his *Stardust* closer, "Someone To Watch Over Me", calls for comparison—a comparison which Willie nails on both albums. As one of the stronger *Summertime* tracks, Willie sounds as strong as he did 38 years ago. It's almost spooky. (We know Willie smokes more dope than Snoop and Death Row Records combined!) The primary difference between these two recordings, nearly four decades apart, is purely stylistic. The *Summertime* recording features Willie's Trigger picking the background rather than taking the lead over Booker T. Jones' organ. Bobbie Nelson, Willie's sister and career pianist, plucks the lead this time, met in the middle by Mickey Raphael's beautifully pronounced harmonica solo. Trigger peeks in after Mickey, offering a short solo that's still quintessentially Willie. It's little moments like this, in the Willie's solo on either version of "Someone To Watch Over Me", that one can hear Willie's well-won musical legacy. A little jazz. A little blues. A pluck or two of "suck-it, Nashville" outlaw swagger. You can see why Miles Davis named Willie the greatest musician of all time: you know exactly who's playing in three notes.

Other stand out tracks on *Summertime* include the Side One bluesy-electric guitar and harmonica hit, "It Ain't Necessarily So", the Side Two opening Western swing-n-swagger "I Got Rhythm", and the albums final tracks, "They Can't Take That Away From Me" and (my Lord) "Summertime" all reveal Willie still relishing in simplistic profundity. However, the jewel here is "Embraceable You". Forgive me if I call Ella Fitzgerald and Nelson Riddle to task on this one, but Willie Nelson and (of all people) Sheryl Crow shot this track through the stratosphere. Like a good *Dias de la*

CONCERT CALENDAR

4/1—Quiet Company, The Calliope Musicals, Odd Folks @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

4/1—Slow Future (cd release), Jay Satellite, Second Runner Up, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

4/2—Corusco, LUCA, Forever Today, Daniel Gonzalez @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

4/9—Downtown Street & Art Fair @ Downtown Bryan. 10am

4/14—The Black Lilies, The New Offenders @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

4/16—Leavenworth, Barton Jones @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 6pm

4/16—ZZ Top @ Chilifest, Crystal Ballroom, Snook. 8pm

4/17—Wellborn Road @ Revolution, Bryan. 5pm

4/23—Firkin Fest @ Downtown Bryan. 2pm

4/23—Trout Fishing in America @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

4/23—LUCA (cd release), Civeta Dei, Electric Astronaut, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

4/24—Aggie Dance Festival feat. Prismo, Aeros, 10 Shy, JOIBOI, Annihilate, Shroo, Benoit de Torcy, Kai Castro @ TAMU, College Station. 1pm

4/26—Tony Bennett @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 7:30pm

4/29—The Inators, Electric Astronaut @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 9pm

4/29—The Black and White Years, Tele Novella @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

5/6—Birthday Club, Iowin, Honeyrude, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

5/14—Rock Away Cystic Fibrosis feat. John Fullbright, Maggie Koerner, Andrew Duhon Trio, Jordan York, *Spur of the Moment* @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 2:30pm

5/14—Toologi (Tool tribute), Smile Transylvania @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

5/19-21—LOUDFEST 9 @ Revolution & Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

5/21—SCC presents BCS Pro MMA Fights @ Brazos County Expo, Bryan. 6pm

Muertos painter, Willie knows how to strip back a track just enough to expose its skeletal beauty. And if there's any advancement to the art-form between the two albums it is just this: without the complexity of the *Stardust* orchestra, Willie is able to bring Gershwin's songbook to the back roads saloon. *Stardust*, with its full big-band, sang old-school swing with an outlaw accent. *Summertime* translates Gershwin into the parlance of neon lights and pool table rabble. It's a pretty record. A slightly jagged jukebox order. But it finds Willie returning to several roots in a fine single package. *Summertime* is not changing the direction of my day anytime soon, but it does slow me down enough to remember why Willie is one of the few who can. —KEVIN STILL

title seems to refer to the Leicester musician's efforts to free up surf music from its more than a half century of tradition. Jenkins was a principal vocalist/guitarist/songwriter with a number of English bands such as the Chrysanthemums, the Deep Freeze Mice, the Creams, and the Thurston Lava Tube.

With more than three decades of playing music and more than 30 albums, Jenkins continues to tweak with conventions. Free *Surf Music #4* is essentially one really long experimental surf instrumental, about 47 minutes. The disc also includes a 19-minute bonus track in the same vein. The music runs the gamut of yes—traditional surf rock instrumentals ranging back to the Ventures and the Shadows through Los Straitjackets. However, Jenkins and principal collaborator Mat Bartram (Jonathan Lemon's credited for some accordion although I've yet to figure out where) veer wildly from the roots of surf to dabble with most genres of music over the more than an hour of sounds.

It's pretty safe to say there's plenty of music on here to please—and possibly puzzle—most listeners. This album is much like fellow Englishman Mike Oldfield's long-form excursions, but Jenkins seems to be having more fun. —MIKE L. DOWNEY



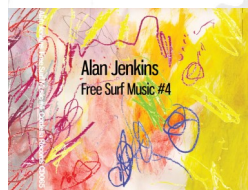
Failure To Identify
Economic Ghosts

Right off the bat Texas based new comers FTI start off strong and grungy in pure alternative glory with a raw early 90's intensity pushing the narrative of a crumbling infrastructure, a declining middle class, a pop culture media obsessed culture with a growing level of uncertainty about the foreseeable future, and the spaces in-between. The record, which claims to be music for people's political revolution, was released on B/CS based Fuck the Mainstream Records mid-March and features 5 songs; "The 5th", "Home Turf", "It's all right", "Federal Frauds", and "Petty" and clocks in at a little over 13 minutes. It's short, gritty, catchy and to the point.

Stand out songs "The 5th", "Federal Frauds", and "Petty" will have you humming the hooks in your downtime without even realizing it. Not that the

others won't, but for the sake of the review some must be favored slightly more. Make no mistake though; this record jams from the beginning to end seamlessly. The cover features the Golden Bull of Wall street prominently in contrast to a homeless woman begging for food in exchange for a vote, and the ghosts of slum children staring empty eyed into the void. This is definitely music with a message with you like that message or not is up to the listener.

Economic Ghosts is currently available through the label and most major digital retailers. I highly recommend giving it a listen in your downtime or on the road or everywhere because it's just so damn catchy!—
WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON



Alan Jenkins
Free Surf Music #4

British Alan Jenkins has released his latest album as he continues his nearly-two-decade-long exploration of the "Free Surf Music" series. The



LOUD!FEST

MAY 19-21
2016 BRYAN, TX **REVOLUTION + GRAND STAFFORD** **\$5 ALL AGES**