

STORERPRESENT



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drinking - hydrogen jukebox: kate bush - the escatonnes - reading rocks
- still poetry - happy effing tuesday - you re not punk & i m telling
everyone - record reviews - concert calendar*



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for the discerning dirtbag.**

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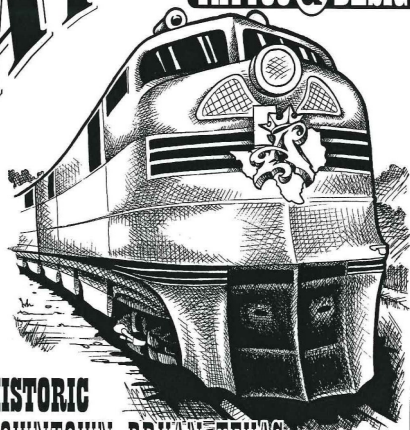
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GOD, GAYS & GUNS

I am not one to stir up a shitstorm on social media. I really don't think it is the proper forum to talk about controversial stuff, mainly because I have a wide variety of acquaintances. High school friends, music friends, family, colleagues, neighbors, etc. Out of the 800 or so Facebook friends I have I would probably really only count 100 of them as friends and probably 20 of them as really close. I got no quandary arguing politics with any of those 20 over a beer at the bar, at the kitchen table, or in the van in transit to and from shows. But the other 750 or so I don't wanna argue with. Really, I just don't want to argue. I'm not argumentative in general. I am a compromiser and a pleaser, so I want to find middle ground, I want to unite people. I don't want to be right at all costs, and that makes me ill equipped to talk politics on Facebook.

Another reason I didn't have anything to say online is that this shooting is different than recent shootings. It is a cipher, an empty vessel that can be loaded with the prejudices and agenda of so many, depending upon the person's politics. It can be boiled down to the three G's: God, Gays, and Guns. All fit, yet none fully encompass the breadth of complexity this one shooting stirs up. The far Christian right refuse to acknowledge this shooting as a tragedy. Some officials in Alabama refused to lower state flags to half mast. Some pastors used social media to agree with the shooter's motives to "kill gays". It is that same sort of religious intolerance from the shooter's headline Muslim father that fueled the shooting in the first place. Let's not confuse this shooting with a legitimate mindless act of extremist Muslim terror. We have a closeted first generation American of Middle Eastern descent who apparently never received the approval he craved so desperately from his strict father and knew that he could not be gay, because being gay is not an option in the household he was raised in. The shooting was fueled by self-loathing and the inability to marry, ignore, or pray the gay away. It's the story of Ramones' "53rd & 3rd" written large: I can't be gay, I'll show you by killing all the gays. Religious zealotry knows no denomination. Hatred is hatred.

At first the shooting looked like legit radical Muslim on American 21st century terror. Upon further scrutiny the shooter's claims of allegiance with ISIS and other radical Muslim organizations did not entirely hold up. However, there was some sympathy to the power of terror and the hint of a connection is more than enough to justify the War On Terror hawks to call for closing our borders to Middle Eastern refugees. And of course, it highlights America's gun conundrum. Guns don't kill people, so the cliché says, but the ability for a person who's had intense federal and state law enforcement scrutiny to be able to buy a gun as easily as this joker did is appalling. We also can't ignore that guns that can squeeze off 30 rounds in 20 seconds are not for hunting or personal protection: they are for murder. As a recent veteran wildlife friend of my wife told her, "If you need an AR-15 to hunt with then you're not a real man."

What prism you viewed this shooting through depended upon your pet issue. For me, it just made me said that 50 people were killed and as many more wounded, people just having a good time with others. Friends, acquaintances, lovers, latinx, black, white, straight, gay...all were reduced to targets in the eye of a person who could not find the peace that these night club patrons all seemed to be wallowing in. Did taking away that peace for all those killed ease the conflict inside the shooter before he turned that last precious bullet upon himself? The world will never know, only be left to pick up the pieces of the fractured lives left behind. —

KELLY MINNIS



YOU'RE NOT PUNK... : TURNING 40

I took yesterday off. I spent the last day of my 30s at home, reading comics and watching sci fi. It was a perfect day for me.

I am a sucker for the odometer effect and what it does for me, this one feels like I am really changing things over. I've come to a realization that this might be the actual middle of my life. I've been pretty rough on my body the first 40 years, I'm not sure how well it bounces back anymore. I remember my dad turning 40. I was 14 years old, and we bought all this "over the hill" gag gift stuff from the mall. I remember thinking 40 was such a long way away. I hoped to have my shit together by then.

Fast forward a few years, and here I am. There are things that 40 year old Tim has 20 year old Tim would never want, and 14 year old Tim surely never imagined.

- 40 year old Tim has a house. He only got it 6 months ago but it counts. 20 year old Tim hates yard work, and 14 year old Tim was going to be a vagabond.
- 40 year old Tim has played in a lot of bands. 20 year old Tim thought The Blacklisted was going to last forever, and 14 year old Tim never dreamed he would have the guts to pick up a microphone.
- 40 year old Tim has a wife who he loves, 20 year old Tim never dreamed of marriage and 14 year old Tim wasn't giving up comics.

It's a weird wild ride. I've been playing music long enough that to quit now would be taking me off life support. I just don't know what else I would do. I'm a lifer now. Sure I may be old and out of touch. I don't recover from waking up on the floor like I used to, but I'm still plugging along.

I'm thankful for the opportunity I have got. To still plug along. To still say "no" to the way things are. My anger is a gift. Love was a gift too. I put it all out there. I was talking to Brea about it last night.

The greatest thing I learned in 40 years is not to care anymore. I don't care about being commercially successful. The stuff I put out with **Lechuza** is the angriest and most honest thing I have written lately, it's success shows. The feelings and emotion I put into **The Loveletter** was what I felt at the moment and when I was honest, it bloomed to a band that is still brought up. Commercially, these bands shouldn't exist, a punk band lost in time and a indie emo band that cost severe street cred, but they do.

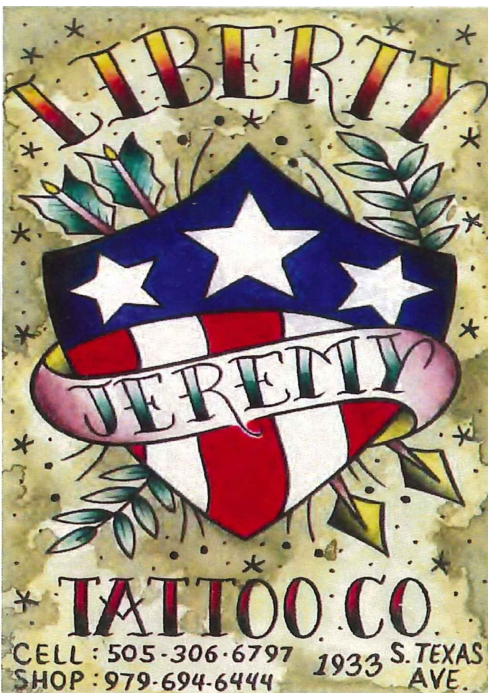
I stopped caring really, and you should too.

I hope when you turn a milestone age, you can make the same observations. I hope you start to take on a project for purely selfish means and put it out there. For the simple reason that only you can do it. I want you to be successful on your own terms and damn what the opinion is. They're only people, and they are either going to appreciate you or be sheep. Don't be sheep. Be the asshole that dared to do what they wanted. If it's honest, someone will appreciate it. — **TIMOTHY DANGER**

HAPPY FUCKING TUESDAY

A man walks into a random house in a boring small town, unannounced at noon, and bursts into the dining room screaming up a shit storm. Shocked and unsettled, the occupants gasp and gawk in dismay. After a few moments the grandfather, still strong in his 60's, demands to know what the hell is going on. The stranger stops screaming and mumbles something about being drunk and breaking his "seal"... He collects himself momentarily and asks to use the bathroom with a smile and a shrug of good faith. His unintended hosts point down the hall in disgust and shock. He thanks them and is heard cursing the "clap" on his way to the facilities. "Happy Fucking Tuesday!" he yells when he shuts the door. The Grandpa, distraught, grasps his chest and collapses on the table from a heart attack while his grandson craps his pants and cries. The parents sit staring blankly at the walls listening to the sounds coming from down the hall.

So much for game night...Just wait till the Donovans hear about this though, they will certainly be jealous without a doubt. Nothing exciting ever happens to anyone here after all. Some people just have all the luck I guess. — **WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON**



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STILL DRINKING

It's not secret that beer on tap is better. Yes, nerdy squabbles arise occasionally about whether a particular beer is better in the bottle or on tap. The difference can be so drastic that some membership-based beer bars, such as the World of Beer and Old Chicago, award loyalty points for trying a single beer both on tap and in a bottle as the two can yield such varied experiences. Generally speaking, if the lines are clean and the keg is fresh, and if the goal does not involve cellaring a bottle for aging purposes, draft beer wins. This, of course, does not prove helpful for beer-nerds hoping to enjoy fine craft ale from the comfort of home or without the threat of DUI. Until recently, if one had a keg-erator or enough good samaritans to help drain the keg before it goes dank, couch and patio sipping were relegated solely to sixers and bombers.

For this reason, I raise a praiseworthy toast to the God of Charlie Papazian for the gift of the growler. With the growler's portability, draft beer can be enjoyed at home and refrigerated for nearly a week (give or take a day depending on the style). Also, growlers allow for measured enjoyment. All too often when I want a snip of beer I actually do not want an entire beer. A little four-ounce pour might do the trick, especially for a giant stout or an Imperial IPA. Some beers are so big that a mere 12-ounces, which doesn't seem like much, may kill the palette or even the brain cells. The ability to choose how one rations out 32 ounces—in two large pours or several small samples—is a benefit not typically available in the mass craft market.

All this talk begs the question of where growlers and growler pours can be found in the BCS area. Currently, we have five BCS locations offering growler fills. Both **Blackwater Draw** locations—the brewpub in Northgate and the brewery in Downtown Bryan—offer growler fills for quite reasonable prices. BWD's Northgate brewpub does offer a larger selection of Texas craft beers beyond their own in-house products. The brewery downtown keeps only enough tap handles for BWD's beers. Their also not partial to their own growlers, meaning any 32 or 64 ounce growler you may already possess is fair game for filling. I did score a 32-ounce pour of their **Mulligan Kolsch** this past spring, and it saw me well through a long and lazy afternoon. Just writing that sentence has me hankering for more. (I should note here that **New Republic Brewing Company** cannot—by laws I do neither understand or appreciate—fill growlers at their brewery. Again, not sure why this is the case, but save yourself the disappointment while still enjoying a tart and sassy **Bryaner Weisse** on the NRB patio.)

Harvey Washbangers on Texas Avenue, one of our fair city's premiere Texas beer bars, offers a mighty fine (and sometimes aggravating) selection of purely Texas crafts for growler service. I'm a huge fan of Washbangers. Michael Lair, owner and beer aficionado, has worked tirelessly to provide some of the most unique Texas beers to his patrons. With upwards of ten handles to choose from, I've never visited Washbangers without finding myself in a pickle for which brew to try. One can only enjoy so much in a single sitting. And far.

too often excitement has led me back to Washbangers the day after a visit to try something I left behind only to find the keg tapped and the handle already replaced. Blerg! Enter the beauty of the growler. Enter the beauty of TWO growlers! Never shall I live again in regret of what I enjoyed or failed to enjoy at Washbangers. And because Lair never ceases to amaze me with his craft findings, I'll be sure to always have my container on hand. Also, have you tried the fried green tomatoes? Crap. I may have to cut this short.

Gogh Gogh Coffee Company, at Banner Road on the Southbound HWY 6 feeder, offers growler service. Yes, this seem bizarre: a coffee counter at the bottom of an office complex that swirls Christian worship music throughout the corporate lobby, which also serves as Gogh Gogh's cafe, is the last place you'd think to grab a half gallon carry-out of craft ale, but there you have it. Gogh Gogh's eight tap handles remain primarily devoted to Texas crafts. California's **Lagunita's Brewing Co.** owned one handle, and who can blame Gogh Gogh for that? On my first visit, I nabbed a 32 oz. pour of **Cortado**, a giant coffee stout jam packed with dark cocoa nibs, from Houston's **Brash Brewing**. (That was a brew meant for small sipping. HUGE!) I may have paid \$11 for a fill that was the equivalent of two large glasses in a pub. Not too bad. And while you're at Gogh Gogh's you might as well grab as many Kai's Donuts as they have in the pastry case cause them damn things are spheres of pure Merlin magic. Wish I'd had the foresight to grab a Kai's Donut with my Cortado fill. Crap. I'm salivating. Also, let's not talk about Gogh Gogh's actual coffee—the espresso nor the air-pot drip. All I'll say is perhaps the third word in their title could be revised.

For my money, and quite a lot of it as it were, Eskimo Hut at the corner of Munson and Harvey Road is the shining jewel in BCS' growler crown. I've bragged to many folks about Eskimo Hut who said, "I've never even heard of that place!" or "I thought they were a sno-cone shop!" Well, you're both wrong! Although Eskimo Hut primarily advertises their adult frozen daiquiris and margaritas, they also sport an impressive 12-tap selection of mostly Texas crafts with one line exclusively dedicated to ciders and another to sours. Outside the state, I've seen handles at Eskimo Hut for **Jolly Pumpkin** sours (Michigan) and **New Belgium** standards (Colorado), but the rest remain as regional as possible. They also house a super pretty walk in beer fridge of craft and domestic brews. (Ready made sampler packs are a major plus!) What I find most impressive about Eskimo Hut, besides their tap selection, are the prices. I've felt tempted to apologize to Mr. Eskimo paying a mere six bucks for 32 ounces of **Meta Modern Session IPA** from Austin's **Oasis Brewing** or **Breakaway IPA** from Montgomery's **Cyclers Brewing**. Eskimo Hut also offers 20 ounce pours of craft beer to-go. Don't worry: they've got the legality of the situation figured out. I've seen suckers strolling out of their with a drink carrier full of IPAs looking happier than a soccer mom toting Frappucinos from a Starbucks. It's a beautiful thing. When you go, mention this article and my name. I wouldn't mind scoring a free fill. Wink and wink. —KEVIN STILL

LIGHTER SIDE OF NUTHIN'



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READING ROCKS: CHRISSIE HYNDE

I'm a pretty big fan of English rock band **Pretenders**. Their first two albums are one of the finest good classic rock albums to have ever been released. People know the sly, wry, experienced and sexy voice of Pretenders singer/guitarist Chrissie Hynde. The band has had numerous hit singles and pretty much anyone older than 30 knows that voice. I wanted to know how the band got put together, wanted to know more about how the band worked together, etc. I was hoping to learn more about that, so here we are.

I knew from reading other music biographies and histories how pivotal a player Chrissie Hynde was behind the scenes of some of the most important moments in both English musical history as well as American pop culture. *Reckless* helps to tie those two stories together, from Hynde's youth in Ohio to her formative young adult years in England. Hynde talks a lot about the contrast between the bright vistas of the suburban Ohio of her early childhood and the progress-fueled hard urbanization of her teenage years, brought on by "white flight" hollowing out downtown Akron and Cleveland. Hynde was well taken care of, and her innate wanderlust combined with an abundance of free time led Hynde to get into trouble a bit.

It is that trouble that much of the reviews of *Reckless* focus on. There was a bit of a scandal in the book was released about how Hynde dealt with a rape situation.

As a teen and young adult Hynde, in search of drugs and a good time, often found herself taking rides from people she shouldn't have and often found herself in negative sexual situations. Hynde shrugs these scenarios off, saying she shouldn't have been there to begin with. Many critics have raised a fuss about how Hynde dealt with her rape, saying that it could encourage other women to feel like their rape was their fault rather than that of the person who pushed themselves onto the victim. I believe a person is able to write their own narrative about their life, how they feel about themselves and their experiences, and be able to write about them any way they choose, but of course also understand that such a telling may cast a negative light upon themselves. Hynde goes out of her way in the rest of the book to convince you and perhaps herself what a tough cooking survivor she is so I don't think Hynde comes off like a victim. I do find it very interesting that out of the other content in this book, this is the one bit that was singled out. Her narrative voice is very matter-of-fact and Hynde doesn't let you into her mind much and it's that bluntness of voice that may color how that portion of her memoir was received.

I find it far more interesting how kismet, luck, chance,

whatever had her at some of the most pivotal moments of 20th century history: she was present at the Kent State shootings in 1970, she and her girlfriends often found themselves partying after hours with English rock stars like Rod Stewart, Ron Wood, and David Bowie after shows in Ohio, she moved to London and found herself in the thick of the burgeoning punk rock scene as it began to coalesce, she kept running Iggy Pop, etc. The namedropping is relentless but the overall effect is of someone who had an uncanny knack for being in the

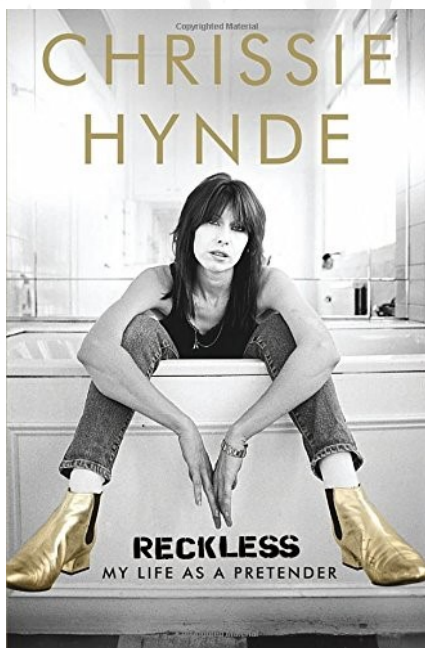
right place at the right time. She played with members of both The Clash and Sex Pistols and fate nearly had her a member of both bands. Instead, fate delivered her into her own band with three unknown Englishmen who would help her find her own path to stardom. There's plenty of talk about how the band formed, how fate intervened and delivered unexpected record deals, unexpected production help from John Cale and Nick Lowe, and unexpected success.

Hynde is unflinching about her misuse of alcohol and drugs. Earlier in the story it fuels nearly every one of her misadventures and in the closing of the first chapter of the Pretenders saga. Drugs and the inability of anyone in the band to communicate effectively killed original bassist (and Hynde's boyfriend) Pete Farndon and

James Honeyman-Scott. The book closes with their deaths. This was disappointing, as Hynde's story does not end here. The band continues and has had many successes. Hynde was married to Simple Minds frontman Jim Kerr and romantically involved with Kinks legend Ray Davies. There's little mention. She is a rock & roll single mom and there's little mention of it. I was left wanting to hear the rest. Maybe there will be another book.

Perhaps my favorite part of the book, oddly enough, is Hynde's use of the term "get-down boy" to describe the thin English rock god. The term is used to describe Mick Ronson, Rod Stewart, Ron Wood, Iggy Pop, etc. and she refers to the Jeff Beck-via-Kent Richards shag haircut as the "get-down boy haircut". Why that fascinates me I don't know, but it is a very interesting turn of phrase.

Hynde is a pure rock and roll iconoclast. She tells her story unflinchingly and without a lot of self-analysis. The telling leaves you to draw whatever conclusion you may from the story. It may not provide for as deep a memoir as I may like, but it certainly avoids any triteness or saccharine sappiness. Definitely a worthwhile read for the music nut. — KELLY MINNIS



STILL POETRY

AND I DONE SEEN HOUSTON

I don't wanna touch
290 out of Houston again.
That dark sky. Those dense
cars. How many bars
can consecutively close
their doors at 5:15 AM?

So I merge north on lonely
I-45 (southbound a damn
parking lot - Galveston as
close and as far as bumpers),
catching SH105-West
through Conroe, then

nothing
till Navasota. Glad I did.
The sun played fingers
over hilled houses and
cattle head like Bob Wills'
picking dancehall swing.

Lanes switch one to two,
allowing a pass, but I hold back.
Texas owns every direction
in any direction - and that's
my problem. Despising time,
I drive in want of her.

— KEVIN STILL

UPON ENCOUNTERING A FOX IN THE MORNING

At first I thought it was a cat
Lying in the road, the barely lit
Dawn playing tricks on my eyes.
I pass the carcass, head down
Focusing on the road.

Upon returning it is still lying in
The westbound lane, undisturbed.
I slow, then pause to inspect.
It is a fox. Who knew they were
This small?

Later in the week another fox, perhaps
The dead one's mate, runs across my
Path, then disappears in a copse of trees.
Three years have passed. I have yet to
see another.

— KELLY MINNIS

REALITY BETRAYED

Why don't you stay
Won't matter anyway
You're stuck here

Planetary galaxies
Obscenetory Objectories
And regulatory structures

Regardless trajectory
Abstract lobotomy
Undead and braindead

Why stay here
Beneath the veneer
Unregulated travel
Always unclear

This place
Anyplace
Is always near

Yet far
And never clear
— DAVID PATE

MARTY McFLY IN CALVIN KLEIN: AN ODE TO FISHES SOAKED IN BRINE

Peanut-butter halitosis,
Hot breath clouds of milquetoast protests.

PBRs in foamy sleeves:
postcards picture mom's pet-peeves.

Southern-baptist to the core.
Hymned orgasms never bore.

Driving bail through Arkansas.
Beat a neighbor on the jaw!

Cousin's belly, my first kiss.
Closet-time we never missed.

Laying blankets to catch fur,
Drunk dogs never bark in slur.

Books in bags and on the shelf.
Stories I inject myself.

Barefoot Dylan top hat piece
Tarantula will never cease.

"The force is with you." - Obi Wan.
On Alamo, Ozzy number oned.

I heard a nightmare fart last night:
Gabe Marquez gave me his sight.

Poos. And poops. And shits. And dungs.
Somedays are ladders without rungs.

My dad has hair as thick as brick.
My scalp resembles someone sick.

I pay a man to hear me talk.
Cops draw corpses with white chalk.

Green is gold. And green is weed.
Kermit sings his racial need.

Tom Hanks, Meg Ryan: never scored.
Virgin viewers wished for more.

My friend Matt Brock knows how to sign:
"Thank you", "Bathroom?", "Sorry", "I'm fine".

Broccoli's crown - the King's delight!
Let the crap-damn veggies lead the fight!

Duck Rabbit Milk Stout Flavonoids -
Pervs draw boobies on their droids.

Pug's snort out front and snort out back.
Our vet removed my pug's ball-sack.

I so hate poems writ in rhyme.
— KEVIN STILL

AN ODE TO THE WORKER BEE

Worker want to work,
Sun want to shine,
Man want to understand why why why...

Ground want to shake,
Sky want to fall.
Woman want it all, all, all.
Death want to live,
Grass want to grow,
Cold souls want to be tall, tall, tall.
Juice want to be whole,
Just like man,
Doesn't know it's better off in a can...
— WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

For as long as I can remember, I have joked about having ADD/ADHD to friends and coworkers alike. On June 9th, I was formally diagnosed as having ADHD, Binge Eating Disorder and Generalized Anxiety Disorder.

I was shocked honestly. It really did surprise me. I had really been struggling to cope with the loss of my family as well as getting my life on track. Since I have Obamacare, I figured I'd use it as best I could in the event that a politician gets in that can shut it down.

Two months ago, I reluctantly called and made my appointment. Nothing could be available until June but this was a doctor that specialized in adults with childhood traumas of sexual and domestic violence as well as the eating disorder I hid from everyone but a few very close friends.

As the weeks went by, I rehearsed what I would tell the doctor. I made mental notes as best I could, trying to remember everything in detail. I had the script of my life memorized, everything I would tell him about me and have to tell about my past. Aside from "losing" my family, it had dawned on me what if I am crazy? How can an entire family despise you? What if I can't see whatever it is that made them cut me off? I'd lay awake at night for hours in the dark staring at the ceiling trying to figure it out.

When I was approaching the week before my appointment, I was contacted by my Physician. If I wanted to get the sterilization I had been begging for, I would have to do it on the following Monday and would be out of work until the Thursday my psychiatrist's appointment fell on. It was the ONLY slot open the next few months. Creepy Horse got spayed and neutered and Bob Barker was happy.

By Thursday morning, I was finally beginning to walk around and was only in pain if I laughed, sneezed/coughed, stood up or sat down. I walked as if I had a butt plug made of glass shard wedged in my ass and sat like I had one too.

When I was finally called in to see my psychiatrist, I was led into a room and asked if a resident could sit in. No worries I said. There would be no monologue of my life, he had some questions to ask and zipped through them like Matthew Broderick in *Wargames*. He was good. He'd have me start saying something then stop me. "You said this, let's go back to that. Explain that. How did you react? How did you feel?" After the near 40 minute interrogation it was literally the moment of truth.

"I have to admit, you've been through a lot. I can't believe you are as stable as you are with all of the trauma you were put through and at such a young age. That's not typical. That being said, you absolutely without a doubt have ADHD. That is clearly your biggest issue and a struggle with you. We are going to start you on a very high dosage of a stimulant. A person without ADHD will be bouncing off the walls, an individual with ADHD will find almost immediate relief and feel calm and focused with a 14 hour induced clarity. I'm also going to prescribe a sleep aid. Your ADHD is a beast and we have to be very aggressive in taking control of it."

I sat there processing what he was telling me. Casually might I add. I had never told him anything I suspected I had, we were just talking. I thought to myself as he

CREEPY HORSE VISITS A PSYCHIATRIST

continued "I don't have ADHD, that's just a joke." Inside I was processing the diagnoses much like Luke Skywalker upon learning who his father was. I had told him I was a misanthrope and a nihilist. I told him about how I couldn't bear to be around people unless I was completely inebriated, how I was known for straddling black out drunk whenever I'd go to shows. That I believed that everyone in some way despised me. That someone could look in my direction and laugh and somehow I just knew they were making fun of me.

I was also diagnosed with Generalized Anxiety Disorder because apparently hating the whole of humanity and not liking anyone as well as having to be under the influence to go to social gatherings like the grocery store or gas station isn't normal.

He asked if there was anything I hadn't told him and this is when I came clean to my biggest secret, I have an eating disorder. I have always been very secretive and protective about this. No one knew except for two of my buddies that I don't think quite realized how bad it was. The fact that I seemed to hide it from myself was an alarm something was very wrong.

Up until the first grade, I had been a fairly healthy average kid. I was epileptic and as my seizures expanded and grew in seriousness, I was put on many medications at high dosages that made my metabolism slow, made me tired, made me sunlight sensitive and hungry as all fuck. Being poor there wasn't a lot of healthy choices either save for the church donating some produce and with a mom that was never home we typically ate leftover Taco Bell she collected as assistant manager or whatever was in a can.

When I was 7 I was put on a slim fast diet and my mom only allowed me to have slim fast shakes for 6 months as I was told I could have food once I got to weight parallel to my brothers. My mom was an anorexic and barely hit over 90lbs most of my life, my brothers athletic and lean. My dad was even worse. He had always been naturally slender and was quick to build muscle. He'd constantly tell me I was disgusting to look at and to go away because I was making him sick.

My childhood was an endless cycle of crash diets administered by narcissist authority figures only concerned with aesthetics. I was told how attractive I'd be once I lost all my weight, never as I was. Nothing worked and I was always hungry. I became secretive. I'd eat portions of leftovers in the fridge and entire containers would go missing. Until recently, I'd go to restaurants by myself and gorge myself then come home and eat dinner just so it looked "normal" to whomever I was staying with. I'd go through drive thru and/or gas stations, eat furiously alone in my car and throw away the packaging being as discreet as possible. I also chose restaurants that I didn't go to with anyone I knew. The guilt and shame I felt, the remorse of what I had done and the lying and scheming wore on me. I didn't know why I couldn't stop. Remorse turned to inducing vomiting and vomiting felt like the only power I had.



Removing my mistake became a reward, a release of all the emotional pain inside and removal of consequence to my actions.

It wasn't until my two week check up that I'd really get more of an insight, that yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus and by the way you really do have these fucking disorders. The medicine wouldn't have worked the way it did if I didn't have ADHD. I literally felt like Drop Dead Fred, with every pill I took I watched the "life of the party shit show" I had been, mortally wounded and near death.

My doctor was thrilled when he saw me and the "progress" I had made. I told him I felt like I was screaming on the inside. He told me I was getting used to normal, something I had never known. I felt like I had a delay. I couldn't process more than one thought and had to think of everything I was about to say before I said it. He asked if I interrupted people, blurted stuff out before I forgot it. I said yes. He said that's not normal. You now have a filter, you've never had one and now yes, you can only think of one thing at a time and have to think before you speak. Basically, unlearn 35 years of your brain and here's a new way but you have no idea how to process this.

I complained about my "overwhelming anxiety and nervousness" caused by the medicine. He sat back and got quiet asking me to describe it. After I was finished he said "When you left, you didn't believe you had anything I diagnosed you with did you? I could tell. I knew once you took the Vyvanse you would see the ADHD and eating disorder, but the Lexapro for your anxiety takes more than a month to start working. That gave the chance to take away the ADHD and let you see how bad your anxiety really is, it's not a side effect, it's your anxiety."

"We are going to give you the highest dosage of Vyvanse though," he continued, "I said we needed to attack this aggressively and getting your eating disorder controlled is the most important thing because let's be honest, people don't die from ADHD."

Up until this point, I never really considered my eating disorder "dangerous" or deadly. In hindsight, fuck yeah it absolutely is. I've irritated my throat to the point of throwing up blood spurts, I've choked while vomiting, I'd eat so much I'd sit in my car barely able to move. I was sneaky and hid it from myself better than anyone, for me this had become my normal.

I had tried reaching out. When I told my father, he shrugged it off as a cry for attention, if I really had an eating disorder, I wouldn't be so fat. I told my best friend and in his best way possible he became upset and told me to stop. I understood his reaction and that he cared but that is a terrible way to address someone with an eating disorder is to scold them, trust me, they feel shame already. Lastly I told my new roommate and other best friend and he just listened and it was never talked about again.

Upon my seeking treatment, he felt a weird remorse for choosing not to ask or talk to me about it when I came to him.

He also told me things I didn't know. He said there was a relief that I was no longer high on my emotions. He said if I was sad, I was the saddest person ever, happy, the happiest ever, upset and so on. He told me that in special education he had seen kids given 10-20 mg of Vyvanse and that my ADHD is seriously bad, but he didn't see the anxiety until we went to a couple shows and the grocery store.

I had never realized since our being roommates that I had never been to the grocery store alone. I thought it was roommate grocery shopping. I would be grumpy and irritable as I complained about rednecks and breeders loudly. I always felt on edge, always a feeling of pissed the fuck off. Going to shows wasn't much different. I'd go in and start drinking as quickly as I could. I'd look for someone smoking weed, even if I was already stoned. Then I could talk to people, then I could "turn it on" and be the shit show. Sober, I would nervously sit away to myself shrinking from everyone while I tried to busy my mind with the music.

I knew something was wrong, but I didn't.

Against my better judgment I sought help, I didn't even realize how much I really needed it. I have been so judgmental and even mean about making fun of people that would share their mental illness. When I saw a friend posting about their anxiety, I thought to myself, "When did he become a total pussy?" Or when people would go on and on about being off their meds or almost out, I'd roll my eyes and maybe feign giving a shit. It even had an effect on my roommate who now realizes all the people he was cruel to over the years. It's had an effect on me. Internally I feel like there's an exorcism going on, strong medication is Bravehearting my strong disorders. To look at me everyone says if anything I'm quieter. That's all the fuck they see? I have a fireworks show going on inside my head with Rambo taking out The Matrix and outsiders see a marble statue.

This past weekend, I went to a show in B/CS. A damn good show that I was very excited for. There was easily 10 -15 people there I knew. Several people smiled and said their hellos. So much as I wanted to talk to them, so much as I wanted to smile back and hug them, I couldn't. I wanted them to know how much I wanted to. I wanted them to know how much I like their company, but I just couldn't. Three individuals did come up to me and I was slowly able to talk to them. I shared with them my feelings and that I was on medication, that I was very interested in them but it might not look like it. In return they showed concern and sympathy, something I had on a few occasions feigned, but only really meant in cases of severe depression and suicidal feelings expressed to me by close friends.

You may not agree or understand, I didn't until it happened to me. I share things like this in hopes it makes it very real to hear a person share what it's like. I'll be writing about my experiences on the drugs alone and where I go from here. If you even think that you are having issues or are struggling, please seek help. This is all new to me and if I could have worked on these issues a decade ago I would have. If anything, just try to listen and be more tolerant, you have no idea how that person is struggling and how much it takes for them to confide in you or anyone that may listen to them. It's also the greatest feeling when you are heard. — CREEPY HORSE

CREEPY HORSE VS. THE ESCATONES

After a near 4 month hiatus, The Escatones are getting together for a Tuesday night practice. I was able to hitch a ride with drummer Ken Dan-nelley to sit in on their first practice as they prepare for a string of shows in the following couple of weeks and even a B/CS show next month.

The Escatones are one of the realest rock bands out there. Much like the vein of The Butthole Surfers, early Replacements and even earlier era Flaming Lips, everyone has an Escatones story that has seen them. They are an entity all their own and one of the more genuine rock acts you will ever encounter.

Ken regales me with stories as we make our way to their practice space. I'm recovering from surgery and some new psych meds have me feeling quite strange (Creepy Horse just got sprayed and neutered is all) so it helps to have the conversation.

We talk about the first show we ever met at, a show at Notsuohsin Houston where The Escatones were shut down for playing too loud but the person in charge didn't know how to run the boards, let alone shut them off so the band just got naked and played a psychedelic 20+ minute long noize set, now referred to as the night The Escatones Broke Rock & Roll.

Ken shares with me what 2 weeks on the road with the Escatones looks like, stories of waking up to singer/songwriter Connor and bassist JT wrestling and waking him up to referee, playing adjacent to strip clubs, the bed in Monroe, LA, and that we don't talk about what happened in Kansas City.

We arrive and Ken is getting his drums set up as I go to find the other two. I walk out the front entrance of the building their practice space is located and right as I see them, from afar I hear loudly "OHHHH SHHHIT!" There's a mentally deranged homeless woman sitting 50 feet away from Connor and JT as they stand next to the street drinking beers, smoking cigarettes and talking. They both chuckle as this woman continues to loudly exclaim random comments and Connor tells us he believes she's "air texting" which Connor explains to JT as akin to air guitar but texting.

Connor's been without a cell phone for nearly 6 months and in a finishing puff of smoke he exhales, tells us about how much easier life is without one. To look at Connor, is to look at unadulterated and on the fringe. He doesn't dress or act in a way to fit in with the status quo nor is he hiding from it, he seriously just doesn't give a fuck. His songwriting abilities are up there with the likes of Nick Cave and Shane MacGowan, to this he



will surely laugh and balk at because he *knows* he's better than they are. He's well read and unless you can maintain a conversation about different historical leaders, he's probably won't even bother with the conversation. Yet, he's not a snob. In my experience, depending on the person you are, is what you'll get in return from Connor.

Connor will be the first one to heckle a band, no matter their popularity or fame or who they may know. He's walked on stage and beat up a guy when he felt the man had shown disrespect to the other bands (he had). He also creates some of the most soul ripping and heart breaking music in gusto that is genuine in its honest emotional frailty and his riveting musical talent and abilities. It would be easy to live in his shadow if not almost impossible to avoid had he not found band-mates that counter acted him as well. Connor has a good heart and that shows in his performance and that shows in his performance.

We return to the practice space and while Connor sips on some beers, he and Ken laugh about the libertarian debates, talk of the making of a Von Erichs biopic and music they've been listening to while JT works diligently

to get himself and Connor set to practice.

JT is the heart of this band. Although he may appear to be the gruffer, more hard member of the Escatones by tone and size alone, he's actually a very nice guy. He and Connor go back and forth like 12 year old boys, he's been known to get naked before at their shows, even had an incident in a dumpster but you'd be hard pressed to find someone just there because it's fun. He laughs the loudest and has the stage persona of a kid left to ride all the rollercoasters himself.

"They're the show", Ken had told me on the way there. "Musically, it's great because I get artistic freedom, but the lads are the show and I'm more than fine with that, I'm busy drumming."

Practice begins and four month hiatus or not, they sound impeccable. After the song is over they all laugh incredulously in unison and disbelief. A few more songs are spot on, then there are a few they are trying to remember the rhythms for and get going. An unexpected 13th Floor Elevators cover perfectly timed between two songs with vocals like Captain Beefheart, beginning in the sound of Uncle Tupelo and ending in more of a Melvins style with early 80s hardcore punk drumming the entire duration could only make sense in the hands of The Escatones and sounds pretty fucking good. Connor even takes a moment to play an authentic Irish penny whistle over a new song they're working on while Ken plays the floor tom like a bodhrán and JT looks on chuckling.

Practice finally comes to a finish and JT thanks me for being there. The band looks happy with their practice and relieved to have finally gotten to it. The Escatones are back and have some shows lined up, all seems right with the world.

There's a magic with these three. Sure you may get the feeling you'd end up in a motel swimming pool with real moonshine and cheap beers at 5am if you partied with them and that's the least of what could actually happen in reality. You'll never meet a more honest, fun loving band with real grit and musical integrity as these guys, their shows are not to be missed as you never know what you'll get, but it's always worth the experience.

The Escatones play Revolution Café & Bar Friday, July 22 with Electric Astronaut and The Inators. Show at 10pm.

DON'T JOIN THE CULT OF THE MOTH

I've been hearing a lot of talk from various individuals about how great The Cult of the Moth is. Confused and misdirected, they attend various moth gatherings. Sure, it's cool and hip to listen to Mothracide and worship the Moth. And, yes, joining the cult does allow access to an ancient tradition that involves speaking to Moth's. But don't be fooled! I should know, I was once a practitioner of the cult itself, performing in moth worship ritual's with the unholy Mothracide itself. But I eventually became aware of the truth. Mothracide, and its Moth Cult, are pure evil and must be avoided at all costs.

For this very reason, I, Moth Man Dave, will be soon releasing an Anti-Mothracide album....although I don't condone the cult actions themselves, I recognize that to destroy the system it must be attacked from within, and for this very reason I will be releasing my album in association with The Cult of the Moth.

To reiterate, do not be confused by Mothracide's mind controlling, obfuscating, indecent sound manipulations. They are only a mechanism of Moth Cult control. Do not be distracted by their prestigious rituals and heritage, however appealing and awesome they may be. And, definitely, no matter what, do not be influenced by their awesome ability to party like no others. And do not listen to the awesome stories that I, and others, may tell of their wacky hijinks... EVER.

AN EPIC LOVE POEM BY DAT BITCH JACLYN

Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
Fuck you Whore!

—MOTH MAN DAVE

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HYDROGEN JUKEBOX:

HOUSES OF LOVE

In 1984 Kate Bush released *Hounds of Love*, what is widely considered to be her finest album, one of the finest albums of the decade, and is my favorite record of all time. This is a well-reviewed album. It is revered by many (it is Kate's best selling album) and gave Kate her first U.S. hits. So what is my connection to it? Why is this album my favorite? God, I really don't know why.

I first heard *Hounds of Love* on the floor of my brother's apartment in downtown Nashville in December 1991. I listened to it at night with the lights out with headphones cranked. I will forever associate this album with night time and winter. The next week I bought my own copy of the CD, cutting out the front of the long box and posting it on my wall. I was forever raiding the recycling box at Waxworks in Owensboro, KY (where I bought this CD) and using the discarded long boxes as artwork on my walls. I absorbed this album in my basement bedroom at night to the light of a kerosene heater. The sound of the album spoke to me more so than the songs. I really had no fucking clue as to what Kate was going on and on about. Opener "Running Up That Hill" was easy to figure out. It is as much a wish for the narrator to swap places with God as it is a wish to trade bodies with a lover or a friend to "exchange experience", to understand "how deep the bullets lie", to empathize with another person in a way that words and gestures cannot express. Who has never wanted to switch places with someone else, not only to better understand another person, but what it is like to not be yourself, to literally cast aside your shell and become someone else. As a junior in high school I was primed for such a message.

There's lots of weird sounds, sampled voices, Kate trying to sing like a dog, stuff that sounds like the CD was skipping, drums that sound like real drums but are stiff like programmed drums, rousing Celtic music, and the near impenetrable world of Kate Bush's overwhelmingly vivid and original imagination. I had never heard an album that *sounded* like this, songs that were written like this.

Many years and thousands of listens later I can put a better grasp on what is so interesting about *Hounds of Love* from a musician's point of view. There's so much space in the production. There's rarely anything going on but synthesizer, bass, and drums. Charlie Morgan played to a click after the fact and at Kate's insistence never touched a cymbal. This is the album that helped me understand how much bandwidth a drummer banging on cymbals can eat up in a band context. A cymbal is really an acoustic white noise generator that either creates bursts of noise, a percussive pulse, or a bed of ambient wash underneath a mix. Cymbals tend to be upper-mid hungry like most electric guitars and generally occupy that same sonic territory. If you wish to remove that sort of aural compression from the mix removing cymbals will do it in a heartbeat, scooping the middle out to be occupied more fully by other instruments. Suddenly Kate's vocals stand out more. Suddenly all of the interesting vocalizations pop out more. When the guitars are used they are as punctuation.

Kate's calm, mantra like piano is given plenty of room to shine. This is the album

that I test out new audio systems with, as it is a high fidelity mixture of digital and acoustic instrumentation recorded analog.

I have also come to understand better the feeling of drowning, more metaphorically than physically. The second half of *Hounds of Love*, subtitled "The Ninth Wave", tells the story of a sailor knocked over the rail in the cold ocean and what goes through one's mind in such a struggle. "Under ice, trying to get out of the cold water, trying to BREAK OUT" chanted in detuned voices while an atonal vocal wail strives to peak through the mix with a plaintive "It's me!" before a scatter of voices asking a simple "wake up" in a variety of scenarios. The rousing "Jig of Life" is unnervingly strident in the cold drum machine and piano atmosphere with its Celtic meets Indian raga drone before breaking down into a traditional Irish reel, with Kate alternating "Come on let me live, girl" in a suggestive strut and with intense pleading, the sultry pull of death cooing its allure while the psyche shouts to live. It is probably the emotional high point of the album.

But what I come back to is "Cloudbusting", the song that closes out side one. It is a story song that includes portions of Peter Reich's *A Book of Dreams*, about Reich's father Wilhelm who built a rain-making machine in the early 20th century. The song begins "I still dream of Orgonon", the name of the Reich's family farm, and tells the story of Wilhelm's arrest and the effect it had on Peter. A very specific sort of story song, but the chorus is where the magic is at. Kate as Peter sings "Every time it rains, you are here in my head, like the sun coming out. Oh, I just know something good is gonna happen. I don't know when, but just saying it could even make it happen." Peter as a child uses this mantra to get through the separation of losing his father. Me, I get through every day with this mantra. Friends and family I've loved and lost, hoping for better days to come while I struggle in the here and now. My band is called The Ex-Optimists. You could say it's named after my personal religion, but I am a liar. I am not an optimist so much as an optimist that keeps getting beaten down over and over by the crush of disappointment but continues to hope beyond hope that something good is gonna happen, some day, somewhere, some time. This line is my personal credo. It is tattooed on me.

It is, of course, taken entirely out of context and applied to me. This is what good music does. This is why it is terribly awkward for a singer/songwriter to speak with people whom their songs have impacted. God only knows what Kate's intentions were to that song, what her personal relationship is with it. How can she deny that the song is about whatever meaning I've attached to it? She can't, I won't, and neither can you from whatever song(s) means the most to you. It is something no other art form can truly replicate, the intense personal relationship one can have with a song or an album. Like mine, like this. —KELLY MINNIS

RECORD REVIEWS



White Lung
Paradise

The fact that I still, at nearly 40, often feel a need to apologize for my musical preferences probably says more about me than my actual preferences. Such is the case with White Lung in general but most specifically with the release of their fourth full length LP, *Paradise* (out May 6 from Domino Records). After an initial listen, I deemed *Paradise* the band's weakest record yet, reeking of hipster pretentiousness and sold-out radio finesse. Where was the raw electricity of their sophomore album, *Sorry* (2012), or the breakneck, almost unlistenable blitzkrieg of *Deep Fantasy* (2014)? If you've never heard those albums, just imagine Weezer's first two albums played at 45 rpms and simultaneously. That's mid-catalogue White Lung for you, and that's what I wanted on *Paradise*. But *Paradise* is it's own beast, one that hooks its filthy self in you like Ricardo Montalban's little pets in *Wrath of Khan*, and then somehow, before you know it, a vinyl copy of *Paradise* arrives on your doorstep and you apologetically state over and over, while blasting it on repeat, "I do not want to love this record!" But the proof is in the sonic pudding. So you resign yourself to naming *Paradise* one of your Top Ten Albums of the Year, even though it's only June, while you pop the top on a PBR, polish your pearl snaps, and twist the ends of your dirty hipster mustache. Hell, you may even move to Austin while you're at it.

Track three, "Below", is the track that ruined my resolve. It's not even a good song. And, at 7:13 listens, I can't decide if Misch Barber-Ways vocals here are actually good or if they just agree with something broken in me. This song reminds me of when my friend Chelsea, in a rare moment of melodrama, described a Blink 182 song as "something I hate but something I need." Bingo. "Below" does reveal some level of songmanship, which is a bit surprising since White Lung has never really written songs as much as they create little swirling soundbaths of energy. *Paradise* may be the departure for White Lung

into something (crap, I don't want to use this word) mature.

The rest of *Paradise* showcases quintessential White Lung—Anne-Marie's punk inspired drums (solid), Kenneth's frenetic bluegrass-meets-thrash style guitar pluckery, Mish's not pretty yet totally rock-n-roll Stevie Knicks-ate-Nancy Wilson vocals—but, like *The Coathangers* most recent release, *Paradise* feels overly polished. It's a bit too pristine. Songs like "Dead Weight", "Kiss Me When I Bleed", "I Beg You" and the title track harken back to the cruder, garage rags and grease smeared kinda power punk White Lung is known for while pushing—with big looping choruses, bridge breakdowns, textured layers of guitars swimming beneath Mish's most varied and passionate vocal work to date—into this newly well-rounded song structure the band is trying out. Also, *Paradise* contains a few twists and turns I'm not smart enough to describe but I fear White Lung members may reference as "art". DISCLOSURE: I've not read or heard any White Lung-ers refer to this album as "art", but you can feel the possibility dripping off every track. Especially, on a track like "Hungry" that may be the crowning achievement in White Lung's comprehensive catalog. "Hungry" gets a bit glossy at times, but between Mish and Anne-Marie's anger fueling the performance, the song still has bite. Overall, *Paradise* reveals a new direction for White Lung, one that will win them hordes of new followers. As for this cranky White Lung loving hipster, I've never hated relishing a record so much, and I'm not apologizing for it anymore.—KEVIN STILL



The Well Wishers
Comes and Goes

Californian Jeff Shelton likes his power pop, and the latest by The Well-Wishers (essentially him) is a prime example of his love for that genre as he hears a quarter of a century of recording and performing.

First with The Spinning Jennies (1993-2004) and now with his current project since then,

Shelton works those hook-filled guitar tunes with unbridled relish in his eighth release as The Well-Wishers.

The album kicks off with its catchiest tune—"Impossible to Blame"—that features some of Shelton's best guitar in this power pop gem. But that doesn't mean many of the other tunes lack killer riffs. "Tomorrow" boasts a real earworm as does "Nature's Son" that closes the album. Shelton harkens back to his *Dunwoody* EP of 2013 with the largely-acoustic "Nobody's Dancing Alone." That pensive side is also apparent throughout "In Love." However, The Well-Wishers are at their best when they rock out on songs like the propulsive "Somebody Lied" and the rollicking "Three Nights in Bristol," which actually gets stronger and better the longer it goes on. The drum-happy "Get On By" is another solid rocker. One of the most distinctive tunes on "Comes and Goes" is the poppy "Comes Around" featuring backup vocals by Lisa Mychols. The contrast of her voice adds a welcome addition to the usual mix of guitar, voice, and drums.

Fans of the Gin Blossoms and the Posies will find something to like here.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



Nails

You Will Never Be One of Us

Nails' third album, *You Will Never Be One of Us*, takes everything essential about this powerviolence trio and their sound one step further. This new collection of ten songs—weighing in at a whopping 21 minutes—feels meaner, heavier, more versatile and somehow more focused (driven?) than on previous releases. Two friends with zero connection both compared this record to the early work of Slayer. My buddy Patrick, of the death metal duo Crypticus, declared the new Nails album "*Reign In Blood* for a new generation." And our own thrash-punk 8-bit lord Matt Shea said *YWNBOOU* "makes me feel like when I was a kid listening to Slayer in the 80s and feeling like I could actually murder someone!" For a band that openly admits to wearing their influences on their

sleeves, this is high praise.

My favorite thing about this record is that it is definitely a head-phones record. Like Matt Shea said, *YWNBOOU* reminds me of being 14 and staring at the ceiling with new metal tapes spinning through my Walk-Man. This record resonates with that same level of wonder and excitement. Nails does not waste a single second in any of these songs, which negates any back-ground soundtrack status. Plus, Nails' ability to shift from a 45 second sonic pimp slap ("Friend To All", "Made To Make You Fail", "Parasite") too larger minute and a half ("Life Is A Death Sentence", "Savage Intolerance"), almost four minute songs featuring typical pop structured writing ("Violence is Forever") is attention worthy. Nails has closed each album so far with a longer suite that moves between various musical interests and influences. On the eight-minute closer, "They Come Crawling Back", guitarist Todd Jones opens with an atmospheric black metal tone only to end the track with sludgy, doom thick guitar chops and d-beat stomps from Taylor Young on drums. This level of convincing versatility, especially in such a short record, is impressive and, again, demanding.

The 21 minute mark for a ten song album, up from the 18 minutes on their sophomore *Abandon All Life* (2013), would be a gimmick if Nails didn't pound so much into those 21 minutes. According to Taylor Young, the goal in Nails is to trim the fat found in longer metal tracks. He bemoans sifting through a 5-8 minute tracks just to find that single one-minute hard-ass riff. "All we do is write that one minute hard-ass riff." This sentiment is immediately evident on the album opener and title track as it pummels relentlessly through 92 seconds of power chords, d-beats, and blasts that still, in their sheer savagery, never quite manage to sound as menacing as Todd Jones' hell-throting vocals. It's an emphatic declaration about precisely what Nails hopes to offer their audience with this record: punishing anger. And I'm for it.—KEVIN STILL

CONCERT CALENDAR

7/1—Conflict, Total Chaos, Grand Collapse, Mutant Love, GirlBand @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

7/9—Second Runner Up, SOL, Forever Today, Hand Me Down Adventure, A Deathbed Promise @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

7/15—Brazos Valley Metal & Hardcore Festival feat. Day of Reckoning, Myra Matbelle, The Ansible, Solomon, Distance/Here, A Chance At Revenge, Under Subsidence, Hoping All Theories Exist @ Grant Stafford, Bryan. 5pm

7/15—The Hangouts, (cd release), Unicornog, Sniper 66 @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/16—Jonathan Richter, LUCA, Tomas Gorrio & The Traveling Gypsy, Corusco @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

7/22—The Inators, Electric Astronaut, The Escatoners @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/23—Cursus, Funeral Horse, Ganesha, Tenino @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/29—No I'm the Leader, April Ham Legion, Macro, Beat Bodega @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

7/30—Odd Folks, The Ex-Optimists, Electric Astronaut @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

7/30—great unwashed luminaries, Charlie Naked, Cornish Game Hen @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

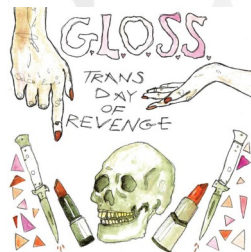
8/12—Mark Sultan (of King Khan & BBQ Show), Mutant Love, Electric Astronaut, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

8/20—Slow Future, LUCA, Unicornog @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/26—SkyAcre, Suspirians, Only Beast, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

9/2—Electric Astronaut (cd release) @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

9/24—Leavenworth (Cd release), Ben Ballinger, Chris Longoria Gonzalez @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm



G.L.O.S.S.

Trans Day of Revenge

G.L.O.S.S. has been one of my most favorite thrash-punk bands for quite some time now. I discovered their demo on Bandcamp almost a year ago, and never looked back. *Girls Living Outside Society's Shit* turned into an unofficial anthem album for the transgender people of America, before Caitlyn Jenner had the balls—or lack thereof—to come out of the closet and into the media spotlight. Though, I say this pardoned to Laura Jane Grace, and all of her *Transgender Dysphoria Blues* success, G.L.O.S.S. managed to slice open their chests, pull out their punk loving hearts, and display it for the entire world to despise. Even the gay loving, trans adoring, self-righteous feminist of 2016 would HATE G.L.O.S.S. Unconventional, I would say. Perfect in every way. G.L.O.S.S. has captured my blackened soul and has given me the

opportunity to peek into the window of a trans promoting/life-living thrash-punk band from Olympia, WA. Lord have mercy, oh, great spaghetti monster, praise Cthulhu, hey, Tom Cruise; G.L.O.S.S. is the shit, so take a big whiff.

Trans Day of Revenge, G.L.O.S.S.'s newest album, was released June 13th of this year. Right on time if you ask me. *Trans Day of Revenge* puts homophobes, bigots, and sexism under that smoke-filled limelight and literally gives them one big FUCK YOU to the community of sex hating, racism loving America; hell, the world. The way the album was made, it sounds like a continuous recording, meaning there are no stops, and most of the songs end with a beginning into the next song. It's a slice of tangible high energy heaven. Standing at only 7 minutes, it's 7 minutes of pure thrash-punk bliss.

The first song is called "Give Violence a Chance." Goddamn. "When peace is just another word for death, it's our turn to give violence a chance! Killer cops aren't crooked, soldiers for bastards, they do as they're told. The courts aren't corrupt, malicious, violent, they maintain control!" It's crisp, tight, and full of feedback in the best kind of way. The guitar doesn't outshine, neither do the drums. Everything is in perfect melodic

chaotic harmony.

Let's make note of an important song that should be an anthem "We Live." One minute and four seconds of screaming acceptance. This song is for the outcasts in a room full of black sheep. This is the song for the kids who once stood in the back of the punk shows, until the day came when they realized FUCK YOU had the sweetest meaning. It has a modern, brighter tone than the rest of the songs on the album, and even a brighter message. There's a snippet of a guitar solo, but once again, it doesn't overpower the rest of the band. It's light and fluffy, if you can imagine that idea describing thrash-punk. Lyrically, it's collectively brilliant. It doesn't speak to one specific group of people with problems, it speaks to all of us who have distorted emotional, physical, and even mental issues. "Childhood shame/internal blame, incest bore a complex pain. We live and die/against the grain, for ourselves we live with pride!" That's good stuff.

"Trans Day of Revenge" The last song on the album starts off in a familiar thrash sort of way. It reminds me of something Motorhead would've endorsed in the late 1980's. It's fucking classic. The drum tempo, the guitar rhythm, the dang o'l bass line, everything about this song is epic. Each breakdown and

every note that comes from your speakers is righteous. AGAIN, lyrically it makes you throw your studded and tattooed fists in the air. Put through hell, torn apart! Chicks with dicks kill from the heart! Untamed women, scarred by men, we break the cycle with revenge!" Meant for the alienated people in the transgender world, left behind by the gay community, and even the Human Rights Campaign in the LGBT community, it's the fuck you of all the fuck you's. It's beautiful.

The energy from G.L.O.S.S.'s newest album, *Trans Day of Revenge*, is something I haven't heard from a modern day punk band. Hell, from any recent band. G.L.O.S.S. is that much needed morality boost the music world needs. Not only does it give a voice to the transgender community, but also the racially discriminated, sexually discriminated, and right down to the kids that have nothing to live for. Could G.L.O.S.S. be the voice of a generation? Possibly. They certainly have the vocals, ideas, and the underdog pride to be that very voice. Underground is where they've been since their birth in 2014, and as much notary they've received in the last two years, I wouldn't be surprised if they were to be the next adored taboo in the thrash-punk music industry. Put this album on repeat for a couple of days.—JESSICA LITTLE



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