

inside: creepy horse preaches tolerance - resurrection jukebox: joni mitchell - good cop/badcop - g-tone cabinets - still poetry - watermelons vs. messicans - the world has always been on fire - trivial pursuit lighter side of nuthin - concert calendar



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

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## The world has always been on fire

Recently a friend posted a plea on their Facebook profile for some solace in what is turning out to be a very troubled 2016. "Has the world always been on fire like this?" The short answer is yes. The long answer is if you have truly lived through your times then you remember the toil and turmoil as well as the good times of your life, but humanity is really bad about applying the rose colored spectacles over their eyes when looking back in nostalgia.

Frank Zappa once wrote in his autobiography that nostalgia would be the death of society. I paraphrase. Cultural nostalgia tends to run in periods of 20 years. In the 70s American culture looked back to the 1950s for clarity. Music by Sha Na Na, movies like American Graffiti and television series like Happy Days displayed that rosy look at the '50s. Sure, they got the clothes and the music largely right, but they don't remember that if you were a woman or an ethnic minority (white or otherwise), a beatnik, a drug user, a biker, single and pregnant, etc. you were an enemy of the state and life sucked hard for you. But we all loved the Fonz, right? Zappa's point was that as time progressed the concentric ring of nostalgia would tighten. Eventually time would cease to exist when humankind became nostalgic for the second before the current second, then one would be nostalgic for the here and now, and then time would erupt into a great black hole swallowing all of us. I get Frank was trying to make a point about the dangers of always looking backwards instead of forwards, but I fear the way we look backwards at a different time, whitewashing over the actual events by selectively misrepresenting the times to their political, personal, and cultural gains.

I am not old enough to remember the 1970s all that well but I certainly remember what the 1980s and beyond were like. Sure, the '80s were neon, video games, MTV, Michael Jackson, VCR's, and microwaves, etc. I also remember the 1980s being a somewhat gloomy time. remember thinking everyone was poor and on food stamps like I was, that everyone had step-parents. I remember thinking that a girl I was friends with had it made because her parents weren't divorced and both had jobs. I remember living amongst Vietnam veterans who hid their service from their neighbors for fear that it would cause a problem. I remember living in the pro-jects and single-wide trailers. There's a lot I didn't remember and thanks to my brother I can fill in some of the gaps. I can now apply meaning to the random images that have now become "key parties", squatting in a duplex with the only power coming from a single extension cord my brother ran into a neighbor's attic to "borrow" power, and many other more complicated and less "totally like OHMIGOD!" moments of the 1980s.

I remember the 90s being as much about Gulf War cynicism, the rise of the evangelical right wing, Rodney King and O.J. Simpson and Matthew Shepard as much as the rise of the Internet, grunge rock, and *Friends*. The '10s should be remembered for our cameracaptured social network culture. Everywhere we go we should assume we are being filmed. It means that no one can get away with anything, be it something dumb that shouldn't be held over someone's head to revealing the centuries-long culture of police brutality and corruption that minorities of had to endure.

There's always the yin and the yang. It is so much easier in the '10s to capture a moment and share it instantly with billions. No longer can a small corner of the world burn out in a void. Now the entire world burns with it.— *KELLY MINNIS* 



## still Drinking: Watermelons vs. messicans

Sometimes a beer functions as more than a beverage. Sometimes it can be a true friend, as well. Maybe I shouldn't put that in print, but it's just the dadgum truth. The heat of summer, the blur of the Conventions, the sag of American demise, and the brevity

of *Stranger Things* all call for a refreshment that doesn't quit or let you down. In such a time as this, **Goliad's Watermelon Gose** has proven true and steady and kind. I'm not sure a finer sour/fruit beer has been produced in the Lone Star State. We're talking massive amounts of sweet, nectar-y watermelon flavor balanced to perfec-

tion with the saltiness of the Gose style. And Goliad nails it. Just enough of both sides to temper polar sides of the palette. In my tasting of American crafted Gose style beers, the saltiness can usually dominate or pale other flavors. That's where Goliad's use of watermelon win. I've found this stuff on tap at Washbangers and in \$10 four packs at local HEBs and Specs. Ten bucks for a four pack might sound steep until you take the first sip. I suggest running the mower over a few lots and sweating the previous day's hydration before cracking one of these beauties. Gorgeous beer. Delivers fully. I've needed something this pretty lately.-KEVIN STILL

Recently I have noticed a small trend in the craft beer business. The idea that perhaps

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less challenging beers need to be made. It's like they've already done the biggest pine-sol IPA possible, bourbon barrel aged all that can be aged, shandied nearly every fruit juice imaginable, and bottled every vinaigrette into a saison or gose bottle. So now it's like the pendulum should swing back to the session beer, the proletariat beer, the beer for pounding. There's already been some traction in the "PBR for beer snobs" category with the fine **Bombshell Blonde** from **Southern Star**, **Alamo's Golden Ale**, **Montucky's Cold Snack**, and others of its like from **Guns & Oil, Brazos Brewing**, and such. What has fascinated me recently is a growing subgenre in craft Mexican beer.

I've been drinking craft beer for nearly 25 years now, back when it was called "microbrew". If you were fortunate enough to live on the West Coast, you could partake at most bars and restaurants. In the middle of America you were landlocked. No one carried the giants of early American craft beer. You might get lucky and find a **Sam Adams**. You could drink European or you could turn to Mexican beer. I discovered early on in my drinking that Mexican lagers and bocks like **Dos Equis** and **Nego Modelo** or even **Shiner Bock** were far more flavorful than drinking American pilsner but still low enough in ABV that you could drink a sixer and not fall over and it was readily available. The typical Mexican lager was historically brewed by German and Austrian immigrants to Mexico in the 19th century, so the style tends to be very similar to their home countries' tradi-

tions. There is a sweet malt, a light, dry biscuity toastiness, and a caramel brown color. The style is refreshing but flavorful.

A handful of craft brewers have started to brew paeans to the Mexican lager. The first I tasted was Beerito, from Oskar Blues. It has all the hallmarks of a good amberish Mexican beer but is muy grande overall. It pours right, has a much larger and pronounced hop bitterness that slightly overwhelms the malts and comes on more like an amber pilsner and less like a Mexican lager. It was alright. Second, I rather enjoyed Neato Bandito from Deep Elum. They call it a "Czech-inspired Mexican". That's about right. It comes in at a slightly higher ABV (6.6%) than Beerito and is very malt focused, but it's not all sugar-smacky heft. There's still enough dryness to keep the malts from overpowering. This has by and large been my favor-

ite new beer of the summer and I've thrown back plenty this year. The third hails from locals **Blackwater Draw**. They have begun to can and distribute **Border Town**, their rendition of the style. My confession: I've not been very impressed with BWD's fare so far. Border Town, however, is a fine pour that comes in right in the middle between Beerito and Neato Bandito. It is more hopsforward than Neato Bandito but it balances all three characteristics of the Mexican lager rather well and is quite drinkable. Extra points for being able to drink a beer alchemated in your own area code and extra points for yet another Brazos Valley brewer getting their suds out and about in cans.

All three styles can be find in town in the \$10 range for a sixer. All three take cerveza de Mexicano and concntrate the flavor.—*KELLY MINNIS* 

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FUCK OFF AND DIE! You're a terrible person And everyone hates you Go Ahead And fucking die

Everyone's laughing at you Not with you And they want to kill you

Why won't you die? Are you going to cry? I wish you would - DAVID PATE

#### **ETHOS**

I have lived my life rhetorically,

like a featherless bird insisting to sing the shit out of that morning bough.

My only concern: did you listen to the song I put in your head? -KEVIN STILL

#### A FABRICATION

Inevitable lobotomy abstract physiology unsound logic meaningless words

Forgetting to listen See or hear Stuck in a mental prism Subjectivity reality overwhelms A delusional experience

Every person to some degree Plagued by this existence Has this uncertainty

Eluding stability Consciousness compensates Filling in the gaps With its fabricated story - DAVID PATE



ANTIQUITY Did you hear the shot from the other side of the world?

Or, from across the street? Did you feel the falling bombs?

Or, did you hear the falling bodies? Did you see the fire suck the breath from the boy with the yellow star?

Or, did you see children march under the burning sun? Did you see her skin being ripped into pieces?

Or, did you see her color trampled against the pavement under thousands of shoes? Did you see that truck plow into the people under the clapping, multi-colored thunder in France? Or, did you hear the detonation in that airport all the way in Istanbul?

I heard the shots from all around me. People screaming and running; feet pounding against the asphalt, choking on the air that wasn't there. I heard the bombs of bodies splatter across brick walls that line the city streets. Arrays of hands splayed above heads, legs spread across the ground. I saw no boy with a yellow star, but smelled his history in the burning skin of the marching children under the Syrian sun. I saw no girl being ripped into pieces, but saw millions of shoes stomp the idea of a colorless world into the earth's rocky foundation. saw the truck, and the mothers and sons that fell under those tires. I saw the faces of daughter and fathers after the fallen were found. I heard the sonic boom of religion collapsing in the mind, and burn hand of men from every corner of the world. I felt the segregation touch the shoulders of all who could see but not listen. I see no resurrection anytime soon with the promise of a brave new world. There is too much worship, and not enough love.

- JESSICA LITTLE



The purpose of no purpose isn't such a bad thing at all. There's no one to really disappoint but yourself, and even then you always know you'll live. There's no need for false hopes or soapboxes. It seems so many have it wrong, when so many only have so long. Their lives mere little blips on the cosmic scale. The most significant thing anyone could ever do would be to get along with others and be at least mildly considerate, but people being generally hollow selfish beings tend to prefer more self-centered less practical grandiose dreamslike being a Yelp critic. Dreams of new solutions to problems we intend to invent for ourselves occupy the headspace of many. As the hippies would say, "Take a chill pill, man." Perhaps they are right. So many of our problems only exist because we decided to perpetuate many of the sociological practices from more primitive times indefinitely on a global scale while essentially changing only borders, names, and clothes. The ancients once knew they had the purpose of no purpose and they celebrated it with open arms. They sang to the heavens, and danced in the rain, welcoming the knowledge of their purpose, content with their role in the cosmic scheme. Be good unto others. That is purpose enough. Forget the become a hot shot this or impress this person who thinks they're a hot shot and who others generally agree is pretty hot stuff? You're damn right. Smile, wake up at noon, and lounge around till the sun comes up again in the company of good people or total isolation? Fine by me. If the 9-5 grind makes you honestly happy-congrats, but I like to be delusional and believe that most people dream of alternate social possibilities. What if we just stopped playing the games our ancestors started? After all, no one who started any of this is still around to even tell us if we're doing it right, but I digress-because it really doesn't matter unless it matters to you-then it might matter to someone else. I'm not saying it's right, but that's how it works. It's all so very trivial in the grand scope of things.

TRIVIAL

The world doesn't care if you go to an ivy league or graduate from the "School of Hard knocks", so much as you're generally a decent person. Meaning you are generally polite, cooperative, morally centered to some regard and are essentially pleasant most of the time. No one in the real world is required to have or make money-that's just one of the many lies you've been sold. Food does grow on trees. The real world doesn't require you to keep up with the Jones, or to constantly compare yourself to anyone. These are just more lies we've all been sold for thousands of years, and you'd think with at least some of these "modern miracles" we as a people would finally just be like "Well, busting our asses for a small minority for millennia was fun for a while, but let's try something different this time around where we all just be chill and do what we want and coexist happily". Turn the machines on open all the schools leave the people to learn all they want and encourage each other to create new ways to simplify the burdens of existence, until we as a species can just coast and fulfill our predestinations of the purpose of no purpose. Mass mellow, with everyone only working where they want to work, you get bored-learn something else, do something else. People aren't going to crash and burn immediately like so many would lead you to believe. Yet another lie we've all been sold. We are global citizens-period. So many politicians and religious "leaders" have no interest in seeing peace manifest itself or people to unite happily. Like they say right "If peace sells, no one's buying"? Perhaps that's the case in the "real world."

The "real world" so many talk down to others about isn't in fact real in anyway other then we collectively imagined and agreed to rules and practices separate from the rules of nature, giving us the false hopes of purpose and self-importance. It would seem the more selfaware we became the less we could stomach having so little purpose other than to live and be happy. No, that would be too much. We couldn't leave well enough alone, we needed distractions from our emptiness after committing to the modern game of society-today we watch millions of programs to distract us from the lack of fulfillment we get from our day to day lives, because, well frankly, this isn't what anyone really wanted. This is just yet another way for those in power to push their ideas on us and to perpetuate the commerce culture. "You can only ever be happy, loved, and accepted by friends and family if you buy the things on the screen or live your life like the fake two dimensional characters on your favorite sitcoms.'

Pursuit

Sure, we all have the potential to go into provoked and unprovoked fits of rage at times with little to no warning. Awesome, that's human. Embrace it if you must, humiliate yourself, laugh about it later and move on. Break all of your stuff if you must-it's only material wealth anyway—it literally is not going with you when you take that bullet train to the afterlife. Just leave other people out of it. Because if you don't and you harsh our collective mellow you will most likely be hopping that bullet train to the great beyond much sooner. Remember NOBODY asked to be born, and MANY are born into less then favorable situations but still manage a smile just fine. So if you're fortunate enough to be in a good place in your life or to come from a perpetual land of entitlement don't take it out on others who may be going through some rough patches and might not be so fortunate. Nobody asked for this, remember? And since there is NO PURPOSE but to BE GOOD TO EACHOTHER & THE WORLD what does it matter what I decide to do with my time? Why is it so important that we limit our potential to the rules of an obviously broken system that was designed long ago to only benefit those more fortunate? That just sounds out dated and convoluted.

The world's leaders and media would love for nothing more than for the people of the world to once again be extremely divided by race, because at least that will still enable many of them to remain in power. But what they fear most is what is already most definitely already underway - CLASS WAR. This is only happening because people want so badly for their lives to have this larger than life convoluted meaning. These dictators & evangelists want to be seen as living deities because their egos demand such nonsense, and they set out to make things as confusing as possible just to keep others from following their slimy trails. But the only way they can stay in power is if we allow ourselves to continue to believe they actually hold any power over us. They don't. There are far more of us then them. So just keep that in mind when you start stressing out. Any day can be a holiday, you don't need to explain yourself to anyone, just be happy as best you can, & be a general decent human person. The universe made you, & it'll take you when it's ready, in the meantime enjoy this stroll through conscious light and sound before returning to the dark voids from which we came. Let's not waste any more time on what others want from us, but instead on what we can offer the world whole heartily while being the best us we can be. - WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON



## Hydrogen Jukebox:

HEMRA

In 1976 acclaimed singer/songwriter Joni Mitchell was 32 years old. She had spent the better part of the previous 13

years playing music and touring her native Canada and the United States. By the time she settled in to write the songs that became Hejira, her eighth LP, she had spent the previous two years on the road non-stop behind her most successful LP, 1974's Court and Spark and the more daring but less successful follow-up The Hissing of Summer Lawns. She was weary of living out of hotel rooms. She was feeling the milestone of 30, watching as her friends and confidents settled down into marriages and parenthood while she was trapped in the Groundhog Day-like stasis of road life. The songs on Hejira are informed by her wanderlust and her guestioning of it. I first heard this album in January 1994. Why this album would connect with me in the way it has is beyond me, but Joni Mitchell's Hejira is easily my second favorite album and often vies with Kate Bush's Hounds of Love for my number one favorite album.

Let's go back to 1994. I was a freshman in college living in the loft area of a friend's apartment. I spent Christmas break in Nashville with my oldest brother and spent a good chunk of my student loan residual from my first semester record shopping. While cruising through a flea market's wares my brother handed me this Joni Mitchell album. I have never listened to Joni Mitchell in my life, so I am unsure why he's handing it to me. "It's \$1, buy it", he said. Having often been steered in the right direction by his tastes I shrugged and took the album.

I had no idea what to expect. Joni was a folkie, right? But look who's playing on this record. Jaco Pastorius, Larry Carlton, Victor Feldman... I was unprepared for the amazing amount of words that Joni was able to squeeze into a song. Lead track "Coyote" has easily over a thousand words squeezed into a five-minute song. The song tells a story about a plains Canadian man that the narrator has had some sort of relationship with. The very polar opposite of her world, delivered with such solid imagery. From "appaloosas and eagles and tides and the air conditioned cubicles and the carbon ribbon rides", a study in opposites. The music is just as restless as the Coyote character, and sets up the premise for the musical backdrop of the album. Stridently strummed electric guitars double-tracked and phase shifted: shakers and congas: and the unmistakable fretless bass guitar of Jaco Pastorius. The bass guitar on this album is at once both the rhythmic underpinning and a singing lead voice that slides and stutters in duet with Joni's voice.

Second song "Amelia" sounds like the Canadian prairie the Coyote comes from brought to life. It's all about the beautifully expansive pedal steel guitar-like phrasing of Larry Carlton, the soft tonality of Victor Feldman's vibraphone, and Joni's plaintive relation to the memory of Amelia Earhart and using aviation symbolism and the details of Earhart's legend. "Maybe I've never really loved, and that is the truth, I've spent my whole life in clouds and icy altitudes", Joni laments. "Furry Sings The Blues" tells the woeful tale of the decay of Beale Street through a visit to Furry Lewis, a pivotal figure in

the original 1920's heyday of Memphis jazz and blues. "Bring him smoke and drink and he'll play for you, it's mostly muttering and sideshow spiel, but there was one song he played I could really feel", she sings. Neil Young guests on harmonica while Joni leads a folk rock band with the continued theme of her open tuned electric guitars twining out of phase with each other. It is because of this album that we owe the existence of the chorus pedal. When asked by Acetone/Roland engineers what kind of guitar effect she'd most like to have she answered "I want to play one guitar and have it sound like two at the same time". In 1976 they complied, giving the world the Boss CE-1 chorus ensemble.

The title track "Hejira" is the one song on this album that cuts me straight. It features the same instrumentation from the beginning of the album, hushed hand percussion and the lyrical fretless bass. For 6 minutes Joni cuts herself open while driving long distances, agonizing over the ending of a relationship, the distance between strangers on the road, staring out the window of a car at high speed while "snow gathers like bolts of lace, waltzing on a barroom girl". The congas shuffle underneath like the constant motion of tires on cold pavement. I can't get over the last 50 seconds of the song, where the song shifts keys and gets very dark. Jaco slides around the fretboard playing lead tones and pedaltones simultaneously, creating a constant tonal tension between the constant muted drums, his tortured melodies over really heavy constant bass notes. I want this last minute of the song to exist for 7 more minutes.

Elsewhere on the album Joni compares her rootless life to those of her friend Sharon who is getting married and settling down, her curiosity for new bright and shiny relationships in "Black Crow", and the giddy joy she gets from the "Refuge of the Road". Mostly for me it is the overall somber and dark tone of the album musically and the unflinching self-criticism Joni levels at herself that capture me. This musical theme was explored even further two years later with her double album Don Juan's Reckless Daughter, featuring the work of Pastorius and other jazz musicians, culminating in a collaboration with jazz bass legend Charles Mingus on the Mingus album that was written largely after her spending time with the musician at the end of his life. A live album, Shadows And Light, accurately bookends this chapter of her musical career right as she left it behind for a more folk-rock approach.

I love to listen to this album at night or when I'm driving. It is a thing of aural beauty for me, mainly in the intricate interaction of Joni's guitars and Jaco's bass. Joni's lyrical approach couldn't be more confessional, but at the same time she has a sense of humor, comedy, and an author's eye for imagery that belies the sensitive '70s singer/songwriter genre she accidentally helped to found and then later transcended.—*KELLY MINNIS*  I can grab nearly anyone at random on the street and ask them if they can relate to me a story about a time that they were personally harassed by the police. Doesn't matter what walk of life, if you can assure them there's no political agenda and that you just want to hear their story, 9 times out of time 10 you will get that story. This is not to say that all cops are bad or that every interaction between police officer and civilian is fraught with corruption. What it does say is that generally the negative interactions with police are more topof-mind than the positive interactions.

That said, that it usually takes the average person no more than a dozen seconds to remember "that time when" tells me that policing as a whole in this country has a PR problem at the very least. Nearly everyone I know who's ever skateboarded has been hassled by police, whether or not they were skateboarding in an illegal location. If you had long hair you could be subject for questioning. If you are a woman driving alone you can be a target for a warning pullover whether or not you are doing anything wrong. And, of course, if you are not Caucasian there are many reasons for you to fear the blue lights in your rearview mirror.

I, of course, have my police story. Being both a long hair AND a skateboarder in a small Kentucky town made me a potential troublemaker in the eyes of the Owensboro Police Department. I and many of my skateboarding comrades were often rounded up and spent many hours in the back of a police car with a good dash of verbal abuse until eventually released if you didn't rise to the bait. That's pretty much all that happened to me. For some of my friends that could not keep their mouths shut these altercations ended in a "wood shampoo" or worse. Even my wife, who is perhaps the straightest, most vanilla person on the planet, has had many intimidating experiences with state troopers on boring, lonely stretches of highway.

I perish the thought of what might have been different for either myself or my wife had either one of us been born black or brown. I bring this up not as a provocation but as a plea that those who perhaps do not have the experiences that any of us have had might possibly listen and learn something. You don't have to be a minority to listen to their stories and learn what it's like to not just fear a good hassle or large fine but to fear for their lives. To fear for your child's life, your spouse's life, your parents', your neighbors'. For too long good policework relied on intimidation and fear. Fear is not respect. The two are mutually exclusive. It's time citizens and police come to the middle and learn respect for the badge as well as respect for constitutional rights. – *KELLY MINNIS* 

I was the one that did your hair in the punk scene. You wanted a trihawk, you came to me, you wanted your hair to look like a lit flame, I did that too.

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One of my very best friends was the lead singer of a Florida punk band and I was doing a pompadour in Atomic Turquoise and streaks of After Midnight Blue on him. We had already dyed his hair when he finally relented and decided he wanted the pompadour after all. Seeing as the tiny bathroom was covered in bleach and dye stains, we decided to go down stairs with clippers and a pair of scissors, my friend Jamie holding a

# GOOD COP/BAD COP

flashlight for light. Not even 10 minutes into me cleaning up the sides of his head with loud buzzing clippers when a cop car hurriedly pulls up right beside us.

I lived in very old lofts over a series of very very small town businesses. Most businesses in this shit town were closed by 4-5pm, by now it was a very dark ghost town by 8pm.

The cop gets out of his car and walks towards us. It's my friend Jamie who is about 6 foot tall with a cropped pixie wearing a thick black flag hoodie and sweat pants while holding a flashlight, my friend Bobby sitting on the ground as I shave his thick coarse hair and me with a pink and red mohawk, a fucking safety pin in my pierced nose (I know, please come up and laugh at me when you see me next time.) one of those DIY Spirit of '77 spray painted button up shirts we all made and wore with tight black pants and a pair of er, tight black bondage pants.

The cops comes up on his like he's fucking Clint Eastwood and proceeds to tell us he got "several" calls of prostitution and we were the culprits in guestion. I continued to shave as he spoke and informed him my girlfriend and I were teenagers standing outside of my home. My friend Bobby abruptly stands up and the officer say he wants to talk to him. My friend says just as soon as he shakes his Willy.

The cop and me and my friend are all momentarily startled until my friend pulls off his faded old Willie Nelson shirt and shakes the hair off of it. He looks at us incredulously and wide eved as he puts his shirt on, "What?"

The cop had enough of us and starts back for his car. He leans over before he leaves and asks my friend Bobby, "What's a 22 year old doing hanging out with 15-16 year old girls?" "She does great hair", he responded as he smoothed the side of his now pompadour. The cops just shook his head in disdain and got in his car and left.— JUNKIE LOVEDOLL

You won't believe me but I have NO criminal or arrest history whatsoever. I absolutely should have a rap sheet thicker than Webster's dictionary but I have just been incredibly too lucky to have never been caught, trust me, I should have for some things and wish I had.

That being said, when I was getting married, the night before we had a joint bachelor/bachelorette party and it was fucking debauchery. We had bottles of real absinthe, all kinds of fucking drugs and were floating kegs and shotgunning beers and taking massive bong rips when there's a knock at the door.

I answer and there's the Sheriff's Department. They say there's been a noise complaint and want to know who's party it is. I say mine and go to turn away when the officer abruptly slams me to the ground and pins me as I'm being cuffed. A party of nearly 70 goes pin drop quiet as I'm forcibly hauled off to the elevator to talk with the officer down in their vehicle. As soon as we are in the elevator we both fall out hysterically laughing. The Deputy was a very old friend of mine that had just gotten off work and texted me to ask if they could change at the resort we were at. I asked as a wedding gift if they wouldn't mind making all of our friends shit their pants by pretend arresting me. They agreed and it worked.

We straightened up after the elevator opened at the first floor and I was led to the backseat still cuffed as they grabbed their belongings. They pulled their vehicle around the building so it looked like I was being hauled off. We snuck back in and made our way back to announce our funny joke that was literally causing some of our guests panic attacks and vomiting while calls were being made and money assembled to "get me out".

I asked my friend right before we went back in, wasn't it a little dramatic how I was thrown down and all? For a noise complaint? They said no. "There's a party of over 50 people and one of me. There was evidently alcohol and the smell of drugs amidst a large party. Find out who's responsible and get them down and out. My first call I played nice against my superior's advice. I got head butt ed by a sweet little old lady on meth and my nose busted as she ran out the back door. As I pursued her, my eyes were still watering and I ran between her two big dogs, had to fight them off as I chased a sweet looking little old lady in a house coat and blood spewing from my nose in a trailer park. My supervisors sat against their cars and laughed and I've never made that mistake again."-*CREEPY HORSE* 

I was ten years old when I moved to a new town. My views on life were simple for a kid. I grew up watching TV shows like *CHiPS, Police Squad, Barney Miller,* and *Hill Street Blues.* It didn't matter if it was comedy or drama when I was younger, I understood in my head that cops were good guys.

Then I moved to Victoria, Texas.

It started fine. The neighborhood was a little on the wrong side of the tracks, but that didn't bug me because we were always poor, the hood in southside Victoria otherwise known as "under the hill" was not a new thing for me. Everything still looked grey, All the houses looked a little worse for wear. No one drove a car that wasn't already a few years old. It was fine.

Within a few days, a made a couple of friends, one was a kid named Shay, and another was a black kid named Chris. We became fast friends, and knowing no color rode our bikes all over town like ten year olds usually do.

It was a typical summer day when we decided to ride our bikes and park them at the local square downtown. I was looking forward to starting at my new school since I already made fast friends, to me things couldn't seem better. That's when the cops rolled up. The first thing the lead cop did as he flew out of the drivers seat was tell us to "Freeze!" followed by "You are all under arrest!" We sat on the bench of the park frozen in fear. Chris shook his head and looked down at his feet not saying anything.

"Who are you?" the cop barked. Still in shocked, I squeaked out my name as he jotted it down in his notebook along with my address. Chris finally looked up and asked "Why are we under arrest?"

The cop glared. His partner said nothing. Finally he looked at the bikes and said "These bikes don't have a license on them. Did you know that's illegal here? If you don't have a bike license that's a city ordinance... Why... I should impound these bikes but it's not worth it to get them out for you, we're probably better off leaving them here and hopefully when you ever get out of jail they might still be here." I looked at Chris and Shay, they shrugged, never hearing of a bike license before. "I've never heard of that," Shay said honestly. "Ignorance of the law is no excuse... We visit schools every year to make sure all kids get one." "I just moved here..." I offered to the officer. "Shut up," he told me.

After what seemed an eternity. A call came over the radio. "We have to go to another crime," the cop said. "Go turn yourself in to the police station, it's a few blocks down main street." he pointed. Get one last ride on your bikes before you say good bye to them." Then they got into their car and sped off lights flashing.

After they left, we debated just going home instead. But since he wrote down our names and addresses, we decided to face the music, we would tell our parents when we got there, besides, we should get at least one phone call right?

We took the ride three blocks down as slow as possible, parked our bikes outside and walked in. "Can I help you?" the cop at the front asked. We informed him we were there to turn ourselves in. "Why?" he asked. When we told him, he called for some officers to come up front. Imagine my surprise, they weren't there to arrest us and book us. He called them up front to laugh at us. There was no such thing as an actual bike license needed to ride a bike. The cop lied, and here were a small group of kids standing in a lobby of a police station looking like idiots.

I left the station that day shaking. I wasn't scared anymore. I was a mix of confusion and anger. Cops were the good guys. Weren't they? They were supposed to protect me. Not scare me. They were supposed to serve the public. Not lie to a group of ten year olds. It shook me to my core.

It was my first time dealing with a police officer. It wasn't my last. But it set the tone for every interaction afterward. Over the years, I had friends go into the force. Every one of them would end up telling me in an apologetic tone. I tell them not to worry, it's not a thing to me. It's their life. I don't hate cops, that's a silly thing to say. But I will say that my run in's with police officers I don't know have never been good. So with that, I always treat them like I would a wild animal. I don't engage them unless I have to, and when I do, it's a cautious respect. No police officer is trained to trust a stranger, and here in my hometown it is a policy to not detain a person with their bare hands (a policy that was reported in a recent trial of a 86 year old man who was tazed at a traffic stop last year and made national news) so with that, I must stay cautious.

I'm anti authority. It's just been my lot in life. It's not just cops, it's government, bosses, religion and everything.

I know anarchy would never work, but I still want no part in anything organized because I know that power corrupts even the best people. Many people have said that with that attitude I have no right to call 911 when I need it. The cop was not satisfied with my lack of prior knowledge or understanding of this law. At this point the thought occurred to me that he had left the truck that he was trying to help protect in order to accost me. He asked me to step out the

So I don't. My car was broken into. I didn't call anyone. Why? So they can take my information and not look for anyone? I was in two car accidents but guess what... if no one needs to go to a hospital, cops won't come out and fill out a police report (which ironically pissed off my insurance company twice last year). So no, I don't call the cops anymore. And yes... if you tell me about someone breaking into my house... I will have to call them to remove the body of the intruder they will find. Because there are some things I guess I'll need them for. But to protect me? Nah, the ten year old in me will pass.-*TIMOTHY DANGER* 

They say that Highway 6 goes both ways, but they don't tell you that in either direction northwest of town there are always speed traps set up in Hearne, Calvert, and Riesel itching to issue tickets to college students passing through. As an undergrad I used to make quite a few trips between College Station and Dallas, and therefore was repeatedly subjected to that awful stretch of road between Aggieland and Waco (eventually I figured out it was much better to take I-45 and connect to 190 at Madisonville, and then better still to exit well before Madisonville and cruise along Old San Antonio Road). I learned that it was never a good idea to drive above the speed limit through these towns, so I was always careful to monitor my odometer the whole way.

One time me and my cousin were coming back into town on a Sunday afternoon in November, and 6 had a fair amount of flowing traffic on it. I was driving my Subaru in the right lane, and up ahead there was a truck pulled over with a cop car parked just behind it, lights going. The policeman was standing behind the trunk of his car looking at on-coming traffic and waving his arm slowly, like Big Tex or a crossing guard. It's apparent that he is just there to help out the truck driver and make others aware that the truck is there. We continued driving past the scene, thinking nothing of it. A few minutes later I saw in my rear view mirror a police car blazing towards me, then proceeding to tailgate me and have me pull over. I do so, and the cop approached my window, collected my license and insurance card, then asked in an annoyed tone of voice if I knew why I had been pulled over. I answered honestly that I did not know, as I sure I had not been close to speeding (though I kept that part to myself). He asked if I saw him back before waving at traffic, and only then did I realize it was the same police officer we saw earlier, not a car that had been lurking elsewhere. I told him I did see him waving behind his car, and he responded with asking me somewhat cynically if I knew what that meant, not satisfied with my interpretation of general awareness. Apparently there had been a new state law passed a month or two prior stating when a vehicle was present in the shoulder or side of the road, traffic must either merge over from the nearest lane or drive no faster than 35 miles-per-hour. I was not aware of this law, and while it sounded like a good guideline to follow in general circumstances, there were vehicles driving in the left lane which would have made a last-second lane change dangerous, and likewise there was a car behind me which would have prevented

me from slowing down to 35 in enough time. The cop was not satisfied with my lack of prior knowledge or understanding of this law. At this point the thought occurred to me that he had left the truck that he was trying to help protect in order to accost me. He asked me to step out the vehicle and stand behind my car with him, and in the moment I decided to oblige him. At this point he started becoming much more disgruntled, and he went more in depth with questioning how I could possibly be so confused about what his arm-waving signal could have meant, even going so far as to demonstrate to me again what armwaving, in fact, looked like.

Then, out of nowhere, he says, "Are you high right now?!?" This was the first time I had ever been asked this question, not being a toker or a sky-diver. I was also flabbergasted that a person who was being complicit but simply confused would be immediately judged as being high on something. The cop was not satisfied with my subsequent answers being variations of "no" and asked if there were drugs in my car. Again, I answered truthfully in the negative. He then decided to challenge me into letting him search my vehicle to see if he can find any. Now, at this point I was quite alert of my situation, well aware that this man would need a warrant or at least have some actual probable cause to search my car. However, I was also so stupefied by the whole thing, knowing that there were no drugs to find (unless my cousin had taken up a new hobby), and internally considering that if I did not accept this challenge that he would find something to implicate me with. I blurted out "sure" with somewhat of a chuckle in tone.

He proceeded to promptly get to work, telling my cousin to get out and stand at the front of the car so that we would be separated. We just stood out there on the side of the road, as cars drove by at full speed, while the cop searched through every compartment, bag, and crawl space he came across. Being that we had been at home for the weekend, we each had brought along some small suitcases/gym bags along with some laundry bags, because every parent loves to do their kids' laundry. He goes through all of them. I remember our folks also giving us some bags of leftover Halloween candy for some reason, which I suppose is a fair trade for getting clean clothes, and he paid special attention to these candy bags, I guess thinking that they would be the logical place where weed smokers would keep their supply. We must've stood out there for at least 40 minutes during this search, watching him, not saving a word, and feeling like a spectacle for passerbys. At the completion of his search, the cop seemed somewhat annoyed at not hitting pay dirt, and he told both of us to go sit in back in my car. Soon afterwards he again approached my window and said to me, quite strenuously, never to drive that fast alongside a vehicle pulled-over again; this was his version of issuing a warning (verbal rather than in print). After he returned to his car I slowly drove back onto the highway, daylight now fleeting after the length of the episode. It was definitely my most unique traffic stop, and henceforth I ALWAYS merge over a lane when I see a car on the side of the road ahead. - TODD HANSEN

My final year of college (my fifth year, if you must know), I bought an old Ford Question Mark off a friend for a dollar. The car needed bumpers on the front and back, hubcaps, and a full paint job. What it lacked in prestige it made up for in rust and character. I named it Buck. It drove my happy ass the twenty minutes from my trailer in the woods outside of Arkadelphia, Arkansas on Hwy 7 to Ouachita High School over in Friendship (actual town name) on Hwy 67 for student teaching. I rocked Tom Petty cassettes, smoked Marlboro Reds, and cussed many a ninth grade scumbag in that car. And I loved it.

After I graduated and accepted a job teaching in China, I sold Buck to a buddy who ministered to youth at a Baptist church in south Missouri-under the condition that I could buy Buck back for his name's sake upon my return. The deal was sealed with a Miller Lite and a handshake, and I claimed Buck again two years after we parted ways. My youth minister Buddy added bumpers, hubcaps and a trailer hitch (which my friend was super proud of) to Buck, as well a paint job. Many paint jobs. As a youth minister, my friend used Buck for fundraisers, painting the car with house paint or spray paint to match the theme of the Baptist youth's mission trip or current charity. He claimed Buck had seven or eight layers of paint when he passed the keys back over. The only thing Buck truly lacked was a window to the back driver's side door. Other than that, Buck was fully functional and highly noticeable. The former I needed dearly for my new life in Kansas City. The latter not so much.

I was cheap, so I remember several mornings walking down to Buck at 5 AM, on my way to open the coffeeshop, and pumping my fist on the back windowless door. A grey cat jumped out the window and scurried off, her piss an essential oil permanently stained upon my interior. I worked a coffeeshop during the day and home healthcare at night. One client of mine, a fellow who'd been struck by lightning while playing golf, needed services until 11:00 PM. Due to the missing window and layered paint job, Buck reeked of cat piss and stoner vibes. So I knew every morning leaving the house that two things would happen by the time I returned home: one, I would get honks at intersections from drivers waving and smiling and sometimes both with a middle finger, and, two, I would get pulled over by KC's finest.

I remember listening to 98.9 FM The Rock on my commute home. I remember them playing a Metallica set every night about the time I left my client's house. And I remember being pulled over right at 95th and I-35 more nights than not. The conversation was always the same. "You have a tail light out," them. "Oh, really, I just changed that," me. "Where you going tonight, Mr. Still?" "Home." "Where you been?" "Work." "What do you do for work, Mr. Still?" "Serve coffee and wipe asses. Full circle." "You been drinking, Mr. Still?" "Just coffee." "Be sure to go straight home, Mr. Still." "Got to, boss." (Highly paraphrased.)

I never received an official ticket while driving Buck. Neither was I ever asked to step out of the car. Even when Buck died in an almost head-on collision at Maurer Road and Shawnee Mission Parkway, when a douche bolted left on a green without an arrow outside the Super Target at 3:45 PM on Thursday, I was treated by first responders as the victim. Which I was, but no one guestioned me or my breath or my day's activities. I can still see my glasses flying up and suspended in the air, and then the young Black lady crawling out of the other car with blood running down her brow, her cheek, her chin. She screamed and squealed. Buck's driver side tire was crammed under the chassis. No one asked me anything other than, "Are you okay? Do you want an ambulance?" I declined. My girlfriend at the time, now my wife, bought me dinner that night. Looking back, I now remember, I forgot to eject the cassette from the player.-KEVIN STILL

I took a deep drag from the cigarette I just lit and ashed out of my window. The humidity made me feel as though my skin was suffocating, but mostly my lungs. I clicked on my blinker and proceed to turn onto Welborn. My music was loud and heavy. It's always loud and heavy. I felt like a peach that day. I had just bought these real cool sunglasses that fit my face just right. They were black and sleek. Yea, I felt like a real peach with my loud music, smoking cigarettes with my black glasses, and having my car covered in my most favorite band stickers. I stopped at a red light and waited my turn. Then, we moved forward, as a pack, further down the road. My music was so loud I had failed to hear the beeps and boops of the sirens behind me, but I saw them in my mirrors. I slowed down, and moved to my right lane, thinking the police cruiser wanted to pass me. It didn't. The police car moved right along with me, and I started to panic.

No one really tells you what to expect, or how to feel when you're getting pulled over. I whipped into a parking lot near the newer football practice stadium on campus. I seemed to hit every damned pothole in that damned parking lot while figuring out where to park, what to do, and what I was going to say. Why was I being pulled over? What in the fuck did I do? I used my goddamn blinker that time, what could I have possibly done? I questioned my insurance, but remembered I payed that, and all of my inspection/other stickers. I also payed all of my speeding tickets, so fuck them.

I spotted a parking space facing the road. My nerves were shot by this point, and I quickly rolled my window all the way down, threw my truck in park, and turned my music down. I gripped my steering wheel with both hands. My palms were sweaty by that point, and my upper lip start quivering. My heart was racing a million miles a minute. So many thoughts were running through my head. I questioned if I had any leftover drugs in the car. I couldn't remember. I was about 80% sure I didn't. Jesus Christ, I was praying there were no drugs in my car. My hands were gripping my steering wheel so damn hard, I had to force myself to let go and place them in my lap. A short, male officer stepped up to my window and blurbed something. There was a slight ringing in my ear so I heard nothing he said. I think he realized I didn't hear him so he repeated himself. He asked me if I knew why I was being pulled over. I said no in this embarrassingly squeaky voice. I looked like one guilty, stupid peach. Mr. Officer asked for my ID and proof of insurance while he explained that my front license plate was missing, and that's why I was being pulled over. I smiled and completely played off the fact that my front license plate had been missing for almost a year, and I just hadn't had to will to get a new one. It finally bit me in the ass.

I pulled my ID out from the little cubby-hole under my radio, and fumbled around my glove compartment for my insurance. Napkins fell like a cascading, white paper waterfall; CD's followed, reflecting the sunlight and beaming rainbows all over my roof, and splatting color over my face. I couldn't find my insurance. Red faced and covered in reflection rainbows, I squeaked thought my quivering lips that I couldn't find it. The officer smirked and said it would be fine, that he would find out himself. I waited for an eternal three minutes when I noticed the officer in the passenger's seat approaching my window. He bent down, all sweaty and smiling, and told me that the officer that pulled me over was a trainee. and that this was his last stop for today. He said that since it was such an easy, "bullcrap" stop, he wanted me to help him test the officer in training. I was a bit confused, and still on edge, because. I don't fucking know. I just got pulled over! But, I smiled a toothy smile and nodded my head in agreeance. The passenger officer told me what questions to ask, and exactly what to say and how to say it. It was weird in a sense that I wasn't being harassed or guestioned. I knew I smelled like smoke, and my vehicle was covered in band stickers. I had clothes in my backseat along with books and CD's scattered about. My hair was crazy and wind whipped, my eve liner smudged in the heroin chic sort of way. knew I screamed search warrant.

When the officer in training came back, I explained to him that my "brother" was also an officer, and that if I was going to get a ticket. I did not deserve it. He looked at me and I swear I felt a dagger in my skull. I asked him if he could find, or tell me the protocol for these sorts of things. If he couldn't answer me, then I could call my "brother." The passenger officer crossed his arms and grinned the most glorious grin. He was eating every second of annoyance and irritation the trainee was feeling. The passenger officer would make little remarks in a patronizing tone. He walked the trainee step by step on what to do. I could tell the trainee was humiliated and uber pissed off. The officer in training looking at me like I was rotting trash baking in the heat, and said he would be back with his handbook. When he left, the passenger officer laughed guietly and shook my hand. He thanked me for helping him prank his partner, and said that would be on my way in a minute or so. I smiled and said it was my pleasure in my peachy, smooth voice; the kind I give when I'm borderline flirting with some dude so I can get a free drink. The officer in training returned with a small handbook, and started flipping through the pages. His fingers fumbled through the pages as sweat dripped down the sides of his face. He stood there for a few minutes, rather upset, flipping page after page. The passenger officer told him since he failed, to give me a warning, and let me go. I was given my warning with a disgruntled face, and a huge grin all at once. What a sight to see. When both officers told me to have a nice day, I lit another cigarette, turned up my Electric Wizard, and sailed down Wellborn with napkins flying all over my car. My adrenalin was peaked, and I was lightly laughing to myself that I had gotten to get out of a ticket, AND piss someone off without consequence.

I have been pulled over five times since I was 18. Each time, I always felt this awful panic creep in my gut. Like, something criminal is going to happen, and I'm going to be in the middle of it. I have always been told to trust cops, and to respect them, which I do. But, there is and always will be a certain air about law enforcement that will frighten you no matter what race, gender, or status you happen to be. They are always painted as someone scary because wherever they go, punishment follows. I am sorry for this stigma. But it is what's been planted in the minds of America long before my birth, and probably vours too, reader. Not all instances are bad, like the one I had a year ago. Sometimes law enforcement can be comforting, sometimes they can be charming, but most of the time we instantly color them as the monsters under our beds, or better, the monster who sit and wait around the bend. - JESSICA LITTLE

# **CREEPY HORSE PREACHES TOLERANCE**

I don't like kids. Anyone that knows me would most likely know I don't like kids. I got sterilized because I don't like kids. Yeah, I know. I was a kid once. I know your kid is different and you don't like other people's kids but yours are cool. I know it's the parents, not the kids. I know if I had my own it'd be different. I still don't like kids.

It's just my opinion. Whether or not you understand it or are offended by my feeling this way it doesn't matter. It's my personal opinion, my belief.

I'm also an ethical vegan. I care as much about all animals as I do people and choose to personally refrain from eating them or wearing them. Yeah, I know you could never stop eating cheese, hamburgers, steak fingers at Dairy Queen and Bacon. I know that PETA stands for People Eating Tasty Animals. I saw the shirt too. I swear I'm getting enough protein and I don't feel weak like your cousin that went vegetarian for a month and felt light headed

I could go on with my religious beliefs, political beliefs. societal beliefs and even my hatred of water chestnuts but I think you get the point. I could sit here all day writing about my belief structure in detail until you literally hate everything I'm about, see me in a new light as a comrade or decide shoving cold spaghetti up your ass is a more worthwhile use of your time. You too also have your beliefs and they too fall prey to scrutiny and criticisms.

I have several friends fearing an oncoming civil war or another Holocaust. On both sides of the two major political parties in our country people are toe to toe, horns for their America.

I'd make America great again by replacing all of Congress with drag queens, giving women rights to their own bodies, ending the meat industry, living wages, debt forgiveness, free college and healthcare, outlawing Affliction shirts and four-hour lunch breaks where you can nap with all the rescued animals you need to cuddle. Believe it or not, there are people out there that would actually think my ideas for America are bad and that theirs are better.

Lines have been crossed, relationships of all types severed and it seems chaos and outrage abound. How do we sleep while our beds are burning?

I blame Facebook. Comic books, video games, rock music and that one episode of Pokemon that only aired in Japan once because Pikachu gave kids seizures have all made their rounds for what ails the world today. But Facebook has gone from what was only a platform to meet up with your fellow college classmates to a virtual representation of you as a whole. With the click of a mouse we can piss off an entire demographic with a meme. A picture with misspelled font skewed in our belief to make fun of something we don't agree with and taken as a personal affront by those that oppose us. In the year 2016 that's where we are.





with their own astro helmet. No, we are all pissed off and growing intolerant and insufferable to pictures of Kermit the Frog sipping tea.

In fact, as I was WRITING THIS, two of my friends and strangers to each other took to arguing and name calling one another over a post of a comedic video I posted the day woman in the Rwandan genocide befriended the man that before on my page. They also took turns messaging me to tell me how horrible the other person was and posted on Her hand! I think you could find it in your heart maybe not locked and eves afire in what beliefs are overall best their own FB pages about how awful their new mortal ene- to take Facebook so fucking serious up against watching mies were. I spent my lunch playing middle school with two grown ups trying to sort out what the fuck was happening.

#### Which leads me to ask, What the fuck is happening?

There has always been indifference. There has always been evil and wrong and terrible things happening to good people. We all have a racist uncle with an arsenal that lives off the grid. We all have some old person in our family that thinks you're going to burn in hell. We all have THAT friend. The one you have to explain and is not allowed around the parents after last time. Hell, in some cases I am THAT friend. WE are all THAT friend.

In some way or another, all of us are terrible. To someone in our lives, they really can't stand us or understand us at times but they stick around because somehow, some way, we mean enough for them to keep us in their lives despite differences.

I'm not saying your beliefs don't matter. Actually, I am And when you die and the sun rises and everyone else has saying your beliefs don't matter. You are not special. Not make the world a better place. In fact, you don't matter. At all. When you die, the sun will still rise and set, people will continue their lives and the Westboro Baptist Church will still exist, and in a few decades there will be no memory of

#### your existence. Sucks doesn't it?

Which is why you need to be better than this. Your time is limited and so are the people you come across. Make someone smile every once in awhile without expecting something in return because it isn't always about you. Do you remember everyone you met in your life that sucks? No. Because when we aren't interested in someone we just don't pay them any mind and they fall by the wayside and are soon forgotten kinda like those sea monkeys I got for Christmas one year.

Am I saying to run out and hug a klansman or invite an internet troll over for dinner? No. But we've gotten used to being full blast and omnipotent specifically via social media. We can scour the internet to find articles that facet our beliefs and act absolute in our perceived truths. Attack and say vile things without any personal contact. We are impassioned to ourselves and indifferent to each other

I like people different from me. I would actually be pretty horrified to be surrounded by more than one me. All kidding aside though. I like to see the other side or point of view. I like to hear a counter to my rhetoric, even if I think vou're wrong. It doesn't matter. What matters is that I value you and in return that you value me.

A high ranking Klansmen befriended an African American woman and they worked for DECADES for civil rights. A killed her only child and cut off her fucking hand. Her kid! your child hacked to death for ethnic cleansing purposes?

BUT THEY POSTED SOMETHING I DON'T AGREE WITH! Well, as I said. A LOT of people suck and are terrible, some you can spend your whole life trying to find something good and only dislike them even more. Those people may never change, but you can and you can show them a better version of whatever they have bias to. Show them a perspective they could have never fathomed. You can be better and lead change. You can make a difference in their lives and they can make a difference in yours even.

But you have THAT friend don't you? That person that you care about even though they hold value in something you are opposed to. You've had the conversation every time you two have had too much to drink and will never see eve to eve with but goddammit you've had some great times together. Remember that one time?! Yeah. You can reminisce stories with just looks. They feel the same about you. Warts and all.

forgotten you in time passed, they will still remember that in any way. You are not meant for grandeur and will not time and miss how you could just look at each other and laugh.

Because to them, you mattered. - CREEPY HORSE



Once upon a time musicians lined up to buy the latest, newest mass-produced instruments from the local music store gladly. Some time in the 1990s a trend towards craft-made, locally manufactured, 100% custom ordered instruments and gear began, and that trend has only grown. Now not only just the professionals



could get their guitars, drums, pedals, cables, straps, and speaker cabinets custom made, tailor fit to the needs, tonality, and flair of the individual musician instead of the other way around. Following in that 20+ year tradition is local musician Johnny St. Clair. Johnny plays bass and guitar in a variety of bands around town (**The Vintage Ramekins** and **The Inators** among others) and knows what a musician wants in a speaker cabinet. His **G-Tone Cabinets** serve that need, providing a myriad of sizes, speakers, wirings, and finishes. We dropped by the G-Tone manufactory recently to find out more about Johnny and his wood...uh, his woodworking.

#### KM: Why build cabinets?

JSC: I was looking for something to do after I retire from my regular job. Being a musician in this area it bothered me that there are no local builders. It just seemed right to add a cab company.

#### What designs inspire you?

I like the basic Fender shape and routing for cab boxes. Guitar cabs I keep simple and bass cabs get some extra loving based on speaker configuration and venting.

#### Where does the name come from?

The name comes from the first cab that I refinished. It was a huge Fender Bassman from the 70's. I rewrapped it in purple tolex and due to its size a good friend said it looked like Grimace. So the company became Grimace Tone Cabs, shortened to G-Tone. Grimace also refers to the look on your face when that cab is cranked up!!

#### How did you get started?

I got started by contacting a friend of mine who does custom woodwork. He showed me how to cut the wood and make the joints properly. I took it from there.

## What do you know now that you wished you knew when you started?

Tool set-up is important and it has taken some time to get everything set up to be perfect. Also glues. The Texas climate is hard on certain adhesives and I've had to make changes due to the climate.

> What has been the most challenging part of building so far? The most difficult order? The most challenging build was a new cab for a Fender Excelsior. It required extra cut outs and curves. I had to match them perfectly to fit the electronics. Anytime extra cuts are required with angles not done before, you have to slow down and make sure the cuts are done right.

The hardest order was a Fender Twin conversion. The combo unit was converted into a head and speaker cab. The head took some time and very specific cuts to match it up to what was ordered.

What has been the best part? The coolest order you've built.



The best part is just building and making a quality product for a musician. I am very proud of my work and back it 100%.

The coolest order so far again goes to the Twin and Excelsior. Both were very different and challenging. The outcome was amazing.

#### What do you have planned for the company?

Short term is to continue to build quality affordable cabs for musicians that need great sounding cabs. Long term is to build my company so that I keep busy once I retire from my regular job. I intend to make each cab personally and offer the best quality cab available in Texas.-*KELLY MINNIS* 



8/2-Pizza Planet, Unicorndog, The Excerptimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/5-Chapter Soul @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm 8/5-DJ Skullbone @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

8/6—We Were Wolves, Girlband, The Hormones @ 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, Unicorndog @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/27-Aggie Dance Festival @ Simpson Drill Field, College Station. 7pmaugust 8/27-SkyAcre, Suspirians, Only Beast, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

9/2-Electric Astronaut (cd release). Odd Folks. The Docs, Noble Age, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm



JULY 29: Miami, FL - Gramps 30: St Petersburg, FL - Fubar

#### AUGUST

1: Chicago, IL - East Room 3: Milwaukee, WI - Cactus Club 4: Madison, WI - Frequency 5: Minneapolis, MN - 7th St Entry 6: Denver, CO - Lost Lake 8: Ft Collins, CO - Surfside 7 9: Los Angeles, CA - Los Globos 11: Houston, TX - Satellite 12: College Station, TX - Revolution Cafe 13: Victoria, TX - Downtown Bar & Grill 14: Corpus Christi, TX - Nasa 15: San Antonio, TX - Hi-Tones 16: Austin, TX - Barracuda 18: Atlanta, GA -The Earl

19: Brooklyn, NY - Union Pool 20: Montreal, QC - Divan Orange 23: Fredericton, NB - Capital bar 26: Moncton, NB - Esquire 27: Sackville, NB - Thunder & Lightning 28: Halifax, NS - Menz and Mollyz



9/3-Isonomist (cd release), Aphotic Contrivance, Distance/Here, The Ansible, The Eureka Effect @ Grand Stafford, Brvan, 6:30pm

9/9—Mississippi Shakedown, Sideshow Tragedy @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/10-Daggerwound, ASS, DethTruck @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/16—Bloody Knives, The Shut-Ups, Neu Division @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/17-Deft1 (Deftones tribute), Smile Transvivania, Under Subsidence, A Deathbed Promise @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

9/23-Broke String Burnett, Ottoman Turks @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

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

9/24-The Inators, Golden Sombrero @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

### **979**REP RECOMMENDS

BBQ is the nom de plum for Canadian one man band Mark Sultan, who can often be found performing as a garage rock duet with Indo-Canuck psych rock wunderkind King Khan in The King Khan and BBQ Show. Mark is a true one man band, strumming guitar, singing, and playing drums with his feet, singing classic throwback 50's rock and roll pop gems juxtaposed with heavy 60s garage rock psychedelia. I REPEAT: plays drums with his motherfucking feet, beats the daylights out of a cheap guitar, sings some sweet, sweet pop action better than most garage revival bands and he does it live all by his fucking self. He is literally more talented than a band full of people. AND he's playing in Bryan at Revolution where you can be charmed by his affable rock & roll right in front of you. He's making a several day swing through Texas, Victoria, Corpus Christi...and he stops by Revolution Café & Bar in downtown Bryan Friday, August 12th with guests Electric Astronaut, Mutant Love, and The Ex-Optimists. Show at 9pm. \$5 cover. It will be the best \$5 you have spent on a show this summer.

