

# STARGO REPRESENT



october 2016  
vol. 8 issue 10



*inside: creepy horse gets closure - hydrogen jukebox - the worst  
song evah - keos reaches out - coffee - you should vote  
for...still drinking - record reviews - concert calendar*



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

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## YOU SHOULD VOTE FOR...

All over the world realer newspapers and magazines than ours are making their *editorial board endorsements* for who you, oh reader, should cast your vote for come November 8. Because not only do we love you, but we *know* you and know you will undoubtedly make the best decision possible for yourself and for where you think your country should be heading in the next four years. So I will not condescend to tell you who you should vote for. However, I will tell you who I am voting for and why I'm doing it. The suspense is over, I'm with Hillary Clinton in 2016.

Why? Because out of the folks vying for the top seat she is the most qualified to run the country. She was a decent Secretary of State, she was a decent U.S. Senator, and she has done a lot of good work for the country and the world through the Clinton Foundation. I realize that I painted Hillary with a very broad, very generous brush. I lived through the '90s, I remember the culture wars, I remember Monicagate, I remember Hillary's health care fiasco. I understand where the distaste for Hillary comes from, even amongst her own party, because I had it myself. In 2008 I was an early supporter of Barack Obama for the Democratic nomination. This was not a popular choice amongst the party faithful nor the party machinery. Friends kept telling me, "It's Hillary's time, Obama's not ready, he can run in eight years". I could not, in 2008, vote for Hillary because 1.) I did not want to perpetuate another political dynasty (I didn't think the Bush dynasty turned out so hot for America); and 2.) I was convinced of a certain *unsavoriness* to Hillary and her husband, former president Bill Clinton. I knew there was nothing really to Whitewater, nothing to Ron Brown, she stood by her cheating man, they both made buckets of money for the foundation from questionable speaking engagements with hints of quid pro quo, etc. I speak below to the second item.

One's opinion of a person is often unquantifiable. It stems from a feeling, an impression, something often not based on fact. Let's get the facts on Hillary Clinton. She was a lawyer, first lady, senator, secretary of state, and philanthropist. The rumors and innuendos are not fact. She has not been convicted in a court of law over Benghazi nor the email server scandal. Millions of emails were deleted from Pres. Bush the 2nd's email account and no one blinks an eye. Recommendations from bipartisan panels on both accounts opted to not prosecute. Perhaps she just has really good luck. Donald Trump has plenty of the unsavoriness as well, however his is grounded in fact. Multiple bankruptcies, discrimination lawsuits, out of court settlements, hasn't paid federal taxes in 18 years, not to mention the racist, sexist hyperbole from the campaign trail.

I get that this is an election of "settling". Neither candidate is ideal for either political ideology and there are lots of citizens caught in the middle who find it nearly impossible to vote for either one. The idea of "settling" for one or the other is appalling and many will opt to just not show up. I myself would have preferred to vote for Elizabeth Warren for president, but she did not run. Sometimes you have to hold your nose and make a choice in life based not on what you truly want, but what you truly don't want, and I desperately do not want a Donald Trump presidency. So with that in mind, I must stand with Hillary — **KELLY MINNIS**

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# AIN'T NOBODY KILLED THE RADIO STAR

If you've been living on the other side of town, near the up and coming high-rises with a perfectly horrific campus view, you probably haven't heard of KEOS, nor do you listen to community radio. Well, reader, lemme learn you real quick.

KEOS is our community radio station in the Brazos Valley. It is a commercial-free, listener-sponsored, non-profit, all volunteer public radio station. That's a mouth full, I know. I bet you're asking yourself why this is important. I'm glad you asked. See, here in Bryan, Texas we have a very small but properly functioning music scene. Some know about it, and some don't. Here, in this little music scene, are bands, and bars. Most people that work in these bars are in bands, and most people who are involved in the music scene just happened to stumble into a band. Well, for those of us who aren't in a band, or working in a bar, we are patrons and worshipers of our local music. Some settle and are comfortable with their role as listeners, and some are not. I was not. I wanted to be more involved in our community, and contribute artistically (weird, I know,) because in downtown, artists rule, and yuppies drool. But I knew I could never be in a band at that moment, and I ain't no painter like the Riddles #Swoon. Luckily, thanks to our little music scene, I was asked to host my own radio show. Now, normally things like this don't just happen to anyone. But, here in Bryan, Texas, they do!!

KEOS is a volunteer radio station, which means all you have to do is fill out an application, do some training for a period of time, and then pitch your show to a group of people who are dying to get new listeners and supporters on the air. Boom, radio show in the bag. I'm serious, it's that simple. Since this is one of the easiest and most rewarding, many of our locals have flocked towards the radio station and now there are, and will be, more music riding the air waves throughout Bryan and College Station. If you're anything like me, or anything like most people in downtown Bryan, this news should make you incredibly happy! This mean more music on the radio that isn't top 40. It isn't commercial owned, therefore at KEOS, we have the FREEDOM to play what we want, when we want (within the FCC rules. Don't say dick. Or cock. Or cunt...Or any sexually explicit things on air.)

Having my own radio show, I have the opportunity to grab a listener, even if only for a second and introduce something to them that may be life changing. Or, they may hate it, and never listen to radio again. Either way, it's absolutely thrilling. If you have the taste for something that is not, and never will be Justin Bieber, or One Direction, I suggest you turn your radio dial to the dark side, and leave it on 89.1 FM for a bit. KEOS has an eclectic list of live, and syndicated shows like: Listen Globally, where Professor Andy brings all the worldly music; Aftermath with Alexander Rubio, who plays tri-hop, down tempo, and bands/musicians that have influenced the sub-genre; The Reggae Show, with Madison who mellows you out with nothing but the very best music from the islands; and then my show, The Late Night Raid, where I play nothing but punk, metal, and rock n roll while focusing on Texas music.

If you ever have the opportunity to tune in, I suggest you do so. You might become a fan, who will later become a part of something better than binging reality TV.

Things to lookout for:

Listen Globally with Professor Andy, 7-9PM Wednesday. Music from around the world.

Aftermath with Alexander Rubio 9-10 PM Wednesday. Trip-hop and down tempo.

The Late Night Raid with Jess 10-12 PM Wednesday. Focusing on punk, metal, and rock

Future Mixtape with Matt & Jess 2-4PM Wednesday. Alternative, Indie, and hip-hop.

The Reggae Show with Madison and Rudy 3-5 PM Sundays. Island, and Reggae music.

Sunday Blues 1-3 PM Sundays. Blues, Jazz and R&B.

Rock Formations 9-11 PM Thursdays rock n roll throughout time.

Retro Friday 7-9 PM Fridays. Disco and oldie dance music.

Iron Horse Café 11-1 AM Fridays Hard rock and metal.

Plus, more.

For more information, and applications, go to KEOS.org where you can also stream shows at any time, day or night.

—JESSICA LITTLE

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# CREEPY HORSE GETS CLOSURE

Sometimes, everything can seem so miserable and you get so used to never being able to be happy in a moment because all you can do is wonder when the other shoe will drop.

You start to believe there are no happy endings and life is just a hamster wheel of shit. So then what do you do when the other shoe doesn't drop? What if things actually get better and you finally get the moment you've waited your entire life for?

If anyone has been keeping up, I have detailed my past and my ongoing treatment for my mental health quite openly here. One of the most profound and reoccurring issues I've had is the relationship I have with my estranged mother.

I struggled with sexual and physical abuse and the fact that she herself has sexually abused me. I struggled with my hatred of her since I was a child, I struggled with the fact she found drugs and men more important than her children, I struggled that we all knew nothing would ever change her and most of all, I struggled because I loved her somehow. So last week when I discovered 28 blocked messages from her over the past year in a folder I didn't know existed on my phone, I called her.

In therapy my therapist had told me, my mother is a psychopath based on my experiences I had shared with her. "Your mom is a reptile. A snake. That's what a psychopath is. A cold blooded reptile with absolutely no feelings. They have no empathy, they physically do not have empathy, that part is literally missing from their brains. Your mother is a psychopath. You could NEVER be her."

The first phone call to my mother, at the time, felt healing. As the week prolonged I began to really think about things and was already feeling uneasy and already regretted my decision.

"The children ALWAYS return to the parents." My therapist said when I told her. "Now's the time to set your boundaries and to accept that you will have to act when she crosses that boundary, because she will."

Over the next few days, I really thought about what I would say. Getting drunk in my 20s and thrown out of Walt Disney World and screaming that she was a "slutty whore" and going on a barrage of rants and tearful recollections in front of the entire theme park and my family hadn't gone over well for either of us. I was blackout drunk and had a score to settle. I finally spoke out about aspects of our history as I had always wanted to. I let her know that I knew, except I was screaming and crying it out over drunken slurs. Not my finest moment. I wanted her to hurt as I had. I wanted to viciously assault her with my words, wound her, scar her,

break her. She only used it to convince the family I was an alcoholic and was drinking myself to hysteria and lies. It had no effect on her at all, I unleashed the cruellest and most vile attack within me and not even a scrape to her exterior. If anything, I had only supplied her with even more ammunition to her already stockpiled arsenal of mental warfare.

By the next morning, as I awoke on the ground with pasta still in my mouth and in my hair as I had laid my head atop the plate of pasta my ex had tried to feed me to sober me up, she already had her squad at her side as she tearfully retold the events of the night. I had stamped my card, I was now the bad guy and she was the mother "trying to love me through it no matter how much I hurt her." This is her biggest go-to. Wait for one of her fucked up kids to fuck up and swoop in and not only use the story to martyr herself, but to also get any perceived spotlight there could be. So when it was time to face her yet again, I was sober. I was calm, collected and actually tried to be understanding and was direct without being emotional. I knew I couldn't just start with "Hey you know how like you've forced sexual situations with us and are always trying to fuck me?" I decided her drug addiction would have to be "starters". In my head, if in anyway I could at least get her to ONE therapy session, would be a beginning to both our individual issues as well as the ones in our relationship and at the very least if it didn't work out, I'd get closure.

It absolutely did not go that way. I should have put all that planning into shooting rainbows out my asshole. She laughed and mocked me as I carefully and concisely explained I needed her to go to therapy and that she had a drug addiction and this was an opportunity for her to reestablish her relationships with all three of her estranged children and her grandchildren. She was infuriated when I told her she was a joke in the family and that there were photos and videos of her strung out and passed out being shared amongst family members. She told me she never liked me, that it was humiliating to have such a (physically) ugly child and that she wanted me out of her life for good. With that, my emotional restraint snapped and my last words to my mother were "Well, you're the kind of person that let people fuck your kids for money, so you can fuck off you cold bitch." and hung up.

My entire life changed in seconds after hanging up. I immediately called my older brother and all I could say was how much I loved him and what had happened. Within minutes, I called my father and told him everything. From him, I learned she had threatened him over custody, stating that I was her meal ticket (she got nearly \$400 a month in child support in 80's money. She also received child support from my two brothers' dad.)

It finally got so bad with her harassing him and his wife, that he just cut me out of his life and would send me money for my birthday and holidays that I'd never receive and would be told he never gave me a gift. It was good to know, but I didn't care anymore. I said what I had to say and she made her choice and I was free.

The days to follow, I'd find a lighter step in my walk. The world was a little brighter and I felt the oncoming twinges of self esteem and overall outlook on life escalating to something far better than I'd ever known. I had never realized how much of my life was controlled by her until I was free of it.

After a few days, my older brother reached out to me again. He wanted to see how I was doing and we talked about it. Then he informed me that he too had been a victim of abuse and molestation and alluded to having engaged in some way sexually with our mother that he was very adamant he wasn't ready to reveal or discuss. He also stated that as happy as he was for the healing and counseling my oldest brother and I are going through, that he himself is not quite ready yet to face this aspect of his past quite yet and that in time he'd find his own way and talk with us about it. For now, it was everything for him to keep himself functioning and going forward.

So the truth of my world was that our oldest brother got away to his father and stayed away from our mother at all costs. His experiences and abuses were so bad, he had to run away just to stay sane. My older brother, chose to stay as he realized I would be completely alone and he felt that he could protect me. He willingly gave up his childhood to raise me and take the brunt of sexual and physical abuse to protect me.

This epiphany was a mix of having the best soup ever served to you, but you have to swallow the large painful rocks floating in it. Knowing there was solidarity amongst me and my brothers, how we all had suffered and that we all very much loved one another was one thing. Realizing they were hurt just as bad and even tried to protect one another as small children stung.

It was a very fucked week and I'll be honest, there was a lot of alcohol and marijuana partaken of as I managed through. In a very stoned and inebriated state, I had posted all about my troubles in a Facebook post. The next day, I awoke and remembered the post I made and signed on to delete the comment when something very peculiar happened.

I had been messaged by six separate people reaching out and thanking me for my post. There were several paragraph long private messages with friends and

acquaintances sharing their experiences with me of abuses that some had never told anyone. By the end of the day, I had five people make plans with me for the week. One by one, with every visitor, they too shared with me abuses they held in their whole lives and thanked me for my courage and told me things like "By showing that I could survive this, they knew they could too" or "By reaching out and speaking out, getting help made them realize they didn't have to live this way either."

My heart sank with every person that came forward. I'd listen to them, I always stopped and hugged them and thanked them for sharing their pain and hurt on such a intimate level. Some of these folks are just the happiest, nicest folks you'll ever meet. Most were successful and their struggles were so internal some could only access those memories through intoxication. I began to see them as a young child version of themselves and that they must be heard and loved. I was asked by one of the survivors that I spoke with if others had come to me and I told them yes. They asked if it was overwhelming and if I hated it. I said no. I sought help because what had happened to me was destroying my life and suffocating me. I got help because I couldn't continue to live like that another day.

Now several people realize that life doesn't have to be a constant reminder of hurt, betrayal and lies. People that could never face their own abuses were now seeking help and moving forward in their lives. Although it hurt to discover so many people I knew suffered in silence, it felt humbling to feel as if I was a part to their long road to recovery. To have any part in helping someone stop hurting and live a life of happiness and freedom, self acceptance, is the very best feeling one could ever have. We don't know what goes on in someone's life or in their past. I had no idea that 11 friends that reached out to me had not only been through what I had but were hurting just as bad.

If you have been abused, please seek out help and draw your loved ones close. If someone ever shares abuse with you, just let them talk, don't try to judge or figure it out for them or force them to do anything they aren't ready for even if your heart is in the right place. Just be there for them, support them and them seeking help and let them know you are there for them and be there for them. When I finally told my friends everything last weekend, they were in shock and most had absolutely no idea. I was met with love, respect, concern and security in return.

My life is new. I have different perspectives and outlooks than I did even months ago. I'm exhausted by misery and pain and anger and just want to be happy and love those that are around me. My hope is that you too may come to a life like this and find your own happiness. — *CREEPY HORSE*

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# STILL DRINKING

This edition of *Still Drinkin'* is affectionately titled: "Pyramid of Cans in the Pale Moonlight."

Yeah, I know what we do here. Punk rock and metal and whatnot. And I love that stuff. Really, I do. But I'm also here to write celebrations about Texas beer, which means I'm also here to write celebrations of Texas beer-drinking music. You'll see a few pages away I've sung my praises of Willie Nelson's *Stardust*. My love for Willie began while sitting on my pop's couch in Austin, Texas, kicking back Budweisers and listening to Willie's *Greatest Hits (and Some That Will Be)* record. The deal was sealed at that point: old country music and cheap beer go together like raves and mollies, like bebop jazz and horse, like beat poetry and black coffee, like G Love and Special Sauce. So it goes. And it's for this reason that I'm rocking Merle Haggard while lifting a glass of my buddy's homebrewed pale ale to BCS's first classic country radio station: **Willy 97.7 FM**. For too long, I've only been able to cherish Houston's 97.1 FM—"Houston's only home for the country legends!"—about three miles south and on past William D. Fitch Pkwy. But I can't pick up Houston's Country Legend's in Bryan. No worries, now! BCS finally has 97.7 Willy FM: "Where The Legends Play!" I've spent the past week commuting in the glow of Alabama, Ronnie Milsap, Barbara Mandrell, Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson, Charlie Pride, even dadgum Brooks-n-Dunn. Crap, I may have just written my last report of *979represent* admitting that, but I'm loving life. My Anthrax CDs and NPR gardening shows have been put on hold during the day. Now I'm driving to work, singing along to classic George Strait and already tasting my first Happy Hour of the day. I love it. And you're welcome.

I'm also pleased to announce (for several reasons) that I finally completed the **World Of Beer 250 Club**. If you do not know about this situation, DON'T!!! At least do not buy in if you're a person like me. I rarely follow through with things. I'm a constant quitter. My novel about a fellow starting a Satanic student organization in his high school—*Neil Before Satan*: dropped after the third chapter. Alex Garza's Spanish class in the Fall Of 2014: dropped after four weeks. Bass guitar lessons and a chance to play in The BUTTERS alongside stellar locals: well, I quit the bass after three weeks but haven't committed to the band. This to say, I have been faithful to only a few things: my wife, my pugs, my beard, and cottage cheese. Also, beer. Definitely beer. Sometimes moreso than all the others combined. Or maybe I shouldn't write that sentence out loud. So it goes. Anyway, although I usually quit things easily, I get really excited about memberships. Those offers of "do or buy

so many of these things, and you get this free thing" enthrall me. I love that crap. And I will always follow through on any of those membership offers—no matter how much it cost in the end. Just ask O'Bannons. Old Chicago. The Flying Saucer. [www.fright-rags.com](http://www.fright-rags.com). My history is financially jaded.

So I joined WOB's 250 Club about a year ago, and I just finished this past weekend. The big question may be this: Is it worth it? Worth the money, the time, the parking, the patronage? My answer: absolutely. It's absolutely worth it if, like me, you really enjoy memberships and trying loads of beers and being a regular patron. I've enjoyed my times at WOB. I've come to know several servers and other regulars. High fives spill aplenty at WOB. This I love as much as trying 50 different styles of beer (their App tells me so) and 27 different ciders. However, it's not at all worth it if you're only interested in the plaque on the wall. What's a plaque? Nothing. I've got one now. It's got my name and that Alan Jackson quote above. But who cares? I don't need the plaque. I've enjoyed the conversations. The backgammon with my wife. The beers themselves. I feel great accomplishment at making in through 250 beers even without the plaque. What matters more? Find a place you love with people you enjoy and commit. Become a regular. Know some names. That's important. May I recommend **Eskimo Hut**? I just hope they start a membership thingy.

I'm also happy to introduce you to **Barrow Brewing Company** in Salado, Texas. This past Saturday, I had the grand occasion of enjoying two flights at Barrow: one of their four year-rounds and another of four seasonals. With eight 4-ounce flight samples, I only tasted greatness from Barrow. Each brew—**Ski Boat Blonde Ale**, **Evil Catfish IPA**, **784 Belgian White**, **Saladobock Doppelbock**, **Coffee Creek Lager**, and more—took each style a notch or two above textbook definition. Yes, Evil Catfish IPA is a solid American, hop-forward, West-Coast style IPA, but the balance is just beautiful. The Coffee Creek Lager is sharp in the expected places with an extra sharp tinge on the sides. Tippy Vicar Stout brings a cocoa base to the surface and then dollops of fresh batch of spicy hop on the top. Barrow Brewing Company is that great hidden greasy-spoon diner we're all driving past Cracker Barrel in hopes to find. Thankfully, my folks live a walking distance (with several sits) from Barrow. I'll be back to Barrow soon and often. God, I pray they also get a membership card. —KEVIN STILL



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# HYDROGEN JUKEBOX:

## STARDUST

Our Christmas party dimmed early. Festivities began shortly after breakfast, and by lunch most of the house napped off their Yule Tide beer buzzes. The same after dinner, only most were not rousing this time around. My dad, always the first to arrive and last to leave, asked if I'd stay awake with him. He sat a Budweiser sixer on the coffee table and said, "We do not go to bed until those beers are gone and we've played all the way through both sides of these Willie records". He held up the double-LP *Greatest Hits (and Some That Will Be)*. He dropped the needle on the first track, "Railroad Lady", and we sat in silence. Then he began telling stories I'd never heard about his high school years in newly integrated South Arkansas, about where he was and who he was with when he first heard these songs, where the Vietnam War took him in South Asia during the mid-1960s, and where it took him again across Texas during the late-80s when I lost him for years. He talked through six beers and 20 some-odd Willie Nelson songs. I was 22 years old. I had never listened to either of these men.

If a boy needs his father, he also needs the memory of his father's voice to carry him between visits and visions. Willie Nelson has been my father's voice for more than a decade.

My first memory of my father involves a 1977 Red Delicious Apple colored Ford Thunderbird, a fuzzy FM station, and my dad wailing his cackling voice out the window. My mother was not in the car. She wouldn't stand such nonsense: a grown man with car windows down and a cigarette clipped between his teeth while a tortured karaoke paraded alongside the radio. Who knows what the song was that day? Maybe Eddie Rabbit. Maybe The Oak Ridge Boys. Maybe John Anderson was "Swingin'". I was four years old. My dad wore bright blue Nike trainers with a banana yellow swoosh on the sides, and he kept a prickly brown mustache trimmed and combed to *Magnum P.I.* perfection. He knew every song on the radio. Before he moved away, when I was seven, he gave me a box of cassette tapes. Chuck Berry. Elvis Presley. Buddy Holly. He told me to listen closely. I did. While playing Atari, I blasted dad's tapes through speakers placed on either side of me. I imagined those songs gave me power, like in those montages in movies. Also, music, quick access to it, made him real.

My dad's favorite Willie Nelson song is "My Heroes

Have Always Been Cowboys". He reminds me often of Willie's line, "Picking up hookers instead of my pen/

I let the words of my youth fade away". This followed by a charge to count well. To excel in the simple math of knowing you're numbered. We are most naturally an equation hinged on subtraction, unless we can learn otherwise.

To this day, my favorite Willie Nelson record, hands down, is *Stardust*. Willie recorded *Stardust* in 1978 as a tribute to the great pop standards of the 1940s and 50s. This is the album that gives us "Georgia On My Mind", "Blue Skies", "All of Me", and "Moonlight In Vermont". It's a quiet record. A smoke and whiskey record. A late night or long drive record. My dad sent me a cassette tape of *Stardust* when I lived in China as part of a care package full of *Rolling Stone* magazines, Cheetos, and black licorice. I burned that *Stardust* cassette down to the nub. History repeats itself in such odd ways: an absentee voice leaving behind recordings of a voice not his own. Hey, it worked. I hear multiple voices in a single voice and find connection in random places.

I have seen Willie Nelson in concert only once. He and Bob Dylan played a dual show in Kansas City at the T-Bones Minor League ball-park. Dylan was awful. We looked at each other in the crowd, all us half stoned strangers, asking "What song is this?" Dylan was dying right in front of us. Willie, on the other hand, killed it. He bounced his beer-keg belly around the stage. He swaggered through his classic guitar playing. He talked to us and joked with us, and I cried half the damn concert like a 12 year old girl at a New Kids on the Block concert. That voice come to life. After so many burning bushes and pillars of fire and clouds by day, you gotta know Moses was more than tickled to finally stand on the Lord's Mountain. And I'd played, searched, through LPs and cassettes and CDs and poorly caught radio stations on poorly paved roads for too many years. Each time I heard more than Texas country music, taking away more than outlaw ideas. Even my being there that night in front of Willie, simply standing in the crowd, seemed a baton torch rite of passage. I'd won these tickets. Signed my name to a raffle in a brewery. A girl in tight Levis pulled my name from her back pocket, and I showed her my driver's license. Matching name to name. A Still to a Still. And then she handed me my father's favorite gift—a voice to fill silences and address questions when silences and questions are a father's gifts. How else might we learn to listen?—

KEVIN STILL



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A recent opinion piece in *Esquire* suggested that Starship's "We Built This City" was the worst song ever written. I too have at times shared this opinion, though in recent years I have come around to the cheesy inherently 1980s vibe of this single. Lately I've begun to feel another song should wear that crown. I decided to poll the *979represent* staff for their opinions of what constitutes the *Worst Song Ever* and here, my dears, are the results.

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The glib and easy way out to this would be to answer "Every song ever written by Nickelback". Yes, Nickelback are really lousy but somewhere in their muddled misogynist, ham fisted, bro anthems is an acknowledgement that they are only giving their audience—mostly white trash, below 70 IQ, reality TV watching imbeciles—what they deserve. Long of the short of it; you don't call the clown car a sports car. The converse of this is any number of elitist, pretentious, avant-garde "tortured" noise "artists", who are every bit as horrible as Nickelback but aren't honest enough to acknowledge their suck. Instead they hide it behind sneering condescension. Obviously if you can't see the "art" in some white privilege artiste using an air conditioner as a "musical instrument" while screaming as if he/she is having live kittens shoved up his/her arse then you are a brainless plebeian who probably listens to Nickelback.

For me, the true measure of a truly horrible song is lack of talent combined with a complete lack of realization that the horrible song one has written is really lousy. There are many songs that fall under this category but since I'm only allowed to choose one my choice is "Freaxx" by Broken-cyde. In songs, as in strip clubs and pornography, an excessive amount of consonants/deliberate misspelling is a sure sign of trouble. This song is a train wreck of horrible emo "singing" and horrible autotune dance rock nonsense. Imagine the theme song for a millennial date rape and you have an excellent idea of what this "song" sounds like. Broken-cyde are too moronic to hide behind art and not intelligent enough to hide behind commerce. — *RENTED MULE*

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Radiohead, U2, Fleetwood Mac, G.G. Allin, Sublime, The Smiths, 311, The Loving Spoonful, Grunge Music, Blues are all forms of music I hate and no matter what, I am not going to fucking like ever. These are bands and genres everyone seems to fucking love but me and I don't give a shit. Why do I care how much YOU like them, it's me that doesn't want to hear the shit. I don't care about their first album or that one song you like, it all sounds like projectile shitting being recorded to me.

That being said, if there is any song that I hate even more than the fake white boy reggae of fucking Sublime or the please kill me now shrills of Fleetwood Mac, that would hands down be "Show me the way" by Peter Frampton. I fucking hate "talk box guitar" and this song in general induces dry heaving when heard.

Once when I was managing a restaurant, the dishwasher and I ran neck to neck like Apollo Creed and Rocky Balboa in our hatred of Peter Frampton and his stupid fucking horrible talk box guitar laden live album of diarrhea and third day hangover bile puke. The owner had a record player in the restaurant and had a record collection for customers to freely play our offered selection. Every

# THE WORST SONG EVAH

couple of weeks she'd come in with donations from local record stores and would "replenish" the copy of Frampton comes alive as it always seemed to go missing. We straight up would wait for her to leave and throw it behind a large walk in refrigerator. When they moved from that location she found five copies behind it. — *CREEPY HORSE*

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This is a project that requires a lot of caveats. Can there really ever be a true "worst song ever"? Doesn't that title become severely circumstantial? I can hate a certain song because it was an ex-girlfriend's favorite, or because it seemed to always be on the radio during a really bad time of your life, or because you associate the song itself, good or bad, with something else in your life that was intolerable? That is the burden that can unfairly take a legitimately decent song and ruin it for someone. Not because the song sucked but everything else around it sucked. So the song sucks by default just for being there in the wrong place at the wrong time. No, the Worst Song Ever has to be just a really, really shitty song that refuses to be forgiven for any reason. It just should not exist and someone should very kindly take it out back and bury its head into a garbage bag until it stops moving. It has to be *that* song.

For me, that song is easily, hands down "What's Up" by The 4 Non-Blondes.

What makes this particular song so egregious? Well, I have to say everything. In 1993 when this song was a radio hit America was still in the throes of grunge. The first wave of stars (Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, etc.) had made way for the next rung of bands who altered their sounds to cash in on the big movement. By 1993 bands like Candlebox, Stone Temple Pilots, and Bush had begun to climb out of the woodwork, only to later in the decade begat the horribleness of Creed and Nickelback. The 4 Non-Blondes was definitely one of those bands. "What's Up" is a one hit wonder, and really the Earth could only hold still to only one four minute blast of bullshit like that without falling hopelessly out of orbit to eventually collide with other planets or stars similarly cast from their chosen courses by awful pop songs.

The song itself is sturdy enough. It is a faux bluesy four chord chart taken at a moderate pace. The playing may not be terrible in and of itself, but the sort of white blues guitar fills make me think the studio guitarist made the same sort of "fart sniffing reverie" face Phil Hartman once made in a skit about Derek Stevens, a hopeless hack of a songwriter played by Dana Carvey on *Saturday Night Live*. That sort of white man "feeling soulful" sort of look. Singer Linda Perry comes on and proceeds to pretend that she too is feeling that plastic soul. And then shifts all over the song. She overremotes in the sort of faux-gospel way that is the white girl equivalent to walking into a Guitar Center and playing the solo to "Beat It" by rote. Sure the notes are there, but the tone and the feeling are just absent. To quote the good Father John Misty, "I hate that soulful affectation white girls put on, why don't you move to the Delta?" A-fucking-men,

Father. Perry screeches, testifies, howls, hollers, yarls, and practically attempts to put the entire band, drum set, amp cabinets, monitors and all on her back to carry the song to the promised land. And you either loved her for it or hated her for it. I know many a 40-something woman who LOVES this song and for them it is their jam. It's the one that inspires them to load up their back pocket coozy with a Bud Light and scream "that's my SOOOONGGGG" and proceed to sing along nearly as poorly as Perry's original vocal. It is a lyric of half-baked drunken college freshman dorm room sophistry for when you get to that golden twilight moment of your Natty Ice buzz that you fancy yourself the holder of THE KEY to understanding of the universe. No, Linda Perry, I'm not screaming at the top of lungs "What's going on!" I am screaming "will you please shut the fuck up, roll over, and sleep it off!" — *KELLY MINNIS*

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"Don't Stop Believing" by Journey. Actually any Journey song sung by Steve Perry would be on my list. That guy's voice is easily the most grating in rock music, something akin to cats gargling. Even when the music nears competency, Perry's caterwauling dooms every tune.

Addendum—the worse song ever actually is Paul McCartney's "Wonderful Christmastime". Just shoot me when that comes on the radio every Yuletide.—*MIKE L. DOWNEY*

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Our single-wide sat down a dirt-road behind a cemetery on HWY 8 running west out of Arkadelphia, Arkansas. Our neighbor, Jerry, was a widower raising a seven year old boy who terrorized my friend's golden retriever. Jerry also had a storm shelter he invited us into every time the winds swelled to good kite flying weather. "Only takes a 40 mile an hour puff to knock a single-wide clean over," he'd say. There beneath the ground Jerry would tuck his son into a sleeping bag while regaling us with first-hand stories from Woodstock. Jerry's was a vocabulary limited by years of substances. These were the only times Jerry spoke to us, and we treasured every stormy day with his stories. Jerry has nothing to do with why I so greatly loathe Fleetwood Mac's "Landslide", but he is a permanent fixture from the season that constructed my loathing.

People swirled through our trailer like leaves in our wooded drive. So did weed. Somewhere during this time—I do not remember whom, though I have suspicions—someone started a tradition of playing The Smashing Pumpkins' album *Pisces Iscariot* at full blast and on repeat whenever the trailer filled to capacity, which was often. At night such raucous energy drowned the voices of bobcats screaming like pulp fiction women between blackened trees. Over and over. Loudly. That one record. *Pisces Iscariot*. Even worse, Billy Corgan's cover of "Landslide" received double, sometimes triple airtime. Of course, weed played a part in the repetitive "Landslide" meditations. I tried my friend's supply a few times, but I didn't like the effects. I remember once laying on the floor, stoned out of my gourd with Modest

Mouse's *Lonesome Crowded West* sonically bathing me, and I began pulling my forearms over my forehead in an attempt to "give birth to myself" (the phrase I kept murmuring) in the hopes that, were I successful, I would be "normal" on the other side of my ulna's vulva. Still, even under the influence, I hated that song. Even stoned, I could not understand why people were doping and munching cheap-ass cans of cream of mushroom soup over rice while analyzing "Landslide" like it was Eliot's "The Waste Land". They were on about how "deep" it was. How "brave" it was. How "complex" it was in "its simplicity". "No, it's not!", I wanted to scream. *"But time makes you bolder/ Even children get older/Oh, I'm getting older, too"*—That's not poetry: that's biology! The lyrics are laughable. The metaphor is tacky. The song itself: is it even good? I will never know. It is an utterly ruined song for me. The repetition of it. The Corgan melodramatics. The critical chatter beneath blankets of nude, induced fogs. (Ask me later about the rampant nudity in the trailer. People at Baptist colleges go ber-er-er-zerk when they get the chance.) I was student-teaching at this time. I wanted to listen to Willie Nelson and The Cars, slam a Bud Light and call it a night. But the "Landslide"—*"THE LANDSLIDE BROUGHT ME DOWN!"*

I remember asking Jerry once, while spending a night in his storm cellar, what he thought about "Landslide". Unfortunately, Jerry served cheap whiskey by the fat-finger, so I don't remember what he said. But I'm sure it was neutral to unfavorable. Today I regret that I do not enjoy Fleetwood Mac. They are considered among our classic bands, but I only hear dying kittens and cemetery gravel in their songs. Oddly enough, I've retained enjoyment of The Smashing Pumpkins, specifically their albums *Gish* and *Siamese Dream* and that one great masterpiece of a track "Bullet With Butterfly Wings". Still, I hate any version of "Landslide" so much (even Billy Corgan to a degree) that my friend Pepe Guzman texts me anytime he hears "Landslide" in public, both as a "Glad You're Not Here" sentiment and a "the turd remains unpetrified" report. Yes, time does make songs older but not necessarily bolder. So it goes.—*KEVIN STILL*

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In 1985 "We Are the World" was a song that was released for USA for Africa. It was basically a circle jerk of musicians with Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie at the helm bringing in the biggest stars in the 80s to sing. Now keep in mind, this was the 80s. Rock stars still existed. They were bajillionaires and could have easily donated money themselves, but hey they would rather you shell out money while they give up a little of their time and get more fame points off this song.

That should have been the end of it.... but then Crom the god of steel got mad at Haiti and threw a 7.0 earthquake at it... since Jackson had died a few months before and it was a good twenty five years later, they decided to give it the *Ghostbusters* treatment and totally fuck it up even more. Now it's not just that the song sucked originally. It's that it sucks even more in 2010.

In the 80s, Quincy Jones produced singers. They sang. But in the 2000's, autotune came in to totally kill modern music. Now how do we make it even worse than just adding autotune? Shit... let's give it a rap part... yup. Now add the fact that in 85... they had stars that are still recognizable to this day. Cyndi Lauper, Kenny Rogers, Paul Simon, Tina Turner, Willie Nelson, Diana Ross, Ray effin Charles...

But in 2010, they gave us such bright stars as BeBe Winans, Mary Mary, IYAZ, and... sigh Vin Diesel.... Let's not forget the awesome archived footage of Michael Jackson... we have to cash in on that and let's also put in his nephews Taj, TJ, and Taryll in there too, because... I'm sure they will blow up after this song is released (6 years later... crickets) This song should have stayed dead, but it rose like a zombie in a bad movie.— *TIM OI*

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Chumbawumba, "Tubthumping". I really shouldn't have to say any more other than, NO. But, I will!

Chumbawumba's only "hit song" from 1997 still haunts me to this very day. I distinctly remember being 5 years old, riding in the back of my mom's blue van on the way to school at 7:00AM during the fall semester when this song came on for the first time over the radio. I remember cringing, and thinking "this will be the worst day of my life." At 5 years old, I was fucking right. I got hit in the face with a soccer ball in P.E that day, and Tom Barling called me fat because I wouldn't give him my fruit cup during lunch. Since that day, Tubthumping has been on my worst song of all times list, because not only does it represent EVERY bad fad of the 90's, but because it was my first real bad day memory that stuck with me for the rest of my life. Even at 24 I shudder at the sound of Tubthumping slithering by in some horrible 90's playlist. It has trumpets and trombones, horrible British accents, and this god awful lady singing about "pissing the night away". The music video is even worse. I hate you, Chumbawumba. Sincerely, I really do.—*JESSICA LITTLE*

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Now while many Americans may not be aware of it, there was a hit song back in the UK in the early 90's, 1991 to be exact, from a British comedy duo known simply as Hale & Pace. The duo went on to have a rather successful run on British TV; their sketch comedy ran 10 full series and included a few spin-offs, specials, & other things. They certainly made a name for themselves on their little island nation at the time. What many don't realize is that, like many comedians, they also gave a go at music. This of course leads me to their chart topping—albeit briefly—hit which lasted a whole week at the top of the UK charts at #1 beating out The Clash for the spot. The song was written to promote a fictitious dance craze also named "The Stonk" as a benefit in aid of Comic Relief and actually managed to raise 100,000 pounds. Good for them right? Perhaps..

However, allow me to elaborate a bit more about the song; it features a remarkable lineup of talent for such a clunky horribly conceived idea for a good cause—bless their hearts. Seriously... It was produced by Brian May of Queen, and features David Gilmour of Pink Floyd on Bass, Tony Iommi of Black Sabbath on lead Guitar with Brian May, Neil Murray of Whitesnake on Bass, Cozy Powell of Rainbow on Percussion, Roger Taylor of Queen on Drums, Mike Moran of the Ian Gillian band and Joe Griffiths on keyboards, and best of all there is Rowan Atkinson—as Mr. Bean in the video—on drums! Now with all of these talented people in one place, one would think "now certainly there has to be something good here." Nope. You're wrong. It's HORRIBLE. It's CONVOLUTED. It's the OPPOSITE of funny.

While I have to admit it was definitely worth stumbling

across for the sake of novelty, it's definitely just that. A clonky, wonky song, with a bunch of famous musicians supporting two comedians who, for all sakes and purposes, look like they could very well be undercover cops more than comedians, which isn't exactly fair to them, because given a chance their comedy is typically pretty damn funny. This, however, is not. Bright colors, bad dance moves, and worse lyrics lead to disaster of a train wreck of a song and music video that I'm sure many would wish to forget. But don't take my word for it, turn the radio on, or get on YouTube or whatever, get your friends and everyone you know go into a public space and just get with it and "do the Stonk!" once and only once. Then go home, and think about what you've done with your life. Cheers.—*WILL THOMPSON*

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"Pardon Me" - Incubus. Let's begin with the first thing we hear, a soft guitar swelling with a simple hi hat rhythm. Great start! Except then suddenly we get this weird record scratching but not authentic very digital. Okay whatever. Then it just explodes into hard rock "pardon me while I burst!" the first lyrics you hear are actually just a prophetic utterance of what you're going to continue to say while listening to this song. Now we have the vocal-ist rapping but it's not even good it's more like that guy who listens to rap and knows the words but doesn't know how to put inflection on it. Now we're in the chorus, the most bland overdriven chords with the same lyrics repeated over and over. "I'll never be the same" he sings finishing the chorus and he's right. I'll never be the same because of how bad this is. Lastly we get a bridge before the final chorus, the same swelling guitar and hi hat rhythm from the intro while he softly sings "pardon me while I burst into flames". I wish he would burst into flames so that this song would end. This is the worst song ever. —*JOSH WILLIS*

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The worst song ever is "Hot Blooded" by Foreigner. Okay, there are probably worse songs that have been written, recorded, and disseminated to the masses, but none get under my skin quite the way that "Hot Blooded" does. Part of it has to do with how often I hear it when I want no part in the experience. I live down in part of far South College Station called Houston and enjoy listening to the radio when I'm driving around. The classic rock radio station in the region, 107.5 FM the Eagle, plays more Foreigner than I have ever heard a radio station secrete in my life. And I was raised on classic rock radio, so I understand that a small dose of Foreigner is in the cards when you have such a station tuned up on your dial. But it seems like any car ride I have longer than 15 minutes, a Foreigner song is guaranteed to come on 107.5 at some point during the drive. It's as if they have a Foreigner Panic Button at the ready to hit as soon as they see their online stream count begin to take a dive.

"But Todd", a hypothetical reader might say, "why don't you just NOT listen to 107.5 FM when you're within the Greater Houston area? Then you would be guaranteed to never hear "Hot Blooded."" Well, it's not that simple. I purchased a base-model vehicle without a CD player, because this is the sad future we live in now and CD players do not come standard on automobiles anymore. This future has granted me the capability to connect my smartphone (author's note: man, this is such a first world problem I'm about to get into) to the vehicle via either

Bluetooth or an auxiliary cable input. However, the phone only has so much storage space, and I removed pretty much all of my music from it so that I could hold a bunch of terrible demos that I record on it. I have Spotify downloaded on my phone, and I do stream stuff through it from time to time, but that starts to take up a lot of data after a while. Also, my old iPod's battery can no longer hold a charge and has been rendered useless (please direct all of your hate-mail to the 979Represent editor).

Anyway, by far the biggest issue I have with "Hot Blooded" is the stupid dumb lyrics. Let's look at the chorus first: "*Well, I'm hot blooded, check it and see*". Okay, that's not so bad, what else is there? "*I got a fever of a hundred and three*." Well, you should probably not go to school today, and if it keeps up go see a doctor. "*Come on baby, do you do more than dance?*" WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?! WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH YOUR INTERNAL BODY TEMPERATURE?! (yes, I am being intentionally obtuse and realize that the chorus is actually poorly written innuendo.) Then we end with "*I'm hot blooded, I'm hot blooded*" because the songwriter had literally no further thoughts to jot down. There are plenty zingers during the verses and pre-choruses as well, starting with "*You don't have to read my mind, to know what I have in mind*". Yep, they decided to rhyme "mind" with itself, because this is a pop song and everything has to rhyme and metaphors are hard. It happens later on also with "*But you've got to give me a sign, come on girl, some kind of sign*"; perhaps the lyrics were scribbled down in 5 minutes or something? I also noticed that there may be some borderline pedophilia going on with the narrative (if you deem it worthy of that verbiage), albeit such behavior wasn't exactly out of place with some rock stars in the 70s. "*Oh, before we do, you'll have to get away from you know who*." No, I really don't. Who are you referring to? Her boyfriend? Father? Social services? "*Are you old enough? will you be ready when I call you bluff?*" Well I suppose you did ask for consent.

As for the music, the riffs are pretty big and dumb as well. There's three parts to the song, and every one of them has the same familiar guitar and cymbal hits somewhere within them. I'm pretty sure the song fades out at the end, but I'm not going to make myself listen to right now just to do my homework for this write-up. The song doesn't leave an esteemed impression after you've heard it, say, twice, and there's no reason for it to be a staple of classic rock radio when there are plenty of better selections to play. Hell, there are better Foreigner songs to maybe it's not so bad; I could copy the chord structure

and write a big hit for Sombrero. Also, the song play! Maybe it's not so bad; I could copy the chord has been drilled into my subconscious enough that I could perform it at karaoke ironically. Maybe Kelly Hansen is a long lost uncle of mine who should be sending me a portion of the royal checks every time I succumb to "Hot Blooded". Be right back, going to sign up to Ancestry.com....—*TODD HANSEN*

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### Ten Most Hated Songs

1. Michael Jackson, "Beat It." In fact, *everything* by him aside from the Jackson Five. There's only one MJ, and he played b-ball. Antidote: listen instead to Darondo, "Didn't I?"
  2. Abba, "Take a Chance on Me." If my urethra had ears, this song would remind it of the time it was tested for an STD. Antidote: Wear a rubber. Oh, sorry—for a club song, you mean?
  3. Baha Men, "Who Let the Dogs Out?" Antidote: If you need a guilty pleasure in this neighborhood, go back to basics with Cameo, "Word Up."
  4. Debby Boone, "You Light Up My Life." I'm really, really angry with Debby Boone right now because I had to listen to this again to see if I hated it more than Whitney Houston, "I Will Always Love You" and Barbara Streisand, "Evergreen." I do.
  5. Duran Duran, "Hungry Like the Wolf." Their video didn't help. Antidote: If you need British diction in your 80s New Wave, Psychedelic Furs, "Into You Like a Train."
  6. Survivor, "Eye of the Tiger." So awful it makes Journey, "Don't Stop Believing," acceptable as a hostage exchange. To clean your ears, listen to Afghan Whigs, "Retarded," loud.
  7. MC Hammer, "U Can't Touch This." Deal. I won't.
  8. REM, "Losing My Religion." This one hurt because I loved their first four records. (The only thing *redeeming* about this loss of faith is imitating his singing style here and adlibbing lyrics to recount your day: "That's me in my cubicle..." Antidote: REM, "Life & How to Live It.")
  9. Queen, "Fat-Bottomed Girls." There was a lot to admire about these London boys and they tried to blow it all with one ill-inspired song and (especially) its seat-sniffing-suggestive art(sic)work.
  10. Barry Manilow, "Copacabana." For guilty schlock pleasure with a heaping dose of exotic places condescension, your antidote is Looking Glass, "Brandy (You're a Fine Girl)."
- Bonus: Worst Christmas Song: John Denver, "Please, Daddy (Don't Get Drunk This Christmas)."—*HENRY ROWE*



# RECORD REVIEWS



## Wilco *Schmilco*

Based on the early reviews of Wilco's latest effort, *Schmilco*, I fully expected to hate it. The reviews weren't negative really, but everyone seemed to have high expectations based upon the excellent *Star Wars* freebie that came out last year. *Schmilco* seemed to disappoint. It's folksy, there's no hooks, it's a return to the aimless dad rock of the later '00s version of the band, etc. For that reason alone I decided to sleep on *Schmilco* and did not hear it until a month after its release. I have determined that was a good thing.

It is a really burn rap that most music writers have to turn over a new album in record time to be the first person to publish a review about a particular album. But something that the review process doesn't really factor into the equation is that often times a good album takes a while to burn in on your conscience. You can't render a snap judgment based on a few listens sometimes.

*Schmilco* seems to have a lot in common with *Sukirae*, the first "solo" album for Wilco frontman Jeff Tweedy, along with his drumming son Spencer. It is indeed not a rocking affair. The music is definitely acoustic guitar-centric. But it is far from boring and far from hookless. "North American Kids" opens the album with a hush but a fairly dark lyric, "Always hate what they don't understand/Got to get away from these normal American kids." "Even As a Child" has the same feel of previous midtempo album tracks from the *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* era. "Common Sense" is a bit divisive for some. It's a "weird" song, on purpose. A friend told me it sounded like they were trying too hard to show off Wilco's avant cred. While I don't find it to be that great of a song, it doesn't kill me nor do I feel it kills the vibe

of the album. I am liable to come forward to "We Aren't the World (Safety Girl)" though, which is truly the standout pop gem on this album. It doesn't really ape "We Are the World" but it definitely references the song, quotes it and makes it something else.

Both *Star Wars* and *Schmilco* were recorded at the same time. Tweedy at company opted to have the more immediate rock songs on one album, and the sleeper downtempo things on the other. These two together make me long for the days of cassettes. A blank TDK D60 would be a great way to go, to have *Star Wars* on one side and *Schmilco* on the other. They are very much a pair and have to be looked at and consumed in that fashion. Perhaps it is an anachronism for Wilco to throw two albums at their audience this way. It harkens back to the time of the album, for when listeners had more patience and time to devote to a band than the singles and playlist-centric habits of the modern age. Spend some time with this one and don't let that first listen turn you away. — **KELLY MINNIS**



## Beach Slang

*A Loud Bash of Teenage Feelings*

The title alone could have been warning enough since my kids aren't even teenagers anymore, but I've always been drawn to solid punk music from all ages from all over the world, but this second release by this young Philadelphia punk band is not quite solid...yet. They do have plenty of promise though.

The most promising tune leaps off the record. "Spin the Dial" has the loose rocking feel of The Replacements so much that it could pass as a gem left off *Let It Be*. Other competent rockers include "Atom Bomb" and "Art Damage". There's some nice guitar in "Punks In a Disco Bar" and "The Perfect High".

Also vocalist/songwriter James Alex has a knack for catchy song titles like "Future Mixtape

for the Art Kids" and the memorable line or two: "Not as broken/As you are brave" ("Warpaint") and "Still taste you in every ash" ("Wasted Daze of Youth"). However, there's nothing that really soars as the band never quite nails it. "Young Hearts" is a failed attempt at a romantic epic just as "Wasted Daze of

Youth" strains to be another epic rocker, but doesn't make it. It's not that this is a bad record; it's just that it seems the band wanted to make a grand statement, but the tunes just aren't there yet. We'll listen for the next one. — **MIKE L. DOWNEY**

## CLUSTER ENSEMBLE PLAYS

PHILIP GLASS

## Cluster Ensemble Plays Philip Glass

Philip Glass is a 20th century modern music composer. He is the composer who made minimalist composition "pop". While this movement of neo-classical music was populated by a myriad of different approaches, such as the work pursued by a whole series of grant-funded and university lab-hosted weirdos, some who created serial music, some who created music by recording electronic pulses and editing them into compositions by splicing audio tape, some who just smoked amazing amounts of dope and had 24 hour events with whoever would show up and play a drone note on an instrument until they fell over, etc., Glass's work was notable for the repetition of small melodic note clusters. And when I say repeated, I mean the same chord could be arpeggiated for an hour at a time. Anyone who listens to the early works of Glass can tell you that it isn't just the same thing over and over again, but that there are small changes in the patterns that mix it up and the overall vibe of the repetition would eventually take you

some place, let you zone out and focus on other things. It's the challenge of making foreground music essentially background music for enhancing other foreground actions. This is a musical idea that Glass also shared with other prominent 1960s avant garde composers like Steve Reich and Terry Riley, that inspired artists like Brian Eno to further exploit the idea of music as ambience.

For instance, I love listening to Glass's more accessible *North Star* album or his mini-opera *The Photographer* while biking or running or even typing and editing on this here magazine. But for some the music of Philip Glass is like an endurance sport; an activity to get through rather than enjoy.

Glass has mostly moved on from the style that made his bread and butter in the early days towards film scoring and ballet. Nearly anyone with a synthesizer can set their arpeggiator on repeat and cop the general gist of Glass's work. However, in the late '60s and early '70s there were no computer sequencers for keyboards and all of Glass's music was written and performed by hand. It was meant to be performed live by humans. And that is exactly what Cluster Ensemble does with this 3CD set of small ensemble performances of some of Glass's most celebrated work.

Cluster Ensemble plays these works not entirely as written, though the vibe is there. The players key up on electronic organs, but each piece the Ensemble performs is edited down from its original length, as often Glass's pieces were each multi-hour, multi-album affairs. In the case of "Music With Changing Parts", I find that to be an improvement over the Glass Ensemble's recorded performance. This album works in a way as a "Glass Ensemble Greatest Hits" that would make an excellent introduction for what minimalist music and Glass in general are all about. But do yourself and everyone around you a favor and make sure you aren't listening to this in mixed company. It's far more demonic and panic-inducing than the darkest of metal. You might actually incite a riot in your general vicinity whilst listening to this set. — **KELLY MINNIS**



# CONCERT CALENDAR

**10/1—Hopeless City Blues, A Sundae Drive, Cake Rangers, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm**

**10/6—The Cover Letter @ TAMU Rudder Fountain, College Station 12pm**

**10/6—Atarimatt, great unwashed luminaries, Rudical @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/7—Forever Today @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 8pm**

**10/7—Landon Evans Band, The New Offenders, The Cover Letter @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

**10/7—Birthday Club, Electric Astronaut, Shane Walker @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/8—Jake Dexter & The Main Street, Forever Today, Daniel Gonzalez Band, Trent Rush @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

**10/8—Boss Battle, Destroyer of Light, The Tron Sack @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/13—Rock & Roll Damnation, Interracial Dionysus, HYAH! @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm**

**10/14—Beat The Hell Out of Breast Cancer feat. Hindsight, Isonomist, Second Runner Up, Sol, Three33, Distance/Here, Frame the Artist, A Voyage To Conquer @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6:30pm**

**10/14—Slow Future, Electric Astronaut, Jeremiah Johnson Band @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/15—Jody Seabody & The Whirls, Omotai, Tenino, Pizza Planet @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/15—Back the Badge feat. Rock N Roll Damnation, The Inators, The Vintage Ramekins @ Independence Harley, College Station. 10am**

**10/18—Girlband, Friendship Commanders @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm**

**10/20—The Schisms, HYAH!, Electric Astronaut @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/21—SkyAcre, A Sundae Drive, Salt of Sanguine @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/22—4th Annual Zombie Pub Crawl @ Downtown Bryan. 7pm**

**10/22—KANM Save the Music feat. Forever Today, Cheap Wine, Caterpillar, HYAH! @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

**10/23—Brazos Valley Roller Derby Halloween Machup @ VFW, Bryan. 4pm**

**10/27—Slouch, Mutant Love, The Ex-Optimists, Unicornodg @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/28—Punk Rock Prom feat. Girlband, Mutant Love, Rock N Roll Damnation, The Hammer Party, Rebel Flesh, The Weird @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm**

**10/29—Mothracide, Lechuza, Unicornodg, Dehtruck, J Goodin @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**10/29—Rocky Horror Picture Show @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 11:30pm**

## COFFEE

The windows are stained with soot from the prolonged onset of depression. Thoughts of self-immolation and salvation battle like Atari chess pieces on a flickering tube television set. Today or tomorrow, something will give; it's inevitable and intangible in the now. Yet as the seconds meld into weeks that meld in months it's the most tangible thing in sight. The vision of the mind's eye is concrete. It's gaze daunting. Pebbles stacked by the river reflect the harmony and beauty in nature, just as surely as whatever is to come that will destroy the works of art. Serine. — *WILL THOMPSON*

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fourth annual  
**PUNK ROCK  
PROM**



Girlband  
The Weird  
Rebel Flesh  
Mutant Love  
Hammer Party  
Rock&Roll Damnation

FRIDAY **OCT 28TH** 10PM  
**REVOLUTION**  
CAFE & BAR