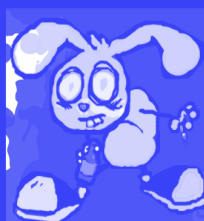
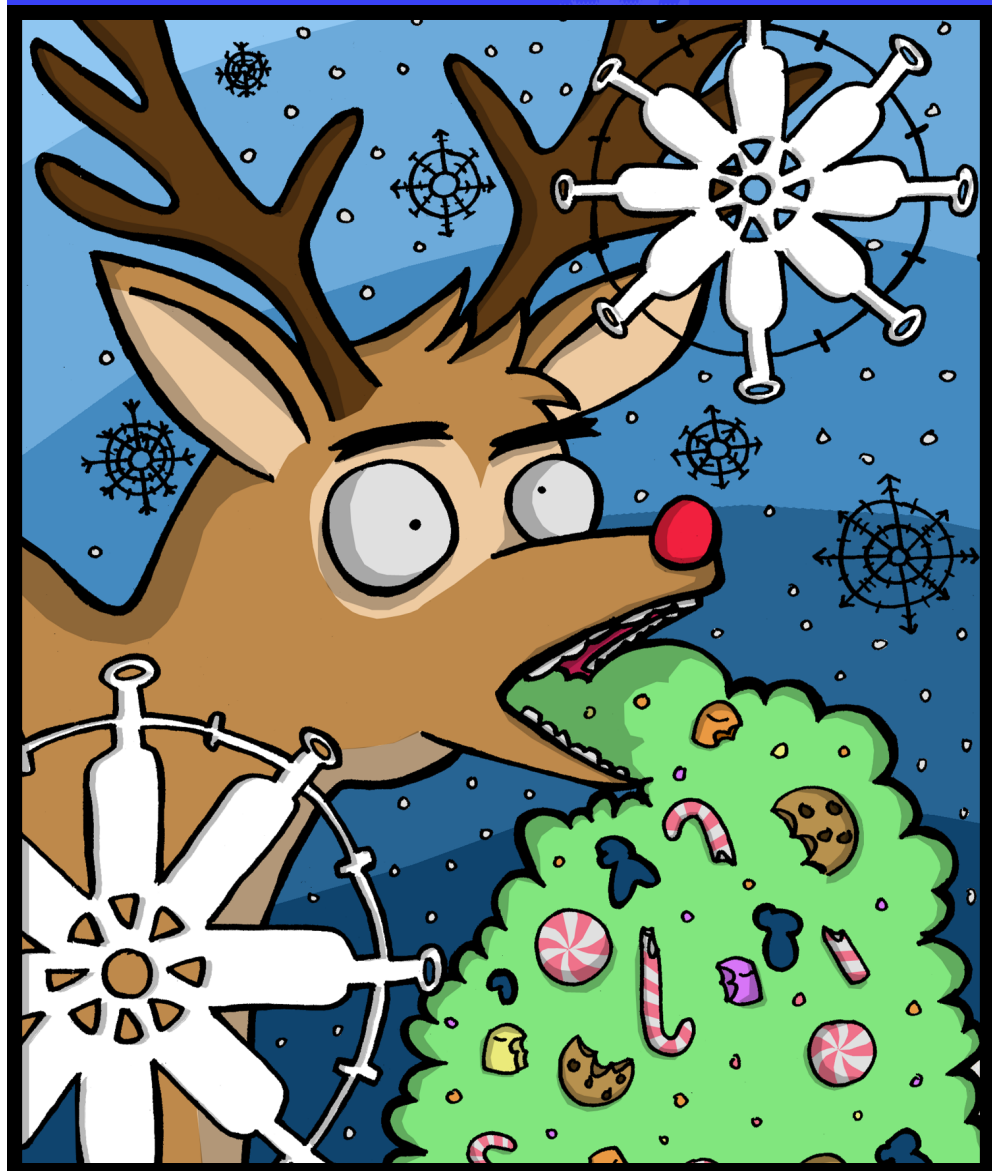


STAR REPRESENT



december 2016
vol. 8 issue 12



inside: post election crybaby - rabbit holes - richard spencer vs. aggies united - henry rolling spoken word tour - the great hangover of 2016 - reading rocks - leonard cohen - hydrogen jukebox - still drinking - leon russell - record reviews - concert calendar



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

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kelly minnis - kevin still

art splendor

katie killer - wonko the sane

folks that did the other shit for us

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downey - jorge goyko - todd hansen - rented mule

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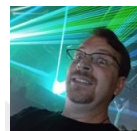
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RABBIT HOLES

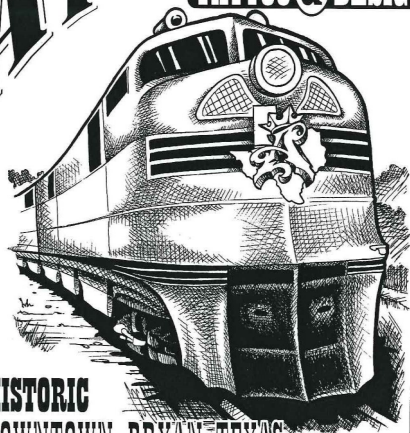
I Am a Target Market. I kinda know what someone might mean if they thought that TV commercials were manipulating the viewer using a purposeful mix of psychology, personality trait analysis and target marketing. Or "paranoia" in other words. I mean, I feel manipulated. What got me was we were watching a TV episode in the evening, and it was not something we would let the kids watch, and a Toys R Us commercial came on. It just happens to be November, and yeah, I'm already thinking on Christmas...well, I am now anyway. The other thing is that I am in the marketing industry, so I know about "remarketing" and "target analysis" and all that stuff. Like you know how you might be shopping for a tool or a part for your refrigerator or a video game, and then you start seeing ads come up in the next few days with the exact stuff you were looking at. I know for a fact that websites know if you purchased or not. You can pay for use of that information. So, it looks like Hulu is using the same concept for displaying ads. They know our watching history, and they are targeting us. I'm not all paranoid like, "Oh shit, they are watching us! Put tape on all the cameras and mics!" But I am like, "Oh, that looks cool, I should start thinking about that and potentially buy it." Damn it.

The Business of Hospitals. How can the Hippocratic oath (I will use treatment to help the sick according to my ability and judgment, but never with a view to injury and wrong-doing) be upheld when curing someone will make them not visit the doctor for a while, meaning less money? But if they give them a chemical that will postpone the capability for the body to cure itself (in the cases where it can) or cause a new "need" to offset side effects, that seems more like "Good Business" doesn't it? Seems like insurance companies have ruined the whole process. It would make sense if insurance companies were created so that people would be more willing to go to hospitals more often for less than severe things, like vaccinations or rashes or a sore throat. But that's probably not true. You know, especially if over prescribing antibiotics was actually creating stronger, resistant strains of...oh, wait, I don't know if that's true either. Well, either way, hospital care is expensive, I assume because insurance companies take a big cut, so hospitals raise their prices so they can make more too. In the meantime, someone can't afford to get a growing abscess in his nut sack looked at...which gets so big he gets noticed and interviewed on national news. Strange thing to be famous for.

Nicki Minaj Is Useful. Recently heard an Ariana Grande song ("Side to Side") on the radio. Not an amazing song in my opinion, but whatever. The song is about how she wants to be with a "Bad Boy", which she knows is a bad idea, and her friends tell her. She also wants to listen to her friends and hang out with them. But the lure of the "Bad Boy" is strong. We've all been there, right? Anyway, the trend nowadays is to have an obligatory rap 3/4ths into the song. Ariana's producers/agents decided Nicki Minaj was the right choice. Or maybe it was Ariana's idea. Either way. So, if you listen to Nicki's rap, it has nothing to do with Ariana's dilemma of choosing a bad boy or listening to her friends. Like nothing at all. You know what it's about? It's about Nicki Minaj being amazing. "All these bitches, flows is my mini-me/Body smoking, so they call me young Nicki chimney/Rappers in they feelings cause they feelin' me/Uh, I-I give zero fucks and I got zero chill in me" etc. So, I just have to assume that this is blatant, unveiled promotion. Pay Nicki Minaj (who apparently has enough clout to make my song popular) a bunch of money to rap on my song. Just give her a bpm and let her come up with whatever. Now the radio stations say, "New song by Ariana Grande and Nicki Minaj" and it gets played hundreds of times a week. Cool. What a strange industry. Not even an attempt to make it sound like a real collab? No. I was Googling to try to figure out what Nicki got paid for it and found that the marketing is now "The song is about having so much sex that you can't walk". That is total bullshit. That is completely a "Shock Promo" stunt. Go read the lyrics. The only line that references anything is when Nicki mentions riding a "dick bicycle".—JORGE GOYCO

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POST ELECTION WHINING



I have had a few weeks now to adjust to the idea of a President-elect Donald Trump. Prior to 11/9/2016 I didn't have any conception of what such an idea would look like, smell like, or feel like because I was absolutely 100% convinced there was no way America would elect him, no matter how flawed a candidate former Secretary of State Hillary Clinton was. But I overlooked a few things that I should obviously have remembered. I produced conservative talk radio in Seattle in the late '90s through the mid '00s and forgot about the intense dislike for the Clintons that not only fuels Republicans but most moderates around the country, including myself. I voted reluctantly for Clinton in the primary and the general. I was no fan of Hillary and I had to confront in myself some of the issues that I think prevented the average person from voting from Clinton. See the October issue of *979represent* for more on that.

Pundits failed to take into account that:

- a.) Clinton fatigue is a REAL thing on all sides.
- b.) She could not change the GOP narrative of Hillary Clinton the crook, the liar, the killer, the career politician, the ancient woman on the edge of death.
- c.) The "deplorables" are not just barely closeted racists, homophobes, fascists, sexists, misogynists, etc. There are some of those, but there are also a lot of poor, working place white people in four key states (Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania) who were played like a well-tuned fiddle by the Trump machinery and made to feel like Trump was gonna make everything alright.
- d.) Hardcore conservatives were appeased by Trump's deputies at every point, confirming that basically every item on the grocery list was going to get checked off. Abortion? Abolished. Illegals? Deported. Will they come back? Nope, because of The Wall. Moslim refugees? Nope. End NAFTA? Yup. Is he gonna take our guns like Obama? Please.
- e.) The effect of the two October surprises. The Hollywood Insider video and FBI Director James Comey's letter to Congress. Yes, Trump said things that most people find horrible, even some of the people that held their noses and still voted for him. And Jim Comey's announcement that he had discovered one last device that might hold yet more emails yet to be investigated from Clinton's private server. Even though nothing new was found and Comey went on to say that he still recommended no legal action the damage was already done.
- f.) Nobody understands Obamacare and because certain states refused to develop their own co-ops it made prices crazy for some. Clinton did not support a repeal but instead vowed to fix it, a tone-deaf response. Most people affected just wanted to blow it up and start over.
- g.) This was not the election that turned out Millennials and minorities in epic supply as was predicted. In fact, 55% of citizens of voting age turned out. So only roughly a quarter of the country voted for either candidate.

Fears were played upon by the RNC in a far more successful way. White people feared that goobacks done took their jobs and not being able to refuse to bake Adam & Steve's wedding cake won out over our fears that much of the progress America has made in the last eight years would be deleted. Many writers' post-mortems on the election scolded the media elite for looking down upon Trump's constituency and making

fun of them, rather than trying to understand them. I think there's some truth in it. For every easily identifiable white supremacist alt-right bird whistle there was a normal scared person who saw their beliefs steamrolled over by history. I have family members who voted proudly for Trump that are not homophobic or racist. However, when pointed out to them that even if they aren't directly responsible for those points of view that they still voted for a person who used those points of view to appeal to voters they shuffle their feet and change the subject. Guilty, but not guilty enough to have voted differently. So what resonated with them that didn't resonate with me? That's something that the DNC needs to figure out before the 2018 midterms. That's something I think a lot of us who just assumed that no one would take Trump seriously after Grab 'Em By the Pussygate need to figure out too.

What is really going to happen is that Millennials get to see what it's like to live with a president that did not carry the public vote and skated into Washington thanks to the Electoral College. It is like 2000 all over again. Those who voted for Johnson and Stein or wrote in Harambe will have to live with the fact that their votes were spoilers. Not wasted votes, but votes that elected Donald Trump by proxy. They should find the Ralph Nader voters from 2000 and share a glass of regret with them. The right who picketed for Obama to go back to Kenya, hung effigies of the president, and spent eight years turning the refrain "Thanks, Obama" into a punch line will very conveniently forget those sentiments now and refuse to empathize with those on the street protesting, chanting "Not my president".

Me, I was stunned, like everyone else. What I feel this week seems a lot like what it felt like after 9/11, when I spent a lot of time feeling vaguely afraid, shellshocked, and worried about what happens next. I tend to believe the best in people and I catch myself thinking, "Surely it won't be so bad, surely Trump can't do all the things he told people he'd do so he could get elected." Then I remind myself that I was sure that Trump wouldn't win the primary, then I thought surely Trump couldn't win the general. Heh, well, don't call me Shirley. I don't think Trump will get much of what he said he'd get done. Obama never came for their guns and Trump's not coming for your hijabs either. We survived Dubya, we'll survive Trump. Like Dubya, the scary part is the power behind the throne (Pence and the washed ups that will populate his cabinet).

But that does not mean that it's just gonna be alright. Considering all of Trump's appointments it is really going to be hell on women, Muslims, LGBTQ, blacks, browns, poor people of all colors, anyone with a post graduate education, scientists, and basically anyone who is not a Trump, married to a Trump, or in business dealings with a Trump. You must be vigilant. Pay attention. Become active. Read. Think. Protest. Speak up if you see someone being treated unkindly. Have an open mind. Discuss, don't argue. Turn off broadcast news. Limit your social media. Be kind. Learn. Empathize. Be angry as hell and feel cheated. Just remember that you and America will get through this. — KELLY MINNIS

On November 8, 2016 around 8:45 at night, based on accumulated reports from four different sources, the information I compiled placed Donald Trump as our next President of the United States of America. My friend and I questioned my acquired stats for the next hour and watched as stats turned to facts. The next morning, the rest of the world knew too.

There seemed so much reaction and from every direction. I just wasn't understanding. I had to know the other points of *view as I just had to understand all of this better. Is this 1984, Wag the dog, World War 3, Idiocracy, V for Vendetta* or just Republican Obama? What all are we facing and, well, how the hell did anyone that wasn't a media pundit or liberal feel about this? I sought answers. I sought hearing things I wasn't going to like but showing respect that I was even being openly spoken to hear other sides. If you felt like me, this then is for you. I just wanted an unadulterated response from all types that were willing to talk to me and show you in return.

For the sake of this interview, I will reveal myself as a "left leaning centrist". I'm not here to win my point of view. It would be safe to say there's enough of that and even if I don't fully identify as a liberal, my leanings are far left and that does have a way I feel in keeping me from neutrality. I did my best to transcribe as fairly and as wholly as is possible and with no exaggerations or any kind of twisting of words or adding a spin.

I also felt best to keep everyone I spoke with anonymous. These are very real people and these are the responses I received when I approached all different types for their perspective of the whole damn thing. There was hesitant trust with every single individual I spoke with that knew our views were opposing. I only wanted to ask questions and hear their answers straight from them and not from media or the height of a frenzied FB post commentary. If anything the one thing everyone I spoke with was a frustrated disdain to speak any further about this election.

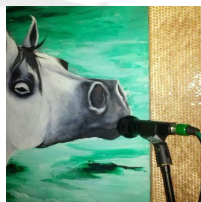
I do not like *not* having an answer to things, so what better way to find out what is on the minds of Republicans and Trump voters, third party and even non-voters, than to ask them. As you'll see and as I came to know all too well, most of the most passionate Trump supporters weren't even indoctrinated GOP Republicans.

A middle aged Hispanic man was the first one I spoke with. He told me many would be shocked, but he doesn't believe in the Republican or Democratic parties but "Trump" wasn't a career politician and would "shake up the establishment". Pressed for more of his views and he said that was all and without any further comments just stated he felt that the right decision had been made.

Then I decided to approach a person that I knew that was passionate about Trump from the beginning and was even a volunteer on his campaign the entirety of the election. She is a middle aged white woman. I first asked her if she had any political background. She said no and stated she didn't know a lot about government or how it all works but that voting Republican is always better for America. She followed by saying that Democrats are crooks and uneducated people fall for liberal agendas.

THE GREAT HANGOVER OF 2016

When I asked what the Republican reaction was to the election results she confided that they really had no idea and were prepared to witness a democratic landslide for as long as they could. She further stated that all the information she needs to know comes from FOX NEWS and her church. We were interrupted and the talk continued on another day.



I respectfully disagreed with her and informed her that The United States of America does not have an official language and there is no law prohibiting not speaking English in our country. She argued and I believe I can safely state that she gave me the look of "Are you this fucking stupid?" We both remained calm and respectful and the conversation resumed.

When our conversation continued again, she seemed to be far more spirited and my feeling that this state was the result of her feeling I had or planned to disrespect her words and I reminded her that I just wanted to hear her unadulterated comments and I had no intention of distorting or twisting anything she said. I also explained to her that I was asking out of ignorance of just not knowing and if I asked anything that she found insulting or inflammatory, to not only let me know so, but to feel free to explain how I am wrong per her choosing to do so or not. She responded with a very warm and comforting smile and then stated that she "...doesn't have a problem with any religion, race, sex or whatever. It's just the Muslims. They want to kill all Americans."

I said, "The Muslims?"

She retorted, "Yes! AND THEY WANT TO KILL AMERICANS!" (This was said in a very "holy fucking shit this shit is fucking happening and you stupid fucks are worried about being nice to them?" but this is not a neutral response so I'm stating so.)

ALL Americans?

YES!

Okay, JUST to clarify for myself and for the sake of the interview I write, when you say that Muslims want to kill all Americans, do you mean Muslims as in the followers of Islam or are you talking about Middle Eastern Extremists?

MUSLIMS! Look, if you want to come to our country legally and become an American, then you've got to drop the Muslim thing. You're an American be an American. Don't wave another country's flag! If you want to come to America and be an American, then you can't be Muslim.

So are you saying that America is a wholly Christian nation?

I...I don't care what a person believes or worships or doesn't. I'm not here to question god and what he chooses for others, I'm just saying that anyone that comes to this country better drop their shit. You could be French and you still don't speak our language and you fly your flag? No. Get out of our country and go back home. I don't have anything against any religion, that's between them and God but all Muslims, those people out there, they want to kill us.

Okay, understood. Now to just clarify something you just said, you stated that people immigrating to America need to speak "our language", will you elaborate on that for me? THEY NEED TO SPEAK ENGLISH! You know! I mean it's law! It's our country's language and people are breaking the law by not speaking it!

What are your feelings to the liberal reaction to the Election outcome?

Selfish, lazy, whining. I understand how they must feel about Trump, trust me that's how I felt about Obama. So I got involved and I did whatever had to be done to change things. Liberals have convinced this country that the government should provide EVERYTHING for you. We need to stop worrying about other countries and social issues and fix our own country. This is at a NATIONAL level not a social level. You shouldn't get something just because you are Mexican or illegal when my family and my friends work hard and go without.

Me: To be clear, it is your feeling that America needs to be more "Nationalist" than say "globalist" and you are against "social democracy"?

Yes! We need to pull out of NAFTA and the UN and stop funding other countries and worry about our own. We've got to fix our country first, then bring in jobs so people stop using unemployment and welfare. Get the illegals out and make Americans learn that with hard work and an attitude for making America great again, they can be a part of our country's finest years ahead.

And with that our interview concluded. She was very happy and content with the statements she made and felt upon my asking if she wanted to add anything, she smiled and excitedly stated, "Nope. That's everything I would say to a liberal if I could."

During that time, I sought to find a more credible Republican or Trump supporter that could talk to me about their plans and what to expect with a majority Republican House, Senate and Oval Office. Finally I contacted the person I believed couldn't be more perfect for this piece. I reached out online to this individual and through a series of PM's this is what they had to share with me about Trump, Liberals and their final thoughts. For this to keep the conversation as it was as pure as possible, I have simply just reposted their exact comments from the internet to keep this as neutral as possible. This individual was also passionate about Trump from the very beginning and even when many tried to confront, they would not only address the individual and their statements, but they also offered sources to accompany statements made. I may not have agreed politically with this individual at times but one really did have to respect the level of work they put into their passion. They were happy to provide links to encourage myself and the readers alike with this information as to draw our "own conclusions as well" "I wanted to go ahead and send you this analysis of Trump's tax plan. It's long, but it's really good. I really want you to read this. I know liberals are more social issue conscious, but honestly, if you're going to get people to change their minds on Trump, you gotta talk

money. Even the liberals are broke right now and struggling to make ends meet. Social issues are NOT going to solve that problem. Job creation and stimulating our economy will. I really wish the left would get their heads out of their asses and see that, but they're too busy freaking out over all the issues the mainstream media has programmed them to freak out over. Anyhow, here it is: <http://taxfoundation.org/article/details-and-analysis-donald-trump-tax-reform-plan-september-2016>"

Followed by:

"I pray for this country and I am praying for Trump to assemble a competent team that will help him accomplish the things he intends to."

and that was followed by:

"I am probably in the minority of my friends on this, but oh well, I don't give a shit. This country needs some serious help and the social issues are not what's going to fix any of it. We need better security at our borders and within our country, job creation, tax cuts, and better trade policy. That's it. Period. Trump is not going reverse gay marriage, he's not going to ban abortions, and he's not racist. People are SO easily swayed and programmed by the media it really disgusts me. Do you think I wanted Obama in office for eight years? Fuck no! He's a socialist and I can't stand him! But you know what, I buckled down and did the best I could, accepted him as our President, and moved on. I do not think he has done a good job as President, but you know what, there was nothing I could do about the fact he was in office for eight freaking years. These whiny ass motherfuckers need to pull it together and deal with it like I and others had to for the last eight years. I'm over their crybaby bullshit."

which was followed by:

"In the meantime, however, I ain't saying SHIT to anybody. I'm letting them throw their hissy fits. I'm WAY too busy with my own shit to even care to interfere with their "grieving" process or whatever it is, and I also am fully confident that I voted for the change I wish to see in this country. So there's no reason for me to even try to console, convince, or otherwise attempt to change anything anyone is going through. It just is what it is. Eventually they're going to have to accept Trump as our President. I had to do this with Obama. I didn't go crying and whining and throwing fits and setting shit on fire in the streets. I hated it, but I accepted it and moved on. This is life. It's not easy, it's not fair, and not everyone is going to coddle these little pricks. There's no real safe spaces, life is difficult, and it's your attitude about dealing with difficulties that truly defines your character. I think right now we have a truly weak society, that needs a swift kick in the ass. They're about to get it early next year. Hope they can man up like I had to do with fucking Obama."

As we messaged back to one another about the interview, they offered these statements:

"I have no hope for most of these leftist socialist motherfuckers. Really. I know that sounds horrible, but it's a fact. They are gone, gone gone..." When I inquired about their personal history with the Republican party and politics, they replied with this, "Great. Keep in mind I'm not a Republican. I voted R in this election, but I'm not a Republican."

CONTINUED ->

I asked then if they were Libertarian. "I'm not anything. The last candidate I voted for was Ron Paul. I haven't voted in eight freaking years until this election. I normally don't vote in presidential elections. I think both parties and candidates are puppets of the global elite. In this case, Trump was a 100% pure outsider and he had the vision that I felt was most likely to get this country right back on track."

After these interviews, I felt content with what I was hearing to be fairly accurate to most of the "Conservative" voters I spoke with. So now how about third party or the NON voter? Well, I happened upon two of them. One, a young single mother of four, admitted to just not having the time for "politics" and that she had no knowledge of how voting worked and had never voted. She intended to vote this year and after waiting in line for two hours with two teenagers and two infants, discovered you had to register to vote. She stated she didn't know that. As far as politics are concerned, she says she is far too poor to even be concerned and she wouldn't know where to begin. She doesn't know anything about politics or the "issues" and felt her vote doesn't count since she is uninformed. She did state despite the lack of what she knew, she still wouldn't vote for Trump per her own admission.

The other non voter I spoke with, is a Mexican-American mother of three. "We don't vote in our community," she declared. "We are the poorest of the immigrants and cultures in America. Americans hate us. My family is Texan. I'm born here and I'm not considered American by some people because I look Mexican. I struggled to raise three children while undergoing terminal cancer treatment and surgery while working and going to school and I still get told I'm poor because I don't work hard enough. So our community knows this, we know we aren't allowed to be a part of the White American dream, so why get involved in their politics?"

I asked if she was involved in any political party. "Yeah, I was kind of always Democrat but then I learned about the Green Party and typically stay with them. I still have some democratic views but I'm more into the green party and vote with them. I don't know. This year, there just wasn't anyone, anyone at all I felt was good for America. I t's always a "I believe", "I feel", it's about *their* political views and what is best for *their* America. Seems like individual concerns and not the concerns of the millions of people that make up this country. Has anyone said that? Has anyone tried to think of all the different people, beliefs, cultures, sexes that have their own needs and problems in this country? It's not about what affects you, it's not about what affects me even. It's about so many people, it is about so much more than our opinions."

Looking back though, I should have voted. Trump wasn't going to win and I just couldn't vote for either the Democrats or Green Party either. But my brother is a transman. He worked hard and in a very religious traditional family came out. He's been through so much to be where he is now and is very much in love now. Because I didn't vote for whatever my selfish reasons are, I chose to not protect my brother and now he could be far worse off in rights and his safety. I feel bad about that, that's why you vote. Not for yourself but for the best for the people. I didn't do that and I feel I've learned a lesson far too late. —*CREEPY HORSE*



LEONARD COHEN

There are a few moments you remember forever. Your first kiss, 9-11, driving a car. I remember hearing Leonard Cohen for the first time. I was a kid, probably

16 years old, doing a part time gig in a music store. I was into punk rock. I thought I knew a lot about music. I was helping a customer and he ended up helping me. While suggesting some new releases, he casually flipped through the "C's" and handed me a copy of *I'm Your Man*. "I'll make you a deal," he said, "You buy this CD and I'll buy whatever you are suggesting to me." I looked at the price of the CD it was cheap, like \$7.99 and with my discount it wasn't bad at all, so I agreed. He bought whatever terrible CD I proposed and as promised, at the end of my shift I picked up the album.

I wasn't sure what I was prepared for when I popped it into my car's stereo, but when the music started playing, I was smirking at the synth sounds as I pulled my car into motion. When Cohen's dark ominous voice came over the speakers of "First We Take Manhattan" I was hooked. The song took turns I wasn't expecting with the female singers, and on other songs it would have turned me off, but I couldn't stop listening to Cohen's lyrics. They were villainous, they were new and they were perfect. When the song was over, I steered my car further down the road away from my house into the night. I was taking the long way home. I was maybe 20 minutes in when the title track came on. "I'm Your Man" became the best song I had ever heard in my feeble 16 year old life. In some ways, I think it still is.

Cohen opened up my mind. He made me listen to other music. To this day, when I look at my music collection, I know I owe it to him. He became one of my triffecta. One of what I referred to as the "real three tenors" Nick Cave, Tom Waits and of course Leonard Cohen... He was more of a baritone of course, but it worked. All three songwriters wrote songs dealing with spirituality, love, loss, and death.

I collected more albums from him over the years... Read the books, watched the documentary. I rolled my eyes every time someone covered "Hallelujah" but I still listened to it. Hell, even I covered it in The Loveletter, but no one, and I mean no one did it like him.

There was a sadness to him. I identified with it. I didn't want to know too much about him. I wanted the image in my head of what he was to me to stay there. He was like an uncle I didn't have. A quirky man who would tell me how the world really worked when my mom left the room. I would have left the family in the main room to hang out with him. He was in a world of his own. Just looking at him, he had a style I knew I wanted, and I just know one day when I hang up this studded battle vest, I'll be wearing coats and nice hats.

I'm not an expert on music. I play it. I listen to it. I know what I like. I know what I know about Cohen from what the internet and documentaries gave me, but not much else.

But I do know friends, that we lost one. We lost a great one. And I'm bummed about it. This one hurt me more than Prince, more than Bowie. He was one of my trinity, and he will be missed. —*TIM DANGER*

RICHARD SPENCER VS. AGGIES UNITED

Texas A&M has recently found itself in a bit of a pickle. An Aggie dropout rented a room in Rudder Tower and scheduled a public event with prominent white supremacist Richard Spencer Tuesday, December 6th. Spencer was most recently in the news for having endorsed our President-Elect Donald Trump and having been videoed at a recent gathering of the National Policy Institute (his racist think-tank) along with hundreds of others giving Nazi salutes and chanting "Hail Trump, hail our people, hail victory". Spencer has a long history of promotion of white supremacy and the ethnic cleansing of all non-whites and Jews.

This is not the sort of attention Texas A&M needs right now. There have been recent racial events on campus in College Station that could lead one to believe that Texas A&M has a problem with non-whites. University president Michael Young has gone out of his way to deal with these previous incidents, and his formal letter in response to Spencer's event talks tough. The scheduling of the anti-Spencer event "Aggies United" at Kyle Field during Spencer's appearance proves that Young will not just talk, he will walk the walk. It also shows the bizarre conundrum Young and his fellow conservatives find themselves in with the current state of the Republican party.

Pres. Young is an old friend and colleague of Pres. George H.W. Bush. Their endorsement of Young had to have carried a lot of weight for him coming to Aggie-land. It is no secret that the Bushes did not support the candidacy of Pres.-Elect Trump. As much as I may disagree with the much of the politics of the Bushes, I have never doubted for a moment the integrity of that family, who have given generations of service to this country. H.W. served in the military, the Senate and the White House; his sons have been governors and president; there are other government functionaries in the extended Bush family. While H.W. may have been born in Maine, he made his adult home in Texas and his children were raised Texans. George W. Bush made conservatives really antsy during the 2000 primaries because he was not a "build a wall/deport immediately" reactionary to immigration reform. His brother Jeb is also not of that ilk and is married to a Latina and his mixed race son George P. Bush is Commissioner of the Texas General Land Office.

It is this generation of Republican that was alienated in the most recent presidential election. Donald Trump, while perhaps not overtly supporting white supremacy, made key anti-Latino and anti-black remarks and his tweets were seen by many in the white supremacist "alt-right" movement as bird whistle calls of support. Trump accepted the endorsement of former KKK klansmen David Duke and has never outright condemned these fringe groups. This does not make the President-Elect a racist necessarily, but it does mean that overt racism

and calls for ethnic cleansing are not issues that Trump will consider a deal breaker in his relations with others. The deal is foremost with Trump, no matter who he has to make it with. Whether those deals will enrich our country or the Trump family coffers remains to be seen. Although the Bush clan very openly decried Trump's antics and vowed to vote against him, there have been many in the extended Bush biosphere, former aides and cabinet members of the two Bush presidencies and other members within their influence, that have been called up by the Trump transition team to ask for their service in the Trump administration. Both H.W. and W. have reached out to Trump after his victory and offered their help in any way. That is not a sign of support, but a continued sign of their inherent decency and love for their country. It is my hope that the influence of this arm of the party will have hold sway over Trump.

There is much argument over whether or not Spencer's hate speech deserves to be heard on TAMU's campus or anywhere else, for that matter. We all know about the First Amendment and that protects the freedom of speech. However, it does not protect all speech under all circumstances. There are very few instances, such as yelling "fire" in a crowded theater, where words are meant to cause specific harmful reaction, such as a stampede or riot, or what are called "fighting words", such as insults that are meant to provoke a violent response. Whether Richard Spencer's request for "peaceful ethnic cleansing" (boy, that's a conflict of terms) constitutes fighting words is certainly arguable. If you are one of the millions of people Spencer wants culled from the herd then these are indeed fighting words. Texas A&M University does not apparently wish to force that argument by defending themselves in the series of lawsuits that would assuredly follow a cancellation of Spencer's talk. I don't blame the administration for that. They have moved his talk from Rudder to an undisclosed location somewhere within the Memorial Student Center. I believe this is to minimize the impact of the protest on campus services. And this protest will be gigantic. Former student Preston Wigginton booked Spencer before the election, before the ugliness of Spencer was revealed in detail on the global news networks and made him a household name. Spencer's opinion may be that of a very small niche but, thanks to the mainstreaming of Spencer's point of view by the Trump campaign (intended or not), where he speaks has become a very high profile event. There will be thousands of protesters, hundreds of journalists and dozens of satellite news trucks filling College Station. It is the first battle in what will be a long four-year war of protests against Pres.-Elect Trump and the racism, misogyny, sexism, and elitism associated directly and indirectly with him. It is accidental that Texas A&M found itself as the first battleground, but TAMU has dealt with this unfortunate occurrence quite admirably. — KELLY MINNIS

AGGIES UNITED

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6TH. 6PM—9PM
KYLE FIELD, TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE STATION

HENRY ROLLINS SPOKEN WORD TOUR

As a writer, musician, artist, actor, comedian and former Haagen Daaz employee, Henry Rollins has been a person I've come to respect for his social/political views, that all too familiar facet of awkwardness driven by the cruelty of their own anxiety and how fucking hilarious he really is.

I attended his Spoken Word Tour at House of Blues in Houston November 28th. At the time, more than anything, I just wanted the opportunity to finally get to see another of my idols perform in person. When the show had finished, I left in tears I was so endeared by the content of his performance. I can't remember ever feeling so overwhelmed and impassioned by a single performance in my entire life. Hearing someone believe so similar to myself and that he was expressing these views and observations around the world to so many people is something beyond spectacular.

He opened informing us we were going to have to talk politics. He compared the election being over like when you run over an animal and stop to check on it and it's not dead but it's obviously suffering and it's going to die and you don't know what to do as it sits there spitting blood and screaming in agony as it looks you right in the eye. Then some alpha comes up and tells you to step aside and shoots the animal dead and you're relieved. You're not happy it happened and you feel awful but at least it's finally dead.

He talked about Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He spoke of his favorite laws and amendments. Henry reminded us he has survived every president since Kennedy and we will be okay. He told us how people felt Nixon would be the end of the world and how people feared what could happen in his presidency. "From that presidency", he told us, "we got a book. A book and a movie slightly better than the book."

He told us of the first time he met RuPaul and how excited he was to meet him. He told us of RuPaul finally convincing him to be a judge on RuPaul's Drag Race and his "anatomy" not understanding these were not women. He told us of going shopping and eating lunch in the gay community with RuPaul and the onslaught of criticism he received. In retaliation, he decided not to clarify anything to anyone judging LGBT and even tormented some poor bigoted fools into believing his music with Black Flag was all gay agenda.

He had us laughing hard as he spoke of his heterosexuality as a young man versus the fifty five year old man standing before us. He shared his compulsions, his personal eccentricities and his support for young artists and the current generation.

He spoke with a tenacity about racism and gave a powerful explanation of "PC Culture". He told us, "If someone says a racist comment or uses a term like faggot, you have to call them on that. When they retort 'What are you PC Culture?' tell them no, I'm just fucking evolved. And drive them out of town seven miles and leave them in the middle of nowhere to think about

things and don't have anything to do with that person". He went on to reason, "It may be hard, I know, I understand. It may be your best friend, brother, sister, mother or father."

He shared stories of lunch with David Bowie, a several decades old jab he didn't realize for many years from Leonard Cohen and best of all, his times with Lemmy. He shared the human side of these artists we can only surmise in our wildest dreams.

Then he started speaking about a teenage girl in Germany that waited four hours in the snow to meet him. She wanted to speak to him in private and told him how she had been raped and no one believed her. She cut herself and had a burgeoning eating disorder as she suffered with the effects of being raped. He told her, "Listen, if anyone tells you it's going to be alright, don't listen to them. Because it's not and they don't know the hell you are in and will go through the rest of your life."

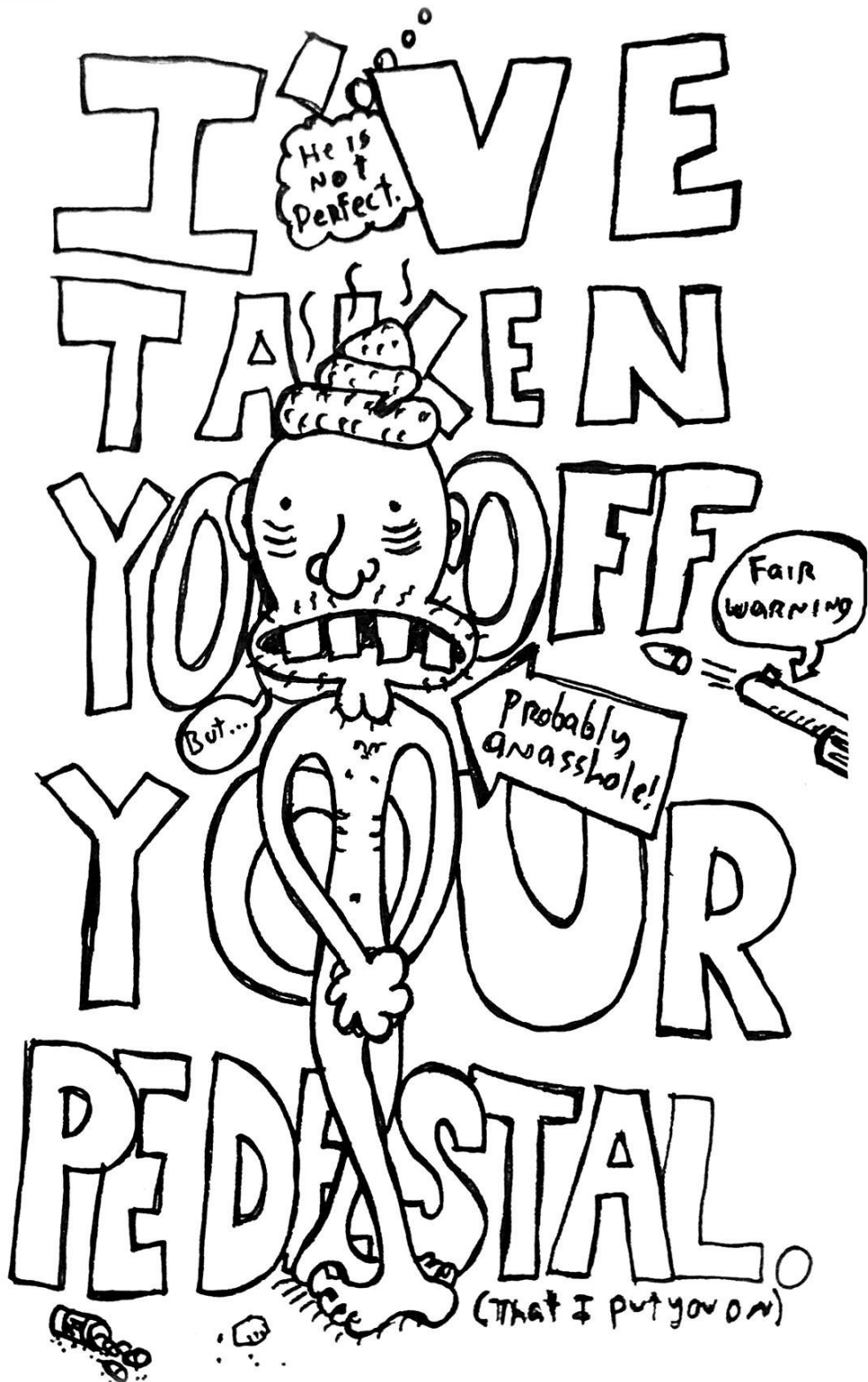
He told her she was his friend and that she could email him any time and he would always write her back. Over time and correspondence, her rapist she had to see everyday at school was finally arrested and charged with her rape. He continued by telling us she was doing better but still had her bad days and they still keep in touch.

Tears started rolling down my cheeks unexpectedly and I did nothing to hide them. I have never once heard someone authoritatively ever speak of the effects of rape. How beautiful it was to hear this man speak out about the shitstorm that is always a part of your life even as a survivor. For crowds to hear this. That he reached out to a young girl in an unbearable state and not only listened and believed her, but offered her his friendship and non-judgement.

No one believed me when I was raped. I was a teenager. I was a virgin. I had never even kissed a boy before and I was preyed upon by a young felon just out of prison and still no one believed me. It was a very violent rape and I had internal bruising and tears for weeks. I'd go on without any treatment and ended up in ICU for a couple weeks when I tried to take my life. I self mutilated, I developed an eating disorder, I drank and took every drug I could get my hands on to either kill the pain or maybe even myself. 16 wasn't supposed to look like this.

Almost 20 years later and now I know someone believes me. Because he believes rape victims. He didn't question her declaration for one moment. He just wanted her to know someone out there believed her and cared and with that he let every victim, every survivor know that he believed them too.

Thank you Mr. Rollins for telling the world what you do. You have no idea how much it really means and maybe you never will. I am saddened I can never thank him personally and tell him how much he's done even for me, just another stranger in the audience. —*CREEPLY HORSE*





STILL DRINKING

Winter is my least favorite time for American craft brews. The Warmers and Spice Nugs and Eggnog Stouts are lost on me. Yes, I try a few every year (admittedly, I've failed to this Winter), but I arrive each time with the same conclusion: how long till summer brews release? To be fair, I've heard from trusted sources—our own Kelly Minnis and Wonko The Sane—that **Shiner's Winter Warmer** should be Shiner's new flagship. I don't have specifics. I only have a few text messages spilling over with genuine delight and surprise that Shiner could make a beer worth a mass text message. Eh, Shiner's done it before. They'll do it again. I'm not holding my breath. Which reminds me, to be fair again, I did chew down a pint of **Shiner Cheer** over a Cafe Eccell brunch this past weekend. The Cheer (falsely titled) might serve well with vanilla or butter pecan ice cream as the beer is practically a dessert in itself. Sweet, sweet, syrupy peach flavors give the brew an almost cough medicine quality, as if the peachiness is a camouflage to hide something utterly undesirable—like how much you just paid for a Shiner Cheer. Shite. I just remembered that a few months ago I vowed to not be critical of breweries. Oh yeah, but I also said it's too easy to be fun anymore to rip on Shiner. So I feel vindicated in doing so.

2016, all in all, has been a good—and expensive—year in beer for Texas. New quality breweries have emerged in various spots: mostly notably **Barrow Brewing** in Salado, **Rentsch Brewing** in Georgetown, **Lorelei Brewing Co.** in Corpus Christi, and **B-52 Brewing** in Conroe. These are each breweries I can attest to and heartily recommend. Houston introduced three top tier breweries over the past year or so: **11 Below Brewing** (one of the first breweries I plan to review in the new year), **Spindletop Brewing** and **Brash Brewing** (wrap yer teeth around a Cortado and feel the sexual chocolate curl up your pinky toes!) are each raising the game for what Houston's more familiar names (looking at you, **Karbach!**) will have to produce to compete. **Zilker Brewing Company** and **Blue Owl Brewing** in Austin, both modest operations, do not appear to have grand ambitions of changing the hipster game in our fair Capital, yet each may be selling themselves a bit short. Both spots are producing noteworthy, next level offerings that have my eyes teased westward on the weekends.

I'm also excited to see that Texas has welcomed a number of new ciders—**Argus Ciders** in Austin, **Bishop Ciders** in Dallas, and some little spot called **Texas Keeper Cider** I'm anxious to tickle in Manchaca. Our Texas cideries, namely **Eastciders** in Austin and **Leprechaun** in Houston, have redeemed the notion of ciders as a “wussy” beverage, a

reputation sadly won by lazy, mass market producers like **Woodchuck** and **Angry Orchard**. Fellas have for so long bought Woodchuck Amber for their ladies while the “real men” drank “real beer”. (Guys who think this way are ridiculously loyal to domestic lagers often found in camouflage cans—looking at you, Busch!—so what do those guys know about “real beer” anyway?). Not surprisingly, of the more than one dozen craft breweries I toured and sampled in 2016, the most exciting, most memorable spot I visited was **Stem Ciders** in downtown Denver, Colorado. Over the course of a four day trip, I managed to visit twice, and I ache for such a place in our area. However, here in the BCS, we're finding that our better beer bars—Harvey Washbangers, Eskimo Hut, O'Bannons, World of Beer—keep tap lines dedicated to quality ciders. Just this past summer alone, **Eastciders Pineapple Cider** became such a sensation several spots in the BCS area had a difficult time keeping a filled keg in stock. Thankfully, Eastciders now cans their Pineapple Cider. Each new release as exciting as the Pineapple elevates the legitimacy of craft cider, redefining future brewing possibilities.

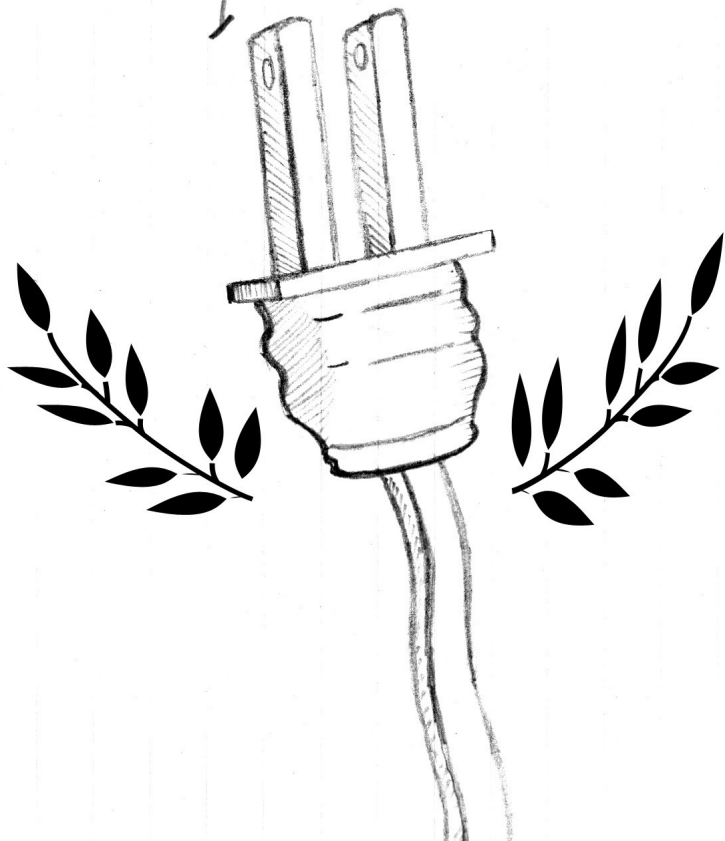
It would not be fitting to see a year end without a proper Best Of list. I've ached over this list (for the past ten minutes or so), until I realized three beers rose tall and blinded my vision of that great forest of brews I tried this past year. In no particular order, I would not be the functioning bibber I am today without **Goliad's Watermelon Gose** (salty and sweet!), **New Braunfels PKL FKR** (dill to the max!), and **Aecht Schlenkerla Rauchbier Marzen** (smoky goodness too wonderful to bear witness with naked eyes). This is wobbly list: two sour beers, capped by a traditional German smoked beer hailing from the early 1400s. So it goes. And I like to print descriptive contradictions like that for posterity. Here I'll end with the absolute arse of my year's drinking experience. The 2016 Butt Brew Award goes—no shocker here—to **New Belgium** and **Ben & Jerry's Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough Ale**. In a public forum for the CCCDA, Todd Hansen noted, “I saw this at HEB and I was scared and ran away.” An unnamed co-worker mourned, “Oh, please, no.” My beer nerd buddy in Chicago, a fella who holds a double-fisted feast of rawk tunes and good beer at all times, reported, “Dude, it was bad.” But I believe the best review came from our own Katie Killer, who I hoisted my remaining bottle of CCCDA onto in a Darwinian act of competitive survival, and who attested, “**It tastes like a flat, boozy cream soda if they decided for once to not make alcoholic sodas sugar bombs. 10/10 as a boozy soda. Glad you gave us one/10 as a beer.**” I do what I can, Katie. I do what I can for you and for Dirtbags BCS wide each month, and with belched glee.—KEVIN STILL

G-TONE
SPEAKER CABINETS

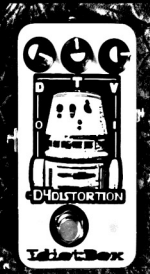
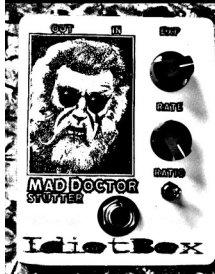
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HYDROGEN JUKEBOX

Ladies, allow me to introduce myself. I've got a dick for a brain, and my brain is gonna sell my ass to you. This is how Afghan Whigs' 1993 album *Gentlemen*'s timeless "Be Sweet" starts out. It is as good a primer to the lessons of modern romance as I think I have ever heard. And that includes some of the more storied love songs and breakup albums. Whigs singer/guitarist Greg Dulli fancies himself to be something of a ladies man, a cad, a gigolo of sorts. But it turns out that he hurts just as much as the women he inflicts that hurt upon and for the past 23 years I have reached for this album when I too have fucked up something proper in my own relationships.

First off, it bears to say that this album is not just one big Bukowski poem. It's a rock and roll album that, coming off the tail end of *Congregation*, the Whigs' very fine 1992 effort for Sub Pop Records, was a stunning leap in the band's game. The guitars are scratchy and trebly post-punk style and Dulli and second guitarist Rick McCollum weave in an out together in expert fashion. The band *swings*, something that most '80s indie rock and '90s grunge just didn't do. Drummer Steve Earle had a big part of that, finding the soul in alternate time signatures and providing a groove that showed the band's R&B roots.

Every good band rests its reputation on not just how it plays, but what it plays and writes. *Gentlemen* works in a way like a concept album. Musical and lyrical themes are often introduced early in the album only to be referred to or embellished later in the album. It works as a single piece and tells the harrowing tale of the stupid and fucked-up things that people do to one another during the courtship of a lover, the love affair, and the inevitable fallout from the break-up. "If I Were Going" starts the album with the sound of bells, howling winds, and hand drums before a droning guitar sets up Dulli's hushed vocals. "It don't bleed and it don't breathe/it's locked it's jaws and now it's swallowing/it's in our hearts, it's in our heads/it's in our love, baby, it's in our bed" sings Dulli with restraint, in a way, like a prologue, setting you up for what's to come.

Steve Earle's bastard new jack swing drum beat introduces "Gentlemen", where the guitars strut Steve Cropper-like then drone and bleat like Sonic Youth before Dulli comes in to the room with his best John Shaft impression. "Your attention please/ haven't got all night", he commands. This is false swagger and bravado. "I stayed into long, but she was a perfect fit/and we dragged it out so long this time, started to make each other sick", he reveals. It's sarcastic, self-loathing, brutally honest, perhaps too much so before he moves on to drink the bar dry and wonders, if this is some cruel joke when will it arrive. I know this feeling. Everyone's post-mortem looks the same. It's like a ten-step program, and at some point you overanalyze it, at some points you deceive yourself about the true nature of the break-up, you make yourself look beset upon, or you make yourself into the villain, and often you drink yourself upside down. Dulli manages to do this for in a four minute guitar rock song so you don't have to.

"When We Two Parted" is the album's emotional heart. "I should have seen the shit coming down the hall/

GENTLEMEN

Every night I spent in that bed with you facing the wall/If I could've only once heard you scream/to feel you were alive instead of watching you abandoning yourself". It's "Love Will Tear Us Apart" conceived as a soul ballad, with the boozy and somewhat uncomfortable quality of the lazy slide guitar work, sometimes sharp, most of the time with poor intonation that grates against the melody to great drunken effect. "If I inflict the pain then only I can comfort you" Dulli shouts as though he really believes it, but he knows there's absolutely nothing he can do to reach his lover again. She's left him and his indifferent to his bullshit.

But Dulli is ready to change for her, and tells her so in "Fountain and Fairfax". "Angel, I'm sober, I got off that stuff just like you asked me to" he sings, before you and he both realize that, again, Dulli is an unreliable narrator and is completely full of shit. "Angel, come closer, so the stink of your lies seeps into my memories". It is obvious later in the song that his lover has moved on to another gentleman, "I can hear him breathing inside of her", Dulli laments. Dulli can't get over it, can't get past it. "This goes down every night/ This must be what jail is really like" Dulli confesses.

The thing is, 2/3 of the way through, we realize that Dulli enjoys this. He is not put upon, he is not the gentlemen here. He is a typical womanizing sack of shit. "My Curse" is his confession but in a stunning stroke of genius, Dulli does not sing this messy rush of lust. Marcy Mays from Cincinnati college radio rock band Scrawl wraps her weary, honky tonk-informed smoky voice around Dulli's pathos. "Hurt me baby, I flinch so when you do" she coos, before she asks for her lover to "sit right down, kiss me there, I can smile now, you'll never find out EVER!" But it's a Greg Dulli song so you have to take the asshole with the lothario, "I'm sure we'll all be friends/I'll try to break your back, you'll track to make amends". Or "there's blood on my teeth/when I bite my tongue to speak". Sounds tortured, right? But in his best Prince style he takes it to church, "temptation comes not from hell but from above".

There is no telling exactly what happened in this relationship except it must have been really fucking heavy. As a college freshman I was a voyeur peaking in on the things men and women often do to one another in the name of love. 20+ years later I often turn to this album as a balm for the "slings and arrows of outrageous romance" that I have armed and fired off in the course of my relationships. Sometimes I listen to this album and smile about remembered pain, that the emotional histrionics often tied to bad romance really are temporary and some day you too, like Greg Dulli and The Afghan Whigs, can create a work of dark humor about it. There's more than a touch of *Gentlemen* in the work of Father John Misty, who also fashions himself a Dulli-esque lover. There's nothing Josh Tillman has written that has the bare-wire intensity and sincerity of Dulli on this 50 minute masterpiece. I will listen to this album until I die, trying to learn its lessons.—KELLY MINNIS

READING ROCKS

A sure sign of a well written rock and roll book is that it makes the reader excited about bands they haven't heard of. An even higher mark for a book of this kind is to make the reader more interested in bands they might have passed over or dismissed. Simon Reynolds' book *Shock and Awe. Glam Rock and its Legacy, from the Seventies to the Twenty First Century* succeeds brilliantly on both counts.

Shock and Awe covers all the usual suspects: Alice Cooper, T. Rex, Roxy Music Iggy and the Stooges, Mott The Hoople, New York Dolls, Slade and of course David Bowie. Also covered are quite a few glam bands I had only heard of in passing: Cockney Rebel, Doctors of Madness, Wizzard, Mud, and The Sensational Alex Harvey Band. This is a real strength of this book. Without exception, upon looking these bands up on the internet, Reynolds' description of their music is accurate and almost without exception he was able to pick the best songs of these bands. One of my person favorite glam oddities, Jobriath, gets a mention as well. Packaged as the American answer to David Bowie, the openly gay Jobriath was too over the top even for glam audiences and swan-dove off a mountain of hype into obscurity. Who would have ever thought that AC/DC vocalist Brian Johnson was in a Slade inspired band called Georgie?

Glam musicians were able to embrace art and/or artifice in equal measure to occasionally brilliant effect. Bands like Mud and Slade anticipated boy bands with behind the scene song writing teams giving their Glam pretty boys (and in Gary Glitter's case not so pretty boys) bubblegum glam hits. On the side of art, bands like

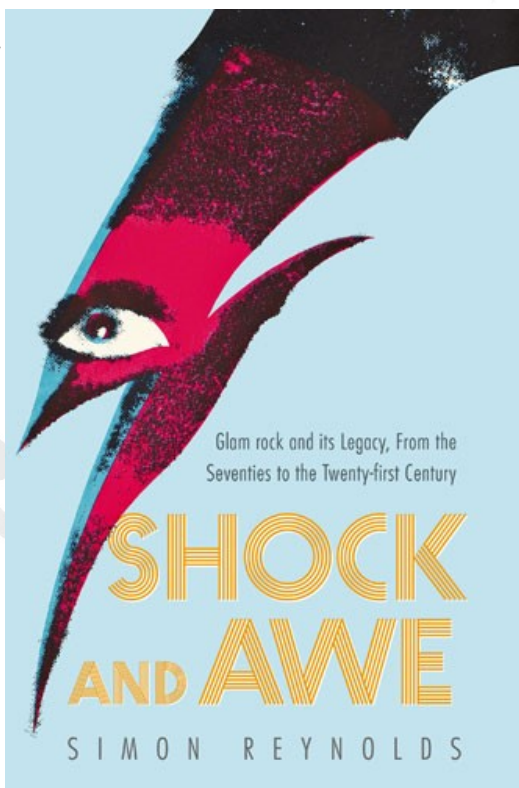
For Your Pleasure or David Bowies Berlin Trilogy if you Roxy Music and David Bowie used glam to sneak in quite a bit of art onto the charts (listen to Roxy Music's need proof). Only in the glam era, could a band like

Sparks sell enough records to have a hit. *Shock and Awe* also manages to make a strong case for the influence of bands on glam one wouldn't normally associate with glam such as Kraftwerk.

Reynolds marks the end of Glam at David Bowie's album *The Lodger*. The last chapter of the book, "Aftershocks" runs through a time line of artists from the first wave of punk rock in 1977 to 2016 influenced by Glam. He makes the strong and obvious case for the influence of glam on punk rock, post punk and hair metal and the not as obvious (or convincing) influence of glam on the likes on the likes of Kate Bush, Prince, Lady Gaga, Kanye West, Nicki Minaj, and Ke\$ha. Prince and Kate Bush I could buy to an extent and even the Reynolds' less convincing cases such got this old curmudgeon to at least listen to these artists so it had some (?) value.

Let's just say that Ke\$ha, Nicki Minaj, and Kanye West are no Roxy Music or David Bowie (or even a Jobriath...well perhaps Lady Gaga). The book closes with the author completing the writing of the book when he receives news of David Bowie's death. The book closes with a poignant tribute to David Bowie's musical influence that is worth the price of the book alone.

At 654 pages not counting the index and bibliography, *Shock and Awe* isn't a light read but reads as well as the bands discussed in the pages sound. Go buy a copy.—
RENTED MULE



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RECORD REVIEWS



A Tribe Called Quest
We Got It From Here...

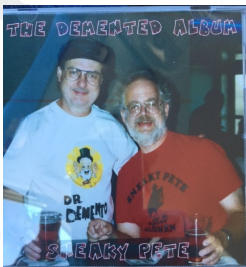
This is the album I needed after Election Day '16 and I had no idea I needed it and I doubt that the gentlemen in A Tribe Called Quest knew it either. Last year, after nearly a decade of ill will and backbiting at each other in the press, Q-Tip, Phife Dog, Jarobi, and Ali Shaheed Muhammad put it all aside and performed live on TV last November. It went so well, they decided to make another record. This album is the fruit of that reunion, the official final album by A Tribe Called Quest, as Phife died earlier this year due to complications with diabetes.

From right off the bat, "The Space Program" lets you know right off that the sound is right. It has that Native Tongues sampledelic sound. It has that same early '90s sound but aged with more than a hint of dub, like producers Q-Tip and Blair Wells discovered a dusty Space Echo and MiniMoog in the closet somewhere and decided to spill off the sound. "Whatever Will Be" cuts dub horns in with high-passed echo oscillations, "Solid Wall of Sound" mixes in live piano and vocals from Elton John with a sample from "Bennie & The Jets" with guitar and vocals from Jack White, all shoved through a mind-warping analog filter. Jack White appears in a few other places providing very tasty electric guitars. There's a few other recognizable samples from Willie Wonko & The Chocolate Factory, Can, Black Sabbath, and Musical Youth.

This is probably the most political of Tribe's records. It's not a protest record and there's some fun to be had, but lyrics like "they ain't no space program for niggas", "all you black folks you must go/muslims and gays/boy do we hate your ways", "niggas living here swimming in a fishbowl/genitified here so it ain't a shithole" stand out. "The Killing Season" is much more direct with Phife making references to "strange fruit bleeding on the ground". Andre 3000 makes a winning guest turn on "Kids" and every time Busta Rhymes takes the mic it's a

goddamn treat, especially when he fucks up a rhyme in "Mobius" and stops and starts it all over again and the dancehall toasting he flows in memorium to Phife on "The Donald". Kendrick Lamar and Kanye West make more low-key contributions as well.

Mainly it's just a feeling. A record that feels like a "REAL" old school rap record at a time when rap doesn't really sound like this anymore with that warm 70s style production, breakbeats, Blaxploitation fuzz guitars, guest spots meant to support rather than distract. It's a shame this is going to be their last joint. One can only hope that it inspires others to pick up the mantle of the last great rap group and take it forward. — **KELLY MINNIS**



Sneaky Pete
The Demented Album

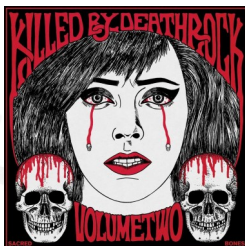
Sneaky Pete (the alter-ego of former Texas A&M biology professor Dr. Pete Rizzo) has released his first double album, a 23-song collection of novelty tunes played on the renowned "Dr. Demento" syndicated radio program over the decades.

A DIY musician extraordinaire for more than three decades, Rizzo is seeing these old favorites played as far away as Tennessee, California, and even Europe. The "Dr. Demento" radio show, hosted by musicologist Barry Hansen, was syndicated across the country for nearly 40 years and currently continues as a weekly Internet program. Hansen championed Weird Al Yankovic and Frank Zappa early in their careers.

The Demented Album pulls together all of Rizzo's classic comic tunes, some a product of their times ("Barbecue Barney"), but most fit right into the mainstream history of comic music ("Weird Al Yankovic for President"). The song titles are indicative of where Rizzo finds humor: three songs about boogers, three about vampires (girlfriends, frogs, and skeeters), and at least three about drinking and/or beer including "There's More to Life Than Getting Drunk" that finds

the Christmas season is Rizzo's early take on an alternate holiday figure "Stachu Clause" that includes a pickle and a beer (naturally).

Picking a favorite is not hard — it's the short and darkly funny "Eat Right." This is the tune that Rizzo should persuade his longtime friend (and former student) Lyle Lovett to perform. It would be perfect to hear Lovett crooning: "Eat right/Exercise/Die anyway." — **MIKEL DOWNEY**



Various Artists
Killed By Deathrock 2

Killed by Deathrock is the second installment of Sacred Bones Records Deathrock compilation series. "Deathrock" is a rather loose term that basically describes bands hovering in the grey area between Goth, Punk Rock and Post Punk. For me, deathrock describes first wave Goth music before the musical genre descended into self parody (as all musical genres eventually). As is the case with volume one of this series, *Killed by Deathrock volume 2* focuses on older obscure but lost classic Deathrock from the 1980's. With a few exceptions of the bands featured here only put out a single or a few EP's Danish band Gatecrashers channel the misfits at their most frantic with addition of maniacal horror movie organs with their song "Spectators". Middle Class, a pioneering hardcore punk band show they were smarter than what they inspired with their song "A Skeleton at the Feast". Imagine a more rocking New Order Circa their first album and you have some idea of what Middle Class sound like after outgrowing hardcore punk (their album "Homeland" is worth the 20-30 dollars you will pay for it on ebay). ADS, another Danish band combine anarchist punk with Goth to brilliant effect with the song "Waiting for the War". Flowers for Agatha's "The Freedom Curse is the best Goth ballad the Psychedelic Furs never played. The album ends with Vita Noctis "Hade", a low key cold wave song. There isn't a bad band on the album. The album comes with a very cool 24" X 33" fold out poster

with the original artwork of the singles, EPs, cassettes, albums the songs compiled on this album came from and obligatory skeletons artwork because this is a collection of goth songs. There is also a download card because that is the only way kids will buy vinyl these days. Hopefully, Sacred Bones Records will continue with this compilation series. —



Pray TV
Horizontal Life

I didn't discover this Australian rock band until way after their heyday, which was mainly in the 90s. I found them on CDBaby, and I was taken with the album *Paydirt* that had this punkish thunderous drive to it and had a dynamite cover of Husker Du's "Sorry Somehow." The 1996 album *Westona* was even better and included one of my favorite songs ever: "New York Romance Blues." Naturally that was their last new album as a group... until now.

Horizontal Life marks their first release in 20 years. (A side note: guitarist Martin Kennedy continued recording these years as an ambient act, releasing a number of albums as All India Radio, which are quite good for the genre.) Music critics lumped Pray TV with Joy Division, My Bloody Valentine, and the ilk, but I think they're more melodic generally, and they rock harder, sort of like a punkier Psychedelic Furs/Jesus and the Mary Chain. Vocalist Aidan Halloran had — and still has — one of the best gargling-nails voices. *Horizontal Life* overall rocks out plenty with "Punchdrunk" nearing the pop-punk wail of "New York Romance Blues," but the majority of the 11 tunes gallop along very nicely as well. "Fade Out" boasts some great guitar while the mid-tempo opener "Couch Surfing" — has this brooding wall of sound. Only "Night after Night" and "Promises Promises" slow things down too much. One can only hope with the focus on old bands recording new music after decades that this will get Pray TV some long-overdue notice. Yeah, right. — **MIKE L. DOWNEY**

CONCERT CALENDAR

12/2—Leavenworth, Nic At Night @ Blackwater Draw, Bryan. 7pm

12/2—Roxy Roca, Keeton Koffman, Joey McGee, Jenna McDaniel, Matthew Martinez @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

12/2—Comrades of Rock II feat. SkyAcre, Linus Pauling Quartet, BULLS, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

12/3—Mutant Love, Pizza Planet, Unicornog, Electric Astronaut @ Stark House, Bryan. 9pm

12/3—Desdimona @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/5—Pizza Planet, Cool Looking Dudes, Justice Beaver @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/9—Unicornog (CD release), Girlband, The Ex-Optimists, Hand Me Down Adventure, Pizza Planet @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

12/10—LUCA, Corusco, The Ex-Optimists, Mutant Love @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/10—Levees, Forever Today, Interracial Dionysus, Electric Astronaut @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/16—Glen Tate (cd release) @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 8pm

12/16—Puede @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/20—Don't Call Me Shirley, Nic At Night @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/30—Atarimatt (cd release), great unwashed luminaries, Charlie Naked, Bryce Eiman @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

12/31—DJ Skullbone @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

1/13—Tame & Quiet, The Ex-Optimists, Only Beast @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

1/14—Girlband @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/2—Missing Sibling, The 131'ers @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

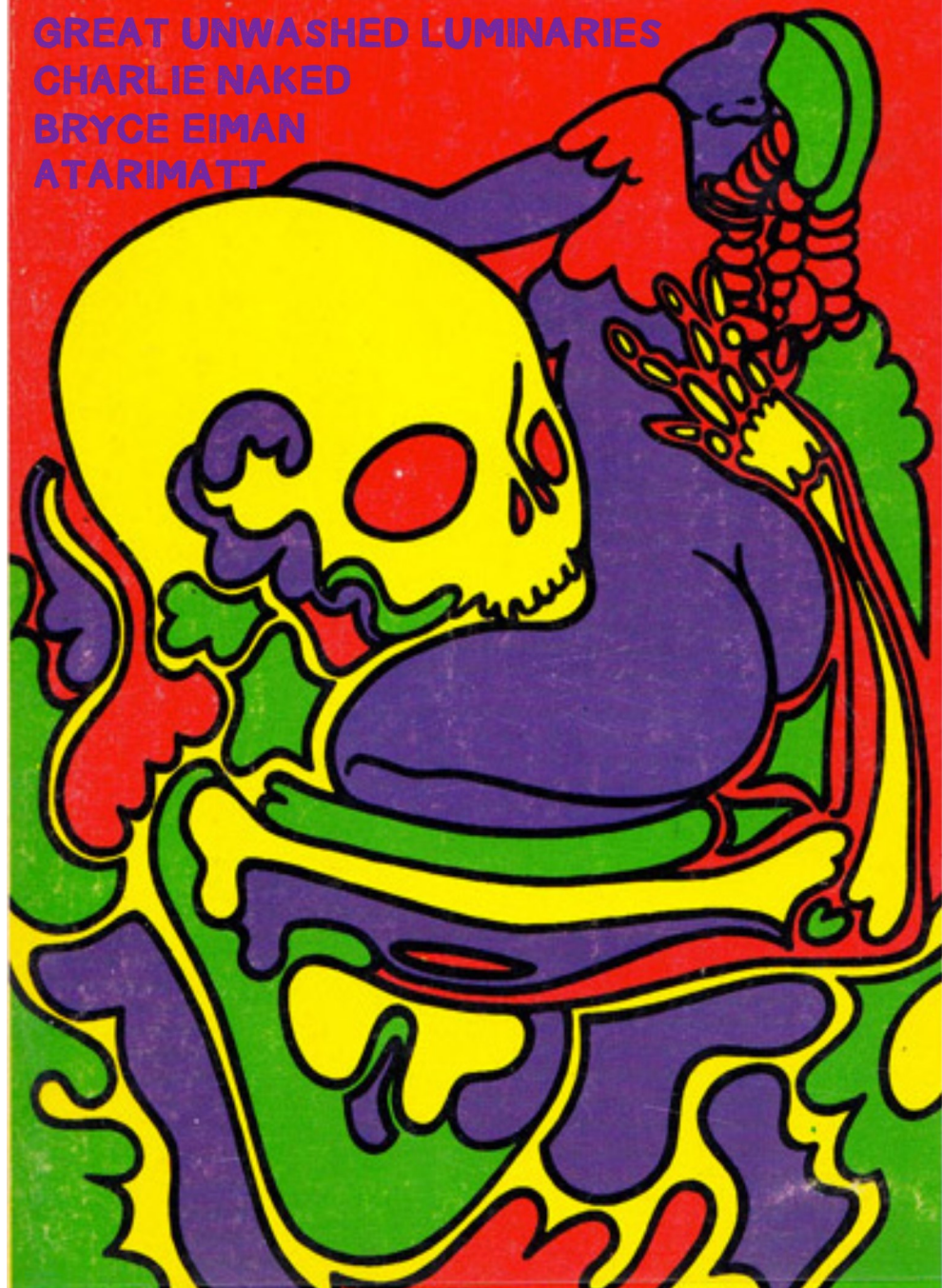
2/3—The Ex-Optimists, Economy Island (split single release), Jay Satellite, Slow Future @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

LEON RUSSELL

Because 2016 has proven to be a continuous kick in the teeth, music lost yet another great player in Leon Russell last month. While he had mostly been forgotten about in the landscape until a recent album and tour with Elton John, Leon Russell was a session musician and songwriter who showed up on seemingly everyone's album in the late '60s before becoming a legitimate star in his own right the following decade. I originally had tickets to see Russell on November 12th, the show date getting pushed back after his heart surgery this summer, then ultimately his passing the very next day. Russell had been on my artist bucket list for a couple of years, not so much because he was a '70s music legend but mainly due to my repeated listenings of his debut, self-titled album. It happened after I stumbled upon "Dixie Lullaby" on the radio one day and immediately had to hear more where it came from. *Leon Russell* is one of those brilliant albums from an era passed where it feels like everything was recorded in a single batch of evenings and the songs jump off the record with energy, dare I say in the vein of *Exile on Main St.* (albeit released two years prior). If you don't believe me, go listen to the gospel boogie of "Give Peace a Chance" with its hopping piano and choral backing. Throughout the album Russell has both soulful vocals and a playfulness in his piano that he never quite matched in subsequent offerings. He repeatedly plays with Christian imagery and lifts famous song titles for his own use, and the other players (so many guest stars that I won't name here) are perfectly in step with him throughout.

The album is just filled to the brim with highlights. "Dixie Lullaby" has an irresistible slow groove to it that sucks you in, and the way Russell sing "luu-uuull-aa-BY" tickles me every time it comes around. In my opinion "Hurtful Body" is a perfect recording, the loud walking bass and reverberating Prince-like vocals of Russell during the verse in alternating juxtaposition with the straight-ahead blues rock chorus. "I Put A Spell on You", once it gets past the intentionally left-in false starts and counts, simply just rocks with a blazing tempo and sweet lead guitar. "Pisces Apple Lady" has this great drum stutter-shuffle that scoots the track along to its killer chorus. Possibly my favorite track is closer "Roll Away the Stone", Russell singing with deafening power during the album title, elevating his romantic despair to the messianic urgency. One cannot talk about Russell the man or the album at length without mentioning "A Song For You", a gorgeous ballad placed as the opening track which is Exhibit A of his songwriting and performing prowess. It has been rightfully covered numerous times by folks such as Willie Nelson, Ray Charles, and Herbie Hancock. I was looking forward to seeing Russell perform it, along with so many others. Leon Russell faded away rather than burning out, but he enjoyed a late career resurgence thanks to help from Elton John. The tour and album a couple years ago was not merely the result of two pianomen getting together for kicks and ticket sales: Elton John wanted to pay back one of his heroes. Russell had been an inspiration for John back in the day, with Elton saying that he wanted his piano playing to have the sound and feel of how Russell played it. — TODD HANSEN

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