

inside: the first 11 days - is it love or just sick in the head - dear lt. governor - trumps america - first loves - martian potatoes - hydrogen jukebox - the whole 30 - creep in chief - midge ure - seven minutes - jason divided - record reviews - concert calendar



979represent is a local magazine for the discerning dirtbag.

editorial bored kelly minnis - kevin still

art splendidness katie killer - wonko the sane

folks that did the other shit for us creepy horse - bill daniels - mike L downey - jorge goyco - todd hansen - jessica little - rented mule joshua siegel - starkness

> on the interwebz http://www.979represent.com

emails to

redchapterjubilee@yahoo.com

materials for review & bribery can be sent to: 979represent 15530 creek meadow blvd. n. college station, tx 77845





THE FIRST 11 DAYS

It has been a very interesting first eleven days in the presidency of Donald J. Trump. His executive orders have set the stage for removing insurance from

20 million Americans and making it impossible for the uninsured with pre-existing conditions to obtain insurance; the border wall between Mexico and the United States will be built but instead of Mexico paying for it, Americans will pay for it with a 20% tax on Mexican goods; America will no longer accept refugees from Syria, Libya, Iraq, Iran, Somalia, Sudan, and Yemen; he has removed career military and intelligence officers from the National Security Council in favor of his nonveteran non-spook fake news cronies; any new federal regulation must come with the abolishment of two others; the Keystone XL and Dakota Access pipelines will proceed as planned through native and national park land; America will withdraw from the Trans-Pacific Partnership Deal and renegotiate NAFTA; the so-called "Mexico City Policy" for enforcing bans on federal funds to foreign groups that perform, lobby for, or even know how to spell the word "abortion"; and the hits will keep coming. This is only the damage Trump has managed to do with just his executive pen. This does not include the fights he continues to pick with the media through his subordinates, which led to the coining of the phrase "alternative facts" by advisor Kellyanne Conway to deal with outright lies told by press secretary Sean Spicer. ELEVEN DAYS. And there are four more years of this to come. As a recent meme made light of, each morning one feels like watching or reading the news is more akin to receiving a damage assessment from an overnight campaign of bombing, shooting, looting, and fire.

One positive reaction to have come from the president's first eleven days in office is the mobilization of millions worldwide in protest to Donald Trump's actions. Three times the amount of women marched on Washington, DC the day after Trump's inauguration than those who attended to Trump, not to mention the hundreds of thousands of others from Antarctica through Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Americas. Thousands have begun to protest Trump's refugee ban in airports, on college campuses (including our own), and more widespread marches will be held the week of this writing. A national March for Science is being planned on Earth Day. I have a feeling I should just stock up on poster board, pickets and paint markers as I will be doing a lot of protesting. And this is a good thing. No longer are the protests the domain of the "social justice warrior" or the "birther" or Westboro Baptist Church people. Trump's presidency is causing the rebirth of homespun American protest and people will amass in public squares nationwide to give voice to their opinions about what is going on in their country.

Of course, protest is only a portion of the action that needs to occur. Everyone with a placard or those forwarding news stories needs to show up in 2018 and VOTE, as the congressional midterms may be the most important such election in a century. Forwarding a meme is one thing, carrying a sign with your friends as well, but I know it seems scary to call up your local Congressperson or Senator. I know, because I did so for the very first time in my life recently. I needed my congressmen to understand that at least one of their constituents did not support the Trump wall and did not support the nomination of Betsy DeVos as Education Secretary. The secretary who answered the call was nice, took my name and number, and registered my opinion. Did it mean anything? Maybe not, but if another 100,000 in the district called? The movement has to start somewhere, and I believe we are only seeing the very beginnings of a mass political awakening. I suppose we should thank Trump? - KELLY MINNIS



is it love or just sick in the head?

I love making art. Being an artist has, among other things, afforded some of my "inappropriate" behaviors to be tolerated more easily. I think that can be said about most, if not all artists. We can get away with stuff by saying something like, "It's just art" (even though our creations are precious pieces of us that we hold near and dear) or "I'm doing an art project", which worked fantastically when I was in art school.

From drawing naked girls on friends' folders in high school to spray paint stenciling the word 'WASTE" in places most people would never see is all fine and permissible. Sort of. I mean, art has gotten me into trouble as well, so it's not innocent. Art can turn on you. I've been so close to getting arrested a couple times. There was a performance art incident that got the closest. Almost kicked out of college.

I even spray-painted "Eddie" (Iron Maiden's mascot) on a wall in Spain. I was super drunk and fell a couple of times (you know...THAT drunk), but saw it the next morning and it was, well, I was gonna saw descent, but it really wasn't. Whatever. I was proud of it. That was the same night I threw up all over a Morris Mini-Minor. Those things are so small...also it was a LOT of barf.

Sometimes I accidentally get super weird or macabre, but since I'm an "artist", it's totally OK. I've done biting caricatures of people and they thought it was "clever" (maybe they cried later in private...I don't know). I once accidentally outed a friend to his wife who had no idea he was smoking pot. Like a LOT of pot. But he laughed about that too. Sure, you are never compelled to reveal exactly what is going on in the privacy of your own head (some things should NEVER be revealed), but sometimes those things come out, and then, of course, you just gotta show it off. That's the compelling part...people NEED to see your art...don't they?

Stealing a shopping cart to use in a nighttime secret installation, leaving raw animal hearts in brown paper bags all over campus, dumpster diving for props, inhaling volumes of fumes produced by dribbling gas onto styrofoam...it's all worth it.

Have I taken my peepee out in inappropriate places? Probably. Have I interrupted a solemn prayer assembly with a loud obnoxious fart? More than once. Have I silk screened myself a shirt with that blue wheelchair icon on it? Yes. Have I created passive aggressive art and never showed it to the offending party? Plenty of times. Have I created art that makes it seem like I might be making fun of the viewer? Sure. Have I pretended that I was super-spiritual and convinced them that my drawing was God speaking to them? Well, yes I have as a matter of fact. Did I encourage my 11 year of girl to copy a fish that had the head of a penis into her sketchbook? Yes. Was I angry when she used my marker in the girls bathroom at Revs in Downtown Bryan to draw said "Wiener-fish"? Nope.

Pretty sure it's still there.-JORGE GOYCO



I just finished the Whole 30. It is a plan that eliminates certain foods from your diet in effort to see what foods you may perhaps have a physiological or emotional sensitivity to. It is also a fairly effective weight loss plan as well. The program was created by a sports nutritionist in 2009 as a way of dealing with chronic injury. My missus went through two rounds of it last year and she lost nearly 30 pounds and 6 pants sizes. She has tried dozens of junk diets and exercise fads without anything sticking for her. But somehow The Whole 30 did. She planned on taking it on for the month of January and I decided to be more than just a supportive husband. I decided this time I'd do the Whole 30 with her.

So what is it exactly? It is a sort of amalgam of Paleo and Adkins diets. One can eat meat, fruits, vegetables, nuts, eggs, potatoes, etc. One cannot consume sugar or artificial sweeteners (alone or as an ingredient), booze, grains (whole wheat, rice, corn, quinoa or otherwise), legumes (more on this later), dairy products, and recreated treat foods with approved ingredients (like paleo pancakes and such...more on this later too). Having supported my wife through a couple of rounds I knew how to prepare Whole 30 compliant dinners with ease. Unlike Adkins, you can eat potatoes.

First off, I decided right away I was going to vary from the Whole 30's ban on legumes. For starters, I know I'm not allergic to them, I'm not "emotionally dependent" on them, and they are a great source of fiber and protein so right away I was rebelling against the formula. I thought it was dumb. The other part that I had an issue with, though I did not buck against it, was making paleo pancakes or some other food that with regular ingredients may be bad for you but instead using Whole 30 approved ingredients. One of the things the founder harps about is using food in an emotional way. I don't really do this. I'm not a stress eater. My issue is more with overeating, not just what I'm eating. I get that for some (including my wife) chocolate and other sweets is comfort. So I understand why the Whole 30 would go that way.

So how did I do? About 98% of the time I maintained. I haven't had a drink since New Year's Eve. The only places I slipped were when I was eating out and had salads with dressings that were probably sugared and one time where I couldn't avoid all the bleu cheese crumbles. Otherwise, no dairy (used unsweetened coconut milk) was no problem. I had a good cold early on in the month and really wanted chicken soup but felt like shit and didn't want to spend hours making it. You can't just buy canned Whole 30 compliant soup and that clobbered me. It took me a couple of days but finally I got my soup. When I switched to unsugared peanut butter I never realized how much sugar was in Jif. I now read labels more. I had two small slices of 100% whole wheat bread this week and I could taste the sugar in it. I couldn't before. I ate a LOT of eggs with salsa, avocado and black beans. I've tightened my belt one notch and I feel like I've lost a little weight (I have no scale). I hope to continue moderating non-compliant Whole 30 foods. More info can be found at whole30.com if you're interested. - KELLY MINNIS



I decided to write this article here, but I want to warn you that this is not necessarily an easy thing to read. It will not have any reassurances in it. If you're looking for an argument that everything in America will be OK, stop

reading now: you are in the wrong place. Go look at some cute animals or drink a beer or do literally anything else.

Let's look at the main targets of the current administration and see why they are targets.

Muslims—Since 9/11, have seen US pop culture and politics simmer a hot soup of "Muslims are evil, they want to destroy America". Many, many Americans have never even *met* a Muslim. The result is that anti-Muslim sentiment has become profoundly vitrolic, often violent, all across the country becoming worse over the past 16 years. Trump has been an active supporter of this from the beginning, so it's not surprising that they're among his first targets.

Latinos-Come from a different angle, one more tied to nativism: they're the current version of those "damned immigrants" that Americans have a history of blaming for things. (As were the Italians, the Irish, the Germans, etc.) Trump's campaign was based on pointing this out. His entire campaign was predicated on being in areas with a shitty long-term economic outlook, and telling people that it was because of deals with China and Mexicans coming in and stealing people's jobs. The rhetoric was never very consistent; immigrants are simultaneously lazy and stealing all the jobs. However, people who are blaming immigrants for their economic problem can vent their anger against them and not ask too many questions about why the factory is now mostly automated.

Black People-Are a third angle still. The history of racial hatred is the history of America, there's no brief summary. When black people show up asking (or worse, demanding) for something, there's a very strong backlash of the form "Everything was fine before you started stirring up racial tensions!" Reading American newspapers from the 1960's is sickeningly familiar; the articles could have been lifted word-for-word. All of which is to say, the things this movement are questioning are tied with people's perception of danger and the social order: they're saying that the protection of white society from black threats, real and imagined, should be condemned. The protection of white society has been such an implicit part of the role of police for so long, that it makes the emotional stakes for white America very high. Accusations of reverse racism and getting something for nothing have been becoming more and more a part of standard

discourse. (Note, white people are mad they're getting called assholes while black people are mad they're getting murdered)The black and *queer* communities are similar in this respect, I think. The origins of violence against queer and trans communities are another giant subject that would take a whole book to address properly. But we can summarize it by saying that the rates of murder and sexual assault of, and suicide by, queer and trans communities

are through the roof, and have been for a long time. The increased visibility of trans folk in the media, and the fact that more people are simply likely to know someone who is trans or gay. And like with the BLM movement, there's a certain response of "why are these people asking for something from me? I acknowledge they exist now, isn't that enough?"

Ultimately, that's part of a broader pattern: when people are already stretched to their limit emotionally, with financial stresses, family stresses, medical stresses, lack of a clear future stresses, then hearing anyone else ask for something—even if that something is as simple as "the right to walk down the street without being murdered" feels like an added imposition. And that can lead to a backlash, not just from people who are inherently racist or the like, but also from people who aren't and just don't want yet *another* thing dropped on their plate.

Women-Are still fighting the long fight. Reproductive rights are being challenged consistently. There are only 26 Republican women in the 115th Congress compared to 78 Democratic women. Feminists in Trumps America must shift their focus constantly. Immigrants, women of color, lesbians, transgender, those seeking asylum, and most importantly women seeking protection from men. This will be especially difficult as minority men are seeing their positions worsen with a strategy set up to divide all progressives to focus on their own specific issue.

So, that's my high-level perspective on who is being targeted and why. There are other groups which are perpetually in waiting: I suspect that we'll see Jews and academics targeted soon. Jews, because old-school anti-Semitism maintains its currency in a lot of far-right circles, especially ones which are currently in the White House. "Global special interests" will be brought up as a slick euphemism by America's ultra-right-wing. Academics, because they're part of those "elites" which are a convenient target for blame, and are also likely to be vocal opponents of the regime.

Now for the less pleasant part of this: What is the likely

next step, in each of these cases? While I hope that most people are beyond the stage of saying "oh, this is all just campaign rhetoric," I know that many people will still say that, and will probably keep saying that until the day something happens to them directly. But given that in his first

two weeks in office, Trump has proven himself quite honest on the campaign trail-going out and doing exactly the things he said he would, from ordering walls and detention camps built at the Mexican border to banning even legal permanent residents who are citizens of various Muslim countries (but only the Muslim ones) from entering the country-I'm hoping people are starting to realize that no, it *wasn't* just a joke.

- For Latinos, watch increased laws and orders exerting pressures on employers, landlords, etc., to get rid of anyone who even *might* be undocumented. The goal here is to create what Trump calls "selfdeportation:" i.e., making the situation bad enough to cause people to flee the country.
- For Muslims, increased surveillance of (leading up to registration of) groups. The next big step would be bulk revocation of visas from people from various countries, at which point they fall under the same "illegals" program as is set up for Latinos. This also gives political cover for mass deportation – which, as an operational footnote, also requires mass internment for logistical reasons.
- For black people, an increased crackdown on protests. (Given that police turnout in Ferguson already looked like they were ready to retake Fallujah, escalation isn't trivial-but they can find a way) Any protest, no matter how peaceful, will be declared a "riot" and a reason for sharply increased police presence, not just then, but going forward; we should expect to see a lot of very visible marching of cops through the streets, arrests of anyone for insubservience, and so on. (Yes, this is already happening; I expect the knob to be turned to 11, much as it was in the 1960's).
- For trans/queer people, a systematic passage of laws somewhere between legalizing and mandating discrimination in all things. This is already legal in much of the country, but again, it's possible to turn up the knob: to basically ensure that being trans causes you to lose your job, your home, and have your children taken away from you. It will not be difficult with a Republican Majority Congress to strip rights thought gained, especially if the Supreme Court vacancies are filled with more conservative interpreters of the Constitution.

I would expect that this is the first place where we'll see a resurgence of purity laws. We used to have a lot of these, e.g. "gay people are a danger to our children and cannot be allowed to work in schools." Here, you could not only have that, but you could have restrictions on where people are allowed to live. Consider that sex offender registries-already deemed constitutional-and their associated reguirement that you not live within a certain radius of a school essentially ban people on those registries from living in most towns and cities altogether, and force people into trailer parks and the like on the periphery of town; also consider that you can get on those registries for public urination. To say that it wouldn't be hard to make "walking around while trans" a crime of similar order is an understatement.

MERICA

- For women, I expect more roll backs of bodily rights and damage to working class rights. As an example, one of the things Trump has said was that he wanted to have paid leave for a woman under unemployment insurance after she has a baby. This sounds great, until you realize that there would be no protections for her to come BACK to work if she wanted to since it's unemployment and not FMLA, thus the real problem of being replaced in the workforce.
- For the press, I expect to see real attempts to silence it-but we'll see how the power balance plays out. This is not going to be a simple fight.
- For academia, I expect to see tremendous pressure brought to bear immediately: all research funds for research which either goes against some policy objective of the administration (e.g., climate re search), or which sounds too aligned with "liberal elites" (e.g., anything involving gender and sexuality), will be targeted first. (And in fact, already have been; the first major orders cutting research funds were issued last Tuesday)

Beyond that, I would expect that universities will face extreme pressure to eliminate academics or administrators who speak out or otherwise upset the regime. Richard Spencer speaking at Texas A&M last year is an example. Past speeches he's given at universities have included doxxing and calling for attacks against individuals. Sending him to talk at universities is a deliberate provocation for progressive academics and citizens to act out. I'm reading this as "1933 playbook continues on schedule, pace slightly higher than last time: something between maybe 1.2x and 2x, but without the possibility of a major land war to show up on the horizon."

In closing, talk with people in your life. Call your representatives. Shit is real. *Organize.* – *STARKNESS*

FIND 979REPRESENT ONLINE AT FACEBOOK & 979REPRESENT.COM





The late Hunter S Thompson once wrote "How low do you have to stoop in this country to be President?" Mr. Trump continues to show Americans – every day – just how low he will go. Evidently, America is going to be subjected to four years of lies in rare press conferences and a blizzard of those tweets.

It's not just that Mr. Trump isn't a nice man-we already knew that. What is most distressing about every revelation about his character is how his apologists and appeasers are so quick to leap to his defense. They brush off, or ignore, his misdeeds and counter with an attackusually a lie-about the Women's March, President Obama, President Clinton (Bill), or the media. Everyone is wrong except Mr. Trump, funny how that works.

I continue to be most baffled by Mr. Trump's backing from Christians. As a close friend said, can there be anyone less Christian than Mr. Trump? Look at the facts. He has ridiculed the disabled, lies constantly, disparaged women on a regular basis for decades, mocked our military leaders, insulted people of color, enriched himself off others, and on and on. What is Christ-like about this man? I just don't understand how a Christian (particularly a female) could justify to his or her children this man to lead our country. Now they have to explain him for the next four years. Can you imagine the talks White House officials are giving their female staffers and pages now about ensuring they are never alone in a room with the Creep in Chief, the leader of the free world?

Mr. Trump is not a patriot. Forget this "Make American Great Again" propaganda. Any thinking American should be outraged at the fact that a Communist dictator manipulated our presidential election to get a candidate he wanted. Mr. Trump dismisses all that—he's more worried about making up lies about non-existent voter fraud. Mr. Trump mocks the whole democratic process. I wonder if there is money to be made by Mr. Trump and Mr. Putin? The Muslim country ban? A wrong-headed and mean-spirited sop to his followers, but notice that he made sure to not ban any country he has business dealings with. politics, about the democratic process, about governing? He's never been on a school board, never been on a city council, never ran for public office. Mr. Trump is just a businessman used to giving orders. He's never been elected to anything. He just parlayed the million dollars he was handed on a silver platter into more money by stiffing others—why else would he owe more than a billion dollars? Mr. Trump has been a game show host though. That should count..for nothing.

in Chief

So, why are sensible people still supporting Mr. Trump? Part of the reason is they don't have any choice-they are stuck with him. Their often-blind hatred for years of anything that hinted of Obama, Hillary Clinton, Democratic, liberal (pick your label) left them no avenue except to continue to support Mr. Trump...and be tainted by everything he does. However, it's hard to feel sorry for them.

Another reason for his support still is the years of disgust with many of our previous elected officials. Ironically, the Republicans in Congress who resisted helping President Obama succeed for nearly a decade—whether due to racism or ideology—are to blame for Mr. Trump's election success. Of course, he doesn't like them either. So, it's hard to feel sorry for them either.

In the end, the people who will suffer the most are many—if not all—of the misguided folks who helped elect Mr. Trump. The billionaires on his Cabinet will do just fine no matter what...as will all of the rest of the rich in this country.

F. Scott Fitzgerald famously wrote that the rich are different from the rest of us. T rue, they have more money (as Hemingway retorted), but they think they are better than the rest of us, Fitzgerald said. And that entitlement impacts every decision, every thought, every belief. The rich (Mr. Trump included) don't worry about facts. Torture works because I believe it works. Climate change doesn't exist because I don't think so. I should have gotten more votes, so there must have been voter fraud. My inauguration crowd is bigger than your inauguration crowd. Don't cloud what I know is right by telling the truth.

Another thing-what does Mr. Trump know about

It's going to be a long four years. - MIKE L. DOWNEY





"A new you in just seven minutes," Delilah read on the literature in her hands.

"That's right," said the man behind the booth, who'd introduced himself as Bob or Rob—did it matter any-ways?

"And that's it? Seven minutes and you're a whole different person?"

"There's a bit more, but that's all you really need to know," he said. "The mental relaxation, blanking, and rebuilding has to only take seven minutes. For the next week or so, depending on your needs, our technicians induce a deep, healing sleep while the logistics team sets up your new life-new domicile, wardrobe, temp job or education (according to your preference, of course) – and schedules a meeting with Starter Friends."

"Will I remember anything of who I am now? Will anyone from my life recognize me?"

"We've never had a relapse yet," Rob/Bob said, smugly and unnecessarily self-assured for the man who doesn't even do the procedure. "Our Starter Friends are firstrate, they make sure everything goes smoothly. They're specially trained to keep you away from any triggering material for the first month, by which you will be fully immersed in your new identity. They'll introduce youorganically, of course-to a whole new suite of hobbies and experiences before taking a job across the country and gradually cutting off contact. You'll be a bit disappointed to lose such a good friend, of course, but that will fade like it always does and you'll be a new you. You'll remember nothing of the life you left behind."

Delilah fiddled with the pamphlet for some time while Bob/Rob tapped his feet impatiently. "Why seven minutes?" "Well—and, understand, this is a tried-and-true procedure, I've seen hundreds of successful procedures—but we have to turn off your brain for programming to stick. You can only function that way for seven minutes before brain death occurs, so we have to get in and get out in the time it takes to play Liszt's 'Hungarian Rhapsody'."

Delilah grimaced at the pamphlet and then at Rob/Bob. His beady grey eyes dull as river stone.

"It's not something we like to talk about," he said, clearly excited to talk about it. "It's like sausage. We've been at this for 12 years now without a single failure, and it's the new big thing—who wants to go through life as themselves the whole time?"

Delilah put the pamphlet down and put her hands in the pockets of her yellow sundress. "Well, thank you for your time, I'm just-"

"If I may," said Bob/Rob. "Could you just do one thing for me?"

"I really need to-"

"Just one quick thing? Can you check your purse for a little pink and purple card? Looks something like this?" Rob/Bob held up a rectangular business card with a row of black dots at the bottom. Delilah opened her purse and rummaged around. Sure enough, she found a crinkled pink and purple card wedged inside, she owned twelve different purses and selected this one at random this morning.

"Ah, now, see—you really don't have any excuse now," said Bob/Rob, snatching the card from her. Four of the five black dots at the bottom of her card had been punched out. "You've earned a free Do-Over."— STARKNESS



Featuring over 30 Songs From B/CS Bands. Download for free at Sinkholetexas. Bandcamp.com





C + C Music Factory – Proof Rootop Lounge 1/27/16; Houston, TX

This show was another of the free shows Proof Rootop

played roughly one minute snippets of predictable MTV era new wave before moving to the next song; imagine your nephew with very severe ADHD, no meds and a very cheezy Spotify compilation of "new wave of the 1980's". There is nothing like 200 yuppies singing

Lounge has to those with the wherewithal (sense of absurditv?) to ask for tickets on their website The Proof shows at start on time and have to end by midnight due to the Houston noise ordinance. Considering the cost to attend (one mouse click), there are worse ways one could spend an evening

C+C Music Factory were so bia in 1990-1991 that dance even а hating punk rocker like me knew their "hits". C+C were essentially a studio band that product of two produc-Svengali ers: Robert Clivilles and David Cole. The front man for the project was Freedom Williams: the best named front man I can think of in recent memory. Twenty



"Tainted Love" (or at least 45 seconds of it) in unison. Roughly 20

minutes later, said DJ was joined by Freedom Williams and C+C Music Factory's "show" began. Mr. Williams comes across as ICE-T's more jovial brother; a bit more fun loving but with enough pluck to pull it off. Best quote of the night (paraphrased)

"Being 50 is great if you can hold it together. There is nothing like getyour ting ass kicked by a 50 year old." True enough. C+C played two of hits their fairly early: "Here we go. Lets Rock and Roll" and "Things that make you go Hmmmmm...' The rest of the set consisted of Mr. Williams telling the audience how

five plus years later, Freedom owns the name of the band and takes the show on the road with him along with a DJ. At least they don't have to pay a roadie.

Apparently, many of the attendees to this show were involved in some sort of corporate event as many of the people there were wearing sticker name tags. Unfortunately, I wasn't given a name tag and a golden opportunity for smart ass hijinks was lost. The audience was about what you expect; 40-ish yuppie folks whose ideas of cutting edge dance music was...well....C+C Music Factory. The DJ opening the show was pretty lousy. He great Houston was and his DJ playing snippets of Freedom's favorite songs (Prince and George Michael among others). He got to the big hit—"Gonna Make you Sweat (Everybody Dance Now)" about half way through the set. After that, the DJ did more random song stuff and I left shortly after the last hit was played.

Overall, the show was about as fun and ridiculous as you would expect. I'm not a big fan of the DJ sans band thing but it worked for the audience. My bitchy complaint about this aside, I've been humming "Gonna Make you Sweat" since I saw the show so they pulled it off.— *RENTED MULE*

FIND 979REPRESENT ONLINE AT FACEBOOK & 979REPRESENT.COM

From now, until February 18. Doomstress the well known artist and performer of Metal, Industrial, live BDSM performance, and fetish model, shows us maybe her most intimate side vet. Her life as a woman and her life as a trans woman in Texas. Not only must she fight for her rights as a woman but she must also fight for her rights not to be harassed, violently assaulted, fired, or murdered because she identifies as transgender.

Doomstress Alexis has never been one to shy from creative output and passion for what she does. In this new project she takes us very close in. We are given such an intimate introspect on liberties we don't even realize as cisgender. This is so polarizing you feel as if you know what her parents home smells like or how her bed sheets feel on a cold morning. It's something that's too close. It's uncomfortable. It's uncomfortable because it's so comfortable to Doomstress.

Invasion is normal in the LGBTQIA world. The trans community is finally being recognized in its tiniest of first steps but this reminds us how abnormal intolerance and true ignorance makes the world for non-cisgender identifying.

People, get out there and support this. If you ever guestion what side you were on, then this would be something you need to experience. Be a part of history that is good and wonderful. Let this inspire you and others and that's how we make this a better place.

"Dear Lt. Governor-We're Just People" 1/7-2/18 with reception-open house 1/12 Location @ Spring Street Studios in Houston, TX Facebook event page: https://www.facebook.com/events/683410585169603/?

I spent some time recently with both Alexis and photog-

ti=cl

rapher Gary Watson about the exhibit and Alexis's experiences.

CH: This doesn't seem on the surface to be like anything I've ever seen you do before. What exactly is this project and what can we anticipate with your inclusion?

A: True enough. While I'm no stranger to being in front of the camera, I have never been the subject of a photographic essay documenting aspects of my daily life or personal activities so that was new for me.

G: Unlike a lot of the photographic work Alexis has been involved with, this project is a documentary series that creates a story with 19 prints and text. I like stories that have a social or political theme and this is a civil rights topic that is current and important. Further, all of the work was done in black-and-white film with vintage cameras dating back to the 1930s, not something many photographer are doing these days.

How did you and Gary photographer come about meeting one another and then deciding on this as a project? A: Gary already had the idea in mind and it just so happened he mentioned it to a mutual friend who told him about me right away. She then contacted me about my

DEAR LT. GOVERNOR: WE'RE JUST PEOPLE STORY BY CREEPY HORSE, PHOTO BY GARY WATSON

interest and then put me in contact with Gary. G: After the introduction by our mutual friend. Alexis and I met for coffee. I told her what my intentions were and what my motivations were for creating this series. I showed her some of my previous work and everything fell into place. Once Alexis agreed to be a part of the project we worked together as a team throughout the shoot.

This is a pretty responsive project, are vou worried about backlash or do you think this is something that will leave people thinking differentlv?

A: With anything we do in life there is always some inherit risk and I quess being a transgender person being very public has a potential for increased risk of backlash but I'm no real stranger

to being in the public eve. But this project isn't about being contentious but more about educating and hopefully establishing an emotional connection.

G: I worked to ensure that the series had a really positive feel. It's about respecting the humanity of everyone and that there are many ways of being human. I told Alexis that doing this project would be an education for me and I wanted to share that education with everyone who sees the exhibition. With learning comes understanding. And hopefully understanding creates respect.

This seems so intimate. Is it more infuriating, saddening or aggravating to have to share ALL of these experiences publicly?

A: Well for me its essentially been part of my normal life over the past several years so I'm pretty used to it. Being a musician, touring, etc I'm in the public eye a lot and I've always been open about sharing many aspects of my personal story.

In our State, we are by law to believe that as the Lt. Governor himself stated, "(HERO) It was about allowing men to enter women's restrooms and locker rooms - defying common sense and common decency." Do you struggle to realize not all cis people suck that bad? I would have a



to the continuing divert his attention can #sinisterminister epidemic.

There's also talk of more stringent laws coming towards Trans and the LGBT community as a whole here in Texas 2017. What can we do?

average person

community and I think he

share these

At least not

A: Write to your reps and law makers. Organize meetings with city reps and counsels, etc. Contact media outlets and journalists for articles.

G: The exhibition does make some political references. It's important to acknowledge that there are those who would not only ignore the issues of the transgender community but legislate in ways that are harmful. People sometimes fear what they don't understand and some will use misinformation to stoke those fears. The antidote is true and accurate information for those who are willing to accept it.

How strange is it to have your life in danger because of someone's belief or phobias they may have? Beyond frightening, I have to think it would be very surreal and shocking. How does someone that knows they are trans whether or not they've even begun transition or coming out, what would your advice be to them?

A: Its difficult to say the least and everyone's situation is different. I get frequent messages from people including parents who have no idea

what to do and its not easy for anyone involved. I usually recommend finding a local or regional support

network (if available), seeking a therapist/counselor qualified in gender identity therapy, and (hopefully) a close network of trusted friends and family. We live in a city where 61% of voters struck down their fellow Houstonians from having proper bathroom access. That's insane! Did people miss the whole point of HERO? Have people realized why women don't use urinals? It uh, doesn't quite work for us. I think lots of people should be banned from bathrooms like people that shop at Walmart or convicted serial killers but where is the disconnect? How can someone believe gender would be a "sign" or indicator of a sexual predator? There is no history or documented proof of that ever happening. How do we get the masses to stop being scared of different and realize that no woman should ever be made to pee in a men's room? Here again, the media honed in on the fear mongers who were few but barking loudly. I'm really not sure how to go about changing that other than by continuing to show that those fears are baseless. It'll take time and patience for sure. Sure this has been a big set back but look where we've gotten on this issue as a whole. Many have become so used to this digital age where you push a few buttons on the phone or computer and voila, the order is placed or information is presented. Well social change doesn't work like that. It takes years, decades and even longer for that to happen. But despite the vitriol being tossed at us, the transgender issue continues to be discussed and become more widely known and eventually that will blossom into greater acceptance. Again, look at history, every major social movement met its most resistance the closer it got to succeeding in its efforts. We are nearing that point and to think the opposition is just going to lie there and accept that change without resistance is naive.

What can we expect to see in the future from both artists?

A: As far as myself, I'll be recording and touring more across the US in 2017 with my solo band DOOM-STRESS. The two tours we did in August and November 2016 I'm very happy to say saw people from the transgender community come to about half the shows on each tour! That was wonderful to see and I hope that number increases this next year! I took a break from photoshoots this past year to focus on getting the DOOMSTRESS band off the ground so hopefully I can manage to squeeze in a shoot or two for my fans with some fun (and sexy) creativity. Probably a thousand other things as well. You know me.

G: My work covers a broad range of styles ranging from documentary to still life and figurative work in the studio. But I am often drawn to social and political issues and that will never stop. After this series I will probably do some work in the studio, but then I'll be itching to get back out on the streets.

It was magical the first time I saw you. I couldn't believe my eyes. I still don't know if perfection in such a form can exist. Sure, you were older than me, but who wasn't when I was 14? That didn't matter. I was excited. You were always ready to take me somewhere new. You were the epitome of beauty and sex. I will always remember my time with you fondly, with a twinge of remorse, and a longing for simpler times.

You may have had some hail damage. Your past rela-



tionships may have not been the best. You had a few creaks, a couple groans, but together we could overcome anything. I got my first job to pay for our relationship. At first it was babysitting, but that just didn't cut it. A few hours babysitting just won't pay for the adult world. Twenty dollars couldn't last me a month anymore. It might last few days if I was lucky.

Nothing mattered at the time. Looking back, I was very dependent on you. I wasn't able to get around, you'd drop me off at school and be there waiting when I was done. I remember being hurt and a little upset that you would never come watch our high school football games. Always just waiting in the parking lot, giving my friends liquor and weed. I was out there playing my heart out, but you just couldn't be bothered.

My friends all loved you, and what wasn't there to love? Tight back end, cute little nose, the way your eves lit up at night, your body was everything a boy my age wanted. We were raised different, you always loved leopard print shirts and tight pleather pants. You were too mature for me. You never complained when my friends said they wanted a ride. I'm still pretty sure you let Chris inside you while I wasn't around. I was jealous, and I'm sorry for that now. Maybe we could have lasted. Then your younger sister started dating one of my best friends. She let him go farther, quicker, than you would let me. She was fast. He was crazy. Honestly, the match was a little scary. It sucked when I made us stop hanging out with them. I could tell you had fun with those two. I did too. But honestly, they were going nowhere. It was just circles and crashes with them. They would get high and just start trying to beat everyone they were around. They would get in any race or competition just for the thrills. We were better than that. You were better than that.

I started pumping money and time into our relationship. I wanted us to be better. It was a competition sometimes. Who could get the furthest? Who could get in where? I laughed when we saw your sister and him at



the basketball stadium as we drove to the bars. I was sixteen and couldn't be stopped. We got you a face lift, started working out together. Half your age plus seven be damned. Come hell or high water, we could take on the world.

Then there was that fateful night. You quit listening to me. I tried to get you to stop. It just wouldn't happen. You wouldn't listen. It was as if someone had cut the brakes. We were hurtling headlong through traffic, weaving in and out of everyone. There was a yellow light, and I thought we might make it. I could have slowed us down after we made it through the intersection. There was no such luck. There was an officer at the intersection. He made us slow down. He called my parents to come pick me up. They were furious. "What are you doing out with THAT?" "Are you drunk?" "What the fuck is WRONG with you, boy?" At least you stayed quiet. I don't know if I could have taken it if you had spoken up. They never let me see you again. That will always be the last memory I have of you, my sweet.—*STARKNESS*

First loves usually fall into the category of the first member of the opposite sex that you were enamored of, the first one you wrote his or her name everywhere, maybe even your first kiss. This is not about that kind of first love. Let's be brutally honest here—few (if any) of us get to spend the rest of our lives with those male or female first loves. Most of us are incredibly blessed to get to spend a portion of our lives with anyone that we love...but that's another story. These are the brief stories of the two first loves that I had and still have.

Books (aka a love of reading)-I must have been about 11-12 years old when I travelled with my father to Fort Worth to what was called "surplus". My father was the vocational agricultural teacher at Talpa-Centennial High School, and we were accompanied by the school superintendent Mr. Grounds (I was in high school before I figured out he had a first name: Dan). Surplus was a huge warehouse of a place where a small school district could get cheap stuff that the richer school districts and cities had discarded: tools, typewriters, pickup trucks (there's another story there about Old Yellow). I don't remember much about all the stuff there, but I did like this huge pile of books. It was there I found the science fiction classic Isaac Asimov's I, Robot. I of course started reading it, standing there sweating among the shelves. For some reason, Mr. Grounds said bring it along: it's yours. In my mind, that was my first book although I'd had some other books already. Science fiction is still my first love to read, and I still have that book.

Music—As a Boomer, many of my generation point to The Beatles' appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* as the moment they first discovered their love of rock and roll. I have that memory as well— remember standing by the family wood-encased black and white television set watching The Beatles. My dad hated their hair, a precursor of the years to come of fighting with him over the length of my hair. But the Beatles didn't launch my love of music; it was a goofy instrumental called "The Happy Organ." I couldn't believe anything that sounded like so much fun could be played on the radio. I couldn't imagine anything being so exciting that didn't have words. But it disappeared. I never could find it on a single; for years, I never could find it on an album. Finally, I located it on a "Golden Oldies" collection on CD. By then, I was married to my second wife who actually knew how to play the organ, but alas, she never did learn to play it for me. Maybe I should have known then that she was destined to leave me. But I still have my first music love—"The Happy Organ"—to enjoy whenever I want.

Reading and music remain the first loves for me. I re-read the Asimov book from time to time, and I put on the CD with "The Happy Organ" on it every now and then. My first loves—I'll have them as long as I live...well, until I lose my hearing and eyesight.—MIKEL. DOWNEY

I fell in love with the Smashing Pumpkins at a roller rink.

I grew up in Fort Lee, New Jersey. It wasn't strange for one of my friend's moms to scoop up four to six of us idiots and drop us off at a roller rink. There was something really amazing about being 8 years old and skating as fast as you could without having the ability to stop besides crashing into a wall and hearing, "Despite all my rage, I am still just a rat in a cage." I was very fortunate to have a really cool stepdad. So, in third grade, I could borrow *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness* from him and jam while dunking on the Koosh basketball hoop on the top of the doorframe in my room.

The Smashing Pumpkins are a band that has stuck with me. They meant a whole hell of a lot to me during high school and college and still do today when I revisit. I hear them in new things I listen to today. Slothrust. I just turned on 1979. It still conjures the same nostalgic, sadbut-rad sort of feelings it did the first time I heard it more than 20 years ago. – JOSHUA SIEGEL

Some kids have a favorite toy from childhood, or a beloved baseball mitt, or a poster of a sports star, or a dollhouse, or who knows how many other items. For me, my first love was the 45 RPM record. I carried them as toys as a child. I would place them on my fingers bunched up together into a spindle and spin them round and round, gleefully chanting "FORTY-FIVE. FORTY-FIVE. FORTY-FIVE". I was eventually gifted with my own cheap AF plastic mono record player and Paul McCartney's "Coming Up" single. Then a year later I got my brother's KISS records taken away because I grabbed his badminton racket and pretended I was KISS playing along to the records, which wasn't so bad, but then breaking a bunch of shit in our bedroom trying to break my "quitar" onstage alarmed my parents. I remember our first cassette player, I remember our dad taking us to WaxWorks to buy our first tapes (The Go-Go's for my brother, Hall & Oates for me). I remember when my brother went away to college and bought a bitchin' stereo with his student loan money (it's so much a time-honored tradition that Wilco

even wrote a song about it) and I fell in love with the compact disc. It was four years later until I got my very own CD player, with a CD single for Kraftwerk's "Showroom Dummies" and Queensryche's Empire as my first CD's. That same year I discovered that everyone was in a hurry to sell off their records to replace them with the far superior CD so I would by boxes of great albums for pennies on the dollar at yard sales. These days you can buy used CD's and cassettes for pennies on the dollar so I scoop those up when I can, and still add to the vinyl collection. Not only do I love the music but I love looking at the different record company labels on vinyl and blank cassette designs. I can download anything I want online these days but I will never stop collecting physical media. I love the feel, the smell, the sound as much as I do the music trapped inside its grooves, pits, and mylar.-KELLY MINNIS

There have been many beers over the years that have enjoyed imbibing, particularly in the modern craft beer landscape when the fancy local breweries, imported bombers, and rare seasonals take up the front half of the beer aisle at the grocery store rather than being relegated to the back corner. When I came of legal consumption age was about the time that that shift was just beginning to manifest itself in Bryan/College Station HEBs. A world of possibilities is opened up when you turn 21 and can use American dollars to buy alcohol freely in view-anything beyond a Lone Star was interesting and exotic. I can remember being excited about a new Magic Hat seasonal variety pack showing up in the beer aisle and being able to try and compare all of them with my buddies. Yeah-times in craft beer have definitely changed. But the one that was truly my first beer love was a seasonal offering from that little ol' brewery in Shiner.

Around May of that year, six packs of a beer dressed in faded red-and-white picnic blanket pattern showed up in the HEB beer aisle, and as with most of the newest things that appeared I immediately bought some. Perhaps it is my nostalgia that biases me, but Shiner up to that point had done a solid job with their specialty stuff, particularly their annual commemorate series (the Shiner 98 was popular enough to become the yearround Black Lager, and the Shiner 100 Commemorator was a delicious extra-flavorful bock with a 6.7% ABV). This picnic beer I happened upon was none other than the Shiner Smokehaus (pronounced "Smokehouse" if you want to say it correctly and also not sound like a pretentious ass), its label succinctly proclaiming it "The Perfect Sommer Bier" (they were really leaning into the German-Czech thing at the time). The Smokehaus was a mesquite-smoked helles style beer. Up to that point I had never tasted a beer with so much as a hint of smokiness. Immediately when you popped off the cap, your nose caught hints of the mesquite smoky goodness. It was love.

I started buy six (or twelve) packs of Shiner Smokehaus every time I went to the grocery store. Despite the smokiness it was still light and drinkable, so you could enjoy it on a hot day outside or on a couch with airconditioning inside. Fortuitously, this was also the first



summer (I think—it's been a while) that Whataburger unveiled the Honey Barbecue Chicken Strip Sandwich, which as we all know is the best thing on the menu. The HBBQCSS was a great substitute for going through all the work of actually making real barbeque, and I soon discovered that it paired quite nicely with the Smokehaus for a complete, unbalanced meal. The Smokehaus went away in the Fall to make room for Oktoberfest or some such, but not unlike the Apollo 8 came slingshotting back around the following Summer and triumphantly returned to shelves. I bought 4 twelve-packs the first day it was available and filled up my fridge with the Smokehaus. I wish I would've taken a picture—it was quite a beautiful site.

Sadly, it seems that most of the rest of Texas did not share my enthusiasm for the Smokehaus. Many friends of mine who I insisted try my new favorite beer greeting the smokiness with disgust, falsely believing that such a flavor did not belong in beer, and causing me to guestion why we were friends in the first place. I continued to purchase and enjoy it, it left again in the Fall, but when I arrived at HEB the following May there were no picnicpackaged bottles at the rendezvous. Shiner had scoffed at my love in favor of something called Ruby Redbirdthus began the current period of decline for the brewery. I naively held on to hope that the Smokehaus would return in subsequent months, maybe in a limited release form, but after much waiting I eventually realized that no reunion would happen. Some friends and I even made a trip down to the brewery and saw the very smoker used for the Smokehaus, sitting lonely out off to the side of the grounds. I trudged over and gave it a simple, understanding hug. In subsequent years I have discovered many other tasty things to imbibe, including delicious smoky rauchbiers, but none will ever match the place in my heart for the Smokehaus. - TODD HANSEN

The first one that got away

They say that there's never quite anything like that first love and they're probably right. This segue conveniently brings me to the topic of my "first love". Now mind you that at this point I had already had a number of girlfriends, and sure I may have "liked" some of them. I did not love them. Heck, when things started with this one I didn't think twice about the possibility of being in "love". I was young and entering high school, but as time passed I knew I would never again know such a love as hers. Her name was Carly and she had just relocated from Buffalo, NY and had a bit of a wild streak. She was smart, crass, witty, cute, and most importantly-one of the most unique people I ever knew and one of the best friends I have ever had. She's actually also one of the very few people to never really have screwed me over. Sure we had some ups and downs, but that was due to meddling outside forces, not us just being shitty to one another. Our relationship started out slow via the good old friend of a friend route, and lasted on and off again over the years up until the day she died. She apparently noticed me before I noticed her, and she let me know it and made it hard for me to ever live it down. Her spirit was simply captivating and was truly something to behold, it was a joyous, mischievous, creative, and caring one. I always felt like the world was tempering her to become this super soldier of a woman. The perfect storm of complexity and compassion. She, much like myself, came from a broken home and found many of

her "problems" stem from that situation. That's the great thing about abusive alcoholic parents, they mess your life up at home and make it a living hell elsewhere, so your taking shit capacity is at a much lower level than most others your age, and then eventually you just stop taking shit from people, teachers, cops, etc. Youth and hormones don't do much to counter these things either and you get labeled a "problem child" when you're just over being talked down to like all the other little ree-ree's. Music was a great common ground for us, and so were creative letters and over time, packages. You see our "love" was a forbidden one where our parents didn't wish for us to know or much less even be around each other. We had met via her older sister, and friend of mine Carrie, who was one bad ass broad herself, and had just hit it off seamlessly. I remember waiting for her on this bridge on campus after school near the bus stop as routine, and just posting up there making bad jokes about the world, our lives, and plotting ways to take over the world. She was there when I started what would eventually become one of my life's works, Fuck the Mainstream or FTM at the time. We were kids, we sucked, but had big dreams. She knew this but didn't mind. In fact, she built the very first FTM website for us with exploding chickens pecking TNT and mp3 songs snippets back in 2000

Time passed and we both got in trouble for various unrelated things, her mom felt that it must be the long haired skateboarding rocker guy's fault that she had been acting up, without considering two things-her own role in her daughter's action, and that perhaps she was just a free spirit who was wild at heart. She had the most captivating green eyes and pouty lips, she stalked me sometimes for fun, wrote me letters when on the run, and mailed me the most elaborate packages when she was back in Buffalo. This was one of my first experiences with forbidden love, and god it hurt and felt so good at the same time. Her mom was on some meds that counter acted with the hootch and one night after no being able to see each other for a while, while she was still in town, she snuck out of the house to see me. Now I was no innocent 15-16 years old and when she showed up I was more than halfway through a handle of Scotch passing in and out of consciousness listening to NIN or MM, while watching cartoons on mute and mostly starring at this blue light I had that projected crazy shadows all over the room. I barely remember the knock on the window, but I knew then that our time together was coming to an end. I offered her some booze, she told me she missed me, we kissed passionately and told bad jokes. The laughing soon faded as we both came to grips with the foreseeable consequences of the our actions. Her mother would flip once she realized she was not home and would overreact in some fashion that would leave us separated for years to come. Her mom would call my mom and I would be in a world of hurt. We knew she would most likely be sent away, just not when, for how long, or just how far. So we did what kids in love do made passionate drunken love on the bathroom floor at my mom's. Little did I realize I was taking her virginity on a bathroom floor while passing in and out of consciousness, remember I had been drinking alone and had no idea she was even going to show up-so I was DRUNK. It's something I would feel bad about for years, but was also something that we would joke about up till the end. She was an amazing girl and would go on to be an amazing woman.

Before she left that night, we promised that no matter

what we would stay in touch no matter what the distance or outcome, and we did just that. As predicted her mom noticed she was gone and stayed up waiting for her to return, and when she finally did, her mom smelt the booze on her breath and took her to the ER to get her stomach pumped, regardless of whether she actually needed it or not, which her mom then used to justify sending her daughter away-inevitably back to Buffalo, but that was only after trying to have her institutionalized. Once she was back in NY I received the first of many packages from her that where just filled to the brim with awesomeness. Random knickknacks, photos, jumbo letters with hidden highlighter black light sensitive messages scribbled on them, because the internet sucked, and phones only did so much at the time. This became our thing for a few years as we grew up and moved on, we stayed in touch and longed to see each other again. Five long years would pass and I would almost see her twice, and would get to see her one last time a year later. At one point she was going to be moving back down to Texas and staying with me, but her jealous mean-hearted friend who hated me for her losing her friend's proximity, filled her head with lies as to my state of being and affairs and pulled that future out from both of us.

The following year though, that bitch wouldn't be able to stop us from seeing each other. I had moved again, but was still in the area-the house I had for us was now gone and I wasn't doing nearly as well, but I was alive and keeping on in hopes of one day seeing her again, among other things that I had been striving for a sometime. The new place was a crowded band house, but I unlike most of the others in the place, I had a room to call my own. She came down to Texas to visit friends and family but saved a stop on her visit for me. We hadn't seen each other for so long it was unreal, but the chemistry was still there, only we were older and the distance had made it's claim on our minds. There were fireworks when we kissed hello and goodbye, unintentional tears in between the laughs, and harsh realizations. I was seeing someone else at the time, as was she. She was now in the Coast Guard and going even further away. I played her a song I had written for her very poorly because my hands wouldn't stop shaking uncontrollably, as I never thought I'd ever get the chance to sing her the corny ass song. We kissed and parted ways as she left back for the Coast Guard and NY.

Another couple of years would pass, and I had moved to Kingsville for college, met a girl, had a kid, and kept that band and dreams alive elsewhere. We kept in contact, though not as much as we had before, but still there was no mistaking the longing to still know one another beyond a screen. In the months before her passing we actually started talking more again which I enjoyed greatly, and it saddens me that either the pain of the memories, or years of partying, or combinations of the two plus time have seen to it that many of the fine details are missing at this point as to what we discussed, but I remember that last time we talked I was living in Bay City taking care of my daughter who was now 2 at the time and she talking to me about how stupid everything was, and how crappy life and love can be and how partying was the only real thing left in the world. laughed, agreed, and wished her a good night. Before hanging up and getting off the phone I asked her what she was going to do. "Heroin, a lot of Heroin.." We laughed and I told her to enjoy it and be careful. I wasn't sure if she was joking or not as we both had pretty

morbid senses of humor and were both great at telling really bad jokes. So I just said " good night and have fun" told her I missed her and she did the same...

The next morning I was awoken to a call super early like 7 or 8am, it was her sister Carrie. She was calling to inform me that Carly had passed away at some point during the night. I asked her the reason. "Heroin OD" the voice said. My core broke. Something died inside me at that moment, and became increasingly distant. Perhaps, in hindsight that's partially what happened to my future relationships and the one at the time. I couldn't love right anymore, was lost and hurt and took it out on people who didn't deserve to be treated that way. I don't know. I know I cried for days, I drove back home, and threw a huge party to celebrate her life and another friend's life who passed away that same very week. We all told stories of how awesome they were, and how we'll never forget them. She was I suppose my first "love" though it took me years to realize just how great that love was. She understood me in ways that many never would or ever will again, and with her passing I can't help but feel like a part of me is missing too. She would be laughing at me right now for tearing up, much less for typing this, but to that end I say to her, maybe you shouldn't have died so I wouldn't have to. :) Tough love is still love and I will always love my first love. May her soul rest in peace and the heaven's provide her heart's content. I've since lost contact with her family and it's probably for the best, they too have a special place in my chest-the past has been forgiven and I'm just happy that even for a moment our paths were able to cross and we were able to have what little we had. I will never forget her, will always do my best to forgive her, but regardless and most importantly I will always love her.-BILL DANIELS



It's 1990. the Hillsboro area of Nashville. I am in the attic bedroom

HYDROGEN JUKEBOX

of my friend and bandmate Jason Krekel. It's late at night, dark. He turns all the lights out in his room but navigates easily by the lights on the stereo receiver and the turntable. He pulls out an album, places the record on the platter, drops the tone arm, and hands me the cover. It is a beautiful painting of the sun and moon intertwined with one another. Through the crackles of the vinyl I begin to hear strident violins, with the counterpoint of fuzz bass weaving in and out. Then there's a crescendo of buzzing snare drum rolls and white noise, then the band EXPLODES in unison playing in 7/4 time. My mind was completely blown.

That record was King Crimson's *Larks Tongues In Aspic.* I cannot say how many times I have listened to this album in the past 27 years. It has had its spot on nearly every Top Ten or Desert Island Discs I've ever been asked to provide. But what makes it so special? It's just another weirdo British art record by dudes in bell bottoms, beards, spectacles, and studious gazes, no? You bet your pocket protector it is, Eugene, but it also so much more.

This album was released in 1973. By this point in King Crimson's history, the band had released four studio albums and one live album, gone through three different bassist/vocalists, three drummers, countless sidemen, with only one member as the constant: guitarist and band mastermind Robert Fripp. In late 1972 Fripp assembled the latest version of King Crimson with bassist/vocalist John Wetton, violinist/keyboardist David Cross, percussionist/Wildman Jamie Muir, and drummer extraordinaire Bill Bruford (just recently poached from the very popular and on-the-rise English prog rock band Yes). The music these five individuals made sounded like five different people playing five different songs at the same time yet creating one overall encompassing sound. Song structures were long and complicated. Rhythms were created by mathematic equation on chalkboards to figure out how one guy can play alternating measures of 4/4 and 7/4 while the other guys play three measures of 5/4. The musical and mental prowess required to perform these songs is outstanding, but never is the musicianship showy for the sake of being showy, like the afore-mentioned Yes. Also, unlike Yes or other English prog bands at the time, King Crimson rocked like a motherfucker. In fact, an argument could be posed that the three albums this version of King Crimson made over the course of 1973 and 1974 (Larks Tongues along with Starless and Bible Black and Red) is less prog rock and more proto-metal. One can hear the influence of KC on art-damaged metal bands such as Tool, Porcupine Tree, Shadows Fall, Mastodon, and many others. While the band could kick like a pissed-off mule, the songs are not all face-melting metal explosions.

After the \m/ explosion in "Larks Tongues In Aspic Pt. I" the vibe of the rest of the song comes WAY down, with violin flourishes, a bells and string duet, and a return of a less intense version of the middle part of the song, leading to a beautiful octave fuzz bass melody over arpeggiated acoustic guitar. "Book of Saturdays" is all subtle electric guitar, bass guitar counterpoint, and violin. 10 minutes in and this is the first time a voice is

voice that manages to sound tough and melodic at the same time. The lyrics for the album are written by poet Richard Palmer-James, a long-time Crim collaborator. The last song on side A, "Exiles" ups the dynamic a little more for a haunting song featuring mellotron strings (which is as much a hallmark of their pre-1980s output as is Fripp's hauntingly deft electric guitar) blending in with Cross's violin work and a beautiful vocal from Wetton. Side B begins with "Easy Money", a crochetty salty song. After the second chorus the mellotron strings form a soft bed, the band comes down, and Fripp plays a slow, out-oftempo arpeggio in 6/8 atop the 4/4 time. The band slowly picks up the intensity and Fripp just explodes over top of it. It is the tension between pastoral peace and metal overlord that makes this version of the band so appealing. Song 5, "The Talking Drum" is seven minutes of the band building one riff until it cums all over in an intense squall of violin smears and guitar histrionics, until the repeated rhythmic ostinatos of "Larks Tongues In Aspic Pt II" close out the album with more ensemble playing alternating in musical algebra and thematic codework.

present.

John Wetton sings

with a gruff, smoky

Bassist

I have often fallen in love with an album from a band only to discover that there's really no other album like it in their catalog. If one loves Larks Tongues In Aspic one will also love Starless and Bible Black and Red and it is difficult to consider one without considering the other two. Percussionist Jamie Muir left after recording Larks Tongues. Actually, he shaved his head and ran off to the English moors to become a monk where he remains to this day. Bruford more than made up for Muir's missing percussive calamity by taking on much of the junkyard scrapheap of instruments Muir used. "The Great Deceiver" and "Lament" are attempts at a Top 40 hit (failing admirably). "Trio" is another beautiful mellotron/guitar/violin ensemble piece. With Starless the band began to augment improvised pieces recorded live on tour with studio instrumentation to be presented on studio albums. Much was the case for "The Night Watch" and "Fracture". Red also features the horn work of previous Crimson member Mel Collins with a more cogent and concise presentation of songs in a similar vein. The standout for Red and perhaps for this version of Crimson is the album's closer "Starless". It is a quiet ballad featuring washes of mellotron strings, fuzz guitar, and Wetton's strong vocals. In the middle of the song, much like on previous work, an off-kilter guitar arpeggio repeats away while Bruford colors outside of the lines with his percussion. The band builds up under him, until it's off to the races. Collins' sax and Fripp's guitar compete until a sinister three note motif sounds off and Fripp comes entirely unhinged and plays with utter abandonment. The song comes to a close repeating the earlier theme and the band, exhausted and spent, rings out the final chord.

There were other great King Crimson albums before and after this period. The first two albums with Greg Lake (RIP) on vocals are classic orchestral rock masterpieces, and the three early '80s albums with Adrian Belew are exercises in Talking Heads-style African fusion rock. But there's nothing before or since like this three album run by King Crimson. Fans of all sub-genres of metal take note. – *KELLY MINNIS*



Midge Ure-3Ten Austin City Limits 1/20/17 Austin

Midge Ure is something of a punk/post punk/new wave everyman. He has had successful stints bands as diverse at The Rich Kids (with ex-Sex Pistol Glen Matlock), Ultravox, Visage, Thin Lizzy (?) and a solo artist. For better or worse, he also co-wrote The Live Aid song



"Do They Know It's Christmas"; the charity record that was supposed to help Ethiopifamine an Like victims. many 1980's post punk/new artists wave still at it, Ure inhabits the arev area between oldies act and being a band. vital He's too talented to dismiss as a museum piece but not quite relevant

enough for a new generation of fans to run out and buy (do kids "buy" music these days?) his latest release.

Ure knew what his audience wanted and he stuck to the hits, playing mostly Ultravox and solo material. He did sing some of the Ultravox songs down an octave as they were written by a much younger guy than the person performing them now. Still, "Vienna", "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes", "New Europeans" and "Reap The Wild Wind" sounded as great as when he played them in the 1980's. The Visage song "Fade to Grey" was a nice surprise. When asked if he would play a Rich Kids song, he said "I'm not going that far back" and then covered David Bowie's song "Starman" – a song that went even further back than The Rich Kids.

Ure's self-deprecating humor moved things along during some of the solo material that didn't do as well in the USA. He said something about the 1980's and an audience member (not me) screamed "WOOOOOO! THE EIGHTIES!" Ure responded with "If I had known this guy was in the audience, I wouldn't have gotten a band and just taken this guy along on the road with me instead." Thankfully, he didn't play the Live Aid song which given his three member (counting Ure) band would have been next to impossible without a ton of overdubs.

Overall, Ure played a strong set. I wished he would have played some Rich Kids but nostalgia or not, Ure's catalog is strong enough to justify his being on stage.— *RENTED MULE*



I find comfort in the whispers of the devil more than the proverbial hand of God sliding up my thigh when I'm too drunk and not looking. I thought I could find comfort in the beliefs of some man speaking miracles in fancy robs, but, in a sense, that just lead to judgment of who's in between my legs, what's inside my "SACRED" womb, and why Jimmy can't wear a dress. A sprouting branch fruits words like niggers, spics, and towelheads. Words that burn at the lip and scorch the pit of your stomach. You felt like that since you were small, but you kept yelling cause you're a strong white man, and the men who raised you planted a forest of bigotry in your head when you were just a babe. Profiling natural melatonin production seems sensible, right? Evolution must have had that in mind then we crawled from the piles of shit from the floor. Yes yes, the Universe had that in mind. Once we were birthed from the bowls of the Earth, we were to be separated by colors and not character. Our personalities and self-moral have nothing to do with humanity and our so called soul. From that branch grew little twigs that are good for starting fires. Scavengers and politicians use religion and lies to ignite the burning man, charging dollars by the head like cattle at auction, they want to burn us all just for the sake of a hospital bill and a few prescriptions. By the grace of God, we'll have just enough to pay for our cremation. By the grace of God, we'll have a little left over for the church to build and spread the holy word. Let us thank our government; WAIT! No. Let us thank our God for this blessing. Let me bend over and arch my back like he likes it, so his righteous cock can be as hard as possible while he fucks me in the ass. He knows I'll let him do it. I was born to love him, right? Right. No matter that it hurts. No matter that my face is smothered in an old, deflating air-up mattress on the corner of West 31st, and 29th street. I'm too drunk to feel my hands. Am I even on my knees anymore? Does God have four hands and two mouths, and two cocks? No. That was never God. That was Jason. Jason and his heavy-set friend I met at the bar a few hours ago. Maybe if I close my eyes they'll go away. That seems to be the winning tactic of the world; of our America. Close your eyes, baby bird. What you don't see won't hurt you. Jason is almost done. - JESSICA LITTLE







MARTIAN POTATOES

When the humans were first leaving Earth for exploratory missions, NASA led the pack. They had brilliant engineers and a very tight knit and male dominated culture. This lends itself to pranks, hazing, inside jokes and other things you wouldn't think of when discussing the genteel past before the galaxy wars.

So, the manifest on the first mission to Mars had a one "M. Watney, emergency supplies", a reference to an early 21st century novel "The Martian", where potatoes played a vital role in the survival of an astronaut stranded.

It's important to note, the engineers and scientists followed the same media. They were all at one time inspired by books and movies alike: "Apollo Thirteen", "The Martian" and "Star Wars" (If you like old technology, history, or retro-fantasy, they are still worth a watch and you can get them off any local studies repository).

Now, while it was funny to include a sack of potatoes and ship it to Mars, nobody would think it funny to ship them back (have you tried getting a quote for shipping from Mars lately? It's still no joke even with teleporters), so they became a part of the mission. As emergency supplies, mission command scheduled them to be consumed last and right before return to the original Earth.

And why not? They are caloric, hypoallergenic, and unlikely to upset anybody's digestion. It's perfect for the last meal during preparations for their archaic form of travel in what they called a "shuttle."

Apparently, 21st century astronauts were superstitious, because from then on, every flight to Mars had a small sack of potatoes on it, and they always ate them on the last day. When the Percival dropped off the Planitia colony, the last meal the colonists shared with the crew was, you guessed it, potatoes.

As time passed, whenever anyone was leaving or had to say goodbye for an extended period of time, they would eat potatoes. It just felt right. (They served them on other occasions, too, just like you can eat red meat when it's not Human Holiday). But the usage entered their slang, so saying "get a potato dinner" meant that a person needed to get the hell out, and to "shoot someone with a potato gun" was to kick them out of an establishment.

The small sack of potatoes enclosed with the Independent Mars Declaration was not "a sign of prosperity and wealth", nor was it the obscene suggestion our current galaxy Leader-in-chief suggested.

Potatoes were simply the Martian way of saying "It's been nice, but now it's time to part. So long, and thanks for all the fish".-*STARKNESS*



I fell in love with beer because I loved coffee. And, oddly enough, I clearly remember both the night I fell in love with coffee and the day I gave myself to beer. You hear the old -timers talk about where they were and what they were doing when Kennedy or King took the bullet. Or who they were dating or what record they were listening to when Elvis died or Lennon fell. I'm not old enough to have many of those tragic moments solidified in the amber fossils of time. But, on a far lesser degree, I remember my first coffee all-nighter in April 1995. And I remember an afternoon of IPAs in May 2005. Huge passages of my legacy decided on two individual days with two friends two decades apart. My Lord, to remember now what was to be written on the brink of a few simple sips.

Qui and I made fast friends with Theresa at the Shoney's diner in El Dorado, Arkansas. On Friday nights in high school, most people were at so-and-so's watching a movie or in so-and-so's field telling lies around a fire. The ubiquitous "looping" up and down Northwest Avenue began around 4 PM and settled sometime after midnight when half the street lamps went dim. That was the sign to call it a night. But Qui and I sat, just the two of us, most Fridays at Shonev's writing stories and flirting free desserts out of Theresa. I'd had my first cup of coffee around Christmas that year, and I was still experimenting with creams and sugars. This one night in April I decided to go black-and you know what they say about that. Qui said, "Alright. You have five minutes to write the best poem you've written yet. One draft. No revisions. And it has to be about an object within arm's reach." I looked around at stacks of books and notebook papers, a pack of Marlboro Lights, Poor Old Lu and Hoi Polloi cassettes, condiments, wadded up napkins, a few coins, and a pack of gum. And then there was the coffee pot. My cup. Brown rings like little Saturns rimmed around the table. I began to write. The poem I wrote hung framed in my high school bedroom, then my dorm room, near my desk in China, and again in my childhood bedroom once more. I have not seen that poem in years nor do I remember a single line of it. To celebrate the poem, Qui and I each drank a full pot of coffee that Friday night. I do not believe I fell asleep until sometime Sunday.

Years later—after college and China and moving to Kansas City, long after I'd lost touch with Qui who moved to New York to start a theater company—l became a Starbucks barista. This was in the late-aughts, at a pre-Frappucino time when Starbucks still took pride in coffee and cozy cafes where nerds and families of nerds could wile away entire days. I signed my tax papers and was handed my training manual, an apron, and a Coffee Passport. I was told to complete the Coffee Passport within 30 days—and then to immediately start a new Coffee Passport. As a hired opener, I began most mornings brewing French presses with Ryan Hemphill who trained me, even after my training was complete, on the bar. At 5 A.M. we'd brew a press of Kenya and pair it with lemon pound cake. Or maybe a bit of Sumatra alongside oatmeal bars. Forget opening the store with Brandy cause she'd put a pump of vanilla in her delicately pressed batch of Verona! In my early months as a barista, I read notes about the dirt and climate in various regions and how these simple factors, seldom considered by American consumers, built the beans' flavor profiles. Indonesian coffees were more "earthy" or "dirty", whereas Africans were more "citrusy" and "bright". I've hated Latin American coffees from the get-go, so nutty and bland and too acidic for my tender plexus. Long before, on that late night at Shoney's, I had learned my secret affection for coffee: total darkness. The blacker the better. Give me rich and smoky and intense, and give it to me often. I slept little in my first few months at Starbucks.

My first beer was a Heineken in the Spring of 1998 on the teetotalling outskirts of Ouachita Baptist University. Neil was so heartbroken over Julie he crossed dry-county lines to score a twelve pack of green bottled beer and cheap whisky. I didn't touch the whisky, and the beer tasted the way pee smelled after eating asparagus. Still, I managed to drink three bottles that night, and I never looked back. From that moment I drank every beer I could get my hands on, which wasn't much. Nor did I care. Beer was beer to me. It fizzed and belched and tasted about as good as accidentally horking up a bit of bile. But a couple beers bent the room (and the rules) and I was so much funnier with a bend. Or at least I thought so. For the next eight years I drank BEER with zero curiosity about what it was or why. Did it bend the room? Did it make me funny? Done. Just send over two at a time cause both hands are free.

But then, nearly a decade later, the new wife and I attended a party at the Scott castle in Kansas City. (Many great stories begin with the line "But then I attended a party at the Scott Častle..." I'm just saying those folks brew some magic.) This night was such a special occasion Jason Scott had procured a keg of Boulder Brewing Company's Hazed and Infused, still my personal flagship beer. Half way through the night Jason caught me fiddling helplessly with the keg, so he poured me up. He asked what I thought about the Hazed. I told him it was fine. My answer perjekzed him. Fine? Hazed was merely fine? He asked what other beers I liked. I said maybe Guiness. Maybe Sierra Nevada Pale Ale. Maybe a Cutthroat Porter. He took me inside and served me a sample of his homebrewed pale ale from a tap-handle in his office. He explained how his kegs were refrigerated in the basement and ran up through the floor into his closet office via refrigerated lines. I knew I was dealing with top brass here. In the course of our conversation, after Jason learned that I worked at Starbucks, he began asking about my love for coffee. This was where I got to shine (with a bit of a bend). Twenty minutes and a full pint later, Jason said, "Kevin, I believe you have what it takes to be a beer nerd." A week later, he inducted me into the fold

Jason arrived at my place with a mixed sixer of IPAs and a tube of saltines. He asked for small empty glasses and two tall waters. He then set the IPAs in a particular order that meant nothing to me at the time. I did not know Jason well yet, but I could see that he was in his element.

Always one to appreciate the geek in people, I was already sold on his show. Jason explained how beer was made—the ingredients and process—and then he walked me



process—and then he walked me through the similarities between beer and coffee: flavor is based on the regions of the beans and the hops; style is based on preparation and the brewer's personality; food pairings work as intimately with beer as with coffee or wine; and the distance between stellar options and pisspoor regrets is both a mile and two dollars wide. That night in May 2005, Jason walked me through six different IPAs, each with a distinct hop characteristic—citrusy, piney, coppery. He also served me three traditional British style IPAs and three newly-coined American styles. With Jason's notes, beer came alive to me in the same way coffee had through the pages of my Starbucks passport. And my wife still rues the day I learned of the world awaiting me.

It's been ten years since I wore a Starbucks apron. However, I remain steadfastly committed to dark, rustic, hellishly black coffee. Also, I can still sniff out Latin American blends a percolated belch away. Keep it! I continue to judge new cafes on both drip coffee and straight espresso. When it comes to coffee, I gladly wear the "snob" moniker. But with beer, I'm still as loosey-goosey as I was at the ol' Baptist college. There are very few beers I dislike. Far fewer I will request a bottle of water over at a party. In this way, I have never welcomed the title "beer snob." (Heck, I'm happily sipping my way through two cans of **Karbach's Love Street Kolsch Style Blonde** as I type). No, sir, I am a "beer nerd" through and through, as happy to toast you on whichever end of the spectrum your palette finds honor.

Writing this month's Still Drinkin' tonight, I recognize a theme I've not noticed in years of telling this very story. My love of coffee and of beer has always been rooted, to some degree, in my love for friends and family. Chats and games and prayers and campfires and records and concerts and films and fights and despair and laughter seem generally to exist best with a cup of something nearby. After we buried my dear friend Herb last summer in Denver, the entire congregation made our way to River North Brewing Company for an open-mike celebration of stories and Herb-sized jokes. Have you ever laughed so hard after a funeral? We build so much of our lives around such tables that continuing the celebration after the fact requires more tables. But I also see—and here's what is new to me tonight-that my celebration of coffee and beer, two phenomenal forces of good and evil in my life, find root solely in the soil of two unique friendships. That long night with Qui Nguyen writing silly poems through my first full pot of black joe. That six-course tasting with Jason Scott wrapping my tastebuds around prehend. To those guys I say Cheers. To those guys I speak a special blessing in the morning and in the night: May neither of you ever find yourselves desperately thirsty for or fully quenched of love. As long as there's tomorrow, may you find a table nearby.—*KEVIN STILL*



RECORD REVIEWS



Beheaded Beast Incarnate

Beheaded is a death metal band from Malta that I did not know about until a week ago. Since then, I've been zealously their iamming new record Beast Incarnate (released January 27, 2017 on Unique Leader Records) like it's my morning caffeine. That's not a very metal metaphor, but it's what I got. We're talking eight tracks and 39 minutes of fairly standard you-know-what-you're -getting brutality that still manages to feel more confident that formulaic. Especially when you hit sweet spots like track five, "The Black Death": an eight minute doomy, sludge drenched crawl through bloody vocals and menacingly slow riffs. The track opens with sound effects of sea winds and boat boards creaking, which is then interrupted by quick drum sequences that eventually tire to weary cymbal and high-hat crashes that feel like a treacherous pull towards relief. I'm stuck on the drums in this track because, underneath that slow pace, as well as throughout the album, the blitzkrieg

machine-gunnery of the drums is more impressive than most blast beat maestros produce. Those steady, slow-crawling crashing beats at the end of 'The Black Death" win the whole album. Seriously, who is this guy? Oh, he's just Davide "Brutal Dave" Brilla, of Hour of Penance (who also released a killer new album, Cast the First Stone, on the same day as Beheaded), as well as half a dozen other bands. What a heast But not the Beast Incarnate. That would be Satan -referred to here in character

sketches more than worshipful tones, which I appreciate.

Here's some big stand-out moments on this album. The opening, title track is a straight -up feel-good death metal radio hit. Think the Ramones' "Come On Now" or The Clash's "Janie Jones" but with double-kicks and rolling riffs that rare up and chop all bloody hell between each verse and chorus. The guitar solo, kicking in around the 2:42 mark, is more reminiscent of the prettier solos in thrash than the overtly technical exhibitionism of most new album-cranking-death acts (looking at you Relapse Records!). This sucker feels textured and loved - guitar passages born for meditation rather than filler. Another stand out track is "Crossing the House of Knives". Not sure why. I just always pause to check the title on this piece. And then, finally, look no further than the closer "Punishment of the Grave" for what feels like dawn rising to cast aside a tomb's moonlit shadow. Is that hope I hear? Is

the beast dead? It's just so pretty, so fluid, did someone find victory by this point in the album? It seems so. Beheaded closes here with what they've done so well on this album: the drums, the guitar solos, the swimmy riffs that crash up against a wall of themselves suddenly and with browbeating gravitas. The more I listen to Beast Incarnate the more curious I become to hear more from Beheaded - and that's when you know an album is good. - KEVIN STILL



Japandroids Near To the Wild Heart of Life

The title cut from this Canadian duo's latest record after a halfdecade's absence thunders like they never left. Kicking off with apocalyptic drumming reminiscent of The Clash's cover of "I Fought the Law," Near to the Wild Heart of Life is an urgent and exuberant punk rocker declaiming "I left my home and all I had/I used to be good, but now I'm bad." This sort of epic rock and roll anthem is the kind of music that saved so many of us.

Japandroids makes a valiant go of it with most of these eight tunes. Two songs are almost as exciting as the title cut. "No Known Drink or Drug" is a thrilling head-banging rocker, but "Midnight to Morning" is astonishing. It sprints along as singers Brian King and David Prowse howl about "So many miles/So much to lose." The drums/quitar interplay is particularly noteworthy. They stretch away from their typical blistering pace with the MOR (burdened with a cumbersome title): "True Love and a Free Life of Free Will" and the equally-slow "Arc of Bar" that echoes Foreigner. "North East South West" is a heartland rocker with a catchy chorus that closes with a slow coda. "I'm Sorry (For Not Finding You Sooner" is all buildup with no resolution as the filtered vocals murmur about "I've been looking for you/My whole life." The album closes perfectly with the ominously-titled "In a Body Like a Grave" that lists many things that beat us down -- "Work will suck the soul" and "Love will scar the heart"- yet the music refuses to give up.

Of course, there's no way any

group can keep up that level,

The drums and guitars turn the depressing words of the chorus-"All in a lifetime/All in a body like a grave"-into a triumphal shout. After over five decades of listening to rock and roll, I am still overwhelmed when somebody says something new with three chords and the truth.-MIKE L. DOWNEY



2/2-Nic At Night ,Don't Call Me Shirley, Unicorndog @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

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

2/4-Confused, Lower Depths, Dethtruck, Pizza Planet, ASS @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

2/9-Alteras. Thieves. A Deathbed Promise. Unicorndog, Wartime Afternoon @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6pm

2/10-Leavenworth, The Inators, The Fox In the fins, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. Ground @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm 2/10-Destrover of Light Dethtruck. Funeral Horse @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/11-Houston Hip-Hop Joint @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/12-Brazos Valley Roller Derby @ VFW, Bryan. 5pm

2/17-Justin Furstenfeld (Blue October) @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

Johnson Band, Rock N Roll Damnation @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

2/18-Acapellapalooza @ TAMU Rudder Theater, College Station. 7pm

CONCERT CALENDAR

2/18-Corusco, Canvas People, Quel Nights @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm 2/18—Mothracide, Nekrobrigade, The Inspected, Electric Astronaut @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/23-Birthday Club. Mutant Love @ Revolution. Brvan. 10pm

2/24-Distance/Here, A Deathbed Promise, Phantompains, Combat, Frame the Artist @ Distance/Here House, Bryan. 6:30pm 2/24-Girlband @ Revolution. Brvan. 10pm

2/25-Golden Sombrero (cd release), Able Cof-10pm

3/2-Corusco @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

3/3-Calliope Musicals @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 7pm 3/3-The Docs (cd release) @ Revolution, Brvan. 9pm

3/5-Red Wasp Film Festival @ Coulter Airfield, Bryan. 2pm

2/17-A Sundae Drive, My Education, Jeremiah 3/10-Burn Houses (cd release), LUCA, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

> 3/11-Boxing Dei Dei, Mangata @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm



a sundae drive my education

jeremiah jackson band rock n roll damnation

friday, february 17 9:30pm. \$5 revolution café. bryan, tx