

# STOREPRESENT



March 2017  
vol. 9 issue 3



inside: townhall to no one - politics isn't everything - cold - why aren't millennials eating pho - still drinking - best punk album ever?? - ask creepy horse - lost boys of the right - misjumped - record reviews - concert calendar



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

**editorial bored**

kelly minnis - kevin still

**art splendor**

katie killer - wonko the sane

**folks that did the other shit for us**

henry claymore - creepy horse - timothy meatball  
danger - mike l. downey - jorge goyco - todd hansen  
ezekiel henry - rented mule - henry rowe - starkness

**on the interwebz**

<http://www.979represent.com>

emails to

[redchapterjubilee@yahoo.com](mailto:redchapterjubilee@yahoo.com)

materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

979represent  
15530 creek meadow blvd. n.  
college station, tx 77845



## TOWN HALL TO NO ONE

Recently I was invited to attend a town hall meeting for our local representative to Congress, Rep. Bill Flores. In this day and age, you definitely want to have access to the person your district voted to send to Washington and represent the interests of your home area. 100 or so people turned out, submitted questions, gave passionate testimonials, aired grievances, expressed outrage, even gave praise to Flores for a certain stance (though that was brief). Gay, straight, trans, white, other, Christian, Jew, Muslim, atheist, professional, student, retired...a cross-section of the district's diverse populace attended. Local police kept everything low key, local media showed to document the process. Ivory is white, coal is black, water is wet...who cares, right? This sort of thing happens all the time all over the country so what was so special about this event?

It was a townhall meeting with our congressman...without the actual congressman in attendance. He decided not to participate and instead flew to Mar-A-Lago to pull on Daddy Trump's shirttail to beg of some of the Orange Julius's attention. Answers to questions and comments were fished from Flores's Twitter, Facebook, and previous media appearances. All over the country many other politicians were doing exactly what Flores did and have skipped out on the constituents. You see, Pres. Trump is currently an extremely heavy millstone hanging round the neck of these folks and the congresspeoples feel that weight so much more acutely for having to run for re-election in the next year. Some of Flores' colleagues have turned up for their townhalls, such as Lincoln Chafee who had to flee his with state trooper coterie running after him. The meetings have been rowdy, angry, overpopulated, and full of righteous indignation. Of course, the wingers and their commander-in-cheeto have dismissed the response from the home districts as the same dozen or so malcontent liberals that always complain, or the protesters are hired thugs on the Soros payroll, or dismissed them entirely as people who don't vote.

A very quick and unscientific poll was conducted at the meeting I attended last month at the Hillel Center off campus at TAMU in College Station. Who all lived in the district? Everyone rose. Who all is registered to vote? Everyone remained standing. Who all voted this last election? A few sat down. Who all have ever attended a townhall meeting before? A bunch of people sat down. How many have ever attended protests or were politically active before this November? That left only a very small dozen or so folks. What we are seeing is the Bizarro World version of 2009, when Democrat congresspersons were blindsided by tea party protesters at their offices, townhalls, fax machines, email accounts, and voicemail recorders. These people are fringe, nutso, they don't vote or would never vote for me anyways so who cares, right? That attitude cost them their majorities in 2010 and 2012. The same attitude could cost Republicans theirs in 2018.

Pres. Trump has the lowest rating of any president in modern times this early in their term. Congress has a favorable rating of 16%. Let's also remember that the majority of those who voted in November did not vote for the president and Trump in no way commands a mandate. ICE is breaking up families, people are losing insurance, it's cool to pour oil and coal remains in fresh water, Muslims are being denied entry into the country, the media are the President's public enemy numero uno, people, NPR/PBS/NEA defunded, the 20% tax on Mexican goods to pay for "the wall"...there's a lot of reason for voter unrest and congress would do well to pay attention. If 100 people will turn out to air grievances to a person's online content, just imagine what they will do come next November. — KELLY MINNIS

**ARSENAL**  
**TATTOO & DESIGN**

**HISTORIC  
DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS**

**arsenaltattoo.com**



# POLITICS ISN'T EVERYTHING...

Politics isn't everything, but it is damn near everything (perhaps too much of everything)

I have refrained from addressing politics in the pages of *979Represent*.

As Henry Rollins said at his last spoken word appearance, "Music is more reliable than people". However, the political climate has become so toxic that I feel compelled to say something. Expect a return to reviews of crappy post punk and new wave bands next month.

What do the following website articles have in common? An article about The Death of Wrestling legend Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka, an article on Groundhog Day, an article on severe weather hitting 23 states, and an article lamenting the failure of blockbuster movies in 2016. The correct answer SHOULD be: NOT A FUCKING THING. Unfortunately, that is not the case. In the comment section of each article are political posts. Not just a few, but dozens—sometimes hundreds—of comments. True, some are trolls out to make a few people angry but when there are hundreds of comments with "Trumptard" this and "Libtard" that one has to wonder if this is too much of a (not so)good thing.

I believe there are areas of life that are apolitical and should stay apolitical. Politics should not be ignored. Ignore politics at your own peril to paraphrase Pericles. However, politics doesn't have to be drug into every nook, cranny, and crevice of life. Making every single aspect of one's life—however mundane or trivial—political automatically makes at least half of the population the "other side" or "the enemy" every day, all of the time. What does one do to an "enemy"? Attack. Whatever your political persuasion, remember that at some point—short of martial law (stay tuned for details) and/or severe gerrymandering of Congressional districts (stayed tuned for details)—the "other side" will get their turn at the helm. When that day comes, expect the same toxic policy making as the "other" side pursued when "they" were in charge.

Shoehorning politics into everything also lowers the overall quality of debate. I'm not expecting a reasoned debate on policy making in the comments section of an article on escapism entertainment and, of course, it doesn't happen. In the time you spent commenting on the "Communist News Network" or "Being brainwashed by Fox News" in the comment section of some article about some c-list actor, you could have e-mailed or called your Congressman about substantive concerns. Either action will have about the same effect. However, one will hopefully at least have the sense to actually discuss policy with their Congressman without

resorting to calling them "Libtards" or "Trumptards"; even if they are. A frivolous, clickbait article inspires frivolous responses and this frivolousness seeps into the political debate when everything is turned into political debate. The chief engine of the politicization of mundane is the social media cluster fuck everybody loves to hate: FACEBOOK. Honestly, the last election cycle has made me nostalgic for the days when Facebook was the realm of cute kitten/kid photos, saccharine sweet motivational memes and invites to see someone's shitty band (probably my shitty band). Regardless of where you stand on the political spectrum, I challenge anyone to show me substantive proof that any political post on Facebook has changed a single mind, or has moved substantive political debate forward a millimeter. The bottom line is that it hasn't.

Yes, it is your right to post what you please; subject to the approval of Facebook's overlords. It is also the right of the other half of America that doesn't share your beliefs to call bullshit on you. I've experienced a case of one friend who has lost Facebook "friends" in the double digits, laments this situation and yet continues to post political posts on almost a daily basis. To what end? If you have "unfriended" (or have been "unfriended" by) every single person who would disagree with you then you essentially preaching to the choir. Are people really so insecure that they have to have to get digital affirmation of correctness of their political views?

This isn't a call to roll over and play dead to political policies you despise. It is a call to put politics where it belongs. If you don't like who is in charge get out there and change things while you can. Stop bitching about it on Facebook. If you must post political posts on Facebook, at least keep it factual and stop passing on the same tired recycled memes (Poor Gene Wilder is rolling in his grave at the many misuses of that tired Wonka photo to push whatever political bullshit is being commented on). Vote in the next election. Stop posting political crap on comment sections of articles that don't even meet the "clickbait standard". Oh, and click "going" on the next invite you get from me to see my band.

(Proof if you need it <https://www.yahoo.com/movies/box-offices-bleak-fall-why-inferno-flamed-out-and-four-other-hard-lessons-learned-181217854.html>, <https://www.yahoo.com/news/phil-sees-shadow-groundhog-day-slideshow-wp-143906548.html> <https://gma.yahoo.com/23-states-under-winter-weather-alerts-us-braces-150803522-abc-news-topstories.html?hl=1&noRedirect=1>

—RENTED MULE

## FIND 979REPRESENT ONLINE AT FACEBOOK & 979REPRESENT.COM





# THE LOST BOYS OF THE RIGHT

Look, I admit it, I grew up in a rich, lily white, suburban neighborhood and had convinced myself that I was a Republican, or even a Randian Libertarian when I was a teenager. But then I grew the fuck up.

As I write this, Milo Yiannopoulos, the fame-hungry right-wing asshole and self-styled “most dangerous supervillain on the Internet,” is trying to defend the fact that he endorsed pedophilia. Most who have tolerated his outrage-mongering as childish fun are now dropping him like a red-hot turd: his book was cancelled, he was dropped from a prestigious conservative speaking engagement, and he resigned from his job at Breitbart. I’ve been following Yiannopoulos for awhile now, and I will attest that he means nothing that he says and will provoke anyone for attention. Yiannopoulos has cashed in hard on the cowardice of American conservatives, exploited their complete allergy to irony.

Milo should know that Americans take sick jokes seriously, because a lot of Americans are idiots. He should know this because his bullshit works here, when it didn’t across the pond. It’s the reason that teenage boys and right leaning “trolls” follow him everywhere and hang off his every word..

This time, the same shtick fell flat as a burst tire on the freeway. His joke about learning to give head from a Catholic priest finally was too much. That’s because as much as the right loves to show off their pet queers to prove they’re hip and with it, they still hate the gays. It’s a fact that gay men abuse children and ignore the age of consent to these people.

It’s amazingly ironic that all his hate on Muslims, women, trans people, and immigrants, only now will the right say that something Milo said is intolerable. The hypocrisy is clear as a duck call on a cold morning: It was never about free speech. It was about making it OK to say racist, sexist, transphobic, and xenophobic things. It was about making it OK to express these things in public.

He finally knows just what it is to have the Internet turn on you and take away your control of the narrative. Now the entire “alt-right” is realizing that they were never the new punk. They were never badasses fighting the establishment to make change. They are at best chumps, and they are becoming less useful to their benefactors by the day. Where they were once “underground,” they are now are an embarrassment to the movement they made mainstream — and they have no clue what to do next.

Let’s go back to two weeks ago. It’s night in Berkeley, California, and Milo is running away from the left. His UC-Berkeley speech is shut down. It was shut down because thousands of anti-racist and anti-fascist protesters decided that there should be no platform for what they called white supremacy. They are marching to say that free speech does not extend to hate speech, that the First Amendment should not oblige institutions to invite

professional trolls to spout an auto-generated word-salad of Internet bigotry just for fun, and that, if the institutions disagree, students and allies are entitled to throw fire-works and smash things until the trolls run away. Which is exactly what has happened. Police in full riot gear everywhere, and the whole place is evacuated because of the real possibility of everyone inside getting a serious — and arguably deserved — ass-kicking. Whatever the rights and wrongs of punching fascists, if people of good faith and conscience are publicly debating whether it is OK to punch you in the fucking face, it’s probably time to have a think about your life.

The supporters of Milo on his tour were mostly composed of young men. Extremely young men. The sort of young men who are very brave behind a computer screen and like to think of themselves as stalwart fighters for the all-American right to say whatever disgusting thing they please, but who are absolutely unequipped to deal with any suggestion of real-world consequences.

It is vital that we talk about who gets to be treated like a child, and what that means. Many of Milo’s supporters are over 18, but they are also young, terribly young, young in a way that only privileged young men really get to be young in America, where your race, parent’s income level, and sex determine whether you even get to BE a kid. Mike Brown was also 18, the same age as the Yiannopoulos posse, when he was killed by police in Ferguson, Missouri. Newspaper reports continuously referred to him as an adult and said he was ‘no angel’ as if that justified what was done to him. Tamir Rice was just 12 years old when he was shot and killed in Cleveland for playing with a toy gun. These ‘alt-right’ trolls do not see consequences, because they’ve never faced any, just like me when I was 18. They’re referred to as kids, but they damn well shouldn’t be when this is a serious political project with real repercussions for real human beings.

One week earlier, in Seattle, a Milo fan shot an anti-fascist protester in the stomach. The victim is expected to survive. These ‘kids’ are starting to understand that this is not some game of pranking the left. The vehemence of the protests and the headline-baiting images of masked men setting fires and breaking glass represent a small win for Yiannopoulos: He gets to go on Fox News and play the victim.

What is (not) surprising is Milo’s entourage is exclusively male. Apart from the trainer, the tour manager, and the security staff, they are all under 20 and almost all painfully straight. Yiannopoulos has at least a decade on most of them, and he functions as part-mentor, part employer.

This type of young man has no conception of the consequences of allying yourself publicly with the far right, even before their hero gets accused of endorsing pedophilia in public. Yiannopoulos has been good to them. They’re having a great time. You’ve seen *American History X*, that’s what this shit is, except with rich internet boys and fewer women.

These are not the scheming crypto-fascist masterminds they pretend to be. A great deal seems to have escalated quickly for these young men. Most of them seem more than a little surprised that, that Trump is actually president. A “friend” of mine who asked to remain anonymous said “I voted for him because I thought it was funny. I don’t think that he can become a dictator like people say he can. We have too many checks and balances for that, and that’s why we have checks and balances. Right?” He picks at the label on his beer bottle while we’re talking. “I always tell my friends who aren’t happy with Trump the birds are gonna chirp tomorrow, the sun’s gonna rise, the air’s gonna be full of oxygen ... whatever.”

Let’s revisit the not-unsurprising power of shame. The terms “Nazi,” “fascist,” and “white supremacist” are being tossed around so freely that they might risk losing their impact if an actual authoritarian takeover wasn’t trying to happen. As it is, the slur is starting to stick. Even Milo utterly loses his shit when anyone calls him a Nazi, a racist, or a white supremacist. Slow down here, because this is important. However they may bluster online, the new right and the ‘alt-right’ hate being called Nazis. They’ve all seen movies, and they all know that Nazis are bad. No, they’re not all fascists, and not everyone reacts to being called one by changing their tune. But the strategic application of Nazi-shaming works. The real pity is that conservative hypocrisy seems to work faster.

Here I feel the need to point out the hypocrisy of building a movement and a career on the back of insulting people — Muslims, migrants, women, people of color — while nursing a huge sensitivity to any personal attack you haven’t pre-approved. That hypocrisy does not appear self-evident to anyone within this movement, because a fundamental tenet of far-right pro-trolling is that it’s only other people’s feelings that are frivolous. Their own feelings though must be thought of, if you offend one of their sensibilities, it’s tantamount to censure or fascism. These are men who have founded an entire movement on the basis of refusing to handle their emotions like adults.

Many of them don’t agree with what either Trump or Milo says. They agree with the way he says it, because their life experience does not extend beyond interpreting being criticized as censorship. Milo’s brand is all about “fuck your feelings.” His followers are nothing but their own feelings. What frightens me most is the feeling that the only way to deal with these assholes is to treat them as monsters, when it is precisely their idiot humanity — precisely the fact that they are fundamentally decent kids who have done fundamentally despicable things — that makes them dangerous. That said — I don’t know of another way to treat them.

Oh, I’m sure there are stories of strict religious parents, sexual misadventures, a feeling of drifting in a world which has not offered them a clear way forward. A desperate longing for something to belong to, for adventure and friends and enemies to fight. They are wedded to a political analysis that might as well be written in fuzzy

felt. One reddit post I saw recently had the brilliant comment “I’m not sure how you can be a feminist and want more refugees because fo [sic] the ways they treat women.”

You might feel sorry for them after awhile. That “might” is important. To point out that the people who join this far-right movement are damaged and hurt is not to minimize the hurt and damage they themselves are doing. On the contrary: the damage is the point. Stripped down to its essentials, the new right is an ideological system centered around pain. Hurt people hurt people. That’s nothing new. These hurt people are hurting other people deliberately, reselling the pain they can’t bear to look at as a noble political crusade.

These idiots are playing games with people’s lives. That doesn’t excuse the horror of the game for one second. It makes it worse. Much worse, in fact. They are children who have the privilege of that particular innocence that involves never having to learn from their mistakes, never taking responsibility, secure in the fact that their sins will be forgiven. In the Peter Pan stories, Peter and the Lost Boys remain children by deliberately forgetting all their adventures — including the ones where they hunted all those Indians. These boys will be allowed to forget everything but their own immediate feelings because this society allows straight white boys to dodge personal and emotional responsibility as long as they can convince themselves of a new narrative. The current man-child president would be Exhibit A, but not every lost boy gets a golden throne, most skirt mediocrity.

I don’t believe that Milo endorses pedophilia. I do believe that he exploits vulnerable young men. Not in a sexual way. Not in an illegal way. Milo exploits vulnerable young men in the same way that every wing-nut right-wing shock-jock from the president down has been exploiting them for years: by whipping up the fear and frustration of angry young men and boys who would rather burn down the world than learn to live in it like adults, by directing that affectless rage in service to their own fame and power. This is the sort of exploitation the entire conservative sphere is entirely comfortable with. What happens to these kids now that the game has changed?

I don’t give a shit if these idiots deserve a second chance, I want to know if the rest of us can afford to give them one. There are millions of them, after all, and not all of them have the strength of character to recognize their wrongdoing and make amends. Some part of them believed that this was a game that would end when Trump became president. That was the big boss, the ultimate defeat of liberal social justice warrior safe space bullshit. But guess what? You don’t get to check out at this level and quit the game and go back and cuddle your cat. Politics is a real game and there are no NPCs.

The reason the Lost Boys allow themselves to be stolen away to Neverland is that they want to live somewhere

**CONTINUED ->**

they will never have to grow up. By coincidence, that's also the reason that a great many people voted to place a spray-tanned authoritarian in the Oval Office. They wanted to go back to a wonderland of manufacturing jobs and single income families where all the faggots are only on Broadway. Remember, though, that only Peter rules Neverland. What happens to the Lost Boys in that story if they ever start to build memories and change, if they ever started to become adults?

They skipped this bit in the Disney movie, but, in the books, Peter kills them.

If Milo is as screwed as he seems, the left has little to celebrate. He was brought down by the one thing that we've been trying to take power away from. He has been brought down not by reasoned liberal argument, nor by moral victory over his cod theories, nor by anti-fascist agitation. He has been brought down by conservative moral outrage. Specifically, by conservative moral outrage over gay male sexuality. It's well deserved. I just wanted my team to be the ones to do it.

What he actually said about gay relationships and child molestation was probably less offensive than a great many bigoted things he has come out with—in part because, for once, it seemed just a little bit true to his experience. When he spoke about consenting relationships between adult men where there's a large age gap, he was talking about something that is a real and meaningful part of romantic experience for a lot of gay men. His mangled age-of-consent comments and crass priest jokes are a bridge too far for the conservative mainstream, which has so far held racism, transphobia, sexism, and xenophobia is A-OK to talk about. Today, absolutely nobody, from his publishers to his former tour promoter, is defending Yiannopoulos' right to consequence-free speech. This is not liberalism winning the day. This is the victorious right purging these snots.

His fall from grace has helped to bring down the entire edifice of conservative self-deception around Free Speech. They can take down Milo, but they can't do it without proving to the entire world that this was never about the First Amendment—it was about plausible deniability for weaponized prejudice, and that alibi has just vanished. The truth is that the new right never had any interest in principles of freedom. The truth is that Peter Pan was never a folk hero, but a malevolent man-child whose parable remains racist to the core. What will his Lost Boys do now they have outlived their usefulness? That whining noise you can hear is a string symphony of the world's tiniest violins. I think they're playing Wagner. —*STARKNESS*

**FREDTECH**  
**GUITAR REPAIR**  
**MAINTENANCE**  
**SET-UPS**

**979-450-3719**  
**FredTechBCS@gmail.com**

## WHY AREN'T MILLENNIALS EATING PHO?

For most normal people, it seems nothing in the world would be as natural and pleasurable as eating pho. And yet, for Baby Boomers, it seems a totally foreign experience. Studies show that Baby Boomers aren't eating pho. Questions directed to them on their habits yielded answers like, "are you pronouncing that correctly?" and "I have no idea what that is" and "why can't we just have a nice Christmas, for once?" Putting aside their concerns for the holidays, we have to ask the real questions. Is their non-pho preference because they're xenophobic? Is this just another piece of proof that baby boomers are an embarrassment? Is it because they're lazy and entitled? Probably, but let's look deeper at this lost generation.

Bailey, a 27 year old screenprinter, sheds light on the problem explaining that, "baby boomers love destroying things, whether it's local Vietnamese soup shops, the economy, or the housing market." When asked how she thought Baby Boomers might respond if offered bò tái, she replied, "They would probably be less inclined to opt for a broth based soup and more inclined to hurl the bowl against the wall while claiming that America must be made great again. By that, they mean having America revert to a time where they would not be called racist for owning actual slaves."

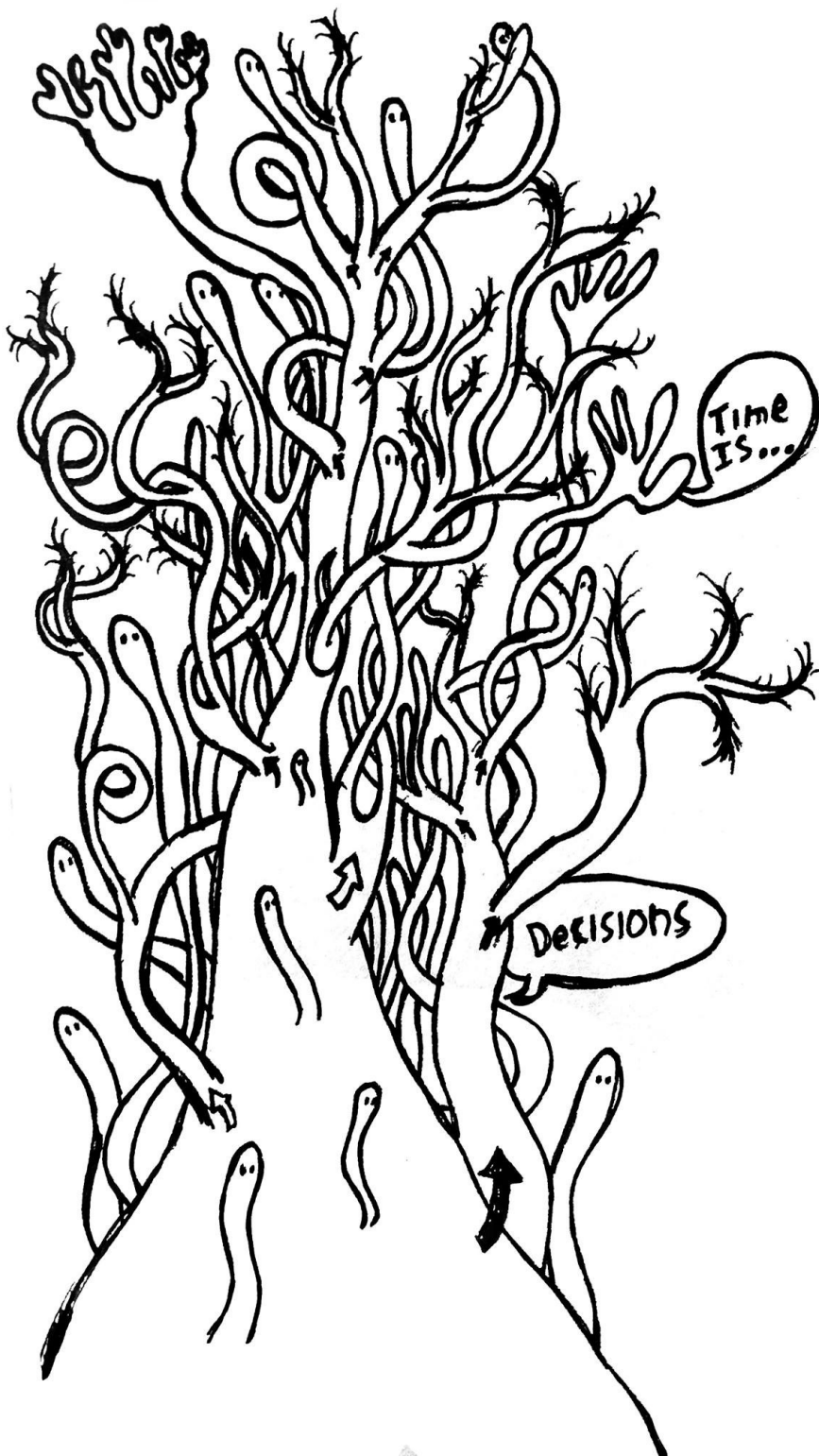
Unpredictable though this incomprehensible tribe that some of us share houses with are, they do eat. This is a group of people who, bafflingly, always seem to have several cans of pumpkin pie filling in their cabinets at any given time. Many of them are accustomed to "lean cuisines" which are flash frozen and microwavable. The baby boomer preferred meals tend to have the consistency of lukewarm marmalade, or, to use an example of a food most people would have actually heard of, Blue Adaptogen Protein.

Their decidedly un-hygge reluctance to partake in comforting, clear-brothed Vietnamese soups most likely stems from the generation's reckless spending habits—many bought homes in their early 20's. Some even claim they have owned upwards of seven cars over the course of their lifetimes. Amazingly also, many have never ridden a bicycle post-childhood.

We have found one thing that they love: plastic. Many love it so much they use it in lieu of mason jars claiming that mason jars "look stupid" or "are hard to clean" or "why are you buying garbage?" Their love of plastic is just another blow against their old foe: the Earth. Baby Boomers have hated the Earth more than anything else during their peculiar lives.

Asked whether his generation is either too lazy or too stupid to like exactly the same things people 50 years different in age like, Karl, 71 replied, "Don't you think that different generations might enjoy slightly different things?" Karl died shortly before the publishing of this article.

So, perhaps it is impossible to tap into the vast earning power of this generation. With one exception, in which their spending habits are reassuringly sane: Everything really does sound better on vinyl. —*STARKNESS*



"Best Ever" is always good clickbait and has been selling magazines and broadcast advertising for decades before Al Gore invented the Internet. The World Wide Web is lousy with the things. Five Best Bacons, Desert Island Hard Drives, Ten Best Fabrics For Jeans That Begin With D and End With M...you get the idea.

We at *979rep* are just as susceptible to losing our minds and bandwidth over participating in useless polls and 20 Best American Coins lists. Recently one such item that gave us collective pause came from the lads and lasses at *Rolling Stone*. Not particularly known as the harbinger of music reporting these days (was it ever really?), the magazine has over the years stuck its foot in its oversized mouth many many times over. Matt Taibi's political writing is about all that's worth reading. But recently we all enjoyed a Top 50 Best Punk Albums list the magazine published. None of us really fancy ourselves the authority on punk rock but we figure we'd love to have a crack at such a difficult topic that is somewhat diametrically opposed to what punk rock was about in the first place. Who can be the best punk rocker? Well, we understand the contradiction but a handful of us still want a shot at *The Best Punk Album Ever...*

=====

Creepy Horse said I had to actually write something about my favorite punk rock albums in response to *Rolling Stone's* "best punk rock album" list rather than being a smart ass about it online. Here goes:

First things first: If you have to go to *Rolling Stone* to find out about punk rock you probably wouldn't know a "great" punk rock band if it bit you in the ass. If you want to find out what Don Henley has named his newest yacht, or which tired, washed up, baby boomer classic rock band is reuniting for the latest money grubbing reunion tour then *Rolling Stone* is the zine for you. (Admittedly it is quite amusing to see this zine cover rap acts in a pathetic attempt to stay "relevant".) Otherwise, it is print pabulum for fat, old, washed up dinosaurs who haven't gotten the memo that *Rolling Stone* stopped mattering about the time John Lennon was killed. Secondly, "best of" album lists are at best subjective, page wasting filler bullshit written when a zine has space they have to kill (for *Rolling Stone* that is often). At worst they are pathetic, self-congratulatory, name dropping dog chasing its own tail contrarian horseshit. Wow, *Rolling Stone* likes Crass' album *Penis Envy*. Congratulations, that album is over 30 years old. Why weren't they writing about Crass 30 years ago? Because albums by Boston, Styx and REO Speedwagon were much more important to these musical mavens. My favorite punk album of all time is *Who Gives a Shit* by The Go Fuck Yourselves. That and The Clash's *Cut the Crap*. Kidding aside, I'd say *Zen Arcade* by Hüsker Dü was my all-time favorite "punk" album (yes they made *Rolling Stone's* list 30 years after the fact but a dumb kid in a small town in Texas—your faithful narrator—was able to figure out it was great without *Rolling Stone's* help when it came out). But honestly, I would rather hear Bob Mould's newest album now rather than *Zen Arcade*. I'd suggest fewer album lists and more finding new bands you do like instead of clinging onto your musical security blankets of yesteryear.—RENTED MULE

=====

# BEST PUNK ALBUM EVER??

In 1986 I was DESPERATE to know about punk rock. I kept reading about it in *Thrasher* and *Transworld* but no one I knew had punk tapes. My brother didn't. My friends didn't. We were all into metal and classic rock. The college radio didn't, as ours played bluegrass, classical and metal. So I went on a quest to the local used music stores, the Goodwill, St. Vincent de Paul's, yard sales, etc. We were on food stamps yo, I couldn't afford a new cassette. Nothing ever came up. One time I asked the kid behind the counter at The Money Tree for a punk rock cassette and he sold me Violent Femmes *The Blind Leading the Naked*. That's a fine cassette, but it sure as shit didn't sound like punk rock to me!

In 1987 I went to a cool flea market that had bootleg cassettes. Not like live recording bootlegs, but fake copies of legit albums. The dude also had some cutout promos and, when asked for some punk rock tapes, he sold me S.O.D.'s *Speak English or Die*, Siouxsie & The Banshees *Tinderbox* and *Through the Looking Glass*, D.R.I.'s *Crossover*, and XTC's *Skylarking*. All great albums, and in at least one case a genre-defining moment, but none of them were punk rock in the least.

By 1988 I lived in Nashville and found WRVU, the late great college radio station, and finally heard punk rock. I found Naked Raygun, Sex Pistols, Wire, Generation X...My trek to discover punk rock actually helped me to discover college radio rock, the precursor to alternative rock/indie rock, etc. But it was a handful of cassettes stolen out of the back of a girlfriend's mother's boyfriend's car that finally put punk rock into my own hands. Cassettes of the first Ramones album and Bad Brains *Rock For Light* were my first very own punk rock tapes. And for me, it doesn't really get any better than *Ramones*. All the characteristics one would attribute to punk rock is all in this opening salvo. "Blitzkrieg Bop" was peppy, they were singing cute bubblegum songs with Nazi imagery over razor wire sharp guitars. Hey, a song about "Texas Chainsaw Massacre" taking my baby away from me, I'd seen that movie once on a free The Movie Channel weekend late at night. It was fun, it was irreverent, it was aggressive and something I wanted to skate-board to. It kinda reminded me of KISS at the same time, which was until I developed a more sophisticated pallet pretty much all I could use to describe something that rocked and was catchy but wasn't "metal".

Now, I loved *Rock For Light* too, and it inspired me to see Bad Brains the following year on the *Quickness* tour (my first big rock show I went to on my own...my brother had taken me to see Red Hot Chili Peppers and Jane's Addiction previously) and I learned what punk rock shows were all about. H.R. flipping out (literally) onstage, mosh pits, skinheads beating people up, the lightning fast pace, the look...like metal but weird metal. Not hasher smoker dudes playing basketball and cruising chicks. This looked like anyone could do it. As much love as I have for Bad Brains, it's that cassette of the first Ramones album that is to me the pinnacle of punk rock. Many greats have come since, but really it's all there with that tape. I'm such a nerd that I've digitized that tape so I can hear it the way I always remember it, with all the drop-outs and crackles in the tape. It don't sound right without them. —KELLY MINNIS

moment, the possibility of punk died in Yantai.

Mike noticed what I too noticed: the connection was lost, and mainly because Mike was totally wrong about these guys right here. College students in China do not wile away entire days just riding the bus. That was not their culture. At least not for my freshmen students who felt the competitiveness of their University program. Were my students ever angry? I'm sure they were. Were they rebellious? Yes, the market on weekends got loud. Were they ready to punch against the powers that be in this moment? Absolutely not. At least, not at this moment in their lives. There's a famous Chinese saying: "The nail that stands up gets hammered down." During class hours, in the hallways of Yantai University, that was very true. Back home or late at night or in the market, hell, I'm sure college life in China is similar to the same in Texas - there's just some things you don't want to know about Thursday through Sunday in a college kid's life. Regardless, neither Mike nor Rancid were reaching that punk-possible place in these students. Eventually, Mike realized it too. In the middle of a sentence, he stopped, scoffed, and said, "And you guys really just don't care, do you?" I looked around. The empty gazes given back to Mike said everything. "I'm giving you something massive here. And you people don't care." Mike unplugged his CD player, threw on his jacket, grabbed his stuff and stomped to the door. "I'll see you at the fuckin' Snoopy table place in the market," he said before slamming the door. I finished class - Lord knows what we talked about after my apologies - and then I met Mike in the market.

Mike was pissed. He was pissed at my students. He was pissed to be alone in his anger. He was pissed that soon he'd be back in Jiang Jiao alone with a stack of DVDs and CDs and a mountain of bai jui bottles. I said, "Dude, you can't expect 25 students from small Chinese villages to feel all your LA rage from just a few Rancid tracks." Mike chewed a grilled fish stick and swigged from his Yanti pijui pitcher. "Well, goddamit", he said, his mouth full of fish and beer, "I don't see why the fuck not."—KEVIN STILL

=====

It was "Clickbait". *Consequence of Sound* had published a story about *Rolling Stone's* top 40 greatest punk album of all time. It was actually published six months prior but I decided to read anyways. I was fraught with dismay and emotions of anger and bloodlust. Blink 182, Nirvana and Green Day made the list alongside Crass, X-Ray Specks and other bands of true punk caliber. Don't argue with me, I'm right. Nirvana although influenced by punk are not fucking punk, they created grunge, they got their own shit to be lords a leapin' on.

*London Calling* and *Raw Power* didn't make the cut as well as technically not ONE SoCal band (Black Flag fronted by Rollins came the closest) and the placement of some band's albums just wasn't right. That's where this story comes in.

If I am to argue my point, it all started with Rented Mule and I going in circles over what the Number 1 Punk album of all time should be. You can read his choice, but mine's what started this. You see, Rented Mule knows

**CONTINUED ->**

My friend Mike rolled in on a bus from Jiang Jiao to crash my floor for a week. The first night he and Chad and I hit the market for grilled fish sticks and pitchers of Yantai Pijui. We'd given up on ordering one pitcher of local beer to split between us. Instead, we just ordered our own pitchers and told the proprietor to keep the glasses. Mike asked if either of us had listened to any Chinese metal or punk since we'd been in the Motherland. Chad and I both responded in the negative. It had been all Springsteen and Neil Young and Willie Nelson for us since we'd grown homesick. Mike screamed "Goddamit!" in English—cause you could do that in our Yantai market and no one batted an eye. "I finally get to sit with two goddam Americans, after weeks of living on a hill by my own fucking self watching Star Wars movies and drinking bai jui, and you two sonsabitches can't even greet me with fuckin' music talk." Mike was sullen for the rest of our meal. When we returned to my room, Mike, drunk at this point, produced a few Chinese punk albums and the notebook paper on which he'd had a student translate lyrics. "Chinese punks can't say shit about the government, so it's all hate-my-parents and fuck-the-girl-who-left-me kinda shit. Some of it's actually pretty fun." We listened throughout the night—Mike getting drunker and me getting sleepier.

I took Mike to class with me the next night. He asked if he could teach. I asked him what he wanted to present. He said, "I want to do a presentation on Rancid's fuckin' *And Out Come The Wolves*..." I said, "Dude, I hate that album." Mike said, "Cause you suck dick." I said, "Whatever." We took a CD player and a stack of Mike's CDs. I introduced Mike to the class and he immediately disrobed from his military green trench-coat. My students eyes shot wide open. Mike was well over six feet tall. He had a perfect George Costanza koala wrap that hung like a golden Billy Ray Cyrus mullet past his shoulders. He wore his ubiquitous sleeveless t-shirt, which revealed his *Ride The Lightning* electric chair on one bicep and his giant, bloody Anarchy symbol on the other. In my memory, Mike wore a Star Wars shirt that day. His entire being was like nothing my students had ever seen. Hell, I was among the only Americans many of my students had ever met, and I was vanilla by Chinese standards. Mike paced dramatically and silently in front of the room glaring at my students. A few chuckled nervously. Mike turned and wrote the word "PUNK" on the blackboard. "Punk", Mike said, trying to enunciate and sound eloquent, "is a style of music that is about attitude and emotions." I thought the next half hour would never end.

After a brief history of punk music, Mike introduced my students to Rancid. I particularly remember his explication of "Roots Radical", explaining to the students, "See, these guys are a lot like you. They're jumping on the bus. They're riding around town. They've got nothing to do. They're looking for fun and excitement. See, listen." He played various sections of "Roots Radical" repeatedly, even writing lyrics on the board. He would read and recite and explain and play some more. Then he talked about "Time Bomb" and "Ruby Soho" and "Journey To The End". He got so excited he began talking faster. He began using more American slang and cliches. He began bouncing and relying too much on "See, don't you hear it?" My students literally could not keep up with him. In that

his shit. He can fucking talk music and give references. He can also talk over your head and projectile vomit his knowledge on you like you're sitting front row at a Gallagher show or is that GG Allin? I digress. I've learned that if you just throw heavy objects in his direction and scream "stranger danger" he'll stop. Sometimes.

I was mocked and chastised (at least guffawed at) by him and his elitist music snob friends, but I stand by my man and that man is The Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks*. Go ahead, guffaw away all you want. We may see The Sex Pistols as mediocre and trite now. Sure, once you've seen people in their 50s living out their decadent punk rock fantasy of clashing plaids and flyers written in "Sex Pistol" fonts, it's real easy to forget the magnitude of the Pistols and this album that plagued society's ears for the last 40 years.

Don't act too cool either, we all had to start somewhere and if you came into punk within the new millennia, you are easily 20-30 years removed from times that were very different from ours.

The Sex Pistols in a single show, of a crowd of nearly 40, invoked the ethos of their movement into the births of The Buzzcocks, Warsaw/Joy Division/New Order, The Fall, Morrissey/The Smiths, another show did the same delivering The Clash, The Nipple Erectors/Pogues, Generation X/Billy Idol, Siouxsie Sioux, Adam Ant, The Slits and the always incredibly under appreciated talents of The Damned (first punk single ever released motherfuckers). Those bands spawned more bands and those bands spawned more that eventually led to us finding our tribe. Hell, The Sex Pistols gave us PIL and my always beloved "Lonely Boy" Steve Jones. Malcolm McLaren the bastard he was, organized the truest great rock 'n' roll swindle. But the Pistols were legit. The process of their album even being recorded and released was the ongoing joke in *The Great Rock N Roll Swindle*. People were horrified of "punks". The UK, the USA, the whole world was terrified by us. People protested and prayed for punk rockers, we were attacked and for once we had a spirit that made us fight back with gusto.

This is for the NUMBER 1 greatest PUNK album. I do realize what The Ramones did for punk rock and they are the godfathers. I realize what The New York Dolls, Johnny Thunders, Lou Reed and far too many others did for punk rock. The Ramones were the catalyst and they impregnated the infernal beast alongside Bowie and Iggy, but it was The Sex Pistols that burst forward out of the pregnant swollen belly delivering punk rock to the world. No band had a greater impact and that impact was like the meteor that killed the dinosaurs like the Pistols did. The Ramones were doing their thing earlier on and it's a great album and it's perfect and I fucking adore the Ramones but even dynamite needs a fuse in order to explode to catastrophic effects.

*Nevermind the Bollocks*, from the album's title to the nihilistic and voyeur artwork of Jamie Reid lending to a now famous archetype for expressive "punk" art. Malcolm may have swindled us all alongside romantic and designer partner Vivienne Westwood, but it was the anathemic screeching out of Lydon that defined the anger and vitriol of the punk spirit. Punk is more (not fully) represented on the basis of UK punk. American punk was more social issues and working out who we were, the style was plain clothes and maybe a leather jacket. Flannel and shirts with holes. The UK punk

invasion was fucking "Anarchy in the UK", literally. They tormented their country, a country that once damn near ruled the world and spawned our own country.

Read *England's Dreaming or Rotten*, watch any number of documentaries ranging from *Joe Strummer: The Future is Unwritten*, *The Damned: Don't you wish we were dead hell*, even *End of the Century: The Story of the Ramones*. Go back to what life was like before punk, where it was headed and where it went. Remember that these were uneducated, under 21 year old everyday guys from a country that was in political and social tailspin roughly 1/40th the size of our own country. It was violent and crazy and so were we, it made sense to us and the album openly confronted topics completely undiscussed like abortion, fascism/oppression, consumerism and materialistic culture. Steve Jones made a guy kick his fucking TV in after he went on a foul mouthed tirade on Bill Grundy for making open sexual advances on a young and probably up until that very moment fan of Grundy, Siouxsie Sioux.

Song after song, we hear everything I have written and more, in a 12 track album that was banned, condemned and still climbed the charts, maybe it's time you take another listen and you'll see what I mean.

Social Distortion's *Mommy's Little Monster* was the first punk album I ever heard. I will always be taken back to that very moment every single time I hear this album. I listen to this album from beginning to end like I did on vinyl for the first time. I cried listening along the first time because I never once felt like any other performer before had captured merely in tone my own strut. This album was the first time I no longer felt lonely in the world.

I was just as much a part of the story of the songs as they were when they were created a year before I was born. We were in utero together and Plato was in fact right, I had finally found my other half. This album encouraged me. It molded me and bore me. It strengthened and protected me. I knew punk rock was my life when I heard this album and I still love to listen to it today as much as the first time. — CREEPY HORSE

=====

I didn't grow up listening to punk music during my formative years—I came at it much latter after my musical foundation of dad rock had already been firmly cemented. So when I started discovering punk, I gravitated more towards proto-punk and late 70s stuff which seemed to have more of groove to them. For that reason, my favorite punk album just might be Wire's *Pink Flag*. It may not be a staple of the genre like something from an 80s hardcore band, but the spirit of punk irreverence is very much there, and stylistically it has plenty of punk aesthetics and tunes. "Surgeon's Girl", "Start to Move", "Straight Line", "Mr. Suit": completely punk, and Newman's vocals are so damn British at times he's *this* close to sounding like Johnny Rotten (a name not to be mentioned around real punkers, I know). A song like "Rhumba" has a Clash-like quality to it, and such an awesome driving bass line that fills in the gaps of the stuttering guitar chords.

"Ex-Lion Tamer" might be the standout of the whole album. Catchy as hell from the onset, and with a great big driving chorus, sixteen notes on guitar, near-grunting backing vocals. "Lowdown" is a personal favorite for me: that single repetitive, bluesy groove, the way the second

half of the first verse is yelled out of nowhere, then the dropoff with a hushed vocal in back to the main riff. I've imagined Neil & Crazy Horse sitting around listening to it with approval, then jamming their own 20-minute version of it in the garage. The title track "Pink Flag"—my word. Opening with the rumbling drums escalating a couple times to a single evil bass note, then the song goes turns into a total head-banger, with Graham Lewis' bass gradually getting more adventurous. Ever so subtly, the bass starts doing these little runs beginning at 1:36, and it's complete bliss. The real surprise comes when they ramp the song after a bunch of *how many*s with a HUGE succession of snare hits, finally exploding with frantic screams and completely musical chaos. It's absolutely terrifying, and perfect.

I wholeheartedly enjoy how the album fluctuates between thoroughly taking its time and rushing to get to the next moment. Songs like "Brazil" and "It's So Obvious" back to back, clocking in less than a minute each, many others under two minutes. The constant changes keep your ears on their toes and song flow full of energy. "The Commercial" is 49 seconds long, doesn't even have any words, and yet is a great rocker. Meanwhile every song over a minute and half sounds like it should be classic of the genre. In between massively heavy or garage-y songs, the guitar work by Bruce Gilbert has almost a jangly quality to it, as shown on songs like "Fragile" and "Mannequin", which I feel like might as well be a single "Fragile/Mannequin" track the way the former leads into the latter. What a great song—"Mannequin" and other numbers on the album can be downright silly at times, but for some reason it doesn't come off as corny the way that Wire balances everything.

In my head I always divide the album into fourths, anchored by the longer, heavier songs "Reuters", "Lowdown", "Pink Flag", and "Strange". "Reuters" might as well be a stoner jam, so damn cool. Sure the math doesn't work out exactly right, but when one of those songs comes on I whip to attention, almost like a reset button, and the way they stand out from the rest makes the album truly special. In this debut collection of songs Wire showed that they had a punk attitude but could also take the foot off the gas and jam, giving a preview their broader ambitions beyond straight-up 1-2-3-4 punk. When "12 X U" comes to an abrupt halt, like so many other songs on *Pink Flag*, you're ready to give the whole thing another spin immediately, and that repeat listenability is what makes it my favorite of the genre to listen to over and over again. — TODD HANSEN

=====

Earlier this past month, the social media world celebrated "International Clash Day". I don't normally buy into the hype of social media celebrated days, but The Clash... well they've always kind of been one of my favorites. Then I remembered how I first got into The Clash... through bargain bins.

Bargain bins as a kid were for me the coolest thing that existed. In most bargain bins during the 80s and early 90s... I could find cassette tapes that mainstream America brushed aside to look for the newest Bon Jovi or Garth Brooks album. When you're a broke punk kid skipping lunch to save his dollars for records and comics, bargain bins became a haven of audio treats. So instead of suggesting the best punk album of all time (impossible) I decided to write my 5 favorite bargain bin finds as a kid.

**The Clash *Combat Rock*.** Price paid as a kid 99 cents. I'll start with the album I began the article with. As a kid, just getting into punk and not having the internet, I didn't know really where to start. I knew The Clash was a big deal in the punk world, so when I saw this at the tender age of 12 or so, I knew I would pick it up. It's not their best album (that's London Calling and one of the best albums ever recorded) but it is certainly their creative and commercial peak. Songs like "Should I stay or should I go" and "I fought the law" are found here, but I got to tell you when I heard "Know your rights" for the first time, I was floored.

**Legal Weapon *Your Weapon*.** Price paid as a kid 99 cents. The day I found Legal Weapon's *Your Weapon*, I found another Legal Weapon album for the same price. I bought them both, but this was the cassette I happened to slap in the player first, and this became my favorite first.... I didn't know what to expect from this band. I had never heard of them. I liked the band pic of them so I decided to take a chance. Kat Arthur became at that moment one of my favorite female punk singers and probably still is my favorite to this day. I certainly think she is the most underrated female singers to this day... mixed in with that classic LA punk sound, this band really should have been huge. Considering the lineup has had members like Steve Soto, Frank Agnew and Patricia Morrison, I'm surprised more people don't talk about them. Oh well... look up the song "What a scene" if you want to hear the song I fell in love with. Mainstream's loss is your gain.

**Motorcycle Boy *Popsicle*.** Price I paid as a kid 99 cents. I had no idea who Motorcycle Boy was. I liked their cover... they had this weird kind of young Cure look going on. It was on Triple XXX Records, so what the hell. Glad I bought it. This was an indie pop band formed in Scotland, that sounds like dirty LA street rock. This album was produced by Sylvain Sylvain, formerly of New York Dolls so if you are a fan, you'll get it. Check out the track "Get Around" if you wanna hear some awesome rock and roll in the vain of Ramones or The Gun Club.

**The Plugz *Electrify Me*.** 99 cents. Imagine being a kid like me. Young, angry, not sure of his place in the world and finding The Plugz. This was one of the first latino punk bands founded in 1977 and melded punk and latino music. For a kid in Texas, this was a big deal. This album blew me away from start to finish. From the blistering bass rapid fire on "A Gain A Loss" to the reggae stylings of the laid back "Electrify Me" to the awesome cover of "La Bamba" this album was and still is a regular spinner on my collection

**The Damned *Damned Damned Damned*.** Price I paid 2.99. This one was the pricey one for me... It cost me three times as much as the others. That might not seem like a big deal to you, but I remember vividly weighing the options. This was the difference between a couple of forties, or bean burritos. This was not a purchase made lightly. But it was worth it. The Damned have tons of great albums, this was my first and favorite. First off, plugging that tape to your car stereo as a kid... letting "Neat Neat Neat" play as you involuntarily let your foot mash down the gas pedal is a thing of beauty. No air condition, wind blowing blasting your face, feeling your adrenaline rise as the speedometer needle climbs and your ragtag group of friends sing along... You can't buy that... well you could once.. For 2.99. Bonus you also get my favorite Damned song... the underrated "I Feel Alright"

**CONTINUED ->**



as well as classics "New Rose" "Feel The Pain" "See Her Tonite" and many others. — **TIMOTHY DANGER**

=====

*Never Mind the Bollocks* by the Sex Pistols is the beginning and the end of all great punk music. The lone album by the group turns 40 years old this year, and it still holds up pretty well. But it's not just the music that this album launched; it was a global movement that continues.

Sure, The Ramones' first album came out the year before (my second choice), but its impact wasn't really felt for years. The Sex Pistols impacted British and American society almost from the start. However, it wasn't just the punk attitude that made them so influential—it always comes down to the songs, and they had plenty.

There's the singalong chorus of "Pretty Vacant" (a song with my favorite funny lyric in a punk bray: "You'll always find me/Out to lunch"), the killer intro and guitar riff in "Holidays in the Sun," the full-tilt "Anarchy in the UK" (with the crazed "I wanna be/Anarchy"), the abrasively-bleak "God Save the Queen," the ear-worm chorus of "EMI," and the self-centered drive of "No Feelings."

There's something that's appealing—as perverse as it may be—in just about every tune. About the only non-punk quality is the songs are longer than you expect. Granted, songs like "Anarchy in the UK" and "God Save the Queen" may be lyrically about England, but the music itself transcends the ocean.

Selecting the best punk album may have been easy, but selecting my *top* punk album was a mind-boggling task. I picked one, but I have a number of close seconds. It came down to one song: The Clash's "Complete Control." So I had to pick The Clash's first album, the U.S. version since that's what I heard on vinyl first all those years ago. The band's searing cover of "I Fought the Law" easily boosts the quality of the disc. Add in "I'm So Bored with the USA," "Janie Jones," "White Riot" (almost the perfect punk song), "What's My Name," and "Clash City Rockers." There's the recipe for an album I can listen to over and over again. Even the slower tunes have gained traction over the years. So, that's my number one.

And close seconds are the following (in no particular order): *No Party* by Pink Smoke, *Sex, Love and Rock n' Roll* and *White Light, White Heat, White Trash* by Social Distortion, *Bubbling Under* by Hitmen 3, anything by The Hangouts, anything by The Ramones, *The Biggest Prize in Sport* by 999, *New Day Rising* by Husker Du. — **MIKE L. DOWNEY**



Definitions. Make your head hurt. But without 'em, the Schmeiblick don't go forward. So is the best sPunk record ever the one you like havin' rowdy sex to, or is it the best one *about* havin' rowdy sex? I'm goin' with Door #2 (syntactically): it's all about sex, and it does it in a punkass, sPunkass manner. So that puts aside James Brown or even Barry White ("Your Sweetness Is My Weakness" is cheesy music but oh that title) or Candi Staton ("He called me 'Baa-bey-Baa-bey-Baa-bey' all night long"). And I wouldn't go with the Divinyls, "I Touch Myself" (is that why they call it a single???) despite the ruffles it fluffed at the time. Clarence Carter's "Strokin'" has sentimental favor from my jukebox days at Baltimore's Rendezvous Lounge, but for my virtual munny the most sPunkass stuff out there is Big Bad Dolomite's pottymouth gem *Eat Out More Often* (1970). — **HENRY CLAYMORE**

=====

Best PUNK Record Ever? Whose idea was this anyway? Damn this is not easy. Does a right-minded a-dult go New Orleans on the question? Old New Orleans (Professor Longhair's boogie-funk, Champion Jack Dupree's spokenword speakeasy funk), middle New Orleans (the Meters) or nü-NOLA (Dumpstaphunk)? Whattabout the Isley Brothers and Pres. Clinton's Parliament-Funkadelic, or Curtis Mayfield, or ChakaKhanChakaKhan? In the abstract, James Brown, "Live at the Apollo" gets my vote for best ever, but personally I'd offer up the Sly & The Family Stone song, "Spaced Cowboy"— cuz it saunters through its sampling of white stereotypes (cowboy music, country yodeling) while perfecting its own grandiosity. — **EZEKIAL HENRY**

=====

To pick a Wikipedia best PUNK RECORD ever, for me, it can't be from the 80s. And while The Sex Pistols and The Clash make have set some precedents, I don't want it to be from England. So my vote goes for the eponymous Ramones (1976). Isn't that the one that would get the least argument? But for personal favorite punk rekkerd, I tempted by outliers: from Iggy & The Stooges' *Fun House* (1970) up to The Replacements' *Sorry Ma, Forgot to Take Out the Trash* (1981), they're mashin mushin and moshin even if they're arguably not punk. Since I grew up with the LA scene, with Black Flag and especially X's *Los Angeles* (1980), my permanent speeding-ticket-waiting-to-happen CD remains The Gun Club, *Fire of Love* (1981). They took the brilliant inspiration of rock— find and acknowledge the inspiration of the Deep South's blues— but featured its rawest, most desperate songs. When you add Jeffrey Lee Pierce's howl n hoot n holler, the driving, soaring guitars (unusual for punk), and the lyrics ("We can fuck forever/ But you'll never get my soul" jumps right out of "Sexbeat"), then there's no one handsomer for me. — **HENRY ROWE**

**FEATURING OVER 30 SONGS FROM B/CS BANDS.  
DOWNLOAD FOR FREE AT  
SINKHOLETEXAS.BANDCAMP.COM**

# STILL DRINKING



My hope this month was to review Aldi beers—those cheap, knock-off numbers found only at Aldi's—but two obstacles intercepted my path. First, **Lazy Magnolia Brewing Company's Southern Hospitality IPA** has wooed and distracted me something fierce. Second, a lack of available information on Aldi beers has hindered me professionally. As a disclaimer, I research all the beers reviewed for *979Represent*. Of course, and gladly, I spend time with each beer discussed, sipping, re-sipping, debating my palette's limited vocabulary. I make loads of subjective notes, but each review requires particular objective information that, if not available on the bottle or packaging, may often be found on a brewery's website. Information such as IBU and ABV counts, unique ingredients, even brewer's quotes concerning intentions for a certain beer are far more interesting than anything my jaw-bucket and nerd-noggin can muster.

All that to say, Aldi beers do *not* exist online—except on Aldi's website and various beer rating portals. From my own Aldi beer experiences, I was pleased to find brews such as **Tumwater White Water Double IPA**, **Tumwater Porter**, **Boot Tread Belgian Amber Ale**, and **Bacher German Style Lager** receiving positive reviews on BeerAdvocate, RateBeer, and UnTapped. However, these geek ratings cover the cyber-extent of available Aldi beer information.

For instance, I was greatly impressed with the Tumwater beers mentioned above. White Water Double IPA (7.5% ABV) will not top any hop-head lists this year, nor will it win over non-hop lovers, but it's a wonderful cheap corner-store IPA. Weighing in low for a Double IPA, White Water's harsh citrus rind notes pack a massive hop punch beautifully balanced with toasted biscuity malts. Fortunately, the last I checked, Tumwater White Water Double IPA remains available at Aldi's. Likewise, Tumwater's Porter (5% ABV) proved an absolute delight the one time I tried it. At Aldi's opening, my buddy Buck scored a sixer of Tumwater Porter, and the bottle he shared has haunted me since. For the record, Tumwater Porter is clearly *not* a porter; rather, it's a crusty, dark oatmeal stout with hints of tobacco and fig sporting a false label. I say this "porter" haunts me

because, after selling out during Grand Opening, Aldi's never restocked Tumwater Porter. Buck's single offering marks the only one I've enjoyed, and, months later, I still crave another.

Still, despite high ratings from myself and other beer-geeks online, I could not find specific notes regarding Tumwater's origin. The packaging and Google both directed me to Olympia, Washington's **Fish Brewing Company**, a conglomeration of microbreweries and brewpubs, but no one in their network claims Tumwater beers. So who's responsible for Tumwater? Did the gods brew these beers? If so, they did a fine job—though you'd expect a bit more from gods. Should I be concerned that literally nobody will take responsibility—at least online—for these beers? I am concerned. So concerned I may need a few White Water Double IPAs to calm my nerves.

Origin aside, my Tumwater Porter story appears the primary disadvantage of Aldi beers. In fact, Aldi's website offers the following footnote on their beer page: *"\*\*Available while quantities last. Items may not be available in all stores. Prices and labels may vary by location. Quantities are limited."* (Asterisk provided by Aldi's. Emphasis mine.) What does this mean: "Prices AND LABELS may vary"? Does "different labels" mean different products? Or could "different labels" indicate something more sinister? Could Tumwater exist in Texas but go by the name Teetsweat elsewhere? Could my beloved Tumwater Porter return to our Aldi's under the label Tickle Pickle Cigar Stout? I am utterly flabbergasted.

But, heck, at the end of the day, just waltz your happy self into Aldi's, find a style you enjoy, fork over the very little required cash, and consider your corporate duty accomplished. What's the worst that can happen? Perhaps you too will have a summer fling with a sixer you may never see again? If that's the case, remember: many poems, so heartbreaking they inspired other people to drink, have described such romances. So go for it. Just don't expect much in return. —KEVIN STILL

www.idiotboxeffects.com





# ASK CREEPY HORSE PERSONAL SPACE

## COLD

Rented Mule took me out for my birthday and we decided to have dinner at a restaurant before we'd go on to do "Dita Von Teese's Art of the Teese" Burlesque show. Due to finding out I could not possibly shit myself to death over the period of a month and throwing up which is just the most unfun thing next to taking painful shits, my doctor demanded I stop eating gluten, beans, soy and nightshades until I saw a specialist, the fact I am a vegan and even if I wasn't that's still damn near everything I eat, I was surviving mainly on air. "I'll just inhale the fumes of your food" I told my best friend after I made him some tacos.

I also don't want to be "that person". Because of so many of "that person" now that I am "that person" professionals in the industry greet you with an eyeroll and not the "you'll break out into glass shard diarrhea if you eat this?!" Oh no, poor thing!" kind of treatment it would be nice to garner. So when we were sat and greeted by our server, I tried to nonchalantly ask my server as you do what items are gluten free. She was great, wonderful and went through the menu. It was the two bumbling fucking geeks next to us I wanted to throat punch.

We were greeted by her interrupting my server when we were asked what we wanted to drink, she bulldozed her way into my drink ordering by stating "Here, take this drink menu, I had to wait several minutes after I requested it and we talked to a manager already."

Okay. Look, I love meeting people. I love meeting folks of all types and welcome anyone willing to come up and talk to me freely. I look bitchy, uninterested and very crazy so if you have the remotest interest in saying "hey", I'll give you a chance. I really like when people can come and talk to me.

This time however; 1) You interrupted my server and treated her like she was beneath you, 2) She wasn't even your damn server, 3) You came between mama and her getting her fucking drink. Joe Wegwert is the smartest person I know. If there isn't a drink in my hand, he puts one there. If you see I don't have a drink in my hand or I have a hand to spare another drink, put one there. I may be able to balance a third drink on my head depending on how many times my hands have been filled with drinks. Do not ever commit the crime of coming between a mama bear and her baby cub beverages.

I was peeved, but it's my birthday and I am on a spiritual path much like Samuel L Jackson's Jules in *Pulp Fiction*. I blow them off and order my drink all smiles and then Rented Mule gets up and goes to the fucking bathroom the same time as the server leaves. Because our tables are side to side, this particular woman has decided she

has my ear as I try to convey more interest in my menu than her but hey it's my birthday so be cool. She also doesn't understand basic social cues and I realize one day she will be drug away and eaten by a wolfpack because she thought she could browbeat a fucking wolf into a puppy dog.

Upon looking at her, she is wearing a maroon ball gown, virgin cornsilk hair and smug all over her god damned face. Like, she just fucking tripped and fell into a steaming hot pile of smug and decided to smear it all. Mule can be an eviscerating asshole. We are the power couple of don't fucking piss us off. My continued blowing her off and ignoring her was my warning. I didn't want to be mean to a total stranger, I didn't want Rented Mule to beat the shit out of a smug nerd life gamer in a restaurant. Old me, would have been a fucking CUNT to her. Rented Mule would have definitely fed into the frenzy. They eavesdropped on our conversations to the point we sat almost quiet and just making faces at one another like that scene between Iggy Pop and Tom Waits in *Coffee and Cigarettes*. Nothing was intimate, they repeated everything we fucking said like it was a family conversation. They didn't know when to shut the fuck up and incessantly talked to us EVEN WHEN WE STRAIGHT CONTINUED TO FUCKING IGNORE THEM. They corrected us time and time again with an obnoxiousness that would've conjured the spirit of Alan Rickman long enough to snivel at them in disdain had they not left any sooner.

I get trying to make small talk or reaching out to be personable. We may need more of that. I actually befriended several folks at the show that night. I get that she saw someone that she thought would be cool to talk to or share in her excitement the show and this could be the first time they've been outside in months. I am totally guilty of anyone's kindness towards me as being an open invitation to be BFF's forever forever, but I too had to learn hey it sucks, but I don't think these folks like me. I'm doing some self reflection right now personally. I don't foresee this couple ever really grasping that. Sometimes people aren't going to like you. Take time to reflect and really think about how you treat a person or how you come off. I haven't always liked that when I did it, but in time you become a better version of yourself. Sometimes folks STILL aren't going to like your ass. Sucks.

Look, if I, ME, if I have to explain social etiquettes and how not to be, that you shouldn't listen in on personal conversations of fellow diners, butt in on conversations, be 1) rude to servers in general and 2) interrupt someone trying to do their own job and criticize all, then maybe you need to put down your needlepoint and ask your boyfriend to fuck you over a toilet seat, if he says no, then you need to go on Craigslist and find some dirty nasty sex thang to

bang you dry and then go on a walkabout and do what you must to self reflect and grow as a person because the next time we meet, it might not be my birthday and you have a foreseeable future in being eaten by a pack of wolves. Mule can be an eviscerating asshole. We are the power couple of don't fucking piss us off. My continued blowing her off and ignoring her was my warning. I didn't want to be mean to a total stranger, I didn't want Rented Mule to beat the shit out of a smug nerd life gamer in a restaurant. Old me, would have been a fucking CUNT to her. Rented Mule would have definitely fed into the frenzy. They eavesdropped on our conversations to the point we sat almost quiet and just making faces at one another like that scene between Iggy Pop and Tom Waits in *Coffee and Cigarettes*. Nothing was intimate, they repeated everything we fucking said like it was a family conversation. They didn't know when to shut the fuck up and incessantly talked to us EVEN WHEN WE STRAIGHT CONTINUED TO FUCKING IGNORE THEM. They corrected us time and time again with an obnoxiousness that would've conjured the spirit of Alan Rickman long enough to snivel at them in disdain had they not left any sooner.

I get trying to make small talk or reaching out to be personable. We may need more of that. I actually befriended several folks at the show that night. I get that she saw someone that she thought would be cool to talk to or share in her excitement the show and this could be the first time they've been outside in months. I am totally guilty of anyone's kindness towards me as being an open invitation to be BFF's forever forever, but I too had to learn hey it sucks, but I don't think these folks like me. I'm doing some self-reflection right now personally. I don't foresee this couple ever really grasping that. Sometimes people aren't going to like you. Take time to reflect and really think about how you treat a person or how you come off. I haven't always liked that when I did it, but in time you become a better version of yourself. Sometimes folks STILL aren't going to like your ass. Sucks.

Look, if I, ME, if I have to explain social etiquettes and how not to be, that you shouldn't listen in on personal conversations of fellow diners, butt in on conversations, be 1) rude to servers in general and 2) interrupt someone trying to do their own job and criticize all, then maybe you need to put down your needlepoint and ask your boyfriend to fuck you over a toilet seat, if he says no, then you need to go on Craigslist and find some dirty nasty sex thang to bang you dry and then go on a walkabout and do what you must to self-reflect and grow as a person because the next time we meet, it might not be my birthday and you have a foreseeable future in being eaten by a pack of wolves. —CREEPY HORSE

Ma'am,

I'm sorry, and I hope this note finds you safe, well, and back inside. I was just so cold.

I'd been at the Pig and Thistle for hours, crouched by the fire with a mug of rotgut and trying to get feeling back in my fingers before I headed back to the fur shack. I pulled in four mink this morning and gave them to the bartender for the rotgut and a moldy hunk of beef. The plan was to warm up, maybe catch some chit-chat from town and then head back to the shack to boil my beaver traps for a spring run at Puckety Lake.

Regulars at the bar said there was bad weather rolling through the valley, but they didn't seem overly concerned. But then again, they live in town and it's easy to ignore that kind of stuff when you're drinking.

I should've headed back before it got dark, before the snow rolled in. But rotgut and conversation are nice every once in a while.

I must've gotten lost along the Deer Creek pass. I stopped to piss on an inviting-looking boulder and realized I'd never seen that particular boulder before in my life. By that time my coat was wearing thin, and I was just so cold. My fingers were useless again. I knew I had to find shelter.

That's when I saw your cabin with a light in the window. I must've scared you terribly, and I'm sorry for that. I'm sure I stank to high-heaven from the booze and the dribble of piss on my buckskins. I haven't been to town for almost three months, and there aren't many opportunities to shave on the line. I was just so cold.

I pounded on the door and begged to be let inside. I was just so cold. My tongue could barely form words, and the wind made my face feel skinless. I only broke down the front door because I felt like I would've died if I stayed outside a minute longer. I caught a glimpse of you running out the back door—barefoot, with nothing but a shawl and some kind of package in your arms, disappearing into the storm. I tried to call after you, but my breath was still caught in my throat. I didn't get a chance to explain. I hope you'll make it back shortly. It is so damn cold.

I'm going to keep the fire stoked and maybe help myself to the hard cider I found in the pantry. I hope you come home soon—and, judging by the empty crib still rocking in the corner, your son does too.

I'll stay up as late as I can and keep the house warm. I hope you find the courage to come back tonight and take shelter, I really am not a bad man. The thought of you caught out there in the storm fills me with dread. I know what it's like to be cold.

Again, I'm sorry. Please come home safe.

I was just so damn cold. —STARKNESS



# BV ROLLER DERBY

## SEASON



## SCHEDULE

**PIERCE-PAB**  
**FAST TRACK FUN**

2/12 - HOME - vs. MISSFITS

3/26 - HOME - vs. CONROE

4/23 - HOME - MASHUP

5/13 - AWAY - vs. KERRVILLE

6/25 - HOME - MASHUP

8/5 - AWAY-DOUBLE HEADER

8/27 - HOME - MASHUP

9/24 - HOME - MASHUP

10/1 - AWAY - vs. CONROE

10/29 - HOME - MASHUP

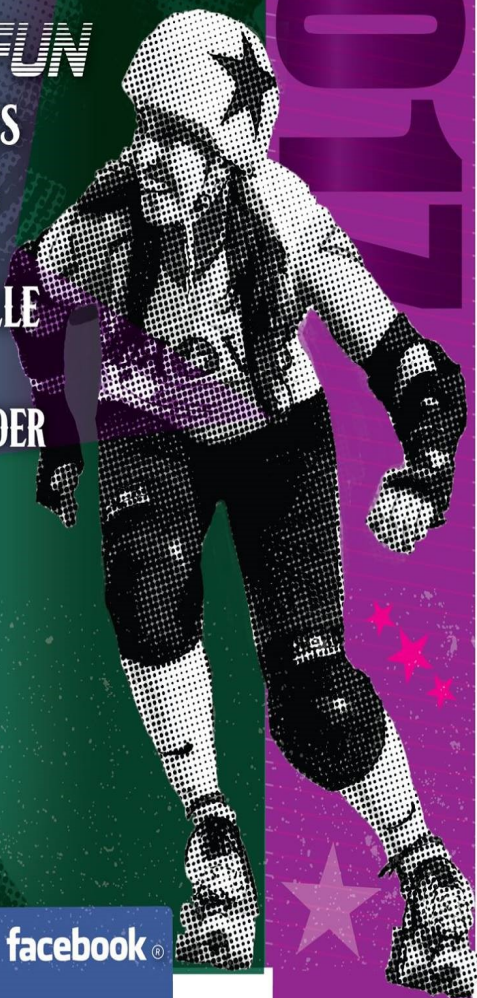
**VFW POST 4692**  
**- FOXHOLE LOUNGE -**

764 N F.M. 2818 BRYAN, TX 77807

DOORS OPEN AT 5:00  
FIRST WHISTLE BLOWS AT 6:00

\* ALL DATES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

facebook®



2017



# MISJUMPED

I misjumped.

I knew there was a risk, though when it's roughly 1 in 20 million, after a while you stop thinking about it. It's like being killed in a terrorist attack—some are irrationally afraid of it, others know they won't get hit.

But I got hit. And the vessel, though built to survive extremely harsh conditions, is not designed to keep one alive inside for very long.

The jump took too long—way longer than the standard three seconds—and that's how one can tell. There's no dial, no way to tell when you arrived, but then again, the machine that brings you to the designated date and time and never fails.

I've jumped hundreds of times, maybe even tens of hundreds of times. That's my job, I retrieve information from the past. Today, I jumped for myself. Dumb idea. I needed to check on a couple of memories, years ago, one that would help me make the best day, for her. And of all days, I misjumped today.

I don't even have to look outside the vessel's tiny window to know I'm done. Although I'm still lying down, closed in the tight safety chamber, I feel light. Very light. This is not good.

Everybody knows that when you misjump, you misjump randomly. Not everyone realizes when you're dealing with the entire length of time—billions of years—you're dealing with a whole lot of nothing. Literally nothing. We've only been here for a painfully tiny fraction of time.

Earth has been around for some 5 billion years. The universe, 14 billion years. The chances of me arriving at a time the Earth exists are about 1 in 3. Alright, that's not terrible. Humans have been around for 200,000 years. Chances of me seeing a person ever again are 0.00014 percent. Dammit. I'm not sure how long the Earth's atmosphere has been kind to humans in their current form. That's not something that is really researched... Everyone wants to know how much longer it will last. Seven hundred million years? Maybe? That's a solid chance. Five percent. I'd bet those odds.

Yes, I've jumped hundreds of times, but on a cosmic scale, I barely moved. In most cases, jumping farther than a couple hundred years back is pointless, not to mention increasingly dangerous and unpredictable. Most of my jumps have been months. Some, years. Once, I jumped two hundred years back. I heard about a guy who jumped a few thousand years into the past. It involved a relic from David, king of the Israelites, and some rich asshole who bought it. It was a forgery. A lot of money for something that's worthless, and a lot of pain to Sotheby's for selling it.

But even that jump, to the universe, was a blink.

I sigh. I press the one button, and the chamber's trans-

lucent cover retracts and sets me free. Yeah. I'm light. I do the tiniest little push against the bottom of the chamber. My heart sinks as my body floats up. I claw at the edge of the chamber in panic and pull myself down. Nope. I'm going to sit here for a minute.

I'm not sure how the machine lands in the right location—extremely complex calculations, probably, involving planetary orbits and the eternal race of planets, stars, and galaxies through space. It doesn't really matter now. There is no good scenario. I touch the vessel's shell, and it's already cold. My breath is fog. Soon, it'll be as cold in here as it is out there. The vessel will automatically return to the present in 24 hours. I don't have that long. I can't really see out the vessel's round little window from here. Fine. I push off towards the small window.

I haven't been lucky. I'm in space, floating in what seems to be an endless sea of dust and debris. To the right, if I press my face to the glass, through the haze I can see lights dancing all around.

The vessel is cold because outside, it's probably near absolute zero. And I'm not in the wrong place. I'm in the right place, but there's no Earth yet, it hasn't been formed. I will freeze to death soon. A tiny bit of water floats away out of my eye and sticks to the window.

Last year, I forgot presents. There was no arguing, but dinner was spent quiet and boring. It was not my first time. I didn't want to screw up again. Oh well.

My job is to go into the past and retrieve information. But, it makes memory obsolete. All those jumps made me distrust memory, even scoff at it. Fishing for broken pieces of information from your brain is so passé, now that I can go back and observe what really happened. But memory is still damn useful for remembering what date it is, and that's the kind of crap that I kept screwing up.

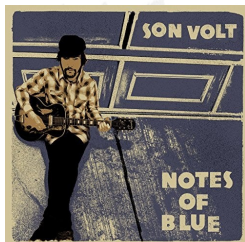
This year, I planned to do something special. There was a special flower, and a specific dish, and a distinct bottle of wine, and a singular scent in the air, and it would all be perfect. I wanted to find those things for her. So, I did a little jumping on my own. Dumbass.

I take one more look through the window. The vessel seems to be slowly spinning, and I have a better view of the lights. With no atmosphere, it's so much dimmer than the Sun. The show hasn't become a real star yet. It will take a lot of time before fusion kicks in and it becomes the Sun, providing you with warmth and energy. Right now, it's millions of tons of gas and debris, flattened down by gravity's spin, but not the Sun I know.

Lights and fireworks are fun, but this, a spectacle on a cosmic scale, is different. Nothing has seen what I'm looking at while I freeze to death.

Merry fucking Christmas to me. — STARKNESS

# RECORD REVIEWS



**Son Volt**  
*Notes of Blue*

Alternative country band Uncle Tupelo was my introduction to Jay Farrar's road-weary voice decades ago, and his vocal uniqueness has not diminished with time. However, he always has seemed ambivalent about how to use his instrument—as well as being hot and cold as a songwriter—and that continues on his latest disc with the latest incarnation of Son Volt.

As evidenced by the album title, many tunes on the disc are either blues-tinged or slow ballads: "Sinking Down," "Cairo and Southern," "Cherokee Street," and "Midnight." The acoustic "The Storm" could have come from the Woody Guthrie catalog. As appealing as Farrar's voice is, the issue with these tunes is either too much or not enough of it. However, he matches tune and talent with the quietly-anthem "Back Against the Wall," a mid-tempo song featuring some nice guitar that asserts "May you always go the distance." "Promise the World" is another that highlights his voice, wrapped with a steel guitar. "Static" is an effective dynamic rocker. The thoughtfully-abrasive "Threads and Steel" depicts an uncomfortable climate as "There's a man going round taking names."

While there's nothing quite as achingly-classic as his earlier "Tear-Stained Eye," "Back Into Your World," or "Hanging Blue Side," Farrar still has the gift with some of this album.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**

singular sonic body of intention—one capable of containing ideas large enough to stretch beyond the four minute mark—is truly, for many, a novel concept. For this reason alone, A Sundae Drive's new *Versailles* triumphs. And while each of these six tracks could easily stand alone, it's their cohesive strength that makes *Versailles* a fascinating and surprising release.

Musically, A Sundae Drive is working in both familiar and new territory. Sergio and Zeek's dual guitar dialogue is still present, especially on tracks like "In Threes," "Beware the Cages" and "Stubborn," but the intensity has propelled mightily here. Their current conversation has shifted in tone since *The Senseless and the Sound* (2014) to something more urgent, even furious at times. Likewise, Jen's bass and Mike's drums remain tight, but on *Versailles*, particularly on "Fly South" and the all-out rocker "Boxing Day," their rhythmic undercurrent feels thicker, causing the whole Album to feel sturdier and more purposeful—at times even downright ball-fisted. I can't help feeling like A Sundae Drive approached the writing of *Versailles* both pissed off and sad. However, the bookend instrumentation—horns on opener "Hall of Fame" and wild orchestration on closer "Stubborn"—also declare the grit (the hope?) of perseverance.

Immediately, I was drawn to the structural suggestions of the title and artwork for *Versailles*, notes implying that A Sundae Drive has crafted something both reflective and monumental here. And in this space they explore layers of shared agitation. For instance, on the stand-out second track, "Fly South," Jen offers a chorus I cannot get out of my head—"And you get what you want. And you take what you want. And you fake what you want. God bless your little heart." Admittedly, I've always been a big fan of Jen's vocals, especially when she digs low and builds to a high-pitched peal, and I especially love this chorus that, from what I hear, calls out (and down) irresponsible authority. Jen comes back to close *Versailles* in "Stubborn" with the lines, "The scariest thing in the world is to love and be loved in return. Yeah, the bravest thing in the world is to love and be loved in return." Lyrics such as these glide over and through, sometimes even introduce, bursts of harmonized turbulence. Most songs on *Versailles* (minus "Boxing Day") start quiet and then build. In fact, the whole Album feels like one solid act

of building. Whether building towards a sense of resolution or a plan of action or a treaty of declarations aimed at various forces, well, that's up to the listener.

Releasing *Versailles* on vinyl (released in B/CS on March 31 at Revolution) is a good move for A Sundae Drive. An Album this unified and solid needs a physical format, a tangible reminder of how the songs within function together musically, even thematically. Rather than following the shuffle of my own whims, I love letting the needle carry me through the progression of these songs. This is a bold record. A big record that simultaneously moves in many directions while remaining focused, cohesive. *Versailles* reignites the concept of the Album, and, in doing so, A Sundae Drive reminds listeners that some matters are worth sitting down for. Some conversations demand more than the comfort of attention span. How else might we be surprised by what we never knew to expect? —**KEVIN STILL**



**Vagabon**  
*Infinite Worlds*

Sometimes you give a listen to something because you read a few words that catch your interest: multi-instrumentalist, black female, indie rock. Good enough for me. Vagabon is singer-songwriter Laetitia Tamko who played guitar, drums, keyboards, and who knows what else on *Infinite Worlds*. At eight songs, this album is really a long EP, and it lacks focus, but it has its moments for a first effort.

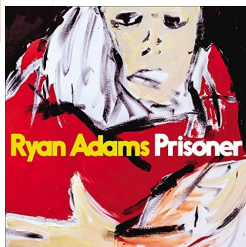
Tamko is most intriguing when she's behind the drums, aligning her quirky voice with traditional rock and roll. That's most apparent in *Infinite Worlds*'s top cut: "Minneapolis." The loud "100 Years" is an intriguing tune, and percussion almost rescues "The Embers." Those drums also heat up a slow-starting "Cold Apartment" as well as the surprising middle of the quiet "Fear and Force."

Vagabon is blessed—and cursed—with a vocalist who wants to be heard, but hasn't

Sometimes you give a listen to something because you read a few words that catch your interest: multi-instrumentalist, black female, indie rock. Good enough for me. Vagabon is singer-songwriter Laetitia Tamko who played guitar, drums, keyboards, and who knows what else on *Infinite Worlds*. At eight songs, this album is really a long EP, and it lacks focus, but it has its moments for a first effort.

Tamko is most intriguing when she's behind the drums, aligning her quirky voice with traditional rock and roll. That's most apparent in *Infinite Worlds*'s top cut: "Minneapolis." The loud "100 Years" is an intriguing tune, and percussion almost rescues "The Embers." Those drums also heat up a slow-starting "Cold Apartment" as well as the surprising middle of the quiet "Fear and Force."

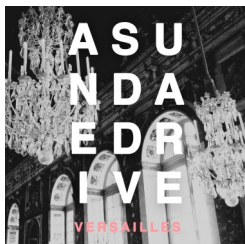
Vagabon is blessed—and cursed—with a vocalist who wants to be heard, but hasn't figured out how to do it yet. Tamko's voice first reminded me of indie rocker Carlee Hendrix of You Me and Us from SXSW and Coachella a few years ago, but Hendrix seemed more on track (although she's disappeared since). Anyway, too much of the album is quiet folk except for the aforementioned tunes and the offbeat instrumental "Mal a l'aise" that boasts a nice synth. Tamko bears watching though.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



**Ryan Adams**  
*Prisoner*

I really wanted to like this album, but to be frank, I was a bit concerned about the release of the first song "Doomsday," and it just didn't sparkle. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't great. So, I figured there would be better tunes to follow, but I was disappointed.

"Prisoner" is a common theme in music: the breakup album. Adams takes us through to the end of his marriage, and while some songs come close, there's nothing that grabs the listener like many of his early tunes. "Haunted House" is probably the best of the lot, a Springsteenian lament that



**A Sundae Drive**  
*Versailles*

The notion of an album as a

# CONCERT CALENDAR

**3/2—Corusco, So Soon the Truth, Pizza Planet, Neville Stands Up @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm**

**3/3—Funeral Horse @ Arsenal Tattoo, Bryan. 6pm**

**3/3—Calliope Musicals @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 7pm**

**3/3—Chapter:SOUL @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm**

**3/3—Lea DeLaria: A Man For All Seasons @ TAMU Rudder Theater, College Station. 7pm**

**3/3—The Docs (cd release), LUCA, Hand Me Down Adventure, Unicornog @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm**

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

**3/10—Burn Houses (cd release), LUCA, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**3/11—Magic Girl, J Goodin @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**3/16—Mothracide @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**3/17—The Blaggards @ O'Bannons, College Station. 5pm**

**3/17—Myra Maybelle, Isonomist, In Exile, Dis-tance/Here, Aphotic Contrivance @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

declaims "I don't want to live in this haunted house anymore." "We Disappear" has a nice rhythm, and the title cut is a solid mid-tempo song. "Outbound Train" is helped by the drums.

The lyrics are what one would expect from a breakup album: "Nothing really matters anymore" in "To Be Without You," "Anything I say to you now/Is Goodbye" in "Anything I Say to You Now," and "Prisoner of your love" in "Prisoner." There may be more, but the music doesn't connect closer listening.

The music needs to drive the listener to the lyrics, and I fear this album started with the lyrics first. Again, it doesn't mean the music is bad — there are several competent touches on this album with organ, piano, harmonica, and sax as well as the usual guitar and drums. Who knows, maybe it'll grow on me. —MIKE L. DOWNEY

**3/17—Daikaju, Mutant Love, The Hangouts, C.L.D. @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm**

**3/18—ShakesBEER @ Downtown Bryan. 5pm**

**3/19—Altercation Hangover feat. Grizzly Band, Dr. Beardface & The Spaceman, The Gloryholes, Heels, Jukebox Romantics, The Split Seconds, Hans Gruber & The Diehards, Mutant Love, Girl-band @ Revolution, Bryan. 1pm**

**3/25—Black Heart Saints @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

**3/25—Zet Zero, Dead Earth Politics, Unicornog, Interracial Dionysus @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm**

**3/31—Musicians for Michigan feat. Wartime Afternoon, A Deathbed Promise, Lifedeath, Under Subsidence, Second Runner Up, From the Messenger, Anything Twice @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6pm**

**3/31—A Sundae Drive (cd release), The Wheel Workers, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**4/1—Chilifest @ Crystal Ballroom, Snook. 10am**

**4/1—Old Dude BBQ Fest feat. ASS @ Revolution, Bryan. 4pm**

**4/7—Mutant Love, Kyle Hubbard, Fullmetal, Space Villains @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

BRYAN 979.822.6747 201 W. 26TH ST.



**SUNDAY  
MARCH  
19TH! 1PM-730PM**

THE **Jukebox  
Romantics**  
Mutant Love

The **Split  
Seconds**

THE **Grizzly  
BAND**

HANS GRUBER  
+the DIEHARDS

Dr. Beardface  
And The SPACEMAN

The **GLORY HOLES  
HEELS**

**GIRL BAND**

F. WOODS of mercury  
RADIO theater



**GRAB A  
PHOTO  
WITH THE  
EMO  
GRIM  
WEEPER!**

**3RD ANNUAL**

**ALTERCATION**

**FREE SHOW  
FREE TACOS  
ALL AGES**

**REVOLUTION  
BAR** BRYAN, TEXAS

**HANGOVER!**