

979REPRESENT



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979REPRESENT IS A LOCAL MAGAZINE FOR THE DISCERNING DIRTBAG.

EDITORIAL BORED

KELLY MINNIS - KEVIN STILL

ART SPLENDIDNESS

KATIE KILLER - WONKO THE SANE

FOLKS THAT DID THE OTHER SHIT FOR US

TEGAN ALLISON - MIKE L. DOWNEY - IAN GOOLING - JORGE GOYCO - TODD HANSEN - KYLIE KINSOLVING - JESSICA LITTLE - DENISE PUCA - JOSHUA SIEGEL - STARKNESS - WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

ON THE INTERWEBZ

HTTP://WWW.979REPRESENT.COM

EMAILS TO

REDCHAPTERJUBILEE@YAHOO.COM

MATERIALS FOR REVIEW & BRIBERY CAN BE SENT TO:

979REPRESENT

**15530 CREEK MEADOW BLVD. N.
COLLEGE STATION, TX 77845**



LIVING IRRESPONSIBLY

I moved to College Station in July of 2006. I knew before the tires of my rental U-Haul made its way to TX 6 that there was jackshit to do here and that I'd spend all my time making the 110 mile trek to Austin where there would be lots of stuff to do because, duh, Austin, live music capitol of the world.

Matt and Niki Shea started The Hangouts in 2006 because there was fuckall to do around here. They knew that, having grown up here, but had spent their 20s in Austin doing the things people do in Austin. Or at least used to do in Austin before Austin became condominimalized. There's nothing to fun to do in College Station. So why don't we just make our own fun? And that's just what they did.

They made their own fun in the back of restaurants, upstairs at Northgate bars, in Whataburger parking lots, at laundromats, coffee shops, garages, bedrooms, etc. Wherever someone could be coerced into letting The Hangouts and several other bands set up for a few hours. Eventually other people who had nothing else to do started showing up. Some of them started bands. Some of them were looking for something other than studying for finals. Some had dropped out and were kind of stuck here. Eventually these people wanted in on the fun that Matt and Niki were making for themselves.

Other bands were formed. The Flak Jackets, The Beasts, The Guns of Detroit, Foreign Affairs, Machine Meets Land, The Texas Drag Queens. Eventually Rola Cerrone was coerced into letting punk and metal bands play at Revolution Café & Bar. Matt and Niki left the laundromats and restaurants behind for Revolution and the newly reopened Stafford Main. Downtown Bryan became a thing for the dispossessed. No one was watching, no was paying attention, no one was making the rules. Matt, Niki, Rola, and Eric made it up as they went along.

In 2008 I wound up playing in a short-lived band with Matt and a wayward TAMU professor called Before The Mast. During that handful of months, the ideas for LOUDFEST, Sinkhole Texas Inc. Records, and 979Represent were tossed around, argued about, molded and shaped into something that perhaps we could do and not fail miserably at.

July 5, 2008 was the first LOUDFEST, held at Zapatos (RIP) on Northgate in College Station. Eight bands played. It was just one day. No cover was charged. The show was to help raise interest in gathering signatures to petition the City of College Station to build a municipal skateboard park for its residents. The petition was ultimately successful. The next year, sensing that perhaps the next LOUDFEST should have bands from other places, LOUDFEST moved downtown to The Stafford and Revolution. Two days/two nights. \$5 wristband. The cover was good enough for all the punk, indie and metal shows we attended as teens and young adults, why not now? Over the years two days became three. Two stages became three. From eight bands to over 50 bands. \$5 wristband remains the same.

August 2008 Sinkhole Texas Inc. released its first three CD's. It now has over 70 releases in its catalog.

November 2008 979Represent published its first issue and, except for October of 2011, has published monthly ever since. What began as a way for us to keep entertained has become a way for lots of people like us to keep entertained.

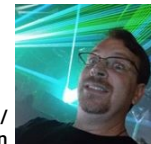
And now, nine years later, there are dozens of local bands. Bands from all over the world make it a point to schedule a tour stop at Revolution because either they've played LOUDFEST or knew a band that had played here and heard what playing here is like. They heard that bands are treated well here. That audiences show the bands as good a time as the bands show the audiences. In over 35 years of gigging, no one had ever picked up and crowdsurfed Colin Jerwood, singer of seminal English anarcho-punk band Conflict, until the audience at Revolution lifted him high over their heads gleefully and passed him around.

Many good friends have moved along, graduated, gone straight, started families, etc. New friends have moved in. Downtown Bryan continues to thrive and remains a home for the dispossessed, away from Northgate, away from Texas A&M, away from the Corps, away from football, away from Aggies. It welcomes students who don't want anything to do with any of that, who find the humor in it, who want their kicks somewhere else. Music is still played too loudly at Revolution. This month LOUDFEST celebrates its 10th anniversary by doing what its always done. 50 some-odd bands will play Revolution and The Stafford over its three day period.

It has been suggested recently that what we do downtown is somewhat irresponsible. That we subject unwilling bystanders to extreme volume, that we run away just as many people as we attract for being too loud, too different, too exclusive, too weird, not normal enough. Jack Kerouac wrote in *On The Road* "...the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars..." It is the irresponsible ones that smoke too much, drink too much, talk too loud, say outrageous things, start bands before they know how to play instruments, do things without having to ask permission of the powers that be, that live, live, live. Matt and Niki Shea may still be waiting for permission from someone to start LOUDFEST. Rola Cerrone may still be waiting for permission to have a place like Revolution. Wonko Zuckerberg and I may still be waiting for permission to start a band, a record label, a magazine. Fortunately we have permission for three days of irresponsibility May 18-20.

Buy Matt and Niki a drink for being awesome. Buy Wonko a drink for working his skinny little ass off on posters and running sound and junk. If Rola's around, tell her thank you for letting people be people at her joint. Tip her bartenders heavily, as they almost all routinely require hearing aids upon leaving employment at Revs. Buy Fred, Johnny, and Kevrock a drink for making it sound good. Sit upstairs at The Stafford with one of Cynthia's rad drinks. Wear earplugs. Use condoms. Don't leave your drink unattended. Be responsibly irresponsible. — KELLY MINNIS

10 THINGS NOT TO MISS AT LOUDFEST



- 1) Prep by going to <http://bcsloulfest.com> and reading up on bands and what they sound like. The schedule is also on the website (But look for posters at each venue as well).
- 2) Forget to put your earplugs in for the first couple songs of each band. (There is toilet paper in the bathrooms. If you ball them up, they work great in case you forgot to bring yours).
- 3) Enjoy a beverage while watching the next band set up. It might sound like a dull thing do partake in, but it's not. You'll see. Rolling in amps, plugging cables in, mic checks, tuning, guitarist noodling...good times.
- 4) Shake the hand or high five (or hug) the person you keep seeing on the street between venues. You're gonna see them a bunch of times, might as well not be super awkward.
- 5) Buy a bass player a beer. Actually, buy ANY band member a beer, especially if they don't have one and look like they need/want one. But bass players can get crazy when they have beers in them.
- 6) Yell out a song suggestion between songs. Um, make sure it's actually their song. Pretty sure no one would play "Freebird".
- 7) Buy a shirt...or two. Bands bring merch, purchases help them get back home. Plus, you just saw them live and you totally freaked out about how cool they are. Also, you can add to (or start) your Loud!Fest t-shirt collection. I guarantee someone later this year will point at you while wearing it and say something like, "Dude!" or "Hell Yeah, LoudFest!".
- 8) Eat at a downtown Bryan restaurant. Suggestions: Taco Crave, RX Pizza, Proudest Monkey, Mr. G's, Village Cafe, Casa Rod, Papa Perez, Cafe Capri, Madden's.
- 9) Take a cool picture with Instagram and hashtag it with #bcsloulfest.
- 10) Text your friend who is probably at home binge watching something stupid on Netflix to get their butt to Loud!Fest. Because they are dumb if they don't. Keep sending selfies until you convince them. Then do the same thing on day 2. And then on day 3 as well. — JORGE GOYCO

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If you loved Suicidal Tendencies and D.R.I., then B/CS thrash metal band **ASS** will scratch that same itch for you. Punk rock at speed metal velocity.

ASS plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 11:30pm

<http://facebook.com/assthrashpunk>

JT Habersaat has been curating his **Altercation Punk Comdy Tour** for nearly ten years, featuring the work of many punk and indie musicians who've turned their road warrior stories into laughs. JT and Riverboat Gamblers frontman **Mike Wiebe** take turns making you laugh, groan, and stare blankly at them.



Altercation Road Stories plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 10:30pm
<http://jtcomedy.com>



Aphotic Contrivance has been knocking around Bryan/College Station for quite some time, double-kicking their melodic blackened death metal with twists of prog rock, post-rock, and jazz fusion. But really it's just the sound of their friendship fed through the speed and aggression of metal music amplified.

Aphotic Contrivance plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 8:15pm

<http://facebook.com/AphoticContrivance>



Once upon a time, **Boy Wonder** was a punk/indie rock band that wandered the streets of College Station looking for something to do, some trouble to get into. Instead, they started a band with an '80s DC emo edge to its Texan flavor of Butthole Surfers-The Jesus Lizard bent-sideways heavy rock. And after decades out of action, Boy Wonder is back to roam the BCS streets again.

Boy Wonder headlines the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 20th @ 12:30am
<http://facebook.com/boywonderaustintx/>

LOUD!FEST

2017 | BRYAN TX | MAY 18 - 20 | REV + STAFFORD

This year's frequent flier winner is **Bummertown**, making their way to LOUD-FEST from the great white north of Canada, to ply their melodic almost college radio style pop punk rock Moncton proud.

Bummertown plays the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 8:30pm
<http://facebook.com/bummertownpunk/>



What started as a side project from B/Cs favorites King & Nation became its own jam. **Corusco** nods towards modern indie rock and modern punk with a literate songwriting approach.

Corusco plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 7pm
<http://facebook.com/coruscomusic/>



City Life is a whole bunch of punk lifers from Austin who've been in a lot of really cool other bands and are now making a dark, nightmare, post-punk/goth/rockabilly mashup like driving at night real fast with the headlights out.

City Life plays the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 10:30pm
<http://facebook.com/atxcitylife/>

Fort Worth's **BULLS** plays a loud and girthy mix of post-rock and classic college radio indie rock that is large, noisy, and yet at times somewhat panicky and claustrophobic. Drums blur at full blast, the bass takes over the melody, and the guitar is sludge riff and atonal sparkle. One of the best newer Texas bands to come around, this is their LOUDFEST debut.

BULLS plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 19th @ 10:45pm
<http://facebook.com/bullsband/>



The Blood Royale is something of an Austin thrash metal super-group, featuring members of Dixie Witch, Gutbucket and The Drunks. Remember how refreshing awesome that first Metallica album was?

These guys do, and meld that New Wave of British Heavy Metal sound with vocals that somehow suggest Lemmy and Jaz Coleman at the same time. Dark, apocalyptic, punk-informed but purely old school metal at the same time.

The Blood Royale plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 10:45pm
<http://facebook.com/TheBloodRoyale/>

This B/CS band brings back the late '90s era of RHCP/Incubus style groove to their metal-infused modern alternative rock.



A Deathbed Promise plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 7pm
<http://facebook.com/ADeathbedPromise/>



Still deafening B/CS audiences with their pop songs played with guitars plugged into amps turned up way too loud to get over a drummer who hits them too hard, hollering to be heard.

The Ex-Optimists butt slots the Revolution Inside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 1AM
<http://facebook.com/theexoptimists/>



Electric Astronaut. The sound of your iPod, stoned AF, shuffling through your favorite 90s power pop and early '00s riff-heavy indie rock.

Electric Astronaut butt slots the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 19th @ 11:30pm
<http://facebook.com/electricastronaut/>



Dirty. Harry. White. Dick. The four correctional officers that make up **The Cops**, Houston's quartet of policeman punks. But you'll know them better as alums from some of Houston's best punk bands like The Cutters, Talk Sick Brats, Muhammadali and such. The most fun being oppressed by the authorities can get.

The Cops plays the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 11pm.
<http://facebook.com/The-Cops-1176247895781584/>

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One of the most exciting new bands out of Austin. This quartet of long-time Austin scene members has an expansive guitar-led sound that can veer from Built To Spill style freakouts to the late '80s jangle of Boston indie rockers Buffalo Tom.

Economy Island plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 19 @ 9:15pm
<http://facebook.com/economyislandband>

Houston's **Funeral Horse** has been accused of being a post-hardcore metal punk band, a stoner metal band, a new wave of British heavy metal band, and a swampy Southern metal band. The truth is they are a really good heavy rock band with a lot of influences that speak through the songs.



Funeral Horse plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 8:30pm
<http://facebook.com/FuneralHorse>



Austin quartet **Honeyrude** has received a lot of attention lately for their throw-back to early '90s dreampop approach, grafting the gauzy, whoozy effects-laden sound with pop smarts and good ol' Texas aggression.

Honeyrude plays the Revolution Inside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 12am
<http://facebook.com/HoneyrudeATX>

Fort Worth has its own thing going these days, a sound that's more aggressive and old school than Austin or Houston. **Heater** is one of these bands, coming at Dischord Records style hardcore punk with an SST Records dose of atonality.



Heater plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 19 @ 10pm.
<http://facebook.com/heaterfortworth>



Everything that was good about college radio in 1990 is encapsulated in **The Escatones**. Paisley underground, alternative country, punk rock sarcasm, and the kitsch of Americana.

The Escatones plays the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 9:30pm
<http://facebook.com/TheEscatones>

First Thought Worst Thought: This Austin trio was borne from the ashes of B/CS indie/post-punk favorites adults, but now with a more polished and modern indie rock approach.



First Thought Worst Thought plays Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 8:30pm
<http://facebook.com/firstthoughtworstthought>



The Fox In The Ground = B/CS singer-songwriter Jonathan Richter + band. "We strive daily to not be completely terrible." Mission accomplished.

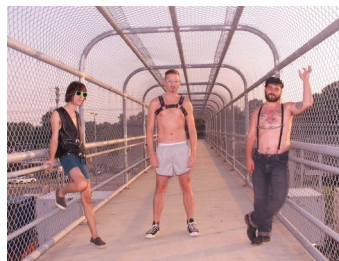
The Fox In The Ground plays The Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 7:45pm
<http://facebook.com/Thefoxintheground>



Golden Sombbrero makes really smart bar rock & roll with hints of honky tonk, classic rock bombast and ground zero NYC art-punk.

Golden Sombbrero plays the Revolution Inside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 9pm
<http://facebook.com/goldensombbrero>

Three gay guys that play all original gay punk songs. This is Memphis trio **The Gloryholes** calling card. They play with stereotypes while rocking the fuck out at the same time.



The Gloryholes plays the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 10pm
<http://facebook.com/gloryholes>



The Hangouts. Orange County punk, '80s hard rock and spazzy Top 40 pop all meet up and drink themselves under the porch.

The Hangouts butt slots the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 1am
<http://facebook.com/thehangoutsrule>



The Hammer Party plays the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 7pm.
<http://facebook.com/hammerparty.tx>



Old School LOUDFEST'ers will remember Houston punks **Charger Fits'** high energy sets in B/CS. **Hopeless City Blues** is basically Charger Fits minus one person. Same high energy punk rock teenage kicks, one less dude.

Hopeless City Blues plays the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 7:30pm.
<http://facebook.com/hopelesscityblues/>



Hand Me Down Adventure had its origins in locals King & Nation. Now rooted in Austin, this trio mixes funk groove and indie discord together with pop hooks.

Hand Me Down Adventure plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 9:15pm.
<http://facebook.com/handmedownadventure>



The Austin Chronicle says of Austin "black rock" band **Hexist**, "If Venom, Discharge, and Motorhead shared a practice space in Hell, it would sound like Hexist." That sounds about right.

Hexist plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 10pm.
<http://facebook.com/hexistband>

The Inators takes classic skinny tie '80s power pop and 1980s Minneapolis college radio rock and twist it all together.



The Inators plays the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 7:30pm
<http://facebook.com/TheInators>



Jay Satellite is a quartet from Austin that explores the dark undercurrents in their early '90s big guitar power pop with hints of post-punk, goth, shoegaze and beyond.

Jay Satellite plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Friday, May 19 @ 8:30pm
<http://facebook.com/jaysatellite>



Houston's **Killer Hearts** mixes a cocktail of Sunset Strip metal, garage punk, and scuzzy hard rock that'll fuck you up.

Killer Hearts plays The Revolution Indoor Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 12am
<http://facebook.com/KillerHeartsOfficial/>



No one knows what **Khan** sounds like because they have never played a show before. Considering that the folks in Khan have been in some of Bryan/College Station's best metal bands of the '00s I'd say that's pedigree enough for me.

Khan plays The Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 6:15pm

<http://facebook.com/KhanTx/>

LUCA is College Station's best landlocked early '00s Pacific Northwest band, with intricate guitar interplay, upfront bass guitar, and manic pop songs lately played at a punkish pace.



LUCA plays The Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 10pm
<http://facebook.com/thebandluca/>



Mothracide is Bryan/College Station's agit-prop gonzo psychofuck metal band. Confrontational, beyond slightly mental, unpredictable and always guaranteed to put on one hell of a show.

Mothracide plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 9pm
<http://facebook.com/Mothracide/>



MyDolls were part of Houston's initial spate of punk rock bands in the late '70s. Taking the "anyone can do it" spirit and applying it to their sound of whimsical British angular, tribal post-punk with a Texas attitude.

Funeral Horse plays the Revolution Inside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 10pm
<http://facebook.com/MydollsHoustonTexas/>



Mutant Love is a calamitous punk rock band that somehow piles infectious pop songwriting about acid trips and regret into their band falling down the stairwell approach.

Mutant Love plays The Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 8pm

<http://facebook.com/mutantlove666/>

Austin's **Magnet School** bulldozes their way through heady postrock with shoegaze atmospherics, math rock gymnastics, and pop smarts atop. Loud, heavy but dreamy and hooky all at the same time.



Magnet School headlines The Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 12:30am
<http://facebook.com/magnetschooltheband/>



B/CS metal crew **Myra Maybelle** blends the melodic vocal style of the early days of strident heavy metal with death metal larynx shredding evil, while the guitarists harmonize classic metal lines but also pull it back for neck-snapping hardcore breakdowns.

Myra Maybelle plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 9:15pm
<http://facebook.com/MyraMaybelle/>

Odd Folks. These five Aggies formed the band as a lark and have spent the past several years playing all over the country, relocating to Dallas, getting fans all sweaty to their modern indie and '00s punk-inspired sound.



Odd Folks plays the Revolution Inside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 8pm
<http://facebook.com/OddFolks/>



Piss Penny is snotty, pedestrian DIY punk rock played on shitty instruments because who's got time to wait until you can play like Eddie Van Halen to be in a band if you got summat to say, and Piss

Penny gets something to say.

Piss Penny plays the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 6:30pm.
<http://facebook.com/PissPenny/>

Pizza Planet is a two-piece grungy punk band that only writes songs about the *Toy Story* movie trilogy. The band hates playing these songs and would rather be doing just about anything else, but it's so damn good that B/CS won't allow them to quit.



Pizza Planet plays the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 6pm
<http://facebook.com/pizzaplanetband/>



Atarimatt told me in 2012, "Man, I'm booking this crazy band from Austin, **Rubella Muti**, for Loudfest." That was four years ago, and minds were suitably blown by this mostly instrumental prog-meets

thrash metal trio. And they'd back for LOUDFEST X.

Rubella Muti plays the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 9pm
<http://facebook.com/RubellaMuti/>

Austin has graced us with a number of crazy noisy "experience" style bands over the years. **The Shut-Ups** is no exception. The band sets up in the middle of the room, look like fugitives from Mall Easter Bunny Reform School, and makes an awful racket, often handing sticks and instruments to the audience to make a fun noise with them. A band to be experienced.



The Shut-Ups butt slots the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 12am
<http://facebook.com/theshutupsaustin/>



One of Houston's most celebrated indie rock bands, **A Sundae Drive** harkens back to the mid '90s for their indie/alt-rock sound, bringing the pop sensibility of Yo La Tengo with a bent towards raucous Sonic Youth-esque noise.

A Sundae Drive plays the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 10:30pm
<http://facebook.com/asundaedrive/>



Tenino is an instrumental post-math rock band with mesmerizing stop-start waltz time songs and moody, unsettling song structures.

Tenino plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Friday, May 20 @ 7PM
<http://facebook.com/teninobcs/>



Supergrave bust out with that metal-y death-punk sound, like an L7 raised on Bauhaus and Circus magazine.

Supergrave headlines the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 9:30pm
<http://facebook.com/Supergrave13>



B/CS rap crew **StereoType** has started to gain a bit of notice outside of the Brazos Valley for their literate, nerdy but body moving hip-hop bounce.



StereoType plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 8:30pm
<http://soundcloud.com/stereotypemusicgroup>



The reclusive **Tron Sack** oozes up from the back streets of Bryan/College Station like bong smoke, blending progressive rock, stoner metal, krautrock, and indie rock in one head-nodding droning jam.

The Tron Sack plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 11:15pm

<http://facebook.com/thetronsack>

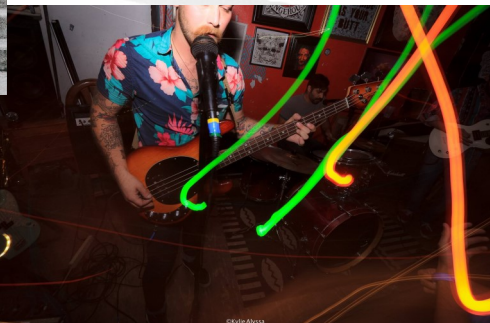


The mysterious owl witch **Luchuza** likes to manifest herself as a Victoria-based nightmare punk rock band in the Misfits vein with amazing songwriting and a heavy gutpunch. Beware her spell.

Luchuza plays the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 11:30pm
<http://facebook.com/lechuzatz>

There's nothing more exciting to me than when a band whose played around B/CS in years past but isn't active anymore gets the band together for old shit's sake. This is what Austin psycho-electro-punk duo **Transmography** decided to do this year. The show I'm most excited about for LOUDFEST X.

Transmography plays the Revolution Inside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 11pm
<http://facebook.com/transmography>



Tongue Punch is BCS's newest punk band.

Tongue Punch plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 19 @ 7pm.



Stoner metal is a very tight pigeonhole to be fit into, but somehow **The Well** expands the genre to include '60s psychedelia and '70s biker rock to their head-nodding post-Sabbath heavy blooz.

The Well plays The Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 19 @ 11:30pm
<http://facebook.com/thewellband>



Unicorndog will supply the best pop punk songs about doing drugs and hanging out with your friends that you will hear all the three day weekend.

Unicorndog headlines The Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 10:45pm
<http://facebook.com/unicorndogTX>

Livie is 12 and playing the drums. Jorge is not 12 and playing guitar. Those are the only instruments. **The Shoobiedoobies** do a doom/metal/trash thing. It's different every time.



The Shoobiedoobies plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20th @ 7:45pm.

Prison Eater features members of better-known Austin stoner metal and gonzo crazy rock bands like Eagle Claw, The Shut-Ups, Transmography, and The Bridge Farmers. What kind of madness these folks get up to? Won't know unless you show up and find out.

Prison Eater plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 18 @ 9:45pm



If you're in high school and ain't got shit to do but you wanna thrash, you gotta start your own punk band. That's Willie and Kaiden did. **Thick Britches** is the result.

Thick Britches plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 20 @ 7:45pm

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SEASON SCHEDULE

FIERCE-FAB 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

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HOW TO LOUDFEST

You're reading that correctly. I made an event a verb. Why, you ask? Because it deserves to be a fucking verb, that's why. If you haven't heard, this year's Loud!Fest will be the 10th fest in creation, and this call for a party bigger than all parties. Not only does our entire community come together, but different friends and bands from around Texas, the U.S., and the world comes together this time of year to party their asses off and give all the hugs. In the next few paragraphs, I am going to give you some tips, tricks, and advice from not only myself, but from some Loud!Fest OG's on how to survive, keep up, and make the most of your three days in the BCS music scene.

1) The first piece of advice is an obvious thing; hydrate. Yeah, no shit, you should hydrate. You'll be consuming more alcohol in three days than you have been most of the week. Hydrating is not only good for your organs, but also good for your skin and having nice skin is good. Also, if you hydrate correctly, you won't have muscle cramps, soreness, and or diarrhea. HYDRATE. A Loud!Fest OG recommended Body Armor for your electrolytes. Also see Gatorade, Pedialyte, coconut water, and skim or whole milk.

2) Along with hydration, you need to feed your body. Unless you're a pro and have whiskey for breakfast (which if you do, and need help with alcoholism call this number 888-537-4948. I care about you, I really do) you won't last the three days on just toast. There will be free food at Loud!Fest, so snag a taco or two and have a few cups of water before you really start hitting the bar. If you don't eat at Loud!Fest, make sure you eat something at home. Anything, just, for god sakes, have something in your stomach. Food helps prevent you from blacking out in a drunken stupor, acid indigestion, and you can keep the lining of your stomach and esophagus. If all else fails, you have no money, there's no food at the bar, hitch a ride to an after party. There's bound to be some sort of food around provided by your hosts. Make sure drunk ass asks politely, and offer your gratitude. Don't be a dick.

3) Speaking of body maintenance; please, shower. For the love of God, use soap. We are ALL going to be hot, sweaty, smelly, and covered in dirt. This is no excuse not to shower. There will be plenty of smells no one wants to endure, so do your part by limiting the smelly smells. If I walk by and can smell your ball sack, I'm going to gag. If I'm drunk, I'll hork. Don't be THAT person. Ladies, this goes for you too. No one wants to smell your armpits and or sweaty titties. Thanks. XOXO

4) Now, Loud!Fest is a perfect opportunity to do some shopping, and this is a good opportunity to help the bands that made a trip to perform for YOU. *BRING CASH* There will be table after table of merch. That's right, now is the time to stock up on your band shirts, patches, grab some vinyl, CDs, and a few posters and stickers. It's going to be like a candy store. DO NOT SPEND ALL OF YOUR MONEY ON THE FIRST NIGHT (Loud!Fest OG tip). You have 55 bands who are all going to bring their merch. Make sure you budget. *BRING CASH* Set aside \$\$ for the bands you love, and

set aside \$\$\$ for the bands you discover there at Loud!Fest. Nothing is worse than wanting the last Hangouts T-shirt and being \$3 short. It's the worst. There will also be freebies! Some bands will give you their buttons, sticks and poster....FREE. Make sure you grab one or two (donations welcome *BRING CASH*). Did I mention to bring cash?

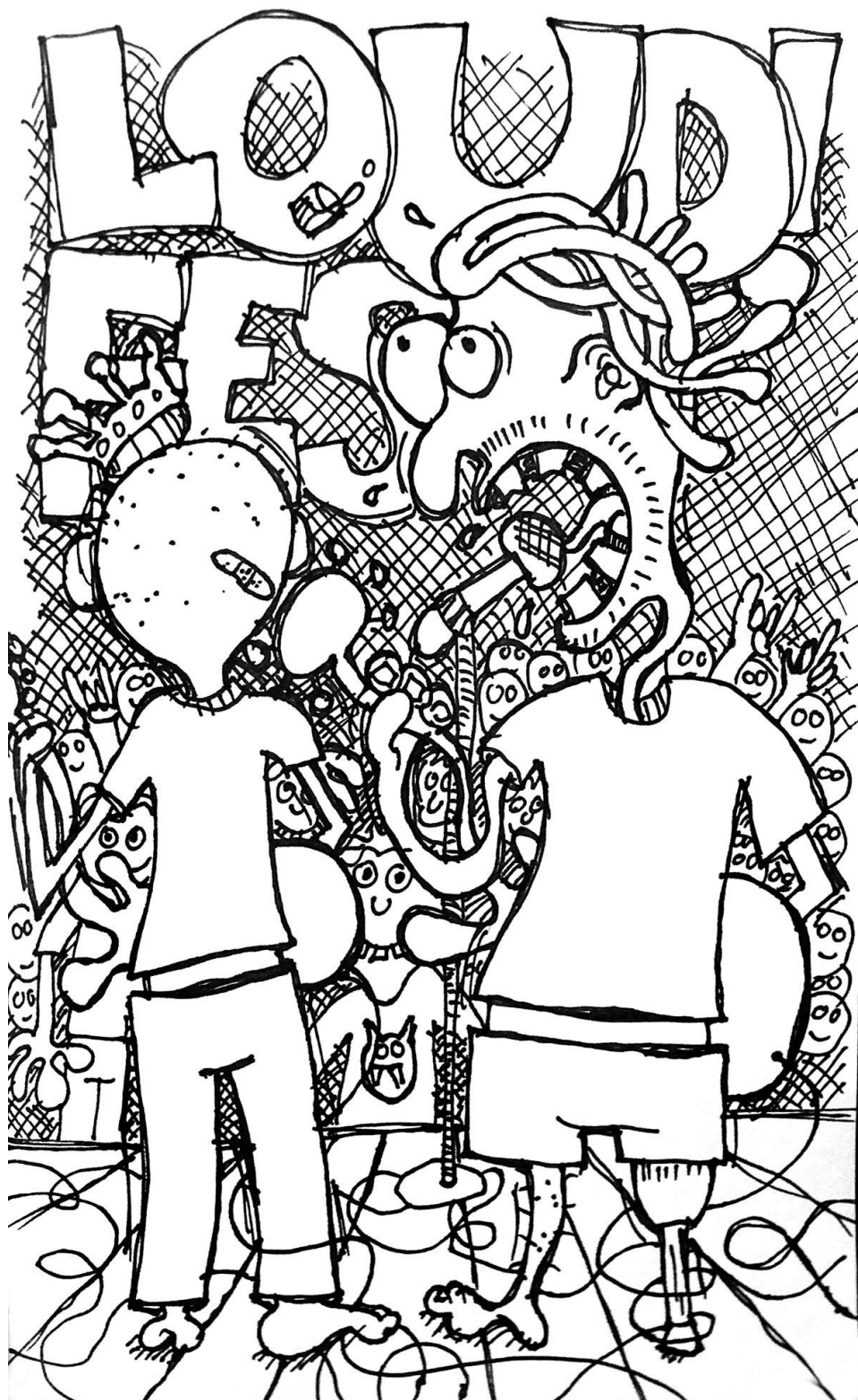
5) Loud!Fest OG Tip: plan your three days. It sounds kind of complicated what with these things going on, but, make sure you plan. There will be a schedule for both stages. Make sure you save the picture of the band schedules from the Loud!Fest Facebook page, and make it your back ground on your phone. (*Or keep your copy of this here magazine close—ed.*) That way, if you run out of cellphone data, you can still see who's playing when and where. Also, make sure you check out the newer bands. Yes, we all have our favorites, and we all want to see our favorite love muffins on stage during Loud!Fest. But! Make sure you give another band your time. You can't see every band during Loud!Fest, but you can give your time and love to the newbies. *Bonus tip: Speaking of schedules, these bands are on a TIGHT schedule. Make sure you save your praise for when they have finished tearing down on stage. There are a million people, and a million things to do. One band is tearing down, while another band is setting up. STAY OUT OF THE WAY. Be aware of your surroundings and don't bombard them with compliments until they're free. Once they're done loading up, stalk them, love them, hug them, get on your fucking knees, and bow down to greatness. This will please me seeing you do this. Thank you. *Bonus bonus tips: if you use the restroom, do not pee on the floor or seat. Katie Killer with ridicule you for the rest of your days. You're an adult. Aim, you nasty fucker.

6) Make sure you know the host if you hit up the after parties. Nothing is more awkward if you show up to someone's house and they don't know you. At the least, if you find yourself in this predicament, introduce yourself asap. Don't be a creepy douche.

7) Don't drink and drive. Don't be an asshole. Call an Uber, or hitch a ride from someone. If you're new to Downtown, everyone is super nice, and if your nice to them, they WILL help you out.

8) Wear comfortable clothes. This is not a fashion show. Something will rip. You are going to get dirty, you will sweat, you will get covered in beer, you will be slathered in other people's bodily fluids, and in some cases, you will get bloody. Make sure you are breezy, comfy, and sensible.

9) Last tip: have fun. Loud!Fest is for everyone to come together, drink, laugh, listen to music, and make new friends. This only happens once a year, and honestly, it's better than Christmas. I've met the coolest people, seen the BEST shows, and made the best of friends during Loud!Fest. No exclusions, no pretentiousness, no hate, and no asshole. Come, stay the three days, and make it count! We'll see you at the gates.—JESSICA LITTLE



THURSDAY MAY 18

GRAND STAFFORD THEATER

7PM—CORUSCO (BCS)

7:45PM—THE FOX IN THE GROUND (BCS)

8:30PM—FIRST THOUGHT WORST THOUGHT (ATX)

9:15PM—HAND ME DOWN ADVENTURE (ATX)

10PM—LUCA (BCS)

10:45PM—UNICORNDOG (BCS)

REVOLUTION INDOORS

7:30PM—TBD

8:15PM—APHOTIC CONTRIVANCE (BCS)

9PM—MOTHRACIDE (BCS)

9:45PM—PRISON EATER (ATX)

10:30PM—ALTERCATION COMEDY (ATX)

11:15PM—THE TRON SACK (BCS)

12:30AM—THE SHUT UPS (ATX)

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LOUD!FEST

2017 | BRYAN TX | MAY 18 - 20 | REV + STAFFORD

FRIDAY MAY 19

REVOLUTION INDOORS

7PM—TENINO (BCS)

8PM—ODD FOLKS (DFW)

9PM—GOLDEN SOMBRERO (HTX)

10PM—MYDOLLS (HTX)

11PM—TRANSMOGRAPHY (ATX)

12AM—HONEYRUDE (ATX)

1AM—THE EX-OPTIMISTS (BCS)

REVOLUTION OUTDOORS

7:30PM—THE INATORS (BCS)

8:30PM—JAY SATELLITE (ATX)

9:30PM—THE ESCATONES (HTX)

10:30PM—A SUNDAE DRIVE (HTX)

11:30PM—THE WELL (ATX)

12:30AM—MAGNET SCHOOL (ATX)

GRAND STAFFORD THEATER

7PM—TONGUE PUNCH (BCS)

7:45PM—THICK BRITCHES (BCS)

8:30PM—STEREOTYPE (BCS)

9:15PM—ECONOMY ISLAND

(ATX)

10PM—HEATER (FWTX)

10:45PM—BULLS (FWTX)

11:30PM—ELECTRIC ASTRO-NAUT (BCS)

SATURDAY MAY 20

REVOLUTION INDOORS

6PM—PIZZA PLANET (BCS)

7PM—HAMMER PARTY

(HuntsvilleTX)

8PM—MUTANT LOVE (BCS)

9PM—RUBELLA MUTI (ATX)

10PM—THE GLORY HOLES

(MEMPHIS)

11PM—THE COPS (HTX)

12AM—KILLER HEARTS (HTX)

1AM—THE HANGOUTS (BCS)

REVOLUTION OUTDOORS

6:30PM—PISS PENNY (BCS)

7:30PM—HOPELESS CITY BLUES (HTX)

8:30PM—BUMMERTOWN

(CANADA)

9:30PM—SUPERGRAVE (HTX)

10:30PM—CITY LIFE (ATX)

11:30PM—TBD

12:30AM—BOY WONDER (ATX)

GRAND STAFFORD THEATER

6:15PM—KHAN (HTX)

7PM—A DEATHBED PROMISE (BCS)

7:45PM—THE SHOOBIEDOOBIES (BCS)

8:30PM—FUNERAL HORSE (HTX)

9:15PM—MYRA MAYBELLE (BCS)

10PM—HEXIST (ATX)

10:45PM—THE BLOOD ROYALE (ATX)

11:30PM—ASS (BCS)

It is not often that we lose someone in the Downtown Bryan community in the tragic manner that we lost Ray Ruiz last month. He was quite literally there one day, tossing dough at Rx Pizza, drinking at Revolution, hanging out...and then gone the next. 30 is way to short a life, but Ray packed a lot into those 30 years. 979Represent remembers Ray Ruiz.

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Ray and I used to have this running joke, that no matter what we were doing, or who we were with, if we saw each other, we were required to have a scheduled hug right then and there. Part of this was just a silly joke, but part was also a very important part of our friendship. It was that guarantee that no matter what we would always make time for each other. Sometimes this meant stopping in at Rx when I knew he was working, or keeping my eyes peeled for him on any given Wednesday at Revolution; this became such a habit for us that we would wander off from conversations. After while, this started spreading into the rest of my friendships, and everyone I knew was getting bear-hugs, but Ray's were always the most heartfelt. It's been a weird time lately not getting my bear-hugs from Ray, but I can tell you that all the hugs that I do give are a little longer, and a little more full of love. — *TEGAN ALLISON*

=====

Ray Ruiz was my friend and my co-worker. Most of my memories of Ray come from the privilege of working along side him. He was, in my eyes, the brunt force in the kitchen. The person to get things done. He was determined to make RX Pizza a better place to eat your lunch or dinner. He also loved entertaining all the kids that came into RX. That was my favorite part. Even if we were in a rush and were all busy, he would be putting smiles on faces. At the time it seemed frustrating. But looking back it just makes me realize where his head was at. Spreading joy and laughter was his number one goal. And it's something I will never forget. — *IAN GOSLING*

=====

I didn't know ray for very long but i knew he went through a lot of shit throughout his life including family issues, moving around a ton, and his seizures but he never let his past bother him. He was always smiling and always had something good to say. He was part of our community and contributed to this community and for that we will always remember Ray Ruiz in our hearts and our spirits. We love you bubba keep it rockin' in the big blue sky. — *ZACH NORTHCUTT*

IN MEMORIAM: RAY RUIZ



I highly doubt that words could serve any sort of justification to the extent of my value to your effervescent presence, but I am going to make my best attempt to do just that.

You were the fella' that could take a crippled gal on crutches (me), with no ability to carry her own drink, which you insisted on buying and carrying for me, to a higher level of self worth, when she had none. You were the fella that could crack some cheesy pick up line, with no ulterior motive, that would have me tilted in seconds.

You were the fella' that had an uncanny ability to make me giggle at the bottom of the barrel, at my worst, even.

I wish you'd finished that book we always talked about, written by that dude born and raised in the Valley. We discussed this book for months, and you kept bringing it to Revolutions, ranting and raving about it; being only halfway through, I was so ecstatic to finally get my hands on it, reason being that the Valley was our first 'common ground', upon meeting each other. I wish I'd listened to all the bands you'd pushed on me, so we could have connected on another level, aside from the bands we mutually loved thus far in our friendship. There's many things/topics I would have loved to discuss with a kindred soul such as yourself, and now, that's not possible; and it kills me.

However, to reiterate just how valuable your presence was, and to see some light in a tragic situation, I do see what this tragedy has done for this community, and our family of friends. I was raised to see the glass half full, not empty, and it has served me well through the trials and tribulations of life. What I see here is that you are STILL, somehow managing to do what you were meant to, and that is, in my opinion, to bring happiness and joy to anyone you encounter.

It's very hard to fathom that you are still able to instill positivity and love in the one's around you through the loss of your own life, which in a sense, almost makes me feel that as horribly painful as it was/is to lose you, you've still managed to manifest something incredibly beautiful with a very gorgeous purpose, in what was/is your surroundings.

I love you very, very fucking much, Ray Ruiz, and I will miss you every damn day.

Sincerely Yours,
— *KYLIE ALYSSA KINSOLVING*

FUCK THE TOADIES, LONG LIVE LOUDFEST!!

AN ORAL HISTORY BY JOSHUA SIEGEL

When I first moved to Bryan from Houston a little more than four years ago, I fucking hated it. I knew nothing of Downtown Bryan and spent my first five or six months here going to Northgate every night (because I am an alcoholic) and driving back to Houston whenever possible. The first time I went to Revolution was the first time I felt comfortable in this place. I thought, "Alright, this is a bar I would actually go to by choice (not necessity)." One of the first times I came up to Rev, I managed to catch The Ex-Optimists. I had no clue there was really awesome music in what I thought was a maroon wasteland populated by drunk cowboys. Kelly and the rest of the community have become like family and I don't want to leave this place.

One of the events that I look forward to every year is Loud!Fest. For three nights and three hangover-riddled mornings, nothing else really matters except bands, booze and debauchery. This will be my fourth Loud!Fest to attend, but the festival has been put on for 10 years now. Festival founders Kelly Minnis, Matt and Niki Shea and Michael "Wonko" Scarborough were gracious enough to hang out and share the story of Bryan-College Station's premier dirtbag music festival, some of their favorite memories and what makes the weekend so special.

Josh: So, who is to blame for all of this?

Wonko: The Toadies

Niki: Because we hate the fucking Toadies.

Matt: They would do this thing, Northgate Music Festival. They would bring bands and it was all North by Northgate, and the way they were doing shit where maybe if they asked any local bands it was an afterthought. So, we were kinda like, "Fuck that." The first Loud!Fest was only local bands.

N: (The first LOUDFEST) was all local bands, one day.

Ten bands, and it was to help these two high school girls who were petitioning the city to get the (College Station) skate park built for their friend who had passed away. So, we thought, we want to do something to help spread the word, and that's really what the first one was because these girls were doing all this work for like a year.

Kelly: They did it for several years. It took a long time for them to get the city to pay attention to them, and finally, once the city paid attention to them, they kind of gave them a fool's errand. Like, "Hey, if you can get these signatures, then come back to us." And, sure as shit, they got all of the signatures. Crossed every T. Dotted every I. Jumped through every hoop that the city put in front of them and eventually there was enough momentum and interest that the city had to do it. Plus, all that POT tax money, they had to do something cool with it.

N: That was the point of the very first one at Zapato's, and then we moved Downtown.

W: The skate park was the excuse, but we had always wanted to do something that was more for the locals.

K: And the Stafford opened in '09, and that gave us, "Wait, now there's two places Downtown where we could do a thing."

M: But, only recently after that had Rola started to come downtown because Rev was just drum circles and hoola hoops and shit all the time. I mean it still is, but ...

W: There was a lot of resistance.

M: There were no rock bands going on at all. And she came out and saw we were doing what we do, and she was kind of like, "Why don't you guys come and do music over here sometime?" Which was super cool ...

W: Because it was probably the first time she moshed.

M: She got real "punk" there for a little bit. She kept smashing into me. I was like, "Holy shit, don't break Rola!

Everybody be careful!"

N: [Ten years ago], it was basically like everyone who was normally there would be [at Rev], and we'd show up and they'd all fucking leave.

M: Basically.

K: So, it's a lot like now.

N: It became a wider community.

M: But, at first, it was like, "What's going on? Oh! That stuff." Moving on.

K: We trained people, though. We kind of wore them out.

M: No one would ever do shows inside. That would never happen and we would always do them inside because they were getting noise complaints and shit like crazy. The bartenders always hated us. Now, it's like ... I'm sure they would prefer to not have to deal with it because it's difficult, but that's just how it is now. And luckily, Rola did that because ...

N: There would have been nowhere.

M: Zapato's shut down, and Northgate sucks. Period.

N: It's really weird. When people are like, "I can't wait. I can't wait." I mean, if we didn't do it, people would be bummed, and that's really cool.

W: It's a lot of pressure.

M: And, it's also gotten harder to stick to the way we were originally doing things. I can understand a little bit now what was going on with Northgate Music Festival, you can't just accommodate everybody —

W: You're filming the moment Matt gets fired from Loud! Fest

M: It's true. We have a lot of friends now who don't live here, but —

W: They're all part of the scene

M: We have to try to include them, but it's also a good thing to bring new people in because, honestly, Bryan and College Station still has this outside, "What's that place?"

N: It's almost like a, "We don't want to play there." It's like a stigma. But, when people come, they're like, "This place fucking rules, we love this place and everyone's so nice." They feel that.

M: It's a good way to break people in, and they're like, "Oh! Shit! This place is awesome." Even regular shows, it's a good way to break people in because this place isn't what people are assuming. Regular shows, [out-of-town bands] are like, "Oh, shit! What is this place!" Especially, Revs. I'm like, "Dude, come. You're going to sell merch. It might only be 10 people or 20 people, but most of them are actually going to be interested in what you're doing." Whereas you go to Austin, it might be 50 or 60 people, but maybe like three of them give a shit.

K: Man, we have even caught people from out of town saying they want to move to Bryan.

N: Yeah, our friends in Austin say it all the time.

W: I hope to not be responsible for that.

M: No one in the history of ever music-wise has said, "Man, we want to move from Austin or Houston and come to Bryan."

N: A lot of our Austin friends say it, "No, we want to come there. The scene is so cool and everyone is so cool." That kind of says a lot. That's pretty neat.

W: We wouldn't be able to do what we do without [the local community]. We could put on the biggest, best festival possible and if people didn't come support it, it wouldn't be shit.

N: I always think that it's better to build it than to just jump in and do this huge thing ***Kelly nods along*** because if you build it —

W: Then, perhaps they will come?

N: — they will come.

M: That's been Niki from the beginning because after like one or two, me and Kelly have been like, "We can get like 50 fucking bands and do all this big shit," and Niki was like, "NO! NO! NO!" *** KELLY MAKES WHIP-CRACKING MOTION*** "SMALL! SMALL! We can get there."

K: But, each step that we took escalated it and was a big deal. We went from two nights and two stages to, "Ya know, I think I could do a third night and there's probably enough bands to do it." Then there was a third night. Then there was, "Ya know, why don't we do two stages at Revolution?" So, instead of doing what any other music fest would do, which is shoot your entire load on that first one, you work your way up to it, and that's why there are 10 Loud!Fests and there weren't 10 Northgate Music Festivals. There weren't 10 Rock the Republics. There weren't 10 whatever's.

M: It also goes back to we could do this with nothing. There's no money. There's no grant from the city..

W: The budget has always been less than \$1,000.

M: If we get any money, it's from dudes like Cliff or —

N: Local businesses that support it.

M: Joe [Wegwert].

W: People who are already a part of it.

M: It's not like we're going to go solicit, and we need money from you and you, and then people are like, "Well, what are we going to get out of it?" It's people who are like, "We want to support what you're doing and here's money." And we use that to buy the t-shirts and food and beer and to pay the bands.

W: Which is technically how sponsors are supposed to work. It's more communal. They're helping because they want to, not because they're seeking some benefit. They come to us and say we want to help.

N: And that's really worked really well because we get the shirts, and the food, and the beer for bands, and it generates itself so the bands get paid and everything comes out even.

M: Even with that, half the bands, a lot of bands, we do it all through friends, and there's some bands that we don't ever pay any kind of guarantee. I think that we paid out Ringo Deathstarr pretty decent, and occasionally there's one — but even most bands, we tell them we can give them \$50, \$75 for gas money.

N: We can put them up.

K: They get fed, they get drunk, they get a place to sleep.

M: And a really fun show. And, a lot of times, the out of town bands, they don't want the money. They're like, "Nope, we just want to play in this." Those guys like Fraser (The Shut-Ups, Transmography), they won't take any money.

W: That's the point. That's why we've always stuck with that \$5 entry fee, which is ridiculous. It's the cost of a beer and you get three full nights, 50 bands, whatever, but the point has always been to throw a big party. We love all of these bands and they're our friends and all of the people who come, they're our friends.

M: It's just enough to make it worth it. We could charge \$10 or whatever, but we don't need to. It makes enough to perpetuate itself at this level.

W: And, it forces us to stick with our original ideals of sticking with locals and smaller bands.

M: We're not trying to get Pat Green and fucking ZZ Top.

N: We're not trying to get the fucking Toadies.

M: That was the whole thing with Northgate Music Festival with the fucking Toadies. They had this huge budget and I think they paid them like 60-fucking-thousand dollars. What the fuck, dude? You could get Earth, Wind & Fire for like \$8,000, but they got the Toadies who live two hours away.

K: Earth. Wind. and Fire. You don't have to just pick one.

N: That show was so much the impetus for starting Loud! Fest because we all sat upstairs at Shotzi's and the place was packed because they booked AtariMatt at the same time. AtariMatt, great unwashed luminaries and they only booked the local bands at the same time the Toadies were out in the parking lot. It was probably 100 people packed into Shotzi's, which is a lot of people. It was a great show, and fuck that.

The \$5 kind of goes back to the punk rock thing. We all grew up with the 80s, going to shows. That's how much a show cost. It didn't matter who it was. I mean, fucking Fugazi played for \$5.

N: Always. Always for \$5.

K: That was part of the thing. Let's do it at the absolute minimum we need to do it to get by because, again, it's not about making money. It's about not losing it. We want to make sure we break even, but nobody's in it to make money. We're in it to have a hell of a time. It's my favorite time of the year.

N: There are a ton of new bands playing Loud!Fest this year ...

M: There's a lot more and that makes it harder because there's a limited number of spots, and just like every show, everyone wants to play at 10:30 or 11, ya know? That's why I said, I'm going to have 11 o'clock Fest — 15 bands all fuckin' play at 11 o'clock —

W: It's 50 nights! but it's only one band a night at 11.

M: It's like, I don't want these bands to come from Memphis or Japan or Houston or wherever and have them play at 5 o'clock in the afternoon when everybody's hungover and nobody's really there yet. That's where, to me — I wouldn't say it's being shitty or anything — but that's where like the new band — like, "Oh, we've never played a show, but we really want to play Loud!Fest." I'm like, "Well, you haven't really done anything, but you can play at the very beginning." You're not going to play at 10 p.m. if you've never had a show, but it gets hard because now there's more established bands. Our bands anchor the end,

CONTINUED. ->

and that seems to work out well because you don't ever want to put anybody at the end of the night. We all take the butt slot, but then you have to fill in the middle --
W: You gotta fill in the middle of that butt slot.
N: Just the tip.
M: But I don't want to shove all of the local bands up at the beginning --
W: Can't shove em in the butt slot.

K: I think it's just been really interesting to find that there is an entire community in this state of bands who have the same sort of attitude about playing music that we do. They have jobs. They're 30-something, 40-something. They're not in it to win it. They're not in it to fuck anybody else over so they can reach that next rung of the ladder. They're in it because they don't know how not to. They've always been passionate about music. They've always been in a band, and they keep doing it long past the time where maybe society frowns upon you still doing it. They love it as much as we do and do it for pretty much the same sort of reasons as we do. So, it's been exciting to continue to meet those kind of people -- play with them out of town, bring them here to play, and then you find out they know people in Kansas City and they say, "Hey, you should go up and play in Kansas City. We know a band that's just like you guys up there." And then, you go up there and discover, "Oh! We know somebody in Oklahoma City that's like you guys." You discover that there's an entire network of bands who are in it for the right reasons, who make great music and you develop friendships. I mean, that's not something I really remember growing up that really happened. Bands competed with one another. Everyone wanted to have the best stage, the best time slot, the most people to come to the show ...
N: When we moved here from Austin, we were looking for anything, ANYTHING, and there was nothing at that time.
M: There had been a little bit of a scene right before we got here like Chexican and all his bands, and Shelly, and all those guys. They had their little scene for a little while and would play at Gumby's all the time. That totally died right before we moved here. I can remember there was one band, Super Structure, that was a Cannibal Corpse-type band. It was half college kids and half old local dudes, and they would play cow-hop and shit and they were fucking awesome. It was like, "Oh, shit, Super Structure's playing that's where we're going." A gaggle of weird people.
N: It took us a couple of years to find each other and to actually start doing shit and be like, "Fuck it! We're doing it! Let's just fucking do it!"
M: Slowly, it all started going together, and all the weirdos just kind of found each other.
N: Me and my sister, though, like right before Matt and I started dating, it was DodgeballFest is what it was. We would rent out the community center out in Wellborn, and it's not what it is now, it was an old church and it had a big pavilion. So, we'd rent it for \$50, and we did it two

years in a row and we'd have all our friend's bands come play, and we'd have kegs and it would be like a dodgeball tournament and bands and beer, and we were like, "This would be fucking fun, let's do it!"
W: Coming to Loud!Fest11, a dodgeball stage ...
N: I was 19 when we did that. But, all of my friends went to school here, and then they graduated and moved away. It was fucking awesome, but then everyone moved, and then we ended up moving to Austin, so ...

M: Honestly, last year was one of the most awesome ones ever because all of the younger kids came out and figured out --
W: Seeing the next generation of bands and they're just as into it as we were --
M: Just going apeshit, watching that happen was one of the pinnacle moments ...
W: But also, Fraser throwing a chair up in the tree ... and Nasim then bringing the tree down was pretty good.
K: Three years ago when Muhamedali crowd surfed my drumset out from under me.
W: When we almost broke Revolution.
K: Killer performances ...
W: Every band that had to play at Stage Center that had to play in like that old woman's living room
K: It looked like we were on the set of Geraldo. So, you'd see these brutal fuckers like Venomous Maximus up there and there's like a couch --
M: -- and a bush. It looked like someone's living room.
W: There was one year we had to use Third Floor (StageCenter), and they still had it set up for a play and refused to remove the props.
M: That was one of the best sounding Venomous shows I've ever been to.
W: And then we killed their PA.
K: Yeah, we blew up Alkari's PA before they could play through it.
W: Quite a few PAs.
M: For me, I've had a lot of bands from my old days come play here that either didn't or hadn't since the 90s like The Chumps, MoTards, Boy Wonder, Street Pizza. Babylon Breakers.
W: Babylon Breakers last year and all the kids freaking out. And Babylon Breakers from Japan booking their tour AROUND Loud!Fest.
N: Which is amazing.
M: I think for the last few years, we've always had an out-of-U.S. band.
K: We've got Canadians this year.
M: I was bummed, we didn't have an out-of-country band, and Justin was like, "I know these guys. They're from Canada," and I was like, "They're on!" I don't care what they sound like, they're on!
K: Nickelback!
M: We'll take em!

M: I just hope that Downtown will stay where we can keep doing what we're doing.

W: I think part of our success is we never tried to be successful. We don't really have a goal, but it's just, "Can I/we do a fun thing?"
K: "Can we actually be able to do it this year?" Ok! Phew
M: And just that it doesn't rain.
W: Ever again. ... And last year, our house flooded. That's my goal. No flooding.
N: If we can just keep it D.I.Y. \$5, bands still want to come, people still want to come, then we've done it!
M: I just hope that we can still have the ability to still do it. If there was no Revs or no Stafford, we could do it somewhere else, but it wouldn't be the same. Especially, if Revs just disappeared overnight or whatever, it would be really hard to replace that. That's kind of become the focal point --
W: Also, you'd have to wonder how a whole building just disappeared.
N: Aliens.
M: Or rather, Revolution, not Rev or Revs. SORRY!
N: Don't put an "S."
M: Some people get really offended when you don't call it, "Revolution." Revolution Cafe and Bar [dot com]. Not Rev.
W: Revolution is absolutely the heart of everything.
N: Oh! It is. ... Without Rola and the community, we could not [do any of this].
W: She's let people make it their own.
M: She's allowed that to happen. ... It's kind of like the CBGB's thing.
K: Exactly.
M: She's not into what we do, but she likes us as people and --
K: And it's good business.
M: It's a mutual thing. She's always thanking us, and I'm like, "No, we thank you!"
N: We couldn't do it without her.
W: She's also very community-minded. I think even if we didn't make her money, she'd still be cool. But, as a bonus ... that got our foot in the door.
K: Instead of something happening around here only once every three months, there's good odds that every other weekend, if you go to Revolution, there's going to be a good show. If not every weekend.
M: You can always say, if we didn't have that maybe we would have found another place, but --
W: It wouldn't have been the same.
N: No, it wouldn't be the same. Revs is home away from home.
M: It's honestly very special and everyone who comes from out of town says, "I wish I had this."
K: When everyone in the Downtown Bryan Association talks about how they want to make it more like something else, that's when I start to get nervous and worried because what has been amazing about Downtown is that Downtown has just kind of developed without any real agenda, and whenever you try to force an agenda and imprint an identity on something, it generally doesn't work and doesn't take as well as something that naturally evolves.

STILL POETRY

LIGHTNING

No reason exists,
except happenstance,
to not make it in time
and then grease your pants.

Though moments arise,
I must confess,
I was so glad to wear pants
instead of a dress.

For gravity holds sway
from the bowel to the floor,
so God forbid a latched-lock
on the bathroom door.

— KEVIN STILL

DIETARY ADVICE

If you choose
to drink carrot juice,
be prepared
to shit orange.

— KEVIN STILL

A COLLECTION OF HORRORS IN LESS THAN ONE MINUTE

(#1) I realize I do not have my phone
(#2) Or a pen (#3) or a journal:
I am (#4) without contact, (#5) without voice
To an outside world -- so far! -- that may
Any moment (#6) expire -- capsized
Beneath (#7) floods or (#8) darkness
Or (#9) undercooked meat -- while
I remain here (#10) trapped (#11) alone
And (#12) unmissed. I have only just
Arrived, just taken seat to find
That even (#13) music does not exist
In the (#14) silence of this men's room
Where surely I will find, left behind,
One roll of (#15)
— KELLY MINNIS

YOU ARE NOT A MAP

She said, "I am not a map,"
but I've got you spread out across my lap.
My hands press flat the creases in your folds.
My fingers trace the roadways that others have
worn smooth with their index and thumbs.
The mountains, the valleys, the rivers, the bridges,
forests in sage, freeways in coral, rivers azure.
One inch spans hundreds of miles in your legend.
Once I have sufficiently found my way
I will fold you neatly and put you away.
— KELLY MINNIS

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DICTATOR'S DAUGHTER

Once upon a time, there was a dictator who had a daughter. The dictator, who came to power vowing to make his country great, enacted a series of

repressive policies under the guise of nationalism. He persecuted the media and the opposition, used "war on terror" rhetoric to justify a clampdown on civil rights, maintained a close but complicated relationship with Russia, and built a kleptocracy that ensured the country's riches lined his pockets.

The daughter seemed different. She was an Ivy League-educated cosmopolitan socialite who married into a powerful business family before making her mark as a philanthropist and businesswoman. Like her father, she encouraged an avid personality cult. She hid her own brutal practices under the pretext of a soft type of "feminism," claiming to represent the ideal modern woman of her country.

I'm talking about Uzbekistan's recently deceased president Islam Karimov and his daughter Gulnara Karimova. If you thought I was going straight after DT and co this should really concern you.

For us, the elevation of Ivanka Trump and her husband, Jared Kushner, into the upper echelons of the administration is an unfamiliar violation of basic tenets of American governance. The United States was founded to rebel against monarchy. There have been numerous political dynasties – Adams, Roosevelt, Kennedy, Bush, Clinton etc – there has never been such blatant nepotism with the insertion of relatives who have no qualifications into such high positions of power.

While novel to the US, the Trump family dynamic may be familiar for citizens of authoritarian kleptocracies. I already mentioned Uzbekistan, but it's common in other authoritarian regimes as well. The autocrat also knows his family, and wants them around. Advisors outside the family or personal history will conspire to get their piece of the pie. If you're already shitty, why are you going to trust others?

Adult children of authoritarians are useful in three ways: first, they tend to be trustworthy confidants in regimes rife with paranoia, as corrupt authoritarian states usually are. Second, they are excellent vessels for laundering money, creating enough distance that assets stolen from the state are harder to track. Third, they tend to have a warmer public profile which offsets the brutality of the dictator by distracting the population with pictures of their happy families and glamorous lifestyles.

For nearly two years, Jared and Ivanka have been peddled by the press as a "moderating influence" on her vulgar, bigoted father. They have done nothing to merit this characterization.

When hate crimes rose in tandem with the Trump campaign, Ivanka and Jared were silent. When xenophobes like Michael Flynn – the former NSA head revealed to be a foreign agent – screeched tirades at the Republican National Convention, Ivanka and her siblings dutifully followed on stage. When Trump filled his cabinet with white supremacists like Steve Bannon, nazis like Seb Gorka, and racists like Jeff Sessions, Ivanka and Jared did not distance themselves, but joined the team.

This is not a "moderating influence". This is complicity.

Ivanka has managed to say nothing and disagrees with her father on a few issues, while also serving as his chief apologist. The only thing she's had any impact on is getting her father to take a meeting with the president of Planned Parenthood. He still reinstated the global gag rule, hired a climate change denier as head of the EPA, and continues to try and build a wall and ban Muslims.

Jared, who has screwed up in at least two other industries, has now been tasked with bringing peace to the Middle East, and serving as an all-purpose envoy around the world, which would be funnier if the US was not flirting with war with several heavily armed countries.

We are supposed to believe that Donald Trump, who once bragged that he would turn away Syrian refugee children, suddenly discovered his conscience through Ivanka, who apparently also just noticed the child victims of the brutal six-year war.

In response, Trump launched a strike without a strategy at a Syrian base, accomplishing nothing yet gaining media accolades – "He's so presidential," pundits swooned, before Trump blew it a few days later by nearly getting into nuclear war with North Korea – all seemingly at the behest of his daughter.

This is unprecedented and unpresidential in many ways: the casual violence, the arbitrary policies, the unsettling nature of the father-daughter relationship, both personal and political. That Trump, lapping up media praise, followed up his Syria strike with a pointless megabomb on Afghanistan and a frightening escalation of rhetoric with North Korea is concerning: What if Ivanka decides it's time to take out fellow nuke-bearer Kim Jong Un?

That is not a rhetorical question, that is an actual question. If you disagree, imagine it is five years ago, and you are reading the paragraphs above, and were told that was America's future.

When not operating as Trump's military muse, Ivanka follows him in the family business of grift. As a member of the federal government, Ivanka is also subject to the emoluments clause, a clause in the US Constitution that prohibits the federal government from granting titles of nobility, and restricts members of the government from receiving gifts, "emoluments" (that is, pay or compensation), offices, or titles from foreign states without the consent of Congress. It was designed to shield the republican character of the US against "corrupting foreign influences."

On the same day that Trump met China's President Xi, the Chinese government agreed to approve trademarks for sale of Ivanka's jewelry and handbags. It's not direct compensation, but that is damn close.

When President Erdogan of Turkey won a referendum essentially rendering him a dictator, Trump shocked pundits by congratulating him – until 2012 tweets from Ivanka praising Erdogan's backing of Trump Tower emerged.

That there has not been greater inquiry into her financial dealings and foreign ties speaks to a normalization of abuse of executive power, probably because trading policy for handbags seems less threatening than other actions take by the president. Trump did not drain the swamp; he merely made it into a moat that protects his family.

At the center of this protective measure is Jared, who when not doing his alleged job of Absolutely Everything, serves as a chess piece in the Trump administration's media games, a pawn ready to be turned king. According to widely publicized "leaked" information, Kushner is locked in an ideological war with Steve Bannon, the white supremacist advisor who was recently ranked America's least popular political figure.

Shaking up the status of players is common practice for authoritarian regimes and reality TV shows. Trump now has experience in both.

There is no sign that Bannon has relinquished White House power in a meaningful way. Despite leaving the

national security council, he still has both his security clearance and Trump's ear. Should Bannon actually be removed, one would need to see whether he actually left the president's sphere of influence, or lurks in the shadows, like Trump's former campaign advisor/foreign agent Paul Manafort did after he took a similar plunge in popularity.

It is very common practice for authoritarian regimes to move around players to create the illusion of debate and dissent, both as a distraction from the regime's flaws but also to give the impression that power is distributed equitably rather than consolidated around a dictator. Shaking up the status of players is also very common practice on reality TV shows, and Trump now has experience in both.

The goal of positioning Jared as the antithesis of Bannon appears to be to legitimize Jared, who has accomplished nothing beneficial to the American public, while moving the unpopular Bannon further from sight.

What these maneuvers resemble, unfortunately, are the consolidation of a dynasty – the push of kin into the inner circle, more important as the FBI investigation into Russian interference comes bearing down. Jared, through resume padding and theatrical feuds, is getting a makeover – and possibly being groomed for power.

What is important to remember is that neither Ivanka nor Jared should be there in the first place. They were not elected, they are likely violating many laws ranging from emoluments to security clearance improprieties, they have no qualifications for their jobs, and they wield enough influence that an offhand remark can lead to a bombing and a handbag line can lead to a change in foreign policy. It is tempting to normalize this, to look for the good – "at least they're better than Bannon" – but there is nothing good about dynastic kleptocracy.

Ivanka said in her 2009 book "Perception is more important than reality. If someone perceives something to be true, it is more important than if it is in fact true. This doesn't mean you should be duplicitous or deceitful, but don't go out of your way to correct a false assumption if it plays to your advantage." Are those the people we want to keep in our highest offices?

Ivanka Trump did not choose to be Donald Trump's daughter, but she chose to participate in this administration, as did her husband. They are accountable. They are complicit. – STARKNESS

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STILL DRINKING

A quick rant here. Our own **Blackwater Draw** has offered themselves a great disservice by insisting their **Mulligan Kolsch Style** brew is a

"cross-over" situation "for the novice drinker". In fact, their website actually says, "Consider this your gateway to better beer"—the connotation being that Mulligan is **not yet a better beer**. It's just a bump in the road leading to better beer. It's a stepping stone. A teaser trailer. A junior varsity bench for those who haven't manned up to the plate of big hops and burly malts. That's the connotation in such descriptions. And I get it. I realize that Blackwater Draw established themselves in Northgate, which is not exactly a hub of culinary quaintness. Northgate is where many of our city's temporary residents go to expunge themselves of inhibitions and ovulations, and mass quantities of whatever -is-cheapest may assist such quests. So, sure, Blackwater Draw has to situate themselves *right there* somehow—in between all the Rebel flags and Breakaway t-shirts—and they must seek to entice Natty Light drinkers to try something new. I get it.

Still, I believe the marketing sells Blackwater Draw a bit short on this one because Mulligan is a damn fine beer. Granted, their website does boast Mulligan as being "a great session beer for the experienced craft beer drinker", but the damage has been done—i.e. Mulligan is merely a "cross-over" situation, not a real one. Well, I say, **PSHAW IN THE HIGHEST!** This spring I have fallen in love with Mulligan. I'm tossing them back every chance I get. It's crisp. It's effervescent. It's got that super pleasing golden straw aromatherapy thing happening. And I love the sneaky complexity of Mulligan: the weight of the beer, the breadiness, does not rise until the end your second glass, which in turn causes you to slow down and relish the remainder—or another one entirely. For the record, I have never sipped a Mulligan with eyes wistfully gazing into the landscape of wider and wilder places this beer might take me. I sip each glass of Mulligan fully convinced I have already arrived. End rant.

I realize a White boy from South Arkansas such as myself probably should not boast about "privilege" in our modern political climate, but to golly heck with it. I feel positively tickled with privilege to live within the distribution range of California's **Anderson Valley Brewing**. I'm thinking an anthem—better yet, a hymn!—should celebrate such a privilege. Anderson Valley has blessed me deeply this spring. And to anyone who has ever outfitted a **Dos XX lager with a salt-and-lime rim**, you've got a blessing coming your way as well. Anderson Valley Brewing is now responsible for crafting and distributing—get ready for this—**FOUR** unique Gose style ales. And each one offers a grand tinkle of its own. If you're unfamiliar with Gose style ales, you can expect a bright, fruity, tart ale that separates itself from the "sour" camp with **the inclusion of sea salt and coriander**. It's that slight saltiness—nothing too profound, no worries—that makes Gose ales so damn refreshing during the Republic's balmy seasons. These are ales meant to be enjoyed rather chilled and, because of their inherently low ABV counts, in repetition. **Goses also**

pairs well with **grilled chicken and fish**, as well as salads and goat cheese, making them perfect additions to back patio grilling.

But back to Anderson Valley's embarrassment of riches. **The Kimmie, The Yink, and The Holy Gose** (4.2% ABV) is Anderson Valley's only straight Gose style ale. Expect some peachy and tropical fruit flavors, a hearty dose of sea salt, but nothing overly funky here. This a perfect first Gose to initiate you into the style. **Briny Melon Gose** (4.2%) is infused with massive watermelon flavors and aromas. Although I still believe our own **Goliad Watermelon Gose** could win a blind-taste test with Anderson Valley's Briny Melon Gose, both are too pretty to squander in debate. **Blood Orange Gose** (4.2%ABV) is fairly self-explanatory, but, personally, I was delightfully surprised to find that the addition of Blood Orange juice did not weigh down or make this Gose syrupy. I typically dislike Blood Orange flavors, but Anderson Valley found a perfect balance between those sweeter citrus flavors and the sea salt. A truly beautiful situation right here. Lastly, and possibly my favorite of the four options, Anderson Valley's **G&T Gose** (4.2% ABV) is a hat-tip to the classic cocktail sharing those initials. As much as I despise gin, this G&T Gose finds a perfect balance between hints of juniper and big lemon-lime flavors. This may truly be at the top of my Gose list. It's bright and tart with a biting final finish that leaves you only wanting plenty more. At the craft brewing intersection of science and art, the G&T Gose takes a sharp turn into the artful side of brewing. It's freaking Picasso in a can.

Let's close on a few brief notes: First of all, Shiner has a new big-bottle **Peach Wheat** (*4.5% ABV) ale that I have not mustered the courage to care about or try; however, if you can get your hands on **Shiner's Berliner Weisse** (4.1% ABV), found in Shiner family packs and 24 ounce bombers, do it. While not a truly bodacious example of the style, it's still a pretty little experience in its own right. Secondly, **St Arnold's Divine Reserve #17** (9.2% ABV) is a Baltic Porter worth every penny they demand for its beauty. Expect a surprisingly satisfying sweetness balanced by a hearty body of warmly roasted malts. And might I recommend consuming it at less than chilled temperatures. Thirdly, I had occasion to visit **Sockdolager Brewing Company** in Abilene, where I sampled their flagship flight. The kindest thing I can say about Sockdolager is that it's all the way in Abilene. However, the only glass I tried of **Pappy Slocum's Local Yella Cream Ale** (5.69%), also an Abilene original, was so pretty I wished to dip a postcard in it just to send a sample to our own Kelly Minnis, knowing cream ales are his signature style. Lastly, and while I'm behaving rather snarky, I recently found myself in a pickle at a local corner store where the only hoppy option was **Lagunitas IPA**. Two wisdoms arose from this situation: A.) never settle for the Lagunitas IPA cause dammit, baby, you're better than that; (B.) stock up on **Bell's Two-Hearted Ale** or **Lazy Magnolia Southern Hospitality IPA**. Both of those ales deserve staple status in any hop head's crisper. And there's nothing "cross-over" about either one. They've both fully arrived at damn-near perfection. —KEVIN STILL



TODD LIVES IN A FILM: *FREE FIRE*

What the hell are we doing here in the shithole warehouse. Sure a criminal deal needs to take place out of sight, but these people couldn't have found somewhere a little more decent than this place. So much for the glamour of the America, it's certainly not the green hills of home. Whatever manufacturer abandoned the building didn't make an effort pick up any of the crates and crap strewn about the floors. Need to keep a level head—look over the merchandise, make sure it fires, open up the crates, then load them up and get them back home for the fight.

Why can't anyone ever be on time—maybe it's a American thing? I haven't said more but a passing comment about it, but it's not difficult to have some professional courtesy. Instead they walk up to you all cool and cocksure, one corner of their mouth in a smirk, dressed for a dinner party instead of dock deck, extend a lazily firm handshake, and offer some stupid one-liner about being held up, when all of that could've been saved by honoring a frickin' watch. Save your power moves for some other bloke, I can see right past them. It's fine, I'm calm, definitely calmer than the rest of my witless crew who can't all even show up on time themselves—where did Frank even find these bickering idiots? These are the two jackasses I'm trusting to haul the truckload of guns? Wonderful.

Meanwhile the slick-talker Ord led us down into this hole in the wall once after he graced us with his presence. He explained that his party chose the venue, and I suppose I wasn't in the position to make demands about it, but something about him doesn't sit right. He's supposed to simply be acting as their representative, taking his cut off the top, and I don't like how chummy he is with me and my boys. Maybe that's the professional approach—lighten the mood with a smile and haircut so that everyone summoned around the guns and money keeps it cool—but I'd rather he'd simply make introductions and save the small talk. This isn't a

vacation for us, it's the answer for our livelihood. Justine seems to trust him, so perhaps I'm just paranoid. I try not to keep my gaze on Justine for too long, but she's caught me a couple of times. We were lucky enough to get connected with her so that she could set up this deal, and come tomorrow morning I'll be on a boat with the cargo, so it's not exactly the best opportunity to ask a woman out for a drink. She plays her femininity up just enough to soften the dinginess of this meeting, a kind yet confident expression, but she's shown a couple times already that this isn't her first weapons deal. She's met all the major players her before, vouches for them even though she obviously doesn't like them too much either (but hell, hardly anyone can stand anyone else here). She's learned how to handle the bullshit machismo given off by the low-lives and suits alike, and will quickly respond to a patronizing line with a "fuck off". Keep it simple, every gets what they came for, get out happy.

Except I can't stand to hear another word out of Vernon's idiot mouth. This is the guy we have to deal with to purchase some semi-automatics? He's dressed up like he's out for a night at the disco, not a warehouse gun sale, and that stupid mustache with an accent bastardized from three different places drives me up a wall. I would've walked away from this when he brought out the wrong frickin' rifle to show up (and HE gets offended that I'm upset), but we really need the guns, and if they fire they fire. I know how to count money correctly for the sale price, so how about correctly bringing M16s to match the order? He fancies himself a businessman when really he's a certified imbecile. No matter, just give him the briefcase and have the boys load up the truck. The edginess to this night is beginning to be too much, and Stevo is being skittish off in the corner when he should have crates in his hands. Vernon smiling like an idiot while his men try to look like tough guys. Let them be and walk out of here, there's war enough at home to worry about, no reason to go looking for a dust-up here. —TODD HANSEN

THE FORWARD DECAY & GROWTH OF TIME

We exist in the moment. We are creatures of now living for a tomorrow that may never come for many of us. The creatures we become in our ever outreaching mind's eye are mere summaries of our assessed experiences up to that constant point of now.

We live off the ticking clock. The things we see, the air we breathe, the things we feel, form the collective I'd that either grows or shrinks as we inevitably decay with the passing of time. Time is the essence of life and the mind in so many ways without ever being the sole factor. We manage to somehow exist in the now and the forever, while still seeing into our own past and our own projections of potential personal futures. As time passes we reassess and calibrate our mental visions accordingly with sheer hope, little wit, and lots of good ol' gumption.

The Buddha taught that through the loss of want and material needs, that one could transcend the loop and struggle of some many who had come before and come

to exist outside the now, because through our minds eye we hold the potential to live forever in all directions at once.

Science teaches that energy never ceases to be. It states that particles merely change from being either protons or neutrons, and that they always continue to exist. Science also teaches that cell memory is very much a thing. Therefore even as we disperse into the next stages of being, literally every former molecule continues to contain some fragments of your former self. So perhaps the Hindus and their beliefs in reincarnation and continued life in some form of fashion aren't too farfetched. Science has also proven that something happens on an electromagnetic level when people get together to pray or meditate. Levels of projected energy increase the greater the number of people in the room.

Time passes and we either evolve or dissolve into spirals of our past.

Grow. — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

A FRESH COPY

There she is, sitting on the couch, reading. I see her face glowing in the soft light. The familiar face I've known every nuance of for the better part of my life. She blinks twice, turning the page. Her legs are curled beneath her on the leather chair that I can never get comfortable in. She notices I'm standing in the door watching. She smiles, then goes back to reading. Should I tell her? I can't decide. The ethical debate is all over the map. Professionals have been debating this since it was a theory over a century ago. Politicians have been deposed over their stance on the issue. There have been deaths on both sides of the argument.

I watched her with the boys this morning. They were laughing about our trip to the Pacific Northwest when she fell into a river looking at the salmon jump. A video replay leaps onto the kitchen screen—one of the kids must have accessed for the hundredth time. It is funny. She's just sitting there, looking at these fish jump against the current, when she gets splashed suddenly and falls forward and shakes her arms, exasperated as soon as she finds footing. Even I join the laughter.

Do the kids know? No. Just me. Why can't I take it? I didn't think it would make a difference. But it does. Those who say it doesn't are lying. Or something. I can't just let it go. This is not my wife.

But then, why tell anyone? The boys don't need to know. They're too young. What will it do for them to know? Her lab need never know. She'll continue to lead her lab as she always has. Clearly, they don't need to know. What about her? Should I tell her? I think she could handle it best. But, I thought I could handle it too.

It never seems far away. I'm mourning her. I didn't expect that. I'm mourning and sad and burst into tears at odd times. When she asks what's wrong, I can't tell her. I just say, "Stress from work, honey." She believes it. She has seen it in me before. But, I'm grieving. My wife is dead and she is the least capable of offering comfort. Unless I tell her. Maybe she'll mourn her too.

It happened while we were hiking the Alps. A freak accident. An errant rock knocked loose from above. We wanted to see the last glacier. I had to see it. I don't

know why. We weren't tired. Wanted to conquer the mountains. Then the rock. The size of a baby chicken, it came bouncing down and hit her in the chest. Just like that she was gone.

The emergency response team was there in less than seven minutes because we had the chip—plenty of time for the process. They micro-scanned her brain, took the genetic sample, mapped the epigenetic signatures, and asked me if I wanted the copy made. She never had a living will, and as closest relative this was my call. We never talked about it much. I don't know what she would have wanted, but I did not want to lose her. This was for the boys. This was for me. This was not for her.

She was dead.

So what if we brought an exact copy of her back into the world? From her first-person perspective, would anything change? She was only who she was to those of us who knew her, now.

Those who loved her.

When they asked, I said yes.

When she woke up, a brand-new thing, they had planted an extra week of memories about our hiking in the Alps and a plausible story of how she had passed out from over-exertion. Then we went home. I am the only one in her life who can confirm or deny that week of "life."

She looks up from her magazine again and asks if I'm OK. Tears are in my eyes. I blink them away. I walk into the room trying to smile. I come over and sit on the arm of her chair, place my hand on her elbow, and ask what she is reading. I look down, stunned. It's an article from a bioethics magazine called "Fresh Copies." I catch my breath—A Fresh Copy—that's what I'm married to. Does she suspect? Does she know? How could she? Why else would she be reading articles on this?

Then she looks at me, her eyes wide, moistening too. She says with forced calmness, lips quivering, "Look. I can't stand it anymore. Do you remember two years ago, after the car accident?" — STARKNESS



LOVE, MAN

Love, man, it's a funny thing.

You meet someone randomly. In a random place. On a random day. At a random time. And for some random reason, it works.

You kiss. You date. You fuck. You fight. You make up. You live together. You buy groceries. You get some dogs. You get married.

If you're lucky, you're happy. If you're not, that randomness probably seems like bad luck. But if you are *in fact* happy, every year – probably on your anniversary – you look back at your favorite random story; some random moment in your love story. Something that at the time seemed trivial (random, if you will), but in retrospect seems so... meaningful.

Love, man, it's a hell of a thing, it filters the shit out of your memories.

Like the first time I met my old man. It was just some random day. Probably a random Tuesday, at some random time. But that was the time and date that I walked into Revolution Cafe and Bar and first saw him. He was facing the stage, and as I stood behind him, my eyes traveling from his broad shoulders to the curve of his



fine ass. When he turned around, I couldn't help but smile because the face matched the ass. In the words of Mia Wallace, "I said God damn... God damn." But my smile soon faded, because he gave me this look; it was a reproach. Like he'd been waiting for me, and I was late. His eyes seemed to say, "Fuck! There you are. Where have you been?"

Love, man, it sneaks up on you, and turns you into a goddamn romantic.

Four years later, I found myself walking into that same bar, and while my white dress flirted with the Texas wind and our friends and family watched, I married the shit out of that man. And on that day, our wedding day, at no point did I cry. At no point did I doubt. There were no nerves. No second guesses, because I think it was on that random night when we first met that I too recognized him as being the person I'd traveled so long in search of ... in those random bars. On those random days.

At those random times. Until I finally walked into the right bar, on the right day, at the right time.

Happy anniversary, my love. — DENISE PUGA

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WEDGIE GETTERS UNITE!

First of all: Fuck the givers! Ripping underwear and humiliating already awkward feeling kids for centuries. You suck. If you were one of these in the past, you should feel bad. I hope you regret it on your deathbed. Because you know us Getters are gonna be like, "Dammit! I wish I'd given more wedgies." Actually, I assure you, that won't happen. We will be thinking of all the good we've done. All the humanitarian, life-giving and encouraging actions our life cups are running over with. I'm sticking my tongue out to you. Mostly because that's about all I can do. Except for these things:

The Clench. The clench is a move, that if done right, can save you from the pain associated with a wedgie. Because humiliation sucks, but a chaffed taint sucks for days. The thing to remember about the clench is to accompany it with fake screams of pain. They've got to be believable and satisfying for the giver. This will work wonders. I promise. Just tighten your butt cheeks as tight as you can. Like your life depends on it. You gotta time it right though. If done just a millisecond too late, the wedgie will be...

The Commando. I mean no underwear. It helps if you know you are going to be getting a wedgie. Seems like not a great idea to not wear underwear every day, but that's up to you. Depends on the coolness of the giver, this could either help or hurt, so know your offender. There is potential for your giver to be impressed by your free-ballin' self, or he could be grossed out. Remember, he is trying to promote himself to stay in his presumed social position, and if your lack of underwear make a fool of him, he might turn his efforts toward a swirly. Those are truly lame.

The Pre-rip. Pre-ripping, or cutting strategic holes just below the elastic waistband will give the giver a satisfying feeling of having ripped your underwear, surely gaining high-fives to all his friends, possibly giving you the chance to run away. Remember to accompany this event with convincing screaming, or he will know something is amiss.

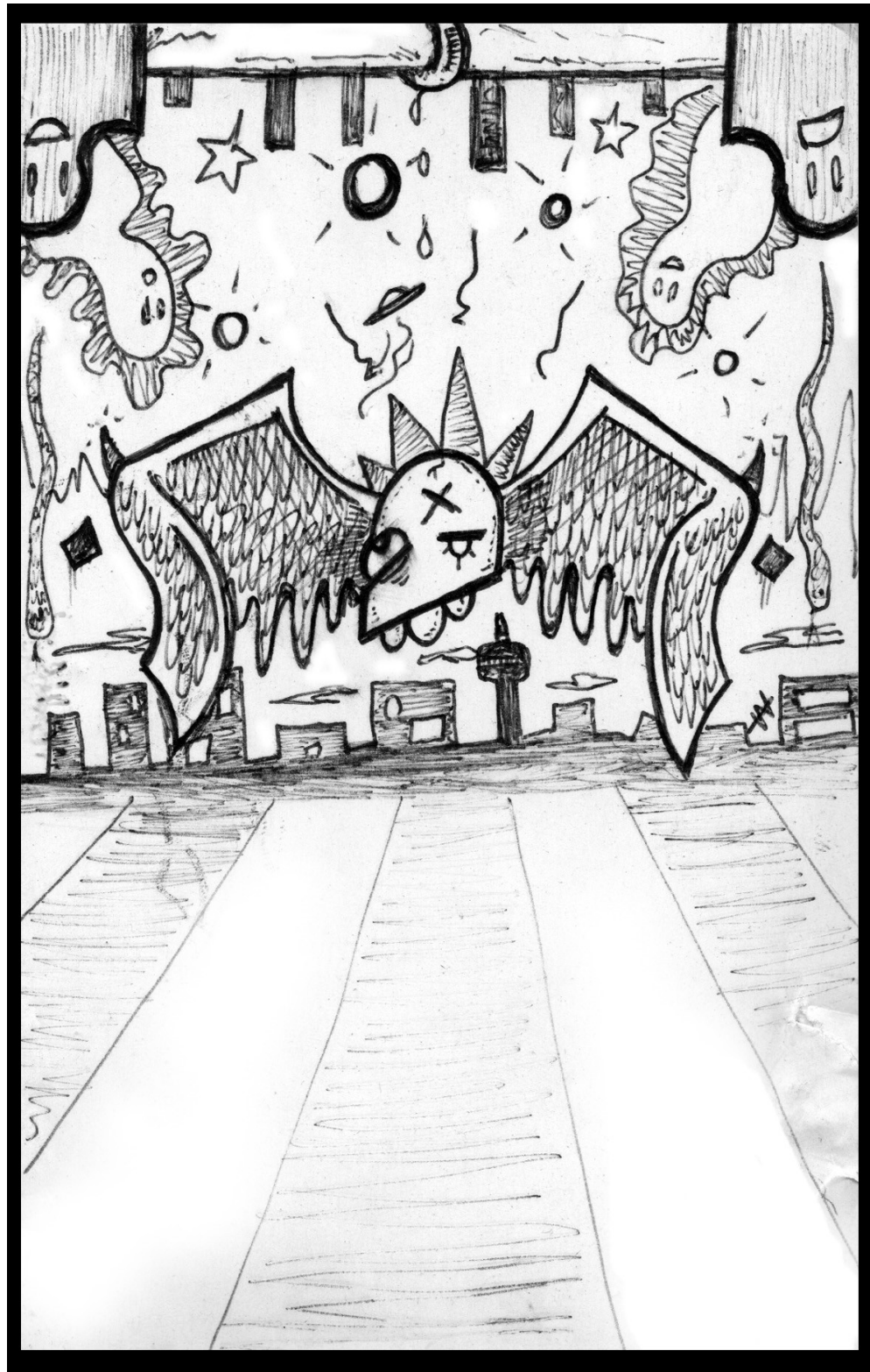
The Chocopant. I just made this up while thinking of defense from wedgies, but if you know you are getting a wedgie, dropping a chocolate bar above your butt crack, so when the giver reaches in to grab the elastic, he will surely pull up nastiness all over his fingers. Of course, this could very likely end in a punch in the face, so it's a risky move for sure. You might also want to tell your trustworthy friends that it's actually chocolate, that way you don't lose any friends over this. Now, you'll have to answer to whoever does your laundry as well...unless you throw the shorts away and go commando the rest of the day.

The most important thing here is for you...the Getter...to not be tempted by the possibility of becoming one of the cool kids, and start giving wedgies. It's not a good life choice. Don't be an asshole. Just go give a homeless person a buck or like a Facebook cause page or something. That good feeling will last longer. Once you give a wedgie, you will feel the need to keep giving them, then no one will want to hang out with you. — *JORGE GOYCO*

POVERTY, THE PRE- EXISTING CONDITION

At the very beginning of this month, House Republicans managed to final get their Unaffordable Health Care bill passed. That is perhaps not the correct way to describe it. House Republicans raped the legislative process with their unwieldy, byzantine, UCA dumbstick. No hearings, no cursory read-through from the Congressional Budget Office (whom the House GOP knew would give it a big ol' F of a grade). The American Heart Association, The American Medical Association, the AARP, and dozens of other health care advocacy groups vehemently oppose the measure. It is a states-rights conservative's wet dream that takes the power away from the federal government and places it in the hands of the states. Meaning that backwards ass states such as this one will have the ability to deny coverage as it sees fit and can get away with. It ends subsidies for health plans and replaces it with tax credits. Meaning that if you have a \$540 premium to cover your family each month and you qualify for aid the feds will no longer automatically knock their part off your monthly premium. You have to cover it and wait until April to get your subsidy. It rescinds the taxes that pay for the law, meaning that the wealthy no longer aid the poor, the rich health insurers no longer have to help the poor, the rich medical equipment manufacturers no longer have to help the poor. It no longer gives any teeth to penalize those who choose not to insure. It instead allows insurers to gouge insurees with a gap of two months or more in coverage. People with pre-existing health conditions, from anything as minute as acne to as serious as cancer, can again be refused insurance or price gouged into bankruptcy. Health industry experts expect that under this new UCA millions of Americans will lose coverage. They also expect by removing insurees from the insurance pool that it will raise premiums for those of us that have employer-subsidized health care plans.

20 Republicans voted against the bill. Most who voted for it readily admit, like Rep. Chris Collins(R-NY) told Wolf Blitzer on CNN, that they did not read the bill. It gives the GOP their victory finally. One of President Obama's crown achievements as president has been erased. Or at least, for the moment. One hopes that the Senate, who is already showing signs of kicking the bill back to the House, will act responsibly. 17% of Americans supported the last bill. Results are about the same for the new one. House Republicans can go back to their districts and claim a big win to their constituents, about how they defeated big bad Obamacare. But come election day 2018 they are going to have to face the choice they made to gut the Affordable Care Act, cap Medicaid for the elderly, and make insurance much more difficult to attain, much more expensive to pay for, and far more difficult to manage for ALL AMERICANS, not only the poorest uninsured families. All so Paul Ryan can claim his win. Seven years of work FINALLY paid off. Even if and most likely when the Senate guts the bill. You needn't ask how our congressman Bill Flores voted. Only time will tell if such a vote will help or hinder Flores and his fellow Republicans who lobbied up this poorly written repeal and replace. — *KELLY MINNIS*



RECORD REVIEWS



Willie Nelson
God's Problem Child

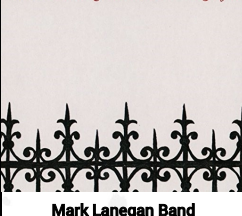
Only Willie Nelson would find a song written by a 92-year-old female songwriter and make it his own. But then with about a hundred albums under his belt, Willie can do just about anything. "Little House on the Hill" is another classic, a hymn-like nostalgic tune, but Nelson imbues it with a certain amount of strut, courtesy of his trademark guitar and effective harmonica.

God's Problem Child finds Nelson both grounded in the present even as he looks back as one would likely do at 84 years of age. The new president gets some lumps in "Delete and Fast Forward" as Nelson sings that "The election's all over/And nobody won" and laments that the country "blew it again." The poignant piano-driven ballad "Old Timer" is about seeing yourself age even as you feel much the same inside as you "pray for mercy/And a few more days." However, Nelson has fun with the rumors of his death in the sprightly "Still Not Dead." He notes the "Internet said I'd passed away," but "I woke up still not dead today." "It Gets Easier" and "Your Memory Has a Mind of Its Own" also deal with the issues of getting older although all of us know that time (and forgetfulness) can soothe many things.

Several tunes are meditative ballads delivered with Nelson's still-emotive voice: "True Love," "A Woman's Love," "Butterfly," and "Lady Luck." Of special note is the bluesy title cut that finds Nelson trading verses with the late Leon Russell, Tony Joe White, and the song's cowriter Jamey Johnson. Nelson does a heartbreaking delivery on the Merle Haggard tribute song, "He Won't Ever Be Gone" that he, once again, makes his own as he sings "his songs live on."

I have a trio of Willie albums on vinyl that for me signal his genius: *Shotgun Willie*, *Phases and Stages*, and (of course) *The Red-Headed Stranger*. There's nothing new on *God's Problem Child*, but Nelson is still channeling his own course. —MIKE L. DOWNEY

Mark Lanegan Band *Gargoyle*



Mark Lanegan Band
Gargoyle

Mark Lanegan, the dark and moody crooner of alt-rock and blues assembled a hell of a tenth album. You can tell that he had a blast making this album. There is almost none of the grunge roots from *The Screaming Trees*, but is definitely full of folk and blues influences that have been a theme of his solo work.

The dark and menacing opener that is "Death's Head Tattoo" brings in familiar themes of depression and mortality with his distinctive baritone, but leads direct into the super melodic and pulsing "Nocturne." The album is a journey, with ups and downs, bleak and hazy, both melodic and dark. "Blue Sea" is an electronic wonderworld that leaves you wanting more of that bubbling synth with images of gargoyles, Lucifer and crucifixion. "Beehive" and "Sister" both have an almost britpop feel to them, while still incorporating the best parts of Lanegan's characteristic voice. I struggle to say that the album is bright, but "Emperpor" is an outstanding collaboration between Lanegan's deep tone and Josh Homme's brilliant falsetto.

Continuing on the journey you get a darker feel during the denouement as we transition through "Goodbye to Beauty" and "Drunk on Destruction." Both songs are, like the rest of the album, more about painting a picture rather than telling a particular story. The distorted power chords give you the heaviest dose of pure rock that you'll get from *Gargoyle*.

The finale with "First Day of Winter" and "Old Swan" give you a couplet that rounds out the album nicely with a sense of foreboding murkiness. "Just a ghost that drags me around in sorrow," highlights the confident, gothic nature of the album. It's a picture of a spiritual and emotional desolation set against a post-industrial backdrop. Far from being full of despair, *Gargoyle* is a bright and beautiful record. Blues for our time. Maybe the climate of the world has finally caught up to Lanegan's modern bluesy style. —STARKNESS



Father John Misty
Pure Comedy

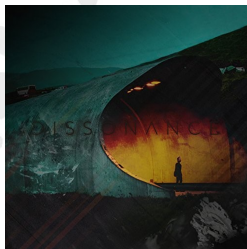
Father John Misty is a god-damn comedian. He says right there in the title to his new album. "The comedy of man starts like this/our brains are too big for our mother's hips" is the first line in the entire album. So why is it that the Pitchforks and Stereogums and Manhattan Vegetarians and Solarium Eaters and what-the-fucks just don't get it? They take him seriously.

For starters, Father John Misty is a character played out musically by one Josh Tillman, the former drummer for alt-mountainmen Fleet Foxes. He left the band after their debut album "hit it big" to start a solo career based around this Lothario of a character, or should I say Loath-ario because Father John Misty hates himself as much as he hates everyone else around him. His first two albums are full of this man's exploits. It's "Bored in the USA" from his previous effort *I Love You Honeybear* that sold me on the character and the music. As much a fun guy he is that can sing about "bedding Taylor Swift everynight in the Oculus Rift" (as he does on "Total Entertainment Forever") it is his firm grasp on the absurdities of modern society that should resound.

And this is exactly what you get on *Pure Comedy*, a sprawling double album, a sort of *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* for the Beme Generation. The music is lush, expansive *Blonde On Blonde* style songs with verse after verse after verse set to the tone of Van Dyke Parks' *Song Cycles*. If you love the sound of the Walker Brothers, early Bee Gees, a very orchestrated balladeering early 1970s southern California folk pop style, then *Pure Comedy* will make you swoon. It is recorded and arranged beautifully, almost too much so. It rounds off Tillman's barbs, almost like taking too many antidepressants. The softness, the worn denim comfort of the tone almost dulls the knife's edge of retorts such as this one from "Ballad of the Dying Man":

"Eventually the dying man takes his final breath/But first checks his news feed to see what he's 'bout to miss/And it occurs to him a little late in the game/We leave as clueless as we came." Stunning. But you have to balance that very wry piece of analysis with a pretty accurate knockdown of his ego on "Leaving L.A.": 2000 years or so since Ovid taught/Night-blooming, teenage rosebuds, dirty talk/And I'm merely a minor fascination to/Manic virginal lust and college dudes I'm beginning to begin to see the end/Of how it all goes down between me and them/Some 10-verse chorus-less diatribe/Plays as they all jump ship, "I used to like this guy/This new shit really kinda makes me wanna die."

I could go on like this for days. The man is quite quotable. Point being that *Pure Comedy* is imminently listenable. The music is beautiful, the lyrics make you chuckle, and if you're sober enough, will at times make you stop in your tracks. I can think of no other singer-songwriter that has a bead on the 21st century quite like Father John Misty. —KELLY MINNIS



Valgeir Sigurosson
Dissonance

Icelandic musician Valgeir Sigurosson has been working in music for more than two decades, and his latest album *Dissonance* continues his focus on experimental sonic soundscapes.

More than half of the album is taken up with the title cut, an aptly-named exploration of sound for nearly 23 minutes that ranges from droning to painful to hypnotic. "Dissonance" echoes many of the same aural experiments electronica artists have been investigating for the past several years.

The seven other cuts on the album fall more into the category of soundtrack and modern classical music with a four-part suite and a three-part suite featuring a full orchestra with varying effectiveness. "No Nights Dark Enough IV. learn to

CONCERT CALENDAR

5/2—Shiny Penny, Wartime Afternoon, Yeeha! @
Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

5/4—Leavenworth, Joey McGee, Gabe Wooten @
Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

5/5—Leavenworth @ Blackwater Draw, Bryan.
7pm

**5/5—Jessica Little's Birthday Party with Funeral
Horse, Witchcryer, Mutant Love, Pizza Planet @**
Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

**5/6—Daniel Gonzalez Band, Gift Shop, Corusco,
Danny Malooly & The Big League Boys @** Revolu-
tion, Bryan. 10pm

5/11—Amy Goloby, Jordi Biazan @ Revolution,
Bryan. 10pm

5/12—Sik Mule, Wayne Garner, Jeff Becker @
Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

5/13—Doomstress, Piss Penny, DethTruck @
Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

5/18-20 — LOUDFEST 10 @ Downtown Bryan

5/25—Greg Schroeder @ Revolution, Bryan.
10pm

5/26—Birthday Club, Corusco, Pearl Crush @
Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

contemn" is reminiscent of Aaron Copland's work that leads the listener to anticipate the light. "No Nights Dark Enough II. infamy sings" boasts some great piano in a piece that would fit on any movie soundtrack. The first two parts of "1875" are sturdy classical pieces with tasteful musical swells in "1875 I. waterborne" and great windy strings in "1875 II. in the dead of winter." Sigurosson's experiments aren't as successful in the closing chapter of "1875" as it's fairly emotionless as well as the opening part of "No Nights Dark Enough I. flow" which, well, doesn't flow at all.

All in all, this is music for the background, which is not bad to have around.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

**5/27—Carlos Casa 2.0 Show with Distance/Here,
Town Destroyer, GnarWolf, LifeDeath, Blood Be-
tween Us, Frame the Artist, A Deathbed Promise
@** 1805 Anita, Bryan. 6pm

**5/27—Def Leggend, Infinite Journey, Trio Grande
@** Wolf Pen Creek Amphitheater, College Station.
7pm

6/2—Punk/HipHop Party @ Revolution, Bryan.
10pm

6/3—Shane Walker, Gabe Wooten @ Revolution,
Bryan. 10pm

**6/6—Cosmic Chaos, Beige Watch, HYAH!, Sleepy
Dog @** Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

6/9—Tenino, OffSet, Interracial Dinonyusus @ Rev-
olution, Bryan. 10pm

**6/10—Step Rydeau & The Zydeco Outlaws, Kid
Reece & Mo Live Zydeco @** Wold Pen Creek am-
phitheater, College Station. 7pm

6/10—Dayeater @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

6/15—Isonomist, Chernoby! The Secret @ Grand
Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

6/15—Lead Pony, Wartime Afternoon, Yeeha! @
Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**6/16—The Ex-Optimists, Grizzly Band, Cake Rang-
ers, Dayshifters @** Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

THE EX-OPTIMISTS
GRIZZLY BAND
CAKE RANGERS
DAYSHIFTERS



SATURDAY, JUNE 16
REVOLUTION, BRYAN
9:30PM. \$5

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