

STOREREPRESENT



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inside: welcome toaggieland - dear mr president - taking back the future - tales of excess & outrage - can t stop...won t stop - bullshit - another solo adventure for jorge - lighter side of nuthin - still bloating - record reviews - concert calendar



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

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I did not vote for you. I am a left of center Kentucky Democrat raised at the knees of Wendell Ford and William Natcher, from the land of Lincoln and Henry Clay. I voted for Hillary Clinton, like the majority of the country. But I'm also an American and understand that you are my president, whether I voted for you or not. You represent me, you represent my country. I want to speak to you today about how you have misrepresented your country in particular over the issue of white supremacy.

I spent an entire weekend watching the news in complete bewilderment, anger, frustration, shock, and profound sadness at the events in Charlottesville, Virginia, a white supremacist rally on the campus of University of Virginia and the counter-protests that resulted in lives taken, injuries sustained, property damaged, and my country's reputation tarnished. The crows have come to roost, as my dearly departed granny would say. This is the ultimate representation of the forces that helped to turn you from a reality TV star and failed real estate mogul into the most powerful man in the world. Your candidacy and ultimate presidency was borne on the shoulders of xenophobia, white supremacy, Holocaust denial, and anti-Muslim sentiment. It is your ability to be a cipher for those projecting some true-founded fears and struggles onto your great blank canvas that has enabled your image to perhaps be co-opted by powers you do not truly support nor understand.

You see, perhaps I am very naïve. I was raised to believe the best in people. While I am a died in the wool Democrat I spent many years working for conservative media. I have spent many hours at radio listener events speaking with Republicans, John Birch'ers, Tea Partiers, and many who just didn't take to the Left's ideas about their country, who felt society was running away from them while they remained farther and farther behind by people who seemingly were given a leg up because they were a different color than they: *How could that be the case when I am poor and underprivileged, where's my affirmative action?* I grew to understand a wider range of political position while working for a Fox News radio affiliate. It did not lessen my fear for how things could turn out for my country, but it helped me to understand where these people came from, how real their fears are, and how easily manipulated and capitalized upon that fear has become. You are the ultimate realization of this manipulation.

However, it is not too late for you. Fear of the other may have elected you, but now you have the power to change the course of your country.

Your response to the Charlottesville protests fell flat on most American ears. You did not stand up for a diverse, united American populace that is the continued reality for even the most rural of individuals. Your claim that the responsibility for this wave of violence and fear-mongering comes from "many sides" is perhaps true if

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT

one has the point of view that those in power can be repressed. Since most Americans understand that power IS the oppressor your words rang tone-deaf. This incident is largely seen as a physical manifestation of the shady powers that elected you stepping from the shadows of internet forums and private meetings to the forefront, taking its place in mainstream America where it thinks it rightly belongs. How could this racist movement coincidentally believe *now* was its time to step forward? Your election campaign and your presidential cabinet has been populated by sympathizers that have peppered policy speeches and your own campaign and political rallies with language intended to speak to this mentality, the so-called "bird whistle language", shows that at the very least you have been a useful idiot for this movement. Were these individuals using your likeness without your permission to sell a product you would have sued them to Hades and back. That you have been silent at best and sending signals that can be interpreted as supportive at worst is chillingly telling. It is past time for you to send a very strong message of condemnation for the alt-right, regardless of how supportive of you they are.

Again, since I tend to believe the best in everyone, I don't think you are a sheet wearing weekend Klansmen or one of the slick millennial Aryans with their Hitler haircuts. Your racism is casual, the product of your privilege. I don't think you notice anymore the signals that you send out. Well, America notices them now. Even your surrogates and water carriers are ashamed of you, chagrined at the opportunity you missed to address your nation and once and for all set the record straight about where Donald Trump lies on white supremacy. Paul Ryan, Rand Paul, John Kasich, Mitt Romney, George Bushes W. and H.W., Marco Rubio, Cory Gardner, Orrin Hatch, amongst others, stand against Donald Trump in this regard. Even members of your own cabinet and the joint chiefs disagreed with your lack of conviction in how you addressed the nation after Charlottesville.

One cannot equate Black Lives Matter with Aryan supremacy. One is not the other side of the coin from the other. We have fought world wars over the one and a civil war over the other. Those on the side of racial supremacy lost. Every. Time. Millions died to secure freedom from persecution for African-American slaves, European Jews, Armenian refugees, and Chinese non-communists. There are no "many sides" to this, President Trump. This is an absolute. The world at large agreed upon this. All you had to do was tell America that this is a single nation that represents promise for an ethnically diverse citizenry, that one and all are welcome to fulfill the American dream, and that the American dream is not that of a single color, race, or creed, but of all colors, races, and creeds. You failed to do this, and because you failed to do this when the stakes are so high reveals that there is no redemption for your presidency. You do not understand the basic value of what at the core of what being an American is all about. Shame on you, Mr. President. Shame on all that you stand for. Shame on those that aid

and abet your shameful policy.

This is not another one of your outrageous statements from the presidential campaign trail that will be blown up over only to ultimately fade away. This is a millstone that will now weigh down your presidency. No matter how heated the action gets around the investigation into your campaign's ties to the Russian government, no matter that your administration will attempt to hold Hurricane Harvey relief hostage in exchange for a down payment on the Mexico wall that no one in Texas wants, Republican, Democrat, or independent alike. You, Mr. President, crossed a line that you cannot cross back over. Your apologies since have been noted, but are hollow.

It is also time for those that voted for you to wake up to what you have done to their country. You, supporters of Trump, thought you'd shake things up, send a message to a Washington that wasn't acknowledging your fears, assuaging your concerns. "I have so little power in anything else, I can at least exercise the power of the ballot box." Maybe your voice would finally be heard. You thought Trump would bring your jobs back. You thought Trump would make things better for you and the rest of us. But this is on you. Make this your turning point. Hold this president accountable for playing you for a fool. For playing this country as fools. You are not alone. Reclaim your country. Reclaim your Americanism. — **KELLY MINNIS**

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TALES OF EXCESS & OUTRAGE:

EPISODE 2: THE MAD EASTER BOMBER

Grad school is not usually the source material for tales of excess and outrage (unless you're, say, a teaching assistant with a hemorrhoid so big you can't sit down to grade tests and you decide to have the aforementioned hemorrhoid ride shotgun with you while you jeep in a minefield—but I *wasn't* that grad student and that's not what this story is about).

But my grad-school stay at Penn State is actually fodder for some non-pedophilic excess and outrage. (Hey, now! This was before anyone knew about Sandusky's depravities, so I can't be blamed, even for some far-fetched collusion-by-proximity accusation. Sandusky was doing evil; I happened to be in the same area doing an MA in English),

See, I lived with Mike McFarland. Back in the days before the intrawebs and the emails, you found a roomie by snail mail. If you didn't score the sucky and over-priced grad-student housing provided by Happy Valley's land-grant university of choice, you got mailed a list (not unlike the *Jail Times*) of people looking for roomies. I didn't know Mike sight-unseen from Adam's left gonad, but he had a cheaply priced single-wide in a mobile home park about two miles out from State College, home of College-Inn Sticky Buns, Rolling-Rock ponies, and just about anything that could be nailed down with an image of JoePa. I'd lived in a mobile home before, and Mike seemed reasonable enough in terms of his handwriting skills.

He told me that he had a Doberman named Velcro, so appellation because of the canine's affection, and a Siamese cat with ricketts (another story). I wasn't too keen about the Doberman, but I got over myself when, a few hours after I'd arrived, Mike and Velcro showed up at around 2am—Mike with six large cans of V-8, and Velcro with the contents of six large stink-sacs of skunk with which he had gotten sprayed at a rest stop en route to Happy Valley. The V-8 did the trick, and Velcro and I became the best of buds (but we didn't have any left over to make Bloody Marys, a pity that).

Now, you're probably thinking, what with the single-wide and a rickety cat, that Mike had three nostrils and a growth on his buttocks that was masked only by the snuff-can ring on the back of his one pair of jeans. Not true. He looked like mother-fucking Adonis. Shoulder-length ringlet-y hair, piercing eyes, and a dose of Irish mischief that translated into a voracious sexual appetite. Mike was quite earnest to me that he had bedded, roughly, 250 women. Oh, yeah, he also had a fiancé who went to med school in Hershey and came up on alternate weekends, upon which occasions, Mike amscrayed the various nubile he brought home in the interims (pun



intended). Lemme tell ya, those ladies were freakin' gorgeous and of all ethnicities and cultural appointment.

I, too, had a fiancé (now my wife, Pam), but, as the vicissitudinary fates would have it, she was finishing her undergrad degree 1,800 miles away in Dallas. Mike and I lived on opposite ends of the metal-framed trailer. Though I was an English major, I had enough learning to grasp the nuances of metallic resonance, the empirical realities of which were impressed on me each and every night, when Mike water-bedded another beauty at his end of the trailer. I would be stirred from my princely slumbers at my end of the trailer shaking to his gettin' jiggy with whichever her was the flavor that night. Needless to say, rosy palm and the five fingers were not nearly enough to satiate my loneliness on such occasions.

Mike also had a mischief for experiments (he was an undergrad bio-chem major; once, he left his shower water plugged in the tub because he was fascinated with the heat it retained. I quickly discouraged such intellectual pursuits: "Jesus! Empty the fucking tub, will ya?"). Also, practical jokes.

I had to wake up early most days to teach 8am Rhetoric and Composition courses to bored Freshman Engineering wanna-bes. The night before, I'd set up my cereal bowl on our quaint two-topper kitchen table so I could get after that breakfast in time to tread the tundra to the bus stop.

One morning, I found my cereal bowl already filled—with Mike's piss. Ha-ha. Hardy-har-har. Apparently, he

wanted to explore the heat-retention properties of urine. One would think Velcro's encounter with the skunk would've already imparted to Mike volumes on bodily effluvia. Mike demurred, it seemed.

I could take the bounce-house boogie I got every night. I could take the fact that he could merely sniff to have women flock to him, whilst I had to beg, borrow, or steal to have a female of any species walk within a kilometer of me (Pam's extraordinary, but you already know that). But goddammit, a piss-laden cereal vessel was the final outrage. This called for excessive measures—two M-80s—which, like most English majors, I already bore in my accoutrements. Go explosive or go home.

I was also a devout Catholic (still am, but not in the way the Roman Curia envisions). It was a sunny April Easter morning when the sun graced the sky in one of its thrice-yearly appearances in Central Pennsylvania. Mike, being a devout sensualist, was not anything for whom the Curia would advance the cause of canonization. He slept in, while I partook of the Holy Mass. With two M-80s in my jacket pocket.

Returning to our domicile of connubial bliss (all Mike's), I slunk along the outside of the trailer until I was under the kitchen window. Birds were tweeting. Flowers were blooming. Small furry animals (not Mike at this particular moment) were mating. And Mike was cooking scrambled eggs for his morning repast. I twisted together the fuses of the two M-80s and discreetly placed them in the well of the open kitchen window, and I waited until Miguel sat down to his ovoid Resurrection feast (see that? I worked a homophonic reference to "erection" into a holy word).

Carefully, yea, soundlessly, I awakened the slumber of my Bic lighter into brilliant fire, sparked the imagination of those tortuous M-80s, and backed the fuck off.

The report may have stirred even the oblivion of Mrs. Sandusky far away in her football-remunerated mansion. Birds stopped singing. Furry creatures halted mid-fuck. And Mike stumbled out of the smoke-engorged trailer, a finger in his ear, and the shock of a post-detonation Yosemite Sam on his stupid, fucking-gorgeous Adonis visage. Black powder dotted his eggs.

That was a joyous Easter, friends. He didn't piss in anything but the toilet after that.

The moral of the story is: *Don't micturate in the breakfast vessels of your local devout-Catholic English grad student.* —RANDY BEELER

THIS STORY IS NOT ABOUT YOU

This is a story everyone has heard many times before. It begins with a dragon. You are not the dragon. Dragons are scaly creatures that breathe fire and have wings, and you have soft skin, breathe air that smells like whatever you ate for lunch, and can't fly.

The dragon—which is definitely not you—is coiled around the base of a tower. You are not the tower, because it is an inanimate object. I shouldn't have to tell you this.

Inside the tower is a princess. As you might have guessed, you are not the princess. She conforms to some societal construct of what it means to be a perfect woman. You're too masculine, or too fat, or your skin is too dark, or your legs are too hairy, or your legs are too short, or your tits are too small. If you are looking for yourself in this story, you'll need to look elsewhere. Besides, you don't want to be the princess anyway. All she does is wait to be rescued, and how boring is that?

Somewhere in the kingdom there's a hero. You'd like to be the hero so you can have adventures and help people. It would be nice to be admired for your bravery. But, obviously, you are not the hero of this story. The standard characteristics of a hero are different than those required to be a princess, but you definitely do not have them. Stop being so narcissistic, you don't have to relate to every story.

The hero—who is absolutely, positively not you—kills the dragon and saves the princess. No one is surprised; they've heard it all before. They don't notice that you aren't in the story. It will never occur to them to ask why.

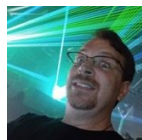
You are the hero of another story, and it is a far more interesting story.

Please tell it. People will listen. —STARKNESS

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ANOTHER SOLO ADVENTURE FOR JORGE

Had a few hours to myself one evening during a conference in San Marcos, so I decided to drive to Austin. I had a goal:

I had heard that Hoek's Death Metal Pizza had Rock/Metal patches, and I had space on my jacket, and time on my hands. So I took a drive. Their website said they would be open at 7. Cool. Turns out, their website is dumb. They weren't open on Tuesdays. Dang.

Well, I was on 6th Street, so I decided to explore a little. I really love street art and weird shops, and there's tons of that in Austin. That's how I found Aaron's Rock and Roll Shop. I think it's named that. But it was pretty amazing, and right up the street from Hoek's. It reminded me of the stores I would frequent back in the 80s. It had patches, studs, shirts, stickers, all sorts of stuff. I was happy. I bought several patches for \$3 or \$4. They also sold beverages, which was a godsend...my mouth was thirsty.

Maybe the cashier dude was bored, but we talked for a while about how College Station needs a place like that, how arcade machines would be cool in a shop like this, about how much sewing patches on a denim jacket sucks and is really cool at the same time. It was great. We laughed. We connected. We could have kept talking.

Then again, he also saw me try to "push" the door twice to get out and didn't tell me I had to "pull". So my last thought of him was that he wasn't necessarily my friend...and that ultimately, even after our bonding time, I was just a customer.

After that, outside the store, deciding to leave Austin (having bought patches) I realized that as much as I like Austin, I also don't like it. Austin makes me paranoid. Seems like it's not a safe place. Not like College Station. I felt out of place. And the slow motion, super stoned, homeless dude that was snailing toward me didn't help. Neither did the blurry wheelchair dude who asked me if he could have a drink of my water.

Which by the way, I told him he could have it after I took a couple more swigs (still thirsty). And let me tell you, that felt awkward, standing in front of a wheelchair dude, sucking down a water that I was going to give him. It was a strange situation. I left him like a quarter of the bottle. It felt about right.

Got back in my car...no ticket...that's always nice. Back on I-35.

Oh, here comes Buda. Oh, there's Cabela's. I love Cabela's. I've taken my kids there and it's got fun stuff. Exit.

If you haven't been to Cabela's, you should visit. Sure, it's a sporting goods and hunting store. Boring. Unless you are into that. Then it's probably fantastic.

No, it's the fact that they have an aquarium, and a bunch of taxidermied animals in interesting scenes.

I spent a great deal of time watching the massive

catfish swim around their glass container. I don't know about you, but I personify animals. Basically, I attach human personalities and thoughts of self-awareness to animals. Inevitably, once they are convinced I am paying attention, the animals confide in me and begin to reveal their stories.

Sadly, they all put on a brave face, like they are totally fine with their situation, but it unravels into a decayed, pathetic existence, where patterns become the only semblance of sanity, and their "fight" becomes unavoidably invisible.

But then they convince me that it's "all good", using colloquialisms that are familiar to my human ears and sensibilities, ("all good!", "It's cool!", "No worries!", etc.) because they see that I am beginning to understand their thoughts and frustrations to a point that I'm about to get emotional.

They aren't mean spirited. They are kind. They are just so happy that I am there spending time with them. They see me. And they don't want me to leave...but everyone leaves. I tear myself away, but my thoughts stay with them for a while.

Until I get to the part of the store where there is a Safari scene...and it's chock full of stories. Not animal stories, mind you, but human stories that are told with the use of taxidermied animals.

There's the Crocodile, mouth wide open, lunging at an unsuspecting antelope. Am I the Croc? The antelope? The other antelope that sees the croc and is starting to run?

There's a family of Lions looking off in a distance. I walk around so that they are all looking at me and I feel important. I'm not threatened. I feel respected. Weird.

Then I realize that the whole scene is revolving around my perspective. I am supposed to be standing in the middle of a watering hole. That's why all the animals are gathered here. This is amazing. So thought out.

There are two more areas in the store with taxidermy scenes, but I'm sure you are getting bored with this. Just go check it out. But not like a quick, run through with out paying attention.

Pay attention. It's worth it.

Even the camping dude is weirdly interesting. The tent is designed amazingly, but he seems oblivious to the goings on around him. It inspired the drawing printed on one of the pages in this zine.

On the way out, I decide to hit the aquarium one more time, but it's different this time. They've forgotten me. What did I expect. They aren't talking. I can tell they have stories, but I'd have to get into the zone. Meh. Too much effort at this point. I'm done with this. Plus, I had to pee.

Such an adventure I had. —JORGE GOYCO

CAN'T STOP... WON'T STOP

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.

— Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., "Letter from Birmingham Jail"

It is tricky business to write for a monthly publication on current events in today's world. As Starkness has noted in previous articles, what may be timely at the writing of an article could be ancient news when a monthly by the time *979Represent* gets published.

However, many of us at *979Represent* still persist. Why? Why write an article about something that happened mid-August if by the time of publication in the first week of September it will seem to be old hat? There are a plethora of reasons, but we will focus on three: 1) just because each day's news seems more shocking and outlandish than the day before, we should not get so used to being shocked that we become inured to what is actually going on around us; 2) unrectified injustices of the past need to be called out and named in the present, regardless of how long ago they occurred; and, 3) only those in positions of power and privilege have the luxury of opting out of month-old news.

When the election was going on, it was no secret that I sometimes needed to take "social media breaks" to engage in some self-care. Then Trump got elected and shit got real. There were those who told me that things would calm down...that now that he was actually elected he would focus on being presidential and the craziness that had come out of his mouth during the election would subside because, clearly, no one wanted that kind of ranting insanity from the leader of the United States of America. I held out hope (I tend to be naive and, perhaps, overly optimistic about people). Then the inauguration happened and the tweets about the HUGEST inaugural crowd ever, and the censoring of the Parks Service Twitter account, and the Muslim Ban. And when we think about all that has happened since, it's easy to see these as rather tiny things, almost laughable even. But the truth is, they weren't funny then and they aren't funny now. Sure, the pardon of Joe Arpaio is a much more dangerous Constitutional issue than lying in an inauguration Tweet, but what happens when the next thing and then the next thing and then the thing after that is even more heinous than the Arpaio pardon? This is why it is important to speak out against all of the injustices, violations of common decency, and attacks on our democracy...those that happened last week, last month, or back in February.

It is also important that we continue to note and discuss injustices of the past. Whether those injustices occurred a day ago, six months ago, or a hundred years ago, those who perpetrated them have a responsibility to rectify them wherever possible and at the very least to apologize for the damage done. When we stop talking about injustices of the past, either because they didn't impact us, or because current injustices seem much more pressing, we rob both perpetrator and victim of the opportunity for reconciliation.

Finally, despite the fact that I truly am an outgoing introvert and the reality that speaking out about injustices is exhausting and tiresome for me (and

I'm sure for many of the POTUS sends out another inane around me), with what happened in Charlottesville last month, I realized that I have taken the privilege of being able to opt out of such conversations for granted. Sure, sometimes social media threads are draining. Yes, reading the paper or listening to the news can be disheartening. Fair, I'm ready to come unglued every time Tweet. But the fact is that I am (other than my gender) privileged in every way. I can opt out of all these conversations because, at least for now, they do not directly impact my daily life.

My siblings of color, however, do not get to stop caring because the news is tiring. Sure, I worry about both of my 20-something sons, but not once have I ever worried that they might be questioned for walking down the street, or threatened because they were wearing a hoodie, or shot because of the color of their skin.

My privilege affords me the comfort of being able to hold hands with my husband as we walk down the street, of being able to walk into any women's room without being questioned or harassed, and of being referred to by the name and pronouns with which I am comfortable and with which I identify. My LGBTQ+ friends and neighbors have to think about and fight for all of these things daily. I never give them a second thought.

And that is why I can't, or at least won't, stop speaking and writing and caring...even when something scandalous happened so long ago as last week. Part of the way that we here in downtown Bryan are showing that we still care, that we won't stop, and that we stand in solidarity with all who are the victims of injustice, hate, and oppression will be to join together in a peaceful rally at Georgia Stephan Sale Park on September 11.

Originally planned as a non-partisan, peaceful counter-protest to the now-cancelled "White Lives Matter" rally at A&M, the purpose of this event is to stand in opposition to white supremacy and all other forms of hatred contrary to our community and to affirm our solidarity with all people of color, our LGBTQ+ siblings, and all other marginalized people who have been oppressed and targeted by hate groups.

All who reject hate and who support the diversity that makes our community great are invited to join ... regardless of race, creed, color, gender, orientation, or political affiliation.

Together we will proclaim our commitment to rise up in love against hate in all its forms.

Together we will rise up in love and peace until justice rolls on like a river and righteousness like a never failing stream (Amos 5:24).—PAMALYN ROSE-BEELER



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STILL BLOATING...UH, DRINKING

I've been reading a great deal lately from Pulitzer-winning Poet Peter Balakian about the "poetry of witness". He says that one of the

primary purposes of poetry is to record memory, either one's own personal memory of an event or the record of witnesses to an event before your time. Well, this column ain't exactly poetry, but I witnessed a moment today worthy of recording. Driving home from Happy Hour at Grub Burger Bar, where I had two pints of **Blackwater Draw's Mulligan** for a whopping \$4.33 (raise the roof!!!), I stopped at the gas station for a sixer of **Saint Arnold's Lawnmower** because, dadgum, that's what I wanted all along. Right at a nearby intersection, I noticed congestion at the station's driveway as four cars attempted simultaneous station entry. Cars lined up two layers deep waiting for pumps. Horns blared. Fists literally shook in the air. I heard voices yelling as I pulled to the side of the building, parked, listened for Tupac style "rat-tat-tats", and then hustled inside.

Employees appeared frazzled. One young lady leaned on a dolly containing water bottles, staring out the window at the piled confusion. She said, "These damn folks done lost their minds. Ain't nobody running out of gas! Don't they know the world runs on gas?" Another employee transported debit cards from pump customers to the cashier, who called to the runner heading out the door, "Don't let them leave their pumps!" An elderly lady climbed out of a blue car at pump five and ran inside, waving her debit card. She said, in a thick accent, "I'm German. My card is German. I must give you my card. I am next in line. Please run for me on pump five." By the time she returned to her car another driver had stolen her spot at the pump. They exchanged unpleasanties I could not hear. The cashier said, "Shouldn't have left your car, lady."

I approached the register with my sixer of Lawnmower. Setting it down, the cashier said, "Oh, damn! You been there? Saint Arnold? It's so cool!" He seemed delighted by something other than the outside fray. I said, "I haven't, but what's all this?" I waved my hand at the parking lot where the German lady stood yelling at the young man pumping gas from her awaited position. The dolly-leaner said, answering the question I did not ask her, "Somebody said something on the radio or the internet about America selling out of gas today. Ain't nobody selling out of gas! People believe anything!" I asked the cashier, "Has it been like this all day?" He said, "All day. Non-stop." Dolly-leaner said, "Dude came in here earlier and bought \$400 dollars worth of gas *in containers*. Ain't smart." Cashier said, "Stupid." I said, "Please tell me he didn't buy cigarettes, too." The joke fell flat. Then I said, "You had any fights out there?" That's when dolly-leaner ran into the parking lot, delivering receipts, telling people not to leave their cars. The cashier said, "No fights. Lots of yelling and swearing. We had two accidents at the pumps." I asked what he meant. He said, "They're impatient. Believing the hype. They're trying to break in front of each other at the pump and they get tangled up." Admittedly, I wanted details, something saucy, but instead the cashier picked up my sixer and scanned it, saying, "Man, I'm glad

this is all you want." I said, "What are you expecting tomorrow? I gotta drive to Austin, and I'll need gas." He said, "Man, I don't know. I didn't expect this today. Tomorrow, who knows? Might be the same. I'd say get here early."

I thanked him and exited the gas station where the traffic had thinned but voices remained raised in the procession. Dolly-leaner was standing between two cars, lined up side by side, both awaiting the same pump. I did not hear what she said. Her arms raised and lowered in unison, like she was trying to land a plane, like she was trying to bring people safely back down to earth.

Speaking of memory, I will celebrate the dawning of my fourth decade shortly. 40 years on this planet. 40 years in a single shell that's suffered cancer and cancer treatments and diverticulitis and an exploding gut and a Baptist upbringing and my ass through glass at ASS and a poorly chosen hamster tattoo and a particular plate of donkey meat dumplings in China that made me sick enough to call home to tell my parents I loved them. Half my years have been devoted to the study of the English language and education and my own emotional narcissism. The same amount of years have been devoted to a sincere love of music and film and craft beer. As I reflect here in Still Drinking on four decades bound to our shared terra firma, I consider my two decade obsession with craft beer and how way holy-cow differently beer affects my body as I age. When I once frequented social media, I often joked as a college professor about walking the hallways and witnessing the bizarre breakfast choices of the youth. Hot fries and Dr. Pepper at 7:00 AM? Breakfast tacos and chocolate milk? Powdered donuts and Monster energy drinks? Many mornings, as I joked publicly, I told these chowing youngsters, "Hey, enjoy it while you can. That will all feel quite different soon." Now, I feel the same sentiment strolling down the beer aisles at HEB or saddling up next to a Happy Hour bar at World of Beer. I see these young Aggies hauling cases of Keystone Light or pounding pints (please, Lord, no) of Shiner Bock, and I want to say, "Go easy, guys. All that stuff is downloading into your hard-drive, I promise." Aging is only graceful in television commercials and among those elderly triathlete nuns featured in the *New York Times*. And, frankly, I don't belong to either class.

At 40, beer feels different in two primary ways. For one, bloating is damn near instantaneous. I've never had this problem. My whole life I've been a small guy. It wasn't until college, when I discovered my lactose intolerance due to a sudden and severe passion for cottage cheese, that I experienced the type of bloating that lays one prostrate before the Lord. In the lactose case, the bloating is due to gas inflation. Get the air out, and you're solid. But, here recently, the beer hits fast and hard, inflating me in ways that laying plank won't alleviate. I've had nights—not even crazy toss-em-back nights—when a few cold ones can make a well-worn pair of 501s feel as if they're fresh from the dryer. It's a damn travesty. And it's not a good look for a guy who's pencil thin everywhere else.

I've heard legend of a fellow who once walked this town that earned the nickname "Keg With Legs". My gosh, kids can be cruel. Even grown-up kids. Just sitting here now, after those Mulligans and a fine spaghetti squash dinner, I feel tempted to fall back on the couch and pull an Al Bundy, letting it all hang out, keeping that one hand at the belt-loop pretending to hold it all down. Truly, I sat through Health class in middle-school, high-school, and college, and NOBODY told me about bloating in these middle years. It's not right, I tell you. It's an dadgum evolutionary conspiracy.

Second, and even more alarming, with age comes the profound awareness of how alcohol affects one's blood pressure. This right here, I also never knew. It's impossible to write this paragraph without shifting the tone here into a total downer, but it's worth considering. Prolonged high blood pressure, particularly during one's 40s, can lead to a host of health complications including stroke and even heart attack. Alcohol, along with deli meat and Asian noodles, claims top tier in the list of consumptive goods that most directly elevate one's blood pressure (depending on the list). This is terrible news for a craft beer nerd like myself: particularly one with a family history of cancer, heart disease, and high blood pressure. Choosing a dedicated and reasonable limit of daily drinks only grows more wise as one ages. I hate it. But it's true. Not to mention, failures of moderation also promote significant forms of mental and emotional crisis, which only demands more failures of moderation. Yep, this just became a downer.

The good news is also the bad news—at least for me. The most immediate remedy for all of these alcohol related problems—in addition to either abstinence or practiced moderation—is (dammit, I hate writing this next word) *exercise*. Crap! Hasn't Mother Nature received notification that, like Uncle Walt, "I loaf and invite my soul, I lean and loaf at my ease"?! Doesn't the universe see that I excel in repose?! (The proper retort here is Stephen Crane's excellent line, "'However,' replied the universe, 'the fact has not created in me a sense of obligation.'" Touche, fuddy-duddy!) Yes, it appears that exercise combats bloating (or, at least, human-kegging), as it also drastically lowers blood pressure, while increasing endorphin levels that battle mental and emotional crisis. Not to mention, as I just learned from the British documentary *The Truth About Alcohol* on Netflix, alcohol is most efficiently processed in a well-hydrated body. The narrator also noted that muscle absorbs and stores more water than fat. Crap again! That means that even a skinny dude like me, with zero percent body muscle struggles to remain hydrated, and dehydration simultaneously raises blood pressure and plummets energy levels. So the equation reads: exercise builds muscle, muscle bottles water, water flushes alcohol, alcohol behaves itself. Dammit, this means I need new shoes for running or flipping a giant tire or jumping a stupid rope. Whatever these bozos are doing in their tiny shorts over there near Torchy's Tacos where I like to get those little salty Mexican martinis.

For my 40th birthday, I plan to see a few concerts, write

a few thank you letters, begin learning Spanish (enrolled), and get some new ink from Arsenal I won't regret (nearly got the moola). But I also signed up for a 5K in September. The wife and I are looking for 10Ks later in the Fall. I'm going from couch to side stitches damn near overnight, and it's about time. The great irony of my life is that when cancer tried to take my legs and God gave them back to me, for whatever reason, I chose repeatedly over many years to take His return for granted. It's a crazy thing. Perhaps this entire enterprise—learning to take stock of body and mind and spirit, plus doing something to enhance each—is merely a move to live a life of gratitude. And that's something I can raise a glass to. Just not too many.—KEVIN STILL

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WELCOME TO AGGIELAND: A GUIDE TO THE COOL STUFF IN B/CS

OK, so you made it off to college. You've got all your stuff unpacked in your tiny dorm room with the smelly roommate from parts unknown, or maybe you've got all your stuff tight in your first apartment with all your bros and ladies. You've got your books, you know (for the most part) where your classes are, but you don't really *know* Bryan/College Station yet. You've heard vaguely about Northgate and you're pretty sure you can get back to the grocery again next week by yourself but you're pretty convinced that your friends are all right. You *are* pretty fucking dumb for having chosen to go to Texas A&M or Blinn instead of Rice or U of H or UT or somewhere much cooler out of state. Well, stop feeling sorry for yourself. You have something cooking right here in your very own backyard. You see, if all you do is stay on University Dr. or Texas Ave. then you'd never know that Bryan/College Station has some awesome places to patronize that aren't located on the beaten path right in front of you. We've got lots of tiny places full of character *AND* characters.

Every town has pretty much the same chain restaurants and stores. It's the homespun unique places in a town that make you want to stick around. We've got lots of restaurants and shops and they are all practically BEGGING you to spend your parents' hard-earned money with them. This map will help you find the cool places to shop and the cool stuff to do at night without having the inconvenience of stumbling around town. That's how much we love you...we'll do you this solid *gratis*.

I moved here in the summer of 2006 and it took me easily a year to find out that there was actually cool stuff to do here beyond the usual Aggie and Northgate stuff. And the usual B/CS stuff isn't bad, really. I've lived in many college towns over the years and I've never attended or worked at a university more rich in tradition than Texas A&M. Going to a football game here is as big a deal as going to see the pros play. I'm proud to be an adjunct Aggie. But if sports or redneck culture is not your bag, then please refer often to the map on this page and try out some of the cool and unique stuff Bryan/College Station has to offer. And then *why don't you maybe see about offering something up yourself!!* Start a band, even if you've never touched a musical instrument in your life. Paint. See a play or write and produce one. Sculpt. Make art out of trash. Hold a protest. Join the roller derby league. Make friends with someone your mama and daddy would absolutely freak out if they ever saw you with ...and then introduce them to each other at Parents Weekend!

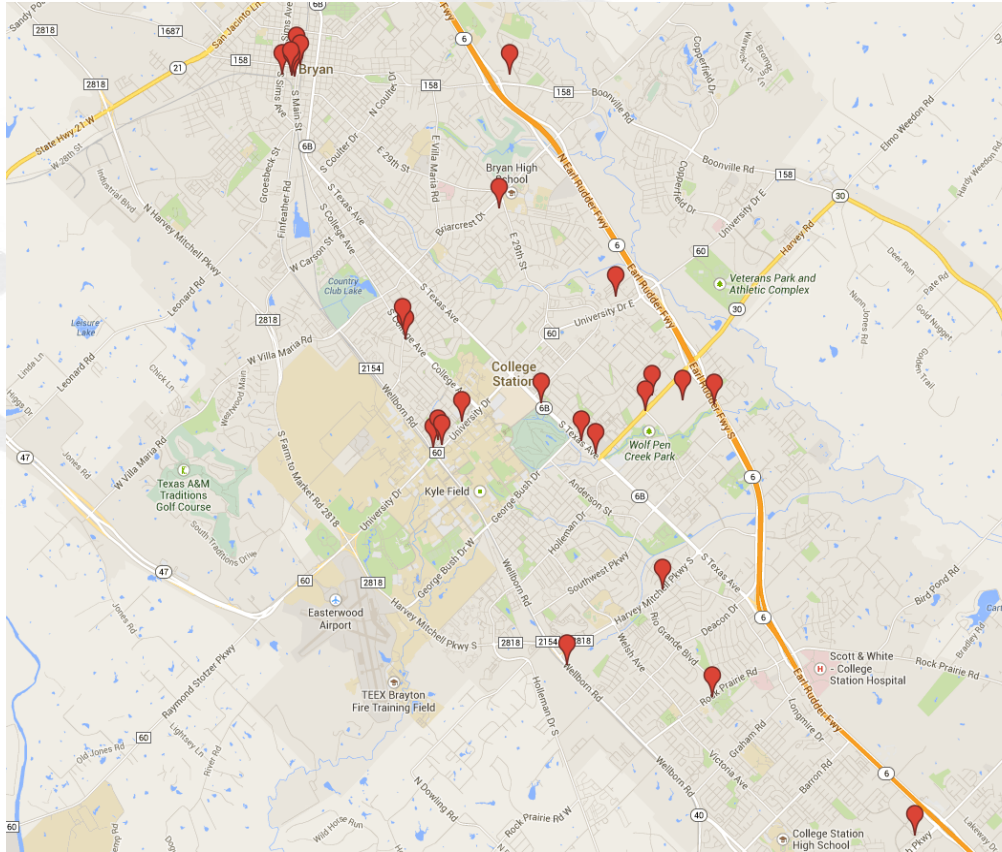
The point here is that college really is what you make of it. It's the magic time in your life when you have adult privileges without full-on adult responsibility. Whatever you do (provided it doesn't kill you or somebody else) will pretty much be excused away as "oh, that was just my crazy college years". Enjoy it, because it will pass you by quick. Bryan/College Station is full of memories waiting to happen. To let them go to waste is worse than failing Chemistry. I guarantee. —*KELLY MINNIS*

Arsenal Tattoo & Design

<http://www.arsenaltattoo.com>

307 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 485-9892

If you're looking to get inked, this is *the* place in B/CS to



get quality artistry, now at their new location in downtown Bryan.

Blackwater Draw

<http://blackwaterbrew.com>

303 Boyett St. College Station (979) 703-6170
701 N. Main St. Bryan

Bryan/College Station's only true brewpub, featuring fine food, various Texas beers on tap as well as their own line of beers. There's now a location in downtown Bryan too.

Brazos Running Company

<http://brazosrunning.com>

1667 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 485-9830

The area's first store to exclusively serve runners and walkers, from beginners to marathon pros. Shoes, clothing, accessories, etc. and staffed by runners.

Carneys

3410 S. College Ave. Bryan (979) 823-1294

A bit of a local secret. Great beer selection, none of the Northgate douchiness.

Clockwork Gaming

<http://clockworkgaming.com>

913 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 703-1838

A gaming shop and refuge owned and operated by long-time Aggie gamers. Purchase cards, compete in video game tournaments or play pickup games with friends in a comfortable environment.

Curious Collections

<http://curiouscollectionstx.com>

707 Texas Ave. S. #110E. College Station (979) 704-3059

We got a record store again! Has some new stuff but mostly old stuff and other collectibles. Prices aren't great but hey! we got a record store again!

Cutler 2 Salon

2551 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 764-3000

Finding a place to get your hairs cut in a new town can be a dicey proposition. Go see Niki at Cutler 2 and put yourself in good hands.

Eskimo Hut

<http://eskimohut-hub.com>

919 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 703-6815

Frozen boozy drinks to go, an excellent selection of craft beer in cans and bombers, and the best prices on growler

fill-up in town.

G. Hysmith Skatepark

<http://cstx.gov/skatepark>

1600 Rock Prairie Rd. College Station

Over 1600 square feet of bowls, walls, street courses, hips, and ollie boxes. All concrete, all rad.

Gogh Gogh Coffee Company

4121 Hwy 6. College Station (979) 431-4957

Who knew an excellent craft beer and Texas wine selection would go so well with a coffee shop atmosphere! The Gogh Gogh people did, and offer just that.

Grand Station

<http://grandstationent.com>

2400 Earl Rudder Fwy College Station (979) 696-1100

Lazer tag, cash bar bowling, video games, etc. Like Chuckie Cheese for adults & without shitty pizza. Wait, no, they got shitty pizza too.

Grand Stafford Theater

<http://grandstaffordtheater.com>

106 S. Main St. Bryan

The Brazos Valley's premiere live music venue, serving up rock, country, blues and other musics.

Guitar Center

<http://guitarcenter.com>

1003 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 694-6982

Gots pretty much whatever you need for music making, however you make it.

J Cody's

<http://www.jcodys.com>

3610 S. College Ave. Bryan (979) 846-2639

The best BBQ experience in town. Other places have great meat but J. Cody has a great *meal*.

Koppe Bridge Bar & Grill

<http://www.koppebridge.com>

11777 FM 2154. College Station (979) 764-2933

Local polls rate Koppe Bridge's burgers as the best in town. If it's not the best then it's definitely one of the top three.

Liberty Tattoo

2418C Texas Ave. S. College Station (979) 694-6444

Tattoo Jeremy will see you straight, whether he's free-handing on you or tracing something onto you from your own design.

Margies

320 N. Main St. Bryan (979) 822-8422

Margie's is an old school dive bar that's friendly as hell and they pat out one of the best burgers you'll ever have by hand right before your eyes.

Mr. G's Pizzeria

<http://www.gotomrgs.com>

201 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 822-6747

No college town is complete without a ripping local pizza joint, and Mr. G's is ours. We recommend the calzone.

New Republic Brewing Company

<http://newrepublicbrewing.com>

11405C N. Dowling Rd. College Station (713) 489-4667
Get their line of beers fresh from the brewing tuns and enjoy live music on their back lawn as well as a host of food trucks.

Proudest Monkey

108 S. Main St. (979) 361-4777

The Paddock Lane folks' Bryan bar that has stellar food as well as a cool older urban bar kind of feel to it. 979Rep staff recommends you try the chorizo burger.

Revolution Café & Bar

211 S. Main St. Bryan (979) 823-4044

The heart and soul of the local dirtbag community. It's like your favorite living room house party with a cash bar! Free wi-fi, good drinks and the best live music around.

Rx Pizza

<http://rxpizza.com>

200 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 721-9158

Fancy brick-oven pizza downtown with a full bar.

Village Café

thevillagedowntown.com

210 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 703-8514

Great fresh food, cool atmosphere and the occasional singer-songwriter in the corner. Also plays host to the hottest salsa dance night in the twin cities.

World of Beer

<http://worldofbeer.com>

425 North Point Crossing College Station (979) 985-5927

One of the best selections of beers in both towns with frequent tap takeovers and interesting pub fare. Kinda douchy on the weekend nights but a great weeknight spot.

HURRICANE RELIEF RESOURCES

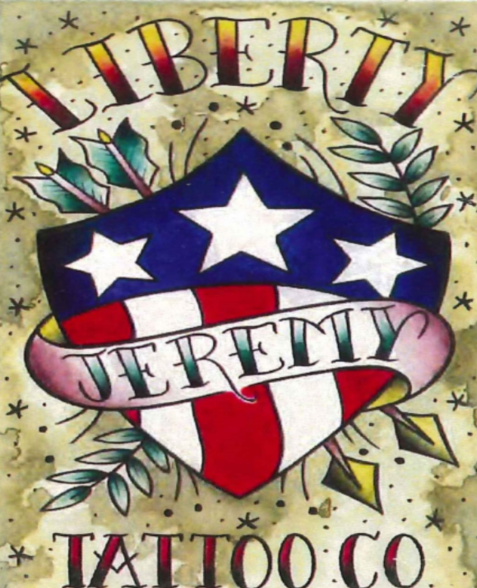
Hurricane Harvey dropped a fuck-ton of water on south Texas. At press time there are still areas of the Brazos Valley flooded and we only received close to two feet of rain. There are areas along the coast that took over four feet of rain and also took winds from the eye wall of the hurricane, flattening everything in its path. Communities from Houston to Galveston to Victoria to Refugio to Corpus Christi to Victoria to Rockdale to Port Aransas to Orange to Beaumont have all been faced record destruction.

How can you help? There are many organizations raising money to help those who lost everything. The list below is not entirely comprehensive, but this is a good place to start.

- **Hurricane Harvey Relief Fund** through the **Greater Houston Community Foundation** <http://ghcf.org/hurricane>
- **Houston Food Bank** <http://houstonfoodbank.org> and **Food Bank of Corpus Christi** <http://foodbankcc.org>
- Donate blood locally. Blood is distributed where it is needed through Carter BloodCare.
- **Houston Humane Society** <http://houstonhumane.org> **San Antonio Humane Society** <http://sahumane.org> and **Houston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals** <http://houstonspca.org>
- **Texas Diaper Bank** <http://texasdiaperbank.org>
- **United Way of Greater Houston** <http://unitedwayhouston.org/flood>
- **Texas Voluntary Organizations Active in Disaster** <http://txvoad.communityos.org>

FRIDAYS 7-9 pm

Paolo's Italian Kitchen (next to the Hilton on University)



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- ★ Classic R&B
- ★ 60's Soul
- ★ 70's & 80s Hits

In Person

Here's what happens: A report or revelation that would end literally any other administration in the history of the country is released. Then, as predictably as night follows day, a complete bullshit story is spun out to a friendly writer (not journalist or reporter, because what they do is not journalism). That bullshit story is published, and DT's enablers can deflect with *whataboutism* (a tactic so infuriatingly successful, they don't even need another move once they make it, also it's a real fucking thing from the Soviets, look it up). Within about a day, it gets so exhausting to actual journalists and news consumers, everyone tunes out and moves on to the next thing.

Thus, a real and important story is swept away in a single news cycle, reduced in the minds of too many people to the same level as the bullshit story that was intended to obscure it.

Last month we learned that Junior held meetings in Trump tower with Russians who were directly linked to the Kremlin. Junior was promised damaging intel on HRC, and presumably they talked about adoptions. The Times reported direct communications between the Trump campaign's inner circle and a Russian national connected to the Kremlin. A Russian lawyer with ties to state owned enterprises and to a senior government official met with Trump campaign officials shortly in June of 2016, shortly after the nomination was decided. Junior, the campaign manager Paul Manafort, and the President's son-in-law, Jared Kushner all attended the meeting.

The significance of this extraordinary meeting lies in the reason why the campaign agreed to it. According to a statement from Junior, there was on the campaign's part an "expectation" that the Russians would have negative information to offer about Hillary Clinton. The result, so Junior now claims, was disappointing: "It quickly became clear that she [the Russia lawyer] had no meaningful information." He dismissed her claim to have had this material as mere "pretext" for the meeting. The President's son is admitting that the campaign arranged the meeting solely to get this information.

Junior's continuously evolving justifications and attempts to deflect are so transparently bullshit, it makes me think that maybe I was wrong when I thought that Eric was the stupid one.

What Fredo (and Manafort and Kushner) did violates several laws, and is damn close to being treasonous if not totally across the line. Just like whatever has just happened today (I don't even have to specify, because whenever you are reading this, there is something new *every day*), if we had a functioning government and a political majority who put the country ahead of their own ambitions, it would end the current administration before the sun set.

But, just like I'm going to shit after I eat, it will amount to bullshit, because when this very serious report was released, within hours, another story that is complete bullshit was leaked to a friendly propagandist.

In this case, it's this completely bullshit story that half of Comey's memos were filled with classified information so whatabout that? There are many reasons is bullshit, chief among them: James Comey, for all his faults, is not that stupid. He is not as stupid as the people who are going to be convinced this story is true, and use it to deflect and distract. But that's part of the

BULLSHIT

scam with these stories: just like phishing emails and Nigerian prince scams, bullshit pieces like that are not intended to legitimately inform the public or actual-

ly sway opinion; they are intended to give the hardcore base something to shout back at anyone who challenges their cult.

In this case, the bullshit Comey story was given to John Solomon, who is a fucking idiot. No one will run with a story you're trying to float? Bring it to John Solomon. Seriously, look him up, he's a fool. He's running Circa. You may remember that Circa was a startup that was supposed to be a news aggregator with videos centered around mobile use and young-on-the-go-bullshit-type-people that failed miserably back in 2015. The URL and social media feeds of Circa were purchased by Sinclair Broadcasting, a hyper-right-wing media conglomerate, which is now buying up properties to bring its style of post-Fox News propaganda television nationwide. Sinclair put Solomon in charge of Circa and relaunched it as a Buzzfeed for right wing propaganda focused on millennials. The fact that is where the Comey story started is bullshit. It wasn't WaPo. It wasn't the Times. It wasn't even Faux News. It was a failed tech start up that was bought a couple years ago by a broadcasting company that literally required its TV stations to run segments supporting Bush's military response following 9/11.

I don't have to look at Facebook to know that, whenever someone talks about this meeting between Trump Junior and the Russians, within minutes, a right wing dickhead will launch into *whatabout the Comey memos?* before moving into *it's a nothingburger* and then to *but Clinton!* and then finally settling into *you lost, get over it.*

In this *specific* instance, Comey's memos don't appear to have caught fire and taken over the mainstream media narrative. I think we can chalk that up to Junior being so magnificently stupid, and lying so badly, it's nearly impossible to just ignore what the bullshit was intended to obscure. But they will keep doing this, because it usually works. It exhausts people's time, energy, and patience, and just like negative campaign advertising, it eventually forces people to just tune it *all out*, not just the bullshit. They've built an army of bots to flood social media explicitly for this purpose.

So next time (which, let's be honest, is probably within 24 hours of you reading this) the cycle of important story followed by bullshit noise begins anew, you can be ready for it, identify it for what it is, and call it out. Don't waste your time arguing about the bullshit story. Remember how to deal with children:

You: Time to go to bed. Your bedtime is 9pm.

Your idiot kid: I WANT TO STAY UP AND WATCH MONSTER TRUCKS!

You: I heard you. But, bedtime is 9pm.

Your idiot kid: BUT ALL MY FRIENDS GET TO WATCH MONSTER TRUCKS!

You: I heard you. But, bedtime is 9pm.

Your idiot kid: YOU ARE NOT BEING FAIR!

You: I heard you. But, bedtime is 9pm.

Your idiot kid: JAMES COMEY LEAKED CLASSIFIED MEMOS!

You: I heard you. But, bedtime is 9pm.

Your idiot kid: THE DNC WAS NEVER HACKED THAT'S FAKE NEWS!

You: I heard you. But, bedtime is 9pm.

Repeat as necessary until your idiot kid grows the fuck up. — STARKNESS

TAKING BACK THE FUTURE

The crowd went wild. The results were in. The People's Party won by a landslide in the Electoral College. Every person at the rally looked like they'd gone out of their minds. A million red balloons dropped down from the ceiling. It was the most beautiful sight. The party had won. Our party.

"We did it! We won!" yelled Nathan, my mailman and one of my best friends for nearly two decades. To my surprise, he clasped his arms around my back and lifted me up. Why wouldn't he? Our party, the People's Party, was going to fix the country! People before bots. There would be jobs again. Factories and plants and service industries where regular guys like me could work again.

People were going nuts. A group of young men poured beer on a street sweeper bot, who danced and flailed its arms as it short-circuited. A young woman on the balcony above dropped a brick on its TV screen head. How could I feel bad? Soon enough, they wouldn't be around anyway. People used to build things, we used to do it all ourselves and everything was good.

I turned to look at my nine-year-old nephew, Nick, with tears in my eyes. He'd lost his parents to the bottle and depression when they completely automated the solar farm. With this election, Nick was given a future. A real honest-to-God chance for a better life. And this election made it happen.

Man over machine.

We had taken back the future.

It was the same bullshit on the TV, the People's Party members praising themselves on the news. Eight years since the election where I thought we would have a future. We haven't had even the whisper of a vote since after the first eighteen months when the midterms were canceled. They promised jobs and to rebuild the nation. They promised the people wouldn't have to live in decrepit homes and work like slaves anymore. So much for that. Fuckers always lie. I miss TV too, but the shows went up and left too. Better sponsors abroad and such.

A loud crash from upstairs shook the beer in my hand. Nick must have fallen out of bed again, it was about noon.

"Nick! You OK, bud?" No answer. I set my beer down

and walk up to his room, push the door open. Nick is laying on the floor, pill bottles strewn about with his happy-bot, Candy, resting beside him on the floor, stroking its metallic fingers through his hair.

"Hey, bud. You doing anything today?"

Nick wheezed a bit and let out a mucous filled cough followed by; "—ain't no school."

"I know. It's all right. Do you need anything?"

"Pills," he grumbled.

"No man, you gotta stop. There's other kids who didn't make the cut, but you don't see them—"

"Fuck off!" Nick interrupted loudly while Candy pulled him back into bed. I can't believe I bought him that fucking thing, but Candy was the only thing that got him to even wake up anymore, "her" and the pills.

Damn pills. Nick wouldn't be on the stuff had he been in school. But he, along with seventeen million other kids, didn't make the final cut for admission. There wasn't a budget for it anymore. It's been getting worse every year.

"Hey Nick, how about we give that job application idea another go? I'm hearing they'll have a new factory up any day now. Or that police job? They can't switch all the cops out for bots, right? Someone has to interact with the people like us. Ha."

Nick said nothing, wrapped up in himself, he let Candy caress his back and reached for one of the open pill bottles on his nightstand. I know that feeling. Shit, I've been doing the same since the refinery closed. It's been three and a half years since I've could do anything other than sit around, watch TV, collect that meager government check, and look after Nick. I haven't heard from either of his parents in six. Not much to do but hope for replies on our job applications, drink beer, try to micromanage our tiny budget, and wait for Nathan to swing by. That's about the only thing I can look forward to anymore. Good ol' Nate. At least he had a job that was secure and he could take care of that old dog of mine. Ain't nobody getting rid of the mailman anytime soon. That was a guarantee.

The doorbell rang. Weird. Nate never rings. He just knocks, he knows that the doorbell can startle Nick. He's early too, by nearly an hour. The doorbell rang

again. I guess I should walk down and answer it.

"Carter, Clarence M?" the bot asked.

"Um, yeah?"

The bot produced a stack of envelopes, which it held out for me to take.

"Your rent: overdue, your electricity: overdue, your gas: shut off, and selected advertisements for your reading pleasure. Have a good day. Sir?"

The hunk of metal was about to turn away when I grabbed at it. What was this thing doing here on my front step? Why was a bot giving him the mail?

"Where's Nathan?"

"The NAMPS has contracted with NAM Party Robotics to ensure your mail will always reach its destination. Yatta!" "But where's Nathan?"

The bot stared with that blank expression they all have. My reflection was in that black void, inhabited with green little squares that created the illusion of eyes, encased behind a flat screen. The bot forcibly pulled my hand away and began to float off.

"Have a good day, sir."

I don't remember grabbing the baseball bat by the front door, and I'd slammed it into the bot's "face" a few times before realizing what was happening. It sizzled. Screen destroyed. Another letter popped out, and a backup speaker took over.

"You are — bzkt — to be fined for damages to Party property. Enclosed with notice — bzkt — is your f-fee. Authorities have been notified. H-have a g-g-bzkt-ood day, sir."

In the distance, there was the roar of the floating power units coming towards me. Well, I guess this is it. I don't need any more, and I sure as fuck can't pay that fine.

"Carter? What are you doing?" asked Nick, who came down when he heard the commotion. I looked at my nephew, the only thing that had been keeping me going, tightening my grip on the bat as the Special Human Intervention Team began to round the corner.

"Taking back the future." — STARKNESS

NO CROWN, NO COKE: WHISKEY REVIEWS FOR THE DISCERNING DIRTBAG

OLD FORESTER 1920 "PROHIBITION STYLE"

Who? MIKE JONES! (Brown-Forman)
What? Bourbon (72% corn / 18% rye / 10% malted barley)
When? Now, while it lasts
Where? Spec's, Twin Liquors, Rough Draught, The Republic 1836
Why? It's fucking delicious
How much? \$55

You might have seen a bottle of Old Forester lingering somewhere in the middle shelf of your favorite neighborhood liquor store and you might have passed it over for a pour you knew better. You really shouldn't have. This is good juice, Shelby.

1920 is the third entry into Old Forester's *Whiskey Row Series*, which celebrates milestones in this history of the company's bourbon—which is kind of a big deal since Old Forester was introduced in 1870 as the first bourbon to be sold in sealed, glass bottles. They set a quality standard the entire industry adopted almost immediately.

Nose: It's big. At 115 proof, the ethanol definitely comes through, but you'll get lost in dark fruit, brown sugar, and I caught a hint of what I can only describe as...what I do with leftover pie crust trimmings: sprinkle 'em with cinnamon and sugar and throw them on a cookie sheet while your pie bakes. All in all, ridiculous examples notwithstanding, pretty standard for a darker bourbon like this.

Taste: The dark fruit is not really present, but the brown sugar and baked goods get dialed up to 11 and they're met with vanilla, dark chocolate, and freshly roasted coffee beans. It's sweet but nothing gets lost or overpowered. The relatively high alcohol isn't even enough to distract you, although I will say I like this one with a couple drops of water because it seems to get even sweeter. I'm nothing if I'm not a sucker for a syrupy, corn-heavy, high-proof pour.

Finish: Spicy with more of the aforementioned. There's a viscous quality to the 1920, too. It coats your mouth so you get a good, medium-to-long finish. In the end, nothing really jumps out at you...but it doesn't need to.

This is just unapologetically good bourbon, folks. It takes no effort to enjoy and it doesn't break the bank. I highly recommend that you give it a try. 89/100—TUCKER

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SEASON



SCHEDULE

PIERCE-PAB FAST TRACK FUN

2/12 - HOME - vs. MISSFITS

3/26 - HOME - vs. CONROE

4/23 - HOME - MASHUP

5/13 - AWAY - vs. KERRVILLE

6/25 - HOME - MASHUP

8/5 - AWAY-DOUBLE HEADER

8/27 - HOME - MASHUP

9/24 - HOME - MASHUP

10/1 - AWAY - vs. CONROE

10/29 - HOME - MASHUP

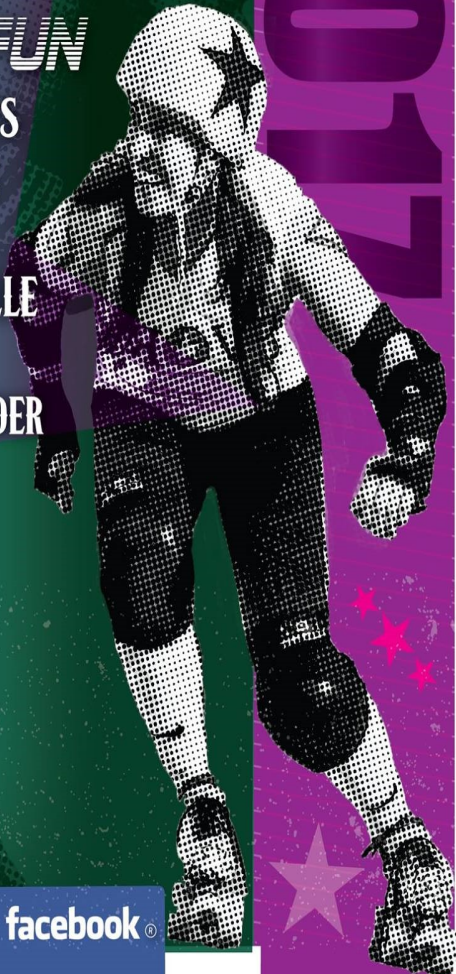
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DOORS OPEN AT 5:00
FIRST WHISTLE BLOWS AT 6:00

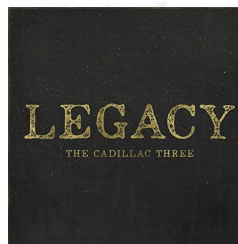
* ALL DATES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

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2017

RECORD REVIEWS



The Cadillac Three
Legacy

The third album by this Southern rock trio is literate and understated, two terms not usually associated with this genre. While *The Cadillac Three* may aspire to be ZZ Top without the blues and the boogie, the group loves word-play too much to completely let the music take over (well, yeah, three songwriters). That also could be because love songs dominate the album.

An example is "Love Me like Liquor." In the hands of most modern country acts, it would probably be your typical bar-band swagger. However, equating love to alcohol with lines like "I want more than tipsy" shows the band tackling the topic from a different angle. Yet the music never takes off to support the sentiment. The title cut is a nice acoustic love song that dismisses striving for the Hall of Fame for "A life of you loving me/That's a legacy." "Demolition Man" is a fair mid-tempo tune about breaking into someone's heart.

Only the opening cut "Cadillac" comes close to mixing great guitar riffs and lyrics that even evoke that little band from Texas with lines about cheap sunglasses and fuzzy dice. While "American Slang" is probably the best cut on the album, *From the city to the country doing our thang*, it sounds like U2.

The best wordplay is in "Hank and Jesus" where the singer gets country music from his father and the church from his mother: "Six strings and Sunday morning." A close second is "Ain't that Country" with lines like "More month than money."

There are still the standard country music tropes in tunes like the morning after a drunken night "Dang if We Didn't" and "Tennessee."

All in all, this is still better fare than most what passes for country music these days.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



Frankie Rose
Cage Tropical

I got hip to Frankie Rose late last decade when she could be found beating the drums for New York garage nuevo group Dum Dum Girls. Upon leaving that band, she put out a really kind of boring solo album. Then it sounded like she discovered college radio circa 1982, donned some black eyeliner, and smoked a carton of clove cigarettes and got right with her inner gothic. Her first two albums, *Interstellar* and *Herein Wind* were beautiful, glossy synth-pop records with a dark underpinning made for late night listening. *Cage Tropical* is Rose's latest effort.

It's been four years between albums for Frankie Rose. While *Interstellar* and *Herein Wind* could be the A and B sides to the same C90 cassette, *Cage Tropical* focuses less on the expanse of synthesizer pads and doubles down on strident guitar and pounding drums. Album opener "Love In Rockets" could be a *Heaven or Las Vegas* outtake for Cocteau Twins; "Dyson Sphere" sounds like Jive Records-era Comsat Angels, all chorused bass and echoed post-punk guitars. Closer "Decontrol" is the closest to a pop song one will find, with a monster hook.

Like all Rose's albums, *Cage Tropical* is an easy listen. It is, in a way, an exercise in creating a period piece with the sheen of modern production. Her albums are very easy to listen to. That is an asset but is also a negative. The album passes through me and does not stick. It sounds good and is reminiscent to me of other groups from the early '80s I really enjoy, but the songs just aren't memorable. That is not necessarily a fatal flaw. This is not an album you need to concentrate on, agonize over, climb way down deep inside of it so that it climbs just as deep inside of you. Like the best of pop records, it is easily digestible and disposed of when you are through with it.—**KELLY MINNIS**



Queens of the Stone Age
Villains

The Evil Has Landed, and it makes a strong first impression. Queens of the Stone Age's new record, *Villains*, is different and it's a winner.

After about a minute-fifty of build up, Jon Theodore's drums queue a funky stomp of an opener, "Feet Don't Fail Me," that announces, "Yes, we made a record with Mark Ronson, and it's pretty damn good." "Feet" slows down just enough at the end to lull you before coming back a wallop and segueing into leadoff single "The Way You Used To Do," another good mashup of the Queens' sound with Ronson's dance sensibilities. It's scuzzy. It's dance-y. It'll make ya snap your fingers and tap your feet!

The middle and meat of the record is strong, but not necessarily spectacular. It sounds like what it should sound like; it sounds like Queens, but seen through a different lens—in this case, Ronson's lens. "Head Like a Haunted House" is a highlight. It's shot out of a cannon and doesn't stop guided by a nimble bassline and intersecting guitars. "The Evil Has Landed" is a perfect meld of the Queens' sound with the influence of Ronson. Homme's falsetto floats over a big Zeppelin-y riff, but then suddenly in the middle of the song, the rhythm section goes all Rush-YYZ—and it's fucking great. And not to spoil a work such as this, the Queens racket it up for a big "Go With The Flow"-y finish.

Where's Dave? Where's Nick? Where's Mark? The guest appearances and contributors on Queens records is usually something I look forward to. An occasional Mark Lanegan tune, some Julian Casablancas backing vocals, Dave Grohl drumming on tracks 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. These are neat little things to see that the cool band you like makes music with dudes from other cool bands that you also like. The guest appearances are absent from this affair. While I lament not having a Lanegan lick or two—ALSO, where's Nick?—the record does sound cohesive

with the same personnel writing and playing on all of the songs.

I like this record. It might not be as amazing as I have led you to believe, but I like it. Queens tried something different and it worked. I applaud that. Sometimes I feel like when bands get nicer toys or cleaner production or up the pop in their songs, try to appeal to a wider audience, they lose a bit of their muscle, their spunk—the music becomes boring stuff written for big arenas—[this sentence should be called, "The Ballad of the Foo Fighters"]—but Queens of the Stone Age succeeds in bringing in a dance producer with a different sound and end up with a fun, dance-y, rock 'n' roll record that sounds like a fresh addition to their catalogue.—**JOSHUA SIEGEL**

STILL POETRY

5-WING

To not be somewhere.
To not be somebody.

No answers, appearances,
elements of cool.

Nada to my contacts
or manifest of goods.

My love of Bossa Nova: null.
My *Texas Chainsaw* t-shirt:
void.

I drink a cider, pet the dog,
leave the turntable unturned.

The window projects a film
of pissed wasps and patriotic
leaves.

A car - off-camera - passes.
A voice - out of shot - says,

"Okay. Okay. I'll call you tomorrow."

An extra - from deep set -
laughs.

Why? (Hitchcock mimicked
mystery:
He never created a single one.)

Audience alone to this quiet, I
applaud
the synchronicity of fan blades

and the percussive soundtrack
of my gut,
begging for concessions

from the next-room lobby
with no attendant and no need

to report the particular *how*
of my day or doing. Cheers,

Oh blessed stop and still.
—**KEVIN STILL**

CONCERT CALENDAR

9/1—Roxy Roca, Hazy Ray @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

9/1—HYAH!, Cosmic Chaos, Wartime Afternoon, Beige Watch @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

9/2—Uncle Lucius @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

9/2—Jibber & Twitch, Line of Fire, Piss Penny, The Sherlock Homos @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/7—The Schisms, Mutant Love, Unicorn dog @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/8—Keaton Coffman, The Docs, The Lonely Wheel @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

9/8—SARC Benefit feat. The Ex-Optimists, Cham Bomb, The Shoobiedoobies @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

9/9—Honest Men, Thomas Csorba, Corusco @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

9/9—Drawer Devils, ASS, Killer Hearts, Hate For State, @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

9/15—Wiretree, Leavenworth, The Fox In The Ground @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

9/15—French & Bloem @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/16—Second Runner Up, Smile Transilvania, The Shoobiedoobies, B.A.M.H., Far From Home @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

9/16—Charm Bomb, Yaupon, Beige Watch @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/17—Brazos Valley Derby Girls vs. New Braunfels Wurst Gurls @ VFW, Bryan. 5pm

9/17—Hurricane Harvey Relief Benefit feat. The Ex-optimists, Mutant Love, LUCA, Electric Astronaut @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

9/21—Chris Staples @ LUCA House, College Station. 8pm

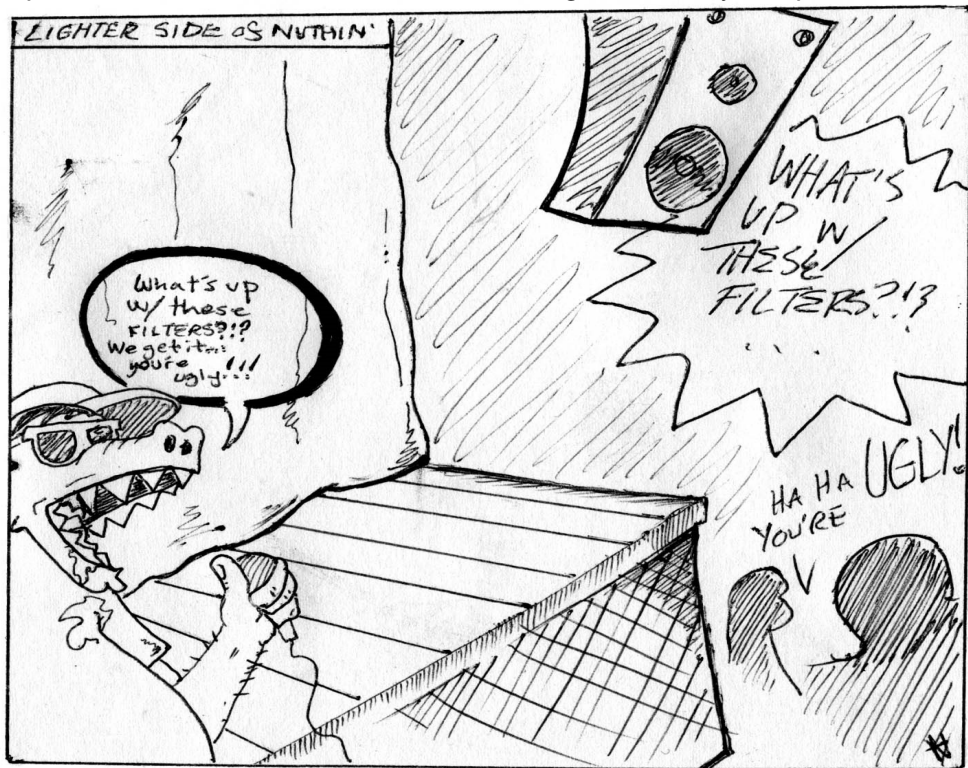
9/22—No I'm the Leader, Tenino, The Thief & The Architect, Silent Like Lightning @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

9/23—Jay Satellite @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/29—Pat Green @ Hurricane Harrys, College Station. 9pm

9/29—Ruiners, Electric Astronaut, Funeral Horse @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/30—Girlband, Satanic Overlords of Rock, Killer Hearts @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm



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