

STORERPRESENT



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inside: shit that scared you - bet on beto? - i hope google finds this - our spineless congress - death - todd lives in a film - black magick pine - triggers, histrionics & lies - they don t fucking care - still drinking colorado - intestinal jesus - what the witch?! - record reviews - concert calendar



BET ON BETO?

979represent is a local magazine for the discerning dirtbag.

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kelly minnis - kevin still
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folks that did the other shit for us

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Texas U.S. Senate seat between incumbent Ted Cruz and challenger, Congressman Beto O'Rourke. We are all quite aware that Texas has a solid red voting block and that under most normal circumstances Ted Cruz would skate easily to re-election. But these are not ordinary circumstances.

Let's start with the obvious. No one likes Ted Cruz. Not even the people who keep voting him into office. Ted couldn't even win his own state's presidential primary when he ran in 2016. Ultimately the Republican party chose a celebrity over a man who proudly filibustered for 21 hours against the Affordable Care Act, clerked for former Supreme Court Chief Justice Bill Rehnquist, and served as Texas State Attorney General. Cruz has *serious* conservative credentials and even those folks hold their nose in voting for the man. Why might that be? Cruz is perhaps one of the least likeable and easily vilainized politicians of the 21st century so far. He was humiliated by Trump in the primaries, earning the "Lyn' Ted" sobriquet from then Candidate Trump. As we all know, Trump won and now Cruz finds himself skating the fine line of supporting Trump's policies while obviously despising the man. It is pure irony that Cruz has to extend a desperate hand in need of starpower to aide him in a re-election bid that he would normally have coasted towards. And that help is needed because Cruz is in trouble.

Beto O'Rourke is in many ways the exact opposite of Ted Cruz. He's likeable, gets along with his colleagues on both sides of the political spectrum in the House of Representatives, is a white man who relates to the Latino populace of the state (as opposed to Cruz who is actually Latino but is not particularly relatable), and he has the momentum in this race. How did an El Paso Democrat former punk rock kid who has had some minor run-in's with the law manage to make the Senate race too close to call? It is my belief that he has done so by slapping shoe leather on pavement. O'Rourke's campaign began well over a year ago. He has visited every county in this massive state. He has taken zero PAC contributions. He has energized new voters to register in record numbers. He's made the rounds of the national talk show circuit. Many political pundits believe he has a legitimate shot of defeating Ted Cruz. Many pundits think he has a national political future beyond the Senate.

The true question is will shoe leather beat out ticket voting. Many Texans who don't like Ted Cruz will pull the lever for a straight Republican ticket and vote Cruz. Pure laziness could get Ted Cruz re-elected. The Blue Wave that demographers have long predicted for Texas just based on population figures assumes that Democrats can get those new left-leaning Texans to show up to the polls. So far that has not been the case. It certainly wasn't for Wendy Davis in the gubernatorial race. Will Beto break the cycle? It remains to be seen. I certainly have a horse in the race and support Beto O'Rourke. He is the first politician I have ever donated money to. However, I wouldn't dare take that money and bet it on this race because it is anybody's guess as to the outcome. What I do predict is that whatever happens that this race will make a national name of Beto O'Rourke as a rising star of the Democrat Party. — KELLY MINNIS

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OUR SPINELESS CONGRESS



It is readily apparent that both houses of Congress, led by the Republican party, are filled with cowards. They are so knee-knockingly afraid of risking their sweet jobs that they tolerate in silence a morally-corrupt barely-literate degenerate in the White House instead of upholding their American duty to serve as a check and balance on his tyrannical traitorous bluster. They have to go.

Congress' tacit support of Trump's attacks on individual American citizens and the freedom of the press as well as his support of Nazis is bad enough, but the current members of Congress are haplessly inept; they are not even doing their jobs.

Despite controlling all three branches of government, what has the Republican leadership done? Uhh, well, they passed a tax bill that gave enormous tax cuts to the one percent of the wealthiest Americans. What else? Uh, they rammed a Supreme Court justice nominee through by changing the rules...and no, it's not Kavanaugh. Who knows how that's going to play out since the revelations occur hourly now.

Oh, and remember—Trump didn't pick Kavanaugh; an ultra-right-wing neo-nationalist think tank did. He wouldn't know a good judge from a good fudge sundae.

As of today, Congressional leaders (read: Republicans) are proud of preparing a spending bill to avoid a government shutdown. Really? This is how low the standard for our elected officials has fallen? They are celebrating barely staving off fiscal disaster, and that's the best they can do?

Anyone recall what the last Congress did under President Obama? I bet you can come up with at least three things pretty easily. How about the Affordable Care Act that offered better health care for all Americans? How about restrictions on big banks to shield Americans from financial predators? What about environmental

protections for all Americans?

They probably came to mind since Trump and his boot-licking Congressional Republicans have spent two years trying to undermine this legislation that benefits the majority of Americans. This Congress does not know how to lead.

I mean, look at Senate Leader Mitch McConnell. In President Obama's first term, McConnell said his main goal was to ensure Obama was a one-term president. It doesn't take a genius to figure out what his goal was when Obama won a second term—it was to make President Obama's second term as miserable as possible. McConnell said his proudest moment of that legislative term was denying President Obama's nomination of a Supreme Court justice. That six-month gap was the longest in American history.

This is what passes for leadership? McConnell and his lackeys are so afraid of offending Trump and his misguided base that they have turned their backs on the majority of Americans. Congress is so scared of Trump that not only are they too petrified to oppose his demented failings, they have become too incompetent to even do their jobs.

So, what can we do as Americans? Vote. All 435 seats in the House of Representatives are up for re-election in November. A total of 35 seats in the Senate are up. Wherever you can, vote for change.

These Republicans in office now do not know how to represent this country; it's time to vote in men and women who have the backbone to do so. Get rid of the cowards. A handful of new Republicans already have dislodged a few of the spineless do-nothings in the primaries. In other races, the choice left is the Democratic party. At this point, a vote for an incumbent Republican is a vote for the immoral Trump and his fascist anti-American muck. Vote for change.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

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DRUNK DETECTIVE STARKNESS

After picking up a bottle of whiskey after work, I realize I left my phone at the office. And I think to myself, "Surely this isn't a big deal. Home, work, the bar, and the store are all within 25 miles of each other. Just swing back by work and grab it. Haha, this must be the most boring thing ever to happen to anyone. Surely, there's nothing any of my persona's and/or demons could have to say about this, just start the truck real quick, turn back around and..."

Alcoholism: Unacceptable! You turn this car around and head home this instant!

Me: *stops the car* Dammit Alcoholism, I have to have an argument with you about getting my phone? Really?! My fucking phone and 30 minutes out of your life on the way home? You're joking, right?

Alcoholism: Bitch, you're lucky I let you stop at stop lights on the way home. Every second counts to me. You could have your first whiskey in front of you in three minutes. It's a God damn order of magnitude sooner. That phone will be just fine, right where you left it, when you go to work tomorrow.

Me: Yeah, but, I don't know, what if somebody wanted to get in touch with me, you know, like real alive people do sometimes? I mean, like, NOT strange mental constructs that I don't fully understand. Isn't that worth 30 minutes?

Alcoholism: Psssh. As much as Blacked Out You loses/lets your phone die and doesn't notice, trust me the people in your life are plenty used to you not responding to them for a day or week or two. This isn't a thing and I want my booze now.

Blacked Out Me: Hey, don't bring me into this, man. This is the stupidest argument I've ever even heard of, I'm hours away from even being alive, and I have nothing to do with this, so....

Me: It's OK, Blacked Out Me, go back to bed (or whatever it is you do when you're not around, I don't really know), I got this. Don't know why dick-for-face over here even bothered to bring you up. But see Alcoholism, when he does it, it's an accident. This is intentional laziness. These are quantifiably different scenarios. What if somebody died? Don't you think we'd feel a lot worse over just not swinging by the office, intentionally, than accidentally losing a phone?

Alcoholism: Fuck it. They'll be just as dead tomorrow.

Me: Christ on a Hot Plate with Cholula, Alcoholism! I knew you were raw, but come the fuck on, these are my friends and family you're talking about! Could we tone it down, just a notch, here? Also, you do realize we have now been arguing for longer than it would have taken to just go get the stupid phone, right, you stupid, stubborn donkey fucker?

Alcoholism: Dead is dead, man. And the time thing is just even more reason for us to get home or to the bar sooner!

Me: Fine. You don't give five flipped fucks about life. I can relate, kinda, I guess, but what if somebody went to jail. I know you've felt that. What if I needed to post some bail money? Hmmm? You know they'd do it for you. You wanna piss all over that?

Alcoholism:God Fucking Damn It. 'The Never Let A Brother or Sister Sit In Jail If There Is Any Way We Can Help It' Doctrine. You're pulling that out? Fuck You. Fine. Fine, go get your precious phone. Fucking fist fuck those few rules that override me. I hate them. I hate you. Just shut up and drive fast.

Fucking living with Alcoholism, amirite guys? Where the simple decision to drive a couple miles can result in a five minute long argument with yourself. Fucking Alcoholism. Sometimes, guys, sometimes it's a real pain in the metaphorical dick. — STARKNESS



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I HOPE @GOOGLE FINDS THIS



Hey Google,

You are pretty cool with all the stuff you are doing. You help me so much. Whenever I need something, you are pretty much there, with suggestions and images and practically everything I need. Sometimes you finish my sentences, you define words for me, you help me get the correct spelling, and you let me know who thinks what about a certain topic. You are my calculator, my translator, and sometimes I kinda feel like you know what I'm about to ask you, but I'm OK with that. I mean, you know my preferences, right? You know what I click on and watch and obsess over and you even know what I don't like at all. That's the sign of a good friend. Seriously...You're all a person could hope for. And I know you want the best for me.

I remember when we just met, when there were others that were battling for my attention, but you stuck to your guns, and you did it. You came out on top, even wrote the rules, and to tell you the truth, you were my favorite...well, at least it seems like you were.

Anyway, I love that you have our best interest in mind. You help us find what we want, sometimes making it hard to find things we shouldn't really be looking for. You entertain us with videos (basically invented video watching online), you invent cool stuff, you are working on Artificial Intelligence (which is awesome), and you are doing all you can to expand the available knowledge and access to that knowledge globally. That's super cool.

In my opinion, that right there is what will usher in the newest rendition of our existence. I mean how we "do" society and communicate, how we gather information, what we learn and don't need to learn, how to do pretty much anything, and even allowing the sharing of the most insignificant thought someone might have, that could end up as the most impactful collaboration humans have ever know. Faster computers? Cure for Alzheimer's? World peace? I'm excited.

So, I just want to encourage you to stay cool. I mean: treating us like people...not probabilities and preferences. You are the gateway to knowledge. That's pretty intense. You are a huge part in ushering in whatever comes next in the evolution of ability to access information. I'm not trying to scare you by being all intense ... I'm just saying ... don't be a bully, and don't go lax on your morals. With all the money you have, you shouldn't need to fall into the temptation of external lobbying. But you wouldn't do that, I'm sure of it.

Here's what I'm gonna do to get this to you. I'm gonna just put this out there in the internet ethos. I'm gonna post this inside of a PDF and you are gonna find it and read it. I want you to find it, and I know you will because you crawl and index everything. Maybe give me a sign that you found it. You'll know how to get in touch with me.

So, here's to you Google. Our filter. Our "I got your back" guy.

Wherever it is that you are taking us, it's gonna be awesome. Because you trust us. You know that our brains are awesome, and we can take it. As a society, I just know we can.

Google, friend, you are cool. Not like "too cool to hang out with" either. I mean "woah...we like the same stuff." kinda cool. Like, "Oh shit, you have the Millenium Falcon playset and you are letting me play with it?" kinda cool.

Anyway...Google, do good. You rock. We know stuff because of you.

Stay classy.

Sincerely, - *JORGE GOYCO*

BLACK MAGICK PINE

The crunching of the sand and rocks under my feet lulled me through the muggy wisps that kissed my naked thighs and flew through all those falling vines under the southern oak trees. The deep woods are black as pitch, and silence doesn't exist. The owls hunt, and the mice scream; cicadas cry, and crickets play a hymn for the hunted until they too die by the mouth of a big bad wolf. The trees bow as I come closer to burning pyre. Spiders fall before me in adoration as moths crown my head. The hunter's moon spills its yellow over my skin as I step

into the clearing; wood popping as it burns our shadows into the pine tree line. His sandalwood breathe brushes my neck, and his vanilla flavored claws prick the skin on the small of my back to carve the love letter he promised me for eternity. He kisses me as I bleed down to my toes with an ecstasy far better from any simple man. He tips me back as I ascend above the fire and ash, above the mortality and dirt we were all burdened with at birth. Time has no meaning with a kiss of eternity. - *JESSICA LITTLE*

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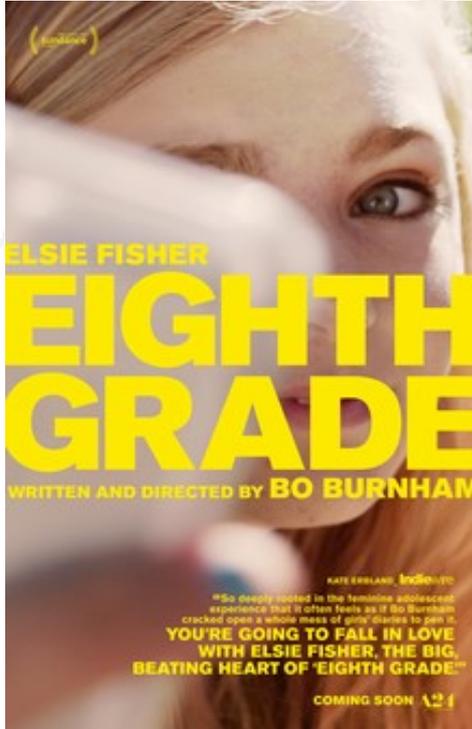
Hi guys, thanks again for subscribing to my video channel. There are a lot of video channels out there, of course, and it means a lot to me that you're watching. I know my number of followers is small right now, and that's totally okay, but after the video just remember to "Like" and "Share" it so that your friends can check it out.

So, the topic of today's video is "How To Be Confident", 'cause it's important to be confident in a lot of situations. People like other people who are confident, just because it feels like they have things figured out or are cool, in like, a natural way without having to try. Like, think about how when you're with your friends you hang out with all the time and no one acts weird because you're used to hanging out. When someone isn't confident, or like, acting scared in a situation they don't want to be in, people will recognize that you're not confident and possibility make fun of you or maybe even just ignore you. Of course some people are just mean, but while you may not want to be friends with them you can't just go and avoid them forever. Which is why learning how to have a confident attitude can make a difference.

There's all kinds of situations when acting confident can be helpful. Maybe you've started at a new school and have to make new friends. Maybe there's a bunch of popular kids that you're not included with. Maybe you get invited to a party or a hangout at a place you've never been to before. Sure, all of these situations sound, like, they would be pretty intimidating. But, if you find yourself in one of them, it may be a good opportunity to practice being confident and just see what happens.

So here are some steps you could take to act confident even if you don't feel all the way confident. First, don't show that you're scared or nervous or hesitant or anything like that. Walk up to them at a steady speed, not too fast, and don't just look at the ground or away from them. You need to show them that you're meant to be there, too. Second, find something to talk about. It sounds kind of silly, because talking seems pretty easy, but in the moment it may be difficult to have something to say. It may be helpful to prepare something to say in your head beforehand if it's not someone you usually hang out with. Keep it simple but not too simple. Don't just say, "Hey, how's it going?", have something to ask

them after they reply, like maybe about a party you're both going to or if they heard about some news. Third, don't linger once the conversation feels like it's coming to an end or getting awkward and stuff. Say "bye" nicely and then go ahead and leave.



I know some of this advice sounds, like, really easy and stupid to some of you that are watching, but I also know there are other people watching that it could be really helpful to, and I also think that everyone probably has moments when they're not as confident as they'd like to be. Everyone's been in new situations that they weren't sure how to act or what to say. Or like, talking to guys that you like for the first time can be super awkward and uncomfortable. I haven't dated a bunch of guys or anything, but I know when you have a crush that you like you have to be able to not act weird and quiet and all that. Just find a good time to go up to them and let them know that you think they're cool and you like the same stuff, and then they'll know you better and think of you, too.

So I'll tell you a specific story about this one time I practiced being confident. I was at someone's house with a bunch of people I kinda knew but wasn't really close to any of them, and they were all in one room playing karaoke together. Now maybe you can't tell from my videos but I'm not always the most confident person and I can be intimidated by a new situation. But I decided that this was a time to be strong and act like I belonged in there, too. I walked in and laughed and cheered along, then when they needed someone to take a turn I stood up and said I would go, picked one of my favorite songs and sang it just like I would have to myself in the shower. After the first couple lines I started getting more comfortable with it, and by the middle of the song there were even a few other people in the room singing along. I had more fun than I expected and met a couple new people that told me I did a good job, and it wouldn't have happened if I didn't raise my hand.

Anyway, this video has been long and a bit more serious than usual, but I just wanted to make sure I gave enough examples, and wanted to show that being confident when you need to be is important. Thanks for watching and look for my next video.

Gucci! – TODD HANSEN

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 2018, COMMON AREA

Sunny. Mornings are too brief this time of year to say they are bright. For a moment the world has that light but it comes and goes before you can take a deep enough breath to get some, then you are just in the sun, standing around on the sidewalk with pruners. Summer in Texas.

Hot and humid all day. 82% percent relative humidity. The atmosphere is saturated with water. So are you if you go outside. By the afternoons this water will gather into towering storm clouds and gush over the land. We need it. Your water and the earth's, we need all of it. We are in drought. Texas has been in drought since Harvey. Places that were drowning in two feet of water a year ago are now classified by the state as "abnormally dry." Give thanks for these rains!

Sunny, hot, humid. Hazy in the early morning while vapors of First Friday linger. This was a loud one, folks, just like you like it. You could not escape good music. Windows 95 played at the corner of WJB and N. Bryan. I heard them from two blocks away and it only got better from there. Windows 95 is not afraid to settle in. A lot of bands will play songs for you, it nice to hear some fellows play their instruments.

It was hard work for the guys. Windows 95 became weary and paused at times to fortify their spirits. Refreshed, they played on and on. It was perfect, y'all. The evening was fine, the people were out. All the air sounded good. It was lucky I had fortified my own spirit earlier so I could take it all in. Play on, W95!

Music and showers, but it is not all good news. There is a piece of bad news. Here is the bad news: the red Texas Mallows in the Carnegie Park are getting chewed to bits by Woolly Aphids. I mean, they are wiping them out. They killed a third of the patch between the sidewalks in a week. I cut the dead ones out as best I could but they are thick as could be in there. The whole garden bed is covered in white powdery grime it looks like the edge of the sink after someone fortified their spirit in the Revolution bathroom. It is out of control. Bad news, indeed.

The way I see it, there are two paths forward. One path, we can complain to Beto O'Rourke about this when he comes tearing through here Sunday. Maybe he can get something going in Congress. That was a joke. If we rely on the federal government our flowers are doomed. As I said, I have met with the enemy. The enemy is entrenched in Carnegie Park in positions throughout the garden bed. In this morning's engagement I killed a great number of them with my pruners but thousands remain. The entire bed is afflicted. I fear advanced elements of the infesting horde even now are reaching the larger Mallow patches nearby. The whole park is at risk. We cannot wait for Congress. We must act.

There is one path before us, sisters and brothers. Jihad. A holy struggle to preserve life and beauty. For the hummingbirds are migrating, without fortifying Mallows they will surely perish. Therefore let us make war upon the Aphids. Total war. Let us seek them out. Let us kill them where we find them. Let us kill their eggs and their children. Let us destroy them utterly. Scorched earth. Desolation.

What I am saying is we need to cut all the plants with fluffy white bugs on them out of the garden and throw them in the dumpster. Maybe we could do this before breakfast tomorrow?

Let us pray to That to which our prayers are addressed for favor in this endeavor, amen.

What I am suggesting is that we strategically vandalize a city park. Just want to be clear on this. Our hearts are pure and our cause is just, so to hell with what the government says, but do be aware that it could be illegal. Now if we are really righteous we would plant something else in that bed—the soil is gorgeous under there—so be thinking about what should go in that spot. Ok, to arms! For the Mallows!

Sunny, with blessed rains, rowdy nights, plenty of good work to do. This has been your Weather Report, guerrilla gardeners. Raise hell beautifully.—ANDREW PAYNE

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TRIGGERS, HISTRIONICS, & LIES

[Please note: at the time this article was written, the full Senate had not yet voted on Judge Brett Kavanaugh's appointment to the Supreme Court.

The author is fully aware that by the time of publication, the vote will most likely have occurred.]

There is no doubt in my mind that I have heard the word *histrionics* used more in the last week, than in all the rest of my life combined. *Trigger, triggers, triggering, lie, lies, and lying* are more up in the air, but I'm fairly certain that this past week was a record-breaker for them as well.

As a concerned citizen, committed feminist, and confirmed news junkie, I watched the Kavanaugh hearings this past week. It was indeed triggering, there was much histrionics, and all but the most naive or most resolute conservatives would have to agree that there was a fair amount of lying ... definitely on the part of Kavanaugh and, more than likely, on the parts of Senators Grassley, McConnell, and Graham.

It was a rough week for a lot of us ... much like seeing a continual train wreck that you know you should turn away from, but can't help staring at. So, to the best of my ability (with the full-disclosure that I am less than an unbiased source), here's a brief run-down of ...

What We Know So Far

- Had Merrick Garland been allowed a confirmation hearing in 2016, we wouldn't be involved in the current shit show.

- While Kavanaugh was on Trump's short list of nominee's, Dr. Christine Blasey Ford contacted her congresswoman to try to relay information to the president that she had been the victim of sexual assault at the hands of Kavanaugh while the two were in high school. The information was then passed on to Senator Diane Feinstein who held the information in confidence. As it became increasingly apparent that Kavanaugh was all but a shoe-in, Dr. Ford decided that it was her civic duty to come forward and tell her story.

- Meanwhile, back at the White House, Trump, Kavanaugh, and presumably Senator Mitch McConnell became aware of allegations from Deborah Ramirez that Kavanaugh had waved his junk in front of her face at a party when the two were freshmen at Yale. There is now evidence to suggest that Kavanaugh and the White House were aware of these allegations as early as July and that Kavanaugh attempted to contact former Yale classmates so that everyone could get their stories straight. If this is true, it would mean that Kavanaugh lied before the Senate Judiciary Committee when he said he did not know about Ramirez' allegations prior to her story being run in The New Yorker.

Finally, in the interim between the initial confirmation hearings and the hearing scheduled to hear testimony from Ford and Kavanaugh, Attorney Michael Avenatti posted to Twitter on behalf of his client, Julie Swetnick, that she attended at least ten house parties at Yale where Kavanaugh was present and participating in and/or coordinating gang rapes of women at the parties.

Also of Note

- 1.) Kavanaugh's calendars were supposed to provide evidence that he couldn't have been at the gathering which Dr. Ford was talking about, but they actually corroborate Dr. Ford's testimony pretty thoroughly.
- 2.) Dr. Ford's credibility during her testimony, despite being scared shitless.
- 3.) During his opening comments, Judge Kavanaugh tipped his hand and revealed that he has utter and complete contempt for liberals, Democrats, the Clintons, and all who were involved in this "carefully orchestrated smear campaign"—displaying not only a temperament, but also an attitude, totally at odds with what is required of a Supreme Court Justice.
- 4.) That boof is not really flatulence, Devil's Triangle is not really a drinking game, and "Renata Alumnus" was not a compliment to Renata letting her know that she fit in like "one of the guys."
- 5.) Senators Harris and Klobuchar are badassess who don't take shit from anyone, including prep school educated frat bros.
- 6.) There were many times throughout his testimony that Kavanaugh simply straight up lied ... over seemingly inconsequential things that he didn't "need" to lie about.
 - Senator Lindsey Graham can put on quite a performance when he wants to.

What It All Means

Well, at this point, your guess is as good as mine because, according to Mitch McConnell, this was all gonna be done more than a week ago ... but, to quote Alice in Wonderland, things just keep getting curiouser and curiouser.

It seems to me, there are several possible outcomes. The least likely at this point is that Kavanaugh will withdraw. If left-leaning sources are correct, Kavanaugh can't withdraw without an okay from Trump and Trump won't okay it. It could also happen that Kavanaugh is confirmed ... though the fact that several Republican senators have said that if he's perjured himself, he can't be confirmed. That he has perjured himself is really not in question (look up Devil's Triangle for the love of gawd ... and not the Wikipedia version that was edited by White House staff following Kavanaugh's testimony to include "also a drinking game") So, the question now becomes how much perjury is too much? Lying about a drinking game? Lying about not knowing of any of these allegations until the hearings started? Lying about ... ?

Even if Kavanaugh is confirmed, which liberals see as the end of the world as we know it, we are pretty well assured that, if the House flips as the result of midterm elections, the Dems will attempt to impeach him. If Dems are successful in retaking the Senate, it is practically a done deal.

And finally, maybe, against all predicted odds, he simply doesn't make it through the Senate vote, goes back to being the judge for the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, Trump goes back to his shortlist to try and find another sucke ... er ... nominee who is willing to go through this kind of shit show so that Trump can be assured of a pardon, you know, just in case he needs one. — PAMALYN ROSSE-BEELER

THEY DON'T FUCKING CARE... AND WHY THEY'LL LOSE

(TRIGGER WARNING for survivors of sexual abuse)

You've seen them all over the news lately—privileged white males ranting, preening their neck pouches in a show of dominance, turning their backs on the handshakes of those whom they scent are not of their breed—these gestures alone can trigger anyone who has been crushed under one of these beasts, hand clamped on her mouth.



These beasts have never cared about women. They've never cared about children locked up in detention centers, deportees, LGBTQ+ folk, the poor, priest-abused children, the elderly—anyone, really, except themselves. They don't fucking care.

Now that the beasts hold the levers of power, they think we *prefer* their abuse. Like Kavanaugh, when boof comes to shove, they *naturally* rape and lie and clamp hands over mouths.

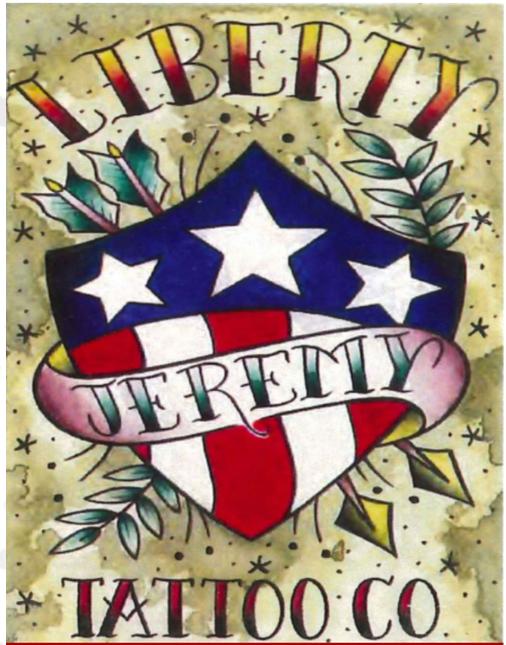
The beasts think we've always let them do it because they're celebrities and moneyed and powerful. They hate themselves so much that they fuck us, all the time seeing only themselves in the persons they're raping. Because they think themselves worth no better, they presume we *like* this shit. That such is the natural order of things.

But the *unnatural odor* of their own musk blinds them to the grace of what's coming.

We're gonna bury them in a better (or should I say "*Beto*?) way. In the process, we'll show *everyone* a much better picture of *all* selves. If the beasts still wanna call that dung, leave 'em to their own devices while we carry on the work of being human. They'll have only the power to crawl into their holes—until we get too complacent to remember the grace of being human.

To fucking care.

The history books decades from now will recount the sea change of *this time* that raised the *best* angels of our nature. In that blinding light, boofs and frognecks and mushroom dicks cower and shrivel. #metoo #neverforget #marchforourlives #voteout,—
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I'm using a term I have never fucking used and may never use again to describe my present state. Triggered.

I am beyond fucking triggered. I'm triggered af as the kids would say.

This past week, I watched a woman defend herself to the entire fucking country as well as her attacker and this was a thing. In 20 fucking 18, this is a god damned thing.

I lost my virginity to rape. I was 16. Having been molested most of my childhood, I couldn't possibly understand the red flags, the warning signals. Also, I was still a kid. I had never kissed a boy. I had never seen what a man looked like naked. I was asked by the new neighbor that took interest in me if I wanted to come over for drinks. Fuck yeah I do! As an adult I can look back on how incredibly fucking stupid this was, then I just thought some cool dude was going to get me alcohol. Drinking was fun and taboo after all. He was using Tampico as a mixer, I don't know what alcohol it even was, I surmise vodka. But something was strange. I had been drinking since I was 12. It wasn't like it was my first time drinking. I drank straight whiskey and tequila by age 12. With my dad. My soon to be attacker made my first drink. I drank it and we hung out and talked music. I wasn't attracted to him romantically. He was into rave and Sublime, neither of which I was fond of in any form. He was a junkie but I was too young to realize that either. I liked tough punk as fuck dudes, but he seemed like he could be a cool friend. He seemed bored and exasperated with my being there. I thought maybe I should go and he seemed almost shocked. Asked me to stay and that he'd make me another drink. He was gone awhile, leaving me in his room alone. Came back stirring my drink. This time it tasted funny. He said he added more alcohol and chided me calling me a "pussy" for not wanting my drink. I began to feel very tired and lethargic and even laid down on the carpet. Everything felt weird. My spider sense was tingling and something was telling me to get out. I was struggling to focus. It felt like I was using everything in me to just walk out of there but I did it.

My biological mother would leave me at home alone for weeks at a time. This was one of those times. I don't remember coming home or why I crawled into her bed. I remember the terror of hearing the front door open and someone walking inside. It was him. Her bedroom was by the front door and it didn't take him long to find me. He was on top of me the next second and he snatched my pants and underwear off. I was terrified. I didn't want him to see me naked. I didn't like him like that. Then it happened. The pain was intense. I screamed and he covered my mouth and held me down. It was horrible. It was painful. It still traumatizes me writing it. When he was done he got up. I remember the sound of his pants. They were that athletic material and made a certain sound when he moved. I was in so much pain

FUCK BRETT KAVANAUGH

. He had vaginally and anally raped me. He told me how much it was going to hurt when he went to go anal. Having never had sex I had no idea what he was even doing. I sat up as he went to leave and said "Ummm. But. But. I'm a Virgin...". To that he laughed shaking his head and replied "Now that's fucked up", lit a cigarette and walked out. I sat in bed scared to move for the longest time. Everything down there burned. It ached. It was sore. It felt like knives had cut me apart. I tried to get out of bed and my legs gave out from the pain. I composed myself and lunged at the door locking it and started sobbing. What had I done? Not what had he done. What had I done?

I made my way to the bathroom. I saw myself in the mirror and said "I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm not a little girl..." I cried holding myself. There was blood. There was bruising already forming with red marks tinged from my inner thighs to my entire genitalia. My arms hurt from being held down forcibly. My wrists looked like they had Indian burns your brothers would inflict on you in grade school. Taking a shower hurt so bad but his smell was still on me and I wanted it off. I wanted to wash everything that had happened away. I sat in the bathtub scared and alone crying afraid he might try to return. I sat alone in an apartment for a few weeks scared to see my neighbor.

I was sneaking out afraid of running into him and would get drugs and alcohol from friends. I had a handle each of Gin, Whiskey and Rum in my bedroom I was drinking to drown the pain and fear.

One day there was a knock at the door. It was a female friend of his. She had to use the bathroom and he wasn't home yet. She hung out with me and I confided in her what had happened. I was young, scared and had no one. She defended him saying he'd never rape but maybe because of how I looked I gave off a vibe that I was into the rough stuff. She surmised that most likely I was drunk and invited him over. Maybe I said things I don't remember or am too embarrassed to admit. Or maybe I was scorned because he only wanted to fuck and I wanted something more. She hugged me and left. I never saw her again.

My biological mom returned home and discovered I had been stealing money from her. I was scared. Truth is she'd leave for weeks without providing any food. I had stolen her card long ago so I could feed myself. This time I was scared because I had been using her money to score alcohol, cigarettes, blow and pills. I told her I had been raped and used the money for an abortion.

The abortion part was a lie. It had only been three weeks and I didn't quite understand the birds and the bees. She berated me. She ran into my aunt's business leaving me in the car. My aunt came running out in tears asking if I was okay. My mother in the meanwhile decided to use this as an opportunity for attention and the consolation of my aunt's workers. It was my aunt that called police and drove me to the hospital for a rape kit. After three weeks, I still showed extensive tearing and internal bruising. The exam detailed that I had been violently assaulted. When the interview with an 8 months pregnant police officer concluded, she asked me in front of my mother, "What did I expect having blue hair." He'd never see a single day of jail time. My attacker was a convicted felon that had only been out of prison for three days. He was in his 20s. I was still a teenager.

I was taken away from my mother and lived with different family members. I was told to stop lying. I could ruin this man's life. My own fucking family. I wasn't given any counseling. Nothing was offered. I was told to stop lying. Time and time again. Don't ruin his life. I couldn't take it anymore and just wanted the suffering to end. So one night at my grandparents after a nasty phone call from one of my brothers, I calmly went to bed after taking 100 aspirin and cut my wrists. My grandmother found me. She was an old school nurse and the cuts weren't so deep on my wrists. She thought I was being dramatic when I wasn't responding. She slapped me hard and screamed at me. My grandfather came in the room. He kept trying to pick me up but couldn't. They called police. She had intended for them to take me away. She had no knowledge I had overdosed. How would she? The police knew something was wrong and immediately asked my grandmother to see her medicine cabinet. The discovery was made. My grandmother began hysterically crying. Apologizing to me as an ambulance was called. I remember in the ambulance the workers making fun of me. Laughing and mocking me as they did sternum rubs. Another pissed teen that didn't get their way they asserted. I couldn't respond.

I'd have my stomach pumped. I had severe liver damage. I spent two weeks in ICU. When I recovered I was put in a police car and taken to a mental institution. I had no visitors. I had no phone calls. I was never treated for my assault but for attempted suicide. I was there for months. Then just when the world didn't seem so horrible I was brought into a room with my family sitting there waiting. They said I had bipolar disorder (I don't) and were more worried about my suicide attempt. I rode home with the child lock on the door as they were afraid I'd jump out the moving vehicle. I wasn't allowed to use

the bathroom by myself in case I tried to overdose again. I was sent home to live in the same place with my mother. Two weeks later I'd be homeless when she decided she couldn't handle me any longer. For many years I suffered. Yeah, I ascertain I am a bit crazy. I'd become a drug addict. An alcoholic. I was a very horrible person in my 20s. All of the pain and suffering made me cruel. I was horrible. I'd end up in abusive relationships and deal with more sexual assault which is very common with victims of sexual assault.

Then one day I became a survivor. I healed. Whenever I seek help for mental health I have to have a specialist in sexual violence. I've been dropped before. Intimacy is very difficult for me. It takes a lot of trust and faith in a person.

As a survivor though, I cannot be hurt by this anymore. I am greater than my pain and suffering and what happened only created someone that will be there victims. All survivors are here for the new victims that come up each and every day. I believe each and every one and stand in solidarity with them. I believe her and stand beside Dr. Ford.

Brett Kavanaugh is rape culture in its purist form. Brock Turner is a rapist and rape culture in its purist form. Let's not forget about that piece of shit while we're talking.

Our President had three allegations of sexual assault and rape on his hands when he came into office. Look it up. Ivana Trump detailed how he raped her in her biography. He wants a fellow rapist on the Supreme Court. We already have one, why add another?

This is beyond politics. This is beyond personal opinion. This man forcibly held a woman down and laughed. He did this to several women. Yet much like my attacker, he ruins lives and will never see the inside of a jail cell. He brought his fucking daughters to his rape hearing. Mark my words, he is STILL going to get the vote. He is still going to be a Supreme Court Justice.

That is our fault. We allowed Ted Cruz and all those other douchebags on the committee to come into office by voting them in or not voting. True, PACS, special interests, money, all seem to be far more important to the politicians, to the government than the people but in numbers and unified we can change that.

Voting won't take my rape back. It won't go away. But the right laws will be created, the right education will be out there. The right politicians will be out there that actually care to fight for us. I live with my rape everyday. In 21 years there isn't a day it isn't there. It doesn't hurt like it did, but it is always there. If reading what happened to me was hard, imagine being 16 years old and experiencing it. Alone. Don't let that happen to another child, woman, person. Be a voice I didn't have. Be a voice for America. — CREEPY HORSE

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DEATH

You died on your fifteenth birthday. As you sprawl on the couch a week later, you think that dying on your birthday might be the saddest thing you can think of. Your parents certainly aren't taking it well. Your mother hasn't been able to bring herself to return your presents, or even unwrap them, so they sit in a painfully festive pile in a corner of the living room.

"If only you'd lived to open them," your dad says. "We found some great stuff for you this year. You would have loved it."

Your mother nods, and then buries her face in her hands. You go upstairs and lock yourself in your room.

The funeral is weird. There are many more people than you expected. You see classmates you've never talked to. The minister says a few words about you; some are true, some sound like they were written about someone much nicer or longer lived than you. Your best friend goes up to the podium but crumples to the floor in tears and must be guided outside while you watch helplessly. When your parents speak, your throat tightens. They talk about how much they're going to miss you. You wave at them from where you sit in the front row. Your dad gives you a thin smile and waves back. Your mother stares straight ahead.

As everybody is filing out of the church, you catch up to your girlfriend. You reach for her hand but she steps back. "This isn't going to work," she says. "I can't cling to your memory forever." You start to tell her that you know it must be hard, but she turns away. "What do you know?" she demands, clenching her fists. "Have you ever lost someone you love more than anything?"

You admit that you haven't. All of your grandparents are alive and healthy. The family cat died when you were nine, but she was old and mean and never let you pet her. You've had very little experience with death until now.

Your girlfriend scowls at you. "Then don't act like you know how I feel." She stomps past you. You see your parents approach her and comfort her. Her family is not around, as usual, so your parents offer her a ride home. You watch them drive away.

It's a long way home from the church. No one is waiting at the bus stop when you get there, and no one joins you. Death makes people uncomfortable. After the third bus passes by without stopping, you start to walk.

When you finally get home a few hours later you find that your parents have already boxed up your things. "We read that it's important not to keep your dead child's room as a shrine," your dad explains. "It's not healthy." You sleep on the bare bed for a couple of weeks, until they take it out and turn the room into a home office. You get your pillow and blanket out of storage and put them on the floor.

One evening, shortly after the funeral, you and your dad take a walk to your graveside. Your classmates have

scattered notes and flowers on the grassy surface. You see your hoodie, soggy with rain, draped over your headstone. You had been wondering where that went.

You look at your dad, who is staring at the grave with his hands balled into fists. He's been looking older since you died. He didn't hunch over like this before, or shuffle when he walked. He looks a little bit dead himself.

"Damn it!" Your dad drops to his knees and doubles over, as if hit by a sudden blow. You start to reach for him and then hesitate, your hand hanging in the space between you. Finally, you let it drop. "I thought you were going to be a doctor," he continues, "or an engineer, or a lawyer. You had so much potential. You were really going to be someone. And instead, you're dead."

You tell him that you can be someone, that you will be someone. But doubt creeps in.

Some of the other dead are watching you from a distance. You wave uncomfortably. Some of their parents have stopped visiting their graves. Your dad sees them and stands up quickly, casually brushing the grass from his knees. "Go on then," he says. "I know you want to be with them."

You hate to admit it, but he's right. The dead understand. You even met a cute girl who likes the new you. They all know you didn't mean to hurt anybody. You didn't mean to make people sad. That just happens when you die.

You and your new friends begin staying out all night. You roam the city and do whatever you want. You had hoped your parents would be concerned, but instead they seem relieved.

Months pass.

You still long to be close to home but nowhere feels like home anymore. One day, as you wander into your parents' house just before sunrise, your dad is waiting in the living room. He sits you down.

"I think it's time for you to go," he says. "Holding onto this tragedy isn't helping anyone. Maybe if you're not hanging around every day as a reminder, your mom will start to get better. Eventually."

You get up and turn to go, and your dad stops you. "Hey," he says. "You know I'll always love you. You don't stop loving your kid just because they die." He hugs you and you collapse onto his shoulder. "You'll always be in my heart," he says. "Just not in my house."

You walk out and stand on the lawn, looking at the mountains edged with gold. You think you hear church bells. The street is empty except for your elderly neighbor, who has paused in his morning stroll to watch you. You start walking without looking back. Your neighbor takes his hat off as you pass. Behind you, a dog begins to howl and doesn't stop. You've got a death to start.—
STARKNESS

AN OPEN LETTER TO JORGE GOYCO: SEPTEMBER 979REPRESENT

Dear Jorge,

As one grown ass man to another, I must confess that your inspired and informative piece—"When You Gotta Go (Or Don't)"—in the September 2018 issue of *979 Represent* moved me. Not my bowels necessarily (although I read your piece while relishing the comfort of my own throne room), but you moved my heart. I did not realize other people round here could be as smitten with a good shittin' as I, a failure of empathetic imagination that you, my good sir, have now laid to rest. As our fearless leader, Kelly "Daddykins" Minnis, has professed of me, the boozes—along with most other ingestibles—give me the "intestinal Jesus", which means I'm as familiar with the outhouse offerings in this town as I am the watering holes whereby to ruin myself. Life is fun!

You also mentioned several of my favorite dump trolleys (The George, Harvey Washbangers, Chuy's, The Proudest Monkey, Village Cafe) while introducing a few I have not sampled, butt will (Mad Taco and Yogurtland). I will confess we veer ways concerning the Revs creamatoriums. While I enjoy the intimacy of the Revs small seating setting, not to mention the bounty of reading potentials stuck to the walls that my fumes shall soon peel, it's the dadgum window in there that makes me feel vulnerable. Call me old-fashion (no really, bartender, last call me another Old Fashion!), but I'm not an excreting exhibitionist. Yes, I realize that no body (unless they *really* wanted) can see me copping my squat from the sidewalk. Intellectually, I *know* this, just as I know cockroaches don't bite but they still frighten me. It's the rawness of the voices passing by, their nakedness unhindered by a window's glass, even a gosh-damned screen, that unnerves and shuts down my Play Doh factory. I've found myself leaving Revs early to finish the job elsewhere—a crap shootin' dice roll that generally lands with laundry day coming too soon.

Still, I wanted to share with you—since we are brothers in bowels—two of my favorite spots in town, as well as my least favorite. I think you can feel me (though don't) when I say some places are worth going out of the way for and others worth avoiding. The latter situation, most definitely, is at Harvest right there in DTB. Granted, the building is what the building is, but so are the effects of

black coffee on pink guttings, so I'm gonna need more deals to blow it up in. Not to mention, the toilet is only separated from certain seats in the cafe by about three feet and a tiny wooden door. Not enough! I'm about to blow some brass horns up in this jazz club! So back away, people! This is a sad state of affairs because I've determined, after trying every sample in town, that the Harvest Cafe Chicken Salad Sandwich is HANDS DOWN the best chicken salad sandwich in the Bryan-College Station metroplex. HANDS DOWN! You'll just see me running from my plate to Subway at some point during the meal.

Have you lost dirty weight over at Cafe Eccel recently? Like ever? Now that's a nice bathroom. I'm telling you - at the table I'm plain old me, but in the Cafe Eccel men's room I'm straight up "Mr. Chairman of the Clean Colon Club". The beauty of Eccel's men's room is the stall. It's giant. It's totally private. It's wood-paneled. And it's (I choose to believe) utterly soundproof. (*It also looks like you can climb to fuckin' NARNIA through it — ed.*) I'm telling you, Jorge, toss back some \$3 Happy Hour pints and a plate of free nachos from the bar and then head on into this cozy little crap cabin. You'll feel like Henry David Thoreau pinching it on a pumpkin.

Lastly, I would be at a miss not to mention the pleasures of blasting a stinky kamikaze at Grub Burger Bar. You'll notice, almost immediately, that there's nothing special about the Grub Burger Bathroom. Butt, as I've noticed, every single damn time I go to Grub my body reacts. It's like my digestions feel at home there. They feel calm and satisfied and glad to move. Is the experience overly invigorating? Well, it depends on the musical selection. Butt I can tell you that I've spent more time meditating in the Grub Grease Pit than anywhere else in town (minus Barnes-n-Noble, and that shit's just a bit too clinical for my taste), and I never regret a minute. I'll go out of my way to visit the Grub facility and, well hell, I might as well grab some fine treats while I'm there. Try it out. If I'm wrong, I owe you a Convict Hill Oatmeal Stout. Butt if I'm right . . . don't worry, I will be.

Your truly,

— STINKY PANTS McPEE



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Everybody has some movie, music, book, or TV episode that scared the living bejesus out of them at some time or another. We asked the 979Represent staff in the spirit of Halloween to share their stories of the shit that scared them something awful.

SOME SCARY SHIT

Dead and Buried, 1981. I remember only getting to about the 10 minute mark. I found the full movie on YouTube and watched those 10 minutes again, and just as I remember, freaky. The thing is, it starts out like a porn flick. Photographer taking pictures on a beach, cute blond girl shows up, flashes her titties, propositions the photographer for sex. So, at this point as a 12 year old, I'm 100% sure I had a raging boner at this point. As a 47 year old, I could feel some blood rushing in to my pork sword, but only because I had forgotten what was about to happen. Right as they were about to get it on, a bunch of townfolk show up and beat the photographer up and burn him alive. She was just a distraction for the people of Potter's Bluff to sneak up unnoticed. Damn, Melody Anderson. And what the heck kinda psychology is this to get the viewers sexually aroused and then witness a murder. — JORGE GOYCO

A dozen years ago I was mowing the lawn at the rental house we were leasing in the center of College Station. It was a bright, hot September day. I had my ears plugged up with earbuds connected to whatever trusty model of iPod I had at the time. When I'm out on the exercise tip I like to turn the iPod into a tiny jukebox, flipping it on shuffle so stuff just randomly appears. Part of the fun is not knowing what's gonna pop up next while you're otherwise occupied in physical activiteh. Imagine my surprise when "Frankie Teardrop" popped up in the shuffle. This is a song on seminal techno/punk duo *Suicide's* self titled debut album. I had read about the band for decades but their album was out of print and super hard to find. It took until the P2P downloading days for me to finally track down this particular album. I had just freshly loaded this album onto the iPod and had not really listened to it en toto. I was under the massive live oak in the front yard of 1407 Lemon Tree Ln. when song protagonist Frankie Teardrop, who had just come back from the war in Vietnam not able to find a job and unable to provide for his wife and child, sneaks into his child's bedroom and in desperation shoots his infant child. Suicide vocalist Alan Vega sang the song with a lulling hiccup'ed manic faux-Elvis rockabilly approach, with the feedback-laden repeats of a tape echo piling up like ghosts repeating his every word, until this point in the song. Vega let out a terrorized scream that sounded like the howl of a soul who has realized it has done the one thing that will eternally damn it to the fires of hell. It is a harrowing experience to listen to even after years of hearing it. But this was the first time. That scream made me jump into the bushes of the front yard in fright, thinking someone had just slaughtered me. The branches of the bushes yanked the earbuds out of my ears and I realized sheepishly what I had done. Every time I hear "Frankie Teardrop" I think of diving headfirst into the bushes in terror. — KELLY MINNIS

One of the first scary stories that truly immersed me, and had me asking for more the entire time was Konami's *Silent Hill 2* for the Playstation 2. It came out in 2001. I was 13 years old and starting to explore things that were just a little more interesting than *Lord of the Rings*, but not quite so weird as *Rubber*. *Silent Hill 2* is one of those psychological stories that stick with you. There are multiple endings that all work together, there's a few jump scares, but nothing so bad as the bullshit that is the *Resident Evil* series. Most first person survival stories follow one of two characters—the Navy-Seal badass ninja warrior champion who doesn't play by the rules but gets it done anyways or an everyman. Your main character in *Silent Hill 2* lost his wife a few years ago, but he's by no means a badass. He's a strange, tortured, confused person who is just trying to figure out why he's in this weird town with terrible fog (because the PS2 engine couldn't render more than a few feet). You meet Angela, a tortured soul who we find out murdered her father either in self defense or out of revenge because he physically and sexually abused her as a child. You try to save her from cutting herself, but you're in no position to really help. You meet Eddie, a crazed murderer who is tired of everything and everyone making fun of him. He's mean, and doesn't seem to notice the monsters all around him. You meet Laura, who is also looking for your dead wife. But why? She's just a little girl. She's unaffected by the fog or the monsters or anything bad. What the hell? Finally, you meet Maria. Or Mary (your wife). Maybe? They look identical, but this woman is a sexpot and a little bit crazy, and disavows any knowledge of Mary.

Then Maria gets killed. And you find her again. Then she gets killed again. Each time, there's nothing you can do about it. The villain of the game is impossible to hurt. You keep meeting up with the other characters at random, and the fog is oppressive, and you're hearing footsteps in the distance. Even the shitty voiceovers just kind of lend themselves to the impending doom. Then you have to kill Eddie. It's kill or be killed. You find yourself in a room and find out that you were the one that killed your wife. You see Angela, and she kills herself no matter what you do.

There are a few different endings, but IMO the best one is if you were able to keep your health <50% throughout most of the game, you end up driving yourself into the lake to 'be with Mary'.

The long and short of it though, is that even with shitty, difficult controls it still holds up and if you're ever looking to stay up all night and not want to put down the controller for a 9-10 immersive experience, dust off the PS2 and pop in *Silent Hill 2*. It's a weird, winding tale that will stick with you. It's been 17 years and I still remember Pyramid Head fucking some of his random lesser monsters to death. — STARKNESS

Aside from when I have been worried about my children,

I recall the most scared I've ever been was when I was a freshman in college when *The Exorcist* movie first showed in San Angelo. The only ticket I could get was a midnight showing, so naturally I ended up going alone. Staggering out into the cool morning after 2 a.m. and badly shaken, I drove back to my dorm. My roommate was out, but one of my suitemates came in shortly, having attended the same showing. Lynn was quarterback of the football team, but he was equally unashamedly terrified from what he had seen. It was a glimpse into raw evil, something neither one of us was prepared for in a movie, even a horror film. We sat up till nearly dawn playing cards, two-handed spades as I recall. I don't remember who won. The sun did come up the next day. I've not seen the movie since. — MIKE L. DOWNEY

One book I remember scaring the shit out of me back in the day was Michael Crichton's *Sphere*. Now sure, it is probably not the scariest story that has been conceived, but to be fair this was when I was around 10 or 11 years old. I picked up *Sphere* after completing a few Crichton works already (in the wake of *Jurassic Park*). The plot (spoilers ahead) from what I remember was there's a deep sea exploratory submarine that stumbles upon the titular object of unknown origin. After a few days studying it they figure out that it's emitting signals, which they then can interpret with their ship computer as it attempts to communicate. They're gradually able to unscramble the signal into basic English words (the science in Crichton novels was always pretty soft) and "talk" with it back and forth. The conversations are friendly and child-like as the team tries to learn more about the mysterious object/being. In the meantime the submarine has been encountering abnormally large dead sea creatures and getting just out of the way of danger. Gradually as the conversations with the sphere become more sophisticated they figure out that object is in fact responsible for the creatures, at which point there is a turn and the sphere "speaks" a dark perfectly-dropped line about its ability to create many manifestations and intent to harm. In retrospect it's very HAL in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, but that movie was still a ways off for me. I remember being freaked out somewhat about the shape-shifting capabilities now implied in the story (which would become more frequent and freaky), but more so about how a seemingly innocent character had gradually become stranger and then suddenly become a sinister, sophisticated force. Even though it's not an exemplary book, the turn that happened in *Sphere* is still one of the chilling moments while reading that I remember the most. I haven't seen the movie adaptation but I've heard "It stinks!" — TODD HANSEN

I was nine years old the first time I saw *A Nightmare On Elm Street*. My mother babysat her boss's teenage kids for the weekend, and they wanted to watch a double-feature of *ANOE*s and *ANOE 2: Freddy's Revenge*. Of course, I had to be big like the other kids, so I sat

through the entire first movie, never screaming, never flinching. The teenagers did though. I can still remember their terrible performances as they attempted to out-scream one another. Ironically, they were the ones to claim being too afraid to watch the second installment, so they popped in an old VHS of Rodney Danger-

field's *Back To School*. I was nine, and I already knew this was hella lame. Also, I'd already seen *Back to School*, so I retired early to the bedroom assigned to me for the weekend, a terribly nauseous space wall-papered in with bright pink flowers and loopy olive green vines. The ceiling was bordered by an equally obnoxious olive green ornamented by a cursive string of golden plants and plant life—pine cones bleeding into wheat stalks giving way to magnolia blossoms, all in a fake tan bronze that didn't belong anywhere near the designs in bordered below. I remember the wallpaper vividly because, after I crawled in bed and pulled the covers to my chin, meditating at age nine on the possibilities of man slicing me to bits in my dream, the corner border on the wall opposite me suddenly gave way and began to peel, coming unglued and curling in on itself with no provocation other than earth's natural gravitational pull. Suddenly, rewatching *Back To School* for the third did not seem like such a bad idea, so I whipped back the covers and cleared the bedroom, the stairs, and the living room in a single bounce. The sensation of unexplained, bizarrely timed terror felt so delicious to me, I was instantly hooked on horror movies.

Years later, a couple of decades even, I lived in a ratty Kansas City apartment with a buddy who kept directly opposite hours than me, which meant I had the entire place to myself most evenings. This was right about the time in my life when I decided, as many young hipsters do, that I would become a sophisticated film critic. I decided to watch as many important films as the local library could afford me. As the fall season set across the Midwest, creating autumn hued tree-lined streets this Southern boy had only ever seen in movies, I grew hungry to watch old horror movies. My first being *Rosemary's Baby*. I knew nothing about *Rosemary's Baby* except that Satan was involved somehow, but, as a good Southern Baptist, I'd been raised to fear Satan with every ounce of my God-breathed being, which meant that I naturally loved anything—films, music, books—about Satan. (Slayer should thank the Southern Baptist Convention for the number of records purchased in Arkansas alone.) I had already seen *The Exorcist*, knowing it was potentially the scariest movie of all time, and found that I was not as moved by it as promised. Maybe the nerd-gasmic hype stole its demonic thunder. Whatever the case, I sat through *Rosemary's Baby* with the furrowed brow and distant emotions of a true auteur in the making ... well, until the end. I remained fine and unmoved until the scene when Rosemary's squeezes through the wall and sees the bassinet, all draped in black, and the coven begins chanting "Hail, Satan!" My Baptist spidey-senses began tingling, and then Rosemary looked into the crib. She looked in with horror, but then she leaned in more closely. One of the men in the room said, "He has his father's eyes", and—I shit you not—a cold wind sliced through my KC living room. No fans were turning. The air conditioner had been off for weeks. All the windows were closed. But I swore as surely as spilled beer on cheap carpet that a breeze

CONT. ->

curled through the room like one of J. Alfred Prufrock's damned foggy cats. Movie off, tape ejected, car-keys grabbed, I rushed the movie back to the library and crammed it into the night-deposit. That film could not spend another 24 hours in my home. I also swore off horror movies for good, but that only lasted until a few months later when Alexander Aja released his remake of *The Hills Have Eyes*. That film was beautiful and effed-up and gory, but it didn't pack the punch of Mia Farrow simply bending over the cradle of hell and recognizing the face of her beloved. I've since made peace with the film, even purchasing it on Criterion (like a true hipster), and I laugh each time I watch it and reach the coven scene at the end. But I'm also certain to pull a blanket up to guard me from any chill winds whispering what to me what I was taught my entire life, but have chosen to avoid, "Resist the devil, good lad, and he shall flee."—**KEVIN STILL**

=====
"Write about the movie or book that most scared the crap out of you," Kelly said. "It only needs to be a paragraph," he said.

Um, yeah ... problem. I don't do scary. I really don't. A college friend doubted this once and "forced" me to go to our campus movie one Friday night. It was *Poltergeist*, which, according to people in-the-know, is not all that scary. When my friend was still sitting with a hyper-ventilating me in the dorm lounge at 2am, he was finally convinced that I don't do scary.

Which is why, even though I've seen this movie only once, and that was over 25 years ago, Kenneth Branagh's *Dead Again* (1991) is the scariest movie I've ever seen. It so scared the crap out of me that I still have dreams about it every so often. Even though I can't re-watch it, I would highly recommend this movie for the incredible tension between characters Mike Church (Branagh) and Grace (Emma Thompson [who was married to Branagh when the movie was filmed, though they have since divorced]). In addition to the thrill of the suspense (I am told that some people do find suspense thrilling, rather than terrifying) created by Branagh and Thompson, incredible performances are also delivered by Andy Garcia and Sir Derek Jacobi.

Fun fact, I had originally thought that *Dead Again* was an homage to film noir, but recently learned that it was filmed entirely in color and that the decision to indicate certain transitions between past and present by fading to black and white was made prior to the film's release. Having seen the movie ... and thinking that it had been intended that way all along ... I can't imagine that it could have been done any other way.

Joe Bob says, "Check it out."—**PAMALYN ROSE-BEELER**

=====
The one film I can say, with perfect honesty, that scared the ever-loving hell out of me was M. Night Shyamalan's *Signs*. I can still remember when I first saw the film; I was in my mid-teens, I had pulled an all-nighter on Friday, and it was just after 2:00am on Saturday morning. Given that the film had a PG-13 rating, and that the plot revolved around aliens, I was not expecting to be scared at all, as I had previously seen *Alien* and *Predator* and had never had a fear of extraterrestrial creatures. I was

wrong...very wrong. What is remarkable about *Signs*, is that most of the actions of the alien happen off-camera. Rather than actually seeing what the alien does, the viewer hears much of it: walking on creaking floorboards, brushing past cornstalks, screaming when injured, killing the family dog, and so on. Much like *Predator*, *Signs* also kept the viewers in suspense as to the full appearance of the alien in order to create a climatic reveal. The camera only gives brief, obscure shots of the alien standing on the rooftop, trekking through the cornfield, its clawed fingers reaching under the kitchen door to kill Fr. Graham, its hand grabbing Morgan's face out of the darkness of a coal shaft, and finally, its almost demonic form reflecting in the living room TV before the final confrontation, this is what classic horror films, such as those produced by Universal Studios, did so well; often what is not shown, and what the viewers can conjure up in their minds, is far more terrifying than anything depicted on the screen. For a person like me who, at the time, was deprived of sleep and the only one awake in the house, the same terror was only amplified.

—**CALEB MULLINS**

=====
An American Werewolf In London. I can't watch it. To my credit, I saw it twice (six months apart). And I regretted it both times. Not because it wasn't a good movie—it was! Too good.

Perhaps the special effects of 1981 would pale in my imagination today. But I ain't gonna find out. Director John Landis paced the horror with comedy in a devastating mix. Just when I was safe in my laughter, BOOM! He scared the shit out of me.

Scariest of all is the subtlety with which Landis, early in the film, gave just glimpses of the beast, punctuating my imagination instead with the horrific sounds of its attacks. Only until later did I witness the full horror and magnitude of the monster. Then I was fucked.

I walked home from the theater terrified I was gonna be mauled by a were-fucking-wolf.

Nope. Won't do it. Won't. Ever. Watch. It. Again. Fuck that.—**BETHANY BEELER**

=====
The year was 1990. Little Kiry was at the tender age of four. She should have been in bed but she wasn't. Instead she was hiding behind the sofa watching TV. Her parents had no idea. But, Kiry also had no idea what horrors were to unfold.

It seemed like an innocent enough movie about a boy and his brother. It soon took a dark twist. Little Kiry couldn't look away. A killer demon clown was killing children. Before her father had noticed her watching she had not only seen the killer clown but also the giant spider. The damage was done. She slept with the light on. She hid every clown toy she knew she had. She couldn't sleep for weeks.

Stephen King's *IT* TV Miniseries had scarred her for life. Even now as a 31-year-old woman spiders and clowns seem to disturb her. I guess we all do float down here.—**KIRY JACKSON**

Kelly: Tim Danger?

Tim: Nothing scares me.

There were several movies that scared me as a child – and I've never watched them again. *Scream*, all of the Chucky movies, whatever other garbage came out in the 90s, no problem. *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* or *Labyrinth* – terrifying.

I am a person who likes to have options – this is why I am noncommittal on plans, don't sit to chat for too long at the bar or commit to anything else really. The idea of being stuck terrified me even at the age of 5. I encountered Mr. Wonka for the first time in Kindergarten. All four of the kindergarten classes at Fort Lee School No. 1 watched it together one afternoon. And while most of my classmates enjoyed Mr. Wonka's hijinks and the adventure through his factory, I wanted nothing to do with this mad man. The idea of having no escape, no way to say, "Fuck this goofy guy and his little green men. I'm fucking out!" That's gotta be the scariest thing in the world.

Similarly, this is why *Labyrinth* was such an anxiety-ridden ordeal to me. Here I am with some friends in the after-school program watching a movie instead of "Martin" or "Hangin' with Mr. Cooper," suddenly a baby is stolen, a strange drag-person, who I later learn to love as David Bowie, appears, and now I'm in a maze with the druggy muppets who got evicted from Sesame Street. At least that's how I remember it. – JOSHUA SIEGEL

Before we get started, let me brief this story with the fact at age 5 I was being raised Mormon and lived in a white trash redneck town.

The single thing that scared me more than anything, leading to months of nightmares was the video for "Lullaby" by The Cure. I didn't have an irrational fear of spiders like most do, I had an irrational fear of Robert Smith. Let's be honest, to a small child with a small town mind I think anyone could understand how he'd be frightening. Up until that point in my life, nothing was scarier than this man. Fuck Jason, Fuck Freddy Krueger, Pinhead ain't shit. True, I can't stand The Cure (and lambasting their greatness in your eyes wont make me like them anymore...) it has nothing to do with my childhood fear. Just watch the video. He's creepy as fuck. I was also scared of the Banshee in Darby O'Gillis and the land of the little people which I'm pretty sure Robert Smith and the Banshee are the same person so there's that. – CREEPY HORSE

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WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
BIG KIDS





THAT'S
GONNA
BE ME
SOME-
DAY!

BAD
DOG

Erstwhile graphic design guru Wonko Zuckerberg and cover artist/contributor Katie Killer traveled recently to the fine state of Colorado on vacation, something the Killerbergs very rarely do. Apparently they attempted to drink every goddamn beer in the state. These are their stories...GAH GUNG!

STILL DRINKING COLORADO

MISSIVE ONE: Thursday 4:15pm

Left Hand Black Currant Cream Ale Nitro: They got the cream ale part right, but the black currant overpowers it. Way fruity with a hint of cream ale. Good, but a bum given how easy fruit beers are to come by and how hard a good cream ale is to find.

Ratio Beerworks Dear You: French session. Light and sweet, hoppy but not overly so, a good drinker. Actually kind of cream ale-ish. Nothing to write home about though. And yes, it is named after THAT *Dear You*.

O'Dell Milkshake IPA: A curious thing. First hit is milk stout, which is then promptly overpowered by hop bomb. It's like a soda fountain suicide for grown-ups. I probably wouldn't get another one, but it's unique enough to be worth ordering once.

Not a bad first run for getting to the bar 10 minutes before last call. We made it count! The bar staff was thoroughly impressed that all the glasses were empty when they came around to collect them. Representing Texas well, y'all.



MISSIVE TWO: Thursday 6:42pm

Jagged Mountain Japanese Saison: I have no words for this one. Neither Katie nor I can figure out how to describe it, but it's utterly fantastic! I'll let Jagged Mountain describe it... "This might be our most adventurous beer to date! We started with a saison base, then added green tea, roasted seaweed, kelp, sansho pepper, black sesame seeds, ginger, yuzu and kabosu fruits, and shiitake mushrooms to round out this umami adventure!"

Jagged Mountain Kiwi Saison: Another fantastic beer. Excellent malt to hop balance, golden whatever bullshit. The kiwi comes on subtly at the end, almost like a Jones Soda but not too sweet as to distract from the beery beerness.

Jagged Mountain Oktoberfest: Solid Oktoberfest. Nothing surprising, but dang tasty! Jagged Mountain is quickly becoming my new favorite brewery.

MISSIVE THREE: Thursday 8:55pm

Great Divide Woodworkers III Barrel Aged Brown Rye: It's whiskey.

MISSIVE FOUR: Friday 12:47AM

Pabst Blue Ribbon: Pabst Blue Ribbon is best served cold and with copious amounts of Trivial Pursuit question cards and convoluted back stories about Reno, Nevada and baseball gambling. Preferably in a bar named twice.



MISSIVE FIVE: Friday 2:14pm

Left Hand Brewery Visit: Too many to list. Standouts are the **Death Before Disco Nitro Porter**, a barrel aged Belgian with an indecipherable name, and a test kitchen Blackberry IPA (not to be confused with the **Palm Pilot Porter**). The brewery itself is a great place to be, sitting at the base of the Rockies. There's fusion on the stereo. We are currently measuring our beer drinking speed by lengths of the guitar solos.

Left Hand Oktoberfest: It's an Oktoberfest. The woman at the bar touted it as "the perfect beer for women". A follow-up explanation was never received. Katie's theory is that it's the closest thing to pumpkin spice on the tap list. It's quite drinkable. My description was dismissive, but it is tasty. Everything at Left Hand was rather drinkable. Even the IPA's were restrained. Enough hop to wear the IPA badge, but none that tested the limits of Colorado's marijuana laws.

MISSIVE SIX: Friday 8:21pm

O'Dell Brewery Pilot Flight: A vast array of samey tasting hop bombs. Except the one that tastes like hoppy orange juice.

Surfside 7: Door guy is wearing a Funeral Horse shirt. Also met a guy who apparently spent 20 minutes wracking his brain over who we were, who eventually recognized us from LOUD!FEST. Then we moved on to this **High Water Campfire Stout**. It tasted of marshmallows. With a hint of a fuck-ton of marshmallows. Also, it's

from California so it doesn't count.



Snowbank Brewing: Sweet baby Jeepers, this place is great! Sonic Youth's homage to Karen Carpenter serenading us alongside the **Imperial Coffee Pale Ale**, **Chili Blonde Ale**, **Rye Whiskey Strong Stout**, and **Cabernet Aged Wit**. All four are so got danged good neither Katie or I could decide which one to save for last. I still have a swig of the coffee pale left, so I'll crown that one victor! Also came with a joke from our humble bartendress and Denver transplant Stacy. "Two windmills are hanging out in a field, as mills are wont to do. One windmill turns to the other and says, 'Hey, do you like music?' To which the other replies, 'Of course, I'm a huge metal fan!'"



Equinox Brewing: **Lawnboy Cream Ale** and **Mr. Delicious Oatmeal Stout**. This photo is far more interesting than the beers.

MISSIVE SEVEN: Saturday 11:46PM

Slow beer day in Wyoming, but I did manage to finally snag the elusive and rare limited run non-hop bomb O'Dell. **Jolly Russian Imperial Stout**. 13%

and we drank it in about five minutes. You could blame it on the mountain madness, but I'd prefer to blame it on how delicious it was. Rummy rummy goodness! With hints of a bunch of other stuff that also tastes good. At, would recommend bypassing the O'Dell Brewery, buying a bottle of this at your local liquor store a state over, and spending your day climbing rocks instead.

MISSIVE EIGHT: Sunday 2:35pm

Telluride Face Down Brown / Lumpy Ridge alt: Solid brown. Solid alt. The drive in through the canyons though...

MISSIVE NINE: Sunday 8:46pm

Rock Cut Brewing: Estes, CO. **Quickdraw Pale Ale** and **Tyndall Porter**. Both are exceptional examples of their respective genre. The porter is especially drinkable without the heft of a typical porter.



MISSIVE TEN: Monday 4:18pm

Avery Brewing: Avery Rumpkin. Need I say more? **Avery Raspberry Truffle:** I don't think I could think of a more apt description than raspberry truffle. It's a raspberry truffle. In beer form! So dessert. So good. So 14% ABV.

Avery Ales of Antiquity Benedictus: Monastic fruit with about 16 flowery things in it. Light and refreshing in the same way a cold lemonade is. But it doesn't taste like lemonade. Light compared to the 16.3% ABV on that Rumpkin! I'm over here looking at the coffee stout as a light alternative.

Finer Things: A "lighter" version of the Raspberry Truffle with cherries and vanilla instead of raspberry. Not as fruit forward, very chocolatey. I prefer the Raspberry, but if you gotta drive, its scant 11.4% ABV makes it the responsible alternative.

Oktoberfest: Probably the best Oktoberfest I've had on this trip, but I honestly can't taste it at this point.

TRVE Brewing: We had too many to list, but it's a metal themed brewery with good beers and more double-kick than you can shake a stick at. Why wouldn't you go?

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STILL READING

SALACIOUS VEGAN CRUMBS



One of the most unnerving qualities about Texas writer Joe R. Lansdale is how, in most photos, he's smiling as wide as a tinsel-toothed child counting Halloween candy. That wholesome, unabashed grin feels odd when one considers that Lansdale has made a career writing the kinds of stories - breathing life into the kinds of characters—readers need Pentecostal church and scalding showers to exorcise. How can such a twisted mind wear such a gleeful visage?

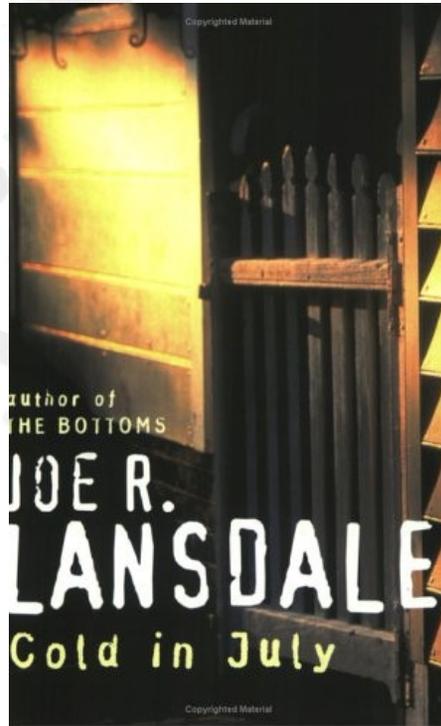
Then again, perhaps Lansdale appears so giddy because, after penning enough titles to make Stephen King look slothful, he's still winning over readers ... and winning back some of those (ahem, right here) who've sworn him off but just can't seem to stay away. He's too good to stay away. As a friend and fellow fan recently said, "If you're picking up a Lansdale you're bound to have fun." True, and it's the question of what else Lansdale binds to the mind that makes that Cheshire grin of his so peculiar.

With the talent and confidence to write (masterfully) across more genres than most chain booksellers have labels, Lansdale, a native Texan now residing in Nacogoches, presents an image of the Lone Star State any local Chamber of Commerce would quickly disavow. In Lansdale's Texas, monsters become heroes, cowboys can also be samurais, Drive-In theaters consume their patrons, VHS snuff films are as common as dollar matinees, dead nuns still get horny, and John F. Kennedy just might join Elvis Presley in a trailer park to pitch war against an Egyptian mummy. Sure, why not? It's the kind of Texas where the heat molds the air into something so thick even the birds lose their inspiration:

"It was a hot Sunday with a hot wind blowing through the pines like a diseased cough, carrying a hint of dead fish from Lake LaBorde. The birds were making small talk in the trees like it was more of an obligation than a desire; they sounded like they needed air-conditioning" (From *Cold In July*).

But Lansdale's Texas is also the kind of place where serendipity is bound to happen. It's a tepid place full of raw and ill-tempered people hellbent on either expiring quickly or finding a reason to grasp endurance. All that deep need for relief from the elements, from one another, often leaves characters in a Lansdale story ready for adventure, which can just as often lead to redemption as to being chained to the bumper of a El Camino that's being tossed off a cliff.

Cold In July (1989) is a Lansdale novel that straddles the adventure fence. While the story pops like a frightened pistol on page one, it works towards a redemption that is both satisfying and authentic. Of course, redemption is never possible without sacrifice, and a redemption that is both satisfying and authentic requires a sacrifice bordering the divine. This is precisely how Lansdale manages to win back readers who've sworn him off after one too many snuff film scenes.



Then again, the climax in *Cold In July* hinges on a snuff film, as well. More snuff and the author's still has the audacity to grin like Arthur Miller snagging Marilyn Monroe in the bio pic.

The story here is simple: Richard Dane kills an intruder who cops congratulate him for nabbing. Dane took down a terrifically terrible bad guy. High fives all around and don't worry none about even seeing a court date, Mr. Dane. It all seems a little too tidy. Until the father of the terrifically terrible bad guy steps out of a Huntsville prison and learns that his son, who he hasn't seen in 20 years, has just been killed by Richard Dane. Well, in that case, there's only one thing to do when a man kills your son, and that's kill the man—and hopefully his son to boot. If any of this sounds especially unredemptive, just remember that we're still in the first third of the novel and we're also talking about an East Texas town where the run-of-the-mill religion looks something like that displayed at the intruder's funeral:

"When they had the coffin in the hole they waved the preacher over, and the preacher stood by the grave and cracked his Bible and started reading. When he finished, he said a few words, and damn few at that, and wrapped it up with an 'amen'. The whole thing had all the conviction of a hooker's lovemaking. The preacher checked his watch and made for the Buick, cranked it, and he was

out of there. Probably had a late free lunch somewhere" (from *Cold In July*).

But Lansdale does not seem interested in the act-right-fire-insurance of old timey religion, which is evident in his description of the preacher above. Instead, he's after something much more divine. In *Cold In July*, Lansdale is about restoring the fathers to the sons, even if it means one father helping another father sacrifice his son for the better of the world. And, in this case, it is.

That's the beauty of *Cold In July*: on the surface of these grand themes of redemption, Lansdale presents a page-burning sweaty Texas crime noir with enough nastiness and snuff to make the novel difficult to recommend around the office water-cooler. Richard Dane has killed the son of Ben Russell, until they discover that maybe he didn't. So where is Russell's son? And why are the police glad to misidentify the man Dane killed in own living room? To help answer these questions and find his son, Russell hires PI Jim Bob Luke, a big-mouth, big-hat, big-car, big-appetite Texan that at first feels a bit cartoony, until one realizes all that swagger-swinging is a front Luke uses to hide his Boba Fett bounty-hunting skills. In a scene between Richard Dane and Jim Bob Luke, Luke reveals his reasons for joining the current mission, that perhaps it's not about the money after all:

"You're a lucky man, Dane. Got a family. Someone to care about you. I got what I do and the Red Bitch—and she's got a dent in it."
"You got pigs."
"Yeah, but every now and then I eat them, so it's hard to form any kind of relationship. I don't think they trust me." (from *Cold In July*)

These notions of trust and of nobility, of exalting the family above all else, of reckoning with what one has brought into the world—perhaps with what one is also called to take out of it—makes *Cold In July* the rare crime novel that'll stick to your ribs after the story's played out. Back in 2014, filmmaker Jim Mickle made a film version of *Cold In July* starring Michael C. Hall, Sam Shepard, and Don Johnson, but that hardly seems necessary. Lansdale's novel was already perfect. The pages burned and the characters did too and the reader couldn't help but get caught in all that smoke rising up and around them. It was a tune that simply didn't need to be covered or made more cinematically palatable.

Then again, that's probably why Joe R. Lansdale grins as wide as the grill on Jim Bob Luke's Red Bitch Cadillac. The novel he birthed in 1989 is given a new day, a fresh chance to be read and discussed and debated against Mickle's film. And, considering that this resurgence of Lansdale's buried gem may invite some readers (ahem, right here) to rediscover their old trusty friend, that old tale-spinning snuff-maker that's bound to be fun, that in itself is its own form of redemption. For Lansdale and for the reader. —KEVIN STILL

Halloween can be a scary time of year. It's October, but the temperature still looms in the...nihilities! Everyone is being extremely ruUuUuUde about pumpkin spice! And there's sOoOoOo many candies made with gelatin (oOoh) and secretions (eEek) and bug parts (eEew)! GROSS!

Talk a stroll down the candy aisle, AKA the Hall of Horrors! Starburst, candy corn, gummy bears, Junior Mints, marshmallows, and lots of other sweet treats are made with gelatin. That's the goop that comes out when you boil down stuff like bones and hooves! Who invented this?! And why is it in candy we give to children?!

Across the aisle, you see Beetlejuice! But it's not the creepy, skeevey Beetlejuice you know and love—it's confectioner's glaze (AKA shellac)! It's made from the juice that comes out of the butt of a lady bug who lives in India, and it's used to make candies super duper shiny. Jelly beans, chocolate covered nuts, Lemonheads, and lots of other shiny candies have this bug butt juice on them. And that's not the only bug in your Halloween candy! Carmine is red coloring made from crushed up beetles, and it's used in Red Hots, Gobstoppers, and tons of other red candies.

But lo! A light shines! There are tons of vegan friendly Halloween candies on the other side of the aisle! Old classics like Smarties, Chick-O-Sticks, Blow Pops, Skittles, Dum Dums, Pixy Stix, and Mary Janes (I'm not retired and I actually like those) are all vegan friendly and cheap, but they're pretty low on the candy trading totem pole. Your favorite candies from when you were little, like Airheads (dude, what flavor was White Mystery?!), Fun Dip, Jolly Ranchers, Warheads, Nerds, Now and Later, and Sour Patch Kids are all good to go, and you won't make trick or treaters mad with subpar rewards.

There are even vegan gummies! Dots, Jujubes, Jujufruits, and Swedish Fish are all hoof and bone free! There are a couple of fancy brands at Target—Surf Sweets and Yum Earth—that also make gummies. And Twizzlers and Red vines don't have any crushed up bugs! Coconut is conjured up into tasty Cocomels, chewy coconut caramels that are always turning up in my jacket pockets for a later-time treat (psst...Get them at Kroger). If you're 90 and into Werther's, take a visit to World Market and grab some Chimes salted coconut toffee (and all of their other ginger candies!) while you're grabbing Halloween decorations.

Now for the scary news—we're cursed with Halloween chocolate that's full of whey, milk, milk powder, and other things that come out of the nips of someone else's mom! Hershey Kisses, Butterfinger, Nestle Crunch, Reeses PB cups, and for the love of glob, Kit Kats all have dairy—even the dark chocolate flavors. No luck with Dove or any Hershey bars, either. The one chocolate that comes in an easy pass-out-to-trick-or-treaters form is Justin's mini dark chocolate PB cups, and they're worth it!

Now that you've loaded up two full baskets with candy (mostly for yourself), it's time to get some makeup to make your costume truly terrifying! If you need some fun colored shadows, lips, or sparkles, e.l.f, NYX, and Wet n Wild (yes, dudes, that's the name of a makeup brand) make inexpensive cruelty-free and vegan-friendly makeup that's easy to find at Target or HEB, and won't break your costume budget. The cream makeup you find at drug stores is iffy—some of it contains beeswax, and the cruelty-free status is murky—so use your own judgement. That stuff sucks anyway. If you're putting on fake scars and noses, spirit gum sometimes has shellac in it, so check the ingredients!

Enough of this boring stuff, I need to get back to putting eyeballs on all my wreaths and wrangling the murder of crows that's made a home inside my living room! Go buy candy and make your face look weird! —KATIE KILLER



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THE WITCH	CLOSED	FACE OF FIRE	POLTERGEIST	THE HAUNTING	DAWN OF THE DEAD	HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON
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FRISBEE	FRISBEE	RING	HALLOWEEN	SPRING	ADDAMS FAMILY	THE UNDESIRABLE MAN RETURNS
28	29	30	31			
THE BROWNING FREAKS	CLOSED	BELL BOOK and CANDLE	BELL BOOK and CANDLE	WANT UNTIL DARK	MUMMY	GHOSTBUSTERS
DRACULA	CLOSED	THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS	HALLOWEEN		WOLF MAN	
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OCTOBER 13, 2018 ⚡ REVOLUTION CAFE & BAR

If you've ever been curious about witchcraft, or even the aesthetic, well, you've found the right column. First things first, lets get one thing straight, eh? All Wiccans are witches, but not all witches are Wiccans. All Wiccans are Pagans, but not all Pagans are Wiccans. Finally, some witches are Pagans, but some are not—and some Pagans practice witchcraft, while others choose not to. Cool? Okay, lets break it down and make it a tad simpler for you.

Paganism is an umbrella term used by the Catholic church way way back in the day to classify people who did not worship the good ol' JC, and were totally into polytheism. Which is a fancy word for people who worship multiple gods and goddesses in the form of nature. Like, tress and the sun and shit.

Wiccans worship two gods. One is the Moon Goddess, and the other is The Horn God. When you google Wicca, they're going to throw a million subgenres of theisms at you, but really, they all sum up Wiccans to believe in two deities instead of one (duotheism.) It's like paganism, but with less gods and lady gods. Wiccans also have parties for the lunar cycles called Esbats, and sun cycles called Sabbaths. Wiccans can also choose to practice magick, but is not required.

Witches ARE NOT PAGANS NOR WICCANS. Witches do not worship multiple gods or goddesses. Now, there are such things as witches who do have a religion, despite what the Jesus book has said...mom.. but, mostly, witches keep their beliefs and practices separate. Witches practice magick. The difference between magic and magick, is that magic is performance for entertainment, while magick is the science and art of causing change to occur in conformity at will. These are things like herbology, metaphysics, astronomy, astrology, and theology. Given the power of science, the witch has been marked with an ugly stamp of being in cahoots with Satan, or other dark deities. It's simply not true. Course, just like the rest of the population, you have the option of Satanism, but most of the time, witches are just normal people who have tapped into a science of intent that other have not. It's all about intent, babes. There are many types of witches as well. Green witches and white witches, solitary witches and eclectic witches. They all specialize in different things, and you can choose to be an array of witchery just like you would want your none fat, half calf, latte with no foam. Any way you want it. But, eclecticism would probably be simplest.

Cool, now that we've come to terms that witches won't

WHAT THE WITCH?!

sacrifice your babies or your goats, imma give you a few spells you can do on your own. Some of these spells were sent in by friends. Most have been tested by yours truly. Have fun!

WARNING: don't be a dick about what you choose to do with these spells. Also, if you have a negative attitude, then that shit will cause your magick to fail miserably in more than one way. Good intentions go a long way. Be fucking positive or your shit won't work the way you want it to. Take a minute to meditate and calm down. Maybe take a shower to get rid of all that negative you hold. Plus, you'll smell clean and that's always nice.

Revenge is sometimes needed. No one dies; rule one. Calm down. You'll need a black candle, salt, a picture of the person who has wronged you, OR something of theirs...like hair, or a button...maybe some gum. Light your candle above the picture of said person or, belonging of person. Sprinkle some salt on yourself, and say these words:

*What was brought down upon me
Be returned but times three
Head to toe, skin and nerve
May you get what you deserve.*

Let the candle burn out and dust your hands of that shit. It's done, so let it go and trust your magick to do the rest. You can now throw away the picture or, burn it.

My Achy Beety Heart. You'll need a beet, a pen, paper small enough to fit into the beet, and something to stab the beet with, and carve a hole. Also, you'll need some alone time. We're about to cry up in this bitch. This spell is for the broken hearted. We've all been there and it fucking hurts. For me, it kinda felt like I was dying a slow painful death. So, to help myself deal with my losses, I took a beet and stabbed the fuck outta it. Here's what you gotta do.

Mediate and think about all that shitty pain you have inside yourself. Take your beet and transfer that awful energy into that dang ol' beet. Once you feel like you have all that crappy energy out and into the beet, take your knife and stab the fuck out of it. Hell, burn it too. Burn it, stab it, slice it, cry and yell at it..think of the beet as your heart and how much it fucking hurts. Take your

paper and write what you will now allow yourself to feel. Feel love, or self-love. Feel brave, and worthy and like the fucking awesome person you are. Now, once you've gotten all those bad sad feels out onto the beet, you need to carve a hole deep enough into the beet to stick that piece of paper into where it won't come out. Shove that paper in that hole, and then bury that mother fucker in the ground. Deep in the ground, BB. Let the beet and all those bad feeling decompose into the earth. Dust your hands and let it be. *The Apple seed.* You'll need an apple, a knife, bowl of water, salt, a candle (google which colored candle you'll need for what you want) cinnamon, and a crystal if you have one. If you don't it's okay, use your finger. This spell is to bring you good things. Be positive and think about what you really want.

Take your apple and carve what your intentions are in said apple. I have self-esteem issues, so I carved self-love in mine (don't you fucking judge me.) Next, hollow out the top of the apple to fit your candle, and add your cinnamon. If you're doing a love spell, carve the name of of the person whom you're interested in into the candle. Fill your bowl about halfway with some water. Preferably natural water, or moon water, but I used tap because I had nether moon or natural water. Throw some salt in that bitch and stir CLOCKWISE with your crystal/finger

three times. If you don't feel like three times is enough, try seven. When you're stirring your bowl, focus on what you want and transfer that energy into that spell. Feel it, betch. Next, take your apple and set it in the water, put your candle in the apple hole you carved, and light it up. While it's burning, really focus on what you are wanting. You can say what you want out loud, or in your head. I have a roommate and I don't need Tim knowing what I'm secretly (not so secret anymore) doing in my room, so I say it all in my head. Once the candle has burned it's self out, go outside, dig a hole in the ground, and place your apple inside the hole and bury it. Think of it as planting a seed of intentions. With the leftover water, you can jar it and place it under a full moon, then bathe in it later. Or dump it down the sink. You pick. Recommended by: Steph Heath

New Moon Cleanse. The New Moon is the first phase of the lunar cycle. During this phase I like to set my

create new spiritual connections I created this ritual bath spell.

Light some candles. (When in doubt go with white or black but any candle color will do). Run a bath at the temperature in which you are comfortable. **OPTIONAL** *If you've like to add any specific stones, oils, powders, herbs or fruits to your bath you may. I tend to consult the astrology calendar and chose elements that coincide with each phase.* Set your intentions in your mind for what you would like to manifest over the next cycle. I try to focus on self-love and self-care. Relax in the bath and meditate on your intentions. Once you have your intentions set, rinse your face with water three times. And say this aloud each time:

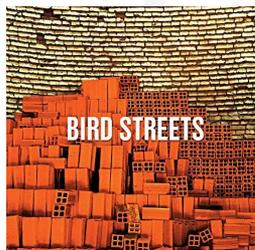
"With water I cleanse myself of my past. I wash all negative energy away. I ask that I be filled with pure healing light. I water my intentions for self-love and caring on this night."

Feel the cleansing energy of the moon wash over you. You can repeat this process as much as you'd like. (Sometimes I do it three times.) When you are done mediate in your bath and keep your intention set. When you feel fully cleansed you are done and can carry on with your bathing routine. Recommended by: Kiry Killjoy

TIPS: light some incense or sage cause it smells good and it relaxes you. Put on some really chill music when you're working spells. It's nice and relaxing, plus, it's weird doing stuff in silence. I usually listen to something dronie, or doom metal. Whatever works for you. Lighting candles around your house helps set the mood. Just make sure you don't catch anything on fire. Be cautious of smoke detectors. If you're doing shit on the floor, use a pillow for your knees. Get naked. It's better. Be free in all your beautiful, gross imperfections. Feels real good. Work with the lunar cycles. See where the moon is when it's full in the astrology chart for certain things you need to work on. Keep in mind that whatever you put out into the universe, it can come back to you threefold. Be cool about it. No one likes a know it all stuck up witch. No one cares how many crystals you have, and you don't have to announce it to the entire world all the time. People might think you're crazy for practicing, but just ignore them. If they make fun of you, you can hex them and make their hair fall out. Jk, ya'll.—
JESSICA LITTLE

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RECORD REVIEWS



BIRD STREETS

Bird Streets
Bird Streets

The press release for this album tells the tale of singer/songwriter John Brodeur who, after banging his head against the Youtube click counter for the past decade or so, needed to have a reset. The first person he called to help him LRLRAB select start was power pop wunderkind Jason Falkner, a man who has made a living out of being a clutch collaborator for musicians as famous as Beck and Paul McCartney, and some perhaps less famous like Brendan Benson (Raconteurs) and Jellyfish. *Bird Streets* is the result of their partnership.

It is because of the Jason Falkner connection that I gave this album my first listen. Falkner's one-man-band solo albums (1996's *Author Unknown* and 1999's *Can You Still Feel*) are hour-long trips into smarmy pop smarts married to '70s AOR synthesizers and new wave herky jerk. It is this Jason Falkner that has his fingerprints *all over* this album. But while Jason's sonic imprint permeates (reference the galactic 10cc style synth breakdown in "Heal" and "Pretty Bones" and the languid *Abbey Road* style guitar bends on "Until the Crown"), Brodeur is gifted with a much better vocabulary. Often Falkner's songs rely too much on puns and cutesy sayings that can sometimes ruin otherwise amazing songs. Brodeur turns a phrase in a more polished and less embarrassing way, though he has his moments. "I remember when/ we were tighter than Steely Dan/ but now the fix is in/ and you're breaking up with your friends" he sings on "Betting On the Sun" leading into a gorgeous falsetto chorus before a key change downward (how's that for a change!) sends the song into a beautiful Falkner guitar solo. "So you're kind of a thing now/ thanks for calling/ I'd have been better off never knowing/ but you had to tell me everything" tells the tale of an awful ex in "Thanks For Calling".

The emotional and musical centerpiece of the album is

"Bullets", a dead ringer for an *Author Unknown* outtake. Reverb crashes, ambient synthesizers, and Leslied guitars collide with a monster chorus. "Go through the motions/ until emotion feels passe/ keep firing shots until the bullets ricochet". There are some cheesy moments, such as the almost too saccharine for anyone's good "Direction" but for the most part the ten songs on this album delivers two fine sides of the last days of major label power pop.

Brodeur sings "In a sweet 90s dream/ got everything you need" and this is indeed the summary sentence to wrap up a *Bird Streets* review. Fans of collegiate '90s power pop like Fountains of Wayne, Gin Blossoms, and Semisonic will find a sweet 90s dream to bury themselves inside. It's been a wondrous cocoon for yours truly, as I've probably listened to this album four dozen times in the last month. — *KELLY MINNIS*



EXMORTUS

The Sound of Steel

Thrash and classical music: these two elements don't seem to fit together. As if answering the call, Exmortus has risen to the challenge. Hailing from Whittier, California, Exmortus has made a name for themselves among the rising bands of the New Wave of Thrash Metal. Their sound is fairly described as thrash, but that's an oversimplification. The band's brand of thrash is infused with classical influences from the great composers like Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky. For this reason, some fans of have dubbed Exmortus' sound to be "neo-classical thrash", and it's a fitting label. To add further complexity to their classical-thrash mix, the band's lyrics are hymns about swords, sorcery, and epic battles such as one might hear from traditional heavy metal. Over the years, Exmortus has utilized these influences to produce a mature sound that reveals itself in *The Sound of Steel*.

Exmortus has experimented with different sounds from

death metal, thrash metal, traditional heavy metal, and even some black metal elements, making their records as different from each other as night and day. For this record, the band decided to stick with the same sound forged in their previous release, *Ride Forth*. Overall, this was a good choice, as it truly is a unique sound in some ways. Compared to *Ride Forth*, which was a much darker and serious album, *The Sound of Steel* is more, shall we say, "chill". With songs like "Feast of Flesh", the listener is treated to a fist-pumping, titular chant which is sure to put a gleeful smile on any metalhead's face. What's more is that Exmortus has utilized some high-pitched clean vocals in songs like "Strength and Honor" and "Victory or Death", harkening back to the band's love of traditional heavy metal. There is also some unconventional artistic flare in the song "Riders of Doom". The song opens with a dark, rhythmic choral chant of "doom, doom, doom" paired with the heavy thuds of the bass drum, creating a foreboding intro to a song retelling Conan the Barbarian's last stand against Thulsa Doom and his army of snake-worshipping cultists. What's even more awesome is that Exmortus even managed to incorporate the line from Conan's prayer to Crom "... and if you do not listen, to hell with you!" Such a great tribute! It also seems that every song has a simplistic, yet memorable, chorus which helps the listener distinguish each song amidst the plethora of complex guitar work. It is these little things that make this record fun.

As enjoyable as *The Sound of Steel*, it certainly isn't perfect. To say this record is "enjoyable" is like saying an old school Godzilla movie is enjoyable, but compare that to *The Lord of the Rings*, a masterpiece of cinema, and there is really no contest as to which is the better film. Metal certainly has its masterpieces, but this one isn't one of them. I wouldn't even go so far as to say that it is the band's best work. But like an ice-cold, cheap beer after mowing the lawn, sometimes the basest of luxuries just hits the spot, and that's how I feel when listening to *The Sound of Steel*.

My expectations of this record were rather low because, after hearing the singles, I heard nothing new. Normally, I wouldn't find consistency to be a bad thing, but the singles felt as if they were songs that were left out of the previous album, yet to my surprise, I found the album to be far more enjoyable than I had previously imagined. Is this record phenomenal? No. Is it enjoyable? Yes! Overall,

The Sound of Steel was a worthy offering from Exmortus, one of which I have continued to spin. For that, I give this record a 4.5. — *CALEB MULLINS*



Dave Alvin & Jimmy Dale Gilmore

Downey To Lubbock

This is one of those albums that reaches back to music's past to give it relevance today as well as offer hope for tomorrow. I worry about writing something like that since it implies that listening to *Downey to Lubbock* is the aural equivalent of finishing your algebra homework, doing chores, and eating all your vegetables. Far from it—this album is a great deal of fun even as it imparts an overall message with its tunes.

Look at the credentials of these two—Alvin was the principal songwriter and guitarist for The Blasters 30 years ago and has had an amazing string of powerful solo albums for decades. Heck, he was even in the punk band X for a while and has won a Grammy. Gilmore is part of the amazing Texas Americana group, The Flatlanders, and has charted an amazing course of solo albums and performances for nearly half a century.

This first recording of these two seminal artists, an album composed largely of obviously-carefully-chosen cover tunes, could warrant a track-by-track exposition of each choice and each tune's significance and the band's performance, but I'll limit myself to a handful of tunes. The title cut is such a thing of joy, an autobiographical slice of life by the two songwriters. The exuberant playing features Alvin's deep baritone and expressive guitar with Gilmore's country-and-alien quaver and harmonica. "Buddy Brown's Blues" is a Lightning Hopkins blues tune that's a half-century old, but it rocks like nobody's business with Gilmore wailing away on lead vocals. Throw in Alvin's trademark guitar, some screaming saxophone and killer piano—this is sheer joy. This is why so many musicians reach

CONCERT CALENDAR

10/2—Scary Movie Night @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

10/4—Crew & Gilley @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/5—Omotai, Woorms, Black Catholics @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/6—Dayeater, Beige Watch, Tongue Punch @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/11—The Gray Havens @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

10/11—Rock Wood Honey @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/12—Folk Family Revival, The Great American Boxcar Chorus @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

10/12—Carter, Broke String Bumett, King Country @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/13—Kelly's Last Show feat. **The Ex-Optimists** , + special guests @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/14—Colony House, The New Respects @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

10/16—Scary Movie Night @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

10/17—Comedy with Wes Corwin @ The LaSalle, Bryan. 7:30pm

10/18—Hand Me Down Adventure, Electric Astronaut, Tongue Punch @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/19—Texas Grand Slam Poetry @ Revolution, Bryan. 6pm

10/19—Screaming Females, Kitten Forever, Charm Bomb @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

10/19—Rudical, Durham @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/20—Zombie Pub Crawl @ Downtown Bryan. 2pm

10/20—Brazos Valley Roller Derby @ VFW, Bryan. 4pm

10/20—Texas Grand Slam Poetry @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

10/20—Bily King & The Bad x3, LUCA, Wartime Afternoon, Calmer Seas @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

10/25—The Shoobiedoobies @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/26—Halloween Bash feat. **Charm Bomb, The Shut-Ups, Mutant Love, Holy Fear** @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

10/27—Odd Folks, Mutant Love, Corusco, The Cops, The Fox In the Ground @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

10/30—Scary Movie Night @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

11/1—The Happy Fits, JC Juice, Michael Witt @ Lupa's Coffee, College Station. 6pm

11/1—The High Dive @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

11/2—The Cover Letter @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

11/2—Ben Morris & The Great American Boxcar Chorus, John Evans, Mike Ethan Messick @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

11/3—Autopilot, Futon Blonde, @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

back to the past for inspiration. "Get Together," the Youngbloods' tune from the late Sixties may be the best-known cover ("Deportee (Plane Crash at Las Gatos)" may be the most-covered though). Anyway, it is so apparent the chorus is an appeal aimed at today's divisive times: "Come on people now/ Smile on your brother/ Everybody get together/Try to love one another right now." Who has not had those uncomfortable times with family and friends over the past few years. "You hold the key" to finding common ground. The Woody Guthrie protest song "Deportee" both condemns many Americans' past casual callous

racism as well as points a finger at our current situation as immigrant families are targeted and separated. Finally, the last cut on the album "Walk On" kicks off with a rollicking gospel groove as the two take turns singing lead. They are singing of hope for themselves and for each of us to "keep on walking until I find my way back home." As the last chorus ends, the band roars into a jamming finish to close out the album on a high note.

An album with a message that you can sing to, dance to, and laugh with - that kind of music is hard to come by.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

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