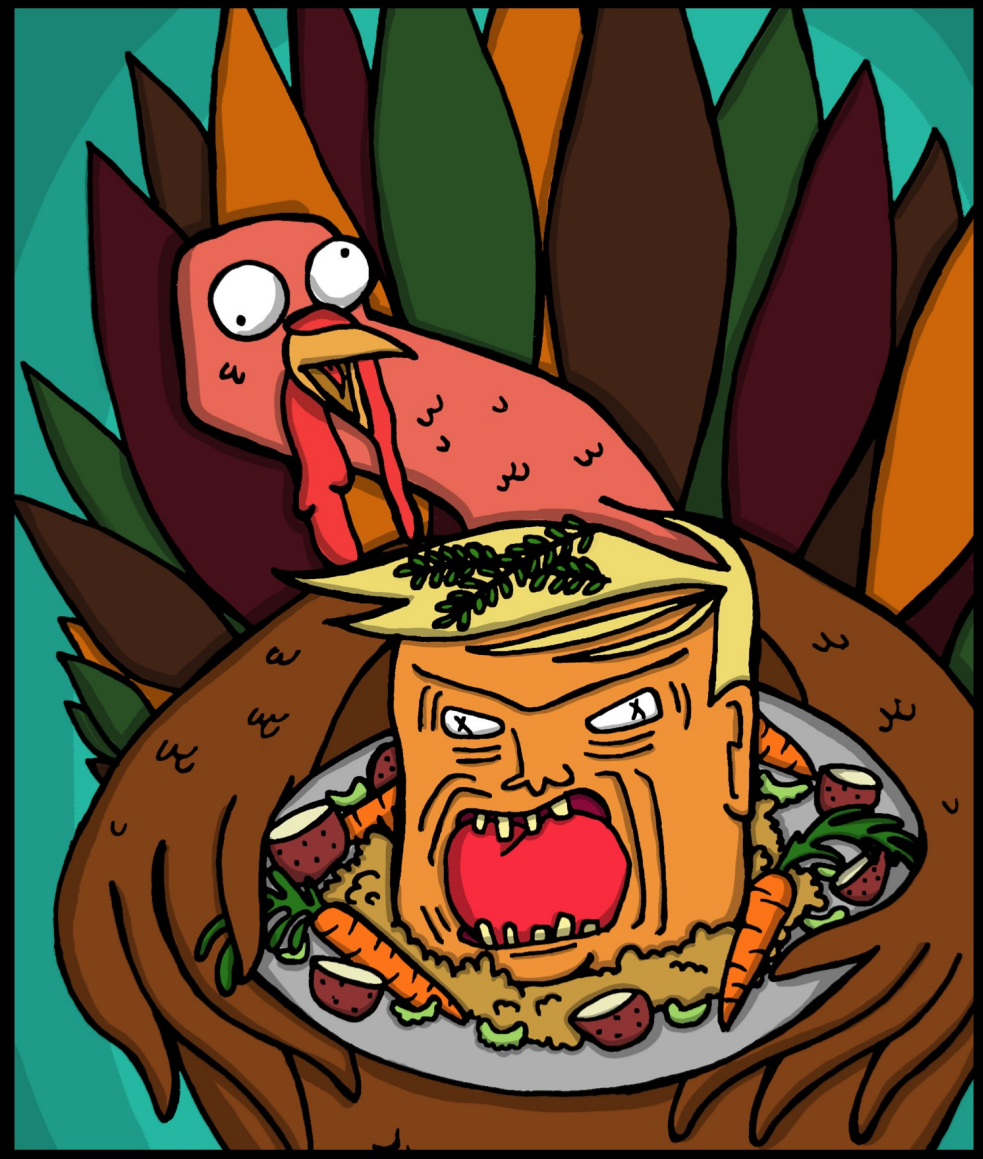


# STARGREPRESENT



november 2018  
vol. 10 issue 11



*inside: an idea for ozzy - drunk detective starkness - minimum wage - still drinking - president pus - goodnight mr editor - rented mule rallies for trump - sangrar la cabra - hitch hiking on all hallows eve - still reading - record reviews - concert calendar*



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

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

mike l. downey - jorge goyco - todd hansen - jessica  
little - caleb mulins - rented mule - joshua siegel -  
starkness - william daniel thompson

**on the interwebz**

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

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

materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

979represent  
3602 old oaks dr.  
bryan, tx 77802



## EASTBOUND & DOWN

I think most of you who read this fine magazine every month know my commitment to celebrating the zany insanity of life on the wilder side in Bryan/College Station. This 'zine celebrates the start of its *eleventh year* in publication this month. So I think it's safe to say that the writers and artists who contribute to *979Represent* totally have got yr back.

That said, I am sad to report that I will no longer call Bryan or College Station my home any longer. Mrs. Dr. Menace has taken a faculty position at a university in North Carolina. It is a dream job for her and one that we could not say no to. Not like she would though, because she does not love Texas like I do (more on that later). I sold our house in College Station back in June and moved my family to Asheville, NC in July. Then turned around and came right back to B/CS, renting a spare bedroom from Wonko and Katie ever since. I came back "officially" because I wanted to get the semester started for the Mathematics Department at TAMU, my employer since 2006. Unofficially, I came back to support the release of the most recent Ex-Optimists album and to say a very long goodbye to all the friends and places I leave behind in the 979.


Let's be frank here. I think all of us would go somewhere else if we could. I moved here reluctantly from Seattle 12 years ago and would've loved to be able to go back. Many of you found yourselves "Texiled" in Texas from New York or California or Colorado or some other place far cooler and less ass backwards than here. It's hot as fuck most of the year. When it rains it floods. It's flat as a plumber's ass. College Station is perhaps the most conservative college town in the country and there's fuck -all to do here if you don't like football or Randy Rogers. We have been fortunate that for the past ten years every misfit, freak, borderline alcoholic, noise damaged rocker, millennial poet, slut, nerd, and general miscreant...all this unwanted shit of humanity rolled downhill to Carnegie Alley and found its natural collecting point at Revolution Café & Bar. The Dirtbags of B/CS.

I discovered through playing music around this vast state that there were many, many others just like me. Amazing people either raised here or carpetbaggers like myself. Texas itself is an interesting place but it's truly the people that occupy it that made *my* Texas what it is. And that is the part that I will miss. Sure, I'll miss eating at Layne's or J. Cody or bellying up to the bar at RX or talking shit in someone's Xmas light-strewn garage or backyard patio. What I will miss are the people. I will miss sitting in the Revolution courtyard just listening to my friends saying some bullshit or another. I will miss plugging into my amplifier or sitting down behind the traps to blast out some manner of hot rocks. I will miss the somewhat Utopian "dream of the '90s" situation we have set up for touring bands and for our friends to get the gumption to strap a guitar on and bang out a song, spit some science, or raise a rock fist in support of your local scene. That is what I will miss the most.

Oh I'll still be around. This is my paper and I'll still be bending your minds with it, thanks to the help of our new friends at the SSC. I'm still booking the calendar at Revs. I'll be back for dumb band things during SXSW, and it would take 20-life in the pen to keep me from coming back for LOUD!FEST. There are millions of bars in this world, but only one that is ours. There is only one Revolution. Treat y'all selves good, B/CS dirtbags. I love you all. — **KELLY MENACE**

# ARSENAL

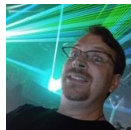
**TATTOO & DESIGN**



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# I HAVE AN IDEA FOR OZZY



I was at Liberty Tattoo waiting for Jeremy to do a tweak on a design he was about to ink me with, and Ozzy's TV show was playing on the TV in the lobby. It was the "Ozzy and Jack World Detour" show. The premise of that show is that they are visiting places where Ozzy toured through, but this time, he's actually sight-seeing and taking in the culture.

It got me thinking. Every city has a music culture. Big label/radio money is impersonal and manipulative. Sure, they get stuff on the radio, but there is so much talent and inventiveness and exploration in the local indie music culture...there's just so much rich story.

I know that I'm not alone in this feeling that indie music culture is fucking awesome. It's one of my all time favorite things. The music is cool (even when it's not my preference), the peeps are fantastic and authentic, the audience loves it too. They come out and gush and obsess over bands they've experienced from the beginning. They sing along and hate when they can't make a show. It's just heart warming...and genuine.

And I feel like the big money is so loud that the underground scenes are under-experienced by people who would definitely fall in love as well.

So here's the pitch: Ozzy teams up with one or two music veterans and they travel around the country visiting small venues, listening to and hanging out with indie bands and local venues. My choices for the veterans are Tom Araya, Dave Grohl, Mick Mars, Lita Ford, Brian Welch, Neil Diamond maybe. But please, not Gene Simmons (even if he's available). Fuck that guy.

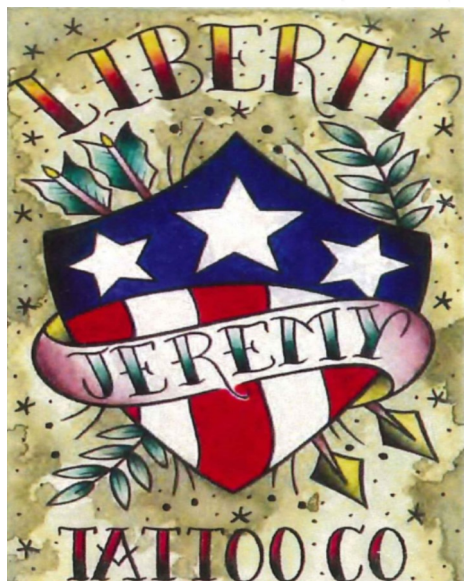
And yes, I realize there was a "Battle for Ozzfest" reality show that may sound similar at first to what I'm talking

about, but it's not. This wouldn't be a battle. This would be just a spotlighting. A way to make cool music accessible to more people. A documentary of sorts. They could team up with Vice or Netflix.

I hear your brain screaming for me to shut up and leave it alone. That the underground needs to stay underground. That it will crumble if too many eyeballs are on it. I see that argument, but I have never been good at predicting social tendencies, so I can't agree or disagree with you. Will spotlighting bring out more asshats making shitty music just to get famous? Maybe. But is it still expression? Will spotlighting make good bands want to purposefully slip back into the shadows and stay underground? Possibly. And that's awesome. There should always be a place for that. But I don't think this will make indie musicians stop making cool music. I'm a musician, and I think the only thing that's gonna make me stop making music and being in a band is the Big Sleep.

The vetting process should be something like a submission of a live performance. My preference would be that it was a pure decision made by Ozzy and whoever else is on the team...not execs and marketing people. Ozzy and team could then go and hang with the band. Watch them practice, eat something with them, talk with them, etc. Also go and check out the venue, talk to bartenders and owners and fans of the band, maybe even check out the town. Then they'd watch the performance and talk to them afterwards. No signing to a label, no spot in Ozzfest. Just some kudos and mention of their Facebook page...then on to the next town.

I think that sounds pretty cool. Probably won't happen, so...—JORGE GOYCO



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# DRUNK DETECTIVE STARKNESS

Drunk Mission Log, Drunk Date, 2/7/2010 6:00 AM: Awake drunk as shit. Christ, drunk log, I really don't remember how I got here. But, it appears that Girlfriend is not pissed at me. Friends appear to be safely asleep on the couches, and the roommate is asleep safely in his room, and my bosses are on vacation, so there appears to be no reason to not continue to drink? Yes, this is certainly a good call. Let's just take a morning shot of that Tu-Kill-Ya that some idiot bought. Ummmmm, hmmmmm, this was absolutely the best call you could have made.



Drunk Mission Log, Drunk Date 2/7/2010 8:00AM: GF has successfully dropped me off at work. She tragically needed to sober up, cause her bosses were not on vacation and you know, had to go do normal person stuff. It was a tragedy, losing her to the horrible wasteland that is sobriety, but like a dutiful soldier to the cause, I shed not a single tear, simply kissed her on the lips, promised that I would be back for her, and escaped to the office with the remnants of last night's beer. Seven tall cans of Coors Light, successfully smuggled into the office before the light of day could give me away.

I love you, honey, but your "having to go to work sober wound" appears to be fatal. I must journey on, alone. I will cry for you when the hangover sets in.

Drunk Mission Log, 2/7/2010 9:00AM: Co-worker has arrived. Is she suspicious? Well, ya, I am pretty hammered. But we're cool, so it's all good. We have way too long of a conversation about how to raise children. Flags are raised when I start going off on long tangents about old stories about the times me and GF had to put her sister in rehab and take her dog for a month. It is out of character for me to talk, candidly, about my life, but I'm not really slurring or anything. So, all is well.

Delta Alpha Foxtrot, mission command. The beer is secured under my desk. All is well. Drunk as fuck and have dealt with all major threats to our position. Will report back when the perimeter of our drunkenness is absolutely secure.....

Drunk Mission Log, 2/7/2010 10:00AM: HOLY FUCKING HELL!!!!!!!!!!!! EMERGENCY, MISSION COMMAND. I REPEAT, EMERGENCY! BEER SUPPLIES DID NOT LAST AS LONG AS EXPECTED!!!!!! WE ARE RUNNING DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO DETOX!!!!!!!!!!!!!! REPEAT, I NEED SOME FUCKING HELP OUT HERE! I HAVE NO CAR (prolly for the best. Well, definitely for the best,

actually.) AND GAS STATION IS TOO FAR TO WALK TO FROM WORK WITHOUT RAISING ALARMS FROM THE CO-WORKER!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I AM CALLING IN AN AIR-VODKA STRIKE, ASAP!! WE HAVE GONE NUCLEAR, MISSION CONTROL. REPEAT, THE DETOX NUKES ARE FLYING. SHIT HAS HIT THE FAN. IT IS DETOX NUCLEAR WINTER OUT HERE.

Mission Control: Grab a hold of your nuts out there, drunk soldier. It's gonna be ok. We have located your position. What you forgot is that there is a bar directly around the corner from you and it is 11:00AM. All you have to do is say you are going to lunch and load up on shots for the next hour. That should get you right until your GF gets off work. Emergency supplies have been deployed. Calm the fuck down, the bar will serve you. We're gonna get you through this, baby. Just hold onto your shit and don't do anything crazy, ok?

Me: Thank fucking God. I totally forgot about the bar. You are so right. I got this, Mission Control. We are winning this war against a Sober Monday. 2/7/2010. Never Fucking Forget! This is the day we made our stand against Sobriety! — STARKNESS





## PRESIDENT PUS

Stooping to the level of name-calling like the current resident of the highest office in the land is terrible. Yet, every time he opens an orifice, something ugly and nasty oozes out. What will this country look like after two more years of this mockery of a leader?

At the time of this writing, President Pus has continued his rallies to his...pus-lickers across the country despite the horrendous things done recently in his name.

Pus coddles neo-Nazis; a neo-Nazi slaughters Jews in their place of worship in Pittsburgh. He praises assaulting reporters and vilely attacks the media and Democrats; one of his supporters sends pipe bombs to the media and Democrats – the check's in the mail, I'm sure. A racist kills two random black people in Kentucky after being unable to shoot up a black church. You know who Pus blames for the slaughter of the Jews and the pipebombs, and the murders? It's the victim's fault. You know, a bully has the same defense that a rapist uses: she was asking for it; she was dressed sexy; she was in the wrong part of town.

Pus said the synagogue should have had armed guards, this despite the fact four armed police officers were shot during the incident. The media doing their jobs and the politicians who oppose him brought the bombs on themselves because they have been so mean to the president, he says. Poor Pus. The two who were killed for being black? Well, his motto is "Make America White Again," correct? That's what the hats' really mean, right?

President Pus is sending troops, armed Americans, to our border with Mexico to prevent immigrants from trying to improve their lives. Doesn't anyone remember America's history of Ellis Island? The promise of the Statue of Liberty? America is tens of millions of immigrants who just wanted a chance for themselves and their families.

Our president hates Americans – if you are not rich and praising him, he has no use for you. Why can't decent Americans see that? How can Christians still support him? Is the potential of abortion so terrible that you excuse lying, bullying, cheating, adultery, and sheer hatred of others? His hypocrisy in prattling about civility while still attacking the victims of pipe bombs is mind-boggling. Pus is all these things.

Of course, Mr. Pus is not alone in the spotlight with his nearly-6000 lies since taking office. His favorite super-market tabloid television network – F(ox)ake News – supplied the lies on air to the Pittsburgh Nazi who parroted them when killing at least one survivor of Hitler's reign of terror. How do they and Mr. Pus sleep at night?

Finally, Texans should worry about the midterm elections that will be done by the time this sees print. The Texas attorney general, indicted for crimes and awaiting trial, is in charge of "assuring" a fair election...and likely to win re-election.

President Pus continues to make us all ugly. It is up to all Americans, those in each party, those who used to never vote, to make a difference. Lance this boil on America. —MIKE L. DOWNEY

## STILL DRINKING



I noticed this Fall a larger selection of Texas craft Oktoberfest beers than any autumn season beforehand. Orange labels of various hues lined the shelves from Texas breweries such as **Shiner, St. Arnold, our own Blackwater Draw, Southern Star, Legal Draft, Rahr & Sons, 903 Brewing, Karbach**, among others. Even **Austin East Ciders** kettled up Spiced Cider that my wife is harboring in the fridge downstairs. This year, more than I can remember in years past, the sheer number of new (and interesting) Oktoberfest beers felt overwhelming and even a bit daunting. Trying all of them, with any amount of meaningful recollection, offers a beautiful dilemma. Something to truly be thankful for as Halloween sheds its skin for Turkey day.

If you're not familiar with Oktoberfest beers you're not a true Texan. Brewed in old world styles—and with old world recipes—Oktoberfest beers honor the traditions of Munich, Germany's grand Oktoberfest celebrations. These lagers (or they should be lagers) are a bit maltier than your average lager—think a much thicker domestic, backyard beer with a bolder body. And orange. Because of the malts. A wee bit of hops are used to clean the finish, meaning the hops keep the malts from becoming too breadly and keep you coming back for more. Oktoberfests, as lagers, are generally low in alcohol, which is great for long days tossing your oompah swagger.

Since Texas is smack dab in the middle of the German / Czech Republic of America, our Texas obsession of Oktoberfests makes perfect sense. We should brew (and consume) in honor of the homeland. My hat is off to the many Texas breweries who honored tradition. Unfortunately, lagers require more time—and fermentation space—than most ales do, so many Texas breweries do not have the capacity to brew spot-on traditional Oktoberfest lagers. For small, independent businesses, crafting an Oktoberfest ale that rivals lager recipes older than our nation is a grand feat. Again, my hat's off to those who released their successful efforts. If you grab yourself a bottle of **Paulaner Marzen** lager (one of the originals, and also possibly the most beautiful beer known to man) and taste it directly alongside a Texas brewed Oktoberfest ale, you'd notice a notable difference. Lagers and ales are the apples and oranges of the beer world—they even more different than Pilsners and Imperial Stouts (by definition). For this reason, allowing the traditional samples to stand as our matrix of comparison for local offerings is, again, a different kind's fruit metaphor.

So what's the best way to judge the merits of a Texas brewed Oktoberfest? Well, buddy, loosen your belt-buckle, pour a bowl of big-ass pretzels, and get to drinking. Texas Oktoberfest ales can only be judged alongside one another, and I'm certainly not one to hold you back from trying as many as your waistline allows. Keep me posted, and don't be afraid to call me in as a pinch sipper on any final bottles you can't muster. As I've mentioned elsewhere in these pages, thanks to the Ex-Optimists, I now love the malts. And, thanks to the malts, I love Texas brewing more than ever before. —

KEVIN STILL



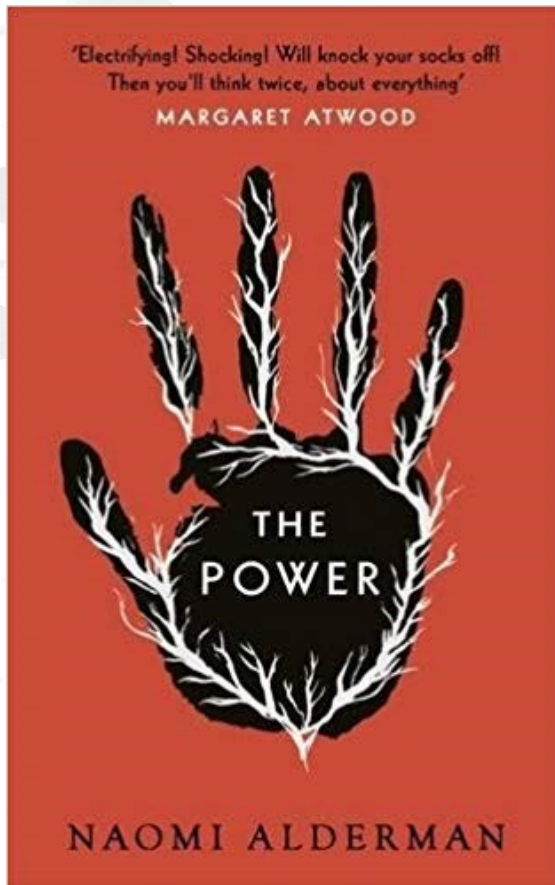
# STILL READING

Perhaps it's not a wise idea to recommend a book before you've finished it, but I'm not in the mood for "wise ideas". Plus, if this sucker takes off and becomes a film starring anyone from *Eighth Grade* or *Black Panther*, I want to say, "See? I told you." And don't worry: it will become a film or a Netflix/Hulu/Amazon/Crackle exclusive because everyone has time to binge but not to read. And then everyone has time to bemoan the fact that they just don't have time to read, which they generally admit right after catching you up on *The Chilling Adventures of Hill House*. But not us, Dirtbook Nerds. We're not *those people*. Just look at us! You are there reading—perhaps in a Jorge Goyco recommended stall—working one out to the soundtrack of silent words on a page, while I'm on the other end of your squat squeezing out these sweet, sweet notations. Crap. When you look at that way, I'd say we're a beautiful team, you and me. Also, are you drinking a malty? Me neither. I mean, not yet. Maybe later, you know, when I crack the spine on this little beauty . . . crap again. I digress. Back to the book I haven't finished.

In Naomi Alderman's *The Power*, teenage girls wake one morning with the power of electricity in their hands. No one can explain where the electricity came from (many will try), but people quickly can see the two directions the electricity is going. First, it flows from the young women into young men: at times merely harming them, at other times frying them like a pussy cat under a Griswold family Christmas tree. In such a dynamic, you can see social power structures toppling and reversing, and you can imagine how quickly women become both dangerous and divine. (And, yes, Alderman's book features a blurb directly on the top front cover from head Handmaid herself, Margaret Atwood, sealing it's modern literary divinity).

Yet the electricity also flows from teenage women to younger girls and to their older matriarchs, waking the power of electricity into their arms and veins and consciousness as well. As a result, the blistered sisterhood grows quickly. Bonds between women—even mother and daughter—become wildly strengthened and find new purpose. It doesn't take long before women worldwide possess the Power, and, because this story takes place in the modern age, it doesn't take long before young women take to social media (mostly YouTube) to call other women to action, to community, to train together and to use the Power for a righteous upsetting of the patriarchal status quo.

Alderman has structured her novel in an interesting fashion. At the onset, the story is presented as an actual historical account, filled with government notes and eye-witness accounts. Also, the chapters count down from "Ten years to go" all the way to "Can't be more than seven months left." The faux-anthropological reports and timeline countdown gives the novel a post-apocalyptic-feel that could—in lesser hands—register as juvenile, like a cheap zombie novel sold as "Based On



True Events". But Alderman is able to lift her narrative above such trappings through the voices of her characters.

As the chapters count down to a Megadeth-ian extinction, Alderman devotes smaller sections to individual characters—a teenager from England fleeing her late father's gang-life, a young male journalist reporting (and benefiting!) first-hand on female uprisings worldwide, an American mother and mayoral candidate who has secretly gained the Power from her daughter, an American orphan (by necessity) who is given goddess like status by herself and other women and an unseen guiding voice—each providing an intimate view of how the Power alters both personal lives and entire communities. Alderman, as far as I've read, uses these individual narratives to build several points of tension in the novel. I've seen this same technique in other novels and thought little of it. But Alderman leaves me hanging on goddess girl at year eight, who I'm feigning to get back to a year later—only to find middle class American

mayor lady waging war against her male counterparts and campaign manager who want to wage war against young women with the Power. I'm not wanting to hit the end of the novel as much as the next installment of each character, which is a rare—and delicious—quality in this kind of narrative. Am I reading a science fiction novel or a graphic serial? Slow clap, Alderman.

A book like *The Power* can easily go unnoticed without the endorsement of—say—former President Barack Obama (who named it among his favorite reads of 2017) or the honor of winning the UK's prized Bailey's Women's Prize for Fiction ( . . . I want to ask if men and women still need their own literary awards, but I know what year it is, so . . . ). Still, the #MeToo Movement, the Hollywood male predator take down, the popularity of *The Handmaid's Tale*, the President's Twitter feed, the over-analysis of Serena's US Open meltdown (don't get me started—a queen can toss her crown ANYTIME she damn well pleases) all open some kind of space where an otherwise quiet English sci-fi novel can take the American literary stage. And praise God it did. And praise God it did when it did.

Cue Rebecca Traister's most recent piece in *New York* magazine, which is an excerpt of her newest book *Good And Mad: The Revolutionary Power of Women's Anger*. Traister questions our need—as an American society—to downplay women's anger. Why do we reference Rosa Parks taking the front row bus seat as an act of exhaustion—meaning, stripped of energy—rather than a calculated premeditated move of righteous, activist anger? Why do we consider Emmett Till's mother as having an emotional episode by his open casket rather than bluntly connecting her wrath at his assailants to the hammer in her hand that smashed his casket open? In these and other examples, Traister poses a solid question: why are we so uncomfortable with women's anger? We allow women to have other lesser, messier, un-pleasant emotions, but something as wonderfully divine as anger—the jealous rage of a jealous Judeo-Christian God, raging against the enemies of a chosen people—we simply cannot afford such benevolence to hyperbolic and hysterical grown-up girls. Traister says we Americans worship the revolutionary zeal of our men, but we need our women to be exhausted, grief-stricken, misled by thirty-years of quietly harbored pool-party details. Why is this? Why are men allowed to break stone and bone for a better day, but women can stay home to sew the damn flag? We'll give them a coin for that.

Naomi Alderman puts that anger, not only into the hands of teenage girls: she puts it in their veins. And then she made a way for those girls to infect others—younger and older—with the righteous plague of electricity. Men, step into this wing-span, into this puddle . . . hell, step into the rain. These possibilities, though they are infinite, end in the same new (and sadly imagined) place: women's rage, or the potential thereof, as an appreciated undercurrent for social exchange. —KEVIN STILL

## MINIMUM WAGE MAXIMUM DEFLATION

Alright you guys saying increasing the minimum wage will cause inflation—in 1980 the minimum wage was increased; it went from \$2.90 to \$3.10. From 1979 to 1980, before the increase, inflation rose 2%, from 11% to 13%. After it was increased, 1980–1981, the inflation rate decreased from 13% to 10%.

In 1981 the minimum wage was increased to \$3.35. We know that in 1980–1981, the inflation rate went down by 3% to 10%. After they increased the minimum wage again the next year, between 1981–1982, the inflation rate went down more, from 10% to 6%.

The next time the minimum wage rose was in 1990 and 1991. In 1989, the inflation rate was 4.8%, and rose to 5.4% in 1990. From 1990 to 1991, the minimum wage went up from \$3.35 to \$3.80 but the inflation rate decreased by 1.2% to 4.2%. The next year, in 1991, the minimum wage rose to \$4.25 and again, the inflation rate did not increase. It went down to 3.0% in 1992.

So now you have several minimum wage increases in a row that did not cause the inflation rate to increase over the course of an entire decade. None of the minimum wage increases—in 1980, 1981, 1990, and 1991—resulted in an increase of the yearly inflation rate. In fact, every single time there was a minimum wage increase, there was actually a correlation (I'm not saying a causation) with a decrease in the annual inflation rate.

The next two times the minimum wage was increased, was in 1996 and 1997. Between 1995–1996, the inflation rate rose to by 0.2% to 3.0%. After the first minimum wage increase to \$4.75, inflation, yet again decreased. It went down 0.7% to 2.3%. In 1997, the minimum wage rose again to \$5.15 and the inflation rate... decreased! Oh who could've seen that coming! The inflation rate went down from by 0.6% from 2.3% in 1997 to 1.6% in 1998.

The last three minimum wage increases; 2007, 2008 & 2009. In 2006, the inflation rate was 3.2%. Between 2007 and 2008 when the minimum wage was raised to \$5.85, the inflation rate went up from 2.8% to 3.8%. But once it was raised to \$6.55 in 2008, the inflation rate decreased by 4.2%. And for the last minimum wage hike to \$7.25, inflation rose 2%. For only two times in recent history since the 1980's has the inflation rising corresponded with a minimum wage increase. It is important to remember, however, that during this time we had a global food crisis and the financial crisis; inflation was going to rise regardless of whether or not the minimum wage had been increased.

Make it happen guys. Democrats need to run on minimum wage increases. It's time. Next year it will have been a decade since anyone has seen anything. I am not being crazy and saying \$15/hr needs to happen immediately. Like every other wage increase make it happen over time. But realize it needs to happen, incrementally, but it needs to start now.

PS: Vote Beto on or before election day at the Galilee church at the corner of MLK and Logan Ave. Shots and/or tall boys await you four blocks south if you do.—STARKNESS



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# HITCHING ON ALL HALLOW'S EVE

"Here is good. Pull over," he says as Fogerty's voice fades back into static.

You pull the car off the just-barely-a-trail dirt road, just in case there might be traffic. Nothing but dust and rock out here; the only illumination is your Eldorado's headlights. Tonight's moon is still only a faint glimmer on the eastern horizon.

Forty minutes ago, you were heading west on I-10, thinking you needed to find a gas station and dinner, when you saw the blond young man at mile marker 344, looking young, and hot, and tired, and entirely delectable. Ignoring what the signs and everybody's mama said about hitchhikers, you pulled over. The man smiled as he climbed into your car and showed you the K-Bar he was carrying.

That knife is still at your ribs as he says, "Get out."

You'd kicked off your flip-flops under the seat, no time to fish for them. You get out, barefoot. Did you pick up a damn car thief? Is all he wants Libby, your '69 Chevelle? No, he follows you across the bench seat and climbs out too. His pupils are pinpoint as his eyes run up and down you. His smile shows too many teeth for amusement.

"Take the dress off, bitch," he says with a predatory smile.

It's a bargain-store sundress. You untie the string at the neck and let it fall. His eyes widen. August daytime in Arizona is too damned hot for underwear. Now, the night breeze cools the sweat on your skin. The hair on your arms and legs prickles with the temperature drop. You shiver; his grin widens, looking entirely too predatory for a human face now. You can smell his arousal.

"Bitch," he croons. "You're a bitch. You're all bitches."

*Oh, darling, whisper sweet nothings in my other ear.*

Your heart bangs painfully against the inside of your ribs. It's hard to keep your breathing steady. The hair on the back of your neck hackles so hard it's painful.

You step backward. He follows, eager for the hunt. How often has he done this? Are you the first, or the hundred-and-first woman he's taken to some back road? Despite yourself, you bare your teeth at him.

He laughs. He slices the tip of his knife at you with a threat and promise. You back further, trying to put distance between your skin and his knife. Further from Libby. Further from safety. His teeth are bared too, no humor in the expression.

"Bitch," he whispers, as the moon peeks over the horizon behind him.

"Yes," you whisper back.

He pauses, fixed smile flowing away as his eyes widen. You let the moon-change take you.

Laughably slow, he turns to run, as if, on two legs, he thinks he might outrun a wolf on four. You let him get his fingers on the door handle before you pull him down with your teeth in the back of his neck. Biting down, you shake him, until his breath rattles out and his sphincter relaxes.

That's dinner taken care of. Tomorrow morning you'll find a gas station.— STARKNESS





*I haven't made much about it but I should say something about me moving to North Carolina. Because I am. Well, I already did. My family has been in NC since July but I've been sticking around B/CS to finish up work and band stuff. I left at the end of October. But...I'm still here. I am still running 979Represent from afar. The Ex-Optimists is still a band but we can only gig a few times a year. Some of the staff wanted to say goodbye in a more formal way. They tell their stories below.*

It was through Kevin Still that I met Kelly. I was taking one of Kevin's English classes at Blinn, and he suggested I start writing for 979Represent. Kevin invited me to an Xops show so I could meet Kelly and hear his band. It would be the first time I stepped foot inside of Revolution, and the first time I ever saw Sky Acre. It was Xops' record release party. It was loud and smelled like a sweaty ash tray. That was back when you could smoke inside...seems like a life time ago. Kevin introduced me to Kelly, and so that makes Kelly the first person I ever met from the music scene. Through the years we became damn good friends, and through the years, because of Kelly, I have met so many amazing people throughout Texas. I started booking and promoting shows because of Kelly. I kept writing on the 'zine. I've done a lot of really cool things with and without music because of KK Menace. If it weren't for the Xops my best friend wouldn't have met her husband-to-be, and we wouldn't have had all those fucking awesome adventures driving around Texas to see them play. We wouldn't have had countless weekends of music and boozes and ridiculous stories we now have in our books.

Sometimes I wanna punch that dude, but most of the time I'd rather hug him. He may be leaving Texas, but this will always be his home, and I'm going to miss the fuck outta Kelly.

All my love, Kkkkelly. You come back now, ya hear! Don't be a stranger. Don't forget us, okay? Don't find a new Jess. Don't find a new scene. Don't make a new band. Just come back home when you can. We'll be waitin', darlin love.—JESSICA LITTLE

=====

You walk up to the large, heavy wooden door and notice that it's cracked open. You push the door with a creak, and walk through the large arching stone entrance to find you are in a banquet hall with skeletons sitting in front of a feast of massive amounts and varieties of food and treats. What do you want to do?

So here's the thing about Kelly as a Dungeon Master. He knew when to break the fourth wall. He knew when to take off our training wheels. He knew how to articulate and spellbind us in story and clues. He was amazing. One of my favorite things was rolling either a 1 or a 20 when attacking. This is because the explanations of kills and boners were hilarious. Accidentally throwing the knife behind you. Bouncing off the skull of a baddie and clinking into a dark corner. Accidentally stabbing yourself. Or conversely, enemy guts everywhere. Pinning an enemy to the wall behind them. Shrinking a lizard monster into another dimension. What an amazing mind and imagination Kelly has.

Oh, and the patience of an Ent. At its peak population,

# SO LONG MR. EDITOR

we were playing with I think around 11 teenagers. Each one vying for enough of a pause to interject their witty quip or hilarious way they were gonna use a dead enemy's skull or their own middle finger to attack. Each one puffing their chest, sword fighting and peacocking in their own way. At one point allowing one player to sprint down a hallway only to find himself in a deep hole that took several turns and exhausted many resources to get him out. At another point allowing a muting spell to fall upon one of the most talkative of the bunch for a couple turns.

Kelly is ingenious, and patient, and kind, and gentle, and conniving, and hands-off, and hands-on. And I know he wanted to take it further and go deeper. Oh, but for the constraints of time and the loudness and interruptiveness of teenagers!

Kelly will always be a beacon...an example...of how to keep things going smoothly, even when everything inside of you is flipping the tables and screaming at everyone.—JORGE GOYCO

=====

The first few months I had been doing Golden Sombrero I still didn't have a solid electric guitar I was using for shows, instead repeatedly borrowing my friend/drummer/roommate's guitar for everything we did. Kelly has always had an innate sense for what might help out an inexperienced but well-meaning band, which was particularly helpful for a non-gearhead like me. He had recently bought a Squier Jazzmaster (I think – still not a gearhead) that he had played a little but then needed to flip in order to help pay for a family vacation. He knew I was the match for it and reached out to me to see if I'd be interested, offered it to me for slightly less than he paid for it. I thought it looked cool and took him up on it, feeling reassured and overcoming my usual anxiety of large purchases. I showed up to his office and looked it over, put in my mind I knew I'd buy it as soon as he opened the gigbag. He also threw in (for free) the gigbag and a new saddle for it that he had ordered after playing it already and noting a problem with strings coming out too easily (something as a novice guitar player I probably wouldn't have done anything about). It was a small thing, but the upfront honesty about it was the cool part. For Kelly it was just another guitar passing through, but it became my #1 for the next few years.

The next thing I needed to buy once I had my cool new guitar was the proper amp of my own to make it louder. One day on our local craigslist I saw a Marshall JCM 800 and accompanying cab that with my limited knowledge of things seemed to be a good deal. I messaged Michael about it to check if it was truly a good piece of equipment for the listed money, and he informed me that Kelly had already bought it. This taught me that not only did you need to be quick when it came to Craigslist ads, but if it was truly something good Michael and Kelly had already seen and probably snatched up whatever you were slow to the draw on. A couple days later I got

a message from Kelly saying that he wasn't quite satisfied with the amp for his sound. He said he'd sell me the amp and cabinet for the same price he bought it. He could've easily flipped it for more money given that it was listed lower than value but instead he helped me out to get the gear I needed for good of rock'n'roll.

Kelly also helped fill-in for my band in a pinch on the drums whenever we needed. Grant was out for a couple booked dates, so we asked Kelly and he was immediately game. Early on he said he dug Sombrero, this at a time when we were still finding our footing and not getting many people out to shows. Kelly never cares about other people's perceptions—if he likes it that's good enough for him. I sent him the really crappy demo tracks we had and he learned the songs by listening to the tracks and doing a single run through before show – just one practice! He filled in one drums for us two or three times, even driving down to Houston for a Notsuoh show in front of a handful of people. Sometime after that I had Tim fill in on drums instead, just because he was interested and he wasn't currently in a band (Tim of course later became the bass player – we had a lot of lineup changes). When Kelly found out he was a little taken aback and asked if he'd done something wrong—I told him nothing of the sort, and until that point I hadn't realized how much Kelly really liked playing with us and would've kept doing it as many times as invited. I'm pretty sure he played bass for us once a long time ago as well. We needed a bass player for the show and he bought a bass that week just for that one time – I was floored.

When I still lived in Bryan, Kelly invited me to play drums for a project with him, Michael, and Katie that came to be called Lighting Briefs. The intent was for us to do some material that wasn't quite in Ex-Ops territory with more of a shoegaze-y, noisy, long-winded sound. I was immediately intimidated to be playing drums for someone who I considered the best drummer around. But Kelly never once criticized my sloppy technique, only occasionally offering little suggestions for the feel of the song or where to transition. I also got to play a little Idiotbox noisemaker during one of our songs which filled me with glee. We maybe played around five shows total and moved around a ton of gear to do 'em. Once we did a Velvet Underground cover that inadvertently killed Lou Reed sometime that night, hopefully not because our rendition somehow reached his ears (for some reason I can't remember the song we played). Another time Kelly texted me the day of the show that we were going to cover "She Cracked" by The Modern Lovers. Without any practice we did it Bill O'Reilly-style and it was pretty killer. At the end of the set Kelly turned to me and said "those were some nice fills" – I still consider it one of the best compliments I've ever received. A few months after the Briefs started I moved out to Houston, and it bummed me out that I couldn't play drums with the group anymore.—TODD HANSEN

=====

It should be noted that, as I type this, Michael Hoenig's *Departure From the Northern Wasteland* (1978) is spinning on my turntable. It should be noted because Kelly handed this record to me four days ago at the First Annual BCS Record Show and said, "Here: buy this", as he's want to do. Kelly's pulled this move on me a few

times, sending me home from Half Price Books or Curious Collections or even Amazon ten bucks in the hole but swimming in a heap of fresh, tailor determined vinyl. In this case, he said, "Hoenig played with Tangerine Dream, but he's more like John Carpenter. He's German. You need that record." Actually, he may not have said the thing about Carpenter. I may have just inserted that tidbit into my memory because, as soon as the needle touched this record, I felt like I was inside a new edition of Carpenter's *Lost Themes*. But that's beside the point. The point is that if Kelly has ever told me to buy a record—The Jam, Chick Corea and Return to Forever, Bob James' *Two*, Kate Bush's *Hounds of Love*, Visqueen's *Kiss Me*, Bully's *Losing*, Herbie Hancock's *Headhunters*, among others—I did. And not because I have ten bucks to flush every few week but because, unlike most hosers I chat the musics with, I trust Kelly's encyclopedic music taste implicitly.

Besides the night we (in a van with Wonko and Katie) hit a large unseen but swine-matted mammal and twirled half a dozen times, only to be rescued by the loving embraces of Navasota graveyard shifters who—"HOLY FUCKING SHIT! I STEPPED OUT FOR A SMOKE AND YOUS GUYS WAS GOING BACKWARDS!"—saw the whole thing, I don't have any big or memorable stories with Kelly. We met nearly a decade ago through the direction of my dear friend Ian Nelson, a then local musician who thought Kelly and I might have some things to discuss. That was potentially Ian's most egregious understatement of the decade.

Since then we've worked on this here, 979Represent, to some degree together, which has been at times a joy (Winter beer round-ups, anyone?) and at other times a strain ("Still waiting on Still \_\_\_\_"). Outside of these pages and my drastically early bedtime, Kelly and I shared a few road-trips, many meals and more pints in which we've debated various tensions and shared unnecessary stories and where I've taken several Moleskin chapbooks worth of notes concerning albums (fusion) and books (jazz biographies) I would never have found on my own. After a dear friend of mine passed away a few years ago, I found Kelly's ability to connect with such a thing over a Subway sandwich a rare and unexpected reprieve. And, in those rare spaces, we have often pushed one other (at times directly, other times implicitly) to write something longer in form and deeper in measure than just the current moment.

When I consider the time and the pages between us, I see that—over the years—we've simply logged the kind of hours together that make each subsequent hour all the more familiar and easy and greatly anticipated, which is (and has been) a profound gift. And, although we have plenty of plans to keep this here paper running, I'd be lying if I said my commitment here was to anything less than logging those hours over chicken sandwiches and pints of the malty. That's right: the malty—another sway Kelly has won over me.

It is true that I was a hop-head when

CONT.->

I joined the 979Represent ranks, but Kelly and Wonko and Katie have persisted in the virtues of the malts, and now—per their influence—I can barely palette an IPA. These days, good 'tender, just make mine dark. Like my outlook. Like my wine. Like my woman. My hours now—because of these Ex-Ops—will be dark, even if I never see a later bedtime.

And now that Hoenig's come to an end, it's time to move onto Vangelis' *Heaven and Hell*, another record Kelly pointed to Saturday morning and said, "Yes! Yes! Get that one! It's his best!" And the Kelly collection grows.—

KEVIN STILL

=====

The thing that always amazed me about Kelly over the past several years here in B/CS is how effortless he made doing everything. Sure, he may have been a nutcase inside, but he made it seem easy.

Look at what this guy did in his decade or so here. He held a full-time job at the university where he was popular with his co-workers and got along well with faculty as well, not always an easy task. Kelly is married with two kids, and it must have been a solid marriage since they made the decision to move the family to another state where her dream job awaited. Kelly was in a band...or ten or 20 in B/CS. I'm not really sure of the number of bands he was involved in, but they were all marked by a sense of fun in playing together. Once, he and Matt Shea were playing in their Neu! cover band, and after they did their one tune for 30-35 minutes, Shea commented: "Ah, we have 2-3 more tunes left."

There's more: Kelly's playing and recording with the Hangouts, the Inators, his Black Sabbath cover group, his work with Magic Girl, Before the Mast, The Tron Sack, great unwashed luminaries, Don't Call Me Shirley, Invasion Boys, and of course The Ex-Optimists (their latest LP is on sale in Europe!?!). How about all the bands he championed? What a great friend of local music.

Kelly helped launch and run the LOUD!FEST music festival for more than a decade. He's still the editor of 979Represent that you're reading right now that he was part of starting years ago. Kelly also was prominent in bringing to life the local music label Sinkhole Texas Inc (SHTI) Records that has brought tons of music out over the years.

When did this guy sleep? He always seemed to be at Revs or downtown Bryan, talking to everyone and anyone, playing music and listening to music.

We'll miss his constant presence, but it's good to know he'll be coming back in the future if only for a little while. His time here changed us for the better, and we can all use a bit more of that.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

=====

When I first moved to BCS I thought I had made a horrible horrible decision. Upon further exploring the twin cities I quickly fell in love with Bryan more and more and College Station less and less. It was a small cozy Texas town land locked in a stale mate with a cocky sibling. There was a LOT in that defiant underbelly known as Bryan that I had yet to discover. I had visited Rev once

or twice prior to moving, but that alone didn't sell me. School, love, and hope drove me to the cult town(s) of BCS. I was new to the area and discovered 979Represent shortly after coincidentally watching an Ex-Optimists show. I took it home and read it cover to cover and was inspired by the DIY nature in such an otherwise sterile environment. I had up to this point fought my own DIY struggles in hillbilly vatoland much farther south for sometime and was happy to find some kindred souls or fellow tribe as the kids say these days.

By the third issue since my arrival I was ready and reached out to the ol' bag o bones editor Kelly offering to doodle and occasionally write the short story, poem, rant, what have you. He immediately shunned me and told me to go the way of the buffalos... Or so it would have been most likely anywhere else... Instead, he invited me to send him a few pieces and said he would see if something fit. A few submissions later and blam-o I'm still writing words in this rag almost six years later! Dreams do come true kids!!

All jokes aside I'm honored and happy to have gotten the chance to know, work, laugh, play, and be a drunk with my now good friend the editor, who love hates me like a sumofabit and I wouldn't have it any other way. All sucking up aside I write these words to express my gratitude towards the freedom of expression and the creative communal mind that you helped find a place in this little pocket of Texas. Through the years with 979 I've gained a family I never imagined I'd have or would trade for the world. Kelly has been a great force when it comes to giving the lost and disenfranchised the creative power to be themselves and have their voices heard. The Cult of the Moth loves you especially :)

Now I'm done sucking up for real this time – safe travels old man – youth rebellion!!! Seriously though, thank you for helping make B/CS a place I will always consider home no matter how far away I am from it. The memories made and those yet to be made will all certainly tie back to you and the horrible decision to give shit bags like me a voice. Wherever you may go you have a friend, just don't touch the words! — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

=====

I moved to Bryan-College Station with a plan. Bust my ass at my new job, win an award or two and get the fuck out of here.

I stuck to most of my plan, except the leaving part. I am still here five-and-a-half years later, and a lot of that has to do with the incredible community of Downtown Bryan. It's a unique family of misfits, professionals, alcoholics and whatever else the cat dragged in—a big mismatched group of folks who lift each other up and always offer a helping hand or Lone Star.

Two of the individuals who help make this place so darn great — Kelly and Starkness moved on to new opportunities in new places at the end of October. They're both people of integrity, who many in the community look up to and admire, and I am pretty sure that I can attribute my friendships with each of them to Revolution Cafe and Bar.

When I left the Houston Chronicle and moved here to work for the Eagle, I felt like GOB Bluth. "I've made a



huge mistake." As far as I could tell, College Station was nothing but a bunch of drunk cowboys, frat residue and chicken finger restaurants. I had made a huge mistake. I drank on Northgate out of necessity and I drove back to Houston every week. I liked my new job, but was struggling to find redeeming other qualities in my new home.

After six or seven months of living here, a co-worker brought me out to Rev. I thought to myself, "Hmmm... this seems like a bar I might actually go to by choice." A few days later, after covering some Fightin' Texas Aggie football, I stumbled into Rev around midnight and was (surprise!) treated to the volume and reverb of the Ex-Optimists. Good surprises are the best surprises.

Overwhelmed by the prospects of there being good musics here, I ran up to Kelly after their set. "Wow! I just moved here and I hate it, but you guys sound like Sonic Youth and Yuck and Dinosaur Jr. and wow, I really enjoyed that and I needed some sort of sign that my time here wasn't going to be the worst." Kelly cut me off at some point in my drunken fadom and brought me a *Bee Corpse Collector*. He had contributed to *The Eagle* before I got here, and we related on editors who were a pain in the ass, etc.

The music scene you know and love here in Downtown Bryan—Kelly has a large hand in making that thing possible along with Matt and Niki Shea and Michael "Wonko" Scarborough. I've always appreciated this line from Kelly, "You couldn't do this in other places because someone's already doing it. You can start something like LOUDFEST here." Kelly, Wonko, and the Sheas started playing shows at any place that would have them, and eventually created LOUDFEST, the Sinkhole Texas Inc. record label and the 979Represent zine you're reading right now.

There's something to be said about the character of these folks who were behind these endeavors—they were made without the motivation of personal gain. LOUDFEST grows bigger every year, but continues to only charge \$5 for a three-day wristband and operates on a budget less than \$1,000. That all happens because of this community—volunteers and donations. With a similar spirit, SHTI and 979Represent are about creating a channel for the community, not personal gain.

Indeed, Kelly is moving physically to be with his family in North Carolina. I will miss eating shitty Chinese buffets with him. I will miss getting to see him perform music regularly. He pushed and made things happen where there weren't a whole lot of things happening. He's helped friends and bands when they've needed it, and brought music to this town that we would have never gotten to experience otherwise.

Kelly will continue to oversee 979 and be a part of Ex-Ops, Loud!Fest, but I think it's on all of us to take his mentality and make sure we keep building this wonderful community. Love you, Kelly! Good luck to you and your family in anything you do! — JOSHUA SIEGEL

## SANGRAR LA CABRA

A circle of beasts, a circle of women, naked and howling at the moon. They dig their claws in the earth to rip the dirt from its grave. We feel not the chill of the autumn air, but the arousal from the goats. The fire burns high and the smoke stains the oak as the trees and brush bend and bow for the women; for the beasts. "Sangrar la cabra! Bleed the goat! Sangrar la cabra! Bleed the goat!" The melody flows through the breeze and tangle hairs of the old goat men. Their tongues, curdled, lay at the feet of the beasts, trying to scream and beg, but mute slimy stubs are what is left. One by one, tongue by tongue, skewered and roasted over the fire. They begin to blister and squirm before charring to black. With a snap of our fingers the men's jaws drop, oozing and raw, we stuff the hot tongues back in their lying mouths and seal them shut. Men cry and bleat like cowards as ash and crimson pour through their nose. Cuts and rips and tears through the woods; splatters and spits and drips on the ground. Saw the grubby fingers, and their hands that held us down. Hack the roots of the men that pierced us, cumming an acid that burned our insides; throw the loose ends in the fire. The incantation bounces off the rocks and bark, echoing the offer through the woods. I smell sandalwood and vanilla coming through the trees before I feel his cashmere skin on my back. The circle of beasts smile and ascend towards the sky. He kisses my neck, and I float above to the velvet sounds of screams. — JESSICA LITTLE

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Donald Trump Rally: Toyota Center, Houston Texas 10/22/2018

Note: In a previous article for this publication, I lamented extreme partisanship and its detrimental effects upon the United States Political Process. While I still believe this to be the case, the following piece is favorable to one side of the political spectrum. Given that, I believe that I was obliged to at least provide sources for assertions made below. If these facts do not work for you, feel free to check my sources. This is, after all, the age of "Fake news" and "Alternate facts".

Though I knew I would regret it, I knew I had to attend the Trump "Make America Great Rally" as soon as it was announced. Perhaps I needed to somehow understand the devotion of his followers to a man who, despite having never met a lie he didn't like,<sup>1</sup> has somewhere in the neighborhood of 30-40% support among the American population.<sup>2</sup> This support has not wavered despite numerous scandals<sup>3</sup> and numerous government officials appointed by Trump either leaving or being fired<sup>4</sup>. Perhaps I wanted to somehow make sense of the support of so called "Christians" who support a President whose openly disdains minorities<sup>5</sup>, women<sup>6</sup>, and LGBTs.<sup>7</sup> Maybe I just wanted to see the train wreck of American Democracy first hand. Whatever the case, I got my tickets online to the "Make America Great Again" rally as soon as it was announced.

The venue initially was NRG Arena (smaller venue adjacent to the NRG stadium) that holds roughly 8000 people. Would our president be able to draw as many folks as others who had played there before (such as Weezer/ Angels and Airwaves, a couple of Warped Tours Psychedelic Furs/Devo)? I should have never doubted Trump's draw. A few days before the rally, the venue was then "moved" to the Toyota Center due to "high demand"<sup>8</sup>. I cannot prove or disprove whether this was due to legitimate demand or the time honored show biz trick of deliberately booking your act in a venue you know they will sell out as promotional propaganda ("he played a **sold out** tour"; a trick as old as vaudeville). Naysayers be damned, our President can draw equal to the likes of Lady Gaga, Green Day, ELO, Iron Maiden, the Cure, WWE Wrestling, and Houston Rockets Basketball.

I arrived at the Toyota Center roughly an hour and a half before the rally began. The police and security presence was noticeable but not obtrusive. The people attending the rally were herded into a central entrance point north of the Toyota center through a maze of barricades. While the Trump faithful were corralled through the maze of barricades to the Promised Land, plenty of people were selling "unofficial" Trump merchandise. Trump supporters had no issue with buying non copyrighted merchandise, though the sentiment is probably different for countries (China for instance) doing the same to the USA. Did they Nazi's sell merchandise at the Nuremberg rallies? Loud rock music blared from loud speakers as people slowly made their way inside. For a political persuasion whose record on Gay Rights has been lousy at best, they sure played quite a few gay artists. I heard more Queen and Elton John waiting in line to get in at the Trump rally

that I would in an hour of listening to Houston's classic rock station.

In between classic rock offerings, a large Jumbotron facing the long line of supporters broadcast in sundry propaganda pieces celebrating the "greatness" that is Trump. My favorite was what could best be described as a Trump PSA. A young lady appeared on the screen in-between a Lynyrd Skynyrd song (a band in favor of gun control ironically enough<sup>9</sup>) and a Queen song. Sporting a bad blond hair dye job, she looked like a cross between a Fox News commentator and the sorority sister most likely to be charged with hazing her pledges. She told the audience President Trump Loves (?)<sup>10</sup> the First Amendment as much as the Second Amendment. But as this is a "private rally" (how is it private if free tickets were given away?) paid for by President Trump (did he pay for the Secret Service protection he received too?), a place to protest would be provided outside of the event. Where this place to protest actually was not made clear. Ms. Helpful implored the attendees not to touch protesters in any way but instead inform security who would promptly take care of protesters. How nice. I would be beaten up by trained professionals rather than angry Trump supporters if I made too many snarky comments about Nuremberg or took a knee during the pledge.

The people attending the rally, while enthusiastic, were not the batshit crazy racist variety that you see on numerous YouTube videos<sup>11</sup> actively looking for minorities and "libtards" to beat up. I cannot speak for his hardest core of supporters who got floor seating as by the time I arrived I was seated at the very highest rung of the Toyota Center. The crowd was, however, 85-90% white; except for the employees at the Toyota Center who were almost exclusively minorities. Make of that what you will. The Trump Rally participants I observed/talked to were peaceful, minded their own business, and left me alone. In talking to the people I ended up sitting next to, I found them to be mundane, vanilla, middle class folks that could have been my parents neighbors. They were not people with whom you would discuss Quantum Physics or Krautrock with, but average people with a sincere belief – for better or worse – in Donald Trump.

My ticket for the rally was not scanned. This makes me at least somewhat skeptical of the claim that over 16,000 people showed up.<sup>12</sup> If tickets were not scanned how did they get an exact count? With that being said the Toyota Center was more or less full. The security search for entry was less vigorous than ones I have received going through airport security; odd considering how important border security is for this crowd. The press took up roughly half of the floor space at the Toyota Center. For someone who hates "Fake News" as much as Donald Trump does, he sure went to quite a bit of trouble to make them feel welcome. The elevated platform with cameras and news media as almost as big as the stage Trump and friends spoke on. Contrary to what he often says, President Trump needs the media as much as a junkie needs his next fix. Like a junkie, President Trump might hate his dealer (the media) but he needs them as much as they need him.

As for the various speakers before the President it was about what you would expect. Megachurch pastor Ed Young started things off with the rhetorical question "Will we slouch toward Godless Socialism or will we vote for those who stand for religious freedom (as long as it the

"Christian" faith) and value life (except those killed in school shootings or wars abroad)." Texas Governor Abbott was very concerned about people taking the knee during the National Anthem. I'm glad the Texas Governor has time for the really BIG ISSUES. He stated, correctly (shockingly enough) that the Texas economy is bigger than Russia's economy but also failed to mention that socialist republic of California has an even bigger economy than Texas.<sup>13</sup> Senator Ted Cruz spoke like a man whose ass was on the line. It is given his close race for the Senate with Democrat Beto O'Rourke. Cruz summed up nicely the few points every speaker of the evening made: 1) Democrats are for higher taxes, 2) They are coming to take away your guns 3) Democrats are for open borders; building a wall can stop this 4) Obamacare is socialized medicine 5) Beto is an elite socialist for big government who will do 1-4 above if elected.<sup>14</sup> Other speakers largely parroted these points. Aside from the speakers repeating these points endlessly, Lt Governor Dan Patrick, claimed 16,000 people were inside 10,000 were outside and 100,000 were outside.<sup>15</sup> Maybe that many were seated at the rally but the other figures were clearly bullshit. Donald Trump's son Eric Trump claimed ISIS were "defeated"<sup>16</sup>

Then the faithful were rewarded with President Donald Trump. The President was the only speaker who got a teleprompter. Although the Toyota Center has a large Jumbotron television screen facing each side of the audience, he didn't use them (though viewers outside the Toyota Center did get them on the Jumbotron outside). All attention had to be on the President I guess. The big reveal isn't a reveal at all. The rhetoric of Trump you see on TV is exactly the same as what you get in person; no nuances, no elaboration. What you have seen is what you get and will continue to get with President Trump. He claimed the middle class were getting a tax cut<sup>17</sup> (rather difficulty for that to happen given Congress isn't in session). He also claimed that the caravan of Immigrants from Honduras was started by the Democrats<sup>18</sup>. How they did this when they couldn't win a presidential election even with 3 million votes more than Trump had was not explained. Other than that, it was more of the same. He claimed work had begun on building the wall<sup>19</sup>, made the obligatory digs at Hillary Clinton and other Democratic notables. If you have watched Fox News for longer than 30 minutes, then this is very familiar territory. One of the oldest edicts of propaganda is that propaganda works best by effectively by repeating a few simple points. Trump does that to perfection. Admittedly, he does that very well.

The crowd responded the most loudly to fears he was evoking (immigrants, socialism/big government, gun rights and socialized medicine). Really Trump's agenda is nearly all fear based. If the Democrats were wiped off the earth today, the Republicans would have to reinvent them the next day. The tribe must have an enemy to focus on. So why did 16,000 (?) people buy into this? I

honestly think they are more united by what they perceive to be a common enemy than by any attraction to President Trump's political agenda. Truth be told, many Democrats in power (and not in power) come across as smug, intellectually self-satisfied, easily offended, elitist, National Public Radio hosts who idea of suffering is not getting their 11 dollar coffee as quickly as they would like it. Unfortunately, until the Democratic Party can produce political candidates that evoke the fervor of the 16,000 (?) at this rally, Donald Trump and his cronies will have a long stay in power. — RENTED MULE

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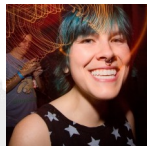
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# SALACIOUS VEGAN CRUMBS



9 AM, the fourth Thursday in November—The cat has decided that you're her biscuit dough this morning. As you flop the blanket off your head, the hooks of the holy trinity—onions, carrots, and celery—grab you by the nose and begin to slowly drag you downstairs toward the kitchen. Mom is furiously chopping vegetables, while dad is outside picking up his signature charcoal pit scent.

You let the cat out, and a chilly gust of wind pushes its way in the door. Instantly energized by the festive cold weather, you get to work on dessert! Last year, you veganized your favorite apple pie with a simple swap of Earth Balance instead of butter, but this year, you've planned a pumpkin pie from Isa Chandra Moskowitz's Superfun Vegan Holiday book (SUBLIMINAL MESSAGE: BUY IT). Once it's in the oven, you double check the almond milk Reddi-Wip in the fridge—yup, still good!

This isn't your first vegan Thanksgiving, and you've gotten the hang of making it easy on your family, who's bringing the stuffing, mashed potatoes, rolls, sausage (this is gross but relevant!) and dessert. Your mom makes a classic stuffing with the Thanksgiving trinity, sausage, and those dried up little Pepperidge farm cornbread pieces you re-hydrated with broth. Before she adds the sausage, you scoop up a handful of veggies for yourself, mix it with some of those desert cornbreads and veggie broth, and toss in some toasted walnuts for texture. Also, you're fancy. The vegan stuff gets whatever fresh herbs you manage to snag while tiptoe-running out to the garden in your jammies!

You've been put in charge of watching the potatoes, so you toss in a few cloves of garlic to soften as they boil while no one's looking (a little trick your fancy chef aunt taught you). Mom insists that everyone knows the difference between dairy butter and Earth Balance, so you separate out some potatoes and stir in bountiful Earth Balance and some soy milk. They just taste like regular dang mashed potatoes, mom, no one knows the difference!

So...Everyone grew up with this restaurant where they would throw you hot, fresh rolls from across the room, right? Maybe? No? Wait, yes! Now you remember! It brings back memories of the time you ate TEN rolls at Texas Roadhouse before the food even came out. Bread is a big deal in your family—scratch that, hot FRESH bread is a big deal in your family. Unfortunately, your dad's bread recipe definitely has milk in it. But you're

in luck! HEB sells frozen Central Market rolls that bake up hot and fresh alongside the other rolls, and are just as gravy-sopping as anything else!

Speaking of gravy—you've tried the whole Tofurkey thing, and while the Tofurkey roast was pretty good, the gravy was suck-o-rama. Same with the vegan gravy from the Whole Foods nearest your parents' house—salty as the Gulf! You've learned to just make it yourself, and in your frazzled, busy, onion-scented state, you can just manage to toss the leftover veggies that didn't make it into the stuffing in a pan with some mushrooms and whatever herbs are in the garden, throw in some veggie broth, and whizz it up. It's savory and it fits inside the spongy bits of bread—sufficient gravy!

Running around the kitchen all morning has you looking for a mid-morning nap. But wait! Don't forget! All veg and no protein makes you something something! For things like Friendsgiving, where you bring a single dish, you usually stick to butternut cashew mac or stuffed acorn squash—things that can stand alone and can keep you full in a sea of animal-based foods. But for proper Thanksgiving, you need that protein that'll give you that slow burn fuel for getting through hours of watching your cousin's boring new baby and trying not to tear your right wing family's heads off. A hefty Field Roast Celebration Roast does just the trick! You massage that hunk in oil, envelope it in foil, and carefully place it over the hot coals on the grill so that it can turn into a smoky, sultry seitan snack.

The rolls have baked, your seitan is smoked, and you've tucked away your secret holiday whiskey in your jacket pocket (arguably the most important ingredient in a successful Thanksgiving dinner). Everything is packed and ready to go to your relatives house, where they've been preparing literally gallons of gravy. You're extremely thankful for whoever brought hummus and crackers, both because it's vegan friendly, and because it gives you something to do instead of yelling about how your cousin's new baby is smarter than the president. Feasts are had, pieces of Field Roast are stolen and eaten with pleasant surprise, and much to your dismay, your vegan pumpkin pie has turned into an empty pie tin while you were taking a much needed bathroom break (Were you pooping? Just getting away from social activities? Who knows!). Whatever, secret whiskey and half a can of Reddi-Wip make a fine finish to a vegan Thanksgiving! — KATIE KILLER

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# RECORD REVIEWS



**St. Vincent**  
*MassEducation*

I am an avowed fan of St. Vincent and have been following the songcraft of Annie Clark for ten years now. Her albums have evolved from being largely bizarre art-rock records to being bizarre-art-pop societal treatises. Increasingly the warped mind of St. Vincent has found itself conveyed through the kaleidoscopic carnival trappings of modern pop music and Annie Clark's own unique muse. Sometimes the sardonic wit and cutting commentary gets lost in the neon lit vinyl club robotics of St. Vincent's approach for the past few years. Early on in the album cycle for 2017's *Masseducation* Annie Clark did radio shows and web series with just an acoustic guitar. The songs, many about the rocket ride to tabloid fodder (thanks to her very public relationship with a young British film star) and back again benefited from the spare arrangement. Annie couldn't hide herself behind ST. VINCENT in this setting. She must've found some value in this approach because she teamed up with pianist/producer Thomas Bartlett to reimagine *MASS EDUCATION* as *MassEducation*, a piano ballad version of the same album.

For many years Annie Clark has been compared to David Bowie, David Byrne, Prince, and many other fractured art-rockers. I don't believe there's ever been a more apt reason to tie this bad ass thigh high boot stomping guitar hero sex cyborg to the confessional Carole King, Joni Mitchell, Tori Amos milieu until now. But boy, if one doesn't hear the *Little Earthquakes* in this version of "Savior" then maybe you'll want to get them ears checked. With the drums and synthesizers this is a strutting declaration of modern sexuality. With Bartlett's arrangement (reaching inside the piano to pluck the strings harp-like) and the lyrical content right upfront, the story is turned. This is a woman who is good, giving, and game who is being used as a fetish for her partner who can only fuck Annie

when she's dressed up like someone else, but "that's still not it, none of this shit fits." And it doesn't. If it's not weather, then hand me my leather. Fans of Tori Amos will certainly find the similarities between Tori's sexual-religiosity and St. Vincent's preoccupation with the crossroads of hypersexuality and celebrity. The piano/voice approach only brings those comparisons to the front. This is not to say that Annie is gunning for Tori with this album but it just goes to show that these two artists are mining similar lyrical territories from different artistic points of view.

This is just one example that could be applied straight across to all the other club bangers from *MASS EDUCATION* in this new setting. The psychosexual politics are front and center, showing just how multilayered the work of St. Vincent is that it can take being peeled back to its core like this and have it reveal layers that were either buried or at least pushed to the background by pop production values. This is a must-listen for any fan of her work or someone who was put off by the packaging of her last couple of albums.  
— KERRY MENACE



**Dödsrit**  
*Spirit Crusher*

Blowing in from the dark, frigid winds of Sweden, Dödsrit is a one-man project created by Christoffer Öster in the wake of his former band's demise. What is interesting is that the sound Dödsrit produces is not pure atmospheric black metal as one might expect when hailing from Sweden; in addition, Christoffer has mixed in crust punk. Normally, this would be music I would avoid. From my previous reviews, my readers know that, as a general rule, I want my metal free from punk influences. Since I'm not the biggest fan of the recent strain of death metal bands who have incorporated punk into their sound, it would seem that my logical reaction to crust punk in black metal would be the same, but it's quite the opposite. Releasing a second record, *Spirit Crusher*, in less than a year after his debut, Dödsrit has created a

composition which is less that four songs long, yet packs a powerful punch.

Like his previous album, Dödsrit creates a perfect balance between atmospheric black metal and crust punk, taking the best elements of both. Like any good atmospheric black metal album, the music is marked by something akin to white noise, which helps the listener feel the artist's mood channeled through raw, eerily melodic, tremolo-picking guitars. Christoffer's vocals also match this black metal sound in that they are raspy shrieks; however, rather than sounding sinister and angry, the vocalizations are mournful and lamenting. The crust punk influences come in with the drums pummeling out almost rock n' roll sounding rhythms, the guitars exhibiting fast-tempo riffs, and yelled punk vocals in very strategic locations within the songs, providing a definite contrast to the hybridity of *Spirit Crusher* and Dödsrit's overall sound.

Another aspect I find well-done is the fact that Dödsrit avoids the typical pitfalls associated with atmospheric black metal. Normally, when an album boasts a list of songs that are over ten minutes long, on an album that's about an hour-and-a-half long, it's an automatic turn-off for me. It's not that I don't appreciate lengthy songs, but given atmospheric black metal's tendency to have the songs arranged in such a way that they bleed into a single, indistinguishable song, it slowly begins to turn into background noise, albeit beautiful background noise. Fortunately, he avoids this problem. Each song is easily distinguishable as a stand-alone track, and the fact that the album is only four songs long, and clocks in around forty-four minutes, makes it easily digestible. At the same time, the songs do have a progression that builds upon the previous song, giving *Spirit Crusher* a definite continuity that is true to atmospheric black metal.

Compared to Dödsrit's self-titled debut, which possesses a melancholy steeped in deep sorrow and loss, *Spirit Crusher*'s melancholy possesses a sense of urgency and despair. For fans of atmospheric black metal, the crust punk influences and four-track catalog may be too unorthodox for their liking, but I find it a breath of fresh air. That said, *Spirit Crusher* isn't without its flaws. Unlike the previous album, this record's sense of melancholy has no sense of transcendence. The first album had small rays of hope peppered throughout, which makes the darkness feel

like a tunnel one must traverse in order to reach the light; *Spirit Crusher*, as the title implies, lacks that hope and surrenders to the inevitable. Also, unlike the previous album, I found this record's songs to be slightly less memorable. They are good songs, but not as good as they could be. Overall, this record is a solid release, and a consistent contribution to Dödsrit's discography. For that, it receives a 4.5/5 from me. — CALEB MULLINS



**G.A.B.C.**

*The Violets & The Blues*

Longtime Brazos Valley Americana stalwarts, The Great American Boxcar Chorus has a new album displaying the full palette of the group's talent. With three songwriters and two lead vocalists on this album, this rich record has something for every mood.

The GABC was last heard on the 2012 full-length album *There is No Fun in Funeral* (except for an EP and a Christmas album, both in 2015).

For positive vibes, there's the uplifting ballad "Waiting on the Day" that features both vocalists—Ben Morris and Eric Fisher—on Fisher's tune that proclaims "The best is yet to be." Former GABC guitarist Coby Tate also plays on the song, anchored by drummer Bucky Bachmeyer and bassist Chris Nichols.

One of the most accessible tunes on the album is the vocalists' co-write and performance on "Fools." The casual canter of the tune just invites the listener in. There is also the catchy love song "Away" by Morris as well as the earnest rock of Fisher's "No Replacement" that evokes the title: "She fell into the violets, and I fell into the blues." The pop-country of "Welcome and Goodbye" includes some tasteful ukulele as well as Morris' lyrical gem: "Takes a lifetime to learn/You're still learning." The searing ballad "Tell Me" features Fisher's emotional voice singing Bachmeyer's lyrics with the

# CONCERT CALENDAR

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

**11/1—The High Dive, Point Blank Society, Josh Willis** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/2—The Cover Letter, Alone Stars** @ 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, Electric Astronaut** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/7—Comedy with Daryl Felsburg** @ LaSalle Hotel, Bryan. 7:30pm

**11/8—Otanana Trio, Mutant Love, Fubar, Unicomdog** @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

**11/9—Wellborn Road, Doomstress, Khan** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/10—LUCA, Neuromantics, Corusco** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/11—Penny & Sparrow** @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 6pm

**11/15—Thomas Csorba, Michael Witt, Kayla French** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

**11/15—Keith Michael Kallina** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

drummer's and Morris' music about the end of a relationship: "Just do what you came here to do."

Producer John Evans, a veteran Texas Americana producer/performer/songwriter, brings out the nuances of the GABC sound, whether it's the clear tones of Fisher's guitar or the sincere vocals.

On past GABC recordings, Morris wrote the bulk of the songs and sang lead, but Fisher, who mainly contributed harmonies on 2012's *Funeral*, has come into his own. His rocking "Free Time" is a pointed look at how we are glued to our phone screens. Also, his keen voice lends weight to several tunes, especially Bachmeyer's dark "Find" — "Coming down the mountain just to catch the next landslide." Morris also contributes "Red-haired Granny," the wryly-humorous rocker that he's been doing live for years about his late grandmother. Lines like "Butters her bread with a butcher knife" and "keeps a gun in her purse" hint at what a character she must have been.

Raucous harmonica by Jeff Cooper and more Tate guitar finds the band rocking out on this one.

So, whether you are just discovering this regional treasure or have been following them for some time, the latest by GABC has the music for what ails you. —MIKEL DOWNEY

**11/16—Monte Luna, Red Beard Wall, Witchhole, Iron Slut** @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

**11/18—Punk Rock Matinee with When Particles Collide, Unicomdog** @ Revolution, Bryan. 4pm

**11/21—Comedy with Rich Williams** @ LaSalle Hotel, Bryan. 7:30pm

**11/23—Shoobiedoobies, Electric Astronaut** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/24—YeeHa!, Slow Rosary, Mad Rant** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**11/29—KANM Fundraiser Show** @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

**11/30—Corusco** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

**11/30—Pardon Our Mess, Oliver Penn, Electric Astronaut** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**12/1—Mad Rant, Hand Me Down Adventure, Cosmic Chaos** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**12/7—Doc Mojoe, Grifters & Shills, Desdimona** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**12/14—Misotheist, Iron Slut, Shoobiedoobies** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**12/15—Legacy Fails, BONNIEblue, LUCA, Charm Bomb, Billy King & The Bad Bad Bad** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

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