

STOREREPRESENT



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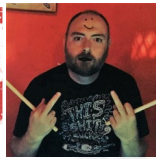
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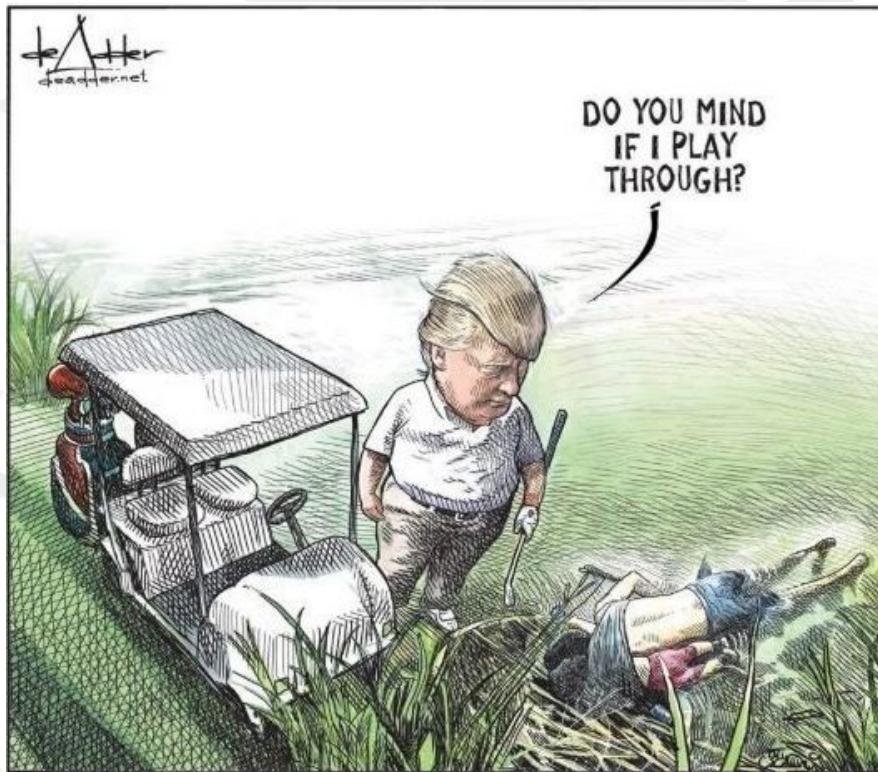


I have tried to brace myself for the long haul with President Trump. I try not to get too bent out of shape. I tell myself that America is like a very large ocean liner that from time to time veers a little bit to one side or the other but continues onward on its path, regardless of what maniac is at the helm. That is a somewhat dangerous position to hold because it absolves oneself from any blame or guilt for what dumb shit gets done in one's name. I didn't do it, so why should I have to deal with it? Same argument can be made and lost about reparations (we will come back to that one on another day). So far this administration has really only tested my cool twice. Sure, I've been hot under the collar about a LOT of other things that have happened since November of 2006 but two incidents in particular have made me look at myself in the mirror and ask myself what I really believe in and why.

The first incident was the Kavanaugh hearings last year. I sat on my couch and watched the hearings on television and got very, very angry. I could not explain any of it away. I have only ever thought about the character of the people on our Supreme Court a couple of times in my life. I tend to judge these judges by their judging more than by what they do when they are not judging. The Thomas hearings in 1991 and the Kavanaugh hearings in 2018 are the exceptions. I could not believe that Thomas, a lecherous sack of shit, could sit on the highest court in our country and pass judgment upon the very nature of our country and how it governs itself. Surely we'd never make that kind of mistake again. Then I watched it unfold again very uncomfortably on television 27 years later as though no one had learned one goddamned thing in that period of time.

The second is not a single incident. It is the continued piling up of stories in Texas about the separation of families seeking asylum in our country at the southern border. Families separated, families returned to countries they fled out of terror, children who had not seen their parents in years because agents of my American government had pulled them apart, children who suffered in kennel-like conditions, families placed in pens under freeway bridges in the south Texas heat, families with legitimate cases to seek asylum kicked in the teeth literally and figuratively by border agents...story after story. A true humanitarian crisis created by my America. Many on my social media feeds began to refer to this internment crisis with the term "concentration camp". Last month left-wing demon du jour Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (D-NY) made such a comment recently and all

LACK OF CONCENTRATION?



difficult to halt and then undo. And you have to want to do it, and I don't think the Trump administration truly does.

One can argue over the term "concentration camp" until one takes all of the feeling and intent out of the hopeless situation at the Texas border. I believe that is the reason why conservative voices have fallen all over themselves to criticize Ocasio-Cortez over her comment. It allows them to divert attention away from the activities her comment criticizes. CHILDREN ARE BEING HELD IN CAPTIVITY IN CAGES, SEPARATED FROM THEIR PARENTS FOR WEEKS, MONTHS, EVEN YEARS AT A TIME. PEOPLE WITH LEGITIMATE PETITIONS TO SEEK POLITICAL ASYLUM IN OUR COUNTRY ARE BEING HELD AGAINST THEIR WILL IN CONDITIONS THAT WE WOULDN'T KEEP ANIMALS IN. PEOPLE IN OUR COUNTRY REGARDLESS OF POLITICAL IDEOLOGY, RELIGION, RACE, OR CREED ARE LOOKING AWAY AND WILLFULLY IGNORING THIS CRISIS. But instead of arguing over how we are going to stop treating fellow human beings this way we are instead arguing about the words one uses to describe the crisis.

hell has broken loose over it.

Many believe the comment was an exaggeration of the situation. Some cannot agree to any term that has been so long associated with the Nazi murder of millions of Jews to be applied to any other humanitarian catastrophe (similar arguments are made over the word "holocaust"). The dictionary definition of a concentration camp is a facility where inmates are incarcerated without a trial. That is the point of these camps. A place to hold onto these people instead of dealing with them in a legal and ethical fashion. Sure, there are people who are not seeking political asylum trying to enter our country illegally. They are not being differentiated from one another, just buried under a gigantic pile of red tape and tossed into kennels we'd hesitate to place our dogs into. In some instances it is a federal facility that has just been way overfilled beyond capacity. Some of these facilities are privately owned and making a fortune, in some cases a reputed \$700 a day, off of these temporary internment facilities. These private jails are located all over Texas and do not fall under federal jurisprudence, though the Trump Administration sure seems to know where to mail the checks. It's an ugly situation that popped up during the lawless no-man's land period early in the Trump administration and two years of this policy run rampant has proven very

I have been guilty of turning away from this story because it makes me very uncomfortable. I am no Christian so I do not have religious guilt or hypocrisy over turning away from this catastrophe. I have to deal with looking in the eyes of my well-fed children in their nice house in suburban America who will *never* know what it feels like to be utterly abandoned in a foreign country separated from their parents, from people who speak their language, caged like animals for the audacity of seeking out succor and charity from the greatest country in the world; a country of fat lands and great wealth that sends those trying to become productive families within its borders to their fates in the countries that already spat them out at America's feet. These are someone's children. These are fellow humans. This is not how one treats another. It doesn't matter whose doctrine you follow. No one should be okay with this.

These fine organizations are doing what they can to offer aid. Think about whether you might be able to help too.

RAICES <http://www.raicestexas.org>
ACLU <http://aclu.org>
The Young Center for Immigrant Children's Rights
<http://theyoungcenter.org>
Border Angels <http://borderangels.org>
KIND <http://supportkind.org>
— KELLY MENACE

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DRUNK DETECTIVE STARKNESS

Me: Blacked Out Me, get over here. We need to talk.

BO Me: Ahhhhhhhh shit. It's a Monday, this cannot be good. What did I

do now?

Me: Well my dude, we had a pretty solid 72 hour drunk over the weekend and remember how we are in love with someone who isn't a raging alcoholic? You were getting all manic drunk by early afternoon and started getting in arguments with that bastard tree in the yard that tried to trip you and then decided you only wanted to drink water out of the hose before ending the night with your weird thing where you will only pass out under a table and refuse to listen to anyone about going into an actual bed. I mean, it's not like we robbed a bank or cheated on her or did a bunch of drugs or anything, but apparently some people get freaked out by that sort of behavior. So we had a whole talk about it. It's all worked out, but I need to talk to you my mans.

BO Me: Hahahahahahahaha, that sounds hilarious! That's a good weekend bender in book, man. Where did I fuck up, exactly? Like seriously? That sounds like a damn fine time.

Me: I know! That's what I said too, believe me. But apparently, your weirdness really freaked her out. Like, she said she thought you were trynna waterboard yourself, which, now that I think about it, if I didn't know you so well, laying down and holding your head under a hose with your clothes still on could defs look like a weird failure attempt at self-harm. Fighting with inanimate objects is kinda textbook psychotic behavior. And the table thing is just flat weird. I don't even really know why you do that one. So look, I know you're trainable. We just need to put these behaviors in the "definitely NO, NOT EVER" section of your lizard brain. You've been doing so good lately! We've got a good thing going!

BO Me: What?! Even the hose water thing??? That's like my favorite thing! It actually even *helps* us with the morning after by keeping us hydrated!

Me: I know, I know, it's one of my very favorite things that you do as well, but look man, relationships are all about making compromises. I love this girl very much and if it's freaking her out, it's gotta go. She's being very reasonable, honestly. All she's asking for is essentially a reasonably boozy, yet not total psychopathic, boyfriend. We should be able to do this. She's been fine with everything up to this, and, quite frankly, I think we're running out of girls in the world that would put up with our antics, so we are not fucking this one up.

BO Me: But doing crazy shit in the safety of our own home WAS the compromise, my dude. Or don't you remember how I used to be?! And by the way, I did not "start" a fight with that tree. That motherfucker started

talking shit to me, outta nowhere, THEN that fucker came up swervin' in my lane trynna trip me! And the table thing? How will I stay safe from, er....lightning?

Me: Lightning? Is that why you do that?

BO Me: I...um...I gotta tell you, I don't even know why I do that. My best guess is that I used to see the dog do it, during thunderstorms, and it really seemed to work for him, so.....

Me: Gah! Nope. No. Nope, stop talking. Drunk Detective Starkness, do you have any idea about this sleeping under tables thing he does? Tell me somebody can shed any light on this.

Drunk Detective Starkness: I'm not going to lie to you, Starkness. I've been working tirelessly on the case of "Why the fuck do you sleep under tables? No seriously, what the fuck could that possibly be about?" every single day of my career and I haven't made even the slightest progress. It is the great shame of my life. My White Whale, and I can't solve it, Starkness!!!! Honestly, this dumb fuck's guess about copying the dog is better than anything I've ever come up with. I'm a horrible Drunk Detective, a true failure. *Falls to the ground in the fetal position, sobbing uncontrollably*

Me: Uhhhhhhh, well. You see what you've done, BO Me? You Broke DDS. I honestly thought that the table thing was the tamest of the lot, but it has to go. It all has to go. It's causing problems for all of us now, so we just have to train you not to do these things. See, DDS it's over. You never have to think of that terrible case again. Come on in for a hug, guys. We've kicked worse shit than this before. With our powers combined, we'll get through this, too. We all on the same page?

DDS, *pulling himself up from the ground, still sniffing*. ya, ok.

BO Me: Ya. Fine. I guess I didn't realize how much of an issue this shit was. I'm on board. But God Damn, mans, if my lame ass shit freaked her out, how the fuck is she gonna handle Coked Up You? That guys is a mania-

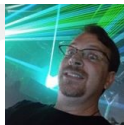
Me: *violently pulling my Blacked Out Self's ear to my mouth, whispering*: You FOOL! Remember how we've kicked worse shit before? Coked Up Me hasn't been around in a LONG time. Do you want to just be a vague memory of a mental construct? DO YOU MOTHERFUCK-ER?

Alcoholism: Let's not be too hasty. Let's remember who runs this shitshow. Blacked Out You – you gotta figure your shit out. DDS – pull yourself together man! You're a world class detective, and we need you 'round these parts. Starkness – quit with the empty threats and pour yourself a drink.

– STARKNESS

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WHAT IT'S LIKE TO PLAY ON STAGE



This is a sort of generic description, but it's my opinion that it's mostly true for most people.

When The Shooobiedoobies play, we try to get past all the nervousness and awkwardness with doing stuff that's crowd inclusive, and sometimes do awkward stuff just to kind of force us into not taking stuff too seriously. All this stuff still happens.

You practiced the songs, so you know them, but you still get kinda nervous. It's a complicated nervous. Like, I might screw up, I might have technical difficulties, I might be too "not sober", but I know these songs. It'll be fine.

Then you are wondering if the person you want to impress is gonna be impressed. Now, I don't mean anything other than, "I hope they like it." Maybe there's a specific part that makes you think that Colin or Michael or Kelly or Kendra or Frank might totally dig.

The first song carries with it its own special kind of baggage. The graph might be "confidence" on the y axis and "time" on the x. Mostly it starts out erratic, up and down, then probably because you are playing a song you know really well as the first song (which is a good idea), the graph goes up pretty quick. Then it's kind of all over the place...hopefully stays "up", of course.

You start having to pay attention to a bunch of things: that complicated part is coming up, I always forget to sing at the beginning of the verse, the drummer is going a bit fast, my pick is not in my fingers correctly, etc.

You start getting in the groove, and it's going well. This is fun. No one has left yet. You remember to look into the crowd and you see people you know are fans, and they point at you or smile or suddenly start bobbing their head so you know they are into it. That is, of course, if you decide to look up at the crowd.

When you finish your song, depending on the amount of people and their enthusiasm, you get some applause. This can be a difficult thing to deal with, and some days you can deal with it better than others. You might be criticizing yourself, and hopefully not criticizing your band mates. You say "Thank you".

At this point you have decided already if you care about the praise or not. Mostly you pretend not to, but all week leading up to this you are hoping people like it. I mean, other than playing for your own enjoyment, you are hoping to entertain the people that came, right?

Between songs is a whole other story. Some do it well, some are terrible at it. You are suddenly not able to hide behind your talent and the loud music, and you know you should say something.

Sometimes you don't really know or remember what you said. Hopefully it wasn't racist. Hopefully you gave props to the other bands and reminded everyone to tip the bartenders.

What the hell was that cool thing I was gonna say? Fuck! You revert to the easy way out and blurt out, "This next song is called, 'Insert song name here'."

Depending on if you've played a bunch and you have fans, or if you just started this new band and you are convinced everyone is judging whether this new endeavor is worth their time or not, you just try to hang on. (Note: I feel like there's probably a 60/40 split, 60 being people that aren't judging, 40 being people who are really hoping you are fucking badass!)

You glance over at the set list. Shit, the new song is up. New songs are can be stressful. Will they like it? Did we practice enough? Will it sound right in a live setting? How did we end it again?

Then you fuck something up. It happens.

Hopefully, you remember that most people can't tell when you made a booboo. Sure there are those fans who have listened to your recordings on repeat for ages, yeah, they can tell. Oh, and also there's the dudes who are watching your fingers the whole time. They can probably tell too. (Why did he play the 7th triad in an obviously Phrygian mode without arpeggiating the tectonic flat sustained 4...weird.)

If you don't remember that, and you are the type to beat yourself up, you start a dialogue about getting over it. You tell yourself, a. Just have fun, b. Why do I keep putting myself in this position, c. I need a beer...I'll ask for it when the song is done, or d. Fuck it, it's over, I'm over it.

Then it's time for your last song. At this point you are hyped (assuming things have gone well), so you can't tell if people have left to go smoke outside. You left one of the best songs for last, so it's easy to get hyped for this one.

You finish, you get some applause, some people (if they really liked it) hold up their beers. Then people split, leaving the bar practically empty.

The set is over and you start putting up gear. It was a good set, or maybe it wasn't. Some people come and high five you or give you advice. The next band is breathing down your neck to get your shit off the stage. You hug or fist bump your band members.

You feel pretty good...hopefully. You start coming down. You are tired and sweaty. You go set up the merch table. People are buying your stuff because they like you enough to give you money. That feels good. A couple of your freak fans come over and gush. A couple of new fans come over and tell you they were impressed. They may or may not be wasted, but you take the props.

You may or may not have a band meeting to talk about how it went. For the Shooobiedoobies, it goes like this: "I messed up. Me too. Me too. Whatever, you guys rocked. You did too. That was super fun. Did you see that guy that put all the Skittles in his pants?"

A few days later, (or maybe a few minutes later) you are over any fuck-ups and are back to wanting to play another show. Depending on your demeanor, this either freaked you out, or you are thinking of who you are gonna call to start a band. Do it! We are ready to hear you!

— JORGE GOYCO

Welcome to *Trans Call-In Radio*, the show where I, Bethany Beeler, a trans person, field cis folks' questions!

(Caller #1) *Hi, first-time caller, Bethany, I just hafta to ask what happened to [dead name]?*

(Bethany): You've been listening to this show for a while, right? I've not gone anywhere. Bethany is who I am and have always been. Everything you need to know about [dead name] is talking to you right now.

Now a message from our sponsor, *Transbuprofen*, the pain-reliever for trans folk!

(Sponsor): *Transbuprofen* brings you *Real-Life TransPain Rescue #17!* "Dead-naming" a trans person (i.e., using their old name, even as a reference to what *you* perceive to be a past self) is taking a trans' person's name in vain. Doing so is an attempt to dehumanize us (though you can't take away our humanity no matter how hard you try!), and implies we aren't who we say we are—indeed, it's declaring us illusory.

Transbuprofen recommends a dose of the first *Matrix* move to grasp the power of claiming one's own name, one's own truth! (If not within reach, this 60-second portion of a longer clip will suffice—<https://youtu.be/7GSGwZmR-c?t=235>.)

(Caller #2): *Hi, Bethany! I get trans people like you celebrating your new-found selves, but, where does that leave [dead name]?*

Mmm, you do *not* "get it" if you reduce us to a "celebration of our new-found selves." I didn't "find a new self" like I snatched it from a sale rack. Realizing myself as what I've always been "leaves" me empowered me to interact authentically with world—in other words, the very ambition we would ascribe to everyone at their best. Why don't I receive that ascription just because I'm trans?

(Caller #2): *I dunno, Bethany, maybe 'cuz [dead name] was (is?) a righteous dude?*

Whatever is "righteous" about me is only more so now that I can fully *live*, in a way I never previously could. It's like a cured wheelchair-bound person now running and leaping where they could previously just bump into and look at wistfully. "I never knew you could be like this, Bethany!" is what you should say to me—because I, myself, never knew I could be like this until I *came home to myself*.

(Caller #3): *Hi, Bethany! What are your tips for mourning the passing of [dead name]? It seems not allowed, and that is not doing justice to the rest of us.*

No one's "passed away," so don't cry for me, Argentina. A need to mourn this is as ersatz as mourning somebody who adds the suffix of "Sr." to their name when their child is born and given their same name. It's not as if the newly christened "Sr." has departed from who they were before. They're a parent now, and, what's more, a parent with a child who bears the vitality of their name that demands to be echoed, with joy! Lightning has struck twice! The second bolt doesn't annihilate the first but emphasizes

TRANS CALL-IN RADIO

A ROSE BY ANOTHER NAME IS NOT TO BE DEAD NAMED



the first one's true meaning by exceptionalizing the event, the person, the phenomenon, the love, by striking the same place.

It's the opposite of mourning—it's rejoicing that the old false self is *dead* but, more importantly, that I now truly live. The question ought to be "Why are *you* still mourning something that is my growth?"

It's time now for our regular Dr. Leson N. Humanity's segment! This week it's on why some cis people think someone's died when a friend or loved one transitions. Take it away, Doc!

(Dr. Humanity): Thanks, Bethany. A darkness lurks in queries related to how to mourn a trans person's dead identity and seek justice in the matter.

(Bethany): Yeah, Doc. Why does it have to be about the cis people who're taken aback by who I am? Suddenly, not only am I responsible for bearing stigmatization, shame, ignorance, dehumanization, demonization, and hatred from self-proclaimed—but hardly living—the-talk Christians and other bigots, but now I *have to bear the burden of providing y'all what YOU deem to be "justice"?*

(Dr. Humanity): If cis people knew (uh, sadly, some *do*) how galling and humiliating it is to have others assume that trans persons, by being themselves, are obligated to such a duty, they would tremble to ask such a question. The gist of that ill-fated question is: "How am I supposed to deal with the loss of control you, Bethany/trans person, by your very existence and your desire to proclaim that existence, mean to me?"

(Bethany): Kinda narcissistic, don't you think?

(Dr. Humanity): My short answer is this: *It's not about you. It's not even about me. It's about ALL of us being loved, prized, and treasured without a qualification, excuse, caveat, or proviso.*

This question is really an attempt to bring trans persons to heel (as in, "YOU, Bethany/trans person, mean a loss of control to ME, for which YOU

must account/apologize").

(Bethany): Moreover, Doc, the question implies that I'm someone the asker isn't naturally equipped to handle.

(Dr. Humanity): Oh, but they *are*, Bethany. Let's move the questioner to a higher ground than their question affords, and characterize it in the most innocuous manner, stripped of all baggage. Under such auspices, it translates to simply, "How am I supposed to react to you?"

And the answer is Courtesy 101/Empathy 101/Humility 101/The Gospel 101/Love 101. For this is the question we must ask of *every individual we meet*—and, indeed, *of our very selves*. The answer has been repeated by every wisdom teacher in human history (but practiced by almost none of us): "Love the other as yourself."

(Bethany): Let me take it further, Doc. Instead of "How am I supposed to react to you?" ask the trans person, the person of color, the gay or lesbian, the poor person, the migrant, the stranger, the Fortune-500 business person—indeed, *anyone*, *AND* our very selves—this: "*What should I bring of myself to be myself with you?*"

The answer, of course, is to bring yourself.

(Dr. Humanity): Exactly! Doing so welcomes and *empowers* the trans person, the person of color, the gay or lesbian, the poor person, the migrant, the stranger, the Fortune-500 business person—indeed, *anyone*, *AND* our very selves—to *be* their/our very selves. To be real.

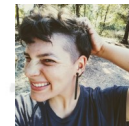
(Bethany): Doc, why does something so intuitive have to be explained by a couple of blather-mouths like you and me?

(Dr. Humanity): *[sighing]* It has to be explicated at length because we are rooted in our prejudices, our urge to control, our fear of the stranger, our obsessive protection of our tribe/g-d/ideology. It takes paragraphs to unpack the baggage that is dumped on a trans person's doorstep with such a question. So, Bethany, when you don't have the time or energy to reply with paragraphs, give the answer you gave at the top of the show—*yourself*.

(Bethany): Thank you, Dr. Humanity! Before we wrap, I leave listeners with this closing word. Either you'll have us, or you won't. Either you'll be sheep or goat. In the end, I and other trans persons are neither your g-d nor judge. But we're also not anybody's whippin' post or baggage dump. You get us, or, fuck you if you don't. The "me/myself/I" is all that many folks need, but, sadly, the "fuck you" is the only thing that some other people can grasp. Hopefully, and I ascribe this to you, dear listener, you're in the camp of the former!

That's it! Join us next week for another round of scintillating cis interrogations of trans folk on *Trans Call-In Radio*. Next time, "Why Are Trans People So Over-the-Top?" — BETHANY BEELER

ANARCHY FROM THE GROUND UP



This article is going to begin in an odd sort of order. The sort of order that exists outside of a linear timeline. This beginning began just a few short months ago when my life line was existing in a calm pattern of: wake, bake, cats, dog, sheep and goat, anarchist pigs, rabbits, tortoises, chickens, ducks and geese. And then somewhere in the middle I added: write. When I began writing the original beginning it started something like this: If you aren't comfortable reading about poop, turn the page now. But suddenly that beginning had to end and now there is this new beginning:

I recently had the pleasure of great company. With great company comes great conversation. The kind of conversations that root your mind and soul into this meat vessel and motivate you to grow, learn, do (maybe even, write). In our discussion about developing strong neural networks in our brains, I learned that when the mind becomes comfortable with a pattern it will resist the urge to learn a new one. When a strong neural connection is established and used frequently, it can become dominant. And unless we make the conscious effort to try new things we will never create new neural space for other dominant patterns. So like, you Level Up when you try a fun new thing. Or even a boring dumb new thing. Your brain power bar grows a little. You punch the fucking mushroom. When we level up, Life tends to switch into a new set of circumstances, challenges, cycles to overcome. But we've got this! With each go around we gain new experience.

So as I sat writing, just a few short months ago, I was creating new pathways. I was opening up my experience to a new set of circumstances and Oh Hail Mary, did they come. Sigh. My life is no longer: wake, bake, dogs, cats, goat and sheep, anarchist pigs, rabbits, tortoises, chickens, ducks and geese. It's a completely different set of: wake, dress, drive, drink water, work, teach, lunch, teach, work, drink more water, drive, dinner, bed. Repeat. I have not even had the time to think about writing. Yet here I am, doing new things. Learning, growing and most importantly, letting go. Which brings me back to the beginning, when this article was originally about something else: composting.

See composting is a major part of sustainable living. It is a system designed around the constant cycle of Life and Death, lovers synced together even through the end of time. Life sends Death little gifts, whether in leaf form, carcass, exoskeleton. And Death recycles the gifts through a series of biological responses that feed back into Life, in forms like bacteria and fungi. This union transforms both Life and Death into a rich bed of humus that is teeming with food for new opportunities. A seed falls. A seed grows into a tree. A tree dies. The cycle continues.

But in real life, like brain life, emotional life, mental health and wellness, we compost too. When shit gets heavy or old patterns start to sputter and fade. When we take the opportunity to do new things and old things die. We compost the energy from that experience and use it to grow. What is beginning to grow within you right now? What needs to be composted? Be gentle with your Selves as you move through this experience and add plenty of grace. I know I am.

Back when the beginning started a few short months ago, this composting article was going in a completely different direction. But you know what? I was too.—HALEY RICHARDSON

"I can't change the way things are. More than you or anyone else can, I mean."

The shop looked like a crappy antiques store, not like what Ashleigh had expected, and the guy looked like some high school kid. He had on a too big polo shirt untucked and cargo pants. He didn't look like ... whatever someone who could change the fabric of reality should look like.

"Sorry, I just, my friend told me that--"

"What I can change is how things got the way they are." That didn't make much sense, and Ashleigh said as much.

"Like, let's say you were coming here to get back together with an ex. I can't do that. But if you want, instead of them dumping you, I can make it so that you dumped them. The fewer people involved, the easier it is, the more I have to change besides memories, the harder it is. Like... what sort of car do you drive?"

"It's a Jetta," said Ashleigh, cautiously, not looking at the guy. Paying someone to change things sounded stupid, what's the benefit? She felt like a damn fool standing in this dusty old shop with this twelve year old trying to explain life to her. How did things get here?

"So, like, if your parents bought you that car, I could make it so that you bought it yourself. Your memories, your parent's memories, nothing else. Doesn't have to be that you bought it yourself, either. Could be that you inherited it from a man who you smiled at once, or whatever. But whatever I do, it'll still be the same car; same color, same dings, same features."

Ashleigh shook her head. "So, what's the point?" That came out a little harsher than she had intended. "I mean, it's the same car."

"Sure," said the guy. "But, it's like, okay. Think about everyone's lives all being ping pong balls, flying in the air and running into each other and random points. Then let's say you freeze them all right where they are at some point in time. I can't change where the ball is, I can't move any of them. But I can change the momentum, slow it down or speed it up. I can change the direction, up, down, left, right, you name it. And that changes where it's going next, you know?"

That made sense. More or less. "So what did you want?" asked the guy. "I mean, you came in looking for a change. What sort of change did you want? We can start from what you want, see if I can do anything for you."

She wanted to change. But how to explain it to this *kid*? Ashleigh knows she isn't coming back to this dirty little store, whether it works or not. What the hell. This is too weird. "Yeah, um. It's just..." she looked down, then back up at him, trying to keep eye contact, which was hard. "I need to be tougher," she said. "I mean, there are a thousand different times where I just did what people wanted me to do, where I didn't stand up for myself, because I was afraid to make waves. I don't know if I can change all of those--"

"It'd cost you," said the guy. "And probably not."

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE

"Fine," said Ashleigh. "But it's not like I need to not have given Gavin Johnson my book report in elementary school--I mean, it still bugs me, but whatever. I need to stop letting my manager claim all my work when we're in meetings, and I need to--"

"Got it," said the guy. "Okay. How much have you got in the bank?"

Ashleigh hesitated. He made a reassuring sort of gesture. "No, it's okay. We can make this happen for a couple hundred bucks. But how'd you like to have stolen your life's savings?"

"Stolen?"

"Yup. Stole a wallet from a girl who looked like you, went to Louisiana and bought a pistol, then robbed three banks in southern Mississippi. If you have fifty thousand in the bank, that'd be the way it got there. After a day or two, you won't be able to remember anything different." Ashleigh gaped at him. That was... not her at all. That was... not even something she could have come up with in a wild dream. It was... "Shit," she said.

"Yeah," said the guy. "You threw the gun in a lake somewhere, ditched the rental that you used for the getaway. The girl you stole the wallet from was solidly alibied, so that's it; unsolved, off the books. Nobody killed. Be the sort of thing that'll give you a little more self-confidence when dealing with low-level management, anyway."

It would. It damn well would. To have done that? Hell. "Okay," she said. "What do I have to do?"

"Three hundred dollars," said the guy. "And take..." he looked around the shop, "the mirror there." It was big and ugly and wouldn't fit anywhere.

"What? Why?"

"Because when the IRS audits my business, it's a good idea to have a business."

"Not the mirror," said Ashleigh. "I don't have anywhere to put it." She looked around, picked out a rocking chair that didn't look terrible. "What about that?"

"Four hundred," said the guy.

So, a hundred bucks for a rocking chair? Three hundred to have a shot at getting out of this rut that her entire life had been leading towards? Not terrible. "Fine," said Ashleigh, passing him her credit card.

And once the transaction cleared, she'd done it. She'd really fucking done it. She'd seen the girl at a bar, and saw her driver's license when she was ID'd by the bartender. The girl had too much to drink and was slumped over. She dropped her wallet; Ashleigh slipped it into her purse and walked out, and then it was just... shit. Buying the gun had been easy as hell. Then she'd spent the weekend between strung out on adrenaline and petrified with fear. She'd been sure that as soon as she deposited the money, they'd catch her. But they hadn't.

A couple thousand dollars a month until it was all in her bank account, and that was it. She got a job a couple days a week for the bar down the street. A bartender actually depositing their tips? That was probably the most suspicious part.

The money had come from that robbery spree, but it had also come from her great aunt Dorothy, and saving from work for the past decade, but the Dorothy thing was... hadn't really happened. Longer she thought about it, the less like it seemed that had happened.

She walked out, head held high. It had been so easy, though. She hadn't even planned much; just happened to have run across that drunk girl when it got dark early, and then robbed those banks. If she needed to do it again, it wouldn't be too hard. Hell. If Shirley pushed her too far, she'd...

=====

From behind the rack full of various unmatched and chipped cups and plates, Lisa watched the woman leave. Then she rushed over to the desk. "She took it?" she asked.

Guy behind the counter nodded. "Yup," he said. "Bank robbery money is hers, yours is now an inheritance from a great aunt."

It was true. That was what happened. Poor old aunt Dotty. Lisa could already feel herself relaxing. "Thanks," she said. "Oh, God. It'd gotten..."

"Panic every time you saw a police car?" asked the guy. "That's usually what people want to get rid of. That, or personal stuff."

"There was a bit of that," said Lisa. "But it wasn't just that. I mean, that was the big one. It was where the shoplifting and petty dealing and all that were headed. And it's like... you know, you feel yourself on a slide, but you can't stop it? And it was so much money. Every time I needed a little cash, I'd think about that. Fifty thousand in a weekend? In cash? Fuck. Thank you. There's really only two ways this could have ended."

"And now it came from great aunt Dorothy," said the guy.

"Exactly. She pulled me back from the brink."

"Ashleigh?" asked the guy, "or Dorothy?"

Lisa hesitated, then shrugged. "Does it matter?" she said.

"Fair enough," said the guy. "Three hundred dollars, and take that wagon-wheel."

Lisa paid in cash, and left.

That was the way it was supposed to work. They'd been at similar points, he'd shifted what one of them needed to the other one, and they were both better off. The man shrugged, counted out the money that Lisa had given him into the till and wrote a couple receipts. Sometimes it didn't work out well in the end, but how could that be his fault? — STARKNESS

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT

If one was being honest, most music documentaries "work" to the extent that the viewer likes the band(s)/genre the documentary covers (along with the obligatory Dave Grohl appearance as a talking head). Fortunately, *Industrial Accident* covers an important enough label-Wax Trax! Records – to justify a documentary. In the late 80's to the early 1990's, Wax Trax! was one of the most important independent labels out there. Wax Trax put out early releases of "industrial" bands such Ministry, Front 242, Revolting Cocks, KMFDM, Laibach, The Young Gods, My Life With the Thrill Kill Cult, and a bunch of Al Jourgensen side projects. Like any label championing a "new" sound, everybody else eventually caught up with Wax Trax with weaker second generation sound alike bands. The rise and fall of Wax Trax Records is the archetypal story of a 1980's independent record label.



Wax Trax Records was started as a spin-off of the Wax Trax record store in Chicago owned by Jim Nash and Dannie Flesher. Like many an independent label in the 1980's, Nash and Flesher started putting out records because they were music fanatics who felt that artists they liked deserved to be heard. Initial Wax Trax offerings were non industrial artists such as Strike Under (great punk band) and Divine (yes, THAT Divine). Wax Trax, however, really hit their stride with the aforementioned industrial artists. Talking heads such as Al Jourgensen, Ian Mackaye (his Wax Trax EP *Pailhead* with Al J. is amazing), Trent Reznor and Jello Biafra move the story along at a reasonable pace and give proper historical perspective to Wax Trax without falling prey to rock documentary overkill. I'm unsure why Dave Grohl was included in the documentary because other than, well, you have to have Dave Grohl in order for it to really be a ROCKUMENTARY.

The collapse of Wax Trax was for the same reasons any number of independent record labels (example: Factory Records or SST records) went under in this era. Sketchy accounting practices – using the Wax Trax Record store to fund the Wax Trax label and vice versa – put the label in a financial hole they were unable to get out of. This didn't happen due to financial malfeasance, but due to overenthusiasm of the label in putting out too many artists to make a profit from. *Pailhead* was a great band but I don't know if their EP was flying off the shelves. The "solution" was to sell the Wax Trax to another label – TVT records – with predictable results. Wax Trax had very little to no little written contracts with its artists meaning major labels signed Ministry, Revolting Cocks, KMFDM, and Front 242 and were able to make money off of them without Wax Trax seeing a dime. The final straw for Wax Trax came with the untimely death of Jim Nash in 1996. The shell of Wax Trax sputtered on for a few years, ghost ship like but effectively the game was up at this point.

The lesson learned from *Industrial Accident* is that commerce ultimately beats art ten out of ten times but in the proper hands art can put up one hell of a fight. — RENTED MULE

SALACIOUS VEGAN ICE CREAM CRUMBS

I sat impatiently in the kitchen, oscillating between "I WANT ICE CREAM!" and "Aaah, I hope people show up (why, so I'd have to share my ice cream with them?!)" I had spent the morning running around town in a frenzy — HEB, Kroger, Village Foods, Wal-Mart — with free license to buy whatever ice cream I wanted. My wish list was FIFTEEN treats long! My mouth said yes, but my wallet said no, so I worked EXTREMELY HARD to narrow it down to a measly seven.

Once the taste testers had shown up, all with wonderful, varied offerings, we agreed on a game plan and dug in. First up, **Utter Joy's non-dairy chocolate cake bites**. These squares of vanilla cake sandwiched around a slab of chocolate ice cream caught my eye at HEB months ago. Jorge rated them as "definitely not terrible", and Livie liked them — "they're icy, but with a nice freshness". A solid "would try other flavors".

Next up was the **Coconut Bliss vanilla ice cream cookie sandwich**. This dang thing was \$5, and has a bajillion calories, so I've never actually bought one, but I've been wanting to try it for YEARS. We sliced it into little triangles and dug in. "Fuckin' hippies!", yelled Kelly — the cookie is gluten-free and has a "weird, salty, gritty bullshit texture", dotted with hemp seeds and bitter dark chocolate. I liked the nuttiness of the cookie and I'm all about salty sweets, so I vultched the rest of the leftover cookie bits. If you're expecting a crunchy granola vegan cookie sandwich that's bad for you but pretends it's good for you, this is your king!

Another **Coconut Bliss** treat was next, a smooth, luscious **coconut-chocolate ice cream** that "tastes like a Mounds bar". I could melt this down and drink it like cold hot chocolate (that's a thing, right?). It was cool and refreshing, and I think we all really enjoyed it (except maybe the resident coconut haters, henceforth dubbed the Coconots). If you're looking to replace a Dutch chocolate ice cream, this is perfect, as long as you're cool with a little coconut.

After that, we moved onto the new **Oatmeal Cookie oatmilk ice cream** from **So Delicious**. It's stark white and has cinnamon and little hunks of oatmeal cookie dough in it (no raisins!). Everyone really liked the cookie chunks. The texture is super smooth, and someone said it had a weird aftertaste, but I couldn't find it. Everyone really liked this flavor, and I'd be down to try their other oatmilk ice creams — they all come in interesting flavors!

Next up, we tried the **Cherry Amaretto Coconut Bliss ice cream**. Someone said "it's like a non-dairy Cherry Garcia", but I've never had Cherry Garcia, so who knows! You can clearly taste the cherry and the amaretto, and one of the tasters said it's their new favorite. The cherry and amaretto covered up any coconuttiness, and I'd definitely buy this again on a hot day. If you want a boozy version,

Haagen-Dazs makes a non-dairy black cherry almond amaretto that is killer.

Sor-Babes frozen treats are actually sorbets, not ice cream, but the two we tried were nut-based, so they were still super rich and creamy. Choco-Haze, their version of Nutella, is a creamy chocolate-hazelnut base with toasted hazelnuts and chocolate swirled into it. It's so freshly and toastily hazelnutty, and someone said "it's cold, but it tastes warm!". You can pick out the hazelnut and chocolate flavors, and they're both assertive and strong. Better than Nutella (duh)!



Another sorbet, this time a vivid magenta **Raspberry sorbet** from **Talenti**, was next. Made only from raspberries, sugar, and lemon juice, it is thick, creamy, and INTENSELY raspberry-y. If you don't like raspberry, this one's not for you — try their mango or peanut butter chocolate. Jorge let us know that "pressing this on my pizza burn from yesterday is too acidic for pizza wounds!" Lack of good pizza wound cooling aside, it was so well liked that I had to scoop seconds for everyone!

Next up, the bars! Sitting on ice were two different ice cream bars and some lychee flavored popsicles. We started with the **Daia ice cream bar** — a thick disk of vanilla ice cream dipped in chocolate. I had to spit it out because it was thick and sour and did that peanut butter mouth thing to me. Oddly enough, there was none of that typical Daia funk. There was a lot of discussion about how it tasted like a cheap regular ol' ice cream bar, which I guess is a success. I have one left in my freezer, and it will be there for a very, very long time (want it?)

After a quick chips and salsa palate cleanser, we moved on to the So Delicious bars — more vanilla ice cream coated in chocolate, this time studded with almonds. "OOF!", one of the Coconots was not impressed. Jane said they were, "coconutty — I actually like the coconut", and Kiry said they were "refreshing". 10/10 would buy again (and try their other varieties).

Next, it was time to break into the bubblegum-pink lychee popsicles from the Asian market. They totally



good", the best rating yet! I would swim in it on a hot day.

We had another treat from the Asian market, this one not frozen, but fun nonetheless — **teeny purple taro mochi**. Mochi are sweet little balls of flavored bean curd,

snuggled inside springy glutinous rice flour, and many flavors are vegan friendly! These little guys tasted sort of like corn muffins with blueberries, but with the two flavors all blended into one, like you went angry on the muffins and mashed them up. Michael said they were his favorite of the ice creams, because he is a butt.

By now, things had gotten serious. Dessert fatigue had set in and my demands for ICE CREAM NOW had turned into whimpers for mercy! Luckily, I had saved the ones I thought would be best for last to stave off dissent. Weeks ago, I had spotted this **Pistachio Caramel sorbet** from **Sor-Babes** at HEB and had been itching to try it ever since. The strong and bright pistachio base has sea saltflecked caramel rippling throughout. There's no coconut or almond milk here to dull the flavor of the pistachio, and the caramel is SALTY, like the ocean (which is my style). Eat it following a hot, spicy curry. Sor-Bae.



The penultimate ice cream was from one of my favorite brands, **NadaMoo** from Austin. AND it's one of my all-time favorite flavors, **Maple Pecan**. "It tastes like breakfast!", proclaimed Jane — everyone was pleasantly surprised by the the light sweetness (sugar was the devil by now), warm maple flavor, and textural bite of the pecans. It really does taste like the maple syrup and pecans leftover at the bottom of your plate after a decadent waffle brunch. Everyone enjoyed this one, and NadaMoo is a solid bet for any flavor.

tasted like sweet fruity roses! I could see a grandma pretending she's stocking them in her fridge for the grandkids, but really, they're just for her. Livie decided to try it on the chips and salsa — the verdict? It's pretty good! Look for lychee salsa on your local hipster taco joint menu soon! On the Pizza Burn scale, this one came in at a cool "pretty

FINALLY, we'd arrived at the last (and possibly best?) flavor - Haagen-Dazs's Chocolate Salted Fudge Truffle.

It's intensely, deeply chocolatey with soft, lightly salted truffle bits. I had to agree with Kiry when she said she had hoped it would be saltier. The Coconots were on board — "It has a real ice cream taste", said a very-tired-of-being-duped-by-coconut Joey. Jorge said he wouldn't know it was vegan and would buy it — that's the goal! He also rated it a solid "better for pizza burns", which now I'm not sure is better or worse than "pretty good for pizza burns".



After breathing a sigh of relief that there were no other secret ice creams lurking in the freezer and that we in fact had still a fighting chance at avoiding diabetes, we decided that our top four were the **Haagen-Dazs Chocolate Salted Truffle**, **Talenti Raspberry Sorbet**, and the **NadaMoo Maple Pecan**. Honorable mentions went to the **lychee bars** and **So Delicious oatmilk ice cream**, and all of the leftover ice cream went home with somebody else!

Now, this isn't an exhaustive list - a big brand that's missing is **Ben and Jerry's**. They have GREAT vegan ice creams, that are just as horrible for you as the originals. Peanut Butter Cookie is my favorite, but I've enjoyed all of the flavors I've tried. And bonus, they're super easy to find at all of the major grocery chains.

There are also lower calorie treats from **Halo Top**, **Enlightened**, and **So Delicious**. Don't even bother with Halo Top, it sucks. Enlightened's non-dairy ice cream bars are good, and clock in around 100 calories each, despite being big full size. Worth it! **So Delicious Mousse** comes in really indulgent flavors, and instead of going full ham on making a weird light ice cream, they just whip a whole bunch of air into it so that you get fewer calories. Top skinny pick!

And you can still get ice cream sandwiches! **Tofutti Cuties** and **So Delicious ice cream sandwiches** are easy to find. If you're lucky, you might even find the mint chip Cuties!

But what's that, you say? You miss flurping **Reddi-Wip** straight into your mouth at 3 AM with the fridge open? Fear not! **Reddi-Wip** makes an almond-based version, and you can find it easily at Kroger and Wal-Mart. AND **So Delicious** makes a 1000-times-better-than-Cool-Whip replacement called **CocoWhip** that you can find at Village Foods and some HEBs. It's white as snow, refreshing, and slightly coconutty, and was made for dipping sweet, ripe strawberries into.

Go forth and cool thyself with all manner of ice creams, bars, sorbets, popsicles, and tubed aerated creams!

Follow Salacious Crumbs on Facebook or Instagram @salaciouscrumb so you can be part of the next taste test in July, **VEGAN BURGERS!** — KATIE KILLER



STILL HAUNTED

We were told not to go into the woods. We were told by parents, teachers, aunts, uncles, eventually one another. We were told those who went in did not come out. We were told this, and we believed, even though we went in frequently and came out each time. Never once did we see evidence of promised threats. Still, the haunt of safety remained: where the trees began our curiosity should end. So it was, so it ever shall be.

El Dorado, Arkansas was founded on superstition. After two drunkards discovered oil in the region, they named the spot after the legendary city of gold. With the oil came people, and with people came industry. The town grew. A railroad stretched the north side of town. A small newspaper — *The El Dorado Times* — chose an oil derrick for its logo. And as industry grew, as people flocked towards fortune, altars were erected in various forms and flavors. Let us give thanks to the Giver of gold! The town, after all, was created by legend. And the spirit of legends ruled even beyond the scope of altars.

In the Southern Baptist Church where I was raised, we learned that Jesus gave His disciples authority over Satan and the demonic realm. We read the story of Jesus denying Satan's temptations in the desert, and we read about Jesus commanding a hoard of demons into a batch of pigs. I was five or six when a friend in Sunday school turned and whispered, "Squeal like a pig, boy!" I laughed, although it would be years before I understood the reference.

We were told the Devil lived in the woods. That he took the form of snakes and owls. That he could reach through the span of branches. That his saliva pooled in creek bottoms. *"The woods are alive with his eyes and appetite. The devil consumes those who walk through his oaks and pines, who ignore the howling screech of the cat in heat."* This was told to children. Before we experienced actual death or sex or the pride of a black eye, we were told the mouth of the grave existed above ground and we could fall in bicycle and all.

How could they not know they were crafting our obsession? I attended West Woods Elementary where our recess was fenced by a thick forest of pine. We walked the tree line, imagining the worst realities dwelling therein. We read and reread *Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark*, and we crafted our own urban legends to fit our landscape. Later, a guy named Bob Larson would tell us certain musicians, like Slayer and Iron Maiden and Motley Crue, worshipped the Devil and invoked his name. He told us this as a warning, and certified their albums went gold in our neighborhood. Let us give thanks to the givers of gold! We became obsessed. And, secretly,

we were obsessed by a terror we could not shake. In crafting our fear, they created our feasts.

But here's the thing: we were not taught to fear Satan as much as his army. The Satanists. Worshippers of the goat. Demon-possessed. Witches crawling and haunting the night. We were told the woods would devour us because *they* congregated in the woods. We were told to beware the snake and owl because *they* could take any form — even kindness. We were told tree branches served as his arms because *they* waited behind every trunk. The creeks held his saliva because that's where *they* pissed, *they* spat on God's Holy Word. Jesus gave us authority over the spirit world, but what about those controlled by spirits? A small girl rode her bicycle too close, and she was found a week later with things poking out of the places that made her girl. Pets went missing from backyards at Halloween and were found in bits and shreds along the pine needle entryways. Who did that? Who would do that? His people. His people dressed in black, shrouded in mystery and wax. *They* have knives and white-less eyes. And *they* will not let you return the same.

Looking back, I empathize with the urgency of our adults. They wanted us safe, so they pulled from our region's richest resource — words of legend — and created a language of hellish intent. Unfortunately, they also shaped an intolerance for the Other. If we were light, *they* were dark. If we were right, *they* were destined to do and be wrong. In crafting a world that threatened our innocence, the well-intentioned painted *them* as the ultimate threat. Why not Satan himself? Get behind me! Why not demons themselves? Get in those squirrels and roly-polys! Why not monsters that we would never actually encounter? The Lord is my light, who shall I fear! In fact, we learned to fear people. Actual people. Different from us. Dangerous to us. Our adults claimed of others what was ironically true of themselves. Those who demonize may speak with demonic tongues.

And how did we fair? Some of us learned the truth: that the woods offer as much cover for good and evil as the stories we tell. And that those who desire to keep us the safest — to remain the same as they — are often the most full of fear. I left El Dorado half my life ago, but I hear the echo of home each time the word "*they*" connects to an imposed threat. A phrase heard frequently, if not daily. Familiar regardless of perspective or legend of origin. *They* are coming from the south. *They* want my guns. *They* seek to own my body. *They* want me silent. *They* hate. *They* consume. *They* are and *they* are, and are *they*? Are we also? Each time I hear their voices leaving my mouth, I turn in search for a batch of pigs. The haunt of safety remains. — KEVIN STILL

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THE END OF DOUBLE-BLIND

My New Years Resolution this year was to watch more TV. Now I get to feel productive every time I binge watch *Schitt's Creek* or chip away at the final season of *Veep*, wanting to blaze through its brilliance, but also wanting to ride the brakes so that I can delay the end. Whiling away hours clicking on the next recommended *SNL* skit on YouTube now feels like I'm working toward a big goal.

I feel doubly productive when I watch something as solid as Netflix's *Knock Down the House*, a 2019 documentary about four women who ran for Congress in 2018. Triply productive when I watch something that good with my teenage daughter sitting next to me on the couch.

Three of the film's candidates, women from Missouri, Nevada, and West Virginia, fought hard, but did not win their primary challenges. One of them, however, a certain young superstar in the making from Queens and the Bronx, Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, did win hers. And then she went on to be elected to the House of Representatives in an upset for our age. You might have heard of her.

In *Knock Down the House*, Ocasio-Cortez shows off a charming, easy star power and turns up the laser sharpness to 11 on more than one occasion. Yeah, she talks about politics and policies with a geek's wonderful attention to detail, but it's her compelling clarity more than any one campaign platform plank that stands out. She is hilarious and fully human too, wiping down the bar in one scene, calling out Ted Cruz via Twitter in another. Uncowed, but not unkind.

Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is smart. In one scene in the documentary, some grumbly New Yorkers are complaining to incumbent Congressman Joe Crowley about his opponent, though, dismissing her as a stupid woman. "She's not stupid," Crowley quickly and rightly replies.

At the end, she reassures one of the other film's profiled candidates who lost that just running was an important step: "It's just the reality that in order for one of us to make it through, a hundred of us have to try," AOC points out. Even though the other three women profiled did not end up winning their races, they tried. I felt hopeful as the credits rolled because they tried. Because she tried. And because her contagious vision is something she just breathes in and out as easily as Texans do with our 99% humidity air.

Feeling hopeful about the future of women in these last couple of years is a rarity and refreshing one at that. I'm still reeling from *Speaking While Female*, a 2015 *New York Times* piece co-authored by Facebook's COO Sheryl Sandberg, that made the not-actually-shocking point that 21st century American women still had significantly less time to speak in board rooms, business meetings, and Congress than men in pretty much every professional context.

Also, Sandberg's landmark article made clear that when men spoke up in those settings, they were perceived as more competent, but when women tried to speak up, they were seen as less competent just for opening their mouths. Sandberg called it "speaking up double-blind," concluding with the super depressing assessment that "women who worry that talking 'too much' will cause them to be disliked are not paranoid, they are often right." I felt a powerful and paranoid dislike of other human beings when I finished Sandberg's argument.

Lots of the national nonsense since Sandberg wrote that piece four years ago has just reinforced my paranoia that women are losing ground. I had more feminist idealism back in the mid 1990s playing my Lilith Fair CDs on repeat and watching the icy perfection of Dana Scully on my *The X-Files* VHS tapes. I sweetly and sincerely believed that women's progress was going to be a steady forward march, slow at times, but headed in the same direction as Aesop's trudging tortoise.

Until women's progress bumped up against that speaking up double-blind. Until it bumped up against the seething misogyny of the internet's underbelly. Until the lecherous nightmare who sits in the Oval Office actually *gained* voter approval after the infamous pussy grabbing recording was released back in 2016. Until women's progress bumped up against the rabid right-wingers who are still howling for Hillary to be locked up every time there's a full moon.

So I hadn't just tempered my feminist idealism in the last four years. I'd triple wrapped it in duct tape and placed it in a time capsule to be opened when my sixteen year old daughter hits the age I am now.

But *Knock Down the House* made me want to dig up that metaphorical time capsule and peel back the duct tape. AOC is a new kind of young woman, and I think she represents a new kind of thinking. Also, her boyfriend seemed like a new kind of boyfriend. Young feminists need better boyfriends, I can see that pretty clearly. Ocasio-Cortez's fella can take the lead as a role model, I think. He supports her, and is not only not threatened by her success, but genuinely thrilled at her victory.

Maybe young women and young men aren't as locked into the speaking up double-blind trap as the rest of us who are stuck in the backwards board rooms and business meetings.

After the film ended, I asked my high school aged daughter if she wanted to run for office someday too, to be one of those hundreds who tries. I may even have pumped my fist into the air while asking.

"I don't really want to run for office," she said slowly, and I deflated just a little, until she confidently added, "but I could definitely be a future congressional campaign manager." — ERIN HILL

HYDROGEN JUKEBOX

The year is 1994. For the previous dozen years of my existence I knew for a fact that the progressive rock band Genesis used to be cool when Peter Gabriel was the singer for that band. In 1975 he quit Genesis and started an esoteric solo career and by the '80s Gabriel had become a very successful international pop star. Genesis drummer and former child star Phil Collins stepped up and became the "front person" for Genesis from behind the traps. By decade's end the band had begun to leave behind its progressive rock trappings and sought out a new life on AOR radio, adding for-real pop smarts, shorter song lengths, and influences outside of progressive rock. New wave, reggae, and pop were fodder for the band. In 1978 Genesis made their first half-step towards this direction with *...And Then There Were Three*, the title making reference to the resignation of Steve Hackett on guitar. The band would perfect the balance between prog rock and this new approach on their 1980 album *Duke*.

In 1993 I had pulled the band's next album, 1982's *Abacab*, out of the \$1 album bin based on having remembered and enjoyed the title track on the radio as a kid. As a young adult and musician I was enamored of all the space in the band's music and especially the upside down reggae in Phil's drumming. I had also snagged *Face Value*, Phil's first solo LP, out of a \$1 bin that year. The drumming, the songwriting smarts, the minimalism, etc. sent me down a Phil Collins rabbit hole that was relatively inexpensive to go down if one dragged a \$20 bill through the local used record store. *Duke* was the natural next stop for my Phil Collins vinyl procurement obsession. And I picked a doozy of a day to finally drop the needle on *Duke* for the first time: late the next morning after my first and only night on acid and I was desperately trying to figure out whether I was still tripping or not. But I heard enough that made me want to come back to it at a more receptive and less impaired time.

What I heard was a song suite donut with a handful of pop songs at the center that were somewhat successful at FM radio. "Behind the Lines" starts off with a blaring synthesized horn fanfare, syncopated drums, and wailing electric guitar played at a hectic pace. It takes over two minutes into the song for the intensity to come down enough for Phil to begin the pop song part of this overture. "I held the book so tightly in my hands/I see your picture, heard you call my name" he sings. What the fuck does *that* mean? I had no idea, still don't, but it is an amazing opening line that is enigmatic and alluring. The song fades out into the crickets in heat chirping of a Roland CR-78 drum machine and plaintive piano as a transition into the next song. The entrance of Phil's

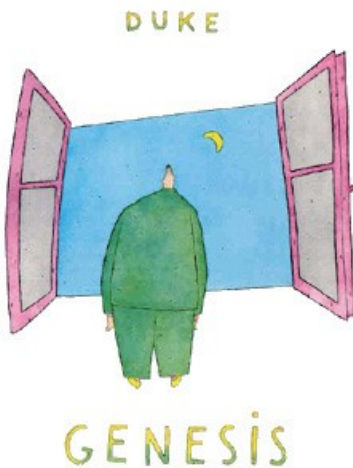
marching snare drum cadence sets off "Duchess", a pop song detailing the experience of being a small-time singer who suddenly hits the big time, becomes a big star, loses the plot, and then falls down to Earth in a spectacular heap. From

"And she dreamed every time that she performed everyone would cry for more/and all she had to do was step into the light and everyone would start to roar" to "soon there was a time that she performed and nobody cried for more/and every time that she would step into the light they really let her know the score", a very graceful and artistic way of describing the dramatic rise and fall of the pop star. In the center of the album falls both hit singles from the album, "Misunderstanding" and "Turn It On Again" before "Please Don't Ask", a heart-wrenching piano ballad

about the collapse of Phil's first marriage, and then the album wraps up by tying previous thematic ideas from the first side of the album with the "Duke's Travels/Duke's End" song suite, marrying the band's progressive style to the new pop approach.

This is pretty much the last time Genesis were to find that prog/pop balance. Another song suite was recorded for *Abacab* that was subsequently broken up, removing half the parts and placing them strategically as b-sides to the album's singles. This was also the last time the band wrote songs without the pressure for them to become blockbuster singles. A curious thing happened during the album cycle for *Duke*: Phil's solo album *Face Value* became a massive hit, yielding the classic "In the Air Tonight" and the lesser hit "Missed Again". From this point on the pressure to graft Phil's pop crossover success to Genesis as a whole became massive and for a hot minute in the mid '80s between *No Jacket Required* and *Invisible Touch* Phil Collins could do no wrong. Of course, he *could* do wrong and his goofy-ass Disney movie soundtracks prove that fact. But there's something about discovering a new, lighter musical approach that showed off the band's musicality and budding songwriting prowess that makes *Duke* a highpoint of the band's discography and certainly one of my favorite 20 or so albums of all time.

This is considered anathema amongst cooler music aficionados. Conventional music anorak wisdom says that Genesis blew goats after Peter Gabriel left and that hack Collins got his bubblegum chewing filthy whore pop singer mitts all over the band's righteous prog rock. I have an appreciation for that era of the band assuredly. I love to crank up "Watcher In The Skies". But there's something about the musical path Genesis took from 1980-1982 that rings the right way for me. — KELLY MENACE



YIKES! - YO NO CANTO

The seven-piece band is really cooking at the House of Blues in Dallas in mid-June as I stand an arm's length from the stage surrounded by avid fans singing lustily along to nearly every song . . . in Spanish, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

I was at the concert at the behest of longtime friend Gary who is a huge fan of Grammy-Award-winning Colombian band Monsieur Perine. Huge – he followed them on their US tour last year from California to New York and Washington, D.C. and a few points in-between. In June this year, he had already seen Monsieur Perine in New York and Houston. So, a big fan.

Virgin ears Gary also had cajoled another longtime friend Mickey as well as two acquaintances (who brought a friend apiece) to the show. None of us – Carol nor Ed or Mickey or Marisol or Ari – had ever seen the band live besides Gary, so it promised to be an interesting night. Keep in mind that this is not the kind of world music I am a fan of unless it's all instrumental, and even then, I'm usually not seeking it out.

The Monsieur Perine concert was to be held in one of the smaller rooms at the Dallas venue, which meant only one thing: festival seating, the bane of my live music existence.

No such thing as festival "seating" Even when I was going to shows in the Seventies and Eighties as a younger man, I was no fan of festival seating, which is sleazy-promoter/venue-speak for "no seats, fan stand." Sure, I know, some people like to crowd up close to the stage and insert themselves into the show, and I know some bands like that close interaction, but the hard fact (the concrete floor, always unforgiving concrete) is it's not healthy to stand for so many hours at a time.

I remember standing for five hours to see Elvis Costello in Austin in 1982 at the Austin Coliseum. The Fabulous Thunderbirds opened. It was great staring up into Costello's nostrils until later when I had permanent feet problems and back issues. As I've gotten older, standing near the stage has lost more and more of its appeal.

Another thorn to festival seating is you have to arrive early when "the gates" open in order to get close to the stage. This means you have to stand even longer, just standing, and of course imbibing in whatever overpriced bar concoctions are around.

Bless these two In this case in Dallas, it was nearly two hours until the band came out, which is about normal. Luckily, I had the company of Marisol and Ari, the latter the acquaintance of our inviter Gary, the former the

friend. We regaled each other with stories: previous concert experiences, my wife's back surgery, Ari's seven years of violin playing, Marisol's guitar purchase. The time actually passed pretty fast, thanks to them.



Monsieur Perine took the stage short of 9 p.m.: two percussionists, lead guitar, sax/clarinet, trombone, bass, and a charismatic female lead singer. The musicians have a fun choreographed, almost theatrical, stage presence while the music is extremely Latin, but infused with flavors of international sounds across the gamut: Dixieland, salsa, cumbia.

Name that influence Gary, who has the set list memorized, fills me in on not only the tunes, but their history: French cabaret, traditional bullfighting, jazz/fusion etc. I heard echoes of Pete Fountain, Santana, Flaco Jimenez – later, Mickey called them "a Latin Earth Wind and Fire" with a female lead singer, of course.

The music is played with great gusto and talent, but – as noted in the beginning – everything is in Spanish; even when lead singer Catalina addresses the crowd, I haven't a clue what's going on. Oh, she did speak English when she acknowledged Gary as their biggest fan. Other than that, she could have been calling for a revolution or singing about the need for more fine arts in public schools. I suspect the tunes were mostly love songs.

Yet, it was a fine evening; the crowd of around 100 was exuberant to the end. They especially loved it when the band snaked offstage and into the throng during the encore to dance with several fans throughout the audience. This is a band that revels in live performance and gives their fans what they want.

For me, it was more of an event than a musical awakening. I'd see them again if an easy opportunity was there. I doubt I need to own any of their music at this point. The House of Blues concert was the highlight of the evening.

Wolverine dances? Oh, Monsieur Perine was in opposition to the Hugh Jackman World Tour at a nearby Dallas arena seating 20K, which explained the \$30 parking charge I had to endure. What added to that pain was it started raining when I was leaving House of Blues, and Google Maps sent me walking to the wrong similarly-named garage (my sense of direction has always been askew) before I retraced my steps.

All in all, Hugh Jackman doing musical theatre tunes vs. a vibrant Monsieur Perine – no question I was in the right place that night though. *Larga música en vivo.* – MIKE L. DOWNEY

A DIRTBAQ'S TAKE ON THE DEMOCRAT DEBATES

Let's start with an introduction. There are currently 24 candidates running for the chance to be the democratic nominee for President of the United States for the 2020 election. Twenty of those candidates qualified for the first set of debates this past month. Here is who they are.

Day 1 – (Junior Varsity)

- Cory "Quiero Hablamos Es-pan-ol Tambourine Man" Booker – NJ Senator
- Julian "Promise I'm Not One of THOSE" Castro – former Housing & Urban Development secretary
- Bill De Blasio – mayor of New York and proud father of black baby
- John Wait Who Are You Again? – former MD rep, first person to announce, first person we forget

- Tulsi "Gabba Gabba Hey! Gabbard – HI rep, unironic supporter of Indian Nationalism
- Jay "I'm Actually Running for Head of the EPA" Inslee – WA gov
- Amy "A Kolache is Not a" Klobasnik – MN senator
- Roberto Francisco O'Rourke – former TX rep, lost to the Zodiac Killer in 2016
- Jimothy Ryan – OH rep I guess, probably be gone next week
- Lisbeth Warren Sanders – MA senator, possibly has a dragon tattoo

Day 2 – (OK so it's really just the JV – A team)

- Copmala Harris – CA senator, cop
- John "I'm a Scientist" Hickeygiver – former CO gov
- Peter Butterchug – Mayor of South Bend, everyone loved him in the way back time of May
- Grampy Sanders – VT senator, democratic socialist d a d d y
- Diamond Joe "My Buddy Barack" Biden – Obama's VP voted most likely to use the gamer word in 2019
- AFK Andrew "Here's a Bot" Yang – Silicon Valley grifter, actual gamer, memes and stuff
- Eric Swallowswell – CA rep, lost a soccer scholarship because he broke his thumbs
- Michael "Israel is the Most Essential Country" Bennet – CO senator
- K,Kristen "It's MY Turn" Gillibrand – NY senator
- Marianne "Apothecary + Magick" Williamson – author, essential oils salesperson, MLM expert

OK, so in case you didn't know, because the Democratic Primary for 2020 is even MORE of a shitshow than the Republican Primary of 2016, they split the first debate into two days. So what I'm going to attempt to do is break down day one, day two, and then try to make some sense of where we are after those couple days of whatever the fuck that was.

Day 1 – Our Whataburger loving punk Beto got the second question and proceeded to obfuscate the answer by spending his first thirty seconds poorly speaking Spanish, and the second half completely ignoring the didn't do too much noticeable, which given the stage was probably the best play. She talked about getting rid of private insurance, which was nice. De Blasio had a good showing, but it's pretty clear that as things go



down the road he's going to crumble like the standard NY corporate democrat he is. Castro was probably the only other person who wasn't either incredibly unbearably dumb or a complete psychopath. I mean, he at least question (Would you support a 70% marginal tax bracket on the highest earners?), and that basically sums up his whole night. Tulsi Gabbard brought up 9/11 in the first 15 minutes, because everyone needs to know that she's a GODDAMN TROOP MF'ERS and that pretty much sums up her whole night. Overall though, Elizabeth Warren, the only real candidate on stage, kind of sat back and tried to acknowledge that transgendered people are people, even if he wants transwomen to keep their reproductive rights. Both Castro and De Blasio took shots at bigger candidates and were successful, which is a good thing. Klobuchar gave us a perfect neoliberal take – nothing good is possible, millennials can pay of their loans and eat shit and die. Booker did some Spanish pandering too, and got the race card played on him by De Blasio, so that was kind of terrible and funny. Inslee is good on climate change. Delany was red and mad and wanted to be nude all night while he was getting shut down by the moderators. Tim Ryan's frothing at the mouth about the Taliban to Tulsi's troop mentality was unironically one of the funniest things I've seen in awhile. Oh yeah, and Beto got shit on all night and should probably just come back to Texas where he belongs and run against Cornyn before he's a complete fucking joke. Because seriously, who the fuck is MJ Hegar?

Day 2 – The JV A team really wasn't much better as a whole. Kamala Harris clearly won the evening by making Diamond Joe want to cry with her massive takedown of his historical racism. If there was anything actually good about the night, it was her bringing Joe Biden down like fourteen notches and just making regress into wanting to beat everyone up. Marianne was barely lucid the entire time, but in her defense it is really hard to paint a clear holistic portrait of the interconnectedness of all issues in 30 seconds. The #yanggang got asked about UBI once, and then how he would stand up to China as the only ethnic Asian and specifically Chinese guy running that was kind of bullshit of the moderators, but it's not like he said anything anyways because he was too busy trynna to remember how much better his K/D ratio on Call of Duty is than everyone else's. I mean seriously? You're a democrat talking about a 'trickle up economy'? My favorite part was "if you could do one thing, what would it be?" Gillibrand said 'paid leave for all', Yang said '\$1000 for everyone', Harris said 'middle class tax cuts', Marianne said 'I'll call New Zealand and say hell yeah', Biden said 'Obama is my favorite ever of all time', and papa Bernardo said 'People's revolution.'

Summary – The biggest takeaway from both days that you should remember though is that the cheapest ticket to the event was \$1,750. The crowd exists only to keep furthering the interests of those who can afford a \$1,750 ticket to a politically rally on a weekday night. Their cheers and their boos are not for you. I wish there would have been a way to silence those piece of shit people and their inopportune interruptions. It's also really fucking cool that we have commercial breaks during the debate for who will be the nominee for most powerful person in the world. It really does hammer it home that without money you're real fucked. I guess though the things that stuck out to me were what was NOT talked about. None of the candidates every brought up the possibility of controlling the guns of the police. Climate change was barely touched on, even though multiple candidates said it would be their top priority. Iran was almost completely ignored. The other largest thing to keep in mind is how much the democratic party's rhetoric has shifted in a good way since 2016. In 2016, Medicare for All was a 'theoretical idea that will never come to pass.' A \$15 minimum wage was a pipe dream. For all his faults, Pappa Bernardo has successfully shaped the party's conversation ahead of 2020. With mostly conventional Democratic politicians, they were consistently jumping over one another to talk about wealth redistribution in America, organized labor, and Medicare for All. And that is good news. — STARKNESS

DEM INDECISION

I tried to watch these debates with the same sense of whimsy as Starkness and to just straight up embrace the shitshow aspect of trying to let 20 politicians have their say and not devolve into a shouting match. Ultimately it just made my teeth itch and I had to eventually lower the volume and pick up a book. At this point the debates are set up not for those of us who are just trying to wade through the sheer amount of candidates to find one that speaks to them. It is about candidates trying desperately to score a Youtube'able moment that will possibly keep the wheels on the campaign for another fundraising cycle. Some dare hope for a breakout moment that will transform the campaign into something viable, lift that candidate up to the next tier, perhaps even make them a frontrunner. It's debate Darwinism with us watching eagerly for the death blow or mercy.

This is hard to watch when you really want someone to inspire you rather than to entertain you, and I'm at the point in this cycle where I like a handful of candidates and I'm really wanting to whittle that down to one candidate. See, I've never really been a doorknocker activist type. I figured I could weather Trump the same way I weathered Dubya. I was wrong. Many of us who are not wired that way will need to take a long look at ourselves in the mirror and step out of our comfort zones into new roles for ourselves if we want to defeat Trump. In any other age in America Trumpism defeats itself, but not in 21st century post-social media America. Democrats are going to need to unite behind someone soon and begin the long slog of getting every voter to the polls, engaging every potential voter who sat at home three years ago, registering every capable adult to vote and then ensuring that voter makes it to the polls to pull the lever. That is going to take a Herculean effort in the face of the right's disenfranchisement policies.

That is the crux for me. I like LOTS of these folks. I gave money and campaigned for Beto in Texas last year and had his national campaign been handled like it was in Texas for Senate I might have been in the bag for him, alas, but I'm not. I started out wishing I'd had Elizabeth Warren to vote for in 2016 but now I'm not wanting to vote for someone that old in 2020. She is my current frontrunner. I gave money to Pete Buttigieg in order to get him qualified for the debate and I like Mayor Pete as a symbol but I don't think he's ready for prime time. Kamala Harris talks great and I like what she has to say but I'm not cool with her on crime. I loved Jay Inslee as governor and secretary of state of Washington and climate change is important but...I need more than that. I never warmed to Bernie though I like his politics. I thought Amy Klobuchar shined in the Kavanaugh hearings and I like her but again she hasn't broken out yet. I like Cory Booker and Julian Castro too but...it shames me that at this point it's a popularity contest and the candidates have become ciphers for what our support of them says about us as individuals rather than what our support of them says about our country. I'm looking forward to the debates later in the fall when some of these well-meaning candidates run out of money and go home, happy to know that their tryouts for a future cabinet position have been filed away for when the true Democrat candidate defeats Trump in 2020. God, can we warp to that world now and bypass the next 18 months? — KELLY MENACE

RECORD REVIEWS



Amon Amarth
Berserker

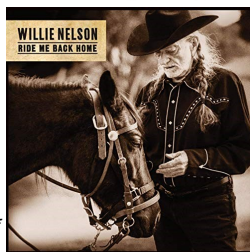
Grab your steel, don your armor, and load the dragon ship; they're back! I'm speaking of Amon Amarth, the masters of Swedish melodic death metal. Releasing their first album in 1998, Amon Amarth began alongside fellow Swedish musicians like In Flames, Dark Tranquillity, and At the Gates, and then broke free from the bowels of the underground to unleash their Nordic fury upon the world with their critically acclaimed masterpiece, *Twilight of the Thunder God* in 2008.

In 2016, the band released *Jomsviking*, which was their attempt at a concept album. Despite putting out some killer artwork and an interesting story arc, the band's sound suffered. It felt like Amon Amarth's seriousness and gut-punching "Ooft!" was diluted. The mood of the album did have its serious moments, but the song structure and overall mood felt like they were attempting to have too much fun. It's not that I'm against bands having fun with their music, but when a band who has developed a reputation for creating music that makes the listener feel like preparing to go to war with a rusty battleaxe, instead puts out music that says "Throw back a horn of ale, or twelve, and let's party!...I'm sorry, but ale and partying are for after the battle melodic gallop which is won. With the 2019 release of

Berserker, the band has learned from their mistakes. What fans are given is an epic, back-to-basics, no-nonsense Amon Amarth record.

The song-writing for *Berserker* is nothing short of incredible! Many songs have nods to older material in lyrics, titles, and instrumentation. "Shield Wall" is almost a follow up to "Free Will Sacrifice" from *Twilight of the Thunder God*. "Ironside" (my favorite track) has some powerful riffs reminiscent of the title track from *With Oden on Our Side*. And songs like "Mjölner, Hammer of Thor", "Valkyria" and "On the Wings of Eagles" possess that instantly appealing permeated *Deceiver of the Gods*. Furthermore, Amon Amarth has incorporated some hauntingly beautiful stringed instruments throughout the record which only aids in the storytelling; if you liked what you heard in "Live for the Kill" from *Twilight of the Thunder God*, you're in for a treat! Also, the band even crafted some good fist-pumping moments, such as in "Crack the Sky"; this song would be quite at home among the power metal crowd as it is extremely melodic with an easy-to-follow chorus which perfectly blends epic with fun.

The only drawback in *Berserker* is the sixth track, "Raven's Flight". This song is absolutely a filler. The chorus is bland, the melodies are boring, and the solo is far too "happy" to be taken seriously. Honestly, the album would have been better off without it. Had it not been for this track, I would dare to say that *Berserker* would be a nearly perfect release for 2019. Since purchasing it, I continue to spin *Berserker* from start to finish incessantly, even with that gods-be-damned sixth track. Amon Amarth has produced a record that has brought the balls back to their music, giving the listener back that "Ooft!" that was missing from the previous release. For that, *Berserker* gets a 4.9:5 from me. — CALEB MULLINS



Willie Nelson
Ride Me Back Home

Ride Me Back Home marks Willie Nelson's sixty-ninth studio release. After that many albums (I own 28 on vinyl, but who's counting), the question arises: do we really need this record? At age 86, does The Red Headed Stranger still have anything pertinent to say?

Unfortunately, it appears not. Of the eleven songs here, only three are new, and these are co-written with producer Buddy Cannon. On 2018's *Last Man Standing* (album #67), all ten tracks were originals by Nelson and Cannon. Even on 2017's *God's Problem Child* (#66), the duo penned over half the album. But now Willie has little new to offer. The only Willie Nelson original on *Ride Me Back Home* is a re-release from 1972's *The Words Don't Fit the Picture* (#14) titled "Stay Away from Lonely Places". If there's a stand out track to found here, it's this classic, which trades Willie's quintessential Trigger-fingered guitar swagger and younger thigh bravado vocals for a new-fangled piano tune that slides carefully beneath Willie's frail, aged voice. It's a powerful contrast.

Lyrical, Willie's also lost the dramatic irony from his earliest albums. Songs like "Stay Away from Lonely Places" work alongside hits like "Yesterday's Wine", "Hello Walls", and "I Never Cared for You" — songs with a sophisticated

playfulness. Newer tracks from Nelson and Cannon — "Come On Time", "Seven Year Itch", and "One More Song to Write" — toss the poetry to speak directly to Willie's recent concerns (ie. life's brevity, the loneliness of old age). With a few more tracks such as these, this new release may have been memorable, but that's not what we're given.

Ride Me Back Home mostly consists of cover tunes, some more successful than others. Willie's stab at Billy Joel's "Just The Way You Are" and Mac Davis' bar-room rollicker "It's Hard to Be Humble" both feel drastically out of place here. Side A features two tracks from the late Guy Clark. "My Favorite Picture of You" is too syrupy sweet to take seriously, while "Immigrant Eyes" offers Willie a rare opportunity to speak to the political moment. Whatever Clark's intentions with "Immigrant Eyes", Willie's performance — and adjoining video — appears to embrace Carl Rogers' rhetorical strategy of assuming common ground with the audience in an effort to successfully expand their perspective. You'll have to cue it up yourself to decide.

Willie's late career releases have been interesting. *God's Problem Child*, his first release after the passing of long-time friend Merle Haggard, was a mournful reminder of life's bitter realities. With *Last Man Standing*, Willie spat in mortality's eye, promising to have the last laugh. Sadly, *Ride Me Back Home* again does not stand thematically or even tonally alongside these releases. As a long-time fan, I hope this is not Willie's final statement. Ironically, studio album #68, 2018's *My Way*, a collection of Frank Sinatra standards, found Willie at his strongest, most joyful in years. You can hear the old guy enjoying the hell of each tune. If we get nothing else, *My Way* will serve as my final reminder of Willie Nelson's legend. — KEVIN STILL

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CONCERT CALENDAR

7/5—Cruel Summer, Charm Bomb, A Sundae Drive @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/6—Smashed Idols, Mutant Love, Sykotic Tendencies, The Shoobiedoobies @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

7/11—Kristy Kruger @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/12—Pardon Our Mess @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 8pm

7/12—Hotwired...To Kill 'em All, KHAN, Paperkut @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

7/12—Sissy Brown, Magic Girl @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/13—The Fox In the Ground, Skunk Money, Castaway Radio @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

7/13—P.N.D., Sykotic Tendencies, BC Binge @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/18—The Hallers, The Roommates, Skunk Money @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/19—Beetle Box, Rudical, Durhem, Mr. See, DJ Bear @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

7/20—Splice, Shoobiedoobies, OVRSTYR, Jasper @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

7/21—Punk Rock Matinee with The Fibs, Sub-Sahara, Jay Solo @ Revolution, Bryan. 4pm

7/25—Antique Gardens, Strange Her @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

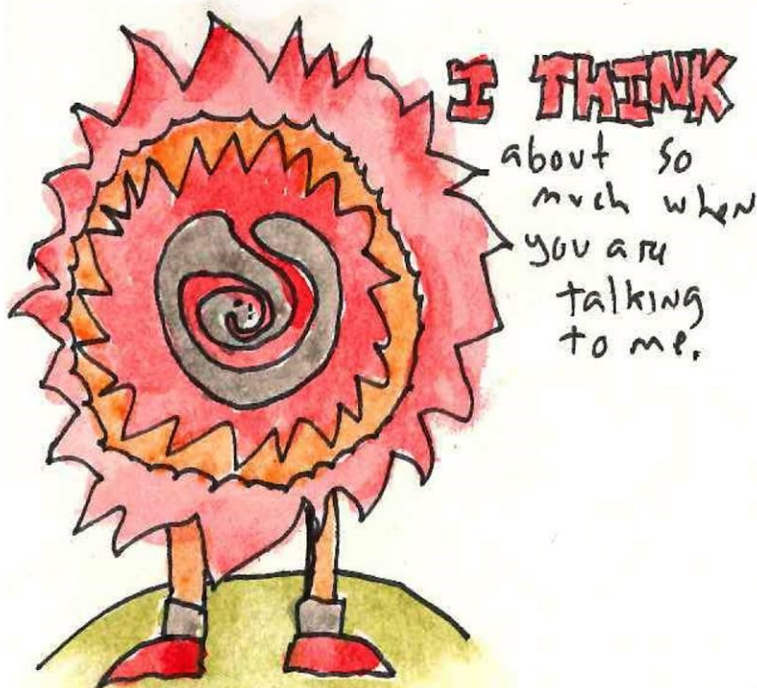
7/26—The Docs @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 8pm

7/26—The Vinous, Arsis Thesis, Tongue Punch @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/27—Rickshaw Billy's Burger Patrol, Mutant Love @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/1—Chris Welch & The Cicada Killers, Magic Girl, Colton French @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/2—Cactus Flowers, Ak'Chamel, Pseudo Desnudo @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm





The Smashed Idols
Mutant Love

Shoobiedoobies

Sykotic Tendencies

July 6, Revs, \$5, 9pm