

# STOREREPRESENT



december 2021  
vol. 13 issue 11



*inside: - ch-ch-ch-changes - getting through it - saying  
goodbye, planting seeds, moving forward - not a regular  
story - anarchy from the ground up - creepy horse reads  
good - the guide to easy pulitzers - pedal pushing - hello  
goodbye hello - still poetry - record reviews -  
concert calendar*



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

**editorial bored**

kelly menace

**art splendiddness**

katie killer & wonko zuckerberg with maren  
farmer & william daniel thompson

**print jockey**

craig wheel werker

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

bethany a. beeler - creepy horse -

mike l. downey - caleb mullins -

haley richardson - pamalyn rose-beeler -

starkness - cavan theiss

**on the interwebz**

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

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

materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

979represent

101 s. texas ave.

bryan, tx 77801



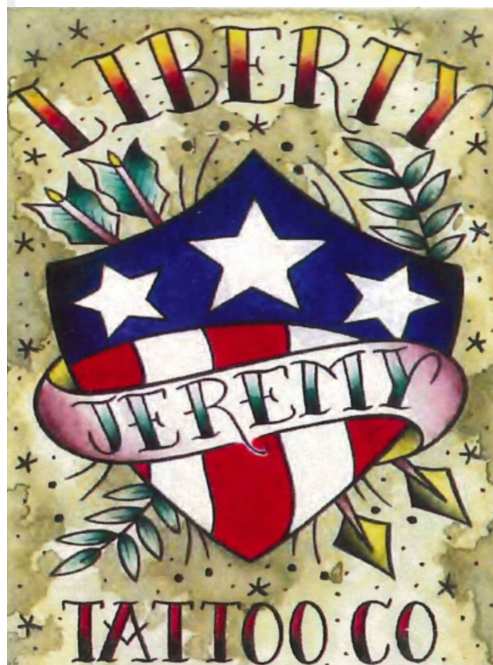
## CH-CH-CH-CHANGES

Ten years ago this month *979Represent* debuted a new, smaller "zine" style format. The previous two dozen issues were produced on newsprint at tabloid size courtesy of the Bryan/College Station Eagle's print room. We very quickly learned that we were great at assembling papers but poor at selling advertising and eventually ran out of money to run them in newsprint. In October 2011 we were inspired to turn the newspaper into a zine and published the first such issue in December 2011, and never looked back...until now.

It's no secret that I don't live in Bryan/College Station anymore. I moved to Asheville, NC several years ago, but have continued publishing *979Represent* as a labor of love to the B/CS community. Over the last several years more of our contributors have left B/CS for elsewhere. It became more difficult to maintain the region-specific focus when less and less of us actually lived there. In October our entire art department fled B/CS for Colorado and I felt that it was probably time to let *979Represent* go. What you hold in your hands is the last official issue of *979Represent*. The paper ran from November 2009 through December 2021. That's a good long run for a free community zine written by the community for the community. All back issues will live in perpetuity at [979represent.com](http://979represent.com) and there is talk of perhaps publishing a Best of *979Represent* book.

So what comes next? All of us involved are used to this monthly cycle of begging for content, last minute writing, last minute layout, rinse and repeat. There are so many fantastic voices and points of view involved with *979Rep* that it would be a real shame if we just walked away from the zine business entirely. Well, we aren't. While I say we are ending *979Represent* really what we are doing is retooling and refocusing the zine to be something "regionless". We will go from monthly to quarterly and distribute the zine in all the assorted locales that our writers live in these days. The new paper will be called *Dirtbag Quarterly* and will feature many of the same columns, short fiction, original art, opinion, reviews, and other nonsense that you have grown to tolerate all these years, but there will no longer be a printed concert calendar (the online version will continue to be updated at [979represent.com](http://979represent.com)) and no advertisement for BCS businesses or local shows. We aim to have the first issue of *DQ* out in the usual spots of Bryan/College Station in the first quarter of 2022.

I thank the tireless efforts over the years of Atarimatt, Niki Pistols, Wonko Zuckerberg, Katie Killer, Kevin Still, David Lynch, Steve Nam, Mikey Roe, Bri Edwards, Mike L. Downey, Jessica Little, Caleb Mullins, Jorge Goyco, Haley Richardson, Maren Farmer, James Gray, Patrick Schoenemann, Psycho Mike, Amanda Price, Josh Siegel, Todd Hansen, Erin Hill, Bethany Beeler, Pamalyn Rose Beeler, Justin Honeykut, Jason Clark, Ralph Schoolcraft, the two Creepy Horses (Tucker and Amanda), Rented Mule Ken, Tim Horn, Bill Daniels, Cavan Thies, Jeremy Stark, Jessica Sorensen, Marina Briggs, Jeremy Frank, Kiry Jackson, Tim & Brea Danger, Cliff Collard, Charles Stover, C-Ment Skate Shop, Rola Cerrone, Eric Ailshire, Craig Wilkins, the Texas A&M Mathematics photocopyers, and anyone else who's ever written, drawn, taken a photo, paid for an ad, or let us put a paper out at their place over the years. We'll see you next year with a new groove. — KELLY MENACE



1933 TEXAS AVE. COLLEGE STATION 979-694-6444



# SAYING GOODBYE, PLANTING SEEDS, LOOKING FORWARD

He'd probably be pissed that this starts with a quote from scripture. I'm not thrilled about it either, but ever since I knew that we'd be planting Jared Tucker in the ground this month, it is the line that has come into my head again and again. We tend to go with what we know and whatever else we can say about either of our journeys and our various opinions of scriptural texts ... he and I were more than familiar with them. And, since there is very little he can do about it now, Imma go with it, cuz I think that in the end, my currently pagan self could convince his resolutely atheist self that the text applies even if its context might imply otherwise.

It will have been nearly a year and a half since his death when we finally plant him (he's gonna become a magnolia tree ... the alternative to starting with a scripture quote was a line from *Steel Magnolias* ... talk about context that would've required some explaining!) 18 months is a long time to wait to say goodbye ... especially when you thought goodbye was a long way off ... especially when many of those months were in a year that seemed to have far more than the requisite twelve ... and, especially when you aren't ever really gonna be ready to say goodbye.

When Bethany and I moved from Bryan, Tuck made a Facebook post that read, in part, "Goodbye. Just for now." I know that I won't have the emotional fortitude to say it out loud when we plant him, but it's what I'll be



*Listen carefully: Unless a grain of wheat is buried in the ground, dead to the world, it is never any more than a grain of wheat. But if it is buried, it sprouts and reproduces itself many times over. In the same way, anyone who holds on to life just as it is destroys that life. But if you let it go, reckless in your love, you'll have it forever, real and eternal.*

saying in my head ... "just for now" ... because the beauty of him becoming his new magnolia-self is that he'll continue to come and go with the passing of the seasons, in a succession of just-for-now hellos and goodbyes. "But, if you let [your life] go, reckless in your love, you'll have it forever, real and eternal"

He's gonna be one hell of a recklessly loving tree ... and I get it, however long they stand ... even trees don't last forever ... but, just like Tuck, they continue to plant seeds, or parts of them become one with the earth nurturing other living things, or their leaves fall to the

ground and provide protection to plants underneath during the colder months, or ... I mean, you get it ... it's a damn circle of life ... and my sweet Tucker will continue to be a part of it.

And so, after the longest mourning period imaginable, we're gonna plant a seed, say goodbye (just for now), and look forward to a future of hope ... that includes Jared ... not in the way I thought it would, not in the way any of us would've chosen, but with him there, nonetheless, real and eternal.

*Laughter through tears is my favorite emotion.* — Truvy Jones, *Steel Magnolias*  
— PAMALYN ROSE BEELER

*The 101 will be hosting a memorial to Jared Tucker for his friends and loved ones Saturday, December 11 at 2pm.*

SINKHOLE TEXAS INC  
RECORDS AND SHIT



**WWW.SINKHOLETEXAS.COM**



# ANARCHY FROM THE GROUND UP

Have you ever watched a dying flame go out? Have you leaned in close to feel its warmth and retained your breath, for fear of extinguishing it? I have another question: are you the soul who watches the fire flicker out into a wisp of smoke? Or are you the one who feeds it?

We are currently that dying flame friends. Our paper, in its decade long existence, has slowly burned its course. Every one of us have lovingly, tenderly (sometimes begrudgingly) tended to or fed the 979 fire. And now, each of us, in their own turn, have burned our brightest flames down into embers. We've been smoldering here for awhile now. Kelly hits us with a poker once a month, stokes the hottest coals, stirs them back into existence. The tinder is there. But the force it takes to strike the flame has seemed to give out.

I remember when the torch was passed to me by Katie Killer. She was waving a fiery blaze, madly seeking support, camaraderie: "Sisters! Help! I love these ding dong silly boys BUT we need more women writing for the paper!" I vaguely remember the term "sausage fest" and got the vibe. TOO MANY DICKS ON THE DANCE FLOOR!! I thought: Maybe I could help?

When I began writing, I was terrified. I had not put pen to paper (or rather fingers to a keyboard) since high school. At the time, that was 15 years for me. I remembered the praise I had received from teachers as a child about my writing style on assignments.

But because high school turned traumatic for me, I had lost the confidence to continue. I doubted my ability to begin writing again. I told myself I surely wasn't the person brave or brilliant enough to do it. I wrote several drafts and erased them. Generally drunk and sobbing. However, something inside of me continued to burn.

I sent my first submission to Kelly in March 2019 (but only after Katie, my lover, and my eldest child proofread it) and I drove straight to the corner store and bought a bottle of wine. The match was struck. I threw the flame into the fire.

I went back and read some of my old 979 contributions. *Anarchy From the Ground Up* started the year after we began building Granny Moon Farm. It seemed like a

natural progression for me to write about our daily life, struggles and the butt load of fuck ups that happened along the way. Do y'all remember the Great Outhouse Flood of 2016? Cheeze and rice. I do. \*sobs quietly\*

Every month I would strike a match, hold it in my hands and blow gently until the tinder burned. Some days it would go out because I had laundry to do or pigs to holler home. Some days it would burn so steady and gentle, that I could curl up and sleep, knowing my words were true and maybe they helped somebody too. Some days I would email Kelly and say NO. Not this month. There is no fire. And then quit suddenly (generally in the final hour) I would spontaneously combust into a raging tumult and letters and words would sear into the page like a riot after The Reckoning.

And here I am now. I've slowly typed this out over the course of six weeks because my fire isn't here at the moment. The embers barely are. It feels as if some benevolent force is trying to snuff me out as each day arises. On the days that I am able, I sit down and hit the flint: 1, 2, 3. Just a spark. And I will type.

These words that I have gathered slowly along that very hard time are YOUR tinder. Take it. Here's the flint too! Have this box of matches. And this lime green lighter! USE THEM! Start your own fires! Burn your own torch! Light your friends on fire and show them the beautiful glow. Burn the world down with your passion, your fury, your rage or maybe your desire to build it into a better place.

This is the responsibility of the 979 community. I see all you cool kids now at the 101 bar. You are all here for good reason. Just as we all were at one time: new to town, not yet introduced, one or two patches on our vest, a pack of smokes and stories to share.

Pick up the paper. Find an article that makes you laugh, cry or scream triumphantly. Give that copy to your friend or sociology professor. Grab another. Write a draft. Drink about it. Send it to Kelly. Then strike the match, hit it to the tip of your Camel 99 and sit back and take a great big drag of dirtbag accomplishment.

Welcome to 979, family. — **HALEY RICHARDSON**

**FREDTECH**  
**GUITAR REPAIR  
MAINTENANCE  
SET-UPS**  
**979-450-3719**  
**FredTechBCS@gmail.com**

**G-TONE**  
**SPEAKER CABINETS**

# THIS IS NOT A REGULAR STORY

This is not a regular story. This is a hungry story, built of words with tongues of glass and cracked marbles for eyes. You think you know this story, you think you've heard it before... but you haven't.

It only sounds like the one you know with its crunch-crunch-crunching of plot-laced bones and its smack-smack-smacking of fat story lips.

There used to be characters in this story, but they were the first to go. Swallowed down its story gullet. Two of them screamed and declared their eternal love for each other. The third one merely laughed and vowed one day to return.

There also used to be a setting. Not a very good one, mind you, but solid enough to serve its purpose. That, too, was eaten. Mashed into a paste of generic trees and endless airports and washed down with a maudlin shot of rain.

No one misses that setting, though—or the characters, if we must be totally honest. Certainly not the story, and certainly not me.

To be fair, the story has tried to create as much as it has eaten. Sucked sugar off three-act arcs until its head near exploded. Molded fleshy outlines to show off to its friends when its friends still visited, only to debone the outlines hours later and watch their skins slough uselessly to the floor. Once it even tried dialogue, a casual "hello" left adrift in the void where its apartment had been a week earlier.

304A, in case you were wondering.

And no, nobody responded.

The story also tried to liven things with mood and tone, with analogy and metaphor. It clung to rocky cliffs, peaked and pitted by tongues of salt while seabirds wheeled tirelessly overhead; it heaved beneath the weight of olive trees bowed with fruit, sweet oil dripping

down its back. But that too is now gone.

It's all devoured, most everything that made the story what it was. That told it what to be. All the bits chomped and chewed and swallowed into an over-masticated mush.

Very little remains of the story now, just two simple elements:  
Its hunger.  
And me.

I must admit to being a bit selfish at this point. I've argued with the story for days about the importance of narrators. Without us, a story can no longer be a story. Somebody must tell the words, must provide perspective. Relay the wishes of the story to the world abroad... Right?

Yes, of course I'm right. I'm the narrator after all, and I know my job better than anyone.

But I saw the way the story eyed me last night. I saw hunger giggling in its ear while they both drank cheap wine created just for the occasion. The story didn't make wine for me. Not even an empty cup.

And now I've another invitation to visit the story tonight.

It told me not to bother bringing a gift, to just bring myself and don't be late.

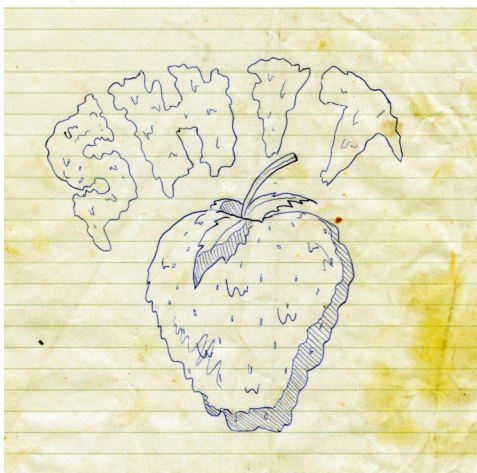
I tried declining.

I *did* decline, but the words were swallowed before they left my mouth. Consumed by the story's desire for completion. For *resolution*.

So here I am, despite myself. All dressed up and only one place to go.

The story is king, and is all that matters after all...

...and nobody can refuse that. — STARKNESS





# DAYEATER BEING DEAD WISDOM CAT



**FIND 979REPRESENT  
ON FACEBOOK AND  
979REPRESENT.COM**

# BIG GAY DRAG BRUNCH!



EVERY 1ST & 3RD SUNDAY  
DOORS OPEN AT 2PM SHOWS START AT 3PM  
FREE! 101 S.TEXAS \* BRYAN TX



## OPEN MIC 101!!!

*every wednesday  
at the 101!*

SIGN-UP AT 9:00PM  
MUSIC AT 9:30PM

101 S.Texas, Bryan Tx  
**FREE!!**

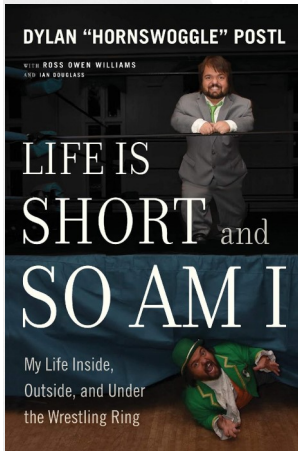




## CREEPY HORSE READS GOOD

Dylan Postl is a professional wrestler best known as "Hornswoggle" in his tenure with the wrestling titan WWE. I received his book after winning it while watching his Twitch Stream one evening.

This has been an incredible read. It reads like you are sitting on a couch with a good friend as they regale you with incredible stories and experiences.



It starts with him addressing his condition and how it affected him and his family. It digs deep into intimate family turmoil and tragedy of his formative years as well as all of the physical pain he endured. His condition is never really an issue or problem for him and even is his catalyst for how far he ascends as a wrestler recognizing had he been born the "ideal" pro-wrestler size he might of never made it.

It's because he sees himself as the wrestler he is, not a "midget", he transforms perceptions and even views of the wrestling world itself. He travels the world. He meets his idols. He wrestles in six Wrestlemanias. He goes on to do film, become a wrestling promoter, and Wrestling Instructor. Through all of his accomplishments, his proudest role being that of Fatherhood.

Family is important to him. Despite some early setbacks and issues, the most important day of his life is the birth of his son. He is not perfect and is honest and direct about the wrongs he had and grows and learns throughout the story we're taken through.

I believe it's a great insight into the pro wrestling world, the behemoth franchise WWE and is well balanced in evoking the hidden world of the professional wrestler sometimes its own fans aren't privy to without revealing what all is really behind the curtain.

But it's also a story about someone being so passionate about something and it being what they absolutely "must" do. It's a no-matter-what situation. Nothing was going to stop him and many powerful figures in the wrestling world and the world in general took note. — *CREEPY HORSE*

## THE GUIDE TO EASY PULITZERS

When's the last time you read a Pulitzer-prize-winning novel? That's what I thought. And why? The reasons are probably as long as the novels themselves: too dense, too long, too boring, not enough action, too many characters, not my genre, too intimidating, don't care, who has time?

All of those are valid reasons, but there's a reason these books win this vaunted prize — they are, in most cases, worth the effort. So I've read many of them for you, so here is your guide to find a Pulitzer to enjoy and brag to your friends and neighbors about.

Oh, and you don't have to buy these. Check them out from your local library — it's all free, get a library card for free. Another plus is DVD rentals, and graphic novels (I read all of "The Sandman" at once).

Like comic books? — read Michael Chabon's *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier and Clay* about the early days of comics, and yes, I know it's a terrible title.

Easiest to read? — Anthony Doerr's *All the Light We Cannot See* is hands-down the winner. It's almost a YA novel since the two main characters are teenagers, but plenty of other interesting characters. Most of the chapters are short, some just one page, great for reading in short spurts. If you like WWII, this is a double-winner for you.

Like Civil War battles? — *The Killer Angels* by Michael Shaara. This makes all the horror of America's worse time in history come alive in a way that even Ken Burns couldn't do.

Like a weirdo colorful character? — *A Confederacy of Dunces* by John Kennedy Toole is for you. Flat-out funny in so many places, you'll be buying Big Chief tablets for years.

Easy to read AND short? — *The Old Man and the Sea* by Ernest Hemingway is for you. There's a reason everyone knows his name.

Like Westerns? — You have to read Larry McMurtry's *Lonesome Dove* for sure. Yes, it's a doorstep of a book, but these characters and this story is worth it, even if you've seen the miniseries.

Like science fiction? — Give Colson Whitehead's *The Underground Railroad* a try. Whitehead (who spoke at Texas A&M a couple of years ago) has won an astonishing two Pulitzers in the past decade and here imagines an alternate history where the slave escape route was a real railroad. However, the horrors remain. A second sci-fi choice is Cormac McCarthy's grim post-apocalyptic *The Road* that was also a movie.

Like an unexpected twist? — Try *Empire Falls* by Richard Russo (who also spoke at Texas A&M). It's an unstinting look at a small town with a couple's troubled marriage and a daughter in the middle. We get the story from all three. It was made into a miniseries, so don't spoil it for yourself.

Good reading! — *MIKE L. DOWNEY*

**FIND 979REPRESENT ON  
FACEBOOK AND  
979REPRESENT.COM**



## REST IN POWER 979REP

It's been coming for a little bit now. I think we've all felt it and knew it was inevitable. People move. People get married. People have kids. People die. And at its core that's what *979Represent* is. It's the people. In some form or fashion Kelly Menace has kept this little publication going for 13 some odd years. I've been writing for it on and off for the past four or five.

It's been an awesome creative outlet. One that I will sorely miss, but things change, they divide, and add, and grow, and wither, and adapt. If there's one thing that is true about the 979 dirtbag crew is that they can fucking adapt. This town is a weird place. The group of people who read and write this zine are the weirdest of the weird.

We've all overcome death, moves, injuries, breakups, illnesses, rapes, jail, divorces, being fired, and pretty much any other bullshit thing that life throws at us. And nevertheless we persist. Taking on life is a lot like riding a horse. If you're comfortable while you're doing it, you're probably doing it wrong.

All that said – this little zine has made a huge impact on my life and without the larger community surrounding it, I probably wouldn't be here today. Many of you have seen different members of this group at their highest highs and lowest lows and are still here reading and laughing and drinking all about it.

I still remember when I asked Kelly what it took to be able to get published in this little zine. He said "it's really easy. Write literally anything and I'll publish it." So, then I got writing again. It has helped with depression, job loss, death, and a million bad things. It has also helped me realize that there is something worse out there than experiencing all those things, and that's being alone having to experience them. Within the 979 dirtbag community there is no one who ever needs to be alone. — **STARKNESS**

## GETTING THROUGH IT



Life is a toilet and we're all pieces of shit fighting to push ourselves through.

Nobody knows the goal, there is no purpose, and yet we fuck each other over because it somehow helps us reach something we think we should.

We say it'll make us fulfilled, secure, or happy.

But will it?

What is fulfilling? Some sort of purpose? You and anything you do will disappear within 20-40 years.

What is secure? A shelter over your head and food in your stomach? Ok, what then?

What is happiness? You can have people who love you, be well fed, and have a safe place to sleep, yet still feel empty.

What the actual fuck is this bullshit? Why aren't you happy? You have everything you need to be satisfied right? So what is the problem? Why do you still feel like everything is miserable? Why can't you get out of bed? Why is every person who talks to you make you feel like you're rubbing your face up and down a cheese grater?

These are the bad days.

There's nothing you can do but get through them.

No skipping it.

No fast-forwarding.

Just experiencing it, and do your best to not let it take you.

There's nobody to apologize and so ill do it.

I'm sorry, but I love you, whoever you are.

I love you, none of us asked for this, but we're here together.

Normally I end with "drink about it" but this time I won't, because if something is starting to fuck with you, talk about it.

Shit is fucking with all of us and the only way to get through is to get through. — **CAVAN THEISS**



# HELLO, GOODBYE, HELLO

How do you sum up something ending and say farewell to something that has been so instrumental and freeing while offering a guide of sorts to the guileless in the gutters and dark back alleyway dives? I speak of course of *979Represent* and that which it has harbored, nurtured, cultivated, encapsulated, contemplated, parodied, and satirized, reviewed and showcased. This little DIY ZINE by a rag tag group of off beat transplants to the BCS spawned something that would take in a generation of lovable screw-ups and helped them feel as if they had not only a voice in the world, but in their community as well, a place to find out hands on what others around them had in their heads from wild tales, to wick-ed reviews of the deepest of record store bin dives, to the haunts and laughs of vapid and depraved minds alike. It was a family of cohorts and miscreants strung together by the universal chaos chords being played in the right order.

What started as a passion project with Kelly, Wonko, Katie, Atarimatt, and Niki and co was already a thriving entity when I even became aware of it or this place or the back alley dive that would change my life forever. Little did I know where 979 was much less what it is was, but I soon came to find out upon moving here for school and love back in 2011. I had an old childhood friend Kobo aka Jacob L. (of Iron Slut/Galactic Morgue/Dethtruck/Blasturds and originally of Mothracid!) who gave me a heads up about this rad little dive bar in Bryan called Revolution and showed me a copy of *979Represent*. I was intrigued. Being a seasoned dive bar connoisseur of sorts from the South had to investigate to see if this place with the patio in the theme of Van Gogh's *Starry Night* was in fact a scamdog islet utopia in the conservative ocean of Brazos Valley. It was in fact a bohemians oasis. A shag-ri-la for those who wished to rock against the grains of the uniformed mind. I attended shows on the regular, lurked in the shadows comfortable, and argued music and other nonsense while reading issue after issue. I remember seeing James Gray's *Mustache Rides* and others and thinking I might have found a home.

After leaving South Texas I wasn't sure if or when I'd find a place for my art or words again. I had previously written and illustrated for a newspaper and entertainment publication, *The Bee Picayune* and *The South Texan*, along with ghost writing humor articles for the satire papers *The Vent Nation* and *The Idaho Spud Report*. I also published an adult themed throw back *Comix Book Planet No-No Comix* whilst at university. I knew opportunity is around every corner but they good ones with people you can eventually one day call your friends or are they merely more crabs in a bucket? I reached out to Kelly and Wonko and after a few beers and several follow up convos I decided to give em a submission. I soon put it out of my mind and went on with life. Well it turned out they over the limit for content for that issue but they put my stuff to the side for the next issue. Now, I shouldn't need to say this but for those of you that don't know in the world or publishing art zines — most of the time when someone says they'll put your work to the side it's highly unlikely that it'll ever

actually see the light of day. That said they did see print. And I can tell you that I had forgotten and when I was reading that following months issue and stumbled passed some words and art of mine I was stunned. They had stayed true and there it was. Since then I started submitting more & more frequently until I was a regular and then even wrote TWO SERIALIZED NOVELS within the tomes of *979Represent*!!! I never would've thought we'd have done as much work or rocking or partying as we did over the years.

Of course, as with time and distance — I moved away several times but came back because in a large part due to the sense of community and belonging. It never ceased to lift my spirits. Trials and tribulations effect us all eventually and do so differently. After a long and very convoluted path of unfortunate events — passing ons — breakups — bands dissolved — loss of ethos — etc. repeat. Then the pandemic hit...It changed a lot of things obviously but most apparently it changed that since of home away from home — since of belonging. Without being able to see my friends without added stresses to anyone involved — the loss of work — of sanctuary — of community I turned inward again feeling lost to the world. I focused on the bigger push and expanded my reach to Nola — then to MS, FL — then to Savannah & AL in hopes of meeting like minds in trying times to stay motivated and inspired. Despite being locked down or cut off. In this time my contributions have lessened again quite a bit as I've attempting to find new grounding on foreign grounds.

No matter how many times I have left this place I have always returned despite not being from here. I have cherished every LOUD!FEST first witnessing then performing year after year arm in arm with like minded souls pushing rad music and art on the unsuspecting masses of Brazos Valley and beyond. I say beyond because that's part of the appeal too. This shit's so genuine that'll be forever imitated and seldom duplicated with the same heart focus and passion that these wonderful guys and gals have put towards making this ZINE thing not only a reality but an entity its own. I have traveled places as others have and left accidentally a copy or two of one of these bad boys and had a friend and or stranger pick it up fall in love with it and pass it on to someone else in this city somewhere else to inspire some other slob. Real heart warming stuff. For example, one time I wrote an op-ed piece about drivers need to use the turn signal — seems simple enough and some cats from a larger Zine up in New York passed through town and snagged a copy of 979. They loved it and reviewed it in their zine which was rad af in my opinion. Well when I found out about it I read there review there was a mention of my article and second serial novel *Rickshaw Heart*. Never would I have ever..

I actually one time while playing a show at the New Republic Brewery in College Station with Mothracid! was getting a beer from the in brewery bar which also happened to distribute copies of *979Represent*. In front on me was this very proper upper middle class society

girl who seemed very out of place conversing with her friend while holding a copy of the zine and mentioning a humorous strip she had just read in there, a poem about some dirt that struck a chord, and a chapter to some serialized novel that she was now self professedly "obsessed with" and see was excited to see what this Cvlt of the Moth she had so much about was about. This is all the while they were separating me from my complimentary performance brew. I was impressed as I wasn't sure if anyone besides those of us who contributed to it even read the rag.

Year after year Loud!Fest fell on my birthday and I never had to plan anything or would I want to as I already had the best in store — typically multiple performances on my end with various kickass bands while celebrating all the other awesome rocking sounds from around the world for no other reason than this rag tag crew of misfits hand assembled one of the best most kick ass DIY fests EVER. RESPECT. It all is so interconnected and I love it. Murica.

*979Represent* is larger than a zine or scene or anything and that's why it's so hard to process this or to say goodbye. When hello was all we ever needed. I can't speak for the others nor would I want to as that was the point of this zine. We ALL have a voice. The inspirations of some many talented creatives has been monumental. I will also cherish the memories of Loud!Feasts and Xmas year end shin digs and other going ons. And while I was never one of the original faces you guys and gals took me and so many others in ways that I can never repay other than saying hey thanks fam next beers on me. <3 I guess things run their course and time changes things so new things come. Loud!Fest it seems for the time being is done. Revolution is now a memory, with The 101 proudly sprouting from its transplant seeds. Life begins anew, and as one door closes another surely opens, and sometimes it the one we truly need to.

The timing is eerie but correct as I too venture off again to new frontiers and projects elsewhere — but I will forever take with me the since of community and belonging that this little zine and town offered me and to attempt to be able to help foster such artist strides and collaborations in return. Though gone I know the legacy of *979Represent* is one that will live on in the hearts of people for years to come. I am grateful my strips; Lighter Side of Nuthin', Skater Comix, Blap the Chap, Plod & Xex, Monkey No-No Brain, and various one offs found a home within these hollow pages. I messed up and submitted something under my real name initially and Kelly (the ed) has been busting my balls about it since not permitting the use of other alias for various works which I've found amusing for years and have in tern learned to love my full name a bit more since so few know who the hell that is lol. Thank you all for everything and I look forward to the possibility of future collaborations with so many of the awesome minds I met in conjunction with *979Represent* and its Revolution front! — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

## STILL POETRY

*More (or less) Forgivable*

This witch hour, I  
Find myself anew,  
More (or less) forgivable.  
Spell it out, for you  
Fear weird-sister syllables and  
Play at words while flames  
Lick my feet.

Past stakes rune-blood etches.

"Menses will be menses," you shrug.

I smudge not a tear.

You had your time to  
Hawk bread and curse us.

Enough.

Slough away pouting, while I  
Wake this world a charm.

— BETHANY A. BEELER

**Embroidered:**  
**Patches | Hats | Shirts**  
**Full Color Printed:**  
**Shirts | Patches | Stickers**  
**Badges | Magnets**



**936-588-9603**  
**Poke;nprint;@gmail.com**  
**facebook.com/poke;nprint;**





# THE LAST RODEO

The end of the year always prompts the celebrity death lists. This December marks another kind of death, the end of this particular version of *979Represent* that you are reading right now.

I've been writing for 979 for more than a decade at least. I did mostly record reviews in the beginning since those could be cranked out fairly easy. I was still making some of my living at the time as a freelance writer, so I had to focus on paying jobs as much as possible. I still managed to turn in something most of the time — hey, it was a monthly. How hard is it to write something once a month?

Trust me — it's harder than it looks. If you haven't ever done it, you have no idea. It is astonishing that our esteemed editor Kelly Menace kept with it for as long as he did. Of course, he had others that shouldered much of the burden in the years of those early issues, whether Atarimatt, Niki Pistols, or the incomparable Kevin Still. The art and tech support from Katie Killer and Wonko Zuckerberg was steadfast though.

As I've gotten older — it's likely I'm older than most reading this — I've found that life is about change, no matter how much we try to keep things the same. We like continuity, especially when it's comfortable and fun and makes us feel good. This end of 979 is one of those changes.

For years, years, and for every month, I've looked forward to each issue of 979. Yes, I'm narcissistic enough that I always enjoy seeing my name in print or online, but in those early early issues, it was such a delight to read something entertaining that was about the music and the people and the clubs you knew, sounds you reveled in, actual people you talked to, places you stood around.

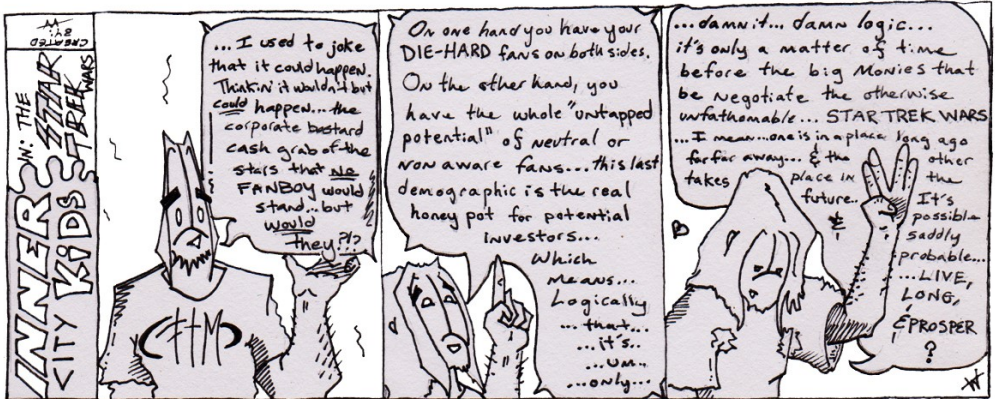
The existence of 979 is one of the documents of a very

real Bryan/College Station music scene that flourished in those years. This scene wasn't driven by the college either; it was almost anti-college since this movement didn't cater to college students even though many of its followers were college-age. Many weren't. Otherwise, I wouldn't have felt a part of it. And, for me, it was a privilege to share in that music scene, not only by showing up at the shows, but in authenticating it by writing about the performances and the recorded music. *979Represent* made it all more real.

Outside of the music, the chroniclers in 979 gave so much of themselves, the personal stories, the humor, the insights. So many poured their hearts onto the pages; sometimes, it was painful to read, sometimes too raw, too honest. 979 gave us all a venue for the outrageous, the experimental, the scrappy. Was every article a masterpiece? Of course not, but where else would one go to read the outlandish as well as the sublime? Every month, there was the chance of a thrilling surprise. I'll miss that.

For me, I don't think I could have survived the Trump years sane without being able to blow off steam almost every month in *979Represent*. I sent editorial pieces to regular newspapers to no avail, but my rants about the Donald always appeared in 979. Those rambles gave me great satisfaction just to get it off my chest about that fascist blowhard bullying racist moronic orange-skinned small-handed sleazy traitorous troll. It still makes me feel now like I had some part in ridding the White House of his filth when he lost by millions of votes in 2020.

So, goodbye to the monthly *979Represent*. Thanks to Kelly for carrying us on your shoulders, especially these long months after Kevin was gone. Kudos to Michael and Katie for unstinting efforts as well. And certainly, thanks to all the other writers who gave so selflessly of their talents. So long, *979Represent*. We won't see your like again. — MIKE L. DOWNEY



www.handdrawnproductions.tumblr.com

**FIND 979REPRESENT ON FACEBOOK AND  
979REPRESENT.COM**



BRYAN 979.822.6747 201 W. 26TH ST.





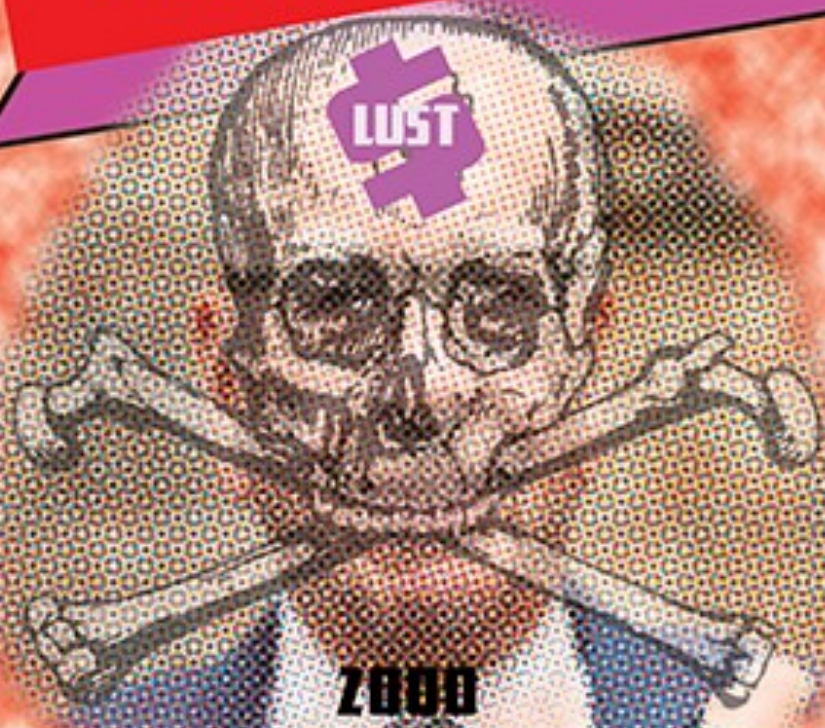


**SOCKS FOR: WEIRDOS, PUNKS,  
JUVENILE DELINQUENTS,  
JAZZ MUSICIANS, PIN-UPS,  
PERVERTS, PARTY WOLVES,  
THE CRIMINAL FRINGE**  
**[WWW.SEXWITHSOCKSON.COM](http://WWW.SEXWITHSOCKSON.COM)**

**FIND 979REPRESENT  
ON FACEBOOK AND  
979REPRESENT.COM**

**NEW MUSIC COMING 2022**

**FUCK THE  
RECORDS  
MAINSTREAM**



**BUTT FUCK  
THE MEDIA**

**ALWAYS ALWAYS ALWAYS**

[WWW.FUCKTHEMAINSTREAMRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.FUCKTHEMAINSTREAMRECORDS.COM)





<https://linktr.ee/MarenFarmerArt>

[www.idiotboxeffects.com](http://www.idiotboxeffects.com)



# PEDAL PUSHING

Rather than talk to you about a fun piece of gear this month I wanted to talk about the concept of the "guitar pedal industrial complex". Last month Toby Vail, the drummer for acclaimed riot grrl punk band Bikini Kill, made the following statement on Twitter: "Can someone explain to me why people who play guitar have decided to revive shoegaze/dream pop and embrace dumb retro shit like Weezer in an era filled with violence, economic inequality, and abortion bans? The guitar pedal industrial complex is not the sound of the revolution". Many guitar effects enthusiasts roasted Vail's comments on social media. I felt a lengthier than Twitter response was in order, because what Vail had to say was actually more complex than a Twitter statement could convey. My response should be just as measured.

As a guitar player, songwriter, and guitar pedal enthusiast I felt that there was a lot to unravel here. For starters, I don't think Vail's comment was entirely off-base. My takeaway from it was that Vail thinks too many musicians are spending too much time fooling around with pedals and tones and sound in general and/or are getting lost in nostalgia than writing topical activist music like Bikini Kill. Toby Vail is 100% right about one part of this statement. The times are indeed troubled. There is a LOT of conflict in the world these days. Covid, Trumpism, Black Lives Matter, homelessness, the wealth gap, trans rights, sexism/#MeToo, prescription drug addiction...you name it, it seems that we are affected by it right now. But I'm not sure that the revolution starts at the bandstand right now. These days it seems that singing about the revolution is like preaching to the choir. Everybody knows shit sucks right now, and what can you say in a four minute song that either hasn't been said before or is too complicated to address in any sort of meaningful way in a song?

Eleven years ago I wrote a song called "Husbands". It's one of the more endearing Ex-Optimists songs in that it has been played by every version of the band and is even being played by my new band in NC. It is a song that had the intention of being an all-inclusive pro-marriage song. Not, "yay everyone should get married!" but whoever wants to get married be they gay, straight, poly, religious, whatever, do your own thing. And I wrote and rewrote and rewrote it and never could figure out how to convey that point of view. When it was overly political I found it could be misconstrued and I could not get my point across. In the end, I made the song more nebulous and less specific, and ultimately it was more successful for it. I find that approach to be ultimately more artful than me acting like somehow I know the one true way and must sing about it. I admire songwriters that are capable of combining the art and the message, but that's not always me. I'm entertained by it from others and occasionally moved to thoughtfulness. But I also recognize I'm a cis white hetero man and I can't speak truth to power from my position of power. It just rings false. Bikini Kill means something to a lot of people because they could in their own time speak truth to power. It has become fashionable in our current "woke" society to badmouth riot grrl because it was largely middle class and white. To undermine my own argument, if a song moves one person to think differently about something then maybe it is worth it. But most of the time I personally feel really

awkward trying to tell people I know better than them and they should change their minds.

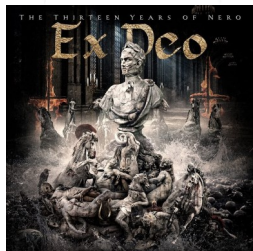
To the Weezer comment...I feel like cutting on Weezer is low hanging fruit at this point. They get a lot of shit that they probably don't deserve. They are an easy target. At some point people need to find someone else to cut on. But the idea that we would rather wrap ourselves in nostalgia than deal with all that's broken in the world...well, I understand that completely. And again, as an empowered individual because of my status, I have the luxury of burying myself in-between two Bose speakers powered by a Marantz receiver with a \$40 all-analog pressing of My Bloody Valentine's *Loveless* on the Technics turntable in a room I have devoted to music in the house I am mortgaged into. Yeah, privileged to the fucking max. I get that. But even those who are in the shit on the front lines of their wars want a method of escapism. And if that escapism is Weezer or guitar pedals or whatever it may be...precisely because shit is fucked these days I feel we need methods of positive escapism more and more and perhaps we need to let people have their escape and criticize them less for it. I would much rather be the person that volunteers or donates to causes or works a job that matters in some way and then spends nights singing about kickers of elves or some other nonsense encased in 20 feet of reverb. That person is just as righteous as the one singing about the revolution to the converted every night.

And as for the "guitar pedal industrial complex"...that part of the argument is the most fun part of Vail's statement. Readers of this column know that I am eternally on The Search for Tone Perfection. It is ongoing and ultimately unattainable. These days there are a million different ways to go about finding one's sound. There are more options than ever at a wider range of price points than ever. We have truly entered into the magic age of low budget import quality. There are many boutique one person shops (like Atarimatt's Idiotbox that you see on the ad to your left) that make affordable weird and unique pedals. It is true that collectability has become an increasing factor in the guitar pedal industry. Some manufacturers treat the pedal community like the comic book, toy, trading card, and record collecting community has treated their respective communities for years. Keeping up with the latest tonal, color, or function variant can be difficult and pointy-headed as collecting anything else. As many of us gear whores often say, it beats spending money on drugs. Yes it does. Does it beat spending money on funding a soup kitchen or tearing down Confederate monuments? Well, maybe not. But does it ultimately hurt anyone that folks are spending more time buying cool pedals? Maybe, but also maybe not.

Like any other sort of blanket statement, there's something to talk about here rather than just dismiss out of hand. There are many different ways to further the cause than climbing onto a stage and singing about it. To dismiss anyone who doesn't approach it that way doesn't help things at all. But maybe we might want to rise up from our pedalboard Tetris of the day and look around ourselves every so often and see what we can do to make things better too. — KELLY MENACE



# RECORD REVIEWS



## Ex Deo

### *The Thirteen Years of Nero*

While bands like Amon Amarth scratch the itch of metalheads who want to set sail and go on a viking (yes, it is also a verb!) in order to burn, pillage, and charge wildly into combat, where then is the love for those who are geared towards bringing order to a barbaric world, philosophizing, and strategizing a well-planned victory? Look no further than Canada's Ex Deo! Like Amon Amarth, this band has a propensity for creating melodic death metal, with a pinch of the rhythm-guitar-driven propensity of Bolt Thrower, but instead of Nordic mythology and history, the listener is treated to lesson in the history of the Roman Empire. Originally formed as a temporary side project by Maurizio Iacono, lead vocalist of Kataklysm, Ex Deo released three killer albums in the span of eight years. After the release of their highly acclaimed third offering, *The Immortal Wars*, it was uncertain if the band was to continue in their campaign to conquer the ears of melodeath fans everywhere, but all such worries were laid to rest with the release of *The Thirteen Years of Nero*.

*The Thirteen Years of Nero* is totally consistent with the

sound of the previous three releases, and blends seamlessly with the band's catalogue. Ex Deo's formula is one which is not only focused on sound, but also theatrics. The band always incorporates a very tasteful amount of symphonic elements which help to create the needed atmosphere for their historic epics. What I like about their approach to symphonic sounds is that it is not overdone, and does not detract from the melodic death metal elements. To add to their theatrics, Ex Deo has kept using sampling from various films, most notably the film *I, Claudius* in the song "The Fall of Claudius, and the band even creates their own spoken-word instances such as in "The Fiddle & the Fire." Another nice touch was the inclusion of Brittney Slayes as a guest vocalist to fulfill the role of Queen Boudicca in "Boudicca

(Queen of the Iceni)". It gives this album a true sense of performance that many death metal acts often lack. There is a definite cohesiveness to this album that binds all the songs together. From the start to the finish, it truly feels like a play with different acts and scenes that the listener is being escorted through.

Despite the elements which earn *The Thirteen Years of Nero* considerable praise, this album certainly has its drawbacks. For one, the production is far too clean. One of the things I loved about the first record was that it still had tinge of minimalist production which made it sound raw and unpolished, yet at the same time, epic and exhilarating. The other problem with this record is that, with a few notable exceptions, most of the songs are hardly memorable. And for crying out loud, in

an album about the madness of Nero, how did we not get a single song about the noble Stoic philosopher Seneca?? Very disappointing, in that respect!

Overall, *The Thirteen years of Nero* is a bit of a mixed bag. While consistency, epic storytelling, and incorporation of new methods to an already tried-and-true formula are notable, and executed very well, these elements are not enough to carry an entire album. Unlike the previous offerings, I did not find myself pumping my fist and singing along as much. It's not that the record is altogether terrible, it is simply not that memorable and lacks the strength to inspire repeated listens. For these reasons, I am giving *The Thirteen Years of Nero* a 3.5. — CALEB MULLINS



## Fotoform

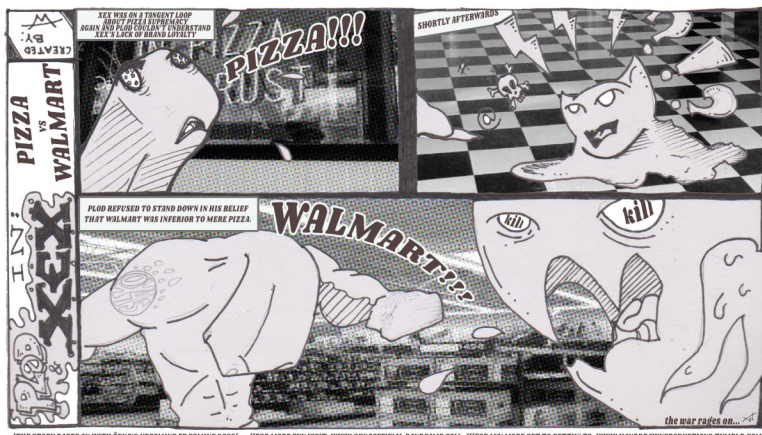
### *Horizons*

Out of the many diverse forms of music Seattle is renowned for one that perhaps you wouldn't think of is dreampop. That may change, thanks to this fantastic new album from Fotoform. This is not their first album. Their self-titled debut showed the band really just figuring out its sound,

especially bassist/vocalist Kim House whose vocals at times seemed tentative like she was still searching for her voice. Well, she and the band have indeed found their confidence and *Horizons* is full of that assertion.

There is nothing going on here that fans of gothic pop will not recognize. The vocals are dreamy, the bass guitar is boldly forward and chorus-pedaled, the guitars are alternately chimy and gauzy with lots of woozy modulation going on. If you've ever listened to Lush or The Pains of Being Pure At Heart you will know what I'm talking about. Pop music to take psychedelics to. One major addition to the band's sound is the solid foundational drumming of former Death Cab For Cutie member Michael Schorr. The vocals are upfront and the lyrics are mostly discernible. Songs like "Digging Trenches" show the band can write pop songs and certainly push the pop sound forward past the gothic or dreamy side, at times sounding more like late '80s synth guitar pop than other followers of the form. "We Only Have So Long" makes use of modern guitar effects for a more warped, warbly, and glitchy sound than one would normally find on a dreampop record with bits of piano and propulsive Boris Williams-esque drumming.

Mostly what is most apparent about *Horizons* is that Fotoform has a newfound confidence in presentation and the songwriting that is not only ever present on this new album but hints that the band is perhaps just beginning to hit its stride. I can't wait to hear what comes next for them. — KELLY MENACE



"THE STORY RAGES ON WITH EXO'S UPCOMING EP COMING SOON!"

"FOR MORE FUN VISIT: WWW.EXOOFFICIAL.BANDCAMP.COM"

"FOR MORE 'MORE GET TO GETTY' TO: WWW.BANDRAMPPRODUCTIONS.TEMLA.COM"

# CONCERT CALENDAR

**12/2—The Vintage Ramekins @ The 101, Bryan.**  
9pm

**12/3—Ride the Panda, Punk Rock Karaoke , The Prof Fuzz 63 @ The 101, Bryan.** 9pm

**12/4—The Shutups, Mutant Love, Big Fuk, Sex Nap, Female Demand @ The 101, Bryan.** 5pm

**12/4—The Selfless Lovers, Jon Couch @ Grand Stafford, Bryan.** 8pm

**12/5—Big Gay Drag Brunch @ The 101, Bryan.**  
3pm

**12/10—Drew Theiring, Torin Franklin @ The 101, Bryan.** 9pm

**12/11—Joshua Ray Walker, Thomas Csorba @ Grand Stafford, Bryan.** 8pm

**12/16—Mad Rant, Martian Scorsese, Wezmer @ The 101, Bryan.** 9pm

**12/17—Dayeater, Being Dead, Wisdom Cat @ The 101, Bryan.** 9pm

**12/19—Big Gay Drag Brunch @ The 101, Bryan.**  
3pm

**12/18—Sneaky Pete Rizzo @ The 101, Bryan.**  
9pm

**1/1—101 First Anniversary Party feat. Mutant Love, Colton French, Mary-Charlotte Young @ The 101, Bryan.** 8pm

**1/2—Big Gay Drag Brunch @ The 101, Bryan.**  
3pm

**1/8—M.D.C., Noggy, Sykotic Tendencies @ The 101, Bryan.** 9pm

**1/14—The Vintage Ramekins @ The 101, Bryan.**  
9pm

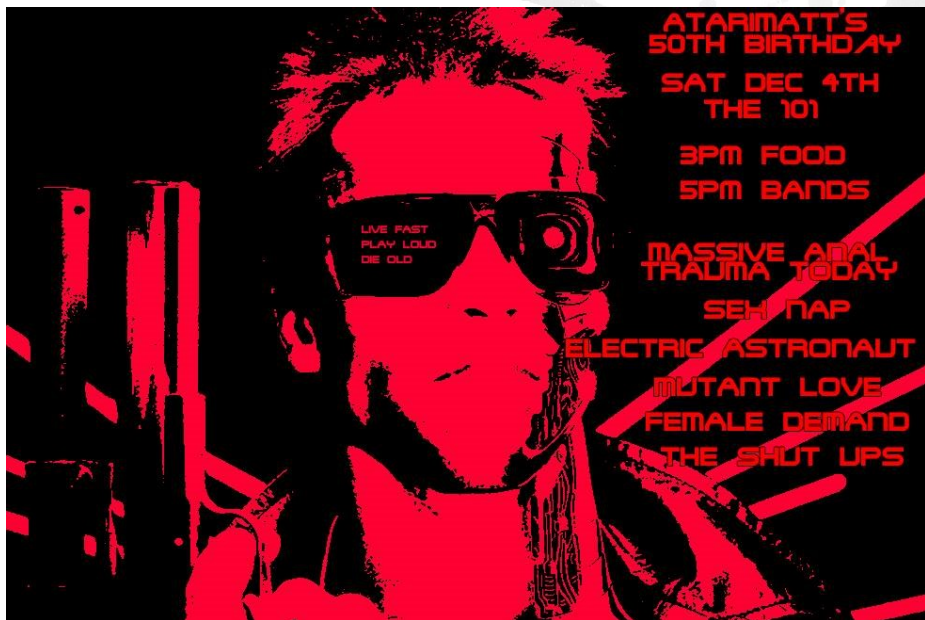
**1/15—Dante Elephante @ Grand Stafford, Bryan.**  
8pm

**1/15—Colton French @ The 101, Bryan.** 9pm

**1/16—Big Gay Drag Brunch @ The 101, Bryan.**  
3pm

**1/21—The Resonant Rogues @ The 101, Bryan.**  
9pm

**1/22—School of Rock End of Season Showcase @ The 101, Bryan.** 9pm





# ARSENAL

**TATTOO & DESIGN**



**HISTORIC  
DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS**

**arsenaltattoo.com**