

STOREREPRESENT



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for the discerning dirtbag.**

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folks that did the other shit for us

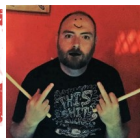
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OK BOOMER

It is amazing to me how quick the Internet is to shoot down some ageist, generational bullshit in a way that completely crawls under the skin of old people. I am referring to the "OK Boomer" memes flying around these days. The comment refers to Baby Boomers, the septuagenarian generation whose cultural and economic thumb we have lived under my entire life. As a solid Gen X'er I have been told that I was really born too late, that everything cool that could possibly happen already happened in the '60s and too bad for me because I wasn't there. Boomers single handedly made casual sex cool, had the rad drugs, had the best rock & roll, and their peace and love changed the world. Too bad for you, '70s kid. You get to grow up under Reagan, high interest rates, single parent latchkey homes, the destruction of pensions, the threat of nuclear annihilation, "Just Say No", doing a drug once could get you hooked for life, and having sex once could doom you to death.

Of course, the '80s were bad but we made our own culture out of it. Madonna, Nirvana, hip-hop, graffiti, breakdancing, Atari and Nintendo, skateboarding, David Lynch, Cinemax After Dark, home computers, MIDI, emergent gay culture, and so many other interesting achievements. So perhaps it wasn't the most awful of trade-offs but it has always irked me the sort of smirky smugness that Baby Boomers have held over my generation that they had it great and we get their dregs. Generation X posed no threat to the Boomers. We were too busy being cynical, distrustful, jaded beyond our years slackers. Leave it to Millennials, the digital natives, those who've lived entire lives beneath the shadow of Boomer wars and the economic wasteland of the Great Recession to call out their elders on their bullshit. What do you mean you've bankrupted education, hollowed out the middle class, gerrymandered away our votes, legislated away women's rights to body autonomy, let the health care industry run away with record profits, doped us to infinity with rampant oxycontin, sacrificed the planet so the 1% who've hoarded away the vast majority of the country's wealth can earn millions more, and then inflict Trump on the country as your last hurrah? OK Boomer, fuck you.

And it is an immense pleasure to watch Baby Boomers squirm under the scrutiny and to become agast in horror at the audacity of someone dismissing the true Greatest Generation as irrelevant. How dare! Well, they had their chance and they fucked it up. Royally. And it's going to depend upon Millennials, Gen Z, and whatever comes after them and maybe a handful more generations to undo the hurt that Boomers did to this country and the planet in a 50 year period. We may never recover from it. One thing is certainly for sure. The Baby Boomer Generation will eventually perish from the Earth. And those left behind can get on with the work of undoing what was carelessly and greedily done. The true travesty will be that Boomers will not get to see everything they inflicted on the world turned to dust, rendered unnecessary, forgotten and cast away to the back corners of history books. No longer will the Boomer move the world. The world will continue to turn on its own, with every revolution reducing the corpse of the Baby Boom to return to nothing. Heh, and then the snowflakes can fuck it up well and good on their own. —

KELLY MENACE

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HOW TO LEAVE A CONCERT



Have you ever wanted to leave while you were at a concert?

Maybe you know the guitarist, and he's been REALLY wanting you to come watch his band...but they aren't really that good. Maybe you need a cigarette, maybe you tried to drink from an empty glass, maybe you thought you were gonna fart, and hide it amongst the smelly horde of moshers, but you sharted instead, and now you need to b-line to the bathroom. But, you don't want the band to know you left?

Well, here are some easy tips on how and when to leave.

- 1.) Don't leave between songs. That's when they will be looking out at the crowd for admiration.
- 2.) Make sure your guitarist friend who is trying so very hard, has seen you in the crowd...hopefully smiling and applauding or pointing or devil horning.
- 3.) Slowly, start slipping behind a couple of people. One easy way to do this is by starting a mosh pit. Pick a young dude who is there with his friends. He probably has been wanting to mosh the whole time, you will be the spark for his dynamite. Just push him into his friend. Hard enough to not be mistaken for an accidental bump, but not so hard that the violence turns and grabs you and throws you smack dab into the pit. As the moshing starts, feign your way to a safe distance toward the back of the venue.
- 4.) Leave during an intense part of the song, like a solo or a jam part. Just watch his eyes...although at this point, he probably won't be able to see you with the "Adrenaline Blindness" filling up his brain. He's gonna be paying attention to rocking.
- 5.) While you are gone, keep an ear out for the words, "We have one more song for you!" or something to that effect, then you can slip back in and give him a high five when they are done.

What you say to him at this point is crucial.

Don't say, "It looked like you were having fun!" (which is a dead give-away that you didn't like it) or "Oh, gosh, I shit myself and missed half the show!" No, he doesn't need to hear that. It won't make sense to him. That's also not a good enough reason to miss the most amazing band you'll ever hear. Pick something concrete and specific. Try, "Your tone was fire!" or, "I really loved that slow song. It took me on a journey!" (of course, make sure they actually had a slow song).

Another thing you can try is pointing out someone else in the band, like, "OMG, your bassist is a lunatic!" Again, make sure the bassist at least danced a little. "Do you guys have merch?" is almost always a winner, because if they do, they'll either tell you where it is, or ask you to give them a minute to pack up their gear. If they don't, then they will probably apologize and acknowledge that they need merch. Either one of those takes the focus off the fact that you left and didn't particularly enjoy them.

Another, more honest approach is to tell him that the music wasn't your style, but my advice is that you don't say that right after their set. Let them celebrate, because they obviously like what they are doing. Tell them that in a few days, or the next time they tell you they are playing a show.

So, here's the thing about a Shoobiedoobies show: you won't want to leave...even if your underwear are overflowing with liquid, hot shit. Not even if you got stabbed in the eye with a stiletto heel. Not even if someone grabs you to join them in the bathroom. Not even if you think it's boring. You will be hypnotized. In fact, this is part of the hypnosis. When you finish reading this, you'll want to go to a Shoobiedoobies show. Yeah, really.

Also, we know when you leave, we see it all...and it hurts.
— JORGE GOYCO

TOP 10 FILMS OF 2019



Here's a list my top ten movies from the 10s based on what I've seen and what continues to stick with me as the decade closes, presented in alphabetical order.

Arrival – brilliantly inventive science fiction that's grounded at a human scale, dealing with the ways that we communicate with each other in conflict and in seeking connection.

First Reformed – a *Taxi Driver*-style tale centered around climate change and weighing it in context of sacred responsibilities. Ethan Hawke gives one of his best performances.

Get Out – thriller/horror hybrid that is brilliantly paced, dashed with humor in the right places, and layers a perfect metaphor for African-American struggles in white society.

Lady Bird – a personally-inspired story with possibly the most fully-drawn mother-daughter character relationship in the movies. Also a funny yet realistic high school setting with commentary on wealth.

The Lego Movie – too fun of a movie to leave off the list. Love the animation style, fast-paced quips, and personality given to these toys to make an IP-driven project

truly worthwhile.

Mad Max: Fury Road – incredible that this movie got made and in what it delivered. A two-hour car-chase in the desert with stunning visuals, unparalleled imagination, and strong female characters.

Paddington 2 – family film full of heart and actual laughs, along with story about immigrants. Hugh Grant is fully committed and hamming it up as the smiling villain.

Sicario – enough violence and tension to make even those desensitized to it anxious, centered around war at the border with drug cartels and the lengths beyond law that institutions will go.

The Social Network – for all the fast talking from this Sorkin-penned script, this movie is a slow build of tension that is perfectly paced and scored, lifting an investor lawsuit to *Godfather*-level importance.

Spider-Man: Into the Spider-verse – a breath of fresh air in comic book movies, both in story and approach. Built with a ground-breaking animation style that makes the screen feel tactile. — TODD HANSEN



ASK CREEPY HORSE

Are parents supposed to know the giant pieces of shit that we turned out be? Because my father recently found no humor in my relating the story about going to a strip club with a couple of lesbians I know and the stripper falling on the ground mid dance screaming that her "pussy was cramping". I thought it was hilarious. One day I will write my memoirs and it will be fucking glorious. I've tried so hard for a good majority of my life to be good but as Liza Minnelli once sang, "A tiger is a tiger, not a lamb." My memories don't go back so far, as I'm sure a conglomerate of benders, drugs, alcohol and straight up denial has put a stop any breeches there.

My father recently had some incredibly horrid health problems and long story short in less than a week he could have been stone cold dead no less than three times. It was during a procedure that my baby sister would lean in and tell me "To be honest, I always thought you'd be dead long before dad." I didn't get butt hurt or bothered in the least with that statement. My brain didn't register to in any form be insulted.

If anything I matter-of-factly agreed. Look. I don't believe anyone should live as I do. Hell, I shouldn't live as I do. But I do have a strong working theory. Hear me out. So if a typical random normal person goes off the straight and narrow, takes to partying hard and going crazy it typically takes them out right? They dead. D-e-d. Dead. And when a roughneck partier tried to go the straight and narrow? Same outcome. Case in point, Keith Moon, Amy Winehouse, Lemmy Kilmister. In fact, as soon as Lemmy made the statement he was switching from his beloved whiskey to vodka, I began to mourn.

As Hank Williams Sr. once sang, "No matter how struggle and strive, I'll never get out of this world alive." None of us will. My motto has been this far, "Ain't killed me yet..." I mean I'm not about to start shooting heroin into my jugular and playing skeelo in darkened back alleys. Even I have my limits. But with what I do, I think I'll be okay. As previously stated, I was sober. For nearly a year and a half, I was in a program and dedicated to sobriety. And then I wasn't. In step work they make you

face anyone you could possibly have ever wronged. I was forced by former addicts with no real professional training to face very painful and horrible circumstances. I was told routinely I was powerless. It was celebrated no matter how bored, miserable or depressed I ever was. People with not a single understanding of me or who I was, bossed me around letting me know what was "best" for me.

I'm a grown ass fucking woman. At the time, my employment depended a lot on my sobriety and I fully felt manipulated by it. I will not be chastised for taking needed cough syrup that happened to have 3% alcohol in it. I do not do well to being micromanaged and although I can be patient, I will inevitably push back. Each and every time.

I had to sever relationships and some just were severed for me when I didn't live up to expectations. It does sometimes hurt when I cannot be accepted for just me. It's odd. Folks fall in love with me but constantly strive to change me and mold me into what they want. I've allowed it but now I see the pattern and do my best to avoid it. Do I not see that these folks care and want the best, yes. I also see when I'm being smothered and quite possibly not being accepted for who I am.

I've always had to fight to be who I am even when I didn't know who that was. I could tell you who I'm not with ease. I am a scallywag. I am debauchorous. I am going to get into trouble and I'm going to enjoy it. Life is short and we will all be dead. In my mind, there is no afterlife. Once we are gone, we're gone.

So am I going to waste my time being someone I'm not? Suffering to live to the expectations of others? Society? Religious concepts?

Fuck no.

I'm going to make mistakes. I'm going to probably fuck up. I'm going to choose to stay out late at a show and party with friends over getting to bed at a reasonable hour so I can be productive the next day. But in the end, the best thing of all, I'm going to be me. And I love that
— CREEPY HORSE



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DRUNK DETECTIVE STARKNESS



Me: Good Morning, Alcoholism! What's that? Is it 4AM on Christmas Eve and I haven't done any Christmas shopping, but judging from this all too familiar ache in the back of my liver, you still want me to start drinking, regardless of the fact that we were supposed to get up early and drive up to some kinda store today?

Alcoholism: Well, hey, buddy, I at least got the part where you wake up early down. It is really early. So you're also still half plastered from yesterday and I'm demanding that you start drinking again, but at least you're awake. It's best if you don't think about the fact that the reason you are awake is a horrible old chemical addiction that won't let you sleep any longer than it takes for booze to flow through your system. Fact is, you're up. Let's concentrate on that.

Me: Ugh. All of that is true, I suppose. But still, the part where you're demanding that I start drinking at 4AM when we were supposed to go Christmas shopping is kinda problematic. I have to see my bio family tomorrow, and while my drunk family understands the, "Hey, got drunk but I'm here with booze" answer to any holiday, my bio family actually behaves like normal humans. I'm expected to show up with gifts and shit. And how am I supposed to do that if we start drinking now and can't drive? And also, why haven't we done this sooner? It's the age of the internet. All it would have taken is the click of a few buttons sometime in July to get this done?

Alcoholism: Look, there was a lot of getting drunk, playing pool, shit posting, and getting drunk to get done. I'm sorry, I just couldn't fit Xmas shopping into that busy schedule.

Me: Ah, I see. Yup, sounds like you were suuuuuuuuuuper busy. Well, that makes sense, you fuck wit. But again, all of that is forgiven, so long as you let me sober up for five seconds this morning and get this last minute shopping done. Just chill for one morning, ok?

Alcoholism: We can both be happy here. Just hear me out, I have a plan.

Me: I absolutely hate the fact that I'm listening to you, but ok.

Alcoholism: Ok, here's the plan. You live within conceivable walking distance to the mall, right?

Me: I mean, conceivable, yes, but it's a couple a miles. Not something me or Blacked Out Me really wants to be doing. (See, BO Me, buddy, I look out for you when I can.)

Alcoholism: Ah come on, what's a couple of miles walking between us morning drunks? Here's what you do: You open that beer, keep that 4AM buzz on and walk up

to the mall after we have a couple. Boom! Xmas shopping gets done and we get to get drunk all day at the same time. Strap the fuck in, Starkness, we're going on a fucking adventure, walking around this stupid city on Christmas Eve! Me: Dammit. So we're gonna treat this holiday like we do getting home from a random dive bar? Just walking for miles, drunk as shit, because we couldn't afford to or figure out how to call a cab? That's what we're doing with our lives now?

Alcoholism: Well, kinda. Ya. But we'll be drunk as shit for it?

Me: Fuck. OK. But please, please, Alcoholism, do not take the part where my 4AM drunk ass is listening to you and totally gonna follow your instructions to mean that they make any kind of rational sense. None of my life with you is real. We exist in some kind of weird sur-reality, where the laws of physics bend to the laws of blood chemistry. THIS IS NOT A REAL LIFE.

Also, since Ima do this thing for you. Can you please take "I Think We're Alone Now" off repeat on our computer. It's been a week, with this 80's pop in my ears. I'm getting kinda sick of it.

Blacked Out Me: DON'T DO IT ALCOHOLISM! Tiffany is love. Tiffany is life. We need her just as much as we need booze to function. I can't explain it, but you're just gonna have to live with it. You know I'm the one gonna be makin' this walk.

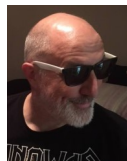
Me: Fine. Fucking, fine. I don't know why I even act like I have any kinda agency in this relationship. You're both just gonna do what you do. I give up. Yup, let's walk up to mall, drinking brown bag deuces and singing "I Think We're Alone Now" the whole way. That's what we are doing today. I actually think getting arrested is the best case scenario.

=====

And the worst part is, it worked. I walked myself up to the mall, drunker than nine sheets, hung out behind a dumpster, after buying a sixer off the closest gas station, it was kinda raining but whatever, walked into the mall after the real stores opened and got me some Xmas presents at 8AM and then went back to that same gas station before I walked home. And I thought, as I sat in the wet grass, drinking another tall can, "How did this happen, again?" Yes, you heard me right. Again. As in, I knew where the closest place to sell beer was and where I could go hide and drink it, at 8AM on Christmas Eve in College Station. Because I have done this before. And I will do it again.

Merry Fucking Christmas, ya filthy animals. —
STARKNESS

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THE BEST & WORST OF 2019

Best show of the year: Idles/Fontaines DC. This show was that “Indie Rock” doesn’t have to be the preserve of white privilege eunuch man/children afraid of their own shadow and perplexed over which of 80 guitar pedals they will use next. Both bands write intelligent catchy songs that are influenced by past musical movements without wallowing in nostalgia. Honorable mention: Rolling Stones, Titus Andronicus, Bob Mould, Stiff Little Fingers, San La Muerte festival

Album of the year: Bob Mould *Sunshine Rock*. This album continues a hot streak Bob Mould has been on since *Silver Age*. *Sunshine Rock* splits the difference between the better moments of Sugar and his solo material. Bob Mould rocks harder, better and more convincingly than musician half his age.

Best TV: Some multi part documentary on Netflix or elsewhere. This is the possibly the best time in the history of TV to see well done documentaries: *ReMastered*, *The Devil Next Door*, *The Creepy Line*, *The Great Hack*. The bad news is none of these are likely to produce any sort of substantive change. This isn’t the fault of the aforementioned documentaries. This is the product of a society that more willingly gets excited about a meme of a lady screaming a white cat, than the society around them that is falling apart.

Book of the Year: *Burning Down the Haus* by Tim Mohr. *Burning Down the Haus* tells the inspiring story of East German Punk rockers before the fall of Communism. This is the rare instance of political punk talking the talk and walking the walk. To be a “punk rocker” in East Germany in the 1980’s meant interrogation/beating by the Stasi (secret police), harassment of family members of the offenders, and possible jail time. Yet this punk rock movement flourished with clandestine shows, bootlegged bands on illegal cassettes, and active protests against the regime. In some instances, after arresting the same offenders several times, they would be offered freedom in the West. Most chose not to take this way out. In one instance a band member was jailed for 18 months for writing anti-state lyrics. Upon his release he was told not to start another band so he promptly started another band. Would I have the commitment to play music in the face of police beating and jail time? I don’t know. The slogan of these punk rockers was “Don’t die in the waiting room of the future.” and they lived by that advice. The message of the book is crystal clear. Change comes from direct action not from talking. *Burning Down the Haus* is very highly recommended and is a portrait of a time when music could actually change the world.

Worst of 2019: The Clown car that is the roster of Democratic Presidential nominees. This should be/could be a slam dunk for the Left. The solution is simple: agree

upon a presidential candidate that can beat a lying, scandal ridden, potentially treasonous president – who will almost certainly be impeached – who is caught in lies daily. Instead, the Democratic Party offers the voters a cavalcade of B-team politico also-rans, wannabes, has-beens, and neverweres who couldn’t get above 1-2% in a poll if they offered people free drinks and money (Yang anyone?). Honestly, if BETO couldn’t beat a Senatorial candidate who was too much of an asshole even for Republicans, how could he beat Trump in a field already littered with a sea of other losers poling at 1-2%? Answer, he couldn’t. At least BETO had the good sense to drop out. If only common sense was contagious in the Democratic Party.

If anybody on the left could be bothered to read history (i.e., get your fucking faces out of your goddamn phones for one fucking minute), they would find that The Democratic Party tried the “everything but the kitchen sink” approach to presidential candidates in 1972 and got their asses handed to them on a plate with Nixon winning by a landslide; a landslide won even with a presidential scandal beginning to brew (sounds familiar doesn’t it?). What is even more pathetic is the doctrinaire points of leftist minutia violently squabbled over by supporters of the Democratic Candidates. Ask yourself this question: At the end of the day, is there REALLY any substantive difference between the platforms of Elizabeth Warren and Bernie Sanders? To hear supporters of one of the other blather on, supporting the “wrong” person is tantamount to selling out the country. Really? Are you seriously telling me that if “your” candidate doesn’t get the nomination, you would take your bat and go home? While common sense may not be contagious, tribalism evidentially is. Furthermore, all this squabbling is meaningless if you don’t win the election. Having more candidates running for president than wrestlers in a WWE Royal Rumble is a sure way to ensure this doesn’t happen.

I would love to be proven wrong. I’m hoping very seriously that I’m proven wrong but at present this looks unlikely. If the Democrats lose the presidential election in 2020 – which is very likely – they will likely blame Russian interference in the elections for their loss. Yes, there is conclusive evidence the Russians interfered in the last presidential election. However, as shocking as you might find this, every website or Facebook meme that doesn’t agree 100% with your political position is NOT a product of the Kremlin. Throwing out this accusation constantly diminishes the actual instances of this occurring being taken seriously. I keep trying to tell myself that the Democratic party will pull it together. Perhaps the arguing, especially online, is simply posturing, scoring points and trying to be seen as the “most liberal”. At present, I’m not terribly optimistic. Well, it was great country while it lasted. Expect the documentation about this on Netflix in 2021. — RENTED MULE

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TOMORROWLAND

The door of the Machine hissed, and the girl came out at a run, eager, fists clenched and legs pumping, as if the door had opened up to ice cream and roller coasters and every birthday wish. She skidded, then, to a stop, her sneakers sliding in ash and grit.

So this was it. The future.

Her heart roared in her ears as she stared at the choked sky, the dull earth, the craters and cracks that scarred the jagged horizon. Amid the charred trees and rubble, she saw only one recognizable object, and she walked toward it: a park bench, neat and trim in fresh green paint, where an old man rested with his cane propped up beside him. He turned to her as she approached, his eyes shimmering with regret.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's hardly what you were expecting, I'm sure. Hardly what I ever hoped for, myself."

There was nothing to say to that, so she shook her head and sat down next to him.

"When I was your age, there were rockets. Great shining things." He smiled at the memory. "For you, there should have been vast space ships. Green lands. Cities in the clouds. Planets lined up like jawbreakers in a candy store. All with beautiful horizons."

"Maybe there are," she said. "Farther out."

He shook his head. "I've tried. I've looked all over. Miles and ages." He pointed in each direction. "Over there, they fight for oil. Over there, they fight for water. Over there..." His hand waved a fluttering trail like a frail butterfly. "Over there, they just *fight*."

Neither spoke for a long time. From somewhere came staccato gunfire, and from somewhere else the steady thump of marching. "Rockets," the old man sighed, as if it were the name of someone he'd loved long ago, and lost, but would always love.

The girl scuffed the toe of her sneaker in the gray-brown dust, drawing lines and smoothing them over. The future. *Her future*. The one she'd worked so hard to see, the one she'd dreamed about so many times. Disappointment flared to anger, and then anger cooled to something quiet and steady, something that pulsed with her breath and her heart, a solid stillness she'd never known was there.

"We could make it," she said. "Both of us. There's plenty of room."

She could hear the replies in the silence that followed, all those things she'd already heard so many times, all the reasons why not, why it wouldn't work, why it couldn't happen, why it shouldn't be. *Yes, but. Well, actually. Maybe, if.*

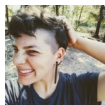
The old man stood and leaned on his cane. He looked toward the horizon, and then he looked back at her. "It will take a long time."

She nodded, standing next to him now, watching black smoke rise from a distant explosion. "But maybe there'll be others." She thought of the people fighting out there. With nothing left to destroy, maybe some would want to build. Maybe the old man wasn't the only one who remembered. Maybe she wasn't the only one who still hoped.

She held out her hand, and he took it.

"Maybe," he said. The word was a whisper and a promise and a prayer, and together, they got up and headed north. — STARKNESS

ANARCHY FROM THE GROUND UP



After social isolation for three years and constant dialogue with pigs, chickens, and cats, I have really tweaked my person into an interesting character. As I am living off the farm now and experiencing daily life in the Big Town, I have a lot of creative thoughts that fly around in my brain.

When and where is it acceptable to not wear shoes? How often do you shower? Where does that water go? Is it recycled? Is it weird for my neighbors to see me nude in my own yard? Will they call the cops? What days are the best days to go dumpster diving for food? Is that pile of wood on the curb for anyone to pick up? What about that pile of pallets? Is that a bag of leaves? Is that SEVEN bags of leaves? What kind of noise violation will I get if I decide that I want to own geese? Can you pee in the bushes?

So anyway, lots of interesting questions. Lots of opportunity to get arrested. One thought that kept persisting through my first days living amongst civilization was "WHY THE HELL AM I THROWING AWAY A BANANA PEEL?" On the farm, we compost everything or we have a scrap bucket for the pigs. Remember the very horny pigs? Well, they are also very hungry. Nothing is wasted. We either feed an animal, multiple animals or compost to feed the soil. Almost immediately I set about to change my circumstances because not composting was unacceptable to me. I brought a broken plastic swimming pool from the farm and threw it in a secluded corner of the yard, I raked a pile of leaves to fill it, threw the banana peels on top and now I have a half ass composting system.

And that's it, folks! That's the least amount of effort you have to put forward to save almost 30% of the waste that we produce on this planet. Our food scraps and yard waste can all be composted and returned to the soil. If you like growing plants, you can grow your own soil too! If you like science, enjoy a great lesson in decomposition and a super cool microbiome.

All composting requires three basic ingredients:

Browns — This includes materials such as dead leaves, branches, and twigs.
Greens — This includes materials such as grass clippings, vegetable waste, fruit scraps, and coffee grounds.
Water — Having the right amount of water, greens, and browns is important for compost development.

Give it a try, y'all! The dormant winter season is a great time to build up a healthy compost pile. As soon as spring returns, you'll be amazed at what nature is capable of producing when all the right ingredients are available. You'll pat yourself on the back and plant some bomb ass tomatoes. And hopefully, it will become a habit that you can share with your community, just like I am sharing it with you. Think about how much waste we could keep out of our landfills if we established a community composting program!

(Also, if anyone does know the city ordinance on geese, please holler at your girl.) — HALEY RICHARDSON

PLACES I'VE POOPED: SLIGHT RETURN

A while ago I wrote about all the places I've pooped. Well, bathrooms I've used anyway. So I thought I'd write about a few more. And for the most part, I am still fairly disappointed in bathrooms. I still think they are a missed opportunity. They could be an extension of the deco and aesthetic of the business.

Cafe Excell — This was a recommendation from Kelly. He said it was like stepping into the wardrobe to Narnia. I'll give him this, it's a cool bathroom, but I was disappointed that I wasn't pooping among fur coats and pine trees. It's a completely closed bathroom with dark wooden walls all around. I felt very private, which is nice when I'm pushing a grumpy.

Milner All Gender — Ever since Ally McBeal presented a naked lady in a coed bathroom, I've been piqued. Well, in Milner Hall on Campus, on the bottom floor, there's an All Gender bathroom. So far I've dumped in there twice, and both times I was alone in there. I don't know what I'm expecting, and I'll probably close up shop if someone walks in while I'm mid-turtle, but I'll keep trying.

Parker Astin Arts Center — This art studio work-space is cool and interesting, and they've done well to bring art into the bathroom. It makes it a nice experience. One thing of note (unless they've fixed it by now) is that the door sounds like a goat. I love that. I like creaky doors. It's a thing I guess. Do I wish the art in there was about popping a squat? Yep.

Kick Butt Coffee (Austin) — This bathroom was mostly normal, except for all the band stickers everywhere. Like...everywhere. That's what I liked about it. This was the first place I'd seen a sticker inside the bowl of the toilet. I thought that was genius. I added a Shoobiedoobies sticker in there. I made sure not to touch anything, but even still, I washed my hands so much after that.

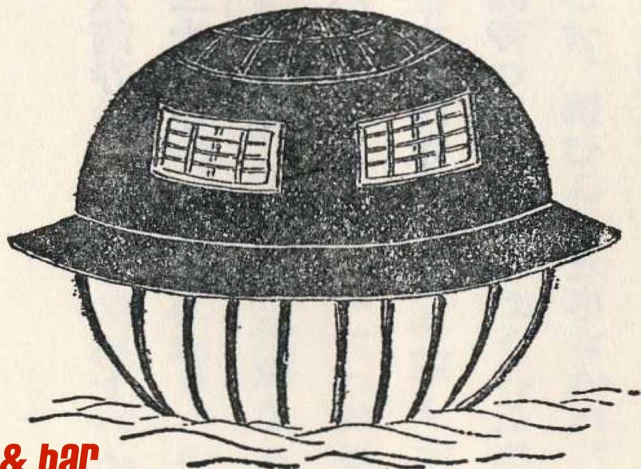
3rd Floor Academic Building — On campus, in the Academic Building, on the NorthWest side on the third floor, there's a bathroom that was so quiet and serene. It seemed barely used. I haven't gone back, but I will, and I'm hoping never to see any of you there. Just forget you read this.

Plush (Austin) — This tiny little night club has a bathroom that doesn't lock. That's terrible. It's not the easiest thing to hold the door shut while peeing, and if someone DID in fact open the door, it's right next to the front of the stage, so I'm sure tons of eyeballs will get a gander of the whiteness of my butt cheek. Needless to say, I didn't poop here. Maybe I regret that a little. Whatever. The cool thing about this bathroom is that every single inch of wall and ceiling has either a sticker of writing on it. Pretty amazing and chaotic. I enjoy that place. It's small, underground and sounds great.

Wonko's Guest Bathroom — To be honest, Katie and Wonko's whole house is the tits, but the bathroom is just perfect. It's got the same retro-kitch seeping in from the rest of the house. I love their house, and although I have never dropped deuce in their bathroom. I will...one day. I've accidentally stayed in there too long staring at the art or looking at the fart book or the other not-for-children children's books in there. Man those peeps have good taste.

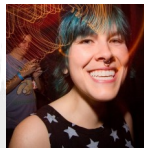
Arsenal Tattoo — This bathroom is so clean. The art is cool, the temperature is perfect. The funny thing is that most people that use this bathroom are in searing pain. I think that's pretty interesting. So, the chill vibe of their bathroom is a really nice brain offset. Like, if it was chaotic and messy, some might want to leave mid-inking. Well, probably not. Considering these artists are, well, artists, it's a cool bathroom and respite from holding back the tears from the relentless mind numbing buzz and quarter million needle stabs. — JORGE GOYCO

charm bomb the wheel workers the prof.fuzz 63



**DEC. 28. 9PM. \$5
revolution cafe & bar**

SALACIOUS VEGAN CRUMBS



Holidays can be dumb when relatives choose to not understand why you're not eating the roast or the cheesecake (you've told them every year for the past three years! Come on!). Keep this in your pocket so you always know the right thing to say!

Dumb Remark #1 — Oh, So-And-So, that has flour in that! You can't have that!

Naughty: Oh, right, I forgot! Flour is made from the ground bones of baby cows, who were ripped from their mothers' udders at midnight on the third Monday in February under a waxing gibbous.

Nice: I think you're mixing up vegan and gluten-free — gluten-free is a dietary restriction that people who are sensitive or allergic to gluten stick to so they don't hurt their tummies. Vegans can have flour because it doesn't ever come from an animal.

Dumb Remark #2 — Can't you have some meat?! It's the holidays! Grandma Agatha Beauregard Maybelline slaved over a hot oven all day! Just eat it! It's just one meal!

Naughty: Alright, fine, we're allowed to suspend our moral compasses for a day? Well, then I'm using my holiday to fly to Mar-A-Lago and bury the president in a sand trap — permanently! And where were you last year at the big BBQ bash I threw? You pitched a fit because you couldn't go one meal without meat and left! BBQ IS SMOKE AND TIME! SMOKE AND TIME!!

Nice: I'm sorry, grandma, I'm not eating anything from an animal this year. I'm not judging you or your meal, and I bet it turned out delicious! It's just not for me.

Dumb Remark #3 — What if you're on a desert island or stranded in your car or in an end of the world scenario where you're forced to eat meat only MREs (actual question, not question from my brother at Thanksgiving)?

Naughty: Push their face away from yours, full palm

Nice: Veganism is about doing what's practical to avoid animal suffering. If I'm in a situation where I really cannot get anything to keep myself alive beside something that caused an animal to suffer, it's no longer practical and I'll make a decision. But honestly, I probably wouldn't be able to kill a little island piggy, and I'm guessing you wouldn't be able to, either.

Dumb Remark #4 — BUT BACON!

Naughty: Bacon has always sucked, currently sucks, and will always suck! Is it supposed to be crispy? Or floppy? How is it always both?! It's 50% salt! And the smell?! This is why other countries hate Americans.

Nice: Bacon is one food. It's salt and fat. There are tons of other things that I eat that can get that same point across. It's not worth it to me to hurt a pig, who's just as smart as Zootdog, just so my breakfast is classic.

Dumb Remark #5 — You really should eat this, you need the protein!

Naughty: You're right! Meat, dairy, and eggs are the only thing on earth that have protein. I'm so weak, though, from lack of protein — could you please fold my fingers into a fist and then throw that fist at your face?

Nice: Actually, most foods have protein. There are powerhouses like seitan, tofu, tempeh, beans, and nuts, but vegetables like peas, broccoli, and grains have protein, too. And fiber, to boot! In fact, only 3% of Americans are protein deficient, whereas 97% are fiber deficient (and I'm not one of them)!

Dumb Remark #6 — But why are you eating a vegan roast that's supposed to look and taste like meat when you're vegan? Aren't you supposed to think it's gross?

Naughty: Riight, because a veggie burger tootally looks like a cow. And veggie nuggets totally look like a chicken.

Nice: No — I didn't go vegan because I didn't like burgers or dad's brisket. I did it because I could no longer be a part of the abuse and suffering that happens in the weeks and months before those meals hit my plate. If a carrot can taste like a hotdog, I'm in!

Dumb Remark #7 — You know, that whatever whatever was pretty good! It didn't even taste vegan!

Naughty: Taste vegan? I'll show you what tastes vegan! [Insert fist into their mouth]

Nice: Thank you! But I'm not really sure what you mean by "tastes vegan". I just cooked something that I thought tasted really good!

Dumb Remark #8 — [Vegan Cookies/Cake/Anything with fat] You can't eat that, that's not healthy!

Naughty: Yeah?! Well maybe you should lay off the bacon and sweet tea, too, Aunt Bertha, you fat cow! Uncle Bert might get confused turn you into a burger if you don't!

Nice: I'm vegan, I'm not on a diet. As long as an animal wasn't harmed in the making of these treats, it's A-OK!

Dumb Remark #9 — So you know you're not going to change anything by going vegan, right?

Naughty: I'll tell you one thing that's changed, I don't have to eat your horrid homemade headcheese aspic anymore! Hallelujah!

Nice: That's not true, I have a friend who went vegan because of me. Burger King has a vegan burger now. Dairy companies are folding left and right. CoverGirl stopped testing on animals this year. Things are changing!

Dumb Remark #10 — Don't let Cousin Vegan see you eat that meat, she'll cry snigger snigger snigger
Naughty: A spoon is a really great way to get mashed potatoes or any other goopy, gross food, across the table in a hurry. — KATIE KILLER



SMALL BUSINESS SATURDAY

Look, I love downtown Bryan. I really, really do. It is almost entirely populated by small businesses, and I really fucking love seeing the familiar faces and the community rally around each other. The fact that the only chain business downtown is Subway is pretty fucking cool. However the ideological and aesthetic view that there's something inherently just and beautiful about small-time entrepreneurs and mom and pop shops is bullshit.

In reality, small business promotion is mostly a bad idea. Small businesses pay lower wages, provide worse benefits, are often exempt from important worker protections, and are incompatible with the way unionization works in the US.

According to the Quarterly Census of Employment and Wages (QCEW), smaller employers pay their workers considerably less than larger employers. In Q1 2017 (most recent data I could find), firms with five to nine employees paid an average weekly wage of \$849. For firms with one thousand or more employees, the wage was \$1,793.

The wage premium enjoyed by workers in large firms has been documented for a long time and is present within most sectors and sub-sectors of the US economy.

The wages reported in the QCEW exclude certain benefits, such as health insurance. When you include those, the picture looks even worse for small businesses. In 2016, around 20 percent of firms with zero to nine employees offered health insurance. For firms with one thousand or more employees, it was 99.8 percent. (Another reason you need to be supporting Medicare 4 All).

In addition to small businesses providing their workers lower overall compensation, they also have less ability to construct the same elaborate benefit systems that larger employers can. It is very time-consuming to construct a welfare state, but that's literally what our government requires employers to do. Larger employers tend to have the resources to make welfare systems for their workers while smaller employers do not. Standard benefits packages include retirement, worker's comp, health insurance, and family and medical leave. All told, according to my HR manager in the office next door to me, my benefits package is an actual cost of about 40% of my base salary. Is it reasonable to have a 40% rise in price at a small tchotchke shop with two full time and three part time employees? And could they even

negotiate a deal that would allow a comparable benefits package to only cost 40%? Fuck no. The US labor code provides a variety of protections for workers in the country. Small businesses are generally exempted from those protections. To actually be subject to racial, gender, religious, or disability discrimination laws, you have to employ more than 15 people. To be subject to age discrimination and COBRA (health insurance after layoff/quitting) laws you have to have more than 20 employees. For family and medical leave protections for the workers, you have to have 50+ employees.

The National Labor Relations Act, which protects the rights of workers to act collectively and organize into unions, does not require an employer to have a specific number of employees to be covered. But, constitutionally speaking, only employers whose activity in interstate commerce exceeds a minimal level are subject to the NLRA. In practice what this means is that smaller businesses, defined in terms of gross revenue as opposed to number of employees, are exempted from the NLRA.

Even for workers in small businesses that are big enough to be covered by the NLRA, unionization is often not practical. Under US labor law, unions are organized on the establishment level, meaning employer by employer and worksite by worksite. Because union representation has a lot of fixed costs, it is just not feasible in many cases to represent small units of workers.

70% of Americans say they have a "great deal" or "quite a lot" of confidence in small business. For big business the same figure is 21 percent. Both major political parties can be seen singing small business' praises, Democrats as a wholesome alternative to big corporations and Republicans as capitalism's friendly face. But small businesses can be just as bad as large businesses and are, on average, much worse. They offer lower wages, skimpier benefits, and inferior labor protections.

This isn't to say small businesses are totally useless. The creation of new businesses, which often start out small, is one of the ways that innovation gets injected into the system. But there is a difference between supporting small entrants in order to keep open an important channel of innovation and supporting an economic structure that seeks to keep businesses permanently small. The latter would probably be a disaster — especially for workers.

Of course benevolent owners and managers exist in all levels of business. Oftentimes there is a pleasant atmosphere, and you really do get to know your coworkers

outside of the office. You know when birthdays are. You have parties when someone has a baby. You really do have a chance to take care of one another. When someone gets really sick or hurt or dies there is a communal space to rally.

The disparity between public perception and employee experience is not unique to specific workplaces. "Ethical small businesses" who maintain single or "silent partner" ownership are as deluded about their virtues as a Bezos or Elon Musk. They shine lights on the morality of ingredient sourcing and fair trade practices while their employees often aren't given a lunch break. They are praised by neighborhood publications for bringing business to the area, while cutting employee hours because they had the audacity to stay home with the flu. Often held up as models of feminism for leading a workforce while allowing the managers they hired to sexually harass their employees and customers.

When it comes down to it, small business owners in general can be snakes in a manner wholly unique to their peer group. More often than not, they are liberals who support environmental sustainability, universal healthcare, and social democracy in general. But, they are unwilling to cede any control of their shop, they are unwilling to actually share profits with the workforce, they are rarely open with any finances of the business to their employees, and instead of actually paying their employees they take them on a trip or weekend away and can and do close up shop temporarily or permanently with minimal consequences because it is 'their' business. Absenteeism is common, paychecks get withheld due to cash flow issues, and pay gets cut or adjusted at random intervals with no oversight.

No one should have employees under their control, and innovation isn't worth the disenfranchisement of an entire workforce. Material needs should be met. Work should provide a life able to be lived. At the end of the day an owner/investor can always withdraw their capital and go do something else. They can sell, they can move on, they can invest their time in a new idea allowing the old one to flounder. Look, I get that not everyone is cut out to be a day to day manager or operator, and wages should be based off of duties/experience, but people should at least have a say in how the business they work in is run. The barback who has an equity stake and voting rights in the business is going to give way more of a shit than the manager who just got told with no warning that their quarterly sales bonus is going away. — STARKNESS

SPIRITS IN THE FOREST

Tour documentaries are essentially another piece of tour merchandise. Such films have been done to death and follow a well-worn path meandering in the grey area between self-congratulation and rock star megalomania (the classic parody of such films *This is Spinal Tap*



skewers such films brilliantly and works for exactly this reason). In a best case scenario, the band can piece together enough quality songs from the tour to entice their loyal fans into buying said movie. In this case, it serves as a 3D tour program. Even in this scenario, you aren't likely to get great, or even cinema. However, since fans grade their favorite bands on a curve this hardly matters.

Depeche Mode's documentary *Spirits in the Forest* avoids the more cliché elements of the standard tour documentary by depicting the story of several fans from around the world traveling to the final show of Depeche Mode's 2017 Global Spirit tour in Berlin. These fans (Depeche Heads?) have interesting enough stories to move the movie along. Among them are 1) A young lady from Mongolia who is a tour guide for Genghis Kahn tours, 2) A French Woman who lost her memory as a result of a car crash and had to relearn to speak in her 20s (though she did retain the lyrics to Depeche Mode songs after the wreck), 3) a Romanian fan who discovered Depeche mode before the fall of communism, who had to buy Depeche Mode cassettes on the Black Market but then would not play them for fear of the messing up the cassette, and 4) a Brazilian lawyer, divorced and out of the closet who formed a Depeche Mode tribute band with his children (their band DMK is pretty clever; give them a listen). Thankfully no overweight 1980's nostalgia loving housewives from Houston (or old snarky wannabe rock music "writers") were chosen to be in the film; they primarily made up the audience watching the film.

Live segments of the band are interspersed between segments telling the fans stories of how Depeche Mode changed their life. These fans stories are interesting and occasionally moving. Director Anton Corbijn (who also directed *Control*, the Joy Division Rockumentary) know exactly exactly how long to stay on fan narrative or live Depeche Mode footage. Depeche Mode is a strong live act and, of course, *Spirits in the Forest* shows them playing the hits: "Personal Jesus", "Never Let Me Down Again" and "Just Can't Get enough and an encore of David Bowie's "Heroes". If you are a Depeche Mode fan, you will definitely like this film. For everybody, else *Spirits in the Forest* is an above average tour documentary offering. — RENTED MULE

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It's been an interesting decade, to say the least. Since everybody else in the world will pause to assess the decade as it closes out we at 979Represent couldn't resist having a go at bundling up our 2010s experience with a neat little bow.

THE 10S IN REVIEW

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The decade started with both my parents living happily on their retirement farm, my daughter in college in Wyoming, my son at Bryan High School, and me – I was a lonely freelance writer who found himself teaching international students part-time how to write at Texas A&M University. The decade ended with both parents dead, my daughter in Dallas, my son in Tennessee, and me – I'm happily married again and retired from teaching those international students full-time at the university. It's been a decade filled with losses and gains, which I suppose will be more the case from now on.

The decade saw me traveling outside the country for my first time ever ... sort of. I went to Montreal, Canada and to San Juan, Puerto Rico, both for work conferences. It rained the whole time in Montreal except the few hours before my flight home, so I saw a great deal of my hotel room. Oh, I did run in the rain once and nearly froze my keister off. The day of my flight, I did a power tourist walking tour (wandering around) that ended up at the port. I got lost trying to find my way back to the hotel and barely recognized my street in time to catch the cab to the airport. In Puerto Rico, I had a colleague there who spoke Spanish, so we bused over to Old San Juan for some sightseeing. The old fort was great to tour. Naturally, we got lost, but she was able to talk to folks who guided us back to the bus stop. I wonder how much of what I saw then was damaged by the hurricanes.

I saw probably hundreds of bands and performers in the past decade, most of them right here in Bryan. I was spoiled by the variety of music, and it was a first for me to actually know some of the musicians who were producing the soundtrack for my second decade of the new millennium. I felt lucky to even be on the fringes of the music scene in downtown Bryan. Whether it was The Hangouts or The Ex-Optimists or Mike the Engineer or Atarimatt or their friends' bands like Davey Crockett, Stout City Luchadores, Something Fierce, or A Sundae Drive, it was transforming.

Sometimes it was just Revs who brought in the right music. I remember one magical night early in the decade at Revolution – the touring band had about eight people crammed on stage. Their name went on forever – “stubborn tiny lights vs clustering darkness forever ok?” It was progressive rock, I suppose, but it just sounded like heaven to the usual 20-30 that late night. I still listen to that cd.

LOUD!FEST has been such a boon. To be able to see and hear so many diverse rock and roll acts over the years in one place has meant the world to me, sounds that are in my playlist forever. I loved Harestock for the same reason: Americana, folk, and country in one place although it may have gone away after 10 years.

There was other music I found first around here: Jessie Torris of Please Please Me (now in New York), Ben Morris and The Great American Boxcar Chorus, Claire Domingue, Sneaky Pete, and a host of Americana artists

like Jamie Lin Wilson, Johnny Falstaff, Shad Blair, and James Pardo. I did have to go to Austin for surf music like The Nematoads.

Music kept me sane. And it was that music that sustained me in my darkest times this decade. My father died in that farmhouse from lung cancer; I was sitting beside him when he gasped his last breath after two weeks of watching him slip away. A year later, I found my mom dead in a local retirement community; she never got over losing her husband of more than half a century. When I was blessed to find love again late in life, music was there in the bleak times when my new wife was in a coma from a failed surgery. Who would have thought LOUD!FEST could mean so much? I'm looking forward to May as usual.

Live music propped me up for most of the past decade even as I find myself going out less and less these days. Being married again is part of the reason for that, and it's a good thing though. I was pretty much alone for more than a decade, so she is such a gift. I am a lucky man. My children are healthy although grandkids seem a distant possibility. My wife's two children are doing good as well, but also far for the grandkid stage. My younger brother has four grandsons and another on the way.

It is a bit weird to write about wanting LOUD!FEST and grandkids in the same article though.

Retirement is a strange gig. I hadn't intended to retire early, but the dean of the college I was in at Texas A&M decided to close the institute I had taught at for a decade despite its nearly-50 years of service, so I figured the handwriting was on the wall. I love being retired: reading, watching movies, listening to music, loving my wife. It's a good life. I should be editing my five, hopefully six, NANO novels into some kind of publishable form, but I'll get around to it. NANO is National Novel Writing Month novels, 50K each.

Like Captain Picard said in one of the Star Trek movies, “I've become aware that there are fewer days ahead than there are behind,” but I'm okay with that. There will be more losses, but there will be plenty of joys, likely as unexpected as finding new love late as I did. I hope I'm still wanting LOUD!FEST in 2030 ... and maybe there'll be a grandkid in the picture by then. — MIKE L. DOWNEY

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When we were given the description for the December/January issue (Something to say about the last decade) there was a list: music, movies, art, writing, politics, personal issues, whatever. Well, I honed in directly to PERSONAL ISSUES. Immediately, my thinking brain asks itself: Why?! Wtf? Hello? Why would anyone, especially you, want to write about that? And most importantly, why would anyone else want to read it? And very swiftly my heart said: Because it matters. You matter. They matter. And sharing the story of your “personal issues” might be transparent enough to

inspire someone else to heal theirs.

So here, at the end of the decade, what are my personal issues? Definitely now, at the top of a decently long list is mental health and wellness. As a human who has lived through early childhood trauma, rape, teen pregnancy, domestic abuse, homelessness and poverty, my mental health was never at the top of my list. How could it be? I was spending all my energy existing through and surviving trauma. I spent so many years pushing it down, packing it away, hiding it from the ones I loved, that I convinced myself “I don't need therapy. I'm doing just fine.”

And then I finally reached a point in my life that I was settled. It was nice. There was safety and security. My family was provided for. My needs were met. I had support. I could finally STOP suffering because surely now my trauma brain knows that I'm okay. I'm definitely okay. Except I wasn't. And all the icky sticky dark stuff that I had neatly packed and tidied away so many years before (and multiple times thereafter), all the worst memories and hardest choices, every awful, no good, very bad thing came to the surface.

Hello! We're here to stay. It's nice to finally see some light and get attention. Don't you hate us?

I like to describe this moment as clarity and “the best thing that has ever happened to me” but clinically it was psychosis. I suffered a very major mental collapse. All of my sanity that I had carefully shaped began to crack. Fissures erupted across the entire surface. Whole chunks gave way to expose the shadow that lay underneath the surface, and it was begging to be seen and heard.

I'm grateful that I was in a position that I could provide the space for myself and my mental illness to be seen and heard. I started therapy immediately. I've been working with the recent advancements in EMDR. I have come back from an impossible place to be and I am on the rise because of it. And I did it all because of my financial privilege. So many other humans don't have that opportunity. Do you? According to the National Center for Children in Poverty, 87% of children have unmet mental health needs because they are uninsured. This should be unacceptable. We need access to basic mental health care. Children need access to basic mental health care. Immigrants, refugees, addicts, sex workers, every single human needs access to basic mental health care.

As this decade comes to a close, I can feel the ends of this season of my life start to furl towards each other, stitching itself up with a golden thread, carefully tucking all the loose pieces away. I am ready to begin anew. I am ready because I lived a life full of hardships. I am ready because I survived and now I am ready to thrive. I am ready to reach out my hand and help the next person up. Am I scared? Yes! I'm terrified. Will I be brave? Absolutely. I have to be. I challenge each and every one of you to do the very best you can for yourself in every

moment. Please. Keep going. Seek out therapy if you are able. Demand self-care days on your calendar. Vote for the humans who are helping, not hurting. Volunteer at organizations to support our most vulnerable community members. DONATE. We have the ability to make this next decade one full of love and healing.

With this season of giving upon us, consider helping those who cannot afford to help themselves. Here's a list of local organizations that could use your help: Scotty's House BV Child Advocacy Center
BVCASA
S.A.R.C.
Brazos Valley Food Bank

And if you have money to spend on 322 relatives this season, here are a few nonprofit social enterprises who aren't local but still badass: Thistle Farms — A natural home & body product company that supports survivors of trafficking through employment. Ikirezi — An organic agribusiness that produces essential oils and sisal bowls in Rwanda. Farmers are genocide survivors who are trained in organic farming practices and business management, allowing them to have ownership over their own farms. Haiti Babì — An organization that trains impoverished mothers to knit and crochet, empowering them to earn a living wage through handmade items. — HALEY RICHARDSON

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In a “macro” sense the 2010's will likely be remembered in the future as The Social Media Decade. Many of us had profiles on MySpace or Makeout Club in the '00s and I had switched over to Facebook by 2008. By 2010 the smartphone began to be prevalent and then *everybody* was on Facebook or Twitter or Instagram or whatever app du jour for connecting with people through the internet on the go with your phone was. Mobile computing truly weaponized the Internet in a populist way. Maps, information, directions, ingredients, news, photographs, music, movies, and porn were all available at our fingertips anywhere in the world at any time of the day whether or not we were in front of a computer. The computer was always with us. And it was a phone, a text messenger, and a camera too! It wasn't enough to have that information come to us passively. We had to share it with others and create our own content. And social media was more than happy to take all comers. By the middle of the decade there was a confluence of smartphone market penetration and the height of social media usage. So not only was the Millennial digital native in on the game, but then our parents and grandparents were also swiping and ping-pong. Now add Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, and Donald Trump to that stew and you have a recipe for the disastrous takeover of the '10s. Russian bots, sexting, live streaming protests and police pullovers, fake news, illegal immigrant children in cages, grabbing 'em by the pussy, gay marriage, the ascendance of nonbinary gender...it all came to us through the smartphone and our social media app of choice.

In a “micro” sense the 2010's for me were about the fierce contrast between my 9-5 life as a soccer mom and office boy and my 10-2am life learning how to be in front of a rock band. My children became

CONT.->

teenagers: one confident, creative, and whipsmart; one intelligent and sensitive but also tentative and unsure. While I was busy raising our family I was also growing and fostering a musical community in downtown Bryan and across Texas. I developed friendships with folks in Houston, Austin, and Fort Worth doing the same thing. My favorite albums of the 2010's were not from national or international artists. They were from my peers in Skyacre, A Sundae Drive, Cornish Game Hen, The Prof. Fuzz 63, Jay Satellite, Magnet School, ASS, Golden Sombrero, Only Beast, and dozens more. The focus on local and DIY saw the ascent of Sinkhole Texas Inc., our record label that is knocking on the door of its 100th release since 2008, the continued publication of this magazine you hold in your hands, coming into its 13th year of publication, and the 13th production of LOUD! FEST, the trifecta that rivals *Portlandia* in keeping the dream of the '90s alive. Local, punk, DIY. Anyone could do it and everyone was now doing it. And then, at the summit of all this work, I was suddenly pulled away from Texas at the end of 2018 to follow my family to North Carolina, so my wife could have a similar experience that I had in Texas. She's the rock star now, not on a beer-soaked club stage but in the college classroom and in academic research journals. And me? Well, I'm trying to straddle a thousand mile divide physically and emotionally. One year in and it's true what they say about how hard long distance relationships are. But you are worth it, B/CS.

Also, candidly, the 10s were also about death. I grew up in funeral homes, attending the funerals of ancient family members. Grand uncles, great aunts, distant cousins. All old. Death was for them. Life was for the young. In the 10s my peers began dying on me. My best friend from high school, my older brother, my downtown Bryan family, my adopted kid sister. Death came from cancer, HIV, alcoholism, drug overdose, and suicide. Prince died, Bowie died. I looked around me and realized that death would be a large factor in my life moving forward. All my heroes would begin to go with every year. I have many years still to go, but as Mike pointed out in his contribution on the previous page, there will be fewer days ahead of me than there are behind me. It is a morbid way to think about the end of one decade and the beginning of a new one. But perhaps it will help me celebrate those remaining days in a way that I did not when they flew past me at light speed, appreciate them more knowing they are not permanent. Embracing each and every one of you I love because some day I won't be able to anymore. And someday you won't be able to either. — *KELLY MENACE*

Fuck this decade. The 2010s started with the death of my most favorite person in the universe, my grandfather, my marriage and an old me I can never get back. It's ending with recently having lost a lot of friends to death, almost losing my father and Trump still in office. Midway through found me trying to evolve like some slithering mud monster desperate to escape a bog by forming legs that don't quite exist yet nor will they for another few millennia. If anything, This decade has made me feel like a cyst. Randomly coming up only to be violently shorn and with what little is left of me, I grow back explode violently to everyone's delight and am destroyed once again. In this decade I lost my family. I gained a relationship with my father I never had. I realized I was homo-flexible. I made my very best friend ever. I met

the love of my life and then felt heartbreak like never before when it was ended. I was vegan for 10 years then I wasn't. I was very not sober. Then I was Sober and now kinda in between. I changed careers. I grew and developed, devolved and evolved. I went from Christian to Atheist. I went from conservative to liberal to centrist. I cut off people I thought would forever be in my life and vice versa. I changed at least a dozen times and if you're exhausted reading all this, now you understand why I'm exhausted. This was a rough decade for me and I don't mean to be depressive in reaction but there was far more suffering in my life in the last 10 years than any other. I look to this next decade for peace. Healing. Calm. I look to this next decade to be 20/20 in 2020. — *CREEPY HORSE*

This same time of year in 2009, 10 years ago, I was just graduating from college. It was the worst semester yet, and probably the worst time in my life. I'd just squeaked by — I had to beg a professor for a passing grade so I could graduate, because my laptop was too old to adequately do any digital rendering work, and the college of whatever that the class was part of wouldn't let me have an account to use their computer labs.

I quit Hot Topic, gave away all my cool furniture, and moved back home to Sugar Land. I wasn't smart enough to get a job that dealt with the diploma I just spent five and a half years earning, so I spent time working at my brother's RC hobby shop, doing cake jobs with my friend Amanda, and slinging cupcakes at Sprinkles. After a year, I somehow rustled up a job coding in College Station, so I moved back and split my time between a windowless room with computers and rolling cake balls at Cake Junkie (P.S. they use cake mixes, and P.P.S. my cake balls are way better now).

I hung around a lot of you and went to a lot of shows, and everyone seemed so cool and involved. I just always assumed I wasn't good enough, or smart enough, or musical enough, or whatever enough everyone else around here was to be like you guys. I felt really cool when I rode my bike over to Wonko's house to help spraypaint LOUD!FEST fliers. I was doing a thing! I was helping!

Later in the year, I submitted a couple of drawings for the paper (THIS paper!), and Kelly ran them. Then, in 2012, he ASKED me to submit a cover drawing for the paper. Why?! Why would you ask me? I just draw stupid cartoons! I'm still drawing those cartoons to this day.

Later in the year, some cool ladies asked me if I wanted to be in a band with them. Why?! I've never played an instrument! I've never taken lessons! I don't know how to band! I'm still playing music these days.

Later in the year, I had an interview with the company I'd been wanting to work for. I totally bombed it because I get anxious and nervous, but Wonko happened to work at the company and put in a good word for me. They gave me a chance and I still work there today.

In 2016, I went vegan, and the following year I thought maybe it would be helpful to other new vegans if I wrote about it for the paper. I thought it would be dumb and no one would read it, and I still have people I never

would have guessed thank me for the articles today!

Last Valentine's Day, I sheepishly put out into the world that I was going to making sweet and sour conversation heart cookies. You guys ordered in droves, boosting my self-esteem for my fledgling cottage bakery and completely overwhelming my kitchen with orders.

That Wonko guy who I went and helped spraypaint fliers that first LOUD!FEST back in town is still encouraging me to do things I'd never thought I was anything enough to do.

A LOT has changed over the past decade here — we've lost people to distance and dimension, started and quit more bands than can be counted. We've weathered lulls and losing venues, and seen our beloved bar hacked literally in half. But no one has managed to dig up the giant glowing rock buried underneath Bryan that has made everyone in this place so incredibly supportive and enthusiastic of every other weird human here. Go do what you wanna do! Everyone's got your back! — *KATIE KILLER*

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I can't say that the last decade was exceedingly horrible or great for me. When the decade started, I was in two or three bands that could draw about 10-20 people (more if the gods of Rock and Roll smiled upon me). Nearing the end of the decade, I'm now in two different bands that draw about 10-20 people (with the same Rock and Roll gods caveat). You could either call this persistence or pathetic myopia and/or inability to learn from one's mistakes. Professionally, I acquired another college degree and a "promotion". This "promotion" really amounts to me being bossed around in a velvet glove behind an iron fist fashion rather than being yelled at by slightly nicer taskmasters. For me, if any one trend was really hammered home this decade it was the fact that the truth doesn't set anybody free. A flood of information — useless and useful — hasn't necessarily produced smarter or wiser people. If anything, it has produced more ostrich "head in the sand" tribalism in politics, music, and society. On the bright side, your favorite artist, musician, politician, pro wrestler, porn star or whoever/whatever now has theoretical access to get whatever they want to get across to the entire world. On the downside, every artist, musician, politician, pro wrestler, porn star or whoever/whatever you don't like (or even like) also has the same ability. I'm not sure where this is all heading but from the looks of things it seems to be more bad than good; especially in politics (the exception being porn stars; who doesn't like porn stars?). I'm still waiting for time travel, domed cities, flying cars, jet packs and commercial flights to the Moon. Stay tuned for details..... — *RENTED MULE*

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When I think of the 10s, my mind instantly goes to the internet and social media as the defining feature of the decade, for reasons due to both the current political landscape as well as my own personal use of these tools over time, in how I adapted to them and they adjusted me. In 2010 I remember Facebook being the dominate place for my day — I checked it constantly even though I couldn't do so through a smartphone, had class groups formed on it, friended pretty much anyone I

met in person, and of course began promoting band shows like they were going out of style. I made more than the occasional no context song lyric status post, and so, so many updates on my favorite teams, but I gradually became a little more careful in thinking twice before posting a status or keeping myself tagged in an unflattering picture, particularly as it became a place where people beyond school friends such as parents, grandparents, or brands joined on to be your friends as well.

There's a scene in last year's excellent film *Lady Bird* where Timothée Chalamet's character goes on a mini-rant to the titular Lady Bird about the government not having to put tracking devices on us because we're all buying cellphones and putting them on ourselves. The movie has the benefit of hindsight in this observation played for laughs, being that the story is set in 2002, but the point is certainly true in how the data we've generated has waves of impact beyond what most could have initially imagined. The internet became a utility, essential to our jobs, knowledge bases, calendars, accounts, contacts, networks, and (of course) our news. We used it more and more as the 10s went on because it was easier than the way we knew before, but it was hard to imagine where this cost of convenience would lead us on personal and societal levels. Now that tech is an appendage to us, it wants to become more and more intimately involved in how we accomplish our tasks. For now I've drawn the proverbial line in the sand at the smart speaker, but eventually those will come standard in the latest and greatest tools to make our days easier and generate more data for those to use as they please. "You'll have one eventually. Everyone's gonna have one. And then it'll be a matter of time."

There's a plotline in third season of the worthwhile sitcom *The Good Place* that also comes to mind in the context of the decade (which I'll try to isolate from any spoilers for the rest of the series). There's a man played by Michael McKean who discovers the secret to getting to "the good place" is to conduct every single action for the most morally right reason in the moment, even if the self-sacrifice is painful and not emotionally-backed. The twist is that every "right" decision has far reaching consequences and externalities that harm some party on Earth. I think about that dilemma not in a specific personal context or larger black-and-white debates with no middle ground, but instead in how complicated it has become to grapple with the web of entangled information and decisions that we deal with. It's overwhelming at times, even when trying to make the best, most well-informed choices we can, in the face of systems that are indifferent. The 10s have seemingly illuminated that web in even more detail than ever before.

On a positive note, as this decade separated us further and further from each other, we continue to find ways to make these tools create an experience that's a little more human. Without social media there are plenty of friends and family I would have completely lost touch with by now. A dumb meme can still bring a smile to dull day, as can pictures of times spent together, a great rock show, or all of your friends' new babies that are shared proudly. Hopefully in the next decade we can find a way to close the distance a little bit and make the world a better place to be inherited by them. — *TODD HANSEN*

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Bryan-College Station has become well known for its transient community over the past decade or so. However, that community is much more tight-knit and expansive than you would think.

I almost got a job working for a state regulatory agency in Corpus Christi. Gary from Lee Buckner & The River Bends had played with my band in Austin, and came to Bryan for a few shows and really fell in love with downtown. He was the first person I thought of when I had that 8am interview, and knew I'd need a place to crash the night before the interview. I didn't get the job, but I still remember catching up that night and being stoked at the prospect of having one less stranger around if I did get the job.

A few years ago, Kevin Still happened to be in St. Louis for Christmas visiting his family, just I was visiting my own folks. We were able to meet up, hit a few different breweries, and get into general shenanigans. Our exploits even become the subject of a 979 beer review that year.

And then a few months ago Beth and I moved to Chicago. I figured the only way I'd connect with the dirtbag bunch again in person was the pilgrimage for LOUD! FEST. But I was wrong. The dirtbag network easily extends well outside of Texas. Within a week of moving into my apartment, 8-Bit Bob was in town for work. We explored the nearby square, comic book shops, and got the best Indian food I've had since Taz.

Then, Megan hit me up. Megan moved to Chicago from Austin, but a few years prior, Kelly, Wonko, Steve, and I met her at a Sebadoh show at (old) Emo's. Megan invited us to a cool arcade bar to play The Simpsons game and then get boozy ice cream. During our hangout, she mentioned that she was thinking about returning to Austin, at least for the winter — but describing all the cool things about Chicago, she talked herself out of leaving.

Literally a month later, my old band mate was in town. Josh and I played in Pearl Light Specials and I hadn't seen him since his wedding 2015. Josh sold his bbq food truck in London, and was in Chicago for work before heading to Austin. We caught up at Logan Arcade, accidentally crashed an alderman meeting, and then wound up playing a KISS pinball machine.

These are just a few of my own stories. But it turns out, our little microcosm has had an effect on a huge number of people who have dispersed all over the world. Say what you will about social media, but it's worth throwing up a quick post to let people know where you life is taking you. There's a good chance you already have an old friend there. — **TIM HORN**

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STILL NERDY: THE BEST HORROR FILMS OF THE DECADE

CHAPTER ONE: THE UNNECESSARY ESSAY

A student asked recently, responding to the *Halloween III: Season of the Witch* t-shirt I wore on casual Friday, why I so dearly love horror films. "Isn't horror unpleasant, Mr. Still?" Years ago, I regularly received some version of this question, most often (and, it seemed, rhetorically) from friends whose downcast eyebrows suggested any response I offered was already deemed incorrect or, worse, unholy. Horror films were stigmatized as plebeian, pulp muck long before I fell in love



with Freddy Krueger's pre-kill one-liners, and I've done little to redeem that assertion. When posed with such genre defending questions in the past, I did what any timid nerd would do: I rambled senselessly. However, when my student raised the question earlier this fall, ages after I'd practiced digging conversational graves around myself, I simply said, "Horror movies

ask the most interesting questions." She nodded and said, "Yeah, I can see that." Why had the answer never been this easy before?

The simplicity of my response was most likely inspired by the past decade of horror films. Horror was harder to defend in the teen slasher hey-day of the late '90s and the torture-porn squirm of the aughts. Those were dark days for dark-cinema when the downcast skeptical brow of a friend made perfect, if not sad, sense, and when the proclamation "There's no good horror anymore!" paired well with equally disparaging sighs about *Saturday Night Live*. We looked to the hills for our help... but we only saw Rob Zombie serving regurgitated leftovers.

Ironically, horror fans have this embarrassing twenty-year recession to thank for what has clawed its way into the light since. A young stew of filmmakers studied the genre and found its primary deficiency: horror films of the 90s and aughts failed to tell stories. They may have shown all manner of filth across the screen, but very few told audiences anything truly haunting, anything worth carrying beyond the final credits. By failing to tell stories, horror also failed to probe new and mysterious chasms. Long ago, H. P. Lovecraft created cosmic horror by introducing readers to the echoless expanse. Early Universal Monster cinema pressed into that expanse, searching for the blurred boundaries of science, religion and human consciousness. Horror art between the 60s and 80s, after the advent of mass communication and our triumphant moon landing, analyzed our

comfort and all too familiar intimacy with having moved beyond the expanse, into the camp of the other, around the bend of the unknown. The violence we found there, at the hands of demons and aliens and strangers, grew into the stomach churning misanthropy of the 90s and 2000s. We became content in our boredom with no more expanses to conquer, merely destroying each other for entertainment. Perhaps it's for this reason that modern horror writers and filmmakers of the 21st Century have become so intensely psychoanalytic, turning the camera into a mirror until what echoes back in reflection, even for the audience, is both personal and revolting. In this way, we ourselves have become the new Lovecraftian cosmos. No wonder Cthulhu is having a cultural moment.

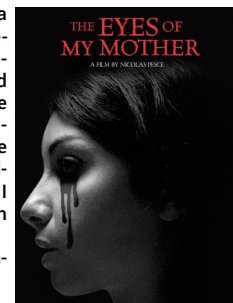
It's interesting to note, particularly so soon after the cruelly disappointing teen and torture years, that many of the better horror films this decade were blockbuster successes. *The Purge* franchise — while fun in its forceful poignancy, even if not among the decade's better films — has offered a giddy reminder that modern American politics reincarnates the Roman coliseum: just as misanthropically brutal, just as unfortunate for the wretches. In true American fashion, *The Cabin in the Woods* melted every conceivable horror trope and fairy tale monster into a Matrix-like pot, assuring fans, in a blazingly gleeful love-letter to the genre, that big budgets actually can achieve dirty little successes. Also in true American fashion, Brad Pitt saved the earth from *World War Z*'s uber-vanilla zombie invasion: an inexcusably terrible film that still managed to exceed in profits *The Walking Dead*'s entire season budget in one box office weekend. On the other hand, Jordan Peele, sketch-comedian turned perfectly pitched thriller-auteur, single-handedly broadened horror's audience with *Get Out* and *Us*, while a double-dose of *IT* chapters, nodding strongly to *Stranger Things*' nerd nostalgia, did not sacrifice ticket sales with its tacky overuse of CGI and poor narrative pacing. Meanwhile, films like *Don't Breathe* (bonkers), *A Quiet Place* (beautiful), and newcomer director Ari Aster's dual hits *Hereditary* (overrated) and *Midsommar* (a damn Criterion masterpiece) blurred genre lines enough to place me in conversations with people I never fathomed might care. I purposely left these bigger box office titles off my following lists, choosing, instead, titles that may have eluded *Pitchfork* and *Paste*'s almond-milk latte infused recommendations.

Below I've offered my Top Ten Horror Films of the 2010s in chronological order. These are films I believe could — and should — quiet the skeptics. Please notice, few of these films are "scary". Horror does not need to be "scary"; it simply needs to explore the grotesque or, as my student said, the "unpleasant". Life is often terribly unpleasant. And I, for one, am grateful for good art that asks how we might better maneuver life's unpleasant-ries. One thing is for certain: we cannot face the unpleasant alone. We need family and friends and community, and each of the films below explore such relational dynamics. If we're learning anything in our social evolution, even as our devices and politics siphon us into smaller and smaller silos, it's that we need one another. And, as scary as this may seem, the people we may need most are those we too readily reject. As

stated before, these films turn the camera into a mirror, forcing us to consider who we are to one another and why that matters.

CHAPTER 2: THE TEN BEST HORROR FILMS OF THE 2010s (ASTERISKS MARK TOP THREE):

I Saw The Devil (2010), directed by Kim Jee-woon, follows the vengeful responses of a family man to violently losing his family. Leave it to a Korean filmmaker to focus where Americans flinch as this gritty, nasty revenge flick goes beyond the simple act of avenging a crime. I appreciated Kim Jee-woon's invitation to emotionally reckon with the lead character's decent as he breaks levels of bad exceeding even the monster he hunts. Because it's impossible to shower on the inside, I wore this film under my skin for the better part of a week. Reservedly recommended.



The Last Exorcism (2010), directed by Daniel Stamm, tells the story of a charlatan selling exorcisms as a form of therapy, although he doesn't believe in exorcisms or therapy — that is until he meets Nell and her father. The resulting found footage film is precisely the kind of ethereally gothic movie Nathaniel Hawthorne would have made. NOTE UNO: the barn scene took the actors by surprise. Only Ashley Bell, who played Nell, and the director knew what would happen, so audiences witness honest reactions to Nell's manifestation. NOTE DOS: the sequel is abysmal; skip it.

You're Next (2011), directed by Adam Wingard, fills the slot here for "horror comedy". Other great horror comedies appeared this decade — most notably *Tucker and Dale vs. Evil*, *The Babysitter*, *Happy Death Day*, and *Ready or Not* — but *You're Next* is so comically cruel and deliciously over-the-top that its commentary on family greed feels spot-on rather than forced by the end. Not to mention, Sharni Vinson's "Erin" casts an archetype (surely, an amalgamation of Sigourney Weaver's "Ripley" and Linda Hamilton's "Sarah Connor") for a new type of "final girl" celebrated in several horror flicks that follow, including those comedies listed above. *You're Next* also nods to the "mumblecore" group of filmmakers — Wingard, Barrett, Swanberg, West, Bowen, Seimetz — who collaborated on several indie-bits, including a few ill-advised, though enjoyable, horror anthologies.

*** *The Conjuring* (2013), directed by James Wan, is a damn scary movie about a family that just won't get out of the damn house. Forget what I said about these films being merely "unpleasant"; *The Conjuring* exhausted me on more than my first viewing. This is a classic possession/haunted house movie, but its less rickety and more realistic than most of its predecessors (possibly because it's based on people who authentically believed in and engaged with the supernatural). *The Conjuring* spawned a weak sequel and the delightfully sinister ethereally

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Annabelle franchise, but, by itself, this film is the complete package, featuring a true story inspiration, the Amityville Horror house, portrayals of real life exorcists Ed and Lorraine Warren, creepy AF children, jump scares balanced by mounting dread, troubling objects of antiquity, and the performance pairing of Vera Farminga and Lili freakin' Taylor. For horror fans, this is a well-balanced meal. I can't recommend this movie highly enough.

Evil Dead (2013), directed by Fede Alvarez, is how a remake is done right. There is nothing pretty about this film. All the forced, awkward humor of the *Evil Dead* originals is tossed and padlocked in the cellar here. While the premise remains the same – friends hunker down in a wooded cabin, a dude finds a book made of skin, reads the Latin, all hell literally breaks loose – it's the gruesomely dire tone that marks this remake's uniqueness. Add to this version a lead character's efforts to break a heroin addiction (played masterfully by Jane Levy), and audiences are left wondering if they've witnessed the demonic or simply the frayed edges of withdrawal – then again, perhaps the two are synonymous. Alvarez and Levy's ability to reimagine this much beloved genre classic as a brutal analysis of shattered mental and relational boundaries heralds this as the rare remake that honors – surpasses? – the original while successfully treading fresh ground. Also, it's bloody bananas.

We Are What We Are (2013), directed by Jim Mickle, examines unbending family traditions as a potential cord for generational curses. Mickle offers a slowly paced, darkly hued story of two sisters thrust into premature matriarchal roles by the death of their mother. The director's ability to make the grotesque appear normalized, even beautiful at times, reminds viewers why some family secrets persist even in their evident brokenness. Still, the director's efforts to make ugly truths acceptable does not prepare viewers for the finale. Inasmuch, we're reminded that people break much more easily than traditions.

*** **It Follows** (2014), written and directed by David Robert Mitchell, is the abstinence PSA conservative circles have been praying for. One showing of *It Follows* during Wednesday night youth group, and ain't nobody bumping nasties at church camp. This movie is perfect. Direction. Performances. Narration. Not to mention, the best use of soundtrack since John Carpenter's *Prince of Darkness* back in '87. This movie would not reach its emotional peaks without Disasterpiece's shrieking synthesizers. Listen: skip the trailer. Watch *It Follows* in a dark room at a loud volume, and then bury your lust in the backyard like a dead squirrel. God will be pleased.

*** **The Witch** (2015), written and directed by Robert Eggers, might be my second favorite horror movie of all-time, immediately following Carpenter's original *Halloween*. Eggers uses the simple story of a family exiled from a Puritan village to explore ideas of isolation, faith vs./as insanity, abusive religion vs. the kindness of God, and fraught familial lines. The dialogue is haunting, the scenery bleak, and the family's descent into madness, following a confusing tragedy, reminds me of the Satanic Panic that swept the South Arkansas small town of my youth. I can't quite put my finger on what I love so much about this movie except that it feels a bit too authentic and familiar, reminding me why I so

frantically fight and cling to my Christian faith even as flawed as it may be, including my own reflection of it. One reviewer said it best about *The Witch*: "It feels like we're watching something we should not be seeing." Amen and Selah.

The Eyes of My Mother (2016), directed by Nicolas Pesce, is the most inappropriate film on this list. Like the first title above, I carried this one inside me for days. I don't know what to say other than it's equally beautiful and tragic. Francisca, the lead character, is both monstrous and sympathetic. The black and white cinematography emphasizes the starkness of all we witness. You will not forget it. And I am sorry.

It Comes At Night (2017), directed by Trey Edward Shults, like other titles here, excels at creating an atmosphere of claustrophobic panic. However, the uniqueness of this film is its subtlety. Nothing here is rushed or forced. The end of the world has come through unexplained means; consequently, basic resources are more costly than gold. So what's a husband and father to do when another husband and father comes in search of sustenance? Resulting alliances are reasonably thin, so much so that character reactions illuminate our own frantically wrought boundaries. How intimately will we care for the other when he's crossed our threshold? Lovecraft's expanse has been breached, and, as a result, Shults asks difficult self-reflective questions in a time we'd prefer windows to mirrors framing the facts of our civility. This film is prophetic in its timeliness.

CHAPTER 3: FOR FURTHER VIEWING – OR, MORE ACCURATELY, A HEAP OF LONG-WINDED RECOMMENDATIONS TO MAKE ME LOOK HIP

You'll find below a curated list of recommendations grouped by year. Surely, I've excluded titles that deserve mention. My apologies. Again, this list offers evidence that horror is headed in good and fruitful directions.

2010: The decade began with sad reminders that the horror-torch needed passing. Wes Craven's *My Soul To Take* and John Carpenter's *The Ward*, and an unnecessary remake of *Nightmare on Elm Street* were total stinkers, suggesting that the modern fathers of the genre deserved their quiet retirement. Fortunately, three films assured horrorhounds of promises to come. Horror-comedy *Tucker and Dale vs. Evil* rewrote the trope of the backwoods hick. Zombie drama *The Crazies* offered an underrated Romero remake. And M. Night Shyamalan's *Devil*, a film with a rare note of true redemption, shoved a heap of strangers into an elevator with Satan and demanded to know what could possibly go wrong. For the decade, we were off to a good start. SUPER GRITTY: The female revenge exploitation classic *I Spit On Your Grave* remake is one to watch between splayed fingers.

2011: *Alyce Kills* tosses a lonely office maiden down a rabbit-hole of grief, drugs, and sociopathic self-awakening in the cheshire glow of a modern world falling to its knees. *Scream 4* was the redemptive stroke Wes Craven needed to end his career and his satirically gutsy (literally) franchise. And *The Woman*, which almost made my Top Ten list, finds (real-life) novelist Jack Ketchum and director Lucky McKee suggesting, in typical feminist fashion for both, that the monsters we should fear most are often domesticated to the point of

effortless secrecy. **The Woman** is also a novel by Ketchum and McKee that I recommend as highly as their film. **SLEEPER HIT:** Ti West's followed-up his masterpiece **The House of the Devil** (2009) the perhaps too nonchalant haunted hotel story **The Innkeepers**, which I'm anxious to revisit sober.

2012: American Mary, from the Soska sisters, is mostly interesting as a premise and as a model for how NOT to make a feminist manifesto. For some reason, the genre nerds loved this movie, so it's worth mentioning here. See for yourself. Conversely, the Spanish zombie gore-fest **REC 3: Genesis** is even more fun than the poster promises. Plus, you do not need to see the first two movies to appreciate **REC 3** as the series covers the same zombie outbreak from various locations and with different tones bolstering each story. **V/H/S** is a controversial horror anthology from the "mumblecore" team behind **You're Next**. The controversy here stems from the fact that the movie is as equally sophomoric as it is entertaining, and no one wants to admit they actually liked it. Well, I did. Especially the bit with the bat girl who eats her assailants. **SUPER STINKERS:** Zombie's **The Lords of Salem** and Elijah Wood's POV remake of the scalping cult classic **Maniac** offered reminders of all we hoped the new decade might avoid.

2013: Horror comedy **Bad Milo** tells the story of a butt-demon pooped out of Ken Marino and reeking havoc. (See what I did there? "Reeking"? Eh? Eh?) **Jug Face** is a modern, hillbilly retelling of Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery". And **Texas Chainsaw 3D** was an unexpectedly fun check-in with Leatherface in modern day. He's getting older, that Leatherface, and he's ready to pass the saw to a new generation. I thought we'd get a follow-up to this. Still waiting. **MORE SUPER STINKERS:** A few turds ripe for the scooper — the redundant remake of **Carrie**, Jessica Chastain's poorly selected **MAMA**, the WTF SMH cringe-fest **Nurse 3D**, and Eli Roth's cannibal crapper **The Green Inferno** — are landmines in the corner of the yard you should avoid anyway.

2014: Annabelle and **The Babadook** took the spotlight - and rightfully so, even though **The Babadook** was quite overrated in my book. Nonetheless, the low-budget geriatric werewolf movie **Late Phases** and Kevin Smith's WTF were-walrus flick **Tusk** could make a solid double-feature. Zack Parker's **Proxy** is a moving story of third-trimester anxieties that is much harder to recommend than the previous creature features. And Ana Lily Amipour's highly acclaimed black and white Iranian vampire western with a Tarantino-esque surfer vibe, **A Girl Walks Home Alone At Night**, may deliver more style than substance, but it's still pretty enough to warrant the 100 minutes you'd spend scrolling through Netflix thumbnails anyway. **SADLY MISSED:** I still haven't seen **What We Do In The Shadows**. Hurl your insults gently.

2015: This year rocked a jukebox of violent tendencies. **Krampus** jingled with floor-shaking, hoof-burning Christmas carol stomps. **Bone Tomahawk** fiddled out western swing with a groin splitting dance finale. **Green Room** amped pissed off crust punk anthems in a White Nationalist van down by the river. And **The Devil's Candy** fisted a heavy metal inspired demon-seeded arts-n-crafts show. A little something here for everybody. **BARBARA CRAMPTON'S BROKEN JUKEBOX:** **We Are Still Here**. Skip it.

2016: Ironically, the year the White House went orange

Mary Elizabeth Winstead found herself trapped in a bomb shelter with John Goodman (**10 Cloverfield Lane**), a badass deaf lady is hunted by a madman in a secluded cabin (**Hush**), Lauren Ashely Carter loses her religion and reality in a high dollar New York City loft (**Darling**), and some poor French gal in veterinary school is forced, via hazing, into cannibalism (**Raw**). It's a tough year for ladies in America and in horror cinema. Thankfully, there are still a few dudes out there — not in America! — who will fight through a zombie apocalypse just to prove to their daughters they are not quite so orange (**Train To Busan**). By the way, **Darling** almost made my top ten list. **STILL AIN'T SEEN: I Am The Pretty Thing That Lives In The House**. What a great title!

2017: We needed a laugh after the orange invasion of 2016. In **Happy Death Day** Theresa "Tree" Gelbman grows as victoriously as her namesake, through a **Groundhog's Day** scenario of baby-faced murders, from the sorority flake we most want slain to a heroine we can shamelessly cheer. And **The Babysitter** reveals what actually happens when the hired help puts the kids to bed: teenagers invade the living room, play spin the bottle, and make sacrifices to Satan. How the hell they clean the carpets by morning stumps even the "blood of the innocent" kid. (Spoiler alert: the big fun in this movie is catching all the references to 80s films. I counted a baker's dozen.) **REFUSED TO FALL FOR:** Darren Aronofsky's **Mother**. I'd rather be ecologically punished by Cattle Decapitation.

2018: Danny McBride and David Gordon Green's new installment in the **Halloween** franchise wins on every level: the largeness of its middle finger to Rob Zombie's atrocious remakes, the soundtrack keyed by John Carpenter and his son, Jamie Lee freakin' Curtis crawling out of the closet and fighting harder than she ever pole danced for Arnold — I love this movie! Also, Netflix premiered a bizarre little revenge number titled **The Perfection** about skewed perceptions and questionable motives, featuring Allison Williams from **Girls and Get Out**. Be patient with this one. Just as I was ready to turn the thing off, ol' girl vomited maggots on a Chinese bus. Um yes, ma'am. You have my attention. **AVOID: The Void**. It's seven movies slammed into one, and none are done well.

2019: First, **Child's Play**, featuring Mark Hamill as the voice of Chucky, gets two thumbs-ups as a beloved classic remake for the Alexa generation: Voodoo is out, Amazon is in. Next, the alligator in a hurricane thriller **Crawl** is what happens when Alexandre Aja is given a free screening of **The Meg** and a \$13.5 million dare. (Spoiler alert: Aja wins Florida.) Finally, **Ready or Not** is practically a coked up, grossed out, summertime cover track of **You're Next** - and there ain't a dang thing wrong with that. We're seeing the year out with more promise than we began. **HANKERING TO SEE: Bananas Splits** and **Happy Death Day 2U**. God bless you, Redbox. — **KEVIN STILL**

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PEDAL PUSHING: 10 YEARS OF GEAR

As 2010 began I found myself about 18 months into my second act as a first-time singer/guitarist after a couple of decades as a drummer. I knew enough about gear to remember mostly what previous bandmates had used but I sadly could not afford much of that gear. I was still

trying to figure out how to make my own guitar sound and had not come up with the winning combination. That year I was using an underpowered cheap Crate tube combo, trying to unlock the sound I had in my head that I just couldn't figure out or afford. A couple of bad to adequate amp choices later I stumbled upon a bit of enlightenment and financial luck. About the latter...I had a pretty bad car accident taking some friends to the airport in Austin in late 2011 that netted me a decent sized insurance settlement beyond what was necessary to replace my car. So I finally had enough of a budget to be able to do something decisive about my guitar amp problem. The former is that I got to listening to some demo recordings I

made in 1999. At that time I owned my very first electric guitar and an amp that was gifted to me by a former bandmate in Oregon. He had a ton of gear and was getting divorced. His divorce settlement demanded 50/50 division of assets and he had to sell his music gear to accomplish that. He gave me a Mesa Boogie Son of Boogie tube combo amp to keep from having to sell it and give half of the proceeds to his soon-to-be ex-wife. I sold that amp in 2000 to fund my first professional quality drum kit. But not before I'd used it on tape a time or three. In early 2012 I was listening back to some of those recordings and discovered I'd already achieved the guitar tone I had in my head a dozen years earlier. So I needed to apply my internet sleuthing skills to finding a Son of Boogie.

I soon discovered that the SOB was not a popular amp and they were hard to find on the used market. After several months of searching without much luck I stumbled on a forum ad for a Mesa Mark I reissue 100w tube amp head. Mesa has an excellent website and I was

able to pull the manual online and have a look-see at Mark I reissue was a true reissue of that original Mesa this head. I learned that the SOB was Mesa's first attempt to reissue the original Mesa Boogie circuit. The amp. So the lineage of the SOB and Mark I RI were

similar, only the Mark I RI had a half power switch, reverb, a tube-driven FX loop, and the ability to run EL34's or 6V6's as well as 6L6's. AND it was a pretty cream color with a wheat grill. It was priced higher than I was hoping to spend based on previously closed auctions on SOB's but I felt like I was probably making a good investment and as Wonko Zuckergo often says to me, "stop being cheap, spend the money and do it right". So I did, along with a Peavey 410E cabinet in tweed. I bought the Peavey because it was cheap, I really wanted four 10" speakers based on my love of the tweed Bassman, and it kinda matched the Mesa. That cabinet was a lucky break as it has more than enough power to

handle 100w and the speakers are fairly neutral and somewhat inefficient, helping to absorb a bit of the excess 100w firepower. I loved those speakers so much that I eventually had Johnny G-Tone build a matching 4x10 to the Mark I with those Peavey Blue Marvels in it. This amp/cab combination would allow me to finally find a sound that I was comfortable with, knew how to manipulate, and could rely on. These days I cheat outrageously on the Mark I with tweed-style Fender amps but I keep the Mark I around not only because it is a fantastic amplifier but because it represents to me the moment that I finally found my voice for the first time.

Runners up: 1.) My 2012 AVRI '62 Jazzmaster I bought in 2012 when Fender blew them out for pennies on the dollar (this kickstarted my expensive habit of collecting Jazzmasters); and 2.) The weird "Kelly Rat" distortion pedal from Upstate Analog that has slight but significant alterations to the circuit that makes it a great low gain overdrive to high gain monster that sounds like no other pedal I've owned. — KELLY MENACE



DECADES



Rainer Maria Rilke, the German poet, wrote to his wife, Clara Westhoff Rilke on January 1, 1907, "And now let us believe in a long year that is given to us, new, untouched, full of things that have never been."

Each January brings the start of such a long year and some Januaries bring the start of a long decade. There's something extra special about the shift from one decade to the next, with all the usual New Year's excitement and hope intensified, amplified, and concentrated. The start of a new decade is the beginning of some future history textbook chapter. The Gay '90s. The Roaring '20s. The Swinging '60s. And the only way to know how the story turns out is to live through it.

For me, Dec. 31, 2019 will be my fifth changing of the decade guard. It's strange and fascinating to think of the shifts, both personal and global-political, that have been happening at those pivot points.

At the end of **1979**, I was only 7 years old, but I remember the Iran hostage crisis from that fall and winter, because my very best friend in the world had been born in Iran, adopted by Peace Corps volunteers from an orphanage in Tehran, and brought back to the States when she was very young. When she was just a little less young, the Islamic Revolution changed her home country and seemingly wiped away its Persian past. In central Minnesota, some of the kids at our school were especially cruel and mocked her as being somehow involved in the coup and the crisis. Seven year olds are too young to really know such things, but they must have heard their parents. And she heard them. When we tiptoed into the 1980s, it was with some measure of concern that violent winds on the other side of the world rippled at least a little in our corner.

Ten years later, as **1989** came to a close, I was a senior in high school. We were obsessed with the news of the fall of the Berlin Wall and the real-time collapse of communism which had hung like a cloud over our adolescence. We were Cold War kids who knew that at any moment, the U.S.S.R. could launch an attack and end everything, all our plans for life after graduation and beach parties that summer and everything fun and serious. It was surreal, that looming threat. At the start of that year, some of us didn't know if the world would still exist by the time we were adults, but as 1989 marched to its close, we felt the shift of political tectonic plates and communism seemed to creak into oblivion.

At the eve of **1999**, ten long years later, the maybe so or heard somebody say maybe so. Nobody knew for sure, so the celebrations and ball drops and champagne toasts were peppered with some worry. I spent that

New Year's Eve on a couch, dozing in a fog of pregnancy exhaustion, as worried about the baby I was growing as the concern in the financial sector and unable to keep my eyes open past 10 p.m. Thank goodness I was still able to log on and dial up my modem the next morning!

Ten years later, I spent the end of **2009** contemplating the end of my first marriage and the impending divorce proceedings which would be final in January 2010. Everything was different and hard and impossibly scary. The country was trudging out of a recession, yes, and I was experiencing a personal recession of all the dreams I'd carried into this new millennium. The forecast was bleak, or so I told my therapist. And I had a lousy case of swine flu to boot that wiped out any energy I may have had to buy oversized novelty glasses for New Year's Eve. That year was the one where I bought a real Christmas tree at Lowe's, dragged it home tied to my minivan with my two young kids cheering excitedly in the back seat, pulled it into the living room wrapped in some kind of complimentary netting, and let it sit there like a prickly carpet roll until January when I dragged it back to the curb, still rolled up tight. That tree died without ever knowing the feel of an ornament on its needles.

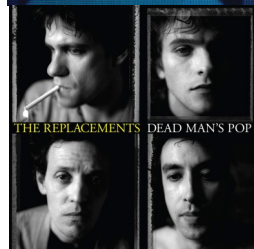
Now here I am at the tail end of **2019**, peering into the next weeks and months. I'm remarried and pretty darn happy. My kids are pretty darn happy. The days of dead Christmas trees mocking me from inside their netting corsets are long past. But those global political tectonic plates are creaking again, screaming really. Running parallel to my own current personal gratitude and contentment is the terrifying reign of 45. We are facing the greatest existential crisis of our nation since the Civil War, and in some ways, it's the ghost of that war and its badly healed scars that haunt us now. The gap between rich and poor is at a fifty year high, the rollback of environmental protections is dizzyingly fast, and the wave of domestic and Russian disinformation threatens to drown our democracy.

I've never been happier – or more frightened. So I'm going to start this decade doing what I can to get people to the polls in 2020, to register voters, to attend rallies, to keep calling our elected officials.

Rilke also confided to his wife that each new year, full of its wonder and possibility, must also be "full of work that has never been done, full of tasks, claims, and demands." For me and for all of us, the demands of this new decade are urgent. I want to look back on Dec. 31, 2029 knowing that we resisted and triumphed. — *ERIN HILL*

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RECORD REVIEWS



R.E.M.

Monster: 25th Anniversary The Replacements Dead Man's Pop

Two bands, two recent remixes of two albums that divided long-time fans of two of the most influential underground bands of the 1980s. In the case of The Replacements, 1989's *Don't Tell A Soul* was a stab at getting their heart-on-the-sleeve romantic loser guitar punk on pop radio, cleaned of jagged edges, polished to a sheen with gated reverberation and a top-heavy mix. In R.E.M.'s case, 1994's *Monster* was a knee-jerk reaction to the weird spot the band found themselves in after two chamber pop masterpieces that were easily the band's artistic and commercial apex. In both cases the albums fell flat commercially. Thousands of copies of *Monster* can be found for a penny in used CD bins around the world; *Don't Tell A Soul* failed to chart a hit and ultimately led to the band's demise a couple of years later. Now both albums are being reconsidered for 25 and 30 year anniversaries of the original releases. Can these albums be recast in a different light, reassessed based on their merits removed from original context? The answer is complicated.

For *Don't Tell A Soul*, the remix, under its original title of *Dead Man's Pop*, is somewhat revelatory. I am an unapologetic fan of that album, warts and all. Yes, it is shiny and plastic'y, all high end and reverbed out. But the songs on there are all top notch, even if I think it's safe to say that said songs like "Talent Show," "I'll Be You," and "Anywhere Is Better Than Here" are not the anthems that

"Unsatisfied", "Within Your Reach", and "Color Me Impressed" are. The band was certainly aiming for a hit. Removing all that '80s radio shine from the tracks reveals what is perhaps a template for radio success had the album been released a mere handful of years later. The dry, snappy drums and the blending of warm, distorted guitars with bright, jangly acoustic guitars sounds just like 1993 and eerily sets the template for the affable grungy Midwest sensitive loser poet that Soul Asylum and Goo Goo Dolls would later take to the bank. The direct lineage is laid bare by this new mix.

Rather than showing itself to be a few years ahead of the curve, the remix of *Monster* shows that R.E.M. were themselves a few years behind the curve. This is the band's answer to grunge rock sonically, even if the songs aren't really all that different in scope from their previous few albums. I am also an unapologetic fan of *Monster*, warts and all. It is the warts that I actually admire about the album. Its original mix is murky, guitar-centric with tons of throbbing tremolo, crackling fuzztone, and affected vocals. Stripped of these production choices *Monster* is revealed as a stop-gap out of ideas album. The songs just aren't as good. The album was meant to be loud and blurry as the band was readying themselves to take these songs out on a major worldwide tour. Stadium weight rock for stadium distribution. Mixer Scott Litt removes much of the tremolo, puts Michael Stipe's vocals up front, and takes away a lot of the album's personality. "Strange Currents" is a second-rate "Everybody Hurts"; "Tongue" is a second-rate "Follow the River". "Crush With Eyeliner" loses its glam rock crunch. It's almost like the difference between viewing a rock club in the dark during a show and seeing it at 2AM when the house lights are up. What was sexy and moody becomes stark and ugly in the light.

Both remixes come with extra discs of outtakes, era live recordings, and in *Monster*'s case a remaster of the original mix. The live recordings presented on both sets are essential listening. In the case of *Dead Man's Pop* Mats fans should find an interesting listen and it may convert folks who had previously written off *Don't Tell A Soul* who may find something new in these old recordings. The songs speak well unadorned. If you didn't like *Monster* in 1994 you're not going to like this remix either. The remix shows the weakness of the material. But if you liked

the album to begin with it is indeed an interesting, one-time listen. — KELLY MENACE



Dawn of Disease The Procession of Ghosts

What's this? Another melodic death metal release vying for my attention in 2019? Why yes! Yes, it is!

Hailing from Germany, and forming in 2003, Dawn of Disease is a band that has gained considerable traction in the extreme metal scene in recent years. Now, they are offering up their fifth album titled *The Procession of Ghosts*.

To understand this record, it is perhaps best to understand the history of Dawn of Disease's sound. Their early sound was something that would have been at home among their Nordic brethren in the Swedish death metal scene, but their 2016 release, *Worship the Grave*, showcased a more melodic side to the band. In 2017, *Ascension Gate* sharpened those melodies further; and now, in 2019, *The Procession of Ghosts* has honed that blade to a fine point.

One thing I appreciate most about this record is that, although it is melodic, it is not "pretty". All too often, melodic death bands fall into the trap of overusing keyboards and clean vocals. Dawn of Disease strikes a great balance between melody and brutality, which leaves listeners feeling like they've actually listened to a death metal record.

Unlike other Dawn of Disease records, this one amps up the sense of melancholy which permeates its entirety; this sense of melancholy is most prominently displayed in songs like "May the Waves Take Me" and "As Heaven Shatters". What is yet more incredible about these two songs, in particular, is that they feel like the titles sound; the sense of sinking into the depths of the ocean and planets imploding are easily conveyed in the music. Still more noteworthy is

the bonus track, "In the Death We Blast", a title taken from the band's slogan, and what a bonus it is! Adding guest vocalists Andreas Bjornson (Cut Up) and Jason Netherthorn (Misery Index), it is an absolutely punishing melodic death song dedicated to the brotherhood and camaraderie of death metal. The band has also taken much more creative license and experimented with some black metal-esque riffs and almost rock n' roll melodies at times, which only adds character to *The Procession of Ghosts*.

This record is certainly not without its flaws. At times the melancholy can feel a bit too much. This would be expected from a band like Insomnium, but for Dawn of Disease, a band which has not made their career in melancholy, it feels a little strange; especially when considering how crushing the songs can be.

The Procession of Ghosts can be best summed up in this way: the aggression of Amon Amarth, the brilliant songwriting of early In Flames, and the melancholy of Insomnium. Overall, the band has truly put a great amount of effort into the album, and their musicianship shines. Dawn of Disease' latest offering gets a 4.5/5 from me. A beautifully haunting record. — CALEB MULLINS

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CONCERT CALENDAR

12/3—Kerosene Pipedreams @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/5—Colton French @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/6—The Fox In the Ground @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

12/6—Sub-Sahara, Rickshaw Billy's Burger Patrol, Wisdom Cat @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/7—Punk Rock Flea Market @ Revolution, Bryan. 2pm

12/7—Ordinary Elephant @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

12/12—Rodney Branigan, Magic Girl @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/13—Grifters & Shills, Doc Mojoe @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/14—Jay Satellite (solo), Economy Island, Wisdom Cat, Telekhines @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

12/15—School of Rock Winter Concert @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 1pm

12/19—Wisdom Cat @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/20—James' Last Show with Misotheist, Deathtruck, SSSpine @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/21—High Desert Queen, Abject Terror, Rickshaw Billy's Burger Patrol @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/27—Mutant Love, Wisdom Cat @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

12/28—The Prof. Fuzz 63, Charm Bomb, The Wheel Workers @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

Revolution Café & Bar will be closed in January. Shows resume in February.

1/19—Tow'rs @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

TOP 10 ALBUMS OF 2019

As per usual, I rank my top 10 albums of 2019 based according to what I enjoyed most...

10. Carnal Tomb-*Abhorrent Veneration*. German death metal created with the pedal that shall not be named <*cough* HM-2 *cough*>. This record is slower and far more doomy than the band's debut, which is a bit of a letdown for me, but it is simply dripping with that grimy, black cauldron spew...and I like it!

9. Idle Hands-*Mana*. Is it trad metal with 80's dark pop influences? Or is it dark 80's pop with trad metal influence? You can be the judge of that. For me, it's a good old rock n' roll record with influences from both genres. Somewhat simple, perhaps too poppy, but very enjoyable.

8. Bodyfarm-*Dreadlord*. There are those who understand old school death metal, but then there are those who KNOW old school death metal. This record creates a good balance of elements such as the thrash-heavy riffs of early Death and the borderline melodic riffs of Dismember. To top it off, the vocals are announced very clearly and effortlessly by Thomas Wouters. Sadly, Thomas died shortly after this record's release, but he and Bodyfarm have definitely left their mark. RIP, Thomas.

7. Devin Townsend-*Empath*. Only one man could create an album that involves synthesizers, reverb, tons of sampling, kittens, Chad Kroeger, and an overall pop music vibe and make metalheads love it. Wild, unorthodox, and astounding. I need not say more.

6. Smoulder-*Times of Obscene Evil and Wild Daring*. It's refreshing to hear slower-paced trad metal for a change, and with Sarah Kitteringham on the vox, it's even better. Though not perfect by any means, the band's careful

crafting, and the album's relatively short run-time, make it an easily digestible and worthy piece for any trad metalhead's collection.

5. Dawn of Disease-*The Procession of Ghosts*. See review on the other page.

4. Sabaton-*The Great War*. Perhaps not their greatest work, but it is certainly not bad at all. Melodic, singalong storytelling is what Sabaton does best, and that's what they did with this record. Sometimes experimentation and branching out is not needed to put out good music. An honorable entry, indeed

3. Wretched Fate-*Fleshletting*. One of the most surprising debut albums I've ever heard. To say Wretched Fate's approach to death metal is creative is an understatement. Seriously, it sounds like these guys have been doing this for years, and one rarely finds this level of musicianship on a debut record from such a young band. Old school Swedish death metal with a fresh take!

2. Amon Amarth-*Berserker*. A great comeback after a more bland 2016 release. Amon Amarth showed the metal community why they are still one of the best melodic death metal acts around with this back-to-basics beast of a record! Definitely some of the strongest songwriting the band has produced, and overall, one of the strongest entries in their catalog.

1. Insomnium-*Heart Like a Grave*. I was skeptical when I heard about this release, because the previous record was rather boring, but I was so glad to be proven wrong. Great melodies, lots of melancholy, and masterful songwriting. Definitely one of Insomnium's best albums. — CALEB MULLINS

Jasper
Rickshaw
Billie's
Burger Patrol
Wisdom CAT

10pm
@ REX
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Bar

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