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THE FREEWHEELIN' GUIDE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF COLLEGE STATION/BRYAN



# CULTURE IN RUIN

**SOUL CRUSHING B/CS METAL—PROFIED BY NIKI PISTOLS**

**INSIDE:** 8-BIT BURGERS BOOK REVIEWS CD REVIEWS SPOTLIGHT ON AMTGARD AND MSC TOWN HALL—  
CONCERT CALENDAR—THE 2000S IN REVIEW—FOIL FACE B/CS METAL REPORT



**979REPRESENT IS A LOCAL MAGAZINE  
FOR THE DISCERNING DIRTBAG.**

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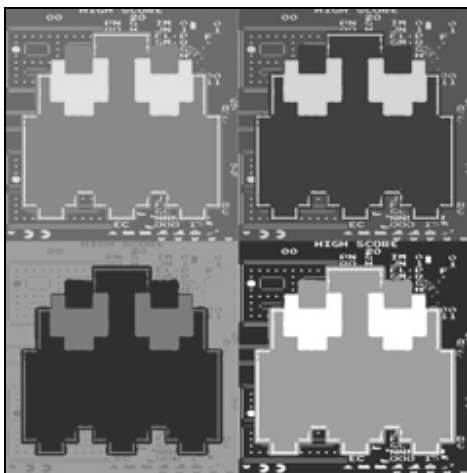
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**BOOZE EARS... A GUEST EDITORIAL FROM MICHAEL ROE**

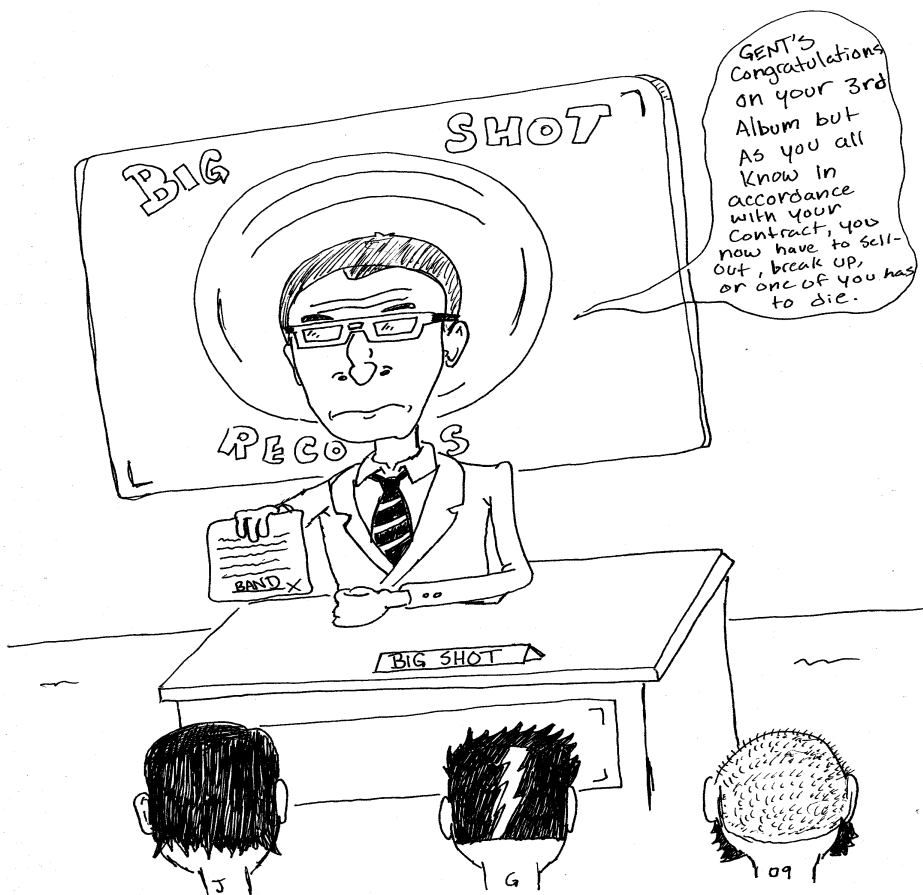
You ever been to the Stafford or Revolution on a random night, with only a handful of people in attendance and caught a really awesome show? It is as if Providence has finally graced you with its light and that good karma check finally cleared. Congratulations, you found yourself a gem of a show. However, random shows do have a dark side. Have you ever seen what you thought was a badass band and you got really into them? You let yourself get carried away by the music and you decide to open up the wallet and let some dollars fly. You pick up a CD and shirt and you're saying to yourself the whole night, "Oh my god dude, this band rules. I'm totally going to jam this shit at work next week." However the next day when you pop in the CD for a listen while you shower off the previous night you hear... well let's be honest shall we? This band sucks and by the way it's also terrible! Did you then have any feelings of regret or shame? Is that feeling not going away no matter how hard you scrub? My friend, it turns out that you were listening to the bands through booze ears. Waking up the morning after a show with

crappy band merch everywhere, feels kind of similar to wearing beer goggles all night and waking up the next morning beside an ugly chick. Except when that actually does happen, I'm usually the ugly chick. Can Newton's laws of motion be applied to live music?

Once upon a time I kicked myself for bringing too much money to Stafford or Rev's and blowing it all on the band's merchandise. Recently however I've had a change of heart. When I think about it, it's actually the way I would prefer to spend my money, sober or otherwise. Yeah I may be lighter in the wallet the next couple of weeks, but I can rest easy knowing that I've contributed in some small measure, to perpetuating and hopefully evolving art in BCS. This also happens sometimes when I hang out with my artist friend Jerome. If I've been paid recently I get all Mr. Tippy McLoose Wallet and I fork over some cash, requesting him to, "make me something rad as hell!" I never get that whoops feeling though when I do that, because in a week or so I know I'm going to be feeling pretty bitchen when I'm sportin' my new shirts. Anyways, what I'm trying to say is, once and I while get trigger happy when it comes to buying merchandise or art. If you had fun, then who cares if the band wasn't the most mind blowing act ever conceived. You can rest easy knowing that you've put gas in the car and food in the stomachs of some kids trying to live a dream. There is nothing to be ashamed of about that.

**MOUSTACHE RIDES  
WITH JAMES GRAY**

THE BIG TIME Part one







## 8 BIT BURGERS WITH ATARIMATT: WENDY'S 99 CENT DOUBLE STACK

First off, I trekked approximately one entire block through the B/CS Arctic Blizzard of 2009 on December 4th to head to the Wendys right next to my office. I also skipped my afternoon jog and normal lunch routine of celery and water. Which, if you know me, you know that it takes a lot to drag me away from that. Seriously.

Second, I'm a huge hater of corporate monster chains, especially the restaurant type. But damned if Wendys hasn't come through big-time with this burger which consists of two small patties with a slice of pasteurized-processed-cheese food in-between, topped with a tiny bit of onion, one pickle, a squirt of mustard and then

a big splurt of ketchup, all between a nice little plain ol' bun.

The meat is actually not so McDonalds/school cafeteria style, but more of the "this might just be real meat!" variety, that has a nice grease-factor to it. The cheese is usually not very melted, which is how I like it, and the pickles and onions are always nice and fresh as far as nice and fresh onions and pickles go.

What really does it for me on this burger is the ketchup ratio. Pretty much the only thing more

## INTRODUCING...THE B/CS AMTGARD CHAPTER STORY BY HERB NOWELL

While everyone knows the Texas Renaissance Fair and many people are familiar with the Society for Creative Anachronism there is a third medieval group very active in College Station you might not know, Amtgard. Amtgard is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization that is dedicated to the recreation of the Sword and Sorcery genre as well as educational aspects of both Medieval and Ancient cultures. Amtgard focuses largely on a Medieval-based combat system but also encompasses the arts and sciences of the time, in a friendly, social atmosphere. IT was founded in El Paso, Texas (and is thus our native group) but was international by the mid-90s.



Amtgard uses foam covered weapons, home-made armor and clothing, and a good deal of imagination to recreate not only the medieval and ancient eras of our world but that of many fantasy stories. At an Amtgard gathering one can meet, fight alongside, and feast with a Viking, Elves from Middle Earth, a Roman Legionary who remained in Britain, pirates, a Wizard from the Rift Wars, and a refugee from Atlantis. Their fighting

games from run from simple line and up and fight sword battles, magical quests, and even games of Quidditch.

College Station Texas has played a big role in the history of the boffer group Amtgard. In the late 80s the group was founded and rapidly grew to be Grand Duchy of Mordengaard. At the time it was in the Central Texas based Celestial Kingdom. As groups grew up around Houston the Grand Duchy entered into a confederation that would become their own kingdom, The Kingdom of the Wetlands in the mid-90.

At it's peak Mordengaard routinely fielded 40-50 people every Sunday at Bee Creek Park to fight and socialize. It would produce many people now famous in the Amtgard world and several Knights of Amtgard. As time scattered members to the winds and the renovations at Bee Creek Park. In recent years numbers have generally been in the teens or a little lower. Some say the Grand Duchy of Mordengaard's glory days are past.

Sir TarKhan Kane, however, sees it's glory days as yet to come. He has set out to get the old gang back together and bring in a new generation. He has revived weekly games on Sundays, now in Hensel Park at noon. He is also trying to establish a tradition of in park feasting after battles once a month. Their January feasting day will be on Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup>.



If you'd like to swing a sword, cast a spell, or even just meet an elf just head to College Station and Bryan's own enchanted lands in Hensel Park. It will be a Sunday out of this world.

plentiful on this burger than the ketchup is the bun. So basically it is a ketchup sandwich with some meat and shit init. Mmmmm, mmmmm delicious! I'm a huge fan of the ketchup, or catsup. However you wanna spell it, it's the most awesome condiment ever invented.

Now these bastards are small, but they cost under a dollar and really pack a whallop of satisfaction. So make sure and grab more than one and you'll be one super happy hamburger camper. The only thing negative I have to report is on the ambience of the inside dining area of Wendys. While I was there I was subjected to not one, not two, but THREE Coldplay songs! Luckily I had the deliciousness shield of those two Double Stacks with cheese to protect me from whatever brain damage that amount of Coldplay could have caused under different circumstances.

All in all, the Wendys Double Stack is the best coroporate

devil fast good burger ever. Just make sure and get them through the drive-thru, unless you are unfortunate enough to actually like Coldplay...

Bit Rate: 9.99/10



Wendys 99 Cent Double Stack Burger. Photo by Atarimatt

## READING ROCKS WITH KELLY MINNIS: HEYLIN'S PRIMER ON PUNK'S ROOTS DELIVERS



I will read pretty much any and every book that has to do with popular music. Country, reggae, hiphop, fusion, rock, etc. The stuff I read the most about is easily what I very conveniently refer to in one large lump sum category as *college rock*. I call it that mainly because where I first heard this new genre of music was on non-profit college radio, "the left end of the dial", throughout the 1980s and beyond. College rock would take the span from punk rock to krautrock to post-punk to Paisley Underground to gay electropop to riotgrrrl to C60 to shoegaze to lo-fi and beyond. Hiphop and reggae were championed by college radio before finding a greater commercial audience; it is the birthplace of modern alternative rock (although it now has more in common with REO Speedwagon & .38 Special than Sonic Youth and Nirvana); it is where the legacy of the freewheelin' FM disc jockey has largely landed, the last place on the radio dial where DJ's can largely play whatever

they wanna play. Internet radio and podcasting is cool and all, but it's like the blogosphere versus the print industry. Getting up on the Internets is cool and cuts out the middleman but lacks the permanency and stature of doing it for realz.

This month's offer in Reading Rocks is Clinton Beylin's *Babylon's Burning: From Punk To Grunge*, an all-encompassing history of punk's origins and its mutation into "college rock" on its way to becoming new wave and ultimately grunge. It's a very thorough read filled to the brim with great quotes from the musicians and such who made it all happen. Most punk books skew either American or English and, being that Heylin is a limey, it should surprise no one that Heylin focuses more on the origins of punk in the U.K. But rather unlike Jon Savage's *England's Dreaming*, probably the word of record on English punk, Heylin does so without a lot of highbrow collegiate research paper theoretical B.S. Heylin ties U.K. punk tightly to the early '70s pubrock scene, which is a different take than the normal "Malcolm McLaren brought it and a bad case of crabs home from NYC & his failed attempt at managing the NY Dolls" line. Heylin also goes out of his way to illustrate punk rock's international nature, capturing the origins of Australian punk (focusing on Radio Birdman and The Saints, bands who I knew little about) as well as Irish and American punk.

Heylin also does a very good job of illustrating how the first generation of punk rock had evolved months before the Sex Pistols were able to release their first album and unwittingly created post-punk by rebelling against the rebels. Heylin uses this transformation as a lecture of sorts to drill into the reader that punk rock is an attitude and way of thinking more than a musical or fashion genre. More like a way of life that cast aside all rules as opposed to a lockstep straightjacket into an admittedly subversive yet highly conformative way of making music or wearing your hair and clothes. Heylin takes that group of "post-punks" to the '80s where he moves mostly stateside to chronicle the rise of SST Records, Black Flag, the Paisley Underground, cowpunk, and ultimately grunge, where he stops the book at the place he maintains the music itself died.

Heylin's overall theme of this book is that the punk movement began as a very open, rebellious form of music that did away with the rules of exclusivity, that in theory anybody could be in a band. In practice we know that's not the case. Creativity requires that spark, and in some folks that spark burns so brightly that it cannot be hindered by a lack of talent or facility. The punk explosion took those creative forces and armed them with tools of expression, in turn begatting hundreds of bands and easily a dozen important music movements. Heylin then contrasts the Nirvana punk overthrow with the Sex Pistols in one concise line, a quote placed in context from former Dream Syndicate frontman Steve Wynn: "The Sex Pistols birthed an entire movement and lots of bands came up in their wake, exploding the realm of possibilities. Nirvana was only a band, not a movement, and the only band in Nirvana's wake was Nirvana".

It's a long 700+ page read and is seriously in-depth but does a very good job of covering the lineage of punk through grunge. It does not tell the whole story. For supplemental reading I'd recommend Legs McNeill's *Please Kill Me: An Oral History of Punk* that will cover your bases for how the NYC movement began and Michael Ackerman's *This Band Could Be Your Life* which will cover the few holes Heylin leaves in the 1980's indie rock underground.



# THE 2010'S: THE FIRST DECADE OF THE NEW MILLENNIUM IN MUSIC

COMPILED BY KELLY MINNIS

Right about now, stepping out in a cold-ass fashion, nearly every critic, critic wannabe, idiot with a blog and then me are collecting their thoughts, sharpening their writing utensils, polishing their wit with the intention of placing a frame of context around the First Decade of the New Millennium. Well, that's too good a challenge for me to leave to the professionals, so let's let this rank amateur give his stab at summary comments.

It's been a strange decade that I think will be remembered more for extra-musical trappings than the actual music created. The Death of the Compact Disc; The Rise of the MP3; The Death of the Music Industry; The Rebirth of Vinyl; The Birth, Death, Rebirth and Legal Ramifications of File Sharing. And so on, et. al. Really. That is not to say that no vital music has been created this decade. I think we all could very quickly point to some great music made in the past ten years, and I will most certainly get to that in a minute. I think it is important to take a second to note what historians will note, and I think the music will only muster a footnote.

I am quite sure that my favorite albums of the decade are probably not the most important ones made. After all, we crashed into this decade with the last gasps of teen pop running up the charts. N Sync broke every first week sales barrier in 2000; Radiohead freaked everyone out by going almost completely electronic; mook rap-rock and its progeny ruled the airwaves and video; hip-hop had become an urban parody of metal's late '80s excess; and in the indie rock underground currents began to bubble up that would eventually ride the Internet to a renaissance hinted at by the early '90s post-Nirvana explosion. Indie rock was in its death throes when a quartet of mama's boy richer Manhattans put some Lower East Side attitude into their punk rock and a formerly married and bichromatic duo fell out of Detroit with a serious case of the British Blooz. The Strokes and The White Stripes single-handedly saved mainstream indie rock from Limp Bizkit and Korn. Their success paved the way for similar chart and sales success for Modest Mouse, Death Cab For Cutie, The Arcade Fire and The Shins, who all topped Billboard album charts this decade.

Genre-hopping and category-defying collaboration became the norm in the post-Internet meta. Mash-ups, R&B stars covering indie rock, rap artists raiding Ibiza and Dusseldorf. Professional ghost songwriters saved pop from the indie oblivion by making pop smart enough for the indie kids to latch onto with a tiny bit of irony that the rest of the pop-loving public missed and really couldn't care less about. Electronic music divided and subdivided and subdivided some more into the tiniest of microgenres.

And all the while during this very interesting decade I listened to less music than ever before. Was it just because I got old, cracking 30 midway through the '00s? No. I blame it mostly on file sharing and the iPod. File sharing because once I got shit-canned from my career in radio late in 2005 I stopped buying albums and started downloading them. I could and did pull down pretty much anything I could and rarely spent a lot of time with anything because of the sheer volume of music I had at my fingertips. Add to that the shuffle function in the iPod (which I finally bought into once the iPod came to Windows in 2004) and the measly 20GB of storage (then 60GB in 2006 then 160GB in 2009) of iPod space that required me to rip at low bit rates and to not rip full albums, only the songs I liked (how could I know what songs I liked on new albums when I'd barely listened to them?!) and you can see that I became for awhile another casualty of this decade's extra-musical occurrences.

Then last year I took a big step back from this precipice and began buying music again, though not on CD. iTunes downloads and vinyl took over for me. I forced myself to take the time to listen to music again in the same context I once listened to music as a teen: alone, in the dark and with my fully undivided attention. I also discovered the MP3 blog and the anthropological properties of archiving self-released ultra-indie recordings from virtually every genre and the re-discovery of why bands who are considered vital are so vital in the first place without spending a ton of dough on CD's. In the light of all this, I now give you my favorite albums of the first ten years of the 2000's. I do not pretend this list should be carved in tablet, painted in cave dwellings as representative of anything other than what really moved me this decade and why. I give them in no real particular order.

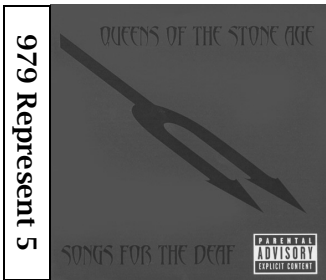


created.



sounds like Seattle at that time to me. It amped me up for the good times of the over-the-top optimism of the Dot Com Boom where 20-somethings became big ballers thanks to start-up stock options and the subsequent bust of the paper millionaires the following year. And for me, the death of my firstborn child.

The last time I saw Ben Gibbard was probably 2002. I parked probably ten blocks away from my office in one of the few areas of downtown Seattle where you could still park on the street for free. I had just made it to my car when I spied Ben walking down Denny from Capitol Hill to Belltown. I waved to him and we talked for a little while. I offered to give him a lift to wherever he was going and he declined, saying he'd rather enjoy the let-up in the rain and continue walking. There's no way he can do that now, what with being Grammy nominated and married to a famous actress. I guess I know a bit what it was like to be a Cavern Club local from 1962 in bemused disbelief that the rest of the world has become hip to your local neighborhood boys...

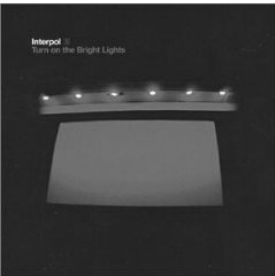


**Queens of the Stone Age** *Songs For the Deaf* (2002)

I admit, I really didn't dig Kyuss that much, and was only half impressed with stuff friends would include from QOTSA's previous albums on compilations. But when I first heard "No One Knows" and heard Dave Grohl's drumming large and in charge and the full-on embrace of Josh Homme's inner Jack Bruce...well, I became a desert believer. I am continually impressed with how creamy and smooth this band sounds even when they are rocking balls out, vibing in Sabbath territory or some psychotic real estate all their own.

It also helped to root me back into the drums for my last hurrah as a drummer. Not to say that I don't still play drums now, but my identity is perceived now more as a multi-instrumentalist. Sing and play guitar in one band; program electronica in another; play Americana drums in another; overbub weirdness over

singer-songwriter musings...that all comes directly from Dave Grohl, who along with J Mascis and Lenny Kravitz, inspired me to write songs and play something other than drums. But this album renewed my love affair with Dave Grohl The Drummer who completely slays on this album, playing unwordly punishing drums all while swinging like Bill Ward.



**Interpol** *Turn On the Bright Lights* (2002)

OK, the singer sounds like Ian Curtis. That's the rather immediate assessment on Interpol. That they are to me more of a mélange of early '80s post-punk influences seems lost in the Joy Division shuffle. Those guitars are straight out of The Chameleons UK; the languid romance of the balladry is usually passed over, the math-y rough -and-tumble start-stops and prog-ish song structures are straight out of Louisville... plus the undeniable glamour beneath the gloom was probably one of the more original statements to evolve from this band. And once again it was all passed over. I mean, you realize this guy sounds just like Ian Curtis, right?

Sure, Interpol cannot deny their influences. It's The Sound and Cmsat Angels, but updated for a new millennium, beefier, brawnier. I love who they successfully rip off so much that I can't help but love this band, though their subsequent offerings have sadly been lesser affairs. The word out of the band is that the next one goes back to this earlier sound. We shall see early next year whether that is true.



**Ryan Adams** *Rock N Roll / Love Is Hell* (2003)

It's strange for me to place these albums in my top ten best of the decade when most would consider these albums to be some of the worst, self-indulgent ripped-off horseshit of all time, let alone just these past ten years. Let me assure you that this is not pure subversiveness. I love these albums and they meant a lot to me at the time and continue to hold strong for me.

I have been a Ryan Adams fan since his days fronting Whiskeytown in the early '90s. It is their music, alongside Uncle Tupelo and its offshoots, that really helped me to gain an appreciation for the country music that I grew up surrounded by in western Kentucky. Ryan was equal parts country,

redneck and indie skater cool all at the same time, but I always thought his rock side was more pure and interesting. Ryan followed that '80s college rock muse to its fiery end in 2003 with these two albums, on the former combining early '90s Britpop anthems with jangly post-punk nervousness, and on the latter making a love letter to The Smiths and Jeff Buckley. The songwriting on *Rock N Roll* is largely disposable, which isn't necessarily a slag. Good rock and roll need not mean anything nor be any deeper than the most surface of feelings. *Love Is Hell* however attempts to make good on its title's premise, and at least on a couple of songs Ryan slams that fucker home. "This House Is Not For Sale" still gives me the chills and sounds as heartfelt a plea as has ever been committed to wax; "The Shadowlands" makes good on the cinematic promise of earlier piano ballads.

The number one attraction for me is probably also the number one detraction for many. These albums are horribly derivative. You know he who rips off blatantly for each song. Johnny Marr here, Noel Gallagher there, Counting Crows here, U2 there...you get the picture. But especially *Rock N Roll* comes across as a big sloppy love letter to the music that Ryan Adams loves, and it helps me forgive him these transgressions having read the completely stream-of-consciousness fucked up ramblings he gives as interviews and blog postings. I think he had a lark to bust out some rock for about nine months and then, having decided he'd rather not present himself that way anymore (either because of some honest soul searching or because the critics shined on him for it) he retreated almost completely into the *Gold* era California '70s sound he's plumbed almost exclusively ever since. Well, I don't swing that way and have been by and large disappointed with his subsequent work. C'mon Ryan, fuck them all and give me another album like *Rock N Roll*, bro!



**Band of Horses** *Everything All the Time* (2006)

Another one kinda like Death Cab, but slightly different. How is it you can watch more of your peers emerge from a popular but I thought pretty average band like Carissa's Wierd with a shot completely out of left field? Well, I saw it happen when I first saw BOH as Horses, whom I opened for in my last year in Seattle. I liked what I heard but had no idea they had an album like this lurking up their sleeves.

I have no idea what Ben Bridwell is singing about, and when I do catch the words peaking out they sound largely like non-narrative nonsense. You could sing the phone book in that languid South Carolina drawl encased in three feet of solid reverb and delivered in that Perry Farrell meets Doug Martsch alien falsetto and I would fall in love. It's downhome kudzu and early '80s Liverpool discomfort all at once. It's transcendent and earthy all at once. Like a Neil Young for the indie rock generation, although in a less direct way than J Mascis was for the '90s.

Sadly, their second effort was not as effects-laden and Bridwell's dumb lyrics detract from the overall beauty. Still, the first time at bat for Band of Horses knocked that shit out the park.



**M83** *Saturdays=Youth* (2008)

OK, everyone fell over themselves last year (me included) to make John Hughes comparisons to this masterpiece. Yeah, there is that Big '80s feel to this album in spades, that largess of cheeky north U.K. mid '80s arena rock from Simple Minds and U2. But it is not just that bigness that is channeled here. There are moments of dreampop ethereality, Pink Floyd languid English psychedelia, shoegaze glide guitars, and extremely over-the-top borderline emo of the lyrics and those damn voiceovers. "I'm already 15 and I fear my life is over..." yeah, we all felt like that at one point in our lives and I still for the life of my can't tell if M83 feels it, is merely making a period piece or relishing the irony of such campy emotiveness. Doesn't really matter to me, because it plays on all the nostalgia points for me while pointing forward in the instrumental electronic parts towards bringing rock guitars back to the dance floor like those Manchester dudes loved to do 20 years ago, but without the clownish druggy vibe, replaced with a painful earnestness that is as refreshing as it is sophomoric.



**Deerhunter** *Microcastle* (2008)

This is the band that helped me fall in love with Guided By Voices all over again. How? Because this band has single-handedly renewed the rampant record collector ennui to indie rock. And I don't mean the indie rock *High Fidelity* snob who lords their aesthetic superiority over everyone. I'm talking about that guy who blows every single coin he can find buying pretty much any record he can get his hands on. And that was GBV's aesthetic in the '90s and is now pushed forward by Bradley Cox and company.

Very little is outside of Deerhunter's scope. Sonic Youth post-industrial clanging chords in odd tunings; dreampop; '60s girl group sweetness; gothic claustrophobia; tossed-off lo-fi lullabies...this band encompasses it all, with an anthem in "Nothing Ever Happened" that is every bit the "Teen Age Riot" for the next generation. The other thing so GBV about this band is that Deerhunter is beyond prolific, so much so that side projects abound, like the 4AD gothic ambience of Atlas Sound and the lower profile Lotus Plaza. No side of the muse is unexplored, just placed in its proper place. The first band since Radiohead to really leave me with the sense of anticipation for what they are going to do next, where else they can go before mediocrity catches up.



# CULTURE IN RUIN

## *SOUL CRUSHING B/CS METAL — PROFILED BY NIKI PISTOLS*

The B/CS music scene has always had an ebb and flow when it comes to the bands it produces. That is largely in part because this is a transient college town: bands pop up, play for a few semesters before graduating and then move on to greener pastures. Once in a while a band defies those odds and proves it has and will continue to have true staying power. They've stuck around long enough to have paid their dues, playing whenever and wherever they can, sometimes to a handful of people. They lose members, add members, write new songs and revive old ones, all the while trudging forward until everything feels RIGHT. Nuklhed was one of these bands. But with new members and a new name, these guys have upped the ante and are bringing it hardcore with no holds barred. All of us 979Represent dirtbags have known these guys for some time now and aside from the fact that they have a kickass band, they are also a cool as shit group of guys. They stopped by recently to give me the lowdown on where they started and where they're going- Meet Culture in Ruin.

Guitarists Russell and Eric have been friends since they were kids. They joke about stealing Slayer CD's from each other back then and have played music together just about as long. Eventually they started writing their own songs together including lyrics and decided that they really wanted to find more people to start a band. While at their practice space, they heard another band practicing. They decided to borrow the bass player: enter BJ bass player and Eric's cousin. It was an instant fit.

They added a drummer and began practicing and playing shows. Though Nuklhed was around for 7+ years, they say it was a struggle trying to make it all come together where it felt right, but the groundwork seems to have paid off, with new members Ben-vocals and Steven-drums. Russell says, " This is really a band of brothers, we aren't just guys in a band together. We hang out, we know what's going on with each other."



Although this is Ben's first time fronting a band, the guys all agree that you would never know it. Eric says, "The frontman is so important, he really sets the tone for the show and Ben is a natural, and Steven having been in bands before, really knows how to bring and keep the energy for the show." Ben had been thinking about being a part of a metal band and decided to post an add on Craigslist- the rest as they say, is history. "I remember they asked if I could do a Norma Jean song and it just happened to be my favorite one, I knew then that this was going to work."

With the missing pieces of the puzzle put into place the band has been gaining the momentum that they have worked so hard for. With the help of good friend and manager Moses Alvarez, Culture in Ruin is looking forward to taking this band to the next level. All agree, "Moses is like the 6th member of this band. He'll tell us if something doesn't sound right, if the show could've been better, we trust him and he's always been honest with us. He pushes us to play our best."

Right now Moses is working on booking good weekend shows out of the B/CS area for the guys, merch, and keeping the webpage updated with shows, etc and their appreciation for him really shows.

You can find them on facebook and myspace, and sometimes sitting in my garage shootin' the shit over a couple beers.



## CULTURE IN RUIN LIVE DATES

1/2 The Stafford, Bryan w/Texas Drag Queens, The Ex-Optimists, The Iron Sack

1/7 SchotZis, College Station w/IllysiuM

1/23 The Stafford, Bryan w/primal, wellborn Road & die without heroes

3/13 The Stafford, Bryan w/Silent Civilian, Blind Witness & Burn the Red Skies

## MSC LUNCHBOX SERIES SUCCEEDS DESPITE STRUGGLES

Story by Kelly Minnis

On the outside Texas A&M University seems to only embrace country and conservative culture but there are plenty of students who are attempting to subvert the norm from within. One such group of students is the MSC Town Hall that presents a series of concerts each semester around campus.

Normally each semester those concerts are presented at Rudder Fountain behind the MSC, but since the MSC is closed for the next couple of years for renovation the concerts have been moved around campus this year. "It's been a challenge finding a location" says Town Hall exec Theodore Patrick McFail. Town Hall has presented shows on the lawn in front of Sbis, in the plaza in front of Koldus and outside the north end of Kyle Field but were kicked out due to volume issues. Finally the group found a winner at the Rec on West Campus. "The people there welcomed us with open arms" says McFail.

During the fall semester Town Hall featured local bands, hip bands from Houston and Austin as well as snagging touring bands in their off times between Texas cities. Ringo Deathstarr, Toro Y Moi, The Black and White Years, Young Mammals, Haunting Oboe Music, Wild Moccasins and French Miami have all played shows on campus last semester. And who might be in store for the spring? "Right now I am not at liberty to say just yet, but with SXSW coming up I can guarantee great performances to come," McFail demures.



Town Hall executive Theodore Patrick McFail tries to stay cool during one of last fall's Lunch Box shows.

Although Town Hall is most known for its Lunch Box Series it also presents concerts at night on campus as well as an open mic series called Coffeehouse. Keep your eyes on <http://www.979represent.com> for the latest concert dates for the Lunch Box Series.

## TOYS FOR TOTS BENEFIT DELIVERS

Story by Kelly Minnis

Last month the 979Represent/SHTI Toys For Tots Benefit at Revolution and The Stafford pulled in about \$800 of cash and toy donations. Thank you each and everyone of ya who came out to rock out or twang out and to support a wonderful cause. Special thanks to Maddie and Magic Girl for manning the door, and very special thanks to Tyler Kinslow and Matt LeMaistre, local Aggie representatives from the United States Marine Corps, who helped to make the dual events run smoothly all night.



Atarimatt and his son Brodie add some toys to the Toys R Us Toys For Tots collection box—Photo by Kelly Minnis

The 979/SHTI gang took the toys to the Toys R Us drop-off site today and spent the cash donations adding to the large box of toys at the drop-off site. Skateboards, Nerf guns, Polly Pockets, glow worms, Hot Wheels and other fine toys were added to the box.

Toys For Tots is a Marine Corps charity that gathers toys and distributes them locally, so these toys will remain in the community that helped provide them in the first place. Thanks again to all of you who helped make Christmas a little brighter for some 979 children in need this year.

If you would like to learn more about Toys For Tots or make a donation then go to <http://www.toysfortots.org>



## BRAZOS VALLEY METAL NEWS FROM FOILFACE

[www.myspace.com/brazoscountymetalmusic](http://www.myspace.com/brazoscountymetalmusic)

Back in the summer on July 10, 2009, this 100 yr old Metalhead got his shit Thrashed at Brutality II and loved it. Brutality is a metal fest that takes in place downtown Bryan at The Stafford Main and it's all about Live Brutal Hardcore/Thrash/Death Metal Music.

Saturday Night, Dec 12th, Brutality III took place and this old fart made his escape from the Brazos County Ol Stoners & Metalheads Retirement home and headed downtown to get "Wrecked" with Live Texas Metal Music....Well Folks, i'm gonna share with ya the most badass show in Brazos County metal music History yet....



Convicted of Treason started the show with a feral passion to open some eardrums with their force-fed guitarists Adrian and Jeremy driving sum serious metal riffs at high volume levels. Jared was beating the drums so hard yur body shook with each bass drum blow. Cody's pipes were on Full Blast that night and the excitement was stacked with Keith Snook joining in on Bass for this show. Keith managed to pull off a badass set seein' that he didn't practice with the band that week, but played off memory from November's show at The Stafford Main. Kool shit Keith! Convicted of Treason's set kicked harder than my old plow mule and everyone at the show felt their Metal Music muscle flex.



Convicted of Treason @ Brutality III—Photo by Foil Face

more abuse from them. Even this 100 year old man felt it. I found myself Thrashin' harder than I have in a long time...Bottom line, just plain ol Texas Badass Metal Music from this band.

Zero And Falling was next to continue the Metal Music of Brutality III. The energy had been building up all night with the various bands that played. I know Zero and Falling's fans, and I knew a Mosh Pit would break out. There were 100 Metalheads stage front when Z&F started their set and I made my way to a safe area out of Ground Zero. Dantrael's stage presence along with the rest of the band, Branden, Ricky, Mark and Chuck, unloaded some Brutal Hardcore Metal that sparked the 1st of many Brutal Mosh Pits of the night. The band's set lasted 30 minutes, and they performed songs off their newly-released CD *A Disease of Meaning*.



In the Trench live at Brutality III—Photo by Foil Face



Primal fucking kills it at Brutality III—Photo by Foil Face

Primal - a Brazos County Thrash/Metal band that formed last year and masterminds behind the Brutality series of shows, took the stage at the same time as a group of 150 bicycle-riding bar hoppers entered the Stafford Main. The atmosphere went insane as Primal opened up their set. Roger's vox, Clint & Masso's guitar works, Adam's Bass bashin, and Cody's extreme drummin was enough to spark the largest and hardest-hitting Mosh Pit I've seen this year. There were Metalheads and bicycle helmets flyin' everywhere in Ground Zero. The loud Metal Music that Primal was dishin' out had everyone headbanging. Folks, this was just the way a homegrown Metal Music show should be. Everyone at the Brutality III entered the Primal Zone, and left with Big ass Metalhead smiles on their faces. That says alot there.

Now Folks, go tell alot of people that Brazos County has 1 of the best metal music scenes going in Texas, and to come out and support the local music scene and see for yurself.... I ain't bullshittin' y'all.







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