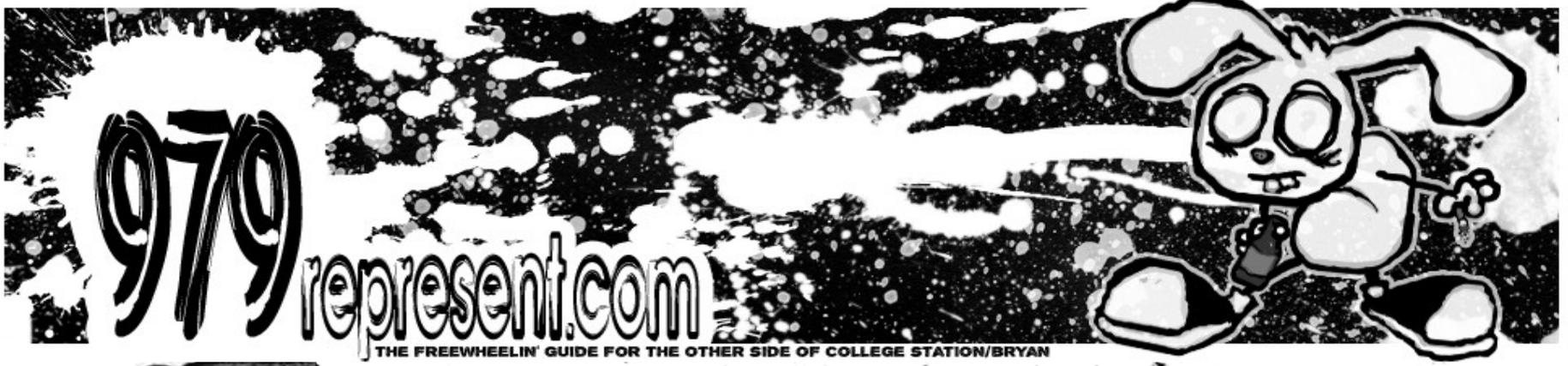


MAY 2010
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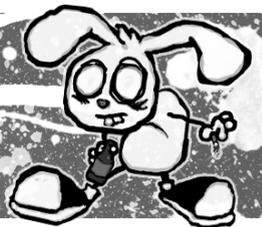


THE FREEWHEELIN' GUIDE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF COLLEGE STATION/BRYAN



INSIDE: ATARIMATT VS. DOUBLE DOWN—PROFILE ON LOST SOULS FIXIE SHOP—CONCERT CALENDAR—OTHER STUFF

979represent.com



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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Do We Really Need Another Music Festival?

It seems that Bryan-College Station has caught "Big Music Festival" -itis. Local metal bands can't seem to have a show unless at least sixty bands show up to play. I have been contacted recently by several unconnected people asking my opinions and advice on setting up either a Battle of the Bands, a jazz festival or another multi-band extravaganza. My advice to them has been to try and find a musical market that has not fully been tapped yet around here. The metal promoters pretty much have the big band thing all tied up. LOUDFEST takes care of the merger point between metal, noise,

punk and indie. Rock The Republic takes care of the more commercial side of Texas rock and a little bit of performance art/spoken word. Then there's Chilifest, Duck Jam, Navasota Blues Festival, A&M's Battle of the Bands, Texas Reds, First Friday, etc. inf. It seems like we're pretty much taken care of for multi-band shindigs.

Or are we?

I really don't think we are. I carefully pointed one such seeker of my advice on this subject towards putting together a jazz festival for B/CS. We have nothing like that here. I still don't think there's an adequate festival for showing off the talents of local country performers. We have lots of electronic producers, rappers and MC's around. Where's their festival? Or Tejano music? There are probably more underserved musical factions that we are unaware of right now that are somewhere in Brazosland taking a smoke break between songs at rehearsal, bitching about how lame B/CS is and that no one notices them. Not every local band, Texas band, or awesome underground music movement can be encapsulated and presented in such a fashion.

Yet this month the 979Represent and Sinkhole Texas Inc. Records gang are hoping to encapsulate 35 underground indie, metal, punk, noise, hip-hop and electronic artists from all over the country (but mostly Texas) under the guise of **LOUDFEST 2010**. This year we are taking over both Revolution Café & Bar and The Stafford Main in downtown Bryan for Friday night and all day/night Saturday May 21-22.

When we put our first LOUDFEST together two years ago we were aiming at creating the UnNorthgate Music Festival. Local bands were always an afterthought for NMF, and we knew that there was lots of local talent that people weren't paying attention to. We thought if we could gather them all together and present them in one festival that maybe people would notice that the Brazos Valley isn't an awful morass of TX country and cowboys. If all you do is spend your four years at A&M and never leave Northgate then yeah, you deserve that point of view. Since then NMF died, Rock The Republic pretty much over that territory and LOUDFEST grew to a two-venue two-night behemoth.

This year LOUDFEST presents a more rounded line-up. In previous years it seemed like the focus was mostly on metal. As the various local metal promoters have begun to fulfill that need LOUDFEST 2010 has skewed more towards indie rock, off-kilter punk rock and indie hip-hop. This year we still have the local band focus but the word has spread about how awesome LOUDFEST is and we have attracted bands from as far away as Denver, Oakland and New York City. The same Abraham Lincoln-encrusted \$5 bill gets you a wristband that's good for entry both nights. This year instead of selling pre-made t-shirts the SHTI gang will screen you a LOUDFEST t-shirt on the spot. Hell, you wanna take the shirt off your back and get it screened then hand it over and we'll do it for ya. There will also be limited edition hand-screened posters as well as 2CD compilations featuring tracks from all the bands playing this year. Special thanks go to our sponsors for helping with supplies, volunteering, feeding the bands, etc. Stover Boys/Square One Bistro, Revolution Café & Bar, The Stafford Main, Mr. G's Pizzeria, Arsenal Tattoo, To the Point, C-Ment Skates, Brazos Valley Derby Dolls, and more.—KELLY MINNIS

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B-Bit Burgers with Atarimatt: KFC's Double Down

I was pretty excited when teh intarwebs was all a flutter months ago about this potentially awesome sandwich which replaced the traditional bun with a couple of fried chicken breasts. It sounded almost as good as bacon wrapped bacon! I was so down for the Doubledown...until I actually got one.

I guess I was expecting more than what it really was. It's two pieces of chicken with some melted white cheese and bacon in the middle. Nothing more. Nothing less. And that's exactly what it tastes like. Two pieces of chicken with some melted white cheese and bacon in the middle. No special sauce, no special spices, no special nothing.



KFC's Double Down chicken sandwich thingy—photo by Atarimatt

I find it odd that they've spent so much advertising on such a meh product. If the Colonel was alive today he would be rolling over in his grave! Double thumbs down for the KFC Doubledown.

Bit Rate: Double Zero

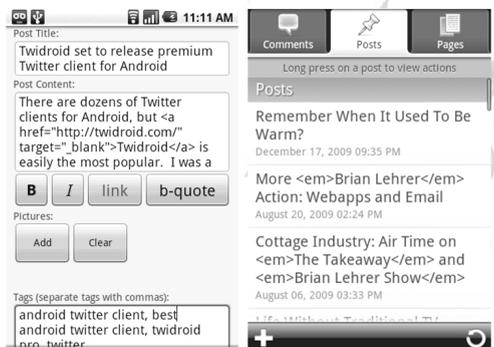
Geekbiz101 With Jeremy: Wordpress Android App 1.1.1.3



If you own an Android phone (or iPhone or Blackberry) and also post articles on a WordPress based website then the new WordPress App is for you! Some time ago I believe I mentioned that I had discovered this app but I never really got in depth other then to say that I loved it. For those of you who can't simply take my word for it, I decided I should probably give it the proper review that it deserves. Now is a great time to do so because a new even more awesome version was just released! I'll first just go over some of its features.

- Supports Multiple accounts and/or Multiple Websites

Pretty self explanatory but basically you save your login info for whatever accounts you have and you can pick which one to manage. On mine, I have one set up for my administrator account for TheJawatech.com and I have another set up for my editor account on 979Represent.com. When I open the app it asks me which one I want to use.



- Add and Manage New Posts

Once you choose which account you wish to use, you have the option to manage your posts. Just click on the posts tab and you'll see a list of all your posts. You'll even see the unpublished ones. From here you can create a new post or open up one that's already started and edit away. Everything is like you imagine it should be. You've got your bold, italic, URL, and block quote buttons to help with formatting. You can add pictures from your phone to your posts here and even choose what category and tags your post should be linked to. Another great thing is you can choose whether to publish it or not. Once you are done you tap save and it saves the file to your local drafts on your phone. If you want to put it on your server but don't want to publish it yet you could also just click Upload Now. If you want it uploaded to the server AND published right away you can also check the publish box and then click upload now. Whatever floats your boat. If you change your mind later you can change all of this from the list of posts by simply clicking on the post and going back to edit.

- Add and Manage New Pages

This works exactly the same way as managing posts. See above for details.

- Manage Comments

You can manage global comments and you can manage comments for each post and or page. Read comments and approve and or reply to them right then and there. You can completely delete comments if you want and you can also mark them as spam right from your phone. How cool is that?!

- Upload Pictures and Video directly from phone into a New Post

This is the newest feature that was just added in version 1.1.3 and its a really good one. Say you just took a video or picture of something really cool and you want to show everyone. Well, from the picture preview you choose share, and just like you would post on Twitter or Facebook, you can post as a new article on your website. When you choose WordPress from the share list it brings up a box and asks you which blog account you want to use and BAM! you're at the new post editor screen! Picture already attached. All you gotta do is give it a title and add some content if you want and your ready to upload to the web server!

It's Super Handy if you're a picture freak like myself. I see all kinds of things that need lots of explaining. Sometimes you just see something that requires a caption way more than 115 characters. Sometimes you need to write a story about it. They say a picture is worth a thousand words. Well now you have room to write an odyssey of a description if you choose to do so. It can be hectic typing so much text on a tiny phone but if you've got nothing else to do and you're away from a computer it's a great productive way to spend your time. Another important note is that this feature also works with URL's, Youtube, Google Places Directory, and many other apps. If it's got a share button, WordPress will be on that share list!

Also It's totally free! At least it's free on the Android Market. I'm not sure if the iPhone market charge you extra or not (it's free for iTunes too—ed.) so you'll just have to go check it out and see. It's Probably free.. anyway go check it out! Have fun!

(<) Scan this barcode to Download the latest version of Wordpress Android App!



Asian Persuasions with The Dahli Rama: Intended Target



To my imaginary set of readers, I will offer this disclaimer and apology. To those of you who read 979 Represent and weren't in the know, your Dahli Rama was in a physical altercation, aka: bar fight this early morning. The events surrounding the evening/early morning of April 24/25 should be told in a chronological somewhat organized fashion. Being that it is 3:19 am as this written repertoire is being put together, you'll just have to accept the flow of consciousness that is being emitted from my somewhat chemically altered state. To further the disclaimer, let me just say that I didn't have enough to drink to warrant an altered state of mind, just a somewhat serene sense of being; which makes the events that occurred all that much more unnecessary.

The first thing that comes to fruition in my scope of present mind is the word douche bag. It's become synonymous with a sense of cool that is self perceived yet outwardly accepted as a perception completely different. The original intention or device of the word per se was an instrument or tool that was used in the cleansing of female genitalia. The word's original defined intention was something to bring about an air of freshness, a sense of cleanliness, and ultimately the coming about of beauty from the aforementioned cleanliness. But we all know what it means now.

The second thing that comes to mind from the night is the fact that out of all of the people swarming and trying to see what was going on, it was the Asian guy that got hit. I can't count for certain, but multiple penetrations of what I would consider my aura took place. Yay!! and many thanks to those that came to my aid, but the repeated blows to the head and chest have me odd with my feelings. The first triumph, in a sense at least, that I feel great about is that I was able to take a punch; multiple punches. Maybe I'm not as vaginistic as I perceive myself to be. The second realization that comes to mind is that I got punched by a douche, and it didn't hurt much, but I got punched in the head by his mom or girlfriend, and that hurt more. What realization or reflection is that supposed to provide as an insight for who I am? I'm not quite certain.



Blood (perhaps the Dahli's?) smeared atop Wonko The Sane's hoop-ride at the scene of the riot, Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan, in the early AM Sunday April 25th

I'm sitting in half lotus position as my mind races with multitudes of what realizations I'm supposed to get from all this. Am I supposed to not be the only Asian guy anywhere I go from now on? Is that the most defining characteristic of who I am to the outside world is that I'm "that Asian guy"? I only bring that up, because as I was helping put everything back in some order at the place I've worked at for 2 days, one of my co-workers (who, in his defense, has never met me), blurted out for all to hear, "who the fuck is the Asian guy and why is he still here?" I reek of cigarette smoke, my elbow is still bleeding, I think there might be a rock or some glass in there, and I come back to the fact that the punches to the top and forefront of my face that originated from a woman that may or may not be the same age as my mother bludgeoned me. In my humble opinion, I might have been the sole person at the bar that was the most at peace with the surrounding universe. As the chaos ensued, those who I am proud to call my friends fo sho had my back (yay yay for the hood speak), but I was outwardly repeating how I'm okay, and everyone should just stop throwing punches.

The mind cultivates towards summation. The conversation(s) that took place at the beginning of the night are reflective of a pursuit. Sci-fi was the topic at hand, and the common thread that bound all the TV shows, comics, and games that we spoke of all had to do with pursuit. From *Stargate SG-1*, to *Picard* and the *Next Generation*, to *Cisco* and the main characters that took immediate and at times severe damage, the Cylons vs. the Colonists, etc. the search and conclusion of something with the intention of good will and peace is what humanity was always striving for. Despite our parallels to the pursuit of the vagina, it was in these sci-fi inspired programs and films that we were exposed to the greatness that humanity could strive and aspire to. But the events of the night showed us just how much we actually strive to make known our petty differences. To show just how much our cocks and their respective lengths, widths, or just the pure magnanimous-ness our egos hunger to feed into. And as a side note of sorts, why did the one old dude with the handle-bar stache whip out his johnson? Personally, I further solidifies an internal sadness that has been a part of me since I can remember being around other people. I have and always will be a product of this great nation. I was born, raised, and cultured right here in the United States. But despite my origins, no matter how I try to assimilate my yellow ass, I will always be positioned to be treated as an outsider. Even among those who look like me, the first impression will always be that I don't belong. What path of pursuit does this leave open for me and people like me? That type of solitude is one that not even my personal journey to 1000 days could put into a manageable perspective.

So relish in the present moment. Relinquish yourself to the fruits that the present puts forth. In the meantime, the Rama is gonna get cleaned up.

Dahli Rama





Oakland's **The Bare Wires** sounds slightly out of time and out of place. They look like a bunch of 1970's Cleveland scuzz rockers but sound like a lost 1980's L.A. Paisley Underground band. They've got that *Nuggets* throwback sound down fucking pat. Breathy, pretty vocals, psychedelic Anglo-inspired jangly guitar rock with well-written almost power pop hooks. **FUN FACT:** The late Jay Reatard mastered Bare Wires' most recent album *Artificial Clouds*.

The Bare Wires play the Revolution Stage Saturday @ 6pm.
<http://myspace.com/thebarewires>

Tell someone you are a Christian metal band and they are likely to think you are Petra or Stryper. Bryan/College Station's **Behold The Great Throne** is anything but lite metal. This band brings that Old Testament fire and brimstone to their songs, with a twin-guitar modern blast-beat metal approach.



Behold The Great Throne plays the Stafford Main Stage Friday @ 8:30pm



The blues has become a very safe musical idiom. The tried tropes have become citted and scrubbed clean of virtually any rough edges, urbanized and slick. New York City combo **Cause For Applause** brings it back to its roots as a vehicle for over-the-top personality and sex appeal. The blooze is run through a post-modern filter of '60s lounge, outsized gutter punk rock and good old-fashioned rock and fucking roll. Frontman David Lloyd Wofford sounds like a carnival barker in heat. Fans of Jon Spencer Blues Explosion will surely get off on these guys.

Cause For Applause plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 9pm
<http://myspace.com/causeforapplause>

The members of Houston's **Charger Fits** are the left-handedest motherfuckers you will ever meet. Seriously, these guys are *all left-handed*. Watching them will freak you out, and not just because you feel like you've somehow emerged into the negative film version of your life. They will turn your shit inside out with straight-forward honest to goodness working man's punk rock. Fans of late '90s West Coast dirtbag punk like The Hellacopters, Murder City Devils and Zeke as well as girls who dig singers who can do the splits while fucking up a guitar will definitely want to check these dudes out.



Charger Fits plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 5:30pm
<http://myspace.com/chargerfits>



Memphis sleaze punk rockers **Chinamen** are irreverent as hell, banging out two-minute beer-raising anthems to pussy, drinking, going out and having a damn good time. These four fellas (*the preferred nomenclature is Asian, Dude*) will assuredly leave a gallon of sweat on the floor, drink all yer beer and leave you soaked in rocknroll.

Chinamen plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 10pm
<http://myspace.com/chinamenmemphis>



YOUR GUIDE TO LOUDFEST TWO NIGHTS
MAY 21 8PM -
MAY 22 2PM -



Bryan/College Station's **Convicted Of Treason** combines the break-neck tempos of San Francisco thrash metal with the dueling guitar work of classic First Wave of British Heavy Metal and the aggressive larynx-shredding vocals of modern extreme metal. That's what their website sez. Me, I say they sound mean as fuck but they're really nice dudes. Don't tell them I told you so though.

Convicted Of Treason plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 9pm
<http://myspace.com/convictedoftreasonbcs>

Bryan/College Station loves its metal, and **Culture In Ruin** are some of its favorite local sons. Sez Foilface from *Brazos County Metal News*: "Culture In Ruin's Brazos County Metal style flows from them with ease and overcomes everyone with their Metal Madness. They kill it every time!" That pretty much sums it up.



Culture In Ruin plays The Stafford Main Saturday @ 9:30pm
<http://myspace.com/cultureinruin>



OK, the name is LOUDFEST, but Austin's **The Dry Season** really isn't all that loud, or at least loud all the time. They rely mostly on atmosphere and noir. But the band is no stranger to loudness, and when the volume creeps up to eleven the room explodes with echoes and feedback, contrasting with the controlled cool of the electronics and the sultry voice of Madelyn Carr. Imagine...if Evanescence had spent those long high school years listening to London dreampop and Bristol triphop they could have turned out maybe only half as cool as this.

The Dry Season plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ midnight
<http://myspace.com/thedryseasonatx>

The Ex-Optimists are probably the Brazos Valley's worst band. No really. Many of their noisy early '90s college rock songs devolve into chaos, with dudes lying on the floor slowly turning guitar pedal knobs until it seems like your pores are oozing and melting into puddles of kerosene, lit on fire by ring modulation, echo pedal oscillations and tribal scream therapy drumming. Somewhere inside that cacophony is an inspired rock band screaming out angular noise pop beauty. Until the Nixon mask comes out, and then all bets are off.

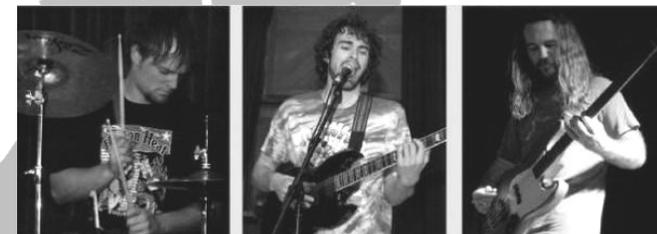


The Ex-Optimists play The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 2pm
<http://myspace.com/theexoptimists>

The rock & roll duo has become the preferred hipster format of the 2000's. Especially the bass and drums rock band. Houston's **Female Demand** turns that style completely upside down. Bassist Bradley Munoz has a pedalboard with more knobs and blinking lights than the Millennium Falcon and with it he conjures up splatters of feedback, space trash, half-received ship-to-shore transmissions and robotic conversations. Drummer Jonathan Perez is a blur of hair and drumsticks, playing willfully against the beat, across the beat, like an expert painter going broad across the canvas. In-between all of this, Female Demand just flat out rocks you with a visceral experience, pushing your eardrums to the point of bursting, where your eardrums' natural distortion adds to the fun.



Female Demand plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday @ 11:30pm
<http://myspace.com/femaledemand>



Although Bryan/College Station is a rather fruitful breeding ground for metal bands, we have very few bands outside of the extreme metal genres. **Fistful Of Dollars** is one of those few who play hard and heavy but slow it down, throw handlebar moustaches on it and take it out for a long motorcycle ride through the desert. This is metal for people who like to raise their fists to rocknroll with a heaping helping of bluesy swagger and swing, who remember when Ozzy was a singer and not a reality TV star.

Fistful Of Dollars plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday @ 9:30pm
<http://myspace.com/fistfulofdollarsbcs>



Ginsu Wives makes pottymouth party electronica from somewhere past Andromeda, like Ween fronting The Units with borrowed lyrics from old school 1980's Latin Freestyle hip-hop. In other words, you will have no nicer a time anywhere in the galaxy while wearing a NASA-approved spacesuit and chewing on your dehydrated Jack and Coke pills than anywhere the Ginsu Wives decide to set up their synthesizers, drums and effects boxes. Which, fortunately for you, happens to be rather close to home this year since these space douches are playing yo town at LOUDFEST.

Ginsu Wives plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 11pm
<http://myspace.com/ginsuwives>

GUIDE TO LOUDFEST 2010

NIGHTS - TWO VENUES - 35 BANDS - 2AM - 2AM IN DOWNTOWN BRYAN @ STAFFORD/REVOLUTION



Last October I found myself sick as a fucking dog in Denver, cold and shaking with fever. In order to function I had to stare straight ahead into the void and grit my teeth. Denver's **No High Fives To Bullshit** was the soundtrack to that night, and indeed in my mind for the entire three day trip. This band knows its hardcore punk, has lived with it, taken it in, consumed it. And discarded it, preferring to take that intensity and apply it to rock & roll in much the same way the first wave of flannel-clad lumberjacks in the Northwest decided that you could not only like punk and metal but could concoct a bastard child between the two. No High Fives creates similar progeny from crust punk and early '90s alt-rock. I am more excited to see this band again than any other band this year.

No High Fives To Bullshit plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 1:30AM
<http://myspace.com/nohighfivestobullshit>



God's Favorite Animal is from Houston and is enigmatic. Most of what is known about the band sounds almost too fantastical to be believed. Their biography reads almost like an old West Louis Lamour novel written in Cyrillic by Krishna Das. Formed from the ashes of The DEE:USE, God's Favorite Animal gets off on the

cadences of gospel hour ministry in full flight, fuzztone upright bass, Greedo vocals and the intense discomfort of not really knowing whether G.F.A. will ask for your testimony, set you on fire only to piss the flames out, or inject minimalist art-damaged spazz punk straight into the back of your skull.

God's Favorite Animal plays The Revolution Stage Friday @ 10pm
<http://myspace.com/godsfavoriteanimal>

The true metal vocalist is a rarity these days. It seems like most metal bands these days rely on a charismatic frontman who does very little except try to make completely subhuman demonic grunts, or just screams like their girl pants are restricting their hang just a little too much. What I like about B/CS metal band **Illysium** is that their vocalist Chad Settles is very versatile. He can do Anselmo; he can do Halford; he can do Osborne. And he blends all those influences into something his own. Add that to a more than capable modern metal backing and you've got something unique.



Illysium plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 4pm
<http://myspace.com/illysiumtheband>



These days punk rock has taken on so many different forms. Folks from Vivian Girls to Mitchell Musso gets the punk rock tag stamped on them whether they deserve it or not. **The Kansas City Faggots** are punk rock. But not necessarily in the California hardcore or NYC artcore schools. KCFags take it back to Detroit, making like *Raw Power* era Iggy & The Stooges but with a twin guitar attack, a definite jones for 1980s anthemic pre-makeup metal and a frontman who outcools pretty much everybody else in the joint. In other words punkers and rockers both can get down with these five lads.

FUN FACT: They are not from Kansas City, nor are they homosexual but they are all gay to some extent.

The Kansas City Faggots play The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 12:30AM

Austin's **La Snacks** have that raggedy indie rock sound that kept thousands of college radio station turntables spinning round and round and round for most of the 1990's. Jagged guitars, half-baked pop songs wound tight around a literate core with vocals that wake from their reverie with a start, stark-raving histrionic and messianic one minute and smarmy smart the next. If this is how the forthcoming '90s revival is gonna sound then bring it on!

La Snacks plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 6:30pm
<http://myspace.com/lasnacks>



The early '90s was a time when the all-female loud rock band became somewhat accepted by the average dude rocker. Aside from Joan Jett or maybe Throwing Muses there really wasn't much else to get excited about. Lita Ford was a shadow of her awesome Runaways self. Vixen? Oh brother. Austin's **One Good Lung** puts both leather-booted feet squarely in that L7—early Hole—Babes In Toyland territory, but adds a stoner rock haze and a slightly noisy no-wave tint to it. The overall effect is psychedelic and headbanging all at the same time.

One Good Lung plays The Revolution Stage Friday @ 11PM
<http://myspace.com/onegoodlung>



Laserz are post-modern in the sense that they combine many seemingly conflicting musical idioms together into something different. Hefty heavy metal guitars, nerdboy synth noodling, found-sound turntablism, and a stage show that comes off more like

Go To Work With Dad Day at your local nuclear energy plant (if your dad just happens to be Mark Mothersbaugh) complete with smoke and Geiger counters. Remember how awesome Marty McFly was scaring his dad to shitfits in his nukesuit? Yeah, Laserz are 15.5x cooler than that.

Laserz play The Revolution Stage Friday @ 10:30pm
<http://myspace.com/laserzwilldestroyu>

Atarimatt taught me that it is best for a band to knock out a really bad-ass half-hour set and get out the way for the next band. You punch them hard and leave them before they have time to get tired of getting punched. That could very well describe the credo of Memphis trio **Modern Convenience**. Their punk-informed indie rock songs blaze past you fast in a blur of power chords, crash cymbals and shout-along vocals.

Modern Convenience plays The Stafford Stage Saturday @ 8:30pm
<http://myspace.com/modernconvenienceu>



There is something awesome about a band who has no bizness taking their shirts off rocking it so hard that the shirts come off. Houston's **Muhammadali** rock just that hard. This band is a straight-up garage band, with that rawness of sound and delivery but with sugar-coated pop songs at the core. This is what rock should be. Music with heart bashed out with intensity, who can wait until we all become virtuosos?

Muhammadali plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 3pm
<http://myspace.com/muhammad>



LOUDFEST has always been very rock-centric. This year we shake it up a bit by inviting our first hip-hop performer, Houston MC **Perseph One**. This ain't the Drrrrty South. Perseph One struts strong and self-aware over trip-hop informed stuttering ominous productions. Like taking TV On the Radio and the Bomb Squad with a positive female rhyming on top. Like Santigold if she smoked more cheeba and had visions.

Perseph One plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 7pm
<http://myspace.com/perseph1>

We all know how badass Black Roger is from his fretwork for the now-deceased Texas Drag Queens but who knew that true evil lurked inside his heart that could only be expressed when fronting the brutal onslaught of an extreme metal band. That's what happens when **Primal** hits the stage. Double-kick drums spray beats like bullets, detuned guitars turn the key of D into the Key of Doom, and Black Roger commands the stage and trips you the fuck out with the eeriest, most alien metal vocals you have ever heard. It's extreme metal like you have never heard it before.

Primal plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday @ 12:30AM
<http://myspace.com/primaldotcom>



The Texas Drag Queens was one of Bryan/College Station's most visible bands, playing lots of shows, breaking lots of hearts...until it too was broken into pieces earlier this year. From its shards comes **Signal Rising**. But which Drag Queens are in it? What do they sound like? Is the legacy dead? The legacy can still fuck you up, son. Better show up and get served.

Signal Rising plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 4:30pm
<http://myspace.com/signalrising>

CONTINUES ON PAGE 6 THATAWAY ->



Prog rock saw a resurgence in the '90s when bands like Tool, Dream Theater and Porcupine Tree breathed new life into the genre by making it metal-heavy and filling it with psychosis and dread. Those bands by focusing so much on the heaviness of mood and content forgot the druggy, mystic and atmospheric core of progressive rock. **Red Meadow** has not, but that doesn't mean that the rock has been forsaken, because epic metal still blasts forth from those amplifiers and that trap kit. But what Red Meadow does best is veer between the metal and a stoned suppleness, from closed fist to open hand. Like Pink Floyd or '70s Rush for the Millennials.

Red Meadow plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 2:30pm
<http://myspace.com/redmeadow>



Richard James & The Special Riders relocated from New York City to Memphis, and I can think of nothing better for this modern rockabilly band than to feel where the music came from, the white trash appropriation of speed-riddled Black urban rhythm-and-blues. To really soak up that shotgun wedding mess that begat the music. This band brings sexy back, right back to where it belongs, in hi-octane muscle car rock & roll with that Memphis hipshake.

Richard James & The Special Riders plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 7:30pm
<http://myspace.com/rjames6>

I like a band that knows how to balance mood with song-writing smarts. That can bliss out to the outer reaches of the solar system but bring it all back together with a good song. Houston's **Satin Hooks** has that ability, and demonstrates it with bursts of galactic jams within noisy indie pop anthems.



Satin Hooks plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 3:30pm
<http://myspace.com/satinhooks>



Denver's **Shanty Vamps** are true dirtbag couch-hopping punk rockers, preaching the word of the Lord to the true believers...Yeah, not really. They're just three dudes with a lot of really, really loud sloppy rock songs who drink it till it's dry...and then break into the house next door and do it again and then again and then again.

The sound of juvenile delinquency grown up and Tubescramed.

Shanty Vamps plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 1AM
<http://myspace.com/shantyvamps>



There are so many kinds of punk rock. Folks into Detroit, NYC, London, Southern California, the Bay Area, etc. **Stay In Touch** are definitely a California punk band trapped in College Station and pissed about it. The songs are fierce and fast and loud, like something you'd have seen on Warped Tour's second stage 15 years ago and been blown away by. But with vocals from Paul Joiner that soar all over the place. Imagine! A real singer in a punk rock. Like Greg Graffin with Bad Religion but not sounding anything like him or Bad Religion. Yet another example of how the Brazos Valley incubates new sounds from local garages or, in Stay In Touch's case, non-air conditioned storage facilities.

Stay In Touch plays The Revolution Stage Friday @ 8:00pm
<http://myspace.com/stayintouchmusic>

979 Represent 6

Television City has one of the most riveting front-men I believe I have ever had the distinct pleasure of being within spitting distance of. It's not that he overshadows the rest of his band, who hails from the DFW. It's that he is just so magnetic a character that you'd quite gladly drink any color of Kool-Aid he might hand you. His onstage moves are messianic and fruity all at the same time. Their drummer looks like a fun-sized circus strongman. Their music makes you want to get in the pit and try to love someone. Everything about them is just way cool.



Television City plays The Revolution Stage Saturday @ 5pm
<http://myspace.com/televisioncitydallas>



Very little is known about Austin's **Tow The Line**. I could make up something that would make you think they were criminals or damn dirty apes or damn dirty primate criminals but really, I think a quick trip to their website will tell you more than pictures or a worm-eaten blurb could say. That Tow The Line makes a sing-a-long metal-inspired alt-rock/punk hybrid with superhero drumming, powerful hooks and huge guitars that recall Superchunk and Chavez at the same time. What would that be? Power-math alterna-pop punk? OK!

Tow The Line plays The Revolution Stage Friday @ 9pm
<http://myspace.com/texascustom>

Heh? What's this? That band looks like **Transmography** but it can't be them! There's only two doods in T-mog. Who's that fucker with the beard? What? They added a 3rd person? NNNNNNOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Yes, it is true. What it means is that Austin's most unique band now has six hands and six feet with which to deliver its intense blend of punk rock confrontation, banging on shit found in the attic industrial music, single-finger new wave synth melody and crunchy post-rock downbeat mathematics. Poor you, thinking that four limbs were more than ample...



Transmography plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 11:30pm
<http://myspace.com/transmography>



If I hadn't told you **The Valentine Failures** was from Texas you'd have thought they were sent forward in the Hot Tub Time Machine from L.A.'s Sunset Strip in 1983 when sleaze metal was king, when metal dudes still knew who Iggy Pop was, before drummers did their hair instead of paradiddles. The Valentines

rock any show like it's Madison Square Garden. Blinding lights, dark undertones.

The Valentine Failures plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday @ 11:30pm
<http://myspace.com/thevalentinefailures>

Austin's **Vast Massive Satellite** takes the dark sound of early '80s British post-punk and marries it to the roar of dream-pop guitars and lo-fi pop smarts. This is what happens when three metal geeks discover The Cure and Sugar. Space travel rock & roll.



Vast Massive Satellite plays The Revolution Stage Friday @ 12am
<http://myspace.com/vastmassivesatellite>

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MIKEY ROE VS. LOST SOULS FIXIE SHOP

Our intrepid cub reporter Mikey Roe biked his way down Wellborn Rd. in south College Station to have a chat with PJ and Scooter, the two doods who own Lost Souls Fixie Shop. Here's a peak into their conversation:

979: For those who have never heard of one what is a fixed gear bike?

PJ: The back wheel is in direct relation to how fast or slow you pedal. No coasting essentially.



Lost Souls Fixie Shop, located at 12815 FM2154, suite 172b (around back of the strip mall) College Station. 979-422-8338

Are those the only bikes you guys work on?

Scooter: Nah, we do everything here. Like the sign says, 'Fixies, BMX, Vintage, Used.' Anything you bring in we can work on for you. I also service and build motorized bikes.

By the looks of it, you guys work with bikes new and old. If people have something beaten up, is there something you can do for them?

Scooter: Oh yeah. That's what a lot of fixies are. Old beat up bikes people think are trash, but the frame is worth its weight in gold. That's what's really cool with the old, old bikes is that you can just get them. Sometimes you will get lucky and find one on the side of the road because someone thought it was junk.

PJ: I like the old vintage frames better than the new ones. There are different aspects on the forks and the frames are built differently. You just can't find that on the new fresh off the line bikes and that's why I like this shop. We do more of the custom bikes. It is going to be your bike. No one else is going to have that bike you are riding. That's a cool feeling because you get to have your own individuality.

How much of a free style aspect is there to fixie riding?

PJ: That's what got me into it. I saw dudes riding backwards in circles and doing wheelies down the rode, and the whole speed aspect I found really appealing. It's a new challenge everyday. You do a track stand for 15 seconds, the next day you do it for 30 and before you know it your doing it for entire traffic lights and that's a rewarding feeling.

I was shopping for a bike a couple of years, and I couldn't shake the feeling that I was shopping for a car. It seemed like they were telling me what I wanted.

PJ: I took a frame to a couple of local shops, not saying any names, but they strongly suggested I not do the fixed gear thing. I figured I'm the customer, I want what I want, so why can't y'all go through with it? I came to Lost Souls and they said, 'yeah we can do it,' it was open arms man. From then on I buy everything I can here.

Scooter: Well, now you also work here.

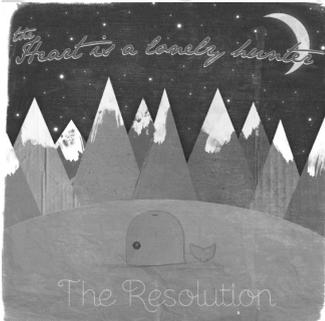
PJ: That too.



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Record Reviews

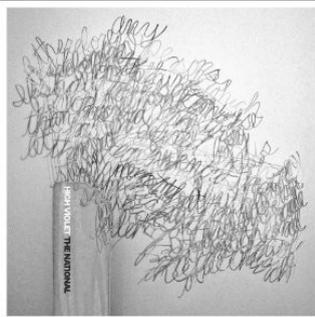


The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter The Resolution

It used to be that when a kid got an electric guitar or a set of drums he immediately went to the garage and wrote "fuck you" in as broad a brush as possible with that instrument. That could be expressed in the idiom of punk rock, or metal, or noise rock, or by learning classic rock licks by rote. That's not how it goes these days. Kids are learning subtlety from the very start, along with pop smarts and song-writing chops. The fellas in College Station quintet The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter have that comfort with tone and taste that could only have been inbred and not learned.

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter is a sonic little brother to local rockers Clairmont. Both bands write good modern commercial alternative rock songs. THIALH has a more American sound. There is a definite Jim Adkins bent to Collin Brewer's vocals, but applied in a less over-the-top fashion. The subtlety that I continue to reference is still definitely rooted in the rock band dynamic, from the Fender-Rhodes and glockenspiel in moody album opener "The End" to the clean crisp electric guitars in "Bad Man". The choruses soar on "We're Not Meant To Be Alone" with a polish only previously hinted on their debut EP of the same title. The title track to this EP marries intense self-examination to what could amount to a *We Have the Facts and We're Voting Yes* backing track outtake with a coda that reaches for cinematic scope.

The Resolution feels instantly familiar to my ears, and that's almost a problem. There's not anything going on here that you have never heard before. It's perfectly executed, comfortable and very catchy. It's a good album and certainly award-worthy for a local band.—**KELLY MINNIS**



The National High Violet

Most of us make music or listen to music for the same reason. We want to share something we can't really say otherwise, and even when we say it, we don't want it to be taken literally. No one really wants to know what their favorite song was written about; that would take away the beautiful thing about falling in love with a song - that it means something to you. When I listen to The National's Matt Berninger, I don't really know (or care) what he is actually singing about. For every line that makes no sense there is a real sense of what he's relating. It's not something you can really express in words alone, even when you're using words.

I fell in love with The National's music when a music writer who's a friend of a friend in Birmingham, AL raved about their brilliant 2005 LP *Alligator*. I immediately downloaded it and sought out a vinyl copy soon after. I looked forward to the 2007 followup *Boxer* and was not disappointed. In fact, it

bettered everything that was great about *Alligator*.

It's been a few years since *Boxer*, and anticipation has been riding high for *High Violet*, and I heard a few tracks released on the net over the last few weeks. They were great, but didn't seem up to some of the older stuff. It wasn't until I heard the whole record at once did I get it. This is a band that makes albums. So much has been made of the death of the album, but The National is one band that needs the format. They write great singles, but it's the smaller moments that contrast with the bigger rock bombast that makes them stand out. 'Sorrow' and 'Anyone's Ghost' back to back really give a great sense of where the band is at now. So many bands try so hard to do new things and grow and develop, but few do it as gracefully and successfully as The National.—**JASON CLARK**

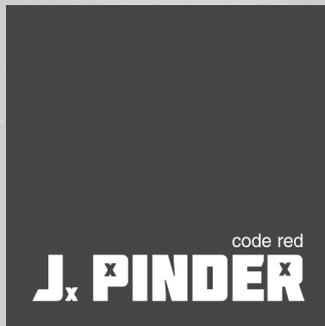


The Accessories Accessorize

College Station has its very own version of N.E.R.D. in The Accessories, who blend together hip-hop, funk, and alternative rock. My initial reaction upon loading "Bad Man" into the iPod was "OMFG, this sounds just like the Red Hot Chili Peppers...in a bad way". I was not impressed in the least bit.

But as I made my way into the EP I began to feel that The Accessories

weren't just another funk-rock band raised on 311 and Incubus. Singer Josef Pierre has a rhyme flow that reminds me of Ludacris and Pharrell Williams. In fact, it is the latter whose shadow looms largest on this project. When Pharrell and Chad decided to turn the rap-rock genre completely inside out very few bands rose to take the torch and run with it. I mean, Schwayze are you fucking kidding me? That The Accessories is on the N.E.R.D. tip so hard is a positive for me. *Accessorize* works best for me with the middle two tracks "Don't Say Goodnight" and "54". I bet these dudes are a lot of fun live.—**KELLY MINNIS**



J. Pinder Code Red

When I first saw J.Pinder at SXSW this March, it was in a grimy little bar far removed from the 6th Street hustle and bustle of big name bands and stylized hipsters. He's a virtual unknown still, raw as they come. He's a reedy little dude, in a polo and Raybans, but he packs a huge, street-savvy bite in each of his R&B-sampling tunes.

Earlier this month, he released his first ep, *Code Red*, for free on his website: www.jpinder.com. Unlike most free EPs and albums floating around on the internet these days, this one is actually worth checking out. Clocking in at eight tracks long, *Code Red* is some smart hip hop for hipsters and actual rap fans alike, much the way early

Kanye West had resonance. Yet, where Kanye fails to deliver songs with much of a message, J.Pinder's rhymes are coherent, fluid tales of growing up with not much and making the best of a bad situation. One track that really captures this idea is "Safe Place," in which he breaks the rapper's mold of tacky, stupid extravagance in favor of setting back some money for a rainy day. Not exactly gritty, to be sure, but the song is something that normal, everyday average people can relate to. "Go Far," the crowning jewel of the EP, follows in the same vein. The song is a heartfelt, capable f*** you to the people in Pinder's life who have told him to give up. The typical pitfall of such a song is an awkward, cringeworthy cheesiness, but something in Pinder's honesty gives the words weight. Also, the beat is very tight, with a gorgeous intro of ethereal angel chorus vocals and a lackadaisical rhythm backed by violin and piano. Other top tracks to check out are "All That Fire" and "Kill It." Recommended for fans of Mos Def, Talib Kweli and Common.—**MARINA BRIGGS**



Coheed and Cambria Year of the Black Rainbow

I'm always stoked for a new Coheed record to come out. Even though historically I've been let down every time since *Good Apollo I'm Burning Star IV* came out. This time around I was initially very disappointed. You just can't fuck with those first two proper albums. Every band has a pinnacle and in my opinion theirs was reached very early in their career. I was gonna slam

this new record really hard to vent my frustration of not getting the awesomeness of *Second Stage Turbine Blade* or *In Keeping Secrets Of Silent Earth*, but instead I decided to give it a solid week on the jog-phones to give it the benefit of the doubt. And in doing so *Year of The Black Rainbow* has slowly grown on me.

Most of it sounds like a continuation their last album which to me is their weakest so far. But there are a few standout tracks that really gave me what I was craving. Heavy on the rock, not so heavy on the metal and huge on the pop. "Guns Of Summer" is the song of choice on this record. And it's the only one that really showcases new drummer Chris Pennie's un-human drumming super powers. And its also the only one that brings the heavy, power, prog and pop all together in the very best way. "This Shattered Symphony" is a close second and really brings back the *Keeping Secrets* vibe.

I guess this record is the last of the series, but even though they always fall short of my unattainable expectations I hope they keep putting out records. Even if all I get is that ONE great song every few years. Because I'd take one great Coheed song over hundred of pretty good songs from anyone else.—**ATARIMATT**

979 GOES RUNNING

Saturday May 15th the 979Represent and Sinkhole Texas gang is sponsoring its first 5k run, The Dirtbag Dash. Runners will start and conclude at Stover Boys Burgers on Wellborn Rd. in south Bryan. The race will begin at 10AM and will last until the last dirtbag comes back. Then stick around and replace all those calories you ran off and then some with lunch at Stovers. Clothing is optional and costumes are encouraged. The Brazos Valley Derby Dolls will be at various points on the route with whips and lashes in hand to "encourage" you to finish the damn race, you pathetic, cigarette-smoking powdered-donut eating dirtbag worm! Oh yah, the run has no entry fee, no free t-shirt, no medals...just the pride for having finished the race without having an angina meltdown.—**KELLY MINNIS**

concert calendar

5/5—Without a Face @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

5/6—BONNIE Blue @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

5/7—Strawberry Jam @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

5/7—Clusterfunk w/The Primary, Flawless Escape, Sounds Under Radio, The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, The Black & Blues @ The Stafford, Bryan. 6pm

5/8—Branch & Steel, Topaz @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

5/8—Legacy Falls @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

5/12—Mortals No More. Special Ops @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

5/14—Witness To the Fallen, Sever the Silence, A Tragedy Lost, Zero & Falling, Culture In Ruin @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

5/14—Graduation Dance Party @ The Village, Bryan. 10pm

5/15—American Roulette @ Schotzis, College Station. 10pm

5/17—Underground Cities, Five Years & Counting @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

5/20—Sammus Theory, Predominant Mortification @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

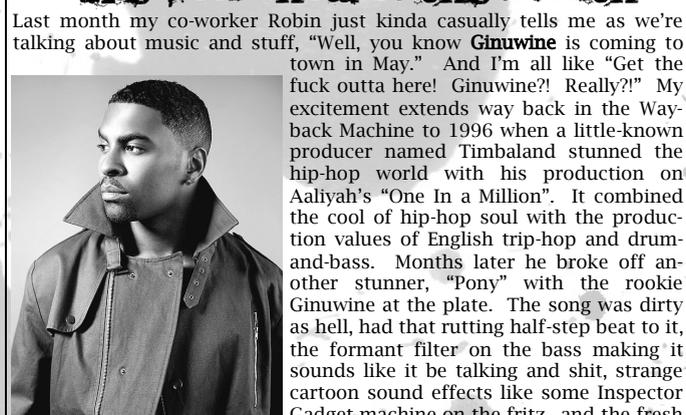
5/21—5/22—LOUDFEST 2010 @ Revolution Café & Bar & The Stafford, Bryan. 7pm Friday & 2pm Saturday

5/27—Bass Line Bums @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

5/28—Lotus Effect, Love Me Last, Reagan Browne @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

5/29—BONNIE Blue @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

supercool show of the month



Last month my co-worker Robin just kinda casually tells me as we're talking about music and stuff, "Well, you know Ginuwine is coming to town in May." And I'm all like "Get the fuck outta here! Ginuwine?! Really?!" My excitement extends way back in the Way-back Machine to 1996 when a little-known producer named Timbaland stunned the hip-hop world with his production on Aaliyah's "One In a Million". It combined the cool of hip-hop soul with the production values of English trip-hop and drum-and-bass. Months later he broke off another stunner, "Pony" with the rookie Ginuwine at the plate. The song was dirty as hell, had that rutting half-step beat to it, the formant filter on the bass making it sounds like it be talking and shit, strange cartoon sound effects like some Inspector Gadget machine on the fritz...and the fresh pipes of Ginuwine. If you only get one chance in life to have a perfect single like "Pony" then you take it gladly. And I shit you not, I think that record is easily one of the best 10 R&B singles of the 1990's. You have no idea how much I love that song. Enough that I might have to go see him Saturday, May 22nd at Graham's Night Club in Bryan and endure his other music (which I am sure is also pretty dope...I do remember a passable cover of Prince's "When Doves Cry" from back in the day) just so I can watch him slide across the stage and turn nearly every equestrian-sexual innuendo into Solid Fucking Gold.—**KELLY MINNIS**

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