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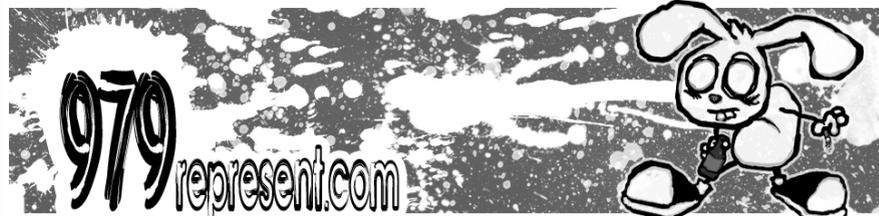
THE FREEWHEELIN' GUIDE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF COLLEGE STATION/BRYAN

**BRYAN/COLLEGE STATION'S MOST
DYNAMIC LIVE PERFORMER
TALKS NEW ALBUM AND
HER NEW LIFE IN CALIFORNIA**

MAGICAL GIRL



ALSO INSIDE: FOILFACE ON WHY IT SUCKS BEING IN A LOCAL METAL BAND—8-BIT BURGERS—RED MANGO VS. SPOONS—STILL DRINKIN'—WHERE WERE YOU?—CONCERT CALENDAR



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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Zapatos Down...Who Cares!? You Should



Early in July Zapatos Cantina on Northgate closed its doors for "the last time" indefinitely. It reopened several weeks later amid rumors as to why it closed down, who has reopened it and how long it will stay open this time. Yawn. I'm not sure that I really care about the rumor mill's possible solutions for the problem. But I do think all of us should pay attention to the fact that Northgate is dying as a live music venue, why it's dying and what we should do about it, if anything.

The more astute of you will have noticed that it has been two years since the last time any of the Sinkhole Texas, Hostile Land, Aggeland Metal or other local promoters have pitched a big local show at Zapatos. Why is that, you might ask. It wasn't because we necessarily *chose* not to play there, but because the people who book shows at Zapatos just stopped taking our phone calls/emails. Meanwhile, some local bands continue to play Schotzis, but not as much as they used to since it is well-known Schotzis is not as forthright as it should be with bands regarding payment at the end of the night. Fitzwillys has recently begun to book a rock show a month, but usually from an out-of-town band. The face of Northgate nightlife has slowly changed from being live rock and roll friendly to being more about canned music and "easier" live music. Jam bands, country, Southern rock, etc.

It's possible that Northgate is only responding to customer demand. You could say that maybe having a robot dance party of zany musicians with broken Casios and demented gaming systems wasn't drawing the crowds, nor were the burly metal bands. Any time the local scene-makers booked a show people came. And not just the local population. The college kids came out too and enjoyed themselves. So it wasn't from lack of drinking populace coming out for the rock shows. I think that Northgate's focus began to draw upon some of the Gatsby's, V-Club, etc. clientele. Draw the hot girls and guys who drink/spend money will follow. In theory the hot girls don't want dude rock, they want easy background stuff that is easy to talk/flirt/stumble over. Metal and noise rock is not gonna draw that crowd. I'm okay with that. It sounds like a sound business plan. But apparently it wasn't sound enough for Zapatos.

Sadly, what this approach has done is drive locals away from Northgate and towards downtown Bryan, where The Stafford and Revolution Café & Bar thrive on interesting live music. Halo's the best dance club in either town. The stereotype has been cast, that Aggies don't want to come to Northgate to rock or dance, only to chase poon. Read the Wiki on College Station and it boasts of a vital and historic live music scene on Northgate. Not anymore. Maybe Zapatos will gladly greet the local music scene and welcome us back. Perhaps not. The damage has already been done. What College Station once had bragging rights to it has discarded, and Bryan businesses picked that fumble up and ran it back for six. The games not over yet, Northgate. You can still pull this one out...that is if you can leave the cheerleaders alone for a sec.—KELLY MINNIS

Geekbiz101 With Jeremy: Firewall Safety



I hate when people say one thing and then do another. It's not acceptable and if you are a business owner you know that that shit does not fly. So why is it ok for giant software companies to do it? Here's the deal, I don't like when my computer does things that I didn't tell it to do. I can't stand programs that try and secretly connect to their mother ship to report my whereabouts and habits. Call me paranoid. What software company would do such a thing you may ask? Well Adobe for starters. When you launch a CS3 or later Adobe application, your computer secretly connects to what looks like an local IP address 192.168.112.207.net

Wait something is wrong here. If you take a close look at this address, the last "numbers" of the IP address (207) look funny. That's because it's not a zero its actually the letter 'O'. Also, IP addresses don't end in any .com/net/org suffix. This is a website pretending to be something it's not.

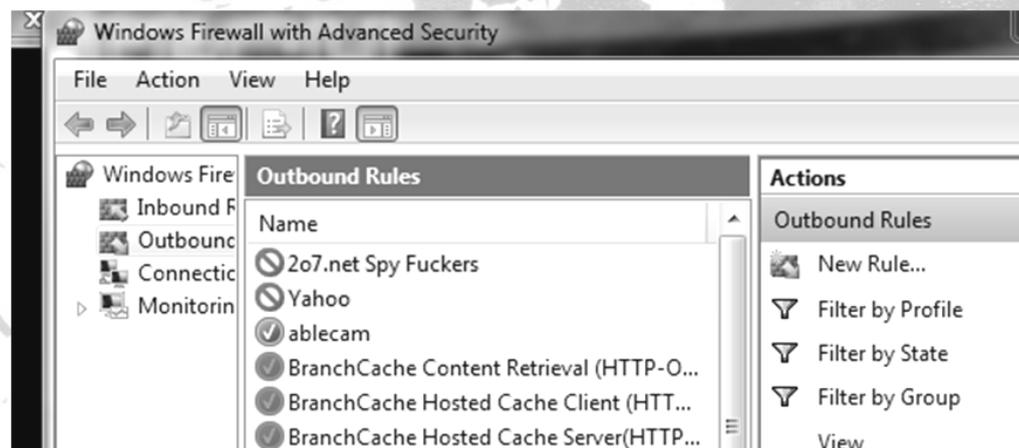
Turns out that 192.168.112.207.net is owned by Omniture, a huge behavioral analytics firm. They want to know what you do in your spare time. Basically, They are spying on us. Sugar coat it any way you like but that's the bottom line and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it... Or is there?

Don't worry friend. I Will Teach You.

We are going to use Windows firewall to block those fuckers and make sure they never see a damn thing from your computer ever again. I'm using Windows 7 so if you're using something else then these instructions are useless to you and you should just skip to the end or just go away and read another article. Go on. Clear out! Ok so the first thing you're going to do is push the windows key on your keyboard to bring up the start menu. Or if you're one of those mouth breather types go ahead and use your mouse clicker device because it lights up when you move it. Oooh Shiny!

In the search bar type "%windir%\system32\WF.msc" and hit enter. Welcome to the Windows Firewall Control Panel. On the left select "Outbound Rules" and then on the right select "New Rule". Now you're going to want to Select "Custom Rule" and then "All Programs". Now it is going to show you a screen where it asks you which ports and protocols this new rule will apply to. Go ahead and leave this alone and click next because we want this protection to apply everywhere at all times just in case. Now is the fun part. We are going to enter the IP address of the website we want to block. It is a Remote IP address on the lower set of boxes click "These IP addresses", click "Add" and type your address. To block the Omniture fuckers we're going to use the address "66.235.132.91" without the quotes. If you have a list of fuckers to block you can add all the addresses now and click next. Now you're going to select the Block option because we obviously want to block this, otherwise we wouldn't be here in the first place! Click next a few more times, give your new rule a funny name like "BLOCK ADOBE SPY FUCKERS" click next again and you're all set! I also like to make rules like this for shitty websites that I hate like Yahoo.com. That way if I let a friend use my computer I don't have to worry about them going to something retarded.

Here's what mine looks like:



If you are not using Windows 7, then at least I was able to inform you about Software Companies and their mass quantities of Douchbaggery. Add that one to your spell check dictionary! On a side note, after writing this article I feel that I have really singled out Adobe as a wicked villain and that's not at all what I am trying to do. I love Adobe even if they are some sneaky little bastards. They make great products and in reality they probably only use the data to see which Adobe products get the most use and it's all perfectly legal in fine print. Their methods are just a little too invasive for my taste. Adobe is not the only company that does this sort of thing. Omniture works with hundreds of big name software firms some of which are probably installed on your computer right now. Don't even get me started on Apple's shitty business operation. I could produce a whole blog on the horrible shit that they do. Anyway, Cheers. Have Fun!





Transmetropolitan Is Dope

Clayton, this one's for you.

This lovely comic began over a decade ago in '97 and 60 issues later concluded in '02. It was originally published on Helix, but eventually called Vertigo home, both of which are imprints of DC Comics. If you are familiar with Vertigo stuff, than you know that almost all their work is of top notch kick ass quality.

Do two headed house cats who chain smoke unfiltered cigarettes sound like something you're into? Do weapons like handheld bowel disrupters intrigue you? What if you could threaten a whoring President with one in order to make him answer the tough questions?

A once successful writer and reluctant cult figure, Spider Jerusalem, flees the City into the mountains and transforms himself into a drug crazed gun hoarding hermit who exists in a fog of paranoia. Five years go by, and his publisher, to whom he is under contract for two books, hunts him down. Upon threats of lawsuits, Spider decides he must return to the city in order to work. The City is a cesspool, overflowing with human trash, and responsible for spawning everything Spider despises. Unfortunately he wholly relies on it for inspiration. In order to support himself, and his habits, he returns to his previous profession, journalism. His unorthodox tactics rely more on grenades and deception than press passes and media pools. Spider may be a psychotic anarchist, a hair trigger away from exploding into a violent rage, but he's a man with a vision. He is a man with values. He values truth. Nothing will stand in his way of the truth, be it coming down off some next level engineered speed or another man's skull. He's the muckraking anti-hero of the 22nd century.

Transmetropolitan exhibits the best and most dangerous elements of rock n' roll, sci-fi, cyberpunk, as well as the basest, most degenerative aspects of the human condition. Through the lens of this comic we see a gross, violent, and sick image of ourselves. If we turn our heads though, we see that the image is really upside down. We then can see what it is about ourselves we should treasure, admire, and nurture. Television, politics, sex, violence, drugs, rock n' roll, love, hate, fear, loneliness, friendship, neglect, religion, crass commercialization and consumerism. They all fall within Spider's crosshairs. This comic is a cyberpunk fan's wet dream full of trashy, grungy cityscapes, hoards counter culture sub-types, funky hair cuts, trans-species, consciously controlled nanobyte foglets, tubes and wires hanging out of people's skull, face and body. A very healthy dose of blood and guts, a whole lot of vulgarity and lewd dialogue and you have yourself one fine series.

The perverse imagination of Ellis and Robertson is inspired. You can't help but find yourself caught up taking in the sights of the City. That's half the fun. You'll read every billboard ad and graffiti scribble. It will make you both chuckle and gag. Some panels are the stuff of nightmare and a disturbed sense of humor. Do not be mistaken. The star in *Transmetropolitan* is the writing; it's the story, as it should be. Undoubtedly you will be held hostage by some issues, feeling a characters' pain, and hoping others meet a grizzly death. I hope I haven't given the impression that the comic is in any way a bummer. It's not. It's hilarious, cool, insightful, fun as hell and overall a true delight. You may cringe at the world Ellis and Robertson have manifested but despite the obvious horrors of the journey, in the end you will have experienced something special. I'd go far as to say beautiful. Were you to chose wisely and invest in these books, they shall rule the bookshelf and stand as a proud totem to your obvious good taste and raw sophistication.—MIKEY ROE



B-Bit Burgers with Atarimatt: Square One Bistro Kobe Burger

I gotta start off by saying what everyone already knows. Stover Boys is my favorite burger joint EVER. So this month I was super stoked to take a walk on the swanky side of the burger world to try CharlieMac's Kobe Burger at the newly taken over and very improved Square One in Downtown Bryan.



Square One is located at 211 W. William J. Bryan Parkway in Historic Downtown Bryan

What is Kobe beef? Well according to Wikipedia it comes from a Japanese cow that is fed beer and gets daily warm sake massages...not a bad life for a beef cow. It is becoming widely popular and considered somewhat of a delicacy due to its fatty and well-marbled texture. Not sure why you'd wanna take that kind of meat and grind it up, but hell, that just happens to be my favorite way, so I won't question it.

The Square One Kobe Burger starts off with a half pound of ground Kobe beef. This monster patty is then cooked to what I would call medium and placed on top of a pile of portabella mushrooms and thick cut pickles. Then topped with

lettuce, bleu cheese and bacon. Oh yeah, and it also came with a huge serving of thin sliced, but nice and wide steak fries. Charlie loves to get all his shit locally, which is totally awesome and not the way most local restaurants roll. Hell, he said even the buns he uses are made fresh daily at a local bakery not far down the road from Square One. Rad!

Overall I thought this burger was really great. I don't know if it was mental or not, but I could definitely tell a difference in the beef. This fancy Kobe stuff was much softer? for lack of a better term, and had more of a "meat" flavor. Like how a good steak has a "meat" flavor. While that is not necessarily what I'm looking for in a burger (I like em thin and crispy) it was a very nice break from the same ol same ol. Big ups to CMac for keeping it real with a burger option at his new upscale restaurant.

Bit Rate 8/10

Still Drinkin': Can You Have One Favorite Beer?



I'm writing this episode of *Still Drinkin'* from the lobby of a Holiday Inn smack dab in the middle of Wichita, Kansas. Check it: the pool glimmers behind me, the bar taunts to my right, and the bright lights of downtown Wichita shimmer in my left peripheral - all this expansion cerebrally serenaded by the looping vocals of Jack White and his "Seven Nation Army." Of course, two pints of locally brewed IPA and red ale don't exactly dial down the cathedral empty echo effects either. My dedgum mental jukebox is jammed in a Midwestern rut.

The truth here is that I'm drastically late submitting this month's *Still Drinkin'*. And the truth there is that the wife and I have been summering in various American locations over the past two weeks. After a week in Washington DC and several days of rambling on the open road, we've settled our bones in Kansas for the weekend. A dear college friend will marry in Wichita tomorrow night, while yours truly will emcee the reception, hosting both a newlywed trivia game (which I'm currently writing on pocket-crumpled scrap papers) and a matrimonial dance party. Dear Lord, I pray fervently for an open bar.

Throughout my travels, I've thought a great deal about this *Still Drinkin'* column, specifically meditating on certain assumptions this column asserts by its mere existence alone. For instance, this column suggests that I have anything worthwhile to say about beer, and it equally suggests that you should value my opinions concerning beer. These are assumptions that should be highly scrutinized by the reading public. After all, how do you, Dear Barley-breath Reader, know that I do not sit at home pounding cases of watermelon flavored Smirnoff Ices while watching episodes of the WonderPets? (Actually, my wife really likes watermelon flavored Smirnoff Ice, and I really like the WonderPets. So Lord forbid I be the voice to begrudge either.)

For my *Still Drinkin'* submission this month, I would like to speak to the assumptions this column poses, and the most natural place I know to begin is by answering the question I'm most often asked about beer: "What is your favorite beer?" Truth be told, I despise this question. It's a silly question. Just look at the ridiculous singularity of that question. How do you answer a question like that? It's like eating a bowl of Ramen and then asking yourself which was your favorite noodle.

The question I would rather people ask eliminates the linear need for a single tippy-tippy pinnacle-perfect drinking experience - "What's your ONE favorite beer?" - by probing into the beer geek's recent palatable adventures: "What are some beers you've enjoyed lately?" I like this question. This is a good, conversational question full of Zen rhythms and self-evaluation. Not to mention, I like how this question simultaneously mines for information while also challenging the beer geek's boundaries. Honestly, every beer geek needs the occasional reminder not to drive the gullet into a rut. There's a whole world of beer out there, and beer does not demand monogamy. Beer gives you permission to play the field. To test the waters. To sow wild oats and barleys. In fact, beer dern near demands you do so in order to become an even greater lover of beer. Therefore, the appropriate question for beer lovers is not a question of one of brand fidelity. Heavens no!

But very few people ask questions like that. So I guess I'd have to say my favorite beer is Miller Lite.—KEVIN STILLIS

C.S. FroYo Grudgematch: Red Mango vs. Spoons

How it is College Station managed to attract two frozen yogurt joints to town is beyond me. Maybe because it's hot down here 13 months out of the year. Maybe because college towns have more health-conscious peeps in it (y'all haven't seen me without a shirt lately have you? Oh wait, yes you have yikes!). For whatever reason, we now have Red Mango (located at Wolf Pen Creek on Holleman) and Spoons (located in Culpepper Plaza on Texas Ave.) There is a third fro-yo place in town, Happy Yogurt, behind Northgate. But I have not had their yogurt (but I did have some bitchen bubble tea). For this purpose, let us keep it to Red Mango and Spoons.



Red Mango. 615 Holleman Dr. E. College Station

Their concepts are similar. Each joint has a half dozen or so flavors of frozen yogurt. It's self-serve style so you grab a cup, load it up with yogurt and one or more of dozens of toppings ranging from fresh fruit, cereal, candy, nuts and syrups. You pay per ounce for all the yumminess you can cram into that cup.

Now that we've got the similarities down, let's now explore the differences. While the conceit may be the same at both places, there are definitely differences between Red Mango and Spoons. And yes, I prefer one to the other. For starters, Red Mango is a chain franchise. Spoons is not. Red Mango is smaller inside and somewhat darker. Spoons is larger and lighter. Red Mango has more seating indoors and outdoors. Spoons offers a flavor of sorbet along with the frozen yogurts. Red Mango offers probiotic teas and smoothies. Red Mango's yogurt is healthier, coming in at a lower caloric content per ounce than Spoons, and boasts of using better ingredients and no corn syrup sweeteners.

So we're not really talking about a lot of drastic differences between the two, but there is definitely a contrast. So how do you choose which one you go to? For Missus Skullbone and myself, it comes down to flavor and choice. On our recent visits to both establishments we found Spoons to have a greater variety of yogurt flavors, the sorbet flavors are always killer, more toppings and in a greater variety, and it just seems more bright and inviting than Red Mango, which seems to me more like a Starbucks converted into a frozen yogurt shop. And those sorbets....dudes. The orange sorbet they serve periodically at Spoons is stellar. The right amount of bite on top of the sweetness like a good sorbet should have. And kudos for recently serving Lemon Ginger sorbet. While it wasn't my favorite it was really good and definitely interesting. Would make a great starter for a non-alcoholic punch. For the missus she cites an overall better flavor of basic yogurt at Spoons over Red Mango. Still, both places offer some really cool treats that can be as healthy or as fat-tastic as you want. Be forewarned. It can get pricey if you load up on goodies.—KELLY MINNIS



Spoons. 1509 S. Texas Ave. College Station



Asian Persuasions with The Dahli Rama: People Watching

Greetings and Salutations. Your Dahli Rama decided to explore the "popular" bars one weekend while the fam fam was out of town. My designation of "popular" is what most would constitute as the typical places here in B/CS that the cool kids hear about on the radio. I won't get into details as to which establishments I frequented, but needless to say, I felt out of place. Why, you ask? Let me count the ways....

First and foremost, your Rama is unskilled in the ways of rhythmic dancing. I think it's one of the reasons why I love my portable music player so much because I can enjoy the music coming into my ears and I don't have to do anything about it. Asians, by nature, are creatures of planning and execution. We typically enjoy the succinct nature that math and technology provides for us because it supplies us with boundaries. Dancing offers no such comforts. I hear some grumbling amongst my imagined readership who will argue that the past couple years' winners of the breakdancing competitions of the world were won by my people. But let me pose this to you: Isn't breakdancing a compilation of succinct and precision executed maneuvers? Maybe sharing that quality of technology and math that provides boundaries? Though this may be the case, nature did not provide me with the flexibility or the strength to perform breakdancing maneuvers, so please don't hit me up for the worm or headspins when you see me at Revs.

Two: The douche bag uniform. I will be the first to admit that I own and wear clothing from Ed Hardy. I will also be the first to point out that they aren't bedazzled, nor do I have the cashola to purchase the matching bedazzled jeans. When I was a lad in High School, I had a pair of grey blue khakis that I would wear. My fashion sense then, and maybe even now, could easily be classified as delusional. I bought these pants, with cash, and proceeded to wear them, thinking I was cool. Since it was the 90's, I bought them a little big so I could have some bag and even a little sag (yay for hip hop and its influence on my then 120 lb frame). Can anyone recall the colors that my brothers from the North wear? I am of course talking of North Korea. To save you a trip web surfing to Google, it is grey blue. Very similar to the pants I wore. When I used to walk down the halls in a black coat and my version of cool khakis, it was very similar to a citizen in communist North Korea. Since then, it's been a color I've avoided because of our similar features between our nations (ie. Japan, Korea, China, etc), I don't want to accidentally be mistaken for a rebel spy and have a group of folks, especially here in Texas, go all *Red Dawn* on my flaxen color derriere.

The point of this digression being that since this experience in my colorful life, I've tried to stray away from anything remotely similar to what could constitute a uniform. Imagine my surprise when I walked into the bar to see everyone with a New Era hat, Ed Hardy shirt, and a pair of grey blue khakis that sparkled like the disco ball hanging from the ceiling. The surprise continued when I saw that all the females, though very attractive as they were, were all decked out in prom dresses. That's another thing I've never understood about B/CS. In L.A. on a typical weekend out women would just go in a nice shirt and some jeans that highlighted just how much they worked out. Now I move to Texas only to find the same work out regiment, maybe even more, only to be surrounded by women in Northgate that look ready to become the next homecoming queen. Not sure how my cargo shorts, Chucks, and black t-shirt with a penguin went over, but I can say at least fashion-wise I was comfortable.

Thirdly: Age may be just that; nothing but a number, but it's also wise to know when to say when. I'm all for being able to go to a bar, no matter what your age is, kick back, be comfortable, enjoy a beer, etc. But when you're clearly out of shape, you're using your cell phone as a flashlight as you look in your pill organizer for the blood pressure medication and hope to the deity you worship that you're not going to mix it up (again) with the Cialis or Viagra, it may be time to hang up your "going out" mentality. To see the same emblazoned Ed Hardy emblem engulfed in plastic rhinestone outfit on an overweight 46 yr old trying his best to make the thinning sections of his dome look like a mullet, which is still not in style, is sensory overload even for someone with eyes as small as mine. The Rama is not imposing his opinion of what you should be doing with your free time. I am merely stating that it may be high time to explore other venues and avenues to meet a companion, because regardless of how many shots you may be able to supply, the honey that was being born when you first became legally able to purchase and consume alcohol isn't going to be waking up next to your fine ass when the sun comes up; at least not morally. You ladies aren't out of my cross hairs either (note: see how I used females and then ladies to display sense of wit? See I'm using those comforts that come with boundaries). I would first like to applaud the ladies who are able to keep speed with the younger crowds. I think it's awesome that you are entering your 40's graciously and with a work ethic that keeps your shit looking like the newer models and in most cases even better. But as posh as the notion of "cougarism" may be made out to be by the media, it's still a notion that has no foundation in the sense of things being real. It is not difficult to physically entice a man. If your goal is to merely enjoy a romp, by all means, go with those natural instincts. But if your goal is to land a youthful individual in the hopes that a meaningful future will spring forth, I'm here to pop that proverbial bubble. I don't feel it's necessary to get into the nitty gritty of it, but trust me, math is on my side.

By the end of the night, I had a good time people watching. It also reiterated a point which I think is very valid within all the anecdotes I've provided. Success is attained by those who know how to strive. At least that is the notion that we like to put out on a vibe level. I'm guilty of this as well. Have you ever found yourself telling friends from times past how great you're doing? How great your job is, how perfect things are with you wife/husband, or what a little angel Jonny or Angie is? But around our everyday acquaintances, we have no problems gushing about how you didn't get laid or how lazy your wife is, or so and so. Time is an unholly motherfucker. It shows no mercy in it's unrelenting march towards oblivion. We constantly try to combat it's hold on all that is around us. But there is dignity in being a component in the cogs of time: Acceptance. Knowing that I'm half way to being incontinent makes me enjoy the fact that at this moment (provided I haven't had any dairy) I have control over my bowels. Experiencing the resuscitation of my regrowing virginity makes me appreciate that maybe (hopefully) in the (very) near future, I will be sexy to the opposite sex and I will not need prescribed medication to get it up and get it on. And while dignity carries no price tag that can be measured and consumed by modern day economics, I promise that it carries with it a value that is priceless.

In Gratitude and Servitude,

Dahli Rama

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Where Were You?



9:30 pm and still cleaning the grill at the prestigious bingo hall. I better hurry my ass up if I want to make it to the bar to set up my drums for the arrival of the Venus Whalers. I booked it to Cindy's car preparing the mental checklist; smokes, clothes, AJAX for the inch thick grease on my arms.

I briskly strolled through Carnegie Alley to the delightful watering hole we Bryan bar-hoppers call Revs, only to find a terribly troubled Mikey staring quizzically at the cryptex I call a high hat stand. I frantically throw a stand here, a kick drum there, and ta-da, a kit fit for two defective drummers such as ourselves.

Now to the best part of the evening, Lone Star longneck and a shot of Sunny Brook whiskey (a.k.a. bourbon flavored vodka); my poor man's mecca. Guzzle, guzzle, puff, puff and before you know it there is an epic meteor shower of feedback flooding the bar. I turned to the stage and watched in awe as three earthlings transformed into the trans-universal Venus Whalers. The Whalers soon discovered that we were fresh out of space scurvy, but decided to stick around to tell us their tales of hunting the cosmic outer limits set to the tune of harpooning bass, laser guitar licks, and gravity defying drums. By the time the tales were told, everyone in the bar was walking the plank into the briny deep of musical ambivalence.

Just as mysteriously as they appeared, the Venus Whalers fled to the next hunting grounds, leaving the stage open for the local noise patrol, the Ex-Optimists. Of course, I had my usual shots to kill the nerves. I plopped onto my throne and stared aimlessly at the artwork to my left and smelled a faint hint of space ball sweat. Then the gunshot went off and we bolted to finish line. As tears filled this young girl's eyes, Mr. Scarborough was heard to say Hertz Doughnut.

After clearing the rubble from the stage, chugging a few more Lone Stars, followed by the doctor recommended amount of whiskey, I retired to the courtyard to give the sweaty hugs and high fives to my fellow Revolution patrons. Inside, the main event was setting up. You see this wasn't just any show; this was the release of the beast also known as Charger Fits, a left-handed demon from the armpits of Texas. The liquid encouragement is starting to kick in and the music begins. The heavy heads thrust forward and back to the beat of the Fits boys. The party person in everyone is being exorcised by this band of rocking ruffians. The set concludes with our new evangelist diving into the pit of his delirious congregation.

After a scene of that magnitude, only two words came to mind: more beer. Ah, the satisfaction of a frosty cold one is the 5-hour energy shot I need to make it through the night. Up next, the local punk rock legends; The Hangouts. I hope only to survive the next set without losing my lunch. As the music began, the lunch stayed in my tummy but it appears that my shirt and bra decided to vacate the premises. Maybe what I thought was liquid courage, was really concentrated stupidity. The music ran rampant through my ears and I was bending to its every whim. I was catatonic. I was inevitably drunk.

This was the show. This is the show. Where are you? - JESSICA KEMPEN

BRYAN 979.822.6747 201 W. 26TH ST



COLLEGE STATION 979.696.7499 404 UNIVERSITY

MAGIC GIRL

Music fans in Bryan/College Station know the name Magic Girl, and recognize the singer/songwriting talent of the iconic woman behind that name. Mary-Charlotte Young is Magic Girl, a sort of Texas alt-country super-heroine that has the uncanny ability to attract tattooed biker dudes and gays alike with her unique style. She's got a sleeve of tattoos and a mop of dreadlocks with Betty Page bangs. She is an outsized character, a good ol' girl with lots of Southern sass and brass, while still managing a sensitivity for the people she writes her songs about. Her people. They don't fall in love and live happily ever after. Real people. Love always has consequences, life goes on long after the thrill is gone. Magic Girl's songs are filled with a love and passion that is quiet and determined.

We have been beyond fortunate to have had ready access to a talent as bright as Magic Girl's. It is still an amazement to this editor that Magic Girl has not made it big and left us years ago. Well, that's exactly what she's doing. Going to California to spread the love, sing the gospel and give it that one shot. But before she leaves she is dropping a brand new CD on us, *White Trash Empire*. This album is her second for local label Sinkhole Texas Inc. and finds Magic Girl covering some of the same emotional territory as her debut SHTI CD *Poor Man's Queen* but this time with a less raucous, more intimate sound. 979Represent's Niki Pistols paused for a chat with Mary-Charlotte about all kinds of stuff.

NP: Where are you from and how did you end up in Bryan/College Station?

MG: I was born in Asheville, NC and raised in a small blue collar town called Jesup in Georgia. I was born into a family that almost exclusively lived in trailer houses. Jesup was a fairly boring place to grow up so I played a lot of sports, took dance, tumbling, and sang in the children's choir at church.

I initially came here because my sister and brother-in-law are doing their post-doctoral work at A&M and I was ready for a move. At the time I was in a band called The Violet Masons based out of St. Simons Island, GA. My band-mate, Matt Williams, and I thought that Austin looked like a good place for us to move for musical and cultural reasons. We came here to kind of have a jumping off point to move to Austin. After we were here for a couple of months, Matt's sister had to be placed in hospice due to a tumor slowly eating away at her brain so we moved back to the island. Shortly after his sister's death the band broke up and so did Matt and I--we were engaged at the time. I moved back and forth to Texas a couple more times and finally stayed. I've been here continuously for 3 1/2 - 4 years.

When did you start playing music?

Playing music was something that always interested me--I actually played clarinet for 7 years, played on my high school's drumline, and sang in choir as a child. High school proved tough for a girl like me so one day while I was hanging out in my sister's old room, I found her guitar and a Mel Bay chord book. Over the course of high school I taught myself how to play guitar, sing, and eventually to write songs. Of course the songs were terrible!!! But I worked at crafting my sound and building my confidence for years and now I'm writing the best songs I ever have. I picked up guitar at 14 and I've been playing in bars for about 10 years if you want the short answer.

What/who has influenced you over the years?

Musically, I have many influences. To name a few--Modest Mouse, Bob Fucking Dylan, Ani



Difranco, Jeff Tweedy, Jeff Buckley, Neko Case, Dr. Junior, Deer Tick, Guy Clarke, Steve Earle, Avett Bros, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, The Cure, Van Morrison, 80s rap, Greg Schroeder, Chad Boyd, Owen Tiner, Hank Williams, Woody Guthrie, Bill Monroe, Pixies, Grateful Dead.

The influences for most of my songs just come from everyday life. Many tell a story and many are love songs. I've had a lot of sadness and that always makes for good song material. I just try to write what I want to sing.

What has the progression of your music been from when you started to now?

The progression of my music has been pretty dramatic in some ways. I'm a much more solid writer, arranger, performer, and singer than I was when I started. My songs in the beginning are nothing to be proud of but I've honed my craft and really put the work in to improving all around. Now I'm playing electric guitar and a kick drum simultaneously, banjo, and dulcimer. I have really found my writing niche in the Americana style when in the beginning my music wasn't as country sounding.

What is one of your favorite shows you've played?

My CD release for *Poor Man's Queen* two years back was one of my favorite shows because of all the support that was shown for our band. It was really humbling to know how many people in the community are touched by my songs--my songs are my babies and I work hard on them. Other than that--I would have to say opening for Amy Levere on St. Simons last year was awesome. She plays upright bass and her songs are the fucking shit. Gay Pride in Savannah was a fun show because I loves me some dykes and fags. The Gourds show I played was cool too.

Weirdest moment at a show?

Weirdest moment at a show was actually a couple of weeks ago when I got this note in my tip jar "How do you feel? Wearing a Kings of Leon shirt singing country music. You WHORE. You ruined it all. FUCK YOU!!!" and then the second napkin just said "FUCK YOU!!!" Those fat ugly bitches can go fuck themselves if they don't like my shit.

Tell me about the new cd that's coming out.

It's a collection of songs centered around my dark heart. There are songs about love, loss, prison, drugs, killing and fucking. There is a pair of sister songs called "The State" and "The State pt. 2" written from the perspective of a woman who cheated on her husband. The husband then kills the homewrecker and gets sent to death row in GA. I'm really proud of this album and I am so blessed to have Sinkhole as my label. I just love ya'll and I couldn't have done any of this with out you.

Any big changes are coming up in the near future?

I'm moving to Los Angeles in September to play music and have the thankless job of being a bitchy cocktail waitress. I'm hoping to rock their socks off and get some bigger shows. It's a great opportunity so let's hope I don't fuck it up.

Meanwhile you can catch Magic Girl on several occasions live in-between now and her move to California in early September. The CD release party for White Trash Empire is August 27th @ Revolution Café & Bar in Bryan, and Magic Girl will be backed by her live band Her Ex-Husbands. To keep track of Magic Girl's live dates check her MySpace page at <http://myspace.com/magicgirlmusic> And if you don't have it yet you definitely want to pick up a copy of Poor Man's Queen from Mary-Charlotte directly at her shows or through her label Sinkhole Texas at <http://www.sinkholetexas.com>



Brazos Valley Metal News With Foilface

The Good, The Bad, The Metal

When yur favorite Metal band is up there on stage abusing yur eardrums & senses with electric guitars, loud ass drums, and screaming vocals do you ever think about what it took for the band to perform for yall in Brazos County or do you want to start a band? Folks, I have been in the local Metal Music underground for a year and half now and I want to share what it's *really* like by slicing this chunk of select info for yall...

Do ya think its all musical fun and play being in a band? The truth is it's a struggle for all bands. Every aspect of being an entertainer in a band has its good and bad points even here in Brazos County. Most bands start out as friends just getting together to Jam and usually under the encouragement from other friends. Did ya know that to regularly perform here in B/CS a band needs money, dedication and teamwork from all of its members, along with a true Passion for being a musician. Without these a band can't exist. A lot of other factors go into the mix, but I feel these are most important. Like I mentioned *Must have money!* Cuz you ain't gonna make any at 1st or if you even do...it won't be much. Fact: Be ready to put up your own money to help support the band and its ventures. It's just the way it is when you're in a band.

Once started, bands must find a place to practice. In the city limits this does create a problem. Most neighborhoods nowadays have Noise Police & soon as a band starts shreddin' too loud ...the Noise Police will show up which can get real expensive if ticketed. Some local bands have taken to building sound damping rooms inside their small houses & garages using layers of old carpet on the walls trying to muffle down the music. Other bands rent secured storage buildings and practice in brutal conditions

splitting rental costs between its members. Did ya know that most local bands practice 3 x's a week? Think about playing the same music over and over for up to 4 hrs hours at a time, perfecting the sound. This is what a band does before ever stepping foot in a recording studio or up onstage. Ain't nothin' easy about it as this type of repetitiveness will strain & test any relationship or friendship.

Personal emotions & demons will rear their ugly heads within a band. At times full contact fights have been known to break out just over creative differences or someone being drunk to play or is talking too much shit. Only the bands that have true respect and love for each other are the bands that last more than 1 year. Speaking of Love, having a relationship/marriage while being in a Metal music band takes special commitment. A true musician lives and breathes music. All the hours spent in practice, in the studio, or on the road will leave a partner or family feeling left out. Some musicians with kids actually have to bring their kids along to some local shows because it's not cost effective to get a sitter. So the next time you see kids at a local Metal show now y'all know why.

A band is always looking for improvements. Over the last year and half I've witnessed bands that made major changes in drummers, guitarists, and lead vocalists. Some bands actually improved their sounds and performances, while the others just keeled over dead from the changes, unable to find the chemistry to come together and perform with teamwork. I have personally watched lifetime friendships that have ended from bad decision making & how issues within band affairs were handled. It can be brutal and very unfair...survival of the fittest with talent.

If ya join a band, don't quit yur day job. There's no retirement plan for most bands and having the cash to keep up with equipment, the cost of recording studio tracks, any roadtrips to play shows or practice, all comes from the band's pockets. Most venues try to pay bands for performing a set but the truth of the matter is...the smaller local bands mostly play for

free. Did y'all know that a lot of bands end up paying for their own beer/drinks at their own shows? Sometimes spending more money than they make for performing. Last year I joined a band in their 1st out of town show. When the night ended they got paid in a sealed fat envelope with 14 one dollar bills in it. Fuel, eats, and drinks for the band on this trip was over \$100 but they didn't care. They got to play somewhere else for different people.

Passion is the main ingredient for playing music and the main reason a band keeps going when there's no money being made. Some musicians realize that being onstage & performing is so addicting but the dedication/time needed to balance real jobs, school, or life and a band takes whole a lot more than some can give. Every musician that has played in a band on stage and left for reasons unknown have told me outside the scene that they miss the stage, the crowds of excited people, and the explosive energy that comes with the Metal scene.

Even throughout the shit and ugliness that takes place behind the scenes this 101 year old man has seen some incredible acts of human kindness and Positivity come from the local Metal scene and its bands. Everything from doing benefit shows for a fallen band member's family, raising funds for Scotty's House, Breast Cancer Awareness, and even helping the downtown venue that hosts the shows pay rent during the slow Holiday season. For these local entertainers the reward of all the hard work, excessive time & money to play Metal music is having 100's of people Thrashing, Moshing and screaming for an encore...To a band that 1 show where the whole crowd goes insane is payment for what they do.

The next time at a local Metal Music show go up and talk with the band, buy a CD or shirt, take pics with them, give 'em a donation. These entertainers go thru so much just to play a 30 minute set in Brazos County and they do it for y'all! - FOILFACE

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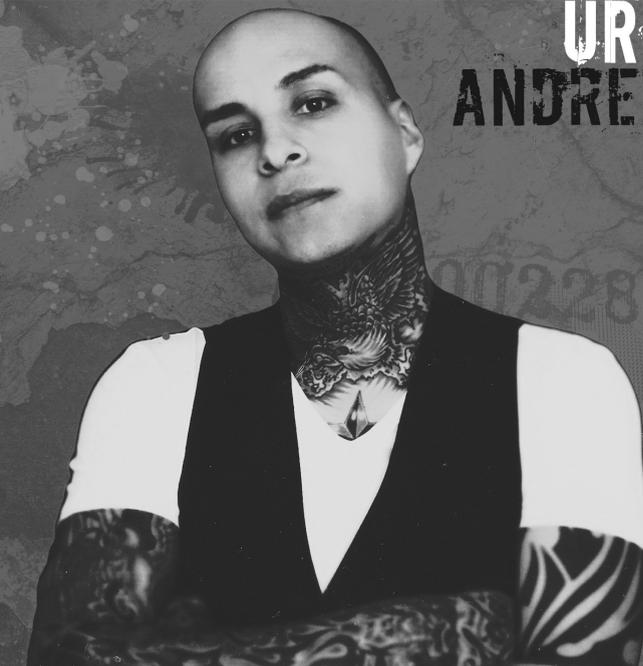
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concert calendar

8/1—Up Rise and Fall, A Change In Tides @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

8/4 - CircleBirds, Twin Killers @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

8/5—SMUT, Reves Doux @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

8/5—The Room movie screening @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/6—Brazos Valley Derby Girls Art Show with DJ Skullbone @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/7—Fools For Rowan, Adrian & The Sickness, Night Gallery, Signal Rising @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

8/7—Jay Satellite, The Ex-Optimists, One Good Lung, Coast of Nebraska @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/8—Fear Of Falling @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

8/9—Red Morning Voyage, Seladora @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

8/13—A Formal Affair @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

8/14—Small Stone, Sam & The Stylees, Selfless Season @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

8/14—Harestock 2010 with Runnin' Ragged, Selfless Season, Whiskey Boys, Ashley Nicole Monical and Twisted Hearts, Backseat Molly, Green Whiskey, Austin Mayse, Eric Fisher, Nick Verzosa and Red Dvorak at The Beer Joint, College Station. 12pm.

8/15—Sunrise & Ammunition, FightPriestFight!, Drayton Sawyer, This Day Will Tell @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

Totally Insane Must-See Show of the Month

I have had the distinct privilege of being an occasional bandmate for Mary-Charlotte Young AKA **Magic Girl** for the past two years. Her alt-country sound is special and unique. Every bit as tough-girl and sassy as indie rock but delivered in a country idiom, telling stories about people you know, people you see everyday. But with a sensitivity that songwriters rarely show for rednecks, trailer trash, dirtbags, whores, drug addicts, convicts and the like...the kind of people Magic Girl sings so convincingly about. These songs of hers...they really soak into your mind. They are touching and poetic pieces of narration that should have awarded her with miles and miles of accolades. And let us not forget the brassy moxy of Magic Girl's voice, an instrument that could captivate the largest of crowds without amplification. This woman has talent, serious talent. And it is a crime that Mary-Charlotte is our little secret. She should be vibrating car speakers all over this country by now.



Magic Girl has completed her new album *White Trash Empire* and will be celebrating its release August 27th @ Revolution Café & Bar in Bryan with a live performance backed by her Ex-Husbands. **Jay Satellite** will open the show with a solo performance as will **J. Goodin** in what is I believe his first show since his awful car wreck earlier this year.

The sad thing about this CD release show is that while we are celebrating the CD we will also be bidding Mary-Charlotte goodbye, as she is moving to California in September. I'm sad to see her go, but I'm hoping that California will treat her nice, and will recognize the amazing talent we've been so fortunate to have access to so easily here for so long. Knock 'em dead out there, lady. Stay strong and remember we all love you back here in Bryan/College Station—**KELLY MINNIS**

8/15—Harestock 2010 with Jon Dittfurth, Steven Dittfurth, Buster Ellisor, Coleman Wiederhold, Forest Wayne Allen, Geoff Spahr, Tyler Cannon, Claire Domingue, Andrea Marie, Pug Johnson, Michael Wren, Hunter McKithan, The Neckties, Chad Boyd, Magic Girl, Greg Schroeder, Britt Lloyd, Luke Adair, Jordan Minor, The Selfless Season, Beau Hinze and the Backporch Shufflers, Tres Womack, Big John Mills and the Texas Road Dawgs, Danny Malone, Stephanie Briggs, Ben Morris and the Great American Boxcar Chorus, Matt Harlan, Mark Jungers, Roger Marin, The Sideshow Tramps, Mike Ethan Messick, Rodney Parker, Mark David Manders and John Evans Band @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 12pm

8/16—In Still Life, As the Handsome Die, Seven Story Fall, The Air I Breathe @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/18—School of Liars @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/19—The Reckless Ones, The Crooks @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/20—The Black, Wine & Revolution, Turnstyles @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/20—Set Apart, Brighter Than a Thousand Suns @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/21—Blunt Force, Antique Scream, Commie Hilfiger @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/27—Magic Girl & Her Ex-Husbands (CD release party), Jay Satellite (solo), J. Goodin @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/27—Legacy Fails, American Fang, Myth & Legend, White Sails @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

8/28—Boxcar Bandits @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/28—Brutalityfest @ The Stafford, Bryan. 6pm

Record Reviews



Kill the State Illegal Assembly

Bryan/College Station's Kill The State is way too young to remember the early 1980s, when protest punk rock was in its heyday. Just take a spin through Circle Jerks' *Group Sex* album and you will see. You are not what you own. But for pretty much all of the 1990s and beyond it was considered passé and preachy to be politically informed, if not outright awkward. Which is surprising to me, given the craziness of the post-9/11 Dubya years.

Kill The State has no qualms opening their mouths about the state of the realpolitik. They are defiantly left wing, from their messages of universal free health care, the continual pervasiveness of romanticizing Che Guevara, exporting the American way by gunpoint, and Arizona's controversial SB1070 "driving while brown" law. Rebel songs. But unlike Bono or Conner Oberst, Kill The State is sincere. So sincere that they've wrapped the sharpest of their criticisms inside succinct, catchy punk rock songs that make you want to sing along regardless of whether or not they enlighten you or inspire you.

This is pedestrian garage-spun punk rock that takes the Joe Strummer maxim of "Why wait until you're good to start a band? You might die waiting" to the ultimate conclusion. This is basic polka beat power chord old school punk rock. Not the sort of thing you need a masters degree in jazz performance from North Texas State for. What these guys excel at is writing hooks so deceptively catchy that once you hear them you will find

them virtually impossible to flush out. You will catch yourself after one listen walking around singing the refrain to "Free Healthcare" and "American Way" whether you want to or not. These songs burrow into your head and refuse to come out.

If only other modern punk rockers or activists could succeed as outright as Kill The State. Between these guys, Stay In Touch and The Hangouts the B/CS area suddenly has a vital and creative punk scene. How'd that happen?—**KELLY MINNIS**



M.I.A.

Λ Λ Λ Y Λ

I'm a try out some reverse pyramid journalistic freestyle steez on ya here. M.I.A.'s new album is not as bad as everyone says it is, but it's not great either. When you have albums like *Arular* and *Kala* in your catalog, a ho-hum album is more understandable than if you're like Color Me Badd with nothing but shite records. But it is because M.I.A. is precisely who she is that a decent record rather than a grand slam home run seems like a serious fall from grace.

OK, you're M.I.A. and people have been falling over themselves to praise you. When I first heard *Arular* in 2005 it was beyond exciting. The global diaspora of M.I.A.'s debut album blended dub, bhangra, agitprop hip-hop, nerdiness, politics and sex appeal in one tight package from someone as far removed from hip-hop's core as one could possibly be. There are still moments on *MAYA* that seethe with

that same vitality. "Loyalot" has that same downlow, cheeky bhangra flavor with a vocal that owes Thom Yorke as much as it owes Tricky, while she intones "I love Allah" while rapping vaguely about suicide bombers and terror. "It Takes a Muscle" has a bouncy reggae feel with a great melody, where "Tell Me Why" throws the melody a top super-compressed by big beats and African chant. "Space" ditto, with a cool little bassline...but that one starts to creep into the territory that is kinda *MAYA*'s downfall.

There is far too much contemporary hip-hop by numbers on this numbers. Lots of auto-tune, big boring beats, etc. The front half of the album is packed with them. "Steppin Up" and "XXO" are the biggest culprits. I also find "Born Free" falls flat too, even though I absolutely love what she did with the Suicide sample with the crazy rock drums. Her vocal delivery is horribly lazy in comparison to the track, and no amount of gated fuzz is gonna hype it up.

Well, that's what the iPod was made for. You can skip the shit that's not vital, and that's how you will want to roll with *MAYA* but if you are a fan you will definitely find diamonds in the rough. If you're new to M.I.A. I'd suggest her other two albums.—**KELLY MINNIS**



Ryan Adams Orion

OK, OK. I feel like I have to apologize or offer some caveat when I tell people that I like Ryan Adams. I love that

crazy son-of-a-bitch. He is all reaction and very little calculation. What you up to today? Nothing? Hey, come over and let's make a rap record. No? OK bro, how about an alt-country masterpiece? Still no? How about a *science fiction thrash metal concept album* instead.

Yes, that is what *Orion* is, at least in theory. A sci-fi thrash metal concept album. Actually, what you've got here is more like Christian Death deciding some time in 1986 that they'd like some of that D.R.I.-styled metal cross-over action and so set out to make an album like *2112* but ending up sounding something like the snotty, overreager redneck little brother to Voivod's *Nothingface*.

Yes, it is THAT good. OK, Steel Panther Ryan Adams is not. He does not go for authentic metal. The tempos are thrashy, he can palm-mute the hell out of some 16th notes, and he does do a lot of yelling and hollering. Almost every other word on this 30-minute album is war, destruction, battle stations, control, etc. sometimes delivered with pitch-shifted "alien" vocals. But musically this album is not that far afield from his 2003 *Rock N Roll* album. So you've got a sort of gothic, post-punk sound tied together with open country chording and a guitar tone that's probably more in tune with '80s college rock than heavy metal.

On the first listen through it you will be thinking that he's pulling your leg and having a massive laugh at your expense. On the second listen you will notice that there is indeed a story narrative, and that the album is set up a lot like one of Rush's epic prog-rock songs. Different musical ideas from earlier in the album are reprised later on with key changes, sometimes differing chord voicings. If you think of it as one big 30-minute song rather than a bunch of little songs it might help you get it a little sooner.

That said, there are some pop gems up in this bitch. "Disapyramid" is the first one, from it's cool post-punk chorused bass, George Lynch chorus chords and you will fall over when he sings "activate force fields, d-d-d-d-d-disapyramid". The audacity to turn something so earnestly dumb into a

such a lasting hook! "Fire and Ice" lulls you with a soft piano interlude until he brings the big chords and the dinosaur stomp guitars and his somewhat bluesy vocals in the chorus. "Ghorgon Master of War" has a sort of Spinal Tap goofiness to it until the rock kicks in. It's kind of like *Heavy Metal* the movie on vinyl for a new generation. As goofy as it sounds, the whole thing works. I can't think of the last time I listened to a new album a dozen times in a row and could still get excited for putting it on again. *Orion* is that kind of album for me.—**KELLY MINNIS**

The conventional wisdom on Ryan Adams is that he was a once-talented dude who once upon a time made a great record called *Heartbreaker* and he's a real flake and one time he went off on someone for requesting "Summer of 69" at one of his gigs. While some of these things might be true (a friend of mine was at that gig at the Ryman in Nashville and it actually happened, with Ryan throwing 2 \$20 bills in the heckler's face and yelling at security to eject the offending concert-goer), it seems like Ryan's once-flaky behavior has seriously overshadowed any notice of the man's music.

And it's an impressive body of work - he is driven by an almost extinct drive to make records troubadour style, at quick sessions in NY and LA, with friends and session folks, and like Dylan, actually produce really solid records in fairly short periods of frenetic activity. That's a big part of what makes me defend him so ardently - he does what so many don't - he makes things happen, even to satisfy his own crazy restless muse, he actually gets records made. Now that he has a vinyl-only label of his own, PAX-AM, much of the overflow of his last few years in the studio is starting to see release, and this is where *Orion* comes in.

Orion is Ryan's metal project, at least that's the conceit. But once you actually listen to the record he made in 2006, it's clear that like everything Ryan has ever done, it is impossible for

him to be anything but himself. The record follows a pretty cool storyline, with intergalactic warfare, robot spine snakes, and a villain named Gorghon. It's all very sci-fi, 2112 stuff. "Disapyramid" apart from having the coolest song title of that last few years shows just how much Ryan does his own thing. It's less metal and more new wave, even post-punk in places. "Electro Snake" is very reminiscent of his "It This It" from *Rock N Roll*, and in fact, much of what is on *Orion* could easily fit on a record like the underrated *Rock N Roll*.

Orion for me is less about being a perfectly made album (the fact is that this is a vinyl-only release of 2000 copies, not the sort of thing intended for a mass audience in the first place) and more another example of Ryan's drive to keep working and keep doing his own thing. I can't think of many artists who actually do what so many claim or aspire to - to create on their own terms, without compromise of even consideration of anything other than satisfying their own need for an awesome record to listen to, even if they have to make it themselves.—**JASON CLARK**



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