

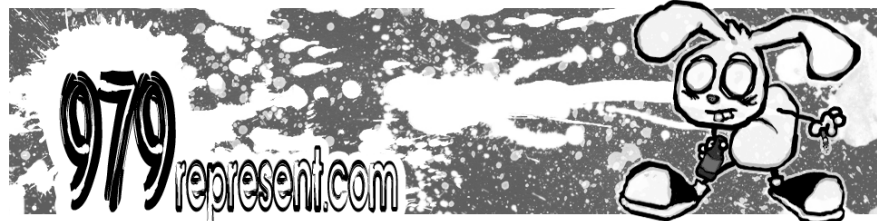
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THE FREEWHEELIN' GUIDE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF COLLEGE STATION/BRYAN



Also inside: Focus On Sidewinder Productions—Still Drinkin' Seasonal Suds—Psycho Mike & Bad Zombies—R.I.P. Johnny Lyon—Dahli Rama—Concert Calendar—CD reviews



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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2010: Not Sad 2 C it Go

This year was the year I turned 35. I'm not one to read any sort of doom and gloom into monument years. You won't catch me freaking out because I've reached x age and either haven't accomplished something or I'm still strumming a guitar in front of tens of people and really, shouldn't 20-somethings be doing this instead of old dudes like me. Nope, none of that out of me. Yet, 35 was a year that was entirely challenging in a brand new way, and my life tends to do this on the fives, so I should've known to look forward to some strangeness this year. Yet I still find myself at the end of the year marveling at the year that was.

Was it so bad? No, not really, but it was certainly monumental in many ways. In January my middle brother died, and I had been estranged from him and nearly all of my family for 15 years. Earlier that month I totaled my first car, with my children in it and it was completely my fault. I turned 35 in February. My wife presented papers at her first conferences and became the academic rock star I always knew she could be. I began jogging. My youngest son went to kindergarten. We became car loan free for the first time since 1996. I had two of the funnest rocknroll weekends of my entire life. I nearly killed myself in another car accident (not my fault this time) in October. All toll, it's more positive than negative, right? But this year reminded me of my mortality, and for once I began to feel my age.

Car accidents are never any fun, but I'd not been in any major ones before. It always happens in a lightning flash and you don't really have any way to prepare for it but instead just ride it out to its ugly conclusion. The first accident was largely incidental. I ran a stop sign while driving in an unfamiliar part of Bryan, looking down at my cell phone for directions instead of looking up. No one was hurt, the kids were with me and thought it was just another grand adventure. The car, while not being hit that hard, was old and any repair on old cars usually runs up past the value of the car. OK, my mistake, my boner, I'll be good now. The second accident was major, t-boning a girl outside of Bastrop who pulled right out in front of me. Her car was so smashed in that she had to be cut out of it and eventually choplifted to the hospital. She made it okay, just has a broken pelvis. Me, I had bruises and muscle tears. But while roaming the scene of the accident, trying hard not to look at the EMT's sawing through her car with The Jaws of Life, I noticed several roadside monuments to others who had died previously at that intersection in car accidents. It gave me pause, and I still think about those four kids. Yeah, the EMT's told me that their circumstances were far different than mine and their deaths were easily preventable, but it still spooked me. Made me think a bit about the frailty of humanity and how quick our lives can be irrevocably changed. It also made me think about my dead brother, the son we lost at birth ten years ago.

It made me think that living fast and dying young is a cliché, and that I have officially entered middle age for thinking so. Maybe that old adage coined by our resident cartoonist, James Gray, is appropriate. "Live Slow, Die Old". As much as I love to rock, drink, have a good time and cause a ruckus or two, perhaps living a tad slower might be in order for me. My karma ran over my dogma this year, and I feel like maybe I need to be a little more cautious in 2011.—KELLY MINNIS

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Still Drinkin': Dirtbag Belchers of Holiday

The Dirtbags began arriving around 8:00, which is late for me and the wife on a school night. This Dirtbag event occurred the Thursday before Thanksgiving, a holiday that always falls on a Thursday, and precisely 6.5 years after the series finale of *Friends*, also on a Thursday, which is why all of us were free to get crunk Thursday at 8:00.

I wasn't sure how all of this would work out. Drinking beers is easy enough, but tasting beers is a completely different story. Also, I've hosted my fair share of tastings for one or two friends who really can't be asked to sip that slowly or care that much, but a full-on beer tasting event for seven people is reason enough to just drink. As the host, you must set the flavors in order, working from "weaker" to "bolder" in a palate pleasing succession. You must consider alcohol percentage, making sure to stagger the lower and higher alcohol levels so as to not bake your guests in two quick samples. Tastings are dedicated to the long haul. And if you can't taste or think anything from a blown palette or a cooked cranium, then you've failed your mission.

There were seven of us working our way through seven big beers. Besides my wife, who sipped White Russians and giggled on the sidelines, I was joined in this year's "Dirtbag Belchers of Holiday Brews" by Niki Shea, Kenneth Holloway, Kelly Minnis, Michael Scarborough, Ian Nelson, and Tom Dobson. A stray cat, a Care Bear, and a pissed off red wasp also made an appearance, but even writing that sentence suggests we were sampling acid instead of ales.

We started with BROOKLYN BREWERY'S WINTER ALE (6%). And even though I love nearly everything by Brooklyn, this was a slower start than I intended. Niki declared that it smelled like chocolate, but then said it offered no chocolate flavors. Tom suggested the Brooklyn's Winter Ale was thin, and Kelly agreed by saying it had no ass: hops all upfront with nothing malty or sturdy to back it up. There was a rippling murmur about this not really being a good brown ale, a good amber ale, or a good Winter ale. And since I'm not well versed in Scottish ales, I can't speak to the value of its brewed intentions. Brooklyn, for the first time, fell flat for me while still rolling us into a promising start.

Things immediately picked up with HARPOON'S WINTER WARMER (5.9%). From my experience, Harpoon is a hit or miss brewery. Their IPA and Leviathon Imperial IPA are quite nice, but their UFO series is forgettable and skippable all around. But the Winter Warmer made a splash with the Dirtbag Belchers. "It has a nice head," Tom said. "It makes me thirsty," Ian said. "It's whiskey in a flask in the bathroom," Michael said. And several of us called dibs on the few remaining Harpoon's in the fridge.

Kelly was super stoked about BLUE MOON'S WINTER ABBEY (5.6%) one of his three six-pack offerings. (Yeah, you read me right: dude brought three sixers! If six-pack packing were a beer, Kelly would win brew of the year.) Bulbous and bready, Winter Abbey is a heavyweight malt bomb for Blue Moon. Smacking our lips beneath it, Niki declared aromas and flavors of "honey and oranges," an observation with which all of us moaned overly studious agreements.

SAINT ARNOLD'S CHRISTMAS (7%) was, collectively, our least favorite of the beers. "Don't taste like no gaw-damn Christmas!" Niki said. "And it don't take three wise men to figure that shit out," Kenneth said. "I don't want no myrrh of that beer," Michael said. "It tastes like Summer," Kelly said. "Oh, Jesus, there's a wasp in here," Latonya said. "No! Not the Care Bear!" I said. "Haw! Haw! Haw!," Ian said. There was a scuffle for proper wasp killing weaponry. Fortunately, something exciting made up for the tasteless blandness of the Saint Arnold's. In the end, the wasp died. The Care Bear lived. And we killed off the Saint Arnold's Christmas as an event formality.

BRECKENRIDGE CHRISTMAS ALE (7.4%) smashed palettes with a bell-ringing, star-swirling initial sip. "It tastes like burning," Niki said, "but the label's so pretty!" Tom described the evolution of its flavor as, "Ick and then eh." Kelly suggested, "Pour it and let it sit", but after the incident with the wasp, life seemed too fragile to wait for flavors.

I saved, what I predicted to be, the two biggest show stoppers for last. I even took a quick inventory of

everyone's favorite beer thus far (four people chose Harpoon), before pulling out the big guns. SHINER CHEER (5.4%), however, was a misfire. Last year's Cheer, a dedgum dessert beer, was burly enough in its palettable patchwork of pecans and peaches to pat a dollop of whipped cream directly on top. Not this year. "Peach Schnapps with a beer on top" is how Kenneth described it. "Tastes like a healthy breakfast drink," Ian said. This year Cheer is all peaches and no pecans. And with the absence of that sturdy pe-

can backdrop, the peaches are just "too sweet," according to Tom. Shiner Cheer was a major let down. Kelly asked, "What the hell does peaches have to do with Christmas?" In the silence that followed, you could have heard a dead wasp fart.



To quote Elliott Smith, "All the dead soldiers were lining up on the table". Dirtbag Belching, November 2010

and, even in the face of so many shafts, I stand beside Sierra Nevada's 2010 Celebration.

In the end, six out of seven Dirtbags declared Harpoon's Winter Warmer the best Christmas beer of our seven beer batch. The Winter Warmer's cinnamon and nutmeg spices, although subtle and carefully layered, create a complex ale traditionally intended, like barleywines, for solitary slow-sipping; however, such dessert-lively spices do pair well with holiday cookies, fruit and de-feathered game. Speaking of solitary sippers, Kelly Minnis stood proudly alone in insisting Breckenridge Christmas Ale this year's best Holiday brew. Weighing in with a lofty ABV count and a hefty hop profile, the Breckenridge Christmas Ale would pour perfectly alongside a heavy holiday meal. The big punch of smoky, piney Chinook hops will side well with smoked meats, while a sturdy holiday stuffing will mellow and brighten Breckenridge's bell-ringing, chimney-smashing first sip.

* * * * *

I would like to recommend a few Texas beers not featured at the Dirtbag Belchers Christmas beer tasting. For starters, REAL ALE'S COFFEE PORTER (5.6%), currently on tap at O'Bannon's, is darn near perfect. Rich cocoa flavors give way to a smoky espresso aftertaste thick and dark enough to accuse Real Ale's Coffee Porter of being a full-fledged dirty stout. Also, in the dark beer category, RAHR AND SON'S WINTER WARMER DARK ALE (8.5%) is, in my opinion, one of the most poorly titled beers I've yet to encounter. Rahr and Son's Winter Warmer, born and brewed in Fort Worth, does not showcase the spiciness traditionally characteristic of Winter Warmers. Instead, I only tasted an exceptional porter, with a sweet chocolate malty front and a warm fruity hop backdrop. Rahr and Sons, not currently distributed in BCS, is available and worth searching in Austin, Houston, Dallas, and even Waco shops and pubs.

For their annual (and extremely limited) Divine Reserve series, Saint Arnold featured a Barleywine style ale for this year's ST. ARNOLD'S DIVINE RESERVE 10. Weighing in at a whopping 11% ABV, St. Arnold's suggests cellaring the Divine No. 10 for five to ten years. The draught I recently tasted at a Dallas pub had not been aged, but it tasted fine for such a big beer. Not yet reaching its destined buttery sweetness, the big Barleywine alcohol heat hid behind a richly toasted-dark vanilla toffee base, with big biscuit malts bristling on the edges by a bushy Imperial IPA-like hoppiness that will surely mellow nicely with time. Also worth noting on the calender, ST. ARNOLD'S WINTER STOUT (5.6%) will hit shelves in December 15. Die hard Guinness lovers should lay their golden grail aside and give this Texas born sweet stout a try. I tried to save a sixer last year to sip on in the Spring, but the entire sixer was gone in less than a week. I'm not sure if that speaks to the goodness of the Winter Stout or to my own personal weakness. Probably a bit of both.—KEVIN STILL



Sidewinder Productions

Taking It To the Next Level

October 2009—The Stafford Main has closed after a Thrashin night of Metal Music. Michael Montes of Sidewinder Productions asked to talk with Eric and management about his newly formed music entertainment productions company. I was asked to sit in on this meeting and afterwards was asked what my first impression was. To me, it was another music promoter just talkin shit. Folks, I was wrong. Sidewinder Productions is the real deal.

Michael Montes is Sidewinder Productions. Michael was born and raised here in Bryan and always had a passion for Metal Music, the colors Black & Red, and Jack Daniel's Whiskey. As a teen, he and some friends had a band called Sidewinder that actually played a gig in the field next to the ol Best Buy, where Burning Midget and other locals once played. He moved away and later came back to the local area and its growing Metal Music scene. Wanting to be a promoter but not knowing the business, he jumped in with support from friends and sponsors.

On Oct. 23 & 24, 2009, "Unleashed", his first show, took place with much success bringing bands like Lonestar Pornstar, Slim, Downsiid, and Silence the Messenger to the local area Metal arena. In November 2009, Michael held his first show "November to Remember" at Northgate where he found the different reality of Aggieland's Live entertainment Bar district. Most places don't have the necessary sound systems for Live bands, so the bands have to rent a system and a sound guy and the parking situation at

Northgate is expensive, not to mention frustrating, for bands and fans.

In December 2009, Michael finished out the year with "Testing the Balance", a show which featured Alternative Music and the Metal Music Genres in one show as a way of testing some ideas for 2010. It was so successful he decided

to focus on booking bigger bands and allow the local bands to take center stage also.

2010 started with a series of Kick ass metal shows in downtown Bryan at The Stafford Main including national touring bands such as The Sammus Theory, Silent Civilian, and Phantom X, proving that Sidewinder Productions had built in solid foundation in local music booking/promotion .

In July this year, Michael teamed up with another Bigger promoter from Houston and held a local Battle of the bands that local hardcore band BonnieBlue won. As it turned out, this Houston promoter was not an honest businessman. He scammed Sidewinder Productions into joining his company and leaving Bryan/College Station. After three weeks, the truth reared its ugly head and Michael returned to the area to redeem from his mistake with "The Recking", a Metal Music show at The Stafford Main on July 31.

After gaining much credibility with his Alternative & Metal Music shows over the next few months, Michael has now started to bring in other genres of music from bands like Grupo Fantasma and Del Castillo for the local Latin community with continued success.

Michael says he owes the success of Sidewinder to his longtime friend Big Ed, who can run the show, operate the door, and be Security/Bouncer if Michael can't be there. If y'all been to a Sidewinder Show, then you met Big Ed at the door. Michael also stated his sponsors like Waston Motors, Stover Boys Burgers, Los Lamos Mexican Grill, 103.9 Rock FM, Jesse Ramirez, and Keith Zalazar also play a major role in taking Sidewinder Production to the next level of Live Music entertainment in the 979 area code. In 2011 ,Sidewinder Productions has committed to serving the local area with awesome bands and shows so stay tuned to 979Represent for show dates. You can also find Sidewinder Productions on Facebook for additional show info.—FOILFACE

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Asian Persuasions with The Dahli Rama: Perpetuation...



Perpetuation – or a somewhat brief Dissertation on Causality and it's relation to being happy.

Now with a title like that, you have to be impressed? Right? The balance of life has been what I personally would call “chaotic” the past couple of weeks. Details are irrelevant, but primal instinctual responses that resulted from these said life instances are what I’m choosing to write about this month.

The moments in which I was placed into a situation that I would deem “desirable,” were intense and filled with palm sweats of anticipation. My new found appreciation of said present tense moment, more specifically my ability to grasp the importance of the little things in life within the moments that they occur, put into perspective and helped clarify my ever evolving definition and grasp of “happiness”. Whether it was seeing my daughter crack up, a mundane incident, or a boost in confidence from a compliment, it furthered this stated belief from a philosophical standpoint that life innately is benevolent.

As with all things in life, the balancing component was of course the situations that were “undesirable,” or “unplanned moments of fuckdom and where the hell, why the hell, and general confusion-ness”. Sweaty palm anticipation expressions were replaced with moments of utter hopelessness and confusion as to the origination of malice. Even these moments, eventually, put into perspective this coming together picture of what I want to define as “happiness”. The coveted nature of our instincts that sees other people exuding their happiness via outward appearances, successes, etc. have some of us at times coveting that which is being shown to us and being guilty of resenting the happiness of others. I think Biggie put it succinctly: “Mo money, Mo problems.”

So all the previous two paragraphs laden with large words...what does that have to do with perpetuation and causality? The moments that I welcomed were fleeting. In fact there were instances where I was faced with an opportunity to extend those moments, which were happy, but either due to unprepared-ness or because of other responsibilities that I have, I had to weigh whether or not fulfilling something I've wanted. Due to my need to be responsible, I let these moments pass, and as with all things that have consequences unseen and unfulfilled, mental representations of what could have been populated (and for some moments continue to populate) my imagination of what could have been. By the way, that is regret. But regardless of these regrets, it is the nature of life to continue forward. Replaying these moments of what could have been only help to take away realization of the things happening regardless of our desires to what could or should have been.

The relation to this to causality plays into my monthly repeated message of how life is benevolent. While I don't subscribe to popular notions of a creator pulling the strings of life, I do believe that there is a due course, or a perpetuation, that propels time and space. While it's obvious that the moments which bring about our personal suffering may come from the hands of others at times, it is the underlying and unbiased nature of life that continues on that is benevolent.—THE DAHLI RAMA

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2010...the year that was

Another year has elapsed in the Brazos Valley. All kinds of awesomeness, all kinds of bollocks, all kinds of highs, lows, blahs, mehs filled up this year, and yers truly at *979Represent* could not let this year go down without recapping for you the highlights, lowlights and bro-lights of the year that was. So that's what we be doing, son.

We began the year with the promise of a skatepark and ended the year with the promise of a skatepark...and yet no skatepark to skate. A&M laid off some people and spooked the entire local economy, only later to have everyone fall in love with A&M again with the football team's bid for the Cotton Bowl. Gov. Perry made A&M's budget cut his 2012 Presidential Bid fiscal narrative and yet Aggies overwhelmingly voted him in for a third term, axing U.S. Veterans' Best Friend Chet Edwards in the process. We began to hear the rumblings from Austin that maybe Recession-Proof Texas has been testing the waters this year and will jump into the recession with both Tony Lama-booted feet in 2011. The "Keep Wellborn Wellborn" movement got under way just in time for College Station to begin motions to annex Wellborn into College Station. And you can't smoke in College Station bars anymore but you can in Bryan even though Bryan said it would follow suit. What an eventful year! - *KELLY MINNIS*

Mike's 2010 Superlatives

Best Action Movie—*Salt* with Angelina Jolie. This movie hurtles along from start to finish with a heroine who can clobber just about everyone, along with some of the best stunt work on the big screen in ages.

Most Boring Blockbuster—*Prince of Persia: The Sands of Time* with Jake Gyllenhaal. This is a movie to be endured and not enjoyed. Everyone seems to be straining to make this film work ... and failing.

Most Boring Foreign Film Made in America—*The American* with George Clooney. The script for this movie would fit on a postcard: studied, slow, ponderous, pretentious, symbolic. Maybe if you're in the right mood, this movie works, but otherwise, no.

Best Sequel—*Toy Story 3*. Funny and gripping, often in the same frame - hopefully, this is a fitting end to a great creative fiction. Two and a Half Guilty Pleasures—*Valentine's Day*. Sure, it's bloated with stars, but isn't it fun to see them all and wonder how they got them all in? *Knight and Day* with Tom Cruise and Cameron Diaz. Cruise is everybody's punching bag these days, but he and Diaz have fun with their roles, and it's a decent script. *Machete* with Danny Trejo. This could also be the Movie To Wash Your Hands Afterwards: heads rolling, blood spurting, gunplay galore, a naked Lindsay Lohan. I don't think I need to see it again this decade though.

Random local stuff:

Still the Best Place to Grocery Shop with No Crowds—Village Foods in Bryan. The prices aren't THAT much higher. Really.

The 2010 Worst Place to be in Traffic at 5 p.m.—University Drive near campus (duh). Second worst—Briarcrest near the Bryan Wal-Mart (wait, that's pretty much all the time.)

Best Local Music 2010—every time the Hangouts played.—*MIKE L. DOWNEY*

Best Album of the Year



DEERHUNTER
Halcyon Digest (4AD)

As if you didn't know, cuz. Deerhunter have been indie darlings of the Pitchfork/Stereogum set for some time now, but it's only been in the last couple of years that the band has begun to live up to its accolades. With *Halcyon Digest* the band's outside projects (Atlant Sound for Bradford Cox, Lotus Plaza for Lockett Pundt) have merged together with the Deerhunter sound to create something that transcends the usual indie rock sound. Album opener "Earthquake" is whoozy mid 80's 4AD ambient psychedelia that could've easily fit on Atlas Sound's last album *Logos*. Elsewhere that sound is integrated more fully into the band's sound, like on lead single "Helicopter". Where I find the album hitting its stride is dead in the middle, with the TKO of "Memory Boy", "Desires Lines" and "Basement Scene". While most reviewers make much out of the album's closer (a song in tribute to the late Jay Reatard, a good friend to the band), I think these three songs are really the heart of the album. "Memory Boy" is effortlessly catchy with a breezy melodic guitar lead over Cox's mid-tempo almost-Julian Casablancas-styled drawl; "Desire Lines" is streamlined indie rock with a definite Echo & The Bunnymen vibe sourced directly from Pundt's lead vocal with a jammed-out coda that builds in intensity without building in volume; and "Basement Scene", like a lost Everly Brothers side filtered through Syd Barrett cum Robert Pollard 4-track madness. There is no posturing, no hipster clichés, just good indie rock that harkens backwards to a time when indie rock wasn't a fashionable choice. You didn't choose to be an outcast, society chose it for you. Deerhunter represents that ethos for the 21st century.—*KELLY MINNIS*

Best Book

There's only two things you need to know about Joe Hill's sophomore novel *Horns*: A) the story begins as a dude named Iggy wakes up one morning with a hangover and devil horns growing out of his head; B) Stephen King, famed fabler of fear and father of Joe Hill, could take a few literary lessons from his son. *Horns* is a hellishly fast-paced, emotional, and oddly tender story of an innocent man relying on the supernatural realm to clear his name and discover the true killer of his beloved Merrian. Hill writes with a keen eye for pacing, varied point of view, and tight plot twists, but the truest treasures of Hill's work - in all his works, including Hill's graphic novels *Locke & Key*, his debut novel *Heart-Shaped Box*, and his first collection of short fictions *20th Century Ghosts* - are the characters. This is one of the areas where Stephen King could learn from his son. While King develops well-rounded, authentic characters to punish and torment and haunt our emotions, Hill creates individuals so real that you'll find yourself blessing their hearts at the dinner table. I cannot recommend Joe Hill or *Horns* highly enough. I've read several novels this year, and each time I reach for a new one I seriously consider whether or not it's time to reread *Horns*. I'm holding off a bit longer. And this time next year I'll write its review again under BEST BOOK OF 2011.—*KEVIN STILL*

Worst Fashion Trend Among Women In Aggieland

What does the the Rama know of fashion? Pretty little. I have a difficult time coordinating outfits that don't look socially impotent, but the moments I try seem to work out all right. It was brought to my attention (via Alison Orts) that the women of Aggieland have taken a stand and cohesively decided that track shorts are appropriate no matter the weather, body type, or social function.

Seems like a no brainer; a situation where female legs are laid bare for the male portion of the population to gawk at? A social consensus that made it okay to wear an item of clothing that was both loose and form fitting that said to the majority, "I give a shit about my body. I'm so in tuned in fact that at any given moment, I am now prepared to exercise." But such was not the case. As Alison had



pointed out in one of her many poignant postings, "Uggs and track shorts do not an outfit make." - I'm paraphrasing of course. But a more sincere truth could not have been more elegantly brought to light. When does an item of clothing usually relegated to a purpose become an item of clothing that shows you just don't give a fuck? Exhibit A: The sweat pant - an item of clothing originally intended for the physically motivated to exercise in less than tepid temperatures. But due to it's over use it is now the universal uniform of officially not giving a fuck. The cause

of the item of clothing in question to be synonymous with the end of participating in society is it's prominence in social settings where you should care, but don't. Sadly, the track shorts with the warm boots is following in this trend. Is this a universal aspect? As with any declining trend, the culprit of this article of clothing's decline is due in part to people who shouldn't be wearing it in the first place. Let me preface this point by stating the obvious. If you are at home with your girlfriends with the heater on and it's a nice evening of Yahtzee and dominoes, than by all means, strive for comfort and enjoy the track shorts. If you are at the gym and training for a marathon and you don't feel like donning your lycra track suit, than again by all means, utilize the garment for it's original intent. But if it's a night out in Northgate or if you are heading down to historical downtown, and your outfit for scoring with all the mens is some leggings, Ugg boots (or known knockoffs thereof), with a wife beater with pit-stains.....you get the point.

Does this take away from the attractive tanned legged beauties that don the shorts as a fashion statement? As with all things, a blanket

statement is always prone to have it's exceptions. But if you care about your appearance and practice any sort of logistics as pertains to the common laws associated with this on-going experiment known as society, chances are if you're cold you'll wear some pants. As a closing note to said tanned legged beauties, who may or may not be into Asian men, I hear yoga pants, in all their form fitting glory, may be the next trend for the upcoming season. I'm available for offered opinion in case any of my perceived readers need some assistance.—*THE DAHLI RAMA*

Most Awesomely Uneasy Concert Moment

Oct 9th Sonic Youth at La Zona Rosa in Austin. During "Death Valley 69", the cataclysmic conclusion of the second encore, Thurston Moore decided that it would be too cliché to go axe handle on one of his trusty "relic'ed" Jazzblasters. So instead, he decided that perhaps he'd just drag his amp across the stage. That was no small feat, since we're talking about a Peavey Roadmaster on top of a 4x12 cabinet, lashed together with heavy cabling. Pulled on its face slowly across the stage, with all of us in the audience uncertain if he was going to run out of power cable before he made it to the edge of the stage. And if he didn't...what was he going to do? Hand us his amp? Throw it in the audience where it would explode into so many hits of sunshine? No, nothing so definite and destructive or charitable as those, but still, for five minutes no one knew for sure, and that heightened suspense made for more drama than any of the previous 100 feedback and dissonant-filled moments of music combined.—*KELLY MINNIS*

Best Totally Original Horror Film

I watch a shucks load of horror films, and, in that shucks load, I only rarely find a single kernel of horrific greatness. Such rarities make the truly wonderful horror films even better. 2010, for the most part, was a good year for horror geeks. In the theaters, we had the-insulting-to-the-original *The Wolfman*, the-better-than-the-original *The Crazies*, the-paled-in-comparison -to-the-foreign-original *Let Me In*, the-BCS-never-got-the-remake-or-the-original *I Spit On Your Grave*, the-forget-it-just-watch-the-original *Nightmare On Elm Street*, and the-who-even-wants-to-see-the-original-when-you've-got-this-gorgeously-gratuitous-piece-of-schlock *Piranha 3-D*. The best horror film I saw in theaters this year was the totally original and unfortunately overlooked *The Last Exorcism*, which was probably a bit too clean and literary for the average Eli Roth fan. Still, it's a masterful film that reminds its audience that gore is no match for a good narrative.



Still, my favorite horror film of 2010 was a little known 2009 release by Ti West, titled *The House of the Devil*. I just saw this two weeks ago, and when I was still reeling over it several days after the fact, I decided to name it my most favorite horror film of all time. Shite! That's a lofty claim! But, again, as a fan of the genre, you see so much junk and so many crappy retreads that a true piece of cinematic art, one that is both beautiful and creepy as hell's backdoor floormat, is reason enough to write home rental recommendations to your sweet Lifetime Television for Women watching momma. I would rather not say much about the plot, and I highly recommend not watching the trailer. I walked into *The House of the Devil* blind, and I was completely mesmerized by just the opening sequence alone. Nevertheless, I will say this, Ti West has conjured up the look and feel of early '70s cult horror, and he's not fudged an ounce making *The House of the Devil* look authentically antiquated. I gave *The House of the Devil* five "Girl, don't even open that door!" shouts out of five. This one will send you back to church.—*KEVIN STILL*

Niki's 2010 Superlatives

Best beer—whatever the yummy holiday one I had at Kevin's was (*Harpoon's Winter Warmer—ed.*)

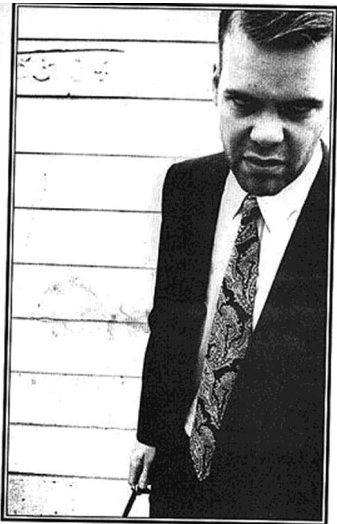
Best fight—2 dudes 'sword fighting' with their weiners at The Hot Things/Born Liars show in Conroe.

Best local show—Black Cock!!!!

Best meal—Nico Nico's in Houston

Best things to happen this year—finishing school and having a 7" on Cutthroat Records!

Worst local bullshit—let's not even go there.....—*NIKI PISTOLS*



PSYCHO MIKE: *New Walking Dead Is DOA*

The other night Teresa and I decided to watch this television show, *The Walking Dead*, on the mothergrabbin' cable channel, AMC. Said channel oft times has been known to run some great shit on television. To discuss that is another time, friend. Right now I would love to indulge you on the subject of the most tepid and milque-toast of all, *The Walking Dead*.

Ok, sure the zombie motif has been bandied about and run up the pole about a billion times and over the past few years has been worn down to it's thread-bare essence. I'd have to say

my first few zombie-film experiences were fascinating and amazing experiences. That first viewing of *Dawn of the Dead* was a turning point in my young development. I watched it with my brother and some of his older, dumber, hessian Marylanders and their take on it was timeless. "Yeah, this movie is bad as shit you fucking faggot, you are going to be scared like shit." I also was present during their debate on, "If there was a hot ass zombie, I'd tie her up and fuck her". Yes, amazing it twas. I was scared and the rich broth of zombies found in the Pennsylvania mall where George Romero filmed it had all of the elements of awesome. Yes, the zombies have run amok, yes the rednecks is shootin' 'em (awesome) and then a select few band together and decide to explore the idea of holing up in A FUCKING SHOPPING MALL! Who doesn't want to do that? Yes, I'd raid the People's Drug Store first, securing a cache of late seventies Metahqualone, aka, "Quaaludes," as well as all the Mandrax and Demoral, "Coppin' Dee's," as it was commonly told and the other great rainbow of drugs available (this is fiction, fantasy, not what I am currently planning so, willing suspension of disbelief is key here). Gun stores, Fonzie jackets, Nik-Niks and Cuban Heeled shoes, yes, it would rule to be holed up there. Also, for those of you unaware, Pennsylvania also has some Genesee beer as well as the most amazing Pizza and Root Beer, known as, "Birch Beer," that destroys that IBC bullshitery. Anyway, Romero hit it on the head and made you want to endure the zombie holocaust because, outside of the horror and doom there were malls to be broken into, cars to steal and SHIT TO BE HAD.

The Walking Dead covers none, not one, of these fun and exciting prospects. After enduring its first three episodes, the Asian fellow decides to steal a new Charger, which, is a good move but wtf? These idiots don't covet shit they must have and don't begin to consider going out and getting it? That's the fun of the zombie world. Also, starting your shit, note for note, after the movie, *28 Days*, is cheap and bad form. Budget. The show moves at a pace that makes Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* seem like doing hot rails off of some stripper's ass at Nick Oliveri's house. It's like a GBH record played at 16 RPM and then the power going out, the needle grinding to a halt in the middle of "Race Against Time". It's tepid and rife with nil. A celebration of what seems like the shittiest comic ever written and the boring fucking one dimensional residents of Valdosta, Ga. or wherever this tome of turd begins. If you are into this show you are my grandparents. But you are no where near as cool as Me Maw and Pop-Pop or Grandma Pinkie and Grandad Bill (aka "Pinkie and The Commander"). No, you are lame ass grandparents who don't have any idea about Benny Hill, Lawrence Welk, polka dancing or the Civil War. No, you are ass weak G.P.'s that are into shit like *ALF* and *The Fucking Smurfs* and...*The Walking Dead*. You like *Caddyshack 2* and the newest *King Kong*. You are vegetarian and scared of shit and don't like, "All the noise and mean people and stuff". Probably pot smokers as well (BARF!). If you like this *Walking Dead* show and have the patience to endure it well, you are boring and I hate you. Not really but yeah, you are a real bummer-ass wet blanket and you are not invited

to my next show with The American Psycho band cause that shit rules and you are ill-prepared when it comes to being a cool-ass-badass, just real good people, man.

Way to crack the safe of safe and produce this junk. I know making some TV show like this must cost a shitload of money and this? This is what you came up with? They fucking DESTROYED *The Judge* in the first episode, FOR NOTHING! What a bunch of retards. Jesus, that was just painful! That car alone is worth more than the lives of all of the people starring in this roach-covered, rat salad repeat of some spedly shit. SPED, special ed, as in SPEDLY. Yeah, it is low-rent TV. Not good low rent *White Shadow* or *Ironside* TV but real shit. I remember being hammered, that, "The gun didn't know I was loaded" kind of hammered and peeing on this girl, very early into the relationship, in bed and it really waking her up and right on out of my house in horror. This is what I expected from this show. It was more like someone trying to pee on your shoes in the line for the urinal and threatening you with their tiny, tiny pee-pee, like a broken sword, at a Belle and Sebastian show you begged to not have to go to with someone you figured you might be able to make the sex-on-for-being so cool as to endure some musical horror. It's weak and slow and luke-warm at best. Milquetoast moronathon. I mean seriously, how could you like this? If you love it? Yeah, I am doubting our relationship that is fading like Michael J Fox's photo in *Back To The Future*. On that note, fucking *Teen Wolf* annihilates this shit but worse than that? *Teen Wolf Too* turns this long-winded shit into zombie broth, not unlike the sad broth of zombies in and on this show. Sorry but, they missed, they missed everything on this and I want my three, long, tiring and bored ass hours back. When I die I will be shaking my fist just thinking about those three hours. Thanks AMC, You really suck.

Have you seen *2,000 Maniacs*? It's about some Georgia retards, sans the zombies but plenty of gory awesomeness. What's that new show on HBO about Gabriel Byrne as the therapist? Yeah, that show kills *The Walking Dead*, and that show looks boring and MUST SUCK. *Redneck Zombies* makes this shit an ABC Family Halloween weekend afterschool special, and they don't have school on the weekends so, no afterschool special or whatever. Get it, this show is butt. It is Bon Jovi on the Headbangers Ball, shit, it is cologne made by Richie Sambora OF Bon Jovi. Musk of Jovi meets zombie filmschool dropout drudgery. It isn't even fun to make fun of because there is so little to even deal on. I'd joan on this bitch hard but I ain't got nuthin' to work with, btw, "Joan," is a term used by hessian high schoolers in Maryland where I grew up. It means to burn, or crack-on, as in, "Please Flannery, stop Joanin' on this really great TV show!" Fucketh thyself. I know, I know, what have I done? Well, I never liked *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* TV show BECAUSE IT SUCKED, AMAZINGLY HARD. It was awful and I bet you watched the shit out of that mug and now you have found something just as good, *The Walking Dead*. Wow, no, we are not friends anymore.

The sheriff dude and his monkey-faced partner? What can you say? Dumb, predictable, "Where is my wife and child!", non-descriptive dude who should have been on *NCIS* or *SUV* or one of those other SHITTY-ASS SHOWS, AS IN, "I DIDN'T WIPE WELL BUT CHECK OUT THE SCRIPT FOR MY NEW SHOW!" Yeah, the sheriff brings to mind, um, nothing? His monkey face partner, the dude with the lame ass, "Scrip," tattoo and porno-star good looks is also a Mexican food burp. The sheriff's wife? Skunt. Fugly, old, leathery. I mean fuck, at least find some attractive people to be on your show, we are already suspending belief, we don't need to have to look at ugly human milk duds. The sheriff's wife hooks up with his law enforcement partner because the monkey-faced dude tells his friend and partner's wife that he is indeed dead and that he is there for her, to comfort and make sex on her in her husband, his friend's absence. Fine, that sounds like some typical shit but Jesus, do they have to be hard to look at on top of it? Even the white-power brothers, who somehow get caught up with this tiny group of survivors, even they are mis-cast. One of the white power brothers is that ugly, pig-eyed, Irish jamoke from the worst movie ever, *The Boondock Saints*. No matter

when or where I see that piece of shit, he will always be one of the idiots from that celluloid shitstain of a movie. *The Boondock Saints* is one of my most hated stories and movies to ever be told. There is a movie about the filmmakers that you should see so you can start to hate people who say "film" and "filmmaker", as in, "I am a filmmaker", on a whole new level. Even the sidemouse cast of people all banding together out of necessity to survive this zombie bore-acast are just manila folders that house your taxes from 1989. If they were lost, burned or buried, alive, you would not notice, care, think once, about them. What a way to blow it and ruin a great idea that is so, just, shooting fish in a fucking barrel easy, way to fuck it up beyond recognition.

The best part about all this is that it has spawned many a great argument, birthed much afterbirth, on the subject of a shit-show on AMC. "But dude, what's with all the hate?" Well, the reason I am so disgusted with this show is this - no one has any money, our options are limited. Dining out is once a month if you are lucky and to call you and your lady going to fucking Arby's dining out? Yes, for most of us who are not wealthy industrialists or singers we have come to a place called, "We are broke, entertainment is limited, we have to spend our thin dimes on a select few events now, we are not rich". Teresa and I went to Fun Fun Fun, a local music festival in Austin that draws bands normally not seen in such a small market, but felt cheated when we payed whatever we payed and saw NO FUCKING DEVO, THE BAND DEVO DID NOT PLAY AND IN ITS PLACE WE GOT, THE DESCENDANTS? Wow. No, doesn't really compare, at all, sorry, thanks. So, yes, television executives should be aware that no one has money and their best bet would be to make a TV show that can be seen by the unwashed cable masses and can be consumed by a large cross section of America. HBO manages to pull it off. *Boardwalk Empire* is awesome. Violent, interesting, fine haberdashery and is an era in time represented well. Historically accurate? Who knows? In any event, it is great and makes our Sundays a night of cheaper, well-done entertainment as we feel practically stuck at home by financial foible. We can't afford to go out as I imagine a lot of us can't. It isn't cheap to go and see music most of the time and thank God I don't drink or we'd be fucked. I don't know, you would think this would be a great idea and opportunity for TV to make good and to easily suck in so many people due to the vacuum of poor folks stuck at home, in front of the TV, just waiting for something to brighten up the week or to look forward to. AMC's *The Walking Dead* missed it, by a great marginal margin. This show sucks and is boring and I'd rather sit on my porch and watch traffic split at the upper and lower junction of I-35 and wonder why people who get on that upper level, no matter what, go about 35-40 miles an hour, all the time, 24 hours a day. Why do they do it. They can't ever, ever go the speed limit. Even if they are alone in traffic, they can't get past 50 mph, EVER. What the fuck is going on there. The upper level of I-35 is moving light years faster than the story of *The Walking Dead*. *The Walking Dead* is the equivalent of ALL AUSTINITES who decide to travel on 35 - slow, high, stoned and real fucking slow. "But I have a hard time going 55 mph and when the speed limit changes to 60mph, I go real fucking slow, I DON'T KNOW WHY! HA HA!" You fucking retards, stay off the roads you wimpy jack-fruits. Jesus, at least go the speed limit, you can do that right? I know, it is scary to go real fast in a car. You are the same dumbass fruitcakes who love shit-stains on your TV that go by really, real, slow-like, so you can see the corn and human hair in the big, slow, shit rubbed against the wall of the house where they filmed *The Walking Dead*.

Forget it. Go watch your "films", and don't ever see a movie called *Wings of Desire*, you won't get it. Who are the Kuchar Brothers? Oh, you'll hate it, just like you said to me, "Oh, yeah, you'll hate this band I am really into, they are called "Belle and Sebastian". Well, in this case, you are right, I do hate Belle and Sebastian but *The Walking Dead* sucks harder, balls and all. It is the *ALF* or *Small Wonder* or new *Hawaii 5-0* of television. How many fucking times can I say your jam-ass awesome TV show that you love sucks? Apparently like, 500 times. Ok, til next time! Be good, I do love you, you actually read this whole thing! - *PSYCHO MIKE*



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concert calendar

Lame Local Live Music News

12/1—Chiddybang, Vonnegutt, Sweet Lu, Caleb Mak, Charlie Gore, Mookie, Technocolor, Basic Physics @ The Drink, College Station. 8pm

12/1—Grand Child, Third Story @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/1—Chad Petty @ Terrazzo, College Station. 9pm

12/2—Aloud @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/3—Jesse Torissi, Possessed By Paul James, Soul Track Mind, Chris Clonts and Jacob Asbill @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/3—Rattletree Marimba @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

12/3—Kimberley Garcia, Stormie McKeand, Sisi & Ally @ ArtBAC, Bryan. 7pm

12/4—979Represent presents The Cutters, Ghost Stories The Ex-Optimists, The Revivals @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm.

12/4—Dirty Blonde Delaney, Radio Fallout @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/4—Full Hearts Presenta La Musica with The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, Lindsay Harris, Sarah DeGroat, Jackie Hebert, Taz & Gian @ Mugwalls, College Station. 8pm

12/5—Tyler Cannon, Britt Lloyd, Hunter McKithan and The Offenders @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/6—Again and Again @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm



Late last month Johnny Lyon, the owner of Texas Hall of Fame, lost his yearlong battle with cancer. Like Willie Bennett before him, Johnny cared a lot about developing a unique music scene around Bryan/College Station, mostly focusing on the nascent outlaw country scene developed around this part of Texas in the 1970s. Since 1978 Lyon has owned the Hall of Fame and many a fantastic performer and dancer has graced those boards. Johnny did a service to the B/CS community, and he will be missed.

Services for Johnny will be held Monday December 6 12pm at Strickland Funeral Home in Caldwell. The family asks that any memorial contributions please be made to Hospice Brazos Valley in Bryan.—**KELLY MINNIS**

12/9—Sheer Kahn, But Wait There's More @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/10—K Custom Quartet @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

12/11—Dubfaced @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/11—Sonia Rustein, Chloe Charles @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 7pm/10pm.

12/13—This Day Will Tell @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/16—Mud Wrestling @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/17—12 Stones, Signal Rising, Downsiid, Johnny Pecker & The Beaver Busting Pickle Weasels @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

12/17—Raspa @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

12/18—Hells Conspiracy @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/18—Puate, Vagabond Swing @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

12/30—Jay Satellite, Kelly Minnis, Ian Nelson, Paul Joiner @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 9pm

12/31—New Years Foam and Bouncehouse Party @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

12/31—Kevin Fowler @ Texas Hall of Fame, Bryan. 9pm

Record Reviews



Kanye West

My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy

Kanye West is a polarizing figure. Some love him for the reason others hate him. Kanye is loud-mouthed, brash, full-of-shit, all ego and probably the most important hip-hop artist in operation these days.

Note that I did not say the *best* rapper. Kanye will win no MC battles, does not have technical skills like Rakim or Nas that destroy lesser rappers, does not have a distinct voice like Snoop Dogg or Lil Wayne nor a pathos like Eminem to fall back upon. What makes Kanye so interesting is that everything is so surface with him. His music, his Tweets, his struggle with 90s consumerism in a 2010 recession. He lets you in on it all, and the 13 tracks represented here on *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* are a culmination of all the Kanye that came before this, but with some curious absences.

This album is probably the natural successor to *Graduation* that last year's *808's and Heartbreaks* was not. And the autotuned post-Postal Service emotronica approach of the previous album has been mostly forsaken. This album is a solid hip-hop joint, and like most modern commercial hip-hop albums, has half really good songs and half total clunkers.

The sad thing here is that even if you are only a casual Kanye fan you've already heard the best songs from this album. Lead off single "Power" is the early song that grabs you, with an awesome female vocal hook and King Crimson sample anchoring the track. "Monster" features some scene-stealing cameos from Jay-Z and Nicki Minaj over a big old school beat. "Runaway" is epic and features some close-to-the-bone confessionals from Kanye as well as some passable non-autotuned vocals over a backing track full of 90s Bristol menace.

The rest of the tracks feel like filler to me. I was very disappointed that *808's and Heartbreaks* was a stylistic departure, not just a footnote. Fans of *Graduation* will definitely warm to this one, and for the record, Pitchfork gave this album a perfect 10.0. That's some serious hubris yo, and I don't think *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* really lives up to its promise.—**KELLY MINNIS**



Canyons of Static

Canyons of Static

Canyons of Static continue their post-rock exploration of sonic landscapes begun on 2008's "The Disappearance" as they continue to mine the territory broken by Godspeed You! Black Emperor, Explosions in the Sky, and others. The group-crafted tunes are

marked by thunderous swells of sound that are keenly emotional, starting quietly before an insistent melody creeps in, building into a cleansing barrage of distortion. Awash in poignant keyboards and plenty of frenzied guitar, the eponymous "Canyons of Static" finds them still equally adept at short, moving tunes ("The Calm") and the more typical long songs ("Diving Bell") that build to thrashing guitar crescendos driven by sturdy drumming over nearly 12 minutes. The Wisconsin-based band features husband and wife Ross and Aggie Severson on guitar and keyboards with Chris Biertzer and Nathan Gaffney on bass and drums.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



Chemical Brothers

Further

The Chemical Brothers, a British electronica duo, have been around for awhile, long enough to release six albums prior to this one. "Further" is pretty much what one would expect from a mature band that has performed around the world: polished and confident. The tunes run the gamut from the dance floor thriller of "Escape Velocity" to the experimental noises of "Snow" to the exhilarating pulse of "Wonders of the Deep." Not as successful are the vocals overall, particularly on "Another World" and "Swoon"

although the music bounces along pretty well. My personal favorite is the drum-heavy "K+D+B" that relies on a simple beat and fuzzy keyboards - and yes, some vocalizing - for a minor classic.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



The Cutters

Killer Demo

The Cutters are from Houston. They sound like The Ramones all jacked up on Nose Buddy with the flare of the Newbomb Turks and the sweet organ sounds of the dude that did The Munsters theme. They've got members from all the coolest bands in Houston. Muhammadali and The Monocles to name a few. And they bring the raw like nobody in Texas right now. Plus, how can you not love a band who's drummer rocks the sleeveless shirt and one dangly earring like an extra in the punk club scenes from Valley Girl and does handstands between songs?! Yeah, that's right. I said Valley Girl AND handstands.

Their demo to some might sound like total shit, but i think just the opposite. It sounds exactly like they did when I saw them live at the Big Star Bar. Overblown, energetic and fun as fuck. As far as you are concerned, The Cutters fucking rule. And their demo is

the shit. That is all you really need to know.

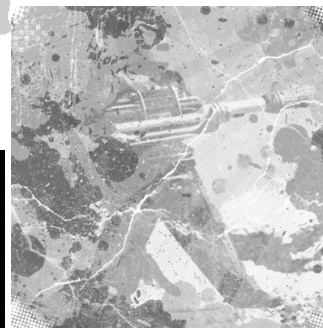
Oh yeah you can pick up a copy at their show at Revolution on December 4th or download @ <http://cutters.bandcamp.com>—**ATARIMATT**



Florence + The Machine

Lungs

This is one of those slow-burning scattershot records that has been around forever (well, 2009) that keeps on garnering attention - it's been in the Billboard Top 50 for six months, bobbing up and down as more listeners find something on the album that appeals to them. Many were drawn to the punkish "Kiss with a Fist," a visceral S&M-themed love song, but most discovered Florence Welch's cathartic wail through "Dog Days are Over," a throbbing pulsating piece of music anchored by pounding drums, dual plucked harps, and her bellowing vocals (she also showed up on MTV's Video Music Awards). "Howl" and "Cosmic Love" barrel through much the same sonic territory as "Dog Days," but other songs delve into more eccentric topics and sounds such as the odd "My Boy Builds Coffins" and the peculiar "Girl with One Eye." Give Welch another album or two to find her voice and narrow her artistic vision, and let's see what she can do.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



Vegenaut

Veggins' Out

Vegenaut is the nom de plum for B/CS electronica producer Nick Dolan. He's released lots of music online for various folks but *Veggins' Out* is his first for locals Sinkhole Texas.

If you've seen Nick play live, this EP may be a shock for you. Live, Nick pounds kick drums four on the floor for hours at a time. Lead-off track "Cut It" is much more chill, atmospheric and light. It is still very much dance music with a steady beat, but it is not dance-floor heavy. Vegenaut on tape comes off far more interesting. "Melodarcy" is full of lots of interesting rhythmic elements, backwards cymbal hits, synthesizer bleeps and bloops as well as the ubiquitous percussive fifths house organ that pervades much of Vegenaut's music. The title track reminds me of Kraftwerk's most recent work. Again, a light touch with lots of interesting synth FX bubbling around. You have to get to the EP closer "Rubber Wings" before you encounter any of that bass heavy dubstep sound that is so popular with indie club kids right now. This is an entirely satisfying EP. I wish Nick performed more of this sort of thing live.—**KELLY MINNIS**

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