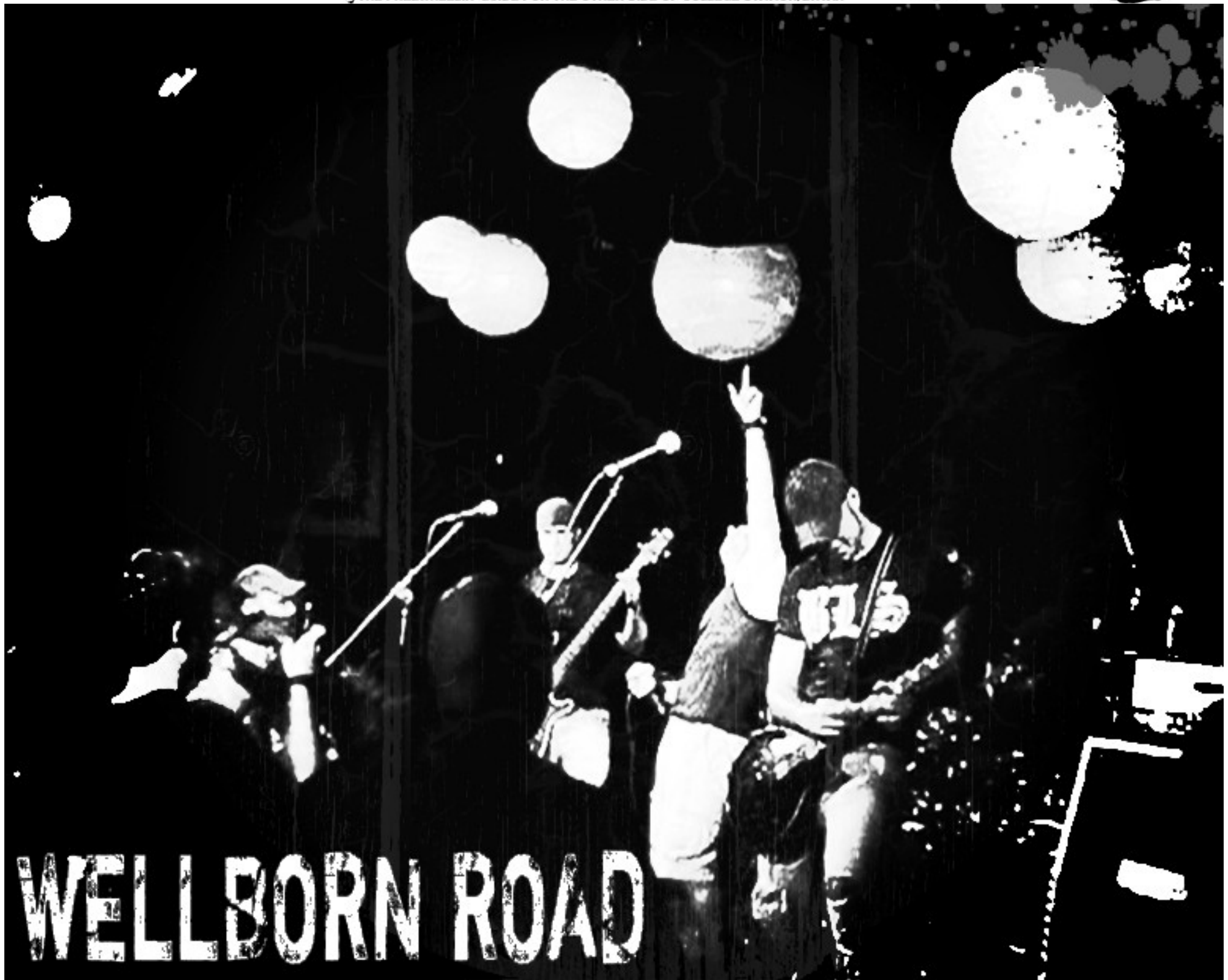
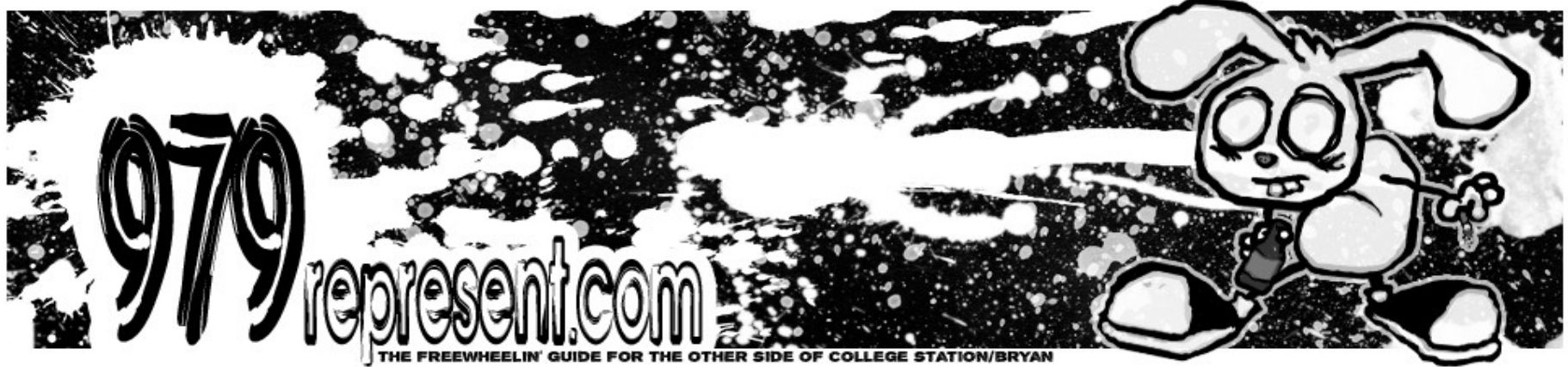
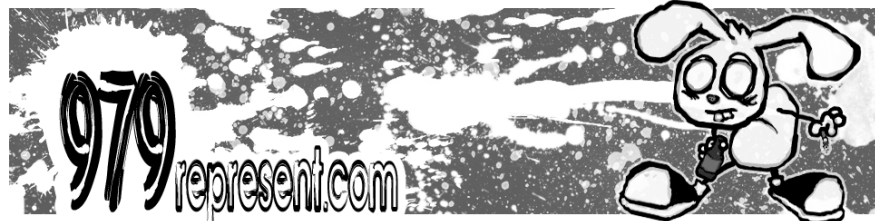


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*ALSO INSIDE Dehydrated Boyfriend—B-Bit Wieners—GeekBiz101—The Dhali Rama—
Valentines Day Stories—Still Drinkin'—Pedal Pushing—Mustache Rides—
CD Reviews—Concert Calendar*



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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979Rep In the 206: A Pictorial

Late last month the editorial board for 979Represent invaded Seattle for a long weekend of coffee, microbrews, awesome burgers and rocknroll. Let us walk you down memory lane...



Clockwise from left:
Wonko, Atarimatt & Kelly are
indeed dicks; The Space Nee-
dle sprouts from Niki's head;
Atarimatt lurves bacon and
bacon returns the favor;
Wonko, Jonwoo, Gentleman
Steve & Jess pound the half-
court @ The Funhouse



GRUNGE

IT'S KINDA LIKE PUNK BUT WITH more Heroin

Now with more Melancholy

LIFE SUCKS

Embrace It

Mustache Rides
By James Gray



Geekbiz101 With Jeremy: *Linux vs. Mac*

Everyone knows Windows, and everyone has *at least* touched a Mac. What about Linux? Statistically it seems like almost NO ONE is using Linux. Microsoft is the monopoly and has been for decades now. When users lash out and rebel against Windows they almost always switch to Mac. But why? Ease of use and reliability are the most common answers. Others include video editing and audio mastering superiority. I won't go into the details of why Windows is inferior at most things. We will just assume an understanding. These are good reasons to switch to using a Mac. Most people don't realize it but these are also good reasons to switch to Linux. So let's say you are fed up with viruses and Windows errors and you want out. You remember that cool new iPad you saw in the coffee shop and you've had enough. You want to switch. Before you go drop a couple grand on a new desktop let's stop and compare.

Mac hardware is often about as universal as Dell's (meaning not at all). That may not be a problem but just remember it for later. Macs are readily available at every computer store. You can just go buy one and plug it in and go. Go to Best Buy and ask someone where the Linux computers are. They will probably laugh at you because there aren't any. Most computer manufacturers (HP, Dell, Sony) don't want to utilize Linux because there is no money in it for them. Not only because Linux is unpopular, but because Linux is free to the public. Remember that Windows disk you paid hundreds of dollars for? Whoops. LINUX IS ABSOLUTELY FREE. Because manufacturers do not utilize Linux, people are not exposed to it, therefore making it less popular, and so the cycle continues. You will never see a TV commercial advertising Linux because who would pay for such a thing? No one entity owns or has rights to it and therefore there is no money to be gained from such an investment.

Are Macs more reliable than Linux?

The short answer is No. Mac and Linux both derive from the same Unix based structure. If you have ever gone into terminal on a Mac you can go into terminal on Linux. Linux comes in many flavors (Ubuntu, RedHat, ect) but they all share the same basic functions. I consider Mac to be the really, really, mainstream, skewed flavor of Linux. A flavor fresh ground, labeled, and stirred with a dick. Call me biased but given the opportunity, Linux can do everything a Mac can do. For free.

Do Macs have better video editing and audio mastering support?

Of course they do. Software companies like to make money. Mac is publicly known and sold in stores worldwide. Why would they spend the time and money to port their software on to a lesser known alternative like Linux? That's not to say that it hasn't been done. There are loads of software options for Linux that work great for these types of things. It's just not as popular because its free. Ironic.

Easy to use?

Both systems are very easy to learn and very easy to use. There seems to be a difficulty phobia associated with Linux. Some people just imagine Linux to be a screen of code like The Matrix and some guy typing 900wpm on three keyboards at once hacking a mystical CIA mainframe. You could probably set something like that up if you felt the need but it's definitely not required. Linux just works. I recommend Ubuntu Linux. Look it up and do some research. There are no registration issues. No Internet Explorer. No subscription fees. And freedom. Break the cuffs. Knowledge is power.—JEREMY FRANK

LOVE LETTERS FROM PHILLY: *My Moustache for the Honeybee*



Oh it just drips with your honey this life! Like a lion dragging a carcass to his mate i type the words in the dark for you but my love is no dead thing. But a feast it is for you and me! So let me sit with you for a convivial spot of repast and demonstrate how i kill demons. I'll tell you the tale of Puss'n'boots and it will be radically different each time, lioness. I'll eat pests off of your skin and cauterize your war wounds. My flesh is your flesh and as my body and soul are my only manifestation of self in this world i give you them and i will create yet something else. Behold—my mustache for you honeybee! Let the cartoons be set free! Watch wither dark forces! Under my gentle willow weeping mustache i shade you from the sun. Jealous mighty sun. You who glow brighter than all stars here under my mysterious follicle parasol. So close to my lips i whisper the oldest love song in the universe, "shake it baby cha cha cha" by the Fabulous Royals. And here are the lyrics for you to tattoo on me: TBC.—JOHN MONGE

979 Represent 3

Still Drinkin': *Springtime For Shiner*



Before diving into the intimate specifics of my beer palette, I would like to congratulate Shiner Brewing Company for bringing home two medals this past November from the European Beer Star Awards in Nuremberg, Germany. Shiner's Marzen-Style Oktoberfest won the gold in the German Style Marzen category, while Shiner 101 Czech-Style Pilsner took the silver in the Bohemian Pilsner category. This is a huge feat for our own Texas based brewery since most medals in these divisions go to European breweries. In fact, the gold and bronze medals for Bohemian Pilsners went to Czech born brewers. (Information gained from www.shiner.com). These medals offer further proof that America's craft market, including our great breweries in Texas, produce world-renowned beers that our overly privileged gullets may consume *en masse*. Moral of the story? Ditch the Keystone!

Shiner Brewing Company, from right out there near the quaint town of Gonzales, the "Come And Take It" capital of our fair Republic, recently released two new beers for our Texas-sized pleasures: Shiner Dortmunder-Style Spring Ale and Shiner 102 Double Wheat Ale. As titles suggest, the former shall remain available for a short seasonal period, while the latter has replaced Shiner 101 Czech-Style Pilsner as Shiner's anniversary ale. Both beers recently hit the shelves and menus of favored BCS beer suppliers, and both beers deserve a full sixer purchase.

As a fan of the glorious Shiner Frost, Shiner's springtime offering of yesteryear, I was stoked to know that Shiner Dortmunder-Style Spring Ale is a newly-named version of the same offering. The Dortmunder style, as in the tradition of all Shiner beers, hails from Old World recipes. Brewed in the late 19th century for coal miners in Dortmunder, Germany, this medium-bodied lager served as an affordable middle-ground between the exquisitely hopped Bohemian Pilsners and the sweetly malted Munich-Helles. (Information gained from www.germanbeerinstitute.com/Dortmunder.html). Shiner's Dortmunder Style Spring Ale pours with a bronze, almost bourbon caramel color. Thick white halo lacing tops the glass. Sweet biscuits, similar to buttery Ritz crackers, rise in the nose. Initial flavors consist of a grainy, grassy freshness than slides into a nutty pall, followed by a slight coppery hop finish.

This is a slight deviation from Shiner's 101 Czech-Style Pilsner, which exhibited a more refined, Saaz-hop presence, containing a bright, sharp golden appearance and grassy, straw-like fragrance. The Shiner 101 Czech-Style Pilsner won fans over as an all-year, full-time beer. Sadly, for such fans, Shiner's celebrated anniversary brings change. Therefore, as a huge fan of the Shiner 101 Czech-Style Pilsner, I urge you, dear beer-bent-minded readers, to do two things: 1) buy up all the Shiner 101 Czech-Style Pilsner from your local store-front shelves while supplies last; and 2) contact Shiner Brewing Company to let them know you want Shiner 101 Czech-Style Pilsner on regular, yearly rotation. Such a thing occurred after the success of Shiner 97, now known as Shiner Black. You can write to Shiner Brewing Company, 603 John Hybner Way, Shiner, TX 77894. Write and tell 'em you want more years of 101! Write and tell 'em you'll spend your recession earned money on them! Write and tell them you'll host tastings and serve 101! And tell them the Hamster sent you.

In the meantime, Shiner has offered us the Shiner 102 Double Wheat, weighing in at 6.2% ABV (the highest alcohol content I've seen of any Shiner beer thus far) and 14 IBUs. When I hear "wheat ale" I usually think of cloudy unfiltered wheat beers (Boulevard Wheat, Bells Oberon) or nectar-n-spice thickened Hefeweizens (Live Oak Hefeweizen, Pyramid Hefeweizen). This wheat ale is neither of those. Instead, it pours totally clean, crisp, and effervescent, showcasing loads of bubbles, lots of popping and bursting, leaving needle thin white halo lacing and zero room for white foam-capping at the top of the glass. A big buttery toastiness simmers up front on the tongue, almost like butter-drenched theater-popcorn, but without all the fluffiness. This beer is sweet. Very sweet. Shiner 102 doesn't feature the citrusy fruit flavors that make wheat ales so refreshing. Instead, this is dern near hearty, a breakfast beer to sip alongside runny scrambled eggs, maple syrup drenched pancakes, and multiple lugs of percolated black coffee. You drink this 102 outside, under the morning sun-scape, beneath cumulus clouds and those first pages of Annie Dillard you've been waiting all night to read in full light. Shiner 102 Double Wheat is a beautiful beer in context, once you've designed your context. And it might as well be. We're stuck with it till Shiner 103, regardless.—KEVIN STILL

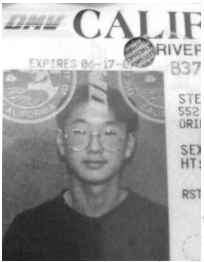
C.S. Skatepark Finally Approved

Last month the College Station City Council *finally* approved a construction contract for the College Station Skatepark. Said skatepark will be located on Rock Prairie Rd. at the Southwood Athletic Complex, next to Exit Teen Center. Ed McDonald from the city's Public Works Department confirmed for us that local construction company JaCody is the general contractor for the project, meaning they will be responsible for building the non-skateable portions of the park. The skatepark specialty subcontractor working for JaCody will be SPA Skateparks out of Austin. They will help JaCody build the actual skate structures.

According to McDonald, the city is waiting on submittals from the contractor to review and approve before scheduling a pre-construction meeting where the city will set the start date for the project. McDonald believes that construction should be underway some time this month, though that all depends on factors beyond the city's controls like weather or the contractors' schedule.

There is no final word yet on what the park will be named, what the non-skateable portions of the park will look like, no set-in-stone opening date, nor any idea yet how the city will celebrate the park's grand opening. However, I'd say that perhaps by the end of this summer we will be able to skate the park. As always, stay tuned to *979Represent* as well as the city's skatepark news page at <http://www.cstx.gov/index.aspx?page=3171> to stay up to date on the project.—KELLY MINNIS





Asian Persuasions with The Dahli Rama: A Recounting of Love

February's most recognized holiday is Valentines Day. I was working on something to say regarding the corporate nature or the skewed views of what love entails, but opted instead to write about what I remember most about the love that would be my first exposure to it. Sad, but true is that the infatuations of the past, for the most part, never came to fruition. But the following is an account of what I remember most about my first experiences and exposures to love....

The Rama that you see before you was not always the Rama from origination. The muscular frame, the wicked stare that is perceived as a mysterious squint (which is just really me with my eyes open), the dramatic wit that has an uncanny way of weaving it's way throughout various conversations was slowly cultured into existence. Back in the day, the Rama was actually a 6'0, 127 lb Korean with bottle bottom glasses and a hairstyle that was reminiscent of an emaciated Bruce Lee. My entourage of friends consisted of a group of other Koreans and various Asians that were known for only one of two things; cheating in classes and gambling. If you think about it, those two aspects really go hand in hand. None of the girls at school took a real interest in us so it was off to the satellite schools to search for companionship. In the early 1990's of San Francisco, a slew of Asian themed night clubs started populating the west side. As you've seen from many of the movies made about Japanese culture, young girls are desirable and so said club owners needed a way of getting their club noticed and populated with not only the right alcoholic beverages but with the attractions that high paying clientele wanted to be around. Through some intermediaries and finagling, my group of friends were contacted by a number of these club owners and we got into these places to party and have a good time.

It was at such a time when my good friend started dating one of the party girls that was sort of like a promotional item at the clubs we visited. By no means am I saying that she was a prostitute; more like a go-go dancer. For the purpose of this story we'll name her Mary Todd; like Abraham Lincoln's wife. Not for any particular reason other than I think her name is cool. The Mary Todd in my story isn't anything like the Mary Todd of Abe. The Mary Todd in this tale was slender, had long hair, and what most Asian girls who date rap stars remind you of. At the tender age of 20, we were 16 and 17 respectively, Mary Todd had the world by the balls in a vice grip. A recent immigrant from South Korea, she was here on a study visa. Don't get it twisted; it had nothing to do with her desire to learn. Mary Todd was in High School still. Luckily for her, our people age at a different pace of time and so it didn't look out of the ordinary for her to be attending high school. Mary Todd lived in a high rise apartment in downtown San Francisco. She had a beautiful view of the Miyako Center, made frequent trips to Market Street where the high end shopping occurred, and had the luxury of driving different vehicles depending on the day of the week. This was all due to her ability to manipulate the emotions of a given visitor to the clubs where she was dancing at.

So my friend starts dating Mary Todd. We'll call him Monty, short for Montague, because I've never met an Asian guy named Monty and I think it would fit an Asian guy as a name pretty well. Monty starts dating Mary Todd and all is going well. He tutors her in Calculus (not joking) and physics and they frequent the clubs together and we drink and we're merry and all is well. After about a month, things become more physical as these trips from the East Bay (Oakland, Berkeley area for those of you not familiar with NorCal and why would you be, this is TX) to San Francisco become more frequent and Monty calls the seven of us who are really close in our self made syndicate together to talk serious. Mary Todd is eager to show him the ropes of physical intimacy and he's got some concerns that he wants to run past us. The specifics aren't really pertinent as they are pretty much the same questions posed by many of us as virgins. Using our combined Voltron-like skills and our genetically embedded ninja ways, we score three condoms for Monty for his eventual escapade into ecstasy. Being prior to the times when cell phones were rampant, we waited through the weekend to see how things panned out. I guess you could say Monty had a unique afterglow about him. Due to fear of disease, he double bagged it the first time. Why that was pertinent, I'm not sure. But it was worth mentioning if only for the sole sake of humor.

As with all things that begin in high school, things began to fade fast. Random pages, as in phone numbers and designated number codings via a pager, began to populate the pager of Mary Todd. Things exploded in true Korean women fashion, which is an entire article in and of itself, and the love story between M & M was over. Is it a dick move to say that I thought she was attractive? Does it break the rules of bros before hoes to say that in many a drunken night I thought she might have been giving me the eye (as much eye as is possible when you are Korean)? That's neither here nor there. But what was the attraction for me as a friend who looked at Mary Todd as the girlfriend of my friend Monty? The most memorable thing I remember about Mary Todd was the way that she smelled. She had an uncanny way with fragrances. Her eau de toilette of choice was Issey Miyake, which was and still is a perfume/cologne made by a Japanese designer. I've since been with girls who have taken the whole perfume thing to epic proportions and have overdone it; not attractive. I've also had the opposite where not enough fragrance was used and the smell similar to that of cut onions sitting out on a Texas porch wafted prominently. Mary Todd always smelled elegant. If she sat in your car there was just a hint of her presence, like the moment after you wake from a really cool dream and you can only remember bits and pieces of it, but the overall emotive message was that of benevolence. Since I had no significant female relations up to this time, meaning I liked a lot of girls but none of them liked me back in the same way, I sort of lived through the experiences of Monty and adopted them as my own. I'm not talking about a voyeuristic adventure where I imagined what it was like to be Monty on top of Mary Todd. What I mean is that seeing and helping him through the emotional roller coaster of having a girlfriend who was a significant part of my friend's development, left some impressions on what I thought a woman should be like. Most significantly for me, it's the way a woman smells that defines how she carries herself for me. To this day, if I smell some fragrances from the females that have populated my past, I get a little reminiscent. To this day when I smell Issey Miyake, it brings back memories of Mary Todd even though she had so little to do with me.

Recounting the memories of the past makes me ponder, maybe Mary Todd wasn't the most admirable of women to be introduced to at a young age; especially when it pertains to the topic of love and how formative it was for me. Was it a good thing that Mary Todd used her physical stature and mental prowess the same way a predator would use it's sharp teeth and fangs? Who am I to judge the decisions of others. I guess all I can really say to Mary Todd is thanks for smelling nice. It's made me appreciate the subtleties that maybe other men don't notice or at the very least voice their appreciation for. And when it comes to Valentines, isn't that something worth celebrating?

Side Note:

I also want to throw a "Fuck You" to Mary Todd. As stated above, Issey Miyake is both a perfume and cologne. It makes me personally uncomfortable when I smell Issey Miyake on a man because that memory side of my train of thought reverts to emotions related to attraction and when I look to see who is wearing Issey Miyake, and it's a man, it makes me momentarily uncomfortable and for a split second revert to my primal instincts of wanting to beat an offensive predator attacking a pack of chimps in the face with a stick or bone or other mallet type device that may be lying about in the wilderness. I guess a "Fuck You" could also go to Issey Miyake and their fragrance department for being so utterly indecisive when it comes to such a feminine smelling fragrance and then saying it's okay for men to wear it too.—THE DAHLI RAMA

979 Represent 4

B-Bit...uh, Wieners With Atarimatt

You know what B/CS needs? A BAD ASS hot dog stand. Sure there are a few places around town, but nothing like what I ran across on our trip to the Northwest. The Ex-Ops had a show at The Brown Lantern in Anacortes, WA. This place was rad. Like something out of *Northern Exposure* and smelled like fucking bar food heaven. While I was out front freezing my ass off, this burnout snowboarder looking dude and his chick rolled up with a mobile food stand. I didn't know at the time what they were gonna be cooking up, but if they were gonna set up outside this place, I knew they had to either be dumbasses or have their shit together.



Well, they definitely had their shit together. When I walked out front again about an hour or so later after having eaten a very delicious chiliburger, I was punched in the face by the best smelling hotdogs I have ever come in contact with. These dudes had sausage, bratwurst, chipotle veggie dogs and plain ol big ass hot dogs. What set this stand apart wasn't just the grill plate of onions and peppers, the assortments of condiments and hot sauces, but the attitude of the folks running it. Whether they were or not, they acted like they were old friends with EVERYONE that came up. This wasn't just some crotchety old foreign dude slinging dogs for \$2 a pop with lame ass mustard and ketchup. These dudes were living the Hot Dog Dream.

Niki went up to the guy and was like "Did you just put cream cheese on that?!" And he was all like "Hell yes. That's the way we do it up here!" Even though neither of us were even close to hungry, we ordered up. Niki got one made how the burnout dude liked it with grilled onions, jalapenos, pico, bacon and cream cheese. I got the Seattle standard, grilled onions and creme cheese. I would also like to note that the awesome dogs were served on giant rolls that were put in a steamer tray and softened up to perfectness.

We bullshitted for a few, told them thank you so much, Niki snapped a quick pick of them and then we got to the "HOLY SHIT!" part. Yup. Whether they really were the best hot dogs I've ever had, and they were, doesn't really matter. It was the attitude and stokedness of the folks running the stand that made them taste the best. And that's what this town needs. More small businesses run by folks that aren't necessarily concerned with the bottom line, but more about loving what they are doing and having the most fun possible while doing it. As the hot dog dude told Steve. "I don't fuck around!" Now that's the attitude. So go open up a fucking kick ass hot dog stand so I don't have to! - ATARIMATT

Shooting the Shit with Niki Pistols: Valentines Day Stories



I have never been much of a fussy, high maintenance girl. I'd rather get a new tattoo as a gift instead of jewelry, I don't require fancypants dinners in expensive restaurants, and I don't care much for shopping. Years ago my husband took me on the absolute best date I have ever been on—sitting on the curb in front of a 7-Eleven with a six pack and a loaded hotdog. Yep, we are classy. Since I don't partake in this holiday I am probably the worst person to try to tell anyone the best place to go, etc. for V-day. Instead, I asked people to give me their best or worst V-day stories, here's what I got.

"Best: Dated this girl with whom I shared a common interest in the skit on SNL where Will Ferrell played Harry Carey and he talked about bein' a hot dog...I didn't have hardly any money...so I put together a hot dog dinner by candlelight and... bought her her favorite movie...she gave me a homemade Megaman valentine."

"Worst: Same girl wanted to go home early that night cuz she was tired. Found out later from her roommate that she went to some other guys place after she got home and slept with him."

"My wife is so rad. She wanted to see *Hannibal* (the movie) one Valentine's Day. That's the best. I've spent the past 19 Valentines with her and I can't think of any bad ones."

"My wife took me to a midnight showing of the new *FRIDAY THE 13TH* for valentine's. I thought it was terribly romantic."

"How about 13 years ago when Kim was my date on V-Day and I matched her drink for drink in my pretty red and black dress and then threw up on her boots on the side of Fitzwilly's?"

"Well, there was this one time, that I went out with this really awesome girl friend of mine and she matched me drink for drink, except she was drinking chuggers and I was drinking bottles, and she is about half my size. She puked her precious heart out in every NorthGate alley way we past trying to get back to the car. She was a champ though. She never puked on me, she never passed out, and I never had to carry her. ♥"

"My mom bought me silk boxers with hearts on them when i was 10, my buddies made fun of me, but i loved them...thanks mom!"

"PJ got me a frozen pizza tied to a balloon one valentine's day, because he knew I'd be way more stoked on a pizza than flowers or chocolate."

"I had a shitty vday in HS one year when my current boyfriend broke up with me the day before. Of course, being a dramatic teenager, I was throwing the biggest pity party for myself all day! Then I was called to the office after lunch where a huge basket of yummy goodies and balloons was waiting for ME! My best friend's mother (whom I lived with at the time) sent it to me! I realized that day that friends and family are WAY better than a cruddy boyfriend. And I will never forget!"

"I caught myself and my yard on fire!"

"Horror movies are the best romance!"

As for me, I don't need a holiday to sit on the curb with my fella, a sixer and a hotdog because that my friends, is love! XOXO—NIKI PISTOLS

wellborn road

words by foil face photo by euan torrie

Texas Metal Music, Beer, Barbecue and Guns...that pretty much sums up the local Southern Metal band Wellborn Road. They play 100% Texas Metal Music that's influenced by strong Pantera/Alice in Chains/Black Label Society styled guitar riffs and powerfully clear vocal sounds with their own pinch of heavy Texas BADASS thrown in.

The band began in 2004 when Tyler Tracy and Scott Emanis were sitting around drinkin' beer and playin' their Les Paul's on small crackerbox amps. They later brought this awesome band to life by writing their first song together, "Time Is Mine", and adding young drummer Robert plus good friend and former Cinchfist bassist Dale to the recipe for good Ol Texas Metal. In mid-December 2005, Wellborn Road played their first show together with positive reviews and made tons of fans in the Houston area.

Here's sum ballistics for the Guys that make up the band known as Wellborn Road:

Scott Emanis—Lead Singer, loves The Goonies movies, Serviceman of the United States Navy, Miller Lite Quality Control Taste Tester (Texas Street Team), and an avid deerhunter and fisherman;

Tyler Tracy—Lead 6 String Shredder who is making Dimebag Smile, works for Texas A&M Athletics, has a three track mind for Metal Music, Football and Huntin' Beaver, loves playin' NCAA Football video games and keeps one of his many guitars next to the shitter in his bathroom, first song he ever learned "wrong" on guitar—"Cowboys From Hell" by Pantera;

Dale Kahil—Bass & cello playin', Suit & Tie wearing Banker/Financial Analyst Metalhead that graduated from Texas A&M, Learned to play music at an early age, loves Kiteboarding and flying 50 feet from the water for a rush;

And Robert Dickinson—Drummer, Fraggie Rock Freak, was All State drummer in his high school band, loves his gun collection, muddin' in his Jeep, is graduating from University of Houston in May 2011-Major in Sociology and Global Business Minor.

I got to hangout with the band at their Famous "Rock Box" and enjoyed some bacon-wrapped deer meat-stuffed jalapeños off the barbecue pit as I got some dirtbag type info on what the Guys have been up too. Folks, can't get anymore 979 Texas than that!

Most of the interview was spent talking about how the band came together and events that happened during the recording of the first Wellborn Road album, *Home*. They

had all the music written and ready when they entered Origin Sounds for recording. The band had to overcome the fact that Scott with his perfect and clean vocals for Southern Metal was still active in the Navy at that time, so finding the communication breakdown in the military procedures, he used them to his advantage by going AWOL and driving ten hours and through four states to Texas for recording the tracks and then hauling ass back to base without being detected missing, all in three days. "It was a learning experience for us back then," said Tyler. "On our new album we're working on we are going a whole different route with re-

consumed with drinkin' beer, college football and deerhunting.

Tyler: Yep, gig em! Scott said it best....We've also been working on new music and did I mention drinkin' beer?

Foilface: What can we expect from the new Wellborn Road album?

Tyler: I don't think people are gonna be shocked by the new stuff we're making, It's still the same Wellborn Road original music, we're just seeking the better quality sound.

Scott: We got some songs that's harder than the past.

Dale: Damn Good Music

Foilface: If y'all could say something out there to your fans, what would it be?

Dale: First and foremost, it would be Thank You to everyone who has purchased and enjoyed our music, came out to the shows and supported us. We want to be known as fans also. Yes, fans of metal music.

Robert: We want to contribute and be accessible to the Texas Metal Music scene. We want everyone to feel part of what we're doing. We are going to get old together doing this and we want to be the people's band and want you to party with us!

Tyler: Yes we do party. We do our thing onstage and than we really cut

cording. Instead of trying to bust out ten recorded songs for quantity we are recording one song at a time mainly focusing on Pure High Quality. We are spending as much money per song as we did recording the whole *Home* album."

Folks, I got to hear the new song "Breaking Down" and can testify to the PURE quality of the recording. I asked the band when they projected the next album to be finished. Dale replied, "It's all based on the money and we, as a band, don't have much money. Our music sales have been steady on CDBaby and we get a small check every month for internet sales, but it's not near enough cash for what we're doing on this upcoming album. So we are taking our time and shooting for a Late 2011 CD release with ten Full Blown Ass Kickin' songs."

Here's some other questions I asked Wellborn Road that I'm gonna share with y'all...

Foilface: I noticed Wellborn Road has been kinda quiet since September of last year. What's going on?

Scott: We are still here, it's just in the fall season we're

loose! We encourage the fans to get with us after we perform a set.

Most locals outside the Metal scene I've talk too have never heard of the band, only the road in Bryan/College Station. I let them listen to the band's music and fans are made instantly. Folks, take the time to look up the band's music and video clips on the internet and see for yourself what I can't put into words about their music. It speaks for itself..

www.cdbaby.com/cd/wellbornroad
www.myspace.com/wellbornroad
www.Facebook.com/wellbornroad
[You Tube-wellbornroad](http://YouTube.com/wellbornroad)

The bands next show is in Austin at Dirty Dogs on 6th Street, Saturday February 12th. Stay tuned to 979Represent for upcoming local shows in the future!

Please support the local Rock /Metal Music Scene and its Venues



Pedal Pushing

Vermona Lancet Monophonic Analog Synthesizer

I have owned more synthesizers in my brief eight year period of playing them than I can conveniently count. It's gotta be more than three dozen at this point. Why do I keep buying and selling so many of them? Mainly because I have been searching for the perfect synthesizer. The perfect synth is either too expensive, too old and beat-up, overused, nowhere near Texas, locked away in someone else's studio, or in the trendy hands of a hipster. Or quite simply, there is no perfect synthesizer. But perhaps there can be a synthesizer close enough to perfect to suit my needs.

I've been through two Moog MG-1's, one Moog Source, one DSI MonoEvolver Keyboard, four MFB Synth Lites, one MFB Synth II, two DSI Mophos, two Technosaurus Microcons, two Moog Little Phatties and two Novation BassStation Keyboards and there was always something to sacrifice with the design. Either it was easy to use but didn't have the sound, had the sound but wasn't easy to use or had both but was glitchy as fuck because it was 25+ years old, rode hard and put away wet. Finally, at the end of all of this, I take possession of a new synthesizer module, the Vermona Lancet. Does it answer my prayers to the Synth Godz? Yes and no. But first, what is it exactly?



The Vermona Lancet is an all discrete analog synthesizer module controlled via MIDI. It has two voltage-controlled oscillators, one voltage-controlled low frequency oscillator, a digital noise source, a voltage-controlled 4-pole 24dB filter, a voltage-controlled amplifier and ADSR filter. Meaning it is like the original pre-patched synths from the days of yore (ie. the early 1970's). All in a module the size of a trade-sized paperback book. It is built like a frigging brick out of rolled

steel with real potentiometers and rocker switches. This synth is made to last.

To me the classic synthesizer sound is the Minimoog, and the Lancet cops most of the Mini's design set, so it should come to no surprise that the Lancet shares a good 98% of its sound with the Minimoog. The Lancet can cop all your favorite prog rock soaring leads please plenty of muscle in the bass department. It reminded me A LOT of tonally of the Moog Source. Thick, creamy and bandwidth-crowding. Pretty much what most people want out of an analog monosynth. Does it fall short anywhere? Yes it does. For starters, no oscillator sync. That would be handy especially since you apply the envelope to the oscillators as well as the filter cutoff. The absence of a second envelope to apply separate controls to the VCA and VCF simultaneously really hurts its abilities to dial in the Moog "twang" in the low end. The other problem I have is that you have to send the module MIDI CC's to tell it to turn off velocity sensitivity or legato. Also, the Lancet routes mod wheel info from a MIDI keyboard to square wave pulsewidth instead of applying LFO to whatever source you have it set to. That's a small price to pay, considering that pretty much every other feature you'd ever want is there. I particularly enjoy having an "on" mode for the VCA as well as a trigger button, so I can use the Lancet as a straight-up noise box without an attached keyboard. There is a parallel port on the back that interfaces with a module for breaking out modular-style patch points for access to filter input, cross modulation and the like. But since I haven't caught the modular bug (and honestly never hope I do because that shit's really expensive and addictive) I doubt I'll spring for it.

What I like so much about the Lancet is that it sounds and performs like a classic vintage analog mono, except that it actually works when you turn it on. Anyone who's owned vintage keyboards knows that they are finicky at best and at worst will go tits up on you during a show. Not only is the Lancet super-dependable, but it also is priced competitively at about the same price as the cheapest of the old school analogs (Novamusk retails the synth for \$619 though I got mine a bit cheaper than that). If you are looking to upgrade from your MicroKorg or warezed softsynths to your first honest-to-goodness analog monosynth, then this is DEFINITELY the finest in the price range. With nary a preset and a WYSIWYG interface it begs for you to experiment.—KELLY MINNIS



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かん73 ボーイDLバ
 (Dehydrated Boyfriend) BY MORGAN LEIGH #2

Valentines Day is approaching! And I have no one to spend it with.

book of mad sciency (kick-gai kagaku)

気遣い

I will be like Dr. Frankenstein!

(fist pump)

I will create Awesome

Ingredients Needed:

- 1.) rice
- 2.) mayonnaise
- 3.) sugar
- 4.) vampire bite
- 5.) Japanese blood (or your choice of ethnicity)

Then Just

One who brings me tea NINJA FANTASY

One who sings lullabies...

You're off pitch

Well... maybe not sing

イライラ

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concert calendar

2/3—**One Red Martian** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
2/3—**Ben Morris & The Great American Boxcar Chorus** @ La Bodega, College Station. 9pm

2/4—**Possessed By Paul James** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
2/4—**Funkotron** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/5—**Outlaw Monster Truck Spectacular** @ Brazos County Expo Center, Bryan. 2pm & 7:30pm
2/5—**Johnny Falstaff** @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 9pm
2/5—**Lean Hounds, Cartright, Missions, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
2/5—**Soldier Tread, Saints of Valory** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
2/5—**Strawberry Jam, A Formal Affair** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

2/6—**Knife Fight, Mass Rituals** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/7—**Itchy Hearts** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

2/8—**J Goodin** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

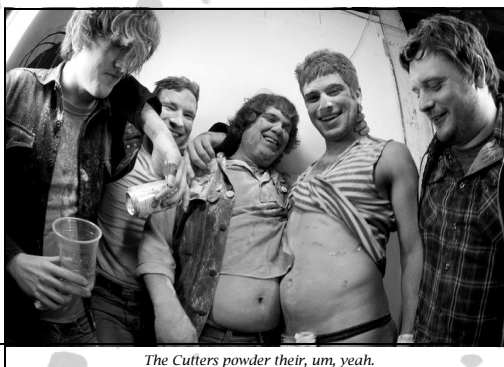
2/10—**Subrosa Union** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
2/10—**Carnegie Blues** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/11—**Will Johnson (Centromatic), John Krajicek** @ Village Café, Bryan. 8pm
2/11—**The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, Meagen Moseley (CD release party)** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
2/11—**Ali Tadros, Gina Chavez** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/12—**Puente, Juicy La Roux** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
2/12—**Rocky Horror Picture Show** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

Totally Rad Show of the Month

I don't think it's any secret that the folks around 979Represent love them some four-on-the-floor no bullshit maximum rock & roll. And



The Cutters powder their, um, yeah.

we really don't have to spend a lot of time in Texas searching it out, because there are lots of practitioners of good old-fashioned beer hoisting pit-slammung punk rock and metal. But some are better at it than others, and then there the few that are nearly beyond words. Houston's **The Cutters** are that kind of band. Their downstroke power chord punk rock drags a quarter mile in record speed, blazing through most of their taut organ-laced punk rock songs in less than 60 seconds. Live they are brutally loud and blurry, like five separate sounds melted together forged together into one very large punk rock hammer of smiting. The Cutters celebrate their debut EP's release on College Station label Sinkhole Texas Saturday February 26th at The Stafford Main Street in downtown Bryan with Austin indie college rockers **The Coast of Nebraska**, College Station noise pop outfit **The Ex-Optimists** and the working class good time punk rock jamz of Houston's **Charger Fits**. Definitely the one local show in February you absolutely *don't* want to miss.—**KELLY MINNIS**

2/14—**Chad Petty** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/15—**J Goodin** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/17—**Ben Morris & The Great American Boxcar Chorus** @ La Bodega, College Station. 9pm
2/17—**Carnegie Blues** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/18—**Plump** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
2/18—**Reagan Brown** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm
2/18—**Reckless Kelly** @ Texas Hall of Fame, Bryan. 9pm

2/19—**Signal Rising** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
2/19—**Sideshow Tragedy, Vagabon Swing** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/22-24—**Mama Mia** @ Rudder Auditorium, College Station. 7:30pm

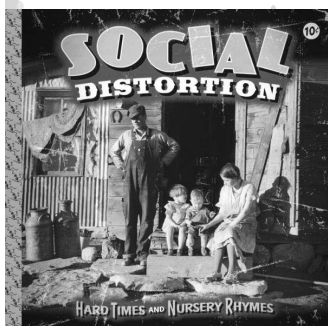
2/22—**J Goodin** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/24—**Boxcar Bandits** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

2/25—**Reagan Firestorm** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

2/26—SHTI presents **The Cutters (CD release party), Charger Fits, Coast of Nebraska, The Ex-Optimists** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm
2/26—**Art Guild 2011 Art Show with Eaux Neaux, Graham Carter, Chexican, Chris Clonts, Summer In the Arctic** @ 400 2nd St., College Station. 7pm
2/26—**Sour Soul** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

record reviews



Social Distortion

Hard Times & Nursery Rhymes

When Mike Ness sings "I can handle what comes my way/Just give me another day" on the superb album closer "Still Alive," you believe he knows what he's talking about.

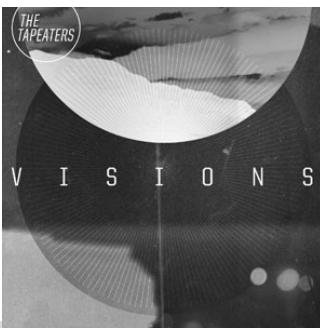
Hard Times and Nursery Rhymes is Social Distortion's latest since 2004, but Ness has been belting out punk and hard-edged rock since the late 1970s (although the band's real break was 1983). I've only been a fan since 1990's self-titled record. Despite deaths and tough times, Social D has survived and continues to thrive.

Hard Times preserves Social D's rough-hewn sound of barreling rock and roll that careens through songwriter (and producer, vocalist, lead guitarist) Ness' musical influences. Additional touches include some keyboards and occasional female backup vocals. Ness' barroom brawling voice is as strong as ever on his observations of the rougher edges of the human condition, but his optimism is apparent - lyrically and musically -- despite the harshness of circumstances. Even the despair in the lone cover, Hank Williams' "Alone and Forsaken," is leavened by the rollicking arrangement.

In addition to the album's last tune, my

favorite cut is "Gimme the Sweet and Lowdown" that features some of Ness' best guitar work in a thundering rock song where the singer declares "you gotta get right or get left don't ya know."

Only time will tell if *Hard Times* will produce more classic Social D tunes like "Don't Take Me for Granted," "I Was Wrong," "Let It Be Me," or other fan favorites. It just makes me wish more I hadn't missed the band in Houston in November . . . —**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



The Tapeaters

Visions

Tapeaters is a Russian electro pop-funk group formed in 2009 by Vadim (vocals, guitar, synths) and Dmitri (synth, talkbox). The duo crafts solid, catchy, well conceived and updated new wave jams ready for the dance floor right out of the box. Producer/DJ heavy weights Nightriders, Kimouts, Xinobi and Lifelike have all produced remixes for these up-and-comers and the track 'Oh My' was a top 10 indie-dance track on Beatport in 2010.

In the later part of 2010, Tapeaters released their debut album *Visions* on OMG! Records. From opening track "They are Coming", I thought I was listening to the love child of a spring

romance between M83 and Chromeo. All throughout *Visions*, sheets of synth fall like rain over the windows of the house that funk built. I do not want to call Tapeaters a throwback or retro since their talent is so obvious that it really would be an insult not to acknowledge and appreciate them in whatever time or space they created music. However, like new wave greats of the past and present this whole album is relentlessly sexy and cool and if while listening if you daydream of cold war mullets, sexy babes with shoulder pads and big earrings than you wouldn't be alone. If you want to think Pet Shop Boys you wouldn't be too far off in terms of sheer pop power. Had The Tapeaters been around 30 years ago, they would have dominated the clubs from Chicago to Manchester.—**MIKEY ROE**



Alan Jenkins & The Thurston Lava Tube

Free Surf Music #1 & #2

Despite the title, this is not quite the instrumental surf music of the Ventures or even more contemporary surf bands like Los Straitjackets.

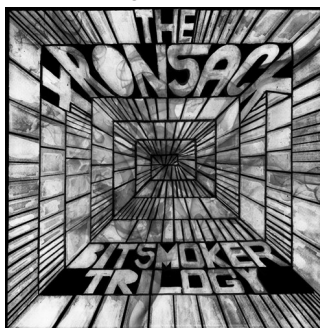
This reissue combines a 1999 CD and EP and 2000 CD by Alan Jenkins and the Thurston Lava Tube for some 40 tunes (although nine clock in under a minute). So if you don't like something, you don't have long to wait for something completely different.

The British Jenkins has released some

30 albums in a variety of often-eccentric groups, but has focused on experimental surf music most of the decade with the Thurston Lava Tube, here in its embryonic stages.

What is experimental surf music? "Gargling with Shelves" features ocean liner horns, percussion, dissonant guitars, and handclaps. "Chewing Gum for the Spine" is a perky snippet of synthesizer. "Fake Jazz" sounds like, well, fake jazz. "Excitable Dogs in the Kitchen" could be from the soundtrack of *Ocean's 11*.

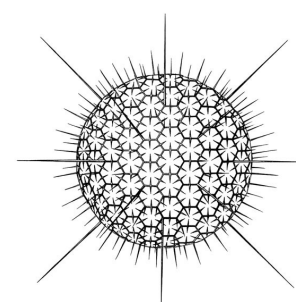
There are plenty more traditional - if off-center -- surf tunes like "I Was a Teenage Camel," the bongo-driven "Frequent Moderate Violence" and (my favorite) the inventive "Pete and Bernie's Philosophical Steak House." The best cover is a rocking warped version of the hymn "Tell out My Soul." Several songs, often sound fragments, resemble recordings by John Cage or Frank Zappa (there's even a straightforward surf version of Zappa's "Lumpy Gravy"), which is not surprising since Jenkins produced two volumes of various surf bands covering Zappa tunes. This reissue may be atonal, but it's never boring.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



The Tron Sack

Bitsmoker Trilogy

Listeners, take warning. Tron Sack's first bit of hardware, *Bitsmoker Trilogy*, an 80 minute long stoner saga that emerges from somewhere in space or middle earth, is not for your casual rock n' roll fans. Fourteen year old mall rats will despise it, hipsters will mock it and just about everyone will inquire as to what the fuck is this music. You'll have to check your inhibitions and pre conceived notions at the door. Two of the three tracks, approximately 40 minutes, may become a test of wills between the music and the listener due to the slow, minimal and progressive nature. The pulsing Coast to Coast bumper music synths sinisterly and methodically march forward like the cartoon Transformers nemesis, the planet eating robot Unicron. Track 3 is what people who've seen The Tron Sack live or live within a 10 mile radius of any place they've played live, are familiar with. It's a big and loud mess of heavy drums and ridiculously distorted bass. Stoner metal heads and space rock nerds rejoice, you have something with which to piss off both punks and parents.—**MIKEY ROE**



AFCGT
AFCGT

AFCGT is the sum of equal parts A-Frames and Climax Golden Twins, two Seattle avant-garde/noise acts (one around since the 1980s and the other

since the late 1990s) who have joined forces for this, their debut album on Sub Pop Records.

From the opener "Black Mark" through the end, the guitars squall and lurch, the vocals distort and the rhythm section keeps it tight for the guitars to go apeshit up top. It's not exactly post-rock, but maybe it is. You could say it's post-rock made for Gen X acid casualties who were more likely to get their head on with Butthole Surfers and Flaming Lips rather than the Dead scene. The music is visceral, tangible at a gut level more than way up in your cerebellum. Rather than focus so much on creating pretty moods or intricate musical interplay, AFCGT would rather take a riff and bury it just below your clavicle until it makes you itch uncontrollably. Like the best parts of the first two Stooges albums, when Iggy shut the hell up and 'Xander and the Asheton Brothers made their hoodoo on metallic dirtbag free jazz punk rock. Make sure to get this one on vinyl so you can get the bonus 7". It's a great album to get your Lester Bangs on.—**KELLY MINNIS**



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