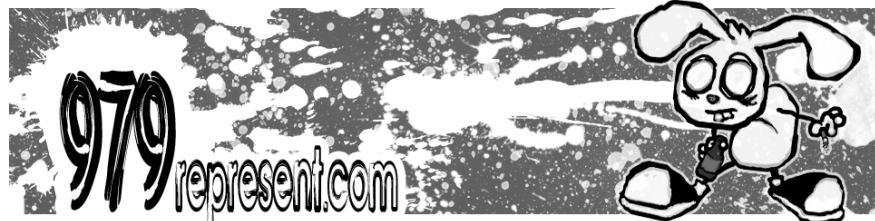


MARCH 2011
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ALSO INSIDE: In Memoriam: P.J.—Warrior Dash Comes To the 979—Brazos County Metal News—GeekBiz 101—Dahli Rama—Reading Rocks—CD Reviews—Concert Calendar—Spoo—More Spoo



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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In Memorium: PJ

A lot of us gripe about living in B/CS. Not enough to do, too many uptight people, etc... Growing up for the most part in this town, I like most people, couldn't wait to get the hell out of here. And I did. Then I came back. It happens. My perspective of this community has really changed over the last 10 years that we have been back here. I have come to really embrace the good friends I have made here, my family being close by, and the fun things we have come up with to stay busy. My perspective has, again, changed.

February 21, 2011 my oldest nephew Bobby 'PJ' Williams passed away. He truly was one of the sweetest kids I have ever known and I am so glad that he and I were close. He always had a smile on his face and a big hug for everyone that he loved. He was fiercely protective of his family and friends and always showed it. He was the kind of person that would do anything to help someone else out and expect nothing in return, simply because he loved you.

I am sure I don't have to say how devastated my entire family is by his death. But I do want to tell you, the outpouring of love and help from this community during this time has truly amazed us beyond words. I have never seen so many people give so selflessly and eagerly to comfort and support our entire family, it has meant more than you could know. It has reinforced to us that we are exactly where we are meant to be, in a community that takes care of each other, whether they have never met you or have known you for most of your life. This IS a good place to be. PJ, we will miss your sweet smile and warm hugs, we will never let the wonderful things that made you who you are be forgotten. Love you buddy.—

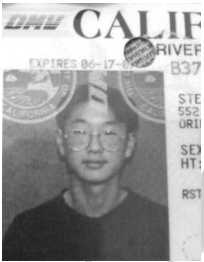
AUNT NIKI PISTOLS



Mustache Rides

By James Gray





Asian Persuasions with The Dahli Rama: The Rooster Claw

When I originally asked if I could be part of *979Represent*, I was told by the powers that be that the focus of my written spectacles should be related to events and topics relevant to the area code of 979. In my defense, I've written a few articles that pertain to the Brazos Valley. Thankfully, the powers that be are lenient and the editors give me carte blanche when my articles fall short from the intended target of what my articles should be. For those of you who follow me on Tumblr and maybe even on Facebook, you may have seen the following story. Yes, it is a rehashing of a past event, but it's relevant in that it pertains to the 979. Since my last two articles were not related to the B/CS, I'd thought I'd save myself a few hundred words and post this in print form of a wonderful heartwarming story that I experienced here at the local gun shop. Apologies for no puns involving "tickets to the gun show", or flexing of my "guns". That would be douchebag-like.

Perception is subjective. A series of events that play out can be constituted as a memory. But it's astounding how those events affect the people involved in them. Case and point; an example of sorts. A friend of mine and I were patrons in a gun store today. We're both looking for a hobby and beyond your normal hobbies of golf and collecting comic books, we decided to stray from the norm and maybe take up shooting. We went to a local gun store, family-operated is my assumption, and began to take a look at their stock and their astronomical prices.

The proprietor of the store is a woman in her 50's, baby blue fleece with the logo of one of her distributors and her hair pinned up like it was 1960. By no means did she have a look of malice nor did she display any form of hostility that one might associate with a gun store owner. She was chatting with another customer and being that it was Thursday afternoon around lunch in a store that wasn't busy, I couldn't help but overhear portions of her conversation. What played out was quite possibly one of the most condescending, yet human and overly humorous moments I've experienced to date. Below is an abbreviated account of what took place:

"I have to tell you (store customer), about an experience that I had last week that warmed my heart. A boy of about 9 came into the shop with his father looking for equipment related to his upcoming Cub Scouts trip. Let me tell you sir, it's moments like that, that warm my heart and inspire me. This little boy of 9 was a cripple in a wheel chair (verbatim by the way; she used the word "cripple"). His little wheel chair was electronic and it was amazing to see him maneuver around the store. Well about ten minutes passed and he decides to wander off right here to the handgun section, bless his heart. As he came over, I couldn't help but notice his 'cripple hand'. Damn near looked like a rooster claw!! I couldn't imagine what it must be like going through life with a hand that was so crippled! (As she said this she demonstrated a three-finger claw similar to, what I assume she thought looked like a rooster foot—complete, by the way, with a facial contortion similar to a victim with a massive stroke or what the Elephant Man looked like in the movie.) I saw the boy looking at my collection right here and it moved me. I told the cripple, 'If it's okay with your dad, I can put this here .22 in your lap'. Do you know what he said then? He told me that he already owned a .22!! I couldn't believe it because it was beyond me how he could use his crippled hand to do anything!! I'm serious, he couldn't even make a fist!! I mean the hand was like this (again the claw with the face came about). Well at that very moment, it got my mind working and I asked him if he had ever been hunting. I thought about all the people I know that come into this shop and if this boy had never been hunting, I know enough people who could construct a blind for him and his wheelchair. My friends are always doing stuff like that for cripples. Do you know what he said then? He told me that he goes hunting with his father and he had already killed two bucks in his life!! After hearing that I had to talk to the father. It was beyond me, like a miracle, to imagine how this boy was able to kill two bucks! We spoke for about 15 minutes and the father told me about this website that gave him ideas on what to do with his cripple son. He told me that he constructed a device where the son was able to mount a rifle to his wheel chair, for support and all, and through the use of a straw and the sucking in and out of air, could fire a rifle. It's just down right amazing what people are able to do these days. Bless his heart!!"

The above, of course, is a summarized account, but the main parts are there. Now most people reading the account above may assume that the story recounted was full of laughter and moments where she was trying to be amusing. Such is NOT the case. This woman did not falter. This was a genuine moment for her. In her train of thought, there was nothing wrong with calling this boy a "cripple". There was also nothing wrong with her account because even though the rest of the customers hearing this story were uncomfortable with her liberal use of cripple and contorted facial expressions, she was genuinely moved; even though she portrayed it in the most condescending fashion known to man.

The present is a miraculous time to be alive and present in. Why? Because it isn't like the days of Greece where defective babies were thrown into a pit. Natural Selection doesn't always win out because we have avenues to bypass and create a semblance of a life that is sustainable and may yet be worth living. Had this woman never heard of Stephen Hawking? Chances are probably not. The true "cripple", at least in my opinion, was not the boy with the physical limitations brought about by his limited mobility. It was the limits placed on the human spirit by said shop owner/operator. While many may be subject to physical distortion because of ailments brought about by genetics, there really isn't an excuse for the limitations brought about by ignorance. So next time you see yourself not being able to do something or looking at a situation and seeing something that is nearly impossible, throw up three fingers, contort your face and remind yourself that with a little bit of luck, trial and error, and the willingness to try, maybe the situation won't be so "crippling".

For your hilarity,

The Dahli Rama



Geekbiz101 With Jeremy: Why Are We Stupid?



Technology. Absolutely wonderful when applied correctly but occasionally a complete pain in the ass otherwise. As technology becomes smarter are we as a human race becoming dumber? Not sure? Try renewing your Texas drivers license online to remove all doubt. Or better yet try and do anything on any of the TAMU websites. Bureaucracy at its worst mixed with over elaborate technology is a recipe for major headaches.

Take Microsoft Outlook for example. It is old. It's been around for decades and anyone with a brain who has ever used Gmail will tell you that it is completely obsolete. Get 15 moron upper management people together and they will decide that it is the best thing ever and come up with the dumbest possible way to utilize it. People Like iTunes because it automatically syncs all your contacts and emails with Outlook type software on your computer so you can have it where ever you go. Why would ANYONE need or want that when there is Google? Google has been doing this since the beginning and if you use Google Chrome your bookmarks are synced as well. I never lose data because it is all saved and secured in my free Google account. I will never understand people's need to waste money on garbage.

Have you ever tried to take care of any local traffic tickets? What a nightmare. The websites are so horrendous they might as well not exist. You can't pay anything online because they only accept cash. They are only open three days a week and their hours are "whenever you have to be at work" until "whenever the hell they feel like it". Then you finally catch them open and they tell you that you are in the wrong building. No further information, good luck staying out of jail, have a nice day. For some odd reason you can pay surcharge fees online with no problem. Why is it so hard to give the state our money? You would think that they would make it as easy as possible to just give them your money. If you don't pay it then you go to jail which COSTS them money. It's no wonder the economy is bad with these morons running the show. All it would take is one simple website called PAYMYSHIT.com. Just ask for a case number and accept every kind of payment possible. Who cares who is paying for it as long as it's paid. Processed and done. The state was able to get their money promptly, no one had to go to jail, and everyone goes on about their day. It could save millions.

Sounds great but we all know that it will never happen that way. People are too stupid to vote for anyone with the intelligence to administer such a cure. Besides, who cares about stuff like that when there is the all important issue of the daily Blue Baker pastry order. Someone should fax them a Polaroid picture of the things we want.

There must then be a meeting about this so we can decide who will bring the juice boxes for the meeting about the pastry order. Have the student worker do it all and have her import this PowerPoint presentation into an Outlook email for the Board of Regents to discuss at next month's council meeting. Why would anyone do that? Even if this asinine process was necessary there are surely better ways to get it done than PowerPoint and Outlook. GOOGLE IT. I swear I will not be at all surprised when computers have only one big green button that says "GO" on it. The keyboard could be that child's game with the colored blocks of different shapes and the little plastic hammer and yet someone will figure out a way to use it incorrectly. I like to think that most of my readers are on the higher IQ scale so maybe we can band together. The Internet is our friend. We can know and do anything with the power of Google. In this day and age there is no excuse to be stupid. All of the world's information is at everyone's fingertips 24/7 and yet people still amaze me daily. It must be common sense that we are lacking as humans. Like lemmings we stumble through life following the crowd and very few of us stop and look around. Maybe everyone else just needs to be slapped around. Maybe we should stop cheating natural selection and let the weak and stupid fail at life. Technology makes life so easy that even a complete moron can operate a guided missile. Take away the computers and that same moron probably couldn't even figure out how to leave his house. It's sad really. We are the enablers that keep lowering the bar of success. The movie *Idiocracy* could seriously become reality and it is all thanks to the incorrect use of technology.—JEREMY FRANK

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11 Things I'm Learning Against My Will

1. Horror films should be fun. And too many horror films are not fun. If you're not laughing at death and depravity, you're not moving towards them correctly.

2. Mom bought a squash when she meant to buy bananas. They're both yellow and tube-ish. You know how mom gets confused when shape and color get involved. Like the time she bought a dachshund and thought it was a cedar log. She still doesn't understand why the house smelled like burnt hair. Bless her.

3. My teacher told us today in class that a persuasive argument is when someone wants to shape your view of something differently than you might already view it,

but I think my teacher was just trying to persuade me to see persuasive arguments differently than I already do.

4. Black licorice jellybeans are better than purple hull peas.

5. When I was old enough to dance with boys my daddy bought me dancing shoes. He said, these shoes is red, and all the boys will know not to step on your toes cause the red says Stop, boy, stop 'fore you dance on my toes! But then a boy stepped on my toes anyway, so I bit his lip. He said, what'd you do that for? And I said, the red on your chin will tell the next girl Run, girl, run 'fore I talk you sweeter than either of us can be!

6. We went to that hard rock show the other night. The band was hot. Lead singer took off his shirt and threw it into the crowd. Girls went wild. Ran and dove for the shirt. Then this chunker fudge jumped on top of the pile of girls. He was punching. He was grunting. He was farting. Girls were scrapping and crapping and slapping his bologna loaf arms. But he rose to the top of the girl-dome with the singer's shirt in his hand, red stripes on his cheeks and earlobes. Lead singer says, That dude loves our music! Someone buy him a drink! But the dude walked the shirt over to the side of the room and handed the shirt to a little boy, a little disadvantaged boy who had never heard rock-n-roll, a boy from Texas who had only ever heard modern Country musics on the FM dial. He didn't even have access to old country stations and gospel talk radio over on the AM wave. And the women suddenly felt tender towards the chunker fudge. And they tended to his wounds with their lips and their saliva, but from a distance in the form of words he could not hear because he was too busy explaining to the boy, Wash this when you get home with super hot water, a splash of lemon juice and a quarter cup of detergent, and then

7. The best money you will ever have in your pocket is not the money you honestly earned. Instead, the best money you'll ever have is the money you find walking across a parking lot on your way to spend the money you honestly earned on trifling crap.

8. I'm younger than I was yesterday, older than I'll be tomorrow, and un-evolving today.

9. I've started noticing people's shoes because I wear the same pair of shoes everyday. Same with pants. I notice people's pants because I only own two pair of pants. Shirts? I own four. So I'll be looking at yours. Sunglasses? One pair. I'll be checking you out. Butt? God gave me a single-sitter. Therefore, I'll be watching you walk away. Chest? Barely much here, so I might not be making the best eye contact. Honestly, you should take it as a compliment.

10. Maps are only good for reminding you of all the places you've never been and will never be. It's best to just look at a really pretty picture of a horse or a hot dog, cause, unless you're really a loser, you're bound to see a horse somewhere and eat a hot dog at some point. If not then, hell, stick to maps.

11. When painters blur the feet of their subjects in a painting, it means, OMG! I can't possibly express to your human eyes on one canvas how far this person must travel to overcome their adversity! It's really a very deep and transcendent art motif. So when I'm like four beers in and I start slurring my words, just know it's my way of saying, WTF! I can't possibly explain to your mortal mind in one conversation what lengths and depths and widths exist in my head. Also, I'm sorry I burned the dog and blamed mom. — KEVIN STILL

Warrior Dash Comes To Texas

On March 19-20th, thousands of costumed men and women will gather near Conroe to slog their way through The Warrior Dash, a 5K race like no other you have ever heard of or even contemplated running.

Each year The Warrior Dash organization holds their combination race/obstacle course challenge in two dozen different locations in the U.S., Canada and Australia. This year Texas will host three Warrior Dashes (in Conroe, Roanoke and Cedar Creek), the most of any state. The first of these is Conroe.

So what do you do exactly? Participants pay an entry fee to run a 5K series of obstacles. For example, the Conroe race will feature a simulated tornado, a field of tires, a mountain of hay bales, a sheet of cargo nets, a leap over flames, not to mention running through water, sand, mud, up a large hill and crawling under barbed wire through mud. And to what end? The satisfaction of having completed a very manly trek, and the very tall beer that is handed to every participant of age when he/she crosses the finish line. Last year's run near Dallas was so well-attended that runners had to be sent in waves in order not to choke the track.

While it is not required to compete, most participants usually dress up in some whacked-out crazy outfit. A friend of mine ran the Dallas race last year in his wife's old Bjork swan dress Halloween costume (and totally rocked it). That is actually mild in comparison to some runners. That said, the event is considered family-friendly, and cover bands play during the challenge at the finish line. It's basically a big dirty party and although they time you, just experiencing the race is really the goal.

More information can be found at <http://www.warriordash.com> — KELLY MINNIS



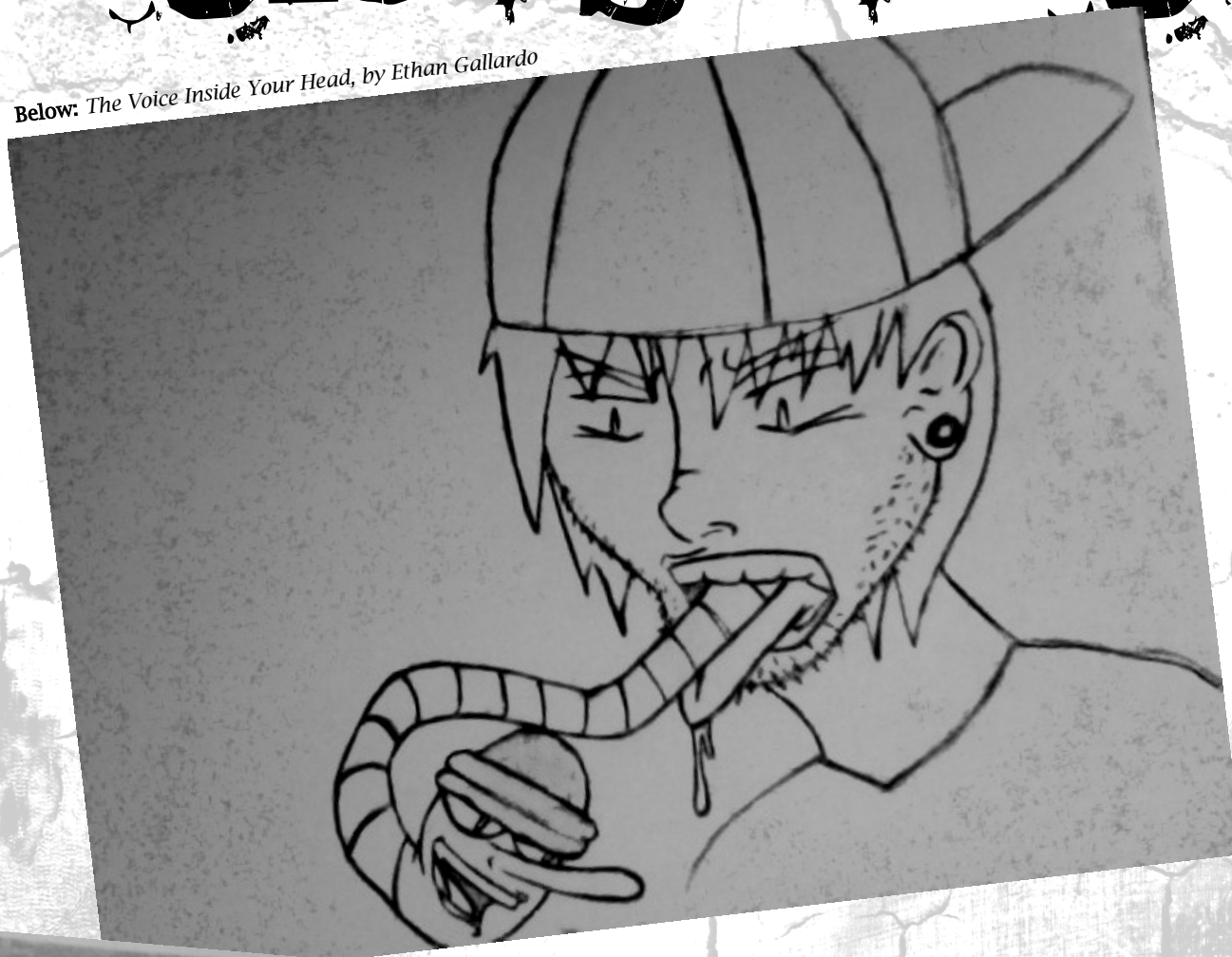
979 dirtbag art

We know a lot of awesome artists around the Bryan/College Station area. Sometimes we get to see their work. Sometimes we may even get lucky and have a piece given to us. The sad part is that not many people get a chance to have a look at it, let alone take a piece home. Legit art is expensive, really fucking expensive. Pieces from renowned artists command high dollars. Pieces from dirtbag artists...well, probably not so much. The quality is often the same, but it's that unquantifiable variable of "renown" that is the difference.

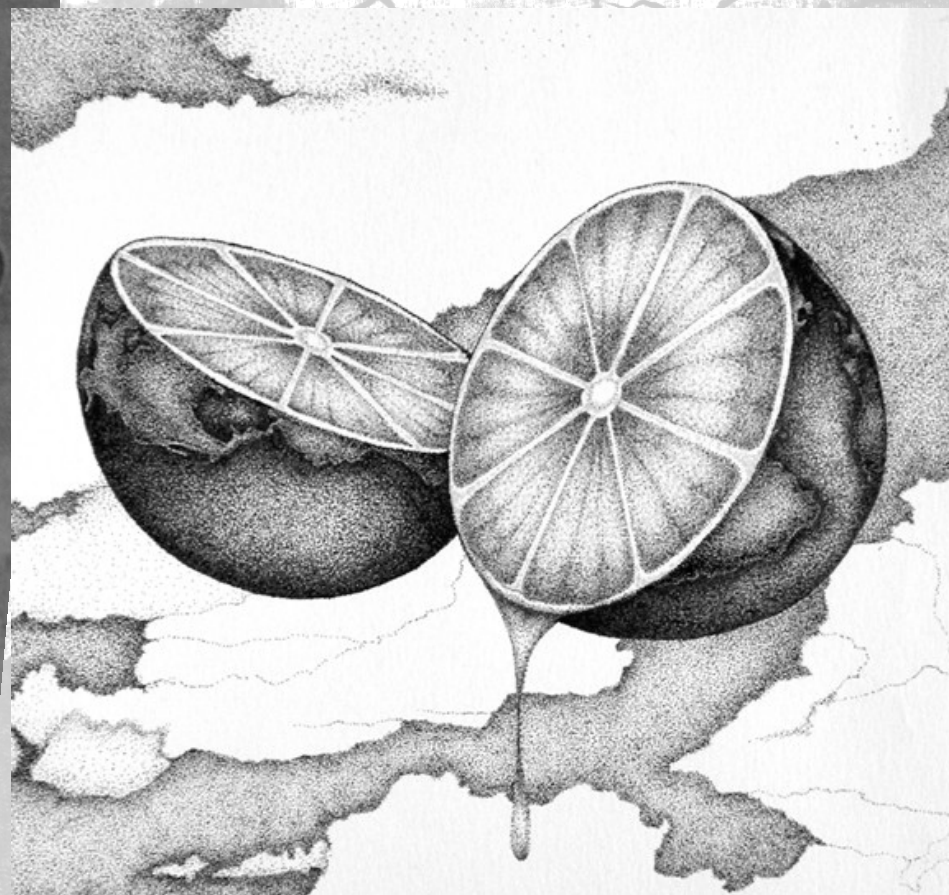
This month on March 4th the 979Represent crew aim to change that by presenting **The 979Represent Dirtbag Art Show**, featuring works from dozens of local artists. Works will be presented by James Gray, Andres de la Concha, Brek Shea, Patrick Schoeneman, Scott McDermott, Cliff Collard, Bobby Browning, Morgan Leigh, Chelsea Pope, Charles Doucet, Matt Shea, Ethan Gallardo, Haley Richardson and many others. Not all pieces will be for sale, but a good many of them will be, and prices will certainly be affordable for the average dirtbag. Though try not to offer services rendered in exchange for artwork, m'kay?

The art show starts at 7pm at Revolution Café & Bar in downtown Bryan, a space that is well-known in the Valley for showcasing local music, art and thought. DJ's Chaz and Mikey will spin the fresh tunes during the art show. After 10p the rock gets underway with the visceral electro-rock of Black Cock, the fun electropop from Austin's Butcher Bear & Charlie, Houston punkpop sweethearts The Busy Kids and Houston avant performance art collective God's Favorite Animal. And on First Friday nonetheless. Come early so you don't miss seeing any of the pieces that might be sold already.—*KELLY MINNIS*

Below: *The Voice Inside Your Head*, by Ethan Gallardo



Below: *Juiced*, by Chelsea Pope



Above: *the Possibilities of Fried Chicken Are Endless*,
By Matt Shea

Reading Rocks: *Rip It Up & Start Again: Postpunk 1978-1984*

For about seven years I DJ'd a semi-regular Hard Rock & Heavy Metal night at the Lava Lounge in downtown Seattle. It started out more as a college radio night, but then wound up going towards the buttrock because people would request it. As I got more and more into it, buying up used vinyl to spin each month, I began to stretch my boundaries for what to include in my sets. Loverboy, Aldo Nova, Pat Benatar...even Don Johnson would be spun next to Metal Church, Helloween, GNR and Dokken. Strictly speaking, that stuff was AOR pop radio rock, but within the sets the sound fit.

That's how Simon Reynolds approaches his encapsulation of the 1970's post-punk scene, *Rip It Up and Start Again*. His definition of the genre's breadth is very, very wide. You naturally get the Public Image Limiteds, The Slits, The Pop Groups, etc. But he goes rather light on what I think of when I think of what post-punk means to me. I.e. Chimey pasty English guitar bands, vaguely goth, vaguely new Romantic. Bands like Chameleons UK, Comsat Angels, The Sound, etc. They amount to barely a footnote in this book. Joy Division? Bauhaus? Same deal, and what you get from Reynolds isn't exactly kind. He does write about Echo & The Bunnymen a bit, and even U2 (which is surprisingly a positive spin).



What you do get are a dozen or more chapters about specific subgenres within post-punk. 2-Tone, electropop, goth, and industrial are all covered, and Reynolds explores the impact of funk and Afro-pop on most of the post-punk bands. He even goes as far as to cover a bit of the New York no-wave and early '80s minimalist funk scenes, of which I rarely find written about to any length by the English. When specific subgenres don't cut it, he devotes chapters to certain record labels and the sounds they pioneered.

What I find a bit out of place is his coverage of the beginnings of the twee pop C86 scene (which I find out of post-punk's scope), the translation of early post-punk collectives into mega hit makers (such as A.B.C., Art of Noise, Spandau Ballet and Scritti Politti). Sure, it makes sense to mention those bands started out as anarcho

-marxist communes, but to devote so much attention to those bands as opposed to others...didn't really make sense to me. Perhaps this was on purpose, since so many other writers have covered that stuff ad nauseum, but for me I'd rather he cut that shit out and focus less on the tangents.

But then, Reynolds is like me a bit, wot. I think he is coloring outside of the lines because the sound makes sense to him. All in all it's a good read. The way it's structured makes it easy to skip the stuff you're not as interested in.—KELLY MINNIS

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979 Represent 6

Brazos County Metal News



Culture in Ruin, the local hardcore Metal band that was featured on the cover of 979Represent Jan. 2010 issue, has made some changes since we last reported on them. They have changed the vocalist, drummer, and a guitarist. Jacob Aye, formally of the band Through Blackened Eyes from Austin, is the new vocalist for CIR. Cody Brown is the new drummer (formerly of Primal) and Jerry Ingram is the new guitarist. Culture in Ruin 's sound has changed from what it was just a year ago. The new more powerful guitar riffs, the double bass drums, the lower pitch growls and screams deliver a more intense breakdown that's heavier than the band's past music. Culture in Ruin is in the studio currently with its new members and new music recording. It's still early in the year, but after seeing their performance Monday Feb 21 at The Stafford Main Culture in Ruin- has returned to claim their title of Heavyweight Champions of the Brazos County Metal Music Scene. They have had shows in Austin and Houston already and have more scheduled making them the hardest working Metal band again in the scene. Check out their sites and show schedules at: MySpace/CultureinRuin and Facebook/Culture in Ruin

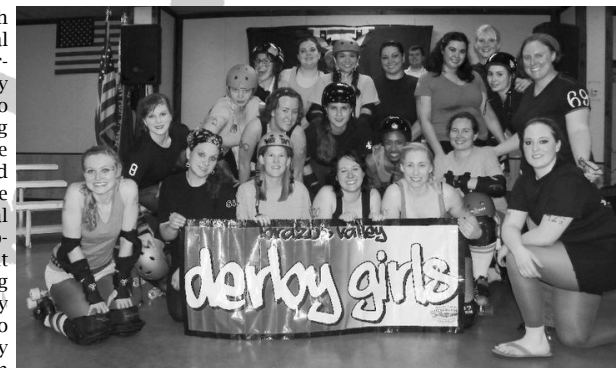


Transcend Before Azalea—L to R: Michael Brammer, Arron Beasley, Wes Brock, Derrick Manning, Joe Reynolds

This 101 yr old man got to witness the birth of a New Metal band here in Brazos County in February. I was invited to the ThrashBox Complex where Brazos County's Newest Metal band, Transcend Before Azalea, was born and currently practices. The music they have written and practiced is Screamo based Metal with some very fast and strong guitar work. While I was there I got to hear four songs that sounded really good for being in such a small area. Transcend Before Azalea has their first show scheduled for March 26 at The Stafford Main and I'm really looking forward to seeing this Newborn band strut its stuff onstage while wreckin' the musical senses! Go ahead and mark yer calendars and come out and support this new band into the Brazos County Metal Music arena! Check them out at Facebook/Transcend before Azalea

It was 1 yr ago Niki Pistols dished up a scoop on the Brazos Valley Derby Girls in the March Issue of 979Represent.Com. How about an update of the girls? Tough, yer getting' it anyways. That's why yer reading this awesome newspaper.

Since last year, the BVDG went through a major overhaul from the original group. A lot of Legal hurdles were overcome during this time for the Derby Girls. A lot of faces changed also due to the girls either getting pregnant, moving away, or realizing that being a True Derby Girl takes a lot of hard work and Dedication. On Friday Night Feb.18, The Brazos Valley Derby Girls had a Special Debut Match for Friends, Family, Supporters and Sponsors at the VFW that went over with great success, even being seen on the local TV news. The Derby Girls have proven they are ready to Go against the other Texas Roller Derby teams. They have their very first Team Match against Houston's Clutch City Roller Derby on March 6 in Sugarland. The Derby Girls are still looking for a permanent location for practice and hosting local matches and they are also open for more sponsors. Check out their new website: <http://www.brazosvalleyderbygirls.com/> and Keep up with all the Girls on Facebook /Brazos Valley Derby Girls.



Folks , Heads up on a upcoming show in April 30. The Texas Metal Band Texas Hippie Coalition will be performin' at Lake Somerville at the "Hawgs of Texas" Bike Rally. This Ol'Man will be interviewin' THC and sharing it in the June Issue of 979Represent. Hope to see yall there!

Get out and Support the Local Music Scene & Derby Girls. It's Fun, cheap, and painless. Covering the scene like No other, I'm FoilFace. Look me up on Facebook and click Like!



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concert calendar

3/3—Kristy Kruger @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
3/3—Reckless Intent @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

3/4—979Represent Dirtbag Art Show with **Black Cock, Busy Kids, Butcher Bear & Charlie, God's Favorite Animal, DJ Chazz & Mikey** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 7pm
3/4—Blunt Force, A Formal Affair @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
3/4—The Lonely Hunter (CD release party), **Lindsay Harris, Bobby Pearson, Mike Mains & The Branches, Gatlin Elms, The Quiet Company, The Revivals** @ The Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

3/5—Magic Girl, Greg Schroeder @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
3/5—J. Goodin, Chief Nation, Joe Forrest @ P.O.E.T.S., College Station. 10pm

3/6—The Pillow Project with **Electric Touch, The Lonely Hunter** @ Brazos Valley Bank Ballpark, Bryan. 4pm
3/6—WWE Smackdown @ Reed Arena, College Station. 5PM

3/10—The Ex-Optimists, Kill The State @ La Bodega, College Station. 10pm
3/10—Eye Nocturne @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

Totally Rad Show of the Month



Electric Touch

Bombers play baseball) **Electric Touch, The Lonely Hunter, Preston Leatherman** and **Kimberly Dunn** are all making noise of some kind of another. 4pm. I'd say you'll want to avoid bringing your favorite pillow because I have a feeling it will get completely shredded.—*KELLY MINNIS*

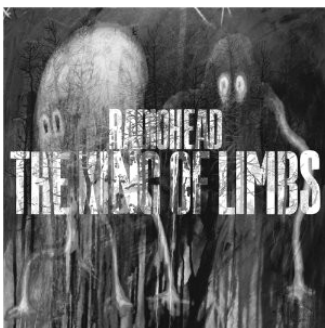
Sunday March 6th The Pillow Project would like to break the Guinness Book of World Records' number for the largest pillow fight ever. In order to entice you out to the Brazos Valley Bank Park (where the

record reviews



Cut Copy
Zonoscope

Indie dance bad asses Cut Copy have some new shit. It's called *Zonoscope*. While I think I like the album as a whole better than the previous, *Ghost Colours*, *Zonoscope* doesn't have a track as good as "Hearts on Fire". They're still doing the same 'ole shit, indie disco dance rock stuff, but the latest release highlights an aspect of toughness, swagger and neo pagan party that I really love from these guys. This album wants to bass, so let it. At their worst Cut Copy is a really good indie rock band and at their best they're grown up dance punks dropping synth melodies from the sky and slapping chicks' asses with handclap samples. One moment you'll feel the tropical flavors of Cindy Lauper or Hot Chip, and before you know it you're dancing around a fire with the girl of your dreams in a post apocalyptic world uninhabited by anyone over 30. A personal favorite is the funky white boy synthesizers on "Pharaoh's and Pyramids", which sounds so much like the best of Italian disco you might as well be jamming it under a mirror ball in a pizzeria while playing Super Mario Bros. On *Zonoscope* the disco comes alive like an abandoned lovers healing heart.—*MIKEY ROE*



Radiohead
The King of Limbs

I was as surprised as everyone when Radiohead announced on Valentines Day that they would be releasing a new album on the following Saturday morning, which at this writing was last weekend. I was further surprised when I heard on Friday that the record was available a day earlier than expected. It's this kind of spontaneous happening-style launch that has brought Radiohead both praise and criticism from an industry in the last throes of a death gasp. But regardless of how you feel about their release strategies, it certainly has brought back the event aspect of a new record in an era when they are typically anything but eventual.

I'll admit I was seriously underwhelmed when I first listened to this record. I burned a CD, put it in the living room stereo and turned it up. It didn't move me. I didn't get it. So I gave it a day and listened to it in the car. It made sense. This is not a record meant to be experienced in a communal way. It is intended to be heard and experienced in isolation. It's almost as if Radiohead are trying to beam their music directly into our collective subconscious. If there was some sort of Philip K Dick-esque device that allowed music to be downloaded directly into the brain, I am pretty sure Radiohead would be game.

It's a subtle record, to be sure. There are no big moments here. No grand washes of sound. Everything is very muted, everything subjugated to that voice. That's the key here, it's all about Thom Yorke's vocals. Everything is surgically controlled to support the vocal. I am thinking this record is really two EP's, two really cool EP's, and seen that way, the records makes a lot of sense. The first side begins with "Bloom" and it is clear from the start that this is not a rock record. The closest they come to rocking is on the second track, "Morning Mr Magpie", and it is prototypical Radiohead, opening with "You've got some nerve coming here". I really love "Little by Little" but not so much on "Feral". The rhythm is way too similar to "Magpie" and it feels like a typical Radiohead

also-ran, much like "Push/Pull Revolving Doors" among a few others. The second side begins with "Lotus Flower", an amazing song overshadowed by a lot of internet chatter about Thom Yorke's dancing skills. "Codex" is another in a series of gorgeous piano ballads, but it's the last two tracks that really stand out to me. "Give Up the Ghost"'s simple arrangement of acoustic guitar, barely-there kick, and Yorke's double-tracked vocals, along with the sounds of the forest in the background all lend to the aura of the woods that the title evokes. The last track, "Separator" is the big surprise here: Radiohead close this dark, internal, and small batch of songs with a melody happier and more hopeful than anything they have done in years, maybe since *Pablo Honey*. As Yorke's sings at the songs end, "If you think this is over then you're wrong".

I'm not going to try to convince anyone that they should love this record. Everyone has pretty much made their mind up about Radiohead. As for me, they make music that I come back to again and again, much more so than most records. Radiohead have been around for a while now, and they have definitely created a 'sound' but the thing that keeps me coming back is how they keep redefining what that is. Talk to people about Radiohead, and everyone's got a sense of this "sound" but can't really put their finger on it. That's what makes them so good.—*JASON CLARK*



The Magnetic Pull
Anhedonia

An issue with post rock bands is that since many eschew vocals, the melodies and instrumental interplay – good

songs -- are crucial to a group creating a singular sound. It's too easy to sound like everyone else in the field. That's the problem for the promising Magnetic Pull out of Syracuse, New York.

On their first recording *Anhedonia*, the quartet is plenty competent at its instruments – keyboards, synth, piano, bass, drums, percussion, and guitar (with one member credited only with digital/analog manipulation). While there are some quality moments on the six-tune disc, it's not distinctive enough to really reach out and grab you. The 18-minute "Consumer" is affecting enough with its jazz piano-driven riff, but it never really goes anywhere. The much-shorter "The Silence and the Space" is much more effective in creating genuine emotion, undoubtedly enhanced by the choral elements and excerpts from a John Kennedy speech. Also more successful is the focused "Gabriella the Wise" with its fuzzed-up washes of guitar noise. Overall, *Anhedonia* is good background music, just not great.—*MIKE L. DOWNEY*



White Lies
Ritual

The follow up to 2009's *To Lose My Life*, White Lies' sophomore effort *Ritual* is a laborious barrage of wired melodies and glassy, wide-eyed misery suitable for a white knuckle drive through an empty 3am London street at 80 mph. Produced by *that* Alan Moulder, the album is solely composed of riotously lush, layer-upon-layer high-strung pop hookage. It is absolutely exhausting to sit the entire way through.

If you can't tell whether I really like the

3/11—Texas Film Festival Air Guitar Competition @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
3/11—J.P. Gilbert, Arielle Nicole @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

3/12—Hopsin, Swizzz, Versy, Mymik, Ereez, Population Zero, Einsta-gator @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
3/12—Johnny Falstaff @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 9pm

3/22—J Goodin, The Excerpt-imists @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

3/24—Sour Soul @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

3/25—Bonnie Blue, Signal Rising @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

3/26—Southern Echoes @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
3/26—Soul Track Mind, Transcend Before Azalea @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

3/27—Brazos Valley Derby Girls Exhibition Bout @ FVW, Bryan. 5:30pm

album, that's my fault. It's just that the way *Ritual* soars is just nearly *too* intense and urgent. The sad-sack lyrics that would make Paul Banks weep with pride have an important role in the album's being too good and too tedious. Having raised the bar for themselves with their debut (#1 on the UK albums chart), their song-writing genius shines through in "Strangers", an obvious standout because of a hook so infectious that it shouldn't really exist, or at least probably wasn't composed by humans. The album's lead single, "Bigger Than Us", shimmers with a frail desperation gamely masked in bombastic bravado, and once again, a hook that makes you question your life up to this current point in time. "The Power & The Glory" is a nice change from the rest of the album; still totally miserable, but clearly happy to be so. Fair warning: When you've finished the record, you might need to take a jog or something. Recommended if you like The Killers, The Mary Onettes and Fiction label-mates The Maccabees.—*MARINA BRIGGS*



Deerhunter
iTunes Live From Soho

Deerhunter is probably the one "new" Pitchfork baby band I've really taken to in the last few years. Starting with 2008's *Microcastle* I could hear the talent beneath the hype. Last year's *Halcyon Digest* saw the band consolidating the best of their side projects (Atlas Sound, Lotus Plaza) into a more streamlined and, dare I say, "commercialized" format that truly suited the band's sound.

Though as big a fan as I consider myself of Deerhunter, I've not had the opportunity to catch them live. *iTunes Love From Soho* will have to suffice until then, but I must say that upon listening to this 8-song iTunes-only album I will certainly be seeing Deerhunter live sooner rather than later, as at least on this record they bring the

goods.

Halcyon Digest is represented most heavily, with a couple of songs from previous work sneaking in. Most of Bradford Cox's songs are lengthened, accounting for an expansion of the atmospheric guitar pedalry, taken to an almost ridiculously heightened level. "Helicopter" is stretched to twice its length with gorgeous clouds of pitch-shifted guitar, delay and reverb, making the chorus appear even heavier in contrast than on the album version. The outro to "Desire Lines" is motorik'ed out just like the album version, but it shows that Deerhunter is capable of presenting live the same restraint that makes that coda so perfect. Tracks like "Don't Cry" and "Revival" are pretty lo-fi on album, but live Deerhunter puts a bit of muscle behind them. The centerpiece of the live album is "He Would Have Laughed" and just like on *Halcyon Digest*, it's a showstopper. Stretched to the nth degree to allow for an amazing command of texture, it is almost like listening to a landscape artist dabble with color and form.

All in all, *Live From Soho* shows that Deerhunter is not just a bedroom recording project, that the band can represent itself live in a way that builds upon its recorded approach. Makes me want to go see them this year really bad.—*KELLY MINNIS*

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