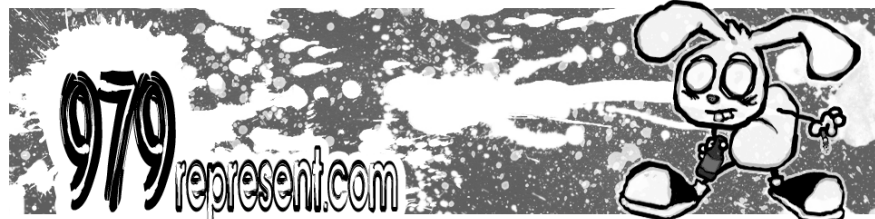


APRIL 2011
VOL. 3—ISSUE 4



ALSO INSIDE: Skinhead Jonny Repents—B-Bit Burgers—SXSW Redux—TX Film Festival—Brazos County Metal News—Still Drinking—Mustache Rides—Dehydrated Boyfriend—Concert Calendar



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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Sorry About the Mics

I vividly recall the first moment I experienced the genre of music that would come to shape my identity as a young adult and forever change my outlook on life. I was in fifth grade and one of my friends had a copy of *Damaged* by Black Flag that he let me borrow on the school bus. The first track was "Rise Above" and, having never heard anything like it, I was instantly hooked on hardcore. After digging deeper and deeper into this musical genre over the years, I began to attend shows and became heavily involved in the Texas Hardcore scene. The typical behavior at these shows can be expressed by outsiders

as nothing other than sheer buffoonery. Making violent motions across the stage and dance floor into band members and bystanders is an expected reaction to this aggressive music. More often than not, the suburban youth in attendance at these hardcore shows, who carry very few burdens in life outside of doing homework and finishing their vegetables, will cause damage to themselves, others, and property as a result of "stage-diving" and "hard-moshing", or "floor punching" as Atarimatt puts it. In this spirit of fabricated frustration at punk and hardcore shows, I have often found myself causing damage of all sorts. Most recently on separate occasions I have managed to destroy not one, but two microphones while singing "I Don't Like You" by Skrewdriver with the Houston band Hell City Kings. This behavior is in the spirit of fun and punk rock attitude, but can also be viewed as disrespectful to bands and patrons of music venues. I would like to formally apologize to the 979 Dirtbag community and the world for my actions at recent shows, and would never mean to act in a disrespectful manner or be viewed as an embarrassment to our humble music scene. Having seen the errors in my ways, and being threatened with an "ass beating" by Niki Pistols, I can assure you all that my drunken microphone slamming days are over.

Sincerely,
Skinhead Jonny

Mustache Rides

By James Gray



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Still Drinking: Big Ups For Big Flats

First of all, let's talk about the big ol' sparkling water wet elephant in the room. No matter what I say about Texas beers this month, there's really only one beer everyone's asking about, talking about, wanting to order though they're too afraid to ask. So I went and did some gullet-glad research. Sunk a few. Took 'em down with a Redbox rental and some Dean's French Onion Dip. Regretted the French Onion Dip, but not the rental or the beer.

You don't jump into this brew with big expectations. You jump in knowing what you know. And you know where you got it. What you paid. How half-tempted you were to make a Diet Coke can koozy to hide this brew until you tasted it.

Until you realized that even a 50-cent beer can get the job done. Depending on the job. But then, after that first taste, you realized something golden, so you ditched the make-shift koozy and went with it. And your light-bulbs sparked as your self-consciousness dimmed. "It ain't bad!" You'll say that reaching for another before the first one's sunk. Popping memories burst as loud and proud as your long-lived fanfare of PBR, Schlitz, Hamm's, Lone Star Light - all the brews you enjoyed inside and outside of social situations. And then you realize you'd drink this on your own: spinning records, flipping solitaire, writing in your journal (not really, so lame) that today was a good day because you found a new brew. A brew you'd feel good giving your kids on a fishing trip if your kids weren't so afraid of fish.

Recently, I sipped this brew alone on my back porch, but I wasn't hiding. I was proud, and my isolation in the moment was clearly incidental. And then Pepe Guzman called, as he does when he's partaking, and he said, "I'm on the front porch with a can of this Big Flats beer from Wal-Greens, and, you know, it ain't bad. For what it is." (He tags on the "For what it is" because you have to tag that line or else you'd be shopping for track lighting and cat toys the next day, even though you rent from your dad and own an Airedale.) And I said to Pepe Guzman, "Hey, even if you know it's butter-flavored spread, you'll still smear it on your biscuits." Okay. I didn't really say that.



Still the point remains: Big Flats Premium Brew, the new beer available for \$2.99 a sixer at Wal-Greens, is the best beer for 50 cents a can that you're gonna get. Is it "great beer"? Nope. Does it matter? Nope. It's 50 cents a can! And it makes a pint glass sweat like Ashley Judd in *A Time To Kill*. Big Flats pours bright yellow with loads of bubbles, tastes bright yellow with loads of bubbles, and belches bright yellow with loads of bubbles. Big Flats is a beer that will get you through. I've already downed a kegger's worth of Big Flats, and I still feel like a winner. Especially at the month's end when I find enough jingle in my pocket to buy another sixer of Big Flats. In them mo-

ments, that's good beer.

Bringing things a bit closer to home, Shiner recently released their Light Blonde - a shelf replacement for Shiner Light. I liked Shiner Light, but this Shiner Light Blonde lifts the light lager game to a whole new level. Think Miller Lite or PBR or Lone Star with more oomph. More depth. Liquid evolution like the jump from TV top bunny ears to Digital HD. That's Shiner Blonde Light. Pours a pale, almost white color. Aroma boasts sweet breads and a tinge of raw grain. Flavors swing from a malty mouthfeel to a crisp, hoppy sliced finish. Clean aftertaste. Full body, but totally refreshing. Great post-lawn care, porch beer. The only problem I can see with Shiner Light Blonde is the price. One could still steal a twelver of PBR or Schlitz for a dollar more than a sixer of Shiner Light Blonde. All I can say is, try it. Drop a couple of bottles. Drop them when it's hot. When you're slick and salty as a soggy freedom fry from your outdoor labors, this beer is crisp and fine. You might develop romantic affections for it, if you're not careful.—
KEVIN STILL



Monday - Dungeons & Dragons, Video games

Tuesday - Magic the Gathering Constructed, Draft, Trading

Wednesday - Pokemon League & Trade, Dungeons & Dragons Encounters

Thursday - YuGiOh Constructed, Trading

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Asian Persuasions: Avaron



With the summer heat fast approaching, and the fact that I still haven't adjusted to this random, cyclical, chaotic Ferris wheel that Texans have deemed "weather", I decided to engage in the activity known as "cycling" to get on the path to my ideal weight. I hate running, I feel foolish doing the rowing machine on dry land, and using the stationary cycles is fine, but you can only watch *Jersey Shore* on mute so long before you realize that it's not only your legs and ass burning, but also the contents of your mind.

I haven't ridden a bicycle since the late 90's when I attended college, so it's been a while. I started off slow, just riding around my neighborhood to get reacquainted with how to ride a bike. I don't care who says you never forget. At my age, it only takes one fall to crack a hip. On Friday, March 25th, I decided to try a trek from my house to my local hangout, Arsenal Tattoo. Being the technological aficionado that I am, I decided to GoogleMap it to see what would be the safest route and track my mileage so I would have something to brag about. A lot of construction is taking place on our College Station roads, so some deviation had to be undertaken in order to complete my trek with the goal of staying in one piece. I made it all the way to Texas Avenue South before turning back and heading home due to time constraints. To change up the scenery, I decided to ride back from Texas Avenue through Rock Prairie Road. My line of logic was that since it was the time that school would be letting out, there would be plenty of other riders that were mini versions of yours truly (so to speak) that it would be entertaining and for the most part safe because drivers would be more attentive and abide by the goal of not impaling a child with their vehicles. Sadly, this was not to be the case....

Rock Prairie Road is fucking dangerous. I also found out that the drivers on said road are pretty racially motivated when it comes to slanging slurs while driving. As anyone who has been on Rock Prairie knows, there are some sections of the sidewalk that are not existent as well as some sections of the side walk that are bad. Being as my bike is classified as a road bike, I attempted to ride on the road where there were sections of the road that did not have sidewalks. During one of these brief stretches, I was almost side-swiped by a 2006 Toyota Avalon, purchased at I might add, our local Atkinson Toyota. The windows of the cranberry colored Avalon were rolled all the way down as I guess they were trying to cruise, and the distinctive beats of the newest Chris Brown song (only a guess because they must have been channeling his reformed anger), were blaring from the stock stereo. A female driver, maybe 20 was at the helm, and as she drove by at a pace way above the stated 25 mph sign with the flashing lights deemed necessary, she voiced as loud as she could over one of Chris' "Yeah ee Yeah ee Yahs," - "Fucking chinks!! This ain't China!! We drive cars here!!" While the predominant majority of my readership need not be educated in how utterly, completely, and ridiculously ironic this statement is, I take some sort of pleasure and enjoyment in recanting said irony. Plus I need to make sure this piece meets it's word required specifications. I shall attempt to explain, through the literary viewpoint of acting as myself had I had the opportunity to yell at the motorist in question.

(Inhale.....)

Fucking chinks is exactly right. I would much rather be this said chink than the chimp that I must automatically assume you most closely associate with. Without this fucking chink and the migratory nature of the chinks who decided to saddle up and sail to an island that later became Japan to design your car, you would not have the opportunity to coast around on a beautiful Friday afternoon bumping the ever eloquent lyrics with references to getting my bottles and repeated neandarthalic repetitions of the one syllable word "Yeah" with modified emphasis on different letters of said one syllable word. This fucking chink also lives here, in the heaviest nation in the world. So to combat that, I am reverting back to the modes of transportation that many of my ancestors utilized in the motherland or what you may recognize more closely to "muthaland" as you are listening to a song that's most complex word consists of 4 syllables and is the word "everybody." (Yes, I did the research and had to ensure that it was in fact the largest and most syllabic word in the entire song.) The additional irony to this entire debacle is that you are driving a car dubbed the Avalon. That is a mythical island where magic ruled and people forged swords that were abundant in bad assery. Guess what? The said chinks that created the Avalon that you're driving, sailed away centuries ago to an island much like the Avalon of Arthurian lore, and created swords of bad assery that while may not have been steeped in magic, but were very efficient at removing body parts and the spilling of vital liquids both naturally and unnaturally expelled by the human form. With all this being said, shouldn't you be trembling in fear to the possibility that this humble and meek individual, attempting to enjoy a bike ride on a beautiful day, who coincidentally is covered nearly head to toe with the markings that, unless highly educated and versed in gang divisions of major metropolitan police departments, look like the designations of a highly organized and centuries old organized crime organization (we hate the word gang....it's so menial) may be carrying a small yet concealed version of a sword that you may deem magical if I were to draw it out of my biking knapsack and lay waste to the life that you didn't know you held precious and dear?

By the way, I'm Korean. Like from the North. So yes, I do have nuclear applicable armaments at my place of residence. It's how I account for the height; it's a mutation that is beneficial....

Since my residence here in Texas, I've only experienced mild glimpses of ignorance when it comes to my appearance of being not Caucasian. Most all have been amusing. I did a broker price opinion on a property in Bryan where a retired next door neighbor thought what I was doing in the neighborhood was fishy and thought it would be relevant to call me "Charlie". I would have been offended, but looking back, exploring the neighborhood in my black pajamas, my straw lined flip flops and my air soft imitation AK-47 probably entitled this gentleman to reflect on to darker times that maybe he experienced. My bad for not exercising prudence. But such are the moments that present themselves that make life amusing. Without these experiences, how could one gauge when times are good or bad. Regardless of this experience or the incident a few miles down that happened with a large Dodge truck minus your stereotypical gun rack, my goal is to continue to keep riding my bike to build up my cardiac health and hopefully by the summer provide a chiseled physique similar to that of Bruce Lee. If that goal doesn't come to fruition, at least I have Bobby Lee from Mad TV to fall back on.

Try not to be too cruel on April Fools Day.—*THE DAHLI RAMA*





B-Bit Burgers: Margie's In-Between

I know I've written up Margies a few times already, but this place is totally worth it. When I saw on Facebook that they had a new burger called "The Inbetween" with a fried egg surrounded by beef, bacon and cheese, I HAD to have it. Not only is their food totally bad ass, but the atmosphere is ruling as well. When we first walked in last Friday there was no record skip and stinkeye that usually happens here around B/CS when a group of "tattooed" folks and "weird" kids with huge gauged ears walks in. We were welcomed loudly and sincerely.



the burger. What I got wasn't exactly the in-between because they forgot the other burger patty and made mine a single, which was just fine with me. I'm one of the easiest customers ever. I will eat anything, any way it comes out. So I am NEVER disappointed. Even without the extra meat, this burger was absolutely what I was after. As soon as I picked it up the yolk busted and I instantly was trying to hold onto a slipping egg, cheese and meat grease smothered mess. It was awesome and I ate every gooey bite.

Please do yourself a favor and go to Margies. The food is great, the people are super nice no matter what you look like. Its exactly what every local restaurant should be like.

Burger Bit Rate: 9/10
Vibe Bit Rate: 11/10



SXSW Redux

This year's SXSW was a little different. OK, a lot different. Let's just get this out the way at the outset: it's pretty clear this year's SX was a bit oversaturated, overbooked, oversold, etc, etc. I didn't spend as much time this year going from show to show. I had a couple of shows to do myself, so I decided on a few choice shows I could not miss. Thursday I caught Low at the French Legation Museum, and in spite of sound issues that included Alan Sparhawk getting shocked every time he approached the mic, it was an amazing short showcase for their new LP, *C'Mon*, which I hope to review by next issue. I also caught the end of their set at the Mohawk on Friday, and we were treated to "Sunflower" as a beautiful closing song. Another highlight was Friday's Deerhunter show at Club DeVille - it was truly a sight and sound to behold. These Athens, GA natives have honed their live act to the point where I think it's safe to say they are one of the tightest live bands on the US indie scene right now. Thursday night's Strokes show was a real disappointment. About the only thing entertaining about that free show at Auditorium Shores was witnessing the Austin masses storm the front gates after police shut entry down a half hour before the Strokes hit the stage. The sound was awful, mostly because this is not a band that should ever be seen outside. The show wasn't bad, it just didn't even remotely translate to a huge outdoor show.

One of the best parts of this year's SXSW for me was discovering new bands and artists, sometimes on the street. I met a really cool folk singer who goes by the names of Grampadrew who played before my afternoon show at Fuel on Friday, and he is doing something really cool with the whole acoustic guitar + loop pedal formula. Friday evening, we were strolling down 6th Street and we noticed a dude playing kick and snare with his feet while playing guitar and singing. I heard hooks, picked up a copy of his 10" vinyl EP, and moved on. That night, I played his record and it blew me away, particularly "Secret Love Tricks". Imagine Bowie fronting Kiss and you'd have an idea what this cat, Ricky Lee Robinson, sounds like.

Saturday, I had a two-hour show at Freddie's on South 1st so most of my afternoon was taken up with that. We decided to head over to our friend Helen's house party, and it was there I saw White Laces. These guys were just leaving town heading back to Virginia after what they told us was a tough week at SXSW, and came over to play a short last-minute set. Am I glad they did. They were amazing, with great dual guitar work, tremolo arm bending spazzouts, and an amazing rhythm section. I picked up their 12" EP after the show and it has become one of my favorite records this year so far. What an awesome band, and really nice, friendly, humble people as well. It was really refreshing after a week with so much attitude and aggression and negativity. Nice way to end SXSW 2011. The bottom line on SXSW is this: it isn't going anywhere. The city of Austin is trying to blame their massive Strokes fiasco on the corporate sponsors, who are no saints here either: Overbooking your venue is your fault, not ours. I just hope that the whole idea that free events for the public is at fault here is put to rest. That's one of the best parts of SXSW. As for me, I have no plans to buy a wristband for SXSW in the foreseeable future.—*JASON CLARK*

979 Represent 4



Deerhunter live

SXSW! A Festival of Food-Eaters, Mom Fuckers and Amateur Drinkers Run Riot To Music

I figured SXSW week would kind of suck and dreaded working at Ruta Maya. My fear was Thursday, Friday and Saturday would be a steep and heavy broth of the lowlife currently using the porch as a stronghold and fallout shelter as well as meeting place for leechers, vermin, flies and lice. I don't know what makes these people, "YOU PEOPLE MOTHERFUCKERS," come to a place of business without money, or any intention of any exchange of goods or services, besides them using the bathroom, almost non-stop hobo-loop of shitters and whoresbath sink showering turds, and also drinking the endless sea of "free water". Oh, yeah, sometimes when in need of nourishment they will make creative beverages from what's available at a coffee condiment counter: cinnamon and sugar mixed into a rich frothy courtesy cup of fucking half and half. This dude who I think actually works for Ruta Maya in some capacity was defending their right to show up, loiter, bum cigarettes, lower the rent and make the wide, future (gated if up to me) concrete pillared facade and beach-like porch. I want to find out where some of these too-low-on-the scrotum-pole to even contribute to any social ill, denied by radar, shunned by common bridge-troll hobos and tramps into frequenting this defenseless place, RUINING BUSINESS, yeah, I want to find out where they live. I could roll by and beat on the door like a rookie in heat and then very slowly, quietly do this beggard but not blackard routine, to use the fucking bathroom. It's like enduring 15 lines of a Jim Morrison poem, "Pardon.....me.....sir.....ccccould..... I (you get the point) beseech you to tarry in your washroom and wash everything, including my shit-brown, hooded poncho found at most beach shit-store stockades of sunglassery and beheaded alligator and shark jaw? Yes, as I originally begged, can I use the bathroom to do whatever, anything for 10 minutes, leaving it smelling of Big-Foot's dick and socks filled to the brim with rescued cigarette butts to be later dissected and renewed as coffin-dirt tobacco roll-ems in yet another of my many contributions to renew and reuse and recycle the fragile planet in my defiance of mores found acceptable to even the most marginal of mongoloid and retired circus clowns and crackheads, yes, may I continue my long toil as a martyr of failure and invisible, except to potential customers, subhuman, half-man?"

These fucking people are at the end of THEIR rope, not mine. I have no rope, no fuse or patient and loving hand to rest on any shoulder of this new and self-celebrating Piltdown and slowed ranger of nothing. Yes, they are flat-out annoying as shit when any genuine promoter or band or any variety of performer is slated to do a performance, sitting in their finest vines, talking reggae in an irregular tie-dye endless Bob Marley image, practically negating his place in the world musical. We had a reggae showcase all three days and it was cool and I was completely down with a lot of it and remembered my teenage music forage bents into record stores where I just got stared at as I sifted through the Burning Spear, Steel Pulse and Gregory Isaacs hoping to come across a thick and heavy copy of Tappa Zukie, U-Roy or other item not on the Tuff Gong label because I REALLY LIKED THAT MUSIC. The DJ flown in from the real fancy place called New York City played some jams I had not heard in like 25 years and it was awesome and flooded my head with good memories of being a dumbass teenager looking for something and hoping to find it in an endless and exhausting search, seeking records and songs to tell me the answer, (LOUD, ECHOING VOICE BELLOWS FROM THE FIRMAMENT) "YOU ARE A TEENAGE DUMBASS, CONTINUE THE HEAVY DOSES OF BEATING OFF AND FEELING SOCIALLY ILL-AT-EASE AND REMEMBER, GIRLS LAUGH AT YOUR COFFEE-CAKE ZIT FACE AND GIANT, ICHABOD CRANE BUILD AS YOU SAUNTER AROUND MALLS AND ABANDONED PLACES, DRAGGING YOUR KNUCKLES LIKE BIG PAWS OF YOUTH AND TALKING TO YOUR FEW FRIENDS ABOUT STUPID MUSIC AND VAGINAS OF GIRLS YOU WILL NEVER SEEEEEEEEE."

Yeah, that was cool and the people in the building were cool but the same pissbirds and faded-faced re-tards saw the opportunity to take advantage of the free shelter and easy access to water and toilets and to be free of reprisal as you panhandle the same hack lines your brethren did 40 years ago to busy and bustling normal people who are living, "Excuse me sir, could/can you be as so kind blah, blah, ad in fin...." Bottom line is I am not going to tolerate my work being some wayward station for fucking eight time losers and their fucking backpacks and Mexican-painter's weed puffing lazy asses sitting around, day-in, day-out, like it is some acceptable past-time to LOITER, YOUR LOITERING DICK-HOLE COVERED IN DOG-HAIR AND LINT, yeah, I am not ok with you fucking my chance of having that enormous air-hanger with a soundsystem and soundguy and stellar staff become some bored idea so defeated that friends I invited to see Easy Action and The Sons Of Hercules on Tuesday thought Ruta Maya was still downtown, in the spaghetti warehouse district. They moved dude, NINE FUCKING YEARS AGO - IS THAT HOW STINK-DIRT, NEVER FUCKING GO THERE THIS PLACE IS? Jesus. Well, when there are shows thurs, fri and sat nights I give out free cocaine and the office becomes a brothel, a one-seater, with limited time blocks, but a midget whorehouse nonetheless. 2nd Fridays are, "Uncle's Day!" Come get touched by an uncle in the broom closet and eat free prime rib at the Ruta Maya. IT'S BOSS.

That's it, out of steam right now as I have been for MONTHS. We, you and I, will get back to a place of productivity and rich story-telling like the olden days, I promise.—*PSYCHO MIKE*



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the hangouts

as profiled by mine l. howhey

Six short songs on a 7-inch vinyl record may not be a big deal to many bands, but for the four members of The Hangouts, it symbolizes something serious for the local band . . . about how much fun they are having. Cutthroat Records in Houston, a label specializing in vinyl records of a wide variety of Texas music, will release *ADD Generation* April 22.



(This band interview took place on a driveway in lawn chairs. Some liberties have been taken, but lawsuits are unlikely . . . hopefully.)

The Band:

Marty Durlam – bass; wants to be on a t-shirt, toured internationally, Houston resident.

Kelly Minnis – drums; has played in at least 36 bands, once worked for Amazon.

Matt Shea – guitar; world's longest sideburns, can make music with gaming consoles.

Niki Shea – vocals; proclaims this to be “the year of fun,” once scared of singing.

MD: *How would you describe the Hangouts' music?*

Marty: We're like a pink baseball bat with nails.

Niki: A cupcake with razor blade shavings.

Matt: Bubblegum skateboard punk.

Is there a Hangouts philosophy?

Kelly: We're not trying to impress others.

Matt: Fun and slightly unsafe.

Niki: Growing up's for suckers.

Marty: No attitude.

How would you describe the band's songs and songwriting?

Niki: Short, sweet, and to the point.

Marty: A good stew.

Matt: We're all older. We're all married with real jobs and kids; we don't have a lot of time; we don't have time to practice much. So our songs don't have much structure or length. We want to immediately get to substance.

Kelly: People like our songs.

Niki: I've only written several songs since it's harder for me to get my part, but we all contribute.

Matt: If it's a struggle, we don't do it.

ADD Generation

Niki: Our songs say what's going with us or with people we know; they're not random. This one's about some friends who were ADD as kids, and now they're doing grown-up things, and they're still ADD.

Derby Doll

Niki: We wrote that one because we wanted a song with handclaps.

Kelly: That one has a metal feel to it. We all have listened to punk, but we were metal kids.

Big Mess

Matt: Marty brought this riff, and in 30 minutes, it happened.

Fuck Face

Marty: That was mine, but originally it was “Douchebag.”

Matt: Niki made it work great since ‘fuckface’ is one of her favorite sayings.

(We didn't get to the other two songs, sorry.)

Niki, how long had you been singing before fronting the Hangouts?

Niki: I had never sang before. I was dragged, kicking and screaming, into singing. At first, I used to hide behind a cabinet, shaking, to sing when the band practiced. Then Matt finally made me get out from hiding and practice in front. It was exhilarating and fun, so being scared wore off pretty fast.

Matt: She'll talk to anybody.

Niki: It's an awesome release. When I'm singing, I'm nobody's mom or anything else; I'm just a chick in a band. I love it.

Marty: I've never heard that story.



Niki: Matt and I will be married 17 years, and it's cool we can do this together.

Kelly: When we play, everyone gravitates to Niki. All the girls think what she does is so cool.

Marty, how did you become a Hangout?

Marty: I was a fan of the Hangouts before I joined. I found them on MySpace – just typed in ‘Texas punk,’ and I couldn't believe this kind of music was happening in my state so close. When they posted an opening for a drummer, I talked to my wife about it and came up to try out in 2007.

Niki: That first meeting was a little awkward; here's a guy from Houston we met on the Internet. But he played the songs perfect.

Matt: After that one practice, we knew.

Marty: I saved the MySpace message that Matt sent. This is the longest I've been in a band, even after driving from Houston for years, five speeding tickets, and totaling a car.

Kelly, you're the drummer now. How did that happen?

Kelly: I was a fan of the band too, and I was friends with Matt and Niki. I had a chance to take up the drums when Marty came on board in 2007, but it was not a good time for me. In the fall of 2009, The Ex-Optimists (*the band Minnis fronts*) and the Hangouts were doing a joint tour of the West to Denver. Two weeks before, The Hangouts' bass player dropped out. After scrambling, since I knew the songs and Marty is a bass player to begin with, I moved to the drums. It was the same sort of thing – after one practice . . . we knew.

Niki: He was so sick on that tour too.

Kelly: I had swine flu. I would black out between beats. This was supposed to just be for the tour anyway.

Matt: We weren't ready to stop though.

(After a hiatus of a few months, the current lineup would emerge in 2010.)

Marty: It was like falling in love all over again.

Matt: We're doing what we want to do; we're not in it to win it. This is fun.

Niki: With Kelly, we were friends first, and that makes a big difference in the band dynamic.

Kelly: We've all been in serious bands that had a plan for climbing up the rungs of success.

Matt: We're too old for all that shit.

Kelly: None of that is as much fun as this.

Niki: We've turned into grownups, but we never stopped having fun.

Matt: We wouldn't trade for our families, but we always balance both.

Niki: All our kids are growing up with that kind of balance too.

Why vinyl? Why now?

Niki: Vinyl is like an old friend. It's old like us . . . and it sounds cooler.

Kelly: Vinyl's legitimate, and because everybody here knows the first (vinyl) record they bought (this engendered the blurting of band names of which only Bad Brains and Minor Threat stood out).

Matt: It's a age thing.

Marty: It's a way of gauging your success, a vinyl release . . . that and getting your face on a t-shirt.

Niki: Poor Marty, you still don't have your face on a t-shirt.

Matt: It's a process that says you're serious; there's a weight to having something on vinyl, especially when it's so easy to record CDs now.

Kelly: With our own label Sinkhole, we could do 10 CDs for what it takes to do one 7-inch vinyl record.

Marty: And when Sony comes to sign us up, we'll have some vinyl to show them.

Niki: Cutthroat is a legit label, and it's a huge compliment for them to put out a record by us for us. Bill Fool (label partner), I respect him a lot. He's good people; we are pretty lucky.

Marty: I've been in bands since I was 16, and this is the first time I've been on vinyl.

Kelly: This is the first time in 23 years that I've ever been on vinyl.



What's down the road for the Hangouts?

Matt: We're talking to a band in Japan, and we'd like to do a split 7-inch with them. And then tour Japan.

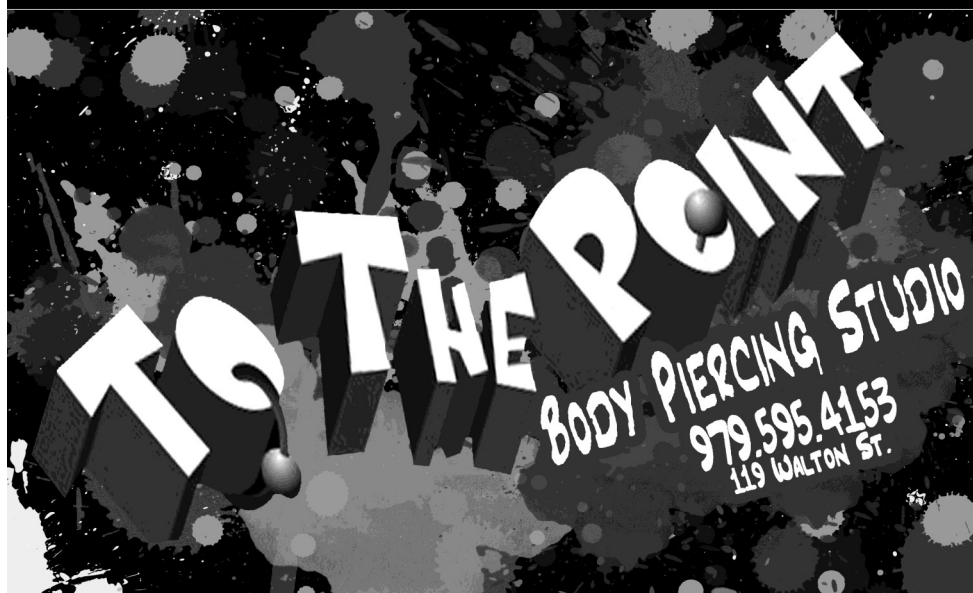
Kelly: It'll be just like our recent tour of Seattle.

Niki: That would be so radical.

Hangouts live 4/1 @ Mangos, Houston-4/22 @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan AND 5/21 @ LOUDFEST 4, downtown Bryan-Search Facebook for Hangouts or sinkholetexas.com

かん73 ボーイフレンド

(Dehydrated Boyfriend) BY MORGAN LEIGH #4



979 Represent 6

Brazos County Metal News



On April 8, Cody Hancock (Predominant Mortification, Lysis, founder of the Extreme Metal scene here in Brazos County) is having a show with his new band **Paradox Alive** at the Stafford Main. Cody told me this new band is not the traditional Death Metal we are used to hearing from him. He joined up with former band members from Nox Cimmerii in Huntsville—Aaron Shipley, Blake Abramski, Frank Blaydes and new bass player Reed Estep. The band has been in the studio recording their first CD which will be played this night. Also on this same card is another new local band that's owning the stage they perform on, **Sea of Wolves**. I have personally seen these kids play twice now and each time up onstage they have proved that they are here to stay. It's always amazing to see the youth bring their energy to the Local Metal Scene, Come out and support them Folks! Other bands playing include local Christian Metal **Behold the Great Throne**, East Texas Thrash Masters **A Theory On Conquest** and **Halt the Morning**.

<http://www.paradoxalive.com/> & Facebook/Paradox Alive
<http://www.myspace.com/seaofwolvextx> & Facebook/Sea of Wolves
<http://beholdthegreatthrone.com/> & Facebook/Behold The Great Throne
<http://www.myspace.com/atheoryonconquest> & Facebook/A Theory on Conquest



Sea of Wolves

On April 9, the local band **Transcend Before Azalea** will have their first show ever at The Stafford Main. Last month, I reported on this band as "witnessing the birth of a new Metal band" and as them having their first show in late March. Well, Folks, the show got cancelled. This has given the band even more practice time which they have capitalized on. They have perfected their set and are ready to dish some serious loads of Metal Music on us! They have some samples of their music in form of video on their Facebook page. Facebook/Transcend

On April 14 at Revolutions it's Stoner Rock/Metal Night with **The Tron Sack**, **We Were Wolves**, and **Strike Threagles**. If you haven't heard The Tron Sack before then you need to come out and see Kelly and Matt and other musical geniuses massage the senses with two-string Bass attack and distorted sounds that will fit with whatever type of buzz ya got.

April 27—May 1st at Welch Park in Lake Somerville...It's the **Hawgs of Texas Biker Rally** and there will be tons of Live Rock & Metal Music with the headliners of the show being **Texas Hippie Coalition**. It's the biggest Party of the year on the Lake and I will be interviewing the band for an upcoming article in 979Represent! For more info on this show that selling out fast! Go here: <http://www.hawgsoftexas.com/2011> & Facebook/Hawgs of Texas

Coming up on May 7th at The Stafford Main, Lone Star Metal magazine is having its first Metal showcase here in Brazos County. On the card so far is **Snake Skin Prison**, plus locals **Culture in Ruin**, **Hell's Conspiracy**, and **Bonnie Blue** with more bands to be announced! Facebook.com/SnakeSkinPrison

Look up my page on Facebook /FoilFace the Metalhead for any New local pictures,video's, shows, news,or announcements of the Brazos County Metal Music scene.—**FOILFACE**

TX Film Festival Kicks Off At A&M

The Texas Film Festival gets underway April 1st through 3rd at Rudder Auditorium on Texas A&M's College Station campus. The event is organized by Aggie SWAMP and MSC Aggie Cinema, and each year presents submitted films from independent filmmakers. Each year the festival hosts notable filmmaker guests. In previous years Spike Lee, Oliver Stone, Tim McCanlies, Robert Rodriguez, Sean Astin, John Landis, and John Waters have appeared at the festival. This is the first time since 2005 the festival is being held.

The Texas Film Festival presents films in three categories: shorts, high school shorts and feature films. All films accepted into the festival will be shown over the three nights, along with selected musical guests.

Badges and individual tickets will be available for sale from the MSC Box Office (first floor of Rudder Tower) and online at boxoffice.tamu.edu. Students get \$1 off both badges and individual tickets. Information about afterparties will be at <http://txfilmfestival.com>—**KELLY MINNIS**

Friday, April 1, 2011
 Doors Open (6:30 PM) - Rudder Theater
 Short Films (7:00 - 8:15 PM) - Rudder Theater
Archer
Powerpoint
Tarang
Emoticon
P.O.V.
Bright Colors
Sink
Venti Cappucino
Saved By The Belding

Feature Film (8:30 - 10:30 PM) - Rudder Theater
A Savior Red

Saturday, April 2, 2011
 Panel #1 (2:00 PM) - Rudder TBA
 Discussion with makers of *A Savior Red*
 Panel #2 (3:15 PM) - Rudder TBA
 Past Swampfest Favorites

Doors Open (6:30 PM) - Rudder Theater
 Short Films (7:00 - 8:30 PM) - Rudder Theater
Entropy
Look At The Camera
A Higher Power
A Childs Christmas in Texas
Pen Pals
L'amour out of time
The Way Home
Opposite Day
He Loves me He Loves Me Not Rx
The Man Who Never Cried

Feature Film (8:30 - 10:30 PM) - Rudder Theater
Turkey Bowl

Sunday, April 3, 2011
 Panel #3 (2:00 PM) - Rudder TBA
 Workshop with producers of *The Man Who Never Cried*
 Panel #4 (3:15 PM) - Rudder TBA
Aggieland I Love You

Door Open (6:30 PM) - Rudder Theater
 Short Films (7:00 - 8:00PM)
Drops of Summer
A Friend of Mr. Lynch
The Boombox Saints
Devour
unbound
Moving On

Awards Ceremony (8:00 - 8:15 PM) - Rudder Theater
 Feature Film (8:30 - 10:30 PM) - Rudder Theater
Everyday Sunshine: The Story of Fishbone

concert calendar

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4/1—Caravan Go, Reagan Firestorm @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
4/1—The Lonely Hunter @ A&M Penberthy Intramural Fields, College Station. 8pm
4/1—Rattletree Marimba @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
4/1—Plump @ Zapatos, College Station. 9pm
4/1—La Guerilla @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/2—Signal Rising, Bellacide @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
4/2—College Station Carnival featuring **Best Coast** @ Dixie Chicken, College Station. 6pm
4/2—Strawberry Jam, The Conglomerate @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

4/3—Stephen Hawking @ Rudder Auditorium, College Station. 6pm

4/5—Cindy's Birthday Party with **Red Meadow, J Goodin, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

4/7—Seraph @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

4/8—Charlie Robison @ Chilifest, Snook. 9pm
4/8—Paradox Alive, Behold the Great Throne, A Theory On Conquest, Halt the Morning, Sea of Wolves @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
4/8—Alkari, The Ex-Optimists, Electric Heights, Conor Kearns @ Zapatos, College Station. 10pm

4/9—A Formal Affair @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
4/9—Dierks Bentley @ Chilifest, Snook. 6pm
4/9—the Neckties @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 9pm
4/9—Transcend Before Azalea, Domain of Arnheim, Bleed the Machine, Culture in Ruin, My Devastator, Ink Blot @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

Totally Rad Show of the Month



Wonder what he thinks about the theory of singularity.—
KELLY MINNIS

Well, not a show, but definitely the most interesting event. The world's premiere theoretical physicist **Stephen Hawking** will present a lecture on "The Origin of the Universe" Sunday, April 3rd at Rudder Auditorium on Texas A&M's campus in College Station. And let the handwringing begin, because he maintains in this lecture that if there is such a thing as God it is at best a disconnected and disinterested being, that there is other life out there, and that human beings are like discarded computers. When we die our souls and memories are like old software, just waiting for the man machine to be reignited.

the theory of singularity.—

Record Reviews



Lucinda Williams
Blessed

From the opening track "Buttercup," on her 10th studio album *Blessed*, Lucinda Williams hits that raw, honest and weathered country-rock tone with lyrics that make some nod in understanding and some wince from the sting. The music is absolutely gorgeous and I often found myself lost in the guitars as much as I was being swallowed by Williams' urgency and vulnerability.

"I Don't Know How You're Livin'," Is a love song to friends and family. It doesn't question the object of love's intentions but is matter of fact in her pride for in all that they've suffered and loved. "I don't know how you're living/I don't know where you are/And you may not be willing/To open up the door/And if you should ever wonder/You shouldn't have to ask/Cuz I know you know brother/I've always got your back." She really seems to rub salt in the wound by following that up with the track "Copenhagen," where she sings to a deceased friend, "But you, have disappeared/You have been released/You are flecks of light/You are missed/Somewhere, spinning around the sun/Circling the moon/Traveling through time/You are missed."

Williams says that on *Blessed* she is, "branching out and learning how to write about other things besides unrequited love." Indeed she does tackle subjects such as suicide and war, but there is plenty of death it seems and

they sing like a broken heart all the same. On "Seeing Black," Elvis Costello joins Williams on guitar for a hard rocking pained and confused lament to suicide and drug abuse inspired by the late Vic Chesnutt. She struggles to understand but hearing the obvious frustration in her voice it is obvious that it is something she is resentful for never being able to fully understand. You would have to be a sociopath of American Psycho proportions to not empathize the heaviness of her broken heart on the track, "Born to Be Loved." Williams will knock you down to your knees with "Soldier's Song" only to offer you a hand back to your feet with 'Blessed.' It's a humbling, tragic and a beautiful record and the songs will stick with you long after you have stopped playing the record. It's a double album with the accompanying acoustic tracks entitled *Kitchen Tapes*. It's everything I love and want in my Nashville country.—**MIKEY ROE**

PHIL MANLEY LIFE COACH



Phil Manley
Life Coach

Phil Manley is not exactly a household name, but the bands he has played in (Trans Am, The Fucking Champs) are pretty well known in the indie rock community. On *Life Coach*, Manley's first solo album, he explores retro electronics in a completely different way than Trans Am does. Instead of 1980's *Miami Vice* neon cool, Manley instead goes for late 1970s impressionist Europe.

Manley's inspirations all come to the forefront on this album, from the Ash

Ra Tempel sequencer and sustain guitar workout of "Night Visions", the German electropop of "FT2 Theme" and "Life Coach", the dark ECM Records Terje Rypdal atmospheric folk guitar of "Lawrence, KS" and "Forest Opening Theme" to the Fripp/Eno-esque pastoral "Work It Out". All toll, *Life Coach* sounds like it could've been recorded at Conney Plank's place in Dusseldorf in 1979 and self-released with 200 copies on vinyl, the kind of stuff that people get all Mediafire crazy over on Mutant Sounds or some other library record MP3 blog. Except for one main caveat: this album is actually good. Manley does a swell job of distilling what's great about that era into one concise statement. It's a good gateway drug to the last great hurrah of the 1970s.—**KELLY MINNIS**



R.E.M.
Collapse Into Now

I haven't always been a 100% devoted R.E.M. fan. I didn't really begin to get deeply into them until about 20 years ago with the release of their most successful album *Out of Time*. I couldn't avoid it. That album was everywhere I turned that year. I eventually dug back into their catalog and was well-rewarded for it, and have since been a loyal fan. And, aside from one major misstep (2004's dad-rock *Around the Sun*) I've pretty much enjoyed every album they've released.

So what about *Collapse Into Now*, their brand new release? I streamed it a few times prior to release through NPR and if you had asked me this question a

few weeks ago, I'd have said, "Meh". Because of my loyalty, I went ahead and bought it when it was released late last month. I'm glad my loyalty won over, because the album is better on fourth and fifth listens than I originally gave it credit for. That said, it is with this release that I believe R.E.M. is comfortable admitting their best work is all safely behind them.

How's that? Because every song on *Collapse Into Now* fits the mold of previous archetypes the band has founded on earlier albums. *CIN*'s opener "Discover" sounds so much like *Document*'s opener "Finest Worksong" that you would be forgiven for mistaking the two. "All the Best" struts like previous album *Accelerate*'s title track. "Uberlin" begins nearly the same as 1993's "Drive" but mixed with 1996's "Electrolite". "Oh My Heart" akin to "Swan Swan H" etc. ad inf. Punk poet Patti Smith, who added some serious heft to 1996's *New Adventures In Hi-Fi* even returns for a couple of cameos.

The point is that R.E.M. decided to release a greatest hits album, but rather than include previously-released material, they decided to cover themselves, and who else is best qualified to be an R.E.M. cover band than, well, R.E.M.? This sounds all rather snide, but I do enjoy the album more than I thought I would, based on those first few listens. And I am *notoriously* bad about dismissing music based on first listens on the Internet. *Collapse Into Now* is a pretty good album, but R.E.M. is no longer taking any risks or breaking any new ground. Many dismiss their post *Monster* output as either trying to rock too hard, bite on Radiohead's style too hard or rather just not trying hard enough. *Collapse Into Now* doesn't fall into any of those camps (and I happen to think their 1996-2002 output is very much underrated). It's rather like buying new clothes that are exactly like your old clothes. That's not necessarily a bad thing, but I prefer when R.E.M. doesn't sound like they're giving up to fan pressures. I like it when they want to take me some place different. This time, they're taking us on well-known roads.—**KELLY MINNIS**

4/14—We Were Wolves, The Tron Sack, Strike Threagles @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
4/14—Aqua Jones @ Zapatos, College Station. 9pm

4/15—Womack Brothers @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/16—Lee Buckner & The River Bends, Ghost Stories, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
4/16—Cube @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
4/16—Johnny Falstaff @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 9pm

4/20—Bonnieblue, Mayka Relocate, Sea of Wolves, Pat the Human @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/21—Puente @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

4/22—The Hangouts (7" release party), **Something Fierce, Hell City Kings** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
4/22—The Lonely Hunter @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

4/23—The Hi-Tones @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

4/28—James Hyland & The Joint Chiefs @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

4/29—Jonathan Tyler & The Northern Lights, The Dirty Heads @ Duck Jam, Wolf Pen Creek Amphitheater, College Station. 6pm

4/30—Strawberry Jam @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm
4/30—A Formal Affair @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
4/30—Bellamy Brothers, Hotel California @ Duck Jam, Wolf Pen Creek Amphitheater, College Station. 6pm

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