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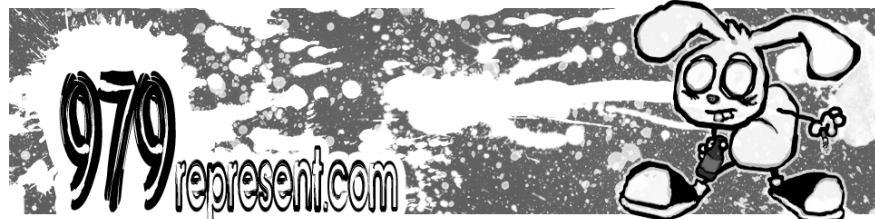
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979Represent is a local magazine
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Tying Hate To the State Budget



Late last month the Texas A&M Student Senate voted to approve S.B.63-106, also known as the "Sexual Education Equality In Funding Bill". The S.B. coincides with a portion of the Texas State Budget bill HB-1 drawn up by Rep. Wayne Christian requiring that "Texas public universities match the funding for alternative sexual education with funding for education on traditional values". Basically, it means that for every dollar spent to support lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender students on Texas A&M's campus another dollar must be spent to directly undermine that way of life. Huh? What?

It means that L.G.B.T. students at Texas A&M just got slapped upside the head yet again with another classy showing of Aggie intolerance and bigotry. But rather than a good old-fashioned fag bashing the Student Senate almost shows a reasonable, E.R.A. sort of approach. I mean, if we can fund resources for *those people* can't we fund support for normal people too? With that kind of reasoning you can almost rationalize tying funding to Muslim, Jewish, African-American, Latino and any other minority student group to equal funding for a "white support" organization. Also, with that thinking in mind, when will we see the funding for a Men's Support Center to equal that of the Women's Support Center? That would never happen. Why? Because the conventional family values assertion is that a student's status identifying themselves as L.G.B.T. is still a choice, and racial or gender identification is something you are genetically manufactured with. And because overt racial and gender insensitivity is terribly déclassé and has gone underground. Outward intolerance of L.G.B.T. is one of the few prejudices that is still somewhat acceptable amongst some people to display openly. Though I suspect there would be a similar reaction, probably to a lesser degree of intensity, towards increasing funding for Muslim student support.

The intolerance may be subtle, but it is intolerance nonetheless. The last time I checked, "traditional values" are on display 24/7, 365 on Texas A&M's campus and pretty much most of Bryan and College Station. Drive down Anderson on a Sunday and watch thousands of Aggie students fall into church every Sunday morning. I've seen the gigantic 30-foot anti-abortion signs on campus. Texas A&M places right next to Hillsdale and Bob Jones as one of the most conservative universities in the country. I know A&M's institutional history as an intolerant school to alternative lifestyles. Texas A&M ranks 17th in the Princeton Review's list of the country's most L.G.B.T.-unfriendly colleges. It is *precisely* this reason that the Senate's actions are absolutely ludicrous. Let's take an already disenfranchised minority on our campus and let's disenfranchise them a little bit more, all in the name of equality and family values. They should be ashamed of themselves.

Although I did not attend or matriculate from Texas A&M I am a part of the greater A&M campus community and while I am deeply disappointed in the Senate's actions, I am not surprised. It is my hope that the Student Senate's undue action will be dismissed by the state legislature during budgetary hearings. However, I am reminded that that we live in Texas, and boneheaded ultra-conservative family values issues raise more boners for state legislators than the very difficult business of hammering out a budget and still funding public services that are important to our societal order. Refuting science with judeo-mumbo pocus in textbooks and drafting issues like S.B.63-106 are great ways to make it look like the state legislature is really doing what you elected them to do, while they are busy finding other ways in private to fuck you over. Progress. One step forward, three steps backwards. Sigh.—KELLY MINNIS

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I Like My Babies Shaken Not Stirred

Setting: 'Twas a beautiful Tuesday morning, whilst listening to the radio (Candy 95.1) on a lazy morning commute to school for my tike. I, myself, am not a fan of pop music, but the little one enjoys an early morning dance and twist every once in a while, so I'm more than happy to endure the stereophonic nonsense that populates the airwaves these days; it's also a good indicator of how old I'm getting when I get to complain about the kids these days and what they call music.

Upon the end of the usual Katy Perry shit that overpopulates said station, it was time for commercials. A very serious toned female suddenly came through on the speakers and you automatically knew that it was a Public Service Announcement (PSA). I never really minded these when I was back in California because they were always something to do with the Earth and being that we were in the month of April, I just figured that it was an Earth Day message on recycling; maybe give me and the child something to discourse about other than the cuteness of Justin Bieber. The serious toned female when into her dialogued speech and it was about.....

Wait for it.....Shaken Baby Syndrome.

Apparently, this is the "affliction" where a parent is emotionally subdued to a point in their psyche where an overwhelming need to shake their baby into submission is something that seems absolutely necessary. Uber serious female then went on to announce that Texas is leading the nation when it comes to children who meet their eventual mortal demise due to this "syndrome". She had an intonation in her voice that expressed a worrisome concern when announcing this negative fact, but something either in the writer's passage or in the delivery suggested that there was a sliver of pride; at least Texas was leading, dare I say winning, in something.

A couple of personal problems arise from this scenario that make me question the nature of humanity in regards to just a general consensus of common sense, nay, intelligence as can be construed as a whole. First off, the PSA - Public Safety is a concern that I can completely understand. There are various situations that populate life that have no means of foreknowledge. Not to beat a dead horse, but being from Cali, earthquakes were something that were a definite concern. Being that Cali is full of people from all over the world, the dangers and risks were not common knowledge to these transplants. To me that is a PSA that makes sense. It's for actual Public Safety! The fact that you get frustrated with the FACT that you have a kid that is prone to being unhappy, uncomfortable, or maybe just hungry is not an issue of public safety. The question then becomes is it an issue of public safety that you would be an individual that, if pushed to a level of being uncomfortably disposed by your own flesh and blood (in most cases) that you would shake an infant to death something that should be publicly addressed for the general populace? In my opinion, the bigger sense of safety that should be addressed in this scenario is people having kids. That's a whole other topic that could be used for a future article and has way too many ethical implications beyond the scope of safety, so I'll leave it for another time.

I will not however overlook the fact that if you throw the word "syndrome" at an act that is just plain inhuman, that it somehow makes it an acceptable excuse to find justification to what is just plain murder. Murder is an act that very definitely concerns public safety, but it shouldn't count when you get frustrated with your kid that you shake it to death. That pretty much is the opposite of a syndrome; that is an epidemic of sheer stupidity, which by definition is something that negates the need for safety. Does that mean if I throw the word syndrome into context with the fact that I'm not always ecstatic about my employment that it somehow gives me justification to take a shit on my desk? NO! That would be ludicrous. I would rightly be designated as the weird guy who randomly shits on his desk when he's stressed. These are the actions delegated for animals. Nature, in all of it's (perceived) wisdom has given humanity the capacity to exercise reason for the supposed advancement of this experience known as life. Choice is then exercised by the individual as to whether this capacity is utilized. To throw the word syndrome on it for the benefit of those that choose not to use this capacity is just redundant.

Let us collectively review and streamline what it means to exercise public safety and let's be a little more selective when it comes to both nomenclature with regards to people's actions and what it means to make life just a little more safer. After all, there is no point in negating natural selection if it's going to make the collective majority of humanity safer if we lose a couple of those broken eggs. Just an opinion.... - *THE DAHLI RAMA*

Franzen's Freedom Focuses On Obsession

Jonathan Franzen's third novel is a family epic of almost Tolstoyan ambition ("almost" because it's a paltry 562 pages), spanning two generations. At the center are Walter and Patty Berglund, a well-to-do couple raising a family of four in the suburbs of St. Paul, MN. Also at the center is Walter's unlikely best friend, Richard Katz, a punk rocker who grows up to be an aging punk rocker. Also at the center is the sexual tension between Richard Katz and Patty Berglund. I make these generalizations with a hint of injustice, as there is so much else unfolding besides Patty and Walter's marital transgressions.

A sense of foreboding pervades the entire piece as Walter and Patty and—more distantly—Richard struggle with the mistakes they have made in their collective attempt to reach maturity and stay there. It will take the entire novel to catalog these mistakes, but the reader knows from the beginning that things did not turn out well for the Berglunds. The novel's opening lines set the backdrop of what is to come: "The news about Walter Berglund wasn't picked up locally—he and Patty had moved away to Washington two years earlier and meant nothing to St. Paul now—but the urban gentry of Ramsey Hill were not so loyal to their city as not to read the *New York Times*. According to a long and very unflattering story in the *Times*, Walter had made quite a mess of his professional life...Then again, there had always been something not quite right about the Berglunds". Indeed.

Richard aside, what may seem most "not quite right" is Walter and Patty's son Joey, a precocious and hard-headed boy who will essentially steal the show for the latter half of the novel. Patty's affection for her son crosses the line between maternal love and idolatry, her clinginess eventually leading to Joey's decision to move in with the Berglunds' next-door neighbors. Much of the grief this move causes is due to who the next-door neighbors are: a right-wing conservative couple ("white trash," so to speak), whose daughter is Joey's girlfriend, Connie. Patty loathes Connie because she is the "other woman" in Joey's life. Walter loathes her mother and her mother's boyfriend because of their political and social tenets. And because Walter and Patty blame each other for Joey's abdication, well, the marriage doesn't improve because of this.

Franzen is undeniably the author of America's white middle class, and, though the novel moves from Minnesota to New York to Washington, D.C. and back, his ability to translate the different kinds of yuppiness that occur in these disparate locales is impressive. Nevertheless, *Freedom* is far from a love song to the types of characters who people the novel. Walter is well-meaning but still responsible for mountaintop removal mining and the displacement of dozens of impoverished families, whose heritage is sacrificed in order to build a bird sanctuary. His zealous efforts to increase awareness of global overpopulation only breed a violent national movement that gives his cause a bad name. *Freedom* is a cautionary tale, a reminder that obsession, be it with money, a person, or a cause, is essentially a corrupting agent. The ending is a happy one, but timidly so, since the hardship gone through to obtain it was such a great one.—*HELENE GOLAY*

Geekbiz101 With Jeremy: Protecting Your Home



No one likes the thought of strangers breaking into your home and messing with your things. Not only is it illegal but How Rude! Today I am going to enlighten you to the ways of home security. We are fortunate enough to live in Texas where if someone breaks into your home you can blast them in the chest with a shotgun and get away with it. The real problem is what happens when you are not home? What happens when you take your "cold medicine" and are passed out in a self induced coma? This is where technology steps in. Everyone has seen those ADT commercials where the lady comes home with her kids and there is a robber breaking into a window. The sirens go off and he runs away. It is a great system that really works. If you have a system like this already it's great but what if you live in a rental house or apartment that doesn't have anything like that? The good systems are not cheap so what other options do you have? Locks. Beefy Locks. The more locks there are on a door the harder it is to get around them. Say you are a criminal skilled at picking locks. Would you rather spend the time trying to get past the door with five locks on it or would you rather go next door to the lady with only one lock? There is no locking device that is 100% tamper proof. Locks will only slow a determined criminal down so having many is beneficial.

Successful criminals are like ninjas. They like to sneak in and sneak out with no trouble. That's why you want to use Sirens. Ninjas HATE sirens. Not only are sirens annoying but they totally blow your cover. If you have flashing lights with the strobes it works even better. When someone is breaking into a house and sirens go off they usually drop everything they are doing and run away. OK Jeremy, so I've got sirens but what the hell do I do with them? You have to have some kind of activating circuit. A trigger system. There are many ways this can be achieved on a low budget. One way is to use magnetic reed switches. This works well for windows and doors but it requires a lot of wiring if you want to cover a large area.

Another way is to use LASERS! Automatic garage door sensors are a great example of this technology. The idea is that you set up a laser aimed directly at a photo-sensor. When the beam is broken it sends a signal to the power supply of your speaker strobes. You can even cover a large area with a single beam by reflecting it using tiny angled mirrors. Most garage door sensors use an infrared laser which means that the beam is invisible to the naked eye. This can be a blessing and a curse at the same time. On the good hand the bad guys won't be able to see it and step over it. On the bad hand it is invisible, making it much harder to aim when you are setting it up. Night vision optics can be a big help.

Cameras are a great tool for home security. The more cameras you have the better off you will be. NO ONE wants to get caught on camera doing something stupid. The bigger and more obvious the camera the better. Next time you go to a bank, look at the cameras they have. Get some of those. Show them that you're not fucking around and they might not even bother with your house. You might also want to have several more discreet cameras in other locations. Those black mirrored bubble dome cameras work great. There are many different kinds of cameras and it is hard to say which ones are the best.

Several things to keep in mind when choosing cameras. Location. Will this camera be inside or outside? Inside cameras can be pointed out of windows and are usually cheaper because they don't have to be weatherproof. This also makes it less likely to be tampered with. Strategic placement of cameras is just as important as the quality. You want to be able to see as much area as possible with out losing detail.

Software. You'll need a good system to record the video. This is where people end up spending the most unnecessary money. You really don't need fancy specialized hardware like the old days. If you get IP cameras you can connect them to your home network using standard CAT5 cable. The more cameras you get, you just plug them into a switch hub like Legos. Totally plug and play. All you have to do at that point is go to the IP address of the camera in web browser and see your camera. Now if you want to record everything...for free, all you need is a computer running Linux. Zoneminder is an open source program that manages camera feed. It supports motion detection, and you can even have it notify you by email when there is an alarm. You also can set up specific zones in the cameras view so for example you could monitor motion in your driveway but not the traffic in the street.

There are other things that you can do to protect your home as well. Sometimes a good deterrent is all it takes. Flood lights are a great way to drive away criminals. They prefer the shadows and if your house looks like an airport runway chances are they will pick an easier target. Home security signs and window stickers can also serve as a good deterrent. It really doesn't matter if you have a security system or not. If you have a sign that says "This house is monitored by ADT" chances are criminals are not going to try and break in to call you on your bullshit. Doors are easy to barricade with huge locks and steel frames but windows are made of glass. Some criminals are not as stealthy as most and will straight up throw a brick through your window to get in. If you don't want to use steel prison bars, another way to protect your windows is with simple landscaping. Plant the most annoying prickly plants imaginable under all of your windows. It may sound stupid but who wants to wade through chest high cactus to get into a window when they could just go to one of the other houses down the street. You could also utilize barb wire if you don't mind how it looks. Another good deterrent is dogs. Big scary dogs. You could also build a moat around your house and fill it with raw sewage and haggard wooden spikes or just have a pit full of alligators or sharks. The possibilities are truly limited only by your budget and local city regulations.—*JEREMY FRANK*



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Alkali are hard to describe in pat terms. This Houston trio writes catchy hard rock songs within a dynamic and musically idiom, with thundering bass, harmony vocals and dissonant guitar chords. That makes them sound stuffy, which is entirely not the case when they go off the reservation mid-song and fuck shit

up, which is often.

Alkali plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday 5/20 at 10:00pm
<http://myspace.com/alkarian>

The Busy Kids are four punk rock girls from Houston who bang out sweet teen pop songs encased inside a tough nightmare punk shell, pounding four-on-the-floor beats, pell-mell tempos and ratty guitar distortion smeared over those winsome voices. The stuff that dreams are made of.



The Busy Kids play The Revolution Stage 5/21 at 5:00pm
www.facebook.com/pages/The-Busy-Kids/133742379981064?v=wall



Houston's **Charger Fits** are the left-handedest motherfuckers you will ever meet. Seriously, these guys are all left-handed. Watching them will freak you out, and not just because you feel like you've somehow emerged into the negative

film version of your life. They will turn your shit inside out with straight-forward honest to goodness working man's punk rock. Fans of late '90s West Coast dirtbag punk like The Hellacopter, Murder City Devils and Zeke as well as girls who dig singers who can do the splits while fucking up a guitar will definitely want to check these dudes out.

Charger Fits plays The Stafford Stage Saturday 5/21 at 5:30pm
<http://myspace.com/chargerfits>

Memphis sleaze punk rockers **Chinamen** are irreverent as hell, banging out two-minute beer-raising anthems to pussy, drinking, going out and having a damn good time. These four fellas (the preferred nomenclature is *Asian, Dude*) will assuredly leave a gallon of sweat on the floor, drink all yer beer and leave you soaked in rocknroll.



Chinamen plays The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 11:45pm
<http://myspace.com/chinamenmemphis>



The Dead Revolt represent Houston with a hectic post-hardcore punk rock approach to prog rock. Time signature algebra versus over-the-top manic vocals, machine gun snare drum hits and Mars Volta-like song structures. And these guys are still in their teens, rocking

out like a boss.

The Dead Revolt plays The Revolution Stage Friday 5/20 at 11:45pm
<http://www.reverbnation.com/thedeadrevolt>

From the ashes of Bachelor Police and Fistful of Dollars comes **Mike The Engineer**, a trio making good times beer drinking alternative rock with a hard rock edge.

Mike The Engineer plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday 5/20 at 8:30pm
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LOUD!FEST 2011

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YOUR GUIDE TO WHO'S PLAYING

The rock & roll duo has become the preferred hipster format of the 2000's. Especially the bass and drums rock band. Houston's **Female Demand** turns that style completely upside down. Bassist Bradley Munoz has a pedalboard with more knobs and blinking lights than the Millennium Falcon and with it he conjures up splatters of feedback, space trash, half-received ship-to-shore transmissions and robotic conversations. Drummer Jonathan Perez is a blur of hair and drumsticks, playing willfully against the beat, across the beat, like an expert painter going broad across the canvas. In-between all of this, Female Demand just flat out rocks you with a visceral experience, pushing your eardrums to the point of bursting, where your eardrums' natural distortion adds to the fun.



Female Demand plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday 5/21 at 9:15pm
<http://myspace.com/femaledemand>



Halt The Morning make new style hardcore metal with punishing head banging riffs, powerful breakdowns, and shout vocals...but then sweeten it all up with keening melodic choruses, stop-

time arrangements and crashing cymbals.

Halt The Morning plays The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 6:30pm
<http://www.myspace.com/haltthemorning>

I've devoted more column inches to **The Hangouts** than I have to any other band in my five year history of living in TX. Why? Because they are quite possibly the funnest band in Bryan/College Station. Just good ol' pre-hardcore Southern California punk rock. Like the stuff you'd read about in *Thrasher* in 1982, when punk rock was still fun. I liked 'em so much that I joined the band!



The Hangouts play The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 8:45pm
<http://reverbnation.com/thehangouts>

White Crime is a Houston dirtbag punk rock offshoot of the already quite dirtbag Houston white knuckle punk band The Cutters. It's pretty much The Cutters without frontman Geo, so I'm guessing the Autobahn-paced one minute psychotic Vox Jaguar-fueled rave-ups are definitely intact, and that is the most important part of The Cutters' sound, and undoubtedly the same for White Crime.

White Crime headlines The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 12:30pm
<http://whitecrime.bandcamp.com>

Not too many punk bands still rock it out in ska fashion, but Austin's **Head Panic** really doesn't fucking care. They blend the skank in with the hard-charging triple time punk rock like a drunken bull on stiletto heels, all delicate skill within a teetering whirling frenzy of big ass beef.



Head Panic plays The Revolution Stage Friday 5/20 at 10:15pm
<http://myspace.com/headpanic>



Houston's **The Hot Things** have carved out a niche for themselves somewhere between crusty punk, early '80s Sunset Strip sleaze metal and the proto-grunge of late '80s Minneapolis. With a full-on twin Marshall onslaught, big drums and a sassy shit-talking front woman, they are one of my favorite bands in Texas. I shit you not. Throw up a beer shower, bang your head, and raise them devil horn's high.

The Hot Things play The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 9:30pm
<http://myspace.com/thehotthings>

Jay Satellite is a four-piece band from Hutto that unabashedly rings out early '90s big guitar power pop with catchy melodies and songs you swear you've heard before...but there's a dark undercurrent to the lyrics and guitar chords and a quirkiness that shows their record collections go deep towards post-punk, goth, shoegaze and beyond. If you dig on Superdrag and Sugar you will certainly dig on Jay Satellite.



Jay Satellite plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday 5/21 at 7:00pm
<http://reverbnation.com/jaysatellite>



The Ex-Optimists start off LOUDFEST this year with their atmospheric early '90s indie noise pop. Many of their songs devolve into chaos, with dudes lying on the floor slowly turning guitar pedal knobs until it seems like your pores are oozing and melting into puddles of kerosene, lit on fire by ring modulation, echo pedal oscillations and tribal scream therapy drumming. Somewhere inside that cacophony is an inspired rock band screaming out noise pop angular beauty.

The Ex-Optimists play The Revolution Stage Friday 5/20 at 8pm
<http://reverbnation.com/theexoptimists>



Kill The State is one of those bands that just makes complete sense. Agitprop left-wing politics duct-taped to a vest bomb of a band, completely unstable, rickety and could very easily detonate before impact. That is a good thing, mein froinds, because Kill The State encases those pipe bomb songs inside sugary pop smarts that bury themselves in your head and stay there. Who knew songs about the lack of universal health care, racist state laws, Che Guevara and revolting against the American Way could be catchy as shit? Like the Civics and History classes you daydreamed about in high school.

Kill The State plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday 5/20 at 9:15pm
<http://www.myspace.com/killthestaterevolution>

Laserz are post-modern in the sense that they combine many seemingly conflicting musical idioms together into something different. Hefty heavy metal guitars, nerdboy synth noodling, found-sound turntablism, and a stage show that comes off more like



Go To Work With Dad Day at your local nuclear energy plant (if your dad just happens to be Mark Mothersbaugh) complete with smoke and Geiger counters. Remember how awesome Marty McFly was scaring his dad to shitfits in his nukesuit? Yeah, Laserz are 15.5x cooler than that.

Laserz play The The Stafford Main Stage Saturday 5/21 at 8:30pm
<http://myspace.com/laserzwilldestroyu>

Houston post-hardcore punk trio **Muhammadali** have had a pretty big year, touring with Japanther and a bunch of other really cool indie rock bands. But these dudes really have something all their own. They got an '80s Washington D.C. kind of sound, when punk rock slowed down a little bit, learned how to wear its heart on its sleeve and play distortion-smeared pop-rock songs intended for jaded punk rock kids to shout along to, make out to, and get their hearts broken to. The kind of music that could soundtrack a generation.



Muhammadali plays The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 10:15pm
<http://myspace.com/muhhamid>



Satin Hooks plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday 5/20 at 10:45pm
<http://myspace.com/satinhooks>

I like a band that knows how to balance mood with song-writing smarts. That can bliss out to the outer reaches of the solar system but bring it all back together with a good song. Houston's **Satin Hooks** has that ability, and demonstrates it with bursts of galactic jams within noisy indie pop anthems.

Houston math-metal trio **Omotai** can put their heads down and thrash it out with the best of 'em, but it's the little flourishes of hardcore, progressive rock and post-rock that makes them quite a bit different than the standard drop-D screamy hardcore that is so pervasive in Texas these days. Like smart kids making metal that makes the average metal kid a tad smarter.

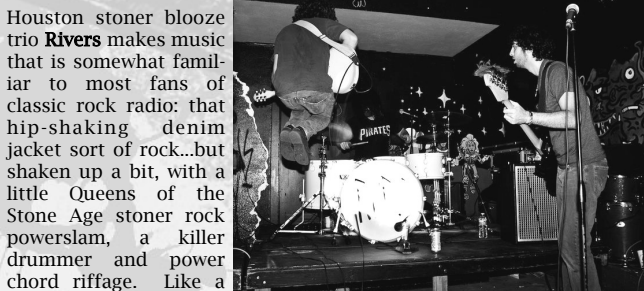


Omotai plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday 5/20 at 11:30pm
<http://reverbnation.com/omotai>



The early '90s was a time when the all-female loud rock band became somewhat accepted to the average dude rocker. Aside from Joan Jett or maybe Throwing Muses there really wasn't much else to get excited about. Lita Ford was a shadow of her awesome Runaways self. Vixen? Oh brother. Austin's **One Good Lung** puts both leather-booted feet squarely in that L7—early Hole—Babes In Toyland territory, but adds a stoner rock haze and a slightly noisy no-wave tint to it. The overall effect is psychedelic and headbanging all at the same time.

One Good Lung plays The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 5:45pm
<http://myspace.com/onegoodlung>



Rivers headlines The Stafford Stage Saturday 5/21 at 12:15am
<http://riverstheband.bandcamp.com/>



Sea Of Wolves is a very young metal band from College Station that bring forth fist-pumping low-end heavy Southern hardcore metal complete with double-kick flashes, twisting guitar riffs and screamer vocals.

Sea Of Wolves plays The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 8:00pm
<http://reverbnation.com/seaofwolves>

You feel **The Roller** just as much as you hear them. This Austin stoner metal quartet revels in letting the guitars feed-back and bury those sonic waves into your guts, a visceral experience that you've never quite felt from a small band show. Like packing My Bloody Valentine volume into your bedroom. Lumbering heavy guitar riffs, drums as big as storage units, and four dudes that look like they may have stumbled in from a logging truck in Idaho, ripped as shit on Rainier and ready to rain metal all over you.



The Roller headlines The Stafford Main Stage Friday 5/20 at 12:30am
<http://www.myspace.com/gloomaxe>



Houston punk/pop trio **Something Fierce** has really matured in the past few years. Starting out as a super-fast crazy catchy Clash-styled punk rock band, but now sneaking a bit of the skinny tie sentiment, a bit of the second wave of British punk rock bands who weren't afraid to let a little Beatles shine through all the leather and Vaseline. Something Fierce are one of the most dynamic and song-smart punk rock bands in the country and you are lucky as fuck to hear them.

Something Fierce plays The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 11:00pm
<http://reverbnation.com/somethingfierce>

Austin's **Sore Losers** mix it up old-school style, bringing some of that tattooed Social Distortion working class snottiness back into punk rock. Shouty proletariat anthems launched forth from that good ol' mid-tempo power chord chugging strut that to me brings punk rock back from the meat heads and puts it back into good hands.



Sore Losers plays The Revolution Stage Saturday 5/21 at 7:15pm
<http://reverbnation.com/sorelosersrock>



Houston lifers **Sweeve** have been making anthemic dirty punk rock for 20 years now. I suppose the pissed-off teenager never truly grows up.

Sweeve plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday 5/21 at 6:15pm
<http://reverbnation.com/sweeve>



Transmography is possibly Austin's most original-sounding band. Its sound combines punk rock confrontation, banging on shit found in the attic industrial music, single-finger new wave synth melody and crunchy post-rock downbeat mathematics. Smart music never felt so good.

Transmography plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday 5/21 7:45pm
<http://myspace.com/transmography>

Houston noise duo **Wasp And Pear** weaves a drunken tapestry of found sound, treated guitar and laptop atmospherics into a brutally loud tapestry, like taking off your glasses, lying down on the floor and peering bleary-eyed up at the Christmas tree lights for hours on end.



Wasp And Pear plays The Revolution Stage Friday 5/20 at 9:30pm
<http://reverbnation.com/waspandpear>

CONTINUES ON PAGE 6

979 Represent 5



Beaumont's **We Were Wolves** loves to rock the classic rock twin guitar hard rock riff and dinosaur drum beat, but with a modern alt-rock keen eye for melody, songcraft and texture. Recently they've really begun to focus more on writing really catchy songs that are now front and center and no longer

just peek out from underneath the QOTSA-inspired boogie.

We Were Wolves headlines The Revolution Stage Friday 5/20 at 12:30am
<http://reverbnation.com/wewerewolvextx>

The Well is the new project for former Wine & Revolution frontman and College Station native Ian ? W&R were a somewhat scrappy garage-esque Mid '80s London kind of band, The Well takes those pop smarts and the garage swing and dirties it up a bit.

The Well plays The Revolution Stage Friday 5/20 at 11:30pm



If you've ever wondered what it would be like if Queens of the Stone Age and Eagles of Death Metal ever merged, took their tongues out of their cheeks, lost the irony and just rocked that redneck ZZ Top bloozy freedom rock unabashedly, stirring in a heady double shot of post-Motorhead rocking? Wonder no further, because Austin's **White Rhino** will deliver that shit to you on the hubcap of a '74

Buick Regal and make you fucking eat that shit up.

White Rhino plays The Stafford Main Stage Friday 5/20 at 11:30pm
<http://myspace.com/whiterhinorocks>

Man, if only every teenager still grew up idolizing classic American proto-punk as 1980's glam metal. That's pretty much how Houston's **The Wrong Ones** came up, picking out Sonics songs and adding a metallic edge. Loud punk rock sloppiness meets L.A. riff rockery with a frontman who spends most of the set writhing on the floor, falling off the stage, having people pour beer all over him and NEVER MISSES A VOCAL CUE. That is terribly admirable, and not something you get to see everyday in B/CS.



The Wrong Ones plays The Stafford Main Stage Saturday 5/21 at 10:45pm



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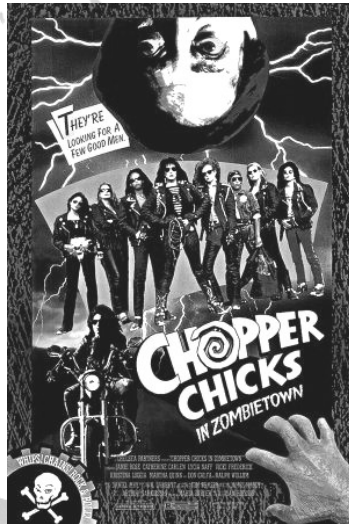
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979 Represent 6

Chopper Chicks In Zombietown: a Review

This Troma Classic was handed to me by a friend, with a laugh and a big ass grin on his face. As a fan of cheesy B-movies, and zombie-flicks alike, I jumped at the chance to check out Billy-Bob Thorton's first movie. That's right, Academy Award winner Billy-Bob Thorton, in a zombie movie about badass biker chicks, I couldn't wait, having seen other Troma films I knew what I was in for.

This one took its own spin on the zombie concept, no plague like outbreak, no virus. These were man-made zombies running on implanted 'batteries' in their brains. The greatest bumbling little ditty plays as you watch a parade of zombies, not stumble mindlessly into a town, but walking in a steady march-like rhythm back to their homes and jobs, to their still mourning families, and into the gang of biker chicks who roll into town in a fury, looking for sex and trouble anywhere they can find it.



The misfit gang of women, the Cycle Sluts, is lead by a blue singing bitch, and includes a mute, a mom, and a homecoming queen. You met these women coming out of a bar fight and rolling into to a town population 128...make that 127, as a midget changes the sign upon their entry into city limits. After some debauchery in the town the women are being chased from the city by the towns people heavily armed, but unaware of being infested with the living dead. The mad-scientist creating zombies, is hunting new meat for his next wave of nuclear substance mining zombies, catches one of the Sluts, she becomes a undead sex-fiend, hell bent on one thing and one thing only. She attacks men and goes right for what she wants... and gets it every time! Even the scientist gets his turn, and manages to live through it, I was left holding my sides.

To add to the ridiculous nature of this movie, there's a bus full of blind orphans trapped on a street of zombies. The Sluts save the day, in a blaze of glory, pulling kids out of the car while killing zombies and escaping the impending bus explosion that caps this first encounter with the zombies.

This film did bring, in that crowning moment of zombie carnage, to bring new meaning to the phrase heads will roll. In true zombie fashion, the only way to stop them was to remove the heads. The badass bikers roll into to town and clean house on zombies with baseball bats, blow torches and chainsaws. I was rolling on the floor laughing as zombie head after zombie head fell to the ground with a spray of blood. After a good ten minutes of killing, you think its all clear, until you get a second wave.

In a desperate attempt to rid the town of the undead, the Sluts use the blind kids as bait to lure the zombies into a trap and blow up the church. That's right, blow up a church, full of zombies. In epic fashion this movie goes out with a bang.

For a movie with Zombietown in the title, I was hoping for more zombie-kills, both zombies killing people and people killing zombies. Save one good mass slaughter of zombies, there was minimal gore, but what it lacks in gore it makes up for in laughs and tits. Over all, the film was completely worth the watch, and I would highly recommend for any fan of sex and zombies. Troma never disappoints.—BRI EDWARDS



Brazos Valley Metal News From Foilface

In April the Brazos County Metal Music Scene saw the end of a Local Legacy. Bryan's Metal band **Culture in Ruin** who has been through many changes over the last three years has called it quits. That's right Folks. With sadness and disbelief Culture in Ruin, formally known as Nuklhed, has called it quits. Details for the breakup are unavailable, but FoilFace would like to remind everyone that each member of this band should be put into the Brazos County Metal Music's Hall of Fame for the contributions they made to the local scene. Culture in Ruin set the stage for all the other local bands to follow with In Yur Face Hardcore Metal over the last six years. Please Y'all, throw them Metal Horns in the air for Culture In Ruin. This band will be missed heavily. RIP Culture in Ruin- \m/

For the last two months I've been telling y'all about another new band in the scene, **Transcend Before Azalea**. Well people, they played their first stage show in Bryan on April 9 at The Stafford Main. The performance was so unexpectedly HEAVY from the band. They OWNed the Stage and crowd for 30 minutes this night, delivering a fury of Hardcore Metal that landed them in the TOP 4 of the Local Heavyweight standings. Yes, they entered the scene Fresh and New with fists a flyin'. This now proves they are capable of being a Heavyweight even though they are rookies. Please go check out the pics/video on my Facebook page and also add them to our at Facebook/Transcend Before Azalea

April 15 was Stoner Rock/Metal night in Downtown Bryan. **The Tron** Sack delivered the goods in normal Badass fashion that satisfied all us Buzzed Live music seekers. A New Local Stoner Rock band called **Strike Threagles** also played on this card. Strike Threagles formed in Feb 2011. Strike Threagles music is more like from the 70's Rock era with some dirty guitar sounds and mellow jams in a more modern Rock world. They are so new to the local scene they don't have a band page yet. Soon as they get one I'll let ya know about it.

April 20 (420) in Brazos County was celebrated by local business **Smoken Joe's**. The festivities started at the shop with Live DJ music that Bryan PD shut down at 4:40pm. The Party continued at the roof top of The Corner Bar til 1 am with music from **Set Aside** from Atlanta. Thanks again to Smoken Joe's (Facebook/Smoken Joe's) for Keepin it Real in Brazos County!

This Month Yall- We got alot of Great Metal Music shows happening like - May 7- **Lone Star Metal Magazine** (<http://www.lonestarmetalmagazine.com/>) is having their first showcase with local area bands **Hell's Conspiracy**, **Sea of Wolves**, **Snake Skin Prison**, **The Hangouts**, and **Bonnie Blue**; May 20 & 21st **LOUDIFEST 2011**; Coming on June 11 - **F13** (<https://www.facebook.com/f13music>) presents the first **Brazos Valley Metal and Hardcore Festival** (featuring **THE FAMINE**).

Ya can see more "Metal" news updated on my Facebook page/FoilFace the Metalhead with upcoming shows & pics/videos of all the Local Live Rock/Metal music.Go click Like and stay updated! Please-Get out and support the local Rock/Metal MUSIC scenes.—FOILFACE



Strike Threagles L-R: Patrick Schoenemann, Andrew Sauls, Luis Meneses



Record Reviews



Foo Fighters *Wasting Light*

I've been rooting for Foo Fighters to make a fantastic album since their first eponymous release 16 years ago just completely blazed a new trail for post-Nirvana big guitar rock. But alas, Dave Grohl and company have not been able to produce a full-length album that is good from start to finish.

Wasting Light tries really hard and the songs are DEFINITELY there but after the first five songs it really starts to lose steam, mainly because the album begins to sound pretty homogenous. Much has been made about Grohl going back to his roots and recording in the garage with *Nevermind* producer Butch Vig and with Kris Novaselic sitting in on one track, it's like maybe we'll get some of that scrappy Nirvana otherness that generally eludes Foo Fighters, but really, this record could've been recorded in any BIG STUDIO anywhere.

Does it rock? Mon dieu, YES! The first little bit of opener "Bridge Burning" could rip your speakers into shreds at full volume, with atonal guitars ripping a full-blown metal riff and Taylor Hawkins doing his best Dave Grohl impression, Grohl himself screaming like a madman before bringing it down into the usual syncopated group interplay that the Foos are quite well known for. "Rope" shows off how the band is now capable of creating some sonic space for all three guitarists to have a little unique sound within the mix, and Taylor gets a chance to show off his Neil Peart ride cymbal licks in the classic Foos chorus. The legendary Bob Mould trades vocals with Grohl and absolutely makes "Dear Rosemary", even if the song is perhaps a bit too long.

And then past "Arlandria" and your ears are kinda fatigued. This album BLASTS AT ELEVEN THE WHOLE WAY. There's not much in the way of dynamics, different tones, etc. For an album that was suppose to bear at least some of the influence of its surroundings (in a fucking garage y'all!) it just doesn't have that sort of scrappy sound that you'd expect. And what happens here is that as a result of the very monotonous freeze-dried sound you can easily ignore that Foo Fighters have their finest album in 14 years in *Wasting Light*.—KELLY MINNIS



Ringo Deathstarr *Colour Trip*

Colour Trip is one deliriously fun album. The first full-length release by Ringo Deathstarr (after an EP and two extended singles) finds this Texas trio grounded in noisy shoegaze pop reminiscent of Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd through My Bloody Valentine and Jesus and the Mary Chain to the Pains of Being Pure at Heart (and others too numerous to list). Part of the fun of listening to these 11 tracks is trying to nail down the antecedents ("That sounds just like the chorus in ...").

Where Ringo Deathstarr excels on this album is the giddy attitude that suffuses just about everything: the gleeful punk-pop drive of "You Don't Listen", the woozy out-of-tune "Imagine Hearts," the feedback-laden "Do It Everytime." That bleary cheer is most evident on "Tambourine Girl". It mixes a discordant metallic Transformer stomp with peppy dream rock in a stop-start tune that surprisingly works ("When you smile/it always takes me to the other side"). "So High" features a girl-guy vocal tradeoff from bassist Alex Gehring and guitarist Elliott Frazier (who usually sings lead) in another loopy exchange that is probably my favorite on "Colour Trip." "Kaleidoscope" continues the drum-driven pop tunes ("She can show you colors no one knows"). Even when the band slows things down (the psychedelic "Chloe," the spooky Gehring vocal on "Other Things," the appropriately-titled "Day Dreamy"), it's evident the band delighted in making these sounds. About the only misstep is the length of "Never Drive" even if it does have some of the best squalling guitar.

Far out.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



Between the Buried and Me *The Parallax: Hypersleep Dialogues*

These prog-metal innovators have done it again, bring you face melting metal coupled with technicality and creativity enough to satisfy even the biggest metal head. Their first release under the Metal Blade label, *The Parallax Hypersleep Dialogues* is the musical tale of human characters separated by time and space, experiencing life's trials and tribulations in their own existences.

The album is a return to the sound the band found on their, what I would call metal masterpiece *Colors*, with its sprawling orchestral introduction, reminiscent of 60's horror film soundtracks, and melodic breakdowns sporadically dispersed within the three track, 30 minute experience. A definite level of maturity is reached in this album, with the ten minute track average becoming almost unnoticeable as each song blazes through seamlessly, and in the end leaves you wanting more.

BTBAM is known for their intricate guitar work and complex rhythms, and this album is no disappointment. Growling screams radiate through the album, broken only for clean vocal choruses and the always interesting interludes. The album opens with "Specular Reflection", which introduces you to the two characters of this story unfolding in the *Dialogues*. The track delivers every element of the BTBAM

experience, and captivates you. As it unfolds, you do not feel like you are listening to one track, the 11 minutes burn by as they mix their own blend of progressive metal. A theme is developed with the clean chorus presented, and later echoed on other tracks. Everything breaks down for a section of syncopation that leads straight back into shredding guitars, and the sounds of alarm clocks faintly lead you into "The Argument of Rebirth". This opens with sweeping guitars and leads into a double-bass driven drum section, over-laid with quick up-beat guitar work. The complexity builds as this ten minute track develops, giving you the first taste of the usual elements BTBAM brings to the mix, the haunting vocals echo over the polka beat so smoothly before returning to guttural metal screams and heavy guitars. This track showcases the bands diversity and sheer talent. The final track "Lunar Wilderness" opens with a bass heavy jazz interlude, the calm before the storm if you will, to end such an amazing album. In true BTBAM fashion, the ripping guitar lines fly by in this eight minute track, filled with everything you would expect from these guys, and more. The opening reminded me of elements of "The Great Misdirect" (2009), with its blues and jazz influences. The track even incorporates the xylophone in sections, concluding the dialogues with an epic final clean chorus. The track doesn't lack the metal element; it is just taken in a new, more melodic direction to end the album.

This album showcases what BTBAM does best, and that is surprise you. Every time I listen to it I hear something new, some new intricacy I had missed. It is thought provoking, progressive metal at its best. Definitely worth at least 2 listens, at the very least.—BRI EDWARDS



Low *C'mon*

Low's career has been a long one, from their early days as slowcore pioneers alongside now-forgotten (but amazing) bands like Idaho and Codeine (when they were signed to UK indie Vernon Yard), on through their mid-period on US tiny indie Kranky, up to now, signed to Sub Pop and having spent the last few years toying with the quiet/slow aesthetic they pioneered. Alan Sparhawk has spent the last few years enjoying the Crazy Horse thing with his power-trio side-project Retribution Gospel Choir, releasing their first two LPs between this new one, *C'Mon* and 2007's *Drums & Guns*. Having seen RGC a couple of times I can say it is quite the opposite of a Low show - equally intense but with much more muscle and volume involved. It's a little curious to me, then, that Low comes back after such a long absence with very little of RGC's intensity showing as an influence here - in fact, it seems the focus is more on the feminine aspects of the music with

Alan's wife (and vocal foil) Mimi taking the lead more here than on any recent Low releases. And that's a very good thing.

The best moments - the most intense moments of their live show - are reflected here as well. When I saw them twice at this past SXSW, one song from this LP stuck out, Mimi's amazing "Especially Me." There is something very personal at work here, and although Low has never shied away from introspection and reflection, here it seems these songs are all about Alan & Mimi. Alan's standout track here, "Witches", is brilliant, acerbically whittling down players to nothing more than "...trying to act like Al Green".

The spiritual aspect of Low's music is obvious, but here there is something beyond even the spiritual - the *familial*. When we saw RGC at the Mohawk last February, we were fortunate enough to spend about half an hour with Alan, sharing pictures of our kids, talking about family life and band life, and it was really encouraging to get to know someone I have admired for so long who is going through the same struggles, making the same sacrifices for the music, but also keeping an eye on what really matters. So much art is made in spite of our families, responsibilities...I guess I love Low because they make music because they are family.—JASON CLARK

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I Watched Him Snort Ants. A Book Review

As the book cover tells you, Neil Strauss is a six-time *New York Times* best seller. He is a rock journalist—a journalistic rock star. *Everyone Loves You When You're Dead* contains interviews Strauss conducted doing the many articles he has written for the Rolling Stone, Spin, and the New York Times.

Strauss asserts that each of these interview segments represent that moment in an interview in which the subject reveals his "truth or essence". Yet these moments with 228 subjects add up to over 500 pages. It is this reader's opinion that the book would have benefitted from more aggressive editing (snip snip) and would have been a better read at closer to 300 pages.

Everyone Loves You is generously illustrated with full-page black and white "advertisements" containing humorous caricatures of the interview subjects. The Strokes ad demands, "Attention please, beer drinkers: no harsh bitterness" (Julian Casablancas is a bitter, hot, drunken mess during his interviews). However, the book design is stylistically inconsistent, breaking from the newspaper design into a theatrical one, the book is divided into acts, and the acts into scenes. The book is arranged somewhat thematically, with first part of the book concentrating on the narcissistic and often certifiably insane behavior of the stars.

In the "Preamble", Strauss explains that the interviews included in this book are unused portions of interviews conducted for already published articles. One might reason that in many cases it was for reasons of libel and obscenity that the content of these interviews was excluded from some of the publications for which he wrote for, particularly the New York Times, whom he repeatedly calls the "paper of record". Strauss discusses the "many challenges of writing about rock, hip hop, and popular culture" under the heavy hand of copyeditors enforcing decency standards. He adds that dealing with attorneys is one of the more unpleasant duties of a journalist. Strauss explains that copyeditors omit band names that they find obscene (rendering the sentence useless as the reader has no idea who the band in question is) and object to the word "homophobe" (unless it is used by a homosexual). When it comes time for publishing lawyers to read the manuscript of *The Dirt*, his book on Motley Crue, Strauss relays questions from the lawyers:

Strauss: Would you be so kind as to confirm that Ozzy licked your pee and that he shit on Tommy's bathroom and wiped it on the walls?
Nikki Six: I watched him snort ants and lick pee

About halfway through the book, a few themes begin to more fully develop. One is Strauss identifying as an artist and dealing with fame, as his subjects do. The second is concerned with what one is willing to give up for fame or for art. In many cases, the subjects have traded sustained relationships with their families (particularly wives and children) for life on the road and a shot at fortune and fame. Many subjects discuss how they come from dysfunctional families, and in turn, have estranged their own wives and children in pursuit of their dream. In the end, they are often unhappy, damaged, alone.

One especially poignant example involves Korn vocalist Jonathan Davis and his relationship to his father Rick, and his son Nathan. In the second Korn scene, Davis, after having an anxiety attack partially induced by heavy drinking and drugging, has landed himself in bed for several days under the care of his "minder". In the third scene, Strauss and Davis drive together to visit Rick Davis (Jonathan's father) in Bakersfield:

Rick: I'll be damned. Now, you're a little drunk in front of your kid, making music and touring all the time, just like I was.
(When his father leaves to go to the bathroom, Jonathan shakes his head in disbelief...)
Jonathan: Since I was thirteen, all we talked about was pussy. It wasn't until I started writing songs about him that we started talking about all the other stuff. He's not that bad now. But at the time, it felt horrible. When he asks me, "I wasn't a bad dad was I?" what am I going to say, "You were an asshole?"

Strauss asks Jonathan whether he thinks that his own son will grow up with hard feelings because he is gone all the time like his dad was. Jonathan answers: "Probably definitely. It really freaked me out when I left to go to Japan and my son said, 'You go to work? Bye daddy!' Then he rolled over like. 'Don't talk to me.' It hurt my feelings more than anything else in the world."

In the last section of the interviews portion of the book, Strauss interviews famous industry people along with family and friends about Paul Nelson, who many people consider to be the nation's first rock critic. The interviews reveal a talented career writer who sacrifices his relationship with his wife and son in his pursuit of his career. But, in the end, Nelson became too self-critical and anxious to further pursue writing.

Despite a number of interventions, Nelson did not publish during the last fifteen years of his life. He starved to death, alone in his apartment. After his funeral, a pair of baby shoes belonging to Nelson's estranged son Mark were found hanging near Nelson's bed. Mark Nelson is quoted as saying: "The last time we spoke, I told him [Paul Nelson] that I was getting married. My regret is that I don't believe that he was aware that he had a grandson when he died."

Strauss's discussion of Nelson continues in the "Epilogue", in which he clearly identifies with his subjects while questioning whether the price one pays for fame and accolades for your art is worth the rewards. Strauss describes his struggle with writing Nelson's obituary: "every word brought me closer to my own cautionary tale—or that of every writer, creative person, or dedicated follower of art, entertainment or culture. Because it makes you ask: In the end, is it worth it?"

Some complaints: The index sucks. The interviews are not dated; the author drops the reader into a timeless void of celebrity and fame and the insanity that accompanies it. Is he saying that these conditions are timeless? Or is he just too lazy to date the dern things?

This book is recommended if you have time to wade through too many interviews to get to the point of the book. But frankly, books like these are often read in dribs and drabs, with readers picking and choosing interviews based on their own tastes and interests. And Strauss's book does contain a ton of dirt on these artists, much of which would have never made it past the copyeditors at that "paper of record". I imagine it would be perfect for the bathroom book stack.—MARY MANNING

concert calendar

5/4—Bright Light Social Hour, The Canvas Waiting, Saints of Valory @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

5/5—Oscillator Music Series with Trypset, Plastic Pope, Noggin, great unwashed luminaries, Vegenaut, Patrick Schoenemann @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

5/6—D.R.U.M., Raspa, Biga Staar @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

5/6—Nelo @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

5/6—Kevin Fowler @ Texas Hall of Fame, Bryan. 9pm

5/7—Lone Star Metal Magazine Showcase with Bonnie Blue, The Hangouts, Snake Skin Prison, Sea of Wolves, Hell's Conspiracy @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

5/14—Blue Kabuki @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

5/14—Aeromyth, Midnight Express @ Wolf Pen Creek Amphitheater, College Station. 6pm

5/14—Mirror Mirror On the Wall @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

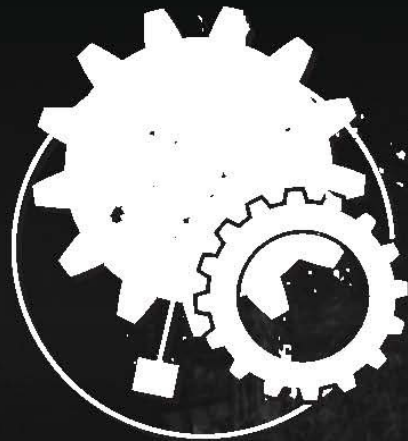
5/15—The Reckless Ones @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

5/20—LOUDFEST 4 @ Revolution Café & Bar + The Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

5/21—LOUDFEST 4 @ Revolution Café & Bar + The Stafford, Bryan. 5pm

5/21—Dirty River Boys, John Evans, Southern Backtones @ Wolf Pen Creek Amphitheater, College Station. 6pm

5/28—The Trishas, Leeanasaurus Rex @ Wolf Pen Creek Amphitheater, College Station. 6pm



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