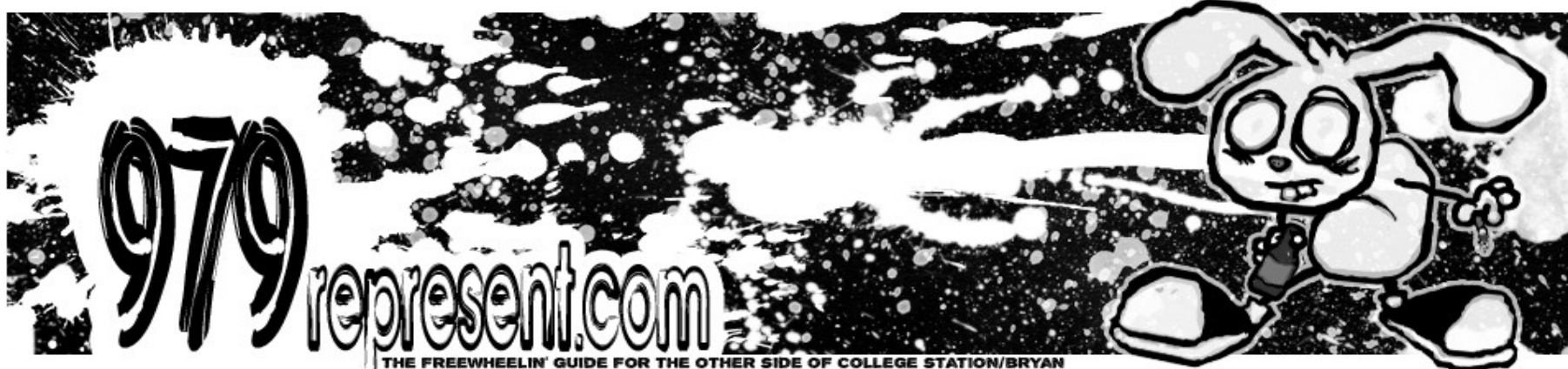


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Also inside: *Wilfred On Weed, Weed & More Weed—Venomous
Maximus—Hazy Ray—Still Drinkin'—CD Reviews—Movie Re-
views—Book Reviews—Concert Calendar*



979Represent is a local magazine
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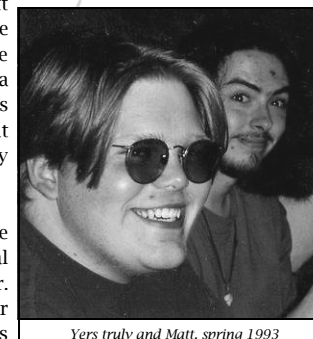


In Memorium: Matt Adkins

This is our first instance of the passing of one of our contributors. One of my best friends from high school, Matt Adkins, passed last month after a brief but difficult struggle with lymphoma. Matt was 37 years young. He spent a lot of his time on Earth working in theater either as an actor, stage manager, lighting director, stagehand, technical director or pretty much any other title you can throw at someone that would all equate to the same thing: backstage maker of shit that happens onstage. He was a sweetheart to everyone who knew him and he will be sorely missed. Matt wrote for *979Represent* way back during our earliest days, when we were still an online only blog sort of thing that absolutely no one read. Now we're an awesome print newspaper that absolutely no one reads, we've come a long way baby! But I digress. Matt wrote movie reviews for us. His wit was quick, sardonic, but never snarky. Just an all around awesome dude that was friends with everyone and deserved to live another 50 years. 37 is way too fucking young for someone this awesome to go out.

In the past 18 months I've lost my brother Sean at 39, Matt at 37, we gave this very spot to our paper last month to commentary about Kerry Deal Commander who hasn't crossed 40 yet and is battling terminal cancer. When you are a college student or in high school it is rare that one of your peers dies, unless it is in some sort of horrific, instant accident that defies all logic and reason. As I creep perilously close to middle age I am beginning to hear more of tragedies like these, of relatively young people who have managed to make it into adulthood, settle down and get past the usual young people dangers of car wrecks, drunk driving, drug overdoses, etc. being pulled down as they are supposed to be settling in for the long haul. It's just not right, but life is what it is.

Matt was as big a fanboy geek as they come, and Matt had a particular affinity to Thor, being that he was also a large pale blonde dude. I fancy that Matt's spirit is somewhere hammering out justice. His was of the highest



Yers truly and Matt, spring 1993



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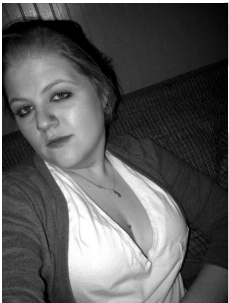
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The New Face of Vigilante Justice

Hobo With a Shotgun takes violence for the sake of violence to a new level of depravity. In a lawless city, run by an insane millionaire and his deranged sons, a Hobo decides to clean up the streets and save a hooker from her life on the streets.

Open up on the Drake show, and watch Danny McBride have his head ripped off! What a way to start a movie, it only gets better when a stripper starts bathing in the blood squirting out of his neck! This movie has more blood splatter and spray than any film I have seen! Gallons of blood spill on a murderous rampage by both the Hobo and Drake's sons, Slick and Ivan.

To pay for a lawn mower to start his business, the Hobo lowers himself to self-inflicted pain on video for money. The camera man, all the while, egging him on to do further painful and demoralizing things while he dangled cash in his face. As the old Hobo, who is played by Rutger Hauer, enters a pawn shop to buy his future, the store is robbed and he snaps. Killing three robbers and then walking out with the shotgun, leaving cash on the counter, he makes his way through town, killing anyone he sees doing wrong. Pimps, crooked cops, the camera man, and a pedophile Santa Claus all fall, while the Hobo makes headlines as the savior of Hopetown. One of the creepiest parts of the whole thing is the support for these killings, tag lines like "Parents Smile as Bodies Pile". Understandably justified, however heinous, all humanity seems lost in a town that is run by psychotic men who like to play pinata with people, so why wouldn't they back someone slaughtering other evil men.

This movie takes death and human life completely for granted, and has no limits, nothing is safe, including a bus full of kids. After a call from Drake to kill the Hobo, all the people of Hopetown take to the streets committing genocide on all homeless throughout the city. Bodies pile all over town, and the Hobo keeps on killing. Again saving the same hooker. They escape the mob of citizens barreling after them by hiding inside a dead body.

This movie doesn't stop until the very end. I have never seen a film be so willing to take gore to another level, as you get to watch a head attempt to get sawed off, literally. After narrowly escaping this escape with the Drake brothers, the Hobo and Abby the Hooker encounter the worst medical team in history only to be hunted by video game characters humanized and hungry for death. They leave no survivors in their path getting to the Hobo. He is locked in a coffin and drug through town. Only to be thrown into the ring as the next contestant in the Drake show. He is to be beheaded before a crowd of thousands.

After an epic gun battle the movie just ends, and you are left thinking about how sick people could really be if given the chance. The movie was so violent and disturbing, but was scored by this classic 70s action horror film style soundtrack that gives it a sick, skin crawling feel. More then what you are watching, it is this insane sound track that sets this movie apart. This movie defiantly has every necessary aspect to make a great cult classic horror film.—BRI EDWARDS

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Knick Knack Paddywhack Give a Dog a Bong

After watching the only existing three episodes of the FX stoner-dog show, *WILFRED*, I can say, with all certainty, that I don't get it. And it's not because I grew up Southern Baptist and I have never had a good pot high. And it's not because it's not funny because it is slightly funny. And it's not because I'm offended by Elijah Wood for being Elijah Wood because I've always rather fancied Elijah Wood for being such a big small-framed star.

Perhaps what I should say is yes, I get *WILFRED*, but I don't get the buzz about *WILFRED*..if there actually is any buzz about *WILFRED*. On a recent dude's week-end camping trip, I could have sworn that four out of five dudes were on about *WILFRED*. At a Dallas coffeeshop, two guys were having a Bible study pitch plan to ban *WILFRED*. I return home and people are asking about *WILFRED*. I go to the grocery store and glassy-eyed dudes on the potato chip aisle are talking about *WILFRED*. *Rolling Stone* the magazine said it's the "funniest and triippiest of summer's new comedies even if you can smell the pot soaked carpet in the writer's room."

I'm not sure if there actually is a buzz around *WILFRED* or if I'm just paranoid of being left out of the conversation when it actually does happen. Maybe I'm afraid of reliving 2003 when everyone was on about Coldplay and I'm outside the Coldplay circle listening to that damn "Clocks" track, thinking "This is music for white people who cook for their dogs and wear workout clothes to the organic grocery store". I still don't like Coldplay, and I don't plan on liking a lame sitcom just because the circle gets warm!

WILFRED's plot is somewhat interesting. The pilot opens with Elijah Wood working drafts of his suicide note (already hilarious), failing his suicide attempt multiple times, and then somehow tweaking his brain so that he sees his neighbor's (a hot little number that Wood decides to live for) dog as a human in a dog costume. Luckily for modern "edgy" audiences, Wilfred the dog is a foul-mouth, pot-smoking, sex-crazed, stuffed animal stuffing, rule-breaking, no-shit giving furry. It's *SCOOPY-DOO* meets *LOUIS C.K.* with an ounce of Judd Apatow style bro-mantic charm.

WILFRED has a few funny moments. Like when Elijah Wood excitedly gives Wilfred a bone, and Wilfred, somewhat offended, says that giving a dog a bone is like "giving a basketball to a black guy." Or when Wilfred is disappointed in Elijah Wood for being a "puss" and says, "sometimes when I look at you I can almost see a giant Tampon string hanging out." (By the way, *WILFRED* is rated TV-MA, and I had to start a Hulu membership to watch these episodes.)

It's redundant to put that last sentence in parentheses when the TV-MA situation is probably *WILFRED*'s greatest draw. I hate to sound so Baby Boomer, but there's no other explanation for why *WILFRED* is already such a hit. It's filthy. It's a "daring" role for Wood. The dog tells Wood to hump everyone he doesn't like to gain dominance. And there's lots of weed. LOTS of weed. Weed, weed, and more weed. Huge Gatorade bottle bongos full of weed and weed smoke. And weed is so hot these days. Take a suck-butt show and toss in one joint and you've automatically got "the funniest and triippiest of summer's new comedies."

Here's how I envision the pitch:

Writer: We get that little Hobbit fella from *Sin City* and make him want to kill himself. But instead of killing himself, he sees his neighbors dog as a human Gerard Butler-Seth Rogen labradoodle mix in a dog-suit. They become friends. Hilarity ensues.

Network: Do you think our viewers are fresh off the teat? This isn't Nick Jr.

Writer: The dog smokes weed.

Network: Sold.

Still, I can't help thinking we've already done the weed thing. Wasn't there a bong circle in the basement of *THAT 70's SHOW*? Didn't Jason Segal's character toke up nearly everyday on *FREAKS AND GEEKS*? Hasn't *FAMILY GUY* already written the single greatest musical number in sitcom history about the benefits of "A Bag of Weed"? Doesn't A&E's *INTERVENTION* feature enough drug-related hilarity? Sure, I'm not a pot smoker, but I still don't get how a semi-funny show is suddenly "the funniest and triippiest of summer's new comedies" simply by adding a bong to the mix.

Call me a prude. I like a little more substance than hash. Give me the relational hi-jinks of *THAT 70's SHOW* or the character depth of *FREAKS AND GEEKS* or the focus on the family of *FAMILY GUY*. Give me something more than a grown man in a floppy-eared onesie and the same tired stoner joke for an entire season. Hell, just give me *PARKS AND RECREATION* Season 3 on DVD and I'll be quiet for the next week.—KEVIN STILL



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Tales of the Beard

I wear my beard on my face, making it difficult to miss. I've never hid my beard in discreet locations or reserved its wear for special events. My job requires I conceal my tattoos but not my beard. I wear my beard front and center. The overt nature of my beard woos a certain social creature, probably the same sort who verbally or physically fondles a strange woman's pregnant belly because she is just so out there. Although a few intoxicated beard-loving ladies have reached for my face who slur with no spared detail where on their skin they want my beard, most fans of my beard tend to be men, and usually men bemoaning the beardless nature of

their own chins or domestic relationships. (When men tell me their wives or girlfriends won't "allow" them to have a beard, I want to ask what hair they do and don't "allow" their lady to keep.) Granted, I am asked on a near daily basis about my beard - "How long you been growing that thing?", "What kinda birds you got in there?", "Doesn't it get hot?" or (my favorite) "Anyone ever tell you you look like Jesus/al-Qaeda/Matisyahu/David Crowder/that one drummer, oh, what's his name?" - still, I rarely have moments as delicious as the following.

Recently, I attended a movie theater in Waco with Dr. Myles Werntz and Mr. Felix Landry. We had high hopes to giggle our nipples off at *Horrible Bosses*. The ticket kid asked if we had student or military IDs, "for discounts and stuff." Dr. Werntz had only just graduated, so he produced a still warm Baylor University pass. Felix was without, so he paid full price. I did not possess valid ID either, but the ticket kid said, "Dude, I'm giving you a discount for having such an awesome beard. I wish I could grow one like that." I thanked the kid for the discount and encouraged him, "Son, this is America. You can do anything you want." And then Charlie Day rocked our nipples off.

On a separate Texas excursion, my bride and I footed the San Antonio Riverwalk on a Saturday evening when the crowd is ripe with neon miniskirts and shiny Ed Hardy tees as far as the eye can see. The Riverwalk, if you've never been there, is glorious. Mediocre restaurants and overpriced shops line a duck-shitted canal with two feet of sidewalk separating businesses and water. We loved it. On our walk, I searched for Aquaphor skin ointment and a stiff drink, while my wife hankered for ice cream. Our complimentary Riverwalk map promised a CVS Pharmacy straight ahead. San Antonio knows that nothing boasts high-class vacationing like a CVS on the main drag - they've got you covered on multiple levels. Pressing forward, we negotiated an old lady with a German Shepherd and a vendor selling remote control helicopters, when a grown man suddenly bear-hugged me.

I did not see him pounce. He simply went from nowhere to all-there before I could flinch. His arms like pythons, his cap backwards, and three of his *Jersey Shore* looking friends sported bulged shirts proclaiming "Affliction" across the chest and shoulders. Stroking the back of my head with one hand, Todd (actually, I think his name was "Todd Dude" as his boys repeatedly slurred) vigorously professed his love for me. I immediately shoved one arm between our chests and the other free hand to my wallet. His friends attempted to pry Todd away, but Todd *really* loved me. Oddly, I was okay with the bear-hug, but not the hair-stroking. I reserve hair-stroking for my wife and a few unnamed male friends. Unfortunately for him, Todd Dude the Embracer did not fit either category.

After a bit of swaying, Todd pulled back and looked me in the eyes. I smelled whiskey, steak sauce, and menthols (God, I hate menthols), and I wanted to go home, but then Todd said, "I love you, man!" to which I responded, "I'm so glad!" His friends apologized, and I nearly waved them away - I'd been a hint depressed as of late, and Todd's worship worked wonders for my esteem - until Todd became intimate. Our noses close, his free hand, the one not caressing the back of my head, held my waist, as he declared, "I love your beard. I want your beard on my face, dude. I want to touch your beard, man." Whether or not his intentions were truly erotic, I was decidedly done with Todd Dude. His air tasted of pepper and cigarettes, which meant his aura and aggressiveness both reminded me of boozed-up barflies pointing from beard to bra (or lower) and back again. I leapt from his grasp. His friends intervened. My wife laughed. I continued to hold my wallet and not laugh. His friends said they were sorry and that Todd had too much to drink. I said, "He's lovely. Take good care of him."

We found our ointments and ice creams, but the evening felt dull in comparison to Todd's interruption. Later at the hotel, I popped the top on a Guinness Extra Stout and watched foam solidify in the glass like vigorous piss in the ocean. Sipping stout, I tasted the harsh, dry tobacco flavor of dark roasted malts, and thought of Todd. Poor Todd. Once again, to yet another fetish driven soul, I was the one who got away, the lingering face from an evening's haze, the protagonist in a story too sad to recall. Or, God forbid, perhaps not. Time is so swift and hair so fleeting in age, I wondered if Todd would remember my beard in the morning.—KEVIN STILL



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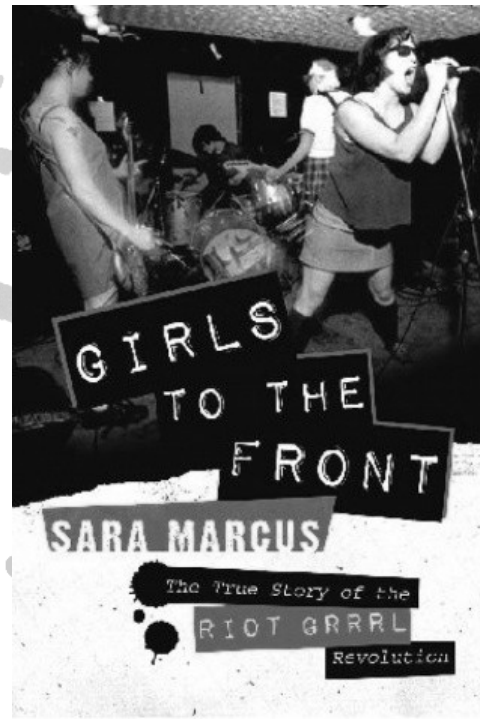
Suck My Left One

In the early years of Riot Grrrl, I was in my late 20s, a single mom with a newborn just trying to squeak by. I still loved punk but could afford neither the time nor the expense of buying records or seeing shows. I remember being asked then if I was a riot grrrl. I had no idea; I just figured I was a woman with an enormous responsibility.



Sara Marcus was working towards an MFA in creative non-fiction from Columbia when she wrote *Girls to the Front: the True Story of the Riot Grrrl Revolution*, and her style vacillates between being reflective of Riot Grrrl vocabulary and attitude, and being academic and conversant in feminist theory. Marcus does a good job—perhaps too good of a job—documenting the various voices of Riot Grrrl. Sometimes it is challenging to follow the many grrrls. However, this method also provides a glimpse into the varied voices of Riot Grrrl while flattening the hierarchy between its early voices who achieved some level of notoriety through playing in bands (e.g. Kathleen Hanna and Tobi Vail) and the rest of the young women. Many of the women who spoke for the movement were college students, but using the nomenclature of Riot Grrrl, Marcus calls them grrrls. Taking five years to research and write, this book is a hybrid of popular rock history and academic feminist text. It is well researched and contains extensive notes in the back of the book.

Girls to the Front primarily covers the relatively short-lived Riot Grrrl movement from 1989-1994; however, the epilogue extends its scope and influence into the present. Early Riot Grrrl was an Olympia/DC movement that centered on musicians, music, and the punk scene. There, young women (high-school and college aged) met in Riot Grrrl clubs and made zines, planned shows and events, and talked to each other.



During 1992-93, word of Riot Grrrl had spread. Concurrently, an Olympia band, Nirvana, had started to get a lot of mainstream notice, and the music industry looked to Olympia to find the next big thing. Nirvana's label even attempted to buy Calvin Johnson's Beat Happenings record label, K Records (they said "no, thank you"). The music industry and the mainstream media also started noticing Riot Grrrl and bands such as Bikini Kill and Bratmobile.

Divisions began to occur within the movement. Riot Grrrl, especially at the start, was largely white, middle class, and punk. Women within the movement started to ask questions. Should Riot Grrrl be so closely affiliated with the punk movement? Should the movement be more conscious and critical of issues of race and class? Should Riot Grrrl strive to attract a larger more diverse audience? These questions began to divide the grrrls. Additionally, there were differences of opinions regarding how they should deal with the media, which they learned early on could not be trusted. The press portrayed Riot Grrrl as a fashion statement. The Riot Grrl clubs put media bans in place; riot grrrls broke the bans. Despite the instability and turmoil during this period, the zine movement and Riot Grrrl Press became stronger and began to replace the position of music and musicians in the movement.

The final section of the book covers 1993-1994—a period in which the older, long-standing riot grrrls

began to back away from the movement. Bratmobile's Erin Smith was quoted in a British newspaper saying that Riot Grrl was "destined to flop," adding that it had become diluted, "like now it's popular, it's not cool anymore." Bikini Kill's Tobi Vail began to think it had become pointless. Despite this, new and often younger members were drawn to Riot Grrrl groups—inside and outside of DC and Olympia. Riot grrrl news spread through zines and their writers, who corresponded and traded zines. The Riot Grrrl Press was doing better than ever.

In the author's note at the beginning of the book and in the epilogue, Marcus shares her experience with the Riot Grrrl movement and in writing the book; she hopes she has fairly presented it. She recognizes the subjectivity of telling any story and regrets that in telling the truth, she must reveal some of the less glorious moments in the movement. In the epilogue, Marcus describes the final years of the movement—a movement that lasted barely a decade. While some of the founders and founding bands began dropping out in the mid 90s, a new group of young women embraced the internet. The last few years of the movement sparked conventions and a private listserv that served a large number of grrrls privileged enough to have access to the internet. The later generation of riot grrrls better addressed issues of race and class, and was more self-reflexive about their own privilege.

In the end, "people grew out of Riot Grrrl" (Marcus). However, Marcus argues that the movement's end does not diminish its value. Other women's gatherings such as Ladyfest grew out of Riot Grrrl. Current organizations such as Girls Rock and Ladies' Rock Camp, which also grew out of the movement, provide girls and women with the opportunity to write and perform original music. Throughout the book, Marcus describes the historical and political climate at the time, including the state of the feminist movement and the media and women's attitudes towards feminism. Marcus points out that within the last few years, "Women were outnumbered six to one in most magazines lists of the past decade's best musicians." There is still work to be done. The postscript provides a "where the grrrls are today" blurb for about thirty of the riot grrrls featured in the book. They are artists, activists, writers, librarians, musicians, mothers, academics, chefs, farmers, and yogis. Most are still active in changing the world to make it a better place for all women.

It wasn't until years after Riot Grrrl that I was finally exposed to a healthy, concentrated dose of Bikini Kill. And, it was my then-13 year old son who turned me on to it. I loved it—especially, "Suck My Left One." It appropriated language thought of as typically male ("Suck me") and subverted it. Hannah screamed but also sing-songed melodically. It was brilliant. However, it was not until I read this book that I began to understand some of the philosophy and history behind the movement. If you asked me today if I were a riot grrrl, I would have to say "Hell, yeah!" - MARY MANNING

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goodbye stafford

Last month, The Stafford Main closed its doors for the final time, after a punishing heavy metal show headlined by Behold The Great Throne. The Stafford opened in 2009 and since then has brought numerous rock, metal, Tejano, blues and country performers to town. Sadly, the adage of "build it and they will come" didn't exactly work in proprietor Eric Sonntag's favor. The Stafford was beleaguered by a subjectively enforced anti-noise policy from the Bryan Police Department, the overall downturn of the local economy and, truth be told, Eric's inability to turn The Stafford from an awesome rock-n-roll cave into the kind of club that people wanted to frequent even when their favorite music wasn't pumping out of the sound system.

The Stafford had become a destination kind of place, unlike Revolution Café where it's comfortable to hang out regardless of what entertainment that might be unfolding. You had to want to go to The Stafford; you didn't just happen by and go in to down a few drinks. What The Stafford had that no other area stage had was a stellar sound system and big club stage experience that bands of all ages and genres had access to. You didn't have to be a "big deal" to pretend to be a big deal for the time it took to play a set at The Stafford. Soundman Houston Davidson always made bands feel comfortable and helped them sound huge. The Stafford was precisely the kind of venue that, were it be lifted out wholesale and dropped into Deep Ellum or Sixth Street or Westheimer, would have thrived. We are not Dallas, or Austin, or Houston (for better or worse) and sadly I don't think the dirtbag music scene could really have supported the place 100% on its own.

Plus I don't believe the city *wanted* The Stafford to succeed. The Bryan Police Department wielded the noise ordinance like a weapon to subdue The Stafford. And all at the behest of two tenants at a loft apartment on the same block as The Stafford owned by certain elected city official. Zero complaints were made after those two moved out. But the damage was done. Eric appealed, lost the appeal and will have to pay nearly \$7000 in noise violations, unless he can get them all pled down. With the continued push to remodel The Queen, the upcoming opening of The Proudest Monkey next door to that...I think those are the type of establishments the powers that be in Downtown Bryan want to see, not places like what The Stafford had become. It was only a matter of time until The Stafford closed up shop.

This is not a death blow for the local rock scene by any stretch of the imagination. Revolution will continue to play host to bands, as will Schotzis and Zapatos. It's reported that The Proudest Monkey will also eventually host bands, but it is unlikely that metal bands will have a home in downtown Bryan. Local promoters are working on moving metal shows to the Lakeside Club out Tabor Rd. But to say that losing The Stafford won't phase the local metal community I think would be dishonest. The Stafford was Ground Zero for the local metal and hardcore community. The scene's momentum has been disrupted. Will bands and fans move to the Lakeside? Only time will tell. Until then, let's remember the good times The Stafford provided the scene for the three years we had it. Hopefully this pictorial will do the trick.—KELLY MINNIS



(clockwise) Top L - Bonnie Blue (photo by Corey Davenport); Top R—To Speak of Wolves (photo by David Lynch);
Below that, Behold The Great Throne (photo by David Lynch); Bottom R—The Wrong Ones at Loudfest 4 (photo by David Lynch); Bottom L—The Hangouts at Married To Mayhem (who knows who took the photo!)





Stoner Metal Night Was Rad

One thing B/CS never seems to have a shortage of musically is Metal. We've got Black Metal, Bro-Metal, Christian Metal, "Hardcore" Metal, Southern Metal, Thrash Metal, etc. There is a never ending parade of shows featuring all of these types of metal on just about any given weekend. But the one type of metal B/CS does not have an abundant supply of is Stoner Metal. As far as I know there is only one Stoner Metal band in the entire county, and I happen to be in it. That's why I was very excited to set up a show for Houston's Venomous Maximus, Austin's The Well and B/CS's token The Tron Sack.



The Well's Ian Graham (R) and Jason Sullivan (L) - Photo by David Lynch

bands like Dio rather than Slayer. Pretty sure Revs has not been rocked like they rocked it in quite a while, if ever. Keep note of these guys. I have a feeling they are gonna be one of those "Holy shit! I can't believe those dudes played here!" bands. Last up was The Tron Sack. All I'm gonna say is that The Tron Sack is an acquired taste and has been known to cause the casual listener to have panic attacks. It was in my opinion the best set yet. Loud as fuck and lots of fog. Thats how we roll.

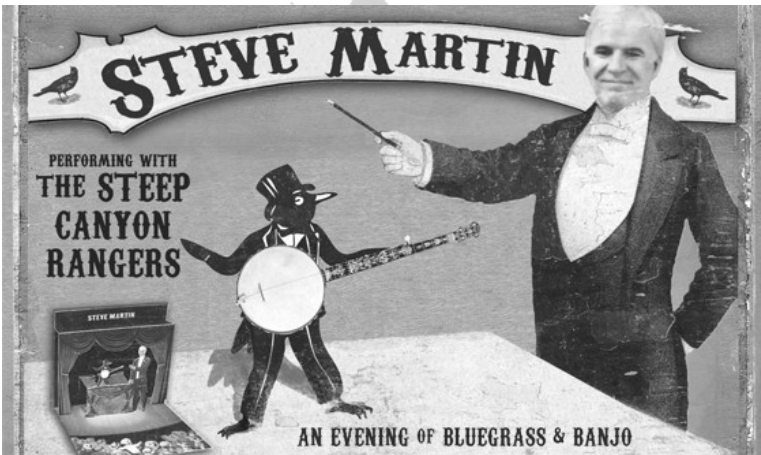
You can check out all these rad bands on facebook, etc. Just google that shit.—ATARIMATT



Venomous Maximus's Bongo (drums) and Gregg Higgins (guitar, singing) - Photo by David Lynch

Steve Martin's Coming To Town!!

I can't remember a time when I didn't know who Steve Martin is. One of my earliest childhood memories is seeing Steve Martin and the Toot Uncommons perform "King Tut" on Saturday Night Live. We had the 45 AND my brother had several of his comedy albums. I can still recite portions of Steve's *real* name,



few years or more Steve has worked on presenting live comedy again immersed with bluegrass music, a passion he has had since he was a young'un. Steve plays a mean banjo and his tour with The Steep Canyon Ramblers brings back a sort of vaudeville approach to song and comedy, but with a modern edge. Steve somehow makes mountain music and dick jokes hang together in an unfathomable way. Steve Martin's performance kicks off the 2011-2012 season of OPAS, an outreach of Texas A&M's MSC, Tuesday August 30th at 7:30pm. Tickets starts at \$47 for students, \$53 for the rest of us. More information can be had at <http://opas.tamu.edu>—KELLY MINNIS

how he played football until they kicked him out for wanting to punt on first down, The Cruel Shoes, etc. We all know *Three Amigos*. Steve Martin is a part of America's hip comedy lexicon. Then something happened along the way. Steve went mainstream. And I mean mainstream in the worst way possible. *Father of the Bride?* I mean, c'mon Steve! Rather than make movies, the last

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Artist Profile: Hazy Ray

If ever there was a band suited for the dark back rooms of a New Orleans jazz club, B/CS band Hazy Ray fits the bill. The group's music reminds you of the set of a smoky mystery movie, a place where surreptitious kisses and elegant dances are stolen. The steamy Texas summer nights seem just a little more romantic when accompanied by the musical stylings of this up-and-coming quartet.

The group's debut album, *Deep and Shallow*, delivers a graceful riff of influences, drawing inspiration from such greats as Bela Fleck, George Clinton, and The Meters. Hazy Ray's combination of guitar, bass, drums, and trombone allow the group to put a unique spin on a variety of styles that smack of Latin, Caribbean, and blues themes. Tinted with a decidedly funky flavor, Hazy Ray's music could perhaps be best described as "twisted jazz," but the group's members seem to favor "whiskey sex" as the most appropriate label. You just have to hear it to understand, they'd say.

Hazy Ray's music is smooth, soulful, and deep. Lead singer and guitar player Josh Ray, the group's word-smith, pours out his heart in almost every original song. In "I Keep Your Letters," Ray grieves the loss of a great love while accompanied by a pensive groove punctuated with the insightful melodies of trombonist Mike Hayes. The uncomplicated tonal backdrop emphasizes the emotional nature of the song; Ray's pain is almost palpable throughout the four-minute piece.

This same mournful sentiment is echoed in "Stay and Fight," a sultry, slightly up-tempo tune that captures the confusion and devastation that follows a relationship's end: "The only time he ever saw her sad/is when she told him to go/Did she want him to stay and fight?/ Guess he'll never know," opines the song's chorus. Ray is clearly familiar with venturing into uncomfortable territory to capture raw emotional response, a tendency that elevates his songwriting into true poetry.

While the honest, bare lyrics make Hazy Ray's music both approachable and intriguing, the group's musicianship provides definite structure. All four members are so solid in their technical abilities that the essence of the music seems to flow forth effortlessly. Hazy Ray just makes it look (and sound) easy to play, well, almost anything. The band flawlessly executes full stops in the shuffling love song "Linda" and throws down sick solo sections on the album's title track. It's clear that these guys are on the same wavelength, and it's fun to join them for the ride.

But the party really starts when Hazy Ray plays live. The group's musical prowess is only enhanced by the members' cheeky stage presence. It's not hard to see that bassist Mitch Curtis is having the time of his life when he spins his stand-up instrument around like a curvaceous dance partner, and you can't help but get excited when Mike Hayes invites friends onto the stage for impromptu trombone battles. Drummer John Wesley's energy and enthusiasm is similarly infectious as he occasionally stands up behind the set to pump up the crowd.

Hazy Ray's live shows are peppered with playful nods to popular music that dates back as far as the 1910s. Modern interpretations are featured as well, including a rousing rendition of the Blackstreet hit "No Diggity," which is always a crowd-pleaser. Hazy Ray also isn't hesitant to tackle such classic tunes as Frankie Valli's "Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You" or Jimi Hendrix's "Little Wing." These tasteful covers are made over in true Hazy Ray style; the members add touches of funk, harmony, and soul to unexpectedly spice up a library of familiar tunes.

After the group's album drops this year, Hazy Ray will be relocating to New Orleans, with their sights on London in the not-so-distant future. No matter where they play, though, they're sure to make an impact; these young musicians' talents clearly belie their years. Hazy Ray is mature, insightful, innovative and visceral in their approach to sophisticated jazz. And if that's what we're calling "whiskey sex," I'd say pour me another round.—KATHRYN BENNETT





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concert calendar

8/5—Puente @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/6—Fired For Walking, The Ex-Optimists, Coast of Nebraska @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/12—Navasota Blues Festival @ Grimes County Expo Center, Navasota. 5:30pm.

8/13—Juicy LeRoux @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

8/13—Navasota Blues Festival @ Grimes County Expo Center, Navasota. 11am

8/14—Harestock 2011 @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 12pm

8/19—Rock 103.9 Homegrown presents **Signal Rising, The Hangouts, others TBD** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

8/30—Steve Martin & The Steep Canyon Rangers @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 7:30pm

9/2—Atarimatt (12" release show), **Butcher Bear, great unwashed Luminaries, Nait Ntropy, Noggin, Renegade Window Washer, Sound-founder** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

9/3—College Station Skatepark Grand Opening with **Sea Of Wolves, Behold The Great Throne** @ Southwood Athletic Complex, College Station. 11am

9/11—Bella Morte, The Ludovico Technique, Black Tar Heroine @ Stagecenter Theater, Bryan. 9pm

9/11—Dom Kennedy, Giovanni Tha King, Stick Up Kidz, G-Class, Shawn Noize, Josef Pierre, Big Hush, Boy Named Zach, Justin Wilson @ Daisy Dukes, College Station. 3pm

9/16—Bonnie Blue, Sea of Wolves, Behold The Great Throne, Smile Transylvania, Transcend Before Azalea, Hells Conspiracy, Doomsday Brigade, Pocahauntas, Viljean, Domain of Arnheim, Immortal Guardian, Turbid North, Painfilled Silent @ Lakeview Club, Bryan. 6pm

9/20—10 Years, Signal Rising @ Hurricane Harry's, College Station. 9pm

Record Reviews



Something Fierce
Don't Be So Cruel

I confess, I'd never really listened to Something Fierce before. Sure, I've seen them live a bunch of times, but I've not really sat down to listen to them on record before. Live, they roar, they are loud, they play bouncing on your chuck tailored tippy toes sweaty punk rock. So I was more than a little surprised when cueing up *Don't Be So Cruel*, the Houston trio's brand new rekkid.

Most reviewers have upfront called this the group's "skinny tie wearing power pop album". I think that's an easy and somewhat lazy assessment. Sure, the guitars have turned down from wailing power chords to a brighter overdriven kind of crunch. You can hear Steven sing, and he does actually sing melodies and such. Lots of "oh oh ohs" and such too. But this is not a power pop album. While I hear something different, I think all of us spinning this album are hearing one unifying underlying theme: Something Fierce is growing up, somewhat.

The guitars jangle on "Ghosts of Industry" but I'm hearing a LOT of Athens, GA popping up in Something Fierce. The bass lines slide all around the chimney clean guitars in much the same way they did around Pylon and early R.E.M. A touch of Gang of Four on "Afghani Sands", a touch of Memphis soul as filtered through Elvis Costello on "What We Need Now" and "When We Hurt". It kinda all reminds me of the big fuss that the Pitchfork crowd is making over the deeper influences popping through on Ty Segall's newer stuff, where bands who made that buttered their bread on head-down power chord punk rock are opening their sound up to different influence. One thing I am missing on this album that I get from the band live: more back and forth between Stephen and Niki's vocals. Otherwise, I'm pleasantly surprised that the punk band I love onstage has records like this lurking in their catalog. Like catnip for old school college rock dudes.—**KELLY MINNIS**



They Might Be Giants
Join Us

I still don't get it.

The duo behind They Might Be Giants has been cranking out tunes, EPs, albums, soundtracks and assorted sounds for more than 20 years to fairly regular popular acclaim - and here's another one, *Join Us*. However, for the life of me, I don't understand the appeal.

Sure, these tunes have all the trademarks that TMBG fans must have liked all these years: those so-called witty lyrics, the oddball vocal interplay, all that 1940s-era brass cartoon soundtrack instrumentation no one does anymore ("Lady and the Tiger" and "Cloisson" come to mind). All of the songs have that clean clear inoffensive clarity that must sound great on headphones and wouldn't be out of place piped into a dentist's office while you're getting a root canal.

It's not that these songs are bad - I predict we're going to hear a great deal of "Can't Keep Johnny Down" in the next few weeks. Even "Judy Is Your Viet Nam" is appealing in an early - Who fashion.

I don't dislike the group and its sound; heck, I've been trying to like them since I bought *Flood* on vinyl in 1990. TMBG was on the cutting edge then, and I was trying to be with it, but it was all I could do to last through all 19 songs then. I had the same problem with *Join Us* even though it was shorter - I just wanted to get through the songs while waiting for something to knock my socks off. Something never happens.

Well, fans of TMBG will be thrilled with this new one, if they don't already have most of these tunes from previous EPs. And, I'll keep dragging out *Flood* every year or so to see what I've been missing. But I bet I still won't get it.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



The Wrong Ones
Deceiver

The Wrong Ones are a shit-hot Stooges/Dead Boys styled heavy rock/punk hybrid monster of a band from Houston. Their live shows are legendary, many often finding lead vocalist Jarett Barger writhing on the floor with the audience pouring beer all over him, or in some manner of mid-swoon falling all over the stage and his bandmates. While this makes for a spectacular live show, I haven't yet found the lathe that allows you to cut those into vinyl grooves or burn them into pits on a CD.

This is the infamy, The Wrong Ones onstage, that *Deceiver* has a hard time living down. It is an admirable fight that I am surprised to say that The Wrong Ones are actually winning. Too many bands I like live through shitty PA's in house parties just don't survive the transition to record like this. All you need cue up is the *Raw Power* deep cut sounds of "Doomsday Transmission" at the end of the first side to tell that these guys are serious.

Deceiver is full of hard-jumping rock that recalls early '80s Sunset Strip as much as it does Cleveland 1976. I get a definite Faster Pussycat vibe from these guys, and to me that is not a bad thing. "Unemployment Check" plays like a *Behind The Music* episode set to Marshall-crunchy power chords and strident drums. This song just sets the stage for most of the other nine songs: high-octane half-punk/half-metal songs about getting wasted and hard living. It's not all winning though. Barger's vocals are still pitchy and the songs often get over on attitude more on classic songwriting, but overall *Deceiver* is another fine album from Houston's Cutthroat Records. The kind of album you put on in the Nova and lay a few inches of rubber down on the warehouse district's parking lots, drunk on Lone Star and ready to rock.—**KELLY MINNIS**



The Bunny The Bear

If You Don't Have Anything Nice To Say

An album was described to me this month as electronic metal-core for fans of Horse the Band, Circa Survive and Coheed and Cambria. I was intrigued, liking all three bands and curious to see how Circa Survive was going to translate into metal-core. So I checked out The Bunny The Bear's *If you Don't have Anything Nice to Say...*

Well, I don't have anything nice to say about this album at all. This was the worst 40 minutes of my music I have heard in a long time. Whoever classified these guys with the likes of Horse the Band needs to rethink working in music. The only similarity would be using synth in metal-core. The album is a bland dose of the worst parts of generic metal clichés with vocals that made my skin crawl. If they are comparing this throat wrenching attempt at falsetto to Claudio from Coheed, then I want to met this man and slap him in the face. Never have I heard something so bad. Not to mention lyrics which have the creativity of a pubescent teen's masturbatory fantasies, one minded and simple.

Beyond the horrible description I was given, and impossibly high standards I had for anything with such a description, this album is a let down on all levels. Musically every song is repetitive and all blend together into one big mess. Spanning synth pop and black metal vocals the album becomes like a juke box on crack. I am all for diversity in music, and blending genres to make something different, but this does not do justice to any of the genres it attempts to mimic. To give a better description, it sounds like the Bee Gee's with Tuberculosis got hit by a bus full of the worst Michael Jackson impersonators dying and throwing up into microphones, but even that might be a stretch.

My suggestion to anyone interested in something different, don't waste your time on this album, but check out some old Horse the Band or the new *IWrestledABearOnce*. This was a huge let down, and I hope to never see another album from these guys.—**BRI EDWARDS**

Brazos County Metal News



On July 8th local radio station Rock 103.9 held the first Homebrew Artist Showcase featuring local bands playing a free show at Schotzi's on Northgate. Local band-Signal Rising's lead singer Chris Pate is the host of the popular Sunday night radio show featuring local and area Rock and Metal bands' music. The bands **Wicked Whiskey River, Wellborn Road, Signal Rising** and **BonnieBlue** were on the card this night. Wellborn Road's awesome performance really set the mood for the night for the Metalheads in attendance. Then next, Signal Rising melted the stage with their Hard Rockin' set. When BonnieBlue set up and started its soundcheck, the outside power supply/sound system of Schotzi's mystically quit working and after 35 minutes of Metal Music Fans' waiting the BonnieBlue set was called off sending everyone home. Rock 103.9 Homebrew has more shows in the works, the next one on Aug. 19 featuring Signal Rising and local/legendary Punk Rockers The Hangout's, and then on September 20th, the radio station is having it's one year anniversary party at Hurricane Harry's with **Signal Rising, 10 Years** and another band to be announced. Check out the info at : facebook.com/Rock-1039 <http://www.rock1039online.com/>

As y'all seen on the cover of this issue, July 15th was The last Metal Music show at The Stafford Main. There were over 200 people for this one last Epic night of Metal. Fans of the Brazos County Metal music scene flocked from all parts of Texas causing the sweat pit/non-air conditioned building to erupt into a crowded mass of Metalhead madness. **Black Tar Heroine** (Cody Hancock) started out the show with his Electronica/Industrial/Metal ,which is 180-degree turn from the Grindcore/Death Metal of **Predominant Mortification** we were so used to seein' from him. Next up was local Metal band **Transcend Before Azalea** who got the first Hard hittin' Mosh Pit going early. The energy level of the crowd was at an all time high and it just kept growing as the night progressed. **Sea of Wolves** was third up on this historical night and owned the stage. **Untitled We Stand**, from Lampasas, caused the first Wall of Death in the Mosh Pit with their Cen-Tex Metal. **BonnieBlue** was next to play their final performance on the Stafford stage. Folks, the energy was like a nuclear blast when the band played New music off their *Black Tooth Grin* album. The Headliners, **Behold the Great Throne**, totally sealed off the night in True Christian Hardcore Metal fashion with some serious Metal including a quick prayer for the Stafford Main and staff. Some people wondered what was to come of the Brazos County Metal Music Scene as the doors closed one last time.

Well Folks, as soon as the news broke about the Stafford closing leaving the local Metal bands/scene with No venue/place to play in Bryan. A group of people was assembled to assist local photographer Amber Fazzino, who has use of the Lakeview Venu on Tabor Rd. on Thursdays & Fridays to host the Brazos County Metal Music scene and its Hard Rock/Metal Music shows. This group includes Moses Alvarez III ,David Lynch, Leland Gaston, Jake Northam and other local band members to help relocate and organize the Brazos County Metal Music scene to a new Home location that can contain the masses of Metalheads, be loud, and not disturb anyone or break any city laws. The Lakeview Venu is the perfect place for Metal. It's BYOB (they only sell beer/wine) and it's just a couple of miles off Hwy 6 on Tabor Rd., less than 10 easy minutes from downtown Bryan and at 2am when all other places in town has to close their doors the Metal Music can keep going without Beer sales. That's right...if a band does run late or the crowd wants a encore and delays the other bands that's scheduled to play, those bands will still play even if it's sunrise! The Lakeview Venu can hold 2,500 people easy with very a large parking area and room for an outdoor stage for the larger "Music-Fests" like the ones in larger cities.

The first Metal Music show at the Lakeview Venu is scheduled for Sept 16 with local Metal bands **Transcend Before Azalea, Sea of Wolves**, and **Behold the Great Throne** already confirmed with a lot of other great Texas Metal bands in the works .

Check out Facebook/Lakeview Venu for any updated info on upcoming shows and always stay tuned to Facebook/FoilfaceTheMetalhead for all the Brazos County's Hard Rock/Metal/Brazos Valley Roller Derby info,pics and video.—**FOILFACE**

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