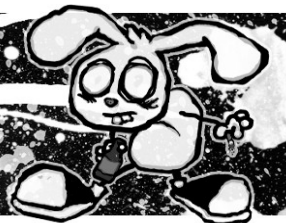


DECEMBER 2011  
VOL. 3—ISSUE 12

979represent.com

THE FREEWHEELIN' GUIDE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF COLLEGE STATION/BRYAN



# the busy kids

houston punk rock brats nig boys and pizza

Also inside: Kill All Redneck Pricks Pedal Pushing Asian Persuasions Brazos County  
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Creature Features



## A New & Improved 979Rep?

Well, it's hard to say whether that is the case or not, but here it is anyways. I think it's fair to say that in the past three years that we've printed this here fine publication that we've learned that yers truly and company are terrible business people. Our business acumen is pretty much non-existent. We couldn't sell advertising worth shit, and we hated having to do it. A few fantastic benefactors have helped us keep 979Represent afloat, but for the most part we have been cannibalizing other portions of our ventures (Sinkhole Texas Inc., SHTI Shirt Club, etc.) to keep this paper in your hands.

Honestly, we went broke, so we had to let 979Represent The Print Edition go. Or so we thought.

When our editorial bored first came up with the idea for printing 979Rep we were inspired by the 'zine movement of the 1980's and 1990's. There wasn't much intarwebz back then so if dirtbags wanted to communicate with other like-minded dirtbags they wrote their screeds out, cut and pasted it together with scissors and glue and Xeroxed it up. Our content *definitely* reflects that ethos, but the package itself did not, as we were able to afford to run 979Rep as a tabloid-styled publication on newspaper. That costs good \$\$\$.

I should take this moment to thank the printers at *The Eagle* for giving us a super duper break on printing for several years. But even with that break we couldn't continue to make it happen.

So we are going back to our roots and taking 979Rep down a peg or two from "newspaper" to "zine". You'll have the same crap content from the same crap contributors, but instead of having your crap presented to you nice and big and stuff, it will now be presented to you like this. Concise crap. But your crap will still be delivered to you for free every month. No laxatives required. All kidding aside, we are excited that we can continue to chronicle "the other side of Bryan/College Station" and hope to continue keeping it real for you even if we have to do it on stolen paper towels.—  
KELLY MINNIS

## MOUSTACHE RIDES

BY JAMES GRAY



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for the discerning dirtbag.

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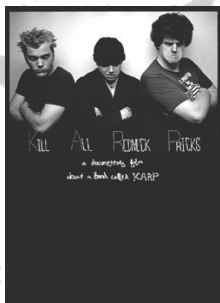
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## Kill All Redneck Pricks

Who is KARP? If you don't know the answer to this then fuck you. They are one of the raddest bands of all time. Heavy as shit like The Melvins when they really rock minus all the weird shit. I was lucky enough to get to see them live way back in the day and it is one of my prouder show moments. Needless to say I was stoked as hell to learn there was a documentary in the works chronicling the lifespan of the band.



The movie goes back to the beginnings when they were just dork ass trashy teenagers in some podunk town outside of Olympia, WA. The name stood for Kill All Redneck Pricks, which is also the name of the documentary. That's a phrase I would hope all of us could identify with.

Throughout the film there are tons of first hand accounts from the band members and lots of other cool band dudes and dudettes from the area. Since you most likely don't know anything about them, I'll go ahead and spoil it for you. One of them is now in The Melvins, one is a recovering heroine addict who really seems to love trees, and the third one is dead. Sad stuff. But the movie is great and was totally worth the drive to Houston to see the official showing. Not sure if it's really available anywhere, so give thepi-ratebay a shot or hit me up and you can borrow it and see what the shit is all about.—ATARIMATT



## Asian Persuasions

For those of you that follow my meager attempts at being amusing and this ability to type that I acquired in high school, an up-

date of sorts I thought would be in good order. Since the last time I wrote for the paper, I have become gainfully employed. I say "gainfully" meaning that I am now truly a participating member of society which was something I was lacking in life for a while. I changed jobs and am now working for a company doing similar work in real estate, but the added bonus is that I find it rewarding.

Being employed and actually having work to compose everyday takes up a lot of the time that I once utilized for meditating. Coinciding with the lack of "me" time, I've become much more of a "regular folk" kind of guy in that now things irritate me much more. First and foremost: priorities. While I had me time, I had time to focus on the inner workings of the universe and that time allowed me to keep things in a big picture perspective that made the everyday meanderings of life easy to handle because of their impact on the overall experience of life. Now that I'm in the nitty gritty of everyday life, the necessity of trying to be on time and make schedules has magnified the importance of the shithead in front of me not adhering to the posted sign that has the speed limit. The soccer mom ordering lunch who can't determine which item will pose the least amount of effect on her figure has become that much more of a deterrent for things I feel need to be completed. What has also impacted my life in a negative manner is that things in their current perspective seem so much more personal. The once unencumbered laidback nature of yours truly is most certainly there, but the awareness of how these everyday aspects and how they play out are much more myopic and seemingly important in the moment. Just something I will have to make time for and improve upon I suppose.....

But being that Thanksgiving has just passed, I must say all the things I am thankful for. I'm thankful to have an awesome daughter who, like her father, finds any excuse to make others laugh. I'm thankful to be in a relationship that is mutual. Most of all, I'm thankful to have my group of friends, co-workers, and the confidants I've acquired since moving to Texas. It's something I appreciate every day.—THE DAHLI RAMA

## Sometimes You Score Big in the \$5 Bin @ Wal-Mart



I picked up a four-pack called *The Midnight Horror Collection: Road Trip to Hell*, and the first discs made it worth my money. The first two movies were *The Sheltered* and *The Craving*, neither of which are the greatest of movies, but both satisfy the cheap gore thrill factor.

*The Sheltered* was a little slow getting going, but the psychological thriller drags a group out of the grip of a storm and into the house of a madman. This group consists of two women, asking for death, when they pick up random surf guys and drive them into a storm as everyone is evacuating. Then they are forced to stop when the storm gets too bad, and then end up in a small bar. The travelers meet a stranger, and assume he is the bartender, but the bartender is bleeding out behind the bar and they flee the storm with his killer...



Ending up at this creepy dude's house, in an unknown town, in the middle of a storm, they decide to get wasted and start sleeping with each other. Typical, of course, they start dying off one by one. A random lesbian crack whore stumbles in and never leaves the house at some point, which is never truly relevant to the movie. Eventually the bartender guy goes crazy, but the one chick who lives is actually crazier. Overall not the best of stories, but the direction was cool with the strobe effect to his crazy twitches and the cheap slaughter scenes.

*The Craving* was an adventure to Burning Man with a group of college kids. They decide to take the short cut, get lost and stop for directions only to be greeted by a shot gun. In a panic they flee, flipping their van, breaking one guy's leg and leaving them stranded in the middle of the desert. This is where this movie took a turn to the strange. In the middle of this hopeless situation, night falls and everyone crawls into the tent for a little lovin' in the moonlight. The chorus of pleasure is interrupted by a gorilla-oomph loompa-pterodactyl-chupacabra-vampire-werewolf thing attacking the campers, and it bites one! The camper starts turning into something crazy and they have to send someone out to adventure for help.

The monster beast can be detected by its smell, some love it and others hate it. The ones who loved it happened to be the stoners in the group, but who is to say what the beast truly smelled like. They even say the beast gets you high as it comes near you. It also makes a pterodactyl like sound as it attacks its prey. It did leave a man ripped in half and ate the face off a guy with the greatest special effects I have ever seen. On top of the epic effects, the cinematography looks like it was filmed with my parents' video camera from 1992, and the acting is beyond Oscar caliber to say the very least.

The film is full of twists when the local cop turns out to be on the side of the evil monster, and eats the blonde leaving the stoner chick to fend for herself. You come to find out the craving is the locals' addiction to the smell of the beast, and they have been trapping people for the feast so they can get baked on the beast. The adventurer returns to save the day, and the two speed off to safety, except the stoner chick is now hooked on the scent!

For the first half of a \$5 set, I would say it was worth the money. And to think, I still have two more movies to look forward to.—BRI EDWARDS

# Brazos Valley Metal News



The area Metal Music scene was slow in November with just one show taking place on Thursday the 17th. A new venue in College Station, Velocity Video Dance Bar, booked a Live Metal Music night and three of the Top Local Metal bands of 2011 were

Finishin' out this Thursday night of Metal was the 2010 and, now, 2011, Brazos County Metal Music band of the year: **Behold The Great Throne**, with new Bassist Camron Newell on board. Folks, BTGT has continued to write and produce new powerful Christian metal music at just about every show,

performed many free shows and has even performed for a fund raiser at a local church event. BTGT represented the Brazos County Metal scene while on a West Coast tour this year with great respect and honor, and even worked their donkeys off making the cash needed to record their music by a professional. Through nothin' but hard work, this local band has earned the title of being the Brazos County Heavyweights as Band of the Year and this night's performance showed everyone in attendance just why. Jon, Matt, Will, Camron and Jake delivered a loud, flawless set that tested the building's structure ratings and house speaker system. The energy levels this band produced showed there is a higher power guiding them and that night's show was loaded with Holy Heavy Metal no less.

on this card.

Startin' out the show was the new-est Black Death Metal band to enter our local scene **Blood Magistrate**, which played their first show back in September. Folks, James Moore (lead guitarist/vox), Timi Filth (Drums), Bob DeBorde (Rhythm Guitar), and Jerad Heintschel (Bass) bring true Black/Death Metal to the stage with intense headbanging and great stage presence for the masses. Their opening performance on this night clearly showed this band is a Headliner quality band for future shows and is noted for filling the gap in our mostly Hardcore /Alternative/Progressive Metal Music scene with their sound. These guys tore up Velocity like a chainsaw on a rotted cow in true Death Metal style, startin' out a night of Killer Live Metal Music with mosh action and thrashin'.

Next up was local Metal band **Transcend Before Azalea** with a different drummer Cody Brown (formerly of Pri-mal and Culture in Ruin) joined up with Wes Brock on lead vox, Aaron Beasley on Guitar/Vox, Joe Reynolds on Guitar and insane veteran metal scene bassist Michael Brammer (formerly of Lysis and Alcoholocaust). Well Folks, these five guys commenced to whippin' out some serious Brazos County Hardcore Asskickin' Metal Music up onstage and did so for 30 full minutes. Transcend Before Azalea was born earlier this year in February and since then the band has turned into a fully-matured well-rounded metal band with a very promising look for the year ahead. The set they performed this night was the best it's ever played yet that I've witnessed. Go check out the video links on the band's Facebook page to see actual live footage from this show.

Stay tuned in 2012, The Brazos County Metal Music scene is already working for a show coming in January and also, local radio station Rock103.9 and its local music program Home brew has plans for an all local Metal band show at Northgate.

Happy Holidays to all Y'all Metal heads out there! - **Foil Face the Metal Head, Coverin' the local Metal scene like no other.**

Top: Blood Magistrate—Middle: Transcend Before Azalea—Bottom: Behold the Great Throne

# the busy kids

## profile by molly minnis

Houston's The Busy Kids have a fantastic juvenile punk/pop sound that is joyful and bright, in a way that is somewhat rare right now. Punk rock bands tend to be scrawny hipsters, complete dirtbags or hopeless lifers. The music reflects that point of view. Punk bands usually aren't just plain fun. The Busy Kids buck that tradition, and take punk back to its ego-less roots in openness and child-like wonder, which makes this Houston foursome so irresistible. Plus it also doesn't hurt that they've got good songs that are just as fun as hell to hear on tape as they are to hear jammed out live in front of you. Their debut album is full of razorblade guitars, power chords, and sugarrush drumming. No cutesy American Apparel wink/nudge modern indie; no pretend Hot Topic grrrrrrr punk self-righteousness; just music made by skate betties for skate betties.

What *isn't* special about The Busy Kids is that the band is comprised 100% of women, with Anna Garza on guitar/backing vox, Maricela Varela on bass/backing vox, Laurene Connolly on drums and Niki Sevven on lead vocals and guitar. It's not really special that they are all women, because women play rock and roll, drink alcohol, and write/sing songs. That to some it is uncommon means they either don't pay much attention or suffer from stereotypes of women that haven't had an ounce of truth to it in 20 years (that's one thing you can thank Nirvana for, helping bring to the mainstream the gender equity that punk rockers had championed 15 good years before The Year That Punk Broke).

What is unique about The Busy Kids is that they are charming as fuck. Their brand new CD *The Busy Kids Stole My Boyfriend* (Sinkhole Texas Inc.) is full of songs about cute boys, pizza, skateboarding...eating pizza with cute boys after a day of skateboarding, all antsy because you think maybe you kinda like each other, well, maybe you like each other a lot actually. From lead off track "Teenager In Heat" through "The Ballad of Peter Lee" you hear the refrain over and over again. The songs are simple, four on the floor Ramones styled teenage kicks banged out in rudimentary fashion with all the glee you'd

expect out of a grown-up teenager band. Like a 21st century Runaways recording for K Records. Songs blast by in under 90 seconds. On *Stole My Boyfriend* the band is cleaner, almost Breeders-like in approach, but the punk rock really comes out when the guitars all blur into each other. "To Sir (With Love)" has a bit of a darkness live that isn't present on tape. "Suzy Puke Stole My Boyfriend" has more than its share of Deborah Harry/Cherie Curry attitude. "De-Vey" is sung in French at helps to cross the divide between the band's punk rock approach and the sunny breeziness of C86 era jangle pop, with "Mountain" having a lot in common with the brief pop masterpieces of mid-period Guided By Voices.

What is also only somewhat special is that The Busy Kids are kind of a sibling band to Houston punk trio Something Fierce, as *Seven* also plays bass and sings in that band as well. The Busy Kids isn't exactly a "side project" but these two bands are definitely different enough from each other that neither will suffer artistically at the other band's behest. It should also be noted, though it is also only somewhat special, that both Niki and Anna moonlight with Vivian Pikkles And the Sweet-Hearts Uber Alles, a completely fucked-up confrontational Jayne County/Hedwig & The Angry Inch styled punk rock band that is actually not fronted by a transwoman.

Basically The Busy Kids is a teenage garage band but without the messiness of actually being teenagers. Because you can't drink beer (or at least you shouldn't if you're 12 and your honey hive is buzzing with teenage lust. The music is fun, simple, catchy as hell, and delivered in such a winsome way that you cannot help but be drawn in to their charm. See them live when they come back to B/CS, find them on Facebook and pick up their album online at

<http://sinkholetexas.com>





## BU Derby Girls Complete First Year

November ended what has been the first full year of organized statewide competition for The Brazos Valley Derby Girls. The club has been operating under the rules and regulations of WFTDA (Women's Flat Track Derby Association) and has had five different matches this year with other out of town derby teams across Texas. Their year ended with a record of 2-3.



On November 20th, the BVDG held their last exhibition bout at the VFW Post 6492 for the season. Over the last few months the BVDG has been hosting "theme" matches like an 80's night and even a match on Halloween, where half the Girls were dressed as Super Heroes and the other half dressed as Zombies. These nights were sold out, and the crowds absolutely enjoyed the show the girls put forth. With the large crowds, the BVDG's energy levels went through the roof, especially on Halloween. The girls were skating on the



jagged edge and were a lot rougher against each other than in normal bouts, even having the first real blood spill/minor injury requiring EMS on the flat track when a player hit the floor hard.

Overall, the BVDG have put Bryan/College Station on the map for having a serious competitive Women's Roller Derby team here with its very beautiful, fast, hard-hitting talented skaters. The team overcame a lot of issues and gained the valuable experience to lead them into the 2012 season, which begins in February. The BVDG are looking for new skaters and sponsors for 2012. If you or someone you know of wants to be a Derby Girl or Team Sponsor, contact them. Next tryouts/assessment days are scheduled for Dec. 1st, 6th, and the 8th, and then again on Jan.31st and Feb. 2nd and 5th. Contact the BVDG at <http://www.brazosvalleyderbygirls.com/> and on Facebook/Brazos-Valley-Derby-Girls.—DAVID LYNCH

## Pedal Pushing: Alesis Mod FX Bitrman

There are few effects devices that I've had for more than a year or two. I'm dreadful at buying and selling stuff constantly as I'm looking for whatever will work best for me. The Alesis Bitrman is one of the two music making tools that I still own that came with me to Texas over five years ago. This one shall never leave my side.

The Mod FX series was released about ten years ago and sales were really low. Why? Because Alesis had no idea who to market them to. They weren't exactly guitar pedals so you couldn't market them to guitarists. They were kinda too weird for DJ's and had no RCA ins/outs. Keyboardists could use them, but it's rare these days that these kind of effects aren't already developed into the engines of most modern-day workstation keyboards. So who would buy them at their initial \$90 price? No one. So eventually Alesis was forced to



close them out for less than half of retail price. So a lot of us bought them then when you could take a chance on a weird effect for cheap. Then Alesis took the whole line out of production, and a funny thing happened. It turned out that Alesis was maybe too far ahead of its time with the line.

In the years since the Mod FX line ceased, a few of the models have attained mythic status. The Metavox Vocoder and this, the Bitrman, are the two that now trade second-hand well above \$100. The Bitrman offers four different FX to be combined in a variety of series. You can move them around in the chain, and it drastically affects how the different FX react to each other, just like with real pedals. A simple compression, distortion, a stereo phaser and a "bitrness" effect. This effect runs the gamut from comb filtering, bit reduction, resonant distortion, filter modulation, ring modulation and filter sweeping. It is this part of the effect that makes it so desirable. Whatever you take into it can be rendered, blended and made to sonically resemble a 14k modem vomiting all over your tone. And all in stereo! There aren't many bit crushing hardware effects available. Most people do it with plug-ins these days, and it's a sound that has been in style for the last few years, like turning pretty much any tone source into something that sounds a lot like your old Nintendo when the game cartridge wasn't inserted properly. The only other bit crushers are either also out of production or are made by boutique pedaliers and cost north of \$300. And none are as versatile as the Bitrman.

Personally, I leave it hooked up as a pedal for my main analog synthesizer for mangling sound, creating weird clanging bells with ring mod and a gnarly fuzz bass with the decimator. I've also been known to use it in the guitar rig, placing it on top of the amp and using a simple on/off pedal with it since it is not really meant to be used like a real stompbox. I've also used it as a direct guitar preamp for ampless recording and it helps to create some of the strange 1970's Robert Fripp/Richard Pinhas/Manuel Gottsching tones that I love so much from their recordings. You can also find this effect incorporated into other discontinued Alesis products from that period, like the AirFX, GuitarFX, and Ineko/Akira, although with less ability to control the parameters of the effect (the Ineko is another device I will never part with). If you can find one of these you will LOVE it, as noting else quite destroys good tone as nice as the Bitrman.—KELLY MINNIS

# concert calendar

**12/2—The Well, Ancient VVidom, The Hangouts, One Good Lung** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

**12/3—Johnny Falstaff** @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 9pm

**12/3—Big Hush, Fade To Black, See J, Byron Bank** @ Schotzsis, College Station. 9pm

**12/3—Strawberry Jam** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

**12/4—Lacey Roop** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 9pm

**12/9—Black Cock, The Ex-Optimists, Jay Satellite, Stout City Luchadores** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

**12/10—Possessed By Paul James** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

**12/16—Sideshow Tragedy, Magic Girl** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

**12/17—Magic Girl, TBD** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

**12/23—Kristy Kruger** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

**12/29—Bryce Eiman, Happy Endings, Skullfucker** @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

# record reviews



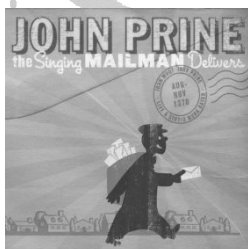
**Kate Bush**  
*50 Words For Snow*

I can't think of many artists who have continued producing vital work from their teens into their 50's. Kate Bush is definitely the first one that comes to mind. Earlier this year she surprised the music world by announcing she'd be releasing an album remaking some of her 1990s work, and then very quietly let slip there'd be a new album out by year's end. That would be *50 Words For Snow*.

It's a concept album of sorts, and as others have noted, feels a bit like "The Ninth Wave," the mini-concept album that takes up the B-side to her peerless 1985 album *Hounds of Love*. The new album consists of mostly solo piano and voice, the songs all blur into each other in one album long suite of calm. But unsettling calm at times, and uncannily weird. "Snowflake" gets things started nice enough, until later in it sounds like Kate has put herself through *The Knife's* vocal box. Turns out it's her 12 year old son singing instead. And wait a second, is that Elton John dueting on "Snowed In At Wheeler Street", sounding stronger and, well, burlier than I've ever heard him? This is the album's high mark both artistically and emotionally.

There's more of the wackiness you've come to expect from Miss Bush. Actor Stephen Fry shows up to recite crazy names for snow on

the title track (oh yes, there are indeed 50 words for snow). There's some slick ensemble play later in the album thanks to the fleet drumming of pro Steve Gadd, but the overall impression is that this is a late-night album that just kind of fits together to create a very quiet mood, which is kind of weird for Kate Bush. Her earlier work is very much in your face.—**KELLY MINNIS**



**John Prine**  
*The Singing Mailman Delivers*

Some people have more interesting things stuffed in their garage than the rest of us. When his wife made him clean up the garage earlier this year, singer-songwriter John Prine, 65, dug up tapes of himself singing in 1970 at age 24. This was a year away from the first of his 22 albums. The double-CD is just the young Prine and his guitar, half solo in the studio and half live.

The reason for the "new Dylan" label that Prine was saddled with for a time is apparent here. Prine fans may be interested in hearing him so early in his career, but this is not likely to garner any new listeners despite the top-notch songs.

Some of Prine's most powerful tunes are present, mostly in two versions: the loopy "Illegal Smile," his folk standard "Paradise," the touching "Hello In There," and an early version of the still-haunting anti-war anthem "Sam

Stone" (known here as "Great Society Conflict Veteran's Blues"). The title of the album comes from the job he held when he decided to start writing and performing music.

Prine demonstrates the full range of his lyrical gifts on this early recording, ranging from poignant depictions of a collapsing relationship ("Blue Umbrella") to the goofy ("Spanish Pipedream") to "blow up your TV" to the early version of "Sam Stone" with the chilling "There's a hole in daddy's arm/ Where all the money goes."

The live CD is a loose-limbed affair, replete with in-song chatter and guitar tunings, that shows how comfortable Prine is with performing before a friendly crowd. He closes the disc with a reminder to his audience that he'll be playing again on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. And he's still playing.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



**Wild Flag**  
*Wild Flag*

I bought a new van last year that came with a year's free subscription to satellite radio. One of the channels I preset on the radio is XMU, a sort of college radio station for the New Millennium. I approach listening to this station kinda like I'm taking medicine. So much of modern indie just leaves me cold. Too much hype, too much focus on texture and subgenre and not enough focus on

placing strong songwriting at the core. But I am often surprised when I hear something new pop up. As I was the day I first heard "Romance," the lead-off track from Wild Flag's debut self-titled album.

Wild Flag constitutes a '90s indie rock super group of sorts, featuring members of Sleater-Kinney, Helium, Quasi and The Minders. Or for you sly television watchers, the band features that girl from *Portlandia*. "Romance" just leaps out at you right from the start in much the same way lead-off tracks from Sleater-Kinney records did. Solid drums, interesting guitar interplay and a somewhat manic vocal approach that is just one step away from panicked. That is Carrie Brownstone, but she is not dominant on this album. In fact, for a supergroup, the different factions come together in a way that plays up the individuals' strengths to create something somewhat unique. Sure, with Carrie and Janet involved it definitely has the S-K vibe, but Mary Timony, whose work with Helium was a bit cooler in temperature than S-K, steps up to the task of wild woman and meets it head-long. "Something Came Over Me" and "Glass Tambourine" have a sort of disturbed quality that is somewhat shocking from Timony. She and Carrie do a fantastic job of weaving their guitar lines together in a Quine/Velaine or Rinaldo/Moore way, and Rebecca Cole's organ helps fill in the bottom to make Wild Flag much fuller and less skittery than Sleater-Kinney. The Television influence is very heavy on this album, and a good four of the 10 songs sound like they could've been outtakes from *Marquee Moon*.

This album is short, sweet and to the point, and is one of the more rocking albums of the year. At a time when indie rock has become a bedroom musician's game, this band does a fantastic job of kicking hipsters in their fancy orthodontistry and rocking unconditionally.—**KELLY MINNIS**

# **ARSENAL TATTOO**



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