



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



*Also inside: Brazos County Metal News Still Drinkin' -
Lana Del Rey Atarimatt vs. Fried Pie Shop Spring Beers -
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Print le Mort?

979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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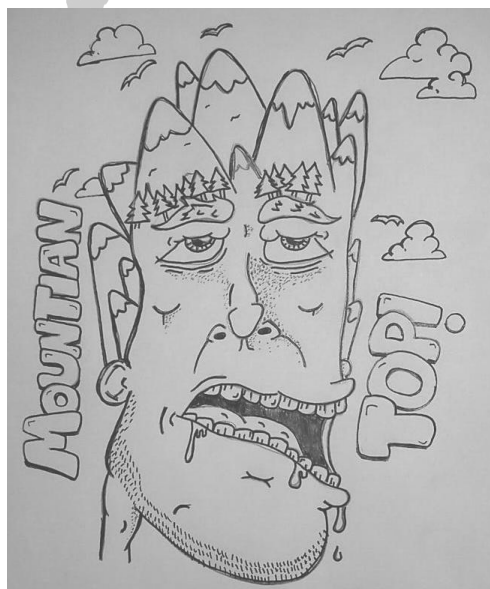
For Christmas last year I bought my mother-in-law a Kindle Touch. She is a big reader of both new literature and periodicals and lives 100 miles from a decent library. She's already enjoying the freedom this little device allows her for consuming content. I've often thought of going e-book myself, especially when I look at my shelves and see hundreds of books that I hate moving around, hundreds of books that are falling apart (because I buy used when possible), many with food stains (I read when I eat), etc. Wouldn't it be rad if I could have all my favorite books digitized?

Then I look next to the overstuffed bookcase at the overstuffed vinyl shelf, packed with hundreds of LP's, hundreds of 45's, etc. Hmm. The iPod may allow me to take all my music with me wherever, but I still hold onto the vinyl like talismans. Then I realize that I will probably not go virtual for literature, at least not now. But I recall way back in 1998 when I encountered my first MP3 that I sneered. "Dude, it doesn't even sound good, why would I ditch all my records for this?" Well, I didn't exactly, but obviously I don't carry a Turntableman around with me (though I have often thought about getting a nice little console turntable to bring to the office). The MP3 player has been a nice way to make my record collection portable, but I still listen to my records at home or DJ with them.

Where I see the e-reader taking off is in the textbook market. My wife is in grad school and uses an iPad to read articles and books and it has been a money saver (even after the expense of the iPad) and it is far more flexible for her with notating what she reads. And of course, the other perks a tablet offers. But I do think about it quite a bit, as I re-read *The Wheel of Time* series for the umpteenth time, and those paperbacks are literally falling apart. I suppose I could buy nicer copies, but planning ahead, wouldn't it be wiser to just go digital? E-book files are small enough that they slip under the radar of the anti-piracy folks, and I'd only be after catalog titles that way. I'd still have to spring for the latest thing from Amazon or such. Still thinking this one through. Meanwhile, I'm a stick with my beat-up paperbacks. At least for now... - KELLY MINNIS

MOUSTACHE RIDES

By JAMES GRAY





Fried Pie Shop

I can't believe it took me this long to get down to The Fried Pie Shop. It's on the corner of HWY 6 and University in the gas station building next to Freebirds, where Sonic used to be.



I was expecting good things when I went and that's pretty much what I got. The ambiance of the place is a little lacking, but hell, they make fried pies and that's it. No side dishes, toppings, nothing. Just straight up fried pies. Which I think is awesome. But apparently it is a franchise, which knocks it down just a notch in the awesome factor. Still, the folks working were really nice, the place was clean as a whistle and the pies were damn good and bigger than I thought they would be. The dough is like a cross

between a typical pie crust and the stuff they make funnel cakes out of. I was surprised at how not greasy they were. Even fresh out of the fryer.

I got the Beef and Vegetable one and was very happy with it. I also had a taste of the Mexican one. It was really good too. Like the fried burritos I used to get at the roller rink. They also have an assortment of other flavors of meal style pies like Mushroom and Spinach, Pepperoni Pizza, etc. as well as fruit and pudding style pies. I got the chocolate and it was the shit.

I think I should also note that they have nothing but Dublin sodas on tap. Root beer, Dr. Pepper, Black Cherry, Orange...I didn't even know they made anything other than Dr. Pepper. While I won't sit at work and drool thinking about them the way I do a Stover's Burger, I can say that I will definitely make the effort to eat there again. So go check it out! - ATARIMATT



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Lucky McKee's May

In celebration of the October 2012 release of The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3-D by Lionsgate films, I would like to prepare our dirtbag readership for this auspicious occasion by reviewing some of the overlooked, underrated, direct-to-garbage bin horror films over the past ten years. Please join me each month for a new film, and feel free to send any questions, concerns, or lavishing of praises to me concerning my film choices or reviews: hamster-glory@gmail.com. I'd love to discuss horror with you.

Reviews I've read about **Lucky McKee's May (2002)** refer to it as "an average slasher flick" or a "whole not worth the sum of its parts." I find these reviews hogwash. *May* achieves what few indie-horror films have achieved: a perfect concoction of spot-on performances, a heart-felt storyline, directing that knows when to go off and when to go, as well as a heroine who's far more than a slick-boobed slasher-film *Final Girl*. Even more impressive, *May* is Lucky McKee's debut film. I'd be interested to know what bits of McKee birthed *May*.



May follows a young ostracized woman who has remained on the outskirts of affection her entire life. Played by the tragically underrated Austin-native Angela Bettis, viewers encounter young May wearing a patch to hide her wobbly eye from her mother's friends. May's shameful mother hides May from society, telling May she will never make friends because she's too different. At a childhood birthday party, May's mother speaks over her daughter, "I've always said, if you can't find a friend, make one." And then she presents May with a doll who becomes May's lifelong best friend. This seemingly innocent statement and gift eventually wash over young May as spiritual prophecy, one that she will later follow as a divine calling.

Cameos by Anna Faris as the lesbian vet tech ("I like your neck"), Jeremy Sisto, as the self-described gore-hound love interest ("I like your hands"), and James Duval as a bus stop hook-up ("I like your arms") pitch an adult May against potential lovers outside her league. Regardless of her social standing or understandings, May knows what she wants from each of her potentials, and no amount of misguided passion or rejection will stop them from giving her what she wants.

McKee's gory black humor and Angela Bettis' pitch perfect performance add an air of comic relief to this modern Frankenstein-esque tale of girl-meets-parts and girl-builds-lover. The humor also lifts *May* above becoming another melodramatic flick about girls interrupted by their own broken timelines. (Note: Bettis played the anorexic Janet Webber in that flick, too.) *May*, admittedly, is not a straight slasher, nor is it a bubbly romance. And that's the great thing about *May*: It moves honestly through giddiness and rejection, awkwardness and heartache, bodies and knives. It's mindful of moments in all our lives when the phone would not ring and the reason, we imagined, was ourselves. The only difference is that most of us were never so skilled with knives.—KEVIN STILL

toen on film

Recently two movies came out which celebrate a love of movies. While some may believe that such a tactic is simply a narcissistic attempt to win a bunch of awards from adoring critics, there is really a beauty to what they are able to accomplish, and both are fantastically done as stand-alone films. In the age of portable entertainment when we can stream anything we want on command to the nearest computer screen, these films, *Hugo* and *The Artist*, should serve as a reminder of how great of an experience going to the movies can be.

Hugo starts out with a simple enough premise. An orphaned boy works within the walls of a 1920s Paris train station, keeping the clocks running while innocently stealing what he can from various shops, but his real quest is to fix a mysterious mechanical toy left to him by his father. Without giving too much away, he becomes friends with a girl who frequents her godfather's shop, and the two bond over the power of storytelling from books to the local cinema, and soon they discover that films play a more important role in their life than simple entertainment. I know, not a great summary, but once you see it you'll get what I'm talking about.

Hugo is actually a love letter to early silent films from its director, Martin Scorsese. The movie is sprinkled with clips of old films throughout, and if you watch closely you'll even see scenes from those films recreated by the characters. All the while *Hugo* has top-notch cinematography and set design, and Scorsese has made his first 3D film (I saw it with and without the glasses, and it was fantastic either way). It seems a little backwards, but it makes sense. *Hugo* is not about how movies should be made but rather how a great movie can tell a great story. It's a shame more people won't get the chance to see this on the big screen with proper theater surround sound, but hopefully when they do catch *Hugo* in their home they will still get its message.

The Artist is also a celebration of old movies, but it accomplishes this goal in a different way. Instead of a plot about the glory of older cinema, the acting and methods used to make the film are what carries it. To give you a heads up, *The Artist* is that new black and white film you might have seen commercials for. It's also actually a silent film, meaning it depends on its cast and music to keep things exciting, and both do a spectacular job. There's never a point during the two hour film when you find yourself bored, which is surprising considering many people these days have never sat through a movie with no audible dialog for that length of time. It's a very funny movie but also has plenty of melodramatic moments, making for quite a complete film.

In *The Artist*, a fictional famous silent film star, George Valentin, is cruising along until the studio opts to only produce new "talking pictures" henceforth. Meanwhile a young aspiring actress, who gets her foot in the door with Valentin's help, slowly rises to fame while he can only watch in despair. And of course they're in love with each other. Don't worry - this isn't *Singing In The Rain* (which by the way, you should see at least once). The movie is an homage to films of the 20s and 30s, but is also able to do things those movies never could with use of modern lighting and effects. The two skilled leads have great chemistry together, and by the end you feel more rewarded than most new movies leave you these days.

The point of this write-up isn't for you to become a movie snob. These movies are about how any good film can suck you into a story, how a trip to the local theater can be much more of an adventure than picking up a DVD from a Redbox kiosk, and that special effects aren't the key ingredient for success (looking at you Mr. Bay). Check out both *Hugo* and *The Artist* when you get the chance, whether it's on a big or small screen.—TODD HANSEN



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Spring Beers

Frank & written up by Kevin Still

Before diving into the dregs of Texas' springtime malt-psalms, there are two non-Lonestar brews worth our print. From Durango, **Tommyknocker's Cocoa Porter** (5.7% ABV), made with cocoa powder and honey, challenges the fence-line between classic English Porter and American chocolate/milk stouts. Pouring black as barrels of monk fasting, no cola purple light slivers characteristic of most American porters, slithers through the glass edges. The chocolaty sweet aroma matches the initial flavor. I detect zero trace of honey, except for a solid but subtle sweetness that subdues the sharp, almost bitter, cocoa flavor, lingering long in the aftertaste. The porter's body awakens as the temperature rises, so I suggest setting this one on the counter a good half hour before serving. Tommyknocker's Cocoa Porter is a fantastic late evening sipper, pairing well with a long read or a slow film. As a bonus, I tried Cocoa Porter alongside Ben-n-Jerry's Mud Pie, and the balance of sweet and not was exquisite.

Sierra Nevada's Ruthless Rye (6.6% ABV) wins my gold medal this month. Ruthless Rye pours rusty-red, like weathered paint cans in an urban legend. Aroma like pumpernickel: spicy and bready. A tinge of crisp citrus hop spread across the top. I have a hard time not equating the spicy hop notes with brown mustard, but that's because I don't take Thousand Island on my Ruebens. Roasted malt and razor sharp rye flavors are huge! Peppery rye coats the tongue for a long-lived aftertaste. Ruthless Rye is a bold beer, and it tastes as confident as a new brewery's flagship. I expect nothing less from Sierra Nevada.

As for Texas' spring beers, I'll present in order of preference, starting with **Rahr and Sons Iron Thistle Scottish Style Ale** (8.0%). For the most part, I've never enjoyed Scottish-style ales, much to the chagrin of our 979 bossman, Kelly Minnis. Scottish ales are generally low in carbonation, high in malts, and spiked in alcohol content, so not only do I get a beer that I don't like, I also get a beer that ends my night far too early. However, Rahr and Sons Iron Thistle blew my mind, even rivaling Ruthless Rye for my Springtime Gold Medal Award. This sucker pours deep mahogany with zero head. Potato heavy baked barley aromas hang heavy above the glass. Tobacco smoked sweet caramel burns the belly of the first sips, and it never relents. Flavors increase with the temperature, and I find myself cupping the glass in both bare hands to raise the temperature even faster. This is a beautiful beer boasting a savory-smoked sweetness, like dragging baked malts through a caked pipe bowl. Buy this beer by the case and make it last until fall.

(ed. note—Iron Thistle tastes nothing like a real Scottish ale...try Pike's Kilt Lifter...that's the stuff)

Saint Arnold's Spring Bock (6.4% ABV) simmers a yeasty aroma of rising bread. Something sweet hides in the background - a caramelized question-mark that ain't exactly caramel. First sip is sugary, like Sodalak's sweet tea. The flavor and mouthfeel of Saint Arnold's Spring Bock are not watered down, making it a more traditional bock than Shiner. Smooth. Slightly toasted. Bright malts. Lovely beer. Nice toffee and - I swear - pineapple. Although I'm no fan of bocks, I'd buy this sucker by the sixer. Two at a time. Sip it on the back porch. Eat a peach. That is all.

After blasting Shiner in the last paragraph (which I'm quite well versed at doing in and out of print) I shall publically tip my faded cap to **Shiner's Dortmund Spring Ale** (5.5%). Dortmund is an old lager style rarely replicated in the New Word, so I have very little style comparisons to hold Shiner's Spring Ale against. A thick golden hay appearance cheers a constant succession of tiny carbonation strings, creating on the head a slender puffy crown. Hay and grass aromas reveal a heavy lager, an obese lager, a big beer with cute little pilsner hops finger-tipped behind the ears. Lightly toasted grass and malt flavors slide quickly over the tongue with a long-lasting residue. Mouthfeel is light but persistent. And, odd questions here, but do I taste marshmallows here? Shiner Dortmund goes great with an empty glass and also with a stack of chicken tenders.

Southern Star's Le Mort Vivant is a springtime Biere de Garde, similar is fashion to Farmhouse ales and Saisons. Such declarations prepare my palette for heavy fruit and straw features. Pours bright orange with brownish edges. No head. Looks more like a fall than spring with all those dark tones swirling and rising in the glass. The aroma is one of fresh-baked orange cookies made with spicy orange peels and some other distinctly sharp spice, most likely hops. There's also a hint of baked apples, a la the Cracker's Barrel, in the nose. In the first few sips I get tons of bright flavors: apples, honey, orange peels, graham crackers, jasmine tea (?). Tastes like pollen on the horizon, like the promise of flowers and bee's about their business. The mouthfeel is thick, and it drapes more than lingers. As the glass warms, the flavor brightens, offering sweeter qualities. Like the Cocoa Porter above, I'd recommend setting a can or two of Le Mort Vivant on the counter for a good half hour or so before serving. I can't help thinking, while sipping the Le Mort Vivant, that Bigelow's Constant Comment and Celestial Seasoning's Sleepytime teas hooked up behind a kettle and their love bore an iced tea, and then that iced tea grew thick, and surly towards his family, so much so that when he was full grown he decided to leave the family business and become something else. He decided to become a beer. But not just any beer, a Biere de Garde. And that is how, I believe, the Le Mort Vivant came into being - via horny hot teas.





Brazos Valley Metal News

On Jan. 19, local band **Signal Rising** opened up for the legendary **Velcro Pygmies** from Louisville, KY at Daisy Dukes in College Station. SR's two newest members, guitarists Lenny Palmer and Eric Dickerson, have taken the band to an all new level of heavier performance and maturity onstage. They played a new song for the first time called "The Light" that sent earth tremors felt all over Northgate it was so heavy. As for The Velcro Pygmies, the veterans of cover pop metal know how to sell out a building AND beer. Velcro Pygmies totally had all of Daisy Dukes rocking for a solid non-stop two-hour show for 350+ partyn' Aggies, all while giving cases of free beer out to the Fans.



The Velcro Pygmies rock out Daisy Dukes, Jan. 19, 2012—Photo by David Lynch

February has some great Metal music shows in the works at Schotzi's. On Feb. 25, **Lone Star Metal Magazine** is hosting a show with **James Rivera's Metal Asylum**, **Transcend Before Azalea** and **Hell's Conspiracy**, with one more guest local band to be added. The next night, Feb. 26, will be the **Rock 103.9 Homebrew** showcase featuring **Hell's Conspiracy**, **SOUTH**, and the band **IDR** from Houston, also taking place at Schotzi's at Northgate.

Looking forward to April 12-15, Big Creek Marina on Lake Somerville will host the **Carts, Bikers and Babes/Hawgs of Texas Bike Rally** with entertainment from Rock/Metal music acts like **Pat Travers** and **Quiet Riot** as headliners, along with a bunch of indie Texas bands covering different genres of Rock to Metal. There's still tickets and a few campsites left for this show. Check the websites <http://www.cartsbikersandbabesrally.com/> and <http://texashawgsrally.com/> for more info on this event. I will be there covering this whole party, so keep reading **979Represent** and stop by my Foilface the Metalhead page on Facebook to see more pics and info on the local scene. Please support the Local Rock/Metal Music scene in B/CS, come out to a Live show, buy a bands CD and Merch, and tip your bartenders!m/ - FOILFACE



Lana Del Rey: The Worst Ever?!



Miss Del Rey and her trouty pout on Saturday Night Live—photo from Associated Press

When NBC news anchor and apparent indie rock fan Brian Williams disses you in a private email (somehow made public), it apparently has now become *teh Gospel* out on the Interwebz. Because that was the immediate word around the entertainment world after the appearance of indie chanteuse **Lana Del Rey** on *Saturday Night Live* last month. Who the fuck is Lana Del Rey? Yeah, I hear you. Let me give you the backdrop real quick.

Lana Del Rey was born Elizabeth Grant (Lizzie to her friends) and is the daughter of a millionaire domain name investor. In 2010 she recorded an album with David Kahne (who's produced a lot of stuff over the years both cool and bogus) that her father paid iTunes reportedly seven figures to promote and release. Curiously, early last year Del Rey's management team paid iTunes, Rhapsody and other music e-tailers to buy back the album and forced its deletion from their download catalogs. Later last year, Jimmy Iovine signed her to Interscope Records based on the early buzz in the indie blogosphere about her first self-produced video and single "Video Games". At that same time, Del Rey signed a modeling contract with Next (they manage the Lohan sisters among others) and set out on her first tour to promote her new UK single "Born To Die".

It's at this point that I finally caught up to her. I'd read about her on Pitchfork for the previous year. Her photos looked hot, the video for "Video Games" was cool, but I thought the song was kinda boring. My test was if I could listen to the song and enjoy it without looking at the photos of her admittedly beautiful face. "Video Games" on its own just didn't stand up for me. It's retro with an obvious torch singer vibe. I think she'd love to be a Patsy Cline or Nancy Sinatra, but, as Atarimatt says, "just sounds like Jewel and Fiona Apple to me". Well, yeah, kinda. Then I watched Youtube clips of her performing on *Later With Jools Holland* on the BBC's website. Well, she's no performer, I have to say. But I had to give her a bit of credit for having the balls to perform like that (with a string quartet and nothing else) on live TV.

Fast forward a few weeks and she's singing live on Saturday Night Live. Hmm. She hasn't even finished her album, hasn't toured America yet, and she's on the biggest vehicle for an original performer on national television that's not an awards show. Note that I say original, which discludes *American Idol*. She's got for more style than substance, she's a trustfunder idle rich New Yorker who's indie blog darling career was launched atop the ashes of her failed R&B-based previous sound. And I begin to feel like she's being marketed Britney Spears style, the first such purely industry-fueled manufactured pop star to Hipster Nation. But the SNL performance is clearly polarizing. Her performance isn't great, but it's not awful. It's the lack of paying any sort of dues, coming completely out of nowhere marketed with indie mystique to a Middle America that really could care less. We like our performers talented and ambitious. Lana Del Rey has more of the ambition than the talent, and honestly I feel that if she didn't look like *Mystic Pizza* era Julia Roberts Estey-ed for the current generation I don't think anyone would have paid any attention to her in the first place. No, she's not the worst live performer ever (y'all remember Ashlee Simpson? Milli Vanilli?) but the whole Lana Del Rey thing smells fishy. But, because she has a purty mouth, I will allow it.—KELLY MINNIS

concert calendar

2/1—Chief Nation, The Conglomerate @ Velocity, College Station. 9pm

2/2—Caleb Mak @ Northgate Vintage, College Station. 10pm

2/3—The Hi-Tones, Featherface, Chad Petty & Walking Bear, The Ex-Optimists, Chris Clonts @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

2/8—Robin Deng @ Velocity, College Station. 9pm

2/10—Kristy Kruger @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/11—Paul Benjamin Band @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/14—Reckless Engagement @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

2/15—Caleb Mak @ Velocity, College Station. 9pm

2/16—Gina Chavez, Chad Petty @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/17—Sideshow Tragedy, Josh Bain @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/18—Baron Von Swagger @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
2/18—Chris Catalina & The Native Americans @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

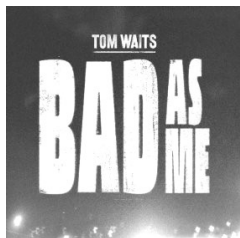
2/23—The Hangouts, NOI, DJ Skull The 45 King @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/24—the Mighty Orq @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

2/25—Lonestar Metal presents **James Rivera's Metal Asylum, Transcend Before Azalea, Hell's Conspiracy** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

2/26—Rock 103.9 Homebrew presents **Hell's Conspiracy, SOUTH, L.D.R.** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

Record Reviews



Tom Waits
Bad As Me

Writing and production is credited to Waits/Brennan as has been the case since Waits and wife Kathleen Brennan met in 1980. Son Casey Waits added drums since *Real Gone* (2004).

Waits is in good voice—a voice I thought was long gone. Waits alternates the gravely bourbon soaked voice for which he has become known for a smoother one, reminiscent of the crooning of *Blue Valentine* (1978). The music vacillates from beautiful acoustic pieces to those discordant and electric.

"Kiss Me" is a romantic piano song in which Waits implores his lover, with whom things have become too comfortable, to "kiss me like a stranger once again." The characters we have come to expect are here—the lonely, the addicted. In "New Year's Eve," the narrator explains that "we are all old enough to know how long you've been hooked, and we've all been through the war" as one of the characters hides the keys, makes the black coffee, and dumps the rum.

In the powerful and jarring "Hell Broke Luce," Waits intones an off-kilter march while the protagonist Geoff leaves a good home—"left, right, left." Flea contributes a heavy, repetitive bass, Keith Richards a haunting,

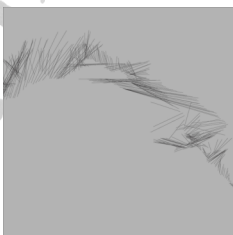
repetitive guitar. Punctuated by machine guns, the song is moved along by rhythmic clapping. Geoff, who was chef, lost his buddy and wept. He comes down from the meth. In the end, he is home but has left his arm inside his coat, and he is blind, and he is broke. He asks himself "what is next?" - **MARY MANNING**



Chairlift
Something

Lucky for Brooklyn band Chairlift, unabashed throwbacks to mid-80s synth-pop are quite in vogue, and honestly, their sophomore attempt, *Something*, is actually quite a delight in all its retro-glorifying, pop-fest glory. The first single from the record, "Amanaemoniesia," features a nice post-punk rhythm section, chilling and compelling vocal melodies (chiefly, a creepy-cool bridge) and a hip-as-hell music video (vocalist Caroline Polachek in an American Apparel body suit performing goofball interpretive dance coupled with various throwbacks to late 80s video production). Another standout track is the opener, "Sidewalk Safari," which is quite an eerie piece, the intro a barely reined-in squiggly, phrenetic mess. The entire song smacks of suppression, a sort of violence caged in paranoia, as evidenced by the opening line, "All of the bones in your body/Are in way too few pieces for me/Time to do something about it/If you know

what I mean" and later threats to "hunt you down." The track "Take It Out On Me" has icy synths and foxy lyrics delivered so perfectly by Polachek's liquid voice. This is baby-making music. This song is directly followed by the excellently driven beat of "Ghost Tonight". Again, Polachek's voice makes the track, at times woken and jumping and beckoning and wobbling. Point blank, this record is terrifically cool and stupid catchy. Recommended for fans of Class Actress, Blouse, The Knife and Beach House.—**MARINA BRIGGS**



The Luna Moth
Speak Destination

I have been placed in the rather unique position of writing a record review about a band that I used to be in. In the early part of 2002 I formed Seattle post-rock band The Luna Moth with former bandmate Mark Schlipper and Levi Fuller. *Speak Destination* is the band's first proper album since *The Compass That Only Points East*, the band's debut album from 2003 with yours truly.

What you have are three guys who make mostly instrumental mood music in the 2000's post-rock vein. What most bands who make this kind of music do is create a sort of prog rock series of mood changes, either through structural, tonal or dynamic density. The Luna Moth opt for the dynamic. "The Drive

Home Is Always Longer", the opener from the album, like the album's other two songs, sets up a central musical motif and then fully explores the intensity and tonal range of playing that riff. The band expands, the band contracts. Sometimes one or more instruments get fuzzy, sometimes they stay clean. What is constant is that the guitar parts from Schlipper and the drumming from Dan Colavito remain insistent and spare, setting up a tonal and structural drone for Fuller's bass to wander free-range atop. And this is pretty much the formula, and the band does not stray from it for the entire album.

What is great about this approach is that the music is very linear and monolithic. It builds and explodes, and then builds again, wringing every last iota of energy possible out of a very simple set of notes, not unlike the work of Terry Riley, Steve Reich or Philip Glass. Minimalism as realized by rock trio.

If you like song structure, you will hate The Luna Moth. If you think Explosions In The Sky or Tortoise is the be-all end-all for post-rock, you will hate The Luna Moth. If you ever thought it would be cool that someone applied a more Dusseldorf kosmische trance approach to loud-quiet dynamic post-rock with the vibe of modern Earth and with the power of subterranean stoner metal, then you will HEART The Luna Moth big time.

Drop by <http://thelunamothbandcamp.com/> and get your own copy.—**KELLY MINNIS**

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