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97.9 REPRESENT



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Boys N Their Trains

It seems like everywhere I've lived since leaving Kentucky in 1997 there have been rumblings about creating passenger rail service. I lived in Ashland, OR (about 18 miles north of the California border) for a couple of years and while there I heard much talk about a passenger service between Grants Pass, Medford and Ashland. 14 years after moving away the talk continues and no trains go choo choo down that track. Whilst I lived in Seattle for eight years the public voted for commuter trains twice and voted for passenger monorail then turned around and voted against it. And last month I read an interesting story in The Eagle suggesting that Bryan/College Station could get a stop on a proposed commuter rail line between Austin and Houston.

I must admit that I am a proponent of commuter rail. Once, while hosting a talk radio forum on the topic, an opponent of commuter rail dismissed the entire idea as "boys always want to play with trains", and that has always stuck with me. At one point I was completely fascinated with the gigantic model train at the Owensboro Historic Museum, and the one in the Bryan Children's Museum is pretty decent, but that's beside the point. If you have ever spent any significant time traveling the East Coast or outside of the Americas you know that the train as public transit not only works but is terribly efficient and a bit of a game changer culturally. I've not been off the continent (does Canada count?) but I've spent a lot of time in Washington D.C. and New York City. The Metro and the subway system works fantastic, as does the commuter rail systems bringing in workers and tourists from Virginia, Connecticut and New Jersey into the big cities.

We are not talking about something so dramatic in Texas though. We are talking about a slow poke commuter service that would top out at 90 MPH out in the country, and Bryan/College Station would either be a stop on that route or we'd have an extender run from here to Brenham or Hempstead to catch up with the line. I can't stress enough how attractive mass public transit between College Station and Houston and/or Austin is. I have professed out loud to many people many times that one day I will die in a car crash late at night coming back from a gig in Austin. I've driven home from there and Houston in my sleep more times than I care to count. Of course, my selfish needs aren't the only ones. We have a shuttle service to the Houston airports, but not to Austin. I would hope a rail line would help connect us to all three major airports. Plus think of how many students could be sent off to college and visit home all without owning a car if there was a public transportation option. Not to mention all the old Ags who'd want to come into town from elsewhere for football games and other sporting events. It would be a major win-win for this area.

The only problem, alas, is the killer for most rail lines. The costs are astronomical. While adding College Station to any of the different scenarios being talked about between Houston and Austin only adds about 10% to the cost, we are still talking about 10% of almost a billion dollars. That's hellu expensive, dude. And cutting us completely out of the action could be the cost-saving method that creates just enough support for the project. I would still support a line that didn't include us, but obviously I'd prefer passenger rail access for Bryan/College Station.

Is this really a possibility that would see any action? Hard to say. Gov. Perry's Trans Texas Corridor got shot to shit because of eminent domain issues. But anyone who drives across Texas on a regular basis could tell you that there could be some improvement in getting from point A to point B without driving through all these tiny towns on two lane deathtrap highways. IMAGINE IF YOU COULD GET FROM POINT A TO POINT B WHILE NAPPING, CHECKING EMAIL, JOINING THE "SEA LEVEL CLUB" IN THE TRAIN RESTROOM, etc. This is an idea whose time is long since due and I hope our legislators, local Chamber of Commerce, Texas A&M and other interested parties will come together to help make such a project happen. We all stand to benefit from boys playing with their trains.—KELLY MINNIS

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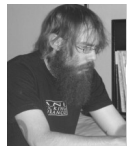
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Beers To a Speedy Recovery

I literally "busted a gut" on January 27 while sipping a bottle of Austin Amber ten minutes into a performance of *Wicked*. The very next day, in a brash response to my body's actions, an elderly surgeon with an impressive set of jowls removed five inches of my small intestines. If you're in the market, I highly recommend Dr. _____'s work. He was a true professional. He took only what was necessary and repackaged all the bits he shuffled to reach my offending portions. Bless his heart. I wish I could send that fellow a Thank You note, or tickets to *Wicked*, or maybe an Austin Amber.

My recovery required a week in the hospital and tubes stuck in both my ends. (By the way, they don't remove those tubes gingerly. A super pretty nurse who looked like a Van Halen video waiting to happen ripped out the lower tube like she was starting a chain saw. I did not apologize for my blood on her uniform.) For the past three weeks I've been at home not picking things up and keeping a steady diet of Chuck Palahniuk, Ron Swanson and Niki Pistols' killer enchiladas. And while I have a list of other doctor prescribed restrictions (#5: Don't go into public without a pillow on your gut. #6: Don't ride in a car without a pillow on your gut. #7: Don't stand, sit, lay down, climb stairs, listen to rock-n-roll without a pillow on your gut.), I made certain not to ask any of my medical overseers when it was safe to return to beer. I figure it's easier to ask forgiveness than permission. Plus, beer is good for the spirit, and high spirits lead to quicker recovery. That's a scientific fact. What follows are the three beers that have most aided my recovery.

I recently described my initial reaction to **Sam Adams Alpine Spring** as "odd and almost lovely, like Juliette Lewis in short pants", but I quickly realized that Alpine Spring clearly tastes like Kristen Bell in a Princess Leia get-up. The label boasts "A bright citrusy unfiltered lager", and that's exactly what you get. Imagine PBR with a thicker body and loads of oranges jammed in the can. (You're still thinking about Kristen Bell, aren't you?) Yea, that's Alpine Spring. It pours super cloudy with a whisper thin white head. Bright yellow sides are sliced through the center with a dark orange cyclone, making it a downright pretty beer. Citrusy Noble Tettnang hops and heavy malts waft an orange scone like aroma. Unmistakable lager flavors - dull hay and crisp grass notes - are lifted on the end by super sweet citrus flavor, and the peach-fuzz mouthfeel begs for a binge drinking. It's almost as good as getting sloth for your birthday.

So I'm laid up in the hospital with a tube shoved up my nose and I'm getting multiple texts a day saying things like "Good luck on your prostate exam! LOL! Have you tried the new Shiner pale ale?" Funny thing about being in the hospital with tubes shoved up your nose: they don't let you have beer! But the first beer I lifted in salute of my workless convalescence was **Shiner's #103 Wild Hare American Pale Ale**. Wild Hare pours deep copper, darn near brown, with a heavy laced crown immediately forming around the glass lip. The bright, floral hop aromas are deceptive. Sharp copper flavored hops create a mouthfeel and aftertaste like sucking on old pennies. Although the hops are drastically prominent, a firm malt bedding suggests an attempt at balance. It's a promising beer from Shiner, but not one that I particularly enjoy on its own or in repetition. Wild Hare's metallic old penny flavors cause the palette to beg for moral support. I'm thinking a super well-done burger loaded with blue cheese would be perfect.



The Nerdgasmic Princess Kristen Bell-Leia Organa. U got a problem wiff it?

Coincidentally, New Belgium (a brewery, much like Shiner, that consistently produces democratically safe, good beers but rarely pushes any envelopes) also recently released a new pale ale. **NB's Dig** is especially exciting because it's one of the few craft beers using Sorachi Ace hops: a Japanese variety of hops known for their tartness. Dig is also one of the finest pale ales I've encountered, and, yes, it feels strange to praise New Belgium that highly. Dig pours with a rustic blood red orange brightness. Super thick white lacing surrounds the glass even before I started sipping. The aroma is oddly more malty than hoppy. Faint copper notes slip through the breadiness and I expect a Wild Hare clone. Instead, I find beautiful lemon peel (Sorachi Ace hops) and grapefruit (Cascade hops) flavors. Brilliant balance makes Dig a refreshingly drinkable and binge worthy brew. Unlike the Wild Hare, Dig stands well on its own. They nailed it with Dig. This is my Springtime brew.

In closing, I had a friendly text debate with our very own Wonko The Sane about which beer was better: Left Hand's original Milk Stout or their new Nitro Milk Stout. I rooted for the original. Michael for the Nitro. We agreed to disagree. A few days later I received the following retort from Michael: "Someone took one drink of Nitro last night and left it on the counter. It was still good this morning!" Well, sir, that indeed settles it.—KEVIN STILL

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The Woman: A Film Review

Thank God horror films like Lucky McKee's *The Woman* do not release often. For one thing, a film like this is a total gem, shining even brighter by comparison to its modern genre shelf-sharers. For another, I don't think I could handle many films this visually, emotionally, and mentally visceral. *The Woman* is the rare horror film that achieves what it sets out to do: it breaks down walls of secrecy and shame in both the actions of the film and the reactions of the viewer.

Based on the novel McKee co-wrote with veteran horror writer Jack Ketchum (in the January issue of 1979 I named McKee and Ketchum's novel among my top five favorite reads of the year), *The Woman* tells the story of a seeming do-gooder family man named Chris Cleek (Sean Bridges) who decides to civilize a feral woman (Pollyanna McIntosh) in his family fruit cellar. Cleek enlists the assistance of his family in the task, bringing in oppressively crumpled wife Belle (Angela Bettis), turtle-shelled daughter Peggy (Lauren Ashley Carter), dutifully mimicking son Brian (Zach Rand), even delightfully oblivious six year old Darlin' (Shyla Molhusen). In the course of caring for the Woman, "good intentions" spiral out of control, wayward emotions collide, and Cleek family secrets flutter to the surface one layer at a time.

McKee knows how to pace a film and pepper his telling with various tortures followed by oddly humorous satire. Yes, there is plenty of gore in *The Woman* to please any horror hound, but there is something else here more profound than the on-camera violence. When looking at a film titled *The Woman*, we know the emphasis is on the title character - that of the feral woman held captive by a family man. But we can also look to the other women in the film. We can consider their relationship to the Woman. We can consider how the Woman's place in the cellar is representative of every other woman's place under Cleek's thumb. Sure, Cleek's wife and daughters are not chained in a fruit cellar, but what other forms of misogyny, what other layers of oppression exist in the home? And in this film, since the cast of women far outweighs the cast of men, how does this example of misogyny transfer explicitly from one generation of man to the next? In what ways is Cleek instructing his son to continue the same mindset? In questions like these, as we see the weight on various women in and even surrounding the family, the true horror of the film is experienced.

It's probably safe to say that McKee writes and directs from a feminist perspective. McKee's *May* (featured in last month's 1979, also starring Angela Bettis) tells the story of a woman learning to cope with her own loneliness and rejection. *Sick Girl* (again starring Bettis) is a goofy, pro-lesbian 1950s big bug feature. And *The Woods* explores dynamics in an all-female boarding school, particularly questioning how factions build and destroy relational bonds - especially when a few of the gals are bona fide witches. *The Woman* is the most obviously feminist of McKee's work, revealing on multiple layers the dangers of misogyny, particularly that its most dangerous forms are not necessarily those found in physical domestic abuse. Unfortunately, there were some at Sundance Film Festival this past year who could not make the critical connections between onscreen violence and the rhetoric of exposure. McKee was needlessly lambasted and, in the process, received a great deal of free press. He and his cast also won the opportunity to speak openly about the film, which possibly offered some film-goers necessary context to engage the film. *The Woman* is not an easy film to watch. It's an even harder film to digest - as those at Sundance illustrated. And, on that note, it's damn near irresponsible for me to recommend it.

A film like *The Woman* is not for everyone. If your idea of horror is squealing at one of *Saw*'s blood-spatter traps or bouncing on your sofa to *Paranormal Activity*, then you'd probably not appreciate where *The Woman* intends to take you. Still, I can't help feeling that *The Woman* is an important work. Beautiful, even. There's nothing like sunshine to expose the dust and debris in dark corners, and that's what Lucky McKee's films do. They expose. They reveal. They build up by tearing down. They celebrate freedom and the end of isolation. And, dear Lord, they stick behind your eyelids for days on end.—KEVIN STILL

Asian Persuasions: Equilibrium



One of the greatest stories ever told has to be that of *Star Wars*. One of the most interesting aspects of that story is the concept that embodies The Force and its counterpart The Dark Side. The Dahli Rama has been blessed by being gainfully employed and lately has had the courtesy of being an actual contributing member of society. Crazy right? But something that I've been encountering all too frequently is this duality of life that seems to present itself in mundane aspects of everyday life.

My favorite example of The Dark Side, at least as I see it, is the ever presence, nay, ever longing need to belong to the pack that is all too frequent known as the douche bag. The 1980's-esque driven need to accentuate the overpowering desire to display self-worth through the material possessions one acquires is pretty defining to this individual the presence of The Dark Side. One important aspect of The Dark Side was its emphasis on anger leading to hate, etc. Have you ever witnessed a situation where a bro douche bag wasn't angry?

My specific inspiration that caused me to write about said topic was a professional encounter. A polo wearing professional whose nomenclature consisted of his initials telephoned me over the weekend to schedule a business related meeting. I'll hit the highlights (like his hair) so that this won't be one of those long tedious rants that I'm used to expanding on. I'll use some bullet points to illustrate:

- We set up a time the day before to meet, which he didn't keep to.
- When I arrived at the specified meeting area, he called to tell me to meet him elsewhere
- When I arrived at the new location, he didn't have his presentation materials
- Our initial greeting was initiated by the word "Bro"

My plight in these most recent months has been with this ideology known as professionalism. For those of you who have had the pleasure (or unfortunate coincidence) of meeting me in person very well know, I am not what you would consider conservative. I've made decisions with regards to my appearance that fall from the status quo when it pertains to the standard widely accepted view of professionalism. However, my actions, with regards to timeliness, being prepared and general work ethic fall greatly in line with the actions of someone who is professional. My general belief is that actions speak louder than words; it's what my momma-san told me. But it is becoming ever more apparent that appearances do seem to play an important role in making other people feel better about who they are dealing with.

I've also just decided that if people can't get over how I look compared to what I do, then it's probably a relationship not worth working on.

That's it. The End. No more rant. Enjoy March 2012 and beware the Ides of March.—THE DAHLI RAMA



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stranger than fiction—true stories

consumer and reviewer by Kevin Still

In his essay "Monkey See, Monkey Do", Chuck Palahniuk confesses (as he does in many essays) the source of his anti-establishment inspiration for his first novel, *Fight Club*. Waiter friends pissing or blowing their noses into customers' food. Projectionist friends splicing pornography into feature films. Literary fans fighting temptation to open emergency doors on in-flight airplanes. Pyromaniacs in Portland filling tennis balls with matchheads, binding them in tape, and leaving them on the street or sidewalks for unsuspecting pedestrians to stumble upon. "So far, a man's lost a foot; a dog, its head." Palahniuk, whose fiction appears sympathetic to such antics, follows his listing of extremist behaviors with a challenge to readers: "All of this reaction, as if we can protect ourselves against everything." Waiters raging against wealth and luxury. Projectionists revolting against family dynamics. Passengers ravaged by the thought of killing them all. Assholes in Portland simply bent on destruction. Palahniuk calls them out, calls us all out, and asks us what we're so afraid of. "What's coming is a million new reasons not to live your life. You can deny your possibility to succeed and blame it on something else. You can fight against everything... what you pretend keeps you down." It's an unexpected sentiment from the man who blew up Portland's skyline in the end.

This was an unexpected sentiment to encounter until I read more of Palahniuk. And what I've learned about Palahniuk is that he writes to abate two primary fears: the first being a fear of death. Half the essays in *Stranger In Fiction* amplify Palahniuk's *carpe diem* battle-cry. Pieces like "Brinkmanship", another listing style story of family illness and personal tragedy, carries an apology: "I'm sorry if this seems a little rushed and desperate. It is." In "You Are Here", the most poignant piece in the collection, Palahniuk speaks to would-be writers, challenging them to live lives worth writing about: "Instead of modeling our lives after brave, smart fictional characters - maybe we'll lead brave, smart lives to base our own fictional characters on." In his interview with Marilyn Manson, "Reading Yourself", Manson attempts to read his own Tarot cards, beginning with a possible lack of wisdom and ending with, what Manson hopes, is happiness and great achievement. Palahniuk writes transparently, infusing even his oddest stories - such as "My Life As A Dog", which tells of Palahniuk and a friend skirting a crowded Portland shopping center in dog costumes - with a sense of urgency, as if the bottom is about to drop out at any minute, our lives instantly swallowed by time, capturing us in our most honest, telling behaviors.

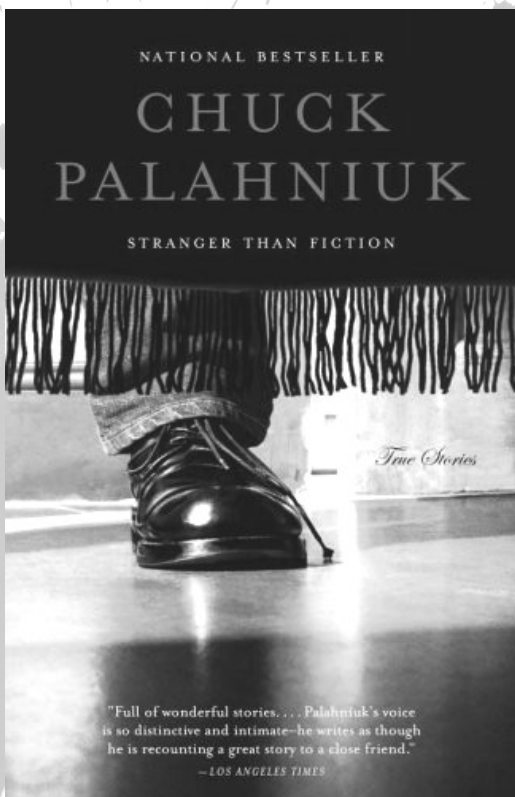
Palahniuk's second fear is named immediately in the introduction: "all my books are about a lonely person looking for some way to connect with other people." His essays are

no exception. Whether Palahniuk is reporting combine racing in Washington ("Demolition"), submarine life ("The People Can"), Olympic wrestling tryouts ("Where Meat Comes From"), castle building ("Confessions in Stone"), or the Rock Creek Lodge Testicle Festival ("Testy Festy"), Palahniuk assures readers, "Every story in this book is about being with other people. Me being with people. Or people being together." Palahniuk writes extensively about his attempts to combat the solitude of writing with community game nights, writers' workshops, and volunteer work. He speaks passionately about close friends, and his tones drop regretfully when recalling past relationships. In a personal interview ("In Her Own Words"), Juliette Lewis walks Palahniuk through a list of questions she wrote to learn more about a friend, only to admit "[t]hese questions are more telling about me than anything I could write in a diary." The same can be said of Palahniuk's story telling: readers learn more about the writer than the subject if they read closely enough.

And it's in this close reading that one might notice, possibly, Palahniuk's greatest fear. The final essays of *Stranger Than Fiction* explore, recall, and re-tell the circumstances surrounding his father's death as well as Palahniuk's fear of not winning his father's approval. Palahniuk's tone while confessing his excessive steroid use ("Frontiers") is gravely apologetic to his father. In a story about haunted houses ("The Lady"), Palahniuk strikes out at his dead father for visiting the entire family in dreams the night he died, everybody except Chuck. In the closing essay, an uneven piece about the success of *Fight Club* the film ("Consolation Prizes"), Palahniuk fondly remembers his final conversations with his father and walks readers through pivotal moments in his father's life. It's a bitterly sad piece, but Palahniuk declares, half way through his final essay, that "[e]verything is funnier in retrospect, funnier and prettier and cooler. You can laugh at anything from far enough away."

If Palahniuk's laughing at anything in his fiction, even his nonfiction, he's laughing at fear. Charging forward with new titles and new ideas, he's laughing at death.

Openly cherishing (in words at least) friendships and professional connections, he laughs at loneliness. And it appears that in his own odd way he's laughing at himself. The consummate orphan. The fatherless son clawing the walls for one last message of "good job, kid." This is the one thing Palahniuk can't have, the one thing he can't change, so he writes it over and over and over, keeping those wounds fresh as blistered reminders to tend to life and love while you still can. "It's hard to call any of my novels *fiction*," he says in the introduction. With a writer as transparent as Palahniuk, the reading of his novels blurs our own boundaries between fictions and nonfictions. And that might be a sign of a writer worth reading: one who calls us into and out of silences with hunger for more of each.



Record Reviews



Richard McGraw
Popular Music



Van Halen
A Different Kind of Truth

This may be one of the best cover albums to come around in a long time. Where else can you hear tunes made popular by the Dead Kennedys, Waylon Jennings, Lady Gaga, Lita Ford, REO Speedwagon, the Who, and Leonard Cohen? And barely recognize any of them?

Richard McGraw has tapped into the essence of these pop tunes and gently recast them as whimsical and beguiling largely-acoustic performances. Celebrating both the lyrics and the inherent melodies often with sly humor, McGraw—with his emotive voice—demonstrates a obvious love for an astonishingly-wide spectrum of music.

There's comedian Eddie Murphy's dance hit "Party All the Time" slowed to a thoughtful buzzing crawl, Ford's "Kiss Me Deadly" redone with a plucked guitar and warm harmonies, and Pete Townshend's "Baba O'Riley" as a moving folk tune wrapped with cautious violin. "Bad Romance" is a piano-driven ballad replete with choir. The Holland-Dozier-Holland blues-soul standard popularized by the Isley Brothers (and to some degree by Rod Stewart) is about as far from soul as you can get with its Beatlesque horns and children's choir. And REO Speedwagon's "Take It on the Run" as a bubbly lute is just a hoot. "California Uber Alles" is a bonus track readied as a sprightly protest song that must make Jello Biafra laugh too. The official final tune is an achingly-sad rendition of Mickey Newbury's "If You See Her" originally done by Jennings, the tune Bob Dylan practically lifted for his own "If You See Her, Say Hello" for his classic "Blood on the Tracks."

The album's lone original is McGraw's affectionate paean to a rock poet: "Leonard Cohen RIP (The Song)." However, his fondness for Cohen's lyrical gifts doesn't stop McGraw from unearthing the ear candy melodic lushness of Cohen's "Ain't No Cure for Love" originally done (garishly) by Jennifer Warnes, but reinvented with a softly-pulsing synth-beat.

"Just take those old records off the shelf/I'll sit here and listen to 'em by myself." ("Old Time Rock and Roll").—MIKE L. DOWNEY

I first heard lead-off single "Tattoo" and was embarrassed as fuck for of Van Halen, one of metal's forefathers and a foremost band with most heshers from the ages of 35-60. 28 years since a David Lee Roth-led VH issues new music and *this shit* is what we've been waiting for? Oh, hell fucking no.

Then the album comes out and some of my friends are saying, "it's not as bad as I feared it would be" and I was intrigued. So I obtained a copy of *A Different Kind of Truth* and got down to some listening of my own. Surprise, surprise, it's not as bad as I feared and it's actually quite good!

In order to help capture ye olde magick the band poured through their old demos and half-finished songs and did a bit of revision and *voilà*—13 new songs were borne. The super pop hooks of the *Diver Down*—1984 era are gone, but the bouncy fun tongue-in-cheek rocking of the 1977-1981 era is front and center. Dave's voice has weathered the years in fine form, though he can't crack the high notes like he once could; Ed's chops are back in full effect; Alex's drums sound phen-fucking-nominal (how can I get my kick drum to record like that?); and I don't miss Michael Anthony as much as I thought I would (ie, Wolfgang isn't just a hanger-on...he can hold his own here).

The songs vary from hard pounders like "You and Your Blues" with sunny "aah" backing vocals and Rolling Stones lyrical references; "China Town" with classic EVH guitar filigree and hard-charging Alex drums and a humorous vocal; "Bullethead" nails the 1977 vibe mixed with a world-weary modern day lyrical bent; "Stay Frosty" with its "Ice Cream Man" style but makes me smile with DLR's leering and the band's faux blues jacked up to the nth degree; and "Big River" has that classic four on the floor Van Halen sound.

I revive what I said about R.E.M.'s *Collapse Into Now* a couple of years ago: *A Different Kind of Truth* sounds like a greatest hits album, but only with brand new songs as opposed to the classics, meaning that the band's attempt to capture their classic sound has largely succeeded. But why oh why do you put the worst fucking

song on your album out front as the first single? Had I not heard good anecdotal evidence from trusted sources that the album was worth getting I'd have just blasted it out the sky based on the early release of "Tattoo". I have to say that I'm glad I spent the time with this record, as I would've been sorely missing out.—KELLY MINNIS



Nada Surf
The Stars Are Indifferent To Astronomy

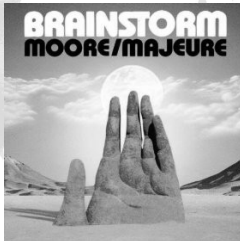
While there's nothing that "Popular" (the hugely . . . well, popular 1999 hit) on the new album by Nada Surf, there is nothing that bad either.

The band has its modern pop-rock chops down well as evidenced by peppy rockers "No Snow," "Clear Eye Clouded Mind" and "Following Through" (with its "are you dancin'" chorus). The band only misfires on the rote "Teenage Dreams" that never really goes anywhere.

Then there are the musical quirks: the warm brass in the thoughtful "Let the Fight Go the Fighting," the chirping organ in "The Moon is Calling," the Byrds-by-way-of-R.E.M. guitar opening of "Jules and Jim." And there's the reference to "Gilligan's Island" in the otherwise-turgid "When I Was Young."

Nada Surf saves the best for last with the charging "The Future" to close the album. The dynamically-ranging tune mixes guitars, vocals, and understated keyboards as singer Matthew Caws declaims his disbelief that "the future looks/ like a scream."

Nada Surf, who have playing together for 17 years, don't explore anything new on its seventh album, but it doesn't embarrass itself either.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



Steve Moore/Majeure
Brainstorm

If you've ever been in a band for long you know that making music with other people is kind of like cooking. You have individual flavors that come together to create a unique flavor that has elements of the individual flavors that sometimes sacrifices the total flavor of the individual parts to create an overall new flavor. Bands are like this because you inevitably have the metal guy in the band and you may get some of his aggression but you don't always get his double kicks or hammer-ons.

Brainstormed is a split LP, with each side taken up by solo work from the two parts of Pittsburgh prog-rock band Zombi. Steve Moore programs the electronics and plays bass, A.J. Fontana plays drums and also programs some electronics. Steve's solo work tends to be a bit more electronic in nature, and on the A-side of this album you really feel the influence of John Carpenter's film soundtracks and the more ambient percussion-less sound of mid-70s Tangerine Dream. What is different about his side of *Brainstormed* from his previously released solo work is that the songs are shorter and "Enhanced Humanoid" and "Dawn of Primalordial Life", the lead-off track, has electronic drums. The same bongastic dreaminess is still there, but in shorter doses. As a result, this side comes off like imaginary episodes of *Cosmos* on your head.

The flip side belongs to Majeure, the side project for A.J. With Majeure's previous work it felt more like late '70s Italian disco with a less progastic and more groove-based approach. Zombi's last album *Escape Velocity* more profoundly felt Majeure's influence. So with "Atlantis Purge," Majeure's side-long piece, A.J. gets a tad more experimental. It has more of the bleeps, and bleeps and R2D2 noises that you'd find in the late '60s and early '70s versions of electronic music. More of the university research lab rat musique concrete type sounds, but with A.J.'s very simple bass sequences and squiggly lead synth work, evolving into a Zombi-like odd time signature romp with live drums. This is the kind of the work you'd expect from Moore solo or Zombi proper rather than A.J. on his own, so it's interesting to hear how it seems Moore has influenced his drummer's solo work.

As a split LP the two definitely compliment each other and it makes for a solid listen, pretty much like hearing a Zombi demos album. One thing I must also mention is that the vinyl is perhaps the most beautifully colored record I have ever seen. My copy is an ocean blue with a cloud burst of white towards the center and is a work of art unto itself. Only 100 of those were made and the rest are black. You can also buy it on CD or download pretty much anywhere.—KELLY MINNIS

concert calendar

3/1—Votary @ Northgate Vintage, College Station. 10pm
3/1—Velcro Pygmies, Signal Rising @ Daisy Dukes, College Station. 9pm

3/2—Driver F, The Quiet Company, Charlie Gore @ The Village, Bryan. 9pm

3/2-4—Blue Man Group @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 7pm

3/3—Laserz, Bloody Knives, The Tron Sack @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

3/4—Brazos Valley Derby Girls Exhibition Bout @ VFW, Bryan. 6pm

3/9—The Sweetness, Aly Tadros @ Revolution, Bryan, 10pm

3/16—The Cheap Thrills, The Hangouts, The Wrong Ones @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

3/23—Dustin Cook, Rai P, MC Beezy, CNC & IME @ Velocity, College Station. 9pm

3/24—Low Society, The Hangouts @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 9pm

3/24—Rock 103.9 Homebrew presents Signal Rising @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

3/24—Etched In Stone, Least of These, Brothers N Arms @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 4pm

3/29—The Ex-Optimists, Jay Satellite, Pearl Light Specials @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

3/30—D.R.U.M. @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm



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