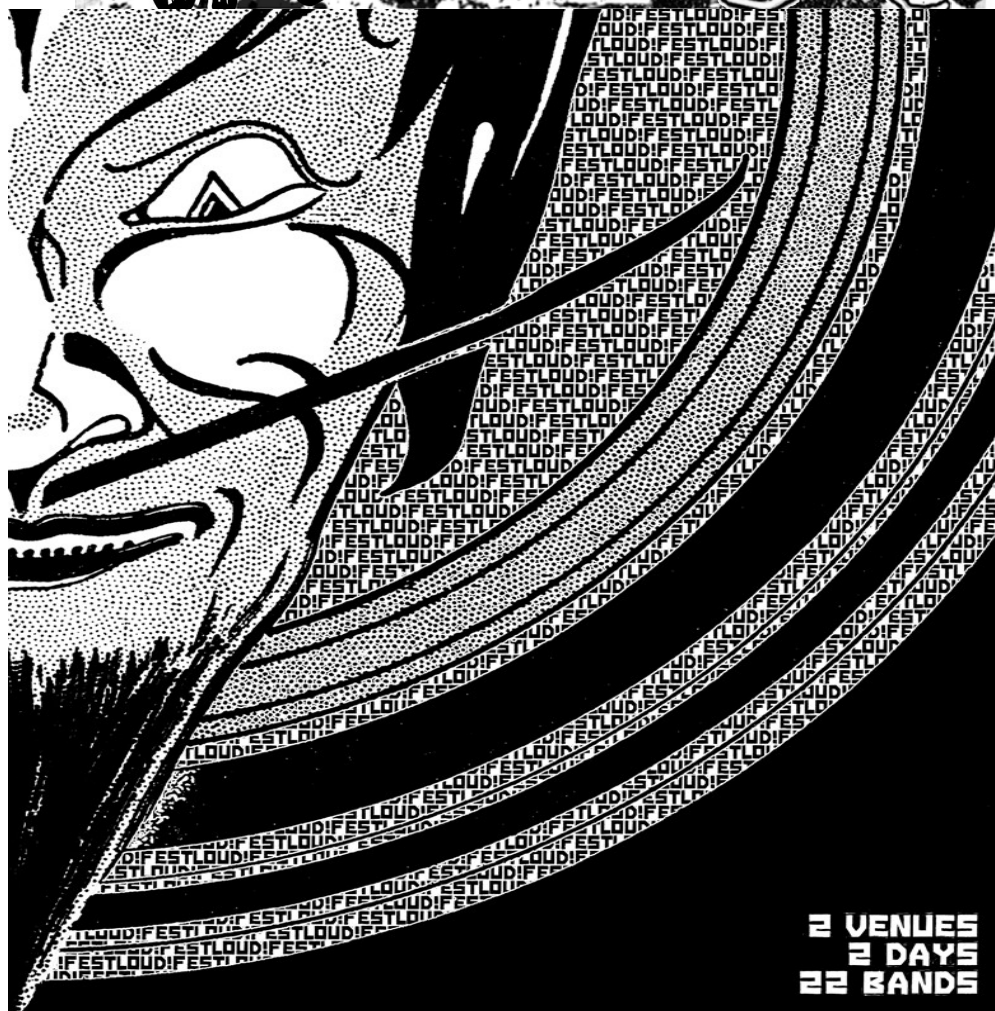


MAY 2012  
Vol. 4—Issue 5

# 979 REPRESENT



**2 VENUES**  
**2 DAYS**  
**22 BANDS**

# LOUD! FEST

## YOUR OFFICIAL GUIDE

*Also inside: Atarimatt vs. Grub Burger—Original Fiction—Plaza Imploziön—Brazos  
County Metal News—Moustache Rides—CD Reviews—Concert Calendar*



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### Because We Hate The Fucking Toadies

Recently the principals of LOUD!FEST were interviewed on a public access show about how the festival got its start. And being that we were on television and trying to be nice and stuff we hedged our answer and could not be 100% truthful. After the taping we rued that we couldn't just say "We started LOUD!FEST because we hate the fucking Toadies". Which is completely true.

Let's dial up the Wayback Machine, Sherman, and go back to April 2008 to the most recent (and probably last) Northgate Music Festival in College Station. NMF was not very locals-friendly and tended to book local artists at the last minute and in really bad time slots (reminds you of other local music festivals, eh?) The Hangouts and great unwashed luminaries were last-minuted into the NMF line-up at Schotzis upstairs...during the same time as The Toadies headlining the festival on the main stage outside in the Northgate parking lot. As you might guess, the locals got 20 or 30 people while The Toadies scored thousands.

Not The Toadies fault, right? Right, but that night the folks in both GUL and The Hangouts decided that we needed our OWN music festival that didn't shaft local artists, that wasn't out for making a big splash but was geared more towards the DIY movement of our youth, putting together a great time for audience and for bands alike. Thus LOUD!FEST was born. Our first year we had bands all day at Zapatos on Northgate and helped draw attention to a petition to show support for a municipal skateboard park in College Station. Five years later, CS has got the skatepark and LOUD!FEST now encompasses two days at multiple venues, bringing in regional and national punk, metal, indie and otherwise bands for the princely sum of \$5. And unlike Northgate Music Festival or others that have come since, LOUD!FEST places a premium on local talent, with 1/3 of the artists hailing from Bryan/College Station.

As for The Toadies, well, I don't really have anything against them. I never really cared for them, but I'm also not from Texas and that seems to be an important part of the Toadies fandom equation. But I suppose I should be thankful for The Fucking Toadies, as without them there would probably be no LOUD!FEST. So help me Jesus.—**KELLY MINNIS**

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# Grub Burger Bar

Grub Burger Bar is good. Really good. It is very impressive that there can be a line out of the front door and you can still have your food ordered and served within about 15 minutes. I really like the ordering and seating situation too. They group everyone in your party's order together even if you are paying separately and then tell you what table to sit at. That way there's no calling names or numbers to pick up food, and you don't get the frustration of having two jackasses milking their ice waters for an hour sitting at a table that could seat six. They also have a very impressive selection of burgers and burger-like non-burgers including a turkey burger and a portabella burger. I've only had two of them off the list but

eventually I will try them all. So far I've had the Lockheart Legend that has Dr. Pepper BBQ sauce on it and I got a turkey burger that had Swiss cheese, bean sprouts and avocado, but substituted a beef patty.

And that's another thing about Grub Burger Bar, you

can substitute anything for anything at this place and they won't screw it up. I have gone a few times now and even with some folks that LOVE to pick a restaurant to pieces and they couldn't find anything to complain about!

The only downside to Grub Burger Bar is that it is more expensive than your typical burger place, about \$10+ for a burger/side/drink. Despite the higher prices you are getting a high quality burger so it's totally worth it. Not a place I would eat every single day for lunch, but its not so expensive that I'd never go back. It's a great place to have your folks take you when they are gonna flip the bill! Oh yeah, almost forgot two more very important words that make Grub Burger Bar a force to be reckoned with in the B/CS area...Twinky Shake! Get down there and get you some! - ATARIMATT



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# Plaza Hotel To Implode, Go Thwip



Nothing cool ever happens in College Station, right? Well, for once, a real non-TAMU spectator sport is going down right here in the middle of town this month, and no, it's not a gigantic piece of equipment coming down the highway this time. It's the impending implosion of the Plaza Hotel, the closest thing to a modern highrise the city has. Located on the corner of Texas Ave. and University Dr., The Plaza has got to be one of College Station's biggest eyesores. Thanks to a development project that intends on turning that corner of town into (just what this town needs more of) *deluxe student housing and ground level retail*, The Plaza will finally be razed. The cool thing is that means that big ol' tower has gotta come down. And ain't none of us big enough to pull 'er down Jenga style. *Shit's gotta be imploded*. It comes down May 24th at 6:30AM. That's a Thursday morning during one of the only two real dead times when Aggie stooidents empty town. But if you think there won't be a crowd with people who will have camped out overnight to get prime seats for watching the Plaza fold in on itself you better stop kidding yourselves. *Shit*, the city will probably put out the bleachers on the side of University like for the parade. Yeah, CS is that provincial and yeah, you better believe my ass and the rest of me will be there or somewhere in the vicinity to witness it coming down. This will be one that old timers in decades to come will be talking about. —KELLY MINNIS



For the last decade, Northgate Vintage has been providing premium vintage clothing in College Station. Located in the heart of College Station's restaurant and bar district, Northgate, and directly across the street from Texas A&M University, Northgate Vintage offers a fresh and unique shopping experience to each of its customers. This experience begins the second you walk into the store, as you walk up the spiral staircase, viewing the massive record collection of owner Ryan Ewing covering the walls. Once up the stairs, you are sure to find something from our wide variety of vintage T-Shirts, sweaters, jackets, shoes and boots, skirts, vinyl records, and other accessories. We are open Monday – Saturday and offer weekly specials and in-store coupons, so if you are in the neighborhood, come see us!

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# MITCH IS DEAD

I was in Vegas selling heroine to Mitch Hedberg when I heard the greatest joke ever. It was something about a frozen banana and a regular banana. Maybe the delivery was actually better than the joke. Nine times out of ten jokes are only successful by delivery. There is the one about why cannibals don't eat clowns that's still a riot even when my friend's five year old totally dices it up with a thousand "umms". But this one about bananas might as well have been the one about the aristocrats or the other one about what one math book said to the other math book. Without the right profanity and vocal spin that sucker will be about as funny as a Sudanese kindergarten.

It's worth mentioning that I did not hear the greatest joke ever from Mitch Hedberg, even though it might be his joke. In fact I'm pretty sure it is his joke because when Bette Midler told it to me she said, "Oh tits! You gotta hear this bit Mitchy tells about a banana! It's better than Barbara on Botox!" I wasn't selling Bette heroin, or any other drugs, for the record. Bette's never been a personal client, just a friend. She and I are members of an online book club and this month we're discussing Kitty Kelly's *Oprah*. (Fucking Ellen Degeneres picked the book this month, and we all agreed in advance she could not pick her wife's memoir about eating disorders. So Ellen picked Oprah in hopes of scrounging extra ammunition. I don't blame her really, but I'd have much rather read either Clinton autobiographies or 1,000 Poppy Z. Brite fanzine pieces on G. G. Allen, something slightly more bawdy than this Harpo horseshit.) Still, Bette's always been a good sport about what I do. Once she even bought some fish oil supplements from me while prepping for vacation. I don't see how swallowing a bottle of fish oil beads before hitting the beach would "keep the bends at bay," but surely she's had wilder ideas.

Back to Mitch Hedberg: he never shows on time. In my business, you have to know who shows on time. For instance, Conan and Andy call me for Blue Cheese buds, and they're always on time. Judah Friedlander wants speed, on time. David Letterman needs Oxycontin, on time. Jimmy Fallon calls for nonprescription Ritalin, he's always on time for pick up and carrying a Thank You card. But Dr. Phil for my Arkansan uncle's back-porch corn mash, late. Anderson Cooper for a gram or two of smack, late. The cast of Grey's Anatomy need a little post production coke, forget it. Nancy Grace for a pound (already rolled, mind you!) of Granddaddy Purple, perpetually late. Not to mention, Nancy likes to switch to the NYC Diesel when she needs to "fuck it up," but she always forgets to tell me. She expects me to read the signs. And I do. You learn to keep track of client's seasons, when they'll want their usual and when they'll request their fallback seconds and thirds. Judge Reinhold is all over the place and consistently pissed I can't score crates of Robitussin. I keep telling him I don't deal that shit. No one older than 14 deals that shit. He won't take no for an answer. I don't know where that guy even gets his money anymore.

So Mitch is late, and I'm still laughing about Bette retelling Mitch's banana joke when I get the call that Mitch is dead. Not like his career is dead or his popularity has waned, but totally dead-dead. Pushing up daises dead. Kissing the

King's crown dead. Playing the eternal harp dead. Pissing beside unicorns dead. They said Mitch was flat-line, royalties to the family sorta dead, and then I realized that death was probably the first thing Mitch Hedberg was ever on time for. God bless him.

But it's cool. I decide not to let this detail put a damper on my trip. Besides I've got a half-pound of horse and tickets to Cris Angel the next day. I've never sold to him, but I bet he'll take half my stash for his morning cereal. In the meantime, Chris Katan called our next book club selection, so I need a copy of *Bridge To Terebithia* before catching my Sunday morning flight. Finding a Barnes-n-Nobles in Vegas will be harder than selling Mitch's heroin.

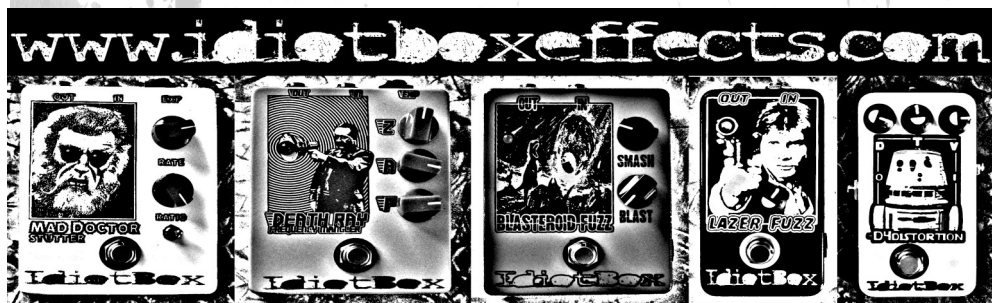
The cab driver took me to three closed down Borders before finally arriving at Barnes-n-Nobles. I asked how he could not know a single location for Barnes-n-Nobles. He said in his country people don't sell books in stores. You have to know a guy who knows a guy whose wife makes it with a librarian (there's only male librarians over there) who gives her old books for a piece of card catalog coochie. I said this is all the more reason to know where a Barnes-n-Nobles is located. He said he doesn't read because it makes him miss his wife back home. "So are you the guy with the book-getting wife?" I say. "Not anymore," he says. "I'm the guy whose wife now has a full-time librarian." I ask him what he does have. He says, "A cab, a mini-fridge, and fish named Television." I say, "at least you're not a comedian with a one-liner about bananas."

The Barnes-n-Nobles where I'm delivered is the biggest I've ever seen. In fact, it serves as the lobby for a PF Chang's, a Cheesecake Factory, and an Applebee's, which are all connected to the Barnes-n-Nobles by three separate escalators. People walk around the magazines and gift tables with those little hostess beepers, arguing over lettuce wraps or pot stickers, avocado egg rolls or calamari, Riblets or fried cheese sticks. I make a b-line for the men's room. Barnes-n-Nobles has the best men's rooms, period, and I use the bathroom in every Barnes-n-Nobles I visit, even if I don't need to. Of course, you can't take merchandise in the bathroom, but the stalls are painted that beautiful literary green and the floor tiles always shine, though not enough for your balls to reflect. Although it's been years since I've found a *Playboy* in the men's room trashcan, I still check each trashcan before committing to a stall.

Sitting in the stall, listening to James Taylor over the canned music speakers, I think of Mitch, dead at age however the hell old he was, and I feel my first semblance of pity for his family. So I take my keys out, select my stainless steel lock-picker, and begin scratching into the pleasant literary green of the stall wall. When I'm done scratching and blowing the debris off the wall, I've left something for the fellow after me. A little note that reads:

Mitch, ask the Big Guy  
for banana pudding trees.  
We'll miss you. March 2005.

- KEVIN STILL





# MOUSTACHE RIDES

by JAMES GRAY





Houston indie rock trio **Alkali** has a sound that rings out and crunches in a decidedly satisfying early '80s post-punk way, but mixed in with a certain art/prog rock sensibility and instrumental prowess. It sounds all very decidedly British. If you've ever fallen in love with Interpol or Muse or Chameleons UK then you will really feel what they are about.

*Alkari headlines the Stagecenter Stage Saturday May 19 @ 1AM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/alkari3?v=wall>



Austin punk rock trio **Come And Take It** is a little different than the usual punk rock bands that come into B/CS. They have a little more jangle, a little more upper Midwest in them than the usual nightmare Cleveland/NYC/Orange County fare.

*Come And Take It* plays the Revolution Stage Saturday May 19  
@ 10:30pm  
<http://comeandtakeitband.bandcamp.com>



**The Ex-Optimists** has been inundating the folks of Bryan/College Station for nearly four years now with their high volume brand of guitar pop encased within a noise-rock shell. Earplugs recommended.

The Ex-Optimists headlines the *Indoor Revolution Stage Friday*  
May 18 @ 1AM  
<http://reverbNation.com/theexoptimists>



It's the return of the son of the 20+ band beast that locals affectionately call "The Beer" that serves as the primer for all the bands playing this year's two night two venue



For many punk rockers crossing 40 means it's time to mellow out, maybe set the Les Pauls and Marshalls down and explore something, you know, a little more mature...Houston's **Chelsea Hotel** says fuck that. And they mean FUCK THAT emphatically. Amps are cranked, drums are slammed, vocal chords are shredded and power chord punk rock anthems are lofted to the sky in praise to living life and surviving on your own terms.

*Chelsea Hotel plays the Stagecenter Stage Saturday May 19 @ 11PM*  
<http://reverbNation.com/chelseahotel>



Huntsville/College Station hardcore punks **ASS** sound like that old cheap 99-cent K-Mart C-90 tape your edgy friend gave you on the middle school bus back in 1986. You know the one that had D.R.I.'s *Crossover* on one side and the first Suicidal Tendencies joint on the other? ASS is the crucial point where metal and punk rock meet, and honest punks will tell you the two genres have WAY more in common with each other than they do characteristics that separate them. Come let ASS take you into the pit old school floor puncher style.

*ASS plays the Revolution Stage Saturday May 19 @ 6:30pm*

**Girl Band** is a concept born from drunken garage talk that has now become reality, with four punk rock femmes discovering their inner rocknroll deities.

*Girl Band plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday May 18th  
@ 8:45pm*

# West 15

ctionately refer to as LOUD!FEST. This is your guide/schedule/  
balls out rock and roll weekend. Refer to it often. Care for it.



How is it that **The Hangouts**, a Texas punk rock band, can sound so much like they're really from California? Sunny pop songs blown up on energy beer and performed with perfect teenage-via-middle age aplomb. The most fun you can have upright and with some of your clothes on.

*The Hangouts headlines the Revolution Stage Saturday May 19th @ 1:30AM*  
<http://reverbnation.com/thehangouts>

College Station via San Antonio alt-rock band **Mike The Engineer** makes breezy poppy punk/alt rock that has that bubble-gum-smacking Wavves sound, except you don't want to strangle their annoying hipster asses like you do Wavves. Mike The Engineer is refreshingly hipster and irony-free, just lots of tasty pop-rocking.

*Mike The Engineer plays the Revolution Stage Saturday May 19th @ 7:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/Mike-The-Engineer>



Imagine roots Americana music played at the velocity of punk rock with a distinct Texas flair and you have Corpus Christi's **Lee Buckner & The River Bends**.

*Lee Buckner & The River Bends plays the Revolution Stage Saturday May 19th at 11:30pm*  
<http://www.myspace.com/leebuckerandtheriverbends>



Memphis crew **Modern Convenience** blows it all out live, sweating, stick shavings flying, all garage punk nimble like. It's been awhile since B/CS peeps have been treated to ModCon. See what the fuss is all about.

*Modern Convenience plays the Inside Revolution Stage Friday May 18th at 11:30pm.*  
<http://modernconvenience.bandcamp.com>



Imagine if Veruca Salt was reincarnated as a hard-riffing groove-oriented stoner metal band. If so, they'd only be pretenders to the **Modok** throne. These punk rock lifers remembered what was great about classic heavy metal and instill a new heartbeat into it, blending '90s alt-rock, prog rock musical alchemy and straight-on thrash.

*Modok plays the Stagecenter Stage Saturday May 19th @ 10pm*  
<http://modok.bandcamp.com>

Austin/College Station alt-rock trio **See Rock City** has been at it since 1996, crafting solid anthemic rock songs with more than a hint of darkness underneath.

*See Rock City plays the Outside Revolution Stage Friday May 18th @ 9:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/seerockcityagain>



**Labs** is an instrumental rocknroll trio from Austin. Cool that they don't even bother with singing, so they can concentrate on their gonzo blend of post-hardcore punk and metal guitar riffery atop a super-intuitive rhythm section. I'll eat my keyboard if n' they don't listen to TONS of 74-74 era King Crimson.

*Labs plays the Stagecenter Stage Saturday May 19 @ 9pm*  
<http://labsmusic.bandcamp.com>



Houston rock oddballs **Only Beast** have a unique almost prog-ish kinda sound that is hard to describe, but the band is so magnetic to watch you become mesmerized just the same.

*Only Beast plays the Outside Revolution Stage Friday May 18th @ 10:45pm*  
<http://www.myspace.com/onlybeast>



Atarimatt tells me, "Man, I'm booking this crazy band from Austin, **Rubela Muti**, for Loudfest. They are more Voivod than Voivod!" Listening to their shit on their Facebook page I can only concur. But with more of a prog rock twist to it. Metalheads young and old will eat this shit up.

*Rubela Muti plays the Stagecenter Stage Saturday May 19th at 8pm*  
<http://www.myspace.com/rubelamuti>



Austinites **Skyacre Spyplane** make like it's 1997 all over again, and bring that swooning Trail of Dead and Sunny Day Real Estate emotional indie rock right back to where it belongs, through the amps and drums of burly bearded heavy rock men. For this show with guest Ben from Black Cock on drums.

*Skyacre Spyplane plays the Outside Revolution Stage Friday May 18th @ 12:15am*  
<http://skyacrespyplane.com>



Even after several years and a line up change here and there, **Sea Of Wolves** remains Bryan/College Station's premiere hardcore metal band.

*Sea Of Wolves plays the Stagecenter Stage Saturday May 19th @ 7pm*  
<http://seaofwolves.bigcartel.com>



Victoria's **Stout City Luchadores** = fast and fun punk rock in Mexican wrestler masks. Who wouldn't wanna see that?!!

*Stout City Luchadores plays the Inside Revolution Stage Friday May 18th @ 10:15pm*  
<http://facebook.com/Stout-City-Luchadores>



**The Stand Alones** represent Austin with mid-tempo shouter loveable loser punk rock.

*The Stand Alones plays the Revolution Stage Saturday May 19th @ 9:30pm*  
<http://reverbnation.com/standalones>

B/CS psychedelic rangers **Strike Threagles** create acid-damaged garage rock.

*Strike Threagles plays the Revolution Stage Saturday May 19th @ 8:30pm*





Houston metal band **Venomous Maximus** straddles the line between ultra-heavy stoner rock and the punk-influenced gallop of the New Wave of British Heavy Metal. Heshers of a certain age will flip the fuck out when these days raise up the devil horns and turn up the Marshalls. These guys have played with High On Fire, Mastodon, and Fu Manchu in the last year. Come see them in a small venue before they blow up nationally.

*Venomous Maximus headlines the Stagecenter Stage Saturday May 19th @ 12am*  
<http://facebook.com/VenomousMaximus>



OK, so you've seen other two-person bands and you feel that format has been done to death. Wait until you see San Antonio's **Cavegirl**. These two dudes NEVER stop moving. The drummer is a Tasmanian Devil-cum-Keith Moon whirlwind of flying sticks and wavering cymbals, and the singer-guitarist guy looks like your local reference library assistant on some serious crack for rockn-roll. Together they blister rock and blooze in a way that people just don't do anymore, and certainly not around

here.

*Cavegirl plays the Revolution Stage Saturday May 19th at 12:30pm*  
<http://woepol.com>



# Clockwork

## GAMES AND EVENTS

[clockworkgaming.com](http://clockworkgaming.com)

**Monday** - Dungeons & Dragons, Video games

**Tuesday** - Magic the Gathering Constructed, Draft, Trading

**Wednesday** - Pokemon League & Trade, Dungeons & Dragons Encounters

**Thursday** - YuGiOh Constructed, Trading

**Friday** - Magic the Gathering Constructed, Draft, Trading

**Saturday** - Video Game Tournaments & Special Events

**Sunday** - Special Events, Video Games & Misc. Gaming

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## Brazos Valley Metal News

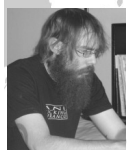


The last couple of months have been slow for the Local Metal scene. Two local bands went to the recording studio to lay down new tracks. **Transcend Before Azalea** went into the studio to record for the first time since forming. They have released some teaser videos on their Facebook page. **WellBorn Road** also returned to the studio to record another track for their new album. The new music WR is producing is nothing' but high quality sound. Look for a song release on their Facebook page soon.

Local band **Anxious Fate** has reformed with new guitarist Terry Action and Koltan Primeaux on Bass. They have not played since the accident/death of guitarist Robert Doss back on Feb 17,2009. It's great seeing this band make a come back to the local scene after three years. Add them on Facebook and also stop by Myspace/Anxious Fate and read the history behind this local legendary Metal band. May 3rd is a day that will be recorded in history as the day local brutal Metal bands **Casulist**, **Throne of Odin**, **Ride at Anchor**, and **Drapetomania** all reunite for one last farewell show. Wes, the drummer for all these bands at one time or another, is leaving the Brazos County Metal Music scene and headed to Seattle. Wes is a super talented drummer that has proven his skills over the last five years performing many shows while drumming differing genres of metal for hours at a time. Thank You Wes for sharing your passion of drumming and Metal with us. You will always be known as a badass Drummer and Musician to us Metalheads here locally!

**Pain filled Silent** from the Belton/Central Texas area has announced they are calling it quits and performing their last show on May 26 in Kempton at the 19th annual Donner Family Metalfest. The hardcore metal band has been thrashin' our local scene many times over the last four years and has invited all 979Represent Metalheads to this huge 10 band show featuring **KriticKill** as headliners. Phil Zapata, bassist for PFS, has joined **In the Trench** (also from Belton) who will also be on this card. Stop by Pain Filled Silent/Facebook for more info on this last show. For any latest breaking news on the Brazos County Metal Music scene ,stay tuned to Foilface the Metalhead/Facebook. Support the Local and Regional Metal Music shows Folks! -  
**FOILFACE**





# Wife Out of Town:

## *A Record of Bachelorhood*

FRIDAY, APRIL 13: Leave work early without telling anyone. Immediately drink a beer at home. Write 1,000-plus words about tattoos while flexing muscles beneath frayed shirt. Spit in a napkin. Walk to corner store for more beer – PBR in bottles – for dude happy hour in parking lot. Set lawnchairs in parking lot. Move lawn chairs to front door area for fear of police. Move lawn chairs back to parking lot. Move back to front door. Check mail. Walk around chairs by front door and hate self for lack of testicles. Ask Ian if police hate parking lot drinkers. Move chairs back to parking lot. Sit in parking lot with dudes and drink beers and tell stories and pretend not to give a fuck while giving massive fuck about police arresting us. Refer to self as “bachelor for a weekend” while lifting beer like it’s a good thing. Secretly worry about diet and diarrhea. Accept food from friend’s wife. Food’s good. Wonder why married women never fed me when I was a legit bachelor. Play dominos. Talk trash. Send multiple text messages to wife, still slightly stoked to have house to self. Wonder how long elation will last. Take mental inventory of fruit, hot tea, alcohol, toilet paper, anti-runs medication, Q-Tips, and emergency phone numbers. Relax and win dominos round. Head home early, yawning and exasperated. Pour PBR into Jason Voorhees pint glass and fire up *Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> Part 3*. Secretly hope this *Friday* features loads of gratuitous boob shots, but sadly remember it is not. Start a second movie after first movie as a ploy to feel artsy and young. Fall asleep five minutes into second movie right as Robert Englund begins to rough up the bunny. Shut down house. Grab a glass of water. Text wife. Officially go to bed.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14: Wake at 7:AM feeling bachelorly novel. Lay in bed listening to rain machine and ceiling fan, enjoying cool side of sheets while planning a day that will never exist. Get out of bed at 8:??, go downstairs to make tea, and find a Woodchuck Cider in fridge. Consider dislike of ciders. Look at clock. Remember the wife drinks morning mimosas without thinking twice. Remember everyone loves the wife and thinks she’s the new-wave of afro-engineered domesticity. Crack open cider, take swig, marvel at refreshment. Immediately text several friends so as not to feel secretive and alcoholic about this bachelor weekend stunt. Read two chapters of an E.O. Wilson book. Wonder what the hell was just read. Drink green tea while staring at wall. Pick up Mindy Kaling’s book with intentions to read first chapter. Read over 100 pages of Kaling with breaks to make more tea and text friends about how perfectly Kaling’s literary voice matches my own literary voice. No one replies. Talk to wife, listen to family fun she’s having even though it’s a funeral weekend. Pretend to be having a blast. Hang up and pout. Make cocktail with orange juice and coconut rum, knowing it’s a bad idea. Read more Kaling while waiting for digestive tract to bottom out. Text Angela for a solid hour. Feel inflated pride for maintaining a successfully platonic friendship with another woman, ignoring the fact that Angela’s a lesbian while swelling with chaste pride. Eat vagabond lunch. Pout some more. Sweep hardwood floors. Clean small portion of kitchen. Check email. Play on Pinterest. Zoom-in pics of tattooed breasts, feel titillated, then guilty, then perverted. Watch *Ellen* clips long enough to laugh away shame. Decide it’s time to get shit done, dammit. Flip through Rolodex of films friends recommended. Remember Otha and Ian’s recommendation for Steve McQueen’s *Hunger*. Spend three and half hours watching a 90-minute film, due to several Wikipedia references for Irish history. Get pissed for getting duped into a smart film. Fantasize about stopping smart film to watch *Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> Part 4: The Final*

*Chapter*. Then a killer scene happens in *Hunger*. Pause smart film, pour a double-plug of straight coconut rum, and watch killer scene twice. After film, ride with Ian to Pepe’s house to water garden, front porch flower beds, tacky dry grass spots in yard. Talk quickly to cover up rum effects. Afterwards, call mom for the first time in several weeks and chat while walking to store. Talk to mom for two hours/two beers. Eat a lean dinner. Call wife for the fifth time during the day. Pout more. Feel slightly frightened while home alone. Turn on *all* the house lights, close windows, and crank Katy Perry’s *Unplugged* on the upstairs stereo. Clean shower drain with coat hanger and paper towels. Clean bathtub with Lysol Wipes. Despair at dirt’s triumph over cleanliness. Shower. Spruce hair in various Mohawk fashions while singing along to Katy in mirror. Do a load of laundry. Decide it’s too late to be inwardly or outwardly literate or awesome. Choose to watch film instead. Put on *Martha Marcy May Marlene*. Get interrupted twice by welcomed calls. Talk to Kellhofer while playing on Pinterest. Talk to Seanor about short story he emailed while clipping nails. Promise not to read story until next morning when my “reading eyes” are in. Sean doesn’t like it. I tell him to get over it. He gets over it because he’s even keeled and comical. I envy Sean for both qualities. Finish *Martha Marcy May Marlene*. Get pissed at being suckered into a minimalist film. Call wife. After wife-chat, I freak about what I’ll do – at home alone – in case of emergency. Crank AC to hibernational cold. Think too much about cancer and Staph infections and diarrhea and hyper-hydration and home invasion. Pray in the name of Jesus. Listen to rain machine and Johnny Cash reading the Gospel according to John on iTunes. Fight sleep till nearly 3:AM. Sleep restlessly until 8:AM.

SUNDAY, APRIL 15: Wake at 8:AM. Listen to rain machine and ceiling fan, cursing cool side of bedsheets. Get out of bed at 9. Turn down AC. Check text messages. Invite Ian for tea. Have tea with Ian. After Ian leaves, meet with kitchen knife salesman. Kick-out kitchen knife salesman after 75 minutes. Host Andrew, ending knife demonstration. Put on more laundry. Talk to wife. Talk to Seanboy about his story. Feel super good about self as a word-smith and friend. Eat makeshift lunch. Walk to store for beer. Do more laundry. Pull all the dried laundry upstairs. Put on *Tromeo and Juliet*, feeling both bawdy and proud for watching a Troma film. Bawdy, because Troma’s bawdy. Proud, because I’m progressive and artsy enough to appreciate Troma (even though I recoil at Fabio-dude’s bulking-biting monster wang, repent at Cappy Capulet’s clear-chamber daughter-jail, balk viciously at Juliet’s cow-face, and shirk at the star-crossed lover’s face-stomping get-away). Stop film – and folding and ironing – three times to talk to Brocktoberfest. Finish *Tromeo and Juliet*. Pour a beer. Crank the Ramones’ *Rocket to Russia*. Put away last of laundry. Put away ironing board and luggage laying around bedroom. Make bed with fresh sheets. Shower. Put in last load of laundry for the weekend. Tire at the thought of teaching tomorrow. Sip a Fireman’s #4 in TV chair, staring at the wall and listening to Joey Ramone sing “We could hitch a ride to Rockaway Beach”. Read two chapters of Kaling. Set Kaling down. Sip Fireman’s and listen to Joey – “Oh baby, do you wanna dance?” – while wondering how different life would be, with a dog and kids. Decide it’s time to write some words. Grab laptop. Grab fresh beer. Restart *Rocket to Russia*. Write. Talk to wife. Write more. Send these words to Seanor and Ian and Brocktoberfest and Kelly. Edit them several times. Eventually read them in print.—KEVIN STILL

# concert calendar

**5/3—Casuist, Throne of Odin, Ride At Anchor, Drapetomania** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**5/5—Black Pistol Fire, Driver F, Pearl Light Specials** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**5/5—Earshot, Signal Rising** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

**5/12—The Neckties** @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 9pm

**5/15—Red Maiden Voyage, Sea of Wolves, This Maiden Voyage, Vintage Heartbeat** @ Schotzis, College Station. 7pm

**5/18-19—LOUDIFEST 5** @ Downtown Bryan

**5/19—Marshall Tucker Band** @ Wolf Pen Creek Amphitheater, College Station. 7pm

**5/24—Plaza Hotel Implosion** @ University & Texas Ave., College Station 6:30AM

# Record Reviews



**St. Vincent**  
Krokodil

If you read this 'zine on the regular then you know my favorite album of last year was St. Vincent's *Strange Mercy*. So I'm a fan, right? But not enough of a fan to drive 90 miles to Houston or 110 miles to Austin last month for Record Store Day so I could purchase this limited 7" single. But through the miracle of internet piracy I can at least have it in my iPod.

If you've followed Annie Clarke's career you have heard her gradually come into her own not only as a performer but as a guitar player, dare I say guitar hero. So it may not surprise you to drop the needle on the A side and have a '80s post-punk heavy guitar and distorted drums/vocals workout leap out at you. But "Krokodil" is still St. Vincent at the most rocked up presentation we've ever witnessed.

Flip the record over and "Grot" kinda stutters to life before digging into a half-time Flipper sort of groove with huge drums, super fuzz and weird atmospheric synths lying on top. Either Annie has been inspired by all the press about her fantastic guitar playing, the dynamic of taking fairly precious studio performances on the road performed by live musicians, or maybe they've spent a bit of time on the tour bus listening to Killing Joke and Manowar records...whatever the case may be, this 7" single could be just a curiosity, a genre exercise or perhaps it points to a new and exciting direction for St. Vincent, setting aside the Paisley Park-via-St. Marks uptown artiness in favor of grimy, righteous rock. Only time will tell, but do find this recording.—KELLY MINNIS



**Joyce Manor**  
Of All Things I Will Soon Grow Tired

You have to wonder why this modern rock band bothered to put out this EP (only 9 songs and well under 30 minutes). I'm a fan of short songs, but tunes like "These Kind of Ice Skates" and "I'm Always Tired" don't sound succinct as much as they seem abrupt and unfinished. And what is "Drainage" supposed to be with its somewhat a capella brevity? Also, why include the lame over-earnest cover of "Video Killed the Radio Star"?

All the promise and effort seems to have gone into "Bride of User", a crisp acoustic-driven rocker that manages to convey some real emotion. Second-best is "Comfortable Clothes" that bops along quite nicely. "If I Needed You There" opens promisingly enough, but ends was too soon before building up to anything memorable.

In this case, the recording quickly becomes its title.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



**Jack White**  
Blunderbuss

I cannot front. I miss Meg White. *Blunderbuss* is more than just a

White Stripes album without the artifice but that band's flavor is still all over this album. The same sort of tones, electric pianos, junky acoustic guitars, crazy electric guitars, etc. But good drums, polished arrangements, control rather than the manic abandon we associate with Jack. The same simple bluesy songwriting style is intact. Which has *Blunderbuss* coming off more like a third Raconteurs album than a progression from the White Stripes.

Not to say this is a bad album. It's rather good! It's like Jack laid down the ragged blues and instead decided to devote an album to '70s classic rock. The Stoness balladry of "Missing Pieces", the swaggering Goro-ish "Sixteen Saltnes", the Gram Parsons country-soul of "Love Interrupted", "Hypocritical Kiss" and the title track; in fact, a lot of the album is mellow Jack as opposed to rocking Jack, though he can still tear it off a bit. Other reviewers have suggested that the more classic approach mirrors the love-weariness of the lyrics (he left the White Stripes and his hot model wife divorced him during the writing of this album) but I'm just not buying it.

This happens to many prominent musicians who made it big early on in their careers playing big loud sloppy rock. As they "mature" they want to be more sophisticated, play it more lush, more acoustic, more arranged. This is EXACTLY what has happened with Jack White. Again, not to his detriment. But it's hard not to listen to *Blunderbuss* and wonder what these songs would've sounded like in the hamfisted hands of the brother-sister-wife-husband dynamic of the White Stripes. Sure, Meg wasn't the best drummer and neither was Jack the best guitarist but the two of them had a telekinetic ability to go places with one another that few bands had. I don't feel that connection to this incarnation of Jack White. To me *Blunderbuss* is aiming at deserving a spot in the Rock & Roll Annals of Time as a serious performer. This album is good enough to live up to that approach, but if you've come to rock or get the white boy booze you're in the wrong place buddy. But if you're after an Exile

On *Main Street* sort of country blues rock amalgamation then you will be satisfied.—KELLY MINNIS



**The High Strung**  
Possible O'Impossible?

"Giant" has a goofy looseness -- featuring an oddball guitar solo -- that is the heart of the High Strung's *?Possible? o' Impossible?* album. The High Strung relish mixing straightforward rock and pop styles with folk and anything else they can think of. The group has a vision of music which is both accessible and offbeat, somewhat in the vein of Robyn Hitchcock, the New Pornographers, and They Might Be Giants.

There's the earnest deadpan recitation of the workings of a "Parachute" with "You can open any time/And stay open all the time." Similarly, there's "Brain K", a mid-tempo hilarious tune about the best employee at work -- "Brain K can do it/If anyone on the staff can do it" since he even has his own parking place. It also has this out-of-left-field organ solo left over from the Fifties.

Other catchy oddities include the dippy chorus of the rocking but barely there "Model Boats" as well as the strange "Rats, Rats, Rats" about "the job opening as a clerk at the Church of Satan". The retro "Big Game Hunter" and "The Luck You Got" sound like outtakes from *The Who Sell Out* from 1967 -- but with more organ.

About the only flaw in the album is the lack of any truly killer cuts, but almost all the songs offer a blend of sounds that yield something new with each listen.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

# **ARSENAL TATTOO**



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